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FOREST AND STREAM.

A Weekly Journal of the Rod and Gun.

ANGLING, SHOOTING, THE KENNEL, PRACTICAL NATURAL HISTORY, FISHCULTURE, PROTECTION OF GAME,

AND THE

INCULCATION IN MEN AND WOMEN OF A HEALTHY INTEREST IN OUTDOOR RECREATION AND STUDY.

VOLUME XXXI.

~~AUGUST~~, 1888—JANUARY, 1889.

PUBLISHED BY THE

FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING COMPANY,

NEW YORK.

1889.

SMITHSONIAN LIBRARY

FOREST AND STREAM.

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FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, JULY 26, 1888.

VOL. XXXI.—No. 1. No. 318 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications on the subject to which its pages are devoted are respectfully invited. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No name will be published except with writer's consent. The Editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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May begin at any time. Subscription price, $4 per year; $2 for six months; to a club of three annual subscribers, three copies for $10; five copies for $16. Remit by express money-order, registered letter, money-order, or draft, payable to the Forest and Stream Publishing Company. The paper may be obtained of newsdealers throughout the United States, Canadas and Great Britain. For sale by Davies & Co., No. 1 Finch Lane, Cornhill, London. General subscription agents for Great Britain, Messrs. Davies & Co., and Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston, Searles and Rivington, 188 Fleet street, London, Eng. Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris, France, sole Paris agent for sales and subscriptions. Foreign subscription price, $5 per year; $2.50 for six months.

Address all communications,

Forest and Stream Publishing Co.
No. 318 BROADWAY. NEW YORK CITY.

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A BIT OF KENNEL HISTORY.

TWO current incidents make pertinent the relation of a bit of history connected with kennel affairs. One of these is the charge made by certain parties that the Buffalo dog show has been gotten up to "back" Mr. Chas. H. Mason, in antagonism to the American Kennel Club. The other is the discussion by the American Kennel Club of the project of establishing a new publication as a club organ. That project is not a new one; and the bit of history is this:

The plan of establishing a club organ was discussed last winter; and probably it would have been put into effect then, had the promotors of the scheme succeeded in securing the services of the person whom they wished to edit it. That person was Mr. Chas. H. Mason. Mr. C. J. Peshall went to Mr. Mason and asked him if in the event of the American Kennel Club starting an organ he could be induced to assume the editorship of it. To this proposition Mr. Mason returned a negative reply.

A fortnight after that Mr. Peshall again repaired to Mr. Mason, and this time asked him on what terms he could be induced to take the position then held by Mr. Vredenburg as editor of the American Kennel Club Stud Book. Mr. Mason replied that his position as a judge in this country rendered it impossible for him to identify himself in any such way with the American Kennel Club.

Then Mr. Peshall sat down and wrote a derisive letter about Mr. Mason as "an English Gentleman," and sent it to the papers. This letter, at Mr. Peshall's personal solicitation and with a knowledge of the above facts, we withheld from publication in the FOREST AND STREAM.

This is an interesting bit of history just at this time, when the publication scheme has come up again; and when certain uninformed persons appear to imagine that in the selection of Mr. Mason as a judge at their show the Buffalo managers have secured the services of a gentleman whose co-operation would not be valued by the American Kennel Club.

IMPORTANT MEASURES.

IN the Sundry Civil Service Bill, now before the Senate, are two very important provisions, the full text of which we print elsewhere.

One of these appropriates $30,000 for the construction, care and maintenance of roads and bridges in the Yellowstone National Park. This is an increase over the amount appropriated annually for two or three sessions, and the money can be used to the very great benefit of the reservation, and will materially add to the comfort of that portion of the public who visit it.

The other provision authorizes the establishment in Washington of a National Zoological Park. This is an amendment added to the Sundry Civil Service Bill in the Senate. It has been favorably reported, and seems likely to pass that body this week.

Both these matters are of great importance, and the views held about them by the FOREST AND STREAM have never been doubtful. The Public Land Committee of the House of Representatives has neglected the public interest by its failure to report and urge action upon the Yellowstone National Park Bill, which passed the Senate unanimously, but Congress can hardly avoid acting on this appropriation bill, which from the Senate will go to the conference committee.

The movement for the establishment of a National Zoological Park has been set on foot none too soon, but if Congress appropriates the funds necessary for the beginning of the work there is yet time to secure specimens of almost every form of American life which may be desired. Washington, at present the scientific center of this country, is clearly the place for such a living collection. We have the best reasons for believing that when the authority for doing this work is had from Congress those put in charge of it will push it forward with a vigor that will soon make this, in its special province, the first zoological collection in the world.

ADIRONDACK "CUSTODIANS."

IN the year 1872 the Board of Land Commissioners of New York, which at that time had control of the State forest lands, created an office known as "Custodian of State Forests." This was for the benefit of a class of wealthy men with influence. The duties of the "custodian," as exemplified in practice, were to select the choicest and most picturesque locations on the people's land, erect luxurious "camps" or cottages, warn every body else off, and proceed to enjoy themselves at the dictation of their fancy, after the fashion of dukes in their dukedoms. The chosen sites were in the Adirondacks, on the Lake George islands, and elsewhere.

When the State Forest Commission was appointed in 1885, succeeding the Board of Land Commissioners, some two hundred of these "custodians" had been appointed and were holding their possessions, including many beautiful points on the Adirondack lakes and some of the fairest islands of Lake George; and the Commission was at once appealed to by numerous complainants, "citizens of the highest worth and respectability," who protested against the usurpation of these rich squatters, and urged that no more "custodians" should be appointed to take up the remaining choice locations. The authority of the Board of Land Commissioners to make such grants was questioned. Attorney General O'Brien gave it as his opinion that the Land Commission had exceeded its powers, that the "custodians" had no exclusive privileges, nor any right to build private residences on the public lands, in short, that their legal status was in no respect different from that of the humblest squatter on State lands.

The favored individuals, who saw the enjoyment of their peculiar and extraordinary privileges thus threatened, set about devising a scheme to retain their summer-houses. By the terms of the law of 1888 no State forest lands may be sold. A bill was introduced at the last session of the Legislature to empower the Forest Commission to lease tracts of land in the Forest Preserve for a term of years. The bill was designed to benefit the "custodians" and numerous other men of wealth, who stood ready to gobble up the remaining desirable sites and tracts. The measure was defeated.

At a meeting of the Forest Commission in this city on Wednesday of last week this subject came up for consideration. Judge N. A. Sheldon, of Glens Falls, appeared before the board in behalf of the squatters. He argued that "the custodians held rightful authority from the Land Commission to build upon and occupy the land upon which their summer resorts were situated, subject only to the pleasure of the Land Commission, and that they should continue to hold them during the life of their appointments. The Land Commission had not revoked their appointments, but had, on the contrary, given such assurances as led some of his clients to build expensive residences, and make costly improvements to the grounds. The custodians had been a positive benefit to the State, for they had prevented serious depredations from timber thieves, and had protected the forests from devastation by fires. For these reasons their occupation should not be interfered with by the Forest Commission."

In spite of this argument Commissioners Knevals, Basselin and Cox decided that the appointments of the "custodians" had been irregular and without authority of law and should be canceled, together with all special rights and privileges assumed to have been conferred by such appointments. This means that the summer houses and the improvements on the 200 choice sites selected by the custodians must revert to the State—unless the matter be carried into the courts, or a bill be railroaded through the next session at Albany. And if the "custodians" are removed and the islands and delectable spots now occupied by them restored to their rightful owners, common citizens who go to Lake George, the Adirondacks and the Catskills, will have the privilege of enjoying, equally with others, camp sites which belong of right to the people of the State in general.

SNAP SHOTS.

GAME laws in other lands do not always reflect wisdom on the part of their makers. We note that the Calcutta *Gazette* announces a close season for birds from April 1 to Sept. 30. If this applies to the Himalayas also it will leave scant opportunity for moonal shooting, as no one goes up before April 15, or stays later than Oct. 15. If it does not apply to the hills it is a dead letter, for no one shoots on the plains between April 15 and Oct. 15.

The success which may attend the planting of wild rice in this latitude has been demonstrated in a way fairly startling at one point on Long Island. Some years ago Hon. R. B. Roosevelt sowed wild rice in Brown's Creek, a stream which extends from Mayport to Sayville; his purpose was to attract reed birds there to shoot. The rice flourished and grew with such luxuriance that it has fairly choked the current of the stream, effectually impeded navigation, and become, as is complained, a common nuisance. The aggrieved residents of that region, having failed in an attempt to have Brown's Creek included in the River and Harbor Bill, are now seeking the adoption of some other measures to reopen the stream. Meanwhile Mr. Roosevelt has had shooting galore.

The Utica, N.Y., Fish and Game Protective Association is an organization which has been formed to "tend strictly to business." Its business is to influence game and fish legislation, to enforce the laws, to detect and punish violators. The plan and purpose of the association are worthy of support. In another column we print a letter from the secretary, suggesting that the influence of the Utica association may be extended by co-operation of sportsmen throughout the State. If there were some central organized body of earnest and determined men to whom appeal might be made, it could be employed as a most useful adjunct to the game protective system instituted by the State.

In an address before the Wisconsin Editorial Association in Milwaukee last Tuesday, Mr. Chas. A. Dana, of the New York *Sun*, explaining what he thought was legitimate news, said that "Whatever Divine Providence permitted to occur he was not too proud to report." From the frequency and alarming nature of the snake and bear stories printed in the *Sun* one would naturally infer that Mr. Dana is not too proud to report even some things which Divine Providence does not permit to occur.

The latest discovery is that an eel's tail makes a good bait for bluefish. Now we may confidently look for some genius to "discover" that angleworms make good bait for trout.

Quail are reported to be hatching out well this season and the supply is generally reported to be good.

Our kennel columns show an extraordinary number of bench show fixtures.

The Sportsman Tourist.

SAM LOVEL'S CAMPS.—XII.

THE cobwebs of mist on the marshes had not caught a sunbeam when the camp was astir next morning, for the smoke of its fire arose earlier than the sun, that had only gilded the treetops above it when breakfast was ready. The meal was eaten in unwonted silence. There were no plans proposed for the day's sport, for there was to be no sport, and no one attempted to joke, for though the prospect of getting home was pleasant to men who had seldom been so long away from it, there was some heaviness of spirit attending the last of these days of carefree life, days without beginnings and endings of chores, nor filled with worry nor weary toil, days of hand to mouth living and such primitive unthought of to-morrow as the heart of the best-tamed man loves and yearns for when its last drop of old, wild blood awakes as it sometimes will, and tingles through his civilized veins. This uneliminated atom still holds us to kinship with nature, and though it may not be the best part of us, without it we should be worse than we are. He who loses all love for our common mother is indeed a wretched being, poorer than the beasts.

When breakfast was eaten the frying pan, kettle and tin plates were cleaned as they had not been before since leaving the home cupboards, for they were soon to undergo the inspection of housewifely eyes, that the glamor of a hundred pickerel would not blind to the imperfections of man's careless or unskillful scullionry.

"I tell ye what," said Joseph Hill, as he scraped away with a clam shell at the bottom layer of a week's accumulation of burned grease, "I'ser agoin' tu tell M'ri 'at we hedn't got no soap, an' the water here is hard, 'nough out an' tew much, but it's hard an' won't take a holt o' grease, no mor'n it does yer stomerk."

"The way 'at oliogernous grease conjoles in a dish when it ketches it away f'm hum is suthin' beyond my misapprehension," said Solon while he swabbed a plate with a stick of firewood. "It's suthin' 'at nothin' but the female mind o' womern c'n rassle with. Dum the dishes! Let's sink 'em in the crik, accidental."

"Then we'd ketch it wus," said Joseph as he began scouring his frying pan with a stone. "I druther send this an' stay myself, 'an tu go hum wi'eout it. M'ri's allers tellin' how 't her gran'ther, I don't know but 't was her gran'mother, fetched it from C'nnect'cut an' cooked basswood leaves in 't in the scase year.* Sam Hill, you take it, grease an' sut an' all, an' leave me here!"

Antoine, on his knees scouring knives and forks by thrusting them into the earth, said:

"Wal, Ah don' care for me, 'cause you see, boy, Ah'll was be de cook an' Ah'll ant risponsibilitee for de clean, hein, Solem, ant it?"

"Wal," said Sam, wiping out the kettle with a handful of leaves and packing a dirty shirt and a pair of socks in it, "I haint responsible tu nobd'y."

"But your time's a-comin', young man, an' you wanter be gittin' ready for't. H. P. is the fust letters of her name, an' she haint thick under the nail an' won't be when the's a L. sot tu 'em. You'll see!" said Joseph, and his words had a portentous ring as he delivered them into the frying pan held close before his face while he anxiously inspected its interior. "I r'aly du b'lieve 'at I c'n see iron, leastways I've got daown tu signs o' the fust breakfus. If folks only hed sense 'nough tu du the cookin' on sticks an' coals an' hot stuns an' eat off'm chips an' birch bark, they 'ld take more comfort in livin', seems 'ough they would. If they didn't hev quite so much present enj'y'ment, they wouldn't hev so much dread o' the futur'. Anyways, I wish't this dum'd ol' fryin' pan hed staid in C'nnect'cut if M'ri's gran'ther an' gran'mother 'd hed tu eat the' browse raw. Seems 'ough I did, most."

To Sam occurred the happy thought of taking the dishes down to the lake shore. There, with the abundance of sand and water, the labor of cleansing went on more satisfactorily to the men, but greatly to the discomfort of as many sandpipers. These flitted back and forth past them on down-curved wings or stood atilt in the shallow verge, jerking out cries of alarm with every beat of their wings or tilt of their slender bodies.

About the middle of the forenoon, Sam looking upstream from the camp, where he was busy packing blankets and outfit and more odds and ends than he remembered bringing, descried a boat in the furthest bend. At first it seemed stationary, with oars rising and falling in purposeless strokes, like a great waterbug waving its antennæ for the mere sake of motion. But it was drawing nearer; the red flannel back of the rower's vest could now be made out, and the rise and fall of his straw hat and the thump, squeak and splash of his oar could be heard, and the surge of the water before the broad bow of the scow. And then forsaking the long curve of the channel and striking right across the marshy cape, that is half water and half weeds, it headed for the mouth of the creek. Sam was certain enough of the rower's identity to shout to his comrades that Uuncle Tyler was coming.

They went to meet him at the landing, when gaping with his deaf stare at his course, though he who is known as Time was steering for him, he sent the scow ashore with a final stroke. Time's salutation shouted at the top of his voice was, "Any of you fellers got any terbarker fer this ol' critter? He begged the last mossel 't I had an hour ago."

Uncle Tyler took his pipe from the seat beside him, knocked the ashes out on the gunwale and came rheumatically ashore with his left hand extended.

"Good gosh a'mighty! I sent up tu the store for some by Sargent's boy, but he forgot it! That tarnal boy can't never remember nothin' an' I'd orter knowed better'n tu sent by him."

"I'm dum'd glad it wa'n't you 'at forgot for oncte," said Joseph, who by a lucky chance had at the first attempt hit upon the right pocket and handed over his last depleted paper of long-cut. Uncle Tyler was soon comforting himself with what most mitigated his chronic unhappiness, a pipeful of what it pleased him to call "borrered terbarker."

"Naow hurry up an' be spry," he said, "for I'd orter be tu hum a workin' in my gardin."

Time explained that he had come to steer for Uncle Tyler and to get his own boat which he was willing to steer up the creek if some one would row it. As for his rowing that was out of the question, for it made him sweat to row. Sam freely offered him the services of Solon or Joseph, either of whom would certainly do their share of sweating at the oars.

"Them fellers?" asked Uncle Tyler, who could hear some things much better than he could others, and now glared balefully on his companions in the previous voyage hither, "Good gosh a'mighty! They'll row ye int' the woods or cross lots wi' the' hawin' an' geein'! Do' know one eend of a brout f'm t'other!"

"Haow is anybody tu, special in the case o' one o' these 'ere femaline boats which one end 's the fact smile o' t' other?" Solon demanded, for he would rather suffer the pains of rowing than such disparagement of his skill and knowledge. But Joseph did not resent it, and only said regretfully:

"I'm 'feared you're right, Uncle Tyler. We can't row. We wanter awf'l bad, but we can't; leastways, I can't wi'aout studyin' on 't more. Ha' some more terbarker, won't ye?"

It has not been told who rowed that boat up the Little River of Otters, nor whether it ever reached its home port.

Brother Foot's camp-meeting tent had been taken down and packed, and with all their other effects and the box of salted fish put on board the scow, and they were ready to depart; but Sam had forgotten something, which obliged him to revisit the site of the camp. He was ashamed to tell it was only for a last look.

The downfall of noontide sunlight splashed the floor of the woods with gold around silhouettes of branches, twigs and leaves, bent over the rocks and crinkled along the last year's leaves they were laid upon. Between leaves, branches and tree trunks, were shown, in frantic shapes, patches of sky and lake and all the sunlit outer world. Birds sang blithely of their happy life, and mingled with their songs came from far away sounds of the life and stir of the world, and yet this place seemed lifeless.

How lonesome and forsaken it was. The carpet of old brown leaves worn by frequent footsteps down to the black mould of dead years, strewn with tobacco paper, broken pipes and fish bones, the cast-away ridge pole of the tent lying like a fallen roof tree athwart the matted bed of cedar twigs whereon they had dreamed dreams pleasanter than life, so deserted now that a chipmunk ventured to explore it. It seemed to Sam almost like the ruins of a house wherein he had dwelt for years.

For old acquaintance sake he tried to light his pipe in the ashes of the fireplace, but the last ember was dead and only exhaled a faint ashy odor.

"But I'm comin' agin!" he said, and as he hurried down the steep footpath a vireo sang behind him as if to call him back.

ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

FERRISBURGH, Vermont.

*A season when all crops failed and the early settlers of Vermont were reduced to pitiable straits, was long remembered as the scarce year.

IN THE VALLEY OF THE SERPENTINE.

(Concluded from page 510.)

THE next day we didn't wake as soon as we ought to have done. For my part I never do; and consistency is to be commended, as the copy book headings say. But after breakfast we found our way down to the river, and also discovered our Siwash dugout was missing. It was a derelict to commence with, and having its character to keep up, it had also gone in for consistency. But we borrowed a boat from a settler, who confessed it was rather leaky. This should have put us on our guard, for rather leaky, with the accent on the rather, is what even a Welshman might confess himself to be on St. David's day.

We rowed up stream, and we paddled and drifted down for miles, with varying luck. That is for general confession. As to particular, there's the rub. This blessed boat sprung leaks like spring onions. But for bailing it would have sunk every fifteen minutes, and we had nothing but an old frying-pan without handle to bail with. Did you ever go ducking under such circumstances? Every ten minutes we lay by and all hands to the pumps. As for the noise of the waterfall, read Wordsworth's "How Does the Water Come Down from Lowdore?" and you'll get a faint, a very faint idea of it. Our lucid intervals worked something this way.

Fortunately the Serpentine is a very serpentine river. Cautiously rounding a bend we see certain continuations, wagging as nothing but ducks' tails and ladies' trains, which have "weight for the wagging," can wag, round the next turn. Ladies luckily are out of the question, so ducks it must be. And ducks it is, sometimes mallards, sometimes butterballs, and sometimes others of intermediate size, with Mr. Drake always in the rear. We creep down warily, not generally too warily, to where he lay; but the water in the boat wearily creeps up. But before we reach the next bend the question arises: "Ducks or a ducking?" The river is 16ft. deep, and none of us is born to be hanged, nor innocent enough to stand trial, so we decide to bail out. Immediately the frying pan is brought into requisition, whir-r-r go the finest, fattest mallards that ever were eggs. Our agony is excruciating and our score that time a duck egg. But 'twas not ever thus. Luckily they fly short, generally only over the intervening land, to the next bend, and we come across them again with more success, *i. e.*, less water ballast.

I have confessed that one of us was a dog. Sorrowfully I add another confession. He wasn't the only puppy, because another of us was a boy. Hereby hangs a tale, which proves the proposition. On one occasion, drifting round a bend in more than half ballast, we saw three or four mallards within 20yds. of us. Up jumped the boy to his feet and fired wildly. He missed his fire, and more by good luck than good management we missed our water. How the boat righted I cannot tell. I incline to the belief that, after all, one of us was born to be hanged. It must have been the boy. We did not see another duck for a quarter of a mile.

Multitudes of little streams (sloughs) run into the Serpentine. Exploring some of these, we were sure to come across two or three beaver dams. We never found the family at home, so, leaving our cards, we backed out. On several occasions our proceedings aroused the suspicions of enormous eagles, who kept their eyes upon us. Possibly we raised their ire, for their wings expanded and raised them higher.

Drifting past some willows that crowned a dyke which some enterprising squatter had raised along his river front, we heard an immense rustling of wings. I believe the boy was afraid to fire lest he should kill an angel; like the other boy who carried home a large owl, and cried, "See! see! father's shot a cherubim!" We could see nothing for the bushes; but when we cleared them we spied within rifleshot an enormous pair of wings lazily wafting a large body with legs across the prairie. It was a crane, without doubt; for it would require a crane to lift those continuations.

At the lower bridge we were glad to leave our boat and walk back by the road through Surrey Center. The ladies met us on the ridge, and we crossed the Serpentine Flats, not to be too flattering, in pretty fair company, with eager anticipations of mid-day lunch.

The richest land in the Lower Fraser district unfortunately, when not dyked, is subject to flooding. On the Fraser itself this occurs in June, being occasioned by the melting of the snow in the mountains. In the Serpentine, however, which has a low-lying watershed, the flooding comes only in the winter or rainy season, being caused by inability of the winding river, when backed up by the tide, to carry off the surface water. There is no better sport, from November to March, than while paddling in a canoe from one clump of willows to another, over the submerged flats, the ducks being plentiful especially during a cold snap, which drives them up from the bay. Steps are being taken, however, to stop this flooding, by straightening the course of the river; and if, as the Government propose to do, a dyke with flood-gates be constructed across the estuary, the finest land in B. C. will be workable all the year around.

A little boy was recently drowned trying to raft across a submerged part of the road by the bridge, and a local poet recorded the circumstance in the following verses, which are quoted as illustrative of the literary culture of the neighborhood:

TEDDY WADE.

Deep lie the waters in the vale,
The Serpentine is out;
And not a yard, but you may sail
And tack and turn about.

The cypress swamp is dark and still,
Save bluejay's screech so harsh:
A lonely crane, all legs and bill,
Stands dreaming in the marsh.

Above the flood, the willows bend,
As though by sorrow swayed,
Reminded of the mournful end
Of little Teddie Wade.

His parents' eldest born was he,
A bright and clever boy;
Just getting old enough to be
His father's help and joy.

One day he sent him to Holmroyd
To borrow Buck and Bright,
And never feared nor felt annoyed
To see him not at night.

To stay till morn he might be pressed,
As he would often do,
A well-known and a well-loved guest:
The oxen knew him too.

The morning came, but never more
Came Teddie home again,
Until there entered by the door
A melancholy train.

They found him 'neath the swollen tide
Laid in the river bed,
They left him by his own bedside,
All that was mortal—dead.

In Christ Church yard, in mother earth,
He sleeps upon the breast
Of Mother Church, by second birth,
With all the saints at rest.

And when the floods came o'er the land
And winter 'gins to fade,
While standing sadly on the strand,
We think of Teddie Wade.

W. J. W.

On our present excursion we narrowly escaped a far worse tragedy. Our boy's escapade in the boat has already been recorded. But this was destined to be surpassed, affording a warning to all sportsmen when they set off on an excursion to leave all two-legged puppies at home. In order to prevent accidents it was from the first an established rule at Holmroyd, to keep all weapons loaded. This was always understood, and was found very convenient in sudden alarms of a hawk or a wildcat being seen in the vicinity. Of course no sportsman ever handles a gun without looking to see if it be loaded; and no gentleman touches another man's shooting irons without "By 'r leave." But the boy picked up in my absence my favorite .45-bore six shooter. It is well sighted, both fore and aft, and he must needs try it by pointing at one of the ladies. Possibly, two or three generations ago, there was a gentleman in the family, and the influence of his breeding suggested that pointing a weapon at a lady was not exactly "good form" for him nor good for 'em. So he immediately slewed round to a window, sighted an object outside, and pulled the trigger. There was a bang and a shriek. The revolver kicked up and hit him in the mouth, unfortunately not knocking his head off, or the average of B. C. intelligence would have been by so much the higher. And an area of half an inch diameter less of pane in the window was not altogether wasted, but was counterbalanced by a certain amount of pain in a boy's head. But boys require a deal of killing or the supply of men would run short; and he was little worse in body, though, I trust, much improved in mind by the circumstance. And the revolver justifield its owner's literary tastes by proving itself an accomplished head hitter. Still, it was a narrow escape.

The remainder of the afternoon was expended in exploring the neighborhood. But I have already trespassed too much upon your forbearance, and you must by this time be weary of my uninteresting gossip. I had intended lugging in a real panther story, for the truth of which I can vouch; but there is no room. If the circulation of the FOREST AND STREAM be not sensibly diminished by the publication of my articles, may I send it at some future time.

A YORKSHIRE HALIGONIAN,

NEW WESTMINSTER, B. C.

SALT-WATER SKETCHES.—II.

A MEMORY OF WAR TIMES.

IN the old days of 1861-65, when the whole southern coast of these United States was held in the relentless grasp of a close blockade, those of us who were in the naval service saw and participated in many stirring scenes. It was my fortune to see a good deal of service on the west coast of Florida. It was at that time, and doubtless still is, the paradise of sportsmen, and I look back to many a pleasant hour spent with gun and fish line, and rewarded with rich trophies of game and finny beauties. My most pleasant memories are connected with several months' service in Charlotte Harbor on the southwest coast, a bay at that time abounding in everything to delight the sportsman, and yet, at first sight, most disappointing in appearance. This spacious bay is formed by, and is studded with, islands having beautiful sand beaches, and densely overgrown with mangrove and other bushes, while here and there the cabbage palm rears its lordly head. The entrance, or to speak correctly, the main entrance (for there are several) is called Boca Grande, and has a depth of about three fathoms in its shallowest parts. Like most of the Florida harbors parallel bars extend about three miles from the shore on each side of the entrance, and at the end of these is a bar connecting them. On first entering this beautiful bay in 1862 the solitude seemed unbroken. Not a house was in sight. The verdure appeared almost uniform in height, and it seemed as if we had been banished from civilization, and alas! from markets. The civilization we never found, but my mouth waters yet as I think of the rich and bounteous repasts that nature furnished almost for the asking. The desire of my life since has been to visit that charming spot again in a yacht, with a few choice spirits, and spend a winter there. Rod and gun would find full employment. I hear that a large hotel has been erected near the harbor since my time, and probably the birds have been hunted away from their haunts, but in 1862-63 and '64 it was superb, and prolific in all that makes sport.

If I had the able and ready pen of some of your contributors I could describe in glowing colors some of our experiences there, but I will try to give you some idea of its richness in my own way. First, the alligator seemed everywhere. We never left the ship without arms, and frequently we found the huge reptiles sunning themselves on a sandy beach, or swimming slowly in the lagoons, with only the top of the head visible. I am proud to say that we always gave them a shot when we could, but am equally sorry to be obliged to say that we never killed one. They were of immense size, and looked very disagreeable to us amateurs, who had none of us lost any alligator.

Bruin showed himself frequently on the mainland, and on some of the islands, but I never could find any of our people who had lost any bear, so we never considered it necessary to hunt for him. We had all the "bar meat" and venison, but this was supplied by two or three hunters who lived on islands some distance from the ship, and who were glad to exchange their meat for bread, pork and other supplies from the ship. Oyster beds of great extent were found within a short distance, and splendid single oysters could be had by the shipload for the mere trouble of picking them up. In a small lagoon we found an inexhaustible supply of quahaugs. These were of great size, but very tender and good. The bay was literally alive with fish. Boat-loads of grouper, red-snapper, kingfish and other large salt-water beauties could be caught at any time, and the lovely mullet were innumerable. A schooner came in at one time, and having been granted permission to fish, her seine was run around a school of mullet, the ends taken ashore, and the seine staked up so that the fish could not jump out. The crew then proceeded to salt down one hundred tons of the fish, gave us all we wanted for a crew of 140 men, and when the seine was taken up it was estimated that about three-quarters of the original catch was released. How is that for a fish story? I am not ambitious, and don't want the belt. The wonderful silver tarpon were plenty. The sturdy jewfish could be had for bait.

The game kingfish gave great sport, and twice during our stay magnificent ones jumped into our boats and remained there. The first one came flying over the stern and struck one of the fishers in the stomach, and doubled him up like a jack-knife. The second instance occurred one calm day. The dingey was lying idly astern of the ship, and Joe, a little darky, one of the wardroom boys, black as charcoal, slid down the painter, and seated himself comfortably in the stern, and put his line over for fish. He was doubtless engaged in a fisherman's revery, everything being very still, when an immense kingfish came like an arrow from the water astern, just grazed Joe's head, and fell in the boat. The fish was doubtless stunned, and lay quiet for a few seconds, but how shall I describe the effect on the little darky? His wool seemed to rise from his head. He dropped his line, rose slowly from his place, with his eyes intently fixed on the fish, and began carefully to make his way toward the bow of the boat. When he arrived there he took a firm hold on the painter ready to shin up, and still keeping his eyes on the fish, remarked in a hushed, awe-stricken voice, "If I had seed dat thing move I'd a gone right out ob dis boat." I think Joe absolutely blushed at the laugh that arose at that time from the observers above.

The islands each side of the entrance were favorite nesting places for magnificent sea turtles in great numbers. All that were required for food were taken with ease, and during the laying season a boat was sent ashore every morning with the mess cooks "to market." Supplied with bags and steel ramrods they would thrust the latter into the sand until a nest was found, and just enough eggs were taken for the wants of the day, and no more. These eggs made delicious omelettes, and were not unpleasant when used to make cake. The fine Florida gopher, a little land turtle, considered by some as equal to terrapin, could be found on any of the islands. They dig their holes about three feet into the ground, in a slanting direction, and then run them at right angles to the first on a level. The men soon became very expert at finding the direction of the hole, and could thus tell where to dig to find the gopher.

Coons were "frequent." They are great lovers of oysters and other shellfish. On moonlight nights they would come out on the beach in search of the delicious morsels so dear to them. The hunters, secreted in the bushes, would rush out and knock them over before they could recover from their surprise. I will tell you how two old sailors did it. They asked permission one bright night to go on shore after coon. The executive officer incautiously permitted them to take two rifles with them. Proceeding to the beach they secreted themselves in the bushes a short distance apart and waited. Soon Mr. Coon came out foraging for his supper. Both men rushed for him, each clubbed his musket, both struck at the same time—the muskets came together, and broke both stocks off short, and that coon is now probably telling his grandchildren somewhere in the Florida woods, how to fool sailors. When the two old salts came on board the next morning coonless, and with two broken muskets, they were jeered at; but after that ask either of them "Where's your coon," and a free fight ensued. Baked coon, stuffed and dressed, is good enough for the poor, the rich might not like it.

But the shooting. I remember some of the birds we used to get. Pink curlew (spoonbill), Spanish curlew, brown curlew, white curlew (with green tips to the wing), oyster plover; these were the common ones. I wish I could give you the Latin names of all these. It would look very learned, and sound well, but seafaring people don't have time to get posted on all of them. One day I had the rare luck to kill a magnificent scarlet flamingo. Held up by his bill he measured 6ft. 3in. in length. I would like to meet once more the white-chokered individual who persuaded me to give him the wing that I had treasured for my little cabinet at home, saying that he wished to present it to a lady in Washington, whom we all delighted to honor in those days. She never received the wing, and I lost it. I fear that I shall never get another.

We occasionally varied our sport by picking up some small blockade runner that was trying to convey aid and comfort to "our friends the enemy" on the mainland. The small chases with ship or boats were frequently quite exciting, and kept us on the alert. Mess bills were small, for nature was so bountiful that we did not have to buy much from the supply ships that visited us monthly. They brought us fresh beef and ice from the North, as well as our mails, and their coming was quite an event. They always wanted oysters, turtle and gophers, and we always laid in a supply for them when they were expected. One of the hunters had a fine banana plantation, and orange, lemon and lime trees on one of the islands, and nature gave us a profusion of berries in their season. A delicious wild fruit like a plum grew everywhere, and made fine table preserves. The cabbage palm has a fine cabbage in its top, and so our natural market was a grand one. The climate was very healthy, and our sick list very small.

There is one wild animal, however, that I have not mentioned. It is the Florida mosquito. He is the most utterly depraved insect on the face of the globe. Many times, after a sleepless night in the harbor, we have been forced in self-defense to get underway, and leave the harbor to get clear of these pests. On going just outside the bar, about three miles from the shore, they would all instantly leave the ship, and return no more until we went inside. They could conquer an army, and for bitter, persistent, unremitting work I have never seen their equal. They keep rigidly to their own time of year, however, and when they go the paradise is again sweet. The pelican, with ludicrous dignity, sits on a log, or clumsily dives for his dinner. The cormorant flies swiftly through the air, and tries to pass himself off for a duck. The gentle Seminole from the Everglades comes near to sell deerskins and bead ornaments. The pensive shark, of enormous size, comes hastily to the surface on the least chance of a bite at something, and the apparently still and solitary bay is full of life and variety as soon as its mysteries are unlocked. CHATHAM.

Natural History.

BULLS ON THE TEXAS RANGE.—II.

RECENTLY I wrote you of bulls; but fearing lest the paper should grow too long, some things were left out which are desirable to enlarge on. Thus I wished to call attention to the extremely cautious and sensible way in which the bulls mentioned by me fought. There was no headlong, blind fury, such as we often see when men fall together by the ears, but each behaved coolly, meditatively, like veteran strategists, in every movement of attack or defense. Each knew well that if he left out any precaution which common sense or the art of good fighting would demand, he would be surely killed, or be able to escape only by a most precipitous and shameful flight. Each knew that the danger lay in his adversary's horns, and to ward off and lock these was his supreme care. Then came the terrible trials of strength, in which the effort of each was to overwhelm the other. Here also the same careful watching and instant preparation for emergencies were apparent. Each knew how to adjust his strong neck and plant his feet so as to get out of them the best muscle. Though brutes, it was a battle of science, fortifying and sustaining fearful force. Blind fury was dismissed, or completely held in and directed by a deliberate, cold-blooded art of war. Therefore these creatures are evidently endowed with great sense to meet the demands of this case, and their reasoning faculties in this sphere seem nearly perfect. It is human to err and make great blunders, but it seems not much to be so in the case of bulls, in whatever affairs they undertake. Had one succeeded in throwing the other his plan would have been to hurl himself upon him with a great burst of force and plunge his weapons to the hilt into his body before he could recover. And there an end to him.

However, unless the bulls are very angry they do not usually seek to kill their adversary when he is thrown. They are often magnanimous; stepping backward a little, looking with an eye of satisfaction upon the prostrate foe, shaking the head at him, as if saying, "Now, if you have enough, go; if not, behold, my good horns await thee." And the vanquished one is always sensible enough to surrender the palm to the victor when he knows he is whipped, if permitted to do so, and will continue to acknowledge him as superior during the rest of the season of roaring. Then when he wishes to roar, he will take care that the victor be not near, or if he be near, he will, out of his great respect for him, roar very softly.

When a bull perceives that his adversary is too much for him, and that the battle, if continued, must bring him great disaster, he will often, if he be a bull who would rather run than be killed, manifest great terror of mind, but never lose his sense. Thus, he will watch his opportunity and step backward from his adversary, keeping his eyes fixed on his. If he now perceives that his adversary means mischief and will not be satisfied except with blood, he breaks out with cries of mingled terror and rage, but mostly of terror; and this because he knows that should he turn tail, the adversary would plunge on to him and probably disembowel him before he could get out of reach. This is the point of greatest danger to the vanquished bull. But he continues to step backward cautiously, and when he calculates that he is far enough to have some chance of escape, he suddenly bounds away, tail up and head down, usually with the foe thundering at his heels. It is then a race for dear life, and the vanquished nearly always escapes, as the victor has not so much at stake, and is, therefore, willing to call off after a while.

It usually happens that when two bulls of the same herd or walk fight a great battle and one is forced to take to his heels, the cows take after him and pelt him with blows as he runs. I cannot understand this, unless they have a pride, an *esprit du corps*, that no bull shall become the sire of their calves except he be a great bull and conqueror. They want the other sort well out of their way. Perhaps they obey a general law which looks to the survival of the fittest. I am told, however, that cows of inferior spirit and of the baser sort do not use this discrimination, but are content with any bull who may roar.

I have noticed the singular pride and care which bulls have of their horns, as a good warrior or sportsman has of his sword or gun. When alone they often plunge them to the hilt in the sandy hills or ravines, repeating the operation several times. Then they move forward to a bush or low tree, which they worry and twist into all manner of shapes with their horns, roaring as they do so. The plunging their horns into sandy earth seems to be with intent to sharpen the points, and the rubbing against brush seems to be with intent to polish them. When they have wrought some time at this business, they start forth hunting a herd, roaring at every step in a very terrible manner, as if full to the brim of war. Persons unacquainted with them would be frightened to meet them on such occasions; but I have met perhaps hundreds, and never received anything from them but a most disdainful look at me from their eyes, as if they thought I were too small game to vex about. However, I am free to say that I do not like to meet them unless on horseback. I have sometimes had them stop in their march and shake their heads at me in a very impudent way, but only when I chanced to be on foot. Then it is comforting to have a good tree at hand into which one may climb hastily in case of emergency. When in their herds, engaged in matters which appear greatly to their satisfaction, they show very little disposition to be impudent either to the footman or horseman. Still I do not account them good creatures to go among at any time on foot, unless trees are plentiful and handy.

The Texas cow-ponies have great terror of bulls when fighting, and it is difficult to spur them on to such scenes. They look on with amazement and trembling, watching every movement of the bulls. Should one make a break to get out of the way, they make a break also; their notion seeming to be that the pursuing bull in his fury will plunge his horns into anything that happens to be in his way. Therefore they think that the safe place is the remote one and act accordingly.

N. A. T.

ELIASVILLE, Texas.

THE WILD PIGEONS.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I noticed in a recent issue that a correspondent wanted to know what has become of the wild pigeons once so plentiful. It is hard to say whether they have been entirely annihilated or not. I think your theory published in the next issue of your paper is about correct, viz., the fluctuations of the mast supply on which they chiefly exist. This may in a great measure explain their absence in districts where they were once numerous. Last fall while shooting in the northern part of Victoria county my companion had the luck to kill one of these beautiful birds, it being the first one taken in that district for several years, although they may be seen occasionally.—W. C. L. (Toronto, Ont).

QUAIL DOMESTICATION.—A number of farmers in Johnson Lane, Middletown, Conn., and vicinity are trying the experiment of domesticating quail. Mr. Wellington Johnson, a short time ago, succeeded in hatching a brood of them under a bantam hen from some eggs which he found while working in the fields, and the naturally wild young fowls seem in a fair way to content themselves to the confines of the farm yard. While engaged in mowing last week Wm. Harris uncovered a nest full of the eggs, some of which he placed under a setting hen, and now awaits anxiously the result of his experiment.

LARGE BLACK-TAIL DEER ANTLERS.—J. D. Condict, of this city, shot and killed a black-tail buck weighing 350 lbs. on the headwaters of the Savery River in Carbon county, Wyoming, in September last. The antlers were in the velvet and measured across the widest spread 38¼in. He brought on the head and hide, and has the trophy mounted at Orange, N. J. Is not this the largest head on record? The prongs number twenty-two, and are perfect in contour and size on each side.

QUAIL IN THE CITY.—New York, July 18.—Some time since a quail flew on to the fanlight of an importing house on Worth street. It proved to be a male bird, and is now in the possession of a friend of mine, and is almost thoroughly domesticated. My friend wants to try the domestication of quail, and if some of your readers can put him in the way of getting a hen bird both he and I would be greatly obliged.—E. K. LEFFINGWELL.

THE NIAGARA COUNTY PROTECTOR.—Lockport, N. Y., July 18.—Mr. Charles Ripson, the newly appointed game constable, resides at Youngstown, Niagara county, and was appointed on the representation of Daniel Millar, Esq., president of the Niagara County Anglers' Club.—J. L. DAVISON.

NATIONAL PARK AND ZOOLOGICAL PARK.

PROTECTION AND IMPROVEMENT OF THE YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK.

For the construction and improvement of suitable roads and bridges within the Park, under the supervision and direction of an engineer officer detailed by the Secretary of War for that purpose, thirty thousand dollars.

A NATIONAL ZOOLOGICAL PARK.

SEC. 4. For the establishment of a zoölogical park in the District of Columbia, two hundred thousand dollars, to be expended under and in accordance with the provisions following, that is to say:

That, in order to establish a zoölogical park in the District of Columbia, for the advancement of science and the instruction and recreation of the people, a commission shall be constituted, composed of three persons, namely, the Secretary of the Interior, the president of the Board of Commissioners of the District of Columbia, and the secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, which shall be known and designated as the commission for the establishment of a zoölogical park.

That the said commission is hereby authorized and directed to make an inspection of the country along Rock Creek, beginning at the point on that creek where the Woodley road crosses said creek, and extending upward along its course to where said creek is crossed by the Klingle road, and to select from that district of country such a tract of land, of not less than one hundred acres, which shall include a section of the creek, as said commission shall deem to be suitable and appropriate for a zoölogical park.

That the said commission shall cause to be made a careful map of said zoölogical park, showing the location, quanity and character of each parcel of private property to be taken for such purpose, with the names of the respective owners inscribed thereon, and the said map shall be filed and recorded in the public records of the District of Columbia; and from and after that date the several tracts and parcels of land embraced in such zoölogical park shall be held as condemned for public uses, subject the payment of just compensation, to be determined by the said commission and approved by the President of the United States, provided that such compensation be accepted by the owner or owners of the several parcels of land.

That if the said commission shall be unable to purchase any portion of the land so selected and condemned within thirty days after such condemnation, by agreement with the respective owners, at the price approved by the President of the United States, it shall, at the expiration of such period of thirty days, make application to the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, by petition, at a general or special term, for an assessment of the value of such land, and said petition shall contain a particular description of the property selected and condemned, with the name of the owner or the owners thereof, and his, her, or their residences, as far as the same can be ascertained, together with a copy of the recorded map of the park; and the said court is hereby authorized and required, upon such application, without delay, to notify the owners and occupants of the land and to ascertain and assess the value of the land so selected and condemned by appointing three commissioners to appraise the value or values thereof, and to return the appraisement to the court; and when the values of such land are thus ascertained, said values shall be paid to the owner or owners, and the United States shall be deemed to have a valid title to said lands.

That when the said commission shall have obtained the land for a zoölogical park, as herein provided, it shall have power to lay out the same as a park and to erect such building or buildings thereon as may be necessary for the scientific purposes to which the park is dedicated and proper for the custody, care and exhibition of a collection of animals.

That when the said commission shall have established a zoölogical park in the District of Columbia under the provisions of this section, by acquiring the necessary lands and by laying out the same as a park and by the erection of the necessary buildings thereupon, it shall be the duty of said commission to turn over the said zoölogical garden, with all its buildings and appurtenances, to the custody and care of the Regents of the Smithsonian; and when such transfer of the custody and care of the zoölogical garden shall be made, the duties of said commission shall cease and its existence terminate.

That when the said commission shall tender to the Regents of the Smithsonian Institution the care and custody of the zoölogical park provided for in this section, the Regents of the Smithsonian Institution are hereby authorized to assume the care and custody of the same; and the said regents of the Smithsonian Institution are hereby authorized to make such rules and regulations for the management of the park, and of the property, appurtenances, and collections of the park, as they may deem necessary and wise to secure the use of the same for the advancement of science and the instruction and recreation of the people.

That the said commission is hereby authorized to call upon the Superintendent of the Coast and Geodetic Survey, or the Director of the Geological Survey to make such surveys as may be necessary to carry into effect the provisions of this section; and the said officers are hereby authorized and required to make such surveys under the direction of said commission.—*Sundry Civil Service Bill.*

Game Bag and Gun.

Antelope and Deer of America. By J. D. Caton. Price $2.50. Wing and Glass Ball Shooting with the Rifle. By W. C. Bliss. Price 50 cents. Rifle, Rod and Gun in California. By T. S. Van Dyke. Price $1.50. Shore Birds. Price 50 cents. Woodcraft. By "Nessmuk." Price $1. Trajectories of Hunting Rifles. Price 50 cents. The Still-Hunter. By T. S. Van Dyke. Price $2.

A CARIBOU HUNT IN PISCATAQUIS.

"GOOD-BY, boys; bring us a roast of venison," was the parting salutation of a dozen or more old friends, as we steamed away from the wharf in Belfast, Me., for the Carritunk region, Piscataquis county, for a week's outing.

There were three of us, the Judge, the Doctor and myself. Our route was by steamer to Bangor, thence by railroad to Blanchard, thence to the camp. We reached Blanchard without let or hindrance at 3 o'clock P. M., where we procoured stout horses and a buckboard which had apparently done service before the war; we were a little doubtful about the vehicle, as it seemed loose and rickety in all its parts, but Brown, our driver and man of all work, assured us that that was just the way it was made, and it would carry us safely as far as we could go by team. From Blanchard to Carritunk township is one perpetual ascent for eight or nine miles. We then came to a strip of table land about one mile wide, ending at the base of Mount Bald, or Pond Mountain, as it is sometimes called. Here we went into camp for the night, intending to get an early start in the morning for Harmony Camp, on the top of the mountain and about four miles distant. We found comfortable quarters in a lumber camp, and while our guide was making things pleasant for us about the camp we took our fish tackle to try the trout in Thorn Brook, which was but a short distance from camp. We soon found that we had not misjudged the capacity of the stream. It was nearly dark, but in half an hour or so we were able to count up twenty-three trout, some of them weighing nearly half a pound. We had them fried for supper and enjoyed them immensely. We were up and ready to start the next morning at daylight, transferred our luggage to the backs of our horses, and commenced the ascent near where the old Skowhegan road crosses Thorn Brook. The ascent was tiresome. We reached the summit at 9 A. M. and took up quarters in Harmony Camp, situated on the shore of a beautiful lake of about four square miles in extent.

Here for several years Captain Nickerson and a few of his friends have spent a few days during the hunting season, and it was through his kindness that we were invited to occupy this camp. Marvelous stories are related by some of the Captain's friends "of caribou brought down at long range, and of huge antlers that were taken but could not be brought out for certain and various good reasons." Certain it was that we found nailed up over the door of the camp a very fair-sized pair of antlers.

We settled ourselves comfortably, occupying the remainder of the forenoon. After dinner we started out to look for signs; made the circuit of the little pond and found plenty of deer and caribou tracks, and one that the Judge decided to be that of a moose. Returning we took a wide circuit, observing landmarks and noting the general lay of the land, in order that we might not lose our bearings when hunting singly, a precaution which it is always safe to take, but in this place it was hardly necessary, as the mountain itself afforded us a conspicuous landmark, and plenty of hard climbing would bring us to camp from any direction. We returned to camp just at dusk, highly pleased with the outlook and feeling quite certain that we should have a successful hunt on the morrow.

We started out the next morning as soon as it was light enough for us to see our way. The Doctor went to the north, I to the west, the Judge proposed to station himself conveniently near a runway leading to the pond, where to all appearances the game went down to drink and feed upon the lily pads. The morning was most propitious for stalking game, it having rained a little during the night, so that our walking through the brush was almost noiseless. For guns, the Doctor carried a long range Ballard .38-caliber; the judge and myself .44-caliber Marlins. About two hours after leaving camp I came upon fresh caribou tracks going in the direction of the pond. I followed them without difficulty, expecting to see my game on reaching the pond some half a mile distant. My carelessness lost me a favorable shot and taught me when tracking game of this kind to be always on the alert, expecting to see game at any moment and especially in the most unlikely places, for after following the tracks for 40 or 50 rods, a sudden cracking of brush a few rods in advance, caused me to look ahead just in time to see a large buck bounding away down the mountain and out of sight in a moment.

Deeming it useless to follow him now that he was thoroughly startled, I kept on to the pond, hoping that by secreting myself I might during the day get a shot. Selecting a covert on a point running out into the pond far enough to give me a fair view for some distance on both sides, I resolved, as I have often done before, that I would stick to that spot until I saw game at all events. So making myself as comfortable a stand as possible, I began my tiresome waiting. Hour after hour passed by and no game appeared. I had become chilled and cramped, but still resolved to stick as long as I could see to shoot. At last, just as dusk began to settle down upon the lake, I heard the crackling of brush upon the right, which warned me that game was approaching. In a moment the blood was coursing through my veins, and instead of the chill I was hot with excitement. I imagined from the sound that the game could be nothing smaller than a moose, and began to speculate on the chances of my stopping him at my first shot. The animal had stopped before coming into view in a thicket of birch bushes; this gave time to get my nerves steadied for the fatal shot. Soon the bushes parted and a caribou leisurely walked out into full view about fifteen rods away. I was much disappointed in the size of the animal, but there he stood quietly nipping the twigs that grew in the edge of the water. He was about the size of a large buck deer, and had it not been for his immense head, I should at first glance have considered him a deer and nothing more. I study him for some minutes to determine if possible what food it is he seems to relish so much. At last the right chance for a favorable and certain shot presents itself, and at the crack of my rifle the caribou, with one convulsive bound, falls dead to the ground; I hasten to bleed him, and with no small degree of satisfaction contemplate my first caribou.

I hang him up and start for camp, concluding to follow the shore of the pond, as it had now become quite dark. As I drew near the camp I heard my comrades talking over the events of the day, and as I had heard several shots from their rifles during the day I was feeling somewhat disgusted at my stupidity in not getting a telling shot at the game I started in the early morning. I was not so exultant over my first caribou as I anticipated. Both the Judge and Doctor had shot at and missed the same caribou in the forenoon, and as no more game came in sight of their stands they got tired of waiting and returned to camp. In the afternoon they had amused themselves shooting at ducks on the pond; they had secured three and one large loon, and were congratulating themselves that they were high line for that day at least. I related to them the story of the day's hunt and informed them where the game was hanging. They would not be convinced that I was not hoaxing them, and after supper I proposed that we take the canoe and go up and bring the carcass to camp, remarking to them that a breakfast of caribou steak would doubtless inspire them with more perserverance in hunting next day. We found the caribou as I had left him.

The sky was becoming overcast with every appearance of snow, and on arriving the next morning we found that about two inches had fallen and the weather had moderated sufficiently to dampen it, everything was propitious for a successful hunt. We started early, the Doctor and myself keeping together, the Judge preferring to hunt alone. We hoped to come upon a family of caribou, and after traveling some three miles we found fresh tracks, where at least three had gone along. With the utmost caution we followed the tracks for about two hours, stopping every few minutes to listen (we had taken the precaution to put on our white frocks and caps so as to make as little contrast as possible between the snow-laden trees and ourselves). At last we came upon two caribou, a bull and a cow, both full grown. We cautiously worked our way along toward where they were feeding until near enough for certain shots, the Doctor aiming at the bull, myself at the cow, our rifles cracked simultaneously and both animals bounded out of sight. We heard them crashing through the brush on right and left. The Doctor was nonplussed, thinking he had again missed his game. I felt absolutely certain that I should find mine not far off, and knew from the convulsive spring of the Doctor's that it was hit to kill. I thought that most of the noise was made by other caribou which we had not seen.

On reaching the places where the animals stood we found blood and plenty of it, and I soon heard the Doctor shout that he had come upon his game. I had found mine about ten rods from where he stood, the ball had passed through the neck, severing the carotid artery. The Doctor had hit his in the shoulder and lodged the ball in or near the heart. The game had run some thirty rods before falling. After dressing the animals we made a circuit of the ground and found there must have been at least seven caribou within a few rods of us when we shot, and doubtless, had we brought our game to the ground at once, we might have got shots at others, but the snorts of the wounded ones put the whole family to flight. We were well satisfied, however, with our first four hours' work. While we were considering whether to follow the startled animals or look for other tracks, we heard two shots in rapid succession from the Judge's rifle, and decided to go in that direction, as it took us to the pond and camp, not doubting we should see other game before getting in. We were disappointed, however, although we found plenty of tracks. On arriving at camp we found the Judge had not returned, but we beheld the largest buck's head we ever saw suspended to a limb in front of the camp, and as our toboggan was gone we concluded the Judge had gone for the carcass.

As the snow was rapidly melting we concluded to go back and bring our game to camp. We found a small horse sled in the hovel where we kept our horses, which, with a little fixing, we thought would do for us. Soliciting the assistance of Brown we soon had it in readiness and one of the horses harnessed into it. We followed an old logging road nearly to where where we left our caribou, which saved us much hard packing. We judged the combined weight of the two caribou to be about 650lbs. On returning to camp we found the Judge with his game, which consisted of the buck before mentioned and a young caribou. The buck could not have weighed less than 275lbs. alive.

We were all completely tired out, but in the best of spirits. It was a weariness that brings no languor. We had already accomplished what we had hoped to do, which was to secure five venisons to take home with us. We decided to break camp at once.

The trip, considering the time, had been one of the most successful ones we have ever made. We were the first party on the ground, and the game was more abundant than usual, notwithstanding the fact that numbers of both deer and caribou are ruthlessly slaughtered in this region every winter, after the snow becomes deep, to furnish meat for the lumbermen. Were it not for that custom of slaughtering (which should merit the contempt of every respectful citizen of the county) this region would soon become one of the most desirable in the State for hunting moose and caribou. BIG GAME.

EARLY DAYS ON THE MISSOURI.

I.—GAME AND HUNTERS.

THE Missouri River valley in Montana was, twenty-five years ago, a paradise of game. Words will scarcely convey to the ordinary person the prodigality with which nature had supplied that section with buffalo, elk, antelope, mountain sheep, deer, wolves and bears. I have ridden on one trip for five hundred miles in a direct course, and during daylight was never out of sight of vast herds of buffalo; as far as I could view with glasses they were scattered in the same huge profusion. The simile that presented itself to my mind was as if some Brobdingnaggian pepper box had been heavily shaken over the immense plains and each gram a buffalo. The Gros Ventres interpreter, who had just returned from a trip to Milk River, tersely and with but little exaggeration expressed the impression of a view of these thickly scattered herds. Being questioned about the buffalo, he replied, with an appropriate accompanying Indian sign expressive of the words, "The country is one robe."

The buffalo never had a special range like other game. These vast herds were continually on the march. If undisturbed, they appeared to loiter and dally for days without movement. Although the herds were scattered for hundreds of miles and appeared motionless, the trained eye could readily discern the direction of their line of march; scattered as these grass-eating columns might be, yet if any outlying or detached buffalo or herd became alarmed, no obstacle could permanently turn them from their instinct-driven course.

In hunting buffalo on horseback, this peculiarity was taken advantage of. A few boys would be sent to start a herd. The hunting party, stripped naked, mounted on their best horses, were cached four or five miles in advance of the route of the startled herd. A buffalo can run an immense distance if his speed is not crowded, so the boys who start them, put them to their utmost speed from the commencement of the run. On come the rushing herd with starting eyes, heaving flanks and lolling tongues. Now the hunters rush in, their blood-curdling yells, and the wild dash of the frantic horses spur the terrified buffalo to their supremest effort. But it is all in vain. The speed of the fresh horses quickly exhausts their remaining strength; their laboring breath comes in gasps clogged by their swollen lolling tongues. The bison's relentless enemy is alongside of him; can almost touch him. The sharp cracking revolver and the silent deadly arrow commence their work, his vitals are reached; the blood gushes from his mouth and nostrils: he sways; he reels; with a last look at that grass-covered prairie home the shaggy monarch falls, butchered that his robe may purchase a few trinkets for a savage.

As a buffalo hunt was conducted by Indians it was a mere butchery. It was no uncommon thing for from one to two thousand buffalo to be killed in a single surround. Of this number of the killed, not five per cent. of the meat would be taken, and oftentimes many would not be even skinned. I have ridden for several days through a country strewn with buffalo carcasses, where not a pound of meat was taken except the tongues, and a very large proportion were not even skinned. Neighboring tribes, insanely jealous of each other, would strain every nerve to forestall their rivals for the buffalo.

The flesh of the bull buffalo more than three years old is seldom palatable and his robe more difficult to tan; when it is dressed it is worth less commercially than the cow buffalo robe. The finest, fattest cows were always killed first. Aged bulls were seldom molested, except from wantonness, when there were any other to be killed.

The buffalo had many forces to contend with. In the spring, when they were weak, they appeared to have an insane desire to cross the Missouri River. The shelving bar of a Missouri River bottom is almost always opposed on the opposite side of the river by a very high bank. The buffalo coming in vast droves to cross the river would start from the low bar, swim directly across and blindly endeavor to ascend the perpendicular bank. The river would be animated with the struggling, impulse-driven animals. The strongest would crawl to the front, and with unreasoning pertinacity strive to ascend the directly upright bank. With an almost cat-like climb they might reach half way, then down they would fall on their struggling companions in the river below. With added rage and obstinacy they would renew the climb, again and again, until after hours of inflexible persistency they would finally succeed in the seeming impossibility of tearing a trail up the wall-like bank. Hundreds of the weaker ones would succumb in this struggle in the river and their floating carcasses would collect in vast numbers in the river eddies. Many of the weak cows, which succeeded in getting out of the river, died in calving on the bank.

The color of the buffalo is a dark brown, but the calf is red until about three months old. These little fellows, when their mothers are dead or separated from them in any way, will when very young often follow the first moving object they see, and I once had two of them follow me to my camp.

Another enemy of the buffalo was the wolf. Mingled through the herds were packs of gray wolves. Ordinarily these animals appeared to be on good terms with the buffalo. They came and went without creating any excitement; it was only when they intruded through the outguard of old bulls and approached the vicinity of calves that hostility was displayed. It was to the wounded buffalo, driven out of the herd by his fellows, that the fiendish wail of these furies of the plains sounded the death knell. In the night could be heard a long, melancholy, blood-curdling howl, quickly followed by others equally terrifying. It was the death song of some buffalo. If it was a cow or young buffalo, all was over when a despairing, bellowing shriek was heard high above the fierce yelp of the victorious destroyers. But with an old bull the struggle was different. When the howling chorus was summoning every fanged fiend in the neighborhood, the snorting bull could be heard charging his assailants. Then followed the sharp carnivorous yells, as the snarling pack precipitated itself on the raging bull, whose fierce, furious bellows told of Titanic courage and fortitude. Even the lance-like fangs of his fell foes cannot tear his thick hide; their weight cannot drag him down while he preserves his Cyclopean force. He shakes off his enemies, but his wounds are ebbing his giant strength. The smell and taste of the gore madden the frantic pack; their maniac yell tells of another onslaught. The doomed bull is covered and weighed down by his furious assailants, and his hoarse, monotonous bellowing tells of pain and suffering such as only giants can endure. Amid the hoarse, pain-racked moaning of the dying bull can be heard that snap and snarl of the blood-boltered victors quarreling over their struggling spoil. The tenacity of life in a buffalo bull is such that he can be partly eaten up and be still alive.

The belief is generally that the white hunter is largely responsible for the extinction of the buffalo. The truth is the exact reverse of this. The untanned robe was worthless to him; he could trade for a robe outright cheaper than he could hire one tanned. The white hunter seldom skinned a buffalo. He took what meat he wanted without reference to the robe. If he killed one for wolf bait, he opened it, severed the quarters so that they would lie flat on the ground, mixed one bottle of poison with the blood, made slight incisions all over the carcass, lightly sprinkled each gash with poison; the scrap meat, liver, lights and tripe were thrown into the poisoned blood, some of which was smeared over the poisoned carcass. For a full-grown buffalo one-half ounce of strychnine would poison it well, and would serve as bait to catch about sixty wolves. When the bait was frozen it would serve to kill a great many more, as they could not eat it so fast.

This wolfing was at one time very remunerative; I have known wolfers to make as much as three thousand dollars during a single winter. A wolf skin readily brought from one and a half to three dollars at any trading post on the Missouri River. By killing off the wolves the white hunter saved far more buffalo lives than he destroyed.

When the Indian merely killed buffalo for food and clothes these animals were probably on the increase in spite of the forces arrayed against them. But when the trader came and dangled before the longing eyes of the savage glittering trumpery gewgaws, a market was furnished for his robe and the fate of the buffalo was sealed. The whites did more toward killing off the other game. To hunt buffalo successfully expert horsemanship was necessary, but marksmanship was not required. The Indian is a poor shot, and has neither the endurance nor application necessary to make a good hunter of other game.

Elk, when banded up, usually numbered from one hundred to fifteen hundred head. The bulls shed their horns about March, and live solitary until re-armed. The pregnant cows go off by themselves and calve the first part of June. At this period the herd is composed of the younger members. During July the bulls, whose horns are then in the full velvet, lie in sunny coulees, turning their soft, tender antlers to the ardent sun to be hardened. The horns are actually hardened by a bony ring forming at the base of the horn, which cuts off the blood vessels which supply it with nutriment. The band usually feed during the night along the foothills of the mountains, retiring at the rising of the sun to the timber. Their ordinary gait is a swinging trot, but when pressed they will break into a fast gallop, which, however, they cannot long maintain. An early morning in September is the pleasantest time to hunt elk. The cows are then in fair order and the bulls are in their best condition. The bulls emit a trumpetlike squeal, somewhat similar to the bray of a mule, and this shrill signal on the mountain air is a certain guide to the elk hunter. All game animals are keen of scent, and the hunter should never place himself where the wind blows from him directly to the game. The hunter for hides never attacks elk until they are in good position to make a large killing. He will patiently wait until they enter a cañon or open glade. Always keeping out of sight, he fires at the leader ahead of him. The band stops and bunches. The hunter keenly watches for and fires at any elk which attempts to lead out. After a few of the bolder spirits are thus shot down or turned back the herd becomes dazed; they "mill" around, and the rapid deadly firing sweeps the dismayed band.

An enraged bull elk is to my thinking the most dangerous looking animal in the mountains. I remember once on a hunt, I suddenly came on a magnificent looking bull elk, which was lying in a slight depression. I fired from the horse and wounded him. He bounded away and I after him on the horse. After a short run I caught up with him, and he savagely turned on me. He was about a quarter of a mile from where a wagon could be got to him, and I conceived the idea of aggravating him so that he would chase me to where I could have a wagon brought to him. I put several rocks in my pocket, rode up to him again, and threw one at him. He made a dash for me in the direction I wanted him to go, and it put my horse to considerable trouble to keep out of his way. We repeated the maneuver until I finally got him where I wanted him. By this time he was a picture of incarnate rage. Every hair stood on end like a cat's; his mane stiff with ire, stood forward like a ruff; his gigantic antlers trembled with passion; his mouth frothed with fury; his eyes were moulten lakes of green fire, gleaming with frenzy. He dressed over six hundred pounds.

Antelope were the easiest game killed. These beautiful animals are cursed with an insatiable curiosity. Anything unusual attracts their attention. The hunter could sit down on the prairie, and in a short time he would hear the peculiar whistle of an antelope, which would bound and skip coquettishly around its would-be destroyer. If too coy to come within easy range, the hunter could readily overcome this diffidence by standing on his head or lying on his back and kicking up his legs. Only the male antelope have horns, the sheaths of which are annually shed and developed. Their rutting season commences about September 10, when the bucks in their encounters with each other often interlock their horns and perish in this anything but loving embrace. Late in the fall and winter, antelope bunched in bands from a hundred to two thousand or more. This was the period in which they were slaughtered for their hides, and I have known one man to kill more than two thousand in a single winter.

Many white hunters had scruples against killing game for their hides; I knew a professional one who would scarcely speak to a person who wantonly killed game. This man, whose athletic figure, dressed in buckskin, his cartridge belt hung with knives and revolver; with stern, grave, rugged, virile features, covered with a shaggy mane for a beard, and with a heavy bass voice, that sounded like the rolling of muttered thunder, looked the personification of the ideal pirate. Yet no dreaming maiden possessed a more genuinely tender heart.

I recall a hunting trip we had together. We were on the divide of the Belt Mountains. He wished to have a smoke, and we sat down in the edge of the timber, facing an open glade through which ran a game trail; in a short time a she bear appeared, following along the trail close to which we sat, accompanied by a couple of cubs. We instantly cached ourselves, and waited until they should come close enough to make a certainty of killing all three of them. The cubs would run ahead and play back and forward to their plantigrade mother; occasionally she joined in their cubbish antics. Once she stood upon her hindfeet and one of her shaggy darlings jumped into her outstretched arms, and was clasped and fondled with almost human attitude and affection. I glanced at John; tears were coursing down his rugged features as he said in his deep bass voice: "Mack, that lets me out." We left.

HENRY MACDONALD.

VACATION TALK.

THE days of rest are here. People are forsaking as generally as circumstances will permit their ordinary avocations, and devoting themselves to having a good time, and to providing a good time for those dependent on them. The growth of the vacation idea during the past dozen years has been enormous. The family in moderate circumstances which does not take some kind of an outing in the summer is now the exception. "Where do you go this summer?" is the familiar question of the day. Closed houses in town contrast strikingly with the well-filled summer homes at seaside and spring, and emphasize the reason for the crowded boats and trains.

There is both good and evil in this growing idea that to go away for the summer, or a part of it, is a necessity. Evil, because it sometimes involves expense beyond one's means, or exertion greater than one's strength, or inconvenience which outweighs any possible gain. But the good is vastly greater in the aggregate than the evil. It is not easy to over-estimate the advantage to most men and women of a complete change of location, surroundings and occupation once a year. Modern life is complex and exciting. It demands intense and constant application. The strain is relieved and the system recreated by the annual change. How each one shall spend it is a question for each to decide. Two things it is usually safe to prescribe: First, complete change; second, occupation. Idleness is a mistake, and it nearly always fails to afford true recreation. An active man or woman does not long enjoy inaction. And there is no need of it. The occupations for vacation are as numerous as the individual tastes. One finds in a summer school what another gains from a yachting cruise, and his friend from a tramp in the Tyrol. To dig clams and catch bluefish will rest one, when another can find his best stimulus in a rifle or a tennis racket.

There is no worker who does not need rest, and who will not work the better for it. If the longer vacation is impossible, as it is for many a man and woman, even in prosperous Cambridge, there is the piece-meal vacation to fall back upon. The Saturday half-holiday gives its blessing to some of these people. The Sunday horse cars are available for those who have no other respite from grinding labor. Charity, with its country week, its fresh air funds, and its generous gifts of horse car tickets, helps those who cannot help themselves.

Vacation days are here. Let us use them to make the coming year of work fruitful—more fruitful than its predecessor.—*The Cambridge (Mass.) Tribune.*

AN ADIRONDACK TRACT OF LAND on which are sites favorable for game and fish clubs, is advertised in our advertising columns.

"LET HER GO GALLAGHER."

PHILADELPHIA, July 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I notice on p. 513 of FOREST AND STREAM, under the altogether novel and original heading of "Let her go Gallagher," a mention of the Gallagher carbine. As the correspondent does not seem to know much about it, I take the liberty of sending you a word. The Gallagher was one of two or three styles of weapons made during the transition from muzzleloaders to the breechloaders, using a complete cartridge; that is to say it used a cartridge with a detached percussion cap. The breach action was peculiar, being operated by a finger lever, which constituted the trigger guard, the barrel dumping. I am unable to give date and place of manufacture.

I might add that the style of cartridge was also peculiar. It was, as I have said, of brass, but had no fulminating cap. It was center-fire, the ignition being effected through a recess in the base of the cartridge, which fitted into a projection in the base of the breech, in the center of which was drilled the passageway leading to the nipple. The finger lever, through about one-half the distance required to open the breech, pushed the barrel along in the line of the axis of the bore and then dumped it. This was rendered necessary in order to get out the exploded shell from the recess of the breech (about ⅛in. deep from base of breech to joint with barrel). It had no shell extractor, and must have been altogether a most unsatisfactory style of weapon.

When I used the specimen I had one—picked up by a cousin (a lieutenant in the 14th Infantry) on the field at Antietam—I used it with loose powder and shot; and I have a very distinct recollection of having my left thumb shot full of powder on one occasion; for when my edition of Gallagher went off, she generally let go both at breech and muzzle.

This may seem like a good deal of space to ask for a description of an entirely obsolete weapon. Yet you can attribute it to the remnants of great enthusiasm in the gun and ordnance line on my part, saturated by a somewhat clear recollection of a feeling not unlike that of a dozen needles forced into my thumb the time that Gallagher let her go backward. D. G.

FOREST AND STREAM GUN TESTS.

RED HOOK, N. Y., July 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It is with a great deal of satisfaction that I read in your last issue that we are to have a thorough and authoritative test of shotguns and the various charges in use. Like the trajectory test it will prick some great bubbles and correct some widely prevalent errors in loading. Another important matter, it will establish a standard for testing penetration.

At the risk of being considered officious I would urge the consideration of the test recommended in Alexander's "Game Birds of the United States," book-binders' millboard No. 60. After a considerable experience in testing I can strongly recommend this article. The expense can be very much reduced (and the result just as satisfactory) by reducing the size of the "penetration sheets." In my tests I make twelve pieces, 6½x7in. of each sheet of 22x27. After counting the number of pellets (of Tatham's No. 8, standard, chilled) penetrating the second sheet, I then ascertain the number of sheets penetrated by half that number of pellets, which is set down as the penetration for that particular charge and gun.

In the matter of fixed rests it appears to me the manufacturers make a mistake. The sportsman does not shoot his quail and grouse from a "fixed rest." The nearer the conditions of the test to actual business in the field the more accurate will be the information thus obtained. If the shooter is in the sitting position and simply steadies his left arm by leaning it against some support, he can aim sufficiently accurate and yet allow the gun to recoil (and throw the muzzle to either side) so as to show where the center of the charge is thrown in actual service.

A point of considerable importance is the measure used. As measures from the same manufacturers were found to vary considerably, I found the only satisfactory way was to weigh the charge, both powder and shot. We will watch for the reports of your tests with a great deal of interest. R. J. C.

EXPRESS train No. 101, west bound on the Duluth, South Shore & Atlantic Thursday morning, with conductor Sims and engineer Dave Watts in charge, encountered a big black bear between Sage and Sault Junction. Dave had seen that bear many times before near the same place, but this time he came up on bruin just as he was leisurely crossing the track. Confused by the sight of the oncoming train the bear hesitated a second, then turned and dashed down the track, which is as straight as an arrow there. Dave had been making up time, as 101 was a little late in pulling out from the point, but he saw at once that the bear was striking the ties a few notches faster than he was, so threw his engine wide open, accepting the bear's challenge. Then followed the strangest railway race ever seen on a Michigan railroad. Steam and iron are more than a match for wind and muscle and in a minute or two the pilot caught bruin and threw him off the track, rolling over and over like a great black rubber ball. As the train swept by those on board caught a glimpse of the bear as he rolled into the ditch by the side of the roadbed, but they could not tell whether he was injured or not. Conductor Sims says that his train has struck many deer in the seven years he has run on the Mackinaw division, but he scored his first bear Thursday.—*Marquette (Mich.) Mining Journal.*

IF THE alligator hunters keep up the warfare they have inaugurated against the reptiles the streams hereabouts will be bereft of them. When the business first commenced some time ago there were only two or three at it, but now their name is legion and they find it no longer profitable to hunt on the lake and outlet, and are going gradually further and further down the river. The business is paying, as two men get on average fifteen to twenty 'gators a night, and the hides bring from 50 cents to $1.25 each, according to length.—*Panasoffkee Correspondence Jacksonville (Fla.) Times-Union.*

THE MASSACHUSETTS SPECIAL POLICE OFFICER appointed to enforce the game and fish laws, under provision of the law passed at the last session, is William H. Proctor, of Swampscott. He is a member of the Massachusetts District Police. Chief Rufus R. Wade, Commonwealth Building, Boston.

THE UTICA ASSOCIATION.

UTICA, N. Y., July 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Apropos your articles on violations of game laws in the Adirondacks, it is kindly suggested that there is a means at hand which, if availed by the sportsmen over the whole State, will practically end the evils you mention. The Utica Game and Fish Protective Association was expressly organized to meet this want, when it was found that the State Association had lost sight of protection and degenerated into a mere prize tournament. It is intended to cover the whole State, most especially the Adirondacks; and if those interested in pure protection and good laws will join and contribute a moderate fund, say a membership of 1,000 at $1 each, there will be no difficulty in accomplishing the desired end.

This association was incorporated in 1880 solely for detective purposes in protection of fish and game. It is purely a legal organization, composed of our most mature and influential citizens, among whom are a majority of our most eminent lawyers, skilled in the management and conduct of legal matters. All festivities, prize tournaments, and the like, are expressly discarded. It is in no sense a holiday affair, as you will see by copy of by-laws sent herewith.

In detective matters, special secret agents are sent out; employed and paid for special work in special cases under the supervision of its officers. When necessary, rewards are offered. The cases when worked up are handed over to the protectors and district attorneys for prosecution with a success very gratifying. It is not boasting to say that it has accomplished more, even with a most limited amount of means, than all the glass ball clubs and State associations put together in the way of better laws, better enforcement, and better observance in the matter of fish and game. This is because we have made it a business, by business men, instead of pastime. If it had more funds its operations could cover more territory, and with more completeness and dispatch. Its operations have been over the whole State as far as resources will admit, especially in regions where we have a membership, and in many cases where we have none. Thus far it has been limited to about $100 or $200 a year; but it is thought that if its merits were better known the sportsmen of the State would interest themselves to see that it would be to their own, as well as to our advantage, to increase it to a fund of $1,000. Such a fund under such management would be ample to clear the Adirondacks of the existing game pests. With this amount, secret expert detectives could be placed at all the points with such effect that there scarcely could be a violation of game laws without detection and prosecution. This certainty of detection would at once of its own force command a most general observance and respect of law, where now observance is the exception.

As you will notice, its membership dues are $1 for each current year, which commences in April, with privilege to any one of taking as many memberships as may be afforded. It would seem as if there are at least one thousand sportsmen in the State who would cheerfully take interest in the matter and contribute $1 each per year toward protection, especially when they would invest ten times as much in outfit for a day off.

It will be noticed that our treasury is fully guarded against any but proper expenditures. There are no salaried officers except the detectives, and there are no honorary members in this business matter. To become a member it is only necessary to remit the dues to the secretary with name and address. In some cases parties contribute without becoming members. The members are then bound under the by-laws to observe all game laws and report violations when they come under notice. There is no election of members. More properly the membership is a contribution of funds to be managed by the board of directors, who render an annual account of stewardship. In remote regions where there is membership, special executive committees of members there are appointed by the directors to look after and supervise the general affairs of that region. Records are kept of violations and of the violators, of how the law works, what their defects, and how evaded.

Now if upon investigation you think well of our operations, you may lay the subject before your readers as an honest, economical, and efficient method of preserving the Adirondacks. It is found that $1, in such a combined and systematic effort, is worth more than $10, or even $50 in a scattering way. A spasmodic effort, with here and there a conviction, is of little avail, and soon forgotten as an object lesson. Certainty and persistence alone command observance and respect. Practically and so far as consistent all members are detectives and reporters. The list of members entire is only known to the secretary and directors. Members are scarcely known to each other.

The home office is located here at the very gates of the Adirondacks, and it has records and information of about all that happens in that whole region, although unable in many cases to work up the evidence to convict, for want of resources. It accomplishes what in many cases game protectors cannot, because it employs secret detectives in cases where the protectors are known and avoided. There is no other association like it in the whole State. Its completeness and efficiency would entitle it to a hearty and generous support from the whole sporting public in this combined effort to clean out the game destroyers, the worst of whom come here from other States.

JOHN D. COLLINS, Secretary.

NEW YORK PROTECTORS.—The report in some of last week's papers, that Mr. Francis Endicott had been appointed game and fish protector for Long Island and Staten Island, was incorrect. The appointments published in the FOREST AND STREAM of July 12 are all that have been made up to this date, July 23. The districts have not been laid as yet; they will be determined when the chief protector is appointed.

THE NEW YORK DEER LAW.

SECTION 1. Section one of chapter five hundred and thirty-four of the laws of eighteen hundred and seventy-nine, entitled "An act for the preservation of moose, wild deer, birds, fish and other game," as amended by chapter one hundred and ninety-four of the laws of eighteen hundred and eighty-six, is hereby amended so as to read as follows:

Sec. 1. No person shall hunt, kill, chase or take alive any wild deer in any part of the State, save only from the fifteenth day of August to the first day of November in any year, nor shall any one person during such time, kill or take alive more than three deer. No person, corporation, association or company shall have in his or its possession in this State, after the same has been killed, any wild deer or venison, save only from the fifteenth day of August to the fifteenth day of November in each year. No person, corporation, association or company shall sell, or expose for sale after the same has been killed, any wild deer or venison, save only from the fifteenth day of August to the fifteenth day of November in each year. No person shall, at any time, in this State, kill any fawn, or have in possession the carcass or skin of any such fawn after the same shall have been killed. No person shall, in any part of this State, set any trap, spring gun or other device at any artificial salt lick or other place for the purpose of trapping or killing wild deer. It shall not be lawful to hunt or pursue deer with dogs in any county of this State, except from the first day of September to the twentieth day of October in each year, except in the counties of Queens and Suffolk, when it shall be lawful during the first ten days of October each year, exclusive of Sunday. It shall not be lawful to pursue deer with dogs in the counties of St. Lawrence and Delaware at any time. It shall be lawful for any person to shoot or kill any dog while in actual pursuit of any deer in violation of the provisions of this act. No person, common carrier, corporation, association or company shall at any time carry or transport in this State, or have in possession for the purpose of transportation, any wild deed* or venison, taken, caught, killed or captured in the counties of this State, or in either of them, except the counties of Queens and Suffolk, and any person, common carrier, corporation, association or company which has in his or its possession any such wild deer or venison, taken, caught, killed or captured in any of the said counties of this State as aforesaid, or in either of them, except the counties of Queens and Suffolk, shall be deemed to have them in possession in violation of this act, except, however, that they may transport or have in possession for the purpose of transportation from the fifteenth day of August to the fifth day of November, not more than one carcass of wild deer or venison, taken, caught, killed or captured in said counties as aforesaid, or either of them, for each owner of said carcass as aforesaid, provided that such carcass be accompanied by the owner. This section shall not apply to the head or feet of wild deer when severed from the carcass. Any person offending against any of the preceding provisions of this section shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and in addition thereto shall be liable to a penalty of one hundred dollars for each wild deer or fawn so killed, hunted, pursued or trapped, or for each carcass or part thereof transported or had in possession for transportation in violation of this act, and for every spring gun set, or wild deer or fawn skin, or venison, had in possession, and may be proceeded against therefor in any county of this State in which the offanse was committed, or in which the offender or prosecutor may reside, or have an office for the transaction of business.

§ 2. This act shall take effect immediately.

(Approved June 4, 1888).

* So in the original.

HOT WEATHER STORIES.

From the Iowa Falls Register.

MR. THOMAS had a large farm on the Missouri bottoms near Sioux City. It was all fenced with barbed wire, there being two miles of such fence on the place. He happened in Sioux City just about the time that the gorge up the river had dammed the water to such a prodigious height. Foreseeing that when the gorge broke it would be likely to raise the water to such an extent as to flood the farm, he rode hastily home and made preparations accordingly. His stock and all that was movable was transferred to higher ground. Then he and his hired men proceeded to impale small chunks of meat on every barb of that wire fence. It was a big job, but it was finished just as the river began to cover the low pasture lot. For 26 hours the water stood five feet above the top of the highest post fence, and when it receded the most remarkable sight was revealed. From every barb, except three of that two miles of fencing, hung a fish. There were pickerel, bass, pike, suckers and every other imaginable variety. A simple calculation will show precisely the size of the haul. It was a five-wire fence, each wire having 36 barbs to the rod, making, as any schoolboy can tell you, a total of 115,200 barbs to the two miles of fencing. There were three barbs that had caught nothing, so that there were only 115,197 fish. Perhaps the most remarkable part of the story is to come. From that day to this in all parts of the Missouri River there have been caught just three fish, the exact number that didn't get caught on our friend's barbed wire fence.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

On the farm of Jacob Groff, who lives near Zodiac Springs, in the southern part of this township, is a large pond where cows are in the habit of standing during the day. One of the cows acted so strangely when at the pond that she attracted the attention of Mr. Groff and the farm hands. She would go into the water an hour or so before the other cows, and, after wading out a certain depth, would stop and commence lowing, as though calling to a calf. Immediately after she would remain perfectly quiet and seem contented. No cause could be assigned for her strange conduct, although on several occasions she was closely watched. Recently the water in the pond became low, scarcely reaching to the cow's knees. She made her usual daily trip, however, and took up her old position. One day last week she was watched very closely, and it was discovered that when she ceased calling a large catfish would come to the surface of the water, and suck milk until its appetite was satisfied. The fish was caught by Mr. Groff in the Sac River a year ago, and was thrown into the pond.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

V. F., New York.—See the game seasons in our issue of July 5.

W., New York.—Try Good Ground, Long Island, and its vicinity.

A. P. VAN BUREN.—Woodcock shooting in most of the counties of New York opens August 1.

W. D. H., Fall River, Dak.—We will print the laws in the FOREST AND STREAM as soon as practicable.

M. M. F., Foxburg, Pa.—Will some reader of FOREST AND STREAM who has hunted in Wisconsin kindly report in its columns favorable locations in that State for November hunting?

T. S., New York.—Will you please inform the writer if a brook trout has ever been caught with a spear? Ans. Yes, hundreds and thousands of them. The practice is in all civilized communities tabooed.

J. M. A., Sandy Hill.—We are not aware of any systematic attempts to raise frogs for the market. The New Jersey swamps have been denuded of all marketable stock, and the New York market is supplied with dressed frogs only, which come from Canada, Michigan and elsewhere. We doubt the feasibility of cultivating them profitably under other than favorable natural conditions. Marketable frogs are worth about five cents apiece.

THE SALE OF FISHING TACKLE.—Thirty years ago the places where fishing tackle was sold in New York city might be numbered on one's fingers, while to-day they are found on most of the business streets. This, more than any other sign, points to the fact that angling as a pastime is gaining in popularity. Even the large dry goods firm of R. H. Macy & Co. has added fishing tackle to their numerous departments, as will be seen by their advertisement in another column.—*Adv.*

Sea and River Fishing.

Angling Talks. By George Dawson. Price 50 cents. Fly-Rods and Fly-Tackle. By H. P. Wells. Price $2.50. Fly-Fishing and Fly-Making for Trout. By J. H. Keene. Price $1.50. American Angler's Book. By Thad. Norris. Price $5.50.

MASKINONGE AT BEAR LAKE.

I WAS sitting on the side stoop of my Roman villa one breezy morning lately endeavoring to reorganize a kite that I had been flying for my children's amusement and that had come to grief through the canting of her bellyband to leeward. She had shifted her load, so to speak, and pitched badly. She was a chromo issued by Messrs. P. & G. in consideration of the purchase of $11.50 worth of leather in the form of boots or shoes. It was a sort of Americo-Japanese arrangement, with a tail like nothing on earth, and a ball of string thrown in that was stout enough to tie up a half-pound of cotton batting. As I was deeply engaged in this entertainment, and meanwhile recalling the sports and griefs of my childhood in connection with this particular amusement, my friend Geo. M. loomed up suddenly in the foreground with a cheery "Good morning!" and after a little explanation on my part of my business in hand, he asked, "How many chicks have you hatched?" Now, George is what is termed an "enthusiastic sportsman." He loves a gun and rod with a love "passing that of woman," in which respect he is much like some other people I wot of not far from home. I didn't see what connection his question concerning incubation had with fishing, but I replied, "I haven't hatched any, but my old hens have. Come and see them." So we walked to the hen yard and talked hen awhile, viewing meanwhile forty or fifty little yellow puffs in all the cuteness and animation of downy chickenhood. After we had discussed the question satisfactorily and preferences in the matter of breeds had been named, the conversation naturally drifted to the subject of fishing. There didn't seem to be any abruptness in it. It was easy enough, and perfectly agreeable. We talked over Lake Erie and its bass and pike, and other resorts, among them Bear Lake; for this among a thousand other localities in this country has a Bear Lake. I had been to Lake Erie several times for bass with my kind neighbor H. H., with varying success and much enjoyment, but neither of us had fished Bear Lake, quite a noted place for muscallonge, or maskinonge, and bass. Of the former several specimens have been taken within a year or two, weighing 8 or 10lbs., and legends are not wanting of fish weighing 20lbs. and over having been brought to gaff. Said George, "How would Bear Lake suit you?"

Quoth I, "I think it would be a fit, if we could go. We can tell better after we try it on," and then the question of ways and means came up, resulting, of course, in a decision to go, and the following day was selected and 5 A.M. the hour of departure, as we had an eight mile drive before us and the weather it was hot. George sauntered down town and I went to see how much tackle I could muster that would be fit for the monsters of the depths of Bear Lake. I didn't find a very good assortment, for my big spoons had met with disaster among the bass and bonnets of the Florida waters, years gone by, but I managed to pick out enough to amuse the bass with and possibly entertain a "lunker" if I hooked him. H. H. loaned me a gaff, his son-in-law a landing net, and my outfit was from fair to middling.

The alarm clock went to pieces next morning at sharp four, raising me nearly to a perpendicular, with my hair all over my head, (which latter is more than some folks can say) and I got into my clothes in short order, went out and viewed the heavens, which were clouded, and promised rain, gave my horse his oats, brushed him off, and then proceeded to search the pantry for something to sustain and comfort my own physical organization. This was not as hard a job as might be selected, and by the dim light of early morn sifted through the blinds I sampled the eddibles my wife had been so rash as to leave unhidden. This done I selected such few fragments as remained for lunch, got my plunder together and before I had hitched up George walked into the barn. Now that's the kind of business I like. Deliver me from a man who when he agrees to be on hand at a certain time will, as like as not, keep you waiting half an hour or longer. This always upsets me completely. But there have been occasions when by failure to keep appointment possible misfortune, not to say tragedy, has been averted, and with your permission I will digress a little and give an instance in point.

After years of residence in Florida I had sold my home and orange grove, possession to be given a month or so hence. In the interim I took occasion to more frequently than usual indulge my propensity for fishing and hunting, and a day or two after the sale had gone over to a lake some ten minutes walk from my house, where I kept a boat, to catch some bass. As I pushed out from shore a horseman rode out of the woods and hailed me. He was a young Englishman who had recently settled in the neighborhood, and who had bought my Maynard rifle only a short time previous, and knowing that I hunted considerably had come to my house and then followed me to make arrangements to go turkey hunting in a hamak some few miles away, where I had frequently bagged that kind of feather. I agreed to go with him two days hence at 11 A. M., so as to be in time for the evening hunt and then camp out. At the hour on the day I was ready and swinging in my hammock on the verandah. Five, ten, twenty minutes passed and no appearance. A half hour passed. Three-quarters. I put my gun and traps away and went to work, disgusted. In something more than an hour from the time appointed he drove up and wanted to know if I was ready. I told him I was, an hour ago, but now I was not, and he must excuse me from going at all. He drove off rather huffy. Shortly after my removal from Florida a friend of mine, and neighbor to this Englishman, sold his place, and was shortly afterward robbed of a large sum and murdered near this Englishman's house, which he had left after taking supper with him. The head and body, severed, were sunk in the lake. The body rose and disclosed the crime. The Englishman was lavish with money about this time, though usually short, and was arrested. Some of the effects of the murdered man were found in his possession. Circumstantial evidence was as strong as it is ever likely to

be, but through influence of much money sent by relatives in England, and the law's delay, he escaped and fled the country. When I heard of the tragedy, I hardly doubted that he had some such intention in my case, thinking that probably I carried money on my person, as there was no bank in the county at that time. At least I have always been satisfied that, out of patience with his lack of fulfillment of agreement, I refused to go with him.

But to return to our fishing excursion. At three minutes after five o'clock we were under way for the lakes in quite good humor with things in general and enjoying the fresh cool air of the morning as we put the miles behind us in a leisurely way, while George pointed out occasionally a favorite cover for woodcock, and again a piece of woods where he usually got a squirrel or two, or a good place for partridge (grouse) or a place where a hundred or two years ago somebody's great or great great grandfather shot, O, I won't begin to tell how many deer in a day or year, I forget which. Some of the farmers were just coming out of doors, looking as though they wished they didn't have to at all that day, and the cows were working up to the barnyard gate from the pasture to get relieved of their milk. If I'd had a chance and a pail I could have helped them considerably. Some of the cornfields had dead crows swinging from poles as a warning to their living thieving brethren to "look a leedle out," and some had long lines of string stretched this way and that as a protection to the corn. What train of thought or reasoning this induced in the black pilferers I cannot imagine, but I can easily understand how a bird as sharp as a crow should be suspicious on slight provocation. How cool the shadows of the woods were and how natural it was to expect to see an early gray or black squirrel on the rail fences or whisking up a tree as we drove by. But we were not gratified excepting by the sight of a red squirrel that had got on the opposite side of the road from the woods and didn't dare cross, but kept just ahead on the fence, evidently in great trouble and perplexity as to how he was to dodge that thing in the road that would keep along about as fast as he did. He finally hid in the bushes on the lower rail until we passed. A good part of our way was up hill and we didn't put on much steam, but at seven we drove into Mr. Turk's yard on the bank of the lake and our ride was over. Mr. T., who has a very pleasant home, fine picnic grounds adjacent, boats on the lake and ample stable room, appeared. "Good morning. You must have got an early start," and proceeded to assist in unhitching, which done and the horse put up we soon had ourselves and traps in the boat and a trolling line out.

It was a lovely morning for sport, cloudy, cool enough and just enough wind to ripple the water nicely. We took a turn around the lake and drew a blank. We didn't expect much from the "pickerel," as the maskinonge is invariably called here, but did expect to interview a few bass. So we drew to shore and proceeded to prospect for minnows in a creek near by, but former fishers had skimmed the cream, leaving none but inchlings or so, of which we got a few and returned. All the forenoon we fished, here, there and all around, but not a bite did we get, so I put a very small phantom on and with my rod played it along shore at the edge of the lily pads, deceiving two or three little bass of half or three-quarters of a pound each. Then the region below the belt began to complain of neglect, so we turned the bow Turkward and lunched under the beautiful maples, Mr. T. bringing out ice for our lemonade. In speaking of lack of good bait, he told us of a creek that emptied into the lake from the swamp on the opposite side, where possibly we might secure good minnows. So, having finished lunch, we took boat again and crossed to a point where we landed and began search in the dense swamp for the creek. George carried his .22 Stevens rifle for any stray elk that might have got lost, and I toted the minnow bucket and net. The trees and bushes were dense, the breeze was elsewhere, mosquitoes were on hand and hungry as we poked around in search of that creek that we didn't find. We found its bed, however, which it had left and gone off to the lake to get cool and rid of the mosquitoes. Here and there was a warm and uncomfortable pool in the bed, tenanted by nought but bugs and insects. This satisfied us, and we hunted for the boat this time.

Reaching the point, and having failed to find the elk as well as the minnows, we practiced on a target a while. I was ahead on the first string, but George beat me badly on the second, so my head ached and I didn't want to shoot any more. Then we took the boat again and I rowed while George put out his trolling line. Forward and back, around and around, but no bid. Then he took the oars and I waited for a call, feeling how good it was to see him row. After a season of exercise he reluctantly gave me the oars again, and shortly afterward shouted, "I've got him," and began to haul in lively. I stood ready with the gaff, for by the stretch of the line I saw there was no fingerling on the end of it, but there was no time for gaff, for as he got him up to the boat, with one fell swoosh he landed him inside, considerably astonished and making things lively all round. It was our first maskinonge, and was a beauty, weighing 5½lbs. that evening on our arrival at home.

After killing him we got under way again, agreeing to gaff the next one and prevent possible loss. Half way across the lake the line stretched again, and George ejaculated, "B' George I believe I've got another," and proceeded to see how much line he could stow away in his end of the boat, but before he had got it half in he heaved a melancholy "sough" and said, "He's off," and sure enough he was. Then I took the line and George played propeller again, but somehow it was of no use when I held the line, the fish refused to catch on. After I thougt George had exercise enough I took hold again, and in less than ten minutes he had another fish fast and coming to see us nilly willy. Along he came until we could see him plainly, about the size of the first one, and said I, "Easy now, lead him alongside until I introduce the gaff to him." So he did, but the gaff was a little dull, and as I put it under his neck and struck upward he gave a flop, the gaff tore out or slipped off, or something or other, I shouted to George, "Let him go;" he held on to the line, the fish turned a handspring, skinned the cat, shook the hooks out of his mouth, and made his adieu with considerable haste, leaving us standing gazing speechless at one another. As soon as George could find literature he exclaimed with some asperity, "Why in the dickens didn't you jam it into him with all your might," and then he groaned in agony. I told him that if it would help things any I would see his groan and go several better, but 'twould save time if we went to work for another fish.

So we did. For a time no luck. Every once in a while George would fetch a sigh from way down, and I know what he was thinking of. Then I took the line and we worked around the lake, but 'twas a foregone conclusion that when I took the line George had his labor for nought so I said, "Here George, you catch another," and took the oars. Hardly had he got the line out again when it grew as taut as though it were made fast to a log. Said I, "Is it a snag or what?" and answer came, "It's a mighty lively snag or what, I tell you; here, you handle him." I couldn't refuse such a liberal proposition as that, so I stepped aft and began to reel in. He came hard. Now and then I could feel him shake his head and attempt to go the other way, but my avoirdupois was too much for him and steadily I reduced the interval. As he came near the boat I played him a little and then drew him up ready to gaff him, when he got in some very lively work and came near getting the line fouled around the oar, so I gave him line and let him run a little and then drew him alongside and gaffed him, lifting him into the boat, when we both sat down on him, a beautiful "lunge" that weighed eleven and a half pounds that evening at dark. Then we didn't sigh or groan or lament but straightway headed for the landing, for it was time to start homeward. Beautiful in death and the wagon those fish lay bedded in fresh grass as we jogged homeward in the pleasant evening, and beautiful and toothsome they lay in their respective platters the next day at dinner, which being Sunday left plenty of time to eliminate the bones. O. O. S.

THE RANGELEY FISHING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I understand that Mr. Kit Clarke says in the FOREST AND STREAM that the fishing in the Rangeley waters is all played out. I think he is mistaken, for myself and another man in seven hours' fishing caught 500 trout weighing from ¼ to 4lbs.

These fish were all caught on the fly. I think we have had as good fishing here this summer as we have had for several years. W. A. ROBINSON.

RICHARDSON, Me., July 15.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have made inquiries about the catch which Robinson handed me and which is inclosed. I think there is no doubt that it is true, although perhaps it will sound like a fish story to you. They tell me that 440 were put back, and that the sixty that were killed weighed 75lbs. The fishing on the Richardson, Mooselucmeguntic, Cupsuptic and Rangeley Lakes surely has not been better for many seasons past than it is the present one. This afternoon a party of ladies and gentlemen who are stopping at my camp went trolling on my small steamer; they were out five hours and brought in thirty-four trout from ¼ to 2lbs. weight. F. C. BARKER.

CAMP BEMIS, Me., July 19.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am very sorry to be forced into a controversy with Mr. Clarke in regard to the fishing at the Rangeley Lakes, for the reason that I have not the time to spare, but since Mr. Clarke persists in his false statements, I feel that it is my duty to continue to deny them, not only in the interest of those of your readers who have not visited the magnificent chain of lakes in question, but also in the interests of truth. The readiness and ease with which Mr. Clarke makes misstatements, is amply illustrated in the article in your paper of July 19, signed "Salmo Fontinalis," who seems to know quite as much about Lake Edward as Mr. Clarke. But personally I know nothing about Lake Edward, while I think I do know almost as much about the Rangeley Lakes as Mr. Clarke.

I think it hardly necessary to say that I do not "run the steamer on the Richardson Lakes," as Mr. Clarke puts it, nor have I done so for seven years. All the steamers between the Upper Dam and Errol Dam are owned and run by a company, in which there are between thirty and forty stockholders, I being one of them. Since the formation of the company I have found enough to do in looking after the business, without running on the steamers, except occasionally when some of our employees were sick or away, but as most of your readers know of my connection with the business at the lakes, it is needless to speak further upon it.

Mr. Clarke cannot expect to make such statements as he made in a former number of your paper, and which he repeats under date of July 19, without having them contradicted, unless he is really possessed of less sense than I gave him credit for. He constitutes himself both judge and jury, without any witnesses to back him up. It will need something more than his bare assertion or suppositious estimates to make any unprejudiced person believe it. I very much doubt whether, if 2,400 persons fished Lake Edward during the season, they could each catch 50lbs. of trout, giving the enormous amount of 60 tons of fish, which Mr. Clarke expects the Rangeley Lakes to furnish. Such figures are ridiculous.

It is a well-known fact to all fishermen that in visiting their favorite resorts sometimes they have good and sometimes bad luck. This is true of the Rangeley Lakes as of other places, but that "good fishing at the Rangeley Lakes is really a thing of the past" I deny, and there are plenty of other people, both ladies and gentlemen, who can deny it from their own experience if they choose. Will not Mr. Clarke favor us with the name of the "enthusiastic angler" who had such an unfortunate experience at the Upper Dam, and let him speak for himself?

It is true that "Special" says, "that the fishing is not what it should be," but he follows up the statement with an explanation, that it would be well for Mr. Clarke to commit to memory. Farrar does not howl for the State of Maine to stock the waters with large numbers of small trout, nor did I state that the "waters are already crowded with fish." What I did say was, "In my opinion there are more trout in number and more larger ones taken from those waters now than there were twenty years ago," and I believe it. And my reason for that belief is that where one person fished in those waters twenty years ago, fifty persons fish in the same waters now. And the large numbers of trout and landlocked salmon that have been hatched and turned into the lakes almost every year have made such fishing possible, and have kept up the supply. I proposed for the State of Maine to appropriate money annually to stock the Rangeley Lakes with trout and landlocked salmon, not because there are not plenty of fish in the lakes now, but to continue the supply. And this is what is being done at Grand Lake Stream, at Moosehead Lake, also in the Megantic Lake district, and Mr. Clarke knows it very well, and he also knows that in the State stocking the lakes yearly, it is making a wise provision for the future, but he is ready to distort and change every fact in connection with the Rangeley Lakes for the purpose of bolstering up his mistaken opinions.

Mr. Clarke's own acknowledgment of his "throwing epistles in the waste basket" that were made in opposition to his statements, shows how much honor or courtesy there is in him, and if he had a particle of shame in his composition he would not father such an act. It speaks ill of his cause that he dare not allow the opposition a hearing, and bears out what I said before, that upon this question he intends to constitute himself judge and jury. It also shows the character of the journals which he chose to champion his rotten cause, for there is no respectable paper in the country but what in a case like this would give both sides the courtesy of a hearing. Still we should not overlook the fact that the daily papers Mr. Clarke alludes to had received a large amount of advertising from him at different times, as agent for variety shows, which in a measure accounts for their one-sided action.

If I had not a particle of business interest at the Rangeley Lakes, I should still deny Mr. Clarke's assertions, from my love of that region. I first visited it when I was a young man, several years before I was at all interested in its business, and some of the happiest hours of my life have been passed at the lakes, and I love the country. Those romantic sheets of water, whose ripples kiss the base of the grand old mountains by which they are surrounded, will ever hold a loving place in the warmest corner of my heart, and they will be visited by thousands for their pure air and fine scenery, if for nothing else, years after Mr. Clarke and myself have gone to that bourne from which no traveler (or fisherman) returns. CHAS. A. J. FARRAR.

JAMAICA PLAIN, July 20, 1888.

FISHING IN THE UPPER HUDSON.

THAT the Hudson River is not as good a river for the angler as most of the large streams of the Atlantic coast is well known, but why this is so has not been explained. We fished the river in boyhood days, some forty or more years ago, from the Troy dam down to Castleton, a distance of about fifteen miles, and then considered 20lbs. of miscellaneous fishes a good day's catch. These, named in the order of their value as measured by the boys were: Yellow perch, catfish or bullheads, mud pike (*Esox fasciatus* DeKay), rock bass, eels, sunfish and chubs. The black bass had come down the Erie canal some years before, but were not plentiful and were so rarely caught that they did not enter into the schoolboy's calculations and were known by name to but few.

The cream of the fishing then was to take striped bass in the channel below Albany with sturgeon roe for bait, and the fish would average half a pound. Rarely a two-pounder was taken and its captor was the hero of the hour. The changes in the character of the river of late years have been great. The cutting off of the northern forest has caused great freshets in the spring when the snow goes off, and correspondingly low water in midsummer. To remedy the latter evil stone dykes have been built to keep the water in the channel, and these form comparatively still water behind them, which should afford breeding places for some species, but do not seem to be well populated.

Why the black bass have not multiplied more than they have is a question. They are there yet and can find almost any kind of bottom or water, yet they are small and not plenty. We have been led to these remarks by a recent visit to the upper Hudson. At Troy we learned that the net fishermen are taking striped bass of a pound or less below the dam, while an occasional black bass is captured among the perch and sunfish. Between Troy and Mechanicville we saw a few boats out in the nine miles of still water between the dams, and learned that black bass were captured with hook and line, a fish of a pound and a half being considered a big one. On Friday last we took five black bass, three yellow perch and some small fish between Albany and Castleton, the largest bass weighing a trifle over a pound. And several fishermen who saw the fish called it a fair catch. We tried several flies without success, and to fairly test the fishing changed to small minnows. There is a theory among the fishermen that food for the black bass is lacking, but the net men say that suckers are plenty in the river and they are good bass food.

BASS FISHING IN CANADA.—A correspondent writes us very enthusiastically from Brockville, Ontario, as to the bass fishing on the line of the new Brockville, Westport & Sault, St. Marie, R. R. He says: "I never had such black bass fishing in my life as last Monday. I went to Newboro on the new railway, and there had Massie take me out on Rideau Lake with a steam yacht, anchored off an island, and afterward rowed around it. I don't think it an exaggeration to say that I saw a hundred large black bass at one time around my boat. I brought home a box full that weighed about three pounds each."

STRIPED BASS OFF NEW JERSEY.—These fish have been taken along the New Jersey coast to a limited extent during the past week. At Asbury Park a gold medal has been offered by Mr. Bradley, proprietor of the pier at that place, for the largest striped bass taken there this season. On Saturday last Mr. J. H. Birch, of Hoboken, caught one which weighed 19¾lbs., and heads the list so far. At Barnegat a few have been taken, but no large ones. The fishing at Atlantic City has not been up to the average this season.

LAKE TROUT IN PUTNAM COUNTY, N. Y.—Carmel, N. Y., July 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Several anglers have recently been fishing in Lakes Glenuda and Mahopac with leaded spoons and live bait for lake trout. A dozen or more years ago the lakes were stocked with these fish, but nothing has been seen of them until this spring, when a nine-pounder was found dead in Lake Glenuda. This has encouraged us to believe that they have lived here, but so far none have been taken.—PUTNAM.

THE EAST COAST OF LONG ISLAND.

THE pound fishers and the hook and line committee have been very busy this season and good catches have been made. This year's fishing has been unusually early and successful, as the sea bass and blackfish are and have been plenty. From Montauk Point through Fort Pond Bay, Gardiner's Bay, Peconic Bays and Nayoc Bay, some three or four hundred pounds are set, a distance of fifty miles, and also from Orient Point to head of Peconic Bay, a distance of forty miles. These pounds capture all fish coming in from the ocean that follow the inshore line, and chief of the fish take that course—to their great destruction. These fish find a market at all the towns on the east coast, but the great body of them go to supply the New York market.

The fish are of great variety, the good fish (catable) consisting of weakfish, bluefish, sea bass, striped bass, Spanish mackerel, sheepshead, porgies and shiners (butter fish) and bonitas. They also take in vast numbers the uneatable fish, such as menhaden, sea robins, "old maids" (small skate), very large skate and stingarees, sculpins, swellfish and quantities of spider crabs. All these latter fish are sold to farmers to enrich the land, at a rate of $1.50 per thousand. The menhaden are sold also to fish factories, and together with the sea robins are ground and pressed for oil and scrap. But comparatively few menhaden were caught in June, as the fishing steamers generally, by mutual agreement, postponed their work until the month of July. This is owing to this fact, probably because the menhaden fishing last season proved a decided failure and great loss to the owners of steamers, yachts and factories, many of whom employ as many as sixty men at considerable expense. But the early withdrawal of so many steamers will probably have the good effect to allow a large increase of the fish, in their being able to reach their spawning grounds.

We have never found better fishing for sea bass than during this season, and the blackfish (tautog) also have been plentiful. These latter fish reach these waters early, and before the sea bass are here, but then they disappear into deeper waters, returning early in October. We are located with our boat and shanty within ten rods of the Sound shore, and so can watch the winds and tides and know when to launch the boat. At our little shanty we can at leisure read, smoke, practice with rifle and revolver, and write occasional articles for the sportsmen's journals, many of which have appeared for years in those excellent publications.

For sea bass we use menhaden and clam bait; for blackfish we use fiddler crabs and clams. But in this hot weather the bunker bait soon spoils and becomes soft, and the dainty fish will not snap at them, or if they do so, they steal the jelly-like lure at the merest nibble; so it is a good plan to salt them down in brine, and then they make a hard and attractive bait. We have been out for them some seven or eight times for two or three hours' sport with two lines out, and have taken 476 good specimens of sea bass, ranging from one pound to four. We hope they will continue all the season to be as numerous and hungry for food. Small sharks and big dogfish are often taken in the pounds on the Sound, but the porpoises never come in near enough to be caught. We see daily large schools of these great, tumbling creatures careering in the Sound, but they take their course a mile from shore. We often see the big, silvery sturgeon leaping in the Sound, but we know of but one instance where one was in the pound, and he broke clean through the nets and escaped, to the great chagrin of the pound men.

ISAAC MCLELLAN.

GREENPORT, Long Island.

EXPERIENCE AT LAKE EDWARDS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have just returned from a trip of nearly three weeks' duration in the region of Lake St. John, P. Q.

Our party consisted of six, all but one of whom were quite familiar with lake fly-fishing in Maine. Our route was by Central Vermont R. R., etc., to Montreal; Canadian Pacific to Quebec; Quebec & Lake St. John to Chambord Junction on Lake St. John. The country north from Quebec abounds in lakes, large and small, a great number of which are seen from the cars as one rides through this wilderness of 190 miles. After passing Riviere-a-Pierre, fifty-eight miles from Quebec, the wilderness is absolutely unbroken for the entire distance to Lake St. John except by the railroad just opened to the public. This lake, or great inland sea, is about forty miles long and nearly circular in form. Its vast surface is almost unbroken by islands, and its depth is said to average 100ft. Near the Grand Discharge, which is the head of the Saguenay River, are a few small islands near the easterly shore, and we noticed two others off the southwest shore, not very far from the mouth of the Ouiatchouan River. The lake is fed by many large rivers, the Mistassinni and Peribonca being the largest.

We were much surprised to learn that the lake contained no trout. The only fish worthy of mention is the "ouinaniche" (landlocked salmon), only two of which we took with a fly during the three days we spent at that lake, where those fresh-water sharks, the pike and pickerel, are monarchs of all they survey, except the poacher's gill-nets. Other fish are there, such as suckers, dace, doré, cusk and eels, but the salmon is the only game fish in the lake, and I have no doubt that late in the season they may furnish fine sport for fly-fishermen on the rapids of any of the rivers entering the lake. Through the kindness of Mr. W. H. H. Murray we were, when at Quebec, introduced to Mr. William A. Griffith, who owns not only the land but all fishing rights at the Grand Discharge, which is said to be the best location for salmon fishing yet discovered about the lake. He kindly gave us permits to fish and camp on his property, but owing to the water being very much higher than usual, very few salmon were taken at any place, and we therefore decided to return to Lake Edward, seventy miles south from Lake St. John.

Lake Edward (or Lac des Grandes Isles) is about twenty-five miles in length with numerous islands of all conceivable forms and dimensions, cutting such antics with the water that one often thinks he has almost reached its end, when suddenly the boat rounds a point and shoots a narrow passage of perhaps not more than fifty yards in width or length, and finds himself at sea again, with miles of open lake before him, the distant shore of which will again deceive him like the last. If there is hidden away in this wild tract a more beautifully diversified sheet of water than this "Lake of the Great Islands," I have not seen it yet. The railroad follows the easterly shore at its upper and northerly extremity for a distance of perhaps two miles. The repair shops of the road are located at this place, also a store, hotel, boarding house and thirteen small houses. Good boats, guides, tents and supplies can be obtained here of Mr. Walter Hoolihan, local agent for the road. Permits for camping and fishing on this and all lakes owned by the railroad may be secured by applying to Mr. J. W. Barker, tourist agent for Quebec & Lake St. John Railway, opposite St. Louis Hotel, Quebec. We camped three miles from the railroad station on the southwest shore, where Mr. Murray and family were camped last fall and where he wrote the "Doom of Mamelons."

Here we enjoyed all the comforts and luxuries of camp life—the beautiful scenery of lake, island and mountain; the almost endless forests of spruce, balsam, cedar and birch, which lend their fragrance to the fresh, cool air of this wild region; the trout (*Salvelinus fontinalis*) existing here in such numbers and of such size that I dare not tell you the whole truth. I never dreamed that any water in the world was so stocked with trout as are these lakes. But we also endured all the horrors that flies and mosquitoes are capable of inflicting, and all the disappointment arising from the fact that we were unable to make any of the large trout rise to the fly; bushels, even boatloads, might be taken with bait, but only small ones responded to the fly. We saw no fish at Lake Edward but trout, dace and yellow perch; millions of the small perch furnish the trout with an unlimited quantity of food. With a small piece of dace or perch on a stout hook we could at any time in fifteen minutes supply our camp for the next twenty-four hours with trout weighing from 2 to 3½lbs. each, and of unsurpassed quality.

We were told by gentlemen there, that the trout rise greedily in July and August. If that should prove to be true, then Moosehead, Grand Lake and the Rangeleys will furnish but tame sport in comparison with Lake Edward, Kiskisink, St. George, Commissaires, Batiscan and perhaps fifty others of this wonderful chain. When we take into consideration the fact that the portion of country lying between this St. John railroad on the west, the Saguenay River on the north, and the St. Lawrence on the south and east, having an area of upward of fifteen thousand square miles, is little more than an unexplored wilderness, except just along the St. Lawrence River, probably as abundantly supplied with lakes, and the lakes with trout, as this narrow belt along the railroad between Quebec and Lake St. John, and that Canada has several more sections similar to the above, we may readily believe with Mr. Murray that many generations yet to come will enjoy the notable sport of "taking troute with ye flye."

I cannot close this hasty sketch of our trip without mentioning the untiring kindness and attention of the officers of the Quebec & St. John R. R. Nothing possible for our comfort was left undone by them.

GEO. F. GALE.

BRATTLEBORO, Vt., June 30.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In yesterday's Providence *Journal* appeared a letter from one of a party which included the Mayor of Providence which had just returned from a trip to Lake Edward. I cut it out to send to you but have mislaid it and can't find it. They went first to another lake, whose name I forget, and had bad luck; then at Lake Edward they struck it rich; three rods taking 40lbs. in two hours, several over 2lbs., one of 5lbs. PISECO.

JAMESTOWN, R. I., July 13.

A SCOTCH GILLIE.

THE London *Fishing Gazette* tells the following good story of a Highland "gillie," or "guide," as he would be called in America:

From Melvich Hotel, which is pleasantly situated on the green slopes of the Northern seaboard—and where near by is the Bay of Bighouse with its beautiful white sandy tracts and stupendous coast cliff scenery to the east, and whence on a clear day can be seen the Orkneys with the Old Man of Hoy looming out of the ocean—remarkbly good rock fishing for cuddings and seillocks and deep sea fishing for cod and ling, for which latter nice boats are provided by the hotel keeper, can be enjoyed without any distance of a walk, or expense other than the boatman's lunch and fee. As a hand to guide gentlemen engaging in this sort of fishing no one is better qualified or has a more intimate knowledge of the haunts of the fish, than Sandy Mackay "Skeira." Sandy is a rummy old blade, loquacious to a degree, but an adept withal at the fishing. He it was that many years ago dressed the flies that took the monster trout on Loch Baligall. The story of the capture of these wonderful trout Sandy yet relates with a keen relish.

A gentleman then fishing the loch had Sandy as gillie, and knowing that there were numbers of big trout, although he was not getting any of the very big fellows, he promised Sandy a handsome reward in the shape of a big drink if he would put him in the way of capturing a few. Sandy was equal to the occasion. Next morning, as the two plodded their way through the moor, Sandy took out and drew his shentleman's attention to a couple of huge tawdry flies with jackdaw wing, black hackle and blue worsted body, which he had dressed by candle the evening before. He assured Mr. C. that these flies would work the oracle. Doubtful Mr. C. looked at them, but said he would give them a good trial. Arrived at the loch he had rigged up and was just about to mount some of his own flies when Sandy interposed. "Na, na, man, ye maun jist try my flees; they'll tak' the troots, an' I'm nae to be deen oot o' my dram." Having no alternative Mr. C. slipped on a couple of Sandy's jackdaw flies, and fished the north end of the loch without a rise. Here they left bag and lunch-bag and went round to the rocks on the west side, where, it is well known, the big trout are wont to resort. Sandy seated himself high on the rocks to watch the operations, and Mr. C. down below waded in a little, and casting to a likely spot, third cast he had a thumper, which, jumping clear out of the water, showed a good 6-pounder! Overjoyed, Mr. C. shouted loudly in his glee, "Hi, hi, Sandy, run for the flask all your might!" Off like a deerhound went Sandy, and breathless after his half-mile run through the heather and up and down hill at high pressure, into the lunch-bag he dived for the flask; but, tell it not, flask there was none, and crestfallen, and with a rueful face, back sullenly paced Sandy, hot and dry, to tell that the well-filled flask was not, and at that moment, presumably, was lying in Mr. C.'s room at the hotel, three miles away. The fun got fast and furious, and big trout after big trout was landed, but Sandy was in the dumps. It was no enjoyment to him to see the big fellows pulled in one after another. He suspected Mr. C. of having played him a practical joke, and all the more reason had he for this suspicion, as after he got back to the hotel Mr. C., instead of giving him the much-boasted-of "big drink," only gave him a "mere toothful."

Sandy took it; in one sense, however, it was too much for him to stand. But Sandy was cunning and cute as the best of Hielanmen, and vowed, though he did not tell it, that one day he would have his revenge in some shape or other. He had only to wait till next year, when Mr. C. again turned up at Melvich. Gillied once more by Sandy, whom he had duly requested to dress a few more jackdaw flies, he set out for Baligall early one morning in high hope. On went the waders, and in went Mr. C., and only a few casts had he made when lo! a boil, a slight tug, and right out the water leaped a splendid trout—a good 4-pounder. But what was the matter? The line floated loosely, and reeling it in Mr. C. saw to his chagrin that the point fly was gone. Inwardly Sandy chuckled at this to himself, and assured Mr. C. that since the previous year he had lost the "hand of the master," in fact that he had lost the trout "by holding on too hard." Sandy loudly blamed Mr. C. as trout after trout was lost in a similar way till whole seven flies were gone, and not one was left. As disgusted as any one possibly could be, Mr. C. tossed the fishing up, hurried back to the hotel, fuming all the way, and next morning packed up hurriedly and left Melvich never again to return. Some weeks after Sandy let the cat out of the bag by telling how, hoaxed by Mr. C. the previous year, he had turned the tables on him by dressing the whole seven "jackdaws" so loosely that the trout, he was sure, would make off with every one of them without any ado. "Ye see," he said, "it was na' that he did na' gae me the whiska he promised, which he wad niver hae missed; it was that he hoaxed me; an as he hoaxed me wi' nae gaeing me th' whiska, I hoaxed him wi' nae lettin' him hae th' troots. I'm mebbe bit a puir Hielan' fisherman, but I've a' my wits aboot me when they're needit."

MARQUETTE, Mich., July 14.—The *Mining Journal*, whose editor is one of the best fishermen in this part of the State, reports that some very big scores are being made this season by the local anglers, and although the most expert users of the rod and line are usually the most secretive about their movements and catch, the reporter has found out a few of them. Late Tuesday night D. H. Merritt, F. W. Merritt and W. J. Stevens returned from a day on the rocks down the shore, bringing in forty-four pounds of elegant trout. The biggest was caught by F. W. Merritt and weighed a little over four pounds, several weighed two and a half pounds dressed. In the rivers the fishing appears equally good. E. B. Palmer and his son Louis came back from the Chocolay recently with two big baskets packed full, Ira C. Edwards came in Monday from Dead River with forty fine ones, the biggest one registering over two pounds on the scales, while Tuesday afternoon a three and a half pounder was captured from the bridge at the mouth of the river. This last fish made a big fight. The first thing he did was to smash the bamboo pole and make for the lake. The parties who are camping there at once got a boat and went out after him, and after a long chase the broken rod was recovered and the big fellow towed ashore, still full of fight. Other good catches are reported nearly every day. The best *Mining Journal* score to date is a twelve-pound basket filled even full in one hour and a half, though the Merritt haul exceeds that by a large majority.

THE NEVERSINK VALLEY.—July 19.—Friday and Saturday of the past week were spent in the Neversink Valley. Fished some small brooks running into the Neversink, but found fishing very poor. Saturday fished the Wi lowwemoc and got sixty fish, but they ran very small. Saw and heard a number of partridges on this trip along the stream, as I did also when there last May; prospect for fall shooting very good. A party of five went from the hotel where we were stopping and drove to Pleasant Lake, four miles from Fallsburgh, Wednesday, the 11th, and returned Thursday, having afternoon and morning fishing, and brought back 20 black bass, the largest weighing 5½lbs.; the others ran 2 and 3lbs. These were taken with crawfish and the big one on an 8oz. rod.

STRIPED BASS IN VINEYARD SOUND.—The bass fishing at the islands has been fair so far this season, but no one has taken a great number. The largest fish taken by the Cuttyhunk Club was caught on Friday last by Hon. Henry P. McGown. It weighed 44lbs. and was in splendid condition. The judge killed it on a light split-bamboo rod with light tackle, after a sharp fight of twenty minutes. The bait was lobster, no menhaden to be had there, but the club has sent to New York for them.

"A WEEK WITH THE TROUT."—The types, page 477, middle column, two-thirds of way down, made me say "and although some eighty pounds of trout," etc. I think the copy reads "some eighty trout." It renders the statement ridiculous as it reads, for with four rods a couple of hours' fishing would not return 80lbs. on any pond that I know of.—F. E. H.

UP THE OOSTANAULA.

THIS little city of Rome, Ga., stands in the triangle formed by the ruddy waters of the Etowah and the clearer waters of the Oostanaula, where they form the Coosa. There dwell a community of sterling people, who as well are devoted to the pleasures and sports of the field and stream. On the morning of the 18th of June he who stood upon one of the cross bridges saw the Wallick, a steamer of 35 tons measurement, steam away from her wharf on the Etowah, round the point of land, which marks the starting point of the Coosa, and make fast to a wharf on the Oostanaula, at the foot of Third avenue.

Presently five gentlemen and a dray made their way among the roustabouts. The dray was unloaded of boxes, bags and bundles, which were deposited in the custody of Dick, the champion steward and cook of the rivers of North Georgia. The gentlemen, who were the Captain, the General, the Sweet Singer, the Reporter and the Doctor, greeted the Pilot with a smile and good morning, and leaving luggage and superfluous apparel in the cabin chatted on the deck. There lay many a rod and tackle,

and in the pilot house could be seen three Colt's hammerless and a Winchester. The looker-on guessed a frolic, a fish, and a good time generally was being born, and his unspoken prophecy was true.

At 7 A. M. the call to breakfast was made and the order "cast away" came from the pilot house; and up the Oostanaula steamed the Warlick with as happy and jovial a company as could be, after breakfast, cigars and a social game of cards were indulged in. The motion of the steamer created a gentle breeze, and the beautiful banks of the Oostanaula, trimmed with the green of beech and gum and hemlock and many another tree and flower, made air cheerful and bright. Here and there great rocks hung over the stream with many a spring trickling or pouring thence the limestone. Here a meadow stretched away with its waving corn, or cotton, or scented hay, and there the trees mingled their branches over the river, making a green tunnel. The company in such contemplation became hushed, but the calm did not last, for the General was caught in the act of drinking a glass of a German beverage alone; escorted behind the pantaloons was arrested, tried, and sentenced at once to the flat end of a paddle, and the execution followed immediately. What trials! what executions! were had and made on that trip. The Captain was found guilty half a dozen times; the Sweet Singer six, and the Doctor ties without number was *minus*. Only the Reporter escaped by the spontaneous generation of an affection for the Pilot, and a close residence in the pilot house. The Sweet Singer deserved more than he received, and he sang that unique and plaintive ballad, native and peculiar to North Georgia waters, "Mr. Bullfrog," sometime to have a national reputation, with many a false note, a thing outrageous, and not to be tolerated on an Oostanaula steamer.

But alas! as the sun began to grow weary of his height and to settle down toward the hills, and while with a salute they were about to pass the watchers at Resaca, a miserable minion of the Western Union with an bail informed the Captain that a telegram was there held for the Sweet Singer; and a landing made, the message read, no with tearful eyes and dismal tune told the Company he was recalled to Rome. Long they plead with him not to go, and for some fifteen minutes kept him on the worm fence, one foot pointing to the boat, and the other aiming at the W. & A. R. R. But he would not yield, and fortifying him with two bottles of the effervescing German, they left him, standing a restless picture of unfeigned grief; his feet in his slippers, his shoes in his left hand, his grip and handkerchief, collar and cravat in his right; and the two bottles looking up at him from the sand, his only sympathizers and comfort. Sad, but recovering they left him, and away up the swift stream the bow opened the waters.

The General, in a spirit of wild generosity, undertook to supply the place of the Sweet Singer and opened song; but while it was a guileless song it much disturbed the drums of the Doctor's ears and failed to form a fitting note in that cadence which came from the river and the trees, and he was quietly but firmly informed that a further continuance of his seraphic course would necessarily involve a recourse to the blade of the paddle. He stopped.

The General was a noble man, brave and true, took life well as it came. His companions will not soon forget his and the Captain's narrow escape from a watery grave that afternoon, the General's heroism, and the wild yell with which he greeted the seeming approach of the pale rider of the pale horse. The boat was made fast at the foot of a ragged precipice of rock, whence came a tiny stream of sweet water, to replenish the water butts. The rocks, though, were partially covered with moss, which, however, beautiful to the eye, possesses one of the uncanny properties of the banana peel. While the deck hands caught the water, the General and Captain in a spirit of adventure jumped ashore, bent upon the capture of a beaver which the Captain saw go into a hole, and from which he said, he distinctly saw the "round rat-like tail" protrude. The Reporter with his note book and pencil immediately followed that the brave deed might have record. But the Doctor remained on the after deck, a quiet but unlikely spectator, not liking the character of the beaver's tail. With cautious steps the General and Captain advanced, the one on the left, the other on the right, stepping upward from one rugged point of rock to another, until they stood directly over the tail. The General gently extended his hand, caught it, and was hauling away on what seemed a beaver's tail attenuated into great similitude to a black snake, when the Reporter, who in his eagerness to see, was bent backward, with a great hole between his collar button and his neck, was struck on the Adam's apple by a miniature frog, whose slumber had been rudely disturbed by the Captain; and before he could recover from the shock, the animal had found lodgment between his lisle thread and that part of his anatomy which refers to the marine. It was an horrible note of awe that escaped him, and he left the rocks backward, tobogganing with speed, if not with dexterity, until he settled in the cool mud, where the swell from the steamer washed up to the height of his suspender buttons and submerged the waistband of his pantaloons. As that note went out to the river and the sky, the General at the same time becoming somewhat dubious of the caudal appendage of the bearer, let go his hold, and alas! left the moss upon which he stood likewise backward. Suffering, evidently, with some little trepidation, the Captain accompanied him backward. For a moment there was a maze of arms, legs, bodies, snake or tail, moss and rocks, after the order of the buzz saw, then the General caught the Captain by the neck, and presto, the Captain lodged his foot in the abdominal center of the General, they stood, turned one another partially loose, and from rock to rock, from patch of moss to patch of moss went on their way to the river. A ledge intervened, and the Doctor, greatly agitated, hoped that it would check their reckless, unhappy course. But no, they struck it with a three-foot bolt, and four feet lower down landed on a slight incline of marsh grass in the edge of the river, and plunket, plunkit, the river received them. Then it was that the General sped forth a cry that sounded like the last note of the death song of the great Indian chief. The Captain evidently intended to join his voice to the Generals, but the river, suspecting him a victim of an insatiable thirst, filled him with itself, and only a gurgle floated over the surface of the water. They went under. They rose. And brave and true the General was seen battling with the waters with his left hand and nobly supporting the Captain by the nether portion of his trousers with his right. He saved him and himself. It was a desperate situation; the river was 9ft. deep at that point. They were taken on board. The Doctor prescribed a beverage, not German. The Pilot mustered sufficient strength to slightly move the wheel, and sufficient voice to say, "Cast away!" The bell was rung, and under full head of steam, the Warlick resumed her way up the river.

As the sun went behind the foothills of the Cumberlands the pretty spot, wild as Nature made her prettiest haunts, where the Connasauga and the Coosawattee kiss each other and form the Oostanaula, was reached.

Leaving the Connasauga, the Warlick climbed (for other expression will not describe it) the dams and shoals of the Coosawattee, and at nightfall the steamer was tied up at Piney Chapel Landing, a place taking its name, so the Pilot informed the Doctor, from a chapel some quarter of a mile distant, and which he subsequently ascertained required an hour's walk to reach.

Dick soon had a splendid supper of ham and eggs, potatoes, chicken, coffee, etc., displayed. A hearty meal was made, then a walk to a cave and an examination of it by the Doctor and the Pilot.

Nothing of special interest occurred on the tour, except, indeed, when the General, while in the cave, sat down in a round pool, thinking it a smooth limestone rock. He afterward accounted for the wetness as profuse perspiration, but his explanation not being considered by the Reporter satisfactory, he admitted the mishap, and then congratulated himself upon it, as he said he could now locate chronologically the formation of the cave, the temperature of the water having clearly indicated a time during the glacial epoch. The road from the river to this cave is peculiar, being apparently up hill both ways; and the quarter of a mile of the Pilot's had the elasticity of rubber, it stretched out without stint.

Delightful spring cots were set about the boat upon the return, and under stars and blue vault, in the scented breeze, the Doctor and the General slept, and the Captain and Reporter gave forth noises that might have been a long-drawn-out requiem over the departure of the Sweet Singer, set to the mournful air of "Mr. Bullfrog" badly sung.

The next day found them among the Cumberlands, where Talking Rock Creek makes love to the Coosawattee. Then came fishing; the General, it is said, caught a doz. trout and a catfish, the Captain a terrapin and a bag, the Reporter two eels, small but of excellent flavor, and the Doctor, captivated by a spring cot under the shadow of the hurricane deck, killed a duck for dinner, two snakes and a kingfisher. There is not the slightest doubt that the Doctor was the hero of the expedition.

In the evening the rope, not the anchor, was weighed—weight not ascertained—and away the Warlick went like a thing of life, running away from care down the swift stream, turning many an angular bend, just escaping snag and rock. That night the Pilot insisted upon stopping for wood; he landed and was seen no more until morning. There are fair maidens in this section, it is said. About 10 o'clock the Captain, divested of what nature had not furnished, with one exception, laid himself down in bed with a companion which he subsequently learned was a wasp. The demonstration that it was a wasp was perfectly satisfactory to the Captain, and the accompanying circumstances did not allow one of his companions to doubt it. All the Captain is a lovable man, sweet tempered and genial. Few men are quieter in prosperity or in better voice—conditions permitting—in adversity.

Morning came, and down the caroling river the prow was pointed. Presently the whistle blew again for Resaca, the Doctor bade the party a sad, tearful farewell, jumped ashore to go southward on the W. & A., and the rest, wet only with tears—the German and that not German were gone—continued on to the Hill City, and gave the expedition to the custody of Memory, who now, in part, has given account of it to the FOREST AND STREAM.

Many incidents of heroism and daring occurred, which she has not here noted, but she may yet be induced to do so sometime during the summer of 1889. W. D. P.

MACON, Ga.

Fisheulture.

THE DISTRIBUTION OF FRESH-WATER FISHES

BY PROF. DAVID STARR JORDAN.

[Read before the American Fisheries Society.]

(Concluded.)

THE waters of the Great Basin have not yet been fully explored. The number of species known from this region is about seventy-five. This number includes the fauna of the upper Rio Grande, the Snake River and the Colorado, as well as the fishes of the tributaries of the Great Salt Lake. This list is composed almost entirely of a few genera of suckers *(Catostomus; Pantosteus, Chasmistes)*, minnows (*Squalius, Gila; Ptychocheilus, etc.)* and trout (*Salmo mykiss* and its varieties). None of the catfishes, perch, darters or sunfishes, moon-eyes, killifishes, and none of the ordinary Eastern types of minnows (genera *Notropis; Chrosmos, etc.)* have passed the barrier of the Rocky Mountains.

West of the Sierra Nevada, the fauna is still more scanty, but fifty species being enumerated. This fauna, except for certain immigrants (as the fresh water surf fish [*Hysterocarpus traski*] and the species of salmon) from the sea, is of the same general character as that of the Great Basin, though most of the species are different. This latter fact would indicate a considerable change, or "evolution," since the contents of the two faunæ were last mingled. There is a considerable difference between the fauna of the Columbia and that of the Sacramento. The species which these two basins have in common are chiefly those which at times pass out into the sea. The rivers of Alaska contain but few species, barely a dozen in all, most of those being also found in Siberia and Kamtschatka. In the scantiness of its faunal list, the Yukon agrees with the Mackenzie River, and the Arctic rivers generally.

There can be no doubt that the general tendency is for each species to extend its range more and more widely until all localities suitable for its growth are included. The various agencies of dispersal which have existed in the past are still in operation. There is apparently no limit to their action. It is probable that new "colonies" of one species or another may be planted each year in waters not heretofore inhabited by such species. But such colonies become permanent only where the conditions are so favorable that the species can hold its own in the struggle for food and subsistence. That various modifications in the habitat of certain species have been caused by human agencies is, of course, too well known to need discussion here.

We may next consider the question of water sheds, or barriers which separate one river basin from another.

Of such barriers in the United States, the most important and most effective is unquestionably that of the main chain of the Rocky Mountains. This is due in part to its great height, still more to its great breadth, and most of all, perhaps, to the fact that it is nowhere broken by the passage of a river. But two species—the red-throated, or Rocky Mountain trout (*Salmo mykiss* Walbaum [=*purpuratus* Pallas]), and the Rocky Mountain whitefish (*Coregonus williamsoni* Girard)—are found on both sides of it, at least within the limits of the United States; while many genera, and even several families, find in it either an eastern or a western limit to their range. In a few instances representative species, probably modifications or separated branches of the same stock, occur on opposite sides of the range, but there are not many cases of correspondence even thus close.

It is easy to account for the separation of the faunæ; but how shall we explain the almost universal diffusion of the whitefish and the trout in suitable waters on both sides of the dividing ridge? We may notice that these two are the species which ascend highest in the mountains, the whitefish inhabiting the mountain pools and lakes, the trout ascending all brooks and rapids in search of their fountain-heads. In many cases the ultimate dividing range is not very broad, and we may imagine that at some time spawn or even young fishes may have been carried across by birds or other animals, or by man—or more likely by the dash of some summer whirlwind. Once carried across in favorable circumstances, the species might survive and spread.

I have seen an example of how such transfer of species may be accomplished, which shows that we need not be left to draw on the imagination to invent possible means of transit.

There are few water-sheds in the world better defined than the mountain range which forms the "backbone" of Norway. I lately climbed a peak in this range, the Suletind. From its summit I could look down into the valleys of the Lära and the Bägna, flowing in opposite directions to opposite sides of the peninsula. To the north of the Suletind is a large double lake called the Sletningenvand. The maps show this lake to be one of the chief sources of the westward-flowing river Lära. This lake is in August swollen by the melting of the snows, and at the time of my visit it was visibly the source of both these rivers. From its southeastern side flowed a large brook into the valley of the Bägna, and from its southwestern corner, equally distinctly, came the waters which fed the Lära. This lake, like similar mountain ponds in all northern countries, abounds in trout; and these trout certainly have for part of the year an uninterrupted line of water communication from the Sognefjord on the west of Norway to the Christianiatjord on the southeast—from the North Sea to the Baltic. Part of the year the lake has probably but a single outlet through the Lära. A higher temperature would entirely cut off the flow into the Bägna, and a still higher one might dry up the lake altogether. This Sletningenvand,* with its two outlets on the summit of a sharp water-shed, may serve to show us how other lakes, permanent or temporary, may elsewhere have acted as agencies for the transfer of fishes. We can also see how it might be that certain mountain fishes should be so transferred while the fishes of the upland waters may be left behind. In some such way as this we may imagine the trout and the whitefish to have attained their present wide range in the Rocky Mountain region; and in similar manner perhaps the Eastern brook trout (*Salvelinus fontinalis* Mitchill) and some other mountain species (*Notropis rubricroceus* Cope; *Rhinichthys atronasus* Mitchill, etc.) may have been carried across the Alleghanies.

The Sierra Nevada constitutes also a very important barrier to the diffusion of species. This is, however, broken by the passage of the Columbia River, and many species thus find their way across it. That the waters to the west of it are not unfavorable for the growth of eastern fishes is shown by the fact of the rapid spread of the common eastern catfish (*Amciurus nebulosus* Le Sueur) or horned pout, when transported from the Schuylkill to the Sacramento. This fish is now one of the important food fishes of the San Francisco markets. It has become, in fact, a special favorite with the Chinamen—himself also an immigrant, and presenting certain analogies with the fish in question, as well in temperament as in habits.

The mountain mass of Mount Shasta is, as already stated, a considerable barrier to the range of fishes, though a number of species find their way around it through the sea. The lower and irregular ridges of the Coast Range are of small importance in this regard, as the streams of their east slope reach the sea on the west through San Francisco Bay. Yet the San Joaquin contains a few species, not yet recorded, from the smaller rivers of southwestern California.

The main chain of the Alleghanies forms a barrier of importance separating the rich fauna of the Tennessee and Ohio basins from the scantier faunæ of the Atlantic streams. Yet this barrier is crossed by many more species than is the case with either the Rocky Mountains or the Sierra Nevada. It is lower, narrower and much more broken—as in New York, Pennsylvania and in Georgia there are several streams which pass through it or around it. The much greater age of the Alleghany chain, as compared with the Rocky Mountains, seems not to be an element of any importance in this connection. Of the fish which cross this chain, the most important is the brook trout (*Salvelinus fontinalis*), which is found in all suitable waters from Hudson's Bay to the head of the Chattahoochee. A few other species are locally found in the headwaters of certain streams on opposite sides of the range. An example of this is the little red "fall fish" (*Notropis rubricroceus* Cope), found only in the mountain tributaries of the Savannah and the Tennessee. We may suppose the same agencies to have assisted these species that we have imagined in the case of the Rocky Mountain trout, and such agencies were doubtless more operative in the times immediately following the glacial epoch than they are now.

The passage of species from stream to stream along the Atlantic slope deserves a moment's notice. It is, under present conditions, impossible for any mountain or upland fish, as the trout or the miller's thumb (*Cottus richardsoni* Agassiz), to cross from the Potomac River to the James, or from the Neuse to the Santee, by descending to the lower courses of the rivers, and thence passing along either through the swamps or by way of the sea. The lower courses of these streams, warm and muddy, are unhabitable by such fishes. Such transfers are, however, possible further north. From the rivers of Canada and from many rivers of New England the trout does descend to the sea and into the sea, and further north the whitefish does this also. Thus these fishes readily pass from one river basin to another. As this is the case now everywhere in the North, it may have been the case further south in the time of the glacial cold. We may, I think, imagine a condition of things in which the snowfields of the Alleghany chain might have played some part in aiding the diffusion of cold-loving fishes. A permanent snowfield on the Blue Ridge in western North Carolina might render almost any stream in the Carolinas suitable for trout, from its source to its mouth. An increased volume of colder water might carry the trout of the head-streams of the Catawba and the Savannah as far down as the sea. We can even imagine that the trout reached these streams in the first place through such agencies, though on this there is no positive evidence. For the presence of trout in the upper Chattahoochee, we must account in some other way.

It is noteworthy that the upland fishes are nearly the same in all these streams, until we reach the southern limit of possible glacial influence. South of western North Carolina, the faunæ of the different river basins appear to be more distinct from one another. Certain ripple-loving types* are represented by closely related but unquestionably different species in each river basin, and it would appear that a thorough mingling of the upland species in these rivers has never taken place.

With the lowland species of the Southern rivers it is different. Few of these are confined within narrow limits. The streams of the whole South Atlantic and Gulf coast flow into shallow bays, mostly bounded by sand spits or sandbars which the rivers themselves have brought down. In these bays the waters are often neither fresh nor salt; or rather they are alternately fresh and salt, the former condition being that of the winter and spring. Many species descend into these bays, thus finding every faculty for transfer from river to river. There is a continuous inland passage in fresh or brackish waters, traversable by such fishes, from Chesapeake Bay nearly to Cape Fear; and similar conditions exist on the coasts of Louisiana, Texas and much of Florida. In Perdido Bay I have found fresh-water minnows (*Notropis cercostigma, Notropis xænocephalus*) and silversides (*Labidesthes sicculus*) living together with marine gobies (*Gobiosoma molestum*) and salt-water eels (*Myrophis punctatus*). Fresh-water alligator gars (*Lepisosteus tristœchus*) and marine sharks compete for the garbage thrown over from the Pensacola wharves. In Lake Pontchartrain the fauna is a remarkable mixture of fresh-water fishes from the Mississippi and marine fishes from the Gulf. Channel cats, sharks, sea crabs, sunfishes and mullets can all be found there together. It is therefore to be expected that the lowland fauna of all the rivers of the Gulf States would closely resemble that of the lower Missisippi, and this in fact is the case.

The low and irregular water-shed which separates the tributaries of Lake Michigan and Lake Erie from those of the Ohio is of little importance in determining the range of species. Many of the distinctively Northern fishes are found in the headwaters of the Wabash and the Scioto. The considerable difference in the general fauna of the Ohio Valley as compared with that of the streams of Michigan is due to the higher temperature of the former region, rather than to any existing barriers between the river and the Great Lakes. In northern Indiana the water-shed is often swampy, and in many places large ponds exist in the early spring.

At times of heavy rains many species will move through considerable distances by means of temporary ponds and brooks. Fishes that have thus emigrated often reach places ordinarily inaccessible, and people finding them in such localities often imagine that they have "rained down."

*Since the above was written I have been informed by Professor John M. Coulter, who was one of the first explorers of the Yellowstone Park, that such a condition still exists on the Rocky Mountain Divide. In the Yellowstone Park is a marshy tract, traversable by fishes in the rainy season, and known as the "Two-Ocean Water." In this tract rise tributaries both of the Snake River and of the Yellowstone. Similar conditions apparently exist on other parts of the Divide, both in Montana and in Wyoming.

Professor John C. Brauner calls my attention to a marshy upland which separates the valley of the La Plata from that of the Amazon, and which permits the free movement of fishes from the Paraguay River to the Tapajos. It is well known that through the Cassiquiare River the Rio Negro, another branch of the Amazon, is joined to the Orinoco River. It is thus evident that almost all the waters of eastern South America form a single basin, so far as the fishes are concerned.

*The best examples of this are the following: In the Santee basin are found *Notropis pyrrhomelas, Notropis niveus,* and *Notropis chloristius;* in the Altahama, *Notropis xaenurus* and *Notrop s callisemus;* in the Chattahoochee, *Notropis hysolepterus* and *Notropis cerystomus;* in the Alabama, *Notropis coeruleus, Notropis trichroistius,* and *Notropis callistius.* In the Alabama, Escambia, Pearl, and numerous other rivers, is found *Notropis cercostigma.* This species descends to the sea in the cool streams of the pine-woods. Its range is wider than that of the others, and in the rivers of Texas it reappears in the form of a scarcely distinct variety, *Notropis venustus.* In the Tennessee and Cumberland, and in the rivers of the Ozark range, is *Notropis galacturus;* and in the upper Arkansas, *Notropis camurus*—all distinct species of the same general type. Northward, in all the streams from the Potomac to the Oswego, and westward to the Des Moines and the Arkansas occurs a single species of this type, *Notropis whipplei.* But this species is not known from any of the streams inhabited by any of the other species mentioned, although very likely it is the parent stock of them all.

Once, near Indianapolis, after a heavy shower, I found in a furrow in a cornfield, a small pike (*Esox vermiculatus* Le Sueur), some half a mile from the creek in which he should belong. The fish was swimming along in a temporary brook, apparently wholly unconscious that he was not in his native stream. Migratory fishes, which ascend small streams to spawn, are especially likely to be transferred in this way. By some such means any of the water-sheds in Ohio, Indiana, or Illinois may be passed.

It is certain that the limits of Lake Erie and Lake Michigan were once more extended than now. It is reasonably probable that some of the territory now drained by the Wabash and the Illinois was once covered by the waters of Lake Michigan. The cisco (*Coregonus artedi sisco* Jordan) of Lake Tippecanoe, Lake Geneva and the lakes of the Oconomowoc chain is evidently a modified descendant of the so-called lake herring (*Coregonus artedi* Le Suer). Its origin most likely dates from the time when these small deep lakes of Indiana and Wisconsin were connected with Lake Michigan. The changes in habits which the cisco has undergone are considerable. The changes in external characters are but trifling. The presence of the cisco in these lakes and its periodical disappearance—that is, retreat into deep water when not in the breeding season—has given rise to much nonsensical discussion as to whether any or all of these lakes are still joined to Lake Michigan by subterranean channels. Several of the larger fishes, properly characteristic of the Great Lake region (as *Lota lota maculosa*, *Percopsis guttatus*, *Esox masquinongy*), are occasionally taken in the Ohio River, where they are usually recognized as rare stragglers. The difference in physical conditions is probably the sole cause of their scarcity in the Ohio basin.

The similarity of the fishes in the different streams and lakes of the Great Basin is doubtless to be attributed to the general mingling of their waters which took place during and after the glacial epoch. Since that period the climate in that region has grown hotter and drier, until the overflow of the various lakes into the Columbia basin through the Snake River has long since ceased. These lakes have become isolated from each other, and many of them have become salt or alkaline and therefore uninhabitable. In some of these lakes certain species may now have become extinct which still remain in others. In some cases, perhaps, the differences in surrounding may have caused divergence into distinct species of what was once one parent stock. The suckers in Lake Tahoe (*Catostomus tahoensis*, in Lake Tahoe; *Catostomus macrocheilus* and *discobolus*, in the Columbia; *Catostomus fecundus*, *Catostomus ardens*; *Chasmistes liorus* and *Pantosteus acrocrosus*, in Utah Lake) and those in Utah Lake are certainly now different from each other and from those in the Columbia. The trout (*Salmo mykiss*, et vars. *henshawi* and *virginalis*) in the same waters can be regarded as more or less tangible varieties only, while the whitefishes (*Coregonus williamsoni*) show no differences at all. The differences in the present faunæ of Lake Tahoe and Utah Lake must be chiefly due to influences which have acted since the glacial epoch, when the whole Utah Basin was part of the drainage of the Columbia.

To certain species of upland or mountain fishes, the depression of the Mississippi basin itself forms a barrier which cannot be passed. The black-spotted trout (*Salmo fario* L., in Europe; *Salmo labrax* Pallas, etc., in Asia; *Salmo gairdneri* Richardson, in streams of the Pacific Coast. *Salmo mykiss* Walbaum, in Kamtschatka, Alaska, and throughout the Rocky Mountain range to the Mexican boundary, and the headwaters of the Kansas, Platte and Missouri), very closely related species of which abound in all waters of northern Asia, Europe, and western North America, has nowhere crossed the basin of the Mississippi, although one of its species finds no difficulty in passing Behring Strait. The trout and whitefish of the Rocky Mountain region are all species different from those of the Great Lakes or the streams of the Alleghany system. To the grayling, the trout, the pike, and to arctic and sub-arctic species generally, Behring Strait has evidently proved no serious obstacle to diffusion; and it is not unlikely that much of the close resemblance of the fresh-water faunæ of northern Europe, Asia and North America is due to this fact. To attempt to decide from which side the first migration came in regard to each group of fishes might be interesting; but without a wider range of facts than is now in our possession, such attemps would be mere guesswork and without value. The interlocking of the fish-faunæ of Asia and North America presents, however, a number of interesting problems, for numerous migrations in both directions have doubtless taken place.

I could go on indefinitely with the discussion of special cases, each more or less interesting or suggestive in itself, but the general conclusion is in all cases the same.

The present distribution of fishes is the result of long-continued action of forces still in operation. The species have entered our waters in many invasions from the Old World or from the sea. Each species has been subjected to the various influences implied in the term natural selection, and under varying conditions representatives have undergone many different modifications.

Each of the 600 species we now know is making every year inroads on territory occupied by other species. If these colonies are able to hold their own in the struggle for possession they will multiply in the new conditions and the range of the species will become widened. If the surroundings are different new species or varieties may be formed in time and these new forms may again invade the territory of the parent species. Again colony after colony of species after species may be destroyed by other species or by uncongenial surroundings.

The ultimate result of centuries on centuries of the restlessness of individuals is seen in the facts of geographical distribution. Only in the most general way can the history of any species be traced. Could we know it all, it would be as long and eventful a story as the history of the colonization and settlement of North America by immigrants from Europe.

By the fishes each river in America has been a hundred times discovered; its colonization a hundred times attempted. In these efforts there is no co-operation. Every individual is for himself, every struggle is a struggle of life and death. Each fish is a cannibal, and to each species each member of every other species is an alien and a savage. Now all this has a practical side to it, although the practical side has been as yet little developed.

A leading feature of the work of the Fish Commissions must be to help the fishes over the barriers, to assist nature in the direction of colonizing streams and lakes with fishes which are good to eat, to the exclusion of the kinds of which man can make no use.

This help may be given by the introduction of vigorous kinds of fishes into waters into which they had been unable to find an entrance before. The work judiciously done may be of the greatest value to the people of our country. Numerous as the food fishes of the Mississippi Valley, it must be confessed that the rank of the great bulk of them is not high. Our rivers ought to raise something better than suckers, paddle-fish, drum and buffaloes. To bring in better fishes with success, it is necessary for us to know something of the habits and necessities of the species in question, and also something definite as to the character of the waters which are to be stocked. It is of no use to plant trout in a muddy bayou, or channel-cat in mountain springs of ice-water, or codfish in Lake Michigan.

Most of our information in these respects is still very vague, and most attempts at the introduction of species into new water are still of the most haphazard sort. The recent series of examinations of the Michigan lakes, lately undertaken by the Michigan State Fish Commission, ought to yield some results in this connection, yet as the character of the waters of the State is essentially uniform, what is true of one of the little lakes in the way of supporting fish life, must be largely true of all. For this reason, desirable as an extended exploration is from an economic standpoint, it can be made more important to the science of ichthyology than to the art of fishculture. To ichthyology, as has been said, a sculpin is as valuable as a codfish, but fishculture prefers the codfish.

The results of a careful survey would give us facts regarding the distribution of minnows, darters and sunfish, facts of the greatest interest and importance in science, but of no value to fishculture to which one minnow is as good as another and both useful only as food for bass, still a thorough survey in the hands of intelligent men, of the waters of any region cannot fail to throw much light on the habits and needs of the various food fishes, and we shall look with much interest for the final results of the work in Michigan.

The other work of the Fish Commission is in the direction of fish hatching, the protection of the young of valuable kinds until they are able to take care of themselves. The value of this work is most great, now fortunately beyond question, and its methods are reaching a high degree of perfection.

I need only say that my deepest interest in science lies in the direction of the question of the distribution of organisms and in their adaptation to their surroundings, and I should be glad if I were able to contribute even a little to making our knowledge of this subject practicably available in the direction of causing two big fish to grow where one little one grew before.

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SHAD IN THE HUDSON.

NEW YORK, July 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your last issue you publish an article from "W. E. H." on the shad in the Hudson, in which he speaks of the habits and races of shad in such a positive manner that would lead one to suppose that the life history of the shad, from the egg to the gridiron, was perfectly known. Let us examine the case.

"W. E. H." objects to "the system of shad culture followed by the New York State Fish Commission on account of their confining operations to the sluggish water of the Hudson at Catskill Creek for the setting free of the shad fry, instead of their liberation in the highly-aerated water of the Upper Hudson." The facts are that the shad do not spawn in rapid and highly aerated waters, but in eddies, usually behind islands, where a gentle current keeps the eggs from sinking, and these places are all below the dam at Troy, where the fish naturally spawn.

In speaking of some plantings of shad fry by the U. S. Fish Commission as high up the river as Glens Falls, he says: "And here again comes another question as to whether this procedure has resulted in any benefit to the stocking of the Hudson at all; if it has or not depends entirely upon the fact whether the young shad turned loose by the United States Commissioners belonged to the Hudson River family of this fish, or the Potomac, the Chesapeake or Delaware rivers. If they belonged to either of the latter they would affiliate with their family on their return the following year, and while it might help the Potomac, Chesapeake or Delaware rivers, it would do but little for the Hudson." It is true that it is impossible to tell just how many, if any, of these fish lived to be caught in the lower river, but the statement that fry from eggs taken on the Potomac, or other rivers, would "affiliate with their family," needs confirmation, or at least more knowledge than we now have. If this is so, how is it that shad have been established in some rivers which were barren of them, and why do not the Penobscot salmon, planted in the Hudson, return to that river?

We read that Col. McDonald has said that there are two races of shad, one north, and the other south from Albemarle (see report of the conference of Fish Commissioners in FOREST AND STREAM, May 24), and it is doubtful if a Delaware River shad can be distinguished with certainty from a Hudson River fish, or, if it cannot be, by a mere shade of color, or slight change of form, whether it would not assume all the characteristics of the Hudson fish if reared in that river. Certainly there is no structural difference.

That shad and salmon will return to the place where they are planted and spent their early days, if all the conditions are favorable to their doing so, has been, I believe, fully proved. It is true, as "W. E. H." says, that fish from one branch of a river can often be distinguished from its kind inhabiting another branch, and that they will naturally go where they belong, but will not the fry from eggs taken from one branch assume all the characters of the other if hatched and planted there? All the evidence seems to prove that they will. SHAD FLY.

The Kennel.

Dogs: Their Management and Treatment in Disease. By Ashmont. Price $3. Kennel Record and Account Book. Price $3. Training vs. Breaking. By S. T. Hammond. Price $1. First Lessons in Dog Training, with Points of all Breeds. Price 25 cents.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Aug. 22 to 24.—Third Annual Show of the American Fox-Terrier Club, at Saratoga Springs, N. Y. (Including all terriers.) Entries close Aug. 22. H. P. Frothingham, Secretary, 2 Wall street, New York.

Aug. 27 to 31.—Toledo Dog Show, Toledo, O. H. E. Cook, Superintendent.

Sept. 4 to 7.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Michigan Kennel Club, Detroit, Mich. H. E. Cook, Superintendent.

Sept. 11 to 14.—First Dog Show of the Buffalo International Fair Association, at Buffalo, N. Y. C. W. Robinson, Secretary.

Sept. 18 to 21.—First Annual Dog Show of the Syracuse Kennel Club, at Syracuse, N. Y. Howard B. Rathbone, Secretary.

Sept. 24 to 27.—Fifth Dog Show at London, Ont. C. A. Stone Superintendent.

Sept. 25 to 28.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Bristol Park Agricultural Society, Bristol, Conn. Entries close Sept. 22. C. F. Barnes, Secretary.

Oct. 9 to 12.—First Dog Show of the Virginia Field Sports Association, at Richmond, Va. B. H. Grundy, Secretary, Room 26, Shafer Building. Entries close Oct. 1.

Oct. 23 to 26.—Second Annual Show of the St. Paul and Minnesota Kennel Club, at St. Paul, Minn. J. E. Stryker, Secretary, Room 98 Globe Building.

Nov. 6 to 10.—Dog Show of the Richmond County Poultry and Pet Stock Association, in connection with Augusta National Exposition at Augusta, Ga. H. Madden, Superintendent.

Feb. 12 to 15, 1889.—Fifth Dog Show of the New Jersey Kennel Club, at Jersey City, N. J. Geo. L. Wilms, Secretary, 142 Monticello avenue, Jersey City, N. J.

Feb. 19 to 22, 1889.—Thirteenth Annual Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent.

Feb. 26 to March 1, 1889.—Second Annual Show of the Rensselaer Kennel Club, Troy, N. Y. Alba M. Ide, Secretary.

March 5 to 8, 1889.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Albany Kennel Club, at Albany, N. Y. Geo. B. Gallup, Secretary.

March 12 to 15, 1889.—Second Annual Show of the Fort Schuyler Kennel Club, Utica, N. Y. James W. Dunlop, President.

March 19 to 22, 1889.—First Annual Dog Show of the Maryland Kennel Club, at Baltimore, Md. W. S. Diffenderffer, Secretary.

March 26 to 29, 1889.—First Annual Dog Show of the Massachusetts Kennel Club, at Lynn, Mass. D. A. Williams, Secretary.

April 2 to 5, 1889.—First Annual Show of the Rochester Kennel Club, at Rochester, N. Y. Harry Yates, Secretary.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 11.—Third Annual Field Trials of the Manitoba Field Trials Club. Derby entries close July 1. All-Aged entries Aug. 1. Thos. Johnson, Secretary, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Nov. 1.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Indiana Kennel Club, at Bicknell, Ind. P. T. Madison, Secretary, Indianapolis, Ind.

Nov. 19.—Tenth Annual Field Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at High Point, N. C. (Members' Stake, Nov. 15.) W. A. Coster, Secretary, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

Dec. 3.—First Annual Field Trials of the Southern Field Trial Club, at Amory, Miss. T. M. Brumby, Secretary, Chattanooga, Tenn.

Dec. 10.—Second Annual Field Trials of the American Field Trials Club, at West Point, Miss. C. W. Paris, Secretary, Cincinnati, O.

Jan. 14, 1889.—Sixth Annual Field Trials of the Pacific Coast Field Trial Club, at Bakersfield, Cal. N. P. Sheldon, Secretary, 320 Sansome street, San Francisco, Cal.

COURSING.

Oct. 15.—Third Annual Meeting of the American Coursing Club at Great Bend, Kan. F. K. Doan, Secretary, 1210 Olive street, St Louis, Mo.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription $1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed 6435

THE NATIONAL DOG CLUB OF AMERICA.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have observed in the various sporting papers a letter written by Dr. Perry, President of the National Dog Club, which is in substance an attempt to explain away the impression which the Buffalo International Fair Association had given out through its Secretary that "a fight had begun" between the N. D. C. and the A. K. C. Dr. Perry endeavored to impress his readers that such is not the case and that the same harmony is prevailing as was indicated would exist when he addressed his club upon its formation.

The time has come when the A. K. C. should take a stand against the misrepresentations which are constantly circulating respecting its aims and methods, and also to make clear to all breeders and exhibitors the fact that it has good reason to believe, and does believe, and will in course of time prove, that the N. D. C. from the beginning contained among its principal promotors men who had no other object than a still-hunt against the A. K. C. The A. K. C. accepted Dr. Perry's inaugural address forecasting good will and harmony and entertained for the N. D. C. the kindest feelings, but in view of its recent adoption of rules governing dog shows, its assumption of authority over dog matters, through a constitution which cannot fail, and is really intended, to bring them in conflict with the A. K. C., the latter has now concluded to declare that it does not consider the object of the N. D. C. in any other light but antagonism and will so treat it. It further prefers to have the open enmity of the N. D. C. rather than the incessant secret plottings which are being conducted against the A. K. C. through the N. D. C. by such parties as Mr. James Watson, your own paper, the disgruntled associates of the Hornellsville Club and the embittered individuals and kennel clubs who ineffectually resisted the enforcement of the compulsory registration rule.

Nobody denies the right of clubs to exist and organize independently of the A. K. C., but it is neither proper nor to be permitted that a club should enter the field intrusted to the A. K. C. by an immense majority of the dog interests of the country under false pretenses and with objects so utterly at variance with those avowed by its promoters. Discord is not what the breeders and exhibitors nor the public want, yet in reality that is all the N. D. C. can hope to offer its members.

We thus warn the breeders and exhibitors of the country against what they are invited to support in the National Dog Club. AUGUST BELMONT, JR., Pres. A. K. C.

NEW YORK, July 24.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The plan of forming a club to be made up wholly of breeders was not original with me. I have good reason for believing that there are very few men in the country having kennels of any considerable size who have not always favored such a club, and during the past few years more than ever before felt its need, not only to reform certain existing defects in general management, but to stimulate and give fresh impulse to canine interests here, manifestly on the decline. Knowing well these facts, after due consideration I wrote some fifty breeders, and while asking them to join in the movement I also sought their opinions on the subject. Some forty joined at once. I carefully studied their communications, and at the first meeting of the National Dog Club outlined its policy. I gave expression not only to my own sentiments, but also to those of the majority of my forty associates. On the subject of our relations to the American Kennel Club I said:

> Perhaps it is but natural for some to think that we are starting in opposition to it. Whoever has that idea should abandon it at once. Why should we not be a support to it? Both clubs are working for identically the same ends. Their ways may not be our ways. They may be open to criticism—who is not? That we have the same end in view should be sufficient to guarantee good fellowship. I feel sure that you will permit me to say to the American Kennel Club, We are not only ready and willing, but anxious to aid all your laudable efforts. We will labor with you if you desire it. If you do not, then there will be no quarrel between us. In our own way we will go on with the work before us, each happy in the consciousness of doing what we feel to be duty.

Among all who were then members of our club I do not now recall that there was a single one who expressed himself as positively unfriendly to the American Kennel Club. A few appeared indifferent and had no opinion to express; for or against it. The great majority felt that that club had done very little indeed in the interests of breeders generally, that it was not only apathetic but altogether too sluggish in its movements; and yet a spirit of fairness actuated my associates and they advocated a peaceful policy. Hence I said that we were not starting in opposition to the American Kennel Club, and were friendly to it. At this point I will make clear my rendition of the word opposition. Perhaps its selection by me was an unfortunate one, since it opens the door to invidious criticism. If there is any blame attached to its use I, alone, am the one to bear it. I am quite ready to acknowledge that in a recently published courteous criticism of our club, what is generally accepted as one practical definition of the word has been given. And, yet, there is another definition having no less wide acceptance—*hostility*. So construe the word and again read the statements made by me and the true meaning will appear. The National Dog Club was not only *not hostile* to the American Kennel Club, but was *ready, willing, and even anxious to aid all its laudable efforts.*

This spirit then, actuated the founders of our club. But did any one for a moment suppose that it would not have an individuality of its own? Could they interpret from what was said by me that the National Dog Club was formed to be simply the servant of other clubs—to be a mere puppet and "move only when the string was pulled?" Let the would-be critics glance over the names of those who make

up the club, and then ask if any such idea is possible. There has been no promise made that we would do nothing that the American Club had done or attempted to do. We simply said that we were not in opposition—not hostile—to it, and we were ready to co-operate with it if our aid was desired. In every branch of sport honorable rivalry is desirable as a stimulant. Here too monopoly is unhealthy and tends to degenerate into indifference.

The National Dog Club started out at peace with all, and not only willing but anxious to aid all working for the interests of breeders in this country. How was it received by those who have identified themselves with the American Kennel Club? We were distrusted from the first, and every effort made to crush us. All breeders who would answer the call were whistled to "heel." Prejudice, where possible, was at once excited. Some who contemplated joining us were dissuaded from doing so; a few members yielded to the weight of influence and resigned. There has been much said of war between the two clubs being inaugurated. But it requires two parties to maintain a conflict. While the National Dog Club has been *assailed in a cowardly fashion from the night of the first meeting*, it has made no move to repel the attack.

Let us contrast with the treatment administered to us the course which we have pursued toward the American Kennel Club. At our first meeting a committee was chosen to nominate officers, formulate constitution and by-laws, and perform other duties attendant upon organizing. For weeks that committee labored to secure an executive board in which the club would have implicit confidence, and to which it would willingly trust its general management. Did that nominating committee, which was kept fully informed of the efforts made to defeat them, allow themselves to be influenced by feelings of resentment? Did they seek men to fill the offices in the National Club among those who were *unfriendly to the American Kennel Club*, as would be no more than natural considering the treatment which they had received? Most assuredly they did not. They never swerved from the policy of the club as outlined at the first meeting. *Not only did they not seek those who were unfriendly to it, but they even went into the American Kennel Club and invited its prominent members to enter the new club, take official positions, and so help mould its future and keep it in harmony with their own.* One who was invited and accepted, a few days later—after a meeting of his club in New York—sent us his resignation: *he had been appointed to a high office in the American Kennel Club.* Another prominent breeder whom we invited, before rendering us his decision *was given even a higher position in that same club.* It is certainly a remarkable coincidence that the fitness of both those gentlemen for official positions should have been recognized by the American Kennel Club *immediately after we had selected them.*

Were the executive of our club polled to-day it would be found that the majority are favorably disposed toward the American Kennel Club. Now is not this evidence that we have been peacefully inclined from the first, notwithstanding the exasperating assaults made upon us? The National Dog Club was formed to advance the interests of the breeders of America. As one means to that end they have formulated a set of rules for dog shows, and placed them on record as what in their opinion such a set of rules should be. It has not held a show under those new rules, nor has it urged them on others. Doubtless the club from time to time will take similar steps toward reform, for what other way is there open for its accomplishment? "Hope long deferred maketh the heart sick." They have waited long; although a snail may encompass the earth there are none who desire to follow in its course.

Now in regard to those rules which our club has adopted. They constitute certainly the only argument which can be brought forward to sustain the claim that we are in opposition to the American Kennel Club. The matter can soon be adjusted. If the new points not covered by the rules of that club are recognized to be of value, it has only to adopt them, and then, without doubt, associations will prefer to show under the auspices of the older body. Feeling as it did the need of the changes, the National Club having made them will naturally do what it can to promote the interests of those who elect to use them for their bench shows. When the American Kennel Club adopts them, that part of our work will have been accomplished. It can lay no claim to the right to dictate to us, nor have we aught to ask from it. It gave us no opportunity to prove the honesty of our purpose. We were condemned on the instant. And yet, notwithstanding all this we have no revengeful feelings to satisfy; *we are not in opposition—hostile—to it.* We are ready to "aid all its laudable efforts."

There are doubtless some men in the National Club who will be alarmed at the attack upon it. As President of the club I say to you, we have no desire to dragoon members into it; if you are afraid to remain, pray you send in your resignation. If there are any who feel that they have been unduly influenced—that they were deceived—their withdrawal also will please us. As for the future of the club, no one need be apprehensive. Under its constitution its management is intrusted to an executive committee of fifteen. On the one at present existing there are many of the best known breeders in America. Their names should be a sufficient guarantee that the National Dog Club will ever be found on the side of right. J. FRANK PERRY.

GORDON SETTERS.—Baltimore, July 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Now the American Gordon Setter Club is formed, I wish to inform all those who are now members, and those who will be, that I place my Gordon setter dogs Stubble and Whip at their service, free of stud fee, for two years, excepting November and December, to serve their bitches that they may desire to breed, and secure pure Gordon setter blood. My only object in working up the Gordon Club was to keep this noble dog from being imposed upon by those breeding the cross bred imposter, and in so doing deceiving the amateur by erroneously calling them Gordons.—H. MALCOLM.

POINTER CLUB.—Jersey City, July 21.—*To the Members of the Pointer Club of America:* In pursuance of the power given me at our first meeting I hereby call a meeting of the members of said club, to be held in the city of Richmond, Va., on the 9th day of October, 1888, at 4 o'clock on said day, the same being the first day of the bench show given in said city by the Virginia Field Sports Association. The said meeting will be held in the building used by said association for their bench show. All members and all others who are interested in the pointer and who desire to join are requested to attend.—C. J. PESHALL, Chairman.

THE LONDON DOG SHOW.—We have received the premium list of the dog show to be held at London, Ont., Sept. 24 to 27. The prize in champion classes is $10. In the important open classes $10, $5 and diploma, with $7, $3 and diploma for puppies and remaining classes. The American Spaniel Club's classification No. 2 is adopted. Valuable kennel and special prizes are also offered. Entries close Sept. 15. The judges are Messrs. John Davidson, Monroe, Mich.; Jas. Mortimer, Babylon, L. I., and J. F. Kirk, Toronto, Can. The address of the secretary is F. C. Wheeler, 157 Dundas street, London, Ont.

ROCHESTER DOG SHOW.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Please claim April 2 to 5, 1889, for the first annual dog show of the Rochester Kennel Club, instead of dates sent you in previous letter.—HARRY YATES, Sec'y.

THE POODLE.

STANDARD OF POINTS ADOPTED BY THE POODLE CLUB OF ENGLAND.

THE BLACK POODLE.

General Appearance.—That of a strong, active, and very intelligent dog; cobby in build, and profusely coated with curls or long ropy "cords."

Head.—Long; the skull large, and with plenty of room for brain power; wide between the ears and a slight peak; the parts over the eyes well arched; the whole thickly covered with curls or cords.

Muzzle.—Long, (but not "snipy"), strong, square, and deep; the "stop" should be defined, but not to a very great extent. The teeth should be perfectly level, strong, and white.

Eyes.—Small, dark, and bright, with a very intelligent expression; they should be set at right angles with the line of the face.

Nose.—Large, and perfectly black in color, with wide, open nostrils.

Ears.—Very long, close to the cheek, low set on, and well covered with long ringlets or "cords."

Neck.—Well proportioned, and very strong to admit of the head being carried high and with dignity.

Chest.—Fairly deep, but not too wide; strong, and well covered with muscles.

Legs.—Forelegs, perfectly straight, very muscular, and "set on racing lines;" they should be long enough to raise the body well from the ground, but without legginess. Hindlegs very muscular, but fairly bent, with the hocks well let down.

Feet.—Large, strong, and rather wide, but standing well on the toes, and of good shape. The nails perfectly black, and the pads capacious and hard.

Back.—Short, with body well ribbed up; the loins very strong and muscular, but without fat.

Tail.—Carried at an angle of 45 deg., having long ringlets or cords, hanging down.

Coat.—If corded, thick and strong, and hanging in long, ropy "cords." If curly, the curls close and thick, and hair of good quality.

Weight.—Large, 60lbs.; medium, 40lbs.; small, 20lbs. and under.

THE WHITE POODLE AND THE RED POODLE.

All the foregoing points hold good for these varieties of the breed, with the following exceptions:

Eyes.—Yellow or wall-eyes (light blue), free from black rims round the eyelids.

Nose.—Red or liver color.

Nails.—Red or pink.

Back.—The ticks (spots) on back should be red or liver, and the whole body should be free from black ticks.

Only these three colors (black, white, and red) are admitted, and they should be without mixture.

N.B.—*Clipping or Shaving.*—We very strongly recommend that only one-third of the body be clipped or shaved, and that the hair on the forehead be left on.

SOUTHERN FIELD TRIALS CLUB DERBY.

CHATTANOOGA, Tenn., July 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I herewith inclose you a list of the entries in the Southern Field Trials Club Derby. I would have mailed this sooner, but there were several entries sent me by express to Marietta, Ga., which delayed matters. We think this list of fifty-six proves that a trial can be gotten up without the consent of Mr. Rowe. The All-Aged Stake we feel certain will be the largest stake ever run in America, as we think by that time all will understand the situation. Our list of entries is very gratifying to us. Thanks for your kindly interest in the club.

T. M. BRUMBY, Sec. Treas. S. F. T. C.

ENGLISH SETTERS.

MILDRED (Edward Dexter), lemon and white bitch (Dashing Rover—Muriel), Feb. 25.

COUNT PIEDMONT (Edward Dexter), black, white and tan dog (Count Noble—Belle of Piedmont), Aug. 9.

GLEN PIEDMONT (Edward Dexter), blue belton and tan dog (Count Noble—Belle of Piedmont), Aug. 9.

BOI GLADSTONE (G. F. Hodgson), black, white and tan dog (Gladstone—Ruby II.), April.

LADY PIEDMONT (G. F. Hodgson), black, white and tan bitch (Dashing Rover—Ranee), March.

DAISY'S HOPE (R. M. Dudley), lemon and white dog (Gath's Hope—Daisy F.), April.

FELIX M. (G. Knapp), lemon and white dog (Gath's Hope—Daisy F.), April.

LA BELL (J. R. Henricks), black and white bitch (Count Noble—Nellie Sting).

DIMPLE (Fred Myles), black, white and tan bitch (Gordon—Blanch), January.

CAPT. BUTEL (J. M. Foster), black, white and tan dog (Gordon—Blanch), January.

GLEAM II. (H. M. Cotingham), orange and white dog (Gleam—Mamie), May.

BOB'S BOY (C. L. Stewart), black and white dog (Bob Gates—Hustling Hannah), January.

NOT NAMED (R. P. McCargo), black and white bitch (Bob Gates—Hustling Hannah), January.

NOT NAMED (C. R. Jones), black and white bitch (Bob Gates—Hustling Hannah), January.

YAZOO (Whyte Bedford), black and white dog (Bob Gates—Hustling Hannah), January.

DELTA (Whyte Bedford), black, white and tan bitch (Bob Gates—Hustling Hannah), January.

ALMO (W. H. Blanchard), orange and white dog (Gleam—Doe), January.

BREAKSPEAR (F. H. Hyed), orange and white dog (Gleam—Doe), January.

OLIVER TWIST (B. F. Wilson), black, white and tan dog (Count Noble—Fannie W.), January.

FASHION (J. F. Hart), black, white and tan bitch (Count Noble—Lit), June.

TUBE ROSE (W. E. Venable), black, white and tan bitch (Count Noble—Lit), June.

LINDO (S. L. Boggs), black, white and tan dog (Gladstone—Flounce), January.

HOPE'S LASS (J. H. O. Denny), black, white and tan dog (Gath's Hope—Lady May), July.

GAY NOBLE (J. I. Case, Jr.), black, white and tan dog (King Noble—Queen Vashti), January.

RESOLUTE (J. I. Case, Jr.,), black, white and tan dog (King Noble—Queen Vashti), January.

LOTTIE C. (J. I. Case, Jr.,), chestnut and white bitch (King Noble—Queen Vashti), January.

NETA NOBLE (J. L. Case, Jr.), black and white bitch (King Noble—Nellie Noble), January.

FLORENCE GLADSTONE (J. L. Case, Jr.), black and white bitch (Gladstone—Flounce), January.

MCCONKEY (J. W. Renfroe), black, white and tan dog (Count Noble II.—Chicago Girl), January.

AMELIA RIVES (F. I. Stone), black, white and tan bitch (Bob Gates—Ruth DeT.), April.

QUICK STEP (F. I. Stone), black, white and tan bitch (Dan Gladstone—Dido II.), January.

THE BARD (T. R. Moody), black, white and tan dog (Gath's Mark—Dell), May.

THE CORSAIR (B. M. Stephenson), black, white and tan dog (Dan Gladstone—Haidee).

LADY OLIVIA (B. M. Stephenson), black, white and tan bitch (Bob Gates—Lady Glady), September.

JAY VEE (A. F. McGehee), black, white and tan bitch (Bob Gates—Ruth DeT.), April.

TAIT'S BEN (W. M. Tait), black, white and tan dog (Rebel Wind'em—Dashing Grace), July.

ALVIN (B. W. Bedford), black, white and tan dog (Rebel Wind'em—Dashing Grace), July.

DIOMED (C. Tucker), black, white and tan dog (Gladstone—Ruby II.) April.

RUBY'S GIRL (C. Tucker), black, white and tan bitch (Gladstone—Ruby II.), April, '87.

PAUL NOBLE (J. W. Murnan), white and black dog (Count Noble— ——), Aug. 7.

BESS OF HATCHIE (W. J. Cannon), black, white and tan bitch (Chickasaw—Belle of Hatchie), Aug. 13.

JESS (W. J. Cannon), black, white and tan bitch (Chickasaw—Belle of Hatchie), Aug. 13.

POINTERS.

ROSWELL (John S. Wise), liver and white dog (Robert le Diable—Young Beulah), March.

BASS (C. E. Michel), liver and white dog (Osborn's Ale—Keswick II.), May.

KESWICK'S DAN (J. R. Dougherty), liver and white dog (Osborn's Ale—Keswick II.), May.

STELLA (F. R. Hitchcock), liver and white bitch (Naso of Kippen—Boski), January.

GLAMORIGAN (L. A. Biddle), liver and white dog (Robert le Diable—Tuck), June.

JOYCE OF HALL'S ISLAND (O. W. Donner), liver and white dog (Lad of Bow—Bloomo), March.

BELLE OF KENNESAW (T. M. Brumby), black and white bitch (Brown Stout—Fayette), October.

HI LO JACK (C. P. Smith), black dog (Joe Pape—Queen), January.

VIC G. (T. H. Gibbs), liver and white bitch (Meteor, Jr.—Mamie), April.

GALLINA (John E. Gill), liver and white bitch (Trinket's Bang—Cremorne), April.

BLOOMO II. (Jas. L. Anthony), Liver and white bitch (Lad of Bow—Bloomo), March.

SLANDER (Jas. L. Anthony), liver and white dog (Donald—Revel III.), August.

DUKE OF MAIN (H. F. Farnham), liver and white dog (Beppo III.—May F.), June.

SANCHO (John A. Greenleaf), liver and white dog (Beppo III.—May F.), June.

AMERICAN KENNEL CLUB MEETING.

A SPECIAL meeting of the executive committee of the American Kennel Club was held at their office on Monday. The president, Mr. A. Belmont, Jr., occupied the chair. The following clubs were represented: American Fox-Terrier Club, T. H. Terry; American English Beagle Club, H. F. Schellhass; Cincinnati Sportsmen's Club, P. C. Ohl; Cleveland Bench Show Association, L. G. Hanna; Hartford Kennel Club, C. J. Peshall; Maryland Kennel Club, H. Malcolm; Massachusetts Kennel Club, Robert Leslie; New Jersey Kennel Club, C. J. Peshall; Philadelphia Kennel Club, J. H. Winslow; St. Paul and Minnesota Kennel Club, H. F. Schellhass; St. Bernard Club of America, Lorenzo Daniels; Westminster Kennel Club, F. R. Hitchcock.

Six new members were admitted: Syracuse Kennel Club, Virginia Field Sports Association, Albany Kennel Club, Washington City Kennel Club, Southern Field Trials Club, and American Gordon Setter Club. The Tennessee Poultry and Pet Stock Association also applied for admission, but as a copy of their constitution and by-laws had not been received, the matter was laid on the table until the next meeting. A letter from the Winsted Kennel Club declining to accept their election to membership on account of irregularity in proceedings was, at the request of Mr. Peshall, laid on the table. The resignation of the Stafford Kennel Club was received. We did not learn that any action was taken, although some one suggested that they be dropped from the list.

Mr. A. C. Collins, for the Hartford Kennel Club, wrote a letter calling attention to the case of J. F. Campbell in regard to the exhibition of the Yorkshire terrier Bertie for Sir Colin at the last New York dog show. Mr. James Mortimer also wrote demanding an investigation of the case. It was voted that a committee of two be appointed to investigate the matter, and the president appointe dMessrs. J. H. Winslow, of Philadelphia, and H. Malcolm, of Baltimore.

Mr. Belmont gave notice that he would offer an amendment to Rule 16, that dogs winning a prize after the closing of the entries of any show should not be transferred to the champion class.

Mr. Belmont advocated that the plan of associate membership in use by the English Kennel Club be adopted, and that a monthly kennel gazette be published by the club, and he agreed to guarantee the club from loss in the publication of the gazette for five years in the sum of $5,000. A vote of thanks was tendered Mr. Belmont for his offer, and the matter was placed in the hands of a committee consisting of Messrs. Belmont, T. H. Terry and L. Daniels, to report at the next meeting. Mr. Peshall said that he was in favor of publishing the gazette, but thought it advisable that it should be devoted solely to matters of record without any comment, as he deprecated antagonizing the press by competition. Mr. Belmont replied that some of the press would criticise in any event, and that one paper was supporting the National Dog Club, and it was time that the American Kennel Club took it up. Breeders, he continued, don't know how or for what the National Dog Club was got up; it has not been started in harmony, but was organized in direct opposition to the A. K. C. Had they desired harmony they could have joined the A. K. C. or appointed a committee to consult with that body. Breeders, he said, had been duped and would not have joined had they known the principles of the new club. He alluded to the difference in the rules of the two clubs, and suggested that a circular containing a full explanation of the matter should be sent to every breeder in the country. Mr. Peshall said that the entire opposition was by the *American Kennel Register*, and as long as it exists we may expect opposition from FOREST AND STREAM. He thought that a little diplomacy would harmonize everything, and suggested that a committee be appointed consisting of the president and two others to confer with the publishers of any private stud book, with a view to its purchase. Mr. Belmont said that breeders should be informed that overtures had already been made for the purchase of the *American Kennel Register*. He added that he had nothing against FOREST AND STREAM, but he wanted it to represent things as they are. The report of the Boston show was falsified in that paper, as it was represented to have been a first-class dog show, when such was not the case. A committee consisting of Messrs. Peshall and P. C. Ohl was appointed to confer with the publishers of any private stud book, with a view to its purchase. Messrs. Belmont, Peshall and Vredenburgh were appointed a committee to prepare a circular as mentioned above to be sent to breeders.

AMERICAN FIELD TRIAL DERBY.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I see in the list of A. F. T. Derby entries that Mr. Edward Dexter's three setters are described as mine, and that Mildred is described as liver and white instead of lemon and white; I wish to correct these errors.—C. E. MCMURDO, Manager Field Trial Kennels.

THE NEW JERSEY DATES.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* By what and whose authority were the dates claimed for the next show of the New Jersey Kennel Club?—A MEMBER. [The dates were given to us by the president of the club.]

THE AMERICAN PET DOG CLUB.

THE following are the constitution, by-laws, etc., adopted by the American Pet Dog Club:

The name and title of this club shall be The American Pet Dog Club.

Officers.—The officers of this club shall be president, two vice-presidents, secretary and treasurer. They shall be elected at the annual meeting to be held the second Wednesday in November, and shall hold office for one year, or until their successors are elected. A majority vote shall elect officers. President.—The president, when present, shall preside at all meetings. In the absence of the president one of the vice-presidents shall preside. In the absence of both, any member of the club present may be voted to fill the chair by a majority of a quorum. Nine shall constitute a quorum. Secretary.—The secretary shall keep a record of all proceedings of the club, and present the proceedings of the last meeting to be approved at the next. He also shall have charge of all correspondence relating to the club. He shall notify the members of all meetings to be held; and no meeting shall be legal or regular without such official notification. Treasurer.—The treasurer shall have charge of the club's funds, and shall present a report at every meeting of all moneys received and disbursed, and balance remaining in the treasury.

No one person shall hold two executive offices at the same time, only in the event of the resignation, deposition or prolonged absence of one, in which event the duties may be performed by another executive officer by election. The vacancy to be filled at the next meeting.

No person who is a member or executive officer of another club of a kindred character to this, shall be eligible as an executive officer of this club, or of its executive committee, excepting such as are or may be members when these rules, etc., are adopted.

To constitute an active member, he or she shall be proposed at one meeting and voted upon at the next. In the election of active members, from the adoption of these rules and by-laws, the vote shall be by ballot. One negative vote or black ball shall disqualify a candidate for membership.

The dues may be increased or diminished at the annual meeting of the club, of which proposed change notice must be given at a previous meeting. No person shall be considered a member of the club till his or her initiation fee is paid.

To alter or change any of the adopted rules of the club, will require the vote of a majority of the active members. Absent members may vote proxy on all questions, the requests of the members so voting to be made in writing and addressed to the secretary. An honorary member shall not be entitled to a voice or vote.

There shall be an executive committee of five, of whom the vice-presidents and secretaries shall be members; the other members to be elected by the club. The executive committee shall have power to transact the business of the club, subject to the approval thereof.

A majority of the executive committee shall have power to call a meeting of the club whenever, in their opinion, the interests of the club demand it.

The members of the executive committee are to be considered, in their capacity, as distinct from the executive officers of the club.

A member may be expelled for cause by a two-third vote of a quorum. Such expulsion to be valid must be approved at the next meeting of the club.

An expelled member may be readmitted by a three-fourths vote of the club. A two-thirds vote of a quorum may suspend a member for cause.

A member having been absent three consecutive meetings will be required to write to the secretary, stating cause of absence, otherwise the club may impose a fine, or such other discipline as the majority of a quorum may determine.

OBJECTS OF THE CLUB.

1. To encourage the breeding of all dogs, especially those breeds recognized by this club as belonging to the pet dog classes, to the highest standard of perfection, and thus discountenance the presence of mongrels at dog shows.

2. The general protection of pet dogs, and the punishment of persons discovered abusing them.

3. The protection of such owners of pet dogs as are members of the American Pet Dog Club from the depredations of dog thieves. This to be effected by the club exercising its influence in the prosecution of such thieves as may be detected, and of persons in whose possession the stolen or lost dogs of members may be found.

4. In order to carry out the objects of the club, to give annual bench shows in New York and other cities, at which shows, although all dogs entitled to pedigree will be admitted, pet dogs will be made the special and first object of the club's care and consideration.

5. In any and all bench shows given by and under the auspices of this club, the standard of merit as laid down by "Stonehenge" shall be inflexibly enforced by the club, and observed by the judges in making awards. No person shall be appointed a judge who shall not subscribe to, and agree to be governed by such standard, and not by his own peculiar ideas of what a dog should be. The dog having the highest aggregate of meritorious points shall be the winner.

6. Should the judge err as to the relative merits of the dogs, his decision shall not be considered final. Upon protest of the exhibitor claiming to have been wronged, the dogs in dispute shall be rejudged by competent persons mutually agreed upon by the owners or their agents. Each side to select one judge, and these two a third. Should the disputants fail to select judges as above, then the executive committee shall appoint one or more whose decision shall be final. In no case shall the judge whose decision has been appealed from rejudge.

7. To be considered, the protest or appeal must be written, and addressed to the executive committee of the show; and the points of merit upon which the judge has erred must be stated.

8. The appeal must be accompanied by a deposit of five dollars. If the decision of the judge is sustained, the deposit shall be forfeited; if reversed, it shall be refunded.

9. Every appeal so entered shall be considered; and if the exhibitor entering the appeal so demands, the dogs shall be rejudged.

(Addenda—A competent judge of dogs can no more, in reason, be offended at his decision being reviewed by other judges, than a judge of one court, when his decision is reviewed by the judges of a higher court. A judge who is not willing to have his acts reviewed by other competent judges need not accept the position. At shows given by the American Pet Dog Club, merit, and merit alone, shall secure the prize; and no rule shall be made or adopted by the club which might in any wise exclude honest exhibitors from full justice, and the right of appeal.)

10. The standard or points of merit of each class will be displayed on a tablet in the judge's ring when that particular class or breed is being judged. Thus, all present may be judges of the judge's acts. All dogs to be judged in daylight.

11. This method, heretofore unknown at dog shows, will prove a mutual protection to judge and exhibitor.

12. Every member of the American Pet Dog Club will be entitled to the privilege of entering one dog free of charge in every show held under the auspices of the club; and will also be entitled to an exhibitor's season ticket, and an additional season ticket for any friend whom he or she may name.

13. The initiation fee shall be five dollars for the first year ending November 14, 1888, and no assessment shall be made without the consent of all the active members. Fifty dollars will constitute a life member.

ORDER OF BUSINESS.

1. Calling of the roll. 2. Reading of the minutes. 3. Election of new members or officers. 4. Reports of officers. 5. Reports of committees. 6. Unfinished business. 7. New business. 8. Adjournment.

List of breeds and classes recognized by the American Pet Dog Club as house or pet dogs:

Pugs up to 17lbs., pugs 17 to 25lbs. (bitch not to exceed 17lbs.), King Charles spaniels, Blenheim spaniels, Prince Charles spaniels, ruby spaniels, Japanese spaniels, Yorkshire terriers (blue and tan), Yorkshire terriers (other than blue and tan), Maltese terriers, Skye terriers, Dandy Dinmonts, black and tan terriers up to 7lbs., black and tan terriers over 7lbs. (two classes), Italian greyhounds up to 14lbs., Mexican hairless, fox-terriers not over 10lbs., black poodles, poodles other than black, spaniels under 28lbs., Irish terriers, Scotch terriers, bull-terriers not over 10lbs., Bedlingtons, beagles.

All correspondence should be addressed Secretary American Pet Dog Club, Box 1569, N. Y.

AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER.

FOLLOWING are the numbers of the dogs entered in the July number of the *American Kennel Register*:

BEAGLES.

6353. Kate W., Hornell-Harmony Kennels.
6364. Royal Krueger, Hornell-Harmony Kennels.

COLLIES.

6365. Bessie My Darling, E. C. DeLander.
6367. Lassie Nevis, C. V. W. Fish
6368. Prince IV., B. Chambers.
6366. Flora Maze, E. C. DeLander.
6369. Rubie, A. F. Byrd.

GREAT DANES.

6370. Colonel, J. E. Hudson.

MASTIFFS.

6371. Beech Grove, J. B. Haley.
6372. Boss II., T. P. Amoss.
6373. Cordova, W. H. Smith.
6374. Crawford, J. Lane.
6375. Dougal, E. P. Comins.
6376. Duke of Kansas, J. C. Burnett.
6377. Empress of Wacouta, Wacouta Kennels.
6378. Hector, L. M. Aitken.
6379. Lemona, W. H. Smith.
6380. Lord Raglan, Wacouta Kennels.
6381. Milo II., J. Gardner.
6382. Princess, N. E. Haley.
6383. Rex V., R. T. Perine.
6384. Tigrenes, C. W. Warner.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.

6385. Fritz, S. F. Biddle.

POINTERS.

6386. Dan's Trump, G. D. Alexander.
6387. Don Juan, J. W. Biddle.
6388. Jack, M. A. Case.
6389. Jill, M. A. Case.
6390. Judge, W. M. Williams.
6391. Kaiser, F. H. Peck.
6392. Mikado, F. H. Peck.

PUGS.

6393. Mussette, D. A. Nichols.

ST. BERNARDS—ROUGH-COATED.

6394. Fanchon, C. D. Cugle.
6395. Juno, W. Booth.
6396. Rhona B., S. G. Beals.

SMOOTH-COATED.

6397. Bess, B. J. Schorr.
6398. Bettie, W. W. Davis.

SETTERS—ENGLISH SETTERS.

6399. Dash Bondhu, F. R. Wing.
6400. Forest Anthracite Kennels
6401. Mona Bondhu, A. Lewis.
6402. Nina Laverack, B. Keenan.
6403. Whyte Bedford, T. C. Robertson.
6404. Zeno, E. C. Lathrop.

GORDON SETTERS.

6405. Duke of Kent, E. Kline.
6406. Gypsey, H. W. Woodrow.
6407. Macbeth, S. H. Stockman.
6408. Nell, J. H. Mackin.
6409. Ruby Royal, J. S. Gans.
6410. Sarah M., W. A. Marple.
6411. Viola, E. Kline.

IRISH SETTERS.

6412. Galore, W. J. O'Hara.
6413. Grace, J. F. Campbell.
6414. Juliet, F. T. Weatherill.
6415. Red Rory, G. Drummond.

SPANIELS—FIELD AND COCKER SPANIELS.

6416. Beau, H. H. Graff.
6417. Brownie, G. P. Buchanan.
6418. Florence Obo, E. P. B. Southworth.
6419. Gipsey, G. A. Cluett.
6420. Lady Floss, J. T. Carson.
6421. Sancho, J. R. Chapman.
6422. Shaun Rhue, T. J. Drummond.

TERRIERS—BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.

6423. Vortex, J. F. Campbell.

BULL-TERRIERS.

6424. Daisy Graham, C. T. Donovan.
6425. Grity, C. T. Donovan.
6426. Lady Bolckow, C. T. Donovan.
6427. Mark Antony, C. T. Donovan.
6428. White Puss, E. A. Woodward.

FOX-TERRIERS.

6429. Smart, J. C. Hutchinson.

SCOTCH TERRIERS.

6430. Drake, Jr., J. H. Hertzler.
6431. Euchre, J. J. Nussbaumer.
6432. Glencho, Jr., W. E. Hoff.
6435. Jeppa II., D. A. Raif.
6434. Trixy, W. E. Hoff.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.

6435. Dandy Dick, J. W. Merriam.

DOG TALK.

THE English consul in Manchuria tells in his report of a curious industry which flourishes in his part of the world, writes a *Sun* correspondent. It is breeding dogs for their skins, which go to make dogskin rugs. The market is not supplied by catching stray animals in the streets, but from regular dog ranches, with which Manchuria is dotted by thousands. A ranch produces from 10 to 100 rugs yearly, and it takes eight skins to make a good rug. Dogs which grow fine fur in that country are strangled in the winter time, when the fur is best, before they are a year old, and their skins are sent, frozen, to be prepared in some town. The bodies are eaten, so that nothing is lost. This industry may not be expected to flourish outside China, as we are told that it is necessary for the dogs to be eaten, in order that the ranches may make both ends meet, as skins of good quality and carefully prepared only fetch three taels, or about $3.50, at Bristol.

The subject of trimming dogs, especially terriers, is just now agitating the British dog world. At the recent Kennel Club's show at Barn Elms, the judges were instructed as follows by the secretary of the committee: "I have to call your attention to the prevalent practice of unfairly treating the coats of certain classes of terriers, and to ask you to pass over and call attention to all dogs that in your opinion have been so dealt with." According to the report of the show in the *Stock-Keeper* several dogs in the wire-haired fox-terrier classes were penalized on this account and considerable dissatisfaction was consequently manifest among the exhibitors.

The Boston *Journal* is responsible for a dog that shells peas in an orthodox manner and eats them like a Christian. It is very singular that our esteemed contemporary has no sense of the eternal fitness of things. It would have taken but one more letter to have made it beans.

The New Haven *Palladium* says: "A well known resident of Wallingford has for several years owned a valuable bird dog, which has been the pet of the family. Recently a small spaniel has been added and has in a manner crowded out the larger dog as a family pet, causing jealousy on his part. A few days ago both dogs were missing for a time and upon search being made it was found that the old dog had dug a deep hole in the ground and had put the unwelcome intruder into it, and when discovered was covering up the hole as fast as possible. The spaniel was rescued, much to the discomfiture of his rival in the affections of the family."

The Brant Cocker Kennels have purchased from Mr. J. P. Willey the well-known cocker spaniel bitch Blackie III. She is a noted brood bitch, and will undoubtedly be a valuable acquisition to the kennels.

In addition to the St. Bernard bitch Lady Wellington, purchased by Mr. E. B. Sears in England, we learn that he has also bought the mastiff bitch Countess of Dunsmore. She is by Beaufort and out of Holda.

DEATH OF LILLIAN.—The Syracuse Kennel Club has met with a great misfortune in the loss by death of their well-known setter bitch Lillian. She whelped July 10 a litter of thirteen, and shortly after contracted a cold which took the form of pneumonia, causing her death July 14. Lillian was bred by Messrs. P. H. and D. Bryson, and was whelped August 31, 1883. She was by Gladstone and out of Sue. She was a winner both in the field and on the bench. In '84 she divided third in both the Derby and All-Aged stakes at the trials of the N. A. K. C. and the trials of the Southern Sportsman's Association. In 1885 she divided second at the Western Field Trials Association's trials, and in 1886 she divided third at the National trials. Her winnings on the bench were: First, Cleveland, 1886; first, Pittsburg, 1887, and first, Cincinnati, 1888. She was just in her prime, and her loss is a severe one to the club. The puppies, we understand, are doing well.

ST. PAUL DOG SHOW.—St. Paul, Minn., July 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The St. Paul and Minnesota Kennel Club will hold its second annual bench show in St. Paul on October 23, 24, 25 and 26, 1888.—J. E. STRYKER, Secretary.

KENNEL NOTES.

Notes must be sent on prepared blanks, which are furnished free on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope of large letter size. Sets of 200 of any one form, bound for retaining duplicates, are sent for 30 cents.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Grousecker, U. by D. and Beaufortina. By Dr. W. F. Spring, Bridgeport, Conn., for liver and white pointers, two dogs and one bitch, whelped July 17, 1888, by Clifton Kennels' Sachem (champion Beaufort—Zuba) out of Belle of Winchester (Captain Fred—Lady F.).

May B. By Geo. W. Lovell, Middleboro, Mass., for black, white and ticked pointer bitch, whelped Feb. 25, 1888, by Glen Graphic (A.K.R. 4388) out of Jeanette (Glenmark—Zanetta).

Brake C. By Geo. W. Lovell, Middleboro, Mass., for lemon and white pointer dog, whelped Jan. 18, 1888, by Glen Graphic (A.K.R. 4388) out of Jennie (champion Fritz—Bird).

Joan III. By T. C. Edwards, Chicago, Ill., for lemon and white Clumber spaniel bitch, whelped Jan. 22, 1888, by Johnny II. (Johnny—Nell III.) out of Joan II. (Johnny—Jill).

Elknoor Hunt. By J. M. Fronefield, Wayne, Pa., for his pack of beagles, and the prefix Elknoor for anything emanating from his kennels of English setters and beagles.

BRED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Guess—Doctor. W. S. Bidwell's (Monterey, Mass.) pointer bitch Guess (A.K.R. 6317) to his Doctor (A.K.R. 6316), May 22.

Cute—Duke. L. Gardner's (Mt. Vernon, N. Y.) pointer bitch Cute (A.K.R. 2632) to his Duke (Glendale—Spotless), July 19.

Belle—Gloster. Chas. Caroll's (Hempstead, L. I.) setter bitch Belle to James L. Breese's Gloster (Dashing Rover—Trinket), June 27.

Juno W.—Brant. Chas. M. Nelles's (Brantford, Ont.) cocker spaniel bitch Juno W. (Obo II.—Darkey) to his champion Brant (Obo II.—Blackie III.), June 24.

Flirt—Brant. A. Watts's (Brantford, Ont.) cocker spaniel bitch Flirt (Guy—Flirt) to Chas. M. Nelles's champion Brant (Obo II.—Blackie III.), June 13.

Blackie III.—Obo II. Chas. M. Nelles's (Brantford, Ont.) cocker spaniel bitch Blackie III. (Brush II.—Blackie II.) to J. P. Willey's champion Obo II. (Obo—Chloe II.), June 12.

Bonita—Brant. Chas. M. Nelles's (Brantford, Ont.) cocker spaniel bitch Bonita (Brahmin—Ouida) to his champion Brant (Obo II.—Blackie III.), June 10.

Flirt—Little Red Rover. H. B. Palmer's cocker spaniel bitch Flirt to C. M. Nelles's Little Red Rover, June 9.

Duskie—Mike. Chas. M. Nelles's (Brantford, Ont.) cocker spaniel bitch Duskie (champion Brant—Mollie Brant) to his champion Mike (Frank—Nellie), June 2.

Meg—Brant. R. P. Anderson's cocker spaniel bitch Meg to C. M. Nelles's Brant (A.K.R. 5389), June 27.

Lady Pluto—Doc. Geo. H. Whitehead's (Trenton, N. J.) cocker spaniel bitch Lady Pluto (Obo II.—Blackie III.) to American Cocker Kennels' Doc (A.K.R. 3795), July 19.

Miss Topsy—Doc. American Cocker Kennels' (Wm. Penn, Pa.) cocker spaniel bitch Miss Topsy (A.K.R. 5968) to their Doc (A.K.R. 3795), July 21.

Queen Obo—Doc. American Cocker Kennels' (Wm. Penn, Pa.) cocker spaniel bitch Queen Obo (A.K.R. 3032) to their Doc (A.K.R. 3795), July 13.

Lucy—Doc. American Cocker Kennels' (Wm. Penn, Pa.) cocker spaniel bitch Lucy (A.K.R. 4470) to their Doc (A.K.R. 3795), July 15.

Bedlam—Scarsdale. A. Perrin's (Cambridge, Mass.) fox-terrier bitch Bedlam (A.K.R. 3698) to E. C. Coney's Scarsdale (A.K.R. 1212), July 17.

Lady—Bradford Harry. Fred Noble's (Pawtucket, R. I.) Yorkshire terrier bitch Lady (Banks's Royal—Lady) to F. H. Coombs's Bradford Harry (Crawshaw's Bruce—Beale's Lady), July 9.

WHELPS.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Dame Trot. J. M. Fronefield, Jr.'s (Wayne, Pa.) imported beagle bitch Dame Trot, July 16, six (one dog), by his The Rambler (Marchboy II.—Lizzie).

Maud. Chas. Woods's (Philadelphia, Pa.) beagle bitch Maud, July 3, six (four dogs), by H. F. Schellhass's Trailer (Racket—Fly).

Belle of Winchester. Dr. W. F. Spring's (Bridgeport, Conn.) pointer bitch Belle of Winchester (Captain Fred—Lady F.), July 17, seven (six dogs), by Clifton Kennels' Sachem (champion Beaufort—Zuba).

Ruby. J. P. Swain, Jr.'s (Bronxville, N. Y.) pointer bitch Ruby (A.K.R. 4893), July 19, nine (ONE dog), by W. M. Williams's Judge (A.K.R. 6390); three bitches since dead.

Apollona. John Keevan's (Brooklyn, N. Y.) St. Bernard bitch Apollona (A.K.R. 6347), July 11, eleven (nine dogs), by Essex Kennels' Essex (A.K.R. 930); three since dead.

Lillian. Syracuse Kennel Club's (Syracuse, N. Y.) English setter bitch Lillian (Gladstone—Sue), July 10, thirteen (seven dogs), by their Dad Wilson (Cambridge—Dido II.).

Lit II. Syracuse Kennel Club's (Syracuse, N. Y.) English setter bitch Lit II. (Roderigo—Lit), July 17, eight (four dogs), by their Dad Wilson (Camoridge—Dido II.).

Narka Noble Gladstone. Dr. L. M. Thompson's (Mahanoy City, Pa.) English setter bitch Narka Noble Gladstone (A.K.R. 6264), July 1, eight (five dogs), by Anthracite Kennels' Forest (A.K.R. 6400); four black and white, two lemon and white and two white.

Tees Chloe. J. H. Hammett's (Newport, R. I.) cocker spaniel bitch Tees Chloe, July 5, five (four dogs), by Fay & Baxter's Ned Obo.

Busy. Chas. M. Nelles's (Brantford, Ont.) cocker spaniel bitch Busy (Mike—Nancy), June 13, five (three dogs), by his champion Brant (Obo II.—Blackie III.).

Turpur. Chas. M. Nelles's (Brantford, Ont.) cocker spaniel bitch Turpur (Silk, Jr.—Brantford Flirt), June 24, seven (four dogs), by his Little Red Rover (Obo II.—Woodstock Dinah).

Woodstock Dinah. Chas. M. Nelles's (Brantford, Ont.) cocker spaniel bitch Woodstock Dinah (imported Tippo—Toronto Jet), June 17, eleven (seven dogs), by his champion Brant (Obo II.—Blackie III.).

Beauty. J. T. Campbell's (Montreal, Can.) Yorkshire terrie bitch Beauty, July 18, three (two dogs), by P. H. Coombs's Bradford Harry (Crawshaw's Bruce—Beale's Lady).

Belva. M. H. Dailey's (Bangor, Me.) Yorkshire terrier bitch Belva, July 9, five (one dog), by P. H. Coombs's Bradford Harry (Crawshaw's Bruce—Beale's Lady).

SALES.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Lassie Rippon. Sable and white collie bitch, whelped May 4, 1886 (A.K.R. 6212), by Palmetto Kennels, Charleston, S. C., to J. G. Vose, Orangeburg, S. C.

Scotilla—Gem whelps. Collie bitches, whelped April 12, 1888, by Chestnut Hill Kennels, Philadelphia, Pa., one each to Mr. Yendall and W. D. Hughes, both of same place.

Bonnie Knowe. Sable collie bitch, whelped March 17, 1886, by Red Gauntlet out of Brenda, by Robert McEwen, Byron, Ont., to Chestnut Hill Kennels, Philadelphia, Pa.

Nightthorpe. Sable collie bitch, whelped Aug. 16, 18886 (A.K.R. 4248), by Chestnut Hill Kennels, Philadelphia, Pa., to I. H. Wilson, Charleston, S. C.

Nullamore. Sable collie dog, whelped Aug. 11, 1886 (A.K.R. 3715), by Chestnut Hill Kennels, Philadelphia, Pa., to W. D. Hughes, same place.

Juanita. Black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped June 24, 1887, by Brant out of Bonita, by Chas. M. Nelles, Brantford, Ont., to Walter C. Hately, Chicago, Ill.

Little Rover—Monie Brant whelp. Black cocker spaniel dog, whelped March 2, 1888, by Chas. M. Nelles, Brantford, Ont., to J. Otis Fellows, Hornellsville, N. Y.

Ben. Black cocker spaniel dog, whelped Feb. 22, 1888, by Brant out of Bonita, by Chas. M. Nelles, Brantford, Ont., to M. F. Suydam, Hawley, Pa.

Blackie III. Black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped May, 1882 (A. K. R. 428), by J. P. Willey, Salmon Falls, N. H., to Chas. M. Nelles, Brantford, Ont.

Breda Jim—Breda Tincy whelps. Irish terrier dogs, whelped April 25, 1888, by Chestnut Hill Kennels, Philadelphia, Pa., one to Griffiths Coit, San Francisco, Cal., and one to W. H. Johnstone, Chestnut Hill, Pa.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

READER, N. Y.—A Gordon setter's hair has fallen in places from his legs and thighs, which look sore; his eyes discharge a large amount of yellow matter. Ans. Give 5-grain pill of quinine every morning. Keep bowels open with syrup of buckthorn in teaspoonful doses, and give 5 drops of Fowler's solution of arsenic in the food night and morning.

B. J. L., Elmira, N. Y.—I have a setter pup 5mos. old, who two weeks ago began to break out in sores along the belly, especially about the hindquarters, along back and sides. He seems to be all right. Sores start with a yellow head and dry in a day to scab like iron rust. He also runs considerable at the eyes. Nose seems right, damp and cold. Appetite good. Ans. One form of eczema or mange. Cleanse the dog with warm water and castile soap and apply zinc oxide ointment every morning. Keep the bowels clear and give 5grs. quinine night and morning in pill form concealed in a morsel of meat.

K. C., Phoenixville, Pa.—I have a Newfoundland bitch with pup due Aug. 11. I notice to-day for the first time a very large lump on left elbow about the size of an apple. I also notice one has commenced to grow on other arm. Will you kindly inform me what is the cause of this growth, and what can be done for it, and if curable. When felt it does not seem to be painful to the dog. Her general health is excellent. Ans. Often comes in old dogs. It is similar to corns or bunions in the human race. It may be due to bad position in lying down, irritation coming at this point. Nothing can be of much benefit unless you can remove the irritation.

E. R. K., Philadelphia, Pa.—An Irish setter, twelve months old, two or three weeks ago was taken sick and ever since that time he has been afflicted with nervousness; this is so bad at times that he cannot be induced to take food in the presence of any one. He has a very good appetite and I give him mostly bread and milk. He has a hot, dry nose and his coat is in very poor condition. Ans. Look for worms in the passages; if found, give 30grs. of areca nut powdered and made into a large pill; repeat this in three hours. If you do not discover worms, give a teaspoonful of the following in water three times daily:

℞ Syr ferri quin. et strychnin. phosph..... ʒiv

E. G. S., Braddock, Pa.—About four weeks ago my Irish setter and water spaniel pup about four months old took the distemper, from which they seem to have recovered all right except a little running at the eyes. About two weeks ago the water spaniel seemed to grow weak in the hind parts and his head turn on one side. About a week ago my other pup was taken the same way; still running at the eyes and shakes; will start to run and fall down and can hardly get up. They seem to eat well. Can you tell me what to do for them? Ans. Give a compound cathartic pill hidden in a small morsel of meat. See that there are no worms. Give 5grs. of quinine morning and evening, also concealed in same way. If dogs do not improve report again.

H. E., Hammonton, N. J.—My setter bitch at the age of five months became afflicted with mange. A month later warts, resembling seed warts on the human cuticle, but soft and pendulous, made their appearance on the tongue, lips and mouth. The bitch died from distemper and its sequences one month after the warts appeared. The rest of my dogs have the warts coming in the same manner. Could they have taken them from her, and what will remove them? Also, what causes them? Ans. It is hard to say what causes these growths, often some local irritation. They can be removed by application of fuming nitric acid on a match or pine stick. By means of a small stick of soap too extensive action of the acid can be stopped. Lunar caustic will also eradicate, but is slower in action.

L. S. E., Sedalia, Mo.—An English setter, 15 months old, in April had distemper, and came very near dying. I nursed him for a month, when he began to improve and stopped coughing and fattened up. I thought him entirely well, when one morning going in the yard he could scarcely walk, seemed to give way in his loins very similar to a hog with kidney worms. I did nothing for him as I thought it might be caused by a lick received during the night. In a few days he got almost over it, when he seemed to stop improving, and now he has little use of his right hindleg, though he does not seem to suffer any from it, but all the time when he is lying down this leg jerks at regular intervals about every second. Ans. A very common sequel of distemper. Keep the bowels open with syrup of buckthorn in teaspoonful doses, and get the following:

℞ Ferri et strychnin citrat..... .....grs. xxx.
Fit pil. No. 10.

Give one taree times daily concealed in a morsel of meat. Rub the affected parts with some stimulating liniment morning and evening. Look for worms.

A wonderful story has just made its way hither from Cannes; but, as your readers will presently perceive, it would be rather rash to guarantee its strict authenticity. It would, perhaps, be more prudent to class it, pending its verification, among the "things that might have been." Be this as it may, the tale is worth relating, if only as a novel specimen of Munchausen literature. It happened in this wise: In the forest of Esterel a man and woman were at work, and not far off their babe—an infant 6 months old—was lying in the cradle, which had been moved to the front of their cottage in order that the little cherub might inhale the fresh air under the watchful gaze of its fond parents. Suddenly a noise was heard, and an enormous eagle swooping down from the cerulean sky, seized the babe with beak and claws, and began to soar once more toward the sun, when the distracted father, rushing madly into his hut, took up a gun. Without a moment's hesitation the man pointed his weapon at the cruel bird and fired. The eagle dropped earthward as dead as a door-nail, and its slayer now achieved another feat which would have won him any amount of applause at Lord's. He held out his hands and caught the child as it fell, the little one escaping without so much as a scratch, and returning from its journey into mid-air as "bright as a button." So Tell of immortal renown has now a rival. The only drawback is that a skeptic has hinted that if it were carefully examined the majestic bird might prove after all to be only a cauard.—*London Telegraph.*

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

WASHINGTON HEIGHTS AND ALGONQUINS.—New York, July 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Noticing in to-day's issue of your valued journal that Washington Heights G. C. had defeated a rifle team from the Algonquin G. C., I wish to correct a wrong impression that may be therein conveyed. The team from Algonquin was in reality a scrub team, whereas the Washington Heights Club have been preparing for this rifle match for an indefinite period. When our friends of the W. H. G. C. meet a representative rifle team from the Algonquin G. C., and fairly defeat them, then we will not dispute their right to assert their superiority over us with the rifle, but until such a time arrives, would it not be well to spare the printer's ink? We propose at our next meeting to discuss the advisability of having a rifle range on our club grounds, which are admirably situated for a 100yds. range. Once this is successfully accomplished, as no doubt it will be, and that very expeditiously, we will be pleased to hear from the riflemen of the W. H. G. C., or of any other club in the locality. We have among our members several fine rifle shots, who are a little "oil" for want of practice. They will be heard from later. I hope you will insert this in next issue of your journal, as we feel that an injustice has been done our club.—BLUE ROCK.

SUFFOLK, Va., July 11.—The members of the Colts Amateur Rifle Club met at their gallery last night for the first regular practice. The lights were badly arranged and very poor shooting was the result. Possible 120, 75ft., .22-cal. rifles:

W N McAnge	9	9	11	11	10	9	12	9	11	7	—98
John Pipkin	8	9	9	10	6	11	10	10	9	9	—92
P I Winborne	10	7	9	6	11	11	7	12	8	9	—90
H E Smith	9	11	5	9	10	8	10	9	6	10	—87
J H Newton	8	9	9	8	7	12	8	6	12	6	—85
Wiley Knight	10	4	9	8	10	7	12	3	6	11	—80
John F Lotzia	12	0	7	10	11	11	2	4	6	4	—67
W H Jones, Jr	4	2	7	7	4	10	6	8	7	7	—62
John Monell	5	2	11	5	5	8	3	6	1	3	—49
R E Jones	0	0	0	8	4	8	10	5	7	4	—48

CREEDMOOR, July 21.—It was a splendid day for shooting at Creedmoor to-day. The a tendance, however, was not large, but the shooting for gold, silver and bronze medals and cash prizes was spirited. The gold medal was captured by J. D Foot, of the 7th regiment, who made 47 points out of a possible 50, at distances of 200 and 500yds. The following are the winners of silver and bronze medals at the same distances:

	200yds.	500yds.		200yds.	500yds.
Lieut John Shephard	23	—46	G S Scott	21	—44
Capt M H Palmer	22	—45	A Stein	22	—44
C A Jones	23	—44	O E Dudley	23	—44
E F M Wendelstadt	21	—44	G F Hamlin	22	—43

Cash prizes were won by the following: G. L. Stebbins, 7th Regiment, 46 points out of 50; Major G. L. Shorkley, U. S. Army, 46; John F. Klein, 17th Separate Company, 44; W. J. Underwood, 7th Regiment, 44; R. McLean, 7th Regiment, 43; A. McDougall, 7th Regiment, 43, and W. L. Frost, 12th Regiment, 43.

LONDON, July 19.—The shooting contest to-day for the Elcho shield at Wimbledon resulted in favor of the Irish team. The scores were as follows: Ireland, 1,352 points; England, 1,642; Scotland, 1,563.

BOSTON, July 21.—The regular matches were shot to-day at the Massachusetts rifle range, and below will be found the best finished scores:

Rest Match, 200Yds.

S Wilder	12	11	11	11	9	12	9	12	12	11	—110
H Severance	11	10	10	10	10	12	10	9	9	12	—103
J N Eames	12	9	11	11	10	8	12	8	11	10	—102
A Ballard	12	8	11	12	9	8	12	12	9	9	—102
F C Towne	10	12	9	9	10	9	9	12	10	10	—100
T D Hart	9	12	9	11	9	10	9	11	9	10	—99
A C Clarke	12	9	9	9	8	12	9	9	8	10	—95
E N Johnson	9	10	9	9	9	7	8	10	9	9	—89

Off-Hand Decimal, 200Yds.

A Law	7	10	6	9	6	5	8	7	9	—73
W J Davis	9	6	7	5	7	8	6	5	6	10—69
T D Hart	10	4	7	8	10	8	6	5	6	4—68

50Yds. Revolver Match.

J B Fellows	9	9	8	10	10	10	10	10	7	8—91
A Wesson	6	7	7	10	10	9	9	10	10	7—85
O M Howard	10	7	10	7	7	9	6	9	8	8—81
A C Clarke	7	8	7	7	8	10	7	9	6	8—77

50Yds. Pistol Match.

J N Frye	10	9	5	9	9	10	8	5	8	4—77
A Wesson	9	9	5	6	8	7	4	10	8	7—73
A C Clarke	8	7	7	6	6	0	6	8	10	5—63

500Yds. Military Match.

E L Dorr, Jr	5	3	5	4	5	2	5	4	5	4—42
W J Locknart	3	4	4	4	4	5	3	5	4	2—38
H R Koehler	5	4	5	3	2	5	5	5	2	2—37
M G Withum	0	3	4	5	5	3	3	4	3	4—54

FITCHBURG, Mass., July 19.—Members of the Fitchburg Rifle and Gun Club had a meet at their range yesterday. The shooting was off-hand (o. h.) and at rest (r.), with the following results:

Practice Match.

F Harvey	o h	8	9	8	9	9	7	9	10	10	6—85
	r	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10—99
A B Small	o h	7	9	10	5	7	9	7	8	10	9—78

Match A.

A B Small	o h	8	8	8	7	7	9	8	8	9	4—76
F Harvey	o h	6	9	1	5	6	8	10	10	7	6—68
	o h	6	9	9	8	7	8	7	0	3	7—75
	o h	8	8	6	8	10	7	6	8	8	2—72
	r	9	9	10	10	10	10	9	10	10	10—97
	r	10	9	10	10	9	9	10	10	8	10—95
W V Lowe	o h	9	8	10	10	4	6	8	6	8	7—76
	o h	3	10	8	8	9	10	7	9	4	5—73
	o h	4	7	9	10	9	9	9	7	8	8—79
	r	8	10	8	10	8	9	8	5	8	9—87
	r	10	7	9	10	9	7	9	10	10	10—91

GARDNER, Mass., July 19.—Yesterday a team of seven men, members of the Heywood Guards, Co. F, 2d Regiment Infantry, M.V.M., went out to Hackmatack Range. The shooting was off-hand with Creedmoor target, distance 200yds. The result follows:

Private G W Bishop	33	Captain C O'Neal	28
Private A E Knowlton	32	Private F White	28
Lieut C N Edgell	31	Private F B Edgell	26—207
Sergeant B F Thrasher	29		

There were also individual five-shot scores with the following results:

G W Bishop	22	24—46	F B Edgell	21	21—42	
A E Knowlton	22	23—45	F White	22	20—42	
C N Edgell	22	23—45	F L Proctor	20	10—10	
B F Thrasher	22	22—44	C O'Neal	16	20—36	

TORONTO VS. BOWMANVILLE.—The telegraphic match between the Bowmanville Rifle Association and the Toronto Association took place Saturday afternoon, July 14, on their respective ranges and resulted in a victory for the Toronto team by 47 points. The weather with the winners was very trying, owing to the haziness and changing winds, while the Bowmanville men experienced considerable smoke, owing to bush fires in that locality. Following are the respective scores, 7 shots per man per range:

Toronto Team.	200	500	600	T'l	Bowmanville Team.	200	500	600	T'l
T Mitchell	30	28	24	92	J B Mitchell	29	27	24	80
G Thompson	32	33	25	90	W S Russell	29	29	21	79
R McVittie	31	44	25	89	McLaughlin	29	24	25	78
A G Ronan	26	31	24	81	D Beach	30	24	24	78
Wm Harp	28	30	20	78	J Sando	28	29	20	77
A Cartwright	28	23	25	76	W S Young	27	28	21	76
A D Cooke	26	28	21	75	W C King	30	26	16	72
G M Donnelly	24	22	27	73	J Curtis	22	13	23	67
	225	228	201	654		234	200	173	607

The return match was set down for July 21.

OTTAWA, July 10.—The Metropolitan Rifle Association held their annual meeting this evening, President G. B. Pattee presiding. The treasurer's report shows the funds to be in a satisfactory condition. The following was the result of the election of officers: Patron, Sir Adolphe Caron; Vice-Patron, Mayor McLeod Stewart; President, Mr. G. B. Pattee (re-elected); Vice-Presidents, Col. Bacon and Mr. Allan Gilmour (re-elected); Secretary-Treasurer, Mr. J. W. Taylor; Assistant Secretary-Treasurer, Mr. R. E. Watts; Auditor, Mr. J. McJanet; Managing Committee, Major Todd, Capt. Harwood, Lieut. Winter, Mr. J. Grant, Mr. J. A. Holbrook. The annual prize meeting will be held on Aug. 24 and 25, unless the Quebec provincial matches are held that week, in which case the Metropolitan matches will be held on the 17th and 18th.

PORT ELGIN, July 20.—A very interesting match was shot between the Port Elgin and Owen Sound Rifle Association to day on the Port Elgin Range. The weather was very favorable and good shooting was done. The match was practically a tie till the last three men shot their number of rounds, and resulted in a victory for Port Elgin by 10 points, seven rounds at each range. Following is the score, 7 shots per man per range:

Owen Sound.	200yds.	400yds.	500yds.	Total.
Dr C M Lang	30	30	24	84
Lieut-Col Telford	29	27	23	79
C K Grigg	23	29	25	77
J O Ott	25	29	13	67
W Wilson	25	30	20	75
C C Pearce	28	30	25	83
A Campbell	32	33	22	86—551
Port Elgin.				
L F Mitchell	37	31	26	88
D J Izzard	28	32	26	86
A Smith	25	27	25	77
A Pilter	27	29	25	81
A Merriam	16	29	23	68
J Erdt	30	25	28	83
H Smith	30	27	21	78—551

TORONTO, July 16.—The long-deferred Rifle Association match for the challenge cup came off to-day on the new range at Mr. Alexander Hamilton's grove. The coveted prize had been twice won by Mr. J. J. Glover, of Beaverton, and had he been successful at the late meeting, the cup would have become his own property. He, however, had to make way to a better marksman. The terms of the match are: 200 and 400yds., 5 shots at each range; Snider rifle; at shorter range, kneeling or standing; longer range, any position, no artificial rests; open only to members of Beaverton Rifle Association; 25 gentlemen competed. At the conclusion of the 200yds. contest, Mr. J. Williamson, of Lindsay, led, being 17 out of a possible 20. He was followed by Mr. John Calder, of Beaverton, by 16. The balance were composed of 15, 14 and one 12. Mr. Glover was a 14 man. At the long (400) range the difference was seen, Mr. Williamson only placing 13 to his credit and Mr. Calder 12, but Mr. McNeil, of Gamebridge, headed the list by adding 17 to his previous one of 15, thus making his total 32. This score was not beaten, so he becomes the possessor, for the time being, of a very handsome cup. The gentlemen competing were Messrs. C. A. Patterson, H. Westcott, D. McMillan, J. C. Jennett, J. Leslie, A. F. Burchard, P. McMillan, J. Burchard, J. J. Glover, A. K. Cameron, John Calder, John Brown, A. Dobson, A. McRae, W. Curran, Don McMillan, R. White, A. Campbell, D. McNeil, J. Williamson, J. H. Oliver, W. Dobson, R. F. Killaly, D. A. McKinnon, Dun. McRae.

NEW ORLEANS, La., July 15.—The Orleans Rifle Club gave a prize shoot to-day at Magnolia Garden. Only members of the club participated, and they did some good shooting, as will be seen by the following score: Possible 25—First, Carl Coonenberg, 19 points; second, J. Weinol, 19; third, B. J. Hagstette, 18; fourth, E. Eilzen, 18; fifth, E. Klotz, 18; sixth, G. Schmidt, 15; seventh, J. J. Egloff, 15.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 15.—To-day's superb weather attracted large crowds to Harbor View Park where the rifle section of the Verein Eintracht gave a prize shooting match, at which the sum of $240 was distributed. The contest was open to all comers, and lasted from 10 o'clock in the morning till 6 in the evening. The company's special contest, under the management of Capt ain F. A. Kuhls, was also decided. The following made the highest scores. A. Stamer, E. Forst, Captain F. A. Kuhls, Leo Klutz, J. Cron, P. Fueller, T. Wolff, C. Tapken, C. Schuck and E. Streuber. The first bullseyes in the morning and afternoon were got by L. H. Kauffung and J. Helm.

WIMBLEDON, Eng.—Despite a wretched opening, so far as weather went, the old Common range has been magnificent. In the first stage of the Queen's match shot over the 200, 500 and 600 yards ranges, military rifles, 7 shots at each, making a total possible of 105, there were no less than 9 who made 95, and in making up the list of 300 to shoot in the second stage a number of the 86 scores were counted out.

CAMILLUS, N. Y., July 14.—W. B. Bucklin, in a match to-day, made a score of 112 on the standard American target at 200yds, rest.

CONLIN'S COLLECTION.—James S. Conlin, the shooting master at Thirty-first street and Broadway, has a big collection of all manner of exhibits on marksmanship, but he is desirous of getting more, and has sent out a circular asking for photos, targets, etc. He says: "The records of shooting, photographs of marksmen, targets, etc., which I have been gathering together for the past twenty years, form a collection which is admitted to be the best in existence. I have at my gallery a special room devoted to the above mentioned collection, and many gentlemen from all parts of the world who are interested in shooting, have, while in this city, called and inspected same and found much to interest them."

NEWARK, July 19.—The appearance of the Shooting Park today was very different from that of the previous week. The extra 30 targets, the shooting-house, prize temple, booths and other extras had all been removed, and the grounds once more assumed their old-time look. The rain to-day kept the majority of the marksmen away, and only four members of the Newark Shooting Society reported for their weekly practice. The finest work was done by Hayes, who secured an average of about 221 for eight strings. If the weather is more favorable on Thursday next all the society's shooters are expected to be on hand. The International Sharpshooters' Union ran behind about $3 500 on the recent festival. The shooting portion paid big money, but on account of the bad weather the receips at the gate and bars were small.

FITCHBURG, Mass.—The following are the best scores shot on range of Fitchburg Rifle and Gun Club, July 18, off-hand:

F Harvey	8	9	8	9	9	7	9	10	10	6—85
W V Lowe	4	7	9	10	7	9	9	7	8	9—79
A B Small	8	8	8	7	7	9	8	8	9	4—76
Rest.										
F Harvey	10	10	10	10	9	10	10	10	10	9—99
W V Lowe	10	7	9	10	9	7	9	10	10	10—91

July 21 the conditions were favorable for good scores, and some fine shooting was done. The best scores of each shooter are as follows, off-hand:

A B Small	7	10	8	7	6	8	8	10	8	8—81
C H Brown	8	5	9	7	10	8	5	7	7	3—70
F Harvey	9	8	7	7	5	5	9	6	4	7—67
E Newton	8	7	10	7	8	7	5	4	6	4—66
F M Patch	8	4	6	6	4	6	3	6	10	7—61
L R Stanley	9	3	7	3	5	5	8	7	7	5—59
Rest.										
A B Small	11	10	11	12	12	12	10	9	8	12—107
C H Brown	9	9	12	11	9	11	9	10	10	11—101
F Harvey	12	10	8	10	11	9	12	8	9	11—160
L R Stanley	12	7	10	11	10	10	10	9	9	4—92

ST. LOUIS, July 20.—F. A. Fodde made the best score at the regular weekly shoot of the St. Louis Pistol Club. Following are the scores out of a possible 120:

F A Fodde	116	M Summerfield	111
G W Alexander	114	A E Bengel	110
L V Perret	112	E C Mohrstadt	107
O Wallace	112	W H Bonnell	106
M C Billmeyer	111	W J Land	103
W Bauer	111	W C Hackwitz	102

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

FACILITIES FOR MARKSMEN.

THERE are just now two projects under formation in New York, each aiming at the promotion of trap-shooting. One aims to provide a ground so near the city and so convenient of access that no one who wishes to take a few shots need be debarred from visiting the ground because of cost or time outlay. This is the New York Suburban Shooting Grounds Association. The other project is the formation of a league of shooters for the shooting of test matches, to determine records of individual shooters and the relative standing of clubs. Matches will be shot at various times and telegraphic reports sent in. The work of the league will be to see that the matches are properly fought, and as far as may be the league will be fashioned upon the base ball bodies. Local pride will be stimulated and a mass of data gathered which will be valuable in striking general averages.

CLEVELAND, O., July 19.—The competition for the badges at the East End Club shoot to-day was more strongly marked than at any badge contest held by the club this year. Twelve members competed for the badges, and D. R. June won the first prize, breaking 21 out of a possible 23. The conditions were 15 Peorias sprung from five traps at 18yds. rise, and four pairs. The scores follow:

J Held	1091100301100001	10	01	10	10— 9
Levi Wherry	0000011010101101	00	11	10	01—10
A G Harburg	0101011010111111	10	10	10	11—15
A B Jones	1011110111111011	01	11	11	10—18
O H Henry	1100001010101100	00	10	11	10—10
C C Hogan	1101111111111101	11	11	01	10—18
T Haycox	0100111011011111	11	11	10	01—16
C Elford	0000110111011010	10	10	10	10—11
Sweatman	0019011101101111	01	10	10	11—14
D R June	1111010111111111	11	11	11	11—21
C Conger	0100011001000001	00	00	10	11— 8
F C Hogan	0010011110011110	10	10	01	00—11
Mr Weaver	1111011010000010	10	11	11	10—14

C. C. Hogan and A. B. Jones tied on 18 for the second badge, and the former won in the shoot-off at doubles.

FACTORY AMMUNITION.—"Doctor F." writes from Troy, Ohio, that he had long had a prejudice against the shotgun ammunition loaded by machinery, but this has been overcome by his witnessing the high scores attained by trap shooters who use the loaded cartridge.

TORONTO, July 4. The final contest for three gold medals given by W. McDowall & Co., took place at their shooting grounds this afternoon. The event comprised three classes, a medal and four cash prizes going to each class. There were three fortnightly shoots at 16 Peorias each day, the best average score taking the prizes. Messrs. C. Kemp in the first, S. Wilkinson in second, and A. E. Romain in the third class won the medal. The weather was splendid, with a slight wind prevailing, and the sky was just cloudy enough to take the glare off the polished Peoria, thus leaving the shooter without an excuse. The scores in the shoot are as follows, First class, 16 blackbirds, 18yds.:

C Kemp.....1111111110011011—13 G Jones.....0101111100011101—10
D Blea.....1111101110110110—13 G Pear.....0001110010111111— 9
W McDowall.1111011101001011—12

Second class, same conditions:

T Sawden, Jr.1101111100101011—11 S McClure....0111101101110100—10
G Wilkinson.1001101010101111—10 J Swift.....0100011000111110— 8

Third class, same conditions:

T Tomson... .1011111111101110—13 A E Romain..0011111010101111—11
J S Bayles....1010101101111110—11 R Barrett....0000111000010111— 8

The total scores in the three shoots are as follows:

First Class.

Kemp	14	14	13—41	Jones	10	15	10—35
Blea	14	12	14—39	Pear	6	11	9—29
McDowall	13	13	12—38				

Paul, Rickley and Townson retired.

Second Class.

Wilkinson	12	13	10—35	Swift	10	9	8—27
Sawden, Jr.	10	11	11—32	Pearson	7	12	7—26
McClure	9	12	10—31				

R. Wilson, Kipp, Smith, Beatty, B. Wilson, J. Barrett, Walton, Jackson, Harrison and Longley retired.

Third Class.

Romain	11	9	11—31	Bayles	7	5	11—23
Tomson	10	5	13—28	McCready	6	10	7—23
Gardiner	7	13	6—26	Barrett, R.	8	7	8—23

Austin and W. Blea retired. As the above competition has proved in every respect a success, it is the intention of Messrs. McDowall & Co to start another shortly.

J. C. H. R. & G. C.—The Jersey City Heights Rod and Gun Club will hold a five days' tournament at Marion, N. J., in the latter part of September.

WORCESTER, Mass., July 20.—The classification shoots, under the auspices of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club, were continued at the Coal Mine Brook Range this week. In the classification score there are 6 strings of 5 birds, in the prize score a string of 10 birds. No ties were shot, the men dividing. The work in detail follows:

Classification Score—Class A.		Prize score
E F Swan	334542—21	10
M D Gillmore	555455—29	9
G W Wheeler	543535—25	9
A R Bowdish	454454—26	9
C R B Claflin	553254—22	8
H W Eager	544555—28	8
G J Rugg	533544—24	6
G W Russell	444355—25	4
Class B.		
L R Hudson	343332—18	9
Geo Sampson	233323—16	8
V D Kennerson	353352—19	7
L S Killburn	333234—18	6
A B Franklin	222243—15	6
W M Hunt	003322—10	5
Dr Frank	032122—10	5
H Colvin	111133—10	4
C H Morse	102022— 7	2
C R Holman	241141—13	2

NEWARK, N. J., JULY 19.—The Old Essex Gun Club is again in grand shape and prepared for business. The arrangements for the shooting at Erb's Park were broken up early in the year for causes not necessary to mention here, and in looking around for new grounds affording both convenience and quietude, Mr. A. Heritage (Old South Paw), of the Jersey City Heights Club, let down the bars and bade the club welcome to the acme of shooting grounds at Marion. Not only this, but he volunteered to furnish birds, trappers and every facility and attention required, and to make the bargain cheap to the club whose interest he has at heart—being a co-member—he mortgaged himself and offered a valuable special prize to the best man at the first shoot on his grounds. To-day being the regular day for meeting in competition for club and individual prizes, fourteen members put in an appearance, and had it not been for the threatening weather a greater number would have been present to have given Mr. H. a grand ovation. The shoot was seven times interrupted by heavy showers, but the boys stuck to it till dark, and a more generally pleased lot of gentlemen never left a shooting ground. The two objects in view in this writing, is, first, to express publicly the gratitude of the members of the Essex Gun Club to Mr. Heritage, and, second, to let the shooting fraternity know that the Essex still lives since its encounter with the Eastern Club during the blizzard, and that its flag still flutters. The appended scores speak well for the first shoot on strange ground, and although it has not been customary to publish the doings of the club, it may in future show the members up in cold type regularly. The membership is divided into three classes; each class has its own club fund and individual subscription subdivided, all of which is for the season, and five scores are necessary to qualify. Each member is credited with the five best scores made during the year, the aggregate of which determines his place in the competition.

Regular monthly competition, 10 birds each, Hurlingham rules, except as to gun, Class A 30, Class B 28, Class C 26yds., voluntary entrance $1:

Class A.

Breintnall	1111111111—10	Ford	0111010111— 7
Yeomans	1111111111—10		

Class B.

C M Hedden	1111111111—10	Leddy	1111001111— 8
C R Hedden	1110111111— 9	Nicholas	1111111111—10
Heritage	0111111110— 8	Unger	0111111111— 9

Class C.

Terrill	1111000111— 7	Still	1001011110— 6
Siggins	1111111111—10		

Back Scores.

Breintnall	1111111111—10	C R Hedden	1111110111— 9

Total, 123 out of 140. Ties on 10 for first shot off in first sweep, second and third divided.

First sweep, 4-birds class, handicap rise, 50, 30 and 20 per cent.:

Unger	1111—4	Yeomans	0110—2
*Nicholas	1111—4	Siggins	1110—3
C M Hedden	0111—3	*Breintnall	1111—4
Still	0011—2	Heritage	1111—4
C R Hedden	1111—4	Terrill	1011—3
Leddy	1011—3	Ford	0111—3

*First in regular shoot. Ties divided.

Second sweep, same conditions:

Still	1011—3	C R Hedden	1011—3
Herritage	1101—3	Siggins	1010—2
Yeomans	1110—3	Terrill	0100—1
C M Hedden	1110—3	Leddy	1101—3
Breintnall	1111—4		

Breintnall first, Yeomans and Hedden second, Siggins third.—FORD.

ST. LOUIS, July 20.—The contest and tournament of the Indian Lake Gun Club of East St. Louis aroused considerable enthusiasm among sportsmen in that locality to-day. A large representation of sportsmen from various suburban towns were present, all of whom had gathered to witness a friendly contest for supremacy between the Indian Lake Gun Club of East St. Louis and the Empire Gun Club of St. Louis. The contest was held on the grounds of the Indian Lake Club, about three miles from East St. Louis. The contest shoot was 20 American clay birds. The following is the result:

Indian Lake.		Empire.	
Daniels	5	Meyer	15
Cash	8	H Stein	12
Malone	9	Steffen	12
Roc	5	Haggerty	10
White	8	Roser	13
Baugh	8	Lenhart	11
McElroy	3	F Stein	12
Winstantley	10	Blank	12
M Heim	10	Greisendeck	16
Bridges	11	Westhus	11
F Heim	9— 96	Burg	10—134

The regular programme shoot having been decided, sweepstakes shoots were indulged in the remainder of the day, which resulted as follows:

Shoot 1—Sweepstakes, free to all, 5 American clay birds; entrance 25c.; two moneys:

Weston	4	Cash	5
Roe	3	F Heim	3
L Baugh	3	White	3
Haggerty	5	Winstanley	3
Greisendeck	3	Steffen	4
Scribe	4	Delice	3
Blank	4	Labardy	4
Stein	4	Jameson	3
M Heim	5	Meyers	5

In the shoot off for first money Meyer and Heim divided. Weston, Scribe, Blank and Stein divided second money.

Shoot 2—Ten American clay birds, four moneys; entrance 50c.

Greisendeck	8	Brides	6
Meyer	8	Malone	8
White	8	Westhus	10
Blank	6	Haggerty	7
F Stein	8	Jameson	7
Labardy	5	F Heim	7
M Heim	5	Winstanley	8
Roser	5	Steffen	7
Thornton	7	Jones	8
Baugh	7	Roe	6
Burg	8	Cash	8
Daniels	8	McElroy	9
Fink	6		

Westhus won first money, McElroy second; Meyer, H. Stein, Winstanley and Cash divided third money. Haggerty and Thornton divided fourth money.

Shoot 3—10 American clay birds, entrance 50 cents, four moneys:

Bridges	6	Baugh	6
Jameson	6	Daniels	10
Malone	6	Burg	7
Westhus	8	White	6
H Stein	9	Roser	5
Meyer	9	Roe	7
Winstanley	7	Blank	7
Labardy	6	F Stein	10
Steffen	9	Linhart	9
Haggerty	8	Jones	7
M Heim	5	F Heim	7
McElroy	9	Thornton	10

All divided.

Shoot 4—10 American clay birds, entrance 50 cents, four moneys:

Roser	5	F Stein	8
Bridges	7	Greisendeck	7
Linhart	7	Baugh	7
McElroy	9	Meyer	10
Steffen	9	Labardy	8
H Stein	7	Westhus	10
Daniels	8	Jones	7
Burg	9	Malone	5
Fink	5	Roe	9

All divided.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., July 15.—Lincoln Gun Club, fourth monthly medal shoot, at Alameda Point; weather terribly hot; 15 single blue rocks, 5 traps, 18yds. rise; Parks, Edler, Bruns, Dunshee and Campbell 21yds.:

First Class.

C Cate	1101011110111110—11	Potter	1001010111001111— 9
H Venker	0111010101000000— 6	Scovern	0101111001110111—10
Parks	0111100111101010—10	Bruns	0101011110000010— 7
Edler	1010000010110101— 6	Dunshee	1010101011011110— 9
Wenzel	1010101010101011— 9	Campbell	0110101111111111—12
Mellish	1110011000111111—10	Fanning	0110001010011111— 7
Schendel	0000110101011000— 5	Ford	0000110000010000— 3
Schaff	1100111000000010— 6		

Second Class.

F Cate	0110100100011110— 7	Horber	0000001000011000—2
Karney	1011110111011100—10	Cohen	0100000100010000—3
Venker	001000w.	Quinton	0000001010010010—4
Holmes	1011000000100101— 6	Brown	0110010001111001—7

Gold medal in first class won by Campbell, in second class by Karney.

A few votaries of blue rock shooting assembled at Bird's Point to-day and shot some half dozen matches. In each instance the competitors were limited to three and there was no money at stake, the shooters only competing for the price of the discs. Most of the gentlemen, though good at live birds, proved tenderfeet at the inanimate targets, their scores being ridiculously low in many instances, Mr. Baker in one event breaking only three out of twenty singles. Hart was most successful, smashing twenty-one out of forty shot at. Appended are full particulars:

First shoot, 20 singles, 18yds. rise, 3 screened traps, international rules:

Hart	12	Arnold	7	Baker	8

Second shoot, same conditions:

Hart	9	Arnold	8	Baker	6

Third shoot, 5 pairs of blue rocks, 15yds. rise, 3 traps:

Reynolds	4	Brown	3	Baker	3

Fourth shoot, 10 singles, 18yds. rise:

Reynolds	4	Brown	2	Baker	7

Fifth shoot, 20 singles:

Reynolds	8	Brown	8	Baker	8

Sixth shoot, 10 singles:

Reynolds	3	Brown	7	Baker	2

WINCHENDON, Mass., July 20.—At the last two regular meets of the Winchendon Gun Club at their range, the members present have each shot a string of ten clay-pigeons, with the following result:

A D Lawrence	1011111001—7	F E Mann	1001010101—5
H J Lawrence	1100001111—6	J Sutherland, Jr	1100010110—5
P W Davis	1100110011—6		
H J Lawrence	1011111111—9	J Sutherland, Jr	0101110101—6
A D Lawrence	1111111110—9	P S Davis	0100000111—4
L F Martin	1010110111—7	F E Moss	0011000110—4
F F Hapgood	1001001111—6		

CLEVELAND, O., July 18.—The event of the week in the local shooting was the twenty bird race to-day between T. G. Haycox and F. C. Hogan, both members of the East End Gun Club. The match has been talked of for several weeks, but terms and the time of the contest were agreed upon only a few days ago. The conditions were twenty Peorias at eighteen yards. When ten targets had been sprung per man Haycox led the race by one bird, and at the close he was declared the winner, the score standing 17 to 16. The score:

T. Haycox.....00110111111101101011110101—17
F. C. Hogan.....11011100100010111111101011—16

WAYLAND, Mo., July 19.—A clay-pigeon shooting tournament attended by marksmen from Iowa, Illinois and Missouri, was held here this afternoon. The weather was pleasant and the sport was fine. The principal shoot was the contest for the Collier trophy, a handsome silver cup, which was won by R. G. Callahan, of Kahoka, Mo., who made a clean score of 20 clay-pigeons, if Callahan wins the trophy another time it becomes his personal property. Scores that are considered above the average were made in the several shoots.

CLEVELAND, July 20.—The Cleveland Gun Club held a special meeting this evening in the Garfield Club rooms for the purpose of taking action on the organization of the proposed Central Gun Club. The prevailing sentiment favored the scheme, and W. R. Huntington, E. H. Wallace and Fred Wheal were appointed to co-operate with similar committees of the other gun clubs in the organization of the new club. The Cleveland Club is almost a unit in favor of arranging a match with the Stark county shots. The new club will take up the matter.

WELLINGTON, Mass., July 21.—There was a good attendance at the grounds of the Wellington Club to-day, and some good scores were made in the new merchandise match. Following are the winners in the several events: Six clay-pigeons, Melcher, Perry, Bond and Schaefer; 6 blue rocks, Snow and Melcher; 6 clay-pigeons, Chase, Hutchins and Melcher; 6 blue rocks, Adams, Perry and Newhall; 5 pairs blue rocks, Miller, Schaefer and Wardwell; 5 pairs clay-pigeons, Stone; 12 clay-pigeons, consolation match, Perry, Bond, Brown and Snow; 13 blue rocks, Wardwell; 6 clay-pigeons, Grimes' match, Melcher and Chase; 6 blue rocks, Snow and Schafer; 6 blue rocks, Snow. Nichols won the Grimes prize. Following are the scores made in the merchandise match at 25 birds: Perry 21, Conant 14, Hutchinson 21, Snow 19, Bradstreet16, Wardwell 24, Shumway 19, Stone 17, Melcher 18, Charles 17, Richards 17,, Savage 15, Schaefer 14, Durand 14, Newton 13, Bond 21, Brown 22, Adams 16, Miller 17, Chase 19, White 15, Sanborn 13, Grimes 14, Nichols 12.

SAN DIEGO, Cal., July 14.—The San Diego blue rock tournament, under the auspices of the Selby Smelting Company, came to a conclusion to-day, after a most successful two-days' meeting. All the shoots were governed by the Chamberlin rules, and only the Selby standard cartridges allowed. The "Standard" medal, valued at $100, with $25 added, was won by Dr. Britton, of Los Angeles, who thus takes rank as blue rock champion shot of Southern California. The medal shoot was at 50 single and 25 double blue rocks, sprung from 3 screened traps, the rise being 18yds. for the singles and 15 for the double birds. Dr. Britton broke 46 singles and 39 doubles, winning the trophy, with a total of 85 out of a possible 100. Hamilton, of San Diego, won second money ($37.50), with 42 singles and 39 doubles, totaling 81. Third money ($22.50) was annexed by Martinez Chick, of Los Angeles, with 37 singles and 42 doubles, making 79. Morse and E. Chick tied for fourth prize and divided $15. Morse and Dr. Britton had the best luck over the sweepstake shooting.

Canoeing.

Canvas Canoes and how to Build Them. By Parker B. Field. Price 50 cents. Canoe and Boat Building. By W. P. Stephens. Price $1.50. The Canoe Aurora. By C. A. Neidé. Price $1. Canoe Handling. By C. B. Vaux. Price $1. Canoe and Camera. By T. S. Steele. Price 1.50. Four Months in a Sneakbox. By N. H. Bishop. Price $1.50. Canoe and Camp Cookery. By "Seneca." Price $1.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signal, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and report of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

OFFICERS, 1887-88.

Commodore: R. W. GIBSON.....} Albany, N. Y
Secretary-Treasurer: F. L. MIX.}

Vice-Com.	*Rear-Com.*	*Purser.*
Central Div..R. W. Bailey	W. R. Huntington	J. K. Bakewell, 140 Diamond St., Pittsburgh.
Atlantic Div..W. P. Stephens	L. B. Palmer	F. L. Dunnell, 186 Jerolemon St., Brooklyn.
Eastern Div..H. E. Rice, M. D.	Maxton Holmes	H. D. Marsh, Springfield, Mass.
N'thern Div..A. D. T. McGachen.	W. G. McKendrick.	S. Britton, Lindsay, Can.

Applications for membership must be made to division pursers, accompanied by the recommendation of an active member and the sum of $2.00 for entrance fee and dues for current year ($1.00). Every member attending the general A. C. A. camp shall pay $1.00 for camp expenses. Application sent to the Sec'y-Treas. will be forwarded by him to the proper Division.

Persons residing in the Atlantic Division wishing to become members of the A. C. A., will be furnished with printed forms of application by addressing the Purser.

WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

Commodore—J. R. Bartlett, Fremont, Ohio.
Vice-Commodore—D. H. Crane, Chicago, Ill.
Rear-Commodore—C. J. Stedman, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Secretary-Treasurer—O. H. Root, Cleveland, Ohio.
Executive Committee—C. J. Bousfield, Bay City, Mich.; T. P. Gaddis, Dayton, O.; T. J. Kirkpatrick, Springfield, O.

FIXTURES.

JULY.

28. Ianthe Record, Newark.

AUGUST.

2. Mohican, Gibson Badge, Alb'y 10-24. A.C.A. Meet, Lake George.
4. Springfield, Cup, Springfield. —. Springfield, Cup, Lake George
4. Ianthe Record, Newark.

SEPTEMBER.

6. Mohican, Gibson Cup, Albany 15. Ianthe, Newark, Annual.
8. Brooklyn C. C. Regatta. 15. Springfield, Cup, Calla Shasta
13. Mohican. Oliver Cup, Albany 20. Mohican, Gibson Badge, Alb'y

OCTOBER.

6. Springfield, Cup, Calla Shasta.

A CANOE.

BY KATE HUDSON.

EMBODIMENT of buoyant grace,
So seeming frail yet strung with strength
Throughout thy slender tap'ring length
To brave the waves' mad race.

A lyre whose tightened cordage sings
With the weird wind-spirits' strain,
Fit prelude to the wild refrain
Each surging billow brings.

But nought to thee the tempest's might,
Resting on ocean's restless breast
Thou poisest on each foaming crest
As sea-birds ease their flight.

Or, drifting on the woodland lake,
Like leaves the airs of autumn blow,
Scarce the faint ripples from thy prow
Thy mirrored image break.

For not alone by idle chance
Thy gently flowing lines were planned,
But moulded by some reverent hand
To match the current's glance.

Thy sails, that o'er the waters flit,
Seeming like some wraith swallow's wings
So far removed from earthly things,
The wind's fair shoulders fit.

Shaped afar nature's high decrees
In thee—like all true works of art,
Wrought not in pride, but from the heart—
Her foster-child she sees.

A CHALLENGE FOR THE NEW YORK CUP.

MR. STEWART, who was here in 1886, wrote last spring to a member of the N. Y. C. C. that he expected to challenge for the New York C. C. cup, but nothing was heard by the club until Friday last, when the following cablegram was received from the secretary of the Royal C. C.:

"Challenge sent in May returned and delivered. Will you accept? WINSER, Royal Canoe Club."

Com. Munroe cabled an acceptance at once. It is not probable that any one but Mr. Stewart is included in the challenge. The race is likely to take place early in September, after the A. C. A. meet.

NEWBURGH C. AND B. ASSOCIATION, JULY 21.

THE annual regatta of the Newburgh Canoe and Boating Association was held on Saturday, five races on the programme. The canoes and boats were started together over the same course, 3½ miles, the canoes being: Rat, Grant E. Edgar, Jr.; Pixie, F. B. Smith; Dido, Alfred Kane; Cal-loo, William T. Hilton; Whim, Harry A. Marvel; Iolas, C. D. Robinson. Rat led easily, but did not finish on the proper line, so was compelled to recross. Whim took first place and Rat second. The prize was a cork canoe mattress.

The entries for the boat sailing race were as follows: Rambler, James T. Van Dalfsen and Wm. G. Van Dalfsen; Scylla, Fred and Harry Bartlett; Bob, George W. Shaw and Harry M. Waring; Doricha, Charles S. Williams and Robert King. The race was won by Scylla in 1h. 28m. 39s. Rambler, second, in 1h. 33m. 10s. The prize was a copy of "Small Yachts."

The single paddling race for canoes was over a half-mile course southward to the boathouse, from a point opposite the Cotton Factory. The entries were as follows: Rat, Grant E. Edgar, Jr.; Pixie, F. B. Smith; Whim, Harry A. Marvel; Dido, F. W. Bartlett. This race was very close and was won by Pixie, in 12m. 40s. Dido was second. Time, 12m. 41s. The prize was a pair of Walsh's paddles.

The next event was a half-mile rowing race for boats, over the same distance and course, the entries for which were as follows: Argo, rowed by W. C. Scott and R. G. Hilton; Bob, H. E. Shaw and C. H. Low; Scylla, Harry and Fred Bartlett; Billy T., Charles Harrison and Robert Johnston. The race was won by Scylla in 4m. 25s. Prize, a pair of Tim. Donoghue's best oars.

The last event of the regatta was a half-mile tandem paddling race, over the same distance and course, the entries for which were as follows: Whim, F. W. Bartlett and Harry A. Marvel; Pixie, Nathan S. Smith and Fred B. Smith. The race was won by Pixie in 5m. 40s. The prize was a handsome lantern.

BIRCH BARK CANOE BUILDING.

MR. C. H. FARNHAM, a canoeist known to many of our readers through his contributions to the magazines, has an article in the August number of *Harper's Monthly* on the Montagnais Indians, in which he gives the following description of the birch canoe and its manufacture. Mr. Farnham has used the American decked canoe for many years as the aid and companion on the many long voyages of exploration he has made on the waterways of New York and Canada.

"The bark canoe is the Indian's *chef d'œuvre*. It seems to me not only a beautiful object, but a suggestive emblem of his life. It is the most natural boat in the world; to make it he peels the bark from a birch, splits a cedar for timbers and planks, binds it together with roots, and closes its seams with pitch from the pines. His tools are an ax, a crooked knife and an awl made of deer bone. No compass and square cover his weakness, for every piece tells the exact truth of his hand and eye; not even a bench removes him from the earth, nor a roof covers him from the sky; he kneels at his work. And the women embody their attachment in the pitch they press into the cracks. It is nature's model made by the wild man, in the woods. The life of the bark canoe is equally poetic; it floats through mountain lakes with the beaver, and runs rapids with the otter; indeed, all of its companions are creatures of the forest; it is faithful to nature to the very last, when it retires to the shore of some lonely pond, to mould under its mound of feathery moss. I never met this most poetic of wrecks without recalling its romantic human interests. It was the home of a family, it was the scene of the whole tragedy of life, from the beginning to the end, strange with untamed characters, and intense with real storms, real misery, joy or love, passing in the isolation of the wilderness.

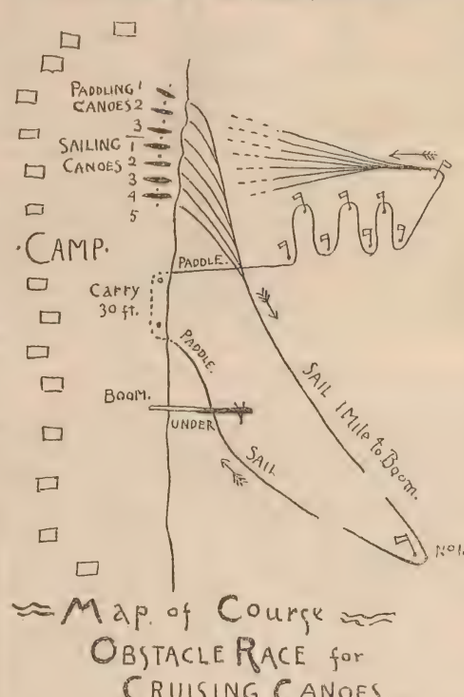
"Canoe building is the chief industrial event of the Indian's life. As the craft lasts in hunting only two or three years, about one-third of the tribe build canoes here every summer. This important work is intrusted only to men of experience. And although they have here some civilized tools, yet the whole operation is full of the Indian's originality; you see men at word sitting on the ground holding a stick perhaps between their feet to shave it or on their knees to plane it, and they do it mostly by the eye, without measures, in shaping their symmetrical, beautiful craft. I often loitered about the canoe built by Paul St. Onge, the patriarch of the tribe. Although he is one hundred and five years old, yet he is quite erect and sprightly, and still skillful with his ax and crooked knife. 'Paul, how many canoes have you built?' 'I don't know, about 175; but I shan't build many more; the Lord will soon give me another job. I am waiting for him every day,' and straightening up to his full height he looked off to the horizon with a very expectant and practical expression. 'You must have traveled a good ways in these light craft in a hundred and five years?' 'Yes,' said he, turning over his stick on his narrow bench, 'I've been everywhere; all over,' swinging his long arm toward every point of the compass. Then as he went on shaving and shaping his sticks I kept him telling me how he makes a canoe. The birch bark canoe might be called a cedar or spruce canoe, for two-thirds of its material—the timbers and planks—are of wood. The timbers, or knees, are split out of green stuff and shaved down to a quarter of an inch and a width of two and a half to three inches. In the woods this is done with a knife, but here a rude bench and a drawing knife facilitate the work. The timbers, after soaking a week or two, are bent in pairs over the knee, and bound in bundles to season in the sizes and shapes required at various parts of the canoe. The gunwales are also bent to the desired sheer, and seasoned in shape on the ground by the help of props and weights. After seasoning the crossbars are mortised into them. The planks or battens are long strips, from an eighth of an inch thick to a quarter along the bottom, and 3 to 4in. wide. The choice of bark is made with care to secure one that is tough and free from knot holes. A canoe generally requires three pieces of bark, the main one covering the bottom and bow and stern, and a smaller one sewed on to the main one on each side to reach the gunwales. After they are peeled from the trees they are tied up in rolls for transportation; and if they have been peeled some weeks before use, they are soaked several days to make them pliable. The loose layers on the outside are stripped away to leave only the tight layers, and the rough grain on the inside is scraped off to make it smooth. The bark is then set up in the general shape of a canoe, to be cut and sewed in the following manner: The main bark is laid on a smooth level ground, the inside surface downward, and a flat frame—shaped like the gunwales, but without any sheer—is laid on the middle of it and weighted with stones to keep everything in place. The bark is bent up along each side of this frame and stakes are driven in to hold it; the gunwales are set up inside the stakes, and supported by props under the crossbars and weighted to keep them in position; strips inside and outside the bark keep it flat along the sides. Each edge of the bark is then cut off to receive the additional pieces put on to reach the gunwale; the fullness of the bark along each side is taken out by cutting gores; the additional pieces are cut and pinned in places. Then the squaws come with their split spruce roots, their thongs of deer's hide and awls, to sew up the seams, excepting those at the bow and stern. The long seam of each additional piece has a half-round spruce root laid along the outside, under the stitches, to protect the rawhide from splitting the edge of the bark; the edges of the gores, not lapping but meeting, are held by a stitch here and there. The edge of the bark is then trimmed off all around, bent over the gunwale, and sewed fast to it with roots. After the canoe is otherwise finished a lighter gunwale or strip is nailed or wrapped on top of the main gunwale, to cover this wrapping and the edge of the bark, and the crossbars are lashed to the gunwales by roots rove through holes near their ends. When the seams have been sewed and the gunwales finished, the stem and stern seams are sewed up, thus: A pair of light cedar strips, a quarter by half an inch, are bent to the desired curve of each end of the canoe, a strip is laid on each side of the bow, as a kind of welt, the rawhide thongs, passing through the bark and over these strips, draw the two barks closely and firmly together. The bark is then trimmed off along these curves.

"The weights at the bottom frame are now removed and the inside of the canoe is covered with a coat of pitch—resin and grease—and this again is covered with some thin pieces of bark. The bark has now been cut to the general shape of a canoe and secured to the gunwales and the seams have been sewed up, it is ready to receive the planks and timbers that are to hold it in the desired form. Beginning at the bow, the long thin planks or battens are nicely fitted into the canoe, forming a lining running fore and aft. The peculiarly shaped stem post is slipped into place. The gunwales have been beveled on the under and outer corner to form a groove between them and the bark to receive the ends of the timbers. Beginning at the bow again, the first timber is cut of the proper length, the ends are slipped under the gunwale at their proper place, and the timber is driven at the center, forward over the lining until it stands plumb. It thus stretches the bark taut and keeps its place. Thus the timbers are successively fitted in, working from the bow and stern toward midships; they are the moulds that decide the shape of the canoe. And as they are a series of inverted arches springing from the gunwales across the bottom and standing about ½in. apart, they form the strongest lining of the canoe. The craft is now capsized, the seams are packed full of warm pitch mixed with a dry red pigment and those of the bow and stern are moreover covered with a strip of muslin. The bark canoe is a remarkable invention for beauty, lightness and strength; I doubt that the most learned inventor could make anything better adapted to its uses."

CRUISING AT THE MEET.

THE cruisers certainly will have no grounds for complaint this year, as their interests have been considered in the local as well as in the regular A. C. A. programmes. Both the Eastern and Atlantic Divisions have tried the cruising meet, and special races for cruisers are now a matter of course. The following programme has been prepared by the committee on cruising, appointed last winter by Com. Gibson. The committee has wisely decided not to take a long cruise, but to condense all the leading points of cruising into a cruise of 24 hours, with first and second prizes for the highest number of points, as given below, covering camp equipment, rig, cooking and other important points. If this experimental cruise and competition is as successful as it deserves to be, it will lead to a more extended cruise next year. In the obstacle race first and second prizes will be given for both sailing and paddling cruisers.

The cruisers, ladies and gentlemen, will assemble at the Commodore's tent at 9:30 A. M., Friday, Aug. 17, and embark from the



Map of Course
OBSTACLE RACE for
CRUISING CANOES.

main camp at 10 o'clock, proceed by sail or paddle to —— Bay, where lunch will be eaten upon the water at 12:30 o'clock. At 1:30 P. M. all will head for —— Island, where they will begin to make camp for the night at not earlier than 4:30 P. M. At 5:30 o'clock they will begin the preparation of supper. Camp-fire at 8 o'clock, "all being wood." Breakfast shall be ready at 7:30 A. M.

The launch for the homeward voyage shall commence not earlier than 9 o'clock. The cruise will end on the beach in front of the commodore's tent at 12 o'clock noon, Saturday.

Points will be given for—

1. Best and dryest stowage.
2. Best canoe tents and arrangements of details.
3. Best supper and time of preparation.
4. Best breakfast and time in washing dishes.
5. Best set cooking utensils.
6. Best breaking camp and stowing ready for launching, neatness and dispatch.
7. Best rig, cruising sails.
8. For compactness, simplicity and inexpensiveness of entire cruising outfit.

OBSTACLE RACE FOR CRUISING CANOES.

Contestants will have their canoes on shore in positions assigned them, tents up, crew inside with one bundle of clothing and one bundle of bedding. At the second gun the crew will appear, strike tent, launch and sail around flag No. 1 to a boom placed 2ft. above the water, pass under it and paddle to the carry; land canoe, passing around the two carry flags on the land side; launch and paddle to flag No. 4, leaving it to port, No. 5 to starboard, and in the same order to and around No. 11 to the place of starting, each landing at his own berth. Shoes, clothing and bedding must be kept dry.

Paddling canoes will start five minutes after the sailing canoes. A first and second prize will be awarded sailing canoes, and a first and second prize to the paddling canoes.

The committee will be glad to have a large number of entries in the obstacle race, and they extend an earnest invitation to lady and gentlemen canoeists to go on the cruise, as it will undoubtedly prove delightful.

W. L. PALMER,
GEO. L. PARMELE,
L. W. SEAVEY, Chairman.

IANTHE C. C. RECORD RACES.—The Ianthe C. C. held its first sailing race for record points on Saturday, July 21. The start was made in a strong S.E. wind, which shifted to S. and became very light before the finish. The flood tide, however, retained all of its force, and as it was running in the same direction as the wind, prevented most of the canoes from finishing. The entries were:

	Start.	1st.	2d.	3d.	4th.
Atalanta, L. B. Palmer, Ianthe	1	1	1	1	1
Will o' the Wisp, W. Anderson, Essex	2	2	3		
——, P. Hogan, Ianthe	3	3	2		
Old Ironsides, G. P. Douglass, Ianthe	4	5	5		
——, W. Scott, Essex	5				
Falcon, H. S. Farmer, Ianthe	6				
Batchelor, B. Fredrichs, Ianthe	7	4	4		

Just after the start Falcon fouled Old Ironsides and withdrew.

A. C. A. MEMBERSHIP.—Atlantic Division: Dewitt Bailey, John Sage Fiske, George Snyder, Fred N. Snyder, Brooklyn; Barron Fredricks, Newark; H. B. Willard, New York.

QUAKER CITY C. C.—Officers, 1888: Com., J. A. Barten; Vice-Com., C. H. C. Cunningham; Sec.-Treas., S. C. Fox, 131 South Second street, Philadelphia, Pa.

WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION MEET.—The report of meet and races was received too late for insertion this week.

She (well up in yachting terms)—Do you think it is safe to jibe? He (who doesn't know a jib-boom from a tiller)—Depends on whom you gibe at.—*Burlington Free Press.*

PHILADELPHIA, July 20, 1888.—*United States Cartridge Co., Lowell, Mass.:* Your new Climax paper shells with strong primers are the best shells made yet. (Signed) ANNIE OAKLEY (Little Sure Shot).—*Adv.*

Yachting.

Small Yachts. By C. P. Kunhardt. Price $1. Steam Yachts and Launches. By C. P. Kunhardt. Price $2. Yachts, Boats and Canoes. By C. Stansfield-Hicks. Price $3.50. Steam Machinery. By Donaldson. Price $1.50.

FIXTURES.

JULY.

28. Cor. Marblehead, Ladies' Race.
28. Hull, Hull Regatta, match for 40ft. class.
28. Beverly, Mon. Beach Cham.
28. Great Head Club.
28. Bay View Club.
28. West Lynn, Club.
28. Cape Cod Club, Cape Ann.
28. L. Y. R. A., Hamilton.
30. L. Y. R. A., Toronto.
30. Quincy, 2d Cham.
31. Monatiquot, Third Pen.
31. Dorchester Club.
31. L. Y. R. A., Toronto R.C.Y.C.

AUGUST.

1. Hull, Hull Ladies' Day.
4. Hull, Hull 2d Championship.
4. Beverly, Nahant, 3d Cham.
4. Toronto, 4th Class.
8. Pleon, Second Cham.
8. New York, Rendezvous, New London.
11. New York, Goelet Cups, Newport.
11. New Haven, Cruise.
11. Savin Hill, Club.
11. West Lynn, Club.
11. Beverly, Mon. Beach Cham.
11. Cor. Marblehead, Open.
11-20. Buffalo Cruise.
11. Quincy, Open.
11. R. C. Y. C. Open Handicap.
13. American, Open, Newburyport.
13. New York, Vineyard Haven Cups, Vineyard Haven.
15. Great Head 2d Cham.
15. Monatiquot, Ladies' Day.
15. Pleon, Open.
17. Bay View Moonlight Sail.
18. Bay View Annual Cruise.
18. Monatiquot, 2d Cham, Ft. Pt.
18. Larch. Oyster Boat Race.
18. South Boston Club.
18. Cor. Marblehead, Cup Race.
20. Great Head Moonlight Sail.
20. Miramichi, Cup.
22. Pleon, Third Cham.
22. Cape Ann, Open.
24. Cedar Point Pennant.
25. R. C. Y. C. Lansdowne Cup.
25. Savin Hill, Club.
25. West Lynn, Ladies' Race.
25. Beverly, Marblehead, Open.
25-Sept. 8. Quaker City Cruise to New London.
27. Rhode Island, Open.
27. Quincy, 3d Cham.
28. Dorchester Club.
29. Bay View Club.
29. Great Head Club.
29. Monatiquot, Open Sweep.

SEPTEMBER.

1. Toronto, all classes.
1. Cape Ann, Gloucester Cup.
1. Savin Hill, Open.
1. Hull, Hull Open Race.
1. Larchmont Fall.
3. Brooklyn Annual, New York
3. Pavonia Union Regatta.
3. Newark Fall.
3. South Boston Open.
3. Beverly, Marblehead Cham.
3. Cor. Marblehead Cham.
3. Cape Ann Cruise.
5. Pleon, Sail Off.
8. Cor. Marblehead, Sail Off.
8. West Lynn, Sweepstakes.
8. Hull Cham. Sail-Off.
8. Quincy Sail-off.
12. Great Head Club.
12. Pleon, Sweepstakes.
15. Toronto, 4th Class.
15. Buffalo Club.
15. Beverly, Mon. Beach, Open Sweep.
15. Dorchester Club.
15. Savin Rill, Club.
18. Chelsea, Dorchester Bay.
20. Savin Hill, Moonlight Sail.
—. Miramichi, Cup, Final.
22. West Lynn, Cham. Sail-off.
25. Cedar Point Pennant.
29. Quaker City Cruise, Review.
29. Toronto, 2d and 3d Classes.

AMERICAN Y. C. REGATTA, JULY 21.

WHETHER or no steam yacht racing can be made popular is a problem yet to be decided. Thus far the efforts made abroad have not attained any great success; but the American Y. C. is at least determined to make a fair trial and to neglect nothing that may contribute to the desired end. The success of the steam yacht is an established fact, it fills a decided want, and it is bound to increase in numbers and in quality every year; but, at the same time, the very nature of the sport is such that the steam yachtsman is independent of clubs and club houses to a far greater extent than his sailing brother; his yacht, from its size and appointments, offers every accommodation for his guests as well as his family, and has no need to seek companionship on shore at a club house. Thanks to the added speed and certainty of steam, he cruises over a far wider range, and is much less tied down to any one spot than the sailing man; his yacht drops him at some city pier in the morning and picks up in the afternoon for a night afloat. All of these conditions are so different from those of the sailing yacht that it is impossible to draw any analogy, or to say whether racing under steam will prove more or less successful than racing under canvas. Certainly the keen enjoyment of a hard fought bout to windward or a close run under spinakers is entirely absent; but, on the other hand, there is an increase of speed, of excitement, and also of danger, that should add much zest in these rapid times.

In its efforts in behalf of steam yachting the American Y. C. has started out with a fine house and anchorage, a good racing course, a fine fleet, and valuable prizes; in fact it has done all that a club can do, the rest remains with the individual owners. The house is a very handsome structure on the extremity of Milton Point, three miles from Rye station, which is one hour by rail from New York. It is fitted up with every convenience, dining-rooms, kitchens and bedrooms for the permanent entertainment of members, while on each Saturday the building and grounds are open to ladies, a band being in attendance during the afternoon and evening. This experiment has proved a great success, the attendance is always large, and the new club is one of the most popular institutions along the Sound. Already a number of its members have purchased property adjoining the club grounds, and have built handsome cottages, and the whole character of the Point is likely to change within a year or two. The course of the club is from off the Point straightaway to a markboat anchored about 11 knots to the eastward of Stratford Shoal Light, and nearly on a line south from Branford Point. The distance is 40 knots, the yachts returning to the starting line, making 80 knots in all. At the markboat the yachts are timed as they pass out and back, which time of turning is deducted from the elapsed time of the run, providing it does not exceed 15 minutes.

The prizes offered this year were the Atalanta's cup, presented last October by Mr. Jay Gould, open to any sea-going yacht over 100ft. l.w.l. belonging to an organized yacht club of the United States, to be given for the fastest time over the course, and to be won by the same yacht for two successive years, irrespective of ownership, before becoming the permanent property of the yacht. The race must be made at a speed of 16 knots in order to take the cup. The Commodore's cup was offered for the fastest time over the course, with no restrictions. There were also three cups under the time allowance proposed by C. E. Emery, Ph. D., one for each class, as follows: First class, exceeding 150ft. l.w.l.; second class, all over 85 and not over 150ft.; third class, all over 50 and not over 85ft. This time allowance is based on the rule that the speed of a yacht in knots per hour should equal two and seven-tenths times the cube root of the length of the yacht in feet on the waterline. There was also one cup under the rule submitted by Mr. Chas. H. Haswell: "The velocity of a vessel is assumed as the cube root of the quotient of the product of the area of her grate surface, and the constant due to the character of combustion, divided by the cube root of the square of her gross tonnage. The constants being for natural draught, 1; jet, 1.25; blast and exhaust, 1.6."

The above prizes were offered under the following conditions: "All yachts entered will be considered as contesting for all possible prizes, unless parties entering specify a limit. No yacht, however, will be entitled to claim in addition to the Atalanta's challenge cup more than one prize, and the party entering any yacht winning more than one race will have to elect, within three days, by notice to the regatta committee, for which race he claims the prize. The committee will then award unselected prizes to the yachts next in order. No prize shall be given in any class unless two or more yachts of that class start."

All the prizes were open to yachts enrolled in any yacht club, except as stated for the Atalanta cup, which is limited to clubs of the United States.

In spite of the value of the prizes the entries were small in number, many yachts which were expected being absent, while some that were present did not start. In the harbor in the morning were the flagship Tillie; the Narwhal, Vice-Com. C. H. Osgood; Inanda, Rear-Com. E. M. Field; Susquehanna, Mr. Jos. Stickney; Sagamore, Mr. J. W. Slater's handsome new barkentine; Norma, Horace Daniels; Stranger, Mr. Geo. S. Scott; Restless, Mr. Wm. Singerly; Viola, Mr. J. P. Kennedy; Orienta, Mr. A. J. Bostwick; Oneida, Mr. E. C. Benedict, and Puzzle, Mr. Jordan L. Mott. At the club landing was the little flyer Buzz, a 50ft. launch built last year at Amesbury, Mass., by C. D. Mosher, one of the fastest of her class afloat. She is an open launch, with a ram bow and narrow round stern, 50ft. on deck and 6ft. 6in. beam, with a horizontal boiler of the locomotive type and a two-cylinder compound engine. The shaft is below the keel at the sternpost, while the balanced rudder is directly under the aft end of the keel, a metal blade about 3ft. long and 8in. wide, set in a vertical shaft. The screw is two-bladed, 30in. in diameter. The hull is entirely open,

save a short deck at each end and also over the boiler, the bunkers being on each side of the latter. The Buzz was entered in the third class, and the fame of her doings scared all the other entries off, but after losing all the morning in repairs at the dock she did not start at all; so the race fell through in this class. Just before noon a curious craft came into the harbor, a yacht with very high freeboard, a rather short overhang forward, a long and fine counter aft, and with very light spars for schooner rig. Her sides were of varnished mahogany, and her great freeboard gave her the appearance of a rather small boat, but she was 115ft. on l.w.l., in spite of her appearance, being the new Herreshoff yacht Say When. She was not entered, but ran out with the racers at the start, traveling very fast. The starters were:

FIRST CLASS.

	L.W.L.	
Stranger	173ft. 5in.	Geo. L. Scott
Tillie	137ft.	Com. W. H. Starbuck
Susquehanna	95ft.	Jos. S. Dickney

SECOND CLASS.

Orienta	117ft.	J. A. Bostwick
Restless	110ft. 6in.	Wm. M. Singerly
Inanda	87ft. 8in.	Rear-Com. E. M. Field

As stated, there were no entries but the Buzz in the third class, and she did not start.

The Viola, Mr. J. P. Kennedy, was used by the regatta committee, and at 11:30 A. M. she ran out to the start. The preparatory signal was given at 11:48 and the start at noon exactly. The fleet lay about half a mile above the starting line, and as the time expired all came for the line under good headway, Orienta crossing just after the waistle, with the others so close that the six were timed within a minute and a half. They were hardly over before the were well toward the horizon, and in a very short time they were all hull down, and nothing was left to the spectators but to wait for their return in some five or six hours. The water was perfectly smooth, there was hardly any wind, and the tide was with the yachts, both out and back. Stranger and Susquehanna soon took the lead, with Orienta in third place, but when about half the way out had been covered the latter blew out a gasket and was obliged to withdraw. Stranger was the first in, being less than four minutes over the limit of five hours, thus failing to win the Atalanta Cup. Susquehanna was second, close astern of her, and then followed a long wait for the others. The official times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Actual.
Orienta	12 00 01	Did not finish.	
Tillie	12 00 03	6 09 49	5 54 39
Susquehanna	12 00 41	5 14 30	5 06 32
Stranger	12 01 09	5 08 10	5 05 50
Inanda	12 01 20	6 57 50	6 43 45
Restless	12 01 24	6 14 00	6 10 09

Stranger wins the Commodore's cup. Susquehanna wins the Emery cup in first class, and Restless wins the Emery cup in second class. The estimated time consumed in turning the Stratford Light stake was Stranger, 3m. 11s.; Susquehanna, 7m. 17s.; Tillie, 15m.; Restless, 2m 27s., and Inanda, 12m. 27s. The Haswell cup probably goes to Stranger also, but the times have not been calculated.

The rowing races of the club will be held on July 28, over a mile course off the club house. The first race will be for cutters with two pair of sculls, the prize being the Bateman challenge cup, now held by the Inanda, with badges for the winning crew. The second race will be for dingeys with one pair of sculls, and the third for gigs and cutters with four oars and coxswain. A special cup for naphtha launches is offered by Mr. Clement Gould. The regatta committee for the year includes Messrs. George W. Hall, Ezra S. Connor, Thomas L. Scovill, Edward S. Innet, William Weeber.

ATLANTIC Y. C. CRUISE.

THE Atlantic Y. C. cruise, which terminated on Friday last at New Bedford, was a most successful affair in spite of light winds; the only break in the general enjoyment being that caused by the sudden death of Capt. Coffin at Shelter Island. The rendezvous was made at Whitestone on the afternoon of July 13, sailing next day for Black Rock and lying there over Sunday. On Monday a start was made for New London, reached in the afternoon, on Tuesday the fleet raced across to Shelter Island, lying in port all of Wednesday, and on Thursday the cruise was continued to Newport. The last day's run was to New Bedford, where the fleet disbanded. The start from Whitestone was made at 10:30 A. M. in a very light breeze, the wind being light and fluky all day. The fleet was timed at Black Rock:

Enterprise	5 44 05	Ariadne	6 24 00
Anaconda	5 47 30	Gevalia	6 44 00
Nimrod	5 52 25	Rival	6 44 30
Olga	5 59 45	Amaranth	6 46 30
Wayward	6 13 30	Haze	7 26 10
Nirvana	6 22 20	Domino	8 03 00

The Azalea, Wivern, Roamer and Iris were already at anchor, awaiting the fleet and others came in late at night and early Sunday morning.

The first event in the morning was the sailing of some of the smallest, Olga, Amaranth, Gleam, Frolic and Nimrod for Thimble Islands, thus dividing in two the long run of 65 miles laid out for Monday. The rest of the fleet lay at anchor in Black Rock Harbor all day, service being held on board the Haze by Fleet Chaplain W. H. Thomas of Worcester, Mass.

Early Monday morning a start was made, the smaller boats being sent away at 4:30 A. M. The day was clear with light and variable winds, and the fleet was scattered over both sides of the Sound, the yachts straggling in to New London after dark. As a race the run was in no way interesting. The fleet which left Black Rock included the Enterprise, Stella, Wivern, Fanny, Rival, Domino, Ariadne, Olga, Azalea, Haze, Nirvana, Vidette, Roamer, Anaconda, Gevalia, Athlon, while Shamrock joined the fleet just after the start, coming over from the Long Island shore. The only times taken at New London were:

Shamrock	6 51 00	Roamer	9 35 00
Fanny	7 30 00	Gevalia	10 03 00
Anaconda	8 00 00	Haze	10 10 31

Gleam, Iris, Arab, Nimrod and Frolic came in also, the latter having touched among the Thimbles but getting off easily. Owing to the late hour at which they arrived, most of the yachts anchored in the lower harbor, coming up early in the morning. Awaiting the fleet were the Clio, Katrina, Winona, Venitzia, Phantom and Daisy, with the steam yachts Lagonda and Satellite.

The start for the race was set for noon, the course of 24 miles being from off the Fort Griswold Hotel at New London, to the Prospect House at Shelter Island, passing through the Race and to the eastward of Little Gull Island, all yachts to sail in cruising trim. The wind was light, S. by E., making a beat as far as Little Gull Island. At 12:21 the preparatory signal was given, the start for schooners being at 12:26, for the larger single-stickers at 12:31, and the smaller at 12: 6. Fanny, Katrina and Shamrock went away well together, the former in the lead, Katrina hung under Fanny's lee for a time, while Shamrock was sailing alone, but the steel boat finally managed to shake off Fanny and took the lead. When the trio passed Race Rock Katrina led by ¼ mile, with Fanny second and Shamrock on the latter's lee beam. The next in order were Roamer, Anaconda and Clio. The leaders were timed off Little Gull Light as follows: Katrina, 2:40:3; Shamrock, 2:27:31; Fanny, 2:29:42. Balloon jibtopsails were set and carried until Gardiner's Bay was reached. The only times taken were as follows, the rest of the fleet being delayed by the tide and light wind:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Katrina	12 30 40	4 02 30	3 28 50	3 28 50
Shamrock	11 34 10	4 05 50	3 31 40	3 30 15
Fanny	12 33 05	4 14 50	3 41 45	3 37 58
CLASS 4.				
Anaconda	12 35 00	7 24 35	6 49 35	6 49 35
Roamer	12 31 05	7 32 00	6 55 00	6 51 47

Gevalia finally drifted in and finished, winning in her class.

It was just after the finish that the sudden death of Captain Coffin took place. As was his custom for years he had accompanied the cruise, and when the Fanny's party landed he came ashore with them, going to the telegraph office. After handing in a part of his story he sat down to finish the remainder, and died in his chair almost instantly. His body was embalmed and forwarded in charge of friends to New York.

The intention had been to sail on Wednesday for Stonington and on Thursday for Newport, but the plan was changed so as to allow a day of rest on Shelter Island, and the fleet lay at anchor until Thursday, when a start was made at 6 A. M. for Newport. There was a fresh breeze from S. E. until noon, when it dropped, coming up later and taking the fleet in to harbor. The times on the run were:

CLASS 3—SCHOONERS. 50 MILES.

	Length.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Azalea, E. Blunt	61.00	2 39 50	8 14 50
Haze, J. Hogan	62.09	2 56 00	8 31 00
Gevalia, H. W. Coots	56.00	2 59 20	8 34 00
CLASS 4—SCHOONERS.			
Vidette, E. O. Williams	52.00	3 24 30	8 59 30
Wivern, Benj. Atha	48.04	3 25 30	9 00 30
CLASS 4—SLOOPS.			
Anaconda, J. G. Prague	53.00	2 24 00	7 59 00
Roamer, P. G. Williams	48.10	2 42 00	8 17 00
Venitzia, A. Colburn	53.04	3 03 00	8 35 00
CLASS 5—SLOOPS.			
Enterprise, H. H. Hogan	44.02½	3 05 30	8 55 30
Wenona, Guy Loomis	43.10½	3 13 00	9 03 00
Stella, J. L. Marcellus	41.11	3 16 06	9 06 00
Domino, J. Fearon		3 27 00	9 17 00
Amaranth, A. R. Hart	42.00	3 50 00	9 40 00
CLASS 6—SLOOPS.			
Ariadne, H. W. Banks	41.00	2 59 25	8 49 25
Rival, Hope & Copman	38.03	4 00 00	9 50 00
CLASS 7—SLOOPS.			
Daisy, Hugh Boyd	32.09	Not timed.	

Friday morning broke with a fog, but a strong S.W. breeze, and at 10 A. M. the fleet was under way from Newport, bound for New Bedford. Anaconda did not start, owing to the illness of a guest, Mr. Seaver, of New York. The yachts which made the run were timed as follows in the official summary:

CLASS 3—SCHOONERS, 35 MILES.

	Length.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Azalea, E. Blunt	61.00	3 04 45	5 06 45
Haze, J. Hogan	62.09	3 16 29	5 16 29
CLASS 4—SCHOONERS.			
Vidette, E. O. Williams	52.00	3 00 25	5 00 25
Wivern, Benj. Atha	48.04	3 14 50	5 14 50
CLASS 2—SLOOPS.			
Fanny, T. P. Fiske	65.00	2 29 38	4 29 38
CLASS 4—SLOOPS.			
Roamer, P. G. Williams	48.10	2 53 00	4 53 00
Venitzia, A. Colburn	53.04	2 45 25	4 45 25
CLASS 5—SLOOPS.			
Enterprise, H. H. Hogins	44.02½	2 50 07	4 50 07
Wenona, Guy Loomis	43.10½	3 09 00	5 09 00
Stella, J. L. Marcellus	41.11	3 06 45	5 06 45
Domino, J. Fearon		3 18 00	5 18 00

After the arrival at New Bedford the fleet was formally disbanded by the following order:

FLAGSHIP STELLA, NEW BEDFORD, July 20, 1888.

GENERAL ORDER, NO. 6.

The Commodore presents his compliments to the members of this club accompanying the fleet and to their guests, and congratulates them upon the success of the annual cruise of the Atlantic Yacht Club for 1888. Upon receipt of this order the fleet will be disbanded and the yacht owners relieved from further squadron duty. By order of the Commodore,

CHARLES T. PIERCE, Fleet Captain.

Some of the yachts returned at once to New York, while a number started out to cruise about the Vineyard, Nantucket and Newport.

THE LAKE Y. R. A. ROUND.

BELLEVILLE, JULY 16.

OUR annual regatta, which took place yesterday, would have been, but for a regrettable piece of luck, as told below, a fine test of type in light weather. There were only four entries, two each in the second and third classes, but all were good ones, those in the latter class being the very cream of their size on fresh water. The competitors then were: Second class, cutter Madge, Rochester, corrected length 44.16ft., and too well known to need description; sloop Cygnet, of Toronto, a beamy centerboarder of moderate draft, built by Mr. Trisirau, but having had a new overhanging stern put on since, corrected length, 48.1ft. Third class, Burgess's sloop-cutter Merle, of Oswego, 38.32ft. corrected length; sloop Iolanthe, of Belleville, centerboarder, of moderate draft, corrected length 37.23ft.

The course, which was a triangle of 10 miles, gave the yachts a broad reach of four miles, a run of 2 miles and a close jam of four miles, thrice around for second class and twice around for third class.

The wind was so light that all could carry everything that would draw, Madge setting an enormous clubtopsail which projected 24ft. above her truck. In reaching, Cygnet had considerably the best of Madge; in running the sloop had a little the advantage, but to windward Madge was greatly superior. She did very little, if any better in the windward work than Iolanthe or Merle, the former of which proved faster than her competitor in reaching; little if any better in running, but considerably faster to windward and, it seemed to me, pointing a trifle higher.

In the first round it was very pretty, the wind varying but little in force during its continuance. Madge led off 3 minutes in advance, Cygnet, by some blundering, being handicapped 2 minutes by her late start. The first mark was turned with the cutter two lengths in advance; and on the run Cygnet passed her, but only to be passed in turn, and the Scotch flyer led into the home stretch. There she showed her weatherly qualities, as she lay through to Nomank, while Cygnet had to make a short stretch. The rest of this race is hardly worthy of description, as the succeeding rounds were similar in nearly all respects, and the cutter finally crossed the line 2m. 15s. in advance. The Cygnet was, however, badly handled, and had the worst of the work. She is not considered fast in her class, and Madge will meet a very different boat when she sails against White Wings of Hamilton.

Iolanthe, starting 43s. before Merle, raced away from her in the reach, and led around first mark 8m. in advance. Three-quarters of a minute of this lead was lost on the run, the rear boat having rather the best wind. Both did splendidly close hauled, pointing high enough to lay through; but Iolanthe, who here seemed to get rather the most favors from the zephyrs, added 3m. to her lead. This advantage was increased on the reach, but all ran into a calm a mile or less west of the first flag. Merle, who had held to windward of the mark in company with Madge, here got a number of cat's-paws which carried her along to and around the mark, where she found about the best breeze of the day, and started off with spinnaker set for the next turn. Iolanthe, who had been in company with Cygnet, now got a puff, but it was dead ahead, and she had to make two stretches to weather the mark, which she did some fifteen minutes after her competitor. She then dashed off in pursuit and made up about half of the lost time. Had the wind held true and steady she would, no doubt, have beaten Merle from fifteen to twenty minutes, and would probably have led the fleet home, as in the first round she gained 4m. 30s. on Madge. The time, as officially taken in the race, was as follows:

SECOND CLASS.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Madge	2 44 00	7 30 00	4 46 00	4 46 24
Cygnet	2 15 00	7 32 15	4 47 15	4 47 15
Merle	2 57 43	8 07 30	5 09 47	3 09 47
Iolanthe	2 57 00	6 15 30	3 18 30	3 17 28

Our Oswego friends are such a fine lot of fellows that nobody grudges them their good luck.

The old-time racers, Peerless (now Argo), of Belleville, Surprise, of Trenton, and Katie Gray, of Oswego, who have had many hard races over our course, met yesterday as spectators on at an event in which they would not even figure to advantage.

The disqualification of their yachts at Kingston for crossing the line wrongly at the start, and the loss of yesterday's race by a fluke, are circumstances which would disgust ordinary men, but the owners of the Iolanthe are gentlemen of pluck and thorough sportsmen, and will send their craft to the Oswego and Rochester meets, where it is to be hoped that, if beaten, it will not be by luck. PORT TACK.

OSWEGO, JULY 20.

The third day's racing found the fleet small in numbers, only six yachts coming to the line. The regatta was under the management of the Oswego Y. C., the course being laid off Oswego, five miles to windward and back, the first and second classes sailing 3 rounds and the third class 2 rounds. The prizes were: First class, $90 and $60; second class, $80 and $40; third class, $80, $40 and $20. Three boats were to start to insure a second prize, and 4 for a third prize. Prize flags were also given to the winners, while the yachts of the Oswego Y. C. also sailed for the Mott championship pennant, the time being taken over the third class course. White Wings, of Hamilton, was on hand, fresh from her victories on Lake Erie, while Atalanta also was present, but had no competitor. The start was timed:

FIRST CLASS.

	L.W.L.	Start.
Atalanta, W. J. Eyre	64.00	9 04 35
SECOND CLASS.		
White Wings, A. E. Jarvis	41.00	9 00 40
Cygnet, McGarr & Ewing	43.05	9 01 43
Madge	38.09	9 00 45
THIRD CLASS.		
Merle, Allan Ames	33.00	9 12 50
Iolanthe, W. H. Biggar	35.00	9 13 45

White Wings is a Cuthbert boat, 41x15ft. 6in., and drawing nearly 5ft. Merle is the new Burgess compromise built last year, a centerboard Pappoose.

Madge and White Wings crossed together, but the latter soon took the lead and continued to gain. The wind was light and dead ahead on the first leg. Near the first mark Madge sprung her topmast and withdrew, being then the last of her class. In the second class Merle led over the course, beating Iolanthe easily. The full times were:

FIRST CLASS.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Atalanta	3 7 30	3 7 30
SECOND CLASS.		
White Wings	3 10 15	3 6 15
Cygnet	3 40 9	3 40 9
Madge did not finish.		
THIRD CLASS.		
Merle	1 10 3	1 10 3
Iolanthe	3 40 9	1 18 20

Oriole, schr., did not enter, while Ariadne arrived too late.

ROCHESTER, JULY 23.

The fourth race of the circuit was sailed on July 23 at Rochester, being the first event of the kind yet held there. The greatest interest was shown by the townspeople, several thousand persons being present. The wind was moderate in the morning, dropping a little as the day advanced. When near the first buoy Madge, then second boat, carried away her topmast, previously sprung at Oswego, and withdrew. Three of her crew were thrown overboard but were picked up. The full time were:

SECOND CLASS.

	Start.	Finish.	Corrected.
Cygnet	9 51 07	3 18 07	5 25 00
White Wing	9 51 00	2 58 43	5 00 50
Madge	9 51 15	. . .	. . .
THIRD CLASS.			
Iolanthe	10 07 00	2 03 50	3 55 42
Merle	1 07 55	2 03 40	3 55 45
Coquette	10 06 40	2 29 40	4 18 60
Modjeska	10 06 50	Withdrew.	
Fascination	10 07 40	Withdrew.	
Lois	10 10 00	Withdrew.	
Gem	10 09 15	Withdrew.	
Amelia	10 08 40	3 10 03	4 50 42
FOURTH CLASS.			
Mollie	10 21 06	12 33 00	2 11 54
Mary	10 21 12	12 45 25	2 24 08
Velnette	10 22 17	12 31 25	2 09 08
Florence	12 22 17	1 17 07	2 53 48
Grace	10 25 00	. . .	. . .
Lottie	10 25 00	1 57 45	3 03 55

A protest was filed by Merle on the ground that Iolanthe was not correctly measured. In the evening a dinner was given to the visiting yachtsmen.

LURLINE AND AGGIE.

THE interest in yachting, which was once quite keen in San Francisco, has declined so during the last three years that the racing is dead, save among the smallest craft. The large schooners have diminished in numbers, while those still in the fleet have given up all racing. This summer, however, a match was arranged between Lurline and Aggie, two of the largest, for an ocean race of 550 miles, San Francisco to San Diego, for $1,000 per side; the start being made on July 1. Lurline is a keel yacht, designed and built in 1882, by Matthew Turner, for Mr. J. D. Spreckles, her present owner, being 72ft. 3in. l.w.l., 21ft. beam, and 8ft. 3in. draft. Aggie is a centerboard boat, built by Hall Bros. in 1881, owned by Mr. Daniel McFarland, and is 73ft. 7in. l.w.l., 23 ft. beam, and 6ft. 9in. draft. The start was made at 10:20:30 A. M. on July 1, with a 12 mile breeze abeam, and light sails were set. Aggie led at the start, but after 3 hours' work Lurline began to pass her. The sea was high and the wind increasing, blowing 24 miles on shore at 11 A. M. Aggie was not properly fitted out, and at 3 P. M. she lost her foretopmast, being delayed some time in clearing the wreck, as her balloon jibtopsail went overboard; Lurline in the mean time gaining a couple of miles. The wind and sea held during the night, both yachts making good time, Aggie's run for the 24 hours being 264 miles. At dawn she had passed Lurline and led by about a mile. The second day passed with haze and light airs, the pair making little headway, being off San Miguel Island at night. Next morning brought a light breeze, but the haze continued until afternoon. Lurline was about 7 miles further out than Aggie and a mile ahead when it lifted, and with the first of the breeze she soon increased her lead. Aggie managed to rig a jury topmast, so as to set her balloon jibtopsail. On the morning of July 4, Lurline was about 6 miles from San Nicholas Island, with Aggie 6 miles astern of her. When the breeze came, both caught it at the same time, but Aggie was in for more bad luck, her jury topmast going over the side and carrying the balloon jibtopsail with it. Both yachts were sighted from the shore at 3:50 on July 5, Lurline still ahead, the wind being very light. She finished at 4:55 A. M., with Aggie at 5:26 A. M., the full time being:

	Start. July 1, A. M.	Finish. July 5, A. M.	Elapsed.
Lurline, keel	10 30 40	4 55	90 25 30
Aggie, centerboard	10 30 30	5 26	90 55 30

Considering the length of the course, the finish is remarkably close.

CORINTHIAN Y. C., MARBLEHEAD.—The 2d championship regatta of the Corinthian Y. C. was sailed on July 21, off Marblehead, the wind being fresh S.W. at start but dying out as the race went on. The courses were as follows: For first and second classes, from judges' line to buoy on Cutthroat ledge, leaving it on starboard, buoy on Gooseberry ledge on port; Half-way rock on starboard, stakeboat anchored 200 yards southeast of Tinkers island on starboard; buoy off Tom Moore's rocks on port, to judges' line, leaving buoys 3 and 5 on port. Distance 10 miles. The course for third class was from judges' line to buoy on Eagle bar, leaving it on starboard; buoy on Gooseberry ledge on starboard; Cat Island rock on port, to judges' line, leaving buoy 5 on port. The times were as follows:

FIRST CLASS KEELS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Saracen, W. P. Fowle	30.10	1 51 23	1 24 51
Elf, W. H. Wilkinson	29.02	1 58 04	1 30 07
SECOND CLASS KEELS.			
Witch, B. B. Crowninshield	23.04	2 32 05	1 58 07
——, John B. Paine	24.04	2 31 10	1 58 21
Carmita, S. H. Eaton	21.02	Did not finish.	
Marguerite, Frank S. Skinner, Jr.		Did not finish.	
SECOND CLASS CENTERBOARDS.			
Expert, Lawrence Whitcomb	23.03	2 23 46	1 49 41
Sprite, H. M. Scars	22.08	2 32 54	1 58 06
Hustler, W. W. Keith	23.07	Did not finish.	
THIRD CLASS KEELS.			
Mosca, C. H. W. Foster	19.11	1 15 59	0 52 52
Wraith, H. B. Benson	19.02	1 17 53	0 54 04
Vera, J. F. Randall	19.09	1 17 23	0 54 30
Yaga, H. W. Friend	18.10	1 24 29	1 00 22
Sachem, Pope	20.02	1 27 32	1 04 42
Emma, J. W. H. Davis	19.10	1 28 40	1 05 29
Nixie, A. J. Cochrane	20.02	1 23 27	1 05 33
Thais, D. C. Percival	18.05	1 35 00	1 10 28
THIRD CLASS CENTERBOARDS.			
Coyote, Walter Abbott	20.06	1 12 08	0 49 52
Myrtle, R. C. Poor	19.00	1 18 19	0 54 21
Holden, Gordon Dexter	20.11	1 16 48	0 54 27
Nerina, —— ——	20.11	1 19 47	0 57 31
Pixy, F. W. Chandler	19.10	1 22 07	0 58 56
Dolphin, Royal Robbins	17.02	1 15 59	1 02 08
Greta, S. G. Allen	19.06	1 31 31	1 08 03

The judges were W. W. Whitcomb, W. H. Clothey, William E. Waterhouse and E. T. Hodgkins.

NEW YORK Y. C. CRUISE.—A meeting of the New York Y. C. was held on July 19, at which the resignation of Mr. Alex. Taylor, Jr., from the regatta committee was accepted. It was also decided to prohibit clubtopsails on the cruise, except in the regular races, as the Goelet and Vineyard Haven cups. The flag officers will this year offer a cup in each class for the best average record of the runs from port to port. The rendezvous will be at New London on Aug. 8, a meeting being held on the flagship at 9 P. M. to decide on the details of the cruise.

The following invitation has been given by the E. Y. C., and in the event of its acceptance it is likely that a regatta will be sailed off Marblehead about Aug. 16 by the united fleet of the New York and Eastern clubs: "Mt. Desert, on board flagship Gitana, July 21, 1888.—Commodore Elbridge T. Gerry, New York Y. C.—Dear Commodore: The Eastern Y. C. invites the New York Y. C. to extend its cruise to Marblehead, where the members will be welcomed and prizes will be offered for a race, if desired. Hoping that you will bring your fleet around the cape again this year, I am very truly yours, WILLIAM F. WELD, Commodore Eastern Y. C."

BEVERLY, Y. C.—131st regatta; third open sweep, Monument Beach, July 21.—Courses, First and Second Classes, leaving Pine's Buoy on starboard, Bird Island Light Buoy and Scraggy Neck Buoy on port, and return, 11 miles. Third and Fourth Classes, leaving Pine's Buoy, Abeel's Ledge, judges' boat and Pine's Buoy on starboard, and return, 8 miles. Wind S. S. W.; good breeze.

FIRST CLASS.

	Length.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Mucilage	29. 5½	1 07 22	3 04 48	1 57 26	1 49 09
Surprise	27.03	1 05 52	3 03 08	2 00 16	1 49 43
Mattie	28.10	1 08 06	3 17 22	2 09 16	2 0 22

SECOND CLASS.

Mist	27.07	1 11 52	3 17 15	2 05 23	1 55 06
Wildcat	26.04	1 11 04	3 23 29	2 12 25	2 0 52
Tantrum	25.01	1 15 00	Withdrawn.		

THIRD CLASS.

Daisy	20.10	1 16 19	3 18 18	2 01 59	1 48 21
Dolly	22.08	1 17 47	2 24 25	2 06 38	1 54 55
Eleanor	23.08	1 17 18	3 24 27	2 07 09	1 56 25
Star	20.07	1 16 35	3 24 19	2 07 44	1 53 49
Petrel	20.07	1 15 31	2 24 01	2 08 30	1 54 55

Nymph entered in Fourth Classs but had no competitors. Petrel carried away gaff gooseneck after completing first round with a good lead, and lost much time. Daisy started reefed but shook out reefs. Winner first prize, Class One, Mucilage, Surprise second; Class Two, Mist, Wildcat second; Class Three, Daisy, Star second. Judges, C. H. Hardy, W. Lloyd Jeffries; judges' boat, Mollie.

MIRAMICHI Y. C. REGATTA, JULY 19.—Courses on Miramichi River, Chatham to Newcastle and back, 5 miles to windward and return. Distance 10 miles. Weather clear. Wind strong S.W. Tide flood.

FIRST CLASS.

	Length.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Cor.
Fisherman, A. L. Loggie	25.00	12 46 00	2 37 33	1 51 33	1 51 33
Kilbride, J. C. Miller	22.00	12 46 22	2 35 22	1 49 00	1 45 25
Kittoch, John Miller	22.00	12 46 33	2 45 32	1 58 59	1 55 04
Blandy, Wm. Gould	19.00	12 46 11	2 45 35	1 59 24	1 51 35

SECOND CLASS.

Mackerel, Geo. Watt	15.00	1 07 39	4 25 00	3 17 30	3 17 11
Annie, J. L. Stewart	15.02	1 07 40	4 26 00	3 18 10	3 18 20

Winners—Class 1—Kilbride, Class 2—Mackerel. With a strong breeze and fine weather the day was all that a yachtsman could desire for a race. A fine start was made, all going off on port tack. Much public interest was shown in the race, especially in a tussle between Fisherman and Kilbride, the former being a new comer in the club, while the latter had hitherto been its most successful racer. However, whether because the Kilbride's crew were better trained in racing than the new boat's, or that the boat herself had superior merit, she soon got ahead of Fisherman and rather increased her lead to the end. The Kittoch did not do nearly so well as usual, while the Blandy did much better. A very pretty race was also sailed between the second class boats and was closely contested. Regatta committee, C. Sargeant, P. Cox, E. Hutchcson, R. Gromley. Judges, R. R. Call, John Sadler, E. L. Street, L. J. Tweedie.—G. WATT, Sec.

SAVIN HILL Y. C. FOURTH REGATTA, JULY 14.—Course for boats over 15ft.—From starting line between float and flagboat, leaving Musnrcom Island on port, Cow Pasture Buoy on port, stake boat (off lumber wharf at Harrison Square) on port, Mushroom Island on port, to finish, 6 miles. Under 15ft.—From starting line, leaving Farm Bar Buoy on port, Cow Pasture Buoy on port, Farm Bar Buoy on starboard, to finish, same as start, 1½ miles. Weather fair, wind E. and S.E., tide full and turning:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Jester, W. H. Besarick	5 29 00	1 24 00
Anemone, Shaw & Corr	Withdrew.	
Peri, W. E. Coffin	5 29 00	1 24 00
Avis, I. H Odell	5 35 00	1 30 00
W. E., W. P. Thayer	5 36 00	1 31 00
Moya, L. T. Howard	5 41 00	1 36 00
Rob Roy, J. D. MacBeath	5 47 00	1 42 00
Snag, W. Briggs	4 41 00	0 36 00
Sallie, E. B. Coleman	Withdrew.	
Willie, W. Scott	4 47 00	0 42 00
Ione, T. Hodgson	4 41 30	0 36 30

Anemone did not round the stakeboat on the return lap and was ruled out. As the time allowances would not alter the prizes it was not figured. Regatta committee, I. H. Odell, W. H. Besarick and J. L. Corr. Judge, F. J. Stark.

NEW JERSEY Y. C.—The postponed race of classes D and E was sailed on July 17 over a course from off Bedloe's Island dock to buoy No. 13 off Hoffman's Island, lower Bay, to buoy No. 16 off Coney Island Point to start, keeping to westward off buoy on Robbins Reef.

CLASS D—YACHTS 26FT. AND OVER.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Charm	11 11 15	3 27 35	4 16 20	4 17 20
Eagle Wing	11 15 14	3 39 42	4 24 28	4 23 32
Growler	11 14 35	3 23 15	4 08 40	4 06 10

CLASS E—21 AND UNDER 26FT.

Minnie	11 14 16	4 21 10	5 07 00	5 07 00
Leader	11 14 10	4 22 11	4 08 01	4 07 08

Growler wins in Class D, beating Charm 10m. 10s., and Leader in Class E, beating the Minnie 1h. 8¼s., and making the best time over the course.

CUTTERS IN A GALE.—The little cutter Medusa, 54ft., distinguished herself in the gale off Cape Cod on July 12, and on the same day Bedouin, out in Massachusetts Bay under trysail and storm jib, picked up a disabled boat with five men on board and towed it into Boston. The boat was disabled, sails blown away and unable to make a harbor.

MONTGOMERY SAILING CLUB.—Tenth weekly cruise July 22. Norristown to Indian Creek and return, 5 miles; light easterly wind.

	Length.	Start.	Finish.	Corrected.
Sadie, canoe	16.00	1 34 40	4 01 15	2 24 15
Gracie, skiff	12.00	1 30 40	4 33 05	2 53 05
F. & W. Playford, tuckup	15.00	1 40 00	4 33 31	2 53 31
G. W. Bowers, tuckup	15.00	1 40 00	4 33 35	2 53 35
J. S. Frith, tuckup	15 00	1 40 00	4 37 20	2 57 20
Starlight, canoe	16.00	1 34 40	Withdrew.	
S. H. Querner, tuckup	15.00	1 40 00	Withdrew.	

THE DISMASTING OF THE VERVE.—Further particulars have been received as to the dismasting of the Verve on Lake Ontario, in the storm of July 11, while on her way to Kingston. She was south of the False Ducks under scandalized mainsail and jib when several heavy thunder squalls came up in succession. It was necessary to jibe her, and two men were stationed at the runners and two at the main sheet. Just as the sheet was hauled in a heavy squall struck the yacht, the sheet escaped from the men who held it, the boom struck the runner and the mast went over the side. An axe was used to cut away the rigging, as there was a heavy sea on and the wreck threatened to stave in the sides. The axe-head was loose and fell overboard, the crew finally completing the work with their sheath knifes, letting the yacht ride to the wreck as a drag. It was 7 P. M. when the accident happened and the yacht lay in the trough of the sea until daylight, the dingey towing upside down astern. The yacht made no water and was dry below, though taking some sea on deck. At daylight on Thursday some weight was shifted forward, bringing her head to wind and allowing her to ride easier. On Friday morning the stump of the mast was taken out, Mr. Bell and the skipper, Norman Dick, failing overboard while working at it, but getting out safely. A jury mast was fitted from a topsail yard, and the yacht finally anchored in 12 fathoms south of the Main Ducks. At 5 P. M. she was spoken by a steamer which sent a tug which towed her into Kingston on Saturday.

EASTERN Y. C. CRUISE.—The fleet of the Eastern Y. C. was very unfortunate in the weather encountered on the cruise, as eight days were spent in covering about 190 miles. The first day's run, as stated last week, was from Marblehead to Isle of Shoals on July 14, the next port, Portland, Me., being made on July 15, 49 miles in all. On the 15th the run was to Boothbay, 35 miles, and on the 17th to Seal Harbor, 20 miles. A heavy fog was met and on the 18th only 10 miles to Rockland, was covered. North Haven, 9 miles distant, being reached next day. On July 20 only 8 miles to Green's Landing, was made, and on the following day the fleet reached Bar Harbor, Gitana towing for the last few miles, while Rebecca was the first to arrive under sail. The fleet included also Volunteer, Iroquois, Adrienne, Peerless, Silvie, Clytie, Baboon and Actea; Marguerite and America, with Com. Gerry's steam yacht Electra were at anchor in the harbor.

ŒNONE.—The new keel schooner designed by Mr. Burgess for Col. Hugh Cochrane, former owner of the Tioga, was launched on July 19 at Burnham's yard, East Boston, where she was built by Wm. Mackie. The method of launching was peculiar, the cradle in which the yacht rested being drawn down at low water on ways and rollers in the same manner in which a house is moved, being left until she floated clear at high water, when she was towed to Fiske's wharf, where she will fit out, being in commission by Aug. 15. The Œnone is built of wood, oak frame, oak and yellow pine planking, and yellow pine ceiling. Her lead keel weighs 33 tons. Her principal dimensions are: Length on deck, 92ft.; l.w.l., 75ft.; beam, 19ft.; draft, 12ft. Her bowsprit will be 38ft. over all, mainboom 63ft. and foreboom 27ft.

A CAPSIZE NEAR BOSTON.—On Monday afternoon Mr. Frank Williams, of Boston, and Edward Delano, of Cambridge, started from Brant Rock, Marshfield, in a 15ft. centerboard dory for a sail, having two young ladies with them. When well out at sea the boat was capsized, the four clinging to the bottom for forty minutes, being finally rescued by the steamer Longfellow, the ladies being almost insensible.

UNQUOWA.—The steel steam yacht designed by Mr. Burgess for Mr. O. B. Jennings of New York, was launched on July 17 at the Atlantic works, Boston, being christened Unqu wa by Miss Emma Jennings. The new yacht is 138ft. over all, 116ft. l.w.l., 19ft. beam, 11ft. 6in. hold, and 8ft. 6in. draft, with triple expansion engines. Her keel and stem are 1¼×6in., frames 2½×2½×5-16in., and plating 5-16in. She will not go into commission before next season.

KNICKERBOCKER Y. C. CRUISE.—The fleet of the Knickerboker Y. C. sailed from the club anchorage at Port Morris on July 21 on the annual cruise, the first port being Black Rock. The following yachts started: Culprit Fay, Dora, Meta, Melvina, Valkyr, Yolande, Vision, Alice H. Black Hawk, Augler, Zena, Idalia, Rosetta, White Cap, Madge, Coronilla, and steam yachts Cozy, Mystic, Mary W.

SOUTHWARK Y. C.—A race for third class tuckups was sailed on July 16 for $150 sweepstakes over a 35-mile course from Mifflin street wharf, Philadelphia, to Chester Buoy and return. The winner was the Robert Patterson, beating the George Flick 14m. and the Thomas Ledyard 17m. The Patterson was sailed by a crew of three, one of whom was 73 years old.

MONTAUK, schr., Mr. J. E. Brooks, is now being altered under Mr. Burgess's direction, her head gear being replaced by a single horn 40ft. outboard. She will be ready for the Goelet Cup race.

CAPE ANN Y. C.—A race was sailed on July 21 for the Tappan Cup over an 8-mile triangular course, Black Cloud winning, with Trudette second and Atlantic third.

BISCAYNE BAY Y. C.—We have received a copy of the new book of the Biscayne Bay Y. C., the most southern club in the United States, its club house and station being at the lowermost extremity of Cape Florida. The club now numbers 18 members and 20 yachts from 50ft. down in size.

CAPTAIN COFFIN.—The funeral services of Captain Roland Folger Coffin were held on July 19 at his late residence in Brooklyn, a number of yachtsmen and newspaper men being present. The body was taken to Nantucket for interment.

ST. LAWRENCE Y. C.—A race was sailed on July 21 off Montreal by the St. Lawrence Y. C., Black Eagle winning from six others. Minnie A. capsized and withdrew. In the open boat race Mr. Young's boat won out of a fleet of six.

ORINDA.—Mr. Winslow has chosen the name Orinda for his new cutter, now nearly completed at William's yard, South Boston. She will start next month for a cruise on the Maine coast with her owner and several friends.

GLIMPSE, schr., Mr. Benoni Lockwood, of Newport, grounded and sunk on Little Captain's Island reef, off Greenwich, Conn., on July 18, but was raised by the Clapham Wrecking Company, and towed to City Island.

RHODE ISLAND Y. C.—The second championship regatta was sailed on July 16 over courses of 20 and 10 miles, with 16 starters, in a good breeze. Mignon won in first class, Diamond in second and Gladys in third.

YACHT RACING IN THE NORTHWEST.—On July 3 a race was sailed at Portland, Oregon, between six open boats, 20ft. and under, the Tidal Wave winning, with Pastime second and P. Austin third.

MARGUERITE, schr., Mr. W. F. Burden, will have her lead keel lessened considerably at Lawley's as soon as she returns from her cruise. It is intended to lighten her, as she is now too deep.

CATS AT BOSTON.—A race was sailed on July 21 over a 5-mile course on the Charles River, between the cats Isabelle Everson and Nautilus, the former winning.

PORTLAND Y. C.—The new book of this club shows a membership of 180 and a fleet of 30 yachts. The station is at Portland, Me.

NEW HAVEN Y. C.—The Ladies' Day sail of the New Haven Y. C. on July 19 passed off successfully, there being a good breeze.

STRANGER, cutter, Mr. Geo. H. Warren, sailed from Boston on July 20 for Liverpool, Captain S. Larkar was in command.

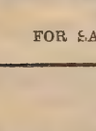
PLEON Y. C.—The father of Com. Wood has presented to the Pleon Y. C. a silver challenge cup for second class boats.

ALERT, schr., Mr. Henry Bryant, has had more lead added to her keel and her sails recut.

"There he goes!" Eyes bulging from their sockets responded to the exclamation. A 20lbs. salmon had been discovered in the fishway at Amoskeag Falls. "There goes another!" The excitement becomes intense. Men bend over the sids of the fishway until they are in danger of falling in, for the sight of a pair of live salmon plunging in and darting through the foam and waterfalls of the Merrimack is the sight to some men of a life-time, and causes the blood to thrill. Gradually the water in the fishway becomes less and less, for the hand of the chairman of the game and fish commissions of the State has shut down the gate which supplies it, until at last scarcely more than a foot and a half remains in the lower portions. Then the grand fish come into full view; a stout heavy dip-net is lowered into the water, there is a splashing, a struggle, a hoist of a 20lbs. monster into midair, and then another splash as the splendid fish is lifted over the stone pier and dropped into the canal which leads to the river. In a second more and the king of game fish is shooting up the main stream of the Merrimack toward the north. Four of these fish, weighing from eight to twenty pounds apiece, were taken from the fishway at Amoskeag, under the direction of Commissioner Riddle. It was the biggest school of salmon seen in Manchester in a single day for years, and besides these four, two others were netted during the day and helped over into deep and safe water. It was the privilege of a *Mirror* representative to capture a fifteen-pounder and send him on his way rejoicing, but the experience would have been far pleasanter had the gamy fish been fastened by a hook to the end of a well-seasoned fly-rod, with plenty of stout line and open water to play him in until exhausted, tired out, he had succumbed and been safely landed. But salmon fishing is a pastime unknown to the present generation in this vicinity, and there seems to be little prospect of its being followed successfully in the Merrimack for a good many years at least. Some fish go above the falls every year and deposit their spawn, and perhaps if the ambitious young angler lives long enough he may throw out a line into the rapids at some spot along the stream and feel a bite at his hook that he will never forget.—*Manchester Mirror.*

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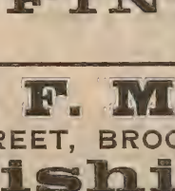
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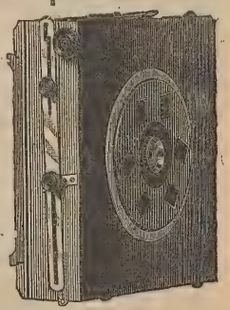
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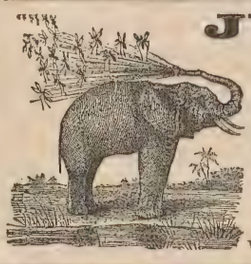
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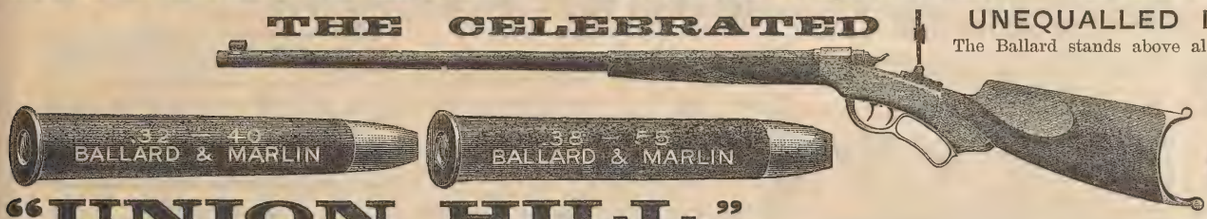
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VOL. XXXI.—No. 2. No. 318 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

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AN EMASCULATED BILL

THE Public Lands Committee of the House of Representatives has at last reported Senate Bill 283, but in such a ragged and tattered condition that we doubt if its own father will recognize it. They have reported it, but in their committee room it has been so emasculated that all its best provisions are gone.

The Senate proposed to enlarge the Park, so that it might be a permanent water preserve; the Public Lands Committee have seriously reduced this intended enlargement. The Senate proposed to keep railroads out of the Park; the Public Lands Committee authorizes the Secretary of the Interior to permit a railway to run directly through it. The Senate proposed to establish a form of government for the Park, so that rules might be enforced and crimes punished; the Public Lands Committee says there shall be no government there. The Senate proposed to have a small force of civil policeman to aid the troops; the Public Lands Committee decides that there shall be no such force. In other words, the Public Lands Committee recommends the passage of the Vest bill, but shorn of all its most important provisions and with one or two new features injected into it, which will do incalculable harm to the reservation. They might better have recommended the passage of the Senate bill with the enacting clause stricken out.

The FOREST AND STREAM places itself squarely on record as utterly opposed to the bill in its present shape. Although the bill which the Public Lands Committee recommends is known as Senate Bill 283, it is not the bill asked for by the friends of the Park, not the bill for the passage of which tens of thousands of our best citizens have earnestly petitioned, not the bill which we have advocated. On the contrary, it is a bill which pleases jobbers and land grabbers, a bill to hand over an important section of the National Park to a railroad corporation.

The fine hand of the managers of the Cinnabar, Clark's Fork & Cooke City Railroad is readily recognizable in this attempt to use the title of Mr. Vest's bill as a cloak under which to smuggle through Congress a scheme which has failed, and will continue to fail, on its own merits. For years these people have been hard at work to try to get for themslves a part of the National Park. They have always been bold and shrewd, but they have always been foiled. Never have they done anything more audacious than to try to use Senator Geo. G. Vest's name to help their schemes of robbery through Congress. These people recognize the fact that there is a strong public feeling in favor of the passage of Senate Bill 283, and that a great deal of earnest effort has been put forth to secure its passage by Congress. They reason that their railroad bill, after the knock-down blow it received at the last session, has no chance of passing, but that if they can quietly change the Vest bill to meet their selfish ends they may smuggle their schemes of spoliation through Congress.

There is an old proverb which says *Cucullus non facit* —the cowl does not make the friar. The title of this bill is not the bill itself. Under that title the measure when it came to the House was one which all who had the public good at heart could cordially approve. Since then, however, the bill has been utterly changed in character.

We do not believe that the House of Representatives will assent to the passage of the bill in its present form. The last time that the question came up of running a railroad—this same one—through the Park, the House, under the able and eloquent leadership of Mr. S. S. Cox, of New York, promptly crushed the proposition by a vote of 170 to 68. If the question shall come up again, the House, if it understands what it is voting on, will no doubt negative the proposition once more. The railroad schemers take a great deal for granted in assuming that the public are such donkeys as to be deceived by a device which, after it has been exposed, is so transparent.

We should be glad to see the bill as it came from the Senate passed by the House. It would be a most important measure, and would give the Park the protection it has so long needed. But we hope that in its present shape the bill will be defeated, and that even if it shall pass the House, it will fail in the conference committee.

We have before us the report of the Committee of Public Lands, which recommends the passage of the bill for the protection of the Yellowstone National Park. It is an interesting document in some respects and gives a good idea of the attention which has been given to the bill by those who have had it in charge for something over four months. This report was made July 26, by Mr. Wheeler. In the third paragraph of this report the following amendment to the first section is recommended:

Provided, That the Secretary of the Interior is hereby authorized to grant a right of way to a railroad to run along the bank of the Yellowstone River up to the river called the East Fork of the Yellowstone, and sometimes called Lamar River, thence up said river to the mouth of Soda Butte Creek. thence up Soda Butte Creek to the point where it crosses the line dividing the Territories of Montana and Wyoming, so as to permit the establishment of railroad communicatien between the town of Cinnabar and Cook City.

This is precisely the proposition that was defeated in the House, in 1886, by a vote of 170 to 68. Why should it receive any better treatment now? If passed a railroad will enter the Park, carrying with it a host of employes and loafers, settlements and whisky shops; carrying, too, locomotives breathing out sparks which would constantly fire the timber, trains which would transport hunters, who would destroy the game and carry out the carcasses of the slaughtered animals—if passed, an important area of forest land will be seriously endangered, certain natural wonders in the northeast corner of the Park will be much more exposed to defacement than they are now, and finally, the only winter range for great game in the northern portion of the Park will be thrown open to the hide butcher.

This railroad scheme is a purely selfish one, advanced by a railroad corporation to get a right of way to Cook City, a town which last winter boasted a bare dozen inhabitants. Besides this, two other railroads, one from the north and one from the east, are building in to Cook, a place which has no more use for three railroads than a cat has for three tails. It cannot now, and will not for many years, if ever, be able to support a single one. This is old straw and was threshed over years ago, and the situation has not changed a particle since then.

We have it on the very highest authority that if this provision become law, the Secretary of the Interior will regard it as mandatory, and not as a matter left to his discretion.

The last three pages of the Public Lands Committee report are copied word for word from Senator Manderson's report from the Committee on Territories on Senate Bill 283, presented to the Senate February 20, 1888. Now when it is recollected that Senator Manderson is fully aware of the needs of the Park and was speaking intelligently about the bill, which provided for adequate protection for the Park, and that the Public Lands Committee is speaking about the bill after all the essential provisions have been cut out, it will easily be conceived that the Public Lands Committee in copying the Senator's report may have put themselves into a position which is little short of idiotic. This committee after having stricken out of the bill the provisions appointing a commissioner and generally providing for the establishment of a form of government, go ahead and blindly and stupidly copy a page of Mr. Manderson's report which is devoted to nothing else but giving good reasons why this very section, which the committee has cut out, ought to become a law. In other words, the Public Lands Committee having cut out a section, gravely advance most cogent reasons for retaining and passing it. This is a good sample of the way much public business is done.

These in detail are the reasons given by Mr. Wheeler for the passage of the section providing a form of government for the Park, which section the Public Lands Committee have cut out of the bill. These paragraphs refer wholly to matters taken out of the bill by the Public Lands Committee, yet the report is made by that committee.

In 1872 the organic act establishing the Yellowstone National Park was enacted. This was afterward incorporated in sections 2474 and 2475 of the Revised Statutes. The only provision for the protection of the Park, or the enforcement of law within its borders, was that it should be under the control of the Secretary of the Interior, who should make regulations for the care and management of the same. No penalties were provided for the violation of such regulations, nor was jurisdiction vested in any tribunal for the punishment of offenses. For a few years succeeding the passage of the act this defect in the law was not seriously felt. At that time there were but few facilities for reaching the Park, and travel to it was exceedingly restricted. When railroad communication was established, however, a steady stream of travel set in toward the Park, and this has increased with each succeeding year, so that for the last few years thousands of citizens have visited this wonderful region every season.

With the advent of a large concourse of people, the necessity of law for the enforcement of order, the protection of the Park, and a clear determination of its boundaries become apparent. Rules and regulations have been made by different Secretaries of the Interior, which they could only enforce by the expulsion from the Park of persons violating the same—in most instances a very inefficacious remedy. Assured of immunity from punishment the offenders had only to return and repeat their offenses. The large game, the conservation of which is one of the main objects of the Park, has in many instances been slaughtered by skin-hunters and the pretext alleged that it was killed outside the boundaries of the Park. Great destruction has also been wrought by forest fires, either maliciously or carelessly started, while the acts of vandalism in breaking and destroying the beautiful formations have been frequent and have caused much injury. In some instances, too, crime of the most serious nature has bean committed and gone unpunished for want of power in any tribunal to take jurisdiction of the same.

This state of things, constituting a reproach on the national administration, has constantly been brought to the attention of Congress by various Secretaries of the Interior, and many scientific and other associations, as well as individual citizens from all portions of the country, have year after year memorialized Congress to pass some measure of protection.

In the Forty-eighth and Forty-ninth Congresses acts similar to the one now reported passed the Senate. The present act, like those which preceded it, seeks to afford to the authorities the means of protecting the forests, the game and the natural wonders—the three great objects which make the Park in every sense a national institution to be cared for as such.

The machinery provided by the act for the administration of justice within the Park is simple and inexpensive, being substantially the same as that contained in the act which passed the Senate at the last Congress, but involving much less expense. It involves only the appointment of a local magistrate, who shall reside in the Park and who shall try all violations of the rules made for its preservation. Indictable crimes may be tried in the district court of Wyoming, and the Park magistrate is invested with the power of arresting persons committing such crimes, and have them conveyed to within the jurisdiction of the Wyoming court. Adequate, but not too severe, penalties are provided for violations of the rules and regulations. The national laws applicable to places within the exclusive jurisdiction of the United States are made applicable to the Park, except in so far modified by the present act.

In regard to the government of the Park, the only important change from the act of last year is found in section 4. The civil establishment, consisting of a superintendent and assistant superintendents, which formerly existed, and for which provision was made in the act of last Congress, finds no place in the present act. Congress having failed at the last Congress to make any appropriation for such civil establishment, the Secretary of the Interior, as the only means of protecting the Park, requested the

Secretary of War to detail troops for that purpose. Accordingly a company of cavalry was ordered to the Park, under command of Capt. Moses Harris, who acts as superintendent of the Park, under instructions of the Secretary of the Interior. While in time it may be found more advisable to have the Park entirely under civil authority, we think the present condition of affairs meets the essential requirements of the Park.

If this bill should come up before the House we may may expect to hear from the Public Lands Committee their reasons for taking from the bill its good provisions and for their efforts to hand over the National Park to a railroad corporation. They must have had reasons for permitting the railroad lobby to twist them about its finger in this way, and these reasons will perhaps be disclosed in debate. We shall see.

"A BIT OF KENNEL HISTORY."

OUR relation of certain pertinent facts, under this heading, last week has called out two communications which are printed elsewhere.

One is from Mr. August Belmont, Jr. As we never accused Mr. Belmont of knowing anything about this matter, his denial is as superfluous and irrelevant as it is empty and valueless. Our candid advice to the American Kennel Club is to restrain the impetuosity and persistency with which its president precipitates himself into print. He can be made better use of by the No. 44 combination if permitted simply to "put up" for the projected organ.

The other communication comes from Mr. C. J. Peshall. He professes to have no recollection of having taken the course, which we alleged he did, with respect to securing Mr. Chas. H. Mason as editor of the American Kennel Club Stud Book. We hope that he will jog his memory, for we have no doubt that if he tries very hard he may find it possible to recall the facts as we stated them. The reason of our withholding the "English Gentleman" letter is immaterial, but as a matter of record, we say again that the letter was withheld at the personal solicitation of Mr. C. J. Peshall. Until we read it in the communication from Mr. Peshall printed to-day, we never knew that Mr. Hammond had given him his friendly advice not to print the "English Gentleman letter.

SNAP SHOTS.

MUCH solicitation was felt by some people about the quail and other game in the blizzard of last March, but later observation has demonstrated that the birds came through it. The storm was not of so destructive a nature as some other forms of winter storms, when instead of a tremendous fall of snow there is a heavy coating of ice. Snow covers the birds up, and they can "make out to live." A Connecticut gentleman, whose statements we accept without question, reports that in the blizzard a number of his domestic fowl disappeared, and they were found alive, but thin, two weeks afterward, when the drifts melted from the branches of the quince trees where the hens had gone to roost the night before the snowfall. If domestic fowl could survive the storm in this way it is reasonable to infer that the more hardy wild creatures would fare no less well.

A man to whom perhaps more than any one else we owe the existence of the Yellowstone Park as a national reservation, has just died. That man was Col. James Stevenson. He was one of the first scientific men to penetrate that hitherto mysterious region, and he came back from it to Washington full of enthusiasm for its wonders and its beauties. It is to his enthusiasm, to his appreciation of the importance of preserving this wonderful region as a possession of the whole people, and to the clear and forcible way in which he presented this importance to Congress that we owe the National Park to-day. Those who are familiar with the history of legislation in Washington in 1871 and '72 will be sure to give full credit to Col. Stevenson for his farseeing wisdom.

The papers descriptive of "Early Days on the Missouri," of which the second is printed to-day are worthy of special attention, for they are vivid and truthful pictures of wild scenes in that region in the time of the pioneers. He who took part in border life in those days must needs have an iron frame and a stout heart to do and dare. These chapters portray phases of American life which have already passed into history; they have no counterpart to-day on this continent, and Mr. Macdonald's papers therefore have a double value because of their historical accuracy.

It has come to our knowledge that most extraordinary measures of bulldozing and threatened boycotting are being employed to induce the Buffalo managers to change their bench show rules, even at this late date, when such a change would in all probability prove disastrous.

One hears a great amount of fish talk in the street cars and on the ferries and railroad trains in these days; and if one may believe all that he casually overhears unusually large strings of fish have been taken by the talkers. Talk is cheap, but it takes tackle to catch fish.

The Sportsman Tourist.

EARLY DAYS ON THE MISSOURI.

II.—A VISION OF MASSACRE.

VISIONS and presentiments have accomplished wonders. The visions of a St. Francis or a Catherine of Sienna have been apparently able to impress the stigmata on their living bodies; the visions of a shepherd girl drove the English out of France, and the visions of a Mohamed have changed the whole current of the stream of history. Though psychology has names for these aberrations, and the physiologist may be able to place his finger on the very nerve that occasions them, still the fact of their influence remains the same. They can nerve the weakest or appal the firmest mind.

I have had such an experience, which I will relate, and in order that the situation may be understood I will give a short history of the events which led up to it.

In the fall of 1868 I had, together with a party of four others, and afterward with a single partner, been killing wolves in the country tributary to the mouth of the Musselshell River. So many of us together attracted too much notice, as we were obliged to have horses or a team of some kind, and were consequently subject to constant attacks from hostile Indians. After several skirmishes and losing two horses, I determined to go it alone that winter. I took plenty of ammunition, coffee and salt, which I cached in different places. I had an overcoat for bedding, and followed the buffalo and lived and slept on the prairie like the other animals. In the worst storms I sought the shelter of the brush or some washed out cavern, common in the bad lands.

In March I met Joe Bushaway, a gigantic Frenchman, as gallant and brave a man as ever fired a rifle, and formed a partnership with him to cut wood and put up ice on the Missouri River, to sell to the passing steamboats. He had with him Dan Fitzgerald, well known in Benton, a stalwart, rollicking, jolly Irishman, but so awkward that he could scarcely run a hundred yards without falling, or cock a revolver without using both his huge hands.

We camped just below the mouth of the Fourchette, on the Missouri, and built a cabin and a stockade well supplied with portholes. There was a wrecked steamboat a short distance from us; we took the smokestack and formed a fireplace and chimney out of it, and of the lumber we floored our cabin and otherwise furnished it according to our notions in palatial style. We went up to Musselshell and hired three men, Long, Foster and Jordan, and returned to our camp,

A few days afterward we were almost out of meat and I went out to kill a buffalo. A band was in sight two or three miles off, and as I went toward them I noticed something running them, so I went back to camp and told the men I thought there was a war party close to us, and we had better stay in camp a day or two. We stayed in camp the next day, and as we saw nothing, we concluded they had passed. The others went out to chop; I took my rifle and started across the river to kill some meat. About two miles from our camp I saw a band of buffalo grazing and I approached them and killed one. I had barely fired when I heard a scattering volley in the direction of camp. I thought at first a band of buffalo or elk had come near our camp, and that Joe and the men had opened fire on them, but the more I thought of it the more it troubled me, and I determined to make for the brush on the river; follow it down to opposite our stockade, and from there watch our camp. I knew that if everything was all right I should see some one.

I waited all that day and did not see a living soul. When night came I determined to cross the river and find out the fate of my companions. The cabin formed a bastion on one corner of the stockade, and as I cautiously approached, I could perceive a faint glimmer of light through one of the portholes. I crept silently up to it but could discern nothing; presently I heard Joe's voice. I then spoke and told Joe to let me in. After what appeared to me an unusually long time he unbarred the stockade gate and I saw he was crippled. As I went into the cabin I saw Big Dan lying on the bed, and I asked Joe what had happened. He told me that after I had gone hunting, he had taken his axe and had started to chop. He was probably the best chopper in Montana, but that morning he had not been chopping more than twenty minutes when his axe glanced and cut into almost one-third of his foot. He went into the in, wrapped up his foot, and had scarcely laid himself down on his bed when he heard the firing. The men were chopping not over a hundred yards from the stockade and had already stacked up quite a number of cribs of wood. Joe's Henry rifle was hanging directly over his bed; he grasped it and hurried to the gate of the stockade. He saw at a glance several Indians; two were running after Big Dan and not more than a dozen steps behind him. The Indians fired, but in the nick of time Dan stumbled and fell, and his awkwardness saved his life. Two more Indians made a rush at Dan, but just then they caught sight of Joe with his leveled rifle. Joe was a dead shot, but unfortunately he had forgotten to work the lever of his Henry. The chamber was empty; his deadly aim produced only a dull snap and the Indians jumped behind the shelter of the wood cribs. Big Dan, in the meantime, had by means of running and stumbling reached the stockade gate, but not before two bullets had struck him—one in the arm, the other in the hip. Neither Joe nor Dan knew what had become of the other man. Joe had seen Long, and when he last saw him he was pursued by several Indian, but as he was a powerful runner and apparently unhurt, we had strong hopes that he had escaped and would bring us assistance.

The next morning Dan was unable to move, but Joe mounted on top of the cabin to watch the surrounding brush, and I went out to search for our missing companions. Not two hundred yards from the stockade I found the bodies of Jordan and Foster, lying beside the log they had been chopping on, stripped naked, but not mutilated. I searched for but could not find Long, and as the undergrowth of brush was dense, I did not care to run the chance of taking a very wide circuit, as we were almost sure he had escaped. I wrapped Foster and Jordan in blankets, dug a hole and put them in it.

Jordan had come on the river the preceding fall, and on his trip down from Benton had been attacked by Indians, one of his companions was killed, and he had only saved his own life by his expertness as a swimmer and diver.

Foster had several letters of introduction to prominent gentlemen of Denver; he was a born mathematician, his sole recreation was the working of problems in Algebra. I preserved the one he was working on the evening before he was killed:

$$\text{Given } \frac{X^2 - 12 = X}{6}, \text{ to find } X.$$

Poor fellow! In a few short hours he had solved the final problem.

We sat in the cabin for three days and nights, expecting a renewal of the attack at any time. How long and dreary it was, the strained waiting for either relief or attack! The excitement produced by the rustle of a deer or the tramp of a stray buffalo, followed by the reaction of a monotonous deadly silence only broken by the occasional ejaculations of the wounded Dan addressed to some favorite saint.

The fourth day, no assistance reaching us, we concluded Long must also have been killed. Again Joe mounted the cabin and I searched the surrounding brush, and this time found the dead body of Long. In my former search I had passed within a few feet of him, but owing to a large log that he laid beside had not seen him. He was shot through twice, but the Indians had apparently not found him, as he had not been stripped nor mutilated. He was a magnificent specimen of manhood, over six feet four inches; he had a daughter in the States, who was notified of his tragic fate.

Our last hope was now gone. Neither Joe nor Dan could travel, and I determined to go and get some help. Between our place and the Musselshell River three other men had a cabin and were engaged in chopping wood. I reached these men's place (I can't recall their names), and they accompanied me back. Joe had a yoke of oxen and wagon. The oxen generally fed among the dense willows and the Indians had not seen them. Our only means to get the wounded men away was to haul them, but the side of the river we were on was almost impassable for a man on horseback, and we were obliged to cross it. The ice on the river was too rotten to bear up the cattle, so we were compelled to wait until the river broke up, which it did in about a week. We then swam the cattle and rafted ourselves and the wagon across, and went up the river about fifty miles to a small settlement at the mouth of the Musselshell. We had only reached there when James Brewer and Capt. Andrews had a race for life across the Musselshell bottom, and a white woman—old miners will remember her—Jenny (of watery fame) and a young Crow squaw were walking a short distance from the houses, when a few Indians, who had crawled through the sage brush, commenced firing upon them. The squaw was shot through the lower part of the body; Jenny could have escaped had she abandoned the squaw; she clung to her and endeavored to drag her toward the houses, when a bullet creased her neck and stretched her on the ground. An Indian dashed toward her and tore two scalps from her head as she lay senseless. With the first shriek of the women several men rushed out of the houses and opened fire at the Indians. The whole thing scarcely occupied a minute. The women were carried in, the squaw making loud lamentations, but the white woman was supposed to be dead. The squaw I afterward saw in the Crow camp, dirtier than ever, but apparently none the worse for her experiences. Jenny had a horror of having it known that she had been scalped. She was afterward in Thompson Gulch. The ladies there once invited her to one of their houses, and when she came they wished her to show them where she had been scalped. She denied the whole affair point black, and when she afterward saw me, she said to me earnestly, "Mack, don't tell them pilgrims that that red devil took my hair." Poor Jenny! Many women may have excelled her in rigid virtue, but few in generosity, hospitality and womanly sympathy. She has been twice married since her scalping adventure, and may be now alive. May she flourish forever!

These little skirmishes continued almost every day, until they finally culminated in a battle, in which the Indians fell into their own trap, and the whites were possessed of thirteen of their scalps and only one out of ninety odd, according to their own account, reached camp without a wound. James Wells and myself received the war bonnets of their chiefs, but it would occupy too much space to enter into the details of this fight here, and I will reserve it for some other time.

The constant strain and excitement commenced to tell on me, and I determined to leave the river. I sold my interest to Cash Veits, a young man of as consummate coolness in the face of danger as I have ever seen, a dead shot and a magnificent oarsman. Joe Bushaway and Cash wished me to go with them down to our stockade, the place where Jordan, Foster and Long had been killed, for the purpose of putting up a sign notifying the steamboats to take wood and ice and settle for it at Musselshell. It was a frightfully dangerous trip, and I had a strong presentiment that I should never come through another Indian fight. I hesitated, but at last consented to go, and endeavored to shake off my gloomy forebodings. We started in the middle of the afternoon, so that we could travel the most dangerous part during the night. Out of bravado we stuck a mast up and hung my war bonnet on top of it, and lower down on a crosstree we strung some scalps we had.

Night fell, and we had now the most dangerous part of our route to traverse. The moon came up full and clear; the air was still and it was bright as day. Any one who has traveled up or down the Missouri River must have observed that the lower end of a point is always heavily timbered, the opposite bank being a bar or high bench. Joe was steering our light skiff, Cash was helping the force of the current with occasional oaring; it was chilly, and I sat wrapped in a buffalo robe in the bow of the skiff to look out for snags. There was a good stage of water, and we were floating on the timbered side of the river. The full moon made the opposite side as light as day; ours, owing to the shade of the timber, black as night. The dismal presentiment of my fate depressed me; the deadly silence, save the monotonous ripple of the water against our speeding skiff; the thoughts of the bloody horrors I had lately passed through, and may be thoughts of that flaunting war bonnet and those bloody scalps threw me into a reverie. I was not really awake, but I was not asleep, and the vision I saw was as plain to me as anything I ever had happen to me in my waking hours. I thought we had been attacked and killed, and I could

plainly see our naked dead bodies on that barren sand bar. I could distinguish the features of every Indian. I could hear every word they said. One burly brute, with hideous black and yellow stripes on his face, measured Joe's giant length; another ghastly, naked demon danced and sang on the body of Cash; and I could feel on my pallid cheek the hot and sickening breath of the grim and painted savage as he pulled the torn scalp from my bleeding head.

I was gazing on this vision as on a panoramic picture, when Joe said in a husky whisper, "Indians." I turned my startled gaze, and on the opposite bank I beheld the figures, that in bright moonlight looked gigantic, of a war party filing into the opposite bottom. My life had been of adventure and danger. Before I was sixteen I had carried a musket through more than twenty battles. When a boy, I was one of a charging column that rushed on a masked battery, and whose shattered ranks were mowed by a hell of shot and shell, and I lay wounded and senseless among the dead and dying; I, with four others, had been perched on a hill, under a burning sun, without ammunition, food or water, every horse killed and night coming on, amid the despair-inspiring howls of the wolves attracted by the blood of the shot horses; I had been ridden down, alone, a hundred miles from the nearest white man, by a naked war party—but until this moment I never realized what horrror meant. Had some Perseus turned the horrid glare of his Gorgon-headed shield on me, I could not have been more petrified with horror. My own blood appeared to freeze. I felt so sure that everything I had seen would come to pass.

Joe, after a few minutes, asked what we had better do. As soon as I could speak I suggested that we had better keep on the dark side where we were and float down to the mouth of the Fourchette, of which we were in the neighborhood, and turn up that stream and take to the dense brush. We were not certain whether the Indians had seen us, and we sat the remainder of the night in the brush. When daylight came we reconnoitered for some time, but could detect no sign of Indians. We took our skiff, continued our journey and in a short time reached our stockade. Cash staid in the skiff to be ready for accidents; Joe and I jumped ashore to reconnoiter the ground. The war party we had seen had camped in our cabin but were gone on. They had torn up our floor, I suppose to see if we had hidden anything. They had thought the graves of Foster, Jordan and Long to be a cache and had opened them, and the first sight Joe and I saw was the stalwart arm of Long, with a clenched hand, pointing upward out of his grave to the sky, stark and stiff.

HENRY MACDONALD.

THE SPIRITS OF GREEVER'S CAMP.

MURDER will out, they say. I believe it. To the sternest mind, concealing any crime, there must some day come the time when concealment is no longer possible. The soul must free itself. Age, anxiety, or approaching dissolution constitute potent incentives to confession of crime. Under such influences the burdened heart can endure the strain no longer. History of crimes or criminals offers frequent confirmation of this fact.

My life—if friends will so far as possible excuse the personal reference—has not been all good; to the contrary, it has in some cases been quite the reverse. I have committed a crime. This horrid knowledge has long dwelt hidden in my mind; and now, as my life totters to its end, I can withhold my confession no longer.

I have committed a crime. It was a peculiar sort of crime; in short, it was so very peculiar, that I feel as if I should be committing a second crime, and a greater, by keeping the circumstances concealed in my bosom.

It's about a friend of mine. And when I think of the kind of game we sprung on him; when I consider the heartless, unfeeling nature of our conduct—for there were accomplices—when I think of the trusting, unsuspicious nature of our victim, and reflect on the total absence of all mitigating circumstances, my heart misgives me, even now.

The deed was done in the rude cabin at Greever's Camp, by the lonesome Cimarron, in the far-off Indian lands. The chief conspirators were Buck, the cook; Red, the foreman; Jack, a trail rider; Ricker, and my guilty self. The victim was our mutual friend, Mr. A., a gentleman not unknown in these columns, a thorough sportsman, and as good a companion on a hunt as you will find, especially when he takes his pack of hounds. Yes, Mr. A. is still alive. I don't think he will be willing to die at all, now, until he has paid me out for telling about this. But I should die if I didn't tell it, anyway, so it will be just as well if he does kill me.

It was midnight. Cold and sharp the wind sang overhead. Outside, twenty greyhounds were quarreling on the porch; inside, a bright fire roared and crackled, and painted on the wall those rare pictures which none but hunters ever see; and back we lay on our blanket rolls, and dreamed, I suppose, of Annie Laurie, and smoked, and were silent, and may be dreamed again. Then some one scraped a bootsole on the floor, and the little noise broke the dam of silence and everybody said something, and two or three said the wind sounded like a soul in trouble. Spooks and spirits drifted into consideration, and long talk and wide discussion followed. It then became apparent—what some of us already knew—that Mr. A. was a firm believer in spiritualism.

Now, I am not a spiritualist, but I think none the less of any man for being one, provided other things be equal. I am ready to say with the one man of earth who has covered all earthly certainties and earthly speculations—

> "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
> Than are dreamed of in thy philosophy."

I am willing to allow any man his own belief, if he pays his taxes and ties up his dog of nights. I hardly know, therefore, why I took any hand in what followed. Shall I say that some evil spirit tempted me? Would that make my peace with Mr. A.?

Our talk, long and profitless, as such talks always are, grew animated and almost excited, Mr. A. stoutly meeting our joint protests with answers and hard questions. There was a lot of talk about planchettes, and tables, and slates, and rappings and magnetism, and electricity, and all the familiar stuff; and then, when the matter had begun to get down to the personal experiences, I felt a kick from Buck's long leg, and we whispered a little, and I nudged Ricker, and Ricker nudged Jack, and Jack whispered to Red when Mr. A.'s back was turned. After a brief pause, every villain pulled his face straight, and Buck said:

"Fellows, did you ever know I used to be a sort of medium myself.

None of us had known that. But Mr. A. jumped at the word, and said he had no doubt that with Buck's assistance he could make the table walk around the room. Then Ricker developed latent powers, and they all sat down at the table, lightly resting their fingers upon the top in the usual way.

Would you believe it? The table began to move!

Mr. A. became strangely excited. We all gathered about in eager interest. "I never saw the like before!" yelled Mr. A., "I never saw it start off so soon and strong before!"

Alas! my friend, no wonder you never did. That was owing to the peculiar nature of the spirits of Greever's Camp. Not all spirits have so facile a leg as Ricker's nor so innocent a face as Buck's.

The boys walked the table about shamelessly with their legs, and I lay on the floor and lied on the floor, and said I couldn't see anything, and Red stood it as long as he could, and exclaiming "I'm going to get out of here!" rushed outside and made that strange choking sound that men do when they are frightened—or want to laugh.

"Well, now then, what do you think?" asked Mr. A. in triumph. We didn't say.

The villainy of it! The disgracefulness of it! Surely, there are mad moments in a man's life.

Mr. A. went down to the barn to see if the dogs were all right. "Quick!" whispered some one, and there were hurried preparations. When Mr. A. came in we were all unrolling our blankets and unlacing our boots. A few moments later silence reigned, save for a gentle snore or so.

A little later yet there came a faint "Tick tock!" on the wall just above Mr. A.'s head. "Hush! what was that?" he said. He was lying awake. "Tick tock!" came the sound again. "Oh, I know; it's the door peg, the wind's blowing it around." "Tick tock!" solemnly came the sound again. Red sat up in bed. Mr. A. rose, looked at the door peg and found it fast in the hole.

"Don't you hear that noise?" he inquired excitedly of Ricker and me, who slept at the other end of the cabin. "Yes," we guilessly replied, we heard it, and it was directly over our heads, and it was a barrel hoop hanging on the wall outside. But exploration revealed no hoop, and still that solemn, muffled sound kept on.

"Are you a spirit?" yelled Mr. A.

"Yes," rapped out the noise, in three distinct knocks. The excitement grew intense.

At this moment, no man being near it, the table began to move! First it scratched on the floor hesitatingly; then it shook, then distinctly, unmistakably, it began to move. It started directly for the corner of the room where Ricker and I lay!

We rose from our blankets, we shrank back from it. Powerless, helpless, we cowered in the corner of the cabin, trembling, aye, even shaking under the emotions which assailed us. The firelight must have shown ghastly on our faces, for even to-day Mr. A. insists that we were deathly pale, and that our hair stood on end in sheer fright.

"It's coming for you! It's coming for you!" screamed Mr. A. "There's your proof! What do you think now?"

Well, what do you think? I think it was a shame. If a boy of mine were to go and play such a trick on a gentleman older than himself, and then go and tell about it afterward, I should break his back and then insert him in the cold, cold grave.

Slowly the muffled beats subsided. "I'm not afraid of any spirits," said Ricker. "Nor I," said Red. "I'm not afraid of any table," said I; and in the dim light I crawled out on the floor and displayed my valor by untying the twine string from the table leg, and throwing it under the blankets, where nobody could see it. And then we lay there, and talked and protested and lied, and got laughed at by Mr. A. until nearly morning. And when Mr. A. went out to the barn in the morning Ricker jerked down the leaden bullet which had formed his simple "tick-tock," and rolled up the black thread which had stretched across the rafters and hung down in the corner of the room where we lay. And at breakfast we were all ashamed, and treated Mr. A. mighty politely, but couldn't look him in the eye, and didn't want to talk about spirits, and wondered how he would take it when he found it out.

Life in the camp proceeded as life on a hunt will, and we conspirators daily grew more remorseful. For myself, I wanted a dozen times to make my confession, but never had nerve enough. At last, two days afterward, while we were riding out across the hills with the hounds, Mr. A. came up to me and said: "Say, H., I don't think I ever in my life saw such strong manifestations as we had the other night, and I've been attending sittings for some time, too."

"Now look here, A.," said I, "don't come and talk to me like that because I can't stand it. The boys put up an awful job on you that night."

"Job nothing!" exploded he. "Do you take me for a natural born fool? Do you think I can't see? Haven't I got ears?"

I explained to him that he might have the best ears in the world and yet not see into the workings of a black string of a dark night, and I further proceeded to read him a lecture on the follies of superstition, all the time keeping my six-shooter loose in the holster, because you can't tell always. Mr. A. laughed at me, laughed loud and long and deeply.

"Now say," said he, "it's all right to get scared at a little innocent table tipping, but to try to pass it off as a joke, when all the time you know you were frightened plum near to death, why that's what you might call a little too thin, I should say."

I protested and reasoned and explained, but it was no use. "Why, pshaw, man!" he said, "what's the use talking to me that way! Why don't you just own up that the whole lot of you were scared about out of your wits? You can't fool me. Wasn't Red all broke out in a cold sweat? Didn't I feel a cold wave pass over my face when the rappings began? I tell you you can't fool me. I've seen them influences before. I'm an old-timer, I am."

I told the boys what Mr. A. had said, and they all went and apologized, and got laughed at in turn. We began to think it pretty hard to tell where the joke came in. And not during that whole hunt did Mr. A. become changed in his belief. He only laughed the louder at our fright and at our flimsy explanation.

"You needn't think I'm going to have any mercy on you," said he, "I'm going to tell the boys all about it."

And I wish I may die if he didn't. He just circulated that story of the spirits of Greever's Camp all through Kansas, and kept us so busy explaining that life became a burden. A deuce of a practical joke this was! At last I went to him and said:

"Now look here, A., if you don't let up on this business, and confess that you were the worst fooled man in the great American desert, I'll give the whole thing dead away, and put the facts before the great American public—I will, now, and no mistake."

"Confess nothing!" said he. "What do you take me for? Think I'm a blasted tenderfoot? If you want to write that thing up, why go ahead, just as you give the facts, and don't lie about it. You need't think I'll care: but it'll make a spectacle out of you, now sure."

Therefore, and for reasons hereinbefore set forth, I have given thesefacts about our Walpurgis Night down on the Cimarron. It was rude fun, I do not question, and I abate not one jot of my confession of remorse. But the main question still remains. How shall we convince Mr. A. that those spirits were hand-made? E. HOUGH.

HUTCHINSON, Kan.

Natural History.

NOTES FROM A TEXAS PASTURE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I had occasion some time since to travel from the town of Albany in a loaded wagon, and finding the roads very heavy from recent rains, I determined to lessen the burden upon the animals by setting out on foot. The soil of the prairies was of the black waxy sort, extremely sticky after a rain. On either side of the road the walking was good enough, from the great wealth of grasses and wild flowers which made it tolerably firm beneath the feet. A few miles from Fort Griffin the road led by a large pasture in which were many horses and kine, very sleek and beautiful. They had nothing to do but eat and be merry and beget their kind, and to thank God that he had given them life. I thought of King David's lamb, the perfect type of contentment and innocence. "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me by the still waters. * * Thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me. Thou preparest a table before me; thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life."

As the weather was showery, I wore a long and loose rubber coat which covered my body to the feet, causing me to look like a wandering monk of the deserts, or possibly a crazy woman of great size. As I strode by the pasture the horses took deep interest in me, lifting their heads and gazing intently, and sometimes blowing loud blasts from their noses. Those that were feeding apart hastened to join the others, so that there was soon quite a brigade before me. The nearer I approached them the greater grew their interest; becoming so filled with it in a little while that hardly any of them could be still a moment. Sometimes they turned their heads as if they would run away; then again confronted me with ears pricked up and eyes ablaze. I concluded it was my rubber coat, and the strange appearance it gave me, which excited them so much; it being probably the first time they had seen a man in such a costume. That I was a man none of them I guess, doubted; but it was plain that they held me as a very outlandish one, who might also be very wicked.

The inside of my rubber coat is of a rare combination of colors, and presents a grotesque appearance when turned inside out. Therefore I slipped behind a great live-oak, so the horses could not well see what was going on, and quickly turned my coat inside out and put it on again. Then stepping to the front I saw that their amazement knew no bounds. A great commotion had come among them. They lifted their heads higher than ever, and many of them turned tail to fly. If they suspected me to be a wicked person before, it now seemed that they had let go all doubt of it, and reckoned me at once as a monster and a terror, who could shift the color of his skin at will and so quickly. They could not stand it long. Presently they broke unanimously and flew over the prairie like a whirlwind, causing the kine in their way to break helter-skelter to clear the track. There were several high points in the pasture. To the top of one of these they sped in admirable and beautiful order, as if under military tactics; then stopped and gazed and blew blasts from their noses. But only for a short time could they stand this, so full were they of the strange creature. Suddenly down the hill they went like a tempest and swept away out of sight; to return in a few moments to another hill, where they again stood and gazed and blew their blasts.

In meantime the kine had begun to gaze and be seized with wonder. They began to collect from all sides, so that there was soon a large body. Very generally they began to shake their heads at the strange object, as if they wished to notify it that they had horns and understood the use of them. On the whole their behavior was audacious, yet with many signs that they thought it best to be discreet and not hastily to provoke the object. They soon began a general advance, not as if they would at once attack, but cautiously, as if they would first investigate what the strange thing might be. When within 50yds. all stopped to put their wits to work, gazing intently, evidently in profound and perplexed study. Some of the most audacious shook their heads and stamped the ground viciously, apparently by way of bravado. Now and then they turned their heads and looked at each other, as if communing what to do, or may be see if any had lost heart and were about to fly. At last a bull left the herd and advanced within two steps of me, so that I felt nervous lest the wire fence should not prove strong enough to hold him. But he stopped, and I saw from the expression in his great eyes that, however brave he may have appeared to his admiring herd he was in reality in much dread lest the strange object should leap upon him.

Suddenly I spread my coat out on each side, so as to

make it appear that I had in an instant swollen my bulk about twofold. This seemed to overcome him entirely. His eyes spread visibly till they were not far from the size of saucers, and his heart seemed to let go and fall dead within him. I dare say that he believed that at the next moment I should grow larger than a mountain and lay hold on him. He turned tail most ungracefully and trotted back to the herd in a loose, shambling manner, as if he were about to fall to pieces; his head high up in the air, looking backward, and his tail dangling nervelessly behind him. A more demoralized creature was never seen. For a moment he stopped with the herd, as if he said to them, "It is time to leave; that thing truly is the devil." Then his flight began in earnest, and all his herd went instantly after him, jumping, bounding, utterly without order, so that the smaller were likely to be run down and crushed by the bigger. It was a shameful rout; a devil-take-the-hindmost, *sauve qui peut* affair.

The horses had been watching the advance of the kine from a high hill, and when they saw their repulse and rout, a new dismay seized upon them. They too broke, eager to put as great a distance as possible between themselves and the mysterious creature. But when they reached the uttermost part of the pasture they could not stop. Dismay still spurred them on, and presently they appeared again, advancing upon me in full charge, when suddenly catching another view of me, they wheeled away to the left. So they together and the kine together ran round and round, lifting their heels to their mighty utmost, like Tam O'Shanter's mare with the warlocks at her tail. The horses being the fleeter appeared occasionally to be charging down upon the kine, when the latter would scatter before them in every direction, to reunite when the horses passed by. The clatter and roar of hoofs rose high. It was as though a cyclone raged in the pasture. I became alarmed lest the owner should come down upon me as a disturber of the peace. Therefore I walked on, with the clatter and roar sounding in my ears, somewhat consoling myself with the reflection that no rubber coat in the world had ever created so great a commotion as mine had. About a half hour after I left the pasture the wagon passed by it, whose driver reported that the excitement was still very great. He wondered what the matter was, and concluded that the animals had probably seen a Mexican lion.

Were these animals really frightened that they behaved so wildly, or were they merely putting on, out of their exuberant spirit? As to the kine I think there is no doubt they really believed they had seen Satan, or some other very wicked creature who had it in his mind to do them much evil. But as to the horses the case is not so clear; whereof we will discuss somewhat in another paper.

ELIASVILLE, Tex. N. A. T.

FRESH-WATER PEARLS.

IN reply to "N. A. T.'s" inquiries about the fresh-water pearls, I can give nothing of my own experience, but yet some information which I am sure is quite trustworthy, as it was obtained from one of the most experienced pearl fishers of the Winooski River, by my wife, while preparing an article on the subject for the *American Agriculturist* in 1872. I can do no better than quote such portions of that article as will interest "N. A. T.":

"Fresh-water pearls are found most abundantly in the Winooski River not far from its source and in its small tributaries. They are more frequently found in clams that live on stony or gravelly bottoms, as a grain of sand or some small foreign substance that has entered the shell forms the nucleus around which the layers of pearl are made, taking an unknown number of years to form even a small pearl. Sometimes they are taken from river beds of clay and mud. It is said clams must be seven years old before they begin to form a pearl. When open the pearl, if any, is at once seen in the small end imbedded in the "flap." The experienced hunter can usually tell before opening if there is a pearl inside, as only the deformed shells contain one. Often thousands of shells are opened and the inmates destroyed without obtaining a single pearl of value.

"Hinckley Stevens of East Montpelier, one of the most successful pearl hunters of that region, some years ago found the largest pearl that has been discovered in the United States. He says: 'The large pearl I found was in two feet of water where it ran swift. It was in the first shell I took out and I could see the place close to it where some one else had taken out another clam. The pearl is ⅝in. in diameter, round as a ball, and of fine lustre. I sold it for four hundred dollars, but it is valued much higher by its present owner. It was nearly in the middle of the clam by the hinge, the only one I ever heard of being found there.' For successful hunting a still day is necessary, as a slight ripple on deep water will hide the clams."

The clams were destroyed in such immense quantities as to almost exterminate them in the Winooski, and no pearls of any value have been found there for several years.

I have never heard of a pearl being found in the unios of Lake Champlain, nor in the streams near it, not even in its tributary, the Winooski further down than Montpelier.

Perhaps "N. A. T.'s" silent Texan acquaintances are as barren, but I wish him the luck of gathering from them pearls of great price, and the readers of FOREST AND STREAM the pleasure of reading many more of his delightful letters.

Writing of clams reminds me of another so considered uneatable, namely our fresh-water sheepshead. Though this fish when hooked makes such a valiant fight as promises good things on the table, he is generally held in light esteem and often thrown away as soon as caught. Now, if any of the brotherhood, fishing for better fish, chances to capture one of these opal-brained fellows, let him take him home, and having parboiled him, cook him in whatever way he chooses, and then having a good appetite, partake of him, and afterward report in these columns concerning the quality of the fish.

AWAHSOOSE.

DEATH OF COLONEL JAMES STEVENSON.—Colonel James Stevenson, one of the oldest and best-known members of the United States Geological Survey, died at the Gilsey House, in this city, July 25. He was born in Maysville, Ky., in the year 1840, and at an early age showed a strong predilection for wild outdoor life. Before he was fifteen years old he had been among the Indian tribes of the frontiers, and had begun to study their language and customs. He soon joined Dr. Hayden, and by his advice spent several seasons among the Sioux, whose language he learned to speak with fluency. Appointed his chief assistant by Dr. Hayden, he worked with him for some years, but at the breaking out of the war of the rebellion he entered the service on the staff of General Fitz John Porter, and was actively engaged in army work throughout the war. At its close he again joined Dr. Hayden, and thereafter was his chief assistant so long as Dr. Hayden had charge of the Survey. Col. Stevenson was the first to explore and map a great many regions in the West up to that time unknown, and his work on the Columbia and Snake Rivers, and in the neighborhood of the Yellowstone National Park, was especially noteworthy. When Major Powell was placed at the head of the Geological Survey, he appointed Colonel Stevenson as his executive officer. During recent years, however, Colonel Stevenson, at his own request, had been detailed on special ethnological research in connection with the Smithsonian Institution. The exceedingly valuable collection in the National Museum at the Institution, due very largely to his investigations and labors, shows how successful has been the character of his work. His most recent investigations have been given to the Navajo and Zuñi tribes of Indians, and in this work he has devoted much time and study to their mythological religion and customs. In connection with this work he has explored the habitations of the Cliff Dwellers, in Arizona and New Mexico, giving some valuable data and drawings to the Government as a result of his wonderful work there. There is no doubt of the value and importance of the scientific work done by Colonel Stevenson, but it is perhaps true to say that even more important to science, promoting in a high degree the success of the Survey, was his executive ability, his admirable management of the organization. Colonel Stevenson's death was caused by an affection of the heart, brought on, it is said, by much climbing of high mountains. His wife survives him.

MASSACHUSETTS.—Salem, July 24.—Uplands (*T. bartramius*) are reported as seen at Essex. A party recently shot two snipe (*M. griseus*) and some three dozen "peeps," not pups, as last paper said.

Game Bag and Gun.

Antelope and Deer of America. By J. D. Caton. Price $2.50. Wing and Glass Ball Shooting with the Rifle. By W. C. Bliss. Price 50 cents. Rifle, Rod and Gun in California. By T. S. Van Dyke. Price $1.50. Shore Birds. Price 50 cents. Woodcraft. By "Nessmuk." Price $1. Trajectories of Hunting Rifles. Price 50 cents. The Still-Hunter. By T. S. Van Dyke. Price $2.

THE NAMES OF GAME BIRDS.*—I.

ORNITHOLOGISTS have been quite in the way of speaking with a certain contempt of the English nomenclature of our birds. The language of science professes to be precise; a plant or an animal has one name—a name which belongs to it alone, while the English names of many of our commonest forms of life are hopelessly confused. A single appellation in different sections is applied to animals of the most diverse character. A familiar and fantastic example of this is the term "gopher," which in different localities means variously (1) any one of the several species of ground squirrels, (2) a kind of pouched rat, (3) a species of snake, (4) a tortoise.

But is the language of science actually precise? It should be; it aims to be, but a glance at the list of synonyms in any work on ornithology will show that the scientific nomenclature of birds is constantly changing, and that most species have had at least as many Latin names applied to them as English ones.

Up to the present time the English names of our birds have been generally unknown. By this we mean that each name applied to a given species is known as belonging to that species only by persons inhabiting a limited area. A certain duck may be called at Falmouth, Massachusetts, a widgeon; in another part of the same State its name may be troop-fowl; in Connecticut, broadbill; in New Jersey, flock-duck; in South Carolina, blackhead; and in Illinois, bluebill. If, however, in South Carolina a widgeon is spoken of, it is supposed that the bird referred to is an entirely different species from that called widgeon at Falmouth in Massachusetts. In other words, these English names, having never seemed to ornithologists of sufficient importance to put into their books, have had no general currency, and for the most part each one is known only to a limited circle of dwellers in some particular section of the country. From time to time lists of local names from various localities have been published in FOREST AND STREAM, but these, while interesting in themselves, have necessarily covered but little territory. One of the best and most interesting of these is that by Mr. C. F. Brown, in FOREST AND STREAM, Nov. 9, 1876. Until now, however, the subject of the common names of American birds has remained practically untouched.

We have before us a book that is entirely new and curious, and utterly unlike anything that has heretofore been published, a book which possesses a very great interest for the student of ornithology, and which will be still more warmly welcomed by the man who is not a student but who loves to go shooting—who is in fact a plain, simple gunner. Mr. Trumbull has had the genius to break the soil in a field hitherto unworked. He has written a volume which, while not nominally an ornithology, is yet one in fact, but an ornithology entirely different in plan and purpose from any other that has yet been written, an ornithology which eschews the jargon of science and commends itself by its plain and simple language to that vast majority of people who are ignorant of the latinity of science, and who are appalled by the mysteries of its technical terms. This ornithology is confined to our game birds, and to our game birds east of the Rocky Mountains, but it can be comprehended throughout. There is in all this book not a single mention of primaries or remiges, gonys or culmen. The birds are described in plain, every-day English, "in language understanded of the people." It is hardly necessary to say that for such a book there is a place. If it contained only the common names of birds it would be a remarkably interesting and curious book. If it contained only the descriptions, accompanied by such excellent figures, it would be a most useful book, one which would enable every gunner of intelligence who can read English to identify the birds which he has shot. As to this view of the book Mr. Trumbull in his introduction says:

"I have thought that a book which included those birds only in which gunners and sportsmen are interested—pictures of the different species and plumages, descriptions in plain English, full lists of common names, as well as book-names—would, if decently constructed, be a peculiarly intelligible book of reference for those who go gunning. A good picture is worth more for the purpose of identification than all the descriptions ever written, and a picture in simple black and white is in many cases more useful than a colored one, that is to say, for birds whose plumages are entirely different at different seasons, and whose markings and colors necessarily pass through so many intermediate stages. It should be always borne in mind that a bird does not change its plumage as a snake does its skin; that it is impossible to describe each and every variation, and that it is better to leave a great deal to the intelligence of the reader, than to run the risk of hopelessly confusing him by too much detail."

The groups of birds are taken up in no regular order. The book opens with the geese and the ducks, rails, grouse and waders follow. To each bird is given a number and is identified beyond the possibility of a mistake by means of its Latin name as given in the Check List of the A. O. U. About sixty species are enumerated. Following this is a plain simple description in ordinary untechnical English, such as a child could comprehend. Then comes a figure of the bird, sometimes two figures, when the male and female differ in plumage, and then follows the list of English names, with the locality where each is used interspersed with all sorts of curious information, picked up by Mr. Trumbull in his travels.

The names given by Mr. Trumbull in this work comprise only those which are now in actual use, which has found employed by gunners in one section or another to which his wanderings have extended. We there find that some of the names given in the ornithologies but which appear to have become obsolete, do not appear in the present volume, but of those in actual use to-day Mr. Trumbull has no doubt recorded the great majority. Of course he has not been able to obtain them all, but looking over the book, we have been able to find only a single omission of a local name. This is the term "rail-crake" as applied to the Virginia rail.

The ninety portraits which serve to illustrate this book are singularly faithful likenesses of the species they represent. They were drawn by Mr. Edwin Shepard of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia, who is well known by his admirable drawings of birds in Baird, Brewer and Ridgway's Water Birds of North America, and these are a credit to his pencil.

It is impossible to go into the subject of the local names as treated by Mr. Trumbull in such a way as to give a satisfactory idea of its magnitude and interest. Its points will be recognized by readers of the volume. To most people it will be a surprise to learn that a single duck (*Erismatura rubida*) has sixty-seven names. Even the woodcock has nearly as many.

The amount of labor required to bring together the vast number of local names here recorded can be appreciated by any one who has not given some attention to the subject. To have gathered together the names as have appeared in print would not have been difficult, but this would have been a very superficial way of handling a most interesting subject. It was not the author's way. Instead of this, Mr. Trumbull has given years to traveling about, visiting different shooting localities, making the acquaintance of the oldest and most reliable gunners in all sections, and learning from their lips the names applied in each particular locality to each species. It is the names used by these gunners and their fathers that are given us.

No word of defense or justification of such a careful and useful work as Mr. Trumbull has given to the public in this volume can be needed, and it is scarcely conceivable that any one should underestimate the value of the work. Its author, however, feels it necessary to speak a few words of justification for it and for the names which he has put on record. He says:

"I would remind any who may think it unwise to record provincialisms so simple and apparently full of meaning as some of these, that such a view of the matter is itself a provincialism most unreasonable. Many names which appear to us absurdly grotesque and outlandish are current mediums of communication between men as wise in their generation, though educated in a different school, and the whole nomenclature of those who shoot, not alone for sport but for their daily bread, should command respect. It is now painfully popular to misrepresent and ridicule the men called 'pot-hunters;' yet these dear old fellows have taught us pretty much all we know about hunting, and the science of ornithology has gathered its most important contributions."

We do not know of any reason why there should not be an English synonomy of birds as well as a Latin one, and for such a synonomy Mr. Trumbull has done the present work a broad foundation. We regard Mr. Trumbull's book as one of the most important that has appeared for years, and do not hesitate to predict that it will lead to more toward popularizing a knowledge of our birds than any that has gone before it for a number of years. It will serve as an introduction to the more technical works which without some easy approach such as this book and "Names and Portraits," would remain beyond the reach of the unscientific. The gunner by field, lake and the shore has here an easy means of learning what the birds are that he shoots.

For many years we have received inquiries for a book containing descriptions of our game birds by means of which they could be recognized, and we have been obliged to say that we knew of none which met the requirements. At last, however, we have a book, and it is the one just written by Mr. Trumbull.

*Names | and | Portraits of Birds | which | interest Gunners | with descriptions | In Language Understanded of the People | By Gurdon Trumbull | New York | Harper & Brothers, Franklin Square—1888.

PEQUEANSE.—Duluth, Minn.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In a communication printed in your issue of July 19 entitled "Running the Brule" the word "Pequearise" in the article should be Pequeanse. As this is the name of one of the largest and most beautiful of the fountain-spring lakes that in a group give rise to the Brule, it seems not unimportant that it should be correctly named in your journal.—

THE PANTHER'S SCREAM.

READING in July 19 number of FOREST AND STREAM a short item about panthers by your British Columbia correspondent, reminds me of a circumstance in my own hunting days about thirty-five years ago.

I was camping alone in an open camp near the head of Sollychunkemunk Lake, say about twenty rods from the shore, in the woods, on a dark and stormy night in the fall of the year. I had worked hard the day before tramping through the woods, over mountains and through swamps, tending traps and doing some shooting, being chiefly in pursuit of fur game. I was very tired, had got to camp just at dark, and gathered in some wood, cooked and ate my supper, and lay down on my balsam bed, and was soon sound asleep. When I came to myself, I was on my knees, with my gun in my hands, peering out into the darkness, and the rain was pouring in torrents.

My fire was nearly out and it was a fearful night. I knew I had been awakened by some noise, for I had done the same thing once before, and I was in a frightened state of mind. On coming to myself my first effort was to start up my fire; and as luck would have it, there were some dry sticks by my side. While I was thus engaged there went out into the tempest and darkness one of the most unearthly screeches or yells I ever heard, a prolonged vehement howl, sounding as nearly as I can describe like a woman in distress.

My hair straightened and my hat came off, and I jumped back into camp, and there was lively work kindling that fire.

The animal, when I heard him, was on the shore of the lake, not more than one hundred yards from me. No doubt he had screeched before, which brought me out of sleep, on to my knees, with my gun ready to shoot; but after then and there was about as good a weapon as a stick of wood, for nothing could be seen outside, and a panther could have crushed me at one leap had he started a scrimmage. No doubt he smelled me, but at the same time saw some spark of fire, which kept him back and caused him give the frightful yell.

Be that as it may, I soon had a bright fire burning, but there was no more sleep for me that night. I sat with my gun in my grip ready to fire, and, as St. Paul when he was shipwrecked, "wished for day." The beast made off to the mountains to the east, every few minutes uttering the parting vehement yell, which grew less and less distinct as he receded, until all was still except the dripping of the rain.

In the morning I went to the shore of the lake and found the animal's tracks—a large round footprint with long claws that settled into the sandy shore as he traveled along, and when he came to a brook, which was about forty feet wide, he seemed to leap it with the greatest ease. This was what I presume to be a large panther.

J. G. RICH.

MATHEL, MAINE.

WINTER BURRO DEER IN OLD MEXICO.

ONE bright, clear, warm morning early in December, 1884, Joe, Steve and the writer bowled out of Tombstone, Arizona Territory, on our way to Ramsay's ranch, near the Mexican line, a distance of about 58 miles. There we expected to find John L., who rejoiced in the nickname of Bill Hadden. It was on his advice that we started on our trip. He had hunted at Ramsay's before, and reported that the surrounding country was full of fine deer of the biggest kind. Tombstone was soon left behind and we came to a wooden building on one side of which was stretched a huge cloth sign on which was painted in letters four feet high the words "Last Chance." On the other side was another sign with letters equally as large, which read "First Chance." A short distance further on we caught a glimpse of the white quarters at Fort Huachuca, distant about twenty-four miles, where we intended to stop the first day. We passed a number of freight wagons on their way to the smelter and stamp mills at Charlestown, distant from Tombstone twelve miles. Each team consisted of sixteen mules, and each team hauled two wagons, a lead and trail. They were loaded with from twenty to thirty tons of ore. Ten tons to the wagon was called a light load. There were two men with each team, one to drive and the other to brake, help grease, water, etc. All these teams were owned by Mr. Sidney Carr, of Charlestown, who has immense stables and stock there. Mr. Carr was at one time the largest freighter in the world. At that time he owned 200 wagons and 1,600 mules and horses, and had teams all over Arizona, but the railroads came and almost ruined his business. Mr. Carr is unable to write, but keeps his business in his head.

We soon reached Charlestown, which is very prettily situated on the San Pedro River. It had been very lively and prosperous at one time and lots had been staked off for a hundred, while speculation in real estate ran high. That story was past, however, for the mines at Tombstone had played out and then there was nothing for their mills to do.

We reached Huachuca early in the afternoon. Fort Huachuca is beautifully situated in a cañon of the same name in the Huachuca Mountains. It is built near the mouth of the cañon, where it is wide enough to give a fine parade ground. The sides of the cañon protect it from the heavy winds that sometimes prevail, and the live oaks that grow all over the post make it cool and pleasant during the warmest weather. The men's quarters are of wood, two stories high, and are models of comfort and convenience. The officers' row is built of adobe, two stories high, the outside of them being covered with a fine grayish cement. The cavalry stables are the best and most convenient that I have ever seen in the army. The post was chosen by Gen. Sherman as being the most healthful in the Territory for a large post. The post contains the finest system of waterworks, and its great elevation—over 5,000ft. above sea level—makes it cool and pleasant in summer. It is only seven miles from the New Mexico and Arizona R.R., and at the time I write was garrisoned by three companies of cavalry and one of infantry. As a stranger at the post, as I used to go over frequently and have a run after jack rabbits with some of the officers' fellows stationed there. They had some fine greyhounds, and many a good chase I have had after them on the prairie near the fort.

We started early next morning and as the greater part of our road lay over a very rough and mountainous country, it was late before we reached Mr. Ramsey's. We passed through a part of the Huachuca range, a region once famous for elk, deer, bear and wild turkeys, but the game has nearly all been killed off. Steve managed to bag a wild turkey, a big gobbler, and Joe knocked the heads off a half dozen California quail during the day. Mr. Ramsey's range is bordered on one side by the road which separates Mexico from the U. S., and joins the famous ranch owned by Senator Don Cameron of Pennsylvania, and Mr. Colin Cameron of Tucson, on the other. Our idea was to camp on the American side and hunt in Mexico. We were forced to do this by the absurd regulations of the Mexican customs house, which makes it difficult to get a hunting outfit into the country and still more difficulty to get it out again.

Bill joined us a short time after our arrival and we made preparations for an early start on the morrow. We had our breakfast long before daylight, and after talking the matter over we concluded to try our luck on the American side for the first day, as quite a number of deer had been killed there recently. We all hunted in the same general direction, but kept about a half mile apart. I tramped until pretty late in the afternoon but did not see a single deer, nor could I find any very fresh signs. The place must have been a regular paradise for game at one time for in all my hunting I never saw any strip of country that was better adapted to game than this, nor was I mistaken, for I met a ranchman by the name of Smith who had lived near there for several years and he told me that when he first settled there he never pretended to hunt with anything but his Colt's army pistol, and that he could go out any day and knock over two or three deer with it.

I had eaten nothing since breakfast and had got pretty hungry by this time, so I shaped my course for camp. I was hurrying along on the Cameron ranch, when I heard a most piteous bawling up in a little ravine to my right; and in about a half minute a small bunch of cattle came out with heads down and tails up, on a dead run. I thought that one of them must have fallen into a hole or something, and started up the ravine to find out what the matter was. I had only gone a short distance, when the bleating ceased entirely. About twenty rods from the mouth the ravine made a sharp turn to the west, and I noticed quite a clump of trees growing just beyond the bend. I had no sooner rounded the bend than I found out what was the matter, for there on the ground, about 50ft. from me, with his teeth buried in the neck of a good-sized steer was a big Mexican lion. We recognized each other at the same instant and were probably both equally surprised. He gave me no time to think, however, for quick as a flash he let go his hold, gave a hoarse growl, crouched down, and with his belly touching the ground and his long tail lashing the air, he commenced to creep toward me. I had been thinking at the rate of a hundred miles a minute and had come to the conclusion that if I intended to do anything or take a hand in the little game it was time I was about it, for the lion had tasted blood, his temper was up, he thought he had a winning hand and was bound to call me. I cocked my Winchester, brought it to my shoulder, sighted and fired, the whole business being done in one time and one motion. With a yell almost human in its agony the lion tried to raise himself from the ground and leap, but his hindquarters dragged, and it was evident that my shot had taken effect and broken his back. He tried and did drag himself toward me, his mouth was wide open, his ears drawn back so as to show the full length of his long, shining white teeth, while he emitted shrieks and yells that were simply earsplitting. He would run his long nails into the hard ground and then make a convulsive movement as though he was going to spring toward me, but he could only move his body a few inches at a time. I did not wait to watch him very long, for I kept my gun at my shoulder, took deliberate aim at his chest and gave him another shot. By this time he was only about 35ft. from me and I could hardly have missed him had I tried. My second shot settled him forever, for after a slight struggle he stretched himself out dead. I was busy examining him, when I heard some one running, and Joe came in sight over a little ridge that was in front of me. He was very pale and completely out of breath.

"I was about a quarter of a mile from you," said he, "and was trying to get a shot at a big deer, when I heard you shoot. I recognized the report of your gun, and when that infernal cougar commenced to howl and scream, I thought you might be in trouble, and so I hurried over so as to give you a hand if you needed it. I have had a couple of very unpleasant encounters with cougars, and I never hear one scream without feeling a kind of a shiver pass over me. He screamed and I tell you I felt considerably relieved when you fired the second time and everything grew quiet, for I knew from the time that elapsed between your shots that you were not hard pressed."

While we were talking Steve came flying up the ravine. "Are you all right?" he asked. "You see I was on a hill way back yonder; I heard you shoot and the lion yell, and in about a minute I saw Joe tearing along on top of the ridge, and I certainly thought you were in trouble, so I put on a full head of steam and here I am. Well, you are in luck," he continued, "I have spent ten years in California, Texas and Arizona, and have hunted a great deal, but I have never been able to kill a lion, while this is the third one that you have put out of the way. I have seen several, but it was when I had nothing but a pistol, and I did not dare to tackle them with that."

"I wish we had some way of measuring him," I said. "Oh, I can do that for you easy enough," said Joe, "the blade of my hunting knife is eight and the handle just four inches long. Each inch on the handle is notched, so there need be no guess work."

We stretched the lion out at full length, and Joe measured him twice carefully. It was a trifle over ten feet eight inches from the tip of his nose to the end of his tail. He was a perfect specimen, and I have always regretted that I did not have a tapeline so we could have taken exact measurements of all parts of his body. We took his skin off and carried it to camp. I intended to save it and have it tanned with the hair on, but the very first night the coyotes came and tore it all to pieces. To square matters we put out the head and neck of a deer which we got from Ramsay the next night, and when about fifty coyotes came barking and snarling about it, we opened fire on them and killed seven of the gaunt, hungry-looking cowardly creatures. Our camp was pitched about thirty rods from Ramsay's house, and we used to get fresh milk, eggs and butter from his wife every day, which made a great addition to our fare. Joe was elected cook long before we started by a unanimous vote, and as he was our artist in that line and liked to do it, everybody was satisfied.

That night, while all reclined about our bright camp fire, and Bill and Steve blew great clouds of smoke into the clear, cold air, I related to Bill how I chanced to meet the cougar. He had killed no less than thirteen of them, and had one chained up in his yard for a long time. He used to watch it and study its habits closely until it killed a pet setter for him, when he sold it to a Mexican showman.

"I caught that little lion when it was very small," said Bill, "and tried to tame and make a pet of it, but failed. I was living in southern California on a ranch at the time. I killed the mother and kept her two cubs or kittens; one of them got poisoned and died, and the other grew up to be a perfect whale of a fellow. He hated all dogs, and while I used to give him more than he could eat, he liked to dine on fresh dog meat in preference to anything I could feed him. He used to work all sorts of schemes to induce them to come in reach of him. I employed quite a number of Mexicans, and every one of them had from two to six dogs; and as is the case with all Mexican dogs, they were in a chronic state of hunger all the time. After the cougar had eaten all he wanted, he would lay a bone or piece of meat down near the end of his long chain, then he would retire back eight or nine feet, lie down, cover his head nearly up with his paws and feign sleep. The dogs would gather around, and keep coming closer and closer, while the cougar would never move a muscle; at last one of them would pluck up courage and try to seize the bone, when the cougar would leap for him quick as a flash. Sometimes the dog would get away, for the chain was heavy and interfered with the cougar considerably, but the cougar would usually leave his mark on him. I saw him jump for a big dog one day; and though it seemed to me that he hardly touched him with one of his paws, he took most of the skin from his shoulder as well as the side of his head. I was looking at him another time, when a dog tried to take a bone away; the cougar leaped for him, but the chain had become twisted and he failed to reach the spot. He seemed to be very much crestfallen and walked the full length of his chain several times as though he was pacing the distance. The kinks had come out of the chain by this time and he could reach the bone easily enough, and he was evidently puzzled to know why he could not reach it when he jumped. I kept him over three years, when he killed my pet setter Dash. I was going to kill him, but a Mexican offered me a hundred dollars and I sold him. I was out hunting quail with a shotgun on the same ranch when I saw a lion kill a fine young heifer for me. There was a fine grove of trees about a mile from my house, and during the warm summer months the cattle used to resort there during the middle of the day to get in the shade. It was early in the forenoon. I had killed a lot of birds, and, as it was very warm, I thought I would rest in the grove a while before carrying them home. I was only a few rods from a long-leaning, heavily-topped tree, under which several of the choicest animals of my herd were standing, when I caught sight of something moving among the branches. Before I could make out what it was a cougar leaped down on a good-sized heifer. He struck her with one paw right back of her horns, the other one hit her on the shoulder; he fastened his teeth in her neck at the same time. The poor creature went down as if shot, and we afterward found that her neck had been broken. I felt sure that it was the blow the lion gave her behind the horns that did this. I ran to where some horses were grazing, caught one, rode to the house without saddle or bridle, got my rifle and rode back, where I found the lion still gorging himself, and I killed him. In those days cougars were a regular nuisance round where I lived, and they killed no end of cattle and sheep for ranchers."

We started over into Mexico early the next morning, and hunted all day without seeing a single deer. The next day Steve killed a big burro deer; and we had quite an adventure with four of the Mexican guards, who ride the line to prevent smuggling. They rode over the same round twice every day. They passed our camp going east about 10 A. M., and came back about 3 P. M. As a general thing they are regular vagabonds, and some of them delight in causing innocent people all the trouble they can. Joe was going along searching all the little ravines for deer when he suddenly came out within a few rods of the road that divides the two countries. He had no idea that he was anywhere near the road, and as he looked down it he saw four of the guards riding along. As soon as they saw him they put spurs to their horses and came dashing down to intercept him. Joe got to the road as soon as they did and crossed over to the American side. "What were you doing over here?" said one of the Mexicans to him. "Hunting," was Joe's brief reply. "I believe you are lying," said another, putting his hand on his pistol and trying to draw it. Joe covered him with his Winchester, and told him to pull his hand away or he would shoot. "Ah, you are all right," said they in Mexican, "we just wanted to have some fun, and find out what kind of a man you were." "Well, you have found out, and you had better ride on," said he. "Buona," they replied, and rode on. Joe kept an eye on them meanwhile, and when they had got about 150yds. away one of them pulled his pistol and turned in his saddle to shoot, but Joe was too quick for him, and fired, knocking his sombrero off. This took all the shoot out of the Mexican, and all of them laid down on their horses' necks, plunged their spurs into their sides and dashed away. Joe fired two or three shots away over their heads to help them along, and then came into camp. If he had shown the white feather they would have held him up, taken everything he had, and then told him to go in all probability.

That evening we noticed three men dodging around among the trees, and we went out to investigate. We found that they were three deserters from the Fourth Cavalry at Huachuca. They had been paid there a couple of days before, and they had deserted after spending most of their money. I asked one of them, who seemed to be very intelligent, why he deserted. "Too much First Sergeant, and not enough to eat," was his reply.

Friday morning we went over the line again and had good luck, for Steve killed a big burro, and Joe a mule deer, while Bill and I got an antelope between us. We ran against it almost, and both of us fired at the same time. It went down in a heap, and we found two bullet holes not more than four inches apart. I have seen the statement that burro deer were ever found so far south as

Mexico denied, but the deer that we killed was certainly of that species. Steve and Joe had hunted from Washington Territory to Yucatan, and Bill and I had both killed many mule deer, and we all agreed on the question as to which family this one belonged to.

Saturday was to be our last day, and we concluded to go over into Mexico again and have an antelope hunt. A rancher by the name of Campeni went along with us. He was familiar with the country, and knew where the antelope came to get water. It was several miles and we drove over. Mr. Campeni very kindly offered to stay with the team and see that no wandering Mexican got hold of it. We hunted in pairs, Joe and Bill in one pair, and Steve and myself in the other. Steve and I had climbed up on top of a good sized mountain to see if there were any antelope in sight, when we were surprised to see what we thought was a big brown stone house standing on another still higher mountain about two miles away. We had no glasses, and we both became so impressed with the idea that it was a house of some sort, that we concluded to visit it and settle the matter. Before we got to it, however, we found it was not a building at all, but simply a huge mass of stone. It was a good representation of a house with doors and windows, and big columns or pillars in front. We could not see any game of any kind and returned to the wagon where Joe and Bill soon joined us. We were sitting in the wagon in the shade of a big tree, chatting and laughing, when Joe saw something bob up on a big ridge a few hundred yards away. Eight other somethings came in sight, and there were nine antelope within range of us. We all opened on them, but working our Winchesters made our spring wagon jump, so we could not get good aim, and we only got one of them.

We drove nearly to Huachuca on Sunday, and on our way Joe killed another deer. The next day we drove to Joe's ranch, and there we lived on venison until we would have been ashamed to look a live deer in the face.

VERITAS.

MY LARGEST GRIZZLY.

BOZEMAN, Mont.—During my annual bear hunt in the spring of 1886 I chanced to camp one night near the thoroughbred horse ranch of Engleman & McRoberts, which is located at the foot of the West Gallatin Mountains, twenty-five miles southwest of Bozeman. After caring for the horses, pitching tent and putting everything in good shape for the night, I concluded to spend the evening with my friends at their ranch. We had a social game of cribbage, in which mine host was done up completely. When the time came for me to go to camp, the snow was falling thick and fast, so I was easily persuaded to remain where I was until morning, when the sun shone bright and clear upon the fresh snow (which had fallen a foot deep), making the game trails on the mountainsides discernible for miles around.

With the use of my field glass I discovered that a bear had come off the mountain to my camp very recently, as his trail was fresh, having been made after the snow had stopped falling. Fearing my cayuses had been "taken in" by the hungry animal, I hastened to the place where they were picketed and found that bruin had come to within 20yds. of my saddle horse, sat down in the snow, watched his vain efforts to break loose, and passed on to my tent. After walking around that a couple of times, he had disappeared into the brush. There is no doubt that he was too modest to break into a house when every one was gone.

Following his trail down the creek about a mile, crossing and recrossing, crawling over down treetops and under logs, with an occasional bunch of snow falling down the back of my neck, I finally discovered that he had circled and gone back to my friends' horse corral, perhaps with a view of getting a young colt for breakfast; but being driven off by the stallions he had meandered up the mountainside to the heavy timber in defiance of both hunter and ranchmen. But alas for old bruin, he was "monarch of all he surveyed" by night, while I claimed the honors of the day.

When passing the ranch I asked my friend to join me in the chase, which he did willingly until the trail got hot and the snow too deep to ride our horses longer; but when I assured him that we wouldn't have to follow the trail much longer before finding the end of it, he concluded to stay with me and see the bear fight. Taking off my suspenders, I tied them around the dog's neck so as to hold him from going ahead and eating the bear up before I could get a shot at him. We advanced cautiously until we came to a bed the bear had just left, when the dog discovered he had missed his calling and went back to watch the horses until we should come.

Now everything was clear for us to go on, we being rid of the dog and the wind blowing from the bear toward us. We had not gone many steps when we found another bed (or place where the bear had lain down), and still another, each one being fresher than the last.

Turning to see if my partner in the hunt was as cool and collected as he would be in handling a wild broncho, I saw he had his gun full-cocked and pointed nearly toward me. Seeing this, and knowing that a monster grizzly was on the other side of me, made me wish I was with the dog watching the horse. But here the chase ended, for not ten steps away was the object of our quest. As he raised his head above the brush a bullet from my .45-75 Winchester caught him in the lower part of the brain, which crazed him, whereupon he struck and bit at everything in reach of him. When he appeared again, within about ten feet of me, I sent another bullet crashing through his brain and laid him out forever. Thus ended the career of one of the largest grizzlies ever killed in the Rocky Mountains. The weight of the animal was variously estimated at from 900 to 1,400lbs. His skin measured 9ft. 3in. from tip to tip, and is owned by Mr. John E. Burton of Lake Geneva, Wis.

BEAR HUNTER.

A DINING CAR LINE TO THE PACIFIC COAST.—The completion of the all rail line between Portland, Ore., and San Francisco gives the Pacific coast traveler an opportunity to patronize the famous Dining Car and Yellowstone Park Line, the Northern Pacific Railroad. The sportsman traveling in the West, whether a lover of the rod or gun, naturally seeks this road, penetrating as it does the lake park region of Minnesota, and running through the valleys of such trout streams as the Yellowstone, Gallatin, Hell Gate, Clark's Fork, Spokane, Yakima and Green Rivers, for a distance of fully 1,500 miles, as well as lying immediately contiguous to the finest hunting grounds in the United States, viz., The Big Horn, Snowy Belt, Bitter Root, Coeur D'Alene and Cascade Mountains. Information in regard to this region can be obtained by addressing CHARLES S. FEE, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, N. P. R. R., St. Paul, Minn.—*Adv.*

"ADIRONDACK ABOMINATIONS."

Editor Forest and Stream:

Regarding the article by Mr. John R. Spears on "Adirondack Abominations," in your issue of July 19, commenting on your editorial of the preceding week, let me say a few words. While fully agreeing with Mr. Spears that killing deer out of season by actual residents, for necessary food, is less culpable than killing them merely for sport or to sell to the near-by summer hotels, still I must emphatically deny that night-hunting in the eastern section of the Adirondacks (Franklin and Clinton counties, etc.,) is done solely by guides at the instigation of "city sportsmen," seduced by promise of a good bonus. There is more than enough of this; for example: A party of four young men and two guides went from Loon Lake hotel to Elbow Ponds, the head waters of the Salmon River, a few nights ago, for the avowed purpose of night-hunting, despite the fact that both sportsmen and guides knew perfectly well that they were breaking the law.

A party of four, one party of three and a party of two have within three weeks repeatedly night-hunted and killed deer on Barnum Pond, near Paul Smith's. In only one instance, the first party, were there city sportsmen, the others consisting wholly of guides and natives.

Another party, consisting of city sportsmen and "old and reliable guides," had everything prepared last week to leave Paul Smith's hotel and camp at Buck Pond, with the purpose, freely boasted of by the guides, to "fish and night-hunt." Many of the North Woods hotels are responsible for night-hunting by guides and natives; the fact that they buy the game from them for the tables furnishing the incentive.

No man, should he care to break the law, will have any trouble in finding a guide ready to accompany him, and in many instances the guides offer themselves for that service, although knowing it to be illegal.

But this practice becomes sheer wasteful butchery when ignorant bunglers among the natives go out and maim and kill deer that are left to die in the bushes a few rods from where they are shot; for example, who butchered that fine stag that lies rotting below the outlet of Loon Lake, and whose bloated carcass taints the air for a long distance? And yet this man and his accomplice are out nearly every night doing like work.

Do the "guides" at State Dam on the Salmon River, sixteen miles from Malone, never night-hunt? Ask Abe Lester. Possibly Adam might make some interesting statements. But to specify single instances or special localities is needless; this law-breaking is going on everywhere, and is not only not denounced by the guides and hotel men, whose best interests are served by having a close season, but is advocated and participated in by them.

Now, as to the trout hog, dynamiter, etc. There is scarcely a hotel in the North Woods that does not daily receive, cook and serve at public table trout less than 6in. long. The ponds are dynamited for market but by woodsmen and guides, or else, and most often—indeed in 90 per cent. of all cases—by railroad hands, who find easy access to blasting materials. Woe to any pond or stream near which a railroad hand camp has existed for a short time.

Not one man in ten in this country is educated up to the point where he believes in or will practice the course of returning carefully to the water all fish under six inches. They want fish now; they care nothing for the future welfare of the stream or the fishing of those who come after them. No more indeed than those who spear and shoot and net the fish on the spawning beds, fish for them through the ice, &c. The universal motto in this land where a day's catch of trout is by the ten or twenty pounds, "*Après moi le déluge.*"

It was fondly hoped that the law making railroads, express companies, &c., liable for carrying game out of season, would do much to limit the illegal butchery of deer. But the purchase of every carcass by hotel keepers in the vicinity keeps the thing going, and natives, guides, "river drivers," rail and wood hands and the like, swarm into the woods every night at this illicit work.

The usual "sportsman's" method of killing deer up here in the season is bad enough, but is not nearly so fatal, nor does it so quickly thin out the deer as the night-hunting now going on in every direction. Fancy a "city sportsman," whose guides have sighted a deer in a lake or pond, being rowed up to it, emptying his rifle's magazine at it twice at short range (10–20ft.), and then failing to kill it, the guide holding it firmly by the tail to prevent its sinking, the sportsman either batters its brains out with an oar or placing the muzzle of his rifle at its head, thus ends its poor life. This I have witnessed several times in all its brutal detail. This, I say, is bad enough, but it is in season and legal, and furthermore is the only way many a "dude sportsman" could possibly kill a deer. And it is a poor sportsman nowadays who can't kill one or more in the season.

K. NOO.

LOON LAKE, July 25.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your editorial in last week's FOREST AND STREAM, relative to the exterminatian of game in the Adirondacks, was so true that I wanted to say to you, "Them's my sentiments." It showed so accurate knowledge of the way it is being done that I could hardly believe it was written anywhere but on the spot referred to.

In this week's paper Mr. John R. Spears refers to it, and appreciates the truthfulness of it, as every one must who is at all familiar with the facts.

I cannot quite agree with Mr. Spears in thinking the damage done by natives is insignificant, though I think very much of it is instigated by city sportsmen (so called).

I have known of dynamite being used in trout streams by natives who made no use of the fish they killed, and when there was no apparent reason for their act, except "pure cussedness." But the wholesale destruction of trout is usually done in the interest of some hotel. Three weeks ago I fished a stream I had known of many years, but never tried before and never wish to again, or until the "trout hog" can be kept away from it for a year or two. It was literally alive with trout; I could see in nearly every pool from twenty to fifty and they took the fly eagerly, but out of twenty I had to put back eighteen as they measured 5½in. I saved in an hour's fishing about thirty.

The next week a young man from the city went out to it with a guide and saved two hundred and sixty in an hour and a half.

We passed through a track now owned by the "Adirondack Reserve," who have done all they could for two years to protect the game on their property. I was glad to see the signs of deer much more numerous than in past seasons. But on returning to my boat, I found a skiff drawn up into the bushes. We recognized the boat as one belonging to a guide who wears the badge of the "Adirondack Reserve," and near the boat a quantity of blood, and every evidence that a deer had been killed by floating.

Many of the guides about here insist that the six-inch trout law has been repealed, and give as a reason that trout hooked always die, therefore there was no use for the law. I always stay long enough after putting a trout back to be sure if it recovers, and I am certain that not one in a hundred that I remove is any the worse after a few minutes. In fact, unless a trout falls and strikes a stone, I never lose any, and I have been very much surprised to see how much rough handling they will endure.

And in fishing the stream I refer to, I took many small trout that had been caught before and put back or escaped, many had lost an eye or the lower jaw was torn apart, but they appeared to be just as well and lively as ever. Whether that is the law or not, it will always be a law for me. And if I find any one with trout less than that size I shall enter complaint against them.

If you have any copy of the law in printed form, I wish you would do me the favor to send some to me. If you have not, if you will print a few I will pay for it, and post them in conspicuous places. I think they should be sent to every post office in the Adirondack region, that no one need plead ignorance.

R. M. SHURTLEFF.

KEENE VALLEY, N. Y., July 22.

[We have referred the request for printed copies to the Fish Commission, who advise us that they are now preparing a summary of the law.]

THE FOREST AND STREAM complains that despite the efforts, legislative and otherwise, to protect the Adirondack forest and the game therein from vandalism, the work of destruction goes steadily and contemptuously on. All classes, it says, railroad managers, landlords, guides, tourists and sportsmen, pay no attention to the legal restrictions, but do more mischief every year than all the preserving bureaus can replace in a decade. Game is killed in abundance out of season. That paper uses this severe language:

> The trout hog, the deer butcher, the dynamite-cartridge fiend, the night-hunter, the steel-trap deer stalker and the like are increasing instead of decreasing. * * * For the game protector or constable to stop a few days here and a few there, at the best hotels, riding around the country in the daytime and tacking his cards upon stumps is all nonsense. The law-breakers don't care a rap for him, and laugh at the mention of his name and methods. * * * If those whose business it is would establish some way to banish the trout and deer and timber thieves, some good might come of it; but until the bunghole is stopped up there is nothing short of lunacy in pouring in at the spigot.

This is a discouraging picture, but it is beyond a doubt substantially correct. The legal acts designed to keep the Adirondacks intact are honest enough, but the difficulty lies in their inefficient enforcement. This cannot be accomplished except through the employment of a much larger force of officials inspired in some way to put zeal and thoroughness into the matter of protecting the wilderness. The Adirondacks should be amply defended against the destructionists; and it would be done were they in almost any country in Europe. Forestry and game laws there are for use, not ornament.—*Troy Times July 25.*

FLIGHT WOODCOCK.

WHAT has become of the woodcock? As woodcock invariably return to the same coverts to breed, year after year, if not killed, it follows that the numerous birds found in the coverts in this neighborhood several years ago must have been killed to the south, either going or coming, or in their winter home. Now that the season for woodcock has been changed in most of the northern States, and those birds are forbidden to be killed before the 1st of August in some States, and the 1st of September in other States, we may possibly in the future have this splendid game bird more plentiful again. How pleased all true sportsmen must be that the killing of woodcock has been put a stop to on the 1st and 4th of July. At this season the young birds are only half grown, weak on the wing, and slow in flight, and therefore easily killed by very inferior shots. Any sportsman having shot an October woodcock, I am sure, would not care for a miserable little soft July bird. Our game laws in Ontario make the open season for woodcock commence on the 15th of August, which is a good thing, and amounts to almost doing away with summer shooting.

The woodcock in Ontario disappear in August, during the moulting season, and do not appear in any numbers until the latter end of September or first week in October, having made a short migration somewhere, but where that somewhere is I have never been able to discover. When the woodcock have returned, and the night frosts have killed all the nettles, then let the sportsman shoulder his gun and take his brace of spaniels along, they being the dogs of all dogs for woodcock, and repair to the covert, where, if fortunate enough to reside in a district where these birds abound, he will enjoy to my thinking the best of all sports, and if lucky, will carry home with him a bag of birds the most delicious for the table and the most difficult to shoot of all game birds, a bag of October woodcock.

When first I came to the country I hunted woodcock with a liver and white English pointer, a splendid dog and very steady; he would stand a bird an hour or more. He hunted the woodcock and I hunted him. The coverts in this locality are very dense and close, being mostly composed of alders and small cedars. It being difficult to see a dog 30ft. away, I find that I can kill twice as many birds by taking advantage of any little open space or cattle track, following the dogs through these dense brakes. My dogs are black, flat-haired field spaniels, and have such good noses and are so well broke that they rarely leave a bird behind them after having gone over the ground.

Last October I had the luck to light upon a flight of woodcock. Early in the month we had three or four inches of snow, which of course disappeared in a day or two. This snow was the means of starting the birds from the north. I had had the misfortune a few days before this flight took place, in jumping out of my buggy, to fracture one of the bones of the ring

or third finger of my left hand, close to the metacarpal bone; so, with my hand in a splint, I was not in the best form for shooting, but not being contented to let my favorite month of hunting pass without trying the birds. I hitched the mare to the buggy and started with the dogs for an afternoon's shoot. I had scarcely been a minute in the covert before the spaniels commenced to raise the birds. Being compelled to shoot with the gun barrels resting upon my arm just above the wrist, on account of my maimed hands, I, much to my disgust, made six clean misses, after which I immediately returned to my buggy, feeling very crestfallen and bemoaning my luck in being so handicapped when such an excellent opportunity offered of making a splendid bag. Having taken my gun apart and stowed it in the buggy, I called the dogs. They seemed very reluctant to leave such fun, and would come to me and then walk a few yards toward the covert, turn around, look at me in a most pleading manner and whine, so I concluded to let the dogs enjoy the sport, even if their master could not, and as it turned out it was a wise conclusion.

Returning to the ground I killed, much to my surprise, three birds clean without a miss, and bagged during the remainder of the afternoon seventeen woodcock and a ruffed grouse (or partridge, as we call them here). This was the 12th of the month. Knowing the uncertainty of a flight of woodcock remaining in the same place more than a day or two, I paid the covert a second visit on the following afternoon and killed twelve birds, after some pretty hard work and a number of falls, once into the muddy part of the creek, my gun going in ahead of me, and out of sight, still griped by my right hand. Had this been in the days of the old muzzleloaders my sport would have come to a sudden termination. On the afternoon of the 15th I tried the birds again, killing eight woodcock and a hare. The hare I killed in order to check the dog.

My spaniels always chase the hare whenever he crosses their path. At first when owning spaniels some fifteen or more years ago, I used to try to break them of this habit, but I remarked that it was my best dogs that invariably had this trick the worst, so I came to the conclusion that all good hunting spaniels will chase the hare, and for years I have not tried to check my dogs, always shooting the hare if I can, as the best plan of putting a stop to a rather disagreeable interruption of a pleasant cock shoot.

Most of the woodcock when flushed flew southward; they were all fine, large, strong, fat birds, with beautiful plumage. These birds had evidently been well peppered early in the season where they came from. Several of the ones I bagged had a short leg, well mended and strong.

HENRY B. NICOL, M.D.

COOKSTOWN, Ont.

MASSACHUSETTS QUAIL.—Taunton, Mass., July 29.—I drove from this city to Myricks, eight miles, on July 22, and saw in the road five different flocks of quail. They were about two-thirds grown. Partridges are very thick, and many farmers say that "they wintered well and are very thick just outside." Which is very welcome news to sportsmen in this State.—S. C. H.

ACCOMAC COUNTY.—Painters, Va., July 29.—Your friends may be nicking their flints for fine quail shooting on the eastern shore of Virginia this fall and winter. The crop never promised better. All mated off prettily. Rains not so excessive as to drown the broods, while all around you in early morning the familiar old Bob White resonates the very atmosphere. —T. G. E.

DUTCHESS COUNTY WOODCOCK LAW.—We are advised by Mr. Peter B. Hayt, of Poughkeepsie, secretary of the Dutchess County (N. Y.) Association for the Protection of Game and Fish, that the woodcock season in that county now opens July 1.

Sea and River Fishing.

Angling Talks. By George Dawson. Price 50 cents. Fly-Rods and Fly-Tackle. By H. P. Wells. Price $2.50. Fly-Fishing and Fly-Making for Trout. By J. H. Keene. Price $1.50. American Angler's Book. By Thad. Norris. Price $5.50.

SALMON IN THE HUDSON.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have just received a letter from Mr. A. C. Johnson, of Mechanicville, N. Y., from which I extract the following very gratifying information regarding the salmon in the Hudson:

"I write you because I know from reading FOREST AND STREAM that you are interested in fish protection. The facts are these: Quite a number of salmon have appeared at this place for the first time this summer. The water is very low and any one can see them below the dam. As the boys cannot catch them they wish to spear or shoot them. The salmon cannot get over the dam, and so swim around just below it in plain sight, and as they are very large it is quite a temptation. One was found dead last week which weighed 12½lbs. I saw five at once yesterday. I hope you can do something to have them protected. A fishway is needed in the dam. I will help you in any way you suggest. I have no desire to kill the salmon unlawfully and do not intend that any one else shall."

It is possible that these fish came over the Troy dam during the high water, but it is more probable they found their way through what I believe is called the old sloop lock and which I also believe is now rarely used. This lock was for the purpose of locking around the Troy dam. However the salmon got to the foot of the Mechanicville dam, it is encouraging to know that they are above tide water in fair numbers. The fish are still a long way from where they were planted and from proper spawning grounds; but the need of fishways is made more apparent and the success of the U. S. Fish Commission in its attemps to stock the Hudson is more pronounced. The Mechanicville dam is the first dam north of Troy, a distance of twelve miles.

A. N. CHENEY.

GLENS FALLS, N. Y., July 24.

A MORNING ON THE STREAM.

As we came out of the barn yard gate the birds were in full blast. May be their throats had been closed so long—through the overcast sky and cold mist of the previous week—that they now were prepared to make up for lost time. We were not surprised then that the first thing, by the meadow near the bars, a bobolink should get up, and as he flitted away, cast a side-long glance at us and sing, "*Going, going a fishing, a fishing; good luck, good luck; pleasant day, pleasant day;*" nor that a bluebird should warble to his mate from a fence stake near by as we went along, "*Jolly, jolly day;*" nor that a great crested flycatcher, in his harsh note, should call from a dead limb by the bridge, "*See here! see here!*"

But really we were in too great a hurry to pay much attention to these things just now. We were not studying birds at this time, and knew that the higher the sun got and the lower the stream, the smaller our chances. Here we can begin by casting a fly. Try below the bridge first. We try. No use, no sign of fish. "Is the stream too high?" we ask ourselves. On we go—still a chance for a fly among the trees—but no fish. "We always caught one here," we say as we come to a deep hole. "Have we mistaken the day?" At length we reach the last place before entering the alders and not one fish in the basket. We do not recollect such a thing before.

But now we must resort to the bait, and here commence our tribulations! We are changing our fly for a No. 4 hook (we never use a smaller size), and while we are doing this—a solitary wood thrush that has not sung himself out—commences his song just inside the edge of the alders. We have to cross a little slough to get to where he is. We cannot hear the whole of his refrain. Our ear only catches the louder notes and the sweet little trills at the end of each bar are lost in the distance. But we understand his song. It is this: "*Come along—steady-lee; they lie deep—we-re-lee; here they are, see-e-see.*

But now we are ready and the first cast brings us a nice fish that is landed down among brush and twigs that switch our face and scratch our hands. However, had it not been for this fish perhaps, we would hardly have had courage to go further. We make a second and third trial here—but no more fish reward us.

And now the slough has to be passed. The old moss-covered log that serves as a pathway through it is slippery with last night's rain, while the water that backs up from the stream comes nearly to the top of this treacherous way. A misstep here would signify over our boot tops in the black muck. The rod is pushed forward with the line drawn down it and the baited hook in our hand. We have passed over this worst part, guiding our rod and our steps at the same time, when just at the end of the log a stiff branch pushes us off and we sink nearly knee deep in the mud. We make two hurried steps, and now the reel catches, and when we give it a jerk out goes our line. This is untangled and drawn in, and at last we are standing just below the place where we caught our first fish. There was a deep pool in front of us and the water is bubbling up under some logs and brush that have formed a "jam" across the stream. The branches of the birch tree at our side are not more than ten feet above the water, and there is an opening of a few yards just below where we stand. We draw in the line almost up to where the leader is fastened on, and with a good deal of maneuvering drop the bait in. The moment it touches the water it is seized by a fine fish, and we strike at once. But we do not observe a small branch that extends out from a larger one directly over the end of our rod. This slackens the line, and in a moment he is gone, while we have to spend some minutes in getting our line free. When this is done we try again, but with no success. We now stoop down and work our bait up the stream. We have seen a fish jump just above us. He takes the bait at once, is hooked, and we think we have him. We are reaching out our hand to pull him in; but no, a limb interferes, and he drops back into the stream.

There is great difficulty in getting the bait in our hand now so as to proceed. The butt of the rod has to be pushed into the bushes and the line winds around everything before we have it secured. However, it is done at last, and again we are pushing our way along. Now the reel catches (it is on the extreme end of the rod) and the line is pulled out. Now our hat is off and something has pulled the line so that the hook pricks the hand. We learn how sharp it is and that the point is not covered. A branch draws itself across our mouth and something has caught the basket. And there, just see that lovely pool that we wanted to approach so quietly. But by patience and care at last we are freed. We draw back an alder and push aside a limb, and the hook is where we want it. It hardly touches the water again here before there is just a little swirl, a turn of the wrist and the fish is hooked. Cannot say anything about his size yet, but we know that he is as large as we can manage in this tangle. We reel in, part the branches, and lift out a half-pounder. Another one of half the size rewards us in this place. As we turn from here and are saying to ourselves, "We guess that thrush was right—"Come along, they lie deep, here they are"—we are just thinking this to ourselves when, as we turn, our foot goes into a hole by the root of a tree. Down it goes into the water below, and as we drop the rod for fear of breaking it, we are conscious of a smarting sensation on the shin. When the foot is drawn out we find that a large stone by the side of the hole, and covered with moss, has hit our leg as we fell forward and made quite a rent in the top of our boot.

The rod is picked up (it is uninjured), the line disentangled, and hat, coat and basket are adjusted. We see the gleam of another pool ahead. It looks encouraging. To this we worm and wedge our way. There is a better chance here to secure our fish if we can hook them. Here we take two more nice ones. But, oh, what a tangle is before us now! How shall we get through it? The reel bothers us again, and a branch or something is pulling at the strap of our fishing basket, and we cannot step over a fallen tree that is before us. This is the worst plight that ever we were in. However, the difficulty is mastered. There is no use in getting mad. It makes us hot, though, and we feel that stub or brier has hurt our knee. Before long we are ready for another cast.

This time we have a large boulder to fish from. It stands right by the edge of the stream and gives a fellow a chance to cast below it. We can look a little way up and down the stream from here and see the alders overlapping the water. Here two more are taken. We won't say anything about the line winding around a twig on the other side of the brook and how long it took to disentangle it, with the sun in our eyes and two dozen black flies assailing our nose and ears. You will have to imagine all this. It is beyond description. Then we have another fall, and this with all our care. We hear a crash, and see a man's feet and hands as he gets up. We did not see his face, but saw him rub his shoulder, and we heard him say, "Oh, you nasty branch!"

But here we come to a good place. We are getting out of the alders now and there is more room and better walking, though the walking is bad enough. Yes, try this hole, stand back by the tree and let the line down near the bank. It is done and in an instant we have a fish. He is determined to go under the bank and we are just as determined he shall not. He is 11in. long, another one of 10in. was also taken here. Now we have quite a little walk before what we consider a good place is found. It is where the stream comes together after it has been parted for twenty yards or so. It runs deep under the alders that reach out from the other side and hush the current. Of course we have to go through the usual tangling and catching of line before we are ready to throw in. We are used to that now. We have not lost a hook nor a leader yet and the tip of our rods is safe so far. There is no hurry. All day is before us. This is our consolation. A partridge flies up as we are preparing here and while we are looking to see where the line is caught a black and white creeper comes into view. Indeed there have been plenty of these and several migrants around us all the morning, but we are after trout, and now for another trial.

We select a position pretty well up stream and toss our bait down, keeping it as usual on top of the water and pulling it as we would a fly, toward us. It has been drawn, say, three feet, when we see a swirl around it, and the next moment the fish is hooked. He was a good one too, and determined to take rod, line, and even ourselves, it would seem, under the alders. The question is whether the line will bear such a strain. But the struggle does not last long. Poor fellow, it is hard for a fish to stand that pull upon his jaw. He soon yields. Gradually he comes up and is lifted out among the underbrush. This is the finest one we have caught, 12in. long. Below this we take three more, two of 10½in. and one of 11½in.

It is nearly noon now, and as we promised to be home at 12:30, here ends our morning's work. We are through the alders. As we come out at their lower edge a woodcock rises in front of us. The sun is shining in unclouded splendor and we do not feel unhappy. Our catch weighed 5½lbs., and when the bruises and scratches get well, we will think that "the last time" was as good a time as we have ever had.

STILLABOY.

MIRAMICHI SALMON.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Allow me through your valuable paper to give a brief account of a trip to the Miramichi River. I left New York June 23, and at Newcastle, N. B., I met two of my fishing friends. Two days were spent there visiting and sight seeing. I have done much traveling on this continent and in Europe, but never have received such hospitality as I experienced at Newcastle. Camp Adams was our objective point, situated seventy-five miles by water from the mouth of the Miramichi, called the northwestern branch, or thirty-nine miles by buckboard through the woods, which route we preferred. We started for our destination on June 26, 6 o'clock A. M. Twenty miles of our journey were over a first-class macadamized road, the balance was decidedly rough; but our long ride was not without pleasure, as the weather was delightfully cool, coupled with the grand forest scenery, which we all enjoyed very much. We caught sight of Camp Adams at 4 o'clock P. M., a pretty Gothic cottage, painted white, with red trimmings. The kitchen, 15 feet from the house, is a log cabin with every appliance for cooking, the great feature being the stove, one of the best ever made for camp life, called "the Forest Beauty." After looking around, we came to the conclusion that Mr. Adams had made a most judicious selection in placing his lodge in such a romantic and lovely spot. Within a radius of half a mile there are five pools, perhaps the finest in Canada.

The total catch during thirteen days for all hands, were forty-six salmon, four grilse and seventy trout, the weight of last named 180 pounds There are many flies used here, but the most popular are the Jock-Scot, Durham-ranger and silver-doctor. The scenery is grand in the extreme. A veranda around the house enables one to take in many views of the surroundings, which are really picturesque. Natural springs of excellent water are in abundance. The air is exceedingly light and bracing, and after a few days one's appetite becomes ravenous, and is met by a well stocked larder.

Our party was a jolly one, Hon. M. Adams, a large-hearted and generous man, superintending everything to its most minute detail. Mr. Tom Adams, of New York, a highly cultured gentleman, did much to interest us by his excellent readings. Jack Ferguson, better known in camp as the Refugee, a remarkably keen fisherman, he can be found on the river at all hours of the day and night. Bob Armstrong, called by his friends the Irish Songster, did much to enliven the time; he has a sweet tenor voice, and does full justice to his large selection of favorite ballads; and last, but not least, our faithful guides, three in number, also our cook, all natives of the forest, men of splendid physique, honest and obliging to a fault. July 3 we bid the dear old camp farewell, arriving in New York Friday the 6th, with twelve smoked salmon and one on ice.

Since my return I have received a letter from Mr. Adams, under date of July 17, in which he says: "Mrs. Adams and myself returned from the Camp on Saturday night, after spending eight days, and succeeded in doing good work. We made the record of the Camp for twenty-three days' fishing, sixty-one salmon, eighty-three grilse and seventy-five trout—not a bad season's fishing."

JOHN R. FRASER.

NEW YORK.

TOURISTS seeking rest and recreation during the hot summer months can obtain valuable information from the illustrated guide books entitled "A Summer Jaunt" and "Summer of 1888" issued by the Wisconsin Central Line. These books are descriptive of the summer resorts in Wisconsin and Minnesota, reached by the Wisconsin Central Line, and will be sent free to any address upon application to JAMES BARKER, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Milwaukee, Wis.—*Adv.*

NOVA SCOTIA TROUT WATERS.

NEW GLASGOW, Nova Scotia, July 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In late issues of your paper are some interesting data referring to the weight of several large trout taken at Rangeley lakes and elsewhere. I am prompted for the benefit of fellow-sportsmen to tell of a catch of sixty-five trout taken in a pond, (it can hardly be called a lake as there are less than 400 acres of water surface) situated some fifteen miles from here and seven miles from the line of the Inter Colonial Railway. On the 3d of June, accompanied by a friend, I started for the pond, arriving there at 4 P. M., in time for the evening fishing. Fished that evening and the following morning and left the pond at noon. Total catch, sixty-five trout; largest 4¾lbs.; two of 3lbs. 4oz. respectively, and six over 2lbs. each. Largest measured by rule 18¾in. long and 4¼ deep and tail 4¼ broad. A few days previous to our visit to the pond, a trout 5lbs. 2oz. was taken; and some days afterward a party from New Glasgow took two of over 4lbs. each; one measured 23½in. in length, twenty-four hours after he was taken. The exact measurement of the largest trout (5lb. 2oz.) taken by Mr. McKenzie of Picton, I have not been able to get, which I much regret.

None of the lakes in the Province of Quebec north of Gaspé can in my opinion compare with the Nova Scotia lakes, as regards the size and game qualities of the trout, not excepting Lake Edward, about which Mr. Clarke writes. I have had better trout fishing in the St. Maurice River country and Rawdon Lakes, Quebec, than I ever had along the line of the Lake St. John Railroad.

The weights of the trout above given are exact and are nothing exceptional. I have visited this same pond for a number of years every season, and have always had good sport. In the larger lakes trout of much greater size can be taken. The best time for fly-fishing is from June 1 until the end of August. June is the best month, and as a rule the fish take the fly better than the bait. At the lake above mentioned they will not take bait at all. I only know of one large trout taken with bait for the last five years in this pond.

I have often wondered how it is that some of the New York and Boston sportsmen do not acquire one of these lakes either as a club or individually. The cost would be slight compared with what they have to pay for fishing privileges elsewhere; and there would be no danger of their being crowded out of the best spots; there is room for all so far as trout fishing is concerned. Flies are not troublesome as a rule; the nights are delightfully cool; there are no hotels on the lakes with brass bands and Delmonico bills of fare; but there is a power of good solid enjoyment and comfort for all true sportsmen who enjoy camping out in its full sense. The amount of duffle and the size and expense of the outfit can depend upon the individual taste of the sportsman and the length of his stay in the woods; the difficulty of transportation of baggage is not great, hardly ever over three miles into the woods, and generally over a fair logging road."

I pen these hurried lines, thinking it may interest some fellow sportsman who has been crowded out of his once favorite river, pond or lake. I have no axe to grind. I don't run a hotel, keep a store, nor am I proprietor of a stage line, but I shall be glad to give any information on the subject of Nova Scotia fishing to any brother of the rod who may feel inclined to ask.

GLOBE SIGHT.

THE RANGELEY LAKES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Captain Farrar's elaborate and sorrowful defense of Chas. A. J. Farrar in this week's issue of FOREST AND STREAM is hardly an adequate reply to my open assertion that "good fishing at the Rangeley Lakes is a thing of the past." The original remark was but a passing item, hidden away in a quiet corner of a long article upon Lake Edward, and I did not dream that any person would have temerity to question such an evident fact. Neither do I propose to give publicity to the name of the angler who cast flies below the Upper Dam for thirteen days without a rise; but I will add that within a week I have received many letters—some thirty—all coinciding with my views, and among them one from a sportsman whose name is most familiar and who almost surpassed the above dismal record. He cast flies steadily for two weeks and caught—two little fish, one per week. I have neither authority nor inclination to drag his name into this controversy, but the editor, for his private information, will find it upon the slip inclosed.

However, as no angler of repute has denied my statement, and as the only contradiction of any kind comes from parties who openly confess themselves financially interested in the prosperity of the Rangeley Lakes as a resort for tourists in search of "pure air and fine scenery," I shall not further encumber your columns upon the subject. I note with great glee that W. A. Robinson, referring to my statement, asserts that "myself and another man in seven hours' fishing caught 500 trout weighing from ¼ to 4lbs."

In seven hours there are four hundred and twenty minutes, and therefore the above gentlemen took one and a fifth trout every minute steadily during the memorable seven hours. Had they only stopped to light a pipe, eat a sandwich or drink a cup of water, the record would have been ruined. He does not state where or in what year this illustrious event occurred, but of course little things like these are immaterial. Besides, if—and then—or because—as stated—nevertheless—and if not—or in consequense—but, and whereby—notwithstanding—the old flag—and yet people continue to go there, in spite of these lamentable facts. I do not wish Mr. Robinson to insinuate that I have denied or questioned his legend. Not for a hecatomb of orbicular worlds would I permit myself to harbor such an uncivilized fancy. My sincere and lasting regret will be that I was not there to give him a hand in landing the quarry. Most assuredly the glorious moments were crowded to the brim with a steady undulation of unalloyed and exquisite excitement. A few more shining deeds like this, or even better, will speedily restore the former pristine celebrity of the Rangeley Lakes.

And now, ever amiable FOREST AND STREAM, turn and see what my "new discovery," lovely Lake Edward, has already produced. The Providence *Journal*, the Rochester *Democrat*, the Manchester *Union* and your own columns, have within a week printed letters from anglers who have recently visited my "new discovery," and behold the result! All have taken *fontinalis* in large numbers and larger in size—even to 5lbs. in weight. It gratifies me to read these records, and cheers me to think of the many more who will go down to this beautiful water to find themselves guided aright, and to feel "the thrill of the rod and the pulse of the reel."

An angler, in the last issue of FOREST AND STREAM, speaking of Lake Edward, says: "If there is hidden away in this wild tract a more beautifully diversified sheet of water that this 'Lake of the Great Islands,' I have not seen it yet." Let me whisper a gentle word in your ear, adventurous friend: There *is* such a lake, concealed deep in those majestic forests, whose rippling waters bathe the base line of imperial mountains, and where every vision is a spectacle of surpassing beauty. In the shortening days of the coming September my little birch canoe will again glide o'er its placid waters, and if the harvest verifies anticipation, the readers of FOREST AND STREAM will learn fully of this ideal Utopia.

KIT CLARKE.

NEW YORK, July 28, 1888.

TROUT KILLED BY LEECHES.—The Truckee, Cal., *Republican* says: "For a number of years past in has been observed that the trout in Lake Tahoe whenever they would ascend some of the streams to spawn, would perish in large numbers, and at times the bodies of the dead fish would accumulate in such numbers along the banks of the streams that the stench arising therefrom would be unbearable. The cause of this strange mortality has been discovered. Messrs. Stevens & McKenney, who have been taking spawn for the State, on the north side of the lake, near Hot Springs, have discovered that the great enemy of the trout are nothing more or less than water leeches, which are to be found in immense numbers in some of the streams which flow into the lake. These blood-suckers are found attached to the rocks and pebbles of the stream and are so numerous that thousands can be seen in a square yard of space. They are different from the ordinary leech, being round, about an inch to an inch and a half long, and about a sixteenth of an inch in diameter, when not full of blood. Each end is provided with a 'sucker,' that is a flat elastic surface, the center of which draws in and causes a vacuum by which the worm can adhere to any object. In the water the tail is attached to the body upright, to sway to and fro, ready to catch hold of any passing object. The fishermen above named state that it is not an uncommon sight to see fifty to a hundred leeches on one fish. They form on the gills in bunches twice as large as a man's thumb. The fish cannot then breathe and die; when only a few leeches are on the gills the blood is soon drawn from the body and death results in a short time. It is only a matter of time until the red trout of Tahoe will disappear. (The silver trout do not go up the streams, hence are not affected.) Some means should be taken to clear the streams of these leeches. It has been suggested that the only remedy would be to poison the waters of the streams with some substance which would kill the blood-suckers. What would kill them is not known. Perhaps lime would or petroleum. It would be well to make some experiments in this direction at once. The preservation of this fish interest at Tahoe demands it."

THE QUEBEC FISH AND GAME PROTECTION CLUB are determined, if possible, to protect the unrivaled finny wealth of the Lake St. John waters north of this city from the practices which would quickly lead to its extermination. After the seizure some time ago of nets and fish belonging to one Tremblay, who was trading in the produce of the lake, it was contended that the law favored the practices in which he indulged, and no further action was then taken. Emboldened by this circumstance, Tremblay appears to have not only resumed the business of netting the landlocked salmon and other fish of the lake for shipment to the United States, but to have gone even still more extensively into it. During the session just closed, however, the Legislature passed an act which, it is thought, will cover just such cases as his; that is to say, declaring the taking of fish except by rod and line in the inland waters of the Province illegal and punishable. Armed with this new authority, which received the Royal assent on the 12th instant, and acting also in obedience to the instructions of the Fish and Game Protection Club and of the Government, Mr. O'Sullivan pounced down upon Mr. Tremblay a second time last week and captured all the nets and night lines he had set in the lake, together with twenty-four barrels of landlocked salmon and other fish which he had salted down and ready for shipment, and about a hundred weight of fresh fish recently caught. Placing a guardian over the property seized and to watch further proceedings, Mr. O'Sullivan then returned to Quebec and the next step in the business will, no doubt, be a prosecution before the Police Court here by the Fish and Game Club, when the whole question of the legality or illegality of Mr. Tremblay's proceedings will be thoroughly ventilated. It is not our desire by any means to prejudge the case, but we may express the hope that some means will be found to effectually check at Lake St. John the short-sighted and destructive practices which have already ruined so many of the fine water stretches of this country.—*Quebec Chronicle.*

LARGE ADIRONDACK TROUT.—Cazenovia, N. Y., July 26.—If length has anything to do with the weight of a trout, I shall have to differ from Mr. Howlett, for I once caught in the inlet to Cranberry Lake a trout that measured 22½in. in length. Had no scales so could not weigh him, but his length was as stated.—WILL H. CRUTTENDEN.

[A fish of the length given must be 1½in. larger than the one recorded by Mr. Howlett, but its weight might or might not be so great. Larger fish than Mr. Howlett's may have been taken in the Adirondacks, but the record of any one of them to have any value must be complete in details, with nothing left to conjecture.]

FISHWAY IN THE HUDSON.—Albert Blaisdell, of Washington, D. C., is at the American House. He will superintend the building of a fishway in the State Dam. The fishway will be put in the center of the dam, and the McDonald system will be used. The fishway will cost about $1,800. Six or eight men will be employed three weeks in the construction.—*Troy Times, July 24.*

THE NET DECISION.—Experience has shown that a law which simply punishes netters who are apprehended in the actual use of nets in places forbidden by statute can not be efficiently enforced. The netters enjoy practical immunity, and practice their unlawful calling almost at will. The fisheries of the State cannot stand the drain they suffer under the unrestrained use of nets. Persons who enjoy line fishing are not the only ones concerned. The people generally have a direct economic interest in maintaining the fisheries. Net fishing should be limited as under the existing statutes. We are of the opinion that Justice Williams went out of his way to declare the act in question unconstitutional, and we trust that the higher courts will take a different view of the situation. But if it is decided that the Legislature exceeded its authority, no time should be lost in framing a statute which will accomplish the object desired. The fisheries must be protected from the ravages of the netters.—*Syracuse Herald.*

WEAKFISH IN PRINCE'S BAY.—During the past week the catches of weakfish in Prince's Bay, and in fact all around Staten Island, have been light. The small "school fish" have been taken in some numbers, but the larger ones were scarce. We tried the "tide runners" in the bay last week with a friend who knows he best spots, and while we saw many small fish taken in the channel outside our game did not come on the flats in either the number or in size which was expected from the reports. The frequent toadfish seemed to appreciate the expensive shedder crabs, and early in the day it was thought that a change in the tide would bring in the yellow fins that we sought, but the tide went out and came in again without materially affecting our basket, and at sundown a small boy could carry it. Others fishing near by met with the same success, and all were of the opinion that the day would have been better spent in the channel where the school fish were.

THE LARGEST BLACK BASS.—St. Catherines, Ont., July 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We are desirous of knowing the weight of the largest black bass on record, as we think we are catching some record-breakers here. Two were caught this week weighing 6lbs. and 6lbs. 7oz., respectively. If the latter fish breaks the record I can send you affidavits of its weight, or, if I hear from you in time, will send the fish.—H. D. K. [In our issue of August 25, 1887, will be found a record of a bass taken by Mr. A. N. Cheney, of Glens Falls, N.Y., which weighed 8½lbs. In the issue of August 31, 1882, Mr. F. Joyner, also of Glens Falls, records the capture of one of 8¾lbs. These were the small-mouth species. In Florida the large-mouth grows to 12lbs. and over.]

FLY-FISHING AT LAKE EDWARD.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It gives me great pleasure to inform you that I just received information from a most reliable source that the large trout in Lake Edward are now rising freely to the fly. Several gentlemen from the States who are now there, report that they have never enjoyed such fine sport before. This being true of Lake Edward, the same is doubtless true of all the lakes of that region. No black flies nor mosquitoes now. Millions of large trout I know are there. What a paradise for a fly-fisherman during the month of August!—GEO. F. GALE, (Brattleboro, July 28).

ALEXANDRIA BAY.—St. John's Island, July 26.—As your paper has always suggested that successful fishermen should make known their successes to their brothers in the pursuit, I send you the following: Mr. Charles Donohue, Jr., while out fishing yesterday hooked a maskalonge, and landed him after nearly fifteen minutes of very skillful playing. Two hours after capture the fish weighed 37½lbs. He is the largest fish taken in some time on this section of the river, and the splendid fight he made adds greatly to the credit of the fisherman who caught him.—F. L D.

TO GET AHEAD OF MOSQUITOES.—A wide awake contributor cites several instances where the use of Dalmatain insect powder, burned in a metal vessel, not only banished mosquitoes from a room, camp, schooner, woodshed, but prevented their return. It was successful in every instance from 1881, when it was first tried, up to the present time. A teaspoonful is the quantity mentioned to be burned in a room. The writer suggests burning it in vases on a verandah where people sit out of an evening.

BLUEFISHING continues good in the Great South Bay of Long Island. Among the recorded catches was one of sixteen fish in one tide by a nine-year-old youngster, and another of four bluefish and a 4lbs. flatfish by a seven-year-old girl. It is believed by the baymen that this increase in bluefish is decidedly due to the fact that the menhaden netters and oil factory people have shut up shop. Weakfishing is good, too, one catch scoring thirty fish caught by moonlight; one of the fish weighed 4lbs.

WINNIPESAUKEE.—The Lake Village, N. H., *Republican* says: Among the big strings of fish taken on Winnipesaukee recently were seven bass that weighed 25lbs.; a string of pickerel weighing 65lbs., and averaging two pounds each; a string of 16 lake trout, taken by Thomas French, of Tuftonboro,' in one day.

A telegram from Crescoville, Pa., says: "During the thunder storm that visited this region July 9, a maple tree in front of Minor Cresco's residence was struck by lightning. The only damage done to the tree was the splintering of a piece out of the trunk, midway between the ground and the lower branches. After the storm was over, Mr. Cresco went out to look at the tree. On the ground at the foot of it lay an immense black snake dead, and holding in its mouth a young robin. There was a robin's nest in the tree, and it was known to have had three young ones in it. As the tree had been struck by lightning, it was supposed that they had been killed. A boy went up the tree and found two young robins in the nest, alive and lively. It is supposed that the black snake had climbed the tree and robbed the nest of one of the newly hatched birds, and was descending the trunk as it was struck by lightning and killed with its prey in its mouth. The lightning thus avenged the robin."

Fishculture.

NATURAL FOOD FOR YOUNG FISH.

BY M. E. O'BRIEN.

[Read before the American Fisheries Society.]

THE subject "natural food of fish" is one that has received but meagre attention from the older naturalists, and our knowledge regarding this most important factor in fish-culture is but in its infancy, merely a passing glance having bestowed on it by both naturalists and fishculturists of the present day. Undoubtedly much good work has been done within the last five years toward investigating the food of the various species of marine food fish, the result of examinations made on fish caught by steam trawlers and line boats; but in reference to fresh-water species, migratory and non-migratory, as far as I am aware, little effort has been made in this direction.

The present system of aiding the growth and development of fish by supplying them with various kinds of artificial foods, such as liver, coagulated blood, vegetables, etc., may produce results of a kind, but it is a system open to many objections.

First, it is unnatural. Second, it has a tendency to render the water putrid, and consequently injurious to fish. Third, it favors the introduction of disease. Fourth and last, but not least, it entails a great deal of expense.

The results of such artificial feeding are found not to correspond to its cost, and this fact deters many people from engaging in the rearing of fish who would otherwise do so. All the results of artificial feeding are based more or less on hypothesis, because in making experiments the natural food, both animal and vegetable, has in most cases nowhere been investigated or taken into account. Now, I am sure no one will deny that it is better, if possible, to stick to the natural food, and give the powerful productions of nature a chance of exercising their beneficial influence. What I wish to bring before your immediate notice is this: "That at a comparatively small cost, conditions closely approximating those of nature can be established, under which conditions various forms of natural food will live, thrive and multiply, so as to afford a continual increasing supply of nutriment to the fish."

For the past two years I have been making investigations to find if possible some means by which fish, confined in small ponds could be supplied with natural food. My first step was to find out what the fish fed upon, and this led me to examine the stomach contents of numerous fish during the different seasons of the year. I confined my investigations to that most interesting class—the salmonidæ (*Salmo fontinalis* and *Salmo irideus*). What may be termed a post-mortem examination was performed—slitting the fish along its ventral or belly aspect, thus exposing the alimentary tract, I tied two ligatures, one around the gullet, the other round the intestine near the pyloric, or lesser end of the stomach. Removing the portion between the two ligatures, I opened the stomach and extracted the contents, placing them on a white plate. These I examined both by aid of the naked eye and microscope, then deposited them in a glass vial containing rectified spirits, and affixed a seal and label indicating the kind of food and date of examination. Thus at the end of the season I had quite an array of bottles containing different species of natural fish food.

The majority of the food belonged to the invertebrate type, including various species of crustacea, insecta, worms, leeches and mollusca. Some of these the fish seemed to prefer at a certain season of the year to the exclusion of the others; thus I found the ordinary univalve shellfish (*Limnæa stagnalis*), a very frequent customer during the summer months, a decided favorite with both the *Salmo fontinalis* and *Salmo irideus*. This shellfish exists in enormous quantities in the lakes and quiet pools of rivers and is greedily devoured by the trout. They feed on aquatic plants on whose stems they creep, and come occasionally to the surface to respire. In their reproduction the same limnæa is capable of serving at the same time as a male for a second, and as a female for a third and by this connection of one individual with two others a continuous chain of some length is not unfrequently produced. The number of eggs is prodigious, and they are deposited on stones, stems of plants, etc., in elongated masses enveloped in a glary substance, very much similar in appearance to that which surrounds the ova of the frog. In their adult condition they love to crawl about on a gravelly bottom. Other genera, such as planorbis, cytilus and ancyllus, used to turn up on various occasions. Those mollusca are a valuable source of nutriment to fish, having a double function, being composed of two parts, viz.: the fleshy portion or animal, which is a delicacy in itself, and its outer covering or shell, which, from its containing a large portion of carbonate of lime, promotes the strength and growth of the fish.

Of crustacea, the common fresh-water sand-hopper (*Gammarus pulex*) was invariably to be found. It abounds in almost all springs, ponds and rivulets, swimming near the bottom on its side. It feeds principally on dead material, and, like the limnæa, reproduces itself in enormous quantities. As a diet, it seems to cause a deeper color in the flesh of the fish. Most of the larger trout like to feed on material more in proportion to their size; thus, in the summer months, the frog and tadpole are particularly sought after as a bill of fare. Various species of insecta both in their larval and adult conditions, worms and a small brownish black leech, are also in my list of stomach contents.

Now, as an adjunct to a fish pond, it seems to me that some of the above types could be reared in such quantities as to form a good and economical source of nutriment for fish. These lower types undoubtedly require certain conditions for their healthy existence, and what I propose is this: Trenches, or basins, should be dug in close apposition with the ponds, and, if necessary, communicating with them. These basins to be supplied with spring water by means of a pipe connected with the main spring. One should be devoted to shell culture, another to insect culture, and a third to crustacea, and so on.

These various foods could be transferred by means of a fine net, or better still, by a running stream of water communicating with the fish pond, or means could be established whereby these forms could creep from the basin into the pond. By this method the fishculturist would know exactly how much food the fish were getting, and he would also be able to arrive at some estimate as to the comparative nutritiousness of the various forms of natural food. Suitable conditions could be produced whereby insects about to deposit their eggs might be attracted, and soon the basins would swarm with larvæ, which form an excellent food, especially for young fish. As in human economy the food of the child requires to be different from that of the adult, so in like manner does the food of the young fish require to be different from that of the adult fish.

One word more, and that is regarding the frog. Should it be admitted into the arena of fishculture? I think so. The damage it does to small fry can be kept within limits. A small pond could be constructed with an arrangement to prevent its escape, and in this pond the cultivation of the tadpole could be prosecuted, and for a time an abundant supply of stronger food would be afforded for the larger fish. Should the above experiments be tried and meet with success, they will establish the economic value of natural food as opposed to the artificial system of feeding; increase the number of fishculturists, and, in addition, afford a means of studying the life history of these lower forms, in connection with which are many points of great scientific interest requiring elucidation.

SOUTH BEND, Neb.

Mr. Mather remarked that he agreed with Mr. O'Brien that natural food was the best; but the trouble was to produce it in quantity sufficient for the daily food of a hundred thousand fry. He had a reservoir, about 300 by 30ft., which supplied the hatchery, and here he usually planted about 6,000 trout fry, which found sufficient food during the summer, and outgrew those which were fed on clams and mussels, which, by the way, is the best food he ever used, and in October he drew this reservoir down and took out from 1,500 to 2,000 fine young trout; but it was doubtful if the water would grow many more.

THE NEW YORK COMMISSION.

COMMISSIONER SHERMAN went to inspect the work done on the new hatchery at Mill Creek, Hamilton county, and found the work progressing well. The hatchery is on the old State road leading to Jessup's River. The part from Newton's Corners to the hatchery was so dilapidated last year as to be actually dangerous to traverse with a wagon. By concert between the highway commissioner and the hatchery force it has been put in good order and is now safe for all kinds of wheeled vehicles.

The building stands on solid granite rock on the small island just below where an old mill once stood. The foundation walls are laid in water lime cement out of this rock, blasted from adjacent boulders. The dam which is to furnish the water supply is but a hundred feet distant, up the creek, and the water has a fall of fifteen feet to the hatchery. It is built of timber, across a narrow gap in the rock and but ten yards of masonry are needed to make the whole dam a solid work of rock. Water is conveyed from the dam through a six-inch wrought iron pipe which delivers it directly into the distributing troughs. The building is of wood 45 by 35 in ground dimensions, with a hip roof, and is three stories high, with a two story addition 26 by 16. The first floor of the main building is for the hatchery troughs, of which there are to be forty, each twelve feet long by 14 inches wide and six high; the whole to have a capacity for two millions of trout spawn. There are also to be glass hatching jars capable of containing five millions of spawn of white or trout fish. The equipment of the hatchery is to be in all respects equal to that of the other State hatcheries.

The second story is to be fitted up for the superintendent and accommodation for boarding the employes. It is also to contain a workshop, where the mechanical operations of the hatchery are to be done. An elvator is to be placed in the addition, by means of which fuel, provisions, etc., are to be hoisted to the second floor. The third floor is to be devoted to storage purposes, but can be fitted up into lodgings if needed. The building is first rough boarded and covered, roof and all, with waterproof felt paper. On this the shingles and clap-board siding are placed. Inside the whole is to be ceiled or plastered in the best manner. The hatching room is to be heated by a portable furnace set up on the same floor.

All the work is to be complete by Oct. 1, and as soon as the trout begin to spawn in the neighboring lakes and streams a sufficient force is to be set at work spawn gathering. It is estimated that 1,000,000 of brook trout spawn may be gathered in this vicinity. An equal amount of salmon trout spawn is to be procured from the great upper lakes. Frost fish spawn in almost unlimited numbers may be obtained in November from the large lakes in this and the adjacent townships.

The Kennel.

Dogs: Their Management and Treatment in Disease. By Ashmont. Price $2. Kennel Record and Account Book. Price $3. Training vs. Breaking. By S. T. Hammond. Price $1. First Lessons in Dog Training, with Points of all Breeds. Price 25 cents.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Aug. 22 to 24.—Third Annual Show of the American Fox-Terrier Club, at Saratoga Springs, N. Y. (Including all terriers.) Entries close Aug. 22. H. P. Frothingham, Secretary, 2 Wall street, New York.

Aug. 27 to 31.—Toledo Dog Show, Toledo, O. H. E. Cook, Superintendent.

Sept. 4 to 7.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Michigan Kennel Club, Detroit, Mich. H. E. Cook, Superintendent.

Sept. 11 to 14.—First Dog Show of the Buffalo International Fair Association, at Buffalo, N. Y. C. W. Robinson, Secretary.

Sept. 18 to 21.—First Annual Dog Show of the Syracuse Kennel Club, at Syracuse, N. Y. Howard B. Rathbone, Secretary.

Sept. 24 to 27.—Fifth Dog Show at London, Ont. C. A. Stone Superintendent.

Sept. 25 to 28.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Bristol Park Agricultural Society, Bristol, Conn. Entries close Sept. 22. C. F. Barnes, Secretary.

Oct. 9 to 12.—First Dog Show of the Virginia Field Sports Association, at Richmond, Va. B. H. Grundy, Secretary, Room 26, Shafer Building. Entries close Oct. 1.

Oct. 23 to 26.—Second Annual Show of the St. Paul and Minnesota Kennel Club, at St. Paul, Minn. J. E. Stryker, Secretary, Room 98 Globe Building.

Nov. 6 to 10.—Dog Show of the Richmond County Poultry and Pet Stock Association, in connection with Augusta National Exposition at Augusta, Ga. H. Madden, Superintendent.

Feb. 12 to 15, 1889.—Fifth Dog Show of the New Jersey Kennel Club, at Jersey City, N. J. Geo. L. Wilms, Secretary, 142 Monticello avenue, Jersey City, N. J.

Feb. 19 to 22, 1889.—Thirteenth Annual Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent.

Feb. 26 to March 1, 1889.—Second Annual Show of the Rensselaer Kennel Club, Troy, N. Y. Alba M. Ide, Secretary.

March 5 to 8, 1889.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Albany Kennel Club, at Albany, N. Y. Geo. B. Gallup, Secretary.

March 12 to 15, 1889.—Second Annual Show of the Fort Schuyler Kennel Club, Utica, N. Y. James W. Dunlop, President.

March 19 to 22, 1889.—First Annual Dog Show of the Maryland Kennel Club, at Baltimore, Md. W. S. Diffenderffer, Secretary.

March 26 to 29, 1889.—First Annual Dog Show of the Massachusetts Kennel Club, at Lynn, Mass. D. A. Williams, Secretary.

April 2 to 5, 1889.—First Annual Show of the Rochester Kennel Club, at Rochester, N. Y. Harry Yates, Secretary.

April 9 to 12, 1889.—First Annual Dog Show of the Mascoutah Kennel Club, at Chicago, Ill. John L. Lincoln, Jr., Secretary.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 11.—Third Annual Field Trials of the Manitoba Field Trials Club. Derby entries close July 1. All-Aged entries Aug. 1. Thos. Johnson, Secretary, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Nov. 1.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Indiana Kennel Club, at Bicknell, Ind. P. T. Madison, Secretary, Indianapolis, Ind.

Nov. 19.—Tenth Annual Field Trials of the Easteru Field Trials Club, at High Point, N. C. (Members' Stake, Nov. 15.) W. A. Coster, Secretary, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

Dec. 3.—First Annual Field Trials of the Southern Field Trial Club, at Amory, Miss. T. M. Brumby, Secretary, Chattanooga, Tenn.

Dec. 10.—Second Annual Field Trials of the American Field Trials Club, at West Point, Miss. C. W. Paris, Secretary, Cincinnati, O.

Jan. 14, 1889.—Sixth Annual Field Trials of the Pacific Coast Field Trial Club, at Bakersfield, Cal. N. P. Sheldon, Secretary, 320 Sansome street, San Francisco, Cal.

COURSING.

Oct. 15.—Third Annual Meeting of the American Coursing Club at Great Bend, Kan. F. K. Doan, Secretary, 1210 Olive street, St Louis, Mo.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription $1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed **6435**.

CHESAPEAKE BAY DOGS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

To the true sportsmen there is nothing more sad or discouraging than to kill game and be unable to retrieve it, whether it is deer, grouse, quail or ducks. There is the sad thought that he has taken life and done no one any good. But it is in water fowl shooting that the largest per cent. of dead or crippled game is lost, the nature of the grounds or waters they frequent are such that a large per cent. of ducks knocked down are never retrieved. It is a common question and reply, "Well, how many did you get?" "Oh, I got about a dozen and downed twice as many more that I could not get, we had no dog that was good for anything and had to leave them." Who has not heard a conversation similar to the above and taken part in it as well? I know I have many times and never when I have so lost a duck or goose have I not wished I had missed it clean, no matter how nice a shot it was.

I tried setters for retrieving, but never saw but two that were reliable at all times and alas! I owned neither of them. Spaniels are too small and short legged for work in deep mud and water among wild rice and sedge. About eighteen months ago a friend and myself concluded we would try the Chesapeake Bay dog, so I bought a female puppy of that breed and my friend a dog of the famous Maxwell's Point strain. Both have now grown to be splendid animals, the female weighs about fifty-five pounds and the dog about seventy-five; they are strong, well built and able to go anywhere. One day this spring my bitch retrieved a wing-tipped goose that weighed twelve pounds from at least two hundred yards from shore, going and returning through slush and floating ice; and that too in deep water; and she brought him in alive and without mutilating.

Now, I am not much of a dog trainer, and did not know as I should succeed any better than I had done with setters, but I found that about all the training required was to make them obey, for they take to retrieving and carrying as naturally as a setter does to pointing or as a duck does to water. They are very easy controlled. I have never struck mine a blow, more than a slight slap with the hand. They are emphatically a one man's dog, knowing and caring nothing for any one but their master, very intelligent and affectionate, but have lots of sand and are excellent watch dogs. They are as crazy at the sight of a gun or an old canvas hunting coat as the highest strung setter, and are tireless. I feel like shouting Eureka! I hunted but little in the spring of 1888, but got quite a lot of ducks, and not one duck that myself or son "downed" was lost, and not more than half a dozen the fall before. Now there is some sport for me in duck shooting, for I know if a duck comes in range and I hold the old Fox right I shall have that duck. No more dead ducks to feed crows and other vermin, no more cripples to crawl off and die a lingering death. I feel more like a sportsman and less like a savage. But why is it that we see so few of and hear so little about this grandest of all retrievers? It is but seldom we see them mentioned in the reports of dog shows or in your advertising columns. Wherever ducks are shot there should the Chesapeake Bay dogs be found. Those who have never seen them work do not know what a good duck dog is. E. A. PALMER.

BLAIR, Neb.

BEAGLES AS PETS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the constitution, by-laws, etc., of the American Pet Dog Club, just published, I find a list of dogs "recognized by the American Pet Dog Club as house or pet dogs." In the said list appear beagles and spaniels.

If it suits the A. P. D. C. to merely regard, as far as they are concerned, the said two breeds of sporting dogs as pet dogs it can not be prevented, but the injury that will arise will come from inducing some to pollute the dignity of the breeds by using them merely as pets, instead of putting them to their legitimate work in the field, and thereby decreasing the hunting instinct in themselves and their progeny. While the A. P. D. C., I think, no doubt mean well in what they have done, I must, in my official capacity, condemn and protest against the said club usurping the functions of the American English Beagle Club as stated under their heading "objects of the club," wherein they say, "In any and all bench shows given by and under the auspices of this club, *the standard of merit as laid down by Stonehenge shall be inflexibly enforced* by the club, and observed by the judges in making awards [italics mine]. No person shall be a judge who shall not subscribe to, and agree to be governed by such standard."

As the American English Beagle Club is the recognized authority here on the breed, its standard and judges being used by the various shows, it will be seen at once that the part taken by the A. P. D. C. can only work harm instead of good, as its action certainly must be antagonized by the A. E. B. C. Having read the "objects of the club," I am led to believe the club had nothing in view but the welfare of the breeds taken up and that their action regarding the beagle was one of innocent over-zealousness. Were they to include beagles in the list and in so doing indorse the rulings of the A. E. B. C. the case would appear differently. The directly opposing the workings of the A. E. B. C., as they have, as shown in the quotations above is, I believe, the result of ignorance of the breed in question they are pretending to assume authority over.

Therefore, with all due respect I ask the A. P. D. C., would it not be better to include in your list of breeds merely such as legitimately come within your province; certainly not to include any breed of sporting dogs, and particularly so those already protected by a proper specialty club?

The A. E. B. C. would appreciate the mere recognition of their breed and indorsement of their club and its rulings by the A. P. D. C. were it not for the fact that even such recognition by a pet dog club would even prove an injury to the breed as shown above by encouraging the keeping of beagles for pet dogs, and consequently dulling the hunting instincts in themselves and their progeny and in other ways.

I would respectfully request the secretary of the A. P. D. C. to call the attention of the matter to his club and advise me as to what action, if any, is taken.

HERMAN F. SCHELLHASS, President A. E. B. C.

MANITOBA FIELD TRIALS.—At a meeting of the Manitoba Field Trials Club, July 20, it was decided to run the trials at Morris on the same grounds that were used last year. Mr. M. B. Walls, of Chatham, Ont., has been selected as judge. The Canadian Pacific Railway Company, upon presentation of club certificate, will transport dogs free.

DEATH OF BOB.—Granby, Conn.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A short time ago my other dogs killed my stud beagle Bob (imported Ringwood—imported Music). Bob was the finest hunter I ever saw, and although weighing under 11lbs. has several times run a fox about 36 hours, and he was the best rabbit dog I ever owned.—N. ELMORE.

THE SOUTHERN FIELD TRIAL CLUB.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As much as I am averse to newspaper controversies I am compelled once more (and for the last time I hope on this subject) to ask space in your columns.

When, in consequence of my official connection with the Southern Field Trial Club, it became necessary in vindication of the club and its members to publish the truth and thus expose the fallacy of the Chicago paper in refusing to publish our paid advertisement, I trusted and believed it would be my last, for I had no doubt but Dr. Rowe would hasten to make honorable amends through the columns of his paper. But I was mistaken in the man, for to the contrary, notwithstanding he had a true statement of the facts before him, he industriously and, as he thought, quietly, circulated the manifold Brumby letter among sportsmen all over the country two weeks before my communication forced him to publish it. After learning of its secret circulation it became necessary that I should write a second letter, wherein I specifically charged the Doctor with opposing the Southern Field Trial Club by letters, and otherwise exposing the flimsy pretexts upon which he declined the paid advertisement of our club, and showing his inconsistency. In response to my second letter the Doctor published a card, in which he says: "I have not written a letter to any one regarding the entries for the Southern Field Trial Club in any way, shape or form." Again recognizing the resemblance of the Doctor to the "quietest dog in the show," I accept his silence as assenting to the correctness of every charge I made against him, but that of having written letters, etc., to the prejudice of our club, and of that one I submit indisputable proof—his statements to the contrary notwithstanding.

This manifold Brumby letter, which was so industriously circulated, charged that "the chief object of the Southern Field Trial Club was to break up the American Field Trial Club," and also that if ours succeeded the other must fail. In fact, the whole tenor of this letter from beginning to end is opposition to the S. F. T. Club, and the organization of it, that it ought not to exist, that it was conceived in sin and born in iniquity, and must not be patronized. No one can pretend that the circulation of this manifold Brumby letter was for any other purpose than to prejudice the S. F. T. Club by preventing parties from entering their dogs and otherwise patronizing it. Can a club exist without entries? Is the circulation of this letter among sportsmen saying nothing "regarding entries in the S. F. T. Club" in any way, shape or form?

This is not all. I am convinced of the fact that other letters and means were used to prevent entries in the Southern Field Trial Club; which conviction is supported by indisputable evidence. Now for the proof. I have in my possession a letter from Mr. L. C. Bruce, of New York, in which he says that a prominent member of the A. K. Club had shown him a letter from Dr. Rowe two weeks before my communication appeared, and which was accompanied by the manifold Brumby letter. I also have in my possession a letter from as honorable a gentleman as this country affords, in which he says that in a conversation he had with Dr. Rowe, he (Rowe) admitted having sent the manifold Brumby letter to a number of persons, giving the names of several of them. This I defy the Doctor to deny. If he should I will give the name of my informant.

I am also in possession of a letter from Mr. B. M. Stephenson, in which he says, "Mr. Bevan told me he would enter three dogs in the S. F. T. Club, but subsequently declined, and gave as a reason that he would do nothing that Rowe objected to." In further support of this, I am informed by Mr. Jas. L. Anthony, of New York, that Mr. Bevan would not run his (Anthony's) dogs in the Southern Field Trial Club, and that he (Bevan) gave as a reason, "That he loved Rowe, and would be a snake if he handled dogs in the Southern Field Trial Club;" and thus he (Anthony) was forced to take his dogs from Bevan and place them in the hands of another handler.

I have still more evidence to support my statement, but this will suffice. The individual's methods are too well known by sportsmen in general to need more; all his virtuous pretensions are a sham.

The fact that the Southern Field Trial Club has more Derby entries for this year than any other club, demonstrates the fact that a club can succeed without the support of the Chicago paper; yes, and even do so with its active opposition.

We tender our grateful thanks to the sportsmen from all sections of the country for their generous support. With an apology for having trespassed upon your columns, we dismiss the subject and the Western paper from further consideration. J. W. RENFROE.

ATLANTA, Ga., July 28.

THE TWO DOG CLUBS.

NEW YORK, July 31.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I observe Dr. Perry has again delivered himself of a very exhaustive defense of the N. D. C. In trying to prove, however, the absence of the only really bad and fatally weak feature of his club, viz., antagonism to A. K. C., he lamentably shows the cloven foot. He says: "A snail may compass the earth, but there are none who desire to follow in its course." In this metaphor the snail is the A. K. C. Evidently without intention Dr. Perry took his mask off. He could have said nothing to better illustrate the contempt of the N. D. C. for the A. K. C., as a leader or competitor. How then can anybody believe that the close companionship and accord can possibly exist which Dr. Perry endeavors to show his club was organized with the avowed intention of cultivating with the A. K. C.

And that all these "catch support" expressions and fair words mean nothing at all but clever dust throwing in the eyes of sport-loving breeders and exhibitors of the country, is proved by the indisputable fact that at no time since its inception has the N. D. C. had any communication, official or unofficial, with the A. K. C. with a view to co-operation. On the contrary, it has ignored the A. K. C., and its promotors have claimed that the N. D. C. was called into being as a crying necessity to do everything well which is now done so badly. "Everything that is done so badly" is shown by the regulations, dog show rules, constitution and its interpretations of the N. D. C. to comprise the entire field of operations of the A. K. C. Consequently the A. K. C. is by the most unmistakable implication unfit and incapable for the proper discharge of its duties and should in that case be superseded by a worthier institution.

But Dr. Perry admitted that the majority of his members expressed themselves to him as in sympathy with the A. K. C. when they were importuned to join, and many of the N. D. C. committee distinctly stipulated that they would only act provided absolute assurance was given that the A. K. C. would not be antagonized. That assurance was given and is to-day most inconsistently repeated. Then why does not the N. D. C. confine itself to its proper field?

Dr. Perry has seen fit to insinuate that some of the present officers of the A. K. C. were bought off by the tender of office in the A. K. C. from support of the N. D. C. How absurd! As I was invited by Dr. Perry to become a member of the executive committee of the N. D. C., he must refer to me as one of these. His communications to me on this subject were all marked "personal." This was odd; still I treated them so and declined for the best of reasons, viz., that I did not approve of the foundation of a club on the lines indicated by Dr. Perry, fearing, notwithstanding his assurances, that it would bring discord and confusion into the doggy world, and feeling that if any reforms were necessary they could be made through the A. K. C., and where its duties were too restricted they could be so enlarged as to satisfy the requirements of breeders; and that an association of breeders could be formed in connection and in thorough sympathy with the A. K. C.

I sincerely believe that the breeders do require an association of their own, and I, as a breeder and exhibitor, desire one greatly and would have supported the N. D. C. heartily, but the N. D. C. was not what was represented or required, and if I interpret the wishes of the breeders and exhibitors at large correctly, not what they really desired either. The A. K. C. was organized as a court of appeal and last resort, and the local clubs belonging to it are intrusted with their own disciplining. The system was intended to extend throughout the country.

Rivalry, which Dr. Perry considers so healthy, should grow as between kennel clubs organized for holding shows, field trials and improving dog breeding, but to have two dog courts of last resort and rivalry between these two, seems to me as likely to defeat justice, as if our National Constitution provided for two Supreme Courts of the United States, one Democratic and the other Republican.

Dr. Perry speaks of prejudice, abuse, etc., of the N. D. C. since its inception. Where, pray, did he see this or hear it? On the contrary, I think the N. D. C. was received by all with great fairness and most sportsmanlike good-will, but it has recently belied the avowed objects of its original promoters. Words cannot explain this away.

If so friendly to the A. K. C., where is the proof of it? Is it by asking a lot of prominent A. K. C. gentlemen to lend their names as figureheads to act as an unconscious mask to the N. D. C. batteries? Who does not understand that worn-out political device. Dr. Perry has not well coated his pill. AUGUST BELMONT, JR.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your correspondent in last week's issue is right in assuming that the letter of Mr. Hamilton Busbey to Mr. C. J. Hamlin was written in haste.

The facts, as I learn from Mr. Busbey himself, are, that the letter was addressed with one eye on the clock to avoid missing the afternoon train, to an old personal friend, not with a view of publicity, but simply by way of suggestion, which had been solicited.

The chirography was not good, as is proved by Mr. Robinson reading "Coptic" for Graphic; the object was not to stir up controversy, but to quietly check a growing spirit of antagonism, and that, while the editorial "we" was absent from the scrawl, the sentiment expressed in it was formed after a pretty thorough discussion of the question with prominent dog breeders and members of the A. K. C. It was the use which was made of the letter which gave to it a warlike tone.

Mr. Busbey, I am told, is not unfriendly to the N. D. C. so long as it stands on the platform announced by its president in his inaugural address; but he objects to all attemps on the part of a few fractious spirits to use the machinery of the club to weaken the ranks of the A. K. C.

Your correspondent concedes Mr. Busbey's "eminence in turf affairs," but sneers at his judgment on the management of bench shows. How much the real question at issue will be helped by this sneer, will be demonstrated by coming events. It is true that Mr. Busbey has given in latter years the larger parts of his thoughts to breeding theories and the turf, but I recall the time when he assisted at the establishment of field trials, gun trials and bench shows in this country, and that was prior to the spring of 1881, when Mr. Chas. H. Mason landed in New York, and it was before Mr. James Watson began to fix his eye on kennel organization and dream of getting his fine Italian hand into Yankee flesh pots. Mr. Busbey has owned and shot over some of the best dogs in the country, and I would be willing to risk a trifle that he can kill more birds in the field or at the trap than the critic who signs himself "One who will show at Buffalo."

It is well known that Mr. Busbey has not been a trader in dogs or made a profession of judging at bench shows for hire. Neither is he a member of the tickle-me, tickle-you clique, but he is none the less qualified to detect a battery masked by so flimsy a thing as an open rail fence.

As an owner, breeder and lover of dogs, I am anxious for peace between the two kennel clubs, and it seems to me that Mr. Robinson and his kindred spirits have done all to stir up strife. It certainly was not a non-partisan act to circulate in the manner that he did, and without the knowledge of the gentleman to whom it was addressed, a strictly private letter. A LOVER OF FAIR PLAY.

[All of which is published as a matter of news, "important if true."]

Editor Forest and Stream:

I notice in the list of "approved shows" of the National Dog Club that no year is given for the following shows: New York Fanciers, Toronto, Ont., London, Ont., St. John, N. B., Ottawa, Ont., Pacific Kennel Club, New Bedford, Stafford Springs, Montreal. Do all wins count at the above shows? Why is the Cincinnati '88 show ignored with 362 entries, and other shows with 100 entries approved?

A. C. COLLINS.

HARTFORD, Conn.

"DISGRUNTLED ASSOCIATES."

HORNELLSVILLE, N. Y., July 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:*—In your issue of July 26, Mr. August Belmont, Jr., goes out of his way to give the Hornell Kennel Club a whack as "disgruntled associates." Well, we will admit that we are "disgruntled," but Mr. Belmont should remember that some of our club were breeders and known to the world as such, before he ever thought of the fancy, and they did not make their name either by buying the best in England.

He should go further into the subject and let all know why we are "disgruntled." As I do not suppose he will do it, I will give a few facts, so that other clubs may know what to expect unless they vote as they are told to by the grand moguls at 44 Broadway.

First fact—A member of our club exposed the "Chicago special steal."

Second fact—A member of our club exposed the Pittsburgh "pewter medal steal."

What, I wish to ask Mr. Belmont, did the A. K. C. do about it? Did they suspend or expel the Pittsburgh or Chicago Club or disqualify any one connected with the stealing? But there is no need of any answer. All know what the A. K. C. has done for the breeders of America.

Third fact—Our superintendent caught one Farley stealing here and at Buffalo. He reported him to the A. K. C., but they said they would not disqualify because the Buffalo Kennel Club was not a member; and that, I must say, was a fine decision for a body that wishes to govern the canine interest of our big country. Our club, then a member of the A. K. C., disqualified Farley, but we had a delegate who was so unfortunate that he had a brain, and the A. K. C. would do nothing about it, but waited until the Westminster Kennel Club caught Farley at more crooked work and then disqualified him.

Fourth fact—All the above were but a fitting introduction to the crowning offense of depriving our club of the right to be represented by the only delegate who had ever been able to show himself capable of understanding what his duties were. We instructed our secretary to tell the A. K. C. the above facts and also about their violating the rules in recognizing Atlanta just to please Mr. Belmont. So they arose in their might and expelled the Hornell Club, and now Mr. Belmont says we are "disgruntled."

We are willing to leave it to the breeders of America to say if we did not have sufficient provocation.

"Disgruntled associates" is not, after all, a bad term for us. I may say to Mr. Belmont, as Gratiano said to Shylock, "I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word."

WILLIAM REWALT, JR.,
Pres. Hornell Kennel Club.

"A BIT OF KENNEL HISTORY."

NEW YORK, July 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In an editorial of your last issue you speak of negotiations having been conducted by Mr. Peshall with Mr. Mason for the publication of an A. K. C. periodical by him. As you desire to add this matter to "Kennel History," perhaps it would be more accurate to couple with the story that I as President of the American Kennel Club said that no negotiation of the kind was ever conducted on the part of the A. K. C. I distinctly desire to make no reflection upon Mr. Mason and his abilities, or say what the A. K. C. would or would not do in such a connection. Your informant was mistaken.—AUGUST BELMONT, JR., Pres. A. K. C.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your last issue I notice an editorial headed "A Bit of Kennel History." Permit me to say that I never asked Mr. Mason upon what terms he could be induced to take the position then held by Mr. Vredenburgh as editor of the American Kennel Club Stud Book. The only conversation I have any recollection of having with Mr. Mason upon the subject was about the time the late *Kennel and Gun* went off; and Mr. Mason and myself were discussing the subject, when I said something about some of us starting a dog paper, and Mr. Mason asked, "Who is going to edit it?" and I, in a jocular mood, replied, "I guess we will have to get you." I think my course in the American Kennel Club in regard to Mr. Vredenburgh is sufficient to brand your statement absurd. In regard to the derisive letter you mention which I wrote about the English Gentleman, it was simply an answer to a very vindictive letter which appeared in your paper in regard to the American Kennel Club; and if you will take the trouble to examine the files of your own paper, you will see that such is the case.

So far as your not publishing my letter is concerned, I will say that I met your Mr. Hammond at the New York show, and while the letter had appeared in the *Turf, Field and Farm* it had not appeared in your paper. Mr. Hammond spoke to me on the subject and said that it had come too late, but that it was all in type and would appear in the next issue. He seemed to construe the letter in quite a different light from the way I intended it, and he advised me not to have it published. Your Mr. Hammond will, I think, bear me out in this statement. In regard to Mr. Mason, I have often said that he possessed the ability to ably edit a kennel paper; I have always been on friendly terms with him and I have never had any controversy with him of any name or nature, except to answer his attacks on the A. K. C., or to make a few pleasant remarks in a jocular way over his dog Beaufort, or in reply to some of his highly-tinted statements about old Jimmie. C. J. PESHALL.

OUR BOSTON SHOW REPORT.

AT the meeting of the American Kennel Club Mr. August Belmont, Jr., took occasion to question the accuracy of the FOREST AND STREAM'S report of the Boston show. The following correspondence explains itself:

OFFICE OF FOREST AND STREAM, 318 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, JULY 25.—*Mr. August Belmont, Jr., 36 Wall Street, New York:* DEAR SIR—At the recent meeting of the A. K. C. I was greatly surprised at your statement that the report of the Boston dog show in FOREST AND STREAM was untruthful and misleading. As the writer of that report I request that you will please to state wherein, in your opinion, that report contains any justification for your criticism. An early answer will greatly oblige, Yours truly,

S. T. HAMMOND, Kennel Editor FOREST AND STREAM.

NEW YORK, July 30.—*S. T. Hammond, Esq.:* DEAR SIR—I have but just returned from a trip West, finding yours of the 25th on my desk. You can call upon me if you desire to learn why I stated at the meeting of the American Kennel Club that the FOREST AND STREAM misrepresented the actual quality of the Boston dog show. If you are responsible for the statement in the report that "the quality in some of the classes was superior to that of any previous show which we have attended, while two or three classes were not quite up to the mark," I will rest my assertion as justified by that alone, if nothing else; as the pointer, collie and fox-terrier classes, the largest, as a rule, of all, were thin in quality and numbers. The entries were padded a great deal, even in these.

The whole intention of your report was to give the impression to readers that the Boston show was exceptionally good, both by comparison with its own previous shows and those of other prominent clubs; and as this was not the case, I repeat what I said at the A. K. C. meeting, regretting that I have not the time to afford you a very minute elaboration of my reasons. AUGUST BELMONT, JR.

If Mr. Belmont will read the special reports written by the judges, Miss Anna H. Whitney, Dr. Wm. Jarvis and Messrs. Chas. H. Mason, Wm. Dunphy, N. Elmore, Thos. Dawson and Ed. Lever, he will see that they fully corroborate the estimate contained in the sentence to which he makes specific allusion. That estimate was the honest opinion of the kennel editor of this journal, who was present at the show, and is recognized as competent to form an opinion. Mr. Belmont, we are advised, was not at the show; nor if he had been there would his opinion on any one class be accepted by anybody as worth a rap. This critic's original statement as to the accuracy of our report and his second statement as to its purpose are alike impertinent and void of truth. —EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM.

MR. BELMONT'S CHARGES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of July 26 appears a letter signed "August Belmont, Jr., President A. K. C.," in which the following statement is made: "The incessant plottings which are being conducted against the A. K. C. through the N. D. C. by such parties as Mr. Jas. Watson," etc. For the present I will content myself by requesting the writer of that letter to substantiate his statement by evidence, for no person, whether he be a "party" or a gentleman, should make such a charge unless he knows whereof he is speaking.

JAS. WATSON.

NEW ENGLAND FIELD TRIALS.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Why cannot we New Englanders have a field trial here in New England? There are, no doubt, many persons here that cannot afford the time and expense in visiting the Southern trials. I am of the opinion that we might organize a New England Field Trial Club that would benefit those breeders and owners who wish to demonstrate that they have got good field dogs. The writer thinks that the pointer, setter, spaniel and beagle breeders and owners might join hands and do themselves proud. Gentlemen, speak up, and name the objections to this move.—A. C. COLLINS.

DOG TALK.

THE *Spectator* gives us the following: "Bob is a fine two-year-old mastiff, with head and face of massive strength, heightened by great mildness of expression. One day he was seen carrying a hen very gently in his mouth to the kennel. Placing her in one corner he stood sentry while she laid an egg, which he at once devoured. From that day the two have been fast friends, the hen refusing to lay anywhere but in Bob's kennel, and getting her reward in the dainty morsels from his platter. There must have been a bit of canine reasoning here. Bob must have found eggs to his liking, that they were laid by hens, and that he could best secure a supply by having a hen to himself. Socialists will note with a chuckle of satisfaction that even in the animal creation Proudhon's maxim hold's good. 'Property is theft' indeed when dogs take to appropriating their masters' hens."

Mr. James Watson writes as follows: "I have not been having so much of my usual bad luck of late with my collies. I have two litters by Strephon, one out of Juno and the other out of Mavis, and as both are dams of winners, I am again speculating in futures. By the way did you ever hear of rats attacking puppies? The Juno litter were bitten dreadfully when three days old. One has a bite out of its ear, another lost a toe, a third a piece of its tail, and one dog was so badly chewed about one of its hindlegs that it died two days later, more from weakness from loss of blood than anything else, I fancy. I was away the day after they had been bitten, so no one found it out till I returned and looked at them the following day morning. After that you may want to ask what my usual bad luck is. I did not give the rats a chance at the Mavis' litter you may be sure."

Our combative friend, Mr. Wade, does not confine himself to fights on dog matters. By the Pittsburgh *Commercial Gazette* we see that he has plunged into the United States Court against the whole Allegheny Valley Railroad, which is a sort of branch of the Pennsylvania, on account of the road maintaining a picnic ground near his residence at Hulton, which Mr. Wade asserts is a common nuisance from the numbers of vile characters from Pittsburgh who frequent it. It must be exceedingly tough if all Mr. Wade's mastiffs are not sufficient protection, and fighting a powerful railroad company is a pretty large job. However, the size of a fight, or the power of his antagonists never did scare Mr. Wade.

A very desirable piece of knowledge is, how to stop a dog fight; choking off, douching with water, etc., will sometimes answer, but very game dogs will hang on, even under a pump, and choking off is sometimes somewhat dangerous. A certain means is showering something over the dogs that will produce sneezing. Be his will ever so good, the motion of sneezing involuntarily opens his jaws. Pepper answers very well, but snuff is probably the best, as it can be used *ad libitum*, and will certainly produce the effect if enough is used. In a large kennel, a supply of snuff should always be kept on hand.

Mr. C. C. Cook of Canton, O., owner of Moses, purposes adding to his kennel of mastiffs and on his behalf Mr. E. Probert, formerly of Salem, O., has purchased in England of Mr. Richard Cook, a bitch by Ilford Chancellor, dam Ilford Constance, and in whelp to Beaufort. Ilford Constance, the dam of the bitch, is now owned by Mr. A. Gerald Hull. Mr. Probert is the person who had charge of Mr. Aston's mastiffs in New York when Dr. Perry put Baby first and started the series of indignation meetings on the top benches at Madison Square Garden.

Mr. Aston of Orlando, Fla., has returned to England, owing to the ill health of Mrs. Aston. He disposed of all of his mastiffs with the exception of Baby, which he took home with him.

We hear rumors of a new kennel club that is to be formed at Pittsburgh to take the place of the Western Pennsylvania Poultry Society.

At the recent English Kennel Club show at Barn Elms, the prize medal offered for appliances was won by Spratts Patent.

We are pleased to learn that Mr. Howard Hartley is recovering from the shock of paralysis he received two weeks ago.

Trenton is to have a dog show in connection with the fair there next October.

There will be a dog show in Chicago next April, held by the Mascoutah Kennel Club.

A dog show will in all likelihood be held in connection with the Fairfield, Conn., county fair.

The American Pet Dog Club is now an incorporated body, having recently received its charter.

ENGLISH KENNEL CLUB RULES.

THE following alterations in the show and field trial rules of the English Kennel Club were made at a meeting of the club July 4:

"Rule 15. The committee of the Kennel Club shall publish as early as possible in each year in the *Kennel Gazette* a list of shows selected by them as being worthy to rank as first-class exhibitions. A first prize at any one of such shows shall for purposes of a challenge class qualification count two points. A first prize at any other show under Kennel Club rules shall count one point. No dog shall be qualified to compete in a challenge class that has won less than ten points at shows registered in or for the Kennel Club Calendar and Stud-books; and no dog shall compete in an open class that is qualified to compete in a challenge class at any show where challenge classes are provided for that breed. The prizes must be won in open classes which are open to all dogs of any breed without restriction, or in varieties of the same breed divided by weight, color, sex or age in adult classes.

"Rule 16: No dog shall in future be entitled to be called a champion that has not scored six points in challenge classes, two of which must be either at the Kennel Club shows or at the shows of the National Dog Show Society, Birmingham. Each win in a challenge class at a first class show (as explained in rule 15) shall count two points, and each win in a challenge class at other shows under Kennel Club rules one point. If a prize winner be disqualified, the next dog in order of merit, as placed by the judge, shall take its place, and the win shall count in every respect the same as if it had been the original award. An equal first prize in challenge or open classes shall be counted as a win to both dogs."

N.B. to Rules 15 to 16.—These rules shall come into operation upon January 1, 1889, and any dog which shall have qualified previously to that date for competition in a champion class or challenge class must compete in a challenge class where such class is provided. Any dog entitled to be called a champion before that date shall not be deprived of his title.

FIELD TRIAL RULES.

Rule XI., line eight, after the words, "or on account of byes," insert the following: Or "if any dog, beaten in the first round of a stake, has shown, in the opinion of the judge or judges, exceptional merit, he may be allowed to remain in competition. This must be declared to the secretary or stewards by the judges at once, or on the conclusion of the round. A fresh draw shall then take place at the direction of the stewards, and this order of running shall be no more disturbed in finishing the stake. The usual guarding to be practiced, and, in addition, those dogs drawn against one another in the first round to be 'guarded' in the second. The judges shall also have the power to throw out in the first round of a stake both dogs in competition, if, after a sufficient trial, they consider them exceptionally deficient in merit. In this case the order of the original draw shall not be disturbed."—*Kennel Gazette.*

SYRACUSE DOG SHOW.—Syracuse, N. Y., July 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Everything looks most favorable for a great success of the bench show of the Syracuse Kennel Club to be held on Sept. 18, 19, 20 and 21. The cash prizes will amount to about $1500, and the specials will be an attractive feature; for many valuable and handsome prizes have been promised, especially for kennels consisting of four or more dogs. Maj. J. M. Taylor will judge pointers and setters, A. C. Wilmerding spaniels, Herm. F. Schellhass beagles, etc., James Mortimer all other classes, and William Tallman will be the superintendent. The hall is one of the best, being 192x60ft., good light and excellent ventilation. Spratts Patent will do the benching. Judging by the way inquiries are pouring in for premium lists we expect a most attractive show. The club's dogs will not be entered for competition.—HOWARD B. RATHBORN, Sec'y.

LONDON DOG SHOW.—London, Ont., July 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The contract was let last evening for the London Kennel Club's bench show buildings and benches, to be erected in the grounds of the Western Fair, London, Ont. The main building will be 40x130ft., with wings, which will contain two judging rings, 12x30 each, secretary's and manager's office, feed rooms, etc. The benches will be wire and will be made in this city. The buildings are the property of the club and are to be used for bench shows only, and when finished will be the most complete in the country.—C. A. STONE Manager.

DEATH OF NEWTON ABBOT JUBILEE.—Mr. E. M. Oldham has met with a great misfortune in the death of his field spaniel bitch Newton Abbot Jubilee. She was undoubtedly the best bitch of the breed in this country, and the loss is one that cannot be easily replaced. At the time of her death she was heavy in whelp to Newton Abbot Darkie.

KENNEL NOTES.

Notes must be sent on prepared blanks, which are furnished free on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope of large letter size. Sets of 200 of any one form, bound for retaining duplicates, are sent for 30 cents.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Mikado. By F. F. Harris, Portland, Me., for liver and white pointer dog, whelped June 10, 1886, by Graphic (A.K.R. 2411) out of Zitta (A.K.R. 1358).

Nixie. By F. F. Harris, Portland, Me., for lemon and white pointer dog, whelped Aug. 28, 1887, by Nick of Naso (A.K.R. 4391) out of Portland Lily (A.K.R. 4058).

Ethel. By F. F. Harris, Portland, Me., for lemon and white pointer bitch, whelped May 13, 1885, by champion Beaufort (A.K.R. 694) out of Zuba (A.K.R. 1359).

Dawn. By Dr. Louis O. Lusson, Philadelphia, Pa., for liver and white pointer bitch, whelped March 11, 1888, by Bang (Price's champion Bang—Salter's Luna) out of Vandalia (Bang Bang—Zanetta).

Vandal and Joyce. By Rosecroft Kennels, for blue belton and tan English setter dog and bitch, whelped April 7, 1888, by Prince Foreman (A.K.R. 5800) out of Passion (A.K.R. 3424).

BRED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Trinket—Trailer. H. F. Schellhass's (Brooklyn, N. Y.) beagle bitch Trinket (Flute—Queen) to his Trailer (Racket—Fly), July 23.

Princess II.—Bang. G. G. Barker's (leased by E. J. Martin) (Wilmington, Del.) pointer bitch Princess II. (Nat—champion Princess) to J. H. Winslow's Bang (Price's champion Bang—Salter's Luna), July 13.

Floss—Mack. E. Indicott's (East Longmeadow, Mass.) pointer bitch Floss (Van—Blitzen) to Dr. L. Corcoran's Mack (Ned—Gipsey), July 29.

New York Beauty—Rockingham. J. E. Meyer's (New York) English setter bitch New York Beauty (Monk of Furness—Nellie of Braunfels) to F. Windholz's Rockingham (A.K.R. 3867), June 21.

Princess Phœbus—Rockingham. F. Windholz's (New York) English setter bitch Princess Phœbus (A.K.R. 1287) to his Rockingham (A.K.R. 3867), June 13.

Blitz—Rockingham. John Yewdall's (Philadelphia, Pa.) English setter bitch Blitz (Thunder—Peg) to F. Windholz's Rockingham (A.K.R. 3867), June —.

Belle—Bradford Harry. E. G. Carleton's (Boston, Mass.) Yorkshire terrier bitch Belle to P. H. Coombs's Bradford Harry (Crawshaw's Bruce—Beale's Lady), July 29.

WHELPS.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Duster. A. McDonald's (Rockland, Me.) foxhound bitch Duster (Rake—Belle), July 23, eleven (four dogs), by L. Butler's Klipper (Plunder—Kate).

Fleet. A. McDonald's (Rockland, Me.) foxhound bitch Fleet (Flip—Festive), July 20, nine (four dogs), by P. F. Armstrong's Hunter (Breckenridge—Queen).

Portia. John Coles's (Linden, Mass.) mastiff bitch Portia (A.K.R. 3563), July 25, ten (five dogs), by his Dulph (champion Hero II.—champion Dolly Varden).

Linden Duchess. John Coles's (Linden, Mass.) mastiff bitch Linden Duchess (Bosco—Juno, A.K.R. 1144), July 23, seven (four dogs), by his Dulph (champion Hero II.—champion Dolly Varden).

Sallie Walker. A. McDonald's (Rockland, Me.) pointer bitch Sallie Walker (Gem Beaufort—Minnie T.), July 23, seven (three dogs), by his Leslie's Spot Dash (Sir Phillip Sidney—Topsy).

Kent Queen. Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' (Charlottesville, Va.) imported pointer bitch Kent Queen (Kent Bitters—Kent Florist), July 19, six (five dogs), by their Pontiac (Milton Bang II.—Climax).

Bonanza. F. F. Harris's (Portland, Me.) pointer bitch Bonanza (Beaufort, A.K.R. 694—Zuba, A.K.R. 1359), July 8, eight (three dogs), by Westminster Kennel Club's Naso of Kippen (Naso II.—Maggie).

Katisha. F. F. Harris's (Portland, Me.) pointer bitch Katisha (Graphic, A.K.R. 2411—Zitta, A.K.R. 1358), July 24, nine (four dogs), by Chestnut Hill Kennels' champion Beaufort (A.K.R. 694).

Zitta. F. F. Harris's (Portland, Me.) pointer bitch Zitta (A.K.R. 1358), July 11, six (two dogs), by Chestnut Hill Kennels' Beaufort (A.K.R. 694).

Roseline. A. Quick's (New York) pointer bitch Roseline (Ben—Daisy), July 24, ten (seven dogs), by his Clifford (Donald—Devonshire Lass).

Jessica. Geo. Browne's (Dedham, Mass.) Gordon setter bitch Jessica (Tom—Cremorne), July 22, five (three dogs), by his Argus II. (champion Argus—Beauty).

Peggy Bowley. J. H. Winslow's (Philadelphia, Pa.) cocker spaniel bitch Peggy Bowley (Koba—Hilla), July 20, six (two dogs), by American Cocker Kennels' Doc (A.K.R. 3795).

SALES.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Clyde (A.K.R. 5598)—Gypsie May (A.K.R. 5602) whelp. Black, tan and white collie dog, whelped June 13, 1888, by W. A. Wickham, Cedar Bluff, Ia., to Geneser & Sons, Granger, Ia.

Clyde (A.K.R. 5598)—Iowa Queen (A.K.R. 5784) whelp. Sable and white collie bitch, whelped May, 1887, by W. A. Wickham, Cedar Bluff, Ia., to Bussey & Handcombe, Rock Springs, Wyoming.

Clio. Silver fawn Italian greyhound dog, whelped Dec. 23 1887, by Spider out of Daisy, by A. B. Norcross, Milford, Conn., to W. H. Caldwell, Newburg, N. Y.

Mainspring—Perry whelp. Lemon and white pointer dog whelped Sept. 12, 1887, by T. F. Rivers, Bridgeport, Conn., to R. W. Shaw, Galveston, Tex.

Zip. Black and white English setter dog, whelped July, 1885, pedigree not given, by Geo. W. Lovell, Middleboro, Mass., to R. M. Greig, Butte City, Mont.

Sport. Orange and white English setter dog, whelped June, 1886, pedigree not given, by Geo. W. Lovell, Middleboro, Mass.. to H. A. Harrington, Boston, Mass.

White Ben. White English setter dog, whelped July, 1881, pedigree not given, by Geo. W. Lovell, Middleboro, Mass., to L. C. Chase, Swansea, Mass.

Lillias. Black, white and tan fox-terrier bitch, whelped July 6, 1887, by Splauger out of Blenton Lilly, by W. S. Applegate, New Albany, Ind., to Jas. E. Unks, Brownsville, Pa.

Snap. Scotch terrier dog, age and pedigree not given, by J. J. Nussbaumer, St. Louis, Mo., to N. Guerdan, same place.

DEATHS.

Judy Obo. Black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped Oct. 17, 1884, by Obo II. out of Daisy Zulu, owned by Geo. E. Brown, Dedham, Mass., July 20, in parturition.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

FITCHBURG, Mass., July 26.—Match A of the series now in progress under the auspices of the Fitchburg Rifle and Gun Club closed last week with the following totals: A. B. Small, 847; F. Harvey, 829; W. W. V. Lowe, 811; L. R. Starkey, 823; C. H. Brown, 707. At the last meet the work of each man in detail off-hand was as follows:

A B Small	7	10	8	7	7	8	8	10	8	8—81
C H Brown	8	5	6	7	10	8	6	7	7	3—70
F Harvey	9	8	7	7	5	5	9	6	4	7—67
E Newton	8	7	10	7	8	7	5	4	6	4—66
F M Patch	8	4	6	6	4	6	3	7	10	7—61
L Starkey	9	3	7	3	5	5	8	7	7	5—59

Rest Match, New Center.

A B Small	11	10	11	12	12	12	10	9	8	12—107
C H Brown	9	9	12	11	9	11	9	10	10	11—101
F Harvey	12	10	8	10	11	9	12	8	9	11—100
L Starkey	12	7	10	11	10	10	10	9	9	4— 92

GARDNER, Mass., July 26.—Members of the Heywood Guards, Co. F, 2d Regiment M.V.M., went out to Hackmatack range. The Creedmoor target was used, distance 200 yards:

F White	22	23—45	C O'Neal	17	19—36
A E Knowlton	22	22—44	F L Proctor		—22
F B Edgell	20	24—44	H G Pratt		—19
C N Edgell	20	22—42	W E Hartwell		—17
B F Thrasher	21	20—41	G W Hunting		—16
G W Bishop	21	19—40	B J Brown		—16
H J Black	20	19—39			

BISMARCK AS A DEAD SHOT.—Berlin, July 26.—Prince Bismarck has given evidence that he is still a skillful marksman. While practicing with a rifle at 120 yards recently, he hit the bullseye every time.

BOSTON, July 28.—The conditions were very unfavorable at the range to-day, a strong fishtail wind blowing from 12 o'clock. A large number of militiamen were present to qualify at the different ranges. Following are the best scores made to-day:

Rest Match, 200Yds.

S Wilder	12	10	9	9	10	12	10	12	10	12—106
B G Barker	12	11	12	8	12	9	11	7	9	12—103
W E Halladay	9	9	11	12	10	9	12	9	10	11—102
J N Eames	8	11	9	9	12	10	11	7	11	11— 99
A Ballard	10	10	8	9	10	10	12	12	9	9— 99
F D Martin	12	11	9	8	8	11	9	9	12	7— 96
L Ames	9	8	9	7	10	9	10	11	9	12— 95
F C Towne	12	8	10	11	10	7	8	11	10	8— 95
S Ham	12	9	9	7	9	9	9	10	10	9— 93
A Sharp	7	8	10	7	8	10	7	9	11	9— 86

Off-Hand Decimal, 200Yds.

A Sharp	8	8	3	8	8	6	10	6	8	10—70
B J Coney	6	4	9	8	6	6	6	6	9	7—67
E Davis	6	6	8	5	7	10	6	6	8	4—66
A Ballard	8	6	5	7	8	8	6	3	6	7—64
T Moore	4	6	5	8	5	7	7	10	4	7—63

Revolver Match, 100Yds.

B F White	7	7	9	7	8	9	10	6	7	9—79
A Warren	5	5	7	8	4	4	7	6	7	7—60
T Moore	6	5	6	6	6	5	4	6	5	8—57

Revolver Match, 50Yds.

B F White	10	9	10	7	9	10	10	8	9	8—90
A Warren	10	10	7	10	9	9	9	9	9	7—89
T Moore	8	8	10	9	9	9	5	9	8	8—83

Pistol Match, 50Yds.

J A Frye	9	7	8	8	10	7	6	6	8	9—78
A Wesson	9	8	8	7	7	9	8	6	4	8—74
D P Holder	9	8	6	9	6	3	8	9	6	8—72
S F Harvard	6	9	7	7	8	9	6	8	7	4—71
A A Law	4	5	7	10	6	8	6	8	7	7—68

Military Match, 200Yds.

E L Dorr, Jr	4444544444—41	D J McGilvray	3334443334—34
J E Darmody	3443544554—41	A W Sparrow	4344524035—34
B L Trull	4444434344—38	W Renfrew	0444443203—28
H F Lynde	3343443533—35	A F Hall	0333342303—23

600Yds.

A S Field	2445554535—42	E L Dorr, Jr	5544533433—39
R B Edes	4445343435—39	T Moore	4333455344—38

TORONTO, July 21.—The return telegraphic match between Bowmanville and Toronto came off this afternoon on their respective ranges, and resulted in a victory for Bowmanville by 7 points. Each team has now won one match, and a final will be shot off. Following are the returns of each man:

Bowmanville.	200	500	600	T'l	Toronto.	200	500	600	T'l
J Sando	29	31	29	89	T Mitchell	31	30	30	91
J B Mitchell	29	30	27	86	G Thompson	31	30	28	89
W C King	28	32	26	86	Wm Harp	31	32	25	88
W S Russell	32	31	22	85	Macdonald	28	24	29	81
D Beach	30	26	28	88	A G Ronan	22	27	30	79
McLaughlin	26	28	24	78	A Cartwright	26	26	26	78
J Curtis	28	29	18	75	R McVittie	26	26	26	78
W S Young	28	25	21	74	G M Donnelly	26	21	19	66
	220	232	195	657		221	216	213	650

TORONTO, July 28.—The regular practice of the Toronto Rifle Association was held this afternoon. The scoring was very high, as will be seen from the list below. The weather was the finest this season. The final telegraphic match between Bomanville and Toronto was shot at the same time and resulted in a victory for the home men. The Torontos have won two out of three contests:

	200 yds.	500 yds.	600 yds.	Total.
Robt McVittie	32	30	31	93
Wm Harp	29	33	29	91
Tom Mitchell	31	24	35	90
Geo Thompson	28	31	29	88
A G Ronan	29	31	28	88
F W Curzon	31	30	27	86
A D Cartwright	28	27	31	86
A Dumfries	30	27	26	83
G M Donnelly	30	27	22	79
Wm Jack, Sr	29	24	24	77
W C Vanloon	29	28	20	77
W Campbell	29	26	22	77
J H Knifton	29	23	23	75
Walter McDonald	27	27	21	76
A D Crooks	25	25	24	74
Jno F Crean	27	24	23	74
R Cartwright	28	20	24	72
W J Urquhart	29	16	23	68
Jas Chieftain	24	24	20	68
T Kelly	23	24	15	68
W G Fowler	23	30	15	68
Jno Agnew	26	25	15	66
Geo Oliver	27	23	11	61

LINDSAY, July 24.—The fifth annual meeting of the County of Victoria Rifle Association was held in the Council Chamber here to-night, when the following officers were elected for the coming year: Col. Deacon, Hon. President; Major S. Hughes, President; Capt. Evans, First Vice-President: Robert Sylvester, Second Vice-President; Lieut. Bucknell, Secretary and Treasurer; Sergt. Williamson and Robert Sylvester, Auditors; Lieut. Hopkins, Sergt. Robinson and Sergt. Williamson, D. Sinclair and J. H. Oliver, Council of Management. The association intend to hold their annual fall match in September. A prize list is now in course of preparation.

NEWARK RIFLE NOTES.—August Begerow, of the Newark (N. J.) Shooting Society, made 2,007 points in 100 consecutive shots on the ¾in. ring target at the Shooting Park on Thursday, July 26. Mrs. Geo Downs, of Brooklyn, the lady who made the last red flag at the recent festival, was at the park a few days ago and did some very fine shooting. Mrs. Downs is an enthusiast in shooting. John Coppersmith, who ran a loading rod into his hand on the last day of the festival, is coming around all right and will be able to shoot again in a week or two. The annual king shoot of the Newark Shooting Society will be held in the Shooting Park the last week in August. For this affair each member of the society who competes is required to contribute a prize worth at least $3. The title of king, along with a medal, goes to the member who makes the highest score in the three shots on the ring target. The Jersey Schützen Corps will hold a two days' shoot at Union Hill the latter part of August. Nearly all the Newark marksmen will compete.

LYNN, Mass., July 28.—Several of the best shots in the State were present at Indian Hill to day, but the strong breeze that kept blowing all day prevented high scores. Lieut. Merritt of the 2d corps of Cadets shot remarkably well, however, as his score shows. Two of the 200-yards targets were demolished by the wind. The scores:

Two hundred yards military match, Creedmoor, off-hand:

Lieut Merritt	5	4	5	4	4	4	4	4	4	5—43
G A Church	4	4	4	3	5	4	5	5	4	3—41
F H Downey	4	3	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	3—38
C J Walker	5	4	4	4	4	4	4	3	4	4—40
J O Knowles	3	3	3	4	4	3	3	3	5	4—33

OTTOWA, July 23.—The Ottawa Rifle Club held the 12th spoon competition on Saturday. The weather was fine, with light but variable winds. The spoons were won by Mr. Morrison and Major Perley, the ranges being 500 and 600 yards, Martini-Henry rifles, 10 shots at each range.

	500	600		500	600
N Morrison	43	43—86	J Nutting	40	29—69
Major Perley	43	42—85	Lt -Col. McPherson	40	24—64
J Wynne	42	40—82	T C Boville	27	29—56
A Pink	37	40—77	J Holbrook	32	21—53
T Carroll	41	33—74	M Rolfe	28	24—52
J H Ellis	40	33—73	W E Cooke	25	25—50
F W Smith	36	35—71	Dr Hardman	31	16—47
R H Brown	37	34—71	Wm McKay	19	26—45
T McJnact	37	33—70	F C Lightfoot	25	20—45
W A Jamison	34	35—69	C S Scott	23	18—41
J D Taylor	38	31—69			

BRIDGEPORT, Conn., July 26.—This afternoon as the steamboat Waterbury arrived from New York John McDonald, a teamster from the Union Metallic Cartridge Company, was unloading cartridges from his two-horse dray on the pier. He dropped a box containing 1,000 rifle cartridges, which exploded. McDonald was blown against the freight house, the harness was stripped from his horses and they were badly injured with rifle balls. Boxes and barrels were hurled in every direction. No one was seriously hurt, although the side of the Waterbury and the shed are spattered full of bullets.

QUEBEC.—Rideau range is being put in order for the Quebec provincial rifle matches, to be fired on the 7th, 8th and 9th August. Twenty targets are being supplied for the regular matches and five for the extra series, so that there will be no lack of accommodation.

FITCHBURG, MASS., RIFLE CLUB.—The following are the best scores shot at the rifle range of the Fitchburg Rifle and Gun Club, July 25. The conditions were very favorable for good scores, there being hardly any air stirring toward the latter part of the shoot.

Off-hand.

A B Small	10	10	7	9	10	7	8	10	9	6—86
C H Brown	8	7	7	5	4	7	10	10	8	6—72
E Newton	7	4	5	9	7	5	7	7	7	5—63

Rest Match.

C H Brown	9	11	12	9	10	11	10	10	10	9—101
W V Lowe	11	8	11	9	8	11	9	9	12	11—99
A B Small	8	9	9	9	10	9	12	8	11	12—97

July 28 the wind was very strong and inshtail, rapidly shifting from 11 to 1 o'clock. The wind would completely change in force and direction while one was taking aim. The following are the best scores shot, off-hand:

A B Small	7	7	6	7	9	5	10	9	7	9—76
W V Lowe	6	7	9	8	10	8	5	6	5	8—72
David Salmond	10	9	3	8	5	4	5	5	10	9—68

Rest Match.

C H Brown	9	12	12	12	11	9	11	12	9	9—106
A B Small	12	10	9	10	11	9	9	11	10	10—101
W V Lowe	7	8	8	8	9	8	8	12	7	7—82

WILLIAM V. LOWE.

ST. LOUIS, July 28.—Neuhaus made the top score at the regular weekly shoot of the St. Louis Pistol Club. Out of a possible 120 the following scores were made:

O Neuhans	117	G W Alexander	111
L V D Perret	114	W H Bonnell	111
W Bauer	113	M C Billmeyer	108
W A Hettel	112	M Summerfield	104
A E Bengel	112		

W. H. Bonnell and W. H. Hettel, both members of the St. Louis Pistol Club, had a friendly match. While the scores are good either of the contestants can do much better, they being not up to their usual good form, and this, with the hot weather, made good scores very difficult. Conditions—100 shots each, and .22-caliber pistol, distance 12 yards, 1¾-inch bullseye.

W H Bonnell	108	112	105	109	114	109	111	115	108	110—1101
W H Hettel	110	110	111	108	107	108	109	105	111	111—1090

CREEDMOOR, July 28.—The 6th Marksman's Badge Match.—A strong fish-tail wind bothered the shooters in the forenoon; the scores, however, were good. The day was fair and cool. Following are the winners of cash prizes:

	200 yds.	500 yds.	Total.
Richard Oliver, Staff, 23d Regt	20	25	45
A C Saunders, Co H, 23d Regt	22	22	44
A G Scranton, Co F, 7th Regt	21	2	43
C C Wallace, Co I, 14th Regt	22	21	43
J B Frothingham, Staff, 2d Brigade	19	23	42
W L Candee, Co B, 23d Regt	20	22	42
Daniel Bacon, Co K, 7th Regt	21	21	42
Winners of medals were:			
J N Munson, Co G, 7th Regt	19	24	43
Geo Ball, Co F, 23d Regt	20	23	43
R M Kalloch, Co H, 7th Regt	20	23	43
H B Thomson, Co C, 7th Regt	21	22	43
W J Underwood, Co H, 7th Regt	21	22	43

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

WORCESTER, Mass., July 27.—At the regular meet at Coal Mine Brook range this week of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club, was the classification score, 6 strings of 5 each, followed by the dividing of the prizes in Class A without shooting the prize score. The work in detail follows:

Classification Score—Class A.

G W Russell	454455—27	E T Smith	445532—23
G J Rugg	443455—25	A L Gilman	433523—20
M D Gilman	443545—25		

Class B.

		Prize score
E F Swan	422542— 9	8
V D Kennerson	244315—19	7
C A Parker	322424—17	7
L K Hudson	004234—13	7
W R Dean	222345—17	7
L S Killburn	424132—16	6
C R B Chaffin	222424—16	6
H Colvin	220233—11	5
A B Franklin	222422—14	5
C R Holman	422114—14	3
C Crampton	223141—13	3
Dr Frank	213022—10	1

COMING WESTERN SHOOTS.—Waverly Gun Club's annual tournament, Waverly, Iowa, August 1 and 2. Live birds and inanimate targets. Helena Rod and Gun Club's third annual territorial tournament, Helena, Montana, August 6, 7 and 8. Greenfield Gun Club's first annual tournament Greenfield Iowa, August 7 and 8. Live bird, blue rock and blackbird tournament, Hastings, Neb., Aug 7, 8 and 9. Nippert and Tucker's second semi-annual tournament, Paris, Ky., August 29 and 30. Live pigeons and Cleveland blue rocks. Chamberlin Cartridge Company's tournament; contest for place closes August 31. Ties shot off at Cleveland O., September 12. Al Bandle's fourth annual (Centennial) tournament, Cincinnati, Ohio, September 4, 5, 6 and 7. $1000 guaranteed. Al. Bandle, Manager.

WINCHENDON, Mass., July 24.—At the regular meet this week of the Winchendon Gun Club at their range the work of each man out of a possible 10 clay pigeons was as follows:

H J Lawrence	1111111111—10	F E Mann	1100110101—6
F E Hapgood	1111011011— 8	P S Davis	1000100111—5
A D Lwarence	1011110110— 7	E M Whitney	1110000011—5
J Sutherland, Jr	0111111001— 7	Wm Stuart	0010100111—5
Chas Bailey	1010101011— 7		

MARION, N. J., July 26.—The following is the score of a match between Mr. Charles Smith, of Plainfield, N. J., and Mr. A. Manitz, of Orange Valley, N. J., on the grounds of the Jersey City Heights Gun Club, at Marion, N. J. The shooting was at 50 live pigeons each, 30 yards rise, use of both barrels, five traps, for $50 a side. Both contestants shot in good form, and the match was very close:

Manitz	1111111101111111011111111101101111101111110111—42
Smith	0111111110110111111111101110111111111111100100—41

CHAMPION BREWER.—The championship of England challenge cup for pigeon shooting, value $500, has become the property of Captain Brewer, of Philadelphia, by reason of his magnificent shooting in the recent competition at Hendon, London. The conditions were to shoot at 25 pigeons each, 30 yards rise, entrance £5, 50 per cent. of which was taken by the winner, 20 the second, and 10 the third. The first contest was won by Mr. Farrell, with a score of 22 kills, and Captain Brewer and Mr. Hamilton shared second and third money. Captain Brewer then followed with three consecutive wins. In the first instance he killed 21 out of 25, on the second occasion he succeeded in grassing all his 25 birds, and in his third victory he missed one only out of 25. Brewer used a 10-gauge gun.

WELLINGTON, Mass., July 28.—The October weather to-day made overcoats a necessary part of the shooter's equipment. In the consolation match at 15 blue rocks and 12 clay pigeons, the following scores were made: Bond, 16; Conant, 14; Melcher, 20; Stone, 22; Bates, 18; Stanton, 20; Baxter, 18; Wardwell, 21; Knowles, 18; Savage, 14; Moore, 21; Adams, 12; Brown, 14; Perry, 24; Richards, 14; Miller, 15; Hutchinson, 21; Grimes, 16; Snow, 19; Nichols, 20; Burton, 13; Little, 12; Hosmer, 15; White, 12. Following were the winners in the sweepstake matches: Six clay pigeons—Snow. Six bluerocks—Knowles and Baxter. Six clay pigeons—Knowles and Moore. Six bluerocks—Wardwell. Six clay pigeons—Wardwell. Six bluerocks—Miller. Six clay pigeons—Brown and Perry. Six bluerocks—Snow and Moore. Thirteen bluerocks, consolation match—Stone and Perry first, Wardwell and Moore second, Conant, Hutchinson and Nichols third, Melcher fourth. Twelve clay pigeons, consolation match—Perry and Snow first, Melcher, Stanton and Hutchinson second, Stone, Knowles and Moore third, Bates and Miller fourth.

UTICA, July 25.—The Little Falls Gun Club and Oneida County Sportsmen's Association had a contest at Riverside Park to-day. Thirteen marksmen from each organization composed the teams. Each man tried his skill at 25 single clay pigeons. The names of the shooters and the scores made were as follows:

Little Falls.

Gowen	0111110000110000011110011—13
Dwyer	1110000011001010101000111—11
Cooney	0000110010110111101101111—14
Devendorf	0101100100110101111001111—15
Teesslett	1000100011100011100100000— 9
O'Brien	0000110011100100011001110—11
Wheeler	0000100000110110000100000— 6
Kain	0101100001000100000100000— 6
Frazier	0011011101010311101101111—16
Baker	0000110010011000111100100—10
Dodson	1100010010101101010101110—13
Rich	1111111110100110111111100—19
Hicks	0111101001101101010101111—17—160

Utica.

Felton	1101111101011110111111110—20
Kilbourn	1111171011011111110010110—19
Scoft	1100100111101011101111010—16
Beckwith	1101001011110001111111101—17
Gates	1101101111100101101101100—16
Wheeler	1111111001111101030101111—19
Elliott	1111101111 0111110111111—22
Harris	1101111011111111111111111—23
Yates	0111011111010001000010111—14
Pfeiffer	1001000110101011011100001—13
Divine	1101101101101010110301111—15
Roth	0111100001101101101111001—15
Booth	0101111111111111010110110—19—228

After the match between the clubs had been shot, several sweepstakes were made, in which some fine shooting was done. A return match is to be shot in Little Falls soon.

NEW BEDFORD, Mass., July 21.—To-day the Acushnet Gun Club visited Westport Factory to engage in a friendly contest with the Star Gun Club at that place. The match was shot on the grounds of Frank Whalon near the factory. The result of the match is given below; 20 American clays were allowed per man:

Acushnet Gun Club.		Star Gun Club.	
C A Gray	17	Frank Whalon	11
Job Spooner	13	A W Lewis	11
Wm Durfee	11	E Sabins	14
C A Gray, Jr	16	Geo Lewis, Jr	16
J G Whalon	16	P Simmons	17
	—		—
	73		71

A return match will be shot Aug. 4 at the grounds of the Acushnet Gun Club at Acushnet.

PHILADELPHIA, July 28.—The Parker Gun Club's team of 10 men met with a defeat at the hands of the Darby Club's team at Collingdale to-day. The match was at 25 clay-pigeons each, National Gun Association rules to govern:

Darby Club.		Parker Club.	
W James	16	C Gildner	18
G Urian	14	Phar Hey	15
H Hewes	14	J Adair	16
C Clark	17	W Jones	13
J O'Hara	18	R Bradbury	16
A Carr	14	J H Kerr	11
French	21	J Martin	13
Knight	19	W Bradbury	12
Gordon	16	J Cloud	17
Patterson	21—169	Hothersall	17—148

Mr. Chas. A. Meyers officiated for the Darby Club as judge, and Mr. Rowcroft for the Parker Club.

LOWELL, Mass., July 26.—The Lowell Rod and Gun Club held a picnic at Nabrasset Grove, West Chelmsford, to-day. The principal feature of the occasion was the team shoot at clay-pigeons between Messrs. Faulkner and Lovejoy on one side and Bates and Knowles on the other, and which was won by the latter. The conditions were 50 clay-pigeons, 18yds. rise, 3 angles. Scores: First team—Faulkner, singles, 35; doubles, 43; total, 78. Lovejoy, singles, 34; doubles, 29; total, 63. Team total, 141. Second team—Bates, singles, 43; doubles, 35; total, 78. Knowles, singles, 39; doubles, 30; total, 69. Team total, 147.

AUBURN GUN CLUB.—A certificate of incorporation of the Auburn Gun Club was filed in the Cayuga County Clerk's office July 25. The headquarters will be in Auburn and there will be five directors. The directors named are Harvey M. Howland, C. W. Tuttle, Leroy W. Stevens, S. F. Rathbum and Harvey R. Kidney.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., July 25.—There were thirty-two entries for the grand king bird sweepstakes shoot at the Valley to-day. Besides local marksmen, there were shots present from Watertown, Auburn, Albany, Poughkeepsie, New York and other places. Among the chief winners were Whitney of Phelps, Hudson, Spangler and McMurchy of Syracuse, Yankton of New York, Paddock of Watertown, Howland of Auburn, Thiern of Poughkeepsie and Peacock of Buffalo.

July 26.—In the shoot at Onondaga Valley continued this afternoon prizes were won by G. C. Luther, M. C. Smith, E. Hudson, H. McMurchy, A. Spangler, Thorne of Poughkeepsie, Henry Whitney of Phelps, W. G. Paddock of Albany, Capt. Peacock of Buffalo, Holly Garduer and Beckwith, both of Albany. The shoot was one of the most interesting and successful held by the club. The rivalry between Thorne of Poughkeepsie and Whitney of Phelps has led them to make a match for $200 a side at 100 birds. The match will come off at the Valley grounds soon. Each man has deposited $50 forfeit money.

KANSAS CITY, July 24.—The Independent Gun Club held its regular monthly medal shoot at Exposition Park this morning. The attendance was up to the average and the birds were a fine lot. Some excellent scores were made, Mr. J. M. Anderson winning the medal with a clean score. Appended is the full score:

W V Rieger	1111101110— 8	Ed Bingham	1111101111— 9
J K Guinotte	1111011001— 7	G B Orr	1011011011— 7
G Wasson	1111111010— 8	Hall	0111111101— 8
A E Thomas	1011111111— 9	W Anderson	1011111111— 8
H Wiltsee	0111101111— 8	J M Anderson	1111111111—10
W W Sterne	1111110111— 9	W T Henry	1011011110— 7

FRANKFORD, Pa., July 28.—The regular monthly prize shoot of the North End Gun Club took place on their grounds this afternoon. On account of this being the vacation season, a great many of the active members were conspicuous by their absence. Mr. Wm. Wolstencroft received his new Winchester repeater from the factory to-day, and, while exercising it, gave us a fine exhibition of shooting at triple birds. Mr. W. has been using a Winchester for some time, and liked it so well that he had one made to order, a very handsome, high grade gun. Six of our members are using this make of gun and are much pleased with them, as they are very hard and close shooters. Mr. W. Wolstencroft and Wm. M. Pask can make very creditable scores at tripie birds with the repeaters—a difficult feat, we think. In the shoot to-day, the first prize, a bag of shot, was won by Wm. Wolstencroft, with 18 out of 20 to his credit; Jas. Wolstencroft took second prize, 200 shells, and S. Richards, third prize, 1,000 wads. The following is the score, 20 singles—10 blue rocks, 10 standards:

Jas Wolstencroft	1111101111010111111—17
J Crowther	1110111011111111110—17
G L Garsed	0010110100001001111—10
G E Pack	0111011111111100010—15
A L Lumb	1101111001101111011—15
S Richards	1111011110111011011—16
J H Davis	1101101110000100110—12
Jas Entwistle	1010111111101111111—17
J Blair	0111111100001001110—12
Wm Wolstencroft	1101111111101111111—18
Dr Allen	1101110011111000010—11
Chas Munch	1111011110110101111—17

The ties for second place were Jas. Wolstencroft, J. Crowther, Jas. Entwistle and Chas. Munch; in the shoot-off Jas. Wolstencroft broke 11 straight and took second prize.—J. C. D.

BROOKLYN, July 23.—The members of the Glenmore Rod and Gun Club turned out very strong in point of numbers at Dexter's Park to-day. It was the regular monthly shoot for the Midas diamond badge and an extra prize given by Mr. J. D. Bennett, consisting of a handsome punch bowl and stand. Eighteen went to the traps, and W. Selover was the only one to kill all his seven birds, he winning the badge and Bennett prize.

After the shoot T. Edgarton, George U. Forbell and W. Selover shot off a match of six birds each, Forbell won, killing five; W. Selover second, with four. Another match is being arranged between the Glenmores and the Coney Island Gun Club, to be shot off at Dexter's Park some time during the next month.

M J Burke (25)	1111101—6	W Bennett (22)	0111001—4
T T Edgerton (25)	1101111—6	G Jardine (22)	0100001—2
W Leven (25)	1011111—6	H Bookman (28)	0101110—4
W Selover (28)	1111111—7	G U Forbell (28)	0111110—5
J Ochs (25)	0100100—2	S Livingston (25)	1111101—6
John D Bennett (25)	1011111—6	E H Richards (22)	1011101—5
H Boehne (28)	0100 w—1	J Walsh (28)	1111101—6
E Schiellein (25)	0000111—3	P Sutter (28)	1011101—5
C Magee (25)	1101100—4	W Littlejohn (28)	1111000—4

Referee—Mr. A. Lunenschloss.

The executive committee handed in a report showing that in classifying the members as regards their shooting abilities they had placed fourteen in Class A, thirty-two in Class B and fifty-seven in Class C. The report was adopted. On motion of Peter Sutter it was resolved to hold the annual outing of the club on Wednesday, August 22, at Ruffle Bar. It was also resolved that in future nine prizes be contested for at each monthly shoot, to be presented to the best three marksmen in each class, and that the prizes be purchased by the club.

STATEN ISLAND, July 30.—On July 28 five members of the Grymes Hill Gun Club held a practice shoot, 25 blue rocks each, 16yds., one barrel. The score:

P V Caesar	1111111110111010001111100—18
Elihu Crowell	1100101010110101010111111—16
V C Tompkins	0011100101010116011101101—15

F. Fesser shot 4 out of 15 and stopped. Anderson hit his fourteenth bird and missed all the rest.—V. C. TOMPKINS, Secretary.

THE BATAVIA GUN CLUB, of Batavia, N. Y., which organized early in July, with a membership of fifty, held their first club shoot July 25. The club have secured the same grounds on which the State shoot was held in 1878.—H. T. BOOTH, Sec'y.

RAVENNA, O., July 26.—The first of a series of matches between the Kent and the Ravenna Gun Clubs were shot off at the Gun Club Park here. Each team was represented by ten men, who shot at 25 birds, and the Kent team were successful by 17. The following is the score:

Kent Club.

Musser	0010011101010000110000001—10
C H Kelso	1111011011111111111111111—22
Egbert	1111110000010101111110011—16
Clement	0100101011011101010101000—13
Allen	1110010110011111100101111—17
West	1111111101101111111111111—22
R A Waldon	1111011001101111111111001—19
Lyman	0111111101111111111011011—21
Kelso	1100010111101111010101101—15
J C Waldon	1111110110011011111001111—19—174

Ravenna Team.

Day	0111110111100100111010060—14
Persons	0100010100011010101010011—11
Goodenough	1110111111110011010101011—18
Bush	0110001010111111111111101—16
Harris	1010011101111101100111110—16
Barber	1110111111101111111001111—21
Madole	1011000101161000011111111—14
Holcomb	1111011111011011001111111—18
Bierce	0110101101010011011110100—14
Hart	1110111000001100111110111—15—157

CLEVELAND, O., July 28.—The Locksley Gun Club, of East Rockport, held their weekly shoot on the club grounds this afternoon, at 15 singles and 5 pairs standard targets, thrown from two traps, at 16yds. rise. The members were not all present. The score follows:

A Beckley	011111111111011	10 00 01 01 10—17
J Tegardine	001100101111111	10 10 11 00 01—15
A Hall	001100000019100	11 11 10 10 00—10
J H Byer	100100000010011	01 01 11 01 11—12
E G Pease	101010100110000	10 11 01 11 11—15
T C Hall	111000001100011	10 10 10 10 11—13

The Locksley Club has challenged the Rockport Gun Club to a badge shoot, to take place on the grounds of the latter next Saturday afternoon. The match is expected to be an interesting one if the day is fine.

NEW YORK SUBURBAN.—The New York Suburban Shooting Ground Association will hold a meeting this afternoon at Taylor's Hotel, Jersey City, at 4 P. M.

MONTREAL, July 28.—The Dominion Gun Club are again stirring up the shooting interest, and this afternoon the first competition for a fine Horsley gun was commenced. The gun will become the property of whoever succeeds in making the best score three times. To-day there were 22 entries, the weather was glorious and the birds flew strong. The following are the best scores:

D Robertson	1111111111010111101—17
T Murray	1111111111010111100101—15
W Emmad	0011111111101011010—14
J Doig	1010101101111101101—14
J Jones	1001001011011111111—14
F Dowd	0110111001101111101—14
L Shackwell	1110001111011111101—13
J Smith	1111011101000011011—13
E Octave	1161110101100001111—13

TORONTO, July 28.—The opening match for the McDowall & Co.'s medals was concluded this afternoon at their grounds, Queen street east. This contest is at Peoria blackbirds for three gold medals, one each for first, second and third class men, the highest total scores in four shots to win. The shoot is open and free to all; but those who wish to take part must enter and shoot next Saturday, when the second competition takes place, after which no entries will be received. Conditions, 20 Peorias, 18yds. rise, from 3 screened traps:

First Class.

McDowall	11111001110001111110—14
Sandys	0101011011110101011—13
Blakeley	0100111010101000111—11

Second Class.

McClure	1110111111010100111—16
Rice	1111111101111011110—15
Dick	1011010111010101101100—12
Harrison	1111001100101010010—11
Sawd'n	1r11010100000111111100—10

Third Class.

Tomson	0111111010001100001—10
Pearsoll	1r1030101101010000010— 7

LAFAYETTE, Ind., July 24, 1888.—*United States Cartridge Co., Lowell, Mass.:* DEAR SIRS—I find your Climax Paper Shot Shells excellent and quite equal to Eley's. There is no hang fire or tendency to do so. I intend using your shells in a match next week. I will give them a good boom, as they deserve it.

Yours truly,

—*Adv.* (Signed) W. GRAHAM, Champion English Shot.

Canoeing.

Canvas Canoes and how to Build Them. By Parker B. Field. Price 50 cents. Canoe and Boat Building. By W. P. Stephens. Price $1.50. The Canoe Aurora. By C. A. Neidé. Price $1. Canoe Handling. By C. B. Vaux. Price $1. Canoe and Camera. By T. S. Steele. Price 1.50. Four Months in a Sneakbox. By N. H. Bishop. Price $1.50. Canoe and Camp Cookery. By "Seneca." Price $1.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signal, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and report of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

OFFICERS, 1887-88.

Commodore: R. W. GIBSON..... } Albany, N. Y
Secretary-Treasurer: F. L. MIX. } Albany, N. Y

	Vice-Com.	*Rear-Com.*	*Purser.*
Central Div.	R. W. Bailey	W. R. Huntington	J. K. Bakewell, 110 Diamond St., Pittsburgh.
Atlantic Div.	W. P. Stephens	L. B. Palmer	F. L. Dunnell, 186 Jerolemon St., Brooklyn.
Eastern Div.	H. E. Rice, M. D.	Maxton Holmes	H. D. Marsh, Springfield, Mass.
N'thern Div.	A. D. T. McGachen.	W. G. McKendrick.	S. Britton, Lindsay, Can.

Applications for membership must be made to division pursers, accompanied by the recommendation of an active member and the sum of $2.00 for entrance fee and dues for current year ($1.00). Every member attending the general A. C. A. camp shall pay $1.00 for camp expenses. Application sent to the Sec'y-Treas. will be forwarded by him to the proper Division.

Persons residing in the Atlantic Division wishing to become members of the A. C. A., will be furnished with printed forms of application by addressing the Purser.

WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

Commodore—J. R. Bartlett, Fremont, Ohio.
Vice-Commodore—D. H. Crane, Chicago, Ill.
Rear-Commodore—C. J. Stedman, Cincinnati, Ohio,
Secretary-Treasurer—O. H. Root, Cleveland, Ohio.
Executive Committee—C. J. Bousfield, Bay City, Mich.; T. P. Gaddis, Dayton, O.; T. J. Kirkpatrick, Springfield, O.

FIXTURES.

AUGUST.

2. Mohican, Gibson Badge, Alb'y
4. Springfield, Cup, Springfield.
4. Ianthe Record, Newark.
6. Mohican, Gibson Cup, Albany
8. Brooklyn C. C. Regatta.
13. Mohican, Oliver Cup, Albany
10–24. A.C.A. Meet, Lake George.
—. Springfield, Cup, Lake George

SEPTEMBER.

15. Ianthe, Newark, Annual.
15. Springfield, Cup, Calla Shasta
20. Mohican, Gibson Badge, Alb'y

OCTOBER.

6. Springfield, Cup, Calla Shasta.

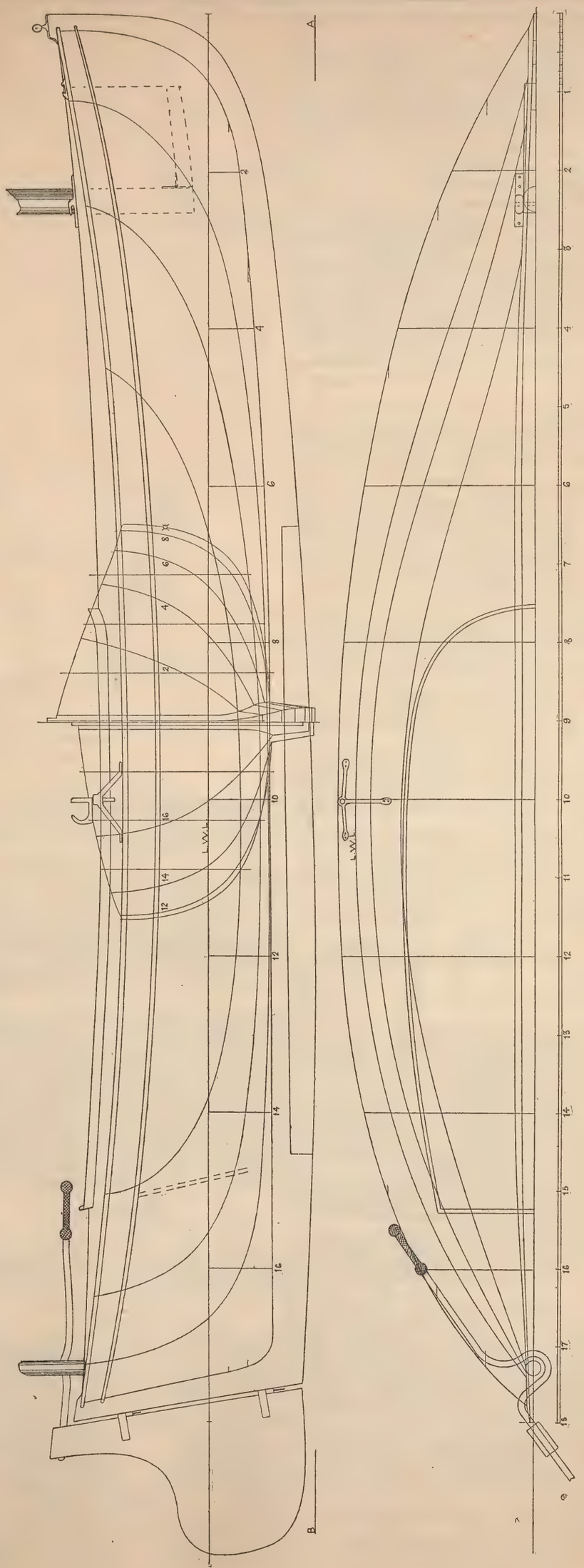
IRIS—CANOE YAWL.

THE accompanying design shows a very good type of large canoe, of sufficiently light draft for most waters where such craft are used in preference to the Class B canoe. She has ample room for two, or even three persons with their stores and duffle for a long cruise. The Iris was built in 1887 by J. A. Akester, of Hornsea, near Hull, Eng., and is now owned by Mr. Holmes, owner of Cassy. The hull is carvel built. The mast is fitted with a tabernacle for lowering, the sail plan being shown in plate. The inside ballast is in four blocks, two being generally carried, while the lead keel weighs 450lbs. A centerboard could readily be fitted to work entirely beneath the floor, and would be a great aid to the boat in windward work. The tiller is of iron, and curved as shown so as to work about the mizen mast. The dimensions are as follows:

Length over all	18ft.
l.w.l.	17ft. 4 in.
Beam, extreme	5ft. 1 in.
l.w.l.	4ft. 7 in.
Draft, extreme	1ft. 4¼in.
Least freeboard	1ft. 1 in.
Sheer, bow	10¼in.
stern	7 in.
Ballast, keel, lead	450lbs.
inside, lead	225lbs.
Mainmast, from stem	2ft. 3¼in.
deck to truck	15ft. 3 in.
Mizenmast, from stem	17ft. 3¼in.
deck to truck	7ft.
Mizen boomkin	2ft. 3 in.
Main boom	15ft.
yard	15ft.
Mizen boom	6ft.
batten	6ft. 6 in.
Mainsail, area	168 sq. ft.
Mizen, area	25 sq. ft.
Total	193 sq. ft.

TABLE OF OFFSETS.

Stations.	Heights.			Half Breadths.						
	Deck	Rab't	Keel.	Deck	No. 1.	No. 2.	L WL.	No. 4.	No. 5.	Rabbet
0..	3 4	.....	.....	0²	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	1
2..	3 0²	11⁶	8	1 0⁷	8⁴	7	5²	3²	.....	1⁵
4..	2 9	9⁴	5²	1 9¹	1 6	1 4	1 1²	9⁴	4⁵	2⁵
6..	2 7¹	7⁷	3	2 2²	2 0⁵	1 11¹	1 8⁵	1 5	11³	3¹
8..	2 6²	7	1⁴	2 5³	2 4⁴	2 3⁴	2 2	1 11²	1 6¹	3²
10..	2 5⁶	7	0⁴	2 6²	2 5⁶	2 4⁷	2 3⁴	2 1²	1 8⁴	3²
12..	2 6	6⁶	.....	2 5⁵	2 4⁷	2 4	2 2⁴	1 11⁶	1 7²	3¹
14..	2 7⁴	6⁵	0²	2 2²	2 0⁶	1 11⁵	1 10	1 7¹	1 2¹	3
16..	2 9⁷	6⁶	1¹	1 5⁶	1 3³	1 1⁷	1	9⁴	6⁵	2
18..	3 0⁴	.....	2	0³	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	1



"IRIS"—CANOE YAWL.

THE W. C. A. MEET, BALLAST ISLAND.

THE GARDNER CUP WON BY GEO. A. WARDER, CANOE IF.—W. C. A. TROPHY WON BY READE W. BAILEY, CANOE NOTUS.

BALLAST ISLAND, July 22.—The fourth and most successful meet of the Western Canoe Association is nearly completed, and we pause in the week of gaiety to fulfil our promise to send you a report. Camp was opened Saturday, July 7, with some twenty canoes, which number rapidly increased till the score on Tuesday showed fifty-nine craft, including Commodore Bartlett's yacht, Mr. Ware's sloop, and seven Class C, or larger than the limit, canoes. Cincinnati was first upon the field, then the Ruckawas, of Dayton, and Jabberwocks, of Springfield, drove their tent stakes, and soon the little emerald isle of Ballast was once more dotted with white, and alive as only true canoeists can awaken it, at their annual outing.

The races were called on July 10, and the "free for all" sailing, twice around Ballast Island, showed that some of the new boats had not been built in vain as prospective "mug winners." The wind was brisk and a good sea running, much to the dismay of the "fair weather canoeists," who had relied upon a large spread of canvas to carry them to the front; 30 entries, 13 starters. The Jabberwock canoe If led and held it to the last leg, when Wood, of Chicago, in a new boat designed by Capt. Crane, passed him, winning by a few seconds. Nat. H. Cook, of Chicago, (Class C) third, J. B. Keogh fourth, Geo. B. Ellard fifth, Commodore Bartlett (Class C) sixth. O. A. Woodruff fouled Dr. Henshall, capsizing the latter.

Race 2. Class B, sailing on the mile and a half triangular course, twice around, no limit to ballast or rig.—A good stiff breeze in the N. E. and some sea that wrecked the gear of several who had not

thoroughly tested their crafts in lumpy waters. B. W. Wood, of Chicago, first; Geo. A. Warder, Springfield, O., second; J. B. Keogh, Chicago, third.

Race 3. Class A, sailing three miles.—A. W. Kitchin, Chicago, first; T. P. Gaddis did not finish. Only two canoes of this, the smaller class, were at the meet, and unfortunately under the W. C. A. rules they cannot enter in the Class B races. The disposition therefore is to cease perfecting Class A models, where but little competition exists. The Nethla, a small canoe, was next to the fastest at the '87 meet, but her owner sold her and built a Class B, solely to be allowed to compete against a larger number of boats. The two classes are so closely matched in sailing that they should be thrown together, as has been done by the A. C. A.

Race 4. Class II., paddling.—Four starters, Kitchin first, Sullivant second.

Race 5. Class III., paddling.—Five starters, McCune first, Wood second.

Race 6. Paddling and sailing combined.—Two starters, Wood first, Keogh second.

Race 7. Paddling, any canoe.—Five starters, McCune first, Thos. S. Gates second.

Race 8. Paddling capsize.—Four starters, G. H. Gardner first, N. H. Cook second.

Race 9. Novice sailing.—Four starters, Chas. Eldeder first, Geo. Frey second.

Race 10. The Gardner Challenge Cup, six miles, four times around the triangle.—Nineteen starters. Wind fresh, increasing to half a gale. Reade W. Bailey, canoe Notus, led to first buoy, but was overtaken by Wood on the third, (windward) side. The If had a poor start, being ninth to round the first buoy, but on the windward work jumped to third place, which was kept till the fourth round, in which Wood capsized while running free, and the Notus swamped on the windward thrash, causing Bailey to lower sail and bail out. Geo. A. Warder, canoe If, won, being half a mile ahead of the only canoe afloat, J. B. Keogh in the Spray.*

Race 11. Sailing capsize.—Five starters, G. H. Gardner first, Warder second.

Race 12.—Hurry-skurry.—Four starters, N. H. Cook first, McCune second.

* The Spray is an old "Sandy Hook" model, 14×31, built in 1881 by W. P. Stephens.

Race 13. Consolation, for those who had not won first or second prize.—Four starters, Gardner first, Johnson second, Woodruff third, Shiras fourth. Gardner ruled out for not sailing his own canoe and Johnson for fouling buoy.

Race 14. Hand paddling.—Four starters, Anderson first, McCune second.

Race 15. Tournament.—Gardner and McCune first, having capsized all other competitors.

Race 16. The W. C. A. Trophy Cup.—Twenty starters, 7½ miles (five times round the triangle). Wind light and no sea. It was the Notus' day, and taking the lead from the start, she kept it throughout. Mr. Bailey sailed the race without an error. Reade W. Bailey, Pittsburgh, Pa., first; B. W. Wood, Chicago, Ill., second; J. B. Keogh, Chicago, Ill., third; Geo. A. Warder, Springfield, O., fourth; O. A. Woodruff, Dayton, O., fifth; O. H. Root, Cleveland, O., sixth; J. O. Shiras, Cincinnati, O., seventh.

Race 17. Tandem paddling for ladies.—Misses Gardner and Alice Huntington first, Mrs. Crawford and Miss Carrie Huntington second, Misses Ellard and Holland third.

Race 18. Class C sailing.—Six starters, N. H. Cook first, J. R. Bartlett second.

Race 19. Special sailing passenger, for a canoe donated by Messrs. J. R. Douglas & Co., to be presented to a lady member of the W. C. A. within twenty-four hours after winning.—Seven starters, wind light. N. B. Cook and N. H. Cook in canoe Carrier Pigeon first, Capt. Crane and J. B. Keogh second. This was the closest race of the regatta, the four leading canoes finishing within a few seconds of each other. The Messrs. Cook presented the canoe to Miss Grace Trafford of Chicago.

Race 20. Special paddling race for ladies.—Prizes, a canoe donated by Messrs. Ransom & Co. of Cleveland, to the winner and one to the last to finish. The second prize was kept a secret until the finish. Five starters, Miss Alice Huntington first, Miss Gardner second, Mrs. Crawford third, Miss Dot Huntington fourth, and fifth and last Miss Mame Ellard.

It was decided this year to select five races to count as "record races." Each of the leading five canoeists to be credited in the order of finishing. The first to receive 50 points, the second 40, and so to the fifth, who received 10. The races were, one sailing for each class, one paddling for each class, the combined paddling and sailing, and the two cup races. The three highest scores each received a large substantial flag, to be owned and hung in front of the winners' tents as scalps. The flags were embroidered, "W. C. A. Record. Winner 1888."

Before the last of the record races (the sailing and paddling combined) the three highest men had tied on the score of 130 points, and great interest was taken in the coming event. Unfortunately one of them was called home and could not return till the race was finished. The record is a capital plan to induce the perfecting of an all-round canoe, for as occurred this year, a man might gain the second record and not win a single race.

The winners of the Gardner cup and W. C. A. trophy will each receive a large flag, upon which is embroidered "W. C. A. Cup Winner," and the year it was won. He will also have his name engraved upon the prize.

THE RECORD.

	Gardner Cup.	Trophy Cup.	Sailing, A & B.	Paddling, II. & III.	Combined Sailing & Paddling.	Tl
B. W. Wood.....	—	40	50	40	50	180
J. B. Keogh.....	40	30	30	30	40	170
Geo. A. Warder.	50	20	40	20	—	130
A. W. Kitchin...	—	—	50	50	—	100
R. W. Bailey....	—	50	—	—	—	50
R. P. McCune...	—	—	—	50	—	50

The business meeting collected the entire camp before the handsome tents of the Cincinnati Club on Saturday afternoon. Commodore Latham presided, and after the roll call forty applications for admission to the Association were accepted. The secretary read his report, showing the finances to be in an excellent condition: $266 of the $325 had been subscribed toward the trophy, and the balance, $59, was raised in just five minutes.

After the customary vote of thanks to the Secretary-Treasurer for performing his duty and compiling and printing the handsome annual book, the balloting for officers for the ensuing year began. The following excellent ticket was unanimously elected: Commodore, J. R. Bartlett, Fremont, O.; Vice-Commodore, D. H. Crane, Chicago, Ill.; Rear-Commodore, Chas. J. Stedman, Cincinnati, O.; Secretary-Treasurer, O. H. Root, Cleveland, O.; additional Executive Committee—C. J. Bousfield, Bay City, Mich.; T. P. Gaddis, Dayton, O.; T. J. Kirkpatrick, Springfield, O.

The canoe hop at Wehrle's, Thursday night, was a great success, and no handsomer gathering could be imagined than the numberless white flannel suits of the canoeists in contrast with the vivid colors of the young ladies' costumes; while here and there the floor was dotted with the "conventional," just arrived on the especially chartered steamer City of Sandusky.

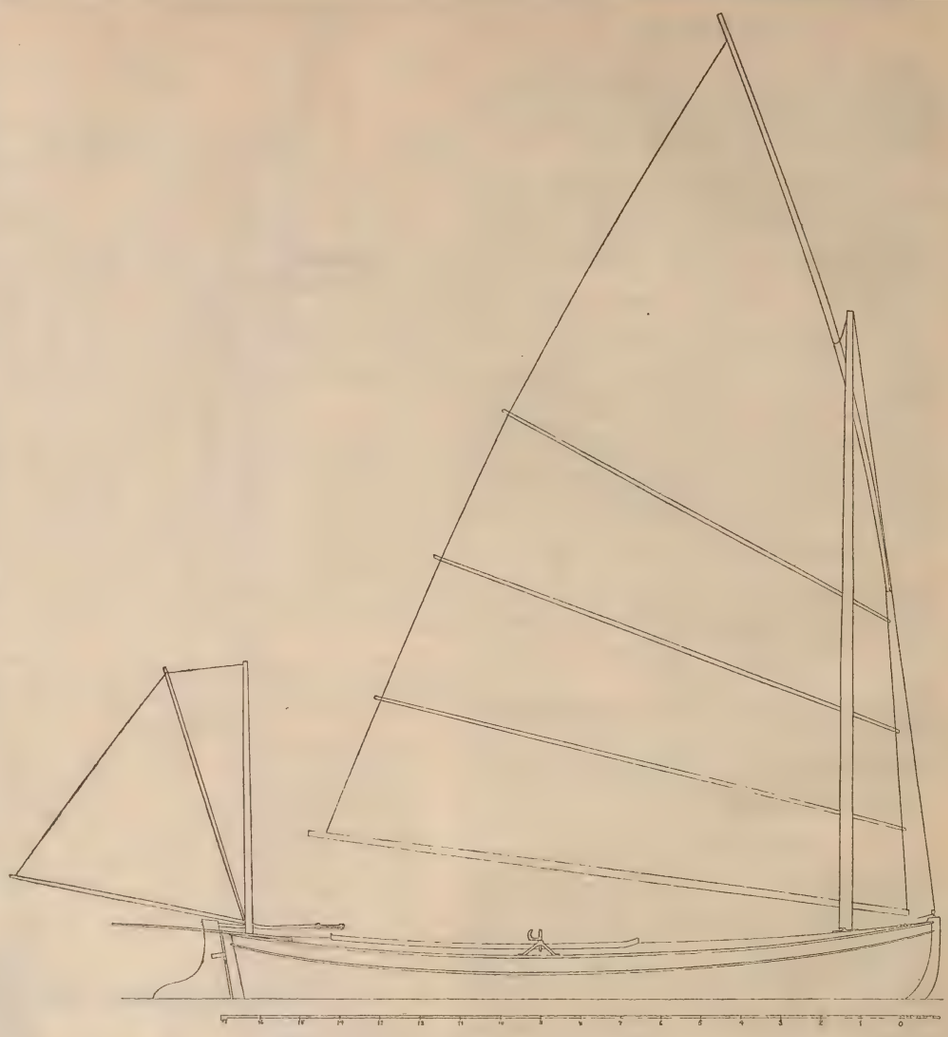
In the wee sma' hours the members once more surrounded the blazing camp fire. Lemons, sugar and water were produced, with just a drop of something warmer to counteract the effects of the night air; banjos, guitars and mandolins accompanied the well-known W. C. A. melodies, and each and every canoeist resolved to return in '89 to the most delightful of all islands for a meet—Ballast. No. 76.

A. C. A. MEMBERSHIP.—Central Division: Edward N. McKinney, Edward O. Roessle, Robert Lenox Banks, Jr., of Albany. Atlantic Division: North McLean, Rolla Thomas, Geo. S. Holt, Richard F. Stone, Eustis L. Hopkins, Frank C. Moore, L. Schepp, O. T. Conner, all of New York; Charles Fox, Gardiner, Colorado; Gen. F. A. Starring, Washington, D. C.; and Albert Phillips, Newark, N. J. Eastern Division: Wm. Clark, Northampton, Mass.; Fred. F. Walsh, Geo. C. Dempsey, Wm. P. Atwood, Lowell, Mass.; Edward H. Marsh, Chas. G. Spaulding, Springfield, Mass; Fred. L. Hopkins, Leland S. Ellis, Lawrence, Mass; Edwin B. Walker, Belchertown, Mass. Persons wishing to join the Eastern Division will be furnished with blank forms of application by addressing the purser. Henry D. Marsh, Springfield, Mass.

A PRIZE FOR A CRUISING RACE.—The following offer has been received by Mr. Vaux of the regatta committee: "I see by the *Canoeist* that the question of an A. C. A. cruising contest is being agitated. Could not a racing cruise be organized, say from New York to Albany? If Messrs. Foster, Vaux, Totten or Wilkin will join, I will offer a handsome cup for a prize between those two points.—Neversink."

BRITISH C. A.—A small camp with races was held during Henley week on the Thames. The general meet will be on Loch Lomond, in Scotland, this month.

NORTHERN DIVISION MEET.—The Northern Division of the A. C. A. is now in camp at Lake Couchiching. Com. Gibson is in camp.



SAIL PLAN "IRIS"—CANOE YAWL.

A. C. A. PRIZES.

THE Regatta Committee would acknowledge in addition to contributions previously noticed, a flag from Mrs. H. Lloyd Thomas (Hon. A. C. A. lady member) for the gymnastic event on the programme, and also a prize flag from Geo. A. Warder, the work of his sister, Miss Warder, and $5 from the Hartford C. C. The following letter explains itself:

LAWRENCE, Mass., July 24.

MR. PAUL BUTLER: Dear Sir—I see by the FOREST AND STREAM that the A. C. A. needs more money for the prizes. I do not think our canoe club received any circular; perhaps it would not have done any good if they had. A good many clubs have yet to wake up and see what good the American Canoe Association is doing for them. There are three in the L. C. C. who are members of the A. C. A. The other sixty-two are not, and so they think the A. C. A. has no right to ask them for anything. The three A. C. A.s have chipped in and send you $5. It is very small and very late, but it is the best we can do, and it may help some. Hope to see you at the meet and good-luck to you in the races.

BERT LAWRENCE.
CHAS. F. SMITH.
WM. R. PEDRICK, JR.

NEW YORK C. C. CHALLENGE CUP.—The following letters have just been received by the N. Y. C. C. Though the notice is very short and no race for the cup was expected this year the challenge has been accepted and trial races will be held in September to chose one or two men to defend the cup: 11 Buckingham, street, W. C., May 16: Dear Sir—On behalf of the Royal C. C. I am instructed to send you a challenge to sail for your International Cup this autumn. I will send you the names of our representatives later on, in the event of our challenge being accepted. Awaiting the favor of your reply, I am, etc., T. G. F. WINSER. Sec. 11 Buckingham street, Strand, W. C., July 18.: Dear Sir—The inclosed has just been returned to me, not having been delivered, I presume on account of insufficient address. Our Mr. Stewart is visiting America and will be our representative. W. Baden-Powell is also nominated, but he is not certain whether he will be able to spare time for the voyage. Hoping that this will reach you in time, I am, dear sir, yours faithfully, T. G. F. WINSER, Sec.

Yachting.

Small Yachts. By C. P. Kunhardt. Price $7. Steam Yachts and Launches. By C. P. Kunhardt. Price $3. Yachts, Boats and Canoes. By C. Stansfield-Hicks. Price $3.50. Steam Machinery. By Donaldson. Price $1.50.

FIXTURES.

AUGUST.

3. L. Y. R. A., Hamilton.
4. Hull, Hull 2d Championship.
4. Beverly, Marblehead, 2d Ch.
4. Toronto, 4th Class.
4. Cape Ann to Isle of Shoals.
8. Pleon, Second Cham.
8. New York, Rendezvous, New London.
10. New Rochelle, 35ft. Class.
11. New York, Goelet Cups, Newport.
11. New Haven, Cruise.
11. Savin Hill, Club.
11. West Lynn, Club.
11. Cor. Marblehead, Open.
11-20. Buffalo Cruise.
11. Quincy, Open.
11. R. C. Y. C. Open Handicap.
13. American, Open, Newburyport.
13. New York, Vineyard Haven
13. Newark Bay, Open. Cups, Vineyard Haven.
15 Great Head 2d Cham.
15. Monatiquot, Ladies' Day.
15. Pleon, Open.
17. Bay View Moonlight Sail.
18. Bay View Annual Cruise.
18. Monatiquot, 2d Cham, Ft. Pt.
18. Larch. Oyster Boat Race.
18. South Boston Club.
18. Cor. Marblehead, Cup Race.
20. Great Head Moonlight Sail.
20. Miramichi, Cup.
22. Pleon, Third Cham.
22. Cape Ann, Open.
24. Cedar Point Pennant.
25. R. C. Y. C. Lansdowne Cup.
25. Savin Hill, Club.
25. West Lynn, Ladies' Race.
25. Beverly, Marblehead, Open.
25-Sept. 3. Quaker City Cruise to New London.
27. Rhode Island, Open.
27. Quincy, 3d Cham.
28. Dorchester Club.
29. Bay View Club.
29. Great Head Club.
29. Monatiquot, Open Sweep.

SEPTEMBER.

1. Toronto, all classes.
1. Cape Ann, Gloucester Cup.
1. Savin Hill, Open.
1. Hull, Hull Open Race.
1. Larchmont Fall.
3. Brooklyn Annual, New York
3. Pavonia Union Regatta.
3. Newark Fall.
3. South Boston Open.
3. Beverly, Marblehead Cham.
3. Cor. Marblehead Cham.
3. Cape Ann Cruise.
5. Pleon, Sail Off.
8. Cor. Marblehead, Sail Off.
8. West Lynn, Sweepstakes.
8. Hull Cham. Sail-Off.
8. Quincy Sail-off.
10. Harlem Fall.
12. Great Head Club.
12. Pleon, Sweepstakes.
15. Toronto, 4th Class.
15. Buffalo Club.
15. Beverly, Mon. Beach, Open Sweep.
15. Dorchester Club.
15. Savin Rill, Club.
18. Chelsea, Dorchester Bay.
20. Savin Hill, Moonlight Sail.
—. Miramichi, Cup, Final.
22. West Lynn, Cham. Sail-off.
25. Cedar Point Pennant.
29. Quaker City Cruise, Review.
29. Toronto, 2d and 3d Classes.

A CHIP FROM THE VELNETTE'S LOG.

THE annual cruise of the Rochester Y. C. was advertised to start at 3 P. M. on June 30, but as is usual in such cases, one or two yachts were not ready, and several other causes conspired to delay the start until after 7 P. M.

Part of the crew of the Velnette had been hard at work from early in the afternoon getting a new spinaker pole ready, and stowing the traps and grub, to say nothing of all light canvas for a few days' cruise of six able-bodied men—no slight job on a yacht of less than 24ft. waterline. The last shaving was off, and scarcely had the carpenter been put ashore when the mooring was slipped, and we started on a chase for the commodore and most of the fleet, for the gun had been fired twenty minutes or more before.

The crew for the trip was the regular racing crew that carried the yacht through an unbroken series of victories in last season's races. Our captain, Vice-Commodore Walbridge, "Ned," bronzed and weather beaten from his perilous voyage up the "raging Erie" on the Majel; W. A. Stace, "Billy," sailing master, the Oliver Twist of the party, who is always "calling for more" (sail); C. M. Everest and E. J. Woodbury, who spend most of their time on the fore deck handling the "white wings"; W. H. Briggs, "the Doctor," who won't kick as long as he don't have to wash the dishes; J. S. Briggs, "Jack," who don't mind washing them if "Ned" will do the masthead work.

The Velnette left the lighthouse about 8 P. M., astern of nearly every yacht in the fleet, for a dead beat to windward in the teeth of a howling gale from N.W. Having calculated on the wind lightening at sunset no reefs were put in, while both Madge and Majel had single reefs and all the rest double. The only unpleasant result was wet decks, and a very decidedly uncomfortable angle of inclination, even for a cutter. By tacit agreement the fleet was to get to Niagara as quickly as possible. The staunch little cutter immediately began to smell her way along to her natural position under the existing circumstances, and before it was too dark to make out the yachts distinctly, had passed most of the fleet, and had hauled up even with the commodore, on the Majel, and the new cutter Amelia and the big one Madge, which seemed to be the only one not helped by being reefed. During the night all but Madge were dropped behind.

Sunday morning found us off Oak Orchard, with the weather showing signs of an approaching calm. With light winds and under a broiling sun, we crawled along the coast, until at 4 P.M. we decided to stop at Olcott and get a good rest and a hotel dinner while waiting for the usual night off-shore breeze, (which did not materialize). We can and do hereby recommend any one to the lake trout served at the Cooper House. Later in the day, Jack being the only one of that name and consequently the one to "get the gun off" was threatened by the entire police force with the direst penalties of the law for disturbing the peaceful serenity of the little town by "shooting the sun down" with our new breechloader. A slight acquaintance with the contents of our ice-chest soon restored him to his former equanimity.

The general order dividing the watches was read at sundown, and at 8 o'clock the starboard watch took charge of the yacht. At 9 we again started on our course, more for the sake of avoiding the mosquitoes, for which 18-mile creek is famous, than with any idea of making any headway in the dead calm which was then blowing.

Very little was made on the course during the night, but on the morning of the second a freshening breeze from E. N. E. sprang up, and as it is only 18 miles between Olcott and Niagara we made Niagara at 11 o'clock, under light canvas, speaking schooner Oriole, R. C. Y. C., a short distance from port. We found Madge and Amelia already there, having kept on without stopping. The rest of the fleet, except the Majel, which had put into Oak Orchard,

had gone back to Charlotte Saturday night. It was certainly a "cutter night."

A number of yachts of the Toronto, Royal Canadian and Hamilton yacht clubs were there before us to help Niagara celebrate Canada's Fourth of July, the second, Dominion Day. Among them was the Verve, a twin sister to our Madge, both being built by Watson, of Thistle fame.

Having paid our respects to all the visiting yachts in the harbor, and tested their hospitality, seeing nothing more worth staying for, and having replenished our stores, the vice-commodore assumed command of a detachment of the club, and about 2:30 the Velnette, Armida and Amelia started for Toronto under working canvas, being led (about half the way) by the Mollie, R. C. Y. C. The wind dying gradually, the crew had some practice in setting light canvas, and trying the different sails in the different positions. The best result was obtained by an old device. The spinaker pole was swung around and lashed down as an addition to the bowsprit, and the enormous new spinaker set as a balloon jib, a device which saved a race last fall and which always worked well with a beam wind. We arrived off Toronto Light about 10 o'clock, after a long search for a lost oar, and anchored at 1:15 A. M.

The plan for the next day was to do the city of Toronto, which we proceeded to carry out in our best fashion. We took dinner at The Hub, enjoying the result of a bet that we could not pass the Mollie the day before. It was eminently proper that a man should pay the penalty for betting against his own yacht.

Right here we must put in our word of appreciation for the two clubs of Toronto, and especially for the Toronto Y. C. and the crew of the cutter Verve, who met us first and sent one of their men, Mr. Thompson, to pilot us into one of the club moorings, when we were rather doubtful concerning soundings and courses. Before we were up and sufficiently awake to recognize him, a member, whom we afterward found to be Mr. Davenport, of the Vivid, came on board and tendered us the hospitality of the club, of which we were glad to avail ourselves, together with the use of the mooring and their steward and telephone. In the afternoon Mr. Percival, of the R. C. Y. C., came with his little yacht and took a part of our crew across the beautiful bay to their club house on the island, probably the finest house on the lakes. Among others we met there Mr. Geo. E. Evans, the enthusiastic secretary of the club and association, who is mourning over the fact that family affairs will this year, for the first time, keep him from making the circuit with the Toronto yachts. They all did everything possible to make our visit at Toronto the one that will be longest remembered of any trip the yacht has yet made. We can promise them that if they are ever in Rochester only the secrecy of their arrival will prevent payment of instalments of our debt to both clubs.

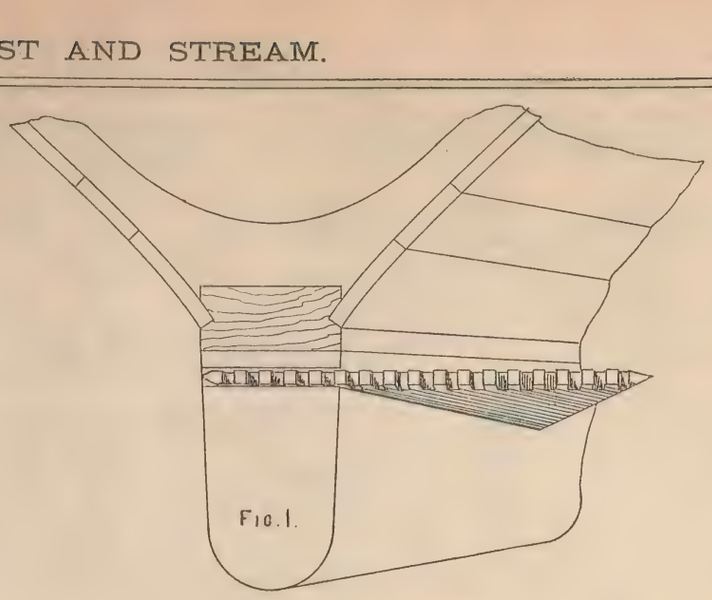
On the return from the island we found the rest of the crew impatient to leave, so after finishing up some official business with Mr. Evans we slipped our mooring, and after a parting salute, leaving the Armida and Amelia to follow a few days later, the Velnette started on what proved to be a remarkably quick run home. A very light breeze was blowing from S.E., which lasted just long enough to drop us out of the harbor, where under shadow of the island, near the outer light, we waited until about 11:30 P. M., when a stiff whole-sail breeze from S.W. struck the yacht, sending her across the lake under started sheet, rail under part of the time. It was just the wind for the Velnette, and early in the morning we made Oicott, having struck a little further west than at first intended. Keeping well off shore to catch the force of the wind, we soon made 30-mile Point, from which we made an even 9 miles an hour until we rounded Charlotte Light at 1:30 in the afternoon of "The Glorious," having made the run from Toronto, nearly 110 miles, in about 13 hours, or an average of nearly 8 miles an hour. We have no knowledge of this time having been bettered by any yacht of less than 25ft., corrected length, and we therefore claim it as a record for the Velnette until we hear to the contrary.

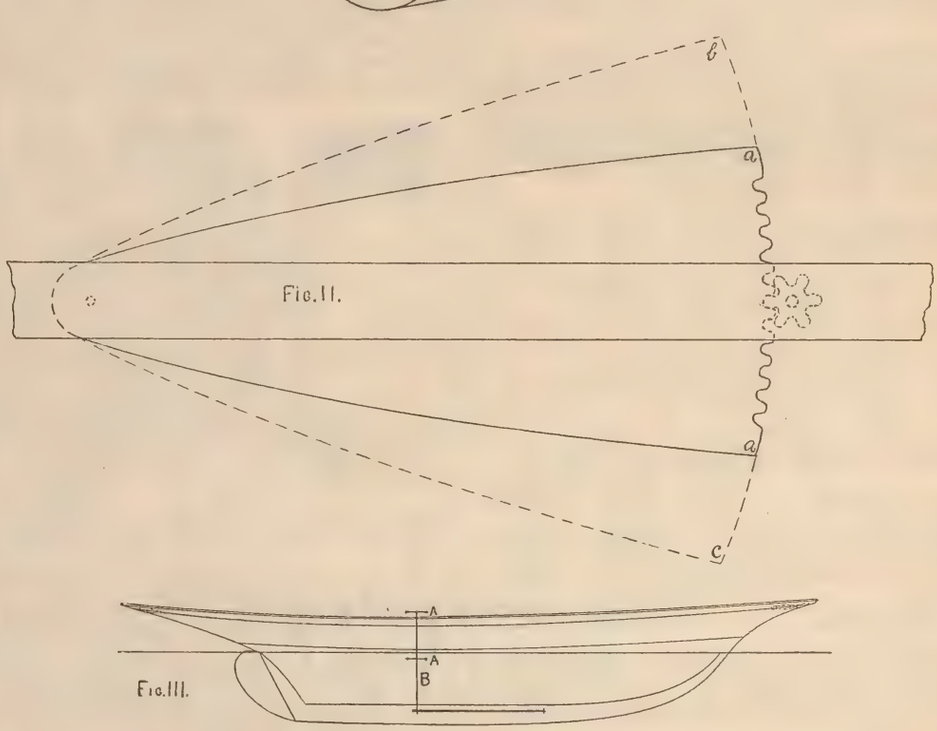
Before closing we wish to call the attention of whoever may see this to something which furnished as much amusement as any one thing on the trip. It was a little detective camera, the "Kodak," sold by the Eastman Company of this city. All one has to do is to point the thing, press a button, and the picture is taken. Turn a thumb-screw and pull a string, and another negative is ready. In this way one can expose 100 negatives, which are on a roll, and then send them to the manufacturers and have them developed and a new roll put in. Through this handy contrivance, smaller than a cigar box, we have a panorama of all the interesting scenes of our trip, besides several pictures of the crew caught in some peculiar and embarrassing situations. The pictures are round, three inches in diameter, but may easily be enlarged. The camera is not yet in the market, but soon will be; we had the first one sold.

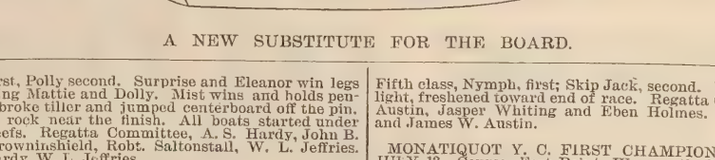
We found from this trip that some of the 1,500 pounds of extra lead put this spring on the keel of the Velnette would have to come off, and that in handling light canvas in the prevalent light winds the advantages of a topmast would more than counteract the disadvantages in a blow. So before the association regatta the Velnette will appear as a full-blooded cutter, ready to make the heart of Mr. Williams, her builder, glad, by another unbroken series of victories this year, and a clear title to another R. Y. C. prize cup, unless the competition aroused by her success last year prove too much for her this.

A NEW SUBSTITUTE FOR THE BOARD.

MR. WALTER E. ADAMS, of San Francisco, has lately applied for a patent on the device shown in the accompanying illustrations; a movable "horizontal keel" such as has lately been under discussion in our columns. A slot is cast in the iron or lead keel in which a triangular plate of metal is fitted so as to move freely from side to side, being pivoted on a vertical bolt at its fore end. The after side is circular and is cut into teeth, in which a small pinion gears, as in Fig. II. This pinion is fast on a vertical shaft, B, which runs through a stuffing box inside the keel, and up to the deck, having two handwheels, AA, one on deck and one in the cabin. When before the wind the plate is in the position, *aa*, Fig. II. When on the port tack it is thrown over to *b*, and when on the starboard tack to *c*, so that the area exposed is always at right angles to the lee side of the keel. The mechanical features of the design are very simple, it can be made at a small cost, there is no weakening of the structure, and it should add very materially to the lateral resistance.







A NEW SUBSTITUTE FOR THE BOARD.

THE NAVY DEPARTMENT AND THE NORTON SYSTEM.

A LETTER was sent by the FOREST AND STREAM to Secretary Whitney, calling his attention to the claims of the Norton Naval Construction and Ship Building Co., and suggesting that the merits of the system be fully investigated by competent men. The following reply disposes effectually of the statement of its promoters that the Norton System is in any way indorsed by the Navy Department of the United States:

NAVY DEPARTMENT, Washington, July 26.

Gentlemen:

I have your letter of the 25th instant, and also the copies of FOREST AND STREAM which contain articles concerning the Norton System of Ballasting. In reply I have to state that this Department has tried the Norton Life Boat for naval purposes and it has been reported against. I cannot order any general investigation, there is nothing before the Department to which it is material. With many thanks for your kindly suggestion, I am Very Respectfully.

WM. C. WHITNEY, Secretary of the Navy.

The Forest and Stream Publishing Company.

BEVERLY Y. C.—132d Regatta.—Second for Buzzards Bay championship, Monument Beach, July 28. Courses, first and second classes: Leaving Pine's Buoy on starboard, Bird Island Buoy and Scraggy Neck Buoy on port and return, 11 miles. Third class—Twice around Pines Buoy and return, 6½ miles. Fourth class—Twice around Buoy 12 and return, 4 3-5 miles. Weather cloudy any rainy. Wind a strong N.E. gale. Tide ebb.

FIRST CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Surprise, Jas. M. Codman	26.00	1 52 34	1 40 39
Mattie, Vice-Com. Stockton	26.10	1 52 36	1 41 36
Whisper, S. M. Weld	16.02	2 10 07	1 58 23
SECOND CLASS.			
Mist, Geo. H. Lyman, Jr.	26.02½	1 54 47	1 43 03
Tantrum, Wm. Amory	22.10	1 59 46	1 43 54
Beatrice, E. C. Curey	22.03	2 04 05	1 47 49
Lestris, Joshua Crane	23.05	Withdrew.	
THIRD CLASS.			
Eleanor, John Parkinson	22.02	1 08 20	58 25
Dolly, A. S. Hardy	21.05	1 10 22	59 48
Daisy, Vice-Com. Stockton	20.06	1 12 16	1 00 53
Petrel, Geo. H. Richards	20.06	1 27 40	1 16 17
FOURTH CLASS.			
Wink, M. Williams, Jr.	18.09	1 20 35	1 29 36
Polly, Richard Codman	16.02	2 22 16	1 31 35
Nymph, C. W. Amory	16.11	Withdrew.	

Winners of prizes—Class 1, Surprise first Mattie second; Class 2, Mist first, Tantrum second; Class 3, Eleanor first, Dolly second, Class 4. Wink first, Polly second. Surprise and Eleanor win legs for pennant, tieing Mattie and Dolly. Mist wins and holds pennant. Beatrice broke tiller and jumped centerboard off the pin. Dolly ran on a rock near the finish. All boats started under three to five reefs. Regatta Committee, A. S. Hardy, John B. Paine, B. B. Crowninshield, Robt. Saltonstall, W. L. Jeffries. Judges, A. S. Hardy, W. L. Jeffries.

SIPPICAN Y. C.—Open Regatta, July 25. Courses, first and second classes, From judges' yacht off wharf, leaving Black Buoy, No. 5, on starboard, Red Buoy, No. 2, on port, Black Buoy, No. 3, on starboard, Sousheast Ledge Buoy, No. 13, on starboard, Nye's Ledge Buoy, striped, on starboard, Seal Rock Buoy, No. 1, on port, Black Buoy, No. 3, on port, Red Buoy, No. 2, on starboard, Black Buoy, No. 5, on port, and finish between judges' yacht and wharf. Fifteen miles. Third Class, From judges' yacht, leaving Black Buoy, No. 2, on starboard, Red Buoy, No. 2, on port, Black Buoy, No. 3, on starboard, Southeast Ledge Buoy, No. 13, on starboard, Bow Bells Buoy, No. 11, on starboard, Seal Rock Buoy, No. 1, on port, Black Buoy, No. 3, on port, Red Buoy, No. 2, on starboard, Black Buoy, No. 5, on port, and finish between judges' yacht and wharf. Nine miles. Fourth Class, From judges' yacht leaving Black Buoy, No. 5, on starboard, Red Buoy, No. 2, on port, Black Buoy, No. 3, on starboard, Stake Boat off Plantin Island, on starboard, Seal Rock Buoy, No. 1, on starboard, Black Buoy No. 3, on port, Red Buoy, No. 1, on starboard, Black Buoy, No. 5, on port, rounding judges' yacht, leaving it on port, and repeat the course once, finishing between judges' yacht and wharf. Nine miles. Weather clear. Wind light southwest. Tide flood.

FIRST CLASS—SLOOPS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Allie, R Ryder	26.02½	2 57 42	2 56 27
Verona, F Chaps	24.00½	Did not finish.	
Zingara, E V Bird	27.00	2 39 06	2 39 06
SECOND CLASS—CATBOATS.			
A. P. E., D Crosby	24.06	2 31 28	2 28 48
Surprise, J M Cadman	23.02	2 29 10	2 25 47
Mucilage, C C Hanley	26.02½	2 24 18	1 24 18
Mabel, S H Perry	24.03	Withdrawn.	
Climax, E C Stetson	26.02½	2 27 30	2 27 30
THIRD CLASS—CATBOATS.			
Bouncer, C. Crosby	23.11	Withdrawn.	
Molly, J Hill	23.11½	Withdrawn.	
Mist, G H Lyman	23.00½	2 40 11	2 38 00
Superior, W Phinney	23 10	2 42 03	2 41 46
Crawl, R Hilles	23.00	2 41 09	2 40 32
FOURTH CLASS—CATBOATS.			
Edith, I Chapman	17.02½	1 50 25	1 47 25
Elide, F A Knudsen	17.04½	Withdrawn.	
Hesper, F Haggerty	19.03	1 45 21	Ruled Out.
Laura, J E de Kay	19.02	1 50 16	1 50 10
Hebe, J M Clark	16.01¼	1 59 37	1 54 38
Sylvia, H C Ladd	17.01	2 05 21	2 02 05
Red Wing, Eben Holmes	16.02½	1 50 58	1 44 17
Trump, Jasper Whiting	19.02	1 47 28	1 47 22
Daisy, H Stockton	19.02	1 43 54	1 43 48
FIFTH CLASS—CATBOATS.			
Mattie, F R Wing	15.07	1 43 35	Ruled Out.
Psyche, C S Wing	14.10	1 52 28	1 51 02
Wide Awake, J Pegram	14.09½	1 50 30	1 49 04
Skip Jack, C H Clark	12.04	1 54 28	1 47 28
Rena, A Hiller	13.04	1 48 32	1 43 54
Reba, W Perry	13.01	Withdrawn.	
Nymph, W Amery	14.10½	1 47 13	1 45 57
Cora, H Dexter	13.04½	Withdrawn.	
Lady May			

Winners in first class: Zingara, first; Allie, second. Second class, Mucilage, first; Surprise, second. Third class, Mist, first; Crawl, second. Fourth class, Daisy, first; Red Wing, second. Fifth class, Nymph, first; Skip Jack, second. Wind at start very light, freshened toward end of race. Regatta Committee, James Austin, Jasper Whiting and Eben Holmes. Judges, Mr. Lyon and James W. Austin.

MONATIQUOT Y. C. FIRST CHAMPIONSHIP REGATTA, JULY 13.—Course, Fort Point, Weymouth, Mass. First class 9 miles, second class, 7 miles. Weather fair, heavy N.W. wind, tide three-quarters flood:

FIRST CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Moondyne, W. H. Shaw	25.00	1 23 49	0 54 57
Folly, J. F. Sheppard	26.08	1 27 06	0 59 48
Posy, R. G. Hunt	22.03	1 32 37	1 00 49
SECOND CLASS—CATS.			
Tartar, J. B. Forsyth	19.06	1 23 20	0 55 55
Rocket, H. M. Faxon	16.02	1 28 09	0 56 42
Hester, P. R. Blackmur	19.11	1 24 48	0 57 50
Guenn, Perry Lawton	17.00	1 35 55	1 05 35
SECOND CLASS—JIB AND MAINSAIL.			
Diadem, L. A. Hayward	18.02	1 23 51	0 54 26

Winners of first: First class, Moondyne; second class, Tartar third class, Diadem. Second: First class, Folly; second class, Rocket Third: First class, Posy; second class, Hester. All the yachts reefed; Posy's centerboard was broken; Secret, first class, capsized before the start. Regatta committee—T. D. Bagley, A. W. Blanchard, R. G. Hunt, A. E. Pratt. Judges—Henry Gardner, C. F. Colby, T. P. Willey.

Second Pennant Regatta, July 17.—Inside courses. First Class, distance 8 miles; second class, distance 6 miles. Weather fair. Wind light and steady E.S.E. Tide 4:50. Start 3:30.

FIRST CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected
Folly, J. F. Sheppard	26.08	1 30 13	1 05 57
Secret, E. F. Linton	22.06	1 49 39	1 21 38
SECOND CLASS CATRIGS.			
Rocket, H. F. Faxon	16.02	1 25 08	0 58 11
Guenn, Perry Lawton	17.00	1 32 21	1 06 21
Hester, P. R. Blackmur	19.11	1 31 53	1 08 46
Maud, H. A. Nash, Jr.	19.02	Disabled.	
SECOND CLASS JIB AND MAINSAIL.			
Diadem, L. Hayward	18.02	1 20 45	0 55 58
Wasp, T. P. Willey	16.01	1 35 05	1 08 02
Snarleyow, G. E. Maybury	17.10	1 35 19	1 11 13
Spray, C. T. White	18.08	Disabled.	

Winners of first prizes—Class 1, Folly; Class 2, Rocket; Class 3, Diadem. Second prizes—Class 2, Guenn; Class 3, Wasp. Third prizes—Class 2, Hester, Snarleyow. Second class was started before the first. Diadem wins pennant in her class. Folly and Rocket each win a leg and sail off for pennant July 31 with Posy and Hester, which each won in first pennant race. Snarleyow was handicapped 8m., but sailed a splendid race. Spray parted bowsprit stay. Judges—H. Gardner, N. F. Hunt, Dana Smith.

WEST LYNN Y. C.—The second championship race was sailed on July 28 in a very strong N.E. breeze. The times were:

FIRST CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected
Lark, Sprout & Olin	22.03	50 30	33 00
Blanche, James Bessom	23.03	51 00	35 59
Nordeck, Howe & Rich	22.07	55 00	37 35
THIRD CLASS.			
Isabel, Davis & Hodgkins	16.00	25 00	14 20
Wild Cat, Charles Alley	16.03	37 45	14 30
Florence, John Welch	16.05	28 45	15 27

OPEN BOATS.—A race was sailed on July 28 between the cats Mollie McCarthy and Jean, over the course of the Harlem Y. C., the wind being light S. E. Mollie McCarthy won in 2.19.30, Jean giving up.

AMERICAN Y. C. NAPHTHA LAUNCH RACES.—On July 28 the American Y. C. held its races for naphtha launches and rowing boats, off the club house, Milton Point. There were 13 starters for the cup given by Mr. Clement Gould for naphtha launches, the list being:

	L.W.L.	
Lookout	26ft. 6in.	Joseph Hegeman
Wanderer	31ft. 6in.	Martin Sanders
Spitfire	22ft. 6in.	C. Dewing
Plover	22ft. 6in.	Richard H. Derby
Gnat	22ft. 6in.	William E. Gelin
Lulu	16ft. 4in.	J. M. Ceballos
Crick et	18ft. 6in.	J. A. Bostwick
Alice	22ft. 6in.	P. S. Shutt
Sadie	27ft. 3in.	John S. Price
Adele	22ft. 6in.	John A. Hill
New Jersey	31ft.	Leon Abbett
Tillie	21ft. 6in.	Com. Starbuck
Folly	31ft.	E. H. Shethar

The course was 8.80 knots, the times being:

	Start.	Elapsed.
Lookout	4 20 50	1 09 50
Plover	4 20 50	1 09 19
Wanderer	4 17 12	1 04 30
Spitfire	4 26 17	1 14 25
Gnat	4 25 20	1 14 05
Lulu	4 30 35	1 19 55
Cricket	4 32 25	1 21 33
Alice	4 23 00	1 11 58
Sadie	4 21 32	1 08 37
Adele	4 23 45	1 11 25
New Jersey	4 16 38	1 04 53
Tillie	4 26 15	1 15 34
Folly	4 21 50	1 09 29

The winners under the Isherwood allowance were Lookout and Plover. In the rowing races the Siren's crew won the dingey race, beating crews from the Tillie and Viola, while Inanda's crew again won the Bateman cup, beating a crew from the Viola.

BAY VIEW Y. C., July 28.—The first race of the season was sailed by the Bay View Y. C. on July 28, in a very strong S.E. breeze; the courses being: First class—From judges' boat to Long Island, leaving it on starboard, to Rainsford Island on port, to red spar buoy No. 2, northeast of Thompson's Island, on port, to judges' boat; distance, eight miles. Second class—From judges' boat to Cow Pasture buoy No. 6, leaving it on port, to red spar buoy No. 2 on starboard, to Sculpin ledge buoy 6 and Spectacle Island on the port, to starting point; distance, six miles. Third class—Judges' boat to Cow Pasture buoy No. 6, to red spar buoy No. 2 to black buoy No. 7, leaving all on port, back to judges' boat; distance, four miles. The times were:

FIRST CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Prince Karl, E. L. Williams	29.01	1 27 00	1 04 36
Iquique, Garland & Co.	22.07	1 37 30	1 09 48
Emma S, —— Stafford	23.09	1 43 07	1 24 27

SECOND CLASS.

Ida, F. Pfund	17.08	1 42 50	1 15 48
Vim, Fleming and Lane	20.07	Withdrawn.	

THIRD CLASS.

Trouble, Morse and Knapp	16.01	1 37 00	1 19 90
Housca, H. Saladine	15.05	1 43 00	1 24 28

Half of the 15 entries did not start on account of the weather. Vim lost her bowsprit and Bertha capsized.

The winners were: First class, Prince Karl, first prize, $8; Iquique, second prize, $6. Second class, Ida, first prize, $6. Third class, Trouble, first prize, $5. The judges were Harry Lillywhite, William Chandler and George Hammer.

PROVINCETOWN.—The second race for the Barnstable Bay championship was sailed on July 26 over a course of 6 miles to leeward and return in a moderate S.W. wind. The times were:

FIRST CLASS.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Madcap, Provincetown	3 02 41	2 19 30
Marjollu, Provincetown	3 07 59	2 22 42
Madge, Orleans	3 06 01	2 25 21
Ariel, Dennis	3 14 58	2 31 23
Percy Allen, Brewster	3 16 02	2 31 56
Bertha	3 19 12	2 36 56
Sachem, Provincetown	3 22 57	2 38 34

SECOND CLASS.

Iris, Orleans	3 23 35	2 33 06
Ada, Provincetown	3 25 15	2 37 19
Minnie, Provincetown	3 33 06	2 39 12
Magic, Barnstable	3 31 21	2 41 07

A special race, 2½ miles, between whaleboats from the whaling schooners Antarctic and William Grozier resulted thus: Antarctic's, 40m. 13s.; Grozier's, 42m. 35s. Iris takes prize for second class boats, as she won the one sailed on July 4. In first class Madcap has taken one and Magic one. The judges were Robert Lavender, A. L. Putnam, A. I. Williams, George Holmes and Moses N. Gifford.

HULL Y. C.—69th Regatta, July 28. Courses, regular club courses. Weather, double reef breeze. Wind, N.E.

THIRD CLASS—CENTERBOARDS.

	Length.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Cor.
Nora, E P Boynton	22.02	Capsized.			
Posy, R G Hunt	22.02	3 15 00	4 30 41	1 15 41	0 54 25
Secret, E F Linton	22.06	3 15 00	4 40 39	1 25 39	1 04 38

THIRD CLASS—KEELS.

Thelga, H L Johnston	22.01	3 15 00	4 36 48	1 21 48	1 00 29
Echo, Burwell & Isham	24.09	3 15 00	4 34 40	1 19 40	1 00 16

FOURTH CLASS—CENTERBOARDS.

Mabel, C L Dunwe	19.11	3 20 00	4 41 44	1 21 44	0 58 37
Niobe, G N Keates	20.02	2 20 00	4 42 18	1 22 18	0 59 24
Myrtle, R C Poor	19.02	3 20 00	4 44 12	1 24 12	1 00 24
Tartar, J B Forsythe	19.07	3 20 00	4 44 14	1 24 14	1 00 49

FOURTH CLASS—KEEL.

Vaga, H W Friend	18.02	3 20 00	4 47 40	1 27 40	1 02 53

FIFTH CLASS—JIB AND MAINSAIL.

Coyote, W Abbott	20.03	3 25 00	5 17 46	1 52 46	1 32 43
Tom Cat, C H Eockhart	19.00	Withdrew.			

Winner of third class centerboards, Posy, $15. Third class keels Echo, $15. Fourth class centerboards, Mabel first, $12; Niobe second, $6. Fifth class, Coyote $12. Shadow, Nimbus and Albatross started in first class centerboards did not finish as they went to assist the Aglaia, first class keels, who carried away her mast. Regatta Committe, Com. and Vice-Com. and Ex-Off., John Stetson; Chairman, R. C. Poor; Secretary, C. S. Waldo. Judges, B. W. Rowell, E. Lombard, Jr. and J. R. Chadwick.

CAPE COD Y. C.—The first race of the second series was sailed off Orleans on July 28 in a strong N. E. breeze, the courses being 6½ and 5½ miles, the latter for Third Class. The times were:

FIRST CLASS.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Madge, Cummings and Howes	1 17 17	0 55 15
Percy Allen, F. S. Allan	1 30 25	1 06 31
No Name, A. Lake	1 34 28	1 08 41

SECOND CLASS.

Seola, E. E. Nickerson	1 37 50	1 09 33
Carrie L., George Clark	1 44 27	1 12 58

THIRD CLASS.

Sachem, A. O. Hurd	1 17 04	0 52 30
Mischief, E. Snow	1 09 40	0 51 14
Una, G. Paxton	1 28 40	1 04 48
Rob Roy, H. Hewins	1 24 57	0 53 32
Tempest, E. Smith	1 37 21	1 10 38
Prices, C. Doane	1 33 41	1 09 18

The judges were Seth K. Kingman and Albert Smith.

LAKE Y. R. A.—The official times of the Oswego regatta were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Cor.
Atalanta, Eyre, Brighton, Ont.	9 04 55	3 07 30	6 02 35	6 02 35
White Wings, Jarvis, Hamilton.	9 00 40	3 10 15	6 09 35	6 07 48
Cygnet, McGaw, Toronto	0 01 50	3 50 35	6 49 05	6 49 05
Madge, Cartwright, Rochester	9 01 45	Lost topmast; did not finish.		
Iolanthe, Bigger, Bellville	9 13 45	1 19 25	4 05 40	4 04 51
Merle, Ames, Oswego	9 12 30	1 10 00	3 57 30	3 57 39

A remeasurement was demanded by Mr. Ames, owner of Merle, after the Rochester regatta, but it resulted in favor of Iolanthe, and she takes the prize. The regatta at Hamilton on Saturday failed for lack of wind, and will be sailed on Aug 3.

The Toronto Y. C. regatta was sailed on July 30 in a light wind, White Wings winning in second class, Cyprus beating Merle in third class, and Vclnette winning easily in fourth. The particulars were received too late for publication this week.

BANSHEE.—Under Mr. Smith's superintendence Banshee has been out at Piepgrass' for 3,000lbs. of extra lead on her keel, 1,500lbs. being taken from inside and 1,500lbs. being added anew. Her topmast, gaff and bowsprit have been lengthened 2ft. each and boom 3ft. in readiness for the promised races of the 40-footers this fall.

SOUTHWARK Y. C. SWEEPSTAKE REGATTA, July 29.—Course, Mifflin street wharf to Black Buoy off of Billingsport and return. Distance, 20 miles. Weather, cloudy with rain. Wind, southeast and light. Tide, ebb to buoy, flood half-way:

FOURTH CLASS.

	Start.	Turn.	Finish.
Victor P. Dorp, L. Dorp	11 35 00	1 42 12	3 20 40
Okey No. 1, A. Troutt	11 35 00	1 43 16	3 16 18
A. J. Rivel, A. Fox	11 35 00	1 46 20	3 16 15
Chas. Deputy, Tom Murry	11 35 00	1 48 18	3 22 39
Jos. Nobre, Ben Wilson	11 35 00	1 43 18	3 18 22

SECOND CLASS.

Hattie, Geo. Peck	11 45 00	2 10 20	3 30 43
H. Boardman, James Dailey	11 45 00	2 06 33	3 28 04
Harry E., W. Eisinbrown	11 45 00	2 14 36	Withdrew.
J. Brady, G. Mitchell	11 45 00	2 08 17	3 29 48

Winners first prize—Class Two, H. Bordman. Class Four, A. Rivel. Prizes—$25 for Fourth Class, $20 for Second Class. The Rivel was sailed by Chas. Dunley, who won the swimming contest at Gloucester City, July 28. Regatta committee, Jilet Wilson, James Cavenaugh, F. Malen. Judge, Uncle Hugh Boyle.

MONTGOMERY SAILING C.—11th weekly cruise, July 29.—Course, Norristown to Indian Creek and return. Distance, five miles. Weather, cool. Wind, light southeasterly:

	Length.	Start.	Finish.	Corrected.
Sadie, canoe	18.00	1 34 40	3 27 50	1 57 50
F. & W. Playford, tuckup	15.00	1 40 00	3 49 00	2 09 00
Gracie, skiff	12.00	1 30 40	3 49 50	2 09 50
G. W. Bowers, tuckup	15.00	1 40 00	3 50 55	2 10 55
S. H. Querner, tuckup	15.00	1 40 00	3 54 35	2 14 35
J. S. Frith, tuckup	15.00	1 40 00	3 56 20	2 16 20
Iola, ducker	15.00	1 30 00	4 00 00	2 20 00

It was a run to the outer mark, the Sadie rounding at 2:26, followed by the Gracie at 2:34. In the beat home the canoe increased her lead four minutes on the Gracie. The tuckup Playford passed the Gracie half a mile from the finish, after which the skiff again took the lead, but was finally beaten by the Playford 100yds. from the line. Judge, William Alcord.

AMERICAN Y. C.—The first race of the second series of the American Y. C. was sailed off Newburyport on July 28 in half a gale from E. N. E., the inside course being chosen. The times were:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Hazard, Pierce & Moody	23.00	1 33 50	1 35 50
Puzzler, Shackford & Lunt	19.06	1 51 31	1 47 44
Budge, Paul J. Lowell	19.03	1 50 49	1 46 41
Gem, Besse & Woodwell	15.08	2 07 23	2 07 23

The Kid started, but withdrew, and White Cloud capsized before the start. The judges were J. W. Sargent, Amos H. Geary and Wm. V. Hewlett.

RACING AT LAKE MAHOPAC.—First race, Dean House Cup, series 1888. Course 10 miles. Weather pleasant; wind squally and variable, N. E. to S. E.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Trifler, C. & E. Dusenbury	19.8	1 35 40	1 32 55
Flora, A. H. Dean	21.7	1 34 05	1 33 15
Mischief, W. Nash	16.6	1 40 40	1 35 45
Vixen, F. Patterson	22 5	1 37 35	1 37 35
Mist, A. H. Dean	20.2	1 42 27	1 40 12

The above was the first of a series of races for the Dean House Cup for 1888, which goes to the winner of two out of three races. Judges, Col. S. J. Murphy, A. Ammerman, W. A. Nash.

CENTERBOARD, KEEL SLOOP AND CUTTER.—In the 69th regatta of the Hull Y. C., on July 28, in a strong N.E. gale, the centerboard sloop Posy (22ft. 6in.) handsomely beat the keel sloop Echo (24ft. 6in.) and the cutter Thelga (23ft.), besides the Canarsie, L. I., centerboard Secret. All yachts with housed topmasts and close-reefed sails. Course, 6 miles; one-half course close hauled, one-half running and free. Corrected time:

Posy	0 54 25	Echo	1 00 16
Secret	1 04 38	Thelga	1 00 29

Posy's friends consider this a very creditable performance, as she is generally called a light-weather boat. In same race Shadow had topmast housed and double-reefed sails, ann Aglaia carried away mast.

QUITE ANOTHER TUNE.—When Titania first came out, a year ago, the Boston *Herald* expressed its regret that with Sachem, Volunteer and Titania, Mr. Burgess had not built a yacht in Clara's class, so as to make a "clean sweep" of all the classes. Now on the eve of the Goelet Cup race, the same paper is ready to hedge on its crack boats, as follows:

"The schooner yacht Marguerite arrived at City Point on Friday last, and was soon after hauled out on Lawley's ways. The Marguerite floats below her designed line by several inches, and has too much lead on her keel, so that not less than six tons must be cut off to let her up, so that she can float as designed. The time is too short in which to get the Marguerite tuned up for the Goelet cup race, and her owner has decided not to cut the lead off now, but to wait until the end of the season, when there will be plenty of time to do a good job on her. The Marguerite is now off from her best trim, and justice to the yacht and her expert skipper would be not to start her in the race for the Goelet cup. Certainly in her present form she is in no condition to race some of the flyers in her class. Even in her best chances, a stray breeze of wind, with the great amount of lead and her enormous sail spread, she would be liable to severe strains, which would not benefit her in the end. Her owner will do the wise thing if he withholds her entry from the Goelet cup race. The schooner yacht Sachem, since the additional lead was put on her a month ago, has settled by the head, and now she has got to be doctored for the race, and some of the lead forward is to be cut off. The Volunteer will be hauled out next week at Lawley's, and will be put in order for the Goelet cup race. The schooner Sea Fox will be fitted out especially for this race. Slight alterations will be made to her sails, and, outside of the Grayling and Sachem, her chances are very good. The Sea Fox certainly has good form, and is a beautiful yacht both above and below. She is without doubt the handsomest yacht in this country, though she was designed by an amateur. In breezes over eight knots she is to be feared, hence it will not be surprising if she wins the Goelet cup."

If Marguerite cannot stand a good blow in perfect safety through a 40-mile race, even with a few extra tons of lead on her keel, the type cannot be worth much for sea-going work.

MR. WATSON ON CENTERBOARDS.—After the nonsense that has been written on both sides of the centerboard question abroad; by those, on the one hand, who are opposed to the centerboard in any shape, and those, on the other, who would build a centerboard yacht to compete for the Cup, it is refreshing to read a little hard common sense from one who is well qualified to speak. Mr. Watson, in writing lately to the secretary of the Y. R. A., says: "I do not think a clause fixing a minimum depth at all necessary. I have been thinking over what I said about weighted boards at the Royal Clyde yacht meeting, and I fear this proposal savors of grandmotherly legislation; and, although it is undoubtedly a necessary restriction, it may handicap us severely in racing with the yachts of other countries, who are left with open hands as to centerboards. However, were any one building a centerboarder for America, he would no doubt take advantage of all latitude given by the rules. The rule need be on a sliding scale, fixing the weight of the board in a ratio with the rating. I do not see that there is any objection to admitting centerboards into our races, and I do not believe they are any faster than properly designed keels, and, if they are, the sooner we find it out the better." Unlike most who have taken part in the discussion without any thorough knowledge of the centerboard and the new American boats, Mr. Watson has sailed against them and been beaten by them; finding them neither the terrible bogies that are pictured by some, nor being scared into giving up the attempt to beat them with a keel, like too many others.

HAMILTON, ONT., REGATTA.—Through a correspondent we learn the following particulars concerning the unfinished race of July 28: "The new cutter Psyche lead her class of 12 yachts, including the Burgess boat Merle, the Boston built Majel, the Scotch cutter Cypress, and others. The course was 10 miles, sail twice over. Wind light, falling away entirely after first round had been made. Psyche outsailed the Merle by 20m. in five miles of windward work, after which the yachts scattered in search of luck which did not come and the race was abandoned." Although this test can hardly be said to have been crucical or final, the Psyche appears to be a smart boat in light winds, a matter of interest to our readers, as she was designed by Mr. Kunhardt as a roomy cruising cutter, rather than a racer. Her performance to windward indicates that her keel is at least as serviceable as the Merle's board for high fetching. Psyche has only part of her ballast on the keel and rig to suit. She is flush decked on a waterline length of 32ft., besides having 10ft. beam. Our correspondent adds that she is also "the handsomest yacht on the Lake by long odds."

MINERVA.—Mr. Chas. H. Tweed's new cutter was launched on July 14 from Fife's yard at Fairlie, being christened Minerva. On July 23 she sailed for America, with Capt. Charles Barr in command. The statements in the daily papers that Minerva was a 70ft. yacht owned by Mr Sweet of the Clara, and commanded by Capt. John Barr, of Clara and Thistle, and that she was built to challenge for the America's Cup, are entirely false. She is but 40ft. l.w.l., with clipper stem, and will race in the class with Baboon, Banshee, Nymph, Xara, Crocodile and Chiquitos. Capt. Chas. Barr is a younger brother of the skipper of the Thistle. Capt. John Barr is this year doing very good work in the racing cutter Thora, a boat with little reputation for speed, but which, in his hands, has raced very successfully. Clara is now laid up, Mr. Sweet being abroad, but it is not unlikely that he may be here again next year with Capt. Barr in a 70ft. cutter.

SHINNECOCK BAY Y. C.—A yacht club under this name has been organized this season at Shinnecock Bay, with its station at Atlantieville, Long Island. The officers are: Com., Wm. M. Lawrence; Vice-Com., Wendell Baker; Sec'y-Treas., Geo. Milvern Eddy; Meas., Wm. Stone. The yachts are all cat rigged, in 3 classes, over 20ft., 17 to 20ft., and under 17ft., being rated by length and ½ overhang. Races are sailed every Saturday with amateur crews, the prizes being flags. On July 28 an open race was sailed in a strong N. E. breeze, over a course 5 miles to windward and return, with 17 starters. The winner in First Class was Marion; in Second Class, Nakahira, Inez Burr and Annie L.; Third Class, Maud, Aura and Elsa.

THE Y. R. A. AND THE CENTERBOARD.—A meeting of the Council of the Y. R. A. was held on July 11, at which the replies of the different clubs on the centerboard question were submitted. The circular was sent to 55 yacht clubs, of which 27 were in favor of admitting centerboards without any restrictions, 6 were in favor of admitting them under some restrictions, 2 voted against any immediate change, 6 were opposed to any change, 1 was undecided, and 11 did not reply to the circular. After some discussion and the reading of letters from Messrs. Clayton and Watson, the motion to expunge Rule 8, prohibiting centerboards, was unanimously adopted by the Council, and it was decided to lay the matter before a general meeting of the Association August 1.

THE HUDSON RIVER AND THE ERIE CANAL.—This spring Capt. Howard Patterson, of the New York Navigation School, made a cruise in the steam yacht Skylark through the Erie Canal for the purpose of collecting information for yachtsmen. The results of his cruise are embodied in a work now nearly ready, which will contain a large amount of information concerning the navigation of the Hudson River and Erie Canal.

CAPSIZE OF A NEWPORT CATBOAT.—On July 24 one of the famous Newport catboats, used about Newport Harbor for taking out pleasure parties, capsized in a squall, the only passenger, Miss Sophie Clemenz, of New York, being drowned in the cabin, where she had taken refuge from the rain. The boatman was taken off by a passing steamer after he had tried in vain to dive and open the cabin door.

BUILDING NOTES.—Lawley & Son have given up their old yard at City Point, and concentrated their business at the main yard on the other side. They have just fitted a new mast 1½in. larger in Mr. Rogers's cutter Bedouin, and have also laid the keel for a 25ft. cutter for W. S. Eaton, from a Burgess design. The new cutter for Mr. Rogers will be 29ft. 6in. l.w.l., 36ft. over all and 10ft. beam.

GREAT HEAD Y. C.—A gale was blowing on July 28 when the steamer arrived at Port Shirley with several hundred spectators on board for the Great Head regatta. Though a number of the yachts were ready to start, it was decided to postpone the race to Aug. 11.

THE LADY GLENMORE'S CHALLENGE.—Dr. Chas. G. Weld, of Boston, has borrowed the fast cat Mabel of F. L. Dunne, and proposes to accept the Lady Glenmore's challenge, making the amount $1,000 per side, provided that shifting ballast be prohibited.

CITY POINT Y. C. OF SOUTH BOSTON.—Officers 1888: Com., Richard Coleman; Vice-Com., P. W. McDonough; Fleet Captain, John Boyce; Recording Sec., W. F. Perry; Financial Sec., J. M. McKay; Treas., P. F. Welch; Meas., George Oegler.

IMITATION THE SINCEREST FLATTERY.—The New York Y. C. has this year taken a hint from the American Canoe Association and will offer prizes in each class for the average records on all the runs of the cruise. The average record has been tried with success for four seasons in canoeing.

QUINCY Y. C. PROTEST.—In the Quincy Y. C. pennant race of June 16 Folly finished first, but Posy protested her for not sailing the proper course. After a hearing before the regatta committee the protest was allowed, and Posy was awarded the pennant.

NEW ROCHELLE Y. C.—A cup valued at $150 has been offered by the New Rochelle Y. C. for a race on Aug. 10 of yachts in the 35ft. class, open to the Atlantic, Larchmont, Oyster Bay, New Haven and Greenwich clubs.

THE EASTERN REGATTA.—The Eastern Y. C. has appropriated $1,500 for prizes for the proposed race at Marblehead on Aug. 16, provided the fleet of the New York Y. C. goes around the Cape.

A RACE TO THE ISLE OF SHOALS.—A race has been arranged from Cape Ann to Isle of Shoals, 30 miles, on Aug. 4, to be open to yachts of 16 to 30ft., under N. E. Y. R. A. rules.

MAYFLOWER, Rear-Com. Morgan, has been overhauled at Piepgrass's, having a longer bowsprit. She has discarded her jibstay and will carry a new Lapthorne jib, set flying.

MERRIMAC Y. C.—The annual regatta of the Merrimac Y. C. was sailed on July 28 in a fresh breeze, with seven entries. Thetis won, with Cygnet second.

CORINTHIAN Y. C., MARBLEHEAD.—The race of July 28 was postponed on account of the weather. The 40-footers were all absent.

SENECA.—This name has been given to Mr. Fabyan's new Burgess steam yacht.

SOUTHERN Y. C.—A regatta will be sailed on Aug. 4, at Pass Christian, Miss.

New Publications.

IN NESTING TIME. By Olive Thorne Miller. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Cloth, 275 pp. Price $1.25.

This is a type of a new class of work on the study of birds, which might, with some propriety, be classed as "ornithographical," since it holds precisely the same relation to ornithology as biography does to biology; a distinction thoroughly appreciated and, indeed, insisted on by the author, who says: "Our predecessors have devoted their energies to classifying and arranging. They have dissected and weighed and measured every part of the little bodies; they know to a fraction the length of wings and tails; they have pulled to pieces the nests; clutched the eggs, and blown and mounted and labeled, and set up in cases the whole external of the little creatures. All that can be learned by violence, all the characteristics evolved by fear are duly set down in the books. You shall find a catalogue of the robin's possessions in the shape of feathers and bones, pictures of his internal anatomy, illustrations of his nest building, but in the whole world of these books you shall not find the robin. The soul of the robin has escaped them."

Ornithology, like biology, can never be a popular study with the young; it conveys no idea of personality with its hopes and fears and anxieties, and modes of thought, and feeling, and action, and it is these which interest us. "In Nesting Time" treats of precisely these subjects, and bears about the same relation to works of ornithology, properly so called, as magazine stories of boys and girls bear to Quain's anatomy. The author introduces us to acting living birds whose acquaintance she has made, and whom she has specially studied at that particular period, when they first leave the nest to make their own way in the world.

To do this successfully she has necessarily had to force herself upon the acquaintance of the parent bird, who generally resent all intrusion upon their domestic circle at nesting time, and the individual characteristics called into play or observed by her, are all jotted down with a fidelity that makes the young reader appreciate and enter into the feelings of these "brothers of ours in feathers," as she calls them, with a sense of being able to interpret them by his own feelings, while the tact displayed by the author in reconciling the parent birds to her presence constitutes a complete course of instruction in the methods necessary to constitute a good observer.

Mrs. Miller's observations of facts are conscientiously and carefully exact, and consequently of the highest scientific value, but the reader loses all idea of science in the pleasure of making new and interesting acquaintance, whose personal characteristics are described in a simple and charming style. We could not recommend the work too highly as a guide to the subject it treats of.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.

PETE T.—Read "Training vs. Breaking." For sale at this office. Price $1.

W. H., M.D., Ontario.—An advertisement in our columns might find for you a purchaser of the foxes.

F. W. L., Flushing, N. Y.—No changes were made at the last session in the laws relating to feathered game in Queens county.

E. L. B., Fitchburg, Mass.—Vermont ruffed grouse open season will begin Sept. 1. Black bass season in Vermont from June 1 to Feb. 1.

R. A. L., Philadelphia.—In treating a dog for tape worm every care should be taken to examine all segments of the parasite which may be passed, as there can be no cure unless the head has been expelled.

W. S. M., Yates, Mich.—Cannot discriminate as to different makes of rifles; there are many good ones for target practice at short distances.

C. T., Pawtucket, R. I.—Please inform the close time on quail, woodcock and partridges in Massachusetts? Ans. Woodcock and partridge between Dec. and Sept. 1; quail between Jan. 1 and Oct. 15.

DOBSON, Albany, N. Y.—When was the illustrated article which Mr. Mather wrote, giving the life history of the dobson, or helgramite, published in FOREST AND STREAM? Ans. In our issue of Sept. 25, 1884.

A. C. C., Hartford.—Kindly give me the name of the inclosed bug. I found the same a very taking bait for black bass in Vermont. The bug is found in trout streams under stones and leaves on the bottom of the brook. Ans. It is a larva of a dragon fly (*Libellula*), one of the large species, but impossible to identify specifically.

R. A. E., Baltimore.—What is the weight of the largest catfish taken in the Mississippi River. Ans. The type specimen of *Ictalurus ponderosus* in the National Museum is 5ft. long and weighed 150lbs. We do not find a record of a larger one.

SUBSCRIBER, New York.—What fish can be caught in Greenwood Lake and what bait is used? Ans. Black bass, pickerel and sunfish. For the first the favorite bait is the dobson or helgramite, which can be bought at the lake, but minnows are also used. For pickerel use live minnows or trolling spoons, and for sunfish the angleworm.

HEGEMAN BOATS.—Can any of your readers, or dealers in sportsmen's good, inform me through these columns whether one of the old-style, scow-shaped Hegeman canvas folding boats is to be had? They used to be made at Ballston Spa, N. Y. For a clumsy landlubber, in shallow water, they are very good for duck hunting.—W. (Sacramento).

NORTHERN MICHIGAN.—A party of three, of which the writer is a member, are contemplating a trip to northern Michigan this fall to camp and "rough it" for about a month, and as we are not acquainted with the country, will some one who has been there tell us which would be the better place to go to for both hunting and fishing, the Upper or Lower Peninsula, and where would be a good place to pitch our tent? Tell us something of Long Lake, 9 miles from Alpena; Long Lake, 6 miles from Cheboygan, and Round Lake and Big Manistique Lake, 5 and 6½ miles respectively from McMillan. Any information on this subject will be greatly appreciated by GEO. L. RALSTON, Howard, Knox county, O.

S. M. V., Toronto, Ontario.—I want to stock a small lake fed by a spring brook with brook trout, and will esteem it a favor if you will tell me: 1. What is the time to move the fish? 2. Will the last of August or the first week of September be a favorable time? 3. Can they be successfully carried for 16 miles by wagon over a rough road, or will the jolting affect them? 4. How often ought the water to be changed, and at what temperature kept? Ans.—1. As early as possible before they begin to spawn. 2. Yes, but not later. 3. Yes, the jolting will do no harm if they are not near spawning. 4. No need of change, keep them cool and in motion, but do not overstock the cans. The lower the temperature the better, but do not make sudden changes.

A. MACHEST, Jersey City.—1. Holden, in his "Book of Birds," gives the following instructions for breeding meal worms: "Take an old box or jar, place a quantity of bran, meal, biscuit or bread, a few pieces of leather from an old shoe, and some woollen rags; put in about fifty meals, cover mouth of jar with thick cloth moistened occasionally, and you will soon have thousands." The initial supply of worms may be got from the millers, from dealers in ship biscuits, or of bird dealers. 2. Feed yellow birds on maw seed, canary seed, hemp seed, lettuce seed, thistle seed, etc. If birds are under two years old, the harder seeds should be crushed or moistened. 3. The Newhouse traps are made by the Oneida Community, at Utica, N. Y. 4. Send to us for "Taxidermists' Manual," 50 cents paper, $1 cloth.

C. J. C., Staten Island.—Has an adult salmon ever been caught south of the equator? A friend says that they are found in the market at Geelong, Australia, but are brought in ice from Europe. Ans. We find in a paper read before the Otago Institute by its secretary, C. E. Arthur, in 1881, the statement that Dr. Campbell and others netted the Cam, a branch of the Waimakariri, in July 1880, and took three quinnat salmon weighing from five to eight pounds. We have no later reports from New Zealand, and none from Australia. Reports of the Otago Acclimatization Society say: (1881) of English and California salmon, introduced from 1876 to 1878, there are reports that they have been seen in the Aparima River; (1884) the California salmon has been a partial success in Canterbury, but has failed in Otago. Twenty thousand fry were put in some Canterbury rivers in December, 1876, and in July, 1880, were netted in the Cam by Dr. Campbell. Thus we have it from two authorities that salmon planted south of the equator have lived.

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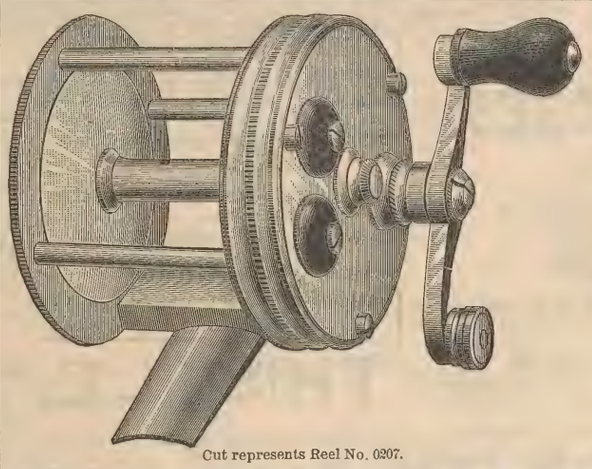


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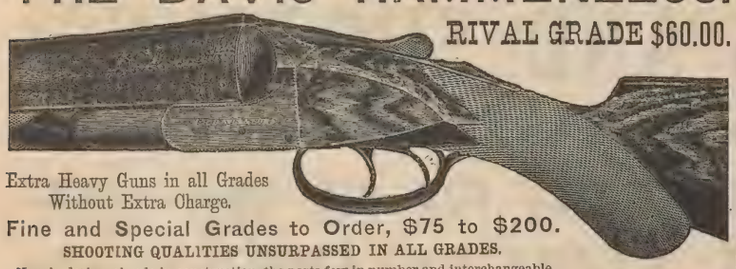
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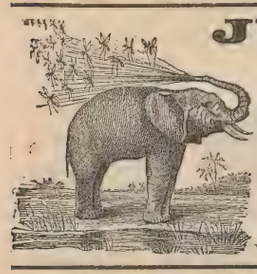
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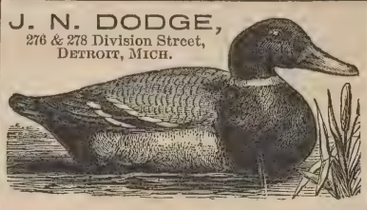
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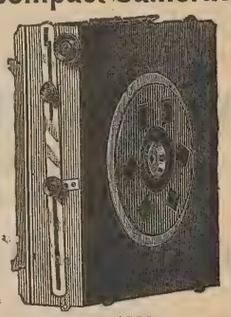
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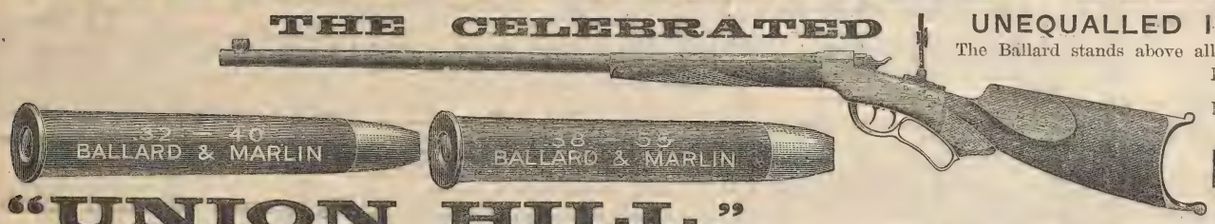


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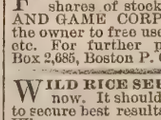
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NEW YORK, AUGUST 9, 1888.

VOL. XXXI.—No. 8. No. 318 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

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THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications on the subject to which its pages are devoted are respectfully invited. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No name will be published except with writer's consent. The Editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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Address all communications,

Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

No. 318 BROADWAY. NEW YORK CITY.

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THE PARK BILL IN THE HOUSE.

IT is impossible to say when the Yellowstone Park bill, recently reported by the Public Lands Committee of the House, will come up for action. When it is called up a sharp fight will no doubt take place over it, and especially over the amendment authorizing the building of a railroad through the Park. This amendment, which is the most outrageous of the many bad changes made in the bill by the House Committee, will be the first one to be attacked, and there is every reason to believe that it can never receive favorable consideration by either branch of Congress.

It seems strange that a measure which is certain to inflict irretrievable damage on the Park, and so to meet with the uncompromising opposition of every friend of the reservation, should have been brought forward again. It shows the desperation of the railroad schemers. Does not the lobby remember its defeat two years ago on this question of railroads in the Park? Does it imagine that the temper of the House on this subject has so greatly changed since then? Has Judge Payson forgotten that the sentiment of the members was clearly expressed at that time by a vote in which the majority against his bill was 102 in a vote of 238? It is in the highest degree improbable that there has arisen in the House of Representatives since that vote was taken any feeling in favor of railroads in the Park which would overcome this majority. In fact, there is every reason to believe that the feeling in favor of protecting the Park by keeping railroads out of it is stronger now than it has ever been before.

It is said that General Wheeler, who made the report in which were recommended the iniquitous amendments which all those interested in the Park so unhesitatingly condemn, does not agree with the report which the majority of the committee decided should be made. We hope that is the case, and that when the time comes his voice may be heard on the right side of this question.

The suggestion has been advanced by a very eminent gentleman, one who is deeply interested in the Park, who is familiar with legislative methods, and has occupied a seat in the Cabinet at Washington, that it might be better to permit this bill to pass the House, and to trust to its being amended or killed as may seem best in conference committee. This suggestion, from such a source, is worthy of careful consideration, but to our mind it has one fatal objection.

The House of Representatives has put itself strongly on record as opposed to any project to permit railroad encroachment in the National Park. If it should pass this bill it would stand committed in favor of such encroachment. A vote to authorize the granting of the right of way to a railroad up the Yellowstone River would be construed by the various corporations which are anxious to build into the Park as a notification that the House has changed its views on this subject and is now willing to tear down the barriers of protection which have up to this time surrounded the reservation. If Congress shall grant permission to one railroad to enter the Park it can scarcely deny such permission to another. A flood of bills asking similar rights would be introduced by various corporations, and these rights the House could not logically refuse. The passage of the first bill would be the entering wedge. The first stroke of the hammer which drives a spike in the Yellowstone Park will be the death blow to that reservation.

It seems, therefore, far better that the bill should be defeated in the House than that it should pass with this disastrous railroad amendment as a part of its text, even though this provision should be struck out in conference committee. If this particular amendment can be thrown out, and the remaining portion of the bill passed, no great harm will be done perhaps, and we may hope to see the many crudities of the amended bill somewhat modified in conference committee; but the first thing to be done, and the one on which everything else hinges, is to kill the railroad amendment. This can and will be done, and for this all who are interested in the protection of the National Park should work.

MR BELMONT'S DESPERATE DODGE.

WHEN the New England Kennel Club refused to hold its Boston show under American Kennel Club rules last April, Mr. August Belmont, Jr., and his associates in enforcing the autocracy of the American Kennel Club boycotted the show by withholding their dogs.

In its report of the show the FOREST AND STREAM said:

> The dog show of the New England Kennel Club held in Boston last week, taken as a whole, was fully up to that of last year, except perhaps in its financial results. * * * There were 1054 entries, fifteen more than last year. In some of the classes the quality was superior to that of any previous show which we have attended, while two or three classes were not quite up to the mark.

We are not aware that the correctness and fairness of this estimate were ever questioned, until at a recent meeting of the A. K. C. Mr. Belmont asserted that our Boston report was untruthful and misleading, because it represented the show to have been more successful than it actually was. When asked for some substantiation of his assertion, Mr. Belmont in his letter printed last week added a second charge, namely, that the author of the Boston report had purposely made the report misleading and untruthful. Both of these charges we took pains to point out to Mr. Belmont last week were impertinent and void of truth. Now he sends us a reiteration of them; and instead of submitting anything even to show that he may have been deceived by others into making them, he suggests (and what a deliciously cool suggestion it is—for August) that our kennel editor "call upon him" to look at some "written proofs" he professes to have in his possession. Mr. Belmont does not need to be told that, if he has any such "satisfactory written proofs given to him by the best authorities of each special breed," the very best possible use he can make of them is to put them into print. If he can show that he has such "proofs," and was misled by them into making his charge at the A. K. C. meeting, the fact of his having been misled would be accepted in mitigation of the impertinence of the charge, though it would not affect its untruthfulness.

It is not to be thought that Mr. Belmont was moved to say what he did by any feeling against the FOREST AND STREAM; we are unaware that he has any feeling against the paper powerful enough to induce him to wrongly charge it with untruthfulness; and we are quite sure that if he had had any such feeling he would have been astute enough to see that the false charge could not injure the paper, but must injure him. There must have been some other motive for the part he played.

What is the explanation of Mr. Belmont's extraordinary conduct? Why did he make the assertion that the success of Boston's show had been untruthfully reported by us, when he ought to know, as every one else does, that his assertion lacked the first iota of truth? Why did he make the charge at an American Kennel Club meeting? Why, when publicly taxed by us with having made a statement not in accordance with the facts, does he rest content under the charge, and evade the issue by silly and mysterious references to "written proofs"? In other words, having made a charge notoriously false and indefensible, why does Mr. Belmont stick to it through thick and thin? These are questions easily answered. Mr. Belmont is playing a desperate dodge, but not a deep one.

It has been announced that the Buffalo show will not be given under American Kennel Club rules, but under National Dog Club rules. Mr. Belmont proposes to put his foot down, hard, on the National Dog Club. He has set out to intimidate the Buffalo managers into changing their rules. It is threatened by Mr. Belmont, or agents working for him, that unless Buffalo throws overboard the National Dog Club, he and his associates will boycott the show. Obviously such a threat will be ineffectual to bulldoze Buffalo unless the managers can be bamboozled into believing that to be boycotted by Mr. Belmont means disaster. To frighten them, therefore, Mr. Belmont boldly asserts that the Boston show, boycotted by him, did not have the success it is credited with in our columns. The argument as presented to the Buffalo managers, and based on a misstatement, is this: Because Boston did not show under American Kennel Club rules, Mr. Belmont boycotted Boston, and Boston (according to Belmont) was injured thereby; and because Buffalo will not show under American Kennel Club rules Mr. Belmont will boycott Buffalo, and Buffalo (according to Mr. Belmont) will be injured thereby.

The straits to which the President of the American Kennel Club is driven, in the endeavor to intimidate Buffalo, thus afford a perfectly satisfactory explanation of his untruthful statement that the FOREST AND STREAM misrepresented the success of the Boston show. It is held by some politicians that a lie well stuck to will do effective campaign work. The event will prove whether or not Mr. Belmont's desperate dodge will accomplish its intended purpose.

SNAP SHOTS.

AMONG the candidates for the office of Chief Game Protector of New York are ex-Deputy Controller C. R. Hall, of Albany; J. W. Johnson, of Palatine Bridge, and Hon. Floyd J. Hadley, of Westville Centre. Of the qualifications of the first two candidates we are not advised, but Mr. Hadley's conspicuous unfitness for the place is demonstrated beyond cavil by his record at Albany with respect to game legislation. To make Mr. Hadley Chief Game Protector would be on a par with the proposition once seriously entertained in some quarters of giving Mr. "Paul" Smith a place on the Fish Commission. It is doubtless practicable to discover a competent and trustworthy person to whom may be intrusted the game and fish protection interests of this State, and the Commissioners of Fisheries are not in any such desperate strait that they must follow the example of the ancient goodwife who made the fox her goose-herd.

The regular U. S. troops attached to the various departments are busy just now in the annual contest before the butts for the making up of the various teams and for the determination of the standing of the companies and individuals. There is fine marksmanship displayed at every one of the ranges. From the Presidio, Fort Snelling, Fort Leavenworth, Van Couvers Barracks and the lower ranges the reports are most encouraging and go to show that the love of the rifle has taken a firm hold on the bluecoats and that rivalry is running very high.

The FOREST AND STREAM'S report of the lawlessness rampant in the Adirondacks has been widely copied and commented upon. It is recognized as a faithful description of the abominable condition of things there.

The Sportsman Tourist.

CANOEING AND FISHING ON THE ST. JOHN.

FREDERICTON, N. B.—The St. John has its sources in the State of Maine as well as in the British Provinces of New Brunswick and Quebec. It can be navigated by canoe and bateau from the city of St. John, in the Province of New Brunswick, for its whole length, more than 400 miles, with one exception, where at the Grand Falls, 220 miles from its mouth, it makes a perpendicular descent of about 70ft. into a rugged and precipitous chasm, between whose steep sides it boils and surges a confused mass of white waters for nearly three-quarters of a mile. Here a carry of one-half or three-quarters of a mile is necessary. At this point there is a village with good hotels, and the portage is easily and quickly made by means of a good road. This is the only rapid around which a canoe or boat must be carried in the whole distance from the foot to the head of this beautiful river. For thirty-six miles above the Grand Falls to Edmundton the waters of the St. John run deep and smooth, hardly the ripple of a current disturbs their tranquil surface.

After Edmundton, where railway communication ends, is passed, the river becomes more rapid; thirty-five mile above Edmundton at the mouth of the St. Francis, to which there is a good road, highways cease and only a few scattered huts of the lonely hunter or woodsman are found above this; and even these shortly disappear, and the *voyageur* sees nothing but the ancient forests on either side of his watery way, which here passes along with rapid current in its descent to the sea, winding among ledges and working its route through boulders and over sandbars.

From Edmundton to the mouth of the St. John, with the exception of the carry at the Grand Falls, a child can paddle a canoe in perfect safety. Probably there is no river in America better adapted to canoeing than the St. John. The canoeist can either carry his own canoe by rail to Edmundton and paddle it down river, passing the night either at one of the farmhouses, which are found all the way down, or tent out in some of the numerous groves which are everywhere to be found. The Bluenose farmer will take no offense at any one camping on his ground, but will be very glad to sell him all the butter and eggs that he may require.

The waters of the St. John are clear as crystal, their descent to Fredericton, the capital of the Province, is uniformly rapid: there are no muddy reaches from its very sources to that city. Should the sportsman or traveler not have a canoe, he can hire a good boatman with his canoe to bring him down as far as he wishes. There are little villages in numerous places in sight of the river where provisions can be had, so that he can take his baggage in the canoe with him and get his meals either at some of these villages or beneath the shelter of the trees which overhang the river. Canoemen or sportsmen visiting the St. John had better come directly to Fredericton, where there are two large and first-class hotels. Fredericton is built on the western bank of the St. John, and steamers ply daily between that city and St. John, the large seaport at the mouth of the river.

On the east bank of the St. John, directly opposite Fredericton, there is a little village of Melicite or Akanaki Indians where men and canoes can be had, there is also another Indian village, eleven miles above Fredricton, on the banks of the river. These Indians are also expert men, and are always ready to carry visitors around in their light and graceful birch bark canoes. There is also a large Indian settlement where more than 20 canoes and Indians can be had, at the mouth of the Tobique, a river which empties into the St. John, about 115 miles above Fredericton, and which can itself be ascended in canoes without making any portage for 80 miles, and if the sportsman wishes to meet the Intercolonial Railway at Bathurst, on the Gulf of St. Lawrence, he can do so by carrying his canoe from Nictaux Lake to Nepisiguit Lake, a distance of three miles over a bushed portage; from the lake he passes down into Nepisiguit River, which is crossed by the Intercolonial Railway.

There is also a portage from Grand River to the Restigouche; a canoe can be poled up the former river to the Nagan, and by a three-mile portage taken into a stream which empties into the Restigouche; or what is better, the canoe can be hauled twenty miles on a wagon by lumbermen's portage from the St. John to the Restigouche, which is a splendid river, rapid, but without falls. The canoeman descending this, can take the Intercolonial Railway at Campbelltown. Green River, which passes the St. John eight miles below Edmundton, abounds with trout. This can be ascended by canoe to its source and the Quatawamkedgwick, one of the largest branches of the Restigouche, reached by a carry of six miles over a brushed road. Thus the Restigouche can be reached by either Grand or Green River, or by the Tobique, this last named portage being the most difficult. The Indians living at the mouth of the Tobique know all of these portages. There is a hotel at Andover, two miles below the mouth of the Tobique. Andover is reached by rail. About five miles above Andover the Aroostook River, which is nearly as large as the Tobique, joins the St. John.

There is good fishing on many of its branches. The best place to reach there is from Caribou, in the State of Maine, where there is a good hotel. There is railway communication with Caribou up the St. John.

There are but few fish to be caught in the vicinity of the Grand Falls. Edmundton, where there are several country hotels, and where canoes and men can usually be had, is an excellent center for fishermen. From it the upper waters of Green River are reached by a ten mile drive; from Edmundton to Temiscouata Lake, twenty-five miles distant, a boat can be rowed up the Madawaska into Temiscouata Lake, which itself is twenty-five miles long and very pretty, and where there is also at the little village of Notre Dame du Lac a very comfortable hotel. An hour's row from this up and across Lake Temiscouata will bring one to the mouth of the Tuladi, which can be ascended by canoe for more than fifty miles. This river, on which there is not a solitary house (with the exception of one at its mouth), abounds with trout. One of the lakes on one of its branches is nine miles long. On this Tuladi stream there are dozens of lakes and streams, in very many of which no fly was ever cast, the whole country being a vast forest.

A railway has just been constructed from Edmundton to the St. Lawrence at River du Loup, where the Intercolonial Railway is intersected. This railway runs along the shore of Temiscouata Lake.

From Edmundton, following the highway up the St. John (which is here the dividing line between the State of Maine and the Province of New Brunswick) for a distance of seven miles, one comes to Frenchville, where there is a comfortable little hotel, and where one can get guides and canoes. Five miles west of Frenchville by a good highway, Long Lake, the head of Fish River, is struck; down this for fifty miles or more one can descend with a canoe, and here at the proper season of the year he can get all the trout he wants; in numerous places they are of large size.

The St. Francis (thirty-five miles above Edmundton) is also a good river for lake or stream trout; it has a number of fine lakes on it, and is easily ascended by canoe.

Above the St. Francis to the head of the St. John trout can be caught at various places, and often in great quantities, by going at the proper season of the year. This part of the St. John being through a forest covered country necessitates the carrying of provisions, tent and bedclothes with one. All supplies can be had at Edmundton, which, as above remarked, is an excellent center for him who would spend a few weeks at the home of the trout—the upper waters of the River St John.

EDWARD JACK.

EARLY DAYS ON THE MISSOURI.

III.—THE INDIAN.

OF all misunderstood and misrepresented people I consider the North American Indian the most so. By some he has been painted as an incarnate fiend; by others he has been represented as a sage and stoic, his mind stored with philosophy, in demeanor grave, taciturn, and delighting in solitude; his body capable of great endurance, and his spirit sustained by unflinching courage. By such wresting, twisting and misrepresentation as would make a poem out of the multiplication table, or an allegory out of a problem of Euclid, his childish fetishism has blossomed into a sublime theology. His myths, which are like the dreamings of insanity, are remodeled to resemble legends of the lives of the saints, with a dash of the Arabian Nights. With a language of but little more than a hundred words he has become the author of sublime poems, dealing with the abstract and complex. Even gentlemen of the Masonic fraternity have discovered that he has anticipated the signs and secrets of their order.

He is described as stoical, yet it is an every-day affair to see a full grown Indian buck sit down, lift up his voice and weep over the most trifling disappointment.

He is called taciturn and loving solitude, and yet he will chatter like a magpie; gossip is his principal business in life, and he will ride for miles to be the first to tell any news; while there are not sufficient inducements on this whirling globe to influence him to live solitary for a single month.

He is supposed to be naturally brave and physically strong, but he is not; nor does he pretend even to himself to be either.

The only Indians I know anything about, are those of the upper Missouri. They are generally allowed to be the finest physically and otherwise of the North American Indians; and have been less contaminated by contact with the whites. It is of these I write.

It is useless to look for original Indian traits or myths among partially civilized Indians. The Jesuits and other Christian missionaries were early among the different tribes, and explained to them Christian stories and legends which they thought suitable to their comprehension. Many Catholic Frenchmen whose own lives were dominated by the folk lore and legends of mediæval Europe, lived among them and became their interpreters in their intercourse with the whites. Their language is so barren, so many things are called by the same name, that it is no wonder the imaginative and ingenious Frenchman, one of whose compatriots, it is claimed, could make soup out of a bucket of water and an onion, could also clothe the bald statements of the Indian in the flowers of rhetoric. A slight examination of any of the published Indian myths will easily disclose their originals. The Christian missionary anxious to find evidence of the universal knowledge of a Supreme Ruler, has elevated the poor savage's medicine bag into a Great Spirit. On the scent for evidences of a general belief in immortality, he has outlined from the ghastly spirit world of the red barbarian a something between the elysium of the Greeks and an orthodox Heaven and Hell. Other parties have delighted in dwelling on his scalping knife and tomahawk, yet the Indian antiquary will be puzzled to show a scalping knife different from the one in every day use for household purposes. As for the tomahawk I do not believe it could ever have been used as a weapon of war, as it could never meet any ordinary club on equal terms. I have heard of lodges being hung with scalps, yet I have never seen one there, and I have been prohibited by Crows from bringing one of their enemies' scalps into a lodge, for fear of bringing in the wraith of the vengeful dead.

When an Indian kills an enemy, he, and every one directly concerned in it, black their faces. The scalp is carried on a pole as they go circling round the lodge. At night the scalp is danced, after which they burn it. An Indian village after night is a picturesque sight. It is situated, when possible, amid the timber of a creek bottom, with the horses all tied round the lodges by the foot, and the ubiquitous wolf-like dog always ready for a snap and snarl. The older Indians sit round the lodge fire, over which perpetually boiled some meat while they had any. The lodge chief sits with his medicine bag hanging directly behind him, and no one must pass in front or behind him; fills his pipe with kinnekanik (dried willow bark mixed with one-third tobacco), smokes one whiff to the sun, one to the earth, one to his medicines, then circles it among his companions. The social smoke is enlivened by constant talk, their meagre language helped out by expressive Indian signs. In fact, so necessary do I consider these gestures to their conversation, that I almost think it would render them dumb if their hands were tied. These gesture signs are extremely expressive. There are natural gestures indicating ideas as there are natural tones indicating feeling. If we hear a shriek of pain, or a cry of joy, a groan or a laugh, we need no words to tell us what it means. I have attended a council of four different tribes, in which no word was spoken except natural tones. Here the silent handiness of the orator gracefully displaced his more bombastic speech.

Outside there is a more lively scene. Here and there are numerous fires, around which congregate the young men and women, whose laughing chatter does not suggest taciturnity. Around others gather the old crones discussing the tanning of the robes, the conduct of the dogs, the difficulty of getting dry wood for the fires, or the malevolence of some fetish which has that day caused lodge poles to become untied, the packs to become unfastened, or forbidden the skin to tan properly. If it is a scalp dance, the hairy trophy is tied on a pole and held aloft over the circling dancers. Outside the circle old men sat on the ground and beat time to the monotonous tom-tom. The singing commenced with a low gutteral bass "Hai-ha, hai-ha, hai-ha," gradually deepening and rising into a tenor, then with the shrillest women's voices rising into a weird soprano shriek, gradually lessening back to tenor and bass, until it died away in a sobbing guttural, then a full assembled war-whoop with a refrain of "Neotona batz-zatz." This song was accompanied by a rising and falling on the toes, with the knees slightly bent, the whole party making a circular movement. As their blood warmed and their enthusiasm deepened, the tom-tom beat louder and louder, the bass was deeper and hoarser, and the wailing crescendo rose to an unearthly shriek. The bucks commenced to mimic the motions of war, robes are thrown off, the rocking motion becomes a leap, the circle swaying faster and faster. One old woman, whose only attire consisted of a robe, who held in her clenched hand a gleaming knife aloft and sung "Neotonah batz-zatz," in the frenzy threw off the robe and continued the dance, which was now a leaping pandemonium, as naked as when she was born.

When I first saw these Indians the sense of shame and what civilization calls modesty had as little significance to them as to Adam and Eve before they had eaten of the tree of knowledge.

While one part of the camp was a scene of merry jesting, dancing and gossip, in the gloom of another section would rise the wail of some one weeping for the dead.

No gifted funeral orator can equal or convey the impression of the mournful tenderness, the exulting pride or gloomy despair expressed by the untaught savage in this mere act of formality. An Indian, man or woman, will be laughing and dancing; in a moment the merry circle will be left, and the next moment the same person will lift up his voice in heart-breaking accents, the plaintive notes will weep tears of mournful tenderness, again startling defiance and war will breathe with fierce energy the deeds of the silent dead; then as the sorrowful recollections, inspired by the fate of the fallen relative, the high pean sinks to such supplicating despair as suggests a lost spirit lamenting its dismal fate. And all this is a mere formality, for the next moment the weeper may be the merriest of the laughing throng.

The religious belief of the Indians is a difficult question to handle, as they really have no formulated beliefs. You question one Indian in the same camp in regard to these ideas and the next one will give you views that are the exact reverse. I am satisfied that where they have not been impressed by the beliefs of the whites their god, in so far as they can be said to have one, is the sun. He dispenses to them light and heat, and in return their greatest festival is the sun dance. They multilate themselves in his honor; it is very common to find arms and valuables tied on top of a tree, or a dog or a horse tied to the body of a tree, given in honor of the shining orb. But this is no monotheistic belief, but rather a pantheism that venerates any conspicuous force.

The ruling guiding power of an Indian is his medicine. This is contained in a sack made from the skin of some animal, which he considers of good omen to himself. In this he places his fetish. It may be a weed, or a rock, or a trinket, and I once knew a very prominent Indian to have buffalo dried dung for his medicine.

Their ideas of life after death are very vague, but the general belief is that it is gloomy and unsatisfactory. Their conception of the joys of futurity are fairly presented in the answer of the shade of Achilles to the consolation of Ulysses:

> "Talk not of ruling in this dolorous gloom,
> Nor think vain words (he cried) can ease my doom.
> Rather I'd choose laboriously to bear
> A weight of woes, and breathe the vital air,
> A share to some poor hind that toils for bread,
> Than reign the sceptred monarch of the dead."

The dead body is painted and furnished with arms and food left on his grave. He is rolled and swathed in wrappings to exclude the air, and each body is placed on a separate scaffold, high enough to be out of the reach of wild animals. His feet are placed to the rising sun and his medicine buried with him. In mourning for the dead the relatives usually cut off the hair, and if the dead has been of any importance, they usually cut off one or more fingers in his honor.

If an Indian is killed in a quarrel his relatives are usually appeased by payment. I remember once a fancy, overbearing young Assinaboine buck came into the Milk River Agency and bent his bow and arrow on the agent's pet dog. The agent warned him if he shot the dog he would kill the Indian. The young buck shot his arrow, the agent killed him. We expected to have some trouble, but the grief-stricken father came forward on behalf of the relatives and claimed that, in consideration of the young man being such a good buffalo runner, the agent must pay for the loss of such a person a red blanket, a piece of calico and four pounds of sugar. He complied with their demands, but the vengeful relatives thereafter adopted him as their banker. The mother and other relatives of the slain young man scarcely ever met the agent without embracing him and with endearing epithets begging for something more in remembrance of the good buffalo runner.

The chief has but little authority and the office is not hereditary. He is like a prime minister, in that he must command a vote of confidence to retain his position.

The working women are usually stronger physically than the men, but the duties of the camp, all things, considered, are as evenly divided between the sexes as among the whites. The male Indian has to hunt, guard the horses, which are watched day and night, defend the camp and go to war, which means stealing horses. When horses and food are plenty, polygamy is freely and with approbation practiced. As an act of hospital-

ity, wives and daughters are freely loaned to guests and friends, but for granting favors without the permission of her liege lord, the amorous fair one is often deprived of her nose.

The strong point of the Indian is his vanity. He will spend hours with the looking glass, surrounded by admiring friends, endeavoring to trace a peculiarly becoming stripe on his painted face.

Wealth and poverty have the same distinction in the savage village as in the metropolitan city. The owner of many lodges and horses lives a life of ease. He has several wives and his children are the belles and beaus of the camp. When the camp moves many of his horses may be driven without even carrying a saddle, but that does not prevent his poverty-stricken tribesman from trudging along on foot, carrying his miserable possessions on his back. HENRY MACDONALD.

Natural History.

TO A BROWN LINNET.

A WILD, sweet note
From a little, brown throat,
As if the murmur of brooks were in it;
The song he sings
Of the wildwood rings,
And this the song of my little linnet!

Such ripples and trills!
Ah! my own heart thrills
As the quick notes hurry and hasten along;
That I too may share,
Sweet bird of the air,
Thy pure, wild melody, rich and strong!

No touch as of pain
In thy glad refrain,
Thou singest as if thy heart o'erflewed!
Nothing but gladness,
No hint of sadness,
Only joyously praising thy God!

Merrily ringing,
Cheerily singing,
Saying to the sad of heart "Be of good cheer!
God taught me to sing
The message I bring,
The bright star of hope draweth anear!"

A pure, clear note
From a tiny throat,
With the rippling murmur of streams within it;
The song he sings
Of the woodland rings,
And this the song of my little linnet!

L. A. F.

THE UNITED STATES RODENTIA.

[WITH AN INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF THE ORDER.]

BY R. W. SHUFELDT, M.D., C.M.Z.S.

HAVING completed my sketches of the ungulate animals which occur in our United States fauna, we come next to the consideration of our Rodents, and the enumeration of them presents a very formidable array. We would naturally look for this, as the group is, generally speaking, an extensive one in most countries, and Professor Flower says of it, that "the Rodents form a very compact order, readily distinguished by their large chisel-shaped incisors, and by the absence of canines. They include by far the greatest number of species (over 900), and have the widest distribution of any of the orders of terrestrial mammals, being in fact cosmopolitan, although more abundant in some parts, as in South America, which may be considered their headquarters, than in others, as in Australia and Madagascar, where representatives of a few genera of one family (*Muridæ*) only are found, thus contrasting remarkably with the *Insectivora*, which constitute at least half of the mammalian fauna of Madagascar, but are without living representatives in South America."

In the present contribution it will be my aim to give the reader a general sketch of the leading structural characteristics of the Rodentia, with other matters pertaining to the group as a whole. I will also present the entire Order, as it is given in the Provisional "List" of the U. S. National Museum, so that after this has been done we may consider ourselves at liberty in future contributions to illustrate the Order by life histories of the most prominent species of the various genera and families, and this, too, without constantly referring back to the "List."

To continue, then, this latter we find the Order Ungulate followed by the

ORDER RODENTIA. RODENTS.

SUBORDER SIMPLICIDENTATA.

Family SCIURIDÆ. *The Squirrels.*

Arctomys printosus, Gmelin. Hoary Marmot. Columbia River northward to Alaska and (?) eastward to Hudson's Bay.
Arctomys monax (Linné), Schreber. Woodchuck. Eastern region of the United States and northward.
Arctomys flaviventer, Aud. and Bach. Rocky Mountain Marmot. Texas, Sonoran region and northward in the Rocky Mountains.
Cynomys columbianus, (Ord.) Allen. Western Barking Squirrel; Western "Prairie Dog." Rocky Mountain region.
Cynomys ludovicianus, (Ord.) Baird. Missouri Barking Squirrel; Missouri "Prairie Dog." Central region from 49° N. lat. southward into Mexico.
Tamias striatus (Linné), Baird. Striped Squirrel; Common Chipmunk. Eastern region of the United States to Canada.
Tamias lateralis, (Say) Allen. Say's Chipmunk. Central region west of Kansas and Nebraska and northward.
Tamias asiaticus borealis, Allen. Northern Chipmunk. Northwestern North America southward to the United States. Europe. Asia.
Tamias asiaticus townsendi, (Bachman) Allen. Townsend's Chipmunk. Northern California to British Columbia.
Tamias asiaticus pallidus, Allen. Pale Chipmunk. Plains of Upper Missouri and Yellowstone Rivers and Great Basin.
Tamias asiaticus quadrivittatus, (Say) Allen. Rocky Mountain Chipmunk. Central region west of the Rocky Mountains. Southern California region and Northern Mexico.
Tamias asiaticus dorsalis, (Baird) Allen. Gila Chipmunk. New Mexico, Nevada and Arizona.
Tamias harrisi, (Aud. and Bach.) Allen. Harris's Chipmunk. Sonoran and Lower Californian regions.
Spermophilus grammurus grammurus, (Say) Allen. Rocky Mountain Lined-tailed Spermophile. Colorado and Western Texas, southward into Mexico and westward to the Sierra Nevadas.
Spermophilus grammurus douglassi, (Richardson) Allen. Douglas' Lined-tailed Spermophile; Oregon "Ground Squirrel." Washington Territory to northern California.
Spermophilus grammurus beecheyi, (Richardson) Allen. California Lined-tailed Spermophile; California "Ground Squirrel." California and southward into Mexico.
Spermophilus empetra empetra, (Pallas) Allen. Parry's Spermophile. Northern North America.
Spermophilus empetra erythroglutæus, (Richardson) Allen. Red-throated Spermophile. Northern North America.
Spermophilus empetra kodiacensis, (Allen). Kodiak Spermophile. Kodiak, Alaska.
Spermophilus richardsoni richardsoni, (Sabine) Allen. Richardson's Spermophile. Northwestern United States northward.
Spermophilus richardsoni townsendi, (Bachman) Allen. Townsend's Spermophile. Northwestern United States.
Spermophilus obsoletus, Kennicott. Kennicott's Spermophile. Northern Central Region.
Spermophilus mollis, Kennicott. Short-tailed Spermophile. Central region from Rocky Mountains westward.
Spermophilus spilosoma, Bennett. Sonoran Spermophile. New Mexico and Texas to Mexico.
Spermophilus tereticaudus, Baird. Fort Yuma Spermophile. Fort Yuma, California.
Spermophilus mexicanus, (Licht.) Wagner. Mexican Spermophile. Southern Texas into northeastern Mexico.
Spermophilus tridecimlineatus tridecimlineatus, (Mitchell) Allen. Eastern Striped Spermophile. Central and eastern regions to Ohio.
Spermophilus tridecimlineatus pallidus, (Mitchell) Allen. Pale Striped Spermophile. Northwestern portion of the central region.
Spermophilus franklini, (Sabine) Lesson. Franklin's Spermophile; Gray-headed Spermophile. Upper Mississippi Valley; New Jersey (introduced).
Spermophilus annulatus, Aud. and Bach. Annulated-tailed Spermophile. Western Mexico.
Sciurus hudsonius hudsonius, (Pallas) Allen. Eastern Chickaree. Red Squirrel. Eastern and central regions east of the Rocky Mountains, northward to Alaska.
Sciurus hudsonius fremonti, (Aud. and Bach.) Allen. Fremont's Chickaree. Central region, from Rocky Mountains westward and north to southern Wyoming and Idaho.
Sciurus hudsonius richardsoni, (Bachman) Allen. Richardson's Chickaree. Western Montana and northern Idaho northward.
Sciurus hudsonius douglassi, (Gray) Allen. Douglass's Chickaree. Pacific region from central California northward.
Sciurus carolinensis leucotis (Gapper) Allen. Northern Gray Squirrel. Eastern region.
Sciurus carolinensis carolinensis, (Gmelin) Allen. Southern Gray Squirrel. Austroriparian region, Mexico and southward.
Sciurus carolinensis yucatanensis, Allen. Yucatan Gray Squirrel. Yucatan.
Sciurus niger cinereus, (Linné) Allen. Northern Fox Squirrel. Atlantic coast from southern New England to Georgia.
Sciurus niger niger, (Linné) Allen. Southern Fox Squirrel. Maryland to Louisiana.
Sciurus niger ludovicianus, (Custis) Allen. Western Fox Squirrel. Basin of the Mississippi and tributaries.
Sciurus fossor, Peale. California Gray Squirrel. Pacific region, from Oregon southward.
Sciurus aberti, Woodhouse. Albert's Squirrel. Colorado and Arizona to northern Mexico.
Sciurus arizonensis, Coues. Arizona Squirrel. Arizona to Mexico.
Sciurus aureogaster, F. Cuvier. Red-bellied Squirrel. California to Guatemala.
Sciurus griseoflavus, (Gray) Alston. Mexico to Guatemala.
Sciurus hypopyrrhus, Wagler. Fire-bellied Squirrel. Mexico to Panama.
Sciurus deppei, Peters, Deppe's Squirrel. Mexico, Guatemala and Columbia.
Sciurus æstuans rufo-niger, Linné) Allen. Nicaragua to Brazil.
Sciurus chrysurus, Pucheran. Panama to Columbia.
Sciurus variabilis, Geoffrey. Peruvian Squirrel. Panama to Bolivia.
Sciuropterus volucella hudsonius (Gmelin), Allen. Northern Flying Squirrel. Northern part of California and Pacific regions to the Rocky Mountains and northward.
Sciuropterus volucella volucella (Pallas), Allen. Southern Flying Squirrel. United States except the northwestern portion, Mexico and Guatemala.

Family HAPLODONTIDÆ. *The Sewellels.*

Haplodon rufus (Raf.), Coues. Sewellel. Pacific Coast from northern California northward.

Family CASTORIDÆ. *The Beavers.*

Castor fiber, Linné. Beaver. North American generally; Hudson's Bay to Mexico.

Family MURIDÆ. *The Mice.*

Fiber zibethicus (Linné), Cuvier. Muskrat. North America.
Neofiber alleni, True. Round-tailed Muskrat. Southern Florida (Georgiana).
Cuniculus torquatus (Pallas). Coues. White Lemming. Arctic America, Greenland, and corresponding latitudes of the Old World.
Myodes obensis, Brants. Lemming. Northwestern North America, Asia.
Synaptomys cooperi, Baird. Cooper's Mouse. Indiana, Illinois, Kansas, Minnesota, Oregon and Alaska.
Evotomys rutilus (Pallas), Coues. Red-backed Mouse. Circumpolar regions.
Evotomys rutilus gapperi (Vigors), Coues. Gapper's Mouse. Northern frontier of United States from ocean to ocean, Nova Scotia, south to Massachusetts.
Arvicola pinetorum (Le Conte), Baird. Pine Mouse. United States east of the Mississippi from Massachusetts southward, Kansas, Oregon and Mexico.
Arvicola quasiater, Coues. Mexico.
Arvicola austerus, Le C. Prairie Meadow Mouse. Western States and adjoining Territories, Louisiana.
Arvicola austerus curtatus, (Cope). Western Prairie Mouse. United States west of the Mississippi.
Arvicola oregonus, Bachman. Oregon Meadow Mouse. Pacific coast.
Arvicola riparius borealis, (Rich.) Coues. Little Northern Meadow Mouse. British America.
Arvicola riparius riparius, (Ord). Common American Meadow Mouse. All North America.
Arvicola xanthognathus, Leach. Chestnut-cheeked Meadow Mouse. North America north of the United States.
Arvicola townsendi, Bachman. Townsend's Meadow Mouse. Oregon and Washington Territory.
Arvicola mexicanus, De Saussure. Mexico.
Hesperomys palustris, (Harlan) Baird. Ricefield Mouse. South Atlantic and Gulf States; Kansas, Mexico and Guatemala; West Indies.
Hesperomys couesi, Alston. Mexico and Guatemala.
Hesperomys leucogaster, (Max zu Wied). Missouri Mole Mouse. Region of the Upper Missouri, Red River of the North.
Hesperomys torridus, Coues. Arizona Mole Mouse. Arizona.
Hesperomys leucopus leucopus, (Le Conte) Coues. White-footed Mouse. United States generally.
Hesperomys leucopus gossypinus, (Le Conte) Coues. South Atlantic States; Kansas.
Hesperomys leucopus sonoriensis, (Le Conte) Coues. Western Central North America from Alaska to Mexico.
Hesperomys leucopus cremicus, (Baird) Coues. Desert Mouse. Valley of the Gila and Colorado Rivers.
Hesperomys michiganensis, (A & B) Wagner. Michigan Mouse. Upper Mississippi Valley.
Hesperomys californicus, (Gambel) Baird. Parasite Mouse. Southern California and Mexico.
Hesperomys aztecus, De Saussure. Aztec Mouse. California to Mexico.
Hesperomys mexicanus, De Saussure. Mexico.
Hesperomys aureolus, (Aud. & Bach.) Wagner. Red Mouse; Golden Mouse. Central and Southern States to Mexico.
Hesperomys melanophrys, Coues. Black-eyed Mouse. Southern Mexico.
Hesperomys tequina, Alston. Guatemala.
Hesperomys nudicaudus, Peters. Guatemala.
Hesperomys panamensis, Gray. Panama and Colombia.
Hesperomys sumichrasti, De Saussure. Mexico and Guatemala.
Hesperomys pilorides (Desmarest). Antilles.
Ochetodon humilis (Bach.), Coues. Little Harvest Mouse. Mississippi Valley and Gulf States to Mexico.
Ochetodon longicauda (Baird), Coues. California? Guatemala.
Ochetodon mexicanus (De S.), Coues. Louisiana to Mexico and Guatemala.
?Ochetodon montanus, Baird. (Doubtful species.) Rocky Mountains, lat. 39°.
Sigmodon hispidus, Say and Ord. Cotton Rat. Southern United States to Panama.
Neotoma cinerea (Ord), Baird. Bushy-tailed Wood Rat. Western and Northwestern North America; eastward to Hudson's Bay, Nebraska and Colorado; southward to New Mexico and California.
Neotoma floridana (Ord), Coues. Wood Rat. Southern United States and northern Mexico. Rarely northward to Massachusetts and northern Missouri.
Neotoma fuscipes, Cooper. Dusky-footed Wood Rat. California and northern Mexico.
Neotoma ferruginea, Tomes. Mexico and Guatemala.

Family GEOMYIDÆ. *The Gophers.*

Thomomys clusius, Coues. Rocky Mountain Pocket-Gopher. Rocky Mountains.
Thomomys talpoides talpoides (Richardson), Coues. Northern Pocket-Gopher. Central region and northward.
Thomomys talpoides bulbivorus (Richardson), Coues. Pacific Pocket-Gopher. Pacific region.
Thomomys talpoides umbrinus (Richardson), Coues. Southern Pocket-Gopher. Lower California and Sonoran regions. Southern central region. Texan district.
Geomys tuza (Ord), Coues. Salamander. Florida Pocket-Gopher. Georgia, Florida and Alabama.
Geomys bursarius (Shaw), Richardson). Common Pocket-Gopher. Eastern Missippi Valley and northward.
Geomys castanops (Baird), Le Conte. Pecos. Chestnut Pocket-Gopher. Texas and New Mexico.
Geomys mexicanus (Licht.), Baird. Tucan. Mexican Pocket-Gopher. Mexico.
Geomys hispidus, Le Conte. Quackil. Central American Pocket-Gopher, Mexico and Central America.

Family SACCOMYIDÆ. *The Pouched Rats.*

Perognathus monticola, Baird. Mountain Pocket Mouse. Utah to northern California.
Perognathus penicillatus, Woodhouse. Tuft-tailed Pocket Mouse. Basin of the Colorado River.
Perognathus fasciatus, Max zu Wied. United States, between the Mississippi River and Rocky Mountains, northern Mexico.
Perognathus hispidus, Baird. Hispid Pocket Mouse. Tamaulipas, Mexico.
Cricetodipus parvus, Baird. Least Pocket Mouse. United States, west of the Rocky Mountains.
Cricetodipus flavus, Baird. Yellow Pocket Mouse. Rocky Mountain region southward into Mexico.
Dipodomys phillipsi ordii (Woodhouse), Coues. Ord's Pocket Rat. "Kangaroo Rat." Rocky Mountain region.
Dipodomys phillipsi phillipsi (Gray). Phillip's Pocket Rat. "Kangaroo Rat." Washington Territory to Mexico.
Heteromys anomalus (Thompson). Antilles and Trinidad.
Heteromys longicaudatus, Gray. Mexico to Venezuela.
Heteromys desmarestianus, Gray. Guatemala.

Family ZAPODIDÆ. *The Jumping Mice.*

Zapus hudsonius, Coues. North America generally.

Family OCTODONTIDÆ.

Capromys brachyurus. Jamaica.
Capromys prehensilis, Poeppig. Cuba.
Capromys melanurus, Poey. Cuba.
Capromys piloroides, Say. Cuba.
Plagiodontia ædium, F. Cuvier. Hayti and Jamaica.

Family HYSTRICIDÆ. *The Porcupines*

Erethrizon dorsatus dorsatus, (Linné) Allen. Canada Porcupine. New England and Ohio northwestward.
Erethrizon dorsatus epixanthus, (Brandt) Allen. Western Porcupine. Central California and Sonoran region, northward into Alaska, southward into Mexico.
Synetheres mexicanus, (Kerr) Alston. Mexico to Costa Rica.

Family CAVIIDÆ. *Cavies.*

Dasyprocta mexicana, De Saussure. Mexico.
Dasyprocta cristata, (Geoffrey) Desmarest. West Indies.
Dasyprocta punctata, Gray. Mexico to Costa Rica.
Dasyprocta isthmica, Alston. Costa Rica and Panama.

SUBORDER DUPLICIDENTATA.

Family LAGOMYIDÆ. *The Pikas.*

Lagomys princeps, Richardson. North American Pika. Central and Carolinian regions, from the Rocky Mountains westward, in the highest regions.

Family LEPORIDÆ. *The Hares.*

Lepus timidus, Linné. Polar Hare. Europe, North America, from Labrador northwestward to the Arctic coast.
Lepus americanus americanus, (Erxleben) Allen, Northern Varying Hare. New England and Middle States northward.
Lepus americanus virginianus, (Harlan) Allen. Southern Varying Hare. (?) Pennsylvania northward.
Lepus americanus bairdii, (Hayden) Allen. Rocky Mountains Varying Hare. Summits of the Rocky Mountains.
Lepus washingtoni, (Baird) Allen. Western Varying Hare. Northwestern North America.
Lepus sylvaticus sylvaticus, (Bachman) Allen. Wood Hare; "Gray Rabbit," "Wood Rabbit." United States generally, Mexico.
Lepus sylvaticus auduboni, (Baird) Allen. Audubon's Hare. California.
Lepus sylvaticus arizonæ, Allen. Desert Hare. Southern Arizona, Kernville, Cal.
Lepus sylvaticus nuttalli, (Bachman) Allen. Sage Hare. Central and Donovan regions, Mexico,
Lepus campestris, Bachman. Prairie Hare. Northwestern United States from Kansas westward to northern California, northward to British Columbia.
Lepus trowbridgei, Baird. Trowbridge's Hare. Pacific and lower California regions south of Oregon.
Lepus californicus, Gray. California Hare. California to Cape St. Lucas.
Lepus aquaticus, Bachman. Water Hare. Austroriparian region from Alabama southwestward into Mexico.
Lepus palustris, Bachman. Marsh Hare. Austroriparian region to Guatemala.
Lepus callotis texianus, (Waterhouse) Allen. Central and Sonoran regions, south of Oregon. Texan district. Mexico.
Lepus callotis callotis, (Wagler) Allen. Mexican Hare; Southern Jackass Hare. Southern boundary of the United States southward.
Lepus graysoni, Allen. Grayson's Hare. Mexico and Costa Rica.
Lepus brasiliensis gabbi, Allen. Central American Hare. Costa Rica to Columbia.
Lepus brasiliensis brasiliensis, (Linné) Allen. Brazilian Hare, Tapeti. Central America southward.

Since the above "List" was published I have written Dr. True to ascertain how many rodents have been added to our fauna since he published it, and in response to my request he has very kindly furnished me the desired information, and says they are as follows:

Sciurus carolinensis hippophœus, Merriam.
Tamias striatus lysteri, Merriam.
Tamias macrorhabdotes, Merriam.
Haplodon major, Merriam.
Arvicola pallidus, Merriam.
Hesperomys anthonyi, Merriam.
Hesperomys truei, Shufeldt.
Hesperomys taylori, Thomas.
Neotoma bryanti, Merriam.
Thomomys talpoides perpallidus, Merriam.
Dipodomys deserti, Stephens.

Which, as will be seen, forms quite an extensive addition, and which brings the "List" given fully up to the present writing.

From this formidable array of North American rodents it will be seen that we have actually in our United States fauna no less than three species of marmots, including the well-known woodchuck of the Eastern States; two species of "prairie dog" or barking squirrel; eight species of those gophers known as spermophiles; thirteen true tree squirrels, and finally, to complete this handsome family, two lovely species of flying-squirrels. We have a sewellel and the beaver; with the *Muridæ* represented by two muskrats, two lemmings, no less than twenty-

three different kind of mice, to which several new species have been added since this "List" was published, and three wood rats. Seven true gophers are to be found in our fauna (*Geomyidæ*), seven pouched rats and mice (*Saccomyidæ*), and a jumping mouse (*Zapus*).

Then we have two porcupines, a pika, and finally to complete the list no less than sixteen species of rabbits and hares, and even now, a new species of rodent is being added from time to time to this interesting group.

Among the United States representatives of this extensive order we have animals of the most widely diverse habits, as for example the rabbits, woodchucks and gophers; arboreal rodents, as the tree squirrels, represented by the gray squirrels; natatorial rodents, as the beaver and muskrat: and we may add aerio-arboreal rodents, as for example the flying squirrels. Our largest rodents are the porcupines and the beaver, and the smallest some of the diminutive and interesting pouched mice.

Passing to the characteristic structural points as exhibited by the *Rodentia*, we observe among the most striking of these to be certain peculiarities in their teeth. They all lack the canines, while, on either side, the uninterrupted row of molars and premolars may be with or without roots, and their crowns showing either a tuberculated or laminated superior surface. But still more notable are the incisors, for they never exceed two in the lower jaw, and generally a similar number above. These incisor teeth enjoy a continuous growth from persistent pulps, the upper and lower pair worn upon each other, and their cutting edges are kept permanently sharp and ever ready for use; but should the lower pair, for instance, by any means become lost or misdirected, the unopposed upper pair continue to grow on uninterruptedly, curve backward into the mouth, the roof which they may even pierce and enter the skull. Many of us have observed such deformed teeth in rabbits, or as I have also seen them in a beaver and a woodchuck.

As a general thing the collar bones (clavicles) are well developed in these animals, while the plan of their feet may be plantigrade, or somewhat removed from it, with five toes, as a rule, on each foot, and these armed with strong claws, although the latter may be, in some species, but feebly developed.

In the skull the orbits are not completely surrounded by bone, while in it a number of other characteristic features are to be noticed. Such forms as squirrels and chipmunks possess testes of great size, and through the order these organs may be situated either in the abdomen or they may be inguinal. According to Flower, "the uterus is two-horned, the cornua opening separately into the vagina or uniting to form a *corpus uteri;* the placenta is discoidal and deciduate; and the smooth cerebral hemispheres do not extend backward so as to cover any part of the cerebellum."

In speaking of the teeth I omitted to point out that these animals grow both a "milk" and permanent set, a plan of dentition known as the *diphyodont* type; and in most rodents the enamel of the incisors is confined to their anterior surfaces, a provision to insure their more certain attrition and sharpening from behind.

A glance at Fig. 1 will show the semicircular form of one of these incisors, and how, should it continue to grow unopposed by the corresponding tooth of the opposite jaw, it would tend to complete the circle, perhaps coming to the roof of the mouth opposite the free end of its own root. All rodents, as we know, are gnawers, and



fig. 1.

Vertical and longitudinal section through the skull of a Beaver (*Castor fiber*), showing the cerebral cavity, the greatly developed turbinal laminæ, the mode of implantation of the large, ever-growing, chisel-edged incisor, and the curved rootless molars. Drawn by the author after Flower.



fig. 2.

Side view of the skull of a Beaver (*Castor fiber*), lower jaw removed, showing teeth in the natural skull. Drawn by the author after Huxley.

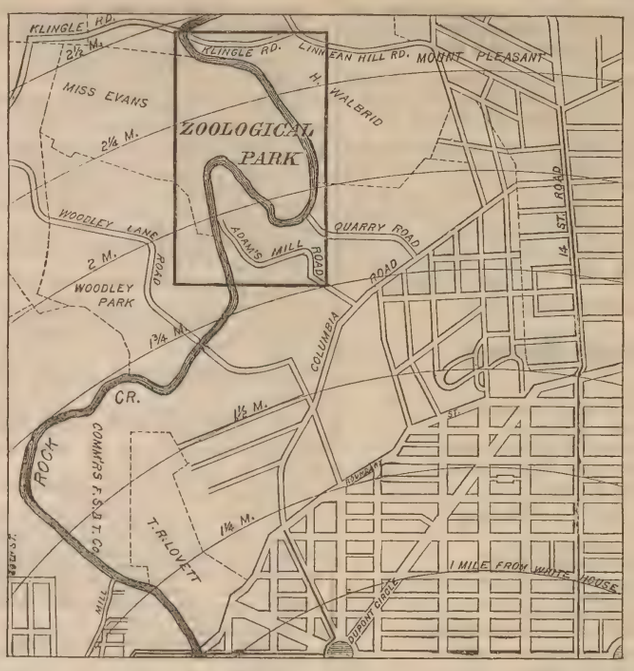


fig. 3.



Skull of Muskrat (*Fiber zibethicus*), natural size, showing very large incisor teeth, and the form of lower jaw in a typical Rodent. Drawn by the author after Flower.

they live for the most part on food that requires the exercise of this mode of obtaining it. Nuts, hard fruits, grain and similar substances hold a high place upon their diet list, while such animals as the prairie marmots eat much grass and some herbs. Mice are almost general feeders, and a year or so ago I pointed out in *Science* the enormous appetite the "prairie marmots" have for raw meat, a trait common to other rodents, and we are well aware of the muskrat's liking for mussels (*Unios*), and perhaps other shell-fish.



PLAN OF THE NATIONAL ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, WASHINGTON.

Professor Flower well describes another interesting structure of the Rodentia when he writes that "the mouth is divided into two cavities communicating by a constricted orifice, an interior containing the large incisors, and a posterior, in which the molars are placed, the hairy integument of the face being continued inward behind the incisors. This evidently prevents substances not intended for food getting into the mouth, as when the animal is engaged in gnawing through an obstacle. In the hares and pacas the inside of the cheeks is hairy, and in some species, as in the pouched rats and hamsters, there are large internal cheek pouches lined with the hairy integument, which open near the angles of the mouth and extend backward behind the ears; in the New World pouched rats (*Geomyidæ*) the pouches open externally on the cheeks."

Last year I owned a wonderfully tame prairie marmot which had been reared by hand from a little thing no longer than my forefinger. It allowed all sorts of liberties and pranks to be played upon it without its ever thinking of biting one in return, and when picked up by the abdominal integuments, one always noticed three small papillæ protrude themselves from just within the margin of the rectum. These were the opening of a special set of glands which secrete that material which gives rise to the peculiar odor almost constantly noticeable in these animals. Other members of the group have a still more pungent scent about them, emitted from glands of a corresponding nature, but which have in the various species very diverse openings, as into the prepuce in certain mice; or within the exrectal folds as in the jerboas and rabbits; while other species show different apertures for them in the neighboring parts.

Rodentia exhibit several distinct modes of progression or locomotion, for our Hares and Rabbits, as we know, are great leapers, and progress either by short, or may be, very long leaps; *Zapus* rapidly gets over the ground by a series of graceful jumps, while the mole-mice tunnel beneath it quite as expeditiously as the veriest *Talpa*. Beavers are capital swimmers, while the flying squirrels are possessed of no mean volant powers, rendered possible by the cutaneous expansions which stretch between limb and limb on either side of their bodies. Finally, among the arboreal Squirrels we find tree-climbers of very pronounced agility and expertness.

Our rodents, as a rule, are thin-skinned animals, in which the pelage may vary all the way from the soft furry coat of a hare to the spiny and rough covering of the Canada porcupine; while their tails may exhibit very marked differences, as seen in the beautiful, wavy brush of Abert's squirrel, and the tough, naked paddle of the beaver.

Both in their skeletons and the rest of their anatomy the several families and even genera present us with much that is interesting, and from a comparative point of view, important; and, although much has been investigated in that direction, there yet remains a vast deal to be examined and carefully described and recorded. Some of our rarer forms have barely had more done for them than the preservation of their hides, by no means the most instructive part of the animal's economy.

Flower gives the typical dental formula of the order as $i \frac{1}{1}, c \frac{0}{0}, pm \frac{1}{1}$ or $\frac{0}{0}, m \frac{3}{3}$, but I prefer to allude to such points as these when we come to take up the separate representatives of the genera.

This completes what I have to say in reference to the salient characteristics of the order Rodentia as a whole, and in my next contribution I will take up the animals in the order in which they occur in the U. S. National Museum "List" as given above, commencing with an article on the squirrels or the Family *Sciuridæ*.

In closing I would add that fossil forms of rodents of great interest have been discovered both in this country and in certain parts of Europe. The most recent of these are closely allied to existing forms, as squirrels, beavers and mice. An extinct beaver has been yielded by the post-pliocene of this country, which in size far exceeds any existing species of the Rodentia, and consequently was a great deal larger than the animal of that genus we have with us now (*Castorides ohioensis*). Many other types have come to light which point to more generalized forms, but it yet remains to discover extinct species which will reveal the line of descent of this order, and define its true ancestry beyond all cavil.

Zoölogists have paid no little attention to the order Rodentia, as a comparatively rich bibliography will attest, and indeed so extensive is the list of works dealing with all that has reference to this, the largest of all our orders of mammals, that it would quite transcend the limitations of space for the present article, even to enumerate a partial list of them here, so that assistance will of necessity have to be omitted.

Possibly the opportunity may offer me to give a few of these works in the separate articles on the rodents which I trust to contribute to the columns of Forest and Stream on future occasions.

NOTES FROM A CANOE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

On May 28, while descending a small Delaware creek in my canoe, an incident happened which struck me at the time as being somewhat out of the ordinary. Being very hot, I had stopped my canoe and was feeling about in the water, when my hand came in contact with some inert substance that I took to be a large water plant bulb. I slowly drew it to the surface, meanwhile pressing and fingering it. As I was about to lift it from the water I was greatly surprised by its suddenly splashing and struggling. With a quick movement I threw it into the boat, and then saw that it was an 8in. mullet. On speaking of the matter to a friend he suggested that the fish was asleep.

On the same trip I was very much impressed by the hiding powers of the chipmunk. A female, chased by a male, stopped on the bank within ten feet of me. The ground was sloping toward me, entirely free from underbrush, and there were but few leaves. I had been looking directly at the chipmunk, yet when she stopped she disappeared as completely as if possessed of the legendary magic. The male, who was within four feet of her, began searching everywhere. He was evidently as much at a loss as to her whereabouts as I was. For about a minute he hunted diligently, often running almost over the spot where I had seen the female last, then he suddenly detected her and the chase began again.

The only explanation that I could find was that the chipmunk hid under a leaf, for there was no hole or cavity there to conceal her. J. B. B.

Hartford, Conn.

An Aged Turtle.—The papers of July 30 contained this note, dated Lancaster, Pa., July 29: "In 1810 Henry Mogel, a farmer of Centre Township, Berks county, found a land turtle in one of his fields, and cut his name and the year on the under part of its shell. His son, the present treasurer of Berks county, lives on the same farm. A few days ago he was passing through the field and he found the turtle, with the name and date plain on the shell, within a few feet of the spot where the turtle was first found, 78 years ago." We wrote to Mr. Mogel for confirmation of the story, and his reply was as follows: Reading, Pa., Aug. 2, 1888.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Yours at hand; in reply I will state that the story about that land turtle is correct, and so is the date. —A. F. Mogel, Dep. Co. Treas.

Recent Arrivals at Philadelphia Zoological Garden.—Purchased—Two Geoffroy's marmosets (Midas geoffroyi), three gray wolves (Canis occidentalis griseo-alba), one black bear (Ursus americanus), two yellow-throated parakeets (Brotogerys tovi), one blue linnet (Linaria cannabina), one blue-bonnet parrakeet (Psephotus hæmatogaster), one blue grosbeak (Goniaphea cærulea), two large alligators (Alligator mississippiensis), six horned lizards (Phrynosoma cornuta), one royal python (Python regius), five naked-necked iguanas (Iguana delicatissima), two tree boas (Epicrates angulifer) and one pine snake (Pityophis menanoleucus). Presented—Two great horned owls (Bubo virginianus), two wood ducks (Aix sponsa), two common bitterns (Botaurus minor), two American magpies (Pica melanoleuca), one pea hen (Pavo cristata), two horned lizards (Phrynosoma cornuta), two mud turtles (Cinosternum pennsylvanicum), one musk turtle (Aromochelys odoratus), one Muhlenberg's terrapin (Emys muhlenbergii), one copperhead snake (Ancistrodon contortrix), seven painted terrapins (Chrysemys picta), one pine snake (Pityophis menanoleucus), two horned rattlesnakes (Crotalus cerastes), and one land tortoise (Cistudo clausa). Born—three beaver (Castor fiber canadensis), one elk (Cervus canadensis), and one hybrid deer, Carlacus mexicanus mother, and C. virginianus father.

Game Bag and Gun.

Antelope and Deer of America. By J. D. Caton. Price $2.50. Wing and Glass Ball Shooting with the Rifle. By W. C. Bliss. Price 50 cents. Rifle, Rod and Gun in California. By T. S. Van Dyke. Price $1.50. Shore Birds. Price 50 cents. Woodcraft. By "Nessmuk." Price $1. Trajectories of Hunting Rifles. Price 50 cents. The Still-Hunter. By T. S. Van Dyke. Price $2.

THE GROUSE AND SQUIRRELS.—III.*

Editor Forest and Stream:

Uncle John's predictions regarding the weather had proved to be correct, for when we awoke in the morning the first thing we heard was the rain pouring down in torrents; and it seemed anything but encouraging to a pair of eager hunters like Jack and yours truly. The smell of Uncle John's pipe and the noise made by him as he rattled around with the old kitchen stove, soon brought us to our feet; and in a few moments we had greeted the old man with a hearty good morning. "Well, boys," said he, "this may be a good day for fishing, but I guess you will not burn much powder, unless we go up to Long Pond and see if there are any ducks around."

We tried to make the best of it, hoping that it might light up a little after breakfast; but no, the darkness grew to blackness, everything was soaked, the atmosphere was so full of moisture as to be oppressive and to make breathing a difficult task. As Jack had been finding fault with his Winchester, I thought it a good time to try a little experiment to see if I could do anything to improve its shooting; and so, as he was going to reload some shells, I asked him for a few to work with. I had an "Ideal" reloading tool, with mould, stamped "for Colts lightning rifle, .32-cal." Rummaging around in the shop we found some old type and mixed it with lead in proportion of one part of type to five parts lead, by weight, and ran some bullets of 100gs. each, then with some tallow filled the grooves and loaded the shells with the usual 20grs. of FFG. deadshot powder; and here is a point that is worth remembering. The improved accuracy of the rifle was apparent from the second shot which Jack fired at a target from the shop window; and after a half dozen shots we both voted the Winchester rifle to be a good one if the bullets were only hard enough and the rifle held where it should be.

After we had done with the target shooting, we heard the *caw! caw!* of some crows up on the mountain, and as Uncle J. had predicted, they soon made for the bait that he had left for them 150yds. from the barn, down in the meadow. They were soon at work, and we adjourned to the barn to give them a shot from the window. "How far is it?" I asked Uncle J. "Just thirty rods, measured with a rod pole," he answered; and as Jack insisted on my trying the first shot, I brought the little .22 c.f. rifle to bear on them, with the sight set for thirty rods. It was pretty dark, but the ivory bead of the Lyman front sight only showed up the better; and with the greatest care and most deliberate aim from a good rest I fired and—missed him clean. In fact, I shot over him so much, that together with the fact that the report was very slight, he did not move, but kept on pecking away at his feast. That I felt a little—just a little bit cheap, I will not deny; but I invited Jack to go ahead and sat down to think the matter over. What shall I do? was my mental inquiry. Jack declined the shot and urged me to try again, so something must be done, and that quickly, too, before the crows were scared away. This is what ran through my head then, "The light is bad, and the atmosphere is very light; with my sights where these are I shoot too high." So I run the wiping rod through the barrel, put in a cartridge, and with a twist on the Lyman rear sight I lower it half a point; then with a careful aim the trigger is pressed, and as the smoke clears from before my eyes I have the satisfaction of seeing the old crow give a jump and with one convulsive flap of his wings tumbled over dead as a herring. The others started and flew a short distance, then circled around and came back to their dead comrade: and before I had once thought of such a thing Jack commenced to get in his work. He killed the first one dead in his tracks, and then, as the others started toward the mountain straight away from us, he began to work that lever for all it was worth—crack, crack, crack, crack—and when at the fourth shot another one tumble, Jack said that was "good enough" for him, and stopped shooting. Uncle J. was as wild as a boy sixteen, and trembled like a leaf, he was so much excited; and, when we had a hurrah all around, and had retrieved the birds, we found that the first one was shot in the breast, the second had lost most of his head, while the third was completely split from stern to stem (to reverse the words a little); and if ever a rifleman felt proud of a good shot Jack did, and well he might, for bringing down a flying crow that is "just hurrying" away, at forty rods distance, is no mean shot.

Now for the first time we noticed that the clouds are breaking away; and after a "bite" of something for a lunch, we shouldered our rifles and started for the woods above the pond with Jim the little dog at our heels. As it was pretty wet we kept in the cart road, and as we neared the upper end of the pond, Jack said he would just look into the cove for ducks, and in less than five minutes after he left me his old Winchester commenced to work and crack, crack, crack, went the rifle, which together with Jim's barking was enough to start the hair upon any man's head. Pretty soon I heard Jim splash into the water; and when I got to the edge of the pond Jim was just bringing in a large black drake that Jack had killed with the first shot. As the sun had come out in all its glory, we thought we would take to the woods once more and look for grouse and squirrels. We had hardly done so before Jim began to jump around and whine; and in a moment more he had three ruffed grouse up in a spruce tree about forty or fifty feet from the ground. "Now," exclaimed Jack, "R. you just go for them, shoot the lower ones first and you can get them all." I believe I had just a little tinge of the fever—for I heard a very distinct pounding beneath my vest—but the little rifle came up and the first one lay fluttering on the ground, another cartridge was quickly put in and down comes the next one; and while the smoke, noise and all the rest of it were exciting enough, little Jim was yelling like a demon and trying to climb the tree. Jack said that things looked a "little suspicious" after I had shot the second one and so dropped the third one. When the third one fell he landed right on Jim's back, and such a change as came over the little fellow I never saw. He did not know what to make of it and with his tail down he shot out from there into the open as if he was on business and it was quite a while before we could get him cooled down again.

We had done well for a rainy day and had birds enough, so we went down to the "oak pasture" to look for gray squirrels. Jim soon had one started, and after chasing him on the wall for about 100yds. he had him treed in an oak. We looked the tree over a while but could not see anything of him, and Jack wanted to give it up, but I told him that Uncle J. said that "Jim never told a lie;" and persevering in the search I soon caught a glimpse of something that looked like fur up on the top of a limb. Yes, it is he, but oh! how flat he lies and how he hugs the limb. Well, old fellow, let us see how much longer you will stay there. Through the large hole in the Lyman sight the little ivory ball is brought in line with his head, there is a whip-like report, and the squirrel comes tumbling to earth with the top of his head shattered. A thrill of savage exultation, a pang of remorse for the death of the bright little fellow and in he goes into the bag. Yes, we are sorry for the death of the little innocent creatures, and why do we kill them? Why do we spend many dollars in time and equipments? Why do we travel miles and miles through bush and bramble to find these beautiful birds and animals, and then, when we have feasted our eyes on them for perhaps not more than a second, send them to the earth mangled, without beauty, without motion and without life? I do not know, I have not killed a game bird nor gray squirrel for twenty years that I was not sorry for it and wished I had not.

As we moved on we found the red squirrels in abundance, and here it was that Jack found that the bullets we had moulded were excellent for squirrel shooting. He killed about a dozen of them without a miss, while the writer—well, he killed some, and some—that is, most of them that were hit he killed, but Jack hit all of his and killed them, too, and one thing we noted unanimously, that is that the .22-10-45 and the .32-20-100 are the two best cartridges in use for small game at short range.

Then as the sun was getting low in the west and we turned our steps toward the house, we began to realize that our vacation was over, and while we were to go back to the city and to business once more, we had something to lay away in our memories as well as renewed vigor for the present, and with a new lease of life we bid good-bye for a while to the old farm and the people that have made our trip so pleasant. IRON RAMROD.

*See FOREST AND STREAM, April 26, 1888.

TURKEYS IN THE NATION.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The story of an old hunting trip is sometimes of as much interest to the reader as that of one of recent date; so I thought perhaps the readers of FOREST AND STREAM would be interested in a deer and turkey hunt that the writer, in company with three others, once had in the Nation, or Indian Territory. It was in the fall of 1879. I was second miller in the City Mill, at Wellington, Kans. I procured a leave of absence for two weeks. My family was in a claim near Caldwell, about five miles from the State line. My wife's brother was farming the claim, and on my arrival home I found him (whom I will call Jake) and two of our friends, lately from Pennsylvania, with plans cut and dried for a turkey hunt down on the Big Turkey and Cimarron, or Red Fork, as we all called it then. Loading our outfit in my wagon, with a good team of horses hitched on, we were soon off, via Caldwell and the Pan-Handle Stage route. Jake and Cal were armed with shotguns for turkeys, while Bill and myself had repeating rifles, and expected to pay our respects to the deer.

It was in the month of November and the weather and roads were fine, so we made good time, and had some sport shooting quail and chickens on the way down, and on the afternoon of the third day we crossed the Big Turkey, a few miles above its mouth, and turned down stream. The stream here runs through a small valley or second bottom, as we call it, in which was a heavy growth of brush and timber. Some of the timber was very large and heavy, consisting of oak, ash, pecan, cottonwood, etc. After leaving this second bottom there was a narrow strip of prairie, crossing which one enters the black jacks—a small oak thicket among which the turkeys roamed in great flocks, living on the nuts from the black jacks. At night they would come to the bottom by the thousands to roost in the big cottonwoods, along the banks of the creek, and also to get water.

After crossing the creek I took my gun and told the boys to drive on down the creek until they found a good camp ground with plenty of feed for the horses, and I would take a little scout and see what the prospect was. I had not yet got out of hearing of the wagon when I saw a big flock of turkeys stretching their necks to see what was up. One fine fellow hopped up on a dead treetop, which gave me a fine mark. I dropped my Winchester on him and pulled, when up went the whole flock, including the one I had shot at. I thought it strange that my turkey did not stay with me, but as the flock came down again a few hundred yards away I followed on, and I soon came to my turkey with wings all spread out but stone dead, showing that he had flown until life was extinct. As it was now near sundown and no meat in camp for supper, I shouldered my turkey and started for camp. On my way in I saw a fine deer, but I did not get a shot. Arriving at the creek I found the wagon trail and followed it to camp.

The boys were camped in one of the nicest spots for a hunter's camp it has ever been my good fortune to strike, with everything a hunter could wish, including good grass for the horses. After camp was prepared I told Jake and Cal to take their shotguns and go up the creek, while Bill and I got the supper, for I thought they might possibly get a turkey or two as they came in to roost. After a short time we heard their guns, and long before we had the turkey cooked they arrived in camp, each toting four big fat turkeys. Cal said he thought they could have killed a wagon-load had they desired to do so, and if I was to judge from the gobbling and noise made the next morning, and from the number of turkeys I saw going from the bottom to the jacks, I would say that more than a thousand turkeys roosted that night within a half mile of our camp.

We shot a number of big fat fellows in the morning near camp. It then become so warm we decided not to shoot any more turkeys for fear they would spoil, so Jake and Cal said they would remain in camp and dress the turkeys, while Bill and I took a hunt for deer. We learned to-day that a band of some 300 Indians from Ft. Reno had been camped here for some time, and had only left the day before we arrived. From some cause unknown to me they will not kill the turkeys, but give all their time to hunting deer, while the squaws jerk and dry the venison on racks placed some two feet above the ground, under which they place a slow fire—more smoke than fire. Here we found large numbers of these along the banks of the creek, and in dressing our turkeys the boys cut all the flesh off the turkeys they could and spread it on the Indian racks, sprinkled it lightly with salt, and we soon had a fine lot of jerked turkeys. The "drum-sticks" we cooked for camp meat.

During the first day's hunt, Bill and I saw some deer, but did not get any. Bill killed a large bobcat down on the bottom below camp, and we took off his pelt and brought it along with us, as well as one very large gobbler which Bill shot because he had such a big long beard. I think he must have been an old timer. Our camp was a merry hunter's camp that night, and we rolled up in our blankets feeling full and happy.

At the first break of day Cal awoke us all by a loud "Gobel-lobel-lobel-lobel;" the camp was soon astir, and breakfast over, horses watered and picketed, and everything in order, we all struck out for the black jacks. I soon found a fine flock of turkeys, and sat down to watch them and see the old Toms chase the smaller ones about and get as many hens under their care as possible. While sitting here engaged in this very pleasant pastime, I saw a young deer (yearling buck) coming directly through the flock and toward me. This was good enough for me, so I sat still and let him come. When within about a hundred yards of me, he stopped to look at some turkeys that came flying in, and then, as if he thought all was not just right, he turned and walked away on his trail. Seeing my chance for a good shot about to fade away, I pulled on him, but overshot, and he, not knowing whence the shot came, stopped and turned broadside to me. I gave him another shot, this time with better success, as he came down with a broken back. After dressing him, I thought I would tote him to camp, as he was not very large, which I succeeded in doing, although he was an awful big deer by the time I got him hung up in a tree at camp.

The other boys had poor success after deer, but all came in loaded down with turkeys, for if any of us came in empty he was laughed at as a poor shot and no good at hunting if he could not get so much as a turkey.

The following day, the programme for the day's hunt was the same as the day just passed, and each fellow took his own course. As I was walking along through a grassy opening I saw two small deer heads sticking up out of the grass under a small oak; it was a pair of spring fawns, lying with their heads and shoulders together and their rumps in opposite direction. Thinking I could get them both at one shot I pulled on the shoulder of the nearest to me and killed it dead, but the other one bounded in the air—I should think as high as my head—and was off like the wind. I was so amused at his performance that I forgot that I had a repeating rifle until he was disappearing in the timber. This deer was further from camp than the one I got on the day before, but I started with him. When within about a mile from camp I met one of the boys and he gave me a lift, so we got to camp in good time. Bill wounded a deer to-day, but did not get it.

The usual quota of turkeys came in again that night, and our camp was a veritable hunters' camp, with two fine deer hanging in the trees, and the small saplings bending down with good fat turkeys, while the savory smell of roast turkey came from the Dutch oven at the camp-fire. Ye poor dyspeptics, think of this. Could you be here a few days you could eat like a wood chopper. The next day we got no deer and the turkeys were somewhat wilder, for a party of hunters from Arkansas City pulled in here yesterday and went at them as if they expected to exterminate every turkey in the Nation in a few days, which I guess they came very near doing. I got nothing for my day's tramp, and was trudging along up the creek bottom just at dusk when I saw an object up in an elm tree some seventy-five yards away, which I took to be a big gobler roosting alone. It was too dark to see my sights, but I thought I would make him get out of that any way, so I gave him a random shot, at which he stood up on the limb and said "*quit-quit.*" I walked up a few rods and gave him another shot, when he walked out further on the limb and again told me to "*quit,*" but I had no notion of quitting unless he got off that. It was now so dark he could not see me very well, so I walked up near the tree and gave him another ball. This time he flew and went across the creek, where there was no timber, but high grass. I heard him go down there with a loud flop, and I knew he was hit, so I went hunting for a log to cross the creek on, as it was quite deep here. I soon found one and crossed over. After hunting for him a long time I gave it up and started for camp, and had gone but a short distance when I again heard him flop, and looking around I saw him making his last struggles. I think he was the largest turkey I ever killed; he made a good load for me to camp.

Some time after dark we concluded Jake must be lost as he had not got in, so we fired off our guns, but got no reply, for Jake was not lost, but was waiting for a flock of turkeys to get to roost, as we learned later when he brought in two fine ones.

The next morning we were up before day and Cal and I started off to the roost for a few more turkeys, as we wanted to start for home that day. We each got one fine one and were back to camp for breakfast. After breakfast the horses were brought in, fed and harnessed, and the outfit loaded in the wagon and a start made for home. A short distance up the creek, a white-tail fawn was jumped up, and he received a warm salute from shot and ball, but waved his white flag at us, as he passed over the ridge unhurt. On our way home we passed by the graves of three freighters killed by the Indians a few years before.

That night we camped on Salt Fork, and such a yelping and howling as was kept up there all night by the coyotes I never heard before nor since, but they were smart enough to be all out of range of our guns at

daylight. The following night we camped near the stage ranch on Pole Cat, and, as we had been living on salt slap jacks for a few days we thought a few hot biscuits would go fine; so I took some flour and a nice turkey, and went over to the ranch and made a trade with Mrs. Todd, giving her the turkey in return for the baking. Now if you don't think we had a good supper that night you surely are a little off. The next day we rolled into Caldwell. We arrived home that night, and all felt the pleasant consciousness that we had done our duty, and had been well repaid. A. A. KNOTT.

BERTHOUD, Colo.

ADIRONDACK ABOMINATIONS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A word as to the destruction of the forest, the game and the fish. I found on going in this spring that the lumbermen had penetrated as far as Third Pond, which is within six miles of Mud Lake, about the very center of the wilderness. They had cut the best of the pine and spruce, taking only the butts, and leaving the woods a tangled mass of limbs and tops. They had three camps in the vicinity, and three dirtier, filthier places never existed in the woods. I understand there were between 200 and 300 of them. They went in in the fall, and cutting down the woods was not all the work they did. We found secreted one of their trawling lines with over 100 hooks on it, with which they had been fishing in Spring Pond before it froze up. I judge it was used there, because Mr. Buriel caught a trout there with one of these trawling hooks firmly imbedded in his jaw. Again we found a large amount of deer hair around these camps. I have every reason to think these camps furnished themselves with deer meat the entire winter.

I supposed the State of New York owned something of the wilderness, and that they would sell no more of it. But from the fact that the lumbermen are cutting twenty and thirty miles beyond Big Tupper Lake, I should say the State had but little to say in the matter. I have been in the woods for many years and have never caught fish nor killed any game that I did not need for my table.

This year in leaving Spring Pond I said to Nichols, "This is probably the last time you and I will ever go over this trail together, for the vandals have ruined the woods."

"No, don't say that," he replied, "for we have been in these woods together too many years to think of giving it up now."

When I broke camp and we paddled out of the pond into Bog River I turned and with a very sad heart, took a last look at my camp, where I had spent so many pleasant seasons. Why should I return? The vandals are destroying the forest, the game and the fish. Excuse my wandering from the subject of your letter, but I could not very well help it. WALTER AIKEN.

FRANKLIN FALLS, N. H.

DR. BAILEY AND HIS DEER.

IN connection with the recent articles on Adirondack lawlessness the case of Dr. Bailey is of interest. It is thus reported in the Utica, N. Y., *Herald:*

"Through its secret service agents, the Utica Fish and Game Protective Association obtained information of deer slaughter up at Long Pond, east of Lowville. State Game Protector Drew was accordingly sent thither, and succeeded in bringing into Lowville Dr. Bailey, of Cleveland, Ohio, upon charge of killing six deer within a few days past. Prosecution was commenced by District Attorney Ryal at Lowville, and the Doctor was taken into custody on an order of arrest by the sheriff of Lewis county. While pretending to be telegraphing for bail he obtained a livery and made his escape, going back into the woods. At last accounts the sheriff was in hot pursuit, and it is thought he cannot escape. Dr. Bailey is a son of James Bailey, of this city. His wife is there with him, and is said to have participated in the violations of law by being out with her husband floating when some of the deer were killed. Other parties are said to be implicated, and the sequel will in due time appear. Strange to say, they were on the alert for game protectors."

A Utica correspondent writes: "The story at length would be a long one, and full as a nut of detective romance. It would be very interesting reading of how the protector had to 'play possum,' and how the wife and Mrs. Grant sounded him to discover whether he was a detective, and how he took them in, obtained their confidence and got the whole evidence, even when word had been sent in advance that detectives were coming and to 'get out quickly.' The doctor was kept away for twenty-four hours. The wife was to signal the detective by shooting at a mark. Not getting the signal they put out the hound upon a wounded deer, drove him into the lake and killed him at short range by the tail within hearing of the protector.

"The affair goes to show, as they declared, that if it had been a protector that they knew, he could not have obtained any evidence, and Mr. Drew succeeded only because he was not personally known there. Secret detective work only will accomplish the desired end. Mr. Drew has several times had equal success under the aid and efforts of this association."

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., July 31.—Wild pigeons have disappeared from this country. Up to six years ago they were very plentiful and then failed suddenly. It was customary for them to appear in October in immense flocks and stay as long as the mast lasted. Another bird that has disappeared is the paroquet. Formerly the creek bottoms were full of them. About twelve years ago they disappeared. I can give no reason for this, as no one killed them. They roosted on sycamore trees by hanging to knots by their bills apparently. They used to come into apple orchards in the summer in large flocks, and as they were just the color of the leaves it was surprising how many could get into a tree and be completely invisible. The prospects for a large crop of quail, deer and turkeys are good. The majority of people around here observe the game law, but I am sorry to say that it is not so in all parts of the State. I have been told that a circuit judge went deer driving last week, but cannot vouch for the truth of it.—CASUAL.

A PARTY is making up to visit the Ridean region on a steam yacht; and there is room for two more persons, as noted in an advertisement printed to-day.

BOYS AND BIRDS' EGGS.—A Virginia correspondent writes: "In the little town of Berryville, Va., I know of 1,500 bird eggs of all kinds of birds collected by the town boys. Is this not worse than the little sparrow would or could do? I know of a party who has eighteen partridge eggs of this season, and over two hundred of other bird eggs. It is a very common thing to hear the poor darky accused of pot-hunting and of robbing hen roosts, but for my part I can't see who is the biggest robber, the sparrow, the American boy or the negro. I can see that the negro robs the hen roost for the want of something to eat, but I can't see where the eat comes in by robbing the birds of their eggs."

DEER IN THE NORTHERN ADIRONDACKS.—A reliable correspondent reports that deer and ruffed grouse are more plentiful than usual in the region about Meacham Lake. The severe weather of last winter did not give promise of a good deer season, but in that vicinity the law was generally observed, and only one violation, near Duane, was heard of, and that lacked sufficient proof to prosecute. He thinks that the recent articles in FOREST AND STREAM concerning unlawful venison in some parts of the woods are just, but lays the blame on those who are intrusted with the enforcement of the laws. From all indications there are many deer in Franklin county.

WILD PIGEONS, Elmira, N. Y., Aug. 3.—Going down Canandaigua Lake last week, on Wednesday, I saw a flock of genuine wild pigeons flying north. Look out for them next April.—NILMAH.

JAMES PONCE, a hunter well known to all sportsmen who visit St. Augustine, Fla., has just signalized himself by killing four bears in one day.

THE ONTARIO GAME LAW.

THE only season during which the following game may be hunted, taken or killed is as follows:

Deer—Oct. 15 to Dec. 15.
Partridges—Sept. 1 to Jan. 1.
Woodcock—Aug. 15 to Jan. 1.
Snipe, rail and golden plover—Sept. 1 to Jan. 1.
Ducks of all kinds—Sept. 1 to Jan. 1.
Geese—Sept. 1 to May 1.
Hare—Sept. 1 to March 15.
The above dates are inclusive.

These may be exposed for sale for twenty days after expiration of time for killing. No eggs to be taken or destroyed at any time. No traps, nets or snares, baited lines or similar contrivances to be used. These may be destroyed by any person without liability. No contrivances described or known as batteries, swivel guns, sunken punts or night lights to be used for killing wildfowl.

Fur-bearing animals may be only taken, hunted or killed as follows:

Beaver, mink, muskrat, sable, martin, otter or fisher—Nov. 1 to May 1. Nor shall any trap or snare or other contrivance be set for them outside this season. Nor shall any muskrat house be cut, speared, broken or destroyed at any time. Any person may destroy such traps, snares, etc., so set, without any liability.

N. B.—No poison to be used in killing the animals named, and no poisoned bait to be exposed in any locality where dogs or cattle may have access to the same.

No deer dog to run at large from Nov. 15 until Oct. 15.

WISCONSIN DEER LAW.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Allow me to call attention to a misstatement of the game laws of Wisconsin published in FOREST AND STREAM, June 28, or that portion of them relating to the open season for deer in that State, which reads as follows: "Forbidden to kill * * * * * * deer, elk, moose, save only during November." When correctly written, "It shall be unlawful to kill * * * * * * any deer, buck, doe or fawn between the tenth day of November and the succeeding first day of October." Approved April 8, 1887.

There has been no session of the Wisconsin Legislature since 1887. Consequently there has been no change in the law.

For this information and a copy of the fish and game laws of Wisconsin, I am indebted to the kindness of Hon. Ernst G. Timme, Secretary of State. A. L. ROSE.

CHICAGO, July 31.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

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LAST fall I went over to St. Francis county on a fishing and hunting trip. Finding game rather scarce, I was fishing on Burnt Cane Lake. While so engaged a bear came down, caught a half-grown hog, a "razor-back," that was rolling in the mud, and rushed back into the cane. I immediately followed after, thinking I had found the bear I had lost on various occasions over there. I followed him a long distance, but failed to get a shot. Tired and disgusted I started back to the lake. The cane was thick and hard to walk through, and I was walking on a fallen log. As I neared the upper end something black rushed out of the treetop and disappeared in the cane. I felt sure I had found my bear again, and firing two loads of buckshot at the moving cane I killed—a big razor-back. CASUAL.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark.

BIG SALMON.—Mr. Henry Ffennell, an authority, states that the salmon of 88lbs. that have been talked of during the last two or three years were "bogus fish." The number of salmon of 70lbs. and upward that have been taken in English, Irish, or Scottish waters, of which there is satisfactory evidence, can be counted on one's fingers. There is a record of one of 83lbs. that came into the possession of Mr. Groves, of Bond street; Pennant speaks of one of 74lbs.; in 1873 one of 70lbs. was taken at Littleton; and to these must be added the famous fish, a model of which was made by Frank Buckland, and is now in the Museum of Economic Fish Culture at South Kensington. It weighed 70lbs. exactly—Mr. Ffennell saw it on the scale—and it created a great sensation while it was on view just 18 years ago. It was taken in the nets—as all the other fish of that weight or over have been—by Mr. Speedie about two miles below Newburgh, on the River Tay. Mr. Ffennell gives a list of the big salmon taken by the rod. Only three in which he can believe have been taken by the rod that have weighed over 60lbs.—one of 60¾lbs. chronicled by Yarrell as having been taken from the Tweed by a former Earl of Home, one of 61lbs. taken from the same river in 1870 and one of 67lbs. mentioned by Young as being taken from the Nith in 1812. Of the weights of the big salmon taken by anglers in recent years, Mr. Ffennell has been careful to get accurate information and to have the weights verified, and the following is the list of salmon over 50lbs taken by anglers: "One of 57½lbs. taken in the Tweed in 1886 (by Mr. Pryor), one of 57lbs. taken by a poor fisherman on the Suir, Ireland, in 1872. In 1872 a salmon of 58lbs. was landed in the Shannon, and in the same year one of 53lbs. in the Cumberland Derwent (by Dr. A. Peek). The big salmon taken in Scotland by anglers last year weighed respectively 48¾lbs. (captured on the Burnmouth Water, on the Tay, by Mr. J. Hunter); one of 45½lbs. (taken on the Coulter section of the Aberdeenshire Dee by General Briggs); and one of 43lbs. (killed in the Long Craig cast in the Lower Birgham Water, on the Tweed, by the Earl of Home)."

Sea and River Fishing.

Angling Talks. By George Dawson. Price 50 cents. Fly-Rods and Fly-Tackle. By H. P. Wells. Price $2.50. Fly-Fishing and Fly-Making for Trout. By J. H. Keene. Price $1.50. American Angler's Book. By Thad. Norris. Price $5.50.

THE HERMITAGE.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—Among the numerous items of interest published in FOREST AND STREAM, I would like to secure a corner for an interesting piscatory visit made some years ago to the trout farm of Capt. P., in Brunswick, Maine. Hospitality is proverbial among the brotherhood of true anglers; there seems to be some kind influence that has come down from old Father Walton to his sons of this generation, one of whom was the Captain, who had "beat his sword into a ploughshare," and his spurs into trout hooks. I had previously fished with him at the Schoodic lakes, Moosehead, Rangeley and many other noted resorts; but for genuine sport, comfort and success, this trip exceeded all my former experiences in that line. There could scarcely be found a more picturesque spot than the one selected by my friend for his outings. The old farmhouse which he had repaired, retaining its quaint old style, is a curiosity, more than two hundred years old! He has preserved many of the old original surroundings, the well sweep with the old oaken bucket, etc. The place, which he sometimes calls the "Hermitage," is in a retired glen, with green fields gracefully sloping southeasterly from a rocky ridge, down to the clear sweet waters of the trout stream which flows through his farm, and close by his door. This stream in early times was navigable for Indian canoes from its outlet into the salt waters of New Meadows River to the site of the old farmhouse, a distance of some three miles. The waters are now conveyed by aqueduct to the city of Bath, five or more miles to the eastward. At the time of my visit the woods abounded in partridges, foxes and other game; the stream and dark shady ponds and deep pools, with nimble trout and wild duck; truly, as Senator Grimes of Iowa described it, "a sportsman's paradise." The Captain, who is somewhat noted for his antiquarian and historical researches into Maine's early history, had hunted up the colonial history of this region, which is briefly as follows:

In the year 1651 the ship John and Sara, from London, arrived at Boston with 273 Scotch prisoners of war, to be sold as servants. There being no market for them, the consignee—Mr. Kimball, of Charlestown—set them all free. Among them was one Alester Coombs, who went to Maine, perhaps with Thomas Stevens and others, and made his settlement at what was afterward called Stevens River, now New Medows, in the present town of Brunswick. Their first purchase of land from the Indians is not recorded, but later purchases show that the natives acknowledged their previous titles, shown in the "Pejepscot Papers," where is a copy of an additional deed to Stevens from Ramegin, Sagamore of Nequsett, otherwise called by the English "Robinhood," dated July 3, 1675. It is briefly as follows, viz.: "A certain piece of land adjoining Pejepscot River, butted and bounded as follows: To the land of Thomas Stevens now in possession east, and to Alester Coombs his land south, and from the head of Alester Coombs his marsh, westerly to a certain path called the carrying path, and by said path in a straight line to Stone Island, Pejepscot Narrows, and north to land of said Stevens," etc.

The original line between Stevens and Coombs was very nearly as the railroad now runs from New Medows River westerly to Cook's Corner, where it intersected the old Indian carrying path, which it thence followed to Androscoggin River.

These two young pioneers built their cabins about a quarter of a mile apart, about the year 1655. Stevens's house is still standing, owned by Chapin Weston. The Coombs house, occupied by the Captain, stood at the "head of Alester Coombs his marsh," and was burned down about 1883, and—

> Now naught is left the old-time tale to tell,
> Save two old wrecks—the cellar and the well.

Alester Coombs's lot probably contained some 3,000 acres. It was divided about A.D. 1710 between Lieut. Peter Coombs, Anthony, John and their sister, Abigail, who married Thomas Berry, Seignor; the latter afterward resided at Berry's mills, West Bath, and John moved to Harpwell. If Alester Coombs was twenty-one when he came to America in 1651, he was sixty years old when Lieut. Peter Coombs was born in 1690, making it probable that another generation intervened between Alester and Lieut. Peter, the latter, therefore, may have been a grandson to Alester. The territory was again subdivided about 1741 between the then heirs and assigns, who were obliged to purchase rights from the Pejepscot Company. A portion of this old Alester Coombs estate has remained in the Coombs family until the present time, passing down through six, or possibly seven, generations; Alester, ——, Peter, George, Asa, John and John, Jr., one direct line. So much for history, which is an interesting study nowadays. I will tell you now about my visit.

I left Boston on the Kennebec boat about 6 P. M., arrived at the Hermitage about 7 next morning in season for breakfast. I will describe the first day's sport, and every day of my visit was a repetition. After breakfast we donned our long-legged rubber boots, shouldered our rods and implements of war and proceeded to business. Although the stream was well stocked originally, the Captain had added species that he had obtained from other sources, with the object of improving the breed. All up and down the stream that runs through what was "Alester Coombs his marsh" he had dredged out deep holes and pools, under logs, and among bushes and alders, affording cool retreats for his game, and a hiding place from the many village poachers. These trout pools were ingeniously contrived, and were an interesting study of a new art which old father Izaak might have applauded.

We waded through the marsh to a clump of alders where a temporary opening had been made by separating the fringing alders that surrounded a deep, dark pool. On a signal from the Captain I crept up to the opening and dropped my fly. It was taken in an instant, and "round and round the pool the captive spun." With my heart in my mouth I managed to keep my fish as near the center of the pool as possible; for two minutes he kept

me active and anxious; a fisherman for trout among the alders needs a large supply of care and patience; the reel at last draws him reluctantly in; he makes a few more spasmodic rushes, although evidenly very much tired, and yet hangs heavy on the line; the Captain stands ready with the landing net, and as I slowly and steadily raise him to the surface, he dexterously passes the net under him, and our first trophy is secure and safely lifted from the water. Three pounds—I verily thought he weighed ten, while he was tugging at my line! I wiped the perspiration from my face, seated myself on a hummock and partook of some refreshment.

Onward again we wallowed through the swamp, wading through wet places or jumping from tuft to tussock.

"Do you see that log?" asked the Captain.

"Yes, I see the log, but the water looks shallow."

"There's quite a cave under that log. Wait a moment." He then produced two long spruce boards, and extemporized a bridge over the honey-pots. Advancing to the end of this pontoon path brought me near enough to cast. "Now drop your hook on the further side of the log," said the Captain, "and when the fish takes it, play him up yonder into shallow water. Don't let him get under the log."

I did as directed, and a fish as large apparently as—well, a very large trout broke water close to my fly, but declined the tempting bait.

Severe critics are ever prone to surmise that these large trout that often escape capture are, like our most valued virtues, mythical conceptions. I will therefore build no theories about that trout. I reeled in my line quickly, in the meantime keeping very quiet until I thought the rest of the company under the log had forgotten the circumstance just related, when I made another cast, now a little nearer the log. This time there was no fooling, either by myself or the expectant trout; he made a furious dash, and, presto! I had him fast, but he made the reed buckle and bend and the line sing merrily in his frantic efforts to reach again his den under the log. I managed to baffle all his endeavors, and finally guided him into shoal water where he made the mud and water mingle promiscuously. The Captain soon got his net under him, and he surrendered a prisoner of war. After this second successful encounter we again adjourned from labor to refreshment, which was followed by another floundering tramp over the treacherous marsh, but like Van Buren I followed safely in the "steps of my predecessor." We now approached a field of flags and cat-tails. The Captain removed the slender lancewood tip and bent the line on to the stiff, unyielding end of the pole, substituting an angleworm for the artificial fly, saying: "Here we must go back to old time customs and yank your fish out by 'main strength and stupidness.' It is not considered orthodox now, but in this case I agree with the quaint old poet Chaucer:

"'It is wisdom, as it thynketh me,
To maken vertue of necessitee.'"

I could scarcely see any water, the flags were so thickly matted together. A place was pointed out to me, into which I dropped my worm. Quicker than a thought I yanked out a speckled beauty that in size was nearly as large as my previous captures. I freshened my bait and tried the trick again and again, and three noble trophies rewarded my victorious arm. One more deep pool in the stream we visited, and our creel was full. It was then high noon; regaining *terra firma* we made our way back to the farmhouse, cleaned and fried our trout, for we were keeping "bachelors' hall." After dinner we took our siesta in the hay mow. We drove in the afternoon to Brunswick village, made some calls on college friends, and at ten were back and in our beds renewing in our dreams the sports of the day.

After twenty such holidays interspersed with partridge shooting, fox hunting, ducking, visiting, boat sailing and one most delightful Down East clam bake, I returned to Boston with some 20lbs. of trout sandwitched in ice for my better half; and she still insists, 20lbs. added to my corporeal avoirdupois. This twenty days' vacation at a cost of less than five dollars, and with more piscatorial sport and enjoyment than could be had in sixty days in the Adirondacks at a cost of five hundred dollars, and all within twelve easy hours of my home, is, I think, something to make a note of. W. H. C.

MORE ABOUT LAKE EDWARD.

NEWPORT, R. I., July 30.—In glancing over a copy of FOREST AND STREAM of 19th, the first I have seen for a month, I notice two articles on Lake Edward. The writer signing Kit Clarke is, I presume, the same gentleman who wrote the article in the New York *Sun*, under date of June 22, which I read with great interest, and with a mental resolve to visit that locality at the first possible moment; and I went to bed to dream of catching innumerable trout of the size that fishermen invariably lose. A few days later I set out well provided with tackle, rods of various sizes, and a fly-book filled with the most enticing flies. If the writer in the *Sun* had only bethought himself to have given the sailing directions from Quebec, I would not have lost a day there, in ascertaining something definite about the time-table of the Quebec & St. John's Railroad. It is all easy enough when you do learn how, to get to a place, but it is astonishing how little the spruce young gentlemen in hotel offices know of anything, except how to make out a bill for a day and a half for one day's board. But I did find out how to get to Lake Edward at last, and I got there, and I found out several other things that the *Sun* man did not mention, especially as to black flies.

It was my first experience with them, for I had never visited the Adirondacks. Most of my fishing of late years has been on the mountain streams of California, where such pests are unknown. My first intimation of the presence of Lake Edward flies was when I was about starting out after dinner at the so-called hotel, when I saw a little Frenchman daubing his face with some vile-smelling liquid, and on inquiring for what purpose, he replied, "Mouche. You not acquainted wid de mouche? No? Vell! you try dis." Accepting the proposition I followed his example, and when completed fancied I was fly-proof. It was a dose for me, and I said to myself, if any fly can monkey around me now, he must have a strong stomach, for it nearly turned mine.

From the accommodating agent of the railroad company I had procured a boat and a man to row it, a Frenchman from Cork, whose brogue in either language settled the question of his nativity. I must give the railroad company due credit for providing every facility for sportsmen—good boats of various sizes, some of them the finest modeled Canadian canoes, to carry one, two or three persons, also camp outfit. Of course fly-fishing was what I expected, and I was somewhat set back when my guide asked me if I had brought any worms. "Worms? Worms for trout fishing?" "Yis, sorr, them's the best bait." "Great Scott!" said I, "have I traveled 500 miles to fish for trout with worms?" "Well, sorr, you must have either worms or minnows." I learned that to get minnows involved several hours patient fishing along the shores with a small, light rig. The day was waning and I was too impatient to get out on the lake and begin work. The guide said we must row about four miles to get to the best fishing ground. I rigged my 8oz. fly-rod, putting on a couple of my most tempting flies, and paying out a matter of 50yds. of line, trolled the whole distance without getting a rise.

Reaching what seemed a favorable spot, a point of rocks, I landed on a large outlying one, and for an hour's casting was rewarded with a couple of little chubs. Leaving the last one on my hook we started out again trolling with the little fish still on my hook. We had gone but a few hundred yards when I felt a strike, and hooked a fish that felt like business. My tackle was of course very light, and I found that all my skill would be called into requisition to land him. For fifteen minutes I was oblivious to the swarm of black flies that took advantage of other uses for my two hands and sailed in. They crawled down my back, up my nostrils, into my eyes and ears. At times I had to release one hand to clear my eyes of them to be able to see what my fish was about. At last I had him alongside, and having no landing net had to be very wary, but the gentleman was about used up, and the guide reached over and landed in the boat the largest regular brook trout I had ever caught, and the most beautiful fish I had ever laid my eyes on. It was no sluggish lake trout, but a fish to delight your true trout fisherman, a deep, rich green on the back, beautiful crimson spots and belly of salmon color, pink at the fins—in fact, a most lovely specimen of the hackneyed term "speckled beauty."

Putting on the other minnow, I payed out line again, and it had hardly straightened out before I had a second strike, and evidently from its force and the swirl, a still larger fish; but alas! he took my only bait—I did not hook him.

By this time the breeze having died away the flies had gathered in full force, saying, "Here's a tenderfoot with no veil, no gloves, let's go for him," and they did. The row back was the liveliest exhibition of fly flapping. Their favorite point was the back of the head and neck, and the present style of short clip is particularly favorable for flies and other biting varmints. By the time I had reached the primitive hotel I was a beautiful object, as may be inferred, and it being nightfall the black flies retired to give place to myriads of midges. There was some relief to be had from these little torments by the smudges built out in front of the house; but it was after going to bed that the fun really began, and between the stings of the bites of the black flies and the midges, it was impossible to sleep. There were other rooms and other fishermen in them, and the atmosphere throughout that domicile that night must have had an azure tint from the profanity and cuss words emanating from every room. It is a wonder that the roof was not lifted off bodily.

To go back to that trout. How much did he weigh? Well, now, I can't tell you. I only know that he made a supper for seven fishermen who sat down to the table, and each and all had a "quantum suff." Still, he was not a whale. Honest Injun, I should say he weighed between three and four pounds, and a more toothsome fish I never tasted. The flesh was a deep red, about the color of a brick, several shades darker than salmon, and very solid. As I was so entirely unprepared for encountering the black flies, as enthusiastic a fisherman as I am, I had to throw up the sponge and quit. It was fishing under a species of torture that I had not contemplated. If the gentleman writing the article in the *Sun* had only said, "Prepare for black flies," I would have made due preparation, or what was better, deferred my trip until later, when, according to programme, they have left; but as I learned from a resident, when the flies go mosquitoes take their places, but they are not so bad, and moreover do not inhabit the middle, but mostly the shores of the lakes.

Summing up the pros and cons of this Lake Edward fishing, there is this to be said in its favor: There is undoubtedly most excellent fishing; the fish are large, gamy, and of rare quality and beauty; but they are not educated to the fly. One reason for their not rising to the fly I attribute to the great depth of the water. I was told that at the lower end of the lake, at its outlet, they took the fly with avidity, and it must be the case that wherever there is running or shoal water good fly-fishing should result, for these fish evidently are stream-bred trout. The outlet of Lake Edward must be a large stream, and there are innumerable smaller streams flowing in, teeming with trout, but the forest is so dense that they are inaccessible. The shores of this beautiful lake (for it is a most beautiful one, fully twenty-five miles in length and from a quarter to half a mile in width) are so steep, and, as I say, so densely timbered, that it is difficult to find a spot level enough to make a camp and pitch a tent. The trees and undergrowth must be cleared to do it, anyway. It goes against the grain for a fly-fisherman to come down to bait-fishing; and worms—bah! But if you want to be successful in Lake Edward you must either fish with worms or minnows, unless you go to the outlet, which is a long pull; and to camp out and be eaten up with insects is not a pleasant alternative, although it is done. The least of the evils is to troll with a minnow, and a good many large fish can undoubtedly be taken in that way. The feathered spoon is not a success. I tried that faithfully. An artificial minnow might be effective.

The railroad for miles runs along a large rapid river, the name of which no one seemed to know. It must abound in trout and would afford scope for fly-fishing, but for a good deal of the distance is inaccessible, and there are no stations and hardly a spot to camp. There are lakes all along the course of the railroad, half a hundred at least, from one to a dozen miles in extent, affording as good fishing as Lake Edward probably, but the whole country is a wilderness as yet, and doubtless these untried lakes will afford fishing for a hundred years. There is another grand prospect for the fisherman in Lake St. John, the terminus of the railroad, a lake thirty miles long and equally wide, where a fine hotel is now building, and also a steamboat. At the outlet the new species (to us) called the "winniche," or landlocked salmon, abound. The fishing is said to be something wonderful, and they say the black flies are scarcer. It is bound to be the paradise of the fisherman in that case. As the thing stands, there is bound to be great fishing in this new country. It will never be fished out; the black flies will see to that. There are two great wants as yet, naphtha or steam launches on Lake Edward, and an effective repellent for black flies. The whole world seems to be going daft on inventions. Where is the genius that will find a remedy for this fisherman's pest? There is a small fortune in it. Show me the man or woman that will do it, and every fisherman will take him or her to his arms. The present advertised remedies are not effective. The hands can be protected by gloves; veils and nets seem defective. Why cannot a fine wire helmet and mask be made, with glass eyes for sight and an opening for breathing and allowing the fisherman to smoke? Here is a field for genius.

Nothwithstanding the warm reception the flies and gnats gave me I am going to try this Canada paradise again in September, extending my researches as far as Lake St. John; meantime, shall devote time and attention to inventing some more potent defense from this insect business than at present can be found. There is a goodly lot of four and five pound speckled gentlemen awaiting me up in that wilderness and I am bound to make their closer acquaintance, black or any other kind of flies to the contrary notwithstanding.

I shall give time, too, to explorations and test the question of fly-fishing thoroughly, and am sure to find that these fish will rise to a fly whenever fished for in suitable waters. I have never yet been able to raise trout with the fly to the surface in water fifty feet deep.

It is evident that Lake Edward trout seek the deep cold water during this season, at the lower end of the lake, nearest to the outlet, and doubtless run down into the river to feed and back again into the lake. It is an experiment worth trying, to fish the river. It will be heavy missionary work to do it, but the good of the cause demands the effort on some one's part, and I suspect I shall be the missionary. It will be a splendid opportunity to get in some big stories without fear of contradiction. I shall want a good sturdy chum for the expedition. Who shall he be? PODGERS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The writer does not intend to weary the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM, nor to disgust its editor by writing one superfluous word about Lake Edward; but there continues to be so much enthusiasm—not to say extravagance of statement—in its praise, that a sober, conservative reconsideration of some of the statements referred to may be of service to some anglers who may be contemplating a visit to its seductive waters. Mr. Kit Clarke's communications, and especially the one by Mr. Geo. F. Gale in your issue of July 26, would lead one to believe that it is the easiest thing in the world to take a large number of large trout any day and anywhere in the lake. The latter says "bushels, even boat loads might be taken with bait." Now the writer and his friend were told by Mr. Walter Hoolihan, the agent, that their catch (July 11) of twenty-one, reported in the FOREST AND STREAM July 19, was better than the average catch for the time thus occupied. He spoke of some unusual luck recently enjoyed by a party of three, who caught about a half a barrel of trout at the lower end of the lake, camping from Saturday to Wednesday inclusive.

Mr. Clarke asserts that there are no guides at Lake Edward and that none are necessary. "After half an hour's pull the angler drops anchor and goes to work. Favorite spots in Lake Edward have not yet been discovered, as one place is as good as another." I never saw the body of water yet in which one place was "as good as another" for fishing, and Lake Edward is certainly not an exception to the general rule. I saw three anglers who fished an entire day there with bait and caught just three trout. They did not go far enough down the lake, being only about six miles from the settlement. No trout at all can be taken in July nearer than this; and we found that it made all the difference between getting nothing and having good fishing, whether we anchored here or there, and our boatman (if Mr. Clarke chooses to call him some other name than guide) carefully selected his anchoring ground by taking certain bearings, stating as his reason that it was necessary for success. We tested his judgment by trying other promising places without getting a single nibble. Experienced "boatmen" of this kind, with use of a good boat, are furnished for $1,25 per day.

Let no one go to Lake Edward expecting to enjoy fly-fishing, for he will certainly be disappointed. We were told that in the Basecon River near the outlet of the lake trout about 1lb. weight and smaller can thus be taken in considerable numbers. There are other minor statements that challenge criticism, but I forbear. It is a long journey, and one likes to have cold facts upon which to make a decision whether he cares to go so far for that kind of fishing. We went under misapprehension, and while I am not at all sorry that I went—still I might not have gone had I known the whole truth. My only object in writing this and the former communication has been to place the matter more in accordance with facts as we found them, so that some brother of the gentle craft who may have read the glowing descriptions referred to may go to that beautiful lake and not be disappointed. Any true angler who enjoys bait trout fishing may feel certain of getting a reasonable catch of good-sized trout if he takes the advice—as to anchorage—of "half-breed Charlie" or any of the approved boatmen.

If any reader of the FOREST AND STREAM desires any further details, or to ask any questions concerning fishing in this lake, the undersigned will be very glad to answer any letters addressed to him on the subject.

P. C. BARKER, M.D.

MORRISTOWN, N. J., Aug. 6.

TOURISTS seeking rest and recreation during the hot summer months can obtain valuable information from the illustrated guide books entitled "A Summer Jaunt" and "Summer of 1888" issued by the Wisconsin Central Line. These books are descriptive of the summer resorts in Wisconsin and Minnesota, reached by the Wisconsin Central Line, and will be sent free to any address upon application to JAMES BARKER, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Milwaukee, Wis.—*Adv.*

MAINE WATERS IN AUGUST.

THE summer days are upon us in good earnest, and naturally our thoughts wander to the streams and lakes where in the springtime we took the wily trout. Who is there to-day? Only the vacationist as a rule. With anglers it is in the midst of the dullest season of the year. The trout are in deep water and it is of little use to cast the fly, though the hotel advertisement still shines with tales of numbers caught. The season at the angling resorts is unusually dull this year, or rather it has been since the coming of hot weather. There are guests at some of the principal hotels at Rangeley and at Moosehead, but generally they are vacationists rather than anglers. Among all the anglers of my acquaintance in Boston not one is at present at the angling resorts, where they so delight to congregate in the angling season. I take up the papers and read the hotel arrivals, and not a single name do I see whom I know to be an angling expert. The anglers have not given up the sport; not much. They will be there again in September. Indeed the preparations for the fall angling are particularly noticeable, and no sooner than September is ushered in the fishers will be on the wing again.

Generally the water has been very low in the lakes and streams in Maine thus far this summer. A lack of rain has driven the trout into the pools, and brook fishing is poor. Perhaps I am writing that which is displeasing to the hotel keeper, when I dare to assert that the fishing is really poor. I am aware that the hotel puffer has been employed to write up this and that resort, but the stories of trout caught, to be found in the daily papers have come to be looked upon with suspicion by those who have been there. Take up a daily paper and read: "Here the trout lie thick around the spring holes, and rise with a rush to the fly—half-pounders generally, many of three-quarters, and often tipping the scales at a couple of pounds—handsome fish, and game to the very last moment." Where can this angler's paradise be found? Alas! It exists only in the imagination of the man who wrote it, as every real angler well knows.

Again read in a Sunday paper: "In a pond near ——— mountain, this week, two rods brought to net seventy-three fish weighing 75lbs., an unusual catch as to weight. In a little mountain pond back a few miles from ——— last Tuesday a Hartford gentleman and guide caught 107 trout in two hours, weighing 42lbs., and all with a fly—the scarlet-ibis, so killing a fly in the Rangeley Lake region." Brother anglers you are laughing now. "The scarlet-ibis, so killing a fly in the Rangeley Lake region!" There has been one in every angler's fly-book for years perhaps, but who ever found it to be a killing fly in the region mentioned? Such stuff published in the columns of respectable papers makes one think of the patent medicine specifics—they cure every disease. But that 107 trout in two hours. That was just about one trout a minute. How many scarlet-ibis did it take? A dozen trout on a very well tied fly will generally ruin it, especially trout weighing the one-hundred-and-seventh part of 42lbs. Now our Hartford trout butcher must have had in his fly-book about a square dozen flies of the scarlet-ibis breed. SPECIAL.

ADIRONDACK LARGE TROUT RECORD.

FRANKIN FALLS, N. H., Aug. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your favor of July 30 is at hand. I have been in the habit for many years of spending the month of June in the Adirondacks fishing; I have always camped at the same place and had the same guide (Robt. W. Nichols). My camp is at First Pond on Bog River, being the first of what are known as Chain Ponds. About one-third of a mile back of the Second Pond is a small pond called Spring Pond. This pond is a deep, clear, cold pond, and as its name implies fed wholly by springs, there being no water running into nor out of it. I used frequently to cross it in going to Grave's Pond fishing. There were no fish of any kind in it.

In the year 1878 I caught from a brook running into Grave's Pond twenty brook trout from 4 to 8in. and carried them to Spring Pond and put them in. Nineteen of them swam off into the pond and one died. I thought no more of the matter till in 1883 Mr. Frank A. Buriel, of Laconia, N. H., who was camping with me, in crossing the pond saw a trout break water. He tried them and caught several large ones. During that season Mr. Buriel and myself caught quite a number of trout weighing from 3lbs. to 5lbs. each.

The next year, 1884, I caught one weighing 6lbs. 2oz. There were with me Mr. James O. Williams, of Schoharie, N. Y., who weighed the trout and made the inclosed drawing upon our return to camp, laying the trout on a piece of paper to do so and marking the date and weight upon it. There were of our party Mr. Williams, Mr. Buriel and myself and, for guides, Charles Greenough, Hosea Colbath and Robert W. Nichols.

This, I believe, answers your inquiry as to particulars about this particular trout. WALTER AIKEN.

TROUTING AT MEACHAM LAKE.—A correspondent writing from the northern Adirondacks says that the fishing in Meacham Lake has been excellent this season. The solitary pickerel caught there this spring scared all who are interested in the lake, but no other fish of this kind has been seen. Both brook and lake trout have been plenty, one lady took fifty-four good brook trout trolling with flies one forenoon, and they were not fingerlings either, several of them being half-pounders and over, while one weighed three-quarters of a pound. Another lady took an 8lbs. lake trout a few days ago, while trolling for the first time. The yearly stocking of the Meacham by Mr. Fuller, and his care in guarding the lake from netters and illegal fishermen, has kept the stock up so that good fishing is the rule there.

On Sunday morning a most extraordinary event was witnessed in the lake at the Welsh Harp, Hendon. About half-past ten a gentleman observed a commotion in the water, and on closer inspection he found that a fight was in progress between a carp, weighing about 18lbs., and a bream, which afterward turned down the scale at 3¼lbs. The fight lasted fully fifteen minutes, at the end of which time the bream was thoroughly vanquished. It was picked up, and on its right side were found several wounds, the largest being about three inches broad and two inches long. The bream was fearfully lacerated, several of the ribs being laid quite bare. It had also a deep wound on the head, above the right eye.—*Derby (England) Express, July 16.*

Fishculture.

THE NEW YORK COMMISSION.

AT a meeting held in New York, on Monday last, Commissioner Bowman announced that Supt. Seth Green has been very ill for months, and that it is improbable that he will ever resume his work, and in consequence of this Mr. Bowman had purchased hatching jars for whitefish, in order to begin the work of stocking the waters of Lake Ontario. Mr. Bowman also said that a strange fish, resembling a whitefish, was now sold in the markets. Thirty acres of oyster beds in Little Neck Bay were declared to be for rent, and are to be advertised. The propagation of mascalonge in Chautauqua Lake was decided upon, Mr. Blackford advising care lest the propagators, who are not ichthyologists, mistake and increase the pike or pickerel. Mr. Blackford also spoke of the successful stocking of the Hudson with salmon, and proposed that a fishway be built at Mechanicsville.

The appointment of game protectors was laid over. Game Protector Schwartz was commended for promptly putting a stop to the illegal net fishing at Skaneateles. Commissioner Bowman said he would back Game Protectors Schwartz and John Sheridan to go anywhere and put a stop to illegal fishing in spite of any threats by desperate fishermen. Schwartz could not be frightened even by bullets. As to destroying the nets, it was suggested that some care should be exercised, as one court has already decided that such destruction of property, although it is authorized by the fish laws, is unconstitutional. It is proposed to turn over the captured nets to the courts.

The meeting was marred by the entrance of a notorious politician from Staten Island who tried to force the appointment of one of his pets as a game protector, and blustered and threatened like the bully that he is, but no appointment was made.

SOME OBSERVATIONS ON THE BLACK BASS.

[Read before the American Fisheries Society.]

BY C. F. HOLT.

HAVING resided for the past thirty-five years on the bank of the Thornapple River, a favorite resort for that king of Michigan game fish, the small-mouthed black bass, I have had ample opportunities of studying their habits, and for the past few years have given the matter considerable attention.

They leave their winter quarters, usually under heaps of drift-wood or in hollow sunken logs, about the middle of April, and in a short time repair to their spawning grounds. I am quite sure that they pass the winter in hollow, sunken logs whenever they can, for, about the first of April, 1885, while removing some drift-wood from the river, we took out one hollow log that contained eighteen small-mouthed black bass, weighing from two to three pounds each: and again this year, at about the same time, I found six more under the same conditions. The spawning season here begins the last week in April. The first bed seen in 1885 was on April 28; in 1886, April 24; and in 1887 and 1888, April 26. The places selected are in nearly still water, near the shore, and in water from one to two feet in depth.

The beds are circular in form, from eighteen inches to three feet in diameter, and are formed by cleaning from the bottom all sediment, sand, etc., leaving a bed of clean pebbles. This is the joint work of both male and female fish. The bed having been prepared, the female then moves slowly over it, depositing her ova, and the male impregnates them as fast as laid. The eggs, which are very small, are glued fast to the pebbles. The impregnation is almost absolutely perfect. In the past three years I have examined a large number of beds, by carefully removing one or more of the pebbles covered with eggs, and examining them with a microscope, and have never yet found more than one per cent. of unimpregnated eggs.

After the eggs are impregnated the male leaves to the female the whole care of the eggs and the young brood. She now passes constantly backward and forward over the bed, the motions of her fins and tail keeping the eggs clean, which the fact of their being glued fast permits her to do without washing them away. The following incident will illustrate the necessity for this constant care and attention on the part of the female, as well as point a moral, and furnish an illustration of how the greatest possible increase of this fish may be brought about: One evening in the spring of 1885 I noticed a "jack light" coming down the river, and I felt certain that some of my pets would have to suffer. I had endeavored to protect them as much as possible by requesting such neighbors as I could reach to respect my wishes, and to avoid the beds that I had under observation. Nearly all were willing to do so, but this time one of them made a mistake, as I expected they might, and when I went out in the morning the mother fish was gone. I thought I would secure the young fish (they were just hatched) and take them to the house and "bring them up by hand." So, putting on my wading boots, I walked out to the bed, and there I found, not the young fry, but three or four crayfish and some minnows, which had evidently devoured every fish on the bed. At another time, under similar circumstances, except that the eggs were not hatched, the crayfish had destroyed all the eggs. I took up every pebble without finding a single one.

The eggs are hatched in from five to ten days, according to the temperature of the water. When first hatched, the young fish are transparent, and so small as to be invisible to the naked eye. They have a much larger umbilical sac than the young brook trout, in proportion to the size of the body. At first they are unable to swim, or even move themselves from the bottom, but in from two to six weeks they begin to rise and swim, although they are from one to two months old before the sac wholly disappears and they become perfectly developed fish.

After the fish are hatched the mother seldom passes over the bed, as in their then helpless state the motion of her fins would scatter them; but instead she now swims in circles around it driving away all intruders, such as minnows, crawfish, etc. After the young begin to swim she enlarges the circle until it becomes from ten to fifteen feet in diameter, she then gradually drives them toward the shore into shallow water where she keeps them inside of a half circle, the shore forming the other side. From this half circle all of their natural enemies are carefully excluded, and the fish are allowed to develop. After that is done she scatters them along the shore among the weeds and grass, where, if pursued, they can find hiding places. Then, and only then, does she leave them to care for themselves. They are now from one-half to three-fourths of an inch in length, black in color and very lively, darting out of their hiding places and seizing their prey as readily as the older fish, and by the first of October following, will be two inches in length.

I should estimate the average number of eggs in the beds at 4,000. Owing to the fact that some of the beds observed were near the mouths of cold spring brooks, where the temperature of the water in the river was much lower than where other beds were located, will account in a great measure, in my opinion, for the variation in the time taken for hatching the eggs and the development of the young fish; as in some seasons, and in some locations, I have found the young fish developed or weaned in one month from the time that the ova were deposited, and at other times two months were required for the same purpose.

I have been unable to procure both male and female fish at the proper time to try artificial impregnation, but have repeatedly taken part of the ova from the bed as soon as impregnated, and hatched them in dishes, and have kept them there until fully developed. I am of the opinion that very little can be done in the way of artificial impregnation or hatching, as nature has done for the black bass all that could be done.

All that the fishculturist need do is to stock all suitable waters with them, where they do not now exist, and then protect them during the spawning season.

CASCADE, Mich.

FOOD OF THE FISHES OF THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY.

BY PROF. S. A FORBES.

[Read before the American Fisheries Society.]

THERE is a kind of insect in the South, called the agricultural ant, which is extremely fond of the seeds of certain grasses growing there spontaneously among the many species which make the prairie sod. Naturally, the agricultural methods of this ant are of a very primitive sort, and even fall below those of the native Indian. Besides collecting, wherever it can find them, the fullen seeds of many grasses and other plants, and storing these in its burrows, it also clears completely an area from 6 to 12ft. wide around its nest, and here either sows or permits to grow only one or two of the common grasses of whose seeds it is especially fond, harvesting the product and storing it for future use. It has not learned to cultivate the soil, or to introduce exotic plants of larger yield and better quality than those native to the sod, but it has advanced so far as to destroy on a little tract the competitors of the plants which bear its favorite food, and thus secures a larger and more convenient supply than would grow spontaneously. I mention this little ant because its agriculture seems to me to illustrate very well the aquaculture practiced by mankind at the present time. As this little insect collects the seeds of weeds wherever they happen to grow, so we fish the streams for whatever they happen to contain; and as it clears its little farm around its burrow, so we make our little fish ponds, seine out the worthless and destructive fishes, the snakes, frogs and turtles, and throw the better species back to increase for our benefit. In two things our aquaculture is in advance of the agriculture of the ants, we have successfully introduced two or three foreign species, and we have learned to take measures to maintain the fish supply wherever it has suffered from the effects of overpopulation. The first of these measures the ants have not thought of, and the second they probably do not need, because their numbers do not overrun their food supply. I believe it will pay us to inquire whether we can hope to get beyond this ant stage of aquaculture, and whether we may not learn to do at least as much to increase and improve the product of the waters of the country as the wild Indian did to cultivate the soil.

At present four things are done in general: First, we attempt to maintain or restore the relative numbers of our valuable aquatic animals—fish especially—defending the population of our waters against the evils growing out of civilized settlement. This is like trying to restore the native growth of trees and grasses to the surface deadened by travel and building, and by careless or unskillful usage. Second, we try to increase the relative numbers of the most valuable of our native aquatic animals above the limit originally fixed by nature. This is as if we should collect and plant the nuts and acorns in the woods, and gather and sow abroad the seeds of the most valuable native grasses, in the hope that this artificial aid might enable our favorites to surpass their rivals. Third, we have aimed to introduce foreign with our native species in our natural waters. This is too much like sowing quantities of apple seeds and wheat and corn broadcast in the woods and on the prairies in the hope that if we use seed enough the plants we seek to introduce will crowd out the native vegetation. And finally we do, on a small scale, partly imitate actual agriculture by clearing or forming little patches of water here and there, and planting in them an exotic fish, protecting it from the agricultural practice of the native Indian, who partly cleared his little patches in the river bottoms and planted and harvested the exotic corn and bean and pumpkin.

But it will not do to push this parallel too far. There are some things possible in agriculture which the aquaculturist cannot do. We cannot plow and till our lakes and rivers as the farmer does the prairie sod, ruthlessly exterminating all the native forms of life in order to substitute other sorts more useful to him. And even where we clear a little lake or start a pond, stocking it with carp or croppie, we cannot keep out the frogs and bullheads by any artificial tillage, as the farmer can the weeds. We are compelled, in other words, to work for improvement in the midst of things as they are. Not being able to destroy the native population of our waters, we have to take it into account and then make our adjustments to it. And right here, it has long seemed to me, is where the work is most needed. If we cannot get rid of the natural order, we certainly need to understand it. If we cannot destroy the native population, but must live and work with and through it, we certainly ought to know what it is like and what we can do with it; what we can do in spite of it, and what we cannot do because of it. It is because I have worked out some parts of an answer to these questions that I have ventured to appear here to-day, in a society of fishculturists. If fishculture is merely the culture of fishes, then I can have little or nothing to say, because I never raised a fish in my life; but if a scientific and rational fishculture must finally merge in the broader science and art of aquaculture; if we must study to understand and improve the system of aquatic life into the midst of which we thrust our little fishes—then I may perhaps claim some share in your deliberations.

What I have to report to-day is chiefly an answer to the question: What do our native fishes eat? This is only a single item of what we really need to know, and yet perhaps a larger one than might at first be supposed. Although fishes are the dominant class in every fairly permanent body of fresh water, they have no great variety of interests or occupations; but except for the relatively brief intervals devoted to their simple office of reproduction, they do little but to search for food and to eat, and avoid being eaten in turn; consequently, if we seek to measure or estimate their function in the general system of life in any region or locality, we are limited chiefly to their food relations, immediate and remote.

Among the purely practical results to be anticipated from such a study, are a more accurate knowledge of the conditions favorable to the growth and multiplication of the more important species; the ability to judge intelligently of the fitness of any body of water to sustain a greater number or a more profitable assemblage of fishes than those occuring there spontaneously; guidance as to the new elements of food and circumstance which it will be necessary to supply to insure the successful introduction into any lake or stream of a fish not native there; and a clear recognition of the fact that intelligent fishculture must take into account the necessities of the species whose increase is desired, through all ages and all stages of their growth, at every season of the year, and under all varieties of condition likely to arise.

We should derive, in short, from these and similar researches, a body of full, precise, and significant knowledge to take the place of the guess-work and empiricism upon which we must otherwise depend as the basis of our efforts to maintain and increase the supply of food and the incitement to healthful recreation afforded by the waters of the country.

As a contribution to the general subject, I present here-

with a summary account of the food of twelve hundred and fifteen fishes, obtained from the waters of the State of Illinois at intervals from 1876 to 1887, and in various months from April to November. These fishes belonged to eighty-seven species of sixty-three genera and twenty-five families. They were taken from waters of every description, ranging from Lake Michigan to weedy stagnant ponds and temporary pools, and from the Mississippi and Ohio rivers to the muddy prairie creeks, and the rocky rivulets of the hilly portions of the State. Nine hundred and fourteen of the examples studied were practically adult, so far as the purposes of this investigation are concerned, the remaining three hundred and one being young, in the first stage of their food and feeding habits. More than half these young belonged to a single species—the common lake whitefish—but the remainder were well distributed.

I have arranged the matter under the following general heads: (1) a general account of the food of the most important species and families of our native adult fishes; (2) a brief account of the food of the young; and (3) a summary statement of the food, so made as to exhibit (*a*) the kind and relative importance of the principal competitions among fishes, and (*b*) the relative value to the principal species of fishes of the major elements of their food.

First, then, I will attempt to give you very briefly, and in the most general way, the facts relating to the food of the most important fishes, those which I think most likely to interest you as fishculturists, taking the species in their zoölogical order rather than in the order of their economic importance.

FOOD OF ADULTS.

The abundant white perch or sheepshead of the larger rivers and lakes, now commonly marketed, I find feeding, when full grown, almost exclusively upon the bivalve mollusks known in the West as clams, whose heavy shells the fish is enabled to crush and grind by a special apparatus in the throat. The shells are swallowed with the bodies and pass, in part at least, through the intestine. Half-grown specimens feed in much larger ratio upon aquatic insects, especially the larvæ of May flies, but take likewise the smaller mollusks with spiral shells, commonly known as water snails, the food in my examples being about equally divided between these two elements. The youngest specimen feeds, like the young of fishes in general, upon the smallest of the Crustacea.

The common perch or ring perch, excessively abundant throughout the northern part of the country, varies in food according to the waters it inhabits, those in the great lakes feeding almost wholly upon small fishes—especially of the minnow family and upon crayfishes—five or six times as many of the former as of the latter. River specimens, however, eat few fishes, but find nearly all their food among the Crustacea, partly crayfishes, but chiefly the smaller kinds, known to zoölogists as amphipods and isopods, and in common speech as water wood-lice and brook shrimps. Aquatic insect larvæ, especially those of day-flies, and small spiral-shelled mollusks are eaten in about equal ratio.

The two pike-perch or wall-eyed pike are exclusively piscivorous, if we may judge of twenty-six specimens whose food I studied. More than a fourth of the fishes taken consisted of the spiny-finned species, including eight per cent. of catfishes, but nearly half were the common gizzard shad.

We shall find accumulating evidence that this shad, not used with us for food, is, notwithstanding, one of the most valuable fishes in our streams. Nevertheless, not the slightest attention is paid to its preservation, much less to its encouragement. The fishermen commonly regard these fishes as a mere nuisance, and leave them to die on the bank by hundreds, rather than take the trouble to return them to the water. They are a very delicate species, and are easily killed by rough handling in the seine, but the majority of those captured might be saved with a little care.

Their abundance as compared with some other species in our rivers might seem to indicate that they are common enough as it is. Few realize, however, the number of fishes needed to feed a pike-perch to maturity. Two or three items from my notes will furnish the basis for an intelligent estimate.

From the stomach of a pike-perch caught in Peoria Lake, October 27, 1878, I took ten well-preserved specimens of gizzard shad, each from three to four inches long; and from another I took seven of the same species, none under four inches in length. As the gizzard shad is a very thin, high fish, with a serrate belly, these were as large as a pike-perch can well swallow; and we may safely suppose that not less than five of this shad would make a full meal for that fish. The pike-perch is a very active hunter, and it is not at all probable that one can live and thrive on less than three such meals a week. The specimens above mentioned were taken in cold autumn weather, when most other fishes were eating but little; but since fishes generally take relatively little food in winter, we will suppose that the pike-perch eats, during the year, on an average, at this rate, per week for forty weeks, giving us a total per annum of six hundred gizzard shad destroyed by one pike-perch. We cannot reckon the average life of a pike-perch at less than three years, and it is probably nearer five. The smallest estimate we can reasonably make of the food of each pike-perch would therefore be somewhere between 1,800 and 3,000 fishes like the gizzard shad. A hundred pike-perch, such as should be taken each year along a few miles of river like the Illinois, would therefore require from 180,000 to 300,000 fishes for their food. Finally, when we take into account the fact that a number of other species also prey upon the gizzard shad, and that the whole number destroyed in all ways must not exceed the mere surplus reproduced—otherwise the species would soon be extinguished—we can form some approximate idea of the multitudes in which the food species must abound if we would support any great number of predaceous fishes. The gizzard shad being a mud eater and vegetarian, taking little animal food except when very young, can probably be more readily maintained in large numbers in our muddy streams than any other fish.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Kennel.

Dogs: Their Management and Treatment in Disease. By Ashmont. Price $2. Kennel Record and Account Book. Price $3. Training vs. Breaking. By S. T. Hammond. Price $1. First Lessons in Dog Training, with Points of all Breeds. Price 25 cents.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Aug. 22 to 24.—Third Annual Show of the American Fox-Terrier Club, at Saratoga Springs, N. Y. (Including all terriers.) Entries close Aug. 15. H. P. Frothingham, Secretary, 2 Wall street, New York.

Aug. 27 to 31.—Toledo Dog Show, Toledo, O. H. E. Cook, Superintendent.

Sept. 11 to 14.—First Dog Show of the Buffalo International Fair Association, at Buffalo, N. Y. C. W. Robinson, Secretary.

Sept. 18 to 21.—First Annual Dog Show of the Syracuse Kennel Club, at Syracuse, N. Y. Howard B. Rathbone, Secretary.

Sept. 24 to 27.—Fifth Dog Show at London, Ont. C. A. Stone Superintendent.

Sept. 25 to 28.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Bristol Park Agricultural Society, Bristol, Conn. Entries close Sept. 22. C. F. Barnes, Secretary.

Sept. 9 to 12.—First Dog Show of the Virginia Field Sports Association, at Richmond, Va. B. H. Grundy, Secretary, Room 26, Shafer Building. Entries close Oct. 1.

Oct. 23 to 26.—Second Annual Show of the St. Paul and Minnesota Kennel Club, at St. Paul, Minn. J. E. Stryker, Secretary, Room 93 Globe Building.

Nov. 6 to 10.—Dog Show of the Richmond County Poultry and Pet Stock Association, in connection with Augusta National Exposition at Augusta, Ga. H. Madden, Superintendent.

Feb. 12 to 15, 1889.—Fifth Dog Show of the New Jersey Kennel Club, at Jersey City, N. J. Geo. L. Wilms, Secretary, 142 Monticello avenue, Jersey City, N. J.

Feb. 19 to 22, 1889.—Thirteenth Annual Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent.

Feb. 26 to March 1, 1889.—Second Annual Show of the Rensselaer Kennel Club, Troy, N. Y. Alba M. Ide, Secretary.

March 5 to 8, 1889.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Albany Kennel Club, at Albany, N. Y. Geo. B. Gallup, Secretary.

March 12 to 15, 1889.—Second Annual Show of the Fort Schuyler Kennel Club, Utica, N. Y. James W. Dunlop, President.

March 19 to 22, 1889.—First Annual Dog Show of the Maryland Kennel Club, at Baltimore, Md. W. S. Diffenderffer, Secretary.

March 26 to 29, 1889.—First Annual Dog Show of the Massachusetts Kennel Club, at Lynn, Mass. D. A. Williams, Secretary.

April 2 to 5, 1889.—First Annual Show of the Rochester Kennel Club, at Rochester, N. Y. Harry Yates, Secretary.

April 9 to 12, 1889.—First Annual Dog Show of the Mascoutah Kennel Club, at Chicago, Ill. John L. Lincoln, Jr., Secretary.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 11.—Third Annual Field Trials of the Manitoba Field Trials Club. Derby entries close July 1. All-Aged entries Aug. 1. Thos. Johnson, Secretary, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Nov. 1.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Indiana Kennel Club, at Bicknell, Ind. P. T. Madison, Secretary, Indianapolis, Ind.

Nov. 19.—Tenth Annual Field Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at High Point, N. C. (Members' Stake, Nov. 15.) W. A. Coster, Secretary, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

Dec. 3.—First Annual Field Trials of the Southern Field Trial Club, at Amory, Miss. T. M. Brumby, Secretary, Chattanooga, Tenn.

Dec. 10.—Second Annual Field Trials of the American Field Trials Club, at West Point, Miss. C. W. Paris, Secretary, Cincinnati, O.

Jan. 14, 1889.—Sixth Annual Field Trials of the Pacific Coast Field Trial Club, at Bakersfield, Cal. N. P. Sheldon, Secretary, 320 Sansome street, San Francisco, Cal.

COURSING.

Oct. 15.—Third Annual Meeting of the American Coursing Club at Great Bend, Kan. F. K. Doan, Secretary, 1210 Olive street, St Louis, Mo.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription $1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed **6435**.

THE TWO DOG CLUBS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. August Belmont, Jr., president American Kennel Club, has been making some remarkable deliverances of late, and honestly I stand aghast at the utter ignorance of the temper of the American doggy public that he displays. He says that the only really bad feature of the National Dog Club is "antagonism to the A. K. C." Good Lord deliver me! Antagonism to the A. K. C. a crime! What does Mr. Belmont know of doggy affairs? What experience has he had with dogs, doggy men and dog show clubs, to warrant his posturing as a judge on the rights of any man to be "antagonistic to the A. K. C."?

Dr. Perry put himself far in the van of mastiff breeders and exhibitors before Mr. Belmont was heard of in connection with dogs. Dr Cryer was the preëminent authority on pugs, and known as a very fair all-round judge before Mr. Belmont (as I verily believe) knew the difference between a fox-terrier and a short-tailed toy bull-terrier. Messrs. Osborne, Nickerson, Porter, Hemingway, Barnard, the two Moores, etc., are all in the same category, with infinitely more experience than Mr. Belmont has had. So I fail to see the justification for such an *ex cathedra* deliverence.

It is said that the A. K. C. is so highly respected, so exalted a body, that it is above criticism (the only remaining ground that I can see for Mr. Belmont's autocracy). Well, I should smile! Does he know of "construction," that drama by which the president and one other member, at a meeting called in Cincinnati at three days' notice, deliberately negatived the express enactment of the club? the subsequent "proxy" re-election of the "constructor" as president? the shameful refusal of the club to take any action, even ever so mild a censure on the "Chicago special" and "bogus medals," after thorough investigation and unanswerable proof of the truth of both offenses? and its shameful rascality in reversing itself as a "court of appeal and last resort" (Mr. Belmont is authority for this) in the Beaufort-Patti M. business, made still worse by a reconsideration of a previous vote being allowed on motion of the secretary, who absolutely represented nobody? After these disgraces the sublimity of the assurance that puts the A. K. C. up as something too holy for irreverent criticism is—well, it just simply *is*, that's all.

Of course the present managers of the A. K. C. will say "all this happened before my taking office," as though that rehabilitated the damaged character of the club. To do this it must first punish in some way at least one of these disgraces, yet the "constructor," the "proxy-bearer," etc., are, or have been, active members, and in the disgraces of the Chicago special and bogus medal condonations, their most highly and universally respected member, Mr. Peshall, was an actor. Nobody can ever attach the slime of discreditable conduct to Mr. Peshall, but when such a man allows his club to be disgraced, what will tag, rag and bobtail do?

Then that wonderful conception of an official gazette, maintained by Mr. Belmont's private purse. Has plutocracy entirely swallowed the dog men of America? Is it not perfectly evident that such a journal would be recognized as simply "Mr. Belmont's private organ?" Imagine such a journal permitting full and free expression of matter adverse to Mr. Belmont's wishes! I do not mean for one moment that Mr. Belmont makes the proposal with any such end in view, nor that he would expect any such favoritism, doubtless his intention is simply to benefit the A. K. C., but the practical point is, would it not be felt that Mr. Belmont had an unfair advantage by his private support of the journal? And how much respect would the journal gain?

Then that idea of "associate members of the A. K. C." Just imagine Messrs. Perry, Moore, Sears, Barnard, Thayer, Cryer, Willey, Mercer, Porter, Hemingway, Craig, etc., belonging to a "club" that was allowed one vote in the A. K. C. Their combined power negatived by the vote of Pittsburgh, an incorporated company wherein a controlling interest in the stock is held by two out of one hundred members; or Hartford, which is practically Messrs. Collins & Cugle (no disrespect to them), or Baltimore. Great snakes! wouldn't they write themselves down as asses?

The simple truth is, that those who own, breed and exhibit dogs are the ones to control doggy matters, and do it they finally will. No amount of cuttle-fish clouding of the real facts in Mr. Belmont's latest style will stave off the inevitable. That doggy interests are to be dominated by any such ragged body as the A. K. C. is impossible. The veriest "Mrs. Harrises" can and do gain admission to it. Two or three men conclude to get up a dog show club, they get the consent of a few more to allow their names to be used as members of the club, and the result is a full-fledged member of the A. K. C. The boss bugler makes himself the delegate to the A. K. C., it don't suit him to attend and he sends a proxy to Tom Collins, and the Beaufort-Patti M. disgrace is the result. Then what a regular business the A. K. C. makes of stealing others' brains? The stud book was not thought of until the success of the *American Kennel Register* suggested a tempting bait. The official gazette arises from the necessity of having something more than a mere dry register, and the associate member business is hit on after the National Dog Club shows as a cloud in the horizon, fraught with damaging consequences to the A. K. C.

In what instance did any present member of the A. K. C. ever do one good piece of work? Who did do the work that reflected some credit on it? Let Messrs. Porter, Osborne, Nickerson, Child, Morgan, Grosvenor and Watson answer. The inherent and ever-present bane of the A. K. C. has been the crudities of new hands at the bellows, a fresh hand comes in, and without informing himself of what the past has been, without studying the chart that indicates the rocks it has struck on before, he goes off at half-cock with his freshly conceived conceptions, and the flock follow, and great is the asininity thereof. Not one of the early laborers of the A. K. C., those who honestly and intelligently worked for it, now remains connected with it, while some of its worst disgracers have lately flourished as delegates at its meetings.

What the intentions of Dr. Perry and his associates were in founding the N. D. C. I don't know and don't care. They did not consult me, I am glad to say, but one thing I do know, the A. K. C. is, and always has been, a laughing stock in doggy circles, it has always been despised, and has never done anything to remove the bad opinion dog men have of it, and there certainly will be some other governing body here. Whether this is to be the National Dog Club, I don't pretend to say, and I am sure nobody will be quicker to whack the head of the National Dog Club than I as soon as it deserves it.

W. WADE.

HULTON, Pa., Aug. 4.

DOG TALK.

WE learn from the *Stock-Keeper* that Mr. E. H. Moore has purchased the rough-coated St. Bernard dog Ben Lomond and the mastiff bitch Lady Phyllis, the latter for 200 guineas. The price of Ben Lomond is stated to have been "a long way in excess of £200." *Fanciers' Gazette* compliments Mr. Moore as "being one of the very best judges of St. Bernards and mastiffs with whom we have ever inspected kennels of these breeds," and rejoices that he did not succeed in his negotiation for Plinlimmon.

Henry Goetz, of Phillipsburg, N. J., gave Jas. K. Mosser, of Hanover, a large farm dog, which was immediately shipped by rail to Williamsport, 140 miles away. A fortnight afterward the dog walked into his former master's house in a starved and worn out condition. It was learned that he had left Williamsport a week before and had walked the entire distance. This is only one of innumerable cases where dogs have found their way home in an equally wonderful way.

The superintendent of the Buffalo dog show writes that entries are coming in finely, and that from present appearances this show will receive the hearty support of a large number of the most prominent breeders. He also says that valuable specials, in addition to those already announced, have been promised, and that probably there will be one or more offered for each class.

It is one of the orthodox tenets of fox hunting that the fox enjoys being chased by the hounds. Philosophers who are not hunters are disposed to question the truth of this; and many newspaper columns have been filled with heated discussions on the subject. But both sides agree on Newport "fox hunting;" there is perfect unanimity of opinion that no cruelty is involved, because there is no fox.

Newark, N. J., exacts a dog tax of $1. The dogs on which taxes are paid number 1,931. The Newark *Call* thinks that the total figures do not represent one-third of the number of dogs in the city. It can safely be said that they represent rather the number of citizens who have conscientious scruples against perjuring themselves for the sake of $1.

Chestnut Hill Kennels have purchased from Mr. Horne, Pittsburgh, Pa., the well-known Irish terriers Dennis and Eileen. They have also purchased from Mr. S. T. Mercier, Gilford, Ireland, the collie bitch Cora II., a sister to their champion Dublin Scot. We understand it is their intention to breed her to their Scotilla.

An English clergyman perpetrates the following advertisement: "Two fine, strong, handsome Dandie Dimont pups, lady and gentleman, first-class pedigree, by Ettrick; nine weeks; 42s. each; also very handsome lady dog, same pedigree, nine months, etc."

Owing to the removal to Chicago of Mr. R. A. Craig, the Wacouta Kennels, of St. Paul, Minn., will soon be situated at or near Chicago, and all letters in future to reach the Wacouta Kennels should be addressed to P. O. Box 625, Chicago, Ill.

Mr. H. T. Drake, St. Paul, Minn., writes as follows: "I wish to find Dr. Chas. Neil, formerly of Detroit, Mich. Will you do me the favor to insert an inquiry for him in your next issue."

The well-known basset hound Nemours is dead.

INDIANA FIELD TRIALS.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Aug. 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: Please mention the following additional entries to our Derby. These entries were delayed through no fault of the owners of the dogs, and our board decided that they were justly entitled to recognition:

J. H. Craft's liver and white pointer dog Robin Adair, Jr. (Robin Adair—Nellie K.), whelped July 1, 1887.

John E. Link's lemon and white pointer bitch Dixie Bang (Ware's Bang—Carr's Fredia), whelped Jan. 13, 1887.

This makes a total of seventy nominations.

P. T. MADISON, Secretary Indiana Kennel Club.

THE COLUMBUS FANCIERS' CLUB.—The Columbus Fanciers' Club of Columbus, Ohio, a stock company, with a capital stock of $2,000, has been organized for the purpose of encouraging the breeding and improvement of thoroughbred poultry, pigeons, dogs and pet stock generally. The officers for the ensuing year are as follows: A. E. Pitts, President; Frank Tallmadge, Vice-President; Thos. R. Sparrow, Secretary; Samuel Stevens, Treasurer; Homer Henderson, R. J. Fanning, G. F. Gast, H. A. Bridge and P. B. Hayes, Executive Committee.

DETROIT DOG SHOW.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Owing to the multiplicy of entertainments advertised for Detroit during the first week of September, our committee has concluded that it would be injudicious to give a bench show at a time when the patronage of the public will be so badly divided, and therefore withdraw our dates of Sept. 4, 5, 6 and 7. We hope soon to be able to reannounce dates and to offer exhibitors the largest and most complete list of prizes ever given at a Western show.—H. E. COOK.

"DISGRUNTLED ASSOCIATES."

NEWPORT, R. I., Aug. 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. William Rewalt, Jr., President of the Hornellsville Kennel Club, publishes an open letter in the FOREST AND STREAM, pluming himself on the part of his club with my stigma, "disgruntled associates," for their hostile attitude toward the A. K. C., and professes to state facts, adding the sins of omission respecting them on the part of the A. K. C.

The true facts, let me say, are quite different, and are from record. Let us take them in their order.

First fact—A member of our club exposes the Chicago "special steal."

Under date of March 8, 1886, Mr. Wm. Wade asked the A. K. C. to investigate the case known as the Chicago special, wherein he charged that the Illinois Kennel Club did not pay a special prize of $15, donated by Mr. F. S. Waters and won by Mr. J. Otis Fellows. This matter was referred to a special committee (Mr. W. H. Child) at the meeting of May 6 following, and at the meeting held Sept. 15, 1886, Mr. Child reported that the special had been paid, the evidence was ordered on file and the committee discharged. I quote from Mr. L. F. Whitman's letter of Sept. 11, 1886, to the committee, a part of the testimony in the case:

The special of $15 was donated through me by Mr. F. S. Waters, and of this I notified the club at its next meeting. * * * In reference to the use of the funds I will say that the club passed a resolution to send me to the Cincinnati show to solicit entries for the Chicago show, furnishing me with some funds to pay my expenses; this amount, however, was insufficient, and I was compelled to use the funds in my possession to liquidate the same, intending to place the excess in my report to the club, after the show, when I made my last and only settlement. The club being financially embarrassed, I did not include the amount in my settlement, but wrote Mr. J. Otis Fellows in reference to the matter, saying that as soon as I could I personally would pay the special. This I did pay before any charges were filed with the American Kennel Club, and I now hold receipts for $15 from the United States Express Co. and from Mr. Fellows. The amount was paid before, and not during the Pittsburgh show as charged. In acknowledging the receipt of the money Mr. Fellows wrote me that Mr W. Wade of Pittsburgh had advised him not to accept the special money from me.

Second fact—A member of our club exposed the Pittsburgh "pewter medal steal."

At the meeting of Dec. 6, 1886, Mr. Jas. Watson charged the Pittsburgh Club with awarding medals of alloy, instead of silver as advertised. The Committee on Discipline, to whom it was referred, reported that from evidence collected it had been the custom of this club to award just such medals as are now questioned, that in its opinion exhibitors knew about what they would receive, but in order to prevent a like occurrence, Mr. Drake, of St. Paul, offered a new rule, which was adopted and is now in force, that on and after that date medals advertised as gold or silver must be of the purity of U. S. coin; medals of alloy can be designated as club medals.

Third fact—Our superintendent caught one Farley stealing here and at Buffalo. He reported him to the A. K. C., but they said they would not disqualify because the Buffalo Kennel Club was not a member; and that, I must say, was a fine decision for a body that wishes to govern the canine interest of our big country. Our club, then a member of the A. K. C., disqualified Farley, but we had a delegate who was so unfortunate that he had a brain, and the A. K. C. could do nothing about it, but waited until the Westminster Kennel Club caught Farley at more crooked work, and then disqualified him.

Mr. Fellows notified the secretary of the A. K. C. that this Farley had been detected in stealing from the Buffalo show; this was submitted at the meeting held May 5, 1887, and was referred back to the Buffalo Club, with the information that said Buffalo Club was not under our jurisdiction. Even had the Buffalo Club been a member of this association it would have been necessary for said club to have first investigated and passed upon the Farley matter before it could be properly brought up before the A. K. C. This association has always adhered to the principle that the club under whose jurisdiction the offense was committed must first act, the A. K. C. only taking up the case on appeal, and it only assumes original jurisdiction over the acts of its own members (which are clubs) as illustrated in the case of the so-called Chicago special referred to in the early part of this letter. Later this Farley committed the same offense at the Hornell Kennel Club's show, by whom he was disqualified, and said disqualification was recognized by the A. K. C. and notices to that effect were promptly mailed to every delegate in the association. At the New York show of last spring entries were made by one P. H. Foster; one of his entries was protested, and during the investigation made by the Westminster Kennel Club managers they discovered that Foster was a brother-in-law to Farley, who had already been disqualified by the Hornell Kennel Club; and the protest as above being sustained by proof, the W. K. C. disqualified the protested dog and suspended both Foster, the exhibitor, and Farley, the then discovered owner (under Rule 28) for fraud. Farley appealed to the A. K. C., who, after investigation by a committee, sustained the action of both the Hornell Kennel Club and the W. K. C. by making the disqualification for ever.

Fourth fact—All the above were but a fitting introduction to the crowning offense of depriving our club of the right to be represented by the only delegate who had ever been able to show himself capable of understanding what his duties were. We instructed our secretary to tell the A. K. C. the above facts, and also about their violating the rules in recognizing Atlanta just to please Mr. Belmont. So they arose in their might and expelled the Hornell Club, and now Mr. Belmont says we are "disgruntled."

The Hornell Kennel Club was requested to name some other delegate in place of Mr. James Watson, for the following reasons:

First—That he was the editor of the *American Kennel Register*, and was publishing the same, while a delegate, in opposition to the stud book of this club.

Second—That he was the editor of the Kennel department of the *Sporting Life*, of Philadelpia, Pa., and while a delegate to this association was using said position in opposition to the stud book of this club.

Under these circumstances such a delegate was certainly not in accord with the principles of the club to which he was a delegate, and the A. K. C. very properly refused at a subsequent meeting to recognize Mr. Watson under Article 9.

The Atlanta Club was elected a member of the A. K. C. Aug. 22, 1887; consequently the awards at its show the following January must be counted; and, therefore, that they were recognized "just to please Mr. Belmont" is pure invention.

The A. K. C. expelled the Hornell Club, by unanimous vote, under Article 9 of its constitution, for reasons supplied by the Hornell Club itself in the following letter:

HORNELLSVILLE, N. Y., April 30, 1888.—A. P. Vredenburgh, Sec'y A. K. C.—Dear Sir: I replied to your letter some time ago, but have received no answer to my question about Farley and the W. K. Club; perhaps you will at some future time be at liberty to explain it.

As to the Hornell Kennel Club sending a delegate to your meetings, I doubt if we will ever condescend to notice you further. The incompetency of your club in dealing with such glaring outrages as the "Chicago Special Prize," "The Pittsburgh Pewter Medals" and the "Farley Case," all of which were reported by or through the undersigned, is positively disgusting and nauseating to all fair-minded men.

All these were but a fitting introduction to the crowning offense of depriving us of the right to be represented by the only delegate who has been able to show himself capable of understanding what his duties were. (Please imagine the above paragraph printed in bold-faced type.)

The A. K. C. has never amounted to anything, and is likely to peter out now with a new candidate in the field. It is not a club which reflects any honor upon its members, its aims and objects being too well understood by those who have watched the course of events, winding up with the Atlanta recognition in direct violation of your own rules and simply to please Mr. Belmont. It is no wonder that Mr. Child declined in disgust to be any longer connected with an association that would not be elevated. He has the respect of all honest dog owners, and it is further enhanced by his late action in resigning.

The Hornell Kennel Club decline to send any delegate but Mr. James Watson, and as you have bounced him by compelling him to withdraw from your deliberations, the clique now running the A. K. C. can run it until they run in into the ground or else see their errors and recognize our inalienable right as a club.

The above was read before a special meeting of our club and approved with applause.

(Signed) J. OTIS FELLOWS, Sec'y Hornell Kennel Club.

AUGUST BELMONT, JR., Pres. American Kennel Club.

"A BIT OF KENNEL HISTORY."

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your editorial under the above heading surprised me. Mr. Peshall's reply shocked me. I was shocked because Mr. Peshall, whom I had always believed to be a truthful man, had tarnished the fair pages of FOREST AND STREAM with a half denial of what he knows to be a perfectly true statement of facts. Mr. Peshall remembers every word that passed between us, "about the time the late *Kennel and Gun* went off," which was more than twelve months ago, and I judge from his weekly contributions to a horse paper that he is conversant with the doings and sayings of every prominent person from the time of Adam down to Hannibal, and from Hannibal down to Chas. J. Peshall. But when the half dozen individuals who control and get fat on the A. K. C. (Mr. Belmont is not one of these; the wolves are "feeding" him for a *fête* royal) think it advisable that Mr. Peshall should not have a memory, he loses it to oblige them and forthwith becomes wholly incapable of recalling what transpired a few short weeks ago. It has been said that these fellows expelled a delegate for having a brain, and I do not think that it would be unreasonable to assume that Mr. Peshall, who is said to be a retired lawyer, has taken warning therefrom and decided not to be expelled for having a memory.

The facts concerning "a bit of kennel history" are as follows: On the afternoon of the same Thursday that your editorial condemning Rule 2, and exposing the trickery of the 44 Broadway clique was published, I met Mr. Peshall, accidentally. He told me that he wished to see me, and we at once proceeded to a place where they sell water. Mr. Peshall was, I admit, considerably excited. He said that the A.K.C. would have a paper of their own. To which I replied there was no one to edit it unless they felt disposed to get men like Rendle, Mortimer and Goodman; men who have none but a superficial knowledge of dogs, and no record as breeders or owners. I also told him that to do this would be suicidal, as nobody would care to read a dog paper that was not managed by a man who had a first-class record as owner, breeder or exhibitor. Mr. Peshall then said, "What is there to prevent our getting you? If we cannot, we will get a good man from the other side." To this I replied that it was clear to me that the American Kennel Club did not intend to do the right thing by exhibitors; that I could not afford to become associated with it in any way until it had shown itself capable and willing to deal justly by all, and that I had enough work on hand with my book, judging, and writing reports to occupy my spare time. After having assured me that if I took a hand in the controversy against the wolves I would surely injure the sale of my book, all of which I was green enough to see, Mr. Peshall and I parted, the best of friends.

Ten days or so after this Mr. Peshall called late in the evening to see me, and I was surprised, for his visits had for months been few and far between. Possibly the hungry wolves at 44 Broadway had gone for "that fellow Mason" to such an extent that Mr. Peshall began to doubt his judgment or the right to choose his own friends. I don't know about that, but his visits were fewer than they had ever been before. It occurred to me at once that Mr. Peshall had come to endeavor to persuade me to reconsider my decision about the paper. He, however, quickly dispelled that notion by asking me if I would take hold of the A. K. C. Stud Book and on what terms. I gave him a prompt and negative reply, and turned the conversation to a discussion of the merits of the portraits for my forthcoming book. Mr. Peshall did not remain more than a few minutes after he got my final decision on the question, and has only been to see me once since. A very short time after this I learned that Mr. Vredenburgh contemplated resigning the management of the Stud Book, and that the only candidate for the position was the younger half of the Hempstead Farm Company, the individual who makes a separate heading for Prince Charles spaniels and classifies tri-color spaniels with the Blenheims. In order that the subscribers may not again have cause to regret the young man's making the "official" a laughing stock for dog owners, let me tell him that a tri-color spaniel is a Prince Charles and must go under that heading, and that a ruby spaniel is not a Blenheim.

Mr. Peshall says that he has never had any controversy with me of any name or nature. The files of FOREST AND STREAM contain a letter written by me several years ago, stating that while I am ever ready for a discussion with men who have had experience as dog owners, I cannot and will not waste time over those who have not. How is it that Mr. Peshall has never forgotten that letter and yet cannot remember what has transpired since Christmas? Mr. Peshall's statement that he has only replied to my attacks on the A. K. C. is misleading. I do not think that up to February I had ever written a line against the club. I always said that the A. K. C. should be given a chance to do good. It has had the chance and refused to take it. When a member of the A. K. C. returned an entry of mine to let his own dog win, I thought it time to "attack," notwithstanding Mr. Peshall's gratuitous advice in regard to the sale of my book; and I would like to know now why the protest that was lodged by Mr. Winslow was hushed up, and what became of the $5 bill that was deposited. Did it find its way into the coffers of the A. K. C., or was it invested in a feed for the wolves? Perhaps as the W. K. C. was the offender the protest was frivolous. We all know that when these people entered Sensation in a wrong class at Boston and refused to return the prize, the A. K. C. backed them up, because it was not strong enough to take action against itself. If the owner of Kenmore had done such a thing he would probably have been kicked out of the shows, and in quick time. But with F. R. Hitchcock and T. Terry in one corner of the A. K. C. office, and P. C. Ohl and that lovely creature Schellhass in another, how are you going to act against the W. K. C.? It seems to me that if Mr. C. J. Peshall would utilize a little of his time in trying to reform abuses instead of allowing his memory to leave his head to take shelter in his clothes, and filling the papers with quotations from the Scriptures, he might to some extent regain the respect of the dog loving community.

"Let him be kept from paper, pen and ink,
So he may cease to write, and learn to think."—*Prior.*

There will be plenty of work for Mr. Peshall and the wolves before long. In conclusion let me express my thorough contempt and disgust for the individuals who have been trying to ruin the Buffalo show because it refused to pay blood money or be dictated to in the matter of the appointment of judges. There has been no opposition to the London show, although it is not given under A. K. C. rules. That was overcome by engaging a member of the clique to judge.

Now, Mr. Peshall, let me ask you what is your opinion and what is the opinion of the honorable members of the A. K. C., and of the dog fancy throughout the civilized world of a kennel club that sanctions and encourages the appointment of judges who are in the pay of certain exhibitors? This thoroughly rotten state of affairs must some day be explained to the right-thinking men who are so peculiarly represented in the A. K. C.. When the time comes for a clear showing up of the whole business, Mr. C. J Peshall will perhaps do me the kindness to have his memory about him. He will need it. CHAS. H. MASON.

BENCH VERSUS FIELD.

THE Kennel Club managers are chiefly composed of gentlemen who breed, for sale to a large extent, some one or more sorts of dogs. These gentlemen influence the selection of judges. In our opinion their appointments are good ones. The breeding for sale we have no earthly objection to in the abstract, and as far as non-sporting dogs are concerned, we see no disadvantage in one man breeding and keeping just as many dogs as he chooses; whether it is fair that these breeders should also appoint the judges is the question which does not concern us or, in fact, anybody but the other exhibitors, among which we are not to be found. What does concern us is that the same principle of breeding in great numbers should be applied by the managers of dog shows to the breeding in their own kennels of dogs which deceive the public under the guise of champion sporting dogs. When we see a dog show manager with twenty to forty retrievers in his kennel, and upon inquiry find that his sporting is of a very limited character, while his dogs, broken or unbroken, figure as dog show champions, we are aware that he is keeping far more dogs than he can give work enough to do to render them really useful sporting dogs; and we are aware also that the public buy them and breed from them under the impression that they are procuring really sporting dogs; when as a matter of fact, they are offering nothing better than toys which have been bred for generations entirely for dog shows, some of which have incidentally been broken, and a much smaller proportion used in sport to any useful extent. This case bears a strong likeness to that of the successful breeders and exhibitors at Kennel Club shows. If the club were to inaugurate retriever trials in the field, and make entry at the shows depend upon success in the field, we should expect to find all these celebrities conspicuous by their absence. We know, as a fact, that field merit is not considered in the breeding of the majority of show pointers and setters, and we are morally certain that it is the same with retrievers and spaniels. In fact, it must be so when they are bred in large quantities in any single establishment. There cannot be enough work to bring out and exercise the intelligence of the stud dogs and bitches and the instinct in every succeeding generation becomes weaker as a consequence.

What one prominent member's kennel is among retrievers, we are inclined to think another's kennel of Irish setters is among setters. We have made particular inquiries as to what amount of shooting these dogs get, but we cannot hear of any one who can affirm that they do get work to any considerable extent. Doubtless both these gentlemen occasionally breed a good dog, but that does not show a good working blood. What does show it is when every puppy in a litter may be depended upon to be up to the average of good dogs, and many of them far above it. This we should not expect from either of the above kennels, where an occasional dog up to the average is all we should look for. The English setters and the black and tan setters at the show just past show us that there can be even lower grades of breeders of sporting dogs than those reached by the retriever breeders of both sorts. Here we find that breeding for show points for so long has defeated itself, and has physically incapacitated the outcome of the system for hard work, even if they possessed the will to do it, which we do not suspect they do: If the Kennel Club interfered with the present system, by making entry at their shows depend upon dogs having done something at field trials, Othello's occupation would be gone. All the champions and coming champions would be excluded from competition, and a dog show, instead of being a great assembly of dealers, would become a rendezvous of sportsmen who breed dogs because they want them. A few years ago we had hopes that dog shows might be drifted into something of this kind, and we used the little influence we possess to induce the establishment of field-trial classes at dog shows. A few gentlemen very honorably attempted to combine good looks and good work and public form. These were Mr. Lonsdale, Mr. Lloyd-Price, Mr. Barclay Field, Mr. Purcell Llewellin, Col. Cotes and Mr. Pilkington. Doubtless if the absence of these gentlemen had not been more or less preferable to their company at Kennel Club meetings, they would have been encouraged to continue to exhibit; but then, as before, Othello's occupation would be gone, so that, in one way or another, they have all been made to prefer to keep their dogs without the sphere of action of the Kennel Club. Only one of these gentlemen exhibits one entry, viz., Mr. Pilkington, and we are constrained to say that the exhibition of Woolton Game is the remnant of the better spirit and more sporting character of dog shows.

We have already said that we used our influence to induce classes for field trial dogs; and at one time, before the Birmingham dog show fell under the boycotting influence of the Kennel Club, it looked as if it might become the fashion to send field trial dogs to the shows. We remember a class containing about a dozen magnificent field trial winning setters: but, unfortunately, the Kennel Club followed Birmingham with a sort of feeble imitation such as to make the whole thing ridiculous; thus they give a first prize of £3 for pointers, and a second of one pound, and throw the prize open to any dogs which may have been entered twice, or called up twice at a field trial; for such is the meaning of the words of the regulation; whether it was intended or not we cannot say. But so little is the prize regarded by those who are ambitious to win field trials that, although thrown open practically to all entries at field trials, neither pointer nor setter field-trial class secured more than four entries, showing that those who have really valuable dogs do not regard the inducements of Kennel Club honors as equivalent to the risks run by the dogs in obtaining them. When, therefore, we see the name of a field trial owner in the catalogue, it is generally a sign that he has a draft to sell which he will not personally recommend to a purchaser.

For these reasons we strongly advise our readers who want dogs for the moors to leave dog show dogs entirely alone, and instead, to attend Aldridge's sales, where they may generally find dogs which some friend can tell them about, or if not, they may rely upon the affirmative descriptions in the catalogues when a well known name is attached thereto.

How much the classes of dogs supposed to be used with the gun depend upon a fancied connection with working dogs is this year very obvious in the paucity of the entries of black and tan setters. Four entries, and but three exhibits, is the result of the entire non-appearance of black and tan setters to field trials. The connection of the English and Irish setter classes, and the pointers with field trials, is nearly as remote. It is a necessity to keep up the connection in appearance, and every effort is made consequently to press into service the name of a field trial sister, cousin, or aunt; but when a show dog is successful as a field trialer it is usually because he has a pedigree on the other side as well. This was the case with Master Sam this year,

which on the dam's side is of the same blood as Mr. James Bishop's Beau of the Ball and Mr. Llewellin's Dan.

Between the two dogs in the challenge class of English setters there was not much to choose. Neither look like workers, and their brother, which won in an open class, carries his ears back showing the insides of them like a half-bred collie. The bitch in the challenge class is a more hardy looking animal but far too small. Two English field trial setters and one Irish one put in an appearance, but the former were a long way off first-rate when we saw them work, and in appearance they are decidedly common. Nevertheless, it is quite possible that Mr. Lowes's bitch may, some day, make a really good one, if she can be brought under proper control without breaking her dash.

The Rev. O'Callaghan and dogs bred by him were successful in Irish setter classes; he also trotted out once more his single field trialer. Mr. Shirley and dogs bred by him won in flat-coated retrievers, and Mr. Skipworth's dogs took the prizes for the curly-coated sort.

The show was held in a field belonging to the popular Ranelagh Club, an excellent advertisement for the Kennel Club, to which the idea of a connection with sport is all important; however, they did not make much use of their opportunities, as a visit to tents, through which the rain was streaming, was not very enjoyable either for the inspectors or the inspected.

For descriptions of the toys, sporting or otherwise, we must refer our readers to one or the other of the fanciers' papers.

Of pointers we cannot say much, but we give them more notice than the setters and retrievers, because there is slightly more ground for believing the classes contained some sporting merit; indeed, the Kennel Club is clearly less regarded now than ever as representing sportsmen's interests in doggy matters. Bar one or two small kennels, none of the prominent sportsmen of the day were represented. Not a single entry either from Mr. Heywood Lonsdale, Mr. Lloyd Price, Mr. Barcley Field, or Col. Cotes; and these gentlemen a few years ago were each and all almost invariably strongly represented at the K. C. shows; but they evidently declined any longer to receive the club's dictum. The challenge classes were weak, Naso of Upton alone in the dog class; and Mr. Lloyd-Lloyd's Lady Jane winning in bitches. She is a smart, pointer-like looking bitch, full of quality, too fine almost for hard work. Molton Broom is a good roomy one, lengthy and pretty level; Aldin Bell and these two were the only entries for challenge bitches, and the merits of each of the aforegoing have so frequently been discussed that it is unnecessary to devote further space to them on the present occasion. In the open dog class (55lbs. and up) Mr. E. Bishop's Lord Newton, a dog of great quality, is very smart and showy-looking, standing up bold and square; he has good lung-room, also has good feet and legs, is straight and strong in front, with a good head, a nice graceful neck, and well-placed shoulders, fairly good back, ribs and loins, and a thoroughly good pointer stern; but we should like him a little more bent in the stifle-joints, and cleaner about the hocks. He is decidedly a show dog; what he may be in the field we can't say; if good, Mr. E. Bishop is just the man to run him at the trials, but he has not put in an appearance at those contests at present. Mr. Bryan's Banker (second prize) we know something of, having seen him run, and an account of his performance appeared in these pages, recording the running of the Springfield trials; on a close inspection he is not quite so straight in front as we thought he was, and is, perhaps, rather effeminate in head qualities, but he has a good barrel, capital well-bent thighs, and is as hard and full of muscle as a prize fighter. We know that he can gallop, and that he has a keen love for hunting; had he been better broken at the trials he would have pushed very near to the front. Mr. Norrish's Teign (third prize) is a different stamp of dog, rather heavy in head, and very light in eye; he is also rather flat-sided, but his chest is very deep; he has plenty of good, straight bone, and strong compact feet, and ought to be able to go; his stern, however, is decidedly foxhound in length and carriage. Mr. Lloyd's Totnes Parody (reserve) we did not care for, he is wide in front and slopes off in hindquarters. Mr. W. Nicholson's Drayton (v.h.c.) is too leggy, and has not a nice expression. Friar of Upton is a useful-looking dog, with plenty of bone, but rather plain in head properties.

Large bitches were barely an average as a class; Mr. G. Pilkington's Woolton Game, winner at the National Trials, Shrewsbury, this year, had an easy win. She is a heavily marked liver and white bitch, has good feet and legs, is very level, with excellent back and loins, a nice pointer-like head, and low-set ears, but she is rather upright and thick in her shoulders; of quality she has plenty, and she is a good one in the field. Mr. Bryan's Bracken (second prize) is a very compact, square made animal, rather too short if anything for breeding purposes; she has good head and nice dark hazel pointer-like eyes, rather a rare feature in the modern representative of the breed. Mr. Statter's Lothé (third prize) is fairly good in body and head properties, but stands badly in front, is weak in her pasterns, and has not the best of feet. A good-bodied bitch, with nice straight legs, plenty of bone and well-sprung ribs, is the Rev. J. Pooley's Milton Stella (reserve), but her light eye and prick ears detract from her otherwise pointer-like characteristics. In the small-sized dog class (under 55lbs.) there were only a very few good ones. Mr. J. L. Bulled's Molton Baron was lucky to get first place, for, although he is a good-bodied dog, with nice head and ear and fair bone, he stands much too wide in front; he, however, has a nice pointer-like head and eye. Mr. F. Lowe's Kent Cob is a hard-looking useful sort, has a capital barrel, good feet and legs, and his credentials are a second prize at one of the Continental field trials; we should have placed both him and the Rev. W. J. Richardson's game-looking little Rex of Milton—jealous little beggar though we know him to be in his work when running against a competitor—in front of the winner. Mr. W. C. Tong's General Bounce (reserve) is a very peacocky-looking gentleman, good in outline, but not well filled in; a heavy fallow or wet, clingy turnips would, we should fancy, soon take the go out of him. Sir T. B. Lenard showed two, Chandos and Kite, fairly good useful-looking pointers. Mr. Beck's Perdix is a good-bodied dog, but is very short, chumpy, and unpointer-like in head; he has good sporting blood in his veins, however, on his dam's side, being out of Mr. Lloyd Price's La Vole, an old field trial winner. In the corresponding bitch class Mr. W. J. Tredinnick's Cornish Juno (first prize) is a great roomy bitch, with good feet and legs, but she looks and handles soft and flabby. Mr. Salter's Treacle (second prize) is a compact, smart-looking little bitch, with not the best of feet and forelegs. Mr. Holmes's Isabella (third prize) is evidently kept for the show business, and, although very sleek and pretty, looks far too soft for work; and there were two or three others we should have placed in front of her, including the Rev. W. J. Richardson's Milton Ringlet, a very smart, wiry-looking little bitch, with nice clean-cut head, well-set ears, plenty of bone for her size, full of muscle, as hard as a board. Mr. F. Lowe's Daphne of Avon (reserve) was not in her place when we visited the show, so we can say nothing about her. Bar the above-named animals, there was nothing worthy of special note among the pointers. In the field trial class there were three representatives only. These were Woolton Game, Kent Cob, and Rex of Milton, each one of them already referred to above, and they were placed in the order given, viz., Woolton Game, first (which prize is of the value of £3, being £1 less than the first prize given by the Kennel Club in the toy terrier class); Kent Cob, second prize, £1; Rex of Milton, reserve.

SPANIELS.—There was a fairly good muster of Clumbers, but nothing really first-class among the entire entry. The Duke of Portland showed a team of nine good, useful, workmanlike looking animals, but with one or two exceptions not such typical animals as we have seen exhibited from the same kennels before. Boss III., Mr. R. Pratt's first in the challenge class, is a giant; but he has not altogether the correct type of Clumber head, and we doubt his lasting more than two or three hours at work. The Duke of Portland took first and second, and reserve in the open dog class with Dot II., Rock IV. and Dart II. The bitches were most of them small and weedy, some of them distinctly not pure bred ones. Mr. L. Deane's Bromine was clearly the best in the class and is a very fair type of the breed.

Irish water spaniels were a fair lot only, but the best type animal of the lot, Pat Malone, was in such wretched coat that he only took he. The Shaugraun is a dog with a capital head, body and leg coat, but he is coarse in muzzle; he was alone in the challenge class for dogs, as was Colonel, the Hon. W. Le Poer-Trench's Harp in that for bitches; she is a very nice one and has the orthodox whippy stern, which by the bye, however, looked uncommonly as if her kennel man had sandpapered it. Spalpeen, from the same kennel, won in the open dog class; he has a fair amount of head and body coat, but not quite of the right sort. Mr. Glaisby's Pat Malone, has excellent head and muzzle and the right kind of coat both on the body and legs; that is when he has not shed it. On the present occasion there were only about half a dozen ringlets left on him to swear by; it was a pity to show him. Barry Sullivan is good in muzzle, but bad in head coat. The best colored animal of the breed was Mr. Nisbet's Kate Kearney, first for bitches, but her coat is not quite the thing at present, being rather open; she also seemed to be shedding it. The second prize bitch, Mr. Mouttray's Molly Doolin, has clearly got a touch of the French poodle in her composition, judging from the long tufts on her muzzle, but her owner deserves credit for showing her in her natural garb, without resorting to that cultivation at which some dog show men are such adepts.

Of field spaniels and so-called cockers we have little to say. There were a few nice liver-colored animals and a lot of soft-coated blacks, the regular show bench breed, which have contaminated the working breeds of spaniels almost everywhere throughout the country.

Of the old and practically obsolete breeds of sporting dogs (bloodhounds and deerhounds) there was an excellent show of bloodhounds, the bitches being a grand lot. Deerhounds were fairly numerous and good. Greyhounds were two moderate classes, but coursing men seldom patronize dog shows, so no particular interest can attach to the entries sent to compete on the bench.—*Land and Water.*

THE BUFFALO DOG SHOW.

THE premium list of the dog show to be given by the Buffalo International Fair Association at Buffalo, N. Y., Sept. 11 to 14, is a liberal one. In the champion classes for prominent breeds the prize is $20 for dogs and the same for bitches, with a second prize of bronze medal when there are three or more entries. In open classes for prominent breeds the prizes are: Dogs $20, $10 and bronze medal; bitches the same; puppies $10 and bronze medal for each sex. For spaniels the American Spaniel Club's classification No. 1 is adopted with $10 in champion classes, $10, $5 and bronze medal in open classes. Collies have $10 in each champion class, with $20, $10 and silver medal in each of the open classes and $10, $5 and silver medal for each puppy class. In a number of the other classes the champion prize is $10, open classes $10, $5 and bronze medal for each sex. In some of the less prominent classes the prizes are $10 and $5 and $10 and medal. Where one class only is provided it will be divided by sex when there are five entries of each sex.

The association offers a kennel prize of $10 for mastiffs, rough-coated St. Bernards, smooth-coated St. Bernards, greyhounds, pointers, English setters, Irish setters, field spaniels, cocker spaniels, beagles, collies and bull-terriers; $10 for best pair beagles, 13in. or under, and the same for best pair black greyhounds; $20 for best team of eight working spaniels; $20 to handler of largest number of dogs; $10 to handler of second largest number, and $20 to exhibitor making most entries. Other specials are offered for best brace of Irish setters and best brace of greyhounds. Messrs. F. Windholz, W. Wade, Chas. H. Mason, Dr. J. Frank Perry and several other gentlemen whose names we have not learned have also offered valuable specials.

The Pug Breeders' Challenge Cup, open to all American bred pugs, and the American Field Cup, open to pugs owned by members of the American Pet Dog Club and members of the National Dog Club of America, will be competed for. Entries close Sept. 1. The address of the secretary is C. W. Robinson, 47 Chapin Block, Buffalo, N. Y.

OUR BOSTON SHOW REPORT.

NEW YORK, Aug. 4.—*S. T. Hammond, Esq., Kennel Editor Forest and Stream:* DEAR SIR—I was surprised to see in your paper's last issue that you published your letter to me of the 25th July and my reply of the 31st, as I considered them private communications, at all events until my consent to their publication had been secured. In my letter to you I said that I was ready if you called upon me to give you my reasons for my criticism of your paper's Boston show report. They are based on very satisfactory written proofs given to me by the best authorities of each special breed.

I reiterate all I have said publicly and privately on this subject, and invite as much of your habitual misrepresentation and abuse as your well trained staff in this line consider they can spare for me. As you published the correspondence to which this relates please publish this.

AUGUST BELMONT, JR.

FOX-TERRIER CLUB'S SHOW.—New York, Aug. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I call your attention of the closing of the entries of the American Fox-Terrier Show printed in your last issue, Aug. 22. Please have the date rectified to Aug. 15. The entries are coming in rapidly, and the indications are that the show will far exceed the previous shows in quality and numbers.—H. P. FROTHINGHAM, Secretary and Treasurer.

THE SELECTION OF JUDGES.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am informed by independent exhibitors that certain persons in control of the A. K. C. have written to a dog show committee advising them to select as a judge a kennel man employed by individuals who have office room in the A. K. C. office. While I have the honor of not being associated or connected in any way with said persons, I believe that I, as well as every other individual interested in the dog, have a perfect right to ask the president of the A. K. C. if there is any truth in the report, and if there is to state when the honorable members of the A. K. C. were consulted on the question, and which of them authorized said persons in A. K. C. office to use their names in connection with such suspicious proceedings.—CHARLES H. MASON.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

H. A. E., New Haven, Conn.—I have an Irish setter dog, 5 yrs. old, afflicted with very sore ears. On the edges of the hole into the head are some little red pimples, and his ears and head are not swelled in the least. They are very sore inside and very itchy. He will scratch them with his hind paw and then rub them and whine as if it hurt. His ears seem to be burning with fever. There are no discharges. He is strong and healthy with the exception of his ears. Ans. Canker of the ears. Wash carefully twice daily, and after drying let a few drops of the following medicine fall in each ear and then knead the ears gently:

℞	Bromo-chloral	j
	Tr. opii	ʒj
	Aq. ad	ʒij
Mix.		

E. T., Brunswick, Me.—My foxhound bitch has an enlargement upon her throat. I think it is a goitre. At the present time it is very hard. Ans. Iodide of potassium internally and mercurial ointment applied daily to the surface may cause its size to decrease. Consult a veterinary.

KENNEL NOTES.

Notes must be sent on prepared blanks, which are furnished free on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope of large letter size. Sets of 200 of any one form, bound for retaining duplicates, are sent for 30 cents.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Wasp and Nettle. By John Graham, New Albany, Ind., for brindle and white bull-terrier bitch, whelped July 21, 1888, by Steve (Billy—Rose) out of Chunkey (imported Jim—Daisy).

Lady Olivia. By Hornell-Harmony Kennels, Covert, N. Y., for black and white greyhound bitch, whelped July 14, 1887, by imported Pilot out of Josephine (Prince—Belle).

Philip and Lady D. By Dr. G. W. Dixon, Worcester, Mass., for fawn pug dog and bitch, whelped June —, by Young Toby (A.K.R. 473) out of Toodles (A.K.R. 2147).

Judy, Silkey, Silvey and Spite. By Dr. Geo. W. Dixon, Worcester, Mass., for blue and tan toy Yorkshire terrier bitches, whelped May —, by Tiny out of Daisy.

San Gwynne and San Roy III. By F. G. Taylor and G. G. Davis, Philadelphia, Pa., for lemon and white and ticked English setter dogs, whelped April 23, 1888, by their San Roy, Jr. (San Roy—Cora) out of Nell Gwynne (Racket—Moxie).

NAMES CHANGED.

Whiteley's Duke to Duke of Vernon. By L. Gardner, Mt. Vernon, N. Y., for white and liver pointer dog, whelped June 1, 1886, by Glendale (Bodine—Lady) out of Spotless (Lort—Lass).

BRED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Beatrice—Merry Monarch. R. B. Sawyer's (Birmingham, Conn.) bulldog bitch Beatrice (Rustic King—Soudan) to his champion Merry Monarch (champion Monarch—Penzie), July 24.

Madge—Sir Anthony. M. Harrison's (Philadelphia, Pa.) pointer bitch Madge (Peshall's Jimmie—imported Lucille) to Geo. W. Lovell's Sir Anthony (champion Graphic—Zitta), July 30.

Julie—Lord Nelson. Erminie Kennels' (Mt. Vernon, N. Y.) St. Bernard bitch Julie to their Lord Nelson (Joseph—Savon), July 4.

Erminie—Barry. Erminie Kennels' (Mt. Vernon, N. Y.) smooth St. Bernard bitch Erminie (Jupiter—champion Beda) to G. Wagner's Barry (Mönch—Bella), July 21.

Greta—Lord Nelson. Erminie Kennels' (Mt. Vernon, N. Y.) rough St. Bernard bitch Greta (The Splugen—Mercy) to their Lord Nelson (Joseph—Savona), July 21.

Flounce—Ted Llewellin. W. S. Brown's (New York) English setter bitch Flounce to W. B. Peet's Ted Llewellin (A.K.R. 599), July 22.

Gypsy H.—Paul Gladstone. Mt. Washington Kennels' (Pittsburgh, Pa.) English setter bitch Gypsy H. (A.K.R. 5794) to their Paul Gladstone (A.K.R. 5799), July 24.

Frousey—Toodles. C. H. Smith's (St. Stephen's, N. B.) Skye terrier bitch Frousey (A.K.R. 598) to his Toodles (A.K.R. 5979), June 1.

WHELPS.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Victoria. C. C. Richardson's (Suffield, Conn.) mastiff bitch Victoria (A.K.R. 1587), July 31, ten (seven dogs), by his Count Bismarck (A.K.R. 4871).

Belle Randolph. Fleet View Pointer Kennels' (Lynn, Mass.) pointer bitch Belle Randolph (Sam—Juno III.), July 23, seven (two dogs), by their Spot Dash (A.K.R. 4177).

Venus. L. W. Dunham's (Birmingham, Conn.) pug bitch Venus, July 14, six, by R. B. Sawyer's Chequasset Diamond (Bradford Ruby—Tantrums).

Topsey. E. C. Reidenger's (Cincinnati, O.) pug bitch Topsey, July 11, five (three dogs), by J. Englehart's Treasure (A.K.R. 472).

St. Pierre. Coughcura Medicine Co.'s (Eau Claire, Wis.) St. Bernard bitch St. Pierre (champion Tell—Cleo), June 7, eleven (six dogs), by their Otto II. (A.K.R. 2480).

Lady Emily. Dr. Taylor's (Mt. Vernon, N. Y.) rough St. Bernard bitch Lady Emily (Carlo—Sheila), July 2, eleven (four dogs), by Erminie Kennels' Lord Nelson (Joseph—Savona).

Alida. Mt. Washington Kennels' (Pittsburgh, Pa.) English setter bitch Alida (Rex Gladstone—Leah II.), June 21, six (five dogs), by their Paul Gladstone (A.K.R. 5799).

Nannie S. Mt. Washington Kennels' (Pittsburgh, Pa.) English setter bitch Nannie S. (Dashing Berwyn—Juno A.), June 14, six (five dogs), by their Paul Gladstone (A.K.R. 5799).

Rodreka. F. G. Taylor and G. G. Davis's (Philadelphia, Pa.) English setter bitch Rodreka (Roderigo—Gem), July 6, seven bitches, by W. A. Coster's Buckellew (A.K.R. 30); one bitch since dead.

Chunkey. John Graham's (New Albany, Ind.) bull-terrier bitch Chunkey (imported Jim—Daisy), July 21, five bitches, by E. Johnson's Steve (Billy—Rose).

Frousey. C. H. Smith's (St. Stephen, N. B.) Skye terrier bitch Frousey (A.K.R. 5930), July 31, five (four dogs), by his Toodles (A. K.R. 5979).

SALES.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Little Roy. Black, white and tan beagle dog, whelped May 30, 1888, by Royal Krueger out of Pussie, by Hornell-Harmony Kennels, Covert, N. Y., to Ed. Marshall, Cassopolis, Mich.

Lucy. Black, white and tan beagle bitch, whelped April, 1886, by Drive II. out of Fanny, by F. C. Rochester, Logan, O., to R. M. Paddock, Lancaster, O.

Banjo. Ruby and white Blenheim spaniel dog, whelped January, 1885, by champion Bowsie out of Countess of Blennie, by J. H. Winslow, Philadelphia, Pa., to Morris Dallett, same place.

Joan of Arc. Ruby and white Blenheim spaniel bitch, whelped June, 1884, by Short's Block out of ——, by J. H. Winslow, Philadelphia, Pa., to Morris Dallett, same place.

Wasp II. Black, white and tan fox-terrier bitch, whelped March, 1883, by Ruby Tyrant out of Walkley Nettle, by W. S. Applegate, New Albany, Ind., to J. E. Thayer, Lancaster, Mass.

Little Belmont. White, black and tan fox-terrier bitch, whelped Aug. 10, 1887, by Earl Leycester out of Coquette, by W. S. Applegate, New Albany, Ind., to Jas. E. Unks, Brownsville, Pa.

Lady Olivia. Black and white greyhound bitch, whelped July 14, 1887, by Pilot out of Josephine, by Ed. Marshall, Cassopolis, Mich., to Hornell-Harmony Kennels, Covert, N. Y.

Otto II.—St. Pierre whelp. Orange and white St. Bernard dog, whelped June 7, 1888, by Coughcura Medicine Co., Eau Claire, Wis., to J. E. Cass, same place.

Kent. St. Bernard dog, age and pedigree not given, by O. W. Volger, Buffalo, N. Y., to C. McCurdy, same place.

Gustavus Adolphus. St. Bernard dog, age and pedigree not given, by O. W. Volger, Buffalo, N. Y., to F. D. Locke, same place.

Lord Nelson—Greta whelps. Rough St. Bernards, whelped April 30, 1888, by Erminie Kennels, Mt. Vernon, N. Y., one orange and white dog to Mrs. A. C. Clark, Cooperstown, N. Y.; one orange and white bitch to Wm. J. Ehrich, Saranac Lake, N. Y., and one white and orange marking dog to J. S. Ehrich, Ft. Washington, N. Y.

Fritz II.—Julie whelps. Orange and white St. Bernards, whelped Jan. 30, 1888, by Erminie Kennels, Mt. Vernon, N. Y., a smooth dog to Arthur Jenkins, same place, and a rough bitch to Franz Mayer, New York.

Tim—Meg whelp. Red Irish setter dogs, whelped June 1, 1888, by Chas. F. Kenerson, Hingham Centre, Mass., one each to Samuel W. Thorndike, Braintree, Mass., and Mrs. S. F. Somers, Boston, Mass.

Paul Novice. Black, white and tan English setter dog, whelped April 30, 1888, by Paul Gladstone out of Dashing Novice, by Mt. Washington Kennels, Pittsburgh, Pa., to Morningside Kennels, Ligonier, Pa.

Paul Gladstone—Alida. Black, white and tan English setter dog, whelped June 21, 1888, by Mt. Washington Kennels, Pittsburgh, Pa., to Jas. McKnight, same place.

Peggie Bowley. Black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped October, 1886, by Kobo out of Hilla, by J. H. Winslow, Philadelphia, Pa., to C. H. Stouffer, New Marlboro, Mass.

PRESENTATIONS.

Old Dominion's Guido. Orange and white English setter dog, whelped May 15, 1888, by Dr. Maclin out of Victoria Wise, by Col. Wm. H. Kennerly, White Post, Va., to W. A. Wheatley, Memphis, Tenn.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION PROGRAMME.

FOLLOWING is the official programme of the sixteenth annual meeting of the National Rifle Association, to be held at Creedmoor Sept. 10 to 15 inclusive:

No. 1. Directors' Match.—200yds.—open only to directors of the N. R. A. Rounds, five; position, standing; weapon, any military rifle. Prize.—The Directors' Championship Gold Badge, shot for annually.

No. 2. Judd Match. Open to all comers, any military rifle, including specials; Remington, State model, allowed one point on each score; 200yds.; standing; rounds, seven; entries and re-entries, $1 each; only three entries allowed to be shot on each day; match to occupy two days; the aggregate of two scores to count for the first five prizes, the winners to have the choice of prizes in the order of merit of their scores. First prize.—A handsome mantel clock, value $35. Twenty-five cash prizes, viz.; $25, $20, $15, $10; six of $8, seven of $5, and eight of $5 each.

No. 3. Wimbledon Cup Match.—Open to all citizens and residents of the United States; 1,000yds.; thirty shots; any rifle within the rules; cleaning allowed; position, any; entrance fee, $2. First prize.—The Wimbledon Cup. Presented by the National Rifle Association of Great Britain to the N. R. A. of America, to be held by the winner till the next fall meeting. Value, $500. Won in 1875 by Maj. Fulton; in 1876 by I. L. Allen; in 1887 by Dudley Selph; in 1878 by Frank Hyde; in 1879 by C. Laird; in 1880 by W. M. Farrow; in 1881 by F. J. Rabbeth; in 1882 by W. Budworth; in 1883 by H. T. Rockwell; in 1884, 1885 and 1886 by J. W. Todd; in 1887 by T. J. Dolan.

No. 4. President's Match.—First stage, 200 and 500yds., 7 shots each, open to army, navy and marine corps, or national guard of any State. Competitors to shoot with the rifle of the model issued by the State they represent or the U. S. Springfield rifle; .50-cal. Remington rifles will be allowed one point. Twenty-two prizes, viz.: $20, $15, ten of $10, and ten of $5 each; entrance fee $3 to both stages. Second stage, open to all prize winners in the first stage; 600yds.; number of shots 10; position any; rifles same as in first stage. Prize, the mid-range championship of America for one year, and cash $25, to be awarded to the competitor making the highest aggregate score in both stages.

No. 5. The Long Range Military Match.—Any military rifle, 800, 900 and 1,000yds; any position; all comers; 10 shots at each distance; entrance $3. Eight prizes, viz.: $20, $15, $10, $8, $7, and three of $5 each.

No. 6. The Tiffany Match. — All-comers' continuous match, 200yds., standing; number of shots 7 on the American standard target; any rifle. The allowance for special military rifles will be three points, for other military rifles four points, and for the Remington-State model .50-cal. five points on each string. Cleaning allowed between shots for rifles other than military or special military. The first prize will be a silver vase presented by Messrs. Tiffany & Co. Thirty-one cash prizes aggregating $264, viz.: $30, $25, $20, $15, five of $10, seven of $7, and fifteen of $5 each. The aggregate of three scores to count for all prizes. Extra prizes of $5, $3, and $2, will be awarded each day to the competitors making the highest three single scores. Entries unlimited; fee, $1 each ticket, or three for $2 if taken at one time.

No. 7. Governor's Match.—10 shots at 500yds.; position, any; rifle, any military; all comers. Entries, $1 each or three for $2 if taken at one time; $200 divided into 25 prizes, viz., $25, $20, $15, $10, six of $8, seven of $6 and eight of $5. All prizes to be won on the aggregate of three scores, and ties in each case to be decided by the next best score (or scores). Allowance for Remington .50-cal., 5 points; other military rifles 3 points on three scores, and in the same proportion for single scores.

No. 8. All-Comers' and Marksman's Badge Match.—Open to everybody; 200 and 500yds; standing at 200, prone at 500; 5 shots at each. Entrance fee, $1 or three tickets for $2 if taken at one time. Rifles, the Remington .50-cal. State model or such other rifles as may be issued or authorized by the State of New York. Thirty-one prizes, total $240, viz., $25, $20, $15, eight of $10 and twenty of $5 each. The firing at both ranges must be done on the same day or the score will be considered void.

No. 9. Hilton Trophy Match.—Open to military teams of 12; 200, 500 and 600yds.; 7 shots at each distance; standing at 200yds., any at 500 and 600yds.; any military rifle which has been adopted, authorized or issued as an official arm by any State or Government. Entrance fee, $2 each man. Prize, a Trophy, presented by Hon. Henry Hilton, of New York, to be shot for annually, to be held during the year by the head of the corps or organization whose team may win it, to be returned to the N. R. A. at the expiration thereof. Value, $3,000. Also a medal to each member of the winning team; won in 1878 and 1879 by State of New York; in 1880 by Division of the Missouri, U. S. A.; in 1881 by State of New York; in 1882 by State of Pennsylvania; in 1883 by State of Michigan; in 1884 and 1885 by Division of the Atlantic, U. S. A.; in 1886 and 1887 by State of Massachusetts.

No. 10. Short Range Team Match.—Open to teams of four, from any regularly organized rifle club or association or military organization. Ten shots at 200yds., standing. Rifles, any within the rules. Cleaning allowed between shots for rifles other than military or special military. Target, the American Standard. Teams using the Remington rifle, State model, .50-calibre, will be allowed 28 points, and 16 points will be allowed to teams using other military or special military rifles. Entrance fee, $6 per team, re-entries allowed, but only the highest score to count. Four prizes, viz.: $40, $30, $20 and $10.

No. 11. Inter-State Military Match.—Open to one team from each State or Territory in the United States, consisting of twelve members of the National Guard, 200 and 500yds. At 200yds. standing; at 500yds. prone. Any military rifle which has been adopted, authorized or issued as an official arm by the State or Government. Rounds, ten at each distance. Entrance fee, $2 each man. Prize.—To the team making the highest aggregate score, a large bronze "Soldier of Marathon." Value $350. Also a medal to each member of winning team.

No. 12. Inter-State Long Range Match.—Open to teams of four, all rifle associations or clubs in any State or Territory. 800, 900 and 1000yds.; fifteen shots at each. Any rifle within the rules. Entrance fee $10 each team. Prize.—A Trophy, to be held for the year by the successful team, which shall be deposited in some central place in the State whose team may win it. Also a medal to each member of the winning team.

No. 13. New York State National Guard Match.—Open to teams of twelve from each Infantry organization of the National Guard of the State of New York; 200 and 500yds., standing at 200; prone at 500yds. Five rounds at each distance. Entrance fee, $1 each man. Prize, a trophy presented by the State of New York. Value, $300.

No. 14. First Brigade National Guard Match.—Open to teams of twelve from each regiment in the First Brigade of the National Guard of the State of New York; 200 and 500yds. Five shots at each; standing at 200; at 500yds. prone. Entrance fee, $1 each man. First prize, a trophy, presented by the State of New York. Value, $100. Second prize, cash, $25.

No. 15. Second Brigade National Guard Match.—Open to teams of twelve from each regiment or separate company of Infantry in the Second Brigade of the National Guard of the State of New York; 200 and 500yds. Five shots at each; standing at 200; prone at 500yds. Entrance fee, $1 each man. First prize, a trophy, presented by the State of New York. Value, $100. Second prize, cash, $25, presented by the Second Brigade Staff N. G., S. N. Y.

No. 17. Revolver Match.—Thirty yards, 5 shots on the American standard target, reduced for 100yds., position standing, off-hand, use of one arm only allowed, revolver not to exceed 2¾lbs. in weight, maximum length of barrel (exclusive of chamber) 7½in., minimum trigger pull 8lbs., plain open sights sufficiently strong for service purposes, any ammunition, cleaning allowed between scores only. Aggregate of three scores to count for all prizes. Entries 50 cents or three for $1 when taken at one time, $60 divided into 10 prizes, viz.: $15, $10, $8, $7, and seven of $5 each.

No. 18. Steward Match.—Open to all comers, 200yds., Creedmoor target, 5 shots, position sitting, kneeling or standing, any military or special rifle, an allowance of two points will be given to competitors who use the Remington rifle, .50cal., the allowance to be added to the aggregate of the three scores. All prizes to be won on the aggregate of three scores. Entries 50 cents each or three for $1 if taken at one time. Entries unlimited. Match open every day.

No 16. General Sheridan's Skirmishers' Match.—Open to teams of six from the regular army, navy, marine corps, national guard, volunteers or militia of any country, State or Territory; 600 to 200yds. and return; second class targets; weapon, the military rifle with which the association has been regularly armed; entrance fee, $5 for each team. A commanding officer or coach may be allowed in rear of each team, or as a member on the firing line. The first prize in this match is a trophy presented by S. D. Schuyler. Value, $150. This prize is to be won three times before becoming the property of the winner. It will be held for a year by the officer commanding the winning corps. Also a bronze medal to each member of the winning team. Won in 1884 and 1885 by 4th Artillery, U.S.A., in 1886 and 1887 by Engineer Corps, U.S.A.

The matches will be shot as nearly as possible upon the following days, though the right is reserved after entries are made to change the order of shooting: Monday, Nos. 2, 3; Tuesday, Nos. 2, 5; Wednesday, Nos. 4, 10, 12; Thursday, No. 10; Friday, Nos. 13, 14, 15, Saturday, Nos. 9, 11. Nos. 1, 6, 7, 8, 17 and 18 will be open every day.

No shooter will be allowed to place the butt of the rifle, when aiming, under the coat, vest or suspender.

BOSTON, Aug. 1.—The number of shooters at Walnut Hill today was very small, but those that were present did good work, as the following score will show:

Rest Match, 200yds.

S Wilder	12	9	10	12	12	11	12	12	11	12—113
H Severance	12	12	12	10	9	12	9	12	11	10—109
W Winchester	11	8	9	11	12	12	12	11	11	9—106
A Ballard	12	12	12	10	9	9	9	12	8	11—104
O T Moore	11	10	9	11	9	10	11	11	12	8—102
A Clarke	11	10	9	10	9	10	12	9	9	10— 98
J H Miller	9	7	5	9	10	8	8	9	7	11— 83

Military Match, 200yds.

E A Poyen	5	5	5	4	5	4		A S Field	5	4	4	4	4	5	4	4—42
E L Dorr, Jr	4	4	4	4	5	4	4	P A Emery	4	4	4	5	4	4	4	4—42

Military Match, 500yds.

W Charles	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	E L Dorr, Jr	5	1	5	4	4	5	4	5—42

Off-hand Decimal Match, 200yds.

B J Comey	10	8	5	9	7	8	7	6	10	5—76
F W Hart	7	8	6	5	10	10	4	6	6	8—70
A Maynard	8	4	5	9	5	7	4	9	6	9—66
O Moore	5	8	7	4	3	5	4	7	9	4—56

Aug. 4.—The shooting was quite lively to-day at the Massachusetts rifle range, and a large number of militia men were on hand. Had the weather conditions been favorable some high scores would have been made. The ladies' scores with pistol are worthy of mention. Following are the scores finished to-day.

Rest Match.

J R Munroe	12	9	12	11	10	12	12	12	11	9—110
S Wilder	12	10	8	11	12	10	12	12	12	9—108
J N Eames	9	9	10	11	12	12	12	11	9	11—106
A Ballard	12	10	12	8	10	10	10	11	12	9—103
B G Barker	9	10	11	9	8	11	10	12	12	9—101
O T Moore	9	11	12	10	12	10	9	9	9	9—100
S Ham	9	8	9	9	9	11	9	11	9	10— 94
E N James	11	8	9	19	9	9	8	10	7	9— 90
R R Richardson	6	7	6	7	9	9	11	12	10	12— 89

Off-Hand Decimal Match.

W Charles (mil.)	4	8	10	9	6	10	8	8	7	8—78
C J Ball	9	7	9	8	8	7	10	3	8	5—75
A L Brackett (mil.)	8	9	5	8	4	9	6	5	8	10—72
R Austin (mil.)	4	3	8	6	6	8	9	6	9	6—70
L Ames	7	7	6	5	6	7	10	6	7	8—69
A Maynard	6	8	7	6	5	7	8	8	6	5—66
A S Field (mil.)	6	8	8	7	5	5	7	7	6	7—66
J B Comey	7	8	6	6	7	7	5	6	6	10—65
O T Moore	4	7	6	6	3	9	7	4	8	8—61
F Spring (mil.)	6	7	8	7	4	6	3	8	5	3—58
T D Hart	8	8	4	5	8	6	5	5	4	4—57

Pistol Match, 50yds.

Mrs. J L Fowle	8	7	8	8	9	10	8	5	8	10—81
Miss F Clark	8	6	6	8	7	9	6	10	7	7—74
A Wesson	8	5	6	7	8	9	8	7	6	7—71

Military Match, 200yds.

W Charles	4	5	5	5	4	5	5	5	4	5—47
A L Brackett	5	5	4	5	4	5	4	4	5	5—46
E Austin	4	5	5	4	4	5	5	4	5	4—45
L Bundy	4	5	4	4	4	4	5	4	5	4—43
E L Dorr, Jr	4	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	4	4—43
A S Field	4	4	4	3	5	5	5	4	4	5—41
W D Creighton	4	4	4	4	4	5	4	4	4	4—40
B L Trull	4	5	5	4	5	4	3	4	4	1—38
E McKenzie	4	4	4	4	0	4	3	5	4	3—35
W H Noble	4	3	4	4	0	3	5	3	3	3—32
F B Robbins	3	2	2	3	3	3	5	5	3	3—32

500yds.

W O Burnite	4	5	5	4	5	4	3	5	5	5—45
A L Brackett	4	4	3	4	5	5	5	4	5	5—44
W D Creighton	5	3	4	5	4	4	5	4	5	5—44
A S Field	4	4	4	5	3	5	4	5	4	3—41

600yds.

A L Brackett	5	4	5	4	5	5	5	5	5	4—47
W Charles	4	4	5	5	5	5	3	5	4	5—45
H L Kelley	5	4	5	3	5	5	4	4	4	5—44
W O Burnite	5	4	4	5	4	4	4	4	5	4—43
E L Dorr, Jr	5	5	5	4	2	5	3	4	4	4—41
A S Field	5	4	4	4	4	3	4	5	3	4—41
F Spring	4	5	4	3	5	4	5	4	2	3—40
E Austin	4	4	3	5	3	2	2	5	3	3—35

ST. PAUL, July 30.—The members of Company C., N. G. S. M., of St. Paul, held their first shoot for the Callender Diamond Badge Saturday. The weather was very warm and unfavorable to making good scores. Only eighteen members of the company participated in the contest. Captain Chantler made the highest score and won the badge, with Sergeant Stephenson second, Corporal Moreland third and Lieut. Van Duzee fourth. The following is the score:

	200yds.	500yds.	Handicap.	Total.
Capt A E Chantler	43	42	0	85
Sergt W B Stephenson	36	36	6	78
Corp D Moreland	41	35	2	78
Lieut C A Van Duzee	30	39	6	75
Private W B Neal	23	33	2	68
Lieut W S Shank	31	20	6	67
Sergt F C Bailly	28	27	2	67
Private M S Weide	29	22	10	61
Sergt L S Winne	20	33	6	59
Corp S G Iverson	33	9	10	52
Corp B W Rising	35	7	10	52
Private F A Jenkins	16	2	10	28

The following shot at 200yds. only: Privates W S Hart, 35; R J Wood, 34; C C Warren, 28; J H Reed, 24; D Rutherford, 21; C N Ludlow, 8. After the contest for the badge a team shoot was held with ten men on a side. Capt. Chantler and Corp. Moreland selected and captained the teams, the latter having first choice of men. The team contest was 10 shots for each man at 200yds., and resulted as follows:

Capt. Chantler's Team.		Corporal Moreland's Team.	
Sergt Bailly	38	Private Jenkins	16
Sergt Stephenson	36	Lieut Van Duzee	30
Lieut Shank	31	Private Neal	23
Private Weide	29	Corp Rising	35
Sergt Winne	20	Capt Iverson	33
Private Wood	34	Private Warren	28
Private Rutherford	21	Private Ludlow	8
Capt Chantler	43	Corp Moreland	41
Lieut Taylor	39	Corp Falk	41
Private Reed	24—315	Private Hart	35—219

The company will shoot again on the Minneapolis range next Saturday, and a week from next Saturday a match between a team of ten men from Company C and ten from Company A, of Minneapolis, will be shot. The shoot will be 10 shots each man at 200yds.

LYNN, Mass., Aug. 4.—The following scores were made at Indian Hill range to-day: 200yds., second match, standard, W. C. Johnston, Jr. 70, W. H. Merritt 65; 200yds., military match; Creedmoor, W. H. Merritt, 42, 40, J. W. Gerry, 39, 37; 500yds., military match, W. H. Merritt 45.

TORONTO, Aug. 25.—The final telegraphic match between Bowmanville and Toronto took place this afternoon, and resulted in a victory for the home team by the handsome majority of 56 points. The two teams have shot three matches, the first being a win for Toronto by 47 points, the second a win for Bowmanville by 7 points, and the third, as above stated, for Toronto by 56, or a grand aggregate win of 96. The shooting to-day was very fine for a team, as, comparing it with the score that carried off the Kolapore cup at Wimbledon this year, the Toronto men beat it by 16 points. Conditions: Martini rifles, eight men a side, Queen's ranges, 7 shots each, no sighters.

Toronto.	200	500	600	T'l
R McVittie	32	30	31	93
Wm Harp	29	33	29	91
T Mitchell	31	34	25	90
G Thompson	38	31	29	88
A G Ronan	29	31	28	88
A Cartwright	28	27	31	86
G M Donnelly	30	27	22	79
Macdonald	27	27	21	75
	234	240	216	690

Bowmanville.	200	500	600	T'l
W C King	28	33	30	91
J B Mitchell	30	28	27	85
J Sands	33	29	22	84
W S Russell	31	24	27	82
McLaughlin	29	26	20	75
J Curtis	28	34	21	73
D Beach	27	20	23	70
E Prout	29	21	18	71
	235	214	185	634

AMHERST, Mass., July 28.—The following scores were made at Mountain View Range, 200yds., off-hand, standard target;

Henry Adams	7	9	9	10	10	6	8	9	8	9—85
A F Bardwell	8	8	10	6	9	10	5	9	5	7—77
J S Thomas	9	10	7	5	5	5	4	3	7	7—62

THE ELCHO SHIELD.—The fight for this standard long range took place on Wimbledon range July 19. At the first range, 800yds., Ireland took the lead with 383 points, Scotland making 366, and England 554. At the 900yds. England made 557, Ireland 539, and Scotland 505. The total scores over the two ranges were then—Ireland 1,122, England 1,111, and Scotland 1,071. At the 1,000yds. range England put on 531, Ireland 530, and Scotland 497. The grand totals were therefore, Ireland 1,652, England 1,642, and Scotland 1,568. Ireland was thus the victor by 10 points over England, and 84 over Scotland. The Irish score was the best ever made under the conditions now existing, which were established in 1874. Hitherto the best has been that of England in 1881, the same (1,642 points) as that with which England only came in second on this occasion. Ireland's average was 206.5 points per man out of a possible 225; Capt. Barrett beating the famous Elcho Shield record (215 points) of Mr. John Rigby and Major Stamford Young, by making 216. At 800yds. Mr. John Rigby (Ireland) made the h. p. s., Capt. Barrett and Mr. Braithwaite (Ireland), and Lieut. Ferguson and Mr. Love (Scotland) 74 each. At 900yds. the best scores were those of Mr. Smith (Ireland) 73, Sir Henry Halford (England), and Mr. Ganly (Ireland) 72, and Capt. Mellish, Lieut. Dutton-Hunt and Mr. Whitehead (England) 71. At 1,000 yds. Capt. Barrett (Ireland) and Lieut. Gibson (Scotland) made 73 each, Mr. Whitehead (England) 70, and Mr. Ganly (Ireland), and Capt. Mellish, Capt. Gibbs, and Major Godsal (England) 69 each. The best aggregate score was Capt. Barrett's magnificent 216 for Ireland. Ganly (Ireland) and Mellish (England) followed with 213 each. Then came Mr. Whitehead (England) with 212, Lieut. Gibson (Scotland) with 211, Major Fenton (Ireland) with 209, Capt. Gibbs (England) and Mr. Smith (Ireland) with 208. This is the twenty-seventh consecutive year of the match. Ireland, however, took no part in the first three competitions. Since 1865, inclusive, when an Irish team first came forward, England has won ten matches, Ireland nine and Scotland four. Of the whole twenty-seven matches England has won thirteen, Ireland nine, and Scotland five. The existing conditions of the competition have obtained since 1874. Last year the English score was 1,570, that of Scotland 1,569, and of Ireland 1,556.

The detailed score of this magnificent competition runs as follows:

Ireland.	800yds.	900yds.	1000yds.	Total
J Rigby (Rigby)	75	61	66	202
Capt Barrett (Medford)	74	69	74	216
W T Braithwaite (Met. by Gibbs)	74	67	60	201
Major Fenton (Rigby)	73	68	68	209
A Ganly (Gibbs)	72	72	69	213
W R Joynt (Rigby)	72	66	66	204
H Coglan (Gibbs)	72	63	64	199
R Smith (Gibbs)	71	73	64	208
	583	530	530	1652
England.				
Capt Mellish (Met. by Gibbs)	73	71	69	213
Major Godsal (Sharp)	73	65	69	207
Mr Whitehead (Met. by Gibbs)	71	71	70	212
Capt Gibbs (Met. by Gibbs)	70	69	69	208
Capt Lamb (Sharp)	69	69	62	200
Lieut Freemantle (Met. by Gibbs)	67	69	60	196
Lieut Dutton-Hunt (Met. by Gibbs)	67	71	65	203
Sir H Halford (Met. by Gibbs)	64	72	68	204
	554	557	531	1642
Scotland.				
Lieut Ferguson (Rigby)	74	70	50	194
Priv J Love (Fraser)	74	60	61	195
T Cardwell (Fraser)	72	64	63	199
Priv W Paterson (Fraser)	72	65	62	199
Major McKorrell (Gibbs Met)	71	62	56	189
Lieut Gibson (Fraser)	67	68	73	211
Priv Stewart (Fraser)	67	58	65	190
Capt Thorburn (Rigby)	66	58	67	191
	566	505	497	1568

FRONT IGNITION CARTRIDGE.—T. Bland & Son, of London, have reported to Major H. W. Merrill, of this city, the working of their new cartridge. They write: "You will remember some time since we sent you a description of our new front ignition cartridge. An opportunity has occurred for us to make a preliminary trial, which took place at Dartford, Kent, on the 27th of April last. This trial was to test velocity by chronograph on Mr. Nordenfelt's range, and the experiment was superintended by Capt. Garnett, chief manager of the range. The velocity obtained was 2,525ft. per second, this being the highest velocity on record, average of 5 shots. The target, ¾in. boiler plate, was pierced by each projectile clean, but the hole was twice the size of the projectile, caused by the projectile expanding by impact. It is the opinion of Capt. Garnett, whose certificate we hold, that a ½in. plate would have been pierced just as easy. One bullet we traced in a bank of timber forming an upright in the cave about 16in. thick. The bullet had not gone clean through, but was nearly through; the tool we had could not probe its full depth. We have reason to believe this trial will have special interest to you. The whole 270grs. of powder was burnt in the cartridge case, Curtis & Harvey's No. 6."

A GIFT TO MAJOR MERRILL.—The following correspondence explains itself:

LONDON, July 20.—Major H. W. Merrill, Sir: We ask to be allowed to make a present to you of the Bland Express Double Rifle, .45 caliber, No. 10,263, if you will honor us by accepting same. This we offer as a tribute for the able manner in which your services benefitted us (the absent competitors) in the trajectory trials instituted by the FOREST AND STREAM in the fall of 1885. Tendering our best thanks, we remain your faithful and obedient servants, THOS. BLAND & SONS.

NEW YORK CITY, July 31, 1888.—Thomas Bland & Sons, Dear Sirs: Your letter of 20th inst., donating to me the "Bland Express Double Rifle," which was tested with many American made rifles by FOREST AND STREAM for trajectory height in the fall of 1885, and asking if I will honor you by accepting the same, is received. In reply I beg to say that I most cheerfully accept your generous offer, not more for the intrinsic value of this beautiful gun than for its great achievements at both the FOREST AND STREAM and *London Field* trial in November, 1885. A gift so historic is yet the more dear to me, for it bears the full assurance that the confidence you have placed in me (an entire stranger) has met with your entire expectations. Were it otherwise I could not accept the gift. Rendering my grateful thanks, I am yours very truly, H. W. MERRILL.

P.S.—As requested I send you two copies of the FOREST AND STREAM test pamphlet, mailed from their office. It is very full, authoritative and instructive to all riflemen.—H. W. M.

NEW ENGLISH RIFLE.—*London Engineer* gives the following interesting particulars of the new magazine rifle urgently proposed for British army use: "The bore is .303in. diameter, giving about 33 per cent. more rounds than the Martini-Henry for the same weight of ammunition. It has a detachable magazine. Experiments with the troops at Shorncliffe with the Martini-Henry, with a rifle with a fixed magazine, and also one with a detachable magazine, has shown that the last has a great advantage, arising from the circumstances that when a magazine is empty another filled magazine can be put in its place in the same time that it takes to get a cartridge out of the pouch and load with it. Thus the soldier is able to keep his attention directed almost wholly at the object at which he is firing, so long as his supply of magazines lasts. In a fixed magazine the advantage of rapidity is confined to the number of rounds supplied by the single magazine. When they are discharged the rifle is simply a breechloader until a suitable opportunity arises for recharging the magazine, unless some special charging gear is applied which approaches in degree the conditions of a detachable magazine. One magazine is attached by a chain to the rifle, so as to secure its ammunition. Subsequent magazines may be discharged and thrown away, if necessary, in the full heat of action; for in the continued use of magazines we are contemplating a time of supreme stress and importance. The attached magazine contains eight rounds, those subsequently used six rounds each. At present the infantry soldier will carry one or two spare magazines; thus, with the first one, he is furnished with a reserve of fourteen or twenty rounds for rapid discharge, according to whether he has one or two spare magazine. Cavalry and mounted infantry could carry bandoliers with eight or ten detachable magazines. Sergeant Beckwith, of the Tenth Hussars, carried eight magazines in his bandolier during the experiments. Mounted infantry thus becomes specially formidable, for it may be noticed that, both as to carriage power and the object of dispatching them to produce a rapid, telling blow, magazines in bandoliers are admirably adapted to their case. Three hundred and fifty rifles are ready for the troops. The Rubin cartridge is to be used experimentally, but English ammunition is progressing, and will, it is hoped, be ready when the experiments are over."

NEWARK, N. J., Aug. 2.—August Begerow, of the Newark Shooting Society, made 1,082 in fifty shots at the park to-day. His strings were 196, 223, 205, 208, 220.

CREEDMOOR, July 4.—Th seventh match of 1888 for the sportsman's badges was shot at Creedmoor to-day. The weather was fine, though warm, and the scores were good, although a bad wind, which blew from 5 to 9 o'clock, proved rather troublesome during the day. Attendance was fair. Stuart's score of 48 is the best made so far this season. Following are the winners, 5 shots at each distance:

	200yds.	500yds.	Total.
Frank Stuart, Co C, 69th Regt.	23	25	48
J M Maconnell, Co H, 9th Regt.	22	23	45
G E Constable, Co F, 13th Regt.	20	24	44
J T Hull, Co F, 23d Regt.	20	24	44
G W Happy, Co B, 7th Regt.	21	23	44
G E Gunyan, 17th Sep Co.	21	21	42
A L Ely Co G, 7th Regt.	19	22	41
Medal Winners.			
A Stein, Co C, 7th Regt.	23	24	47
C A Jones, Co G, 7th Regt.	23	22	45
J B Frothingham, 2d B'g S't.	21	22	43

FITCHBURG, Mass., Aug. 4.—The following is the result of the shooting Aug. 1 by the Fitchurg Rifle and Gun Club. The wind was quite difficult to manage in the first part of the afternoon, but later the conditions were more favorable. The rest shooting of F. Harvey is specially good, he making a run of six consecutive 12s, and one score of 98 and two of 99 each on the old target and no sighting shots taken.

F Harvey, o. h.	7	4	5	10	6	5	10	9	7	8	—73
W V Lowe, o. h.	9	4	4	9	8	4	10	7	6	7	—68

Rest Match B.

F Harvey	9	11	9	10	12	12	11	12	10	10	—106
	10	12	9	12	10	10	11	12	12	12	—110
	12	12	12	11	11	10	12	10	9	10	—109
W V Lowe	9	9	11	8	9	9	12	10	10	12	— 99
E Newton	8	9	11	8	9	8	12	8	12	8	— 94

UNCLE ARCE HAGAR.—Perryville, Mo., Aug. 2.—One of Perry county's oldest and most respected citizens died near here yesterday, very suddenly. Every one nearly in the county knows or has known old "Uncle" Arce Hagar. He was born in North Carolina in 1813, and removed to this county in 1827, and died at the ripe age of 75 years, having never been married, living with his mother a little over seventy-three years, she having died about a year and a half ago at the age of 94. He was a great marksman, and attended hundreds of shooting matches, and even up to last year was accounted as one of the best shots. He kept each paper target used at each match when shot, and they may be seen now at his home.

TORONTO, Aug. 4.—The Toronto Rifle Association held their regular practice this afternoon, which turned out to be a remarkably hard day for good shooting, the light being very deceptive, accompanied with a shifty wind. The telegraphic match between Halifax and this association came off at the same time and resulted in a victory for Halifax by 33 points, which goes to show there must have been a vast difference in the state of the weather in both places, as if it were near equal the contest ought to have been close. The return match will be shot next Saturday. Following are the practice scores:

	200	500	600		200	500	600	
W Campbell	29	33	27	—89	G M Donnelly	30	23	29	—82
A Cartwright	30	29	29	—88	A D Crooks	28	29	25	—82
J H Knifton	27	29	30	—86	R Rennie	28	25	28	—81
Tom Mitchell	29	28	29	—86	W Macdonald	28	26	27	—81
F Coldwater	29	27	29	—85	A Dumfries	31	25	25	—81
R McVittie	28	31	25	—83	Wm Hays	29	28	24	—81
J F Crean	28	31	24	—83	F W Curzon	29	24	27	—80
Geo Lewis	30	29	24	—82					

KING, Ontario, July 30.—The third match between King and Orillia rifle clubs for the championship of 1888, of the different clubs belonging to the Ontario Small Bore Rifle Association was shot by telegraph to-day and resulted in a victory for Orillia by 100 points:

Orillia.		King City.	
C Fortier	86	J H Ross	86
T Millichamp	82	H Rogers	78
F J Delaney	82	R Cull	76
W W Wood	82	E J Davis, M P P	72
G E Whiten	81	J W Crossley	70
Thos Reid	79	W Ross	69
R Strathern	78	T Scott	67
C Woods	76	Dr Norman	61
H Bingham	72	S Weir	57
J D Fortier	70—788	W A Ross	52—688

TORONTO VS. HALIFAX.—Halifax, Aug. 4.—A telegraphic shooting competition between Toronto and Halifax began to-day, the teams shooting on their own ranges. Each team is composed of eight men, the Halifax eight being from the Garrison Artillery and the Toronto eight from the Toronto Rifle Association. There will probably be three days' shooting, the scores being telegraphed to each city at the close of each day. The Halifax team had a rainy, windy day, and made a rather low score, the total being 674 points. The scores by ranges were: 200yds., 235 points; 500yds., 220 points; 600yds., 219 points. Col. J. R. Murray looked after the interests of the Toronto Association. Capt. Harris and Sergt. Harris, two brothers, made the highest totals, viz., 92 each. By a singular coincidence, this is the third time this season these two brothers have scored the same totals. In one match their totals were the same at each range. Toronto's score was 643, Halifax thus winning by 53 points.

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

PHILADELPHIA, August 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I inclose score of Press Gun Club shot July 10, small sweepstakes being indulged in. National Rules, five Ligowskys, ties divided.

Shoot No. 1, 25 cents entrance:

Munch	11111—5	Reynolds	00111—3
Penn	11110—4	Myers	11010—3
Chew	01011—3	Stilwell	01111—4
Oliver	11110—4		

Shoot No. 2, same conditions:

Munch	11101—4	Reynolds	00011—2
Penn	11111—5	Myers	11101—4
Chew	10110—3	Stilwell	11011—4
Oliver	10110—3		

Shoot No. 3, same conditions:

Munch	11111—5	Reynolds	01010—2
Penn	11011—4	Myers	11011—4
Chew	11011—4	Stilwell	01111—4
Oliver	11111—5		

Shoot No. 4:

Munch	11111—5	Reynolds	11010—3
Penn	11010—4	Myers	11011—4
Chew	11111—5	Stilwell	01111—4
Oliver	11011—4		

Shoot No. 5:

Munch	11110—4	Reynolds	11100—3
Penn	11111—5	Myers	10101—3
Chew	11111—5	Stilwell	11110—4
Oliver	11010—3		

Shoot No. 6:

Munch	11111—5	Reynolds	10100—2
Penn	01010—2	Myers	10110—3
Chew	11111—5	Stilwell	11010—3
Oliver	11100—3		

Shoot No. 7, 10 clays, 50 cents entrance:

Munch	1001111011— 7	Myers	1101101110— 7
Penn	1111111111—10	Stilwell	1111111110— 9
Chew	1111111000— 7		

Shoot No. 11:

Munch	1111011111— 9	Myers	1101011109— 6
Penn	1111110111— 8	Stilwell	0101101011— 6
Chew	1101111110— 8		ASHBURN.

NEWARK, N. J.—The East Side Gun Club at its regular monthly meeting last week elected the following officers: President, Chas. Walter; Vice-President, Chas. Laubenstein; Secretary, H. Reinhardt; Treasurer Phillip Schork. The club will hold monthly shoots at 20 birds each on the first Saturday in every month for five months. A gold medal is provided for first prize and a silver one for second. The first match took place Aug. 4 and resulted as follows: Henry Koegel 18, Chas. Laubenstein 17, Ph. Schork 16, Fr. Perment 16, Henry Langstaff 15 15, F. Hillferts 15, Chas. Walter 15, Chas. Faher 15, Henry Reinhardt 14, Thos. Richard 14, W. Hassinger 14, John Schilling 10, Herm. Heinrichs 10, Peter Ulrich 13, Henry Griffin 8.

SYRACUSE, Aug. 2.—The match yesterday between Oakleigh Thorne of Thornedale, Dutchess county, and Henry B. Whitney of Phelps, N. Y., at 100 kingbirds for $200 a side, was won by Whitney by a score of 96 to 85. Gardner and Paddock of Albany were winners in subsequent sweepstakes.

WILLIMANTIC, Conn., July 31.—The sixth contest between the gun clubs of Norwich, New London, Middletown and Willimantic at the fine range of the latter opened with threatening weather, but the clouds cleared away without dispelling any moisture, and a day of fine sport was enjoyed by many of the best breakers of clay pigeons in the country, as a tournament was conducted in connection with the cup shoot. During the day a total of 5,200 birds was thrown. William Perry, of Boston, and a member of the Willimantic Gun Club, carried off the honors, he hitting 146 and missing only 7. A stiff breeze prevailed during the shooting, but notwithstanding this drawback good scores were made. There was a large attendance of marksmen and a goodly number of spectators were present. In the contest for the silver cup the Willimantic team won by a score of 115; Norwich was second, 110; New London third, 108; Middletown fourth, 98. The home club's individual scores were: Perry 22, J. MacFarlane 21, Wheeler 20, Webb 19, Robinson 17, Baldwin 16. In the previous contests the Willimantics won the trophy three times. It has been captured more times by the Willimantic Club than it can possibly be by any other club, and consequently is now theirs to have and to hold. There were 37 entries for the $50 guaranteed purse, and first money, $29.60, went to W. Perry, who hit 19 pigeons out of a possible 20. Second money, $22.60, was distributed between Col. Ames, of New London, James MacFarlane, of Willimantic, and Harvey, of Norwich; third, $14.80, between E. T. Smith, of Worcester, Schaefer, of Boston, Bill, of Middletown, and Tucker, of Meriden; fourth, $7.40, between Miller, of Cincinnati, Robinson, of Boston, and Yerrington, of Norwich.

The other events resulted as follows: Six standards, 29 entries—Perry and Snow first, Miller second, Howe and Houghton third, Bowdish fourth. Six clays, 34 entries—Barnes, Perry and Beers first, Snow, Miller, Yerrington, E. T. Smith and Bowdish second, Wheeler and Cady third, Alpaugh, Earl, N. H. Ames and J. Macfarlane fourth. Seven standards, 28 entries—Perry first, Howe and Ely second, Russell third, Yerrington fourth. Nine clays, 51 entries—Perry and Connor first, Russell, E. T. Smith and N. H. Ames second, Schaefer, Beers, Olcott and Dunham third, Howe, Patterson and Bill fourth. Ten standards, 35 entries—Beers, E. T. Smith, Bowdish, Houghton and Sterry first, Perry, Webb and Robinson second, Schaefer, Harvey, Miller and Woodford third, Bill fourth. Ten blue rocks, 35 entries—Miller, Bowdish, Perry and Upson first, Yerrington second, Woodford and Howe third, Palmer and Nichols fourth. Six standards, 38 entries—Barnes, Smith and Russell first, Nichols, Miller, Howe and Wilson second, Root and Bowdish third, Mudd fourth. Three pair birds, 38 entries—G. Macfarlane, Miller and Harvey first, Nichols, E. T. Smith and Mudd second, Roberts, Robinson and Palmer third, Baldwin and Houghton fourth. Nine standards, 45 entries—Perry, G. Macfarlane, Russell, Beers and Bowdish first, Bill and Strong second, Wilson, Smith and Upson third, Dunham fourth. Six blue rocks, 40 entries—Russell, Bowdish, Ensign, Perry and J. Macfarlane first, G. Macfarlane, Wheeler and Dunham second, Root third, Barnes, Schaefer, Strong and Cady fourth. Six clays, 28 entries—Perry, Rice and Bill first, Yerrington and Strong second, Russell and Mershan third, Bailey and Baldwin fourth. Seven straightaway, 22 entries—Bowdish, Bill, Robinson and Snow first, Baldwin, Houghton, Strong, Roberts and Dunham second, J. Macfarlane and Cady third, Hubbard fourth.

KANSAS CITY, Aug. 3.—The Independent Gun Club had a medal shoot at Kansas City Shooting Park on the Big Blue this morning. Bob McBride won the medal, the following being the score:

T W Herson	1101111101—8	Dr Langsdale	0111110301—6
Dr J Bryant, Jr	1111911000—6	Chas McBride	1100010110—5
Bob McBride	1111011111—9	Dr Bedford	0011000010—3
J N Lee	0011111011—7	T C Bullene	0110100011—5
D G Wilson	1111100001—6	C R Thomas	1110111111—9
R D Mize	1110111111—9	O W Cogswell	1111001011—7
George Parker	1001110100—5		

The tie for the prize and first money was won by Bob McBride. T. W. Hisson received second money, and in the shoot-off for third money J. N. Lee won. A sweepstake shoot was then made up and resulted as follows:

Dr Bryant	0101013	George Parker	1101115
J N Lee	1111116	Capt Ditsch	1111116
Bob Mize	0110013	A A Brumbeck	0100314
O W Cogswell	1011104	John Tibbs	1011115
Tom Hisson	1001103	Dr Langsdale	1111105

Lee and Ditsch divided first money, and in the shoot-off for second money between the five shots Parker won.

Third shoot, 5 singles, 31yds.:

J N Lee	10011—3	John Tibbs	11101—4
R O Mize	11100—3	Capt Ditsch	11100—3
Dr J Bryant	10110—3	O W Cogswell	11000—2
A A Brumbeck	10111—4	George H Parker	11111—5

Parker first money, second divided.

Fourth shoot, 5 singles, 31yds.:

J N Lee	10100—2	John Tibbs	10011—3
R O Mize	11111—5	Charles McBride	11001—3
A A Brumbeck	11100—3	Dr Langsdale	00111—3
Capt Ditsch	11101—4	O W Cogswell	00000—0
George Parker	10111—4	Dr Bryant	01111—4

Mize first money. Parker in shoot-off between himself, Ditsch and Bryan, four shots, got second money.

TORONTO, Aug. 4.—The second weekly shoot at Peoria blackbirds, for McDowall & Co.'s medals, took place at their grounds this afternoon in the presence of a large number of spectators. About 25 competed in the three classes, all the gun clubs being represented. Several of the best shots were absent. The weather was all that could be desired, although a little bright. There are two competitions yet to complete the series. Following are the scores, at 20 Peorias from 3 traps, 18yds. rise:

First Class.

Charles	01011110011111110101—14	M'Dowall	01111111101010011011—14
W Paul	11110101010111110011—14	G Pear	00111111010011101101—13

Second Class.

Thompson	00111110000111111010—12	Harrison	0C10011111111000100—11
I Fisher	11011011000110101101—12	Romain	00011010000110111111—11
McClure	01010111101001011000—11		

Third Class.

Sinclair	11101001001101111011—13	McCready	10111000011111000010—12
Pearsall	00011101111101111110—13	Bayles	11000011010010001111—10

Those who were not at the first match shot their second string, resulting as follows: First class—Charles 13, Paul 11, Pear 10. Second class—Fisher 10, Romain 9, Thompson 8, Milney 6. Third class—Bayles 8, McCready 5.

OTTAWA, Ont., Aug. 3.—The St. Huberts and Ottawa Gun Clubs shot to-day for the silver challenge cup, seven men a side, fifteen Ligowskys, each, 15yds. rise, from five traps.

St. Huberts.		Ottawa G. C.	
P Trudeau	13	J Stewart	11
A Troop	13	H Baldwin	10
R G Dalton	12	J Manuel	9
Dr Martin	12	B Rathwell	9
F White	11	W H Tracy	9
E White	11	L C Labelle	8
J Deslauriers	9—81	A Stewart	7—63

The St. Hubert's score is an exceptionally good one, being only three birds short of an average of twelve out of fifteen for each man.

CINCINNATI, Aug. 2—The Independent-National Club were supposed to shoot to-day, but only seven members putting in their appearance little sweepstake shooting was indulged in, the few matches shot being won by Goodman, Magle and Paul. One of the winners, Magle, who was up to-day, a scholar of Wick, studying the art of double bird-shooting, got the idea, and sensibly, too, in his head that he could beat Wick at double rises—the result being a match. The match was shot and won by Magle by one bird. In justice to the loser it must be said he was, if not altogether, a bit careless as to the result, he shooting a hot gun throughout; not cooling his gun out once. No money hinged on the result aside of the actual expense of the match, Mr. Magle, who has been taught by Wick the art of trap shooting, shot remarkably, and with his winning of the Muldoon Medal on a score of nineteen out of twenty single rises, feels proud of today's achievement. Scores:

Magle.	Wick.
11 10 11 01 11 01 10 11 11 10	11 10 11 11 11 11 11 10 11 11
11 00 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 10	11 00 11 11 11 10 10 10 01 11
10 10 11 11 11 10 11 10 11 11—48	10 11 11 11 11 11 11 01 10 00—47

Time of shooting, 30 minutes; best straight runs (pairs, Magle 14, Wick 12, blanks, Magle 5, Wick 3. Judges, for Wick, Paul; for Magle Goodman; referee, S. L Sullivan.

FRANKFORD, Pa., Aug. 4.—A few members of the North End Gun Club braved the heat to-day and went to Fernwood to witness a private match, the first of a series of three between Mr. J. H. Davis and A. L. Lumb. The weather was intensely hot, and both the shooters and the scores made looked considerably wilted. The conditions of the match were 50 clays, 30 singles, 20 doubles—12-bore guns, under 8lbs., 1⅛oz. shot. Mr. Lumb won with 40 breaks—Mr. Davis getting 29. The next match will be shot on the N. E. G. C. grounds. It was so warm that it was a punishment to shoot, only one sweep being shot, 10 clays, entrance $2, resulting as follows: Capt. W. H. Pack 9, Jas. Wolstencroft 8, A. L. Lumb 9, Wm. Wolstencroft 7, S. Richards 7, J. H. Davis 5.—J. C. S.

MISS OAKLEY'S SHOOTING.—PHILADELPHIA, July 30.—After the great score made by Miss Annie Oakley with a 20-bore gun at Gloucester Park to-day, I send you the score and some particulars of the match. Miss Oakley shot with her 20-bore Lancaster gun, using 2½drs. of Schultze powder and ⅞oz. of shot. The match was made as follows: Mr. Frank Butler, the business manager for Miss Oakley, was talking about her shooting with her 20-bore gun and killing 41 out of 50 pigeons, when a Philadelphia gentleman stepped up and said he did not think she could kill 40 out of 50 "Philadelphia pigeons" with a 20-bore gun at 25 yards rise and 5 traps, Hurlingham rules, for $200. The match was made on the spot, and Mr. J. Frank Kleintze, of the Wingohocking Gun Club, and the champion pigeon shot of Pennsylvania, was chosen referee, and Miles Johnson, the well-known shot of New Jersey, trapper. The match created quite a sensation among the shooters of this part of the country, who had been using 10 and 12-bore guns, "and some of them do not think a 10-bore gun large enough for live birds," and it drew a large delegation of shooters to the Wild West show to witness the shoot, and bets were freely made that Miss Oakley would not accomplish her feat. The birds were a good lot, some very fast flyers being among them. Although the betting was against her, I do not think there was anybody on the grounds that was sorry to see the extraordinary score made by the little lady. From the time the first bird left the trap until the last one was scored the interest was undiminished, and when an extra good one was brought to grass the applause was deafening. The only bird lost was the thirty-second and that dropped dead on the roof of the band pavilion. The second barrel was used ten times, and that was four times more than was necessary, the others being brought down in fine style with one barrel. The score was as follows:

1 1 1 1 2 1 1 1 1 2 1 1 2 1 1 1 1 1 2 1 1 1 2—25
1 2 1 1 2 0 1 1 1 1 1 2 2 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—24—49

MERIDEN, Conn., July 24.—The Parker Gun Club, of this city, under rather unfavorable conditions, held a tournament to-day, New Haven being well represented by the cracks, though Mr. C. H. Sterry, of Tolland, Conn., carried off the honors of the day, as well as most of the money. The catering, under the efficient management of the ever popular Mr. Harry Oilen, was the best the club ever had, and atoned in a measure for poor management in other respects. First event, six blue rocks, Hill and Sterry first, Smith and Bristol second, Potter third, Ensign fourth. Eighth event, two-men team, 20 blue rocks, Folsom and Sterry, and Savage and Potter divided first, Alcott and Woodford second, Potter and Fairchild third.—J. F. I.

SOLOMON CITY, Kan., July 30.—Regular shoot, Solomon Gun Club, 15 Peoria blackbirds, 18yds.:

Kraenchi	011111111101001—11	Spratt	1100010001100001— 6
Edworthy	1010111011111110—11	Crooks	0110111011011111—11
Humberger	0001101111101001— 9	Johnson	1111101111010010—11
McAdams	0001101011111111—10	Dewar	1111110100101000— 6
Cadden	0101111100111091— 9	Robacker	1100000000101000— 3
Williams	1100011000100000— 5	Collins	0100110111011000— 8
McMahon	11000w	Gould	1010101101101001— 8

Tie for gold medal, shoot-off, miss and out, T. J. Edworthy won.—T. J. Edworthy, Sec.

GALVA, Kans., July 28.—W. T. Irwin, the Abilene *Gazette* tramp, made a call on the Galva (Kan.) craftsmen to-day, and the members of the gun club knowing his weakness for a trial of skill at the game, arranged for a match of five pigeons. The boys had a fine lot of birds in coops, and during the afternoon a match was shot with the following events:

Abercombie	1111111111111111111111111111—29
Hanna	1111111111111111111111111111—29
Robb	1111111111111111111111111111—29
Hill	1111111101111111111111111111—28

Add to this the tramp's score:

Tramp	1111111111111111111111111111—29

The totals show that 145 birds were shot at with but one lost bird. This is claimed to be the best score ever made in the West.

WELLINGTON, Mass., Aug. 4.—To-day, though sultry, has not been a very trying one at the traps and some good scores were made. In the consolation matches, 13 blue rocks and 12 pigeons, the following scores were made: Melcher and Bates 21 each, De Rochmont 20, Bond 19, Stanton 18, Nichols, Moore, Chapin and Browne 17, Grimes and Perry 16, Short and G. H. Savage 14, C. E. Savage and Snow 13, White 11, Durand 8. The other events were as follows: 6 pigeons, Chapin and Snow; 6 blue rocks, Moore; 6 pigeons, Bond; 6 blue rocks, Bond and De Rochmont; 6 pigeons, Moore, Bond and C. E. Savage; 6 blue rocks, Bond, De Rochmont and Moore; 6 blue rocks, Moore, Bates and Stanton; 32 pigeons, De Rochmont and Melcher; 13 blue rocks, Bates; 6 pigeons, Stanton and De Rochmont; 6 blue rocks, Snow and Bates; 6 pigeons, Snow, Stanton and G. H. Savage; 6 blue rocks, Browne.

CINCINNATI, O.—The Wick-Bandle shoot during this week has been a great success. It was set down for Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 7 and 8, on the Old Avenue Ball Park. Live birds were substituted for the English sparrows, which are at this season of the year hard to procure. The McMurchy Ohio State League rules governing the division of entrance money were adopted, thus giving the amateur an equal show with the expert. The rule which governed all sweepstake matches during the tournament reads: "The net amount of purse shall be divided into two equal parts. For instance a purse of $10 would be divided into two $5 purses, known as Classes A and B. In a ten-bird race all those breaking or killing ten, nine and eight divide purse A, and those breaking seven, six and five divide purse B. These purses to be subdivided in 50, 30 and 20 per cent."

MILTON, Pa., Aug. 3.—There was an unusually large attendance at the pigeon shooting match on the grounds of the Milton Fair and Driving Park Association to-day. First prize was divided between Dr. J. P. McCleery and A. C. White, of Milton, and S. D. Burke, of Northumberland, they killing 7 out of 8. The second between W. S. Allen and N. A. Hughes, Williamsport; Levi Hill and S. D. Reel, Muncy, and Dr. H. C. Sticker, Milton, and A. F. Finn, Sunbury, each scoring 6 out of 8.

PEEKSKILL, N. Y., Aug. 2.—A number of our sportsmen participated in a shoot at the Keystone artificial birds at Jumbo Park, to-day. The day was all that could be desired and the flights of the birds were strong. The first event was at 25 single birds for the championship of Cortlandt. The awards were as follows: 1st—W. H. Pierce with a score of 24 out of 25; 2d—J. B. Halsted 17 out of 25; C. Free 13 out of 25. Event No. 2 was at 10 single birds and the awards were as follows: 1st—W. H. Pierce 7 out of 10; 2d—J. B. Halsted 6 out of 10; C. Free 5 out of 10. Pierce used a L. C. Smith hammerless.

Canoeing.

Canvas Canoes and how to Build Them. By Parker B. Field. Price 50 cents. Canoe and Boat Building. By W. P. Stephens. Price $1.50. The Canoe Aurora. By C. A. Neidé. Price $1. Canoe Handling. By C. B. Vawz. Price $1. Canoe and Camera. By T. S. Steele. Price 1.50. Four Months in a Sneakbox. By N. H. Bishop. Price $1.50. Canoe and Camp Cookery. By "Seneca." Price $1.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signal, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and report of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

OFFICERS, 1887-88.

Commodore: R. W. Gibson..... } Albany, N. Y.
Secretary-Treasurer: F. L. Mix. }
Rear-Com. *Purser.*
Central Div..R. W. Bailey.....W. R. Huntington.....J. K. Bakewell, 110 Diamond St., Pittsburgh.
Atlantic Div. W. P. Stephens...L. B. Palmer.....F. L. Dunnell, 186 Jerolemon st., Brooklyn.
Eastern Div..H. E. Rice, M. D..Maxton Holmes...H. D. Marsh, Springfield, Mass.
N'thern Div..Robert Tyson.....S. S. Robinson.....Colin Fraser, Toronto.

Applications for membership must be made to division pursers, accompanied by the recommendation of an active member and the sum of $2.00 for entrance fee and dues for current year ($1.00). Every member attending the general A. C. A. camp shall pay $1.00 for camp expenses. Application sent to the Sec'y-Treas. will be forwarded by him to the proper Division.

Persons residing in the Atlantic Division wishing to become members of the A. C. A., will be furnished with printed forms of application by addressing the Purser.

WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

Commodore—J. R. Bartlett, Fremont, Ohio.
Vice-Commodore—D. H. Crane, Chicago, Ill.
Rear-Commodore—C. J. Stedman, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Secretary-Treasurer—O. H. Root, Cleveland, Ohio.
Executive Committee—C. J. Bousfield, Bay City, Mich.; T. P. Gaddis, Dayton, O.; T. J. Kirkpatrick, Springfield, O.

FIXTURES.

AUGUST.

10-24. A.C.A. Meet, Lake George.
—. Springfield,Cup,Lake George
SEPTEMBER.
3. New York Trial Races, 10:30 A. M., 2 P. M.
3. New Jersey A. C., Bergen Point, Paddling Races.
6. Mohican,Gibson Cup,Albany
8. Brooklyn C. C. Regatta.
13. Mohican, Oliver Cup, Albany
15. Ianthe, Newark, Annual.
15. Springfield,Cup,Calla Shasta
20. Mohican,Gibson Badge,Alb'y
OCTOBER.
6. Springfield,Cup,Calla Shasta.

NORTHERN DIVISION MEET.

LAKE COUCHICHING, JULY 23-AUG. 4.

THE second annual meet of the Northern Division of the American Canoe Association was held at Horseshoe Island in Lake Couchiching, July 23 to Aug. 4. The location was an admirable one. The island lies about four miles northeast of the town of Orillia. It is about forty acres in extent, not much rocky surface, and is beautifully wooded right down to the water's edge. Suitable clearings were made, rendering it an ideal camping ground. The sailing course was an excellent one, with steady winds, and a finely sheltered paddling course was laid out to the east of the island.

The meet was an exceedingly successful one. About a hundred men were in camp, and thirty or forty ladies. The clubs represented were Orillia, Lindsay, Peterboro, Lakefield, Bobcaygeon, Whitby, Ubique and Toronto. The last named club was most largely represented, having about twenty men on the ground. Ubique and Lindsay mustered about a dozen, and Peterboro eight or ten.

The Division officers were: A. F. D. MacGachen, of Lindsay, Vice-Com.; Wm. G. McKendrick, Toronto, Rear-Com.; Samuel Britton, Lindsay, Purser. Com. Gibson arrived on July 31 and was heartily welcomed. Here is a local opinion from the Orillia *Packet*, which has given first-class reports of the meet:

"Commodore Gibson was met at the wharf by a large crowd, and received with three hearty cheers and a tiger. The portrait of the Commodore given in the A. C. A. year book is a capital likeness, and one is led to believe, on seeing him and Vice-Commodore McGachen together, that good looks are as much a *sine qua non* in the qualifications of an officer of the Association as an enthusiastic and intelligent interest in canoeing. The Commodore is a man of most agreeable manners and a kindly disposition, and may take with him the assurance that his presence at the meet added much to the general enjoyment, and that pleasant memories of him will long remain with the Canadian acquaintances he has made at Orillia. Vice-Commodore McGachen has discharged the onerous duties of his office most capably and acceptably, and retires with the hearty good wishes of all."

The annual general meeting of the Division was held on Tuesday evening, July 31, at 8 P.M. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Vice-Commodore, Robt. Tyson, Toronto; Rear-Commodore, S. S. Robinson, Orillia; Purser, Colin Fraser, Toronto. Executive Members, F. S. Rathbun, of Deseronto, and Jas. G. Edwards, Lindsay.

In view of the fact that it is the turn of the Northern Division for the general A. C. A. meet next year, it was resolved that the Northern Division accept the general meet, and that they recommend it be held in the neighborhood of the St. Lawrence or the Bay of Quinte, in order to secure as large an attendance as possible from the United States. A cordial vote of thanks was given to Commodore MacGachen and the other retiring officers, who have worked well for the Division.

The Orillia Citizens' Band had come over to serenade the camp, and after the meeting they headed a procession to the camp-fire, followed by a number of Orillia visitors. The officers-elect were introduced to the assembled ladies and gentlemen. The irrepressible big boys of the camp thereupon rushed forward, seized the new vice-commodore, and tossed him up in the air three times, with a "tiger" added, catching him as he fell. This is a token of affectionate regard, and is known as "bouncing." Messrs. Robinson and Colin Fraser were similarly favored, also Commodore Gibson and Mr. Dalton. Mr. Robinson is ex-Mayor of Orillia, and is well known and popular in the town. His election has received hearty and general approval.

Here are some more comments by our genial friend of the Orillia *Packet*:

"After nightfall I stole out and wandered around. The Association was holding its annual meeting in the big marquee, selecting officers for next year, etc., etc. The boys were all there, ready for any amount of mischief, but intent on business. The speechifying was got over in the average—and as each new officer was appointed he received three rousing good cheers and a chorus, "for he's a jolly good fellow," by the whole strength of the company. Then the boys "fell in" outside on mock parade, the Orillia band struck up and everybody marched off to the camp-fire on Squaw Point. The mirth began again. Stirring strains by the town musicians, songs by the boys, jokes from the crowd. Oh, it was just lovely, to note by firelight the countenances of august judges, of austere fathers and sedate matrons expanded laterally into the broadest smiles—City Fathers grinning like schoolboys amid the silvery sounds of laughing girls.

"And the 'bouncing!'—which means a crowd of stalwart young fellows seizing a victim by the head, boots, shoulders, anywhere, and flinging him sky-feet on high in the air. Down he comes, to be caught in a perfect forest of arms—up again—perhaps half a dozen times! The sensation is doubtful while it lasts and exquisite when it's over. It is a distinction and an honor to be 'bounced,' none but good fellows and favorites being chosen for the operation. I won't mention any names this week, but—eh, Mon! it was 'fearfu' funny' to see the lengthy limbs of one Orillia's most prominent townsmen, which promenade Mississaga street with such dignity, sprawling skyward with still greater prominence in the glare of the campfire. Six exhibitions of them and a different attitude every time!!"

The races commenced on the afternoon of July 28, when the two sailing events came off. Following is a complete report of all the events:

Saturday, July 28.

Novices sailing, for those who never sailed an A. C. A. race before 1888. Three miles. Time limit, 1½ hours.

F. Goodwin, Lindsay, canoe Manita.....1
Hugh Maclean, Toronto, canoe Wa Wa.....2
E. Easton, Lindsay, canoe Comet.....3
A. M. Rice, Toronto, canoe Dixie.....4

Winner's time, 1h. 6m. Wind very light. Seven started. Manita led from the start. The contest between Wa Wa and Comet was close and exciting. Only four finished.

Special sailing race for all classes of canoes. Four and a half miles. Time limit, two hours.

W. G. McKendrick, Ubique and Toronto, canoe Mac.....1
D. B. Jacques, Toronto, Hyla.....2
Harry F. McKendrick, Ubique, canoe Chum.....3
Colin Fraser, Ubique and Toronto, canoe Una.....4
George Sparrow, Toronto, canoe Petrel.....5

The race was a sort of preliminary canter, apart from the class races. Twenty started but only five finished. The wind was very light during the first two-thirds of the race, but began to improve then and turned to the west, when the race between the five leading boats became quite interesting. Up to this time almost from the beginning they had been in the following order:

W G McKendrick, Ubique and Toronto, canoe Mac.....1
H F McKendrick, Ubique, canoe Chum.....2
G Sparrow, Toronto, canoe Petrel.....3
D B Jacques, Toronto canoe Hyla.....4

These were close together, and were followed at a considerable distance by C. Fraser, Ubique and Toronto, canoe Una. The puff in the last round had the effect of changing their position. The Hyla passed the Petrel and gradually closed up on the Chum. They reached the finishing line almost exactly at the same time; the Hyla having the inside went around first, and so secured the second place. The Una also crept up on the Petrel sufficiently to get inside of her at the finish, and so secured fourth place. All the other starters got so hopelessly in the rear that they dropped out.

Monday, July 30.

The regular class races were begun to-day:

Sailing race—Centerboard canoes, open or decked, 3 miles, twice around a triangular course:

D. B. Jacques, Toronto, Hyla.....1
W. E. McKendrick, Toronto and Ubique, Mac.....2
H. F. McKendrick, Ubique, Chum.....3
F. Goodwin, Lindsay, Manita.....4
W. S. Lister, Lakefield, Cacia.....5

There were 13 starters, and all finished. A good breeze was blowing and the race was excellent. Winner's time 52m. 40s; time of last canoe 1h. 8m. 10s. A very fine and close struggle took place between Hyla and Mac. Hyla is a lapstreak decked canoe, with a heavy centerboard and a balance lug. Mac is a light-decked smooth skin canoe, of a specially fast model, carrying a light board and sails of the sliding gunter style, all before the mast. Chum is an open canoe of the same model as Mac, and with similar sails. Manita is a fast boat, and her skipper is a promising novice.

Sailing race—Open to canoes with lee boards, 3 miles:

Colin Fraser, Toronto and Ubique, Una.....1
Hugh C. Maclean, Toronto, Wa Wa.....2
John Kelly, Toronto, Irene.....3

There were only three starters. The Una won easily. The race between the other two was close. The limited number of entries in this race was owing to a change in the division of canoes. Last year they were divided into the open and the decked class, irrespective of the board. Then there was a good race of the open canoes. This year the canoes are divided as above, all the centerboarders being put together, open or decked. This change does not work well.

Combined sailing and paddling race, twice around a triangular course of half a mile side:

W. G. McKendrick, Ubique and Toronto, canoe Mac.....1
H. F. McKendrick, Ubique, canoe Chum.....2
Colin Fraser, Ubique and Toronto, canoe Una.....3
T. Britton, Lindsay, canoe Aurora.....4
A. Shaw, Toronto, canoe Vic.....5

The sides of the triangle were paddled and sailed alternately, commencing with paddle. Six starters.

Lady and gentleman's tandem, ½ mile:

G. Strickland and Miss G. Hall.....1
Dr. Douglass and Miss E. Britton.....2
H. F. McKendrick and Miss J. Ovens.....3

There were 9 starters.

Classes 2 and 3, paddling, 1 mile, with a turn:

P. W. Strickland, Lakefield.....10 55
Dr. Douglass, Lakefield.....11 30
Colin Fraser, Ubique.....11 40

Four starters.

Classes 4 and 5, paddling:

W. G. McKendrick.....11 20
S. Britton.....11 40
M. J. Collins, Bobcaygeon.....11 55

An impromptu tournament took place in front of headquarters, the prize being a paddle offered by Colonel Harry Rogers of Peterborough. There were six entries: D. Strickland, Lakefield, paddled by E. Cox, was opposed to W. S. Lister, of Lakefield, paddled by P. Strickland; G. Sparrow, Toronto, paddled by F. Mason, was opposed to G. Wright, Lakefield, paddled by F. Godwin; E. B. Edwards, Peterborough, paddled by J. Spier, was opposed by J. Jephcott, Toronto, paddled by W. C. Jephcott. In the first round Sparrow knocked out Wright. After a few rounds Strickland knocked out Lister, and was then opposed to Sparrow, whom he succeeded in downing after a sharp struggle. About the same time Edwards placed his man in the water with his boat on the top of him. He was then opposed to Strickland, when, after an interesting contest, without either securing a victory, the event was declared a draw, and left over for future decision, as night was approaching.

Tuesday, July 31.

Special sailing race for the Orillia challenge cup, given by Mayor Thomson and citizens of Orilla. Three miles.

Arthur Mason, Toronto, canoe Cecebe.....1
Colin Fraser, Ubique and Toronto, canoe Una.....2

Seventeen started, but only two succeeded in getting twice around the course. A third man, Will Fraser, Ubique, went around once and came in right side up. All the others were upset by half a gale from the southwest, which was blowing in savage puffs. Harry McKendrick was the first to come to grief. He broke his mast off short in a desperate effort to keep from capsizing, just as the first gun fired. Shortly after this, W. A. Cooke and A. Shaw, both of Toronto, came in collision when tossing around in the heavy sea, and both canoes went over. The remainder started, and most of them rounded the first buoy; but their career ended before the second buoy was reached. The steamers Longford and Southwood were engaged in giving assistance to the wet canoeists. This is one of the roughest races the A. C. A. men have sailed. There was a somewhat similar one in 1883 at Stony Lake, when only two men got round the course, the second of whom was the same Colin Fraser who was second today. Mr. Mason received hearty congratulations on his skillful and successful sailing to-day.

The following is the afternoon's programme of races:

Passenger sailing race, each skipper being accompanied by a passenger; 3 miles.

Wm. G. McKendrick.....1
W. S. Lister, Lakefield.....2
J. G. Edwards, Lindsay.....3

Six started. The wind continued to blow hard. Of the remaining three starters, one broke his mast, one upset and the third came back with his canoe half full of water.

Combined paddling and sailing race, paddle a mile to windward and sail back again:

W. G. McKendrick.....1
Colin Fraser.....2
Harry F. McKendrick.....3
Dr. Douglas.....4

The Doctor beat the others in paddling and rounded the far buoy first, but he lost time in getting up his sail.

Paddling race for open canoes, classes four and five:

Harry F. McKendrick.....1
Darcy Strickland, Lakefield.....2
M. J. Collins Bobcaygeon.....3
Will A. Fraser, Ubique.....4

This was a good race. Time 11m. 41s.

Paddling race; club fours; one mile; four men from the same club in each canoe; one mile, with a turn:

D. B. Jacques, W. A. Cooke, H. Wright, Geo. Sparrow, Toronto..1
Dr. Douglas, A. R. Wright, W. S. Lister and Darcy Strickland..2
H. F. McKendrick, Smith, Richard Lees and J. N. McKendrick..3

This was the most interesting race. The three crews turned the far buoy within a few seconds of each other, Toronto leading. On the return Ubique steered wildly and finally dropped out of the race. The other two made a good finish, Toronto leading by a few lengths. The precision of their stroke was much admired, they paddling together like one man.

Hurry-scurry race, run 50yds., swim 50yds., and paddle about a quarter mile.

Harry F. McKendrick.....1
Samuel Britton, Lindsay.....2
Darcy Strickland.....3

This race was great fun. The men ran to the end of the wharf, plunged into the water, swam to their canoes, climbed in and paddled to the finish, which was a close one.

Wednesday, Aug. 1.

Tandem paddling race; distance, one mile with a turn.

Sam Britton and Harry F. McKendrick.....1
D. B. Jacques and Henry Wright, Toronto.....2
Percy Strickland and Darcy Strickland, Lakefield.....3
W. J. Read and M. J. Collins, Bobcaygeon.....4
Dr. Douglas and Mr. Wright, Peterboro.....5

Five entries. The race was a close and interesting one.

A portage race and a tournament were also on the programme, but neither came off, the reason being a lack of entries.

A record was made up on the usual principle; twenty-two competitors.

	Points.
1. Wm. G. McKendrick	39¼
2. Harry F. McKendrick	30 10
3. Colin Fraser	27 5
4. Sam Britton	17 5
5. D. B. Jacques	13¼

The regatta committee were Dr. Douglas, Chairman; Geo. Hatton, Peterboro, and Colin Fraser, Toronto, Judges and Starters; E. B. Edwards and Col. Harry Rogers, Clerk of the Course; Thos. Carscadden, Galt.

An exceedingly fine and artistic assortment of flags was at the disposal of the regatta committee, all given by lady friends of the division. There were no factory made ones. Your correspondent has been at many A. C. A. meets, but never saw so fine a display of flags as this.

On Wednesday afternoon the competition for the best cruising kit took place. There were three competitors, A. M. Rice, Toronto, H. F. McKendrick, Galt, and W. Jephcotte, Toronto. The prize was a cup presented by Rear Commodore W. G. McKendrick, of Toronto. It was awarded to A. M. Rice, the judges considering that his was the most complete, if not so simple as some of the others.

The singing at the camp-fires was chiefly done by two separate and compact choruses, who usually sang separately, but sometimes joined in song. One was a group of ladies from Lindsay, the other the Toronto C. C., who had been practicing in their club house during the preceding winter.

On Thursday the 26th an excursion to Lake Simcoe and the town of Barrie took place on the fine steamer Longford. Capt. Thomson, her owner, is also commodore of the Orillia C. C. A register was kept at the secretary's table in camp, where canoeists enter their names, clubs, and the names of their canoes. Capt. Thomson enters himself, "Orillia Club, canoe Longford." He has taken a warm interest in the welfare of the Northern Division, and the other day took a number of the canoeists for a trip round the lake at his own expense.

A very successful trip to Washago and joint cruise up the Severn River was one of the features of the meet. The steamer Southwood started about 10 o'clock in the morning, carrying about 40 men and ladies, and towing a scow with two dozen canoes on board. The party left the steamer at Washago and paddled their canoes up the Severn four miles, till they reached the place where the inky waters of the Black River mingle with the Severn's clear stream. Two portages were made en route. The party returned by the same route, full of admiration for the beautiful scenery of the Severn and Black River.

The usual illuminated procession was held at night during the week. It had to be confined to the sheltered neighborhood of the ladies' camp, as it was too windy elsewhere for the Chinese lanterns. About 25 canoes, carrying from one to six lanterns, executed various evolution, and singing was done on the water with fine effect. The arrangements for the comfort and convenience of the canoeists were excellent. They were in the hands of a local committee consisting of S. Skeffington Robinson and Messrs. Kinnon, Bruce, Murphy and F. J. Delaney.

Arrangements were made with Mr. H. Elliott, boatbuilder, Orillia, whereby he has placed his boat house at the disposal of the Division for the landing of canoes and storage of camp stuff. He has an excellent landing stage. He flies a large A. C. A. flag. The arrangement is a great convenience, as several canoeists paddled and sailed to the town daily.

The Grand Trunk Railway placed Couchiching Park at the disposal of the Division. This company deserves thanks for its liberal transport arrangements.

Sign boards were placed at many points on the island pointing to the various camps thereon. The enterprising canoeist is always breaking out afresh. The T. C. C. had "Yonge street" for the main avenue of their camp.

Headquarters was prettily situated on the east side of the island. Landing at the steamer wharf, you saw a long row of canoes drawn up on the shore to the right. Before you was a cleared space, dotted with tents and bounded by foliage. A magnificent marquee, floored with boards, was erected by Mr. Kinnon. Mr. F. Cox, of Peterboro and Toronto, had the next largest tent. A number of fine marquees, chiefly striped in colors, were around, one of them the Toronto Club tent. Secretary Britton sat at his table in the open air, under the shade of a tree. Commodore McGachen occupied a marquee the door of which stood hospitably open all day long. Two tall flag poles at the commencement of the avenue carried the British and American flags, respectively, indicating the international character of the A. C. A.

"Tom," the handy man of camp, engaged and paid by the Association, was kept busy. An excellent store and barber shop were on the island. There were two botanical experts in the Ubique Club and they are collecting great heaps of the island flora for examination.

Mr. and Mrs. Lundy, of Peterboro, gave a very pleasant and successful camp-fire at the prettily situated ladies' camp on Baptist Bay, following their much-appreciated precedent of last year at Stony Lake.

Ex-Mayor Robinson, of Orillia, kindly placed his steam launch Wanda at the service of the Association, and she did good work. The regatta committee took her out to rearrange the buoys on the sailing course.

Sunday was a quiet day. Divine service was held in the open air at the usual hour for morning church. The officiating clergyman was the Rev. N. H. McGachen, rector of Littlebourne, Kent, England, and father of Vice-Com. McGachen. The ladies' camp was the place of service. In the evening a number of canoes joined together near Ladies' Bay. Holding gunwale to gunwale, they formed a solid raft, the occupants of which sang a number of sacred songs.

The meet was most successful and gives good promise of a large gathering next year on the Bay of Quinte, when it is expected that members from the States will repeat the visit they made in 1883 to Stony Lake. ISABEL, T. C. C.

FAST TRAVELING IN A CANOE.

THE following account of a trip by canoe is from the *Dramatic News*, of Fredericton, N. B., the run being made on the St. John River in May last:

"Messrs. A. W. and R. B. Straton started from the Lower Basin, Grand Falls, at 4:30 A. M. and passed the City Hall, Fredericton, at 7:19 P. M., making the run of 130 miles in 14h. 59m., including all stops. This is a feat which has never before been accomplished by canoemen, to the best of our knowledge. Men accustomed to running rafts down the river say that it is not an uncommon thing to bring a raft from Grand Falls to Spring Hill Cove in one day during freshet time. Indeed there is a tradition among old rivermen that a raft was once run from the Lower Basin to Wilmots Bluff, 9 miles below Fredericton, between daylight and dark, but whether this is anything more than tradition we cannot definitely say. It is said that Squire Kilburn, of Muniac, has often, at a good pitch of water, made the run from that place to Fredericton, 100 miles, in a day in a log canoe. Our esteemed friend, Judge Ingraham, tells of a day's journey which he once made in a bark, in company with Charles Lee, from the falls to Eel River, 81 miles. On June 15, 1887, at comparatively low water Messrs. J. W. Bailey and R. B. Straton covered the distance between Peel and Fredericton, 76 miles, in one day. And on May 6, at the beginning of the present freshet and before it had reached its height, Messrs. J. K. Knight, Agent Merchant's Bank, and H. M. Harley, Teller Nova Scotia Bank, Woodstock, made the run from Andover to Woodstock, 51 miles, in 7h., against a stiff head wind.

"Before attempting the trip, Mr. Straton prepared a time table, based upon information obtained in a survey of the river made by Deputy Foulis. All distances were taken from the plan accompanying his report of survey, as were the elevations from which was calculated the relative speed of the current at different points. The following are the principal points in the time table:

Grand Falls	4:30 A. M.
Tobique, 21 miles	6:30 "
Woodstock, 69 miles	11:34 "
Eel River, 81 miles	1:04 P. M.
Poquiock, 93 miles	2:28 "
Long's Creek, 111 miles	4:55 "
Fredericton, 130 miles	7:22 "

"It was exactly half-past four, by Fredericton local time, when the good canoe Red Swan pushed out into the noisy, frothy waters of the lower basin. On the far side, at the foot of the gorge, no canoe could live; but there on the west side, and extending half way across the basin, is an immense eddy, comparatively smooth, describing incessantly an immense circle, and covered, in places to a depth of six inches, with a creamy foam. The night has been very cold, and the top of this foam is hard and brittle with the frost. A short distance below the eddy a rocky point projects from the next bank, from which the water recoils with tremendous force, forming a line of rollers, extending obliquely down and across the river. About 100yds. below is another similar, but smoother. As the Red Swan drew near of the eddy, and feels the full force of the current, an attempt is made to get her outside of the line of rollers, for they look ugly; but the current is too strong, and so she is headed straight for them, and goes climbing through in beautiful style, not, however, without shipping considerable water. But it will never do to take the second line of breakers in like manner, for the Red Swan would want wings indeed to get through that wild dance in safety. So her bow is headed across the stream, the bow man is called on for his very best, and away she dashes like a crazy thing. But there is a method in her madness; and as she glides beyond the reach of harm all hands feel relieved that the only really dangerous piece of water on the river has been safely passed.

"And now ashore, to empty the water, for she is about one-quarter full; ten precious minutes are lost here, which in this tearing current means more than a mile and a half. At Salmon River the crew get their first view of the sun, but it soon disappears again, the valley is so narrow and the overshadowing hills so high. At the mouth of Arostook this rough country is left behind, and Tobique is made at 6:32, two minutes behind time. Hardly a word is spoken by the crew as they settle down to steady work; the Andover Bridges are passed safely, and at 7:30, three minutes ahead of time, the Red Swan is rounded up at Muniac to allow the crew to change places. It is becoming evident that this is going to be no business of taking it easy and allowing the craft to drift with the current; nothing but hard and unremitting paddling will keep her up to schedule time. At Chicketehawk there are five minutes to the good, as another change is made, and away she goes cavorting under the Florenceville bridge, and on to Hartland, which is reached at 10:30, one minute late. Here the stern man takes sole command, and the bowman gives his undivided attention to the contents of a substantial parcel, for which he is indebted to the kindly forethought of mine host Mayberry.

"Presently another change is made and the rest of the crew go through the same interesting operation. Acker Creek is hardly passed, with its railway bridge perched away in the air, before "Hardscrabble," looms up ahead, and the roar of the river is heard tearing under the Woodstock Bridge. Woodstock is made at 11.46 twelve minutes late. Here a stop of twenty minutes is made to send a message to friend Hawthorn, and the crew would

fain take longer in this pleasant town. But that terrible schedule is unrelenting, and the Red Swan is once more under way. Mile after mile is put behind the now hopeful crew in quick succession; the rough water at Shogomoc is run with a shout; Poquiock, Nacawick, the Barony, slide by like a dream; Long's Creek finds the crew only nineteen miles from town; Indian Village is reached at 5.50, ten minutes ahead of the time, and Spring Hill finds that terrible schedule beaten by twelve minutes. The old canoe herself is beginning to get exultant, and seems to travel faster than ever. Opposite City Hall the watch is consulted for the last time, and shows 7.19, and the run is finished, with three minutes to spare. The genial Commodore is waiting expectantly below the bridge, and is the first to offer congratulations. Good night, Commodore, it is a good run. If I do say it who shouldn't."

NEW JERSEY ATHLETIC CLUB CANOE RACES.—On "Labor Day" in the regatta to be held on Newark Bay off the boathouse, the Committee on Canoeing of the New Jersey Athletic Club have made arrangements for three open paddling races. The races are to consist of one-half mile paddling, single, class IV. canoes; first prize, gold medal; second prize, silver medal. One-half-mile tandem paddling, class IV. canoes, first prize, gold medal; second prize, silver medal. 200yds. hurry-skurry upset, swim 75ft. to canoe, board, paddle round turning stake and at signal to upset, turn canoe completely over and with crew inside paddle across the finishing line. A. C. A. rules are to govern. Any deviation necessary at the day of the regatta will be announced before the start. The medals will be on exhibition at H. C. Squire's, 178 Broadway, New York city. Entries will close on Aug. 20. Gentlemen proposing to enter the above contests are requested to be on hand on Sept. 2, not later than 3 P. M., as there are other sports and a baseball game to follow.—W. H. MITCHELL, D. D. S., G. R. FROST, A. B. HERRICK, Committee on Canoeing, N. J. A. C. Entries may be sent to Dr. Wm. H. Mitchell, Box 265, Bergen Point, N. J.

NEW YORK C. C. INTERNATIONAL CUP.—In addition to the challenge by cable the New York C. C. has received a letter from the Royal C. C. stating that Mr. Stewart will positively come out, and that Mr. Baden-Powell may do so also. The notice is very short in which to prepare to meet the challengers, but the club has accepted both challenges and will hold trial races on Sept. 3, Labor Day, starting at 10:30 A. M. and 2 P. M. These races are open to all members of American canoe clubs, and an invitation to enter is hereby extended to them. The dates for the international races cannot be set until the arrival of Messrs. Stewart and Powell. Mr. Stewart arrived at Montreal this week with his canoe.

A. C. A. PRIZES.—The following letter has been received by the regatta committee: Troy, N. Y., Aug. 3.—Regatta Committee A. C. A.: It has not been convenient for members of this club to attend meets of the A. C. A. and one member only has seen fit to join the Association; we all, however, feel an interest in its welfare, and will do anything in our power to help the sport—especially the "McKendrick" side of it. I inclose postal note $2.50 for which please give the club credit for a second prize flag.—GEO. C. BASCOM, Secretary Mohawk C. C.

PAWTUXET C. C.—This club was organized on July 16 with 10 members and has since increased to 19. It is the only canoe club in Rhode Island. Its cruising ground is on the Pawtuxet, Providence and Seekonk Rivers and Narragansett Bay.

ATLANTIC DIVISION A. C. A.—Vice-Com. Stephens has appointed Messrs. E. W. Brown, Knickerbocker C. C.; B. H. Nadal, New York C. C.; and H. C. Ward, Brooklyn C. C., on the regatta committee of the division for 1889.

A. C. A. MEMBERSHIP.—Atlantic Division: Stacy B. Collins, Ernst C. Pressprich, New York; M. M. Davis, Brooklyn. Central Division: E. B Nelson, Rome, N. Y.

ST. LAWRENCE RIVER.—A correspondent asks for information as to rapids in the St. Lawrence River below the Richelieu.

MOUNT DESERT C. C.—This club held a reception on Aug. 4 at the new club house at Bar Island.

Yachting.

Small Yachts. By C. P. Kunhardt. Price $7. Steam Yachts and Launches. By C. P. Kunhardt. Price $3. Yachts, Boats and Canoes. By C. Stansfield-Hicks. Price $3.50. Steam Machinery. By Donaldson. Price $1.50.

FIXTURES.

AUGUST.

11. New Rochelle, 35ft. Class.
—. New York, Goelet Cups, Newport.
11. New Haven, Cruise.
11. Savin Hill, Club.
11. West Lynn, Club.
11. Cor. Marblehead, Ladies' Day
11-20. Buffalo Cruise.
11. Quincy, Open.
11. R. C. Y. C. Open Handicap.
11. Southern, Pass Christian.
13. American, Open, Newburyport.
13. New York, Vineyard Haven
13. Newark Bay, Open. Cups, Vineyard Haven.
15 Great Head 2d Cham.
16. Monatiquot, Ladies' Day.
16. Pleon, Open.
17. Bay View Moonlight Sail.
18. Bay View Annual Cruise.
18. Monatiquot, 2d Cham, Ft. Pt.
18. Larch. Oyster Boat Race.
18. South Boston Club.
18. Cor. Marblehead, Open.
20. Great Head Moonlight Sail.
20. Miramichi, Cup.
22. Pleon, Third Cham.
22. Cape Ann, Open.
24. Cedar Point Pennant.
25. R. C. Y. C. Lansdowne Cup.
25. Savin Hill, Club.
25. West Lynn, Ladies' Race.
25. Beverly, Mon. Beach,
25-Sept. 8. Quaker City Cruise to New London.
27. Rhode Island, Open.
27. Quincy, 3d Cham.
28. Dorchester Club.
29. Bay View Club.
29. Great Head Club.
29. Monatiquot, Open Sweep.

THE LAKE Y. R. A. ROUND.

HAMILTON, JULY 28—AUG. 3.

THIS year a new port has been added to the Lake Round of races. Hamilton, the "ambitious city," is coming to the front in yachting as in other things, and her young but vigorous yacht club held its first regatta on July 28. A very large number of spectators were present and a fine fleet of yachts from all the Ontario ports. The Alice Enright, of Toledo, was expected, as she was matched to sail the Merle for $250 per side and the championship of the lakes, but she did not arrive in time for the regatta. The fleet reached Hamilton on July 27, and in the evening a reception and illumination were given in honor of the visitors. The course for the race was from the south pier, 5 miles to windward to a stakeboat, the 2d class sailing three rounds, 30 miles; the 3d and 4th classes, 2 rounds, and the 5th class, 1 round, 10 miles. The judges were Capt. Monck, Vice-Commodore Stewart, W. H. Judd and Harry Lee. Several first class yachts were present, but none started. With a light S.E. wind the second class was sent away as follows:

Aggie, sloop, Marlatt & Armstrong, Oakville.....10 31 35
Verve, cutter, N. B. Dick, Toronto.....10 31 36
White Wings, sloop, A. E. Jarvis, Hamilton.....10 31 55
Cygnet, sloop, A. M. Ewing, Toronto.....10 38 30
Condor, sloop, Wm. Davidson, Toronto.....10 39 30

White Wings cut in between the two leaders and the weather end of the line at the start, blanketing both and taking the lead. The first leg was timed:

White Wings	12 19 50	Condor	12 57 00
Verve	12 30 45	Aggie	12 53 30
Cygnet	12 35 30		

The fleet came in with spinakers to port, the wind being very light. The end of the first round was timed:

White Wings	1 42 45	Verve	2 10 30
Cygnet	2 09 00		

The others were far astern. All drifted out to the mark again, the times being:

White Wings	3 56 00	Verve	5 13 15
Cygnet	4 54 30		

About 6 P. M. the race was abandoned, there being no wind.

The third class had a very good list of entries, including the new cutter Psyche, designed by Mr. C. P. Kunhardt, a keel boat of moderate beam. The start was made at 10:45:

Psyche, cutter, S. Greening, Hamilton.....10 45 20
Majel, sloop, Com. Newell, Rochester.....10 46 00
Cyprus, cutter, J. F. Monck, Hamilton.....10 46 23
Alert, sloop, F. Irving, Hamilton.....10 46 42
Coquette, sloop, Hamilton.....10 46 43
Arthur Murray, sloop, R. G. Baxter, Burlington.....10 46 44
St. Elmo, cutter, George Webster, Hamilton.....10 46 47
Cacique, sloop, W. R. Anderson, Hamilton.....10 46 47
Surge, sloop, R. Crooks, Hamilton.....10 46 53
Cruiser, sloop, H. J. McAllister, Hamilton.....10 47 30
Merle, sloop, Allen Ames, Oswego.....10 47 42
Yolande, schooner, S. Y. Baldwin.....10 49 55

Psyche made one long tack to the north, while Merle tried shorter legs, but when they came together Psyche was well ahead, with Coquette second and Merle third, the times at the mark being:

Psyche.....12 39 30 Merle.....12 57 30
Coquette.....12 54 00

Though starting 15 minutes later, these three had beaten Condor and Aggie, of second class. After rounding, Psyche made a blunder in setting her spinaker to port, all the rest carrying theirs to starboard. She ran a long way out of her course in order to make the sail draw, while Merle passed Coquette. The times at the end of the first round were: Psyche 2.17, Merle 2.25. Psyche now stood for the south shore, and was finally lost in the haze. Merle drifted around the outer mark at 5.43, with Cyprus second to her, and then both gave up.

There were 13 starters in fourth class, as follows, all starting with third class at 10:45:

Flirt.....10 45 45
Mischief, W. D. Thomas.....10 45 55
Stella, G. F. Birely, Hamilton.....10 46 15
Triton, Isaac Wise.....10 46 20
Mollie, W. Robertson, Toronto.....10 46 20
Alert, J. R. Seaver, Toronto.....10 46 22
Neptune, J. Hopkins, Hamilton.....10 46 30
Greyhound, Mason & ——, Hamilton.....10 46 30
Vandetta, William Paterson, Hamilton.....10 47 23
Caprice, Charles Frey, Toronto.....10 48 22
Velnette, E. N. Wallbridge, Rochester.....10 48 45
Japyx, W. G. Townsend, Hamilton.....10 49 30
Mystery, T. W. Taylor, Hamilton.....10 49 43

In the fifth class were Adeline, Water Witch, Kestrel, Ariadne, Fleetwing, Seagull, Alliance, Erelass, Comet, Flight and Alvaetta. In the evening the visitors were entertained by the home club, sailing next day for Toronto, the Hamilton race being postponed to Aug. 3.

Only a part of the fleet returned on that date, and of these Verve and Caprice arrived too late to enter. The course was laid out five miles southeast of the South Pier, there being little wind in the morning, but after the start a strong S.W. wind came in, making a reach both ways, instead of a beat out and run home, as expected. Only two started in second class, the race being without interest.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
White Wings	11 34 33	2 50 19	3 15 46	3 15 46
Aggie	11 35 00	3 15 39	3 40 39	3 71 56

In third class the starters were Merle, Cyprus, Surge, Psyche, Coquette, Cruiser and St. Elmo. Merle started, but withdrew when she found that the course was not to windward. Cyprus also came to grief, losing her forestay and bobstay. Psyche led until near the finish, when her mast gave away at the hounds. The times of the leaders were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Cyprus	10 47 25	1 31 22	2 43 57	2 41 05
Coquette	10 49 20	1 34 32	2 45 12	2 45 12
Psyche	10 46 55	1 41 09	2 54 14	2 47 42

The fourth class started at 11 A. M.: Greyhound, Flirt, Mystery, Japyx, Stella, Vandetta. Greyhound led, but Mystery and Stella caught her at the outer buoy. Greyhound in rounding fouled the mark. Greyhound finished first, Mystery second and Stella third.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Greyhound	11 03 19	12 37 18	1 33 59	1 30 03
Mystery	11 01 23	12 37 17	1 35 54	1 33 48
Stella	11 00 50	12 36 44	1 35 54	1 35 54

The fifth class was started at 2:30 with nine entries. The race was won by Alvaetta, of Toronto, Flight second and Adeline third.

TORONTO Y. C., JULY 31.

The wind on Monday was little better than on the preceding Saturday at Hamilton, but the race was sailed to a finish. What wind there was came from S.W. The course was laid between a buoy moored 100yds. to the south of Exposition wharf, thence due south to a buoy five miles out in the lake—once around for the fourth class, twice for the third class, three times for the second class. The entries were, Cygnet, White Wings, Aggie and Verve in 2d class: Myrle, Cyprus, St. Elmo, Escape and Vision in 3d class; Velnette, Caprice, Alvaetta, Irene and Adeline in 4th class. White Wings led her class easily until near the finish when she was becalmed. Cygnet came up with the breeze, shifted her spinaker from port to starboard in very quick time and finished first, but failed to save her time. The full times were:

SECOND CLASS.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
White Wings	10 35 00	6 11 34	7 36 34	7 34 13
Cygnet	10 33 00	6 08 30	7 35 30	7 35 30
Aggie	10 35 00	6 39 47	8 04 47	7 54 11
Verve	10 35 00	6 44 47	8 09 47	7 54 28

THIRD CLASS.

Cyprus	10 56 00	4 26 17	5 30 17	5 23 07
Merle	10 56 00	4 21 10	5 25 10	5 25 10
Vision	10 55 30	4 24 30	5 34 00	5 28 06
Escape	Not taken.			
St. Elmo	Not taken.			

FOURTH CLASS.

Velnette	11 03 30	3 10 09	3 57 39	3 57 39
Caprice	11 02 45	3 18 10	4 15 25	4 08 03
Alvaetta	11 03 10	3 00 40	4 24 30	4 15 25
Adeline	Not taken.			
Irene	Not taken.			

The prizes were: Second class, first prize, $100, second $50, third $25. Third class, $60, $40 and $25.

The officers of the day were: Judges, Rev. E. Stewart Jones, Messrs. Hugh C. Deans and F. B. Polson; starters, Messrs. C. W. Postlethwaite and Hume Blake; time keepers, Wm. Dixon and Frederick A. Turner.

In the evening a dinner was given at the Reform Club.

ROYAL CANADIAN, JULY 31.

The course for the Royal Canadian Y. C. Regatta, on Tuesday, was the old "Red" course from a buoy off Exhibition Wharf, thence to bell buoy, from there to a buoy moored off Scarboro', thence to another out in the lake five miles and in to the bell buoy again—twice round for the second and once round for the third class boats, leaving all buoys to the starboard hand; 30 and 15 miles. The first to start was the third class at 10:15, the wind being strong from the west. Merle led, winning easily. At one time the yachts were obliged to turn in single and some double reefs The second class was started at 10:30, with four starters, White Wings, Verve, Aggie and Cygnet, the latter handicapped. Verve, Aggie and Cygnet all started on the wrong course, the latter losing a great deal in returning and rounding the right buoy. There was a strong wind and heavy sea during a part of the race, with a heavy squall near the end.

The fourth class did not start until 3:40, the course being around the bell boy. Alvaetta, a 19ft. open boat, did some very good work, beating the decked yachts. The full times were:

SECOND CLASS.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
White Wings	10 30 40	3 19 00	4 48 20	4 48 20
Aggie	10 34 32	4 49 32	5 45 00	5 35 41
Verve	10 30 50	4 52 16	6 21 26	6 11 17
Cygnet	10 35 00	Not timed.		

THIRD CLASS.

Merle	10 05 00	1 17 45	3 12 45	3 12 45
Cyprus	10 05 00	2 00 45	3 55 45	3 44 44
Vision	10 05 00	2 04 00	4 04 00	4 00 48
Escape	10 05 00	2 20 00	4 15 00	4 05 47
Yolande	10 05 00	3 07 00	5 02 00	4 46 41
St. Elmo	Not timed.			

FOURTH CLASS.

Alvaetta	3 00 00	4 48 00	1 48 00	1 41 20
Caprice	3 00 00	4 48 10	1 48 10	1 43 08
Mischief	3 00 00	4 46 20	1 46 20	1 44 56
Elaine		4 51 16	1 51 16	1 50 23
Molly		4 52 45	1 52 45	1 52 08
Flight		4 52 16	1 52 45	1 52 42
Velnette	3 00 00	4 49 30	1 49 30	

The winner in the second race is not known, as several protests have been lodged.

From Toronto the fleet returned, as stated, to Hamilton, the final race being sailed there on Aug. 3. The round this year has been marked by light weather in the races and some heavy weather between ports, as well as by several disasters, while the entries have not been up to the mark. The first class has done nothing; the withdrawal of Iolanthe robbed the later races of part of the interest, and the race between Psyche and Merle failed through the latter's withdrawal at Hamilton. Oriole and White Wings will be present at the Mackinac regatta of Aug. 15, 17 and 17, where the latter will met the Alice Enright.

ANOTHER FAST FISHERMAN.—Capt. Geo. B. McCain, designer of the I. J. Merritt, Jr., has lately finished a new design for a still faster schooner, to be 108ft. over all, 98ft. l.w.l., 25ft. beam, 11ft. 9in. hold, and 12ft. 6in. draft.

CENTERBOARD QUESTION ON THE CLYDE.

AT the meeting of the Institute of Naval Architects at Glasgow, Mr. B. Martell, chief surveyor, Lloyd's Register of Shipping, read a paper "On the comparative merits of deep keel and centerboard yachts for racing purposes." After alluding to the opinion among many yachtsmen that yachts of the American design had in every respect superior qualities to the deep keel vessels, Mr. Martell said he proposed to examine the comparative merits of the different types, with a view to elicit a discussion among those who could claim to speak with authority on the question, particularly in a locality where so much enterprise and enthusiasm had been displayed in this interesting subject. After giving the dimensions of the yachts Thistle and Volunteer, Mr. Martell observed that the principal difference in the two was the relation of depth to breadth.

Summing up the results of his investigation, it appeared, he said, that the American type of yacht possessed greater stiffness, and therefore greater sail-carrying power; it had, by reason of the centerboard, greater resistance to leeway, was fitted with better sails for close-hauled sailing, and had practically no more skin friction and wave-making resistance at all ordinary speeds, while the only point on which the British type had the advantage was that she was safer in bad weather in the open sea with a large spread of canvas. It was not surprising that under these circumstances all the recent trials of speed between the British and American types should have resulted in the triumph of the latter. It now behooved British yachtsmen to consider whether it was expedient for them to make sea-going qualities a *sine qua non* in a racing machine, or to sacrifice high speed in bad weather at sea in order to obtain greater speed in the usual conditions under which these vessels would be raced. which was, after all, the principal reason of their existence.

Mr. G. L. Watson, in opening the discussion, said there were one or two points upon which Mr. Martell had not got the real facts. One of these was the relative stability of the two vessels. Mr. Martell had assumed that the Volunteer would take a heel of 15 degrees and the Thistle 16½ degrees, and on that basis a good many of his assumptions were made. He (Mr. Watson) asked several gentlemen who observed the race to get both on end to see which had the greater inclination. The three gentlemen, who were all careful observers and good yachtsmen, were of opinion there was a difference of something like 3 or 4 degrees in favor of Thistle, which was to that extent stiffer than Volunteer. He (Mr. Watson) thought it unfortunate that so much attention should have been directed to those races between Volunteer and Thistle. The public judged from those races of the relative merits of centerboard and keel. There had been hundreds of other races between centerboards and keels, and the result had been very different. The Clara, one of Fife's boats, had won almost every race she had sailed against centerboard boats. The Bedouin was still acknowledged to be about the fastest of her class, and her record was favorable compared with that of centerboard boats of the same length. Madge, when she went over to America a good many years ago, out of seven races won six against centerboards. The Pappoose had not only beat boats of her own length, but this year was beating boats of greater length. Coming again to our own country, where they were just beginning with centerboards, there was a new class, where the limit of length was 21ft., and no restriction as to centerboard or keel. The results of that he got that morning. In this class five boats were built, but two of them had fallen out. The keel boats, out of nine starts had six firsts and three seconds. Of the boats with the centerboard, one out of the seven starts had one first and five seconds, and the other, out of six starts, had two firsts and one second. His own opinion in regard to the centerboards and keels was, that the keel boat, if properly designed could always be made to beat the centerboard. That, of course, implied that Thistle was not properly designed. (Laughter.) He dared say that was about right. (Laughter.) Mr. Martell had referred to the sails, and tried to let him down easy at the expense of the sail. (Laughter.) That, he thought, was hardly fair. The sails of all racing boats in this country for the past seven or eight years were absolutely perfect. An absolute flat sail would not drive a boat as well as a slightly curved sail in light winds. On the first day Volunteer had rather an advantage in that respect, as her sail was not so absolutely flat as that of Thistle. That would have helped her a little. He had no doubt that the sailmakers in this country were superior to the Americans.

Professor Jenkins referred to some experiments at which he assisted the late Mr. Froude some years ago—experience upon the resistance of models. Their object was to determine the manner in which resistance depended as to breadth and depth. They found that the wave-making resistance varied approximately with the breadth of the vessel.—*Glasgow Herald.*

HULL Y. C. SECOND CHAMPIONSHIP REGATTA, AUG. 4.—Regular club courses, weather clear, wind S.W., strong breeze:

FIRST CLASS CENTERBOARDS.

	Length.	Start.	Finish.	Corrected.
Shadow, Dr. J. Bryant	33.11	3 00 00	2 05 18	1 58 45

THIRD CLASS CENTERBOARDS.

Posy, R. G. Hunt	22.02	3 15 00	1 11 30	0 50 14
Secret, E. F. Linton	22.06	3 15 00	1 11 00	0 49 59
Nora, E. P. Boynton	22.00	3 15 00	1 17 54	1 06 30
Undine, E. B. Holmes	22.07	3 15 00	Carried away mast.	

THIRD CLASS KEELS.

Thelga, H. L. Johnson	22.01	3 15 00	1 11 39	0 50 20

FOURTH CLASS CENTERBOARDS.

Niobe, G. W. Keates	20.02	3 20 00	1 18 07	0 55 13
Mabel, F. L. Dunne	19.11	3 20 00	1 19 56	0 56 49
Myrtle, R. C. Poor	19.02	3 20 00	Withdrew.	

FOURTH CLASS KEELS.

Vaga, H. W. Frund	18.02	3 20 00	1 24 38	0 59 51

FIFTH CLASS JIB AND MAINSAILS.

Em Ell Eye, P. M. Bond	19 04	2 25 00	1 21 03	0 57 24
Coyote, W. Abbott	20.03	3 25 00	1 20 33	0 57 45

SIXTH CLASS CENTERBOARDS.

Rocket	16.02	3 30 00	1 28 09	1 01 12
Mirage	17.05	3 30 00	1 25 50	1 00 17
Wildfire	17.03	3 30 00	Withdrew.	

Winners: First class—First and leg in championship, Shadow. Third class keels, Thelga; centerboards, Secret and Posy. Fourth class keels, Vaga; centerboards, Niobe. Fourth class, Em Ell Eye. Sixth class, Mirage. Regatta committee, John Stetson, R. C. Poor, C. S. Waldo. Judges, John Stetson, W. A. Cary, John Chadwick.

BEVERLY Y. C.—133d Regatta. Second championship. Marblehead, Aug. 4.—Courses, first and second classes: Leaving Half Way Rock and S.E. Pig Buoy on starboard and return, 10 miles. Third and fourth classes: Leaving Selmans Berth and B Buoys 3, 5 and 7 on port; stakeboat off Curtis Point and Bowdich Ledge Buoy on starboard and return, 7½ miles. Wind, S.W. hard.

FIRST CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Atalanta, I. R. Thomas, C.B. sloop	33.03	1 54 56	1 50 29
Belle, Thos. Pierce, K. cutter	35.10	Did not start.	
Helen, Thos. Pierce, C.B. sloop	29.04	Did not start.	

SECOND CLASS.

Witch, B. B. Crowninshield, K cutter	28.04	2 27 54	2 19 21
Not Named, J. B. Paine, K. sloop	30.11	2 42 41	2 36 23
Sprite, Com. Sears, C.B. sloop	27.01½	Arrived to late to start.	

THIRD CLASS.

Wraith, H. P. Benson, K. sloop	22.03	1 31 58	1 20 35
Mosca, C. H. W. Foster, K. sloop	24.05	1 33 01	1 23 40
Nixie, A. L. Cochrane, K. catboat	22.02	1 47 28	1 35 56
Nerina, R. Saltonstall, C.B. catboat	21.10	1 50 27	1 38 40
Holden, G. Dexter, C.B. catboat	21.11	Dismasted.	
Kathleen, R. S. Peabody, K. sloop		Disabled.	

FOURTH CLASS.

Dolphin, R. Robbins, C.B. catboat	18.00	1 43 37	1 27 32
Pysche, W. L. Jeffries, C.B. catboat	18.11	1 47 23	1 32 28

Winner in first class, Atalanta; second class, Witch; third class, Wraith first, Mosca second; fourth class, Dolphin. Atalanta takes and holds both pennants; Wraith and Dolphin win legs for both pennants, tieing Holden and Psyche; Witch ties Sprite for corrected time pennant and holds actual time pennant. Judge, H. H. Buck.

LAKE MAHOPAC, Aug. 4.—First race for championship pennant for 1888, to go to winner of two out of three races. Twice around irregular course marked by buoys; ten miles in all. Weather, cloudy. Wind, very strong southwest. No time allowances:

	Length.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Trifler, E. D. Dusenbury	19.08	11 22 30	1 01 43	1 39 13
Vixen, W. M. Patterson	22.05	11 22 03	1 03 10	1 41 07
Flora, A. H. Dean	21.07	11 22 38	1 03 49	1 41 11
Mist, Sturgis	20.02	11 22 28	1 12 36	1 50 08
Mischief, A. Pomvert	16.06	11 22 10	Capsized.	

Judges, A. Ammerman, W. A. Nash.

STAPLETON Y. C.—The second annual regatta of the Stapleton Y. C. was held on July 19 over a five mile triangular course off Staten Island, with seven entries; the wind being light N.E. Boston Beauty, J. McRoberts won, with Now Then, J. Gould, 2d. The prize was a silver cup.

JEFFRIES Y. C. UNION REGATTA, AUG. 4.—The Union regatta of the Jeffries Y. C. was sailed on Aug. 4 in a strong S.W. wind, over the following courses: First and second class keels and first class centerboards—From judges' boat, leaving black buoy No. 5 on starboard, red buoy No. 10 on port, Governor's Rock and Glades buoys on starboard, Apple Island buoys on port, No. 1 Governor's Flats buoy on starboard, No. 2 on starboard, Sculpin Ledge buoy on starboard, Thompson's red buoy No. 2 on starboard, No. 7 Castle Rocks on port, No. 7 Glades buoy on starboard, No. 10 on port, No. 5 on port to starting line; distance 9 miles. Second class centerboards, third class keels and special class—From judges' boat, leaving buoy No. 5 on starboard, buoy No. 10 on port, Governor's Rocks and Glades buoy on starboard, Apple Island buoys on port, No. 2 Governor's Flats buoy on starboard, Thompson's red No. 2 on starboard, Castle Rocks No. 7 on port, No. 7 Glades buoy on starboard, No. 10 on port, No. 5 on port, to starting line; distance 7¼ miles. The classes and prizes were: First class keels, 26ft. and under 30ft. sailing length; first class centerboards, 21ft. and under 26ft. sailing length; second class keels, 21ft. and under 26ft. sailing length; second class centerboard catboats, under 21ft. sailing length; third class keels, under 21ft. sailing length; special class, jib and mainsail, under 21ft. sailing length; schooners and yawls to sail at seven-eighths sailing length. First class keels, $20, $12, $8; first class centerboards, $20, $12, $8; second class keels, $15, $10, $5; second class centerboards, $15, $10, $5; third class keels, $12, $8, $4; special class, $15, $10, $5. The race was under the rules of the N. E. Y. R. A., the old measurement being retained. The full times were:

FIRST CLASS CENTERBOARDS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
E. W. D., E. W. Dixon	23.08	1 25 08	1 22 49
Moondyne, W. H. Shaw	24.08	1 24 20	1 23 03
White Fawn, W. H. Cherrington	25.01	1 28 08	1 27 16
Vixen, Briggs Wadsworth	24.02	. . .	. . .
Good Luck, J. B. Farrell	22 00	1 29 02	1 28 51
Emma S., O. S. Armstrong	23.10	1 37 15	1 35 07
Wraith, C. E. and P. Hodges	22.06	1 27 13	1 23 37
Seabird, C. L. Joy	23.08	1 32 49	1 29 24

FIRSTCLASS KEELS.

Daisy, I. H. Porter	26.05	1 24 28	1 19 28
Æolus, J. Rood	26.06	1 26 00	1 23 24

SECOND CLASS KEELS.

Veta, C. P. Pike	25.05	1 20 45	1 20 12
Echo, Burwell & Isham	24.09	1 24 45	1 23 33
Breeze, F. S. Murdock	22.00	1 31 50	1 27 39
Nydia, D. Moorland	23.02	Time not taken.	
Wanda, George W. Griffis	23.03	Time not taken.	
Halcyon, J. R. Hooper	21.03	1 30 02	1 25 15
Judith, W. B. Pidgeon	23.04	Time not taken.	

SECOND CLASS CENTERBOARDS.

Nora, H. Denny	16.02	1 36 59	1 31 02
Scamp, Frank Gray	18.04	1 38 19	1 35 18

THIRD CLASS KEELS.

Lillie, William Marshall	17.00	1 29 50	1 26 05
Zetta, F. S. Warren	18.03	1 29 45	1 26 37
Mabel, William Bennett	17.10	1 33 32	1 30 53
Vesper, R. M. Benner	18.05	1 35 35	1 32 40
Petrel, J. J. Strong	15.11	1 44 09	1 37 40
Vera, J. Murray	16.03	Time not taken.	

SPECIAL CLASS—JIB AND MAINSAIL.

Zoe, W. Farmaloe	18.01	1 28 36	1 23 16
No Name, A. A. Martin	10.00	1 30 30	1 28 18
Tom Cat, C. H. Lockhart	19.00	. . .	. . .
Enyma, J. F. Small	12.10	. . .	. . .

The prize winners are as follows: First class centerboard—E. W. D. first, Moondyne second. First class keels—Daisy first, Æolus second. Second class keels—Veta first, Echo second. Second class centerboards—Nora first, Scamp second. Third class keels—Lillie first, Zetta second. Special class—Zoe first, No Name second. Protests were lodged against the E. W. D. by the owners of the Moondyne and Wraith on measurement. The owners of the Wraith also entered a protest against the Moondyne. The judges were: John Marno, W. S. McLauthlin and C. J. Langell. The regatta committee included: J. W. Proctor, Jacob Rood, Douglass Moreland, Charles P. Pike and A. A. Martin.

QUINCY Y. C., SECOND CHAMPIONSHIP, July 30.—The second championship race of the Quincy Y. C. was sailed on July 30, in a light W. wind. Posy won easily in her class, taking the championship. Em-Ell-Eye and Rocket also win the championship in their class. In second class Nereid and Mabel each have one leg.

FIRST CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Posy, R. G. Hunt	2.02	2 14 25	1 46 04
Secret, E. F. Linton	22.05	2 15 36	1 47 30
Folly, F. J. Sheppard	26.04	2 18 15	1 53 43
Moondyne, W. H. Shaw	25.00	2 19 59	1 54 20
Erin, John Cavanagh	20.00	Withdrawn.	

SECOND CLASS—CATRIGS.

Mabel, F. L. Dunne	19.11	1 40 55	1 13 57
Hester, P. L. Blackmur	19.11	1 44 33	1 17 35
Hebe, H. Edwards	19.10	1 47 01	1 19 19
Elf, W. P. Barker	19.10	1 51 02	1 23 59

SECOND CLASS—JIB AND MAINSAIL.

Em-Ell-Eye, P. M. Bond	19.02	1 34 27	1 06 41
Flora Lee, E. B. Glover	16.08	1 40 38	1 09 58
Diadem, L. Hayward	18.01	1 39 05	1 10 55
Eureka, E. B. Rogers	20.00	1 38 08	1 11 14

THIRD CLASS.

Rocket, H. M. Faxon	16.03	1 34 00	1 07 09
Mirage, W. L. Dearborn	17.05	1 36 10	1 10 37
Guenn, Perry Lawton	17.08	1 51 12	1 25 55
Julia, C. W. Hall	17.00	1 52 47	1 26 47
Elite, G. W. Moore	17.01	1 53 42	1 27 47
Wildfire, H. A. Keith	17.00	Withdrawn.	

The judges were Messrs. H. H. Sheen and G. G. Saville.

OPEN BOATS AT CANARSIE.—On Aug. 4 a race was sailed at Canarsie, L. I., under the following conditions: All boats eligible measuring between 18 and 25ft.; entrance fee $12 each, with $100 added by the Canarsie Y. C. to go to the first, and 75 per cent. to the second; the third to save stake; course from Canarsie dock to Can Buoy at Rockaway Inlet and return. The times of the races were:

	Start.	Turn.	Finish.	Corrected.
Ida S.	4 31 10	. . .	6 25 40	1 54 20
Ours	4 30 50	5 37 45	6 18 25	1 45 10
Pirate	4 30 20	. . .	. . .	. . .
Julita	4 30 20	5 37 00	6 18 45	1 44 50
Willow Grove	4 30 20	5 39 30	. . .	. . .
Lady Glenmore	4 32 45	. . .	6 21 50	1 44 49
Leisure	4 30 35	5 40 45	6 24 10	1 49 00
Mattie	4 30 45	. . .	. . .	. . .
So So	4 31 15	5 42 45	6 25 25	1 49 25
Aurora	4 33 25	. . .	. . .	. . .
Sleepy	4 32 55	. . .	. . .	. . .

Lady Glenmore wins, with Julita second and Ours third. The judges were Dr. William A. DeLong, Walter W. Banta and T. J. Kellenbach.

PLEON Y. C.—A race for second class boats for the Wood challenge cup was sailed on Aug. 1, over the regular club course, in a light S.E. wind. The times were:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected
Jay Gee, F. B. Litchman	12.07	0 55 45	0 52 48
Estelle, J. W. Dunlap	11.09	1 00 55	0 57 22
Edith, S. W. Sleeper	11.08	1 02 00	0 58 24
Annie, F. L. Rhodes	11.06	1 02 40	0 58 55
Monarch, F. O. Taylor	12.03	1 06 00	0 52 48
Dart, H. Jackson	10.09	1 22 15	1 17 57

The N. G. Wood challenge cup, valued at $250, goes to Jay Gee, and the second prize to Estelle. Jay Gee will hold the cup until she is beaten by a challenging boat, and will retain it should she hold it until Sept. 15. After the race the owner of Estelle challenged Jay Gee, and the race will be sailed within two weeks. The judges were A. G. Woods, F. L. Rhodes, H. L. Whitcomb and Harry Martin. On Aug. 2 a scrub race was sailed over a 6-mile course, in a light wind. Jay Gee won, with Phyth second and Estelle third.

DORCHESTER Y. C.—104th regatta, July 31; club course, 7 miles. Weather clear. Wind, strong S.W. Tide, flood.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected
Rocket, H. M. Faxon	17.11	1 29 01	0 59 49
Mirage, John Dearborn	18 08½	1 31 48	1 03 26
W. E., J. E. Robinson	. . .	1 33 03	. . .
Sheerwater	. . .	1 36 09	. . .
Scamp, Francis Gray	19.05½	Capsized.	

Winners: First prize, Rocket; second, Mirage. No entries in fourth class. When off Farm Bar Buoy the wind came in very strong puffs, and on account of the nearness of the boats to each other the Scamp was not afforded sufficient sea room when forced to jibe, and was capsized. Judges—A. J. Clark, C. J. Means and H. Davenport.

LAKE MUSKOKA.—On Aug. 1 a race was sailed between the Mackinaw boats owned by Mr. Playfair and Mr. Thompson, of Toronto, the former winning.

BUZZARD'S BAY CITIZENS' RACE.—The fifth annual citizens' regatta for boats owned in Buzzard's Bay and Vineyard Sound, was sailed on Aug. 4 in a reefing breeze from S.E., with a heavy sea. The official summary is as follows: First Class—Catboats 23ft. and over. Course, 12 miles. Prizes, $10 and $6. Entries: Surprise, Ape, Mary, Mabel and Trump. Ape, 2h. 7m. 20s.; Surprise, 2h. 12m.; Mary, 2h. 18m. 42s.; Trump, 2h. 19m. 27s.; Mabel, 2h. 24m. 46. Second Class—Catboats under 23 and over 21ft. Course, 12 miles. Prizes, $10 and $6. Defiance and Success. Defiance, 2h. 5m. 27s.; Success, 2h. 13m. 15s. Third Class—Catboats under 21 and over 18ft. Course, 9 miles. Prizes, $10, $6, $4. Entries: Maltese, Mertie, Scud, Sachem, Mascott, Kildic, Marion, Trump, Kismet, Trojan. Trump, 1h. 58m. 18s.; Kismet, 1h. 59m. 12s; Sachem, 2h. 2m. 51s.; Mascott, 2h. 2m. 48s.; Mertie, 2h. 6m. 18s.; Scud, 2h. 9m. 9s.; Trojan withdrawn. Fourth Class—Catboats under 18 and over 15ft. Course, 9 miles. Prizes, $8 and $5. Entries: Redwing, Psyche, Bessie. Redwing, 2h. 10m. 10s.; Psyche, 2h. 12m. 42s.; Bessie, 2h. 28m. Fifth Class—Catboats under 15ft. Course, 7 miles. Prizes, $6, $4, $2. Entries: Wide Awake, Hiawatha, Pet, J. D. Ferguson, Annie. Annie, 1h. 3m. 18s.; Pet, 1h. 6m.; Wide Awake, 1h. 37m. 39s.; Hiawatha, 1h. 49m.; J. D. Ferguson, 2h. 49m. 24s. Sixth Class—Sprit and lug sailboats. Course, 5 miles. Prizes, $5 and $3. Entries: Henry Cook, A. S. Messer, Gosling, John Sylvia. A. S. Messer, 1h. 9m. 24s.; Henry Cook, 1h. 12m. 12s.; Gosling, 1h. 14m. 7s. Seventh Class—Sprit and lug sail. Course, 5 miles. Prize, $5. Entries: Ben Gifford, Fred Gifford. Fred Gifford, 1h. 13m. 57s.; Ben Gifford, 1h. 24m. 37s. The judges were E. D. Marsh and T. W. Sanford.

"YACHTS AND YACHTING."—Under the title of "Yachts and Yachting," Cassell & Co., have collected and published in a handsome octavo volume the various articles on yachting which have appeared in *Outing* within the last two or three years. The greater part of the book is taken up by the History of American Yachting, written by the late Captain Coffin, who by his experience of over twenty years as a yachting reporter, as well as his acknowledged ability as a writer was well fitted for the task. The story of the birth and growth of yachting in America is told plainly and clearly, and makes a most interesting and valuable narrative. Captain Coffin was always a champion of the centerboard sloop, and an active participant in the long controversy between the sloop and cutter, but his conclusions are in the main fair to both types. In the compilation of his records of races he had access to the papers of the New York Y. C. and many other important sources of information, and his work in this respect is the most complete and accurate yet published. The book also contains an interesting paper on steam yachts by Mr. E. S. Jaffray, former owner of the Stranger, together with articles on the late races for the America's Cup. It is illustrated by a large number of outline sketches of old and new yachts. As the book is likely to become a standard of reference it is unfortunate that some of the typographical errors which were noticeable in the magazine articles have not been corrected in putting them in more permanent form.

SAVIN HILL Y. C. RECEPTION.—The Savin Hill Y. C.'s illumination and reception, held at their club house on the evening of July 21st in., surpassed anything ever given in Dorchester Bay. There were upward of two thousand people on the beach, and over five hundred were inside the club's inclosure, partaking of its hospitality, listening to the delightful strains discoursed by Thayer's orchestra and enjoying the display of fireworks. The residents on the south side of Savin Hill showed good taste in the arrangement of lanterns, so that the back ground displayed an unbroken line of lanterns, while the club house front was covered and all the boats were well illuminated. The club had for guests members of the Quincy, Great Head and Dorchester clubs, and the officers of the South Boston. At the side of the club house a large tent was spread, under which caterer Seiler was kept busy serving lunch to the members and their guests. At 10 o'clock the visiting yachts, accompanied by those of the Savin Hill Club, started for home, and made a very pretty picture as they sailed out into the bay, their departure being celebrated by a general outburst of fireworks and colored lights. The ladies, always welcome on board a yacht, added no small part to the pleasure of the occasion, with their bright-colored dresses and pleasant happy voices. The reception committee included Com. J. H. Stark, Vice-Com. J. H. Ordell, Fleet Captain H. G. Patten.

CORINTHIAN Y. C. OPEN REGATTA.—The Corinthian Y. C., of Marblehead, has changed its dates a little, the Ladies' Day sail being set for Aug. 11, and the open regatta for Aug. 18, by which time the New York fleet will be in the harbor. Every effort has been made to secure large and good entries for the open regatta, and the race of the 40ft. class will be a special feature. The classes and prizes are as follows: Special class, yachts 30ft. waterline and less than 40ft; first class, yachts 25ft. sailing length and less than 30ft. water line; second class, yachts 21ft. sailing length and less than 25ft.; third class, centerboard yachts 18ft. sailing length and less than 21ft.; fourth class, keel yachts less than 21ft. sailing length; fifth class, centerboard yachts less than 18ft. sailing length; schooners and yawls will sail at seven-eighths of their actual measurement. Special class, first prize $30, second $20; first class keels, first prize $25, second $15, third $10; first class centerboards, first prize $25, second $15, third $10; second class keels, first prize $25, second $15, third $10; second class centerboards, first prize $25, second $15, third $10; third class, first prize $20, second $15, third $10, fourth $7, fifth $5; fourth class, first prize $20, second $15, third $10, fourth $7, fifth $5; fifth class, first prize $15, second $10, third $5, fourth $3. No prize will be given to a yacht which has not defeated a competitor.

THE RACE AROUND THE ISLE OF SHOALS.—On Aug. 4 seven yachts started from Pleasant Point, Annisquam, to race around White Island, the prizes being $30, $15 anp $10. The wind was strong at the start, 8 A. M., and Mignon sent her topmast and spinaker boom ashore, not expecting to need them. The starters were Gracie, Climax, Black Cloud, Evelyn, Mignon, Kulinda and Trudette. After a short time the wind fell with some rain, reefs were shaken out and spinakers set, spoiling Mignon's chances. Kulinda had her spinaker in a small and gave up. White Island was rounded as follows: Black Cloud, 11.36.50; Hazard, 11.40; Evelyn, 11.43.50; Gracie, 11.44; Trudette, 11.45; Mignon, 11.53.50; Climax, 11.55. The wind came stronger as the fleet beat home, but was variable and fluky. The order of the finish was Black Cloud, Hazard, Trudette. The official times were not made up.

NORTH SHREWSBURY Y. C.—A race was sailed over a 15-mile course on Sandy Hook Bay on Aug. 4, in a strong S. wind, the starters being: First class—Lizzie, Ed Bussell, and C. G. Martin, C. M. Peterson. Second class—Twilight, H. B. Duryea; Williwaw, Ed. Throckmorton, and Kitty K., Mr. Kelly. Lizzie won in first class and Twilight in second. The prizes were $30 and $45 respectively. The judges of the regatta were T. F. Chadwick, J. T. Cutting, William A. Chadwick and William Willey. After the race Mr. W. E. Connor challenged any yacht except the Lizzie to race his Nahli over a 10-mile course on Sandy Hook Bay for $50 per side. Mr. Kelly also challenged Twilight to sail his yacht Kitty Kelly for $20 per side, on the North Shrewbury.

LANDING ACCOMMODATIONS AT NEW YORK.—As Chairman of the Committee on Landing Facilities, Commodore Gerry writes to Secretary John H. Bird that arrangements have been make whereby yachtsmen may land at and have packages sent to the float at the foot of West Thirty-fifth street, where they will be cared for by Joseph May. A telephone has also been placed at this float by Capt. Morgan of the club, and one at the East Twenty-sixth street float by Commodore Gerry, for the use of members whose yachts may be lying at anchor in either of the rivers. The floats at Whitestone and Bay Ridge belonging to the Atlantic Yacht Club have been placed at the disposal of New York Club members by the courtesy of the former club.

VALOIS BOATING CLUB, MONTREAL.—Two sailing races formed a part of the programme of the Valois B. C. regatta on Aug. 4. The yacht race was started at 4.50 and the finish was in the following order: Madge, 6.09; Ishkoodah, 6.12; Lulu, 6.15; Minnie A., 6.32; Mabel, 6.35. The Marga was also in this race for a little while, until a squall struck her and over she went. A protest entered by the Lulu against the Madge for fouling was not entertained. The time allowance does not affect the yachts in this instance and they are placed as they finished. The sailing boat race, which started five minutes after the yacht race, was won by W. Wallace's boat, J. Jones second and Young third.

NEW YORK Y. C. CRUISE.—At the meeting on board the flagship on Aug. 8, the details of the cruise will be arranged; thus far it is not known whether the race for the Goelet cups will be sailed on Friday or Saturday. The Vineyard Haven cups will be raced for on Monday or Tuesday, and in all probability the fleet will sail on Wednesday for Marblehead, racing there on Thursday. On Saturday the open regatta of the Corinthian Y. C. will bring out all the 40ft. class, and many yachtsmen will stay to witness what promises to be one of the events of the season. A large number of yachts is preparing for the cruise, and the fleet will probably equal in size any previous year.

THE GLEAM—JOPPA COLLISION.—The decision of the Local Board of Steamboat Inspectors is as follows: "When the Gleam received two signals from the steamer Joppa in reply to her one she should have stopped and reversed her engines at full speed astern, and which would have avoided loss of life. We therefore find Captain Torrey guilty of unskillful navigation and hereby revoke his license as master and first class pilot." The Inspectors have also issued an order prohibiting a covering of any kind on lifeboats when under way. The Gleam's lifeboat was covered with a tarpaulin which had to be cut away with an axe before the boat was fit for use.

ATLANTIC Y. C.—The postponed race of July 28 was sailed on Aug. 4 with three starters, the courses being twice around buoys 18 and 20, 10 miles. The wind was fresh from south. The times were:

	Length.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Gleam, E. Fish	23.08	5 15 35	2 12 55
Frolic, T. Ward	24.00	5 21 48	2 19 05
Iris, Thompson Bros.	24.00	5 34 25	2 31 33

Gleam wins, beating Frolic 6m. 10s.

STARLING AND SAPPHIRE.—An informal brush is reported as taking place on Aug. 3 between the Burgess steamer Sapphire and the Frisbie boat Starling; the former being 115ft. l.w.l. and the latter 100ft. The two met near Bartlett's Reef Lightship, Starling bound east, turning and taking a place on Sapphire's port quarter, as the latter came up. The race lasted nearly half an hour, ending by Starling crossing her rival's bow and resuming her course.

ALTERATIONS TO SACHEM.—The schooner Sachem has hauled out at New Bedford, where under Mr. Lawley's directions a piece of lead weighing 3,150lbs. has been cut off the fore end of keel, where the addition was made last spring. About 900lbs. will be run into the deadwood aft, thus improving the trim and permitting the removal of about 2¼tons of lead now stowed in the run. The hull has been cleaned and potleaded for the cruise.

HINTS ON YACHT BUILDING FOR AMATEURS.—Under the above title Mr. Tyrrell E. Biddle, the well-known writer, has written a companion to his "Hints on Yacht Designing," published some time since. The new volume contains a clear description of the various steps of yacht building, with many excellent hints and suggestions, and the amateur builder will find it a very useful assistant. The book is published by George Wilson, London, Eng.

SEAWANHAKA C. Y. C.—The protest of Iseult against Eurybia in the annual race, on the ground that the latter had her sailing master on deck, has been allowed by the race committee, so the class prize, as well as the special prize in Class VIII., goes to Kangaroo.

BANTAM AND HEEDLESS.—A series of matches to be sailed off Newport has been arranged between Mr. Woodbury Kane's cutter Bantam and Mr. Edmund Warren's cutter Heedless, designed by Mr. Smith. The dates are not yet fixed.

NEW YORK Y. C. BOOK.—The new book of the New York Y. C. for 1888 shows a membership of 700 and a fleet of over 200 yachts, sail and steam. The club is now the largest in the United States.

QUAKER CITY Y. C.—This club has issued a very neat year book for 1888. The membership is now up to 100, with a fleet of thirty yachts.

SANDY BAY Y. C.—The regatta at Rockport was postponed on Monday on account of the fog and heavy sea.

WINNISIMMET S. AND R. C.—This club, of Chelsea, Mass., will hold its first sailing race on Aug. 11.

ADDRESS WANTED.—Will Mr. E. A. Donovan please send full address to this office.

SOUTHERN Y. C.—The regatta set for Aug. 4 was postponed for one week.

New Publications.

In "BOATING," by W. B. Woodgate (Little, Brown & Co., Boston), the "Badminton Library of Sports and Pastimes" has put forth one of its most attractive volumes. The book is an encyclopedia of all that an oarsman or sculler can wish to know. The author is an old Oxford man, who rowed in two winning 'varsity eights and has twice held the Wingfield Sculls and once the Diamond Sculls—about as much honor as any boating man can reap in an ordinary lifetime—so that what he has to say in the way of advice is well worth heeding. The chapters on "Training," "Coaching" and "The Captain" are particularly interesting, and it is easy to see that the counsel he gives in them is the outcome of years of intelligent observation and hard practical work. All rowing men will recognize the force of the following: "It is the captain who can make or mar a club. He is the general officer in command of the forces, while the president is more of a field marshal enjoying *otium cum dignitate* at home. The qualifications upon which a captain is or should be selected by his club are, in the first place, personal merit as an oarsman and knowledge of his craft; in the second, a due seniority, so that he may have a proper influence, both socially and in an aquatic sense, over those whom he is to command; thirdly, tact and common sense.

"A captain should be self-reliant without being obstinate; he should be good tempered but not facile; he should be firm but not tyrannical, energetic but not a busybody. A captain has usually a host of counsellors, and he, too, will realize the fallacy of the adage that in a multitude of counsels there is wisdom."

A feature of the book that will render it valuable to all lovers of rowing is the care and accuracy with which Mr. Woodgate has compiled the history of all the prominent sculling and rowing events that have taken place in England since rowing grew to be a national sport. All the winners from 1830 up to the present day are named, together with histories of their achievements. In the matter of the history of the various means used for propelling craft with oars, sculls and paddles, Mr. Woodgate has gone back as far as 3,000 B. C. The style throughout is clear, and in many places the reader unexpectedly falls upon quaint bits of humor. It would be unfair to speak of the book without noticing the high character of the engravings with which it is illustrated. Many are from instantaneous photographs, and they go far to make clear obscure points in the science of rowing that are often stumbling blocks of awful import to amateurs and even professionals. The drawings, by Frank Dodd, while all that could be desired from an artistic point of view, will gain him the friendship of all right-minded rowing men. His accuracy is wonderful, and the correctness of his detail work shows that he must be an oarsman of no mean ability.

THE BOSTON TEA PARTY, another of Lee & Shepard's "Classics for Home and School," follows "Stories of American History," and "Noble Deeds of Our Fathers," as the third of the patriotic series of supplementary readers. Every one knows that the American Revolution originated with the meetings of the Lebanon Club, who went down to Griffin's wharf and threw "His Gracious Majesty's" tea overboard with a spirit of resolution, which implied that they were quite ready to throw the tea things after them if there was any provocation. On a Fourth of July, long years afterward, the few surviving members of the club sat down to dinner with two generations of born Americans in the immediate neighborhood of the now famous Griffin's Wharf, and beginning with the little tea party they told in quaint, but graphic language the deeds of heroism and incidents of the great revolution which had come under their personal observation or in which they had borne part. These after dinner stories from the mouths of men who had participated in the exciting scenes they described, interspersed with personal reminiscences, are all reproduced and carefully revised in the work under notice, which is perhaps unequaled in its tendency to fascinate the American boys, and stimulate their patriotic ardor to enthusiasm.

CRICKET, by A. G. Steel and the Hon. R. H. Lyttleton, is one of the series of the Badminton Library, which is being published by Little, Brown & Co. of Boston, and Longman, Green & Co., of London, simultaneously, and a book to be read with pleasure and profit, whether the reader takes it up for the study of cricket, or for general social and ethical culture. The authors treat cricket as the business of life and throw into this subject a measure of honest enthusiasm, which renders it evident enough that from the cricketer's standpoint life is well worth living. The ostensible object of the book, the conveying of precise information on all that relates to the game, the definition of the several duties of

each of the eleven players and instruction for their guidance in every possible contingency that my arise, has been achieved with so much good judgment that the work will at once take its place as a standard authority which will force itself for acceptance on the most captious critic. The authors write *ex-cathedra* in more senses than one. To one class of readers cricket will be the subject matter of the book; to another class it will be but the medium for illustrating the author's homilies upon the temper and conduct which we should display and all the vicissitudes of the sterner game of life, using adversity for the development of the higher qualities, which he tells us are always best fostered under its influence. There is no effort at preaching, no conscious moralizing; the authors are simply men of culture and good taste, who are enthusiasts for cricket because it affords healty exercise for all their physical powers and mental faculties. A. G. Steel's style is especially charming; he is not too much in earnest to tell a good story, as for example, that of the smart Australian fielder, who, being roused to his duty by his captain, wheeled round, and seeing some dark object flitting by, sprung up and seized it, only to find that it was a swallow. Speaking of captains he remarks, "A good captain is born, not made," adding as if by an afterthought, "but very seldom born," evidencing a quiet vein of suppressed humor not unworthy of Mark Twain. The book was written for cricketers, but we would recommend base ball players to study it carefully, for they will find a great deal of it equally valuable for their guidance.

MEXICO PICTURESQUE, POLITICAL, PROGRESSIVE, is the joint production of Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Blake of Boston and Mrs. Margaret F. Sullivan of Chicago. Most Americans are aware that Mexico is a mountainous country on our Southwestern frontier, but very few of them have any conception of the beauty of its scenery, characterized by our authors as "beautiful beyond description," or any really precise information of its people and social condition. It may appear remarkable that we know really less of our sister republic than of France or Germany, but the fact is that in the first place it is actually less accessible, and more outside the area of travel for pleasure, and in the second place there is very little standard literature of modern Mexico in the market. The little work under review, written as it is in pleasant style and chronicling incidents, observations and reflections of a tour of the country, will be read with both interest and profit. The authors have spared no pains to acquaint themselves with all matters of interest in connection with their subject, and one lays aside the book with the lingering reflection that a three month's outing might be spent very pleasantly in the Mexican highlands. (Boston: Lee & Shepard. Cloth. $1.25.)

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

G. E. J., Attleboro, Mass.—We cannot direct you with certainty.

C. J. E.—A cut of the sloop-yacht Gipsy was given in our issue of April 1, 1886.

C. D. B., Pittsfield, Mass., asks: I would like to inquire the proper way to reach Harrington Lake (in Maine) from Chesuncook Lake. Will some of your readers who have been there kindly advise?

H. C. B.—As I am going to Queensland this summer, will you please tell me the best caliber rifle to take? I am told I shall get kangaroo, walibi, etc. I have thought of getting a .32-40-165 single shot Winchester. Ans. A .32-40-165 single shot would be a perfectly effective weapon for Queensland, but in the British Colonies it is a great convenience to have a weapon that will carry government ammunition.

BERGALL.—New York, July 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* On a recent fishing trip of the "—— Club," composed of Gothamites on their summer vacation, an official business meeting was held, during which a constitution and by-laws were adopted. It was decided to have the same suitably printed and engrossed. Now arose a peculiar difficulty. No one could spell the name of the club. Organized for the purpose of capturing black fish and seabass, our excursions usually resulted in an entirely unnecessary supply of cunners, or what are locally known as begalls (?). Hence our chosen name. Suggestions like "By Gol," and "Big Haul," were discountenanced. In our confusion we decided to appeal to FOREST AND STREAM. Shall we have occasion to be deeply grateful or must we find a new name and an easy one to spell?—A MEMBER. Ans. The name is spelled variously, bergall, burgall, the last form having been in use since Revolutionary times. Other names are chogset, cunner, bluefish, sea-perch, blue-perch, perch, nippers and bait-stealers. The names bergall and burgall presumably come from the English form bergylt.

T. H., New York.—How is the bluefishing at Fire Island? How can I get there, and what tackle do I need? Ans. The fishing is good. Take Long Island R. R. to Babylon, where you can hire boats. If you desire to chum for them use a stiff rod from five to eight feet long, a reel holding 100yds. of No. 12 linen line, and the regular bluefish hook tied on jointed wire, which can be bought anywhere. You will find difficulty in getting menhaden for chum and bait there, and had better take it from New York. If you want to sail and troll for them, your boatman will furnish heavy lines and squids, but you will need rubber finger stalls, which he may, or may not, have.

R. A. B., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Is there anything approaching scientific accuracy in the view popularly held by fly-fishermen that success in taking certain fish is only attainable by particular flies varying with the season? Ans.—Perhaps not among uneducated fish. In streams that have been but little whipped, a hungry fish never hesitates to take a totally unfamiliar fly dropped in the stream; as a matter of choice he will perhaps give the preference to flies most nearly resembling those which he knows as palatable; but some very good catches have resulted from the use of flies unlike anything in heaven or earth or in the waters under the earth. All that is necessary is that it should move "like a thing of life," which leaves the fish no time for critical examination. But the case is very materially altered in well whipped streams. Suspicion is aroused by experience, and the fish will not take a natural fly until or unless he have an opportunity of examining him; after some days immunity he becomes more incautious and will rise to the flies with which he is familiar, but a strange fly will at once arouse his suspicions.

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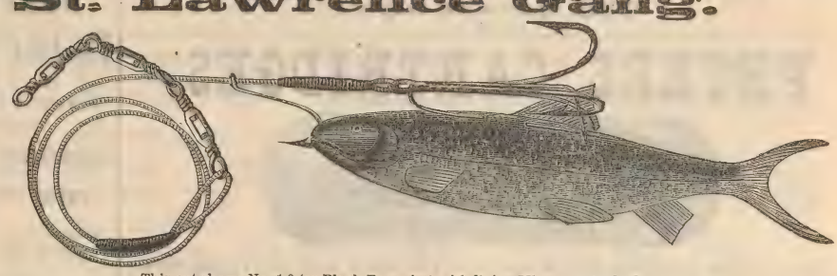
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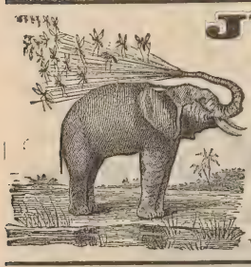
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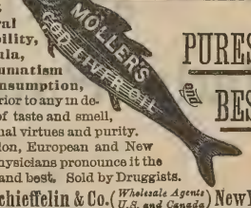
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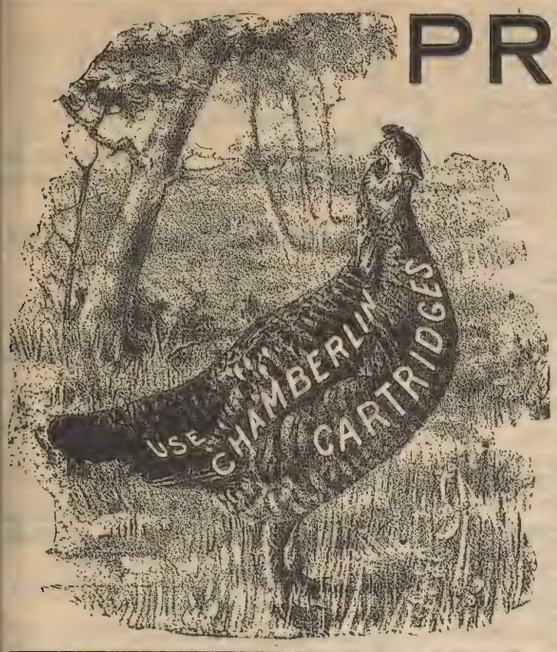
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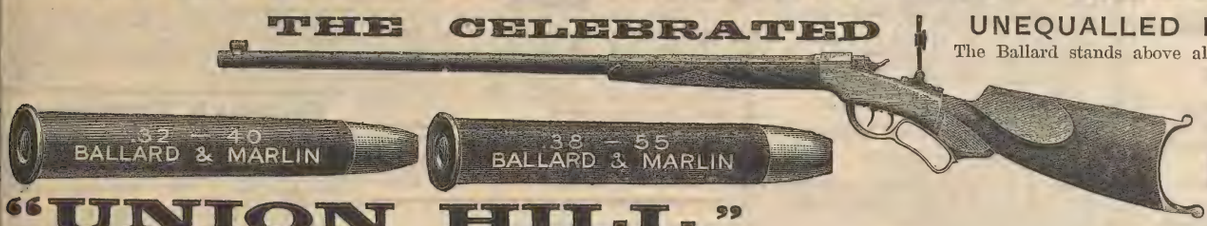


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VOL. XXXI.—No. 4. No. 318 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

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THE END OF WIMBLEDON.

WITH the close of the recent rifle meeting at Wimbledon, that common had its last use as a place for the annual gathering of the National Rifle Association. There was wide regret at the abandonment of the range where for over a quarter-century so much has been done for the advancement of modern rifle work. Circumstances, however, beyond the control of the Council compelled the change, and now Wimbledon remains only a name and a pleasant memory. As if to mark the event in a most memorable fashion, the marksmen have made the meeting just past a most successful one. The list of entries has been very large; and more important still, the scores have been up to the top notch of merit.

The fear now is that the *éclat* which attended the work at Wimbledon may not be transferred to another range, and that the prestige of the famous range may not pass to any other ground which may be selected. The Council have been busy in securing a new site, and the meetings will go on affording sport and benefit to thousands and pecuniary profit to not a few of the Volunteer soldiery of the Kingdom.

There are not a few, and in the ranks too, who would not grieve if all rifle practice were abandoned, or at any rate cut down to a point where it would be practically unappreciable. Those who fail to make good scores in some instances feel their self esteem hurt, and at once look with envy upon "those shooting fellows," and begin to think and preach that quite too much time and attention is given to banging away with the rifle. It is quite certain that curling up on the ground to aim and getting records for all sorts of weather into one's score book may not tend to keep the uniform spick and span, but the fact remains that a body of men in uniform and armed, but who are not capable of using those arms as intended, are likely to receive only laughter and scorn from a determined mob, while before an enemy trained in shooting they would stand no possible ghost of a chance.

In England it is a question whether the rivalry of the rifle range has kept up the Volunteer movement, whether without Wimbledon and its work there would be any English Volunteer bodies to-day. The sudden rush into citizen soldiering and the rush for the rifle ranges were pretty nearly simultaneous less than thirty years ago, and if the rifle shooting is not to be credited with whatever there is of the Volunteer movement, it is certainly to be credited with a large share of it.

Perhaps in this country, if properly fostered in those States where the military establishment has no firm footing, rifle clubs might lead to the growth of a national guard.

It is not surprising that the great crowd of shooting men who said good-bye to Wimbledon about a month ago should do so with feelings of uncommon regret. A history of that common and its range work might bear also the title of a history of all that is worth knowing of small arms work. It has seen great changes. At its start it had crude weapons; to-day no finer arms exist than those to be seen in the competitions held there. Queen Victoria fired the first shot in the great Queen Cup match with a carefully aimed Whitworth rifle; to-day not one of that make appears in the list of rifles used.

Wimbledon has done its work well; and the only honest hope now is that the progress which the N. R. A. has made may not experience even a temporary check by a change of shooting ground.

THE DYNAMITE FIEND.

IN another column one of our correspondents states that the dynamite fiend is again abroad in the land plying his detestable trade. This worthy deserves to stand a little lower among the lawbreakers than the clubber of deer and the jigger of trout. He of the "tail-holt" and club may kill a doe in the red coat, which leaves one or two little fawns to hustle for themselves before they are of proper age to hustle; and he of the jig may kill trout on, or near, their spawning beds; but in each case they get exactly what they go for in their special field. The dynamiter is not thus expert. Whether his specialty be the blasting of salmon, trout or black bass, with his dynamite he kills perch, eels, sunfish, rock-bass, bullheads, minnows—in fact, nearly everything in his vicinity but his worthless self, which last is to be regretted. By blowing up an acre or such a matter of water the dynamiter murders by wholesale; he kills what he desires and also what he has no earthly use for; he kills food fish and destroys fish food until even he is surfeited with the slaughter.

In this especial case the United States and the State of New York are using their best endeavors to bring to our very doors what is generally conceded to be the finest food and game fish that swims, the salmon; and so far as concerns the expenditure of money and brains to accomplish this result they are successful; which means an increased food supply for the people, sport and recreation for the angler, and many dollars in the pockets of the railroads, steamboats, hotels, boarding-houses, guides, boatmen, farmers along the banks of the river, and profit to the community generally. The pecuniary value of the Hudson as a salmon stream may be better understood by stating that Col. McDonald, U. S. Fish Commissioner, tells us that the river Tay, in Scotland, a stream not so large as the Mohawk, yields a rental for its salmon fisheries of £40,000, or $200,000, annually.

The dynamite fiend by his works says that he can render void the efforts of the National and State Fish Commissions to increase the wealth and the pleasure of the people, by simply blowing the salmon out of the water the first time they come up stream to spawn. It remains with the State Fish Commission, through the State game protectors, whom it controls, to see that the dynamite fiend does nothing of the sort. As we understand this particular case, mentioned by our correspondent, the evidence against the accused is that of an eye witness of their crime, and there should be no halting or limping of justice in dealing out to them the punishment provided by law for those who are found guilty of violating the law.

Chapter 530, Laws of 1887, provides that: "No person shall at any time kill or catch, or attempt to kill or catch, salmon in the waters of this State (New York) with any device or in any manner, save that of angling with rod or line held in hand. * * * Any person violating any of the foregoing provisions of this act shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and, in addition shall be liable to a penalty of one hundred dollars, or one day's imprisonment for each dollar of fine."

Only a rigid enforcement of this law by those in authority will encourage the U. S. Fish Commission to think that the people of New York State are earnest in desiring that the Hudson River shall be stocked with salmon, and that the dynamite fiend shall be punished for his outrages. The first reported infraction of the law seems to be a clear one, and we expect and believe that it will be rigorously pushed to a successful conclusion.

SNAP SHOTS.

TO judge by the letters which come to us inquiring for localities where big game, such as elk, deer, antelope, bear and mountain sheep may be found, a great many of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM are contemplating expeditions to the West this year. Such correspondents must remember that the day of big game plenty in the West is forever past and that it is no longer possible to give explicit direction where game can be found. The West is rapidly settling up, there are few spots where the hunters have not penetrated, and the larger wild animals are constantly driven from place to place. A section which abounded in game last year may be deserted this season. Moreover, there is a good deal of human nature among hunters, and it can scarcely be expected, after they have spent time and money—perhaps a good deal of both—in discovering for themselves choice localities where it is even yet possible to kill enough meat to keep the camp going, that they should reveal such situations to any one who may choose to ask them for this information. There are still places in the Rocky Mountains where fair hunting can be had, but those who know such places do not usually make them public.

In yesterday's reports of the yellow fever at Jacksonville, Fla., the telegraph told: "Dr. Kenworthy is the hardest worked man in town at present. He has a thousand and one details to look after, but he bears up under the pressure most heroically and has accomplished a vast amount of work in the last few days." Dr. C. J. Kenworthy is the "Al Fresco" who is familiar to our readers as an enthusiastic angler, an explorer of new hunting grounds, and a most entertaining writer on FOREST AND STREAM topics. We are sometimes forgetful that often the men who seek pleasure and recreation in the woods and on the stream are, when at home, to be classed among the hardest workers of the community. It is in their "play spells" that they gain that upbuilding without which, when the time comes, as it has now come to Dr. Kenworthy, they could not bear the tremendous responsibilities nor accomplish the heroic tasks.

When a man charged with jigging trout or killing "fingerlings" storms around and denounces the officials as blackmailers, the chances are as ten to one that in the end he will cool off, and if he cannot hush up the matter by a settlement in private, he will plead guilty and pay the price. That is just the way a case has ended where a New York physician was arrested for having taken trout of less than six inches in length. The case is recommended to the consideration of North Woods fishermen who systematically "skin" the streams of baby trout.

Brown's Creek, the Long Island stream which has been filled up with wild rice, forms the boundary between Bayport and Sayville. A fund has been contributed to dredge out the mouth of the creek; it is hoped that by providing a swift current the channel may be restored. The result of wild rice planting in this stream ought to be taken as a warning against repeating the experiment of sowing the cereal in sluggish streams which it is desirable to keep open.

Dr. J. Frank Perry, or, as he is better known to dog owners, "Ashmont," has prepared for distribution a circular containing his own published letters in relation to the National Dog Club and those of Mr. August Belmont, Jr., the president of the American Kennel Club. He proposes to lay both sides before the public and let the public judge. That is fair, at least.

Is not the attitude of "the boys" of Bismarck, Dakota, toward the game laws, as set forth in a communication printed elsewhere, a most extraordinary one to be held by sportsmen?

The Sportsman Tourist.

EARLY DAYS ON THE MISSOURI.

IV.—HELD AT BAY.

THE emotions excited in a battle with savages are totally different in kind and intensity from those produced in a battle with civilized people. The soldier is encouraged by emulation and sympathy. The cheering columns, the music of boisterous drums, the silver voices of heroic bugles, the grand wild music of war, the booming cannon, the rattle of the musketry, the flaunting flags, and all the "pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war," swell, and almost burst the brave soul with warlike courage. Indian war is pitiless as famine, merciless as fire. Savages never attack unless they have overwhelming advantages. The odds are usually at least a dozen to one. There are no thrilling sounds to silence the sense of danger, no such thing as quarter, and a wound means capture, and a horrible death. Under such circumstances, the hunted man is a wild beast, turned at bay, and grim despair nerves him to sell his life as dearly as possible.

In February, 1868, a man named Bent and myself left the mouth of Milk River for Helena. That winter we had lived on "meat straight," so that when we started from there we were not burdened with a large commissariat, but depended on our rifles for our subsistence. A week's travel brought us to Fort Hawley, a Northwest Fur Company's post on the Missouri. A large camp of Gros Ventres had just arrived there, and every Indian we met asked us who we had killed. I only understood when it was explained to me that the Indian who actually kills an enemy blackens his face in honor of the event. To avoid becoming snow blind we had blackened our faces. Two Frenchmen had been killed just outside the fort a week before our arrival by Sioux.

After a few days' rest we continued our journey, and were caught in a succession of terrible snowstorms. The storms had driven all the game out of the country we were traversing, and the only living thing we saw on the trip was an old, scabby, blind buffalo bull, which we killed. He did not even have marrow in his bones. His tongue, liver and tripe were the only parts of him possible to eat, and they were not the luxuries of the season. For ten days we traveled through deep snow, living on rosebuds and water—a diet more poetic than substantial—when we met a party of miners who relieved our wants.

When I reached Helena, I met Mr. S. S. Huntly, who employed me to take a despatch to his division agent, A. Bradbury, who was at the mouth of the Musselshell River. He had started six men some time before, to carry the same despatch, but they had been driven back by Indians.

I had left behind me the last white settlement more than one hundred miles, when, riding leisurely along, I noticed a commotion among the buffalo, about three miles off to my left. I looked with my glasses and could see Indians rapidly riding toward me. Knowing of no Indians in that country who were not hostile I cinched my saddle, examined my rifle, and prepared for a race. I thought I had such a start I could easily outrun them, but I reckoned without my host. I had the base of the Snowy Mountains on my right hand, the lay of the country held me to my course, and the angle they were running on shortened the distance for them at every bound. On, on we swept over that trackless prairie, and at every glance I took over my shoulder the distance between us was rapidly decreasing. I came to Beaver Creek, and, O horror! where I struck it the beaver dams made it impassable for man or horse. I turned and had to run a mile before I found a place to cross. The Indians understood my predicament, and altered their course, and gained that mile on me. On, on we ran, the distance between us rapidly decreasing, and I realized to the full the sensations of the hunted fox. My only hope now was for a good position. I came to a little butte with a washed out ravine on one side, and there I turned at bay, more than one hundred miles from the nearest white man. What thoughts will come into a man's mind at such a moment! Should I ever see the golden beams of a rising sun? Was not it almost certain my quivering flesh would be munched, my bones picked and gnawed by wild animals; my fate unknown to every one except my merciless destroyers? On they came, their horses without saddle or bridle, stark naked; their copper-colored bodies with their brass ornaments glistening in the sun, their faces painted with black and red stripes, their hideous mouths filled with feathered arrows, which they held with their teeth. When about three hundred yards off I stopped them. One made the Nez Percés sign (a friendly tribe). I let him come up. He said he had captured a band of horses from the Blackfeet, and when they saw me they thought I was a Blackfoot hunting their trail. The main party he said had staid with the horses, the others stripped and ran me down; that when they had come close enough to see that I was a white man, they had run me so far they were determined to catch me. After various explanations he left with his party, and I resumed my journey to the mouth of the Musselshell, where I found Mr. Bradbury, and delivered my dispatch.

I had no intention of returning to Helena for some time, but a few men were going to Milk River, and I was induced to lend my Henry rifle to one of the party, who promised faithfully to return it in ten days; instead I heard the scoundrel had continued on to Benton, and was going from there to Helena. We started—H. Bradbury, Pomp Dennis, Martin, a man whom we called Seven Up, and myself. The afternoon of the third day we came to water and camped. After we had eaten we resolved to push on as far as we could and make a dry camp. Next morning, as soon as we could see, we saddled up and resumed our journey. About 9 A. M. Pomp Dennis and myself were riding some distance ahead when we noticed about three miles off something that looked like a buffalo; it started to run, and was soon out of sight, as we were in broken ground. We were then convinced it must be an Indian lying down on his horse. We called to our party to come up, and while we were deliberating what to do, we heard the thunder of the horses' hoofs. We were close to a small hill, and had hardly gained it when a war party of over fifty mounted Indians dashed on our startled view. No disciplined cavalry ever presented a better line. Their well conditioned horses, gay trappings, varied, brilliant-colored blankets, and gleaming, ornamented lances presented a terribly picturesque scene of savage war.

I could speak some Sioux and Crow, and was a fair sign talker, and when about two hundred yards off I threw up my hand and made the sign to halt. They stopped as one man. I asked them in Sioux: "Who are you?" The chief answered in Crow: "Absaraka" (Crow name for Crow). I then asked them in Crow what they wanted, and where were their lodges, but they could not reply. They had not supposed any of us could speak Crow. They wished us to think they were Crows (who were friendly), but they knew only the one word. The chief, when he perceived they could not pass for Crows, said in Sioux: "We are Sioux, but we love the whites, we will come and smoke together." The Indian to whom I was speaking was slightly in advance of his party; I stood on the brow of the hill, slightly apart from my companions, holding my horse with my arm passed through the bridle. I noticed the Indians appeared to be gathering for a rush, and called out, "Dismount or we will fire." I had barely said it when three Indians, who had, unobserved by my companions, who were intently watching the one I was speaking to, crawled up a coulee to within thirty steps of me, fired directly at me. The position of my head was about the middle of my horse's neck; one bullet hit his neck each side of me, the other in the saddle. We answered with a volley. The Indians took shelter, and shot down our horses. At the first lull in the firing we commenced to form breastworks with our dead horses, and dug holes with our knives and cups in the soft ground behind them to lie in. But now a horrible discovery was made. All our ammunition was in one sack, and it had been left in our last night's camp. Surrounded by the most hostile Indians in the world, without the hope of escape, all our horses killed, and not a drop of water since the day before, a burning sun, and disarmed. It was horrible! The Indians soon discovered our woeful plight. They did everything to draw our fire. Young warriors dashed by us in full career. Sometimes with only a foot, hand and lance visible; sometimes in scorn, with the whole body. O for some ammunition! Had we been armed as we should have been, and they armed as they were with a few revolvers, bows and arrows, and lances, we could have slaughtered them.

Our butte had a slight elevation about thirty steps behind us. In the afternoon three Indians crawled around behind it, and without exposing themselves, ricochetted arrows on us from the rear, Martin, Seven and myself charged them and took possession of the hill, which Martin and Seven held and fortified with a breastwork of earth and rock. Bradbury, Pomp and myself held the face of the hill the Indians were attacking; the two others with their breastworks held the rear. Motius never aggravated Titus Manlius more than those Indians did us to draw our fire. Toward evening a young buck, who had been very conspicuous, made a most aggravatingly close run by us, and Pomp, although it left him but one more shot, fired and killed him, but he was tied to his horse and we could not get him.

The Indians drew off a short distance; some were cooking supper, others appeared to hold a council. Among our party no one had more than three shots left; I had but two, and one of these I would not have fired at an Indian under the direst necessity. I had mentally reserved it for myself, and I suppose each one thought the same. Dark night was coming on. Wolves had never been hunted in that country, and were gathering in large numbers, attracted by the blood of the slain horses. Their snaps and snarls were suggestive, and their dismal melancholy howls wailed the sad requiem of our hopes.

It was very dark; the moon would be up in about two hours. Pomp, Bradbury and myself were discussing the advisability of making a run for it, but we could not see, and were afraid of running into the Indians posted around us. We were lying about twenty feet apart on the brow of the hill in our holes behind the dead horses. I had thrown a buffalo robe across my pit, and as it was chilly I threw half of the robe across my back, while I lay on the other half, and watched intently across my dead horse for sign of the Indians. It was at its darkest; everything deathly still, save the long-drawn howls of the wolves, when suddenly such a ghastly, horrible admixture of yells, as of pandemonium broken loose, arose in our front about ten steps off. Immediately after the yells came the revolver shots and a storm of arrows. At the sound of the yells we jumped to our feet to run back to where the other two men held their position in the rear. I had neglected to take off my spurs, and as I jumped, one of them caught in the robe that covered me. It did not stop me more than two seconds, but it seemed an age. I felt like a man with a nightmare. It was not more than thirty steps to where our rear guard was, and as we reached it we turned and could just distinguish in the dark what looked like a black wall. We fired one volley into it, and then ran down the other side of the hill into the black night and the sage brush. Not a word was spoken as we strained every nerve; but on through sage brush and bad lands, running for life. We kept together, and after awhile becoming breathless, had to come to a walk. Pomp told us he was shot through the arm with an arrow. I broke it in two and pulled it out. We continued all that night, running as long as we could stand it, and then walking. When the moon came up, we could see a trail that looked like that of horses. We gathered around to keep the light from showing, and lit matches to examine the trail, but could not tell if it was the trail of the war party, who might have gotten ahead of us, or of buffalo. We were almost dying from thirst, but were keeping in the worst of the bad lands so as to have that advantage over their horses and could expect to find no water.

Those horrible bad lands! How shall I describe them? Imagine an ocean of ashes and sage brush, torn and convulsed by a cyclone and gazed at by a Medusa—an alkali hell with the fire out!

Morning came; the sun shone out bright and hot; the thirst became unbearable. We left the precipitous bad lands and struck for where they formed a valley in the hope of finding water. In a hole we found some alkali water. Pomp and Bradbury drank first and as they came to the top of the bank, after drinking, they called to us below: "Here they are again!" and dashed toward the high bluffs. We three were exhausted; we drank the fetid water and slowly pursued our way up a coulee. We had done our best; we had but one shot apiece left, and that was for ourselves in the last extremity. After awhile we overtook Bradbury. Pomp, crazed with thirst, fever and wound, had bounded away with superhuman speed into the unknown bad lands. Bradbury was a cool brave man and when asked if he were certain he had seen the Indians, replied there was no possible doubt of it. He had seen them about two miles off, their gleaming lances and their horses. We continued our weary march all that day and part of the next night; the rest of the night we lay in a bad land coulee, our famished bodies pressed together to keep ourselves warm. The next morning about 10 A.M., after a battle, ninety miles of foot travel, and sixty-six hours without food and but little water, four of us reached the mouth of the Musselshell, where we were well cared for.

HENRY MACDONALD.

HUCKLEBERRIES.

OF all the wild fruits found in Washington Territory the huckleberry deservedly holds the first place in the estimation of all people, both white and red. Three kinds of these delicious berries are found here; two of them on the lower foothills of the mountains, at an elevation of from 200 to 500ft. above the valleys. These are very small, and, as they grow on bushes less than a foot in height, nothing but the dexterity and patience of the Indian women can solve the problem of their picking. When ripe they are distinguishable only by their color, one variety being white and the other black. On the tops and sides of our highest mountains, growing on bushes 2 or 3ft. high, the third variety is found, black in color, and with a size and flavor unmatched by anything to be found "in the States." During the latter part of every summer, caravans of ponies laden with these berries, and driven by mounted Indian women, file down the mountain sides, the delicious fruit loading the air with perfume as they advance, and offer the berries for sale at the door of every settler.

A well-grounded prejudice against the Indian idea of cleanliness prevents many a sale, even though the aroma of the splendid fruit tempts the neat housewife to forgetfulness, and fills the mouths of children with entreaty, clamorous to urge on the trade.

This naturally prompts the white people to expeditions of their own after berries, and the hardships and discomforts of the Indian trails and mountain sides are braved, even by delicate women and little children, whose brown cheeks and sparkling eyes tell, on their return, the story of rough but kindly contact with nature. My wife had long been eager to make a trip, but as she is something of an invalid, and as the chase of the mule deer had many times led me along the trails and taught me the difficulties of this mountain journey, all her pleadings of the previous summer had been in vain. Finally her entreaties overcame my fears, and on a fine morning in August last we started for Huckleberry Mountain, which stands between the Columbia and Colville rivers, and distant about twenty miles.

Our eldest son, aged nineteen years, with another young man of the neighborhood, accompanied us, although business allowed them to stay only one night in the hills. All the party were mounted on ponies, my wife's mount being an old brown cayuse familiar with all the Indian trails in the country, and whose steady jog trot was easy as the motion of a cradle.

After following the trail for a few miles, brushing aside the overhanging bushes, climbing over logs, rocks and fallen trees, my wife's courage arose, and she freely asserted her ability to climb mountains in search of huckleberries any day in the week.

Soon afterward we came to a place where the trail crept around the steep side of a hill. Here a very large upturned tree completely blocked the path; and its roots, in falling, had torn up the hillside, leaving a vast pit that yawned threateningly in front of us. Close to the upper edge of this pit, along the foot of a ledge of rock, led the new trail made since the tree fell, and although I knew a way to avoid the bad place altogether by another path far down the mountain side, still, as I had the most perfect confidence in the surefootedness of the old brown pony, the spirit of mischief prompted me to take the upper trail, and as my pony slowly picked his way among the loose rocks of the rather difficult place and brought me out on the further side, I glanced back to see the courage all fade from the face of my brave little wife, and a stare of blank amazement take its place. "Oh, Orin! I never can do that!" "Yes you can," I replied, "sit perfectly still, give him the reins and he will carry you around all right." Safely past, I indulged in a smile at her expense, and on the return we took the lower trail.

About twelve miles from home we came to a little brook, the ice-cold water of which was very welcome. Dismounting, we took a late dinner in the shade of a fir tree, when again we journeyed on up the mountain. About 4 P. M. we reached a favorite camping ground of the Indians, where, on the banks of a little brook, good grass and wood were found, and having secured berries enough for supper and breakfast, the ponies were hobbled, a tent was formed with two pieces of canvas, and a bed was made of fine bushes, soft and springy—the woven wire mattress of the woods. The boys spread their blankets in the open air a few rods distant. A hearty supper was enjoyed around the camp-fire, after which all slept the sleep found only in the open air, while through all the silent hours the tiny brook sang in our ears its little song of melody and peace, the sweetest lullaby that ever soothed the weary lover of the wilderness to rest.

In the morning my boy, who had gone out about 200yds. from the camp-fire, came hurrying back, calling in a low tone for me to come quickly with the big "Sharps" (that being the only gun in camp) and kill a mule deer that had just trotted over the hill. Taking the rifle I hurried along the trail about a quarter of a mile, when I saw the deer just going into a thicket. Yelling sharply to attract her attention, she stopped to look, when an express ball dropped her in her tracks. As the boys were obliged to return that morning, we sent back most of the meat packed on one of the ponies. The pony was new to this work and quite scared at his new burden, and, as the rather awkwardly lashed pack turned on the saddle, and swung round under his belly, he grew frantic, and a circus performance of the most exciting character quickly followed. He was at length quieted, the pack readjusted, and he carried the meat home in safety.

Up to this time we were quite disappointed in not finding berries very plentiful, but now quite a procession of neighbors, whites and half-breeds, on the same errand as ourselves, and guided by an old half-breed woman, sud-

denly appeared and invited us to join them, telling us that on the very summit of the range, that rose a thousand feet above our camp, and distant about two miles, berries were very plentiful. This was welcome news to us, and we hastened to pack up and join the slowly moving caravan that crept along the steep trail leading to the summit. The morning was bright and the warmth of the sun's rays began to make the climbing difficult. About 400ft. below the crest of the mountain, in a deep gorge, the last spring of water was found, where the supply for camp use on the summit was obtained, and all proceeded to secure as much of the precious liquid as could be carried up the remaining steep, in order to put off as long as possible the laborious trip for a second supply. The rest of the climb was the steepest I have ever seen in these mountains. In fact, a steeper trail would have been impossible for the ponies. Imagine the old uncle, toiling up the trail that zig-zagged up the rocky steep, leading the tired pony, and carrying in one hand the 11lbs. Sharps, and in the other a can containing three gallons of precious water, while the sun beat down on his devoted head with a power that soon caused the perspiration to drip from every pore of his skin.

Arrived at the summit, quite a crowd of people, men, women and children, white and red, were gathered to welcome us, and another party arriving in the afternoon, the mountain crest swarmed with people, while huckleberries on every hand blackened the bright green of the low bushes, tempting me to pause at every step. Tents, lodges and camp-fires were strung along the mountain crest, a miniature city laid out, and as night came on, and the darkness was driven back by a long row of campfires, and the children of both races turned themselves loose for a grand jollification, racing up and down among the logs and bushes from one camp-fire to another, Front street was very lively.

The next day until late in the afternoon the weather was fine, and we climbed up and down the steep mountain in search of berries, while my wife, to whom every hour of exposure to the warm sunshine and light air of the mountains was a blessing, surprised both herself and me with her ability to climb the most rugged places, almost without fatigue.

Returning to camp in the afternoon, we found an old medicine man of the Indian camp standing on an isolated peak of rock, gesticulating and chanting in a weird monotone some invocation to the unseen powers, but quite unintelligible to us. An Indian woman came to a neighboring camp-fire, and, when interrogated by a half-breed interpreter, informed us that the old man had said that he was going to make it rain, and also that he was going to make the deer come right up to the camp-fires. But, she laughingly remarked, that we need not be alarmed, as she herself would arrange affairs so that in spite of him, no rain should fall. Possibly the heavy masses of clouds, now swiftly rising from the west, had given the old man his cue.

Tents and lodges were put in the best order to meet a possible storm, large fires of dry logs built in front, and as dense masses of clouds moved swiftly on, enveloping the summit of the whole range, and the thunder began to mutter ominously, sure enough the rain began to fall. Having eaten supper under the dripping canvas we crept to bed, and as the night deepened, the storm increased and the lightning became terrific. A blinding flash, instantly followed by a most terrible burst of thunder, for an instant lighted up the mountain crest, and the fire-blackened skeleton of a tall tamarack was seen rocking in a gale, directly to windward of a camp of sleeping people. Fortunately the great stub, whose roots had

"Cast anchor in the rifted rock,"

withstood the rising blast, and the mountain camp was not turned into the scene of mourning we feared. The stunted trees of fir and pine alone saved the tents from being blown away. The rain began to creep in under the tent, dampening our bed; our fires were put out, but fortunately just at this time the rain changed to soft hail and damp snow, the water ceased coming in, and we passed the night quite comfortably.

The morning showed a strange August scene. The storm had ceased, though still dense masses of clouds surrounded us, threatening momentarily to resume the attack upon us, while snow and hail to the depth of two inches covered all the ground.

The fires were soon burning brightly, and my wife, not a whit the worse for the rough experience of the previous night, was busily engaged preparing breakfast, when the sharp cry of an Indian woman rang out, calling to the people just beyond us to shoot a deer just passing near the camp. I was skeptical about it, but walking out in the direction indicated, found plain as daylight, the sharp hoofprints of a jumping deer in the new fallen snow, 40yds. distant from the next camp-fire, and within 50yds. of our own. Another fresh track was found 75yds. further on. We felt for a moment inclined to concede the pretensions of the medicine man.

The threatening aspect of the weather warned us to shorten our trip, but the dripping bushes overhanging the trail menaced us with a thorough soaking in icy water and melting snow, should we retreat.

While holding a very sober council in front of our camp-fire we were delighted to observe a crowd of Indian women packing their ponies with berries, for a journey to the settlements. They would sweep the bushes for us, and we hastened to pack up and follow.

Bidding adieu to the snowy camp we descended the mountain, and when 500ft. below the crest, had left the clouds and the snow behind us, and emerged into the sunlight bright and warm.

The journey home was a very pleasant one, and our ten gallons of delicious berries soon silenced the clamorous welcome of the eager little ones. The trip was, on the whole, a most delightful one, and my little wife hastened to give me fair warning that if, through the mercy of God, our lives are spared through the coming year, about half of the summer must be spent by us, together with all of the children we can find ponies for, among the wild scenery of the mountains, with which she has fallen hopelessly in love. And if at the close of this long tale I tell a short story at her expense, of how, when on our ascent of the mountain we started from the spring for the final climb to the summit, she insisted, against my advice, in showing her sympathy for the tired old pony she rode, by walking the rest of the way, I persuaded her, (after she had looked around to see that no one was in sight), to wrap the hair of my pony's tail around her hand, and let him help draw her up the rocky steep, and how when half way up, an unexpected turn of the trail brought into full view an Indian camp, where half a dozen lazy Indians lay stretched in the shade, and who, allowing their hilarity to get the better of their politeness, laughed uproariously, causing her to drop the pony's tail as though it were a snake, and to become immediately absorbed in the contemplation of the beautiful scenery on the other side of the trail; if I cannot persuade her that the sin of printing such a malicious story rests entirely upon the conscience of the good editor of FOREST AND STREAM, I can at least remind her of the wise proverb that exhorts us never to spoil a story for relation's sake.

She was afterward consoled by the loud spoken approbation of an old Indian woman, who assured her that she was "heap good woman! alle same Siwash" (Indian) woman!

Finally, Mr. Editor, let me say that my *nom de plume* "Uncle Fuller," having lately become too much of the nature of public property, I will drop it, and write over my own name. ORIN BELKNAP.

WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

Natural History.

HOUND AND DEER.

WHEN on a vacation not many years ago among the lakes and mountains of the Adirondacks, late in the month of September, when the trees put on their autumn dressing, and every hilltop looks like a rich bouquet, when every sign indicated the sportsman's paradise, rifle practice, hounds yelping to be released from that cruel chain, sportsmen in their hunting rigs, chatting with the guides, speculating upon the chances of success in every one killing a fine buck—every one was put on the *qui vive* in a moment, by the startling announcement of one of the guides who said, "I hear a hound." Every ear was on the strain and a sparkle in every eye. Guns of every possible shape and size made their appearance, and every hunter as he firmly clutched his weapon grew an inch taller in about ten minutes. When the same guide cried, "I hear two hounds running like the mischief" (only he used the name of the fellow that makes all the mischief), one said, "I don't hear a sound," another, "Your hearing must be extra fine." A third quite disgusted sportsman laid aside his gun and sauntered away, when the whole party were startled by the welcome sound of two hounds in full cry, just coming over the mountain, on the opposite side of the lower Saranac Lake. Every thing was on the jump in two minutes. The disgusted sportsman came near breaking his leg over a box to get back to his gun. One pale little fellow in spectacles, who looked as if he had just been turned out to pasture, and needed it dreadfully, exploded his gun prematurely under the great excitement, and a general rush for the boats at the landing took place, for it was reported that the deer would come in on an old runway, about three miles up the Saranac.

The scene was a lively one, not unaccompanied with danger from several green but would-be renowned sportsmen, who started to the light boats; and in their hurry one found a cold bath, going head first into the lake and spoiling his fun. The rest, after considerable bustle and confusion, got off, and it was really an exciting sight. Fifteen of the graceful hunting boats on the lake, handled by those stalwart oarsmen, who think nothing of rowing fifty miles a day, were coursing with the speed of a hawk down the lake to head off the game. They all knew it would certainly now soon take to the water to throw off the dogs, which could be heard very distinctly across the lake in the wildest chase heard in many days. Those of us who remained behind could plainly see with the glass the whole exciting affair; and we soon saw a noble buck throw himself into the water from a bank ten feet high, and strike out boldly for life. Alas! only to meet a more relentless foe and a certain death, for by his fleetness nature had enabled him to escape his natural enemy, the hound. It seems unfair to take this advantage of a deer in the water; and I will not do it, preferring to take my chance on a runway, with my rifle, and let the deer get away if he can.

As the numerous boats, now fairly flying through the water, neared the graceful creature, the sharp crack of the rifle could be heard, and at length the fatal ball entered the head of the destined victim, and the now glorious hunter rejoiced as if he had gained a victory.

They had scarcely taken the deer into the boat when the two hounds, true to their instinct, came down on the track to the water's edge, and howled wildly at their disappointment; for thus far they go and no further. Their prey might escape, for they do not take to the water.

But by far the most interesting part of this hunt to me is yet to come, and to tell which all this rigmarole has been penned. The voices of the two dogs as they passed along the mountain had been recognized by their owners, and both claimed the deer. Such things have been known to cause a bitter feud. One was sure it was his dog, and the other was just as sure it was his; but the question of most importance to be settled was, which of the dogs started that deer? The deer was brought on shore and laid upon the green sward, where even the ladies, gentle creatures, admired it. Soon the boat arrived with the two dogs, and one of the old hunters cried out, "Send those hounds up here, and let us see whose deer this is." Never having heard so strange a story, I, half in doubt, said, "What nonsense is that you are talking?" "No nonsense, Doctor, wait and see."

Being deeply interested I approached closely, that I might the better observe the animals. One of them walked up to the deer, smelt him all over and seemed quite in doubt. Then the other dog came up with an angry growl, smelt the deer and deliberately laid himself down by the animal, while the first dog quietly placed his tail between his legs and walked away. I could not help expressing my amazement, and still doubting the fact I said to my old guide, "That dog that is lying by the deer has been the master of the other, and has cowed him." "On the contrary," said my informer, "the dog that gave up the deer is the better fighter, and whips that dog every time."

We learned during the day that the deer had been started ten miles down the river by the dog that claimed it, and the sound of his voice drew the other one, about four miles below the lake; confirming the test, and proving the wonderful instinct of the hound.

Making a note of this singular fact I proposed to follow it up, which I have done to my entire satisfaction, and will prove it to you and the readers of your interesting journal by and by, if you think it worth while.

TARRYTOWN, N. Y. H. C.

WHO KNOWS THE "FANTAIL" DEER?

LIVINGSTON, Montana.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In reply to a letter from Rifle Creek, Colorado, in the FOREST AND STREAM of the 19th April, asking if there is such a deer as a "fantail" deer, you say "the 'fantail' deer is a whitetail, nothing more."

I have been waiting for some one of your many readers in this country to reply. Fearing they will not do so, I thought I would say something about the deer in the hope of interesting others in the subject enough to properly describe the deer, as I fully believe the "fantail" is "more than a whitetail," is a different variety of deer.

I was surprised not to see a description of this deer in Dr. R. W. Shufeldt's very interesting letter on deer in the FOREST AND STREAM, and I judge from this that the deer mentioned is not known to naturalists. As I may be at fault in making the statement that the deer known here as the "fantail," "gazelle" and "crumpled horn" is another variety, I will describe them as near as possible from recollection.

In February, 1879, Henry Fancher killed five on Little Timber Creek, at the foot of the Crazy Mountains, three bucks and two does. They were very small, not as heavy as a full-grown antelope. Darker than a whitetail at that season, their tails were eight inches wide and over fifteen inches long. If I remember correctly one of the bucks had four points, the other two, three points each. Their horns were very short and very much turned in, the points thicker in proportion to size than in a whitetail, not as sharp and of a light bluish color; the points were somewhat flattened. This peculiarity I have noticed in all "fantail" horns that I have seen. Their legs were shorter in proportion to size than antelope. I intended to save a complete hide, head and all, but neglected to do so, not supposing at the time they were so rare a deer. I have seen them in the Black Hills of Dakota and Wyoming and in Montana. No one would mistake one for a whitetail. There is a greater difference between them than between the mule deer and the blacktail. It may be impossible to secure specimens at this time, but there are a few head scattered about this country which ought to be saved and sent to some naturalist. I hope the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM will take an interest in the subject and write up what facts they may know about this little known deer.

I will secure a set of "fantail" horns and forward to the FOREST AND STREAM for inspection. GAZELLE.

[Our correspondent's notes are extremely interesting, and we hope with him that our readers who may know of the "fantail" deer will let us have all the information about it in their power. It is not known as a distinct species to naturalists. We have heard more or less of the "fantail" and "gazelle" deer in the Rocky Mountains for many years, but have ourselves never seen in the localities mentioned by our correspondent—through all of which we have hunted—nor elsewhere, a specimen. Let us have all the light possible on this subject from hunters and naturalists, and above all let us have some specimens.]

INTERESTING BIRD NOTES.—Our correspondent, Mr. J. L. Davison of Lockport, N. Y., writes us: "I have just finished my report of bird observations to the Department of Agriculture. My list included just 125 different species, twenty-two more than last year, and a few that I have never found breeding here before. Among these are the rose-breasted grosbeak and cerulean warbler. Of the latter I have seen but two specimens (both male) in ten years' collecting, while in June 1 found three nests within four miles of this city, and last week saw two broods of young birds flying about with the parent birds. The nest and eggs do not agree with Audubon's description quoted in Baird, Brewer and Ridgway's "North American Birds." Instead of being pensile, the nest is placed on the top of the forks of the limb, and the eggs, instead of being pure white with a few reddish spots about the large end, are a bluish white quite heavily marked with brown and lilac spots and blotches. I think Audubon must have seen *D. cærulea* near the nest of some vireo. On June 14 I found a redstart occupying an old nest of *V. olivaceus*, and could hardly believe it, until I had seen the female leave the nest three times; she had relined the nest and had laid three eggs.—J. L. DAVISON."

SHARKS ARE FREQUENT ABOUT NEW YORK.—The frequent catches of sharks this season in the vicinity of New York is a matter of comment. The newspapers love to record them as "man-eaters" whenever a shark over 6ft. is taken, but evidence is lacking to show that any of the different species found in our bays and harbor ever attack men. It is true that several persons who have been injured in the water have attributed their cuts to sharks, but it should be widely understood that sharks, as well as snakes, are of great variety, and most of them are harmless to man. Last week a shark of 6ft. was taken up the Hudson River, near Croton, and another of 1ft. less, in Cold Spring Harbor, Long Island, and in both cases they caused much fear among the bathers. The latter fish was the common "hound shark," a flat-toothed species abundant along the northern Atlantic coast. The truly dangerous sharks inhabit tropical seas and rarely visit our coast, never, to our knowledge, ascending the rivers. The frequency of the small sharks this year seems to show an abundance of food, especially in the bays and harbors, and this view seems to be a true one, for small fish are quite plentiful in most of the waters about New York.

AN EPIDEMIC AMONG HARES.—Smithsonian Institution, United States National Museum, Washington, Aug. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have recently been asked to supply some information about the nature of a certain epidemic disease which is said to destroy great numbers of wild hares in our northwest country, at intervals of six or seven years. Turning naturally to the files of your valuable journal for some light on the subject, I am surprised to find no reference whatever to the matter. Now, cannot some of your correspondents who live in the Northwest furnish the required information regarding the disease? If it is widespread, its ravages must have been repeatedly observed. I should like very much to know if it affects the hares, and if possible to receive some specimens (preserved in spirits, or otherwise) of diseased individuals.—F. W. TRUE, Curator, Dept. of Mammals.



PROPOSED NATIONAL ZOOLOGICAL PARK.

WE published last week a small map showing the relation to Washington City of the area chosen for the proposed National Zoological Park, should Congress authorize its establishment. This week we give a larger map of this area, which is seen to be greatly diversified, and admirably fitted for the purpose for which it has been chosen. The broad stream which flows through this tract insures an abundant supply of pure water, a large part of the area is timbered or overgrown with heavy brush wood, and a rocky cliff 80ft. in height rises on one side of the creek. The contour lines, 20ft. apart, show the undulations of the surface. If, as is to be hoped, Congress shall assent to the bill establishing this park, the region selected seems to present all the necessary advantages for a zoological park.

RATTLESNAKE VENOM ANTIDOTE.

BALTIMORE, Md , July 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Apropos of Dr. Caruthers's article on cure for snake-bite in your issue of July 19 I note in the June number of *Medical Classics* that "Dr. Briggs of Fort Worth, Texas, says that the charm weed of the Indians, which they use in the bites of venomous insects and reptiles is the *Lycopus virginicus*, or bugle weed. A decoction of the leaves is taken internally, an ounce to the pint, a teaspoonful every hour, and applied externally." Have any experiments that you know of ever been made with this plant? FRED.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I take the liberty of sending you this clipping from the New York *World*. It is a remedy of which I have heard, in two cases of snake bites, in which a cure was effected.

NEW YORK. J. S. CONLIN.

The *World* report comes from J. D. Legg, of Long Eddy, N. Y., who relates the case of Acden Davis, of Damascus, Pa. Davis was bitten, about dark, by a large rattlesnake in the ball of the thumb. "He hurried to the house and had a strong cord drawn tightly around his thumb to prevent the circulation of the blood as much as possible into and from the wound and thus check the spread of the poison. A horse was speedily hitched to a wagon and he was rapidly driven to the office of Dr. S. A. Kemp, at Callicoon Depot.

"Having seen in the *World* a few years since a description of the remedy for rattlesnake bites as used by the Geer family at Long Eddy, N. Y., Dr. Kemp made careful investigation of the matter and became convinced of the truth of the statements therein made, and that the remedy was indeed all that was claimed for it. He therefore advised young Davis to drive to John Geer's as quickly as possible, but first to partake freely of rye whisky. A bottle of this liquor was obtained and the horse's head turned in the direction of Long Eddy, distant eleven miles. It was now late in the night and, as the moon was down, very dark. The road was a rough one, but by careful and rapid driving as possible the dwelling of John Geer, the famous rattlesnake catcher, was reached before daylight.

"By this time, in spite of the tightly drawn cord around his thumb, the poison had made its way into the hand, wrist and arm, which were badly swollen. Davis had taken but two small drinks of the liquor and Geer promptly forbade the use of more, saying its effects would be to increase the circulation of the blood and thus spread the poison more rapidly.

"The effects of the poison seemed not to be entirely confined to the hand and arm, but in some way was affecting the stomach. He had several severe vomiting spells, after which he spit blood freely.

"Fortunately Geer knew right where to get the violet, a sovereign remedy for the bite of a rattlesnake, and, lighting a lantern, in five minutes' time had Davis eating its leaves. He then applied salt and indigo to the wound, first taking off the tightly drawn cord, which, however, had probably done good service in preventing the more rapid spread of the poison. Davis soon began to feel better. The pain, which was great, when he first came, soon ceased. The stomach sickness also left him, and, lying down, he slept for an hour, when Geer awakened him to give more of the violet and apply a fresh poultice of the indigo and salt.

"The swelling began to diminish, but he complained of a feeling of numbness that pervaded his hand, arm and shoulder, which, however, was soon succeeded by an intense prickling sensation that Geer ascribed to the action of the properties of the violet in overcoming the effects of the poison. At the end of twelve hours from the time he came to Mr. Geer's, Davis started to walk home, though the swelling had not yet entirely disappeared. Thinking he might be kept for several days, he had sent his horse home. Geer gave him a quantity of the remedy, cautioned him to walk slowly, not to go to work, but use the medicine till the swelling was entirely gone, and assured him he was as safe from all evil effects of the snake-bite as he could wish to be.

"This remedy has been known and used in this place and vicinity for over eighty years. It was first obtained by Joseph Geer (John's father) from a half-breed Delaware Indian named John Johnson, who used in 1800 to occupy a hut on the Pennsylvania side of the river opposite Long Eddy, and who for a pint of whisky would let a rattlesnake bite him and then cure himself with it. It is as follows:

"Apply to the wound a poultice one-half each of common salt and indigo, mixed with cold water, and renew every two hours. Eat freely of the leaves, or drink often of a tea made from them, of a variety of the blue violet (*V. sagittata*) commonly known as the "arrow-leaved" violet. If the bite be upon the leg or arm, bind the leaves in a circle around it above and just beyond the swelling. Moisten with cold water as often as they get dry from the fever created by the poison and renew two or three times a day."

VIRGINIA foxhounds have a reputation second to none. We are informed that those advertised by Mr. Lewis are of the right sort.—*Adv.*

Game Bag and Gun.

Antelope and Deer of America. By J. D. Caton. Price $2.50. Wing and Glass Ball Shooting with the Rifle. By W. C. Bliss. Price 50 cents. Rifle, Rod and Gun in California. By T. S. Van Dyke. Price $1.50. Shore Birds. Price 50 cents. Woodcraft. By "Nessmuk." Price $1. Trajectories of Hunting Rifles. Price 50 cents. The Still-Hunter. By T. S. Van Dyke. Price $2.

A DAY WITH THE BLACK BUCK.

PLACE: The city of Lahore, in the far away land of the five waters—city of Moslem dome and minaret, and of Hindoo and Sikh temples. Time: Four o'clock in the afternoon of a genial October day, in the year of grace 1887; the first day in the season that I had discarded my *punkah wallahs*, and drawn a breath of relief at the thought that the fierce heat of summer was over for another year and the joyous life in the tented field awaiting me.

On this pleasant October day, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon or thereabouts, I had got through my office work, and was affixing my signature to some vernacular correspondence which my head munshi laid before me for the purpose, when there entered a gorgeously liveried, bushy-bearded old chuprassi of my acquaintance, who, with a low reverence, announced "A letter from the Doctor Sahib to Your Highness."

The work in hand completed and the munshi dismissed, I opened the missive and read:

"DEAR A.—Come over and dine with us this evening. There is a German here, just come in from Cashmere with a wagonload of heads and hides and horns, and he wants to add a black buck's head to the collection. He says he must leave Lahore to-morrow night, but I have told him that you know the haunts of all the game in the province, and can station him within a hundred yards of a black buck's tail, if there is such an appendage wagging anywhere within a day's journey of Lahore."

To this I replied, "All right. Tell your friend I will have the horses marched out to-night, and that we too must leave by the 10 o'clock train to admit of our being on the grounds in the early morning."

Then calling my bearer I told him to have the gray and roan saddled, and marched down to Metari, about sixteen miles distance on the railroad line to Amritsun. In days gone by, I had traveled in the cars of this line, and more than once shot a black buck from the window as I passed, and on arrival at the next station sent back my shikaree to pick him up. The antelope are now rarely seen near the line; too many hunting parties have gone out from the military station of Meean Meer and harassed them, but they have only gone a few miles back, and the back country is as familiar to me as that along the line.

I met the German at dinner, and thinking of the mount I had provided him, was pleased to note that he was a light weight. He was a slight, well proportioned man of about thirty, with the traditional fair hair and steely blue eyes of the Teuton race, clear glancing eyes they were too, and his general soldierly bearing left me no doubt that he had been trained to the saddle, and that if we could start a black buck in the open there would be some hard riding.

The Doctor and his wife, Von Bülow (the traveler) and myself made up the party at dinner, and after I had disburdened myself to the effect that we could hardly fail to put up a black buck between daylight and noon, the conversation turned principally on Cashmere, Von Bülow, under pressure, giving us some of his experience as an ibex hunter during the three months he had spent in the valley and surrounding hills. After dinner our hostess went to the piano and gave us two or three of Schubert's songs, Von Bülow followed with Lützow's "Ghostly Huntsman" and some other popular songs, and at 9 o'clock I sent him off to dress for the field, took him

to my own place, changed my costume and drove with him to the railway station.

We reached Metari about 11 o'clock; the horses had come in, the station master had provided a couple of charpoys with pillows, and after a pipe and a chat we lay down in our clothes, first arranging with the station master's cook to bring us a cup of coffee and a slice of toast at daybreak.

We were in our saddles at gray dawn and trotting away merrily toward Serai Amanat Khan, the site of a Government plantation, much frequented by black buck. The country we rode through was a broad, level plain, half cultivated, half fallow, the monotony broken only by little villages at two or three miles apart, with clumps of *Acacia arabica* about the village wells. At this season the only crop visible was an occasional small patch of sugar cane near a village. There were no fences to intercept one's passage, and although pathways generally ran from village to village, we took no heed of them, but made for our destination guided by familiar landmarks, and by the sun when it rose above the horizon.

Less than an hour's ride brought us to the forester's hut, where we dismounted and gave up our horses; and giving Von Bülow his line of march through the plantation, about a hundred and fifty yards from the water's edge, and telling him to stalk warily, I took the outer edge along the canal; and the trees being laid out in straight lines at right angle to our course, I was able to command a good deal of ground. I kept along a hundred yards or more in advance of Von Bülow, and had walked nearly half a mile when I sighted a buck and three does, only about eighty yards off. They were all attention listening for some sound in Von Bülow's direction, and evidently hearing his footsteps, trotted quietly away without seeing me.

The buck's jet black back, contrasted with his snow white belly, offered a very tempting mark, but being anxious to reserve the shot for Von Bülow, I trotted along and kept back of them until they came to a break in the forest, a piece of two acres or less of low ground, covered with coarse grass three or four feet high. They were now about 150yds. from me and standing on the edge of the grass. They paused a moment to listen, and then walked quietly in.

Retracing my steps I soon came on Von Bülow stalking warily right in the buck's tracks, told him what I had seen, and led him to the edge of the grass plot, while I went round to the other side and began to beat it up toward him. About the middle of the plot I started them, the does going in one direction, and the buck making straight for Von Bülow in a direct line between us. He got within twenty yards of Von Bülow before he saw him, and then turning sharp off offered a splendid shot as he bounded along with his feet clear of the tops of the grass at every bound. Von Bülow fired and missed, but at his second shot the buck dropped like a log, with a hindleg broken well above the hock. He scrambled up on his three legs without loss of time, and as he stood trembling I got in a shot high up the shoulder that finished him, leaving it only for Von Bülow to give him the *coup de grace* with his hunting knife.

My friend was exultant over his success, and after a party of coolies had been summoned and the carcass dispatched to the railway station, he was eager for another hunt; he said he owed his buck to me, and now he wanted to help me to get one. I told him there was a possible chance of finding one on the plains, and that if successful we could ride him down; he was astonished at the suggestion, and said he did not think it possible that a horse could run down a buck, but when I told him I had done it several times, and shot my buck standing at fifty yards or less, he was more eager for the chase than for another still-hunt in the forest. So getting our horses, we walked along quietly in the direction of Amritsur, as on that side the land was less cultivated, had more clumps of zizyphus bushes and no villages.

After riding about two miles we came to a clump of these zizyphus bushes, which we rode round, and had nearly cleared them when, at about five hundred yards distant, I saw a black buck standing on top of a sand hill some eight or ten feet above the level of the plain. I saw him but an instant, the next moment he had sunk quietly to earth and was no longer visible.

A council of war was quickly held, I gave Von Bülow a bee line for Metari, told him to canter on a mile or more, and look for cover, and that after ten minutes or more I would ride round, start the buck in his direction, and give him a mile's hard burst, after which he might push him at a good steady pace until he ran him down or should be able to turn him back to me.

I gave him a good ten minutes before I moved from my post, then rode on quietly ahead, and turning back upon the buck, came within about 150yds. of them, when they all sprung to their feet, and as I cantered up went straight away from me as I intended. There were about twenty of them, two or three young bucks under three years old, and not yet black in the back, and the old black fellow on the mound inclining to be a little gray, the rest were does and yearlings.

I went at the buck with a dash, he left the herd, which swerved to one side and let me pass them within the first half mile; so close indeed that I might have shot one as I passed without bringing my rifle to the shoulder. There was now about eighty yards between us, horse and buck both going at a rattling pace, and after little more than a mile run I caught sight of Von Bülow cantering away ahead. Before we came up to him, the buck came to some newly ploughed ground too heavy for his liking and swerved off toward the railway line, and I had to ride parallel to him to keep him from doubling upon his tracks, but once round the ploughed land he struck off on his old course, and made almost straight for Von Bülow, who was waiting for him to come up. He had got within a hundred yards of Von Bülow, when the latter sprung from his horse and prepared for a shot, but the buck saw the motion and swerved toward the railway line. By the time I had headed him off Von Bülow was in the saddle again and after instructing him to push the buck hard for two miles and then try to head him back toward me, keeping close to his tail, I dropped quietly behind and produced my smoking apparatus.

By the time I had lighted up Von Bülow was but a dim speck in the distance, making straight for the Metaru station, a course which brought them nearer to the railway fence at every stride. I walked on quietly in his wake, and had gone perhaps half a mile, when I heard two distant shots following each other in quick succession. Another half mile and I caught sight of Von Bülow in the distance, evidently returning upon his tracks, but half a mile nearer the railway line than I was. Putting my horse's head about I cantered off toward a distant clump of bushes, and getting into their cover I saw the buck about a quarter of a mile off, heading straight for me and Von Bülow following close at his tail. As they drew nearer I dismounted after motioning to Von Bülow to do the same. Looking through the bushes I saw the panting buck struggling on not 50yds. from me and raised my rifle.

At that instant he came to a halt, and the next instant Von Bülow's bullet struck the ground close ahead of him, a second bullet whistled by in quick succession, and then as the poor beast walked quietly away, I raised my rifle and dropped him.

"That was a splendid chase," said Von Bülow, as he came up, "but, mein Gott, how I shall shoot straight after I shall gallop ten miles with the rifle jumping in my hands! No, that was not possible; I can catch up to him every time, but I cannot shoot him when he stand still!"

The buck was soon strapped to my saddle; a few miles' walk brought us to Metari station, where the horses were taken in charge, and well groomed and cared for; and when the midday train came along, we got our venison aboard, and reached Lahore in time for a substantial one o'clock breakfast.

Von Bülow started for Vienna the same night, vowing eternal friendship, and taking the two bucks' heads with him, and "the first venison of the season" was sent round to my friends. SHIKAREE.

NAMES OF GAME BIRDS.—II.

WE have already expressed in general terms our high appreciation of Mr. Trumbull's admirable book, just published, under the title "Names and Portraits of Birds which Interest Gunners." While those who are interested in game birds will gain from that review of the volume a general idea of its character, something more detailed and specific is necessary to convey to such of our readers as may not have seen the work an understanding of its scope. This, it seems, may best be done by taking up one of the birds mentioned in the book and giving quite fully Mr. Trumbull's description of it and most of the names which he has found applied to it.

One of the best examples for this purpose is the ruddy duck, a species which is generally distributed over this continent, is everywhere more or less abundant, and is known to almost every one. This duck, *Erismatura rubida*, is number 31 in Mr. Trumbull's list. His description of it is as follows: "Body broad and flat; neck, wings and legs short; feet large; bill almost as noticeably broad at end as shoveller's, No. 14; tail of stiff, pointed feathers, wedge-shaped, and often cocked up comically in the air. The full dressed male very showy; sides of head below eyes white to throat; top of head and the nape bright black; upper parts of body, with sides and neck, rich brownish red or mahogany color; wings and tail brownish black; lower plumage silver white, waved with dusky gray. Feet bluish gray, with dark web. Bill blue.

"As usually found, however, the bill and feet are darker, and the plumage practically that of the female, viz.: Upper parts blackish, intermingled with dull reddish brown; the lower and lighter part of head (see picture) grayish white with a dusky bar running back from bill. Lower parts of body similar to plumage first described, but very much duller in tone. Indeed in this more common dress the species has a cheap, soiled and 'shopworn' appearance."

"Length about 16in., extent 22in. to 23in."

Two excellent figures of the bird are given.

As all who are familiar with the species know, and as many of its names—to be given further on—indicate, the little ruddy duck is usually very fat, and on this point Mr. Trumbull says:

"Though this duck is a gourmand and greatly inclined to obesity, it is as quick a diver as any known species. When wounded it pluckily tries to escape to the last gasp, bleeding all the time like a prize pig. I hear of its being sometimes undone by a too bountiful food supply. Gunners near the mouth of the Maumee River tell of finding these self-indulgent little creatures floundering helplessly fat on the water, and in certain seasons floating about in a dying condition, or dead, in considerable numbers."

But however interesting the habits of this species, the names which are applied to it in various localities are to our mind still more so. Ruddy duck is the book name of this species, given to it by Wilson as long ago as 1814, and this, though very expressive of the character of the full plumaged male, yet conveys but little notion of the bird as we usually see it. Much more characteristic are the names *stifftail* (Philadelphia, Somers Point, N. J., Washington and Savannah, Ga.), *quilltail coot* (Tuckerton, N. J.), *bristletail* (St. George's, Del.) and *spinetail* (Turnbull's "Birds of Eastern Pennsylvania").

At Machiasport, Me., this species is called *bluebill*, a name applied also to several other species in various localities. Other New England names are *broadbill* (Newport, R. I.), *broadbill dipper* (Fairhaven, Mass.), *hardheaded broadbill* (Stonington, Conn.), *dipper*, *dopper* and *dapper* (Provincetown, Mass.), *bumble bee coot* (Portsmouth, N. H.), *creek coot* (Cohasset, Mass.), *spoonbill* (Plymouth, Mass.), *sleepyhead* (Cohasset, Mass., and Newberne, N. C.), *darb duck* (Rangeley, Me.), *goose widgeon* (Plymouth, Mass.), *widgeon coot* or simply *widgeon* (West Barnstable, Mass.), *hardhead* (Falmouth and Martha's Vineyard, Mass., and Stonington, East Haddam and mouth of Connecticut River, Conn.), *tough head* (Martha's Vineyard, Mass.), *booby* (Newport, R. I., Stratford, Conn., and on Long Island and in Virginia). But this is only a beginning. In New Jersey this bird is called *sleepy broadbill* at Barnegat, Tuckerton and Atlantic City; at Pleasantville *sleepy duck;* at Somers Point *sleepy coot* and *stifftail;* at Red Bank *salt-water teal;* and at Manasquan *hickory head.*

Proceeding down the coast, we have some of the names already given and a number of others, as *mud dipper* (Eastville, Va.), *coot* (Baltimore, Md.), *butterball* (Havre de Grace, Md., Norfolk, Va., Newberne, N. C., Savannah, Ga., Golden City, Mo., Palatka and Sanford, Fla.). At Norfolk the bird is also called *butter duck*, *butter bowl*, *batter scoot*, *blather scoot*, *blather skite and bladder scoot*, the last four names perhaps having reference to its habit of fluttering along the water in its efforts to take wing.

In the books this bird is called *heavy-tailed duck* in Doughty's "Cabinet," *sticktail* in the index to Giraud's "Birds of Long Island," *dun diver* in DeKay's "Zoölogy of New York," *ruddy diver* in Samuels's "Birds of New England," and *dun bird* in Nuttall's "Manual."

Three Maryland names are *greaser* (Havre de Grace), *water partridge* and *steel head* (Patuxent River). "In the markets of Washington the ruddy is known as *rook*. Just think of it, a duck called a rook under the very shadow of the Smithsonian."

All along the coast of the Southern States these birds are very abundant in winter, and a number of very expressive names have been applied to them. At Newberne, N. C., the ruddy duck is called *paddy* and *noddy*, names which are expressive of the unsuspicious nature of the species, and also *light wood knot*, something very hard. Near Morehead, N. C., *paddywhack* is used, and at Wilmington *dunkey* and *dickey;* at Charleston, S. C., *leatherback*, in Georgia, on the Savannah River, *dumpling duck*, and on the Ogeechee *hard tack*. Near Detroit, and on the St. Clair Flats gunners call the ruddy *fool duck*, *deaf duck*, *shot pouch*, this last a capital name. In Chicago and on the Illinois River in Putnam county, it is called *bullneck* and *stub and twist*.

Other names Mr. Trumbull gives, but these are enough examples to give at present. The list here enumerated shows very well how much territory the author has covered in gathering together the material for his book. A thorough sportsman—perhaps he would call himself a gunner—Mr. Trumbull has thrown himself heart and soul into this work, and has admirably accomplished it.

With this book in his hand the gunner need never be at a loss to name the birds which he shoots, and as the work becomes better known it must become more and more popular. It is only necessary to let the shooting public know that such a work exists to insure a very considerable sale for it, and we recommend every duck shooter to provide himself with a copy of "Names and Portraits" before he starts out on his fall campaign.

CONNECTICUT FARMERS AND SPORTSMEN.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Farmers and sportsmen throughout Connecticut are cordially invited to attend an adjourned meeting of the Connecticut Association of Farmers and Sportsmen for the Protection of Game and Fish, Aug. 17, to adopt constitution and by-laws and the election of officers for the ensuing year. I beg to submit the following as the policy of said association:

To protect game and fish within this State to the reasonable, legitimate and equal benefit and use of the community for the purpose of food and enjoyment, sport and recreation, and in that behalf to promote the due and speedy enforcement of all laws relating to such protection.

To protect the farmers against those persons who mutilate stock, tear down fences or walls and do shooting on Sunday.

To prevent all violations possible of such laws as relate to fish and game within the State.

To make and prefer information against violators of such laws, and to detect, prosecute and bring to justice all offenders against such laws, and punish them according to law, and supervise such prosecution.

The territory over which this association will exercise supervision and influence shall be the State of Connecticut.

Each member is bound to observe the game or fish laws.

To use all consistent efforts to detect violation of such laws, and report to the officers of the association, or to the public authorities in that behalf, all violations of such laws coming to his knowledge or information, to the end that the offenders may be prosecuted and brought to justice.

Last Friday afternoon the organizing meeting was held in Senator McLean's office, Hartford, and was largely attended, considering the slight prominence given the call for the meeting. A large number of prominent gentlemen from this city and several other cities were present, and all took hold of the plan of a State game and fish protective association with great zeal.

Dr. William M. Hudson was called to the chair and Mr. A. C. Collins acted as secretary. The need of and possibilities of the association was thoroughly discussed by Messrs. Lyman Jewell, Dr. Hudson, Mr. Whitlock, of the Waterbury Game Club; Mr. A. C. Collins, S. J. Bestor, Allen Willey, Senator McLean, Mr. Nichols and several others.

The membership fee will be one dollar, and any one can take as many memberships as he chooses by paying one dollar each. The money will be used in sending special agents through the State where we are convinced that the game and fish laws are being violated, to collect evidence and prosecute the offenders.

Every officer will work without pay, only special agents will be paid any salary. It is hoped that every gun club and game club will co-operate with us, and we feel assured that we can do them good. The headquarters will be at Hartford, Conn., where all subscriptions for membership and complaints are to be made. Farmers and sportsmen attend the meeting called Aug. 17, Hartford, Conn. In case you cannot attend, write the secretary signifying your willingness to aid the association.

A. C. COLLINS, Secretary pro tem.

HARTFORD, Conn., Aug. 13.

THE YELLOWSTONE PARK.—At the recent meeting of the Missouri State Sportsmen's Association this resolution was offered by Capt. H. C. West, of St. Louis, Mo., and unanimously adopted: "Whereas a bill has been introduced in the Senate of the United States by the Hon. G. G. Vest for the better protection of the game and fish that abound in the Yellowstone Park, known as Senate Bill 283, and whereas a petition is now in circulation setting forth clearly why the Yellowstone Park should be protected; therefore be it resolved by the Missouri State Sportsmen's Association in convention assembled in the city of St. Louis, that this Association expresses itself as being heartily in accord with the provisions of the Vest bill, and hereby respectfully request the members in Congress from Missouri to support said bill, and that all sportsmen in attendance at this convention agree to sign the petition aforesaid for the purpose mentioned therein,'

FOREST AND STREAM GUN TESTS.

VICKSBURG, Miss., Ang. 9, 1888.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* You will confer a benefit to lovers of the shotgun by your proposed gun tests.

Only to-day an argument was had as to the merits of coarse-grained vs. fine-grained powder, the advocates of the former claiming that it gave equal penetration with less recoil. Will you test that for us?

In the minds of some there are doubts as to the benefits of placing more than one good wad on the powder. Your trial could speedily determine a small matter like that.

However, the most important matter to determine is the proper charge of a gun of given gauge and weight. I claim that the gauge and weight must determine the charge. For this purpose it assuredly appears that the gun ought to be fired naturally from the shoulder, or at least from a rest that will yield after the way of a live sportsman as much as possible.

Your test will most likely show that, after a certain charge is reached—say 4 to 4½ drams of good powder, and 1¼oz. shot for a ten-gauge gun of 9½lbs. weight—that any ammunition in excess is a detriment in three respects—pattern, penetration and recoil. Your test will result in the saving of tons and tons of ammunition and thousands and thousands of headaches. The 5 and 5½ dram fellows, who load to kill at 100yds. and beyond, will have to succumb. It will give their blue shoulders a rest.

Let us also know how the same charge of powder will affect the different sizes of shot, whether one size shows a disposition to scatter more than another.

Will you also try whether a felt wad is the proper thing to put on the shot? Try a stout cardboard that blows to pieces and see if better results are not obtained, especially as to the evenness of the distribution of shot.

Along with your test please give us a table of the velocities of the various sizes of shot. This will enable a man of a mathematicl turn to do a little figuring as to the matter of drawing ahead of a teal that is a wee bit behind time, and going down the wind.

And tell us, if you please, what is the best charge to tumble a shiny old gobbler at 50yds. with his head high and bill straight toward you—his neck but little larger than your thumb, and head no bigger than a silver dollar, and admirably shaped for glancing shot. Have put a little thought on that thing myself.

And tell us how to load buckshot in a chokebore so they will not flare out at an angle of 45° and bark all the timber in a vast area of woods.

Could you give us a pattern—firstly on a 30-inch circle, secondly on an 18-inch circle or thereabouts, and thirdly on a paper about the area of a section of a pigeon or teal duck, say 4×5 inches? The first and second might be put up just in front of the penetration cards, and all three patterns be taken at one discharge, the third one being marked off in the front penetration card.

But why suggest? We know from your admirable test of the rifle what the test of the shotgun will be. It will do away with much guessing, and enable us to arrive at sound conclusions without haphazard work in the field. Give us your trials by all means. W. L. P.

"LET HER GO, GALLAGHER!"

FOSTORIA, Ohio, Aug. 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The mention of the "Gallagher carbine," by "G. O. S.," on page 513, of the issue of July 19, was, in part, replied to by "D. G.," in the issue of July 26, on page 5. The name of the inventor of the gun or carbine is Mahlon J. Galloger (not Gallagher), of Savannah, Ga. The arm was patented July 17, 1860, and was manufactured by Overman & Richardson, at the corner of Twelfth and Thompson streets, Philadelphia. I think the guns were all made for the Government. The peculiarity of the cartridge was that one-half was held in the breech, while the front portion was contained in the barrel. The common army percussion cap was used to explode the cartridge, as the capped cartridge of the present day was not then in use. A small hole in the rear end of the cartridge, in juxtaposition with a similar hole leading to the gun tube or nipple, on which the cap was exploded, was the means of conveying fire to the cartridge. To load the gun the lever, which constituted the trigger guard, was thrown down, and this action caused the barrel to move forward in a right line for a little distance, then swing on a pivot or tip up similar to the breechloading shotguns of the present. The brass cartridge could then be inserted, and by returning the lever to place the barrel would tip back to the breech and slide back in a line until it was closed, holding the cartridge in place, one-half being in the barrel and the other half in the breech. When the barrel was thrown forward and "tipped up," it was supposed the projecting end of the cartridge would be sufficient to enable the one using the gun to remove it with the thumb and finger, but as the breech would foul and the cartridge stick pretty tight in the barrel, there was an extractor made with two holes, one in which a finger of the hand was to be placed and the other hole to be slipped over the cartridge and thus remove it. The guns were well made for the kind, and gave a very good account of themselves during the first portion of the rebellion. W. B. HARRISON,

Author of the "Gunsmith's Manual."

THE GAME OUTLOOK.

BISMARCK, Dak., July 31.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We expect fine sport next month. The largest coveys of prairie chicken ever noted here are to be seen this year, sixteen to eighteen in a flock. I have heard from some of the boys in the East who expect to come out. Dr. F. McKown, of Albany, N. Y., wrote me he would be here. The law does not expire till Sept. 1, but that is too late for good shooting and the boys pay no attention to it, and they expect to begin on the 15th of August as it used to be. I write this for the information of some who have written to know.

Thousands of ducks have hatched on the lakes and creeks this year. A gentleman living eight miles north told me he counted forty young mallards, almost full grown, in a little creek near his house. He said he had watched them all summer from little goslings up; a pretty sight to have this kind of game by your door. He can stand in his door and easily throw a stone to where these ducks hatch.

There will be fine duck shooting here next fall, and we expect thousands of geese to visit us, as so many went north, and they are certain to come back to feed on our grain fields in the fall, and stay with us from the 20th of September to the last of October.

The same gentleman who told me of the ducks told me there is not a morning, that if he cares to look, he can see deer on the bottom in front of his house, a natural meadow five miles long and one mile wide, skirting the Missouri River, along which there is brush and timber.

W. H. WILLIAMSON.

WOODCOCK IN DUTCHESS COUNTY, N. Y.—Nantucket, Aug. 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Since writing you I have learned that the season for woodcock opens in Dutchess county on Sept. 1 instead of Aug. 1, as I wrote you.—PETER B. HAYT.

DUBUQUE, Iowa, July 22, 1888.—*J. F. Breitenstein, Esq., Keokuk, Ia.:* Dear Sir: The last paper shells, U. S. Climax, you loaded for me were the best I ever used. I won the club medal with them at the last club shoot, and July 4 I won more prizes than any two men on the grounds. I shall use them in all principal matches I shoot in. Yours truly, (Signed) A. H. PENNOYER. *Adv.*

PUTNAM, Conn., Aug. 9, 1888.—*U. S. Cartridge Co., Lowell, Mass.*—Gentlemen: The sportsmen in this vicinity are making a distinction between the different makes of cartridges, and now almost without exception call for the U. S. cartridges, as in their experience they give the best results. I have fired a few thousand this summer ranging from .22 to .38-caliber, and find them accurate and the rifles easily cleaned. Respectfully, (Signed) LYMAN E. HILL.—*Adv.*

Sea and River Fishing.

Angling Talks. By George Dawson. Price 50 cents. Fly-Rods and Fly-Tackle. By H. P. Wells. Price $2.50. Fly-Fishing and Fly-Making for Trout. By J. H. Keene. Price $1.50. American Angler's Book. By Thad. Norris. Price $5.50.

TWO WEEKS ON THE DEAD DIAMOND.

BOSTON, July 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I must confess that I had many misgivings regarding Amasa Ward and his camp, as one Saturday morning nearly a month since, in company of two congenial spirits, we seated ourselves in a luxurious Pullman and started out of the Boston and Lowell station headed for Colebrook, N. H. My friends were yearly visitors to Hell Gate Camp, and for two months they had been telling me of the trout fishing in the Dead Diamond and its tributaries, of the grand scenery, the bracing air, the fertile land, in fact a veritable land of "milk and honey" for the sportsman, until I began to seriously doubt its existence. But I have been, and I have seen, and my wavering faith has been established on foundations as firm as the granite hills through which the beautiful Diamond runs. How many are there out of the scores of men who love the rod and reel, and who yearly visit the lake regions of Maine and Canada, who can tell you aught of the Dead Diamond? Year after year they go to the Rangeley or Moosehead Lakes, and leave almost unvisited a territory which in numbers at least can furnish more fish than any other New England waters. And let me assure you that big fish are not uncommon in these waters; that is if a man will be satisfied with fairly big fish. He will get no 8 and 10-pounders, but of trout running from ¼lb. to 4lbs. in weight there are plenty, and who that loves the rod for the pleasure it affords him cannot be satisfied with such?

We left Boston at 9:30 A. M., June 30, arriving at Colebrook at 8 P. M. After a good night's rest at the Parsons House, at 8 o'clock with our guide, Albert Wallace, we started on our drive through Dixville Notch to Wentworth's Location, distant about thirty miles.

The last words Harry Litchfield said to me as I walked out of his store on Washington street the day before we started were, "If you don't get a fish, if you don't have a rise even while you are gone, you will come back to me and say that you have been amply repaid." How many, many times those words came to me during our ride that beautiful morning. Dixville Notch; did you ever stand on the crest of the ridge midway of that mighty chasm, and gazing upward at those rocky shafts, towering hundreds of feet above you, and not feel yourself gradually dwarfing and shrinking into infinite littleness? That is the way I felt in the presence of those gigantic sentinels. We arrived at the Umbagog House about 1 o'clock, dined, and at 2 o'clock were once more on our way, following the Androscoggin past Errol's Dam over Errol Mountain, and in the valley beyond striking the sluggish Magalloway, which we followed up to Wentworth's Location, about ten miles from the Umbagog House. At the Location we left the main road, and turning abruptly to the left drove about a mile cross lots to Bennett's.

It is here that the Dead Diamond empties into the Magalloway, and Bennett's house is on the point of land midway between the two rivers and not over two hundred yards from where they join. The Dead Diamond here will average nearly 100ft. in width, and on it, a quarter of a mile above Bennett's, are the remains of an old dam; below the dam is a tremendous pool, and below the pool for nearly half a mile the shallow running water forms rips, as they are termed here. As I am in honor bound to write impartial history, I might as well admit at once that the sight of that stream roused me to a degree of enthusiasm that was very amusing to my phlegmatic friend, the "inventor." But when a small boy assured us that there were plenty of trout on the rips at that moment, I grew a trifle demonstrative, I guess. My grip came out of the wagon in short order, my waders went on, and with rod, reel and creel adjusted, in an incredibly short time I had introduced an Orvis white-winged coachman to a pound-and-a-half trout, through that prince of mediums, a 7oz. Nichols split bamboo. In my eagerness I neglected to coat my face and hands with "fly medicine," consequently, though we fished only about an hour, they got in their work on me in great shape, and the blood was running from a score of places on my face and neck. However, I did not mind that much; we had taken fourteen trout averaging nearly a pound and a quarter apiece (if that won't reconcile a man to a few bites, what will?), and later on four tired and hungry men sat down to a trout supper at Bennett's.

Amasa's camp is twenty-five miles up the Dead Diamond from Bennett's, and we expected him to meet us there that night and start up the river with us next morning; but he did not come, and that insured us another day's fishing at Bennett's before we went in. After supper some one suggested that we try the temper of the trout in the big pool below the dam; it instantly met with the approval of the whole party, and in a very few minutes we were standing on the ledges which mainly composed its banks. The fish were rising freely, and now and then a big one would come to the surface and "break" like the swirl of an oar. I located one of these quite near the dam, and with our guide went above to see if a white-miller would induce him to fasten. One cast, but no response; to the second he answered, and I struck him instantly. He was evidently surprised, and as he rolled we caught a full-length view of him; he was a beauty, and the guide called "a 4-pounder." Quick as a flash he sounded, the reel sung, then stopped; the pressure on the rod relaxed, and—I had lost him. It was a sore disappointment, for it was the largest trout I had ever hooked. Another of our party was equally unfortunate, losing a still larger fish after nearly ten minutes' play. Still, we took nine trout weighing about 11lbs., which was eminently satisfactory. The next day we fished but very little, as we had all that we could eat, and it was our established policy not to kill a fish we could not use.

In the afternoon two boats came down from the camp for us, and that night we took all our heavy luggage about a mile above the dam, turned the boats over it (in case it should rain during the night), and had everything ready for an early start in the morning. The day came bright and beautiful; and at just ten minutes to seven the boats were pointed up the river for "Hell Gate Camp." The freight was divided between the two boats as evenly as possible, one taking all the luggage and one man, while the other took the two heavy-weights of the party. The guides used neither oars nor paddle, but standing in the stern with a long iron pole shoved the boat skillfully and rapidly.

The day was a glorious one and the trip was perfectly enchanting; to me every bend in the river was a series of exclamation points. The water was clear as crystal and cool as the coldest spring. Trout were constantly rising and from the shallow water we could see them dart like flashes for the banks. Deep still pools were numerous, and, as we passed each of them, we sighed and mentally exclaimed, "What a place for a three-pounder!" But no line was wet on the upward drive. To say that the river is crooked can give no one an idea of its sinuous course. Our guide told us that "as the crow flies" it is but sixteen miles from Bennett's to Hell Gate, but by the river it is twenty-five. There was much besides the trout and scenery to interest us, for scarcely had we started when the guide pointed out to us the fresh tracks of deer, where they had come down across the sandy beaches to drink, and eat the tender grasses growing from the river bottom. Deer signs continued all the way up and occasionally a much larger imprint in the sand showed that moose were not wholly extinct in these woods.

At about 11 o'clock we reached Half-mile Falls, which are somewhat more than half-way up, and while the guides were hauling our boats through we found a suitable place to take our lunch. Resuming our way we forged ahead very briskly, and at about 3 o'clock pulled up to the landing at Hell Gate Camp. Amasa stood on the bank to receive us, having been notified by the discharge of a rifle by one of the party a half-mile down the river. We lost no time in getting our traps ashore and up to the camp, and I venture to say that every one was glad that the journey was at an end, for it is just a trifle tiresome to sit in a boat seven or eight hours, even if the surroundings are delightful. That we were hungry goes without saying (Johnny in particular, whose appetite kept a little ahead of him during the trip), and in a very short time we sat down to a dinner of broiled trout that would have done credit to any hotel *chef* in the country.

The site of the camp is well chosen. Standing on the piazza you look almost due west and see the river pouring through Hell Gate (a flume not more than twenty feet in width, with perpendicular granite walls, as though cut by man, through which the river flows for nearly 200yds.) over a succession of ledges, and then spreading out into the magnificent pool below. This pool is Amasa's "trout preserve," and out of it he has taken a trout weighing 6lbs. 2oz. The camp consists of three distinct buildings, all connected, yet separated by log partitions; the cook house, the main building containing the tidiest of dining rooms, and a large comfortable sitting room, and the sleeping apartments, which are models in their way. The walls and partitions are of peeled spruce logs, as white and clean as when the bark was first removed, and the space between the logs is solidly caulked with dry moss. The floors are spruce plank two inches thick, smoothed and laid in a manner to do credit to any carpenter. The bunks are wide and roomy, and are very comfortable for two if the camp should be crowded. They are filled to the depth of six or eight inches with fine soft fir twigs, over these are spread woolen blankets, and the occupant has the choice of two or three blankets over him. The pillows are filled with the same fir boughs, and when a tired man throws himself upon them he wastes very little time before he is enjoying sleep.

The fishing here is unsurpassed, that is, unless a man is looking for the biggest fish of the season. An hour's casting any evening will reward you with as handsome a creel of trout, running from ½ to 1lb. in weight, as were ever lifted from any water. Amasa has about twenty boats and canoes, all built by himself, and they are fine specimens of boatbuilding art. The fishing season extends from the 15th of June to Sept. 1, when the shooting season begins. Deer are as plenty nowhere in New England as within a radius of twenty miles of "Hell Gate Camp." Parties going in would do well to engage accommodations and guides well in advance. Amasa will engage guides, if desired, by giving him reasonable notice. His address during the open season is Wentworth's Location, N. H.; during the winter, Colebrook, N. H.

My friends give him a call. He has worked hard to establish his camp, he works hard to please you while you are there, and my word for it, you will never turn your back on "Hell Gate Camp" dissatisfied.

J. W. BARNEY.

LARGEST GREENWOOD LAKE BASS.—Jersey City, N. J., Aug. 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In company with Mr. A. Collerd, Jr., I caught an Oswego bass out of Greenwood Lake last week weighing 6lbs. 14oz., the same being the largest bass taken this year. I used a light reed pole in casting, with a small frog on a single hook as a line. No doubt our success was largely due to the knowledge of John Smith, the well-known guide at Brown's Hotel. However, we are greatly elated over our catch.—R. B. SMITH.

MAINE FISHING.

RANGELEY, Me., Aug. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It seems strange to me that Kit Clarke will still persist in his false statements in regard to the Rangeley Lakes, as his articles are getting weaker and weaker the more he writes. In regard to my statement of catching 500 trout in seven hours, he says I did not say where nor in what year this illustrious event occurred; but to humor him I will say that they were caught July 2, 1888, in the Kenebago Stream, which empties into the head of the Mooselucmeguntic Lake, and that it was not steady casting, like his noted angler of the Upper Dam, as we made several stops and the record was not ruined.

Fishing has not been so good on the Mooselucmeguntic Lake for years at this time of the year as at present. F. L. Tuttle and W. L. Boylston, of Jamaica Plains, caught on Aug. 1 twenty-four trout weighing 44½lbs., which shows that fishing at the Rangeley Lakes is not "a thing of the past." W. A. ROBINSON.

RICHARDSON, Me., Aug. 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I send you the catches of Aug. 1, 2 and 3, made on the Mooselucmeguntic Lake, one mile from the Mooselucmeguntic House, on what is known as the middle grounds, in order to show that the fishing here is improving instead of being played out, Kit Clarke to the contrary notwithstanding. The following is a true list of the number and weight of the trout taken:

Aug. 1. Caught by W. W. Boylston and Frank Tuttle, of Boston—four fish of 2lbs. each, three of 2½lbs. each, four of 6, 4½, 3½, 2½lbs. respectively.

Aug. 2. By W. W. Boylston, of Boston, and Chas. W. Smith, of Forestville, Conn.—eight of 1½lbs. each, two of 2½lbs. each, five of 7½, 6½, 5, 3¾ and 3½lbs. respectively.

By L. Hubbell (Clark Hill, guide)—seven of 1lb. each, two of 2½lbs. each, one of 9lbs. and one of 3lbs.

By W. G. Clark and wife, of North Attleboro, Mass., (R. Crosby and Ames Ellis, guides)—thirty-four of 1lb. each, six of 7½, 6½, 6½, 5½, 5½ and 4½lbs. respectively.

Aug. 3. By L. Hubbell—eight of 1lb. each, four of 5½, 3¾, 2½ and 2lbs. respectively.

By W. G. Clark and wife—ten of 1lb. each, two of 2lbs., two of 3lbs., two of 4lbs., one of 10½lbs., one of 6½lbs. and one of 6¾lbs. HENRY M. PIERCE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of Aug. 2, Mr. Kit Clarke, commenting on Mr. W. A. Robinson's report "myself and another man in seven hours' fishing caught 500 trout," says: "In seven hours there are four hundred and twenty minutes, and therefore the above gentlemen took one and a fifth trout every minute steadily during the memorable hours." As there were two men fishing, each caught 250 fish in the four hundred and twenty minutes, or one fish in about 1.60 minutes. This is not such a remarkable record for Maine. Tim Pond and other waters near it can beat that in number of fish, but of course they cannot come anywhere near the weight of the Rangeley catch. ISAAC TUTTLE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The following letter from Mr. George Hart, of Waterbury, Conn., may, with his permission, be printed:

WATERBURY, Conn., July 28.—*My Dear Captain:* I saw yours of June 30 in FOREST AND STREAM, and it is quite amusing to me to read Kit Clarke's tale of the Rangeleys being played out; yet I hardly think it is so; in fact, Captain, I am quite sure there are a few trout there yet, and if alive I hope to prove it next year, as I have this, and several before this year. Did you ever hear of our party going without a meal for want of trout? I mean fresh trout, caught the day we cook them. If so, drop me a line.

In regard to those taken the first day we went to Sinker Island, we had at night, or rather 3 P. M., Durand 48 and Hart 37 trout, making 85 trout in all. We had the 65 at noon, when we went to your house to dinner. These were all taken with a fly, many times two at a cast; and none of them were small, and a good many were over a pound in weight. The next day there was not less than the same number, and I think more, for there were others fishing there. On the 28th Mr. Hill took 19 with fly there; one weighed 2¼ lbs., and most of them a pound and over—a fine lot of fish. I am sure the lake is full of fish. Perhaps all don't have the same luck that we do, but we get a lot of fish, and good ones at that. Hoping to meet you in '89, I am, yours very truly, GEORGE HART.

I did not ask Mr. Hart to write the letter; he did it of his own free will.

In regard to the 500 trout taken in seven hours by W. A. Robinson and another man, I had it from both of them that they did it; and surely 250 fish could be easily taken by one man with two or three flies on his leader in seven hours, and give him plenty of time for lighting his pipe, eating a sandwich, etc.

The place where the trout were taken was the Kenebago Stream, and the date was the 1st or 2d of last July. At that season, when the water begins to warm up in the lakes, the trout run up all the streams, running into the lakes in large numbers. The Kenebago Stream is a favorite summering place for both large and small trout. Fishing is prohibited by law there Sept. 1; it should be the season through. Their catch was made seven to nine miles above the mouth of the stream, on the falls. Here for three or four miles there are large rocks and deep pools, with spring brooks running into the main stream at short intervals. Here, as well as in other places of the same sort, when an angler strikes it right, it is only a question of honor and conscience how many trout he will slaughter.

Twelve years ago the prevailing sentiment was, "kill all you can catch," but for the last few years it has been steadily changing to kill only what is needed for the camp or hotel table. This has done a great deal toward keeping the fishing where it really is. It surely is not all of fishing to kill a large amount of fish. For about three weeks lately quite a party of ladies and gentlemen have been with me at Camp Bemis; about every afternoon they would charter my small steamer and go trolling on the lake for trout. On starting out they would choose sides, and each side would try for the most fish, and they got a great deal of sport fishing in this way. Many a trout was caught, counted for the side that captured it, and returned to the water. Only what were needed to supply the table were kept; or if one of the party was going out and a small box was wanted, all would contribute to help make up the box. Taking trout out from the woods is rapidly going out of fashion at the Rangeleys; and many of the spring fishermen, after they have fished for a week or ten days, and have caught from fifty to a hundred trout, turn them all back into the lake, and return home without taking a single trout along. Of course this is not to be expected of a man who has come from a long distance, paid out a large sum of money in the region and worked hard for his fish. But we don't think any less of the gentleman who is generous enough to do it.

Now, one word to that poor, unfortunate angler who wasted so much time casting his fly below the Upper Dam without a rise. Let me advise that if he ever musters up courage to try our lakes again he hire a guide, if only for a few days on the first of his trip, and instead of trying to make a big show in casting a fly, get posted up a little on the habits of trout. There is a higher power than even this wonderful and egotistical Kit Clarke that causes the sun to shine or Jack Frost to appear, and by this largely governs the coming in and the going out of the trout at Upper Dam. When they are not below the dam they are somewhere else; and that somewhere else is the place he must fish in to be successful.

I do not deny that I am pecuniarily interested in this region. I have put eighteen years of work in here in the woods and on the lakes; and Camp Bemis, Island Camp, and steamers Metalluck and Mallelockett are the results. This little property stands me too high to let false statements like what Mr. Clarke has published in your paper go by unnoticed. F. C. BARKER.

CAMP BEMIS, Me., Aug. 8.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I notice that some of your correspondents have been writing down the Rangeley Lakes with respect to those waters affording present sport to anglers. An experience dating back to 1860 at the Rangeley Lakes certainly enables me to form a correct idea as to the real truth of the matter. The number of the anglers visiting the Rangeley Lakes has of course largely increased, and while the individual angler may not make the remarkable catches of fifteen or twenty years ago, yet he will have no difficulty in realizing better sport than in any other waters in the world. It can be truthfully said of the Rangeley waters at the present time as in the past, that nowhere can trout of the enormous size taken there be captured. In no other waters of the extent of the Rangeley Lakes are such enormous numbers of trout hatched artificially and liberated. Thousands of young landlocked salmon have also been placed in these lakes. The State supports a well-equipped hatching house at the outlet of the Rangeley Lakes, which is under the personal supervision of the Hon. H. O. Stanley, who has been one of the Commissioners of Fisheries for the past fifteen years. A large majority of anglers, too, are influenced by the accessibility of these waters. They can be reached in thirty-six hours from New York, and there are no hardships attached to the sport. Commodious camps are found at convenient points through all this great chain of lakes, covering a distance of sixty miles. Corroborating the foregoing, I have before me a record of a catch by Mr. Walter S. Clark, of North Attleboro, Mass., made on the 2d and 3d of the present month. These trout were taken in Lake Mooselucmaguntic, about two miles from Camp Kennebago, the headquartess of the Oquossoc Angling Association.

I am sure that any of your readers who visit these waters cannot fail to be amply repaid. The best route is via the Eastern R. R. from Boston to Portland, and then by the Maine Central and Sandy River R. R. to Phillips, Me., and from there by stage coach twenty miles to the Rangeley Lakes. GEORGE SHEPARD PAGE.

NEW YORK, Aug. 11.

[Mr. Clark's record is given in the letter from Mr. Henry M. Pierce.]

Editor Forest and Stream:

It seems that the August fishing is turning out better than usual at Mooselucmaguntic Lake, if we may believe the reports. There is a good record for early August, and in a measure it makes up for the dull fishing in July. The reports do not say how the fish were caught, but such work is usually done at that lake by very deep trolling, and that frequently over ground that has been for several days baited by chopped up minnows and larger fish. The record of fly-fishing is not very good, especially in the neighborhood of Moosehead. There are only a few sportsmen from the vicinity of Boston now at the Maine lakes, though a number will go in the month of September. Mr. Walter Hill, prominent in the house of John Squire & Co., Boston, started Monday for a few days' fishing at Alligator Lake. He is accompanied by Senator Wilson, who is somewhat worn down with his duties at Washington and in need of a few days' outing.

SPECIAL.

TROUT AND FLY.

NEW YORK, Aug. 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It is amusing to read the articles on trout taking the fly. One angler has great luck with the fly in certain waters; another tries it and cannot kill a fish excepting with bait. Angler No. 2 goes for angler No. 1 for telling fish stories, and angler No. 1 calls angler No. 2 another; and so the fight goes on. And yet both are often right.

Whether it is Lake Edward in Canada, or Moosehead in Maine, or Pend d'Oreille in Idaho, the trout, and black bass, too, for that matter, will not leave the deep cold water to rise into the warm surface water for any fly, not even the "patent fluttering." That is the whole business in a nutshell. I have fished in lakes that either in June or September afforded the finest fly-fishing one could ask for, and in August the angler could cast until his arm ached, morning, noon and night, without seeing a sign of a fish. Now and then one may find a lake so cold that the July and August sun does not drive the fish down, but they are rare. Human beings take the shady side of the street in summer and the sunny side in winter; and trout are very much the same way.

From twenty-five years experience I can say that it is utterly useless to expect fly-fishing in large lakes in July and August, with rare exceptions. So no matter how good the reports are of fly-fishing in May and June, do not expect the same in hot weather.

WAKEMAN HOLBERTON.

MUSKOKA LAKES.—A guide to Muskoka Lakes, Upper Magnetawan and inside channel of the Georgian Bay, is published by the Muskoka and Nipissing Navigation Co. (Gravenhurst, Ont.), and given out by them gratuitously on application.

LAKE SUNAPEE.—A guide book to Lake Sunapee is published by L. Arthur Dodge, Sunapee, N. H.

SALMON IN THE HUDSON.

Editor Forest and Stream:

My letter to FOREST AND STREAM two weeks ago announcing that salmon had made their way up the Hudson till stopped by the Mechanicville dam, has brought me several letters on the subject. One, from Mr. Robt. C. Lowry of New York city, is very pleasing, as showing the practical interest taken by anglers in the movement by the United States Fish Commission to stock the Hudson with salmon.

Mr. Lowry asks if the Mechanicville dam is the only bar to the salmon reaching suitable spawning grounds, if so, he is confident that he could receive enough money among salmon anglers to build a fishway over the dam. I had to reply that there were eight dams between Troy and the point where the larger part of the salmon fry were planted, which makes the passage of the salmon too great an undertaking for private purses.

While speculating on the chances for the salmon to find a spawning ground in Hoosick River or other streams between Troy and Mechanicville, when the spawning instinct was strong upon them and the fish found further ascent of the Hudson impossible, it was reported to me that the salmon had disappeared from below the dam at Mechanicville and several had been found dead along the river banks. Fast upon the first report came a second, that scoundrels had been using dynamite below the dam to kill the salmon, and my informant had picked up a dying fish of 8½lbs. The only part of this outrage that is at all pleasing is, that the men were seen at their nefarious work, that the penalty is severe and that the machinery of the law is now in operation to punish them. When a justice has informed these fellows what it costs to kill salmon with dynamite, I do not think there will be more candidates for their places at the bar for some time to come.

Mr. Mather is now engaged in examining the Hudson to find how many salmon have been taken in nets, the condition of the fry in headwater streams, the number and nature of the obstructions between Troy dam and proper spawning grounds, and a proper place for placing the salmon next year in order to take their spawn. This is being done to report to Col. McDonald, at whose request the examination is being made, and I am sure that the most damaging part of the report will be that on the first appearance of the salmon above tide water they were killed with dynamite. Dynamite is a specially deadly agent in destroying fish illegally, and there should be a law making it specially unpleasant for those who use it to kill fish. A fixed term of imprisonment would prove the most effective discourager to the dynamiter of salmon and other fish. A. N. CHENEY.

GLENS FALLS, N. Y., Aug. 12.

TROUT WEIGHTS AND SIZES.

Editor Forest and Stream.

Noticing your favor from Mr. Cruttenden, of Cazenovia, I would say that the length of a trout is a comparatively small element of its weight. The 5lbs. 13oz. trout of Mr. Mills was nearly 24in. long, but only a trifle over 5in. in depth. In Olmstead Pond this spring I caught a trout 19½in. long that weighed 3½lbs., and two days later Mr. Louis Webb, of New York, caught one of exactly the same length in the same pond that weighed 4lbs. Mr. Tallman, of Ogdensburg, caught a trout this spring in Panther Pond that was, I think, 22in. long, but it weighed over 3½lbs., and some years ago a trout of but 19in. in length was caught on the inlet that weighed over 4½lbs. The depth and width of the trout seem to be the points where weight counts. Could not some of the sportsmen who have caught some of the big trout in Maine waters give the readers of FOREST AND STREAM some measurements and weights, from which possibly a comparative standard of the weight of a trout could be drawn by obtaining the cubic contents of the fish?

The fishing for the past ten days has been very poor, owing doubtless to the hot dry weather.

A. AMES HOWLETT.

FOR CATCHING "FINGERLINGS."—Lake George, N. Y., Aug. 8.—Dr. Ellsworth Elliott, Jr., House Surgeon of the New York Hospital, was convicted to-day before Justice Clifton at Hague, Warren county, on a charge of violating the game laws of the State on May 23, in catching and keeping brook trout under six inches caught from the streams that run through that town. The conviction was on a plea of guilty interposed by the doctor, and the magistrate fined him $45, which the doctor paid and immediately left the town and county, expressing his determination to obey the laws of the land if he should ever pass another vacation period on the shores of Lake George. It will be remembered that the doctor was arrested June 27 last in New York city by Game Constable Burnett of Warren county, and that his lawyer then attempted to procure his release upon a writ of habeas corpus issued by Judge Barrett of the Supreme Court, but that this was denied upon the hearing under the writ before Judg e Andrews the next day, and that Judge Andrews held him to bail to appear before the Justice at Hague yesterday. Dr. Elliott at the time claimed that his arrest was a scheme to get him into Warren county for trial, and amounted to blackmail. The prosecution was brought about by the Lake George Fish and Game Protective Association, of which Robert Lenox Banks is president, under whose direction game constables patrol along the 66 miles of lake shore, bent on enforcing the law.—*New York Times, Aug. 9.*

FISHING IN THE KILLS.—For years the fishing in the Staten Island Kills has been ruined by the sludge acid of the oil refineries on the island. The waters were so polluted with this refuse that yachtsmen disliked to sail through the sticky stuff, and oystering was a thing of the past. The fishing is fair there now, and porgies, weakfish, etc., are daily taken. This is the result of a prompt enforcement of the law by order of Mr. E. G. Blackford, Shellfish Commissioner, who directed Oyster Protector Merserau to bring action against all parties who violated the law by flowing the refuse from oil or chemical works into those waters. Several large firms were fined, and the practice, which has been a source of complaint for years, has been stopped.

KEOKUK, Iowa, March 12, 1888.—*J. F. Breitenstein, Esq., Keokuk, Ia.:* Dear Sir: The box of U. S. C. Co. paper shells that I received from you last fall I tried, and found them to be all that you claimed, and better than any shell I ever used, not one of them missing fire. Yours truly, (Signed) T. J. LOWRIE. *Adv.*

THE TROUTING SEASON.—As a whole, the trouting season, which is now near its close, has not been up to the average of the past few years, according to the reports from the trout regions east of the Mississippi. There may have been a few exceptional localities where it was good, but it is generally conceded to have been a poor year for trout. In conversation with anglers in eastern New York and the adjacent territory we find that many of them somehow connect the scarcity of trout with the famous "blizzard" of last March, although in what way is not clear, especially as the same lack of trout has been noticed in a large portion of the country which lies west of the track of the blizzard. In talking with many observant anglers we find a difference of opinion concerning the past season, some of them claiming that the trout are as plenty as ever, but refuse to be taken, while others believe that there are fewer fish than usual. If this state of the fishing was not spread over so large a country it might be easer to formulate a theory to fit the fact than it is at present. In the streams an angler can often judge of the frequency of trout by the number that he sees, but in the lakes and deep pools there is no way of judging of their numbers. We do not fear that the crop of trout would so suddenly fail in so many places at once, and would not be surprised if the next season make up for this poor one.

Fisheulture.

FOOD OF THE FISHES OF THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY.

BY PROF. S. A. FORBES.

[Read before the American Fisheries Society.]

(*Continued from page 49.*)

THE two species of black bass differ, according to my observations, in the character of their food, the large-mouthed species eating more fishes, and small-mouthed more crayfishes. Here, also, the gizzard shad made more than half the food.

The common sunfishes are readily divisible into four groups, based on their feeding structures and their food: one characterized especially by the wide mouth, including the black warrior and the blue-cheeked sunfish, took a noticeable amount of fishes, the ratio varying from a third to a half, the remainder of the food being chiefly insects, crayfishes, and smaller crustaceans. Those with small mouths, pointed teeth in the throat, and short gill-rakers, like the most abundant of the river species, took scarcely any fishes, but fed chiefly on insects and crustaceans, the latter principally the forms of medium size (amphipods and isopods). Some of this group likewise took a large amount of vegetation, amounting to a third or fourth of the whole.

A group with small mouths, and blunt conical teeth, illustrated by the common bream or pumpkin seed, was distinguished especially by the number of small snail-like mollusks eaten, these making, in my specimens, more than a third of the food. The remainder was chiefly aquatic insect larvæ, the medium-sized crustacea and water plants.

The fourth group, illustrated by the croppies, have the mouth long but narrow, and the gill-rakers numerous and long. By these a few fishes are taken, but the food is chiefly insects and the smallest crustaceans—those commonly referred to as Entomostraca, a food resource which they are enabled to draw upon by the straining apparatus in the gills.

Passing to the pike or pickerel of our western rivers, I find that the common large river pike, *Esox lucius*, is almost wholly piscivorous, a single specimen only out of the thirty-seven examined, having taken a number of dragon flies. About a fifth of the fishes were sunfishes (half of them croppies) and black bass. Twenty of these thirty-seven pike had taken gizzard shad, which made, in fact, nearly half of the food of the entire group. Minnows were found in only two, and three had eaten buffalo fish.

The striking features of this record are the importance of the gizzard shad, the abundance of the spiny-finned fishes, including some of the most valuable kinds, and the insignificant number of minnows and suckers taken.

The "grass pickerel," a species which rarely reaches a foot in length, had eaten tadpoles of frogs, and fishes, and insects, the latter making more than a third of the food, and consisting chiefly of larvæ of dragon flies.

The gizzard shad, mentioned above as an especially valuable element of the food of the higher fishes, feeds itself almost wholly upon mud, with which the long and coiled intestine of every specimen was filled from end to end. This mud contained, on an average, about twenty per cent. of minute vegetable *débris*, with occasionally a little animal matter.

The great minnow family I can scarcely pass by, since it contributes so largely to the food of other fishes, although itself of little or no direct advantage to mankind. I found this family dividing into several groups based upon the length of the intestine and the form of the pharyngeal teeth. In the first of these groups, containing several of the more abundant sorts, about three fourths of the food consisted of soft black mud, the remainder being both animal and vegetable matter, chiefly the latter. These fishes all had very long intestines and smooth grinding teeth in the throat. In another group quantities of mud are also taken, but with this many Entomostraca; while in groups three and four, containing by far the greater portion of the family, the food is essentially different, about three-fourths of it being insects and small crustaceans, and the remainder vegetation. I note especially here the value of the mud-eating minnows as food for larger fishes, since while abundant and easily maintained, they do not compete with the young of the larger fishes to whose sustenance they may be applied.

One of the most striking characteristics of the fish fauna of the Mississippi Valley is the prominence of the sucker family, several of which are among the most abundant of our larger fishes. About one-tenth the food of this family taken as a whole consisted of vegetation, eaten chiefly by the buffalo fishes, and in them composed largely of distillery slops. The family is, however, essentially carnivorous, mollusks and insect appearing in nearly equal ratio in the food. The former are taken much the more generally by the cylindrical suckers, and the latter about equally by all except the stone roller, which collects great quantities of insect food by pushing about the stones in running water. A large proportion of the insects eaten are small larvæ of gnats (Chironomus). Some of the deeper-bodied species with long gill-rakers, especially the river carp, feed largely on Entomostraca, this latter species swallowing also considerable quantities of mud.

The catfishes, taken together, are nearly omnivorous in habit, and their feeding structures have a correspondingly general character. The capacious, wide gullet, and short, broad stomach admit objects of large size and nearly every shape. The jaws, each armed with a broad pad of fine, sharp teeth, are well calculated to grasp and hold soft bodies as well as hard. The gill-rakers are of average number and development, and crushing jaws in the throat, broad, stout arches below, and oval pads above, covered with minute pointed teeth, serve fairly well to break the crusts of insects and the shells of the smaller mollusks, and to squeeze and grind the vegetable objects which occur in the food. The most peculiar feeding habit relates to the larger bivalve mollusks, the bodies of which are frequently found almost entire in the stomachs of these fishes and always without a fragment of a shell. I have been repeatedly assured by fishermen that the catfish seizes the foot of the mollusk while the latter is extended from the shell, and tears the animal loose by vigorously jerking and rubbing it about. One intelligent fisherman informed me that he was often first notified of the presence of catfishes in his seine, in making a haul, by seeing the fragments of clams floating on the surface, disgorged by the struggling captives. Finally, these are the only habitual scavengers among our common fishes. The larger deep-water species from the great rivers are strictly piscivorous, so far as known. Very small stone-cats feed on the smaller insect larvæ and the medium-sized crustacea. The spotted cat, blue Fulton, or fiddler, feeds largely on mollusks, but is, nevertheless, chiefly insectivorous. It differs from most of the river catfishes by eating water plants to a considerable extent. The common bullhead is more strictly omnivorous than any other kind, its food being composed about equally of fishes, mollusks, aquatic insects and vegetable structures, with a very considerable ratio of crustaceans added. The great mud-cat, or Morgan cat, reaching a weight of over 100lbs., seems to feed entirely upon fishes.

The abundant and peculiar dogfish, or "grindle," is strictly carnivorous, about one-third of the food being fishes, a fourth of it small mollusks, and nearly half crustaceans, chiefly crayfish.

The gars are strictly piscivorous, feeding especially upon the gizzard shad.

The most remarkable of our fishes, in structure and feeding habit, is the shovel-fish, or "spoonbill," of the Mississippi and its larger tributaries. It is a large species, reaching a weight of thirty pounds and upward, and a length of six feet or more, including the paddle-like snout. Although so large, the greater part of its food consists of the smallest aquatic crustacea and insect larvæ, strained from the water by means of an extraordinary apparatus in the gills, composed of long and slender gill-rakers, a double series on each arch, and over five hundred in a series. Interlocking as these do when the gill apparatus is extended, they form a strainer sufficient to arrest the smallest living forms above the Protozoa, and with the immense opening of the mouth and equally free provision for the exit of water from the gill chamber, enable this fish to strain out enormous quantities of these minute animal forms, especially those most commonly reserved for young fishes. It takes also, in midsummer, insect larvæ of medium size, but evidently avoids vegetation, and never swallows mud.

FOOD OF THE YOUNG.

By an examination of three hundred and one specimens, representing twenty-seven species, twenty-six genera, and twelve families of Illinois fishes, I learn that the food of many species of fishes differs greatly according to age; and that, in fact, the life of most of our fishes divides into at least two periods, and that of many into three, with respect to the kinds of food chiefly taken. Further, in the first of these periods a remarkable similarity of food was noticed among species whose later feeding habits are widely different. The full-grown black bass, for example, feeds principally on fishes and crayfishes, the sheepshead on mollusks, and the gizzard-shad on mud and Algæ, while the catfishes are nearly omnivorous; yet all these agree so closely in food when very small, that one could not possibly tell from the contents of the stomachs which group he was dealing with.

In the earliest stage, all the fishes studied, except suckers and minnows, depend for food on the smallest crustaceans, commonly called Entomostraca, and on certain small worm-like larvæ of gnats or gnat-like flies scarcely larger than these crustaceans, and usually occurring with them. By far the most abundant of these insect larvæ was that known as Chironomus. The suckers and minnows differ from our other fishes by being toothless while very young, as well as when adult, while our other toothless fishes, gizzard shad, whitefish, etc., have in youth a set of evanescent teeth. These toothless young I found feeding in part on still smaller prey than the others, taking the smallest animal forms (wheel animalcules) various Protozoa, and Algæ so minute that the whole plant consists of a single vegetable cell. The food of the whitefish fry was determined by keeping several hundred of them in a large aquarium kept constantly supplied with all the living objects which a fine gauze net would separate from the waters of Lake Michigan.*

While small fishes of all sorts are evidently competitors for food, this competition is relieved to some extent by differences of breeding season, the species dropping in successively to the banquet, some commencing in very early spring, or even, like the whitefish, depositing their eggs in fall, that their young may be first at the board, while others delay until June or July. The most active breeding period coincides, however, with that of the greatest evolution of Entomostraca in the back waters of our stream; that is, the early spring. That large adult fishes with fine and numerous rakers on the gills—like the shovel fish and the river carp—may compete directly with the young of all other species, and tend to keep their numbers down by diminishing their food supply—especially in times of scarcity—is very probable, but is not certainly true as a general thing; for these larger fishes have other food resources, also, and may resort to Entomostraca only when these are super-abundant, thus appropriating the mere excess above what are required for the young of other groups. Of the fishes which emerge from their earliest stage through increase in size with failure to develop alimentary structures especially fitted to the appropriation of minute animal forms, some become mud-eaters, like the Campostoma and the gizzard shad; a few apparently become vegetarians at once; but most pass into or through an insectivorous stage. After this a few become nearly omnivorous, like the bullheads; others learn to depend chiefly on molluscan food—the sheepshead and the red horse species; but many become essentially carnivorous. In fact, unless the gars are an exception, as they now seem to be (attacking young fishes as soon as they can swallow), all our specially carnivorous fishes make a progress of three steps, marked, respectively, by the predominance of Entomostraca, insects and fishes in their food; and the same is true of those strictly fitted for a molluscan diet.

*See note following this paper.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A DINING CAR LINE TO THE PACIFIC COAST.—The completion of the all rail line between Portland, Ore., and San Francisco gives the Pacific coast traveler an opportunity to patronize the famous Dining Car and Yellowstone Park Line, the Northern Pacific Railroad. The sportsman traveling in the West, whether a lover of the rod or gun, naturally seeks this road, penetrating as it does the lake park region of Minnesota, and running through the valleys of such trout streams as the Yellowstone, Gallatin, Hell Gate, Clark's Fork, Spokane, Yakima and Green Rivers, for a distance of fully 1,500 miles, as well as lying immediately contiguous to the finest hunting grounds in the United States, viz., The Big Horn, Snowy Belt, Bitter Root, Coeur D'Alene and Cascade Mountains. Information in regard to this region can be obtained by addressing CHARLES S. FEE, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, N.R. R., P. St. Paul, Minn.—*Adv.*

TOURISTS seeking rest and recreation during the hot summer months can obtain valuable information from the illustrated guide books entitled "A Summer Jaunt" and "Summer of 1888" issued by the Wisconsin Central Line. These books are descriptive of the summer resorts in Wisconsin and Minnesota, reached by the Wisconsin Central Line, and will be sent free to any address upon application to JAMES BARKER, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Milwaukee Wis.—*Adv.*

The Kennel.

Dogs: Their Management and Treatment in Disease. By Ashmont. Price $2. Kennel Record and Account Book. Price $3. Training vs. Breaking. By S. T. Hammond. Price $1. First Lessons in Dog Training, with Points of all Breeds. Price 25 cents.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Aug. 22 to 24.—Third Annual Show of the American Fox-Terrier Club, at Saratoga Springs, N. Y. (Including all terriers.) Entries close Aug. 15. H. P. Frothingham, Secretary, 2 Wall street, New York.

Aug. 27 to 31.—Toledo Dog Show, Toledo, O. John Farley, Sec'y.

Sept. 11 to 14.—First Dog Show of the Buffalo International Fair Association, at Buffalo, N. Y. Entries close Sept. 1. C. W. Robinson, Secretary.

Sept. 18 to 21.—First Annual Dog Show of the Syracuse Kennel Club, at Syracuse, N. Y. Howard B. Rathbone, Secretary.

Sept. 24 to 27.—Fifth Dog Show at London, Ont. C. A. Stone Superintendent.

Sept. 25 to 28.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Bristol Park Agricultural Society, Bristol, Conn. Entries close Sept. 22. C. F. Barnes, Secretary.

Oct. 9 to 12.—First Dog Show of the Virginia Field Sports Association, at Richmond, Va. B. H. Grundy, Secretary, Room 26, Shafer Building. Entries close Oct. 1.

Oct. 23 to 26.—Second Annual Show of the St. Paul and Minnesota Kennel Club, at St. Paul, Minn. J. E. Stryker, Secretary, Room 98 Globe Building.

Nov. 6 to 10.—Dog Show of the Richmond County Poultry and Pet Stock Association, in connection with Augusta National Exposition at Augusta, Ga. H. Madden, Superintendent.

Feb. 12 to 15, 1889.—Fifth Dog Show of the New Jersey Kennel Club, at Jersey City, N. J. Geo. L. Wilms, Secretary, 142 Monticello avenue, Jersey City, N. J.

Feb. 19 to 22, 1889.—Thirteenth Annual Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent.

Feb. 26 to March 1, 1889.—Second Annual Show of the Rensselaer Kennel Club, Troy, N. Y. Alba M. Ide. Secretary.

March 5 to 8, 1889.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Albany Kennel Club, at Albany, N. Y. Geo. B. Gallup, Secretary.

March 12 to 15, 1889.—Second Annual Show of the Fort Schuyler Kennel Club, Utica, N. Y. James W. Dunlop, President.

March 19 to 22, 1889.—First Annual Dog Show of the Maryland Kennel Club, at Baltimore, Md. W. S. Diffenderffer, Secretary.

March 26 to 29, 1889.—First Annual Dog Show of the Massachusetts Kennel Club, at Lynn, Mass. D. A. Williams, Secretary.

April 2 to 5, 1889.—First Annual Show of the Rochester Kennel Club, at Rochester, N. Y. Harry Yates, Secretary.

April 9 to 12, 1889.—First Annual Dog Show of the Mascoutah Kennel Club, at Chicago, Ill. John L. Lincoln, Jr., Secretary.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 11.—Third Annual Field Trials of the Manitoba Field Trials Club. Derby entries close July 1. All-Aged entries Aug. 1. Thos. Johnson, Secretary, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Nov. 1.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Indiana Kennel Club, at Bicknell, Ind. P. T. Madison, Secretary, Indianapolis, Ind.

Nov. 19.—Tenth Annual Field Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at High Point, N. C. (Members' Stake, Nov. 15.) W. A. Coster, Secretary, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

Dec. 3.—First Annual Field Trials of the Southern Field Trial Club, at Amory, Miss. T. M. Brumby, Secretary, Chattanooga, Tenn.

Dec. 10.—Second Annual Field Trials of the American Field Trials Club, at West Point, Miss. C. W. Paris, Secretary, Cincinnati, O.

Jan. 14, 1889.—Sixth Annual Field Trials of the Pacific Coast Field Trial Club, at Bakersfield, Cal. N. P. Sheldon, Secretary, 320 Sansome street, San Francisco, Cal.

COURSING.

Oct. 15.—Third Annual Meeting of the American Coursing Club at Great Bend, Kan. F. K. Doan, Secretary, 1210 Olive street, St Louis, Mo.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription $1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed **6435.**

THE NATIONAL DOG CLUB OF AMERICA.

Editor Forest and Stream:

At a meeting of the executive committee of the National Dog Club, recently held, it was voted that the club give at the coming Buffalo show fifteen bronzed medals, as special prizes, for the best American bred dog or bitch of the following breeds: Mastiffs, St. Bernards, deerhounds, English setters, Irish setters, Gordon setters, pointers, toy dogs, sporting spaniels, pugs, collies, fox-terriers, greyhounds, bulldogs, terriers (except fox).

The secretary of the Buffalo show has been advised of the intent and rendition of Rule XXIII. of the National Dog Club rules, and it will be enforced by him as follows: "Any person guilty of misconduct of any kind in connection with dogs, dog shows or field trials, who has been disqualified by any reputable club, will be held as disqualified by the National Dog Club. If the person so disqualified desires to have the disqualification removed the executive committee of the National Dog Club will duly consider his case, but only when supported by affidavits."

Dr. J. H. Meyer was elected to fill the vacancy in the executive committee caused by resignation of Mr. Harrison.

H. W. HUNTINGTON, Secretary.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Aug. 11.

The National Dog Club through its executive committee has sent out this appeal in behalf of fair play to Buffalo:

To the Breeders and Exhibitors of America:

If a constant reader of the sporting press you are doubtless fully informed of the inviduous attacks which have recently been made upon the National Dog Club of America. To these attacks, however, it is our purpose to allude, only inasmuch as they bear on the management of the Buffalo show, innocently drawn into discussion and threatened with injury thereby.

Among the accompanying reprints which we send you is one of an editorial from the *Turf, Field and Farm*, which appeared July 20. Therein you will learn why the Buffalo management, after consulting with Dr. Perry, the president of our club, *who advised them to join the American Kennel Club*, decided to recognize the National Dog Club, and elected to show under its rules. They believed they had no honorable alternative. Their decision once known, every possible influence was brought to bear to induce them to reverse it and show under the rules of the American Kennel Club, *which had already declined to permit them to do so unless they formed a "paper corporation," a course which they rightly assumed to be a dishonorable subterfuge.* The management were notified by that club, both by letter and through a delegate, that unless they threw over the National Dog Club, the American Kennel Club would ruin their show, by withholding their dogs and in other ways.

The Buffalo management has resisted the pressure brought to bear on them, and declined to make any change, practically on the eve of their show. And yet the deluge of letters from the American Kennel Club and its supporters, threatening destruction, has continued unabated.

The National Dog Club was declared to be unable to survive the opposition of the American Kennel Club, and it members were denounced in no measured terms, while th

latter organization modestly (?) claimed, in contrast, to be made up solely of gentlemen. Finally, a large number of copies of one sporting journal, which contained a letter of the president of the American Kennel Club on this subject, was sent to breeders for the purpose of misleading them.

It would be exceedingly wearisome to attempt to describe the many efforts which have been made by the American Kennel Club, not only to injure the new club, but also to ruin the Buffalo show. And yet it says, through its president, that there has been no prejudice excited against the National Club.

Surely these tactics employed cannot be classed as honorable, and we ask you, as fair-minded men and fellow breeders, whether they meet your approval, and whether, if you are a member of the American Kennel Club, you indorse its cowardly methods? If you do not, we appeal to you to aid us in making the Buffalo show a great success, and thereby give expression in a practical manner to your condemnation.

The premiums offered at Buffalo are very generous. But few managements have ever been as generous, and none more so.

The list of specials is large, and we do not believe that there was ever a show held in America where the winnings promised to be heavier. The National Dog Club give bronze medals for every important breed of dogs entered, and many prizes in money, valuable cups, etc., are offered by its friends.

Again, for the Buffalo show we bespeak fairness and your support. The two clubs can decide between them any issue which has been raised. Let not an innocent party suffer because he has accepted the support of one, after he was denied recognition by the other. Very truly yours,

J. FRANK PERRY,
For the Committee, the National Dog Club of America.
METROPOLITAN HOTEL, New York City, Aug. 6.

The executive committee of the National Dog Club have republished in pamphlet form the newspaper correspondence *pro* and *con* relating to their club, and are sending it out. By giving both sides, as set forth in the letters of Mr. August Belmont, Jr., and those of Dr. J. Frank Perry, they permit the breeders of the country to weigh the merits of the discussion and draw their own conclusions. The reprinted letters are prefaced by this address:

To the Dog Breeders of America:

Inclosed herewith you will find reprints of several communications which recently appeared in the sporting press. They comprise all statements of importance, which have thus far been made public, either friendly or unfriendly to the National Dog Club of America. With but a few words we lay these communications before you.

It is, of course, evident to all that where the interests of many individuals are involved—more especially if those individuals reside at long distances from each other—the best, if not the only, practical way for them to accomplish what they desire is through organization. This is an accepted fact in all departments of life. Properly organized, any number of persons can effect more, and effect it more quickly, than the same number could accomplish working individually.

There are many breeders of dogs who reside at points where there are no kennel clubs. They have rights which can only be secured by a breeders' club such as ours. Again, as you well know, many of the members of the kennel clubs now existing have never bred, nor have they held direct interest in, dogs, and, consequently, can have no actual knowledge of what is needed to promote the welfare of our fraternity.

The American Kennel Club has been likened by its president to the Supreme Court of the United States. That is not a proper comparison. The American Kennel Club is a court of appeal for *clubs*. The National Club is a court of appeal for *breeders* and *the public*, and, as such, can come in conflict with no *existing* organization. If the associate membership proposition of the American Kennel Club—which has been made since we organized—is adopted, that body will then be junior to the National Dog Club, and be open to the same abuse, now heaped upon our club, for entering the "field" of another organization.

With these views, briefly expressed, we lay the matter before you to judge upon. It is for you and your associates, the breeders of America, alone to decide whether or not you will organize in your own interests, and in the interests of the public with which you are intimately connected.

When the National Dog Club was first organized, its founders would only communicate with, and invite the cooperation of a few breeders, owing to the fact that it was expedient to hold the first meeting at the Boston show, and the time before it was short. We now beg leave to tender you a most cordial invitation to join us. Our annual dues are but $5. That sum should be forwarded, with the application for membership, to the secretary, H. W. Huntington, 148 South Eighth street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Hoping to have the pleasure of welcoming you to our ranks, we remain, very truly yours,

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE,
The National Dog Club of America.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have read with great interest the letters of Dr. Perry and Mr. Belmont in regard to the two kennel clubs, and desire to give expression to my views with relation to the matter.

No one interested in the dog world can, on the whole, regret the new life that has been infused into it by the discussion in question. If this increased vitality keeps up, and be turned to account, there must result a gain all round. All, however, will desire to see harmony.

One or two thoughts have occurred to me that I have not seen elsewhere.

Mr. Belmont evidently accepts Dr. Perry's statement that the American Kennel Club has been "snail-like." I cannot deny that myself, and I find the feeling among those I know to be pretty unanimous with regard to this point. The National Dog Club, in my opinion, is certainly deserving of praise for having accomplished the difficult feat of waking up the American Kennel Club.

Mr. Belmont seems to claim in his earlier letter that the American Kennel Club has filled the field. Yet in his speech at the last meeting he acknowledged that it does not, by proposing an associate membership, which would give individual breeders a representation. "I sincerely believe," he says in his last letter, "that the breeders do require an association of their own, and I, as a breeder and exhibitor, desire one greatly." Still he had made no move toward obtaining it until after the National Dog Club was formed; or, if he had, the movement had been without result. If the National Dog Club had not come into existence, I, as an individual breeder, would have been without representation unless there had been a local club in my vicinity.

Dr. Perry's proposition regarding the dog show rules strikes me as a very fair one. If the American Kennel Club adopt the changes—and every breeder will acknowledge they should be in force—that will end the matter. Even I myself should certainly then show under the American Kennel Club's rules. At present I should show under the National Dog Club's rules, because they are, in my opinion, the better, although there is yet room for improvement.

If "a lot of prominent American Kennel Club gentlemen" were asked to join the National Dog Club, it naturally suggests itself, it would have been better for them to have accepted, and so, as Dr. Perry says, have kept the new club harmonious with the old one. They could easily, by acting together, have prevented any hostile movement on the part of "the enemy." This possibility of concerted action on the part of the American Kennel Club members whom they invited to join them, must have suggested itself to the founders of the National Dog Club, and the fact that they were willing to risk it has been to me one of the strongest proofs that their intentions were friendly from the beginning. Mr. Belmont certainly pays himself and his associates a very poor compliment in supposing that their conduct has been such in the past that any one could imagine they would be "figureheads" in any enterprise. FAIR PLAY.

CHESAPEAKE BAY DOGS.

FRANKFORD, Pa., Aug. 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I was afforded much pleasure in the perusal of an article on the Chesapeake Bay dogs from the able pen of Mr. E. A. Palmer, of Nebraska. It brought to my mind several pleasurable incidents, in which the enjoyment depended almost wholly or in part on a noble dog of that breed. This dog was the best retriever I ever saw. I have seen and owned bird dogs and spaniels, which were almost infallible in retrieving, but none could approach the Bay dog, and this is what gave rise to my opinion.

About ten years ago in company with my cousin Rob, who was the proud owner of the dog in question, I was enjoying a few days ducking on the Sassafras River. Ducks were quite plentiful, and even canvasbacks more than common; redheads nearly as good as the former, along with cobheads and black ducks, were quite thick; a few geese and an occasional swan helped matters considerably. We constructed a blind on Ordinary Point during the afternoon, and by the appearance of the weather concluded that if we got there early the chances were pretty fair for some good shooting in the morning, but in ducking "you cannot sometimes most always tell." However, before daylight we were comfortably stowed in the blind, our big negro boatman, George, having had a pretty hard tussle with wind and waves in rowing us across the river to the point, for it was blowing quite sharp and by daylight increased to almost a gale. Rob was armed with a good 10-bore Colt. I had a heavy 8-bore muzzleloader, for although the ducks were quite plenty they were very wild from being shot at so much, and a heavy gun was necessary. We also brought a Winchester .32 for wounded birds. Taylor, the Bay dog, and George, the boatman, completed the outfit.

We began shooting as soon as it was light, and had varying success as neither of us were crack shots, but with the help of George and the dog we managed to gather twenty-one ducks in a couple of hours. The wind now blew a gale and the river was fearfully rough. Just then we heard a swan trumpeting—it was coming up the river but beyond the reach of shot. Seizing the .32 I opened on him, and at the fourth or fifth shot had the good luck to tumble him down with a broken wing. Now came the difficulty. George absolutely refused to go after it, said the river was too rough, and it was. By this time the dog Taylor was almost beside himself, whining and almost crazy to go. Bob loosed him; he ran to the end of the point and jumped in, and swam in the direction that the swan had disappeared. We stood almost breathless and watched him out of sight. Twenty minutes passed and no Taylor. Half an hour went by and no sign of the dog. I felt sorry we let the dog go, and we did not fire a gun after the dog left. Rob looked down his nose and said he guessed he'd seen the last of old Taylor. We packed up and got ready to go home when George sung out, "Ki! yi! bress de Lawd, heah's Taylah!" And sure enough, here came the good old dog, nearly fagged out, staggering along the shore, dragging that big swan. He had been gone a little over three-quarters of an hour.

About noon the wind went down enough to enable us to cross the river, and we went home better pleased with the ending of our day's shooting than we had had reason to expect. I could give other evidence of this dog's good qualities, but I feel that I have trespassed already too much on the editor's good nature. J. C. S.

[The further incidents will be welcome, and we hope that "J. C. S." will favor us with them.]

RICHMOND DOG SHOW.

WE have received the premium list of the dog show to be held at Richmond, Va., Oct. 9 to 12, by the Virginia Field Sports Association. Over $1,900 is offered exclusive of special prizes. In the classes for mastiffs, rough-coated St. Bernards, smooth-coated St. Bernards, large pointers, small pointers, English setters, Irish setters, black and tan setters, collies and fox-terriers, the prizes are, champion, dogs, $20, bitch, the same; open, dogs, $20, $10 and certificate; puppies, $10 and certificate for each sex. In Clumber, field and cocker spaniels, bull-terriers, and pugs (dogs and bitches), the prizes are, champion, $10; open, dogs, $10, $5 and certificate, bitches the same (except Clumbers); puppies, $10 and certificate, dogs and bitches (class divided in spaniels). In beagles and bulldogs the prizes are, champion, dogs, $10, bitches the same; open, dogs, $10; $5 and certificate, bitches the same; puppies, $10 and certificate. The remaining classes have $10, $5 and certificate, except that in a few of the less important ones the second prize is a certificate. There is a class provided for Virginia native setters of any breed, with prizes of $10, $5 and certificate for each sex, and $5 and certificate for puppies. The judges so far as announced are J. M. Tracy, James Mortimer, Col. F. G. Skinner and A. C. Wilmerding. George H. Hill is superintendent. Entries close Oct. 1. The address of the secretary is B. H. Grundy, Room 26, Shafer Building, Richmond, Va.

Editor Forest and Stream: Please publish the fact that since the premium list of the Virginia Field Trials Association was published our management has, at the instance of the American Gordon Setter Club, added the following classes for Gordon Setters: Champion dogs and bitches, $20; open dogs, $20, $10 and certificate, bitches the same; puppies, $10 and certificate. To the above the American Gordon Setter Club has added a prize of solid silver valued at $25 for the best Gordon setter dog. These classes will be judged by Mr. Harry Malcolm, who has been suggested by the A. G. S. Club. They are in addition to the classes for black and tan setters, which will be judged by Mr. J. M. Tracy.—JNO. S. WISE, Pres. (Richmond, Va., Aug. 9).

COONS.—Windham, Conn., July 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am here spending my summer vacation as usual, and getting my coon dogs Rover and Nero into hunting condition. I read with great interest the accounts of coon hunts published in your paper and so do the natives about here. Have a few questions to ask, which would be of interest to me if they could be answered by some of your coon-hunting readers, thus adding to coon knowledge, which I am sorry to say is very meager. My idea is to invite correspondence through the FOREST AND STREAM, so if you think them of sufficient interest please publish them. Do coons holloa at night? Some say they do not. At what age do coons breed and how often? Will coons breed in captivity? Does it injure a dog's scent for trailing for the time being to kill a skunk?—J. L. B.

SYRACUSE DOG SHOW.—Syracuse, N. Y., Aug 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Syracuse Kennel Club are very sorry that they have been so delayed in issuing their premium list for their show of September 18, 19, 20, 21, but hope to send it out during this week. The entries close September 3, and we ask those wishing premium lists to apply at once and send on their entries as soon as possible. William Tallman is to be the superintendent, and Spratts Patent (Limited) is to do the benching and feeding. Every one is greatly interested in the show, and the club looks for a great success.—HOWARD B. RATHBONE, Secretary.

THE SCENT OF SKUNKS AND DOGS.

OUR correspondent J. L. B. asks if the odor of a skunk will prevent a dog from following a trail? We have often seen dogs, while hunting, come in contact with skunks and get completely saturated with the effluvium, but in no instance was there any apparent injury to their olfactory organs. Old Sounder, a favorite foxhound of long ago, was an inveterate foe to the perfumed rodents and neglected no opportunity to shake every vestige of scent from them, much to the disgust of his many admiring friends. On several occasions we have seen him when following a fox, swerve from his course and shake up a skunk and then resume his trail and run it as true as ever trail was run. We have owned several pointers and setters that would tackle a skunk whenever found, but we could never discover any diminution of their scenting powers. At the chicken trials in Minnesota in 1882, the setter dog Pink B. ran into a skunk and the incident is thus described in our report:

"Just here a skunk put in appearance and as he leisurely ambled along Pink spied him, and apparently realizing that nature had been remiss in not making game of the rodent, he undertook the job on his own account and sailed in regardless. Every one knows that 'a rose by any other name would smell as sweet,' but we assure you that a Pink is a different sort of a posey altogether, for without any change of name—although come to think over it, Short did use some other name. Pink came out of the scrimmage with a most decided change of odor, at least it seemed so to us, but Pink soon convinced us that his smell was all right by handsomely pointing at a long distance a single bird that had remained on the stubble."

In FOREST AND STREAM of Sept. 21 1882, an article on scent was published from which we reprint a portion, as there appears to be an analogy in the case:

"That the nose of the dog is a most wonderful organ no one at all conversant with the performances of hunting dogs will for a moment doubt. How marvelous the power that enables the pointer or setter to accurately follow the intricate windings of the trail that was traced by the wandering bird perhaps hours before. How wonderful his ability to follow the footsteps of his master, even through a crowd, upon the pavements where all scent, seemingly, must be obliterated by countless other footsteps. How perplexing the fact that he can unerringly follow the track of our horse, driven at speed over the cobble stones or dusty road, and surely find us, although many teams have crossed and recrossed our path. Often have we puzzled our brain in endeavoring to solve the mystery of this wonderful power, but in vain; and long ago, like Dundreary, we resolved that 'this was a thing that no fellow could find out.' We once saw a brace of dogs road the trail of a grouse athwart the effluvium from the carcass of a dead horse, which the air blew directly in their nostrils, and the heavily laden air reminded us—by contrast—of the 'spice-laden odors of Araby the blest;' with never a doubt nor fault they followed the bird and came to a staunch point within twenty yards of the odorous mass. We could scarcely believe the evidence of our eyes nor place any confidence in the sense of the dogs until, with bated breath, we rushed in and flushed the bird. We then and there foreswore all future attempts to elucidate the unfathomable mystery surrounding the subject."

DOG TALK.

THE *Stock-Keeper* vouches for this: A lady was visiting her friends at the seaside, where there was a fine dog, whose master was in the habit of giving him money every day to buy meat for his dinner from the butcher's cart. The lady, admiring the handsome intelligent animal, called him to her as she sat at breakfast and fed him from her plate. The dog at once went to his master, and standing on his hindlegs pawed and scratched at the gentleman's breast pocket. At first the master failed to understand and ordered him away; but the dog persisting, he finally said, "Well, I do believe he wants his money," and offered him a coin, which the dog instantly took, and trotting back to the visitor deposited it in her lap, with a wag of his tail and a look which seemed to say, "I always pay the butcher, and why not you?"

We receive by nearly every mail requests for pedigrees. In case those wanted are of registered dogs comparatively little labor is necessary, but when the dog has no record it is in many instances impossible to give the information wanted. Inquirers should in all cases give all the facts in their possession regarding the dogs in question. If they or their parents have been shown, give place and date, also name of breeder as well as any other information that will assist us in tracing them. Those who have printed pedigrees of their dogs will confer a favor by sending a few of them to us.

Entries for the Buffalo dog show close Sept. 1. The Buffalo exhibition directors are expecting half the people of the continent there; and as no extra admission charge will be made to the dog show part of the exposition, it will be attended by a big crowd.

Dog show managers should always send us a supply of premium lists and entry blanks, as we almost invariably have calls for them, generally on the day that the entries close.

Mr. Frank F. Dole has removed to his old home, New Haven, Conn., where he has located his kennel—the Royal Bull-terrier Kennel. His address is 1004 Chapel street.

We are informed that Mr. John S. Wise, of Richmond, Va., will soon remove to New York. His many friends in this city will gladly welcome him.

There will be a dog show at Greensburg, Pa., Sept. 18 to 21, in connection with the annual fair of the Westmoreland County Agricultural Society.

Mr. W. H. Moller, who recently lost the champion pointer bitch Water Lily, has replaced her with Juno S. from the Clifton Kennel.

Everybody and his dog will, from present indications, be at the Richmond dog show, and a general good time is expected.

The Birmingham (Eng.) dog show committee have decided that in future the judging at this show will be open to the public.

Mr. John Reed will terminate his connection with Spratts Patent Sept. 1.

MR. BELMONT'S CHARGES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In case Mr. August Belmont, Jr., has not replied to my letter in your issue of Aug. 2, will you allow me to call the attention of your readers to the fact that the first time he is brought up with a round turn to give proof in support of one of his wild assertions, the bottom falls out of his accusation.

After reading his many effusions, particularly his reply of last week to Mr. Rewalt's stinging epistle, I trust for the good of the dog world Mr. Belmont will favor us with a column every week, for now that the prevaricating clown of the canine world has begun to discuss horses, we have nothing left to laugh at. JAS. WATSON.

"A BIT OF KENNEL HISTORY."

Editor Forest and Stream:

Since reading Mr. Mason's letter in your last issue, I have jogged my memory and find that I did, in a letter published in the *Turf, Field and Farm* of Feb. 17, 1888, publicly invite Mr. Mason to edit the Stud Book. By reference to the letter, which you designate as a derisive letter about Mr. Mason as an English gentleman, in your editorial of July 26, 1888, you will find I use the following language: "Now let us adopt this as a substitute for Rule 2; that all dogs in America shall be registered in a book, and that said book shall be published by Chas. H. Mason, an English gentleman, under such conditions and terms as he may adopt."

This is the only invitation or request I ever made to him to become the editor of the Stud Book, and his statement that I personally requested him to take Mr. Vredenburgh's place as editor, is absolutely untrue, and it must have come to him in a dream. Perhaps the wish was father to the thought, he knowing that he was the only man in this country who was capable and competent to edit the Stud Book. The fact that another was doing it preyed upon his mind and consequently begat the dream. It must have come to him in this way, because he is not only an English gentleman but too much of a gentleman to repeat to a newspaper for publication a private conversation in his own house with his friend.

Then again, if I had had said conversation, I know Mr. Mason would not repeat it, because I don't know, nor do I pretend to know, anything about dogs or doggy matters, and he says himself that he published a letter several years ago in the FOREST AND STREAM saying he would not have a discussion with an ignoramus like me, or words to that effect.

Margaret Fuller, when quite young, made this statement: "I have now met all the minds of this country worth meeting, and I find none comparable to my own." Poor Margaret now lies dead, while poor Mason—well, in the language of Marcus Antonius:

> "O, mighty Cæsar! dost thou lie so low?
> Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
> Shrunk to this little measure?—Fare thee well."

C. J. PESHALL.

JERSEY CITY, August, 1888.

SPANIELS AS PETS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your issue of Aug. 2 contained a letter from Mr. H. F. Schellhass on the adoption by the American Pet Dog Club of certain constitution and by-laws, wherein spaniels under 28lbs. (meaning cockers), and beagles were listed with pugs, Blenheims and other breeds, as pet dogs, and suitable subjects for their protection, duly added to their list, and installed as such upon their books, to all of which Mr. Schellhass objects, and on behalf of the spaniel I object. Now the question naturally arises as to whether the Pet Dog Club has not extended its functions beyond its reasonable sphere? Spaniels and beagles have, from time immemorial, been kept and used for the hunt—they are so kept and used today. Why then classify them with what are known as pet dogs—breeds that are used almost exclusively for ornamental purposes, kept entirely as house dogs, and never used by the sportsman (with the exception, perhaps, of some of the terriers). The Pet Dog Club might have—having gone as high as 28lbs.—increased their weight limit a trifle and taken in some of the larger breeds, Great Danes for instance, they being possessed of the twofold advantage of not already having a specialty club in this country to protect their interests, and no remodeled and Americanized standard that has stood (as is the case with the American Spaniel Club) the wear and tear of years, been accepted by all clubs, used by all our foremost judges, and what is more, indorsed by none other than the late lamented J. H. Walsh ("Stonehenge") himself, said letter of approval being in my possession. Ergo, aside from venturing on ground already occupied, the Pet Dog Club, when it selects "Stonehenge's" standard for cockers, is offering us second-hand goods, ours having been formulated in 1881, being by several years newer than his, and as I remarked before, having received his indorsement unqualified. I have let an issue of your paper come and go in the hope that some one of the members of the Pet Dog Club would have something to say in reply to Mr. Schellhass and in defense of their action. As a member and officer of the American Spaniel Club I protest against their assuming authority in any manner over the cocker spaniel. A. C. WILMERDING, Sec'y A. S. C.

NEW YORK, Aug. 13.

MANITOBA FIELD TRIALS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Following is a list of the entries for the All-Aged Stakes of the Manitoba Field Trials Club:

FANNIE M. (D. Smith), English setter bitch (Count Noble—Pearlie).

PRAIRIE (D. Smith), English setter dog (Dash B.—Qu'Appelle Belle.

GROUSE (D. M. Blackwood), Gordon setter dog (Major—Young Flora.

JENNY DEANS (S. Birkett), English setter bitch (Baron Doveridge—Border Belle.

DICK BONDHU (Thos. Johnson), English setter dog (Dashing Bondhu—Duchess Primrose).

CAMBRIA (Thos. Johnson), English setter bitch (Cambridge—Pet Laverack).

PITTI SING (Thos. Johnson), English setter bitch (Baron Doveridge—Norah).

BIRTLE (Hubert Galt), pointer dog (Croxteth—Bella).

SASKATCHEWAN (George Tempest) pointer dog (Bang Bang—Phœbe.

BRUCE M. (T. A. Montgomery), English setter dog (Cable—Bredna).

DASH B. (Manitoba Kennel), English setter dog (Dash Bryson—Lucy.

MANITOBA BELLE (Manitoba Kennel), English setter bitch (Pride of Dundee—Jeanette).

VAN R. (C. A. Boxer), English setter dog (Dime—Frost II.).

QU'APPELLE BELLE (C. A. Boxer) English setter bitch (Mark J.—Betsy). THOS. JOHNSON, Secretary.

DEATH OF HOWARD HARTLEY.

WITH sincere regret we hear of the death of Mr. Howard Hartley. Although Mr. Hartley had not been seen often at dog shows or field trials of late years, and though virtually unknown to the latest growth of fanciers who began yesterday and rule to-day, yet his statuesque figure and open, hearty face was well known to show goers of four or five years since.

Mr. Hartley was one of our earliest setter men, having imported Rake somewhere about 1868 to '70, and this importation he followed up by purchasing Ruby, Royal Ranger, Daisy Queen, Gaily, etc., and subsequently bought the crack Queen Alice at a long figure. His last importations of note were the black pointers Flotsam and Jetsam.

Mr. Hartley was stricken with paralysis about a month since, from which he partly recovered, but a relapse set in and complications made their unwelcome appearance to which he speedily succumbed. Although somewhat lacking in that steady persistency which commands success, he was yet a most popular fancier, winning the regard of all by his kindliness of heart, and in all things was the perfect gentleman in the best sense of the word. Mr. Hartley left a widow and one son to mourn his loss, and they have the sincere sympathy of all who knew the deceased.

KENNEL NOTES.

Notes must be sent on prepared blanks, which are furnished free on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope of large letter size. Sets of 200 of any one form, bound for retaining duplicates, are sent for 30 cents.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Elora Dot. By H. Card, Elora, Ont., for black, white and tan beagle bitch, whelped March 21, 1887, by Blue Cap (Blue Cap—Blue Bell) out of Minnehaha (Dandy—Beauty).

Hilda. By Geo. H. Elder, Green Spring Farms, Tobin's, Md., for sable, white breast and feet, collie bitch, whelped May 3, 1888, by Strephon (A.K.R. 2730) out of Couthie (A.K.R. 2708).

Bloodwood. By Elliott Johnston, Wachapreague, Va., for tawny sable and white collie dog, whelped May 3, 1888, by Strephon (A. K.R. 2730) out of Couthie (A.K.R. 2708).

Couthie II. By Elliott Johnston, Wachapreague, Va., for black, white and tan collie bitch, whelped Aug. 10, 1884, by Birckhead's Help (Elder's Mack—Lurman's Toby) out of Sonsie (A.K.R. 1332).

Black Princess. By Hiram Card, Elora, Ont., for black Newfoundland bitch, whelped July 12, 1888, by Blucher out of Queen (Sancho—Juno II.).

Fleet View Randolph, Spot Dash's Boy, Fleet View Victoria, Fleet View Belle and Fleet View Queen. By Fleet View Pointer Kennels, Lynn, Mass., for liver and white pointers, two dogs and three bitches, whelped July 24, 1888, by Spot Dash (Sir Philip Sydney—Topsy) out of imported Belle Randolph (Duke of Westminster's Sam—Juno III.).

Fleet View Alice. By Fleet View Pointer Kennels, Lynn, Mass., for white and liver ticked pointer bitch, whelped July 24, 1888, by Spot Dash (Sir Philip Sydney—Topsy) out of imported Belle Randolph (Duke of Westminster's Sam—Juno III.).

Spunkey. By Theo. J. Hook, Rome, N. Y., for black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped March, 1887, by Wilke's Obo (champion Obo, A.K.R. 432—Darkie, A.K.R. 250) out of Black Flash (A.K.R. 3447).

Lockwood. By Elliott Johnston, Wachaprague, Va., as a prefix to the name of collies bred by him.

Dry Hill Kennels. By W. S. Bidwell, Monterey, Mass., for his kennels of pointers.

BRED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Mercia—Chieftain. John E. Thayer's (Lancaster, Mass.) deerhound bitch Mercia (A.K.R. 4531) to his Chieftain (A.K.R. 3726), June 30.

Pride of the Heather—Bran. John E. Thayer's (Lancaster, Mass.) deerhound bitch Pride of the Heather (Chieftain—Berga) to his Bran (A.K.R. 2612), June 13

Theodora—Bran. John E. Thayer's (Lancaster, Mass.) deerhound bitch Theodora (Chieftain—Thora) to his champion Bran (A.K.R. 2612), June 12.

Lorna II.—Chieftain. John E. Thayer's (Lancaster, Mass.) deerhound bitch champion Lorna II. (A.K.R. 336) to his Chieftain (A. K.R. 3726), June 11.

Nan of Naso—Sachem. Geo. McNeil's (Jersey City, N. J.) pointer bitch Nan of Naso (Nick of Naso—Temptation) to Clifton Kennels' Sachem (champion Beaufort—Zuba), Aug. 7.

Lady—Tim. Oakview Kennels' (Philadelphia, Pa.) Irish setter bitch Lady (Begorra—Leigh Doane) to Max Wenzel's Tim (Biz—Hazel), July 4.

Nellie—Tim. Chs. T. Thompson's (Philadelphia, Pa.) Irish setter bitch Nellie (Glencho—Bess) to Max Wenzel's Tim (Biz—Hazel), May 7.

Rosie—Chief. Max Wenzel's (Hoboken, N. J.) Irish setter bitch Rosie (Tim—Yoube) to his Chief (Berkley—Duck), July 31.

Nellie—Chief. A. B. Tyrrell's (Haverhill, Mass.) Irish setter bitch Nellie (Watts—Romaine) to Max Wenzel's Chief (Berkley—Duck), May 31.

Jennie—Chief. Max Wenzel's (Hoboken, N. J.) Irish setter bitch Jennie (Tim—Yoube) to his Chief (Berkley—Duck), June 20.

Ready—Red Dash. Max Wenzel's (Hoboken, N. J.) Irish setter bitch Ready (Chief—Yoube) to J. M. Fuchs's Red Dash (Arlington—Doe), July 1.

Princess Tiney—Obo, Jr. Rideau Kennels' (Ottawa, Can.) cocker spaniel bitch Princess Tiney (A.K.R. 4810) to their Obo, Jr. (A.K.R. 1481), July 15.

Miss Tommy—Raby Mixer. John E. Thayer's (Lancaster, Mass.) fox-terrier bitch Miss Tommy (Bacchanal—Pluck) to his Raby Mixer (A.K.R. 4598), Aug. 7.

Shame—Reckoner. John E. Thayer's (Lancaster, Mass.) fox-terrier bitch Shame (A.K.R. 2700) to his Reckoner (A.K.R. 5707), Aug. 7.

Richmond Olive—Reckoner. John E. Thayer's (Lancaster, Mass.) fox-terrier bitch Richmond Olive (A.K.R. 2699) to his Reckoner (A.K.R. 5705), June 11.

Richmond Myrtle—Belgrave Primrose. John E. Thayer's (Lancaster, Mass.) fox-terrier bitch Richmond Myrtle (A.K.R. 5032) to his Belgrave Primrose (A.K.R. 3801), July 26.

WHELPS.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Wanda. John E. Thayer's (Lancaster, Mass.) deerhound bitch champion Wanda (A.K.R. 3730), June 4, six (four dogs), by his Chieftain (A.K.R. 3726).

Ramona. John E. Thayer's (Lancaster, Mass.) deerhound bitch champion Ramona (A.K.R. 3729), June 1, four (two dogs), by his Chieftain (A.K.R. 3726).

Countess Zina. John E. Thayer's (Lancaster, Mass.) deerhound bitch Countess Zina (A.K.R. 4031), June 30, seven (three dogs), by his Chieftain (A.K.R. 3726).

Brazen. John E. Thayer's (Lancaster, Mass.) deerhound bitch Brazen (A.K.R. 4723), July 30, eight (four dogs), by his Chieftain (A.K.R. 3726).

Lorna Secunda. John E. Thayer's (Lancaster, Mass.) deerhound bitch Lorna Secunda (A.K.R. 4351), July 26, eight (six dogs), by his Bran (A.K.R. 2612).

Elora Nellie. H. Card's (Elora, Ont.) foxhound bitch Elora Nellie (Jumbo—Fanny), Aug. 2, seven (three dogs), by his Sportsman).

Queen. H. Card's (Elora, Ont.) Newfoundland bitch Queen (Sancho—Juno II.), July 12, twelve (four dogs), by Speedside Kennels' Blucher.

Juno S. W. H. Moller's (New York) pointer bitch Juno S., Aug. 9, seven (four dogs), by Chas. Heath's champion Graphic (A.K.R. 2411).

Trinket. Warner & Hamilton's (Canaan Four Corners, N. Y.) pug bitch Trinket (Dandy—Pansey Blossom), Aug. 8, five, by H. C. Burdick's Cricket (A.K.R. 3230).

Di. Syracuse Kennel Club's (Syracuse, N. Y.) English setter bitch Di (Cambridge—champion Dido II.), Aug. 8, nine (six dogs), by W. B. Shattuc's Chance (Roderigo—Bo Peep).

Rideau Lou. Rideau Kennels' (Ottawa, Can.) cocker spaniel bitch Rideau Lou (Bob II.—Raveness), July 12, seven (three dogs), by their Obo, Jr. (A.K.R. 1481).

Fairy. H. Card's (Elora, Ont.) cocker spaniel bitch Fairy, Aug. 3, three (two dogs), by T. & E. Black's Reignauld.

Meersbrook Nan. John E. Thayer's (Lancaster, Mass.) fox-terrier bitch Meersbrook Nan (A.K.R. 4109), June 15, four (two dogs), by his Reckoner (A.K.R. 5705).

Jaunty. John E. Thayer's (Lancaster, Mass.) fox-terrier bitch Jaunty (A.K.R. 2690), June 21, two (one dog), by his Raby Mixer (A.K.R. 4598).

Lady Mixture. John E. Thayer's (Lancaster, Mass.) fox-terrier bitch Lady Mixture (A.K.R. 4590), June 24, six (five dogs), by his Reckoner (A.K.R. 5705).

Miss Mixture. John E. Thayer's (Lancaster, Mass.) fox-terrier bitch Miss Mixture (A.K.R. 4111), July 6, four (three dogs), by his Reckoner (A.K.R. 5705).

Di. John E. Thayer's (Lancaster, Mass.) fox-terrier bitch Di (A.K.R. 2694), June 22, one dog, by his Reckoner (A.K.R. 5705).

Lyra. John E. Thayer's (Lancaster, Mass.) fox-terrier bitch Lyra (A.K.R. 2196), July 28, three (one dog), by his Raby Mixer (A. K.R. 4598).

Clytie. Rideau Kennels' (Ottawa, Can.) fox-terrier bitch Clytie, July 15, five (four dogs), by their imported Jack.

Flirt. J. L. Lincoln's (Chicago, Ill.) Yorkshire terrier bitch Flirt (Jingo—Fanny), July 24, three dogs, by P. H. Coombs's Bradford Harry (Crawshaw's Bruce—Beale's Lady).

SALES.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Strephon (A.K.R. 2730)—Couthie (A.K.R. 2708) whelps. Collies, whelped May 3, 1888, by Geo. H. Elder, Green Spring Farm, Tobin's, Md., a sable, white breast and front toes, dog to Theo. Marburg, Baltimore, Md.; a dark sable, little white on breast, bitch to J. C. Hutchinson, Washington, D. C., and a sable, white breast, dog to Miss Margaret N. Carter, Redlands, Carter's Bridge, Va.

Foxey (A.K.R. 2711)—Bonnie Kate (A.K.R. 4016) whelps. Collies, whelped April 30, 1888, by Geo. H. Elder, Green Spring Farm, Tobin's, Md., a sable, white ruff, frill and toes, bitch to Wm. A. Pleasants, Fallston, Md.; a sable, white breast, half frill and toes, dog to Rev. Geo. W. Dame, Smyrna, Del.; a dark sable, little white on breast, dog to Hon. Lloyd Lowndes, Cumberland, Md., and a mixed sable and white and tan and black dog to Mrs. Marie Louise Butler, Portsmouth, N. H.

Breeze. Black, white and tan collie dog, whelped July 15, 1888, by Clipper (A.K.R. 2329) out of Nellie McGregor, by Warner & Hamilton, Canaan Four Corners, N. Y., to S. B. Merrick, same place.

Mars II. Fawn mastiff dog, whelped Aug. 5 1882 (A.K.R. 4372), by W. G. Whitehead, St. Paul, Minn., to E. Penner & Co., Gretna, Manitoba.

Juno S. Liver and white ticked pointer bitch, whelped May, 1886, pedigree not given, by Clifton Kennels, Jersey City, N. J., to W. H. Moller, New York.

Psyche. White and mahogany brindle rough St. Bernard bitch, whelped April 28, 1888, by Cato (A.K.R. 5265) out of Nutmeg (A.K. R. 5000), by Halfway Brook Kennels, Glens Falls, N. Y., to Mrs. W. E. Kisselburgh, Troy, N. Y.

Obo, Jr. (A.K.R. 1481)—Rideau Lou whelp. Black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped Jan. 15, 1887, by Rideau Kennels, Ottawa, Ont., to M. Springer, Strathroy, Ont.

Cora. Black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped Jan. 15, 1888, by Obo, Jr. (A.K.R. 1481) out of Rideau Lou, by Rideau Kennels, Ottawa, Can., to Arthur Fields, Kingston, Can.

Jack. White, black and tan markings, imported fox-terrier dog, age and pedigree not given, by Rideau Kennels, Ottawa, Can., to D. A. Radcliffe, Port Arthur, Ont.

Nettie. White, black and tan markings, imported fox-terrier bitch, age and pedigree not given, by Rideau Kennels, Ottawa, Can., to D. A. Radcliffe, Port Arthur, Ont.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

C. C. R., Simcoe, Ont.—I have a setter puppy about three months old over whose eyes a film seems to be growing; it is on the surface of the pupils, and not underneath, where I believe a cataract would grow. Can you suggest a remedy, and is there any danger of the pup going blind? Ans. Get a solution of zinc sulphate, 2 grains to the ounce of water. Drop a little into the puppy's eyes night and morning. Think the pup will recover.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

THE QUEBEC RIFLE ASSOCIATION.

OTTAWA, Aug. 7.—The annual meeting of the Province of Quebec Rifle Association began on the Rideau ranges here to-day. The total number of entries was 168.

Major Blaiklock, the secretary of the association, has during the past two or three days got everything into splendid condition, and consequently the work has gone on without a hitch.

The first match was the Nursery, open to all members of the P. Q. R. A. (whether by direct contribution or through affiliated associations) who had never won an individual prize at any Provincial or Dominion match; range, 400yds.; 7 rounds; Snider rifle; possible score, 35; Government pattern; position, any with head to target. For this event, with which was coupled the team match, there were cash prizes to the value of $107. There were quite a number of entries, including Ottawa men.

The following are the winners and their scores:

Pvt Parke, 8th Rifles	34	Sert-Maj Findlay, 54th Battg.	28
Bombr Dilly, M G A	32	Pvt Lemigh, 43d Batt	27
Col-Sergt Ferguson, 1st PWR	31	Pvt Ward, 43d Batt	27
Sergt Heron, 54th Batt	30	T C Slade, M R A	27
Lieut-Col Cole, 42d Batt	30	Pvt Presley, 41st Batt	27
Pvt Gooding, G G F G	29	Pvt Walsh, 50th Batt	27
Pvt D Cameron, 6th Fusiliers	29	Pvt Dunson, 8th Royal Rifles	27
C S Scott, M R A	28		

Over twenty-seven were counted out on 27.

The next competitions were very interesting ones, skirmishing and volley firing, the conditions of the former being: Distance from about 500yds. to 200; 10 rounds; targets exposed 15 seconds at a time; and of the latter, 5 rounds at 300yds., with 3 points deducted for each shot fired out of time.

The results were announced as follows:

Skirmishing.			
43d Batt (1st team)	106	G G F G (2d team)	77
6th Fusiliers	80	5th Royal Scots	77
Volley Firing.			
Prince of Wales' Rifles	51	G G F G (2d team)	38
43d Batt (2d team)	50		

The next match was what is know as the "Association," open to all members of the P. Q. R. A.; 500 and 600yds. number of shots 7 at each range; Snider at 500yds. and Martini-Henry at 600yds.; position, any with head to target. The value of prizes exclusive of cups, amounted to $308, divided as follows:

First prize, $25; second, $20; third, $15; fourth, $10; fifth, $8; ten prizes of $5 each, $50; twenty prizes of $4 each, $80; all cash:

Sergt Hartley, 8th	64	Pvt Hall, 79th	55
Staff-Sergt Wynne, 5th	60	Lieut R J Spearing, 53d	55
Staff-Sergt T Mitchell	60	Pvt H W Edwards, 585h	55
Pvt T Waters, 6th	58	Mr G Hutchinson, M R A	55
Lieut H H Cole, 42d	58	Sergt Duford, 8th R R	54
Pvt G Lavers, 6th	58	Sergt H Johnson, 85th	54
Sergt Dowker, M G A	56	Sergt A S Kimmerley, 47th	54
Capt McMicking, 44th	56	Corp J Riddell, 6th	54
Staff-Sergt Jamieson, 43d	56	Pvt McJanet, 43d	54
Sergt C H Clarke, 53d	56	Pvt J A Armstrong	53
Capt McDonald, T R C	56	Pvt Ward, 13th	53
Lieut-Col J P Macpherson	56	Capt H Waldo (Ret list)	53
Pvt A Thompson, V R	56	Corp E Pratt, 6th	53
Sergt Clarke, 5th	55	Corp Morris, V R C	53
Pvt T Scott, 6th Fusiliers	55	Capt C B Jamieson, 6th	52
Capt Bell, 43d	55	Sergt G Thompson, T R C	52
Staff-Sergt Margetts, V R C	55	Pvt J P Nutting	52
Capt Luluham, M G A	55		

Sergt. Hartley's score, coming as it did within six points of a possible, was considered highly creditable work. Later in the day, however, Mitchell, of the Toronto Rifle Associat(on, took the shine out of everything by making a possible, planting 7 bullets on the bullseyes at the 500yds. range. Gen. Middleton was on the ground a large portion of the afternoon. Lieut.-Col. Mattice is officer in command.

Following were the winners in the association team matches: First prize, $30 and silver cup; second, $25; third, $18; fourth, $12; fifth, $10; sixth, $5.

Fifth Royal Scots	263	6th Fusiliers	260
Sherbrooke R A	262	8th Royal Rifles	248
Toronto R A	260	G G F G	246

Aug. 8.—The second day's contests took place under quite favorable auspices, for although the weather was rather fickle, still there was nothing worse to spoil the sport than variable winds and sun, and a shower toward the end of the day.

The great contest to-day was that for the magnificent Jubilee Cup, presented by the Corporation of the city of Montreal to the team from the battalions of that city which shall make the highest aggregate score in the active militia matches. This is said to be the handsomest cup in the Dominion.

Following are the individual scores in this match: Active militia match, open to the active militia of the Dominion of Canada, staff and officers who have retired retaining their rank, being members of the P. Q. R. Association by direct contribution or through affiliated associations; ranges 200, 500 and 600yds.; first prize, $30 and Dolan cup; second, $25; third, $20; fourth $15; fifth, $10; two prizes, each $8, $16; ten prizes, each $5, 50; eighteen prizes, each $4, $72.

The Dolan cup can only be taken by riflemen from Quebec province, and it was therefore won by the second man on the list.

Pvt Hilton, 45th	83	Col-Sergt Dalrymple, 5th	81
Lieut-Col Miller, 8th	82	Sergt Kimmerly, 47th	80
Pvt H W Edwards, 58th	82	Staff-Sergt Miller, 10th	80
Pvt Hall, 79th	81		

Two 72s were counted out.

The next match was the merchants' match, in which the conditions were as follows: Open to all members, range 600yds., number of shots, 7; rifle, Martini-Henry:

Sergt Johnson, 85th	29	Capt Hood, 5th	27
Pvt Hilton, 45th	28	Pvt Carberry, 5th	27
Capt Jamieson, 60th	28	Pvt Thompson, T R C	27
Pvt Wardell, 1st	28	Col-Sergt Marks, 6th	27

Thirteen 23s were counted out of the list. The Montreal corporation cup was won by the 5th Royal Scots with a score of 421, the 6th Fusiliers being second with 410. At a meeting of the members of the association the following officers were elected: Pres., Sir A. P. Caron; Vice-Pres., Lieut.-Col. McEachren, C.M.G., Lieut.-Col. Ouimet, Lieut.-Col. Miller, Capt. Trenholm. Executive members of Council, Lieut.-Cols. Brosseau, Rowe and Martin, Majors Moorehouse and Blaicklock, Captains Sims and Busteed.

Aug. 9.—The Province of Quebec Rifle Association matches were finished to-day. The weather was bright and rather blustery in the morning. It is worthy of remark that the marksmen have expressed themselves as well satisfied with the 1888 ammunition which was served to them. There is a good deal of dissatisfaction in regard to the volley firing match, which took place on the first day. It was announced to-day that the order of merit as first given out was a mistake and the proper award places the teams as follows:

8th Battalion	50	Fifth Royal Scots	41
G G F G	47		

The volley firing contest has caused considerable grumbling at any rate, and this amended decision has only made matters worse. The regulations state that for each shot fired out of time three points shall be subtracted from that team's score. One team, which fired twice before the word of command was given and made ragged firing each time, had only five deducted from its score. Another had two. Now under the rule, competitors cannot understand how less or more than three or a multiple of three could be subtracted.

The first match of the day was the frontier match, open to all members, 7 shots, 500yds., possible 35:

Sergt Mitchell, T R C	30	Sergt Reardon	28
Pvt Armstrong	29	Major Perley	28
Sergt MacCarthy	29	Pvt P Waters, 6th	28
Sergt Clarke, 5th	29	Capt Whitman, 60th	28
Pvt Matheson, 79th	29	Sergt Cooke, T R C	28
Pvt A Thompson, 8th	29	Lt Col Macpherson	28
Pvt A Thompson, 3d	29	Pvt H W Edwards, 58th	28
Sergt Newby	28	Pvt J P Nutting	28
Capt Thomas, 54th	28		

Nine 25s counted out of the prize list.

Extra series, open to all members; position as in No. 2; rifles, Snider range, 500yds.; possible score 25:

Lt Spearing, 53d	25	Mr Vicat, Richmond, R A	24
Corp Doyle 43d	25	Col-Sergt Dalrymple, 5th	24
Sergt Mitchell, T R C	25	Pvt G D McMartin, 5th	24
Pvt Waters, 6th	24	Sergt J Kimmerley, 47th	23
Pvt E E Hutchinson, 43d	24	Sergt J Fairbairn, 43d	23
Sergt Dewfall, 8th	24	Pvt J Ward, 5th	23
Corp J Adams, 13th	24	Capt Hood, 5th	23
Lt Beattie, 60th	24	Capt Bell, 43d	23

The first prize was $25 cash, the rest of the prizes being articles of various kinds. The shooting in it as will be seen by scores was very good.

Martini-Henry match:

Pvt Pressley, 41st	33	Trooper Cooper, P W	29
Sergt C H Clark, 43d	32	Pvt Thompson, 3d	29
Capt Hood, 5th	32	Pvt Higginson, 43d	28
Pvt D Smith, 6th	31	Pvt McJanet, 43d	28
Sergt G Thompson, T R C	31	Mr Vicat, R C A	28
Capt L Thomas, 54th	30	Pvt J Scott, 6th	28
Sergt Johnson, 85th	30	Pvt J Davidson, 8th	28
Pipe Sergt Clarth, 5th	29	Pvt R McAfee, 1st P W	28
Mr Hutchison, M R A	29	Pvt J Lavers, 6th	28
Sergt Goodwin, V R C	29	Pvt Sutherland, G G F G	28
Capt J A Adams	29	Staff-Sergt Pink, 43d	28
Sergt Mailliane	29	Pvt J D Taylor, 43d	28
Col Sergt McRea, 1st P W	29	One 28 counted out.	

Optional match, open to all members; number of shots, 7; range 500yds.; rifles Snider or Martini:

Sergt T Mitchell, 10th	35	Sergt J Wynn, 5th	32
Sergt J Gowdie, 8th	34	Pvt Hilton, 45th	32
Sergt Kimmerley, 47th	34	Sergt Reardon	32
Capt McMicking, 44th	34	Sert Crooks, Q O R	32
Pvt D Mitchell, 13th	33	Staff-Sergt Huntington, 50th	31
Pvt McMartin	33	M J W Cole, M R A	31
Pvt Edwards, 38th	33	Mr Vicat, R C A	31
Sergt Sweet, 60th	33	Lieut Cole, 42d	31
Pvt Hutchison, 43d	32	Pvt Ellis, 43d	31
Sergt W Marker, 6th	32	Sergt Hartley, 8th	31
Capt Thomas, 54th	32	Pvt Keogh	31
Staff Sergt Clarke, 53d	32	Corp Carroll	31
Sergt Macdonald, 43d	32	Lieut Spearing, 53d	31
Corp E Pratt, 6th	32	Pvt Pressley, 41st	30
Sergt Hall, 79th	32	Pvt G Thompson	30
Capt Whitman, 60th	32	Sergt Margetts, 14th	30
Col J P Macphersoa	32	Corp Morris, 13th	30

Fourteen 30s counted out.

BOSTON, Aug. 11.—There was a large number of riflemen at Walnut Hill to-day, and with good weather conditions they managed to get some excellent records.

Rest Match—200yds.

J. R. Munroe	10	11	11	11	12	12	8	12	12	—110
J. N. Eames	11	12	11	12	12	12	9	10	10	9—108
A. Ballard	9	10	11	11	12	11	12	10	9	12—107
B. G. Barker	12	11	10	11	12	9	11	11	9	10—106
E. James	11	12	10	11	12	9	11	0	10	10—104
O. T. Moore	10	8	11	9	10	11	11	11	10	9—103
E. C. Towne	9	9	10	11	11	8	11	10	10	10— 99
A. Clarke	8	10	9	10	11	11	9	10	9	11— 98
N. J. Eaton	9	8	9	21	10	11	9	9	12	9— 97
G. H. Rimbach	10	8	10	8	12	10	9	9	9	9— 94
F. D. Hart	12	10	8	11	8	8	8	8	9	19— 92

Off-Hand Decimal—200yds.

C. J. Ball	7	3	10	9	10	10	6	6	9	5—80
A. Maynard	5	7	4	8	10	7	9	5	7	6—68
O. F. Handy	6	9	7	7	9	7	4	5	7	5—67
A. Clarke	7	6	6	7	6	6	5	3	6	8—57

Military Match—200yds.

E. L. Dorr, Jr	4	4	5	4	4	5	5	4	5	4—44
B. L. Trull	4	4	4	5	5	4	5	4	5	4—44
W. D. Huddleson	4	5	5	5	4	4	5	4	3	4—43
A. E. Tenney	5	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	5—42
A. McCarthy	3	4	5	4	4	5	5	4	4	4—42
J. W. Deloria	4	4	5	5	4	4	5	3	4	4—42
A. J. Field	4	4	4	3	4	4	3	5	4	5—40
T. E. Ames	3	4	4	3	5	4	4	3	5	4—39
W. H. Miles	2	3	4	4	3	4	4	4	5	4—38
J. Durward	3	3	4	4	4	3	5	4	3	4—37
A. Spring	4	3	2	2	5	4	3	4	4	6—36

500yds.

H. L. Kelley	5	4	5	5	5	4	4	3	4	4—43
F. J. Lounsbury	4	4	2	3	5	4	4	5	5	5—41
F. N. Reynolds	5	4	5	2	3	3	5	5	5	4—41
B. L. Trull	0	0	4	2	4	3	5	5	3	3—29
W. H. Miles	0	3	4	3	2	2	4	4	3	3—28

LOWELL, Mass., Aug. 11.—The rifle team of the Richardson Light Guards, of Wakefield, came to Lowell this afternoon to shoot off a tie in a series of three matches between them and the Mechanic Phalanx team, of this city. One man from each team was absent, and the match was shot with teams of six each. The visitors were taken in a barge to Capt. Pratt's range at Middlesex Village, and the shooting was begun at 4 o'clock. The light was bad, but the other conditions were good. The Wakefield team won the match by 11 points. Following is the summary: 200yds., Creedmoor rules, 7 shots per man, visitors allowed one sighting shot:

Wakefield.		Mechanic Phalanx.	
Private Babbitt	5444455—31	Private Foster	4445534—29
Private Killam	4445445—30	Sergt Farnsworth	4354444—28
Sergt Gibon	4445344—28	Private Hazeltine	4443444—27
Private Horton	5444443—28	Private Kincaid	4434443—26
Capt Taylor	4443534—27	Lieut Worthen	0433444—22
Sergt Flanders	4203443—20	Lieut Wilson	3424422—21
	164		153

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 5.—Three rifle clubs were represented at Harbor View shooting range to-day, and the almost continuous crack of the guns proclaimed the fact that the members were striving for the much-coveted medals. The weather was perfect and very good scores were the result of the shooting. The California Schützen Club held its monthly medal competition with the following result: Champion class medal won by F. Kuhls, with 426 rings; first class medal, Capt. Klein, 421; second class medal, C. Meyer, 382; fourth class medal, J. Carrol, 379; cadet class, first class medal, P. Wertheimer, 344; second class medal, A. Stettin, 304. There was another shoot late in the day, the prize being a handsome bearskin rug. The lucky winner was George Helm, with the score of 71 for three shots. The Germania Rifle Club did not have so many men on the grounds as their fellow marksmen in the California Schützen Club, but they managed to use a good allowance of powder and lead. The result was: First class medal won by A. Robertson, with 376 rings; second class medal, C. Adams, 377; third class medal, F. Thensel, 321; first best center, G. H. Bahrs, 24; last best center A. Zeeches, 20. In the Eintracht Schützen Club competition the winners were: Capt. Kuhls, champion class medal, with 439 rings; L. Smith, first class medal, 369; H. Patt, second class medals, 342; A. Frost, third class medal, 342; last best shot, A. Stamer, 24.

TORONTO, Aug. 11.—The return telegraphic match between Halifax Garrison Artillery Rifle Association and the Toronto Association came off this afternoon on their respective ranges, and resulted in a win for the home team by 43 points. The final match will doubtless be shot next Saturday.

CREEDMOOR, Aug. 11.—The eighth marksman's badge match was shot at Creedmoor to-day. The following were the winners:

	200.	500.	Total.
W J Underwood, Co H, 7th Regt	22	24	46
H M Field, Co F, 23d Regt	19	24	43
A Z Bowen, Co G, 22d Regt	19	23	42
H C Fowler, Co F, 23d Regt	20	22	42
F S Kennedy, Co F, 7th Regt	20	21	41
G T Munson, Co K, 23d Regt	22	19	41
J J Tcenan, Co F, 13th Regt	19	21	40
W N Bavier, Co B, 32d Regt	20	20	40

Winners of Medals.

G A Lane, Co A, 13th Regt	22	23	45
W A Stokes, Co I, 23d Regt	24	21	45
D Bacon, Co K, 7th Regt	20	24	44

TORONTO, Aug. 7.—A variable cross wind to-day was the means of keeping the scores of the Toronto Rifle Association rather low. At 600yds. it was very irregular. Several of the club's best shots are in Ottawa. Scores at practice:

	200	500	600		200	500	600
R Bennie	29	35	23—87	W Jack	30	26	17—73
W G Fowler	26	33	23—82	J Agnew	24	21	24—69
J Lanskall	30	30	22—82	F Brown	26	21	21—69
J Bruce	30	27	22—79	W J Urquhart	28	21	20—69
T Kelly	30	30	19—79	A Bell	30	23	16—69
A Curran	31	32	24—78	W O Vanloon	25	28	13—66
W Ashall	28	22	26—76	J Anderson	26	24	15—65
G Lewis	28	28	20—76	W McSpadden	24	18	21—63
W Mowatt	28	30	17—75	J Johnston	21	25	13—59
W Harp	30	19	25—74				

CANADIAN SMALL-BORE WORK.—A friendly match between King City and Tottenham was shot by telephone on Aug. 2, and resulted in favor of Tottenham. The Tottenham team only joined the Ontario Small-Bore Rifle Association about a month ago, and feel proud in defeating a team like King City in their first match. Tottenham's grand total was 400, and King City's 393. The score:

King City.				Tottenham.			
	100.	200.	T'l		100.	200.	T'l
I W Crossley	41	35	76	Levi Medcalf	45	33	78
A Irvine	27	08	35	I R Bond	36	25	61
R Cull	23	31	69	John Hay	40	32	72
Dr Norman	38	21	59	Dr McKenna	42	27	69
E J Davis	41	35	70	M Nelson	35	18	53
I H Rose	42	42	84—393	S Windsor	31	36	67—400

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., Aug. 9.—Members of the City Guard made these scores at Lake Lookout Range this afternoon, 200yds.:

Bull	4455445—31	Bowers	4444544—29
W E Hosmer	5445454—31	Syner	3544354—28
McDonald	5444445—30	Taft	3444443—26
Merrick	4444554—30	Dr McKenna	3444443—26
Daggett	4455345—30	Smith	3444443—26
Southmayd	5444544—30	Dean	2444435—26
Wilcox	4454445—30	F G Hosmer	5453443—26
Sterling	3454445—29	Cordis	4243343—23
Johnson	4544444—29	Mclnery	4333334—23

DOVER, N.H., Aug. 10.—In the rifle contest between the Cocheco Rifle Club and the Antrim Rifle Club, of Pennsylvania, the Cochecos won by 148 points. The score was:

Cocheco Rifle Club.

J H Wentworth	71	86	80	92	83—412
J B Stevens, Jr	72	90	79	81	79—407
H B Horton	67	71	76	68	61—344—1163

Antrim Rifle Score.

E J Drake	62	73	61	65	74—335
C E Burgess	56	70	48	60	61—293
C hris Claflen	47	58	58	60	59—282— 915

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Aug. 6—There was a meeting of the Schuetzengilde this evening, to arrange for the Schuetzenfest to be held at Windsor Beach on Aug. 20, 21, 22 and 23. Henry Heinold was appointed Schuetzenmeister, and Col. Joseph Erbelding, Joseph Wagner, F. Ziegler, Charles Gottschalk and F. Schwikard were named as adjutants. The shooting will begin each day at 10 o'clock and the Fest will close with a grand ball and midsummer night festival. The programme will be much the same as last year.

INFANTRY FIRE.—Gen. Sheridan had great faith in the value of a trained infantry fire, and was always glad to see attention paid to target practice. John Austin Stevens, who met Gen. Sheridan when he was in Europe during the Franco-German war, said: "I met Gen. Sheridan at a breakfast given by Dr Bélard, and I asked him why he was on the Prussian side in the war. He replied: 'Mr. Stevens, I came abroad for one purpose—to ascertain the value of artillery as against trained infantry. I went over the battlefields where the dead were hastily buried and turned over the bodies to discover the nature of their wounds, and the experience confirmed my judgment that artillery was useless. I do not believe in artillery as an auxiliary in war.' Gen. Gibbs, who was with Gen. Sheridan in the Shenandoah Valley in his advance against Early, once said to me: 'No cannon was ever fired at Gen. Sheridan that he did not capture.'"

BOWMANVILLE, Ont., Aug. 11.—At the trial here to-day of the Dominion of Canada ammunition, 1888 issue, Mr. W. S. Russell made the remarkable score of 99 out of a possible 105, at 200, 500 and 600yds., Snider rifle, 31, 35 and 33 points; total 99. At the Quebec Association Rifle meeting, the good quality of the new issue ammunition was generally commented on, and one peg for hanging growling speeches on at the annual meetings seems to be gone.

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

CENTRAL ILLINOIS TOURNAMENT.

JERSEYVILLE, Ill., Aug. 3.—The Central Illinois Sportsman's Association held its tenth annual tournament at Sportsman's Park, in this city, July 24, 25, 26 and 27. The shoot was a success in every way, and the association made some money. It was a mistake in having it so early in the season, as the weather was very hot, and a great many of the shooters are farmers and were busy with their hay harvest, etc. Next year we will have it some time in September.

C. W. Budd went home ahead financially, and the possessor of one of the finest pointer puns in the land, and says he would not take a farm for it. Jim Stice won a Democratic plug hat, and wore it home, claiming it was a Harrison hat. L. S. Carter captured the individual championship gold badge, killing 17 live pigeons straight. C. M. Powers, of Decatur, won a handsome silver goblet. The Decatur team, composed of L. S. Carter, C. M. Powers, W. A. Henninger and I. W. Budd, won the team badges, four handsome gold medals. Fred A. Fodde, of St. Louis, acted as referee all through the tournament and gave good satisfaction as usual.

The convention was held the night of the 24th, and elected the following officers for the year: Cam. R. Hutchison, President, Jerseyville, Ill.; Dr. E. L. Spencer, Vice-President, Bunker Hill, Ill.; L. S. Hansell, Secretary, and John Fox, Treasurer, Jerseyville, Ill.

The following are the scores:

July 24.—Shoot No. 1, 6 standards, 3 moneys and 4 prizes:

G Beatty	010111—4	"Dukes"	111001—4
C M Powers	110001—3	C R Smith	101001—3
W C Smith	011111—5	Ed Robley	111111—6
C Heiligenstein	111001—4	Ed Spencer	011101—4
L S Carter	101101—4	J R Stice	011100—3
L S Hansell	001110—3	C McAninch	011100—3
Dr Spencer	011101—4	C R Hutchison	110111—5
H Govro	100111—4	M A Warren	100101—3
C E Strawn	110111—5	R Whitehead	101111—5
F Chappell	111100—4		

Robley won first alone. Ties on 5 divided money and Hutchison won prizes on shoot-off; Dukes third, Stice fourth.

No. 2, open to all, 4 moneys, 9 American clays:

Heiligenstein	101111111—8	Chappell	101110111—7
C W Budd	111111111—9	Warren	101111100—6
Stice	111111011—8	W C Smith	101111111—8
Ed Spencer	111111110—8	Dr Spencer	111011101—7
Robley	111111110—8	Carter	101111111—8
Dukes	100111100—5	Govro	111101011—7
Powers	101111101—7		

Budd first, Stice, Ed. Spencer, Smith and Carter second, Govro and Dr. Spencer third, Warren fourth.

Extra shoot, 9 standards, 3 moneys: Metcalf 7, "West" 7, Chappell 7, Powers 6, Solomon 6, Hansell 7, Beauvais 7, Ed. Spencer 5, W. C. Smith 6, Dukes 8, Stice 7, Dr. Spencer 5, Budd 9, Strawn 8. Budd first, Dukes and Strawn second, Stice third.

No. 3, 6 singles and 2 pair Keystoness, 4 moneys:

Strawn	111110 10 10—7	Ed Spencer	011001 11 11—7
Stoeckel	100101 11 00—5	Hutchison	111111 10 01—8
Dukes	111110 11 11—9	Robley	111111 11 11—10
Tack	011001 11 00—5	McAninch	111010 10 10—6
"West"	110110 00 10—5	Powers	111011 11 10—8
Whitehead	001101 01 01—5	Govro	110110 11 11—8
Chappell	100011 11 11—7	Metcalf	110001 00 11—5
Stice	111010 11 11—8	Parent	101010 11 00—5
W C Smith	100111 01 11—7		

Robley wins first, Dukes and Carter second, Powers third, Strawn fourth.

No. 4, open to all, 9 Keystones, 4 moneys:

Dukes	111111111—9	Strawn	010101110—5
Stice	001111010—5	Powers	011111111—8
Ed Spencer	111101110—7	W C Smith	011011110—6
"West"	111110100—6	Chappell	101111010—6
Whitehead	101010110—5	Robley	111111111—9
Beauvais	010011110—5	Hutchison	011111110—7
Parent	110011001—5	Govro	111110001—6
Metcalf	101111111—8	Dr Spencer	011001101—5
Budd	111111010—7		

Dukes and Robley first, Metcalf and Powers second, Ed Spencer and Hutchison third, Chappell fourth.

Extra shoot, 6 Keystones, 3 moneys: Stice 5, Chappell 5, Ed Spencer 5, Robley 5, Dukes 6, Beauvais 4, Metcalf 4, Budd 5, Solomon 3, "West" 4, Hansell 3, Powers 5, W. Smith 4, Dr. Spencer 3. Dukes first, Stice, Chappell and Powers second. W. C. Smith third.

No. 5, 10 live pigeons, 5 prizes, 30yds. rise, both barrels.

Whitehead	1211111012— 9	Beatty	1111001111— 8
Dukes	1111100111— 8	W C Smith	2010012200— 5
Chappell	1112021110— 8	Hutchinson	1111121011— 9
Stice	1112101012— 8	Metcalf	0101111110— 7
Warren	1100201221— 7	Solomon	1121211111—10
Parent	1000200022— 4	Robley	2112111201— 9
Powers	1212101112— 9	Carter	1111111111—10
Heiligenstein	1011121212— 9	G R Smith	0111112100— 7
Strawn	2101102212— 8	Skelly	1211020100— 6
McAninch	0201221101— 7	Burleigh	0212111000— 5
Ed Spencer	1102120111— 8	Liming	1221201001— 7

L. S. Carter wins the individual championship gold badge, killing 17 birds straight. Whitehead, Robley and Powers, 2d; Stice, Ed. Spencer and Beatty, 3d; Warren, McAninch, Metcalf, Liming and C. R. Smith, 4th; Skelly and Burleigh, 5th.

Extra shoot, 6 standards, 3 moneys: Stice 6, Budd 6, Beatty 3, Hansell 6, "West" 4, Chappell 5, Carter 3, Powers 6, Ed. Spencer 5, W. Smith 5, R. Solomon 4. Stice and Budd 1st, Chappell 2d, "West" 3d.

No. 6, open to all, 6 pair Keystones, 4 moneys:

Budd	10 11 10 11 11 11—10	Ed Spencer	01 11 11 11 10 11—10
Stice	00 11 10 10 10 11— 7	Solomon	11 10 10 10 10 10— 7
Chappell	01 11 11 11 11 10—10	Carter	11 11 11 11 11 01—11
Powers	11 11 11 11 10 10—10	"West"	11 00 11 10 00 00— 5
Dukes	11 11 10 11 11 10—10	Parent	11 11 10 11 11 11—11
Strawn	11 11 10 10 10 10— 8	Beauvais	11 11 10 10 11 10— 9

Parent and Carter first, Dukes and Chappell second, Beauvais third.

July 25.—Extra shoot, 6 Keystones, 3 moneys: W. Smith 4, E. Spencer 6, Dr. Spencer 3, Parent 3, Powers 4, Solomon 4, Beauvais 3, "West" 4, Metcalf 4, Stice 5, Bud 6. Budd and Spencer first, Stice second, Powers third.

No. 7, open to all, 12 American clays, 4 moneys:

Budd	111111011111—10	Stice	111111111111—12
West	101111111111—11	Scott	011110111111—10
Solomon	101111011011— 9	Landes	101101011111— 9
Taylor	000011111011— 6	Smithson	011111111111—11
Parent	110111111100— 9	Minard	101001111101— 8
Strawn	110011011111— 9	Beauvais	101111111111—11
Dukes	111110111011— 9	Chappell	110110101101— 8
Carter	111110011111—10		

Stice first, West, Smithson and Beauvais second, Scott third.

No. 8, association, 4 prizes, 9 standards:

Taylor	110111001—6	Hansell	001111110—6
Parent	111010301—5	Henninger	110111111—8
Solomon	000111101—5	Stice	111111011—8
West	010101011—5	Carter	110110110—6
W C Smith	001111100—5	McAninch	111111011—8
Strawn	110111011—7	Beatty	111010101—6
Powers	011111111—8	Scott	101110111—7
Dukes	101111111—8	E Spencer	111111111—9
Foy	011110100—5	Chappell	011111011—7
Dr Spencer	000111111—6	Hutchison	111111110—8
Speer	011101100 —5	Robley	100111111—7

E. Spencer first, Powers, Dukes, Stice, Henninger, McAninch and Hutchison divide second money, and in shoot-off Stice and Powers win second prizes, Strawn, Chappell and Robley third, Dr. Spencer fourth.

Extra shoot, 6 standards, 3 moneys: Stice 8, Dukes 5, W. C. Smith 4, Scott 5, West 5, Carter 6, Chappell 4, Taylor 4, Strawn 4, Parent 5, Henninger 5. Budd 5. Stice and Carter 1st, Budd and Dukes 2d, Smith and Strawn 3d.

No. 9, open to all, $50 guaranteed, 4 moneys:

Budd	111111 11 01 11—11	West	101111 10 10 11— 9
Carter	011010 11 10 11— 8	Taylor	111111 10 10 10— 9
Powers	111111 10 01 11— 9	Speer	011100 01 10 10— 6
Stice	111111 11 10 11—11	Bauer	111101 11 11 11—11
Henninger	111110 01 10 10— 8	Smithson	110111 11 10 01— 9
E. Spencer	111011 11 10 11—10	Dukes	011111 11 11 10—10
Scott	010111 11 11 11—10	Beatty	010111 11 01 11— 9
Landes	111001 11 00 11— 9	Parent	101001 11 10 11— 8
Beauvais	101111 10 11 10— 8	Strawn	110111 11 01 11—10
Solomon	111111 01 00 10— 9	Robley	111101 10 11 11—10

Budd, Stice and Bauer 1st, Spencer, Scott, Dukes, Strawn and Robley 2d, Landes, Solomon, West, Taylor, Smithson and Beatty 3d, Parent, Beauvais, Carter and Henninger 4th.

No. 10, 6 standards, 6 Keystones and 6 American clays, 7 prizes. First prize, an L. C. Smith hammerless gun:

Bauer	111100	101101	011111—13
Powers	111101	111111	001110—14
Henninger	111111	111111	110111—17
Ed. Spencer	010111	011111	101011—13
Stice	111111	111110	101111—16
Solomon	001101	111101	111101—13
Robley	100110	111101	101111—13
Smithson	111111	110011	010011—13
West	110011	001111	111111—14
Taylor	111111	111100	101111—15
Scott	101010	101111	111101—13
Landes	111111	111110	111000—14
Carter	111011	111111	110111—16
W. Smith	011111	111111	111101—16
Dukes	011100	111110	011110—13
Beauvais	010111	100100	110111—11
McAninch	111110	111111	111110—16
Strawn	111111	111101	001111—15
Parent	111111	111111	111111—18
Chappell	101111	101111	111001—14
Long	111110	011010	111100—12
Dr. Spencer	011110	101111	100101—12
Speer	001111	111101	011101—13
Bradley	011100	110011	000011— 9

C. W. Parent wins 1st, the Smith gun, Henninger 2d, Bailey Farrel & Cos.' Automatic Loader, Stice, Carter, Smith and McAninch 3rd, Taylor and Strawn 4th, West 5th, Speer 6th, Long 7th.

Extra shoot, 3 pair Keystoness, 3 moneys: Stice 6, Dukes 4, Powers 4, Carter 5, Parent 4, West 2, Budd 4, Scott 4, Landes 3, E. Spencer 4, Beatty 4, Chappell 4. Stice first, Carter second, Budd third.

No. 11, substituted, 6 American clays, 3 moneys:

Carter	111111—6	Strawn	111101—5
Scott	111111—6	Taylor	101101—4
Stice	001111—4	Chappell	000100—1
Henninger	111010—4	Bauer	001111—4
Landes	110101—4	W Smith	101111—5
E Spencer	010101—3	Powers	111111—6
Dukes	011111—5	Beauvais	101100—3
Budd	111111—6	West	101111—5
Parent	111101—5		

Carter, Scott, Budd and Powers, first; Dukes, West and Parent, second, Stice third.

Extra shoot, 6 standards, 3 moneys: Scott 5, Landes 4, Stice 5, Powers 6, W. Smith 4, Budd 5, Hansell 5, Chappell 4, Strawn 3, West 6. Beatty 5, Speer 4, Smithson 6, Dukes 6. Powers, Budd and Smithson, first; Stice and Beatty, second; Smith and Chappell, third.

No. 12, walking match, 9 American clays:

Parent	111111111—9	Speer	111101111—8
Chappell	110101111—7	W Smith	111011101—7
Dukes	100101101—5	Beatty	101111111—8
Carter	101111111—8	Taylor	101111111—8
Strawn	111111011—8	Stice	111011001—6
West	111111111—9	Hutchison	111011101—7
Henninger	111111101—8	Bauer	001001111—5
Scott	111110111—8	Smithson	111011111—8
Powers	111111111—9		

Parent, first; Henninger, second; Hutchison and Smith, third; Stice, fourth; Dukes and Bauer, fifth.

Extra shoot, 6 standards, 3 moneys: Carter 5, Powers 5, Chappell 4, Beauvais 6, Sullivan 5, Scott 5, Stice 6, Minard 3, West 4, Henninger 6, Landes 3, Smith 5, Taylor 4, E. Spencer 6, Strawn 5, Parent 6, Dr. Spencer 5, McAninch 5, Budd 6, Dukes 4. Budd and Stice first, West and Chappell second, Strawn third.

Extra shoot, 6 standards, 3 moneys: Robley 4, Dukes 6, Strawn 4, E. Spencer 6, Chappell 6, West 4, Taylor 5, Budd 5, Powers 6, Stice 6, McLean 3, Long 3, McAninch 5, Solomon 4, W. Smith 6, Beatty 5, Hutchinson 4, Beauvais 5, Parent 6, Spencer 4, Carter 6, Bradley 3. Powers, Smith and Chappell first, West and Robley second, McAninch and Beauvais third.

July 26.—No. 13, amateur, 4 prizes:

Carter	0101111117	Strawn	1110111118
Scott	1111110018	Warren	1101111118
Parent	1111111108	Beatty	0111101117
Henninger	0111111118	Long	1111000018
Taylor	1011110016	McLean	1111100106
Dukes	1111111119	Chappell	1111111108
E Spencer	1111111119	Hutchison	1110111107
Robley	1101101117	Bauer	1011101117
Powers	1111011017	Speer	1111111119
Smith	1111111119	Dr Spencer	0110111006
McAninch	1101011117		

Dukes, E. Spencer, Smith and Speer first, Scott, Parent, Henninger, Strawn, Warren and Chappell second, Carter, Robley and Hutchison third, Taylor and McLean fourth, and Spencer fifth.

Extra, 6 standards, 3 moneys: Carter 5, Dukes 6, Parent 6, Stice 6, Taylor 4, Chappell 5, Scott 6, Budd 5, Bridges 3, W. Smith 6, Powers 6, Warren 4. Stice, Scott and Powers first, Budd, Taylor and Chappell second, Warren third.

No. 15, Association, 9 American clays, 5 moneys:

Strawn	101101111—7	Long	0011111117
McAninch	0110111117	McLean	1111110017
Powers	1110101117	Dukes	1111110118
Stice	1111711119	Speer	0111111118
Beatty	1101011117	W Smith	1111110107
Robley	0111111017	Scott	1111101118
Warren	1111111108	Parent	0011011116
Bridges	1100111005	Dr Spencer	1110100015
Hutchison	1111100117	Carter	1111111119
Henninger	1111110107	Bauer	0111111118
Tack	0110010115	E Spencer	1101011177

Stice and Carter first, ties on second divide money, and Bauer wins second prize, Robley and McAninch third, Parent fourth, Tack, Bridges and Dr. Spencer fifth.

Extra, 6 clays, 3 moneys: Stice 6, Carter 6, Dukes 5, Strawn 3, Powers 5, Parent 4, Scott 5, Henninger 5, W. Smith 5, Taylor 3, Budd 6. Budd, Stice and Carter first, Dukes second, Parent third.

No. 16, open to all, $50 guaranteed, 12 standards, 4 moneys:

Powers	111111010010— 8	Budd	1111011110111—10
Taylor	1011110001111— 9	E Spencer	1111111111010—10
Stice	1111111111112—12	Carter	1011011111111—10
Dukes	1111111000111—10	Strawn	1111101111111—11
Scott	1110111111111—11	Parent	1011111111111—11
Henninger	1110111101111—10	Warren	1110111111111—11
McLean	1011011110111—10	Chappell	1111111110111—11

Stice first, Scott, Strawn, Parent, Warren and Chappell second, Budd, Henninger and Ed. Spencer third, Taylor and McLean fourth.

Extra, 6 standards, 3 moneys: Taylor 6, Carter 5, Dukes 5, Budd 6, E. Spencer 6, Scott 4, Parent 4, Chappell 5, Henninger 6, Strawn 6, Powers 5, W. Smith 4, Stice 6, Warren 4. Budd and Strawn first, Carter and Chappell second, Parent and Smith third.

No. 17, Association, 6 pairs American clays, 4 moneys:

Carter	10 11 11 11 10 11—10	Beatty	10 10 10 01 11 00— 6
Warren	10 01 11 10 10 10— 7	Parent	11 11 11 00 11 10— 9
Chappell	11 10 11 01 11 11—10	McAninch	00 00 11 00 11 11— 6
Scott	11 10 10 10 11 10— 8	Strawn	01 11 10 11 11 11—10
Stice	11 10 10 11 10 11— 9	Bauer	10 10 11 11 11 11—10
Dukes	00 10 11 11 10 11— 8	Gowen	00 10 10 10 11 10— 6
E Spencer	10 11 11 11 10 10— 9		

Carter and Chappell first, Stice second, Scott and Dukes third, Warren fourth.

Extra, 6 standards, 3 moneys: Budd 6, Dukes 6, Collenberger 4, E. Spencer 6, Dr. Spencer 4, Gowen 3, Scott 2, Stice 6, Carter 5, Parent 5, Chappell 6, Strawn 6, Warren 5. Strawn first, Parent second, Collenberger third.

Silver goblet, donated by Mermod, Jaccard Jewelry Co., money divided, 50, 30 and 20:

Carter	1011111118	Collenberger	1000111116
Budd	1111011118	Powers	1111111119
Taylor	0111011106	E Spencer	1011111118
Strawn	1111110107	Warren	1011111006
Bridges	1011111006	Dukes	1110110007
Henninger	1111011107	Bauer	1100111117
Stice	0111111017	Speer	1110111118
Chappell	0101111117	McAninch	0111110006
Dr Spencer	1110101106	Robley	0001111015
Burleigh	1010001115	Hutchison	0110111117
Beatty	0101110116		

Powers wins the cup, Budd, Speer, Carter and Ed Spencer second, Strawn, Stice and Bauer third, Collenberger fourth.

No. 18, open, 9 singles and 3 pairs standards:

Stice	111111101	10 11 01—12	Carter	111111111	11 11 10—14
Budd	111111111	11 11 11—15	E Spencer	101111111	10 10 11—12
Bauer	111011111	11 11 10—13	Chappell	011111111	11 11 01—13
Scott	111111011	10 01 11—12			

Budd first, Carter second, Bauer and Chappell third, Scott fourth.

Extra, 6 standards, 3 moneys: Taylor 4, Budd 6, Scott 3, E. Spencer 6, Speer 5, Powers 5, Gowen 4, Parent 3, Carter 5, Stice 4, Henninger 3, Dukes 5, Strawn 6, Chappell 6, Collenberger3. Budd, Strawn, Chappell and Ed Spencer first, Carter and Dukes second, Stice and Taylor third.

July 27.—No. 19, Association, 9 Keystones, 30yds., both barrels, 4 moneys:

Stice	1101122107	Carter	0010010014
Dukes	1010211016	Stoeckel	0010101115
Henninger	0110101028	Hutchison	1002010004
Chappell	0012223020	Warren	1010111006
Parent	0110111005	Lee	2111012017
Bauer	0010110014	Budd	2101111117

Lee and Stice first, Dukes second, Parent third, Bauer fourth.

Silver goblet, donated by Mermod Jaccard Jewelry Co., first money 50, 30 and 20 per cent.:

Budd	1111111119	Chappell	1110101117
Henninger	0110110118	Powers	1110011117
Stice	1111111108	Speer	1111010118
Scott	1101111118	Long	0011011116
Lee	1010001015	Beatty	0010011115
Carter	1111111119	Strawn	1111011118
Hutchison	0011111006	Taylor	1111111108
Bauer	1010111117	McLean	0110111001
Dukes	0111110917	Parent	1111111108
Warren	1010101015		

Budd wins the cup, Stice, Scott, Speer, Strawn, Taylor and Parent second, Bauer, Dukes and Chappell third, Long, Hutchison and Henninger fourth.

No. 21, team shoot, 4 men to a team, 11 standards each man, 4 moneys:

Jerseyville.

Parent	1110111111111—11	Warren	0111101111110— 9
Chappell	1110111100 — 8	Hutchison	1010111011107— 8—36

Jacksonville.

Lee	1111110111111—11	Scott	0100011100107— 5
Strawn	1101111010111— 9	Stice	1111111111110—11—36

Decatur.

Powers	1111111101010—10	Dukes	0011111111110—10
Henninger	1011111111010—10	Carter	1111111111111—12—42

Bunker Hill.

Dr Spencer	1111100100111— 8	Bauer	1101111111111—11
Taylor	1010101111111— 9	Speer	0011011111111— 9—37

Occidental, Jerseyville.

Stoeckel	1111111111101—11	Tack	1111111010007— 8
G R Smith	0100111101117— 7	Hansell	1111111100111—10—36

Decatur wins the gold medal, Bunker Hill second (on shoot-off), Jerseyville third; Jacksonville fourth.

Extra, 6 standards, 3 moneys: Dukes 5, Tack 4, Strawn 5, Parent 5, Scott 6, Lee 5, Chappell 6, Stice 6, Warren 4, G. R. Smith 3. Scott, Stice and Chappell first, Lee and Dukes second, Warren third.

No. 22, open to all, 12 standards, 4 moneys, $50 guaranteed:

Budd	1111111111112—12	Tack	0011111111011— 9
Stice	1111011111111—11	Chappell	1111110111111—11
Dukes	1011111111010—10	Stoeckel	0100111011110— 7
Strawn	0111110110111— 9	Warren	1001101111100— 7
Henninger	1011111110111— 9	Hansel	1010101110010— 6
Lee	1111111110111—11	Beatty	1010011111111— 9
Parent	1110111111111—11	Hutchison	1011111111110—10

Budd first, Lee, Stice, Parent and Chappell second, Dukes and Hutchison third, Tack and Strawn fourth,

No. 23, association, 9 American clays, 4 moneys:

Dukes	1111111018	Warren	1011000115
Stice	1111111119	Tack	1010111006
Scott	1110101117	Lee	1111111108
Henninger	1111111018	Beatty	0111111117
Strawn	1010110106	Hutchison	0111110117
Chappell	1111110017	F R Smith	0111111118
Parent	0011111117	G Powell	1110010117

Stice first, Lee second, Scott third, Tack and Strawn fourth.

Extra, 6 clays, 3 moneys: Stice 6, Budd 6, Scott 5, Parent 5, Carter 5, Lee 5, Henninger 5, Powers 5, Chappell 5, Strawn 4. Budd and Stice first, Lee second, Strawn third.

JAMAICA PLAIN, Mass., Aug. 6.—The long looked for came at last, a ladies' day at the Jamaica Plain Gun Club. Wednesday afternoon, Aug. 1, was the day set for the celebration of the great event, and a more delightful day could not have been made to order. The fact that the affair was arranged and carried out by the "fair sex" was a sure guarantee of success, and such it was in every sense of the word, and it will be recorded as a red-letter day in the history of the club. After shooting at a few sweeps a collation was spread, and to say the least the boys demonstrated the fact that they could eat if they could not shoot. The most interesting feature of the occasion was the ladies' special prize match, at three pair blue rocks and five clays, two valuable prizes were given and a "booby," owing to a friendly rivalry existing between our veteran ex-president, whose many years experience at bullseye and trap has made him a very dangerous contestant to meet, especially when there are ladies in attendance, and our esteemed Capt. L. D. Charles, Esq., who, possessing a large amount of executive ability, and being a splendid shot under ordinary circumstances, is pitiful to behold when ladies attend our shoots; his colossal nerve seems to forsake him, and, to use his own expression, "he can't shoot a little bit." In this match the prize was a valuable gold-headed cane, won by Geo. Ingersoll, the second handsome pair of sleeve buttons, won by M. Brown, who prizes them so highly that he thinks of having them set in his eye-glasses so he can alway have them before him. The Booby prize was a very fine breechloading gun with two "arrows," and was won by C. H. Cilley without a struggle and no ties to shoot off. Capt. Charles presented the prizes to the winners, each accompanied with a remarkable piece of oratory and a sort of a did-you-ever-get-left look in his eye. The shoot lasted till a late hour, and all went home convinced that a ladies' day at the trap is quite the thing. Try it boys. Following are the scores:

First event, 6 blue rocks—Boothby, first; Brown, second; Lewis, third.

Second event, 6 clays—Brown, first; Chapin, second; Charles, third.

Third event, 5 blue rocks—Brown and Ingersoll, first: Cobb, second; Boothby, third.

Fourth event, novelty—Charles and Boothby, first: Chapin, second; Baker, third; Cilley and Ingersoll, fourth.

Fifth event, walk-up match, 5 clays—Cilley and Cobb, first; Boothby and Chapin, second; Green and Ingersoll, third; Lewis, fourth.

Sixth event, ladies' match, 5 clays, pair of blue rocks—Ingersoll, first; Brown, second.

Seventh event, merchandise match, fifth one of a series of ten, being shot at the regular shoots—Brown and Baker, first; Chapin and Charles, second; Slocum, third; Ingersoll, fourth; Cilley, fifth.—Alookeron.

NEW YORK, Aug. 7.—Eureka Gun Club of New York, at Moore's shooting grounds, Secaucus, N. J.; 12-bore 16, and 10-bore 18yds. rise. National rules, sweepstakes.

At 5 American clays and 5 standards:

Wahlers	0000111101—5	Schortemeier	1101010101—6
Diffley	1011111110—8	Strope	0100010001—3
Dr Gill	1010101015—5	Quick	1111011011—8

Diffley and Quick first, Schortemeier second.

Second event, same conditions:

Wahlers	0110010000—3	Schortemeier	1011111111—9
Diffley	1011111110—8	Strope	0100001001—3
Dr Gill	1010101110—6	Quick	1111101001—7

Schortemeier first, Diffley second.

Third event, regular monthly prize shoot, best seven in ten scores to count; 10 American clays and 5 standards; winner retains medal until next shoot:

Wahlers	0101011011000000— 6	Schortemeier	1111011010111111—12
Diffley	1111111111010011—13	Strope	1001001100100001— 6
Dr Gill	1111011001010101—10	Quick	0111101001111111—11

Diffley won medal for August.

Fourth event, doubles, 1 American clay and 1 standard; 5 pair:

Wahlers	0100100010—3	Strope	0000110101—4
Diffley	1010111000—5	Quick	0000010011—3
Schortemeier	1011100005		

Schortemeier first on shoot-off, Strope second.

Fifth event, at 5 American clays and 5 standards:

Wahlers	1010001111—6	Strope	1101111010—7
Diffley	1101111001—8	Quick	1111101110—8
Schortemeier	1111101111—9		

Schortemeier first, Quick and Diffley second.

Sixth event, at 7 clays:

Wahlers	0101000—2	Strope	1111100—5
Diffley	1111101—6	Quick	1111111—7
Schortemeier	1111011—6		

Quick first, Schortemeier and Diffley second.

The slim attendance was owing to the uncertainty of the weather.

HAMILTON, Ont., Aug. 6.—The Wildfowlers' monthly shoot for their cup this afternoon; attendance small. 25 blackbirds, 5 Hamilton traps, 18yds. rise, National rules:

J Bowron	1111101111011111111111101—22
John Smyth	1011101101101011101011—18
Josph Smyth	0111111110101010101110—16
T Stephens	0001010101100111111111—17
J Pelt	0100101111101111101111011—17
Clifford	1010110111010100111101111—17
H Graham	1001010111011011111111000—16
G Hore	1010000110101101101111111—16
C Hunt	1110110101001010001110111—16
A Smyth	0011001101000111010100010—11
W Moore	0010111001010000101011100—11
J L Sullivan	1010010111001000000010111—11

J. Bowron scored one win.

Match at 7 blackbirds, 5 traps, 18yds. rise:

Bowron	1111111—7	Clifford	0111111—6
Graham	0111111—6	Hunt	0111010—4
John Smyth	1111111—6	Pelt	1011101—5
A Smyth	1111110—6	Joseph Smyth	1100000—2
Stephens	1111110—6	Cliff	0001000—1

Bowron first; John Smyth won second in the shoot off.

Five blackbirds: Bowron 4, Pelt 4, John Smyth 4, Stephens 3, A. Smyth 2. Bowron first, Stephens second.

Five blackbirds: Stephens 5, Bowron 4, Pelt 4, Graham 3, Hunt 3. Stephens first, Bowron and Pelt divided second.

WELLINGTON, Aug. 11.—To-day has been a regular old-fashioned one at the Wellington Gun Club's range. The attendance was large, the shooting lively and the scores good. In the consolation matches scores were made as follows: Snow, 22; Wardwell, Stanton and Melcher, 21 each; Nichols and Bates, 20 each; Brown, 19; Moore, C. E. Savage and G. H. Savage, 18 each; Schaefer and Chapin, 17 each; Hutchinson and Baxter, 16 each; White and Conant, 14 each; Stone, 13; Grimes and Bond, 12 each. Hutchinson won the Grimes badge, after a warm and long contest. Winners in other events were: Six blue rocks, Hutchinson and Chapin; six pigeons, Moore and Swift; six pigeons, Moore, Stanton and Herrick; six blue rocks, Hutchinson; six pigeons, Moore and Stanton; six blue rocks, Stanton; six pigeons, Stanton 12 pigeons, De Rochmont, Chapin and Melcher; 13 blue rocks, Brown and Snow; six blue rocks, Stanton; three pairs pigeons, Bond and Herrick; six blue rocks, Bates; six blue rocks, Brown, Moore, Courtney and Stanton; six pigeons, Stanton, Moore and Melcher; six blue rocks, Wardwell and Nichols.

OTTAWA, Aug. 11.—The St. Huberts Gun Club held their last shoot to-day until November next. It was a sweepstakes, at 15 Ligowskis, 15yds. rise, 5 traps. Dr. Martin scored 13, G. Trudeau 13, A. Throop 13, R. Dalton 12, B. Rathwell 11, Dr. Harsey 10, J. Deslauriers 9, G. White 8, D. Madul 8, B. Swhile 7, J. Stewart 7. E. White 7. In shooting off the ties, Dr. Martin broke 7 out of 10, and Trudeau 6 out of 9, Throop missing his first bird. Sweep at 10 birds each: Dr. Martin 9, Throop 9. The doctor broke three straight and won on the shoot off.

HARTFORD, Ct., Aug. 11.—The Colt Hammerless Gun Club men had a pleasant time to-day for their weekly shoot and the scores were very fair. The first sweepstake was won by Stannard, Highby, second; Johnston third, Melrose, fourth. The regular shoot was then commenced and resulted in Nicholas winning the medal by a score of 21. The scores were as follows:—Nichols 21, Melrose 19, Willey 18, Burbridge 17, Johnson 17, Bushnell 16, Higby 16, Stannard 15, Colt 15, Wood 14, C. Burnham 10, H. Burnham 11. The second sweepstake was won by Capron, Nichols second, Higby of New Britain third and Melrose fourth.

TORONTO, Aug. 10.—The third shoot for McDowall & Co.'s gold medals at Peoria blackbirds was shot at their grounds this afternoon. The competition will close next Saturday. The following are yesterday's scores:

First Class.

Paul	1111111111011011011—17	Saunders	1110111101031000100l—11
S'clair Sr	1010110110110111111111—15	Charles	1101010011100001001—10
M'Dowall	1111001001011110111—14		

Second Class.

Fisher	1101011110110101101—14	Romain	1110110001100101001—10
Sawden	1011010101010011110—12	Dick	1100011111001010101—11
Rice	1000110001101111101l—12		

Third Class.

S'clair Jr	1111010110011111101—15	Tomson	0100110111011110011—13
Pearsoll	1101101011110010111—14		

The following are the scores of those who shot their second string:

First Class.

I Sinclair, Sr	0011110011010110100l—11

Third Class.

S'clair Jr	0101111111101111011—16	Tomson	0110010100010101901— 9

BOSTON, Aug. 11.—The Brighton Gun Club held a well attended shoot at Oak Island this afternoon, at which the Boston, East Boston and Jamaica Plains clubs were also represented. The principal event was the match between the Brighton and East Boston clubs' teams, which was won by the latter, the individual scores being as follows:

East Boston Club.		Brighton Club.	
Flanders	1110111001— 7	O'Connell	1110101109—6
Hargraves	1111111101— 9	M Coyle	1110111001—7
Whitcomb	1111111111—10	Breivogel	0010000011—3
Norton	0011111010— 6	J Coyle	0010011110—5
Brown	0111100111— 7	Charles	1101111011—8
Alexander	0110111011— 7	Bowker	1111110110—8
Solleri	1110 — 3—49	Solleri	10110 —3—40

Following are the winners in the sweepstake events: First event, 7 clays, M. Coyle and O'Connell. Second event, 7 Peorias, Charles and Hargraves. Third event, 3 pairs clays and Peorias, Whitcomb. Fourth event, 7 Peorias, Hargraves and Whitcomb. Fifth event, 7 clays, O'Connell. Sixth event, 3 pairs clays and Peorias, Hargraves. Seventh event, 7 Peorias straightaway, Hargraves. Eighth event, 5 Peorias, Hargraves and M. Coyle.

EMERALD GUN CLUB.—New Dorp, Staten Island, July 26.—Match at 10 live pigeons, 5 ground trap, 21, 25 and 30yds. rise, 80 yds. boundary. Shot under Emerald Gun Club rules

J Measel, Jr	1111100000—6	T Codey	0100000000—1
H Rubino	1100101110—6	L Gehering	0110101001—5
Dr Hudson	1010011101—6	J Howard	0110000010—3
T Chrystal	1011000111—6	P J Keenan	1111100000—5
N Measel	0011110010—5	G Remsen	1111100111—8
P Beetz	1101000000—3	J H Voss	1101100111—7

Remsen first gold medal, Rubino second gold medal, Chrystal third gold medal. Match shot Aug 9. Scaview Park, New Dorp, Staten Island.—March at 10 live pigeons, 5 ground trap, 21, 25 and 30 yds. rise, 80yds. boundary:

J Measel, Jr	1111110000—6	L C Gehering	1110111111—9
P Butz	0100010 00—3	T Codey	1110011010—6
N Measel	1100111111—9	J Klein	1001011111—7
Dr Hudson	1110001101—6	J H Voss	1011011111—8
P J Keenan	0101000110—4	F Schraider	0110100111—6
S McMahon	0001020010—2	G Remsen	0001010111—5
T Chrystal	1011001111—7	M McMunn	0110100011—5
T P MacKenna	1111100110—7		

Ties on miss and out for first at 2 birds, 33yds. Measel, 00; Gehering 01, wins first gold medal, first time. Ties on miss and out for second at 3 birds, 25yds. MacKenna, 010; Klein, 011, wins second gold medal, second time. Chrystal wins third, second time.

MONTREAL, Aug. 7.—The final shoot of the Dominion Gun Club for a handsome gold medal took place to-day. The prize was to be awarded to the best score made in four handicap matches. The matches took place at intervals of a week, 15 Peorias each day being the targets. In the first two competitions Emond took a lead that looked big enough to win. The next match saw Tom Lesage to the front with a nice lead of four birds, and everybody thought he had a dead sure thing, but the last match yesterday changed the look of things. In the first round all tied on 3 birds out of 5, leaving Lesage still 4 ahead and only 10 birds to shoot at. Then Emond went in and 5 straight birds flew away from him, making the score stand: Lesage 36, Wallace 37 and Emond 35. When the last round was started there was great excitement. Lesage was nervous and only grassed 2 birds out of 5. Wallace came next and knocked 3 inanimate pigeons into smithereens. Then Emond stepped up. Five kills would tie for first place. Bang! "Broken," said the referee, and he said it four times. The last shot would decide it. Emond looked nervous. "Ready," "pull," "bang," it was a straightaway. "Lost bird," said the referee, and the big blonde was happy. The last miss had saved him and he won the series and the medal by just one bird—the last one. Following is the score of the three leaders:

	First.	Second.	Third.	Fourth.	T'l.
C H Wallace, 22yds	10	9	10	11	40
W Emond, 22yds	11	10	8	10	39
T W Lesage, 20yds	11	9	13	5	38

NEWARK, N. J.—The Roseville Gun Club recently challenged the Woodside Gun Club to shoot a team match at 25 clay-pigeon per man. The challenge was promptly accepted, and the match will be shot on the Woodside's ground next Saturday afternoon. The teams will comprise eight or ten men each, and the shooting will be under the National rules. The losing team will pay for the birds.

SIOUX CITY.—Capt. Bogardus has made a match with J. H. Bailey, of Dakota, to shoot at 100 pigeons at 30yds., in this city, on Aug. 14.

NEW YORK SHOOTING GROUNDS.—We had hoped to give in this issue such parts of the constitution and by-laws of the newly organized New York Suburban Shooting Grounds Association as would explain its character. They will be given next week. At the recent meeting held in Jersey City the following officers were elected: Chas. Richards, President; Aug. Schmitt, Vice-President; Chas. M. Hathaway, Treasurer; O. E. Morton, Secretary. Board of Directors—Chas. Richards, Aug. Schmitt, Chas. M. Hathaway, O. E. Morton, Chas. Tatham, Hugh O'Neill, Chas. B. Reynolds, J. P. Dannefelser, David Ellis.

LUMB VS. DAVIS.—Frankford, Philadelphia, Aug. 11.—The second match of the series between Mr. A. L. Lumb and Mr J. H. Davis at 50 clay birds was shot on the grounds of the North End Gun Club this afternoon. This match, like the first, resulted in favor of Mr. Lumb. A. L. Lumb 44, J. H. Davis 39.—J. C. S.

Yachting.

Small Yachts. By C. P. Kunhardt. Price $7. Steam Yachts and Launches. By C. P. Kunhardt. Price $3. Yachts, Boats and Canoes. By C. Stansfield-Hicks. Price $3.50. Steam Machinery. By Donaldson. Price $1.50.

FIXTURES.

August.

17. Bay View Moonlight Sail.
18. Bay View Annual Cruise.
18. Monatiquot, 2d Cham, Ft. Pt.
18. Larch. Oyster Boat Race.
18. South Boston Club.
18. Cor. Marblehead, Open.
20. Great Head Moonlight Sail.
20. Miramichi, Cup.
22. Pleon, Third Cham.
23. Cape Ann, Open.
24. Cedar Point Pennant.
25. R. C. Y. C. Lausdowne Cup.
25. Savin Hill, Club.
25. West Lynn, Ladies' Race.
25. Beverly, Marblehead.
25-Sept. 8. Quaker City Cruise to New London.
27. Rhode Island, Open.
27. Quincy, 3d Cham.
28. Dorchester Club.
29. Bay View Club.
29. Great Head Club.
29. Monatiquot, Open Sweep.

THE NEW YORK Y. C. CRUISE.

As far as racing goes, it must be confessed that the present season has proved a failure, especially so when the predictions and promises of last winter are taken into consideration. All through the dull season there was plenty of talk of great things to be seen this year, of new yachts building, of old ones altered and repaired, of fierce fights in the schooner classes, of renewed interest in the 70ft. class of single-stickers, and of races that should do something toward settling the question of type. In spite of all this, now that the principal races of the year have been sailed, yachtsmen are as much in the dark as ever; in fact, not one conclusive result has been reached. Of all the races sailed there has not yet been one closely fought battle in a good breeze between the larger yachts, save perhaps the one between Grayling and Sea Fox in the Sewanhaka C.Y.C. regatta and the meeting of Volunteer and Puritan in

the Eastern race at Marblehead, and in the first of the two the result was inconclusive as to the real merits of the boats, while as to the second the superiority of Volunteer was already established. Not one of the great questions of the season has yet been answered—which is the fastest, Sachem, Grayling or Sea Fox; Bedouin, Shamrock or Katrina; can the compromises beat the old flat type in any ordinary weather; and are the latest and deepest boats better than the more moderate compromises? Not one of these questions has been settled; the most that has been shown is that Grayling has been improved by her alterations, that she has a most formidable rival in Sea Fox, and that Katrina is a decided success and likely to lead her class.

As for the sport, there has hardly been any; in all the spring races the entries were for the most part poor, but few classes showing a fair number; added to which the weather was light and flukes were plenty. Sachem and her sister, the new Marguerite, did less than nothing at New York; the first class sloops did not start; Katrina found only Fanny as a rival. Bedouin, Shamrock, Gracie and Titania being absent; while Cinderella and Clara were both out of commission. None of the New York boats went East, and the regatta at Marblehead was no better than those at New York. There were strong hopes for better things on the cruise, especially in the race for the Goelet cups, but these too have not been realized thus far, and unless owners wake up and some racing weather is found for the proposed fall races, the whole history of the season, as far as the large yachts is concerned, will be very quickly written.

The original programme for the cruise included an extra race, that for the cups offered by the citizens of Vineyard Haven last year, to be sailed for off Oak Bluffs, after which the fleet would disband, but this was altered later on, the cruise to be extended to Marblehead, where the Eastern Y. C. had arranged for a regatta, the sum of $1,500 being appropriated for prizes. The rendezvous was set as usual for New London, the date being Aug. 8, and by evening the greater part of the fleet was in the harbor. On the way from New York the steam yachts Corsair and Electra had an exciting brush, in which the Corsair led. At night a meeting of the captains was held, at which it was decided to proceed to Newport as soon as the weather permitted, there being then a dense fog, to sail for the Goelet cups on the day after arrival, then to proceed to Vineyard Haven, laying over one day to race for the Vineyard Haven cups, afterwards sailing to Marblehead. Mr. Geo. L. Schuyler was elected a member of the regatta committee in place of Mr. Alexander Taylor, Jr. Orders were issued that ensigns should be carried at half-mast on Saturday out of respect for General Sheridan. This year, for the first time, prizes were offered for the yacht in each class which should make the best average on the daily runs from port to port, the first run being from New London to Newport, and in spite of the bad weather, with rain and fog, preparations were made for an early start on Thursday morning.

New London to Newport, Aug. 9.

Contrary to expectation the morning was clear and bright before the hour for starting, with a light S.W. wind and smooth water over all the Sound. The starting line was off the Sea Flower Beacon, and the fleet, to the number of 55 sailing yachts, with the steamers Electra, Corsair, Magnolia, Sagamore, Sapphire, Wampanoag, Say When, Sentinel, Vision, Starling, Vedette and Fedalma, were off the beacon by 10:30. Owing to a blunder with the signals Gitana, Atalanta and Halcyon crossed before the proper time. Iseult, Crocodile and Portia, all small craft, started before the fleet. Grayling, Puritan, Sea Fox and Troubadour were near the line and went over in good season, but Volunteer, Sachem and some others of the fast ones were in the pack astern and could not work clear for some miles, being hindered by their slower neighbors. The preparatory signal was given at 10.47 and the start at 10:57, the interval allowed for starting being 20 minutes. The starters were: Gitana, Atalanta, Halcyon, Grayling, Troubadour, Sea Fox, Pocahontas, Puritan, Marguerite, Varuna, Hildegarde, Bedouin, Iroquois, Fanny, Norseman, Sachem, Lydia, Elma, Katrina, Palmer, Columbia, Athlon, Azalea, Gaviota, Princess, Lotus, Curlew, Mayflower, Whim, Ambassadress, Alarm, Miranda, Volunteer, Magic, Triton, Nymph, Dauntless, Cinderella, Nonpareil, Wanderer, Intrepid, Moutauk, Thistle, Medusa, Dare, Huron, Whileaway, Harbinger, Regina, Portia, Iseult, Crocodile.

The leaders were Puritan and Sea Fox, the former to windward, with Grayling, Troubadour and Mayflower next. The wind soon freed enough to permit spinakers to starboard, and all the yachts set them. Puritan gained on Sea Fox, and finally passed her when off Ram Island, but Grayling was unable to overtake either of the leaders. Mayflower was doing very well, while Volunteer, now clear of the fleet, was still some distance from the head of the procession, with Katrina close to her. Sachem, too, had worked clear, and was now after Grayling, while Marguerite was doing but little. When off Watch Hill, both Bedouin and Marguerite struck on the rocks, and laid until hauled off by the Cactus, of the Lighthouse Department. Mr. Rogers reports that the rock on which Bedouin struck lies between the beacon on Sugar Reef and the beacon on Watch Hill Reef and has but 12ft. of water at high tide, though Montauk, drawing 12ft., passed safely between it and the Sugar Reef Beacon. When off Watch Hill the fleet passed the big raft, on its way from the Bay of Fundy to New York. Spinakers were set after Point Judith was passed, and the fleet was soon at anchor off Newport after an uneventful run. The official summary of the times is:

FIRST CLASS SCHOONERS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Ambassadress	150.05	6 27 35	6 27 35
Dauntless	112.83	5 53 04	5 33 04
Norseman	110.12	5 46 40	5 45 31
Palmer	104.17	5 19 11	5 18 34
Wanderer	103.03	6 01 10	. . . .
Alarm	112.03	5 42 30	. . . .

SECOND CLASS SCHOONERS.

Intrepid	99.30	5 36 42	5 36 42
Gitana	96.81	5 47 40	5 46 26
Montauk	94.06	5 19 50	5 16 40
Columbia	93.00	5 39 28	. . . .

THIRD CLASS SCHOONERS.

Sea Fox	91.58	5 09 40	5 09 40
Sachem	88.47	5 09 35	5 07 49
Troubadour	87.86	5 23 39	5 21 18
Varuna	87.10	6 08 26	6 05 52
Miranda	85.79	5 18 12	5 15 23
Grayling	83.03	5 23 45	5 18 50
Atalanta		5 48 03	. . . .
Elma		5 58 03	. . . .

FOURTH CLASS SCHOONERS.

Marguerite	83.54	6 49 38	6 49 38
Iroquois	81.74	5 16 45	5 15 36
Magic	80.23	5 35 54	5 33 44
Halcyon	81.08	5 42 18	5 40 42
Princess		6 13 13	. . . .

FIFTH CLASS SCHOONERS.

Harbinger	64.79	6 51 42	. . . .
Triton		6 19 47	. . . .
Lotus		6 48 14	. . . .
Azalea		6 23 14	. . . .
Lydia		6 16 19	. . . .
Whim		6 26 40	. . . .
Curlew		6 33 37	. . . .

FIRST CLASS SLOOPS.

Volunteer	89.35	5 12 38	5 12 38
Mayflower	87.99	5 10 43	5 09 56
Puritan	83.85	5 06 32	5 03 14

THIRD CLASS SLOOPS.

Katrina	74.08	5 14 12	5 14 12
Bedouin	72.10	6 30 52	6 29 23
Fanny	69.70	5 14 57	5 11 58
Pocahontas		5 45 34	5 34 34
Nonpariello		6 26 58	. . . .
Huron	63.31	5 41 08	5 24 04

FOURTH CLASS SLOOPS.

Hildegarde	54.50	5 23 09	5 33 09
Dare	59.53	6 04 55	6 00 09
Medusa	55.82	6 10 34	6 02 22
Whileaway	57.50	5 29 17	5 22 52
Thistle		6 03 00	. . . .

FIFTH CLASS SLOOPS.

Athlon	56.11	5 36 17	5 36 17
Cinderella	55.48	5 44 20	5 43 36
Gaviota	55.15	5 38 35	5 37 28
Bertie	52.08	5 45 49	. . . .
Concord	51.23	6 40 17	6 34 17

SIXTH CLASS SLOOPS.

Regina	50.13	6 01 30	. . . .
Nymph		6 16 51	. . . .
Crocodile	Not timed.		
Iseult	Not timed.		
Portia	Not timed.		

The measurements were not complete, but the winners in the various classes were Palmer, Sachem, Iroquois, Lydia, Puritan, Fanny, Hildegarde, Bertie and Regina. In the harbor were a number of yachts waiting to join the fleet. It was decided to sail on Friday for the Goelet cups, over one of the usual courses, around the buoy off Block Island and a mark off West Island, or around the Sow and Pigs and Hen and Chickens Lightships.

Goelet Cups, Newport, Aug. 10.

The New York Y. C. certainly owes much to the liberality of Mr. Ogden Goelet in providing the prizes which bear his name, and which have come to be looked forward to as the principal ones of the year. For seven successive seasons the prizes, in each case a cup valued at $1,000 for schooners, and one valued at $500 for singlestickers, have been given by him, the conditions being that the yachts entering, from the New York and Eastern clubs, shall not have hauled out to clean bottom after the commencement of the cruise. As the courses are among the best in the country, and far better than the New York course as regards wind and tides, the race has been looked forward to by all to decide the question of the leading schooner, and it was no small disappointment that the results should be without value through the fickle weather. In looking at these results, such as they are, it is necessary to throw out entirely the first half of the course, some 18 miles. Up to this point there was nothing but flukes and the chances of light winds from different quarters, favoring one yacht or the other. From the first mark, the Sow and Pigs Lightship, to the second, Hen and Chickens, the wind was about the same to all, quite light and well aft, while on the beat of about 14 miles home, it was stronger, but greatly in favor of the leaders, who were running into the wind as it freshened from the west. Allowing for this fact the times from Hen and Chicken show fairly well the work of each yacht, but unfortunately only the leaders were timed at the finish. The day was clear and warm, the water perfectly smooth, and the wind in the morning about N.N.E. and light. The fleet ran out about 10 A. M. and found the signals flying for the Sow and Pigs course. The start was given at 10:30, the following yachts going over:

SCHOONERS.

Elma	85	3	R. L. Belknap.
Dauntless	116	7	C. H. Colf.
Grayling	82	8	L. A. Fish.
Magic	80	6	T. N. Motley.
Miranda	86	4	G. H. B. Hill.
Montauk	94	10½	J. E. Brooks.
Iroquois	80	00	T. J. Coolidge, Jr.
Intrepid	100	8	L. Phenix.
Palmer	104	4	R. Stuyvesant.
Ramona	110	11	C. A. Postley.
Troubadour	92	00	L. H. Smith.
Sea Fox	89	5	A. Cass Canfield.
Sachem	86	8	Metcalf & Owen.

SLOOPS.

Volunteer	85	11	C. J. Paine.
Mayflower	85	6½	E. D. Morgan.
Puritan	81	11	J. Malcolm Forbes.
Katrina	69	6	Auchincloss Bros.

In the schooner class Dauntless allows Ramona 1m. 11s.; Palmer, 2m. 22s.; Intrepid, 6m. 25s.; Montauk, 9m. 33s.; Sea Fox, 11m. 3s.; Sachem, 13m.; Troubadour, 13m. 40s.; Miranda, 14m. 47s.; Grayling, 16m. 32s.; Iroquois, 17m. 38s., and Magic, 18m. 46s.

In the sloop class Volunteer allows Mayflower 53s.; Puritan, 3m. 41s., and Katrina, 11m. 13s.

Marguerite did not start, Bedouin was out, but not in the race, while the absence of Shamrock, who was not on the cruise, was a subject of general regret among the many who wished to see her and Katrina together. Mr. Burgess steered Sachem himself, while Mr. Smith was on board of Katrina. Elma made her first appearance in a race since the change of rig, but under very unfavorable conditions, her owner, who had been absent for some time, only joined late on the morning of the start, so that she was late in getting into position, and he lacked the practice with racing canvas which the other yachts have had during the spring, besides being very heavily ballasted for such light weather. The times at the start were:

Volunteer	10 30 57	Troubadour	10 32 52
Mayflower	10 31 51	Katrina	10 33 17
Miranda	10 31 52	Intrepid	10 33 32
Sea Fox	10 31 58	Grayling	10 33 40
Sachem	10 32 09	Magic	10 33 49
Palmer	10 32 25	Dauntless	10 34 25
Montauk	10 32 25	Elma	10 35 00
Puritan	10 32 40	Iroquois	10 36 36

Ramona came last with a handicap of 2m. 9s.

All went over on port tack, with clubtopsails and jibtopsail set, but the wind was so light that the race was slow. The fleet strung out, with Volunteer first, and Mayflower, Puritan, Sea Fox, Palmer and Miranda in the first division, while some of the larger schooners brought up the rear. For the first hour and a half the yachts made some progress, though it could hardly be called racing, and then, before West Island was reached, the wind fell completely and left them to drift. About noon there were catspaws from the south, but with no weight in them, one boat or another being favored in turn for a few minutes. For a time the fleet had a little wind and then at 2 P. M. it died down, leaving the leaders still at a distance from the first mark. For another hour there was nothing to do but drift with the ebb tide and make the most of such flukes as fell in the way. Several set spinakers, which helped them a little. Volunteer being in the middle of the fleet, managed to come out ahead at the mark, and turned with a lead of ten minutes on Volunteer. Just how it was done was not evident, but it is certain that only a bald fluke set her so far ahead of the fleet after her place in the early part of the race. The times at Sow and Pigs were:

Sachem	3 27 33	Troubadour	3 53 22
Volunteer	3 37 32	Mayflower	3 53 32
Sea Fox	3 43 15	Dauntless	3 55 46
Puritan	3 45 58	Montauk	3 56 36
Miranda	3 48 26	Magic	3 59 00
Grayling	3 49 07	Ramona	3 59 30
Katrina	3 49 51	Elma	4 01 00
Iroquois	3 50 42	Intrepid	4 11 00
Palmer	3 51 27		

Katrina was in very hard luck at the Lightship, the wind left her so near to it that it seemed as though she would go by on the wrong side and she lay idle for some time before getting around. All jibed round and started on port tack for Hen and Chickens, nearly five miles away. Sachem, now well ahead, set a spinaker to some advantage, but those who tried it further astern gained nothing, as the wind was too light to fill it. Sachem was nearly an hour and a quarter in covering a distance of less than five miles, so the strength of the wind can be easily rated. The times at the Hen and Chickens Lightship were:

Sachem	4 40 03	Troubadour	5 00 45
Volunteer	4 44 49	Palmer	5 01 00
Sea Fox	4 48 06	Montauk	5 06 00
Puritan	4 51 00	Ramona	5 07 15
Grayling	4 52 01	Magic	5 07 15
Katrina	4 52 38	Elma	5 08 00
Miranda	4 58 21	Dauntless	5 10 00
Mayflower	4 58 53	Intrepid	Not timed.
Iroquois	4 59 33		

Thus far the race had been absolutely devoid of interest, but the S.W. breeze now promised to freshen and make a fair fight over the remaining fifteen miles to the finish. All stood off on the port tack after rounding, Sachem and Volunteer far ahead and gaining every minute as they ran into the increasing breeze. Sea Fox had a good lead on Grayling at the mark, as much as 2½m., and for a time held it well, going on starboard tack at 5:25, two minutes after Grayling had tacked astern and to leeward of her. Katrina had turned the mark close aboard of Grayling, and made an ambitious attempt to hold on to her, but the slippery schooner soon shook her off. Sachem held the lead for a time, but Volunteer finally headed her and held first place to the finish. Grayling steadily crawled up on Sea Fox and after 45 minutes placed herself to leeward, where the black boat tried in vain to shake her off. She had her maintopmaststaysail set, while Sea Fox had none, both carrying clubtopsails. From 6 P. M. to the finish the fight was kept up, with a final victory for Grayling. With the fresher breeze Elma began to wake up, and for an hour after passing the Hen and Chickens she sailed very fast, working her way up past Magic, Ramona, Montauk, Palmer and Troubadour, and sailing about even with Miranda for a time. When on the starboard tack she lost part of her advantage, being delayed for a time by a long tow of coal barges, and finally finished after Miranda, Montauk and Palmer, none of them timed. Sea Fox, Grayling, Puritan and Katrina sailed for a time in company, Katrina holding well on to the larger ones, and ahead of them finally. The full times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Volunteer	10 30 57	6 52 32	8 21 35	8 21 35
Katrina	10 33 17	7 19 49	8 46 32	8 35 19
Puritan	10 32 47	7 15 35	8 42 58	8 29 07
Grayling	10 33 40	7 19 34	8 45 54	8 29 22
Sachem	10 32 09	7 12 57	8 40 48	8 27 48
Sea Fox	10 31 58	7 23 34	8 51 26	8 40 23
Mayflower	10 31 51	7 33 05	9 01 14	9 00 21
Miranda	10 31 53	Not timed.		
Palmer	10 32 25	Not timed.		
Montauk	10 32 42	Not timed.		
Troubadour	10 32 52	Not timed.		
Intrepid	10 33 32	Not timed.		
Magic	10 33 49	Not timed.		
Dauntless	10 34 25	Not timed.		
Elma	10 36 00	Not timed.		
Iroquois	10 36 39	Not timed.		
Ramona	10 40 00	Not timed.		

In the sloop class Volunteer beats Puritan 17m. 31s.; Katrina 13m. 4s. and Mayflower 38m. 46s. on corrected time. Katrina beats Puritan 3m. 48s.

In the schooner class Sachem beats Grayling 1m. 30s. and Sea Fox 12m. 37s. on corrected time.

As before stated, these times amount to nothing, the only fair comparison must be based on the work from Hen and Chickens. The elapsed times over this leg were:

Volunteer	2 02 44	Sachem	2 32 54
Puritan	2 24 35	Mayflower	2 34 12
Katrina	2 27 11	Sea Fox	2 34 48
Grayling	2 27 33		

The corrected time for 16 miles would only change one of the boats, making Katrina second to Volunteer. Sachem wins the Goelet Cup, but as far as the honors go she has yet to pay Grayling for the defeat at New York this spring. Puritan did good work and ahead with the schooners, but failed to beat Katrina, the little steel boat doing decidedly the best work of the day, save Volunteer. In the beat of 15 miles in a moderate breeze she outsailed on even time the three fastest schooners in the country, all longer by 13 to 20ft., to say nothing of Mayflower, with her 15ft. extra length. The latter made a poor showing all day, being at no time in a good place. It was late when the fleet anchored in Newport again, but the orders were for an early start for Vineyard Haven.

One noticeable feature of the year is the prevalence of white yachts, in fact one often has to rub the eyes for a minute to make sure of some old and well-known craft, completely changed by her new outside. All the Burgess boats are now white, and of the old craft America and Gitana have come out this year, the latter especially looking quite different. Troubadour changed her color last year and Grayling so early in the season that men are now used to it, but at a glance both Gitana and America are apt to puzzle the observer. Whether or no the change is an improvement in appearance is a matter of taste, but no perceptible increase of speed has yet been evident in either.

Among the new Burgess boats not the least noticeable was the schooner Vintor, the eye being attracted by her freeboard and size rather than by anything specially taking in her appearance. Though of the same general style as Sachem and Marguerite she is much heavier and boxier in appearance and by no means a handsome vessel. Being only a cruiser and of small size, 65ft. l.w.l., she is somewhat fuller in model than the larger boats, but at the same time she is lacking in grace and lightness on the water.

Three of the new boats lay close together and offered a fair chance for comparison, Baboon, Nymph and Pappoose. The difference in appearance between the first two strikes one at once, Nymph is certainly not a handsome boat according to modern ideas. She is heavy in appearance, with a high rail, the lines of rail and planksheer not harmonizing, especially aft, where the bulwark shows very wide. Baboon, on the contrary, though with the same overhang and general sheer plan, is far and away handsomer, sitting lightly and easily on the water. Her counter is cleaner and her rail is quite low, the planksheer, or more properly the gold stripe, curving in harmony with it. The freeboard of the two is probably the same, but the difference to the eye is very great. Among the new boats in Newport Harbor was Herreshoff's latest yawl, similar in model to the Consuelo, built by them, but with two batten sails, both boom and gaff; a large cat mainsail and a mizen. Mr. Bryant's new schooner, Alert, joined the fleet at Newport with her owner on board; a handsome and bold-looking cruiser, in every way a credit to her amateur designer. The arrangements and fitting up below are excellent, while the deck has a very trim and ship-shape finish. The new schooner Œnone was expected at Newport, but did not arrive.

Newport to Vineyard Haven, Aug. 11.

The morning was clear and cool, with a moderate breeze from the east, and in answer to the signals to sail at 10:30 for Vineyard Haven the greater part of the fleet worked out of the harbor early and made for the start off Brenton's Reef Lightship. The course was to windward and the yachts went over on the port tack, rounding the stern of the Electra. As Palmer came round she scraped along Hildegarde's side, carrying away the latter's port boat, but doing no further damage. Regina had just crossed the line when Grayling came up with Mayflower directly astern of her. The latter overtook the Grayling and ran her bowsprit squarely against the schooner's mainboom, causing it to buckle, but the stick held, and in answer to the great pressure from leeward paid the yacht's head off. Regina was so close to Grayling that the latter's boom struck her mast, carrying away topmast and headgear, smashing a boat, and heeling the sloop badly. Three of the guests on Regina leaped overboard and swam until the end of Grayling's main sheet was thrown to them, when they seized it and were towed until picked up by boats from some of the yachts. Mayflower continued past Grayling and the latter ran her bowsprit through the mainsail of a catboat with a pleasure party of ladies on board, but fortunately did no further damage. Regina and Grayling were separated, the former returning to Newport a partial wreck, the latter continuing the race with the loss of her topmast stay. The order of the leading boats at the line was: Puritan, Lydia, Clio, Montauk, Volunteer, Pocahontas, Katrina, Iroquois, Crocodile, Sea Fox, Gitana, Huron, Athlon, Sachem, Halcyon, Miranda, Whileaway, Harbinger, Columbia, Norseman, Regina, Palmer, Cinderella, Vision, Grayling, Bedouin, Mayflower.

As far as the Sow and Pigs the wind held ahead and Volunteer steamed away in advance of the fleet, easily taking the lead. Puritan was second and Sachem third, with Sea Fox next. About 1:30 the wind went round to S.E., and Volunteer was able to lay her course through Vineyard Sound, going inside the Middle Ground. After a couple of hours the wind died out and left the fleet at the mercy of the flood tide, which was running very strongly against them. It had been intended to finish off the Sea View House, and a large crowd was gathered to see the end of the race, but as it was evident that the yachts could not reach there before very late at night, the times were taken as they passed the West Chop Light, the leaders coming in with the ebb tide and about 7:30. The official times are as follows, but some revision may be necessary, as the table was made out at a late hour:

FIRST CLASS SCHOONERS.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Norseman	10 46 06	7 58 00	9 12 54
Palmer	10 47 07	7 59 45	9 12 38
Alarm	10 47 35	8 13 50	9 26 15
Dauntless	10 49 25	8 16 20	9 26 55
Wanderer	10 51 00	8 41 00	9 50 00
Ambassadress	10 51 35	. . . .	. . . .
Ramona	11 00 00	8 51 15	9 51 15

SECOND CLASS SCHOONERS.

Montauk	10 41 58	7 55 30	9 13 40
Gitana	10 44 00	. . . .	. . . .
Columbia	10 46 17	8 02 58	9 16 41
Intrepid	10 47 35	. . . .	. . . .

THIRD CLASS SCHOONERS.

Troubadour	10 43 30	8 34 30	9 51 00
Sea Fox	10 43 47	7 21 17	8 37 30
Sachem	10 44 33	7 23 45	8 39 02
Miranda	10 45 15	7 31 23	8 46 08
Grayling	10 48 08	7 21 17	8 33 09
Varuna	10 51 00	. . . .	. . . .
Elma	10 58 55	7 53 40	8 54 45

FOURTH CLASS SCHOONERS.

Iroquois	10 43 16	7 30 43	8 47 27
Halcyon	10 45 00	8 06 25	9 21 25
Marguerite	10 47 35	8 37 00	9 49 25
Magic	10 49 10	7 53 06	9 03 50
Clytie	10 51 00	. . . .	. . . .

FIFTH CLASS SCHOONERS.

Lydia	10 41 15	8 36 15	9 55 00
Clio	10 41 41	8 35 00	9 53 19
Harbinger	10 45 48	8 11 11	9 25 23
Lotus	10 57 00	. . . .	. . . .
Whim	11 00 00	. . . .	. . . .

FIRST CLASS SLOOPS.

Puritan	10 40 53	7 14 25	8 33 32
Volunteer	10 41 58	7 22 35	8 40 47
Mayflower	10 48 08	7 49 22	9 01 14

THIRD CLASS SLOOPS.

Pocahontas	10 42 40	8 12 35	9 29 55
Katrina	10 42 40	7 52 23	9 09 43
Huron	10 44 28	. . . .	. . . .
Bedouin	10 43 08	7 26 52	8 38 44
Fanny	10 50 37	. . . .	. . . .
Vision	10 54 22	8 34 30	9 40 08
Nonpareil	10 55 49	8 44 25	9 48 36

FOURTH CLASS SLOOPS.

Whileaway	10 45 48	. . . .	. . . .
Hildegarde	10 47 55	. . . .	. . . .
Thistle	10 48 08	8 26 00	9 37 52
Medusa	10 49 35	8 40 00	9 30 25

FIFTH CLASS SLOOPS.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Athlon	10 44 52	8 05 06	9 20 34
Bertie	10 45 48	. . .	. . .
Cinderella	10 47 35	. . .	. . .

SIXTH CLASS SLOOPS.

Crocodile	10 44 28	. . .	. . .
Regina	10 46 40	. . .	. . .
Nymph	10 52 20	8 08 58	9 16 38

Winners are: Schooners—First class, Alarm; second, Montauk; third, Grayling; fourth, Iroquois; fifth, Harbinger. Sloops—First class, Puritan; third, Bedouin; fourth, Medusa; fifth, Athlon; sixth, Nymph.

The fleet laid at anchor over Sunday at Vineyard Haven. At a meeting of the captains it was decided to change the original programme and not to go round the Cape. Instead of this it was arranged to sail for New Bedford as soon as the Vineyard Haven race was finished, the course being around the Sow and Pigs Lightship and up Buzzard's Bay. On the following day the fleet will run back to Newport and sail next day for cups offered by the citizens of that place, the course to be the same as for the Goelet cups.

Monday morning broke with a S.E. wind and heavy sea, but a good part of the fleet were ready in good season for the race, the conditions being as follows: The course to be from a line drawn from horizontal striped buoy off Oak Bluffs wharf to the flagship, anchored about a quarter of a mile northeast from it, thence around the bell buoy about a half mile south of Nobsque light, leaving it on the port hand, thence around black buoy, No. 25, off Gay Head, leaving it on the port hand and returning over the same course to the starting line. The length of the course is 36 miles. The prizes are: For all keel schooners, $250; all centerboard schooners over 80ft., $250; all centerboard schooners not over 80ft., $200. For sloops, cutters and yawls—Class 1, all over 80ft., $250; class 2, all over 61ft. and not over 80ft., $200; class 3, all over 58ft. and not over 61ft., $150; class 4, all over 46ft. and not over 53ft., $100; class 5, all under 46ft., $100. In case of postponement the race to be sailed on the first favorable day.

Gen. Paine decided on Sunday not to enter Volunteer, and she made no preparations to start. Alert, Mr. Bryant's new schooner, was under way early under lower sails, and Dauntless had one reef in her mainsail, Miranda, Bedouin, Palmer, Mayflower, Katrina, Sachem, Iroquois, Grayling, and even the little 40ft. Baboon with her Corinthian crew were ready in good season. The flagship, with a party of ladies and gentlemen on board, ran out and anchored off the Sea View House about 10 A. M. It was then blowing very heavily with a high sea, and at 10:30 the regatta committee decided to postpone the race. A short time later the rain ceased, the wind fell considerably and the weather was all that could be desired, but the fleet lay at anchor all day.

The action of the regatta committee gave general dissatisfaction to all the yachtsmen in the fleet. The whole season has gone by without a breeze fit for racing in any of the regattas; the cruise from which so much was expected has dwindled down to three drifting matches thus far, and when at last the long looked for day arrived and the sailing contingent were ready at the start, the race was postponed in the interest of the ladies and spectators on shore. The fleet has lost a number of yachts already—Dauntless, Gitana, Elma, Magic, Montauk, Clio, Madeline, and several steam yachts, including Corsair, left after the postponement was announced. During the morning Dauntless lost her jibboom at the Cape, returning under foresail and jib. With one reef in her mainsail and second jib the little Baboon was flying about, making good weather of it while the wind was at its worst. The race was postponed to Tuesday if the weather should prove suitable.

The race for the Cottage City prizes was sailed in a stiff southwester with a jump of a sea, which put the yachts on their mettle in the windward work. Keels and cutters showed up to great advantage. It was the second time Bedouin met the deep centerboard Katrina and the cutter again came out ahead. Among the schooners the victory hangs between the imported Miranda and the new keel Alert, the finish being so close that remeasurement is necessary to decide. These keel schooners, though in a class by themselves, beat the centerboard Sea Fox and the famous Grayling and came within a minute of the Sachem, the latter winning in the centerboard class. Puritan beat Mayflower in the big singlestick class, Hildegarde had a sail over in the third, Bertie beat Athlon in the fourth, and the semi-cutter Hesper probably beats the celebrated sloop Vixen in the fifth.

FIRST CLASS SCHOONERS.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Alert	10 10 44	2 21 32	4 10 48	Not m'd
Intrepid	10 11 43	2 44 14	4 32 31	4 30 10
Miranda	10 11 45	2 27 55	4 16 10	4 06 14
Palmer	10 17 58	Did not finish.		
Ramona	10 10 24	Did not finish.		

SECOND CLASS SCHOONERS.

Sea Fox	10 11 23	2 20 08	4 09 45	4 08 23
Grayling	10 11 25	2 26 23	4 15 03	4 10 34
Sachem	10 11 48	2 17 08	4 06 20	4 04 33
Montauk	10 13 23	2 29 46	4 16 23	4 16 23
Troubadour	10 15 00	2 47 20	4 32 20	4 28 47

THIRD CLASS SCHOONERS.

Iroquois	10 12 10	2 34 12	4 22 02	4 22 02
Halcyon	10 14 59	3 10 38	4 55 39	4 54 54

FIRST CLASS SLOOPS.

Puritan	10 10 16	2 12 58	4 02 42	4 00 07
Mayflower	10 13 14	2 17 41	4 04 30	4 04 30

SECOND CLASS SLOOPS.

Bedouin	10 11 25	2 37 30	4 26 14	4 24 43
Katrina	10 14 26	2 42 37	4 28 11	4 28 11

THIRD CLASS SLOOPS.

Hildegarde	10 14 11	3 04 43	4 55 32	4 55 32

FOURTH CLASS SLOOPS.

Bertie	10 13 41	3 26 42	5 13 01	5 07 59
Athlon	10 20 00	3 59 45	5 39 45	5 39 45

FIFTH CLASS SLOOPS.

Vixen	10 16 30	4 01 30	5 55 00	. . .
Hesper	10 16 48	4 03 47	5 46 59	Not m'd
Thistle	10 16 54	Not timed.		

QUINCY Y. C. OPEN REGATTA, AUG. 11.—On Aug. 11 the Quincy Y. C. sailed its open regatta in a fresh N.E. wind, the courses being 8 and 7 miles, the former for first class. The times were:

FIRST CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Moondyne, W. H. Shaw	24.08	1 34 41	1 08 53
White Fawn, W. H. Cherrington	24.08	1 35 20	1 09 23
Secret, E. F. Linton	22.06	1 38 22	1 10 21
Posy, R. G. Hunt	22.02	1 38 47	1 10 26
Echo, Burwell and Isham	24.05	1 37 59	1 11 49
Folly, J. F. Sheppard	26.04	1 37 45	1 13 13
Wraith, C. E. and P. Hodges	22.06	1 42 15	1 14 14
Erin, John Cavanagh	26.00	1 39 55	1 15 07
Seabird, C. L. Joy	22.08	1 43 48	1 15 58
Halcyon, J. R. Hooper	21.03	1 50 37	1 21 18

SECOND CLASS.

Mabel, William Bennett	19.11	1 23 50	53 51
Peri, Frank Driscoll	18.06	1 26 10	57 30
Scamp, Frank Gray	18.04	1 28 29	59 46
Tartar, J. B. Forsyth	19.11	1 26 49	59 50
Eli, W. P. Barker	19.10	1 27 27	1 00 25
Myrtle, R. C. Poor	19.00	1 29 11	1 01 14
Hester, P. R. Blackmur	19.11	1 30 02	1 03 05
E. W. D., E. W. Dixon	18.06	1 32 51	1 03 25
Nereid, C. F. Colby	20.01	1 30 30	1 03 42
Hebe, H. Edwards	19.06	1 33 41	1 05 44
Undine, W. H. Doble	19.06	1 35 40	1 08 15

SPECIAL CLASSES.

Zoe, C. E. McField	18.01	1 24 41	55 41
Eureka, E. B. Rogers	20.00	1 23 24	56 31
Flora Lee, E. B. Glover	16.08	1 29 40	58 49
Diadem, L. Hayward	18.01	1 28 48	59 48
Snarleyow, W. M. Maybury	17.10	1 32 48	1 03 31

THIRD CLASS.

Mirage, John Dearborn	17.05	1 28 15	58 26
Rocket, Secretary Faxon	16.03	1 31 37	1 00 18
Wildfire, H. A. Keith	17.02	1 32 32	1 02 25
Guenn, Perry Lawton	17.07	1 37 30	1 07 55
Mabel S., John Shaw	17.09	1 38 31	1 09 57

MONTGOMERY SAILING C.—Twelfth weekly regatta, Aug. 12.—Course, Norristown to Indian Creek and return, distance five miles. Weather cloudy, with light rain at the start. Wind fresh easterly.

	Length.	Start.	Finish.	Corrected.
Gracie, skiff	12.00	1 30 40	3 03 30	1 23 30
S. H. Querner, tuckup	15.00	1 40 00	3 07 00	1 27 00
Sadie, canoe	16.00	1 34 40	Withdrew.	

It was a run to the buoy, and a beat home, nearly dead to windward. The canoe Sadie led at the outer mark, being 1m. 30s. ahead of Gracie, but was beaten in the windward work. Judge, Alfred Rochell.

VISION AND FEDALMA.—These steam yachts had a race on Long Island Sound last week while on the New York cruise, the stakes being $100 per side. Fedalma won.

CAPE COD Y. C.—The final race of the Cape Cod Y. C. for 1888 was sailed on Aug. 11, resulting as follows:

FIRST CLASS.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Madge, Cumming & Howe	1 43 23	1 21 21
Percy Allen, Frank S. Allen	1 46 20	1 22 27
No Name, A. Lake	1 57 54	1 32 07
Fawn, James Smith	2 08 01	1 46 55

SECOND CLASS.

Leola, E. E. Nickerson	1 58 00	1 29 20
Carrie L., George Clark	2 08 15	1 36 46
Mystery, George Dinnel	1 56 18	1 27 20
Pemigewassett, W. M. Crosby	2 11 17	1 30 54

THIRD CLASS.

Mischief, E. Snow	1 46 17	1 29 00
Sachem, A. O. Hurd	1 41 42	1 18 55
Una, George Paxton	Withdrew.	
Rob Roy, H. Hewins	2 09 49	1 43 20
Tempest, E. Smith	2 11 39	1 46 40
Princie, P. Doane	1 54 38	1 33 59
Susan, J. Ryder	2 15 53	1 42 59

The winners for first prizes in the classes for the season are: First class, Madge; second class will race off Aug. 18; third class, Mischief. This regatta closes the races for the season, excepting for second class boats. The judges were Capt. S. K. Kingman and Albert Smith.

SANDY HILL Y. C. AUG. 6-7.—The annual regatta of the Sandy Hill Y. C. off Rockport was postponed from Aug. 6 to 7 on account of the lack of wind, being finally sailed in a good N.E. breeze and heavy sea. The course was six miles. Out of fourteen starters only eight finished, as follows:

FIRST CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Black Cloud, A. Brown	24.00	2 35 00	2 27 50
Trudette, L. M. Haskins	25.05	2 48 00	2 43 09
Sivea, Rev. Mr. Ward	25.11	2 48 00	2 43 21

SECOND CLASS.

Mavis, F. E. Smothers	20.10	2 18 02	2 36 03
Good Luck, J. B. Farrell	20.00	2 57 15	2 47 09

THIRD CLASS.

Alpine, W. P. Tarr	16.02	2 53 03	2 31 51
Madcap, Wheeler	18.06	2 58 25	2 38 01
Climax, Sauders	18.06	3 02 42	2 46 29

Osceola capsized at the start.

NEWARK BAY Y. C.—The sweepstakes regatta of the Newark Bay Y. C. was sailed in a very strong blow on Aug. 13, the course being on Newark Bay, two rounds, making 10 miles. Only 7 out of 24 entries started, the times being:

CLASS D—CATBOATS 18FT. AND OVER.

	Length.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Ada B	22.06	3 16 30	4 56 00	1 39 30	1 37 50
Smuggler	24.02	3 15 20	Withdrew.		
Lizzie V	21.03	3 19 04	4 57 30	1 38 26	1 37 31

CLASS E—CATBOATS UNDER 18FT.

Annie C	17.10	3 18 00	5 03 20	1 45 20	1 45 20
Gala Water	16.03	3 17 00	5 08 02	1 51 02	1 51 07
Daisy	15.08	3 17 08	5 07 48	1 50 40	1 48 36
Juliette	16.04½	3 15 00	Withdrew.		

The judges were: Philip Lumbreyer, Edward E. Van Buskirk and Garret L. Post. Regatta committee: Andrew Van Buskirk, L. G. Seavey and Charles H. Mayhew.

LAKE MAHOPAC DEAN HOUSE CUP.—The second race for the Dean House cup took place on Aug. 11. The usual course marked by buoys was sailed over twice, making ten miles in all. The boats entered were Mist, Capt. Stuart; Mischief, Capt. Pomvert; Flora, Capt. Fabian; Trifler, Capt. Dusenbury; Mattie, Capt. Saportas, and Dart, Capt. Engler. The wind—when there was any—was from the south. The yachts started about 3 o'clock and crossed the line in the order named. The run to the first buoy was made with the wind a little aft of the beam and Flora's attempt to set a spinaker was not altogether a success. Trifler was blanketed by Mischief for a considerable distance and the boats rounded the first buoy in the following order: Flora, Mist, Trifler, Mischief, Mattie, Dart. It was a beat to windward to the next buoy, and Trifler passed Mist and rapidly overhauled Flora, rounding the second buoy only a few seconds astern. Mischief and Mattie rounded shortly afterward close together. Mist and Dart dropped out of the race. The next leg was about one-quarter mile to leeward, and Trifler passed Flora. The two boats then lay for several minutes in a complete calm, and Flora catching the wind first ran away from Trifler and finished the first round with a good lead, which she maintained and increased to the finish, Trifler only gaining on her in the short beat of a mile to windward. The boats crossed the finishing line as follows: Flora, Trifler, Mischief, Mattie. Flora was sailed by a professional crew of four men and was the only boat using a spinaker. She beat Trifler 4m. 15s. corrected time. This gives Flora and Trifler one race each for the Dean House cup. The cup must be won twice. The third race is set down for Aug. 18.

A FATAL CAPSIZE ON THE DELAWARE.—On August 8 the centerboard sloop Flora B., of Pennsville, Del., capsized in a squall on the Delaware River about two miles off that place, drowning four women and a little girl, who were in the cabin. The party, consisting of the owner of the boat, Capt. Elijah Wheaton, with his wife, Mrs. Thomas Finnegan, Mrs. Sadie Wheaton and her daughter, Jonathan Turner and his wife, and Clayton Balton, started in the morning for Penn's Grove, ten miles up the river, to attend a picnic. At night the weather was threatening, but at 6 P. M. the yacht was under way. When about two miles from home, at 7 P. M., a heavy squall struck and threw the yacht on her beam ends. She had almost righted when a second squall struck her, capsizing her completely. All of the ladies were in the cabin, as it was raining heavily, and they were unable to get out. John Turner seized one by the arm, but was obliged to release her. The three men were thrown into the water, but finally reached the yawl, towing astern, but they could do nothing to aid those on the yacht. The tug E. L. Cain, Capt. Harris, was bound out with a schooner in tow when she saw the capsize, and casting off her line she made for the sloop, picking up the three men and towing the boat to the beach a short distance above Pennsville. Next morning the bodies were removed from the cabin of the vessel, several of them being badly bruised. The mishap is like hundreds of others which we are called on to chronicle. A shoal and a poorly ballasted boat of great beam and heavy rig, reefing is deferred, as in the case of the Sarah J. Craig, until it is too late, when a final puff of wind settles the matter by capsizing her entirely.

ARRIVAL OF STRANGER.—Mr. Warren's cutter, which left Boston on July 20, has arrived safely at Liverpool.

THE LAST OF RULE 8.—A special general meeting of the Yacht Racing Association was held in London on Aug. 1, at which a resolution was passed expunging Rule 8, to take effect after the close of the present season. Notice was given by the Council that at the meeting in February next the following clause would be proposed for insertion in the rules: "No steam, hydraulic, electric or any motor other than manual power be used for working the lifting or lowering gear of a centerboard or plate." Rule 8, which has been on the books of the Y. R. A. since its organization in 1875, reads as follows: "Sliding Keels.—No yachts which are fitted to shift keels, or to otherwise alter their form, shall be permitted to enter."

THE LAKE FLEET.—Buffalo will make an addition to her fleet with a new cutter, to be built in September from design No. 23, furnished by C. P. Kunhardt. The plans call for a deck length of 28ft.; waterline, 21ft.; beam, 6ft.; draft, 4ft. 6in.; least freeboard, 21in. The clipper stem rakes 2ft. forward on rabbet and the counter overhangs 5ft. aft, running out to a feather edge. The iron keel weighs 3,600lbs., and lower sail area is 530sq. ft. This yacht has a flush deck with companion slide and skylight in one length and a small cockpit aft. There is 4ft. 9in. headroom in cabin over a floor 22in. wide. The keel is 12x6in., frames 2½x2¼ at heel. Planking 1in., decks 2x1¼.

A CAPSIZE AT BOOTH BAY.—On Aug. 13, Messrs. Erank E. Upham, of Dorchester, and his cousin, Frank J. Thrasher, of Boston, were out in a centerboard boat near Pumpkin Island, off Booth Bay, Me., when the craft capsized. Thrasher, who was a good swimmer, helped Upham, who could not swim, on to the boat's bottom, and turned her into the breakers near Pumpkin Island. After great difficulty Thrasher succeeded in carrying his companion through the surf only to find that he was dead. Thrasher remained on the barren island over night, and then swam to Heron Island, where he found help.

DISASTERS ON LAKE ONTARIO.—On Aug. 13 a very severe storm passed over Lake Ontario, doing much damage to shipping. The sloop Katie Gray, of Oswego, went ashore at Sodus Point, her crew getting off safely; the damage to the yacht is not reported. The fleet of the Rochester Y. C. was very severely handled, a number of yachts being driven from their moorings and capsized or beached. Two yachts under sail capsized in the harbor, a young man being drowned in the cabin of one, being sick at the time and lying below. His two companions on deck were saved.

RACING ON THE LAKES.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* An extraordinary statement in the Belleville *Ontario* has been started on the rounds of the press. That paper gives out that the Hamilton cutter Psyche was beaten one hour by the Merle at Toronto, July 31. No such race ever took place, the *Ontario* having mistaken some other boat for the Psyche. The only meeting between the latter and the Merle was at Hamilton, July 29, of which an account has appeared in your last issue.—A. C.

METEOR.—On the night of Aug. 2, when off Penfield Reef Light, Com. Bateman's steam yacht Meteor was in collision with the coasting schooner Ada Ames, the yacht losing her foremast at the deck and mainmast at the cap, while both stacks were injured and the port side badly scraped. The schooner struck her about 15ft. abaft the port bow. The schooner also lost her bowsprit and head gear. Meteor was towed to South Brooklyn for repairs.

NEW ROCHELLE Y. C., PRYER CUP, AUG. 11.—The race for the cup presented by Com. Pryer for yachts of 35ft. l.w.l. was sailed on Aug 11 over a 17 mile course, from the club house around the buoy on Execution Reef, buoy at Matinnicock and return. Only three boats started: Wacondah, Henry Doescher; Phantom, Dr. Henry Schweig and D. W. Kohn, and Curlew, Charles H. Noxon. Wacondah won by 1m. 10s., Curlew not finishing.

SAPPHIRE AND STARLING.—Mr. John Stetson has challenged Mr. E. A. Seccomb to race Starling against Sapphire, for $1,000 per side, the course to be 50 miles. Mr. Seccomb has also a match with Mr. Brown for a race with Fedalma.

MACKINAC REGATTA.—A number of yachts are at Detroit in readiness for the regatta. Oriole of Toronto and Verve of Chicago are present. White Wings of Hamilton has never entered and her owner had no intention of being present.

PLEON Y. C.—The ninth regatta was sailed on Aug. 8, the winners being: First class keels, Mary Robert Bridge; first class centerboards, Anna L.; second class centerboards, Perhaps; keels, Estelle. Estelle wins the championship flag.

CAPE ANN Y. C.—The decision of the executive committee of the N. E. Y. R. A. in regard to the Tappan cup race is that it shall be resailed, barring out the yacht which fouled the stakeboat.

BEVERLY Y. C.—The open sweepstakes race of the Beverly Y. C., 135th regatta, will be sailed on Sept. 1 off Monument Beach, starting at 1 P. M.

BANSHEE AND PAPPOOSE.—A match has been arranged between these boats to be sailed off Sandy Hook in September.

CORINTHIAN Y. C., MARBLEHEAD.—The Ladies' Day was postponed for the second time from Aug. 11 to 15.

Canoeing.

FIXTURES.

AUGUST.

10-24. A.C.A. Meet, Lake George.
—. Springfield, Cup, Lake George

SEPTEMBER.

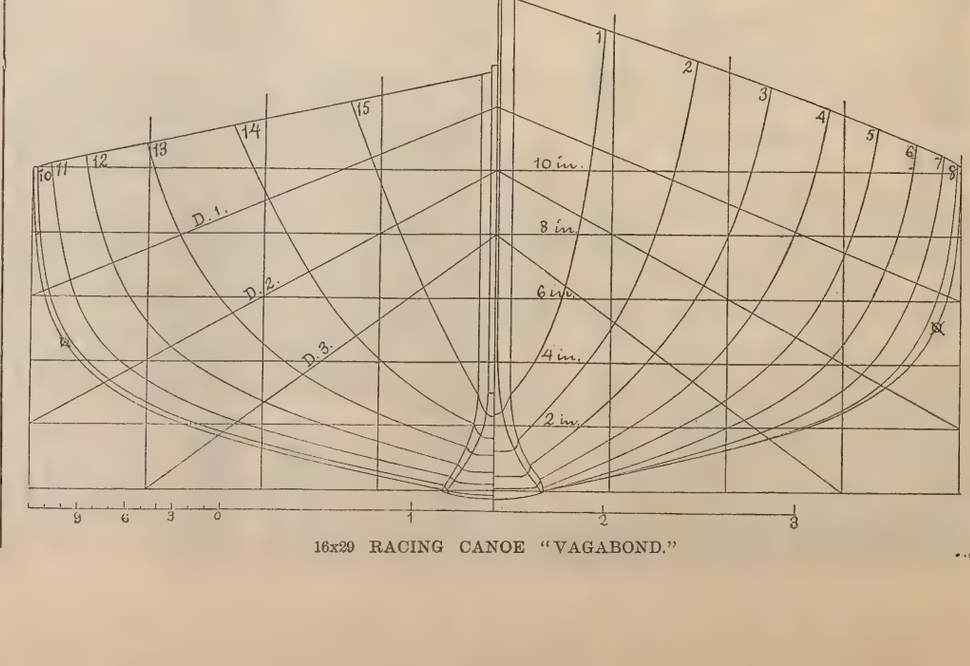
3. New York Trial Races, 10:30 A. M., 2 P. M.
3. New Jersey A. C., Bergen Point, Paddling Races.
6. Mohican, Gibson Cup, Albany
8. Brooklyn C. C. Regatta.
13. Mohican, Oliver Cup, Albany
15. Ianthe, Newark, Annual.
15. Springfield, Cup, Calla Shasta
20. Mohican, Gibson Badge, Alb'y

OCTOBER.

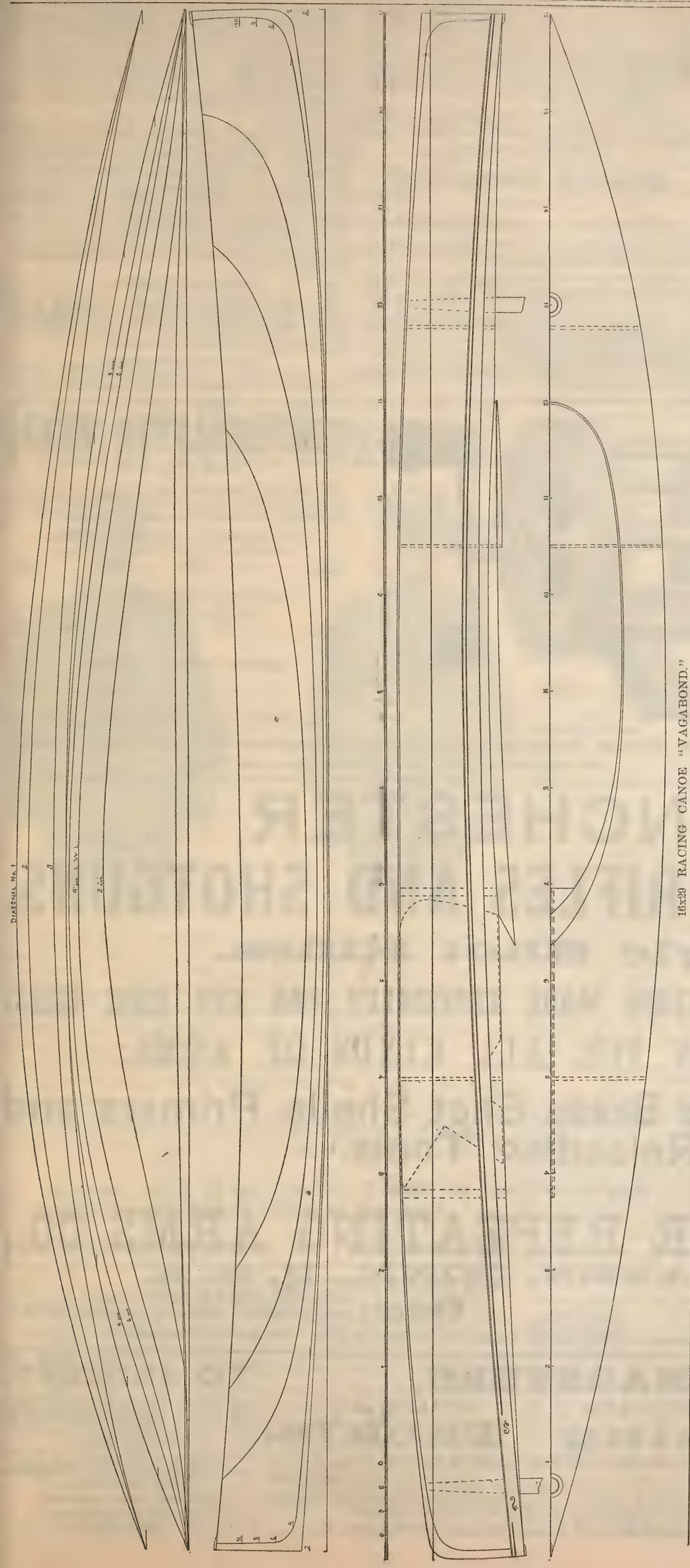
6. Springfield, Cup, Calla Shasta.

16X29 RACING CANOE VAGABOND.

THE visit of the English canoeists in 1886 settled finally the question of heavy vs. moderate displacement in racing canoes, but at the same time there were several other points which were by no means clearly decided. The principal one of these, moderate ballast or no ballast at all, has hardly been settled finally yet,



16x29 RACING CANOE "VAGABOND."



but at the same time the ballast canoes have been greatly in the minority of late, and have not pushed their side of the question at all in the races of the past year, nor are they likely to this year. Just now the "no ballast" canoes are in favor, consequently the displacement is cut down to the last ounce. This reduction of displacement has, so far as we know, been done mainly in one way only, by reducing the beam and bilge, cutting the model away greatly, as in Pecowsic and Lassie, boats of considerable deadrise. This of necessity makes a very unstable boat, and however fast she may be, there can be little comfort in sailing her. The canoe here shown was designed in February last by Mr. W. P. Stephens for Mr. C. J. Stevens, N. Y. C. C., the specifications being for a racing canoe 16×29, not to displace over 275lbs. with crew on board. In keeping within this small limit of displacement, the aim has been to preserve the greatest amount of stability consistent with the limit of beam, and to this end the deep V-section has been abandoned and all superfluous projections in the form of keel and deadwood cut away, the bulk being arranged so as to preserve the greatest area of waterline plane. The rocker at both ends was given for the purpose of reducing the surface and also to aid in turning, a point in which many canoes have been deficient.

So far as the canoe has been tried, she has proved very stiff and easy under sail, and the question now comes up: Could not the same principle be well utilized by extending the beam to 31½in. with a length of 15ft., retaining the same displacement by cutting away the depth of hull below water, giving somewhat of a saucer shape to the midship section. Such a canoe should be very stiff without ballast, the crew could sit far out to windward, and the lines would still be fine beyond anything in the shape of a yacht. We know thus far of no canoe of such a model, the nearest approach to it has been in boats like Notus, with a flat floor, boats that really are fitted to carry a heavy load, but which are sailed above their lines. Neither of the two methods, by narrow beam, depth and V-section, or by a flat-floored boat of the usual model sailed at a very light draft, commends itself as a thoroughly satisfactory solution of a light displacement problem; and the best method would seem to be through a comparatively great beam, but with a bottom specially designed within the given limit of displacement. In the Vagabond this was as stated 275lbs; the estimated displacement to the l.w.l., 4in. draft, is 257lbs., while the actual weight of boat, fittings and crew, as carried, proved to be 247lbs. The dimensions are:

Length	16ft.
Beam, extreme	29in.
l.w.l.	25¾in.
Draft	4¼in.
Freeboard	6in.
Sheer, bow	5½in.
stern	3in.
Displacement	256.75lbs.
Displacement per in. immersion	109lbs.
at 5in. draft, about	370lbs.
Area midship section	.48sq. ft.
Area lateral plane	4.37sq. ft.
centerboard	2.17sq. ft.
Total	6.54sq. ft.
L.W. plane	19.60sq. ft.
C.B. from stem	8ft.
C.L.R. from stem	7ft. 10¾in.
inc. board	7ft. 5in.

Stations.	Heights.			Half Breadths.						
	Deck	Rab't	Keel.	Deck	10in.	8in.	6in.	4in.	2in.	Rabbet
0..	1 3⁴	.....	.....	0 0¹	0¹	0¹	0¹	.....	.....	0⁴
1..	1 2³	2⁷	2³	3³	2⁷	2⁵	2¹	1²	.....	0⁴
2..	1 1⁴	1⁴	1²	6²	5⁵	5	4¹	2⁷	1¹	0⁶
3..	1 0⁵	0⁵	0⁵	8⁴	7¹	7²	6²	4⁶	2⁵	1¹
4..	11⁷	0²	.....	10³	10	9²	8²	6⁶	4²	1⁴
5..	11²	.....	.....	11⁷	11⁵	11¹	10¹	8⁴	5⁶	1⁴
6..	10⁷	.....	.....	1 1¹	1 1	1 0⁴	11⁶	10²	7²	1⁴
7..	10⁴	.....	.....	1 2	1 1⁷	1 1⁴	1 0⁷	11⁵	8⁵	1⁴
8..	10²	.....	.....	1 2³	1 2³	1 2²	1 1⁶	1 0⁵	9⁴	1⁴
9..	10¹	.....	.....	1 2⁴	1 2⁴	1 2³	1 2¹	1 0⁷	9⁶	1⁴
10..	10	0¹	.....	1 2	1 2	1 2²	1 1⁷	1 0⁶	9²	1⁴
11..	10¹	0³	0¹	1 1⁷	1 1⁷	1 1⁵	1 1¹	11⁶	7⁶	1²
12..	10³	0⁶	0⁴	1 0⁶	1 0⁶	1 0²	11³	9⁴	5²	1¹
13..	10⁶	1²	1	11	10⁶	9⁷	8⁵	6⁵	2¹	0⁷
14..	11³	2	1⁴	8¹	9⁴	6⁴	5²	3⁴	0⁵	0⁵
15..	1 0¹	2⁷	2²	4⁴	3⁸	3	2¹	1¹	.....	0⁴
16.	1 1	.....	3	0¹	0¹	0¹	0¹	0¹	.....	0⁴

The Vagabond was built by McWhirter Bros., West New Brighton, S. I., and is of ribband carvel build. The sail plan is rigged as shown in the FOREST AND STREAM of April 19, 1888, the sizes of the various sails being: Mainsails, 65ft., 50ft. and 35ft.; mizens, 15ft. and 10ft. The weights of the sails and spars complete are respectively 9lbs., 7lbs., 5½lbs., 3lbs. and 2lbs.; probably the lightest lowering rig ever put on a canoe. The spars are smaller than described in the article referred to; in fact, the largest mast and yard have proved a little too light. The canoe will carry easily a larger area, and a new suit is now being made for her. The weight of hull is 92lbs, board included, the latter about 8lbs. The rudder weighs 2¾lbs., and is a plain brass blade of the Barney pattern, running well below the keel, but not fitted to raise. The canoe is fitted with simply a circular well, 18in. diameter, in which the canoeist can put his feet; no provision is made for sitting below or for steering by the feet.

THE AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

LAST week the American Canoe Association opened its 9th annual camp not far from its birthplace on Lake George, where it was first conceived in 1879 and formally organized in the following year. Up to 1879 there was but one club and only a hundred or so of canoeists in the United States. Many open canoes were then in use in Canada and a few in the United States, but of decked cedar canoes there were probably not over 150 in the United States up to 1879; all of the Rob Roy or Nautilus model. In 1879 the New York C. C. held a regatta on New York Bay, the first for five years, and in fact the first successful canoe regatta sailed in this country.

During the same summer a number of canoeists visited Lake George and were present at the rowing regatta off Crosbyside, and some extra prizes were offered for canoe races, which were hurriedly arranged. Just above Crosbyside, the headquarters of the boating men, was the beautiful home of one of the earliest and most enthusiastic of America's canoeists, Mr. N. H. Bishop, and it was in his fertile brain that the idea of a national association of American canoeists first originated, and the general scheme, as well as its details, were planned. Mr. Bishop was at the time disengaged from business, and he took up the new idea with all that dash and energy that characterize his many adventurous cruises. In the highest story of his beautiful house, overlooking the lake far and near, he set up an amateur printing press, and in 1879 began his missionary work in behalf of canoeing. He was soon in correspondence with the leading English, Scotch and Canadian canoeists, and in a little while had made the acquaintance by letter with the few American canoeists, then disunited and isolated; a couple of dozen in New York, two or three in Cincinnati, one in San Francisco, and others in different localities. It was solely through Mr. Bishop's labors that the arrangements were made for the meet of canoeists at Crosbyside, Lake George, in August, 1880, with sailing and paddling races, those present to organize a national association.

Help was promised from all quarters, but the promises were not kept, and when the first meeting was called to order only thirteen men responded. The New York C. C. sent Messrs. W. L. Alden and W. P. Stephens; Mr. Arthur Brentano and one or two more, who organized the Knickerbocker C. C., on their return, were also present. From Cincinnati were Messrs. Longworth and Wulsin, and from Boston Messrs. Meredith and Hubbard. Mr. Rushton was also on hand. This baker's dozen of canoeists

camped, paddled, sailed and talked; the result being that all went home full of enthusiasm and ready to come back next year to the second meet of the American Canoe Association which they had organized, with Mr. Alden as commodore and Mr. Bishop as secretary.

During the next year the growth of the young organization was somewhat slow, canoeing had not yet overcome the strong prejudice and ridicule which it met at first; but the meet was successful and well attended. It was held on the Canoe Islands, owned by Messrs. Bishop, Longworth and Wulsin, near the present camp on Long Island. This year the first Canadian delegation (five canoes), led by Mr. Edwards and Col. Harry Rogers, were present.

In 1882 the Association had increased greatly, and a most successful meet was held at the Canoe Islands. In the following year a move was made to Canada, the camp being held at Stony Lake, with the result that many Canadian canoeists joined.

As the meets increased in size it became evident that the Canoe Islands were too small, while the winds on Lake George were not the best for canoe sailing, so in 1884 the camp was held on Grindstone Island, in the St. Lawrence River, between New York and Canada. This beautiful spot so pleased the canoeists that the camp was held there in 1885-'86 as well, the latter year being marked by the visit of the two English canoeists, W. Baden Powell and Walter Stewart, with the Nautilus and Pearl, and their defeat by the American sailors. The A. C. A. trophy was raced for this year for the first time, a handsome silver bowl, to be held by the winner for one year and returned to the next meet to be raced for again; canoeists of all nations to be admitted to the competition.

In 1887 the Association visited a new spot, Bow-Arrow Point in Lake Champlain, one of the most beautiful of all camps. This year it goes back to Lake George, camping on Long Island, about five miles from Caldwell, at the head or south end of the lake.

The growth of the Association has been all that its organizers expected, the total number of members from 1880 to 1888 being over 1300, the present membership being over 1000. At the same time its influence has been widely felt in the extension of canoeing throughout the country. In place of the one club in 1879 there are now over 100, while the handful of canoeists in the United States has grown in eight years to 3000 or more.

This present week will be spent in camp, the chief event being the cruise on Friday, while next week the races will take place.

DROWNING ACCIDENT AT BAR HARBOR.—On Aug. 11, at 8:30 P. M., Mr. M. Reed, of Albany, and Miss Fanny Milliken, of New Orleans, started out for a paddle in a birch canoe. As they did not return boats were sent in search of them, but in vain. Next morning the canoe was picked up by a lumber schooner near Egg Rock, five miles from Bar Harbor. It was floating bottom up, but with paddle and deer skin inside. The night was calm but very dark, and how the capsize occurred will never be known. The birch bark canoes are noted as being cranky and very dangerous except in skilled hands, but they are generally used by pleasure parties about Bar Harbor.

THE CANADIAN CRUISERS.—Messrs. Allan W. Johnson and Hugh Hartshorne arrived on Aug. 7 at New York in the canoe Nora, having cruised from Brantford, Ontario, a distance of over 900 miles.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

L. D. S., New Orleans.—We have never published the lines you wish. The yacht is a good sea boat, practically safe. For a cruising yacht not less than 6ft. is desirable.

C. H. K., Phila.—You will find time allowance tables in the club books of any of the large yacht clubs, also in Kunhardt's "Small Yachts." There is no universal method in use; each club has its own rules.

R. E. C., Elizabeth, N. J.—You have had an advertisement for two or three years past, but not this year, of some one I think in Murray or Chambers street, of a mosquito net to go over the head for fishermen or sportsmen, the advertisement saying that Gen. Dix always used it in snipe shooting in the Great South Bay. I suppose you can give me the name and address of the advertiser. Please do so at your earliest convenience? Ans. T. J. Conroy, 65 Fulton street, New York.

W. A. K., Woodstock, Ont.—Our pond is large and is fed by several spring creeks, the pond and creeks being well stocked with brook trout. Some of the members have proposed to place carp in the same pond, but before doing so would like your advice as to whether the two kinds of fish named would do well together or not, or would it be a serious mistake to adopt this course? We would prefer to retain the trout to all other fish, but if carp would not interfere it might be a valuable addition, as we thought they might remain in the pond proper and leave the stream to the trout. Ans. Leave the carp out. They may not do much harm, but will not grow much in your cold water, and will eat food that had better be left to the trout.

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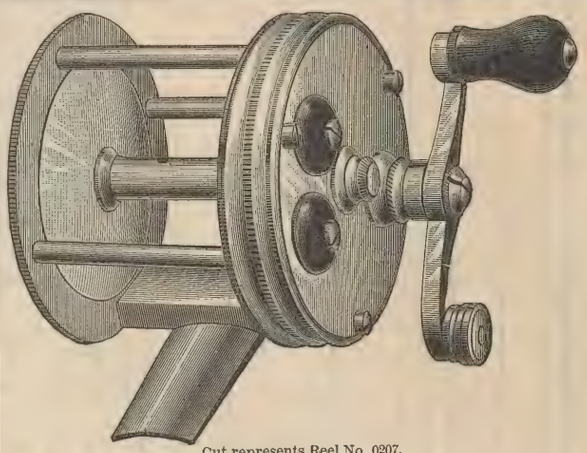
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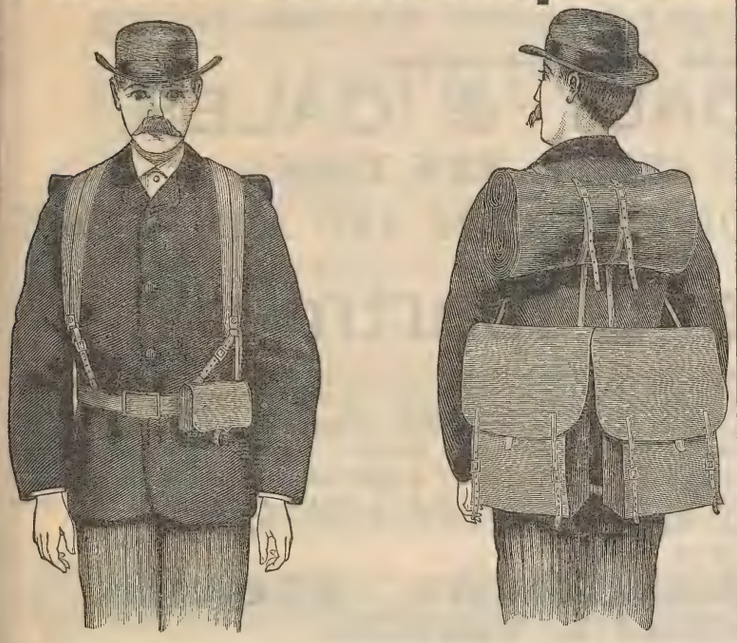
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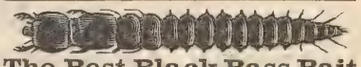
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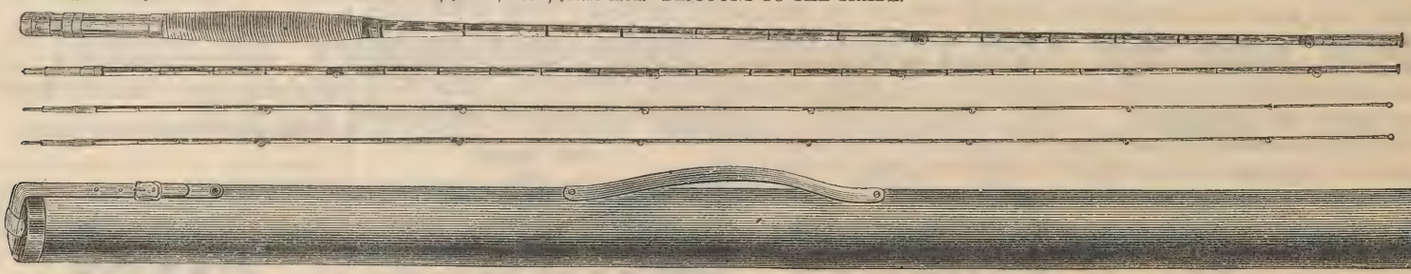
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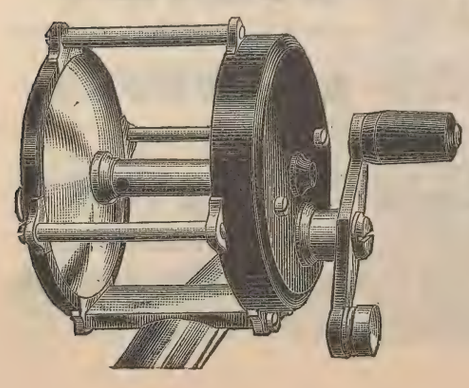
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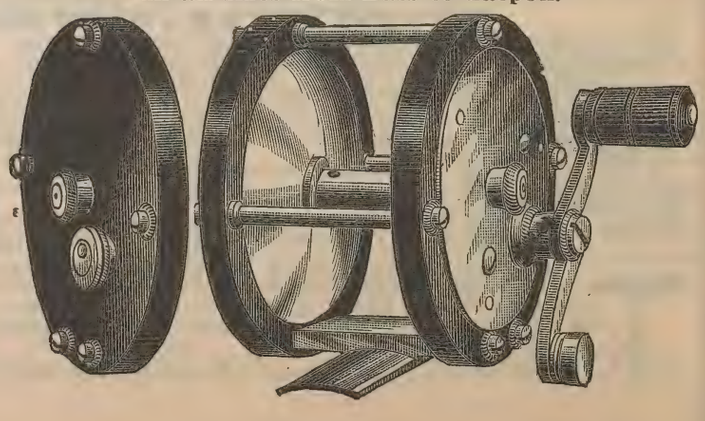
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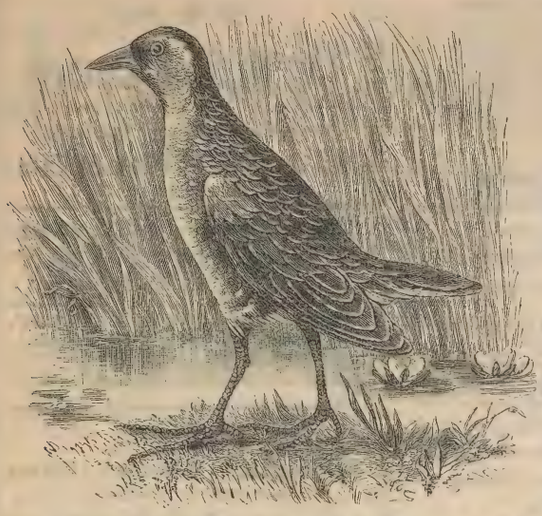
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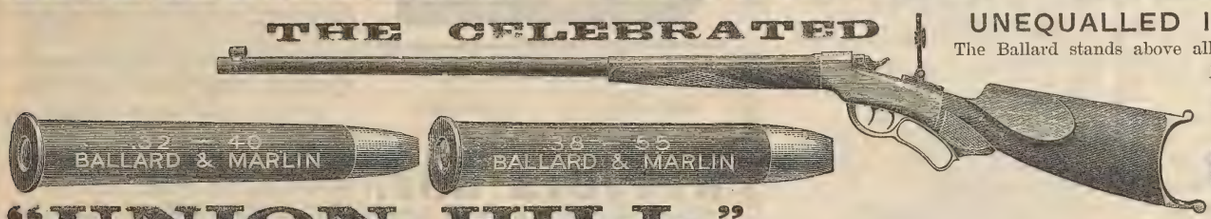
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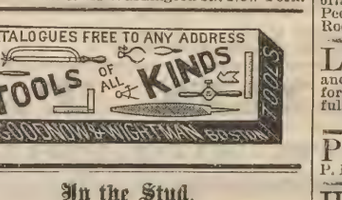
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VOL. XXXI.—No. 5. No. 318 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

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THE TRAGEDY OF THE TOBIQUE.

WE have had occasion in times past to record atrocious crimes committed by depraved men whose murderous instincts were fired by the acts of officials charged with enforcing the game laws. There were the members of the Shacker band in the town of Wesley, Maine, who out of revenge fired houses and barns, poisoned cows and beheaded horses; and again, the deer doggers who murdered Game Warden Hill at Fletcher Brook. These crimes of Maine's ruffian deer hunters have now been eclipsed by that of New Brunswick's salmon poachers.

Much ill feeling has been engendered in New Brunswick by the custom obtaining there of leasing salmon and trout streams to parties who come from abroad. Many local anglers, respectable citizens, feel that they are deprived of their rights in such waters; and this feeling is shared in an intense degree by that riff-raff element of society which furnishes the salmon spearers, trout netters, deer trappers and inveterate poachers and trespassers.

One of the leased streams is the Tobique River; and there has been bad blood between the lessees and the poachers. This has now culminated in a startling tragedy. It is a sickening story.

Among those who own fishing rights on the Tobique is Major C. F. Howes, of Philadelphia. For a month Major Howes and his wife have been salmon fishing on the river.

Last Saturday a number of men were detected engaged in fishing on that part of the stream owned by Major Howes. They were warned off, and after some altercation sullenly obeyed. That night the Philadelphia party camped at Galquac. Sunday morning they started down the river. There were in all ten persons, in three canoes. At a point thirty miles from the mouth of the river the canoes were fired upon by parties concealed in ambush in the woods on the New Brunswick side, forty yards distant. The fire was aimed at the leading canoe, in which were Major Howes, his wife and two Indians. The third-shot struck Mrs. Howes in the head; she fell forward and died instantly. The firing was continued upon the second canoe, in which was Miss Howes; then the occupants of the third canoe returned the fire, and the assassins retreated.

The accepted theory is that the murderers were the poachers who had been driven off the day before. Difficult as it may be to accept the theory that out of revenge for having been ejected from the salmon grounds these depraved men should deliberately murder a woman, it is perhaps the theory which must be accepted, for there is no other to take its place. Suspicion rests strongly upon two men in particular; and at latest report a sheriff's posse was out in pursuit.

"THEY ALL DO IT."

THE officials of Lewis county, New York, are desirous of learning the whereabouts of Dr. Alfred G. Bailey, the young man of Cleveland, Ohio, who was arrested for deer killing and escaped from the sheriff. It is reported that the fugitive was piloted by the guide Mike Zimmer through the devious windings of the wilderness and tortuous trails over the line into Canada, where the Cleveland doctor is now no doubt establishing a practice among the members of the "American colony." This is certainly "hard lines," and all the more rugged when we consider the mitigating plea made by the doctor's father, that as to killing deer out of season, "they all do it" at Lowville, and that his son, a medical student from another State, should not be punished for innocently following the custom of the country. The peculiarity of this plea is that while it does not soften the exile of the young doctor it bears down rather hard on Lowville. It is very similar to the plea of New York's "boodle" aldermen, some of whom are now in the "American colony" in Canada, and some in prison, they sought to extenuate their crime by saying that it was the custom to give and take bribes in New York. The plea may have been based on truth; but what light it sheds on a noisome atmosphere. If the Bailey pleading that prominent and "respectable" citizens of Lowville disregard the game laws and kill deer out of season be well founded, what is the particular standard of decency observed in that locality?

SNAP SHOTS.

A BUFFALO bull was killed by some Crow Indians week before last within four miles of Billings, Mont., on the south side of the Yellowstone River, and a little band of five or six head is reported northeast of the same place. It seems likely that these are almost the last stragglers of the buffalo that have for years been known to range on the heads of Porcupine and Dry creeks, tributaries of the Musselshell. It was from these that Mr. Hornaday secured his fine series of specimens for the National Museum, and an occasional one has been killed from time to time since then. By this time, however, they must be nearly or quite exterminated, and the only ones to be found now in the United States—except in the neighborhood of the National Park—are the few stragglers in Texas, those left by Mr. Jones when he returned from his raid into the Lone Star State after living buffalo to increase his herd.

A dispatch from Hamburg, Germany, announces that thirteen crocodiles escaped last Monday from a steamer in which they had been brought from Africa and took refuge in the river Elbe. Great consternation is said to be caused among the population living along the river bank by the escape of these reptiles. This is a case of involuntary introduction of exotic species which is quite unusual in character, but it will do no greater harm than to cause anxiety to the local population. The crocodiles will live only a short time, but no doubt for years they will continue to alarm the small boys and girls of the Fatherland. We may expect before long to hear of the killing of some of these saurians by German sportsmen, who are likely to turn out *en masse* and watch the river banks on the chance of getting a shot at a wild crocodile in Germany. The glories of boar and rehbock shooting will pale before this new attraction.

A Connecticut canoeist set out on a bridal tour in a canoe. Experienced canoeists will agree with us that unless the groom is a skillful paddler the couple will be likely to have a falling out very early in the honeymoon.

Much satisfaction is expressed at the positive results of the efforts of the Maine Commissioners in fostering the fish and game supply. The success of their work has been in many cases phenomenal. This season has seen the biggest run of salmon in the Penobscot River for years. Landlocked salmon planting in the lakes has shown some specimens of rapid growth, perhaps unsurpassed; for instance, in Wilson Pond in the town of Wilton, a landlocked salmon of 7lbs. weight was taken this spring where the young fry were planted only four years ago. From Nicotous Lake landlocked salmon of 4lbs. were taken of four years' growth. The landlocked salmon is also a marked success in Rangeley. In Webb's Pond, in the town of Weld, fish of 11, 12 and even 14lbs. have been taken; this latter pond was planted some ten years since. Deer are reported abundant from every quarter. Caribou have shown themselves in almost every part of the State, and frequently have been seen crossing the railroad tracks. Although the Commissioners have not the means afforded them to entirely suppress hounding deer, enough has been done to more than triple the amount of game, and to triumphantly demonstrate that the suppression of that practice alone would abundantly stock the Maine forests, even without further effort for enforcement.

From this time on until the early days of September shore-bird shooting ought to be at its height. From Cape Cod south all along to the "Capes" the birds are scattered. They are nowhere found in such tremendous hordes as in the olden time when we were young; but sometimes it is possible to get a morning's shooting even now. The hard storm of Tuesday last has probably caused a general movement of the birds along the coast, and we shall look for a report of some good bags. Although shore-bird shooting seems to many men rather tame by comparison with an upland tramp after quail and woodcook, the pursuit of the roaring ruffed grouse, or lying in a blind for fowl; yet, as it comes at a season of the year when there is no other shooting to be had, it is welcomed by the man who wants to get his hand in for the shooting which the cooler weather brings.

Every one knows how hard it is to find a thoroughly congenial companion for camp life. The days in camp are severe in their tests of compatibility; if two persons can agree in camp, they will find little difficulty in living harmoniously elsewhere. The judge who presides over the Superior Court of Sonoma county, California, appears to have an appreciation of this quality of camping, for he has permitted proceedings in a divorce suit before him to be stayed on condition that the parties thereto go camping out together. No further action will be taken until they return. It is needless to say that if they live in love and peace in camp, the divorce suit will be dismissed forthwith.

Brooklyn's stray and unlicened dogs are taken to as pound, and if unclaimed are drowned and sent to a Maspeth factory. Here the skins are removed, and the carcasses are converted into fertilizers. The skins are sent to an establishment on the Hudson River, where they are tanned and then used in the manufacture of "kid" gloves. Let not Miss Frivolity unduly bewail the pet pug wrested from her arms by thieving dog catchers; for in due time he will reappear to her, his grosser elements transmuted into roses and lilies and gloves for the delicate hands which once caressed his hide.

Vineyard Sound, Buzzard's Bay and all eastern parts of the Sound are filled with drift nets, to the extent of almost excluding troll fishing from sailboats. This causes great loss to boat owners, and almost unvarying disappointment to parties who hire the boats for bluefishing. Now that the Massachusetts Fish Commissioners have a constable for their express use, why do they not suppress this crying evil? It has been brought to their notice time and again. Mr. Brackett has all the law he needs on his side, if he would only employ it.

The New York Elevated Railway has the largest passenger traffic of any railroad in the world; it carries 525,000 people daily. A rule of the company forbids dogs in the cars. This is perfectly proper, even though the popular apprehension of danger from the dogs be wholly unfounded. Of the passengers some hundreds of thousands presumably object to the company of dogs and their feelings must of necessity be respected.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

EARLY DAYS ON THE MISSOURI.

V.—AN ILL-FATED SETTLEMENT.

IN 1866 a company was formed at Helena for the purpose of opening a route to the nearest point on the Missouri River, which would be below the rapids and other obstructions on the upper river. The projectors, by examining a map, had selected for their point the mouth of Musselshell. A more unfortunate selection could scarcely have been made. The route was infested by hostile Indians, impassable for heavy teams, and seventy miles of it was a desert without grass or water. Several slight attempts were made to go through, but nothing was actually accomplished until the early part of 1868. Most of the stockholders were undoubtedly actuated by honest motives, but the directors must have been fully aware of the rascally intentions of their paper city. It was founded in fraud and ended in massacre. The town itself consisted of a few straggling huts built on a miserable sage brush bottom, overlooked on one side by ghastly bad land bluffs, whose gigantic, hideous ravines were sparsely covered by gnarled and stunted pines, with twisted limbs that looked as if every inch had been born in agony and grown in torture; on another side, a dirty, slimy alkali creek, fitly named Crooked Creek, pours its noisome slum into the Musselshell. The Musselshell at this point was in the spring a torrent of bad land mud; in the summer, an alkali quicksand. Along its banks struggled for existence a few melancholy cottonwoods, looking like so many deadly Upas trees shedding their baleful influence, and whose withering air appeared to breed desolation. The few stunted blades of grass that sickened through the bad land soil were yellow and withered. The bloom of June brought no beauty to this hideous place, nor did the white pall of winter give it majesty. Fit scene and center for the most frightful horrors and massacres.

Why the Indians should be so hostile in this particular neighborhood has always been a mystery to me. Had they been capable of philosophic reflection they would have known that their most deadly malice could not have been better gratified than by the unmolested settlement there of their most deadly enemies. About twenty or thirty men, mostly hunters or woodchoppers, made this place their headquarters, and as they made their money at the risk of their lives, no one wished to leave any of it unspent in case he should be killed. Men living thus, without law or social restraints and with plenty of money, would naturally be engaged in some wild scenes, and I have witnessed there orgies that would bring a complacent smile to the face of a leering fiend; but I have also witnessed acts that would add a brighter halo to the head of an aureoled saint. In the neighborhood and country tributary to it there have been more than thirty different massacres, the recital of which would be a monotonous rehearsal of disgusting atrocity—a task I shall not attempt, but will content myself with relating a few characteristic incidents.

In the spring of 1868 Mr. Higgins, of White Sulphur Springs, came down there for some reason best known to himself, with a fine train of mules. His mules and several horses that were owned by different parties were herded in a point formed by the Musselshell and Missouri rivers. The settlement was in a narrow neck between these two rivers, and it was supposed the stock was pretty safe, as in order to get away with them they would have to run by the settlement, as it was impossible to stampede them across the stream. Mr. Higgins and some men were guarding the stock, however, when a mounted Sioux party rushed in on them, killed two men, shot Mr. Higgins in the arm and took every hoof of the stock. The whole thing was done like a flash of light. At the yell of the stampede men rushed out of their cabins and tents and opened fire at the whooping Indians as they pursued the frantic stock, but no Indian was killed. One young buck on a magnificent horse, after they had gotten the stock away, turned back and again ran through the firing crowd, making signs of derision as he swept by on his flying horse.

One foggy, misty day in the summer of 1868 the Sioux attacked the Crow camp, a short distance from Musselshell, and got away with about 800 head of horses. I was in the Crow camp at the time, but it would occupy too much space to describe the stampede of the horses, the yells of the Sioux, the bitter imprecations of the Crows, the mounting in hot haste of the Crow warriors for pursuit, the harangues of the old men, the loud beating of the tom-toms, the rise and fall of the war chant of the women, the varying success of the battle, as fortune inclined one way and then the other; the exultant songs of victory when some enemy fell, the cutting off the hair and maiming of themselves of the relatives of the slain, the wails and lamentations over the dead.

The Indians kept up a series of skirmishes against the settlement during the early spring of 1869. A white woman, Jenny Smith, was wounded and scalped alive, and a Crow squaw was shot through the lower part of the body in the first attack. For a couple of weeks any one who ventured out any distance was sure to be fired at and run in. For a short time again the Indians apparently had left, when some men who ventured out to get some wood were run in by a small party. This small party, of a dozen or fifteen Indians, would make constant petty attacks and run off again if they received the slightest opposition. The majority of the settlement took great precaution for their personal safety, and would on no occasion venture outside the shelter of their houses. A very few men were all that would offer decided opposition to these constant attacks, but continual success on the part of the whites, and the apparent cowardice of the Indians, finally induced almost every one to run after the Indians whenever they made any sort of demonstration. The only horse in the settlement was picketed and iron hobbled close to one of the buildings. One morning a few Indians crawled through the sage brush, cut the horse loose, and endeavored to get him away with the hobble on. Nearly every one ran after them, and the heavy firing caused them to abandon the horse and seek safety in flight.

A couple of mornings after this occurrence they opened fire at a couple of Crow squaws, who were gathering sage brush for firewood. The Indians numbered sixteen, and almost every white man rushed after them in a body. The Indians ran toward the Musselshell and then ran up the bottom. They were not running very fast and the whites were gaining on them when suddenly there came a shot, which killed Jack Leader, from a coulee on the bank of the Musselshell, and the whites saw an ambush. Had the Indians seized the moment of panic no white man could have escaped the massacre. The whites turned to run, one man then saw the danger of flight and stopped it with a leveled rifle. The Indians had probably been trying to bring about this ambuscade for several days. Their principal force was cached in a square coulee on the bank of the Musselshell. Their plan was to make feint attacks with a small party, so as to induce all the whites to run after them; their decoy party was to run by the hidden Indians; when the pursuing whites came close to the ambush the Indians were to jump out, and in the surprise and panic kill every white man. It was well and ably planned, and probably owed its failure to some nervous Indian, who had fired too soon; but even as it was, it would have been successful had they made their onslaught in the moment of terror and panic that followed their first shot.

Most of the whites gradually withdrew to the settlement or to a safe distance from danger. Five or six men kept their position within thirty or forty steps of the now besieged Indians. We thought there was quite a number of them, but did not know how many. After a short time another white man, named Greenwood, was shot through the lungs and had to be carried back. We resorted to various artifices to get a shot at the Indians. Two men would lie close together behind a clump of sage brush; one would show his hat on a stick to draw a shot from the enemy; the other would fire at the flash of the Indian's gun. A couple of hours were passed in this way, and it began to look as though we should not accomplish anything, when, fortunately, it began to rain. We were armed with breechloading rifles, the ammunition of which rain would not injure; the Indians were armed with flint-lock guns and bows and arrows, and as they were stripped naked for war, they could not protect their arms from the rain. We were getting impatient, and relying on their arms being useless on account of the rain, started to change their position, but were appalled at the sight of their numbers in the coulee.

The only possible way to reach them was for some of us to cross the Musselshell, get in their rear, open fire from there and drive them out of their coulee, when those on the other side of the Indians would have a chance at them, and thus place them between two fires, I suggested this plan to Frank Smith and Joe Bushaway. They agreed with it, and we three prepared to cross the river. We crossed the river about forty steps above the Indians' position. The Indians, when they saw us make this movement, came to the mouth of the coulee and tried every means to get their guns off. One would aim a gun and snap the flint, another pour powder on the pan. They did manage to fire off a few of their old fukes, which went off with a noise like that from so many cannons. Other Indians tried to shoot us with arrows, but their wet bow strings possessed such feeble force that the arrows could scarcely reach us. The stream was miry behind the Indians—where we crossed it was tolerably solid, but the water in the deepest portion took me to the armpits: the other men, being taller, did not have so much trouble. The two others wore buckskin shirts; I was dressed in buckskin complete, and in crossing the stream my buckskin pants lengthened and interfered with me so much that I was obliged to kick them off, although I had about $500 in the pocket, and throw them to the opposite shore, where I afterward recovered them; but during the remainder of the battle I had nothing on but a shirt. Nearly all the men belonging to the settlement were back about half a mile from the Indians. We three had crossed the stream and were opposite the Indians, about sixty steps off, and had commenced to fire on them, when this mob, seeing us in our flesh-colored buckskin clothes, mistook us for Indians, and opened a heavy fire on us, obliging us to retreat across the river again. When the Indians saw our plan, the uselessness of their arms and the trap they had placed themselves in, they realized their fate. A gloomy Nemesis scowled retribution for the massacre of many a white man. We could see the smoke from the circling pipe and hear the low wail of the death song.

By this time Jim Wells, Dennis Halpin and others, who were on the opposite side of the Missouri River when the fight commenced, had crossed the Missouri when they heard the firing and had hurried up to the front. This time Jim Wells, Frank Smith and Frenchy crossed the Musselshell at a better point and opened fire on the Indians from the rear. The Indians jumped out of the coulee with wild terror, panic and fear, and were met with a withering volley from those on the bank, which caused them to run almost anywhere in their blind terror. There was not a cheer nor a yell; not a sound but that of the panting of the breathless, horror-stricken Indians, and the rattle of the firearms which sounded terribly distinct against that lowering rainy sky as the deadly cross-fire swept their tumultuous, panic-stricken flight. I recollect one great big Indian—horror and death staring in his wild eyeballs—blind in his terror, who almost ran into the party on the bank, but a bullet stretched him on the plain, and as he furiously grasped the sage brush his sobbing, gurgling breath ended in death.

Another, a handsome boy, with chattering teeth and stiffening hair—pity should have spared him—but black death and unpitying fate sealed his eyes.

In their wild despair they plunged into the river. Some were shot as they mired, others dragged their wounded bodies to the brush. No Indian would have escaped had it not been for this mob a half a mile off. They fired indiscriminately at friend or foe, and prevented us from closing in on the Indians. It is the curse of undisciplined bodies, that their panic fear invites massacre, and their want of union snatches the fruits of success out of the very grasp of victory. Men who took an active part in the battle scalped the Indians, but no brave man otherwise mutilated the dead.

Several Crow squaws who were living in the settlement, when they heard the heavy firing with which the battle closed, came out about half way and were engaged in a war dance, and the high notes of their peans sounded weirdly through the mist and rain. After the battle I passed by them on my way back to the settlement to get some clothes for myself, and their flattering attentions were rather embarrassing in my undressed condition.

An old fraud by name of Capt. Andrews, cut the heads off the dead Indians, removed the flesh and brains by boiling, labeled the skulls with awe-inspiring names, and started on a lecturing tour throughout the States, in which, I have no doubt, he made Baron Munchausen ashamed of himself.

Thirteen Indians were left dead on the ground, and the camp when they came in to gather up the remaining bones and lament the dead, acknowledged that more than thirty died on the route to the camp, and only one out of the ninety odd who were in the fight escaped without a wound.

Next day we found the cache where they had stripped for the fight, in which there were more than a hundred robes, a great many moccasins and two war bonnets. The robes and moccasins were sold and the money given to the wounded man, Greenwood. Wells and myself received the two war bonnets. Wells's war bonnet was a circlet crown of war eagle feathers. The head piece of mine had horns and plumes (an insignia of the very highest rank) and the waving tail, made from the tail feathers of war eagles, was more than five feet long.

The settlement declined into a mere trading post, and its final fate was characteristic of the place. When Carroll was established Musselshell was abandoned, and two men were hired to chop into cordwood what remained of the buildings. When they had their work finished some Indians captured them, tied them to the cordwood and burned everything. When the howling winds from off the desert bad lands swept away the ashes of that murderous fire, the last vestige of civilized man disappeared from this ghastly place. Once more this ill-fated spot was left to the growl and snarl of wild beasts and the home of the hoarse croaking raven, whose circling flight over the fatal spot looked like the wraith of some murdered white man or slaughtered savage—fit scene for wailing ghost and goblin shade.

HENRY MACDONALD.

Natural History.

THE SCIURIDÆ.

I.—THE WOODCHUCK.

WITH us the squirrels are represented by an interesting group of animals, which in classification naturally fall into six well marked genera, including the woodchucks, the prairie marmots, the chipmunks or ground squirrels, the spermophiles, the true or arboreal squirrels, and the flying squirrels (see my last article, "The U. S. Rodentia," for the several species in each of these genera). Taken as a whole, the group perhaps shows its greatest difference, both in habit and structure, between two such forms as a woodchuck and a flying squirrel; while on the other hand, a chipmunk and a spermophile, in these two particulars, are very much more nearly related to each other.



A WOODCHUCK (*A. monax*).

Woodchucks, as we are well aware, belong to the genus *Arctomyx*, and with two of the species out of the three in our fauna, I have but little or no personal acquaintance. Of the hoary marmot (*A. pruinosus*) I have never seen a specimen, and at the present writing have no good account of the animal at my hand. My knowledge of the Rocky Mountain marmot (*A. flaviventer*) stands pretty much in the same case; although several years ago I shot a specimen of this species in the Medicine Bow Range of the Rocky Mountains in Wyoming, but he fell in a position where it was impossible for me to recover my prize. There were a number of them out together, standing near their burrows, and every once in a while one of the party would give vent to a rather prolonged and peculiar whistle, whereupon some of them would sit up on their haunches and others take to their burrows in all possible speed. They reminded me very much of the accounts I have read of the Alpine marmot of the Continent.

Last summer I saw here at Fort Wingate, New Mexico, an animal that I took to be a Rocky Mountain marmot, but the momentary glimpse I had of it did not absolutely satisfy as to the fact, and I lost him to view among the rocks before I had the opportunity for a fair shot. It was evidently a marmot, however, of a size not quite equal to our Eastern woodchuck, and appeared to be of a bright rufous brown above, and paler on the under parts. My annoyance at losing him was not easily appeased, as mammals of any kind are more than rare in the neighborhood, and over three years' residence has shown me but few of the typically Western types.

Many years ago, during my boyhood days, which were mostly spent in happy old New England, I did my share of both shooting and trapping woodchucks, and even helped eat a roasted one on an occasion. But I also did more than this, for several times I had them as pets, and closely studied their habits in nature and in confinement.

Through some parts of the State of Connecticut it would be hard to pick out a clover field of any size that

did not have a woodchuck burrow in some part of it. Sometimes they choose a site somewhere under the stone-wall which surrounds the field, or if there is a large rock, as is often the case, anywhere about the middle of the field, the animal will burrow under this as a very choice location. Finally the roots of an old apple or other tree are often chosen for its stronghold, the burrow being dug down among them, the owner seeming to possess a realizing sense that no one would ever dream of attempting to dislodge him from such quarters. As is the case with the excavations made for their habitations by most fossorial mammals, the burrow of a woodchuck at first descends obliquely into the earth, then passes nearly horizontally for several feet, rises moderately for the last half of its length to terminate in quite a spacious and round chamber, which constitutes the "living room" of the entire family. In it the female brings forth her litter, and the young remain there until they pair off and dig their own homes elsewhere.

Such a burrow may be at least 30ft. in length, so long that one never thinks of digging a woodchuck out, but I have seen farmers bring up two or three barrels of water on a cart and drown the occupant of this subterranean establishment at short notice, and rejoice most heartily if the pair and perhaps seven or eight quarter-grown young are caught in at the same time. Very often I have captured them in steel traps set at the mouth of the burrow, taking the precaution to sprinkle it all carefully over with fine dirt. One old woodchuck, I remember, constructed his burrow almost in the center of a twenty-acre clover lot, and every attempt to capture him in any kind of a trap utterly failed. It was the rarest thing in the world to even catch him standing up at the entrance of his burrow during the day, but frequently we would see him just head and shoulders out of it. It seems to me I must have fired thirty or forty times at him under such circumstances from the outer side of the stone wall which surrounded the field, and that too with a heavy old-fashioned muzzleloading Kentucky rifle, which at 75 to 100yds. was good nearly every time for all small game. But here every shot failed; a cloud of dust would puff up at the very entrance of the burrow each time and I would confidently walk over to pick him out, but no, next day at noon he was there again, looking out as smiling as ever. He was captured finally by my tying a Colt's revolver to a stout stake driven down within a few feet of the burrow and training the aim down the entrance and then tying a long string to the trigger, I waited behind the wall till he again showed himself, when the success of the device sealed his doom. Upon examining him, it was found that he had been "barked" in several places by the rifle balls, including a long graze across one shoulder; the tip of his chin was gone, and the hair parted along the top of his cranium. Their heads make difficult shots at 75yds., owing to the color of the animal being so much like the earth about the burrow, and I have always since believed that they succeed in dodging just a little bit at the flash. This woodchuck measured from tip to tip 22in., and was the largest specimen I have ever examined; the general form and coloration of this species is so well known that to save space we will waive reviewing it here; and I suppose, too, it is quite generally appreciated that different individuals often show marked variation in their color. Sometimes the pelage is very dark, and in others notably light, especially upon the nether parts. The animal is never taken, however, for its fur, though I have heard it said that its hide is cured for whip lashes, but have never personally known of their having been collected with the view of thus utilizing them. They are fond of sitting up on their hams like prairie marmots and spermophiles, and eat with their forefeet while in this attitude; and farmers have a good right to be their enemies, for they not only eat up quantities of their clover, but tramp it down to no little extent besides. Then during their foraging excursions at night, the season when they really venture away from their burrows for any distance, they destroy and consume quantities of the young green corn and melons.

During October in the Northern States these animals become enormously fat, and soon after take to ground for the following six months, which are spent in hibernation, a habit that is carried out with equal fidelity in the captive animal. In time they become very tame as pets, but have few or no interesting traits to recommend them. Woodchucks show no disposition whatever to live in companies like the marmots of the Western prairies, though if I remember correctly its northwestern relatives, the hoary marmots, thus congregate, sometimes as many as thirty or forty being found in the same community. When pressed they are pretty good runners, reminding one somewhat in their squat appearance of a badger, and like this latter animal will bite severely if captured by the hand. If cornered in a wall they chatter and grunt, and occasionally give vent to a loud and peculiar whistle-like squeal, from which they get the name bestowed upon them by the Frenchmen of Canada, of *Siffleur*, the whistler. Upon several occasions I have seen woodchucks climb a tree for several feet, and if they can by so doing reach a large horizontal limb they will stretch themselves out upon it for a noonday sun bath. They are not nearly so numerous as formerly, though notwithstanding the persistent warfare maintained against them by farmers and others, there seems to be no immediate danger of their total extermination.

My cut of a woodchuck illustrating this paper was copied by me from a figure in Goodrich's Natural History, and adapted for the present purpose.

R. W. Shufeldt, M.D., C.M.Z.S.

A Big Buck with a Bell.—Alex. Moss writes to the New York *Sun* from Modoc, Miss., Aug. 9: On Thursday last I killed a deer, a buck, the largest ever seen in this county; gross weight 347lbs. The horns 3in. from the head were 1¾in. in diameter. There were six points on one horn and seven on the other—13 points. Around the neck of the deer was a bell attached to a wire rope. On the inside of the bell was plainly engraved: "J. S. Dunn, Lansing, Mich. June (or Jan.), 1881." The wire rope had been spliced in sailor fashion, and was no doubt done before it was put on the deer, and allowances made for the neck growing. There was but a small portion of the material of which the rope was made left, save the wire. It was very tight around the deer's neck, and the hair was white where the rope touched. The bell had no clapper, and was made of brass and copper. This point is sixty miles above Vicksburg, on the Sunflower River.

THE DOMESTICATION OF WILDFOWL.

EACH year something happens to prevent complete success in breeding and domesticating our beautiful wild ducks, and each year a resolution is made that they shall be managed differently and success must surely follow. Last year I bred wood ducks only. The pintail escaped with her young, and hens killed my young mandarins by kicking them while scratching for food. The little fellows would go to the hen to be warmed and she would scratch the gravel and kick them. Hesitating between this evil and the other one, of trusting the ducks to set and have them abandon the nest or escape with the brood, I bought an incubator with a regulator, which did not regulate, and, after cooking two lots of hen's eggs, abandoned it and decided to try both of the old plans, and succeeded in getting some mandarin ducks and blue-winged teal, but failed on wood ducks. The success in both cases being with the ducks as mothers.

The old mandarin duck laid fifteen eggs; four were put under a hen May 1, and three were hatched, two lived for nine days and were killed. About May 18 the duck began sitting on eleven eggs, and on June 22 brought off six birds. This was in an inclosure around a fountain in the yard, the nest being in a box about 3ft. from the ground. A wood duck had then been setting about a week in the same inclosure and came off and tried to kill the young. In removing her one of the young mandarins escaped and was lost. The five remaining ones were pinioned at two weeks old and one died from an injury four weeks later. At present writing the four young are nearly grown and the bills of the males begin to show a shade of pink. The male mandarin loses his gorgeous plumage in June and does not regain it till September, as is the case with the male wood duck.

Of wood ducks there were twelve pairs, all but one pair in an inclosure of two acres of swampy land containing a large spring pond, alders and grass. Nests were made of boxes and nail kegs, with holes in the side and a board walk for them to reach it. The one pair were in the fountain mentioned above and were birds raised last year, the others were wild birds kept from two to three years in confinement. The young bird laid four eggs, but they were not fertile. One of the old birds laid six eggs and then abandoned them, and we put them under a hen which hatched two, but they did not take food and died. The time of incubation was thirty days.

One of two blue-winged teal made a nest on the ground and on July 6 began setting on ten eggs. In twenty-three days she came off with four young. One of these was missing a few days after, one broke its leg and died at two weeks of age, and another was found with a broken neck when nearly four weeks old; only one is now left.

The female widgeon, shot by Mr. Endicott in Barnegat Bay last October, mated with an English widgeon drake but did not lay, and no mate has been obtained for the solitary female green-winged teal which is now four years old. Next year the wood ducks will have a separate place for each pair, the food will be changed from corn to wheat, buckwheat and other small grains, and better results are hoped for. No one seems to have made a success of breeding these birds in confinement and consequently I have to learn through repeated failures what are the requisite conditions for them, but having had a partial success there seems to be no reason why mandarins, teal, and wood ducks may not be bred with as much certainty as are the black ducks and mallards.

Fred Mather.

Cold Spring Harbor, N. Y., Aug. 20.

Game Bag and Gun.

BREAKING CAMP.

WE were at Camp Le Roy, on Roaring Brook. After a most enjoyable vacation of two weeks spent in a bark shanty, reveling in hemlock boughs, amid the wildest part of the Adirondack mountains, by a beautiful stream, with a party of sportsmen as keen as a similarity of taste could call together, the time came to break camp and return to the busy and now still more uncongenial pursuits of the dull rounds of every day life. The hunting had been very successful, and the fishing, though late was not bad. Mallard and greenwing teal and the partridge had frequently graced our board and were fully appreciated, thanks to open air life and slumbers induced by the soothing aroma of hemlock boughs. Venison had been the staple food of our wildwood table, venison done to perfection, and in a variety of forms, from a broiled steak to a rump roast, as only our guides could prepare them.

Several of our guides deserve more than a passing notice. Our Hercules stands over six feet in his stockings—when he has them on—and has not one pound of extra flesh on his body. His proportions are simply splendid. I have seen him back an enormous buck (minus the neck and antlers), which few in camp could stand under, carrying it half a mile without a rest. He pulls a splendid oar, and in fact is a model guide.

Then our caterer, cook, hunter, and secret counsellor must be seen to be appreciated. If Mr. Editor will visit Camp Le Roy our Jerry will give him a roast that will make his mouth water for a year every time he thinks of it.

The great character of our party was the driver, Charley—a chap who is as hard to catch asleep as an old weasel. He is as trim built as an Indian runner, as quick as a greyhound, and can so exactly imitate the hound in full chase that it will puzzle an old hand to tell which is the real hound. He seems made of whalebone, trimmed with india rubber. He will start out toward the east with a couple of dogs attached by a chain to his waist, another he leads, and his own two travel in front; with them he holds general conversation on the way. Within three hours he will start each dog after a separate deer, and by short cuts or by some hocus-pocus, he will be up with one or more of them coming in from the opposite direction, join his voice, and by the time the deer is killed, he is on hand to join in the hilarity and fun usual on such occasions. This inimitable fellow has but one fault, and I do not know that you would term it such; you might say it was proof of his game—he cannot eat venison; it makes him sick, and we had to feed him on pork.

But the time had approached when all that makes a life of toil endurable must end. One of our party was about to take his leave of us a little in advance, and we sent him off with a fine saddle of venison securely packed in a sack, for fear of his too soon forgetting the old camp by Roaring Brook. We also sent to his good lady, who was waiting for him at no great distance, a fine brace of partridge. More anon about that saddle of venison. But those who lingered by the sparkling brook were to have one more hunt in the early morning, to secure, if possible, a whole deer, to grace in triumph the successful return of one of our favorite nimrods. The evening did not give promise of a prosperous hunting morning, but what cares the huntsman for weather? In the first of the dawn everything was astir for a rapid hunt, and then a farewell to the hemlock couch for a season. The sky was dark and the clouds close down to earth; but our party started with the understanding that one deer only was to be killed; and then a rapid stampede for our boats three miles down the river. One hour after we left camp a splendid buck was shot, and the Hercules of our party took it on his shoulder and started as if carrying a baby, antlers, hide and hoofs, for our shanty a mile away. This he reached with but one stop, through a fine rain, descending as gently as a summer dew, and as wet.

All being ready, a farewell salute was fired, and the party, seven in number, started on a slippery carry of three miles for the boats. We will skip that tramp, and I only wish we could have skipped that day, but every dog must have his day and the longest journey ends at last. We reached those boats the sorriest looking soaked party imaginable. The rain continued to increase until it poured, and hunters, guides, dogs and game were soaked. Through it all good nature and laughter reigned, and only the dogs were a little cross. Still we had a row of twelve miles to reach our destination, and over a broad sheet of water, where the wind whistled and the waves dashed madly, as if determined to swamp our frail cockle shells and show us the other side of our beautiful canvas. Still, though we were wet and soaked, all was good humor, and as the hours flew by the clouds began to break away far up the lake toward the western horizon, promising a gorgeous mountain sunset, and later a resplendent double rainbow appeared, stretching its broad arches over and touching with each end the mountain sides, suffusing the atmosphere all around with its soft twilight rays, promising the cold, wet and weary hunters a better and a brighter day on the morrow.

About that saddle of venison I will have to defer explanation until another time.

H. C.

Tarrytown, N. Y.

A DAY ON GRAND RIVER.

SENECA, Missouri.—For three weeks in March we had had fine duck shooting and had killed a great many mallards, pintails, spoonbills, teal and several other varieties. On this occasion Walker and I went to try our luck once more on the Grand River, in Indian Territory. The train was on time, and at half past nine o'clock we opened fire on some mallards, but the brush was very thick and Walker only got one shot. I succeeded in getting in the second shot and with it I dropped an old drake, but only crippled him and he made for the bank, and as luck would have it, when I started to get him I slipped in another shell. When he discovered me coming stumbling through the willows he began to flop and scramble up through the brush, and when he reached the open he started to fly, but I soon brought him down, and this time to stay.

We left him on the water for a decoy and he served us well, for it was not long until two others came flying over. I attracted their attention by calling, and they made a short turn and came near W. He fired and killed. I fired and made a clean miss. This gave us two decoys, and as the water was too deep to wade, we had to wait for our ducks to float out to the edge, which took a full half hour; but while we were waiting two teal sailed down to our decoys and W. fired and killed both of them. This gave us four ducks, and now we must try for another place.

We went to the river, but did not get any shots there. Then we went to a pond in the river bottom, but did not find any ducks there. Now we began to think our only chance was to go back to the river and risk getting some there as they would fly by us. When we came to the river we saw two alight down near the bank, but we had to cross a slough before we could get in gunshot of them. We "cooned it" across on a sycamore log, and then were close to our game; but the willows were very thick, and while we were looking for an open place to shoot through they flew, and I succeeded in winging an old drake, but he fell so far out in the river the current took him down at a lively rate, until all at once he made for the bank. We went after him, and when we were near him he made for the river. I put in a quick shot, but he was too far out, and went floating down about 20ft. from the bank. I had to follow him very near a mile before I could get him; I would not have followed so far but he came nearer the bank all the time, but very slowly. I would get long sticks and reach for him, but he was always just out of reach, until at least he came with a turn in the current near the bank, and I succeeded in getting him after a hard scramble through the willows.

Then we went to the prairie, where there are some ponds. Here a beautiful sight met our eyes, but it was hard luck for duck hunters, as there were no blinds for us to slip up behind. The pond is out on the edge of the prairie and covers about two acres. It was literally covered with mallards. We stood within 150yds. and watched them play for half an hour, for this was all we could do. If any brother sportsmen have been in this fix they will know how we felt when we walked up and saw them fly away out of gunshot. Then we came back to the first pond where we found more ducks, and what is so strange to me, there was a man ploughing in the field and he would come within seventy-five yards of where the ducks were, and would yell out at his horses, but the ducks would not raise their heads. But as soon as they would hear a twig crack they were on the look out.

We succeeded in making a good bag and came home on the six o'clock train. This ended our duck shooting for this season as the weather turned off fine and warm.

F.

The Flathead Lake Country, in Montana, is said to afford good hunting with wildfowl and deer.

A BUNCH OF BEAR STORIES.

I.—BILLY AND THE BALD-FACE.

FORT SIMPSON, British Columbia.—You may remember that some time ago your ever-entertaining correspondent "Forked Deer" wrote of a "golden" or "yellow" bear of California, which he believes to be only found in one part of that country. It may be of interest to "Forked Deer" and others to know that a small yellow bear is found about the head of the Kit-Laub, or Gardiner's Channel or Inlet, about 100 miles south of this. They do not appear to be common, as but few come in among many blacks and browns. Not having seen an entire specimen, I cannot give dimensions accurately, but from the size of the skins I should judge them to be about two-thirds as large as an ordinary full-grown black. In color they are a yellowish-white; in some cases slightly tinged with rusty on the shoulders. I am of the opinion that they are sports, but whether of black or brown I would not like to say. I have not heard of their having been seen anywhere else on the coast.

The bear of which the most marvellous stories are told by the Indians, and which is held by them in the greatest dread, is a large brownish-gray fellow, found in the mountain ranges of the Skeena River, and those between the Skeena Forks and Bobine Lake, and called by them *Tahamool*.

When one hears of his size, of his strength and of his cunning, his satanic ferocity and the power his great gray face has of turning a bullet, one naturally hopes that if ever he has the luck to meet "Old Baldy" he may be armed with gun or rifle the best.

"*Mat-tick* [grizzlies]! Hah! they are bad! So are the brown bears, but they are nothing to *Tahamool*. He cares for nothing. He will rush out and tear you to pieces ere you are aware of his presence. He will smell you a mile away, and he makes a rush to get you. Beware of *Tahamool!*" Thus speaks Poor Lo of this, his deadly enemy.

Being a believer in the doctrine that no bear attacks without due provocation, I one evening sought out an old miner friend who had prospected the country in which the bald-faces are most plentiful, and asked his opinion on this, the bear of bears. "Do you think, Billy, that the 'bald-face' will attack on sight? I mean, of course, to except a dam with cubs."

"Well, I dunno," said Billy. "Got a pretty bad scare once with one. The only live one I ever came across, and I've always respected the tribe since. But then that was a she, and she had a couple of cubs."

Billy pulled at his clay pipe for a while after this, until I started him out by asking him to spin the yarn, and thus he began: "About three years ago my partner, Jake Harper, and I were up in the Kitsum Kaylum * country prospecting. We had camped some distance from the creek, away up in the mountains, and calc'lated to do up a good section of country. Before we came up the Indians had warned us of the bears, telling us to look out, as there were *Tahamool* up there, and that they were very dangerous. We hadn't paid great heed to all this, as the bears of that sort we had seen killed had looked to us like nothing more than large browns, sort of gray with age, and mostly with the face quite gray. In fact, we thought so little about bears that the first day out we took nothing but pick and shovel, leaving our rifles in the tent.

"We took away up a mountain spur, which finally led us to the crest of a sharp ridge; one side of which was a sheer precipice, while the other sloped away down into the cañon at whose mouth our camp was pitched. Mighty steep was that side, too, and covered with broken slate and boulders. The crest was nearly level. In some places sixty or eighty feet wide, while in others it was not more than five or six. There were a few large boulders scattered along, and some scraggy pines, with here and there a clump of brush.

"We had reached perhaps half-way along this place when we heard a noise of stones clinking and scrub rustling; and looking up, we saw a big bald-face, making straight for us; and just ahead of her were two cubs. They were still some distance from us; and we figured it up that the old woman had scented, but not seen us, and was making good tracks to get out of the way. Not caring to interfere with her little private arrangements, we took a sheer off to one side and waited for her to pass.

"She passed? She passed just enough to smell where we had turned off and then she turned too and came for us with a growl that froze us stiff. There was a sudden dissolution of partnership about then, I tell you!

"Jake made a break toward the edge, never, I suppose, taking a thought of where he was going, for the bear charged after him first, down hill the other way a little; and then, seeing that I was not followed, I came back to the top of the crest and had a look. At first I could see nothing, hear nothing. Then I heard the old bear come crashing along, and before I could make a move to get anywhere, she broke cover within fifty yards of me and at me she came.

"Our mongrel dog had followed me that day and he looked at her stupidly. I sicked him on, hoping that he would engage the brute until I could get to a place of safety, but he had no more than reached her when back he came toward me and Madame Bear after him. Then it was that I tried to knock out all previous records. I ran straight. I ran crooked. I dodged among the rocks, but still the savage brute gained on me, with wide open jaws dropping foam. She made an occasional snap at the dog who, if he did not worry her, at least kept somewhat in her way or I should never have escaped. Her cubs kept time in the race as I could see in my hurried backward glances. Though fast losing breath I still had presence of mind and began to consider the situation as I ran. Clearly I was going to get chawed up on the level, I must try her down hill.

"By this time we were not ten feet apart. I must let her pass me. I made a sudden spring to one side behind a small brush clump, and the bear, unable to stop on such short notice, shot past me like the wind.

"Before she could turn I was going down hill, with a good start and a fervent hope that she would be satisfied to leave me and go her way. No! there she has turned and after me again, and at such a pace that I see it is all day with me unless I can make another double on her. I accordingly jumped aside again when I got a good chance, and the steep hillside favoring her descent, she went a long way past before she could check herself. I had meanwhile climbed to the crest again and run along it a little bit, but before the bear got quite up I started down hill again. It was astonishing how soon she reached me again! I began to lose heart. I was tired out and could see no way to shake her off. She, on the other hand, seemed to be getting fresher and more active. I now noticed that the loose slate was beginning to move under the scurry. The mountain slope was getting steeper. Now for one last effort! I was too tired and moving down hill too quickly to jump again. I just had strength to throw myself sidewise on to a large boulder which lay imbedded in the loose debris, and hold on. The bear shot past like a streak, and so close to me that I could feel her fur brush my arm. The dog rolled clear over me and recovered himself a little lower. Meanwhile, the old bear, unable to stop herself, went on down, the rolling mass getting bigger as she went. She finally reached the scrub near the foot of the slope, and after shaking herself and gathering up her precious twins, who had by that time reached her, she looked up toward where she had last seen me as though meditating another attack. She changed her mind, however, and started off down the ravine leading toward our camp.

"Then I picked myself up; tired and bruised, and started off to look for poor Jake's remains—for dead I was sure he was—but I was thankful to hear him shout, and shortly after to see him safe and sound and greatly relieved at having found me alive. He took me to the place he had been cornered in. Good heavens! On the extreme edge, and overhanging the precipice, was a comb of packed snow; the remains of a great drift. The whole strip was about 16ft. wide, and probably overhung 8 or 10ft. It was fast melting, and no one could tell what minute it might drop. Jake's tracks led to the extreme outer edge, and those of the bear about to where the solid rock ended. Instinct must have told her that further than that would be unsafe. I wouldn't have gone on that snow comb for all the gold in this country! Neither would Jake, if he had had a chance to choose, but the old gal had pressed him so close that he was fairly forced there. Saved his life, anyhow!

"Not another word was spoken until we reached camp when Jake pulled open the tent flap, grabbed his old rifle, and launched out against bears generally, and our female friend particularly. I fully indorsed his opinions. Two savage men might have been seen a few minutes after, stealing through the woods up the cañon, but that bear was not seen again on that trip. Lucky for her she wasn't! Although the yarn takes a good while to tell, the whole affair took but a short time in reality."

I glanced up at Billy's face, as he stopped speaking and the drops stood on his forehead at the recollection of his terrible experience.

For a few minutes we all smoked in silence, then I asked: "Do you think, then, that those bears will attack from sheer viciousness?"

"No, I don't, although that one went for us. You see her cubs troubled her badly, and one could not tell but what she had been hunted and worried a day or so before, for the Indians hunt that section pretty freely."

W. B. A.

* A tributary of the Skeena River.

II.—AMONG CALIFORNIA REDWOODS.

Fourteen years ago Crescent City was, and I suppose still is, a point of some importance on the northern coast of California, the principal industry being the lumber trade. The harbor, while not a commodious one, affords good protection from the summer winds which sweep down the coast, but is exposed to the "southeasters," which at times blow hard during the winter season; and it is entered by a crooked channel among the numerous outlying reefs.

While engaged in hydrographic surveying in the vicinity, an anchorage was frequently sought at this place, which afforded us conveniences for tidal observations, and where a limited supply of fresh provisions was obtainable; and it was during a somewhat protracted stay in this port that Stanton and I determined to see something of the interior of the country.

With this object in view, we landed one morning properly equipped for a week of investigation, and having hired a horse and wagon from the only livery stable in town, we set out on the Jacksonville road, which extends in a northeasterly direction, and enters the redwood hills about five miles from the coast. After three miles of travel through the redwoods, we drew up at the first house we had seen since leaving Crescent City, a log hut, which served as a stopping place for the teamsters who were engaged in hauling chrome ore from a mine about ten miles further on, situated near what was known as Tack's or the Low Divide.

The only occupant of the house at the time of our visit was the proprietor, Tom Ford, a genial Irishman, who divided his time in attending to his occasional customers and in cultivating a small tract of about ten acres of level ground extending back of the house, and surrounded by woods. Of course we were hungry, and after having disposed of the dinner which Tom prepared for us at short notice, we decided to walk down to the further edge of the farm in hope of seeing a bear, having been assured by our host that he frequently saw them crossing the fence at the extreme corner of a piece of ground upon which he had lately raised a crop of oats, a small portion having been left uncut in the corner.

Taking our rifles and accompanied by Tom and a large brindle dog, the guardian of the place, we started for the oatfield, and when about half way there, sure enough a large black bear suddenly raised up out of the oats, and after taking a short, but apparently satisfactory look at us, dropped out of sight and made off. Why we did not shoot I know not and did not know at the time, but I suppose we were so taken by surprise, neither of us having put much faith in Tom's story of the bears he had seen in the field, that we were "rattled." After an interchange of opinions expressive of disgust at each other's want of preparation, we crossed the corner of the field, and climbing the fence took our course through the woods. After a time we heard the dog barking vigorously. "He's treed a bear," said Tom, and after following up the sound for some time we finally found the dog, but no bear; nothing in the neighborhood of more consequence than a squirrel.

This was repeated several times, until wearied by our exertions, we stretched ourselves out on a fallen tree, where we remained until we noticed that it was growing late, and we were a long distance from the house. We thereupon set out on our return, which we found no easy matter, the way being mostly down hill, night coming on, and the road a rough one. However, with Tom and the dog in the lead, Stanton and I following, now climbing three or four feet to the top of a redwood log, and then sliding down from it some eight or ten feet on the lower side, occasionally placing a hand in the darkness on one of the large snails so abundant in the redwoods, its cold, slimy touch sending the chills up and down one's back, and finally scrambling down the rocky, briery bed of a creek, we emerged from the woods and found ourselves among a growth of ferns, some ten or twelve feet in height, which we had noticed shortly after leaving the house, as adjoining the corner of the oatfield. The moon had now risen, and its light was a grateful relief from the gloom and darkness of the woods, and as we knew the house was near by, we stepped out more lightly.

By this time Tom and his dog had gotten some distance ahead, and we had hardly entered the fern patch, when the barking of the dog was again heard, added to which was an occasional shout from Tom Stanton wanted to hurry ahead, but bearing in mind our experiences of the afternoon in treeing bears, I endeavored to dissuade him, and while uncertain whether we should at once return to the house, or investigate the cause of the disturbance, we heard Tom's voice shouting, "He's got a bear up a tree, hurry!" and we doubted no longer, but hurried. Crossing the corner of the oatfield and jumping the fence we found Tom and the dog at the foot of a large redwood tree, just in the edge of the woods, the moon's rays dimly lighting the scene, and enabling us to discern a large black object clinging to the trunk of the tree about thirty feet from the ground. "He's coming down!" shouted Tom, and climbing on a log about fifteen feet from the base of the tree, we began to shoot. During the time that the bear was sliding down, we managed to get in two shots apiece, and although the moonlight was not sufficient to enable us to see the sights on our guns, it mattered little, as we were so near that the fire seemed to reach from the muzzles of the rifles to the body of the bear. When about eight feet from the ground and just as I fired, he let go and dropped.

Naturally supposing that we had killed him, or so disabled him that escape was impossible, I threw another cartridge into the chamber of my Winchester and was about to jump down off the log and investigate, when the bear, emerging from the darkness about the foot of the tree, ran against the log on which we were standing, scrambled over it and disappeared up the hill. To say that we were surprised would hardly express the situation. When we began to shoot, the dog ran off, evidently afraid of the guns; Tom Ford ran off, evidently afraid of the bear. It took some little time to get man and dog back again, and then the bear had such a start up the hill that it would have been some time before we could have found him, if at all, so after considering this, and our tired condition, we concluded to let that bear go. A short walk took us to the house, where, after a good supper and a discussion over a comfortable pipe as to what we should do on the morrow, we turned in.

CHETKO.

III.—A SCRIMMAGE IN NEW HAMPSHIRE WILDS.

Edwin Schoff, of Pittsburg, N. H., a farmer and hunter, went to turn out a horse in a back pasture lately, and having a trap set for a bear near the pasture, thought he would tend it before going home. On approaching the trap he saw a bear in it, and not having a gun with him he returned home and got two of his neighbors to go back with him—Willie Johnson and Luke Towle. He also took his two hounds, Bessie and Dom Pedro. Coming in sight of the bear in the trap he saw two other bears or cubs that seemed to be waiting for a chance to get into the trap. Schoff, being in advance of Johnson and Towle, when he saw the cubs made for them, and the old mother bear made for him, with the trap on her foot; it had no clog, so she could make pretty good time with the trap dragging. Schoff kept his eyes on the old bear and followed up the cubs, leading the hounds; but presently the cubs got out of sight in the thick woods and he let the hounds go on their track. The old bear had got dangerously near him, too, and he had nothing but a pistol for firearms.

Luckily about this time the old bear got snarled up in the brush, and the dogs had treed the cubs; and Johnson and Towle—having heard the outcry of the dogs and the old bear, who, by the way, had made the woods ring with her screeching—came up, bringing ropes with which they intended to bring in the old bear alive.

The two cubs had climbed a tall spruce tree, and Towle went up after them. When he came to the first one he shook him off the limb he was on, and he fell to the ground, about twenty-five feet, and Johnson and Schoff seized him and tied him with the ropes to a tree.

Towle, meantime, followed the other cub to the very top of the tree and seized him by the nap of the neck and backed down the tree with him, and when within eight feet of the ground the cub turned his head and bit him. He threw him to the ground, which so stunned him that the men on the ground easily tied him also.

They now turned their attention to the old bear, who was nearly out of the trap, and had broken her leg in the melee; so they fired seven shots from the pistol into her head before she succumbed. They then carried their live young bears home; and they attract much attention by their cunning pranks, and are getting quite tame and docile. When the old bear made such a bellowing when she got hung up in the brush, Towle said he was glad he was in the tree out of her reach.

Pittsburg is a wild place in the depth of the forest, far from the outside world, and is inhabited by rough backwoodsmen, forming a small hamlet of the hardiest frontier men in all New England, and is a renowned hunting ground for big game, where the moose, caribou, deer and bear may be found in abundance. And the Indian devil is secure in his lair—defying the arts of civilization.

J. G. R.

VENISON IN THE NEW YORK MARKET.—How about the venison in market on the 15th? How quick it must have been killed and shipped after midnight.—NEW YORKER.

[The venison is of last year's stock, has been kept in cold storage and is now taken out and put on sale when the season opened. It is for the most part Western venison.]

A CAMP HUNT IN ARKANSAS.

OUR hunt had been the theme of discussion on several occasions. Dick and I were rather impatiently awaiting the arrival of a friend who was desirous of being one of the party. A most jolly fellow and accustomed to "roughing it," his presence, we knew, would add much pleasure and a great deal of life to our party. The weather changed for the worse, and rain fell in torrents, making the river and smaller streams that crossed our road unfordable; and there was another delay of several days.

However, one Monday morning I went over to see Dick about the start, and in a very short time we determined to set out that very afternoon and try to cross the river at what is known as the Two-shoot Ford, having learned that the river had fallen slightly and that there was a possibility of crossing, as the water found its way through two channels at this point, making the ford not quite so deep. The rest of the day was spent in preparations for the hunt until 3:30 P. M., when, with packs adjusted and mounted on our horses, we set our faces westward and struck out on the trail to the Two-shoot Ford. Arriving here, we noted the height of water and the swiftness of current, and with some hesitation turned our horses' heads up stream and started diagonally across. It was nip and tuck, but we made it barely without swimming, though we had to perch well up on the saddle, not being desirous of getting wet, for the day was anything but warm and a ride of some twelve miles was before us. We crossed the second channel with ease, and after an uneventful ride, arrived at our destination for that night a little after dark, at the hospitable home of the best woodsman and most successful deer hunter I have ever met, Rex Jacobs. And I do not hesitate to say that he has few, if any, superiors in woodcraft anywhere. He stands full six feet in his stockings, built from the "ground up," muscular, wiry, quick in every action, with a good length of leg, though not out of proportion, and no superfluous flesh, a swarthy complexion, a restless eye, and an ear always on the alert for any extraordinary sound. He is of a jovial good nature, and with more than the average intelligene, and a voice once heard not likely to be forgotten for depth and richness. Such a specimen of fine manhood was our host, as he bade us a warm welcome to his hospitable home that drear December night.

The house consisted of two large rooms under one roof, with a gallery extending the whole length in front and a spacious hall between. At the back of the house were two smaller rooms, made by closing up what otherwise would have been a back gallery. Gallery is the name here applied to what is known elsewhere as piazza or porch. A huge fireplace occupied the center portion of one end of each large room, in which blazed a cheerful fire. The cooking was done and the meals served in a separate building—a log house—which stood just back of the main building.

It had been arranged that Jim and English B., nephews of Rex, and both good hunters, should meet us here the following morning. Of the former we could hear nothing, and the latter, thinking it impossible for us to cross the river, had crossed further up in a boat and gone into camp for the express purpose of seeing us.

That evening for supper we had some delicious venison, cooked by Mrs. Jacobs. After a most refreshing sleep, and long before we were ready for it, day was at hand. We had breakfast, and then hour after hour passed and still no sign of the boys. About eleven o'clock Calvin B. came in, and in a few minutes our horses were caught, saddled and packed, each one taking a bag of corn in addition to our blankets, provisions, etc. With Rex in the lead we struck out for Cross Mountain. Before we had gone a half mile a drizzle set in and continued to increase, promising us a wet and disagreeable night, for it must be borne in mind that we were not provided with a tent, and there was no shelter to be had on the mountain.

About two miles from where we had expected to make camp, Calvin recollected a cave, but a short distance from our road, and a consultation was held as to whether it would not be expedient, considering the weather, to camp in it for the night. We decided that it would be, and turning to the right into a dim trail were soon at the "rock of refuge," where we hurriedly unpacked and unsaddled, and soon had ourselves stowed away under the shelter of the overhanging rock.

This "cave" was nothing more than an overhanging mass of rock, projecting at an angle of about 45°, from the western extremity of a small mountain spur. There was a small cavity, with a complete arch overhead, at the extreme end, and at 18in. from the floor, and extending across the narrow end of the cavity was a flat rock with a sloping back, a most inviting seat had it been dry. The whole space was in the form of a V.

Rushing and foaming six feet in front of our retreat was a creek, which, swelled by the increased volume of innumerable rivulets and lesser streams, was momentarily rising; its waters lashed into foam as it whirled and rushed over boulder after boulder, fallen logs and ledges of solid rock.

We collected materials for a fire and were soon busily employed making a pot of coffee. That drunk, with a biscuit and piece of cold pork, we sallied out for our afternoon hunt. It had stopped raining just enough to encourage us to venture out; however, with the exception of Dick, we kept our "slickers" on, but notwithstanding we all returned just before dark thoroughly wet from the water on the bushes as well as the rain, which began to fall soon after we started out.

Under such unfavorable circumstances there was little likelihood of any game being killed, everything being in close cover. Rex was the last one to get in, and as he walked up with a fine gobbler slung across his shoulder the rest of the party, who had returned empty-handed, hailed his appearance with joy.

I had been fortunate enough only to see three deer. I walked to within 65yds. of a young buck. He was lying down under a ledge of rock, and seeing me first bounded off, taking particular pains to keep as many trees between himself and me as possible, a common habit they have of "taking the tree on you" whenever they can do so, both when running and when they stop, especially the old bucks. I began following him on a double quick and had gone some 400yds. when I jumped two does. They were lying in a clump of bushes, and I saw them just as they sprang, and throwing my rifle up gave them two shots as they went off, at 100yds., but of course with no effect, for I merely had a glimpse of their white tails as they disappeared over a ridge. Rex had seen two deer, making five that had been seen among the party.

It would be difficult for me to describe the intensely disagreeable night passed in that long-to-be-remembered cave. A lot of loose rocks lay about the cave, which we threw out, only to find a flow of mud and water. It was too late to look for flat rocks to pave the floor, and we had neglected to bring a hatchet, though I had laid one out, but forgot it at last; so we could cut no brush. There was almost a spring in the back of the cave, where the water leaped in through some crevice in the rock, which did not improve matters.

So to the turkey we turned with one accord, to while away the weary hours. No time was taken to pluck him of his downy coat, but, with hunting knife in hand, his skin was quickly peeled, and slices of beautiful white meat were soon broiling over the fire on the ends of forked sticks. He was not fat, but very tender, and with a flavor that his domesticated brother cannot rival.

Little sleep was obtained by any of us that night; so we smoked and shifted about from place to place, as ever and anon a new leak in our rock roof would be discovered by a drop that would find its way down one's neck or into one's eye or ear, whereupon various ejaculations would be indulged in to the discredit of the said raindrop.

The harder it rained the faster the drops fell, until drops grew into streams, and I do not believe there was a space of two feet square that was the forty-second cousin to a dry spot under the sheltering spread of our rocky refuge. After smoking and standing about our flickering fire, that only fat pine knots kept alive, until tired out nature demanded repose, first Dick and then I coiled ourselves up as best we could on top of our corn bags—the bags still being full of corn on the cob—and attempted to catch a little sleep. Our example was soon followed by Calvin and Rex; but little sleep did any of us get; and to make matters worse, our fire almost extinguished and the supply of pine knots exhausted, we were compelled to sally forth into the darkness and literally feel for wood of whatever kind we might stumble on, for it was useless to try to see.

Finally the dreary night succumbed to the approach of day, and by the time we had gotten our breakfast the creek had risen until it threatened an inundation of our camp, and a small stream had already found its way completely around our fire, cutting us off from it.

About noon English came in, having noticed where we had turned out of the road, and thinking that we had taken to the cave. That night we all got in to camp early enough to floor the camp with rock, which raised us out of the mud, and with our hunting knives we cut a lot of pine bushes, which, when laid on the rocks and covered with blankets, made our condition slightly better than on the preceding night.

The next day, Thursday, the elements still unsettled and very threatening, we pulled out for Rex's home, and glad enough were we to get under the shelter of his hospitable roof.

On Friday Dick and I, being thoroughly disgusted with the continuance of bad weather, would have gone home, but could not cross the river, which had risen again. Dick accompanied Rex to the post office, eight miles away; and taking my rifle I turned my face down Cow Creek. I went to the river, four miles, and on my return ran on to what appeared very much like preparations for a "wild-cat," commonly known as a still. There was no one in sight, but I made the rocks rattle from under my heels as I rapidly left that vicinity in the rear. My laced boots and hunting coat were not calculated to make a favorable impression on the mind of the native, who at all times in such places regards any unusual style of dress as denoting an U. S. M.

About 10 o'clock Saturday morning, with provisions, feed, blankets and a wagon sheet for a tent on the wagon, we started on hunt No. 2. Rex drove and I sat beside him, while English and Calvin B. lay about on the softest spots they could find among the dunnage. We pitched upon a pretty camping place, on a haw branch, and as soon as we had gotten in shape, all struck out in different directions and returned about sunset empty handed.

Captain Perringer, a friend of Rex's, passed by, and told some of the boys who had gotten in ahead of me that there was a deer hanging in a tree about three miles back along the roadside, with a blouse over it, and that he had never thought until past it some distance that the blouse over it meant for him to bring it on to camp, and that he "reckoned that Rex had killed it."

We had seen Perringer at Allison's Mill, and of course Rex calculated upon him bringing the venison to camp, as he had a wagon and lived but a short distance beyond where we were located. It was getting dark, but English and Cap mounted a couple of horses, and in a gallop that assured a speedy return, started for the deer.

Not long after they had left Rex came in and we heard just how it was. He had killed a deer soon after leaving us and carried it out to the road, hanging it in a tree and putting his jacket or blouse over it for the express purpose of attracting Capt. Perringer's attention. He had not gone far from where he killed his first deer, when he saw a drove of them and killed another, and after a long chase killed still another, making three deer during the afternoon, a much better outlook than on our first hunt.

There was another member of our party I have not mentioned, and a most useful little fellow to his master and a great favorite to us all. Raleigh was a fat, good-natured and good-looking cur dog, and he never failed in tracking a deer if the scent was anything like fresh, trotting or walking just ahead of Rex, adjusting his pace to that of his master.

On this occasion we did not rely on any more rock caves, but stretched the wagon cover over some poles, and this afforded us a very fair shelter. Each night a big log was cut and rolled in front of our tent, against which a good fire was kept going, replenished from time to time with pine knots.

Next day being Sunday we took a stroll for our health—just to keep in training—and being afraid to leave our guns in camp took them with us.

When I got back, about noon, there was a fine fresh saddle of venison hanging in a tree, and a large set of horns just under it.

"Halloo!" says Cap as I came up, "ain't that a buster? Dick killed him, and that makes one the start of you." And poor, unsophisticated I smiled faintly, and with the remark that "by the gods of war, he's a fine one!" dropped down on a convenient log and began to moralize why some people would break the Sabbath! I noticed that Dick didn't appear to be as highly elated as I expected he would be after committing such a deed, but I'll own up that I was gulled, and what is more, they kept it up on me for a couple of days, and then fearing that I might walk myself so death to get even, quietly told me that it was not Dick who had killed the deer. I had my revenge.

On Monday it was Cap's luck to bring in a little horny fellow, his first deer, and he was not a little proud and greatly elated. Calvin also brought in a nice buck, and left another hanging in a tree across Robinson's fork.

The next day Rex, Dick, Cap and I decided to ride over the line into the Nation to a section of country that we had hunted over earlier in the season. We breasted the woods to Ash Creek, jumping several deer, but not getting a shot. Here we left our horses, and two of us on each side of the creek commenced our hunt. I had not gone far when a doe jumped from a clump of bushes, not thirty steps ahead, but owing to the dense undergrowth—an old "hurricane"—I did not have an opportunity to shoot. She did not go more than 150yds. before she stopped, and I slipped into a hollow and began a stalk, but she did not wait for me, and when I came to where I ought to have seen her she was not in sight.

A little while previous to this I had heard two shots across the creek and below me, and I had not gone 50yds. from where I left off my stalk when I caught sight of a yearling buck and doe coming up a gulch to my right and nearly toward me, evidently frightened from the rifle reports below. I tried to stop them when they got abreast of me, but without success, as they did not appear to care for a "blate," so drawing for the buck I fired, and apparently without effect, for they whirled away from me, then into a little ravine and down the mountain side, but they did not get out of sight until I had pumped four more balls after them. The boys, speaking of it afterward, said that it sounded like a considerable skirmish, and as I put in the shots while the deer were traversing only about 50yds., I guess the boys were about right. However, I found considerable blood and followed it some distance, but finally lost all track and gave it up. Now, I am confident that had Rex and his dog been at hand I'd have gotten my game. Nothing is more discouraging to me than to wound anything and then lose it. I'd rather it were a clear miss.

I went on down the creek about half a mile and then turned back, as it was agreed, before we left our horses, to be back by 1 o'clock. I found Cap busily employed eating hickory nuts, and immediately joined him. It may not be believed, but I have seen, and have in my house now, hickory nuts as large as English walnuts from this part of Arkansas. Dick and Rex soon joined us, and we saddled and breasted back to the river, as we had come, empty-handed.

Rex had fired the shots I had heard at a long distance, but without result. Cap had fired once, and Dick saw some turkeys. At the crossing of Robinson's Fork we found the deer that Calvin had hung in a tree the day before, and another that he had killed since we passed there this morning, so we loaded the venison on our horses and were soon in camp. By this time we had eight deer strung up, and they made a very pretty appearance. I have not spoken of the delicious venison that we enjoyed; plump back strap and tenderloin, split in two and broiled on the end of a forked stick over glowing coals, and when nearly done a slice of fat pork allowed to melt and drip over it; or fat ribs stewed thoroughly! And for bread we had meal and water and a little salt mixed together and baked in an old-fashioned bake oven; this, with sorghum and coffee, constituted our diet, and we all enjoyed it thoroughly, judging from the amount of meat and pones of bread that disappeared thrice a day.

On Wednesday we hunted about camp in all directions, Cap being the only lucky man, however, and brought in another young buck.

Next morning we held a council of war, and it was agreed to strike camp and pull out for home. Horses were saddled and harnessed, wagon loaded with our venison and camp equipage, and in a short time we were moving, some breasting to the right and some to the left. I was the first one to get to the ford on Rolling Fork, next came the wagon, and after a wait of fifteen minutes Calvin came along with a young buck that he had killed a couple of miles back.

We waited some time for the others and started on. We all got together again at Allison's Mill, and as Dick came up to the wagon I pointed to the fresh-killed deer, and said, "Well, Dick, I got one. Did you see the pile of stones I put around his blood at the ford?" And I had my revenge when I saw that he had swallowed the bait.

In an hour from here we were at Rex's home, and as soon as dinner was over Dick and I mounted and rode home. And so ended as pleasant a hunt as I was ever on. Rex had wanted a thousand pounds of venison, and it was secured. ANTIMONY.

ANTIMONY CITY, Ark.

SHORE BIRDS.

SALEM, Mass., Aug. 13.—The past week has shown up some birds about here, and at Ipswich and Plum Island. One man got sixteen summers at Mill Pond Branch, Salem, a few days ago. A Peabody man got four uplands in Poor Farm pasture, Ipswich, a week ago. They have been heard but not seen at Plum Island until yesterday, when I saw fourteen. One or two jack curlew have been seen. Small birds have been fairly plenty, though rather scarce just now. I mean peeps and ringnecks. A few sanderling (*C. arenaria*) or white birds are along; also a few beetleheads (*S. helvitica*). No terns around just now. Some coots are beginning to come along, and black ducks (*A. obscura*) are moving about. The marshes are in excellent order for birds, and though mosquitoes and midgets are troublesome at times, yet the greenhead flies are unusually scarce. For full explanation of my local names brother gunners can refer with both profit and pleasure to Gurdon Trumbull's book. It is a regular dictionary of bird lore. X. Y. Z.

CONNECTICUT.—Thomaston, Aug. 15.—There are good prospects for ruffed grouse in this vicinity, with some quail.—E. M. C.

IN THE WOODS.

NERVOUS prostration did you say, my friend? Well, there is one sovereign cure for that deplorable condition. If you will buckle on a pack, shoulder a gun and "take to the woods" its a dead certainty you will tramp off your nervousness and give your poor brain a chance of life. It was late in October when the writer finally gave up "trying to make arrangements," and simply turned his back on the office, and took passage over Boston and Maine with his pack, rifle and odd traps compactly telescoped for transportation to the Kohog's happy hunting grounds along the Magalloway River and the vicinity of Umbagog Lake.

On our trips the past three years we had entered the woods by the buckboard route, but this season it was decided to return to first principles. Accordingly we hunted up a staunch canoe and made necessary preparations. Next day was Sunday and the loggers who lounged around promiscuously eyed our traps and queried as to destination. "Up river, did you say? But you can't do it, it's all frozen up." To tell the truth the air was frosty next morning as we turned out. There were our logging friends and they greeted us with, "Well, what are you going to do about it?" For answer we loaded up and breaking the ice, launched the canoe. Of course it was slow work until we got out into the middle of the stream, but we chopped the ice with our heavy paddles and finally got under headway with Baker the guide in the stern and Bill at the prow.

That first night we were pretty tired as we drew up to camp and Baker suggested we sup off of "logger's chuck." This was a sandwich made of raw salt pork laid between two slices of bread, and the first sample was not eaten with that relish which came from late experience.

We had found ice most of the way up river, but by selecting the thinner places had no serious trouble. We finally drew up on the banks of Upper Metallic Pond, some 25 miles from the upper settlement (Wilson's Mills). We struck a deserted logger's camp—small, but in pretty fair condition, except from the dirt. A bunk in one corner made good quarters for a bed. There was a small stove in the center, and a table at one side. Being tired, we stuffed the stove with wood and wrapping our blankets about us turned in at ten and lay there for a while taking in the situation and admiring the rays of bright moonlight which stole in through the cracks in the roof.

The following morning Bill crawled from between his blankets and found the water in the stove kettle frozen and the mercury indicating 10° above zero. However, a rousing fire soon thawed both men and kettle, and after breakfast we set about "cleaning the crib," as Baker expressed it, and by 11 o'clock wrought quite a change. And no sooner were we tolerably settled than in walked a grizzly-looking trapper. A more surprised customer you never saw. "Where did you come from?" he inquired. Even while he stood looking around the door opened again and in came his young partner. When he saw us his eyes stuck out like pot hooks and he asked "where from?" Being answered from the settlement his exclamation was, "By the gol dingers, thought the river was frozen so no one could get up."

We told them in a quiet way that for the past ten years we had made our annual visits as planned beforehand and that a trifle like a little ice would not deter us this time. They sat down, and after a little lunch began gathering what they could find of that which afterward proved to be their property—much to our surprise. Baker was forced to slip off a pair of moccasins he had grappled on to, and a pair of mittens mysteriously came to light after they had hinted what they were hunting for.

We brought from our boxes left by the river bank provisions and supplies for immediate wants and in the afternoon took a tramp in the woods. Returning about five we fired up again, and between us managed a bill of fare fit for Young's or Delmonico's: broiled partridges, baked potatoes, griddle cakes, hard bread with quince preserves, with cocoa.

We spent full two hours at the table, and then without ceremony Bill rolled over into the bunk and was soon asleep. Baker washed the dishes and then sat up till ten to smoke.

One morning Bill called Baker's attention to something he felt crawling down his back. A "long back" or "gray backs," as the boys called them in '63 and '64. Baker thought them not worth while noticing as he had felt a number of them moving him about and thought they helped keep the blood circulating.

As usual the writer was anxious to visit the old familiar places, and Lincoln Pond was one of the most interesting. We had visited it many times, but last season the lumbermen had made havoc with the forest for a mile or more back from the river, so that it was impossible to follow the old trail. Consequently the compass was brought into use, and after one or two unsuccessful attempts we reached the pond. It was frozen all along the shore, but dragging our old birch canoe from its place of concealment we broke the ice and soon had our craft afloat. Before getting off, however, it was necessary to build a fire and heat some pitch to caulk up several cracks in the old birch. We had a grand paddle over this clear sheet of water, and although it was a cold November day, with occasional snow squalls, we enjoyed it much. The lumbermen have not as yet cut any of the forest above the pond, and it is a wild, beautiful spot.

Drawing the canoe ashore and placing it under cover, probably not to be used until another season, we shouldered our packs, and with a few partridges picked up by the way, struck out for camp. "What's this?" said Baker, as he opened the door and sighted on the table a half loaf of bread and some pork. "Some one's been here. Yes, and by the looks of that jar helped themselves to preserves." We were glad our visitors had found something to their liking, and they thoughtfully left the pork and bread in exchange.

It is an unwritten law in the woods that a man shall, when hungry, help himself to whatever he can grapple on to, and leave his acknowledgment in the shape of a note of thanks or money, or he may leave other grub in place of what he takes.

One evening as we were sitting in camp we heard some animals prowling around, crunching the bones left from our game supper. "A skunk," said Baker, and proposed that we capture it, as to his mind they were fine eating when properly cooked. Taking down his Winchester, Bill made ready to shoot the instant Baker opened the door. Drawing bead by light of bright moon the Winchester cracked and Baker banged the door. We decided to wait till morning before inspecting. In the morning we found the upper part of his neck shot off, allowing him no time to fire his salute. Baker out with his hunting knife and gave an exhaustive lecture on the principles of dressing such an animal. After careful inspection it was pronounced ready for the baking pan. "You will perceive, Mr. Kohog, there is no odor, and do you mind how plump he is. Now brace up the fire, Bill, and I'll clap him in." It was not long before the stove glowed with almost white heat, and with it came a gentle perfume from the oven, sufficient to paralyze the fireman and thick enough to cut in sizes to suit. We both made tracks for the outside. Still Baker insisted it must be imagination, as he had been very careful in dissecting, but he evidently had made some slight mistake.

The fireman was ordered in to replenish the fire, and he did not hang around, but made a bolt for the outside, concluding the blue canopy of heaven would furnish him shelter that night. Finally the oven was opened by Baker. He drew back, but renewed the attack, and was victorious in getting the savory morsel to the table. But to eat it was another thing. Poking it over he dug out a choice piece, which he tasted, and pronounced good—for skunk. Bill declares the piece he was inveigled into tasting still lingers in his mouth; but he consoled Baker by saying it was doubtless a good thing for us, as it would surely keep out the moths. To cover up the fact of our having roasted the beast, a thorough airing of camp was necessary. If any woodsman should want to make use of that fry-pan before spring, it would be as well not to sniff it too closely. We both took a solemn oath on the pork barrel that mum should be the word.

We spent a week or more in the camp and vicinity, living well and having a royal good time. Meantime the river kept closing up more than ever with ice. One morning a council was held with the conclusion that we should be obliged to reach the settlements through the woods. Next day all our traps were overhauled and repacked, with only a pair of blankets apiece and guns and ammunition left out. We then took the boxes to high ground, and, placing them snugly, put the canoe over them bottom up, and calculated they would be safe from rise of water in case they remained until spring.

That last night in camp we had an unusual layout, and kept up the festivities until the chilly air of midnight drove us between the blankets. We were astir betimes in the morning, and after a hearty breakfast set forth with our faces to the settlements, twenty-five miles away. We made good progress along the tote road until about noon, when the way became difficult on account of windfalls and brush. In trying for a short cut through the swamps we found ourselves lost, but by night time we struck the river again, and judged by the lay of the land that we had made but half the distance.

Fortunately Baker discovered an old log camp. The roof was nearly gone and it was decidedly airy, but we patched up one end, and building a fire on the floor, made ourselves as comfortable as possible. We managed to get a few cat-naps early in the night, but at midnight gave it up and spent the remainder of the night bracing up the fire. In the morning we lunched off a sandwich of pork and wheels (large crackers) with hot tea. We had no difficulty in crossing the river, as during the night it had frozen solid. We decided to travel by compass and struck out over the mountains, determined to reach the settlements that night. We tramped into our old friend Clark's just as the sun went down, and throwing off our packs were satisfied to sit down and rest, watching the preparations of the cook with a good deal of interest.

"Come, boys, sit down to supper," was a call responded to with alacrity. The cook watched us, and as it became evident we were going to make a clean sweep, hurried off to the pantry and soon returned with generous slabs of beef, which were soon sputtering on the hot griddle. "Guess you boys have not had much to eat in the woods," said the cook.

After that hearty supper we were glad to turn in for the night, but on the succeeding morning were as good as new. Baker went out for a still-hunt of a few days, but after a rest and a short visit with friend Clark, who is a genial, big-hearted Yankee, the scribe struck out for home. Cured of nervousness, did you ask? Well, rather, my friend.

KOHOG BILL.

RIFLE LOADING FOR SMALL GAME.—New York, Aug. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have been experimenting recently with "gallery cartridges" for my Winchester rifle .40-60. I use the regular shell, loaded with 6grs. of powder and a round ball; and at short range, say from 50 to 150ft., the result is excellent. My object was to obtain a cartridge to kill small game with while off on my hunting trips. The regular charge makes a heavy report, which disturbs large game, besides tears small game all to pieces. The above named cartridge makes but a trifling report, and while it has sufficient penetration to kill grouse, squirrels, etc., it does not tear them. The cartridges cannot be used in the magazine, but they can be slipped into the barrel and unloaded without disturbing the regular shells in the magazine. These shells were loaded for me by the Union Metallic Cartridge Co., of Bridgeport, Conn.—WAKEMAN HOLBERTON.

ASHBURNHAM, Mass.—The prospect is for the best partridge (ruffed grouse) shooting this fall we have had for years in this section.—H. C. N.

This has been a good season for bears in Maine. A Lewiston furrier says that he has already bought fifty-five skins, and thinks the crop will beat last year's, which was 344 pelts.

A remarkably attractive lobster was caught at Norwich a few days ago. Its upper parts were of the delicate tinge of old-fashioned blue china, and beneath the color was a beautiful bluish white.

A Harvard professor, who is passing the summer on Canobie Lake, N. H., has a cottage built on a raft made of fifty-three empty oil casks, and the dwelling is towed about the lake whenever the owner wants a change of air and scenery.

TOURISTS seeking rest and recreation during the hot summer months can obtain valuable information from the illustrated guide books entitled "A Summer Jaunt" and "Summer of 1888" issued by the Wisconsin Central Line. These books are descriptive of the summer resorts in Wisconsin and Minnesota, reached by the Wisconsin Central Line, and will be sent free to any address upon application to JAMES BARKER, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Milwaukee Wis.—*Adv.*

Sea and River Fishing.

Angling Talks. By George Dawson. Price 50 cents. Fly-Rods and Fly-Tackle. By H. P. Wells. Price $2.50. Fly-Fishing and Fly-Making for Trout. By J. H. Keene. Price $1.50. American Angler's Book. By Thad. Norris. Price $5.50.

A NIGHT WITH A BONE SHARK.

SAN FRANCISCO, California.—The delightful summer and winter resort Santa Cruz is beautifully located on the north side of Monterey Bay, sixty miles due south of San Francisco. Its surroundings in every way are delightful and pleasurable. It has a magnificent beach for bathing, fine sheltered waters for sailing and boating. Is surrounded with the richest of soil, extensive, most productive and profitable orchards and vineyards, has extensive and well kept hotels and boarding houses, beautiful residences with fine gardens where the finest flowers are in continuous bloom. The mountains of the Coast Range, immediately back of it, have the richest soil of any mountains in the world, grand scenery, and on them in many places can be found primeval groves of giant redwoods (*Sequoia sempervirens*), the most valuable and noblest tree in the world, except its half brother the giant redwood or big tree (*Sequoia gigantea*) of the Sierras. In these mountains back of the city there are rich sheltered valleys, where one can mature every fruit, and bloom in its richest magnificence, every flower, and grow every shrub of the temperate and semi-tropical world, or to cut the matter short, Santa Cruz is a "good place to be at" (as the Southerners say) at any time of year.

The waters of Monterey Bay and the Pacific Ocean thereabout are wonderfully prolific in fish. In the bay "in ye olden time" the California hump-backed whale and other monster cetaceans, the lively and dangerous devil fish of the whaleman, used to congregate in vast schools in winter to bring forth their young, and many a whale boat has been smashed and brave whale man found a damp grave in their pursuit. This whale, the hump-backed whale (*Megoptera versabilis*), is peculiar to this coast, and is still captured to a considerable extent from off shore. I visited several stations where they are hauled ashore and their oily jacket stripped from them. The largest, fiercest whale in the world, the sulphur bottom (*Sibbaldus sulfureus*), is also found on this coast. This is the veritable monarch of the ocean, so fierce and strong are they that the best equipped whaling vessels seldom molest them.

I had always been noted for having quite a large bump of curiosity. I had long wished to see a living whale sporting in the briny deep. A few days ago I was called to Santa Cruz on business. On arrival there I found I should have to remain two or three days, so I, as usual when on the coast, went nosing around the shore. Meeting an acquaintance at the wharf I made known to him my great desire to go out with a party of honest fishermen. He being well acquainted there at once introduced me to the skipper of a fishing smack, who, he said, would "treat me white." The captain said, "I am going to start out at 2 o'clock this afternoon to lay my seine." I asked him what it would cost to go along. "Nothing, sir, we are in want of more ballast and irrigating facilities." So I laid in a quart of "mountain dew" and concluded to ship with the captain as ballast in the good smack Emma. At the appointed hour I was on hand. Our rig consisted of the smack, a lively trim two-master, a fine netted gill-net 500 fathoms or 3,000ft. long and 30ft. deep, a whale boat in tow and a smaller rowboat across the Emma amidships, with five men and myself as ballast. The plan was to run out about twelve miles, lay out the seine and let it drift with the current until morning, for the purpose of gilling small surface fish, such as herring, smelt, etc. We ran out with a brisk quartering breeze over the great round swells of the grand old Pacific, which was most delightful. In a couple of hours and by making one tack we reached the fishing ground. The great seine, which was neatly folded up in the whale boat, had the line to one of its ends made fast on board the Emma, and her sails were so set that she would draw slowly to the northeast, while two pair of strong arms rowed the whale boat to the southwest, with a man on each side of the great bulk of the seine to run it out properly. Soon its 3,000ft. were stretched on the water to drift with the tide and current. The current on this coast is to the south. When the seine was laid the rope to its northeast end was taken aboard the whale boat and two men took their place at the oars and rowed gently against the current, just enough to keep the seine stretched. A large float having been attached to the other end of the seine the small boat from the Emma was fastened to the whale boat. The last supply of my irrigating material was used up, and the captain and the boy with the Emma started back to port, leaving me in company of four swarthy fellows afloat on the vast and restless ocean. The evening was beautiful, the roll of the great round waves was regular and soft, with every sixth or seventh one much larger than its fellows—a regular pulsation eternally rolling.

It was just cold enough for a man with warm blood coursing in his veins to be comfortable with his ordinary winter clothing, and when the sun sank below the horizon one would need a good overcoat when resting; and this temperature is about the same the year around on this coast. The temperature is held steady by the great mass of water, which is of the same or nearly the same temperature the year around, and is never swept by hot nor cold currents of air. The general trend of the wind throughout the year is from points west to northwest. This wind having a sweep of thousands of miles over this warm water, its under stratum at least absorbs its temperature, and so it blows day after day: cool in summer, warm in winter. It was the intention to leave the seine out until the next morning, when the Emma was to return, and if the catch was sufficient to take out the fish, if not to let it drift until the next morning; and so on, taking out the fish every other day, until the seine drifted in too near shore.

The four men left with the seine were not at first sight prepossessing, but the captain and my friend had told me they were good, reliable fellows, and honest as honesty goes among fishermen. Miguel, the mate left in charge, was a low, heavy-set man, of great strength and activity, part Portuguese, part Indian, the other part white man,

about forty years of age, with small jet black eyes, quiet, soft spoken, and mild until excited. Jose, a small, active man, about thirty-five, a good sailor, but of low intelligence. The other two, Bill and Jack, were of slightly mixed race, lively young fellows of about twenty years. Their duties were: Two at the oars for two hours at a time to keep the seine stretched; the third at the tiller, keeping a sharp lookout over the southwest waters, and one to see that all was right and to notice the approach of any whales, porpoises, or other large sea mammals, and sharks. If such were seen approaching, it was the duty of the fourth man to take the smallboat and try and turn them from the seine; otherwise he rested or slept.

The evening wore on with no excitement nor life in sight, except now and then a school of porpoises passing up inside toward the shore, until just at dusk, when a whale spouted four times to the southwest, threw his flukes in the air and disappeared. As they stay under the water from thirty to sixty minutes before coming up to breathe again we heard no more of him. I sat in the peak of the boat after dark enjoying it greatly. The moon in its first quarter hung brightly in the western sky, its bright gleam on the waves stretching for leagues to a point beneath. The points of the bright lights of the city of Santa Cruz twinkled at the eastward and the great dark billows of the Coast Range loomed behind them. Sixty miles to the northward the hundreds of electric lights of the city of San Francisco changed the dark gray-blue clouds to a fleecy whiteness. The waters around us was filled with tens of thousands of phosphorescent lights flashing in every direction. Every one of the millions of life in the great deep left this fleeting quickly vanishing trail of pale firelight behind it. Away down in the inky depth the denizens of the deep could be followed in their motions and dartings by a pale blue stream of bluish light. We were indeed afloat and alone on the restless bosom of the mightiest of oceans, a mere speck on its vastness. What if a sudden fierce storm should arise, what would become of us in our frail open boat? All of us knew that this part of the great Pacific brews no such storms, besides we knew that if the wind should come on to "blow great guns" our watchful skipper would soon be out with the Emma and rescue us.

Sitting thus dreaming and building air castles, thinking of the fierce and murderous and most dangerous war waged on the humpbacks and California gray whales twenty-five or thirty years ago by man, when oil was oil, in the lovely bay before us, of the myriads of mighty mammals that once thronged this coast before the whalemen with harpoon and bomb gun and lance came and well nigh exterminated them, when the humpback and the great sulphur bottom could seek shelter in the bays and estuaries of this coast and bring forth and suckle their young undisturbed.

Time wore on. About midnight the thing became monotonous, and I had begun to think of snuggling down and taking a nap. Jack and Bill were at the oars, quietly pulling; Jose sat against the side of the boat soundly sleeping; Miguel had been standing stolidly in the stern of the boat for a long time, his keen black eyes wandering restlessly along the pale blue light caused by the seine in the water. The boys chatted away about their girls and other subjects. The rope from the end of the seine had been fastened to the end of the boat. All at once the boat gave a long and sudden lurch backward with such force as to leave the oarsmen in a heap at the bottom of the boat, with the bulky form of Miguel on top of them. Luckily for myself I had a short time before sat down in the boat with my back to the wind, or I probably would have been compelled to wade ashore. Miguel sprang up as quick as a flash and yelled, "To your oars, boys; there is a whale right ahead of us—look out for his flukes," but he had hardly got the words out of his mouth when the boat gave another surge and down he went again, and directly after there was a fearful splashing in the water away off toward the southern end of the seine. The boat gave surge after surge, and it was not possible for one to stay on his feet without something to hold to. In the first tumble one of the oars was lost and was floating away. The whale boat was liable at any moment to crush the small boat. Miguel, though usually cool and collected, a life-long fisherman, seemed for a time to entirely lose his head. He could in no way understand the state of things. The boat kept on surging. At last it dawned on his mind that some great fish or whale had become entangled in the seine. Gradually he collected his scattered senses into his noddle—the oar must be regained and the small boat cared for. He ordered Jose to get into the small boat and go after the oar, but he did not respond. This called our attention to him, and we saw he was sitting in the bottom of the boat, hanging on with both hands, prostrated with fright. Miguel could not move him by commands or threats, so he ordered Jack to perform the task, which he reluctantly did. He was gone some time and at last returned with the oar.

In the meantime the surgings continued and the furious splashings grew somewhat nearer. All at once the line was drawn very taut and the stern of the boat was drawn down so as to nearly take water, and the first wave caused us to ship considerable water—the next one would have sunk us. We all rushed to the bow of the boat, but before she had shipped the next wave the line slackened and we were for the time safe. Then all was quiet for a time, but soon the splashings commenced again still nearer. After a time, again the line drew down the stern of the whale boat, but this time we were all ready to jump into the small boat. After shipping a part of two waves the line eased up and she was bailed out. The same thing was kept up for a long time, the splashing constantly nearing us.

Jose pitifully begged Miguel to cut the line and get away out of danger, and Jack and Bill at times added their voices to the prayer, but Miguel's natural courage had come back to him. His all in this world was represented by a share or two in the Emma and the seine; and he determined not to let go until forced to. All was dark except our dim light on the mast. At last Miguel determined to take the small boat and go down the seine and see what was the matter. We all joined in begging him not to do this, he showed his determination by roughly ordering Jack and Jose to take the oars and Bill the rudder. They saw there was no use urging him further, so he grimly dropped into the little boat and sculled away. Before starting he lengthened out the line attached to the seine as much as he could and gave it two turns around the mast, crossed the end over the line and gave it to me to hold, with strict orders not to let go unless I was certain the boat would go down, if I did not let go. He stayed by us for some time until the stern was drawn down about as before and then started. He assured us he would be very careful. The fearful splashings and thrashings were still nearing us, and he did not have far to go. He soon came back with a puzzled look. He said, "I could not see much, but it is certain that some great fish has tangled itself up in the seine. It seems too small and lively for a whale and too large for a shark. It is a lively customer whatever it is."

And so the minutes, seeming hours, wore on. Every half hour or so our boat's stern would be drawn down as before described, each time seeming as if an inch or two more or another wave would send us to the bottom. Not being able to swim an inch, I kept precious near to the small boat. At times all would be quiet for a long time. Then there would be a great thrashing, snapping and splashing. Then down we would go. We soon found that when all was quiet the least noise would start trouble. So when quiet was on, we kept quiet. Toward morning we found that the commotion was only the length of our line away. At last day began to break, and as light began to spread over the dark waters we could see sticking out of the water the length of our line away a black triangle and a great bunch. So soon as there was light enough to see fairly plain some made a noise, and then trouble again commenced. The triangle was thrown high in the air, and we saw that it was the upper fluke of some great fish's tail that lashed the sea into foam. Besides its strokes in the water we could hear crash, crash, crash, like the fall of a heavy board on a floor. After a time all disappeared beneath the water and the stern of our boat was again drawn down. This time, when the line slackened up we were half full of water, and the fish that had caught us was much nearer than before.

It was now light enough to take in the situation. The first order of Miguel was to make fast another line to the one to the seine, so as to give us more sea room. This was quickly done, when down she went again, this time coming very near to us. This gave Miguel a hint, so he ordered Bill and Jack to the oars and told them so soon as the fish went down to pull steadily away. We soon saw that our safety depended on this strategy, for the fish was as likely to come up directly under us as anywhere, and it seemed rather more likely, and we at once saw that if our boat was once hit with the tail of the monster it would be crushed into kindling wood. As the morning grew into brightness the fish's struggles for freedom became more furious and kept us busy to keep out of his way. We could now see that the creature had become entangled in the seine at or near its south end, and he had in some way by his struggles for freedom continually rolled himself up in it, and had in fact nearly the whole three thousand feet wound around his body. The high gray hump we had seen in the early morning was where the seine was wound over the high dorsal fin, which was over three feet high. The seine was several times folded through its mouth and hung at each side cut into fringe by its sharp teeth. The body from its belly or anal fins and the great flukes of the tail were free. One of its great pectoral or forward side fins was free, the other rolled tight to its body by the seine. It was constantly bringing its great jaws together with a crash, and so the fearful fun went on until 10 o'clock, when the captain and the Emma came on the scene, and a madder man than our captain never made a quarterdeck blue and sulphurous with oaths. To see his great new seine, the first time she was ever wet, wrapped round and chewed up in such a fashion was enough to make him mad. He was so excited that it was all we could do to keep him out of danger, but he soon cooled off and took in the situation. It was decided that if we let go fish and seine were both lost. If we hung on to it, what would eventually be the end? They could see no safe way by which they could approach and kill, nor had they at hand anything to kill it with, if they could. They consulted about running down to the opposite side of the bay and getting a bomb gun, used there for killing whales, but then came the idea that if they threw a bomb into it, the bomb would utterly destroy the seine. At last after a long consultation it was agreed that the captain should take Miguel's place and hang on to things, and Miguel go back with the Emma after grub, counsel and irrigation material.

I concluded to stay with the captain and see the fun, and fun we did have. It was nearly one continuous round of thrashing, snapping and diving. Had the other great pectoral fin been free we could plainly see that we would have been towed where the fish willed, and drawn to the bottom of the sea or forced to cut the rope. As it was, the fish would only swim in a circle and could only sound or dive a certain distance. Owing to the use of only one fin he went down and up in the segment of a circle. By the time of the return of the Emma, at 5 o'clock, we could see that the fish was weakening gradually. She brought out several old salts, learned in the monsters of the sea, most of them having shares in the rig, to consult what to do. After long deliberation it was concluded to hang on to the creature until the steamer running from here to San Diego was due up on Friday, this was Wednesday eve, and then, if possible, induce the officers to haul all on board, save the seine in as good shape as possible, and bring the monster fish to the city and place it on exhibition as a "marine monster, a great man-eating shark." A new crew was placed in the whale boat, with full instructions from Miguel how to manage things, and I took passage with the other worn out ancient mariners for shore.

During the day I had carefully eyed the monster and concluded he was about 30ft. long. All the information I could get from Miguel or the captain was that it was a "bone shark." I came back to the city full and running over with shark. I fell asleep at night and an endless procession of great black sharks with snow white bellies and new moon-shaped mouths armed with row after row of glittering sharp teeth kept snapping me in two and then fiercely fighting for the pieces; and then while I was calmly enjoying the fun I would be snapped in two again, and so on. It was fun for the sharks and somehow under the circumstances I enjoyed it also.

Bone shark! What in blazes is a bone shark! I had read a most perfect treatise on the ancient and modern sharks, but not one word did it say about bone sharks. It said the fish of the genus *Squalus* were fierce, active, most ravenous and carnivorous fishes belonging to one of the oldest forms of fishes, that they were fearfully destructive to all forms of ocean life, that they could handle and were very dangerous to human beings if in the water. Also that they are cartilagenous fishes or without bones. Ah, I have it! I have a friend who was for thirty years a whaleman and an observing man, possibly he will know what a bone shark is. He does; well what is it? "Why a bone shark." That settled it. I asked him how large a bone shark he had ever seen, its color, etc. "I have seen them 30ft. long and have seen ten barrels of oil taken from one liver. I heard of one taken near New Providence over 30ft. long and its liver made fifteen barrels of oil." I replied that that was a fish story indeed, but he replied a little hotly that it was true, that he personally knew some of the crew who made the capture and they were truthful men, and referred me to the papers publishing the facts. The great quantity of oil in the liver gave me a clew and I asked my sailor friend if he had ever heard of anything called a basking shark. He answered, "Yes, I have heard landlubbers call the bone shark basking shark or something like it." This led me to believe that I had struck a rich shark bonanza in my sailor friend. So I pumped him dry, as the sequel will tell.

Sure enough, on picking up the *Chronicle* Monday morning I read "A Great Sea Monster—a great man-eating shark is now on exhibition at Central Park, 30ft. long. Admission, two bits."

I at once wended my way to Central Park, and sure enough there I found a great red-mouthed Irishman, under the picture of a great red-mouthed fish, from whose glittering teeth the red gore dripped in profusion, yelling, "Walk in, ladies and gintlemen, and see the great man-eating shark, 30ft. long and weighing 'liven thousand pounds. He's did, ladies, and he won't bite you. Walk in, ladies and gintlemen. Only two bits to see the greatest wonder in the world."

I stepped inside and found Miguel taking in the shekels and Bill keeping the flies out of the shark's mouth. It was stretched on timbers on a truck and was fully 29ft. long, with his mouth stretched wide open. He did look rather fearful, as though he could gulp one down at one small gulp.

I at once cornered Bill and made him give me the history of the struggle after I left. He said that by Friday evening the shark had nearly worn himself out, and in the forenoon, by the time the steamship came along, they had no trouble reaving a rope through his under jaw and another around his tail and hoisting him aboard. As he went up he was disemboweled and his liver saved on the Emma, from which the captain thought he would get 10 barrels of oil. Notwithstanding he seemed so near dead, when they began to hoist him he gave some trouble with his struggles, and he had some motion even on Sunday morning.

Returning, I went to my whaleman friend. "Why do you call it a bone shark?" "Because they have bone in their mouths, same as the right or Greenland whale." I could not understand, I had seen no bone in its mouth except teeth; so I carried him up to see it and explain. He showed me that this shark had bone, whalebone, or the great fringy process that we know as whalebone, by which these great creatures gather the exceedingly small life that swarms in the ocean for food. This led me to know that we had before us the great fish properly known as the basking shark (*Squalus maximus* or *Selache maxima* of different authorities), and really and truly the most harmless and inoffensive great fish that swims the ocean. It is found very rarely on every coast and on all soundings. It has, it is true, immense strength and great tenacity of life, brings forth its young alive, and is truly one of the most strangely wonderful of living creatures, belonging as it does to one of the most ravenous, cruel, gluttonous families. It is slow, sluggish, inoffensive, never under any circumstance trying to catch anything of any size for food. It feeds exactly as does the right or Greenland whale, by swimming very slowly along near the surface with its great mouth wide open, against current and tide, collecting its minute food in its "bone." When a quantity is so gathered it is swallowed. As in the case of the whale, whatever passes into the mouth has to be swallowed, for it has no loose tongue nor other means to throw it out. When full fed and in content, it lies basking in the sun at the surface of the water, hence basking shark. When disturbed by any cause it quickly sinks out of sight. A gentleman has just assured me that he saw one caught in the same way off the coast of the Gulf of California, by becoming entangled in a net, 39ft. long. How this may happen is now easily explained. The shark is quietly feeding along, with his great white mouth wide open. The fine strong twine of the gill-net strikes in his mouth, and when some is folded within he closes it, tries to swallow and pushes on; more collects within; his teeth all hook backward, those in his jaws and more particularly the longer ones in his throat. The seine is fast within, he has no possible way to get rid of it. He begins to struggle, and the more he struggles the more he becomes involved, and so on to the end.

BYRNE.

That Same Old Sucker Freed Again.—Lancaster, Pa., Aug. 16.—A number of boys were swimming in a creek near the old Moravian town of Lititz, in this county, a few days ago. One of them, in diving, found an old demijohn, which he brought ashore. Through a space where the wicker had been torn away the boys saw something moving about inside the jug. They poured out the water, but the object being too large to come out with it, they broke the demijohn and found a fat and lively sucker over a foot long. The only explanation that can be given for the presence of the big fish in the jug is that it entered when small, and enjoying the novelty of the retreat, remained there until it grew too large to come out, even if it wanted to.

Judge Longworth's Scientific Expedition.—Cincinnati, Aug. 17.—On Saturday next Judge Longworth's steam yacht C. O. proceeds up the river on a scientific expedition to investigate the fish fauna of the Ohio and its tributaries. The work will be prosecuted by Prof. Charles H. Gilbert, of the Cincinnati University, and Dr. J. H. Henshall, the well-known ichthyologist. Collections will be made for the U. S. Fish Commission, Cincinnati University and the Cincinnati Society of Natural History. The exploration is expected to yield very important results, for which the scientific world will be indebted to the liberality of Judge Longworth, who will join the C. O. on his return from Mackinac.

A MICHIGAN STREAM.

ON the 30th of April, Eugene S. and I engaged a livery rig and started for K.'s house some 12 miles from Lowell. We found him at home and expecting us too, although it had been raining all day quite hard and a strong wind blowing from the east; but we had promised K. the season before that he would find us at his place the night before the first day of May, 1888, and we had kept our word. K. said that some parties were netting and spearing the trout in his stream and but few were left; and if we got three apiece we might consider ourselves lucky. This was like cold water being poured down our backs, as we had expected fine sport if the weather would permit. He thought that no one but ourselves knew of trout being in the stream. It was a case of three and one more.

In the morning we got out at 5 o'clock. It had stopped raining and was very cold and the doorsteps were icy. K. could not go with us so early, but would join us at 10 o'clock. Eugene and I started. We had a notion to drive right home, as E. had a toothache all night and was feeling badly; but before we got to the stream, which was 4 miles from K.'s house, the sun came out and we thought we would go and try our luck, and if it proved poor, we would drive home, and stop at Spring Brook, where we knew there were lots of trout, but none so large as those in K.'s creek. Eugene said he was going to try the Cold Water River first as he believed trout would be found in it if anywhere.

I started up the creek near its mouth, and fished carefully without a single rise; neither could I get sight of a trout. I tried under old logs and driftwood and under roots of old stumps and trees; but nothing was there. I had fished about two hours, I think, when the clouds broke away and the sun came out warm and the day was lovely. On going up stream I came to an old bridge that was badly demoralized. I threw in just above it, and was rewarded with my first trout, about 10in. long. This gave me courage.

I saw up stream an eddy that whirled around the roots of an old stump. To this I crept carefully, and threw in. There was a splash and my line was carried under the log. I pulled, and out came a splendid trout. He made a grand rush for his hiding place; snap went the single gut on my hook and he was free again. Tying on another hook, I baited it nicely, and tried him again; but he had got enough for one day. At the next old log I secured one that would weigh one pound. Then I saw where the banks were worn in under by the current—just the place to find a trout at home. I found here the mate to my larger one. I went up a mile or so further and only got one more. I turned to retrace my steps and fished back; but had no luck to speak of, catching only one nice trout. I heard voices, and looking through the bush saw Eugene and K. K. had just arrived and had caught nothing. E. had a nice one, too, but his tooth ached so hard he could not take any comfort, and we decided to start for home. I said, "Let's fish back to the mouth of the stream." I started in at that place. E. took the road and started for the carriage, but dropped in a few times and caught two more trout. I came to where I lost my big fellow and crept up slyly. I threw in but saw no signs of a bite; and I thought I should pull my line out carefully and throw in a little above, and let it float down stream, but it did not come, and I kept pulling until my rod was bent almost double. All this time I had not felt a single motion on my hook, but all at once out tumbled a great big trout. I swung him around toward the bank, and a projecting limb sticking over the water prevented me from throwing him upon the shore, my rod hit against the limb and caused me to give a quick jerk, and away went my prize into the water again. I made a grand rush for him and went down on all fours, and my dog sprang into the water after him; but he was too quick and slippery for us and got in under the bank again. It just spoiled my fun to lose that trout, which would have weighed two or three pounds. I went on down stream and caught four more nice trout. I found I had nine and Eugene three. I found him curled up in the carriage. I hitched up and drove home as quick as possible, as Eugene was suffering with his tooth. He has since had it pulled, and we are going to try our luck at this same stream in the near future, and I hope we shall have better success. My largest trout weighed 1¼lbs. Eugene's largest weighed 1lb. I went down to Spring Brook one day this week and caught thirty-three; but they are not so large as the trout in the stream we visited in Bowne.

BROOK TROUT.

LOWELL, Mich., May, 1888.

CHIEF OF SMALL-MOUTH BLACK BASS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Last evening, as I was walking up town from the post office, I noticed a crowd of people collected on one of the principal streets of our village, and as I neared the gathering a horse and carriage issued from it, and in the driver I recognized Mr. L. D. Boynton of Green's Bridge. When Mr. Boynton saw me he pulled up his horse, and putting his hand under the carriage seat produced and held up to view a monster black bass of the small-mouthed species. In reply to my inquiry he said that the bass weighed 8¾lbs., and had been weighed by people that he named and that I knew; then he drove on, leaving behind only the image of the great fish in my mind's eye.

Proceeding up the street to verify the weight of the bass, I met Mr. Chas. H. Hitchcock, who asked if I had weighed the fish, and if not, why not. Two hours would take me to Green's Bridge and back, allowing time to weigh the bass and get its pedigree; therefore, Mr. Hitchcock and I took a car and were duly delivered at our destination, where the bass was found on exhibition and intact. I put the big fellow on a set of counter scales and he balanced 9lbs.: but I found that the scales did not balance. Other scales were produced and tested, and at 8lbs. 10oz. the bass in the scoop balanced the scale beam. From nose to joining of caudal, measuring with a tape, following the contour of the body, the distance was 18in.; to fork in caudal, 24½in.: to extremity of caudal, 25in. The girth was 18¾in.

I said to Mr. Boynton that I would like to see the fish opened, eviscerated and again weighed, to which he at once consented. I cut it open, took out the gills and viscera, and again weighed it, when the scales marked 7lbs. 8oz. The gills and viscera weighed 1lb. ½oz., and the missing ounce and a half of weight—for the shrinkage between the dressed and undressed fish will be seen to have been 1lb. 2oz.—consisted of lost blood and bits of intestines rubbed out when washing the abdominal cavity. In the stomach of the bass was a partly digested yellow perch which in that condition weighed about five ounces. I have been thus particular about the evisceration and weighing before and after the operation, because it has been a matter of dispute how much a big bass loses by dressing. I have the records of a number of bass dressed and undressed, and the shrinkage is less than is generally supposed.

This giant bass was caught in Long Pond (Glen Lake), four miles from this village, with perch bait. Long Pond, not unknown to the columns of FOREST AND STREAM, has produced and given up more large specimens of the small-mouth bass than any water in the United States, but the very big ones show up about as often as a comet.

Mr. Hitchcock procured of Mr. Boynton the bass with whose person I have been so familiar in this letter, and to-morrow he will send it to Mr. W. S. Banta, 33 Pine street, New York city, and possibly it may be seen there.

GLENS FALLS, N. Y., Aug. 19. A. N. CHENEY.

LARGE MASKINONGE IN CANADA.

THE *Intelligencer*, of Bellville, Ont., in its issue of Aug. 16, gives an account of some remarkable maskinonge fishing which we take a twofold pleasure in recording—one being the extraordinary numbers and sizes of the fish, and the second the correct spelling of its name. The *Intelligencer* says:

"The maskinonge fishing of Mosquito Bay is only beginning to blossom. Since Mr. Reid discovered the bed the luck has been the greatest known in northern waters. Yesterday afternoon Messrs. H. K. Smith and Henry Leavens went down in Mr. Smith's steam launch Senga to try their luck. Mr. Smith had photographed Mr. D. R. Leavens' catch in the morning and sallied forth full of hope and bright anticipations. He reached the grounds between four and five o'clock, and when he left had three maskos on board, the largest measuring 49½in. long, 21½in. around and weighing 31½lbs. When it was opened at Mr. Wm. Black's fish market this morning in the presence of the writer, Chief Newton, Henry Leavens and others, a fresh pike measuring 23in. and weighing 2½lbs. was taken from its maw. The second in size was taken by Mr. Leavens and weighed 20lbs.; the third was small, an 8 pounder.

"Jos. Turley was fishing in the charmed spot yesterday and reports that he lost three large fish. Henry Leavens lost one from his hook, M. D. Ward one and D. R. Leavens one. A. N. Reid captured a 15-pounder and saw a monster strike for the spoon just as he was drawing it into the boat. The number and size of the fish caught can be vouched for, as they have all been brought to this city and have been seen by hundreds of people. Mr. Smith photographed his fish this morning.

"Mr. John G. Peck, of Ameliasburg, reports that a few years ago he captured two maskos in a seine, which together weighed 104lbs., one 58 and the other 48lbs. Mr. Peck is in favor of the total abolition of gill nets and the prohibition of the use of seines on rock bottoms during the months of July and August."

BERKSHIRE TROUT STREAMS.

I was up in Berkshire county in July and took occasion to go trouting several times, more to revisit the old streams than in the hope of doing any execution. The long dry weather in June had made them very low and I could get a dozen or two of respectable (7 to 9in. in that locality) trout only by using the finest of drawn gut leaders and flies. I tied on No. 12 and 14 hooks with gossamer snells expressly for the purpose. Brown hackles, alders and black-gnats and coachmen at evening were best.

The worst of such fine tackle as this is that while one is compelled to use it on these educated trout, in fine water to make any catch, one is almost certain to lose a good sized fish if one has the luck as I did on one or two occasions to hook one, as the tackle is too fine to take him out bodily, and in the small streams there is absolutely no room to play him. If you try the latter plan he is either floundering among the stones or makes a dart into some hole near by and is gone. However, although I lost several fish running ½ to 1lb., and they are rarely taken above this weight in the small brooks of Berkshire, I got several in water open enough to play and land my fish.

From a long acquaintance with this region I can say there is no trouting to be found there that would warrant an angler visiting that locality for sport alone. It is, however, a lovely country and well worthy a visit from every lover of nature who has not been there, and incidentally one can take a light rod and his very smallest and finest flies and leaders. Should then there be a rain to fill up the brooks, the angler may get a few hours of moderate sport, but he must be a skillful fly-caster to do it. With worms considerable more execution can be done, and the streams are heavily overgrown in places.

We had one rain while I was there, and for two afternoons I had some sport while the brooks were clearing, catching three dozen fish running from 6in. to 9in. in length, a very nice fish for the pan, but scarcely of a size to give sport on the hook. However, their shyness and the care that must be used in taking them offers some excuse for their size.

The bass fishing in the lakes there is not up to the average this year. I took two small strings with a fly and broke my split bamboo on a two-pounder, which seized the fly just as I was taking it from the water quickly to make a new cast. It was a great surprise to me and I trust also to the fish. I had the usual abominable time trying to make a splice stand in a split bamboo, which as usual was a failure. No matter how well you do it a splice in this kind of rod if below the tip soon becomes soft and the rod fails to cast well. I consider it one of the greatest disadvantages connected with this species of rod. And in this connection how about the new steel rods; haven't any of our angling friends tried one yet? I had hoped some one would report on their merits. I had some thoughts of trying one myself, but as I haven't been able to get away and make any regular fishing trip this summer I concluded to forego the luxury. Perhaps some have been more fortunate and have tried this rod. If so let them report for our mutual benefit.

NEW HAVEN, Conn. PERCYVAL.

FLY-FISHING AT LAKE EDWARD.

I HAVE read many interesting letters in FOREST AND STREAM lately on the subject of Lake Edward fishing, and I will now give my experiences for the benefit of anglers generally.

My brother and I camped on the lake from July 20 till Aug. 1, 1888, and were during that time joined for a few days by our nephew Walter J. Travis, of New York.

Many people seem to think that the trout in Lake Edward will not take a fly, but I assure you this is a great mistake. It is, I think, true that they will not generally rise very eagerly to the fly about the end of July, but nevertheless we had as good fly-fishing as any reasonable person could possibly desire on several occasions at even this the worst season of the year.

One day my brother and I landed about fifty trout (all with the fly) from say ½lb. to 2¾lbs. in weight, and once I hooked and landed three trout at one cast (all with large flies of my own make) and with a 7oz. lancewood rod, made by T. Chubb, of Post Mills, Vt., and finished by myself (the most perfect rod I ever handled).

We found the officials of the Quebec & Lake St. John Railway Company most obliging and courteous, and it is evidently their intention to do all in their power to make sportsmen enjoy themselves from the moment they leave Quebec for the north until their return; at least such was our experience. Mr. Rothwell, the mechanical superintendent; Mr. Walter Hoolihan, in charge of the supplies, &c.; Mr. J. F. Pelletier, the station agent, and Mr. and Mrs. Edgeley, proprietors of the Windsor Hotel at Lake Edward, did their utmost—and far more than they were called upon to do—to make our trip pleasant and satisfactory. They certainly treated us well in every respect. Mr. Rothwell kindly took us in his steam yacht Emma up the north arm of the lake, toward the inlet, and past what is called the "Deep Cut" on the railway. The scenery in this part of the lake—which is apparently seldom visited by sportsmen from a distance—is certainly grand. The hills are much higher than they are in the southern portion of the lake, at least they appear to be, perhaps from the fact that they take their rise more closely to the water.

One would scarcely imagine from Lake Edward that there was any passage or outlet from the bay to the north. These passages from one bay to another are very numerous throughout Lake Edward (properly called Lac des Grandes Iles), and one unaccustomed to the wilds might, in consequence, easily lose himself, as many of the islands and points look exactly alike.

We camped down the lake about nine miles from Lake Edward railway station, on a beautiful open point, where there is a nice sandy beach for bathing and a good landing place for the boats. It is true that there were plenty of black flies, sand flies and mosquitoes, and, although we used strong lotions, black-fly cream, etc., we were not able to keep them from tormenting us. Intending visitors should provide themselves with fine netting, long kid or buckskin gloves, and plenty of repellents (the strongest you can obtain). If you can only succeed in keeping free from fly bites the sport will amply repay you; but you must not expect to get good fishing near the railway station in July. You will require to go six or eight miles down the lake. For fly-fishing try near the Gull rocks, about nine miles down, and you will be sure to meet with success with the fly if the wind and weather are favorable.

With regard to flies the Parmachenee-belle and claret, dressed on large hooks (say No. 1), and with plenty of body, are very taking. I also found a fly designed by myself especially for the lake very effective. It is made thus: Body, reddish brown mohair; silver twist; tail of golden pheasant; hackle, claret; wings, dark bronze turkey, with thin strip of dyed bright yellow and purple feather on each side.

The air on the lake is certainly most invigorating and bracing, and during the whole time we were there we did not find it uncomfortably warm.

Any gentlemen who want really good trout should pay a visit to Lake Edward about the end of August or beginning of September, when, they say, the flies will have disappeared, and by which time the trout will have returned to the Lake Edward station end of the lake. Mr. Rothwell informed me that in June and September he and his daughter catch with fly all the trout they want casting from the end of his boat house, about 200yds. from the station.

The largest trout I saw taken in the lake weighed 4½lbs. It was caught with bait by Mr. Dando, of Philadelphia. He also caught some nice ones with the fly and trolling with minnows.

WALTER GREAVES.

BELLEVILLE, Ont., Aug. 15.

SUNAPEE LAKE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

This is my sixth week at this beautiful lake, and I have camped on the same old ground for the past five years. I have camped nearly all over New England, but usually bring up at Sunapee when opportunity offers. It has many attractions for me, but like most places is becoming civilized too rapidly.

The expectation of taking some of the "new trout" has brought many here this year; but so far as I can learn without any great success. Off the Hedgehog is probably the best trout fishing ground on the lake; there have been there from one to a dozen boats each day, rain or shine; but nearly all report "poor luck."

I tried it two days and a blistered nose was my only reward. The fishing is with minnows, in from thirty to ninety feet of water, some boats using two rods and even more to each man. A fine landlocked salmon was caught there a few days ago by one of the local fishermen; it was said to weigh 12lbs., and is, as far as I know, the largest ever taken in this lake. It was sold at once to a wandering "corn doctor" for $5, and its purchaser is probably posing before admiring friends as its captor. Such is fishing, it is a sure way to say the least.

I have never seen any illegal fishing of any kind here; perhaps the Commissioners look with more care after Sunapee than they do after Newfound Lake. While camping there some years ago I found the fishing was not as reported in the several guide books advertising it, and upon inquiring the reason was informed that I was too early, and that fall was the fishing season for the natives living around the lake, when the trout were taken in large numbers from the beds. Newfound is a fine

sheet of water, having the same general character as Sunapee. It should be looked after.

I have kept the camp supplied with bass, though I have not taken any over two pounds. The largest were caught by trolling with different artificial minnows. For shore fishing I am using a 7oz. split bamboo, and have had good success with various flies. My best evening cast is a polka-dot (Henshall) for stretcher and a white-moth or stone-fly for dropper.

Small game is quite plenty about here, an old hen partridge with her brood are always on the point near camp. A pair of loons have nested near here for several years, though they seem more shy each year.

I receive the FOREST AND STREAM regularly, and nowhere is it more appreciated than in camp. "Sam Lovel's Camps" strike me in a tender spot, knowing something of the locality of which they treat. WALTHAM.

SUNAPEE LAKE, Aug. 8.

BLACK BASS IN LAKE MAHOPAC.—On Monday last we saw eighteen fine black bass, which averaged over 3lbs. each, and were said to have been taken by a New York angler in one day from Lake Mahopac, in Putnam county, N. Y. The lake was stocked with these fish by Mr. E. G. Blackford five years ago, and if the fish really came from that lake the fishing must be good there. We obtained the information from a dealer who bought the fish, but he could not furnish the name of the person who caught them.

Fisheulture.

FOOD OF THE FISHES OF THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY.

BY PROF. S. A. FORBES.

[Read before the American Fisheries Society.]

(Continued from page 68.)

PRINCIPAL ELEMENTS OF THE FOOD.

AN analysis of the facts made with reference to the kinds of fishes eating each of the principal articles in the dietary of the class, and showing the relative importance of these elements in the food of the various species, will have its separate interest for us, especially as it will exhibit the competitions of fishes for food, and also the nature and the energy of the restraints imposed by fishes on the multiplication of their principal food species.

The principal fish eaters among our fishes—those whose average food in the adult age consists of seventy-five per cent., or more, of fishes—are the burbot, the pike-perch or wall-eyed pike, the common pike or pickerel, the large-mouthed black bass, the channel-cat, the mud-cat, and the gars. Possibly, also, the golden shad will be found strictly ichthyophagous, this being the case with the four specimens which I studied. Those which take fishes in considerable but moderate amount—the ratios ranging in my specimens from twenty-five to sixty-five per cent.—are the war-mouth (Chænobryttus), the blue-cheeked sunfish, the grass pickerel, the dogfish, the spotted cat and the small miller's thumb. The white and the striped bass, the common perch, the remaining sunfishes (those with smaller mouths), the rock bass and the croppies take but few fishes, these making, according to my observations, not less than five nor more than twenty-five per cent. of their food. Those which never capture living fishes, or, at most, to a merely trivial extent, are the white perch or sheepshead, the gizzard shad, the suckers and the shovelfish among the larger species; and the darters, the brook silversides, the stickleback, the mud minnows, the top minnows, the stone-cats and the common minnows generally among the smaller kinds. Our eight specimens of the toothed herring had taken no fishes whatever; while our nineteen examples of the pirate perch had eaten only two per cent.

Rough-scaled fishes with spiny fins were eaten by the miller's thumb, the common pike, the wall-eyed pike, the large-mouthed black bass, the croppies, the dogfish, the common perch, the burbot, the bullhead, the common sunfish (*Lepomis pallidus*), the small-mouthed black bass, the grass pickerel, the gar, and the mudcat (Leptops). Among these, the common perch and the sunfishes were most frequently taken—doubtless owing to their greater relative abundance—the perch occurring in the food of the burbot, the large-mouthed black bass and the bullhead; and the sunfishes in both species of wall-eyed pike, the common pike, the gars, pickerel, bullheads, and mudcat. Black bass were taken from the common pike (Esox), the wall-eyed pike (Stizostedion), and the gar. Croppie and rock bass I recognized only in the pike. Even the catfishes with their stout, sharp and poisoned spines were more frequently eaten than would have been expected—taken, according to my notes, by the wall-eyed pike, both black bass, and a fellow species of the family, the *goujon* or mudcat.

The soft-finned fishes were not very much more abundant, on the whole, in the stomachs of other species, than those with ctenoid scales, spiny fins, and other defensive structures, an unexpected circumstance which I cannot at present explain, because I do not know whether it expresses a normal and fixed relation, or whether it may not be due to human interference.

Only the catfishes seem to have acquired defensive structures equal to their protection, the predatory apparatus of the carnivorous fishes having otherwise outrun in development the protective armor of the best-defended species.

Among the soft-finned species the most valuable as food for other fishes is the gizzard shad, Dorosoma, this single fish being about twice as common in adults as all the minnow family taken together. It made forty per cent. of the food of the wall-eyed pike; a third that of the black bass; nearly half that of the common pike or "pickerel" two-thirds that of the four specimens of golden shad examined; and a third of the food of the gars. The only other fishes in whose stomachs it was recognized were the yellow cat, *Ictalurus natalis*, and young white bass, Roccus. It thus seems to be the especial food of the large game fishes and other particularly predaceous kinds.

The minnow family (Cyprinidæ) are in our waters especially appropriated to the support of the half-grown game fishes, and the smaller carnivorous kind. They were found in the wall-eyed pike, the perch, the black bass, the blue-cheeked sunfish, the croppie, the pirate perch, the pike, the little pickerel, the chub minnow, the yellow cat, the mud cat, the dogfish, and the gar.

Suckers, Catostomatidæ, I determined only from the pike, the sheepshead, the blue-cheeked sunfish (*cyanellus*) the yellow cat, and the dogfish *Amia*. Buffalo and carp occured in the pike, the dogfish, and the above sunfish.

The ponds and muddy streams of the Mississippi Valley are the native home of mollusks of remarkable variety and number, and these form a feature of the fauna of the region not less conspicuous and important than its leading groups of fishes. We might, therefore, reasonably expect to find these dominant groups connected by the food relation; and consistently with this expectation, we observe that the sheepshead, the catfishes, the suckers, and the dogfish, find an important part of their food in the molluscan forms abundant in the waters which they themselves most frequent. The class as a whole makes about one-fourth of the food of the dogfish and the sheepshead—taking the latter as they come, half-grown and adults together—about half that of the cylindrical suckers—rising to sixty per cent. in the red horse—and a considerable ratio (fourteen to sixteen per cent.) of the food of the perch, the common catfishes (Amiurus and Ictalurus), the small-mouthed sunfishes, the top minnows, and the shiner (Notemigonus). Notwithstanding the abundance of the fresh-water clams or river mussels (Unio and Anodonta), only a single river fish is especially adapted to their destruction, viz., the white perch or sheepshead; and this species derives, on the whole, a larger part of its food from univalve than from bivalve mollusks, the former eaten especially by half-grown specimens, and the latter being the chief dependence of the adults. The ability of the catfishes to tear the less powerful clams from their shells have been already mentioned. Large clams were eaten freely by the full-grown sheepshead—those enormous and powerful pharyngeal jaws with their solid pavement teeth are especially adapted to crushing the shells of mollusks—and by the bullheads (Amiurus), especially the marbled cat. The small and thin-shelled Sphæriums are much more frequent objects in the food of mollusk-eating fishes than are the Unios. This genus alone made twenty-nine per cent. of the food of 107 specimens of the sucker family, and nineteen per cent. of that of a dozen dogfishes. Among the suckers it was eaten greedily by both the cylindrical and the deep-bodied species, although somewhat more freely by the former. Even the river carp, with its weak pharyngeal jaws and delicate teeth, finds these sufficient to crush the shells of Sphærium, and our nineteen specimens had obtained about one-fourth of their food from this genus. Besides the above families, smaller quantities of the bivalve mollusks occurred in the food of one of the sunfishes (*Lepomis pallidus*), and—doubtless by accident only—in the gizzard shad. The gasteropod mollusks (snails of various descriptions) were more abundant than bivalve forms in the sheepshead, sunfish and all the smaller fishes which feed upon Molluska, but less abundant in the suckers and the catfishes. In the sheepshead they made one-fifth of the food of the twenty-five specimens examined, but the greater part of these had not yet passed the insectivorous stage, this being much longer continued in the sheepshead than in many other fishes. A few of these univalve Molluska occurred in the food of the common perch and in certain species of sunfishes—especially the superabundant bream or pumpkin-seed. They made fifteen per cent. of the food of the top minnows, and occurred in smaller quantities among the darters, little pickerel, the mud minnows and the cyprinoids. The heavier river snails, Vivapara and Melantho, were eaten especially by the cylindrical suckers and the catfishes. The delicate pond snails (Succinea, Lemna and Physa) were taken chiefly by the smaller mollusk-eating fishes—a few of them also by the catfishes and the suckers.

It is from the class of insects that adult fishes derive the most important portion of their food; and, taken as a whole, this class furnishes 38 per cent. of the food of all which I examined. The principal insectivorous fishes are the smaller species, whose size and food structures, when adult, unfit them for the capture of Entomostraca and yet do not bring them within reach of fishes or Mollusca. Some of these fishes have peculiar habits which render them especially dependent upon insect life—the little minnow, Phenacobius, for example, which, according to my studies, makes nearly all its food (98 per cent.) from insects found under stones in running water. Next are the pirate perch, Aphredoderus (91 per cent.), then the darters (87 per cent.), the croppies (73 per cent.), half-grown sheepshead (71 per cent.), the shovel fish (59 per cent.), the chub minnow, Semotilus (56 per cent.), the black warrior sunfish (Chænobrytus) and the brook silversides each 54 per cent., and the rock bass and the cyprinoid genus *Notropis* each 52 per cent.

Those which take few insects or none are mostly the mud feeders, and the ichthyophageous species Amia (the dogfish) being the only exception to this general statement. Thus we find insects wholly or nearly absent from the adult dietary of the burbot, the pike, the gar, the black bass, the wall-eyed pike, and the great river catfish, and from that of the hickory shad and the mud-eating minnows (the shiner, the fathead, etc.). It is to be remembered, however, that the larger fishes all go through an insectivorous stage, whether their food when adult be almost wholly other fishes, as with the gar and the pike, or mollusks, as with the sheepshead. The mud feeders, however, seem not to pass through this stage, but to adopt the limophagous habit as soon as they cease to depend upon Entomostraca.

Terrestrial insects, dropping into the water accidentally, or swept in by rains, are evidently diligently sought and largely depended upon by several species, such as the pirate perch, the brook minnow, the top minnows or killifishes (*Cyprinodontidæ*), the toothed herring and several cyprinoids (*Semotilus, Pimephales* and *Notropis*).

Among aquatic insects, minute, slender, dipterous larvæ are of remarkable importance, making, in fact, nearly one-twelfth of the food of all the fishes studied. They amounted to about one-third the food in fishes as large and important as the red horse and the river carp, and made nearly one-fourth that of fifty-one buffalo fishes. They appear further in considerable quantity in the food of a number of the minnow family (*Notropis, Pimephales*, etc.), which habitually frequent the swift water of stony streams. Aquatic beetles and larvæ, notwithstanding the abundance of some of the forms, occurred in only insignificant ratios, but were taken by fifty-six specimens. The adult surface beetles, whose zig-zag darting swarms no one can have failed to notice, were not once encountered in my studies.

The almost equally well-known slender water-skippers seem also completely protected by their habits and activity from capture by fishes, only one occurring in the food of all our specimens.

It is from the order Neuroptera that fishes draw a larger part of their food than from any other single insect group. In fact nearly one-sixth of the entire amount of food consumed by all the fishes examined by me consisted of aquatic larvæ of this order, the greater part of them larvæ of day flies. These Neuroptera larvæ were eaten especially by the miller's thumbs, the sheepshead, the white and striped bass, the common perch, thirteen species of the darters, both the black bass, seven of the sunfishes, the rock bass and the croppies, the pirate perch, the brook silversides, the sticklebacks, the mud minnow, three top minnows, the gizzard shad, the toothed herring, twelve species each of the true minnow family and of the suckers and buffalo, five catfishes, the dogfish and the shovelfish—seventy species out of the eighty-seven which I studied.

Of the four principal classes of the food of fishes, viz., fishes, mollusks, insects and Crustacea, the latter stand third in importance according to my observations, mollusks alone being inferior to them. The insect larvæ should be more abundant in the food of fresh-water fishes than are crustaceans in a somewhat unexpected fact, but while the former make about 25 per cent. of the food of our entire collection, the crustaceans amount to only 14 per cent. Crayfishes made about a sixth of the food of the burbot, about a tenth that of the common perch, a fourth that of half a dozen gars and not far from a third that of the black bass*, the dogfish and our four rock bass. Young crayfishes appeared quite frequently in some of the larger minnows (Semotilus and Hybopsis), and also in catfishes, especially the pond and river bullheads, averaging nearly 15 per cent. of the entire food of the two most abundant species.

* Our specimens—especially of the small-mouthed black bass—were too few in number to make this average reliable.

The minute crustaceans commly grouped as Entomostraca are a much more important element. Among full grown fishes I find them especially important in the shovelfish—where they made two-thirds of the food of the specimens studied—and in the common lake herring. Among the sunfishes at large they were present in only insignificant ratio; but the croppies, distinguished by long and numerous rakers on the anterior gill, had derived about a tenth of their food from these minute crustaceans. In the early spring, especially when the back waters of the streams are filled with Entomostraca, the stomachs of these fishes are often distended with the commonest forms. Ten per cent. of the food of the sucker family consisted of them, mostly taken by the deep-bodied species, in which they made a fourth or a fifth of the entire food. This fact is explained, it will be remembered, by the relative long, slender and numerous gill rakers of these fishes. Large river buffalo were occasionally crammed with the smallest of these Entomostraca, only 1-25in. in length.

I have several times remarked the peculiar importance of Entomostraca to the shovelfish—one of the largest of our fresh-water animals—a fact accounted for by the remarkable branchial strainer of this species, probably the most efficient apparatus of its kind known to the ichthyologist. Here, again, the smallest forms were the most abundant.

Probably to those accustomed to the abundance of true worms in marine situations, no feature of the poverty of fresh-water life will be more striking than the small number of this sub-kingdom occurring in the course of miscellaneous aquatic collections in the interior. Similarly, we notice that in the food of fishes the occurrence of Vermes is so rarely noticed that they might be left out of account entirely without appreciably affecting any of the important ratios. Catfishes alone seem purposely to eat leeches, these occurring in nine specimens of three different species of this family, and also in one common sucker and in a single shovelfish. One of the fresh water sponges (*Spongilla*) had been eaten in considerable quantities by two examples of the spotted cat taken in September, but this element was not encountered elsewhere in my studies.

That the minutest and simplest of all the animal forms, far too small for the eye of a fish to see without a microscope, should have been recognized in the food of seventeen species of fishes is, of course, to be explained only as an incident of the feeding habit. It is possible, however, that these Protozoa, where especially abundant, may be recognized in the mass by the delicate sensory structures of the fish; and they seem in most cases to have been taken with mud and slime, rich in organic substances. As most of them are extremely perishable, and can scarcely leave a trace a few seconds after immersion in the gastric juices of the fish, it is probable that they contribute much more generally than our observations indicate to the food of some fishes, especially to those which feed upon the bottom.

Young suckers under 6in. in length clearly take them purposely, substituting them in great part for the Entomostraca taken by other fishes of their size and age.

I detected Protozoa in the food of several genera of Cyprinidæ, in the young of buffalo, the river carp, the chub sucker, the red-horse, the stone roller, in the common sucker, in a single gizzard shad, in a stone-cat and in a top minnow.

The only scavenger fishes of our collection were three species of the common catfishes; the spotted cat, the yellow cat, and the marbled cat—all of which had eaten dead animal matter, including pieces of fish, ham, mice, kittens, and the like. A single large-mouthed black bass had likewise eaten food of this description.

Considering the wealth of vegetation accessible to aquatic animals, and the fact that few others strictly aquatic kinds have the vegetarian habit, it is indeed remarkable that fishes draw from plants an unimportant part of their diet. Taking our nine hundred species together, the vegetation eaten by them certainly would have amounted to less than ten per cent. of their entire food, and excluding vegetable objects apparently taken by chance, it probably would not reach five per cent.

The greatest vegetarians are among the minnow family. Counting each genus as a unit, I find that the family as a whole obtained from plants about twenty-three per cent. of its food. The little Phenacobius, already reported as strictly insectivorous, was the only one studied in which vegetation can scarcely be said to occur.

Certain of the sunfishes evidently take plant food purposely on occasion, this making, for example, nearly a tenth of the food of forty-seven specimens of Lepomis. Among the larger fishes, the principal vegetarians are the gizzard shad, in which this element was reckoned at about a third, taken, however, not separately, but with quantities of mud. A considerable part of the vegetation here included, consisted of distillery slops obtained near towns. The buffalo fishes are likewise largely vegetarians, more than a fourth of their food coming from the vegetable kingdom; about a third of this in our specimens being refuse from distilleries. Vegetation made a tenth of the food of the larger genera of catfishes (*Amiurus* and *Ictalurus*)—some of it distillery refuse—and nearly as large a ratio of the great Polyodon.

Not infrequently, terrestrial vegetable rubbish—seeds of grasses, leaves of plants, and similar matter—was taken in quantity to make it certain that its appropriation was not accidental. The principal mud-eating fishes are the gizzard shad, the common shiner, and certain genera of minnows with elongate intestines and cultrate pharyngeal teeth. Much mud was also taken by the cylindrical members of the sucker family, but apparently as an incident to their search for mollusks.

I cannot attempt to discuss the practical bearing of the mass of data here presented, or of the much greater number which I have withheld, partly because the time is lacking, and partly because I know too little of practical fish-culture; and I will merely call attention to a few illustrative points which have occurred to me in writing.

It would seem that the fact that all young fishes compete, at first, for food, must have important practical result tending in various directions. It is probable that all fishes which are not especially adapted to the food requirements of the more valuable fishes are hurtful to them, because they limit the food available for their young. It seems possible that even the food species of the predaceous fishes may multiply to an extent injurious to the latter, since both robber and prey compete while young for the same elements of food. It would seem entirely likely that large fishes, like the shovel-fish, which destroy when adult immense quanties of the proper food of the young, must be reckoned injurious.

Again, it is evident that the fishes most desirable as food for other kinds are those whose own food is not eaten by valuable species, but exists in practically inexhaustible supplies. The gizzard shad and the mud-feeding minnows are examples of this sort; while the red-horse and other cylindrical suckers answer the purpose almost equally well, since no valuable fishes feed upon mollusks (especially preferred by the suckers), and these are among the most abundant animals in our western streams. The fact that they have likewise adapted themselves to civilization, so far at least as to relish distillery slops, is, perhaps, an additional recommendation from this point of view.

The smaller catfishes, being practically omnivorous, are the rivals of every other kind; and being almost perfectly protected from capture by their stout, sharp, poisoned spines, they contribute little to the food supply of other fishes. The common sunfishes are almost equally worthless and injurious from this point of view.

I need scarcely say that the fishculturist should examine the waters in which young fishes are planted, in order to

determine the amount of their appropriate food available. It is not impossible that myriads of whitefish have been set free to perish by starvation before the feeble fry could disperse widely enough to secure a single meal. It seems to me also, that in every case where it is proposed to introduce a new fish into waters already populated, the first question to be asked should be, what fishes do these waters already contain—and in what numbers—whose food and whose relations to nature generally are substantially the same as those it is intended to introduce?

And, finally, I would call attention to the necessity of keeping continuous watch of the balance and abundance of plant and animal life in its various leading forms in any body of water in which it is thought desirable to maintain especial kinds of fishes in the greatest number possible. The owner of a fish pond especially, who makes himself acquainted with the entire collection of animals and plants which his pond contains, and keeps the run of these in their variations of number and habit, from season to season and from year to year, will not only get some practical hints thereby which will aid him in the multiplication and preservation of his fish, but will derive no small amount of pleasure from his observations, and from the reasonings and reflections to which they will give rise.

NOTE ON THE FOOD OF THE WHITEFISH.

An elaborate account of this research was published in 1883, in the first volume of the Bulletin of the Illinois State Laboratory of Natural History; but as this article was not widely distributed among fishculturists, the great practical importance of the subject will, perhaps, justify the following extracts from it: More light was thrown upon the earliest food habits of these fishes by the discovery of raptatorial teeth upon the lower jaw, than by the dissections of their alimentary canals. All the families of fishes which I had previously studied whose young were provided with teeth were found strictly dependent at first upon Entomostraca and the minuter insect larvæ; while only those whose young were toothless fed to any considerable extent upon other forms. The discovery of teeth in the young whitefish, therefore, placed this species definitely in the group of those carnivorous when young. The fact that the adult was itself toothless interfered in no way with this inference, because other toothless fishes (Dorosoma) whose young were furnished with teeth had been found carnivorous at an early age.

The inconclusive character of the results thus far obtained made it necessary to attempt to imitate more closely the natural conditions of the young when hatched in the lake. In February, 1881, I obtained, through the kindness of Mr. Clarke, twenty-five specimens of living young whitefish, saved from a lot which he was planting in the waters of Lake Michigan, off Racine, Wisconsin. I succeeded in conveying them to the laboratory without loss, and there kept them for several days in a glass aquarium and supplied them with an abundance of the living objects to be obtained by drawing a fine muslin net through the stagnant pools of the vicinity. These consisted of many diatoms and filamentous freshwater Algæ, of two or three species of Cyclops, of *Canthocamptus illinoisensis* and *Diaptomus sanguineus* among the Copepoda, and of two rather large Cladocera, *Simocephalus vetulus* and *S. americanus*.

These little fishes were kept under careful observation for several days, the water in the aquarium being frequently aerated by pouring. Many of them had, however, been injured by handling, and eleven of the specimens died without taking food. It was soon evident that the larger Entomostraca (the *Simocephalus*, and even the *Diaptomus*) were quite beyond the size and strength of these little fishes and that only the smaller Copepoda, among the animals available could afford them any food at first. These they followed about from the beginning with signs of peculiar interest, occasionally making irresolute attempts to capture them. Two days after their arrival one of the young whitefish had evidently taken food, which proved on dissection to be a small cyclops. During the next two days nine others began to eat, dividing their attention between the Cyclops above mentioned and the Canthocamptus, and on the 22d two others took a Cyclops each and a third a Canthocamptus. One of these fishes contained still a large remnant of the egg sac, showing that the propensity to capture prey must antedate the sensation of hunger. On the 25th the fourteenth and last remaining fish captured its Cyclops and was itself sacrificed in turn. As an indication of the efficiency of the raptatorial teeth it may be worth while to note that I saw one of the smallest fishes make a spring at a Cyclops, catch it, give three or four violent wriggles and drop it dead to the bottom of the tank.

As a general statement of the result of the observations made on these fourteen fishes we may say that eight of them ate a single Cyclops each, that one took two and another three of the same, that one took a single Canthocamptus, that two specimens captured two each of this genus, and that finally a single fish ate Cyclops and Canthocamptus both. The final conclusion was a highly probable inference that the smallest Entomostraca occurring in the lake would prove to be the natural food of the species.

In order to test this conclusion with precision, I arranged a similar experiment on a larger scale, and under more natural conditions. Through the generosity of the Exposition Company, of Chicago, I was allowed the use of one of the large aquarium tanks in the Exposition Building, on the lake shore, and by the repeated kindness of Mr. Clarke, of Northville, Michigan, I was furnished with a much larger number of living whitefish. Five thousand fry were shipped to me in a can of water, but through unfortunate delays in changing cars at intermediate points about two-thirds of these were dead when they reached my hands. Those living were immediately transferred to the tank, through which the water, taken from the city pipes, had already been allowed to run for several hours. As this water is derived from Lake Michigan, at a distance of two miles from the shore, and had at this time the exact temperature of the open lake, the conditions for experiment were as favorable as artificial arrangements could well be made.

Sending a man with a towing net out upon the lake with a boat, or upon the remotest breakwaters, immense numbers of all organic objects in the water were easily obtained. After inclosing the exit of the tank with a fine wire screen, to prevent the escape of objects placed in it, we poured these collections of all descriptions indiscriminately in the water from day to day, thus keeping the fishes profusely supplied with all the various kinds of food which could possibly be accessible to them in their native haunts. From this tank one hundred fishes were taken daily and placed in alcohol for dissection and microscopic study, to determine precisely the objects preferred by them for food. These were examined at a later date, and all contents of the intestines were mounted entire as microscopic slides, and permanently preserved. A careful study was, of course, made of the organisms of the lake, as shown by the product of the towing-net, and when the experiment was finally ended, it was followed by an equally careful examination of the living contents of the water of the tank at that time.

These fishes, like those previously described, had already reached the age and condition at which it is customary to "plant" them in the lake. The ventrals were still undeveloped, the egg-sac had nearly disappeared, the four mandibular teeth were present, and the median fin extended from the tips of the pectorals on the belly to a point opposite the middle of the same fins on the back. In most the egg-sac did not protrude externally, being reduced in some to a droplet of oil, but remaining in a few of a size at least as great as that of the head. The alimentary canal was, of course, a simple, straight tube, without any distinction of stomach and intestines.

The sufferings of these fry in transit had doubtless weakened the vitality of the survivors, and although every care was taken to keep the water of the tank fresh and pure, about one-third of those remaining died during the progress of the experiment. The aquarium in which they were confined was built of glass, and had a capacity of about one hundred cubic feet. The temperature, tried repeatedly, stood at forty-two Fahrenheit. A steady current of the water of the lake was maintained through this tank, entering through a rose, from which it fell in a spray, thus insuring perfect aëration.

By far the greater part of the organic contents of the water of the lake, as shown by the product of the towing-net, consisted of diatoms in immense variety, which formed always a greenish mucilaginous coating upon the interior of the muslin net. In this were entangled a variety of rotifers, occasional filamentous Algæ, and many Entomostraca, the latter belonging chiefly to the genera Cyclops, Diaptomus and Limnocalanus among the Copepoda, and to Daphnia among the Cladocera.

As the Entomostraca proved to be far the most important elements of this food supply, the particulars respecting them may be properly more fully given. The smallest of all was a Cyclops, then new, but since described by me under the name of *Cyclops thomasi*.* This little Entomostracan is only .04in. long by .011 wide. The next in size, and by far the most abundant member of this group, was a Diaptomus, likewise new, described in the paper just cited, under the name of *Diaptomus sicilis*. This appears in two forms, one, evidently young, in the stage just preceding the adult. Full-grown individuals were .065in. long by one-fourth that depth. The Limnocalanus was a much larger form, evidently preying, to a considerable extent, upon the two just mentioned. All the Cladocera noticed were *Daphnia hyalina*, an elegant and extremely transparent species, occurring likewise in the lakes of Europe. A single insect larval form (Chironomus) should likewise be mentioned in this connection, since it had about the same size and consistence of the Entomostraca, and was consequently available for food. The specimens of each of the above species from a certain quantity of these collections were counted, in order to give a definite idea of their relative abundance in the lake; the Diaptomus numbered 225, the Cyclops 75, Limnocalanus 7, Daphnia 3, and Chironomus larvæ 1. It was a curious fact, however, that when the water was drawn off at the end of the experiment, more than half the Entomostraca were Limnocalanus; a fact partly to be explained by the predaceous habit of the latter, and partly by the facts relating to the food of the fishes themselves, which are presently to be detailed.

The fry were placed in the tank and supplied with the first food on the evening of the 12th of March. On the 14th one hundred specimens were removed, and twenty-seven of these were dissected. Twenty were empty, but the remaining seven had already taken food, all Cyclops or Diaptomus. Three had eaten Cyclops only, and six Diaptomus, while two had eaten both. Fourteen of these Entomostraca, seven of each genus, were taken by these seven fishes. From those captured the next day, twenty-five specimens were examined, of which nineteen were without food. Of the remaining six, three had eaten Diaptomus and three Cyclops; five of the former being taken in all, and ten of the latter. Three specimens were next examined from those caught on the 19th of March, two of which had devoured Diaptomus and a third a single *Cyclops thomasi* and a shelled rotifer, *Anuræa striata*. The character of the food at these earliest stages was so well settled by these observations that I deemed it unnecessary to examine the subsequent lots in detail, but passed at once to the specimens taken on the 23d. Twenty-six of these were examined, and found to have eaten thirty-three individuals of *Cyclops thomasi*, fourteen of *Diaptomus silicis*, and fourteen of the minute rotifer already mentioned (*Anuræa striata.*) Two had taken a few diatoms (Bacillaria), and one had eaten a filament of an Alga. Cyclops was found in sixteen of the specimens, Diaptomus in nine, and Anuræa in eight, only two of them being empty. The amount of food now taken by individual fishes was much greater than before, one specimen dissected having eaten two Cyclops and two *Diaptomus sicilis*, male and female. Another had taken five Cyclops, one Diaptomus and five examples of *Anuræa striata*. Still another had eaten four of the Cyclops, four Diaptomus, and one Anuræa.

Twenty-five specimens were examined from those removed on the 24th of the month, at which time the water of the tank was drawn off and all the remaining fishes bottled. Four of these had not eaten, but the twenty-one others had devoured fifty specimens of *Diaptomus sicilis*, forty-seven of *Cyclops thomasi*, fourteen Anuræa striata and a single *Daphnia hyalina*, the latter being the largest object eaten by any of the fishes. A few examples of their capacity may well be given. The ninth example had eaten six Diaptomus, two *Cyclops thomasi* and one Anuræa; the tenth had taken eight Diaptomus, two Cyclops and an Anuræa; and the twentieth, seven Diaptomus and three *Cyclops thomasi*. In two of these examples were small clusters of orange globules, probably representing unicellular Algæ.

Summarizing these data briefly we find that of the one hundred and six specimens dissected sixty-three had taken food, and that the ratio of those which were eating increased rapidly, the longer the fishes were kept in the aquarium. Only one-fourth of those examined on the 14th of the month had taken food, while more than five-sixths of those bottled ten days later had already eaten. The entire number of objects appropriated by these sixty-three fishes was as follows: *Cyclops thomasi*, ninety-seven; *Diaptomus sicilis*, seventy-eight; *Anuræa striata*, twenty-nine; *Daphnia hyalina*, one. Seven of the fishes had eaten unicellular Algæ, two had eaten diatoms and one filamentous Algæ.

From the above data we are compelled to conclude that the earliest food of the whitefish consists almost wholly of the smallest species of Entomostraca occurring in the lake since the other elements in their alimentary canals were evidently either taken accidentally or else appeared in such trivial quantity as to contribute nothing of importance to their support. In fact two species of Copepoda, *Cyclops thomasi* and *Diaptomus sicilis*, are certainly very much more important to the maintenance of the whitefish in this earliest stage of independent life than all the other organisms in the lake combined. As the fishes increase in size, vigor and activity, they doubtless enlarge their regimen by capturing larger species of Entomostraca, especially Daphnia and Limnocalanus.

A few words respecting the relative abundance of these species at different seasons of the year and their distribution in the lake will have some practical value. We may observe here an excellent illustration of the remarkable uniformity of the life of the lake as contrasted with that of smaller bodies of water. While in ponds minute animal life is largely destroyed or suspended during the winter, the opening spring being attended by an enormous increase in numbers and rate of multiplication, in Lake Michigan there is but little difference in the products of the collecting apparatus at different seasons of the year.† There is a slight increase in the number of individuals during spring and early summer, but scarcely enough appreciably to affect the food supply of fishes dependent upon them. They are not by any means equally distributed, however, throughout the lake, my own observations tending to show that there are relatively very few of these minute crustaceans to be found at a distance of a few miles from shore, and that, in fact, by far the greater part of them usually occur within a distance of two or three miles out. Indeed, the mouths of the rivers flowing into the lake are ordinarily much more densely populated by these animals than the lake itself, as has been particularly evident at Racine and South Chicago. Neither are they commonly equally distributed throughout the waters in which they are most abundant, but like most other aquatic animals, occur in shoals. In the deeper portions of the lake, many species shift their level according to the time of day, coming to the surface by night and sinking again when the sun is bright.

These facts make it important to the fishculturist that the particular situation when it is proposed to plant the fry should be searched at the time when these are to be liberated, to determine whether they will find at once sufficient food for their support. A little experience will easily enable one to estimate the relative abundance of the Entomostraca at any given time and place, and they require nothing for their capture more complicated or difficult of management than a simple net of cheesecloth or similar material towed behind a boat. This may be weighed and sunk to any desired depth, so that the contents of the water, either at the surface or at the bottom, may be ascertained by a few minutes' rowing.

STATE LABORATORY OF NATURAL HISTORY, Champaign, Ill.

*"On some Entomostraca of Lake Michigan and Adjacent Waters." *American Naturalist*, Vol. XVI., No. VIII. (August, 1882), pp. 649 and 649.

†For definite assurance of this fact I am indebted less to my own observations (which are, however, consistent with it so far as they go), than to the statements of R. W. Thomas, Esq., of Chicago, who, while making a specialty of the Diatomaceæ of the lake, has collected and studied all its organic forms for several years, obtaining them from the city water by attaching a strainer to a hydrant many times during every month throughout the year.

DR. SWEENY had seen catfish jerk snails out of their shells by getting hold of the animal and drawing it out bodily. He has also noticed thousands of shells of the fresh-water mussels, or Unio, popularly known as the "hydraulic clam," with a hole through on each side as large as a half dollar, and the meat gone. Doubtless this was the work of some of the fishes that Prof. Forbes has examined.

MR. MATHER had fed the salt-water mussel, *Mytilis*, to the marine sheepshead, *Diplodus*, or *Archosargus* as the scientists have it, while he was connected with the New York Aquarium, and had observed that this fish used its sheep-like incisors to nip off the byssus which held the mussel to its anchorage, and then crushed it with its pavement of teeth back of the jaws. After extracting the meat the shells were expelled from the mouth, and he had never noticed fragments of shell in the exuvæ. He had fed the fish hard clams also, but these required cracking with a hammer, and the shells were ejected after the meat was devoured as in the case of the mussels.

DR. PARKER asked what the food of the lake whitefish consists of.

PROF. FORBES answered that he had made no study of the food of this fish, except in the fry, and he had fully reported on their food. The United States Fish Commission has shown that crustacea form the principal diet of the adult fish.

MR. CLARK had examined some of the whitefish taken last February, and found nothing but small crustaceans in their stomachs.

DEATH OF SETH GREEN.

MR. SETH GREEN, widely known as a fishculturist, died at his home in Rochester, N. Y., at 1:05 A. M, on Monday last, aged seventy-one years. The immediate cause of death was paralysis of the brain, but he had been failing, both mentally and physically, for the past six months. He was a man of more than ordinary strength, and five years ago seemed as likely to live the century out as any man of his age; but last winter he began to fail, paralysis began in his feet and gradually worked up.

Seth Green was born in the town of Irondequoit, near Rochester, on March 19, 1817, and his father, who kept a hotel, soon after removed to a place which is now part of the city of Rochester. Having no taste for books, he received but a meager education, and this probably was the cause of his hostility to all scientific men and his well-known dislike of "professors." He was a man of a very observant nature and one who would, if properly trained, have made a first-class naturalist, for he was born with the instincts of one. He was naturally a sportsman, was a good rifle and wing-shot, as well as a most excellent fly-caster.

We find from Prof. Goode's "Epochs in Fishculture" that in 1853 Dr. Garlick and Prof. Ackley, of Cleveland, O., bred trout in 1853, and that in 1856 the State of Massachusetts began to investigate the subject, and finally established a fishery commission. Later Mr. Stephen H. Ainsworth began trout breeding at West Bloomfield, N. Y., some twenty miles from Rochester, and the attention of Mr. Green being called to this work he visited him, and knowing of the capabilities of Caledonia Creek, went there, and in partnership with S. M. Spencer, of Rochester, bought the property and began rearing trout and furnishing eggs and fry to others, and was the first American fishculturist who made the business pecuniarily profitable. In 1867 he was called by the New England Fish Commissioners to hatch shad in the Connecticut River, and meeting with eggs which required different treatment from any to which he had been accustomed he devised the floating shad box which bears his name. The next year the New York Fish Commission was created, and with Horatio Seymour and R. B. Roosevelt as colleagues, he was appointed to be a Commissioner for the State. This position he soon resigned in order to be the superintendent, and then he and Spencer sold their interest in the hatchery to Mr. A. S. Collins, who soon sold it to the State.

In 1871 Mr. Green transported 10,000 shad fry to California, a most difficult thing to do in that day, and for which he received a well-deserved credit. He also introduced the trout of California to Eastern waters, and was the recipient of several medals from foreign governments for his work. He was a joint author with Mr. Collins, and also with Mr. Roosevelt, of several works on fishculture, and contributed to various periodicals during his active life. He was a member of several game protective societies, a Royal Arch Mason, and an enthusiastic yachtsman. Mr. Green leaves a family of four children, who are well provided for. The flags at the hatcheries at Cold Spring Harbor and Caledonia were placed at half-mast in his honor, and he will long be remembered as an active worker in his profession.

The Kennel.

Dogs: Their Management and Treatment in Disease. By Ashmont. Price $2. Kennel Record and Account Book. Price $2. Training vs. Breaking. By S. T. Hammond. Price $1. First Lessons in Dog Training, with Points of all Breeds. Price 25 cents.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Aug. 22 to 24.—Third Annual Show of the American Fox-Terrier Club, at Saratoga Springs, N. Y. (Including all terriers.) Entries close Aug. 15. H. P. Frothingham, Secretary, 2 Wall street, New York.

Aug. 27 to 31.—Toledo Dog Show, Toledo, O. John Farley, Sec'y.

Sept. 11 to 14.—First Dog Show of the Buffalo International Fair Association, at Buffalo, N. Y. Entries close Sept. 1. C. W. Robinson, Secretary.

Sept. 18 to 21.—Dog Show of the Westmoreland County Agricultural Society, at Greensburg, Pa. John S. Sell, Secretary. Entries close Sept. 15.

Sept. 18 to 21.—First Annual Dog Show of the Syracuse Kennel Club, at Syracuse, N. Y. Howard B. Rathbone, Secretary.
Sept. 24 to 27.—Fifth Dog Show at London, Ont. C. A. Stone Superintendent.
Sept. 25 to 28.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Bristol Park Agricultural Society, Bristol, Conn. Entries close Sept. 22. C. F. Barnes, Secretary.
Oct. 9 to 12.—First Dog Show of the Virginia Field Sports Association, at Richmond, Va. B. H. Grundy, Secretary, Room 26, Shafer Building. Entries close Oct. 1.
Oct. 23 to 26.—Second Annual Show of the St. Paul and Minnesota Kennel Club, at St. Paul, Minn. J. E. Stryker, Secretary, Room 98 Globe Building.
Nov. 6 to 10.—Dog Show of the Richmond County Poultry and Pet Stock Association, in connection with Augusta National Exposition at Augusta, Ga. H. Madden, Superintendent.
Jan. 15 to 19, 1889.—Seventh Annual Dog Show of the Southern Massachusetts Poultry Association, at New Bedford, Mass. F. W. Dean, Secretary.
Feb. 12 to 15, 1889.—Fifth Dog Show of the New Jersey Kennel Club, at Jersey City, N. J. Geo. L. Wilms, Secretary, 142 Monticello avenue, Jersey City, N. J.
Feb. 19 to 22, 1889.—Thirteenth Annual Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent.
Feb. 26 to March 1, 1889.—Second Annual Show of the Rensselaer Kennel Club, Troy, N. Y. Alba M. Ide, Secretary.
March 5 to 8, 1889.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Albany Kennel Club, at Albany, N. Y. Geo. B. Gallup, Secretary.
March 12 to 15, 1889.—Second Annual Show of the Fort Schuyler Kennel Club, Utica, N. Y. James W. Dunlop, President.
March 19 to 22, 1889.—First Annual Dog Show of the Maryland Kennel Club, at Baltimore, Md. W. S. Diffenderffer, Secretary.
March 26 to 29, 1889.—First Annual Dog Show of the Massachusetts Kennel Club, at Lynn, Mass. D. A. Williams, Secretary.
April 2 to 5, 1889.—First Annual Show of the Rochester Kennel Club, at Rochester, N. Y. Harry Yates, Secretary.
April 9 to 12, 1889.—First Annual Dog Show of the Mascoutah Kennel Club, at Chicago, Ill. John L. Lincoln, Jr., Secretary.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 11.—Third Annual Field Trials of the Manitoba Field Trials Club. Derby entries close July 1. All-Aged entries Aug. 1. Thos. Johnson, Secretary, Winnipeg, Manitoba.
Nov. 1.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Indiana Kennel Club, at Bicknell, Ind. P. T. Madison, Secretary, Indianapolis, Ind.
Nov. 19.—Tenth Annual Field Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at High Point, N. C. (Members' Stake, Nov. 15.) W. A. Coster, Secretary, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.
Dec. 3.—First Annual Field Trials of the Southern Field Trial Club, at Amory, Miss. T. M. Brumby, Secretary, Chattanooga, Tenn.
Dec. 10.—Second Annual Field Trials of the American Field Trials Club, at West Point, Miss. C. W. Paris, Secretary, Cincinnati, O.
Jan. 14, 1889.—Sixth Annual Field Trials of the Pacific Coast Field Trial Club, at Bakersfield, Cal. N. P. Sheldon, Secretary, 320 Sansome street, San Francisco, Cal.

COURSING.

Oct. 15.—Third Annual Meeting of the American Coursing Club at Great Bend, Kan. F. K. Doan, Secretary, 1210 Olive street, St Louis, Mo.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription $1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed **6512**.

"DISGRUNTLED ASSOCIATES."

Editor Forest and Stream:

The statement of Mr. Wm. Rewalt, Jr., in yours 2d inst., that a member of the Hornell Club exposed both the "Chicago special" and "pewter medal" scandals, is correct. I prosecuted both, but both were brought to my attention, and the evidence furnished me, by a member of that club. Mr. Belmont excels the cuttle fish this time. Mr. Rewalt said "exposed," and Mr. Belmont sets forth what was brought before the A. K. C.! Surely Mr. Belmont should know that both scandals were exposed in your columns long before they were brought before the A. K. C.? Or is nothing but arraignment before that tribunal "exposure?"

I verily believe that Mr. Belmont has been deceived as to the action of the A. K. C. in these scandals, and that only such records have been shown him as suit the purposes of his informants, and he evidently has not informed himself on what the outside histories of these cases are. The holy of holies of the A. K. C. is probably deemed by him sufficient to establish the status of anything, just the danger of new hands at the bellows that I pointed out in a previous article.

I have no wish to drag Mr. Whitman into the affair again, particularly as I have always said that I did not charge him with personal dishonesty, but with a flagrant disregard of the sacred obligation of a trust. But Mr. Belmont's triumphant production of Mr. Whitman's letter, as a positive vindication of both the A. K. C. and Mr. Whitman, leaves no other course open. Mr. Whitman says that the special was donated "through me" [him], implying that he had a hand in procuring it, and was in a measure at liberty to do what he pleased with it. Now, among the "records" that Mr. Belmont quotes with such a whirl, is, or should be, a copy of the letter of the donor of the special to Mr. Whitman, saying that he had just learned that the special he donated had never been paid the winner, and that he was justly indignant at such treatment. This is not strikingly like "through me."

Furthermore, it was an open secret that the special was donated especially for Mr. Fellows to win, that the adoption of that wonderful "International Cocker Spaniel Association" standard shut "Uncle Dick" out of a chance of winning, and this special was to make it up.

Mr. Whitman raises the presumption that the check was not used until some considerable time after its receipt, yet the check itself was among "the records," and it showed that it was cashed the day of its date. As to Mr. Whitman's advising "the club" of the receipt of the check at the next meeting, I hold the letter of the treasurer of the club that he never heard of the special until after the close of the show, and I am almost certain that Mr. Child read his letter stating that same thing at the meeting of the A. K. C., which letter is also in the "record." The money was sent Mr. Fellows the day after I advised Mr. B. F. Wilson that I proposed to bring charges before the A. K. C.; and Mr. Whitman was then at Pittsburgh superintending the preliminaries of the show, certainly during his connection with the Pittsburgh show, and thus constructively "during the show." I don't recollect that I ever advised Mr. Fellows not to accept the money, and if I did do so it must have been in view of seeing that he was reimbursed in some way, for I distinctly remember that he wrote me something to this effect: "I need the money very badly, but by gum, I don't need it so badly but that I will return it if you say it will prevent your doing justice to my brother fanciers by stamping out this kind of biz." "Uncle Dick's" friends will recognize him in this at sight.

The whole case was unquestionably proved what might be called an embezzlement without criminal intent, and the condonation of it by the A. K. C established a most ruinous precedent, which is made ten fold worse by Mr. Belmont's presentation of the case in the light that the A. K. C. tried the case and aquitted the defendant without even an expression of disapproval!

The bogus medal case was fully as bad. It was publicly confessed that bogus medals had been given exhibitors, and the A. K. C. aquitted on the wonderful ground of the statement of the accused that exhibitors all knew of the character of the medals! Remember, not a single exhibitor was named who was said to have such knowledge, but the mere statement was accepted as proof of connivance of the exhibitors. Now, I would ask for the name of one exhibitor who had this knowledge, and I will give the names of Messrs. Chubb, Dole, Craig and Thayer who won such medals supposing they were genuine.

Mr. Belmont has succeeded in converting a case of shameful neglect of duty on the part of the A. K. C. into one of approval of wrongs, and I hope he relishes the result of his work.

Mr. Belmont reserves the most complete, unlimited misstatement for the Farley case. He says, "This association has always adhered to the principle that the club under whose jurisdiction the offense was committed must first act, the A. K. C. only taking the case on appeal, and it only assumes original jurisdiction over the acts of its own members" ("over its own members" is richness).

This reads like a deliverance of some Supreme Court, somebody whose decisions are not to be questioned; yet the facts known to every reader of the sporting press who cares to remember what he reads, are directly the reverse of the solemn opinion of the president of the A. K. C. The rule has invariably been just the opposite. In the Sans Souci Kennel case, Mr. Elliot Smith, in delivering his deciding vote, in the soundest, clearest opinion ever submitted to the A. K. C., took the express ground that one club might disqualify for an act committed at the show of another, and cast his deciding vote to sustain the disqualification, on this ground alone. In the Chicago special, pewter medal and Haldeman cases (the latter that one that was so unctuously read to the A. K. C.) Mr. Peshall urged his view of the case, just as Mr. Belmont says the A. K. C. has always held, and the vote was practically unanimous against him. Worse and more of it, at the very meeting where Mr. Belmont got off that "special" official idea, Mr. A. C. Collins protested Mr. Campbell for an offense committed at the W. K. C. show, and in spite of Mr. Peshall's "invariable" the meeting referred it to some committee. Now, here we have the president announcing the law of the A. K. C. to be just what the delegates have invariably voted against. I well remember in the Haldeman case that Mr. Winslow most conclusively disposed of Mr. Peshall's argument by saying to the effect that a gentleman had been accused of grave offenses, and that as he knew the accused to be straight he knew there was another side to the story and he insisted that the accused be allowed to present it.

I can conceive of no other explanation of Mr. Belmont's remarkable mistakes than that somebody else has supplied him with "the facts" and so much of "the record" to suit the case, for it is not to be believed that Mr. Belmont wilfully made the astounding misstatements that garnish nearly every article he writes. Truly the gross incompetency of Major Taylor, and the several mistakes of Mr. Smith, have not presented the A. K. C. in the pitiable light that Mr. Belmont always shows it in. W. WADE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It seems a hopeless task to obtain from Mr. Belmont a retraction of what must now be called his wilful misstatement that I worked in an underhand manner toward the establishment of the National Dog Club, for had it been an inadvertent error I cannot conceive what would prompt him to neglect the first duty due his own character as a gentleman to withdraw it. Any person who of his own volition says that I had anything to do with the establishment of the National Dog Club, or with the holding of the meeting at Boston, is guilty of deliberate falsehood. The first I knew of the Boston meeting was in a paper I got at Denver, if I recollect rightly, and that was one which referred to what had been published in the previous issue. I am not clear in my mind as to what it was, but I know that it was not until I reached Chicago that I was in possession of the facts of the case.

I hoped to see some one draw attention in your last issue to the numerous errors made by Mr. Belmont in his reply to Mr. Rewalt, president of the Hornellsville club, and I can only account for this unusual silence by the supposition that what was everybody's business turned out to be nobody's. For the present I will content myself to calling attention to the most glaring errors. Mr. Belmont in the most specious manner seeks to controvert Mr. Rewalt's statement that it was through a member of the Hornellsville club the Chicago special prize business was exposed. What is supposed to be a denial of this is the statement that Mr. Wade of Pittsburgh made it public. What if he did? He got his information from Mr. Fellows, the secretary of the Hornellsville club.

Then in Mr. Belmont's defense of the second miscarriage of justice—the charge of theft at the Buffalo show by Farley—he says the Buffalo club was directed to first take action. The absurdity of this resolution on the part of the A. K. C. is apparent since the Buffalo Club was not a member of the A. K. C., which body cannot recognize any action taken by clubs non-members. That is an impossibility. Even Mr. Peshall, and that is going a long way, must admit that. But Mr. Belmont bolsters up his weak case by a most ridiculous error. He says that it has always been the principle of the A. K. C. to call upon the club at whose show the fraud took place to take action, and that no other person had any right to interfere. That will be news to Mr. Elliott Smith for instance, who made the decision in the San Souci Kennel case that Boston could disqualify H. M. Perry for his conduct at the Philadelphia show. Mr. Smith read an "opinion" on the case in which the sense of the argument was not at all in unison with the decision which followed.

Mr. Belmont's account of how the Atlanta awards came to be recognized by the A. K. C. clubs is not in keeping with the story as told me by Mr. Peshall. The resolution requiring registration of all dogs exhibited at a show given by an A. K. C. member was to take effect on Jan. 1, 1887. Atlanta was held after that, but there was no enforced registration. The secretary of the Philadelphia Kennel Club, Mr. W. H. Child, had asked me to take hold of the show catalogue and relieve him of a duty he did not care about wasting time over. It was my business to see that the entries were made in the proper classes and correct all blunders I could detect. One of Mr. Belmont's entries was placed in the champion class by him with a credit of a first at Atlanta. I drew Mr. Child's attention to this as an error, Atlanta having repudiated the registration rule. Mr. Child was of my opinion, and in order to have the matter decided in proper form, wrote to the secretary of the A. K. C., asking whether Atlanta wins were to count. Were this any ordinary secretary he would with the knowledge that his duties are purely clerical have referred the matter to the president for decision, and thus it would have come before Mr. Child in proper form. But Mr. Vredenburg is not an ordinary secretary by any means, so he paid the president the curt courtesy of simply writing across the letter of inquiry that Atlanta wins did count. Thus Mr. Child's authority as president was thwarted, and he could not, as secretary of the Philadelphia Kennel Club, take any action. Now, to come back to Peshall versus Belmont,

Mr. Peshall was on to the Philadelphia show, and meeting him on Chestnut street he tried to talk me over and explain his action in arguing for my rejection, as the Hornellsville Kennel Club was all right, and we must be good friends and all that flummery. I then said that no sooner did I leave than the A. K. C. got at the old game of wild cat legislation, and among other things brought up this Belmont case. Mr. Peshall then explicity told me that they had talked the case over at the meeting and that they had decided after he had explained that he never meant the compulsory registration rule to begin at any such little show, and would not have put in January 1, 1888, had he known of Atlanta, that Atlanta was not to be a compulsory registration show, but that the wins were to count. What other meeting than the A. K. C. meeting Mr. Peshall referred to I leave for him to specify. We were talking of no other meeting, and the case he said was decided with reference to Mr. Belmont's dogs. If it was not so, pray explain the authoritative reply of the A. K. C. secretary.

Mr. Child also had some conversation with Mr. Peshall, but I am not a competent witness as to what passed between. I only know that Mr. Child and I had, and I suspect still have, the opinion from what we were told that application of some sort was made by or on behalf of Mr. Belmont to have Atlanta counted so as to favor his dogs shown there.

Just one word to Mr. Peshall, please don't deny we had any such conversation as related. Get out of it in some other way if you must shield your president, but don't tell me I have not told what took place, otherwise my answer will be very short and to the point. JAS. WATSON.

OUR BOSTON SHOW REPORT.

AT a meeting of the American Kennel Club, July 23, its president, Mr. August Belmont, Jr., publicly stated that the FOREST AND STREAM's report of the Boston bench show was falsified. When Mr. S. T. Hammond, the writer of that report, asked Mr. Belmont to specify wherein the report justified this charge of untruthfulness, Mr. Belmont added to his original assertion a further one, that the whole intention of the report was to mislead readers of the paper as to the successful character of the show. In a footnote to the two letters as printed in our issue of Aug. 2, we pointed out to Mr. Belmont that his original statement as to the accuracy of our Boston show report and his second statement as to the purpose of the report were alike impertinent and void of truth.

In the next issue, Aug. 9, was printed another letter from Mr. Belmont, in which he averred that his charge was based on "very satisfactory written proofs given to me by the best authorities of each special breed;" and he "reiterated all he had said publicly and privately." Commenting on this we advanced as a reason for Mr. Belmont's extraordinary charge, that having threatened to boycott Buffalo, as he had boycotted Boston, Mr. Belmont recognized the necessity of bamboozling Buffalo into believing that a Belmont boycott would burst the show; hence his desire to make it appear that the Boston show had been injured by his boycott, despite the FOREST AND STREAM's report to the contrary. We suggested that having made his false charge about our report, Mr. Belmont was persisting in it, on the politician's principle that a lie well stuck to will do effective campaign work. But, in our desire to be perfectly fair in this thing with Mr. Belmont, and to grant him every possible excuse for having taken the course he did, we also said:

> Mr. Belmont does not need to be told that, if he has any such "satisfactory written proofs given to him by the best authorities of each special breed," the very best possible use he can make of them is to put them into print. If he can show that he has such "proofs," and was misled by them into making his charge at the A. K. C. meeting, the fact of his having been misled would be accepted in mitigation of the impertinence of the charge, though it would not affect its untruthfulness.

Summed up briefly, the case stands thus: Mr. Belmont, Jr., made a false statement with respect to the FOREST AND STREAM. Taxed with it, he adds a second false statement. We have given him an opportunity to show that he was deceived into making these false statements. This opportunity he has not cared to improve. A person who, having uttered an untruth, has an opportunity to excuse himself for having done so, and refuses to improve that opportunity, evidently does not care about his reputation for truthfulness.

The business of Mr. August Belmont, Jr., as set forth in the Directory, is that of a banker. He is, we believe, connected with the banking house of his father, Mr. August Belmont, agents of the Rothschilds, dealing in securities, bills of exchange, etc. To carry on a business of that nature there must exist between the banker and his clients confidence in the banker's integrity and fair and square business dealings. Now let us suppose a case: At a meeting, say at No. 44 Broadway, an inflated ignoramus, who differs from Mr. Belmont on some point, for argument's sake publicly asserts that Belmont & Co. on one occasion defrauded their customers. Mr. Belmont demands the ground for the charge. For answer he is told that not only did Belmont & Co. defraud their customers, but they did it deliberately and purposely. Mr. Belmont characterizes the charge as false. The retort is that he who preferred it has written proof of its truth. Mr. Belmont tells him that, if he has what he thinks are proofs, the production of them will relieve the charge of its malice but not of its untruthfulness. Now, will Mr. Belmont tell himself what the results would be? They would be these. First, the lying statement of the inflated ignoramus would not injure the credit of Messrs. Belmont & Co. Second, if the inflated ignoramus persisted in his charges, but refused to show that he had been imposed on and so led honestly into making them, those knowing to the affair would be apt to look on the inflated ignoramus with the contempt usually and quite rightly bestowed on that person who having lied about another person stubbornly sticks to it. And that, too, is just the way Mr. Belmont would look on him.

It requires a reputation for integrity to conduct a banking business; none the less is such a reputation essential to the conduct of a journal like the FOREST AND STREAM. We take pride in the public estimation of the fairness and fidelity to truth which mark the reports of dog shows published in these columns. Our reputation in this is established. In all the twelve years during which we have been engaged in this work, no man other than Mr. August Belmont, Jr., has charged us with writing reports to mislead the public. Mr. Belmont's charge cannot affect us one iota. It must hurt him, for it puts him in a position which no man with self-respect would care to occupy. For his own sake, not ours, Mr. Belmont should either withdraw his charge or else show that he was deceived by others into making them, believing them to be true.

BOYCOTTING BUFFALO.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. Mitchell Harrison has advised Buffalo that unless A. K. C. rules are adopted he will not show there. On Aug. 2 this same Mr. Harrison wrote to the *Turf, Field and Farm*, "I most certainly do not approve of the American Kennel Club or its members doing anything that will unnecessarily antagonize any member of the National Dog Club or any other organization." This same Mr. Harrison patronized the Baltimore show and is to exhibit at Toledo and London, which are not A. K. C. shows. It looks a little inconsistent, to say the least of it; but Buffalo doesn't seem to weaken, and I hope the collie men, bad as the season is for them, will show the public that the Chestnut Hill Kennels is not all the world of sheepdogs. JAS. WATSON.

LONDON DOG SHOW.—London, Ont., Aug., 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The London Kennel Club at their show to be held in this city in September will give prizes for classes of dogs not named in the premium list where the entries will justify them in doing so. We wish to thank, through your paper, J. W. Scanlon (comedian) for donating a handsome silver cup valued at $25, to be known as the Peek-a-Boo cup, for the best kennel of English setters at the show; also Peter Glen, Esq. (artist), for an oil painting of a dog, valued at $25, to be given to the best looking exhibitor at the show.—C. A. STONE, Manager.

THE TWO DOG CLUBS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am glad to see the good seed sown by the National Dog Club is now bearing its fruit. This club was "organized for the improvement of dogs, dog shows and dog competitions," and one grand stride has already been made in that direction. I have reference to Rule 16 of the A. K. C. regarding the transfer of dogs from the open class to the champion class when he wins a third first prize between the time of closing the entries and the opening of a show. When the rule was formulated it was strongly opposed, as it was believed it would cause no end of trouble, which belief has since been confirmed by facts. At the Boston show of 1887 a dog was disqualified for not having been transferred to the champion class (where it belonged according to Rule 16), and harsh words were indulged in, the natural result of the A. K. C.'s stubbornness in enforcing this rule contrary to the objections of the great army of exhibitors. Time after time the executive committee of the A. K. C. has met, yet took no action regarding this rule, and it would not now be under consideration and discussion by them, after three years of its life, had not the National Dog Club omitted it from their rules. It has been a thorn in the side of exhibitors for about three years, and it is sincerely hoped that the A. K. C. will rescind it. The National Dog Club is to be heartily congratulated upon having been the means of at least one reform-viz.: in opening the eyes of the A. K. C. to the fact that this, rule is all wrong and should cease to exist.

There was a large meeting of the A. K. C. on July 23 at their office, No. 44 Broadway. Thirteen clubs were represented, yet, excepting the Maryland, Philadelphia and Massachusetts clubs, the proxies were all held by the "little clique." After the example made of Mr. Watson, what outside delegate would have the temerity to object to any of the "cut and dried" proceedings? Yet this is the great club which Mr. Belmont claims to have been intrusted "a field" by the "immense majority of the dog interests of the country." A club that has never, as yet, corrected an abuse. A club whose presidents, with the honorable exception of Mr. Child, have invariably "constructed" rules to suit their purposes. A retrogressive club with a president representing "Taylorism" in its worst form.

Mr. Belmont in his puerile communication to Dr. Perry wrote "the American Kennel Club is by the most unmistakable implication unfit and incapable for the proper discharge of its duties." Just so: what we have been asking for years is that the A. K. C. should punish offending clubs and not obscure individuals only. "Discord is not what the breeders and exhibitors nor the public want." Certainly not, but as they support the kennel clubs they should be given, at least, proper legislation and an equitable executive. Give exhibitors, breeders and the public an honest return for their money.

Objectors to frauds have been called "kickers." The National Dog Club now stands ready to see that justice be shown to all alike, inasmuch as the American Kennel Club has, after years of trial, signally failed, and by its repeated blundering justly earned the contempt of the kennel world.

VICTOR M. HALDEMAN.

Milford, Del., Aug. 13.

The following correspondence explains itself:

Dr. J. F. Perry, President National Dog Club of America:

Sir—I am this day in receipt of a pamphlet, indorsed "Statement, etc., by the National Dog Club, in the interest of fair play," and addressed to the breeders of the country. I have read with some amazement your letter at the beginning of the pamphlet, and I have glanced over the names of your executive committee and members with feelings of contempt; *amazement* that your letter of introduction should contain an absolute and unqualified misstatement, for there is no other word to express it, and *contempt* that you, as the president of this club, should fraudulently use the names as members of the executive committee, and also of your club, of well-known breeders, who have *not only privately*, but *publicly* withdrawn from *all* connection with your club. The statement I refer to, is that the "A. K. C. had already declined to permit them to do so unless they formed a paper corporation, a course which they rightly assumed to be a dishonorable subterfuge." The facts in the case known not only to Dr. Perry, but to every one who can read, are simply these: On the 9th of March, 1888, Mr. Robinson wrote the secretary of the A. K. C. that it was the intention of certain parties in Buffalo to organize a corporation for the purpose of giving a fair, etc., and that as a part of said fair, they proposed to give a bench show of dogs, and asking how they could do so, under A. K. C. rules. The secretary very properly referred them to Rule 3, the same rule under which all clubs must organize to become members of the A. K. C., and it was a very simple matter to have made the A. K. C. rules a part of their present organization, and thus gained admittance to the club. This was no more a *paper organization* than the one the Buffalo show *now have;* it merely added *one* more feature, and *an interesting one.* About this time, Mr. J. Otis Fellows, a warm friend of James Watson, and a man who has made himself obnoxious to every breeder of repute in the country by his ill-advised conduct in connection with his club and the A.K.C., was engaged as superintendent for the doggy part of the Buffalo show. *From that moment* the plotting began, *not* to see *how* the show could be held under the A. K. C. rules, but to see *how* Buffalo *could be used* by J. Otis Fellows, James Watson and others of like reputations, to strike a blow at the A. K. C. and thus gratify *personal* malignity and *spite.* Mr. Busby, the editor of the *Turf, Field and Farm,* hearing of this, naturally wrote Mr. Hamlin a kindly letter and a very proper one, as he wished the show to be a success. What was the result? On July 3 Mr. C. W. Robinson (who was heretofore intimately associated with J. Otis Fellows in the management of the Hornellsville exposition) writes and sends broadcast a letter inclosing copy of Mr. Busby's letter to Mr. Hamlin saying: "*You will see that the fight is begun,* and as *Mr. Fellows* and *myself* have gotten the International Fair Association to *indorse* the National, we trust you will do everything in your power to prove Mr. Busby mistaken." Now, Dr. J. Frank Perry, how dare you or any member of the National Dog Club say over your signature that the A. K. C. began the fight, and that their "methods are cowardly?" Do you expect *independent* breeders, men who have reputations, to allow you or your club to parade their names as decoys for the venting of the *personal* spite of J. Otis Fellows and James Watson? You may claim, and perhaps honestly, that when you asked myself and others to join at Boston that you truthfully thought the National Dog Club would not be antagonistic to the A. K. C., but can you do so now? Every name that you have secured has been by *fraudulent* representations, *unintentionally* so perhaps at first, or are breeders who are willing to make a fight against the A. K. C., and you yourself at first an unwilling catspaw, must now either be confronted with the fact that you are either the *willing* tool of *designing* men, in that you train in the same company, and have the *same axes* to grind, or that your pretended friendship for the A. K. C. was only *a sham*—which horn will you take? I am entirely independent—I am not a member of any club that is even a member of the A. K. C. I have opposed in the past many of the methods in vogue under the maladministration of Elliot Smith. I am opposed to cliquism of all kinds, but I am also opposed to all that savors of blackguardism and blackmail in doggy affairs. I am opposed, and always shall be, to the methods of such men as James Watson and J. Otis Fellows, and when such men are masquerading, with you at the head of an organization, with reputable names that have been obtained by *disreputable methods,* by the last fraud by which you seek to gain converts by omitting the very *pith of the matter,* namely *the fact that your club through* J. Otis Fellows and C. W. Robinson *began the fight,* that *you are fraudulently* to-day parading names on your executive committee and as members that are *not either one or the other,* in order to catch the support of unsuspecting gentlemen—I say to you privately, what I shall say publicly, that a man of your years and discretion ought to be in better business than found supporting and intimately associating with men whose only ambition has been to destroy the A. K. C. by using your name, and the names of reputable associates to accomplish under cover what they as individuals could never undertake with any hope of success. I am, &c.,

(Signed) JAS. L. ANTHONY.

Netherwood, N. J., August 16, 1888.

James L. Anthony, Esq.:

Sir—Yours of the 16th I find on my return to the city after a brief absence. Although it was evidently written on the impulse of the moment, and contains many personal expressions which I am sure your second thought will tell you had better have been left unsaid, there are yet some points in it which I desire to set you right upon.

In regard to the appearance of Mr. Harrison's name on the executive committee, that is a mistake for which I am not responsible. As soon at my attention was called to the errors in the list of officers and members, I notified the secretary by telegraph to at once correct the same through the sporting press.

As for your remarks in regard to the Buffalo management and the American Kennel Club, permit me to remind you that according to your own statement you are not a member of said club. Hence your information must be unofficial. You weigh what you have been told as facts, with the statements made by me, and draw your conclusions, no one disputing your right to do so. But on reflection you must have felt that the expression of your verdict to me, unsupported by any evidence other than the mere statement of opposing parties, is a deliberate insult, which was, I think, far from your intentions. By a careful perusal of the editorial in the *Turf, Field and Farm,* July 30, you will see that the writer plainly suggested a "paper corporation," and even indicated its officers. That that method of proceeding was necessary to comply with Rule 3 of course all will admit, but many will also agree that no such rule should ever have been adopted. It certainly encourages "gauzy corporations," which, I am sure, you will never advocate.

Your statements as to the plotting, etc., indulged in by various persons to injure the American Kennel Club, being unsupported by the slightest proof, places you in the light of a "special pleader" for that club, and deprives, therefore, your letter of its weight. The constitution of the National Dog Club provides that the affairs of the club are to be managed by an executive committee of fifteen. Upon the one at present in existence the men of whom you speak so slurringly have no place. Any intimation that they are "running the club" is wholly gratuitous, and being, like all your other charges, mere assertion, conveys to every thoughtful man its own refutation. Those whom you mention are very likely able to defend themselves if necessary. As far as their connection with the National Dog Club is concerned, pray let me make it plain, in as forcible language as I have at command. *They have never attempted in any way to influence its action in any degree, however slight.* If you have anything to say publicly against them, the only manly course for you is to aim your attacks directly at them and so give them an opportunity to defend themselves.

It has been frequently said by its assailants—privately, by word of mouth and by letter—that the National Dog Club is composed of traders, and that it is controlled by a certain clique of disgruntled individuals, who are using it to work out their own ends. Here, again, are more assertions which it is sufficient to meet with the counter assertion that they are *unqualifiedly false.* When something like evidence is offered to substantiate such charges, it will then be time for us to meet them.

A word, merely, in reference to your invidious criticism of my own conduct. As I have already said, your evident position as special pleader robs it of any force which it might otherwise have had. I think my course in ignoring it is one you would take in like instance.

As either horn of a dilemma leads to the same bad result, it has always been a practice with me, when so entangled, to openly confess my error and meet the consequences. You may be certain that if I find myself in such a plight with regard to the National Dog Club, I shall take the same course. At present, I assure you that I believe in it and its methods thoroughly, and until convinced *by proof* that I am wrong, I shall do all in my power to persuade the breeders of America of the necessity for such an organization to protect their rights. Very truly, J. FRANK PERRY.

Boston, Mass., Aug. 20.

COONS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In reply to the inquiries of "J. L. B." regarding the habits of coons, coons mate in February, and on May 5 I saw a litter that were evidently about five days old—they had not got their eyes opened. They bring forth from four to six. My opinion is that they breed every season, but some believe they only breed every other year.

In regard to its affecting the scent of dogs to get scented by skunk, there is no question, but still it does not always prevent a dog from following a strong scent, but that it affects his scent so much that he cannot work up a cold trail requiring delicate scent is my experience.

In regard to their emitting a cry at night there are different opinions. Most hunters say that they do, and two parties that had kept pet coons told that they had heard them holler.

John B. Clark, editor of the *Mirror and Farmer,* Manchester, N. H., has a long and interesing article on coon hunting in a little book called "Mirror Hand Book," which can be had of him for 10 cents.

Forest and Stream of June 19, 1884, has an article on coons, read by John Foster before the Game and Fish Commissioners of New Hampshire in June, 1884, and it contains many interesting notes relating to coons.

I hope that "J. L. B." will report through Forest and Stream some of his hunts in Windham. N. ELMORE.

Granby, Conn., Aug. 20.

SYRACUSE DOG SHOW.—Syracuse, N. Y., Aug. 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The following express companies will return all dogs from the show held here Sept. 18 to 21, free: The American, the National and the United States express companies. The club will register all dogs free in the A.K.C.S.B. that are exhibited at their show that have not been previously registered, and registration blanks can be had by applying to the secretary. The premium lists are being mailed to-day, and the secretary will be glad to send the same to any address. We have changed the date of closing entries from Sept. 3 to Sept. 10. The special prize committee report great success, and the list will be published in the next issue of the Forest and Stream.—Howard B. Rathbone, Sec'y Syracuse Kennel Club.

NATIONAL DOG CLUB OF AMERICA.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Through printer's error the following names appeared in our circular list of members: Messrs. Harrison, Hopf, Saunders, Cook, Sawyer, Nash, and Mr. and Mrs. Hughes. They have withdrawn. Please note this in your paper.

H. W. HUNTINGTON, Secretary-Treasurer.

New York, August 20.

AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER.

FOLLOWING are the numbers of the dogs entered in the August number of the *American Kennel Register:*

BEAGLES.

6436. Coriscana, Coriscana Hunting Club.
6437. Frances Cleveland, T. C. White.
6438. Navarro, Corsicana Hunting Club.

COLLIES.

6439. Bessie Clark, H. M. Clark.
6440. Brownie, Donald McLean.
6441. Duchess, J. C. Hutchinson.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS.

6442. Clio, W. H. Caldwell.
6443. Flossie, Henry Eichler.

MASTIFFS.

6444. Beech Grove Annette, F. L. Calkins.
6445. Ben Hur, Dr. Roland B. Whitridge.
6446. Beulah, Geo. L. Phippen.
6447. Chester II., C. H. Paine.
6448. Cleopatra R., Geo. J. Rupprecht.
6449. Dharra, Miss Anna F. Hankins.
6450. Duke Caution, Dr. Piper.
6451. Helen Caution, J. Hellen.
6452. Juno VIII., G. B. Robertson.
6453. Medusa, Geo. J. Rupprecht.
6454. Minting, Jr., J. Hellen.
6455. Omar, Edward A. Robbins.
6456. Pericles, Geo. J. Rupprecht.
6457. Ranger, R. O. Oxnard.
6458. Ray, R. R. Ulmer.
6459. Sellman, W. W. Robertson.
6460. Take Caution, R.R. Ulmer.

POINTERS.

6461. American Romp, Fred A. Hodgman.
6462. Bonanza, Fred F. Harris.
6463. Dick of Delphos, J. W. M. Cardeza.
6464. Duke Beaufort, Frank M. Hager.
6465. Jim V., A. H. Mason.
6466. Katisha, Fred F. Harris.
6467. Mike, Jas. P. Swain, Jr.

PUGS.

6468. Bradford Ruby II., Eberhart Pug Kennels.
6469. Joe II., Henry Eichler.
6470. Ky Ky, Eberhart Pug Kennels.
6471. Royal Bradford, H. Eichler
6472. Viola, Henry Eichler.

ST. BERNARDS.—Rough-Coated.

6473. Abbe, Robt. M. Riddle.
6474. Barry IV., J. W. Stewart.
6475. Bernie, M. Boylan.
6476. Benivard, Jr., Weimer & Lincoln.
6477. Cadess, Weimer & Lincoln.
6478. Lady Valentine, Otto W. Volger.
6479. Odin, Otto W. Volger.
6480. Queen, Mrs. J. B. Carson.
6481. Ranger, W. H. Gibbs.
6482. Volunteer, Weimer & Lincoln.

Smooth-Coated.

6483. Geoffrey the Prior, W. H. Perry.

SETTERS.—English Setters.

6484. Chautauqua Prince, F. T. Weatherill.
6485. Daisy Gladstone, W. Stall.
6486. Duke Noble, A. J. Oskamp.
6487. Killbuck Prince, A. Oskamp.
6488. Lady Brighton, F. T. Weatherill.
6489. Trim, W. H. Merrill.
6490. Vic-Vic, E. F. Garland.

Gordon Setters.

6491. Beaulah, Chas. T. Brownell.

Irish Setters.

6492. Foote's Yum, E. O. Damon.
6493. Meg Glencho, E. N. Foote.
6494. Ned II., Lyman W. Clute.
6495. Rob II., E. N. Foote.
6496. Ted Sarsfield, E. N. Foote.
6497. Twig Sarsfield, E. O. Damon

SPANIELS.—Field and Cocker Spaniels.

6498. Black Bess V., O. Gilman.
6499. Fannie Obo II., O. B. Gilman.
6500. Lora, O. B. Gilman.
6501. Lulu Obo, William Shiloh.
6502. My Bess, Waterford Kennel Club.
6503. Nona, Waterford Kennel Club.
6504. Phyllis II., Miss Marguerite H. Langley.
6505. Obo Reta, Geo. H. Carr.
6506. Sancho, O. B. Gilman.
6507. Shot, Wm. L. Nailor.
6508. Von Obo, Wm. Very.

Japanese Spaniels.

6509. Yoko II., Geo. E. Blabon.

TERRIERS.—Bull-Terriers.

6510. Lilly, F. G. Tripp.

Scotch Terriers.

6511. Snap, J. J. Nussbaumer.

Yorkshire Terriers.

6512. Brunette, Chas. York.

AMERICAN PET DOG CLUB.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The Forest and Stream and other kindred papers have recently published the constitution, etc., of the American Pet Dog Club, together with the breeds and classes of breeds recognized by the club as house or pet dogs. Neither Forest and Stream nor any other paper has made a single note of exception to the list. We now find two gentlemen, the president of the American English Beagle Club, and the secretary of the American Spaniel Club assuming the right to dictate what dogs the Pet Dog Club shall and shall not recognize as pets, and also what particular breeds ladies and gentlemen shall be permitted to have or not have in their houses as pets.

The readers of the Forest and Stream must not be surprised nor alarmed if in the next issue they should read a manifesto similar to the following; "We, the president of the American English Beagle Club, and the secretary of the American Spaniel Club, do hereby declare that no lady or gentleman in America shall be permitted to call her or his dwarf beagle or spaniel a pet, or to allow either to enter the hall or parlor; but shall keep the same closely confined within a kennel until such time as we may feel disposed to order them released for use in the field."

The American Pet Dog Club never had and has not now the remotest idea of interfering with any of the rights or prerogatives of the Beagle or Spaniel Club. On the contrary, the club and its individual members have repeatedly declared their intention to aid and abet not only the Beagle and Spaniel clubs, but all other clubs. On the other hand, it can hardly be expected that the American Pet Dog Club will consent to be dictated to by Messrs. Schellhass and Wilmerding as to what dogs it shall or shall not recognize as pets. It may not be amiss to inform those gentlemen that more beagles and spaniels are kept in this country (over which they claim dominion) as house or pet dogs than for use in the field. These two gentlemen are innocently sensitive. A MEMBER OF THE A. P. D. C.

"A BIT OF KENNEL HISTORY."

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your editorial, "A Bit of Kennel History," and my subsequent letter under the same heading are positively true in one and every particular. If the unscrupulous management of a kennel club or any other body of men engage a lawyer and remunerate him for falsifying facts, the perverted statements cannot be fairly charged as falsehoods to the lawyer's account; for a lawyer has the privilege of saying what he knows to be untrue when he is paid for it. I am waiting for a straightforward reply to my letter of two weeks ago, but fear I can hardly expect one until Mr. C. J. Peshall shall have severed all connection with the pecu-liar individuals in the Broadway office. Evil communications corrupt good manners, as is clearly shown when a man like Mr. Peshall bends to their influence. CHAS. H. MASON.

DOG TALK.

QUITE a little tempest in a teapot has been caused by General Manager Hain's recent order against the admission of persons with dogs in the cars of the New York elevated railways. The order is not a new one; the general regulations prohibited the admission of "persons with bulky parcels or accompanied by dogs," the object of the prohibition being of course to secure the convenience and comfort of the traveling public. The generally courteous disposition of the guards has led to considerable relaxation of the rules, both as regards bulky parcels and dogs, the chief offenders under the latter head being ladies with their pet dogs. Some of these pets display ill-temper, very much to the annoyance of the passengers. General Manager Hain's office has been inundated with complaints on the subject; but the crisis appears to have been brought on by a plethoric pug falling into convulsions in one of the cars, and displaying symptoms which were immediately interpreted by the timid passengers as evidence of hydrophobia. The admission of dogs into passenger cars, especially in the dog days, the public believes to be a source of real danger, and Colonel Hain's action in the matter has met with general approval. If the permission to transport dogs by the elevated railways were a convenience to any considerable number of the public, boxes could be readily provided, but comparatively speaking very few people care anything for the privilege, and the public has its temper so severely tried by the crowding to which passengers are unavoidably subject, that it would be impolitic to aggravate it by the popular fear of exposure to hydrophobia, however baseless that fear may be.

Mr. Will A. Bruette, of Jefferson, Wis., has recently imported the Sussex spaniel bitch Sussex Queen. She is by champion Baryta and out of Jill, she by champion Bachelor and out of Dove. She was whelped in June, 1887. Her breeder says of her: "She has much the same expression as her sire, champion Baryta, and is full as long and low, with good bone and quality, and beats him in coat, for she is the correct golden liver in color, and is brighter, Baryta being a shade too dark. Her coat is very flat and smooth, and she is a very fine worker and as busy as a bee." Mr. Bruette has presented her to Mr. F. H. F. Mercer, of Ottawa, Can. Mr. Bruette has also purchased another Sussex bitch, which before being shipped will be bred. If she proves to be in whelp she will also be sent to Mr. Mercer.

Mr. Thos. Johnson of Winnepeg, Manitoba, has recently imported from the kennel of Mr. A. P. Heywood-Lonsdale, Whitechurch, Eng., the English setter bitch Pitti Sing. She was welphed Jan. 26, 1884, and is by Baron Doveridge and out of Nora. Her litter brother Woodhull Bruce and sister Woodhull Beta are both winners at the English field trials, and Mr. Johnson expects that Pitti Sing will add to the reputation of her family at the coming trials of the Manitoba Field Trials Club. Accompanying Mr. Johnson's bitch was a half sister of hers, Jenny Deans, presented to Mr. S. Becket of Winnipeg. She is also entered for the Manitoba trials.

In response to an inquiry to the Long Island Railroad Company regarding the transportation of dogs over their road, we have received the following reply from Mr. H. M. Smith, Traffic Manager: "Long Island City, N. Y., Aug. 15. —*Editor Forest and Stream:* In reply to yours of Aug. 9 beg to say that we transport dogs, accompanying passengers, free, by the owner signing a release, which will be furnished by the baggage master at the starting point. When dogs are shipped by express they must be crated, and the rate for any distance under 50 miles is 75 cents, 50 miles or over $1.— H. M. SMITH."

Mr. E. B. Sears, of Melrose, Mass., received last week the St. Bernard bitch Lady Wellington, purchased by him in England last June from Mr. S. W. Smith, of Leeds. She was bred July 15 to Plinlimmon. When taken from the steamer, after an eleven days' journey, she weighed 140lbs. Lady Wellington has eleven champions to her credit, and her appearance on the bench in America will excite great interest.

Mr. J. L. Winchell, of Fair Haven, Vt., has recently imported from the kennels of Mr. Edwin Brough, Scarborough, Eng., the bloodhound bitch Ripple Buxom. She is three years old, and is by Triumph and out of Ripple Baroness. She is in whelp to Barnaby, winner of first at the New York show. With her came a pair of puppies that Mr. Winchell speaks very highly of.

The National Exposition at Kansas City, Mo., to be held in September and October, will give a dog show as one of the attractions. The date has not yet been decided, but will probably be announced soon. The address of the general manager is C. Ralph Evans, Room 16, New England Building, Kansas City, Mo.

A correspondent wishes to know if the last Cincinnati dog show was held subject to Rule 2, as a number of dogs shown there have not been registered in the "official." He also claims that mongrels are registered in the "official" as being purely bred.

W. C. Middleton Fitch-Kemp, master of the celebrated Foxbush Harriers in Kent, has been compelled to destroy the whole of that valuable pack in consequence of rabies making its appearance in the kennels at Hildenborough.

We are advised that the report which came to us of Mr. Hartley's death was premature, and that there is even a hope, in which we most sincerely join, that he may yet recover.

Mr. J. S. Hudson, of Covington, Ky., has purchased the English setter Ben Hill, the dog that was "pulled" in the heat with Lillian at Grand Junction in 1886.

In our issue of Aug. 2 we stated that Mr. H. T. Drake wished to find Dr. Chas. Neil. This was a typographical error; it should read Dr. Chas. Weil.

The London dog show managers are bidding for the support of the members of the N. D. C., by offering a valuable prize for the best looking exhibitor.

GREYHOUND IMPORTATION.—Great Bend, Kan., Aug. 12.—*Editor Forest and Sream:* There have just been received by the Waterloo Kennels, Great Bend, Kans., in association with Mr. D. N. Heizer and Mr. G. N. Moses, of Great Bend, three half sisters of the famous Miss Glendyne, the twice Waterloo winner, and a young dog, Trales, by Wandering Tom out of Little Emily III. Little Lady Glendyne and Milly Glendyne are by Loudon out of Lady Glendyne, and Lady Graham Glendyne, by Jester out of Lady Glendyne. Trales has the blood in the full pedigree of Bauker, Meg o' the Park, Martha, Benefactor, Villien, a litter brother of Alec Halliday, Rose Mary, Hanibal, Benylin and many other famous dogs. They are registered in Vol. VII., English Greyhound Stud Book. They are all wholly untried, having never seen a hare, although they are from fourteen to twenty months old. A large advance offer over the purchase price was made just before they were shipped. They are direct from the kennels of Dr. Walter Iliffe, of Kendal, Eng., a very noted breeder in the north of England. They were received in fine condition through the kind care given them by Mr. Arthur Massey, the slipper of the meeting of the American Coursing Club of 1887, who has just returned from a visit to England. This is the largest and most important importation ever made to this country, and will largely enhance the greyhound interest and add to the stud one of the most valuable dogs ever brought to this country. They will all be placed in training for the meeting of the American Coursing Club, Oct. 15.—GREAT BEND.

BUFFALO DOG SHOW.—Aug. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Please say that Rule 3, special regulations, should read July 1, 1888, for bitches with nursing litters of puppies. We have made two extra classes for Dandies, Class 123½, champion dogs and bitches, $10. Class 124½, bitches, first $10, second $5, third bronze medal. The superintendent, J. Otis Fellows, offers $10 for the best kennel of Dandies and Scotch terriers. The National Dog Club of America will give fifteen bronze medals as specials for the best Americanbred dog or bitch of the following breeds: Mastiffs, St. Bernards, deerhounds, English, Irish and Gordon setters, greyhounds, sporting spaniels, collies, pugs, bulldogs, terriers, (except fox), fox-terriers, pointers, toy dogs. Dr. J. Frank Perry gives as specials fifteen of his most recent works, "A Friend in Need," a household guide in health and disease. The same to be placed as the management see fit. This work is of 500 pages. Mr. W. Wade gives a special of $25 for best pointer. "A friend" will give $25 for the best collie. The Thayer Publishing Co. give twelve of "Ashmont's" well known books "Diseases of Dogs."—J. OTIS FELLOWS, Supt.

KENNEL NOTES.

Notes must be sent on prepared blanks, which are furnished free on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope of large letter size. Sets of 200 of any one form, bound for retaining duplicates, are sent for 30 cents.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Queechy. By Warner & Hamilton, Canaan Four Corners, N.Y., for sable, white marks, collie dog, whelped July 13, 1888, by Clipper (A.K.R. 2529) out of Nellie McGregor.

Sussex Queen. By F. H. F. Mercer, Ottawa, Can., for golden liver Sussex spaniel bitch, whelped June, 1887, by champion Baryta (Bounce—Duchess VI.) out of Jill (champion Bachelor—Dove).

BRED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Dot—Mayo. P. P. Lewis's (Tarrytown, N. Y.) beagle bitch Dot (Ringwood—Maida) to Geo. Laick's Mayo (Rustler—champion Bonnie), Aug. 8.

Sandycroft Bessie—Moses. Captain Talcott's (Morgan Park, Ill.) mastiff bitch Sandycroft Bessie (Hero III.—Nell) to C. C. Cook's Moses (Ilford Caution—Bess), July 15.

Jennie Sparkle—Kiddlewink. F. C. Smith's (Groton, N. Y.) cocker spaniel bitch Jennie Sparkle (Earl—Reta) to E. Powers's Kiddlewink (A.K.R. 997), Aug. 3.

Scarlet Princess—Royal Dick. Frank S. Clark's (South Paris, Me.) bull-terrier bitch Scarlet Princess (Young Royal—Scarlet II.) to his Royal Dick (Young Royal Prince—Nellie Curtin), Aug. 10.

Ida—Royal Dick. Chester Horn's (Norway, Me.) bull-terrier bitch Ida to F. S. Clark's Royal Dick (Young Royal Prince—Nellie Curtin), Aug. 2.

Nellie Scott—Dennis. E. A. Buck's (Chattanooga, Tenn.) Scotch terrier bitch Nellie Scott (Dennis—Jessie) to his Dennis (Tam Glen—Queen Lilly), Aug. 10.

WHELPS.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Hellen. E. A. Buck's (Chattanooga, Tenn.) Great Dane bitch Hellen (A.K.R. 4865), Aug. 7, twelve (six dogs), by A. Trimple's Brock; nine since dead.

Timferna. E. M. Crouch's (Thomaston, Conn.) pointer bitch Timferna (A.K.R. 5754), Aug. 15, six (two dogs), by his Brock (A. K.R. 5751).

Guess. W. L. Bidwell's (Monterey, Mass.) pointer bitch Guess (A.K.R. 6317), July 26, six (four dogs), by his Doctor (A.K.R. 6316).

Lassie. E. A. Buck's (Chattanoega, Tenn.) Scotch terrier bitch Lassie (A.K.R. 5708), Aug. 2, three (one dog), by his Dennis (Tam Glen—Queen Lilly).

Cress. E. A. Buck's (Chattanooga, Tenn.) Scotch terrier bitch Cress, Aug. 5, three (two dogs), by his Dennis (Tam Glen—Queen Lilly).

SALES.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Thorn II. Black, white and tan beagle bitch, age not given, by Sport out of Thorn, by Geo. Laick, Tarrytown, N. Y., to Clarence Travis, Ardsly, N. Y.

Burniston. Red and tan bloodhound dog, whelped Dec. 12, 1886, by Maltravers out of Duchess of Ripple, by J. L. Winchell, Fair Haven, Vt., to A. F. Nash, Detroit, Mich.

Beech Grove Jura. Light fawn mastiff bitch, whelped Aug. 30, 1887, by Ashmont Victor out of Beech Grove Duchess, by George Jackson, Beech Grove, Ind., to J. G. Short, Woodstock, Ont.

Little Tycoon. Fawn pug dog, whelped March 18, 1888, pedigree not given, by Calhoun Kennels, Springfield, Mass., to Miss Bessie Collins, same place.

Harvard. Fawn pug dog, whelped March 18, 1888, pedigree not given, by Calhoun Kennels, Springfield, Mass., to A. L. Fennesey, same place.

Bucho. Red Irish setter dog, whelped July 23, 1888, by Alice (A K.R. 3067) out of Mogens (A.K.R. 6079), by Jas. A. Farrell, Portland, Me., to G. W. Peabody, Connecticut.

Jack. Black and tan terrier dog, whelped September, 1886, pedigree not given, by Calhoun Kennels, Springfield, Mass., to Wm. Hoppler, same place.

Royal George. Orange brindle bull-terrier dog, whelped May, 1887, by Jack out of Conkey's Belle, by Calhoun Kennels, Springfield, Mass., to T. F. Sanborn, same place.

Nip. White, with tan on head, fox-terrier bitch, whelped Feb. 12, 1888, by Grip out of Dot, by S. Tilghman, Arvern-by-the-Sea, L. I., to Arthur White, Tarrytown, N. Y.

Maizeland Phyllis. Black, white and tan fox-terrier bitch, whelped May 22, 1888, by Blemton Sentinel out of Maizeland Lively, by Lawrence Timpson, Red Hook, N. Y., to J. G. Tomson, Philadelphia, Pa.

Maizeland Snowball. White fox-terrier bitch, whelped May 22, 1888, by Blemton Sentinel out of Maizeland Lively, by Lawrence Timpson, Red Hook, N. Y., to John E. Thayer, Lancaster, Mass.

PRESENTATIONS.

Sussex Queen. Golden liver Sussex spaniel bitch, whelped June, 1887, by champion Baryta out of Jill, by Will A. Bruette, Jefferson, Wis., to F. H. F. Mercer, Ottawa, Ont.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

TUPAC, New Haven, Conn.—My setter's coat is staring. Gave him sulphur until he stank like one of Rabelais's devils. Result, no good. His appetite is good, and he is active enough; six years old; skin sound. Ans. Give 5 drops of Fowler's solution of arsenic in the food night and morning. Do not expect immediate improvement. Keep this treatment up for three weeks.

J. M. N., Albany, N. Y.—St. Bernard bitch is troubled with some kind of skin disease. At first small lumps of matted hair appear, which when examined easily come off, leaving perfectly bald spots which soon become inflamed. Difficult to keep her from biting them and making matters worse. Ans Get and use twice daily after washing the parts the following ointment:

℞ Ung. zinc oxide ..... ℥ iss.
Ung. diachylon ..... ℥ ss.

Mix. Give 5 drops Fowler's solution of arsenic morning and evening in food.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

NATIONAL RIFLE CLUB.—The thirty-first annual meeting of the club will be held at Vernon, Vermont, September 4, 5 and 6, 1888. A general invitation is extended to all interested in rifle shooting. Any one can become a member and entitled to all the privileges of the club by paying the $5 entrance fee to the match for prizes and club medal. Standard weight of rifles 20lbs. as fired; all over must give ½in. per pound; under 20lbs. will receive ½in. per pound on each string. Match to be 5 strings of 10 shots each. Any style rest allowed that does not confine rifle or add weight to it. Sights any. Time rules. String measure. Distance 40 rods. Match will be called first day at 2 P. M., other days at 9 A. M. JOHN WILLIAMSON, President; N. S. BROCKWAY, Secretary, Bellows Falls, Vermont.

FITCHBURG, Mass., rifle range, Aug. 15, off-hand:

A B Small	9	9	7	9	10	8	9	10	6	8—	85
Rest.											
A B Small	12	9	12	12	8	8	8	10	11	12—	102
L R Starkey	9	12	12	8	9	10	11	9	9	7—	96
E Newton	8	7	8	9	9	12	6	8	12	11—	93
E E Howard	11	8	8	8	8	9	11	9	8	12—	92
Aug. 18, rest:											
F Harvey	12	12	12	12	12	12	11	12	8	12—113	

WM. V. LOWE.

WORCESTER, Mass., Aug. 18.—Members of the City Guards, Co. A, 2d Regiment, M.V.M., with A. C. White, of the Worcester Light Infantry, Co. C, same regiment, went out to Peat Meadow Range to-day:

Fred Howland	3	3	3	4	3	4	5	4	4	3—36
	4	4	5	3	3	3	4	4	4	4—38— 74
James Leigh	4	3	3	3	4	4	3	3	4	5—36
	3	4	4	4	4	5	3	2	5	4—38— 74
Wm E Wilkins	4	4	3	4	5	4	3	3	4	5—39
A D Jefferson	4	4	4	4	5	4	4	4	4	4—41
	5	4	5	4	4	5	5	4	4	4—44
	4	5	5	4	5	4	4	4	4	5—44—129
A C White	5	5	5	3	4	4	5	4	4	4—43
	5	5	4	5	5	4	5	4	4	4—45
	5	4	5	4	5	5	5	4	4	4—45—133

NEW YORK, Aug. 20.—The ninth marksman's badge match was shot at Creedmoor, Aug. 18, the weather and all the conditions were fine and the scores good. Following are the winners:

	200.	500.	Total.
Cash Prizes.			
E C Smith, Co A, 12th Regt	21	25	46
J Macaulay, Staff, 12th Regt	23	22	45
S W Merritt, Co B, 7th Regt	21	21	42
G Reed, Co I, 23d Regt	19	22	41
J W Cleveland, Co I, 7th Regt	20	21	41
C J Seiter, D, 12th Regt	21	20	41
H S Bartow, Co D, 7th Regt	21	20	41
Silver Medals.			
J F Klein, 17th Sep Co	23	23	46
G W Happy, Co B, 7th Regt	20	25	45
A McDougall, Co C, 7th Regt	21	24	45
G E Constable, Co F, 13th Regt	22	23	45
Bronze Medals.			
A L Ely, Co G, 7th Regt	20	24	44
F S Kennedy, F, 7th Regt	21	23	44
W N Bavier, Co B, 22d Regt	21	22	43
G L Hoffman, Co H, 7th Regt	22	21	43
W L Frost, Co C, 12th Regt	22	21	43

SCORING DEVICE.—Springfield, Mass.—Assistant Superintendent Peters of the electric-light company has arranged a system of electric clocks or indicators which will be used for scoring purposes by the Schuetzenverein September 3 at their annual shooting festival. Hitherto, whenever a shot has been fired, the man stationed at the targets has indicated the score by rising in the air a large card with the figures printed on it, but under the new arrangement, by which one clock is placed at the target and another at the grand stand, he simply turns the hand on his own clock to the requisite number and immediately by electric connections the same figure is indicated on the other clock, which is at once noted by the secretary. According to the German system of ring target scoring the values of the scores are indicated by figures ranging from 1 to 25, but these clocks will be numbered only to 23, so that whenever 24 is made, a white flag will be raised, and an American flag will do like service for score 25.

THE RIFLE OF OUR DADDIES.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I recently purchased at auction a peculiar rifle patented in 1851 by F. D. Porter, of this city. It is very heavy, the barrel being thick, and contains nine chambers for ammunition in a sort of revolving wheel, and as this interferes the sight is taken along left side of barrel. There is a sort of loader affixed to top of barrel, and the trigger strikes at the right side of lock. Can you please give me any particulars about this gun, whether used for sporting or warfare, whether a success at the time it was first made, and original cost. I can scarcely decide whether it is a percussion gun or not.—W. F. (N.Y. City). [The weapon is probably one of a large number which were brought out about this time. Most of them were failures, but all were carefully studied by the designers of the successful breech loaders, which came in large numbers toward the close of the war.]

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

NEW YORK SHOOTING GROUNDS.

THE fact has frequently been commented on that the great city of New York with its thousands of shooters possesses no convenient public shooting ground. By convenient is meant a resort reached with small expenditure of precious time, where shooting facilities are ever in readiness, and where expenses are light. To provide such a resort an association has been formed, which is in plan and purpose unique. The New York Suburban Shooting Grounds Association, a corporation existing under the laws of New Jersey, was organized for the purpose of equipping and maintaining a public ground, club house, &c., for the benefit and enjoyment of all the shooters of New York city and vicinity, where any one may shoot a score for practice, test guns at targets, or shoot friendly or professional matches at almost any time. The character of the undertaking is set forth in the published handbook of the association as follows:

"This association is not a club in the ordinary sense of the word, but a business enterprise which the originators believe is certain of success from the start, as it is a well known fact that there are thousands of gun owners in this city alone who have no convenient place to shoot, and who for many reasons do not care to join an ordinary gun club, where, in most cases, a few ruling spirits monopolize all the prizes, and make their expenses in shooting sweepstakes at the cost of the majority who are less proficient; it is believed that these grounds offer special inducements to the beginner, and to those who wish to improve themselves in marksmanship. It is the object of this association to elevate the standard of this sport, and make trap-shooting one of the popular amusements of the day.

"The convenient location of the grounds at Claremont, N. J., on the Central R. R. of N. J., where one steps from the depot right into the inclosure. Time from foot of Liberty street, New York, eighteen minutes. Round trip, fare fourteen cents. It is convenient for the business man or any one who is hurried for time, and it is believed that a large number of spectators may be expected at all tournaments and advertised matches shot upon these grounds.

"The equipment of these grounds will be complete in every particular, all the latest and best improvements will be provided. Trappers and pullers will be in readiness on all fair days from 9 A. M. till sundown. The grounds and buildings will be in charge of a competent superintendent, and good order will be maintained.

"A comfortable club house and lunch counters will be provided. A grand stand seating at least 375 persons, besides seats in

the inclosure for the accommodation of those who do not care to pay for seats in the grand stand.

"Live bird shooting may be done at stated times from three or five traps. It is intended frequently to have noted experts present, and it is believed from the convenience of these grounds, and their being so easily reached from the city, that in a very short time nearly all of the great championship matches, for big purses, etc., will be shot here. The attendance will undoubtedly be large and gate receipts greater than could be expected elsewhere.

"The stock of this association must soon be very valuable, and pay a good dividend. It is to the advantage of all shooters to encourage this enterprise, that the sport of trap-shooting may be developed to the greatest extent, and enjoyed at reasonable cost. It is to the advantage of manufacturers and dealers in guns, ammunition, etc., perhaps more than any other class, in a money sense, and by their encouragement of such an enterprise they will greatly increase their sales and profits. It is greatly to the advantage of the professional shooter because nowhere else can he have such a dense population to draw from in gate money."

The management of the Association is vested in a board of nine directors, who in turn intrust such matters as they choose to an executive committee of three members. The board of directors will make provisions for holding special public exhibitions or tournaments, from time to time, and for their regulation and management, and they may hire out the grounds to clubs, parties or associations, for the purpose of holding matches, exhibitions, tournaments, etc. They will employ a superintendent, whose duty it shall be to have charge of the grounds, buildings and equipment, to keep the same in order, to keep adequate supplies of traps, targets, ammunition and other requisite appliances, always on hand, to enforce such rules, and to collect and pay over to the treasurer such fines, penalties, etc., as may be established.

Provision is made for two classes of members, stockholders and subscribing members. Stockholders in addition to this are entitled to all membership privileges, admission to the grounds at all times, and targets, ammunition and the services of attendants at the lowest practicable rates, to be fixed by the board of directors; they are entitled to a credit in the purchase of ammunition, targets, etc., to an amount not exceeding $25; and if holding more than one share of stock, they may designate other persons, one for each extra share, who shall be entitled to stockholders' shooting privileges.

Subscribing members, upon payment of an annual fee of $10, are entitled to stockholders' shooting privileges, except that of credit.

All persons using the grounds are subject to the rules of the Association governing the conduct of members and patrons. These rules are designed to insure personal safety and to promote the pleasure of shooters. Thus it is forbidden to fire a gun other than at the score, unless by permission of superintendent; to have in possession a loaded gun except at the score; to interfere with the shooter with intent to "rattle" him; to bet within prescribed portions of the grounds; to use profane or indecent language, etc. Infractions of the rules are punishable by fines. Upon hiring the grounds, or part of them, to any club or association who may wish to shoot under rules of their own, the superintendent may, with the consent of the executive committee, suspend for the time such rules as may conflict with the pleasure of the club occupying the grounds. Regular shoots will be held weekly and tournaments monthly.

The capital stock is $5,000, divided into fifty shares of $100 each.

At the recent meeting held in Jersey City the following officers were elected: Chas. Richards, President; Aug. Schmitt, Vice-President; Chas. M. Hathaway, Treasurer; O. E. Morton, Secretary; Board of Directors—Chas. Richards, Aug. Schmitt, Chas. M. Hathaway, O. E. Morton, Chas. Tatham, Hugh O'Neill, Chas. B. Reynolds, J. P. Dannefelser, David Ellis.

MARKSMAN JOURNU.

THE shooting of the Frenchman Journu has set Englishmen talking at a great rate. He has had things pretty much his own way, and in glory and cash has reaped a big double crop. He went over to London about the middle of June to participate in the events of what English shooters call international week. Since then he has remained in England, shooting every opportunity that offered and making a remarkable record. His success has been the more notable from the fact that he not only defeated the best shots of Great Britain, but he had to meet the best shots of other Continental countries than his own, among these being men from Belgium, Hungary and Spain, besides M. Paul Gervais, a well-known crack shot from Paris. The prizes in the events were worthy of the host, the amount within the possible reach of one gun in any day's event falling but little short of £400 during the international week. In the handicaps the men were placed according to their records. M. Journu's distance was 31yds., and no other man, except Mr. E. B. Cunliffe, was placed so far from the traps, except in the contest for the Gun Club International Cup, when 8 out of 63 subscribers were so placed.

On the first day, a cold, windy one, when the birds—English blue rocks—flew at the best, the shooters gathered at Hurlingham, where M. Journu won the £3 sweepstakes, or £100. The next day, Tuesday, at the Gun Club inclosure, he was again a winner. It was in the £3 sweepstakes, 28yds. rise, for a £25 cup. He killed 12 birds, but Mr. Merwyn Watts having killed as many, the two divided first and second money, amounting to £130, besides the value of the cup.

Wednesday M. Journu dropped out early in every contest, but on Thursday he retrieved himself in the international match for £100 a side, with 25 birds to each man at 30yds. The team of visitors included M. Journu, M. Paul Gervais, M. Aubarre (a Frenchman representing Spain), and Baron Dorlodot (Belgium). The home team included Mr. Merwyn Watts, Mr. Greville Ryan, Mr. E. B. Cunliffe and Mr. Bliss. M. Journu killed 22 out of the 25 birds, while his associates killed 19, 15 and 15, respectively, in all 72. The home team killed 19, 19, 17 and 16; in all 71.

On Friday, in a handicap sweepstakes, M. Journu killed 14 birds before missing, but Mr. Fortesque killed 15 and M. Ophoven, of Belgium, 16, and these two got all the money.

Saturday the events included the Members' Challenge Cup valued at 100 guineas, with £300 for first money; the Gun Club's International Cup, valued at £200, the club's gold medal and £40 for first money; a sweepstakes with a £25 cup and £70 first money, besides two lesser events. M. Journu won the Members' Challenge Cup contest and got third money in the contest for the Gun Club International Contest.

A summary of winnings for the week shows the leaders to have carried off as follows: M. Journu, £532; Mr. E. B. Cunliffe, £340; M. Ophoven, £200; Mr. Merwyn Watts, £277; Capt. Cecil Holder, £270; M. Abaurre, £235.

The success of M. Journu led to a challenge from Capt. Brewer, the American pigeon shot, now in England. They met in the Gun Club inclosure on Wednesday, June 27, and shot at 100 birds each for £100 a side. At the twenty-fifth round, when Capt. Brewer led by three birds, bets were made at 5 to 1 on the American, but M. Journu won by 81 birds to Capt. Brewer's 76.

During the last week of June, on Monday, M. Journu won second money in £3 sweepstakes, 30yds. rise, 25 subscribers, at Hurlingham, killing 11 birds to the winner's 12, and on Tuesday he divided £36 at the Gun Club. On Friday he divided £32 at Hurlingham. On Saturday he had to shoot again for the members' challenge cup at the Gun Club, which he held by virtue of his victory a week before. There was a first prize of £20 only, but four men entering. M. Journu again won. One more victory remained to be won before he would own the cup. Merwyn Watts, who is said to be the best man at the Gun Club, was put forward as the champion of Great Britain, and a match was arranged for £100 a side with 20 birds at 31yds., 20 birds at 33yds., and 20 birds at 35. This was a very cleverly arranged match for the Englishman, because M. Journu had not shown well at distances above 30yds. Mr. Watts won.

Saturday following the Frenchman made his last fight for the Members' Challenge Cup at the Gun Club. It was a £10 sweepstake this time, and there were eleven subscribers. M. Journu won, and thus became permanent owner of the cup, besides pocketing £110. As it requires three straight victories to win this cup the triumph of M. Journu was notable. No one has succeeded in winning this cup since 1885. On the same day M. Journu shared £46 with Mr. Gerard in a £2 handicap sweepstakes, each gunner killing 11 birds.

After his match with Capt. Brewer he was asked if he intended to cross the Atlantic at any time to try shots with other famous American marksmen. He replied emphatically that he did not; he did not see either money or glory in such a trip,

CENTRAL NEW YORK.—In a match shot at Syracuse, N. Y., between Oakly Thorne and Henry Whitney for $200 a side, at 100 king birds, Thorne broke 85, and Whitney 96.—HAMMERLESS.

WORCESTER, Mass., Aug. 17.—At the regular meet this week at Coal Mine Brook Range, the classification series of contests, under the auspices of the Sportsmen's Club, were continued. Clay-pigeons and blackbirds were used. In the classification score there was a possible 30 and in the prize a possible 10. The result in detail follows:

Class A.	Classification.	Prize.
E T Smith	523455—24	1111011111—9
W L Davis	315535—22	1011111111—9
E F Swan	434434—22	1111111011—9
M D Gilman	453425—21	1111110111—9
A R Bowdish	443543—23	1111001111—8
G Sampson	435233—20	0111011011—7
G J Rugg	434243—20	0110101101—6
Class B.		
L R Hudson	415113—15	0110111111—8
A G Larkin	452233—17	1111101001—7
C Crompton	342322—17	1011101011—7
G W Russell	333123—15	1011110010—6
A B Franklin	124323—15	1000100101—4
E S Knowles	331414—16	0110013000—3
C H Morse	201120— 6	1000100010—3

THE BATAVIA GUN CLUB.—Batavia, N. Y., Aug. 16.—A heavy side wind bothered the shooters somewhat. We shot two scores of 10 birds each:

C Warner	1100001101—5	0111111011—8
S Tibbitts	0011010001—4	1100010110—5
C H Heuse	0111010100—5	0100010001—3
W B Corey	0000011000—2	0000100010—2
N H Farnsworth	0001111101—6	0100111001—5
P G Huesner	0100011111—6	1101010111—7
M J Patten	0000011000—2	0101111011—7
J McNish	0001000010—2	0000111101—5
A Wyness	0110110111—7	0101011111—7
W H Sidway	0000000001—1	0101101010—5
H T Booth	0010010011—4	1000010000—2
S T Curtiss	1001110001—5	1000010101—4
W C Harrison		0001010010—3

NEW BEDFORD, Mass., Aug. 11.—This afternoon the Acushnet Gun Club visited the New Bedford Gun Club at its grounds on French avenue, each man shooting first at 10 clays and 10 standards:

New Bedfords.		Acushnets.	
Plummer	1101011100— 6	C A Gray	0100111111—7
	1111111111—10—16		0111101101—7—14
T D Hooper	1100111110— 7	J Spooner	1001000111—5
	1011110111— 8—15		0111110101—7—12
F A Homer	1001011011— 6	C A Gray, Jr.	0001101100—4
	1101010111— 7—13		0111111011—8—12
W C Post	1111000110— 6	H C Kenyon	0110101100—5
	0111111011— 8—14		0101111011—7—12
R W Snow	1001001101— 5	W Durfee	1000010101—4
	1101110101— 7—12		0000100000—1— 5
G R Stetson	0110011111— 7	J G Whalon	1010111110—7
	0001111011— 6—13—83		0101110011—6—13—68

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Aug. 11.—The Davison Gun Club held their second semi-monthly shoot at the Fort Hamilton Avenue Road House, at 3 o'clock P. M. The scores were fair for beginners; 20 blue rocks, 18yds. for 10g. and 16yds. for 12g.:

Capt J O Mattair (16)	1100100110111111011—14
Aug Schmitt (18)	1111111111111111111—20
J Scharff (16)	0011101011010111001—11
Howard Houseman (16)	1111111001111111111—19
David Ellis (18)	1011111111100011101—16
P J Stein (18)	0001101011001100001— 9
B Nolan (16)	0011010110100011111—11
Gus Ziescherug (16)	1000001000110110000— 7
Hugo Hipner (18)	0000000101060101910— 6
Match at 25yds.:	
H Houseman	0001010100010001— 5
Aug Schmitt	0110101101110101111—13
David Ellis	1011010101111111011—15

The occasion was very enjoyable, and the boys begin to feel that they might take a hand among the amateurs. Betting of any description is prohibited in this club.—DAVID ELLIS, Sec'y.

Canoeing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

Canvas Canoes and how to Build Them. By Parker B. Field. Price 50 cents. Canoe and Boat Building. By W. P. Stephens. Price $1.50. The Canoe Aurora. By C. A. Neide. Price $1. Canoe Handling. By C. B. Vaux. Price $1. Canoe and Camera. By T. S. Steele. Price 1.50. Four Months in a Sneakbox. By N. H. Bishop. Price $1.50. Canoe and Camp Cookery. By "Seneca." Price $1.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signal, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and report of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

OFFICERS, 1887-88.

Commodore: R. W. GIBSON, } Albany, N. Y.
Secretary-Treasurer: F. L. MIX, }

Vice-Com.	Rear-Com.	Purser.
Central Div. R. W. Bailey	W. R. Huntington	J. K. Bakewell, 110 Diamond St., Pittsburgh.
Atlantic Div. W. P. Stephens	L. B. Palmer	F. L. Dunnell, 186 Jeroleman St., Brooklyn.
Eastern Div. H. E. Rice, M. D.	Maxton Holmes	H. D. Marsh, Springfield, Mass.
N'thern Div. Robert Tyson	S. S. Robinson	Colin Fraser, Toronto.

Applications for membership must be made to division pursers, accompanied by the recommendation of an active member and the sum of $2.00 for entrance fee and dues for current year ($1.00). Every member attending the general A. C. A. camp shall pay $1.00 for camp expenses. Application sent to the Sec'y-Treas. will be forwarded by him to the proper Division.

Persons residing in the Atlantic Division wishing to become members of the A. C. A., will be furnished with printed forms of application by addressing the Purser.

WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

Commodore—J. R. Bartlett, Fremont, Ohio.
Vice-Commodore—D. H. Crane, Chicago, Ill.
Rear-Commodore—C. J. Stedman, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Secretary-Treasurer—O. H. Root, Cleveland, Ohio.
Executive Committee—G. J. Bousfield, Bay City, Mich.; T. P. Gaddis, Dayton, O.; T. J. Kirkpatrick, Springfield, O.

FIXTURES.

AUGUST.

10-24. A.C.A. Meet, Lake George. —. Springfield, Cup, Lake George

SEPTEMBER.

3. New York Trial Races, 10:30 A. M., 2 P. M.
3. New Jersey A. C., Bergen Point, Paddling Races.
6. Mohican, Gibson Cup, Albany
8. Brooklyn C. C. Regatta.
13. Mohican, Oliver Cup, Albany
15. Ianthe, Newark, Annual.
15. Springfield, Cup, Calla Shasta
20. Mohican, Gibson Badge, Alb'y

OCTOBER.

6. Springfield, Cup, Calla Shasta.

THE A. C. A. MEET, LAKE GEORGE.

THE American Canoe Association has changed and grown in many ways since its birth at Lake George in 1880, but the beautiful lake has not altered. Men may come and go (though death as yet has made few inroads on the A. C. A., time and circumstances have not been so kind, and old faces are missed in greater numbers each year), but the old spot is unchanged; the same grand and majestic hills look down on its inconstant and ever-changing bosom, just as they have since it has been known to man. The increasing popularity of the lake is shown in the added clearings and the new and handsome villas along its shores; but these are trivial details that hardly attract the eye, and the beautiful view is not marred by these advances of civilization. The long ride from Glens Falls in the stage coaches, by which canoeists first reached the lake, is now a thing of the past, and though the commonplace parlor car takes away much of the charm, it is more than compensated by the increased facilities for transporting canoes and camp duffle, formerly carted over the hills.

In the great feature of accessibility, so important in these busy times when vacations are few and short, Lake George is far ahead of last year's camp on Lake Champlain. From New York the canoeist can take the night boat at 6 P.M. or a sleeping car at midnight, by 9.30 A.M. he is at the head of the lake, Caldwell, where the steamer Horicon is waiting beside the track. Canoes and trunks are soon transferred and in another half hour are landed on Long Island. The expense, too, is very moderate, the round fare by boat is $7.70 from New York, to which must be added meals and stateroom both ways, while on the steamer but 25 cents is charged. Canoes and baggage are in most cases carried free. The charges from Boston and Montreal are about the same as from New York.

The camp itself is located on the south end of Long Island five miles from Caldwell and about one mile from each shore. Long Island is about 1¼ miles long and from ⅛ to ¼ mile wide, and is owned by Mr. D. S. Sanford, who has not only allowed the A.C.A. to use it but has done much this year to improve it as a camping ground. Paths have been laid out and graded around the waterfront, and much of the underbrush has been cleared away. While general location is excellent and the surrounding scenery very fine, the camp site does not compare with Grindstone Island or Bow-Arrow Point. The ground is high enough to be dry, but is exceeding rocky, so that it is difficult to travel through camp after dark. The main camp is completely surrounded by thick belts of evergreens, so that the shores and water are completely hidden from the camp, and can only be seen piecemeal through small openings on the water's edge. In order to enjoy the scenery for which the lake is famous, it is necessary to take a canoe and paddle out for a distance. The dense growth of evergreens also serves to keep off the breeze and make the camp very warm.

The main camp is scattered over the entire south end of the island, the Commodore's tent and headquarters being on the east side, while on the small bay which separates Long and South Islands are camped the Vesper B. C. of Lowell, the Deowainsta of Rome, N. Y., the Springfield and others. The many tents are scattered irregularly and none of the clubs have the same compact and well arranged encampments that have sometimes been so prominent.

Immediately to the north a thick wood of oak and hickory begins, in which is the mess-tent and kitchens. The mess is conducted by Mr. Geo. W. Ferris of the Horicon Lodge Hotel, immediately opposite the camp. The charge is $1 per day and the fare is very good. Further along is Squaw Point, in the heart of the wood. The center of the island is occupied by Mr. Sandford's handsome residence and grounds, in front of which the dock is located, the steamers calling here twice each way every day, while a small steamer makes the round of the neighboring landings.

Less than half a mile to the west is the group known as the Canoe Islands—Lorna, Ellard Isle and Betsy's Island, where the meets of 1881 and '82 were held. The log cabin built in 1881 is still in good condition, and bears the names of many canoeists who have called when cruising on the lake.

There is no beach to Long Island; the water runs directly up to the shore, the bank being 2 to 6ft. high. Instead of the ways used at Grindstone, small piers are built along the bank, two or three stout stakes are driven about 18ft. out, a strip is nailed across the top; on this rests four cross pieces, one end of each on the bank, and on them are laid hemlock boards, about 4in. above the water. These piers are quickly and cheaply built, and canoes can be hauled out very conveniently. There are few small tents this year; only one real canoe tent is to be seen, but most of the tents are from 8 to 10ft. square, with good board floors, a bright rug spread within, and more or less comfortable furniture, a cot, chairs, table, etc. Nearly all the men now bring the regular outfit for a permanent camp of ten or twelve days, and few, even the cruisers, are content with such a compact and simple outfit as could be carried on a cruise. This year the energetic head of the Camp Site Commitee, Mr. Foster, has taken entire charge of the piers and tents, with several carpenters and laborers in his employ. He has provided lumber and built floors and piers for all who wish them, at cost price, the Association making no profit. This plan has proved a great convenience to the canoeists.

The camp is marked off by alleged streets, at least by gorgeous signboards supposed to indicate various thoroughfares. That part of the camp honored by the Deowainsta C. C., of Rome, N. Y., glories in an "Appian Way," a "Tarpican Rock," and other classic features, while one little tent perched high on a knoll among the trees is pointed out by a signboard "Peanut Hump; Take the Elevator." Mr. Rushton's work tent is a great convenience, his obliging assistant is always ready and willing to help, and canoes are carried up there every day for repairs or alterations. One particular rocky and uneven patch of ground is used as a ball field for various scratch nines. Few of the clubs are uniformed as was once done, the white flannel shirt and gay tennis blazer and cap are seen everywhere. The Knickerbocker C. C. has a new and very neat yachting cap with the seahorse in gold braid on the front, but most of the clubs make no attempt at uniform.

The camp boasts little that is new in the way of tents and cruising gear. A long experience has shown what is best for the peculiar conditions of the regular A. C. A. camp—a dry and roomy tent, some simple furniture and a trunkful of the ordinary tennis and boating flannels. Nearly all patronize the mess tent, one or two cook for themselves, but there are no large messes, as the Deseronto in '84, the Brooklyn men in '85 and '86, and that presided over by the renowned Billings at Stony Lake in '83. There are in camp some who have cruised to the meet, notably two members of the Keystone C. C., of Philadelphia, and others who will cruise home or about the lake when the meet is over, and all of these have their cruising outfits, but while in camp they live in the mess tent. Those who care to cook find all the supplies they need at the camp store near the wharf.

The first canoeist on the island was Mr. Foster, who came on Aug. 1, and at once set to work on the camp ground, having all in readiness by the date of the opening, Aug. 10. Commodore Gibson and Secretary Mix arrived on that day, and camp was formally opened. Fourteen registered on the same day, including Mr. Walter Stewart, of the Royal C. C., and on the 11th there were forty-two in camp. A large number of the familiar faces are missed, but new men have come in their places; the large clubs have fewer representatives, as a rule, but many more clubs and new localities are represented. No officers of the Northern Division are present thus far, but Vice-Commodores Bailey, Rice and Stephens, Rear-Commodores Huntington and Palmer and Pursers Bakewell, Marsh and Dunnell are in camp.

The weather was clear when camp opened, but Saturday, Sunday and Monday were very rainy, all hands staying under canvas. Service was held on Sunday, as usual. On Tuesday the weather cleared, there were a number of new arrivals, and quite a fleet of canoes was out to try the winds of Lake George. The first campfire was held on Tuesday night. Wednesday passed quietly in the regular camp routine—visiting, tinkering on canoes and sails, sailing and pretending to work. In the evening a hop was held at the Horican Lodge, at which many from camp were present.

Thursday was also fair and warm, and the camp was filled with visitors, but Friday, the day set for the cruise, started in with a thunderstorm about 3 A. M., which ended in a steady pour before breakfast. The long talked-of cruise had been planned and the programme was posted on the bulletin board, but only a few subscribed as ready to start, and most of them declined when the rain began in earnest. Only one member, Mr. French, of Buffalo, entered a camp kit for competition, and the cruise was abandoned, the prize being awarded to him. Thus far the cruising men have not come forward to avail themselves of such opportunities as have been offered. In the afternoon the weather cleared and the night was bright and moonlit. Mr. Vaux, of the regatta committee, arrived, and set to work at once to locate the courses on the west side of the island. At night a large camp-fire was held near the "Tarpican Rock." On Saturday a large number of canoeists came in. There are now in camp Messrs. Gibson, E. M. Barney, Vaux, Rathbun, Mix, Stephens, Stanton, Shedd, Butler, Foster, Brokaw, Whitlock, Palmer, Pierson, Bailey, Warder, Rice, only four of those present, Messrs. Stephens, Rushton, Gardner and Palmer, having been at the first meet in 1880. The builders are well represented, Rushton, Ruggles, Bowditch and Spencer, of Lowell, Mass.

It is too soon yet to speak fully of the canoes and rigs, out a very large proportion are of one type, boats about 16×30, with much deadrise, deeper hulls than Pecowsic, of very light build, few or no bulkheads, small wells, boards in the center of the boat and of great size, some projecting far above the deck. The rigs are mostly of one type, Pecowsic run wild; standing sails of large areas, the mizen very large in proportion and fitted with battens in such a way that when not in use the sail must be kept flat and can only be folded by removing the battens. One luckless wretch was caught on Thursday with wet sails; the battens had swelled so they would not draw out, there was no clear space to lay them out flat, when stepped in the canoe they flapped furiously in the wind and threatened to carry off the whole boat, and when stood against the dripping trees the limbs pushed them into bags in spots. The beauty of Pecowsic's sails was in their small size and the ease with which they could be handled, and as used by Mr. Barney, and on his boat they answered admirably. In copying

them, canoeists have struck only the superficial parts of the rig, and lost sight of the underlying principles. With the general shape of Pecowsic's sails, they have enlarged the masts to 15ft. and over and the booms to 10 and 11ft., while the battens are so placed that the sail cannot fold up. When once afloat, with a steady breeze, and the crew hiking out to windward on his sliding seat, the rig is very fast and effective; not only is reefing impossible, however, but the canoe will not stand up under her sails without the crew on board, so the rig must be unshipped as soon as the boat stops sailing. The canoeist must get out in some way and seize his mainsail, removing it at once and laying it where he can, then looking over the mizen. As it requires a space of at least 10×14ft. for such a sail to lie flat in, the handiness and convenience of such a rig may be readily appreciated. In spite of the disadvantages urged against Mr. Barney's sails, they were certainly neat, simple, effective and very easily stowed and transported; but little can be said in favor of the present monstrosities save that they are a fitting part of a racing machine. There are several good lowering rigs present, but it is too soon yet to say what they will do in the races. Thus far the winds have been very unsatisfactory for a trial.

One of the most interesting boats present is the Charm, designed and sailed by Mr. Walter Stewart, R. C. C., who raced the Pearl in 1886 at Grindstone Island. As is generally known, Pearl was a heavy ballast canoe, very deep and of full model, sailed with the crew below. After trial with the American canoes, Mr. Stewart discarded nearly all of his ballast and tried the deck position with such good results that he adhered to it on his return. In the winter of 1886-7 he designed and had built a new canoe, the Charm, an entire departure from the British canoe, and at the same time unlike any American boats in detail. She is 15ft. 2½in. over all, 30¼in. beam, 5in. draft, 6in. least freeboard, 5in. sheer at bow and 3in. aft. She has the theoretic wave form, the bow being 60 per cent. and the run 40 per cent. of the total length. The midship section shows a V form with considerable deadrise, with a very hard bilge at the waterline, the topsides tumbling in a little. On deck she is very fine forward, with little flare, and very full aft, the appearance being far from pleasing. The centerboard is well forward, weighs 30lbs., and has an area 2.6sq. ft. The drop rudder is long and powerful, with a deck tiller, no footgear being fitted. The first rig tried last year was the Pecowsic, with three sails, but it did not answer in the uneven and squally winds of the Thames and Hendon Lake, so it was replaced by two balance lugs, one of 83ft. and one of 15. The sail area is limited in the R. C. C. to 100ft., not more than 75 per cent. of the total in the mainsail, and with this rig Charm is underspanred for American racing, more especially as she has no spinaker in her outfit here. The hull is planked with 3/16in. Spanish cedar, ribband carvel, with the plank edges smooth lapped as well, a very neat piece of boat building. The bottom is much rockered, being cut up almost to the waterline at each end, from a draft of 5in. amidship. The forefoot is nearly square, with a plum stem and slight rake to sternpost. The keel was shod with ¼in. iron, a weight of 12lbs. or more, but this has been removed since she reached camp. The hull and rig look well afloat, but the boat is not as fast as her rivals, and stands good from all appearances for nothing better than a place about the middle of the fleet in the Trophy race. She has been successful at home, winning the challenge cup of the R. C. C., both this year and last, but from the partial trials here she cannot hold any of the faster boats. Thus far there has not been wind enough at any time to sail over half the course, and it is very doubtful whether the races will be more than flukes.

Pecowsic is not here this season, and Mr. Barney, Sr., has a new canoe, one of the handsomest present. The Ruggles, as she is named in honor of her builder, is 16×30in., built of white California cedar, and is one of the lightest hulls yet built, the weight without fittings being 53lbs. The model is the joint production of the owner and builder, Mr. Barney specifying the leading features, while Mr. Ruggles arranged the details. The midship section savors of Pecowsic, though the boat is larger and abler, but is placed nearly 18in. forward of midships, the idea being to balance the crew properly when seated in the center of the boat, keeping all weights amidships. The lines are very fair and beautiful, but the boat would be faster if the ends were reversed. The sheer is peculiar and not handsome, there is a good deal of crook forward and aft, the deck is nearly straight. The board is of thin brass, the ordinary plate like Pecowsic, near the center of the boat. The fittings are very simple and light, the mizen sheet block being specially neat. It is fitted so as to swing to either side, always making a fair lead for the sheet. The two sails are of the Pecowsic pattern, the third or middle mast tube of the Pecowsic being omitted. Mr. George Barney is here without a canoe, and will not enter in the races.

Another fine specimen of canoe building is the Narka, owned by Vice-Com. Rice, of Springfield, and also built by Mr. Ruggles. She is 16×28, with very fair and easy lines, a beautiful craft both in model and workmanship. She has two mast tubes, a plate board directly in the well, with just room abaft it to sit inside for paddling, and no bulkheads. She will enter in the paddling and combined races, and is certain to make a good showing.

Near the Springfield dock are some very handsome canoes owned by Mr. Butler and several other canoeists from Lowell, Mass. No one has worked harder or made more improvements in his canoes within the last three years than Mr. Butler, and he deserves thoroughly to succeed. The present boats were built by Stevens, of Lowell, under Mr. Butler's direction. They are 16×30in., deep boats with full, round lines, the floor being flat amidships, with good bearings and an easy bilge. When in racing trim, no ballast being carried, they draw but 3 or 3½in., so that the full waterlines are admissible. The whole underbody is somewhat saucer shaped, wide rather than deep, giving some fulcrum for the sails and crew to balance on. The freeboard when in this racing trim is excessive, far more than would seem advisable for windward work, but it has an advantage in that the canoe can be heeled until the sails lie flat on the water, and yet no water will enter the well. They would be handsomer and faster to windward with 2in. less freeboard; but now they are practically non-capsizable. The general form of the bottom is not unlike that of the best Canadian canoes, and is in marked contrast to most of the racers at the meet, with great dead rise. In size and model they would make excellent cruisers, except for the fact that if loaded to a draft of 5in. they would be slow, owing to the fullness of the ends. The wells are of medium size, but the boards fill the greater part of the cockpit. Mr. Butler's board is 3ft. 6in. long. The deck fittings on his boat, the Fly, are all of aluminum, specially designed by him. The best wrinkle is a leader for the mizen sheet. With the old mizen of 15 to 25ft. there was little need of great delicacy of trim, and an eye or block on the sternpost served very well. Now, however, that the mizen has doubled in size and is nearly as large as the mainsail in some cases, it must be trimmed and tended as carefully as the mainsail. A single lead amidship will not do this, as hauling the sail flat must at the same time bring the boom squarely amidships. To avoid this, Mr. Butler has fitted a piece of ½in. tube, 6in. long, near the sternpost, pivoting it at one end so as to swing freely from side to side. Through this tube the mizen sheet is led, in the free end of the tube forward and out the end which is pivoted. When the sheet is hauled in the sail is trimmed flat, but the boom is kept 4 or 5in. from the center line of the canoe, the tube thus acting the same as a traveler on a sailboat. The boats are all ribband carvel built, of 3/16in. Spanish cedar, three strakes to each side, and are very light and strong. The workmanship is excellent, the planking being very fair and regular, with no lumps or hollows. The masts of the Fly are both hollow, four layers of 1/16in. spruce, each wound spirally, the first over a core or mandrel that is afterward removed, leaving the completed mast ¼in. thick, with a 1½in. hole through a 2in. stick. They are strong and light, but will not stand much exposure to water.

On the Lowell dock are two curious canoes; one, that was present last year, has a perfectly flat floor and straight, vertical sides—a scow canoe, while the other is a later development of the same idea, the bottom being rounded into the sides by a turn instead of a square angle where they join.

The two cup winners of the W. C. A. meet, Notus and If, are both present, the first sailed by Vice-Com. Bailey in the same form as when in Com. Gibson's hands last year, no change having been made. It is a large and powerful boat, built by Bowdish & Son from their own designs. She has little deadrise, but a gradual round from the keel up, the bilge being distinctly marked but not hard or angular. The sheer and the breadth on deck are both fair and pleasing, with no special peculiarities. The hull is built on a plan patented by the builders, which we have previously described, the planks are 5/16in. thick, each edge grooved with a thin feather of basswood, about 1/4×5/16 inserted in the grooves. The hull is very strong but heavy, as the makers have not as yet devoted any attention to building very light craft, and their machinery is not fitted to work thinner stuff. All parts of these canoes are got out by special machines, the ribs are bent and then slit so as to make four ribs of exactly the same shape from each piece. The planks are only 1½in. wide, each pair being shaped first from a piece thick enough for two, which is then sawn in half, so that both sides must be exactly the same. The ribs are joined to the keel by small brass pieces specially made for the purpose; similar pieces being used as knees. The rig is an enlargement of the Pecowsic sails, mainsail 50ft. and mizen 38, each with three battens so placed that the sail cannot be rolled or folded up. The mainsail is 10ft. 9in. on luff and 7ft. 5in. on foot; mizen 9ft. 9in. and 6ft. 9in. Though the If has raced as 16ft.x30in., on accurate measurement showed her to be nearly an inch over length, and Mr. Bowdish, who was in camp, spent a morning in altering her to comply with the rules.

A chance measurement of another racer which raced last year at the exact limit of her class showed that she had spread so as to be well outside the limits, a fact not at all surprising, when it is considered that she is a large canoe, quite deep and with a good deal of deadrise, and is built as light as possible, having neither bulkheads nor deck knees to stiffen her, not even mast tubes. Her board is very large and powerful, the trunk does not aid in stiffening the hull, while she carries a mainsail of 73ft. and a mizen of 38. When sailed hard she spreads to an unknown beam, and even when lying ashore she showed more beam than she had last year. In order to enter her the owner was obliged to squeeze the sides together by boring holes through the upper streak, in which strong brass hooks were screwed; a rope strap was stretched over the hooks and twisted with a stick until the sides were squeezed in. Two of these improvised clamps served to reduce the beam to the requisite limits. The If is noticeable for having a deep fishtail rudder of mahogany, nearly every other racing boat having metal drop rudders.

A very neat and effective pump has been devised by Mr. E. H. Barney for his new canoe. The foot valve is placed in a small brass casting on the keelson, just abaft the trunk, being pivoted so as to swing from side to side athwartship. The pump barrel is a brass tube, long enough to reach over the coaming, with a brass rod and valve for a plunger. The barrel may be screwed into the foot valve, being quickly put in place or removed, and when in use it may be swung to either side, so as to be always within reach when sitting to windward. A very few strokes suffice to throw out the water that is apt to be shipped at times in rough seas.

There are many other canoes and rigs in camp that deserve notice, but they are not yet in sailing trim and ready for inspection. The racing craft as a rule are more of the machine order than ever before, in model, rig and fittings, and the line between the racer and cruiser seems pretty clearly defined. It is evident to many that the present development of the sailing racer has already produced the "hiker canoe," and that another season or two of the same progress will either kill racing entirely so far as the average amateur sailor is concerned, or work its own cure by making necessary some strict regulations which shall preserve a certain number of races to the legitimate canoe. The paddling races too are threatened with an invasion which must drive out any man who is only a good cruising paddler. The latest star among the paddling racers, not a member of the A. C. A. however, uses a 14ft. double blade, standing in his canoe, and it is reported that as long as the balance can be maintained the speed is far greater than in the ordinary sitting position.

In spite of all this and the fact that the proposed cruise was a failure, the cruiser seems to grow and prosper, and this year he is present in goodly numbers, and with some excellent canoes. True, he does not always bring his canoe outfit to the meet, preferring a larger tent and meals at the mess tent, but there are many well known cruisers present, and plenty of cruising talk.

On Saturday evening a number of old canoeists reached camp, ex-Com. Edwards, of Peterboro, Leys and Johnson, of Toronto, ex-Com. Nickerson and Mr. Geo. M. Barney, of Springfield, with others of their club, Mr. Rushton, Mr. Chas. F. Gardner and his wife, and Messrs. Burchard and Nadal of New York. On Saturday Dr. and Mrs. Neidé spent the day in camp. Dr. Gardner will be remembered by the older members as one of the original founders of the A. C. A., and he has with him now the large canoe Iris that he used in 1881.

On Saturday night the first large camp-fire was lighted in the center of the main camp, there being upward of 300 seated around. The evening was passed pleasantly with songs and stories, the male quartette of the Deowinsta C. C. furnishing some very fine music. The night was delightfully clear, a blue sky with the bright moonlight dimming the red glow of the huge fire, and it was nearly midnight before the charmed circle was broken. Sunday proved one of the finest days the meet has yet been favored with, clear and warm, yet with a breeze all day. For almost the first time no service was held in camp, the only minister present being called away for the day.

BATH, Me., Aug. 15.—The interest in canoeing is steadily on the increase at Bath. The number of canoes afloat has increased from eight in 1887 to nearly thirty at the present time. The Star C. C. was recently organized with ten canoes in commission and the following officers were elected for one year: Captain, W. B. Potter; Mate, H. O. Stinson; Secretary and Treasurer, H. H. Donnell; Steward, C. B. Coombs. The Kennebec River and vicinity offers splendid water for cruises, either long or short, and canoeists here are not slow to take advantage of them. Most of the canoes in use at the present are canvas, about 13×36, but we are gradually grasping the idea that a wooden canoe a little longer and with a trifle less beam would be more suitable for general purposes, and the indications are that another season will see a great revolution in designs, sails, etc.—Sec.

Yachting.

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FIXTURES.

AUGUST.

24. Cedar Point Pennant.
25. R. C. Y. C. Lansdowne Cup.
25. Savin Hill, Club.
25. West Lynn, Ladies' Race.
25. Beverly, Marblehead.
25-Sept. 8. Quaker City Cruise to New London.
27. Rhode Island, Open.
27. Quincy, 3d Cham.
28. Dorchester Club.
29. Bay View Club.
29. Great Head Club.
29. Monatiquot, Open Sweep.

SEPTEMBER.

1. Beverly, Open, Mon. Beach.
1. Toronto, all classes.
1. Cape Ann, Gloucester Cup.
1. Savin Hill, Open.
1. Hull, Hull Open Race.
1. Larchmont Fall.
3. Brooklyn Annual, New York
3. Pavonia Union Regatta.
3. Newark Fall.
3. South Boston Open.
3. Cor. Marblehead Cham.
3. Cape Ann Cruise.
5. Pleon, Sail Off.
8. Beverly, Marblehead Cham.
8. Cor. Marblehead, Sail Off.
8. West Lynn, Sweepstakes.
8. Hull Cham. Sail-Off.
8. Quincy Sail-off.
10. Harlem Fall.
12. Great Head Club.
12. Pleon, Sweepstakes.
15. Toronto, 4th Class.
15. Buffalo Club.
15. Beverly, Mon. Beach, Open Sweep.
15. Dorchester Club.
15. Savin Rill, Club.
18. Chelsea, Dorchester Bay.
20. Savin Hill, Moonlight Sail.
—. Miramichi, Cup, Final.
22. West Lynn, Cham. Sail-off.
25. Cedar Point Pennant.
29. Quaker City Cruise, Review.
29. Toronto, 2d and 3d Classes.

POINTS OF THE N. Y. Y. C. CRUISE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The recent cruise of the New York Y. C. has brought out the following principal points:

First—For the first time the new deep sloop Katrina met a vessel of her class in the 70ft. cutter Bedouin. They raced five times during the cruise. Four times in succession the Bedouin won, and the fifth race for the Fearing and Vanderbilt prizes, off Newport, turned out a fizzle, owing to the fluky nature of the wind, the leaders getting away full five miles before the rest worked into the same wind. These trials have shown that Katrina is a very fine craft, a vast improvement upon the orthodox style of American sloops. But the trials also demonstrated that a good cutter can always be built to equal anything in the centerboard line. These tests are fraught with just as much weight as the international races, and every time the latter are cited as proof in favor of the board, the performance of the Bedouin can be quoted to just the contrary. In short, speed does not depend upon type *per se*, but upon the individual excellence of each design apart from the type selected.

Second—The cutter Pappoose beat the new deep Burgess sloop Nymph as often as they met. In the heavy weather match from New Bedford to Newport she sailed the sloop out of sight, though the latter is several feet longer.

Third—In the Vineyard Sound race, in strong weather, the keel schooners Alert and Miranda beat the whole centerboard fleet of cracks, such as Sea Fox and Grayling, with the exception of the Sachem, this schooner beating the keels by about one minute. Considering that the Alert is new, her canvas not stretched and her picked-up crew scarcely knowing the ropes, and also that Miranda is twelve years old, of very strong build and with some of her ballast inside, it is fair to infer that both Alert and Miranda, when tuned up to the same pitch as Sachem, would give her the slip in a breeze and sea.

Fourth—On the run from New Bedford to Newport, the Grayling struck in 15ft. of water owing to the deep draft of centerboard vessels. She lost the day's race, lost the chance to race for the Newport cups Aug. 19, and lost several hundred dollars for repairs. A keel craft would have gone clear. Reports did not say that Grayling sprang a-leak, but it is likely she did. The light draft of centerboards is frequently a delusion.

Fifth—If the cruise was not very eventful, it seemed to remove some of the lingering prejudices against cutters and keels generally. Alert, Bedouin and Pappoose have made a host of new converts, while the deep centerboard schooner Marguerite and the sloop Nymph, through their comparative failure, have also helped along the good cause. X.

CORINTHIAN Y. C., MARBLEHEAD, AUG. 18.

THE races open to all New England clubs were sailed in a nice northwest wind and smooth water. Course for first and second class, 10 miles; for the rest 6 miles. The cutter Saracen showed best to windward among the big ones, and in second class the cutter Brenda won without resort to spinaker or topsail. The Cape centerboarder Mucilage, despite her sticky name, beat a very fast lot and was the surprise of the day.

SPECIAL CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Magic, E. C. Neal	31.02	3 10 58	2 31 07
Ramona, W. C. Bray	33.08	3 11 32	2 33 44
Albatross, John J. Henry	34.00	3 17 28	2 40 02

FIRST CLASS KEELS.

Saracen, W. P. Fowle	30.10	1 51 20	1 24 18
Elf, W. H. Wilkinson	29.02	1 56 08	1 28 11
Mignon, Horatio Babson	28.10	1 58 18	1 30 03
Prince Karl, E. L. Williams	29.01	2 05 38	1 37 37
Trudette, L. M. Haskins	27.08	2 12 50	1 41 15
Beetle, M. Pierce	30.07	2 09 02	1 42 18
Agnes, W. E. Cumming	26.00	2 15 55	1 44 55
Vanitas, F. A. Floyd	25.00	2 21 38	1 49 34

FIRST CLASS CENTERBOARDS.

Mucilage, C. C. Hanley	26.00	1 53 39	1 22 39
Moondyne, Shaw Bros	25.00	1 57 10	1 25 06
White Fawn, W. C. Cherrington	25.01	1 59 15	1 27 17
Atalanta, I. R. Thomas	27.09	1 57 37	1 28 26

SECOND CLASS KEELS.

Brenda, Everett Paine	23.08	2 04 44	1 31 09
Marguerite, F. Skinner, Jr	24.03	2 05 17	1 32 22
Swordfish, J. B. Paine	24.04	2 05 15	1 33 26
Beck, F. S. Eaton	23.06	2 07 29	1 34 42
Judith, W. B. Pigeon	23.04	2 08 45	1 34 46
Kitty, E. H. Tarbell	23.04	2 12 01	1 38 02
Carmita, F. C. Peabody	21.02	2 16 05	1 39 17
Echo, E. L. Burwell	24.08	2 22 52	1 50 26
Halcyon, Jas. R. Hooper	21.03	2 31 08	1 54 29
Witch, B. B. Crowninshield		2 08 58	. . . .

SECOND CLASS CENTERBOARDS.

Black Cloud, Aaron Brown	23.10	2 01 39	1 28 16
Good Luck, J. B. Farrell	22.00	2 07 23	1 31 44
Sea Bird, C. L. Joy	22.08	2 07 00	1 32 12
Sprite, Sears Bros	22.06	2 09 17	1 34 16
Expert, L. Whitcomb	23.02	2 09 04	1 34 53
Mavis, Smothers & Brooks	21.00	2 16 08	1 39 09
Nora, E. P. Boynton	21.01	2 16 26	1 39 34

THIRD CLASS CENTERBOARDS.

Coyote, Walter Abbot	20.02	1 06 09	0 43 15
Tom Cat, C. H. Lockhart	19.00	1 07 22	0 43 24
Tarantula, J. S. Poyen	20.09	1 08 02	0 45 38
Zoe, McField	18.01	1 10 34	0 45 42
Climax, W. S. Tucker	18.06	1 13 06	0 48 39
Farmer, S. Elwell	20.06	1 11 30	0 48 53
Pixy, F. W. Chandler	20.09	1 11 51	0 49 27
Holden, Gordon Dexter	20.11	1 16 38	0 54 22
Greta, G. S. Allen	19.11	1 25 05	1 01 58
Nerena, Robt. Saltonstall	20.11	Disabled.	

FOURTH CLASS KEELS.

Vesper, Rufus Benner	19.02	1 16 21	0 48 40
Mosca, C. H. W. Foster	19.10	1 12 43	0 49 38
Vaga, H. W. Friend	18.10	1 14 49	0 50 42
Flying Yankee, Sawyer & Rich	19.01	1 17 08	0 53 15
Grace, M. W. G. Remon	18.10	1 17 25	0 53 18
Kathleen, R. S. Peabody	20.06	1 16 40	0 54 03
Sachem, R. A. Floyd	20.03	1 17 19	0 54 29
Thais, D. C. Percival, Jr	19.05	1 29 42	1 06 08
Wraith, Benson Bros	19.02	Withdrawn.	

FIFTH CLASS CENTERBOARDS.

Alpine, W. T. Tavo	16.02	1 10 24	0 49 25
Mirage, John Dearborn	17.05	1 17 30	0 51 57
Dolphin, Royal Robbins	17.02	1 23 49	0 58 00
Olin, H. A. Mower	17.02	1 24 48	0 58 59
Nonpareil, E. Lanning	16.11	1 27 35	1 01 30
Spark, William Crawley	16.11	1 28 39	1 02 34
Isabel, Davis & Hodsdon	16.03	1 30 11	1 03 37

The winners, the summaries show, are Magic, first special, $60; Ramona, second special, $20. Saracen and Elf, first and second in first class keels, $25 and $15, respectively. Mucilage and Moondyne, first and second in first class centerboards, $25 and $15, respectively. Brenda and Marguerite, first and second in second class keels, $25 and $15, respectively. Black Cloud and Good Luck, first and second in second class centerboards, $25 and $15, respectively; Coyote and Tom Cat, first and second in third class, $20 and $15; Vesper and Mosca, first and second in fourth class, $20 and $15; Alpine and Mirage, first and second in fifth class, $15 and $10. The judges were Messrs. W. W. Whitcomb, George Coffin, Isaac B. Mills, Jr., J. E. Hodgkins and Clarence Murphy.

NEWBURYPORT Y. C., Aug 14.—Courses for first class 15 miles, second 12 miles, third 8 miles. Strong wind from west. Reefs and oilskins throughout the fleet. Puzzler ran foul of the sloop Addie, Black Cloud carried away bowsprit, Mee Too capsized, Torment fouled the Addie's boom and was ruled out. Wind lighter toward finish.

FIRST CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Mignon, H. Babson	27.07	2 44 12	2 44 12
Hazard, Pierce & Moody	22.10	2 56 47	2 49 00

Torment and Black Cloud withdrew.

SECOND CLASS.

Climax, W. E. Tucker	17.13	2 37 01	2 31 06
Fair Play, M. E. Priest	18.06	2 46 50	2 42 44
White Cloud, Rodigrass	19.10	2 31 24	2 29 00
Budge, Paul J. Lowell	19.03	2 35 27	2 32 00
Thorn, W. Pitchforth	18.05	2 48 08	2 43 52

Ize, Puzzler, Maud, Dolphin, Clio and Kid withdrew.

THIRD CLASS.

Alpine, W. P. Tarr	15.06	1 38 06	1 36 00
Elf, Bailey & Brown	16.10	1 59 14	1 59 14
Pert, H. L. Cowden	17.03	1 40 05	1 40 05

Seekum, Stella and Gem withdrew. Mee Too capsized.

The judges were James H. Higgins, E. T. Choate, Amos H. Geary, Elisha P. Pride and William V. Hewlett.

CAPE COD Y. C., Aug. 18.—Open to all yachts in Barnstable county. Wind fell away toward close of race. Triangular course, 6 miles for first class, 5 for rest:

FIRST CLASS.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Wave Crest, E. L. Young	1 32 45	1 07 38
Madge, J. Cummings	1 31 00	1 08 51
Percy Allen, F. S. Allen	1 31 46	1 08 52
Penimasset, Crosby	1 49 58	1 19 13
Carrie L., George Clark	1 57 07	1 20 27

No Name, Fawn, Mystery, Fannie and Stanly, did not finish.

SECOND CLASS.

Mischief, E. Snow	1 34 42	1 17 25
Prince, P. Doane	1 41 41	1 19 03
Susan, Ryder	1 57 39	1 24 45
Tempest, E. Smith	1 51 29	1 20 31
Sachem, Hurd	1 04 42	1 31 55

Una and Rob Roy did not finish.

MONATIQUOT Y. C.—Weymouth, Mass., Aug. 18.—Course five miles; wind steady, southwest.

FIRST CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Posy, R. G. Hunt	22.03	1 37 20	1 05 32
Folly	26.08	Protested.	
Secret	22.03	Protested.	

SECOND CLASS.

Tartar, J. B. Forsyth	19.06	1 31 15	1 03 48
Rocket, H. M. Faxon	16.02	1 25 39	1 04 12
Elf, W. P. Barker	19.10	1 33 57	1 06 53
Guenn, Perry Lawton	17.00	1 41 00	1 10 40
Hester, P. R. Blackmur	19.11	1 39 14	1 12 16
Maud, H. A. Nash	19.02	1 44 03	1 16 17

JIB AND MAINSAIL.

Diadem, L. Hayward	18.02	1 29 42	1 00 27

NEW YORK Y. C. CRUISE.

AFTER the racing in Vineyard Sound the fleet got under way for a run to New Bedford, Aug. 15, in a fine southwesterly wind and some sea, giving the squadron a nice thrash to the westward through the Sound and a long board to the Sow and Pigs lightship, after which they squared away for New Bedford, Mayflower was disqualified because she rounded the buoy instead of the Sow and Pigs lightship, but explained the action by the breaking of a turnbuckle on her bobstay, necessitating squaring away too soon. The sloop Fanny, of the old type, found the wind too much for her and ran to leeward, being out of it altogether. The cutter Bedouin did great work in the sea, soaking out on Katrina's weather fast, but subsequently losing some of her lead in the run up to harbor, which is not to be wondered at, as it was discovered later on that she had been towing a huge lobster pot which had hooked the copper near the keel. The sloop Pocahontas, another light draft centerboard, was beaten by nearly 50m. The keel schooner class was devoid of interest, neither Alert nor Miranda being present. The centerboard schooners made very close racing, being within 2m. of one another over a 45-mile course. The cutter Pappoose easily outsailed the Nymph.

FIRST CLASS SCHOONERS.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Ramona	10 04 30	3 40 45	5 36 15	5 36 15
Palmer	10 23 00	3 54 04	5 31 04	5 31 59
Intrepid	10 02 56	3 42 42	5 39 46	5 37 21
THIRD CLASS SCHOONERS.				
Grayling	10 00 56	3 03 07	5 02 11	4 58 38
Sea Fox	10 01 21	3 02 18	5 00 57	5 00 57
Sachem	10 02 15	3 03 09	5 00 54	4 59 27
FOURTH CLASS SCHOONERS.				
Iroquois	10 02 21	3 28 16	5 25 54	5 25 54
Halcyon	10 02 09	Did not sail the course.		
FIFTH CLASS SCHOONERS.				
Lydia	10 00 59	5 09 23	7 08 24	. . . .
Clio	10 01 21	4 07 14	6 05 53	. . . .
Harbinger	10 00 38	Did not sail the course.		
FIRST CLASS SLOOPS.				
Puritan	10 00 35	3 03 40	5 02 05	4 59 26
Mayflower	10 02 19	Did not sail the course.		
THIRD CLASS SLOOPS.				
Pocahontas	10 02 52	3 56 20	5 53 28	. . . .
Katrina	10 07 00	3 14 37	5 07 37	5 07 37
Bedouin	10 05 24	3 13 13	5 07 49	5 06 13
Fanny	10 11 27	Did not sail the course.		
FOURTH CLASS SLOOPS.				
Hildegarde	10 10 12	4 06 20	5 56 18	5 56 18
FIFTH CLASS SLOOPS.				
Athlon	10 04 00	4 48 52	6 44 52	6 44 52
Bertie	10 01 16	4 35 10	6 33 54	6 28 43
Cinderella	10 01 31	4 39 56	6 38 25	6 37 39
Concord	10 04 12	Did not sail the course.		
SIXTH CLASS SLOOPS.				
Nymph	10 03 53	Did not sail the course.		
Pappoose	10 04 30	5 07 31	7 03 01	. . . .

The squadron remained in New Bedford Thursday, devoting the time to races for gigs and cutters. Friday, Aug. 17, all hands got underway for the run to Newport. It was blowing smart from southwest again and quite a jump was pitching in from the sea. The schooners housed topmasts and some of them reefed down. The big compromises Puritan and Mayflower reefed down as did all the smaller craft, excepting the cutter Bedouin. The narrow boats proved to be the best sail carriers, both Bedouin and Miranda being the first to show working topsails. The performance of the Miranda in outcarrying the broad centerboards elicited much comment, even the Boston *Herald* forgetting itself so far as to say a good word and do the imported schooner justice. Grayling was making a close thing of it with Sachem, until she struck in 16ft. of water, broke up her board, slid to leeward and lost her excellent chance to score against the Boston boat. This "accident" to the Grayling is a possible argument against the deep draft of centerboard yachts in normal sailing condition. A keel yacht would have gone clear and could have hugged the shore closer in smoother water. Mayflower easily outsailed the Puritan and Bedouin only beat Katrina by a small margin of seconds, thanks to the lobster pot which was not discovered until her keel had been "swept" after arrival. The cutter Pappoose sailed the new sloop Nymph out of sight.

FIRST CLASS SCHOONERS.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Palmer	10 23 52	3 14 18	4 50 26	4 47 37
Intrepid	10 22 13	3 20 24	4 58 11	4 53 37
Dauntless	10 22 13	3 42 25	5 20 12	5 20 12
Ramona	10 31 29	4 35 22	6 03 53	6 03 04
THIRD CLASS SCHOONERS.				
Sachem	10 23 05	3 03 08	4 43 08	4 43 18
Miranda	10 33 17	3 26 20	4 53 03	4 51 11
Grayling	10 21 07	Did not finish.		
FOURTH CLASS SCHOONERS.				
Iroquois	10 24 20	3 34 35	5 10 15	5 10 15
FIFTH CLASS SCHOONERS.				
Clio	10 22 20	Not timed.		
Lydia	10 21 15	Not timed.		
FIRST CLASS SLOOPS.				
Mayflower	10 23 17	2 30 04	4 06 47	4 06 47
Puritan	10 21 12	3 03 48	4 42 36	4 40 40
THIRD CLASS SLOOPS.				
Bedouin	10 25 45	3 12 26	4 46 41	4 45 32
Katrina	10 23 55	3 10 55	4 47 00	4 47 00
FOURTH CLASS SLOOPS.				
Hildegarde	10 21 45	3 59 54	5 34 09	5 38 09
FIFTH CLASS SLOOPS.				
Bertie	10 22 29	4 07 19	5 44 50	5 41 03
Cinderella	10 24 30	4 27 44	6 03 14	6 02 40
Athlon	10 22 29	Not timed.		
Active	10 32 58	Not timed.		
SIXTH CLASS SLOOPS.				
Pappoose	10 25 29	4 41 22	6 15 53	. . . .
Nymph	10 27 05	. . . .	. . . .	. . . .
Kelpie	10 35 00	. . . .	. . . .	. . . .

The winners in the several classes are as follows: First class sloops, Mayflower, which beat the Puritan 33m. 53s. corrected time; first class schooners, Palmer; third class schooners, Sachem; third class sloops, Bedouin, which beat the Katrina in corrected time 1m. 28s.

The fleet lay in Newport Harbor Saturday and Sunday, and on Monday, Aug. 20, mustered in fair strength for the race for cups presented by the citizens. The course was 15 miles and return from Brenton's Reef. The wind was fluky, interspersed with calms, and the race was a failure on that account. At one time the leaders had drifted 5 miles ahead of the rest and only the Volunteer finished within the eight hour limit. The summary of the race is as follows:

FIRST CLASS SCHOONERS.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Dauntless	11 54 38	8 47 05	8 52 27	8 52 27
Alarm	11 56 38	Not timed.		
Intrepid	11 56 37	Not timed.		
Palmer	11 56 45	Did not finish.		
Miranda	Handicap.	Not timed.		
SECOND CLASS SCHOONERS.				
Iroquois	11 58 13	Did not finish.		
Halcyon	Handicap.	Not timed.		
Sachem	Handicap.	9 09 22	9 09 22	. . . .
THIRD CLASS SCHOONERS.				
Lydia	Randicap.	Not timed.		
FIRST CLASS SLOOPS.				
Puritan	11 52 21	Did not finish.		
Volunteer	11 56 04	6 38 45	6 42 41	. . . .
SECOND CLASS SLOOPS.				
Fanny	11 54 27	8 28 52	8 33 25	8 25 26
Bedouin	11 56 17	Did not finish.		
Katrina	11 58 13	8 28 11	8 29 58	8 29 58
THIRD CLASS SLOOPS.				
Hildegarde	11 55 42	9 28 42	9 33 00	. . . .
FOURTH CLASS SLOOPS.				

Athlon, Cinderella and Gaviota were handicapped and not timed.

FIFTH CLASS SLOOPS.

Peri, Pappoose and Mabel Swift were handicapped and not timed.

N. B.—Handicap time was 12:00:00.

Although the cruise was not eventful and apparently excited but little interest outside of the owners of the racing yachts, it served as a good school of observation, and that some sound lessons were learned is shown by the following from the Boston *Herald*, which also exhibits the gradual conversion to the new order of things:

"In the sloop Katrina, Mr. A. Cary Smith has turned out a fine craft, and one capable of making a good performance with any yacht of her class in the country. Her chances are best with the Bedouin in moderate winds and fairly smooth water, and where she can carry all sail. The races of the Bedouin and Katrina have been remarkably close, and the question between them is narrowed down to the type, compromise cutter vs. compromise sloop. The Bedouin is Mr. John Harvey's production, now practically an old style of cutter, while the Katrina is supposed to be the best and latest type of compromise sloop. She has certainly fine form and an excellent sail plan, though the set of her sails is not yet perfect. It is a question if she can be improved much in form. This cannot be said of the Bedouin. There are many places in which she can be touched up, especially her after-body, all of which will make her go faster. Her sails are old, stretched out of shape some after two years of hard racing, and to-day she is not in her best form. Allowance should be made on account of her handling, for certainly she has an advantage in her expert skipper. The Bedouin's poorest point of sailing is reaching. Capt. Pittuck admits this. In fact, he told the writer that the topmast had to be buckled aft to get the best out of her on a reach. The performance of the Bedouin against the Katrina is certainly evidence for the cutter advocates to work upon, and if the Bedouin can be improved upon, as she certainly can, why is this not a point in their favor? There are now many who believe that a properly designed compromise keel sloop is the equal of a centerboard, or else why should the Bedouin hold the centerboard sloop Katrina so well by the wind, and the Pappoose beat the Shadow to windward?

"In the keel schooners of the third class, the new schooner Alert of Boston has jumped suddenly to the front. She has fairly outsailed the Miranda, allowing at the same time that the Miranda is a very fast keel schooner yacht. The Alert during the cruise was nearly in her worst public form. With a small cruising spread of canvas, which was baggy and set badly, with no light sails and off from racing form, she made a record which has placed her at the first place in the keel schooners of her class. She has the stiffness of the Gitana, but more speed, and when the conditions are the worst for other yachts, they are best for her. She can be greatly improved, and with a racing rig she would be a close match for the Sachem, and over a triangular course, with plenty of wind and a racing suit of sails, she would not be much behind the celebrated Burgess schooner at the finish. The performance of the Alert is a black eye for the advocates that 'as little surface friction as possible' is the proper thing for a well formed yacht. The Alert has immense surface friction, and her form gives her great power, which enables her to carry an immense sail spread without putting lee rails under. When the Alert puts her lee rails under her competitors will be hove to. There is some talk of fitting out the Alert as a racer."

The above quotation is all the more creditable, because the *Herald* has hitherto found it very hard to concede justice to anything having even a very distant relation to John Bull. The expressions to which the *Herald* gives vent are in line with the ideas and terms originating in these columns. Neither Mr. Harvey nor other good judges who understand the meaning of Bedouin's fine run will be likely to pad her out, the *Herald's* criticism being based upon familiarity with only one method of effecting good clearance, the method adopted in broad, shoal boats. The reverse curve noted in Bedouin's run is due to the long overhang and clean quarters and is chiefly above water. It is proper in a deep craft, and any padding would effect the opposite of what the *Herald* supposes. The chief count againt Bedouin is her extra strong construction of wood, which is heavy compared to the modern steel skeletons, but she will outlast the light steel racers many years.

A CRUISE UPON THE GREAT LAKES.

CLEVELAND HARBOR is not pretty nor pleasant, though the parks and drives along the water front of the city are picturesque. It would make a downcast skipper turn his quid and whistle to see the artificial havens along the shores of the Great Lakes. The general plan is a series of long parallel piers extending out in the most advantageous direction, cribwork filled with earth, stones, logs and slabs, according to cheapness, quantity or location. Enormous piers 10 or 12ft. above water and covered by acres of sawed lumber, piled 12 to 20ft. high, are seen projecting out and defying the gales and boisterous seas of Huron and Michigan, while inside of them lay vessels as quiet as if upon a millpond. Some of these piers have lighthouses upon their sea ends others have to be satisfied with cribwork and breakwaters marking the edges and points of shoal water. I was astonished to find piers at some Huron ports made entirely of unseasoned narrow edgings of boards and planks, with no foundation of earth or stone above water, but the edgings simply piled in shoal water, one upon another until the structure was of sufficient height. Into the long reaches between the piers flows the sewage of the city and the numerous tugs necessary to move the sailing vessels within the docks churn up the infusion of filth in a lively way and raise a stench like that of the Augean stables. It was so loud at Cleveland the hot August night I took the steamer for Detroit that I was forced to leave the side of the craft; and it clung to us until we were out in the lake beyond the outer lights. The wind blew us sailing yacht in and out of such nastiness, but Cleveland is a great city, and the smaller wooden harbors further north have larger rivers in proportion to their size to dilute and wash away the opprobrium of civilization.

The long lanes of water are like canals. The commotion made by a moderate breeze, or the movements of a screw or wheel, set the water dancing up and down the piers and racing along the cribs in a manner distressing to every small craft around. Up and down, in and out, forward and back, I saw fishing and pleasure craft tugging at their bonds, while the crew would stand with boat hooks and prod frantically at logs and push mightily against the piles and jagged ends of edgings to save their egg-shells from crushing. More than the Coot in the Delaware was the occasional struggle for safety, but strong muscles and good judgment saved the brave boatmen.

Security can be found away up the water lanes where the seas do not reach, the steamers rarely go, and the waves are quieted by sawdust and other debris of mills that shoot their refuse upon the tide. Another nice place for a glossy black skimming dish or a milkwhite cutter to lie quietly, while her vacationists are surveying the flat lands, stunted pines and paintless cabins of shanty town, or rambling through the pretentious town or city beyond the dock neighborhood.

Open roadsteads and these harbors are what one must depend upon for the most part in yachting upon Huron and Michigan, and these are few and far between. I do not wonder that cutters are in demand, for one who leaves a port must make up his mind to stay out all night or shorten his log line.

The winds rise upon these lakes in a mysterious way. A faint zephyr grows to be a strong breeze or a moderate gale in a short time. At the straits of Mackinaw the wind blows southwest or northeast every day, and the procession of schooners are either running with free sheets and a flowing sail, or are battling against head seas with sheets trimmed flat down. And such seas! It is a mooted question whether there is any difference between lake seas and ocean seas, fresh or salt. I think there is. The specific gravity is less than that of the ocean, and it is easier and more quickly raised by the wind. There is no trusting to a summer sea, as along the Atlantic. If you run off shore half an hour, the breeze may strengthen and raise such a chop as you would perhaps be half a day getting back. Upon the Atlantic it takes more time to raise the white caps. The Mackinaw boats have it rough enough, are built especially for short choppy seas, are light and shapely and not over-canvassed. Wonderful stories are told about them of desperate trips in living gales of wind, but they have been reaching and running, not windward work. I was not impressed with their windward qualities as compared with salt-water craft. I was on a good-sized steamer from Marquette to the "Soo" in a strong northern gale, with a heavy broadside sea. I was the only passenger who was not sea-sick before turning-in time, half the crew were *hors de combat*, and I began to feel a little uncomfortable after my evening cigar. The seas were high, short, quick and spiteful. Take a basin of water and shake it rapidly sideways and you have a good imitation of the turbulent surface. The seas were all alike, too. No series of threes and then a smooth time for recovery of equilibrium, but a push and a thump against the side, increasing in strength all night, and I was glad to see land around when I crawled out next morning. "Pretty heavy gale," said I to the captain. "Oh, this is not much of a gale," said he. "Rather a nasty sea, though," I ventured to say. "No, the usual thing this time of year." "It seems to me the seas are shorter and quicker than upon the Atlantic." "I guess not; I went to sea upon the North Atlantic for eight years, and I don't see any difference." So it goes; I shall hold to my opinion.

There are many craft to be seen upon the lakes and rivers. One is constantly meeting the long, deep, clumsy coal or ore-laden schooners, three, four or five strung together with hawsers and towed by a tug or ore steamer, using sails in favorable winds, and sometimes cutting loose intentionally from the tow or breaking away in a strong gale and working into a harbor or going upon a lee shore. Some of them are shapely and built with due regard to safety and speed; others are queer and ancient in appearance. Seventy to eighty of them pass through the Government Lock at the Sault Ste. Marie every twenty-four hours, and it is a fine place to study them and their crews.

One sees passenger and freight steamers very frequently along shore, and they furnish entertainment and excitement through the various members of the human species *en voyage*. Man will turn from the prettiest scenery of the Hudson or the Rhine to study an old woman in fustian or a child toddling about the deck.

I had hoped to see yachts in great numbers and of all types flitting over the inland seas, but was disappointed. Only one was seen under sail during the month following Aug. 15, while I visited Cleveland, Detroit, St. Clair, Huron, the shore of the southern peninsula of Michigan from Harrisville around to Petosky, St. Ignace, Mackinac Island, Sault Ste. Marie and Marquette. One small sloop, flying yacht colors, was seen in tow of a tug going up the canal of St. Clair Flats, the crew cuddled under a tarpaulin over the cockpit to keep out of the rain that was falling heavily. I envied them even this. The sloop yacht Jennie June was seen tied up at the dock at Mackinac Island. She cruised from Detroit to Mackinac, and down to Petosky and back again, with Corinthian sailors, and I do not believe they would hazard the trip again. They had some hardships and were in great peril several times, and nearly foundered in Thunder Bay. The report of their cruise in a Detroit journal confirmed my opinion of the dire necessity of cutters upon the lakes; showed up the danger of the long distances between ports, the miserable harbors for yachts and the character of winds and seas, and made me thrill with sympathy and admiration for fresh-water yachtsmen.

One steam yacht visited Mackinac Island a few days and she was the only one seen underway. Where were they all? Tied up or at anchor near their club houses in the cities, and there they remained the greater part of their time. A regatta starts them out for a day or two, and then down goes the anchor to rust in the mud, while their owners do lots of cruising in the club houses.

The St. Mary and the St. Clair Rivers have considerable currents to annoy yachts, but there are many broad reaches and bays bordered by lovely shores and scenery, where short cruises would be most delightful. It is plainly to be seen that Western yachtsmen have either little heart in the business, or else too much business to permit them to indulge in the yachting activity of the Atlantic coast. In traveling over the same distance by water upon the New England coast that I did upon the lakes, it is safe to assert that I would have seen over a hundred yachts, including some of the finest and best that float. There is some compensation, however, to the Westerner, in plenty of game and lots of fish. Those who have the yachting mania upon the Great Lakes have my heartfelt sympathy and I would advise them *à la* Horace Greeley, to "go East."

W.

PITTSBURGH, Pa.

SIPPICAN Y. C.—Fifth club regatta, Aug. 15. Start at 1:40 P. M. Weather hazy. Wind, strong S.W. (all boats reefed). Tide, ebb:

FIRST CLASS SLOOPS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Mucilage, C. C. Hanby	26.02½	2 23 50	2 21 50
Zingara, E. V. Bird	27.00	2 46 18	2 46 18
SECOND CLASS CATS.			
Mattie, P. Stockton	26.01½	2 22 46	2 22 40
Superior, W. Phinney	23.10	2 32 58	2 29 13
Climax, E. C. Stetson	26.02½	2 30 30	2 30 30
THIRD CLASS.			
Trump, J. Whiting	19.01	1 37 25	1 37 13
Wink, M. Williams	18.11	1 39 38	1 39 12
Daisy, L. M. Stockton	19.02	1 41 52	1 41 52
Laura, J. de Kay	19.02	1 51 05	1 51 05
FOURTH CLASS.			
Red Wing, E. Holmes	16.02½	1 25 22	1 25 07
Edith, I. Chapman	17.02½	1 28 24	1 28 22
Zay, F. H. Luce	17.03	1 31 30	1 31 30
Nymph, G. Amory	14.10½	Withdrew.	
Lynx, P. Robins	15.01	Withdrew.	
FIFTH CLASS.			
Tab, C. L. Clark	12.04	1 12 58	1 12 58
Elf, L. Bacon	12.01	1 16 23	1 15 55
Whisper, E. J. How	11.05	Capsized.	
Reba, W. Perry	13.01	Withdrew.	
June Bug, E. J. Forster	11.10	Withdrew.	

Winners: First class—Zingara; second class—Mattie first, Superior second; third class—Trump first, Wink second; fourth class—Red Wing first, Edith second; fifth class—Tab first, Elf second. Mucilage (catboat with jib) ruled out for not carrying her jib in windward work. Regatta Committee—J. Whiting, J. W. Austin, 2d, E. Holmes. Judges—Rev. John Tompkins, Capt. Wm. Cobb, Dr. John S. Whiting.

NEWARK BAY Y. C.—Second Regatta, Aug. 13.—Courses from stakeboat off foot W. 24th street, Bayonne, thence to stakeboat at buoy 5, to stakeboat near the long bridge to starting point, twice over. Distance 10 miles. Weather, clear. Wind, one-half a gale from the westward. Tide ebb. Summary:

CLASS FOUR.

	Length.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Cor.
Ada B, Abe Long	32.06	3 16 30	4 56 00	1 39 30	1 37 50
Smuggler, R. Uldrich	24.02	3 15 39	Withdrew.		
Lizzie V., P. Vreeland	21.03	3 19 04	4 57 30	1 38 26	1 35 51
CLASS FIVE.					
Gala Water, J. Spavin	16.03	3 17 00	5 08 02	1 51 02	1 49 27
Daisy, E. Vasane	15.08	3 17 08	5 07 48	1 50 40	1 48 30
Juliette, A. Halldiman	16.01½	3 15 30	Withdrew.		
Annie C., E. Weller	17.10	3 18 00	5 03 20	1 45 20	1 45 20

Sweepstakes—$3 entrance fee; one-third to second boat where there were more than 3 entries. Winners of prizes—1st, class 4, Lizzie V; class 5, Annie C; 2d, class 5, Daisy. Regatta Committee—L. G. Seavy, Andrew Van Buskirk, C. H. Mayham. Judges—Captains Phil Lumbreyer, J. E. E. Van Buskirk, J. Grant Post.

BUNKER HILL Y. C., AUG. 18.—Course for first and second class 5 miles, for rest 4 miles. Wind steady to fresh from S.W.

FIRST CLASS—21FT. AND OVER.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Thelga, Hall and Johnson	21.03	1 10 45	0 52 30
Bride of the Wind, F. J. Tobey	21.10	1 15 45	0 58 00
SECOND CLASS CENTERBOARDS.			
Urchin, F. A. Dodge	17.06	1 28 33	1 07 20
Cora, J. H. Harris	18.00	1 41 45	1 20 50
SECOND CLASS KEELS.			
Tabitha, C. F. Broman	16.00	1 41 35	1 19 05
THIRD CLASS CENTERBOARDS AND KEELS.			
Sprite, P. J. Hinchey	14.10	1 29 00	1 15 22
Flash, C. A. Winters	15.01	1 35 00	1 19 23
Joe, D. Kelly	15.06	1 44 30	1 30 09
Gracie, G. H. Phelps	15.10	2 00 00	1 47 00

MONTGOMERY SAILING, C.—13th weekly regatta, Aug. 19. Norristown to Indian Creek and return, distance 5 miles. Wind, light southwesterly.

	Length.	Start.	Finish.	Corrected.
Sadie, canoe	16.00	1 34 40	3 48 10	2 08 10
Playford, tuckup	15.00	1 40 00	3 56 00	2 16 00
Querner, tuckup	15.00	1 40 00	3 58 35	2 18 35
Gracie, skiff	12.00	1 30 40	3 59 00	2 19 00
Iola, ducker	15.00	1 30 00	4 02 13	2 22 13
J. S. Frith, tuckup	15.00	1 40 00	Withdrew.	

NEW YARD.—Mr. W. K. Pryor, who is now established for himself in South Boston with a yard and railway, has been fortunate in his first year's work, having built the handsome cutters Marguerite and Sharon, the smart Caribou, Eureka and others, all of which are fine specimens of high class execution and finish. With forty years' experience Mr. Pryor is ready to give the public the benefit of his long and varied experience in turning out all styles of craft, with a sound business reputation at his back.

New Publications.

ANIMALS OF THE SEA SHORE.*

UNDER this title the Lippincotts have just published a very useful little book from the pen of Angelo Heilpim, Curator in charge of the Philadelphia Academy of Sciences. Professor Heilpim is well known as the author of more than one work on popular science, so called, and his present contribution to educational literature seems likely to be quite as productive of good as anything he has yet done.

At this season of the year, when so large a proportion of city residents are at the sea shore, the publication of this little book is extremely timely, and it is a great pity that a copy of it could not be introduced into every home near the salt water. The children would certainly be interested in it, and parents who should study it in secret would be able to answer many a question put to them by the little ones, which now is too much for them.

The little book deals with the common forms of marine littoral life, especially such as are found on the New Jersey and Long Island coast, and with this volume in hand it should be possible for any one to identify most of the shells and other animal remains which are always found so abundantly scattered along our beaches. It is copiously illustrated with figures, which, if not

*The Animal Life of our Sea Shore. With special reference to the New Jersey coast and the southern coast of Long Island. Angelo Heilpim. Philadelphia, J. B. Lippincott Co., 1888. Price 50 cents.

especially elegant from an artistic point of view, will yet serve to enable any one to identify a specimen. Of these figures there are nearly two hundred, most of them representing the common shells, but covering a wide field, from the delicate hydroid up through the warlike fiddler to the hideous toadfish. The information about the animals described is given in simple, plain language. Sometimes there is not much of it, at others the account is quite long, but whatever the amount, it is told in an interesting way, and so that it can be readily understood.

The book is a very useful one, perhaps not so much for the actual information which it conveys in words as for its figures. It will serve as an introduction to the study of marine littoral life. It is a primer of invertebrate zoology of the shore, and since its low price puts it within the reach of all it should do a great amount of good.

Messrs. Cupples & Hurd, of Boston, announce "Daylight Land," an elegantly prepared volume, written by W. H. H. Murray, descriptive of the Northwest.

Answers to Correspondents.

W. B. TAYLOR.—Please send your address to this office.

E. S. P., New Haven, Conn.—Where can I obtain books or papers giving an account of lobster raising in the United States? Ans.—There is no book on the subject. The only practical account of lobster culture is by Mr. Richard Rathbun and can be found in the Bulletin of the United States Fish Commission for 1888, pp. 17-32. The same volume also contains articles on the subject by Mr. Dannevig, of Norway.

W. A. W., Memphis, Tenn.—In duck shooting at Beaver Dam Lake, Miss., and at Wapanocka, Ark., I often kill one or two black mallards. These seem to be fond of other mallards, or else go alone. Seem rather larger and have not the curl tail of green-heads. They are more plentiful in wild rice at St. Clair Flats. Are they opposites of albinos, or a distinct breed? I never see a flock of them. Ans. These birds are undoubtedly black or dusky ducks (*Anas obscura*). They are nearly allied to the mallard, but are an entirely different species.

E. E. T., Toronto, Ont.—1. I have a yearling foxhound that is just beginning to hunt very well. I got him for thoroughbred and he looks like a good strain, but his note, although perfect when baying at a stranger or a cow, is a mere yelp when he is after a ox or coon. Will he outgrow this defect? 2. When the fox goes to earth or the coon trees, he merely declines to figure in further proceedings, and will in neither case indicate the animal's retreat. How can I cure him of this? Ans. 1. His voice may improve as he grows older. 2. The only remedy that we have successfully tried in such a case is to run the dog with one that is true to tree and hole.

THE TOBIQUE TRAGEDY.

BANGOR, Aug. 21.—Major C. F. Howes, of Boston, whose wife was shot and killed by poachers on the Tobique River, New Brunswick, last Sunday morning, passed through here this afternoon on his way home with his wife's body. The story of this shocking crime is without paralell in the criminal annals of this section.

It appears that Major Howes, who is a great sportsman, has a cabin on the Tobique, where he goes to fish for salmon. This season he was accompanied by his wife, daughter, and three sons, together with a young college friend of his oldest son, Harry F. Lincoln.

Last Saturday night the party, who traveled in four canoes and carried four Indian guides, camped at Gulquek, on the Tobique. This is about forty-two miles up the river, and in the heart of the wilderness. In front of their camping place was a splendid salmon pool, where they proposed to fish the next morning.

It was after dark, and the party was gathered around a big camp fire, laughing and chatting. Suddenly they saw canoes out in the river occupied by men carrying lights and busily engaged in spearing salmon. Poachers have long been a pest on Tobique. When Major Howes saw these men at work he shouted to them:

"No spearing in this pool to-night."

The Indians set up a yell to frighten them away, and one of them fired a gun in the air. At the first outcry of Major Howes the men extinguished their lights, and then sat on the river in their canoes, hurling insulting language at the Howes party.

No more was heard from the men that night. The poacher in the bow of the canoe was recognized as the party moved away.

The next morning Major Howes and his people broke camp and started down the river. About four miles down the Tobique from Gulquake, at a place called Oxbow, Claude Howes and Harry Lincoln saw some owls on the bank and stopped paddling.

Young Lincoln had a heavy Colt's rifle and Claude carried a doublebarreled shotgun, but these were the only arms in the party. As the young men stopped the canoe containing Major Howes and his wife, one of the smaller boys and an Indian guide went ahead, disappearing around a bend in the river.

The owls were killed, and as they were being secured, the sound of firing was heard near the head canoe. The young men did not think of danger, but paddled quickly out of curiosity. They heard four shots in rapid succession, and supposed that some one was firing at ducks in the river.

But as they passed around the point and came in sight of the other canoes, Claude saw that men in the bushes were firing at his father's canoe. The men at the same time saw him, and sent four shots at his canoe.

After the third shot Claude caught up his shotgun and began firing at the bank, for he could not see the men. He called to Lincoln, who was some distance behind the load, to fire at them.

Young Lincoln bravely pushed his canoe ashore, and rifle in hand jumped into the bushes and started in the direction of the shots. He fired as he went, and the bullets evidently went near the attacking party, for the men ran off through the woods.

As soon as the firing ceased Claude Howes paddled over to his father's canoe, saying to his sisters: "I fear some one is hurt."

She laughed at him, and said that the firing was only done to frighten them, but as they approached they saw that their mother was wounded.

Major Howes was holding her head over the side of the canoe, and the blood was flowing slowly from it. She was dead. It was the third shot that struck Mrs. Howes.

The bullet entered the left side of her head below the temple, and passed directly through, coming out on the other side. Her death was instantaneous.

Three of the poachers have been arrested.

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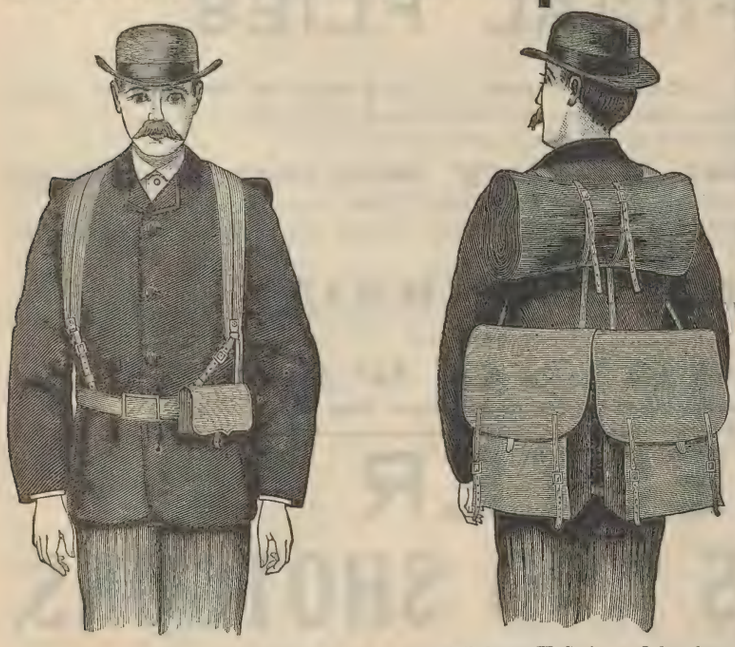
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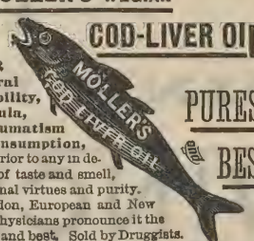
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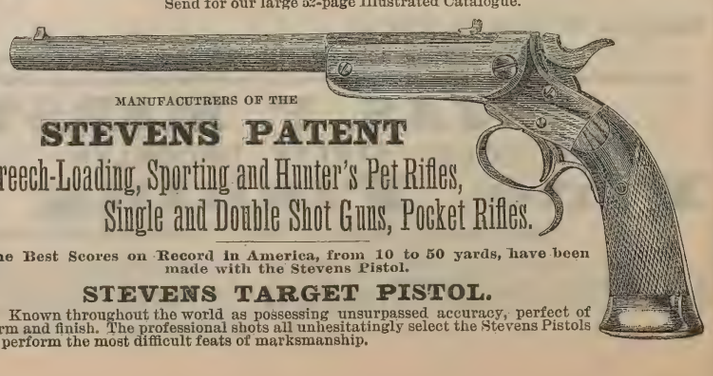
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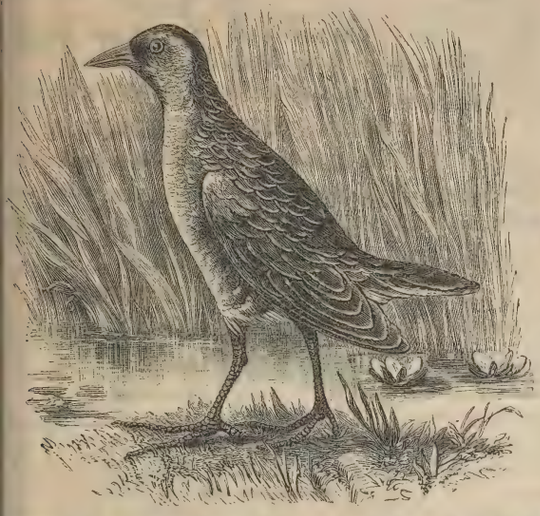
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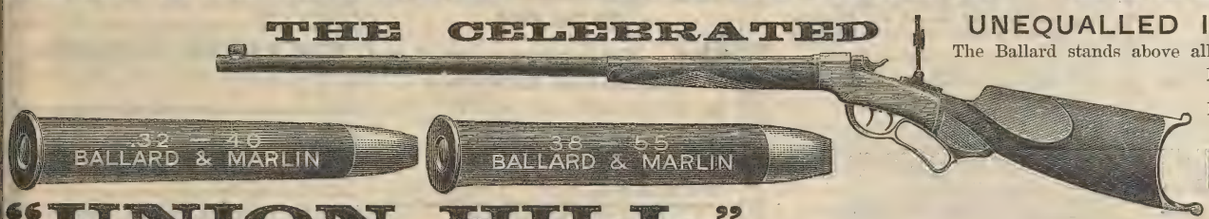
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VOL. XXXI.—No. 6. No. 318 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

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THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications on the subject to which its pages are devoted are respectfully invited. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No name will be published except with writer's consent. The Editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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Address all communications,

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No. 318 BROADWAY. NEW YORK CITY.

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THE SMIRCH OF POLITICS.

WE have said before and we say again, that when it comes to the question of game protection, politics and wire-pulling should not be allowed to interfere. This sounds like a platitude. It would be a platitude among honest men. Unfortunately we often have to deal with men who are not thoroughly honest in promoting the public service, even in the protection of game and fish.

There are on the statute books of this State certain laws prescribing the times and the ways in which game and fish may be captured. A force of game and fish protectors are appointed and paid to detect and bring to punishment offenders against these laws. At its last session the Legislature made provision for a chief protector to direct and control the force. Several months have elapsed since this law was enacted, and as yet no chief protector has been appointed. The reason is said to be that the Commissioners of Fisheries are not willing to toady to the political behests of Governor Hill and appoint a man who will look out for Hill first and for the game and fish last; nor do they dare to appoint a fit man who will perform the duties of the office without regard to wire-pulling and turning political grindstones. So the office remains unfilled and the by no means unimportant interests involved are left to take care of themselves as best they may.

Now, will any man, without regard to the ticket he may vote, sit down and calmly consider this matter, and tell us if it be not an outrageous shame and a disgrace to a great State like this that the machinery for the enforcement of the game laws should be made a part of the machine political. The game in the woods and the fish in the streams are to be sacrificed because they may not be protected by a protector unless that protector be a tool of the Governor.

The Commissioners express a desire and a determination to keep politics out of the conduct of their affairs. Why, then, it may be asked, do they not appoint a chief protector without regard to the demands of Governor Hill? The reason assigned is this: There is a disputed point as to the terms of office of some of the Commissioners; it is claimed on the one hand that they shall continue to hold office for life or until they resign; and on the other hand it is claimed that their terms have expired, and that the Governor may at his will remove them. Now, if the Commissioners appoint a chief game protector who is not acceptable to the Governor as a political heeler, they fear that as officials they will be put into a bag and thrown from the palace window into the Bosphorus. So they are holding off until after election. Next November, then, we may look for the selection of a chief protector.

The attitude of men in political life toward game protection is not an encouraging one to contemplate. It has been demonstrated in this State that an individual may jack deer out of season and yet be nominated for high office. If such a man were elected, he would be a fool who should expect from him any substantial aid in the task of securing a wise and economic conservation of our wild game and fish resources.

TO PROMOTE TRAP-SHOOTING.

UNDER the title of the American Shooting Association a corporation is forming whose purpose is to promote trap-shooting. Mr. C. W. Dimick, of the United States Cartridge Co., is the prime mover in the enterprise, and in accordance with his plans the association will be composed wholly of manufacturers. They will support it and it will be under their control. The association will be incorporated under New York laws; the central office will be in this city, and Major John M. Taylor will be the general manager.

The association will prepare a set of shooting rules which they will endeavor to have adopted throughout the country, so that all records of work at the trap may be made under uniform conditions. The next step will be to classify the trap-shooters of the country. There will be three classes, A, B and C; to one of which a shooter will be assigned according to his recorded score. It is proposed to form State leagues composed of various teams, who shall contend in State contests offered by the association, the winning or champion State teams to meet in inter-State or national tournaments. The plans of the promoters are not fully perfected as yet, but in general it may be said that national tournaments engaged in by individuals and teams who shall qualify by preliminary contests will be a main feature. When ready for business the association will come before the public either with a programme of a "big shoot," or with a scheme for State league contests.

The success of the movement is yet to be determined by actual trial, but it appears to be perfectly feasible, if run on business principles. The prizes will certainly stimulate interest in the sport, and the number of shooters will naturally be increased, to the benefit of those who have for sale guns, ammunition and targets. In brief, the manufacturers will broaden their market and sell more goods.

The capital stock of the Association is $20,000, divided into shares of $50 each. The subscribers, with the shares subscribed for by each, as the list stood Aug. 24, are named below. Some of the subscriptions will be adjusted in conformity with a scale to secure due representation of all interests.

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AUTUMN ANTICIPATIONS.

GLORIOUS autumn is at hand. Already we have had days whose crisp air had in it all the tingle of October, days which tempt one afield to tramp with the dogs until he becomes weary, days which bring out all a man's vigor, and call up memories of a hundred autumn outings past.

Already in the marsh and along the shore some lucky sportsmen have tried their hands at stopping the darting blackbreast, or have sent their leaden hail through the bunches of frightened, gentle willets, as with dangling legs they hung, uncertain, over the decoys. Already men have been pushed in their cranky skiffs over the rail marsh at high water, have listened to the splashing of the running birds amid the grass and reeds, and then to the cry of "Mark! Mark!" and with light loads have dropped the fluttering sora right and left. Already on the prairies of the West, the young "chickens" have tumbled to the report of the double barrel.

The days are growing shorter and the air cooler. The first flocks of blue-wing teal are here and a few English snipe will soon make their appearance. The roar of the ruffed grouse will be heard as he takes wing from before the dog. A month from now we shall begin to look for the first flight of fall woodcock. The autumn shooting will have fairly opened.

The autumn shooting! To each man who uses a shotgun there is magic in these words. To one they call up that golden October time when his puppy worked so superbly on snipe on the wet meadow, and when the birds were plenty enough to keep up the excitement all day long; another looks back to that keen November morning when he first caught two crossing quail as the bevy rose, and then got a third just as they flickered over the hill; before a third comes up the day when, with chilled body and stiffened fingers, he lay for hours in the blind, and over his ice-laden decoys had such shooting at can vasbacks and redheads as never came to him before or since.

Nor is the man who uses the rifle without his memories. The cool breezes of autumn stir recollection in his breast as well, and call up before his mental vision camps in forest and by stream or lake, camps on the mountainside or on the desolate prairie, and for him each camp has its own story. From one he started on his first chase after buffalo, to another he walked in triumph leading his horse packed with his first mountain sheep. Happy memories! Day so full of pleasure can never come back to us older men, who have drunk deep of the cup brimming with the delights of outdoor life. The draught is sweet to us still, but never again can we find in it the delicious flavor that it had when first it touched our lips in the autumn days of long ago.

Before long the shooters will have scattered out over the land and the lead will be flying. Some of us will kill much, others but little. But what difference does it make? The pleasures of his outing are hardly less to the man who has but barely stained his hands with blood than to him who has bathed in it. It is not what we kill, but how we kill it, that makes life in the open air a delight, and its memories a lasting blessing to the true sportsman. If he who goes abroad for the autumn's outing—whether it be to tramp after the quail, grouse and woodcock, or to lie in the blind for fowl, or to silently track through the forest after the timid deer, or to breast the steepest mountain sides after bighorn—if he possess the heart which causes him to appreciate Nature's beauties, if the contemplation of her works fills his soul with gentler sentiments and with a broader love for all that is good and true and beautiful, his outing has not been wasted. Whether he return with a full bag or with a load that is but light, he is a better man, more fitted to do good to those about him than he was when he started from his home. He has read from Nature's book another great lesson.

At this stage it is in order to call the roll of anglers:

GROVER CLEVELAND.—Gone fishing in the Blue Ridge Mountains.

BENJAMIN HARRISON.—Gone fishing in Lake Erie.

MATTHEW S. QUAY.—Been fishing off New Jersey coast

WARNER MILLER.—Will go fishing in the Adirondacks.

JAY GOULD.—Gone fishing in the Catskills.

CHARLES STEWART PARNELL.—Gone shooting in Ireland.

AND A MILLION MORE, bright with the glare of notoriety or hid in the gloom of obscurity.—Been fishing, gone fishing, or going fishing.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

THE SINGING MOUSE.—I.

BY E. HOUGH.

THIS is my room. I live here. These are my things. My friends come here sometimes, such as I have left. They are welcome, I know, to anything I have.

That's my coat. Worn a little. That's my gun. Yes, the barrels are a trifle brown. That's my rifle. The stock was broken in the Rockies. Yes, I know the tip of the old rod is broken. And there's a guide or so gone. And the silk is fraying in the lashings. And the silver cord on the hand-piece is loose. The silver cord will loosen and break some day. Ay, in the very best of men—rods, I mean.

There's the table. There aren't any keys. Here's the fire. You are welcome, I know, to anything there is here. . . .

But the Singing Mouse won't come out; not while you are here. Funny about that! But after you have gone, after the fire has burned down and the room is all still—usually near midnight, as I sit and muse alone over the dead fire—why, then the Singing Mouse comes out and asks for its bit of bread; and then it folds its tiny paws and sits up, and turning its bright red eye upon me, half in power and half in beseeching, as of some fading memory of the past—why, it sings, I tell you; it sings! And I listen. . . . . And the fire blazes up. . . . . The walls are rich in art now. . . . . My rod is new and trig now. . . . . There is work, but there is no worry now, ... I am rich, rich! I have the Singing Mouse. And so strange, so wondrous, so real are the things it sings; so Lorelei-like is the song, so sweeter than that of any siren's; so broad and fine are the countries; so strong and true are the friendships; so brave and kind are the men I meet—so beautiful the whole world of the Singing Mouse, that when it is over, and in a chill I start up, I hardly can bear the shrinking in of the walls, and the grayness of the once red fire, and my gold turned to earthenware, and my pictures turned to splotches. In my hand everything I touch feels awkward; a pen—now let me laugh, let me chuckle a little at that! A pen—to talk of that! If one could use it while he was in the land of the Singing Mouse—then it might do. I think the pens there are not of wood and iron, stiff things of torture to reader and writer. I have a notion—though I have not examined the pens there—that they are made from plumes of an angel's crest; and that they could talk, and say things which would make you and me ashamed and afraid.

* * * * * * *

The Singing Mouse came out. Saintly and sweetly and with wondrous clearness it began an old, old song I first heard long ago. And as it sang, back with red electric thrill came the fine blood of youth, and beat in pulse with the song:

"When all the world is young, lad,
And all the trees are green,
And every goose a swan, lad,
And every lass a queen.
Then, hey! for boot and saddle, lad,
And round the world away!
Young blood must have its course, lad,
And every dog his day!"

And young blood began its course anew. Booted and spurred, into the saddle again! Face toward the West! And off for round the world away!

"There are green fields in Thrace," sighs the gladiator as he dies. And here were green fields in the land before us. Only these were the inimitable and illimitable fields of Nature. Sheets and waves and billows and tumbles of green; oceans unswam, continents untracked, of thousandfold green. Then, on beyond, the gray, the gray-brown, the purple-gray of the higher plains; nearer than that, a broad slash of great golden yellow, a band of the sturdy prairie sunflowers; and nearer than that, swimming on the surface of the mysterious wave which constantly passes but is never past on the prairies, bright red roses, and strong larkspur, and quaint sweet Williams—away from the woods, here; and at the bottom of this ever-shifting sea, jewels in God's best blue enamel. You can't buy it in the windows. Where shall they send for it? Why, to the land of the unswam sea.

* * * * * * *

A little higher and stronger piped the compelling melody; why here are the mountains! God bless them! Nay, brother, God has blessed them; blessed them with unbounded calm, with boundless strength, with unspeakable peace. You can take your troubles to the mountains. If you are Pueblo, Aztec, you can select some big mountain and pray to it, as its top shows the red sentience of the oncoming day. You can take your troubles to the sea; but the sea has troubles of its own, and frets. There is commerce on the sea, and the people who live near it are fretful, greedy, grasping. The mountains have no troubles; they have no commerce. The dwellers of the mountains are calm and unfretted.

And on the broad shoulders of the mountains once more was cast the burden of the young man's troubles, and once more he walked deep into the peace of the big hills. And the mountains smiled not, neither wept, but gravely and kindly folded over, about, behind, the gray mantle of the cañon walls, and locked fast doors of adamant against all following, and swept a pitying hand of shadow, and breathed that wondrous unsyllabled voice of comfort which any mountain goer knows. *Ai!* the goodness of such strength! Up by the clean snow; over the big rocks; by the lace-work stream where the trout are—why, it's all come again! That was the clink made by a passing deer. That was the touch of a green balsam—smell it, now! And there comes the snow, folding down the top, and there is the crash of the thunder; and this is the rush of the rain, and this is the warm yellow sun over it all—O, Singing Mouse, Singing Mouse! this is just dangerous.

* * * * * * * * * *

Back again now, by some impulse of the dog which hasn't had any day. It is winter now, I remember, and I am walking by the shore of the great Inland Seas. There is snow on the ground, the trees look black in contrast as you gaze up from the beach against the high bank. It is cold. It is dark. There is a shiver in the air. There are icicles in the sky. Something flying through the trees, but silent as if it came out of a grave. I have been walking, I know. I have walked a million miles, and I'm tired. My legs are stiff, and my legging has frozen fast to my overshoe; I remember that. And so I sit down—right here, you know—and look out over the lake—just over there, you see. The ice reaches out from the shore into the lake a long way; and it is covered with snow, and looks white. I can follow that white glimmer in a long, long curve to the right—twenty miles or more, maybe. Yes, it is cold. But what's that out there? Say, what's that? It is setting all the long white curve of ice afire, that's what it's doing! It's throwing down hammered silver in a broad path out there on the water, that's what it's doing! Ripples? Those aren't ripples! That's silver! There'll be angels walking out there on that pathway before long! That isn't the moon coming up over the lake! It's the swinging open, by some careless angel's mischance, of the door of the White City of Rest.

Singing Mouse, Singing Mouse, thou art cruel!

How old, how stiff a man climbed up the steep bank! There were white fields. In the distance a dog barked. Away across the fields a bright and cheery light shone out from a window, and as the moon rose higher, it showed the house which held the light. It wasn't a very big house, but, someway, I wanted that house, I remember, was that my home? Did I own it? No; I didn't own it. Home—what's that? I tell you, my legging was frozen fast to my overshoe, and my legs were stiff. You fool, you're getting—But what's that now? It's the rest of the old song. Listen to it, will you?

"When all the world is old, lad,
And all the trees are brown,
And all the sports are stale, lad,
And all the wheels run down,
Creep home and take your place there,
The sick and maimed among,
God grant you find one face there,
You loved when you were young."

* * * * * * * *

The light in the little house went out. I think it was a happy home. So may yours be always. But I think the Singing Mouse will come and live with me. And—O, Singing Mouse, is it time—is it time to awaken?

Natural History.

THE "FANTAIL" DEER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am deeply interested by an article by "Gazelle" about the fantailed deer found in Montana, published in the FOREST AND STREAM of the 16th inst. He describes it from memory as having a tail eight inches wide and fifteen or more inches long. It is small in size, with short legs and with crumpled horns turning inward. Now this description excites our interest but fails to satisfy it. If careful measurements had been taken and noted at the time it would have been more satisfactory, no doubt, to the author as well as to the rest of us.

The Virginia deer has a longer tail than any of the other of our species, though they differ very widely in this regard. No other known species ever has a tail 15in. long. The strong probability is that this fantailed deer is a variety of the Virginia deer, which has by far the widest distribution of any deer in North America, if not in the world.

The Virginia deer in the far Northwest, where they have been called the long-tailed deer, or the white-tailed deer further south in the Rocky Mountains, have peculiar characteristics, as indicated by those appelations; and some naturalists have classed them as a distinct species and given them the name of *Cervus lucurus*, but they are simply the Virginia deer with tails no longer and no whiter than specimens often met with in this latitude, although the average there may have longer and whiter tails than here.

In this respect the tails of this deer are more varient than any other of their members. In one respect their tails are remarkably uniform, that is in their shape or form—they are always flat and of a lanceolate form—broad at the base and tapering at the end. They are all white beneath and colored on top. This top color is very varient, from a black to a light tawny or gray shade, but always colored to some extent. When observed from behind, usually, if not always, the white beneath extends beyond the dark on top so that it appears to have a white border. Measurements of the tail with its colorings of one of these fan-tailed deer would be very interesting.

But more than all would the skin of the outside of a hindleg from the hock to the dew claws be useful. In this would be the metatarsal gland, which would with almost a certainty declare the species. That gland is located a little above the middle of the cannon bone. The gland is covered by long reversed hairs. When these hairs are open the gland is revealed. It is say an inch long on a deer of an ordinary size; it is entirely naked or without hairs. It is covered with a black scale, which is the condensed exudation from the gland, which may be peeled off, revealing the flesh-colored surface beneath. This gland is first surrounded with a narrow border of white hairs, say a sixth of an inch broad at the skin, and the balance of the tuft of reversed hairs is of the color of the leg beyond. The Virginia deer in Montana, as a rule, have more white on them than in lower latitudes, and I once had a specimen from there in my collection, all of whose legs were entirely white from the hock and knee down. In that specimen the white border about this gland would not be seen. If the leg is of the ordinary color, so as to show the narrow white band around the metatarsal gland, it certainly declares it to be a *Cervus virginianus*, for I have never seen nor heard of any other deer in North America that has this white border around this gland and no specimen of this deer without it.

If "Gazelle" is so fortunate as to get and send you a head of this variety of deer, examine, first of all, whether the tines are projected from the beam posteriorly. If they are, it would be strong evidence that it is a variety of the Virginia deer, for in all of our other deer the tines are projected anteriorly, or at least not distinctly posteriorly. Abnormal tines are sometimes found on all of our species. I speak of normal formations. There are many others, indeed, of species of our deer which I cannot now stop to point out, for which I must refer you to "The Antelope and Deer of America," published by your company.

JOHN DEAN CATON.

CHICAGO, Aug. 21.

THE SCIURIDÆ.

II.—PRAIRIE DOGS.

NEXT in order in the family *Sciuridæ* we come to the genus *Cynomys*, containing our now two well-known species of prairie marmots, or "barking squirrels" recognized everywhere as prairie dogs, which latter name has undoubtedly saved the life of many hundreds of them, for I am convinced that did settlers and others fully realize that they were a squirrel and not a "dog," many and many a one would have been roasted on a spit over the pioneer's and hunter's camp-fire, for I assure you they are capital eating. Many a cowboy have I heard express himself to the effect that he would have to be pretty hard up before they could induce him to eat dog's meat; while on the other hand I have seen Sioux Indians deliberately shoot a prairie marmot when an antelope stood within easy range. The men of that tribe are as a rule very partial to their meat. Probably no species of our typically western mammals are more universally and better known than these; their habits, their "towns" and all about them seem to have had a peculiar fascination for the popular mind, and account after account has been published and circulated about them. For nearly eight years I have had the opportunity of studying them, all the way from Dakota to Mexico, and even to-day I cannot pass through one of their "towns" without having my interest in its inhabitants thoroughly awakened.

It is now no longer the prevailing notion that these engaging little animals do not drink water, but on the contrary, however they may get it, they are very fond of it, and in reality must have it frequently. A prairie marmot which I have as a pet drinks water freely three or four times a day, and if deprived of it, shows the effect at once and drinks double the amount the very next time he gets a chance. This little fellow I bought from a Navajo Indian, when it hardly had its eyes open; at present he is full grown and hibernating in a burrow which he dug in the cellar last October. I emphasize the word hibernating because many still believe that these animals do not do so. Even here at Fort Wingate and I presume in other parts of New Mexico, these animals become torpid just as soon as the first cold snap strikes them, and repair to their burrows for hibernation again, until the return of warm weather lures them out. There is a large "prairie dog town" not a mile from where I sit at present, and one may pass through it every day during the cold weather and when snow covers the ground, and not a track of this little animal can be found anywhere in the vicinity. By the middle of next month (February), however, they will begin to show themselves.

There is another old story now nearly entirely exploded about them; I refer to the happy family of the "prairie dog," the prairie owl and the rattlesnake, all living in harmony in the same burrow. Of course they do nothing of the kind, but the marmots have to put up with these owls and snakes as best they can, precisely as we, in our large towns and communities, have to put up with our owls and snakes in human form—meeting and passing men every day of our lives whom perhaps we know well to be sneak-thieves and cut-throats. It is said upon good authority that prairie marmots will even desert the burrow in which a big "rattler" enters, and even, if small cobblestones be handy in the neighborhood of the entrance, deliberately seal it up with them, so that the snake cannot get out, and must starve to death.

Elsewhere I believe I have published something in reference to the diet of these animals; as to their ravenous appetite for raw meat; but I would like to add here in the present connection, that the fact of the matter is, that these animals, when kept as pets, are truly omnivorous, and will eat anything that is offered to them. The one I have, referred to in a former paragraph, will not only eat raw meat with avidity, but raw oysters, fried oysters, jelly, raisins, drink soup, milk, and indeed stops short at nothing. One day while conversing with an officer of the army, and my pet was sitting up on his haunches near us in the front yard, the officer started to light a cigarette, but the thing would not draw, and with a toss he threw it to the "prairie dog," which to our surprise picked it up and ate the whole of it, tobacco, paper and all! We watched for a violent attack of nausea, may be the death of the greedy little scamp—but no, neither of these events followed its rash act, and two hours afterward my pet was going about as lively as ever. He became, before he took to ground for the winter, one of the fattest things I ever beheld, there being a longitudinal, median crease of no mean depth the whole length of his back; he was a perfect mass of fat. There is a great difference in different individuals of this species when raised thus from the very young. Some grow up gentle and amusing pets, which never offer to bite one, even on great provocation; while others are never tame, and as they grow older become wild and vicious, constantly try to get away, and bite you whenever they can.

I have never had this species breed in confinement, though they will do so without any trouble, and the female will give birth to as many as seven young at a time; the usual number, however, is four or five.

It will be noted that in the U. S. National Museum "List" the "short-tailed prairie dog" (*C. gunnisonii*) is not taken up as a species, and up to the present moment I have never had pointed out to me the supposed differences that separated this variety from *C. columbianus*. I have before me the "Pacific Railroad Report" (1859), which gives a figure of this "short-tailed" species, and the description, but so far as I can see the animal thus described in no way differs from, as I say, the *C. columbianus*. Of this latter species I have shot many a one where the tail was "less than one-sixth the length of the body." It would interest me to know the present history of this rejected species.

Structurally the prairie marmots present us with much that is interesting; anatomically, of course, they are organized upon the sciurine plan, and have shallow cheek-pouches, which connects them more intimately with the



Fig. 1. Fig. 2.

Fig. 1.—An Arizona Squirrel (*S. arizonensis*); adult male; about one-third life size. Drawn from nature by the author.

Fig. 2.—Western Barking Squirrel or Marmot (*C. columbianus*); adult male; rather less than one-half life size. Drawn from nature by the author, aided by photohraphs taken by him from living specimens.

spermophiles than it does with the true tree squirrels. A careful examination of the entire structure of this species is desirable, as it is in most of our common types, which as a rule morphologists are rather inclined to overlook. Very often something is discovered which the external appearance of the animal would hardly lead us to suspect.

Coming next to the genus *Tamias*, we are met by a long array of chipmunks, almost every region of our country being supplied with its peculiar geographical race, which races are now considered to be distinct species. Every reader of FOREST AND STREAM is so familiar with the habits of our common little Eastern chipmunk (*T. striatus*) as to render it unnecessary for me to dwell upon them here, and in No. 22 of this journal for last year, June 22, 1887, I gave an account of the Gila chipmunk, which account was illustrated by a life-size drawing of a male of that species. Although the habits of these several ground squirrels are essentially much alike, the various species differ from each other, both in appearance and size in no small degree. For instance, I find a specimen of Townsend's chipmunk (*T. a. townsendi*) to be nearly seven inches long, being of a dusky brown above, and a light gray beneath, and with five black stripes down its back, while a specimen of the Rocky Mountain chipmunk (*T. a. quadrivittatus*), being an inch less in size, is white beneath and reddish brown above, with five dark brown stripes down its back, and four lighter ones occupying the lateral intervals among the former. This last named species is said to be more given to running up trees when alarmed than is the habit of these ground squirrels generally.

Mr. Oldfield Thomas, F. Z. S. of the British Museum, in speaking of the characters of the genus *Tamias*, says that they "are characterized by the possession of internal cheek pouches, and by their style of coloration, all being ornamented on the back with alternate bands of light and dark color. Their skulls are slenderer and lighter than those of the true squirrels, from which they differ in several unimportant details." There is a chipmunk closely resembling our Eastern one (*T. striatus*), which occurs in northern Europe and Asia, that by some authors is considered to be identical with our own, but it is undoubtedly a distinct species. Its habits are much the same as are those of the other members of the genus.

When one is still-hunting for heavy game in the forests, these little animals are frequently a source of great annoyance, as by their shrill cry they give warning to all game within hearing.

Following the ground squirrels we have their nearest allies, the spermophiles, constituting the genus *Spermophilus*. These little marmot-like squirrels are familiarly known in many parts of the country as "gophers."

Some twenty years or more ago I collected a small series of the Eastern striped spermophile in central Wisconsin, where I found them quite abundant, more especially in old barren fields, where sometimes their burrows were so numerous as almost to resemble a miniature "prairie dog town." The people there only know them by the name of "gopher," and I herewith present a drawing of mine of one of these very engaging little animals.

We derive the term *Spermophilus* from the Greek words, *sperma*, a seed, and *phileo*, to love, indicating the principal food of these species, the several kinds of grain or seeds they may obtain in the localities where they occur. As in the genus *Tamias*, the spermophiles possess quite ample cheek-pouches, which they pack full of grain to carry to their subterranean storehouses, when the season arrives for them to lay up for the winter months. Every one of our sixteen or seventeen species of this genus make wonderfully interesting little pets when they are caught and tamed; they are very gentle, active and as sprightly as most squirrels. They are all fossorial mammals like the marmots, but appear much oftener outside their burrows than do those animals, having many of the traits of the prairie barking squirrels (*Cynomys*); popping down their holes whenever one approaches, and chipping away at a great rate, but soon making their appearance again to further inspect the cause of their alarm.

Parry's spermophile (*S. e. empetra*) is an exceedingly interesting representative of the genus, being found across the continent of northern North America. They are frequently observed in communities, with their burrows quite close together, usually chosen on some sandy hillock where loose rocks of all sizes are in the immediate vicinity. As with the Alpine marmot of Europe, they have the habit of posting a sentinel to warn "the town" of danger, as upon the approach of man, or when a soaring bird of prey comes in sight. This species hibernates during the winter months.

A popular writer in zoölogy thus alludes to Richardson's spermophile, describing it as being "yellowish gray or black; beneath pale grayish orange. The ears are very short; the body short and thick, being only nine inches and a quarter long; the eyes are large, the legs short, the tail bushy. It resembles the squirrels, but is less active in its movements and less elegant in its attitudes. It inhabits the sandy prairies along the branches of the Saskatchewan River, and the Rocky Mountains from latitude 45° to 38°. The burrows are usually situated on some sandy hummock; the earth scooped out is formed into a little mound on which the animal sits, so that he may overlook the surrounding group and reconnoiter before he ventures to make an excursion. Four or five live in a burrow; they appear to hibernate; they feed on young buds in spring, and tender herbaceous plants in summer, and in winter on leguminous plants and the seeds of grassss." Some of these species of spermophiles are banded somewhat as in the chipmunks, others are faintly spotted, the former being represented by such forms as Harris's and Douglass's spermophiles, the latter by Townsend's. They vary not a little both in size and general appearance, some of them partaking more of the squirrel type, while others more nearly resemble such forms as *Cynomys* and the marmots. Nearly all live in communities, and all but the southern species hibernate in winter. All possess cheek-pouches, and all give vent to a peculiar cry when either angry or alarmed. In Europe and western Asia this genus is represented by a number of allied forms, prominent among which may be mentioned the well-known souslik of Bohemia, Ireland and some parts of Hungary.

We next pass to a brief discussion of one of the most interesting groups of rodent mammals to be found in the entire world's fauna. I refer to the genus *Sciurus*, the true squirrels. Even within the faunal limits of the United States we have as many as thirteen well-defined species of these animals, including such elegant forms as *S. fossor* and *S. aberti*. Of the latter I gave a life-size head in a former issue of FOREST AND STREAM (No. 22, June 23, 1887) and a short account of its habits. So well known is the general appearance of one of these animals, and so familiar to us all are their characteristic habits, that such topics hardly need to be touched upon here. Far less widely is it known, however, that none of the true squirrels are found in Madagascar or the Australian region, while many specimens of wonderfully beautiful forms and colors are indigenous to the tropics and temperate zones of both continents. When we come to the coasts of Malabar and other parts of the Oriental region, we find types of the most strikingly developed sciurine forms. In some parts of Africa and Borneo, squirre's are found which are no bigger than mice, as *S. soricinus* of the latter island and *S. minutus* of the former country. Then the Malabar squirrel is as large as a cat, with a bright red color above, set off by intense black, while the nether parts are brilliant yellow.

So eminent an authority as Mr. Oldfield Thomas, on this group of rodents says in speaking of the species of the Malayan region, that nearly all of them are "brilliantly marked, and many are ornamented with variously colored longitudinal stripes along their bodies. One of the commonest and best known of the striped species is the little Indian palm squirrel (*S. palmarum*) which in large numbers runs about every Indian village. Another Oriental species (*S. caniceps*) presents almost the only known instance among mammals of the temporary assumption during the breeding season of a distinctly ornamental coat, corresponding to the breeding plumage of birds. For the greater part of the year the animal is of a uniform gray color, but about December its back becomes a brilliant orange-yellow, which lasts until about March, when it is again replaced by gray."

As gaudy and as handsome as these elegant foreigners may be, indeed the Malabar squirrel is as striking as any macaw that ever screamed through a Brazilian forest, yet where do we find more impressive animal beauty, more native grace, more winning traits, surpassing agility, than we do in our own Northern gray squirrel or Abert's squirrel, or that jolly little rogue "the squirrel" of Europe? In my estimation we have no handsomer animal in our fauna than the black variety of Abert's squirrel, and the black form of our common gray squirrel is a splendid creature.

Of all the habits of the gray squirrel none are so extraordinary as the migrations they at certain periods undertake. Multitudes of them on these occasions, guided by some common consent, flock together from all the regions

roundabout, and regardless of rivers, roadways, or any other impediment, pass in a body across the country, often for miles, to other forests and other scenes, where they again disperse. The districts passed over by this host are absolutely stripped of everything that a squirrel will consume. While many of them are drowned in their attempts to swim broad rivers, and they are preyed upon night and day by hawks, owls, foxes, lynxes and other enemies, still on they march to their destination. To complete such an inexplicable crusade they should march into the sea, as do the lemmings of northern Europe.

One writer in describing such a migration says that "these creatures, on coming to the water, after some little hesitation and running to and fro, launch into the waves, and paddle across as they may. They are poor swimmers, sink deep, and advance with considerable difficulty. In October, 1833, as I was descending the Ohio in a steamboat, one of these migrations—though not remarkable for the extent of the numbers—was in progress. When we were in the region of Marietta, we saw hundreds—perhaps thousands—of these creatures in the water, making for the southern or Kentucky shore. In all cases we only saw the nose above water; many were dead and drifting down the stream; many were on the Ohio side, hesitating upon the banks, where, sad to relate, were men and boys with clubs ready to dispatch them. Similar accounts have often been given; the march of far greater numbers has often been witnessed, but the cause of such strange movements is hidden in mystery."



A group of Flying Squirrels (*Sciuropterus volucella hudsonius*). Reduced. Taken from the Standard Natural History.

Although I have never seen it suggested elsewhere, I sometimes wonder whether or no this may not be an inherited impulse on the part of these gray squirrels and lemmings, in some way associated with what animals may have perforce have had to undertake during the glacial period in former periods of the earth's geologic revolutions.



Eastern Striped Spermophile (*S. tridecimlineatus tridecimlineatus*); adult male (reduced). Drawn by the author.

In a former contribution to these columns, I gave a brief sketch of the Arizona squirrel (*S. arizonensis*), wherein I remarked that sometimes a glance at one of this species as it scrambles up the rocks in New Mexican cañons, leaves the impression on your mind that its coat is of an ochrish color all over. This is not always the case, and I am inclined to think that a certain amount of seasonal change in color of pelage is taken on in this squirrel. Be this as it may, I have since shot specimens in the same locality, and have a skin before me, made up by my eldest son, which is a bright steel gray for the under parts, except the throat and forelimbs, which are of a light grayish brown. Above, the posterior moiety of the dorsum is conspicuously grizzled gray, tawny and black, due to the barred markings of the individual hairs with these colors, while anteriorly, where the hair is much shorter and finer, this grizzling still obtains, but is not nearly so pronounced. It has a long and handsome tail, where again we find each hair to be barred, sometimes four-barred, often six, but usually being grayish white as it leaves the skin, then black, then grayish white again, black once more, and finally terminating with a grayish white tip (See Fig. 1). The ears of this squirrel are not tufted, but its whiskers are long and pronounced. In the paper I referred to above, I gave a few notes on its habits, and would add here, that although it is not nearly as vivacious an animal as the Eastern gray squirrel, nor as restless perhaps, yet its study is full of interest for the naturalist, who is quite content to take nature as he finds her, beautiful as she is under all aspects, view her endless stores as we may.

Chickarees or red squirrels I have shot, skinned, collected and studied ever since I could, or did, raise a single-barreled, muzzleloading, cherry-stocked shotgun to my shoulder, but I have little worthy of record in the way of facts that would be new to my present readers, in addition to those numerous published accounts which I have before me of these, the most saucy of all the small squirrels that enliven our forests and glens. Several years ago when collecting in southern Louisiana, Professor Baird wrote me that either Audubon or Bachman had described a small red squirrel for that region, "red all over" that had never since been captured, and he was very desirous of securing specimens if possible. But all my own efforts to find it failed, and a reward outstanding for nearly a year of twenty-five dollars for each specimen, also failed, and I am quite sure no such variety exists there. Still, Louisianian forests are broad, and they may yet yield us specimens which we hardly think exist there, and the fauna of that State needs working, in some particulars, more than does the fauna of Montana.

Fox squirrels I have both shot and eaten, but reckon their meat poor, and their chase pales as compared with an old-fashioned gray squirrel hunt of a frosty October morning in the hickory woods of northern Connecticut.

I have many notes on other squirrels, but find that my space is nearly expended, so will reserve them for the future, as I have just a word to say here about flying squirrels.

Viewed as a whole, the flying squirrels of all parts of the world are divided by systematists into two genera, *Pteromys* and *Sciuropterus*. *Pteromys* includes a number of large and brilliantly colored flying squirrels of Asia, Java and some of the off-lying islands of the East Indies. They are as yet but slightly known, being nocturnal in their habits, and confined to regions not thoroughly explored. This genus has the dermal-parachute very perfectly developed, and by its aid the animal can make flying leaps of fifty yards or more, wherein it at first descends by a long gentle curve from the point of starting to rise by a far more abrupt curve to alight upon the point toward which it directed itself.

Turning to our "List" we find that the U. S. National Museum quotes but two flying squirrels for this country, a northern and a southern form, both included in the genus *Sciuropterus*. These beautiful little creatures stand among the gentlest and most winning of our smaller animals; they are easily tamed, too, and become the fondest of pets. With their large, prominent, dark eyes, their chubby noses, broad silky tails, exquisitely soft pelts, and their lively and engaging attitudes—one never tires of studying them or admiring the loveliness of their forms. These little creatures are quite nocturnal in their habits, remaining curled up during the glare of the day in their nests, usually situated in the hollow of some great tree in the forest. Here, too, they bring forth their young, the period of gestation being about one month, and as many as half a dozen may be produced at a birth. In the North they rarely have more than a litter a year, while in the Southern States two is the rule. These squirrels, structurally, are quite nearly related to the true squirrels, there being some differences in their dentition, and the possession of the lateral integumental folds forming their volant parachutes.

The time to study the habits of this species in nature is shortly before nighttall, when one must repair to the woods where they are known to exist and occur in abundance. You will not have long to wait, for very soon a dozen or more will be seen sailing through the air about and above you, leaving the uppermost limbs of one tree to glide down, spread out like a little mat of hair, to alight on the side of the trunk of another tree, some distance beyond where you stand. They seem to be actually alive with the sport and to be enjoying themselves to a great extent. Flying squirrels seem to subsist on pretty much the same kind of food as the tree squirrels, being very partial to beechnuts, large seeds and chestnuts.

About a year ago, Mr. H. K. Coale, of Chicago, kindly presented me with an embryo of this species, and in it I found the lateral skin folds which constitute its wings notably well developed, yet the tender little mite had not the sign of a hair anywhere on its body. This specimen is now in the collection of Prof. W. K. Parker, F.R.S., of London, to whom I presented it, for the skull it contained as material illustrating that part of the skeleton in an interesting representative of the Rodentia.

In my next paper I trust to take up other forms from other families of rodents, to illustrate the "List" we have under consideration. In the present essay, my own notes extending over many years, have been materially refreshed and amplified by my perusal of some of the able papers in the Proceedings of the Zoölogical Society of London, especially those contributed by Dr. Günther, F.R.S.; by Prof. W. H. Flower's scientific works and memoirs; by the writings on the *Sciuridæ*, by Mr. Oldfield Thomas, F. Z.S., of the British Museum; by the contributions of Baird and others in the Pacific Railroad Reports (1859); by some very excellent popular works in Goodrich's Natural History, collected from reliable sources; and by the morphological and systematic works of Huxley, Prof. Parker, both father and sons, Mivart, Claus, Gegenbaur, Owen, and a number of others.

R. W. Shufeldt, M.D., C.Z.S.

FRESH-WATER MUSSELS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I can now report upon the edibility of the *Unio* or mussel of our fresh-water streams. A youth of sixteen, known to me by the name of *Davidius giganteus huldeus* (because he is of gigantic size and greatly in love with a maiden named Huldah), having heard that I was much interested in these creatures, went into the Clear Fork a few days ago and captured sixty-two specimens, which he brought me in a sack. As you may well judge, with such a gift I felt like a lucky man. I put thirty-eight in a pond for safe keeping, and sent twenty-four to a lady living near, who had desired to cook the first I should get.

She made a soup of them in this manner: The two dozen animals, taken from their shells, were put in three pints of clear water and stewed fifteen minutes, with a little salt. Then three pints of fresh milk were added; whereupon crackers were put in, and a lump of fresh, sweet butter. All these were stewed together about ten minutes, and the soup then served smoking hot on the table. There rose a savor from it which was very pleasing and appetizing, insomuch that a couple of my backwoods friends who sat near could not refrain from smacking their lips. On going into the soup I found it delicious. I never ate any that was better, and I doubt, indeed, if I ever ate any that was half so good. It was rich, well-flavored, and without any objectionable quality. A little lemon juice squeezed into each plate added to the charm of it. Therefore, I write mussel soup down on my list as a most choice viand; shall eat a good deal of it in the future, and greatly deplore my ill-luck in having lost so much good eating in the past through ignorance. Had I only known it, how blest I might have been! Howbeit, I hope I have many good years yet, and there are lots of mussels in the creeks.

One of my friends who partook of the feast said that the soup under the treatment it had from the cook, would have been fine even if stones had been boiled in it instead of mussels. That may be, but the excellent flavor of the mussels would not have been there.

As for the mussels themselves, they were tough indeed, in part. *Davidius giganteus huldeus*, who also ate of the feast, has a pair of jaws which I should take to be fully as strong as a boar's, but they failed to grind the mussel; he stating that the more he chawed the bigger it grew! To me it seemed like chewing a thick piece of new India rubber; at least a part of each mussel did.

However, the lady who made the soup, hearing so much complaint of the toughness of the animals, was provoked to say that she believed she would overcome their obstinacy and would do so next time. Therefore, the remaining thirty-eight were turned over to her. At dinner next day, mussel soup was again served, but I fished it in vain for the mussels. But in due time a dish heaping-full of fried mussels, brown and crisp, were placed on the table, looking exceedingly nice under sprigs of parsley and sliced lemon. On tasting I found they were good, and that their toughness had indeed been conquered. She had first made soup of them, then dipped them in batter and fried them in butter. They were not as good as oysters, but still they were passably good; not such as one would greatly hanker for, but such as he would eat occasionally with much relish, and generally with comfort. Treated right they are no mean dish.

It is likely that the mussels of the Clear Fork of the Brazos are the best in the world, and not to be compared with those on which "Awahsoose" has been accustomed to be fed. In the frigid zones they are probably but miserable and stunted dwarfs. In the Clear Fork they are great, fat and joyous fellows. I have the right valve of one before me on my table now which is 11in. long and over 6 in width. The animal taken out of it would have filled an ordinary breakfast plate. The tough part of them is their foot. I presume the mussel of the frigid zones is all foot. Here his foot is delicate for a monster of so great size. The lady who cooked them for me says if you want a really elegant dish, as tender as the oyster, cut the foot off and throw it away. The water of the Clear Fork is slightly saline; just enough so to give you a taste of it without being disagreeable. Some of the ladies about here pound the pearly inside of the unio—aragonite—into powder, and say it makes an incomparable starch for fine dresses.

N. A. T.

Carrondale, Tex.

A Dining Car Line to the Pacific Coast.—The completion of the all rail line between Portland, Ore., and San Francisco gives the Pacific coast traveler an opportunity to patronize the famous Dining Car and Yellowstone Park Line, the Northern Pacific Railroad. The sportsman traveling in the West, whether a lover of the rod or gun, naturally seeks this road, penetrating as it does the lake park region of Minnesota, and running through the valleys of such trout streams as the Yellowstone, Gallatin, Hell Gate, Clark's Fork, Spokane, Yakima and Green Rivers, for a distance of fully 1,500 miles, as well as lying immediately contiguous to the finest hunting grounds in the United States, viz., The Big Horn, Snowy Belt, Bitter Root, Coeur D'Alene and Cascade Mountains. Information in regard to this region can be obtained by addressing Charles S. Fee, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, N.R. R., P. St. Paul, Minn.—*Adv.*

Game Bag and Gun.

Antelope and Deer of America. By J. D. Caton. Price $2.50. Wing and Glass Ball Shooting with the Rifle. By W. C. Bliss. Price 50 cents. Rifle, Rod and Gun in California. By T. S. Van Dyke. Price $1.50. Shore Birds. Price 50 cents. Woodcraft. By "Nessmuk." Price $1. Trajectories of Hunting Rifles. Price 50 cents. The Still-Hunter. By T. S. Van Dyke. Price $2.

IN "GALLOGER" DAYS.

AMONG the many charming features of the FOREST AND STREAM, one is especially pleasing, and that is the stirring of memory by the relation of varied experiences by its large corps of contributors. There is hardly a number that does not see the mind running back in enjoyable retrospect through years whose shadows are well relieved by sunny gleams here and there, telling of pleasant rambles through forests, by the side of placid lake or dancing stream, on the mountain crest or in the quiet vale, where nature, undespoiled by ruthless man, reigned in all her glory and beauty.

Such experiences for the most of us are gone forever except in memory, and now when we take the gun or rod and go afield, we wander in treeless fields, by the side of fishless streams, whose beds are dry for months of the year or swollen bankful, only to subside as rapidly as they filled. The summer sun glares on unshaded farms, through whose brown pastures roam cattle in vain search of herbage, from which to swell their shrinking udders, and the honest milkman makes up at the pump what he lacks from the cow. The woods are for the most part mockeries, being second or fifth growth, where thick and straight grow the saplings and the lonesome chipmunk "chips" from some decaying stump, sole remnant of the giant of centuries gone. Or if some lost partridge whirs away, risking his neck among the myriad spindles, it only serves to make the silence and gloom more intense. If, perchance, a respectable woods is found, the work of the cordwood chopper, whose brush, chips and piles of wood show his tracks; by the rail-splitter, whose stacks of chestnut rails tell of butts and wedge; and by the bark peeler, whose hemlock victims lie stripped of their clothing, whitening in the sun that for long years kissed only their lofty tops. The squirrels that once made their nests in their huge trunks and feasted yearly on the toothsome nuts, knowing no lack and fattening on plenty, have seen with wondering eyes and fluttering hearts their homes despoiled, and now deprived of these and sustenance are gone, whither, no one can tell. But gone they are, and it is only at rare intervals that one sees a black or gray squirrel, and the glimpse is apt to be very brief.

But I set out to say that the articles on the ancient weapon called the Galloger carbine, in recent numbers of the FOREST AND STREAM, bring vividly to mind some charming rambles and very pleasant experiences among the peaks and cañons of the Rocky Mountains years ago, when, desirous of killing some game and having no gun of my own, I was kindly armed by my friend Joe Mills, of Georgetown, Colorado, with one of the above-named shooting irons. It was a scandalous old piece, having several coatings of rust on the outside and no telling how much in the bore, and had a general air of abandonment on account of general worthlessness. Joe had no idea when he put it into my hands and rummaged around among the shelves of canned goods, powder, fuse and other miners' delicacies with which the store was furnished, for a few mildewed cartridges to match the fusee, that it would ever be of any use to me or danger to any game; but his goodness of heart was appreciated just the same.

I hadn't much confidence in it myself, but felt better with something in my hands that would make a noise, and that was the gun that could do it. It shot a ball about as large as a grapeshot or small apple, and if the cap was a good one, and the tube was clear, and the vent in the cartridge wasn't stopped up, and you could pull the trigger off, the thing would generally "go Gallagher," and anything within range would surely get a big hole through it, if it was holeable. I was confident that if I ever ran against "Old Ephr'm" or a "lion," and could hold the gun on him when it went off, his hide was mine and his carcass food for the ravens.

Many a happy day have I spent alone among the rocks and whispering pines listening and watching for deer and sheep, camping at night on the mountainside with a huge rock at my back, a companionable fire in front and the ever ready and generally harmless cannon by my side, while I munched my bread and meat, watching the dancing lights and shadows among the encircling trees, wondering how it would seem and what I should do if suddenly from out the darkness beyond the flame two burning orbs should glow as the huge cat noiselessly swung his tail and contemplated the strange scene before him. But 'twas never necessary to do anything, and I never knew how it would seem, for my camp was never molested nor my sleep disturbed except when my feet and the fire grew too intimate, or the wind rising during the night roared among the branches, driving sleep before it. How delicious was the sense of loneliness!

Yet there was no lack of company, and best of all, one's own choosing, the very choicest kind. The "everlasting hills" were on every hand, "mute but eloquent," a perpetual study and soothing delight. Rank upon rank they rose into the heavens, "majestic monarchs of the clouds," looking afar with bared brows on a scene of surpassing grandeur. The magnificent forest encompassed you with its myriad companions, stately and graceful, always attendant with benignant arms and gentle whisperings. Deep down between precipitous mountain sides the limpid stream sang to its trout as it laved the glistening rocks, chafing but always cheerful. The coney from his lookout on the rockslide, barked a sharp warning to his fellows and incontinently dove for security. The pine squirrel chattered and scolded on his perch as he watched the intruder and tore apart the cone for his lunch, raining the hulls in a careless shower through the branches beneath, and the startled grouse with his companion rose to a convenient limb and faded motionless into the foliage. As I sit amid nature in her tamer aspects, diverted in great measure of her wondrous beauty, I long for

> The rocks and the rills,
> The vales and the hills,

where I can once more know truly what it is to be alone.

Once I followed the track of a lion nearly all day in a three-inch snow as he wandered apparently aimlessly about, zigzagging here and there over the mountain, away from a mining camp, to which he had made a nocturnal visit in search of something appetizing. He was accustomed to make such a visit occasionally, and sometimes woke the boys as he nosed around the cabin, which he could do with impunity, as the boys had no gun.

Several times that day I thought there was about to be trouble, as the track entered a patch or mat of dwarfed wind-swept spruce, flattened and spread out as though a Titan had put his huge foot on the top of a tree and crushed it downward, as a silk hat is crushed when some one accidentally sits on it. It would have made a capital resting place for the beast I thought; but it was not to his taste, as the track always reappeared on the further side; and finally, when it took a shoot down a clear two-mile slope toward a creek and wooded mountainside beyond, I gave up the quest, and it being well along in the afternoon, I turned back on Republican Mountain and proceeded to see what the Galloger would do toward obliterating a grouse's head and neck, for I had noted several during the afternoon and succeeded in beheading several and wasting a number of cartridges in so doing. I have thought more than once since that day that it was—

> O, well for the Galloger man,
> As he prowled around that day,
> That he got no glimpse of the tawny cat,
> Nor brought that feline to bay.

Speaking of rifles reminds me of the FOREST AND STREAM'S report of the Schuetzen shoot at Newark recently and the editorial thereon. I suppose all those sharpshooters whose sole idea of a gun is that it is to shoot at a target with, and who haven't the faintest expectation or desire to test their skill in the field, are privileged to turn themselves inside out, other end to, tie themselves into a knot, or shoot backward between their legs at a mark, and so secure medals and badges to ornament their brave bosoms with, but their positions have always seemed supremely ridiculous to me. It is difficult for me to conceive of a rifle as a piece of mechanism to be used solely for amusement at a target. Such it is in the minds and hands of thousands. But even so, why not stand up like a man and shoot it? Of course there are thousands of shooters, as evidenced by the attitudes they assume, who are so rickety and lacking in control of their nerves and muscles that they are unable to stand forth in a manly way and shoot a rifle, and for such, of course, harness and portable rests and the hip racket are indispensable. I don't see why such unreliable persons are permitted to have guns. If a man is not able to hold a gun alone, he had better "shoot the gun." Just imagine a hunter after moose or deer in a tussocky bog, flopping on his back in the mush, while he makes a sawbuck of his knees, ties his left arm around his neck and waits for the scared game to get in front of his telescopic wind-gauged artillery. Or picture to yourself a hunter wallowing on the ground on his stomach, shooting squirrels out of a hickory tree, or carrying lumber around with him for a rest while he hunts antelope, or caroming on his hip with his elbow as though he had colic while he shoots a charging grizzly. There is a just pride, an exhilaration, a feeling of confidence that comes from being able to hit the center, standing up like a man, with a rifle at "arm's length," in true off-hand style, that these hip and other rest men have no consciousness of. There is manly grace in such a position worthy of emulation and admiration, and whenever it becomes necessary to use a gun in an emergency such a marksman will "get there," while these other fellows are considering what particular style of rest they will choose for the occasion. Away with this rest business! It ought to be relegated to the shades of flint locks and percussion caps. O. O. S.

THE STORY OF THE WHITE BUFFALO.

MACDONALD'S POINT, N. B., May 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: Of the many New Brunswickers who acted on the advice of Horace Greeley, perhaps none was more widely and favorably known, after seven years of Western life, than Edgar Hendry, late editor of the Helena (Mont.) *Independent*. By his death last December New Brunswick lost one of her most gifted sons, and Montana an able journalist. His description in his paper of two trips through the National Park did much to awaken interest in that land of wonders; and he had picked up a vast fund of interesting stories of travel, sport and adventure, from persons whom chance threw in his way.

In boyhood our homes were only a few miles apart. Later, we "began life" in the same business. During '78 and '79 we were members of a select circle of five young men, who met every Saturday evening for mutual improvement and amusement. Hendry, Editor Belyea, of the Grant county *Herald*, Minnesota, and Dr. Macdonald, now of St. John, N. B., were the talent, life, and a large fraction of the brains of the party. Those were good times—long to be remembered by at least one.

It is therefore with pleasure, not unmixed with sadness, that I read the anecdotes, sketches of Western character and travels in the note books which, with his other personal effects, came home to his friends. In one of them I find the inclosed, which I thought perhaps you would like to publish. I have copied it word for word, save that it shows every sign of having been hastily written, and the writing is not always plain, there may be a letter or two wrong in some of the proper names.

L. I. FLOWER.

STORY OF THE WHITE BUFFALO.

(Told the writer by W. O. Gabriel.)

The color of the American bison shades from a dark brown to almost a black and any specimen, varying markedly from that, may be considered an accidental freak of nature, like a white crow or black fox. Once a yellowish or very light brown buffalo, (sometimes erroneously spoken of as white) was killed in the Yellowstone region. I also heard of a "white" buffalo among the taxidermists' display in the Dakota department of the New Orleans Exposition; but those who have seen it say it was far from that color. I have myself seen several of the fine "silk" robes, as they are called from the peculiar soft character of the hair; but the only white buffalo of which I ever heard any authentic account, is the one that forms the subject of this sketch.

In the summer of 1875 I was with a great hunting party of Yanktonnais Teton-Sioux. The band consisted of about 200 lodges under Medicine Bear. Besides myself, the white men with them were John Freeman, Charlie Ingram and Frank Beatty, plainsmen; and Dr. Southworth of Rochester, N. Y., then Agency physician at Old Fort Peck. We were on Frenchman's Creek, a tributary of the Milk River, about eighty miles north of the Missouri and fifteen or twenty from the Canadian boundary. We were following the main herd of buffalo. We had stopped six hours that morning to let it pass, and a great body of the animals stretched out over the prairie.

With the herd was this white buffalo, which I afterward found to be a cow about four years old, and of a uniform color, even to her hoofs and horns. I had dismissed the stories previously told by the Indians concerning the creature as mythical tales and Indian folk lore. They had seen her with the herd the year before. They said she was always surrounded by other buffaloes, which protected her from the hunters; that she was very fleet, and had been known to mysteriously disappear. They thought her a spirit—one of the many embodiments of good or evil, which the Indians see in all material objects, for the peculiarities of which they cannot account. As they had been unsuccessful when they saw her first, she was therefore an evil spirit—"bad medicine," and as such must be killed, and an order to that effect had long since gone forth.

When we reached the bounds of the hunt that morning the bucks or soldier band had broken into the herd, and in every direction were riding down stragglers, detaching small bands from the struggling mass, whooping, shouting and spearing. My companions and I were watching the scene when an exclamation from a squaw near us drew our attention to the white buffalo. She had been seen more quickly by the hunters than by us, and a number of the most active of the young bucks, anxious to display their prowess, though perhaps secretly half afraid, were in hot pursuit. We were so much interested that we started in the direction of the race. As one after another of the pursuers dropped out to join the main hunt, it looked as if it would be another victory for the "spirit," for the stories of her fleetness had not been exaggerated to the usual extent. But one young buck, after a hard ride, succeeded in coming up with her and killing her. His peculiar whoop drew the attention of the chiefs of the hunt, and they, followed by the entire band, hastened to him.

We were among the first to arrive. The successful hunter had dismounted and stood silent and stolid by the side of the carcass, which he had been careful not to touch. After a brief council the chiefs stripped him of all arms and clothing, except his breech-cloth, took his horse from him and directed him to walk back to the home camp on the Missouri. This was intended as a sort of penance to appease the wrath of a possibly offended god. The cow was then skinned and the hide fastened to the top of an upright pole, as an offering to the Sun—the supreme god of the Sioux. Then began a sort of religious ceremony, in the form of a dance around the pole, accompanied by their peculiar chant or prayer, which continued the remainder of the day and extended far into the night. They asked for plenty of grass on which buffalo feed, success against their enemies, good luck in their hunts, and a number of minor favors. After the outfit moved on in the direction of the herd, runners were regularly sent back to see that the sacrifice was in its place on the pole.

We whites, whose feelings of reverence for the robe reached a no more advanced stage than admiration, thought it a pity that it should stay there to be ruined by the elements. We had a great desire to "reduce it to possession." One night, around the campfire on the outskirts of the Indian encampment, we discussed how it could be done. Among the Sioux was a young French half-breed, who was a little less superstitious than the rest. We knew that his absence from the camp would not be likely to be noticed. A little mild ridicule of his fears stirred his pride, and the promise of a bright new eagle stimulated his cupidity to such an extent that he rode back and got the skin, with which he stole into our camp and delivered it a little after midnight. We kept it carefully concealed among our blankets during the rest of our stay with the savages.

The next courier who went back to look after the offering, reported it gone. The Indians immediately concluded that the Sun had taken it, and expressed much satisfaction at the good omen. The remarkable success of the continued hunt fixed the belief that the removal of the robe by the sun was a signal mark of favor, and that the killing of the cow had brought good luck. The young man who killed it was amply rewarded at the close of the hunt.

Dr. Southworth took the skin to Fort Peck and tanned it with chemicals. Soon after he returned to his home in the East, and took the robe along with him. There was a rumor that he presented it to some institution in Philadelphia; but I have never since had any reliable news either of him or of the hide of one of the most beautiful and singular animals I ever saw.

J. E. HENDRY.

GAME IN TEXAS.—Fort Worth, Aug. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Chickens are scarce, though by taking a run up the Denver to the borders of the Nation one can get good sport. Turkeys are very numerous—the largest crop for years. Quail very abundant. They all left last year or died from the droughts, but are here in large quantities now, and good sport is expected next month. Plovers are very plentiful. By the way, I noticed a long article in your columns from some old woman in Decatur, Texas, last spring, not very complimentary to me or to my feelings, about plover and slaughtering them by the million, etc. All bosh from beginning to end. I suppose she got the idea from some advertisements of mine in the papers. I conclude she was an old woman. It might have been some fellow jealous of my trade in sporting goods here, which I am glad to say is out and out the best in this section. If you or any friends ever think of visiting Texas for a hunt I shall take particular pains in putting you on all the good things, though you did turn me round in your paper last spring for shooting plover.—ARTHUR STERT.

THE WOODCHUCK CREEK COUNTRY.

I.—FLUID.

THE rain came pouring down with that peculiar persistency, pertinacity and perverseness which characterizes a Michigan November rain. It began at daylight and appeared to have made all proper arrangements to stay with us. The clouds were a dull leaden mass of moisture, and hung so low that it seemed easy enough to touch them with a trout rod; but as we had no trout rod handy, we will simply call this an estimate. This rain was especially unwelcome, unexpected and exasperating. We had reached the "Castle" two days previously, with dogs, guns, provisions and other necessaries for a two-weeks' campaign among the game in a section of country which, so far as exclusiveness, quantity and quality were concerned, was to us almost as good as a private preserve.

I have no desire to mislead the confiding reader by the allusion to a castle. Strictly speaking, it was not a castle. So if you have already any fanciful ideas of

"* * * battlements gloomy and high,
That tower aloft to the frightful sky,"

with moats, port-cullis, drawbridge and such like, it would be well enough to heave them overboard at once. It was a good, plain, substantial log cabin. It was said by Sysiphus, one of our party, to be unique and primitive—aboriginal, so to speak. Sysiphus is a great admirer of the unique and primitive. The style of architecture was strictly colonial, and as it may serve a useful purpose to others who may have an inclination to erect a substantial "forest house," a sketch of the "Castle" is given with its surroundings. It will be observed that the chimney is on the outside of the structure, and is of liberal capacity. There are two outside doors large enough for a horse to haul in logs 6ft. long and 2ft. diameter or more, in front of the fireplace, which are rolled into that spacious receptacle, three making a very respectable pile, with small wood to fill the interstices, and when fairly blazing the effect is in the highest degree cheering and comforting. Well, as may be imagined, the blazing hearth possessed a charm on this dismal, damp, disgusting November morning, which in some degree reconciled us to the depressing features of the landscape as viewed from the south window of the Castle.

A rendition of Hamlet, with the part of the Prince of Denmark omitted, would be no less complete than would these chronicles minus the tangible and all pervading presence of Aaron, the portly, sable genius who presided over the domestic arrangements of the Castle. These domestic arrangements were as broad in their comprehension as a political platform, but more conscientiously adhered to by the *chef*.

Aaron was once a cook and house servant, in the days of slavery, on the plantation of a wealthy Virginia planter, and what he did not know about concocting toothsome dishes and consoling draughts and all the little tricks and mysteries of comforts, elegancies and luxuries that contribute to the gratification of physical wants and fancies, wasn't worth making any effort to learn. He was a natural born genius in his line, and when it came to providing a dinner for four with a very limited larder to draw upon, he surpassed himself, broke the records every time. This is mentioned incidentally as a tribute to the moral and intellectual worth of a person who makes no claim, desires no notoriety, and seeks no higher place than serving his esteemed employers at $50 per month and found.

On this eventful morning Aaron had a decidedly moody party to cater for, and the troubled and anxious expression upon his ebony countenance fully declared that he appreciated that fact. The roaring, blazing, crackling fireplace was about the only cheerful feature to be seen.

"Well, gent'men, dis 'ere's a right smart narsty mornin' and no mistake; rains like it wa'n't never goin' to stop. Howsomever, we got to have bre'kfust all de same, and what do ye feel like hevin'? We've got some venison steaks and some of dat dar bird pie left over from yist'day and some partridges ready to go on the gridi'on."

The Doctor was the first who found tongue to answer. "I want no game, Aaron, nothing that will remind me that I am here on a hunting expedition. Nothing that will destroy the illusion that I am not in a Bengal jungle with a six month's rain on hand, and a tiger or two to every square yard of territory outside of this house. No, give us some corn bread and bacon, strong coffee without sugar or any of that condensed abomination."

"Better have a little stewed boa constrictor or fried monkey with it, to carry out your ideas most perfectly. You can have your bacon, but, Aaron, for me, let it be a bountiful allowance of that excellent bird pie warmed up, and a couple of piping hot baked potatoes."

"How about the buckwheat cakes, Aaron?"

"All right, sah, the kitchen is as dry as a squirrel's nest, and dat batter de best what we haint neber had yet."

"Well," sagely remarked Sysiphus, "I see no immediate danger to be apprehended so far as eatables are to be considered, and guess we'll worry through till noon, rain or no rain."

In half an hour we were sitting around the "hospitable board," discussing as good a breakfast as falls to the lot of most humans, and a very contented quartette we were, much to the relief of old Aaron.

The wind was fast rising, and the fury with which it ever and anon dashed the rain against the windows was calculated to make us duly thankful that we were so comfortably housed. The waves on the lake, which washed the gravelly beach a hundred feet distant, were ornamented with fluffy white-plumed caps, and threw the spray far up on the bushes that grew along the margin.

It was a wild day, and the prospect was that there remained for us a choice between a day of inactive stupidity in doors, or a battle with the elements without in a doubtful pursuit of game. An hour was passed before the great fire with cigars and pipes. The previous day's sport was gone over, the big buck inspected for the fourth or fifth time, the small game counted up, the guns and other accoutrements of the chase examined and declared "the best and cleanest outfit ever turned out of a shop," the dogs fed and duly cared for and all was in order and satisfactory.

The General stood looking gloomily out of the window, down which the water poured in torrents. Presently he turned to the others with a fierce expression of determination to do something rash, "Yes sir, I'm going to take a sly shot at those turkeys down on the creek; I don't propose to stay housed up all day because it happens to rain a little."

"Will you listen to that, now?" exclaimed Sisyphus; "turkeys on such a day as this; quail, too, perhaps, and grouse, eh!"

"No, I don't want anything to-day but turkey, except, perhaps, I may bring in a couple of wild geese."

Amid the derisive comments of the rest of the party, the General proceeded to don his waterproof shooting suit, and when he was fully equipped, he looked so thoroughly comfortable and able to encounter any amount of moisture that more than one of us secretly wished that he were going along too, but it would manifestly never do to acknowledge any such weakness. So off went the General at a swinging gait with his faithful Don at his heels.

The stable was but a few steps distant, and a brief visit thereto revealed the fact that Aaron had performed his duties in that department perfectly; the pair of bays were comfortably and contentedly enjoying themselves, their sleek coats shining like satin, eloquent proof of the darkey's vigorous grooming. Fleck, Rose and Maj. were stretched out in the straw and everything bore an aspect of perfect neatness and contentment.

Inside the Castle to-day at least was a place to be sought, and as the chronicler entered, the Doctor was heard say:

"Speaking of those antlers on our big buck, what do you suppose becomes of the horns shed by deer?" "What becomes of 'em? Why they—they 're—er, that is I suppose they sort of—disappear," replied Sisyphus. "Well, that is about as clear an idea as I thought you would evolve out of that gigantic brain of yours. Chronic, what do you say? Have you ever thought about the subject sufficiently to hazard an opinion?"

"I always supposed that the Indians gathered 'em up and sold 'em to cutlery manufacturers for knife handles."

"Oh, you did always suppose so, eh? Well, that does you great credit, as a naturalist, and I wonder you never published a book on the subject. I'll bet old Aaron can give a better solution of the question than either of you. Aaron, do you know what becomes of deer's horns when they shed them?"

"Wall, d'know, Doctor; of course dere's a heap o' dif'nt 'pinions 'bout that question, and likely 's not aint comin' widin forty rows of apple trees of de right one; but when I lib'd in Alabama, when I was a young man, on old Kernel Compton's place, he was consid'able of a feller for huntin', had stacks of dogs, a dozen horses, an' guns—wall, I neber seen no gun shop what hed so many—an' I used to go 'long wid him to de woods pooty often; an' I mos' freq'ently found horns layin' roun', an' I uster take notice dat dey was gnawed an' chawed all ober, an' like some beasteses had been tryin' for to eat 'em up—mebby wolves. De horns was shed down dere 'long in Feberay an' Murch, an' I kinder watched to see what in de Ole Harry it was dat eaten de horns. I watch 'bout ev'ry day, an' bimeby I seen a couple o' gophers goin' for 'em, an' bimeby I seen some of dem pesky wood rats a-nibblin' at 'em, an' den it was the squirrels carryin' off great big chunks; an' 'twant long before the hull horn was done gone, for sure."

"That is just the explanation exactly, Old Ebony. And I have observed the same facts in Mississippi and also Virginia, and my theory is, that wherever deer abound and their horns are not found, the regions will be ascertained to be well stocked with squirrels, field mice, wood rats, gophers and other industrious rodents."

"An' I took notis of anuder ting," added Aaron, "an' dat was, dat dese 'ere horns is cast off at a time o' year when de stock of pervishins was runnin' mighty short wid these little varmints, and dere wan't nothin' wuth speakin' about dat was big enough of the new crap, an' so dey jes go for dem horns like they was mos' starved."

"Very philosophical and very observing, my sable friend; you ought to belong to some scientific association."

"Like Brudder Gardner's Lime Kiln Club, for instance," put in Sysyphus.

"No, sar, I don't want no truck wid dat whitewash brigade. I waded froo one 'er two ob dem perceedin's ob de meetin's, an' I 'klar to grashus it mos' turned my stummick."

"Hark!" ejaculated the Doctor, "wasn't that the General's gun? There's another!" as the sharp reports rang out plainly in the direction of the creek, and in less than five minutes two more broke the damp stillness.

"I believe the fellow's pluck and bad taste in going out in such weather are to have a reward; if he has got a turkey he will be home before dinner time."

"Which will be in an hour. Aaron, betake yourself to the culinary department and employ your time from now on as usefully as you may in preparing for us the wherewith to fight the pangs of these formidable appetites, and great shall be thy reward."

And the cloud disappeared with a grin that threatened to let the top of his head fall off. KEUKA.

KANSAS PRAIRIE CHICKENS.—Prairie chickens will soon be ripe, and after Sept. 1 can be lawfully killed. Many people, however, seem either to be in ignorance of the existing game laws or wilfully violate them. Reports have been received at this office from observing gentlemen who have been traveling through our State, that our game birds are now being rapidly exterminated by the ruthless slaughter that is now going on, and many instances are given where sporting vandals from the large Eastern cities are now in this State shooting prairie chickens in defiance of the laws of Kansas. In most other States game laws are rigidly enforced and highly beneficial. Action should be taken where these violations occur, and they will be encouraged by a large number of sporting men who thoroughly enjoy the lawful hunt, and who earnestly hope for the enforcement of our laws.—*Leavenworth Times, Aug. 19.*

OF SAM LOVEL'S CAMPS, as published in the FOREST AND STREAM, the Whitewater (Wis.) *Register*, Aug. 9, said: "There are many passages equalling the best descriptive touches of Thoreau, and there is a humor and an absence of personal self-consciousness and a close recognition and discernment of nature's very heart, which that well-famed writer fails to show.

RAIL SHOOTING is now in order at Port Elizabeth, N. J., Mauricetown, N. J., and Chester, Pa.

THE CONNECTICUT ASSOCIATION.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The persons interested in the formation of the Connecticut Association of Farmers and Sportsmen for the Protection of Game and Fish met in Hartford, and completed organization by the election of the following officers: President, A. C. Collins, of Hartford; Secretary, Allen Willey, of Hartford; Treasurer, Dr. N. W. Holcomb, of Simsbury. At the next meeting eight directors will be elected one from each county in the State. F. B. B.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I see that that Mr. A. C. Collins and a few selected gentlemen are trying to combine the interests of the farmers and city sportsmen. I suppose I am what I have noticed some of your correspondents call a "pot-hunter." Surely I am not overburdened with this world's goods; I am not guilty of shooting birds on the ground without giving them a chance for life. I have sold game to defray expense of my powder and shot, and with a great many of my farmer friends I claim to be a sportsman. I am a farmer's son, and as much interested (and perhaps more) in the protection of game as our would-be city friends.

There is a very foolish game law in force here which deprives me from sending a brace of partridges to the editor of this valuable paper or any other friend without danger of arrest from Mr. C.'s special agents, if he gets them; but city sportsmen from many cities outside this State come here, shoot large strings of our game and take it out of the State. It is not a fair deal. I claim if partridges are plentiful on my farm, and I can shoot them, I should be allowed to sell or give them away if I wish, in any place that I wish, the same as I would trout from my private fish pond. Unless there is a revision of our game laws I think very few farmers will join the association of "farmers and sportsmen."

ONE OF THE FARMERS.

WESTCHESTER, Conn.

Herbert Banning, of Lyme, Conn., who is a crack shot with gun or rifle, hunts for the market, says the Hartford *Globe*. Game Warden Collins successfully prosecuted him last year for a violation of the game laws. A friend of Banning gave a *Globe* reporter Banning's record of game slaughtered for two years past:

1886. Partridges, 180; quail, 495; woodcock, 75.
1887. Partridges, 176; quail, 480; woodcock, 80.

Banning kept no account of rabbits or squirrels, and made no special mention of a few foxes, coons and musk-rats that he had killed in the two years, or of several hundred meadow hens. Banning's biggest shooting last year was one day when he brought in thirty-eight head, six partridges and thirty-two quail. Banning in one day shot seventeen partridges. He hunts from October 1, or a little before, until it is too cold to handle a gun. Besides his wholesale slaughter of game, he finds time to attend chicken and turkey shoots, and if he thinks it advisable can bring a chicken or turkey every time he shoots.

NEW ENGLAND GAME.

BY the time these lines reach the eye of the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM the open season for game bird shooting in the New England States will have begun. The 1st of September brings that welcome day in Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont and Massachusetts, and it is very natural for the enthusiastic gunner to desire to know what the prospects are. In the first place the reports are rather favorable for grouse shooting in the most of the States named above. Those who have been watching the woods in Massachusetts with considerable thoroughness say that the broods of ruffed grou e are more plenty than usual. One gentleman, living in Reading, says that there are three broods of these game birds this year where there was one last. He has several broods located against the opening day, and that day being Saturday, he will try his dogs in earnest. He has several times taken his dogs out for an imaginary hunt of late—a hunt to him imaginary, because he has not allowed himself to take a gun, so long as the law was on, but perhaps more real to the dogs, since he has them trained so that they will point an old partridge in a very few moments any day. This gentleman claims that there is a good deal of dissatisfaction expressed concerning the change that has put the opening season on woodcock forward to Sept. 1. The feeling among the gunners is that these birds are all flown before the first of September, and that it is impossible to get any as late as that, unless it be occasionally a flight bird. The enforcing of the law is regarded as simply giving away the birds reared here to the more fortunate gunner in the South, where the birds winter. The gentleman mentioned above thinks that the feeling is pretty general to break the law on woodcock, for the above reason, while all are willing to wait for the proper season to kill partridges. In this case all the gunners fair alike, and fairness is a jewel with them.

Certainly from some parts of Maine the prospects for grouse shooting are fully up to the average. It was the remark of a well-known gunner from Cumberland county to me the other day that he had been out but very little this year himself, but that he had heard from the boys, who are very close observers, that the broods of grouse are plenty and also unusually large. The same report comes from Androscoggin county. From Oxford county, in the southern part, I have not heard except from one young man, a great lover of the gun. His idea is that partridges are not as plenty as last year. In the northern part of that county, especially in the Lake region, it is doubtful if grouse are as plenty as last year. The frequenters of the Lake Road, from Andover to the South Arm, a noted grouse ground, say that they have not seen half as many partridges as last year. On the other hand, I saw a gentleman the other day who is familiar with the roads into the lakes, via Phillips and Rangeley, and he claims that grouse are unusually plenty. A Boston sportsman, who takes one or two outings in New Hampshire with dog and gun each year, says that the best information he can get goes to show him that the birds are quite plenty in the neighborhoods he visits. But the entire New England States involve a vast territory for grouse shooting, and from the meager reports at hand it is fair to conclude that the shooting this fall is to be as good as last at least. But a good deal of this shooting is to be done by the local gunners. Each year the interest in this sport has been growing among the farmers' boys, and they are likely soon to take about all there is of it. As a rule these boys are law-abiding. They are willing

to wait till the first of September, for the birds are then better grown, and by a sort of common consent they have agreed among themselves to see that the law is observed.

For duck shooting along the New England sea coast the prospects are not very bright, and the same is generally true of duck shooting in the inland ponds and lakes. Spring shooting has about ruined this sort of sport, and now the spring shooting itself has fallen off very seriously. Constant and terrible shooting at these birds at every turn, both spring and fall, has either in a great measure destroyed them or it has forced them to seek other shores, where they are not so continually harrassed with the gun. I hear it mentioned by fishermen and others acquainted with the shores along the Nova Scotia coast and even down to the shores of the North Bay that these birds are growing more plenty in those regions, and it is possible that they are driven away from the New England coast, even as a feeding ground, to say nothing of breeding.

It is certain that in the inland lakes in Maine, once very populous with several breeds of ducks and divers, these birds have been greatly thinned out within a few years. This is probably the direct result of the carrying of guns into Maine, even in June and July, by fishermen and tourists. The feeling with the men and boys who thus take guns is, contrary to law, to kill everything at sight. Why, even the great northern divers, once so common in the celebrated trout lakes of Maine, are actually becoming rather scarce, the result of popping away at every loon that comes in sight. It is a shame that these noble birds should thus be driven out of those waters and perhaps out of existence. It is certain that one of the charms of the annual visit to the lakes will be over when the loon's night cry is no longer to be heard. But the carrying of guns into the game regions by mere tourists and vacationists in the months when all the game is under the protection of the law is something that should not be tolerated. Why, I stepped on board the Portland steamer the other evening in order to be with a brother a few minutes longer before the steamer sailed, and we counted six men and boys, each with gun or rifle cases and generally with fish rod cases. Now, they were taking these guns into Maine during the close season, for the boat was not to stop till she reached Portland, in that State. For what purpose were the guns? Why should they he allowed? Well, there are to be some changes in the game laws of that State next winter. SPECIAL.

A NORTHERN FOWLING GROUND.—Seal Island, which was lately advertised as for sale by its owner, Mr. Arthur Tousaint, of Quebec, is a well-known marine sporting ground of which Canadian sportsmen have frequently spoken to us. Lying in the St. Lawrence River, about forty-five miles below Quebec, in the direct course of migrating wildfowl, it is, we are told, a great resort for black and other ducks, as well as for geese and brant. Beach birds and snipe are found there in almost countless numbers. The owner states that last autumn in twenty minutes he killed forty-five brant; and the duck shooting is said to be unsurpassed in Northern waters. Seal Island was described at length in our issue of Dec. 16, 1886, by Mr. J. M. Le Moine, of Quebec.

COMPLETING THE WORK OF EXTERMINATION.—Laurel, Mont., Aug. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* On July 30 a large buffalo bull came within 200yds. of one of Dilworth's "round up" camps on Rock Creek, about thirty-miles south of the Yellowstone. The cowboys became possessed of the killing fever at once, and two of these gentry proceeded to run the "remnant" down, which they succeeded in doing, finishing him with revolver shots after a ride of ten miles. They secured only the head, he being in poor condition and hide comparatively worthless.—M. W. C.

Sea and River Fishing.

Angling Talks. By George Dawson. Price 50 cents. Fly-Rods and Fly-Tackle. By H. P. Wells. Price $2.50. Fly-Fishing and Fly Making for Trout. By J. H. Keene. Price $1.50. American Angler's Book. By Thad. Norris. Price $5.50.

SHARKS CHEW TOBACCO.

I WAS a passenger on the steamship "City of Dallas" bound from Truocillo in Central America to New Orleans, and we had anchored over night opposite the town of Ceiba on the Spanish Main, for the purpose of taking on a cargo of bananas. We lay about half a mile off shore, right on the open coast, and the light of the early morning spread before us a beautiful panorama of hills and mountains in the background, with dark green verdure of tropical forest extending from mountain top down to water's edge. Out of doors it was cool and pleasant, with only a faint, soft breeze stirring the morning air. Not a ripple was on the surface of the water, and the usual swell of ocean was barely perceptible on deck. Down below in the saloon and staterooms we had passed a warm night of uneasy slumber, listening to the monotonous slow creaking and rattling of doors, and racks, and tiller chains. The vessel lay head to wind, and not a breath of air stole its way below, so that break of day found me, and many others like myself, lounging and promenading under the awnings on the upper deck. The water beneath us was clear as crystal, and the anchor and chain with some thirty fathoms out could be vaguely seen on the bottom. The songs of birds and cries of wild parrots on shore were distinctly heard on the ship, and likewise we could hear the shouts of natives loading their lighters with bananas. This stillness is usual on the coast during the dry season, but it seldom lasts later than 10 o'clock in the morning, when the sea breeze comes in and kicks up a big sea, and blows until midnight.

With the prospect before us of nothing to do to pass the dull time of waiting, I hailed with delight the proposal to angle over the vessel's side. I blamed my short-sightedness for not having foreseen this possibility and providing myself with proper tackle, but I made a mental resolve then and there always to carry some with me hereafter. To rectify this omission I cast around to borrow a fishing line from some one, and tried Tony the dudish mate, and Jim the handsome purser, but without success, and wound up by borrowing a primitive hook and line from Mary the pretty little stewardess. It reminded me forcibly of boyhood days—a chunk of lead and two hooks at the end of a knotted cotton line. However, I was as well pleased at its performance as if it had been one of Conroy's, for the way I snatched in the snappers from out of the wet was a caution. By the time I had fixed up my line in proper shape several other parties had also rigged themselves out with nondescript tackle, and were conjecturing where the bait was to come from, but did not have long to wait, for Joe the steward soon came along with several salt mackerel, and the white belly of that fish made excellent cut bait for our purposes.

In a short while we had caught a nice mess of small snappers, from ten to twenty inches long, and were having a real good time. We had not fished very long, however, before a large shark put in an appearance, and stopped our sport. We first knew of his presence by his greedily snapping off the fish from one of my neighbors' lines, having followed it up from the bottom. He executed this performance several times, and then the snappers stopped biting entirely. Not even a nibble could we get, so we hauled in our lines and commenced to pay our attention to the shark. He was a monstrous fellow, about fifteen feet long, and he kept swimming round and round the vessel, sometimes on top the water and sometimes away down deep below us, but always at a respectful distance. His reddish brown body could be plainly seen through the clear transparent green water, and you may be sure he was the cynosure of all eyes. A great many plans for his capture were discussed, but none appeared practicable within our limited means. The engineer suggested that if the shark would give him time, he would forge a proper hook and chain, but as the shark was unable to give him a guarantee he abandoned the project.

While we were thus talking, I noticed the native pilot every now and then throwing overboard one of the snappers we had so recently caught, and as the current carried it a little distance clear of the vessel the shark would gobble it down, and in fact the intervals were so regular that Mr. Shark seemed impatient when the regularity was broken by a little delay. We saw that our pilot had some ultimate object in view, and it drew our attention to him. I had not particularly noticed the man before this, more than that he was a fine looking, dark-skinned man, with good European features, but evidently of mixed blood. As he was born and raised on this coast, and had probably served his pilot's apprenticeship as a fisherman, he knew how to deal with his inveterate foe, the shark. Anyhow, we all thought so, and gave him credit for it, and although he did not say much, he went about it in a very earnest manner. After having thrown over ten small fish, he selected another a little larger than the others, and with a stick of wood rammed a roll of chewing tobacco, nearly as large as a man's hand, down into its belly, and pressed its throat together again. He held it ready to throw, and as the shark came up, anxiously looking for his fish, he tossed it to him and as it barely touched the water the shark turned over on its back and sucked it in. The shark then swam off as usual to the side of the vessel, and then below us, and was apparently rising again in expectation of another fish when the nicotine commenced its work. His struggles and contortions were terrible to behold, as he darted here and there in a blind rage, and vomiting blood, but as he swam, or was carried by the current away from us, his struggling grew gradually less, until it ceased altogether. The tobacco had killed him. L.

MONTMORENCY BEAVER MEADOWS.

THE Province of Quebec is renowned for its fishing rivers and lakes, and in the country surrounding the old rock-built city of Quebec it is especially so. Within a few miles of this city are the famed Falls of Montmorency, above which are the Natural Steps, as glorious a picnic ground as there is in the world. There one may recline in secluded spots, surrounded by ferns and raspberry bushes, and whip from the cold rushing stream the brightest of speckled trout. In that stream are dark and silent pools, eddying current and fierce rushing rapids. On one side are the nature-worked steps, barricaded by a forest of pines and maples, whose odor is most entrancing; on the other side is a grand precipice, which rises from the deep waters perpendicularly to a height of over two hundred feet, and at whose summit are lofty trees bending down over the rushing waters. Shrubs and bushes climb up the wall of the precipice and add a beauty to the otherwise bare wall. Ascending the river the scenery grows wilder and grander, and the follower of Izaak Walton can enjoy his full of pleasure in whipping from the stream the brook trout which swarm this river. The wild flowers and ferns which deck its banks are the most varied and beautiful which delight the eye, while the formation of the rocks remind one of terraces and castelated mansions. But it is not particularly this portion of the Montmorency River I wish to describe. Further up, about fifteen miles, are what are called the Beaver Meadows, which extend for about ten miles.

To reach this place the sportsman should, in leaving the city of Quebec, go down by the Beauport road and take the road to the left when nearly opposite the parish church and drive for about fifteen miles, where he can be accommodated with board by Mr. Doherty in a house located on the river's bank. The fishing there is entirely free, and trout of three and four pounds can be taken in abundance. A few miles above this place is the club house of the Montmorency Fish and Game Club, whose president is also president of the Quebec Fish and Game Protection Club. The club house is a fine building of about 90ft. frontage, and affords accommodation to about twenty guests. The club is composed mostly of gentlemen belonging to Quebec, but strangers are admitted and those who are fond of using the rod and fly should endeavor to participate in the advantages which the club possesses. Further up the river is another club house affording the same accommodation, and both these houses are owned by the same club. For twenty miles the right of fishing at the Beaver Meadows is owned by this club, whose members have the right to grant to strangers the privilege of fishing in these rich waters.

One may speak or write of the fishing in the Lake St. John district, but in the Beaver Meadows of the upper waters of the Montmorency there are finer and larger trout caught. Fish of from 3 to 4lbs. are caught continually, while often others ranging from 6 to 8lbs. are taken. The fly mostly used is the red-hackle in the morning, fancy flies in the day time, and moths in the evening. There are grand stretches of still water where the sportsman may take his bark canoe and from it whip the stream from early morning till twilight, and not without success, for at the Beaver Meadows fish are plentiful, and the sportsmen will never return with an empty basket.

Entering the Montmorency is the Snow River, also abounding with trout and under control of the club, as also are many of the lakes within their fishing rights. Snow River and the many lakes are gold mines to the fisherman. The club houses are not far distant and tents and camp equipage are easily procurable, provided you are a member of the club or a friend of a member. One can therefore ever be certain of accommodation and comfort when proceeding on a fishing excursion to the Beaver Meadows, and one can also be certain of a good catch of not only many trout, but large trout; trout which will exercise the expertest anglers, for there are such rapids in the river Montmorency that when a trout gets the fly in his mouth and takes a rush down the stream, the sportsman must be a good swimmer and an agile follower of his prey. I will merely say that at the Beaver Meadows, on the Montmorency River, one can have more pleasure and catch more and larger trout than elsewhere in the Province of Quebec.

It is not only the trout fishing that forms the attractions of the Beaver Meadows. It is certainly within an easy distance of the city of Quebec, and roads and bridges have been built to render access thereto very easy. But leaving aside the piscatorial attractions of these upper waters of the Montmorency, there is such scenery as rarely excites the wonder and admiration of the tourist. The river Montmorency comes down from the Laurentian Mountains and these grand ranges of hills look down upon the rushing stream from tree-clad heights. Here and there the bare rocks rise up like castles or battlements, again like terraced halls. Up from the dark and whirling river rise precipices, rise mountains, clothed with the verdure of earth. The maple and the pine overhang the mountains and the wild ash ever keeps watch, and who can describe the wild dashing river, the raging torrents and rapids, the whirlpools and placid nooks and silent water. One cannot conceive a more glorious river for either the sportsman or the tourist than this portion of the Montmorency, and it is ever a favorite resort of not only Quebecers, but of Americans who visit the city. And it is no matter of surprise, for no grander river exists than the Montmorency, whose waters rush over the precipice at its mouth and so well known as the Montmorency Falls. T. J. O.

QUEBEC, Canada.

LARGE MASKINONGE IN CANADA.

IN our last issue we gave an account of some extraordinary catches of maskinonge taken in Mosquito Bay, as recorded by the *Intelligencer*, of Bellville, Ont. The excitement at Bellville over the discovery of many large fish of this species seems to be at fever heat and men who never fished before are buying tackle and hurrying to the bay. The same paper, in a later issue, says:

"Every novice seems to have luck. The fish have been loafing around for years for their city friends to call, and now that they are recognized have no hesitation in 'catching on.' In the evening about dark groups of persons can be seen making their way to the boat landing. Then the triumphant procession sets in. First comes Mr. Herbert Greaves. There is the end of a stick projecting over his shoulder in front, the other end is on the shoulder of a friend behind. They walk with a military tread, keeping excellent time. Between them wiggles and wobbles a 25-pound masko. Then Mr. H. A. Hodgson emerges from a crowd of admirers. He had a stick over his shoulder and looked several inches taller. His is an 18-pounder, with a small pike to keep it company. Shortly after Mr. A. N. Reid emerged from the gathering gloom with a large basket on his arm and a stick on his shoulder; he has been there before, and is getting accustomed to it. It took some time to recognize the party who supported the rear end of the stick who was overshadowed by a ten cent straw hat, as the popular Alderman of St. John's Ward, Toronto, Mr. A. H. Gilbert. It was a beauty, one that would crowd 50lbs. into a close corner. The darkness gathered, but the steady tread of happy pilgrims homeward bound kept up until, when all had passed, the score card showed a record of ten big fish.

"The successful ones are A. H. Hodgson, Herbert Greaves, H. A. Gilbert, Carl Strom, E. Guss Porter, J. C. Keith, L. H. Henderson, Mr. Lockett, and a son of D. R. Leavens, who caught two. Ald. Porter heads the list with the largest fish captured so far, viz.: 37½lbs. It measured 4ft. 4½in. × 21in., this morning. The half gold and half silver bait is said to be the best. An extraordinary circumstance yesterday was the capture by Ald. Porter of a mudcat, which took his large troll. Mr. Walter Greaves failed to get a maskinonge, but he got a 12lb. sheepshead, which gave him plenty of sport. The number of maskos captured this week up to Friday night is 24, 4 on Tuesday, 4 on Wednesday, 6 on Thursday and 10 on Friday."

WEAKFISH IN PRINCE'S BAY.—During the past week the catches of weakfish in Prince's Bay have been large in numbers and of fair size. This portion of Staten Island is easily reached by New Yorkers who take the Staten Island ferry to St. George and then go to Richmond Valley by rail. Out in the channel the small school fish are plenty, and each angler must decide for himself whether he will fish for them or stay on the flats and try for the larger and more uncertain tide-runners. Weakfishing does not rank high as sport, but hundreds find it amusing, and the morning ferry boats carry many lunch baskets and boxes of shedder crabs.

TOURISTS seeking rest and recreation during the hot summer months can obtain valuable information from the illustrated guide books entitled "A Summer Jaunt" and "Summer of 1888" issued by the Wisconsin Central Line. These books are descriptive of the summer resorts in Wisconsin and Minnesota, reached by the Wisconsin Central Line, and will be sent free to any address upon application to JAMES BARKER, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Milwaukee Wis.—*Adv.*

GAINESVILLE, Tex.—*Messrs. Wallace & Sons, New York:* SIRS—After an exhaustive trial with every make of shell, I find the strong primer Climax paper shell equal to any English shell I have used. Nothing can be found better for Schultze or American wood powder. (Signed) "ALMO."—*Adv.*

LAKE EDWARD.

BOSTON, Aug. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have just returned from a canoeing trip of six weeks through the Lake St. John region, and as I read up the back numbers of the FOREST AND STREAM, I see numerous contradictory communications about Lake Edward and the fishing there.

Our party of three camped about eight miles down the lake, from July 12 to 17, and we had very excellent fly-fishing most of the time. I think that the contradictions of your correspondents result from the fact that they overlook the fickleness of the Lake Edward trout. For instance, one of our party had excellent fishing during the afternoon of July 13. The next afternoon, with apparently the best of conditions in regard to weather and water, we did not get a rise, while at noon the next day, under a glaring sun, the water smooth as glass, one of our party took a pair of trout weighing 3¾lbs. in the gross. One day bait was tried as an experiment, and it could not be sunk to the bottom before it was seized by a trout. We were able to judge somewhat from this fact of the large stock of fish that must be in the lake. They are the finest flavored trout I ever ate and the gamiest. They had a trick when hooked of jumping out of water, generally three or four times, though they did not jump as high as the winnanish.

The largest taken on a fly by our party weighed 3lbs., and was one of a pair that took 1½hrs. to land, the other fish weighing 1¾lbs. During our stay we took scarcely a fish weighing under ¾lb. From these facts, I gather that Lake Edward is full of large trout which are ever ready to take bait and which will take the fly, under the proper conditions, in water not over 30ft. deep.

H. H. H.

THE TRAGEDY ON THE TOBIQUE.

THE three men suspected of the murder of Mrs. Howes on the Tobique River, in New Brunswick, were apprehended and taken into custody. They are William Day, Frank Trafton and Henry Phillipine. They have been held on the verdict of the coroner's jury, which was as follows: "We find that Susan L. Howes came to her death by a bullet fired from a rifle in the hands of William Day, Frank Trafton or Henry Phillipine, and that said William Day, Frank Trafton or Henry Phillipine did wilfully murder Susan L. Howes."

The following account of the affair by Major Howes is taken from the Boston *Herald:*

The cowardly murder of Mrs. Susan L. Howes, wife of Major C. F. Howes, by poachers, on the Tobique River, has caused widespread indignation and interest throughout the country. The Tobique River is one of the tributaries of the St. John, and enters two miles below Andover, N. B., at a place called Indian Point. It is noted for salmon fishing, and the Government derives a large revenue from leasing this privilege. The river has been free until recently for fishing purposes, but of late it has been bought and leased by a company of gentlemen. This has incensed parties who have heretofore been accustomed to fish in the river without molestation, and who now take umbrage at the Government leasing this privilege to others. They have openly avowed their intentions of protesting against the Government's interference with what common usage has made appear to them as a law. This accounts for the attack which was made on Major Howes and his family. Throughout the section the settlers are a law-abiding people, and feel deeply grieved that such a blot should rest upon them. They have shown much energy and promptness in hunting down and arresting the parties whom they suspect are guilty of this outrage.

Upon the arrival of Major Howes in this city, a *Herald* representative called upon him, and the following version of the affair was given:

"We left Andover July 30 in a wagon, the Indian guides with four canoes preceding us two days, and drove 65 miles to a little settlement called Riley Brook, where we met our guides and proceeded 14 miles up the river, and encamped two weeks among the salmon pools. On Aug. 14 we started down the river seven miles, and encamped at what is known as The Forks, remaining there until Saturday morning, Aug. 18. We then left and went down the river about 20 miles, reaching a place called Gulquah, at the mouth of the Gulquah River, where we encamped at night. Just before we reached our camping ground we noticed a man dodging behind an island, evidently wishing to spy us but not to expose himself. He was observed by several of our party, but nothing of importance was attached to the occurrence. We could see that there was a camp there, as we observed smoke arising from across the island. About 9:30 that night we noticed a canoe containing two men with a lighted flambeau and spear coming down into the salmon pool. I shouted to them two or three times not to spear in the salmon pool and to come ashore, but they paid no attention to it, and I stepped down to the shore, launching a canoe and calling to one of the Indians to paddle me out to them. As I was doing so my son fired off his gun in the air, when they put out their flambeau and started down the river, I following them to the lower edge of the pool without having any conversation with them. There was nothing said that would in any way exasperate them, and I then returned to camp. I had intended to remain there a number of days, but receiving letters forwarded to Riley Brook from Boston changed my plans, and we started down the river Sunday morning, intending to reach Andover Monday night.

"After we had proceeded some four miles we came to a short turn in the river known as the Ox-bow, my canoe being in advance. As we turned the bend in the river a shot was fired at us from the embankment, which was about 20ft. high and some 40 or 50yds. away. In the canoe was my wife, my little son Stewart, 8 years old, an Indian boy by the name of Ambrose Lockwood and myself. To the left, nearly on a line, was a canoe containing our baggage and camp equipage, paddled by an Indian named John Thomas. The shot struck the Indian's canoe directly under where he was sitting, and passed directly through, nearly causing it to sink. The next shot passed between myself and my wife, who sat facing me, and that was quickly followed by another shot, which struck my wife above the left ear, going through the brain and passing out of the opposite side of her head, causing instant death. Several shots followed in rapid succession, striking all about us.

"At this time another canoe, containing an Indian named John Bernarr, my son, C. Lorraine, my daughter, Helen E., and my son, Theo, 7 years old, came in sight, and fire was opened upon them. Lorraine saw smoke arising from the bushes on the embankment and immediately picked up his shotgun and returned the fire, at the same time telling the occupants of the boat to lie down, which they at once did, and this undoubtedly saved the life of my daughter. Several shots were then fired in quick succession. At this point the fourth canoe, containing Mr. Harry Lincoln, of Dennisville, Me., and an Indian named Frank Lockwood, came round the bend. Mr. Lincoln saw the situation and the smoke arising from the bushes, and immediately seized his Colt's repeating rifle and fired in that direction. My son Lorraine called to him to go ashore and stay until he found who the villians were. He directed his Indian to put him ashore at once and pulled up the stream, landing him where he could get up to the embankment, as it was perpendicular from the river. The Indian also started and ran, thinking that Lincoln was following him. When Lincoln reached the spot he found the parties had fled.

"In the mean time, his canoe had floated off, and he was obliged to wade in to regain it. He then paddled up the stream a short distance and entered a cove, from which point he could see the place where the firing was done, and some distance above and below. He remained there about three hours watching, when just below the spot where the firing came from, it being the only place where they could land, two men came out from the underbrush, pushing out a canoe which they had concealed there, and, hurriedly jumping into it, pulled to the opposite shore and started down the river. They were distinctly seen by Mr. Lincoln, he taking an accurate description of their clothing and appearance.

"Some half an hour afterward Mr. Lincoln entered his canoe and paddled down the stream. After going about a mile he saw several people on the bank of the river, and landing, asked one of their number to paddle him down the river, as he wanted to catch Maj. Howes' party. He also asked them how long since they had passed, and if there had been any canoes down the river that day except Maj. Howes' party. They replied that there had been one down about half an hour before, with two men in it. Upon asking who they were, a man told him one of them was named Day, and the other Harry Trafton. He asked if those men owned guns, which was answered in the affirmative, and that they were Winchester repeaters, the only two on the river. He then proceeded down stream.

"During this time the other three canoes with their occupants had proceeded down the river some three miles, landing at the farmhouse of J. O. Flanders. Here we were received by the family, who extended to us every assistance and kindness in our heavy affliction. Here the camp equipage and baggage was discharged, so that we might proceed down the river with greater dispatch. I sent a dispatch from here by Mr. Flanders' son to Andover, to notify the sheriff and to get an undertaker at Woodstock, a distance of fifty-seven miles. Up to this time we had had no tidings of Mr. Lincoln. Near by Mr. Flanders lived a magistrate by the name of Samuel Fullerton, to whom I gave the circumstances of the murder. Mr. Fullerton and his son started immediately up the river to find Lincoln. After proceeding about two miles they met him coming down, when he detailed what information he had learned in relation to the men above mentioned. They at once consulted and advised with the settlers, who were greatly excited, and who immediately volunteered their services to arrest the parties who committed the deed. Some twenty-five men were sworn in as special constables, and at once started out on their mission.

"Upon our arrival at Andover, about 9 o'clock Sunday evening, the settlers turned out *en masse*, and the indignation and excitement were intense. The coroner and jury had been summoned, and were ready to proceed at once with the inquest. We were received by J. Allen Perley, the proprietor of the Newcombe House, and every kindness and sympathy possible were extended to us by the residents. The attentions paid by Mrs. Perley, Mrs. Newcombe, Miss Anna Newcombe, Mrs. Stewart and Mrs. Beverage were particularly touching. No sooner had we reached the landing than they took possession of the canoe containing the dead body of my dear wife and bore it tenderly to the hotel. They had strewn it with beautiful flowers, and their sad offices were of the kindest nature."

Mrs. Howes was the daughter of Gen. Luke Lyman, now the secretary and treasurer of the Dominion Bridge Company of Montreal. She was 38 years old, an accomplished lady and beloved by all that knew her. A sister Mrs. M. C. Dizer, with her husband, is now traveling in Europe.

Rev. Leo A. Hoyt, rector of the parish in which the murder occurred, has sent a letter to the Boston *Globe* in which he says that he saw in a Boston paper that "Major Howes's conduct had been perhaps a little arbitrary." Of this he says: "Nothing can be further from the truth. Major Howes, during his summer visits to this country, has made friends of everybody, and his whole manner has always shown his desire not only to receive pleasure, but to impart pleasure to all his surroundings. The same can scarcely be said of all tourists. As for the late Mrs. Howes, though she was not so generally known as her husband, yet whoever had the pleasure of her acquaintance felt that she was only known to be beloved. To fire from behind a stump at a pleasure party in which were women and children is a piece of cowardice and villainy of which we should suppose savages only could be capable.

"Care should be taken that an impression should not be left on the public mind that 'the settlers on the Tobique,' as the people of that district have been called in the papers, are not a lot of border ruffians, of whom such things might be expected. The people living on the Tobique River are as law-abiding and self-respecting a class of people as can be found anywhere. During the past summer they have been irritated beyond measure, and have suffered in silence. Their riparian rights have been invaded, and although the more intelligent of them know that the bills posted along the river forbidding these rights were waste paper, yet these bills were irritating to the ignorant and annoying to the whole population. The threats and oaths of those supposed to be in authority that they would shoot any one caught fishing in the river were insulting to the last degree. The term 'poachers,' applied to those fishing on their own ground or on that of their neighbors by consent, is a needless insult. Firing at persons spearing salmon is as illegal as the spearing itself, and firing in the air is not much better. People are not dogs that they should be fired at, nor crows that they should be frightened from mischief by the smell of powder."

Fishculture.

THE DIGESTIBILITY OF FISH.

BY PROF. W. O. ATWATER.

[Read before the American Fisheries Society.]

IN the course of an investigation upon the Chemistry and Food-economy of Fish, which has been in progress for a number of years, under the auspices of the U. S. Fish Commission, a study of the digestibility of fish has seemed desirable, and a beginning has been made in the form of experiments upon the comparative digestibility of the flesh of fish and lean meat. The object of the present paper is to give a brief outline of the main results. These confirmed, by quantitive test, the general impression that in fish we have one of the most completely digestible of food materials.

The question of the digestibility of foods is very complex, and it is noticeable that the men who know most about the subject are generally the least ready to make definite and sweeping statements concerning it. One of the most celebrated physiologists of the time, an investigator who has, I suppose, devoted as much experimental study to this particular subject as any man now living, declares that aside from the chemistry of the process and the quantities of nutrients that may be digested from different foods, he is unable to affirm much of anything about it. The contrast between this and the positiveness with which many people discourse about the digestibility of this or that kind of food, is very marked and has its moral.

One source of confusion is the fact that, what people commonly call the digestibility of food includes several very different things, some of which, as the case with which a given food-material is digested, the time required for the process, and the effect of different substances and conditions upon digestion, are so dependent upon individual peculiarities of different people and so difficult of measurement as to make the laying down of hard and fast rules impossible. Why it is, for instance, that some are made seriously ill by so wholesome a substance as milk, and others find that certain kinds of meat or vegetables or sweetmeats "do not agree with them," neither chemist nor physiologist can exactly tell.* Late investigations, however, suggest the possibility that the ferments in the digestive canal may cause particular compounds to be changed into injurious forms, so that it may sometimes be literally true that "one man's meat is another man's poison." But digestion proper, by which we understand the changes which the food undergoes in the digestive canal in order to fit the digestible portion to be taken into the blood and lymph and do its work as nutriment, is essentially a chemical process. About this a great deal has been learned within a comparatively few years, so that here we have many important facts that have not yet got into current literature.

*Things do not always, nor indeed, often come to hand exactly when they fit best, but, oddly enough, just as I am writing this the postman brings a letter from the recording secretary of the American Fisheries Society with the following statement: "By the way, I cannot digest oysters, raw or cooked, but can eat clams (both Venus and Mya) and can go to bed on the outside of a lobster mayonaise. Coffee ties a hard knot in the interior department, buckwheat cakes start my 'vinegar factory' to work on full time, beans cause the 'gas works' to be put in operation. This merely proves the adage about 'one man's meat, etc.'" The learned gentleman follows this by the statement that he has already passed the age of forty, at which a man is said to become "either a fool or a physician;" and gives a physiological explanation of his digestive temperament, which he attributes to dyspepsia "aggravated by nine months' diet on corn meal, ground cob and all, and sorghum syrup, in Confederate prisons." Of course it would be wrong to affirm that in this especial case it is the microbe that causes the protein of the oysters to be changed into compounds which make them disagree, or produces the disagreeable fermentations in the buckwheat cakes and beans, but somehow or other different food materials do produce very disagreeable effects in the digestive apparatus of different people, and the science of to-day explains this in part by the action of the digestive ferments, among which microbes play an important role.

The average man swallows, say six pounds of food and drink, meat, fish, potatoes, bread, coffee, milk, water, and what not, per day. Every twenty-four hours, then, all the solid substance, all the protein, fats, carbo hydrates, and mineral matter of this quantity of food, except the small portion that passes through the alimentary canal undigested, must be either dissolved or divided into such minute particles as to be able to get through the microscopic passages that permeate the walls of the canals and thus find their way to the blood. To judge accurately of the nutritive value of our food, then, we must know not simply how much of the different nutritive ingredients, the protein and fats and carbo hydrates, it contains, but how much of each of these nutrients will be digested. This is a matter that can be determined more or less accurately by experiment. But a great deal of labor is needed to make the experiments accurate, the line of research is new, the methods are not yet perfectly matured, and the results thus far obtained, though extremely interesting and valuable, are still far from complete. The side questions, such as differences in the digestive apparatus of different persons; the effects of exercise and rest, or mode of preparation of the food, and of the flavoring materials and beverages taken with it, tend to complicate the problem of digestibility, yet even here experimental research has something to tell us. In brief, we have to-day a tolerably fair idea as to what proportions of the ingredients of a good many of the more common kind of animal and vegetable food materials, meats, milk, butter, cheese, eggs, bread, potatoes, are ordinarily digested by healthy people. But the list of materials the digestibility of which has been accurately tested is far from including all the more common kinds of food, and more experiments are needed, even with the foods that have been tested, to show the variations in digestibility by different classes of people, and under different conditions. The only direct experiments on the digestibility of fish by men or other animals, so far as I know, are those described in this paper.

THE CONSTITUENTS OF FOOD.

But before going further I ought, perhaps, to say a few words about the nutritive ingredients of fish and other food materials and the technical terms which we are coming to apply to them in the chemical laboratory. Fish, like meats and other food, are made up of different constituents. These we may classify as follows:

1. Edible substance, *e. g.*, the flesh of meats and fish, the shell contents of oysters. wheat flour. 2. Refuse, *e. g.*, bones of meat and fish, the shells of oysters, bran of wheat.

The edible substance consists of: 1. Water. 2. Nutritive substance or nutrients. Leaving out of account the refuse and the water, we may consider simply the nutriments. Speaking as chemists and physiologists, we may say that our food supplies, besides mineral substances and water, three principal classes of nutritive ingredients, viz.: Protein, carbo hydrates and fats; and that these are transformed into the tissues and fluids of the body, muscle and fat, blood and bone, and are consumed to produce heat and force.

The principal nutrient of fish is protein. In chemical composition the protein of fish is essentially the same as that which makes up the bulk of the nutritive material of very lean meat. In both lean meat and in fish it is called myosin. It is very similar to the albumen (white) of egg, the casein (curd) of milk and the gluten of wheat. The protein compounds are sometimes called "flesh formers." They are the most important of the nutritive ingredients of food, because they are the only ones that contain nitrogen and they alone make muscle, tendon and other nitrogenous tissues of the body. Of the fats we have familiar examples in the fat of meat and fish, lard, butter, olive oil and other kinds of oil, including the oil of corn and wheat. Some kinds of fish, as salmon, shad and mackerel, contain considerable fat, but the flesh of codfish, haddock, pike, perch, bass, bluefish and the most of our common food fishes contain very little fat, less, indeed, than is found in even the leanest meat. Of the carbo hydrates, sugar and starch are the most important. The carbo hydrates make the chief nutritive material of vegetable foods. Oysters and clams contain a certain amount of carbo hydrates, as does milk. These different substances in food have different kinds of work to do in nourishing the body. The protein compounds, which are the only ones that contain nitrogen, make the muscle, tendon and other nitrogenous tissues. This the carbo hydrates and fats, which contain no nitrogen, cannot do. The carbo hydrates and fats serve for fuel, yielding heat to keep the body warm and muscular strength for work. Protein compounds can also serve for fuel.

Since protein can do the work of the carbo hydrates in furnishing heat and muscular power, and has a work of its own to do in building up the tissues of the body which the other nutrients cannot perform, the protein compounds are the most important of the food ingredients. And when we compare the quantities of the different nutrients in food with the market prices of foods, we find that protein is by ar the most expensive. It costs, pound for pound, several i mes as much as fats and carbo hydrates. The fats are more expensive than the carbo hydrates, and have a higher fuel value. In short, fish furnishes protein to form muscle and other nitrogenous parts of the body. Some kinds of fish contain considerable fat also. Since the protein is the most important and the most expensive of the food ingredients, and fat is more costly and valuable than carbo hydrates, it is evident that fish is an extremely valuable article of food. Indeed, the importance of fish in domestic and in national economy has not yet come to be justly appreciated.

Our national diet is one-sided; we eat too much of the fats and carbo hydrates and relatively too little protein. This comes from our enormous consumption of highly fattened meats and of sweetmeats. As population becomes denser and economy becomes more necessary, we shall have to devote relatively less of the productive power of our land to meat production. If we can replace part of the meat that we consume by fish, it will be greatly to our advantage as regards both health and purse. In the older and more densely populated countries of the world, as Europe and Asia, the food of the people is mainly vegetable, and is relatively deficient in protein. To produce meat to supply protein seems impossible. It thus appears, that, the world over, by fish-culture, the rivers and the sea are made to rightly supplement the land in the production of food for man. I hope in another place to enlarge upon these statements, and to cite statistics to illustrate them, but must now go back to my subject, the digestibility of fish.

THE DIGESTIBILITY OF FISH.

There are two ways of studying experimentally the digestibility of fish as of other foods. One is by experiments in artificial digestion, in which the food material is exposed to the action of the digestive juices in the laboratory, in apparatus fitted for the purpose. The other is by direct experiments with man or other animals. A series of experiments upon the artificial digestion of fish in gastric juice have been made by Messrs. Chittenden and Cummins, and reported in Commissioner's Report of the Commission of Fish and Fisheries of the United States for 1884, page 1,109. In the introduction to the account of their work these experimenters speak as follows:

"Few experiments appear to have been made on the digestibility of fish; this is the more strange when we consider

what an important item of food fish constitutes, particularly along our seaboard. * * * As Voit remarks, 'Nothing certain is known regarding the digestibility of different kinds of fish, although much is said concerning it. Probably digestibility is in part dependent upon the nature of the fat present and the manner of its distribution; thus the presence of a difficultly fusible fat with considerable stearin would tend to hinder digestibility (as in mutton); the same thing probably occurs when the contents of the sarcolemma are permeated with much fat (as in the lobster and eel).' This statement at once suggests the probability of great variation in the digestibility of the flesh of any one species, dependent on a large number of conditions, which, in the case of fish particularly, are somewhat difficult of control; thus age, sex, food, period of spawning, length of time they have been preserved, are a few of the many natural conditions which would tend to modify the digestibility of the flesh and render generalizations from even a large number of results somewhat uncertain."

The outcome of their work is expressed thus:

"The results of the analyses show plainly that the method adopted is as good as could be expected, for it must be remembered that the two results obtained from each sample of flesh are not merely from duplicated analyses, but from duplicated digestions as well, and in these, extending as they do over twenty-two hours, with slight variations in temperature and agitation, small differences are to be expected. The very great divergence noticed, however, in the results obtained from different samples of the same species of flesh show at once that there are other conditions, such as age, etc., which affect the digestibility of the flesh more or less, so that, in order to obtain results from which to draw strict generalizations, it would be necessary to experiment with fish of different species, of like age, sex, and reared under like conditions. As examples of this we have the very divergent results from two samples of veal, and also of two bluefish (88.69 and 73.44). As direct evidence that age, sex, etc., do exert a modifying influence on the digestibility of flesh, we have three experiments on the flesh of the lobster; one with a small young lobster, a second with a large female, and a third with a large male of the same species. The duplicate digestions gave fairly concordant results; the average relative digestibility being for the young specimen 87.81, for the large female 79.06, and for the male 69.13. This shows plainly some modifying influence in the flesh itself. In composition, so far as the solid matter is concerned, there was no appreciable difference in the three samples. Bearing in mind, however, these possible variations, it is very evident from our results that the average digestibility of fish-flesh is far below that of beef similarly cooked. In but two instances, in the case of shad and whitefish, does the digestibility of fish-flesh approach that of beef, although, from the average of our experiments, several are as easily digestible as mutton, lamb and chicken.

"Pavy states that fish with white flesh, such as the whiting, etc., are less stimulating and lighter to the stomach, or more easy of digestion than fish with more or less red flesh, as the salmon. Our experiments confirm this statement, so far as digestibility is concerned. Thus the average digestibility of the salmon and trout is considerably below the average of the more digestible whitefish. The difference between the digestibility of the light and the dark meat of the same flesh is somewhat striking, as in the case of the shad, where the digestibility of the former was found to be 97.25, as compared with beef, while the dark flesh was 87.32. A similar difference, though very much smaller, is to be noticed between the light and dark meat of the chicken.

"This difference in digestibility is in part due, without doubt, to the amount of fat present, for, as Pavy states, in the flesh of whitefish there is but little fat, it being accumulated mainly in the liver of the animal, while in redfish there is more or less fatty matter incorporated with the muscular fibres. For a similar reason, eels, mackerel and herring are, according to Pavy, less suited to a delicate stomach than some of the whitefish, and our experiments show that in digestibility two of them stand below the more digestible whitefish; mackerel, however, from our single experiment with the white portion of the fish showed a comparatively high digestibility. In all of our experiments, however, with whitefish, we rejected the outer layer of dark flesh, except in the case of the shad. The varying differences in digestibility are not to be considered as due wholly to differences in the amount of fat in the flesh; thus the flesh of fresh cod contains but little fat, and yet it is one of the most indigestible of the whitefish experimented with. This agrees with Pavy's experience, 'that it is a more trying article of food to the stomtch than is generally credited.' Again Pavy makes the following statement, based on his experience in fish dietetics 'of all fish, the whiting may be regarded as the most delicate, tender and easy of digestion. The haddock is somewhat closely allied, but it is inferior in digestibility,' while 'the flounder is light and easy of digestion, but insipid.' With all these statements our results agree perfectly, assuming the whitefish of our experiments to be analogous to the English whiting."

It thus appears that Messrs. Chittenden and Cummins found considerable divergence in the digestibility of the flesh of fish of different kinds. These they attribute in part to the varying proportions of fat, the fatter fish being the less digestible, and in part to other characteristics of the flesh. My own impression is, that experiments on the actual digestion in the alimentary canal, in which other juices as well as the gastric come in play and other conditions are different, would show less difference in the digestibility of fish of different sorts than these investigators found in their experiments in artificial digestion with gastric juice alone, and also that there would be less variation in the actual quantities and nutritive material digested than the statements made by the authors quoted by Messrs. Chittenden and Cummins would imply. For we must not forget the distinction between the quantity digested and the ease of digestion. But, of course, this is a matter to be determined by actual experiment and observation.

The ways in which the experiments for testing the digestibility of foods by men and animals are made are very ingenious and interesting. Physiologists use the salivary glands, or stomach or intestine of a living animal, much as chemists do their bottles and retorts and test-tubes. It is easy to get into the way of regarding an animal as simply an organism manifesting certain reactions under given conditions, and in not a few European laboratories a janitor is readily induced by the price of a few months' supply of beer, or a student by his scientific ardor to take this same altruistic view of his own physical organism. In the German laboratories, particularly, one finds not only the needed apparatus, but what is no less important, trained assistants and servants, so that one is relieved of much of the time-consuming and disagreeable detail of experimenting, which is so much of an obstacle with us.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE NEW YORK FISH COMMISSION.—The report of the Fish Commissioners of New York, sent to the Legislature Jan. 24, 1888, has just been issued by the State printer. Although somewhat ancient history now we will review it next week.

LAFAYETTE, Ind., Aug. 21, 1888.—*U. S. Cartridge Co., Lowell, Mass.:* Dear Sir—I am pleased to be able to give you a most satisfactory account of the paper shells you sent me. I have used Schultze powder altogether for the last seven years, with Eley's shells, and yours are the first perfect substitute I have found, and I shall take care to recommend their use. (Signed) W. GRAHAM, Champion Shot of England.—*Adv.*

The Kennel.

Dogs: Their Management and Treatment in Disease. By Ashmont. Price $2. Kennel Record and Account Book. Price $3. Training vs. Breaking. By S. T. Hammond. Price $1. First Lessons in Dog Training, with Points of all Breeds. Price 25 cents.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Aug. 27 to 31.—Toledo Dog Show, Toledo, O. John Farley, Sec'y

Sept. 11 to 14.—First Dog Show of the Buffalo International Fair Association, at Buffalo, N. Y. Entries close Sept. 1. C. W. Robinson, Secretary.

Sept. 18 to 21.—Dog Show of the Westmoreland County Agricultural Society, at Greensburg, Pa. John S. Sell, Secretary. Entries close Sept. 15.

Sept. 18 to 21.—Third Annual Dog Show of the Westmoreland County Agricultural Society at Greensburg, Pa. H. S. Branot, President.

Sept. 18 to 21.—First Annual Dog Show of the Syracuse Kennel Club, at Syracuse, N. Y. Howard B. Rathbone, Secretary.

Sept. 24 to 27.—Fifth Dog Show at London, Ont. C. A. Stone Superintendent.

Sept. 25 to 28.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Bristol Park Agricultural Society, Bristol, Conn. Entries close Sept. 22. C. F. Barnes, Secretary.

Oct. 9 to 12.—First Dog Show of the Virginia Field Sports Association, at Richmond, Va. B. H. Grundy, Secretary, Room 26, Shafer Building. Entries close Oct. 1.

Oct. 23 to 26.—Second Annual Show of the St. Paul and Minnesota Kennel Club, at St. Paul, Minn. J. E. Stryker, Secretary, Room 98 Globe Building.

Nov. 6 to 10.—Dog Show of the Richmond County Poultry and Pet Stock Association, in connection with Augusta National Exposition at Augusta, Ga. H. Madden, Superintendent.

Jan. 15 to 19, 1889.—Seventh Annual Dog Show of the Southern Massachusetts Poultry Association, at New Bedford, Mass. F. W. Dean, Secretary.

Feb. 12 to 15, 1889.—Fifth Dog Show of the New Jersey Kennel Club, at Jersey City, N. J. Geo. L. Wilms, Secretary, 142 Monticello avenue, Jersey City, N. J.

Feb. 19 to 22, 1889.—Thirteenth Annual Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent.

Feb. 26 to March 1, 1889.—Second Annual Show of the Rensalaer Kennel Club, Troy, N. Y. Alba M. Ide, Secretary.

March 5 to 8, 1889.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Albany Kennel Club, at Albany, N. Y. Geo. B. Gallup, Secretary.

March 12 to 15, 1889.—Second Annual Show of the Fort Schuyler Kennel Club, Utica, N. Y. James W. Dunlop, President.

March 19 to 22, 1889.—First Annual Dog Show of the Maryland Kennel Club, at Baltimore, Md. W. S. Diffenderiffer, Secretary.

March 26 to 29, 1889.—First Annual Dog Show of the Massachusetts Kennel Club, at Lynn, Mass. D. A. Williams, Secretary.

April 2 to 5, 1889.—First Annual Show of the Rochester Kennel Club, at Rochester, N. Y. Harry Yates, Secretary.

April 9 to 12, 1889.—First Annual Dog Show of the Mascoutah Kennel Club, at Chicago, Ill. John L. Lincoln, Jr., Secretary.

Feb. 4 to 7, 1889.—First Annual Dog Show of the Columbus Fanciers' Club at Columbus, O. Thos. R. Sparrow, Secretary.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 11.—Third Annual Field Trials of the Manitoba Field Trials Club. Derby entries close July 1. All-Aged entries Aug. 1. Thos. Johnson, Secretary, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Nov. 1.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Indiana Kennel Club, at Bicknell, Ind. P. T. Madison, Secretary, Indianapolis, Ind.

Nov. 19.—Tenth Annual Field Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at High Point, N. C. (Members' Stake, Nov. 15.) W. A. Coster, Secretary, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

Dec. 3.—First Annual Field Trials of the Southern Field Trial Club, at Amory, Miss. T. M. Brumby, Secretary, Chattanooga, Tenn.

Dec. 10.—Second Annual Field Trials of the American Field Trials Club, at West Point, Miss. C. W. Paris, Secretary, Cincinnati, O.

Jan. 14, 1889.—Sixth Annual Field Trials of the Pacific Coast Field Trial Club, at Bakersfield, Cal. N. P. Sheldon, Secretary, 320 Sansome street San Francisco, Cal.

COURSING.

Oct. 15.—Third Annual Meeting of the American Coursing Club at Great Bend, Kan. F. K. Doan, Secretary, 1210 Olive street, St Louis, Mo.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription $1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed **6512.**

DOG AND SKUNK.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. Elmore's statements as to the effect on a dog's scenting powers after an encounter with a skunk would appear to me to be entitled to more consideration than one coming from a fox hunter, on the presumption that his references are to beagles and not to foxhounds. Beagles are much more apt to work over open ground, where their actions can be observed and something more than inference be obtained as to their actions. Foxhounds in nine cases out of ten strike trails where unobservable, and what they do and how they do it is pretty much a matter of inference. From an experience of twenty years of fox hunting, I can say that I never could see any effect whatever on a foxhound's scenting powers from an encounter with a skunk, and have repeatedly known hounds to take up trails soon after a skunk job, which left them fairly reeking with "odor mephiticus." Hounds rarely strike either a fox or skunk in the open, where their behavior can be observed, and I do not see how it can be determined whether they are slow or quick to take up a trail when they are hidden in the dense coverts that either "varmint" is apt to run in.

It may be that the habits of both coons and foxes (and for that matter hounds) are different in the comparatively open country of New England from what they are in the brush and thickets of the Southwest and Middle States, which may explain the difference between my observations and Mr. Elmore's, for certainly ninety-nine out of one hundred fox hunters of my acquaintance will say that a dose of skunk does not in any way impair a hound's nose. This is not to be taken as adversary to Mr. Elmore himself, but as suggested, further explanation and more minute accounts from him on a subject that puzzles most dog men. For myself, I fully agree with your statement that the mystery of a dog's "nose" is one of "those things that no fellow can find out." It seems like nonsense to talk of a dog's "smelling" anything after a full dose of skunk essence; it would be like a man struck by lightning admiring the hues of the sunset.

VULPICIDE.

FAYETTE COUNTY, Pa., Aug. 27.

Editor Forest and Stream:

My dog Rover has treed a coon in less than ten minutes after killing an old skunk; but it was a hot track, for he barked on it, which he never did before, except after a coon had jumped the tree, when he always barks on track. He has always been death on skunks. This season he has already killed twelve. A few nights ago we got three coons with him and four skunks, but got the coons before the skunks. My other dog, Nero, is not a skunk dog, and I find he is beating him now, because I am hunting coons that are out in open fields, as they are catching poultry. I have just returned from Blue Hill, Franklin, where coons have caught a hundred hens and chickens from one farmer, and thirty from another. Spent two nights there; the last night got four coons, the first night one; Nero treed them. Rover was busy on skunks, killing four; have no trouble with him usually, for skunks are mostly in the open fields. I notice the other dog gets the coons when Rover kills skunks; and I think Mr. Elmore's idea is about right in his views as published in last FOREST AND STREAM. J. G. L.

THE COON'S "WHICKER."

Editor Forest and Stream:

In reading current number of FOREST AND STREAM, I note that Mr. N. Elmore, in his communication on coons, states that two opinions prevail, or to be more accurate, that various opinions prevail as to the racoons emitting a cry at night. It hardly seems credible that this should be the case.

The writer was brought up among the hills of old Alleghany county, where the cry of the coon was as familiar a sound as the squawk of the "high-hole" or the chatter of the chipmunk. When a boy, at least at two different times he was the part owner in young coons, and was able to fully identify the cry of the little rascals, which in their half-tamed state made their home under the horse barn, with the "whicker" of the cunning depredator of the corn fields and the apple orchards during the early evening or morning.

It's a curious commentary on the scientific lore of the day that our friend "Procyon" should have been saddled with his affix of "Lotor," because of a fancied habit of washing his food; while the fact of his having an exceedingly loud voice, which he exercises in a very lively manner at frequent intervals between sunset and sunrise, should be a matter of so much doubt.

I well remember the first time hearing coony's cry; how my imagination led me to believe the long, wailing "whicker" to be the cry of a wildcat or an "Ingun devil" on the warpath. A speedy trip to grandfather's knee to beg an explation of the prospective danger brought the encouraging infomation that it was only a coon. As age came, a greater familiarity with coons, coon dogs and coon hunts was developed, and the charming solo of our friend in the cornfield became an old story.

Surely there are plenty of your subscribers who have either heard the wild coon in the field, or his half-domesticated relative on the wood-pile or under the barn. Or better yet, who, having cut down some coon tree and killed Mr. and Mrs. Coon, have found safely stowed away in the hollow tree half a dozen little coons, who loudly voiced their desire to be let alone in a baby-like wail, which only needs the development of lung power and the practice of the adult coon to be at once recognized as the voice of our friend of the cornfield.

Of course coons cry, or as we used to say up in York State, "whicker." A SUBSCRIBER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Coons do halloa. There are those, whose judgment about coons is entitled to much weight, who say they do not. This is how I know: Last December I caught three old ones, one female and two males; tried to keep them and study their habits, but they made so much noise, fighting, talking and pulling the large wire cage, that we could not sleep nights, so disposed of the two males, keeping the female. They certainly did holloa and enough to break up a camp meeting too. Tried all ways to make them hibernate; at this time we were having some of our coldest weather in January. In Cambridge, Mass., where I had them, the thermometer went below zero several nights, and we had the windows in the attic open, but it was not cold enough to make them stay in the warm box fixed especially for them. In feeding them, I found they did not care for meat if they could get nuts; fed them on peanuts and English walnuts. The three weighed 48½lbs. when caught.

I believe coons breed every year, but I don't think they breed until two years old, for I have killed females in the middle of August, this year, that weighed 11lbs., that had never bred, and that is too large for this year's litter. Caught three young ones July 7, that together weighed less than 6lbs.; have them alive now, and they don't weigh over 4lbs. each now.

Have never heard of any coons being bred in captivity, but have known of its being tried. J. G. L.

ROB ROY KENNELS SALE.

DETROIT, Mich., Aug. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The drawing of the dogs of the Rob Roy Kennels took place at Dr. Saunders's office, 230 Woodward avenue, Detroit, at 8 o'clock P. M., August 15. Duplicate so fall tickets sold were placed in a closed basket; and six tickets, each containing the name of one of the dogs, were placed in another basket.

The two baskets were held, and constantly shaken, by two members of the committee, while a third member, blindfolded, would draw a ticket from each basket and hand them to the fourth member of the committee, who annouced the number of ticket drawn and the name of the dog on the other ticket, and then handed both tickets to the clerk for record. The number then drawn was put back into the basket for a chance at the remaining dogs, and the drawing thus continued until the last dog was drawn. One hundred and five tickets were sold, and only duplicates of these were placed in the basket.

Ticket No. 36 drew May Queen, held by M. M. McMillan, Mahanoy City, Pa.

No. 237 drew Dryad, held by R. J. Gaines, Greenfield, Iowa.

No. 125 drew Dashing Berwyn, held by F. Kinsinger, 98 Park avenue, Walnut Hill, Cincinnati.

No. 49 drew King Craft, held by E. O. Damon, Northampton, Mass.

No. 103 drew Kelpie, held by L. P. Edgerton, Meriden, Conn.

No. 40 drew Doncaster, held by J. E. Patterson, 27 Garfield avenue, Detroit, Mich.

I wish to publicly thank the brother sportsmen who so kindly came to my assistance in disposing of the Rob Roy Kennels. H. E. COOK.

DETROIT, Mich., Aug. 17.—We, the committee that had charge of the drawing of the Rob Roy Kennels, hereby certify that we were disinterested and unprejudiced in the matter; that we did not know where any of the numbers were held, and that the drawing was done with great care and perfect fairness, every number taken having an equal chance for each dog.—DR. M. V. B. SAUNDERS, GEO. N. HERRING, C. G. MECHEM, WOOD CAMPBELL, Committee.

BUFFALO DOG SHOW.

BUFFALO, Aug. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We have made these extra classes, as follows: The class for cocker spaniels "any other color" is divided by sex; the spaniel puppy class is divided by color, a class for liver or black, and one for any other color, and a class is made for ruby or Prince Charles spaniels. The special announced for the best pair of black greyhounds should read black, or black with white markings. The Wacouta Kennel gives $5 for the best American bred mastiff; donor does not compete. A pug fancier gives $25 for the best pair of pugs under one year, bred and owned by exhibitor. Please state that Mr. H. W. Huntington is the donor of the specials, a gold lined silver match safe and a picture of the Waterloo winner, Princess Dagmar. Entries will close Sept. 1. J. OTIS FELLOWS, Supt.

THE TWO DOG CLUBS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

With reference to the letter of Mr. Anthony to Dr. Perry, published in your issue of this week, I deem it better not to make any denial, but to have Mr. Anthony make the *amende honorable*, which as a gentleman he is bound to do when I can so easily prove to him that his statements are peculiarly at fault.

For that purpose I herewith inclose in a sealed envelope every communication I have in my possession which I received from Mr. Fellows or Mr. Robinson since Buffalo show was proposed and up to the date of Mr. Anthony's letter.

I have also written to Mr. Anthony the following letter:

James L. Anthony, Esq., New York:

DEAR SIR—I am quite at a loss to understand why you should have written about me as you did to the papers and Dr. Perry. I cannot believe that you evolved such a chemerical tale, but rather that you have been assured that what you wrote were facts. In my intercourse with you I have always found you a gentleman, and a gentleman is never unwilling to repair a wrong he has inflicted. I therefore believe that upon evidence being produced you will withdraw all you have said in your letter as publicly as you made the charge. For that purpose I have sent in a sealed envelope under care of the editor of the FOREST AND STREAM all the letters I have in my possession from J. Otis Fellows, as well as the only communication received from Mr. Robinson since Buffalo show was proposed to be held and up to the date of your letter.

I can assure you you have done me a grievous wrong, and I must, in vindication of myself, ask you to call at FOREST AND STREAM in person and see the letters. You will then see that there is only one course for you to take. It is not for me to contradict your allegations, but for you to gracefully acknowledge that your letter was written under a complete misapprehension of the facts.

It is my purpose to send FOREST AND STREAM and *Turf, Field and Farm* a copy of this letter, with instructions to publish unless they receive a letter from you; for the grossly libelous cannot be passed over in silence. Yours respectfully, JAS. WATSON.

The conditions under which you will show Mr. Anthony the letters are as follows: That he will give you his word of honor to regard them entirely as confidential communications, being personal between the writter and myself; and that he will neither copy them nor quote from them in any way, shape nor form. Further, that he agrees, if he still maintains that they support his position, that the letters, together with any letters of mine in the possession of Mr. Fellows, be referred either to Mr. W. H. Child, secretary of the Philadelphia Kennel Club, and late president of the A. K. C., Mr. J. H. Winslow, treasurer of the Philadelphia Kennel Club and delegate to the A. K. C., or Mr. Dudley, a member of the Philadelphia Kennel Club and a lawyer of prominence, besides being a gentleman interested in dogs. Or if Mr. Anthony prefers it, let all three act, providing they will kindly undertake the task, but I should prefer one as a matter of accommodation, for I would at once go to him and have the thing settled, whereas to get a committee together in Philadelphia at this time of year is very difficult.

Should Mr. Anthony decide that he has done me an injustice, and decide to retract his statement regarding myself, I should feel obliged if you would accept on my behalf any apology he may desire to make, and see that the letter he may write is as complete a vindication of my character as you think his letter to Dr. Perry entitles me to receive.

I do not think I can possibly give stronger proof that I have not had the slightest connection with the course adopted by the Buffalo Fair authorities than by adopting this course.

JAS. WATSON.

[Mr. Anthony had not called at this office up to the time of our going to press.]

Editor Forest and Stream:

There are men in the A. K. C. who *think*, and who are sincere in their desire to promote the real interests of dogs, dog shows and dog owning, and they are not to be blamed for believing that the A. K. C. is the channel through which this can best be done. I do not think that anybody, be he ever so determined a "kicker," doubts the sincerity of Messrs. Peshall, Collins, Elliot Smith, Winslow or Drake (I have just learned that the last two are delegates). I do not lump them in one lot, for they differ, as all men do, but they are alike in honest intent. To them, and to the others who share their views, I would respectfully commend a study of A. K. C. methods in the past, what have been the switches that have shunted it off the path of right and wisdom. Remember that present promise of the A. K. C. is only *promise* after all, and see if you cannot find in its past history just as fair promise, and under as good leadership as it now has, and see if the promise was not frustrated by proceeding in just the same courses that it is now following.

Is the present President of the A. K. C. one whit honester or of wiser judgment than Mr. Elliot Smith? Are Messrs. Winslow, Collins, Peshall, Drake, Smith, etc., clearer-headed or more devoted to the right than Messrs. Porter, Nickerson, Morgan or Child? Have you not still among your associates those who have been guilty of as great disgraces as "Construction," etc.? What possible guarantee do you offer that the future will be an improvement on the past? The very worst disgrace the A. K. C. ever suffered was the Beaufort-Patti M. drama. The actors in it still remain in your fold. What have you done about it? Will you say that the A. K. C. is composed of gentlemen who would not be guilty of discreditable conduct? Faugh! that rot was shoved under our noses at Philadelphia when Mr. Morgan and I labored for some assurance of protection of exhibitors from injustice at the hands of clubs, and right on top of this assurance we had the double dose of bogus medals and the Chicago special, both of which passed uncensured, and now Mr. Belmont submits that the A. K. C. has approved of these disgraces, while the public has so far supposed that its sin was only one of neglect!

Among the great obstacles to the success of the A. K. C. in gaining public respect have been its hide-bound exclusiveness, its arrogance and intolerance of honest criticism. Now just take a sober think and say if in all its history there was ever anything proposed or done so exclusive as Mr. Belmont's practically declaring that "exposing" could only be done through official action of the A. K. C? Was ever anything so intolerant as his saying that the A. K. C. was above "antagonizing"? Was there ever anything so arrogant as his directing Mr. Vredenburg to issue an edict without giving any authority for it? In the sins of the A. K. C. of the past, was there ever one grosser than the assumption of Mr. Child's executive functions by Mr. Vredenburg? Was there ever a wilder proposal than that of an "official gazette" supported by the private purse of one individual? Was there ever a more bare-faced trick than the proposal for associate members?

Mr. Belmont (and I think others) have dwelt on the "misrepresentations" that have been made concerning the A. K. C. This may refer to me or it may not. In either case I don't care a fig, for any one who has ever criticised the A. K. C. has a right to try on the shoe. Now, I challenge any one to point out where *I* have made one representation about the A. K. C. that I did not support by *facts*. What I have *asserted* I can *prove* and *have* proved. Such inferences as I have drawn are clearly deducible from the facts I have given. I think that Messrs. Watson, Mason, Osborne, etc., are all also ready to defend anything they have said or written. Now, you have talked about "misrepresentations." I return the compliment and defy you to the proof.

The temptation of securing recognition for wins at their shows, with the fear that your ban may lessen their entries, may induce clubs to come in under your banner; but do you think that *such* courses tend to your elevation in public respect? And will you not admit that public respect is the only foundation for your permanent existence, and without the respect and confidence of the public the A. K. C. *must* go.

Now I ask all believers in the A. K. C. to take a sober, dispassionate view of what the A. K. C. has done, and say if the public is warranted in trusting to its present apparent good intentions. It was founded on the fundamentally wrong principle, that dog show clubs only were entitled to representation (field trial ones hardly come within the scope of the present inquiry), on the assumption that there were no other distinct or opposing interests in doggy matters, and its very first step was a bulldoze in ostracizing all shows not given by "members of this association." Had the counsels of Mr. Morgan and others been listened to all shows held under A. K. C. rules, respectable in entries and worthily judged, would have been recognized, but that wouldn't have bulldozed members into its fold, and the necessity of winning public respect and confidence was thus done away with, and the inevitable consequences ensued. It has always tried to rule by "ring" methods and selfish appeals, with an utter disregard of the rights of the exhibitor as against "a member of this association." At present the idea seems to be one of plutocracy, which is a system of government that I don't think thrives, except perhaps in New York. There is undoubtedly a war between the A. K. C. and N. D. C. Who instituted it, I don't care, nor is it germane to the question; the whole question has been put before the public and they can decide for themselves; but it *is* pertinent to point out that the arrogant, selfish, domineering methods of the A. K. C. managers, and the boot licking of the toady division, that have several times laid it on the rocks in the past, are now the tactics relied on by A. K. C. champions. Objections to its practices are met by shifty evasions, public demands are choked off with tubs to silly whales, and the invariable rule is still in force, "Do nothing for the public until we are clubbed into it."

Be the outcome of the war what it may the A. K. C. will suffer. A victory and the dissolution of the N. D. C. would simply inflate the A. K. C. emperors to such a degree that the frog and ox drama will be repeated over again, and Cologne will be distanced by the explosion's fragrance. You will say that I am a prophet of evil, but at the same time, you who honestly care for the A. K. C. as a public means to a public end, will do well to think a little, and don't you emulate the historic frog or the proverbial ostrich.

W. WADE.

HULTON, Pa., Aug. 18.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The statements which have been made that the printing of the names of Messrs. Broos, Cook, Mr. and Mrs. Hughes, Hopf, Harrison, Nash, Saunders, Sawyer and Taylor in the pamphlet sent out to the breeders of America was an intentional act of Dr. Perry's to blind the public needs an early and emphatic denial on my part. It is claimed that these members have resigned from the National Dog Club. Mr. Harrison has resigned, and it was so stated in all the prominent sporting papers in the United States. The appearance of his name, which has led to criticism, was an error of the printer, and I much regret it escaped my notice. Mr. Hopf withdrew from the executive committee and the club, but on the intimation that he might reconsider his decision his resignation, at my request, was "laid on the table" at our meeting.

As to the other members mentioned they have not resigned. With gentlemen it is always customary for them to first ascertain and pay what they owe their club before resigning. No club of gentlemen will accept a resignation, nor would any gentleman send in his resignation before his dues had been paid. As the members whose names we have mentioned have not paid their dues the National Dog Club will refuse doubtless to accept their resignations, but will drop them from the membership list at its next meeting. Many clubmen contend that once a list of charter members is properly made up it can never be rightfully changed. In other words, that original list should stand unbroken, whether or not the members have resigned, are alive or dead. Be that as it may, however, that there might be no room for criticism, and advised by Dr. Perry, I instructed the printer to have the names of those who had resigned taken from the list—which had been electrotyped—and I was not aware that that had not been done until notified by Dr. Perry.

I then immediately telegraphed to all the sporting papers and asked them to make the correction. As I was so busily engaged on designs for our club medals, I had directed the printer to read his own proofs, and enclose and mail the pamphlets at once. Nor was the matter of names the only error. If the recipients of the first lot of pamphlets will look between pages two and three they will see that one entire sheet was first left out and subsequently glued in. The mistake was only discovered by me by the merest accident, after the pamphlets were ready to be mailed, after, in fact, they were in the envelopes.

In this connection it should be borne in mind that the tendered resignation of Messrs. Hopf, Saunders, Cook and Harrison had already appeared in print with no little flourish. It is, therefore, absurd—even without the explanation which I have already made—to suppose the error of retaining the names was intentional. Again had we aimed at effect we certainly might have given in an added list the names of those breeders who have applied for admission and now await the action of the executive committee.

The following is a complete list of those who would withdraw from the National Dog Club: Messrs. Broos, Cook, Mr. and Mrs. Hughes, Hopf, Nash, Saunders, Sawyer and Taylor.

H. W. HUNTINGTON,
Secretary-Treasurer National Dog Club.

AMERICAN GORDON SETTER CLUB.—Baltimore, Aug. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* To inform the admirers of the Gordon setter of the first fruits of the American Gordon Setter Club is the object of this letter. The secret of success is success. I am officially informed by the A. K. C. S. B. committee that a class has been made in the Stud Book for Gordon setters. I would advise all owners of Gordon setters to re-enter in their proper class. I shall do so at once. The gentlemen of the Virginia Field Sports and Bench Show Association having seen the justice of our cause, have made a class at their coming show in October next, 9, 10, 11, 12, for Gordon setters. I hope owners of Gordons will show their appreciation of the same by entering their dogs. The American Gordon Setter Club has donated a solid silver cup, the value of which is $25, for the best Gordon setter, dog or bitch, in the show. The club is filling up nicely with members. We have met with great success. The club has come to stay, as the above would plainly show. Justice is mighty and must prevail.—H. MALCOLM. The committee of the American Gordon Setter Club have changed Section 6 in their constitution to read as follows: Sec. 6.—The entrance fee for all members admitted on or before Sept. 1, 1888, shall be $3 each, which sum shall also include the annual dues to Sept. 1, 1889. On and after Sept. 1, 1889, the annual dues shall be $3, and there shall be an initiation fee of $2 in addition for new members after Sept. 1, 1888, as annual dues for the current year, both of which shall be payable at the time of election. The annual dues for each succeeding year shall be payable on Sept. 1 of each year in advance, and any member whose dues shall remain unpaid for the period of three months, shall, after due notice, be suspended, and if after a lapse of thirty days after suspension the dues still remain unpaid, shall without further notice cease to be a member.—ISAAC T. NORRIS, Sec. A. G. S. C.

THE FOX-TERRIER SHOW.

THE third annual show of the American Fox-Terrier Club was held at Saratogo Springs last week. A new departure was made by the club, and classes were provided for the prominent breeds of other than fox-terriers. This move was not well supported by fanciers, and with the exception of Irish and bull-terriers, entries were very few, and many of the classes had not a single representative. There was a grand display of smooth-haired fox-terriers, nearly all of the well-known cracks being present; 31 of the 80 entries in these classes were from the Blemton Kennels, and a grand lot they were, capturing every first and second prize, except one of the latter. The puppies were a very good lot, and a great improvement over those that have appeared at any previous show. Any one with plenty of money can own champions, but the honor of a win with them is not to be compared to the credit obtained by the fortunate breeder who brings out a world-beater. We have in this country as good a lot of fox-terriers as can be found anywhere, and we shall look to see improvement in the puppy classes at future shows much more marked than has been apparent in the past. We regret to say that the attendance was very meager. Like the two previous shows of the club held at Newport, the gate was very nearly nothing, showing conclusively that society as represented at our best two watering places does not take kindly to the fox-terriers, and we have no doubt that the club will accept the verdict and in future hold their shows in New York or some other place where the public will appreciate and support their efforts to popularize the gamy little dog. John Reed superintended the show, and the dogs were benched and fed by Spratts Patent. Mr. James Mortimer judged all classes. The show was held in the Spring street Casino, a large building that would comfortably bench 500 dogs. The building is dark and not well ventilated, although it lights up and shows well at night.

Judging began a few minutes before 12 and was finished soon after 6. In the champion class for smooth dogs Lucifer and Bacchanal were respectively first and second. Both were in elegant condition as were all of the Blemton Kennels' dogs. Mr. Hopkins is deserving of great credit both for the form in which he brings his dogs into the ring and the excellent manner in which he handles them while they are before the judge. Valet, also entered in this class, was absent. In the bitch class the order was Rachel, Diadem and Marguerite. The only other entry, Village Belle, was absent.

The open dog class brought out a lot of good ones. The judge selected for first place Blemton Rubicon, a puppy whelped in October last year. He is a capital puppy and is a credit to his breeder. He is very good in neck, body, back and quarters, and has capital legs and feet, and is a beautiful mover. He is only fair in head, his skull being a bit domed, and his head is also too large; he has a powerful set of jaws with good teeth; his ears are not carried right, and he lacks expression and does not show enough of fox-terrier character; he can stand straight in front and Hopkins made him do so, but at times he is decidedly bow-legged; he might be better in loin, but he is not yet furnished and may improve at this point. He is not a dog that will "grow on," and he will not be able to stay with the good ones for a long race. He was also placed over New Forest Ethel in the specials, a decision with which we cannot agree. The most serious fault to be found with Ethel is that she does not carry her ears properly, but Hopkins handled her so that she carried them very nearly right on this occasion. Dusky Trap, placed second, should have won over Rubicon, and it was a close call between the latter and Raby Mixer for third place. Mixer has greatly improved since we last saw him, having let down in chest, which mitigates his fault of legginess. The remainder of the class were properly placed, Earl Lycester and Resolute were absent. There was nothing new in the bitch class worthy of note. New Forest Ethel, looking much better than when we saw her last, was an easy winner; she is a very taking bitch, with a beautiful head and neck and better shoulders than we often see. She is also good at other points, and except for her badly carried ears, has no serious faults. Richmond Dazzle, placed second, was looking well, and she had need, as we thought Blemton Consequence crowded her uncomfortably close. The latter is improving and is the best puppy that Mr. Belmont has shown, including the wonder Rubicon. Princess, placed fourth, deserved the place, as did Fraulein Mixture her vhc. The dog puppies were a great improvement over anything we have seen at previous shows, and if this improvement continues the present champions will have to look to their laurels. First went to Rubicon, the winner of the open class. Blemton Coronet, placed second, is quite a nice puppy, with no very serious faults. His expression is not quite right and he is just a trifle overshot. Third went to Blempton Volunteer, a well made one with good body and legs. He is a bit dish-faced and weak below the eyes, and might be improved in ears and feet. Blemton Grumbler, reserve, lacks character and is not good in head. He is not yet furnished and may improve, but will never develop into a world beater. Blemton Calculus, vhc., when first brought into the ring carried his ears very badly, and Mr. Belmont went in and tried to twist them into shape, but they were not built that way, and although he improved matters a bit, the ears were still far from being right. It may be proper to manipulate the ears of a fox terrier to make them hang correctly, but we suggest that a better plan would be to breed them right instead.

Rather a good-looking unnamed one, owned by Mr. Fred Hoey, could not be made to show himself at all, several attempts were made to induce him to stand up with the others and display his merits, but it was of no use. Pluck, the chief characteristic of his breed, appeared to be entirely lacking, and he could not be made to stand up or show the least bit of spirit. Finally the class was judged and ordered out of the ring, with the exception of the timid one, and another attempt was made to get him on his feet, but with no better success than had previously been the case, and he was about being ignominiously returned to his stall without a notice when Mr. Belmont suggested that his bitch Marguerite was coming in season and that he would bring her in and perhaps her presence would accomplish the desired result. Amid the breathless attention of the deeply interested spectators Mr. Belmont brought in the lovely Marguerite, and an intense sigh of relief was heard as the unnamed one, more gallant than brave, cocked his ears and tail and made up to the little lady in something like fox-terrier form. The anxious look disappeared from the face of the judge, an appreciative smile overspread his countenance, and the unnamed was taken to his stall with the magic letters vhc. emblazoned on his crest. Blemton Pepper, hc., was not up to the form of the others, his head is not good and he is flat ribbed. Hillside Monk received only a commended card, although he is much better all round than the last mentioned, and was close up to the winners; he should have received the reserve card; his head is above the average and he has good shoulders, quarters, legs and feet. Like his sire he stands a bit high on his legs, and might be better ribbed and improved in muzzle. The bitches were not so good as the dogs. Blemton Consequence, winner of third in the open class, had an easy win, there being nothing in the class to approach her. Blemton Rainbow, placed second, is just a fair puppy, with bad ears and open feet. Fidget, the only other one to show up, was given third. She will never make a show bitch, being long cast, flat ribbed and weedy.

All the winners in the novice class were in the open classes already noticed. In the selling class first went to Blemton Grumbler, the winner of reserve in the dog puppy class. Sly Mixture, placed second, should have had the place as he is a better dog. He is only fair in head, but beats Grumbler in this respect as well as in body, and shows much more char-

acter. He came into the ring a bit lame, but soon went all right. We thought that the judge had selected him for first place, and Hopkins evidently thought the same, as he shook his head and moved uneasily around the ring, but he was soon made happy with the coveted blue ribbon. The next best one in the class was Blemton Pepper, and he was given the three letters—one more than he received in the puppy class.

In champion wire-haired the well-known Bristles, all out of coat, was alone. In the open class Mr. Thayer showed a pair of fair specimens, off in head and not in good coat. Pinwire, the only other entry, was better in head, but was badly shown. The puppies were much too small to show. First was given to Miss Bristles, catalogued as whelped May 10, 1885; she is rather a pretty puppy, but will have to improve if she makes a good one. Her litter sister was transferred to the smooth-haired class, and her half brother, the only other entry, was not noticed.

Welch terriers were represented by the well-known Which and T'other.

There were seven Irish terriers, and all were present except Bedad. They were not a good lot. The winner, Badger Boy, although not the best one, was in the best condition. He won hc. both at New York and Boston last spring. Second went to Gipsey Maid, a bitch with some character and with good legs and feet; she is a trifle overshot and is too long cast. Her dam, a better bitch, too big and out of coat, was third. Dan, litter brother to Gipsey Maid, received hc.; he is heavy in head, carries one ear very badly, and was shown much too thin; he has plenty of bone and a capital set of legs and feet. The two puppies were lacking in several important characteristics of the breed. The two white English terriers that won first and second at New York last spring were the only entries in this class. They occupied the same positions here. There were no entries in the black and tan, over 16lbs., class, and but two in the light weight class; both were absent.

Tees Rock, looking better than we remember to have seen him, was the only representative of the Bedlingtons. Highland Laddie, thin and not in good coat, was also alone in the class for hard-haired Scotch.

In Dandies, Border Wang did not arrive until after the judging, and Cromwell, the only other entry had it all his own way. He is a well formed dog, bad in forelegs and in coat. No Skyes were entered. The bull-terriers were much the best classes outside of the smooth fox-terriers. In the over 30lbs class first went to Cairo, shown a trifle too fat. He has grown thick in head and out at elbows. Bonnie Princess, well known, was second. Grabber, vhc., also well known, should have had the place. He beats her in head and body and shows more terrier character. Duchess of York, also vhc., has seen her best days, although still a young bitch. She has gone wrong in head since we last saw her, and her future winnings, if any, will be in moderate company. My Queen was badly shown; in fact all of Mr. Dole's dogs were far from being in the good form that they are usually shown in. In the light-weight class Mr. Dole won first with Nell Bright, a smart bitch, rather light all round, and second with Sensation, the winner at New Haven last spring. He was in deplorable condition and should not have been shown.

There were no entries in Yorkshires or smooth-coated toys and but one, a moderate specimen, in the rough-coated toy class. Following is a complete list of the

AWARDS.

FOX-TERRIERS.—Smooth-Coated—Champion—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, Blemton Kennels' Lucifer and Bacchanal. *Bitches:* 1st, 2d and very high com., Blemton Kennels' Rachel, Diadem and Marguerite.—Open—*Dogs:* 1st, 2d, reserve, very high com. and com., Blemton Kennels' Blemton Rubicon, Dusky Trap, Blemton Coronet, Blemton Volunteer and Blemton Valentine; 3d, 4th and very high com., J. E. Thayer's Ruby Mixer, Reckoner and Luke. High com., P. L. Drayton's Blemton Sentinel. Com., H. P. Frothingham's Mugwump and R. S. Ryan's Linden Splint. *Bitches:* 1st, 3d and high com., Blemton Kennels' New Forest Ethel, Blemton Consequence and Blemton Dahabiah; 2d, 4th and very high com., J. E. Thayer's Richmond Dazzle, Princess and Fraulein Mixture. Com., C. Rathbone's Blemton Arrow.—Puppies—*Dogs:* 1st, 2d, 3d, reserve, very high com. and high com., Blemton Kennels' Blemton Rubicon, Blemton Coronet, Blemton Volunteer, Blemton Grumbler, Blemton Calculus and Blemton Pepper. Very high com., Fred Hoey's unnamed. Com., J. E. Thayer's Hillside Monk. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Blemton Kennels' Blemton Consequence and Blemton Rainbow; 3d, H. P. Frothingham's Fidget.—Novice Class.—1st, 2d, very high com. (2) and high com., Blemton Kennels' Blemton Rubicon, Blemton Coronet, Blemton Calculus, Blemton Rainbow and Blemton Dahabiah. Reserve and com., J. E. Thayer's Princess and Ruby Chance. Com., H. P. Frothingham's Mugwump and Blemton Lottery, R. S. Ryan's Linden Splint and Fred Hoey's unnamed.—Selling Class.—1st and very high com., Blemton Kennels' Blemton Grumbler and Blemton Pepper; 2d, J. E. Thayer's Sly Mixture. High com., L. Timpson's Maizeland Festive. Com., R. S. Ryan's Alverda.

WIRE-HAIRED.—Champion—S. Insull's Bristles.—Open—1st and 2d, J. E. Thayer's Dare Devil and Rat Trap. Very high com.; S. Insull's Pinwire. *Puppies:* 1st, C. W. Cornwell's Miss Bristles 2d, withheld.

WELCH TERRIERS.—1st and 2d, P. Lawrence's Which and T'other.

IRISH TERRIERS.—1st, 2d, 3d and high com., T. Wise, Jr.'s, Badger Boy, Gipsey Maid, Gipsey Girl and Dan. *Puppies:* Withheld.

WHITE ENGLISH TERRIERS.—1st and 2d, O. H. P. Belmont's Diamond Spark and Lovely.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—Over 16lbs.—No entries. —Under 16lbs.—Absent.

BEDLINGTON TERRIERS.—1st, E. D. Morgan's Tees Rock.

SCOTCH TERRIERS.—Hard-Haired—1st, E. D. Morgan's Highland Laddie.

DANDIE DINMONT TERRIERS.—1st, J. H. Naylor's Cromwell.

BULL-TERRIERS.—Over 30lbs.—1st, 2d and very high com. W. F. Hobbie's Cairo, Bonnie Princess and Grabber. Very high com., G. House's Duchess of York. Com., F. F. Dole's My Queen. Under 30lbs.—1st and 2d, F. F. Dole's Nell Bright and Sensation. Very high com., M. Randolph's Peggy. High com., Fannie W. Ogden's Gypsey. *Puppies:* 1st, Fannie W. Ogden's She; 2d, withheld.

TOY TERRIERS.—Rough-Coated—1st, withheld; 2d, F. F. Dole's Napier.

SELLING CLASS.—1st, F. F. Dole's Nell Bright; 2d, J. H. Naylor's Cromwell.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

FOX-TERRIERS.—Challenge cup, Rachel; Apollo stakes and cup, Blemton Coronet; home-bred puppy stakes and cup, Blemton Consequence; produce stakes and cup, Blemton Coronet; best in champion classes, Rachel; open classes, Blemton Rubicon; exhibit of four, Lucifer, Rachel, Blemton Rubicon and New Forest Ethel; best pair, Lucifer and Rachel; best in novice classes, Blemton Rubicon; puppy, the same; dog with two of his get, Lucifer with Blemton Grumbler and Blemton Pepper; wire-haired, Dare Devil; best of any other breed, Cairo; shown by a lady, She; best exhibit other than fox-terriers, W. F. Hobbie; bull-terriers, the same.

SYRACUSE DOG SHOW.—We have received the premium list of the first annual dog show of the Syracuse Kennel Club, to be held at Alhambra Rink, Syracuse, N.Y., Sept. 18 to 21. In the champion classes the prize is $10, with $10 and $5 in the open class, and $5 in the puppy classes. In addition there will be about 100 specials, ranging in value from $5 to $50. The judges announced are Major J. M. Taylor, setters and pointers; A. C. Wilmerding, spaniels; H. F. Schellhass, foxhounds, beagles and basset hounds, and Jas. Mortimer the remaining classes. Wm. Tallman will superintend and Spratts Patent will bench and feed. Entries close Sept. 10. The address of the secretary is Howard B. Rathbone, Lock Box 66, Syracuse, N. Y.

DOG TALK.

We clip the following from the *Stock-Keeper*: "At last has the often rumored, and as often contradicted, sale of Plinlimmon become a *fait accompli*. Mr. J. K. Emmett, the famous American actor, has purchased him from Mr. S. W. Smith, for one thousand pounds, which is the highest price that has ever been paid for a dog of any kind. Mr. Emmett is going to make Plinlimmon his companion. The dog is now with him at the St. Pancras Hotel, where we went to have another look at this famous animal before he leaves the country where he won his laurels. Plinlimmon's new owner does not show his dogs, and, consequently, he retires from the bench to make in future his appearance before the public on the boards with his master, who will, no doubt, take care that the "parts" given to the dog have "some fat" in them. The first play in which Plinlimmon will appear on the stage is "Fritz, our Cousin German." There is one scene in it in which Plinlimmon will have to lie down to form a pillow for a child which has been sung to sleep by his master, and the dog is fired at and supposed to be shot dead. This will, no doubt, be very trying to Plinlimmon before he has got over the stage fever, to which, we suppose, dogs are subject like men and women. Plinlimmon was at Leeds the same as he used to be at Trowbridge, the admiration of the neighborhood, and when Mr. Emmett took him away the scene is said to have been really affecting. As the news gradually spread, friends came round to have a parting look at him. Children were brought in to shake hands the last time with old Plin. Soon the whole neighborhood was alive as it became generally known that the splendid Plinlimmon was going away, and the levée had to be transferred to the street, where, the people were crowding round the grand animal and his new master seated in the carriage. Mr. Emmett said that the idea of taking away this creature, of whom everybody was so fond and proud, being one of the "lions" of the place, made him quite uncomfortable, and when he had driven off at last he felt as guilty as might have done a tourist who, on the pretence of admiring the mountain scenery in Switzerland, goes to Interlaken and elopes with the "Jungfrau." We understand that Mr. Emmett will mate Plinlimmon with a Rector bitch belonging to him, and which he considers one of the finest in America."

Alas! alack! and welladay!—dog day—yaller dog day! The meet for the "fox hunt" at Newport, last Friday, was at the South Portsmouth Postoffice, on the east road, about six miles from town. As the hour approached for the meet the road was lined with carriages, and the hounds, on their way to the hunt, had plenty of company. Soon all was ready, the master gave the signal, the hounds took the scent and the small field of riders started in hot pursuit after the imaginary fox. The hounds ran fast, and for a while kept to the scent, but as the chase continued north a new and unexpected feature was introduced. Resting quietly in a field was a sedate farmer's dog, one of the common yellow breed, and, as he was aroused from his afternoon nap by the cries of the hounds and the approaching horses, he unwittingly started to run. His color was nearer to that of a fox than anything the hounds had seen this year, and the pack was soon in a hubbub. Some of the older ones kept to the scent, but others went for that yellow dog. The master was unable to keep order, and the pack broke, and the days of that dog were numbered, for his carcass soon formed a meal for the hounds. No one was in at this death, as the master kept on the scent with what hounds he could keep together. The hunt was demoralized, but a few undaunted riders kept on the proper scent, and arrived at the prearranged "kill."

The following is from the *Times*: "West Chester, Penn., Aug. 26.—Two or three years ago Mrs. Elizabeth Shee died in this place, leaving a will bequeathing $1,500 to be invested, the interest upon it to be applied to the keeping of a much-loved dog belonging to her. The will also set aside the sum of $100, to be applied to paying the cost of the dog's funeral when that should be necessary, the dog to be laid beside his mistress in the burying ground of the Great Valley (Chester county) Presbyterian Church. Upon the death of the dog the $1,500 was to be passed over to the uses of the church as a contribution. Under this will the dog was put to boarding at the house of a friend of the deceased lady, where he lived in good dog style until last Thursday, when he died of some distemper peculiar to the canine family. Yesterday his remains were taken in charge by a regular undertaker, who, after carefully and artistically shrouding them, placed them in a newly-prepared box (or dog coffin) and took them to the burying ground above mentioned, and neatly interred them beside the animal's former friend and protector. The dog was 14 years old. He was of poor, but respectable parentage, and as a dog held an enviable position among the dogs of the town, with which he was on the best of terms. The $1,500 will at once be handed over to the church, in further obedience to the letter of the will."

Without considering the merits of the case involved in the correspondence between Messrs. Anthony and Perry, printed in our last issue, it is well enough to note that in giving us both letters for publication Dr. Perry was acting in conformity with his rule of presenting each side for the public to weigh. Indeed, the conspicuous and unusual fairness and openness with which the president of the N.D.C. has acted in this respect are in striking contrast with the course pursued by those who have arrayed themselves against him and his club. How different, for example, was the course of Mr. Anthony, who gave out his letter to Dr. Perry for publication but withheld Dr. Perry's answer to it. Mr. Anthony's letter charged Dr. Perry with being the dupe and accomplice of blackguards and blackmailers. It certainly would have been no more than fair to give Dr. Perry's reply to that charge.

The English dog papers have recently contained many tales of the various expedients that have been resorted to by exhibitors to put life into their dogs while before the judge. Dead sparrows, hares' feet, mouse traps, and in one instance a live white rat, are among the devices used. American ingenuity can discount all these, as the little episode noted in our report of the Saratoga show will conclusively prove.

In addition to the purchase of the collie bitch Cora II. by the Chestnut Hill Kennel they have secured from the kennel of Mr. A. H. Megson, Manchester, England, the well-known collie bitch Pitch Dark. She is two years old and is by champion Eclipse and out of Matchless. Before leaving England she was bred to the noted Caractacus and something phenomenal is expected in the coming litter.

At a Cottage City band concert the other evening the Hunting Chorus was one of the selections, in which the men give an imitation of the barking of dogs. A little cur hearing this became greatly excited, rushed up to the stand and began a violent barking. The crowd caught on, the band members laughed and the dog slunk away.

In a private letter from the veteran sportsman Ethan Allin, of Pomfret Center, Conn., he says that there is a great demand for dogs of his breeding from all parts of the country. We have owned and shot over many of these dogs for more than forty years and know them to be capital in the field, especially on ruffed grouse.

The Westminster Kennel Club have made an important addition to their kennel, having purchased the well-known pointers Lad of Bow and Lass of Bow. Both will probably run at the coming field trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club and at the Southern trials.

A well-bred, large and handsome deerhound, that has developed an ugly temper toward his kennel companions, is offered for sale. He will undoubtedly prove excellent for coursing, as he is very speedy. Address Kennel, this office.

We hear that Mr. E. S. Porter has a wonderful litter of bulldog puppies out of Thespian by Lion. One of the dogs is said to be the exact counterpart of Britomartis, and we shall look to see him sweep the deck at the shows next year.

The Wacouta Kennel has resold the mastiff Baldur to Mr. W. Wade, of Hulton, Pa., and a number of other of the dogs will be sold, as the kennel has removed to Chicago, and there are too many dogs for the present location.

The South of Scotland Dandie Dinmont Club recently proposed to change the weight limit for the breed, but a vote of the members was almost unanimous in retaining the old standard, which is from 14lbs. to 24lbs.

Mr. Gerald Hull, of Saratoga Springs, has had the misfortune to lose by death the well-known mastiff dog Ilford Cromwell. On July 24 he fell over the steep bank at Saratoga Lake and fractured his spine.

The Columbus Fanciers' Club of Columbus, O., will hold their first annual exhibition of dogs, poultry and pet stock at Columbus, Feb. 4 to 7, 1889.

Mr. W. Atlee Burpee, of Philadelphia, is in England, and it is reported that he has purchased several collies to bring home.

It has been decided in England at the Court of Queen's Bench that a dog is property the same as a horse or cow.

In addition to the A. K. C. and the N. D. C., there is considerable talk of a C. D. C.—Canadian Dog Club.

Newark's dog pound received 708 dogs, of which 78 had been redeemed. The pound has been closed.

The English St. Bernard Club will hold their next show at Sheffield, beginning Oct. 30.

RICHMOND DOG SHOW.

Richmond, Va., Aug. 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Please publish the accompanying list of special prizes to be competed for at the bench show of the Virginia Field Sports Association. Of course our list of specials is not yet complete, but I think you will find this, as far as it has gone, a very attractive list. Our advices from all quarters are that we will have a very large lot of entries. The entries of foxhounds will be particularly large, and we have already secured enough live foxes to insure good hunting every day and all day.

The Virginia A. M. & T. Exposition offers the following special prizes of $25 each for the best kennel of English setters, pointers, collies and foxhounds (not less than six), to consist of not less than four, and at least two kennels to compete, each kennel to be owned by one exhibitor.

They also offer the following: For the best setter dog or bitch of any breed in the show that has run in a field trial, $20; best pointer, $20; for the best blue mottled foxhound, dog or bitch, $20.

The American Fox-Terrier Club offers for the best exhibit of fox terriers, $20.

A friend of beagles offers for the best brace of beagle bitches owned by one exhibitor, $25.

The American Gordon Setter Club offers a special prize of a solid piece of silver valued at $25 for the best Gordon setter, dog or bitch.

The Collie Club of America offers its club medal or $10 in cash for the best collie bred and owned by a resident of any Southern State, Maryland included.

Jno. S. Wise, President.

AMERICAN PET DOG CLUB.—Worcester, Mass., Aug. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In the last and previous issue of the Forest and Stream I have noticed two communications, one from Mr. H. F. Schellhass, President American-English Beagle Club; the other from Mr. A. C. Wilmerding, Secretary American Spaniel Club. These two gentlemen torture their imagination and grasp at a shadow in the absence of a single grain of substance upon which to build a flimsy complaint against the American Pet Dog Club, for having placed beagles and spaniels of limited weight on its list of pet dogs. This is not a reply to Messrs. Schellhass and Wilmerding, as their communications contain absolutely nothing calling for a reply. It is only for the information of such of your readers as may not understand what these gentlemen are whimsically trying to complain of. The American Pet Dog Club, upon the organization, declared through the press that it had no intention to clash or interfere, but rather coöperate with all other regular legitimate clubs. This the club has fully verified in its own and its members' patronage of all club shows since held. This is substance against Messrs. Schellhass and Wilmerding's shadows. I can name one member of the American Pet Dog Club who to-day owns more beagles and spaniels than Messrs. Schellhass and Wilmerding have owned all their lives, and I can safely assert that this same member has done more field work in a single season with beagles and spaniels included in the list of pets of the American Pet Dog Club. Again there are several ladies and gentlemen, members of the club, who own small beagles and spaniels, that never have done and never will do an hour's field work. Now, must their owners be disqualified as members of the American Pet Dog Club, and the dogs be disqualified as pets to gratify and satisfy the whimsical views of Messrs. Schellhass and Wilmerding? The American Pet Dog Club will try to help and not hinder the progress and growth of all legitimate clubs, the Beagle and Spaniel clubs included. "Protests" unnecessary and uncalled for. No room for jealousy.—H. R. Surles, M.D., Vice-Pres. A. P. D. C.

THE TOLEDO KENNEL CLUB.—The Toledo Kennel Club, of Toledo, O., was organized Aug. 22, with the following officers: President, Samuel Andrews; Vice-President, Gilbert Canniff; Secretary, Mat. Shoemaker, Jr.; Treasurer, F. J. Trost; Delegate, J. B. Conners. The executive committee consists of the officers of the club and E. A. Longden, H. C. Rushmore, N. W. Coder, John Waters and W. Geroe.

KENNEL NOTES.

Notes must be sent on prepared blanks, which are furnished free on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope of large letter size. Sets of 200 of any one form, bound for retaining duplicates, are sent for 30 cents.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Duke Berwyn and Dick Berwyn. By Detroit Kennel Club, Detroit, Mich., for lemon and white English setter dogs, whelped June 8, 1888, by Dashing Berwyn (Dash II.—Countess Bear) out of Kelp (A.K.R. 110).

Bob Berwyn and Dan Berwyn. By Detroit Kennel Club, Detroit, Mich., for chestnut and white English setter dogs, whelped June 8, 1888, by Dashing Berwyn (Dash II.—Countess Bear) out of Kelp (A.K.R. 110).

Frank Berwyn and Kate Berwyn. By Detroit Kennel Club, Detroit, Mich., for white English setter dog and white, black spot over one eye, bitch, whelped June 8, 1888, by Dashing Berwyn (Dash II.—Countess Bear) out of Kelp (A.K.R. 110).

Lady Dike. By J. C. Rhodes, Petroleum Center, Pa., for lemon and white English setter bitch, whelped May 11, 1888, by King Fred (Ted Llewellin, A.K.R. 599—Marcella) out of Lady Brighton (Prince Phœbus—Rosey).

Hornet. By American Cocker Kennels, Wm. Penn, Pa., for black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped April 8, 1888, by champion Doc (A.K.R. 3795) out of Lady Pluto (champion Obo II.—Blackie III.).

Rags and Tatters. By C. A. Bowman, Elmira, N. Y., for Yorkshire terrier dog and bitch, whelped July 13, 1888, by Tug (A.K.R. 2704) out of Allice.

The Prefix Linkwood. By Jas. Thompson, Baltimore, Md., for his sole use in connection with his mastiffs and collies.

Brookwood Kennels. By W. S. Brown, Washington Heights, New York, for his kennels of English setters.

BRED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Cora Belle—Royal Monarch. Mr. Stevens's collie bitch Cora Belle (Rutland—Heather Bell) to A. R. Kyle's Royal Monarch, Aug. 20.

Hebie of Nessel Down—Sir Wallace. A. R. Kyle's (South Norwalk, Conn.) collie bitch Hebie of Nessel Down (Glenlivat—Nellie McGregor) to his Sir Wallace, Aug. 21.

Idussa—Strephon. F. R. Carswell's (Wilmington, Del.) collie bitch Idussa (Rokeby—Lassie II.) to Chestnut Hill Kennels' Strephon (Eclipse—Flurry), Aug. 21.

Ailsa—Strephon. Mr. McKennan's (Pittsburgh, Pa.) collie bitch Ailsa (Eclipse—Nesta) to Chestnut Hill Kennels' Strephon (Eclipse—Flurry), Aug. 4.

Black Cecil—Bonnie Duntroon. Mr. Walker's collie bitch Black Cecil to Chestnut Hill Kennels' Bonnie Duntroon (Red Gauntlet—Brenda), July 28.

Metchley Surprise—Dublin Scot. Chestnut Hill Kennels' (Philadelphia, Pa.) collie bitch Metchley Surprise (Sefton—Lady Rutland) to their Dublin Scot (The Colonel—Jessie), Aug. 13.

Flurry III.—Dublin Scot. Chestnut Hill Kennels' (Philadelphia, Pa.) collie bitch Flurry III. (Blue Sky—Flurry II.) to their Dublin Scot (The Colonel—champion Jessie), July 23.

Jersey Lass—Scotilla. Chestnut Hill Kennels' (Philadelphia, Pa.) collie bitch Jersey Lass (Rex—Topsy) to their Scotilla (Dublin Scot—Flurry II.), July 14.

——*—Dublin Scot.* C. W. Henry's (Philadelphia, Pa.) collie bitch ——— to Chestnut Hill Kennels' champion Dublin Scot (The Colonel—champion Jessie), Aug. 17.

Lassie of Pleasance—Dublin Scot. Mr. Waterbury's collie bitch Lassie of Pleasance (Eclipse—Meta) to Chestnut Hill Kennels' Dublin Scot (The Colonel—Jessie), July 23.

Vistala—Beaufort. Wacouta Kennels' (Chicago, Ill.) mastiff bitch Vistala (champion Montgomery—Nell) to Dr. J. S. Turner's champion Beaufort (champion Beau—The Lady Isabel), June 2.

Fairy—Captain Bogardus. T. F. Rivers's (Bridgeport, Conn.) pointer bitch Fairy (Tammany—Erie) to Seaside Kennels' Captain Bogardus (Captain Fred—Lady F.), Aug. 21.

Rumson Lilly—Sachem. H. Johnson's (Fair Haven) pointer bitch Rumson Lilly (Minnspring—Marguerite) to Clifton Kennels' Sachem (champion Beaufort—Zuba), Aug. 26.

Mora—Essex. Essex Kennels' (Andover, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Mora (A.K.R. 6148) to their Essex (A.K.R. 931), Aug. 17.

Jessie—Rockingham. E. S. Stokes's (New York) English setter bitch Jessie to F. Windholz's Rockingham (A.K.R. 3867), Aug. 1.

Lady Moore II.—Tom II. F. M. Harris's (Worcester, Mass.) Gordon setter bitch Lady Moore II. (A.K.R. 2175) to his Tom II. (A.K.R. 3669), Aug. 3.

Daisy—Tom II. E. C. Winchester's (South Windham, Conn.) Gordon setter bitch Daisy to F. M. Harris' Tom II. (A.K.R. 3669), July 28.

Dewdrop—Warren Jim. T. J. Tyrrell's (Philadelphia, Pa.) fox-terrier bitch Dewdrop (Warren Billy—Nettie) to L. & W. Rutherfurd's Warren Jim (Diamond Joe—champion Diana), Aug. 22.

Camille—Bradford Harry. E. G. Carleton's (Boston, Mass.) Yorkshire terrier bitch Camille (Rake—Taffey) to P. H. Coombs's Bradford Harry (Crawshaw's Bruce—Beale's Lady), Aug. 25.

Biddy—Bradford Harry. A. M. Goldsmith's (Chicago, Ill.) Yorkshire terrier bitch Biddy (Bonnie Briton—Lassie) to P. H. Coombs's Bradford Harry (Crawshaw's Bruce—Beale's Lady), Aug. 14.

WHELPS.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Romp. Detroit Kennel Club's (Detroit, Mich.) beagle bitch Romp (Rob—Bell), Aug. 17, five (four dogs), by their Bross (Prince—Reta).

Trixy. Colbyville Mfg. Co.'s (Waterbury, Vt.) collie bitch Trixy (A.K.R. 4527), Aug. 24, eleven (five dogs), by H. E. Boyce's Leo (Rover Glendare—Skipp).

Bonnie Knowe. Chestnut Hill Kennels' (Philadelphia, Pa.) collie bitch Bonnie Knowe (Red Gauntlet—Brenda), July 12, seven (three dogs), by McEwen & Gibson's Bonnie Dunkeld (Highlander—Electric, late Hasty III.).

Empress of Wacouta. Wacouta Kennels' (Chicago, Ill.) mastiff bitch Empress of Wacouta (Lord Raglan—Dido II.), Aug. 2, eight (five dogs), by J. L. Winchell's Boss (Zulu—Monmouth Meg); one dog and two bitches since dead.

Dolly Varden II. Wacouta Kennels' (Chicago, Ill.) mastiff bitch Dolly Varden II. (Hero II.—Dolly Varden), July 28, seven (four dogs), by St. Joe Kennels' Wacouta Nap (Lion—Bess), one dog since dead.

Daisy of Naso. Mortimer Mills's (Jersey City, N. J.) pointer bitch Daisy of Naso (Nick of Naso—Temptation), Aug. 18, nine (seven dogs), by Clifton Kennels' Sachem (champion Beaufort—Zuba).

Blitz. John Yewdell's (Philadelphia, Pa.) English setter bitch Blitz (Thunder—Peg), Aug. 12, five (three dogs), by F. Windholz's Rockingham (A.K.R. 3867).

Princess Phœbus. F. Windholz's (New York) English setter bitch Princess Phœbus (A.K.R. 1287), Aug. 17, four (two dogs), by his Rockingham (A.K.R. 3867).

Sandycroft Vim. V. M. Haldeman's (Milford, Del.) Irish terrier bitch Sandycroft Vim (Benedict—Geesela), Aug. 23, seven (two dogs), by J. F. McFadden's Dennis (champion Bachelor—Jilt).

Roslyn Eileen, Chestnut Hill Kennels' (Philadelphia, Pa.) Irish terrier bitch Roslyn Eileen (Gilford—Girl), July 28, six (four dogs), by their Roslyn Dennis (Seaford—Vic).

SALES.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Mingo. Collie dog, color and age not given, by Royal Monarch out of Heather Bell, by A. R. Kyle, South Norwalk, Conn., to C. A. Walton, East Norwalk, Conn.

Glen Athol (A.K.R. 5413)—Berlin Lady whelps. Collies, whelped July 3, 1888, by Associated Fanciers, Philadelphia, Pa., a black and white dog to S. S. Babbitt, Pittsburgh, Pa., and black, tan and white bitch to O. McIlhenny, Forest, Miss.

Thurso (A.K.R. 6019)—Peep o' Day (A.K.R. 3353) whelps. Five black, white and tan collies, whelped April 12, 1888, by S. M. Cleaver, East Bethlehem, Pa., to Associatsd Fanciers, Philadelphia, Pa.

Guess. Black, white and sable collie dog, whelped July 13, 1888, by Clipper (A.K.R. 2529) out of Nellie McGregor, by Warner & Hamilton, Canaan Four Corners, N. Y., to Mrs. Geo. Bagg, Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

Bonnie Dunkeld—Bonnie Knowe whelp. Black and white collie dog, whelped July 12, 1888, by Chestnut Hill Kennels, Philadelphia, Pa., to S. H. Seamans.

Val. Tan and white greyhound dog, age not given, by Kilkenny Boy out of Nora, by Alfred Heald, Lancaster, Mass., to Associated Fanciers, Philadelphia, Pa.

Berlin Victor—Sylvia whelps. Fawn mastiff dogs, whelped July 5, 1888, by Associated Fanciers, Philadelphia, Pa., one each to Jas. H. Rhue, Peru, Ind., and S. H. Todd, St. Louis, Mo.

Kenwood Sultana. Fawn mastiff bitch, whelped July 5, 1888, by Berlin Victor out of Sylvia, by Associated Fanciers, Philadelphia, Pa., to N. A. Stockton, Huntingdon Valley, Pa.

Wacouta Pearl. Mastiff bitch, whelped Jan. 31, 1888, by Ilford Chancellor out of Ilford Comedy, by Wacouta Kennels, Chicago, Ill., to Wm. J. McGrade, St. Louis, Mo.

Manfred. Mastiff dog, whelped May 31, 1888, by Toney out of Wacouta Bess, by Wacouta Kennels, Chicago, Ill., to Phillip Reilley, Summit Lake, Wis.

Tamora. Mastiff bitch, whelped Oct. 1, 1881, by champion Beau out of Boomah, by Wacouta Kennels, Chicago, Ill., to C. H. Murphy, St. Paul, Minn.

Wacouta Baldur. Mastiff dog, whelped May 16, 1887, by Beaufort out of Gythel II., by Wacouta Kennels, Chicago, Ill., to W. Wade, Hulton, Pa.

Maxmillion. Fawn mastiff dog, whelped March 26, 1882, by Berkshire Caution out of Lady Belle, by Berkshire Kennels, Hinsdale, Mass., to Prof. J. E. Goodrich, Burlington, Vt.

Majolica. Light fawn mastiff bitch, whelped June 21, 1888, by Berkshire Caution (A.K.R. 5617) out of Daisy G. (A.K.R. 5620), by Berkshire Kennels, Hinsdale, Mass., to Chas. E. Rowland, Toledo, Ohio.

Berkshire Caution—Berkshire Zulu whelp. Mastiff dog, whelped May 8, 1888, by Berkshire Kennels, Hinsdale, Mass., to C. A. Pontius, Canton, O.

Captain Bogardus. Liver and white pointer dog, whelped Aug. 25, 1886, by Captain Fred out of Lady F., by Seaside Kennels, Bridgeport, Conn., to Geo. R. Peabody, Appleton, Wis.

Rapid Bang—Heald's Nancy whelp. Liver and white pointer bitch, whelped Jan. 15, 1888, by Alfred Heald, Lancaster, Mass., to Associated Fanciers, Philadelphia, Pa.

Abbé. Orange and white, light markings, St. Bernard dog, whelped March 26, 1888, by Rector out of Nance, by Associated Fanciers, Philadelphia, Pa., to Robt. M. Riddle, same place.

Kirness. White and tawny St. Bernard bitch, whelped Dec. 10, 1887 (A.K.R. 6056), by Phelps Smith, Plattsburgh, N. Y., to D. Bergman, St. Paul, Minn.

King Fred—Lady Brighton whelps. English setters, whelped May 11, 1888, by Chautauqua Kennels, Sheridan, N. Y., a black and white dog to J. V. Patterson, same place, and a lemon and white dog and bitch to J. C. Rhodes, Petroleum Center, Pa.

King Fred. Black and white English setter dog, whelped Nov. 19, 1886, by Ted Llewellin (A.K.R. 599) out of Marcella, by J. V. Patterson, Sheridan, N. Y., to C. R. Gibson, Salamanca, N. Y.

MacD.—Belle II. whelp. Black, white and tan English setter bitch, whelped May 30, 1888, by Detroit Kennel Club, Detroit, Mich., to W. H. Emery, Fullerton, Neb.

Dan Berwyn. Chestnut and white English setter dog, whelped June 8, 1888, by Dashing Berwyn out of Kelp, by Detroit Kennel Club, Detroit, Mich., to W. H. Emery, Fullerton, Neb.

Shad—Bell whelps. Three black and tan Gordon setters, whelped May 8, 1888, by Jos. H. Luting, Toledo, O., to Associated Fanciers, Philadelphia, Pa.

Hornet. Black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped April 8, 1888, by champion Doc out of Lady Pluto, by Geo. H. Whitehead, Trenton, N. J., to American Cocker Kennels, Wm. Penn, Pa.

Roslyn Mickey. Red Irish terrier dog, whelped April 26, 1888, by Breda Jim out of Breda Tiney, by Chestnut Hill Kennels, Philadelphia, Pa., to Dr. J. P. Gray, Utica, N. Y.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

WALNUT HILL, Aug. 24.—The regular rifle matches were shot at the range to-day, bringing out a large number of shooters, but the unfavorable weather conditions spoiled the shooting, and the scores were only an average lot. To-day's best scores were as follows:

Rest Match.

S Wilder	10	9	12	10	10	12	12	12	12	11—110
O Washburn	11	12	10	9	12	11	11	11	12	10—108
S Winchester	10	12	12	12	10	9	10	10	11	9—105
W Chester	11	12	8	9	12	10	12	10	11	9—104
A G Horne	12	9	10	10	10	11	9	11	10	8—100
L R Avay	9	12	9	12	9	11	9	12	7	9— 99
J Allen	8	9	11	10	11	11	9	9	8	11— 98
C A Towne	8	9	11	7	9	7	8	10	12	10— 91
A James	6	9	7	11	11	7	7	11	9	9— 87

Decimal Off-hand Match.

G B Warren	10	8	7	10	9	9	6	10	7	4—80
J C Ball	10	6	7	7	7	6	9	6	7	8—73
D L Chase	10	6	6	8	7	6	9	8	5	7—72
W Gardner	5	9	7	6	8	10	6	8	5	7—71
C Brook	6	7	5	5	9	5	6	10	8	8—69
Charles A Towne	6	7	4	8	7	6	7	6	10	6—67
M A Sheen	7	5	4	6	6	6	10	7	9	6—66
C Fiske	9	6	8	8	6	9	3	6	4	7—66

Military Match—Creedmoor Targets.

W O Burnett	5444454555—45	F W Reynolds	4444444334—39
T Everette	5455444445—44	A McCarthy	4454443434—39
A O Stearns	4454455444—43	W I Getchell	4444443344—38
P B Hunt	4454444544—42	D J McGilway	3334334444—35
B L Trull	5544434453—41	E T Albert	2434444343—35
H L Kelly	4444444444—40	G E Berry	4444353303—33
A E Tenney	4444444434—39	A L Souther	3343332433—31

Military Medal Match.

J A McLane	19	19	19	20	

LOWELL, Mass., Aug. 25.—The Pepperell squad rifle team of the Chelmsford Light Cavalry, Co. F, won the team prize at the company's second annual shoot at Graniteville to-day. Five squads participated, and there were five men to each team. The distance was 200yds., conditions favorable, and following is the score:

Squad No. 5, Pepperell.		Squad No. 4, Westford.	
P J Hayes	4444443444—39	Corp E Keyes	3345444444—36
Sergt G Herrig	4344334554—39	Capt Fletcher	4544252443—37
L P Shattuck	0345434332—31	F L Furbush	3445343444—37
Corp D Weston	3424333233—30	Alex Fisher	3333233030—23
W J Rouse	0434243343—30—169	H V Hildreth	0022534042—22—158
Squad No. 1, North Chelmsford.		Squad No. 3, Carlisle.	
Lieut H Shaw	3454434434—37	Sergt Robbin	3343222302—24
C F Scribner	3443225542—35	L W Hazeltine	3330033233—23
Geo Hatch	2332333333—28	G E Wilkins	3440302222—22
A M Warren	4333320540—27	G S A Bull	4232220020—17
Sergt E Burse	4233332200—22—149	Lieut Wilson	0333300003—15—101
Squad No. 2, Croton.			
Corp C J Hall	2324233024—25	J S Gilchrist	0030350040—15
George P Hall	3233023403—23	E G Hodgkins	5000004002—11—94
D C Smith	0304230422—20		

The prize was a framed engraving of Sheridan's charge at Winchester. The gold medal for the best individual marksman was awarded to Private P. J. Hayes, of Pepperell. The silver badges for best marksmen in each team were awarded as follows: P. J. Hayes, Pepperell; Corp. C. J. Hall, Groton; C. F. Scribner, North Chelmsford; Sergt. D. W. Robbin, Carlisle; Corp. E. H. Keys, Westford.

MALDEN, Mass. Aug. 25.—The following scores were made at the Bear's Den range this afternoon by members of Company I, 5th Regiment, Malden rifles. There was a large attendance:

Lieut E C B Erickson	44554—22	Pvt M E Drew, Co E, 5th Regt.	43434—18
	45544—22		34443—18
	44555—23		44434—19
	55445—22		54443—20
Pvt F H Whittaker	44444—20	Pvt W S Anthes	34234—16
	54444—21		34434—18
	44544—21		44534—20
	54454—22		44444—20
	44515—22	Pvt C B Morey	23533—16
Pvt R C Batting	43432—16		55344—19
	33344—17	Pvt L A Stopp	34434—17
	44344—19		43533—18
	44444—20	Pvt Nation, Co L	23333—14
			33333—15

NEW YORK, Aug. 27.—The tenth match for the Marksman's Badge was shot at Creedmoor Aug. 25. The attendance was very good, weather and all conditions were perfect, and the scores very high, ranging from 48 down to 42, the first eight men averaging 48 at 200 and 500yd. Following were the winners:

	200yds.	500yds.	Total.
G S Scott, Jr, Co A, 23d Regt	23	25	48
A B Van Heusen, Co B, 12th Regt	22	24	46
W P Pickett, Co B, 23d Regt	22	23	45
R M Dunn, Co G, 7th Regt	22	23	45
G C Whaley, Co E, 7th Regt	20	24	44
N B Thurston, Co E, 22d Regt	22	22	44
B Byars, Co G, 7th Regt	19	24	43
S C Pirie, Co I, 23d Regt	20	23	43
Medal Winners.			
O E Dudley, Co F, 7th Regt	22	24	46
G L Hoffman, Co H, 7th Regt	24	22	46
G W Lotz, Co G, 13th Regt	25	21	46
A G Soranton, Co E, 7th Regt	21	24	45
S Macaulay, Staff, 12th Regt	21	22	43

J. Manz, Jr., Ass't Sec'y, N. R. A.

THOMASTON, Conn., Aug. 25.—After a long period of inaction the Empire Rifle Club got together for a quiet shoot this afternoon. The scores show a lack of practice, 200yds., off-hand standard target, bad light with wind at times from 9 o'clock:

G C Canfield	8	6	6	10	7	6	8	6	8	9—74
F W Whitlock	7	7	10	5	6	9	5	8	8	7—72
W H Dunbar	6	7	7	8	8	7	7	5	8	7—70
F A Perkins	6	9	5	7	5	8	5	10	7	5—67
G A Lemmon	6	10	6	5	5	8	5	8	7	6—66
G P North	9	4	7	10	0	6	7	8	4	8—63

BRADFORD VS. KING CITY, Ont.—The first championship rifle match between Bradford and King City was shot on the ground of the latter last Friday. Below is the score, which is low for each team. It is but fair to the teams competing to mention the fact that at both ranges, both being off-hand, the wind was blowing a perfect gale. The match will be returned in October.

King City.		Bradford.	
W J Crossley	75	G Simmons	79
W J Ross	70	S Metcalf	79
Dr Norman	69	Jas Neilly	74
J W Crossley	69	Jos Neilly	73
P Cull	65	Dan Neilly	72
H Rogers	65	W Lowry	70
J H Ross	63	W J Tindall	63
R Cull	55	R Neilly	61
E J Davis, M. PP	40	P Matt	60
C H Hall	33—605	J Doolittle	52—683

NEWARK, N. J., is to have a rifle club, formed for open air practice on a 200yds. range. The Monroe Club of that city will hold a tournament in September, in which amateur clubs are invited to take part. The shooting will be at 75ft. and 75yds.

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

BREWER AT HOME.

JOHN L. BREWER has returned from England, after quite a lengthy visit, and is highly pleased with his success and the reception he received. In an interview with the gun editor of the *Item*, Brewer replied to queries as follows:

"The best pigeons in the world for trap-shooting are the English blue rocks, which are bred in Lancashire. In shooting an important match only the choicest are used, and they go from the trap like rockets.

"In regard to powder, there is only one kind that can be uniformly depended upon for trap-shooting; that is the Schultze powder. In my match with Journu, I was induced to use a new powder, manufactured by the E. C. concern, which they named 'J. B.,' out of compliment to one of their biggest stockholders. It was this powder that lost me the match. I had thirteen shells loaded with the Schultze, with which I made 13 kills. I then began on the 'J. B.,' and found it lacked the force and penetration necessary to stop the birds. I had been assured that in this respect it was equal, if not superior, to the Schultze, and found out otherwise at a cost of fully £800, having backed myself heavily to beat Journu. As persons on the ground did not understand why I did such poor shooting, I ordered the cartridges to be cut open, in order to show the cause.

"Take the English trap-shooters as a whole, they are superior to American trap-shots; they shoot at a great rise, use a lighter gun, and their blue rock pigeons are just as fine as the majority of our pigeons are bad. It is an unusual thing, unless the weather is extremely unfavorable, for a blue rock to linger at the trap. He starts with the pull.

"The weak point of English shooters is their slowness. They would shoot better if they shot quicker. Merwyn Watts (an assumed name) is the best amateur shot in England, but he is too slow, though he 'holds on' well.

"Shooting grounds are generally fine, compared with our own. The gun club ground is a half-moon with a stone wall ten feet high. It has a sixty yard fall.

"I brought three Greener guns with me, all twelves; one 7lbs. 4oz., one 7¼lbs. with Greener's new ejector, and Old Princess, 7lbs. 14oz. The ejector is a new gun, built especially for me. In a trial with this gun, at 116 best half-crown blue rocks, I killed 25 straight at 30yds.; in the balance, at 32½yds., I scored all but three birds, making a total of 113 kills. The exhibition was witnessed by a large company. The oldest referee in England, Mr. Bullock, said it was the most remarkable pigeon shooting he had ever seen.

"In regard to other Americans who have visited England, no one created so much amusement as Dr. Carver. He was regarded as a second-class shot. He once shot against a second-class man, who outshot him; seeing the match was lost, Carver said: "I ate an unusual quantity of sardines last night and I am too ill to continue." The Englishman wanted to continue, and muttered something to the effect that he didn't think Carver was that sort of a sardine.

"Mitchell, the Southerner, would, I think, have a better chance to win in England than any other American, and he ought to make the trip, as there would be both money and reputation in it for him.

"I should like you to state in *The Item* that I will shoot any man on the earth for all the money he wants, if the match is shot at the Welsh Harp, Hendon, England, I to have the right to furnish the birds, and I will guarantee the birds shall be first-class blue rocks.

"Or, I will shoot any man in America, if match is made to be next October, and I to be allowed to furnish the birds. This is a good chance for Carver, Budd, Bogardus and other would-be champions to tackle me and win extra reputation and cash by defeating me."

The Welsh Harp grounds, of which Brewer speaks, are situated at Hendon, about seven miles from London, and are presided over by clever and big-hearted John W. Warner, who is an enthusiastic admirer of trap-shooting. As it is an open question with many as to whether Brewer did or did not do remarkable shooting, while in England, the gun editor of the *Item* would like to hear from Mr. Warner on the subject, believing he is competent to judge what Brewer has done, and give him all the credit to which he is entitled.

A brief *resume* of Brewer's shooting while in England will be of interest not only to his many friends and admirers, but also to trap-shooters generally:

Shortly after his arrival in London he "tried conclusions" with 50 "best blue rocks," and grassed 38. This was at 30yds. rise. He made a big mistake to do so well, as his trial, which had been private, soon became public, and handicapped him at once.

The natural supposition was, that if he could do so well at the start he would do still better with practice. Efforts to match him became difficult, as too much handicap was asked.

Brewer finally concluded to take part in the contest for the Championship of England Cup (value $500), offered for competition by W. P. Warner, at his grounds, "The Welsh Harp," a famous ground at Hendon, near London.

The conditions were: Entrance, $25; 25 blue rocks each; 30yds. rise; 50 per cent. to winner; second, 25 per cent.; third, 10 per cent.; three successive wins to make the cup personal property of winner. The first competition was won by Mr. Farrell, with a score of 22, Brewer getting second money. Brewer then won the next three competitions, with scores of 21, 25, 22 (out of 23), in the latter instance "shooting out" his opponents.

The winning of this magnificent cup against the representative trap shots of England is in itself triumph enough for a stranger, but Brewer did still better, for in a match against Mr. Nolfolk for $500 a side, at 100 best blue rocks, he "stopped" the English expert by killing 48 straight, at 34yds. rise. Mr. Nolfolk, in abandoning the contest, said: "Brewer, you are the greatest trap shot in the world."

Brewer shot three matches against Mr. Norfolk, winning two out of the three. The third match was the one he lost, and he erred in conceding a yard rise, allowing Norfolk to stand at 29yds. Norfolk won by 3 birds, on a score of 75 to 72, out of 100 birds shot at. Norfolk took the lead at the start, killing 22 out of the first 25, and held it to the finish. Brewer killed 21 out of the first 25, but dropped to 18, 17 and 16 on the concluding rounds. Had Norfolk stood at 30yds., the result would probably have been different.

Brewer's ambition was all right, but it led him into snares. Thus Mr. Bull, of the Royal Adelaide Hotel, Windsor, was allowed to back him against F. W. H. Parsons (a second-class shot) to shoot at 50 blue rock pigeons, 30yds. rise, Mr. Bull laying £150 to £100 that Brewer would win. This match was exceedingly disadvantageous to Brewer, but having made it, he then shot it out for all that was in him, winning by a score of 31 out of 40, Mr. Parsons having scored only 19 out of 40, being shot out. Brewer scored a best on record in this match, and opened the eyes of English trap shots regarding his ability, thus interfering greatly with his chances to make matches on fair terms, and undoubtedly preventing a number of matches that otherwise might have been arranged.

Mr. Bull "knocked him out" a second time by matching him to kill 50 first class blue rocks out of 50, at 35yds. rise. Brewer, American-like, faced the music, and scored 50 out of 43! He was "nothing if not a champion." It was at this match that John Lawrence Sullivan tried his hand at shooting, and killed one bird out of twenty-four. The crowd jibed him and advised him to "aim higher."

Reference has already been made to the meeting between the celebrated French champion, Journu, and Brewer, but no mention was made of the fact that Brewer challenged Journu for a

another match, or a series of matches, for $500 too $5,000 a side which the Frenchman declined to accept, evidently believing that it was taking too great a risk against himself, and the reputation gained by his win, to meet Brewer again.

Brewer (who speaks French) told M. Journu plainly that he wasn't acting like a champion, to which Journu replied, "Ca m'otegal," ("It doesen't matter!") It is highly probable, if Brewer gets within reach of Journu, that he will make him shoot another match, or publicly acknowledge that he (Brewer) is the superior.

Brewer took part in an innumerable number of sweepstakes and his average (thirteen first moneys, twenty-seven second moneys and thirteen third moneys) forty-three wins out of sixty-seven contests, shows that he was doing first-class shooting, considering the character of the birds, the radical change of climate and the difference between using an 8lb. 10-gauge gun and a 7½lb. 10-gauge, compared with the rise. In America the 10g. gun is pulled back to 30 or 31yds. and the 12g. gun put at 28 or 29, while in England the 10g. gun is seldom (if ever) allowed, and the 12g. gun handicapped to 35yds. rise, as has already been seen in connection with Mr. Brewer. A 35yds. rise is a man as well as a gun handicap, and it is to Brewer's credit that he scored a record on what looked like an attempt to break him up.—*Philadelphia Sunday Item, Aug. 26.*

WILMINGTON, Del.—Regular monthly shoot for the gold badge of the Wawaset Gun Club, at 15 singles and 5 pairs:

T Weldin	1001101111111111	11 11 11 11 00—20
C Buckmaster	1110101110100011	11 11 11 11 01—19
W A Hartlove	1110111111111111	10 11 11 11 00—21
Capt R Miller	1111111111111011	11 10 10 10 10—20
J Ewing	0011101111111111	11 01 11 11 11—21
Geo Miller	1111110101000111	00 11 01 11 11—19
W E Buckmaster	1100011110001111	11 10 11 11 10—18
W Selletoe	0111100101010111	11 11 10 11 01—18
L Fox	1110111000111111	11 01 00 01 01—17
W Smith	1101011110111111	11 11 10 11 10—20

The club has challenged the Baltimore Gun Club to shoot a match at clay birds for $200 a side.—J. R. WOODWARD, Sec'y.

WELLINGTON, Mass., Aug. 25.—There was a good attendance at the grounds of the Wellington Gun Club to day, when the merchandise consolation match was closed. In this match the winners were Wardwell first, with 89; Perry second, with 88; Melcher third, with 86; Sawyer fourth, with 82; Stanton fifth, with 80; Brown sixth, with 79; Moore seventh, with 78, and Hutchinson eighth, with, 75 out of 100 birds.

BOSTON.—WALNUT HILL, Aug. 22.—There was a good attendance of trap shots at the range to-day, and some fine scores were made. The principal event was the contest for the Climax diamond badge, in which there were 14 entries. H. G. Wheeler of Marlboro, won with the fine score of 38 out out of 40 birds. The next shoot will take place Sept. 5. Climax diamond badge match—20 clay pigeons from five traps, and 20 standard targets from three traps:

Wheeler	11110111111101111111—18	11111111111111111111—20—38
Perry	11110111101110000011—14	11011111111001111111—17—21
Wardwell	11110001111111111111—18	10100010000001011101 10—26
Stanton	10110110101011111100—14	01110101100101111010—14—28
Rule	10010111101110101111—15	11010101011010001110—13—28
Dickey	11100110111010100111—14	01110101101111100011—14—23
Nichols	11110100011010101010—12	11101101111010110110—15—12
Charles	10010010101000110111—11	01111111101110111001—15—26
Cuase	11101101001110001111—14	11100110011010101101—12—26
Crown	11110101111111101011—16	00101110111001000101—10—26
Perham	10101111110101C101—14	10000111111010100010—11—25
Webster	11101100111000110101—13	01011110010000111010—11—24
Knowles	10111010011010000110—11	01111010010100000110— 9—20
Morse	0110000110000 w'hdrew.	01100011001011100000— 8

Gold coin match—Ten clay pigeons from five traps, and 10 standard targets from three traps:

Wheeler	1111111110—9	1111111111—10—19
Stanton	1111011111—9	0111101111— 8—17
Chase	1111011111—9	1010110111— 7—16
Nichols	1001110110—6	1111011111— 9—15
Snow	1100111111—8	1110111010— 8—15
Webster	1110110111—8	1101101110— 7—15
Knowles	1111111110—9	0011111000— 6—15
Perry	1111011110—8	1110011011— 7—15
Wardwell	1111111110—9	1110000110— 5—14
Rule	1011110110—7	1011011011— 7—14
Dickey	1111000110—6	1101101111— 8—14
Perham	1011101100—6	1011001101— 6—12
Grimes	1111000000—5	1101110110— 7—12
Crown	0001010110—5	1000110101— 5—10
Savage	1101010110—6	0111000010— 4—10
Hines	1111111001—8	1010100000— 3— 9
Morse	Withdrew.	0100011001— 5— 4

WILLIMANTIC, Conn., Aug. 21.—Willimantic Rod and Gun Club, regular badge shoot, small attendance on account of rain, 25 Ligowskies, 3 traps, 3 angles, 18yds. rise, national rules, gold and silver badges:

G Macfarlane	0111111101011101101111111—20
A W Dunham	1111011001111111111010111—21
J Ross	1011000011011111110100001—15
J B Baldwin	1101001110111111111001101—18
S L Johnson	1000100010001000111010111—12
I Culverhouse	1100001010101110100010100—11
C J Alpaugh	1111101011110111101111111—21
C M Thompson	0101110010000011011011000—11
C W Smith	1101001100911101101111100—15

Ties on 21, 3 birds, 21yds.:

A W Dunham.....011 110—4 C J Alpaugh.....101 111—5

Alpaugh gold badge, Macfarlane silver badge.

SHOOTING ACCIDENT.—Ridgefield, Conn., Aug. 25.—This quiet village was terribly shocked this morning as the news spread like wildfire that Dr. Archibald G. Paddock, a leading and eminently respected citizen and a retired New York dentist, had, by accident, shot and instantly killed his 18-year-old son, Harry, a promising young man, and then, in a moment of temporary insanity, had put the muzzle of the gun to his own head and killed himself. The shocking tragedy occurred at 11 o'clock this morning, and the circumstances are as follows: It had been the custom of the father and son to practise at a target in a rear lot of the homestead. This morning the neighbors heard the usual shooting and thought nothing of it, as near as the reporter could ascertain. The boy had been back of the target and suddenly stepped forward, unexpectedly to the father, receiving the contents of the rifle aimed at the mark, killing him instantly. The father was overwhelmed with grief, and in an instant went to the son, whom he loved as life itself, knelt down, and with the same weapon that enacted the first scene in the tragedy, ended his own life.

NORTH END VS. WINGOHOCKING.—Frankford, Pa., Aug. 25.—The third shoot of the series of friendly matches between five members of the North End Gun Club of Frankford and five members from the Wingohocking Gun Club of Germantown was shot off at Atlantic City on Aug. 21. This match, like the first, was decided in favor of the Wingohocking men. All three of these matches were remarkable on account of the close scores made. The members from the N. E. G. C. broke in the series 309 birds to their opponents 303—but the contest being decided by matches this don't count. The failure of the caterer to serve dinner at the appointed time prevented the contestants from shooting at the full quota of 50 bluerocks; 25 each (15 singles and 10 doubles) were substituted. The judges were Mr. C. H. Irwin for the Germantown boys, and Mr. Samuel Richards officiated in a like capacity for the North Enders. The position of referee was acceptably filled by Mr. J. E. Courtney of the Jefferee Arms Company. Some good scores were made—notably that made by the genial Mr. J. Thurman, who holds the office of captain in his club. The members from the N. E. G. C. all used Winchester shot guns in this match. The following is the score:

North End G. C.

Wm Wolstencroft	11111111111111	11	11	12	10 11—24
Geo E Pack	1101010010000111	10	10	11	11 10—15
Jas Wolstencroft	1111111011111111	11	10	11	11 11—23
Wm H Pack	0110111111111111	11	11	11	11 11—23
Wm M Pack	1100111111111001	11	10	11	11 11—20—105

Wingohocking Club.

H Thurman	11111111011111	11	11	11	10 11—24
Wm Greenwood	11111111111110	10	01	01	10 10—19
J Thurman, Jr	11111111111111	11	11	11	11 11—25
George Heft	11111111111011	11	10	01	11 00—20
J Frank Kleinz	01111110111101	11	01	11	11 11—21—109

J. C. E.

NEW YORK SUBURBAN GROUNDS.—By a transposition last week it was stated that the capital stock of the New York Suburban Grounds Association was $5,000 divided into fifty shares of $100 each. It should have read one hundred shares of $50 each. The superintendent of the ground will be Mr. A. V. Canfield, Jr., the secretary is Mr. O. E. Morton. The grounds are at Claremont, N. J. The office in New York at 291 Broadway.

THERE WILL BE GREAT OPPORTUNITIES for trap shooters during the coming two months; Al Bandle's tournament at Cincinnati, Sept. 4 to 7; Chamberlain Cartridge Co. tournament, Cleveland, Sept. 10 to 14; St. Paul Gun Club tournament, St. Paul, Minn. Sept. 12 to 14; Keystone Trap Co's tournament, Jamestown, N. Y., Sept. 18 to 21; St. Louis tournament, Oct. 2 to 5; Jersey City Heights on their grounds, Marion, N. J., Oct. 9 to 12, live birds and inanimate targets; then the Middlesex Gun Club's tournament, Oct. 16 to 19; to be followed the next week by Phil Daly's four days' shoot at Long Branch. The professionals and the agents for the different gun and cartridge makers, like Messrs. Tice, Budd, McMurchy, Tucker, J. R. Miller and others will take most of them in; commencing in the West and working towards the rising sun. They promise to be in force at Marion. All this makes business lively and fun for the boys. They are all welcome; and big times are expected. South Paw, Quinlan and Linsley, the committee who did so much at the recent two days' shoot of the J. C. H. G. C., are working like beavers; and they promise this to be to the biggest shoot of the club and they have had several good ones. The Essex club of Newark are shooting on the J. C. H. grounds now; they are a live club and are having very successful shoots weekly, and the *entente cordiale* between the two clubs is refreshing. We want to see that match so long talked of between the two Esculapians, Pindel of the Essex and Burdett of the J. C. H. They are both men of splendid physique and crack shots. It will be well worth seeing; when it comes off we will let you know.—JACOBSTAFF.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Aug. 28.—The third medal shoot of the Davison Gun Club brought out eleven members. The score was much inferior to that of two weeks ago. Match shot at New Utrecht, Aug. 25, 20 bluerocks, 3 traps, 16yds. for 12-gauge and 10yds. for 10-gauge, for gold and silver medals, National rules:

Dr G V Hudson, (18)	01110100110011011000—10
Capt J O Mattair, (16)	00001111111011111101—14
R H Morse, (16)	10101111111000101111—15
Howard Houseman, (16)	00110111111010111111—15
B Nolan, (18)	01010001111100101111 —12
E H Seehusen, (16)	11110001111000010111—13
Gus Zieseheng, (16)	10101000111010000001— 8
J Scharff, (18)	10011111101101111001—14
Aug. Schmitt, (18)	11111111100101011111—16
D Ellis, (18)	10101101111111101001—14
H Hepner, (18)	00101010010001001000— 6

First or gold medal, A. Schmitt. Second or silver medal, Houseman, 111—3; Morse, 10000—1.

PORT RICHMOND, N. Y., Aug. 14.—Halcyon Gun Club, 15 blue rocks, 16yds. rise, N. G. A. rules, ties divided:

L Scofield	010101111111101—11
I Brill	010100010100110— 6
J F Flaherty	010111111111010—11

Canoeing.

Canvas Canoes and how to Build Them. By Parker B. Field. Price 50 cents. Canoe and Boat Building. By W. P. Stephens. Price $1.50. The Canoe Aurora. By C. A. Neide. Price $1. Canoe Handling. By C. B. Vaux. Price $1. Canoe and Camera. By T. S. Steele. Price 1.50. Four Months in a Sneakbox. By N. H. Bishop. Price $1.50. Canoe and Camp Cookery. By "Seneca." Price $1.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signal, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and report of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

OFFICERS, 1887-88.

Commodore: R. W. GIBSON, } Albany, N. Y.
Secretary-Treasurer: F. L. MIX. }
Vice-Com. *Rear-Com.* *Purser.*
Central Div..W. R. Huntington..E. W. Masten.....T. H. Stryker, Rome, N. Y.
Atlantic Div. W. P. Stephens.....L. B. Palmer.....F. L. Dunnell, 186 Jeroleman St., Brooklyn.
Eastern Div..H. E. Rice, M. D....Maxton Holmes.....H. D. Marsh, Springfield, Mass.
N'thern Div..Robert Tyson.....S. S. Robinson.....Colin Fraser, Toronto.

Applications for membership must be made to division pursers, accompanied by the recommendation of an active member and the sum of $2.00 for entrance fee and dues for current year. Every member attending the general A. C. A. camp shall pay $1.00 for camp expenses. Application sent to the Sec'y-Treas. will be forwarded by him to the proper Division.

Persons residing in any Division and wishing to become members of the A. C. A., will be furnished with printed forms of application by addressing the Purser.

WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

Commodore—J. R. Bartlett, Fremont, Ohio.
Vice-Commodore—D. H. Crane, Chicago, Ill.
Rear-Commodore—C. J. Stedman, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Secretary-Treasurer—O. H. Root, Cleveland, Ohio.
Executive Committee—C. J. Bousfield, Bay City, Mich.; T. P. Gaddis, Dayton, O.; T. J. Kirkpatrick, Springfield, O.

FIXTURES.

SEPTEMBER.

3. New York Trial Races, 10:30 A. M., 2 P. M.
3. New Jersey A. C., Bergen Point, Paddling Races.
6. Mohican, Gibson Cup, Albany
8. Brooklyn C. C. Regatta.
13. Mohican, Oliver Cup, Albany
15. Ianthe, Newark, Annual.
15. Springfield Cup, Calla Shasta
20. Mohican, Gibson Badge, Alb'y

OCTOBER.

6. Springfield Cup, Calla Shasta.

A CRUISING RACE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am glad to see there appears to be some stir for a special race for cruising canoes. Might I suggest a course and conditions to fellow canoeists who, like myself, favor the canoe as a craft for cruising, specially on waters difficult of access and navigation in ordinary boats. In the FOREST AND STREAM for March 1 of the present year, some canoe waters were given by Mr. Chas. Hallock, which are excellent examples of the kind of waters the canoe ought to be adapted for. A race over part of one of these routes would scarcely be practicable for most of us. A course, however, might be arranged on home waters which would test a great many of the qualities of a good cruising canoe, over a distance which might be taken to represent an average day's cruise, and with conditions as like as possible to those under which such a cruise would be taken; such as: Course—Start somewhere in the locality of Nyack, proceed 9 or 10 miles up the Hudson, land and make a portage of half a mile, cross the "Tappen See" to the opposite side, then down the river to the finish, about Dobb's Ferry. Total distance, 24 or 25 miles, with a carry of half a mile.

Condition.—Any canoe, sail or paddle. Length of canoe not to exceed 16ft. (any canoe over that length being supposed to be too unhandy for one man to knock about with). Width not less than 28in. (the limit of beam of cruising canoes in the A. C. A.). Weight not less than 50lbs.; open canoes to be provided with waterproof aprons and watertight compartments, tested to support the weight of the canoeist and load. Each competitor to go as he pleases, sail or paddle, or paddle and sail.

To carry a load (consisting of tent, bundle of clothing and cooking utensils, etc.) weighing not less than 60lbs. The canoe and load to be carried round the portage by separate trips.

A cup might well be given for such a race, and a paddle "de luxe" for each competitor completing the cruise within seven hours. Another prize might be given at the end of the race for the best equipment, tent, cooking arrangement and outfit generally. Will some one else try his hand at an imaginary cruising race.

LAKEFIELD, Ont., Aug. 13. C. M. DOUGLAS.

LONGUEUIL B. C., MONTREAL.—Two canoe races formed a part of the programme of the annual regatta of the Longueuil B. C. on Aug. 25 at Montreal, as follows: Single canoe race, half mile.—F. J. McClure, Longueuil, first, in 7m.; A. Irving, St. Lambert, second, in 7m. 30s. Tandem canoe race, one mile—J. Morris and A. Irving, St. Lambert, first, 11m.; P. and F. J. McClure, second, 11m. 12s.

GRAND TRUNK B. C.—This club held its 13th regatta at Montreal on Aug. 25, the race for tandem canoes being won by Ellis and Corlett first, with Donaldson and Poshby second, out of 4 starters.

THE A. C. A. MEET, LAKE GEORGE.

Race Week, Aug. 20 to 24.

THE preliminary arrangements for the races this year were better than ever before, everything being settled in good season. The programme was better than in any previous year, and the courses were well located by Mr. Vaux, the chairman of the committee, who placed the buoys on Friday. As Messrs. Butler and Leys of the committee were both entered for the races, the work devolved almost entirely on Mr. Vaux. The only thing which marred in any way the success of the races was the lack of punctuality in starting, thanks to which and the fickle weather, some of the races were not called until Friday morning, by which time many had left camp or were busy packing. This unfortunate delay caused general dissatisfaction and robbed the committee of the praise which they deserve for the large amount of work that was well done in preparing for the race. It is a mistake to appoint upon a regatta committe men who are taking an active part in the racing, as the work of running the races is apt to fall upon one man. This year a very good form of entry blank was prepared by Mr. Vaux, each man being required to file a formal entry prior to Monday morning. The canoes thus entered are as follows, and thought all did not start we give the list in full in order to show, as last year, the class of canoe most in favor.

CANOES ENTERED FOR A. C. A. RACES, 1888.

CANOE.	SIZE.	OWNER.	CLUB.
Eclipse	15.08 ×29[6]	M. V. Brokaw	Brooklyn.
Charm	15.04 ×31	Walter Stewart	Royal.
Notus	15.11[4]×29[6]	R. W. Bailey	Pittsburgh.
Narka	16.00 ×28	H. E. Rice	Springfield.
If	16.00 ×30	G. A. Warder	Jabberwock.
Fly	16.00 ×30	Paul Butler	Vesper.
Ruggles	16.00 ×30	E. H. Barney	Springfield.
Dimple	16.10 ×29[4]	Geo. C. Forrest	Hartford.
Ramona	15.11[4]×30	Ford Jones	Brockville.
Bonnie	16.00 ×28	M. F. Johnson	Toronto.
Madeline	16.00 ×31	W. L. Palmer	Mohican.
Minx	15.00 ×30	C. V. R. Schuyler	Brooklyn.
XXX	15.11[4]×29[6]	H. L. Thomas	Mohican.
Bevis	16.00 ×28	H. Torrance	Brockville.
Guenn	16.00 ×30	Wm. Whitlock	Brooklyn.
Edmeé	15.00 ×28	R. B. Burchard	New York.
Cauna	15.00 ×30	W. R. Haviland	Yonkers.
Evangeline	15.00 ×20	H. L. Quick	Yonkers.
Goblin	14.06 ×28	A. B. Pattou	Yonkers.
Atalanta	14.06 ×30	L. B. Palmer	Ianthe.
Dawn	16.00 ×30	W. A. Leys	Toronto.
Dawn No. 2	16.00 ×30	C. G. Belman	Amsterdam.
Goat	19.00 ×42	Henry Stanton	Knickerb'r.
Agawam	15.11[4]×29[5]	E. C. Knappe	Springfield.
Sea Urchin	15.00 ×28	B. H. Nadal	New York.
Rat	15.00 ×28	Grant Edgar	Newburgh.
Minnie G	16.00 ×30	F. T. Walsh	Vesper.
Don't Know	15.06 ×29	C. M. Shedd	Springfield.
Ethel G	14.11[4]×31[4]	J. H. Campbell	Sagamore.
Ignace	16.00 ×30	L. V. Dorland	Arlington.
	16.04 ×31	J. R. Robertson	Raritan.
Bachelor	15.00 ×30	Barron Fredericks	Ianthe.
Baby Mix	15.04 ×30	H. M. Lawrence	Lawrence.
Scoot	15.00 ×22	L. B. Palmer	Ianthe.
Albatross	15.10[4]×28[6]	J. O. Shiras	Cincinnati.
Scud	16.00 ×30	W. A. Wheeler	Mohican.
Anita	15.00 ×30	O. T. Conner	Ianthe.
Sirene	15.06 ×30[4]	A. S. Putnam	Lakeside.
Joker	14.06 ×31	H. La Motte	Philad'a.
Drift	16.00 ×30	J. A. Gage	Vesper.
Blanche	15.00 ×31[4]	D. S. Goddard	Vesper.
Wicassie	16.00 ×30	R. F. Brazer	Vesper.
Girofla	15.06 ×30	F. A. Nickerson	Springfield.
Slab	16.00 ×30	C. P. Nichols	Vesper.
Kelpie	14.00 ×28	F. L. Hopkins	Lawrence.
Elf	14.00[4]×30	E. L. French	Buffalo.
Pert	14.06 ×30	C. G. Belman	Amsterdam.
Don't Know	15 06 ×28[4]	A. Amory, Jr	Harvard.
Clip	15.06 ×29[4]	W. J. White	L. St. Louis.
Atlantis	18.00 ×36	S. R. Stoddard	L. George.
	16.06 ×32	W. M. Paxton, Jr	
Kaw	14.07 ×29[4]	M. Bender, Jr	Mohican.

These canoes may be divided as follows: 14ft. long, 2; about 15ft., 16; over 15ft. 3in. to 16ft., 32; over limits, 2. The breadths run: 28in., 8; 29in., 4; 30in., 30; 31in., 6; 32in., 1; 36in., 1; 42in. 1. In our report of last year we wrote as follows in relation to a similar list of entries: "This table shows that the favorite length is still 15ft., as 23 out of a total of 42 are about that length. Of the balance, 15 range from 15ft. 3in. to 16ft., while there is one of 17ft. and three of 14ft. The 17ft. canoe is the first yet built to the full limit of Class B, 17ft. ×28½in., and is consequently outside of the paddling classes and not eligible for the record. It is but fair to say that the number of 16ft. canoes is increasing. The beam is divided as follows: 27in., 2; 28in., 9; 29in., 9; 30in., 16; 31in., 4; 32in., 1; 33in., 1. Thus it appears that Class A is in a fair way to be abandoned, and that the majority of canoes in the future will come within Class B limits, some declining to take the beam allowed by the rule and building about 15ft. × 29in., while others run to 15 and 16ft. ×30in." This year the number of 16ft. canoes has increased to 23, or to compare with last year, of canoes from 14ft. 6in. 15ft. 3in., there were 16 in place of 23, while from 15ft. 4in. to 16ft. there were 31 in place of 15. In the matter of beam, 30in. still holds the place as the most popular size.

The racing programme was as follows, the plan being to call the principal sailing races on the first opportunity when the wind served, the paddling and minor events to be called when there was no wind. The natural features of Lake George make the winds very squally and uncertain, and the weather during the week, often threatening and at times with rain, added to the work of the regatta committee:

RECORD EVENTS.

No. 1. Paddling, Class II.—1,000yds. straightaway. Men entering this event shall not enter Nos. 2 and 3.

No. 2. Paddling, Class III.—1,000yds. straightaway. Men entering this event shall not enter No. 3.

No. 3. Paddling, Class IV.—1,000yds. straightaway.

Note A.—Canoes to enter events 1, 2 and 3 must be decked at least half their length, be provided with keel or centerboard to enable them to sail to windward, and have two bulkheads or watertight tanks, one in each end; in other words be properly equipped cruising sailing canoes.

No. 4. Paddling and Sailing Combined.—On triangle, paddle ½ mile, sail ½ mile, paddle ½ mile, sail ½ mile, paddle ½ mile, sail ½ mile; 3 miles in all.

No. 5. Sailing, Classes A and B.—On triangle, no limit to rig or ballast; 4½ miles. To be started in squadrons if necessary.

Note B.—Every canoe entering for the record can compete in three races, one paddling, one sailing and the combined race. Five record prizes are awarded. The man getting first record prize will receive a large practical flag, showing him to be one of the three honor men of the year. There will be a paddling honor man—the winner of the paddling trophy race, and a sailing honor man—winner of the sailing trophy race. Record points are scored as follows: The winner of a race is credited with 10 points, the last man to finish gets one, the number of men in the race determines the points received by the others. Greatest possible score, 30 points. It is not necessary to win any one of the races to score the highest average.

TROPHY EVENTS.

No. 6. Sailing.—On the triangle, A. C. A. trophy, Classes A and B; no limit to rig or ballast; time limit, 3 hours; 7½ miles. The American squadron will be selected according to the result of the trial race—viz., event No. 5, with the exception, however, that the regatta committee reserves the right to name three of the American squadron independent of the result of the trial race, 15 in all.

No. 7. Paddling.—One mile, straightaway. The contestants will be selected as follows: The first and second man in each of events 1, 2 and 3—together with two men selected from among the contestants of events of 1, 2 and 3, by the regatta committee, 8 in all.

OTHER EVENTS.

No. 8. Paddling, Class I.—This race exempt from "one man, one canoe" rule; 1 mile.

No. 9. Paddling.—Open canoes with single-blade paddle; 1,000yds.

No. 10. Paddling Tandem.—A and B sailing canoes, decked with wood; 1,000yds.

No. 11. Paddling Tandem.—Open canoes. Single-blade paddles; 1,000yds.

No. 12. Paddling Upset.—Classes II., III. and IV.; no special appliances all awed; at signal every canoe must be turned completely over, righted, and with the crew inside paddled across the finishing line, 200ft.

No. 13. Hurry-scurry Race.—100yds. run, 20yds. swim, 200yds. paddle.

No. 14. Sailing.—On the triangle, Classes A and B; sail limited to 75sq. ft.; no limit to ballast; 3 miles; to be started in squadrons, if necessary.

No. 15. Sailing.—On the triangle, novices, Classes A and B; no limit to rig or ballast; 1½ miles. Open only to members who never sailed a canoe prior to Sept. 1, 1887.

No. 16. Sailing, Consolation.—Winners of either first or second places in any one of events Nos. 4, 5, 6, 14 or 15 excluded; no limit to rig or ballast; 1 mile to windward or leeward and return.

No. 17. Sailing, Upset.—Classes A and B; no special appliances allowed; canoes to carry two sails; no limit to ballast; ½ mile. At signal canoe to be tipped over until top of the foremast touches the water; canoe to be righted and to cross finishing line under sail.

No. 18. Sailing, Maneuvering Race.—While under way, at signal, to be given by lowering a flag at the starter's station, half a paddle must be thrown overboard aft, out of reach; the same must be recovered and the race continued to the finishing line; ½ mile.

No. 19. Sailing, Class C [Experimental Limits].—Canoes not over 17ft. in length with a beam limit of 36in. On triangle, 4½ miles.

No. 20. Sailing.—Unclassified canoes, sneakboxes and the like. Handicap race, 4½ miles.

No. 21. Club Race.—Sailing two miles to windward and return. Two entries from each club only allowed. The highest combined club score to win the flag. A prize also being given to the individual winner.

No 22. Canoe gymnastics.

In addition a race for the Springfield Cup was arranged to take place during the meet.

The sailing course is shown on the map at F G H, the start being at F. A blue flag on the starter's boat indicated that all marks would be left on starboard, the first leg being F G, while a white flag denoted that the course would be sailed the other way. The paddling races were for the first time all straightaway, a great improvement; the start being at E, abreast of Squaw Point, and the finish at F. The paddling trophy race, however, was paddled from a point below the dock on the east side to the lower end of South Island. The regatta committee used a steam launch which was hired by several members who wished to follow the races. The canoes were timed from a rowboat anchored at the start and finish, the clerk of the course being Mr. David A. Poe, of Montreal, with Mr. Harry La Motte, the camp bugler, as timekeeper.

Monday, Aug. 20.

The camp is now complete, including 228 members up to last night. It is gay with flags and streamers bearing the names of the various clubs. Monday dawned with a strong and steady breeze from N.W., covering the lake with white caps, so the regatta committee decided to call the unlimited sailing race at once, with the principal paddling races later in the day. The course for the sailing race was off the south end of the island, triangular, 3 rounds. The wind had decreased by 10 A. M., but was still so fresh that those who could do so took in one reef, while the others selected their smaller rigs in expectation of a continuance of the blow. With a fleet of over thirty starters it is impossible to describe in detail the many different rigs, or even to assort and classify them, but the majority perhaps were enlarged and distorted copies of Pecowsic's sails. There was but one balance lug (Mr. Stewart's), no lateens, but an odd lot of different rigs, all with sails abaft the mast, those that could be reefed and furled being mainly of the sort in which the yard hoists vertically to form a topmast.

The start was given at 10:30, the racers being in a close group about the line, going over in a tangle, with several collisions. The first leg was one-half mile, a broad reach, with booms to port, and by the time the first mark was reached it was possible to place the leaders. The first was Dimple, sailed by Mr. Forrest, Hartford C. C., with Eclipse, Mr. Brokaw, Brooklyn C. C., second. Then followed Notus, Vice-Com. Bailey, Ramona, Mr. Ford Jones, Charm, Mr. Walter Stewart, and Fly, Mr. Paul Butler. The second leg was also a reach, after jibing at the buoy, and the order was a little changed. When they came on the wind for the third leg, however, the race at once became more exciting. Eclipse rounded and went on starboard tack toward the Canoe Islands, making a long board, while Dimple, followed by Charm, held to port tack, working to the east. When they met again Eclipse led across Dimple's bow, while Notus was close to her. Eclipse was first to finish the round, with Notus second. Dimple came for the buoy on starboard tack and Ramona on port, the latter being obliged to give way and drifting on the buoy. Dawn, Mr. Leys, followed Dimple, with the fleet scattered over the whole course. Charm had lost badly in the windward work.

When the windward work began again on the third leg of second round the order was Eclipse, Notus, Dimple, Fly, Dawn. The wind had been growing lighter, which was bad for Eclipse with two Pecowsic sails of 80ft., while some were carrying 110ft. or more, but she still continued to gain. The last round found the wind dying out fast, but Eclipse still held her place, winning easily with Notus second. Mr. Barney had only 75ft. of sail and made but a poor showing beside the big rigs. The summary was as follows:

	1st Round.	2d Round.	3d Round.
Eclipse, M. V. Brokaw, Brooklyn	1	1	1
Notus, R. W. Bailey, Pittsburgh	3	3	2
Dimple, G. C. Forrest, Hartford	2	2	3
Fly, Paul Butler, Lowell	4	4	4
Minnie, G. F. T. Walsh, Lowell	7	5	
Dawn, W. A. Leys, Toronto	6	6	
Evangeline, H. L. Quick, Yonkers	13	7	
W. A. Wheeler, Mohican	10	8	
Scud, Ruggles, E. H. Barney, Springfield	8	9	
Ethel G., J. H. Campbell, Sagamore	11	10	

Charm was thirteenth boat. The first eleven in this race are eligible to sail for the trophy, the committee having the right to select three others, while Mr. Stewart makes up the required number, fifteen. Eclipse is a new canoe, built by Mr. Ruggles, and has proved a very fast boat in her racing this year at New York. She is owned by Mr. Blake, of the Brooklyn C. C., and was brought to the meet and sailed by Mr. Brokaw.

The first paddling race was started after dinner. Event 8, Class I, the water being very smooth with no wind. The course was one mile straightaway, all turns being abolished this year. The summary was:

Bevis, H. Torrance, Brockville.	Agawam, E. Knappe, Springfi'd.
Narka, H. E. Rice, Springfield.	——, A. Amory, Jr. Boston.
——, W. A. Leys, Toronto.	Kaw, M. Bender, Mohican.
Scoot, L. B. Palmer, Ianthe.	Elf, E. L. French, Buffalo.

Torrance led with Rice second, Leys making a fine spurt near the finish, but coming in 20 sec. nds astern.

The next race was No. 1 of the programme, Class II., paddling, had only two entries:

Goblin, A. B. Pattou, Yonkers	8 28
Rat, Grant Edgar, Newburgh	8 55

Goblin won by 27 seconds.

Event No. 2, paddling, Class III., 1,000yds. straightaway, had but 7 starters. One of these, however, was Vice-Com. Rice, probably the best paddler in the States, and another was Mr. Johnson, of Toronto, so well known from his previous victories at the A. C. A. meets. Mr. Johnson has not paddled for several years at a meet, and much interest was felt in the meeting between him and Dr. Rice. Johnson's boat was an open Canadian canoe, 16×28, while Rice's was a very beautiful decked canoe built by Mr. Ruggles, 16×28, and fitted with a board and mast tubes, but weighing no more than Johnson's boat. Both men used double blades, Rice's being straight and Johnson's spoon. Rice led from the start, Johnson being second until the last quarter of the race, when Knappe, who had been pushing Johnson, put on a spurt and finished in second place. The summary was:

Narka, H. E. Rice, Springfield	9 48
Agawam, Emil Knappe, Springfield	10 00
Bonnie, M. F. Johnson, Toronto	10 33
Dimpie, G. C. Forest, Hartford	11 23

Event 3, Class IV., paddling, followed, with 5 starters, over the same course:

Eclipse, M. V. Brokaw, Brooklyn	7 02
Dawn, W. A. Leys, Toronto	7 45
Charm, Walter Stewart, Royal C. C	7 48
Wicassie, Ralph F. Brazer, Vesper	8 07
Elf, E. L. French, Buffalo	8 08

Eclipse led a sily from the start with Dawn second, but on the last quarter Charm put in a fine spurt and closed up Dawn's lead. This was Mr. Stewart's first essay in a paddling race, and he was loudly cheered as he pushed for second place, but he missed it by 4ft. The other two races set for the afternoon were postponed.

On Monday night the business meeting of the Central Division was held, resulting in the election of Rear-Com. Huntington, of Rome, to fill Com. Bailey's place, of E. W. Masten, of Albany, as Rear-Commodore, F. H. Stryker, Rome, N. Y., as Purser, and F. F. Andrews, Rochester, as member of the Executive Committee. The question of a division meet for '89 was discussed, and the general sentiment was that if the A. C. A. meet, which goes to the Northern Division, should be held far over the Canadian border it would not be possible to secure a large attendance from the Central Division, and it would be necessary to hold a Division meet. If, on the other hand, the annual meet should be held on Grindstone Island the Central Division would make no attempt to hold a Division meet, but would go to Grindstone Island instead. The feeling in camp is generally in favor of Grindstone Island for the annual meet of 1889, and while the choice rests mainly with the Northern Division, the selection of Grindstone would meet with the approval of the majority of members south of the St. Lawrence.

A meeting of the Atlantic Division was also held during the evening at which the question of a Division meet for 1889 was discussed fully. The sentiment was in favor of a meet of at least one week in some locality near New York and west of the East River, probably about the Highlands of Navesink. It is proposed to start a cruise of two or three days prior to the commencement of the meet, so arranged that members from different points in the Division may join, reaching camp at the beginning of the meet.

Tuesday, Aug. 21.

The first race called for Tuesday was the tandem paddling, decked canoes, 1,000yds. The crews were:

Rice and Knappe, Springfield	1
Johnson and Torrance, Toronto and Brockville	2
Brokaw and Schuyler, Brooklyn	3
Patton and Quick, Yonkers	4

Rice and Knappe paddled the Narka, Johnson and Torrance paddled an open Canadian canoe with decks over each end and a centerboard, Brokaw and Schuyler paddled the Eclipse, and Pattou and Quick the Goblin, an old American Nautilus. Rice and Knappe won by a good distance, Johnson being second and Brokaw third.

Event 11 was for open canoes and single blades. The crews were:

Torrance and Leys, Brockville and Toronto	1
Robertson and Kimball, Newton, Mass	2
White and Putnam, Lawrence, Mass	3
Amory and Townsend, Harvard C. C	4

Torrance and Leys won very easily.

The novices' race was next called, the wind being S.E. and moderate, with water fairly smooth. The course was one round of the regular triangle, 1½ miles, the first leg to windward. There were 7 entries, the order at the finish being:

Drift, J. A. Gage, Vesper	1
Minnie G., F. T. Walsh, Vesper	2
Wicassie, R. F. Brazer, Vesper	3
Cnona, W. R. Haviland, Yonkers	4
Anita, O. T. Conner, Ianthe	5
Bachelor, Barron Fredericks, Ianthe	6
Kaw, M. Bender, Jr., Mohican	7

The maneuvering race, event 18, was the last race of the morning. The course was about ½ mile, each competitor being compelled to throw overboard a half paddle and pick it up again. Ford Jones, in the Ramona, was the first to recover his paddle, Brokaw, in the Eclipse, had a good lead, but was slow in getting his paddle, taking second place. Walter Stewart, in the Charm, was third, and Warder, in the If, was fourth.

A very long time was wasted after dinner before the racing was resumed, the 75ft. limit race being called at 4 P. M., by which time the wind, which had blown well for a time, had dropped very light. Two rounds of the course were sailed, Charm took the lead at the line, as she did in the unlimited race, but soon lost it. The race was between Ramona and Eclipse, the former leading over the course, but hotly chased by Eclipse. The summary was:

	1st Round.	2d Round
Ramona, Ford Jones	1	1
Eclipse, M. V. Brokaw	2	2
If, Geo. A. Warder	3	3
Agawam, E. C. Knappe	4	4
Fly, Paul Butler	6	5
Dimple, G. C. Forrest	7	6
Drift, J. A. Gage	8	7
Sirene, A. S. Putnam	5	8
Guenn, Wm. Whitlock	9	9
Charm, Walter Stewart	10	10

There were 20 starters. It was after 5 P. M. when the race finished and no others were called. The weather was cloudy with a little rain, and the general illumination was postponed, but many fireworks were sent off in the evening, with songs about the camp-fire. During the day Mr. and Mrs. N. H. Bishop were in camp.

Wednesday, Aug. 22.

The chief sailing event of the meet, the race for the A. C. A. Trophy, won in 1886 by Com. Gibson in the Vesper, and in 1887 by him in the Notus, was called on Wednesday morning, the weather being cloudy with some rain and a strong N. W. wind. Of the 15 contestants who are admitted to race for the Trophy, one, Mr. Walter Stewart, came from England as the representative of the Royal C. C. Of the remainder 11 were the leaders in the unlimited race, while the other three were selected, as provided in the conditions, by the committee. The full list as posted was:

Walter Stewart—M. V. Brokaw, R. W. Bailey, G. C. Forrest, Paul Butler, F. T. Walsh, W. O. Leys, H. L. Quick, William Wheeler, E. H. Barney, J. H. Campbell—W. Whitlock—D. S. Goddard, G. A. Warder, Ford Jones.

Vice-Com. Bailey was too ill to sail, and of the others Mr. J. H. Camppell withdrew in favor of Mr. E. L. Knappe.

The race was started at 10:31, the first leg, F G on the map, being free. The fleet was closely bunched, some fast boats getting a very bad start, but Charm was in too great a hurry and her big lug mainsail was well across the line before gun fire. Eclipse was just beside her but far enough astern to cross prope ly. Charm did not recross the line but continued in the race, being too far distant from the starter's boat for a recall to reach her. She continued over a part of the first round and then withdrew, as she was doing very badly. The mainyard was entirely too light and the leech was in a bag. Eclipse not only had a good lead over the pack but made the most of it, and at the first mark led the fleet, holding her place through the first of the five rounds. She jibed at the mark and had a good start on second round before the second boat, Dimple, came up. The wind and sea had moderated, but there was still breeze enough to make a jibe somewhat exciting. Instead of jibing at once Dimple ran off her course as though intending to withdraw and then hove to, while several canoes passed her. Fly was the first of these, jibing neatly, then followed Ramona, Agawam and If, before Dimple, after tacking, started on second round. At 11 o'clock the wind was blowing quite fresh with rain and quite a sea near the second mark, the windward one of the course. Fly was overhauling Eclipse, the latter having shipped some water and finally stopping near first mark on second round to bail out. Fly was sailing with a small suit of mainsail sails borrowed for the race, and on this round the lashing at tack and clew parted, leaving the mainsail half loose on the foot. If was sailing very fast on the second round, passing Agawam and then Ramona on the second leg, thus taking third place. When near the second mark on first round "Ruggles" capsized in a sudden "twister" off the hills. Mr. Barney climbed aboard, but went over a second time and was picked up by the launch.

There was some excitement as the leaders came up for the end of the second round, running across very fast. Fly gained on Eclipse each moment, and at the turn passed her and took first place. If was now sailing well in third place and catching the leaders, when on the first leg of the third round she capsized. Several paddlers at once put out to her aid, but Mr. Warder declined all help. Swimming alongside, he unstepped the mainmast and righted the boat, then climbed aboard, and in a most dextrous manner worked forward on deck and stepped the sail a battened Pecowsic sail of 50ft. When it is considered that the wind was still blowing hard, the mast tube was but a foot from the stem, and the sail was of such a shape that the boom could not be topped up against the mast, the difficulty of the feat will easily be understood.

On third and fourth round Fly gained greatly, at one time having a lead of 2m., but on the latter part of the fourth round the wind fell, and Eclipse rapidly came to the front. Fly jibed and started on the first leg with Eclipse a little astern, the latter sailing wing and wing, while Fly had both booms on the same side. They turned the first mark close together, and then Eclipse went to windward of Fly. When near the second mark Fly lost the wind for a short time, Eclipse increasing her lead and coming in first. If was in hard luck, parting her rudder chain at the end of the fourth round, and sailing out the race with a paddle to leeward to steer by. Guenn came to grief through a mast tube that collapsed, the mast tearing up her deck. Ramona was sailing well and holding third place at the end of the first round, but at the end of the second she bore away for home and gave up the race.

The order on the various rounds was:

	1st.	2d.	3d.	4th.	5th.
Eclipse	1	2	2	2	1
Fly	2	1	1	1	2
Dimple	6	5	5	3	3
Agawam	4	4	3	4	4
If	5	3	4	5	5
Charm	Withdrew.				
Scud	Withdrew.				
Minnie G.	Withdrew.				
Dawn	Withdrew.				
Evangeline	Withdrew.				
Blanche					
Ruggles	Capsized.				
Guenn	7	Capsized.			
Ramona	3	Withdrew.			

The times of the rounds were:

	1st.	2d.	3d.	4th.	5th.
Eclipse	10 54 42	11 20 36	11 47 50	12 15 05	12 47 50
Fly	10 55 52	11 21 35	11 45 51	12 14 32	12 50 21
Dimple	10 59 38	11 36 15	12 06 15	12 33 42	12 58 02
Agawam	10 59 20	11 36 05	12 03 00	12 34 06	1 01 42
If	10 59 24	11 25 47	12 05 30	12 35 12	Not timed

As soon as the Trophy race was well under way at 10:37, Event No. 19, Class C sailing, was started with but two entries:

	Finish.
Madeline, 16x31, W. L. Palmer, Mohican	11 52 19
——, W. M. Paxton	11 54 07

Madeline sailed the two rounds with a good lead and won easily.

From the small response that has been made to the attempts of the A. C. A. to bring out entries in this class, it would appear that for the present at least there is no active desire to race on the part of the owners of these canoes, and the same applies to sneakboxes and other unclassified craft.

After dinner a very strong N.W. wind was blowing, and the race for the Springfield Cup, which was set for 3 P. M., was postponed. In the evening the illumination and display of fireworks took place, as in previous years, the canoes being handsomely decorated with Chinese lanterns, the best display being that of the Harvard C. C.

A meeting of the executive committee was held at 8 P. M. with Com. Gibson in the chair, the following members being present: Sec.-Treas. Miss Central Division, Vice-Com. Huntington, Rear-Com. Masten, Purser Stryker; Eastern Division, Vice-Com. Rice, Purser Marsh, Mr. Shedd; Northern Division, Messrs. Edwards, Wright and White as proxies for Vice-Com. Tyson, Rear-Com. Robinson and Purser Fraser; Atlantic Division, Vice-Com. Stephens, Rear-Com. Palmer, Purser Dunnell and Mr. Brokaw. After reading the minutes of the previous meeting, nominations were called for, and Vice-Com. Stephens proposed Col. Harry C. Rogers, of Peterboro, for Commodore, being seconded by Mr. Shedd. Col. Rogers was elected by a unanimous vote, after which Mr. White proposed for Secretary-Treasurer Mr. Geo. W. Hatton, of Peterboro, seconded by Mr. Wright, and the election was unanimous. The question of the terms of office for division officers was discussed, and it was decided that an amendment to the Constitution was desirable, making the term of office date from the close of the general meet following the division meet at which the officers are elected; also that the limit of 30 days from election, within which the vice-commodores must appoint their regatta committees for each division, be abolished. These amendments will be presented to the executive committee at the fall meeting. It was also decided that it would be best to change Article VI., Section 1, by the insertion of the words "October or," thus allowing the meeting at which the camp site for the following year is selected to be held before bad weather sets in.

Vice-Com. Stephens offered the following addition to Article I. of the By-Laws, which was adopted: "Non-members of the A. C. A. when accompanying members, may be admitted to the camp at the discretion of the commodore and secretary; provided that if they spend more than two nights in camp the member introducing them shall pay for each the annual dues and camp fee paid by regular members." A vote of thanks was passed to Com. Gibson and Secretary Mix. Messrs. Edwards and Wright were appointed a committee to wait on the commodore and secretary-elect and inform them of their election. On motion of Vice-Com. Stephens a committee consisting of the vice-commodore and purser of each division was appointed to draw up a form of application for membership to be used in common by all divisions.

Thursday, Aug. 23.

Thursday was clear and pleasant, and at 10 A. M. the race for the paddling trophy was called, the following men being elegible: Pattou, Edgar, Rice, Knappe, Brokaw, Leys, Johnson, Torrance. The course was on the east side of the camp, something over half a mile. Only three starters came to the line.

Narka	H. E. Rice, Springfield.
Bonnie	M. F. Johnson, Toronto.
Agawam	E. C. Knappe, Springfield.

Narka and Agawam are regularly decked canoes of the usual type, Bonnie being a Canadian canoe, with decks at end, two bulkheads and a metal board, so as to come within the rules. Narka had no bulkheads, their place being supplied by pigs' bladders. Narka took the lead, her crew sitting back easily and paddling with little apparent exertion. Dr. Rice takes a long stroke, using feathered paddles and turning the blade a quarter-turn on each stroke, thus easing the work on the wrist, as each hand grasps the paddle in turn while it revolves in the other one. Mr. Johnson stood upright in his canoe, using two paddles spliced together to make a 12ft. blade. He stooped down and leaned far forward on the beginning of the stroke, to all appearance working very much harder than his antagonist. Mr. Knappe was seated in his boat in the usual position. At the start both Narka and Agawam led Bonnie, the latter gathering way very slowly, while Narka started off like a flash. Soon Bonnie took second place, but could not hold Narka, the latter gaining every stroke. At the finish Narka led by seven to eight lengths. As Johnson crossed the line he fell in a faint in the bottom of his canoe and for a minute threatened to roll her over, but soon recovered himself. The race was a beautiful one, probably the best that has ever been paddled by the A. C. A.

The race for the Springfield Cup was called at once and started at 10:37 over the triangle, two rounds. The day was clear, with a moderate N.W. wind, sometimes coming in heavy puffs and again dropping to a calm. The starters were:

	1st.	2d.	Finish.
Eclipse, M. V. Brokaw	2	1	11 27 18
If, Geo. A. Warder	1	2	11 27 55
Charm, Walter Stewart	3	3	11 29 54
Ramona, Ford Jones	5	4	11 30 34
Giroffa, F. A. Nickerson	6	5	Not timed.
Dimple, Geo. C. Forrest	7	6	
Wicassie, Ralph Brazer	4	7	
Blanche, D. S. Goddard	8		Capsized.
Minnie G., F. T. Walsh	9		
Evangeline, H. L. Quick	10		
Slab, C. P. Nichols			Capsized.

The start was down wind, Eclipse going over in good season, with Charm close astern. On the first leg If took second place and near the second mark passed Eclipse. The latter steered a better course running for the third mark, but still If held her and started the second round with a good lead. Blanche and Slab capsized on the first leg. The windward leg of the second round was very pretty, Eclipse gaining a little on If. The latter turned the second mark ahead, but laid for a minute or so becalmed, Eclipse coming up on her with a breeze. When the wind did come it was a puff off a high hilltop and struck her very suddenly. Each sail jibed three times, the boat running away, while her crew had all that he could do to keep her up without any thought of the course or finish. Eclipse too was reeling about before the same squall, but probably caught less of it than If; at any rate she was driven less off her course. She came out of the squall with a safe lead and If could not catch her in the short distance to the finish. Eclipse thus holds one leg for the cup and is entitled to enter the final sail off this fall at Springfield. The cup is a very handsome piece of metal work, of oxidized copper, resembling silver in appearance.

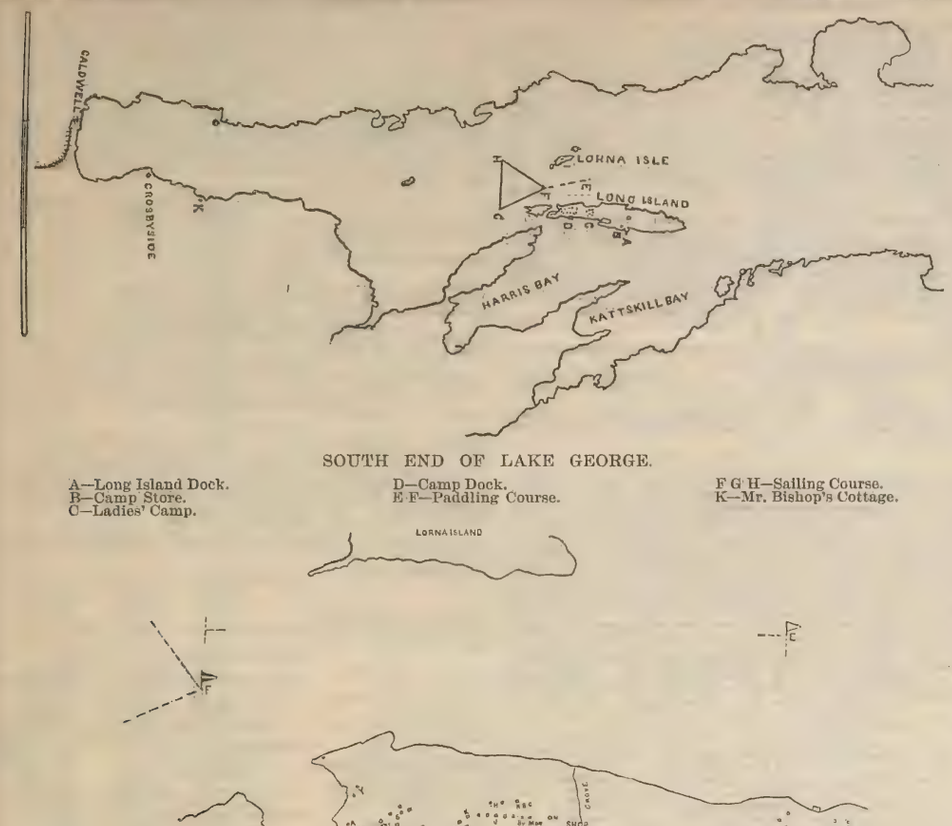
The next race, Event 4, paddling and sailing combined, was started at 12:13 with 8 starters.

	1st.	2d.	Finish.
Eclipse, M. V. Brokaw	1	1	1 05 23
Dawn, W. A. Leys	4		
Agawam, E. C. Knappe	3	2	1 09 05
Evangeline, H. L. Quick	2	3	1 09 05
Charm, Walter Stewart	6		
Goblin, A. B. Pattou	7		
Wicassie, Ralph Brazer	5		
Dimple, Geo. C. Forrest	8	8	

Mr. Stewart threw away whatever chance he may have had by starting with a small single blade, all the rest having double blades, which useful article does not form a part of the outfit of the Charm. Dimple came to the line after all the others had covered a good part of the first leg, and then started to paddle half a mile to windward with sails half stowed and blowing about. She held on pluckily, but with no show of success. On the second round the wind fell to a calm.

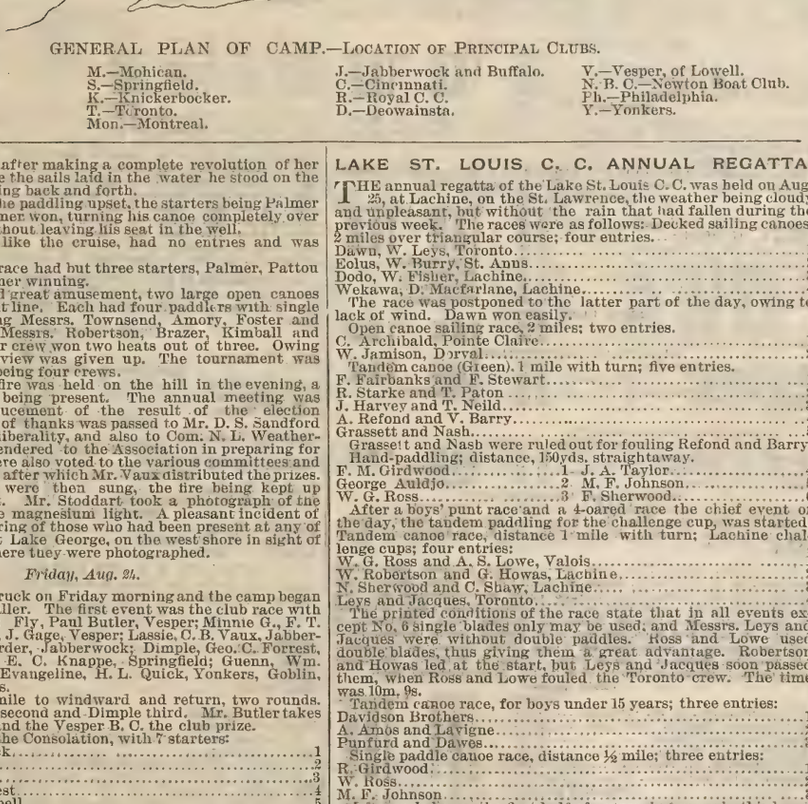
After dinner the sailing upset was started with five starters: If, Geo. A. Warder; Atalanta, L. B. Palmer; Charm, Walter Stewart; Sirene, A. S. Putnam; Ethel G., J. H. Campbell.

At the start Mr. Palmer's mainmast carried away at the deck. Mr. Warder capsized his canoe at the signal until her masts and sails laid flat in the water, then stepped outside on the centerboard, wetting only his feet, and righted the canoe, sailing over the line. After finishing he again capsized the canoe, this time until the masts were downward and the centerboard up in the



SOUTH END OF LAKE GEORGE.

A—Long Island Dock.
B—Camp Store.
C—Ladies' Camp.
D—Camp Dock.
E F—Paddling Course.
F G H—Sailing Course.
K—Mr. Bishop's Cottage.



GENERAL PLAN OF CAMP.—LOCATION OF PRINCIPAL CLUBS.

A.—Arlington.
B.—Brooklyn.
Br—Brockville.
I.—Ianthe.
N.—New York.
M.—Mohican.
S.—Springfield.
K.—Knickerbocker.
T.—Toronto.
Mon.—Montreal.
J.—Jabberwock and Buffalo.
C.—Cincinnati.
R.—Royal C. C.
D.—Deowainsta.
V.—Vesper, of Lowell.
N. B. C.—Newton Boat Club.
Ph.—Philadelphia.
Y.—Yonkers.

air, then righting her after making a complete revolution of her under his feet. While the sails laid in the water he stood on the side of the boat, walking back and forth.

The next race was the paddling upset, the starters being Palmer and Pattou. Mr. Palmer won, turning his canoe completely over by a quick motion without leaving his seat in the well.

The obstacle race, like the cruise, had no entries and was abandoned.

The hurry scurry race had but three starters, Palmer, Pattou and LaMotte, the former winning.

A tug of war created great amusement, two large open canoes being joined by a stout line. Each had four paddlers with single blades, one crew being Messrs. Townsend, Amory, Foster and French; the other Messrs. Robertson, Brazer, Kimball and Schuyler. The former crew won two heats out of three. Owing to lack of time the review was given up. The tournament was very amusing, there being four crews.

The annual camp-fire was held on the hill in the evening, a number of visitors being present. The annual meeting was first held, the annoucement of the result of the election being made. A vote of thanks was passed to Mr. D. S. Sandford for his kindness and liberality, and also to Com. N. L. Weatherbee for assistance rendered to the Association in preparing for the meet. Thanks were also voted to the various committees and to the donors of flags, after which Mr. Vaux distributed the prizes. A number of songs were then sung, the fire being kept up until nearly midnight. Mr. Stoddart took a photograph of the group by means of the magnesium light. A pleasant incident of the meet was a gathering of those who had been present at any of the previous meets at Lake George, on the west shore in sight of the Canoe Islands, where tuey were photographed.

Friday, Aug. 24.

Many tents were struck on Friday morning and the camp began to look decidedly smaller. The first event was the club race with the following entries: Fly, Paul Butler, Vesper; Minnie G., F. T. Walsh, Vesper; Drift, J. Gage, Vesper; Lassie, C. B. Vaux, Jabberwock; If, Geo. A. Warder, Jabberwock; Dimple, Geo. C. Forrest, Hartford; Agawam, E. C. Knappe, Springfield; Guenn, Wm. Whitlock, Brooklyn; Evangeline, H. L. Quick, Yonkers, Goblin, A. B. Pattou, Yonkers.

The course was ½ mile to windward and return, two rounds. Fly won, with Lassie second and Dimple third. Mr. Butler takes the individual prize and the Vesper B. C. the club prize.

The final race was the Consolation, with 7 starters:

Guenn, Wm. Whitlock.....1
If, Geo. A. Warder.....2
Lassie, C. B. Vaux.....3
Dimple, Geo. C. Forrest.....4
Ethel G., J. H. Campbell.....5
Minnie G., F. T. Walsh.....6
——, Bennett.....7

This finished the racing, and in the afternoon a large number left camp. Some will stay a few days longer and then cruise down the lake.

OTTAWA C. C.—The second paddling race in the challenge series of the Ottawa C. C. took place on Aug. 18. The entries were: O. A. Wheeler, Clarabelle; W. H. Cronk, Greta; C. G. Rogers, Joe; F. H. Gisborne, Omide. Clarabelle is an open English canoe 15ft. x29½in., and 11in. deep; Greta is an Ontario Co. patent longitudinal strip canoe, 15½ft. x30., and 11in. deep; Joe, an Ontario Co. open canoe, 16ft. x28in., and 9in. deep, and Omine, an Ontario Co. partially decked canoe, 16ft. x28in., and 10in. deep. There was a westerly breeze, which made the canoes hard to steer, especially the deeper ones, but otherwise the day was perfect. The canoes made a good start, Cronk leading, Rogers second, Gisborne third and Wheeler fourth. Cronk turned the buoy first, Rogers next and Gisborne third, and then the hard paddle home began, the three canoes being well together. The extra depth of Greta now began to tell, and she became very hard to steer. Gisborne then took second place, and the race laid between Rogers and her, the former being a length or more ahead. Each paddler did his best to vary the relative position of the canoes, but not much success was apparent, the time at the finish being: Rogers 10.15, Gisborne 10.18, Cronk 12. Wheeler's time was not taken.

N. J. A. C. CANOE RACES.—Gold medals will be given to the winning crews in each of the canoe races, single and tandem, paddling and upset, of the New Jersey Athletic Club at Bergen Point on Labor Day.

LAKE ST. LOUIS C. C. ANNUAL REGATTA.

THE annual regatta of the Lake St. Louis C. C. was held on Aug. 25, at Lachine, on the St. Lawrence, the weather being cloudy and unpleasant, but without the rain that had fallen during the previous week. The races were as follows: Decked sailing canoes, 2 miles over triangular course; four entries.

Dawn, W. Leys, Toronto.....1
Eolus, W. Burry, St. Anns.....2
Dodo, W. Fisher, Lachine.....3
Wekawa, D. Macfarlane, Lachine.....4

The race was postponed to the latter part of the day, owing to lack of wind. Dawn won easily.

Open canoe sailing race, 2 miles; two entries.

C. Archibald, Pointe Claire.....1
W. Jamison, Dorval.....2

Tandem canoe (Green), 1 mile with turn; five entries.

F. Fairbanks and F. Stewart.....1
R. Starke and T. Paton.....2
J. Harvey and T. Neild.....3
A. Refond and V. Barry.....4
Grassett and Nash.....5

Grassett and Nash were ruled out for fouling Refond and Barry.

Hand-paddling; distance, 150yds. straightaway.

F. M. Girdwood.....1 J. A. Taylor.....4
George Auldjo.....2 M. F. Johnson.....5
W. G. Ross.....3 F. Sherwood.....6

After a boys' punt race and a 4-oared race the chief event of the day, the tandem paddling for the challenge cup, was started.

Tandem canoe race, distance 1 mile with turn; Lachine challenge cups; four entries:

W. G. Ross and A. S. Lowe, Valois.....1
W. Robertson and G. Howas, Lachine.....2
N. Sherwood and C. Shaw, Lachine.....3
Leys and Jacques, Toronto.....4

The printed conditions of the race state that in all events except No. 6 single blades only may be used, and Messrs. Leys and Jacques were without double paddles. Ross and Lowe used double blades, thus giving them a great advantage. Robertson and Howas led at the start, but Leys and Jacques soon passed them, when Ross and Lowe fouled the Toronto crew. The time was 10m. 9s.

Tandem canoe race, for boys under 15 years; three entries:

Davidson Brothers.....1
A. Amos and Lavigne.....2
Punfurd and Dawes.....3

Single paddle canoe race, distance ½ mile; three entries:

R. Girdwood.....1
W. Ross.....2
M. F. Johnson.....3

Johnson led over the first half of course, but came in third.

Canoe race, four paddles, distance ½ mile with turn. For this event six crews entered:

Valois crew—T. Paton, A. S. Lowe, J. A. Taylor, J. G. Ross.....1
Beaconsfield crew—Messrs. Patterson, McDonald, McIntosh, and Stevenson.....2
Lachine crew, No. 2—G. Auldjo, White, A. Howard, Fairbanks..3
Lachine crew, No. 3—C. Shaw, F. Stewart, S. Howard, W. Robertson.....4
Dorval crew—Fry, Jamieson, J. Jamieson, J. Campbell....Upset.
Toronto crew—Leys, Jacques, Johnson and Girdwood....Gave up.

The tug of war and hurry-scurry races were abandoned. The greatest fun of the day was over the dug-out race:

Dorval crew.....1
Pointe Claire crew.....2
Lachine crew.....3
Valois crew.....4
Lachine crew, No. 2.....5

The day ended with a hop at the hotel, the prizes being distributed there.

A. C. A. MEMBERSHIP.—Northern Division: E. B. Alport, Geo. Grant, Ed. Cook, F. J. Delany, T. N. Green, M. D., W. M. Donald, Jas. Henderson, C. McNabb, A. C. Ross, A. M. Rice, H. Wright, W. Jephcott, J. D. Kelly, Geo. Sparrow, A. Shaw, F. Goodwin, Geo. Martin, J. McEchren, Jas. Jephcott, H. S. Scadding, D. J. Fortier, J. Wellis, W. L. Parrish, F. Roden, F. Arnoldi, J. Monypeny, F. J. Gillespie, W. M. Harvie, J. C. Smith, G. L Bolster, Thos. Goffatt, Jr., H. Torrance, W. A. White, J. Sanson, R. Grant Dalton, H. D. Leask, F. Evans, C. U. Wiffen, C. E. Howard, G. D. McLeod, Jas. Walker, H. L. Knowles, E. F. Hatton, O. T. Wright, Chas. Stephens, J. H. Vernow, H. C. S. Elliott, C. H. Fitton, G. M. Black, Dr. N. A. Powell, Thos. Carscadden, J. A. Ross, G. H. Tompson, H. C. McLean. Atlantic Division: J. Price Warricke, New Jersey; Albert B. Pattou, Yonkers; Henry La Motte, Philadelphia, and Arthur S. Vosburgh, New York. Central Division: E. R. Bowdish, Skaneateles, N. Y.

LITCHFIELD C. C.—Officers for 1888: Com., C. R. McNeill; Sec.-Treas., W. H. Wheeler. The club was organized last year at Litchfield, Conn., and has eight members. A week was spent in camp last month.

NEW YORK C. C.—The trial races to select one defender for the New York C. C. challenge cup will be held off the club house, Tompkinsville, Staten Island, on Sept. 3, Labor Day. The morning races will be called at 10:30 A. M., and the afternoon races at 2:30 P. M. The races are open to members of all American canoe clubs, with no entrance fee.

Yachting.

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FIXTURES.

SEPTEMBER.

1. Beverly, Open, Mon. Beach.
1. Toronto, all classes.
1. Cape Ann, Gloucester Cup.
1. Savin Hill, Open.
1. Hull, Hull Open Race.
1. Larchmont Fall.
3. Brooklyn Annual, New York
3. Pavonia Union Regatta.
3. Newark Fall.
3. South Boston Open.
3. Cor. Marblehead Cham.
3. Cape Ann Cruise.
3. Marblehead, 1st Cham.
5. Pleon, Sail Off.
8. Beverly, Marblehead Cham.
8. Cor. Marblehead, Sail Off.
8. West Lynn, Sweepstakes.
8. Hull Cham. Sail-Off.
8. Quincy Sail-off.
10. Harlem Fall.
12. Great Head Club.
12. Pleon, Sweepstakes.
15. Toronto, 4th Class.
15. Buffalo Club.
15. Beverly, Mon. Beach, Open Sweep.
15. Dorchester Club.
15. Lake Champlain.
15. Savin Rill, Club.
18. Chelsea, Dorchester Bay.
20. New York Fall, New York.
20. Savin Hill, Moonlight Sail.
—. Miramichi, Cup, Final.
22. West Lynn, Cham. Sail-off.
25. Cedar Point Pennant.
29. Quaker City Cruise, Review.
29. Toronto, 2d and 3d Classes.

RACING ON LAKE MAHOPAC.

THE third race for the Dean House Cup was sailed Saturday, Aug. 18, in a very light wind, shifting between southwest and northwest. The course was the usual one sailed over twice—ten miles in all. The start was made about 11 o'clock with a light breeze from the southwest. Trifler crossed the line first, followed by Mattie, Vixen, Mist, Mischief, Dart and Flora in the order named. Spinakers were set for the run through the Gut, but a sudden shift of the wind to northwest caused them to be quickly taken in. Although the last to start, Flora carried a good wind all the way to the first buoy, and gained rapidly upon the other yachts. After rounding the first buoy, and while leading the fleet, the Trifler's throat halliard came away at the gaff and her sail came down with a run. Before the damage could be repaired and the sail again hoisted she was far behind. The second buoy opposite the Thompson House was turned by the yachts in a bunch. At this buoy Flora wrongfully compelled Vixen and Mattie to run out of their course to avoid collision, and also fouled Mischief by running into her from behind. In the mean time Trifler, having regained some of her lost ground, rounded the buoy and started for home first, but was quickly picked up and passed by Flora, and afterward by Vixen, both yachts carrying clubtopsails, which were of immense service to them in the very light wind. The first round was made by Flora, Vixen, Trifler, Mattie, Mischief, Mist and Dart as named. The same order was maintained to the finish, except in the case of the Trifler, whose throat halliards gave way a second time on the beat home, causing her to again drop back. She, however, regained her relative position and finished third.

The Flora, which is owned by the proprietors of the Dean House, was sailed by the crew of professionals under Captain Fabian, who have been brought to the lake on the occasion of each cup race this year, and have been allowed to sail notwithstanding protest. All other boats were handled by guests of the hotels and cottages, the captains being: Vixen, W. S. Patterson; Trifler, E. C. Dusenbury; Mattie, E. Ponwert; Mischief, W. Nash; Mist, D. Sturgis; Dart, Mr. Engler.

The fact of the Flora's having run amuck at the Thompson House buoy did not prevent the awarding of the race to her; and a broom raised to the topmasthead was the proud emblem of victory at last, though through much tribulation. D.

LARCHMONT Y. C.

THIS week will be a busy one at Larchmont as the annual fall regatta will be sailed on Saturday, while on Friday a special race will be sailed for yachts from 35 to 41ft. l.w.l., the course being 27 miles. A special cup will be given and it is expected that Nymph, Pappoose, Banshee, Baboon, Chiquita, Crocodile and Rival will start. The usual oysterboat race was sailed on Aug. 18, and was a decided success, all the arrangements being well carried out by the regatta committee, Messrs. Willard, Greacen and Scott. The summary was:

CLASS 1—CABIN SLOOPS OVER 35 FEET.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Watson	12 30 33	5 44 20	5 13 47	5 12 17
Lizzie D. Bell	12 28 34	5 47 11	5 18 37	5 13 22
C. D. Smith	12 34 34	6 11 02	5 36 28	5 36 28

CLASS 2—CABIN SLOOPS UNDER 35 FEET.

Bertha	12 28 39	5 59 52	5 31 13	5 31 13
Annie K	12 33 38	Did not finish.		
Allie Ray	12 30 31	5 57 12	5 26 41	5 24 26
Lucy Neal	12 30 47	6 14 10	5 43 23	5 40 16
Puritan	12 29 33	Did not finish.		
Eliza Bird	12 29 57	Did not finish.		
Alice B	12 29 40	6 18 29	5 48 49	5 42 57
Jennie Baker	12 29 44	5 55 00	5 25 16	5 19 16
Maggie Holly	12 28 45	6 22 26	6 53 41	6 43 56

CLASS 3—OPEN SLOOPS OVER 30FT.

Loon	12 32 20	6 19 28	5 47 08	5 47 08

CLASS 4—OPEN SLOOPS UNDER 30FT.

Georgie B	12 29 44	Did not finish.		
Florence May	12 28 52	6 02 40	5 33 48	5 33 48
Jennie A Willis	12 36 33	5 59 25	5 22 52	5 19 15
Minnie S	12 31 42	6 02 00	5 31 18	5 27 18
Emma C	12 30 15	6 02 50	5 32 35	5 27 50
Addie B	12 36 44	6 03 10	5 26 26	5 21 11
Delphine	12 31 53	6 02 33	5 30 40	5 26 10
Carlew	12 32 11	Did not finish.		
Frou-Frou	12 36 05	Did not finish.		

CLASS 5—CATRIGGED BOATS.

Joke	12 32 05	6 27 48	5 55 43	5 43 58
Fannie M	12 32 24	6 50 28	6 18 04	5 57 19
Parthenia	12 28 27	6 49 09	6 20 42	6 20 42

Thus the winners are Wa son first prize, Lizzie D. Bell second in class 1; Jennie Baker first, Allie Ray second in class 2; Loon first in class 3; Jennie A. Willis first, Addie B. second, in class 4; Parthenia first, Joke second in class 5.

MONTGOMERY SAILING CLUB.—Fourteenth weekly cruise, Aug. 26. Course, Norristown to Indian Creek and return; distance, 5 miles. Wind fresh, westerly:

	Length.	Start.	Finish.	Corrected.
Playford, tuckup	15.00	1 40 00	3 06 42	1 26 42
G. W. Bowers, tuckup	15.00	1 40 00	3 07 30	1 27 30
Volunteer, tuckup	15.00	1 40 00	3 11 12	1 31 12
Querner, tuckup	15.00	1 40 00	3 12 30	1 32 30
Iola, ducker	15.00	1 30 00	3 16 00	1 56 00
J. S. Frith, tuckup	15.00	1 40 00	3 22 40	1 42 40
Gracie, skiff	12.00	1 30 40	Withdrew.	
Warren, ducker	14.00	1 30 00	Withdrew.	

It was a beat to the buoy and a run home. Gracie started with 85ft. of sail, and at the end of three-quarters of a mile reefed to 69ft. The other boats carried full sail, from 18 to 27yds. At the end of 1½ miles the Warren, being far in the rear, gave up. The Gracie gave up at the end of 2 miles. George Ritter, the owner of the canoe Sadie, sailed the tuckup Volunteer.

STRANGER.—Mr. Warren's cutter arrived at Queenstown on Aug. 12, after a passage of 23 days, in which she experienced some very heavy weather, springing her boom and boxing her bowsprit. On one day she ran 218 knots.

BEVERLY Y. C., AUG. 25.

34TH REGATTA, THIRD BUZZARD'S BAY CHAMPION, MONUMENT BEACH.

COURSES for first and second classes: Leaving B Buoy No. 3 on starboard, Bird Island Buoy and Scraggy Neck Buoy on port and return, 11 miles. Third class: Leaving B Buoy No. 3, Abeel's Ledge Buoy, judges' yacht and B Buoy No. 3 on starboard and return, 8 miles. Fourth class: Leaving B Buoy No. 3 on starboard and return, 3¼ miles. Fresh S.W. wind.

FIRST CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Surprise, J. M. Codman	26.00	1 54 45	1 42 50
Whisper, S. M. Weld	26.02	2 11 43	1 59 59
Mattie, Vice-Com. Stockton	26.10	. . .	. . .

SECOND CLASS.

Mist, G. H. Lyman, Jr.	22.02	2 00 44	1 49 00
Beatrice, C. E. Curry	22.08	2 03 44	1 50 28
Tantrum, Wm. Amory, 3d	22.10	2 07 03	1 51 11
Lestris, Joshua Crane	23.05	2 10 22	1 55 07

THIRD CLASS.

Daisy, Vice-Com. Stockton	20.06	1 52 07	1 38 06
Petrel, Geo. H. Richards	20.06	1 57 49	1 43 48
Eleanor, John Parkinson	22.02	1 58 14	1 46 01

FOURTH CLASS.

Wink, M. Williams, Jr.	18.09	0 40 42	0 34 09
Polly, Richard Codman	16.02	0 44 03	0 36 00
Nymph, C. W. Amory	16.11	0 44 08	0 37 34

Polly protests Wink for a foul; decision awaits a hearing by committee. Winners of first prizes were Surprise, Mist, Daisy, Wink; second prize, Beatrice. Surprise wins and holds first class pennant; Daisy wins third class pennant, tieing Eleanor and Dolly; a sail off is necessary. Judge, A. H. Hardy; judge's boat, Mollie.

135TH REGATTA—OPEN—MARBLEHEAD.

Courses, 1st and 2d classes—Leaving B. Buoys 5 and 3, Tom Moore's Rock, Turkey Island, Roaring Bull and Pig Rock stakes on starboard, Graves Whistling Buoy, Half-way Rock and B. Buoys 3 and 5 on port and return, 20½ miles. 3d class—Leaving B. Buoys 5 and 3, Tom Moore's Rock, Turkey Island, Roaring Bull and Pig Rock stakes on starboard, stakeboat off Spindle Rock, Swampscott, stakeboat off Egg Rock, Pig Rock stakes, Roaring Bull, Turkey Island, Tom Moore's Rock and B. Buoys 3 and 5 on port and return 13¼ miles. 4th class—Leaving B. Buoys 3 and 5 on port, S.E. Pig Buoy, Half-way Rock and Buoys 3 and 5 on port and return, 10 miles. 5th, 6th and jibmainsail classes—Leaving Marten's Rock, Gooseberry Ledge; Satan and stakeboat anchored one mile south of Marblehead Rock on starboard, B. Buoys 3 and 5 on port and return, 7¾ miles. Wind—S.S.W. to S.W., moderate, rather variable. Summary:

SECOND CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Shadow, John Bryant, B.	34.02	4 13 50	4 06 05
Ramona, M. N. Bray, B.	33.10	4 16 40	4 08 26
Magic, E. C Neal, L.	31.01	4 21 24	4 08 48
Violet, H. J. McKee, S. B.	33.08	4 28 12	4 19 42
Albatross, J. J. Henry, H.	34.02	4 28 39	4 20 44
Hilda, C. P. Curtis, B.	31.05	Withdrew.	

THIRD CLASS CENTERBOARDS.

Mucilage, C. C. Hanley, M. Beach	26.00	3 04 21	2 50 00
White Fawn, W.C. Cherrington, S.B.	24.08	3 23 00	3 06 45
Black Cloud, Aaron Brown, C. A.	24.01	3 28 25	3 11 17
Moondyne, W. H. Shaw, Q.	24.08½	3 33 33	3 17 22

Atalanta and Erin did not start.

THIRD CLASS KEELS.

Saracen, W. P. Fowle, C.	30.10	3 04 39	2 56 13
Mignon, Horatio Babson, C. A.	28.07	3 05 28	2 54 27
Beetle, T. Pierce, B.	31.00	3 10 55	3 02 40
Elf, W. H. Wilkinson, C.	29.02	3 20 25	3 10 06
Trudette, L. M. Haskins, C. A.	25.05	3 26 59	3 11 49
Prince Karl, E. L. Williams, S. B.	29.01	3 29 18	3 18 54

Ione, Optic and Vanitas did not start.

FOURTH CLASS CENTERBOARDS.

Sea Bird, C. L. Joy, J.	22.08	2 27 42	2 12 26
Hazard, Pierce and Moody, A.	23.08	2 27 38	2 14 13
Helen, M. Pierce, B.	25.02	2 28 00	2 16 17
Expert, L. Whitbomb, C.	23.02	2 29 24	2 15 23
Posy, R. G. Hunt, M.	22.02	2 31 40	2 16 24
Maud S., Irving, C. A.	22.06	2 42 05	2 27 14
Good Luck, J. B. Farrell, S. B.	22.00	2 42 58	2 27 29
Wraith, C. E. and P. Hodges, B.	22.06	Withdrawn.	

Sprite, Hamilton and Tidal Wave did not start.

FOURTH CLASS KEELS.

Echo, Burwell and Isham, H	24.08	2 24 02	2 11 46
Thelga, Hall and Johnson, B. H.	22.01	2 25 37	2 10 15
Swordfish, John B. Paine, B.	24.04	2 28 26	2 15 47
Judith, W. B. Pigeon, J.	23.04	2 33 51	2 20 02
Marguerite, F. Skinner, Jr., B.	24.03	2 40 59	2 28 14
Witch, B. B. Crowninshield, B.	23.04	2 42 58	2 29 09
Annie Maud, F. O. Vegelahn, S. B.	23.03	2 48 08	2 34 13
Halcyon, J. R. Hooper, H.	21.03	2 49 58	2 33 29

Brenda and Bride of the Wind did not start.

FIFTH CLASS KEELS.

Mosca, C. H. W. Foster, B.	20.02	1 29 27	1 15 30
Kathleen, R. S. Peabody, B.	20.06	1 33 13	1 19 38
Wraith, Benson Bros., B.	19.03	1 34 49	1 19 48
Sachem, R. D. Floyd, C.	20.02	1 55 16	1 41 19
Carmita, F. E. Peabody, C.	21.04	1 55 23	1 42 42
Vesper, R. M. Benner, W. L.	19.02	1 55 25	1 40 18
Plover, J. Adams, B. H.	19.05	1 56 46	1 41 57
Bantam, Wm. Jameson, C.	20.05	Withdrawn.	

Caprice and Flying Yankee did not start.

FIFTH CLASS CENTERBOARDS.

Mabel, F. L. Dunne, H.	18.11	1 27 52	1 13 38
Peri, F. Driscoll, S. H.	18.10	1 35 52	1 20 20
Niobe, G. W. Keats, H.	20.02	1 37 37	1 23 40
Tyrant, S. P. Elwell, C. A.	20.06	1 40 38	1 27 03
Holden, Gordon Dexter, B.	20.05	1 48 31	1 34 52
Pixie, F. W. Chandler, B.	20.09	1 50 04	1 36 46
Nevina, Robt Saltonstall, B.	21.00	1 54 44	1 41 42
Corsair, W. S. Millett, C.	18.08	1 56 45	1 41 00
Josephine, D. Follett, Jr., C.	18.06	1 57 49	1 41 52
Pet, J. W. McFarland, Q.	19.06	Withdrawn.	
Greta, T. G. Allen, C.	19.11	Withdrawn.	

SIXTH CLASS.

Rocket, H. M. Faxon, Q.	16.02	1 37 22	1 18 11
Mirage, John Dearborn, D.	17.05	1 38 02	1 19 58
Dolphin, Royal Robbins, B.	17.01	1 49 38	1 31 48
Nonpareil, E. J. Lanning, D.	16.11	1 52 52	1 34 48
Wildfire, H. A. Keith, Q.	17.02	1 53 39	1 35 56

JIB AND MAINSAIL CLASS.

Eureka, Geo. Hutchins, S. B.	20.02	1 22 19	1 08 22
Tom Cat, C. H. Lockhardt, L.	19.00	1 24 03	1 08 44
Coyote, Walter Abbott, B.	20.03	1 26 53	1 13 02
Diadem, L. Hayward, Q.	18.01	1 28 55	1 12 37
Climax, W. E. Tucker, C. A.	18.06	1 31 02	1 15 05
Tarantula, J. S. Poyen, H.	20.09	1 32 56	1 19 38
Zoe, W. H. Farmiloe, J.	18.01	1 33 20	1 16 51
Budge, P. J. Lowell, A.	19.05	1 33 34	1 18 45
Nora, E. P. Boynton, H.	21.06	1 49 21	1 36 27
Elf, Blake & Bailey, A.	17.06	1 51 13	1 35 18

Alpine, White Wings, Silver Cloud, Spark, Olen, Isabel and Flora Lee did not start.

Number of entries, 85; starters, 56; completing course, 61.

Winners of first prizes were: Shadow, Mucilage, Mignon, Sea Bird, Thelga, Mosca, Mabel, Rocket, Eureka. Second prizes, Ramona, White Fawn, Saracen, Hazel, Echo, Kathleen, Peri, Mirage, Tom Cat. Third prizes, Black Cloud, Beetle, Expert, Swordfish, Wraith, Niobe, Dolphin, Diadem.

Protest were entered against measurement of Eureka, Echo, Tom Cat, Diadem and Mignon, and against Daphne for cutting inside Martin's Rock. Echo and Eureka were measured and results are as above. Diadem protest withdrawn, others to be settled.

The number of boats handicapped in first class resulted from a light wind, in fifth and sixth class because they all waited for the fastest boat to cross first.

Abbreviations of club names: B., Beverly; B. H., Bunker Hill; A., American of Newburyport; C., Corinthian; C. A., Cape Ann; D., Dorchester; H., Hull; J., Jeffries; L., Lynn; M., Monatiquot; Q., Quincy; S. B., South Boston: W. L., West Lynn; S. H., Savin Hill.

Kathleen was officially measured on the 24th, but the figures have not yet been received; those given are the C. Y. C. length; official figures may change places between her and Wraith.

Regatta Committee: W. Lloyd Jeffries, A. H. Hardy, John B. Paine, Robert Saltonstall and R. B. Crowninshield. Judges: W. Lloyd Jeffries, W. A. Jeffries, H. Ellerton Lodge, Edmund Parker. Judges yacht: Steamer Gleam, J. P. Cushing, B. Y. C.

MARBLEHEAD Y. C.—A club with this name has been organized at Marblehead, Mass., with the following officers: Com., Fred. B. Litchman; Vice-Com., Joseph G. Stacy; Secretary, Frank Ramsdell; Treasurer, Everett Graves.

THE MACKINAC REGATTA.

THE competing yachts arrived at Mackinac in time for the race of Aug. 15, but some had more or less trouble by the way. Both Verve and Minnie M. were disabled, and Cora went on a reef near Mission Island. The race was postponed until Wednesday, as Idler's racing rig had not arrived. The course was about 20 miles. The race was started on Aug. 16, with three entries, Idler, 96ft. 9in. l.w.l., Oriole, 60ft., and Wasp, 63ft., all schooners; but the wind was so light that the race was postponed. On Thursday a start was made in a moderate breeze, the weather being cool and rainy. Speranza, the much vaunted New York schooner, did not start: unless she is very much faster in fresh water than she ever was in salt, it is an utter absurdity to talk of racing her against such a boat as Idler. The start was timed;

Wasp	10 20 31	Idler	10 31 49
Oriole	10 28 21		

The first leg was to windward, Oriole leading at first mark, with Idler second. Oriole led down 2d round until she lost the wind, Idler passing her, but soon lying becalmed also, while Wasp profitted by their fate and kept more off shore, gaining all the time. When the wind did come, Oriole was first to profit by it, sending her spinaker out to port. Oriole led around second mark, with Wasp but 5 seconds astern. On the next leg, to windward, the wind fell very light at times. The third mark was turned:

Idler	3 04 24	Wasp	3 36 37
Oriole	3 08 57		

Oriole finally won easily, passing Idler on the windward work to the fourth mark. The times were:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.		Elapsed.	Corrected.
Oriole	6 31 00	6 20 58	Wasp	7 17 07	6 55 25
Idler	6 38 00	6 38 00			

Oriole was designed by Mr. A Cary Smith for Mr. Gooderham, of Toronto. Idler is the old racer once owned by Mr. Colgate, and is well known about New York.

CORINTHIAN Y. C., COOPER'S POINT, AUG. 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Wilkins having returned from a ten-day cruise in Chesapeake Bay (two men in the boat) 20 minutes before the race, started and won club pennant (first over the course) and challenge flag in Class 2. Cook wins challenge flag in Class 3. Fitch retains challenge flag in Class 1, Aug. 13, challenge from Anderson to Cook for "cock of the walk" flag, a purse of $25 and supper. Blowing hard from N.W., oyster schooners and large sloops double reefed. Sailed to Billingsport Buoy and return, 24 miles. The racers, 15ft. long, carried whole sail, three men in each boat. Anderson wins. Aug. 21, thirteenth race, Wilkins wins both flags again, and Anderson 2d. This race was sailed in a N.E. storm, and great damage was done on the Delaware River and Bay on that day. Challenge from Anderson to sail any 15ft. boat to Reedy Island and return, 100 miles, two men only in each boat, and no professionals allowed. The challenge has at last been accepted by the Cook, a twin sister boat, to be sailed on or before Sept. 4. It is claimed for this type of boat that they are built for the boat to win, while the tuckup is built for the crew to win. Not a race (which takes place every two weeks) has been postponed on account of bad weather or otherwise, save one on the death of Commodore Funk. A 15ft. boat, third class, carries 600lbs. of dead weight. A 16ft. boat from 800 to 900lbs. A first class boat from 18 to 19ft. long, all of the extreme dish order, carries no dead weight at all, and, like the tuckup, has to depend on live weight for her stability. The writer witnessed the Anderson-Cook race in one of his finest lined and speediest dish boats, and with men "hiked" out to windward, was obliged to double-reef, and with decks awash, and one man continually bailing, was beaten most unmercifully by the honest little boat (Anderson). Her sail is low and wide, and of 8oz. duck, double-bighted; while the lightest twilled muslin has to be used on boats depending on live ballast. As cruisers these boats seem to fill the bill, and seldom go with more than two men. The "pancake" has had her day even on the Delaware River.—R. G. W.

PLEON, Y. C.—On Aug. 17 the third championship regatta was sailed over a 6-mile course, the wind being light from E. with rain. The first class failed to make the race within the time limit of 2 hours. The summary was:

SECOND CLASS CENTERBOARDS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Perhaps, B. B. Crowninshield	12.10	1 30 30	1 27 42
Jay Gee, F. B. Litchman	12.07	1 33 55	1 30 53
Monarch, W. O. Taylor	12.03	1 38 00	1 34 11

SECOND CLASS KEELS.

Estelle, J. W. Dunlap	11.09	1 30 20	1 26 47

Perhaps and Estelle win first prizes and the championship of their class for this year. Judges, J. B. Cummings, C. M. Wright and D. W. Lane.

On Aug. 22 the open race was started in a strong N. W. wind and heavy sea, 18 yachts starting. The summary was:

SPECIAL CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Jay Gee, F. B. Litchman	25.00	1 01 00	0 58 30
Anna L., H. Martin	15.06	1 06 50	1 04 45
Monarch, W. G. Taylor	14.08	1 32 00	1 29 10
Maud S., N. Blaney	12.07	Lost rudder.	
Short Gauger, Perkins Bros	14.03	Withdrew.	
Cleuandine, C. Robinson	14.09	Withdrew.	
Flippy, W. P. Russell	15.03	Withdrew.	

FIRST CLASS KEELS.

Snail, A. G. Wood	15.10	0 49 30	0 47 50
Mary, R. C. Bridge	14.00	0 52 30	0 49 00

FIRST CLASS CENTERBOARDS.

Reba, Palmer & Poole	13.00	0 56 15	0 51 45
Zip, J. Dennis	15.04	1 00 45	0 58 35
Laura, F. H. Murkland	15.01	Withdrew.	
Milo, E. C. Mason	16.00	*	

* Carried away throat-hallairds.

SECOND CLASS KEELS.

Estelle, J. W. Dunlap	11.09	0 49 00	0 45 27
Annie, F. L. Rhodes	11.06	Withdrew.	
Edith, S. W. Sleeper	11.08	Withdrew.	

SECOND CLASS CENTERBOARDS.

Perhaps, B. B. Crowninshield	12.01	Capsized.	

The winners were: Jay Gee, Anna L., Monarch, Snail, Reba, Zip and Estelle. Judges, Marshall Brown, N. Goddard and Capt. Reed.

DUXBURY REGATTA, Aug. 25.—An open regatta was sailed on Aug. 25, off Duxbury, Mass., in a light S. W. wind, the courses being: For first class, from judges' yacht to a stakeboat off Two Rocks, thence to a stakeboat off Plum Hills, round Clark's Island to stakeboat off Standish House, to judges' boat. Distance, 10 miles. Second and third classes, from judges, yacht to stakeboat off Two Rocks, to stakeboat off Plum Hills, thence to stakeboat off Standish House, to judges' boat. Distance, 8 miles. The start was made from an anchor at 12:18 P. M. The summary was:

FIRST CLASS.

	Length.	Finish.	Corrected.
White Swallow, E. W. Watson	20.09	1 57 10	0 58 20
Hildegarde, Wm. T. Whitman	19.02	1 58 36	1 00 26
Dux, William Adams	18.01	2 02 49	1 02 53
Marion, J. M. Watson	19.02	2 03 43	1 05 32
Wanderer, A. M. Watson	22.01	1 51 57	1 05 49
Mary, A. E. Walker	16.08	2 12 46	1 10 19

SECOND CLASS.

Solitaire, S. C. Winsor	17.01	1 51 33	0 52 01
Carrie B., John C. Dawes	16.02	1 57 18	0 56 02
Mayflower, S. C. Richards	16.00	1 58 57	0 57 47
Sachem, R. A. Winsor	16.09	1 58 40	0 58 38
Puritan, Samuel L. Parks	16.05	2 02 04	1 01 32
Peerless, Alex. Holmes	16.04	2 02 49	1 09 00
Florence, G. B. Cushing	15.00	2 16 55	1 09 20
Kitty, L. H. Delano	15.03	2 14 18	1 01 53
Bella, George E. Fowle	15.09	2 24 25	1 22 49
Echo, William Faunce	17.00	Not taken	
No Name, J. Burns		2 05 29	. . .
Fair Play, G. D. Bartlett	16.07	Not taken.	

THIRD CLASS.

Clar de Track, O. Hunt	15.05	2 10 05	1 02 57
Hornet, A. M. Watson, Jr.	16.04	2 13 20	1 07 40
Paul Revere, C. Smith	16.00	2 11 25	1 05 13

Judges, T. A. Hutchins, M. J. Gaines and John A. Irwin.

CORINTHIAN Y. C., MARBLEHEAD.—The official list of winners in the regatta of Aug. 18 is as follows: Special class, Magic, first prize, Ramona second. First class keels, Saracen first, Elf second, Mignon third. First class centreboards, Mucilage first, Moondyne second, White Fawn third. Second class keels, Brenda first, Marguerite second, Swordfish third. Second class centerboards, Black Cloud first, Good Luck second, Sea Bird third. Third class, Zoe first, Climax second, Farmer third, Holden fourth, Greta fifth. Of the above class the Nerena was withdrawn disabled, and the Coyote, Tom Cat and Tarantula failed to sail over the course, and the Pixy fouled a buoy. Fourth class, Vesper first, Mosca second, Vaga third, Flying Yankee fourth, Grace W. fifth. Fifth class, Alpine first, Mirage second, Dolphin third, Olin fourth.

SOUTH BOSTON Y. C., AUG. 15.—The last club race of the season was sailed by the South Boston Y. C. on Aug. 15, off City Point, the courses being for first and second classes: From the starting point, leaving Thompson's Island on starboard, Spectacle and Long Islands on port, Rainsford's Island and Wilson's Rock Buoy on starooard, George's Island Buoy No. 7 on port returning through "The Narrows," leaving George's and Galoupe's Islands and Nix's Mate Black Buoy No. 9 on port, Lovell's Island and Red Buoy No. 8 on storboard, Long, Spectacle and Buoy No. 7 on port, to finishing point; distance, 10 miles. Third Class: From starting point, leaving Cow Pasture Red Spar Buoy No. 6 on port, Black Can Buoy No. 7 off Fort Independence on starboard, Spectacle Island, Sculpin Ledge Buoy, Red Can Buoy No. 6, lower middle on port, to finishing point. Distance, 7 miles. The summary was:

FIRST CLASS KEELS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Breeze, C. E. Paget	29.06	1 40 17	1 12 37
Altaire, A. J. McLeod	28.05	1 42 13	1 13 35

FIRST CLASS CENTERBOARDS.

Violet, H. J. McKee	33.08	1 31 34	1 07 15

SECOND CLASS KEELS.

Raven, M. J. Kelly	26.00	1 42 04	1 11 04
Annie Maud, F. E. Vegelahn	23.03	1 47 06	1 13 01
Wanda, G. O. Griffin	23.03	1 48 52	1 14 47

SECOND CLASS CENTERBOARDS.

White Fawn, W. C. Cherrington	24.08	1 39 06	1 06 40
Good Luck, J. B. Farrel	23.00	1 42 05	1 07 42

THIRD CLASS KEELS.

Thelga, D. T. Hall	22.01	1 44 18	1 19 26
Volante, J. M. Hall	22.03	Withdrawn.	

THIRD CLASS CENTERBOARDS.

Eureka, E. B. Rogers	20 00	1 42 40	1 15 46

FOURTH CLASS.

Mabel, W. P. Bennett	17.10	1 06 25	0 49 41
Joli, J. F. Caslin	16.08	1 12 38	0 55 03

The winners were: First class, first prize, $10, Breeze; second, $5, Altaire. Centerboards, first prize, $10, Violet; second class, first prize, $9, Raven and White Fawn; second, $4, Annie Maude and Good Luck. Third class, first prize, $8, Thelga; second, $4, Volante. Fourth class, first prize, $5, Mabel.

MATTAPOISETT REGATTA.—On Aug. 24 a regatta was held in Mattapoisett Harbor, Cape Cod, the wind being strong S. W. The summary was:

FIRST CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Surprise, James Codman	24.00	2 20 55	2 12 52
Mattie, Com. Stockton	25.11	2 16 38	2 11 26
Ape, D. Crosby	24.06	Withdrawn.	
Climax, Stackpole	26.01	2 18 27	2 13 04

SECOND CLASS.

Mist, G. H. Lyman	23.02	2 25 45	2 16 06
Mollie, J. Hill	23.11	2 28 40	2 20 30
Defiance, H. E. Perry	23.03	2 30 50	2 21 43
Wildcat, Still	23.05	2 27 24	2 18 25
Crawl, R. L. Barstow	23.01½	2 29 58	2 20 18
Gipsy, C. F. Nye	22.00	Withdrawn,	

THIRD CLASS.

Edith, Irving Chapman	17.02½	1 01 42	0 57 10
Hebe, Lewis Bacon	16.01½	1 05 21	0 58 46
Daisy, Com. Stockton	19.02	0 58 02	0 56 47
Iris, E. Hiller	16.11	1 30 00	1 24 55

FOURTH CLASS.

Rena, A. M. Hiller	13.04	0 47 06	0 35 02
Cora, J. Dexter	13.05	Withdrawn.	
Mattie S., B. Allen	15.11½	0 49 56	0 43 01
Lady May, Battelles	13.06	0 51 50	0 39 40
Tab, J. M. Clark	12.04	0 49 55	0 36 25

MIRAMACHI Y. C.—Cups and Cash Prizes Regatta, Aug. 20.—Course on Miramichi River from stake boat at New Castle around stake boat at Chatham and back to starting point, being five miles to leeward and return. Weather fine. Wind strong westerly and and squally; tide flood.

FIRST CLASS.

	Length.	Start.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Kilbride, J. C. Miller	22.09	1 38 18	1 41 57	1 41 57
Kittoch, Jas. Miller	22.05	1 38 44	1 45 10	1 44 50
Fedora, J. L. Stewart	25.00	1 39 03	1 48 35	1 45 04
Blondy, W. R. Gould	19.00	1 36 00	1 48 55	1 45 38
Arrow, Geo. Watt	19.07	1 41 02	2 16 03	2 12 39

SECOND CLASS.

Poohbah, H. Muirhead	16.09	1 26 50	2 05 09	2 05 09
Mackerel, Geo. Watt	16.10	1 27 05	2 36 06	2 36 06

Winner first prize, Class 1, Kilbride; Class 2, Poohbah. Second prize, Class 1, Kittoch; Class 2, Mackerel. From start to finish the first class race was closely contested between the competing yachts, but the splendid windward qualities of the Kilbride carried her a winner as usual. The sudden squalls, which were the order of the day, tested fully the helmsmanship of the various captains as well as the sea going qualities of the yachts. In the second class the race was close to the turn, but Mackerel was unfortunate enough to fill in a squall, which caused detention. Judges, R. R. Call, E. Lee Street, W. A. Park.

MARBLEHEAD Y. C.—The first race of the Marblehead Y. C. was sailed on Aug. 24 in a S.W. wind of varying strength. Jay Gee filled and nearly capsized on Archer's Rock. The summary was:

FIRST CLASS KEELS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Ella, P. Carter	17.08	1 56 54	Walkover.

FIRST CLASS CENTERBOARDS.

Inide, J. Bowder	17.02	1 29 00	1 11 48
Zip, J. Billows	15.04	1 35 34	1 16 54
Milo, E. Mason	16.00	1 51 49	1 53 45

FIRST CLASS DORIES.

Anna L., H. Martin	15.06	1 07 13	Walkover.

SECOND CLASS KEELS.

Estella, Dunlap & Pierce	11.09	1 00 39	Walkover.

SECOND CLASS CENTERBOARDS.

Ruth, J. Dunlap	12.00	1 00 09	0 37 01
Perhaps, B. B. Crowinshield	12.10	1 04 37	0 45 23

SECOND CLASS DORIES.

Ethel, H. Stone	12.06	0 59 44	0 40 24
Jay Gee, F. B. Litchman	12.07	1 05 55	0 46 39
Maud S., N. Blaney	12.05	Withdrew.	

ST. LAWRENCE Y. C., 4TH REGATTA.—On Aug. 18 the 4th regatta of the St. Lawrence Y. C. was sailed at Valois in a fresh breeze. The summary was:

YACHTS.

	Start.	Finish.
Madge	4 23 30	6 45 00
Black Eagle	4 20 20	6 50 25
Lulu	4 27 00	6 51 30
Marga	4 27 30	7 20 00
Ishkoodah	4 31 10	7 26 00

SKIFFS.

Tara, M. Wallace	4 40 00	7 14 30
Korale, C. Young	4 40 10	7 15 00

A protest was entered against Lulu. Judges, Messrs. J. Simmon and L. Gordon.

RACING AT DENNIS, CAPE COD.—On Aug. 24, a race was sailed in a reefing breeze from S.W., the course being 8 miles. The summary was:

	Corrected.
Ariel, East Dennis	1 32 09
Madge, Orleans	1 35 25
Nobscussett	1 39 26
Percy, Allen Brewster	1 53 28

SECOND CLASS.

Magic, Barnstable	1 56 31
Iris, East Dennis	2 28 35

TORONTO Y. C.—On Aug. 25 a race of fourth class boats was sailed, resulting as follows:

	Finish.	Corrected.
Alvaetta	4 33 00	1 22 00
Finette	4 46 45	1 41 45
Molly	4 46 46	1 34 46
Caprice	4 46 50	1 46 50
Daisy	4 59 00	1 14 00
Maia	5 02 00	1 47 00
Pixie		Not timed.

Daisy takes second and Molly third place.

ATLANTIC Y. C.—A race for yachts under 25ft. was sailed on Aug. 25 over a course from the club basin around Buoys 20 and 18, two rounds, 10 miles. The wind was light S.W. Frolic, Gleam and Wave entered the cabin class, and the little Burgess cutter Wona, lately purchased in Gloucester, by Mr. St. John, was allowed to sail over the course, though not in the race, as she carried a small sprit topsail. She beat the centerboard boats easily in the windward work and finished within 18s. of the winner, Frolic, on elapsed time. By corrected time she would receive nearly 2m. from Frolic. In the catboat class were Bijou, Dindon and Cid. Bijou finished first.

FORTUNA.—On Aug. 15, the schooner Fortuna, with her owner, Mr. Henry S. Hovey, and Mr. Chas. A. Longfellow on board, anchored in Gloucester Harbor, after a voyage of 32 days from Southampton. After landing Messrs. Hovey and Longfellow, she sailed for Marblehead, arriving at 2:30 P. M. The racing mainboom, gaff and topmast were shipped by steamer, the foretopmast being carried on the mainmast. For the first half of the voyage the winds were strong and dead ahead: for the latter half they were light, but from the same quarter. The record of the trip is briefly as follows: Left Southampton on the afternoon of July 14, at 2:15; weather was rainy; passed the Lizzard on the 16th, near dusk; wind S.W.; distance made 32 miles. On the 17th experienced fresh gales from S.W.; covered 137 miles that day. On the 18th 164 miles, 19th 125 miles, 20th 133 miles, 21st 79 miles. On the 25th made 131 miles, and on the 26th had heavy winds, with a head sea, and covered only 66 miles. On the 27th 63 miles, and on the 28th 128 miles. It was a head wind two-thirds of the time, and when the fog did not set in head winds did. The largest day's run was made Aug. 7, when 187 miles were covered; 24 miles was the smallest day's run. Capt. Newcombe, who took Fortuna across last year, is still in command.

MARGUERITE.—Mr. Burden's schooner has been out at Lawley's and no less than thirteen tons of lead have been cut out of her keel, part at each end. The draft has thus been decreased about 5in. She will be trimmed more by the stern than formerly, two or three tons being replaced inside for trimming ballast. According to the Boston *Globe* very elaborate calculations had been made before commencing the alterations. If the calculations in the first place had been more elaborate, both in Sachem and Marguerite, there would probably have been no occasion for the troublesome and expensive alterations which both have undergone.

MONUMENT BEACH.—On Aug. 22 a race was sailed off Monument Beach for prizes contributed by residents. The course for class 1, 2 and 3 was 14 miles, for class 4, 6¼ miles. The race started in a very heavy S.W. wind, which moderated later in the day. The winners were: First class, Surprise, Mollie, Mattie; second class, Wildcat, Mist, Success; third class, Daisy, Trump, Star; fourth class, Edith, Red Wing, Nymph. The prizes were: First class, $12, $9, $5; second class, $10, $8, $5; third class, $8, $6, $4, fourth class, $5, $3, $1. Judges, A. F. Tolhurst and Ambrose E. Pratt.

NEPTUNE AND LIZZIE F. DALY.—A match for asilver cup and $50 a side will be sailed to-morrow, starting off Commercial wharf, Boston.

LAKE CHAMPLAIN Y. C. ANNUAL REGATTA.—The first annual regatta of the Lake Champlain Y. C. was sailed on Aug. 18 over a course from opposite the clubhouse, southwest to Rock Dunder buoy, thence to Juniper Island and back to starting point, 8½ miles. A part of the race was a mere drift, the wind increasing toward the last. Ripple won, with White Wings second and Emily third. The annual regatta for the ladies' silver challenge cup, worth $500, and for other races for prizes of $100 each, will occur Sept. 21.

YACHT RACING AT GREENWICH.—On Aug. 15 a race was sailed off Greenwich, Conn., in a fresh S.W. wind, the course being 12 miles. The starters were: Class A, Sirene, Doremus and Outwater; Rival, F. J. Hitchcock, of Bridgeport; Mystic, T. C. Stratton; Ione, H. A. Sherman; Alpha, W. Gilmore; Telephone, J. G. Porter. Class B, Ida K., Mr. Beck; Sayonara, B. B. McGregor, Larchmont Y. C. Rival won in Class A, with Serene second, and Ida K. won in Class B.

SAN FRANCISCO.—A new sloop, named Volunteer, has lately been completed by Mr. Stone at Hunter's Point, for Capt. Geo. Engel. She is 47ft. over all, 43ft. l.w.l., 15ft. beam, 4ft. 6in. hold, and 3ft. 6in. draft. The frame is of oak, with planking and ceiling of Orford white cedar from Oregon. All the frame was dressed with linseed oil while building. The boat has a pole mast, a 50ft. boom and a single jib. She will be ballasted with iron.

POINTS OF THE NEW YORK Y. C. CRUISE.—*Editor Forest and Stream:*—To the five points made by your correspondent "X." last week, I would like to add a sixth. In the windward work from New Bedford to Newport, schooner Miranda and cutter Bedouin outcarried the wider centerboard vessels, and the cutter Pappoose outcarried her centerboard classmate Nymph. The usual assumption that beam can outcarry depth is upset by this and many like lessons in practice.—Z.

ARRIVAL OF MINERVA.—The new Fife 40 footer built for Mr. C. H. Tweed arrived at Boston on Aug. 23, after a passage of 29 days from the Clyde. Captain Charles Barr was in command, with Captain Donald Kerr, who was in Thistle last year, as navigator. The racing spars arrived by steamer and the yacht is now refitting. She will be in some of the fall races.

JEFFRIES Y. C. PROTESTS.—In the regatta of Aug. 4 E. W. D. was protested by Wraith and Moondyne on the ground of short measurement. The judges find after a careful investigation that E.W.D., though entered as 23ft. 8in. waterline, is really 25ft. 1in., and they have therefore awarded first prize to Moondyne and the second to Wraith. E.W.D. takes third prize.

EASTERN Y. C.—It is proposed to hold a fall regatta of the Eastern Y. C. probably about the middle of September.

Answers to Correspondents.

H. C., Brooklyn.—Tell us what birds you want.

R. S. L.—Dalmation insect powder can be had of the druggist.

W. S., Trout Vale, Cal.—The open season for grouse and quail in your State is Sept. 10 to March 1.

R. H. A., Hoboken, N. J.—You cannot find grounds within 20 miles of New York where you will get good "woodcock, quail, partridge, also duck and snipe shooting."

W. B. P.—Will you please inform me through the columns of FOREST AND STREAM, of which I am a regular reader, how back sights would work on a shotgun for snap shooting. Ans. We would not advise their use; but a plain front sight, like the Lyman is of advantage.

M., Northampton, Mass.—Can you tell me if there is a fish known as "Otsego bass," peculiar to the waters of Otsego Lake situated in central New York? Are the fish found in no other waters; if so by what name are they known? If not found elsewhere what is the explanation of it? Ans.—The so-called "Otsego bass" is not a bass. It is the whitefish of the Great Lakes, *Coregonus clupeiformis*, and was described by DeWitt Clinton as a distinct species. Later naturalists do not consider it distinct. The name of Otsego bass is a flagrant instance of the many misnomers in popular use applied to our birds, beasts and fishes.

C. P., Tecumseh, Mich.—1. In your last number Prof. Forbes gives instructions about artificial feeding of fish. Would the same treatment do for frogs? 2. Can frogs be cultivated in artificial ponds? 3. What could they be fed, and how could the creatures which feed upon them be excluded from a natural pond which has been filled with frogs? 4. Is there any place in this country, or any other, where frogs have been raised for market? Ans. 1. No. 2. No. 3. We do not believe that frogs can be raised artificially because their natural food consists largely of insects. 4. No. Every year some newspaper prints an account of a frog farm, but on investigation we have always found it to be untrue. We have repeatedly said this, but the imagination of the reporter creates a frog farm every season, and keeps us busy in a fruitless search for the man who owns it.

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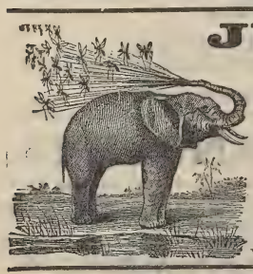
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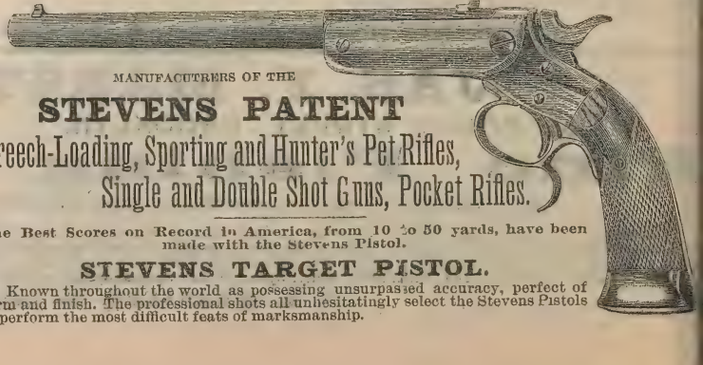
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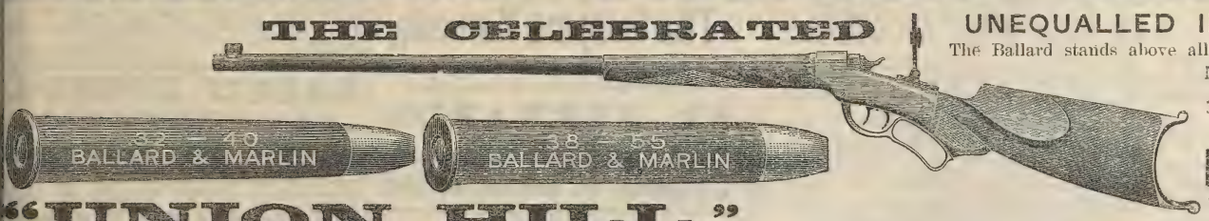
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FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 6, 1888.

VOL. XXXI.—No. 7. No. 318 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications on the subject to which its pages are devoted are respectfully invited. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No name will be published except with writer's consent. The Editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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May begin at any time. Subscription price, $4 per year; $2 for six months; to a club of three annual subscribers, three copies for $10; five copies for $16. Remit by express money-order, registered letter, money-order, or draft, payable to the Forest and Stream Publishing Company. The paper may be obtained of newsdealers throughout the United States, Canadas and Great Britain. For sale by Davies & Co., No. 1 Finch Lane, Cornhill, London. General subscription agents for Great Britain, Messrs. Davies & Co., and Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston, Searles and Rivington, 188 Fleet street, London, Eng. Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris, France, sole Paris agent for sales and subscriptions. Foreign subscription price, $5 per year; $2.50 for six months.

Address all communications,

Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

No. 318 BROADWAY. NEW YORK CITY.

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THE WAY OF THE TRANSGRESSOR IS HARD.

AT Lake Placid, in the Adirondacks, last Wednesday, Aug. 29, Assistant United States District Attorney Daniel O'Connell, of this city, shot and seriously wounded his guide, John Shea. It happened thus: O'Connell and Shea had been out partridge shooting, and on the way back Shea was putting up a target, when O'Connell, having just loaded his gun with a charge of bird shot, accidentally pulled the trigger; the gun went off, and the charge striking Shea in the side, would have proved fatal had not a part of the shot been diverted and warded off by a watch in the guide's pocket. In like manner a goodly share of the sympathy which Mr. O'Connell might expect to receive over this tragic ending of his holiday is diverted from him by the circumstance that in taking Shea out to shoot partridges he was breaking the law of the land; and that if he, a lawyer and an Assistant United States District Attorney, had not been violating the law of the land the guide would not have been so cruelly wounded in body, nor he himself caused to suffer so keenly in spirit.

The New York lawyer is not the only person who, having armed himself with a shotgun to kill game unlawfully, has inflicted grievous woe on humankind. There was a notable instance of a similarly instructive character in this line last June. It was literally a deed of darkness; but by reason of the prominence of at least one of the participants it deserves to be made light.

Those sportsmen who may have visited Tim Pond when it was under the management of Mr. Kennedy Smith know that the proprietor never winked at offenses against the game law. His rule was that he was conducting a camp for gentlemen; and no one who was not gentleman enough to observe the law was tolerated there. Mr. Smith was succeeded by Mr. Julian K. Viles. Unfortunately for himself, as the event proved, Mr. Viles does not share Mr. Smith's sentiment about observing the law.

Four miles from Tim Pond is Barnard Pond. This is a famous deer resort. One night about the last of June, two young fellows named Scribner and Myers went to this pond to jack deer. Unknown to them, three others, Will Douglass, a guide, landlord Viles and one Walker, repaired to the same pond on the same night for the same purpose. There was but a single boat on the pond; Scribner and Myers were in this with their jacklight. Viles, Douglass and Walker, coming to the pond and seeing by the jacklight that the others were looking for deer, determined to take their chances to secure a shot. They secreted themselves in the bushes and waited. One of them having dropped something, they turned up their light dimly and began searching. The two hunters in the boat saw this light flash through the interstices of the brush; and taking it for the reflection of a deer's eye, Scribner blazed away with his gun loaded with buckshot, and Myers was about to follow suit with his Winchester rifle, when the affrighted Walker shouted in terror. And none too soon, for, as it was, all three of the men on shore had been wounded already; Walker had one buckshot through his arm, Viles three in back and hip, and Douglass was wounded yet more severely in the breast. At last accounts all the victims were doing well.

If Mr. Viles has not come to the conclusion that the proprietor of a sportsmen's resort can be engaged in better business than jacking deer out of season, he has at least learned that when different gangs go out to jack in June they will do well to have some understanding about it, so that one party may not fire into the other, through stupidly mistaking them for deer, when they are only common poachers; or if they must shoot, let them shoot to hit if it's a deer, and miss if it's a poacher.

THE ZOOLOGICAL PARK.

A VERY large number of our readers will learn with sincere regret that there seems to be no prospect that the bill establishing a National Zoölogical Park at Washington will become a law at this session of Congress. The cry of one political party that there will be no surplus this year is met by the determination of the other political party to pass no appropriation bills which can be held over until next year. The House conferees have declined to agree to the passage of the bill, and it will probably not be acted on. Next year, however, we hope that the Park may be established.

It is not always true that a matter of great scientific importance is also one which interests the public as well, but the project to establish at Washington a National Zoölogical Park, is equally popular among scientific men and among people who are entirely indifferent about scientific matters. There should be in Congress a large number of men with sufficient breadth of intelligence to realize the importance of carrying through this measure, and the sooner it becomes a law the better.

Until this bill is passed the collection of living animals now on exhibition in the Smithsonian grounds at Washington must suffer for lack of money to properly care for them, and many opportunities for securing rare specimens of our native fauna must necessarily be lost because there are no funds with which to pay for them. We may be sure, however, that the authorities who have the matter in charge will make the most of the scanty means at their command, trusting that before long Congress will see the importance of providing more liberally for this interesting collection.

TAKING THE BULL BY THE HORNS.

LAST week we explained the failure of the Commissioners of Fisheries of New York to appoint a chief game and fish protector. The reason given was that they would not toady to the political behests of the Governor by appointing a man who would be useful to him; and on the other hand they hesitated to appoint a protector on his merits who would be unacceptable to the Governor, for in that case the Governor might ask for their resignations. Our comments on this condition of affairs have been widely copied and have evidently attracted much attention. The press has recognized the fact that the FOREST AND STREAM has no political bias in the matter, and our expressed opinion that the game protective system of the State should be absolutely free from any smirch of politics has of necessity been indorsed.

The Commissioners have now taken the bull by the horns. Last Tuesday, at a meeting in this city, they appointed Mr. Fred P. Drew, of Washington Mills, chief game and fish protector. There is no politics in this appointment. The Commissioners have chosen the candidate whom they consider the best qualified to perform the duties of the office irrespective of his political affiliations. They have appointed him to do the work prescribed and the character of his service will be measured by its efficiency in game and fish protection, not by its usefulness to politicians.

The Commissioners adopted the following resolution and acted on it in making their choice:

Resolved, That in the designation of a chief game and fish protector this board will take into consideration only the practical merits of the candidates, and that as between those who have had no experience as protectors and those whose qualifications have been tested by such experience, preference should be given to the latter, other considerations being equal.

The office of a chief game and fish protector is exacting. The appointee has had much experience as a protector in the Eleventh District. His practical training there and the knowledge he has acquired of the devious ways of offenders against the laws as well as of shifty public officials will be of service to him in the wider field to which he has been called. Next week we will print the report which Protector Drew sent to the Commissioners giving his work in 1887. The office of the protector will be in Albany.

SNAP SHOTS.

THE death of Sir John Rose, the eminent Canadian banker and statesman, adds another to the list of those who have been overcome by excitement in the hunting field. The cable reports that one day last week, as Sir John was about to shoot at a stag in a deer forest in Carthness, Scotland, he dropped dead. Last September Lord Lovat died in a like manner on a grouse moor near Inverness. Although it is not explicitly so stated, it is probably true that Sir John's death was caused by derangement of the heart, due to the excitement of the moment, or what is known as "buck fever."

By the death of "Crowley," the chimpanzee at the Central Park, whose pranks have for several years amused the children of this city and greatly interested their elders, a severe loss is inflicted on the Central Park collection. Under less careful and conscientious management than that of Dr. Conklin it is doubtful if the chimpanzee would have survived so long as he did. Kitty, the younger chimpanzee, who survives, will not soon be able to fill the place in the children's hearts left vacant by the death of poor "Mr. Crowley."

What morbid trait of human nature is it which so often prompts friendless and poverty-stricken men and women to befriend a horde of poverty-stricken dogs? William Smalley, an eccentric old pauper, was removed to an Ohio infirmary last week, and the officials found in his home no less than thirteen dogs which the old man had collected and was caring for. This is only one of numerous instances which are constantly coming to public notice of misanthropic individuals who have foresworn human society for that of curs.

At the Lake George canoe meet prizes were offered for a proposed competition of campers. The plan was for competitors to go into camp, cook supper, arrange and remain in camp for the night, and cook breakfast in the morning. Those doing these things most acceptably were to be declared the winners. The project did not succeed. Camping is not a pastime to be made the subject of competition, in spirit and essence it is something that cannot be reconciled with mug-hunting.

One of the FOREST AND STREAM'S readers, who is a skilled field shot, owns a pointer who has been brought up in the the way he should go. The dog knows when Sunday comes, and he refuses to hunt on that day. He will put in his best efforts from early Monday morning till late Saturday night, but not a step will he budge toward the field on Sunday. This is not a dog story; but the facts are actually as stated.

When one comes upon the heading "A Quail-Breeding Farm," in a newspaper, he expects to find under it something more than the announcement that a man in New Jersey has had ten out of sixteen quail eggs hatched out. The tug of war is to come; to hatch out the birds is simple enough; to rear them is quite another matter.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Addresss all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

THE SINGING MOUSE.—II.

BY E. HOUGH.

THE Singing Mouse came out and sat on my knee. It fixed its little red eye on me, and lifted up its tiny paws so thin I could see the firelight through them. And it sang. . . . Like the voice of some night-wandering bird of melody, hid miles high in the upper realms of darkness, came faint sweet notes to me. And then, if you can think it, out of the deep air above, out of the wide air around, came dropping and drifting small links of silken steel, gentle and strong, of some sort I know not of. And so I listened and I saw.

* * * * * * * * *

There were low, round rolling hills, crowned and covered with thick growth of hazel brush and stubby oaks. Between these hills ran long strips of green, strung on tiny threads of silver. And as these threads thickened and braided themselves together, the cottonwoods halted in their march, the box-alders, and maples, and water-elms, and walnuts, and such big trees, swept grandly in with waving banners, and wound on and on in their long procession, even down to the two blue distant hills set at the edge of the world, unpassed guardians of a land of dreams. Ah me! Ah me! I look back at those two blue hills now, and the land of dreams lies beyond them, on the other side, back there, where I can't get again; back there, up along that murmuring, crystal mystery of the little stream I knew when I was young. . . .

Oh, little river, little river, but I am coming back to you! I'm coming back to push away the swinging boughs and the long grass, and look into your face again. I'm coming back to dabble my bare feet again, and scoop up my straw hat full and watch the water run out in tiny streams. I'm coming back to stand again, bare and white and trembling, on the bank, wondering if I can swim across the "big hole" to the other side. And—say! little river, I'm going to cut the pole at the old place up on the hill, and I'm going to hurry on down, running the last quarter of a mile in sheer expectation, but tying on the line all the time; and I'm going to pull a handful of worms out of that same old pocket; and I'm going to cast my float on that same swinging, thimpling, gentle eddy, and let it swim in under that bank, and—No! Can it be? Have I again in my hands that strange and wonderful creature, the gift of the little stream? Is this its form, utterly lovable? Is this its coat, wrought of cloth of gold and silver? Are these diamonds its eyes? . . . . Oh, little river, little river, I'd give all I've got, and more than I'll ever have, if you'd just give me back that little shiner to keep by me all the time. I've hunted him, believe me. I've hunted him hard and faithful in many a place, but he isn't there—he is isn't there any more, I tell you. . . . But this is he! This, in my hands here, is my first, my grand, glorious, iridescent, radiant prize! He has cleft long dark waters and come back to me! Well, well, well. I didn't expect this. Well, well.

And now out of the gray hazy hazels of the past, steps a form and comes down to the bank by me, and by that light which is not now on land nor sea, on hill nor stream any more, we sit and fish together. . . . I pray, Singing Mouse, turn on that light a little stronger.

I know that form and face. Every day, grave and quiet, I saw it over the big Bible. Every meal, grave and pleasant, at the head of the table. Once, grave and stern, in hours of sore trials, but yet the lighthouse and the tower of all our hopes. Grave and kindly, on each Saturday, interceding at the right place for permission for me to go fishing. And at rare and happy times coming fishing too, and sitting, as now, on the bank beside me; with hands idle, sometimes, and blue eyes dreaming, whether of the past or future I know not. They say that youth has a melancholy of its own. Is there a melancholy that comes of watching youth? There might well be.

"Supreme foolishness—fishing away the time!" Ay, foolishness; grand and glorious foolishness! Too glorious, too supreme for you down below there, you little fellow, you pedant Wagner out of the Faust story. You can't fish—you! But let us be here, beside this strange and magic stream, myself and the form from out the hazels. For I do love thee well, my first friend. If my eyes be dry or running wet, I do love thee well.

* * * * * * * * *

In those low, round hills strange creatures dwell. Birds of brown plumage and wondrous, soul-startling burst of wing. Large gray creatures, a foot long or longer, with light tread on the leaves, and long ears which go a-peak when you whistle to them to wait till you get ready to shoot. Were ever such things seen before? Was ever a boy of such bravery before, to put copious tallow on his copper-toed boots, to shoulder a shotgun, to insist that he should carry the lunch in his game bag—a world too large for his young form—and to tramp out all day over the low, round hills, over the country, almost to the Delectable Mountains themselves? Following that same tall, striking figure with the grave and kindly face. Wondering and wondering how he loaded that gun so fast with that deft ramrod. Wondering at the superhuman skill which brought ten out of the dozen of those brown lightning balls whirling down. Rejoicing to hold up over the snow the first rabbit bowled over by that unfailing hand. Rejoicing beyond all count or measure at the first lepine murder committed by himself from a rest on a forked tree. Groaning in spirit at the great weight of that awful gun before night came. Wincing a little, mayhap, when the stiff boots were pulled off that night by the kitchen stove; but happy, oh! so happy, holding up the "one he killed all by himself."

* * * * * * * *

Now, as we walk down the banks of the magic river, tell me, am I mistaken, or is that familiar form bent a little? Is the quick eye less bright? Did it—was it, now was it a twig flew up and hit him in the face and made him miss that last mallard? There weren't many twigs out there in the grass either. And say, do we like these breechloaders as well as the old muzzleloaders? And tell me, do I imagine it, or is old Rex getting a touch of rheumatism? Don't he range as he used to? Don't he break the ice as quick and go in after the mallards? Does he keep closer at heel? Does he look up once in a while mournfully, with a dimmer eye, at an eye getting dimmer, walking there slower by a step which is not quite so fast? Does he look up? My God! Is there melancholy in a dog's eye, too?

Say, these are ghosts! I cannot endure it! O, Singing Mouse, you are cruel! In pity's name let me awake—let me awake and go to work!

Natural History.

DEATH OF "CROWLEY."

"CROWLEY," the chimpanzee, which for several years has been on exhibition at the Central Park menagerie, died Aug. 30. He was brought to this country as a tiny baby in June, 1884, by Mr. W. H. Smyth, U. S. Minister to Liberia, who purchased him in Sierra Leone, Africa, just before starting to this country. From Liverpool, "Crowley" and his owner sailed in the Cunard steamer Gallia, and the little chimpanzee was an object of great interest to all the passengers. Often when the weather was fine he would be brought on deck and receive in the most engaging manner the petting of the lady passengers. At this time he was very small, and though his body was covered with fine soft hair his face was naked and his hands nearly so. He was very gentle and affectionate and enjoyed receiving attention. Oranges were his delight, and on receiving one, he would quickly tear off the rind and throw it on deck, and after eating the pulp as quickly as possible, would look around as if expecting another one to be offered to him. If none was forthcoming he would get down on deck, pick up each piece of rejected peel and look it over with the utmost care to see if any bits of pulp still adhered to it. In appearance and actions he is reported to have been very like a negro baby of two or three years old. At this time he was said by Mr. Smyth to be about nine months old. When the Gallia reached New York, Remus, as he was called by Mr. Smyth, was turned over to Superintendent Conklin, of the Central Park, and was given in charge of Jake Smith, a keeper who thereafter, up to the time of his death, had the exclusive care of him.

Each winter since he came to New York "Crowley" has had a severe attack of pneumonia, and it has only been by the utmost care and devotion on the part of his keepers that his life has been saved. The attack of last winter left him much weakened, and it was evident that these continued attacks had not been without their effect on his vital organs. Recently he has had attacks of chills and fever, and his liver has been out of order. About two weeks ago he was again attacked by pneumonia, and at length after much suffering died at 11:40 A.M. on Friday last.

Some time before his death when in fairly good condition "Crowley" stood 4ft. 9in. high and weighed 104lbs. His strength was very great, and it is thought that so far as physical power goes, he would have been more than a match for any ordinary man.

An autopsy was held on Saturday last which showed the chimpanzee to have been a physical wreck. His left lung adhered to his side, the right lung and the pleura were congested, the liver was filled with tubercles and his heart was badly diseased. The immediate cause of death was congestion of the lungs.

The skeleton and skin of the chimpanzee will be mounted for the American Museum of Natural History.

THE PILEATED WOODPECKER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

My attention was attracted to-day while sitting in my office, which is situated on the bank of Sunflower River, in the Mississippi bottom, by the notes of the pileated woodpecker, on a tree in my back yard. By the aid of a glass I perceived that the bird was eating the immature berries that cluster on the Virginia creeper with which the tree is abundantly robed.

There are two points in natural history here exhibited that appear to me to be worth attention. First, the pileated woodpecker, according to Audubon, inhabits the hill country exclusively, while its congener, the ivory-bill, is a denizen of the Mississippi bottom, and this is in accordance with my own long observation of these birds. But this place is in the heart of the delta, thirty or forty miles from the nearest hills. The other point is, the fact of its eating berries, whereas I had supposed both species to be purely insectivorous. I have seen them tearing to pieces dead trees and stumps, sending down fragments two or three times their own size, in search of grubs and larvæ.

These birds are the largest of our woodpeckers, being about the size of a teal duck. The two species are very much alike, being not readily distinguished at a little distance except by their respective notes, which are very dissimilar. The pileated variety, inhabitant of the hills, is a very noisy fellow uttering a quick succession of "quack-quacks" which sound very much like boisterous laughter. This he does while flying from tree to tree, or while hopping up and down a tree trunk, hammering at the dead bark and looking for "a lead." When he has found his mine he works energetically to develop his "claim" without uttering a word, but makes his presence manifest by the loud hammering and throwing down the large chunks of "dead wood," which he has on the worms. He is a cheerful and loquacious fellow, and when off duty appears to enjoy a noisy "confab" with his companions. His cousin, the ivory-bill, is a silent bird, who finds congeniality in the dark and sombre recesses of the cypress brake. He rarely ever utters a note, except when calling his mate, which he does by emitting a plaintive note at short intervals, which sounds like the expression *"puit, puit,"* with the French accent. He probably learned this from the creoles in lower Louisiana, in which locality he is most abundant.

My recollections of childhood days have pleasant reminiscences of the pileated woodpecker. I have in mind a time when, being about eight years old, I went forth into the woods early one morning, armed with a long single-barreled gun, which my prudent father placed in my hands saying that it was too long to admit of my shooting myself, he having required that I should go alone, so that I could not shoot any one else. I was so much enamored of the woods that I wandered far, and did not return to the parental roof until 9 o'clock at night. I was much abashed to find my mother lamenting my loss in bitter tears, and I was afraid I should never be permitted to go hunting again. But a diversion was created in my favor when, after the excitement in the family circle subsided somewhat, they began to question me about the day's adventures, and especially as to what I did to appease the gnawings of hunger. I told them I had killed two big woodpeckers, and finding a log burning in the woods had cooked one and eaten it. The other was in my bag, and I produced it. It was of the pileated variety.

"You didn't have any bread or salt?" one of the children asked. "No, I ate it without bread or salt." "How did you clean it?" "I picked it, and cleaned it with a horse-shoe nail I have to pick out hickory nuts with, and washed it in a branch. Then I put it on the fire and cooked it." "Was it good?" "Yes, it was first-class."

I do not suppose that I would now relish a woodpecker as I would a teal duck or a fat woodcock, but I certainly enjoyed that impromptu dinner of my own killing on my first adventurous hunt. COAHOMA.

OF SERPENTS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As it is now the season when we see and hear snake stories of a more or less sensational character, I feel inclined to relate my observations concerning these creatures, and to say a few words in their defense. Having made surveying a specialty, for nearly half a century surveyed in every county in the State, and in more than fifty towns, besides spending two years in other States, in which I traversed many towns, I think I have had rare opportunities for making snakes a study. I know of nothing else which has life that is the subject of so much misconception, misrepresentation and downright falsehood.

In the earliest history of our race the serpent got a bad name, but I cannot conceive how the Satanic power of that original serpent can have been transmitted to all the little innocent snakes known in New England at the present time. I have heard statements in regard to them that I could not believe, and so expressed myself when the relator would say, "then you believe I lie!" or he might say that a reliable person, who would not lie, was an eye witness to it. My reply would be, "I do not necessarily believe they lie, but simply say they are mistaken." I have heard witnesses, perfectly reliable for truth, under oath, testify to facts which they saw, which by the natural laws of the universe could not be true. They were mistaken, but believed what they said.

The commonly entertained and expressed opinions about serpents are such that I expect criticism, and I welcome it.

The utter horror produced in almost every one at the sight of a snake I conceive to be the result of education. From my earliest recollection, when going into a bush pasture for the cows or for berries, my good mother would caution me to "look out for snakes," or "don't let the snakes catch you;" and during those early years I heard awful stories about snakes, which created a fear of them from which I have suffered much, and I suppose that has been the experience of the average New England boy. Now I earnestly protest against that kind of education, as it proves an element of great discomfort to children in after life. Snakes are perfectly harmless (excepting the venomous species) and as timid as birds, and children should be taught so; and they should no more be allowed to be cruel to a snake than to a frog or a turtle. When young I heard the maxim, "If you kill the first snake you see, it is a sign you conquer your enemies." And also, "Break the first brake and kill the first snake, and it will insure good luck for the year." Unnecessary cruelty to anything that has life should be censured. A century and a half ago Jenyns wrote, "I know no right we have to shoot a bear on an inaccessible island of ice, or an eagle on the mountain's top, whose lives cannot injure nor deaths procure us benefit. We are unable to give life and therefore ought not wantonly to take it away from the meanest insect without sufficient reason. They all receive it from the same benevolent hand as ourselves, and have therefore an equal right to enjoy it." Fifty years later Wm. Cowper wrote:

> "I would not enter on my list of friends
> (Though grac'd with polish'd manner and firm sense,
> Yet wanting sensibility) the man
> Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.
> An inadvertent step may crush the snail
> That crawls at evening in the public path;
> But he that has humanity forewarned
> Will tread aside and let the reptile live.
>
> * * * * * * *
>
> The meanest things that are
> Are free to live and enjoy that life,
> As God was free to form them at the first,
> Who in his sovereign wisdom made them all."

It is now to me a pitiful sight to see a man turn aside to pursue a little innocent snake, as harmless as a fly and not half so annoying, as though some dire calamity was to be averted by his success in destroying it. Although I must confess to having done the same thing and practiced much cruelty toward them, it was simply the result of education; and now, since I have thoroughly made their acquaintance, I feel disposed in some small measure to atone for my past indiscretions. In youth I was taught to regard toads with disgust, no less than the snake, but not with the same peculiar dread. I was told that to handle them would cause my hands to be covered with warts, etc. I have since known people who were fond of playing with them, and I now call to mind a lady of culture and refinement who would catch a toad and pet it, tell it what pretty eyes it had, call it one of God's beautiful, beautiful creatures, and lay it against her face as a child would a pet bird. Toads and snakes are equally harmless, but neither of them have any attraction for me; still I can be merciful toward them.

In the fall of 1873, having seen published something of that foolish old story of snakes swallowing their young for protection, I left a short article at the office of the Hartford *Times*, stating in substance that some species of snakes lay eggs, and many people suppose they all do; whereas with some the young are matured in the mother's body; and when persons not informed in this regard have captured a snake, and found its body to contain young ones, the presumption with them was that the mother

has swallowed them for protection, which they never do. That article called out the following, which appeared in the Hartford *Times* of Oct. 18, 1873:

"NEW YORK CITY, Oct. 16, 1873.—Your correspondent is wrong. Snakes do swallow their young for safety. If you please I will give you a true story of a snake that I and my brother Warren Marshall were eye witnesses to. We were living at the old place in Windsor, formerly known as Pigeon Hill. My brother and two apprentices were returning from mowing bushes. They heard a strange noise which attracted their attention to the pines, and they saw a copperhead and many small snakes running down her throat. He secured the snake and brought it home. I saw them coming, and at first thought it an eel, as they had crossed the brook running from our mill pond. He dropped the snake from the point of his scythe in the yard, and little snakes over an eighth of a yard in length commenced running and hissing out of her mouth all around us, until we counted twenty-five. Our family all saw them. It was long ago, but the occurrence is as clear to my mind as if it was but yesterday. Yours very truly, EMILY M. WOLCOTT."

Let us analyze Miss Wolcott's "true story" a little. She does not pretend that she saw the mother swallow them. It is the instinct of any snake with which I am acquainted to hide as quickly as possible, and twenty-five of them from four to six inches long would disappear in the grass in an instant, while it would require some time for them all to seek shelter in their mother's mouth, while she in the meantime is waiting to be captured with all her progeny. That does not look like instinct. Besides if they went there for safety, why did they come out? I do not doubt that a snake was captured with young in her body, and that the young, after escaping, could crawl and run out their tongues; but further than this, Miss Wolcott's "true story" is all nonsense. I cannot learn from the oldest inhabitant that a copperhead snake was ever seen in Windsor. They are usually found in rocky places, and I have never seen them except in traprock districts. I do not know of a locality where water snakes live in greater abundance than in the valley of Mill Brook in Windsor. I have seen them there, and many times have I crossed the bottom lands, where the boys captured the snake, crossed Mill Brook on a pole and ascended the bluff to the table land, where the old Marshall mansion now stands, and where snakes from five or six inches long hissed. It was doubtless a water snake, the young of which had matured in the mother, but had not yet been born. Miss W. says they commenced running out of her mouth. Perhaps the snake was so ruptured internally as to make it possible for them to escape at her mouth; but as she was carried up to the house on a scythe, it is more than probable that they escaped from a wound in her body.

As to the boys seeing them enter their mother's mouth, that is only hearsay, but their presence evidently led them to believe they had done so. Miss W. says it was a copperhead; perhaps it was; they too are viviparous, and the facts would remain the same.

I do not believe they heard those twenty-five snakes hiss any more than I believe they saw them enter their mother's mouth. I think I have seen more than a thousand snakes, and I am not aware that I ever heard one hiss. The "American Cyclopedia" says: "The hissing attributed to serpents is of faint character, produced by the slow escape of air through the mouth or nostrils during expiration, and only exceptionally would make a noise noticeable by an indifferent observer." If large serpents are but exceptionally heard to hiss, what must have been the display of those 5 to 6in. long, and no larger than a goose quill. One author says: "It has been said that they receive their young into their mouths for protection, but the anatomy of the snake seems to forbid this conclusion. The stomach is little more than a prolongation of the œsophagus, and the intestines are very short."

THE WATER SNAKE OR WATER ADDER (*Tripedonotus sepedon*).

In 1831, while passing along near a swamp, in one of the last days in August, in company with a brother, we saw the hinder part of a snake of monstrous size drawn into an old stone wall. We took down the wall and secured it without wounding it. We threw it out upon the ground. It was a water snake, about 4ft. long, and it must have been at least 9in. in circumference. It tried to crawl, but it was so heavy that it moved but slowly. Its head and neck were no larger than that of other snakes of that length. At about one-fourth of its length from the head, and just below the vital organs, the body began to assume enormous proportions. We severed the snake at that point, and then pressed upon the body and forced out of it fifty-four young snakes; they were five or six inches in length, and some of them would crawl, run out their tongues and act like little reptiles, as they were. I have on two other occasions witnessed the like. I have thought it singular that the habit of the water snake's breeding was not more generally known. But my observation has been that when in young, being unable to move rapidly, they seek a place to lie in the sun where they can quickly conceal themselves when disturbed. There were weeds and brakes by the side of this wall, and where the snake had lain they were matted as though a hen had nested there. I had previously been told that snakes swallowed their young for protection, and had captured a striped one that had young in her and supposed she had swallowed them; but the examination of the water snake convinced me that they had never been born.

About the 1st of Sept., 1882, I saw a paragraph in the paper saying that Mr. Wm. H. Cutler of Danielsville, Conn., had killed a water snake and found thirty-seven young ones in its body. I wrote him asking for particulars, he says in reply that he "found the snake in the rear of his barn where he had never seen one of that species before. It had been seen by some boys several days previous. When he discovered it, it was coiled up on the top of some old hay surrounded with water. As he approached near enough to see what it was she went into the water. A while after he saw her on the hay again and he got a gun and shot her. She was 3ft. 8in. long, and large around the body, and had the appearance of being full of something. Opened her and found her full of young snakes from 6 to 8in. long; counted thirty-seven. When first taken out they appeared dumpish but soon began to move around. One of my neighbors says, that years ago he saw a striped snake killed that had fifty young contained in her. I should like to know if there are snakes that breed in that way? I know that some snakes lay eggs."

Mr. James L. Rowley of Bloomfield tells me that he once captured one, and found her body to contain sixty-six young.

N. STARKWEATHER.

HARTFORD, Conn.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MANATEES EXHIBITED IN NEW YORK.

CAPT. J. W. ZELLER, commander and owner of the schooner Manatee, of Titusville, Fla., has arrived in this city with three manatees, and female and two males, which he captured in the Indian River, Florida, or one of its tributaries, in June last. Two of them were brought to this city under contract, and the third having been captured the same trip, was brought along to fill the bill. For the moment, however, they remain on their captor's hands, and he has stored them in South street, foot of Fulton street, where they are now exhibited to a curious public, the captain being willing to make affidavit and depose that, to the best of his knowledge and belief, these are the real "sirens" or mermaids, who have lured so many a sentimental sailor to his doom.

The manatee is a very interesting animal, belonging, as most of our readers know, to the family of the Sirenians or sea cows, aquatic mammalia frequenting rivers or shallow seas, in which they find suitable vegetation. They are entirely vegetarian in their habit and capable of subsisting on perhaps as wide a range of food plants as cows are. In its native state its food consists of river plants, especially of one known as manatee grass, which reaches the surface of the water and then trails, forming in places quite dense thickets, in which the manatees hide and feed. At times they betake themselves to the mouths of rivers and feed on plants growing in brackish or salt water.

There was a manatee in the Central Park some years ago, which subsisted mainly on canna grass alternated with a seaweed, *Fucus vesiculosus*, obtained in the East River. Others have shown a partiality for cabbage, celery tops, spinach, kale, baked apples, lettuce, watercress, carrots, etc., but at times they become very fastidious. Dr. Murie had one in the Zoological Gardens, London, which tried all that was offered him, and then settled down to watercress and lettuce, but growing at length tired of watercress, just when lettuce was scarce and dear, he became rather an expensive boarder, his daily rations costing ten shillings or two dollars and a half, but he had apparently reached the conclusion that life without lettuce was not worth living.

They are very timid animals in their wild state, which is only a natural consequence of their being so much hunted, but they are gentle, confiding, and perhaps, even capable of attachment under domestication. The flesh is very highly esteemed, the skin and oil are valuable products, and the manatee's protection would add much to the natural wealth of Florida, as all the rivers of that peninsula east and west are its proper habitat, but, like its kindred, the sea cows of Behring's Straits, it appears to be doomed to extinction at the hand of man.

These animals ordinarily come to the surface every two or three minutes to breathe, and six or seven minutes appear to be the limit of time they can remain under water without being suffocated. They do not put much of their nose out of water, which is probably due to their timidity and their liability to attack. They never go ashore, being quite unfitted for land travel. The young are born in the water, after a period of gestation which is supposed to be eleven months.

Several of these animals have been taken alive, and as high prices are paid for them, there is some inducement to undertake their capture. Captain Zeller has been some time in the trade; his schooner, the Manatee, is properly equipped for the purpose, and he follows the chase with the same ardor as the Greenlander follows the whale, but not with the same destructive tendencies. His prime object is to save the game alive, and to guard it from injuring itself in its struggles to escape.

His principal appliance is a rope net 300yds. long; and provided with this, a couple of boats, and a capable crew, he drifts around until he sees some floating grass or other indication of the presence of manatees in the neighborhood; the boats are then lowered away and the net run out, one end being attached to each boat. As soon as the boats are in position the schooner shakes out her sails and cruises about with the object of driving the game into the net. This being accomplished, the boats' crews come in for their share of the performances. They overhaul the net until they come up to the animal, which invariably sinks to the bottom as soon as it finds itself entangled in the meshes, and would certainly be killed unless they succeed in getting its head above water within six or seven minutes. But the manatee, having taken in a fresh supply of air, makes desperate efforts for liberty, and with its powerful paddle blade of a tail with a superficees of two to three square feet is capable of a severe struggle as long as it has fighting breath in it, and as the boatmen have to take measures to secure it the needful supply of air, the battle is ordinarily prolonged to about half an hour, when the captive gives in exhausted, and submits to have the slings passed around it. It is then lifted aboard the schooner by the fore and aft halliards, and lowered down into the tank ready to receive it. Captain Zeller allows little superfluous space in his tanks, which are made about 9ft. long, 30in. wide and 15in deep, and fit the animal as comfortably as a tailor-made suit. The captain says that he has found by experience "that the closer they fit the tank the better they ship, and the less they worry or struggle."

The three now on exhibition in New York were taken in June last; they have traveled in their tanks from Florida, first by rail from Titusville to Fernandina, two days, during which there was no water in the tanks, the comfort, or at least the necessities of the animals, having been secured by covering them with wet sacks. On Aug. 9 they were shipped by the Mallory line of steamers to New York, where they arrived in good health on the 14th. On this trip they were supplied with salt water, but declined to feed in it, which is the more remarkable in that manatees in captivity have shown themselves partial to more than one variety of seaweed, which appears pretty conclusive evidence of their feeding in salt water in their natural state. However, Captain Zeller's refused food when aboard, and commenced to feed freely when on arrival in New York they were supplied with fresh water.

The capture of these animals is exciting enough, and not wholly unattended with danger; the manatee, urged by his powerful propeller, glides through the water like lightning, and if, in the course of wagging its tail, a small boat should happen to be in the way, the occupants might think they had been struck by a torpedo. Twice has Captain Zeller been knocked out and his boat upset by a manatee's tail, and considerable weight naturally attaches to his opinion as to the amount of reserve force in the implement in question.

The female is still in her traveling tank, but a tank of 10ft. square has been constructed for the two males, and there they lie as philosophically and calmly chewing the cud of their reflections and of strange vegetables as though, to use the worthy captain's expression, "they had been born in a tank, and knew very well that a careless flap of their tail might let out all the water."

At times they lie so still that incredulous visitors insist on having them stirred up to afford evidence of their vitality, and the captain, who plays the part of showman, has to exhibit the animals in motion. They have no external ears, but their sense of hearing is acute enough, and the female will occasionally lift up her nose when her keeper addresses her in terms of endearment, which he invariably does in deference to her sex, and in the firm conviction that she is the veritable mermaid of history and tradition, although not so charming in person as she is gentle in disposition. Captain Zeller tells us that they never feed with their noses out of the water.

The skin is very thick and tough, and at some seasons of the year presents a very rough, almost black surface, which in time scales away, leaving the animal with a soft, clean integument. Captain Zeller's female is in the former state, but the two males appear to have thrown off last year's epidermis.

HERONS AS PETS.—Dr. W. Van Fleet, who is the author of a volume entitled "Some Native Birds," shortly to be issued from this office, tells these incidents in the September *American Magazine:* "My herons, Tom and Peggy, were plucky in the extreme, and though peaceable enough when not imposed upon, resented fiercely any domineering from the barnyard inhabitants. Their combined forces were always more than sufficient to route the enemy. Once only we witnessed an instance of their partial discomfiture. Tom had accepted the challenge of a bullying young rooster, and at the first pass was placed *hors de combat*, with a spur through his throat. Before the cock had time to sound his clarion of victory, Peggy, with a savage cry, came flying through the air, and alighting full on his back, by a fierce stroke of her spear-like bill, deprived him of an eye. So energetically did she follow up her advantage that most energetic interference was required to save the fowl from complete destruction. Tom's wound was so severe that a considerable portion of his internal anatomy was exposed; nevertheless he recovered rapidly. A contraction of the gullet followed, which often caused him great astonishment by refusing to pass such large articles as formerly. Occasionally he would attempt to swallow a dried sunfish or other spiny object, which, sticking fast, could neither be cast up nor down. A little water, with some careful manipulations, always relieved him from his unpleasant predicament; but to the last, experience did not render him wiser on this point. Their exceeding tameness exposed them to great danger when they chanced to wander from their adopted home; and their fate, at last, was that of being stoned to death."

Game Bag and Gun.

Antelope and Deer of America. By J. D. Caton. Price $2.50. Wing and Glass Ball Shooting with the Rifle. By W. C. Bliss. Price 50 cents. Rifle, Rod and Gun in California. By T. S. Van Dyke. Price $1.50. Shore Birds. Price 50 cents. Woodcraft. By "Nessmuk." Price $1. Trajectories of Hunting Rifles. Price 50 cents. The Still-Hunter. By T. S. Van Dyke. Price $2.

GROUSE ABOUT BOSTON.

BOSTON, Mass., Sept. 4.—The early shooters have been out. Saturday was the first day of September, and those of the gunners who have observed the law either tried the brush with dog and gun, or wished that they had the time to try. Again Monday was Labor Day in Massachusetts, and a legal holiday, and this gave some of the more busy sportsmen a chance at the early birds. It is not a pleasant thing to do to mention only small bags generally. Somehow the birds do not seem to be plenty in this part of the country, or at least within easy distance of Boston. There is a dark suspicion that the farmers' boys have been breaking the law, and that they have killed the birds in such season this year that no city shootist can get them. Remarkably wild birds found on the first day of September, birds as shy of the dog as they usually are in November, indicate that they have seen the dogs early, while here and there patches of feathers show that somebody has been there with the dogs. To be plain about it, the law against grouse shooting in Massachusetts previous to September first is not observed worth one cent by the local gunners. Indeed it is pretty well understood by these gunners, in some parts of the State, that they stand a much better chance at the birds if they begin early, and there is something of a silent agreement among them that they shall not inform against each other. The gunner from outside would be quickly complained of for breaking the law, but the local gunners are a law unto themselves. The Massachusetts Fish and Game Commission may be doing its full duty, but at the very best there is next to nothing being done for the protection of game birds in the State. I am aware that this is a sweeping assertion, but where is the instance of any enforcement of the law?

Indeed the same is true of the lobster law. Short lobsters are plenty in the markets. The dealers handle such lobsters as the fishermen bring, and no questions are asked. The beach houses have used lobsters indiscriminately this year. Since Deputy Commissioner F. R. Shattuck resigned, some three months since, nothing has been done toward enforcing the law in this section, though there have been a few short lobster prosecutions in the vicinity of Lynn and Beverly; but even these were spasmodic and of short duration. Massachusetts raises some money for the protection of fish and game. Where does it go?

SPECIAL.

NEW YORK GAME PROTECTORS.—At a meeting of the Commissioners of Fisheries, last Tuesday, Robert Brown, of Port Richmond, and J. W. Pond, of Malone, were appointed game protectors. Frederick P. Drew, of Washington Mills, Oneida county, was appointed chief game protector.

THE WOODCHUCK CREEK COUNTRY.

II.—SOLID.

THE wind had continued to increase in vio'ence, and gradually chopped around to the southwest; there was a perceptible falling of the temperature and other indications that the weather was undergoing a decided change. Just as a particularly savage gust of wind struck the castle the door opened and the General entered, and, as might be supposed, was a tolerably "demmed damp, moist, unpleasant body," but his form was adorned by such trophies as drew all attention from himself and concentrated the gaze from four pair of astonished optics upon two specimens of *Meleagris gallapavo*, magnificent as ever fell to the lot of a sportsman.

Tied together at the neck were suspended from the General's left shoulder a pair of gigantic gobblers, and despite the wet and bedraggled state of their plumage, they were unmistakably beauties. Striding across the room with a pardonable pride the General cast his burden upon the floor near the fireplace, and placed his gun in the corner. Then, looking around with sweet content, he said:

"That pays better than sitting around a blazing fire and telling yarns about impossible achievements, or playing poker with a ten-cent ante and a dollar limit. What do you think of that, my lords of leisure and laziness?"

Then replied the Doctor:

"'The honor is overpaid
When he that did the act is commentator.'

"Neverthe ess, my boy, thou hast done marvellously well for a rainy day, and much thanks thou hast for the prospect therein given us of a most worthy and noble Thanksgiving dinner."

"'Nay, an thou'l't mouth,
I'll rant as well as thou,'"

rejoined the General, "but I can't do it on an empty stomach; let's have some dinner, and while we eat I'll give you some account of how the birds were brought to bag. Ah, but what a day—what a day! I have been so unfortunate as to strike some bad weather before now, but the like of this I have never been called upon to face."

Aaron had finished his work in the kitchen and was now laying the table with a snowy cloth and the plain dinner service, and in due time we were doing ample justice to the meal which our accomplished cook had provided. If there was anything that Aaron excelled in, it was roasting a saddle of venison, and a worthy example of his art in this line now appealed to our senses, well larded, and "done to a turn." The currant jelly was not lacking either, nor were the toothsome yellow danvers nor the browned potatoes. The maxim that "actions are more eloquent than words" had never a more satisfied believer than the sable Aaron. He grinned some fearful grins as he beheld the onslaught. But the engagement was not so fierce but there was time and leisure for the narrative of the General.

"To tell the honest truth, lads, I was secretly repentant more than once within the space of an hour after leaving this most comfortable and inviting shelter, to say nothing of

* * * 'this worshipful society
That fits the mounting spirit like myself,'

and all that sort of thing; but having started with the determination of doing something out of the 'general run,' I would not for any consideration give in to any such weak inclination—and it wasn't so weak either—to return to the Castle. So Don and I tramped along through the beating rain—which seemed to increase in ferocity every moment. Yes, it was a mighty juicy tramp, but I had an objective point, all the same. I had marked well the spot where a flock of turkeys were observed feeding down along the wooded bottoms of the creek the first day we came. I had no idea what effect the rain would have upon the probabilities of a shot at them, but I reasoned that they would lie pretty close under cover like sensible birds.

"On this hypothesis I laid out my route straight to the creek. Don seemed to regard the rain as a necessary evil, and worked apparently as well as on a dry day. I sent him out as soon as we struck cover, and once only did he flush a bird (a partridge that I did not want) for which he seemed duly repentant and came to heel immediately. I did not let him out further than a couple of rods, and called him back quickly, as I fancied I heard the soft cluck of a hen turkey. Stopping short and listening attentively, I concluded I had been mistaken, and then started forward cautiously. Don evidently had scented game near at hand, for his actions were very significant.

"Fifteen minutes afterward the sounds formerly noted were heard again, this time unmistakably, and I made up my mind that there was game in the immediate vicinity. We stole along noiselessly, eye and ear alert, for a dozen rods, when, to our left, and plainly in sight, I saw the head of a cock just above the trunk of a fallen hickory. Of course I concluded that this bird was not alone, and that if two were to be bagged by a double shot a little caution was necessary. I stole along from the shelter of one tree to another, until I dared not risk getting closer; stepping upon a dry twig it snapped like a pistol, and up alongside the first came two more heads, wildly seeking the cause of the sound which broke the stillness of their haunts. I did not delay longer, but with a rather hurried aim touched off old 'Wellington,' and one of the heads disappeared. Two magnificent cocks and three hens immediately started up and started at a terrific speed straight out and in front of me, when I covered the largest and checked his unseemly flight. Quickly throwing in fresh cartridges I started, hoping to get one more if possible, but the birds were too fleet for me, and I was forced to be content with the two already slain. Upon taking them up I found them, as you see, elegant birds, and as to weight, I discovered before getting into camp that it was no insignificant matter."

"Well, what about the other shots we heard—there were two more?" put in Sisyphus.

"I had no sooner got the birds together preparatory to a return than I heard a crash in the underbrush off to my right, and turning suddenly I caught sight of two deer just vanishing in the distance. I concluded to reconnoiter for a crack at that grade of game, at the same time removing the cartridges and substituting a couple loaded with buckshot. Don and I made a slight detour to the left, struck the creek, and followed the bank up stream for half a mile. Just at the bend, where we brought down that elegant buck last year, I saw a movement in the hazel brush, and before I could realize the fact that there was something alive there out pranced a fine doe, and sped with the velocity of the wind into the forest. I blazed away with first right and then left, but I don't suppose I ra'sed a hair on the beauty; at any rate, she didn't stop to inform me."

"If it should freeze within a day or two, and a light fall of snow follow, I think we will have some sport here with big game," remarked the Doctor between his sips of coffee.

Aaron appearing at that moment, provided the weather probabilities: "You're mort'ly sartain to git it before to-morrow night, an' you kin jist 'pend on dat. Nebber know'd to fail."

"Never knew what to fail, Old Wisdom?"

"How long we ben comin' here—a'ways to dis here, to dis 'ere Cassil—'bout five year' ain't it? Wall, I have always took notis that when de wind chops 'round to de sou'wes' any whar, twixt 'leven o'clock in de mornin' and one in de arternoon, and comes whistlin' down dat ar chimny wid a 'culiar kind o' tune like I hearn to-day, it onvariable follers dat cole we'der goin' to shet in suddint and mighty sharp, widin twelve hours, and don't you eber forgit dat."

"Aaron, do you feel like putting up a week's wages on that prediction?"

"Yes, or a month's, but I should hate, dreadful, to take any o' your money when I got a dead sure thing."

"All right, we'll see what we shall see."

There certainly were unmistakable symptoms of colder weather, and this with Aaron's prognostications were hailed with delight. Dinner over, cigars were lighted and we proposed to put in a share of the afternoon at whist. In opening the door of the little locker and cabinet which contained various accessories of daily life, the Doctor knocked down a very finely mounted English snipe, and when he had restored it to its place, he stood looking at it with a very amused expression, which finally ended in one of his roaring laughs.

"I have had for some time vague fears that the Doctor's mind was failing," gravely remarked Sisyphus, "and such demonstrations as this confirm them. What there is hilarious or particularly mirth-provoking about knocking down with inconceivable awkwardness a stuffed snipe and then picking it up and putting it back in its place is more than a well-balanced mind can conceive."

The Doctor continued to laugh heartily and ignore the intimation of his friend as he brought out the cards and we surrounded the green baize table.

"The fact is, boys, I never see a snipe in any condition—broiled for the table or stuffed for preservation—without being reminded of a most excellent joke that was perpetrated at the expense of our old friend Commodore P. You remember him, all of you, the genial, gentlemanly and popular commodore of the palatial line of steamers that once (1854-5, I think) plied between Monroe, Mich., the then eastern terminus of the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Railroad, and Buffalo. That was before the Canadian roads were built. The boats were indeed floating palaces, and the trip from Monroe to Buffalo was a most agreeable change from the hot dusty cars to the passenger from the West, and *vice versa*. The Commodore was a courtly gentleman, a good sailor, a competent commander and a jolly *bon vivant* withal, which naturally rendered him a favorite with the whole traveling public as well as with those who knew him better. He told a good story and relished a good joke as keenly as any man living.

"The Commodore's weakness was snipe, and among his acquaintances he numbered many sportsmen, who kindly remembered this fact, and from the marshes around Monroe, in the season, the Commodore's table was liberally supplied. There were professional 'sportsmen' also who drove an occasional bargain with the lover of good things. During a certain season snipe were unaccountably scarce, but, thanks to the skill and undeviating fidelity of one of these 'sportsmen,' the Commodore's supply never failed nor diminished. The only difference was that 'in order to save time and trouble to the stewart,' the birds were now always delivered plucked and dressed before being offered for sale.

"Matters went along smoothly for some time, when one day the Commodore invited a friend to dine with him, and snipe naturally was a prominent dish, and a greater delicacy than common on account of the scarcity of the game. The guest was posted on snipe, both living and cooked, was not only a thorough sportsman but an epicure as well. He marvelled at the abundance of the temporarily scarce bird, but was assured by the smiling and exultant host that his supply had not failed, though others had great difficulty in getting even an occasional bird. The guest looked closely at the bird on his plate, turned it over, cut and tasted it. Laying down his knife and fork, he looked the Commodore solemnly in the face.

"'Captain P.,' said he, 'do you buy these birds with the feathers on?'

"'No, indeed,' was the reply, 'I get them already plucked and dressed, which seems to suit the cook much better.'

"'Then let me advise you to return to the old way and get feathers, too—thus avoiding snipe in mourning attire—and the consequent blackbird flavor.'

"The story leaked out among a few of the intimate friends of the Commodore, and many was the bottle of fiz that were required to keep silence. The Commodore, it is needless to add, bought his snipe with plumage on thereafter.

"Yes, I remember the old captain very, very well; he was a natural-born steamboat man; made everything delightful for everybody, and as kind-hearted a man as ever lived. I remember he always wore a fine cambric ruffled shirt front and a navy blue suit. He was very portly, and yet as light as a feather. It was a treat to see him dance; he skimmed along as gracefully as a girl."

The afternoon was not half gone when snow succeeded rain, and the air was soon filled with the flying flakes. The wind had gone down and so had the mercury, much to Aaron's evident gratification, for it was freezing hard, and to our own as well, for we were fully reconciled to the thought of waking the following morning and finding—

"* * * the billowy hills
Swath'd in the snowy robe that winter throws
So kindly over Nature; skeleton trees
Fringed with rich silver draping, and stream
Dumb in its frosty chains."

KEUKA.

A DEER HUNT ON RED CHUTE.

BY appointment several of the Knox Point Gun Club were to meet me at sunrise on Flat River, a mile from Atkins's store, to take a deer drive. We were to drive between Red Chute and Flat River, and also Swan Lake, as far down as High Island. In due time Mr. Andrew Moss, James Atkins, James Joyner and Robert Hutchinson came to Flat River Bridge, and John Graham, James Hutchinson and his younger brother, not members of the club, joined us. Mr. Andrew Moss had his three hounds, Mr. James Hutchinson had two, and I had two, which, with one of Mr. John Graham's, gave us a pack of eight fine deer hounds.

My two old hounds, Buck and Stonewall, a very highly prized present from my friend Mr. Ruff Perry, of Marshall, Texas, were the best dogs I ever owned. They would not open on any track but a fox, wildcat or deer. Old Buck had one-fourth bloodhound in him. He was undoubtedly the largest and finest looking hound I ever saw. Unfortunately he died during my absence at the grand fair of Shreveport the middle of last November; about a month after this hunt.

The first drive we made we failed to get up a deer. In the second drive I took the stand where I killed a beautiful little buck a week before. We had two sets of drivers. Mr. Andrew Moss and Graham drove on Flat River with his hounds and mine. Mr. James Hutchinson drove by the side of a long cypress brake. A path leads along the north side of this brake, on which the standers were placed. Should they fail to kill the deer it would cross Swan Lake, then dry, and go to the hills, and were the dogs to follow them for some time, would very often run to Lake Bisteneau and cross to the hills of Bienville parish.

Mr. Hutchinson started several deer that ran back up Flat River and finally crossed Swan Lake near Red Chute, where it empties into the lake. He followed his dogs, and finally got a shot at a young deer, which he shot dead. By the way, Mr. Hutchinson is one of the best shots for deer and ducks in Red River bottom. It is a very rare thing for him to miss. He is a Jehu in riding, and it is not often a deer can escape without he gets a shot at it. I have had some very pleasant hunts with him this fall, which I intend to describe at an early day.

Mr. Andrew Moss, the prince of deer hunters on the east side of Red River, jumped two large bucks, which ran below on Flat River, and finally crossed Swan Lake at the Ripples. Mr. Poole and his little son were standing there, but failed to see the bucks as they passed through the stand. Mr. Poole, the father-in-law of Mr. Andrew Moss, had been to Knox Point that morning, and learning that the party had gone deer driving, hurried back to his house, some six miles, got his little boy, who always accompanies him, and galloped some five miles to the Ripples, where he knew the deer would certainly cross some time during the day. The Ripples is a remarkable formation for the bottom of a long lake, which is not less than ten miles long by a mile wide on high water. Thick thorn bushes extend for a quarter of a mile on the south side, and there a deep bayou, called Alligator Bayou, runs parallel with the channel of the lake. North of this bayou is an island densely covered with thorn bushes, which comes to a good steep bank on its north side. Along this runs a narrow slough, about 200yds. long and 50yds. wide. Across this slough is a narrow willow island of the same length; it is not 20yds. wide. At the east extremity of this slough is a big deer lick when the lake is dry. Cattle from the hills and bottom come there to lick. They have tramped it so much, that after a rain the water stands on part of it and makes a good watering place for stock. Deer go there every night to lick and to drink in the summer and fall. Below the lick is a wide extent of open ground for several miles long, now without water on it, and covered with goose grass. Above Willow Island is another wide expanse of grassy land, two miles long. At the head of this island is a narrow belt of hard clayey rock filled in with thick beds of musselshells. Here the deer can ford at any stage of low water, where they would mire at other grounds. It is this favorite crossing to and from the hills, which begin about a quarter of a mile from the Ripples, but a strip of thick thorn bushes lies after they pass the head of the island, between that and the hills.

Mr. Poole and his son both took this position. He had waited so long without hearing the hounds, that he left his stand and went to another position below the lick, and there kindled a fire, to eat his lunch and smoke. While doing so, the big buck passed by both their stands without their seeing them. When they heard the hounds coming they ran back, and had the mortification to see the hounds run the tracks of the immense deer not 20yds. from them. Mr. Moss was close behind his hounds, and when he came to Mr. Poole, his three blasts of his horn at intervals brought up both standers and drivers. Here we ate our lunch. Nothing had been killed up to this time, except the one deer by Mr. James Hutchinson.

Lunch over, we all rode down by the Alligator Bayou to drive a famous drive known as the Bear Island drive. Many a bear and wildcat had been killed by Mr. Poole on this island before and since the war. Now there is not a bear within forty miles of it. Last fall a freedman killed near the head of the lake a small two-year old bear, the first killed in the bottom for several years. No hunter in this whole section of country has been so successful in killing bear, deer and cats as Mr. Poole. On this same island he has killed as many as three bear and five deer in one day, just previous to the war.

Bear Island is formed by Alligator Bayou on the west side, Flat River on the south, and Swan Lake on the north and east. It contains several thousands of acres of land. When the lake is up there is not much of it but what is covered with water. There is a pond on it that never goes dry. Around this pond the bushes are very thick, and it is a favorite place for deer to lie. When started by hounds they either cross Alligator Bayou and pass out by the Riffles, or cross the open space of Swan Lake, now a grassy bed, to the hills. They never cross Flat River at this point, as Mr. Poole has a big deadening and clearing on the opposite side.

Going down Alligator Bayou, the scene was enlivened by a fusilade of guns. Mr. James Atkins, the best shot of the Gun Club, and who had shot but three times in his life at deer, bagging at each shot, was in advance. A mallard drake, that summered here, ran out of the bayou and flew by him; he shot at missed, and so did four more of the crowd. Five shots had been fired. We were

riding single file; young Mr. Hutchinson was ahead of myself. If he missed it would be my turn, but I did not get the opportunity. His shot, the tenth fired, cut it down. This is the first time I have met with a mallard that spent the summer in this latitude. It must have been wounded in the spring flight, and was unable to go on with its mates. I now regret I did not pick it to discover some scars of its having been previously shot.

The standers were placed, and Messrs. Moss and Hutchinson with Mr. Graham went down to the lower extremity of the island to drive. They were gone an hour when I heard a shot about 200yds. below me on the Argus Bayou. It was made by Mr Poole. His little boy, Robert, stood about 50yds. from my stand. In a short time I heard the cry of the hounds, and then one shot seemingly about a mile away. Half an hour elapsed and I heard the full cry of all the pack. They ran within about 300yds. of my stand and passed out by Mr. Joyner. In a few minutes I heard the horns of the drivers blowing back the dogs and then the three blasts summoning up the standers. Mr. Poole came up to me and reported shooting at a flock of turkeys, too far to reasonably expect to kill. We rode on to the drivers and there saw a very large buck strapped behind Mr. Moss's saddle. "Who killed it?" I asked. "I did," said Mr. Moss; and I will let him tell the tale. Said he, "We struck a number of trails too cold to let the dogs follow them, but when we passed the pond old Buck seemed to warm up on one that led to Flat River, and I rode as fast as possible behind him. The trail led to the river, where the deer had been to water, and after it left the river my dogs opened freely. I was satisfied the deer had been to water since noon, and that if I could keep up with the dogs I would get a shot as it would jump from its bed. Mr. Hutchinson had driven on the other side of the pond, and hearing my dogs opening, he was galloping with his pack to my assistance, and was in sight as I saw a large tree that had been blown down. It struck me that the deer was lying there. I urged my horse to full speed, and as the hounds got within a few yards of the tree I saw the buck spring up. Without stopping my horse I fired, and had the satisfaction to see him stagger and then plunge to the ground. In a moment old Buck had him by the throat, and Hutchinson's hounds coming up, we had a fearful fight with him before I could cut his throat."

"What became of the deer that the dogs ran by Joyner?" I asked of Andrew.

"Oh, Jim said no deer passed by him, and that it had run out before he got to his stand."

"Where did you strike the track?" I asked.

He replied, "A short distance from where I killed the buck."

"Now, Jim," I said, "just own up. It was a buck, the mate to the one that Andrew killed, and it ran out by you. Either you was asleep or it frightened you so that you were too scared to shoot. Tell the truth, for I would swear on a pack of Bibles a mile high that the deer passed your stand after the drivers placed you there. Old Buck never passed a deer track in his life, if it had gone along not over twenty-four hours before."

"Did he strike as you placed Jim at the stand?" I asked of Andrew.

"No," he replied.

"Did your dogs open there?" I asked of Mr. Hutchinson.

"No," was the answer. "I heard every dog in full cry as they passed by me, and I know that deer ran by Jim after Andrew killed his buck."

"Come, own up, Jim," all said, and he confessed he was asleep and did not wake until the deer was too far to shoot. It actually ran within twenty yards of him.

We dressed the deer there and divided. It was the largest and fattest one killed this season. I went to Andrew Moss to spend the night, and I know I never ate so sweet a piece of venison as prepared under the inspection of his charming wife, who often accompanies her husband and enjoys the sport as much as he does.

A week after this hunt I accompanied Mr. Moss, Mr. Poole and his son, and Mr. John Graham, to drive this same Bear Island.

Mr. Poole stood at the head of the island, at the stand Mr. Atkins took on the former hunt, and not far from where Joyner stood; I went to my old stand and little Robert stood near me. The hounds struck a running trail just opposite me. At that moment, not over 150yds., I counted thirty large turkeys running across the bayou, and in a moment I heard two guns, and then a third one, at the interval of a minute, from the point where Mr. Poole stood. Then the dogs passed beyond and ran to the hills. For one hour I could hear old Buck's deep voice over all the roar of the pack. Finally he seemed to be coming back. I rode on with little Robert in the direction he was coming. He came to Alligator Bayou, and Mr. John Graham just behind him. As the deer had crossed, I stopped the hound, and waited for John to come up.

"What luck?"

"None," he replied, "I followed old Buck. He was running the deer Mr. Poole shot at. He ran it to Lake Bistereau, then back through Sibley's fields, over fences ten rails high, and though Mr. Poole said it was badly wounded I have seen no blood, and I don't think he touched it, as no wounded deer could have run so long as this one with old Buck right behind him."

"What became of the other dogs?"

"Andrew followed them to Burr Ridge. I hear his horn. Let us blow for him and Mr. Poole."

In a short time both came to us.

"Tell us what you shot at," I asked Mr. Poole.

"The dogs jumped the deer not far from my stand. I saw three coming straight to me. When they got within 50yds. the largest stopped broadside on and I fired at him, and then got a quartering shot as he dashed back. The dogs met him and he turned back, and I got a shot at him standing about the same distance, and if I could have got the second shell in my gun I could have shot the fourth time. One of the deer was a fawn. I am certain I must have wounded him badly."

"I guess not," said Andrew, "for John and I could find no blood, and the dogs must have run that deer at least fifteen miles. You were looking at the deer and not your gun."

"He was a third larger than the one you killed. Plague these breechloaders. I can't kill a deer with them. If I had shot my old bear muzzleloader I would have killed that buck then and there the first shot. I am going to have it repaired, and I will show you youngsters how to kill deer."

With this sage conclusion he lighted his pipe, and we separated to return to our respective homes. The next week he sent his old bear slayer, over 4ft. long in the barrel, to a gunsmith, had it shortened to 40in. and put in good order, and I have received a message from him "to come down and he would show me how to kill deer." I accompanied John Graham as far as Flat River Bridge; he went to his home at King Point, and I to mine some three miles above. Mr. Graham is a good shot, knows the woods well, and always drives for me when he is not engaged.

Ere long I shall go to Mr. Poole's to take that lesson from him in deer slaying (remember, dear reader, I have killed over two thousand in my life), and if all things are favorable I may write it up in the near future.

KNOX POINT, La. G. A. D.

THE CONNECTICUT ASSOCIATION.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of Aug. 30, some one who signs himself "One of the Farmers" says: "I see that Mr. A. C. Collins and a few selected gentlemen are trying to combine the interests of farmers and city sportsmen." Now for the facts relating to the "few selected gentlemen." The informal meeting Aug. 10 was generally noticed by the press throughout the State.

Monday, Aug. 13, I, personally, mailed to sixty-five daily and weekly papers throughout the State a circular letter, which contained a notice of the meeting of Aug. 10, and an invitation in the following words: "It is earnestly desired that all gentlemen interested in the protection of game and fish be present at the next meeting [Aug. 7]. All are invited." This nails "One of the Farmers" on his assertion, "Mr. A. C. Collins and a few selected gentlemen."

I give a portion of our by-laws which reads as follows:

The corporate management and business affairs of the Connecticut Association of Farmers and Sportsmen for the protection of game and fish shall be under and according to the following by-laws, rules and regulations:

ARTICLE 1. The office of this Association shall be at the city of Hartford, Hartford county, Conn.

ART. 2. The officers of this Association shall be a president, vice-president, secretary and treasurer, and a board of directors, to be composed of eight directors and the president. There may be such executive or other committee as the Association may see fit to appoint.

The eight directors have not been appointed, but it is the intention of the association to have one director in each county in the State. Article 9 defines the directors' duties.

ART. 9. The board of directors or their authorized committee, may offer a reward not exceeding fifty dollars at any one time for information leading to the detection and successful prosecution of violations of the game and fish laws and appoint such agents, servants or detectives as may seem necessary or expedient in better carrying out the objects of the association, in enforcing the game or fish laws. They may also define and limit the powers and duties of such agents, servants or detectives, within the scope and object of the association and fix their compensation.

Read carefully the following article of our by-laws:

ART. 8. The dues which shall constitute membership shall be the sum of one dollar from each member for each year, and is payable to the secretary at the annual meeting and shall be for the year then ensuing. Each one dollar paid by any person shall be deemed a membership for the current year; and each membership shall be entitled to one vote at annual or special meeting. Any person may hold one or more memberships. Any farmer in the State can have one membership free and is entitled to a vote on the same.

"One of the Farmers" says: "I (he) am not overburdened with this world's goods." I presume he can raise a two-cent stamp and send his name to our secretary, Mr. Allen Willey (editor of the *Globe*), Hartford, Conn., and become a member free and have a vote (see by-laws, article 8).

Here is the "very foolish game law" that your Westchester (Conn.) correspondent refers to:

SEC. 2546. No person shall at any time kill any woodcock, ruffed grouse, or quail, for the purpose of conveying the same beyond the limits of this State; or shall transport or have in possession with intent to procure the transportation beyond said limits, any of such birds killed within this State.

The reception by any person within this State of any such bird or birds for shipment to a point without the State, shall be *prima facie* evidence that the said bird or birds were killed within this State, for the purpose of carrying the same beyond its limits.

SEC. 2547. Any person violating any of the provisions of the preceding section shall be fined not less than seven nor more than fifty dollars.

A very wise law in my opinion.

Your correspondent if he chooses can prevent "city sportsmen from many cities outside this State" carrying "large strings of our game out of the State." All the talk of "it is not a fair deal" is for effect. Your correspondent says he is a shooter, how does he like this law?

SEC. 2545. Every person, not the owner or occupant under lease of the lands upon which said birds shall have been taken, nor a member of the family of such owner or occupant who shall sell or exchange, or offer or expose for sale or exchange, any partridge, quail or woodcock, which have been taken or killed by traps, snares, nets, or similar devices, shall be fined not more than ten dollars for each bird so sold, or exchanged, or offered, or exposed for sale or exchange.

I beg to submit the following clipping from the *Globe*, Nov. 20, 1887:

Fred Alger and his brothers, all of Westchester, this State, have snared and sold over 600 partridges this fall. These Algers are a tough crowd. One has served two terms in State prison and the other two have had a term each. The attention of Game Warden Collins has been called to them, and he will proceed against them as soon as testimony can be secured. Bill Wallace, a Colchester man, has also snared and sold a large number of birds this fall, and will also be prosecuted.

As Westchester, Conn., is the stamping ground of "One of the Farmers," I beg to ask him if he will allow these snarers to get their work in this season? "One of the Farmers" says he is "as much interested (perhaps more) in the protection of game as our would-be city friends." I want proof of this assertion. I am for punishing any one who violates game and fish laws, be the violator rich or poor. If your correspondent is "as much interested" as his city friends, will he allow the same parties to snare in his town as he did last season? Can "One of the Farmers" name a single citizen in his town that does not fear the snarers named in the *Globe*? I could not get a soul in Westchester to act with me last season, they were simply afraid.

I trust the majority of farmers will take a more liberal view of our association than the one who signs "One of the Farmers," and they are most cordially invited to join our association; we have a number now. Editor Willey, in referring editorially to this association, says:

It is a farmers' as well as a sportsman's association, and it is to the farmers that the city men, who are better able than the farmers to call together the land owners and sportsmen, appeal for a hearty support and coöperation. We know from a number of years' residence in the county, how unwilling farmers are to call their neighbors to account for unlawful game killing and deeds which they themselves condemn, yet they are unwilling to stir up enmity with neighbors, although they deprecate such illegal acts. It is possible, however, by the selection of fearless game wardens, who have no local interests at stake, to carry out the game laws thoroughly, and thus protect the farmers and game, so that in a very few years game will be very plenty. We feel certain that this new State Game and Fish Association will do much good, and it is sincerely hoped that all farmers will coöperate with the city men in this most commendable association.

A meeting of the association is called Sept. 7 (Friday) at Hon. Geo. P. McLean's office, Hartford, Conn., at 4 P. M., for the election of a vice-president and eight directors, one from each county in the State. We extend a cordial and earnest invitation to all farmers and sportsmen in the State to lend their aid. Let the State be well represented.

I invite your Connecticut readers to understand that this is no close corporation, and that it is one that is organized for business. ABBOTT C. COLLINS,

President Connecticut Association of Farmers and Sportsmen for the Protection of Game and Fish.

HARTFORD, Conn., Aug. 31.

A FAWN SCRAPE.

A PART of my boyhood was spent in Virginia, or what is now West Virginia. There were then, as now, large tracts of land lying among the cultivated farms, the title to which was so imperfect that they had never been improved; and others owned by non-residents who were holding them until they should become more valuable. Some of these sections were thousands of acres in extent, and there were others equally as large adjoining; and thus the improved lands were mountain lands lying further back. In these wooded sections there was plenty of game. The people who lived there were so used to having it within reach that they did not take much trouble to hunt it, except once in a while a party would be made up, who would go some distance and camp out for a hunting trip. I remember seeing them return with the sled loaded with venison, with a bear or two, frozen stiff, and standing up to look as if they were alive.

Near one of the towns where we lived, lived a farmer, whose land joined one of these wild tracts. He had several half-tamed deer, which he kept in a lot surrounded by a very high fence. From this inclosure there was a lane leading out to the woods beyond, and the deer would go out in the morning and generally return in the evening. Wild deer would often come with them as far as the top of the hill overlooking the farm, and stand there while the tame ones came down. I used to stand by the fence and look at the beautiful creatures when they were in the inclosure, but never ventured inside the fence, as it was not safe. In the spring I learned that there was a fawn in the flock, and was very anxious to see it. So I went out one day to get a sight of it. But it was nowhere about. I looked all around, but could not see any of the deer. I knew it was hidden awaiting the mother's return, and concluded that it would be a good opportunity to get hold of it while the mother was not there to defend it. I crawled through between the rails and began searching. It took me a long time, but at last I saw the little spotted beauty lying beside a log, fast asleep. I looked at it until I concluded that I wanted to get it in my hands.

Slipping up on the other side of the log I threw myself over on top of it. I knew enough about deer to know that it would not be healthy for me in that lot as soon as it began to cry. Gathering it in my arms, with its back against me and my arms around its belly, while it kicked and howled, I made a break for the fence. My load was so heavy and struggled so, that I could not run fast; and before I had gotten more than half way I heard something that made me stop and face the music. I was in for it, for there were the doe and a buck within a few feet of me, and they did not seem pleased at the attention I was paying to that member of their family. The buck made for me, but I turned the fawn toward him and backed toward the fence. It was evident by the way he pranced about that he wanted to interview me on some interesting theme, but I was busy, and did not want to be interrupted just then. It seemed a long time before I felt the rails against my back; and even then I was not out of the scrape. The little reprobate that I was holding so lovingly had been kicking and wriggling so that he would get his sharp hoofs in contact with my clothes, and then I would hear something rip and knew that not only the cloth was being damaged, but that he was skinning me alive. I could not let him go because his loving parent hovered near, waiting for his turn to finish the skinning business. I watched my opportunity, and when the irate father had gone a little further away than usual, I flung the little wriggler from me, and made a jump for the fence. I reached it safely, but not a minute too soon, as the horns of the kind parent, in his attempt to help me over the fence, just failed to reach the part of my anatomy aimed at. When safely over, I looked back at him, and he seemed to feel disappointed. He stood by the fence stamping and snorting and looking altogether so unpleasant that I imagined he would try to climb the fence; so I went in the opposite direction as fast as I could, and have never since had any desire to handle any such creature as one which carries a butcher knife on each foot. HOMERUS.

CLEVELAND, O.

DEER CRUSTERS.—Lowville, N. Y., Aug. 31.—Truman Burnham and two sons, George and Frederick, of Watson, who were arrested on complaint of Game Protector George Moyer, of this village, charged with crusting deer last March, in the Independence River country, had their trial yesterday and to-day before Justice A. Perry Harrington and a jury. The jury rendered a verdict of guilty against Truman and Frederick Burnham, but the evidence did not warrant a verdict against the other son George Burnham, and he was therefore discharged. Truman and Frederick Burnham were given the privilege of paying $50 each or serving fifty days in jail. Being unable to pay the fine they were committed. District Attorney Ryel appeared for the people and Jas. D. Smith for the accused. An appeal may be brought.

TOURISTS seeking rest and recreation during the hot summer months can obtain valuable information from the illustrated guide books entitled "A Summer Jaunt" and "Summer of 1888," issued by the Wisconsin Central Line. These books are descriptive of the summer resorts in Wisconsin and Minnesota, reached by the Wisconsin Central Line, and will be sent free to any address upon application to JAMES BARKER, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Milwaukee, Wis.—*Adv.*

FEW RAIL AS YET.—The season for rail shooting which opens late in August or the first of September in different States, has so far been an utter failure in the various localities which have been heard from up to this writing. In the lower part of New Jersey the birds are said to be rather abundant, but along the Hackensack River, which has always been a favorite ground for rail shooters, there seem to be no birds at all. On the Housatonic meadows in Connecticut, there are but few birds; not enough in fact to make it worth while to go out. The birds shot at present are those raised on the grounds where they are found, for there are no indications as yet that any flight has taken place, and none is likely to occur until the next moon. A reason which is advanced for the total absence of the rail from the Hackensack meadows is given in the *Evening Post* as follows: "A few years ago the sea broke through and flooded a section of land on the coast of southern New Jersey. The following year this newly flooded region was found to be alive with rail. Parties from Philadelphia, who discovered it, have made in the last few years bags of several hundred birds at one tide. It is thought that the rail which used to feed on the Hackensack have been attracted to this new ground. If so it will probably be long before there will be a rail year in northern New Jersey." Before long we hope to have reports from other rail grounds. More recent reports from the Housatonic meadows indicate that a flight of birds has come on and that there is some shooting. A correspondent writes as follows: "MILFORD, Conn., Sept. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Flight rail are quite numerous in this vicinity. On Saturday my wife and self went up to the cove and I got thirty-five. Mrs. G. bagging eight. To-day with an unfavorable tide I got twenty-eight. The birds are in excellent condition, being large and fat. I have seen no snipe, nor have I heard of any, though the meadows have been well hunted. The weather to-day is quite cool and we hope for a flight of birds to-night.—M. G."

THE FLIGHT OF THE WILD GOOSE.—The Sacramento, Cal., *Record-Union* of Aug. 7 reported: "At an early hour yesterday morning those who were abroad were greeted with the 'honk' of wild geese, showing that these annual visitors from the far north are already putting in an appearance in this section. This is the earliest, by two weeks, that these fowls have arrived here in their migration toward the south for twelve years past, according to the reporter's data. It is possible that some straggling bands have arrived earlier, as not a few of the wild fowl breed about the lakes and marshes in southern Oregon, and they are apt to arrive a little in advance of their Arctic brethern. However, as none of them take the trouble to register on their arrival, it is impossible to say whether they hail from the North Pole or the Oregon Lakes. The first locality visited by wild geese in this vicinity is Fisherman's Lake, some eight miles north of the city. A few flocks show up there each season earlier than elsewhere, and it is believed that they are piloted directly thither by old geese who had wintered there the proceeding season. The last of the wild geese to leave this section last spring took their departure as late as the 1st of May. It will thus be seen that these fowls tarry with us nearly, if not quite, nine months of the year. A greater compliment to 'the glorious climate' of the Sacramento Valley could not be paid, as these fellows are experienced travelers and good judges of climate. Following are the dates of arrival of the wild geese for the past twelve years: 1887, Sept. 14; 1886, Sept. 12; 1885, Sept. 13; 1884, Sept. 2; 1883, Sept. 12; 1882, Sept. 12; 1881, Sept. 3; 1880, Sept. 17; 1879, Aug. 30; 1878. Sept. 6; 1877, Aug. 31; 1876, Aug. 14."

ONTARIO.—Millbrook, Ont.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Permit me to correct an error which recently appeared in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM, which if not corrected might occasion considerable trouble and inconvenience to American sportsmen contemplating a deer hunt in Ontario this coming season. Under the heading "Ontario Game Law" the open season for deer is from the 15th of October to the 15th of December, both dates inclusive, which should be from 15th of October to the 20th of November, both dates included. The taking or killing of moose, elk, caribou or reindeer is entirely prohibited until the 15th day of October, A. D. 1895.—GEO. SOOTHERAN.

DEER HUNTING ETHICS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The Utica, N. Y., *Herald* of Aug. 28 contained a letter headed "A Clergyman's Vacation," describing the experiences of a party in the North Woods. It contained these paragraphs:

"We take an early row on the lake and a visit to the buoy, which we have permission to use. Will this answer for luck and for a breakfast? One salmon trout that weighed 3lbs., one 4lbs., one 6lbs., that is our catch, brought up from a depth of 45ft., with meat icy cold. It was indeed gilt edged in color and flavor, as it came soon upon our table. While these fish lasted, well kept in our ice house, we feasted; but the truth must be told, we have caught not another one in these ten days since. Have we then gone hungry? But we brought well filled packs. Moreover, we are in the woods as well as near the lake. We have not only rods, but guns, and why should any one suffer hunger in this land? Morover, lawful days have come. The sun of Aug. 15 rose none too early to find two of our party dressing a buck that would weigh 200lbs., who went down where he stood looking in wonder at a bright light seen over the water. His head will be mounted as a trophy. His flesh has given us daily feasts, boiled, roasted, and in other shape. One such specimen of game ought to be enough for our party. But who can refuse fortune when she holds forth her prize before your eyes?

"We were all at the landing, and two were just stepping into the boat to try the buoy, when one said, 'See, what's that in the lake? It is not a loon. Is it not the head of a deer?" It was more than half a mile away, but we thought it worth while to know. The boat sped on its way as fast as oars and paddle and our utmost strength could send it, and not in vain. There was the deer. It was a question, indeed, whether we could get between her and the shore. It was done. Then came a contest over many paths, to and fro, for we had neither gun nor club. But there were two against one, and we had an oar and a knife, and we towed the doe to our shore, and were greeted with cheers by those who had looked on with excitement hardly less than our own. We shall carry home jerked venison. Speckled trout have also furnished delicacies fit for a queen. We got them with rod and fly as we waded down the outlet, now knee deep, now waist deep."

Having been over the same "happy hunting ground" thirty years ago and many times since, I read the "Clergyman's Vacation" with great interest, but was sorry to find the cause of the statement. "We were greeted with cheers." Allow me to ask what this sportsman had done that he—or they, for there were "two against one"—should be greeted with cheers? They had, without fear or trembling, or even the slightest touch of "buck fever," rowed up to a timid deer, and with "knife and oar," for they had no "gun or club," killed it. And this deer a doe, which undoubtedly had beautiful spotted fawns on the mountain side, under the protecting pines and spruce, waiting for the maternal support to return. Call you this worthy of cheers, or an exploit to be published abroad? It is simply murdering the innocents on their own stamping ground. This style of sporting is equal to that of a skillful hunter and angler from Ithaca, who in the presence of my party some years since, ordered the stalwart guide, much to his disgust, to fasten a buoy hook to the deer's tail and allow it to swim off some yards, when the aforesaid hunter and crack shot hurled from a double-barreled shotgun quite a hundred buckshot into the struggling, helpless creature, mercilessly deprived of every chance for escape by the cruel hook, which held it to the boat side.

If you wish to secure your deer during the running season, do it as the writer has seen it done—yes, as he himself has done it repeatedly. If the fleet animal is in the water, place your boat beside it, if you can, and if you find you have "cut off" a doe, allow it to escape to the mountains, and by so doing help in the best possible manner to protect the venison. If you have rowed down a buck, drive him to the shore, and when his feet strike the ground and his body presents a fair target, level your rifle with its single shot and "drop him." Then you will merit the cheers of your party. If you miss him he will live to run "another day," and you will have the satisfaction of knowing that you have acted the part of an honorable hunter by giving the deer a fair chance.

A few years ago the writer landed on the beautiful beach just south of Stone Point, head of Fourth Lake, Fulton Chain. He had started to row from Gull Rock Point to Cedar Island, but "the wind was wild and the waves ran high," and his boat was carried at a lively pace to the head of the lake, and hauled on the beach. While admiring the water dashing up into the bushes off toward the inlet, he discovered a buck with fine antlers bounding through the flying waters directly toward him. It was a fine sight, and a good opportunity for an attack of buck fever, if not an attack by the buck himself. On he came with the speed of a railroad flyer, but not a Winchester, not a finger, not even an eyelash moved till the creature with a "rocking-chair on his head and a white handkerchief in his hip pocket" was about to pass, when a .44 long crashed through his brain. His last and first bound was toward the lake, and instantly he disappears beneath the dashing waves. Being sure he was my venison, with no dog nor guide to claim his hide, I calmly waited for wind and water to subside sufficiently to allow me to launch my boat and fish for my venison. In this case I felt justified in using "hook and line" to capture a deer, and was soon back on shore with the magnificent prize, my boat full of water and myself in the state described by the term "fisherman's luck."

My party, with their guides, Hess and Halliday, had witnessed the encounter from Cedar Island, where they were camping, but it was several hours before the guides could join me at the beach to assist in bringing the game to camp, for the water was too wild for their light Saranac boats. As soon as it was safe, however, they set out and were soon blown to the scene, when the deer was laid in Hess's boat, his head made fast to the stern while his hind-feet reached to the bow seat, where sat Fred ready to start, when he was asked, "What are going to do with that deer?" "Take him to camp, of course: what did you kill him for if not for that?" "No you don't," answered the soaked and hungry hunter, "I've a quit claim deed on that venison, and it is not going to the bottom of Fourth Lake even if you go with it, as you certainly will if you start in such wild waters." "Guess you're right," said Hess, "so we'll wait." We finally started in a small procession, Hess and the deer ahead, Halliday and the proud deer slayer following. We also were greeted with cheers from our party, one of whose number was the late lamented M. H. Griffith, of Utica, who, on being presented with the head, induced Halliday to deliver it by sunrise at Boonville the following morning. The antlers were in the velvet, and now grace a dining room where good cheer and hospitality are dispensed to the writer when he is fortunate enough to be found in that beautiful city. B. P. G.

BOONVILLE, Aug. 20.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

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MY boy Carl and I had put out a few decoys near the foot of a lake that emptied into the Missouri, and had stationed ourselves in the bushes near by, when in came a pair of mallards. The drake was on my side, and I "downed him" with the second barrel. The boy missed his duck. After that two small bunches of redheads came in, and I got a pair each time and the boy killed one. As fast as we got any he would wade out and set them up for decoys. He had just bought a fine Parker gun; I have a Fox that I swear by; and many a time had we discussed the relative merits of the two guns. He was out setting up the last ducks killed and feeling rather sore over the results of the shooting; so thinking it a good time to give him a dig, I said, "Carl, there are but two things you need to make you a duck shooter, the first is a Fox gun and the other is to learn how to use it." "Yes," he drawled out, without looking up, "there is one thing more—gall enough to claim every duck that is killed."

BLAIR, Neb. HEMATITE.

Sea and River Fishing.

Angling Talks. By George Dawson. Price 50 cents. Fly-Rods and Fly-Tackle. By H. P. Wells. Price $2.50. Fly-Fishing and Fly-Making for Trout. By J. H. Keene. Price $1.50. American Angler's Book. By Thad. Norris. Price $5.50.

LAKE EDWARD.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In a recent communication giving my brief experience of the fishing at this place, I stated that I should try it again as soon as I learned that those delightful little black flies had left. Well, here I am, and there are no black flies. A few nights of white frost laid them out cold, and now there is nothing to excuse profanity; any deacon of the church can come without risking his moral status.

I have been here a week and have seen more big trout caught than I ever saw in all my fishing experience; and yet it is said they are not biting so well as a month earlier; but the black flies were biting then, too. On the whole, the present condition of things is preferable.

The rumors of the splendid fishing at Lake Edward has started out a large delegation of fishermen; and every day the train lands more or less pilgrims to this piscatorial shrine. There are many amateurs, whose outfits make us old stagers smile. Some of them are the veriest dudes, in stiff shirt collars up to their ears, looking as if suspended by them; immaculate nickel-plated reels and bamboo rods; boots resplendent with Day & Martin; kid gloves, etc.

We of the regular army of old fishermen wonder how long it will require in this Scotch misty country to take the starch out of man and raiment. We lean against the door posts of our unpretentious hotel, smoking our pipes, in blue flannel shirts, canvas suits and thick boots and watch the arrivals with interest; and not unfrequently a lady alights; then you should see every man of us come to "attention," hide our pipes behind us and essay to look innocent and respectable, feeling at the moment that the despised dudes have the best of us. It is wonderful what a check upon utter recklessness of appearance the presence of a woman exercises.

There arrived a few days ago certainly one of the most beautiful young women one may see in a life time. A glorious creature, a young widow with her father, an enthusiastic fisherman. It was amusing to see every old stager rush to his room and dive into his valise in search of a stray boiled shirt and white collar, and when they appeared at dinner it was like a dress parade, and thereafter every one of us sneaked out doors to smoke our pipes, or over to the grocery store, to sit on the counter, smoke and swap fishing experiences. I refrain from saying lies, for everybody knows the truthful character of a fisherman, little George Washingtons, every one of them.

It won't do to laugh at all times at the seeming greenhorns, for some of them have put us old hands to the blush. A party of three college youngsters came in from camp last evening with more fish and larger ones than any experienced fisherman has caught this season, and one of them never caught anything beyond a sunfish in his life before. It is a lamentable fact that the fishing here requires no science. Skill is all thrown away, because it is not strictly fly-fishing. It is the paradise of the lubber, for unfortunately these trout of the wilderness are so uneducated and benighted as to prefer a chunk of chub or a mouthful of worms to the more refined artificial fly. It is amusing to see with what scorn a newly-arrived old fisherman repels the information that these deep-water fish will not bite at a fly. He smiles a supercilious smile and says, "We will see about that," implying that we stupids have not the science. Next day he goes out in a boat with a guide to row him, puts on a killing fly and begins to cast. Hour after hour as he works down the lake he whips away with an occasional rise and gets a half dozen small ones. He gets down to where he finds a boat anchored and the occupants pulling in big fellows. He looks on a few moments, sees a big fellow lifted over the side of the boat, and can't stand it any longer, science has to give way: and all prejudice put aside, off comes the fly, on goes the bait hook, the guide hands him a piece of chub, he puts it on with a wry face and says: "Well, I have come a long way to catch these fish, and if they are so blankety blank stupid as not to know what a fly means here goes for what they will take." He soon gets a strike and hauls up a two-pounder, which warms him up to his work. He comes in at evening with some fine fish. We are on the *qui vive* for him. "Oh! very good, you have done very well. Fly, probably?" He colors up, is a little embarrassed, hesitates, hates to acknowledge the corn, but finally says: "No, not all of them; some with fly." After that we hear no more about not wanting to fish where trout will not take the fly. He drops into the ranks of still-fishing, accepts the situation, goes home with a fine lot of trout, and his friends are none the wiser as to his methods. That is about the history of Lake Edward fishing.

We fish in about thirty-five feet of water, and the fish don't show much gameness, don't fight as fiercely as when caught on the surface, seem to get a little tired on the way up. They have some peculiarities not within the range of my experience with our brook trout. For instance, I hooked a medium sized fellow, got him alongside, when he dropped off and swam around near the surface. I threw my bait out again near him, which he immediately took the second time, and I hauled him in.

A gentleman at my elbow tells me that he hooked a fish, lost him with hook and snell, five minutes later he caught the same fish with the first hook in his lower jaw. What shall we say of such fish? Can we excuse such untroutlike proceedings on the score of their being unsophisticated denizens of the wilderness, deprived of the benefit of clergy and good moral example?

I don't wish to defame these trout and place them on too low a scale of morals, for I have had some fair sport with the fly during my week's sojourn, have caught some fair fish, what would rate as nice ones at home. A man can, by following the shores around in shallower water, pick up a good many fish; but they are small compared to the deep water catches with bait, and to come in with a couple of dozen small ones caught with fly and see a boat land at the same moment and the guide bring ashore an equal number weighing five times more than your catch, is rather discouraging to science and skill.

Of course this bait fishing is demoralizing. It is mortifying to the flesh. But what shall we do?

At "the discharge" as it is called, *i. e.*, outlet, in running water, fish can be taken with the fly, and in the Batiscan River, a large stream supplied by the several outlets of this and other lakes. In this river plenty of small, ordinary-sized brook trout can be caught with the fly and occasionally a good sized one; but it is rough fishing. This stream was formerly a good one, but during the process of building the railroad the hands fished it morning, noon and night; and in a measure cleaned it out. But it is gradually being replenished and will eventually be good fishing. The Canadian government has refused to lease any fishing privileges on this river, retaining it for the public.

There are undoubtedly many lakes further back in the wilderness that have never been explored, being almost inaccessible by reason of its density and the depth of moss into which one sinks to the knees, and also the steep mountains over which the explorer must laboriously climb. Some day they will undoubtedly be reached, but not for a long time, and even then it does not follow that they all contain trout. For instance, there is another large lake some twenty-five miles beyond this, on the line of the railroad, that contains no trout.

There are quite a number of camps along the shores of Lake Edward, but the weather is too unpleasant for comfortable camping. It has rained almost incessantly for the past two weeks, clearing off for a day with a white frost at night, making heavy blankets essential. Camping out has its fascinations, and occasionally some episodes not agreeable. A party of young gentlemen in camp below caught a fine lot of trout, and to preserve them nicely cached them in moss back of their tent. A couple of days since they broke camp and loaded the boat, the last thing being their trout, which they proceeded to uncover; but what was their astonishment to find nothing, not a fish. The thieving little minks had cleaned out the lot. There are occasions when the best of men are justified in using strong language, and this was one of them.

We had a little episode of our own. One of those little animals that don't rely on Lubin for his perfumery, manufacturing his own, came nosing around the camp, and being of an investigating turn of mind poked his head into our coffee pot; this being a close fit, the head would

not come out; and the way that little varmint cavorted around was a caution. He was making off with the pot, when we settled his case with the gun; but, oh! what an odoriferous camp he made of it. We went without our coffee that morning and put our pot to soak in the lake. Hereafter it will hang high.

There is a good deal of talk about the fishing at Lake St. John, about fifty miles beyond and the terminus of the Quebec & St. Johns Railroad. The lake is a large one, being about thirty miles long and twenty-five wide, and is said to abound in several varieties of fish, namely, the wall-eyed pike, dory, and a fish they call the "ouinniche," by some the landlocked salmon; but the latter term is hardly applicable, inasmuch as the lake, being the source of the Saugenay, is accessible for salmon, the falls being no serious obstacle. From the description of his habits and methods, I should infer he was a grilse preferring to remain in the extensive waters of the lake to making his way to the sea. At the outlet these fish are said to be abundant, and take the fly readily. They are also taken in the lake. As I propose to make personal investigation, I will be able to give you the result of my observations.

Lake St. John offers such temptations to the market fishermen that some Buffalo capitalists commenced an onslaught with nets and seines and had captured and cured many tons when the fish constables pounced down upon them, confiscated seines and the product and made short work of them. It is a great pity that our officers are not equally energetic and prompt in suppression of illegal fishing in our waters. The Canadians don't make as many laws as we do, but they are prompt in their execution of them and stand no nonsense.

A party of amateurs came along here a week or two since and brought some Chinese lanterns, something new to the natives, and on being asked their use said they were going to spear trout. Word was sent down to Quebec, and at midnight, while the boys were soundly sleeping, the constable pounced down upon them, much to the surprise and consternation of the fishermen. The uses of the new-fangled lights were explained, and the constables retired, having had their twenty-five mile row on a false alarm, all the result of an attempt to be funny.

We are all confined to the house to-day in consequence of a cold rain that pours down steadily, and we cluster around the big stove, some writing, some overhauling fishing tackle or reading old newspapers. We know little of what is going on in the outside world and care less. Our pretty woman has gone, and boiled shirts have disappeared. Our thickest woolens are in demand. By the way, let no one coming here omit to provide themselves with warm clothing. They will need it, and waterproofs. Camping outfits can be hired of the railroad agent and groceries obtained at the railroad store at reasonable cost, boats also and good ones, guides at $1.25 to $1.50 per day, good stout fellows who can row all day and build a camp at night. The hotel, although not pretentious, gives you a rough room quite equal to a fisherman's requirements, and good fare at a dollar a day. The people are extremely accommodating and try to make us comfortable. On the whole, there are much worse places than Lake Edward.

I am not going to tell you any big fish stories. You can get those by the cord; but I hope to show you a trout or two on my return that will suffice for your breakfast with something over for the cat. See you later.

LAKE EDWARD, Aug. 28. PODGERS.

ALONG DUNGARVAN.

WHEN the midsummer sun settles squarely down to business, and brick-walled humanity weeps at every pore, the sport-loving citizen sees visions and dreams dreams. There comes to him the sweetly mingling murmur of woods and waters, and in fancy he beholds the beauty of a winding river in the wilderness, with salmon-hunted pools aglow in sunlight in the dusk agloom, or in the darkness giving back the glory of the stars. And straightway the sport-loving citizen girds on his raiment, and his city haunts know him no more, till he returns from the river in the wilderness, flushed with victory and fly bites.

There were four of us to whom the vision recently came, in the fair city of Fredericton, N. B. A portly physician, who in prudent abstinence from his own medicine had waxed rotund in proportions; a retired captain of militia, who still burned with ardor to kill—if only a salmon; a limb of the law, who is, of course, never so happy as when he has a victim in the toils; these and myself comprised the party that boarded the Northern and Western railway train at Fredericton one fine morning, en route for the sporting grounds of the Renous and Dungarvan Salmon Club.

The Nashwark Valley unfolded to our gaze its wealth of summer loveliness in stream and intervale, sloping meadow and grove and wooded heights, as we whirled swiftly through and on to Boiestown. Boiestown is a pleasant inland village, situated at a point where the Taxis mingles its waters with those of the southwest Miramichi. Here a well equipped team was in waiting, and a brisk drive of nine miles brought us to the spot where Holt's pleasant farmhouse, set in a beautiful garden amid encircling fields, invites the hungry traveler. We had dinner at Holt's, and a toothsome meal we found it. Before going further we laid in a supply of potatoes, eggs, and butter, stowed carefully under the supervision of the captain, who watched over the commissariat department throughout the trip with the eye of an old campaigner.

From Holt's, a portage of 22½ miles brought us to the club house, which is situated on the Dungarvan at the mouth of the McConnell Brook, and 43½ miles from the mouth of the former stream. We had taken a man with us from Holt's, and at the club house were met by three more, who had crossed from Blackville station to the mouth of the Dungarvan (seven miles) and brought up the canoes, for our intention was to fish down the stream. Dan and Duncan Moon were two of the men, and being withal well acquainted with the stream, naturally shed much light on the trip. One of them suffered a partial eclipse one day, when he tumbled out of the stern of a canoe and disappeared almost completely, a portion of his face only remaining above the surface at the moment of occultation. After coming out he cast some reflections on the stream. We found the club house a most comfortable building, with snug kitchen adjoining and containing everything needful for our comfort. Our evening meal on that first day was made the more appetizing by a supply of fine trout that we paused to catch in a stream we crossed on our way from Holt's. We spent a pleasant Sunday at the club house before beginning operations on the stream. One of our party had put a hymn book in his pocket before leaving home, mistaking it, no doubt, for the "Complete Angler;" and a portion of the day was spent in singing, waking woodland echoes with delightful old familiar airs that all of us had known from childhood. When night came it was an interesting and unique spectacle to behold the Doctor and the Captain making their preparations for slumber. In anticipation of a mosquito invasion, each had provided himself with a sort of hoopskirt attachment of netting, to be drawn over the head and fastened there; and never did mediæval executioner, or modern baseball umpire, arrayed for action, present a more formidable aspect than did these two arrayed for bunk. The Lawyer and myself were unprotected, but suffered no inconvenience, for very few flies put in an appearance. The nights are cool on Dungarvan, whose waters are never warm, and these are assigned as reasons for the absence of those tiny pests that haunt most streams and woods in summer. Another explanation has been volunteered, and may be given for what it is worth. It is related that an American Senator, who does not believe that Canadians have any fishery rights that should be respected, once found himself on the Dungarvan and laid him down to rest beside its murmuring stream at eventide. A large mosquito came that way, and after mature deliberation concluded to sample the cheek of the slumbering statesman. The result was not to say gratifying. He tried again. Same result. Then he sat down on the statesman's nose and reflected. His reputation was at stake; he would try once more. He tried once more. Same result. The statesman slumbered on. The mosquito lost temper. Moosehide had never baffled him; would he have it whispered in all the nooks along Dungarvan that a Senator's cheek—a Yankee Senator's cheek—was too tough for him? Perish the thought! He tried once more. And still the statesman slumbered. Exasperated beyond endurance, the mosquito summoned help. It came promptly in the shape of more mosquitoes. Seating himself once more upon the statesman's nose, he directed his companionr' operations, and a general attack was made. Still the statesman slumbered. More help was summoned and a grindstone, and all night long relays of furious foes with sharpened bills hovered over the recumbent Senator. 'Twas vain. At dawn there was not a mosquito in all that region whose bill was not bruised and broken. But still the statesman slumbered. That day there was an exodus, and from that time down even to the present the Mosquito Hades has been called Dungarvan. The writer does not vouch for the truth of the story, but can testify to the gratifying scarcity of flies along the stream.

On Monday morning our sport began. The Doctor and the Captain went up stream four miles to Little Falls, where they spent the day on the pools in that vicinity. The Lawyer and myself visited the four pools at Rocky Bend, two and a half miles down the stream. When it is stated that we (the Lawyer and myself) killed fourteen grilse (a grilse weighs from 3 to 5lbs.), the sportsman needs not the assurance that we had a royal day. Returning to the club house and finding the others still absent, we resorted to a little mild deception, such as all sportsmen will appreciate. Eight of the grilse were packed away in a box, and the other six ostentatiously paraded on a board in full view. When the others returned they were able to conceal all appearance of envy while regarding our catch, as exhibited, and were able, after supper, to indulge in some general congratulation at the outcome of the first day's work of four amateurs. Ten grilse, they thought—and, indeed, not without reason—were a very good showing.

"John," I said to one of the men, "could't you hustle around and scare up another scale or two?" John hustled, and then the fun began—for two of us. The box was produced, and a fine grilse brought out and placed beside the others. Forth came another, and another, until the whole eight had been brought to view. The eyes of the Doctor and the Captain bulged out a good deal at sight of the first one, and bulged more and more as the process went on. At the conclusion of the performance the Lawyer murmured, as if to himself, "Yes, ten grilse is a fine day's work." The Doctor and Captain put on their hoopskirt attachment and crawled into bunk.

Next day, however, they had their revenge; for while we went up stream and at the falls hooked three grilse only to lose them, our rivals went down to the bend and killed a fine salmon. We, however, did not return empty-handed, having succeeded in landing fourteen large trout. On Wednesday morning everything was packed on board the canoes, and we were off down the stream. We did no regular fishing that day, but at New Pond, near Rocky Bend, killed in passing a salmon and a grilse. We halted for dinner at the mouth of the Little Dungarvan, a picturesquely beautiful spot. At 3 P. M. we reached Island Pool and went into camp. In the evening we were out for a little while, during which three grilse were hooked and lost, one of them snapping my trout rod into three pieces. The Lawyer, who wandered to Clark Pool, about 200yds. above the camp, hooked and lost a salmon. On Thursday morning we were out at 5 o'clock and the Doctor and the Captain killed a grilse each before breakfast. The Lawyer broke his record of the previous night by going up to the Clark Pool to hook and lose two salmon. After breakfast we reloaded the canoes and went down to Blair Pool, where the Doctor killed one grilse and lost another. At the falls, a little lower down, we killed in the evening four grilse and two salmon. Of the latter the Doctor killed one and Duncan Moon the other. Moon hooked his at the upper end of the falls. He had just killed a grilse and laid it down on a little bar in the stream. The salmon took the fly and started down stream. Seizing the grilse with one hand and holding the rod with the other, Moon followed the lead, over rocks and through rapids, to a basin a quarter of a mile below, where he finally played and landed his kingship. It was the most exciting episode of the trip, and our attendant Moon became at once in our estimation a most brilliant satellite. There was not one of us but envied him his skill and coolness, and, most of all, his success. Our total catch for the day was seven grilse and two salmon.

It rained that night, and Friday was dull and cloudy. That morning the Doctor and Captain went down to The Jaws, where the stream narrows and rushes between two bee tling walls of rock. In a pool there they killed a salmon and a grilse, and lower down, at the lower basin of the Falls, captured two more grilse. The Lawyer and I remained at camp and in the pool there captured three grilse, total for the day one salmon and six grilse.

The Lower Falls referred to above, extend in a succession of rapids for a mile or more, forming pools and basins as they go; but we found no difficulty in shooting them with our canoes. The next day we captured two grilse before breakfast. After that meal the Doctor inveigled the Lawyer away down stream, and they brought back with them at night five grilse. The Captain and I had an off day at camp, but killed one grilse in the afternoon. That day ended our fishing, making a total catch of forty-two grilse and five salmon, besides a large number of trout. The rest of our trip was uneventful. Our return home was by way of the mouth of the stream, thence to Blackville station (seven miles) and over the Northern and Western to Fredericton.

Healthy, hungry, happy—these words describe our condition after an outing such as only the sportsman can appreciate at its worth, on one of the finest of the many fine salmon streams of New Brunswick.

The Dungarvan is a tributary of the Renous, which in turn is a tributary to the southwest Miramichi, joining the latter not far from tidewater. The Dungarvan lacks nothing essential to a favorite salmon haunt and has abundance of natural beauty to delight the eye of the sportsman. The distance from the mouth to Little Falls is 43½ miles, except for the first few miles from the mouth, where there are scattered farms, it flows through a finely wooded wilderness of undulating country. The banks are for the most part high and rocky, in places precipitous; and if the sportsman is of a scientific bent there is a world of changing interest in the exposed strata worn and scarred by the persistent waters. The waters are very clear and cool, flowing over a shaly or rocky bottom. Pools are of frequent occurrence, and the result of our party's efforts, remembering we were but amateurs, shows that the pools are well stocked. The stream is easily navigable by canoe to the Little Falls, above which there are pools, though somewhat difficult of access.

The whole region about the upper waters of the stream abounds in lakes, all of them stocked with large and gamy trout. To one of them, Bamford Brook Lake, one and a half miles from the club house, a road is being constructed. Pure cool brooks, trout-filled, empty into the lakes and into the Dungarvan. At the Lower Falls, on the summit of an overhanging rock, a second club house is to be built this year. The rock overhangs a fine pool, into which the sportsman will be able to cast his fly from the club house door. The region of the Lower Falls is a marvel of picturesque loveliness, worthy of being visited even by those who do not wield the magic rod. This property of the Renous and Dungarvan Salmon Club is perhaps less known than some of the others in that region, but those who know say it is second to none. It is carefully guarded and the amount of fishing during the season limited. Those who have the good fortune to spend a week or so in careless abandon along the winding stream in the fishing season, have an experience that in the opinion of sportsmen at least cannot be surpassed. The place is now easy of access, and as the stream is a favorite spawning ground for salmon, abounds with trout, and is carefully guarded, it will doubtless become more and more the Arcadia of sportsmen's dreams.

PISCATOR.

THE TOBIQUE TRAGEDY.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It cannot but occur to any one who gives the subject careful and impartial thought, that Mr. Howes made a fatal mistake in allowing a gun to be discharged while in pursuit of the poachers the evening before the Tobique murder. It was natural and perfectly proper that he should try to prevent infringement on the laws of the land and the rights of his lease. It was right that he should use every effort to ascertain who the offenders were, with a view of having them punished, and considering the number of men and canoes in the party, it does look as if a little more might have been done in that direction.

When dealing with such characters as poachers, it is a wise precaution to go well armed, for you can never safely forecast their line of action. But to fire a gun to intimidate, when every one knows that in nine cases out of ten it is perfectly safe to lay down your weapons and walk right in and kick the man who does it, is, to say the least, very imprudent, and is usually the outcome of thoughtlessness or want of self-reliance. Such an act gives many a lawless ruffian a chance to commit a murder, and get in the plea of self-defense; and in the case under consideration the sympathizers of the criminals will say in extenuation, "The Howes party fired on them the night before." Doubtless, in discussing the matter among themselves, the murderers used this plea to key themselves up to the proper pitch to do the deed.

It would also be well if camping parties would remember that in New Brunswick there is a stringent law against hunting on Sunday, or even discharging firearms. The coroner's jury had evidently more than the murder of Mrs. Howes in mind when they commended that "The authorities on the Tobique should look after the lawless and careless use of firearms by fishing parties and others."

There has been a diabolical crime committed, one without parallel in the history of the Province. No one who has read the evidence adduced at the inquest can doubt that the right persons have been arrested. On finding against them a verdict of wilful murder, the coroner's jury did their duty. It now only remains for the good people of Victoria county to see that the miscreants get their deserts, and thus, as far as possible, to wipe out the blot on the fair name of our little Province, and at the same time convince others of the Day-Trafton-Phillipin stripe that New Brunswick is an uncongenial climate, as well as a mighty uncertain footing for that order of savage that ambushes and pours in deadly volleys at short range on the heads of defenseless women and children.

L. I. FLOWER.

WICKHAM, N. B.

PLYMOUTH, N. H., Aug. 27.—Have just returned from Sunapee Lake, where I spent two weeks. The number of trout and salmon taken there this season is wonderful. Dr. Quackenbos took a 5lb. salmon on Aug. 21, trolling for bass. Some large ones were taken with the fly in July.—E. B. HODGE.

A TOKEN FROM THE ST. LAWRENCE.

NEW YORK, Aug. 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* There are amenities in this world of "carking care" that come like glorious sunshine to a poor fellow condemned to remain in the city at his daily toil during these long sweltering days. It comes very pleasant to be remembered by his more favored fellow laborers.

Such has been our fortune. R. H. Eggleston, of our bank, brought down for the president, Hon. Thos. L. James, and your humble servant a fine box of fish, the result of two hours' catch up among the Thousand Islands yesterday morning. He apologized for the smallness in size of the catch. The wind was high and they could go but a short distance from shore and remain out but a short time. The largest in the box was an 8-pound pickerel with several of 4lbs. and 3lbs. weight; the bass smaller.

Mr. Eggleston has been highly favored by Dame Fortune in his summer retreat. He is the owner of an island among those one thousand, of about six acres, two and a half miles from Alexandria Bay, near enough to civilization for convenience and far enough away for seclusion. The island is admirable in shape and situation, being almost quite round. On one side it is high, with precipitous rocks; the other gracefully slopes to the water's edge. Fine bathing and the best of pickerel and bass fishing within a stone's throw. A picturesque and commodious cottage, a swift sailboat and safe rowboats, sufficient grove for shade, lawn tennis and croquet grounds, swings, etc. What a paradise!

Dick is an enthusiastic sailor and fisherman, seconded by an intelligent and appreciative wife who enters with a zest in all his sporting propensities. Mrs. E. is something of a fisherwoman herself, having brought to gaff several times the biggest of the day; among them a 28lb. maskalonge.

Dick is rather high-toned, in fact a connoisseur in his fishing; decries the trolling spoon, gangs and such like, but prefers an 8oz. rod and tackle to correspond. He tells me, that having no gaff, nor net, nor even a club in the boat, going such a short distance from shore, he was thirty-five minutes drowning the 8lb. fish. He had him six times up by the side of the boat and had to let him run again each time. It must have been rather exciting work.

Mr. Ed. Seybel, a friend visiting with him recently caught a ten-pounder on a 6oz. rod; and Dick says he will beat that record yet.

We found the fish excellent eating, firm in flesh and good flavor, but are they not rather coarser in grain than our pond pickerel? It struck us so.

In the fall they have splendid duck shooting—thousands congregate in their neighborhood and some of the neighboring islands are crowded with grouse. Why should not Dick be a happy, happy man, and desire a prolonged existence?

A party of Jersey boys are planning a ten-days' trip to the wilds of Pennsylvania, Canadensis way, where we found the trout this spring. We expect to find grouse in abundance if we can kill them, woodcock and some quail, hares of course, may be a deer or a black-coated bruin. If we have good luck we will tell you about it; if we don't, well what's the good of saying anything about it? JACOBSTAFF.

A VOICE FROM SUNAPEE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The article of your correspondent "Waltham" on Sunapee Lake, published in the issue of Aug. 23, leaves on the mind of the reader an erroneous impression in regard to the abundance of trout in our waters, and the success attending the efforts of those who angle for them. It would appear that he fished for two days (phenomenal persistence! I have a friend who fished through a spell of bad weather for 72 hours before he had a bite) and, if a blistered nose is any indication, these two days were hot, still and therefore unsuitable. "Waltham" also fished "off the Hedgehog," which he advertises as "probably the best trout fishing ground in the lake." The knowing ones will smile at this piece of intelligence, for the desirability of a fishing ground varies with the season, in regard to the depth, the character of the bottom, and the bottom temperature. At certain seasons of the year I have killed trout in water as many feet deep as they would separately register pounds; at others I have found the requisite temperature at a depth of from 60 to 70ft. "Off the Hedgehog" is a fair ground in August. An experienced guide would have shown "Waltham" where to fish in July, June, May or September.

"The expectation of taking some of the new trout," writes your correspondent, "has brought many here this year; but so far as I can learn without any great success." His opportunities for learning must have been singularly limited. Permit me to offset this statement with a brief description of several catches which have fallen under my personal notice. Mr. A. H. Powers, of Grantham, brought to my house this season as the result of two hours' fishing in a certain place off my shore, six trout weighing as follows: 2½, 2¾, 2¾, 2¾, 3 and 3¼lbs. Commissioner Hodge took in one day on the same ground and exhibited the catch to a hundred witnesses, nine trout and salmon, aggregating 45lbs., the largest being a winninish 8½lbs. in weight, the smallest a 3lbs. trout. W. Scott Trumbull, of Potter Place, and A. Morey, of Wilmot, fishing together a mile from my cottage, brought to net in a single day twenty-five trout and salmon, weighing 61lbs. "Jake" Hutchison, of Newport, the most indefatigable and one of the most successful fishermen on the lake (his dreams made us merry last spring, but it seems they were premonitors of success), has taken so far this season one hundred and twelve trout and salmon, his thirty-five largest trout weighing 88lbs. These figures can easily be corroborated by correspondence with the parties named. Such is some of the "poor luck" which attends the angler for trout at Sunapee Lake.

As for the bass, it has ceased to be an accomplishment to catch them in their season. An expert caster can repeatedly hook doublets. But it takes patience, and some knowledge of localities, to fill the basket with trout, and perhaps this explains "Waltham's" failure to secure his share of the "three tons" of *Salvelinus sunapee*, which, it is estimated, have been taken from the lake this summer.

"Waltham's" remark that the lake "is becoming civilized too rapidly," is, alas! too apparent to be questioned. Yet rod-fishing can make little impression on the hundreds of thousands of fish annually planted by the State Commissioners. The supply is far in excess of the consumption. Nor are we likely to see any illegal fishing so long as the vigilance, the fearlessness and the industry of our worthy commissioner, Col. E. B. Hodge, are enlisted in the interest of the angling public.

JOHN D. QUACKENBOS.

SUNAPEE LAKE, Aug. 25.

BLACK BASS IN LAKE HOPATCONG.—New Jersey has but few lakes but the black bass thrives in her waters wherever they are suitable. For years Greenwood Lake, which lies partly in New York, has been the favorite place for black bass, notwithstanding the constant and severe drains made upon it. Hopatcong is now coming to the front as the best black bass waters in New Jersey. It was not stocked with this fish until long after Greenwood was, hence it has not come into such general notice. Five years ago the pickerel predominated and there were not many of them, but the black bass has steadily gained until to-day there is good fishing there. Last week a gentleman and his wife took from Hopatcong seventy-five pounds of black bass, the smallest fish being a little under two pounds and the largest one weighed over four. Truly, a good day's sport.

REWARD FOR LARGE BLACK BASS.—A newspaper slip has gone around saying that the Fish Commissioners of New Hampshire had offered a reward of one hundred dollars for a black bass of certain weight, caught in their State. It was sent to us for verification, and we inclosed it to Commissioner E. B. Hodge, of Plymouth, N. H., who replies as follows: "I do not know how such a story started, we have not offered a reward for a bass of any kind or size." This disposes of that product of sensational ingenuity, and anglers who go to New Hampshire for black bass must content themselves with the fact that a 6lb. fish is its own reward.

RHODE ISLAND COAST FISHING.—Newport, R. I., Aug. 31.—I have just returned from a ten-days' camp with my brother-in-law, Mr. J. C. Harrison, not many miles up the coast from Newport. We were accompanied by that very able baiter, W. M. Hughes, to whose skill in chumming much of our success was due. Our catch was as follows: Twenty striped bass, weight 141¼lbs.; bluefish, 7lbs.; sea bass, 15½lbs.; flounders, 90lbs.—HUGH L. WILLOUGHBY.

Fisheulture.

THE DIGESTIBILITY OF FISH.

BY PROF. W. O. ATWATER.

[Read before the American Fisheries Society.]

(*Concluded from page 109.*)

THE QUANTITIES OF DIGESTIBLE SUBSTANCES IN FOOD.

THE first question we have now to ask may be put in this way. What proportion of each of the nutrients in different food materials is actually digestible? In a piece of meat, for instance, what percentage of the total protein and fats will be digested by a healthy person, and what proportion of each will escape digestion? The proportion of food constituents digested by domestic animals has been a matter of active investigation in the European agricultural experiment stations during the past twenty years. Briefly expressed, the method consists in weighing and analyzing both the food consumed and the intestinal excretion, which latter represents the amount of food digested. The difference is taken as the amount digested.

Such experiments upon human subjects, however, are rendered much more difficult by the fact that in order that the digestibility of each particular food material may be determined with certainty, we must avoid mixing it with other materials. Hence the diet during the experiments must be so plain and simple as to make it extremely unpalatable. An ox will live contentedly on a diet of hay for an indefinite time, but for an ordinary man to subsist a week on meat or fish or potatoes or eggs is a very different matter. No matter how palatable such a simple food may be at first to a man used to the ordinary diet of a well to do community, it will almost certainly become repugnant to him after a few days. In consequence, the digestive functions are disturbed and the accuracy of the trial is impaired, a fact, by the way, which strikingly illustrates the importance of varied diet in civilized life. For instance, in an experiment conducted in the physiological laboratory at Munich, by Dr. Rubner, the subject, a strong, healthy Bavarian laboring man, lived for three days upon bread and water, a diet the monotony of which was much more endurable than one of meat or fish or most any other single food material would have been. He was able to eat 1,185 grams (about 2lbs. and 10oz.) of bread per day. This contained 670 grams of carbo hydrates, mainly starch, of which only about 5⅓ grams, or a little less than 1 per cent., escaped digestion. In this case, therefore, about 99 per cent. of the carbo hydrates of the bread were digested. The bread contained 13 grams of protein, of which 13 per cent. were undigested, and 87 per cent. or ⅞ of the whole protein, digested. The quantity of fatty matters in the bread was too small to permit an at all accurate test of their digestibility. In another experiment the digestibility of meat—beefsteak, was tested. The man consumed a little less than 2lbs. per day, but though it was cooked with butter, pepper, salt and onions, so as to make it taste "extraordinarily well flavored," it was very difficult to swallow it the second day, and required great effort the third. The digestion, however, seemed to be normal, and all but about 1 per cent. of the protein was digested. Other trials with meat and with fish have brought similar results, and it is reasonably safe to say that when a healthy person with sound digestive organs eats ordinary meat in proper quantities, all or nearly all of the protein is digested. Some of the fats of meats, however, seem to fail of digestion. The number of accurate experiments of this kind is still very small. Some sixty or thereabouts have been reported. Nearly all have been made within ten years past, and the majority in one laboratory, that of the University of Munich. Most of the subjects have been men with healthy digestive organs, two or three laboratory servants, a soldier, several medical students and a few others. Several have been made, however, with children of a few families. All but a very small number conducted in Germany.

Some time since it was my fortune to pass a number of months in Munich, where, through the courtesy of Professor Voit, Director of the Physiological Institute of the University, I was enabled to make some experiments on the digestion of meat and fish by a man and by a dog. Each lived for three days upon haddock and then for three days upon lean meat—beefsteak. The dog was used to such experiments and got on very comfortably indeed. The meat and fish were each cooked with a little lard. He did not take to the fish at first, but after he got used to it seemed to like it. The first attempt with a man was with the same healthy, rather stolid Bavarian laborer, with whom Dr. Rubner's experiments with meat and bread, above referred to, were performed. He bore up very well through the trials with both the fish and the meat, but the assistant discovered at the end that he had surreptitiously eaten sourkrout, and the experiment was spoiled. Fortunately, a medical student, then working in the laboratory, became interested in the subject, and offered himself as a martyr to the cause. He had for three days flesh of haddock, fried with butter, flavored with salt, pepper, mustard and Worcestershire sauce, and taken with beer and wine. Then came a period of rest, that is to say, ordinary diet, and then a similar trial with beefsteak. I was with him at every meal and can bear warm testimony to his fortitude and determination. The *menu* was made as appetizing as possible under the circumstances. The first day of each trial went pretty well, the second day it was difficult, and the third day almost impossible to swallow the whole. I used all sorts of devices to make it easier, especially by distracting his thoughts from the food; told stories of America, cracked jokes, made fun of him, at times almost angered him. And it is safe to say that all the effort was needed. As the result, it appeared that he digested nearly the whole of both the meat and the fish. The results of the experiments are stated in tabular form herewith. The percentage of each ingredient which escaped digestion is given. In some cases a correction for certain errors of experiment, which need not be discussed here, is applied to the figures for amounts "apparently undigested," to show those estimated to be "actually" digested.

SUMMARY OF RESULTS OF EXPERIMENTS ON THE DIGESTION OF THE CONSTITUENTS OF MEAT AND FISH BY A DOG AND BY A MAN, PERCENTAGES UNDIGESTED.

EXPERIMENTS WITH FOOD.	DOG.		MAN.	
	Meat and Lard.	Fish and Lard.	Meat, Butter, etc.	Fish, Butter, etc.
	Per ct.	Per ct.	Per ct.	Per ct.
Water-free substance, apparently undigested	3.4	3.2	4.3	4.9
Nitrogen (protein), from meat or fish, apparently undigested	2.2	1.6	2.5	2.0
Nitrogen (protein), from meat or fish, actually undigested	0.3	0.0	0.7	0.5
Fat, mostly from lard or butter, apparently undigested	2.8	3.0	5.2	9.0
Ash, apparently undigested	14.3	14.1	21.5	22.5

According to these experiments, therefore, practically all of the nitrogenous materials (protein) of both the fish (haddock) and the lean beef was digested by the dog, and all but one-half or three-fourths of one per cent. by the man. While more experiments are needed, the agreement of these results with what would be expected from the nature of the nitrogen compounds, and what is known of the laws of digestion and absorption, leaves little ground to doubt that very nearly all, indeed, we may say, practically all, of the protein of both, will be digested by a healthy organism under normal conditions.

The conclusion that the flesh of the common kinds of fish agrees very closely in digestibility with that of the common kinds of meat, at least so far as the protein (the chief constituent of the "lean" of meat and fish) is concerned, seems equally well grounded. It would seem, however, from other considerations and especially from actual experiments with meats, in which the fat is imperfectly digested, that fish, having generally less fat than meat, is, on the average, more easily and completely digested. Perhaps it will be interesting to note how different food materials compare in digestibility as shown by experiments such as those just described.

DIGESTIBILITY OF NUTRIENTS OF FOOD MATERIALS.

In the food materials below.	Of the total amounts of protein, fats and carbo hydrates the following percentages were digested:		
	Protein.	Fats.	Carbo hydr's.
Meat and fish	Practically all.	79 to 92 per ct.	.....
Eggs	" "	95 " "	.....
Milk	41 to 100 per cent.	93 to 98 " "	?
Wheat bread	81 to 100 " "	?	99 per cent.
Corn (maize) meal	89 " "	?	97 "
Rice	84 " "	?	99 "
Pease	86 " "	?	96 "
Potatoes	74 " "	?	92 "
Beets	72 " "	?	82 "

The amounts of fat in the vegetable foods are so small that the experiments do not tell exactly what proportions are digested. The meats and fish contain practically no carbo hydrates. The digestibility of the carbo hydrates (sugar) of milk was not determined, those of the vegetable foods, except the beets, were almost completely digested. That the protein of cow's milk should be so much less completely digested than that of meal seems a little strange. Children have been found to digest a little more than adults, though the difference is not large. Thus Dr. Camerer, a German experimenter, found his boys and girls of from two to twelve years of age to digest from 91 to 97 per cent. of the protein of cow's milk, while grown men in experiments by Dr. Rubner digested from 88 to 94 per cent. But in experiments in which milk and cheese were eaten together by a man, the laboratory servant of Dr. Rubner's experiments, all or nearly all of the protein of both was digested. The percentages of fats of milk digested was practically the same with adults as with children. It is worth noting in these experiments, both children and adults digest only about half of the mineral salts of the milk. Why so much of the fats of the meat, from a twelfth to a fifth, should have failed to be digested it is not easy to say. Some of the food materials, as meat, bread and milk, have been tested each by several experiments with more than one person. With others, as eggs, corn meal, rice, peas and potatoes, only a single trial has been made. Doubtless extended series of tests would give averages differing more or less from these figures. Another thing that makes the results a little uncertain, is that some of the food materials may perhaps be more completely digested when taken in small quantities with others in the ordinary way than when so much of them is eaten and without any other food. These and other sources of slight error make more extended experiments very desirable. But enough has been done to show pretty clearly that:

1. The protein of our ordinary meats and fish is very readily and completely digested.

2. The protein of vegetable foods is much less digestible than that of animal foods. Of that of potatoes and beets, for instance, a third or more may escape digestion, and thus be useless for nourishment.

3. Much of the fat of animal food may at times fail of digestion.

4. The carbo hydrates, which make up the larger part of vegetable foods, are very digestible.

5. The animal foods have, in general, the advantages of the vegetable foods, that they contain more protein, and that their protein is more digestible.

6. The comparative digestibility of fish and meats, and of the different kinds of fish, is not well enough decided by experiment to warrant as definite conclusions as are desirable. It seems probable, however, that the leaner meats are

rather more easily digested than those which are more fat, and that, in like manner, the leaner kinds of fish, such as cod, haddock, perch, pike, bluefish, sole, flounder, etc., are more easily and completely digested than the fatter kinds, as salmon, shad and fat mackerel, and that for like reason fish, which is, in general, less fat than meat, is on the average more digestible.

7. People differ in respect to the action of foods in the digestive apparatus, and fish, like other food materials, are subject to these influences of personal peculiarity.

One point more is worthy of remark before closing. The nutritive value of food is of course decided by other factors as well as by the proportion of digestible ingredients. In one respect fish is peculiarly adapted to the diet of that very large class of people whose occupation involves but little muscular exercise. As already explained, we consume excessive quantities of fat. This comes with our habit of eating highly fattened meats, as well as butter and lard. Even when we attempt to reject the fat of the meat which comes upon our tables and is served on our plates, we consume a great deal of fat in the visible and invisible particles diffused throughout the lean. Statistics of dietaries in this country show the fat consumption to be enormous. Fat serves as fuel, and is useful for those who do hard muscular work or are exposed to severe cold. For others it is not needed, and excess is a burden imposed on the system. The excessive eating of fat is contrary to good economy, and hygienists assure us it is a very serious damage to health.

Fish supplies the protein which meat furnishes and which is needed to build the tissues of the body without the large amounts of fat which are not needed by people of sedentary habits. For brain-workers it seems to be on this account a very useful food.

WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY, Middletown, Conn.

SOME OBSERVATIONS UPON THE GRAYLING.

BY DR. J. C. PARKER.

[Read before the American Fisheries Society.]

THE question as to whether the grayling (*Thymallus tricolor*), could be successfully propagated artificially being practically undecided by this Commission, it was decided to prepare waters as nearly in accordance with natural conditions as possible and make as careful and systematic an attempt as we could to solve it. Accordingly ponds were made on the Buck Horn creek, of just sufficient depth to admit of screening and through which the whole creek flowed, with the hope that if placed here, they would in the spring—the spawning season—give us an opportunity to observe and handle them, under less difficult circumstances than in their native streams. We hoped that as the Buck Horn had originally been a good grayling stream, it would place at our disposal the most advantageous conditions. The ponds being in readiness, the several members of the Michigan Fish Commission proceeded on the 20th of August to the west branch of the Manistee, fifteen miles from the railroad station at Kalkaska, with boats, cans and camp equipage, prepared to make a week of it. The fish were to be captured with rod and line, it having been demonstrated that this was more certain, and the results more satisfactory, than any attempt to use nets of any description. The result was that at the end of the week we had caught and had in excellent condition about one hundred fine specimens. From five to six of these were put into a can, the temperature of the water—which was comparatively low—kept down by the addition of ice, and nine of these cans loaded into a lumber-wagon and the journey to the station over a bouncing corduroy road commenced. Only one opportunity to change the water *en route* was afforded, but, notwithstanding all this rough handling, they reached their destination with only the loss of some four or five specimens.

During the winter they were watched and cared for, but the loss was about twenty-five per cent. When the spawning season arrived a close watch was kept to see when any signs of spawn-laying should commence, but we watched in vain. So far as could be ascertained there was nothing to indicate that they had, would, or could, ever spawn, and today we are no nearer a practical solution of the vexed question than when we commenced During this, and a subsequent visit to the same locality, I was enabled to make some observations upon their food and their habits in feeding, which may be of interest. Near the camp was a pool in which two small fish had their haunts, one about six inches in length, and the other half the size. The larger one when at rest was on a bit of clean sand in plain view; the other lay under some sunken drift wood, dark in color, and under which he concealed himself, only the tip of his nose being visible, and the contrast in color corresponded exactly with their resting places; the larger one was so nearly the color of the sand on which he lay as hardly to be distinguished from it; only when in motion as he arose to the surface for his food; the other was as dark as the sticks under which he lay, showing that the question of color is one of bottom locality and undoubtedly a circumstance of more or less light. I was somewhat surprised at the tenacity with which they adhered to a locality when once domiciled in it. Three or four times I drove them out of their haunts; one afternoon chasing the larger one several rods up the stream only to find him in the same spot the next day, and when I returned to the same locality, after an absence of four weeks, I found the same fish apparently in the same places. In rising for food I never saw either of them more than a yard from their haunts, and only rarely but a few inches. They would detect their prey at a considerable distance and slowly rise to meet it as it floated to them, and then a sudden flash, and they were back to their respective resting places. The deviation from the point where they lay was, from side to side across the stream, hardly ever but a few inches up or down. One day, when they were rising with more than usual frequency, I carefully crept out on a projecting log until I was nearly over them, and could watch their every movement, and, with watch in hand, counted the "rises" of the larger one for fifteen minutes. In this time he came to the surface and secured his prey fifty times. Sometimes he would rise nearly to the surface and then slowly settle down again, but whenever he actually seized anything he was back to his haunt again with a motion so quick the eye could scarcely follow him. After considerable observation I could detect the particular insect I was sure he would rise for, sometimes before he would show any motion in that direction. Watching his quick, unerring sight, and his ability to detect what was food, and what was not, led me into some generalizations on what their food really was, that were new to me.

In eviscerating fish for any purpose, I have always been in the habit of examining the contents of the stomach, and the stomach of the grayling had always puzzled me by the quantity of vegetable matter so often found in it; but the *a priori* conclusion was that he was necessarily a carnivorous, or insectivorous fish; the thought that he was a vegetarian as well, never occurred to me. I had observed that the fronds of the white cedar—*arbor vitæ*—were quite usually among the contents of the stomach, but I had always considered it as something adventitious, an accident, occurring in the procuring of his food, and not deliberately taken. But a somewhat singular circumstance that occurred upon this last expedition staggered me somewhat. On the afternoon of the day of my arrival, after the tent was pitched, and camp life organized, I proceeded to a pool below a flooding dam near camp, thinking I could secure enough grayling for the supper of myself and little daughter, who accompanied me. I succeeded in securing two nice ones, weighing probably about six or eight ounces each, and upon dressing them and examining the stomachs as usual, judge of my surprise upon finding one of them full of oats; there were eight kernels stored away in first-class style, and my first question was, where in the name of the Prophet could they have come from, for I knew that there wasn't a spear of grain growing within a dozen miles of this pool and the condition the grain was in showed that they could have been in the stomach but a short time. I finally solved the mystery by remembering that the man who brought us out—we arrived about noon—fed his horses some oats at a point just above the pool, and the grain was either blown into the water or carelessly thrown in by some one. I frequently found in their stomachs portions of the leaves and seeds of the water plants growing in the streams. Among the latter was in several instances a round seed about as large as a No. 4 shot, which I at first thought was a mollusk, a species of spherium, but on examining it with a glass what appeared to the naked eye to be the striations of the shell proved to be the venation of the seed. It may be urged against the vegetarian theory that many fish take that which in no way resembles their ordinary food, as the artificial fly and the different varieties of spoon and spinning baits, and that this particular fish could in no way have had any previous knowledge of oats as food, and consequently the taking of it must be in the nature of a freak rather than a habit, but I do not remember to have ever found in the stomachs of other fish any substance other than their food but which could be accounted for as accidental, while in the grayling the presence of vegetable matter in some forms is of so frequent an occurrence as to point strongly to the fact, that a part of their food at least is vegetable.

Another point in favor of this theory is the peculiar flavor of the fish and that which has given it its specific name. It is a well-known fact that the flesh of all animals is to a greater or less degree flavored by its food. Now, if this fish fed upon exactly the same materials as the brook trout, could there be a reasonable doubt but what its flesh would taste like that of the trout, while the fact is, that it is distinctly different.

You are probably aware of the difference between a liver-fed trout and one caught in its native wilds; a difference so patent, that a person relying upon the taste alone would pronounce them an entirely different fish. One thing is certain, whatever its food is, it must have existed in unlimited quantities to have supported such a large multitude of this fish as absolutely swarmed in the northern streams of this State at an early day. D. A. Blodget, now living at Grand Rapids (and one of the pioneers of the Muskegon at the Hersy-branch) told me that when he first built a dam at the mouth of this stream, that in the spring, during the spawning season, when the grayling were trying to find their way to the spawning grounds, that he has seen the inhabitants fill the box of a common lumber wagon full of this fish in a few hours and carry them out into the country, not only one such load, but half a dozen, each spring for several successive years, while as many more must have been taken away in smaller quantities, and he estimated the quantity taken by tons each year; that during the first winter he spent there, he supplied his table with this fish by taking a common nail-rod and sharpening it with his axe, and cutting a barb on it with the same tool, and going to any of the bends in the stream, and cutting a hole in the ice, he could in a little while get all he wanted by thrusting this primitive spear at random into the waters beneath; and as the number of fish that any stream can furnish is to a great extent limited only by the food supply, it seems that so great a number as was then found, not only in this particular stream, but in most all the streams in which they were found, must have had some food in much greater abundance than what is usually found in our ordinary trout streams.

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich.

REPORT OF THE NEW YORK FISHERY COMMISSION.

WE have the sixteenth report of the Commissioners of Fisheries of New York for 1887, including the management of the hatcheries, the superintendence of the game and fish protectors, and the oyster franchises. At the hatcheries at Caledonia, Cold Spring Harbor, Adirondack and Fulton Chain the number of fish produced was larger than usual, and there were distributed 3,227,000 lake trout, 1,620,945 brook trout, 392,985 brown trout, 954,000 rainbow trout, 487,150 sea salmon, 61,950 landlocked salmon, 6,526,000 shad, 1,977,000 whitefish, 200,000 frostfish, 3,400,000 tomcods, 21,500 Loch Leven trout, 5,000 saibling and 6,000 white perch, a total of 20,879,531 fish of the several kinds, the streams and lakes stocked and all details being given in the reports of the superintendents of the different hatcheries.

The shad catch in the Hudson was larger than that of any season during the past three years, being 1,568,634; but the law requiring shad nets to be taken up one day in each week so as to permit a free run to the spawning grounds, is of no utility, because a clause confines its application to that part of the river above Westchester county where it is not needed, the blockade being below.

The report is very full, covering 223 pages, and contains much that is interesting on the subject of fishculture, especially in the reports of the superintendents, where various questions are discussed. It has been delayed so long by the State printer that it has not the freshness that it should have, and the next report ought to be ready by the coming of the new year in order to be of use.

EXPERIMENTS WITH THE FRY OF WHITEFISH

BY DR. J. C. PARKER.

[Read before the American Fisheries Society.]

THE question as to whether the young of the whitefish would find food and live when planted out of season much earlier than at the time they usually mature had been one of much discussion among those interested in fishculture in Michigan, it being generally thought that while the lakes were filled with ice the temperature of the water would be so low that there would be no organisms upon which the young fish could feed, and, consequently, starvation would ensue. To test this question Superintendent Marks directed the overseer, Mr. A. W. Marks, of Petoskey Station, of the Michigan Fish Commission, to institute certain experiments and to report the same to the Board. The report is as follows:

On March 1, 1887, a small screen or crate made of wood and wire netting, three feet long and four and a half in diameter, in the form of a cylinder, was placed through the ice in Little Traverse Bay, in 100 feet of water, and 10,000 whitefish placed in the crate and lowered to the bottom with a strong rope. On March 5 the crate was raised and the young fry were nearly all alive, only six dead ones found. On March 10 the crate was raised again and twelve dead fish were found. The fry had turned to a light brown, the yolk sac was nearly absorbed and the fish seemed in good health. On March 12 the crate was again raised and some of the fry taken out and brought home; also a jug of water from the bottom and another from the top was taken. One drop of this was placed under a strong glass and life could be seen very plentiful. The stomach of one of the small fish and a drop of the water was placed under the glass and it was found to be full of diatoms and vegetable matter. The diatoms seemed to be working around the small pieces of vegetable matter; the sac of the fry had been absorbed and they were feeding upon the vegetable matter and the animalcule. On March 14 the crates were again lifted, and the fish seemed to be doing well in about the same condition as on the 12th. About 100 dead fish were found on the 14th. The crate was lifted on the 18th; no change could be seen. On the 24th the crate was again lifted, and some of the young had turned to a light green, the color of a herring a year old. On March 24 another crate was sunk, containing 5,000 fry. This was lifted on the 28th, and two dead fish were found in the crate. At this date the first crate sunk contained fish forty-five days old that had been under the ice twenty-eight days About the last of March the ice moved out of the bay, thus preventing any further systematic observations. Later on the submerged crates were recovered, but the wire screens had become filled with sediment, caused by the rolling of the water consequent upon the breaking up of the ice, and no live fish were found in them. This closed the experiments for that year, and circumstances prevented their continuance this spring.

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich.

THE NEW HAMPSHIRE HATCHERY.—The new hatchery at Plymouth, which replaces the one burned last fall, is now completed. It is 26 by 55ft. and has a capacity of two million eggs. The work of hatching salmon and trout, which was interrupted by the fire last year, will now go on in the new building, which is a decided improvement on the old affair.

The Kennel.

Dogs: Their Management and Treatment in Disease. By Ashmont. Price $2. Kennel Record and Account Book. Price $3. Training vs. Breaking. By S. T. Hammond. Price $1. First Lessons in Dog Training, with Points of all Breeds. Price 25 cents.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Sept. 11 to 14.—First Dog Show of the Buffalo International Fair Association, at Buffalo, N. Y. Entries close Sept. 1. C. W. Robinson, Secretary.

Sept. 18 to 21.—Dog Show of the Westmoreland County Agricultural Society, at Greensburg, Pa. John S. Sell, Secretary. Entries close Sept. 15.

Sept. 18 to 21.—Third Annual Dog Show of the Westmoreland County Agricultural Society at Greensburg, Pa. H. S. Branot, President.

Sept. 18 to 21.—First Annual Dog Show of the Syracuse Kennel Club, at Syracuse, N. Y. Howard B. Ratsbone, Secretary.

Sept. 24 to 27.—Fifth Dog Show at London, Ont. C. A. Stone Superintendent.

Sept. 25 to 28.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Bristol Park Agricultural Society, Bristol, Conn. Entries close Sept. 22. C. F. Barnes, Secretary.

Oct. 2 to 5.—National Exposition Dog Show, Kansas City, Mo. C. R. Evans, Manager, Room 16, New England Building, Kansas City, Mo.

Oct. 9 to 12.—First Dog Show of the Virginia Field Sports Association, at Richmond, Va. B. H. Grundy, Secretary, Room 26, Shafer Building. Entries close Oct. 1.

Oct. 23 to 26.—Second Annual Show of the St. Paul and Minnesota Kennel Club, at St. Paul, Minn. J. E. Stryker, Secretary, Room 93 Globe Building.

Nov. 6 to 10.—Dog Show of the Richmond County Poultry and Pet Stock Association, in connection with Augusta National Exposition at Augusta, Ga. H. Madden, Superintendent.

Jan. 15 to 19, 1889.—Seventh Annual Dog Show of the Southern Massachusetts Poultry Association, at New Bedford, Mass. F. W. Dean, Secretary.

Feb 12 to 15, 1889.—Fifth Dog Show of the New Jersey Kennel Club, at Jersey City, N. J. Geo. L. Wilms, Secretary, 142 Monticello avenue, Jersey City, N. J.

Feb. 19 to 22, 1889.—Thirteenth Annual Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent.

Feb. 26 to March 1, 1889.—Second Annual Show of the Rensselaer Kennel Club, Troy, N. Y. Alba M. Ide, Secretary.

March 5 to 8, 1889.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Albany Kennel Club, at Albany, N. Y. Geo. B. Gallup, Secretary.

March 12 to 15, 1889.—Second Annual Show of the Fort Schuyler Kennel Club, Utica, N. Y. James W. Dunlop, President.

March 19 to 22, 1889.—First Annual Dog Show of the Maryland Kennel Club, at Baltimore, Md. W. S. Diffenderffer, Secretary.

March 26 to 29, 1889.—First Annual Dog Show of the Massachusetts Kennel Club, at Lynn, Mass. D. A. Williams, Secretary.

April 2 to 5, 1889.—First Annual Show of the Rochester Kennel Club, at Rochester, N. Y. Harry Yates, Secretary.

April 9 to 12, 1889.—First Annual Dog Show of the Mascontah Kennel Club, at Chicago, Ill. John L. Lincoln, Jr., Secretary.

Feb. 4 to 7, 1889.—First Annual Dog Show of the Columbus Fanciers' Club at Columbus, O. Thos. R. Sparrow, Secretary.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 11.—Third Annual Field Trials of the Manitoba Field Trials Club. Derby entries close July 1. All-Aged entries Aug. 1. Thos. Johnson, Secretary, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Nov. 1.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Indiana Kennel Club, at Bicknell, Ind. P. T. Madison, Secretary, Indianapolis, Ind.

Nov. 19.—Tenth Annual Field Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at High Point, N. C. (Members' Stake, Nov. 15.) W. A. Coster, Secretary, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

Dec. 3.—First Annual Field Trials of the Southern Field Trial Club, at Amory, Miss. T. M. Brumby, Secretary, Chattanooga, Tenn.

Dec. 10.—Second Annual Field Trials of the American Field Trials Club, at West Point, Miss. C. W. Paris, Secretary, Cincinnati, O.

Jan. 14, 1889.—Sixth Annual Field Trials of the Pacific Coast Field Trial Club, at Bakersfield, Cal. N. P. Sheldon, Secretary, 320 Sansome street San Francisco, Cal.

COURSING.

Oct. 15.—Third Annual Meeting of the American Coursing Club at Great Bend, Kan. F. K. Doan, Secretary, 1210 Olive street, St Louis, Mo.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription $1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed **6512.**

THE COON'S WHICKER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I was somewhat amused at the doubt expressed by some of your correspondents in regard to coon cries; and even one denied that they ever made any. Why, any country boy whose father had a corn field near his woods or sugar bush would tell you different. How well I remember the discomfort a young scamp gave us, who could imitate the particular cry or "whicker" to perfection. In fact a raccoon has two different cries, one short, the other prolonged or rather repeated. The juvenile I spoke of could entice us into the deep woods, deceiving even old coon hunters, but not the dogs; and after cracking our shins and scratching our faces trying to locate the animal or to persuade the dogs to hunt where there wasn't any coon and they knew it, we found out from the chuckling that the varmint was a two-legged one.

Yes, coons do holler at night. JACOBSTAFF.

THE TWO DOG CLUBS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. Anthony declines to avail himself of the opportunity I offered him to prove his title to the term gentleman by withdrawing his libelous statements about myself in his open letter to Dr. Perry. This is his reply:

AUGUST 27, 1888.—*Mr. James Watson:* SIR—I have yours of Aug. 25. I have not called at the office of the FOREST AND STREAM for *a long time*, and *do not propose doing so.* If you have any evidence to offer that I am mistaken I shall be glad to see it. I am at my office each day between 12 and 1 o'clock, where you can see me; or if you will notify me, making an appointment, giving me due notice of *another* hour, I will be present. It seems to me that for a man who writes so *loosely* as you do that you are pretty thin skinned. But that is always the case with people who live in glass houses. I am, etc., JAMES L. ANTHONY.

The open letter was published in the *Turf, Field and Farm*, and received an editorial indorsement. I therefore wrote to the editor, with the result that he gave equal publicity to the following:

We publish this week a card from Mr. James Watson. He says that he did not influence the bench show action of the Buffalo International Fair Association. This is explicit. * * * We have known him, as he reminds us, a good many years, and during that time we have had occasion to agree and disagree with him. We did not lose faith in him when he ceased to think as we thought, nor did we praise him extravagantly when he made our fight his fight. We try to preserve an intellectual poise no matter what happens. Mr. Watson has been a long time in building up a reputation, and it is but natural that he should feel sensitive when it is assailed. It is his capital, his stock in trade.

I do not think I need say anything further on the subject, except that under no circumstances would I visit Mr. Anthony's office after his having told me that on one occasion when a gentleman was to call on him respecting a field trial match his own stenographer was to be within hearing to take the conversation, unknown to the visitor.

I think you had better head this "Knocked out in the First Round," unless you object to pugilistic reminders.

JAS. WATSON.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A transposition of order of names appears in my communication as printed in your issue of Aug. 30. I wrote that I had just learned that Messrs. Elliot Smith and Drake were delegates; but, as printed, it reads that I had just learned this of Messrs. Winslow and Drake, which would doubtless make Mr. Winslow question either my sanity or my veracity. W. WADE.

HULTON, Pa., Aug. 31.

"DISGRUNTLED ASSOCIATES."

Editor Forest and Stream:

One more misstatement of Mr. Belmont's remains for disposition, and that chess stack is thrashed out. Concerning the pewter medal business, Mr. Belmont says that "Mr. Drake, of St. Paul, offered a new rule, which was adopted *and is now in force*, that on and after that date medals advertised as gold and silver must be of the purity of U. S. coin; medals of alloy *can* be described as club medals" (my italics). That is the rule that Mr. Drake proposed. The rule that was adopted, or at least given forth as what was adopted, reads that medals of alloy "must" (or "shall") be described as club medals, a totally different rule, and it is certain that Mr. Drake never proposed any such jackass rule as preventing clubs from honestly describing bronze medals as such. Mr. Belmont says that the rule as he gives it is now in force. Is it? Then why does not the A. K. C. discipline the Philadelphia and Westminster clubs? If he is right they disregarded the A. K. C. rule and enacted one of their own (No. 27), which reads as follows: "All prizes offered by the club or committee in charge of a show must be paid in accordance with the description given of them in the premium list. Medals of silver or gold must be of the purity of United States coin."

Mr. Belmont evidently does not know that when Mr. Watson was a member of the executive committee he devoted his attention to perfecting the rules and constitution af the A. K. C. I suppose he will hardly relish acknowledging the work done by that "disgruntled associate," but the records tell the story.

I suspect that the butchering of the rule, as Mr. Drake proposed it, was done to allow some club to evade direct, honest description of medals of base metal, by the euphemistic dodge of "club medals," an old trick that has often been resorted to, such as "champion medals," "champion cup," etc.

Mr. Belmont's entire course as president shows that he simply cares to throw a tub to the whale, and does not take the trouble to post himself on even the A. K. C. rules in force at the time he is writing. This last mistake is most inexcusable, for a reference to a show premium list would have shown what the rule really is, yet the president announces the law of the A. K. C. "now in force" as something different from the plain words of the statute! NEXT!

W. WADE.

HULTON, Pa., Aug. 25.

MR. BELMONT'S FUTILE FALSEHOOD.

ACTING of their own accord and contrary to the counsel given to them by Dr. Perry, president of the National Dog Club, who advised them to join the A. K. C., the managers of the Buffalo bench show elected to give their show under the rules of the N. D. C. Thereupon the clique, who have the running of the A. K. C., forthwith set to work either to intimidate or bulldoze the Buffalo managers into changing their rules, or else to ruin their show. These intriguers made use of a man named Busbey as a vehicle for communicating their threats to Buffalo. Through Busbey Buffalo was told that if it persisted in holding its show under N. D. C. rules the members of the A. K. C. would withhold their entries; and Buffalo was given to understand that this meant ruin. Not only was this harped on by Busbey both by letter and in person, but Mr. August Belmont, Jr., himself wrote, so we are informed, to parties in Buffalo reiterating the same threats. In short, in every way possible did the members of the Broadway clique endeavor to frighten the Buffalo managers into a change to A. K. C. rules. Mr. August Belmont, Jr., the president of the A. K. C., having fulminated his bull of boycott against Buffalo, went so far as to bolster up his menace by deliberately, in a public meeting of his club, committing himself to a falsehood about the FOREST AND STREAM'S Boston show report. Mr. Belmont had boycotted Boston just as he was threatening to boycott Buffalo. It was essential to the success of his bulldozing tactics that he should make Buffalo believe that a boycott by Belmont would injure the show, hence he must first cause them to believe that a boycott by Belmont had injured Boston. The FOREST AND STREAM had reported that the Boston show was successful. Mr. Belmont, therefore, asserted that the FOREST AND STREAM'S report had been falsified and that it misrepresented the success of Boston. Called to account for this falsehood, Mr. Belmont added to it another one, namely, that the FOREST AND STREAM'S report had been purposely made misleading and untruthful. Then, on the politician's principle that a lie well stuck to will answer for campaign purposes, Mr. Belmont "stuck."

Now what are the effects of all these measures of intimidation? What has been the result of the underhanded scheming, the bluster and the bullying of the Broadway clique, the busy obediency of Busbey and the brazen falsehoods of the belligerent Mr. August Belmont, Jr.? They have been futile, absolutely futile. In spite of the extraordinary efforts of the American Kennel Club—a club ostensibly interested in the success of dog shows—to crush the Buffalo show, its entry list has closed with an enrollment of 400, among which, we are advised, are many of the noted dogs of the country. Buffalo has amply demonstrated, as Boston and New Haven have already demonstrated before, that it is quite practicable to secure abundant support from independent and fair-minded owners, in spite of the active opposition of a club which, while American in name, is now controlled by a band of individuals who have no more respect for fair play than a dog catcher has for the distinction between *meum et tuum*.

Mr. Belmont's futile falsehood respecting the FOREST AND STREAM and the Boston show failed of its purpose and did not injure the Buffalo show. Whether or not it has injured Mr. Belmont's repute for veracity among dog men we shall not pretend to say. We feel that we have done our duty by repeatedly calling on Mr. Belmont to send in for publication anything in the way of alleged "proofs" he might have which would tend to show that he had been deceived by others into making his false statement about our Boston report believing the statement to be true.

The Buffalo entry list having closed, that false statement can of course have no further effect on any dog owners who might be influenced by it to withhold their dogs from Buffalo; and now that there is no further occasion for him to "stick," we once more, and for the last time, urge Mr. Belmont, for his own sake, to retract his false statement or show that he was deceived by others into making it.

TOLEDO DOG SHOW.

THE dog show of the Tri-State Fair Association, held at Toledo, O., last week, had 166 entries. Messrs. John Davidson and H. L. Goodman were the judges, and Mr. Thos. B. Lee superintendent. Following is a complete list of the

AWARDS.

MASTIFFS.—CHAMPION—St. Joe Kennels' Wacouta Nap.—OPEN—1st, C. C. Cook's Moses; 2d, W. K. Warwick's Leo IV. Very high com., P. Boudrie's Nero. Com., C. H. Walbridge's Faun. *Puppies:* 1st, S. F. Stone's Philammon; 2d, S. W. Skinner's Leo.

ST. BERNARDS.—CHAMPION—Alta Kennels' Victor Joseph.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Meadowthorpe Kennels' Meadowthorpe Enterprise. *Bitches:* 1st, S. Brown, Jr.'s Gail Hamilton; 2d, W. B. Allen's Princess. Very high com., Alta Kennels' Ada. High com., P. Boudrie's Nevada. *Puppies:* 1st and 2d, Alta Kennels' Miss Fortune and Berna II.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—1st, Meadowthorpe Kennels' Meadowthorpe Prince George.

GREYHOUNDS.—CHAMPION—Abbot Greyhound Kennels' Sister in Black.—OPEN—1st, 2d and very high com., Rockwood Kennels' No Name, Catch Fly and Black Bess. High com., Abbot Kennels' Happy-go-Lucky. Com., Mrs. S. E. Straight's Gallant. *Puppies:* 1st and 2d, Abbot Greyhound Kennels' Happy-go-Lucky and Woman in White.

DEERHOUNDS.—CHAMPION—S. W. Skinner's Mac.—OPEN—1st, very high com. and high com., S. W. Skinner's Ranald, Cluthan and Heatherbelle. *Puppies:* 1st, S. W. Skinner's Maida II.

GREAT DANES.—1st and 2d, Savage & Farnum's Augusta and Hector. *Puppies:* 1st, F. Volk's Lord Barry; 2d, Savage & Farnum's Francis.

POINTERS.—CHAMPION—J. H. Winslow's Bang.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Meadowthorpe Kennels' Meadowthorpe Duke; 2d, C. G. Stoddard's Trinket's Cash. Very high com., J. B. Conner's Nick B. High com. and com., P. Ely's Rex and Tom Croxteth. *Bitches:* 1st, Dayton Kennel Club's Bodine's Dell; 2d, Mrs. Chas. A. Painter's Nanon. Very high com., Columbus Kennels' Larnock Elsa. High com., J. R. Daniels's Donald's Bess. Com., L. Buller's Spring Fashion. *Puppies:* 1st, J. Hornung's Dig.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—CHAMPION—R. B. Morgan's Mandan.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, J. J. Snellenburg's Count Henricks; 2d, R. B. Morgan's Jerry Mandan. *Bitches:* 1st, C. Harris's Pearl Bondhu; 2d, R. B. Morgan's Rose Mandan. Very high com., B. F. Lewis's Polly. High com., C. M. Rowe's Pearl Felton. Com., A. W. Hitch's Liberty II. and Columbus Kennels' Lady Change. *Puppies:* 1st, Columbus Kennels' Rena H.; 2d and high com., C. M. Rowe's Lilly Dale and Pansy. Very high com., R. B. Morgan's Rose Mandan II. Com., N. W. Coder's Oliver Twist.

IRISH SETTERS.—CHAMPION—No entries.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Meadowthorpe Kennels' Meadowthorpe Rover; 2d, E. Maher's Larry S. Very high com., A. W. Hitch's Jack Larry. High com., Miss Bessie Cummings's Roderick. Com., Mrs. Frank I. Young's Reddy. *Bitches:* 1st, D. E. C. Kirk's Berna; 2d, Columbus Kennels' Lou III. *Puppies:* No entries.

GORDON SETTERS.—CHAMPION—W. S. Hammet's Rose.—OPEN—1st, S. G. Dixon's Little Boy; 2d and very high com., Meadowthorpe Kennels' Meadowthorpe Heather Boy and Meadowthorpe Heather Model. High com., J. R. Henry's Joe.

COCKER SPANIELS.—CHAMPION—Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Hornell Jack.—OPEN—1st, Lake Shore Kennels' Bene Silk; 2d, Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Hornell Martha. Very high com., Campbell & Blake's Nettie and Dr. J. Hartman's Rita II. High com., F. A. Dane's Browser and Campbell & Blake's Darkie.

IRISH WATER SPANIELS.—CHAMPION—B. F. Lewis's Jess.—OPEN—Withheld.

FOXHOUNDS.—1st, Associated Fanciers' Maud.

BEAGLES.—1st, Associated Fanciers' Fay; 2d, withheld. Very high com., H. S. Bissell's Juno. High com., C. E. Rowland's Pearl. Com., Campbell & Blake's Tomboy.

DACHSHUNDE.—1st, Associated Fanciers' Satan.

FOX-TERRIERS.—CHAMPION—No entries.—OPEN—1st and com., Campbell & Blake's Ben and Bell; 2d, Meadowthorpe Kennels' Meadowthorpe Volturno. Very high com., A. E. Pitts's Blemton Fun.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—1st and 2d, Campbell & Blake's Nanon and Jack. Very high com., A. W. Hitch's Dott.

COLLIES.—CHAMPION—Chestnut Hill Kennels' Scotilla.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Meadowthorpe Kennels' Meadowthorpe Reality; 2d and very high com., Chestnut Hill Kennels' Strephon and Roslyn Breck. Very high com., D. W. Gooderich's Belmont. High com., Associated Fanciers' Clifton Maid and Tower Grove Kennels' Nelson III. *Bitchs:* 1st, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Flurry III.; 2d and very high com., Meadowthorpe Kennels' Meadowthorpe Parole and Meadowthorpe Blueberry Girl. *Puppies:* 1st, D. W. Goederich's Belmont, Jr.

BULLDOGS.—1st, Campbell & Blake's Remus; 2d, withheld.

SCOTCH TERRIERS.—1st, Meadowthorpe Kennels' Meadowthorpe Glen Ettie; 2d, J. H. Naylor's Lowrie Dunbar.

DANDIE DINMONTS.—1st, J. H. Naylor's Pansy; 2d, Meadowthorpe Kennels' Meadowthorpe Reiver.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—1st, Meadowthorpe Kennels' Meadowthorpe Fairy; 2d and high com., Campbell & Blake's Young Prince and Charley. Reserve and very high com., L. E. French's Dolly and Topsy. Com., Mrs. Mary M. Norton's Max and W. H. McLyman's Bob.

SKYE TERRIERS.—1st, Meadowthorpe Kennels' Meadowthorpe Coila; 2d, J. H. Marlo's Drollie. Very high com., Associated Fanciers' Fidget.

KING CHARLES SPANIELS.—1st, Associated Fanciers' Princess Kate; 2d withheld.

BLENHEIM SPANIELS.—1st, M. Dalwit's Little Banjo.

PUGS.—CHAMPION—Dr. M. H. Cryer's Vesta.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, A. E. Pitt's Kash; 2d and very high com., Dr. M. H. Cryer's Othello and Climax. High com., Mrs. Jno. Banks' Winkle. Com., W. R. Emery's Koko. *Bitches:* 1st, W. N. Cryer's Vic; 2d, East Lake Kennels' Peggie II. Reserve, G. Shafer's Rubie F. Very high com., Mrs. F. Steinman's Peggy S. High com., Mrs. John Bank's Silky. *Puppies:* 1st, East Lake Kennels' Peggie II.

POODLES.—1st, J. C. Meissner's Curly.

TOY TERRIERS.—1st, Mabel Kolling's Fanny; 2d, Campbell & Blake's Tiney.

MISCELLANEOUS.—1st, Meadowthorpe Kennels' retriever, Meadowthorpe Black Diamond, equal 2d, Chestnut Hill Kennels' smooth collie Ladybird and Irish terrier Roslyn Dennis.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

Best kennel St. Bernards, Alta Kennels; greyhounds, Rockwood Kennels; deerhounds, S. W. Skinner; setters, R. B. Morgan; collies, Chestnut Hill Kennels; pugs, Dr. M. H. Cryer; best mastiff, (2) Moses; puppy, Philammon; St. Bernard, Victor Joseph; in open classes, Meadowthorpe Enterprise; Newfoundland, Meadowthorpe Prince George; greyhound, Sister in Black; puppy, Happy-go-Lucky; deerhound, Mac; Great Dane, Augusta; pointer, (2) Bang; bitch, Bodine's Dell; English setter, Mandan; bitch, Pearl Bondhu; pair, Mandan and Rose Mandan; puppy, Rena H.; Irish setter, Berna; Gordon setter, Little Boy; bitch, (2) Meadowthorpe Heather Model; cocker spaniel, (2) Bene Silk; foxhound, Maud; beagle, Fay; fox-terrier, Ben; black and tan terrier, Nanon; collie, Scotilla; bulldog, Remus; Scotch terrier, Meadowthorpe Glen Ettie; Yorkshire, Meadowthorpe Fairy; Skye, Meadowthorpe Coila; Dandie, Pansy; King Charles spaniel, Princess Kate; pug, Kash; bitch, Vesta; owned in Toledo, Peggie S.; water spaniel owned by a lady in Lucas county, Mrs. J. W. Beck's Sport; handsomest owned by a lady in Lucas county, Miss Bessie Cummings' Roderick; sporting dog, Little Boy; owned in Lucas county, Mac; non-sporting, Scotilla; in county, Victor Joseph; homeliest, Remus; best in miscellaneous class, Meadowthorpe Black Diamond.

RICHMOND DOG SHOW.

RICHMOND, Va., Aug. 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream* Will you kindly give place in your columns to the inclosed two letters; one correcting some mistakes in our premium list, and the other giving the rates from New York to the Virginia bench show via Old Dominion Steamship Co. I sincerely hope that the very low rates given by the Old Dominion line will bring some of the New York fox-hunters with their horses and dogs down to our exhibition, and we promise them the best of sport. We have already secured an abundant supply of foxes, both red and gray.

Yours truly, J. S. WISE, Pres.

OFFICE AMERICAN KENNEL CLUB, 44 Broadway, New York, Aug. 17, 1888.—*John S. Wise, Esq., President Virginia Field Sports Association, Richmond, Va.:* My Dear Sir—My attention has been called to that portion of your premium list that relates to shows recognized by the A. K. C., to wit: New England Kennel Club, 1885 to 1888; should be 1887 inclusive. Hornell Kennel Club, 1886, 1887 and 1888; should be 1886 and 1887. New Haven Kennel Club, 1884 to 1888; should be 1887 inclusive. New Jersey Kennel Club, 1886, 1887 and 1888; should be 1886 and 1887. New York Westminster Kennel Club, 1877 to 1888; should be 1888 inclusive. Philadelphia Kennel Club, 1879 to 1888; should be 1888 inclusive. Pittsburgh, 1881 to 1888; should be 1887 inclusive. As the dates you publish are misleading, I would suggest an immediate notice to all of the sporting papers rectifying the errors. Yours truly, A. P. VREDENBURGH, Sec'y.

OLD DOMINION STEAMSHIP CO., Richmond, Va., Aug. 25, 1888.—*John S. Wise, Esq., President:* Dear Sir—In reply to yours 22d inst., would beg to say that our general passenger agent has given the following rates for passengers to Col. Skinner, viz.: Passengers, $14, excursion; horses, $15 round trip. Attendants' horses, second class, including meals, $10 round trip. Dogs with passengers free, unless in unreasonable numbers. Very truly, etc., GEO. W. ALLEN & Co., Agents.

DOG TALK.

AT the dog show recently held at Penzance, Eng., a black and tan terrier was shown with freshly cropped ears. The *Stock-Keeper* has this to say about it: "This case excited much comment at the time, and we are not surprised to hear that persons of humane feelings expressed themselves strongly upon being thus brought in full view of the cruel custom of cropping. It is really extraordinary that the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals are powerless to repress this hideously painful practice, and that the Kennel Club should continue to allow it; but, so long as this state of affairs continues to exist, cropping is legitimate. This regretful fact, however, does not justify an exhibitor in showing a dog with the marks of the knife still fresh on its lacerated ears. Besides sickening people with the gruesome sight, the dog cannot be considered in a fit condition for exhibition, and on that ground alone the judge should not hesitate to exert the authority that most committees intrust to him, and disqualify."

Last week we made reference to the manifest and characteristic fairness with which Dr. Perry, the president of the N. D. C., has uniformly given to the public both sides of all questions in dispute; and we contrasted with this the equally manifest and equally characteristic want of fairness with which Mr. Jas. L. Anthony, when he gave out for publication his insulting letter to Dr. Perry, suppressed Dr. Perry's reply. Some unkind friend of Mr. Anthony "called his attention" to this, and as a result we have received from him just such a petulant, childish and blackguard letter as might be looked for from a person who seems to think it necessary to be forever, in season and out of season, telling people that he is a gentleman.

Messrs. E. M. Oldham and J. P. Willey have combined their kennels of spaniels and will hereafter breed, show and sell their stock under the name of Oldham & Willey. Correspondence relating to field spaniels should be addressed to Mr. E. M. Oldham, Box 187, Fort Hamilton, L. I., N. Y., and that relating to cocker spaniels to Mr. J. P. Willey, Salmon Fall, N. H. This combination will make a very strong team.

The Coughcura Medicine Co., Eau Claire, Wis., has received from the kennel of Mr. F. Holford, Eng., the rough coated St. Bernard bitch Noble Ida. She was whelped Jan. 22, 1886 and is by Gantes' Leo and out of Johnstone's Nell. She won first at Dublin and Glasgow. She was bred to Plinlimmon before leaving England.

In addition to the loss of Newton Abbot Jubilee, noted in our issue of Aug. 2, Mr. E. M. Oldham has lost by death three other valuable spaniels, the well-known Newton Abbot Beau, Prince and Prince II. All died from a disease very similar to diphtheria.

Dr. Van Hummell, of Omaha, Neb., has sold his kennel of deerhounds to Mr. S. W. Skinner, Auburndale, O., and in future will devote his attention to greyhounds.

The English Fox-Terrier Club will hold their next show at the Westminster Aquarium, Nov. 14 to 16, in connection with the fourth annual terrier show.

The regular quarterly meeting of the American Kennel Club will be held at 44 Broadway, New York, Sept. 12, at 10 A. M.

Some of the dog men in Connecticut are agitating the subject of the formation of a State Kennel Club.

EASTERN FIELD TRIALS CLUB.—The regular quarterly meeting of the Eastern Field Trials Club will be held at the St. James Hotel, corner of Broadway and Twenty-sixth street, New York, Sept. 11, at 8 o'clock P. M. A full attendance is desired as business of importance will come before the club.

DR. CRYER'S PUGS.—Philadelphia, Pa., Aug. 31.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I see it is the fashion for exhibitors to announce through the press at what shows they intend sending their dogs. Permit me to state that my dogs will be at Buffalo, Syracuse and Richmond.—M. H. CRYER.



OUT-DOOR PATIENTS, HOSPITAL OF THE VETERINARY DEPARTMENT, U. P.

THE VETERINARY DEPARTMENT OF THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

THE authorities of the University of Pennsylvania undertook an ambitious experiment, when, four years ago, they founded the Veterinary Department. The plan was deliberately laid some time before, and as the proper person to undertake it did not appear to be available, Dr. Rush Shippen Huidekoper, one of the Demonstrators of Surgery in the Medical Faculty, a man of recognized energy and capacity, was asked to go abroad and in the best European schools qualify himself for the task. On his return, in 1883, the scheme was matured, and in October, 1884, the school was opened with twenty-nine matriculates.

The intention from the outset was to furnish an education in veterinary medicine on advanced lines, and the curriculum of study was modeled on the basis of the French and German schools, with a preliminary examination and a graded course of studies extending over three years, with sessions of nine months' duration. During the first year instruction was given only in the elementary branches, and it was not until the session of 1885-86 that the infirmary buildings were completed. The course of study is most extensive and thorough, and, with the exception of Harvard, longer than in any medical school in the country. In the first year the subjects studied are chemistry, materia medica and pharmacy, histology, botany, zoölogy, veterinary anatomy and forging. A very special advantage in this session is the courses which the students take in botany and zoölogy at the Biological Department. I feel convinced, from my Montreal experience, that this is a most beneficial plan for veterinary students, as it not only extends their knowledge, but tends greatly to heighten their appreciation of the scientific aspects of the profession.

In the second year the subjects taught are medical chemistry, physiology, therapeutics, general pathology and morbid anatomy, veterinary anatomy, zoölogy, surgical pathology and internal pathology, and the contagious diseases. The general pathology and chemistry are taken at the medical school, where the students have the advantage of the extensive chemical laboratories.

In the third year the subjects of the curriculum are therapeutics, general pathology and morbid anatomy, surgical pathology and operative surgery, internal pathology and the contagious diseases, sanitary police, obstetrics and zoötechnics. In the second year the student attends clinics, while in the third year he is placed in charge of sick animals, prepares the clinical reports and makes autopsies.

The teaching facilities of this school are exceptionally good, equal to many of the European, and superior to most veterinary colleges of this country. The explanation is simple—more money has been spent. The situation has been most fortunately chosen, and when the projected botanical garden is arranged, the place will rival in beauty of surroundings the Berlin school. The Infirmary stables are commodious and well arranged, and there is a separate department for irrigation and baths. The dog kennels are large and roomy, and a distant portion of the building has been assigned for an experimental station. One of the special features of the school is the farriery—a cut of which is given—in which the student has to learn practically all the details of normal and pathological shoeing. The dissecting room, the histological, physiological and pharmaceutical laboratories are arranged on the most modern plans, and by the exertion of Dr. Huidekoper the museum is annually enriched by valuable specimens, particularly in comparative osteology.

After an existence of four sessions, we should be able to form some idea of the prospects of the school. Naturally, with strict requirements and a prolonged course, a large number of students could not be expected; but in the session of 1886-87 there were forty-nine in attendance, and the first graduating class contained eleven men. In the session just completed the number was fifty-six, and there were thirteen graduates. The chief difficulty in maintaining a high grade school is the heavy expense entailed in the costly laboratory and hospital equipments. The income derived from the students, necessarily limited in number, is insufficient for maintenance, and endowment is absolutely necessary. The State may be looked to for material assistance, as the very existence of such a school in our midst is of the greatest possible benefit to the agriculturist; but in the future, as in the past, it is to generous citizens, like the late Mr. J. B. Lippincott, that the school must look for endowments. The practical success so far attained has been due to the unceasing exertion of Dr. Huidekoper, who has devoted himself early and late to the interests of the school. The University has indeed been fortunate in securing a man to organize the department who has high aims, a proper conception of the dignity of his profession, and, above all, a due appreciation of the fact that education in any line of life, to be worthy of the name, must be thorough.—*W. Osler, in Journal of Comparative Medicine and Surgery.*

BUFFALO DOG SHOW.

WE have received a brief dispatch from Buffalo stating that there are 400 entries to the dog show, including many of the most noted dogs in the country.

SYRACUSE DOG SHOW.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Please state that the Syracuse Kennel Club wish to correct an error made in their premium list. They announce A. C. Wilmerding to judge King Charles, ruby, Blenheim and Prince Charles spaniels. This is a mistake, Mr. James Mortimer will judge these classes and Mr. Wilmerding will only judge the sporting spaniels, Irish water, Clumber, field and cockers. The following specials are offered: $50 cash to kennelmen or handlers having in charge the largest number of exhibits, $35 to person showing largest number, $15 to person showing next largest number; $20 to person or kennel making largest number of entries: kennel four mastiffs, $25; mastiff dog or bitch $5, and collar $5; mastiff bitch and two progeny $5; kennel four St. Bernards $25, and collar $5; Newfoundland dog or bitch, silver cup, $5; bloodhound dog or bitch $5; Great Dane dog or bitch, case claret, $8; kennel four deerhounds, case whisky, $15; deerhound dog or bitch, 100 cigars, $7; kennel four greyhounds, case sherry, $12; greyhound dog or bitch, silver-headed cane, $5; foxhound, sportsman's hand combination vise and tool chest, $3; kennel four pointers, lamp, tea set or vase, selection of winner, $20; dog over 55lbs., silk hat, $8; bitch over 50lbs., tourist jacket, $7; dog under 55lbs. 25lbs. of Hazard trap powder; bitch under 50lbs., silver dog whistle, $5; kennel four English setters, bronze placque, $20; dog, silk hat, $8; bitch, pair hunting boots to order, $8; brace, shooting coat to order, $15; kennel four Irish setters, one dozen white shirts to order, $18; dog, split-bamboo rod, $12; bitch, silk umbrella, $10; black and tan setter dog, Turkish water pipe, $8; bitch, 25lbs. Hazard trap powder; kennel four cocker spaniels, case sherry, $12; spaniel dog of bitch, 100 cigars, $7; brace cocker spaniels, $5; Clumber spaniel, pair cassimere trousers, $5; field spaniel, one dozen Taylor's dog soap, $3; Irish water spaniel, pair wading boots, $10; kennel four collies, split-bamboo fishing rod, $15; dog, Derby hat, $5, bitch, toilet set, $5; brace, $5; Dachshund, driving whip, $3; poodle, liquor set, $5; bull-terrier dog, six bottles whisky, $9; bitch, 50 cigars, $3; dog or bitch owned in Onondaga county, one dozen flax water pails, $3.25; bulldog, Caddy plug tobacco, $8; bitch, $5: kennel four beagles, pair shooting breeches to order, $10; dog, $5; dog owned by member of American Beagle Club, collar; bitch, silk umbrella, $10; bitch owned by member of American Beagle Club, collar; under 12in., $5; kennel four fox-terriers, six bottles claret, $12; dog, $5; bitch, 100 cigars, $8; Scotch terrier, one dozen Taylor's dog soap, $3; Irish terrier, $5; Bedlington terrier, three bottles whisky, $4.50; Dandie Dinmont terrier, pocket flask, $5; Skye terrier, box dog brushes, $3; Yorkshire terrier, picture, $10; kennel four pugs, dressing case, $10; dog, $5; bitch, toilet set, $4: dog or bitch owned in Onondaga county, pair tennis shoes, $4; black and tan terrier over 7lbs., $5; toy terrier, other than Yorkshire, under 7lbs., $5; three specials of $5, one each will be given to best representative of miscellaneous classes. Exhibitors will note that all but two prizes can be competed for by non-residents of Onondaga county, a notable exception from the general rule in specials. Other specials will be added.

HOWARD B. RATHBONE, Sec'y.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Sept. 3.

LONDON DOG SHOW.—London, Ont., Sept. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Exhibitors to the London Kennel Club bench show, to be held at London, Ont., Sept. 24, to 27, will have no trouble with the custom authorities at the lines in passing their dogs, as the club has given a bond for the duty, and the dogs will be passed through to London in bond and cleared there. The New York Central & Hudson, West Shore, Erie and all the trunk lines east, Chicago & Grand Trunk, Detroit, Grand Haven & Milwaukee, will carry dogs free over their lines when accompanied by owners. The Canadian railways will return them free. The American, Canadian and Adams express companies will return dogs free, the same having charges paid one way. The club has decided to have two greyhound races in heats, best 2 in 3, $10 to first, $5 to second and diploma to third. No extra entry is required, but the dogs will be required to enter in their regular classes.—C. A. STONE, Manager.

BUFFALO DOG SHOW.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Buffalo International Fair Association offer a gold medal for the best pack of foxhounds exhibited at the coming show to consist of not less than five couple. Entry fee 50 cents for each dog. Entries for this will be received up to Sept. 11.—J. OTIS FELLOWS, Supt.

KENNEL NOTES.

Notes must be sent on prepared blanks, which are furnished free on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope of large letter size. Sets of 200 of any one form, bound for retaining duplicates, are sent for 30 cents.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Allie. By Geo. H. Elder, Green Spring Farms, Tobin's, Md., for black and tan, white ruff and frill, collie bitch, whelped Dec. 2 1887, by Bonnie Scotland (A.K.R. 3702) out of Couthie II. (Brickhead's Help—Sonsie, A.K.R. 1632).

Rodelieu. By F. G. Taylor and G. G. Davis, Philadelphia, Pa., for lemon and white English setter dog, whelped July 6, 1888, by Buckellew (Druid—Ruby) out of Rodreka (Roderigo—Gem).

Mack Noble and Countess Noble. By Detroit Kennel Club, Detroit, Mich., for white and liver English setter dog and bitch, whelped June 17, 1888, by MacD. (Count Noble—Spark) out of Reign (A.K.R. 178).

Pilot Noble. By Detroit Kennel Club, Detroit, Mich., for white, black and tan English setter dog, whelped April 25, 1888, by Count Noble's Druid (Count Noble—Blue Queen) out of Princess Louise (A.K.R. 117).

Jaunty. By Detroit Kennel Club, Detroit, Mich., for white, black and tan fox-terrier bitch, whelped April 4, 1888, by Bowser (Vakeel—Pixey) out of Flash (Trogan—Fannie).

BRED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Baby W.—Royal Krueger. Hornell-Harmony Kennels' (Covert, N. Y.) beagle bitch Baby W. (Cameron's Racket—Pussie) to their Royal Krueger (A.K.R. 7364), Aug. 12.

Kate W.—Royal Krueger. Hornell-Harmony Kennels' (Covert, N. Y.) beagle bitch Kate W. (A.K.R. 6563) to their Royal Krueger (A.K.R. 6264), Aug. 20.

Psyche—Little Jim. Benezet Kennels' (Jenkintown, Pa.) beagle bitch Psyche (Kino—Gyp) to their Little Jim, Aug. 5.

Bonnie B.—Little Prince. Benezet Kennels' (Jenkintown, Pa.) beagle bitch Bonnie B. (Kino—Gyp) to Associated Fanciers' Little Prince, Aug. 24.

Elgiva—Lord Raglan. W. Wade's (Hulton, Pa.) mastiff bitch Elgiva (Orlando—Countess of Woodlands) to Wacouta Kennels' Lord Raglan (Crown Prince—The Lady Rowena), Aug. 20.

Phœdra—Lord Raglan. Wacouta Kennels' (Chicago, Ill.) mastiff bitch Phœdra (Debonair—Danaides) to their Lord Raglan (Crown Prince—The Lady Rowena), Aug. 23.

Queen of Ashmont—Wacouta Nap. St. Joe Kennels' (Niles, Mich.) mastiff bitch Queen of Ashmont (A.K.R. 6126) to their champion Wacouta Nap (A.K.R. 5435), Aug. 26.

Belva Lockwood—Derbyshire Lad. F. C. Smith's (Groton, N. Y.) mastiff bitch Belva Lockwood (King's Lion—Brenda Saxton) to Geo. M. Dixon's Derbyshire Lad (champion Minting—Lady Beatrice), Sept. 6.

Natation—Bang's Royal Rock. Hornell-Harmony Kennels' (Covert, N. Y.) pointer bitch Natation (Nick of Naso—Temptation) to Dr. C. C. Sears's Bang's Royal Rock (Trinket's Bang—Bell Devil), Aug. 7.

Jennie—Sir Anthony. E. F. Carver's (Bridgewater, Mass.) pointer bitch Jennie (A.K.R. 6044) to Geo. W. Lovell's Sir Anthony (A.K.R. 3135), Aug. 22.

Latonia—Goldstone. J. W. Renfroe's (Atlanta, Ga.) English setter bitch Latonia (Count Noble—Dido II.) to Goldstone (Gladstone—Sue), July 18.

Midnight II.—Doc. American Cocker Kennels' (Wm. Penn, Pa.) cocker spaniel bitch Midnight II. (A.K.R. 4471) to their champion Doc (A.K.R. 3795), July 15.

Daisy—Bradford Harry. F. F. McGuire's Yorkshire terrier bitch Daisy to P. H. Coombs's Bradford Harry (Crawshaw's Bruce—Beale's Lady), Sept. 1.

WHELPS.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Flight. Somerset Kennels' (Bernardsville, N. J.) beagle bitch Flight (champion Lee—Nightshade), June 23, seven (four dogs), by their champion Bounce (imported Rambler—Honeymoon).

Delaware. Somerset Kennels' (Bernardsville, N. J.) beagle bitch Delaware (My Maryland—Jill), July 8, three (two dogs), by their Potomac (champion Lee—Countess).

Una. Hornell-Harmony Kennels' (Covert, N. Y.) beagle bitch Una (A.K.R. 1324), Aug. 31, three (one dog), by their Royal Krueger (A.K.R. 6364).

Betty. Hornell-Harmony Kennels' (Covert, N. Y.) beagle bitch Betty (A.K.R. 2910), Aug. 14, six (two dogs), by their Royal Krueger (A.K.R. 6364).

Vistala. Wacouta Kennels' (Chicago, Ill.) mastiff bitch Vistala (Montgomery—Nell), Aug. 30, two dogs, by Dr. J. S. Turner's champion Beaufort (champion Beau—The Lady Isabel).

St. Joe Patty. St. Joe Kennels' (Niles, Mich.) mastiff bitch St. Joe Patty (A.K.R. 6038), Aug. 23, eleven (seven dogs), by their champion Wacouta Nap (A.K.R. 5435); five dogs and one bitch since dead.

SALES.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

The Rambler—Dame Trot whelps. White, black and tan beagle bitches, whelped July 16, 1886, by J. M. Fronefield, Jr., Wayne, Pa., one each to J. H. Childs and C. Lethgow, same place; one to F. Whitman, Radnor, Pa., and one to A. Ormiston, Germantown, Pa.

Custer—Harmony whelps. Greyhounds, two dogs and one bitch, whelped June 6, 1883, by Hornell-Harmony Kennels, Covert, N.Y., to H. L. Krender, New York.

Highland Fancy. Fawn, white toes, greyhound dog, whelped May 18, 1888, by Balkis (A.K.R. 5881) out of Cassandra (A.K.R. 5883), by H. W. Huntington, Brooklyn, N. Y., to A. M. Ide, Troy, N. Y.

Highland Piper. White, black markings, greyhound dog, whelped May 18, 1888, by Balkis (A.K.R. 5881) out of Cassandra (A.K.R. 5883), by H. W. Huntington, Brooklyn, N. Y., to Abbott Kennels, Pontiac, Mich.

Highland Guard. Fawn, white toes, greyhound dog, whelped May 18, 1888, by Balkis (A.K.R. 5881) out of Cassandra (A.K.R. 5883), by H. W. Huntington, Brooklyn, N. Y., to J. F. Simons, Philadelphia, Pa.

Highland Thistle. Fawn, white toes, greyhound bitch, whelped May 18, 1888, by Balkis (A.K.R. 5881) out of Cassandra (A.K.R. 5883), by H. W. Huntington, Brooklyn, N. Y., to Jos. P. Sharp, Atlanta, Pa.

Persephone. Fawn, black points, mastiff bitch, whelped June 17, 1886, by Debonair out of Danaides, by Wacouta Kennels, Chicago, Ill., to Jos. L. Carlson, Ogden, Utah.

Pilot." Fawn mastiff dog, whelped Feb. 25, 1888, by Berkshire Caution out of Daisy G., by Berkshire Kennels, Hinsdale, Mass., to Ida F. Warren, Leicester, Mass.

Fleet—Sue whelp. Liver and white ticked pointer bitch, whelped May 19, 1888, by Detroit Kennel Club, Detroit, Mich., to F. W. Chapman, Jr., Darlington, Wis.

Mollie Marco. Liver and white pointer bitch, whelped Aug. 7, 1887, by Devonshire Sam out of Lottie, by C. A. Paetzel, Hope, Ind., to U. R. Fishel, same place.

Devonshire Sam—Lottie whelps. Liver and white pointer bitches, whelped Aug. 7, 1887, by C. A. Paetzel, Hope, Ind., to U. R. Fishel, same place.

Lottie. Liver and white pointer bitch, whelped Oct. 28, 1885, by Pat out of Flora, by C. A. Paetzel, Hope, Ind., to U. R. Fishel, same place.

Nellie. Liver and white pointer bitch, whelped Aug. 7, 1887, by Devonshire Sam out of Lottie, by C. A. Paetzel, Hope, Ind., to Frank Neligh, same place.

Jack Marco. Liver and white pointer dog, whelped Oct. 22, 1887, by Pat out of Flora, by C. A. Paetzel, Hope, Ind., to S. C. Steuber, Williamsport, Pa.

Frank Marco. Liver and white pointer dog, whelped Aug. 7, 1887, by Devonshire Sam out of Lottie, by C. A. Paetzel, Hope, Ind., to Albert Bue, Titusville, Pa.

Bob Berwyn. Chestnut and white English setter dog, whelped June 8, 1888, by Dashing Berwyn out of Kelp (A.K.R. 110), by Detroit Kennel Club, Detroit, Mich., to W. L. Turner, Blairsville, Pa.

Chief's Queen. Blue belton and tan English setter bitch, whelped October, 1883, by Laverack Chief out of Gypsey, by F. G. Tayler and G. G. Davis, Philadelphia, Pa., to S. J. McCartney, Forest, O.

Rodellew. Lemon and white English setter bitch, whelped July 6, 1888, by Buckellew out of Rodreka, by F. G. Tayler and G. G. Davis, Philadelphia, Pa., to W. B. Thomas, same place.

Colonel. Black English setter dog, whelped July 8, 1886, by Drake out of Molly, by Geo. W. Lovell, Middleboro, Mass., to P. H. Van Aukin, New London, Conn.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

ST. JOSEPH, Mo., Aug. 23.—The St. Joseph Rifle Club held an interesting rifle and pistol contest to-day at their new 200yds. range, north of the city, the following noted out-of-town sportsmen being present: Dr. R. S. Dinsmore, Fred Close and Charles Higby, of Troy, Kas.; Dr. George Essig and F. H. King, of Plattsburg, and W. F. Whitford, of Barnard, Mo. Following are the scores:

Rifle—200yds., Off-hand, American field Target.

R S Dinsmore.	10	7	9	5	7	10	5	5	9	6	9	7	10	7	7	0	10	8	6	6	7	8	9—176
J E Eberly	6	8	4	5	9	10	6	9	8	6	3	4	7	6	8	4	6	9	7	5	8	7	4	8	7—162
W T Whitford	0	8	7	6	4	9	4	4	8	7	4	4	5	6	2	5	3	7	6	9	7	5	5	6	5—137
W H Brown	0	8	4	0	4	4	6	5	3	7	6	10	4	3	3	7	7	5	5	3	6	5	5	5	4—119
C B Roberts	0	5	3	3	3	3	5	0	0	7	5	7	9	5	9	10	0	4	6	4	5	4	8	3	8—116
Geo Essig	0	3	9	10	3	4	5	3	4	4	6	0	6	0	5	3	4	3	6	5	7	0	0	8	6—104

Military allowance for open sights..... 12½

116½

F H King..... 3 8 0 5 3 4 3 0 0 4 6 5 0 0 0 3 4 3 6 6 0 7 5 3 5— 89

Military allowance..... 12½

101½

T H Moore .... 0 0 3 9 4 4 0 3 0 8 5 6 3 4 0 0 0 5 5 0 3 0 0 0 7— 69

Pistol—50yds.

J E Eberly	8	6	9	6	9	9	7	6	8	7	—75
	10	10	10	10	10	5	9	8	10	10	—92
	9	5	7	7	7	10	9	7	6	7	—74
	9	7	10	5	4	6	10	8	7	5	—73—314
W T Whitford	8	9	9	6	8	10	8	8	5	6	—76
	7	6	6	6	9	9	8	7	8	8	—74
	9	10	9	6	9	9	8	8	7	10	—85
	10	5	10	7	7	9	8	6	7	10	—80—295
R S Dinsmore	6	0	8	6	6	8	4	4	5	7	—54
	7	5	8	10	3	4	9	5	7	9	—67
	10	10	8	10	5	5	5	9	10	9	—81
	10	4	7	5	8	9	6	8	10	9	—76—278
George Essig	9	6	4	7	4	8	7	7	0	7	—60
	4	5	9	5	5	6	5	6	8	7	—60—120
A B Dexter	5	5	7	10	0	8	4	5	8	7	—59

Dr. Dinsmore fired his first 20 shots at a disadvantage, his revolver being leaded.

BOSTON, Aug. 29.—A strong 9 o'clock wind and an unusually bright sky kept the records down in most of most of the matches shot at Walnut Hill to-day. Mr. N. Washburn, an oldtime expert at long range shooting, took a trial at the rest target, and succeeded in rolling up a score that smashed the record. Starting with an 11, he followed with nine 12, giving him the record at this target on a score of 119 out of a possible 120. The score:

Rest Match, 200yds.

N Washburn	11	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	—119
H Newton	12	8	6	8	12	8	11	9	8	9—	91

Decimal Off-Hand Match, 2 0yds.

J C Ball	8	6	8	8	7	7	8	6	9	8—	75
W O Burnite (mil.)	9	9	5	5	9	6	10	9	5	6—	73
C Brooks	7	8	6	5	7	7	9	9	4	8—	72
C Fiske	6	8	8	5	10	5	7	7	5	7—	68
A D Stearns (mil.)	5	6	7	6	7	7	7	7	5	7	8—65
A G Horne	6	6	9	6	9	5	6	8	3	4—62	

Militia Match—Creedmoor Target, 200yds.

W O Burnite	5	5	5	5	5	4	5	4	5	4—47	
A L Bundy	5	4	5	4	4	5	5	5	4	5—46	
A O Sterns	5	5	3	4	5	5	6	5	4	4—45	
C Williams	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	5—41	
A McCarty	4	4	4	4	5	4	4	4	4	4—41	

Military Match, 500yds.

A T Lindberg	5	5	5	5	4	3	5	4	3	2—41	

Sept. 1.—The regular matches were shot at the range to-day, and a good number of shooters were present, but poor scores were the rule. Following are the best scores made to-day:

Rest Match, 200yds.

J Francis	11	11	11	11	12	12	12	12	10	11—	113
J N Eames	11	11	9	12	12	12	9	12	8	10—	106
A Ballard	9	12	12	9	12	12	9	9	9	12—	105
S T Sumner	11	10	11	11	11	11	10	12	8	9—	105
N James	9	11	9	9	9	8	12	8	11	10—	96
L R Avay	10	8	9	11	9	9	10	10	8	10—	94
J E Tuttie	9	9	7	12	6	7	9	9	9	10—	87

Off-Hand Decimal.

C H Eastman	6	7	10	4	9	7	6	6	8	10—	73
A Law	5	7	6	10	5	5	10	10	6	8—	72
O T Moore	4	7	8	7	5	7	7	6	10	4—	65
E H Comey	3	5	5	7	9	8	9	6	5	7—	64
K Ames	8	2	3	4	4	10	10	7	10	4—	62
A McCarthy (mil.)	7	6	6	6	6	5	6	6	4	5—57	

Pistol Match, 50yds.

C H Eastman	9	6	7	8	7	7	8	8	7	10—	79
A Stevens	8	6	7	7	8	7	6	10	6	9—	72
O T Moore	10	10	5	6	5	8	6	5	5	10—	70
F D Hart	7	4	8	7	4	8	9	7	5	10—68	

Military Match.

A McCarthy	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4—40	
T W Kettelle	2	3	3	3	4	4	4	3	4	3—33	
J R Meroth	3	3	3	3	3	4	3	3	3	4—32	
Robinson	3	3	0	4	4	4	0	4	4	3—29	

NEWARK, N. J.—The coming witer promises to see a revival of the interest in gallery work. At a regular meeting of the Amateur Rifle Association of New Jersey on Thursday evening last another club was admitted, making six clubs in the league, namely, Howard, Our Own, Monroe, Magory, Lakeside and Excelsior. The tournament to be shot will be exciting and interesting, and will cover a period of seven months from Nov. 1. Entries to the association will close on Oct. 5.... The members of St. Michael's Catholic Young Men's Association have organized a rifle club, with the following officers: President, John B. Flynn; Vice-President, John B. Gaskin; Secretary, John F. Kelly; Treasurer, John E. Evans. The club will go to Paterson for its first annual shooting practice on Oct. 16.

PHILADELPHIA.—The new rifle range in the Twenty-fifth Ward, partially built by Major Rush S. Huidekoper, has been named the First Brigade Rifle Range. The grounds have been prepared as far as the funds available will permit during this year, and six targets have been placed in position. Of the number, three are patterned after the Texas or Laidley revolving target, 4x6ft., for use at 100, 200 and 300yds.; the other three are 6x6ft., for practice at 500 and 600yds. each. The walls at the range have been erected and the range, so far as built, has been wire-fenced and thoroughly protected in regard to the safety of the riflemen and markers, as well as the outside public.

THIRD DIVISION RIFLE ASSOCIATION.—The eleventh annual fall meeting of the Third Division Rifle Association will be held at Rensselaerwyck (between Albany and Troy), Thursday and Friday, Oct. 11 and 12. The complete programme is now being made up and copies will be ready for distribution Sept. 5. The following is a summary of matches, etc., so far as they have been arranged up to this time: No. 1. Directors' Match, any rifle. No. 2. Short Range Continuous Military Match, military rifles only. No. 3. Standard American Target Re-entry Match, any rifle. No. 4. Champion Marksman's Badge Qualification Match, military rifles only. No. 5. Decimal Target Re-entry Rest Match, any rifle. No. 6. Third Brigade Military Team Match—Open to teams of six commissioned officers or regularly enlisted soldiers, from any battalion or separate company of infantry in the Third Brigade, N. G. S. N. Y. Prize: State trophy, value $100. No. 7. Company Team Match—Open to teams of six from any National Guard company in the Third Brigade. Prizes: $50 in cash to first team, $25 cash to the second team, and a suitable prize for third team. No. 8. 500yd. Carton Match, any rifle. No. 9. Revolver Match. Liberal prizes, and a suitable number of them, will be given in all matches to insure making the meeting the largest and most successful ever held by the Association.—BUEL C. ANDREWS, Sec'y, 14 North Pearl St., Albany.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., Aug. 31.—Members of the city guard made these scores at Lake Lookout range this afternoon at 200yds.:

Bull	5544455—32	Taft	4454444—29
Daggett	4544555—32	Bowers	4344445—29
Southmayd	5454544—31	McDonald	5454444—28
W E Hosmer	5445544—31	Cordis	4544435—28
Johnson	4454544—30	Cartwright	3354454—28
Merrick	4444554—30	Wilson	5442444—27
Sterling	5544444—30	F L Hosmer	3344544—25
Wilcox	4445544—30		

Capt. R. A. Whipple, of Co. M, of Adams, shot with a Springfield rifle at 500yds. making 46 points out of a possible 50. Maj. C. W. Hinman, of Boston, State inspector of rifle practice, was in the city.

SEA GIRT, N. J.—Maj. R. Heber Brientnall, of Newark, has won the badge offered by Governor Green to the marksman of the National Guard making the highest score on the range here. The Major is a member of the First Regiment, of Newark, N. J., and made 41 points out of a possible 50 on the 200yds. and 500yds. ranges.

ARMY MARKSMEN.—The annual sharpshooting contest of the Division of the Atlantic, United States troops, is now in progress at Fort Niagara, near Youngstown, N. Y. There are 76 men entered for the competition. Of these 8 are officers, 65 are enlisted men with various ranks, and three men are classed as quite distinguished marksmen. They represent the companies stationed east of the Mississippi River. The men are encamped in the open woods adjacent to the fort. There are six rows of tents, eight tents in a row. Each tent accommodates two men. The camp is called Rifle Camp, Fort Niagara, N. Y. The commandant is First Lieut. Jonas A. Emery, Eleventh Infantry.... SAN ANTONIO, Texas, Sept. 1.—The competitive shooting at the rifle range which has been going on for some days, resulted to-day in the selection of the following as members for the Division of the Missouri of the army team, which will compete at Fort Niagara: Sergt. Geo. M. King, Twentieth Infantry; Lieut. Ce ii Stewart, Third Cavalry; Sergt. Chas. Palmer, Third Infantry; Lieut. Jos. Garrard, Ninth Cavalry; Lieut. M. W. Day, Ninth Cavalry; Farrier Joseph P. Hughes, First Cavalry; Alternate, Lieut. A. C. Macomb, Fifth Cavalry. The Division of the Missouri comprises the Departments of Dakota, Missouri, Texas and the Platte. In the list of those selected Dakota heads with three men. The Department of the Platte has two representatives, and the Missouri and Texas Departments one each. This is Lieut. Stewart's and Farrier Hughes's first year of shooting. Sergt. King and Lieut. Garrard are well-known marksmen.

LEOMINSTER, Mass., Aug. 21.—At the recent meet of members of the Leominster Rifle Club the following scores were made:

Prevear	8	9	8	10	7	8	9	10	9	8—86
Whitney	7	10	9	9	8	7	9	8	7	10—84
Foster	8	6	9	4	7	10	9	10	7	9—78
Munson	6	10	8	7	9	7	7	8	9	6—77
Joslin	7	5	7	6	4	10	9	10	8	9—75
Pitts	4	9	7	6	8	10	8	6	8	8—74

CITIZENS' RIFLE CLUB.—Meriden, Conn., has a new club with A. H. Merrimam President, C. A. Miller Vice-President, W. Tinker Secretary and W. G. Hooker Treasurer. The Executive Committee consists of President Merriam, ex-officio, George A. Foster, S. W. Foster, F. E. Sands, J. F. Ives and W. E. Jones. Charles E. Foster, Shoot.ng Master.

CREEDMOOR, Sept. 3.—The eleventh match for the marksman's badge was shot to-day. The weather was v ry favorable and the scores made were excellent. The winners were:

	200yds.	500yds.	Total.
C A Jones, Co G, 7th Regt	23	24	47
T G Austin, Co G, 13th Regt	21	25	46
U E Wood, Co B, 12th Regt	22	23	45
W A Byer, Co B, 23d Regt	23	22	45
F A Wells, Co B, 23d Regt	21	23	44
H G Morris, Co G, 13th Regt	21	23	44
T J Dolan, N C S, 12th Regt	23	21	44
J McNevin, N C S, 13th Regt	20	23	43

Medal Winners.

A C Saunders, Co H, 23d Regt	21	24	45
J J Teevan, Co F, 13th Regt	20	24	44
N B Thurston Co E, 22d Regt	21	23	44
S F Fahnestock, Co I, 13th Regt	19	24	43

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

TRAP FIXTURES.

Cincinnati, O., Sept. 4 to 7.
Cleveland, O., Sept. 10 to 14.
St. Paul, Minn., Sept. 12 to 14.
St. Louis, Mo., Oct. 2 to 5.
Marion, N. J., Oct. 3 to 12.
Dunellen, N. J., Oct. 16 to 19.
New York Suburban, Oct. 23 to 26.

THE EASTERN CIRCUIT of trap tournaments will include those of the Jersey City Heights Gun Club, at Marion, N. J. (near New York), Oct. 9 to 12, with large guaranteed purse; the Middlesex Gun Club, at Dunellen, N. J., Oct. 16 to 19, with large guaranteed purse; and the New York Suburban Shooting Grounds Association, at Claremont, Jersey City, N. J., with a guaranteed purse of $1,250.

NEW BEDFORD, Mass., Aug. 18.—The Acushnet and Westport Gun Clubs are having some interesting shooting matches. To-day the third match was shot between the clubs at Westport Factory, and won by the Westport club by four points only. The Acushnets had won two matches in succession by two or three points. The following shows the result of the shoot, the first total of each man's score being clays and the second standards. The score:

Westports.		Acushnets.	
A Lewis	7 7—14	J G Wilson	6 9—15
E Sabin	7 7—14	H C Kenyon	7 5—12
F Whalon	8 7—15	Job Spooner	8 5—18
P Simmons	6 5—11	C A Gray, Jr.	7 3—10
G Lewis	7 4—11	W Durfee	4 5— 9
A Wilson	7 6—13—78	C A Gray	6 9—15—74

CAPT. BREWER'S CHALLENGE.—In order to hurry up expected rivals, Capt. Brewer has written another challenge, saying: "I have just returned from England, where I won the cup representing the championship of the world, which was put up for competition in 1880, and which Dr. Carver secured in a rather irregular manner. I now stand ready to defend this trophy against any man in the world, Budd preferred. I will shoot one match or a series of matches with any man in the world for $250 and upward at 100 birds each, London Gun Club rules to govern all matches. Or if any one will accept this match and go to England and shoot, I will allow him $500 for expenses, and will shoot five matches for £1,000 each match. I hope your readers will not take offense at my asking them to go to England to shoot, for it is well known that it is difficult to get good birds in America, and especially in warm weather. I thought I had seen some very good pigeons fly in America before going to England, but I am ready to acknowledge that I knew nothing about good birds before my visit to England. I intend to return to England in November, but before that time I hope that our trap-shooters will pluck up courage enough to come to the front and let the general public know who is the best man behind the traps. I reserve the right to name the grounds and find the birds, and if the latter should not be what we call good birds in America, I am willing to forfeit all claims to the championship which I now hold.—CAPT. JOHN L. BREWER, Champion Wing Shot of the World."

The following telegram from Al Bandle, the famous Cincinnati trap-shot, comes in response to Brewer's wish for a match: "CINCINNATI, O., Sept. 1.—In regard to Brewer's challenge, I wish you to state that we shoot for the championship of America at my tournament, held in this city from Sept. 4 to Sept. 7, inclusive. I would like to have Brewer attend. We will back Budd, or will guarantee Brewer a match for from $250 a side up, if he attends.—AL BANDLE."

WORCESTER, Mass., Aug. 30.—At the tournament at Coal Mine Brook range this week, under the auspices of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club, the attendance was good. In the challenge match between the Massachusetts Rifle Association and the Worcester Club there were five teams. The contest was for the team clay-pigeon badge. The work of each team in detail was as follows:

Massachusetts Rifle Ass'n.		Worcester Sp'tsman's Club, No. 1	
O R Dickey	1111111111—10	A R Bowdish	1011011111— 8
H W Eager	1011111001— 7	M D Gilman	0101111110— 7
Swift	1111111101— 9	W S Davis	0100000011— 3
T G Stanton	0101111111— 8	Geo Sampson	1111111110— 9
G H Wheeler	0011111111— 8—42	E T Smith	1111111110— 9—36
Worcester Club, No. 2.		Worcester Club, No. 3.	
W R Dean	1110101111— 8	C H Howes	1010011011— 6
C R Holden	1100000010— 3	V D Kenerson	0011101111— 7
G J Rugg	0001111110— 6	A G Larkin	1001100110— 5
G W Russell	1111010010— 6	C R Claflin	1011011011— 7
Dr Bowers	1111011111— 9—32	E F Swan	0101011101— 6—31
Worcester Club, No. 4.			
H W Webber	0111010010—6	L R Hudson	1000100000—2
A B Franklin	1110111010—7	C Crompton	0101011101—5—28
E S Knowles	1101110111—8		

The other contest was for the individual glass ball badge. It was shot on clays from open traps. In the tie Dickey won by a score of five. The work of each man follows: Dickey 14, Larkin 14, Smith 14, Gilman 13, Wheeler 13, Kenerson 13, Dodge 13, Russell 13, Sampson 13, Howe 13, Rugg 13, Eager 12, Stanton 12, Dean 12, Davis 12, Nichols 12, Swift 12, Chapin 11, Franklin 11, Don 11, Perry 11, Webber 11, Bowdish 9, Burbank 9, Bowers 9, Knowles 8, Graham 7, Houghton 7, Claflin 7.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 18.—A bluerock shooting tournament, in which four well-known gun clubs participated, was held at Adams Point, on the banks of Lake Merritt, this afternoon. The object of the tornament was to decide the ownership of a handsome trophy, valued at $75, which all the clubs had contributed. The club beating all its competitors in three consecutive tournaments is entitled to the trophy. The match was at 30 singles and 10 pairs of doubles, 18yds. rise, from the 5 ground traps. Each club sent five of its best marksmen to the tournament to uphold its merits, and some excellent scores were the result. The weather was exceptionally fine, and all enjoyed a pleasant day's sport. Owing to the fact that many of the shooters did not arrive on the grounds until late, the match did not begin until well into the afternoon, and it was almost too dark to see the clay disks before the last round was finished. The Blue Rocks had already won two tournaments, and were in consequence very eager to gain the day, while their rivals were equally as anxious to prevent them from doing so. The singles were tried first, and the Blue Rocks succeeding in making the best total by two points; but the Eucinals, who won second, turned the tables with the doubles, and beat the leaders by five points, thus winning an exciting match.

Oakland Gun Club.		Encinal Gun Club.	
Jackson	15 16—31	Slade	25 18—43
Russell	13 12—25	Coffin	17 12—29
Tubbs	17 11—28	Pixley	18 18—36
Kellogg	19 17—36	Schroeder	23 12—35
Noyes	11 12—23	Bell	14 15—29
	146		172
Blue Rock Gun Club.		Lincoln Gun Club.	
Cadman	20 13—33	Parker	13 16—29
Adams	19 17—26	Cate	19 18—37
Gould	26 14—40	Bruns	15 14—29
Harris	15 15—28	Campbell	21 11—32
Fox	19 12—32	Wenzell	19 15—34
	169		155

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 25.—The August shoot of the Eureka Gun Club came off to-day at Birds Point, Alameda county. The day was favorable for the sport and there was a fair attendance. The prizes distributed were awarded on the basis of the total of the best three scores of the season's shoot, the highest taking the first prize and so down in regular order, except the seventh prize, which was awarded to the member making the lowest average in any three shots. The prizes were and were awarded as follows: First prize, one pair of linked gold and platina diamond sleeve buttons, won by H. C. Golcher; second, one pair pearl opera glasses, A. F. Adams; third, Colt's new lightning magazine .22-cal. rifle, W. M. Macmillan; fourth, fine split bamboo fishing rod, C. W. Kellogg; fifth, 250 standard shotgun cartridges, S. J. Kellogg; sixth, one-pound bottle of extract, H. Black, and seventh, a $2,0000 accident insurance policy for one year, E. W. Chapin. For the first and second prizes Golcher and Adams had to shoot off their ties, and for the third and fourth prizes Macmillan and C. W. Kellogg shot off two ties, 4 birds for each tie. The score stood as follows:

E W Chapin	1112101022110— 9	A F Adams	1102002221 20— 8
S J Kellogg	2112111212 11—12	W Macmillan	1121111212 22—12
C F Stone	1121122121 11—12	W E Mahew	1121111121 21—12
H Black	2012111022 22— 9	W W Haskett	1101110211 0— 9
C W Kellogg	1112321021 11—11	H C Golcher	1212112122 22—12
N Sanborn	2211111121 21—12	E Goodall	0110012200 11— 7

The following is the club record for the season, with the total of percentage of each member:

	March.	April.	May.	June.	July.	Aug.	Tl.
W J Dutton	10	..	9	..	..	9	28
H Black	6	11	11	..	..	..	28
H C Golcher	8	12	11	11	10	12	64
E Goodall	10	9	9	..	12	7	47
S I Kellogg	11	7	10	10	10	12	60
A G Schwerin	8	9	9	10	10	..	46
W E Mahew	8	9	9	10	8	12	56
E W Chapin	9	10	6	8	9	9	51
F G Sanborn	..	..	10	7	8	12	29
C W Kellogg	..	9	12	11	8	11	51
A F Adams	10	11	12	11	12	8	64
W M Macmillan	6	8	11	11	9	12	57
Chas F Stow	..	..	11	..	8	12	31
A C Tubbs	..	7	..	..	..	..	7
W W Haskell	10	11	..	..	..	9	30

CUYAHOGA FALLS, Ohio, Aug. 30.—Cuyahoga Falls vs. Ravenna. Last of series of three matches. Standards, 25 birds, 18yds. rise. Chamberlin rules:

First Team—Cuyahoga Falls.

Ed Williams	1001111001111101111100011—17
D Taylor	0011111001011011011001101—16
H Johns	0100111011011111111100111—18
R Germain	0101101111111010111001111—18—69

Second Team.

Wm Crock	1011111100110110011010111—17
J Hart	1010100111100000111111111—16
Ed Schmitt	1111000100101111100001111—14
L Hommechin	0111110000001001101100011—12—59

Third Team.

L A Croy	1111110101111101111111111—22
Hopkins	1111111011101111111111101—22
E Cahoon	0101101111100001111000010—14
Wm Heather	0111101111000011110000011—14—72
	200

First Team—Ravenna.

C Kelso	1001111011001111101011110—17
Crail	0010111111101011101101110—16
Bush	1001110011101101101000100—13
B F Rice	1110110010000110000011110—12—58

Second Team.

Holcomb	1111010101110111110000100—15
Goodnough	0010000000111011111111100—13
Butts	1110111111111111111111100—22
Burce	0010111010000001010101010—11—61

Third Team.

Lewis	0011111111100101011101100—16
Parsons	0110010011101111111111100—16
Madole	1010010111100111111001010—16
Hart	1111011111111011111101111—22—70
	189

The Cuyahoga Falls won by a score of two out of the three matches.

MONTREAL, Aug. 28.—To-day was not the best day in the year for trap-shooting, but it was not the worst either, by any means, and the Independent Gun Club were very successful in the way they celebrated their second anniversary. From early morning until dark Lepine Park resounded with the reports of the double-barreled guns that meant destruction to Peorias and bluerocks. The Independent Club is a young one, but its members are enthusiastic shots, and the showing they made to-day at the traps was excellent. The attendance was large and the conditions, barring a little cloudiness, favorable to good scoring. Mr. Boucher is president and Mr. A. Marcoux vice-president, but the hardest-worked man on the field, as usual in gun clubs, was the secretary-treasurer, Mr. St. John. The meeting started off with a shoot at 10 birds, 18yds. rise, and the following tells the tale:

J Roberts	0011001110—5	A Marcoux	1101000001—4
P Larcau	1001000101—4	Pariscau	0111111011—8
Guy	1101111011—8		

Messrs. Pariscau and Guy divided first money.

The club shoot was at 12 single birds, both barrels allowed, 21yds. rise, 80yds. boundary:

Boucher	1110110111—10	Macbeth	1101011000—7
Beauvan	1100110001—6	Marcoux	0110111110—9
St John	1111001101—9	Lareau	1111111111—11
Courville	1111010111—10	Guilbeault	1011111111—11
Brouillet	1011100011—7	Garcau	0111101111—10

In shooting off the ties at 11 Larcau took first and Guilbeault second place; Garcau, Boucher and Courville third, fourth and fifth. A shoot at 3 pair of birds resulted as follows:

D Robert	11 11 01—5	Pariscau	11 11 01—5
E Octave	00 01 11—3	Boucher	01 11 11—5
N Lareau	11 11 11—6	Purcell	11 11 11—6
Sicotte	11 10 11—5		

Shooting off ties for first, miss and out, Lareau grassed three pair and took first, while Purcell took second with five birds to his credit. There were a few other sweeps afterwards, with which the guns amused themselves until darkness put a stop to the sport.

MEDIA, Pa., Aug. 29.—The second tournament shoot of the gun clubs of Delaware county, Pa., was held on the grounds of the Maple Run Gun Club to-day. The day was pleasant; but small scores were made, owing to bluerocks being used for the first time.

McClure Gun Club.		Thornbury Gun Club.	
D McClure	12	F Smedley	13
F Harrison	15	W Yearsley	12
William Gibbs	13	R Baldwin	11
J Wood	8	B Green	10
William Hall	6	G Green	12
A McClure	12	Fergueson	9
J Hollywood	8—72	Gill	5—72
Darby Gun Club.		Maple Run Gun Club.	
G Urian	9	Rodgers	7
H Hughes	16	J Cummins	4
T Knight	5	C Marshall	13
H Urian	7	J Baker	10
E H James	11	T Allen	8
W W James	7	Hall	13
C Clark	15—68	Ingraham	13—68

BATAVIA GUN CLUB.—Batavia, N. Y., Aug. 30.—Scores of our shoot held to-day, at bluerocks:

Geo Bowen	0000001010— 2	0001010001— 3
C Warner	1101111016— 7	1011111110— 8
A Wyness	1111111111—10	1111110100— 6
H T Booth	0010111110— 6	0010110111— 6
H J Patten	0101010111— 6	0000000110— 2
P G Heusner	1000100111— 5	1111111011— 9
John McNish	0011011111— 7	0110100000— 3
W C Harrison	1100310111— 6	0011000101— 3
S T Curtiss	0110010010— 4	0111000011— 5
A N Cowdin	1011110111— 8	1000110101— 5
C N Dwight	0100001100— 3	
Schisler	1011100110— 6	0101001101— 5
C A Martin	0110010100— 4	1101001010— 5
P Tompkins	1101101011— 7	

At 10 doubles, 18yds.:

P Tompkins	11 11 10 11 00 11 10 10 01 01—13
P G Heusner	10 10 01 01 11 10 10 11 01 11—13

Ties, 5 doubles, 21yds.:

P Tompkins	00 11 11 00 10—5
P G Heusner	01 11 01 10 01—6

H. T. B.

CORRY, Pa.—The first annual tournament of the Keystone Manufacturing Co. will be held at Corry, Pa., Sept. 18, 19, 20 and 21. Guaranteed purses of $1,000 will be offered, and in addition the following prizes: First day, a silver tankard valued at $250; second day, L. C. Smith Cup; third day, Peters Cartridge Co. silver pitcher; fourth day, championship diamond ring. Programmes and other particulars can be obtained by addressing the Keystone Manufacturing Co., Corry, Pa.

WELLINGTON, Mass., Sept. 1.—The attendance at the Wellington range was good to-day and the traps were kept constantly at work for nearly five hours. The winners of the various events were: Six pigeons, Stanton, Chase and Adams; six bluerocks, Bowker and Snow; six pigeons, Adams and Chase; six bluerocks, Chase; six pigeons, Chase and Bowker; six bluerocks, Chase and Swift; six bluerocks, Hammond; three pair pigeons, Snow; six bluerocks, Stanton; six pigeons, Melcher, Swift and Stanton; six pigeons, Adams and Chase; six bluerocks, Melcher and Adams; six bluerocks, Swift, six pigeons, Bradstreet and Stanton; six pigeons, Stanton; six bluerocks, Snow; three pair pigeons, Moore; six bluerocks, Bowker; three pair pigeons, Chapin; six bluerocks, Snow; six pigoons, Stanton.

Canoeing.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

OFFICERS, 1887-88.

Commodore: R. W. GIBSON, } Albany, N. Y.
Secretary-Treasurer: F. L. MIX, }

Vice-Com.	Rear-Com.	Purser.
Central Div.	W. R. Huntington,	E. W. Masten, T. H. Stryker, Rome, N. Y.
Atlantic Div.	W. P. Stephens,	L. B. Palmer, F. L. Dunnell, 186 Jerolemon St., Brooklyn.
Eastern Div.	H. E. Rice,	M. D. Maxton Holmes, H. D. Marsh, Springfield, Mass.
N'thern Div.	Robert Tyson,	S. S. Robinson, Colin Fraser, Toronto.

Applications for membership must be made to division pursers, accompanied by the recommendation of an active member and the sum of $2.00 for entrance fee and dues for current year. Every member attending the general A. C. A. camp shall pay $1.00 for camp expenses. Application sent to the Sec'y-Treas. will be forwarded by him to the proper Division.

Persons residing in any Division and wishing to become members of the A. C. A., will be furnished with printed forms of application by addressing the Purser.

WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

Commodore—J. R. Bartlett, Fremont, Ohio.
Vice-Commodore—D. H. Crane, Chicago, Ill.
Rear-Commodore—C. J. Stedman, Cincinnati, Ohio,
Secretary-Treasurer—O. H. Root, Cleveland, Ohio.
Executive Committee—C. J. Bousfield, Bay City, Mich.; T. P. Gaddis, Dayton, O.; T. J. Kirkpatrick, Springfield, O.

FIXTURES.

SEPTEMBER.

6. Mohican, Gibson Cup, Albany
8. Brooklyn C. C. Regatta.
13. Mohican, Oliver Cup, Albany
15. Ianthe, Newark, Annual.
15. Springfield Cup, Calla Shasta
20. Mohican, Gibson Badge, Alb'y

OCTOBER.

6. Springfield Cup, Calla Shasta.

THE A. C. A. REGATTA COMMITTEE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your report of the A. C. A. meet and regatta your correspondent takes occasion several times to severely criticise the regatta committee for lack of promptness in starting races, and general tardiness, and expresses the opinion that fault finding was very general among the members who raced. As I am alone responsible for this I ask space for a few words. The racing was announced to begin each day at 9:30. On Lake George the weather is not settled by 8:30 usually, and therefore it was necessary to put off the time of starting the first race, as all the races for the morning had to be announced one hour before the first race started. On Monday morning the launch was an hour late, but as it turned out no loss of time occurred in consequence. There was no wind before 10 A. M. Tuesday afternoon the committee was at fault in that dinner was delayed at the hotel. At all other times they were on hand to the minute. The programme was a long one. Three extra events were added to it at the meet, including the Barney cup trial race—no mention of the fact is made in the report. Not a race was abandoned after being started. All the paddling races were contested under favorable conditions of water, and there was plenty of wind during every sailing race. It has been no unusual thing at former meets to have a number of races dropped from the programme or carried over to the fifth day. Had the Barney cup race been omitted on Thursday, the two races of Friday could have been worked in the four days. Of the two certainly the Barney race created most interest.

At former meets a number of men have had to do police duty and judges work on the courses. Three men with the help of the launch (paid for by the committee and the Commodore) did all the work this year—with the help at times of two men at the outer marks. Thus fewer men than ever before had work to do. It is not a mistake (as your correspondent asserts) to put racing men on the committee. They are the only men in the A. C. A. competent to run a regatta successfully. The chairman must of course give up all idea of racing at that particular meet. There is no pleasure in running an A. C. A. regatta. It is done at considerable expense both of time and money, and the total loss of a vacation, and if the men generally take such a narrow and unwarranted view of the work as your correspondent has done it certainly would be impossible for the A. C. A. to get any one to serve on the committee if the members generally felt as I now feel about it. The thanks a man can expect for the work of three months and the sacrifice of his vacation is a kind appreciation of his endeavors, not unbridled fault finding and harsh criticism.

C. BOWYER VAUX.

THE A. C. A. MEET OF 1888.

THE CAMP AND THE ASSOCIATION.

WHILE the great question of the permanency of the A. C. A. and the success of its annual meets is settled beyond doubt, there is still a wide field for development and improvement before the Association can properly fulfill all the functions of a national body, uniting and governing the canoeists of the United States and Canada. Before proceeding to our regular review of the canoes and their rigs, we propose to devote a little time to the consideration of the camp that has just broken up, and to the condition and prospects of the Association at large. First, then, as to statistics. The Secretary's register shows that there were in camp 153 paying members of the A. C. A., not counting ladies and guests, these members being divided among the four divisions as follows, representing 33 clubs:

Central.	*Eastern.*	*Northern.*	*Atlantic.*
Mohican.	Springfield.	Toronto.	New York.
Pittsburgh.	Harvard.	Peterboro.	Knickerbocker
Buffalo.	Lawrence.	Ottawa.	Brooklyn.
Deoqainsta.	Hartford.	Lake St. Louis.	Yonkers.
Cincinnati.	Vesper.	Brockville.	Philadelphia.
St. Lawrence.	Lakeside.		Keystone.
Newburgh.	Sagamore.		Trenton.
Rochester.	Newton.		Arlington.
Jabberwock.	Puritan.		Ianthe.
Amsterdam.			
Members 47.	Members 43.	Members 12.	Members 51.

The Central and Atlantic Divisions were represented by the full board of officers, the Eastern Division by all but the Rear Com., while none of the officers of the Northern Division were present in person. As to the club representation, but few of the clubs had a large number present, the total was made up largely of two to six men from a club; and while this does not compare favorably with the large club encampments seen in former years, it is offset by the fact that the entire representation was well distributed geographically, a very large territory being represented. Owing to the topography of the camp, the tents such as the Springfield and Mohicans, which have a number of men and tents, made less show than in former years through the scattering of the tents which followed the uneven nature of the ground. The club uniforms which once added so much to the appearance of the camp have almost entirely disappeared, the popular tennis suits of all colors having to a great extent superseded them. While nothing is lost in picturesque effect, the change is rather to be regretted, as the effect of a club uniform was, as in the army, to unite the club, to heighten the *esprit de corps*, and to induce each club to make the best show that was possible.

It is a fact that the character of the camp has changed materially within the last three years, and in a way which to us, as well as to many more of the chronic grumblers, is by no means for the better. This far perhaps no harm has been done, but it is none too soon to speak of a danger that might in time work serious injury to the meets. This danger lies in the fact that each year the camp is becoming less primitive and more civilized; the change within even three years being very marked. It is shown in many ways; the tents are double the size, a board floor is considered a necessity instead of a luxury; a large Saratoga has replaced the modest camp chest; the tent is furnished with spring cots, rugs, chairs and tables. Little or no cooking was done in camp this year, but all dined at the mess shed, practically equivalent to a very poor hotel with all the pleasure of camp life carefully extracted. There was not one club mess in the entire camp, and only one camp kit was discovered as the result of a prize hunt. The fear

camp, over half a mile, with no wagon road nor wagons. A good store is needed in the camp where provisions may be had in a few minutes.

The camp ground itself is most important; many like to camp in a grove, but the majority, fresh from indoors, find it warmer in the chilly nights that sometimes come in August, if the camp is unshaded, having the morning and evening sun, a great matter too in damp weather, as a tent beneath the trees will be damp long after one in the open is warm and dry. The main camp then should be on a gentle slope with few trees, giving a clear view, with if possible some shade where to care to camp in it. The ground should be fairly even and free from stones, and of such extent that each club can find a good location for half a dozen tents. The racing courses should be within view of the camp, as it is always a pleasure, whatever one may be doing, to look out and see the canoes. On tidal waters the beach is a very serious difficulty, but on fresh water landing stages can usually be built at small cost, as at Grindstone, Bow-Arrow and Lake George.

The present camp was open to many objections it was surrounded with a thick belt of dense fir trees, shutting out both the view and the breeze, and in hot weather it was very close; the lake with all its beauties was practically invisible from the camp; while the races could only be seen, and then in part, by going to the West shore, at a distance from the main camp. The ground was so rocky and broken that walking was difficult, while the tents were widely scattered, there being no attempt to keep the clubs together. The committee did all that was possible to make the camp what it should be, but the natural disadvantages were greatly against them.

Looking at the canoes in a general way, the most striking point was the proportion of very good canoes and the excellence of the workmanship of the majority. Never before at a meet have there been so many very good boats present; while the standard of workmanship and finish has visibly improved within a year or two. This year it was evident beyond question that the time has fully come when the cruising and racing canoe must be separated if the former is not to be shut out from all racing, for they have now nothing in common. There were some racing canoes present that were of good model, though as fitted up they were entirely unsuited for anything that a canoe should do save match sailing. Others again—and not a few—were racing machines, pure and simple, built and used for no other purpose. There was a fair number of cruising boats, whose owners loafed and sailed and paddled about the camp, apparently enjoying themselves, and in some cases they entered the novice and other races; but it is now racing for racing boats, and no one need bring a cruiser to camp to win first prizes. The extreme racer is, in truth, a pretty poor sort of machine; some have neither bulkheads nor mast tubes, and cannot keep their shape under sail; some do not boast the ownership of an honest double blade; and one boat that upset and was towed in had neither a ringbolt nor a hole in the stem, in fact, no place could be found to which a painter could be made fast. With a mere shell of a boat, a long sliding deck seat and unlimited sail, some beautiful acrobatic feats can be accomplished and some fast runs made; but there is no question as to the direct and powerful influence of such traps on canoeing, and many at the meet expressed the opinion that the time had come for the enactment of a rule such as we outlined last winter for the protection of men who must use but one canoe for both racing and cruising.

As for the cruisers who came out so boldly last winter, they evidently were not present at the meet, for none of them showed at the line when the events specially prepared for their benefit were called. A very good programme for a short cruise was arranged, but no one cared to start; the prize for cruising outfit brought out only one competitor, and the obstacle race, in which the all-round cruising man and boat was expected to compete, fell through for lack of entries. So with the new experimental Class C, the men who asked for it were none of them present; two canoes only started in the race, and the same was the case with the "unclassified," for large canoes, sneakboxes, etc. If this meet is to be taken as a basis for a future policy, it would seem that for the present the best interests of the Association will be served by concentrating all its efforts on the development of the two classes of canoes which are now found at the meets, the unlimited racing canoe and the racing canoe within cruising limits, leaving out all efforts to encourage cruising or to build up larger classes of canoes or cruising boats. When cruising men who want a cruise at the meet are present in sufficient numbers, it will be time to arrange for them; and when the larger boats come and wish to race there should be a place made on the programme, but there is little use now in preparing in advance or offering prizes for either class.

We spoke just now of two classes of canoes at the meet, but this is not quite correct. This year, for the first time, a third class must be added to the racing and the cruising, and this is the Girling canoe. This most important addition to the fleet is a large open craft, a Canadian canoe about 16×30, of handsome finish and fitted up with carpets, rugs and cushions in bow and stern. One end is occupied by a pretty girl, in many cases by a very pretty girl; of the occupant of the other end the least said the better. Sometimes the manly form of an ex-racer, satiated with the honors of long years of hard-fought battles, wields the single blade, but in other cases it is a wonderful combination of elegance, beauty and the haberdasher's art that lies lazily on the cushions while the fair lady wields the paddle, a canoeist who runs no rapids, who sails no races and who never soils his hands with anything so hard as a frying-pan. Whether or no the Girling canoe is a benefit to the Association we leave others to determine; the question is too deep and delicate for us. Of the desirability of Squaw Point there can be no question; not only is the camp pleasanter for the presence of ladies who are campers and canoeists, but the ladies' camp exerts a very strong influence on the meet as a whole. During the races, and in some very bad weather, a number of ladies were out in canoes to see the sport, showing just as deep an interest as the men. The light open canoe driven by two ladies is a pleasant feature in any view of Lake George, Lake Champlain or the St. Lawrence, but it has been seen at previous meets before the advent of the Girling canoe, and has no bearing on the question of the latter's merits or demerits.

Speaking seriously, however, the open Canadian canoe has found much favor of late in the States, and is coming into use as an auxiliary to the decked canoe. There are now many canoeists who use the latter as they have always done for sailing and some cruising, but who also own an open canoe for general paddling, including a river cruise every season. For such purposes the open canoe is most excellent, being cheap, light, handy, and easily portaged or carried by rail. It has not displaced the decked canoe, but is made to go side by side with it.

In keeping records of the canoes and races there was one point that presented itself, the lack of good distinguishing names for many canoes. Some that were present had no names, they were simply anonymous machines, with no more individuality, so far as their owners were concerned, than a hat or a coat. Others boasted of the possession of names, but gave no visible evidence thereof, there being not a mark nor a letter on their polished sides, making it very difficult to keep track of them. Others again were named on the very ingenious English plan of having but one name and transferring it to each successive boat, so that the identity and merits of a new boat are completely hidden. It would certainly seem that such an object as a canoe, that cannot be called inanimate, and has so marked an individuality of its own, is at least worthy of a distinctive name which it should bear during its life and which should die with it.

There is one very good regulation in the racing rules which has been practically abrogated within the last year, that relating to numbers on sails. Only last season the rule was changed so as to allow the substitution of a totem or device, registered with the secretary, for the A. C. A. number. At first this rule was complied with, but this year a number of canoes were seen with merely a bit of red rag, of no special shape, pinned to the mainsail, the same having been "registered" as the distinguishing device of the canoe. This interpretation of the rule destroyed entirely the spirit of it and made endless work for the timekeepers, who have enough to do in any case. The A. C. A. numbers, already well on to 1400, have become too cumbrous to be placed on a sail, and some change is necessary. It is now the custom to use so many sails, either owned or borrowed, that this plan of numbering fails, some sailing under others' numbers, to the further confusion of the timekeepers. As less than fifty canoes take part in the sailing races at a meet, the best plan would be to have the numbers painted on muslin and assign one to each man when he makes his entry, compelling him to have it on the starboard side of every mainsail he may sail with in a race.

The question of non-members in the camp has at last been definitely settled by the amendment to the by-laws given last week. For six years there was no restriction on strangers visiting the meet and camping as long as they wished, but within the last two years the privilege has been abused by men who came to the meets to camp there but would not join the Association. To prevent anything of this kind and yet to allow members to entertain friends in camp who may not belong to the A. C. A., it is now provided that such guests shall pay the same amount as the regular members for whom the camp is organized. The admission of such guests is left to the discretion of the commodore and secretary-treasurer, the intention being to admit casual visitors or friends of canoeists who may wish to see something of an A. C. A. meet, and to exclude as far as possible regular canoeists who should be, but are not members.

This year, as usual, there were a number who postponed their applications so late that the necessary two weeks' notice could not be given prior to the meet, causing much trouble to the pursers as well as to themselves. In every case perhaps the application might as easily have been made in January as in August, and a great amount of trouble and annoyance saved. With the annual dues so low as $1 00 there is no reason for waiting until one is actually on the way to the meet before applying.

Next year, as a matter of course, the meet goes to the Northern Division, the commodore and secretary-treasurer already being elected with that end in view. The question of a site has already been discussed at the Northern meet and also at the general meet, the location most in favor with all parties being the St. Lawrence River. The Bay of Quinte has also been suggested, but the natural advantages are inferior to the St. Lawrence. As far as the members from the States are concerned, the St. Lawrence would be preferred to any other locality, and the sentiment at the meet was generally in favor of a return to Grindstone itself, provided the place was not objectionable to the Northern Division, and that some definite agreement as to charges could be made with the Delaneys. There is an objection in that nominally the island is in Central and not in Northern Division territory, but this is more imaginary than real, as the island is only half a mile or so from the Canadian border, and is nearer and more accessible to Canadians than to any of the American members. To offset this objection there are two very great advantages, the site in itself is a most excellent one, and the transportation and other arrangements have been made so often that it is known at once just what is needed, saving a great amount of preliminary work both to the committees and to individual members.

The coming year will for the first time see some large division meets in the States. The action of the Central Division will depend on the location of the general meet, if it is taken to a distance inside the Canadian border, where travel will be difficult and expensive, a meet will be held in the Central Division, but if the meet goes to Grindstone, or near there, the Division will hold no meet of its own, but will concentrate all its efforts on a large attendance at the general meet. The Atlantic Division will hold as large a division meet as possible, probably in July, at some point near New York, but it will also endeavor to secure a good attendance of its members at the A. C. A. meet in August. The Eastern Division as yet has made no announcement of its plans, and they will depend much on the location of the general meet. It is time that a large division meet was held in the Eastern States, as the previous meets have been to a great extent local, confined to the neighborhood of Springfield and Hartford. There are many canoeists further east who should be members of the A. C. A., and the time has come for a large meet, perhaps somewhere near Boston, that would attract all unattached canoeists and bring in new members.

With four prosperous divisions now established the plan that has occupied the thoughts of so many for the last four years is at length in successful operation and next year should give a fair test of its success. One thing was plainly evident at the meeting of the executive committee at camp, that the organization is far more perfect under the new plan than the old. Instead of a commodore from one section, a vice-commodore from another, a rear-commodore from a third, with the members at large that composed the old executive committee, each division has now a complete government of its own, vice-commodore, rear-commodore, purser and member or members at large. It is now far better represented at the meeting than in the past, while there is certain to be a strong but friendly rivalry as to which division shall make the best appearance at each meet, and which shall best conduct the general meet in turn, that cannot fail to lead to good results. The wider influence of the A. C. A. in distant localities through the work of the division officers and the attraction of the division meets is certain to result in large additions to the membership, and altogether the prospects of the Association are such as to give every evidence of present and future prosperity.

NEW YORK C. C. TRIAL RACES, SEPT. 3.

THE trial races to decide on a defender for the New York C. C. International Challenge Cup were sailed on Labor Day, the course being off the club house at Tompkinsville, Staten Island. The course was triangular, about 1 mile on a side, the first mark being out in mid-channel, and the second off the Clifton Boat Club. Two races were sailed, one starting at 10:47 A. M., and the other at 2:30 P. M., two rounds to each, making a 6-mile course. The first race was sailed leaving all marks to starboard, and the second was sailed the reverse way. The wind was fresh, drawing straight in the Narrows, making in the morning a reach over the first leg, a reach close hauled over the second leg, and a run home, the tide being ebb.

In the afternoon, the tide having turned, the first leg was to windward, the second with booms well off the port quarter, and the third a reach across the tide. Mr. Blake sailed his own canoe, Eclipse, in which Mr. Brokaw was successful at the Meet. She carried in both races about 98ft. in two Pecowsic sails. Mr. Vaux sailed the Bo-Peep, 15×28 with a reefing sail of over 90ft. and a small dandy. New York is the canoe Jess, having been purchased and re-christened by the New York C. C. Eclipse led over the first leg, with Bo-Peep, New York and Essex in order. She gained on the second leg, but near the end of the round Bo-Peep caught her, the pair turning the mark together. Eclipse left Bo-Peep on the reach across the ebb tide, though sailing with both sheets too far aft. New York caught and passed Bo-Peep and was second at the second mark. The positions were not materially changed over the other two legs, the times being:

FIRST RACE—START 10:47.

	1st Round.	2d Round.	Elapsed.
Eclipse, R. S. Blake, Brooklyn	1 28 00	12 01 00	1 14 00
Bo-Peep, C. B. Vaux, N. Y.	1 28 01	12 02 45	1 15 45
New York, C. K. Munroe, N. Y.	1 29 30	12 03 00	1 16 00
Essex, G. W. Cox, Essex	1 29 30	12 04 00	1 17 00
Vagabond, C. J. Stevens, N. Y.	1 31 30	12 05 30	1 18 30
Will o' the Wisp, W. D. Anderson, Essex	1 32 00	12 07 00	1 20 00
Idlemere, G. P. Douglas, Ianthe	1 32 30	12 08 00	1 21 00
Rattler, H. O. Bailey, N. Y.	Withdrew.		
Wind, P. F. Hogan, Ianthe	1 35 00	12 09 45	1 22 45

In the afternoon some changes were made, Mr. Vaux taking Vagabond, Mr. Warder Bo-Peep and Mr. Nadal Sea Bee. The start was to windward, Vagabond going over first in the weather berth, but Eclipse held a good position, well inshore. The first leg was but slow work, hugging the docks and coves all the way down, to dodge the strong flood tide. Mr. Warder sailed boldly out in the bay, direct for the mark, in blissful ignorance of what a salt-water tide was; thus losing a great deal of ground. Eclipse led as far as Clifton, with Vagabond very close to her, but the latter finally crossed her bows. The order at the weather mark was: Vagabond, Eclipse, New York, Essex, Bo-Peep. On the run across, with the tide, Vagabond left Eclipse, but lost at the second turn through the flag being run down and blown in by a tug with a large bark in tow. This cost her some time, Eclipse meanwhile gaining. Coming across to the end of the round Eclipse steered the better course, but failed to catch Vagabond, the latter leading easily. New York had come up and turned the home mark with Eclipse. On the next leg, to windward, the leaders had a hard fight for first place, Eclipse finally heading Vagabond and securing a lead, which she held easily to the finish. The full times were:

SECOND RACE, START 2:36.

	1st Round.	2d Round.	Elapsed.
Eclipse, R. S. Blake, Brooklyn	3 25 45	4 00 00	1 30 00
Vagabond; C. B. Vaux, N. Y.	3 24 15	4 07 30	1 31 30
New York, C. K. Munroe, N. Y.	3 26 00	4 20 00	1 44 00
Essex, G. W. Cox, Essex	3 32 30	4 22 00	1 45 00
Idlemere, Geo. P. Douglas, Ianthe	3 48 00	Not timed.	
Bo-Peep, Geo. A. Warder, Jabber	3 47 00	Not timed.	
Sea Bee, B. H. Nadal, N. Y.	Withdrew.		
Sweetheart, Wm. Walker, Essex	Capsized.		

No arrangements have yet been made for the cup race, but Mr. Stewart will soon be in New York with his boat. The races were ably managed by Col. C. L. Norton and Mr. Ingalls Drake.

THE A. C. A. CONSTITUTION.—At the meeting of the executive committee at the meet the question of holding the annual meeting of the committee earlier in the season was raised, it being suggested that if held in October the committee might visit any proposed spot, perhaps camping for a day or two. To permit of this a motion was made to change the constitution by the addition of the words "October or" before the word "November" in all articles in which the latter occurs, thus leaving greater liberty to the committee in the selection of a date. Notice is hereby given that such a motion will be laid before the executive committee as soon as the two weeks required have expired. The amendment will involve a change in the wording in several places where November is mentioned.

A. C. A. MEMBERSHIP.—Eastern Division: F. P. Lewis, New Haven, Conn.

A FATAL ACCIDENT TO TWO CANOEISTS.

WE copy from an exchange the following account of the drowning of two canoeists on Aug. 22 in the Conemaugh River, in Western Pennsylvania. Mr. Comingo was a member of the A. C. A., No. 821, the first, we believe, who has lost his life from a canoe. He had never attended a meet and was not known personally to most members. The Conemaugh River was at a most dangerous stage, over 3in. of water having fallen within 26 hours, and it was a regular mountain torrent, sweeping away bridges and obstructing the railways so that it is no wonder that a fatal ending attended such a reckless voyage. The account is as follows:

"So far the bodies of Rev. B. C. Comingo and Mr. Edward Orth, who were drowned in the Conemaugh River yesterday, have not been recovered, although the search for them has been diligent.

"The details of the sorrowful affair are as follows: They had gone up there intending to make the trip down the Conemaugh to Allegheny and down that to Pittsburgh. They had with them a canvas canoe for the journey. About half past ten yesterday the people of Cambria City noticed two men near the toll bridge, each with a pack on his shoulder, approaching the river bank. A short distance below the toll house they threw down their bundles and began unpacking them. The contents were a lot of curious things, the meaning of which those standing by could not make out. The interest of the crowd was awakened as they saw these things taking the shape of a canoe.

"One of the men explained that he and his companion were members of the American Canoe Association. 'This boat,' said he, 'is one of Osgood's patent portable boats. We have traveled 800 miles in it. The longest trip we have made was from Pittsburgh to Maysville, Ky., sixty miles above Cincinnati. This is our third trip from Johnstown to Pittsburgh. Our first trip was made a year ago and the second this spring.' All the while he was talking the man worked away at the rigging of the little craft. He was in a jolly mood, and when asked for his name and that of his friend, he said: 'Oh, that would be too much glory; no, no, we prefer not to have our names mentioned.'

"In half an hour everything was complete and the canoe was carried to the river, and the men stepped in. The older one, the Rev. Mr. Comingo, pushed off, while the crowd on the bank cheered, though some expressed fears on account of the high water. The disaster dreaded came quickly.

"At Sheridan station the wire cable of the foot bridge was invisible, submerged as it was in the water. Against this wire cable the canoe struck and upset. One of the men disappeared under the water and was not seen again. The other clung to the upset boat as it floated on, struggling to right it, but without success. Failing in this he began to cry for help. As he and the boat passed Sang Hollow, Mr. Harding, operator at the tower at the long siding, saw him and heard his pitiful appeal for assistance. He drifted on and passed the rapids at the old dam, and then disappeared, his boat continuing on down the river. The satchel in which the men had their provisions, etc., floated ashore and was picked up by a passer-by. It contained some handkerchiefs marked 'E. C. Orth' and 'A. B. Orth,' and a piece of paper on which was written 'M. J. Orth, No. 404 Hiland avenue.' The news was sent into the families of the unfortunate men last evening, and this morning friends and relatives went up to Johnstown to aid in the search for the bodies."

YONKERS C. C.—NEW YORK, Aug. 31.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Yonkers Canoe Club give their fall open regatta Saturday afternoon, Sept. 22. All clubs are most cordially invited to participate in the different events. Handsome prizes will be given in each race. Invitations will be mailed to the different clubs very shortly.—PAUL B. ROSSIRE, Sec'y.

Yachting.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

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FIXTURES.

SEPTEMBER.

8. Beverly, Marblehead Cham.
8. Cor. Marblehead, Sail Off.
8. West Lynn, Sweepstakes.
8. Hull Cham. Sail-Off.
8. Quincy Sail-off.
10. Harlem Fall.
12. Great Head Club.
12. Pleon, Sweepstakes.
15. Toronto, 4th Class.
15. Buffalo Club.
15. Beverly, Mon. Beach, Open Sweep.
15. Dorchester Club.
15. Lake Champlain.
15. Savin Rill, Club.
18. Chelsea, Dorchester Bay.
20. New York Fall, New York.
20. Savin Hill, Moonlight Sail.
22. West Lynn, Cham. Sail-off.
25. Cedar Point Pennant.
29. Quaker City Cruise, Review.
29. Toronto, 2d and 3d Classes.

LARCHMONT Y. C.

THE 40FT. CLASS, AUG. 31.

THE one bright event of a very dull season was the race of Friday last at Larchmont, between the leading yachts of the 40ft. class, a race that has been looked for all the season, and which, happily, was an exception to the general rule, a lively and exciting contest between a good field of well matched boats. While it will take more than one or two races to tell which of the several types now included in the class is the fastest, and while neither of the two races at Larchmont is in any way conclusive, it was a great satisfaction to see more than two starters in a class, and to watch a close contest between boats so evenly matched. The arrangements for the race were made last spring, the Larchmont Y. C. offering a prize for a special race of yachts from 35 to 41ft., to be sailed over the 27 knot course of the club, from the harbor to a markboat off Hempstead Harbor, thence around a markboat off Stamford Light, returning over the same course. There is no other class in the country from which so much sport and instruction may be had as the 40-footers, so-called, including, as it does, not only some of the fastest of the old sloops, but the greatest variety of types; in fact three or four good races with all the boats in would teach more than has been learned for a long time from the larger yachts.

The leading boats, old and new, in the class, are:

	Rig.	L.W.L.	Beam.	Draft.
Crocodile, C.B.	Sloop	40.0	14.0	5.9
Rival, C.B.	Sloop	38.3	14.3	5.1
Hope, C.B.	Sloop	38.0	14.0	4.4
Schemer, C.B.	Sloop	36.1	14.6	3.6
Pappoose, K.	Cutter	39.0	12.6	7.8
Nymph, K. and C.B.	Cutter	39.6	14.0	6.0
Baboon, K.	Cutter	39.6	13.2	8.3
Banshee, K. and C.B.	Cutter	39.9	14.0	6.0
Minerva, K.	Cutter	40.0	10.0	9.0
Chiquita, K. and C.B.	Cutter	39.6	13.6	7.0
Xara, K.	Cutter	39.6	13.0	8.0

The above dimensions are not all strictly accurate, especially the lengths, but they are very nearly correct. The old boats, Crocodile, Rival, Hope and Schemer, are well known; all centerboard sloops built with no outside ballast. Nymph and Banshee are centerboard boats of the new type, with cutter rig and heavy lead keels, both with cockpit and cabin house. Chiquita is a new departure, a still deeper boat, with a more clearly marked keel, but with a small board which is housed entirely under the cabin floor. She too has a cabin house. Baboon, Xara and Pappoose are keel boats, flush-decked, with small steering wells and cutter rigs. Of the two larger ones Xara has a little less beam, more displacement, and less hollow in the midship section. Minerva, the new Fife boat, is the narrowest of the lot, her beam being given at 10ft. Baushee was designed by Mr. A. Cary Smith, Nymph, Baboon, Xara, Pappoose and Chiquita by Mr. Burgess. Xara, Pappoose and Banshee have plumb stems, while Nymph, Baboon, Chiquita and Minerva have clipper stems of more or less shapely appearance. Baboon, Pappoose, Nymph, Xara and Banshee are white, the others black. Banshee, however, was potleaded, *à la* Mayflower, for this race, only the bulwark being left white. Nymph and Banshee are fitted below in the conventional style, owner's stateroom to starboard, cabin aft, and passage to port of trunk. Nymph is very well arranged below, plenty of headroom, a large and roomy cabin, comfortable stateroom and toilet room, while the pantry and galley, taking up the port side abreast the trunk, are very commodious.

The arrangement of Chiquita is novel and very good for a boat that is intended for afternoon sailing and short cruises. The trunk, as stated, is entirely below the floor, and the cabin takes up the entire center of the boat. On each side is a very large locker, long enough to sleep two persons, while in the wings behind each locker is a large space for the bedding when not in use.

The cabin and forecastle, with a small toilet room, take up the entire boat. The house is low, only 18in. from deck, but there is plenty of headroom, in fact the house is hardly necessary in such a model. The cabin is very bright and comfortable in appearance and gives the impression of quite a large room in a house. Chiquita is fitted with one of Crandall's extension spinaker booms, a hollow spar. Baboon is similar to Pappoose below, a main cabin amidship with stateroom aft. Of course the added beam and length give more room, but not to such an extent as might be supposed. The cabin and stateroom are each larger, but still there are no more berths. Xara and Minerva did not come round, the latter not yet being in trim after her ocean voyage. Crocodile and Rival were expected to start, but neither did so, though the former was present. The starters were: Banshee, P. S. Pearsall; Nymph, F. W. Flint; Chiquita, A. Hemmenway; Baboon, C. F. Adams; Pappoose, Simpkins and Thayer.

The weather was clear and warm, the wind moderate from S.W. and the tide near the last quarter of the ebb, when the first gun was fired at 11:15, the preparatory interval being but 5min. Banshee, sailed by Mr. A. B. Alley, went over the line first, with intermediate jibtopsail set, while Pappoose came next, with small jibtopsail. All were limited to working topsails. Chiquita crossed in good season. Nymph went over as the handicap gun fired, and Baboon lost 46 seconds by the handicap. The start was timed:

Banshee	11 21 03	Nymph	11 24 55
Pappoose	11 23 00	Baboon	11 25 46
Chiquita	11 24 06		

Baboon was noticeable from her white spars, gaff and topmast, Mansfield's patent hollow spars, wrapped with paper. She had also a liberal allowance of battens, three each in mainsail and jib and one in foresail. She and Pappoose steered with tillers, the others with wheels. Her owner, Mr. C. F. Adams, was at the stick. On board Chiquita were Mr. Burgess, Mr. Hemmenway, Dr. John Bryant and Capt. Crocker, the latter at the wheel. Mr. Flint and Mr. E. A. Willard were on Nymph, while Pappoose was sailed by her skipper, Capt. Watson. The order was not changed on the short reach across to first mark, the times being:

Banshee	11 50 15	Nymph	11 54 02
Pappoose	11 52 27	Baboon	11 56 02
Chiquita	11 53 15		

All set spinakers to starboard as they came round the buoy, there being very little difference in the time in which each executed the maneuver. Balloon jiptopsails were also sent up. Banshee held a good lead, but ran more to the south, and at 12:08 took in her spinaker, running for eight minutes without it, when she set it again. As the rest carried theirs she lost by the change. Chiquita passed Pappoose about 12:15 and then caught and passed Banshee, steering a more direct course than the latter and making the mark a little ahead. Baboon ran very fast and passed Nymph, taking fourth place. The times at the Stamford mark were:

Chiquita	1 09 27	Baboon	1 14 39
Banshee	1 09 51	Nymph	1 14 50
Pappoose	1 12 10		

The actual times over the leg, a distance of about ten knots, were:

Chiquita	1 16 12	Pappoose	1 19 43
Baboon	1 18 37	Nymph	1 20 48
Banshee	1 19 36		

Here the leading boat, a keel craft, in spite of her board, with 7ft. draft, outran the other two centerboards, while Baboon, with 8ft. 3in. draft, came next, and Pappoose, in spite of 4ft. less length, held her own with Banshee and beat Nymph.

Now came the best part of the race, the beat back to Hempstead against a good scupper breeze for all. Chiquita and Banshee were well away before the others turned, both starting on port tack and laying as high as possible. There was little difference noticeable in them at first, Chiquita being, however, the stiffer. Baboon and Nymph came round together, the keel boat to windward, but Nymph soon started to outweather her. Nymph was pointed higher, but Baboon ran away from her too fast and she gave it up. All started home on port tack, the first to go about being Pappoose, at 1:18, making a short hitch and staying again, at 1:21, to windward of Nymph. Chiquita, well ahead, made the same maneuver, standing to the south for 2m. at 1:22. Baboon tacked for the first time at 1:27:30, going about again at 1:30½ between Pappoose and Nymph, then nearly abreast, but astern of both. At 1:45 the two leaders were about ¼ mile ahead of the others, Banshee perhaps 200yds. ahead of Chiquita, but more than that distance to leeward. All were carrying small jibtopsails. At 1:45 Pappoose, on starboard, crossed Baboon's bow, the pair then well to windward of Nymph. At 2:08 both Pappoose and Baboon again made another hitch to the south, holding it for nearly 6m.

All this time Banshee had not tacked and Chiquita had made but one short leg, and yet both were looking up well for the mark. Nymph, too, though astern, was laying her course for the mark. Neither Baboon nor Pappoose could have made the course in a single leg, but both threw away a good deal by the many tacks they made, and the former once literally overstood. When they left the Nymph, about 1:35, the three were about even, and had they stayed nearer to her she would probably have come out ahead, but as it was they threw away a part of the distance by standing over too far. When Banshee set her jibtopsail at the lee mark the halliard was left slack, the sail hanging loose along the stay. She sailed with it in this shape until within a couple of miles of the Hempstead mark, when the halliard was set up properly. The result was at once apparent, as she began to leave Chiquita very fast. Nearing the mark the puffs came in pretty heavily and Chiquita took in her jibtopsail. Both were bothered a little by the working schooners that were passing, but neither gained over the other in this way. The mark was turned:

Banshee	2 43 07	Pappoose	2 52 30
Chiquita	2 45 27	Baboon	2 52 50
Nymph	2 49 22		

The elapsed times then over the windward leg were:

Banshee	1 34 16	Baboon	1 38 11
Nymph	1 34 32	Pappoose	1 40 20
Chiquita	1 36 00		

Banshee and Nymph, both sailing the leg without a tack, came out very evenly in point of time; Chiquita, with one short tack, was next, while the two keels were considerably astern, but partly through bad pilotage. The last short leg, with wind free, was soon sailed. Banshee set her spinaker to port, but Chiquita contented herself with a balloon jibtopsail; Nymph, Baboon and Pappoose also set spinakers. A wandering puff struck the spinaker on Nymph and carried it up over the topmast stay, so that her crew were only too glad to get it in, and the same mischievous squall served Banshee nearly as badly, lifting the spinaker boom high in the air, so that it was quickly taken in. The official times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Banshee	11 21 03	3 07 46	3 46 43
Pappoose	11 23 00	3 16 47	3 53 46
Chiquita	11 24 06	3 09 25	3 45 19
Nymph	11 24 55	3 13 04	3 48 09
Baboon	11 25 00	3 16 09	3 51 49

None of the boats were officially measured by the Larchmont Y. C. rule, but it is certain that Chiquita wins. Her crew started for Boston at 4 o'clock on Sunday afternoon on Saturday, so she could not start in the club regatta. Thursday Mr. Burgess had telegraphed to the club asking that clubtopsails might be allowed. The reply was that it could not be permitted, as yachts had already entered under the published conditions, but that a prize would be given for a third race on Monday, for this class only, with clubtopsails, and that as many races as desired and under any sail, would be arranged to follow.

ANNUAL FALL REGATTA, SEPT. 1.

It speaks little for the sporting spirit of New York yachtsmen when they allow a good race to go by without entries in some of the best classes and with only one or two in others. The Larchmont Y. C. provided everything, without even an entrance fee, but the racing men did not show up. However, it will soon be winter again, and the lively and exciting sport of newsboat per racing will give a chance to these sportsmen to prove how fast their craft are. For the large schooners and sloops the course and winds are not as good as one could wish, but the 70-footers have had some very good races over the same course. Shamrock and Fanny were in the harbor, and Pocahontas sailed with the fleet, but neither started in the race. Mischief alone turned up in the next class, and Anaconda in the class below, so the two were matched in order to make any race for them. The 47ft. class should have had some entries, but no boats appeared. The 40-footers came out best of all, with six starters, Baboon, Banshee, Pappoose, Crocodile, Nymph and Inez, the latter an old center board sloop not known as a racer, the rest needing no introduction. Unfortunately Chiquita's crew had left, so she did not enter, but started for Boston in the morning. In the class under 35ft. there were but three starters, in the next class two, in the one below that none, and so down to the end. In the schooners only Agnes and Tioga started.

During the night there had been a hard squall of rain, the wind shifting all about, and the day broke with a cloudy sky and a very uncertain look to the weather. The sun came out, however, with a moderate breeze from the northward, and by 9 A. M. there was wind enough to start the race. Knowing the uncertainty of a northerly breeze, it would have been sound policy for the committee to have sailed the race at the earliest possible moment, but a long wait was made, until 11:35, before the start was given. The consequence was that the wind blew itself out before the race was finished, leaving the boats for the last hour without any wind. The starters were as follows:

CLASS E—SCHOONERS.

Agnes	J. N. Winslow
Tioga	S. L. Husted, Jr.

CLASS 4—SLOOPS.

Mischief	F. T. Underhill
Anaconda	J. G. Prague

CLASS 7—SLOOPS.

Nymph	F. W. Flint
Banshee	P. S. Pearsall
Crocodile	A. L. Thorne
Baboon	C. F. Adams
Inez	J. H. Cole
Pappoose	Thayer & Simpkins

CLASS 8—SLOOPS.

Iseult	C. W. Wetmore
Wacondah	H. Doscher
Volusia	J. M. Williams

CLASS 9—SLOOPS.

Amazon	Z. E. Lewis
Fauna	M. Bulkley

CLASS 11—OPEN BOATS.

Lakshmi	Colonel Loeser
White Cap	G. C. Barnett
Brunhilde	Com. Willis

CLASS 12—OPEN BOATS.

Sirene	H. A. Doremus

CLASS 13—OPEN BOATS.

Apache	F. C. Woodbury

CLASS 16—OPEN BOATS.

Ione	S. Wainwright
Gwendolin	J. W. Curtis

Classes 5 and 4, after turning the first mark off Hempstead Harbor, ran to a mark off Stamford Light, returning over the same course. All the other classes turned the Hempstead mark in going out, then all but 13 and 16 turned a mark off Captain's Island. From here Class 7 went home by way of Hempstead mark; 8, 9, 11 and 12 went home direct; 13 and 16 turned Mattinnicock buoy, and then came straight home. Besides two cash prizes in each class special prizes were offered for yachts in Class 3 and those in Class 4, built prior to 1883, provided they did not win a club prize. The Connor cup was also offered for Class 3. The preparatory gun fired at 11:30, and 5m. later the start was given. Iseult was the first to get away, crossing the line promptly, with Nymph close by her. Both were carrying spinakers to port and balloon jibtopsails. Banshee performed some queer maneuvers above the line and was late in crossing, being handicapped. The majority of the fleet crossed in good season. Iseult and Nymph had a brush for a time, the Burgess boat going ahead, while Anaconda came up with the pair. The three were still some distance ahead of the pack when the tug Narragansett, with a string of four coal barges in tow, each with a long tow line, ran directly across the course. The captain of the tug could not have failed to see the fleet of racers, and had he slowed down in good season the tide would have held his tow and he could have cleared the fleet, but he kept his course, going very slowly. The only thing to do was to luff up, so in came the spinakers on the three leaders. Nymph made a push and ran to leeward after getting in her spinaker, crossing the bows of the tug, but Iseult and Anaconda went astern of the last coal barge. By the time that their spinakers were set again the rest of the fleet had caught them, thus taking all the advantage they had gained by an early start. Baboon was close astern of Iseult, turning the mark with her. Nymph and Anaconda, after being separated by the tow, came to the mark exactly at the same time. The times at Hempstead mark were:

Nymph	12 17 11	Volusia	12 20 30
Anaconda	12 17 31	Crocodile	12 21 15
Iseult	12 18 49	Agnes	12 22 31
Baboon	12 18 52	Banshee	12 23 22
Inez	12 19 24	Pappoose	12 23 46
Wacondah	12 19 30	Lakshmi	12 24 57
Sirene	12 23 21		

Anaconda and Mischief started sheets for the Stamford mark, while the others set small jiptopsails and trimmed in sheets for the reach across to Captain's Island mark. Nymph and Baboon led the fleet, the open sandbagger Sirene also being well up to the front. Banshee, with a balloon foresail and small jibtopsail, was still a long way astern of the two leaders, but ahead of Pappoose and Crocodile, the latter doing very poorly. Iseult had a very long lead of her class, hanging on to the bigger boats until they separated at Captain's Island. The times taken at this mark were:

Nymph	1 22 22	Agnes	1 32 05
Baboon	1 24 13	Iseult	1 32 30
Banshee	1 30 39	Pappoose	1 32 45
Sirene	1 32 05	Crocodile	1 32 52

Nymph had slightly increased her lead on Baboon, while Banshee had gained on both. They now started back over the same course to Hempstead, while Iseult and Sirene trimmed in close for the reach along shore to the finish. The wind was very light out in the Sound, with calm patches, and the race across to Hempstead was largely a matter of luck. Baboon passed Nymph when about half way across and from there out left her, the two turning the last mark at 2:29:01 and 2:31:29. The beat of three miles to the finish took over an hour, Baboon finishing at 3:42:40 and Nymph at 4:08:50. Banshee and Pappoose were a very long distance astern. Iseult won easily in her class, beating Volusia by 10m. 40s., elapsed time. The official times are as follows, the corrected times being subject to the measurement of most of the yachts:

CLASS E—SCHOONERS.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Agnes	11 38 31	5 24 17	5 47 46
Tioga	11 40 37	Not taken.	

CLASS 4—SLOOPS.

Mischief	11 44 31	5 32 14	5 47 43
Anaconda	11 59 20	5 32 48	5 53 28

CLASS 7—SLOOPS.

Baboon	11 40 26	3 42 40	4 02 24
Nymph	11 37 52	4 08 50	4 30 58
Banshee	11 45 00	4 20 45	4 35 45
Crocodile	11 41 12	4 48 51	5 07 39
Pappoose	11 44 28	5 01 16	5 16 48
Inez	11 39 27	5 36 32	5 57 05

CLASS 8—SLOOPS.

Iseult	11 37 42	2 41 59	3 04 17
Wacondah	11 38 25	2 58 09	3 19 44
Volusia	11 38 37	2 53 34	3 14 57

CLASS 9—SLOOPS.

Amazon	11 39 52	3 04 44	3 25 01
Fanra	11 45 00	3 32 20	3 47 00

CLASS 11—OPEN BOATS.

Lakshmi	11 39 25	3 58 30	4 19 05
Brunhilde	11 44 49	4 16 00	4 31 11
White Cap	11 45 00	5 15 10	5 30 10

CLASS 12—OPEN BOATS.

Sirene	11 39 57	2 36 14	2 56 17

CLASS 13—OPEN BOATS.

Apache	11 44 29	3 25 08	3 40 39

CLASS 16—OPEN BOATS.

Ione	11 43 20	3 41 30	3 58 10
Gwendolin	11 45 00	Did not finish.	

Class E, Agnes; Class 4, Mischief or Anaconda (subject to measurement); Class 7, Baboon first, Nymph second; Class 8, Iseult; Class 9, Amazon; Class 11, Lakshmi; Class 12, Sirene; Class 16, Ione.

SPECIAL RACE, SEPT. 4.

On Monday a third race for the 40ft. class was sailed, clubtopsails being allowed. The course was from Hempstead Harbor, 12 miles to windward, turning a mark off Stamford Light, and return. The wind was moderate from N. E. The starters were Nymph, Banshee and Baboon. The start was made at 11.18, Baboon crossing first and Banshee second. In the beat to windward Nymph led, with Baboon second, the former turning with a good lead. Spinakers were carried on the way home, Nymph still leading. The times are:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Nymph, F. W. Flint	4 34 44	4 34 18
Baboon, C. F. Adams	4 38 00	4 38 00
Banshee, P. S. Pearsall	4 45 41	4 45 19

All three races were managed by the regatta committee, Messrs. Willard, Scott and Greacen, in whose hands everything ran smoothly, as is always the case at Larchmont.

AN ACCIDENT TO A YACHT.—On Aug. 25 the sloop Fanny, of Saybrook, Conn., with a pleasure party numbering six ladies and four gentlemen, struck a rock in Plum Gut and sank. All on board were rescued by boats from shore, but with the loss of clothing and valuables. One lady was nearly drowned by being caught under the rigging.

RHODE ISLAND Y. C. FALL REGATTA, AUG. 27.

THE second annual fall regatta of the Rhode Island Y. C. was sailed on Aug. 27, the courses being off the club house at Pawtuxet Neck, R. I., as follows:

Classes 1, 2, 3 and 4: Course No. 2.—Reverse of course No. 1, leaving turning stake on port, which is as follows:

No. 1.—Start, passing between judges' boat and signal off club house, too and around buoy off Ramstick Point, leaving same on starboard, thence around stakeboat S.E., Warwick light, leaving same on starboard, and return to starting point, 20 miles.

Classes 5 and 6: Course No. 5.—Start, passing between judges' boat and signal off club house, to and around Red Spar Buoy off Nayatt Point, leaving same on port, to and around Black Spar Buoy, between Silver Spring wharf and north end of Starve Goat Island, leaving same on starboard, back to starting point, 11 miles.

The classes and prizes were as follows:

Class 1.—Sloops 40ft. and under 54ft., no restrictions as to sails. First prize $50, second $33. A silk pennant, the gift of Messrs. Jillson & Folsom, will be presented to the yacht in this class making the fastest actual time.

Class 2.—Sloops 31ft. and under 40ft.; no restrictions as to sails. First prize $20 and a cup costing $50, presented by Vice-Com. Sands, second $25, third $15.

Class 3.—Sloops 23ft. and under 31ft.; mainsail, working gafftopsail, forestaysail and jib only shall be carried. First prize $30, second $20, third $10.

Class 4.—Catboats 23ft. and under 30ft.; mainsail only. First prize $30, second $20, third $10.

Class 5.—Catboats 19ft. and under 23ft.; mainsail only. First prize $30, second $20, third $10.

Class 6.—Catboats under 19ft.; mainsail only. First prize $20, second $10, third $5.

The entries were:

CLASS 1—SLOOPS.

	Length.
Onward	W. H. Low, Providence
Millie	F. L. Budlong, Providence
Witch	James Lawless, Bristol
Zigeuner	Max Agassiz, Newport

CLASS 2—SLOOPS.

Peri	L. P. Sands, Newport
Mignon	C. G. Bloomer, Pawtuxet
Mabel F. Swift	C. W. Anthony, Fall River
Alice	G. H. Slade, Providence

CLASS 3—SLOOPS.

Kelpie	C. F. Janes, Providence
Rhodia	W. H. Wood, Providence
Myrtle	J. Brown, Warren
Mascot	H. S. Chapron, Providence
Diamond	L. H. Tillinghast, Pawtuxet

CLASS 4—CATS.

Rowena	J. W. Sayles, Providence
Alice A.	A. E. Austin, Providence
Acme	B. Davis, Providence
Glück Auf	H. G. Nichols, Newport
Mollie	H. E. Perry, Monument Beach
Surprise	T. Codman, Monument Beach
Tramp	T. Aiken, Jr., Monument Beach

CLASS 5—CATS.

Ideal	W. E. Simmons, Dighton
Success	J. F. Perry, Monument Beach
Beatrice	C. E. Curry, Monument Beach
Edna	A. E. Nickerson, Providence
Hesper	T. Hagerty, Fall River
Thistle	T. H. Jenckes, Providence
Rarus	L. W. Shurtleff, Pawtuxet

CLASS 6—CATS.

Arnold	E. A. Rogers, Pawtucket
Cora May	F. A. Pratt, Providence
Vision	W. H. Evans, Riverside
Sunshine	J. L. Padgett, Riverside
Unknown	Elma Young, Swanzey
Mascot	W. H. Allen, Monument Beach
Glimpse	O. Taft, Providence
Bertha	P. F. Davis, Fall River
Jaunty	J. T. P. Bucklin, Providence
Nettie	W. E. Carroll, Providence
Zara	J. W. Gledhill, Providence

At 10 A. M. a thunder squall passed over the fleet, causing all to stow canvas quickly, but the weather soon cleared and a calm followed. By 1:30 P. M. there was a light N. W. wind, so the race was started. The wind shifted to S. W. with calms at times, making flukes for some of the lucky ones. The full times were:

CLASS 1.

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Onward	5 43 58	3 57 11	3 57 11
Millie	5 39 25	3 51 57	3 41 35

CLASS 2.

Peri	5 42 52	3 50 21	3 47 13
Mignon	5 47 00	3 52 00	3 47 44
Swift	5 51 32	3 56 32	3 54 54
Alice	5 55 55	4 00 33	4 00 33

CLASS 3.

Kelpie	6 02 03	4 04 23	4 04 28
Rhodia	6 00 38	4 00 24	4 07 50
Myrtle	5 56 50	4 00 14	3 57 08
Mascot	6 07 40	4 10 25	4 02 57
Diamond	5 58 41	4 01 27	3 53 59

CLASS 4.

Rowena	6 05 46	4 01 53	4 01 53
Alice A	Did not finish.		
Acme	6 07 16	4 03 41	3 56 57
Glück Auf	6 09 58	4 06 00	4 02 00
Mollie	5 59 18	3 53 43	3 44 03
Surprise	6 02 15	3 57 46	3 49 02
Tramp	6 03 21	3 59 05	3 55 15

CLASS 5.

Ideal	4 33 30	2 30 41	2 30 41
Success	4 48 39	2 40 53	2 40 05
Beatrice	Did not finish.		
Edna	4 36 25	2 30 15	2 28 36
Thistle	4 50 31	2 49 05	2 45 34
Hesper	4 57 36	2 48 00	2 42 44
Rarus	4 45 44	2 38 52	2 33 02

CLASS 6.

Arnold	5 12 54	3 00 58	3 00 58
Cora May	5 21 00	3 06 48	3 06 48
Vision	5 05 57	2 51 56	2 51 20
Sunshine	5 15 58	3 02 18	3 01 28
Unknown	4 57 15	2 44 53	2 44 17
Mascot	5 05 42	2 51 27	2 50 23
Glimpse	5 03 40	2 52 35	2 51 04
Bertha	4 59 04	2 48 33	2 46 24
Jaunty	5 24 18	3 10 59	3 08 31
Nettie	5 00 38	3 52 35	3 48 47
Zara	5 04 23	2 52 00	2 47 09

Unknown protested Bertha for fouling and Bertha filed a cross protest for shifting ballast. It was found, however, that Bertha did not belong to any club, so she was disqualified, Unknown taking first prize and Zara second. Millie wins the silk pennant, while Peri takes the Sands cup for the second time. The judges were Messrs. R. H. Carver, E. Howard Wright, Chas. Manchester, F. P. Eddy and Elisha Arnold.

ROCHESTER Y. C., WOLTERS CUP.—In the first of the series of five club races for the Wolters $50 prize cup only the Scotch cutter Madge, 40ft., and the new Rochester cutter Amelia, 27ft., started. The wind was fresh from S.W. and Madge won by over an hour. Although her owner refused to enter her against the Madge, the cutter Velnette, 24ft., last year's cup winner, sailed the course against Amelia, being beaten 16s. The course is a 15-mile triangle. This is the first time these two boats have met in a race, and the interest was great. The immense advantage of the Madge over yachts half her size makes her final success a matter of no question, but no doubt the races between the smaller yachts, for whom the cup was intended, will keep the interest up. The dates set for the races were Aug. 16 and 30, Sept. 13, 20 and 27. The serious injury to the yacht fleet in the storm of last month has been a great disappointment to Rochester yachtsmen who have worked very hard to make yachting popular in their city. During the storm a large lake schooner drove down on the fleet at its moorings, tearing the yachts adrift and badly injuring them, after which they drifted ashore.

ANOTHER RACE FOR THE 40-FOOTERS.—The Hull Y. C. has offered special prizes for the 47 and 40ft. classes in its open race on Sept. 8, and it is hoped to have Alga, Vixen and Fanita in the 47ft., and Baboon, Chiquita and Xara in the 40ft. class. Minerva will not enter any races this season.

LAUNCH OF A STEAM YACHT.—On August an iron steam yacht 100ft. long was launched at Roach's old yard, Chester, Pa. Her name is Clifton and she was built for Mr. C. H. Mallory, of New York.

HULL Y. C. OPEN REGATTA, SEPT. 1.

In spite of rain and bad weather the Hull Y. C. sailed a very successful race on Sept 1, its open regatta, having over 60 entries. Classes and courses: Special class, for yachts measuring 40 and less than 47ft. sailing length; first class, for centerboards and keels 31 and less than 40ft.; second class, centerboards and keels 25 and less than 31ft.; third class, centerboards and keels 21 and less than 25ft.; fourth class, all jib and mainsail yachts less than 21ft.; fifth class, cat-rigged yachts 18 and less than 21ft.; sixth class, all cat-rigged yachts less than 18ft. Course for special class—From starting line, leaving judges' yacht on starboard, out Hull gut, leaving Toddy Rock buoy on starboard, Shag rocks, whistling buoy off Graves and Egg rock on port, whistling buoy off Graves, Shag rocks on starboard, Toddy Rock buoy on port, through Hull gut across line between judges' yacht and red flag off the club house, 19 miles.

First Class—From starting line, leaving judges' steamer on starboard, thence through Hull gut, leaving Hunt's ledge and Point Allerton buoys on starboard, Harding's bell boat on port, Graves whistling buoy on port, Ram Head, Lovell's Island and Fort Warren on port, Galloupe's Island on starboard, to and across line between judges' boat and red flag off the club house—15 miles.

Second and Third Classes—From starting line, leaving judges' steamer on starboard, thence through Hull gut, leaving Hunts' ledge and Point Allerton buoys on starboard, Harding's bell boat on port, Martin's ledge buoy on port, Shag rocks on starboard, Hunt's ledge buoy on port, to and across lines between judges' boat and red flag off the club house—11 miles.

Fourth, Fifth and Sixth Classes—From starting line, leaving judge's steamer on port, H. Y. C. barrel off Princes' head on port, H. Y. C. barrel off northwest end of Bunkin Island on port, red flag at starting line on port, H. Y. C. barrel off Princes' head on port, H. Y. C. barrel off northwest end Bunkin Island on port, across line between judges' boat and red flag off the club house—7 miles.

In the special class were Vixen and Fanita; Shadow was the only notable entry in the first class, while Aglaia sailed alone in the keel class. White Fawn, Mucilage and E. W. D. promised a good race in second class centerboards, while of the keels were Marguerite, Mr. Taylor's new cutter, designed by Borden, Mr. Babson's new cutter Mignon, designed by her owner, the Burgess cutters Saracen and Prince Karl. The start was made at 12:15 for first class, the others following with 5min. interval. Both Fanita and Vixen were late, so they did not start until 1:30. The wind was light from N.W. at start. The times were:

SPECIAL CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Fanita, T. H. Shepard	45.2	3 36 04	3 03 19
Vixen, W. C. Loring	46.01	3 42 15	3 09 49

FIRST CLASS—CENTERBOARDS.

Shadow, J. Bryant	33.11	3 37 20	3 01 08
Magic, E. C. Neal	31.01	4 21 15	3 41 46
Albatross, J. J. Henry	34.02	4 20 52	3 44 56

FIRST CLASS—KEELS.

Aglaia, J. E. Davis	23.11	4 29 07	3 52 55

SECOND CLASS—CENTERBOARDS.

White Fawn, W. C. Cherrington	25.02	2 40 53	2 05 48
Mucilage, C. C. Hanley	26.02	2 40 14	2 06 19
E. W. D., E. W. Dixon	25.01	2 48 41	2 13 31
Helen, C. A. Prince	25.02	2 48 46	2 13 41
Folly, J. F. Shepard	26.06	2 51 15	2 17 40
Erin	29.00	2 53 25	2 19 19
Atalanta, I. R. Thomas	27.09	Withdrew.	

SECOND CLASS—KEELS.

Mignon, D. C. H. Babson	28 07	2 39 45	2 08 25
Marguerite, C. H. Taylor, Jr.	29.10	2 39 59	2 09 52
Prince Karl, E. L. Williams	29 01	2 40 51	2 10 01
Saracen, W. P. Fowle	30.10	2 39 56	2 10 44
Raven, M. J. Kelly	26.00	2 48 66	2 14 50
Elf, W. H. Wilkinson	29.02	Withdrew.	
Bluebird, M. J. Lughrue	26.00	Withdrew.	
Daisy, I. H. Porter	26.05	Withdrew.	

Optic, Ione and Vanitas did not start.

THIRD CLASS—CENTERBOARDS.

Hazard, Pierce & Moody	23.08	2 35 25	1 58 28
Posy, R. G. Hunt	22.02	2 41 50	2 03 01
Good Luck, J. B. Farrell	22.00	2 45 16	2 06 03
Sea Bird, C. L. Joy	22.08	2 46 02	2 07 45
Maud S., T. A. Irving	22.03	2 48 29	2 09 37
Undine, E. B. Holmes	22.07	2 56 34	2 18 10
Black Cloud, A. Brown	23.10	Withdrew.	
Frances, Henry Nicholl	21.01	Withdrew.	
Etta May, A. H. Lawrence	21.04	Withdrew.	

Moondyne, Secret and Pearl did not start.

THIRD CLASS—SLOOPS.

Echo, Berwell & Isham	24.07	2 37 44	2 01 56
Thelga, Hall & Johnson	22.01	2 42 25	2 03 19
Annie Maud, F. O. Vegelohn	23.03	2 56 03	2 18 33
Halcyon, J. R. Hooper	21.09	3 05 39	3 25 20

FOURTH CLASS.

Jib and mainsail, under 21ft. sailing length.

Tom Cat, C. H. Lockhart	19.00	1 28 45	1 04 48
Coyotte, W. Abbott	20.02	1 28 04	1 05 10
Diadem, L. Heywood	18.01	1 35 03	1 10 11
Flora Lee, E. B. Glover	16.09	1 49 59	1 14 42
Zoe, W. H. Farmiloe	18.01	1 39 36	1 14 44
Trouble, Mason Brothers	19.08	1 40 13	1 16 52
Topsy, E. D. Foss	14.04	Withdrew.	
Climax, W. E. Tucker	18 06	Withdrew.	
Eureka, E. B. Rogers	20.02	Withdrew.	
Modoc, D. W. Belcher	15.04	Withdrew.	

Tarantula, Budge, Delphine and Mavis did not start.

FIFTH CLASS.

Mabel, F. L. Dunn	19.11	1 32 41	1 09 34
Tarter, J. B. Forsyth	19.11	1 34 18	1 11 11
Peri, Frank Driscoll	18.10	1 35 31	1 11 23
Scamp, Frank Grey	18.04	1 33 00	1 11 24
Myrtle, R. C. Poor	19.00	1 37 01	1 13 03
Joker, J. C. Davis	20.02	1 37 18	1 14 24
Niobe, G. W. Keates	20.02	1 38 06	1 15 12
Jester, W. H. Besarick	19.02	1 39 28	1 15 40
Pet, J. W. McFarlane	19.06	1 40 10	1 16 40
Urchin, Puritanita	Did not start.		

SIXTH CLASS.

Rocket, H. M. Faxon	16.02	1 30 40	1 03 43
Mirage, J. E. Jordan	17.05	1 33 44	1 08 11
Wild Fire, H. A. Keith	17.02	1 35 51	1 10 01
Guenn, Perry Lawton	17.08	1 38 51	1 11 34
Mamie, H. T. Bowers	17.09	1 37 47	1 12 35
Elsie, C. F. Hardwick	16.07	1 39 46	1 13 19
Nora, G. B. Denny	16.02	Withdrew.	

Dolphin, Doctor, Mermaid, Nonpareil, Frolic, Wildcat, Mischief and Psyche did not start.

The winners are—Special class, first prize, $75, Fanita. First class, first prize, $35, Shadow; second, $20, Magic. Second class, centerboards and keels, first prize, $30, White Fawn and Mignon; second, $20, Mucilage and Marguerite: third, $10, E. W. D. and Prince Karl. Third class, centerboards and keels, first prize, $25, Hazard and Echo; second, $20, Posy and Thelga; third, $10, Good Luck and Annie Maud; fourth, $5, Sea Bird and Halcyon. Fourth class, first prize, $25, Tom Cat; second, $20, Coyote; third, $10, Diadem; fourth, $5, Flora Lee. Fifth class, first prize, $25, Mabel; second, $20, Tartar; third, $10, Peri; fourth, $5, Scamp. Sixth class, first prize, $23, Rocket; second, $20, Mirage; third, $10, Wildfire; fourth, $5, Guenn. Protests were entered by White Fawn against Mucilage, and by Prince Karl against Marguerite on account of measurement, by Maud S. against Posy for fouling her at the line. The judges were Com. H. E. Converse, J. R. Chadwick, Waldo D. Lovell, John A. Stetson, B. W. Rowell, W. A. Carey and James B. Forsyth.

SAVIN HILL Y. C.—A race for boats under 15ft. was sailed on Sept. 1. in a light wind. The times were:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Snag, E. Robinson	9.03	... ...	... ...
Sprite, H. M. Wells	13.05	1 23 00	1 21 28
Volante, R. K. Rice	11 02	... ...	... ...
Bessie, J. H. Odell	11.08	... ...	... ...
Lucy, W. H. Robinson	13.08	1 27 00	1 24 00
Minnie, J. Bertram	13.08	1 15 00	1 14 10
Baby, J. W. Bragdon	12.09	1 25 00	1 22 40
Bessie, R. Tufts	12.00	... ...	... ...
Bunty, M. W. Ranson	12.09	1 35 05	1 32 35
Osprey, G. H. Noonan	...	... ...	... ...
Dart, F. W. Greene	12.07	1 33 10	1 30 50
Isabelle Iveson, Kallman Brothers	14.06	... ...	... ...
Helene, W. Shaw	...	... ...	... ...
Ione, T. Hodgdon	12.06	1 33 00	1 31 05
Egeria, W. B. Smith	12.00	1 31 00	1 26 04
Snail, W. Scott	10.00	... ...	... ...

The judges were J. H. Stark, J. H. Odell and J. H. Shaw. Volante was ruled out for fouling a buoy. Minnie wins first prize, $15; Sprite second, $10; and Baby third, $5.

KNICKERBOCKER Y. C. FALL REGATTA, SEPT. 3.—The annual fall regatta of the Knickerbocker Y. C. was sailed on Sept. 3 in a light breeze, the course being from Port Morris around the Gangway Buoy. The start was made at 10:40 A. M., with a light N.E. wind. The starters were: Ida K, Maggie, Truant, Bubble, Mayotta, Alice, Rosetta A., Thisbe, Marvel, White Cap, Duster, Vision, Rover, Dora, Lena, Black Hawk, Wacondah, Wave, John Demarest and Adelaide. Only the first two saved a handicap. The turn was timed:

Ida K	1 22 30	White Cap	2 13 14
Truant	1 39 30	Bubble	2 13 14
Duster	1 45 00	Vision	2 15 25
Rosetta A	1 50 30	Black Hawk	2 17 50
Mayotta	1 50 30	Alice	2 19 33
Maggie	2 02 03	Gem	2 22 38
Dora	2 04 00	Wacondah	2 23 15

Spinakers and jibtopsails were set for the run home, but the wind shifted to S.W., making a beat. The times were:

CLASS 1—CABIN SLOOPS.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Dora	11 00 00	4 15 40	5 15 40	5 15 40
Wacondah	11 00 00	4 38 45	5 38 45	5 37 32½
J. Demarest	11 00 00	4 59 10	5 59 10	5 51 15

CLASS 2—CABIN SLOOPS.

Black Hawk	11 00 00	4 37 22	5 37 22	5 33 27
Vision	11 00 00	4 39 35	5 39 35	5 37 55
Rover	11 00 00	5 05 10	6 05 10	6 05 10
Alice H	11 00 00	5 12 35	6 12 35	6 11 43½

CLASS 3—CABIN SLOOPS.

Wave	10 55 00	Did not finish.		
Marvel	10 55 00	5 23 45	6 28 45	6 26 25

CLASS 4—CABIN SLOOPS.

White Cap	10 55 00	4 53 55	5 58 35	5 58 35
Thisbe	10 55 00	5 50 00	6 35 00	6 27 35
Rosetta A	10 55 00	5 59 55	5 04 55	5 01 37½

CLASS 5—OPEN SLOOPS.

Adelaide	10 50 00	5 18 00	Did not go course.	
Zena	10 50 00	5 02 30	6 12 30	6 01 05

CLASS 6—JIB AND MAINSAIL YACHTS.

Duster	10 50 00	3 45 50	4 55 50	4 55 50

CLASS 7—CATRIGGED YACHTS.

Alice	10 45 00	5 14 00	6 25 00	6 25 00
Mayotta	10 45 00	4 06 22	5 21 22	5 19 44½
Truant	10 45 00	3 53 00	5 08 00	5 06 20

CLASS 8—CATRIGGED YACHTS.

Bubble	10 45 00	4 52 15	6 07 15	6 07 15
Ida K	10 41 00	3 46 22	5 02 22	5 02 07
Maggie	10 43 25	4 34 35	5 51 10	5 47 07½

The winners are the Dora, Black Hawk, Marvel, Rosetta A., Duster, Truant and Ida K. The judges were Messrs. J. C. Summers, A. B. Schauz and J. R. Adler.

BEVERLY Y. C. 136TH REGATTA.—Second Open Race.—Monument Beach, Sept. 1.—Course for first and second classes—Leaving Pines Buoy on starboard, Bird Island Buoy and Scraggy Neck Buoy on port and return, 11 miles; third class, leaving Pines Buoy, Abiels Ledge Buoy, Judges' boat and Pine's Buoy on starboard and return, 8 miles; fourth class, leaving Pine's Buoy on starboard and return, 3¼ miles. Wind S.W. strong—double reefs. Thick fog:

FIRST CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Mattie, Vice-Com. Stockton, B	28.10	1 53 30	1 44 36
Mollie, J. Hill, Mon. Beach	27.00	1 58 12	1 47 23
A. P. E., D. Crosby, O	27.04	1 58 58	1 48 31
Clymax, J. L. Stackpole, B	30.05	2 01 36	1 54 13
Surprise, J. M. Codman, B	27.03	Withdrew.	

SECOND CLASS.

Mist, G. H. Lyman, Jr., B	25.08	1 59 28	1 48 17
Wildcat, S. P. Hill, Mon. Beach	26.04	2 00 08	1 48 35
Success, J. F. Perry, Mon. Beach	24.07	2 07 25	1 53 49
Tantrum, Wm. Amory, B	25.01	2 13 46	2 00 47
Lestris, J. Crance, B	24.02	2 18 42	2 04 35

THIRD CLASS.

Trump, J. Whiting, Sip	22.02	1 57 27	1 45 14
Eleanor, J. Parkman, B	23.08	1 58 33	1 47 49
Daisy, Vice-Com. Stockton, B	20.10	1 59 29	1 45 51
Mertie, A. F. Crowell, W. H	23.06	2 06 52	1 55 58
Trojan, W. H. Tollhurst, Mon Beach	22.10	2 12 38	2 01 06
Petrel, G. H. Richards, B	20.07	2 13 02	1 59 07

FOURTH CLASS.

Polly, R. Codman, B	18.05	0 45 01	0 38 17
Nymph, C. W. Amory, B	17.09	0 47 10	0 40 04

Winners.—Class 1—Mattie first, Mollie second, A. P. E. third. Class 2—Mist first, Wildcat second, Success third. Class 3—Trump first, Daisy second, Eleanor third. Class 4—Polly first. Judges, Richard Codman, W. Lloyd Jeffries. The special class for sloops 30 to 40ft. waterline was not started, as the boats were all strangers and having to go further into the bay than other classes, were afraid of the fog. This race will be sailed with the 138th race, Sept. 15. Had the day been a clear one forty boats at least would have started. In the 134th race the protest of Polly against Wink has been decided in favor of Polly, who takes prize. In the 135th race the protests were decided as follows: Nonpareil against Dolphin not allowed; Coyote against Tom Cat withdrawn; Sara cen against Mignon, Mignon is 28.10ft. sailing length, but still takes first prize. Official measurement of Kathleen makes her 7s. behind Wraith, who takes second prize, Kathleen taking third.

NEWARK Y. C. FALL REGATTA, SEPT. 3.—On Sept. 3 the Newark Y. C. sailed its sixth annual sweepstakes regatta in a fresh S.E. wind, the course being from Ulrich's boat house, Greenville, to a stakeboat anchored off the west end of the New Jersey Central Railroad draw, thence to a stakeboat anchored off Centreville, thence to starting point; twice over the same course; 10 miles. The times were:

FIRST CLASS CABIN SLOOPS.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Caprice	2 27 15	4 24 25	1 57 10	1 57 10
H. W. Beecher	2 26 00	4 17 25	1 51 25	1 48 35
Emmy C	2 23 17	4 22 55	1 59 38	1 56 23
Alexander F	2 22 35	4 13 15	1 50 40	1 46 50
Annie R	2 27 45	4 29 00	2 01 15	1 55 07
Vixen	2 26 15	4 24 00	1 57 45	1 50 50

SECOND CLASS CABIN SLOOPS.

Arrow	2 28 15	4 28 40	2 05 25	2 05 25
Nellie G	2 23 00	... ...	... ...	... ...

THIRD CLASS—JIB AND MAINSAIL, 19FT. AND OVER.

No entries.

FOURTH CLASS—JIB AND MAINSAIL, UNDER 19FT.

Smuggler	2 17 35	4 19 55	2 02 20	2 02 20
Our Own	2 19 20	4 11 30	1 52 10	1 52 05
Maggie E	2 18 45	4 20 05	2 01 20	1 59 25

FIFTH CLASS—CATBOATS, 19FT. AND OVER.

Unexcelled	2 19 30	4 37 00	2 17 30	2 17 05
Williwaw	2 21 00	4 22 10	2 01 10	2 01 10
Leader	2 24 40	4 29 15	2 04 35	2 04 15
Just Woke Up	2 16 05	4 19 50	2 03 45	2 03 00
Lizzie V	2 19 45	4 25 30	2 05 45	2 04 20
Robin	2 16 45	... ...	... ...	... ...

SIXTH CLASS—CATBOATS, UNDER 19FT.

Triton	2 16 00	4 36 25	2 20 35	2 20 35
Annie C	2 19 00	4 37 15	2 18 15	2 17 22
Addie	2 16 05	4 38 00	2 21 55	2 17 03
Daisy	2 21 15	... ...	... ...	... ...

The judges were A. F. Adams, Edward E. Brown and C. F. Hall.

BROOKLYN Y. C. ANNUAL REGATTA.—The Brooklyn Y. C. sailed a very successful regatta on Sept. 3, the times being:

CLASS A—CAT RIGGED, UNDER 30FT.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected
Carrie	12 01 20	1 27 30	1 26 10	1 26 10
Elfin	12 00 50	1 38 55	1 33 05	1 32 42
Sunbeam	12 00 10	1 44 40	1 44 30	1 40 42

CLASS B—CAT RIGGED, OVER 20FT.

Ninon	12 00 20	2 30 19	2 29 59	2 29 59
Josephine	11 59 30	1 55 12	1 55 42	1 55 18
Homing	11 59 55	1 59 08	1 59 13	1 56 40

CLASS C—OPEN SLOOPS UNDER 25FT.

Faustina	11 58 30	1 45 06	1 46 36	1 46 36
Elfie	11 59 00	2 06 24	2 07 24	2 06 08

CLASS 1—CABIN SLOOPS UNDER 25FT.

Seminole	11 48 00	2 15 48	2 27 48	2 27 01
Vida	11 49 10	2 13 42	2 14 32	2 13 21
Priscilla G	11 49 05	2 36 02	2 46 57	2 46 57

CLASS 2—CABIN SLOOPS UNDER 30FT.

Kangaroo	11 50 05	1 59 27	2 09 22	2 09 22

CLASS 3—CABIN SLOOPS UNDER 35FT.

Carrie May	11 49 30	1 53 08	2 03 38	2 03 38

CLASS 4—CABIN SLOOPS OVER 35FT.

Elsie	11 49 14	2 55 22	3 06 08	2 56 46
Roamer	11 50 32	2 26 03	2 25 31	2 25 21

The winners were Carrie in Class A, Josephine in Class B, Faustina in Class C, Vida in Class 1 and Roamer in Class 4. There were no prizes awarded for classes 2 and 3.

CATBOAT RACE AT NEWPORT.—A race for catboats is now being arranged, to be sailed this week or next off Newport.

DAUNTLESS Y. C. FALL REGATTA, Sept. 3.—The annual fall regatta of the Dauntless Y. C. of Jersey City was sailed on Sept. 3 over a new course, from the new club house near Claremont around two stake boats near Liberty Island, a triangle of over three miles, sailed three times. The wind was strong from S. E. The times were:

CLASS A.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Irene	3 14 10	4 48 10	1 34 01	1 33 26
Tough	3 14 20	4 43 10	1 28 50	1 28 50
What For	3 15 00	4 43 52	1 28 52	1 27 17

CLASS B.

Bye-Bye	3 16 30	4 47 15	1 30 45	1 30 45
Jessie S	3 14 06	4 51 11	1 37 11	1 36 21
Dimple	3 16 50	4 47 38	1 30 48	1 30 38
Bird	3 15 00	4 59 20	1 44 20	1 44 20

CLASS C.

Nellie	3 15 10	5 00 00	4 44 50	1 43 50
George B	3 15 00	4 54 30	1 39 30	1 37 30
Jessie L	3 14 20	4 49 50	1 35 20	1 35 10
Slow Poke	3 16 00	5 03 00	1 47 00	1 47 00
Lena R	3 16 10	4 52 10	1 36 00	1 35 45

CLASS D.

Marion	3 18 00	4 49 40	1 31 40	1 31 00
Ha Ha	3 18 30	Did not finish.		
Annie	3 18 15	4 50 00	1 31 45	1 31 45

CLASS E.

Senator	3 18 00	4 39 50	1 21 50	1 21 50
Anglesey	3 18 01	4 37 11	1 19 10	1 19 00

CLASS F.

R. K. Fox	3 40 00	4 53 10	1 13 10	1 13 10

The winners are What For, Dimple, Jessie L., Marion, Anglesey, R. K. Fox. The judges were Joseph Campbell and John Loveland.

PAVONIA Y. C., NINETEENTH ANNUAL REGATTA.—The 19th annual regatta of the Pavonia Y. C. was sailed on Sept. 3 in a strong S.E. breeze, the course being from the judges' and stake boat between Liberty and Ellis Islands, thence, for classes A and B to and around bell buoy No. 8 and return. For classes C, D and E, to and around buoy No. 13, thence to and around station seven in Gravesend Bay and back to starting line. The times were:

CLASS A.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Avalon	11 50 30	3 26 28	3 36 08	3 36 08
Phantom	11 54 34	3 35 05	3 40 21	3 33 21
Tam o' Shanter	11 50 00	3 23 30	3 33 30	3 22 30
Coquette	11 32 00	3 13 10	3 41 10	3 29 10
Jewell	11 41 28	3 39 03	3 58 35	3 45 35
Mascott	11 45 40	3 48 30	4 03 50	3 45 50

CLASS B.

M. M. Conway	11 41 20	3 43 15	3 59 05	3 59 05
Julia	11 34 50	4 06 10	4 22 20	4 21 50
Obbiecunurious	11 48 00	4 15 45	4 27 45	4 25 15
Lauretta	11 48 45	4 20 50	4 33 05	4 20 55

CLASS C.

Clara S	11 23 05	2 41 30	3 19 26	3 15 24
Snoozer	11 20 40	2 47 25	3 27 45	3 27 45
Marie	11 25 55	3 02 25	3 37 30	3 33 00

CLASS D.

H. H. Holmes	11 21 50	2 41 52	3 21 02	3 21 02
Three Brothers	11 22 25	2 49 32	3 28 07	3 26 47
Jessie G	11 23 50	2 58 45	3 35 55	3 35 55

CLASS E.

So So	11 21 52	2 41 55	3 21 03	3 20 56
Woolsey	11 22 30	2 55 40	3 34 10	3 34 07
Sister	11 22 35	3 06 45	3 45 10	3 42 10
Hoodoo	11 21 10	3 28 05	4 07 55	4 07 55

The winners were: Tam o' Shanter, M. M. Conway, Clara S., H. H. Holmes and the So So. The judges were Charles C. Pierce, Frank Freeman, H. H. Holmes.

MONATIQUOT Y. C. OPEN REGATTA, AUG. 29.—The open regatta of the Monatiquot Y. C. was sailed in a strong S.W. breeze, starting at 1:45 P. M. The times were:

FIRST CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
White Fawn, W. C. Cherrington	24.08	1 38 18	1 00 07
Moondyne, W. H. Shaw	24.08	1 38 26	1 00 15
Posy, R. G. Hunt	22.02	1 42 24	1 10 31
Secret, E. F. Linton	22.06	1 42 31	1 11 00
Folly, J. F. Sheppard	26.08	1 40 18	1 12 50
Echo, E. L. Burwell	24.05	Withdrawn.	

SECOND CLASS.

Pert, Frank Driscoll	18.10	1 32 38	1 04 30
Niobe, H. H. Sheen	20.02	1 31 37	1 05 30

THIRD CLASS.

Eureka, E. B. Rogers	20.01	1 27 03	1 00 15
Flora Lee, E. B. Glover	16.09	1 35 50	1 05 11
Diadem, L. Hayward	18.01	1 35 36	1 06 36

FOURTH CLASS.

Rocket, H. M. Faxon	16.02	1 39 54	1 08 28
Mirage, John Dearborn	17.05	1 45 57	1 11 09
Wildfire, H. A. Keith	17.02	1 42 30	1 12 23

White Fawn, Eureka, Flora Lee, Rocket and Mirage had protests entered against them. The judges were Messrs. E. P. Worster, Henry Gardner, T. D. Bagley, J. W. Hardwick and N. F. Hunt.

GREAT HEAD Y. C.—On Aug. 29 the second regatta for cash prizes was sailed by the Great Head Y. C. in a fresh S.W. wind, the courses being for first and second class: From judge's boat to red buoy No. 6, leaving it on starboard, to black buoy No. 7, leaving it on port, to Sculpin Ledge red buoy 2, leaving it on port, back to judge's boat; distance, 7½ miles. Third class—From judge's boat to buoy 6, off Apple Island, leaving it on port, to red spar buoy 8, leaving it on port, to red spar buoy 2, leaving it on port, thence to the finish; distance five miles. The times were:

FIRST CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
E. W. D., E. W. Dixon	25.01	1 17 40	55 52
Elta May, A. H. Lawrence	21.04	1 26 45	59 21
Vixen, P. B. Wadsworth	24.02	1 25 40	1 00 45

SECOND CLASS.

Zoe, McField and Farmaloe	18 01	1 32 30	1 01 26

THIRD CLASS.

Modoc, D. W. Belcher	15.07	1 05 43	42 41
Topsy, H. J. Vinal	15.04	1 25 00	1 00 37

The judges were Messrs. J. S. Cushing, George B. Cartwright and Edward Sears.

YONKERS Y. C.—On Saturday, Aug. 25, the last day of the Y. Y. C.'s cruise, a race was sailed off Atlantic Highlands, over a 15-mile course:

FIRST CLASS—SLOOPS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
White Wings	37.00	12 18 39	3 38 00
Hazel	33.00	12 18 42	3 35 35
Tethys	36.06	12 18 40	3 21 50

SECOND CLASS—SLOOPS.

Crawford	27.06	12 20 00	3 09 51
Vixen	26.06	12 17 05	3 21 28

THIRD CLASS—CATBOATS.

Nina	29.06	12 26 25	Not finished.
Anna Winger	27.00	12 26 40	3 04 00
Henry Gray	26.00	12 25 53	3 50 00

The winners were the Tethys, the Crawford and the Anna Winger.

GLEAM.—The steam yacht Gleam, from which Mr. T. H. Garrett was drowned, is reported as sold to a New York owner, who will rebuild her at Baltimore.

EM ELL EYE.—This fast open boat, built in 1885 by Harry Hutchins, has been sold by P. M. Bond to go to Wilmington, N. C. The price is reported at $1,000.

RAMBLER.—This old schooner, which left New York some time since with a cargo of dynamite for Aspinwall, is reported as wrecked in southern waters.

METEOR, Mr. Bateman's steam yacht, is now in Mr. A. Cary Smith's hands for a new stern, the work being done by Poillon.

New Publications.

MISS FRANCES MERLEY, by John Elliott Curran, is a novel very different in character from those which usually come under the reviewer's eye. It is the first important production of a writer already favorably known by his contributions to *Scribner's* and other magazines, and while deserving of high praise as an artistic production, it is nevertheless a work written with a purpose.

The story is that of a woman, young, attractive and governed by

her impulses, and it is told with great power and with a keen insight into the workings of the human mind, such as we seldom see revealed in a work of this character. The scene is laid for the most part in one of the old Sound towns in Connecticut, and the author shows a readiness of observation and a wholesome appreciation of the beauties of nature, which prove him to be an artist. Nothing can be more delightfully fresh, healthy and sweet than some of the descriptions, which now and then for a moment interrupt the thread of the story.

The characters are few, but well individualized and strongly drawn. Indeed in his heroine the author displays a subtle analysis of character such as is rarely attained by the masculine mind in dealing with this intricate problem. It may be said of all the persons represented in the story that what especially strikes the reader is the essential humanity of each and every character in the book. They are just such men and women as we all meet every day.

The story has in it nothing very exciting. It is a plain every-day tale of the loving and suffering which is so large a part of almost every life; but the plot is ingenious and worked out in an extremely clever way, and the story is full of interest to the very end.

The practical lesson of Miss Frances Merley's life is that although rebellion against the constraints of conventional life may argue a craving for broader freedom and greater fullness of life, it by no means follows that even the most excellent and estimable young women can follow their own impulses in everything without danger of falling into error, whether the prompting be to self-indulgence or to self-abnegation.

The author presents himself in his work as a man of intellectual breadth, moral worth and polished culture; a man with lofty ideals tempered by clear insight into the practical aspects of life. We shall expect to hear more of Mr. Curran in the future. Boston: Cupples & Hurd.

ENTOMOLOGY FOR BEGINNERS, by Dr. A. S. Packard, is written, we are told, for the use of young folks, fruit growers, farmers and gardeners. In it beginners will find directions for collecting and preserving insects, for mounting specimens for the microscope, and preparing them for study, as well as for making collections. The farmer, the fruit grower and the gardener will find in the work descriptions of the insect pests against which they are obliged to wage such constant war, and references to other more technical and larger works in which more detailed descriptions can be found. The language of the book is simple; technicalities are avoided, but if necessarily used, their meaning is made plain by means of the very copious glossary which is found at the end of the volume.

Dr. Packard's new book is an introduction to the study of entomology, and as such is a necessity to any one desiring to pursue that study, but who has no knowledge of the subject and no teacher to whom he can apply for elementary instruction. Many people, perhaps, who have longed to find out something about our insects, have purchased a copy of Dr. Packard's Guide to the Study of Insects, and have vainly endeavored, with the aid of a dictionary, to get an idea what was meant by the words employed in some description of a certain insect. The terminology of science has not yet found its way into Webster, and glossaries such as the one before us are needed in all the sciences.

Bearing in mind all the while that the language of this volume is plain English all through, a list of the chapter headings will give a very fair idea of the material contained in it. The first subject treated is naturally "The Structure of Insects;" this is followed by "The Growth and Metamorphosis of Insects;" then comes the "Classification of Insects," "Insect Architecture," "Insects Injurious and Beneficial to Agriculture," "Directions for Collecting, Preserving and Rearing Insects," "Mode of Dissecting Insects," and last a chapter on "Cutting and Mounting Microscopic Sections of Insects and Mounting them Whole, etc." Finally there is the "Entomologists' Library," which contains the most indispensable articles, memoirs and complete works on this subject works which are really necessary to the student. This is followed by the glossary and the index.

Valuable as is the text of this volume, it would be worth but little to the classes for whom it was written were it not for the excellent illustrations which it contains. Of these there are nearly three hundred and they help to make the book a most useful and admirable work. New York, Henry Holt & Co., 1888.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

I. S., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Is the pickerel a game fish? Ans. Yes.

W. A. C., Norristown, Pike county, Pa.—We cannot give the name.

O. G.—The law on partridge in Sullivan county, N. Y., was off Sept. 1.

H. E. W., Plainfield, N. J.—The breeding of quail in confinement has not been successfully prosecuted. The birds will lay and hatch, but the young cannot be reared.

WILD CHARLEY.—The game law of New York governs Staten Island, and a digest of it was given in our issue of July 5. Non-residents are required to pay a license fee of $10 to shoot on Staten Island.

A. T. B., Washington.—Will you kindly give me the address of some reliable maker or dealer of muzzleloading sporting rifles? I find no advertisements of such in the sporting papers. Ans. Wm. V. Lowe, Pittsfield, Mass.

FROG CULTURE.—Two correspondents ask for information on frog culture this week. We would again say that this alleged industry is a delusion and a snare, and would refer them to our answer, page 117, in last issue.

C. M., Greenville, R. I.—Wild rice should be sown in the late fall or in early spring, in shallow water. If the water be a bay, lake or pond, sow it along the margin; if a stream of running water with a swift current sow in a cove or bend where the seed will not be swept away.

T. B. B., New York.—Please give names of winners in the bull-terrier class over 25lbs at Newark, 1887. Ans. First and third, F. F. Doles' Maggie May and Young Count; second, J. Patterson's Judas; reserve, C. A. Steven's Earl. Very high com., M. Chase's Mark-Eyed Victor. Com., A. Bridgman's Jack.

G. J. W., St. John.—1. What advantage, if any, have tin fish tackle cases over wood? 2. Can they be had of wood? 3. Which is supposed to be the best automatic cartridge loader? 4. Is the ventilated rubber boot superior to the ordinary rubber boot for hunting and fishing purposes? Ans. 1. It is lighter and not so bulky. 2 Yes. 3. The merits of several of these tools are substantially equal. 5. The ventilation is undeniably an advantage.

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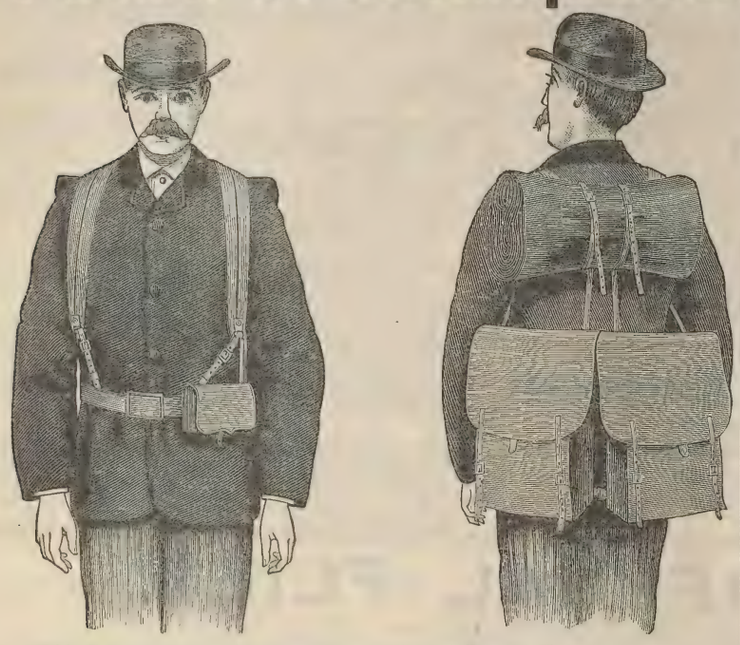
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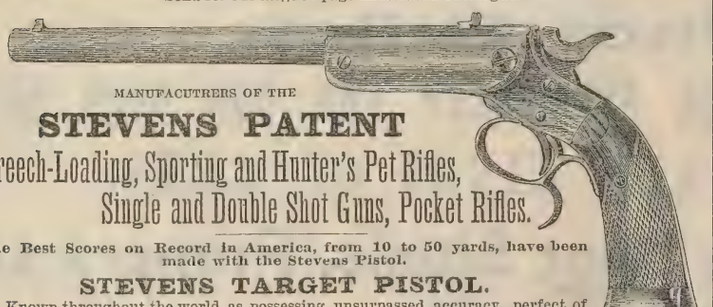
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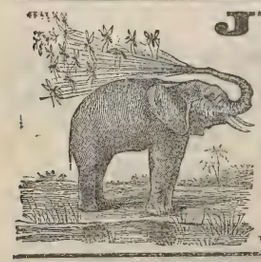
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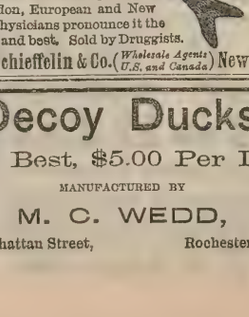
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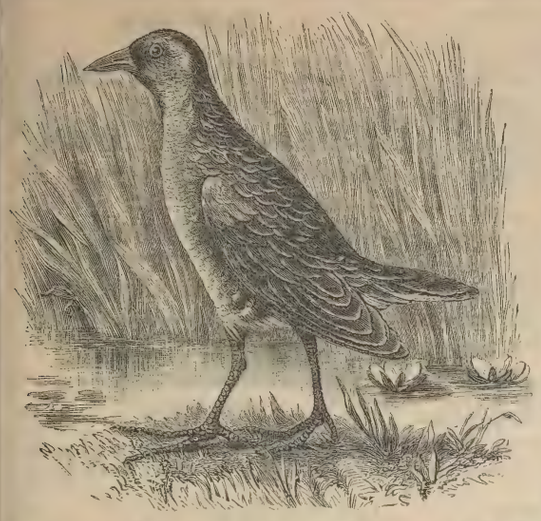
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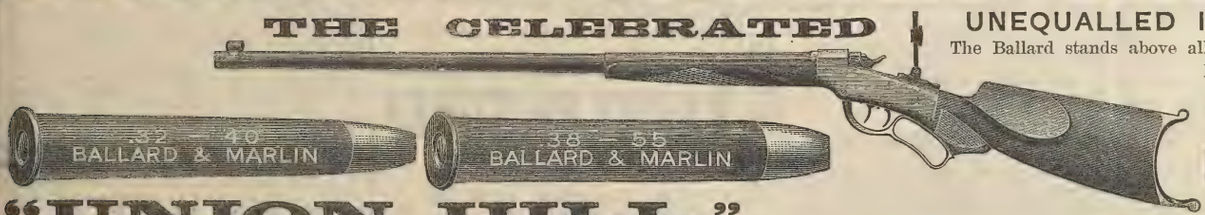
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Address all communications,

Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

No. 318 BROADWAY. NEW YORK CITY.

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DESTITUTION IN THE NORTHWEST.

IN February last we spoke of the famine which was then causing suffering and death among the Indians of the Athabaska, Peace River and Mackenzie River districts of the extreme Northwest.

Our authority for the statements made at that time was Mr. S. Cunningham, of Edmonton, a member of the Northwest Council, and the information given by him was confirmed by the Rev. Mr. Spendlove, a Protestant missionary, who for nine years has resided in the Mackenzie River region.

More recent reports, received from Father Ledoursal, a Roman Catholic priest in the northern part of the Northwest Territories, indicate that this sad state of things still continues, and that all through the winter, spring and summer, the Indians have been dying of starvation. The crops last year were a failure and yielded nothing. The hunting season was likewise a failure, and the Indians, not securing enough deer or smaller game to keep them alive, were forced to eat, first their skins and furs, and then one after another their dog harnesses and their dogs. When these were gone, they began to struggle back toward the settlements in the hope that there they might find some help, but on the road many a one dropped by the wayside and died. At the settlements they were scarcely better off, for the people were themselves too ill provided to help them, and the wretched Indians fought with the dogs for the garbage thrown out.

This summer things are no better. Up to the middle of June the weather was very cold, the temperature sometimes falling to zero. Besides, the spring and summer were very wet, with almost constant snow and rain, and much of the Athabaska region, always swampy, was overflowed, and its crops again destroyed.

A more hopeless condition of things for the Indians who inhabit this bleak region can hardly be imagined. They are beyond the reach of help from civilization, and the products of the country—scanty enough at the best of times—have failed them now for two successive years. Even those white settlers who are well to do have barely enough for their own wants and are in no position to assist their neighbors, and the provisions and cattle at the missions have nearly all been eaten up.

It almost seems as if these Indians must inevitably perish.

THE TOBIQUE RIVER TRAGEDY.

THE Tobique River, which is sixty miles long from the St. John to Nictaux, its Forks, has no railway communication but at the mouth, hence settlers are isolated. It is populated by about the same class of persons as those who occupy back settlements in Maine and New Brunswick, whose situation, circumstances and dispositions are about the same. The inhabitants of the Tobique on the whole are a peaceable, inoffensive people—farmers, trusting to the lumber business for their means of subsistence rather than to the soil. This class of people anywhere is not so orderly and well-behaved as a farming population. Those who do attend to farming are fairly prosperous. There need be no want of food among any of the settlers on the Tobique, the land on that river being eminently fertile. It is a beautiful stream of clear rapid water, running over a gravelly bottom; it has its sources on the high Crystalline Hills, which divide the waters running into the St. John from those which empty into the Bay of Chaleur.

There may be, and probably is, an ill feeling against persons leasing fishing rights on the Tobique. Such ill feeling, however, would be found among those who have been violating the fishery regulations of the Dominion of Canada, which have never been properly enforced by the Canadian Department of Fisheries. Had such been the case there would never have been any trouble, as poachers would have been taught by this time to respect the laws. Among the farming and respectable people on the river there is no ill feeling against the purchasers of fishing rights.

The parties implicated in the Tobique murder were William Day, a man who has not a good reputation even among his neighbors; he is a man of such character that when young people take his advice or associate with him they invariably get into trouble; he is an idler, who occasionally works in the woods, hunts and fishes; his age is about 40. The other two young men have been intimate associates of his, hunting with him, poaching in his company and generally ill-advised by him. Trafton may be 22 years of age; Phillipine probably about the same. The latter has been on Tobique only about two years. Had they been under better influences than those of Day, there is no doubt that they would now not be in the position they are in. Day has been the evil counselor; and these two the weak instruments by which his ill advice has been carried out. Day is an evil plotter, one who takes care to keep himself out of the results of his plots, leaving to others the carrying of them out.

There is no fear of any further trouble to fishermen and sportsmen visiting the Tobique. All the people on the river look with horror on the late terrible tragedy. It was very unfortunate that one of Major Howes' party discharged a gun to terrify the poachers the evening before the murder. This seems to have been the means of bringing out all their bad passions.

CONCERNING GUIDES.

FROM Sweetwater county, Wyoming, comes a gruesome tale that two young Eastern men who had set out from Rock Springs, on a hunting expedition, with a guide and outfit of horses and mules, have been found dead, murdered by the guide, who stripped the victims of money and valuables and fled with the horses and mules. A clue to the identity of the murdered men is alleged to have been worked out by a ranchman who found in another camp fifteen miles from where the murder occurred a letter all torn to pieces which he put together again.

While it is perfectly credible that all this happened in Sweetwater county, as reported, the probabilities are strongly against the presumption that the two men were murdered by a guide. If they were murdered, and if the murderer shall be brought to bay, in all probability he will turn out to be not a guide in any true sense of the term, but one of those hangers-on encountered in certain parts of the West, who are ever ready to play the tenderfoot for whatever he may be worth, seeking to rob him by swindling rather than by recourse to actual violence. They pose as guides, but their entire service in this capacity is a huge swindle, as they know perfectly well from the beginning, and as the tenderfoot gradually finds out for himself. These fellows have their counterpart in the popular resorts of the East, particularly in the Adirondacks, where, however, this swindling is conducted on a much smaller scale with individual tenderfeet, because the victims are more numerous, and so soon as one has been fleeced another takes his place.

This Wyoming murder (if it occurred) must not be charged to the account of the Western guides, unless it shall be shown that the murderer actually was a guide. A few years ago there was a great stir about an Adirondack case, when it was stated that a woman traveling alone with a "guide" had been subjected to indignity; but it was very quickly shown that the so-called guide was not a guide at all, but a renegade from justice who had fled to the North Woods, taken up the employment of boatman, and like sundry other North Woods boatmen had been dubbed guide, because he could pull a boat, put bait on to a hook, or hold a deer by the tail while the sportsman shot or clubbed it.

Your true guide, the man who has information about the country, knows the ways of game and fish, and on an honest basis exchanges his woodcraft for your greenbacks, is of different texture. The experience of thousands of sportsmen every year demonstrates that in camp with these men in the woods one is as safe as in his own home circle; in fact, the chances of being slugged to death by a burglar, while asleep at home in one's bed, are as ten to one of being murdered by a guide in camp.

AN "AL FRESCO" FUND.

READERS of the FOREST AND STREAM are presumably familiar with the distressing condition of Jacksonville, Fla. Unable longer to contend against the plague unaided, the city has sent up a cry for help. The wires flashed over the country last week this appeal:

To our Friends and Fellow Citizens of the United States:

We, the authorized representatives of the city of Jacksonville, recognizing the fact that the epidemic has now reached such a stage that our own funds are insufficient either to cope with the many cases of absolute necessity for the engagement of nurses or for numerous other demands upon us; and whereas, in the absence of all business, many of our able citizens are unable to furnish further funds, we now think we are justified in accepting the many willing offers of aid that have been received from you. We therefore wish our fellow citizens of the United States to know that we will gratefully receive the aid they have offered, and that any contributions will be used for the benefit of those in need, and where it will do the most good. We request tnat any such contributions may be forwarded to James M. Schumacher, President of the First National Bank and Chairman of our Finance Committee.

Neal Mitchell, President of Duval County Board of Health; D. T. Geron, Acting Mayor; P. McQuaid, Acting President of Citizens' Auxiliary Association.

One of the physicians who have stuck to their posts in Jacksonville, and are doing their duty there—and what a heroic word is that simple word duty—amid the pestilence, is the President of the City Board of Health, Dr. C. J. Kenworthy, the "Al Fresco" of the FOREST AND STREAM, whose writings in our columns have for years charmed the readers, and whose personal courtesies to sportsmen visiting Florida have been innumerable. It was once laughingly said by an angler, whom Dr. Kenworthy had directed to fishing waters, that "Al Fresco" resented the notion of any Northern man fishing in Florida unless he had first directed him where to go. One thing is sure, in the hearts of Northern sportsmen and anglers Dr. Kenworthy holds a very warm place.

We print Jacksonville's appeal as coming from "Al Fresco." Because it comes from him it ought to meet with a generous response, not only from those who have visited Jacksonville, but from all whose hearts and purses may be reached by this urgent cry for help.

It is proposed that contributions which may be made in response to this note shall be known as the AL FRESCO FUND, in Dr. Kenworthy's honor. Money may be sent in care of the FOREST AND STREAM; but better, when practicable, and so more quickly, to Chairman Schumacher. We shall be glad to receive memoranda of any sums so forwarded, in order that they may be recorded as a part of the AL FRESCO FUND.

THE LIST OF FIVE HUNDRED ENTRIES at Buffalo is a most decided victory for fair play.

The Sportsman Tourist.

WHAT SHALL BE THE OUTCOME?

LONG ago—I forget how long—I said: "The game must go." It was too true. The game has mostly gone. "'Tis true 'tis pity. Pity 'tis 'tis true."

I rise to add that the woods must go. The primal forest is disappearing as by magic. It has been slowly disappearing and receding before the advance guard of civilization for two centuries; but the clearing of the frontiersman was a necessity, and he only cleared what he needed of the most fertile portions of the land, while the lumberman cleared the white pine from the high, sterile mountain spurs, and the scattering pines were soon replaced by a dense growth of "small stuff," making better game cover than before.

The dark, dank hemlock ranges were left to nature; and we—the mossbacks of to-day—gathered around our camp-fires by the bright crystal springs in their gloomy shadows, and hugged ourselves in the belief that, come what might come, there was nothing in the sour, rocky soil, or brash, slivery timber, to tempt the cupidity of man; and the hemlock was safe for the next hundred years.

Why, it stood to reason!

Hemlock lumber, even on the banks of a navigable stream, did not pay for "getting out." Was it likely that men were going to throw money away in working and wiring their way into the forests, through stony ravines and along the sides of rocky precipices, after something on which they could only lose? Capitalists do not put up on losing game—not if they know it. We knew that the East was sadly in need of tan bark, and an "extract" mill here and there might be expected; but these were rather advantageous to the country than otherwise, and the raw bark was too bulky for transportation.

Thus we talked and so we thought, as we gathered around our camp-fires in the days gone by.

We knew that, though the mountain could not go to Mahomet, Mahomet might go to the mountain. Somehow, the analogy between Mahomet and a shipload of dry hides seemed to escape us.

It did not seem credible that a cargo of hides could be sent around Cape Horn to New York, run up into the mountains of northern Pennsylvania by rail, tanned into sole leather there and sent back to the Pacific coast at a profit. It seems wonderful to me, even at this day. But cold facts cannot be melted by theories. When it became demonstrable that there was "money in hemlock," capital came to the front and the fate of the hemlock was sealed. Even as I write the hoary centurions of the forest are going down on every side before a hurricane of axemen, and being scalped by a cyclone of "spudders." The tannery village, that unique production of modern days, springs up at a month's notice on every considerable stream where bark is available, and the long, low tannery, with its labyrinth of vats and villainous refuse, commences its vocation of poisoning and depleting the purest trout streams in the land. The horrible roar of the gong whistle is a constant quantity and a diabolical mystery to the dazed and frightened deer, that they flee from as if it were a pack of wolves, to bring up for safety—where? They do not know; neither do I. But they vanish with a rapidity that cannot be accounted for by illegitimate hunting. And they do not come back. As for the trout, the average tannery man considers it a duty he owes his family to dynamite them on every favorable opportunity. They are bound to go anyhow, and had better be stunned and eaten by poor people who need them than be killed by slow poison. As for the law—well, if you want law, pitch into the bosses, who break the law every time they turn their filthy chemicals and refuse into the stream.

The argument is specious, and not easily answered. We did pitch into the bosses, and there was no attempt to deny the plain violation of law on their part, but simply arrogant defiance. They said they would wear us out; beat us by appeals and delay; and they did. Half a million can make a couple of hundred look sick.

Less than a week ago a tannery boss said to me, "We have come to stay. We are utilizing the timber that has been quietly rotting down for a thousand years. A tree doesn't last forever. It sprouts, culminates and decays, doing no good to anybody. We are turning the hemlocks into money; when, but for us, they would go to decay as they have been doing ever since the flood. We have a village of 3,000 inhabitants, well paid, and well fed, and isn't this better than to let the timber rot on the ground?"

"From a business point of view, yes."

But the tanneries have not "come to stay." When the bark is exhausted, they will be left to rot and decay, even as the old cities are left to-day, where, a few years ago, city lots sold at fancy prices. Once the bark is used up, the tannery becomes a ruin. There is nothing to keep it up. The shammy, rough houses will be deserted, the long, low buildings of the "plant" will be relegated to the elements of disintegration, and the populous village becomes a thing of tradition.

And what of the denuded forest? What of the desecrated and poisoned streams? Well, it may be better than we think.

First of all, fire will sweep through the dry hemlock tops and debris of the "job." This will be succeeded by a dense growth of briers, fire weeds, bird cherry and poplars. These will gradually be supplanted by a more substantial growth of maple, beech, pine or oak, according to soil and location. Very much of the denuded forest will grow up to dense cover, wherein small game will find better food and cover than in the dark hemlock forests of old. The land is not worth a cent an acre for any purpose of cultivation, and must, as a matter of course, be left to the operations of nature. As for the streams, I flatter myself with the notion that, when the skinned and denuded land has grown up again with a dense, low, thick-leaved cover, the springs will gush as in olden days, and the streams will flow with pristine purity and fullness. Men will have learned something by that time, and the dynamiter and trout hog will be rated and punished as the burglar or incendiary are treated to-day.

At this present writing the pure waters of the "Susquehanna's utmost springs" are a sight to behold. Let us take, as a fair example, the stream (Pine Creek) from Ansley's to Four Mile Run.

At Ansley's there is an immense tannery, and the banks of the stream from there to Four Mile Run are piled and heaped with spent tan bark, while the water for fifteen miles looks like a decoction of logwood. Once—and not so many years ago either—"Old Moxie" and I stood at Flat Rock, twelve miles below Ansley's, and lifted out 700 trout between sunrise and sunset on a "June rise." They were small, but ran very even in size, from 7in. to 9in. It was rather a greedy thing to do, but had we left them free to run, would there be one more trout in Pine Creek to-day? You may fish Flat Rock to-day from sunrise to sunset without getting a nibble, but I think the next generation will see better sport.

The oldtime backwoods poacher is dropping out. Streams can be restocked at present with certainty and moderate cost.

The floods of a single season will sweep the streams clear of spent tan bark and poisonous chemicals. The denuded forests will be replaced with dense cover and the dried up streams will be restocked, and a wiser generation will conserve the game and fish instead of destroying. It is beyond question that the hemlocks are fated to fade and fail. But that is an inevitable conclusion. Thank Heaven, the tanneries, too, must go. NESSMUK.

PHASES OF SPORT ABROAD.—II.

ANACAPRI, Italia, Aug. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Months ago was published a letter of mine from Corfu, Greece, under the heading of "Phases of Sport Abroad," in which it was mentioned that the hunters were on the *qui vive* for quail, which were expected daily. Great was the disappointment, for those much-prized birds took other fancies or freaks into their noddles, thereby almost ignoring that Greek "isle of the sea;" sending only here and there a bird, perhaps deputies of different companies, or scouts for making notes and remarks for future wayfarers; and spoiling the writer's intention of sending another missive to "the old folks at home" by way of FOREST AND STREAM.

As the migratory birds are the sole source of hunting in this part of the world, there has been no chance until now, or that is, until last spring, of writing anything of interest.

The season of quail and wild pigeons was very good this year, therefore I'll tell a little about the fun the hunters had here. My compatriots have become such inveterate travelers that I presume it to be about useless to explain that this island of Capri is situated in the Mediterranean Sea, about seventeen miles from la bella Napoli, and seven miles from Sorrento. "Its picturesque outlines form one of the most charming points in the view of the Bay of Naples."

The first quail arrived on the 23d of April, but not in great quantities; the pigeons straying along a few days before. *Le reti* or nets were in readiness, but the birds came very straggling. Every conceivable spot on the edge of the island was occupied, giving it the appearance of being fenced in. These nets are from nine to ten meters high, the higher the better, with rings on their sides, through which good-sized cords are run. These are securely fastened on the tops of immense high poles, and when the wind is not too strong are kept continually spread, otherwise they are unfastened and run down like a sail or a curtain. These nets are contrived in such a manner as to form a kind of sack, by leaving it in folds, or having a piece added to it, so at every interval of perhaps a meter or meter and a half comes one of these bags. The poor, unwary birds come flying, wearied and fatigued from their trip over the sea, on in full force, strike against this fence (no better name can I find for these nets, encircling the island as they do), fall into the bag, become entangled, and are immediately pounced upon by the greedy islanders. Sometimes, not often, after a lucky struggle, a bird frees itself and clears the net, but only to fall a victim to one of the numerous hunters with guns standing on the other side, scattered in all directions and distances from the shore.

As this is the season for all migratory birds, one can easily imagine that all kinds are liable to be, and are caught in the nets. Some mornings one man will make a catch of three hundred, that is, in spring, for then they are never taken in such immense quantities as in autumn. One hunter whom the writer well knows, shot one morning, from 4 until 7 o'clock, thirty-six quail, another morning, in the same length of time, forty; he had with him a small dog of a race peculiar to the island, about 3 years old and untrained.

Rather tedious is the shooting in spring, for at 3 o'clock the hunter must be on the alert, capable of walking an hour, and then tramping around over rough, stony ground until he has satisfied his desire of bagging birds. In the autumn one sits quietly on the *terrazzo* of his house and brings his game down from there; or, at the most, walks out a few steps from his *alberga*. The nets are then placed on the mountainsides, no more down in *limbo*, where the principal shooting place is, from here out. From 50,000 to 60,000 quail are sent away from this island alive every year; how many are shot is more than I know. It seems that the renown of this island as a quail hunting place is very old, for I have read that somewhere about the year 1786 the quail, doves and other migratory birds were a source of increase to the revenue. The number caught varied every year, the greatest catch in one day was 12,000, and during the whole time of passage, which does not last more than fifteen days, they never caught more than 150,000 birds. Capri had a bishop who derived the most of his income from the quail, etc., and from this fact he was somewhat irreverently styled the Bishop of Quail.

In three or four weeks the sport will commence again, and then I hope that nothing will prevent my sending you prompt and full accounts of the result. There are no large hotels here, but two or three little inns, such as the Bella Vista, Massiminos and Paradiso. But if any wish to make themselves really comfortable then at the house where we are now stopping they can have two large rooms, a kitchen and a broad *terrazza* with cooking done for them, also all services, for from forty to sixty francs a month; of course they must pay for their provisions themselves; but for four lires a day—less when they shoot their own game—they can live like princes. Then when tired and desire is strong to rest they can recline at ease on their vine-covered *terrazza* and feast their eyes on the beauties of the Bay of Naples. The address of this place is Maria Giovanni alla Catena, and perhaps some day one of my country people may chance to spend a hunting season on this most charming island.

G.

Natural History.

OF SERPENTS.—II.

(*Continued from Page 123.*)

STRIPED SNAKES colonize in great numbers when they go into winter quarters. I have on four different occasions come upon a numerous group of them massed together, sunning in early spring, when they have just left their winter burrow, which is their season for mating. In one instance, I think there must have been a hundred near the roots of an upturned tree, I found myself in the midst of them, when they scattered in every direction. I passed on a short distance and halted to witness their movements. They soon began to return and I could see and hear them passing over the dry leaves to the same spot. In a short time, after this period of copulation, they separate, and wander singly around the fields until the approach of winter, and then by a mysterious instinct (if that is the name for it), they come together to pass another winter. They do not lay eggs, but as in the case of the watersnake, red adder (or copperhead) and venomous snakes generally, the young are matured in their body and are born alive. Some years ago I cut the following from a newspaper:

Jacob Rexroth, of Canton, a few days ago killed a red adder and on opening it, found twenty-six young adders. This story is beaten by a Collinsville gentleman, who relates that some years ago he saw a large striped snake opened, and forty young snakes taken out of its bowels, each 3in. long.

A gentleman in Windham county told me within a year that he saw a striped snake opened, and counted sixty-three young ones which he saw taken out of her. I have killed them several times and found that their bodies contained young ones, but never counted them. It is singular that their manner of breeding is not more generally known, but when they are heavy with young, like the watersnake, they cannot move rapidly; they seek a very retired place. The last that I recollect of capturing in that condition I caught sight of as she was crawling under an old stump, and I saw the grass was matted where she had been accustomed to lie in the sun. On another occasion I came suddenly upon her and captured her. My first observation of finding young in their bodies was in the season of harvesting rye, which is in the latter part of July, and I conclude that they give birth to their young about the first of August. They subsist on live prey; grasshoppers, crickets and bugs are doubtless devoured by them, also young birds if they can get them, and toads are especially their prey. Unlike the blacksnake, they secure their prey by the chase. I have seen them pursuing a toad, which would jump continuously until it was perfectly exhausted, and in its fright would actually shriek with fear; but the snake would follow it as true as a hound does a hare, and when he has caught it he manages to get both hindlegs into his mouth at once, and then commences the swallowing process. I was once riding in a buggy, and by the roadside were trees with branches hanging low, and the road was bordered with weeds. I heard an unusual sound coming either from the trees or weeds, it was difficult to determine which. With a 10ft. pole which I had with me I commenced poking the weeds and discovered a striped snake with a large toad drawn into its mouth up to its armpits, and in that condition the poor toad was screeching so that it arrested my attention. After inspecting the scene I tried to punch the snake with the pole when it commenced a backward wriggling movement, and the toad at the same time struggling forward, literally escaped from the jaws of death and hopped away apparently a very happy toad. I once captured one that had swallowed a small green snake, and if they will prey upon a green one, why not upon their own young? I don't think them capable of drawing the color line.

Dr. Holbrook in his Herpetology says "that a snake will swallow its prey when it is three times as thick as its own body." In that other authors concur. The joints of their jaws are dilatable and elastic, and the point of the under jaw draws back, so that when the jaws inclose the body of the toad, the mouth represents a ring around its body, except as the upper jaw retains its shape.

THE COMMON BLACKSNAKES (*Coluber constrictor*).

Of all the snakes which are common to New England, the blacksnake probably has more stories told about it, whether true or false, than all the rest put together. I think I may say that I have seen hundreds of them. In one year I enumerated twenty that I came in contact with. The longest one I ever measured was 6ft. and a trifle more, not to exceed 6ft. 1in. They, too, colonize in winter, and are sometimes found in great numbers in the same burrow. Mr. Willard Thrall of Windsor told me that he once, in excavating earth, found sixty-one in one pit. A paragraph in the Hartford *Times* of March 6, 1886, says: "Nelson Verguson of Bean Hill (Norwich) in digging into a hill the other day opened a nest of sixty-three blacksnakes in a bunch. They were smart enough to run away from Mr. Verguson, although the mercury was but 10° above zero." I cut the following from the Hartford *Globe* of April 24, 1887:

At Bakerville a few days ago George W. Jones, James Enright and Seymour Reed dug out eighty blacksnakes. The longest measured 6ft., three fourths of them measured over 5ft. in length. After the snakes had been counted a rope was bound around them and attached to a large pole and placed on two men's shoulders, and in this manner taken to the village, where they were put on exhibition. This bundle of blacksnakes will weigh over 125lbs.

I have several times heard people tell of seeing blacksnakes 12ft. long—one location was at Cedar Mountain, another was Hatchet Hill, East Granby, and another in Tolland county; but those snakes were never measured, and I have no authentic account of any one that measures more that 6ft. 1in.

Blacksnakes lay eggs with a flexible, parchment-like covering, I think from twelve to twenty at a time; and in stony sections they commonly lay them under flat stones, and, when they can, they deposit them in the sand, and that is the last they know of or care for them. The American Cyclopædia says of snakes: "When they have left their winter burrows, after the instinctive act of reproduction, they separate and become perfect strangers. Most are oviparous, leaving their eggs to be hatched by the heat of the sun, and the young when born are able to provide for themselves. No nest is made; there is no incubation of their bodies' heat; no food is stored up for the young, and no education nor parental care is necessary, and the mother knows neither the joys nor sorrows of

maternity. Sometimes (that is in some species) the young are brought to maturity in the mother's body." This snake comes out in the spring as soon as the snow is fairly off and the frost is out of the ground. Its color is then a dull brownish black, and they are not very active; they will often lie coiled and not move at the approach of man, which, I think, is partly owing to the fact that their sight is defective until after they have shed their skin. This occurs in early summer, when their color assumes a clean bluish black, and they flee instinctively from man's presence. They shed their skin in a single piece, including a scale from over their eyes, and the Cyclopædia says, "by a process of inversion and several times in a season," which statement my observations do not fully bear out. All fur-bearing animals shed their coats annually, so of all the feathered tribes; and, reasoning from analogy, my conclusion is that the habit of the snake in this respect is the same. As to the process of inversion, I have often seen the skin of a snake in the grass or in the bushes lying just as a snake would lie. If by inversion means that the skin is turned the other side out, it would seem that the skin must be loosened at the head and secured to something that would hold it, while the snake moves forward turning the skin backward, like turning a stocking off from a person's leg. I have seen a silkworm shed its skin, which was not by the process of inversion. My conclusions are solely from observation, and I would not be understood as taking issue with the authorities on that subject.

I have never seen anything to incline me to the belief that blacksnakes attack people. They always show a disposition to place distance between me and them. Mr. Thrall, before mentioned, says he has seen thousands of them, and they always flee; and that he never saw a young snake accompanying an old one. A gentleman living in Bloomfield told me that blacksnakes came annually from the plains to a sand blow in the rear of his barn to deposit their eggs, and that in one year he captured fifteen. They always flee. He never saw a young one with an old one. Several men, some of whom I can name, have told me that they have seen an old one swallow its young. My reply to them was, "Then you have seen a hungry snake taking its food, for they never swallow them for any other purpose." There is no question but that one species of snake will feed upon another species, and why not on their own young. The following is taken from the Hartford *Courant*, of Aug. 16, 1879:

L. M. Reed, while mowing on the farm of Herman Corbin in Union the other day, saw a large blacksnake, which he killed. On opening it a large striped snake was discovered, and on opening this seventy-nine small striped snakes, about 6in. in length, were brought to light. The blacksnake had swallowed eighty striped snakes at once.

Perhaps the striped snake went there for protection, for she was certainly in a very safe place. I have never met with the person who said he had seen an old snake accompanying its young except those who say they have seen them swallow them. If an accredited student of natural history will furnish an authenticated case of young serpents taking refuge in their mother's mouth I will accept it as a fact.

Blacksnakes always feed on live prey and possess a power over their prey that is truly wonderful, and I think that birds, old and young, are their main dependance for food—old birds are captured by them with ease. I captured a snake nearly 5ft. long that had a full-fledged song sparrow in its body about 6in. from its head. I have on several occasions seen birds acting strangely about some spot in the bushes and on investigation found a snake was the center of attraction, and in two instances have captured the snake. I was once in a hay field with several men, adjoining a lot where the hay had been removed, which was separated from us by a stone wall. We heard a bobolink making a peculiar chattering noise, and on looking over the wall to know the cause, we saw the bird with half spread and drooping wings, stepping right and left just in front of and facing a blacksnake, which was gently moving toward it, with its head raised and occasionally darting forward, almost striking it. One of the party sprang over the wall and tried to kill the snake, but he escaped to the wall. After a short time we heard the bird again discoursing the same music, and on looking, we saw the snake and bird going through with the same performance, when two of the party sprang over the wall and captured the snake. I have sometimes felt a regret that we did not remain passive and witness the result. They feed on any kind of live prey that is within their capacity, and have been caught with a young rabbit in their body. They also are successful hunters of birds' nests for the young birds, and will climb trees in their search. I was once near an orchard when I heard robins making a great outcry, evidently disturbed by something. I went to see the cause and discovered a large blacksnake at their nest in an apple tree about 15ft. from the ground. The tree was about 1ft. in diameter and 7 or 8ft. up to the branches. The branch on which the nest was, stood off at an angle of about forty-five degrees. When the snake saw me he glided down on the topside of the branch, and when he reached the trunk he slid off and dropped to the ground. In his mouth was a young bird partly swallowed, which proved such a clog to him that he could not run rapidly in the grass and I captured him. A Mr. Green in Tolland county tells me he witnessed just such a scene.

Many stories are told of their chasing people. I have seen persons who claim to have been chased by them, and sometimes it was by a racer, a black snake with a white ring around its neck. I never saw a snake of that description, and I know of no authority claiming the existence of such a snake. A blacksnake five or six feet long can outrun a man. Their speed I have repeatedly witnessed, when they have escaped from me. Now if they chase people, why do they not catch them? and if they should catch a person, what could they do with them? Certainly they could not use them as food. It is singular that so many persons have been chased by them and yet no instance has been reported where they have been caught.

The racer, described as a black snake with a white ring around its neck, exists only in the imagination of frightened people. It has no place in natural history, and yet I have known several persons who claim to have been chased by them, and were just as sure of the white ring as they were of being chased. I have seen, however, a small black snake with yellow belly and yellow or buff stripe across the back of the head, but this species are never more than about a foot long. I can imagine how timid persons may be startled by a snake and think they were chased by it.

I was once walking in a pasture on the eastern slope of Talcott Mountain, when I discovered a large black one coming directly toward me. The snake seems to have been traveling about his own business and did not discover me until he approached within eight or ten yards, when he stopped. I immediately started for him, and then there was a chase in another direction; but he was too smart for me; running faster than I could he made his escape. If I had been timid and retreated when I first saw it I might have supposed, and honestly supposed, that I had been chased by a snake; and as a snake moves with its head raised, being lighter color under the neck, I might have imagined that it was a racer with a white ring.

I have heard the absurd claim that a snake might be cut in two in its middle, and the parts would get together and unite, making a whole sound snake again. A gentleman of more than ordinary intelligence, and who had enjoyed rare opportunities for acquiring information, once told me that he knew a well authenticated case where a snake had been severed in the middle and was the same day seen crawling, having been united and grown together. I said to him, such a thing is not possible, a snake has intestines and a spinal column, and to sever it in the middle would be as fatal to it as to any form of animal life, and that it was probably another snake seen. He said no, it was on the highway; the snake was cut in two and one-half was thrown to each side of the road. When seen afterward it was identified by the scar where it had been united.

In the Hartford *Courant* of July 20, 1886, a correspondent from Canton says: "There is a land holder here who never molests the blacksnakes in his fields. He wishes to keep them for the purpose of destroying the mice and moles infesting his fields. He claims that they do no harm, and should be allowed to go around without interference." I should like to know the name of that land owner. I would go some distance to shake hands with him. He is the second man whom I have ever heard of who seemed to think the blacksnake had rights which should be respected. I have understood that the late Mr. R. C. Osborne, who resided in Newington, entertained the same merciful regard for them.

Singular as it may seem, blacksnakes are sometimes found crawling in winter. Many years ago a gentleman, perfectly trustworthy, told me that he captured one in Willington after a thaw in January. A Doctor Tracy, some years since, captured one in Canterbury crawling on the snow in the month of February, and carried it to a neighboring house and exhibited it to the family, who were my informants. The Hartford *Courant* published an item early in January, 1886, stating that Henry Bocks, a trustworthy resident of Morris, while passing along the highway in that town on the 2d inst., captured a blacksnake 5ft. long crawling along in the wheel rut.

Early in the spring of 1873 I was with a party in the northwest part of this town near Cottage Grove. There had been some warm days and the ground had been bare of snow. On the day previous there had been a fall of snow of several inches in depth, and that morning it was frozen quite crisp. In passing we came on a blacksnake lying on the snow; on attempting to move it we found its head for some inches was under the snow, perhaps in the ground. One of the party took it up in his hand. It would wriggle some, turn its head and scan our party, but was too stupid to crawl much. From these facts I infer that they do not all find satisfactory burrows in the fall, and sometimes in winter start out in pursuit of better quarters.

THE RATTLESNAKE.

I have never seen one, except in captivity, but have read of them, and never felt a desire to make a more intimate acquaintance. All authors with whom I am conversant, say that when they prepare for an attack they coil themselves up and jump their length, striking at their victim. If they are resting in a coil and are suddenly disturbed, they will doubtless strike as far as they can; but if they rattle and have time to place themselves in a position to attack, or to resist an attack, it occurs to me that it would be natural for them to crumple rather than coil themselves.

I have seen the watersnake, a vicious, repulsive-looking reptile (and in its proportion it very well represents the rattlesnake), captured without injury, and when teased by being poked with a stick, it would crumple itself up in zigzag folds, each fold drawn back against its fellow, and from that position it would jump, straightening itself out to strike at a stick, which was done very spitefully. It occurred to me that a rattler would naturally take that position, then the tail would furnish a natural fulcrum, so to speak, from which to spring, which a coil does not furnish. If a leather strap is wound in a coil and a person takes the ends in each hand and straightens it out, he will find just as many twists in it as there were coils. Thus the snake must possess a peculiar science, or in springing from a coil its body would become twisted. But from observation I can say nothing.

Dr. Holbrook says, "With the rattlesnake, as with all venomous serpents, the young are matured in the mother's body." In this other authors agree. In the Hartford *Courant* of Aug. 31, 1876, the following article appeared:

"NORTHFIELD.—We thought we were telling something of a snake story last summer of a rattlesnake being killed with 35 young fry inside; but not long ago another rattlesnake was killed with 27 young snakes inside, and within two weeks two very large streaked snakes have been slaughtered, the one containing 60 and the other 70 young."

In the Hartford *Courant* published in September, 1839, an article appeared from which the following is taken: "At the museum in Baltimore a rattlesnake gave birth to young in her cage, she having been captured about two months previous. The young ones were about six inches long." There also appeared an article in a paper not long since giving an account of one being captured in Vermont, and its body was found to contain more than seventy young ones.

ADDERS.

Of adders I have but little to say. They are a lazy, slow-moving snake, and are not as common as some other species. I have seen them between 4 and 5ft. in length, and if they were not snakes would be called handsome. They lay eggs like the blacksnake, about the same number and in the same way. On the 17th of August some years since I uncovered a nest of them, and on opening the eggs the young would crawl. I think, as a rule, they mature about the 1st of September.

THE GREENSNAKE.

There is a small greensnake found in the grass, from 1 to 2ft. in length. I should say that I have never seen one 2ft. long. I think they are oviparous, having found eggs supposed to be theirs. It has a peculiar head, being as round as the end of a person's finger, and their neck is nearer the size of their body than most species. If they would remain motionless in the grass they would but rarely be seen; they are very insignificant.

Another small snake is known as the groundsnake; it is of copper color, and seldom more than one foot in length. I have sometimes seen them in this city creeping on the walks. They are viviparous, as I know from my own observation, having found them with their young in July.

Of the snakes generally it has been said that they will freeze up in winter, and thaw out alive and active in the spring. That is the kind that will bear being cut in two in the middle and the next day be well whole snakes. They hibernate in winter, and perhaps do not always get below the regions of frost, but I think they possess a principle of life which to some extent will resist the frost, and doubtless some perish.

The young of the striped and groundsnakes evidently mature about a month earlier than the other species I have noticed. Perhaps they require less time.

Dr. Holbrook, whom I regard as authority on that subject, says: "The young of serpents are matured in about three months from the period or time of copulation."

HARTFORD, Conn. N. STARKWEATHER.

WHITE BUFFALO.

GARDEN CITY, Kan., Sept. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of the 30th ult., was given Mr. J. E. Hendry's description of a white buffalo killed by Indians near the Canadian line. I have seen four specimens of what I believed to be white buffalo. One was a yearling and was killed in this State on the U. P. R. R., and was mounted for the Agricultural Rooms of Topeka, Kan., where it can yet be seen, although it has become somewhat dilapidated. The other three were in No Man's Land, between Kansas and Texas. They were in a small herd of buffalo and were one, two and three years old respectively. There was a spotted Texas cow with them nearly white; they became terribly frightened when I rode over a small ridge within 500yds of them and ran as far as I could see them. I had no gun with me, and my pony was so run down I could not catch one with my rope. It was a "bitter pill" for me, as I wanted to catch one "so bad I could nearly taste it."

Now I will tell you what a white buffalo is. It is nothing more nor less than a cross between a buffalo bull and a domestic cow. To prove it I herewith send you a photograph of a half-breed ten months calf, which answers the description of all the white buffalo ever heard of. They are smoky white or silver tip; and the robe is always equal to the beautiful one Mr. Hendry described, and they will be the coming robes for our northern climate.

I have bred one hundred domestic cows to my buffalo bulls this year and expect a fine lot of calves next spring, equal in beauty and hardiness to the wonder of ages past.

C. J. JONES.

REPTILE SPECIMENS WANTED.—Zoölogical Society of Philadelphia.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have been busy all summer making alterations and enlargements to our reptile house, and will shortly have, I think, one of the best in the world. The house, as altered, will consist of a center 36ft. square, with two wings on opposing sides, each 28ft. x32ft., making the whole building 92ft. long. The wings have semi-circular ends and are modified conservatories, and in one of them I am going to try the experiment of keeping the Boidæ and Colubridæ—tree climbing snakes—on the natural surface of the earth, with water, mosses, ferns and shrubs, as under nature. It will require a constant flow of specimens of reptilia and batrachia of all kinds to keep up a good collection, and just now, while I am collecting, as far as possible, from everywhere, to open in a few weeks with a good representation of our native species, we particularly want them. Without doubt very many would be sent to us by lovers of zoölogy if they knew of it, and I can conceive of no better way to reach them than through FOREST AND STREAM. Can I enlist your sympathies enough to ask you to give us in your next number a brief notice of our new house and suggest our want of specimens. We, of course, would pay all expense of shipment and often purchase rare or valuable specimens.—ARTHUR ERWIN BROWN.

A CAT AND HER CHICKENS.—Dalston, near Carlisle, Eng.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Although I am living at such a distance from New York I sometimes manage to get hold of FOREST AND STREAM, in which I have seen a good many very interesting articles. Thinking that a curious freak of nature would interest some of my Yankee friends, I give the following particulars. A gentleman living here has a favorite cat that spends a good deal of her time in a cosy old armchair. Her owner last May put four hen eggs into the chair by way of seeing what puss would do with them in order to make her bed more comfortable. Strange as it may appear, puss took kindly to the eggs and in due time hatched four fine chickens. For weeks after the chickens were hatched she licked them all over every day with her tongue, caressed and fondled with them as much as if they had been her own kittens. Whenever the chickens strayed from the nursery she carried them back in her mouth as if they had been made of the finest of glass. A photograph of puss nursing her little darlings can be seen at Mrs. Warners, 136 Wyckoff street, near Hoyt street, Brooklyn.—DALSTON BLACK REED.

RECENT ARRIVALS AT PHILADELPHIA ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN.—Purchased—Two Capromys (Capromys pilorides), one brown spider monkey (Ateles ater), two coyotes, ♂ and ♀ (Canis latrans), two gray foxes (Vulpes cinereo-argentatus), one leopard, ♂ (Felis parans), one scarlet tanager (Pyranga rubra), one Cuban parrot (Chrysotis leucocephalus), two Hutchin's geese (B. canadensis hutchinsii), two white-fronted geese (Anser cærulescens), two snow geese (Anser hyperboreus), three blue-winged teal (Querquedula discors), one crimson-eared finch (Estrelda phœnicotis), three tree boas (Epicrates angulifer), five boa constrictors (Boa constrictor), three copperheads (Ancistrodon contortrix), one anaconda (Eunectes murinus). Presented—One hare (Lepus europæus), one gray-headed love bird (Agapornis cana), one Acadian owl (Nyctale acadica), four painted terrapins (Chrysemys picta), one speckled terrapin (Chelopus muhlenbergii), one musk turtle (Aromochelys odoratus), one land tortoise (Cistudo clausa), two alligators (Alligator mississippiensis), one Gila monster (Heloderma suspectum), and five spotted salamanders (Salamandra maculosa). Born in the Garden—One Indian antelope (Antilope cervicapra), three muskrats (Fiber zibethicus), one brush-tailed kangaroo (Petrogale penicillata), and four copperheads (Ancistrodon contortrix).

Game Bag and Gun.

THE WOODCHUCK CREEK COUNTRY.

III.—SOLID—CONTINUED.

WINTER had indeed firmly inclosed all nature within his icy embrace. Old Aaron's predictions were fulfilled, and the quartette of hunters were happy. But what a transformation during the past twenty hours! From fog, rain and mud; from cheerless dripping woods, we waken to a scene of dazzling, bewildering beauty: the sun shone upon one grand expanse of snow, which sparkled and gleamed in the flood of light with the brilliancy of diamonds a hundred fold intensified. The lake was frozen for several rods from the shore, and this too had the same snowy mantle; beyond that the open water flashed in the same bright rays; the forest that skirted the lake was hung with a thousand fanciful and fairy-like festoons, while the low brush and smaller shrubbery were half hidden beneath the soft white covering. Everybody and everything in the Castle was astir at an early hour, and one glance out of the window told us plainly that the weather we had longed for, and the opportunity we had craved, had been graciously vouchsafed to us; there was nothing left to do but be grateful and get ready to enjoy both.

Aaron's shining physiognomy appeared at the door with, "Bre'fast is about ready now, gen'l'men, and ef you is, I'll hev it on de board in jes no time."

"You cannot get it there too quick for us, old Tipstaff."

It was a bountiful spread that was laid out for us, and with that keen appreciation of the efforts of our unfailing ally of the kitchen, we fell to, meanwhile formulating a plan for the day.

"Boys, it means venison to-day, and if we do not each one of us have a good fat buck on our score by nightfall, I shall forever cease to build any hopes upon appearances."

"General, as you are thoroughly posted on the country about here, suppose you give us an outline of procedure, and we'll discuss it."

"I can do that in ten minutes or less. We go with rifles only. You, Doctor, and the Chronicler, I propose, shall strike out along the west shore of the lake, keeping pretty well back in the woods; I, with Sisyphus here, will make for the creek bottoms, each taking one of the hounds. We will take a course up the stream for a couple of miles, bearing round to the north. You two leave your straight route when the little opening is reached, and gradually swing west and south, by which means we can probably meet about noon. After a luncheon and a comparison of notes, we will proceed to drive toward home in a semi-circle covering say a mile. How does that suit?"

"No drawbacks to that, apparently, from our present standpoint, but of course it is subject to changes and modification that may be necessary as the day progresses."

"It's only an outline, remember; whatever turns up to make changes necessary will be dealt with at discretion."

"What is the distance from this point to the clearing, and what do you say to skirting it to the east and north and taking in the ravine that extends from the lake back as far as Hanson's place?" the Chronicler inquired of the General and the Doctor both at once.

"The distance is a little better than two miles, and the proposed detour around the clearing to the ravine would, in my opinion, be an excellent route."

The further plans were thoroughly discussed, and so was the breakfast, at the conclusion of which we finished our preparations and were soon at the door, with the parting injunction to Aaron: "Have something hot and solid for us at 5 o'clock, sharp, old man, and see that the coffee—well, in a word, let nothing be neglected."

"Sartain, sartain, Gineral, you dun found everything in good shape"; and then as the door closed he continued the conversation with himself: "It's mighty cu'r'ous, anyhow, dat he allers has to give some sech orders—never hed anything to go wrong yit, never hearn no complaints, never seen 'em even look like anything didn't suit 'em. Wall, I s'pose it's kinder habit, mos' likely. Eunyhow I shan't take no 'fense agin them fellers; better ones neber was put down on to this yere broad yearth. I only wish dere was more like 'em, dat's what dis nigger wishes."

The quartette separated as agreed, each taking his appointed path. About four inches of snow had fallen, which fortunately had not drifted; the earth was frozen solid beneath and walking was good. The Chronicler and his companion made good time for half a mile, when the woods became more dense and the underbrush a little heavier, to some extent impeding their progress, at least causing their speed to slacken. Then the hazels and elders became less frequent, and the woods a little further on were comparatively free from both, but the growth of hickories and oak and walnut was immense, the gigantic trunks towering a hundred feet.

As we passed the last clump of hazel bushes, the Doctor called attention to numerous tracks in the snow, which were made by some small animal, probably in search of food. A little further on we saw the evidence that a flock of turkeys had roosted in the vicinity the previous night, and while we were discussing the probable direction they took in leaving the place, we heard a sound away off to our left that caused us to exchange significant glances. "Suppose we separate say eighty rods and beat down in that direction, sending old Major off on a drive. He knows the details of that business better than half the hunters, and is evidently eager to be at it."

"Right you are, Doctor, I will keep on straight ahead, and you bear sharply to the left, and we will in my opinion know what those sounds were in less than twenty minutes. It was a deer, no doubt, and as soon as Maj. strikes his trail, we'll hear music as sweet as ever saluted a hunter's ear."

Cautiously and quiet we moved on our allotted lines, the snow muffling our footsteps, and the huge trunk of oak and hickory and walnut affording excellent shelter in case the game should be driven our way. Half an hour we tramped along, each hidden from sight of the other, when the hounds gave tongue in melodious notes, almost at the same moment there was a crash in the underbrush, and a second later a sharp report from the Doctor's rifle, and a fine buck sprang into sight as I peeped from my hastily found place of concealment. The animal stopped for a moment, head erect and one foot raised, as if listening for the sounds of pursuit. It was a thrilling picture, and I was not in a mood for prolonged admiration at a distance, preferring a possible chance of a closer inspection. I raised my rifle, and with quick though steady aim, covered a spot a few inches back of his shoulder, and sped the bullet on its mission. I felt absolutely certain of my game, but the noble fellow gave a bound and darted like an arrow straight into the forest. If I felt that my aim was sure, and the shot effective, I was confirmed in my belief by the sudden lowering of the deer's flag, a never-failing sign that a fatal wound had been given. Confident that it was but a question of a short time with the bounding buck, I quickly reloaded and started on his track. I was soon upon the spot where he had stood when struck, where the bright crimson spots upon the snow doubly confirmed the tale, and then guided me along his course. Another report off on my left told me that the Doctor had had another "view," and immediately there came the pulse-stirring sounds of the long rapid jumps of another antlered monarch, accompanied by the baying of the hound. The wary game evidently scented the nearness of danger ahead, for he suddenly changed direction, and I could hear him dashing along far to the west, and soon all sounds ceased. Assuring myself that there was nothing further to wait for, I started again upon the blood-stained trail of my own victim. The tracks, which had been far apart, showing the tremendous leaps made by the desperate thing in its race against fate, now became closer together, showing slacking speed, then closer still, when, twenty rods further, in a slight hollow at the foot of a sycamore, I came upon the noble quarry stretched upon the snow.

He was not quite dead when I arrived, and remembering the experience with a deer's sharp hoofs of some three years previous, I was cautious in my movements about the "fallen foe." He was a noble specimen. I put the struggling animal out of his misery with a bullet through his heart; then with my knife "gently passed the gleaming blade athwart his neck." Bending down a young hickory sapling, which required all my strength, I secured the hindlegs to one of the lower branches, and with the recoil of the tree the deer swung clear of the ground, in which position the work of dressing him was a comparatively easy one. I now took a course south, and soon came upon the tracks of the Doctor, which were pointing in the same direction as my own. Judging from this that he had probably secured a deer, and having disposed of him, as I had done with mine, was now making the circuit, intending to effect a junction with the General and Sisyphus, I followed in his tracks, and a merry tramp he led me, too. Once I heard the baying of the hounds, but I had no expectation of seeing another deer, and in this I was not disappointed. My route took me near a large cornfield of Hanson, our farmer neighbor, and I was on the lookout for a drove of turkeys, which I knew were in the habit of going thither to feed. Sure enough, just as I reached the extreme end of the field, and gathered near a stack of unhusked corn, there were a dozen or more of the "bronze beauties." From my position, with my Scott 10-gauge, I could easily have taken down a couple of the birds, but with a rifle even I was so sure of one at that distance that I was less cautious than prudence would have dictated. I selected what I judged to be the patriarch of the company, and let the blue lips of "Joan" talk to him. The old fellow gracefully tumbled over, and the companions ungracefully beat such a hasty retreat that by the time I had another load ready they were out of sight and hearing.

I found him a sturdy gobbler enough, and "dead as Cæsar," the bullet having as neatly cut his throat as a knife could do it. I bled him again, however, and, after resting a while, swung his majesty over my shoulder and trudged along. He gained two pounds in weight every half mile, so, by the time I reached the point of rendezvous, I judged its weight to have reached somewhere about 50lbs.; this was, however, afterward found to be too high an estimate by some 32lbs. I found the two seated on a fallen tree, from which they had brushed the snow, and comfortably partaking of a very substantial luncheon, which seemed to me so sensible a course that without loss of time or words I did something in that line myself.

"What—what—you haven't been doing all that firing and making all that fuss this morning over that one solitary old gobbler, I hope?" opened up Sisyphus.

"What have you got to show that's any better, old Stick-in-the-mud?"

"My game is generally of that size that I don't carry it around on my back to any alarming extent."

"No, that's true. A very diminutive game bag will generally accommodate your score. I have in mind now some startling achievements of yours on our annual campaign."

"Doctor, let those youths go on with their controversy and tell me what you have done. Well, I do not question, both you and that gun of yours are generally able to give good account of yourselves."

"I can't complain, with any consistency, of my afternoon's success. When the Chronicler and I separated a little this side the clearing, after a signal to do so, which we considered well defined, Maj. set off on one of his well-intelligent and thoroughly successful drives to the thicket on our left, whence came the sound we thought significant. It was perhaps fifteen minutes, and the dog 500yds. away, when a tremendous crash through the underbrush was followed by the appearance in the open of a buck and doe, the former a magnificent chap, the latter of good size, and they were going at a sharp gait; and I was a little bit nervous, I will admit. But I pulled on the buck, who was a little in the lead, and missed; but the doe did not fare so well; the ball intended for her companion took her through the neck, but did not check her mad career, so I gave her the other barrel, and she stopped inside of a rod. The buck went like the wind, and, I suppose, is going yet, unless the Chronic there should have chanced to get in an accidental shot."

"Which he didn't. Not for Joe. No accidental shots in my locality to-day. But, gentlemen, if you particularly hanker after seeing the finest buck that has been killed in the Woodchuck Creek country in late years, I shall take great pleasure in gratifying your desires."

"What! do you mean to say that you really and actually got that elegant fellow that passed me?"

"I don't know whom he passed, but I can name a person whom he did not pass, if that will afford you any pleasure; after I heard your rifle I heard the chap coming like a cyclone, stepped behind a tree, and as he came abreast of me, two hundred yards away, Joan orated in her usual emphatic style and with so much eloquence that Mr. Buck finally agreed to stay with us."

"Bravo! bravissimo! bravissimo!" yelled the impulsive Sisyphus, "that's a mate to mine."

"What! all got a deer but me," solemnly and slowly uttered the General; "if that is the case it is the first instance on record."

"It's past 1 o'clock; suppose all get back to the camp; put the team in the jumper and get the game into the meat box before dinner," proposed the Doctor.

"Oh, it will be safe enough where it is to-night."

"It will be a good deal safer, though, in its proper place back of the kitchen."

"All right, old Wisdom; let's get about it at once."

The jumper was making the rounds with all four hunters, taking up first the Chronicler's, then the Doctor's and finally a very nice fat doe killed by Sisyphus. We were turning homeward when the General casually suggested: "It will be about as near home if you drive down by that old half burned oak, the big hollow tree where the Indians had their camp four years ago, and from there you know it is almost as smooth a road as a turnpike."

So by that route we proceeded. Just as we reached the big hollow tree there was a universal shout: "Great shadow of Nimrod! Look at that! What is it? An elephant!"

There, hanging from the butt of a broken limb of the ancient oak, was an object that might well have called forth the shouts that greeted it, and as Sisyphus remarked: "Now that's worth while! that is what old what's-his-name had in mind when he was warbling about the 'antlered monarch of the waste' and all that sort of thing—antlered monarch! Well I should smile!"

"General, this is too bad! Here we've been modestly and silently chuckling to ourselves this hour past, that at last the champion was outdone—whitewashed so to speak; and here he coolly walks off with all the honors. By Jove, that's tough!"

"Well, boys, I'll take it all back, and promise to do so no more; how I got this chap I'll tell you this evening."

With the party seated around the "feast of fat things," recounting the events of the day, we will leave the contented quartette, "with good digestion to wait on appetite, health on both," and Aaron on all four. KEUKA.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OLD MEMORIES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Dr. R. W. Shufeldt's article on "The Woodchuck," in the FOREST AND STREAM of Aug. 23, carried me back, not in imagination, but in reality, nearly three score years, when flintlock "musquets," steel traps, figure-4 deadfalls and pigeon nets constituted about all the implements used in capturing fur and feather; and they were effective to a large extent. But the success attending their use was doubtless owing more to the then abundance of game than to the skill of the hunter. The term "sportsmen," as now understood, was not used in those days.

Many a time and many a mile has the writer tramped over the then wooded hills, fields and swamps of eastern Dutchess with his father's flintlock, a relic of the Revolutionary war. What a host of incidents does that old musket call up.

How well do I remember my first rabbit with it, and the ruse my unlucky companion played with that rabbit. If this should meet his eye, I trust he may be heard from. He borrowed my rabbit and exhibited it at his home as evidence of his prowess as a hunter. Having been duly praised, he was directed to lay the game in the back pantry; but in doing so was careful to raise the window sash, and then had business outside. The game was soon restored to its rightful owner, while the blame was laid to the cat, "who must have stolen it and carried it off through the open widow."

My first partridge (*Bonasa umbellus*) also had a history. I was trudging along through the snow with my game when a gentleman overtook me and invited me to ride, which I was very glad to do. He at once bantered me for the bird, making me several offers, which I steadily refused to accept, till at last he raised his offer to the munificent sum of twenty-five cents—or rather "two shillings," as money was then counted—for a twelve-year-old country boy to refuse such a sum was something remarkable; but it did not move me in the least; and if he had offered to throw in his horse and cutter it would not have changed the result; until the trophy had been shown to the home circle, and home it went.

About the home of my boyhood woodchucks were very numerous, very troublesome, and the source of much sport to us youngsters, and some older heads. Where is the country boy, now bald or silverheaded, who does not remember the excitement and hurry with which he responded to the call of his or a neighboring dog, which had run a woodchuck to cover in a pile of rails or into a stone wall? Work must wait until the game was killed or driven from cover, when the tussle with the dog and chuck was often a bloody one for both parties.

But my most successful and profitable sport in those days was as a trapper. Many were the foxes, woodchucks, muskrats, skunks, weasels, etc., that felt the deadly grip of my double-spring steel trap, all of which had a small market value at the country store, and provided me with ammunition for the old musket and other necessaries.

There was one old 'chuck that for a long time baffled all attempts at capture. The entrance to his burrow was nearly perpendicular for some feet, which precluded all ordinary modes of capture by trap, twitchup or deadfall. After thinking the matter over for a long time a plan of operations was hit upon, which in the end proved successful. The steel trap was carefully set, but with no bait, and turned upside down over the burrow, rods were run through the bent springs and the trap raised just high enough not to hit the margin of the hole when sprung. Having thus arranged my plan I retired to await results, which were not looked for speedily, as I knew that the disturbance about the hole would make the game suspicious and cautious. But believing there was no other opening to the burrow I felt sure that in time my plan would succeed, unless Mr. 'Chuck should dig another exit, which they will often do.

Several visits showed that nothing had been disturbed, and that the game was still in retirement. But another day, everything was changed, and there hung my 'chuck, stone dead, with the jaws of the faithful trap closed around its neck. In attempting to come out he had touched the pan with his nose, and the result was as ex-

pected. The skin, like many others, was dressed by Uncle Abram by a process which he professed to have learned from the Indians, which he never disclosed, and made into whip lashes by him, which were quite celebrated and afforded him a scanty livelihood.

The "setters" in his shop were brought fresh to mind by the interesting tales of "Uncle Lisha's Shop;" but, alas! they have no historian. J. H. D.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

THE CONNECTICUT ASSOCIATION.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Friday afternoon, Sept. 7, the Connecticut Farmers' and Sportsmen's Association for the Protection of Game and Fish held a meeting in this city and made full arrangements for a strict enforcement of the game laws. As a great amount of illegal shooting occurs in the last two or three weeks of September the officers of the association were anxious to perfect arrangements that would interfere with this unlawful shooting. The association feels now that with its large number of officers actually interested in the work, that the result will be accomplished. The following directors were appointed:

Hartford county, Hon. Geo. P. McLean, Hartford; Middlesex county, Dr. J. W. Alsop, Middletown; Tolland county, Hon. E. O. Dimock, Rockville: New Haven county, F. W. Whitlock, Waterbury; Windham county, Geo. A. Reed, Chaplin; Litchfield county, H. A. Stannard, Norfolk; New London county, Z. R. Robbins, Norwich; Fairfield county, Hon. J. C. Chamberlain, Bridgeport.

Mr. Charles E. Parker of New Britain was elected vice-president, and an executive committee composed of Dr. N. W. Holcombe, R. S. Dennis, Allen Willey, H. E. Pratt and C. M. Brooks of Hartford, and B. A. Johnson and E. G. Babcock of New Britain, were appointed. The executive committee, acting through its chairman, Dr. Holcombe, together with the president, A. C. Collins, will take active steps to prosecute every violation of the law.

Any one knowing of any unlawful acts, contrary to the statutes relative to game, should at once notify the association through the officers mentioned. The association deserves the hearty co-operation of all farmers in the State. It is probable that the association will soon be the largest numerically of any game and fish association in the country. Whole gun and game and fish clubs are coming in bodily and the prospects of the association are very roseate. C.

HARTFORD, CONN.

GOLDEN PLOVER.

OAKDALE, Long Island, Sept. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* While in my blind to-day I saw the largest flight of golden plover (greenbacks) that it has ever been my fortune to behold. The birds were moving in large flocks very high up. I must have seen eight or nine hundred, one bunch having at least four hundred in. This certainly explodes the theory that these beautiful birds have been all killed off or exterminated.

I piped down three single ones near enough to bring to bag with the left (choke) barrel; and hung them up in my blind to feast my eyes on. Several others came quite near, as I talked to them in my sweetest and most persuasive notes, but to my disgust they would change their minds and soar heavenward, and with a farewell note shut the door of a fleecy cloud behind them and enter the blue vault of heaven, far away from an unhappy sportsman, sitting in his blind up to his knees in mud trying in vain to make love to them.

The shooting was poor, and when the setting sun sank to rest in its crimson couch, I picked up my decoys, gathered in three golden plover, five meadow plover and one yellowleg, and bidding a good-night to the dreamy waters of the South Bay, bent my steps homeward, a happy and contented man, and at peace with all the world. F.

EXTRAORDINARY SHOOTING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A guest of mine in the Laurentians inserts the following in my Camp Register. If any of your correspondents can beat it you are quite at liberty to publish their records.

G. DE MONTAUBAN.

[COPY.]

I hereby certify that the accompanying picture is a correct outline of the revolver X. L. No. 3, Hopkins & Allen Mfg. Co., pat., March 28, '71, with which, at Lake Clair in the Seigneury of Perthius, Province of Quebec, Canada, using cartridges .32-cal. center-fire metallic, short, in successive shots on the forenoon of Thursday, Aug. 22, four (4) loons, at a distance of about 80yds.; on the afternoon of the same day, seven (7) ducks, at a distance of about 55yds.; and on the afternoon of Friday, Aug. 24, three (3) partridges, at a distance of about 30ft., were missed by me, the subscriber. (Signed) J. J. R.

his

Witness: Nazaire × Tessier.

mark.

Per G. de M.

A NEW BOOK ON WILD FOWL SHOOTING.—There is announced for publication the last of this week a new work on Wild Fowl Shooting, by Mr. William Bruce Leffingwell of Clinton, Iowa. We have had the pleasure of looking over a part of the proof sheets of this work, and can say that it is a work which should form part of the library of every gunner. A review of the work will appear in these columns, probably next week, and we shall then be able to furnish the volume to intending purchasers. The book is illustrated, and is handsomely bound in half morocco. Price $3.50.

GALLAGER.—Fostoria, O., Sept. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In my communication, "Let her go, Gallagher," on page 66, issue of Aug. 16, the types made me call the name Galloger; it should be spelled Gallager. Give all due credit to the inventor, as his gun was one of the first of the successful ones to compete with the Sharps carbine, then used by the cavalry of the United States. It was also one of the first military guns using a metal cartridge.—W. B. HARRISON.

THE WILD RICE CROP.—Hope, Ont., Sept. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The rice is something of a failure this year. I do not expect to get so large a quantity as I have other years. It cannot be accounted for, but once in about eight years the crop is light. About eight years ago I did not get a barrel.—CHAS. GILCHRIST.

YELLOWSTONE PARK REPORT.

WE have received advance proof sheets of the Report of the Superintendent of the Yellowstone National Park to the Secretary of the Interior, for 1888.

OFFICE OF THE SUPERINTENDENT
YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK,
MAMMOTH HOT SPRINGS, Wyo., Aug. 15.

SIR—I have the honor to submit for your information the following report of the operations of the office of the Superintendent of the Yellowstone National Park for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1888, and to the present date.

When my last report was rendered, Aug. 20, 1887, the hotels of the Park were filled with tourist visitors, and many camping parties, with every description of outfit, were scattered throughout the Park. All possible efforts were made to see that these numerous visitors were made acquainted with the rules and regulations established for their guidance in the Park, and that they were observed and respected. In the enforcement of these regulations several arrests were made, and in one or two instances, where the offenses were flagrant, the offenders were summarily expelled from the Park. In the exercise of the authority which is devolved upon the office of the Superintendent of this National Park great care has been taken to keep strictly within the limits sanctioned by law and to avoid all appearance of a harsh and arbitrary exercise of authority. No person has ever been expelled from the Park who had not admitted the commission of the offense for which the penalty was enforced; and whenever there has been reason to believe that the offenses were committed without intention or through thoughtlessness, or when a sincere regret was perceived, the persons have been permitted to go unmolested, after suitable instruction and admonition. This explanation is made in view of the unwarranted and unjust comments of the Montana newspapers, which, copied by Eastern exchanges, have tended to disseminate the idea that the National Park is subjected to harsh and arbitrary military rule, and that visitors are liable to humiliation and annoyance from a capricious exercise of power.

While these strictures of the press were generally expressed in vague and indefinite terms, they appeared to be founded chiefly upon the two following cases: John Noack, who was arrested at the Upper Geyser Basin, Sept. 18, 1887, for writing upon the geyser formation, in violation of the rules and regulations; and Frank Chatfield, who was arrested near Heart Lake, Oct. 2, 1887, for killing an elk. In the case of Noack, he was arrested by the soldier on duty at the Upper Geyser Basin, pursuant to his general instructions to enforce the rules of the Park, in the act of writing his name on the formation. Both he and his companion having offered the soldier money, the latter to clear himself of the suspicion of being improperly influenced, thought best to send the young man to the office of the Superintendent. For this purpose he was permitted to proceed by the regular stage, a soldier following on horseback. When Noack came to my office, he admitted his offense, stated that he had been treated by the soldiers in a courteous and considerate manner, but instead of manifesting any regret for his misconduct, professed to consider himself ill-treated in having his pleasure trip interrupted for so slight a cause, and threatened to have the affair published in the newspapers. As it was apparent, in this case, that the rules of the Park had been willfully violated, and as the young man's speech and manner evinced a contempt for authority, it was thought that the provisions of Rule X. of the rules and regulations of the Park would properly apply to his case. But as it was not desired to subject him to the unnecessary humiliation of being escorted out of the Park by a military guard, he was given twenty-four hours in which to leave the Park, and was informed that at the expiration of that time he would be liable to arrest and expulsion. He was subjected to no physical restraint at any time, and left the Park on the morning following his interview with the Superintendent by the usual stage to Cinnabar.

The case of Chatfield has been fully reported to the Department by letter, a copy of which is appended to this report (marked A). In this case there were absolutely no extenuating circumstances, and no leniency could have been shown without bringing into contempt the authority exercised by your Department over the National Park.

In my last report it was stated that the volume of travel to the Park at the date of the rendition of the report had fallen somewhat short of that of the previous year. Visitors continued to arrive, however, in considerable numbers until the last part of September, when travel became so light as to warrant the closing of the hotels of the Park Association and placing them in charge of their winter keepers. Visitors who arrived after the 1st of October were accommodated at this place at the Cottage Hotel, under the management of the lessees, Helen L. and Walter J. Henderson, and through the Park were cared for by the winter keepers of the hotels as well as their limited facilities permitted.

The efforts to discover and bring to justice the perpetrators of the stage robbery within the Park, on the evening of July 4, 1887, which were initiated immediately upon the occurrence of the robbery, and continued unremittingly, were finally successful, and I append to this report two letters, marked respectively B and C, which were addressed to your Department, reporting fully the incidents connected with the arrest and conviction of the guilty parties. Although the punishment decreed in these cases appears to be entirely inadequate to the gravity of the offense, yet in view of the uncertainty which seems to exist relative to the administration of justice by the established courts within this reservation, it is perhaps a subject for congratulation that the perpetrators of the robbery were not permitted to escape all punishment.

On the 15th of October the work on the roads, which had been diligently prosecuted during the summer months by Capt. Clinton B. Sears, Corps of Engineers, U. S. Army, was discontinued and the various working parties discharged.

Although but little snow fell in the Park during the fall and early winter the temperature was at times quite low, the climatic conditions being very dissimilar to those of the previous season, as may be seen by reference to the meteorological record which is hereto appended and marked D.

This record has been kept pursuant to army regulations, under the direction of the medical officer at Camp Sheridan, Acting Assistant Surgeon G. L. Cline, U. S. Army, and may be accepted with confidence as being accurate and correct.

The first snows of the season indicated favorable conditions for the hunters' work; and at this time scouting operations were vigorously conducted for the protection of all game within the Park limits. Fortunately the efforts of the troops were seconded and furthered by other causes. The snowfall being light, the game carried in the inaccessible mountain regions, safe from ordinary hunters, much later than usual, and the excellent law passed at the last session of the Legislature of Montana, prohibiting the killing of any of the large game animals "for the purpose of procuring the head or hide only, or for speculative purposes, or for market, or for sale," although not always strictly enforced by the local authorities, served to exercise a discouraging effect upon the class of professional hunters, so that many of them quit the business in disgust.

As a result of these several causes the game of the Park has been free from molestation, and I am confident in the belief that little if any has been killed since the arrest and expulsion of Chatfield in the month of October last.

Upon the closing of the Park hotels and cessation of tourist travel, the daily trains of the Northern Pacific Railroad from Livingston to Cinnabar were discontinued. Trains were, however, run once each week until interrupted in January of the present year by severe storms. Subsequently, upon the opening of certain coal mines in Cinnabar, Mont., a tri-weekly service was established, and continued through a large portion of the spring.

During the early part of the winter it had occurred to me as extremely desirable, if possible, to secure some accurate information concerning the winter haunts of the buffalo which are known to be in the Park. I accordingly consulted with my scout, Mr. Edward Wilson, as to the practicability of a snowshoe trip into the regions where it was believed they would be found. As Mr. Wilson felt confident that such a journey could be successfully made, I secured the willing services of Sergeant Charles Schroegler, Troop M, First Cavalry, as a companion for Mr. Wilson, and these two men left Camp Sheridan on the 13th of February, 1888, taking with them a pack of provisions and one blanket each. They proceeded the first day to Yancy's Hotel, in Pleasant Valley, and from there struck into the wilderness, scouting the whole length of Specimen Ridge; from there via Amethyst Mountain to Pelican Creek; down this stream to the lake; across the lake and down the Yellowstone, via Hayden's Valley to the Park Association Hotel at the Grand Cañon. After a day's rest at that point, the party returned to this post via Norris, on the 23d of the same month, after an absence of ten days. The hardships of an expedition of this character can only be realized by those who are acquainted with the winter aspect of the mountain solitudes into which these brave and hardy men ventured. The snow at this altitude being very soft and light, the use of sledges, such as are used in Arctic explorations, is impracticable, and the traveler is confined to such quantity of provisions and appliances for comfort as he may find it possible to carry on his person. Snowshoeing through the Park between the different hotels, where comfortable shelter can be procured every night, is comparatively easy, but where rest is forbidden by the absence of warmth and shelter, the difficulties are such as can only be overcome by hardy and resolute men.

In its principal object, that of gaining accurate information concerning the numbers and location of the buffalo in the Park, this expedition was not entirely successful. The herd of buffalo which had passed a portion of the previous winter along Specimen Ridge was not encountered, and the only buffalo found on the trip were three which were seen in Hayden Valley. Valuable information was, however, obtained relative to the winter ranges, habits and condition of the large game of the Park, so that the results could not be considered inadequate to the toil and labor expended. Immense bands of elk were encountered in every portion of the Park visited, and both men expressed themselves as being loth to make an estimate as to numbers, fearing that they might be suspected of exaggeration. From the testimony of these men and other reliable information, there can be no doubt that many thousands of elk, deer and mountain sheep winter in the Park every year, and that their numbers are constantly increasing. But few carnivorous animals were encountered on this trip, and the tracks of but two mountain lions were seen on the whole expedition, so that the fears of those who think the game animals may be exterminated by the carnivora may be considered as without present foundation. Early in April it was discovered that a band of buffalo were located in Hayden Valley and along Alum Creek. A second snowshoe trip by Mr. Wilson, accompanied by Mr. Edward Hofer, an enterprising correspondent of the FOREST AND STREAM, was fruitful in result, eliciting the fact that a herd of buffalo numbering at least one hundred had passed the winter on the divide between the waters of the Madison and Yellowstone rivers and in the adjacent valleys. Numbers of these animals have been seen during the spring along the Fire Hole River and its tributaries, and extended investigations have shown that they range in considerable numbers from Alum Creek, in Hayden Valley, across the divide between the waters of the Yellowstone and Madison rivers and the Continental Divide to Fall River Basin, in the southwestern part of the Park. From the numbers seen and from the quantity of "sign" observed over an extended area, the number of these animals that range in this portion of the Park cannot be estimated at less than two hundred. This conclusion is not in accordance with an opinion expressed in my last report, but it has been reached after careful investigation, and is believed to be correct. The large number of young calves and yearlings which have been seen leads to the belief that a natural increase is in progress, and that if proper protection is afforded the species will not, as has been feared, become extinct.

Early in May last information was received here that the Excelsior Geyser in the Midway Geyser Basin, which had been quiescent since 1882, was again active. This geyser was discovered in eruption on the 30th day of April last by one of the winter keepers of the hotel at the Upper Geyser Basin. It continued to give exhibitions of its powers with great regularity at intervals of about sixty minutes until the latter part of July, since which time its periods have been more irregular—a possible premonition of another long period of quiescence. If the accounts of the previous wonderful performances of this geyser can be relied on, its character has somewhat changed in the lapse of years. The duration of its eruptive energy this year has not been observed to exceed two minutes, and the height of its column of water has seldom reached 200ft.

The winter snowfall through the Park being lighter than usual, it was possible to travel the roads with vehicles as early as the middle of May; and by the 1st of June numbers of tourists, probably attracted by the reported activity of the Excelsior Geyser, were daily visiting the Park. Early in June the hotels of the Park Association were put in operation, and by the 15th of that month the season was fairly opened, the volume of travel showing a marked increase over that of the previous year, an increase which has been sustained up to the date of this report.

During the month of April, Capt. Clinton B. Sears, Corps of Engineers, U. S. Army, was relieved of his duties in connection with the construction of roads in the Yellowstone National Park, by Major Charles J. Allen, of the same corps. Major Allen visited the Park during the month of June, but the appropriation for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1888, having been exhausted, and the new appropriation not being available, no work, except necessary repairs, was practicable.

FOREST FIRES.

It was stated in my last report that at that date no forest fires of any magnitude had occured in the Park during the year. It is with gratification that I now add that the forests of the Park have continued to the present time safe from the destructive effects of fire. The immunity from this evil which was enjoyed during the summer of 1887 may be attributed in some degree to the abundant showers which prevailed, but it is believed also that it was in a great measure due to the care and vigilance exercised by the troops charged with the protection of the Park. This care and vigilance will be constantly exercised in the future, but it would be presumptuous to infer that it will always be effective to prevent the occurrence and spread of fires.

THE BOUNDARIES OF THE PARK.

Among the many needs and wants of the Park no more important or pressing necessity exists than that of an official and accurate survey of its boundaries.

The act setting aside and dedicating the National Park described the area reserved in loose and indefinite language, and made no provision for a survey of its lines.

I am informed that a bill is now pending in Congress, which provides for a change and an enlargement in the area of Park, and a survey of its boundaries, but nevertheless,

in view of the importance of the subject, I have deemed it proper to include in my estimate of appropriations a sufficient sum for a survey of its present limits, and for which I ask your approval.

THE PROTECTION OF THE PARK.

In my last report I expressed the opinion that the force then at my disposal was inadequate to the proper protection of the Park during the tourist season. I accordingly, at the opening of the present season, made application to the Commanding General of the Department of Dakota for an additional force of one commissioned officer and fifteen enlisted men for duty in the Park until the first of October next.

With the approval of the Secretary of War my application was favorably considered. The detachment, under the command of Second Lieut. T. M. Moody, Twenty-second Infantry, arrived at Camp Sheridan on the 22d of last month, and was immediately ordered on duty in the vicinity of the Lower and Upper Geyser Basins. This additional force gives much needed protection to various objects of interest that were previously unguarded, and the presence of a commissioned officer in this portion of the Park, before whom all complaints and controversies can be taken, will greatly facilitate the enforcement of the established rules and regulations.

During the season of travel detachments from my command cover every portion of the Park accessible to wheeled vehicles, and constant scouting operations are conducted into the more remote regions. The rules of the Park have been generally observed, and good order and a respect for the rights of property have prevailed. All obnoxious and disorderly characters have been rigorously excluded from the Park, and by this means the necessity for violent arrests has been avoided.

As stated elsewhere in this report, the volume of travel during the present season indicates a steady increase from year to year. As the number of visitors becomes larger, and new points are rendered accessible to tourist visitors by the extension of the system of roads, a much larger force than that at present employed will be required to render efficient protection. The present arrangement, however effective it may be as a temporary expedient, can not be considered as a settlement of the difficult question of Park government, or in any way to obviate the necessity of wise and well-considered legislation on this subject.

THE GAME AND ITS PROTECTION.

This subject having been dwelt upon elsewhere in this report, but little remains to be added here. During the past two years, in which the Park has been intrusted to the care of the troops under my command, but little game has been killed within its limits.

It is also believed that the protection afforded in the previous year, under the administration of my predecessor, was reasonably effective. It would seem therefore, that at this date the results of this protection should be visible through a natural increase in the numbers of game animals in the Park. The fact of such an increase is, I believe, well established by the testimony of well informed and disinterested parties, who have visited the portions of the Park remote from the ordinary lines of travel, and by the observation of the many scouting parties from my command.

Certainly, in the absence of any barriers, the elk and the deer will not be confined to the Park, and any increase will doubtless, to some extent, overflow into the surrounding country. But as long as a secure refuge and breeding place is afforded by this reservation, and the Territorial laws restricting the killing of game to certain seasons, and by sportsmanlike methods, are observed, there will be but little danger of a total extinction of the species. The buffalo or bison have so narrowly escaped extinction, and the number which now find a refuge in this Park is so limited, that they should be protected by every possible method. Hunters, stimulated by the high price offered by taxidermists for specimens, are now lying in wait beyond the borders of the Park, ready to pounce upon any unfortunate animal which may stray beyond its limits.

It is unfortunate that the legislative bodies of the surrounding Territories have not as yet provided laws for the absolute protection, at all seasons, for this now nearly extinct species.

THE GEYSER AND HOT SPRINGS.

There has been apparently considerable decrease of activity in most of the geysers in the Upper Basin during the present year. Old Faithful still maintains its reputation for regularity, but nearly all of the other large geysers have increased the length of their periods of inaction. It has been surmised that the activity of the Excelsior Geyser has had the effect of decreasing the energy of action in this adjacent basin, but long continued scientific investigation can alone determine whether such a speculation has any value.

Constant and unremitting care has been exercised to prevent the defacement of the beautiful geyser formations by the foolish and shallow-minded visitors who delight to publish their ignorance and want of appreciation of the beautiful by writing thereon their names and places of residence. This practice has been quite effectually checked, and it is hoped that the additional precaution recently adopted will serve to entirely suppress it.

THE CARE AND PRESERVATION OF THE PARK.

In my last report I requested in strenuous and urgent terms the appropriation of a small sum to be used by the acting superintendent of the Park in providing sign-boards to warn the numerous visitors of dangerous places, to display the names of the different geysers and other objects of interest, to clean up and dispose of the débris of abandoned camps, and generally to keep in order and in a decent condition this large reservation, which has been by law declared "a pleasuring ground for the benefit and enjoyment of the people."

No other public pleasuring ground, of ever so humble a character, is maintained without the expenditure of a dollar for decency's sake. Eminent men from all parts of the civilized world, scholars, law-makers, divines and soldiers, come here attracted by the fame of this land of wonders, and by the invitations implied in its dedication as a National Park, to have their senses offended and their enjoyment of nature's most wonderful and beautiful gifts destroyed by the presence of unsightly filth and rubbish.

I again include in my estimate of appropriations a modest sum for this purpose, and again appeal to you for your favorable indorsement and recommendation.

APPROPRIATIONS.

I inclose with this report my estimate of appropriations for the improvement and preservation of the Yellowstone National Park for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1890, and here summarize the items as follows, viz:

For the care and preservation of the Park and the protection of visitors from danger	$3,000
For the settlement of the Barronett Bridge claim, or so much thereof as may be awarded by a duly constituted commission	2,000
For accurately surveying and marking the boundary lines of the Park	10,000
Total	$15,000

In closing this report, it again gives me pleasure to acknowledge, with thanks, and to commend to your appreciation, the services rendered in the protection of this National Park by Mr. Ed. Wilson, scout and guide, whose energy and interest has been untiring; and by the officers and enlisted men of my command, who have discharged their duties with interest and zeal, and who have accepted cheerfully the discomforts and deprivations of an isolated and dreary station.

I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

MOSES HARRIS, Captain First Cavalry,
Acting Superintendent Yellowstone National Park.

The Secretary of the Interior, Washington, D. C.

RULES AND REGULATIONS OF THE YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
WASHINGTON, July 1, 1888.

1. It is forbidden to remove or injure the sediments or incrustations around the geysers, hot springs, or steam vents; or to deface the same by written inscription or otherwise; or to throw any substance into the springs or geyser vents; or to injure or disturb in any manner any of the mineral deposits, natural curiosities, or wonders within the Park.

2. It is forbidden to ride or drive upon any of the geyser or hot spring formations, or to turn loose stock to graze in their vicinity.

3. It is forbidden to cut or injure any growing timber. Camping parties will be allowed to use dead or fallen timber for fuel.

4. Fires shall be lighted only when necessary and completely extinguished when no longer required. The utmost care should be exercised at all times to avoid setting fire to the timber and grass.

5. Hunting, capturing, injuring, or killing any bird or animal within the Park is prohibited. The outfits of persons found hunting or in possession of game killed in the Park will be subject to seizure and confiscation.

6. Fishing with nets, seines, traps, or by the use of drugs or explosives, or in any other way than with hook and line is prohibited. Fishing for purposes of merchandise or profit is forbidden by law.

7. No person will be permitted to reside permanently or to engage in any business in the Park without permission, in writing, from the Department of the Interior. The Superintendent may grant authority to competent persons to act as guides and revoke the same in his discretion.

8. No drinking saloon or bar room will be permitted within the limits of the Park.

9. Private notices or advertisements shall not be posted or displayed within the Park, except such as may be necessary for the convenience and guidance of the public, upon buildings on leased ground.

10. Persons who render themselves obnoxious by disorderly conduct or bad behavior, or who violate any of the foregoing rules, will be summarily removed from the Park under authority of the statute setting apart the Park "as a pleasuring ground for the people," and providing that it "shall be under the exclusive control of the Secretary of the Interior, whose duty it shall be to make and publish such rules and regulations as he shall deem necessary and proper," and who "generally shall be authorized to take all such measures as shall be necessary and proper to fully carry out the objects and purposes at this act."

WM. F. VILAS, Secretary of the Interior.

PROTECTOR DREW.

THE newly appointed chief game and fish protector of New York State is Fred P. Drew, of Washington Mills. In the Report of the Commissioners of Fisheries for 1887, the following statement of work done by Mr. Drew, as protector in the Eleventh District, is printed. We give it as being in part his "record," by which his fitness for the higher office of chief protector may be judged:

To the Commissioners of Fisheries:

I herewith submit my report for the year ending Nov. 30, 1887.

You are doubtless well aware, from an examination of my monthly as well as special reports, that my efforts in the discharge of official duties during the past twelve months, have been greatly embarrassed by the course pursued by some of those whose professions, no less than the honorable positions they occupy, should be a sufficient guarantee that they would be always foremost in upholding every law upon our statute books, instead of which, by openly arraying themselves on the side of the defendants, in aggravating cases of violations, they have, of necessity, encouraged those who set all law at defiance. And yet a careful review of the whole field of operations will convince even the most skeptical, that in many instances very gratifying results have crowned my efforts.

In the thirteenth district I secured evidence against thirteen persons for violations of section 23 of the general law. Before suits could be commenced several came forward and pleaded guilty, offering terms of settlement which were approved by the district attorney; two paid one penalty of $100, no costs having been made. Proceedings were commenced in Supreme Court against the others, who, with two or three exceptions, promptly acknowledged their error and made overtures for a settlement; three of these paying one penalty and costs. Against two judgment was taken by default, and executions have been issued. In the same district I brought suits in Supreme Court against two others for violations of section 21; neither defended.

One day passed on Oneida Lake, in May, with Protector Lindsey, resulted in the capture of twelve large trap nets and one first class gill-net, besides other appurtenances, the whole probably worth, at a low estimate, over $700, to say nothing of dumping loads of choice fish from the nets into the lake. The condition of these nets, literally daubed with spawn, afforded ample proof of the importance of protecting such bodies of water, especially this one, of the most valuable food-producing waters in our whole country.

By special order of one of the Commissioners I visited the Adirondacks in August, a few days before the opening of the hounding season. The section visited embraced a portion of the counties of Herkimer and Hamilton. This part of the forest preserve has, within a few years, become noted as one of the best in the whole wilderness for deer hunting, while before the organization of a well-known club, whose ample domain and watchful care cover all approaches from this side, it was considered by experienced guides and hunters quite the reverse. A notable example of what can be accomplished by a club or society of genuine sportsmen, seconded by a little protection by the State.

I found a party of four sportsmen and two guides, on the south branch of Moose River, actively engaged in hunting deer by the aid of dogs. I invited the sportsmen to accompany me to Boonville, to meet our district attorney; they accepted and paid two penalties. The guides were well known and I left their cases subject to the pleasure of the commission. My opinion, however, is that all guides should be taught that it is as unprofitable to be hired to violate the game laws as it is the revenue or other laws. I do not believe you could find one of these men so ignorant of the law as indifferent to the consequences that, if placed on the St. Lawrence River, he could be hired to row his boat for smuggling purposes. He would tell you at once he dare not take the risk. Later in the season I again visited the Adirondacks by special order and secured sufficient evidence to warrant an affirmative verdict against several others, for violations of the first section, and only await the convenience of the district attorney.

From information obtained from reliable parties, as well as from my own observation, I am convinced that there should be prompt and thorough legislation upon the subject of deer hunting. Just as long as dogs are allowed to run deer, even for a short time, it will be exceedingly difficult to prevent hounding the remainder of the season. Unless something is done to shorten the season, or lessen the number allowed to be killed by a party, they will be, like the moose, utterly exterminated.

In this district, early in the season, I found a party violating section 23. I secured three squat nets and rigging, and by advice of local friends, brought actions against four persons before the city judge for a misdemeanor. They all pleaded guilty, and were fined two dollars each, and sentence was suspended. As yet I have been unable to learn under what statute the court was acting. Proceedings were then commenced in Justices's Court for the civil penalty. They appeared with able counsel, and took the cases to the City Court. We at once withdrew the complaint. Further proceedings and intentions, with our reasons for the same, have been fully reported to the Commissioners, and should not be proclaimed at this time.

In January I commenced action in the Supreme Court in the fourth district against the parties alluded to in my last report. Acting under the repeatedly expressed wishes of well-known townsmen of the defendants, I employed counsel to conduct the case, as their district attorney was not willing to proceed against them. When the papers were served, one of the defendants remarked, "The district attorney (and naming a prominent citizen, an officer of a well-known fish and game protective association) won't allow me to pay a dollar." This, too, when it was well-known that ample evidence had been secured against every one of them for very aggravated violations.

I may add that all proceedings connected with the case referred to above were commenced and continued thus far by the request and with the full approval of one of the principal officers of this same distinguished protective organization; a well-known gentleman who has long been distinguished for his zeal in the cause of protection, rather than for consistency of late. One of my special reports covers the situation, and obviates the necessity of further allusion to the subject in this place beyond the statement that a heavy calendar has prevented the trial of these actions, but it is expected they will be reached at the next term of court.

In the tenth district I have several cases in the Supreme Court that have been put over several times; not by reason of incompetency or collusion on the part of the district attorney, but because of the large increase of crime in some counties, loading the district attorney's office to its full capacity. At a recent term of the court, the time of the district attorney was fully occupied by the Grand Jury. However, I am assured that the next court will dispose of the above cases.

In several counties vexatious delays have occurred, even when the district attorney has been notably one of the ablest and most faithful members of his profession, and has tried to exhaust every honorable means in his power to further the cause of protection. I have been told, however, that in one county overtures in the interest of both candidates for the office of district attorney were made to the parties awaiting trial for violations of the game laws. If such was the case I almost wonder both were not elected.

In a former report I alluded to the necessity of an amendment to the present law, regarding the bringing of suits. The interests of protection would be greatly advanced if a change in this respect could be effected.

In my last report reference was made to suits in the county of Otsego. Three of the defendants offered the district attorney terms, which were approved by our friends, and their cases were accordingly settled. Several others offered to plead guilty and pay a portion of the penalty demanded, but for some reason changed their minds and negotiations were broken off.

Before the next term of court Mr. Brewer became district attorney. His predecessor, Mr. Barber, had discharged the duties of the office with signal ability, and in the interests of the people, and I was assured by him, as well as by leading citizens of Cooperstown, that I would find his successor equally able and zealous in the cause of protection. For a time this opinion prevailed. About the time he took possession of the office he told the district attorney, in my presence, to keep all the game cases already commenced and finish them. Accordingly there were on the calendar of the January term of Supreme Court sixteen game and fish cases; one was tried. The protector and a disinterested witness testified to seeing the defendant taking up a net, and that subsequently the defendant admitted it, and offered to pay a portion of a penalty; all this in the presence of the witness. The defendant testified that he was present at the time and place mentioned by the prosecution, but said he was trolling and only caught one sucker. He was supported by his companion, but who said they did not catch a fish of any kind. Judge H. Boardman Smith, in his charge to the jury, said perjury had been committed, and plainly indicated by whom. The jury found for the defendant.

The court suggested that as the large number of game cases already on a heavy calender, were much in the way of other civil business, they should be transferred to the County Court. Accordingly, a stipulation transferring them to the County Court was signed by all the attorneys connected with the several cases. The course was thought to be perfectly safe, as far as the interests of the people were concerned, and I believe it was at the time.

The County Court at that time was presided over by one who, like his predecessor, was distinguished for his probity as well as legal ability. His practice had not been confined to the court of a justice of the peace, before his election to the office of judge. Before the next term, however, Providence had suddenly removed him by death, and a successor was appointed, and in March the court convened. The first case called had been noticed for trial by the ex-district attorney, in the name of the district attorney. The notice was retained. The defendant's attorney had already noticed it for trial, directing the notice to ex-district attorney, as attorney for the plaintiff. The ex-district attorney filed notes of issue, in the name of the district attorney, and indorsed them in his own name. Defendant's attorney filed a note of issue with the ex-district attorney's name as plaintiff's attorney.

A few days before the opening of the court the ex-district attorney obtained an order for the examination of one of the witnesses before trial, and defendant's attorney, pursuant to notice thereof upon him, attended and cross-examined. This was on the 5th. On the 7th, the first day of the term, without prior notice of such intentions, and before the case was moved for trial, the defendant's attorney asked the court to strike it from the calendar. The witnesses for both sides were in court, and the district attorney stated that he had authorized the ex-district attorney to prosecute the actions, and wished him to do so. The court, notwithstanding these facts, ordered all the game cases struck from the calendar. The ex-district attorney appealed from the order to the General Term, where, as I understand the matter, the question was not decided, but simply dismissed the appeal. At the next term (October) the cases were noticed for trial by the district attorney, who also informed the ex-district attorney that he could proceed with the case; but as soon as he failed in one all the others would be withdrawn by himself. On the trial of the first case, the court refused to rule that proofs of violations in June would sustain the allegations of on or about September, and also refused an amendment to the complaint. The ex-district attorney having thus failed in one case, the district attorney at once withdrew all the others, never at any time having consulted me concerning them in any way.

There were several indictments connected with the October term, that had at least the charm of novelty about them. Nearly every member of the bar took particular pains to manifest their sentiments on the side of the defense. The ex-district attorney stood alone, while the defendant's attorneys were constantly aided and coached by the others, and but for the fact that the sheriff showed the same allegiance to the game laws that he did to all the others upon our statute books, it would have been exceedingly difficult for the prosecution to have kept a witness in the court house during the proceedings. They seemed to go about the village when and where they pleased with perfect impunity.

It was well understood that Sheriff McCredy would not violate his oath of office on the plea of expediency of any sort, but instead, when approached more than a year ago with the hint that he too might have a string of nice fish placed at his back door on fishing nights, declined the offer with the same firmness that he manifested in refusing a late offer to exchange one of the large nets I had placed in his hands for a barrel of choice fish carefully salted for future use. Said he: "I don't want fish taken in that way. I prefer to buy mine or go without."

The judge remarked in open court: "I don't think there is anything more dangerous to the right of the people than a game protector commencing indiscriminately actions, with regard to the evidence being worked up upon which the actions were based. The game protector who neglects to do this, comes far short of doing his duty, and is a dangerous man in the community." The ex-district attorney replied that he was doing me injustice; that out of a very large number of cases I had in that county, he had never been asked to commence an action until he was fully satisfied we had ample evidence to support the case, and that in every instance we had from two to six competent witnesses. The judge then remarked that he did not refer to me.

Just before the district attorney withdrew the several cases, the ex-district attorney stated in open court that he was authorized by the protector to offer to take all of these cases out of this court, and try them before any justice of the peace in the county, first giving security for costs. The offer was not accepted.

The result of all this was soon apparent. Netting in Otsego Lake thus far had been done only by stealth, and the fish thus caught quietly sent to other markets, except perhaps a portion "placed where they would do the most good," but almost before the adjournment of court, boldness took the place of craft, and soon all restraint was thrown off. Nets were used by daylight, spawning beds were raked, and the fish were peddled about the county.

Then even the indifferent became alarmed, appeals for aid were sent even to the Executive chamber as well as to subordinates, and their board of supervisors was appealed to. Indeed, such was the condition of affairs, that one of the village papers, which in January referred to the "unpopular fish suits," in November complained of the situation, particularly of the wholesale robbery of spawning beds.

Fortunately their local legislature believed in heroic treatment for the comp aint, and I am informed nobly performed their duty, repealing the former pot fisherman's law, and enacting one in its place. This, I believe, will render a conviction possible, even in Cooperstown.

I have a number of other cases of violation, some of them in other sections of the county—ready to prosecute—but I think it inexpedient to proceed until I have exhausted further efforts to have the old cases reinstated.

In conclusion, permit me to avail myself of this opportunity to express most sincere thanks to a number of well-tried friends in the several counties I have visited since my last report; nor would I forget in this connection the officers and members of some of the protective clubs in the interior of the State, some of whom have taken a more active interest in our work during the past season than ever before, thereby greatly promoting the efficiency of the service, and encouraging the hope of still better results in the near future along the whole line. FRED P. DREW.

Game and Fish Protector, Eleventh District.

WASHINGTON MILLS, N. Y., Dec. 1, 1887.

MR. LEGGETT'S QUAIL.—Princeton, N. J., Sept. 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* My experiment with the young quail breeding in captivity has been fine and far above my expectations. Out of the ten hatched seven are living: three died by accident. They require much skill and attention. The mother and father are wonderfully proud of them. I have the parent wild birds in a large wire cage, but the little ones I now let run out on the lawn. The weather has become so rapidly cold I am afraid further experimenting this year will be of no avail. They are very tame, but the hatching was late, and I have to be very careful with them.—WM. H. LEGGETT.

PRAIRIE CHICKENS.—Callaway, Neb., Sept. 4.—Chickens are more numerous this fall than they have been for years, although large numbers were killed before Sept. 1, which is the legal period in this State.—H. M. B.

CANDIA, N. H., Sept. 5.—Henry A. Wilson, of Candia, N. H., was fined to-day $50 and costs for killing a deer Aug. 27. The complaint was made by Commissioner E. B. Hodge of Plymouth.—AUREOLUS.

ADIRONDACK DEER.—Charles Ayling, of Syracuse, has scored a 215lb. buck, killed on the Beaver River stillwater: and William Poppler, of Jefferson county, has killed one weighing 211lbs.

THE FISH AND GAME LAWS OF NEW YORK have been compiled by George E. Kent, Esq., under the direction of the Commissioners of Fisheries, by whom they are published.

WILLIMANTIC, Conn.—Ruffed grouse, woodcock and quail prospects are promising now for the coming season.—E. S. G.

PLYMOUTH, N. H., Sept. 10.—Ruffed grouse are reported plenty in this vicinity; gray squirrels scarce.—H.

Sea and River Fishing.

IN THE NORTH BAY.

THE August trout fishing in the Maine waters was really something after all, if we are to take some of the accounts of catches as the real facts in the case. The record from Lake Mooselucmaguntic was remarkable for the number of fish caught, though perhaps not for the size of the fish. I have not yet heard an account that appeared to be authentic of any trout caught up to 10lbs., or even 9lbs. Perhaps Capt. Fred C. Barker has a record of some large fish taken this season. If so he will doubtless give it to us through the FOREST AND STREAM. At Moosehead the fishing was very dull all the first of August. In fact nothing was being done when Mr. Walter Hill, in company with Judge Wilson of Washington, and his law partner Mr. Shellebarger, reached the Kineo House, on their way to Alligator Lake.

The FOREST AND STREAM has already had an account of the departure of the gentlemen on this fishing trip, which proved to be rather famous, although it was in the month of August. Mr. Hill was full of misgivings through fear that the Judge was not to catch a trout on this his special trip to Maine. He had left Washington completely worn down with work, no small part of which had been the engineering of the pure lard measure, now before the House, and in which Mr. Hill, an active individual in the service of John P. Squire & Co., the celebrated pork packing firm of Boston, is very deeply interested. The measure had at last been reported to the House, and the Judge and Mr. Hill felt that they could go a fishing. Where should they go? The tardy action of the committee had drawn the pure lard measure well out into the hot weather, and the trout had all probably sought the deep waters, cool enough to keep lard from melting. They decided to start for Alligator Lake, and stop on their way at Moosehead. Arrived at the Kineo, Mr. Hill learned from the clerk that the sportsmen were doing next to nothing. But lacking nothing in courage and less in enthusiasm, they secured a guide and decided to try. The guide was instructed by Mr. Hill that Mr. Hill cared very little for the success of Mr. Hill, but that no pains was to be spared in order that Judge Wilson should catch a trout. The next morning they were off for the North Bay. They rowed and rowed till the Judge, an old hand at trout fishing, by the way, noticed some rocks on the shore, which indicated deep water. He directed the guide to row toward them, till all at once he ordered him to cease rowing, remarking that, "If I can't catch a trout here, I can't anywhere." They began fishing and in less than a very short time the Judge had a trout on, which proved to be a fine one. This was soon followed by another, then another, till when they stopped fishing at night they had 27 handsome fish. Not a bad day's work for August trout fishing. The Judge was delighted. But when he came to get up on to his feet after his long pull at the trout, he was so cramped that his legs would hardly do service. He had so enjoyed that trout that he was completely oblivious to the discomforts of a small boat on Moosehead in August. They took their trout home to the hotel. The string was the wonder of every guest. "Where in the world did you get them?" was asked of Mr. Hill on every hand. He had nothing to conceal, and readily answered, "Round in the North Bay."

The answer was unfortunate, even if it was generous; for they decided to try the same spot the next day, but when they came in sight of the fishing grounds they were alive with boats. They soon put up their tackle in disgust, and returning to the hotel they took the first opportunity for a start toward Alligator Lake. They reached that "Happy Hunting Ground" in due season, only to again meet the salutation, "No trout!" But they were not to be discouraged. They had really good fishing, till last of all the worthy Judge capped the climax by catching a monster, for that lake. In the boat with his guide an enormous thud was felt at one of the rods. The fish was hooked, but it took all the force of the Judge and the strength of the rod to bring him alongside of the boat in ten minutes time. Even when almost brought to the net the big fellow would turn again, and taking line, would rush away for a hundred feet, then sulk till the pliant rod, skillfully handled by the Judge, again brought him up to the boat. This was several times repeated. Mr. Hill says that the face of the Judge was a study. Was he handling a most difficult case before the jury, or was he engineering a very difficult bill into the favor of one of the House committees? Either might have given his face something of the same expression, but just then he was mastering the great trout of his lifetime. At last the big fellow was brought up to the net, but that instrument proved not to be broad enough and it had to be brought up under him in such a way that he could be slid in head foremost. Once the guide failed in this performance, and again the Judge's face was a study. The trout took line again, but fortunately the hook held a moment longer. Again he was brought up to the net, and this time he slid in head downward, and the magnificent fish was in the boat: not one moment too quick, for the hook had torn out in the landing. The Judge leaned forward and looked with admiring eyes for full three minutes without uttering a word. The trout was a magnificent male specimen, a little over 24 inches in length, over 14 inches in girth, and with an enormous tail, measuring 6½ inches across the fin. He had the white margin to the fins and the bright carmine spots, so characteristic of the true *Salmo fontinalis*. The Judge was pleased. He will never forget his trip to Alligator, and that trout. It weighed over seven pounds. They caught other fish during their stay, but the grand object of the excursion was achieved when the Judge landed that big trout. SPECIAL.

BOSTON, Mass.

LAKE EDWARD.

CAMP TRUTHFUL, Lake Edward, Sept. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In my last communication I fear I did injustice to the trout of Lake Edward. I said they would not take the fly in a manner proper to all well regulated trout. Since then my friend and I have explored the lake fully and thoroughly, have coasted its entire shores, and given our minds and time to the question of fly-fishing, and victory has rewarded us at last. We found that they would take the fly greedily and savagely, and showed their mettle as fighters to a degree that surprised us; they proved as gamy a fish as a fisherman could desire. We could not take them in the deep waters, but at the points and outlying rocks, fishing from the shores with a fly we made ourselves, we had great success.

We tried all manner of flies that our well-supplied books afforded, but at last hit on the killing fly, namely, red body with plenty of bright tinsel, red hackle wings. We tried the red-ibis, but it was too much red, but we invaded the work basket of our landlady, and foraging on the hen roost of the master-mechanic, Mr. Rathwell, we captured his big chanticleer, defrauded him of some of his plumage, and having fortunately some gold tinsel in our effects, we made a fly that seemed to suit the fancy of these fastidious gentlemen, and thereafter had glorious fly-fishing. We stood in one spot and took eighty-four fine fish, not very large it is true, but such fish as a fisherman would exhibit with pride as his catch in any of our home waters. They ran from a half to a pound, the largest [2lbs. But in trolling with a small-sized salmon fly, we took larger ones 3 to 3½lbs. In running water we took two, one 5 and one 5½lbs., and could have loaded ourselves down with smaller fish, but in the lake proper the average was, as I say, from one-half to one pound—good enough fishing for any one. I am happy to make the *amende honorable*, and take back what I formerly stated, that the lake afforded but indifferent fly-fishing.

But the lake is so extensive that a fisherman cannot strike the best spots to order, nor in a day. If he has but a day to tarry, and is ambitious to take a few large fish to carry back home, he had better go at it with bait in deep water. If the wind is west or southerly just sufficient to ripple the surface, he is pretty sure to get a goodly lot of fine ones embracing some two, three and four-pounders.

The guides are now pretty well posted as to the best points for this style of fishing. There are some noble streams in the vicinity, where the fly-fishing is something wonderful, but on the principle that the early birds get the best worms, most of these streams have been leased from the Dominion Government within the past few months by small clubs, and hence are unavailable. We were fortunate enough to secure two very nice rivers and the lake forming their sources, with a view to forming a small club of acceptable gentlemen, and will announce our programme soon through the advertising columns of FOREST AND STREAM. The Dominion Government seems disposed to encourage the formation of clubs, and evinces a liberal spirit in its consideration of applications for leases to American fishermen inland, however much it may stick for its considered principles on the coast fishing question, and if Mr. Cleveland proposes to be belligerent and carries retaliation to extremes, we fly-fishermen will get out a treaty of our own and won't ask the Senate to confirm it either. It is stated that President Cleveland is a worm-fisherman; can a conscientious fly-fisherman vote for a man to rule this great nation that fishes with worms? We have not as yet ascertained the facts in regard to the opposing candidate's skill as a fisherman, but if he is a wormer too, there is danger—there can be no stability in a government with such a man at its head. If we are to have war with our neighbors and capture it, as a matter of course, the undersigned wishes hereby to claim Lake Edward by right of capture, for we have planted the first American flag over its waters. Exploration of our fishing bag in search of a missing dishcloth for camp use revealed the fragments of a small Fourth of July flag that we had intended to donate to a wicked small boy of our acquaintance. In a spirit of proper patriotism we hoisted it over our camp with three cheers, and it waved all night; but next morning patriotism had to give way to practical necessities and we hauled it down to do duty as a dishrag, saying with Shakespeare, "To what base uses do we come at last." But it filled its mission, and we file our claim to Lake Edward "with all its dips, spurs and angles." (Please don't read it angleworms).

Finding it rather laborious to row down the lake mornings ten or fifteen miles, and to be obliged to start back just at the hour when the fish bite best, we concluded to go into camp. Accordingly we procured tent and camp equipage from Mr. W. E. Hoolihan, the young gentleman in charge of this department, and making up a list of small wants procurable from the grocery store, we dispatched our guide ahead, instructing him as to location in our best French and worst English. We took another boat and pulled down leisurely, stopping to fish *en route*, arriving at the destination named about sundown. But there was no white tent nor blazing camp-fire to cheer us. There was evidently some mistake, and all we had to do was to continue on down the lake. We pulled and pulled, three miles, four, five, six, at about the seventh, as we rounded a point, we came upon our camp; a big fire blazed out cheerfully and across the waters the breeze wafted a most inviting odor of fried bacon and trout, and with such appetites jockey club or sweet violets would be as naught compared.

We were at the extreme lower end of the lake, 32 miles. Where that Frenchman would have continued on to no one could tell, to Quebec most likely if the lake had extended so far. If we had not been so hungry we would have perhaps objurgated but those fried trout and the steaming coffee mollified us. We fell too heartily. How many trout we disposed of we took no account of, but at some future day some scientist will discover a pile of bones and write a learned paper on antediluvian man and extinct fishes. He would be correct as to the fish; we extincted a couple of dozen each. What a glorious bed our Frenchman had provided, two feet deep of soft ferns and moss with blankets spread over. In better times we have "put up" at $5 a day taverns, but we never got such a supper nor such a bed, "They don't got 'em."

Our Frenchman proved a prize. There are people who wonder what Frenchmen were made for and what they are good for. Cooks, nothing else in the world. To the Canadian Frenchman's accomplishments you can add paddling a canoe and camp work; beyond that there is a blank demnition void. PODGERS.

A GIANT TROUT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In a late copy of my home paper—that is, published at my old home in Manchester, England—the Hampshire *Chronicle*, of July 28, I find this record of the capture of "a big one":

"The monarch of the Itchen, probably the largest trout ever caught in this county, if we except one or two in Arlesford Pond, was caught in the river, between Mr. Dance's and Mr. Crate's mill, during Thursday night, by a man named Turpin. Turpin states that he secured the monster with a minnow, on a gut cast, a small hook and a hazel rod, and it was not brought to bank till two hours and a half after being hooked. This fish has for a very long time excited the envy of anglers, many of whom have for two years past from time to time seen it in its native element. It had many narrow escapes during its career, but had always hitherto succeeded in escaping before being landed. As it lay on the slab at Mr. Z. Z. Butcher's shop yesterday morning, the cast with which it was killed being placed on the fish, it was eagerly viewed by hundreds of persons. The fish was in capital condition, and, like most old trout, its lower jaw was crooked, but not to the extent seen in most cases with aged trout. It measured 32½in. in length, 21in. in girth, was 9in. wide in the largest part, and weighed no less than 16lbs. 2oz. We understand that Mr. Dance has become the possessor of the fish, and has since handed it over to our local taxidermist, Mr. W. Chalkley, with a view to preservation. Cutlets have, we believe, been presented to several of our most ardent local anglers, who will, no doubt, pronounce them excellent eating. We trust that when stuffed the fish, which was yesterday photographed by Mr. Rider, may find a final resting place in our City Museum."

This Itchen is a famous trout water. Here at Manchester it is protected all along, which prevents the poaching net, and there is much vegetable growth, which forbids fly-fishing in many parts. The trout find plenty to eat, for they have among other supplies the kitchen refuse from a school of boys. There have always been big fish here. I remember distinctly the taking of an 11-pounder, in the year 1860 or 1861. We boys had often seen him, and fed him, too; but spite of all wiles and devices he could not be taken fairly. Finally one day a Volunteer shot him with a military rifle; the ball entering the back and coming out from one side. Y.

NEW YORK.

A FISH EXHIBITION.—The board of managers of the coming annual exhibition of the American Institute have set apart a portion of the main exhibition hall to be used for a display of live fish in tanks and the operation of fish hatching, etc., so far as can be done at this season of the year. This part of the exhibition will be conducted by the management under the advice, direction and supervision of Mr. Eugene G. Blackford, of this city, president of the New York Fishery Commission, under whose auspices it is expected to be a novel and interesting feature. In connection with and akin to this feature of the exhibition the management desire to have added a display of fishing rods, reels, and all things used in the catching, handling and keeping of fish, both in its industrial and sporting relations, also a display of fish in cans and products made from fish.

BLACK BASS IN THE DELAWARE.—The bass fishing in the upper Delaware has been very good this season and the fish have been of fair size. A gentleman from Philadelphia took four in one day whose aggregate weight was 18¾lbs., the smallest weighing 4lbs. and the two largest 5½ each. Last week two New Yorkers fishing near Port Jervice captured twelve bass in two days that weighed 37lbs., besides several smaller ones.

ONONDAGA LAKE, N. Y.—State Game Protector H. C. Carr, of Union Springs, recently visited this lake, captured a large number of nets and sunk many others. Vast quantities of fish, principally black bass and whitefish, were liberated from captivity. Protector Carr was invited to visit the lake by the Onondaga County Sportsmen's Club.

LIBRARIAN GRISWOLD'S BASS SCORE.—Albany, Aug. 29.—Mr. Griswold, who is the Librarian of the State Law Library in Albany, claims that he has made the highest figures on bass fishing in Lake George this summer. Here is the series: 3, 3½, 3¾, 4, 4½, 5, 6¼lbs. Can anybody beat this record?—G.

ILLEGAL SALMON FISHING.

IN June, 1887, the Legislature of New York passed a law prohibiting the capture of salmon within the State with any device, or in any manner, except that of angling with line or rod held in the hand, and then only from March 1 to Aug. 15. Furthermore the law required all persons using nets in that part of the Hudson River, within the jurisdiction of the State, to restore to the water without injury any salmon taken in their nets. Now that the United States Fishery Commission has been stocking the Hudson with this valuable fish for the past five years, and the salmon are in the river in more or less numbers, it is pertinent to ask why this law is not enforced. The fish have been taken from Gravesend Bay to the trout streams of Warren and Essex counties, and have been sold in New York and other markets. It is estimated that over three hundred adult fish, weighing from 8 to 20lbs., have been killed and sold by the shad fishermen, and the only cases which have come to our knowledge where any have been returned to the water uninjured are a few about the city of Hudson, which is under the immediate eye of one of the game protectors.

On a recent Adirondack trip we learned that the young fish in the trout streams above North Creek are captured in large numbers by trout fishermen when the fry are from six to seven inches in length, and are eaten. This is especially true of Balm of Gilead, and Raymond brooks, which enter the Hudson between the villages of North Creek and North River, on the western side of the Hudson. We heard a guide say that he knew of over a hundred young salmon being taken from one stream. As these fish were legally captured with rod and line there is no cause of action, but it is evident that the law should protect these fish. The guides consider them to be lake trout, which they miscall "salmon," for they do not know what a true salmon is. In the lower river the fish were taken by the shad netters, in violation of law and, with the exception of those taken in that portion of the river over which New Jersey has jurisdiction, every man who takes a salmon in a net is liable to a fine of $100, or one day's imprisonment for each dollar of fine, one-half of said fine to go to the informer.

That the fishermen are generally ignorant of this law, especially on the lower portion of the river, is no legal excuse. The Commissioners of Fisheries should cause them to be informed of the law before another season, and then see that it is rigidly enforced. The fishway at the Troy dam is now completed and at the last meeting of the Commissoners one of the Board, Mr. Burden, was authorized to post notices forbidding fishing within 80 rods of it, as required by law. If the breeding salmon are to be taken while on their way to the spawning grounds the history of the restocking of the Connecticut River will be repeated in the Hudson.

"FISH FIN."—Newport, Ky.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* For the benefit of the angling readers of your paper I send you a receipt for fish fin, as given me by a chief of a roving band of Indians in the West some years ago. I have never seen it in print, consequently it may benefit some one. One spoonful each of common salt and gunpowder and the white of an egg, mixed into a paste and applied to the wound; bandage as in other wounds. As mixture becomes dry apply fresh until all poison is extracted. Keep the paste moist by covering with damp cloth. I would like to hear from other sportson the same subject. A solution of permanganate of potash applied I find beneficial.—WAU-KAU-MAH.

A BIG ONE.—Dr. H. L. Hammond, of Killingly, Conn., was fishing off Race Rock for sea bass and flounders, the other day, when he was heard to call for help. The captain exclaimed, "He has got hold of a shark!" The fight was long and desperate, but at last the monster, who had become exhausted, was brought to the surface. Clubs and boat hooks were used, and at last he was pronounced dead and ready to be put on board. The shark measured 8ft. 5in., and on their arrival home he was found to weigh exactly 389½lbs.

TOURISTS seeking rest and recreation during the hot summer months can obtain valuable information from the illustrated guide books entitled "A Summer Jaunt" and "Summer of 1888" issued by the Wisconsin Central Line. These books are descriptive of the summer resorts in Wisconsin and Minnesota, reached by the Wisconsin Central Line, and will be sent free to any address upon application to JAMES BARKER, General Passenger and Ticket Agent Milwaukee, Wis.—*Adv.*

Fishculture.

CO-OPERATION IN FISHCULTURE.

BY JOHN H. BISSELL.

[Read before the American Fisheries Society.]

WITHIN the limits properly allowed for a paper in a meeting like this it is scarcely possible to do more than sketch or outline a subject such as I have chosen. I am consoled, however, with the reflection that the manner and style will be passed with indulgence if only there be some merits in the subjects presented for consideration, or at least good faith on the part of the reader.

I think it is generally agreed that fishculture has passed its purely experimental stage. It is in fact fast becoming recognized as a practical art, and an established department of civil government; its definitely ascertained results, which are now unquestioned, fully warranting the recognition it has received from the States and the United States. Having so attained to the period when it is capable of being made a useful factor in the economy of every civilized State, the persons charged with the public duty of administering its affairs and evoking useful results from its prosecution ought ever to be looking for reasonable and practical ways to secure it the highest degree of efficiency. The United States Commission, with a new and broader organic law recently adopted and put in operation, with its departments of work newly recast and systematized, and under most zealous and competent guidance, is prepared now to apply in the solution of some economic problems the many lessons of experiment and scientific observation, gathered and stored up in the past. The States which have been dealing practically with the fishery question in the last ten years have made good progress toward reliable and permanent methods of fishculture, and now at length are able to bring forward some definite and tangible proof concerning its results.

Fishculture, when appreciated and invoked in both its branches, artificial propagation and legal regulation, has demonstrated its ability to restore exhausted fisheries. Of that there is no need of citing evidence to this audience. The next forward movement toward the realization of the great promises of the practical Art of Fishculture, in this country is, I believe, to be the working out of a just and comprehensive system of regulation of fishing as an industry and as a recreation. A notable feature of this movement will be the attainment of more substantial co-operation among the organized bodies existing for its prosecution under the State and Federal Government.

I have in mind two principal topics: 1. Co-operation between the United States Commission of Fish and Fisheries and the several State Fish Commissions; and, 2. The limited co-operation possible between the Commissions of neighboring States, or between States having similar fishery interests. I am not unaware of the fact that the United States Fish Commission has heretofore co-operated with the State Commissions. But I wish to call attention to my conviction that such co-operation can be carried on broader lines with advantage to all concerned.

You are all as familiar—perhaps many of you more so, than I—with organizations employed in prosecuting fishcultural work in this country, so that no detailed account of them is necessary. Here is the United States Fish Commission, with men, with means, with appliances and with scientific knowledge, and while doing the same kinds of work that various State Commissions are doing, yet doing much more than any single State organization. Here are the State Commissions each prosecuting the particular kinds of work required by local conditions under which in the different States fishculture is being carried on. At the points where these different organizations have work common to each, why may there not be cordial and effective co-operation? Not merely the negative, of not interfering with each other, but the positive working together to economize expenditures and efforts, and thus increase general and permanent results.

Bordering the Great Lakes are six States having a population of about fourteen millions of people. The fisheries of these Great Lakes, as their product enters into the general commerce of the country, cannot be regarded as the concern of the six States—they are of national importance. If the fish captured in these lakes were consumed along their shores I grant that the States would have no special claim upon the general Government for taking part in maintaining such fisheries, or helping in any way to their re-establishment. This was the condition of affairs once; but with the modern facilities of rapid communication and improved methods of transportation, their product is marketed all over the country, and for that reason the States bordering the Great Lakes have, in my judgment, as good a right to assistance from the general Government, in the directions I shall presently mention, as the fisheries of the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. Our lake fisheries are not to be compared in extent and value to those of the seas, but it is a difference in degree, not in kind. The United States is doing a most necessary work in the investigation and promotion of the Atlantic fisheries, is preparing to investigate more thoroughly, and help develop the industries of the Pacific; it has done the country an invaluable service in examining and illustrating the seal and other fisheries in connection with the last general census; for all of which it has earned the confidence and commendation of the country. Why should not a similar service be performed by it in co-operation with the States bordering the Great Lakes in making an exhaustive survey and examination of the fisheries from Duluth to the St. Lawrence River? "The reward of having wrought well is to have more work to do." If the Commission has not the equipment in steamers, the work already in hand probably requiring them all, why not borrow one or more of the revenue cutters that are lounging up and down the lakes? I may be doing that branch of the service an injustice, but I never have heard within ten years of those vessels doing anything more useful than cruise on a sort of dress parade between Buffalo and Chicago.

If a revenue cutter could not be spared, then why not borrow from the Navy Department a dispatch boat, or some of the many steamers not suitable for modern naval warfare, and have her fitted out for this service. To do what? To be manned with the necessary crew, under command of an officer not above such service, placed under the direction of the United States Fish Commission, supplied by him with one or more naturalists, and one or more men competent to study and report upon the conditions, capacities and needs of the industrial fisheries, supplied with drags, sounding appliances, proper thermometers, duplicate charts of the lakes, and complete fishing apparatus. Upon the charts could be marked spawning beds, seining grounds, the lines of inshore and outside fishing, abandoned fishing grounds, the lines where certain kinds of fish are most plentiful or scarce, the pound-net fishing stations and the like. With such an equipment it would be practicable to make a complete survey of the fishing, feeding and spawning grounds of the great lakes; exhaustive scientific observations and collections of the fauna; a census of the fishing industry, its methods, its product, its habits; in fact, a history that would, by its manifold and exact observations of the present condition and requirements of the industry and its possibilities, lead conclusively to a knowledge of the causes of its decadence, and what is necessary to be done for its restoration and permanent maintenance. Is it worth the expenditure? I think I can answer without hesitation for Michigan waters. I had occasion in 1886 to examine the history of Michigan fisheries, and was led to the conclusion, after careful examinations and comparisons of such statistics as are obtainable, that if our waters had been as productive in 1885 as they were in 1859, with the effectiveness of apparatus and extent of operations in the former year, the money value of the products of Michigan waters in 1885 would have been not less than fifteen millions of dollars, instead of about one and one-half millions. In 1887 I compared the product of the Michigan fisheries for the year 1885 with those of the Province of Ontario, and found that the money value of the former, if computed upon the same basis as that employed by the Canadian Department of Marine and Fisheries, exceeded that of the province by more than one hundred thousand dollars.

The States bordering the Great Lakes having an immediate interest to be subserved by such an examination, as the work is being prosecuted in their waters, should co-operate by furnishing a crew of three or four men to assist in gathering statistics and other information, which would be of great value to the State Fish Commissions in illustrating to the Legislatures the kinds of regulations required to restrain wasteful fishing, which has gone so far toward depleting the waters, as well as the kind and extent of operations to restore productiveness of the waters. They might also direct or assist in the fishing operations of the expedition. Such an examination would also demonstrate the exact extent to which artificial propagation of whitefish benefited the fisheries, and indicate what points along the lakes required attention in order to the more even distribution of future supplies. The information so gathered would help, by furnishing the required data, toward another and most important feature in the regulation of the fisheries of the Great Lakes, namely, the licensing of fishing as an industry. In alluding thus briefly to this subject there is not time to more than call attention to the fact that a fair system of licensing would in time defray all or the larger part of the expenses of keeping up the supplies of fish when the waters were once well stocked, as well as such part of the cost of enforcing the laws as the State would be called on to pay. There are several minor ways in which co-operation can be advantageously adopted, but not of sufficient importance to be enumerated here. They are being employed more or less, and are familiar to you all.

For many years the U. S. Commission has thus co-operated with two or three of the New England States in procuring salmon and Schoodic salmon eggs, on terms, I believe, equitable and satisfactory to all parties, and with most excellent results.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE AMERICAN FISHERIES SOCIETY.—The report of the meeting at Detroit, in May, 1888, has just been issued by the American Fisheries Society. As we have published a synopsis of the proceedings and are now printing the papers read, further notice is not necessary. We note that the Society has 144 active members, divided as follows: New York, 60; Washington, D. C., 28; Michigan, 10; Pennsylvania, 8; Ohio, 6; Massachusetts, 6; Connecticut, 4; Illinois, 4; New Jersey, 3; New Hampshire, 3; Wisconsin, 3; Nebraska, 2; Vermont, 2; and Canada, Georgia, Maine, Minnesota, and Holland, each 1. The Society should have a larger membership in order to increase its usefulness.

THE NEW YORK FISHERY COMMISSION.—At the last meeting of the Board of Commissioners, in New York, it was decided not to apportion the appropriation among the hatcheries until after the beginning of the fiscal year, Oct. 1. Mr. Monroe A. Green was appointed to be superintendent of the hatchery at Caledonia, in place of his late brother Seth. The selection is a good one, for he has practically had the charge of it during a number of years past. The report of the Shellfish Commissioner has just been issued, as has a synopsis of the game laws.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Sept. 11 to 14.—First Dog Show of the Buffalo International Fair Association, at Buffalo, N. Y. Entries close Sept. 1. C. W. Robinson, Secretary.

Sept. 18 to 21.—Dog Show of the Westmoreland County Agricultural Society, at Greensburg, Pa. John S. Sell, Secretary. Entries close Sept. 15.

Sept. 18 to 21.—Third Annual Dog Show of the Westmoreland County Agricultural Society at Greensburg, Pa. H. S. Branot, President.

Sept. 18 to 21.—First Annual Dog Show of the Syracuse Kennel Club, at Syracuse, N. Y. Howard B. Rathbone, Secretary.

Sept. 24 to 27.—Fifth Dog Show at London, Ont. C. A. Stone Superintendent.

Sept. 25 to 28.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Bristol Park Agricultural Society, Bristol, Conn. Entries close Sept. 22. C. F. Barnes, Secretary.

Oct. 2 to 5.—National Exposition Dog Show, Kansas City, Mo. C. R. Evans, Manager, Room 16, New England Building, Kansas City, Mo.

Oct. 9 to 12.—First Dog Show of the Virginia Field Sports Association, at Richmond, Va. B. H. Grundy, Secretary, Room 26, Shafer Building. Entries close Oct. 1.

Oct. 23 to 26.—Second Annual Show of the St. Paul and Minnesota Kennel Club, at St. Paul, Minn. J. E. Stryker, Secretary, Room 98 Globe Building.

Nov. 6 to 10.—Dog Show of the Richmond County Poultry and Pet Stock Association, in connection with Augusta National Exposition at Augusta, Ga. H. Madden, Superintendent.

Dec. 3 to 8.—Dog Show of the Northern Illinois Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Rockford, Ill. A. H. Currier, Secretary.

Jan. 15 to 19, 1889.—Seventh Annual Dog Show of the Southern Massachusetts Poultry Association, at New Bedford, Mass. F. W. Dean, Secretary.

Feb. 4 to 7, 1889.—First Annual Dog Show of the Columbus Fanciers' Club at Columbus O. Thos. R. Sparrow, Secretary.

Feb. 12 to 15, 1889.—Fifth Dog Show of the New Jersey Kennel Club, at Jersey City, N. J. Geo. L. Wilms, Secretary, 142 Monticello avenue, Jersey City, N. J.

Feb. 19 to 22, 1889.—Thirteenth Annual Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent.

Feb. 26 to March 1, 1889.—Second Annual Show of the Renssalaer Kennel Club, Troy, N. Y. Alba M. Ide, Secretary.

March 5 to 8, 1889.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Albany Kennel Club, at Albany, N. Y. Geo. B. Gallup, Secretary.

March 12 to 15, 1889.—Second Annual Show of the Fort Schuyler Kennel Club, Utica, N. Y. James W. Dunlop, President.

March 19 to 22, 1889.—First Annual Dog Show of the Maryland Kennel Club, at Baltimore, Md. W. S. Diffenderffer, Secretary.

March 26 to 29, 1889.—First Annual Dog Show of the Massachusetts Kennel Club, at Lynn, Mass. D. A. Williams, Secretary.

April 2 to 5, 1889.—First Annual Show of the Rochester Kennel Club, at Rochester, N. Y. Harry Yates, Secretary.

April 9 to 12, 1889.—First Annual Dog Show of the Mascoutah Kennel Club, at Chicago, Ill. John L. Lincoln, Jr., Secretary.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 1.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Indiana Kennel Club, at Bicknell, Ind. P. T. Madison, Secretary, Indianapolis, Ind.

Nov. 19.—Tenth Annual Field Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at High Point, N. C. (Members' Stake, Nov. 15.) W. A. Coster, Secretary, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

Dec. 3.—First Annual Field Trials of the Southern Field Trial Club, at Amory, Miss. T. M. Brumby, Secretary, Chattanooga, Tenn.

Dec. 10.—Second Annual Field Trials of the American Field Trials Club, at West Point, Miss. C. W. Paris, Secretary, Cincinnati, O.

Jan. 14, 1889.—Sixth Annual Field Trials of the Pacific Coast Field Trial Club, at Bakersfield, Cal. N. P. Sheldon, Secretary, 320 Sansome street San Francisco, Cal.

COURSING.

Oct. 15.—Third Annual Meeting of the American Coursing Club at Great Bend, Kan. F. K. Doan, Secretary, 1210 Olive street, St Louis, Mo.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription $1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed **6512.**

THE AMERICAN PET DOG CLUB.

NEW YORK, Sept. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A largely attended and enthusiastic meeting of the American Pet Dog Club was held on the 6th inst. at the residence of the second vice-president, Mrs. Eugene Clarke. Dr. Surles, first vice-president, occupied the chair. Nine new members were admitted and eleven proposed for admission at the next meeting of the club. Mr. Eugene Clarke was unanimously elected treasurer, vice Mr. W. J. Fryer. Two of the newly admitted members, Mr. Walter Goodenough, of horse shoe fame, and Mr. T. J. Dannis, were elected members of the executive committee.

Among the important subjects discussed and considered at length by the club was that of holding a bench show in New York next May. While nearly all favored it, a few hesitated on the ground that the club was not yet a year old and therefore not financially prepared for such an undertaking. This objection was promptly met by three members who pledged themselves to be responsible for any loss the club might incur in the giving of such a show. The subject was postponed for final action at a future meeting, when a full attendance is expected, many of the members being now absent from the city. The annual meeting and election of officers will take place in October. Those desiring to become members of the club for the ensuing year may address American Pet Dog Club, Box 1569, New York P. O. A copy of the constitution, rules and by-laws will be mailed upon application as above. C. ORMSBY, Secretary.

BUFFALO.

[Special to Forest and Stream.]

INTERNATIONAL FAIR GROUNDS, Buffalo, N. Y., Sept. 11.—The show opened this morning, and is a grand victory for Buffalo. Instead of 400 entries, as stated last week, there are over 500, with very many of the leading kennels well represented. Thirty-five entries have been returned, and the exhibition has probably been equalled only by Boston and New York. Prominent in the catalogue are the names of Thayer, Hopf, Whitney, Willey, Oldham, Moore, Huntington, Cryer, Nelles, Bell, Davey, Windholz, Laidlaw, Naylor, McEwen, Gibson, Dunlop, Curtis, Associated Fanciers, Phillips, Mrs. Carl White, and the Hornell-Harmony and Meadow Thorp Kennels, etc. Judging will commence in the morning. The dogs are comfortably benched under canvas, and the place is packed with visitors.

THN TWO DOG CLUBS.

BOSTON, Mass., Sept. 10, 1888.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I inclose the correspondence between Jas. L. Anthony and myself. I had no thought of further humiliating him by publishing it, but as he seems anxious to make public the unenviable position of "cat's-paw," in which he has been placed, I will aid him in doing so. J. FRANK PERRY.

AUG. 22, 1888.—*Dr. J. Frank Perry:* SIR: I received your telegram and answered same. I thought I made it plain in my letter that I should *make it public.* I regret that the occasion should have arisen to have any difference with you, but, as a breeder, I cannot sit idly by and see what I believe to be an attempt to disrupt the A. K. C. without saying how I feel, and *I know most* if not all the prominent breeders *feel as I do.* You know *full well* that had you started off with *show rules* and *occupied the position you do now,* you never would have a *corporal's guard* for members. The only *sure* thing I see the club can do is to *withdraw* from the *field of shows,* join the A. K. C., and make its influence felt there, *as it surely would be,* otherwise the day of the National Dog Club is very near its end. Very truly yours, JAS. L. ANTHONY.

BOSTON, Mass., Aug. 23, 1888.—*James L. Anthony, Esq.:* DEAR SIR: Your favor of the 22d inst. to hand. You can scarcely as much as I regret this personal controversy. A newspaper discussion is extremely distasteful to me, in fact, utterly abhorrent. Had your letter been a private communication I would gladly have told you much which under existing circumstances I now feel I must withhold. I do not think you need the assurance that I have had from the first the best interest of breeders at heart. If in error I have at least acted up to my convictions. The Buffalo matter has been an extremely unfortunate one. As to what has been done by the A. K. C. to engender a feeling of bitterness you cannot know. The plain facts, however, are in my possession in a form which cannot be mistaken. Still I do not propose to use them. What think you, would you feel kindlier toward the A. K. C. if you knew that its president had openly declared that he would expend $5,000 to ruin the National Dog Club? And do you imagine for a moment that such a threat would excite alarm? You think that the end of "the National Dog Club is near" You have no conception of its strength. You well know that opposition is often a stimulant on which will thrive that against which it is exerted. The National Dog Club may die, *but it never will be killed.* As you are disinterested you will acknowledge that some good has been accomplished by that club. At least it has aroused the A. K. C. from its apathy. Now, as to the future. I fear much harm will result from this personal discussion between you and I—it will add feelings of bitterness which must still further complicate matters and make it more difficult to bring order out of chaos. And yet such an end is not impossible. I do not advise, but I honestly think that if you and other prominent breeders who feel as you do, instead of attempting to whip the National Dog Club into line, which I tell you frankly you *can never do,* would either hold aloof, or content yourselves for a time with an effort peacefully to solve the apparently intricate problem, you would, I am sure, be successful, and a more healthy tone to "doggy" affairs in America be the only lasting result of the existing disorder.
(PERSONAL.) Very truly yours, J. FRANK PERRY.

NEW YORK, Aug. 25, 1888.—*Dr. J. Frank Perry:* SIR: I have yours of Aug. 23d, replying to mine of the 22d, which I hardly *thought required an answer.* I sent it as a *matter of courtesy that you might understand my position in brief.* It was not intended as an answer to your published answer to me, *nor shall I at this writing* formally answer your published letter, though *it is very easy to do so.* You say "had your letter been a *private* communication (you) I would gladly have told you much which under existing circumstances I now feel I must withhold." I cannot see *any force to this remark,* if valid as a defense for the action of your club on entering in competition with the A. K. C., I think that if you wish *your club to succeed,* you had better give not *only to me* but *to the public* the facts you *withhold.* The remark, however, in your letter I must ask you to explain. Do I understand YOU to assert that Mr. Belmont has "openly declared he would expend $5,000 to ruin the National Dog Club?" I want a *categorial* answer, *Yes* or *No.* If *Yes* I want over *full signature the authority.* Since the receipt of your letter I have not seen any of the A. K. C. people, nor shall *I till I hear from you.* I propose to test the truth of this statement among the many *flying around* as to Mr. Belmont. If false, and you cannot prove it, I will *publicly drive the knife into the very vitals of the National Dog Club and its officers.* If true, I shall be greatly disappointed in my opinion of the president of the A. K. C. I give you every opportunity to prove your statement. I will give him every opportunity of disproving it; and I hope, if it is false, he will make you publicly *retract it.* The A. K. C. has for the last year done well. It declined to be insulted by Watson, and it was right; it expelled the Hornellsville Club properly, *and the National Dog Club is not very high-toned* when it takes such men as members, asks one of them to frame its rules, allows him to *manipulate* the meeting at the Metropolitan Hotel, in conjunction with the representative of the FOREST AND STREAM—vide published reports. I have said I disliked personal discussion in the papers, but I have *no fear* but what I can take *care of my end and give facts* quite *lucidly* for the public. You and your club now stand committed before the public as posing, 1st, as in favor of the A. K. C., while those who were behind the scenes were "working" you and the decent part of the club to *suit their own purposes.* As long ago as the Boston show I was approached by Richards, formerly of the *Turf, Field and Farm,* and the *whole plan,* as it has now *turned out,* was *delineated to me.* He frankly said the club was got up in opposition to the A. K. C., *but it would not do to say so at that juncture.* Very truly, JAS. L. ANTHONY.

NEW YORK, Sept. 1, 1888.—*Dr. J. Frank Perry:* SIR: I am waiting your reply to my questions concerning Mr. Belmont. May I ask you to answer same at your earliest convenience? I am entirely unwilling you should attempt to bind me to silence, should make the assertions you do without proof. You must either substantiate them or I will publish the whole correspondence, and leave you to flounder out of the mire as best you may.
I am, etc., JAS. L. ANTHONY.

BOSTON, Mass., Sept. 3, 1888.—*Jas. L. Anthony, Esq.:* SIR: In reply to yours I refer you to Mr. Dawson, the Kennel Editor of the *Turf, Field and Farm.* The information came from him, and reached me through a perfectly reliable channel. Naturally, I do not care to involve others in this controversy, and unless Mr. Dawson denies having made the statement I shall be saved that unpleasant duty. J. FRANK PERRY.

NEW YORK, Sept. 5, 1888.—*Dr. J. Frank Perry:* SIR: In answer to yours of the 3d, beg to say that I yesterday sent to Mr. Dawson a letter, as follows: "In my correspondence with Dr. Perry, the following statement was made by him: 'What think you? Would you feel kindlier toward the A. K. C. if you knew its president had openly declared that he would expend $5,000 to *ruin* the National Dog Club?' I replied, demanding the authority for said statement *and the proof.* Not hearing from him I again demanded the proof to this. He writes: 'I refer you to Mr. Dawson.' * * * the information came from him, and reached me through a perfectly reliable channel.' I now demand of you a *written* statement either *admitting,* explaining or denying the above. *I do not believe* you ever *made any such statement,* but I propose to hunt the author *into his hole,* no matter who he may be." To this Mr. Dawson replied: "I am much obliged for your letter, and in reply have only *this to say, that there is not one word of truth in the statement of Dr. Perry.*" I now demand the name or names of those who gave you the information and that you consider "a perfectly reliable channel." Further I would *again* suggest that the present is a most *opportune* time for you to give me *in addition* the facts you think "under the existing circumstances (you) must withhold." If you are honest in your present position you have nothing to hide; *full publicity* can do you or the club *you represent* no harm, I think.
JAS. L. ANTHONY.

BOSTON, Mass., Sept. 6, 1888.—*Jas. L. Anthony, Esq.:* SIR: Your letter of 3d ultimo at hand. I note with surprise what Mr. Dawson says. I have telegraphed my informant to substantiate his statement. Some delay may ensue before the necessary proof can be obtained. Of the result of my inquiries I will immediately inform you. Unless sufficient evidence is offered me I shall do what I consider my duty to myself and Mr. Belmont, and I will here state that on that point I shall not need your advice. In bringing our correspondence to a close, I will now say what would have defeated my purposes to have said at first. I recognized in the beginning the methods for which you are noted, and in pursuance of my fixed policy in this affair I allowed your arrogance to pass unnoticed. Had I received letters such as you have written me from you on any other subject they would have been treated with the contempt which they merited. Your eagerness to rush into print with private correspondence is, considering the circumstances, quite natural. Pray, you understand the fact, what from your past conduct, I think, you must be ignorant of. It is customary among gentlemen who seek to gain a point by printing a discussion by letter, to give the correspondence on both sides. From any other course only one conclusion can be drawn. In order to facilitate what appears to be your object, I now give my full consent to use absolutely, as you see fit, the letters which have passed between us. I assume the right to do the same. It is well for you to understand, once for all, that I deem myself eminently capable of judging what is right and what is proper for me to do as regards any facts now in my possession, to which allusion has been made in our correspondence. You ought to be able to understand now that you have not the slightest influence on me.
J. FRANK PERRY.

BOSTON, Mass., Sept. 7.—*Augustus Belmont, Jr.:* SIR: Some months since I was informed that you had openly declared to Mr. Dawson of the T. F. & F. that you would expend $5,000 to ruin the N. D. C. I considered my informant and his informant both reliable men, and, therefore, believed the statement to be true, yet I did not circulate it. In a private communication to two personal friends and to Mr. Anthony I repeated it, but in no other instance. Mr. Anthony wrote me for my authority for the statement in question. I replied to him that it came to me from Mr. Dawson of the T. F. & F., through a perfectly reliable channel. Then I was informed by Mr Anthony that Mr. Dawson denied its truth. At once I wired my informant for evidence. He in turn sought his informant, and wrote me the result. He found that the party who made to him the derogatory statement which I repeated, would not only not sustain it but he then denied ever making it. He acknowledged a modified statement from Mr. Dawson, which, however, in no way reflected upon you. My informant still contends that he told me the truth, but in absence of any other evidence than his mere assertion, there remains only one course for me. To you Sir, and to Mr. Dawson I owe an apology, which I take this opportunity of tendering. A copy of this letter will be sent to Mr. Dawson and each of the three persons to whom I made the statement in question. J. FRANK PERRY.

SEPT. 8, 1888.—*Dr. J. Frank Perry:* SIR: I have your letter, at which I am much amused. It states exactly what I have suspected all along, but have not said, viz., that you *were the one that was using* "cowardly methods" *sub rosa* and not the A. K. C. I have not the slightest interest in the matter under discussion, except the one *any honest breeder* might have to see the true state of affairs exposed. "The methods for which I am noted," as you are pleased to term them, are "well known," they are to expose fraud wherever I find it, and to aid honest endeavors to bring matters to a proper "high level" in the doggy world. *I notified you in my first letter that I should* "say publicly what I said privately." I further *telegraphed* you *the names of the papers in which I would publish my letter.* I only regret that as a matter of policy I did not forward your answer as well, and not leave it to you. It was the weakest effort I have ever seen as an answer, and the public could judge of its force as well as I. If you have "caught a tartar," and you have been shown in your own admissions to have been posing for *what you are not,* and aiding and abetting men known for their shadowy methods, you have only yourself to blame.

I have *waited* for you as the public will see to correct a most *cowardly statement* made to me privately to influence me. I have given you every opportunity to correct it. I have, so far as at present appears, driven the falsehood home to *your own door.* I admit this is not pleasant for you, and I admit that I never make a statement I am not prepared to prove by absolute evidence.

Funny, is it not, Doctor, that the very first official act of the N. D. C. should be the appointment of Dr. Cryer and James Watson to draw its "rules"? The printer's error also was very funny. I have the reputation of generally holding my own in a discussion when I begin one, and I am of the opinion it is solely because I have no axes of any kind to grind and merely act *on what I believe to be right.*

What you are pleased to call my "arrogance" amuses me. By position, age, occupation and everything else I am certainly *your equal,* and I had a perfect right *to expose you* and *your methods,* which I have done. I am glad you recognize the *inequality* of the contest on *your* side by bringing the correspondence to a close. I shall certainly furnish the whole of it to the press, and you can answer then your "cowardly attack" on Mr. Belmont, to whom I have never even mentioned the matter so far.

I allow you the right to judge as to what *you* shall do, and I shall arrogate *to myself the same right.* I also thoroughly understand that you are exhausted by the controversy. A man who will influence men to join the N. D. C. as you did and then act as you have done, *I* do not expect *certainly to influence.* I therefore make my bow to you, and leave you, as I have said, to "flounder out of the mire" as best you may. I am, etc. JAS. L. ANTHONY.

COCKER SPANIELS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Please oblige me by publishing the inclosed "by permission." W. WADE.

BEVERLEY, East Yorks, England, July 23.—*Wm. Wade, Esq.:* MY DEAR SIR—You are most heartily welcome to publish as you please and where you please any printed communication from my pen as sent to the *Field* or *Stock-Keeper.* In those communications I have developed my views as to the essential characteristics, points and qualities of the cocker spaniel and am willing to stand by them always.

I am old enough to remember the grand old sportsmen of former days, who knew what real sport meant, who knew where and when to find their quarry, and who also knew by practical experience the priceless value of well-broken and high-bred cocker spaniels. These men knew that to secure a concentration of power and endurance they must have a short back with immense loin for the weight of the dog: that his legs must be straight and well-boned and not too short, and that the feet must be firm and catlike, not "splay," loose and flabby, as we too often see them nowadays.

The fact is, our present generation of sportsmen (?) "know not Jacob," *i. e.*, they do not know, because they never saw, the perfect little sporting dog of our forefathers that you and I call the cocker spaniel.

I believe a few of the old sort may still be found in Wales, and I have put Mr. Comber, of the firm of Brydent Comber, on their track.

The present long-backed so-called cocker spaniel has been produced to meet the fashion of the day on the show bench, but already I see evidence that an influence is at work to undo the evil this fashion has worked, and to encourage a more really correct type of dog.

What a grand and plucky man Mr. Fellows must be! I am truly grieved to hear of his afflictions, while I admire his splendid pluck and indomitable energy and spirit. Like the British bulldog and cocker spaniel, he evidently cannot be crushed in spirit or in courage while life remains. All honor to such a man, worthy indeed the name of man.
Faithfully yours, W. W. BOULTON.

GREYHOUND IMPORTATION.—Brooklyn, Sept. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Highland Chief (formerly Glen Cary), the great quartered son of Cartoise and Rechobite, arrived in New York, Aug. 31, after a very pleasant trip across the Atlantic. He is one of the most important acquisitions I have ever made to my kennel of greyhounds, and I will omit further remarks, preferring to read the criticisms of both the judges and the sporting press.—H. W. HUNTINGTON (Master McGrath Kennels).

THE RICHMOND SHOW.

GREAT preparations are making for the Richmond show. President Wise says: "The time is propitious, for the open season begins Oct. 15, and by placing the show Oct. 9, 10, 11 and 12, we thereby bring our friends and their dogs to Richmond during the most beautiful season of autumn. We devote three or four days to generous rivalry in exhibiting our animals against theirs, and meanwhile we are forming their acquaintance and arranging to take them home with us and shoot when the season opens. To the Virginian sportsman the opportunity of meeting congenial spirits, becoming acquainted with them, taking them to his country home and extending its hospitalities is a delight, and to the Northern sportsman, who has long desired just such acquaintance, it solves the vexed problem which has so long puzzled him as to where he can get good shooting near home. It is the opportunity of a lifetime to both, and one that no real lover of field sports ought to neglect. The place is fitting in every way.

"Besides the ordinary attractions of bench shows we have added a novel attraction for the success of which we have made most elaborate preparation, and in securing which we have stopped at no expense. We first advertised for live foxes and have secured between thirty and forty well grown red foxes, which we are caring for most sedulously. We then offered premiums for hounds, not only on the bench but for their field performances. The foxhound prizes are: For the best dog or bitch in the show, $10; for the best kennel of foxhounds in the show, $25; for the best specimen of old blue mottled hound, a type nearly extinct and which we desire to preserve, $10; for the best pack of hounds in the field, $150; for the second best pack in the field, $75.

"The general interest in our great hunts has brought us the promise of the following hounds, and many others will doubtless be present: Mr. Edmund Winston's Hanover pack, 20; Mr. John Haws's New Kent pack, 10; the Chesterfield pack, 30; the Henrico pack, 30; Prince George pack, 20; Amelia pack, 15; Prince Edward pack, 15; Coles pack, Albemarle, 15; Garth pack, Albemarle, 15; Byron pack from North Carolina, 10; Senator Ramson's dogs, North Carolina, 10; Wale pack, Louisa, 6; Culpeper pack, 10; Orange pack, 10; total, 216. There are no better dogs afoot than the above. Besides these there will doubtless be others not yet heard from, and we expect to run at least 150 dogs in every run. Mr. William S. Archer, one of our best known fox hunters, has consented to act as master of the hounds, assisted by another well-known fox hunter, Capt. Joseph Hobson, of Powhatan, one of Jeb. Stuart's best and roughest riding cavalrymen, and Mr. Roane Ruffin, of Chesterfield.

The rules governing these hunts are necessarily few, but such as we have been able to formulate are hereto attached. The meet will be near the Exposition Buildings, and the course of the hunt for the first three or four miles will be laid by a live drag. It will lead across a beautiful hunting country, undulating and with plenty of ditches and fence. Starting on the barrens west of the Exposition grounds it will run westwardly and southerly to the James River bottoms, where the drag will be taken up and a fresh fox started. Thence the course will lie in whatever direction he may go until we come to a kill. Probably one hundred riders will take part in each hunt, and as many will be in pink, we will have such fox hunting as has not been seen since Colonial days. We have also ordered one hundred live hares, in order to run the beagles, which will furnish sport for such as do not care for the more violent exercise of fox hunting. If the number of greyhounds exhibited justifies it we also expect to have some coursing.

"Having made these elaborate and expensive preparations for sports on a scale not heretofore known, we confidently call upon our sportsmen friends everywhere to come to our meeting. If they fail to do so we will have to try to amuse ourselves, but do not hope to overcome or conceal our distress and mortification at their absence when we have sought so earnestly and at such great outlay to make our gathering attractive and to enjoy the pleasure of their presence."

EASTERN FIELD TRIALS CLUB.

THE regular meeting of the Eastern Field Trials Club was held at the St. James Hotel, New York, on Tuesday evening of this week. Vice-president Donner, in the absence of Mr. Wilson, occupied the chair. The treasurer reported a cash balance on hand of $3,400, with no indebtedness. The resignations of Dr. R. I. Hampton and Mr. H. E. Hamilton were accepted, Mr. D. S. Gregory's request to be excused from serving on the board of governors while in Europe was laid on the table. Mr. E. R. Wharton of New York was proposed for membership. A letter was read from Mr. J. R. Henrichs, of Pittsburgh, Pa., accepting his appointment as judge at the coming trials. The secretary was instructed to write to Major J. W. Murnan, of Keeling, Tenn., requesting him to act as one of the judges for the All-Aged Pointer Stakes. A general discussion was then held relative to the advisability of adopting a time limit for the running of the heats at the trials, and it was voted that it be added to Rule 21 that each brace shall be run 45 minutes, and if a decision is not then possible the heat shall be continued for 30 minutes, and if not then decided it shall be continued in intervals of 30 minutes until a decision is made. It was also voted that when but three dogs were left in a stake at the beginning of the day the bye dog shall run a side heat at and during the time that the dog with which he will compete is running. The judge of the side heat to be appointed by the regular judges.

DOG AND SKUNK.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I think the case of his dogs Rover and Nero quoted by "J. G. L." in your paper of August 30, hardly bears out the inference he draws that a dog given to killing skunks is thereby impaired as a coon hunting dog. It is probable that the skunk dog does not confine himself to fox or coon trails, and thus wastes time on skunk and other trails that Nero devotes to coons. In our part of the country, hounds run nearly all kinds of game from rabbits to deer, but in nearly every "collection" of hounds (I do not mean "pack") there will be some hounds that can be depended on not to open on anything but a fox or deer trail, and such dogs will naturally strike more fox trails than those who go off on every rabbit, skunk, possum or other trail they may run across. I have known plenty of hounds who would not run rabbit, skunk, otter, possum or wildcat trails, but I never knew one who would not run deer, except in the case of some very old dogs who had learned by experience what a severe experience was the result of going off "after a deer," which has been the death note of many and many a good dog. Cats and otter are nasty customers for hounds to strike, the former generally managing to be the death of some of the leading dogs in the chase, while otters cut them up very badly. However, I have not heard of otters being found near here for several years, and "cats" are much scarcer than they used to be in my younger days. BULGER.

FAYETTE COUNTY, Pa.

SYRACUSE DOG SHOW.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The following classes have been added to those published in our premium list: The greyhound championship class will be divided by sex. A champion class for foxhounds (dogs and bitches), a class for foxhound puppies, a champion class for bull-terrier dogs, the same for bitches, and a puppy class for King Charles spaniels.—E. O. WARD, Secretary.

AMERICAN-ENGLISH BEAGLE CLUB.

To the Members of the A. E. B. C.:

It is customary for the president to issue an annual report, but the interests of our members make this one now (indorsed by the Execucive Committee) advisable. Our club this year applied for membership to and was accepted by the American Kennel Club; this gives us a ruling voice in the A. K. C. and in the conducting of dog interests, and makes us practically part owners of the A. K. C. While such members, it is our duty to support the A. K. C. by not supporting any shows antagonistic or conflicting to it. The mere fact of a club not being a member of the A. K. C. does not necessarily make it antagonistic. The members are advised as above, so they will use their own judgment as to what shows they should support and what not—by exhibiting. The members are requested to read my official letter in the FOREST AND STREAM of Aug. 2, 1888; they will then see why the A. P. D. Club should not be supported by our members. Our club has reached such importance, that its dignity requires that managers of shows select our members for judges, otherwise our members are requested not to support any such shows, as by so doing it will give our club power to enforce the respect due us, and have our standard used. Our club is certainly due the respect and loyalty from its members to not support any judge not a member of our club; loyalty to our interests and welfare demand it.

The Executive Committee have voted to have a club sweepstakes, held at one of the prominent spring shows of 1889, for beagles owned by members and whelped on and after Jan. 1, 1888. Entries to close Jan. 1, 1889, with our secretary. Entrance fee to be $2; 45 per cent. to go to the winner; 20 per cent. to breeder of same; 35 per cent. to second best, and 10 per cent. to third best.

HERMAN F. SCHELLHASS, President.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Please state that the A. E. B. C. will donate two special prizes at the Richmond, Va., dog show, one for best beagle dog and one for best bitch, owned by a member of our club. One of our members has been asked to judge beagles at the show, and that should insure a good showing from those interested in beagles. Rabbits will be provided, so those who wish can have a hunt. W. H. ASHBURNER, Sec'y.

THE INDIANA FIELD TRIALS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. James L. Anthony has printed this note, announcing that he is not to judge at our trials:

"Permit me to say that I shall not judge at said trials, my services having been dispensed with by the club. I have been waiting for them to make the announcement, in justice to the public who made entries on the strength of my name, but I feel I have no right longer to keep silence. I shall allow the Indiana club to give all the correspondence between us to the public; if they don't I will furnish it, and allow the public to come to their own conclusions."

In answer to this, let me say our club informed Mr. Anthony July 24, that his services as judge of our coming trials would not be required. In Mr. Anthony's answer, dated July 26, he says, "I am glad that I can now publicly announce the reason why I am not to judge." At the time Mr. Anthony was thus notified the club decided not to make the announcement public, through respect for his feelings. Since receiving his letter of July 26 we have been patiently awaiting his announcement as promised. We can assure Mr. Anthony that he has our consent to publish everything connected with the case. P. T. MADISON, Secretary.

By order of the Board of Control.

INDIANAPOLIS, Sept. 8.

Entries for the All-Aged Stake of the Indiana Kennel Club close Oct. 1. The stake is open for all pointers and setters with $5 forfeit and $10 additional to fill. The purse and entrance money less the expense will be divided, fifty per cent to first, twenty-five per cent to second and twelve and one half per cent to two equal thirds. The address of the secretary is P. T. Madison, Indianapolis, Ind.

LONDON DOG SHOW.

LONDON, Ont., Sept. 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The London Kennel Club's new bench show building is about finished, and it is the most complete and only one built purposely for bench shows on the continent.

There is every indication that the show will be a grand success. The directors are leaving nothing undone. The dogs will be fed with Spratts Patent. New specials are being donated all the time. Among the latest are: A handsome gold medal valued at $50, donated by the Western Fair Association, of London, Ont., for the best kennel of collies, four or more. A silver cup valued at $40, to be known as the Tecumseh cup, donated by Messrs. McGaw and Winnett, proprietors of the Tecumseh House, for the best pair of English setters owned in the Dominion. The London Kennel Club offer an oil painting valued at $25 and $10 in cash for the best kennel of foxhounds, four or more. There will be special prizes offered in all the classes. Mr. John Davidson, Monroe, Mich., will judge setters, pointers, foxhounds, greyhounds and deerhounds. Mr. J. F. Kirk, of Toronto, Ont., will judge the spaniel classes, and Mr. James Mortimer, of New York, the remaining classes. Entries close Sept. 15, and if necessary dogs will be received Saturday, Sept. 22. Rough St. Bernards will be divided into champion dog or bitch, $10; open dogs, $10 and $5 and diploma, bitches the same; puppies, $7 and $3 and diploma.

C. A. STONE, Manager.

DOG TALK.

WHAT shall we do with the cur dog? For one thing, they are out o' nights on the rampage, and destroy valuable live stock. A note in a late number of the Spring field (Mass.) *Homestead* reports from Belchertown: "Dogs have of late become unusually aggressive and destructive. A fine flock of high-grade Southdowns belonging to Daniel Wilson was raided last week, and all but one, an old buck, destroyed. Calves in pasture near the Dwight Fuller farm belonging to a Mr. Nutting, of South Amherst, were set upon by the same dogs, it is supposed, and either killed outright or injured yast recovery. It is hoped that these dogs may be identified and put where they can do no further damage to our flock and herd. In the meantime, let those who will keep these worse than useless curs, which are only too common and a nuisance to farmers and the public generally, see that they do not stray off their premises.

The *Stock-Keeper* "whispers" of a lady exhibitor as the "dog-loving daughter of a dogly father," and in another column speaks of her as "inheriting evidently the canine inclinings of her father." "Inclinings" is very neat, but we are a bit "dubersome" regarding "dogly."

It is reported that there will be a dog show at Pittsburgh, Pa., this fall. The date is not yet decided upon.

There will be a dog show at Rockford, Ill., Dec. 3 to 8, in connection with the third annual exhibition of the Northern Illinois Poultry and Pet Stock Association. The address of the secretary is A. H. Currier, Rockford, Ill.

By a note printed elsewhere it will be learned that Mr. J. L. Anthony will not judge at the Indiana trials. We are not advised as to why his services have been dispensed with, but it is a mystery to us that a person so intensely incompetent should have been appointed to fill the very responsible position of field trial judge. A person selected to determine the merits of competing dogs in a field trial must be a sportsman, a judge able to see field work and to know it to be good or bad when he does see it, and a gentleman. Mr. Anthony has not these qualifications. He is not a sportsman. We have seen him, when following his expensive imported dogs in the field, shoot at a quail in a tree—the only redeeming feature on this occasion being that he missed his bird. Mr. Anthony's eyesight is so defective that he cannot distinguish one dog from another at a much less distance that a field trial judge is often called upon to see. For this we have only his word, although we have a distinct recollection of strong corroborative proof of it in the many questions and remarks that he bothered us with at the field trials at High Point three years ago. Moreover, even could he see it, he does not know what constitutes good field work. This he fully demonstrated to us upon the occasion referred to, by repeatedly commending the stealing of points and in one instance a break shot, capping the whole by praising one of his dogs for most decidedly quitting his work. Mr. Anthony's claim to the third qualification rests mainly upon his own repeated asseverations—spoken, written and printed—that he is a gentleman. If his own personal testimony to this effect needs any corroboration, it must be sought for in the style of letters he writes; and if further evidence is demanded perhaps it could be had from the stenographer he is said to conceal behind a screen in his office, to take down the conversation when persons call upon him, or from the judge at the last New York show, whose decision Mr. Anthony cursed so loudly and profanely in the ring. On the whole, the Indiana Kennel Club is to be congratulated that they have "dispensed with his services."

The gist of the correspondence between Dr. Perry and Jas. L. Anthony appears to be this: Dr. Perry in a personal letter to Anthony said that President Belmont, of the A. K. C., had expressed a willingness to spend $5,000 to ruin the N. D. C. Called on for his proof, Dr. Perry referred Anthony to Mr. Dawson, from whom he supposed the assertion of this had come. Mr. Dawson denied having made such a statement. Thereupon Dr. Perry did what any gentleman would have done, namely, he wrote to Messrs. Anthony, Belmont, Dawson and the only two other persons to whom the assertion had been repeated by him, withdrawing it in a frank and manly fashion which did him credit. There the whole matter, correction having been fully made, might well enough have been dropped, but the man who conceals stenographers behind a screen in his office to take down what is said when gentlemen call on him, insisted on making public the entire correspondence, the letter marked "personal" and all; Dr. Perry sends it to us and we print it.

We are free to confess that all the fuss about whether Mr. August Belmont, Jr., did or did not say he would give $5,000 to ruin the National Dog Club is superfluous. Mr. Belmont, in support of his attempt to ruin the Buffalo show having made a false statement about the FOREST AND STREAM, and having been content to have the exposure of his falsehood pinned to him all these weeks, is presumably not over squeamish about a little thing like the $5,000 rumor.

In our last issue we reported on insufficient information that Buffalo had over 400 entries. It now appears that there are over 500. Mr. August Belmont, Jr.'s, falsehood about the FOREST AND STREAM, therefore, appears to have been even more futile than we reported it. Now that the Buffalo show has demonstrated that threatening bluster and boycotting and plottings in the dark, backed up by falsehood, are not potent instruments for attaining desired ends in kennel affairs, why can we not have something better? Why is it not time for a clearer atmosphere? Why may the A. K. C. manipulators not judiciously abandon their unseemly tricks and devices and try fair play? In short, why is it not practicable from this time forth for them to work in a square and manly fashion, as the National Dog Club promoters appear to have done from the first?

Entries for the All-Aged Pointer, All-Aged Setter and Champion Stakes of the Eastern Field Trial Club close Oct. 1. The trials will begin at High Point, Nov. 15 with the Members' Stake, entries for which close the night before the running. We are advised that quail are very abundant on the grounds of the club and that they are well grown, so there will be no delay from lack of birds. We have no doubt that each stake will be well filled, in fact for the past few years there have been too many starters and both Derby and All-Aged Stakes will soon become unwieldly if something is not done to limit the number of entries. The Members' Stake, as we have often said, should be the most important event of the meeting and we hope to see each member come to the post this year with his best dog and show the outsiders that they are lucky in having their dogs in the other stakes.

DISTEMPER.—I.

ALTHOUGH the term "distemper," or its equivalent in other languages, is used to denote a somewhat complicated disorder to which dogs are subject, it is occasionally applied to maladies of other domesticated animals, when the disease in question is prevalent and marked by a certain series of symptoms which are easily recognized; in fact, the word may be used as synonymous with "disease," on condition that the reference is limited to characteristic and general disorders.

Canine distemper (*la maladie* of the French) is popularly considered to be one of the ills to which the whole race is heir. Like measles or whooping-cough in the human subject, the disease is essentially a peril of the earlier life, although age does not confer absolute immunity. All dogs are presumed to have distemper some time in their existence, and one attack is looked upon as a guarantee—at least to some extent—that the creature is safe for the future. Probably most dogs do escape with a single attack, but the instances of a second or even a third appearance of the disease in the same animal are numerous enough, as all practical men are aware.

No doubt can be entertained that distemper is a contagicus disorder, and it is also certain that its communicability is not limited to the animals of the same family. Carnivorous creatures are its special victims, and the affection may be transmitted from dogs to cats, and *vice versa*. Ferrets also suffer very severely.

In regard to the fatality of distemper, it may be remarked that different breeds of dogs and varying conditions of management are among the modifying circumstances which materially affect the results. Dogs which are kept in a natural state—the street dog, for example—seem to take distemper as an incident in their lives which causes very little disturbance in their habits. The other extreme—the toy spaniel—exhibits the affection in its most exaggerated form, and only escapes with its life at the cost of much suffering, and often the establishment of some chronic malady, which it carries with it to the end. Newfoundland dogs, especially in their period of puppyhood, always have distemper in a severe form, and the mortality among them is great, even under the most favorable circumstances.

Assuming that distemper is a purely contagious affection, which is a reasonable conclusion from the facts in the history of the disease, no question can arise as to the causes which produce it. Spontaneous origin or development, as the consequence of unsanitary conditions, are excluded altogether from consideration, and every case must be referred to infection from a previous case.

Objections to the view of the contagious origin of distemper are urged by some observers, and they possess a certain force. For instance, it is asked, How did the first case arise? What evidence of the present infection can be adduced in the majority of animals attacked? These questions are equally pertinent in respect to contagious diseases generally. Outbreaks of cattle plague, foot-and-mouth disease, pleuropneumonia and swine fever occur under conditions which seem to exclude the idea of contagion; nevertheless, no well informed persons doubt the fact of contagion existing, even when it cannot be traced.

SYMPTOMS OF DISTEMPER.—At the commencement of the attack distemper is not to be distinguished from an ordinary cold or a slight degree of indigestion. The dog is dull and listless, the appetite is lost, thirst is present, the eyes are watery and very sensitive to light, sneezing is frequent, and sometimes sickness is a marked symptom; a dry cough is sometimes present in many cases; but there is nothing in the early signs of the disease which are absolutely definite, and the owner of the sick animal will generally look upon the disorder as an ordinary cold, and his conclusion will be correct in most cases.

Sometimes an attack of distemper ceases after the development of the early signs, and it may be doubtful whether the affection was the specific malady or a simple catarrh; but in the majority of instances the progress of the affection will soon place the matter beyond all question. The discharges from the eyes and nose become more profuse and thicker, emaciation proceeds rapidly, often diarrhœa sets in, and the dog is soon reduced to a pitiful plight.

In the last stage of the common cattarrh form of distemper, an apparently serious complication occurs in some cases. The eyes become opaque, the cornea is ulcerated, and the contents of the anterior chamber flows out, giving rise to the impression that the sight is entirely destroyed. These cases are more alarming in their general aspect than actually dangerous, and long experience has proved that no notice need be taken of the local disease, nor should any kind of treatment be adopted in regard to the affected organs. As the animal improves in condition under a proper regimen, the eyes gradually recover their healthy state, and finally show no sign of having suffered.

Treatment of the common form of distemper may be commenced by giving an emetic. This is an old-fashioned system of proceeding, dating back to the days of Youatt and Blaine, who probably derived it from the rougher practice of the dog fanciers of their period, among whom a dose of the black sulphuret of mercury or a spoonful of salt was the remedy for all forms of indisposition.

Dogs are very susceptible to the action of emetics, and the agents which are used—tartar emetic and calomel—exercise an alterative and laxative influence at the same time, without causing any irritation of the digestive organs. In all cases the dose of the emetic should be small, but obviously the range must be rather extensive, having regard to the great difference in the size of the smallest and largest of the canine race. From half a grain to four or five grains of the agents will be sufficient to produce the desired effect. Calomel and tartar emetic may be mixed together in equal parts, as the effects are more certain than when either agent is given alone.

After an emetic has acted, a mild alterative and sedative powder may be given once or twice a day, as the state of the case requires. Dover's powder, a compound of sulphate of potash, opium and ipecacuanha, or Dr. James's antimonial, will be useful in doses of two to five grains, and if a purgative should be required, a teaspoonful to half an ounce of castor oil is the safest and most effective agent which can be used.

Dietetic treatment is always an important feature in canine medical practice, and, joined with good nursing, will effect much which would be unattainable by the aid of medicine alone. In a disease which causes debility of a pronounced kind as distemper does, the food should be nutritious and at the same time concentrated, and nothing can be better adapted to meet these requirements than the preparations which are constantly used in medical practice, as meat extracts, peptonized foods and pancreatic emulsions. These remedies give to the veterinary practitioner immense advantages in treating the diseases of dogs which cannot be extended to the larger patients. Stimulants are sometimes useful in the debilitative stage of distemper, and brandy or port wine may conveniently be combined with the prepared foods before named when the animal's flagging powers require to be roused into activity. As the appetite improves, with returning strength, solid food may be given in small quantities, and it is well to recollect that the digestive system of the dog is better adapted to the digestion of meat than vegetable food; but the sick dog is often as fanciful as his owner in regard to the selection of his diet, and as convalescence advances, it is desirable to consult the animal's taste as far as possible.—*London Field.*

THE OVERMASTERING PASSION.—Chester, S. C., Sept. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am requested to send you the inclosed note from the *Bulletin* of this town. The two fox hunters named are known to me, and I can also vouch for the incident of the old fox hunter being stirred by the preacher's mention of foxes. The *Bulletin* says: "Messrs. John McIver and B. J. Randall, of this town, left for the lower part of Lancaster nearly four weeks ago with their fine pack of hounds, to indulge in the sport of fox hunting. They carried eleven dogs, all young, and with little training. With these they caught thirteen foxes and put three in their holes. This is a most wonderful performance, and establishes the reputation of this young pack as being the finest in the country. Mr. McIver thinks that a young Tennessee dog, called Bellman, is the best dog of his years he ever saw. Surely fox hunting is the most absorbing of all sports. Here are two gentlemn, not by any means young, throwing down business and giving themselves up to the excitement of the chase for three weeks with all the enthusiasm of boys, while the thermometer was ranging in the neighborhood of 100 degrees. We knew a gentleman living not far from this county, who was a most devoted fox hunter. He was one Sunday night at church and the preacher read about foxes making their dens in the ruins of Nineveh and Babylon. At this the fox hunter took his hat and left the church. As the last stroke of 12 was sounded on the clocks, his horn was heard high in the still night air calling his dogs to the field. Of such stuff are our two nimrods of Chester made."—S. P. H.

ITHACA DOG SHOW.—Ithaca, N. Y., Sept. 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:*—At the annual fair of the Tompkins County Agricultural Society held in this city, the present week, a not particularly robust exhibition of canines was made on the second day. Although the affair was hastily devised, the exhibit was, for a first one, very creditable. A handsome litter of mastiff puppies, two months old, was shown. A litter of well bred beagles also attracted much attention. A number of choice appearing St. Bernards were sandwiched in among the mild-mannered mastiffs and beagles, the whole forming an attractive feature of the society's forty-fifth entertainment. Perhaps this small beginning will lead up to greater things. Who knows?—M. C. HILLICK.

EDITORIAL HONOR.—*Editor Forest and Stream: Turf, Field and Farm* of Aug. 24 has a communication on Dr. Perry, and an editorial referring to the same. In both Mr. J. Otis Fellows is described in a manner that, to put it mildly, is very disparaging. I do not know that Mr. Fellows' reputation will suffer thereby, but it is well to point out that Mr. Fellows is very nearly, if not quite, the oldest breeder and exhibitor in the country. When a man has been before the doggy public as long as Mr. Fellows has he can afford to laugh at attempts of newcomers and brash editors to damage his reputation, which has stood unchallenged so long. But in the very same number of that paper is an extract from a letter from Dr. W. W. Boulton, which letter was written to me. As I was then without Dr. Boulton's permission to publish this letter, I was extremely indignant at its appearance, and immediately wrote Mr. Fellows inquiring how it happened, and he replied that he told the editor that the letter was not to be published until I had permission. I may say that I sent Dr. Boulton's letter to Mr. Fellows, as it strongly indorsed the position Mr. Fellows has always held as to cocker spaniels, and was a reply to a letter of Mr. Fellows to me, which I had sent Dr. Boulton. Now mark you, the very same issue that contains the letter of Dr. Boulton, given the editor in confidence, which confidence was shamefully violated, contained an attack on Mr. Fellows in terms that I need not characterize, as every acquaintance of Uncle Dick's will do that mentally to his heart's content.—W. WADE (Hulton, Pa., Sept. 1).

A CONNECTICUT KENNEL CLUB.—Bridgeport, Conn., Sept. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Will you please state that there will be a meeting held at the Atlantic Hotel, Bridgeport, Conn., on Tuesday, Sept. 18, at 8 P. M., for the purpose of organizing a Connecticut State Kennel Club. We would like to see as many present at the meeting as possible, and should be pleased to receive the names of all parties interested and desirous of becoming members who cannot attend. We might also state that it is the intention of those now interested in the club to join the A. K. C. as soon as organized. Address communications to A. R. KYLE, South Norwalk, or DR. JAS. E. HAIR, Bridgeport, Conn.

OMAHA SHOW.—Omaha, Neb., Sept. 6.—The dog exhibit at the fair is a small one but attracts considerable attention. It consists mainly of bulldogs and everybody, of course, considers his own the finest in the lot. Arthur Rothery has two water spaniels and one hairless Mexican dog. A. J. Wells also has a water spaniel. All the rest are bulldogs. Two of these are owned by Ed Rothery, five by William A. Nightingale, two by Charles Stokes and one each by the following named gentlemen: Bob Clancey, William Carlin, Doc Tanner, John Prince, John Christensen, Colonel W. H. Beck, Otto Lund, H. J. Wells.

CANADIAN KENNEL CLUB.—London, Ont., Sept. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* All Canadian dog owners and those who are interested in the subject are requested to attend a meeting to be held Wednesday, Sept. 26, at 3.30 P. M., in the beach show building of the Western Fair Grounds, to consider the advisability of forming a Canadian Kennel Association and getting out a kennel register for the Dominion.—C. A. STONE, Manager London Kennel Club.

KENNEL NOTES.

Notes must be sent on prepared blanks, which are furnished free on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope of large letter size. Sets of 200 of any one form, bound for retaining duplicates, are sent for 30 cents.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Bessie King. By A. W. Smith, Buffalo, N. Y., for black and tan terrier bitch, whelped April 24, 1888, by King (A.K.R. 6358) out of Gipsey Queen (A.K.R. 5028).

Lillian Buckellew, Rod's Ruby and Countess Buckellew. By F. G. Taylor and G. G. Davis, Philadelphia, Pa., for black, white and tan, orange and white and lemon and white English setter bitches, whelped July 6, 1888, by Buckellew (Druid—Ruby) out of Rodreka (Roderigo—Gem).

Village Bell. By Warner & Hamilton, Canaan Four Corners, N. Y., for fawn, black marks, pug bitch, whelped Aug. 7, 1888, by Cricket (Tuck—Toodles) out of Trinket (Dandy—Pansy Blossom).

Buttercup and Smarty. By Warner & Hamilton, Canaan Four Corners, N. Y., for sable and black, white and tan collie bitches, whelped July 13, 1888, by champion Clipper (Eclipse—Nesta) out of Nellie McGregor (champion Rex—Juno).

Rialto Hustler, Rialto Laddie and Rialto Lassie. By W. J. Middleton, Somerville, Mass., for greyhounds, two dogs and one bitch, whelped May 2, 1888, by Waldo out of Spice.

Teddy, Ben, Shy and Bijou. By W. H. Murphy, Ogdensburg, N. Y., for white, black and tan fox-terriers, two dogs and two bitches, whelped June 6, 1888, by Sport out of Shy (Keen—imported Nettles).

NAMES CHANGED.

Neva B. to Rural Neva. By Rural Kennels, Wakefield, Mass., for lemon and white English setter bitch, by Pride of Dixie (champion Gladstone—Countess Druid) out of Fairy Belle (champion Plantagenet—Fairy III.).

BRED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Dot—Red Rover. Curry & Parks's (Beason, Ill.) collie bitch Dot (A.K.R. 2709) to their Red Rover (Red Gauntlet—Bredna), Aug. 25.

Rhea—Rebel, Jr. Dr. W. A. Strother's (Lynchburg, Va.) English setter bitch Rhea (Dashing Rover—Leah) to A. Dill's Rebel, Jr. (Roderigo—Bo Peep), Sept. 1.

Jill—Jockey. W. J. Middleton's (Somerville, Mass.) Clumber spaniel bitch Jill (Spot—Eyrie's Judy) to H. W. Windram's imported Jockey, July 8.

Bess I.—Jockey. W. J. Middleton's (Somerville, Mass.) Clumber spaniel bitch Bess I. (Jockey—Romp) to H. W. Windram's imported Jockey, July 2.

Tough—Nero. C. E. Living's (Ottawa, Can.) cocker spaniel bitch Tough (Wildair—Belle) to D. Holbrook's Nero (Jet—Rita), Aug. 20.

Dot—Robin. H. F. Gordon's (Woodstock, Ont.) cocker spaniel bitch Dell (Master Shina—Muggins) to A. Laidlaw's Robin (champion Obo II.—Woodstock Dinah), Sept. 5.

Devon Beauty—Robin. A. Laidlaw's (Woodstock, Ont.) cocker spaniel bitch Devon Beauty (Lad o' Devon—Woodstock Dinah) to his Robin (champion Obo II.—Woodstock Dinah), Aug. 13.

Woodstock Ada—Robin. A. Laidlaw's (Woodstock, Ont.) cocker spaniel bitch Woodstock Ada (champion Obo II.—Woodstock Dinah) to his Robin (champion Obo II.—Woodstock Dinah), July 16.

Yarrow—Robin. B. J. Rae's (Woodstock, Ont.) cocker spaniel bitch Yarrow (Master Shina—Woodstock Nellie) to A. Laidlaw's Robin (champion Obo II.—Woodstock Dinah), July 21.

Woodstock Nellie—Robin. B. J. Rae's (Woodstock, Ont.) cocker spaniel bitch Woodstock Nellie (Obo, Jr.—Laidlaw's Belle) to A. Laidlaw's Robin (champion Obo II.—Woodstock Dinah), July 5.

Nell Bright—Sensation. F. F. Dole's (New Haven, Conn.) bull-terrier bitch Nell Bright (Bendigo—Daisy) to his Sensation (Bulrush—Fancy), Aug. 2.

Bertha—Sensation. John Whitaker's (Philadelphia, Pa.) bull-terrier bitch Bertha (Dutch, Jr.—Young Venom) to F. F. Dole's Sensation (Bulrush—Fancy), June 22.

WHELPS.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Nightshade. Somerset Kennels' (Bernardsville, N. J.) beagle bitch Nightshade (Joff—imported Lulu), July 6, five (three dogs), by their Jupiter (champion Lee—Saad).

Cloud. Somerset Kennels' (Bernardsville, N. J.) beagle bitch Cloud (champion Lee—Countess), July 4, six (three dogs), by their Jupiter (champion Lee—Saad).

Blossom. Harry S. Gilbert's (Millersburg, Pa.) beagle bitch Blossom (A.K.R. 5711), Sept. 2, six (five dogs), by A. C. Krueger's champion Bannerman (A.K.R. 1709); all white, black and tan.

Shultz. Chas. A. Paetzel's (Hope, Ind.) pointer bitch Shultz (Clipper—Bow Queen), May 20, eight (six dogs), by Ed Shultz's Fowler (Osborn Ale—Vanity).

Rural Neva. Rural Kennels' (Wakefield, Mass.) English setter bitch Rural Neva (Pride of Dixie—Fairy Belle), Sept. 3, nine (five dogs), by F. A. Patch's Leigh Belton (Yale Belton—Princess Lilly).

Roxie. H. F. Smith's (Philadelphia, Pa.) Gordon setter bitch Roxie (Turk—Nixie), Aug. 27, eleven (seven dogs), by S. G. Dixon's Little Boy (Pilot—Elv).

Muggins. J. A. Spracklin's (Woodstock, Ont.) cocker spaniel bitch Muggins (champion Brahmin—Gipsy), Aug. 11, five (three dogs), by A. Laidlaw's Master Shina (Young Obo—champion Shina).

Shy. Wm. H. Murphy's (Ogdensburg, N. Y.) fox-terrier bitch Shy (Keen—imported Nettles), June 6, four (two dogs), by Hugh Morrison's Sport.

Bowstring. Beaverwyck Kennels' (Albany, N. Y.) fox-terrier bitch Bowstring (Resolute—Blemton Arrow), Aug. 30, one dog, by Blemton Kennels' Bacchanal.

Moonshine. Beaverwyck Kennels' (Albany, N. Y.) fox-terrier bitch Moonshine (The Moonstone—Media), Aug. 24, six (one dog), by Blemton Kennels' Dusky Trap.

SALES.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Ben Lomond (A.K.R. 3701)—Dot (A.K.R. 2709) whelps. Collies, age not given, by Curry & Parks, Beason, Ill., a dog each to J. Crayton, Lacon, Ill.; E. S. Hobart, Hedrick, Ind.; and a bitch each to A. Weber, Hickory Withe, Tenn.; J. Morris, Chillicothe, Mo., and W. S. Powers, St. Louis, Mo.

Ben Lomond (A.K.R. 3701)—Belle Clifton (A.K.R. 1564) whelps. Collies, age not given, by Curry & Parks, Beason, Ill., a dog each to John Morris, Chillicothe, Mo.; E. Hounsfield, Louisville, Ky.; S. C. Gilbert, Plymouth; Ill.; J. P. Marshall, Vermont, Ill.; G. B. Hippee, Des Moines, Ia.; C. Shafer, Waynesville, Ill., and a bitch to W. S. Powers, St. Louis, Mo.

Dr. Cloud (A.K.R. 5599)—Fanny whelp. Collie dog, age not given, by Curry & Parks, Beason, Ill., to D. Morris, Lanark, Ill.

Lackie. Collie bitch, age not given, by Ben Lomond out of Dot, by Curry & Parks, Beason, Ill., to S. W. Blue, Spring Grove, Ky.

Maud. Collie bitch, age not given, by Ben Lomond out of Dot, by Curry & Parks, Beason, Ill., to T. G. Huston, Morganfield, Ky.

Rialto Hunter. Greyhound dog, whelped May 20, 1888, by Waldo out of Spice, by W. J. Middleton, Somerville, Mass., to G. A. Willard, same place.

Rialto Lassie. Greyhound bitch, whelped May 20, 1888, by Waldo out of Spice, by W. J. Middleton, Somerville, Mass., to W. H. Ranlett, Rockland, Me.

Leo. Fawn, black points, mastiff dog, whelped January, 1886, by Nevison out of McMurray's Bess, by A. Laidlaw, Woodstock, Ont., to John Mitchell, Brantford, Ont.

Ashmont Lioness. Fawn, black points, mastiff bitch, age not given, by champion Hero II. out of Delph Viva, by A. Laidlaw, Woodstock, Ont., to John Mitchell, Brantford, Ont.

Rusche. Light fawn mastiff dog, whelped Jan. 2, 1888, by Beech Grove Toby out of Beech Grove Gabrielle, by Geo. Jackson, Beech Grove, Ind., to Orton Gifford, Wahpeton, Dak.

King Dan. Liver, white markings, pointer dog, whelped Jan. 29, 1885, by Jimmie out of Temptation, by I. N. Cochran, Philadelphia, Pa., to M. L. Fisher, Danville, Pa.

Limonis. Lemon, white and ticked pointer bitch, age not given, by Jake out of May, by G. A. Avery, Franklin, Mass., to W. J. Middleton, Somerville, Mass.

Cricket—Trinket whelp. Fawn, black marks, pug bitch, whelped Aug. 7, 1888, by Warner & Hamilton, Canaan Four Corners, N.Y., to Henry A. Allen, jr., Albany, N. Y.

Fancy. Tawny and white St. Bernard bitch, whelped May 20, 1888, by Brunswick out of Mariam, by Elmwood Kennels, South Framingham, Mass., to W. P. Clark, same place.

Nona. Brindle and white St. Bernard bitch, whelped May 27, 1888, by Monte Rosa out of Kron, by J. R. Teague, South Framingham, Mass., to Chas. Messenger, Natick, Mass.

Spot. Tawny and white St. Bernard bitch, whelped May 20, 1888, by Brunswick out of Mariam, by Elmwood Kennels, South Framingham, Mass., to Adolphus Cole, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Brunswick—Mariam whelp. Tawny and white St. Bernard bitch, whelped May 20, 1888, by J. R. Teague, South Framingham, Mass., to Chas. Heim, New York.

Rachael. Tawny and white St. Bernard bitch, whelped May 20, 1888, by Brunswick out of Mariam, by J. R. Teague, South Framingham, Mass., to S. L. Knight, South Royalston, Mass.

Reka of Graystone. St. Bernard bitch, whelped March 10, 1888, by Jupiter of Clover Patch out of Reka, by Hospice Kennels, Arlington, N. J., to Geo. J. Geer, Summit, N. J., and resold by him to H. Willets, Graystone, Irvington, N. Y.

Rod's Ruby. Orange and white English setter bitch, whelped July 6, 1888, by Buckellew out of Rodreka, by F. G. Taylor and G. G. Davis, Philadelphia, Pa., to Adolfo Munoz, same place.

Gun (A.K.R. 1533)—Dora Gladstone whelps. Black, white and tan English setter dogs, whelped June 4, 1888, by Chas. York, Bangor, Me., one each to W. A. Dilks, Hammonton, N. J., and Dr. F. D. Brown, Mt. Morris, N. Y.

Distract. Black and tan Gordon setter, whelped Dec. 18, 1883, by Argus (A.K.R. 230) out of Belle, by A. Laidlaw, Woodstock, Ont., to Dr. J. B. Enos, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Elcho's Tilly. Red Irish setter bitch, age not given, by Lance out of Music, by A. P. Knight, Wakefield, Mass., to W. J. Middleton, Somerville, Mass.

Bess II. Red and white Clumber spaniel bitch, age not given, by Johnny out of Bess I., by H. W. Windram, Boston, Mass., to W. J. Middleton, Somerville, Mass.

Bess I. Red and white Clumber spaniel bitch, age not given, by Jockey out of Romp, by H. W. Windram, Boston, Mass., to W. J. Middleton, Somerville, Mass.

Jill. Red and white Clumber spaniel bitch, age not given, by Spot out of Judy, by H. W. Windram, Boston, Mass., to W. J. Middleton, Somerville, Mass.

Robin—Frisk whelp. Black cocker spaniel dog, whelped June 10, 1888, by A. Laidlaw, Woodstock, Ont., to Fred C. Laird, Chicago, Ill.

King—Gipsey Queen whelp. Black and tan terrier dog, whelped April 24, 1888, by A. W. Smith, Buffalo, N. Y., to T. S. Gill, same place.

Teddy. White, black and tan marks, fox-terrier dog, whelped June 6, 1888, by Sport out of Shy, by Wm. H. Murphy, Ogdensburg, N. Y., to John McRoberts, same place.

Sly. White, black and tan marks, fox-terrier bitch, whelped June 6, 1888, by Sport out of Shy, by Wm. H. Murphy, Ogdensburg, N. Y., to Jos. Wellett, St. Albans, Vt.

Dauntless. White and tan markings fox-terrier dog, whelped Sept. 4, 1887, by Resolute out of Blemton Arrow, by Beverwyck Kennels, Albany, N. Y., to E. G. Curtis, Schenectady, N. Y.

Statistics show, says a London paper, that Austria is still the finest sporting country in Europe. The number of preserves in Austria alone, not counting those in Hungary, is stated at 15,764, and on these there were shot in 1887 32 bears, 113 wolves, 24 lynxes, 9,490 stags, 60,252 roebucks, 7,709 chamois, 2,998 wild boars, 26,411 foxes, 9,729 polecats, 1,055 otters, 2,672 badgers, 333 marmots, and no less than 1,439,134 hares. Wild rabbits are scarce in this country, and are not counted in the general record, but 27,797 were shot in Bohemia, where there are most warrens. The totals for feathered game are: 4,498 grouse, 1,300 wild geese, 102,748 pheasants, 1,336,934 partridges, 34,448 quails, 12,652 woodcock, 7,614 snipe, and 28,914 wild ducks. The birds of prey shot were 561 eagles, 38,610, owls, 1,365 horned owls, and 106,353 hawks, kestrels, kites, and vultures. The value of the game shot is reckoned at 1,080,000 fl., or about £86,800.

A DINING CAR LINE TO THE PACIFIC COAST.—The completion of the all rail line between Portland, Ore., and San Francisco gives the Pacific coast traveler an opportunity to patronize the famous Dining Car and Yellowstone Park Line, the Northern Pacific Railroad. The sportsman traveling in the West, whether a lover of the rod or gun, naturally seeks this road, penetrating as it does the lake park region of Minnesota, and running through the valleys of such trout streams as the Yellowstone, Gallatin, Hell Gate, Clark's Fork, Spokane, Yakima and Green Rivers, for a distance of fully 1,500 miles, as well as lying immediately contiguous to the finest hunting grounds in the United States, viz., The Big Horn, Snowy Belt, Bitter Root, Coeur D'Alene and Cascade Mountains. Information in regard to this region can be obtained by addressing CHARLES S. FEE, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, N.R. R., P. St. Paul, Minn.—*Adv.*

WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 24, 1888.—*The U. S. Cartridge Co., Lowell, Mass.:* Gentlemen—I have used about 10,000 of your Climax paper shells this year, and not a single bursted head. As long as you keep them up to their present high standard I will continue to use them in preference to all other makes. Very respectfully (Signed) JAMES M. GREEN, of Green & Cunningham.—*Adv.*

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

THE CANADIAN WIMBLEDON.

OTTAWA, Sept. 3.—A better day for the opening matches of the Canadian Wimbledon meet could not have been desired—a clear sky, a light wind, which only occasionally was inclined to be tricky, but which tempered the sun's rays, a total absence of smoke from bush fires and every detail of the meet. The number of competitors is somewhat smaller than last year, numbering 318, as against 363, but the number of entries is slightly in excess. Some old faces are missing, but to compensate therefor there are quite a number of new ones.

Every province is represented at the matches. British Columbia sends a team of five, Manitoba ten, Prince Edward's Island ten, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick about thirty each, and the rest, forming the great bulk of the competitors, come from Ontario and Quebec. The three hundred men compete for cash prizes amounting to $7,200, trophies in the shape of challenge cups, valued at nearly $3,000, also a number of handsome medals and badges. There are fifteen individual matches on the programme including the "extra series," or those in which a competitor is allowed as many trials as he chooses to pay for. The prizes average about 60 to each match.

The goal for which every rifleman strives is a place on the Wimbledon team, this being the reward which falls to the twenty having the highest aggregate in certain specified matches.

The arrangements with regard to the camp ground and ranges are much the same as last year. A large number of competitors are under canvas.

Thirty-eight targets have been prepared for the meeting, and as the firing is done by pairs at each, accommodation is thus afforded for 76 men to proceed with their shooting at the same time.

Lieut.-Col. Mattice, of Montreal, is chief range officer, and is assisted by Capt. McNachton, of the Cobourg Garrison Artillery, Capt. Atkinson, Montreal, and Capt. Hodgins, Capt. Aumond, Lieut. Winter and Lieut. Shannon, of Ottawa.

Col. Bacon, the energetic secretary, is constantly on the ground and in great demand. He is assisted by Mr. L. S. Burpee, Capt. Hubbell, Lieut. Todd and Mr. Phillips. Major Walsh, of the 43d, is statistical officer, his assistants being Messrs. C. C. Rogers and F. A. Jackson.

Three matches were finished to-day, for there was an uninterrupted pop of the rifles from 8:30 to 6 o'clock.

Bankers' match, 5 shots, 200yds., for non-prize winners:

Pvt Buchanan, 22d	23	Dr Hutchinson, O R C	20
Sergt Macklin, 90th	22	Sergt Sylvester, 45th	20
Pvt Henderson, 13th	21	Pvt Longuenil, 63d	20
Lieut Vermillyea, 15th	21	Pvt Lough, 43d	20
Sergt Hanna, 50th	20	Mr Slade, O R C	20

Eleven 14's counted out.

Macdougall Challenge Cup.—The cup presented by Lady Macdougall. The cup to be the property of the member winning it twice consecutively. Ranges 400 and 600yds., five rounds at each range, Snider rifles:

Lieut Brown, 12th Batt	44	Sergt-Major Crean, Q O R	41
Capt Cox, retired list	44	Pvt Sutherland, Foot Guards	40
Pvt McVittie, R G	44	Staff-Sergt Jamieson, 43rd	40
Sergt Keddy, 68th	43	Capt Whitman, 60th	40
Lieut Dover, 78th	43	Staff-Sergt Lewis, Q O R	40
Capt Bruce, R G	43	Pvt Bartlett, 47th	40
Pvt McNeill, Q O R	43	Lieut Spearing, 53rd	40
Col-Sergt Dalrymple, 5th R S	43	Lieut Stewart, P E I G A	40
Lieut McIntyre, 91st	41	Staff-Sergt Curzon, R G	40
Lieut Wagmore, 74th	41	Pvt Beach, 45th	40
Staff-Sergt Wynne, R S	41	Paymaster Russel, 45th	40
Major Thomas, 54th	41		

The Rideau Match, open to members of the association, range 600yds., seven rounds, Martini rifle, any position:

Pvt Buchanan, 22nd	33	Pvt Gillies, 90th	30
Mr Rolph, Ottawa R C	33	Staff-Sergt Carbin, 63rd	30
Major Wilson, retired list	32	Capt Hartt, St John Rifles	30
Gunner Loggie, Newcastle	31	Corp Crow, Wellington, F B	30
Sergt-Major Gray, 74th	31	Major Weston, 56th	30
Pvt Taylor, 43rd	30	Mr Slade, Ottawa R C	30
Lieut McFarlane, 50th	30	Capt Thompson, 62nd	30

One 26 counted out.

Sept. 4.—Fine, clear weather again favored the competitors at the D. R. A. matches to-day. A boisterous wind, which blew in gusts sometimes right down the range, and often from the right rear, prevented any tall scoring. The opening match to-day was the manufacturers'. A score of 33 won the first prize both last year and this. To-day's shooting, however, on the whole was better throughout the match, as is evidenced by the figures, the lowest score being 24 last year, with 19 24's counted out, while to-day 28 was the lowest, with 8 28's counted out. The shooting in the Ouimet match was a little better than last year, Staff-Sergt. Clarke, 53d, winning with 34 out of a possible 35, whereas the winning score last year was 33. Last year there were 18 24's counted out, while this year some 23's came in.

The Manufacturers' match, value $585, open to members of the association, range 500yds., 7 rounds, Snider rifles:

Capt Corbin, 63	33	Corp McAvity, St John Rifles	31
Pvt Smith, 6th	33	Pvt Higgison, 43d	31
Major Anderson, 43d	32	Pvt Lavers, 60th	31
Capt Brown, 54th	32	Lieut Desbarats, 3d V R	31
Trump Booth, 8th Cav	32	Sergt-Maj Creap, Q O R	31
Capt Weeks, Charl'tn Eng'rs	32	Maj Garrison, H G A	31
Sergt Huntington, 56th	31	Piper Sergt Clarke, 5th Royals	31
Pvt Waters, 6th	31	Sergt Harp, Q O R	31
Sergt Crooks, Q O R	31	Sergt Kennedy, Q O R	31
Lieut Healy, 54th	31		

Eight 28 s counted out.

The Ouimet Match.—Value $515, open, $100 contributed by Col. Ouimet, M.P., and $415 by the D.R.A., range 600yds., Martini-Henri rifles:

Staff-Sergt Clarke, 53d	34	Lieut Stewart, P E I G A	29
Lance-Corp Hawkens, 8th	31	Strff-Sergt King, 45th	29
Lieut Smith, 32d	30	Col-Sergt McCrae, P W R	29
Pvt Armstrong, G G F G	30	Capt Hartt, St. John Rifle	29
Pvt Wilson, 31st	30	Staff-Sergt Mitchell, R G	28

Seventeen 23's counted out.

The Gzowski Match.—There were 12 entries for the Gzowski match, and the greatest interest was taken even by competitors in the result. Montrealers were very proud of the victory of the Royal Scots. The Queen's Own Rifles took the last prize, while the Royal Grenadiers, who did so well at Toronto, were tenth on the list.

Gzowski Military Match—For the Gzowski challenge cup and $200 added by the D.R.A.; open to one section of five men, non-commissioned officers and rank and file, either or both from any one regiment or troop of cavalry, battery or brigade of artillery, battalion or independent company of the active militia of Canada, schools of cavalry, gunnery and infantry and cadets of the Royal Military College, Kingston, 20 rounds, volley firing, 5 rounds, independent firing, 5 skirmishing.

5th Royal Scots	338	3d Victoria Rifles	312
Gov.-Gen.'s Foot Guards	315	43d Battalion	306
8th Royal Rifles	312	Queen's Own Rifles	303

The 10th Royal Grenadiers made 266 points and were tenth on the list.

British challenge shield, presented by auxiliary forces of Great Britain to active militia of Canada and $25 added by Sir Fred. Middletonand $75 by the D.R.A.; open to teams of four men in the Gzowski military match, 20 rounds per man, fired advancing and retiring: Governor-General's Foot guards (first team) 240, 5th Royal Scots 231, Queen's Own Rifles 224, 43d Batalion (first team) 208. There were 13 entries in this match.

In the evening there was a competitors meeting, at which Lieut.-Col. Wm. White, of the 43d Battalion, presided. The feature of the meeting was that there were no complaints in regard to Snider ammunition as in former years. Quite contrary, a resolution was moved conveying thanks to Sir Adolphe Caron, Minister of Militia, who had heeded the complaints of the riflemen of the Dominion, and had moreover succeeded in removing their cause.

Sergt. Doyle, of Halifax, was anxious that the two sighting shots which were formerly allowed should be revived, but his proposal did not meet with much favor.

Capt. Sherwood secured the unanimous support of the meeting for a motion that matches should not be arranged for both Snider and Martini-Henry rifles, and that matches should be so grouped that only one rifle would be required each day.

Sept. 5.—The ranges in the Minister of Militia's match having been changed from 500 to 600yds. to 400 and 500, the scoring was consequently much higher than last year. Capt. Sherwood of the Guards, topped the list in the individual competition with a score of 66 points, which is fifteen points better than the highest score last year.

The weather on the ranges was uncomfortably cool, and the

wind was exceedingly difficult to judge. In consequence the less experienced marksmen made discouragingly low scores.

Minister of Militia's Match, challenge cup, presented by Sir A. P. Caron, with $618 added by the D. R. A., six teams and sixty-two individual prizes; range 400 and 500yds. Seven shots at each:

33d R A	175	Sherbrooke R A	170
Queen's Own	172	G R A	169
43d	171	R G	168

Individual prizes:

Capt Sherwood, 43d	66	Lieut Conboy, 30th	60
Gunner Loggie, N F B	64	Pvt Macfarlane, 3d Vics	60
Lieut McFarlane, 50th	63	Lieut Wilson, 53d	60
Sergt Mitchel, R G	63	Capt McMicking, 44th	60
Capt Macdonald, Q O R	61	Pvt Kambay, 5th R S	60
Pvt Gamble, 40th	61	Pvt Armstrong, G G F G	60
Major Sparham, 42d	61	Pvt Grigg, 31st	60
Staff-Sergt. Clarke, 53d	61		

Seventeen 55's counted out.

Standing Match, open to members of the association, 200yds., seven rounds:

Staff-Sergt Mitchell, 10th RG	32	Sergt Ralston, 20th	30
Major Weston, 6th	31	Col-Sergt Donnell, Q O R	30
Staff-Sergt Chamberlain 95th	31	Pvt Ellis, 43d	30
Lieut Maning, 62d	31	Staff-Sergt Ashall, Q O R	30
Capt Robson, 26th	30		

Sept. 6.—The marksmen in the Dominion of Canada match beat the record. The winning score of 96 in individual competition beats anything done in that match since it was established. The weather was simply perfection, and as the change has been made substituting the Martini-Henry for the Snider at 600yds., the scoring was high. Being the last match that counts in the grand aggregate, tremendous interest was taken by all the competitors in the result. Some close tie shooting took place among those who were at the foot of the list for a place on the first 60.

Following is the result in Lansdowne aggregates, made up from the Rideau, Manufacturers, Ouimet, Minister of Militias and standing matches:

New Brunswick Prov. team	789	10th Royal Grenadiers	781
Sherbrooke Rifle Association	787	5th Batt Royal Scots	769
Queens' Own Rifles	783		

Dominion of Canada match, for teams of 5 members from active militia, etc., and for individual competition. The team prizes to be awarded to the five highest aggregate scores made by any five previously named; ranges 200, 500 and 600, 7 shots at each. Badge to each member of team:

10th Royal Grenadiers	415	Lieut Wilson, 33d Batt	95
63d Batt	406	Capt McMicking, 44th Batt	93
45th Batt	405	Sergt Short, G G F G	91
Gov-Gen's Foot Guards	403	Capt Hartt, St John Rifles	91
78th Batt	402	Lieut Rogers, 43d Batt	91
Sergt Rolston, 20th Batt	96		

Three 80's were counted out.

Bankers' prizes. Grand aggregates in Manufacturers', Ouimet, Minister of Militia, Standing, and Dominion matches:

N R A, medal badge, and $50	305	Staff-Sergt. Mitchell, R G	295
O R A, medal, badge and $40	298	Pvt Armstrong, G G F G	298
Badge and $30	295	Capt McMicking, 44th Batt	295
Badge and $20	295	Capt Hartt, St. John's Rifles	295
Badge and $15	294	Staff-Sergt Clarke, 53rd Batt	294
Major Wilson, R L	293		
Pvt McVittie, 10th R G	291		
Sergt Short, G G F G	289		
Lieut Wison, 33rd Batt	287		

Sept. 7.—The great shooting week is over, and to-night the white tents overlooking the Rideau are deserted. It has been a great week for the marksmen, and this year's meet will go down to posterity as the best the Dominion Rifle Association has thus far had. In point of weather and attendance the record of the past has been greatly exceeded, while the shooting has excelled anything ever previously witnessed here. With a number of marksmen, the 60 fortunate ones, it was the day of the meet. The securing a place on the Wimbledon team is the goal for which all rifle shots strive, but which only 20 can attain. Considerable interest, attached to the competition for the governor-general's prize, and this match subsequently turned out to be the most exciting one of the week. The first prize is a special badge and $250, and the second a badge and $150. Then comes a badge and $100, and a badge each for the next seven men. As will be seen by the score given below, there are no fewer than four sets of ties among the first eleven men. Capt. Hartt, of the St. John N. B., Rifles, and Private McVittie; of the Grenadiers, Toronto, tied at 89 each for first prize; Sergt. Tom Mitchell, of the Gren.'s, and Sergt. Pink, of the 43rd, tied at 87 for third, while the other men had to fight for their positions and the badges.

The shoot off between Hartt and McVittie created intense excitement. They fired with Martinis at 600yds. range, 5 shots each. McVittie was the first to fire, scoring an inner, 4, while Hartt made a bullseye, 5. McVittie followed with a bull, and Hartt dropped to an outer—2. McVittie in his next two shots made an inner and an outer, while Hartt did the same reversed. McVittie's score was now 15 and Hartt's 13, both having one shot to fire. McVittie again elongated himself on the butt, while the spectators held their breath with suspense. The stalwart Scotchman braced himself up, took careful aim and fired. Every eye was directed to the target, but instead of a white, red or even a black disc appearing, no signal came from the marker, and the register keeper chalked on the blackboard a big cipher, indicating a miss, and totalled up McVittie's score at 15. The excitement was now intense. Hartt had three points to make to give him first prize. Would he make them? The strain on Hartt's nerves must have been enormous, but they did not fail him. The bullet was duly sent on its errand, and when the white disc appeared in front of the target, signalling a bullseye, 5 points, a tremendous hurrah from the assembled hundreds proclaimed the plucky little New Brunswicker the Governor-General's prize man. Similarly there was a good tie contest between Pink and Mitchell, but less excitement, the latter leading from the start. Mitchell's score was 5, 3, 5, 4, 5, total 22; Pink's, 2, 3, 3, 5, 4, total 17.

Value $500, to be competed for by the 60 winners of prizes in the grand aggregate match, provided they are members of the active militia force of Canada, members of the staff or officers who have retired from the active militia retaining their rank; ranges 200, 500 and 600yds., 7 rounds at each range, Martini rifles:

Special badge and $250	Capt Hartt, St. John Rifles		89
Second prize badge and $150	Pvt McVittie, Grenadiers		89
Third prize badge and $100	Staff-Sergt Mitchell, Grenadiers		87

Seven badges to the following:

Sergt Pink, 43d Batt	87	Staff-Sergt Corbin, 63d Batt	84
Lieut Conroy, 90th Batt	85	Lieut Rogers, 43d Batt	83
Sergt Ashall Q O R	84	Pvt Horsey, 45th Batt	83
Staff-Sergt Williamson, 45th	84		

The following are the names of the first thirty in the grand aggregate. The first twenty have the opportunity of going to Wimbledon, but as it invariably happens that some don't accept, the other ten names are given of those who would be chosen in order of excellence to fill such vacancies:

Staff Sergt Mitchell, 10th R G	392	Lieut J A Wilson 33d Batt	357
Capt Hartt, St John Rifles	334	Staff-Sergt Corbin, 63d Batt	356
Pvt McVittie, 10th R G	380	Pvt C Burns 62d Batt	356
Pvt J Armstrong, G G F G	377	Capt J G Corbin, 63d Batt	355
Staff-Sergt C H Clarke, 53d	376	Q M-Sergt Ogg, W F B	355
Capt McMicking, 44th	375	Lieut Conboy, 30th Batt	354
Sergt W Short, G G F G	369	Major B A Weston	354
Sergt J Rolston, 20th	362	Major T J Egan, 63d Batt	353
Lieut S M Roger, 43d	362	Lieut Dimock, 78th Batt	353
Staff-Sergt Curzon, 10th R G	360	Lieut Blackmore, 63d Batt	352
Sergt Jamieson, 43d	360	Capt Crowe, W F B	351
Major C Wilson, retired list	360	Staff-Sergt Ashall, Q O R	350
Staff-Sergt A Pink, 43d	358	Pvt Horsey 45th Batt	350
Capt Sherwood, 43d	358	Sergt Mumford, 63d Batt	350
Paymaster W S Russell 45th	357	Staff-Sergt Lordly, 62d Batt	350

London Merchants' match, open to teams of 8 members of any affiliated provincial association. Ranges 200, 500, and 600yds., 7 rounds at each range, Martini-Henri rifle:

Cup and $100	Ontario	679	$80, Quebec 658

Nova Scotia scored 654, Manitoba 649, Prince Edward Island 626, and New Brunswick 623.

Ontario's team was Pvt. McVittie, Sergt. Kimmerly, Capt. McMicking, Sergt. Short, Staff-Sergt. Mitchell, Pvt. Sutherland, Maj. Wilson and Pvt. Armstrong.

Sir John McDonald, Premier, distributed the prizes, and the meeting concluded with cheers for the Queen and Sir John.

ZETTLER RIFLE CLUB.—The fifteenth annual shoot of the Zettler Rifle Club, Bernard Walther, president, will take place at Morrisania Schuetzen Park, on Monday, Sept. 24. Ring Target, open to all comers. Tickets 3 shots for $1. Tickets unlimited, but only one prize obtainable by any one shooter: $155 in 20 prizes: $18 in 3 prizes for 5 best tickets on ring target. Bullseye Target, open to all comers, 10 shots for $1; the best bullseye to count by measurement; $60 in 12 prizes; $18 in 3 prizes for most bullseyes; for first and last bullseye, $1 each. Target of Honor, 3 shots, open only to members of the club, for all the prizes presented by the judges and members. Judges' Target, 3 shots, open to judges or invited guests. A shoot for the ladies will be held at 3 o'clock.

WESTERN RIFLE ASSOCIATION.

THE eighth annual tournament of the Western Rifle Association will be held at the Fort Snelling Range, Minnesota, on Sept. 18 to 21. The programme provides:

First Day.

Opening of All Comers Continuous Short Range Match, 200yds., off-hand, any rifle within the rules. American target; entries unlimited at 50c. per ticket; scores, five shots each, best four scores to count; ties settled by fewest low counts in total score; if still a tie, by firing one more score. Twenty cash prizes—$20, 15, 12, 10, 8, 6, 5, three of 4, three of 3, three of 2.50 and four of $2 each.

Opening of Military All Comers Continuous Match, for Springfield rifles only; best four scores of five shots each to count. Entries unlimited at 50c. per ticket; 75 per cent. of entrance divided into 14 cash prizes—18, 15, 12, 10, 8, 6, two of 5, three of 4 and three of 3 per cent.

Opening of Bullseye Match, unlimited and continuing the four days: 200yds. off-hand, any rifle; 4in. bull to count, 8in. black; 10c. per shot or 12 for $1; 60 per cent. divided each day among bullseye ticket holders.

Match No. 1, Milwaukee match, short range team, teams of six men each; 200yds. off-hand. Prizes, conditions and management of the match by the Milwaukee Rifle Club,

Match No. 2. Chicago match, fifteen shots at 300 and 500yds. each; no cleaning except between ranges; open only to .32-calibers (the caliber may be changed if it will increase the entries). Prizes and conduct of the match, and changes (if any) by the Chicago Rifle Club.

Match No. 3. Pistol match, open to all comers; pistols or revolvers; 6in. barrels or under, including cylinder. Standard American target; ten shots each; entrance 50c.; eight cash prizes: 25, 20, 15, 12, 10, 8, 6 and 4 per cent of entrance.

Second Day.

Match No. 4. Minneapolis *Tribune* Match.—Short and mid-range, 15 shots at 200yds., on American target, and 15 shots each at 500 and 600yds. on the Creedmoor target with 18in. cartoon in center of bull, counting 6, one sighter at 200 and 500yds. only, aggregate score to count; entrance $1. First prize, Minneapolis *Tribune* all-comers champion gold badge, donated by the Minneapolis *Tribune* Company for individual competition, valued at $100, and must be won three times at the tournaments of the association to become the personal property of the winner.

Match No. 5. Seabury Match.—A handicap long range match, in which military and specials will be admitted with a generous handicap. A valuable prize, by Geo. J. Seabury, of New York, will form the chief attraction in this match. Conditions of match and all details to be made by Mr. Seabury and carried out by the Minneapolis Rifle Club.

Match No. 6. Police Match.—Revolvers, open to all-comers, .38-calibers and upward, 50yds., standard American target, 20 shots, 2 sighting shots; eight cash prizes, same as in match No. 4.

Third Day.

Match No. 7. Minneapolis Match.—Mid-range, 15 shots each, at 500 and 600yds., on Minneapolis decimal mid-range target, 2 sighters, at 500yds., open to all-comers, only .40-calibers and under will be admitted, .40-calibers limited to 330grs. of lead; entrance $2. Fifteen prizes from the Minneapolis Rifle Club, winner's choice; value of prizes guaranteed to be worth $100 or upward.

Match No. 8. Wapello Match.—Individual, long range, 10 shots each, at 800, 900, and 1,000yds. Prizes furnished, conditions named, and match conducted by the Wapello Rifle Club.

Match No. 9. Washington Match.—Individual military; 10 shots each at 200 and 500yds. Prizes furnished, conditions named, and match conducted by the Washington Rifle Club, Iowa.

Fourth Day.

Match No. 10. Champion Long Range Team Match.—Distances, 800, 900 and 1,000yds; 15 shots each distance; 2 sighting shots at 800yds. only. Teams of six men each; Creedmoor rules; entrance, $15 per team. First prize, Long Range Champion Team Badge and 50 per cent. of entrance. Second prize, 30, and third prize 20 per cent. Badge must be won four times before becoming the property of the club; won in 1885 by the Minneapolis Rifle Club, in 1886 and 1887 by the Wapello Rifle Club, of Wapello, Iowa.

Match No. 11. Military Team.—Six men each; 7 shots each at 200, 500 and 600yds.; no sighting shots; no cleaning except between ranges. Open to Springfield rifles only; entrance, $6 per team. First prize, Champion Military Team Tribune Badge, presented by the Minneapolis *Tribune*. Each team must be members of one company. Open to the National Guard or regular army. Three other prizes.

All matches are open to the world. Creedmoor targets will be used, and N. R. A. rules will govern where nothing is stated to the contrary.

A new departure has been made this year in making up the matches and prizes. Different clubs have consented to make a match, furnish all the prizes and conduct the match, thus making it a matter of pride between the various clubs to put up an interesting match. (See programme).

Targets are so arranged that firing can be going on at all distances at the same moment. If regular matches do not occupy all the time, then the continuous match and bullseye or pool target will furnish opportunity to shoot to the heart's content. More provisions have been made for short and middle range shooting to accommodate the great bulk of marksmen who do not own a long-range match rifle.

At 200yds. there will be room and opportunity for all comers.

The tournament of the Minnesota National Guard Rifle Association following the week after will probably draw together the largest body of military marksmen that has ever assembled at the fort. Owing to this fact, the military continuous match has been provided, and the company team match will probably have more entries than ever before.

Plenty 200yd. targets will be provided on separate frames, so that no time will be lost in the three distance matches by changing targets.

A part of the programme may be changed by the directors of the Association, if necessity requires it, and due notice will be given to all concerned. The clubs who provide matches and prizes will take full charge of the match and announce every detail of the competition, and make changes if found necessary. The Minneapolis Exposition being in progress, reduced rates can be had on all railroads centering in the "Twin Cities," and an attempt will be made by the local club to make the tournament a pleasant spot in the memory of all who attend it.

Address all correspondence to W. H. Chenoweth, 76 W. Monroe street, Chicago, Ill., or C. M. Skinner, Minneapolis, Minn.

NATIONAL RIFLE CLUB.

VERNON, Vt., Sept. 4.—The following persons are the winners of the various strings. The length of the string is the corrected length, making allowance of ⅛in. per pound on each string of 10 shots for each pound gun weighs under 20lbs. First match:

C H Remer, 12lb. gun, allowance 1in	$10^{1}/_{16}$
R C Cressy, 19lb. gun, allowance ⅛in	$11^{1}/_{16}$
N S Brockway, 19lb. gun, allowance ⅛in	$12^{1}/_{16}$

Second match:

C H Remer, 12lb. gun, allowance 1in	$8^{2}/_{16}$
J N Gardner, 19lb. gun, allowance ⅛in	$9^{2}/_{16}$
L Park, 20lb. gun, no allowance	$9^{10}/_{16}$

Third match:

L Park, 20lb. gun, no allowance	$12^{2}/_{16}$
R C Cressy, 19lb. gun, allowance ⅛in	$12^{3}/_{16}$
N S Brockway, 19lb. gun, allowance ⅛in	$13^{4}/_{16}$

Fourth match:

N S Brockway, 19lb. gun, allowance ⅛in	$12^{13}/_{16}$
D A Brown, 18lb. gun, allowance ⅛in	$13^{3}/_{16}$
Wm V Lowe, 20lb. gun, no allowance	$16^{1}/_{16}$

Fifth match:

Wm V Lowe, 20lb. gun, no allowance	$9^{2}/_{16}$
C H Remer, 12lb. gun, allowance 1in	$10^{3}/_{16}$
J N Gardner, 19lb. gun, allowance ⅛in	$12^{4}/_{16}$

The medal for the shortest aggregate of 50 shots was won by Wm. V. Lowe with a string of 62⅛in.

There were a larger number of riflemen present at this meeting than for several seasons previous. One of the special features connected with the shooting was the fine work done by Mr. C. H. Remer with a .32 cal. rifle. This rifle had a barrel made by Warner & Lowe and used a bullet much longer, heavier and better proportioned than the factory rifles. The special feature about this rifle was the fact of the bullets not appearing to drift any more in the wind than the bullets shot from the .38, .45 and even .48 and .50 cal. rifles used by the other contestants. This fact, which was observed and commented upon by all present, goes to substantiate the theory that a properly proportioned .32 cal. will in all kinds of weather equal or surpass a larger calibre of the proportions adopted in the regular rifles now upon the market. Had Mr. Remer not been so unfortunate as to in one or two instances shoot through his flags, thus causing a very wild shot, he could have easily won the medal,

WILLIAM V. LOWE.

BOSTON, Sept. 8.—The Walnut Hill weather conditions were very poor at the range to-day, and though a good number of shooters were on hand only a few scores were finished. Following are the scores made to-day:

Rest Match, 200yds.

J Francis	11	10	10	11	12	11	12	11	11	11	—110
D L Chase	11	10	12	11	11	9	11	12	11	12	—110
A P Johnson	8	9	9	12	12	10	12	9	11	10	—102
A Ballard	9	10	9	9	8	10	10	12	11	9	— 97
B Browne	9	10	9	9	9	8	9	10	10	10	— 93
O Moore	9	9	8	9	9	7	9	9	7	9	— 85

Off-Hand Decimal Match, 200yds.

C H Eastman	9	3	9	7	7	10	5	9	8	7—74
C L Davis	7	9	4	6	5	10	4	5	7	6—63
K Anes	8	6	7	3	6	7	6	7	5	7—63
D B Farwell	7	5	3	4	7	4	10	4	6	6—55
A Ballard	8	10	4	4	6	5	5	4	6	2—54

Revolver Match, 50yds.

J B Fellows	7	7	7	8	8	9	9	9	10	10—86
A Wesson	8	8	7	7	6	8	7	7	9	9—76

Military Match, 200yds.

J P Nowell	3	5	4	5	3	2	3	5	2	4—36
F W Reynolds	3	3	4	5	3	4	3	2	3	4—34

500yds.

J P Nowell	5	5	4	4	5	4	5	4	4	4—44

600yds.

J P Nowell	4	4	5	5	5	4	4	5	4	4—44

The directors of the Massachusetts Rifle Association have voted to help a fall meeting of three days, on Oct. 4, 5, and 6, when a large list of valuable prizes will be offered to the shooters at rest, off-hand, revolver and pistol.

LAWRENCE, Mass., Sept. 8.—Following are the scores of the Lawrence Rifle Club shoot to-day:

Off-Hand, Standard Target, 200yds.

O M Jewell	8	8	10	8	10	9	7	9	8	8—85
C M Hill	9	8	9	10	9	9	6	8	8	9—84
J W Bean	8	7	8	6	7	10	9	9	6	8—78
A A Philbrick	7	6	9	10	10	7	4	10	7	7—77
M Be	4	4	7	8	8	8	7	7	10	7—70

WILMINGTON, Del., Sept. 4.—The first general competitive shoot among the State troops of Delaware was held on the Healdmoor Range to-day, and proved a very interesting and successful event. The events and scores were as follows: At 200yds, standard target, possible 100—J. Francis, 70; H. D. Missimer, 64; J. Morris, 60; H. Doane, 49; D. McBride, 49. Champion target—J. Francis 111, H. Simpson 79. Military badge match, 200yds., possible 50, Creedmoor target—Lieut. Floyd 38, Col. Wood 37, Sergt. Booth 37, Pvt. Williams 36, Pvt. Matthews 32, Pvt. Padberg 32, Pvt. Hammers 32, Sergt. Engle 27, Pvt. Martin 22. Pvt. Whitelock 21, Capt. Mitchell 20, Pvt. Doherty 17, Sergt. Aldred 13. Beginners' badge match, 100yds., standard target—G. S. Jeffris 74, T. Bradford 72, J. D. Chalfant 64, W. Chester 60, J. P. Flynn 58, G. Rice, Jr., 57, J. A. Chapman 56, F. Kane 54, H. W. McIntyre 53, A. W. Cummings 53, H. F. Schneff 52, B. P. Duffield 50. Under 50—L. Stroud, D. S. Lofman, J. Shipley, C. B. Woodward, C. B. Palmer, F. Howard, I. Sylvester, J. Kew, G. T. Gibson, J. T. Jones. The Wilmington Rifle Club tried the 500yds. range. H. B. Seeds with his .32cal. Farrow rifle made a big score of 49 out of a possible 50. He also won the gold badge from S. J. Newman, scoring 106 against Newman's 105 on American champion target:

Score—500yds.

H B Seeds	5555555555—49	S J Newman	0445444545—39
J E Newman	3444554555—44	W A Bacon	5404405453—34
J E Ellsworth	4555544443—43		

500yds.—Five Shots.

H B Seeds	54555—24	S J Newman	50554—22
J E Ellsworth	45545—23	W A Bacon	50554—19
J E Newman	55445—23		

Badge Match—200yds. Off-hand.

H B Seeds	9	10	6	8	8	10	15	13	11	13	—106
S J Newman	11	13	13	12	13	7	9	13	9	5	—105
J E Ellsworth	14	9	10	10	2	9	11	9	10	11	— 95
J E Newman	5	11	8	9	6	14	8	6	5	3	— 76
W A Bacon	8	14	5	0	5	0	0	21	0	10	— 53

Mr. H. Simpson, manager of the Healdmoor Range, is stirring up great interest in rifle shooting.

THE ARMY TEAM.—Fort Niagara, Sept. 11.—The United States army team, selected from the three divisions, Atlantic, Pacific, and Missouri, has had preliminary practice, and to-day the grand army competition commences. The following programme has been arranged: Tuesday, Sept. 11.—Morning, army competition, known distance; afternoon, pool shooting. Wednesday, Sept. 12.—Army competition, skirmishing morning and afternoon. Thursday, Sept. 13.—Morning, army competition, known distance. The officer in charge is Col. Stanhope E. Blunt, A. D. C. and I. R. P., U. S. A. The executive range officer is Capt. Frank P. Hamilton, 2d Art. Range officers—Capt. G. S. Grimes, Lieuts. W. P. Edgerton, L. Niles, R. Q. M., and C. D. Wilcox, 2d Art.; Lieuts. W. H. Coffin and G. Adams, 5th Art., and Lieut. C. R. Edwards, 23d Inf. The army team is composed of the following: First Lieut. J. Garrard, Troop F, 9th Cav., Fort Robinson, Neb., distinguished marksman in Division of the Missouri; First Lieut. M. W. Day, Troop I, 9th Cav., Fort Robinson, Neb., Division of the Missouri; First Lieut. I. Hall, Corps of Engineers, Willet's Point, near New York Harbor, Division of the Atlantic; Second Lieut. R. Stewart, Troop A, 3d Cav., camp at Eagle Pass, Texas, Division of the Missouri; Sergt. G. N. King, Co. F, 20th Inf., Fort Assiniboine, Montana Territory, distinguished marksman of the Division of the Missouri; Sergt. C. Palmer, Co. E, 3d Inf., Fort Snelling, Minn., Division of the Missouri; Sergt. L. Seal, Co. B, 14th Inf., Vancouver Barracks, Washington Territory, Division of the Pacific; Sergt. G. E. Miller, Troop H, 2d Cav., Fort Spokane, Washington Territory, Division of the Pacific; Corp. A. Dell, Troop F, 2d Cav., Fort Walla Walla, Washington Territory, Division of the Pacific; Corp. J. Nihill, Troop B, 4th Cav., Fort Meyer, Va., distinguished marksman of the Division of the Atlantic; Farrier J. P. Hughes, Troop K, 1st Cav., Fort Custer, Montana Territory, Division of the Missouri; Pvt. J. Foley, Troop C, 2d Cav., Fort Bidwell, Cal., Division of the Pacific. Alternates—First Lieut. A. C. Macomb, Troop B, 5th Cav., Fort Reno, Indian Territory, distinguished marksman of the Division of the Missouri; Second Lieut. D. E. Holley, Co. H, 1st Inf., Presidio of San Francisco, Cal., Division of the Pacific; Corp. M. Hamburg, Co. I, 23d Inf., Fort Wayne, Mich., Division of the Atlantic.

NEWARK, N. J., Sept. 6.—The annual "King shoot" of the Newark Shooting Society took place at the Shooting Park to-day, and 32 members shot on the "Honor" target. The highest score, 70, was made by Geo. D. Weigman, but as he had previously won a king's medal, this year's went to Frank Watts, who made 69. One-half of the shooters made 60 or over. Th. J. Beck was high on the "Point" target, with Dr. J. A. Boyken, president of the Barry Rifle Club, of New York, second. Among the top men on the "Honor" target were: W. Hayes 64, Aug. Begerow 63, John L. Kuser 63, John Huegei 62, Th. J. Beck 61, J. Coppersmith 61. At the semi-monthly meeting of the Our Own Rifle Club on Thursday evening the following officers were elected: F. Laute, President; J. W. Gill, Vice-President; T. Thornton, Recording Secretary; F. C. Knothe, Financial Secretary; W. Drexler, Treasurer; M. Beck, Sergeant-at-Arms; F. A. Freiensehner, Captain; Ferd. Freiensehner, Assistant Captain; Otto Krauss, Rifle Inspector and Referee; J. Hunziker, Scorer; M. Beck and W. Ambey, Judges. The club has been divided into three classes of shots, and at the end of the season the high man in each class will receive a medal.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 2.—The San Francisco Schuetzen Verein held the twenty-ninth anniversary of their organization at Shell Mound Park to-day. The organization now comprises 145 members. The shooting at the public targets was at 200yds., for an amount divided into thirty prizes, ranging from $25 downward, four shots to $1. Following is the score: Dr. L. O. Rogers 92, A. Johnson 82, Geo. Helms 82, F. A. Freese 80, R. H. Aiken 80, Philo Jacoby 80, J. Utschig 80, F. E. Klein 88, F. Poulter 88, C. Meyer 87, W. Ehrenfort 87. The club shooting was on 25-ring targets, for members only. J. Kurlfinke 67, W. Wertheimer 66, S. Waller 65, J. Mangel 63, W. Ehrenfort 63, P. Jacoby 62, W. Brandt 59, Dr. Gerlach 58, F. Freese 58, W. Hupper 57.

CREEDMOOR.—The annual fall meeting of the N. R. A. opened on Monday last to fine weather and the prospect of a good week's sport. Tuesday brought a mizzling rain with dark skies but good shooting conditions. The matches will occupy the entire week, and the FOREST AND STREAM of next week will contain a full report with scores in detail.

A NEW CARTRIDGE LOADER.—Messrs. Bailey, Farrell & Co., of Pittsburgh, Pa., whose advertisement appears in another column, have just perfected and placed on the market a cartridge loading machine, which is one of the best we have seen for rapidity, accuracy and simplicity. It is designed especially for the shooter who desires to load his own shells. A particular feature is the saving of labor, five moves being sufficient to place the shell in the machine and load completely. It can be packed in a space of 10×7×9in., by removing the lever and feeders, and thus can be made a part of the regular outfit. This is an important point, as it will enable a gunner to carry it with him in his tramp wherever he goes, and to vary his loads as he pleases.—*Adv.*

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

Full report of the Cleveland Tournament in our next issue.

AL BANDLE'S TOURNAMENT.

[From our own Staff Correspondent].

THE fourth annual tournament, given under the management of Al Bandle, J. C. Whetstone and W. E. Limberg, took place at Cincinnati, O., Sept. 4, 5, 6 and 7, on the grounds of the Independent Gun Club, a few miles from the city, and very easy of access by the C. C. C. & I. R. R., whose trains stop right at the gate. The location is a good one and the grounds are well adapted to the purpose. The surrounding scenery, with the exception of the railroad at the front of grounds, is beautiful and pleasing to the eye.

These annual shoots have been well attended and supported by the shooting fraternity, and the present one was no exception to the rule. The shooting comprised matches of eight different kinds of inanimate targets, with sweepstakes at live birds and the shoot for the American field championship cup at 25 live birds. The live birds were many of them poor flyers and occasioned much vexatious delay in putting them up, and were the cause of some dissatisfaction. However, among the lot were many strong flyers, which went out of the trap as if sent for, and numbers of them succeeded in carrying a load of shot just outside the boundary, where they fell dead. All live bird shooting was under London Gun Club rules, except that the boundary was 80yds. The first race was shot from regular ground traps, but the others, except the cup match, were shot from a so-called "scoop trap," which, while not exactly a "plunge," still has its most objectionable feature, that of throwing a bird into the air, where he falls an easy prey to the shooter without an opportunity to spread his wings. Such traps should never be used.

As a result of the easy birds, the ties in each match were unusually large and necessitated frequent shoot-offs. This was also the case in many of the inanimate matches, and the decision of the ties occupied so much time that part of each day's work was put off till the following day, and some programme events were entirely left out. However, there was more than enough to keep the contestants busy, and all the guaranteed events, in which the averages counted, were run off.

With the exception of Friday, when it rained lightly at times and the air was heavy, the weather was exceptionally fine, with just wind enough to carry the smoke away, although we noticed one instance where a shooter was somewhat puzzled as to the location of his bird, looking away to the right for it with second barrel when it had almost reached the boundary on the left—due to a slight "mistake" in using black powder in first barrel.

On Friday there were so many programme events to be run off that the cup race was not reached till late in the afternoon, and it was then thought advisable to postpone it till Saturday. Few, if any, of the shooters who remained had left for home, and on Saturday 27 men faced the score. In the early part of the match the birds were poor flyers, but toward the close the quality improved, and the excitement increased, culminating as L. S. Carter, of Hammond, Ill., C. W. McPhee, of Bulletsville, Ky., and Q. A. McClure, of McKeesport, tied for first money and the cup, with 25 killed each. It was then nearly dark, and after some discussion it was decided to shoot the tie off on the same grounds on Monday, Sept. 10, at 50 birds each. The other moneys were divided. The winner of this cup is subject to a challenge once in three months, and must protect it with a 12-gauge gun.

Below are the scores in full:

Match No. 1, at 9 single bluerocks, entrance $2: B. R. Hubbard 7, H. McMurchy 9, C. E. Verges 8, J. A. Early 7, West 7, C. S. Banscotten 8, R. Heikes 9, T. Goldrick 9, Al. Bandle 9, A. Holzapfel 6, Chump 1, Garett 8, C. W. Budd 7, E. D. Miller 8, Wm. Siegler 8, J. C. Penrose 7, H. Brientnall 9, Emmerson 5, E. Kling 8, Bob White 9, J. A. McClure 9, J. Stice 9, J. P. Hickey 9, L. S. Carter 7, H. B. Whitney 9, Barnes 7, Warder 9, H. F. Summerson 8, C. Bargamon 8, C. E. Strawn 7, J. Girton 5, E. F. Wayman 8, J. E. Miller 9, E. A. Peck 5, J. E. Semple 8, C. W. McPhee 9, Mustin 8, Murphy 9, Wadell 9. McMurchy, Goldrick, Bandle, Brientnall, McClure, Stice, Whitney, Warder, Miller, Murphy and Wadell divided first money, breaking 3 straight. Benscotten, Miller, Siegler, Summerson and Semple divided second money, after scoring 3 each. Budd, Carter, Barnes and Strawn divided third, with 3 broken.

Extra match, at 9 single bluerocks, $2 entrance: H. A. Penrose 8, Bargamon 8, Hickey 7, Shott 7, Heikes 9, E. D Miller 8, C. W. Budd 8, Bandle 0, Early 8, S. Vincent 8, Summerson 9, T. Goldrick 8, Benscotten 9, Verges 8, Murphy 8, Hubbard 7, Barnes 7, McClure 8, H. Brientnall 8, W. Seigler 7, Garrett 7, Whitney 9, E. C. Bargaman 0, J. R. Stice 9, E. Taylor 9, Warder 8, West 5, Dam 5, Carter 9, E. A. Peck 5, J. E. Semple 8, C. W. McPhee 9. Mustin 8, Murphy 9, Wadell 9. McMurchy, Goldrick, Bandle, Brientnall, McClure, Stice, Whitney, Warder, Miller, Murphy and Wadell divided first money, breaking 3 straight. Benscotten, Miller, Siegler, Summerson and Semple divided second money, after scoring 3 each. Budd, Carter, Barnes and Strawn divided third, with 3 broken.

Extra match, at 9 single bluerocks, $2 entrance: H. A. Penrose 8, Bargamon 8, Hickey 7, Shott 7, Heikes 9, E. D Miller 8, C. W. Budd 8, Bandle 0, Early 8, S. Vincent 8, Summerson 9, T. Goldrick 8, Benscotten 9, Verges 8, Murphy 8, Hubbard 7, Barnes 7, McClure 8, H. Brientnall 8, W. Seigler 7, Garrett 7, Whitney 9, E. C. Bargaman 0, J. R. Stice 9, E. Taylor 9, Warder 8, West 5, Dam 5, Carter 9, E. A. Peck 5, J. E. Semple 8, C. W. McPhee 9. Mustin 8, Murphy 9, Wadell 9. McMurchy 9, A. G. Courtney 7, Semple 8, Girton 6, James 6, Roxy 8, G. Smith 5, Wadell 6, J. E. Miller 8, Bob White 9, L. C. S. 9, Holzapfel 9, C. E. Strawn 8. Ties on 9 and 7 divided. Ties on 8 after shoot off divided by Vincent, McClure, Brientnall, Warder, Carter, Semple and J. E. Miller.

Match No. 2, at 9 single Peoria blackbirds, entrance $2: Bandle 8, Heikes 8, Budd 9, Hickey 6, Penrose 9, Verges 7, Ed. Miller 8, West 6, Whitney 9, Seigler 8, Chump 0, Jones 6, J. E. Miller 6, Wardon 9. T. Gastright 9, A. E. Spangler 9, Bob White 9, Wayman 4. Early 6, Benscotten 6, Brientnall 7, McMurchy 9, Carter 7, Barnes 7, Stice 7, Shott 8, Strawn 7, Bargamon 8, Summerson 8, Garrett 8, McClure 8, Waddell 7, Girton 8, Murphy 7, Semple 8, Holzapfel 9. Ties on 9 divided. Ties on 8: Bandle 3, Heikes 3, Ed. Miller 3, Seigler 3, Shott 0, Bargamon 3, Summerson 2, Garrett 2, McClure 3, Girton 1, Semple 1. Second ties on 3 divided. Ties on 7: Brientnall 3, Carter 3, Verges 2, Barnes 3, Stice 3, Strawn 0, Waddell 3, Murphy 2. Second ties on 3 divided.

Extra match at 9 Peoria birds, entrance $2: Spangler 8, Hickey 7, Chump 2, Bandle 8, Schatzman 5, Courtney 7, Shott 7, Holzapfel 6, Bargamon 7, Murphy 7, J. E. Miller 9, E. D. Miller 6, Early 9, Taylor 6, Stice 8, Barnes 4, Waddell 7, Carter 9, Verges 7, Mc Murchy 8, Budd 7, McPhee 9, Summerson 8, Penrose 7, Brientnall 7, Garrett 7, Seigler 8, E. B. Benscotten 9, Whitney 8, Heikes 9, Warden 8, C. L. S. 9. Ties on 9 divided. Ties on 8 after shoot-off divided by Spangler, McMurchy, Whitney and Warden. Ties on 7 shot off and divided by Courtney, Murphy, Waddell, Budd and Brientnall.

King's Quick Shot Match No. 3, at 10 single American clay birds, entrance $5, $100 guaranteed.

Hickey	1100101001— 6	West	1101101001— 6
Goldrick	1111011112— 9	Early	1111011111— 9
McMurchy	1111111101—10	Brientnall	1111111111—10
Bandle	1100110010— 5	Taylor	1111111110— 9
Bargamon	0011110101— 6	Seigler	1111111001— 6
Budd	0111111111— 9	J E Miller	1111101111— 9
Benscotten	1101111111— 9	Stice	1111011111— 9
Chump	0010000000— 1	Vincent	1110011111— 8
E Miller	1111111110—10	Murphy	0111111110— 8
Heikes	1111100111— 8	Waddell	1111111111—10
Carter	1011001111— 7	Barnes	0111011111— 8
Verges	0111010101— 7	Garrett	1111011100— 7
Whitney	1111010111— 9	Bob White	1001110101— 6
Penrose	0110110111— 7	Summerson	0001110100— 4
Girton	0011111110— 7	Wharton	1141111101— 9
Ghott	1111011111— 8	Semple	1011011111— 8
Gastright	0101111101— 7	Wayman	1010010011— 5
McPhee	0011111111— 8		

Ties on 10 divided, ties on 9 after shoot-off divided by Whitney, Stice and Warden, each killing 10 straight. Ties on 8, Seigler and Vincent broke 8 straight and divided.

Extra match at 10 single American clay birds; entrance $2: McMurchy 9, Bandle 7, Carter 7, Goldrick 7, Chump 2, Verges 9, Barnes 6, Baragman 6, Ed. Miller 8, Penrose 7, Shott 8, Heikes 7, Whitney 8, Stice 10, Brientnall 6, Summerson 7, Hickey 5, Benscotten 9, Clay 7, West 7, Seigler 9, Early 7, Semple 10, Girton 8, Budd 9, Gastright 8, Warden 9, Garrett 7, Taylor 8, McPhee 9, McClure 6, Kling 8, Waddell 4, Murphy 6, Holzapfel 7, J. E. Miller 9, Vincent 10, Strawn 5, Bob White 6, Musten 5. Ties of 10 and 9 divided. Ties on 8 won by Whitney after shoot off.

Match No. 4, at 7 single live birds. Entrance $5.

Still	1111111—7	L S Carter	1111111—7
Hickey	1101101—5	E D Miller	1111111—7
Benscotten	1000111—4	Bob White	1101111—7
Verges	1110111—6	McClure	0111111—6
Penrose	1110111—6	Girton	1111111—7
Murphy	1110110—5	Brientnall	1111101—6
Seigler	1111011—6	Gastright	1111111—7
Vincent	1111101—6	Graham	1111111—7
Kling	0011111—5	McPhee	1111011—6
Fred Erb	1111111—7	Tucker	1111111—7
Hakes	1111111—7	Hubbard	0111111—6
Budd	1111111—7	Shott	0111011—5
Whitney	0111111—6	Bargamin	1111001—5
Schatzman	1110010—4	Summerson	0111000—3
Barnes	0101110—4	Strubel	0101111—5
McMurchy	1111111—7	J E Miller	1111111—7
Strawn	1111110—6	Bandle	1111111—7
Chump	0000000—0	Goldrick	1001111—5
West	1111111—7	Holzapple	1001111—6

The ties on 6 and 5 were divided. The ties on 7 were started to be shot off, but darkness fell after one round of 3 birds had been shot, and it was then decided to finish the tie in the live bird match of the following day. When it came to the shoot off the first money was divided by Erb, Hakes, Budd, McMurchy, E. D. Miller, Girton, Gastright and Tucker, after killing 3 straight.

Laflin and Rand special match No. 5, at 10 Ligowsky clay birds. Entrance $5; $100 guaranteed:

E D Miller	1111111111—10	Girton	1110111111— 9
Brientnall	1110111101— 8	Whitney	1101111111— 9
Goldrick	0110011111— 7	Henry	1101111111— 9
Carter	1011110110— 7	Hickey	1111011010— 7
Bandle	1111111111—10	Early	1110110011— 7
Heikes	1111010110— 7	Murphy	0111111111— 9
McPhee	1011111111— 9	Warden	1111111111—10
McMurchy	1110101111— 8	Verges	0110111110— 7
Stice	1111111111—10	Gastright	0110111110— 7
Seigler	1111111101— 9	O C S	1011110111— 8
Peacock	1111011111— 9	Holzapfel	1111111111—10
Barnes	0111000111— 6	West	1111111101— 9
J E Miller	1001111000— 6	Taylor	1111111001— 8
Semple	0111110110— 7	Penrose	0110011011— 6
Vincent	1110110101— 6	Benscotten	0101111111— 8
Budd	1110111111— 8		

All ties divided.

Match No. 6, at 9 single standard targets; entrance $2:

Goldrick	111111111—5	Verges	101100111—6
Penrose	111100110—6	Spross	111110011—7
Bandle	101001111—6	Strawn	111011101—7
Carter	111111101—8	Wightman	111110011—7
Barnes	100111000—5	Semple	111111111—9
E D Miller	111011111—8	Benscotten	011011110—6
Brientnall	111101110—7	J B	111111111—9
J E Miller	011011110—6	Dock	011011011—6
Heikes	111111111—9	Bob White	111111111—9
Whitney	110111011—7	Girton	111101111—8
Hickey	011101111—7	Taylor	111111111—9
Vincent	101010011—5	Warden	111111111—9
McMurchy	111111111—9	Jones	001010000—2
Peacock	110111100—6	West	011011010—5
J Henry	111111111—9	L C S	110111111—8
Seigler	111011111—8	Hardmann	001111111—7
Budd	111010011—6	Meaders	111111111—9
Rigadanz	110111010—6	Starr	011111101—7
Murphy	111111111—9	Early	001111111—7
Stice	111111101—8	N G	111011111—8
W D	011111001—6		

Ties on 9 and 8 divided, and ties on 7, after shoot-off, divided by Brientnall, Spross and Wightman.

Match No. 7, at 9 single keystone targets, entrance $2:

Bandle	111111111—9	L C S	111101111—8
Brientnall	111111111—9	Benscotten	010111011—6
Meaders	111011111—8	E D Miller	111111111—9
Wightman	111110000—5	Holdman	100000101—3
Peacock	110111110—7	Budd	111111111—9
Murphy	111111111—9	Barnes	011011111—7
Courtney	111011111—8	Bob White	111111111—9
Rigadanz	101111011—7	Stice	110111111—8
Vincent	111111011—8	Penrose	111011101—7
Hardman	111111111—9	Spangler	011111111—8
W D	111011111—8	Whitney	111111111—9
J Q	111101101—7	Carter	111111111—9
McMurchy	111111111—9	Hickey	010111011—6
Heikes	111011011—7	J E Miller	111111011—8
Verges	100110110—5	Geo North	111101110—7
Goldrick	011101111—7	Semple	110111011—7
Starr	111111011—8	W West	111111111—9
J Henry	111011111—8	West	100111011—6
J B	101010101—5	Spross	011011111—7

Ties on 9 and 8 divided, and ties on 5 after shoot-off divided by Spross, Rigadanz, J. Q., Goldrick and Penrose.

Special match at 6 single standard targets, entrance $2: Benscotten 4, Bandle 4, Bob White 5, Murphy 5, Carter 6, Tucker 4, Hickey 4, Warden 4, Stice 6, Heikes 3, Brientnall 5, Penrose 5, Budd 6, Merrick 5, Barnes 2, Sorg 3, McMurchy 5, Semple 4, Rigadden 6, Wightman 4, Courtney 5, Spangler 5, Hubbard 3, E. D. Miller 6, Gastright 5, Early 6, Wick 3, Roberts 6, J. E. Miller 5, Starr 4, Srof 5, West 6, O. Shaw 5, Hardman 4, Meaders 3, W. West 5, Strawn 5, Durfee 3, Goodman 5, Seigler 6, J. B. 5, Doc w, Vincent 5, J. Henry, 6, Whitney 6. Ties on 6 divided first money. Ties on 5 after shoot-off divided by Bob White, Brientnall, Penrose, McMurchy, O. Shaw and W. West. Ties on 4 after shoot-off divided by Tucker, Hickey, Semple and Starr.

Match No. 8 was shot at 9 single bluerocks, instead of 7 American clay birds, as per programme, entrance $2:

Bandle	011111111—8	Semple	011111111—8
Ed Miller	001110011—6	Budd	111111111—9
Brientnall	111111111—9	Carter	111111111—9
Starr	101100100—4	Early	011011111—7
Seigler	111111101—8	Girton	110111101—7
Henry	111011111—8	McPhee	111111011—8
Warder	111111111—9	Durfee	101000010—4
Peacock	011110010—5	C L Rigadanz	111110000—5
Vincent	111111111—9	Heikes	101111111—8
Srof	111101101—7	Helderman	010101110—5
Wightman	011111111—8	Whitney	101111111—8
Hickey	101110111—7	Barnes	111110111—8
Benscotten	111111111—9	Stice	111111111—9
Bob White	111111111—9	Penrose	111111111—9
Hubbard	010010011—5	Strawn	011111111—8
J E Miller	111011111—8	Holzapfel	010011111—6
Goldrick	011101101—6	Murphy	011110111—7
McClure	110111111—8	Welsh	111100111—7
McMurchy	111110111—8	Verges	001011011—5

Ties on 9 divided. Ties on 8: Seigler 0, Henry 3, Wightman 2, J. E. Miller 1, McMurchy 3, Semple 3, McPhee 3, Heikes 3, Whitney 3, Barnes 0, Penrose 2, Strawn 0; ties on 3 divided second. Ties on 7: Srof 2, Hickey 0, McClure 3, Early 3, Girton 3, Murphy 3, Welsh 3; ties on 3 divided third.

Second Day.

Hazard's trap match No. 10 at 12 single Peoria blackbirds, entrance $5, $100 guaranteed:

Goldrick	111101111010— 9	Bob White	111111101111—11
Ed Miller	011101111111—10	Starr	111101111110—10
Bandle	101111111111—11	Budd	111111111112—12
Brientnall	011111100111— 9	Verges	100111111110— 9
Seigler	011001101111— 8	Benscotten	101011111111—10
Carter	011111111111—11	Gastright	111111101111—11
Barnes	101001111011— 8	McPhee	111111011111—11
Penrose	111111111112—12	Hickey	011111111111—11
Whitney	111111111112—12	Warden	111110101111—10
McMurchy	111111111112—12	L C S	110111111110—10
Heikes	1.011101111—10	Girton	011001111111— 9
McClure	011111111111—11	Girton	111111111112—12
J E Miller	111011111111—11	Taylor	011111111111—11
Vincent	101110011111— 8	Holzapfel	001111111112—10
Stice	111111111011— 9	S A Spross	011011111110—9
Capt. Peacock	001011111111— 9	Murphy	111111101011—10

Ties on 12 divided. Ties on 11: Bandle 3, Carter 6, McClure 6, J. E. Miller 4, Stice 6, Bob White 6, Gastright 3, McPhee 6, Hickey 6, Taylor 3. Ties on 6 divided second. Ties on 10: Ed. Miller 0, Heikes 3, Starr 3, Benscotten 3, Warden 2, L. C. S. 2, Holzapfel 0, Spross 1, Murphy 3. Ties on 3 divided third.

Palace Hotel Match, No. 11, at single live birds. Entrance $6.50; $100 guaranteed:

Murphy	1101110—5	Penrose	1221212—7
E D Miller	1111111—7	Graham	1112111—7
Erb	1111111—7	Benscotten	1121111—7
Hubbard	0001111—4	McClure	1121111—7
McPhee	1111111—7	Bandle	2111111—7
Bob White	1111111—7	Hickey	1111011—6
Budd	1111211—7	Girton	1111111—7
McMurchy	1111021—6	Holzapfel	1112111—7
Whitney	1111011—6	Hardman	1122110—6
Carter	1111111—7	Warden	1111021—6
Stice	1111111—7	Tucker	1111111—7
Heikes	1212111—7	Babcock	1121111—7
J E Miller	0111111—6	W West	1021112—6
Peacock	2120102—5	Spross	2121112—7
Goldrick	1110111—6	E Fey	1011000—3
Seigler	1112111—7	Baringer	2120011—4
West	1120011—5	Bing	1011111—6
Verges	1112112—7	Gastright	2221011—6
Brientnall	1111122—7		

Ties in this match were put over to following day on account of darkness. For first, E. D. Miller, McPhee, Budd, Heikes, McClure, Girton and Spross, killing 8 straight. Second, McMurchy, Goldrick, Hickey, Warden and W. West divided, killing 6 straight. Third, Murphy, Peacock and West divided.

Wick's Wigwam Match No. 13, at 12 single bluerocks; entrance $5, $100 guaranteed:

Carter	101011111111—10	McPhee	110011111101— 9
Girton	111011111110—10	Warden	111111111010—10
McMurchy	111111001111—10	Benscotten	111111111111—12
Stice	111111111112—12	Hickey	111111101110—10
Goldrick	111011101000— 7	Whitney	111111101111—11
Vincent	011111111111—11	Seigler	0111100w.
J E Miller	011111100101— 8	Brientnall	111011111111—11
E D Miller	001101101001— 6	Verges	011101101111— 9
Heikes	011111111111—11	Taylor	111111111112—12
Peacock	110111011111—10	West	111111111100—10
Gastright	101011111110—10	Henry	110111111110—10
Penrose	101011110110— 9	Hardman	111011111001— 9
Bandle	111111101111—11	A Meaders	111101101011—10
Budd	111111111110—11	Murphy	111110111111—11
McClure	111101111100— 9		

Ties on 12 and 11 divided. Ties on 10: Carter 3, Girton 1, McMurchy 3, Peacock 0, Gastright 0, Warden 3, Hickey 3, West 0, Henry 3, Meaders 3. Ties on 3 divided third money.

Extra sweep, at 9 Peoria blackbirds; entrance $2: Penrose 8, Holderman 6, McPhee 9, Brientnall 9, Murphy 5, Courney 6, Dock 6, J. B. 8, Spangler 5, L. C. S. 8, McMurchy 8, Hardman 8, Heikes 9, Bandle 8, Starr 9, Vincent 7, McClure 7, Goldrick 7, Benscotton 9, Ed Miller 9, Seigler 8, Hickey 8, Girton 4, N. G. 5, Verges 9, Worden 9, Holzapfel 9, Stice 9, J. E. Miller 9, Semple 7, S. A. Tucker 5, Smith 7, Jones 9, Strawn 8, Budd 9, Whitney 9, Carter 7, Barnes 8, Meaders 6, Peacock 4, Spross 7. All ties divided.

Penny Post match No. 16, at 9 single standard targets. Entrance $2:

Hickey	101100111—6	Benscotten	111111011—8
Brientnall	011111111—8	J E Miller	111111111—9
E D Miller	111111101—8	Bob White	101111111—8
Bandle	111001111—7	Wightman	111111011—8
Regaman	111011110—7	Murphy	011100111—6
Seigler	110111101—7	Vincent	011011111—7
McClure	111111111—9	Drake	111011111—8
Warden	111111111—9	O'Neil	110011101—8
Richards	011101111—7	Stice	111111011—8
Spross	111111111—9	McPhee	111100111—7
Semple	111111011—8	Whitney	110111111—8
Starr	111111011—8	Meaders	111111111—9
Carter	111111111—9	Courtney	001110011—6
Durfee	111111111—9	W West	110111111—8
Goldrick	111111111—9	Barnes	111011101—7
Spangler	011011111—7	G North	111101111—8
Budd	011111111—8	Ray	110011011—7
Hubbard	101011111—7	Taylor	111111001—6
McMurchy	111111111—9	A W West	111001111—7
Girton	111111110—8	Beadles	111110011—7
Cushman	111001001—5	Cargill	111111101—7
Holzapfel	110111011—7	Babcock	011111011—7
Heikes	111111111—9		

Ties on 9 divided. Ties on 8, after shoot-off, divided by Semple, Girton, Benscotten, White, O'Neil, Stice, W. West and G. North. Ties on 7 shot off, and Richards and Spangler divided third.

Enquirer Match No. 17 at 10 single Keystone targets, entrance $5, $100 guaranteed:

Carter	1110111001— 8	McPhee	1111111111—10
McMurchy	1111011111— 9	Golarick	0111111111— 9
Spangler	1011010101— 6	Hickey	0011011111— 7
Bandle	1111111110—10	Gastright	1111110101— 8
E D Miller	1111111111—10	W West	1101111101— 8
Budd	1111111111—10	Peacock	1101110111— 8
Warden	1111111111—10	Meaders	0011110010— 6
Heikes	1110111111— 9	J E Miller	1111111111—10
Benscotten	0111011111— 8	West	1110110111— 8
Brientnall	1101111111— 9	Whitney	1111111111—10
Still	0001111111— 7	Vincent	1111111111—10
Murphy	1111111111—10	Girton	1111110100— 7

All ties divided.

Commercial Gazette match No 18, at 7 single live birds, entrance $6.50—$100 guaranteed:

Hickey	1011111—6	Heikes	0211211—6
Murphy	0111111—6	Beadles	1100111—5
Vincent	2211101—6	Babcock	1011211—6
A W West	1211121—7	Whitney	1222222—7
McPhee	1111111—7	Cushman	2122011—6
Brientnall	1111121—7	Winston	2111111—7
W West	1121221—7	Warden	1111111—7
Bandle	1111110—6	Bernis	0100114—4
Stice	1102111—6	J E Miller	2122111—7
Verges	1122200—5	Budd	2211111—7
Goldrick	1101111—6	Bing	1211110—6
McMurchy	1111112—7	McClure	2111111—7
Peacock	0111121—6	Girton	1120110—6
Carter	1211112—7	Bargamon	2211101—6
Gastright	1110111—6	Tucker	1210110—5
Meaders	0010101—3	Green	0011100—3
J B	1111121—7	Morton	1100100—3
Benscotten	1111111—6	North	1011201—5
Boone	1000111—4	Reif	1201011—5
Bob White	2222121—7	Wick	2012001—4
E D Miller	1112211—7		

First money after shoot-off was divided by McMurchy, J. B., Whitney and J. E. Miller, killing 17 birds each. Second money after shooting the tie was divided by Vincent and Gastright. Ties on 5 divided without shooting.

Times-Star match No. 19, at 10 single American clay birds; entrance $2; $100 guaranteed:

Peacock	0111101110— 7	Benscotten	1111011101— 8
Carter	1111111111—10	W West	1111111101— 9
Gastright	0111111111— 9	E D Miller	1111111110—10
McPhee	1111010111— 8	A W West	0111111111— 9
Bandle	1111111111—10	J E Miller	1111111111—10
Hickey	1110111111— 9	Murphy	1110011010— 7
Brientnall	1111111111—10	Whitney	1011111111— 9
Heikes	1111111110—10	Goldrick	1011111111— 9
McMurchy	1101010111— 7	Taylor	1111111111—10
Stice	1111111111—10	Babcock	1111111100— 8
Budd	1111111111—10	Vincent	1011111111— 9
Warder	1111111111—10	Verges	0110111001— 6

All ties divided.

Telegram Match No. 20, at 4 pairs Peoria blackbirds; entrance $2:

Bandle	11 11 11 11—8	Starr	10 10 01 10—4
Brientnall	10 10 11 11—6	W S Babcock	01 00 11 10—4
Hickey	11 11 11 11—8	Taylor	11 10 11 10—6
Ed Miller	10 10 10 11—5	Drake	10 11 11 11—7
Carter	11 10 11 10—6	Spangler	11 10 11 10—6
Goldrick	10 10 00 00—2	W D Cushman	00 10 01 00—2
J Smith	11 10 10 10—5	McMurchy	11 11 11 10—7
Budd	11 10 11 10—6	Meaders	11 11 11 10—7
Spross	10 10 10 10—4	Courtney	11 11 10 11—7
Heikes	11 11 11 10—7	Peacock	11 10 01 10—5
McClure	10 10 10 10—4	Semple	11 11 11 11—8
Stice	11 11 01 11—7	W West	10 10 10 11—5
Rigadanz	10 11 11 01—6	G North	11 00 01 11—5
Henry Jones	00 00 00 11—2	West	10 00 11 11—5
Benscotten	11 11 11 10—7	Vincent	10 10 10 10—4

Ties on 8 and 7 divided. Ties on 6, after shoot-off, divided by Budd and Rigadanz with 13 killed.

Match No. 21, at 9 single bluerocks. Entrance $2:

Penrose	011111111—8	G North	111111101—8
Bob White	111111110—8	Courtney	111011110—7
Drake	111111111—9	W D	001101011—5
Bandle	111011111—8	Budd	111011111—8
Gastright	010110111—6	Vincent	011111101—7
Seigler	111111111—9	Spross	011110160—5
Heikes	111111111—9	Semple	111101111—8
Benscotten	111111111—9	Cushman	101010110—5
McDuff	111111111—9	E D Miller	101111111—8
Carter	111111111—9	McClure	111101111—8
Goldrick	101011111—7	Holzapfel	111111111—9
Murphy	100011111—8	Barnes	111111011—8
Brientnall	110001111—6	Beadles	111111111—9
Hickey	111111111—9	Whitney	111101111—8
Rigadanz	111111111—9	Wightman	111111111—9
Meaders	111111111—9	J E Miller	111111111—9
J B	111111111—9	Roberts	111111000—6
Peacock	011101110—7	Jones	111100w.
Verges	111011111—8	Smith	101001100w.
W West	111111110—8	West	111111111—9
Stice	111111111—9	Starr	111111111—9

All ties divided.

Match No. 22 at 9 singles standard targets, entrance $2:

Bandle	111111111—9	Babcock	111111011—8
Carter	111111111—9	Games	111011111—8
Warder	111111011—8	Bernis	101101101—6
Brientnall	111111001—7	Whitney	111011111—8
Holzapfel	111111111—9	Barnes	111001111—7
Budd	111111111—9	Peacock	110011111—7
Winston	110111111—8	Beadles	011001111—6
Roberts	111101011—7	Cargill	111101110—7
L C S	111111111—9	Dutchy	111100101—6
Stice	011111011—7	O'Neil	011111111—8

A W West	011111111—8	Heikes	111101111—8
E D Miller	111111111—9	Benscotten	111111110—8
Hickey	111101111—8	Goldrick	111011111—8
Wightman	111101111—8	Maginnis	101111111—8
J E Miller	111011111—8	Roots	111111011—8
W West	011111111—8	J B	111111111—9
Wayman	101101101—6	Vincent	111111111—9
Murphy	111111101—8	Bob White	111111011—8
Semple	111111111—9		

Ties on 9 divided, ties on 8 after shoot off divided by Warder, Winston, Games and Benscotten. Ties of 7 after shoot off divided by Carter, Still and Barnes.

Bandle Arms Co. match, No 23, at ten single Keystone targets, entrance $5, $100 guaranteed:

Brientnall	1111111101— 9	A W West	1101101011— 7
Carter	1110111111— 9	J E Miller	1111101111— 9
McPhee	1111111011— 9	Peacock	1111100110— 7
Bandle	1110110110— 7	Whitney	1111111011— 9
E D Miller	0111111111— 9	Benscotten	1111111010— 8
Murphy	1110111111— 9	Heikes	1111111111—10
Stice	1111111111—10	Goldrick	0111011001— 6
Warden	1011111100— 7	Barnes	1111111101— 9
McMurphy	0111111011— 8	Vincent	0111111111— 9
Hickey	1110011011— 7	Girton	1111111111—10
Budd	1110011111— 8	Bob White	1101001111— 7
L C S	1110111111— 9	Taylor	1111111011— 9
W West	1100101111— 7	Gastright	1111111111—10

Ties on 10 and 8 divided first and third. Ties on 9 shot off, and Brientnall, McPhee, Whitney and Barnes divided after killing four straight.

Centennial Exposition Match, No. 24, at 7 single live birds. Entrance $6.50; $100 guaranteed.

Budd	0122222—6	Benscotten	2001221—5
Goldrick	2111121—7	Graham	2112121—7
Bandle	2012110—5	Carter	2211122—7
E D Miller	1121111—7	Warden	1111210—6
Whitney	2222121—7	Hickey	1011211—6
J B	1111122—7	Brientnall	1111110—6
Bemis	0112112—6	McGinniss	1212110—6
A W West	0112112—6	Vincent	1221111—7
W West	0010011—3	Girton	1101112—6
Heikes	0022222—5	McClure	1121101—6
Peacock	2110212—6	Gastright	2212110—6
Verges	0122222—6	Bob White	2211122—7
Stice	1021223—5	Keifer	0111001—4
McMurchy	0112111—6	Penrose	1222121—7
McPhee	1112211—7	Seigler	2112111—7
J E Miller	2222000—4	Beadles	1010211—5
Murphy	1112111—7		

All ties were shot off and first was divided by E. D. Miller, J.B., Murphy, Graham, Carter, Vincent and Seigler. Second by A. W. West, Peacock, Warden and Girton. Third by Bandle and Heikes.

Extra match, at 9 single Peoria blackbirds, entrance $2: Barnes 9, Hickey 8, McPhee 7, Heikes 7, Benscotten 8, Bemis 5, Goldrick 9, Babcock 5, Maginnis 7, Bandle 8, L. C. S. 7, Murphy 8, E. D. Miller 9, Wightman 6, Vincent 8, Bob White 9, Brientnall 8, Budd 9, W. West 7, Stice 8, Beadles 6, Whitney 9, Roots 8, Carter 8, Peacock 8, Semple 7, Summerson 6, J. E. Miller 8, Strawn 8, Holzapfel 9, Girton 9, Verges 8, Spangler 8, Games 6. All ties divided.

American Field Championship Match No. 25, entrance $25, at 25 single live birds:

Stice	1212011011111211211111—23
Carter	1121121121111112111211—25
Graham	0111021112011111112112—22
McPhee	1111121121111111211121—25
McMurchy	1212121211111011111101—22
Bandle	1111111111212210011101—22
Peacock	1110111111012111112212—23
Verges	1211112212121101c01012111—21
J B	1011o11111101021111111—21
Goldrick	1121212021212121021001—21
McClure	1111111211111212211—25
A W West	2211120210212212121—22
Heikes	1111011111112111222211—23
Vincent	2211101111101221112111—22
Bob White	1212102c1121121212121100—21
Budd	1111111122c11111212111—24
Winston	2211111001c21102111211—21
Holzapfel	2011120112212111211111—23
R Organ	2211220212111201211011—22
Hickey	2110110211011121111111—22
Gastright	1111112c1220111212201111—22
Girton	0111111011202100111121—21
Murphy	0110001111111101111211110—19
Tucker	1o1111111121211101212111—23
J E Miller	2111110c2122211111111110—23
Whitney	1111111101111222211111110—23
Seigler	1111211211111010121111—23

The figure 2 indicates second barrel kills, and the o dead out of bounds.

The surplus money in all the guaranteed event was divided among the shooters making the best average, and was awarded as follows, to those scoring out of 95: H. B. Whitney, first, 89. C. W. Budd, second, 88. J. E. Stice, third, 87. H. Brientnall, L. S. Carter and E. D. Miller, fourth, 86. C. W. McPhee, Warden and Murphy, fifth, 85. H. McMurchy and R. Heikes, sixth, 83. S. Vincent and Al Baudle, seventh, 82. E. S. Benscotten, eighth, 81. There were only six divisions of money, but as seventh and eighth prizes, W. B. Leffingwell, of Clinton, Iowas, donated two copies of his work on "Wild Fowl Shooting."

According to the record, the Smith gun wins both the average and the cup, as Whitney, and those who tied for the cup, all shoot 10-gauge Smith guns about 10lbs. in weight.

As is usual in pigeon matches, the element of luck had considerable to do with the result, as with Hickey on his eighth bird; when the trap was pulled the first time the bird refused to fly, and when put up proved to be an easy one, but was right in a line with the boy, so that a shot would have been dangerous. The next bird was a hot one, and though hard hit managed to get out of bounds. Jack Winston started to gather him, as there was a doubt of his position, and created quite a laugh by bringing in a bird which had been dead for days. The referee was inclined to object until assured that it was a joke.

The cup match ended the tournament, and on Sunday most of the crowd started for Cleveland to take part in the Chamberlin shoot. As will be seen by the scores there were many good records made, notably that of J. E. Miller, of Peters cartridge fame, who on Wednesday shot in every match without losing a bird, thus proving the "get there" qualities of his ammunition.

J. A. Hickey, of Galesburg, Ill., is a very enthusiastic trap shot. He is afflicted with lameness and obliged to use two crutches in walking, but is always to be found at tournaments in his State or near by. When shooting he usually sits on a low box, if one is handy, but if not the ground is good enough for him, and he rarely fails to nail his bird.

Special dispatch to Forest and Stream.

CINCINNATI, O., Sept. 10.—L. S. Carter in the tie shoot off won, as follows:

L S Carter	2221121212111101102—18
C W McPhee	2111111121111101001—17
Q A McClure	2211111111111120011—17

W. E. LIMBERG.

THE KEYSTONE TOURNAMENT.

THE Keystone Manufacturing Co. Tournament, to be held at Corry, Pa., Sept. 18 to 21, contains some novel features in its programme which will interest shooters. The total amount of guaranteed money for the four days is $1,000, with $250 guaranteed each day. In addition to this, each day's work includes a trophy shoot, one of which is a diamond ring, given by the Keystone Manufacturing Co., which becomes the property of the shooter winning it. The other trophies are a cup, given by L. C. Smith, of Smith gun fame, and a cup offered by the Peters Cartridge Co., of Cincinnati. The cups are to be held by the winner for one year and then returned to the donor, to be contested for at the next Keystone Manufacturing Co. Tournament. In addition to the trophy, the entrance money of the contest is to be divided into four moneys, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent.

For the best averages in guaranteed matches and trophy shoots the surplus moneys will be divided, 35 per cent. to first, 25 per cent. to second, 17 per cent. to third, 13 per cent. to fourth, and 10 per cent. to fifth, but shooters must compete in all guaranteed matches and shoots, including the championship contest, to establish an average. All shoots are to be under Keystone Manufacturing Co. rules, which include some new points, one of which, in rule 6, bids fair to do away with the vexatious delays caused by shooters being absent from the score. All matches are shot from three or five traps. Shooting from three traps, four shooters step to the score, one facing each trap according to his number. No. 4 steps to No. 1 score after No. 1 shoots, No. 1 steps to No. 2 score after No. 2 shoots, etc., until all have shot, when No. 3 steps behind No. 1 score, and so on. In this way shooting will be continuous. With five traps the rotation is the same.

For full programme address the Company at Corry, Pa.

THE TUCKER POOL SYSTEM.

THE Chamberlin Cartridge Co.'s fourth annual tournament, at Cleveland, is now in progress. It began Sept. 10 and will continue during the week. There are $3,000 in cash prizes. The shooters are all classified according to their ability into separate classes, so that amateurs have as good a chance as experts.

There will be a match each day shot under the S. A. Tucker Pool System, which provides a means whereby every shoot shall be decided by the scores made, to avoid shooting off ties, and to provide against experts dropping into lower places to deprive less skillful shooters of any chance to win. Shooters are placed by the entire score, while the last 5 birds in a 12-bird race, or 4 in a 10-bird race, or 3 in a 9-bird race, as may be agreed upon before the shooting begins, decides the winners in the divisions of the purse. The crack of the last gun in the match decides the matter, without any tie-shooting; all who break 12 straight in a 12-bird match divide first money. All who break the last five birds, but miss one bird earlier in the match, divide second money, but should all miss one in the last five, the shooter who makes the greatest final run, counting from the twelfth bird back, is the winner. The same principle applies all through. The theory is, that of any number of shooters making the same score, the best is the one who holds out best to the last and proves his staying qualities.

Inferior shooters are protected against any of superior ability purposely dropping birds at the end to get a lower place, for birds dropped at the end throw such a one entirely out of the race. This system was tried in a match at Cleveland two weeks ago, and the shooters were unanimously in favor of it. The Chamberlin tournament will do much to familiarize shooters with the system, and we hope soon to see it universally adopted, and it is the fairest plan for all yet suggested. Every man has a fair show for his money, shoots can be run off in much less time, and associations would be gainers by using the system. Next week we shall be able to present scores made in this way, and our readers can then judge of its efficacy.

WALNUT HILL, Sept. 5.—A fair number of shotgun men met at the range to-day to compete in the gold coin match and the regular sweepstake matches. A strong wind prevented high scores being made. The next shoot will be held Sept. 19, when, in addition to the gold coin match and the regular sweepstake matches, the fourth contest for the Climax diamond badge, now held by H. G. Wheeler, will occur. Following is a summary of to-day's shooting:

Gold Coin Match, 10 clay-pigeons from 5 traps, and 10 standard targets from three traps:

	Clays.	Standard.
Bert	1111110111—9	1110110111—8—17
Stanton	0110101111—7	1010111111—8—15
Chase	1001111011—7	1111010111—8—15
Webster	1111011111—9	1010111100—6—15
Snow	1111110011—8	1101110110—7—15
Swift	1111111110—9	1010010110—5—14
Nichols	1110101000—5	1111010110—7—12
Crown	0111001011—6	1110010101—6—12
Rule	1110011100—6	1001001111—6—12
Bowker	1001010101—5	0010111111—7—12
Neal	1110000111—6	0010010111—5—11
Perham	1001000111—5	0111001110—6—11
Knowles	1111100101—7	0011100010—4—11

Following are the winners in the sweepstakes matches:

First event, 5 clay-pigeons from 5 traps: Webster first with 4; Chase and Snow second, with 3; Rule third, with 2.

Second event, 6 standard targets: Chase, Bowker and Knowles first, with 6; Snow second, with 5; Bert third, with 4.

Third event, 5 clay-pigeons from 5 traps: Knowles first, with 5; Webster and Bert second, with 4; Chase and Nichols third, with 3.

Fourth event, 6 standard targets: Knowles first, with 4; Webster, Bert and Snow second, with 4; Rule and Perham third, with 3.

Fifth event, 3 pair clay pigeons: Chase and Perham first, with 5; Nichols second, with 4; Bert third, with 3.

Sixth event, 6 standard targets: Stanton, Bowker and Nichols first, with 5; Swift and Snow second, with 4; Bert third, with 3; Webster fourth, with 2.

Seventh event, 6 clay-pigeons straightaway: Neale, Bert and Webster first, with 6; Stanton, Knowles and Perham second, with 5; Snow and Crown third, with 4; Rule and Nichols fourth, with 3.

Eighth event, 6 bats: Chase and Crown first, with 6; Swift, Knowles and Perham second, with 5; Bert third, with 4; Neale fourth, with 3.

Ninth event, 10 clay-pigeons from 5 traps: Bert, Webster and Swift first, with 9; Snow second, with 8; Knowles third, with 7; Rule fourth, with 6.

Tenth event, 10 standard targets: Stanton, Chase and Bert first, with 8; Nichols, Snow and Bowker second, with 7; Perham third, with 6; Swow and Neale fourth, with 5.

Eleventh event, 3 pair standard targets: Stanton and Snow first, with 5; Swift and Perham second, with 4; Knowles third, with 3; Nichols fourth, with 2.

Twelfth event, 5 clay-pigeons from 5 traps: Swift and Stanton first, with 5; Chase and Bowker second, with 4; Bert third, with 3; Neale fourth, with 2.

Thirteenth event, 7 bats: Bert first, with 7; Stanton, Rule and Nichols second, with 6; Snow and Savage third, with 5; Bowker fourth, with 4.

Fourteenth event, 6 standard targets: Stanton, Bowker and Knowles first, with 6; Savage second, with 5; Perham, Rule and Neale third, with 4; Swifth fourth, with 3.

Fifteenth event, 6 clay-pigeons, walk-up match: Swift first, with 6; Knowles and Nichols second, with 5; Snow third, with 4.

Sixteenth event, 6 blackbirds: Stanton first, with 6; Perham second, with 5; Chase and Nichols third, with 4.

Seventeenth event, 5 clay-pigeons from 5 traps: Stanton and Swift first, with 5; Snow second, with 4; Rule and Perham third, with 3.

Eighteenth event, 6 standard targets: Snow first, with 6; Swift, Knowles and Rule second, with 5; Chase and Stanton third, with 4.

Nineteenth event, 5 clay-pigeons from 5 traps: Swift, Knowles and Rule first, with 5; Stanton and Nichols second, with 4; Snow, Bowker and Perham third with 3.

MOUNTVILLE, Pa., Sept. 7.—On Aug. 30 we shot a friendly match with the Lancaster Gun Club, of Lancaster. It was a fine day, the shooters seemed to enjoy it, every one was pleased very much and was loth to leave when the time came for taking up traps to go home.

Mountville.		Lancaster.	
Leachey	1101110111101— 9	Cummings	0100101011— 6
Martin	1011110101110— 8	Fieles	1011111011110— 9
Brenner	0001010000111— 4	Anderson	1001001111100— 6
Crane	0110110101111— 8	Miller	0101010010000— 4
Kauffman	0010010000000— 2	Ilyus	0010011000001— 4
	31		29
Leachey	10 01 11 01 11 01— 8	Cummings	10 11 01 00 10 10— 6
Martin	01 11 00 10 01 10— 6	Fieles	11 10 11 00 00 10— 6
Brenner	10 10 00 10 10 10— 5	Anderson	10 10 10 10 01 10— 6
Crane	00 10 00 00 00 10— 2	Miller	10 00 10 10 11 10— 6
Kauffman	10 11 10 01 09 11— 7	Ilyus	00 00 10 01 00 00— 2
	28		26
Leachey	11101— 4	Cummings	11100— 3
Martin	11100— 3	Fieles	11110— 4
Brenner	11101— 4	Anderson	01100— 2
Crane	11110— 4	Miller	10010— 2
Kauffman	01001— 2	Ilyus	11010— 3
	17		14

H. O. LEACHEY, Capt. M. G. C.

NEW BEDFORD, Sept. 4.—The New Bedford, Westport and Acushnet gun clubs had a match shoot on the grounds of the Acushnet club to-day. Each man shot at 10 clay birds and 10 blue rocks. New Bedford won by the following score. In each man's score the first total is standards and the second clays:

New Bedford.			
Dr Post	1101101101— 7	1111111011—9—16	
L A Plummer	1111111111—10	0110111111—8—18	
T D Hooper	1111011111— 9	1010101111—7—16	
R Snow	1111111111—10	1101111111—9—19	
H P Bryant	1111010110— 7	1111110111—9—16	
F Homer	1011111111— 9	1010111111—8—17	
Buffington	1111100110— 7	1010101101—6—13—115	
Westport.		Acushnet.	
P Simmons	7 7—14	J G Whalon	7 7—14
A Lewis	9 6—15	C A Gray	8 5—13
F Whalon	8 10—18	H C Kenyon	5 6—11
E Sabins	8 5—13	J Spooner	6 8—14
G Lewis, Jr	2 3— 5	W Whalon	2 2— 4
A Whalon	6 4—10	T S Hall	6 9—15
W Braley	6 7—13—88	J T Hall	5 8—13—84

WILLIMANTIC, Conn., Sept. 4.—Willimantic Rod and Gun Club. Ligowsky clay-pigeons, 3 angles, 3 traps, 18yds. rise. National rules. Gold and silver badges:

J W Webb	1111111111111111111011111—24
J McFarlane	0011111111111011111111101—21
J B Baldwin	1100111101111110010100111—18
S L Johnson	1010111000100111000011100—12
C M Thompson	0110000011101111110001001—13
C S Alpaugh	0111001011110010000010101—12
C Taft	0000010100101100000C1C0001— 7
G McFarlane	0111100101111011110101110—17
A W Dunham	1011111101111111101011011—20
W S Crane	1001110101101101001010001—14
C W Smith	1011011101110111101111100—18

Webb won gold badge; J. McFarlane won silver badges. Sept. 4, Monday evening, regular meeting. J. S. Ross elected secretary and J. W. Webb president, to fill vacancies. Mr. Webb felt so honored that he wanted the earth, and so killed all his birds but one.—A. W. DUNHAM.

NEW UTRECHT, N. Y., Sept. 8.—Davidson Gun Club's fourth medal shoot at bluerocks, 20 angles, 3 traps, 12-gauge, 16yds., 10-gauge 18yds, National Gun Association rules, two medals:

Aug Schmitt (18)	1111111111111011111—19
D Ellis (16)	1010100111111111111111—15
J O Matinir (16)	1111101001111111110010—14
H Houseman (13)	1010000011111101111111—13
E H Seehusen (16)	1111101110101101011—15

Aug. Schmitt wins the gold medal. Ties on silver medal, Ellis 5 straight, Seehusen 0.

Sweepstakes at 20 bluerocks:

Capt Boulsir (18)	1101010000101101111—12
E H Seehusen (28)	0001111011111100111—14
A Schmitt (28)	0011111100001111010—12
D Ellis (28)	1011111101101101001—15
Capt Mattair (20)	1000000111111010101—11

BROOKLYN, Aug. 27.—The members of the New York German Gun Club held their postponed shoot at Dexter Park, L. I., to-day. The attendance was not so large as on previous meetings. After the shoot a match was shot off with seven on a side. P. Smith was captain for one, and P. Hassinger led the other team. Capt. Smith's team won by one bird. H. Bowdan supplied good birds and fast flyers. The full score of the shoot was as follows:

M Bondan (21yds.)	0000100101—3	P Hassinger (21)	1111111111—10
H Greitaur (25)	0111111001—7	H Sautter (25)	1000000111— 4
P Smith (30)	0000111101—5	H Garner, Sr (21)	1001011100— 6
J Schlicht (25)	1111100011—7	H Garner, Jr (30)	0110000001— 3
G Bosenecker (25)	1000010000—2	J Klein (25)	1010110010— 5
J Lucas (21)	1010000111—5	A Donnafeller (21)	0110010111— 6

NEWARK, N. J., Sept. 3.—The East Side Gun Club had its second monthly shooting for the gold and silver medals to-day, at 20 bluerocks each. The score was: Ch. Weeks 20, H. Langstaff 17, H. Kogel 15, Fr. Perment 15, Thos. Rickard 15, Fr. Hilfer 14, Thos. Schork 13, Ch. Fahrer 14, W. Hassinger 13, Ch. Walter 11, H. Heinrich 11, Ch. Laubenstein 11, H. Reinhardt 9, Ph. Schilling 14, T. Schilling 9, M. Barufke 6, P. Ulrich 6. Sept. 7.—There were two matches at Erb's this afternoon. The first was between C. Reinhardt and John Adelman, at 30yds. rise, one barrel and American rules, 25 birds each. Reinhardt shot out his opponent in the nineteenth round, having killed 11 against his 5 birds. The second match was a novelty. Mr. Chas. Heath challenged C. M. Hedden to shoot an ounce of shot at 25yds. rise, and the match was made at 25 birds each, Heath shooting a 16-gauge gun and Hedden a 12-bore. Hedden killed 19 and Heath killed 15.

Canoeing.

FIXTURES.

SEPTEMBER.

13. Mohican, Oliver Cup, Albany
15. Ianthe, Newark, Annual.
15. Springfield Cup, Calla Shasta
20. Mohican, Gibson Badge, Alb'y
22. Brooklyn C. C. Regatta.

OCTOBER.

6. Springfield Cup, Calla Shasta.

NEW YORK C. C. CHALLENGE CUP RACE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As a result of the recent trial races the regatta committee of the New York C. C. have selected the canoe Eclipse, sailed by Mr. Reginald Blake, of the Brooklyn C. C., to defend the International Challenge Cup. They have also selected the canoe Vagabond, sailed by Mr. C. B. Vaux, of the New York C. C., as substitute.

The date of the International race is fixed for Saturday, Oct. 13.

In order to attract the many canoemen who would rather participate in than witness races, the committee has arranged a general sailing race, open to members of all recognized canoe clubs, which will be started fifteen minutes after the International race. In this contest only the first five boats of the morning race will be allowed to compete in the afternoon, and the prizes, which will be handsome cups, will be awarded to the boats coming in first and second in the afternoon race.

Entries for this cup race must be made to the secretary of the club, Chas. J. Stevens, 7 Bowling Green, New York city, not later than Oct. 10. No entries will be received after that date.

Weather permitting, the International races will be started promptly at 10 o'clock A. M. and 2 o'clock P. M., and the open races fifteen minutes later in each case.

KIRK MUNROE,
H. INGALLS DRAKE,
B. H. NADAL,
} Regatta Committee.

TORONTO C. C. FALL REGATTA.

THE fall regatta of the Toronto C. C. was held on Sept. 8 on Toronto Bay, the events and winners being as follows:

1. Decked canoes, class 4, half mile with a turn:

W. G. McKendrick, canoe Mac	1
W. A. Cooke, canoe Waniska	2
W. H. P. Weston, canoe Wanda	0

2. Open canoes, class 3, half mile with a turn:

Colin Fraser, canoe Una	1
A. Shaw, canoe Bervie	2
E. Leigh, canoe Ah Mie	3

A close struggle took place for second place between Secretary Shaw and his veteran competitor, Major Leigh.

3. Tandem, one mile straightaway, open to all Canadian amateurs; prizes, two gold medals:

W. A. Leys and Henry Wright, T. C. C.	1
Jas. O. Ross and G. D. Lowe, Valois club	2
T. F. Paton and J. A. Taylor, Montreal	3
M. F. Johnston, T. C. C., and Mr. Wyatt, Argonaut R. C.	4
Messrs. Stewart and Muntz, Argonaut	5

4. Open canoes, classes 4 and 5, half mile with a turn:

J. D. Kelly, canoe Irene	1
Dr. Powell, canoe Prudence	2

6. Four in a canoe; half mile with a turn; open to all Canadian amateurs:

Dr. R. Jacques, W. A. Cooke, Wm. Sparr, W. T. C. C., and W. F. Stewart, Argonaut	1
M. F. Johnson, Arthur Mason, William Wright and W. G. McKendrick, T. C. C.	2
Colin Fraser, J. D. Kelly, W. H. P. Weston, Cal. Shaw, T.C.C.	3
T. F. Paton, G. D. Low, J. A. Taylor and J. G. Ross, Montreal	0

7. Tug of war, two men in a canoe:

Cook and Sparrow	1
Fraser and Weir	0

8. Handicap tandem, half-mile, straightaway:

Arthur Mason and W. Wright	1
D. B. Jacques and A. M. Rice	2
W. G. McKendrick and Mr. Weir	3
Colin Fraser and W. C. Jephcott	4
J. D. Kelly and J. Jephcott	5

9. Tournament. Open canoes:

Sparrow, lancer; Cooke, paddler	1
Peterson, lancer; Tilley, paddler	2
W. C. Jephcott, lancer; Tom Elgie, paddler	3
W. G. McKendrick, lancer; A. M. Rice, paddler	0

5. Upset race, about a quarter of a mile:

Geo. Sparrow	1
M. F. Johnston	0
W. A. Cooke	0

Com.-elect Col. H. C. Rogers was present and awarded the prizes

A MOOSEHEAD INCIDENT.—A young woman, an enthusiastic canoeist, passed safely through a dangerous experience at Moosehead Lake last week. She was out in her canoe with an Indian guide, when the boat entered the swift current running through the sluice at the west outlet. The Indian lost control of his boat, and taking the young woman under one arm jumped into the water. They passed safely to the waters of the Kennebeck below in this manner, and some Indians working near by on the Canadian Pacific road rescued them.

THE A. C. A. MEET OF 1888.

REGATTA COMMITTEE'S REPORT.

THE following is the record of prize winners at the A. C. A. meet, Lake George, 1888, together with a list of clubs and individual donating cash, flags, etc., for prizes, showing to whom such prizes were awarded:

EVENT.	WINNERS.	CLUB.	PRIZE PRESENTED BY
No. 1. Class II.—Paddling	A. B. Pattou	Yonkers	Vesper C. C. ($5.00).
Second	Grant E. Edgar, Jr.	Newburgh	Association.
No. 2. Class III.—Paddling	Dr. H. E. Rice	Springfield	Toronto C. C., Flag.
Second	Emil C. Knappe	Springfield	Association.
No. 3. Class IV.—Paddling	M. V. Brokaw	Brooklyn	Deseronto C. C. ($5.00).
Second	W. A. Leys	Toronto	Association.
No. 4. Combined	M. V. Brokaw	Brooklyn	Rondout C. C. ($5.00).
Second	Emil C. Knappe	Springfield	Association.
No. 5. Classes A and B—Sailing	M. V. Brokaw	Brooklyn	Ianthe C. C. ($5.00).
Second	R. W. Bailey	Pittsburgh	Association.
☞The above five races constitute the Record events.			
Record—First Prize	M. V. Brokaw	Brooklyn	Association Bunting Flag.
Second Prize	Emil C. Knappe	Springfield	New York C. C. ($5.00).
Third Prize	W. A. Leys	Toronto	Pittsburgh C. C. ($5.00).
Fourth Prize	A. B. Pattou	Yonkers	Pittsburgh C. C. ($5.00).
Fifth Prize	H. L. Quick	Yonkers	Shattemuc C. C. ($5.00).
No. 6. Trophy—Sailing	M. V. Brokaw	Brooklyn	$300 Cup, Bunting Flag, Association.
Second	Paul Butler	Lowell	Newburgh C. C. ($5.00).
No. 7. Trophy—Paddling	Dr. H. E. Rice	Springfield	Association Bunting Flag.
Second	M. F. Johnson	Toronto	Shuh-shuh-gah C. C. ($5.00).
No. 8. Class I.—Paddling	H. Torrance	Brockville	Mohican C. C. ($5.00).
Second	Dr. H. E. Rice	Springfield	Association.
No. 9. Open—Paddling	H. Torrance	Brockville	Brooklyn C. C. ($5.00).
Second	Arthur Amory, Jr.	Harvard	Association.
No. 10. Tandem—Classes A, B	Rice and Knappe	Springfield	Harvard C. C. ($5.00). Quaker City C. C., Flag.
Second	Brokaw and Schuyler	Brooklyn	Two Flags—Association.
No. 11. Tandem—Open	H. Torrance	Brockville	Essex C. C. ($5.00).
	W. A. Leys	Toronto	Lawrence C. C. ($5.00).
Second	J. R. Robertson	Lawrence	Buffalo Flag.
	F. S. Kimball	Newton	Association.
No. 12. Upset—Paddling	L. B. Palmer	Ianthe	J. O. Shiras, Flag.
Second	A. B. Pattou	Yonkers	J. O. Shiras, Flag.
No. 13. Hurry-Scurry	L. B. Palmer	Ianthe	Yonkers C. C. ($5.00).
Second	H. LaMotte	Philadelphia	Association.
No. 14. 75ft. Sailing	Ford Jones	Brockville	Oakland C. C., Flag.
Second	M. V. Brokaw	Brooklyn	
No. 15. Novice—Sailing	J. A. Gage	Lowell	Rome C. C. ($5.00).
Second	F. T. Walsh	Lowell	Association.
No. 16. Consolation—Sailing	Wm. Whitlock	Brooklyn	Rochester C. C. ($5.00).
Second	Geo. A. Warder	Jabberwock	Association.
No. 17. Upset—Sailing	Geo. A. Warder	Jabberwock	Pequot C. C. ($5.00).
Second	A. S. Putnam		Association.
No. 18. Maneuvering	Ford Jones	Brockville	Springfield C. C. ($5.00).
Second	M. V. Brokaw	Brooklyn	Association.
No. 19. Class C	W. L. Palmer	Mohican	Philadelphia C. C. ($5.00).
Second	W. M. Paxton, Jr.		Association.
No. 20. Unlimited Sailing, abandoned.	Race called—no boats.		
No. 21. Club Race	Lowell Club		Mohawk ($2.50); Shiras ($1.00).
First Prize	Paul Butler	Lowell	J. H. T. E. Burr, Silk Sail.
No. 22. Gymnastics	Geo. A. Warder	Jabberwock	Mrs. H. L. Thomas, Flag.

EXTRA EVENTS AND PRIZES.

Torchlight prize canoe—Townsend and Amory ($5) Com. Gibson.

Tournament, four crews, won by Kimball and Robertson, Asso. Tug of War, four crews of four each. Two winning crews were Robertson, Brazer, Kimball and Schuyler—Townsend, Amory, Foster and French. Eight flags on Association account.

Two beautiful red cedar single blade paddles presented by Com. Edwards of Peterborough were given as follows: George A. Warder—2d, Barney cup race. Walter Stewart, the English contestant, for pluck and sixth place on Record.

The Hartford and Knickerbocker C. C. each sent $5 which went on second prize account.

Bunting flags were also given to each of the Record winners in former years, '84 Weller, '85 Gibson, '86 Bousfield and '87 Knappe; and to the trophy winner of '86 and '87, Com. Gibson.

22 first prize double silk flags ($5 each), 28 second prize single silk flags ($1.50 each) and 10 large bunting Record, trophy and club prizes ($5.50 each) were purchased by the committee. Seven flags were presented to the committee for prizes, two cedar paddles and a silk embroidered Mohican model sail. Cash subscribed by the clubs, $123.59

Regatta Committe { PAUL BUTLER, W. A. LEYS, C. BOWYER VAUX, Chairman.

THE A. C. A. 1888 RECORD.

No.	Name.	Canoe.	Points.	No. of Races.	Club.
1	M. V. Brokaw	Eclipse	30.00	3	Brooklyn.
2	Emil C. Knappe	Agawam	16.95	3	Springfield.
3	W. A. Leys	Dawn	15.50	2	Toronto.
4	A. B. Pattou	Goblin	14.60	2	Yonkers.
5	H. L. Quick	Evangeline	13.70	2	Yonkers.
6	Walter Stewart	Charm	13.35	3	Royal, Eng.
7	G. O. Forest	Dimple	11.10	3	Hartford.
8	H. E. Rice	Narka	10.00	1	Springfield.
9	R. W. Bailey	Notus	9.55	1	Pittsburgh.
10	Paul Butler	Fly	8.85	1	Vesper.
11	F. T. Walsh	Minnie G	8 20	1	Vesper.
12	R. F. Brazer	Wicassie	6.95	2	Vesper.
13	W. A. Wheeler	Scud	6.85	1	Mohican.
14	E. H. Barney	Ruggles	6.40	1	Springfield.
15	J. H. Campbell	Ethel G	5.95	1	Saganore.
16	Wm. Whitlock	Guenn	5.50	1	Brooklyn.
17	D. S. Goddard	Blanche	4.60	1	Vesper.
18	G. E. Edgar, Jr.	Rat	4.35	2	Newburgh.
19	Geo. A. Warder	If	4.15	1	Jabberwock.
20	Wm. F. Johnson	Bounie	4.00	1	Toronto.
21	F. A. Nickerson	Girofla	2.80	1	Springfield.
22	H. L. Thomas	XXX	2.45	1	Mohican.
23	A. S. Putnam	Sirene	1.90	1	Worcester.
25	L. B. Palmer	Atalanta	1.00	1	Ianthe.
25	E. L. French	Elf	1.00	1	Buffalo.

Greatest possible number of points 30. Each boat and man admitted to three races; one paddling, one sailing, and the combined race. Mr. Brokaw in Eclipse won the greatest possible number of points for the first time in the history of the Association.

Regatta Committee { PAUL BUTLER, W. A. LEYS, C. BOWYER VAUX, Chairman.

REGATTA COMMITTEE STATEMENT.

Patent log and compass for locating and measuring courses	$25.00
Pads for tournament lances	4.00
Bamboo poles for tournament lances	2.00
Rope for buoy anchoring	3.24
Buoys, and flag poles for same	5.00
Rent of rowboat for one week	4.50
Printing blanks, circulars, etc	12.20
22 first prize silk flags at $5	110.00
28 second prize silk flags at $1.50	42.00
11 record, trophy and club bunting flags	37.50
1 ex. Record flag, to supply a loss	3.50
	248.94
Donations from clubs for prizes	$123.59
Paid out of the A. C. A. treasury	125.44
	248.94

Steam launch for the week cost $50, paid for by Messrs. Gibson, Butler, Leys, Wardwell and Vaux.

The log, compass and lance wads are good for all time, other expenses apply to this meet only.

Some of the flags given were for previous years.

Regatta Committee { PAUL BUTLER, W. A. LEYS, C. BOWYER VAUX, Chairman.

A CRUISE OF CANOE YAWLS IN HOLLAND.—Five canoe yawls of Hull, Eng., made a very pleasant cruise in Holland last month, going by steamer from Hull to Harlingen, and finally returning by steamer from Amsterdam. The fleet included the Iris, Mr. Geo. Holmes, whose lines we lately published, Manx Queen, 18×6×2ft. 9in.; Jessie, 22×6×3; Viking, 18×4ft. 9in.×2ft. 4in., with a punt 9×3ft.; and White Wings, 16×4it. 9in.×1ft. 2in.

ARLINGTON C. C. FALL REGATTA, SEPT. 1.

THE Arlington C. C., of Arlington, N. J., held a regatta on Sept. 1. There being no wind to speak of, the sailing races had to be abandoned.

First event, paddling, Class 4. Entries: Messrs. G. P. Douglass, Ianthe C. C.; W. J. Stewart, Orange C. C.; I. V. Dorland, C. V. Schuyler, F. Place, Jr., D. H. Miller and W. B. Dailey, Arlington C. C., who finished in the following order, with Schuyler well in the lead:

Nipsic, C. V. Schuyler	1	Jessie, F. Place, Jr.	5
Kisco, W. B. Dailey	2	Emanon, W. J. Stewart	6
Ignace, I. V. Dorland	3	Vera, D. H. Miller	7
Juniata, G. P. Douglass	4		

Schuyler had an advantage over the others, as he stood up while paddling, but as no protest was made the judge declared him winner.

Second event, standing paddling, Class 4:

Nipsic	1	Emanon	4
Ignace	2	Vera	5
Jessie	3		

The time made was very fast, considering the tide; but as the distance was in this, as in all the others, estimated, not measured, the figures are useless for publication and therefore not given.

Third event, upset race, any canoe; same crew in canoe except Dorland in the Redante:

Nipsic	1	Kisco	3
Jessie	2		

Redante did not finish, having taken in too much water to manage easily. The remarkable feature about this race was, that although the Nipsic was the heaviest canoe in it she won the race with ease, her crew having to make two attempts before upsetting her, the light little Rob Roy Redante being nowhere, which may encourage some fair-hearted canoeist, (if such there be) to "go in" and win and not be backward because he has not a feather-weight craft.

Fourth event, paddling, single blade, crew to paddle on either side of canoe, but no change from one side to the other allowed:

Nipsic	1	Juniata	3
Kisco	2		

Redante made a dead heat with Kisco, but was disqualified for changing paddles from one side to the other, as was also Vera. Nipsic's crew gained at the turning point, by going forward and getting her bow around in a jiffy, which gave him a long lead over the rest, which he kept to the finish.

Fifth event, tug of war, three trials, best two in three. Nipsic, Schuyler, Dalley and Dorland. Ignace, Place, Stewart and Miller. "Let the good work go on" was the shout, and it did, until the stern line threatened to part with the strain as the spray flew from the paddles. After a hotly contested struggle Nipsic was declared the winner.

There is some talk of having a regatta on a larger scale before the season closes.

THE USE AND ABUSE OF CANOES.

LAST week we published an account of the drowning of two canoeists in an attempt to run a swollen mountain stream. The following from the Boston *Journal* tells of an equally sad disaster in which a conoe was concerned:

"KNOWLTON'S LANDING, LAKE MEMPHREMAGOG, Aug. 24.—The saddest tragedy witnessed in this peaceful region for many a day was the drowning of William L. Hilton and his affianced wife, Miss Nellie Archibald, of Montreal. For the second summer they were spending their vacation at Mr. Tuck's house, and were enjoying every moment of the outing. The party consisted of five young people, Mr. Hilton, Miss Archibald and her sister, Miss Graham and a young brother of the Misses Archibald. Mr. Hilton was a medical student in Magill University, and was an unusually promising, bright, interesting young gentleman. He was an athlete and intensely fond of canoeing, spending nearly all his time on the lake with his fiancée. His canoe was built in Montreal. It was about 15ft. long and had a small iron centerboard, Mr. Hilton was an enthusiast on the subject of canoeing, and prided himself on his ability to handle his little craft in a high wind under pressure of canvas large enough for a much larger boat. He had been repeatedly urged by Mr. Tuck to either abandon his sail or use a much smaller one, but with improved appliances for shortening sail, which he himself had attached to the canoe, the young man felt entire confidence in his ability to safely navigate her, notwithstanding the treacherous squalls so common to small lakes surrounded by mountains and bold headlands.

"Wednesday morning, the 22d, was cold and rainy. A strong northeasterly wind had stirred up an ugly sea. A dense mist had settled down over the mountains. It was not at all inviting out of doors, but the young people wanted to make the most of their brief stay in the country, and they started for the lake. Young Archibald, his youngest sister and Miss Graham went out in a rowboat, and Mr. Hilton and Nellie Archibald took the canoe. Not ten minutes elapsed from the moment they shoved off from the shore before Hilton and his lady were drowned. The strong off-shore wind carried them quickly half way across the little bay. The party in the rowboat had anxiously watched their friends in the canoe, fearing disaster. Suddenly the sail was seen to swerve from side to side, and in an instant the cockleshell capsized, and before aid could reach them both sank to the bottom of the lake. An agonized shriek from the sister attracted the attention of Mr. Frank H. Foote, of St. Albans, the only other person on the water in that vicinity. Mr. Foote immediately pulled rapidly to where the canoe had capsized, but he was too late, for the empty canoe was drifting rapidly toward the western shore. Mr. Tuck and others joined in the search, but it was unavailing, and the sad news was brought back to the agonized sister and brother that their fears were realized. Kind men from both shores immediately rigged grappling hooks and began the sad search for the bodies. Two days the search was prosecuted, and, finally, to-day dynamite cartridges were obtained from Sherbrooke and exploded, but without effect. Mr. Hilton's father and Miss Archibald's uncle came to the lake as soon as possible, and took steps to secure the bodies. The water where they sank is from 75 to 125ft. deep, and it is not likely that they will come to the surface soon, if at all. Mr. Hilton was about 22 years old, and had spent one year in college."

As the number of canoes in use increases, we may reasonably expect to hear of many more disasters like these two unless it can be made plain to all that very small boats, whatever proportions or model, are necessarily dangerous in very rough waters and high winds; and further, that only under the most favorable conditions should ladies and children, and even men who cannot swim and are not expert boatmen, be allowed in them. In the case quoted last week the river was, from all accounts, at a stage when no small boat should have ventured on it save in a case of utmost necessity. A very severe storm had raged for several days, the rainfall had been unusually heavy, bridges were partly or wholly submerged and some were washed away, while the railroads along the banks were submerged, stopping all traffic. We have not the dimensions of the folding canoe from which the two canoeists lost their lives, but as a rule craft of this kind, while possessing certain advantages, are by no means equal to the wooden Canadian canoe for rapids and swift streams. The immediate cause of the mishap was a collision with a wire bridge rope beneath the water, which capsized the canoe, a mishap that might occur with any boat, but the attempt to run such a river was in itself nothing less than suicidal, and the result was only what might naturally have been expected.

There are many who enjoy the dangers of rapids and swift rivers, and such sport is in itself the most exciting and exhilarating form of canoeing, but it must always be more or less dangerous. For those who would follow it a clear head, a strong hand, a good canoe and long experience are necessary. With these aids the danger is minimized, but without them such feats are foolhardy to a degree.

In the case quoted above there seems no one to blame but the canoeist, whose reckless daring resulted in the loss of two lives. The sailing of a small boat with a very limited range of stability, in a mountain lake, is a very dangerous matter at best. Even in an open sailboat of good model there is need of skill and experience in the frequent and violent squalls that rush from the hills, and a canoe is even more dangerous than the larger craft. All reefing gears, even the best, fail in the event of such squalls as are common, and if a man must use large sails he must go prepared to swim. With a reasonable sail area and ordinary skill canoe sailing is not a specially dangerous sport, even in such localities, for a man who can swim and take care of himself if capsized, but it is no sport for a lady unless she is very much more expert as a sailor and swimmer than is common, and even then she had far better stay at home in such weather as is described in the extract quoted above. To take a lady in a canoe with large, or even with small sails, under such conditious of weather, was to invite the fatal result which followed. Canoe sailing is in no way a sport for ladies, nor is paddling either, unless under proper restrictions.

Only a month since a fatal capsize of a canoe at Bar Harbor resulted in the loss of two lives. In this case a lady and gentleman started out at night in a birch bark canoe, the model of which is generally recognized as cranky, dangerous, and to be used only by experts. How they were capsized will never be known, they may have been run down in the dark by some vessel, as they carried no light, or they may have been capsized by a steamer's swell or a large wave, the canoe being picked up at sea next morning, bottom up.

There is now a canoe club near New York where young girls of 12 to 16 years are permitted to take the canoes out without an escort, two of them going at a time in one canoe. Probably not one of them could swim if thrown into the water with shoes and street dress on, nor are they competent to do more than paddle a little in smooth water. It is only a matter of time before a fatal accident puts an end to all this, but in the meantime it would be interesting to know whether the parents of these children are aware of the danger they are running. When a child or lady goes in a canoe there should be no sails set, unless under the most favorable conditions, and better, not even then; the canoe should be in charge of an experienced canoeist, who can not only keep the canoe from capsizing, but can take care of himself and his companion in the event of a capsize, and the boat and all its appliances should be of the best model and in perfect order.

COMING CANOE RACES.—On Saturday next the fifth and last trial race for the Springfield Cup will be sailed at Calla Shasta, the sail-off being on Oct. 6. Mr. Vaux will take the Vagabond to Springfield for the trial race. The Ianthe C. C. will hold its 4th annual regatta on Sept. 15, off the club house, foot of Grafton avenue, Woodside, Newark, N. J. The programme includes 12 events: Paddling, Class 1, for Commodore's cup; sailing record; sailing, juniors, "man overboard;" tandem paddling; standing on deck, paddling; Classes 3 and 4, paddling; for both juniors and record; hurry-scurry, upset and tournament. The races will be open to all canoeists and under A. C. A. rules, the first being called at 2 P.M. The fall regatta of the Brooklyn C. C. was not sailed on last Saturday, owing to the rain, but was postponed to Sept. 22. A number of canoeists were present and spent the afternoon in the club house, talking over the late Meet at Lake George. Mr. Blake of the Brooklyn C. C. has been selected by the New York C. C. to defend the cup against Mr. Stewart, on Oct. 13. The Yonkers C. C. will hold its fall regatta on Sept. 22.

PHOTOS OE THE A. C. A. MEET.—Mr. R. W. Anderson, of Toronto, has taken the following views of the A. C. A. meet: 1. At Long Island, Lake George. 2. The Champion Paddlers. 3. The Veterans of '80, '81 and '82. 4. Ditto, with Canoe Islands. 5. Headquarters, with the Officers. 6. Trial Race—The Start. 7. Race for the Barney Cup. 8. Rome and Lowell Camps. 9. Springfield Camp. 10. Harvard Camp. 11. A Canoeist's Home. 12. The Tournament, No. 1. 13. The Tournament, No. 2. 14. The Tug of War. 15. The Departure. These views can be had until Oct. 1 at 112 West Twenty-second street.

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

SEPTEMBER.

15. Toronto, 4th Class.
15. Buffalo Club.
15. Beverly, Mon. Beach, Open Sweep.
15. Dorchester Club.
15. Lake Champlain.
15. Savin Rill, Club.
18. Chelsea, Dorchester Bay.
20. New York Fall, New York.
20. Savin Hill, Moonlight Sail.
—. Miramichi, Cup, Final.
22. West Lynn, Cham. Sail-off.
25. Cedar Point Pennant.
29. Quaker City Cruise, Review.
29. Toronto, 2d and 3d Classes.

WHITE WINGS.

THE record of this sloop for the past two seasons is not only such as to give her a clear claim to the title of the champion of the lakes, but is worthy of special notice from the large number of wins, and from the fact that she has not raced in one locality only, but has met in their own waters the best boats of Lake Erie and Lake Ontario. Under her present owners White Wings has started in 18 races in 1887-88, winning 16 firsts and 2 seconds.

She was built at Trenton, Ont., by Capt. Alex. Cuthbert (Canada's first designer) in the summer of 1886 for Mr. P. J. Cooley, of that place, and was by him put into a few races before she was finished (her decks were all open and her seams had not been payed) with, of course, the result of defeat, though she showed considerable speed notwithstanding. In the early part of 1887 she was purchased by Messrs. Emilius Jarvis and A. G. Osborne, of Hamilton, Ont., in whose hands she has been wound up to the highest racing pitch. Her leading dimensions are as follow:

Length over all	59ft.
L.W.L.	43ft.
Beam	14ft. 7in.
Depth of hold	6ft. 6in.
Draft	5ft.
Displacement about	16 tons.
Sail area	2,496sq. ft.
Corrected length (L. Y. R. A. rule)	46.6ft.

Her midship section shows perfectly straight from garboard to round of bilge, with considerably more dead rise than is usually given by Capt. Cuthbert. Forward she is very fine on the load line, her midship section being placed very far aft. She is rather full aft under water, while above she fines away to a moderately long counter. She presents a rather pleasing sheer plan, with perhaps hardly as much freeboard as modern ideas dictate. Her stem laterally is a peculiar piece of designing, it has an overhang of about 3ft. under the bowsprit, from which point it follows

a graceful curve down to about the bobstay plate, when it curves out instead of under as usual, giving her a "hungry" look (as it has been described).

In her races she has proved herself a splendid all-round boat; she has met and defeated all types of yachts and in all kinds of weather and conditions of water, and she has undoubtedly proved herself not only the fastest Cuthbert boat, but the fastest craft on fresh water under 50ft. l.w.l. On several occasions when she has met the Atalanta (of America Cup fame) she has saved her time from her, and made a close race even. So also the schooners Oriole, Speranza and Wasp. Her best point of sailing is to windward, which is said to be due to the peculiar construction of her centerboard case, which is larger at the fore than at the after end, thus giving the centerboard considerable play at its forward end; and as it naturally cleaves to the windward side of the case it thus tends to eat her to windward. Another distinctive feature is her great lack of wave making, for even when driven at a high rate of speed she does not appear to carry either a bow or a quarter wave, but only a long, following swell. This peculiarity has been noted and discussed by many. Her record is as follows:

1887—9 Starts—7 Firsts, 2 Seconds.

July 28.—Toronto Y. C. regatta, L. Y. R. A. cruise. Wind, light to moderate. Starters: White Wings, Cygnet, Ethel, Verve. Finished in following order, corrected time: White Wings, 4.50.07; Cygnet, 5.22.20; Ethel, 5.39.55; Verve, 5.44.13. In this race she saved her time from the entire class above her, which comprised Atalanta, Oriole, Aileen and Ariadne. Her elapsed time was less than either of the latter three.

July 29.—Toronto, Royal Canadian regatta, L. Y. R. A. cruise. Wind, fresh to strong; good lump of a sea. Same starters as the previous day. Corrected time: White Wings, 5.01.09; Cygnet, 6.13.00; Verve, 6.31.42; Ethel not timed. She again saved her time from Atalanta and Oriole, and defeated the Aileen and Ariadne even.

Aug. 2.—Charlotte, N. Y., Rochester Y. C., L. Y. R. A. cruise. Wind fresh; good sea. Starters: White Wings, Garfield, Ethel, Verve. Corrected time: White Wings, 4.22.35; Garfield, 4.44.03; Ethel, 5.03.04; Verve, 5.12.38. She again at this regatta saved her time from Atalanta and Oriole, and beat Aileen and Ariadne even. Her elapsed time for the first round was less than either Atalanta or Oriole.

Aug. 5.—Oswego, O. Y. C., L. Y. R. A. cruise. Wind strong; heavy sea. Starters: White Wings, Garfield, Ethel, Verve. In this race she sprung her bowsprit and was kept under short sail all day, with the result that the Garfield was inside her time. Finish, corrected time: Garfield, 4.54.52; White Wings, 4.56.16; Ethel, 5.15.09. Verve carried away her gaff and retired.

Aug. 9.—Kingston Y. C., L. Y. R. A. cruise. Wind light. Starters: White Wings and Garfield. Ethel and Verve both not having repaired damages sustained at Oswego did not start. White Wings started, however, with a sprung bowsprit, with the result that before long it carried away, and she had to lay to for over twenty minutes repairing. She caught Garfield, but was unable to save her time. Finish, corrected time: Garfield, 7.47.22; White Wings, 7.50.00.

Aug. 8.—Belleville, Bay of Quinte Y. C., L. Y. R. A. Cruise. Wind strong, puffy, smooth sea. Starters, Garfield and White Wings. Finish, White Wings, 4.05.30; Garfield, 4.27.06, corrected time.

Her other three races during this season were Toronto Y. C. club races, her competitors being Cygnet, Condor, Whistlewing, Verve, Cyprus and Escape, over all of which she secured an easy victory on every occasion.

1888—9 Starts—9 Firsts.

July 4.—Buffalo annual, Buffalo Y. C. Starters, Alarm, Cyprus, Vera, Emma, White Wings, Viking, Gannet, Sylvia; Schooners May Belle, West Wind and Dandy. The wind was fresh and with a good sea running down the lake. In this race she walked away from all in a wonderful way, and would have finished much sooner had she not met with difficulty in picking up the outer buoy, and before this was accomplished the rest of the fleet were upon her. The finish, corrected time, was: White Wings, 2.16.55; Cyprus, 2.11.35; Emma, 2.13.51; Sylvia, 2.14.37; others not timed.

July 11.—Put-in-Bay Island, Onio, Inter-Lake Yachting Association Meet. Open race for all single stickers. Wind half a gale S. W., heavy sea. Starters, Cyclone, Reynolds, Unique, Iris, Eole, Alice Enright, Lulu B., Fanchon, Scud, Oberon, White Wings, Cora, Cyprus and Vera. This was the closest race White Wings ever sailed. Her chief competitor was Cora, of Detroit, a much larger vessel, and as the greater part of the course was reaching it kept her busy. It seemed to be a case of who would carry cotton the longest, and this White Wings was best. The finish was as follows, times not corrected: White Wings, 2.37.09; Cora, 2.37.54; Alice Enright, 2.45.45; Cyprus, 2.48.32; Lulu B., 2.53; Fanchon, 2.53.10; Scud, 2.56.02; Vera, 3.4.57; the rest not timed. Over the same course at the same time she had a private match with Alice Enright, champion of Lake Erie, the finish being: White Wings, 2.37.09; Enright, 2.45; 45, corrected time.

July 12.—Match race with Cora of Detroit, to be settled with the schooner race, in which Wasp and Speranza were competing. The White Wings and Cora lost considerable time (after the schooners had started) maneuvering for weather berth, in which the former was successful. Wasp carried away both topmasts and lost much time thereby. The finish was: White Wings, 2.42.10; Cora, 2.47.38. White Wings caught and passed the Speranza. Wind N.E. strong. The race finished in a heavy gale.

July 20.—Oswego Y. C., Lake Y. R. A. cruise. Wind strong, sea heavy. Starters: White Wings, Cygnet, Madge. Finish, corrected time: White Wings, 3.04.15; Cygnet, 3.40.20; Madge gave up, sprung her topmast. In the first 5 mile beat to windward Madge was 8m. 30s. astern, so it was not likely she could have won. In this race Atalanta (which was sailing over the course for first prize, first class) and White Wings had a desperate race, first one would lead then the other. On the second round the smaller yacht led, but the finish was made by Atalanta; actual time, 3.07.30, 3m. and 15s. ahead; her allowance to White Wings being 17m. 12s.

July 23.—Charlotte, Rochester Y. C., L. Y. R. A. cruise. Finish: White Wings, 5.00.50; Cygnet, 5.25; Madge retired, having carried away her topmast. She, however, was some 12m. astern at the time.

July 28.—Hamilton, H. Y. C., L. Y. R. A. cruise. Starters: White Wings, Aggie, Cygnet, Verve, Condor. The wind died away in the afternoon and left all becalmed, so they were towed in and the race postponed. White Wings was 58m. ahead at the outer buoy on the second round, the last point at which they were timed.

July 30.—Toronto Y. C., L. Y. R. A. cruise. Wind light. Starters: White Wings, Cygnet, Verve, Aggie. At the finish of the race White Wings was becalmed, and the rest of the fleet, bringing in a lake breeze, ran right on top of her; however, she managed to score by a slight margin. Corrected time of finish: White Wings, 7.34.30; Cygnet, 7.35.13; Verve, 7.54.28; Aggie, 7.54.11.

July 13.—Toronto, Royal Canadian Y. C., L. Y. R. A. cruise. Wind and sea heavy, with rain squalls. Starters: White Wings, Aggie, Verve, Cygnet. Corrected time at finish: 4.48.20, 5.35.41, 6.11.17, respectively. Cygnet not timed.

Aug. 3.—Hamilton, H. Y. C., postponed race. Wind fresh; smooth sea. Only Aggie and White Wings turned up at the starting line, the others having been becalmed on their way up from Toronto. Finish, corrected times: White Wings, 2.50.19; Aggie, 3.15.39.

TORONTO Y. C. HANDICAP, Sept. 1.—A handicap race for classes 2, 3, 4 and 5 was sailed on Sept. 1 at Toronto, the wind being light S. W. The times were:

CLASSES 2 AND 3.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Rivet	5 10 30	4 58 00
Condor	5 09 20	4 59 20
Cygnet	5 06 30	5 06 30
Whistlewing	Not timed.	
Escape	Not timed.	

Condor and Rivet were ruled out for fouling a buoy, so Cygnet wins, with Escape second.

CLASSES 4 AND 5.

Caprice	5 02 20	5 02 20
Mischief	5 01 40	5 00 40
Puritan	5 06 45	5 01 45
Finette	5 07 30	5 01 30
Alert	5 07 40	5 00 40
Alvaretta	5 10 50	5 10 50
Tam O'Shanter	5 11 20	5 05 20
Mollie	5 17 30	5 05 30

Mischief and Alert tied for first place.

CAPE ANN Y. C.—On Sept. 3 the race for the Tappan Cup was finally sailed off Gloucester, Black Cloud winning for the second time and taking the cup. The times were:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Black Cloud	23.10	1 45 53	1 19 13
Alpine	16.04	2 08 06	1 32 26
Climax	18.06	2 08 32	1 35 52
Maud S.	22.03	2 04 58	1 36 42
Silver Cloud	Withdrew.		

The cup is a very handsome trophy, of silver lined with gold, the outside ornamented with clusters of grapes,

ST. LAWRENCE CLUB CUP RACES.

THE sixth and last schedule race of the St. Lawrence Yachting Association for the commodore's and vice-commodore's cups took place over the usual course on Lake St. Louis on the afternoon of Sept. 1. The wind was very light and variable throughout the race, and it was to a very great extent a drifting match. When the boats went over the line it was from the southwest, making a reach to the lighthouse buoy, and a run to the north buoy. The start was as follows:

Ishkoodah	3 31 00	Lulu	3 31 40
Madge	3 31 15	Osprey	3 32 00
Scud	3 31 35	Wanda	3 32 30

The Lulu, the big barndoor "cat" from Lake Champlain had a tremendously big jib set when she crossed the line, but she had to take it in, a minute or two afterward, and lost time in doing so. The Valois lighthouse was rounded in the following order:

Madge	3 49	Osprey	3 57
Ishkoodah	3 51	Wanda	4 01
Lulu	3 55	Scud	4 05

The wind dropped on the run, and before the north buoy was rounded the yachts had nothing but little puffs from the south and southwest to carry them on. The Lulu kept her third place, but was doing badly, comparatively speaking. The north buoy was passed in the following order:

Madge	5 05 00	Wanda	5 19 00
Ishkoodah	5 06 30	Osprey	5 24 00
Lulu	5 14 00	Scud	5 35 00

The close-hauled work to the southern buoy took a long time and was a wearisome piece of business. The Osprey crept up to third place, and the Scud dropped out of it before the buoy was reached. At the turn the order was:

Madge	6 20 00	Wanda	6 37 00
Ishkoodah	6 30 00	Lulu	6 40 00
Osprey	6 34 00		

The Madge had the race well in hand at this point, but she only had an hour and ten minutes to finish before the time limit of four hours expired, and as minute after minute crept by and she made no appreciable progress, it looked as if the race would be a fizzle. A puff of wind came just in time, however, and she came across the line with just three minutes to spare. The time at the finish was:

Madge	7 27 00	Lulu	7 39 00
Ishkoodah	7 34 00	Wanda	7 40 00
Osprey	7 38 00		

The Ishkoodah allows the Osprey 8m. 40s., so that the latter gets second place. This is the third win for the Madge this season, and as the Lulu has also scored three wins these two boats will have to sail off for the cup.

The canoe yawl race was another processiou, the Tara, Wallace's fine craft, leading from the start. The Tara has made an unbroken record during the season, having won the six races for the vice-commodore's cup, and every race she has entered for. She is Sauvé's, of Brockville, latest and greatest production in the shape of a canoe yawl.

CORINTHIAN Y. C., MARBLEHEAD, SEPT. 3.

THE third and last pennant championship race of the Corinthian Y. C. was sailed on Sept. 3, off Marblehead, in a light S.E. wind. The courses were: For first class, from judges' line to Half-way Rock, leaving it on starboard, Can Buoy on outer breaker off Pig Rocks on starboard, Tom Moore's Rocks on port, to judges' line; 10 miles. Second and third classes, from judges' line to buoy on Chappell's Ledge, leaving it on starboard, buoy on Gooseberry Ledge on starboard, stakeboat anchored 200yds. southeast of Tom Moore's Rocks on starboard, to judges' line; 6 miles.

The leading boats in first class were Mignon, designed by her owner, Mr. Horatio Babson, of Gloucester; Saracen, a new Burgess cutter, and Elf, also a new boat. Atalanta, the fast centerboard boat, also started in the same class, but for a separate prize, the keels and centerboards not being raced together. Mignon beat her rivals easily both to windward and reaching. The times were:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
FIRST CLASS—KEELS.			
Mignon, H. Babson	28.10	2 32 48	2 04 33
Saracen, W. P. Fowle	30.10	2 39 41	2 13 09
Elf, W. H. Wilkinson	29.02	2 45 12	2 17 15
Agnes, W. E. Cummings	26.00	Withdrew.	
FIRST CLASS—CENTERBOARDS.			
Atalanta, I. R. Thomas	28.01	2 57 07	2 27 56
SECOND CLASS—KEELS.			
Swordfish, J. B. Paine	24.04	2 42 32	2 09 43
Witch, B. B. & F. B. Crowninshield	23.04	2 51 52	2 17 53
Marguerite, F. Skinner, Jr.	23.11	Withdrew.	
SECOND CLASS—CENTERBOARDS.			
Sprite, H. M. & P. S. Sears	22.07	2 56 32	2 21 31
THIRD CLASS—KEELS.			
Mosca, C. H. W. Foster	19.11	1 47 35	1 24 24
Wraith, H. P. Benson	19.02	1 59 52	1 36 01
Sachem, R. D. Floyd	20.02	2 02 31	1 39 41
Kathleen, R. S. Peabody	20.06	2 07 13	1 45 36
Vaga, H. W. Friend	17.11	2 11 59	1 47 52
Nixie, A. L. Cochrane	20.04	Withdrew.	
Caprice, F. V. Parker	19.02	Withdrew.	
THIRD CLASS—CENTERBOARDS.			
Corsair, C. H. Millet	18.10	2 04 12	1 40 05
Josephine, D. H. Follett, Jr.	18.08	2 11 05	1 46 49
Dolphin, R. Robbins	17.02	2 16 33	1 50 44
Greta, S. G. Allen	19.06	Withdrew.	
Nerena, R. Saltonstall	20.11	Withdrew.	
Pixy, F. W. Chandler	20.09	Withdrew.	

The judges were C. S. Eaton, W. H. Clothey, C. H. Taylor, Jr., and W. W. Whitcomb.

The winners were: First class keels—Mignon first, $10; Saracen second, $5. First class centerboards—Atalanta leg for pennant. Second class keels—Swordfish first, $10; Witch second $5; Swordfish leg for pennant. Second class centerboards—Sprite leg for pennant—Third class keels—Mosca first, $10, and leg for pennant; Wraith second, $5. Third class centerboards—Corsair first, $10, and leg for pennant; Josephine second, $5.

Swordfish is the new boat designed by Mr. John B. Paine. It is noticeable that in each class the keels beat the centerboards, sailing the same courses.

Atalanta has won two races, Saracen two, Expert two. Witch, Swordfish and Carmita have each one leg in second class and Coyote, Corsair and Myrtle each hold one leg. The sail-off was set for Sept. 12. The 25th regatta will be sailed on Sept. 15, for silver prizes.

THE VOYAGE OF THE MINERVA.

IT was considered quite a feat when Clara, 53ft.×9ft. 1in., crossed the Atlantic three years since, but her passage has been far outdone by another Fife cutter of still smaller dimensions, which not only came over safely but made a very quick passage, crossing from Fairlie, Scotland, to Boston, in 28 days. Minerva, the latest addition to the 40ft. class, was designed by young Will Fife and built at the Fairlie yard. She is just under 40ft. l.w.l., 5ft. beam, with clipper stem of course, 11ft. 4in. beam, and 9ft. draft, with 12½ tons of lead on keel. She is built of wood, with planking of elm and yellow pine, and fittings of teak and mahogany. In general appearance she resembles Thistle, owing to the long overhang on each end. She is owned by Mr. Chas. H. Tweed, of Beverly, and is commanded by Capt. Chas. Barr, formerly in command of Mr. Tweed's Shona. Capt. Barr, with three other seamen, brought her safely across under her racing mast but with no topmast, a mainsail of Shona's, with a cloth added, being used, together with two jibs, two staysails and a spinaker, the pole of the latter being 30ft. She carried a small boat lashed on deck. The following is an abstract from her log:

Left Fairlie, Scot., July 25, at 2 P. M. Wind light from S. W., dead ahead, holding light and variable all day.

July 26, at 9:30 A. M., passed Malin Head. At 11 A. M. sighted the channel fleet off Loch Swilly. Wind still light, but southeast. Sank Tory Island off the north coast of Ireland during the forenoon, and steered our course across the ocean, west one-half north.

Friday, light but shifting winds. Ran 149 miles by the log.

Saturday, carried away the gooseneck of spinaker boom at 2 P. M. At 4 P. M. rain squall, accompanied by nasty sea. Log showed 144 miles.

July 30.—Fresher winds; forced to double reef mainsail. Short cross seas made the compass bob about so as to be practically useless. Held on a course west by south, one-quarter south, and ran 179 miles.

Monday the blow moderated; set light sails. During the night heavy rain shower, with baffling airs. Log recorded 109 miles as the work of the day.

Tuesday, dead calm for the greater part of the day. Long rolling swell that made things uncomfortable. Ran 75 miles, noon to noon.

Wednesday, Aug. 1.—Wind freshened, but held dead ahead. Ran 115 miles.

Aug. 2.—Heavy cross seas prevailed all day, wind hauling to southwest. Covered 105 miles.

Aug. 3.—Heavy head winds and head seas all day. Log showed 103 miles.

Aug. 4.—Heavy rain, heavy seas and head winds. Course, west by south three-quarters south. Sailed 100 miles by log.

Aug. 5.—Wind stronger, veering from northwest to southwest. Under three-reefed mainsail for four hours. Plunged heavily; 86 miles.

Monday, Aug. 6.—Blowing fresh from northwest; 132 miles.

Aug. 7.—At 2:30 P. M. was passed by the National Line steamer Egypt, bound for New York. Spoke her and received Liverpool papers of date Aug. 2. At 4 P. M., in N. lat. 43° 51', W. long. 38° 39', sighted and sailed around derelict schooner W. L. White, of Rockland, Me. She had stumps of main and mizenmasts standing and decks burst out. Log showed 153 miles.

Aug. 8.—Wind shifting from southeast to northeast, and light all day; 81 miles.

Aug. 9.—Wind stronger. Weather fair. Ran 166 miles.

Aug. 10.—On edge of the Banks. Thick and hazy during afternoon. Light rains and fine sailing breeze at night and during the morning; 147 miles. Hove lead at midnight and found bottom in 45 fathoms.

Aug. 11.—Sailed through French fishing fleet. Winds light ahead. Course S.W. ½ S. Covered 87 miles.

Aug. 12.—Light and baffling winds. Foggy at times. Many whales sighted. Log recorded 95 miles.

Monday, Aug. 13.—Fine N.E. breeze; 154 miles.

Aug. 14.—Wind light; 80 miles.

Aug. 15.—Thick fog all the morning; 86 miles.

Aug. 16.—Wind very light; 54 miles.

Aug. 17.—Foggy, head winds; 98 miles.

Aug. 18.—At noon sounded in 55 fathoms; 82 miles.

Aug. 19.—Wind still holding light and ahead. In N. lat. 42° 53', W. long. 64° 53', passed Gloucester fishing schooner Lorna Doone at anchor, fishing. She gave us plenty of fresh fish, and we stood on our course; 104 miles.

Aug. 20.—Light winds; carried spinaker and all jibs; 63 miles.

Aug. 21.—About 4 o'clock A. M. a gale sprang up from the southeast and backed around to the north. It blew with hurricane force, accompanied by frightful seas. We kept topsail behind mast, and the boat behaved splendidly. Kept her under the staysail for about four hours. At daylight we passed a large schooner hove to under foresail and trysail. At 9:20 A. M. we sighted Cape Cod, bearing W.N.W. The wind took off at 9:45, and we began to drift down the beach toward Nausett, which at noon bore west by south. At 3 P. M. the wind lessened, and we stood around the Cape. At 7 P. M. Cape Cod was abeam, bearing south-southwest, and two hours later Race Point was abeam, bearing south-southwest.

At 3 A. M. Thursday we were abeam of the Gurnet. At 7 A. M. tacked in front of Minot's, passed Boston light at 8:30 and came to anchor at 9:30 A. M.

Total length of voyage 28 days, land to land 26 days.

Minerva will probably not race this year, but next season she will be in the 40ft. class with Baboon, Nymph, Xara, Banshee, Chiquita and Pappoose. Her performance with them cannot fail of being very instructive, as she, while far from being a narrow cutter, has less beam than any of the others, only 11ft. 4in. compared with 13 or 14ft. of Baboon, Banshee and Nymph. She has already made a reputation for herself by her remarkable voyage, and if she does as well in racing her designer will have no reason to be ashamed of her.

GALATEA'S KEEL.

A DECISION has lately been rendered in the suit of Lieut. Henn against J. Reid & Co., the builders of Galatea, for £1,000 damages on account of faulty construction of the lead keel. Lord McLaren, before whom the case was tried, has decided against Lieut. Henn, the main points of the case, as reported in the Glasgow *Herald*, being as follows, in addition to which the decision goes at length into the legal and technical features of the case:

"In November, 1884, defenders agreed to build the steel cutter yacht Galatea for the pursuer at a price of £4,524. The specification required that 85 tons of lead should be run into the spaces amidships been the floors, and the vessel was to be built according to the style of a first-class yacht. The Galatea was handed over to the pursuer in April, 1885, and she was raced at various regattas and sailing matches during the ensuing racing season. Pursuer, however, discovered that the vessel had neither the stability nor the speed which a first class yacht of her size ought to have had. In consequence of her instability and want of power to carry sail, the pursuer found it necessary to have the vessel's spars cut down and reduced. She thus proved a great failure during the sailing season of 1885. At the close of the season the yacht still becoming deeper in the water, pursuer began to suspect that the lead ballast had not been properly run into the spaces and he had some of it cut out, when it was discovered that it had not been run in properly. Instead of being solid and filling up the whole of the spaces into which it was run, the lead, he said, was solid only at the upper part of the spaces. Below, the spaces had been left empty, so that the water getting in afterwards filled up the vacancies under the lead. Some tons of water had thus been collected in the yacht's bilges below the lead, at a place where it could not be reached by the pumps. Pursuer had the lead taken out and run in again at a cost of £580 16s. 7d., and he was put to other expense. He founded his claim on breach of contract by the defenders in maintaining that the cause of

SOUTH BOSTON Y. C.—The postponed regatta of the South Boston Y. C. was sailed off City Point on Sept. 3, the courses being: For first and second classes, from starting point, leaving Thompson's Island on starboard, Spectacle and Long Islands on port, Rainsford's Island and Wilson's Rock Buoy on starboard, Buoy 7 on port; returning through the "Narrows," leaving George's and Galloup Islands and Nix's Mate Black Buoy No. 9 on port, Lovell's Island and Red Buoy No. 8 on starboard, Long, Spectacle and Buoy 7 on port, to finishing point; 10 miles. Third class, from starting point, leaving Cow Pasture, Red Spar Buoy No. 4 on port; Black Can Buoy No 7 off Fort Independence on starboard, Spectacle Island, Sculpin Ledge Buoy, Red Can Buoy No. 6, lower middle on port, back to starting point; 7 miles. The wind was moderate, falling to a calm at finish. The times were:

FIRST CLASS KEELS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Prince Karl, E. L. Williams	29.01	2 05 15	1 37 14
Breeze, C. E. Paget	29.06	2 08 30	1 40 50
Altaire, A. J. McLeod	28.04	2 22 30	1 53 47

SECOND CLASS KEELS.

Raven, M. Kelly	26.00	2 12 45	1 44 14
Secret, H. Porter	23.00	2 20 50	1 46 27
Annie Maud, E. O. Vogelin	23.03	2 20 57	1 43 52
Optic, C. S. Hutchinson	26.05	2 34 00	2 03 25
Amon, Asa Knowlton	23.05	2 40 00	2 06 07

SECOND CLASS CENTERBOARDS.

White Fawn, W. C. Cherrington	24.08	1 55 00	1 22 34
Good Luck, J. B. Farrell	23.00	1 58 50	1 24 27
Eureka, H. B. Rogers	23.00	1 59 10	1 14 47

THIRD CLASS KEELS.

Fearless, E. L. Crockett	21.05	1 46 00	1 20 21
Volante, J. M. Hall	22.03	1 47 30	1 22 46
Julia, H. F. McIntire	22.03	1 59 45	1 35 01

THIRD CLASS CENTERBOARDS.

Jester, A. M. Davis	19.02	1 50 00	1 22 14
Magic, M. Kelly	19.05	1 57 00	1 20 30

The judges were G. F. Clark, Hubert Pope, Thomas Christian, R. N. Gifford, J. P. Bullard and W. H. Godfrey.

BEVERLY Y. C.—137th Regatta, 3d championship, Marblehead, Sept. 8. Courses, first and second classes—Leaving B Buoys 5 and, 8, Tom Moore's Rock, Turkey Island and Roaring Bull on starboard, S.E. Pig Breaker Buoy, Half Way Rock and B Buoys 3 and 5 on port and return, 11 miles. Third and fourth classes—Leaving B Buoy No. 6 on starboard, Bowditch's Ledge Beacon and stakeboat off Curtis' Point on port, B Buoys 7, 5 and 3 and Selman's Berth Buoy on starboard and return, 7½ miles. Wind, strong, S.S.E. veering to S.W., rainy, heavy sea.

FIRST CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Atalanta, J. R. Thomas, C.B. sloop	33.03	2 11 00	2 06 33
Beetle, T. Pierce, K. cutter	35.10	2 21 19	2 18 12

SECOND CLASS.

Sprite Com. Sears, C.B. sloop	27.01½	2 18 28	2 08 45
Witch, Crowninshield, K. cutter	28.04	2 19 40	2 11 07
Marguerite, Skinner, Jr., K. sloop	28.01	2 23 01	2 14 14
Swordfish, J. B. Paine, K. sloop	30.11	2 24 06	2 17 48

THIRD CLASS CENTERBOARD.

Nerina, Robert Saltonstall, cat	21.10	1 50 13	1 38 26
Hoiden, Gordon Dexter, cat	21.11	1 54 29	1 42 48

THIRD CLASS KEELS.

Kathleen, R. S. Peabody, sloop	25.10	1 51 40	1 43 25
Wraith, H. P. Benson, sloop	22.03	1 55 52	1 44 29
Mosca, C. H. W. Foster, sloop	24.06	Withdrew.	

FOURTH CLASS.

Psyche, W. L. Jeffries, C.B. cat	18.11	1 59 15	1 44 19
Dolphin, Royal Robins, C.B. cat	18.00	2 00 25	1 44 21

First class, Atalanta first; second class, Sprite first, Witch second; third class centerboards, Nerina first; third class keels, Kathleen first; fourth class, Psyche first. Sprite wins and holds pennant for best correct time, Psyche wins and holds both pennants. Nerina wins both pennants, tieing Hoiden and Wraith, a sail-off is necessary. Mosca fouled Hoiden, delaying her some minutes, Mosca being at fault withdrew. Judges, H. H. Buck, Edmund Parker. Judges' yacht Diana, E. Y. C.

SING SING Y. C.—The fall regatta of the Sing Sing Y. C. was sailed on Sept. 6 in a fresh N.W. breeze, the times being:

FIRST CLASS—CABIN SLOOPS—COURSE 20 MILES.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Waif, S. W. Edgerton	29.09½	6 23 30	6 23 30
Crawford, Chas. E. Day	27.04½	5 53 38	5 48 58
Lurline, J. S. Washburne	24.10½	6 40 02	6 30 12
Vixen, F. A. Rigby	26.01¼	5 51 37	5 44 14½

THIRD CLASS—OPEN CATBOATS—COURSE 20 MILES.

Alex, Samstag Bros	25.11	5 33 19	5 25 14
May F., W. C. France, Jr.	24.09	5 08 47	4 58 12
Cora, B. Smith	24.01½	5 11 47	4 59 57
Irex, R. N. Haddock	22.09½	5 50 46	5 16 16
Pauline B., Jas. Smith	22.05½	5 24 09	5 08 59
Nina, A. D. Peterson	30.00½	5 01 10	5 04 10

FOURTH CLASS—CABIN CATS—COURSE 20 MILES.

Harned, Chas. Semkul	40.06¼	4 57 07	5 32 38
Ella F., John Dixon	35.11½	5 41 48	5 32 38
Lotta, W. W. Washburne	21.06½		

FIFTH CLASS—CAT RIGGED—COURSE 20 MILES.

Alice J., C. Schade	19.11¼	6 21 42	6 21 42
Spray, F. Thomas	18.07		
Erminie, ——	17.07	6 48 10	6 48 22½
Little Dean, D. McGlynn	16.05	6 02 35	5 55 27½
Midget, A. Osborne	16.06		

SIXTH CLASS—CAT RIGGED—COURSE 16 MILES.

Silver King, W. Bright	15.11½	4 52 12¾	4 22 15¾
Norna, E. S. Pelman	13.05	Not timed.	

The winners were: First class—Vixen, Yonkers Y. C. Third class—May F., Tappan Zee Y. C. Fourth class—Harned, Yonkers Y. C. Fifth class—Little Dean, Columbia Y. C. Sixth class—Silver King, Yonkers Y. C. For fastest time over the course the Harned won the special prize.

PLEON Y. C.—On Sept. 4 two races were sailed, the sail-off for first class and one leg for the cup. The times were:

PENNANT RACE.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Snail	15.11	0 59 46	0 58 46
Mary	14.00	1 02 38	1 00 32

CUP RACE.

Perhaps	12.10	0 43 00	0 40 40
Jay Gee	12.07	0 44 47	0 42 20
Ruth	12.00	0 46 03	0 43 14
Estelle	11.09	0 47 14	0 44 07

The final race of the season was sailed off Marblehead on Sept. 6, starting in a fresh breeze but finishing in very light weather. The times were:

SPECIAL CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Jay Gee	12.07	1 28 07	1 25 04
Monarch	12.03	1 35 37	1 32 25

FIRST CLASS—KEELS.

Mary	14.00	1 14 10	1 10 40
Snail	15.00	1 12 40	1 11 00

FIRST CLASS—CENTERBOARDS.

Mist	14.05	1 07 47	Not meas'd
Reba	13.00	1 17 53	1 13 23

SECOND CLASS—KEELS.

Estelle	11.09	1 01 33	0 58 00
Annie	11.06	1 06 40	1 02 55
Edith	11.08		
Lark	9.06	1 24 30	1 19 30

SECOND CLASS—CENTERBOARDS.

Ruth	12.00	1 02 45	0 59 21
Perhaps	12.10	0 59 02	0 53 14

DORCHESTER Y. C.—105th regatta, Aug. 28.—Club course, 7 miles. Weather, clear. Wind, north-northwest. Tide, flood:

FOURTH CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Mabel, F. L. Dunne	21.5½	1 10 10	00 44 50

FIFTH CLASS.

Mirage, J. Dearborn	18.8½	1 13 33	0 45 16
Scamp, F. Gray	19.5½	1 13 19	0 45 52
Nora, G. B. Dennie		1 17 05	

Winners of prizes—Class Four (special prize), Mabel. Class Five, first, Mirage; second, Scamp. Mabel having no competitor in the fourth class, the judges decided to let her start with the fifth class and sail for a special price. There was a double-reef breeze. Judges, H. B. Callender, L. M. Clark, E. R. Tilton.

BUFFALO Y. C.—Many new additions are to be made to the local fleet, and Buffalo is likely to figure more actively in the Lake Y. R. A. circuit next season. The keel of the new cutter Louise has been got out by Hingston & Son, and Mr. Kunhardt has sent plans No. 24 for another and larger cutter. She is 34ft. over all, 24ft. loadline, 7ft. 6in. beam, and 5ft. draft. The iron keel weighs 4,800lbs., and the lower sail area is 700sq. ft. Flush deck with small cockpit. Mr. Kunhardt is also getting out the plans for a 30ft. compromise, and several other yachts are in prospect, so that Buffalo will contribute a full quota of new craft next season.

CATBOATS AT NEWPORT.—The race of the Newport catboats was sailed on Sept. 6 in a strong N. wind, the course being 18 miles. The times were:

FIRST CLASS.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
E. O. Mathews	10 35 00	1 55 25	3 20 25
Marion	10 35 35	1 52 45	3 17 10
Spray	10 37 10	1 52 35	3 15 25

SECOND CLASS.

Amelia	10 38 25	1 51 12	3 12 47
Carrie	10 38 00	1 56 40	3 18 40
Kittie	13 39 55	2 17 01	3 37 06

THIRD CLASS.

Princess Ida	10 40 25	2 13 10	3 34 45
Alice	10 14 15	Disabled.	
Greta	10 41 30	2 21 15	3 39 45
Annie	10 41 00	2 18 15	3 32 15
Bessie	10 40 45	2 20 20	3 39 35
Planet	10 42 50		
Trixie	10 41 50	2 16 20	3 34 30
Lizzie	10 41 00	2 13 10	3 32 00

Alice sprung her mast and withdrew.

BOSTON MOSQUITO FLEET.—On Sept. 3 the mosquito fleet sailed a race in a fresh breeze, the course being off South Boston. The times were:

FIRST CLASS—15 TO 15FT.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Minnie, H. Jackson	14.11	1 06 56	1 06 52
Sprite, H. M. Wells	14.04	1 08 04	1 07 29
Lucy, W. H. Ransom	14.11	1 09 54	1 09 50
Baby, W. C. Bragdon	15.03	1 13 31	1 11 52
Osprey, G. H. Noonan	14.05	1 18 41	1 18 11
Dart, F. E. Green	14.02	1 24 09	1 23 24
Nelly, J. O'Leary	14.00	1 27 45	1 26 51
Iota, J. T. Powers	14.00	1 27 53	1 26 59

SECOND CLASS—UNDER 13FT.

Bessie, W. C. Cherrington	12.01	1 16 34	1 13 40
Swag, W. E. Robinson	12.00	1 22 21	1 19 17
Bunty, M. W. Ransom	12.11	1 23 56	1 20 57
Grace, George Smith	12.02	1 30 15	1 27 27

MARBLEHEAD Y. C.—The 3d regatta of this club was sailed on Sept. 8 over a 5-mile course in a strong breeze. The times were:

FIRST CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corre't'd
Mist, I. R. Thomas	14.05	35 44	35 30
Marguerite, Knight & Brown	17.10	39 49	39 45
Reba, Palmer & Poole	13.00	44 17	42 29
Ella, P. Carter	17.08	48 16	48 10

SECOND CLASS.

Jay Gee, F. B. Litchman	12.07	42 54	40 56
Estelle, Dunlap	11.09	43 41	41 14
Ruth, John Dunlap	12.00	43 58	41 52
Heron, W. E. Bowden	12.02	45 18	43 18

The judges were F. B. Litchman, Frank Tucker, Chas. Goodwin. Mr. Tucker's yacht was used for a judges' boat.

HULL Y. C., THIRD CHAMPIONSHIP, SEPT. 3.—The third championship race of the Hull Y. C. was sailed on Sept. 3 in a very strong blow from S.W., the fleet sailing under double reefs. The times were:

FIRST CLASS CENTERBOARDS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Albatross, J. J. Henry	34.02	2 11 45	1 45 24
Shadow, Dr. J. Bryant	33.11	2 13 32	1 46 59

FIRST CLASS KEELS.

Aglaia, J. E. Davis	33.11	2 23 02	1 56 30

FOURTH CLASS CENTERBOARDS.

Niobe, C. W. Keats	20.02	1 24 35	1 01 43
Mabel, T. L. Dunn	19 11	1 25 50	1 02 43

SIXTH CLASS CENTERBOARDS.

Mirage, J. Dearborn	17.05	1 32 36	1 07 03
Rocket, H. M. Faxon	16.02	Did not finish.	

NEW YORK Y. C.—The fall regatta of the New York Y. C. will be sailed on Sept. 20 over a new course, starting on a line drawn from the flagship Electra, anchored about one-quarter of a mile south of Buoy No. 10, thence to Buoy 8½, passing south of it, and north of Buoy 5, off the point of Sandy Hook, to and around the Sandy Hook Lightship, turning it from the north and east, thence to and around a stakeboat anchored one-quarter of a mile southeast from the buoy on Shrewsbury Rocks, turning it from the west and south, and returning over the same course to starting point. The time limit will be 8 hours.

TORONTO—PRINCE OF WALES CUP.—One of the most absurd races on record is that of Friday last at Toronto, where the entries for the Prince of Wales cup included the 70ft. schooner Oriole, the 5-ton cutter Molly, the small sloop Caprice and the open boat Alvacta, the latter 19ft. over all. The course was over a 15-mile triangle on the open lake, two rounds, with half a gale blowing and a heavy sea. Oriole sailed the course twice while the others were sailing it once, Alvacta sailed but one round.

DEATH OF LORD ALFRED PAGET.—This well-known yachtsman died lately on board of his yacht Violet. His yachting career dates back over 40 years, beginning with various sailing yachts, the most famous of which was the Xantha cutter, built in 1865 by Mr. John Harvey, and ending in steam. He has probably built more steam yachts than any other yachtsman, some of the best known being the Xantha, Santa, Cecilia, Santa Maria and a number of Violets.

EASTERN Y. C.—The fall regatta of the Eastern Y. C. will be sailed on Sept. 14. There will be but few entries in the larger classes, Sachem, Puritan and Marguerite not being entered, while no New York yachts will go round. Good entries are looked for in the 40ft. class, and the boats are now getting ready. Nara has had a new bowsprit 3ft. longer. Col. Cochrane's new schooner, Œnone, will sail her first race.

HARLEM Y. C. FALL REGATTA.—The fall regatta of the Harlem Y. C. was sailed on Sept. 9 from College Point around the Sands Point buoy, for all but two yachts, these turning the Gangway Buoy. The wind was strong N.W. The winners were: Class B, Peerless; Class C, Bessie B.; Class D, Sophia Emma; Class F, Gussie (a walkover); Class H, Vitesse. Bessie B. wins for the third time the commodore's cup, and holds it. The judges were: J. C. Summers, P. Grace and H. B. McAllister.

SAILORS' HANDBOOK.—Under the tittle of "Seglers Handbuch," the publishers of *Wassersport* are now issuing in parts a new work on yachting by Lieut. von Muchall-Viebrook. The work is divided into three parts—design and construction in theory and practice; yacht sailing; and miscellaneous craft, such as canoes, ice yachts and model yachts. When completed it will make a handsome octavo volume.

NEW ROCHELLE Y. C.—A special sweepstakes regatta has been arranged by the New Rochelle Y. C. for Sept. 15, open to all kinds of small craft—duck boats, sneakboxes, open skiffs, etc. It would be interesting to see some of the best canoes entered, but several club races, together with the New York cup races, are apt to keep all the canoes about the Upper Bay for the next two weeks.

CRUISE OF THE SEA FOX.—The flagship of the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. was at Marblehead on Saturday, on her way to New York, after a cruise as far East as Campobello, having left New Bedford on Aug. 22. She met a heavy S.E. gale on the first night out, when off Cape Cod, being hove to all night, part of the time under single-reefed trysail.

HAMILTON Y. C.—Commodore Kilvert has been in New York recently and had a look aboard some of the yachts in harbor. He reports the Hamilton Y. C. in a very flourishing condition, a fine club house fully paid for, $700 in the treasury and popular interest increasing. The club burgee is a blue pennant with white triangle, base on the luff.

GLEAM.—The new owner of the steam yacht Gleam, lately sunk at Baltimore, is H. M. Flagler, of the Standard Oil Co., owner of the schooner Columbia. She will be repaired by Woodall & Co., of Baltimore, her name being changed.

LARCHMONT Y. C.—The special race for open boats that was set for Saturday last was postponed one week, as there was a very heavy blow all the afternoon.

LLOYD'S YACHT REGISTER.—We have received the supplement to this valuable work, containing additions and alterations to July 1 of this year.

Small Yachts. By C. P. Kunhardt. Price $7. Steam Yachts and Launches. By C. P. Kunhardt. Price $3. Yachts, Boats and Canoes. By C. Stansfield-Hicks. Price $3.50. Steam Machinery. By Donaldson. Price $1.50.

New Publications.

PRACTICAL CARP CULTURE.

"PRACTICAL CARP CULTURE," by L. B. Logan, may be safely accepted as the standard guide for the new industry of water farming.

In the infancy of any industry there is, as the author tells us, much misdirection of thought, effort and means. Tens of thousands of people have made ponds and received carp for planting from the U. S. Fish Commission within the past ten years, and very few of them have had any difficulty in raising the fish, although a great many have experienced considerable difficulty in bringing them to table. They have made no arrangements for draining their ponds, and although carp can be trapped or taken with an angle, special measures are necessary for taking them by these means. It is no less difficult to take them with a seine, but there should be little difficulty in imagining the state of mind of the fisheulturist who, having raised thousands of fine fish fit for the market, is unable to land one of them.

Carp culture, like any other industry, requires some special knowledge of the subject to insure the desired results; indeed, Mr. Logan's work suggests a great many subjects on which it is very desirable to have the experience of others before engaging in the enterprise; for clever, bright-witted men this is especially essential, for in their efforts to secure exceptional success they are by no means unlikely to adopt the measures best calculated to defeat their ends. The introduction of minnows and insect larvæ into carp ponds might readily suggest itself as a measure for providing a natural food supply, and so it is for the minnows, frogs, crustacean and numerous insect larvæ, which prey greedily on the carp fry. Still more remarkable is it because less known that although certain species of water plants are very favorable to the propagation of carp, firstly because they support a supply of insect food, and secondly because they favor propagation by becoming points of attachment to the spawn, there are other native water plants that swallow and assimilate the young fry greedily, and although these plants, within certain limits, may perform useful functions, even in a carp pond, by fertilizing it both for insect and vegetable life, it is obvious that it may be propagated to such as an extent as to exterminate all the fry as fast as they would be hatched.

On these and other kindred subjects the intending carp farmer should have full information before he engages in the industry; he should have the generalized results of the collective experience of those already engaged in the industry, and the conclusions of fish commissioners, scientists and others who have been engaged in investigation and experiment. In fact, before a man spends a hundred dollars on a carp pond, he should spend a dollar in securing the information necessary to render his investment a success.

Water farming, as supplementary to tilling the soil, may be made both pleasant and profitable, and even conducive to health, by varying the everlasting diet of salt pork with a ration of fresh fish, at once wholesome, nutritive and palatable. That an acre or two of water on a farm would be a great convenience and conducive to the pleasure of the farmer's family goes without saying, and the extent to which carp culture is prosecuted in Germany and Austria as an economic pursuit leaves no room to doubt that it may be pursued with profit in this country.

The carp is not a sportsman's fish. It does not rise to the fly, it is not predatory in any but a limited sense, and although it might be taken with a snaggot, its mouth is so delicate that the hook tears through as soon as the fish begins to struggle. The carp is, nevertheless, a very voracious feeder, and under favorable conditions grows with a rapidity unapproached by any of our game fishes, and this, conjoined with the fact that its flesh is very palatable, renders it preëminently suited for domestication.

It stands no chance with our native fish if exposed with them to the struggle for existence; it preys on none and is preyed on by all, and the only object to be gained by introducing them into our partially depleted lakes and rivers would be to secure a food supply for our game fish. In fact, the raising of carp fry for periodical introduction into trout streams is one worthy of careful consideration. Of course, the principal object in raising carp is to secure a good supply of food for the table, and the carp lends itself as readily to the arrangement as if it had undergone a process of special adaptation to it. It can subsist and thrive on so little water, that the fish is always taken to market alive in Germany, and in this country we read of pits being dug in the cellar and stocked with the winter's supply of carp, the water being led in through a small gas pipe.

The usual system of carp culture involves the construction of three separate ponds; one for hatching, one for raising stock, and one for the big fish; and to keep these apart and secure facilities for subjecting each class to its proper treatment, it is necessary to provide facilities for draining the ponds, which is generally done twice a year, before and after the breeding season, when the stock is selected for market, and admirably harmonizing with this necessity is the additional necessity of freeing the carp from the intrusion of minnows and other fish, frogs, etc., whose spawn is constantly being introduced into the pond.

With a suitable clayey or loamy bottom, or even a sandy bottom which will hold water, the floor of the ponds is being constantly enriched with humus and nitrogeneous matter, and many German farmers construct their carp ponds in duplicate, and after emptying them take a couple of crops off the bottom before restocking them with fish, thus making carp culture fit into a system of rotation of crops, taking the part of peas in a dry land rotation. The subject is one of great interest to farmers all over the country, a subject which may fairly be characterized as one of national importance. It is a subject which, within limited circles, is thoroughly well understood in all its details, and in L. B. Logan's "Practical Carp Culture" we have the results of the experience of carp culturists down to date. To the ordinary citizen who likes to keep himself posted on all the live questions of the day, this treatise is full of interest; to the carp culturist it is indispensable.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

W. H. F., Columbia, Pa.—For deer and bear in North Carolina go to Belvidere.

S. D. D., New York.—The Bay Shore *Journal*, Suffolk *Democrat*, Patchogue; Sag Harbor *Express*.

N. Y. C., Newark, N. J.—The lines of Pappoose can only be had of Mr. Burgess, who will not permit their publication.

F. L. R., New York.—Choose a 12g. gun. Deer are now in season in the Adirondacks. You cannot find good shooting near New York.

H.—For wild rice write to Mr. Chas. Gilchrist of Port Hope, Ont., whose advertisement is given elsewhere. Sow in shallow water in the autumn.

LEX.—1. The combined rifle and shotgun is made by L. C. Smith, Syracuse, N. Y. 2. Some of the laws in the compilation are up to date and some are not.

WILD CHARLEY.—The powder has been described at great length in this paper; you can find out much about it by repairing to the agents, whose names are given in our advertising columns.

R. C. L., New York.—When does the close season on deer begin in New York city or State? I expect to go on a deer hunt in North Carolina in November. Up to what date can I send my game here? Ans. The close season for possession of venison will close Dec. 15.

J. J., Malden, Mass.—Can you put me on the track of some parties who can shoot for me some owls and hawks this winter in Maine or any place else? Ans. As your State offers a bounty on these birds there ought to be no difficulty in securing all you want if you will pay for them more than the bounty. We cannot give you names of any one who would supply them.

H. F., New York.—How are salmon marked by the U. S. Fish Commission when captured and released? Ans: A thin platinum tag has a number stamped on it and it is attached to the hinder portion of the main dorsal fin by a platinum wire. The number is recorded together with date of capture, sex, length and weight. By this means the rate rate of growth is known.

M. S. N.—What is best way to stock a lake with black bass? It lies in the Adirondacks, rocky bottom and shore, in some parts is 175 feet deep. It is three miles long by nearly a mile wide, and three years ago 75 six-inch black bass were put in and one of 2lbs. was taken this year. Ans. If the waters are suitable for the fish, they have bred there, and there is not much use in further stocking. If, however, you wish to put in more it is best to put in large fish from the nearest water and to plant them either this fall or before next May.

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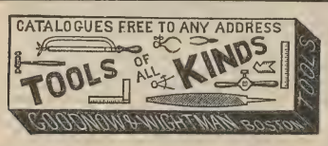
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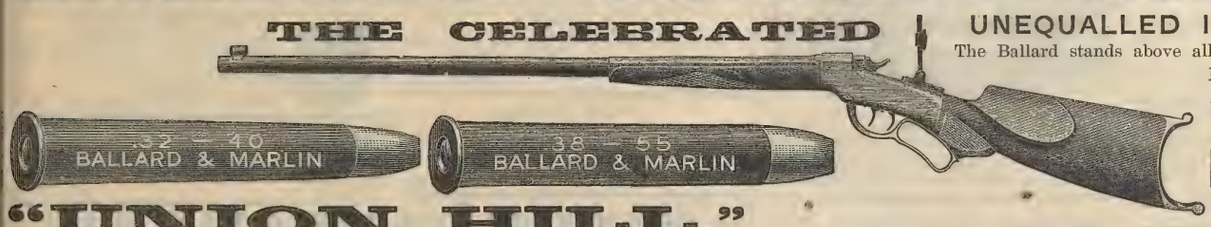
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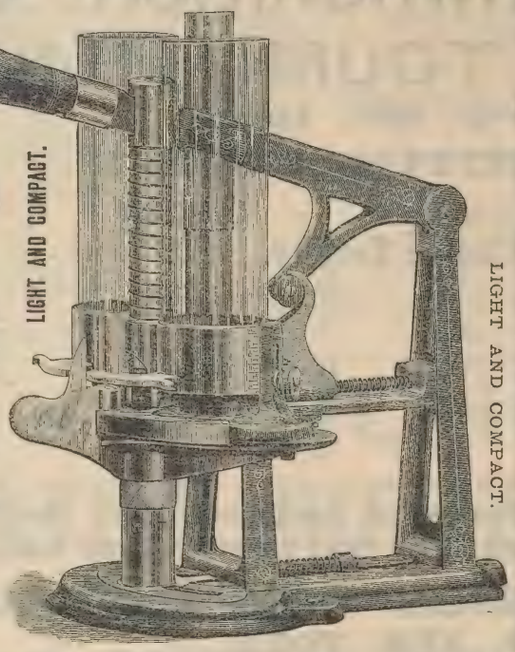
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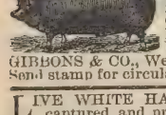
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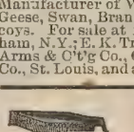
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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

AN INTERNATIONAL RIFLE MATCH.

SHALL we have another international match? This is the query which is put to us a dozen times each week, and the only answer is that there is no reason why such a contest should not take place other than the apathy of the marksmen. It is hardly likely that there will be another small-bore match with fine rifles, simply because there is no one to take hold of the match and push it through. Just now the supremacy in the form of shooting rests with the American shooters. They hold the Palma trophy, and it remains with our English cousins to come over and take it. There is very little long-range work going on in America, and a great deal of it in England, but the makers of the match rifle in Great Britain would profit little by the bringing home of this international emblem, and it is after all the manufacturers who create the sentiment in favor of a public match of this sort, who back the enterprise and who see it through to a finish. No doubt if a challenge came an American team could be put in the field very soon, and it would be a good team too. The Walnut Hill men could very soon step from their usual short-range work back to the longer ranges where already several have made creditable records. The next international match, however, should be a military one with military weapons, fought out between the Militia here and the Volunteers of Great Britain. The Volunteers have twice beaten us, once on our own ground and once abroad, and we have quietly taken the beatings, and have allowed season after season to slip by without making the least effort to reverse the record.

It would be a comparatively easy matter to arrange the conditions of a match which should bring these teams again together. It is absurd to say that we have not makes of special military rifles which would be the proper weapon in such a match, every whit equal to the fine arms used in their matches at Wimbledon. If we have not the arms then the sooner that fact is demonstrated the better. We have the men. New York State has now a good, efficient system of rifle practice for her troops, and Massachusetts as well. Other States come forward with a few marksmen, and many have none at all. Either of these two States could put an American team forward, which, so far as the men went, would be fully up to a British team. Having the men and the machines, all that remains is for some one with intelligent enthusiasm to take up the matter and push it through, to arouse the laggard pride of our marksmen, to let the public at large know that it has a duty to perform in properly supporting their representatives, and then we would find the Britishers more than ready to give us another brush.

To be sure, it is no easy matter to carry through such an enterprise. It is no small bit of work to get just the right men for the team, and then to get just the right work out of them; but it can be done, and some clever, energetic inspector of rifle practice on one of our State staffs is the man to head the scheme, to consummate it, and to get full credit for the victory which ought to be the outcome.

FRANKLIN SATTERTHWAITE.

IT is our melancholy task to record the death of an old friend and shooting companion. After an illness extending over six months, Franklin Satterthwaite died last Friday at his home in Newark, New Jersey, aged forty-six years. Mr. Satterthwaite was born in New York city. His father was John Blackwood Satterthwaite, and his mother was Ellen Duane, a great-granddaughter of Benjamin Franklin. James S. and John Fisher Satterthwaite, of Franklin township, N. J., were his cousins. Mr. Satterthwaite in his youth was employed by the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, and later in life devoted himself to literary work for the magazines and daily papers. His death resulted from a complication of diseases, ending in heart failure. Six or eight months ago he was prostrated with throat trouble, after which came neuralgia, rheumatism, lung trouble, and finally paralysis of the spine. Mr. Satterthwaite leaves a wife, the daughter of the late Jabez Pennington, and two children, a boy and a girl. The funeral took place last Monday.

Franklin Satterthwaite was essentially a sportsman, and one of the best type. As a boy he was familiar with the haunts of game on Long Island and in New Jersey, and under the guidance of older sportsmen like Colonel Depeyster and Robert B. Roosevelt, he tramped the stubbles and the woodcock covers, and laid the foundation of the ardent love for dog and gun that he always cherished.

Early in life, soon after his marriage, he had shot over much of England and Scotland, and in many of the countries of continental Europe, and after his return to this country he searched its length and breadth in his efforts to find the best shooting grounds. Probably no man in this country had given so much attention to this subject as he, and certainly no one had so accurate a knowledge of the best localities for small game east of the Missouri River. He kept himself constantly informed by means of correspondence with gunners in all sections of the country as to the movements of birds, and each season found him well equipped with information for his autumn outing. Mr. Satterthwaite was a remarkably fine shot, and this fact, combined with his knowledge of game resorts, made him singularly successful in all his excursions.

Although his favorite sport was with dog and gun, he was also successful in more athletic sports. He was an enthusiastic cricketer, and besides being a most skillful player, he had an historical and theoretical knowledge of the game which was very unusual. This knowledge was such that at various times he held the position of cricket editor on various periodicals in this city and in Philadelphia.

His great experience in the field, and with sporting dogs, especially qualified him for the position of kennel editor of FOREST AND STREAM, and for a number of years he filled this chair with credit to himself and to the paper. He had seen too much of good field work to be imposed upon by the tricks which might have deceived a man of less experience, and his honesty was too unswerving to permit him to wink at crooked work. It is not strange therefore that his unsparing and fearless denunciation of jockeying at field trials, while it won for him the respect and admiration of all honest men, gained for him also the hatred of the rogues among dog men. As a reporter he was fearless, acute, untiring, and he rarely made a mistake. As a judge of field trial work, or of bench show form, in sporting classes, he was competent and unswayed by any consideration save the merits of the animal on which he was to pass.

As a writer in the field of sport Mr. Satterthwaite made his mark. He had a rich fancy, good powers of description and a keen sense of the ludicrous, and his sketches were always entertaining. His contributions have appeared in many of the periodicals of the day, among which may be especially mentioned FOREST AND STREAM, *Harper's Magazine* and the London *Field*. But Mr. Satterthwaite was by nature a journalist rather than a literary man. He had a keen appreciation of what was news, and a rare faculty for getting at it, and putting it in attractive shape.

As a companion in the field Mr. Satterthwaite was a charming associate. He had a rich fund of anecdote, and his humorous stories were always full of point. During long years of association with him, it was our good fortune more than once to make extended shooting trips in his company, and these days spent with him on the snipe marsh, the quail stubble, or along the seashore are days always looked back to with pleasure—days never to be forgotten.

Franklin Satterthwaite, though still comparatively a young man, was yet old enough to have known intimately that older generation of sportsmen whom many of us can remember, but which is now rapidly passing away. He formed, as it were, a link between them and the younger generation, now in the full pride and strength of their manhood. Less than a year ago he was a picture of rugged health and strength. Now the strong arm that so unerringly poised the ready gun is nerveless, the quick, keen eye is dimmed forever. A genial sportsman, a warm-hearted friend has passed away. His untimely death will carry sorrow to many hearts.

THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN.

AS foreshadowed in our editorial remarks in our issue of September 6, the Zoölogical Park bill was defeated Sept. 12, in the House of Representatives. We indicated in the editorial referred to the probable ground on which this amendment to the Sundry Civil Service Bill would fail to pass, and the event has proved the accuracy of our prophecy. One political party was trying to make campaign capital out of the size of the appropriations passed by Congress, and the dominant party declined to furnish political ammunition for its opponents, and so for the year the project goes over. It is interesting and encouraging to observe that the debate in the House developed the fact that there is very little opposition to the establishment of this park, and that the bill was defeated by its friends rather than its enemies, and solely to gain a political point. The friends of the bill have no cause to be discouraged by its fate at this session, and there seems good reason to hope that when the measure comes up next year, as it certainly will, the result of the vote may be very different. Sooner or later the Zoölogical Park must be established.

THERE SHOULD BE no disagreement between farmers and sportsmen in Connecticut over the law which forbids the exportation of game. Whatever may be said for or against the law, it cannot truthfully be urged that it favors any one class at the expense of another. Its intent is not to abridge the rights and privileges of the farmers nor of the farmers' boys in order that "city sportsmen" may be given sport. The law is directed against the professional market hunters, who by wholesale snaring destroy the game with profit only to themselves. Neither farmer nor sportsman receives any benefit from the work of the market hunter; it is to the interest of both to discourage market hunting. The Legislature had this in view when it adopted the non-export law. In its application, as now enforced and as likely to be enforced, the statute does not interfere with the farmer's boy who wants to snare a few grouse. The farmer's boy traps today and will keep on trapping with impunity.

IN the official compilation of the New York game laws just published by the Commissioners of Fisheries, the galli mule persists in being defined as a protected game bird, as indeed it must persist in any official copy of the law. No one has any authority to change galli mule into gallinule until it shall be done by act of Legislature. Mistakes like this in a State game law are trivial in comparison with such a one as that in the River and Harbor Bill which appropriates for Back Cove in Portland Harbor, Me., not $25,000 as was intended but $25,000,000.

The Sportsman Tourist.

AN OWL HUNT.

BY A COUNTRY PARSON.

I NEVER had any experience in hunting owls, until the somewhat peculiar and quite enjoyable luck which befel me and several companions this last summer during a few weeks of recreation among the mountains of eastern Pennsylvania. There were four of us in the party—Sam, Joe, Rob and myself. It don't matter what our last names are. One name is enough for a man at any time in the woods, and especially on vacation. We had purposely taken our vacation early this year, in order to avail ourselves of the last days of the trouting season, which, according to Pennsylvania law, closes July 15, and alas! the 15th fell on a Sunday this year.

Of our luck at fishing I will not now speak, further than to say that one day as the season was drawing very uncomfortably near its close, we were all up on "The Still-waters," in the neighborhood of what our local fishermen call "The Duck Puddle," a wild, desolate-looking marsh, bordered by pine and oak-covered ridges. One afternoon I was sitting on the bank of the stream, all alone and half asleep, and all the fish more than half asleep, too, it seemed to me, the rest of the boys having gone up the creek to try their luck at "The Duck Puddle." After an absence of several hours they returned, reporting no other luck than that they had heard the hoot of a big owl.

"I tell you, boys," exclaimed Sam, "he was a big one. He made the woods ring."

"Yes," said I, "I heard him, but I thought it was you fellows calling."

"There's two of them," continued Sam, "and they were calling to each other. I tell you what, boys—when the jig is up with the fishing, let's come up here and hunt these owls. It'll be fun, I'd like to have one stuffed for my book case, like that great brown fellow under the glass case in the hotel parlor. Isn't he a beauty? I'd give a bran new five dollar bill for such an owl any day."

So, when the fishing season was over, and we had taken our split bamboos apart, and reeled up our lines and arranged our fly-books against the next season, we began to talk of hunting those owls up on the Still-waters. For certain reasons which will in due time become clear, Joe and I declined being of the party. We had another hunt in view, which like a wheel within a wheel, was simply to hunt for the owl hunters, and have a little fun at their expense—perhaps also at our own.

We thought if we could only somehow get the start of them, and get into the woods before they arrived on the ground, we might see some fun. But in the first place, it would be necessary to make some preparations. We would need a stuffed owl or two. But where to get them was a question we could not answer. It was not to be thought of that our worthy host would lend us his magnificent specimen under the glass case, just to be riddled with bird shot on a lark in the woods. In the absence, therefore, of any dummy or decoy of this kind, we could think of nothing better than to learn to imitate the hoot of an owl as near to the natural thing as possible. Fortunately I had in my trunk a copy of the *Century* for May containing an interesting article on "Bird Music—Partridges and Owls," wherein I remembered to have seen the hoot of the large brown owl reproduced by the assistance of musical notation. Now, though neither Joe nor myself is much of a musician, still we know enough about music to read the notes, and by careful practicing for several days out in the woods away from Sam and Rob, we both became proficient in the science of hooting. Whether this was due so much to the accuracy of the article in the *Century*, or, as seemed more likely to us, to our own remarkable powers of imitation, needs not here be discussed. Of myself I may modestly say that I am no slouch at mimicry, and Sam says I can bark a squirrel better than any other man he ever saw, and Sam is a good hand at squirrel shooting. At all events, we got it down fine on the owl hoot, so fine indeed that the very afternoon before the day set by Sam and Rob for the expedition up to "The Duck Puddle," Joe and I had an unexpectedly successful rehearsal in the woods about a mile from the house. We had stationed ourselves down in a dark rhododendron swamp, and were calling at intervals of several minutes, *Hoo-hoo-hoo! Hoo-hoo hoo!*

All of a sudden we became conscious of the soft fluttering of owl wings near us, as two brown owls settled on the lower limbs of a tree a rod or so away. To knock them over with a stick was easy work. An owl is a tender bird, and you don't have to hit him hard to kill him.

"What 'll we do with them?" asked Joe. "Give them to Sam and Rob and abandon the hunt?"

"Not a bit of it," said I. "We've had entirely too much trouble with this business and have gone quite too far to back out in that way. I tell you what we'll do. We'll skin our owls right off, stuff them with dry grass and take them with us to-morrow to keep on the fun. We can take good care of them and have them nicely stuffed after they have served our purpose. We shall have a heap of fun with them, or I am a little mistaken."

Sam and Rob were not to start for "The Duck Puddle" until after dinner. They arranged it so of their own accord, and to our convenience. They said that "owls come out more toward evening than earlier in the day." We thought so too.

Joe and I started for the scene of operations about the middle of the forenoon, excusing ourselves to our host on some plausible pretext or other. We secured a good lunch, took our rudely stuffed owls in hand nicely packed in parcels, and disappeared at a time when our two companions were not about the house.

We walked several miles, then got a lift on a wagon going our way, and about noon sat down under a broad hemlock to eat our lunch and perfect our plans.

We knew very nearly the part of the woods they would make for, because it was likely they would hunt for the owls where we had heard them hooting when we were fishing, and if they wandered away any distance, we could easily lure them back by hoo-hooing. We therefore determined to station ourselves about a fourth of a mile apart and try to bewilder the hunters by hooting them first to one point and then to another. Each was to take along his stuffed owl and to make such use of it as opportunity might offer.

After a long search we were so fortunate as to find two large hollow trees, a little further apart than we desired indeed, but otherwise very convenient for our purpose. The tree in which I stationed myself was the better of the two, as besides being large enough to allow me to enter it bodily, it afforded me a good place of concealment in the hollow part of a large limb which ran out from the trunk at a height of about nine or ten feet from the ground. Into this, being of slender build, I could easily scramble by placing my knees against the opposite sides of the trunk. I found also when up in my roost, which was a snug fit, that a knot hole afforded me a good breathing place and a comfortable point of observation. The hole had been enlarged by some bird or animal, so that I could easily put my head through if I wished. Besides, it would give me a fine opportunity to push out my stuffed bird so that it could be seen by the hunters.

It had taken me a good while to get all in readiness. As my perch in the hollow limb was rather cramped and uncomfortable, I spent some time in enlarging it by tearing off the decayed portions, and also made myself a kind of rude stairway by which to reach it easily and quickly.

I now thought that by this time my companion must be fixed in his station, and that we might soon begin operations. I was on the point to try how well I could imitate an owl in these dark and gloomy forests, when there came a long-drawn *Hoo-hoo-hoo!* mournfully resounding through the woods. For a moment I was sure it was a real owl, so natural was the sound, but on reflection concluded it must be Joe in his hollow tree. Putting my mouth to the hole in the limb I replied to my very best ability. Though I laughed at the thing, it really had an ominous sound.

After having made thorough trial of our hooting powers, we silently awaited the approach of our game—the owl hunters. I passed away an hour smoking my cigar and watching the dark and sombre forest through my window and door of observation. At length deeming that, as it was now somewhat past 3 o'clock, the party must be in the woods somewhere, I wakened the echoes with a long, solemn, and well-executed *Hoo-hoo-hoo!* repeating my call at brief intervals and then relapsing into a profoundly philosophical silence—just like an owl in a hollow tree always does.

I waited a long while and was about to try it over again, when I heard the snapping of twigs at a distance, and could plainly see Sam and Rob approaching, guns in hand. Quickly I gave two short calls, *Hoo-hoo!* which was the signal to Joe to call them over his way.

They had come almost up to my tree. I laughed till I shook at the alert but quizzical expression on their faces as they scanned the surrounding trees looking for the philosophical bird.

"He is here somewhere, Rob," said Sam. "It sounded about here."

"I think it was more to the left," was the half-whispered reply.

Hoo-hoo-hoo! rang out now, a full quarter of a mile in another direction.

"I told you we'd got too far to the right," said Rob; and away they dashed in Joe's direction. Joe kept hoo-hooing until he got them nearly up to him, and then he gave me the signal to call them off my way.

The fun was now beginning in earnest. Sam and Rob became excited over the chase. They would come tearing down toward me, then they would race up in Joe's direction, then down my way again, from pillar to post, and from Dan to Beersheba, until they were quite overheated and out of breath.

"Confound it," I heard one of them exclaim, "I never imagined an owl hunt such exciting work. When we are over here, then we hear him over there, and when we get over there, then he's over here. I believe there are two of them."

I now decided that it was about time to give them some small reward for all this racing up and down. So, after having for the fourth time hooted them down to my station, I pushed my stuffed owl out of the hole, and awaited events.

I had to wait some time. Our hunters were losing relish for the game. Sam was lying on the ground and Rob was sitting on a log, both looking around among the trees. All of a sudden Sam sprang to his feet and began, cat-like, to advance in my direction. I held my owl as steady as I could for laughing until he fired, and then I let her drop.

I heard them both running, Rob saying, "Well, you did get one, didn't you?"

"Yes," replied Sam, as he picked up the bird, "I did. But—blame it!—it appears to me there is something wrong with this bird. It's the queerest looking owl ever I see. It must have been hard up for something to eat. Just see! It's all full of grass!" And he began pulling the dried grass out of it.

Rob now began to laugh, saying he had never heard of a Nebuchadnezzar among the owls in all his life before; and he laughed so long and poked so much fun at Sam's bird, rolling on the ground and he-he-he-ing till he was as red in the face as a boiled lobster; so that Sam began to suspect that Rob had played a trick on him!

"Where on earth could a stuffed owl come from away out here in these woods, if you didn't do it, I'd like to know? Why, there ain't a living soul within five miles of this spot."

Bob protested his innocence, but Sam would listen to no denial. The more Rob denied it, the more Sam believed it. Things were getting quite serious when to my great relief (for I was nearly dying of laughter) I heard Joe hoo-hoo-ing again up in his corner of the woods.

"There he is again," said Rob. "Come on, let's go after him, Sam."

But Sam was a little sulky now, and said he'd "had enough of shooting owls stuffed with grass, and that if his companion had any more of that kind of game, why, he could just shoot it himself for all he cared, blamed if he couldn't."

Rob went his way, and after a while Sam followed, kicking the insides out of my bird as he went.

What happened while they were gone I must leave Joe to narrate, as I was not an eye witness to the amusing colloquy.

"I had no way of pushing my bird out through a hole in the tree as you had," said he, "and therefore I had to wait till they had gone over to you before I could plant my bird. Then I crawled out of my hiding place and set my bird up on the dead limb of a fallen tree, and made it look as natural as I could. When Sam and Rob came back from your quarter they were arguing, I didn't then know about what, when Bob spied my owl on the tree.

"Hist, Sam! there's another right there on that dead tree right ahead of you."

"Yes, a dead owl on a dead tree. Another of your blamed old grass-eatin' kind. You don't stuff that sort down me any more, I can tell you that."

Rob declared and declared that it was not any trick of his, that it was a genuine owl, he saw it move its head, insisted on Sam shooting it before it flew away, but all to no purpose. Sam was no go, and declared that unless Rob shot that bird as a proof of good faith, he'd never believe anthing else than that he had set up that job on him. So Rob fired at short range, knocking the feathers and grass out of the owl in such a way as somewhat restored Sam's good nature, now that the joke was about equally divided and honors were easy.

"The dogs take it! Let's go home!" said Rob, as he picked up his bird and tossed it away in disgust. "I believe these woods are bewitched. I could take an oath, Sam, and will any day, that I know nothing of how these confounded stuffed owls got here, any more than you do."

Just then two began again to *hoo-hoo-hoo!* The two were so long coming this time that I really began to believe they had left for home, and, as they told me afterward, they would not have paid any attention at all to my call had they not been obliged to pass near my station on their way out of the woods.

And now we had a little more fun. (I was sorry Joe wasn't with me to enjoy it). For just before the two owl hunters appeared on the scene, a large brown owl, attracted no doubt by my long and persistent hooting, came and settled on a limb of my tree not more than a foot from the hole out of which I was looking! He was so near me that I could have seized him with my hand, and I would have done so, had I not been more anxious to hear what Sam and Rob would say now that a real live owl was before them than I was to possess the bird itself. I heard them coming.

They were not long in spying the game. They both sat down on a log and looked at him. Neither said a word for a few minutes. Then Sam began:

"The woods are full of 'em."

"Yes, and how natural they do look!"

"Blamed grasshopper owls!"

"It's your turn to shoot, Sam."

"If you wait till I shoot that bird, you'll spend a good many nights in this neck o' woods, that's all."

"Well, I believe I've had enough of this kind of gunning, and I'm for going home. I don't know how these dummy owls got here, but that bird yonder can sit on the tree till doomsday before I'll shoot at him. Come on, let's be moving."

They were actually on the point of leaving when, thinking it a pity to lose so fine a bird, I reached out my hand and grabbed him firmly by both legs and pulled him in. I then scrambled down and out of my tree.

When I appeared on the scene, laughing and fighting with my owl as he attacked my hand savagely with his hooked beak, giving me several severe wounds, which I did not mind much amid the excitement of the occasion, Sam and Rob were a sight to behold. Such a variety of sentiments as were depicted on their countenance one does not often see. The sudden and energetic disappearance of a stuffed owl, its sudden reappearance in company with myself, flapping its wings and biting at my hand, together with all the strange experience of the last few hours, led them to feel that the woods were haunted, and that they had best get away as fast as their legs would carry them. The first surprise over, and when they saw that it was actually myself and not some hobgoblin, they saw through the whole mystery in a moment, but evidently were so chagrined at their mutual refusal to shoot so fine a bird as I held by the legs, and were so overcome by a variety of emotions that they could hardly speak.

As for myself, I laughed long and loud. As soon as I could control myself I hoo-hooed for Joe, and after he had come up and enjoyed a good laugh, we all started for home, as it was now full 7 o'clock in the evening.

Sam and Rob forgave us the trick we had played them, the more readily as I gave Sam the real live owl they had both refused to shoot. Sam is going to have him stuffed—but not by me he says, "nor with dried grass neither"—and will put him up on his bookcase in his library. When I go round to Sam's house to make a call on him, as I do once in a while of a winter evening, I shall never see that bird without a smile so broad that I shall wish my countenance were broad enough to take it all in.

A MIDNIGHT SCENE.

[From "Two Hundred Miles in a Birch."]

AFTER supper, feeling quite tired, I wrapped myself in my blanket, preparatory to going to sleep. I lay for some time but was unable to close my eyes. At length I arose, and pulling aside the curtain of the tent, looked out. It was midnight. The moon had just risen, peering over yonder mountain top, and its light, reflected on the waters of the lake, lit up the forest around as if a thousand torches were blazing within it.

All was still, save the occasional hoot of an owl and the cry of a loon, which broke in upon the stillness of the night like an intruder. In the distant mountain glade could be heard the moose calling for his mate, in the swamp the cry of the whippoorwill. The camp-fire had nearly gone out, and only a few embers were still smoking. It was then that nature seemed most grand and beautiful.

Giving up all idea of again seeking sleep, I woke one of the guides and bade him paddle me out upon the lake. Never shall I forget that night if I live to be a hundred years old. Words cannot describe it. It was grand, and that seems but a tame word to apply to it. I sat in the bow of the canoe gazing in wonder and admiration on the scene before me. The light birch glided silently over the water, the paddle being wielded by the skillful hands of the Indian.

Not a word had been spoken by either of us since we left the shore, each being occupied with his own thoughts. Indeed there seemed to be a solemnity about the scene that made one abstain from speaking lest all should vanish like a dream.

Looking toward the further shore, I beheld a picture, the equal of which I have never seen in art gallery or studio. There, directly in the rays of the moon, stood a

deer, drinking from the lake, his slender figure standing out plainly from the dark forest behind. I tried to raise my rifle, but could not lift it; it seemed as if it had become an immense weight that could not be moved. Thus I gazed upon the picture before me, hardly knowing whether I was awake or in a dream.

The flight of time was unheeded. Suddenly the spell was broken by the cry of a loon. One by one the stars had disappeared from the sky. The east was already aglow with gold and purple clouds. The moon had sunk in the west, just as the sun made his appearance, announcing the approach of another day. Silently we paddled back to camp.

As I sat down to breakfast, I could hardly believe that I had not wakened from a dream. A mist seemed before my eyes, beyond which was the picture of that beautiful night. W. H. C.

BANGOR, Me.

A VISIT TO THE PARK.

IT was my fortune, during the month of August, to have been traveling and sojourning in the Territories and States lying west of the Continental Divide. I saw many places where sage hens, willow grouse, curlew, ducks and sandhill cranes were abundant; and on my trip from Beaver Cañon, Idaho, to the National Park, a distance of a hundred miles, I had the opportunity to show my skill—and the want of it—on several of these birds, especially the sage hens. At this season the younger ones are very palatable, and when possible I shot at no other. They made quite an agreeable addition to the table at the places where we stopped. These wayside inns afforded shelter and food enough to prevent starvation, but were far below what a dollar a meal and a dollar for lodging should have afforded. At Snake River, a beautiful stream, there is most excellent fishing for salmon trout, and I am sorry to say that spearmen are more abundant than anglers. Thousands are killed at night, for the market, and I fear that the host himself is setting a very bad example. I did not like the fish—but attributed my dislike rather to the grease used in cooking than to the quality of the trout.

Our party saw the wonders of the Park—for a large part of it is "fearfully and wonderfully made." The atmosphere is charged with the fumes of sulphur, thrown out by boiling springs of water and mud, and through small holes, from which nothing comes but vapor. I should think that somewhere below there is a veritable lake, hot enough to satisfy any devil who desires a physical hell. I am glad that the Government has dedicated this tract of land to a park. It is fit for little else. If it shall be so unwise as to allow railroads to be built in it, then the tax on the visitors will be far more than now, while the monopolies would become the owners of the dominant estate. As it is the Northern Pacific Railroad Company, which have a branch road to Cinnabar, nine miles from the Mammoth Springs, have almost practical control of the Park, by owning all the hotels in it and charging fabulous prices for the accommodations which they furnish. Besides this, they give all advantages to those who visit the Park by that route. When our party reached the hotel and offered to register, we were asked if we did not come from Beaver Cañon. Upon our affirmative answer, we were told that we could not get rooms and had better apply to the Cottage Hotel, a smaller house, about 200yds. off. We had sent a telephone communication that we were coming. After we left and were quartered at the Cottage Hotel, many persons arrived and found accommodations at the railroad hostelry. Some one who seemed to speak advisedly said in the presence of our party that the hotel "felt bound to take care of their own people." Such conduct is simply outrageous, and those who have legal charge of the Park should see to it that the injustice be stopped. Some of these gentlemen ought to have been able to see how this thing is managed. It is certain that if I ever visit the Park again I shall be prepared to camp and thus be independent of the exactions of a close and remorseless corporation. We had better quarters and better treatment at the Cottage Hotel than we probably would have had at the Northern Pacific establishment.

I saw several antelope on the plain between Snake River and Beaver Cañon, and quite a band of Shoshone Indians, of nearly all grades, on their way to get meat. Some of the "bucks" were then in the mountains. One old fellow had strapped behind him a fawn antelope. They were a hard looking set, but not so much so as some Piutes whom—or which—I saw in that very populous State called Nevada. The women did not use side saddles, but bestrode their horses just like the ungentler sex.

What a great upheaval of molten rock the whole of Idaho once witnessed. The whole land is underlaid with lava. It looks to me that after Nature's huge furnaces had covered the country with a fluid mass and had become exhausted then they either sunk or that the higher mountains were upheaved. But I leave all that to scientists, or those whose business it is to guess, as to the means which the Almighty used to produce His wonders.

I heard that far in the recesses of the mountains, where the timber is dense, there are deer and elk. The labors and deprivations necessary to the successful pursuit of these animals are far greater than I am willing or even able to undergo. It would be no sport to me. If I had a few select companions, and some good dogs, as well as a gentle horse, I could enjoy hunting sage hens and other variety of grouse, and diversifying the pastime by indulging in the "gentle art" which old Izaak Walton has canonized in his "Complete Angler."

Railroad travel during the summer in that dry land has no comforts in it. At least it has none to me. I prefer "a boundless contiguity of shade" to a "boundless contiguity" of sunshine. I like the green grass, *sub tegmine fagi*, where I see and hear the sparkling waters as they glitter in the straggling sunbeams.

WELLS.

ROCKINGHAM, North Carolina.

PARK PETITION SIGNATURES.

COLORADO.

Jas. W. McCreery, F. O. Patton, G. W. Weber, W. J. Bigger, L. B. Williams, L. B. Willard, C. A. White, S. G. Fuller, A. W. Jones, J. M. Ferguson, H. C. Watson, W. T. Blake, Jesse Hawes, J. E. Farrigues, E. L. Dunham, E. L. Dawly, F. P. Frost, Frank Madden, James Torrens, H. N. Goodyking, L. L. Wyatt, W. D. Randolph, A. J. Park, W. B. Mason, George Peshby, B. D. Harper.

Natural History.

THE "FANTAIL" DEER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In my FOREST AND STREAM for Aug. 6 I see a letter from "Gazelle," asking: "Who knows the fantail deer?" As I have had some experience with this deer, I will tell your readers what I know.

The first I saw of them was in southern Oregon. They were there known as the "flagtail." In northern California they were generally called "chemeche," from the Indian, and were very rare in that part. The next place I came upon the "fantail" was in Wyoming Territory, in the Laramie plains and hill country. Here he was masquerading under the title of "towhead." This deer is considered by all hunters who are acquainted with it to be a distinct species, and is never confounded with the whitetail, which is much larger. The true "fantail" will seldom dress over 50 or 60lbs. The tail is very long and wide. I think I have seen some which would measure 12in. if not 14in. in width. The horns of a full-grown buck are very small, a 6-point not being much larger than the two hands laid together at the wrist with the fingers turned in. Many of them have a mass of long towlike hair on the forehead, which gave them the name in Wyoming. They are the most cunning of all deer, and the hunter who gets a "towhead" must get up very early early in the morning, as the saying is.

I will relate a little incident of a "fantail's" cunning which I happened to be an eye witness of. I was on a hunt in the Little Wolf Mountains, in the northeastern part of Wyoming, in the spring of 1882. The country slopes down to Tongue River, and was a paradise for game at that time, with amper valleys, long, amper, parklike ridges, pine groves, and thickets of wild kern and plum brush, with grass everywhere, rich, sweet, green grass, which made one think of a field of growing wheat. The Little Wolfs were a choice range for wild game. In the spring, elk, mountain sheep, buffalo and antelope could all be found in this range of hills.

One morning early my two chums and myself saddled up our ponies and rode up the little gulch until we came out upon the main ridge. Here we separated, and each took a point or side ridge. It was a beautiful morning, just cool enough to be pleasant. I might have been riding a couple of hours when the sharp crack of a rifle away off to my right awakened me from my dream and brought my pony to a halt. We could see across the valley to the ridge top a mile away. I knew the shot came from beyond it. Thinking game might come my way I dismounted, turning my pony loose, knowing he would not leave me. Then I took a seat on a fallen log to watch the valley below me. I had not long to wait. A small deer bounced up on the ridge and came sailing across the valley almost directly to me. I saw it was a "towhead," and he was making direct for a little knoll or mot of timber, which lay some 300yds. below me. He was but a short time in reaching it, when, springing up the side, he dropped his flag and sneaked into a little patch of kern bush, and lay down so quickly that I thought he was shot. Just then came another shot from over the valley, when up sprang my deer like a jack-in-the-box. Running to the edge of the little hill he gazed long and earnestly over the valley. Apparently satisfied that the shot was not for him, back he came and dropped like a shot in the kern brush. Now was my time. I started to crawl down the kill, keeping a big pine between me and his deership. I had got nearly to the bottom and was congratulating myself on how I had fooled him, when on looking up what was my disgust to see him standing on my edge of the hill gazing down upon me with what seemed like a grin on his frowsy little head, a sort of a no-you-don't-my-friend look. What was I to do? My head was down hill; I had to sit up to shoot; but at the first glint of the sunlight on my rifle barrel he was off, putting the hill between me and him. When next I saw him he was a full half mile away, flag up and scratching the gravel in fine style for a brushy little creek about a mile off.

Why this little deer should be becoming rare I don't know, as regular hunters seldom trouble them. I have seen but few of them killed. The venison of this deer is very fine, much more so than the blacktail or white.

NEVADA. J. J. FULTON.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The statements of "Gazelle" in regard to the "fantail" deer, together with the editor's request for specimens, prompt me to contribute my mite to the sum of general information. I will confess at the start that I am skeptical in regard to the existence of the "fantail."

"Gazelle" does not appear to have made any measurements or to have saved any specimens. Until a specimen is produced it seems to me that the subject can safely be dismissed with the Scotch verdict, "not proven."

Since coming to this Territory I have heard many statements made by local hunters in regard to the "fantail" or "flagtail" deer, said to be found in these mountains, and some years since I began collecting specimens of deer tails to satisfy myself how much they really did vary from the true type. The result surprised me and taught me that the tails of the *Cervus virginianus* vary much more in appearance than all the rest of the parts of the animal.

Antlers also take funtastic shapes. One deer's head I remember to have found on the mountain side while hunting, which, though badly torn by wolves, still held the antlers. The deer had evidently been killed at the latter end of the velvet period of horn growth, and the antlers were two slender tines without prong or spur, more than a foot in length, curving beautifully, with the points less than 2in. apart. Palmated horns are occasionally found here: and in fact antlers seem to be more irregular here than in the prairie States.

Inclosed I send to the editor of FOREST AND STREAM five deer tails, four of which were selected from among the 106 deer killed by me with the rifle since coming to this Territory. I mention the number killed, that the reader may know that I have had at least fair opportunities for observation. The fifth is from a deer killed by my son. Four where whitetails, one a mule deer, and all were killed "in the red." No. 1 is that of a buck of medium size, apparently about four years old, killed June 25. This is a perfect specimen of the tail of the white-tailed deer, the hair of which shows but two colors, red (in early summer) on top of the tail when it is held horizontally, and white beneath, with the last inch of the tip white.

No. 2 is that of a buck killed June 10, which in size, build and shape of antlers might have been the twin brother of the first, yet the tails are utterly unlike. The red in No. 2 extends less than half the length of the tail, while all the rest is white above and below. Again, while both were killed in the red (which fact proved that the hair was of new growth) and both were killed the same month and year, the hair on No. 2, killed 15 days earlier than No. 1, is fully twice as long.

No. 3 was killed by my son May 15, and is remarkable from the fact that the red is tipped by two or three inches of dark brown—almost black.

No. 4, killed June 21, shows four colors. White beneath, while on the top nearest the body appear two inches of red hair, next six inches of buff color, then two inches of brown, tipped finally with two inches of white.

No 5 is the tail of a mule deer buck killed June 25, and which weighed as much as one and a half of the others.

But what, asks the reader, has all this to do with the subject? These were not "fantail" deer nor claimed to be. True enough. All that is intended here is the probability that No. 2 is as near a "fantail" as will be produced for some time to come, and that the finding of an odd specimen like it first gave birth to the notion of a new deer.

"Gazelle" says that in February, 1879, Henry Fancher killed five "fantails," three of which were bucks with horns, at the foot of Crazy Mountains. In all my hunting in this Territory I have never seen but one whitetail deer carrying horns in February, and our winter climate is said to be much milder than that of the mountain country east of us. Still, if the true "fantail" exists, he may be a hardier animal, and may carry antlers later than the whitetail. If a deer can be shown with a tail eight inches wide I would very much like to see it, but the burden of proof is upon "Gazelle" and his friends. Gentlemen, please show us a specimen. ORIN BELKNAP.

WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

INDIAN ANTIDOTES FOR SNAKE BITE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your number of August 19, Horace Caruthers, M.D., asks for an antidote to snake bite. I refer him to the plant *Lycopus virginicus*, or bugle weed. It resembles somewhat *Lycopus sinuatus*, or water hoarhound. Both belong to and resemble the mint tribe, but are wanting in fragrance. A description of *Lycopus virginicus*, or bugle weed, may be interesting and useful.

Smooth; stem obtusely four-angled with concave sides, sending out runners from the base; leaves ovate-lanceolate (egg-shaped and long like leaf of peach) or oblong, coarsely toothed, tapering and entire toward the base, on short leaf stalks: flowers small, purplish white, in few flowered axillary whorls; calyx-teeth (cup or leaves that hold the flower) four, ovate-obtuse. Stem ten to fifteen inches high. Found in low ground in July and August.

The Cherokee Indians chew large quantities of bugle weed and swallow the juice to counteract the poison of snake bite, and also that of the bite of the tarantula. For further information see Dr. Briggs' paper before the Texas State Medical Society, on information from Dr. W. H. Cooke, Bonham, Texas.

Another item I gathered from a lieutenant it the regular army several years ago. Briefly, the Indians, when engaged in the severe and very exhausting dance called the snake dance, handle without fear the most venomous snakes. They are bitten many times during the dance. Immediately they swallow something to produce vomiting, all the while keeping in constant motion in order to sweat freely. The result, no Indian dies of snake bite.

DAYTON, O. SAM J. HENDERSON.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I add my quota of knowledge picked up in this section of the country, where more or less venomous snakes, and especially rattlers, abound.

The most common method employed in the case of snake bite is to administer a potion of snake weed and milk—the former boiled in sweet milk—in large quantities. I am not aware of the scientific name of this weed, though as "snake weed" it is well known by the natives.

From two pretty well authenticated cases, I am led to believe that there may be some virtue attached to the following so-called antidote. Several years ago a boy, living not far from here, was bitten by a rattlesnake, and it was some time before he obtained help, by which time he was suffering agonies, and the bitten part was greatly swollen and discolored. He was given a strong mixture of alum dissolved in boiling milk, and the bitten part was washed several times with the mixture. In a comparatively short time he had so far recovered as to be entirely out of danger, and in a day or so was as well as ever.

The other instance was the case of a dog bitten by a rattler. A number of remedies had been tried without apparent effect, when the alum and milk treatment was resorted to, and although the dog was seemingly past help, it was but a short time before he showed signs of recovery, and soon was all right again.

I am aware that there are a vast number of so-called antidotes for snake bite, and have given these for what they are worth. I do not think the above instances can be accepted as sufficient proof of the efficacy of the apparent remedy. WM. F. MORRIS.

ARKANSAS.

WILD BIRDS' EGGS.—A novel point arose at the Newcastle (England) County Court recently, when the lessee of the Farne Islands sued a Sunderland fisherman for taking a seagull's eggs from a nest on his land. The only question in dispute was whether there could be any property in a wild bird's egg. The magistrate ruled that a man had a possessory right to any wild bird which was on or over his land, and the same applied to the eggs. Judgment for the plaintiff for £1 and costs.

HABITS OF THE COON.—Central Lake, Mich., Sept. 7. —"A Subscriber," in your paper of Aug. 30, expresses a doubt as to the alleged habit attributed to the coon, of washing his food before eating it. I had thought this peculiarity of the creature to be pretty well established. To be sure, I have never myself observed it, but then a man can't see everything for himself, and must consequently take somewhat on trust. I have little doubt that among your readers are many whose fortune in this regard has been better than mine.—KELPIE.

THE SPORTSMAN-NATURALIST.

AUTUMN is here. Not with brush and palette to touch forest and field; nor yet in the snow flurries and bitter, whistling winds with which he announces himself in the mountains of the far West. There is naught here but the mellow year. The sky assumes a neutral gray; stubble fields change from bright yellow to dull brown, corn sections from vivid green to lifeless saffron, and the giant sunflower by the wayside or the blazing star of the prairie alone dare disregard the soothing spell, and flaunt themselves with the bravado of life in death.

Out of the osiers and bracken, off from the carex-covered islands of the tawny Platte, away from the now bare bottom lands come the prairie chickens to seek a home and food amid the oat, wheat and corn lands of the upper country. Back from the icy regions of the north, from the great bend of the Missouri, from the frosty fens of the Dominion comes the anserine chorus, and already woodduck, butterball and green-winged teal are taking possession of the river country now vacated by the grouse. Gray snipe, too, are to be found in the lowlands, and the plover's name adorns the menu of every well-regulated hotel. Chickens are unusually abundant this year. I wonder how they survive! For the past month they have been served daily on the hotel table, and daily large parties have left town in every way properly equipped for a war of extermination. Just as regularly do they return with well-laden hampers, proudly exhibiting their murdered victims to an approving community.

No one regards the game laws, which apparently are made but to be broken. Pot-hunters! We look in vain for the sportsman-naturalist of the East, for the courteous, though roughly clad hunter of the mountains. Here every man is a little Ishmael, and the proverbial jolly fellowship is unknown. These things ought not so to be. On these plains the ardent sportsman should also be a refined gentleman and a studious naturalist. Flora and fauna are constantly changing. Genera, species, types indigenous, pass away with the buffalo grass to be succeeded by the accompaniments of advancing civilization.

To-day we travel fifty miles to the north to find a deer, two hundred miles to the west to find an antelope. Who is to keep pace with these changes? Who is the natural protector of the game that is left; who the most reliable authority upon the vast herds that are traveling toward the happy hunting grounds? Not the professor of zoölogy in his study, nor yet the butcher who brings prairie chickens to market in July, but the man who finds a greater pleasure in the study of animal life than in its destruction; the man who stops when he has satisfied his first sportsmanlike ecstacy, whose word is to be relied upon under all circumstances, who looks for a cause for each effect, the man we need west of the Missouri River—the sportsman naturalist. SHOSHONE.

KEARNEY, Neb., Sept. 8.

SNAKES SWALLOWING YOUNG.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the name of the Prophet, snakes! In FOREST AND STREAM of Sept. 6 an article appears, in which the writer contends strenuously against "that foolish old notion of snakes swallowing their young for protection * * * which they never do." He says: "Some species of snakes lay eggs, and many people suppose they all do, whereas with some the young are matured in the mother's body; and when persons not informed in this regard have captured a snake, and found its body to contain young ones, the presumption with them was that the mother had swallowed them for protection." The writer says he has been a surveyor for nearly half a century, has surveyed in every county in the State, and thinks he has had rare opportunities for making snakes a study. He gives Miss Wolcott's "true story," and believes it, so far as the young snakes were seen to leave the mother's body in a very lively condition. As to the boys seeing the young snakes running down the mother's throat, "that is only heresay, but their presence evidently led them to believe that they had done so."

Yes, it was hearsay to Miss Wolcott, and her story is only "hearsay" to Mr. Starkweather. What could there be about the simple fact of finding young snakes inside the mother to make the boys believe they had seen the young enter her mouth? Had they opened a mother rabbit and found young inside of her, would they run away with the hallucination that they had seen young rabbits enter her mouth? If Mr. S. is ever fortunate enough to find another female serpent with its young inside of it, let him carefully dissect it from mouth to stomach, and he will see the young escape—if they escape at all—by way of the mouth, and those who do not attempt it will be found in the stomach, just where a recently swallowed mouse or frog would be found. Are the organs of gestation then situated in the stomach? And do the unborn young of viviparous reptiles always—or ever—emerge by way of the mouth?

This by way of argument, as though I were pleading a doubtful case, which I am not, for with me there is no doubt about it.

I have, on at least four occasions, stood by and witnessed a family of young snakes disappear down the throat of the mother. She did not swallow them; she just lay straight with open mouth and allowed the youngsters to go down her gullet with wonderful rapidity.

On such occasions the mother snake evinces the fearlessness and tenacity of most wild things when trying to save their young. She will remain quiet at the risk of her life until the last little wriggler has been taken in, and then do her best to escape. And it always seems to be the case that at such times she happens to be mighty handy to a good hiding place, such as a ledge of rocks, a hole among old roots, or if a watersnake, where she can flop into the water in an instant. Premising that I was taught from my earliest recollection to regard serpents as not only harmless and useful, but beautiful as well (all save the rattler), I will briefly narrate the incidents above alluded to.

In the first case I was called by a sensible mother, who admired rather than feared serpents, "to come and see the little snakes hide." I hurried to the spot, and this is what I saw. A large gartersnake stretched to its full length, and a lot of tiny snakes rapidly disappearing down her throat. My mother meantime had untied her apron, and, as the last little snake disappeared, she quickly grabbed the old snake and enveloped it in the apron. It was taken to the house and placed in an old lumber chest, where it was found the next day with twenty odd little ones around it, and again they took refuge in the mother's stomach. As our curiosity was satisfied, the old snake was turned out in the garden to catch bugs. Take note, that the gartersnake is oviparous.

Although snakes were very numerous in the region where my boyhood was spent, and though most of my leisure time was passed in outing by flood and field, it was long before I saw a second incident of the kind, and this time the actors were watersnakes, supposed to be viviparous. (I say, supposed, for I am by no means certain of it.) The mother snake was about the largest I ever saw, and I came upon her suddenly as I was fishing down a trout stream, very cautiously, of course. It was evidently a surprise, but she straightened herself, gave a short, low hiss, and lay still with open mouth. In much less time than it takes to tell it, a lot of little snakelings were rushing into her mouth and disappearing with marvelous quickness. At that time I was accustomed to handling serpents—even rattlers, without fear, and, with some vague idea that she would be a prize, I made a dash to capture her alive. It was rather a failure. Instead of attempting to dart overboard as I expected, she faced me savagely, and, as I grabbed her with one hand around the body, she whisked her tail about my arm, turned, and gave me a vicious bite on the back of the hand. Although I knew the bite was perfectly harmless, it somehow looked so wicked and dangerous that I lost my grip and allowed her to escape. It may be worthy of mention that the slight wound did not swell or become inflamed, and healed quickly.

The years passed, and I had grown to manhood with a decided penchant for reptology, before meeting with the third incident of this nature. It happened in a tamarack swamp, some fourteen miles south of Brockport, N. Y., and the snake was a massasauga, the only one, by the way, I ever saw in that State. It was discovered by a hunting chum, who called me to the spot in time to see four or five of the young disappear in the snake's mouth, as with the others. We tied a string about the neck of the old snake, slung her at the end of a ramrod, and carried her to the little hamlet known at that time as "Muttonville," where I dissected her in the presence of a dozen loungers, who all evinced dense ignorance in matters pertaining to natural history. To them such trifles were beneath the notice of an able-bodied man. We found seventeen young serpents in the stomach of the mother, and they were dead, owing probably to the string tied tightly around her neck.

Although my summers were mainly spent in the open air, it was more than a decade before I met with another incident of the kind, and this time it was in Michigan, at the foot of a little lake in Lenawee county. Again the snake was a massasauga, and, as before, I saw the young entering her mouth. Thinking to settle a vexed question, I tried to catch her alive, and got snake bitten for my pains; an account of which, with the remedies that proved effectual, was published in FOREST AND STREAM some years ago, and those who choose may read.

This happened more than thirty years ago, and since then I have only seen one serpent with young inside of it. This was a large rattler killed by "Uncle Bill" Dimick on the waters of Pine Creek, and though I did not see the young running down the throat of the mother Uncle Bill did, and he was not likely to be excited or mistaken about it, having lived in a rattlesnake region all his life, and being accustomed to killing a dozen or more every "hayin' time."

The snake was turned over to me before she had done squirming, and I opened her on the spot, finding over twenty young in her, but just how many I can't say, as they were very lively and some got away in the stubble. It was wonderful to see how naturally and viciously the little imps took to coiling and darting at anything that moved near them, and it is worth noting that they were found in the stomach with a newly swallowed trout, on which the red spots were still bright.

It ought not to be difficult to procure a gartersnake, or watersnake with young inside of it, and with such a specimen in his hands any competent anatomist can quickly decide how and by what means they got there.

NESSMUK.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. Starkweather contributes a very interesting article on serpents. While I agree with him that the general public is disposed to treat "snakes" in a needlessly cruel manner, I take issue with him on some other matters.

In the first place Mr. Starkweather is one of that far too common a class who are ever ready to say this or that cannot be the other because I never saw it. No matter how many witnesses might be produced to testify to the facts, such a one boldly says, "I do not necessarily believe they lie, but simply say they are mistaken." And after all can only give as his reason, his own experience, or lack of experience, or refer to its "impossibility," reasoning from his views of the natural laws of the universe. Unfortunately for others the so oft quoted "natural laws" are so little understood that a mere reference to them acts quite as effectually as a sandbag or bludgeon.

Mr. Starkweather objects to the needless cruelty, or cruelty of any kind to serpents, yet he takes up an article from the pen of a young woman who has attempted to aid science, in her innocence, not imagining that some wiseacre would fly in her face with flouts and jeers as to the possibility of what she thinks she has seen—he takes this little article up, jibes at it as a "true story," tells the young lady she was mistaken as to its having been a copperhead that she saw, as he never saw any in that county; and when she speaks of having seen the little snakes running out of the big snake's mouth, assures her that such a thing was impossible, for there were no rooms to rent for lodging in that quarter, and says she probably mistook the first floor rear for the second story front; and finally when the young lady speaks of having counted twenty-five of the little ones running "hissing" around, he claims that only big snakes hiss, and that very seldom, and would apparently infer that the little ones keep still. Everybody knows that an infant of *genus homo* makes more noise than an adult, why not the same way with "snakes!" The young lady writes it clearly and distinctly, that she saw little snakes running out of the big snake's mouth; but does not, as Mr. S. would lead us to infer, state that she saw them run in; Mr. Starkweather's fight is not with the fellow who saw them run out, but with the fact of their getting in. As to the "hissing" I see nothing to indicate its being so loud as to have been heard in the next county, but should judge from the context that this referred to the actions of the little "sarpints" as it was seen, not heard. Taken all in all it's quite curious that so tender-hearted a person as this Mr. Starkweather pretends to be, should have handled a young lady so uncannily, and all because she saw something which he with his experience of "a thousand snakes" has failed to see.

If every one meets with a like reception when they have a little story to tell about some fact bearing upon the habits of nature's children, I am afraid few would venture to make public their experience. Let Mr. Starkweather tell his true stories, drawn from his own experience, we will all believe him, even giving him the benefit of the doubt when he talks about thousands of snakes; but let him handle the little tales of others as gently as he desires us to handle the tails of his ophidian friends, and let him take good advice and refrain in the future from trying to make his "'tain't so, for I didn't see it;" as weighty as the eye witnesses "it is so, for I saw it." If he will promise to do this, it's quite possible some one can give him some facts, which although not conclusively proving that "big snakes let the little snakes run down their throats," may throw a little light upon the matter, and finally after one after the other has had his say, science and observation may make up their minds as to the truth. A SUBSCRIBER.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa.

Game Bag and Gun.

THE WOODCHUCK CREEK COUNTRY.

IV.—SKINNER AND THE BEAR.

"HAVING told you how I got the big buck, to-day, and apropos to the talk about deer stalking generally, I must tell you that, as another has often said, and a mighty hunter, too, he was, 'I consider my life in constant danger every time I go hunting with a companion, be he never so careful and circumspect; if he does not meet some narrow escapes himself, or put others' lives or limbs in jeopardy he will be very fortunate.'

"Some eight or nine years ago four of us were camping for a fortnight, and on the day when the incident I relate occurred, we had all gone out early, and had hunted until past noon without success. On our trip homeward, we agreed to separate, two and two as we have done to-day, spread out widely, and surround an immense marsh, whose brushy borders were wont to be a favorite resort for the game we were in search of, and we accordingly departed on our respective routes. I had nearly reached the lower end of the marsh, which by the way was entirely open, when my companion, who was slightly in advance, beckoned to me, and on my coming up, told me that he had seen a large deer slowly feeding along a strip of alders which reached to a tongue of high ground running out into the marsh, and that if I would wait for a few minutes, he would go around to the further end, and thus one of us would be sure to get a shot. A moment after my companion had left me, our separated friends, one of whom was accompanied by his dog, crossed a narrow lagoon in the marsh about a mile distant, giving no indication of having seen me; soon after I approached the place where the deer had been seen by my friend, and as nothing had occurred to disturb it, I counted confidently on getting a good shot. A low, brushy point covered me until I was within 150yds. of the mound, which was covered with scrub oaks of a very dense growth, with here and there open spots, where an animal in motion would have to show itself in ascending the ridge. I had approached very slowly and cautiously and waited for some minutes for sound or motion, but in vain, and had about concluded that the deer had either escaped or laid down, when a slight rustling on top of the hill attracted my attention, and the next moment I saw faintly through the foliage the unmistakable whisk af a deer's tail; again, a little further on, it was repeated, the same quivering shake of the flag, so familiar to every deer stalker, and catching a quick sight where I supposed the body was, I fired. My shot was answered by a yell of agony that told too truly its own story, and upon hurrying to the spot I found the dog of my friend lying dead at the feet of his master. His hand at the moment the fatal shot was fired had rested upon the animal's head, whose joyful response to the caress of his master had been the cause of his death. It was the wag of the dog's tail, and not the deer's, that I saw. I was thunderstruck, not at the death of the dog, but at the thought of the consequences had my aim been ten inches further to the left!

"At another time I was out on the first snow of the season, and as the brush was quite thick I had taken my shotgun. I was standing in a straight path in a poplar thicket, along which I could see some sixty yards, when a large doe crossed the further end, but so quickly that I had not time to fire; a moment after a fawn crossed, and of course I let it go. As it was early in the season, I concluded that another fawn would be along presently, and if so, thought I would try to wound it and capture it alive, if possible. To be quite ready and to strike it where I wished, I brought my gun to shoulder, ready to fire at the proper moment. Sure enough, a slight rustling of the brush, the path darkened, my finger pressed the trigger to the verge of its resisting power—and a man stepped into the path, hurrying along on the track of the flying deer, unconscious of the danger which we had both escaped, and but for a caution which with me has become instinctive, it horrifies me to think of what the result would have been. The deer stalker, in my opinion, should never, under any circumstances, fire until he is able to clearly distinguish his game. But for this invariable rule of mine, I am certain that more than one painful, if not fatal, accident would have happened, and if Sisyphus there knew how narrowly he escaped to-day he would have a nervous chill this minute."

"A miss is as good as a mile, General, and if you'll only keep on missing, I don't care how often you draw a bead on me."

Aaron had been an interested and awe-stricken listener, but he recovered sufficiently during a slight pause in the conversation to inform us of the following piece of news: "Dat dere ornery Pete of Hanson's was ober here dis fo'noon, an' he 'lowed as w'at dey hed ben a b'ar seen ober beyand de westest wheatfiel'—a big black b'ar he sed—an' dat old Hanson 'lowed it was dat b'ar w'at lugged

off dat young Poling Chiny pig dat dey was keepin' fur Thanksgivin' day. Bently seen it an' he went home arter his gun, and when he got back Mr. Bear was done gone, cleared out."

"Boys, we must fix bruin's hash before we leave. A few juicy steaks and the pelt to take along home as one of the trophies will fit us all right, won't it?"

"And when we get it—of course we will get it—we'll let Mr. Whist decide who takes it, regardless of who the slayer may be," said Sysiphus.

"That won't go; no sir; that's far and away the cheekiest yet. You are a lucky whist player, we admit, but there isn't much danger of you getting any bear meat with your gun."

"I was not aware that there were any bears to be found about here nowadays, but I remember the time when it wasn't considered much of a week's hunt that did not score a bear or two; and sometimes there was a scrimmage. I call to mind one now that came very near resulting in the death of a farmer sportsman," said the Doctor, dropping into a reminiscent vein. "I remember an accident that happened to a man by the name of Skinner, a noted fox hunter, some years ago."

"Skinner! Why that was the party that I have in mind."

"Well, let's have the circumstance, Doc, if it's worth repeating."

"I doubt if Skinner thought it worth repeating. The story is that he shouldered his gun one morning, and followed by his dog started out in pursuit of game. During the forenoon he came in sight of a huge bear, which he shot and mortally wounded, the ball taking effect near the spinal column and practically breaking the animal's back and rendering the hind limbs entirely useless. Skinner then reloaded his rifle, and, through excitement, it was accidentally discharged, consequently without effect. Again he reloaded, with the same result, except that the dog made a narrower escape than the bear. The dog had closed with the brute and was getting about all he could stand. Skinner, taking advantage of the situation, approached the monster and attempted to dispatch him with his knife, without success. The spot where the conflict took place was on a steep hillside immediately above the decayed trunk of a fallen tree. No sooner had Skinner mounted this log in rear of the bear than he was tripped by some vine or branch, falling prostrate with his head down the hill, his legs resting on the log. The bear caught his leg, drew him up and commenced biting and gnawing at a fearful rate. Skinner realized his precarious predicament and that 'something had got to be did.' Raising himself partially to a sitting posture, his right hand still grasping his knife, with which he aimed at the bear several effective blows; one, however, missing its mark, inflicted a deep horizontal gash in his right leg above the knee. So soon as the bear, eager for revenge, discovered the mistake, he caught the wound in his jaws, tearing it horribly. Finally, by herculean efforts and the aid given by the savage attacks of the dog on the enemy, Skinner released himself, while the bear, well-nigh exhausted, retreated some yards, and from the effects of his numerous and severe wounds soon died.

"Skinner feeling his helpless condition, and fast growing weak from loss of blood, resolved in his weak state to prove more than conqueror, re-loaded his rifle for the fourth time, dragged himself to where the bear lay and shot his antagonist again, although he was already dead! (making assurance thus doubly sure) and with nothing more to fear from that quarter, Skinner began to turn over in his mind the possibilities of escape from the present perilous circumstance—four miles from home or any house that he knew of, almost dying, beyond the reach of human aid—his chances looked slim indeed; but he was a plucky chap, an old '49-er, who had crossed the plains amid hardships and dangers, and saw plenty of them after he reached the El Dorado. A thought suddenly occurred to him, which he immediately acted upon. Tearing off a portion of his shirt front containing the buttons, he stained this with his blood, bound it round the neck of his dog and endeavored through gentle means to persuade him to leave him and go home, and thus give the alarm. The dog advanced a short distance, but returned to his master, licking his wounds and howling piteously. Skinner then took a piece of his hunting shirt, attached that also to the neck of the dog and struck him with a branch several times, ordering him home, as the only resort left. This time he was successful. Skinner now dragged himself to a point on the hillside where he could watch the movements of the dog, and in case he did not go directly home he would be in a position to make his shouts heard more easily. The dog, however, was faithful, and by the mute appeals of the stained fragments of clothing gave the alarm. A party was at once formed to look for the wounded or, as then supposed possible, dead man; following the dog in almost a direct line to the spot where the suffering Skinner lay, now almost unconscious from loss of blood. He was carried home on a litter made of boughs, and came very near dying, but finally pulled through. They returned and secured the carcass of the bear also, which was a monster, and Skinner always related that adventure with a good deal of pride and satisfaction—notwithstanding a very perceptible limp in his left leg told that he had something more than the bear's skin to remind him of the conflict."

"Skinner was very fond of telling how his black mare once treed a bear and saved its colt."

"What are you giving us? A bear treed by a horse! That's good enough for the rankest greenhorn; but you—you ain't going to tell us here that a horse treed a bear!"

"Skinner, the veracious, is my authority; he said his mare was in the pasture with her colt by her side, when there appeared on the scene three bears; these animals were very plenty and very bold that fall, frequently coming into the fields for food, and doing considerable damage in one way and another. This trio consisted of the dam and two cubs, the latter were then half grown. Alarmed for the safety of her colt, the mare forgot the usual fear of the horse for these animals and attacked them with such vigor that they were forced to retreat, and were pursued so fiercely that one of them was forced to take refuge in a tree, and there remained while the cubs pranced around in the bushes. Meanwhile, Skinner says, he saw the close of the game, rushed into the house for his rifle, and accompanied by the hired man similarly armed, they captured all three of the brutes.

"Skinner, by the way, always claimed that the wildcat was the biggest coward of the animal kingdom, and in support of this related an experience of his own. He said he was going along through the woods one day with his gun, and followed by a little whiffet dog, was brought to a standstill by the animal barking violently at something up a tree. It being nearly dark, Skinner could discover nothing but the shapeless mass of some wild animal lying far out on a dead limb. He fired at this object, and, by the scream which followed the discharge, he knew it to be a wildcat. The animal dropped to the ground, and tore away for dear life, the whiffet boldly rushing after it and keeping up a continual barking. At length the cat took to a tree again, and while the dog watched, Skinner reloaded his gun and gave the creature another dose, when he came to grass, dead as a door nail."

"This Skinner of yours seems to have been a remarkable sort of man," was the comment of the General.

"He was an odd stick, certainly, but as well posted in the science of woodcraft as any that profess far more, and in hunting large game so successful that his services were always sought for by hunting parties from far and near. It was with him that I learned what I know about the habits and best methods of hunting bears and 'sich'."

KEUKA.

NOTES FROM QUEBEC.

QUEBEC, Can., Sept. 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Our nimrods are now bent on an outing. It were premature to anticipate their game bags. The Sorel Islands, I have no doubt, will furnish their usual quota of black and gray ducks and snipe. There has been a decided falling off in game at Crane Island since the removal of the alder bushes on the swampy shores, which afforded a cover to snipe against easterly gales. Night shooting has scared away the ducks, and the dastardly persecution inflicted by boys and dogs on the young birds before they can fly is beginning to tell severely. Governor de Montmagny, if recalled to this planet, would scarcely recognize his marvelous game preserve of 1646, conceded from the French Crown. The Chenail and Reinseau des Sarcelles, to use their vernacular names, seem at times even shunned by their old inmates the gray duck and teal.

The August high tide, as of yore, calls forth from their northern nesting places clouds of small beach birds, the sanderling, ring plover, jack snipe, curlews and godwits, and the island for a couple of weeks in August continues to be famous for this small game.

This year unusual congregations of golden plover have invaded the fields and beaches of Crane Island, as well as those of the adjacent islands of Ste. Marguerite, Madame and Orleans, rolling in fat, delicious morsels for our gourmets. The flat rocks (Batture Plattes) of St. Joachim, thirty miles lower than Quebec, on the north shore of the St. Lawrence, will of course be, as formerly, a favorite resort of the Canada goose and white goose. This preserve, owned by the Quebec Seminary, is under lease to an old sportsman, Mr. Etienne Michon, of Montmagny.

Woodcock, once so abundant, are getting scarce in the environs of the ancient capital of Canada. Ruffed grouse (partridge, to use a popular misnomer) are likely to afford good sport. The hatching month (June) was dry and sunny, no heavy rain to kill the young birds on leaving the egg, and plenty of ants' eggs, their usual provender in infancy.

I may, with your permission, forward a second bulletin on game matters later on. J. M. LE MOINE.

NORTH WOODS INCIDENTS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have a very important problem to submit to you as judge. It is said that the too free use of fresh venison, without the proper admixture of vegetables, such as onions and tomatoes, causes loss of memory. I cannot vouch for the truth of the theory, but the probabilities are strong in its favor. At all events, I will state a few facts to be considered. Our party at Camp Le Roy lived pretty much on venison. The huntsmen and guides put it away twice a day at a rate unknown to civilization. By the way, don't forget that there is nothing like a blue shirt and a parti-colored cravat for an appetizer. It is amazing how much provender disappeared under one of those blue shirts, and not even a gray one will do, though it holds its own pretty well.

The three sportsmen and two guides, who left the camp, had been feasting on broiled, roasted and stewed venison. They were also supplied with a splendid saddle to take with them on their projected trip across country to Lake George. One of the party was to take up his good lady and little fairy daughter. After spending the night in those uncomfortable things called beds, they made an early start in two wagons with guides, etc. When they reached the first resting place our friend took the landlord aside and informed him that they had a fine saddle of venison with them, and would be glad to have some cooked for dinner. Then they repaired to the wagons and began a search among gun cases, bandboxes and the like, until things began to be serious, ending in not finding the saddle. Could they have dropped it on the road? Or had the memory of that whole party failed, and the much-coveted venison been forgotten?

If it was a loss of memory from the injudicious indulgence in the tempting edible, there could be no help. But can there be any other plea offered by the true sportsman for leaving that fine saddle of venison in the ice-box at the hotel? There were five men (the ladies, of course, are out of the question), and yet they tell me memory is very faint about that brace of partridge, too. All had lived on the delicious diet until you might expect to see the horns begin to sprout.

But before your decision let me relate a circumstance. You know that new waters disagree with one at first, one is apt to become snow blind, and there is a peculiar effect produced on any one at the first sight of a deer. I knew a parson who was asked by an indignant guide, why he let that fine buck pass him without a shot. The parson declared he was mistaken, no deer had passed him, "but the devil had with a stolen kitchen chair on his head, and the old lady's dish-rag sticking out behind. You don't suppose I would trust a shot at him." "Yes, but I would. You lost the best chance man ever had to get rid of the old thieving reptile. I'm afraid you made a great mistake." But to the circumstance.

One of our party was renowned as a sportsman; his bag of birds was the envy of his comrades, and he had won prizes at Creedmoor, but he had never killed his deer in the woods. Some days before breaking camp he had a wild encounter with a wounded buck, which may have been too much for him. The guide who witnessed the scene said he never would forget it. It seems that our friend was waiting for a deer, which he judged could not be far away from the clear voice of the hounds, and then the near crack of the rifle, and behold the noble animal appeared, alas! on three legs, the guide having broken one badly. Our friend fired and wounded the fated creature again, and still again; but the plucky fellow fought for his freedom and for life. The hunter followed and the deer led him up a wild ledge of rock, slippery with moss, among great boulders, and finally into a burnt slash, where the exhausted animal stood at bay. Our nimrod, thoroughly in earnest, had thrown off his coat and vest, and when he got among the burnt and charred limbs in the windfall, he lost some of his nethers; his hat was off; and when the guide, who had wounded the deer, came up, he said he could not tell whether he was talking to a white or a black man; that he was standing near the dying deer, and the perspiration had run down and around his face and hands, making him look like an Indian in his war paint. Streaked with charcoal, our handsome athlete could hardly be recognized. The guide cried out, "Diabolo! What has come over you?" In answer he received a short, incoherent speech that could not be understood. He said it might be Greek or Choctaw, for all he could make out of it. The hunter pointed to the deer, as uncanny looking as himself, and asked, "How the mischief are we to get that thing out of that snarl?" The guide told me privately afterward that our friend did not act natural; and when he heard the affair about the neglect to take the venison, "There," he said, "I knew they all had too much venison, something was bound to happen; they were all a little off, and did not act the same as when they came in." The guide sticks to it that the meat was too stimulating for their constitutions; and when they come again we will feed them on frogs, fish and feathers.

H. C.

TARRYTOWN, N. Y.

BAY SNIPE.

NORFOLK, Va., Sept. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It might not be uninteresting to your readers to know something about the bay snipe shooting near Norfolk, or in the vicinity of the Virginia Beach Hotel. At Virginia Beach, Virginia, and below will be some bags of birds killed this season.

Early in August, O. M. Etheridge and myself shot near the hotel, in one forenoon, ninety-one bay snipe. This bag was principally of graybacks and yellowlegs, with a few grass plover.

Later Capt. Geo. W. Taylor, Mr. Wm. Camp and myself, all of Norfolk, made another large bag of the same kind of birds on the same grounds. I have not heard of any parties who went down bagging less than 35 snipe in one day.

Monday last, Sept. 10, Capt. Geo. W. Taylor and myself killed on our club grounds, the Currituck Inlet Club, 325 bay snipe in the forenoon. They were as follows: 200 yellowlegs, 100 grass plover and 25 golden plover, doe birds and curlew. We have a fine property there and I have often made big bags on the grounds, but never succeeded in bagging 325 with two guns in one day before; and I would be glad if you would tell me if you ever heard of a larger bag. These were all shot over decoys, made by Herman Stroter & Sons, of Boston, Mass., and I think they are the best bird decoys made. The above is no exaggeration but my actual experience this season.

J. B. WHITE.

A NEW GEORGIA ASSOCIATION.

SAVANNAH, Ga., Sept. 12.—The Game Protective Association met last night and effected a permanent organization by electing the following officers: President, T. P. Bond; Secretary, James H. Hunter; Treasurer, R. R. Dancy; Directors, J. N. Johnson, H. W. Palmer, D. Y. Dancy, J. S. Schley, J. P. White.

The association starts off with the following membership: R. R. Dancy, J. C. Manning, Arthur Schaaff, J. A. Hirschbach, G. Noble, M. W. Low, J. N. Johnson, W. G. Miller, F. F. Sweet, T. P. Ravenel, T. P. Bond, W. A. Friend, E. R. Middleton, W. H. Connerat, B. S. Wells, J. S. Schley, J. J. Hearn, D. Y. Dancy, W. R. Curtis, J. S. F. Barbour, J. P. White, H. W. Palmer, George S. McAlpin, C. B. Westcott, James H. Hunter, J. F. Glatigny and H. B. Lemcke.

A constitution and by-laws governing the association were drafted and were adopted. The object of the association, as set forth in the preamble, is as follows:

Resolved, That this association is formed for the benefit of all honorable sportsmen, both of the gun and rod, and we feel it our duty and will, as law-abiding citizens and lovers of true sport, to do all in our power by legal means to enforce all existing laws and all laws and ordinances that may hereafter be passed for the protection of game and fish, and will generally guard such matters and interests as may be to the advantage of sportsmen.

It was also resolved that all members coming in possession of knowledge of any violation of the game law, as killing game out of season, or catching fish contrary to law, it shall be their duty to report the same to the secretary and he will take the necessary steps toward enforcing the law.

It was further resolved that if any member should violate the law such member should be excluded from the association and will also be liable to prosecution by the society. The directors elected last night were instructed to frame game laws which the representatives from Chatham county will endeavor to have passed by the next Legislature. They will also request the "in season" and "out of season" for shooting game, and the matter will be submitted to the president and members of the association at their next meeting, Oct. 2.

BARNEGAT BAY.—Mantoloking, Ocean County, N. J., Sept. 17.—The bay snipe shooting at this end of Barnegat Bay has not been a success this year. There was only one day when any number of large birds were killed. That was Aug. 22, when there was a flight of yellowlegs and willets. A number of the latter were killed along the surf. A wild pigeon was shot here on Saturday on a telegraph wire near the Life Saving Station. A few English snipe have come on. I killed three Sept. 5, one Sept. 10, and four Sept. 15. Ducks have not begun to come yet.—H.

TOMPKINS COUNTY GAME.

TOMPKINS COUNTY, N. Y., Sept. 4.—The number of woodcock thus far killed, while not exceedingly large, is fully up to that of former years. The first few days of the season witnessed an enormous lot of gunners in the field. The big bags at first reported dwindled down terribly when the truth was scattered abroad. In one instance that came to my knowledge a well-known local sport, accompanied by a more or less conspicuous member of the medical profession of Gotham town, was reported as bagging 13 woodcock on Aug. 1. The hard, cold facts of the matter, as related by the farmer at whose place the gunners found shelter were, in effect, that the day's work resulted in the shooting of 3 woodcock, 2 robins and 1 partridge (shot out of season by professed sportsman!) Partridges are reported plenty, but my own experience in finding them is not flattering. A short drive from the county seat brings the lover of quail shooting to a locality where the birds are found more numerous than formerly. Rabbits are scarce enough to keep the festive beagle busy finding them. Coon hunters are happy because there are coons without number, and the votaries of fox chasing, in view of the number of broods of red racers coming to maturity in near by glens and gorges, are serenely content. M. C. H.

DROP OF STOCK.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I see that quite a number of sportsmen are advocating gun stocks of very little drop, alleging that when the binocular style of shooting is adopted better success is had. My experience does not teach it. What a man wants is a bend in the stock, such that when he throws his gun to the face his right eye looks down the rib without the necessity of crooking his neck. Such a gun will "fit" him, and with that it is reasonable to suppose he can do the best shooting. He should keep both eyes open, if his right eye controls the line of vision, as it does with most men. When his left eye does, he must close that or shoot from the left shoulder. One can practice with a differently shaped stock and acquire much expertness. But why should he need that when the length of his neck and his arms suggest what is natural? Of course the stock may be so much crooked that under shooting will result in snap shooting. So if the stock is too straight the shooting will be too high. Avoid the extremes is the doctrine of wisdom.

For smaller game I am the advocate of light guns. They are quite as effective when weighing from 6 to 7lbs. as when they lift the beam at 9 and 10lbs., and then after a long tramp how nicely they feel. A 14 or 16-bore with 2¼ to 2⅜drs. of good gunpowder and ⅞ to 1oz. of shot is good enough, and if properly held will bring down the game. For larger game a heavier gun and heavier charges are wanted. But I protest against the necessity of educating ourselves to the use of any gun with a stock of less drop than 2⅜in. My opinion is that from 3 to 3½in. will suit a very large majority of men. WELLS.

ROCKINGHAM, N. C.

THE CONNECTICUT ASSOCIATION.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The new Connecticut Farmers and Sportsmen's Association for the Protection of Game and Fish is at all events stirring up some discussion, out of which it is hoped good may come. Here are some of the editorial opinions expressed:

A chap from Westchester, this State, has written an anonymous screed to FOREST AND STREAM, in which he pays his disrespects to the new game and fish protective association. The writer shows himself to be a fellow who is unwilling to abide by the laws of the State, and we doubt not that he is a snarer and pot-hunter, just the kind of a chap the new association is anxious to light on with "both feet." Westchester is the most lawless and unprincipled section of the State as regards the observance of game laws, and probably the anonymous writer to FOREST AND STREAM is one of the ilk who do so much to destroy game out of season as well as in season.—*Hartford Globe.*

For shame, Brother Willey, of the *Globe.* Don't let your zeal get the better of common sense. The item given above is a base, unfounded slur on the residents of the western part of our town. In the name of reason and justice the *Advocate* requests a retraction of the wholesale condemnation of the place. So far as the article or "chap" is concerned, we should be pleased to let him speak for himself in a communication.—*Colchester Advocate.*

The Colchester *Advocate* takes up the cudgel for the anonymous fellow who wrote to the FOREST AND STREAM condemning the new game and fish association. All we have to say to Brother Bigelow is, that we come very near knowing what we are talking about, and simply refer him to President Collins's article in the last issue of the FOREST AND STREAM. Editor Bigelow, if he is a sporting man, will spend no time in defense of any man who is so unwilling to abide by the game laws of the State, which are as fair for one man as for another—*Hartford Globe.*

SPORTSMAN.

HARTFORD, Conn.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. A. C. Collins has not got us Westchester farmers nailed so tight but that we are out again. Mr. Collins does not deny he was the leader in organizing this valuable(?) association, and if he would think real hard perhaps he would remember some selected gentlemen who assisted him in conceiving this movement.

It is supposed that the farmers did not come forward with many dollars to increase the fund, so now we all can become members by only investing a two-cent stamp, though we can in a measure repay this debt by letting "our city friends" hunt and scare all the game on our farms to death this fall, or by leasing our land to him for a small compensation. A two-cent stamp was raised, but it was put on this letter to a fair dealing and true sportsman's paper. Mr. Collins thinks the non-export law is a "very wise law in his opinion." Farmers have opinions as well as "city gentlemen." We do not consider it our business to prevent city sportsmen from other States carrying game out, but we know of three parties from Providence, R. I., carrying about one hundred birds from this place to that city three different times last season; we have laws that might prohibit it, but they will never be enforced in "Farmer's" opinion. Oh, yes, I do shoot, and also do not think it high crime to snare a bird. I have done that awful deed, but not for several years, not since I could shoot on the wing. I can remember when a small boy how rich I used to feel after selling a snared bird for twenty-five or thirty cents. My father was not well to do and this was about my only chance for "spending money" in those by-gone days. Farmers' boys of today are not allowed this privilege. I am well aware that snaring has been made a business by certain grown men, that is not right; but give the little fellows a chance. The Algers spoken of by the worthy editor of the *Globe* are not akin to our family, and are several miles removed from our "stamping ground," and as the *Globe* is not our family paper we were not aware that they had caught so many or any in fact. Who took them to market?

Secretary Willey won't win the esteem of the farmers by insulting them. Secretary Willey can find me by coming to Westchester, but he better leave his "feet" in Hartford. One would think to hear this gentleman talk that Westchester was full of a very desperate class of people; but with a residence of twenty-six years in this quiet little hamlet I have failed to find more law-breaking sportsmen here than in other places. The farmers have a law against tresspass on their land and can protect their own land, be their own gamekeepers, let their neighbors and friends shoot or not as they wish, and do not require any "detectives" to assist them. If any member of the F. and S. G. P. Association cares to take the trouble to visit some of our gentlemen farmers, he will find that beds of roses are not prepared for city sportsmen here unless they are invited. THE SAME FARMER.

WESTCHESTER, Conn., Sept. 8.

CONNECTICUT GAME.

ESSEX, Conn., Sept. 14.—Thus far this season the rail shooting at Essex, as well as other noted resorts along the Connecticut River, has been very poor. Hardly any flight birds have arrived, those shot being birds that are bred in the coves here. The largest bag so far reported was made by an out of town party on the opening day, Sept. 1, he bagging fifty birds. There is an abundance of feed, and the birds should have been here after the recent cold wave, had they been coming at all.

Some ducks (mostly teal) are beginning to arrive, and the outlook for wildfowl shooting this fall is very good. Most of the quail seem to have outlived the blizzard, and there is prospect for good shooting on Oct. 1.

This place is noted for being one of the best English snipe localities in the State. All that is lacking to bring on these birds is Jack Frost. Last spring one party shot nineteen in one morning, on what is known as the Great Meadows here, which is the largest bag reported. There are three good hotels here, and sportsmen can find good accommodations here in the way of boats, guides and other requisites. A. W. J.

WILD RICE.—Janesville, Wis., Sept. 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your last week's issue, in "Answers to Correspondents" column, you reply to C. M. of Greenville, R. I., as follows: "Wild rice should be sown in the late fall or in early spring, etc." I have handled wild rice seed for several years, in fact was the first person to advocate planting it in waters where it did not grow naturally. I have never known it to grow well when planted in the spring, and the sooner it is planted after it is harvested in the fall, the better. After the seed has been gathered for some weeks, the enamel on the outside of the kernel seems to crack, and this I believe accounts for failure in spring planting. It should be planted on a mud bottom; where there is little if any current, and if possible where there is no other vegetation. As it grows only in the water, it should not be planted on ground that goes dry in midsummer. It will grow in water from a few inches to four feet in depth, but does best in shallow water. Before sowing I always soak the seed for an hour or so, in order that it will sink at once. I also think it best to sow very thickly, rather than to scatter a small amount of seed over a large space.—RICHARD VALENTINE.

WEST VIRGINIA.—Lewisburg, Aug. 29.—We have the best prospect for partridge shooting here this fall that we have had for years. Pheasant (grouse) are also plentiful. We have a few wild turkey and some Virginia deer. For the benefit of some of your readers, who frequently visit this section in the fall for the purpose of having a little sport, I send you the bird and deer law. The law prohibits the killing of partridge (quail) from Dec. 1 to Oct. 10, pheasant (grouse) from Jan. 1 to Oct. 1, and wild turkeys from Jan. 1 to Sept. 15. It is unlawful to chase deer with dogs in West Virginia for four years, and they are only to be still-hunted from Sept. 15 to Jan. 15.—P. C. O.

MARYLAND RAIL.—Elkton, Md.—The rail bird season opened here Sept. 5. There was only a fair tide and not a great many birds were killed, 73 birds being the highest reported, 53 the next, and all the way down to 6 by a small boy with an ancient muzzleloader with only one barrel in working order. Saturday the 8th was the best tide so far and a large number of birds were bagged, 156 being the highest heard from. Reed birds are fairly plentiful also.—E. S. G.

REAR GUN SIGHTS.—I don't know of any rear sight which is used for shotguns unless, of course, the shotgun has a rifle barrel. In some cases, however, my shortest rear rifle sight has been used for shot-shooting, and a few think it quite a help. I myself don't recommend my rear sight for shotgun work, except for the closest shooting chokebore.—WILLIAM LYMAN.

LEAVENWORTH, Kan., Sept. 13.—Ducks have begun to come into the Missouri lakes, near this city, in considerable numbers. Prairie chickens are very scarce, and are reported so all over the State. Quail will be more numerous than ever, and will afford good shooting after Nov. 1.—NIM.

ROCKINGHAM, N. C., Sept. 12.—Our prospects for Bob White are excellent. Many coveys can now fly rapidly, and in a little more than a month will be fully grown. I regret that our season opens before Nov. 1; then about all the birds are full fledged and strong.—WELLS.

TOURISTS seeking rest and recreation during the hot summer months can obtain valuable information from the illustrated guide books entitled "A Summer Jaunt" and "Summer of 1888" issued by the Wisconsin Central Line. These books are descriptive of the summer resorts in Wisconsin and Minnesota, reached by the Wisconsin Central Line, and will be sent free to any address upon application to JAMES BARKER, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Milwaukee, Wis.—*Adv.*

Sea and River Fishing.

LAKE EDWARD.

CAMP TRUTHFUL, Lake Edward, Canada, Sept. 11. —*Editor Forest and Stream:* To-morrow we break camp and return to so-called civilization—a blasted humbug by comparison with this sort of life. I lay awake this morning wondering whether this was not the paradise Adam was fired out of, and whether the greatest of his sorrows was not the loss of such fishing. There are Eves of the present day who would just as recklessly burst up a man's fishing. It behooves one to get all he can of it in this world, so the undersigned proposes to build his cabin up here, and return to his original state. No sheet-iron dude collars, no boiled shirts, no plug hats, no 3 o'clock, no gas and water bills, no lightning-rod men, no desiccated females wanting you to subscribe to the life of Benry Hard Meecher. And then as to the cheapness of living; on what it would cost to take your best girl to the theater and the Delmonico postscript you can live a year in your cabin, and be spared the pang of seeing that same girl out the next evening with another fellow and with apparently an equally unimpaired appetite. Your revenge comes when he has to settle for frogs' legs and terrapin stew, to say nothing of a bottle of "extra dry." By the way, why is it that one's best girl always seems chronically dry? It knocks spots out of five dollars to moisten their delicate clay, but never mind best girls, they don't properly come in here, although they do manage to get in almost everywhere. I was saying, what a place to get to. A good many gentlemen have found the climate of Canada more healthy than the atmosphere of New York, and we had one of the flyers here the other day; but he did not seem to get as good a raise from the trout as the gudgeons at home, and soon got Eno-ugh of it and went away, a bad habit of his.

We have been in camp a week now, and to-day took an account of stock of our groceries. Our original outlay was about $6. We have lived (three of us) on it and trout seven days, and it is not more than half consumed. Say fourteen days for three men with fishermen's appetite on $6. Don't it make a man groan to think of returning to civilization, and $5 a day as its penalty, and your temper spoiled in wrangles with the gas man, and if you are a housekeeper to fall within the baleful soul-destroying clutches of the plumber. Good Lord deliver us and let us return to our natural condition. Canada is our paradise.

I won't say there are not some little drawbacks, for instance from June 15 to Aug. 15 there are black flies (in the paradise I mean). Every fisherman who has visited the Adirondacks or Maine is familiar with those little instigators of profanity. But you can go on a little further to Lake St. John; and there are none there, as the mist is cleared away, and there you can get all sorts of fishing, including winnanichi or landlocked salmon. It is a good place to hedge the fly season; but after Aug. 15 you can return to Lake Edward and have no annoyance from them.

As a missionary in the cause, I will venture to give my fellow fishermen the cue to a proper outfit for Canada fishing. Firstly, as to how to get there easiest. Go to Albany, take the Hudson & Delaware Canal Railroad via Lake Champlain to Montreal; thence either by rail or night boat to Quebec. Take the Quebec & Lake St. John Railroad at 8 A. M. next morning and you are at Lake Edward at noon, at Lake St. John at 6 P. M. You can go via Quebec Central & Grand Trunk a little quicker, but their advertisement to take you through without change is a fraud. If you can get a sleeper from Springfield you may do it, but woe unto you if you don't get a sleeper, and there is but one, and always full. We missed it, and were turned out at all hours of the night, having to wait at a place called Richmond, over the Canada line, four and a half hours in a wretchedly cared for station, no fire, and cold. We changed five times before we got to Quebec, sometimes we were in the Quebec Central, then on the Grand Trunk, then we lost all trace and did not know where we were. We finally turned up at Quebec, chilled and cross; and what the army in Flanders said was not a circumstance to our language. All that is necessary is to be sure and be on hand at the Quebec & St. John station at 8 A. M., as there is but one train a day. Under proper circumstances you should be able to go from New York to Quebec (via Saratoga & Lake Champlain) for about $13.50; from Quebec to Lake Edward $2.50. Hotel at Edwards $1 per day and good fare. Beds a little lumpy, but after you have fished all day and taken a hand at the oar for exercise you will forget all about lumps.

As to rods, leave your 6oz. bamboo at home, take a good 10oz. rod for fly, or 12oz., a good bait rod. Guns not wanted; no game at this season. Take good warm underclothing, for the nights are cool. A flannel shirt, of course, a pair of sturdy thick-soled shoes; and don't forget the waterproof coat. Rubber boots are good in case of rain (of which there is a good deal); they keep your legs and knees dry and are always useful, but climbing around the rocky shores use them up. Leather is always best. You can buy in Montreal and Quebec the porpoise leather, long-legged, waterproof boats for about $7; will last you forever. You can hire plenty of blankets and all camp equipage at Edwards at a very reasonable cost. Everything is cheap at Edwards.

If you want to bring your fish home, clean them carefully, removing the blood streak along the backbone, wipe dry inside and out. Keep free of contact with each other. Put on a board and lay the board on the ice at the ice house at Edwards. They will keep that way indefinitely. When ready to leave, pack in dry fern leaves, keeping the fish from contact still; and unless the weather is very hot, you will find your fish hard and cold when you arrive home. Under no circumstances trust to expressing your fish; take them along with you. A box is a bother and you can't check it, but here is a dodge: take along an old rattle trap of a trunk extra, pack your fish in it with your boots, waterproof, etc , so the fish won't get bruised, plenty of ferns will remedy that. With a check in your pocket you will be all right. You can get better smoking tobacco in Lake Edward than in New York, and cheaper. We shall lay in a month's supply to bring home.

To-morrow we break up camp and a gloom falls upon us. The dog we borrowed for company seems to know

it; lost his appetite; usually eats fifteen trout for his breakfast (Canada dogs eat fish when they are lucky enough to get them; generally live on faith); this morning he only ate fourteen. Our grief reduced our appetites to an even dozen; we usually see that number and go half a dozen better. The fishing grows better until Oct. 1, when the law is up and the snow begins to fall, but not enough to bother until about the 15th. The early spring will see us on hand again. We have had a glorious time, glorious fishing, and ought to be satisfied. Of fishing we have had our fill, but of this free and easy life not so. Hence this coming winter of our discontent—*vale!* PODGERS.

Later—Home.—One of us said, "Let's try that Quebec Central again home; they may treat us better this time." T'other of us said, "If you can stand it, I can;" and so we tried that "through-without-change" road again. It was worse than before. Sleeper full. At Sherbrooke over 500 people got aboard: there had been a horse race, fair or base ball match. Time, midnight. Men and women crowding and pushing, children yelling, half the men tight. They stood up in the aisles, out on the platform, sat on the stove (no fire, and a white frost outside), sung boisterously in bad French, gorged themselves with peanuts and gingerbread, girls sat on fellows' laps (that was not so bad), children were put on the floor to sleep. Toward morning we got a "sit up" in a parlor car. Changed four times, got into Springfield four hours late, lost our train home, waited at Pittsfield four hours, finally got home toward morning, instead of 3 P. M., as advertised. Comment is unnecessary. If you want to travel on six different (indifferent) railroads take the "through-without-change" Quebec Central, Grand Trunk, etc., etc., and then hire a small boy to kick you for being such a blankity blankity fool for doing it. P.

A RESPONSIVE CHORD.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Not long ago one of your contributors, "W. A. B.," wrote:

> I have had applied to me at times by some of my friends—and good friends, too—that much-abused epithet "crank," because of my enthusiasm for the woods and streams, and affection for the rod and gun. They cannot understand or appreciate the taking long journeys or tramping for miles and subjecting one's self to the discomforts of wet and cold and fatigue all for the sake, as they say, of a few fish, which, if the scribe is so fond of them, he might have purchased at a market.

"W. A. B." has expressed just what I have long been trying to put together and slap down in front of those inhuman, unnatural, vulgar and ignorant "persons from whom the savage has been wholly eliminated." "W. A. B." is not the only true lover of nature who is called a "crank" by the city man who, while he ridicules all that is beautiful in the way of birds, trees, flowers, fish and the general object of the world itself, can brag of nothing in their stead but an elevated railroad, a barber pole dude collar, ice cream, tight shoes, and a lot of silly companions. Talk to any of these people about the beauty of the woods or stream, and ask them if they like hunting and fishing and they will tell you yes, if there is plenty of game, and that they don't care to walk all day for nothing. Talk to a man of good heart, a man of true purpose, of enjoying rural life, and he will not think only of the game, but of the natural splendor, and will gladly approve of your appreciation. I have been shooting and fishing thousands of times, and I never walked "all day for nothing," and many and many a time I came home without bird or fish. "W. A. B.'s" article has proved a great find for me. I have long waited for a time to come when I could show my crank-calling friends just how silly they were, and the first column and a half of "W. A. B.'s" affair marked with a blue pencil and mailed to each of them has proven just the thing. What a great man he must be, and how I would like to know him real well and then spend a week or two in the woods with him, walking "all day for nothing." It is a great thing to come on to these men, whose very ideas are quite like your own in every particular, even if one does feel a little embarrassed as I do at not being able to express himself as prettily as his ideals. There is that "Yo" and Rowland E. Robinson and "Iron Ramrod" and "Nessmuk" and a host of others you might insert among them, all just such kind of men many of their disciples would be fairly crazed to meet.

I'm tired of the city and the city man and long for the time when I shall have saved a few hundred dollars, got together a shotgun, rifle, two light rods, a setter, a pointer and spaniel, a wife and a cottage, and gone out into the rural world to walk forever in the woods through the fields, along the river banks every day for nothing. Long live the savage! KAHKAHLIN.

NATURAL AND ARTIFICIAL FLIES.

IN the year 1830, being then a stripling of nineteen, I was residing at Ewart, in the county of Northumberland, England, in the double capacity of tutor to a friend's children and a student of practical agriculture. The farm consisted of 600 acres and was bisected by the pretty little trout river Glen, which pursues a devious course of about a mile through a deep and narrow channel between steep banks of alluvial soil to its junction with the Till, which river forms the eastern boundary of the farm for about a mile and a half further. Both these rivers abound with speckled trout, which attain a large size, individuals from 2lbs. to 4lbs. being occasionally taken; and they are besides frequented by the whistling or sea trout in the spring and fall. In ordinary states of the water and weather these fish are difficult to catch, as the rivers flow with a slow and gentle current, presenting everywhere a smooth and glassy surface, unbroken by stream or ripple, on their course through and alongside the farm; so that the angler's only chance to make a fair basket is late in the evening or early in the morning, or during the prevalence of a smart breeze.

One morning in the month of June I awoke before three o'clock and not being inclined to sleep again, I arose and taking my rod which lay ready mounted on its hooks in the back passage, went up to the northern boundary of the estate, where I knew there were two or three good casts, and fished them very carefully for nearly an hour without success. Not a fin could I induce to stir, though I tried all my favorite lures. By this time it was nearing four o'clock, and the sun was beginning to show his disk above the low range of the eastern hills; and thinking to try a natural bait, I stepped into a clump of osiers which bordered the stream to look for some small beetles. While engaged in the quest, the sun attained a sufficient elevation to shoot his slanting rays above the bushes on the opposite bank, and light up with a golden glow the branches among which I was standing. Absorbed in admiration, I stood for a time motionless watching the play of light and shade, when suddenly "plop" sounded from the water outside of the willows. Thinking it was caused by a water-rat, I went to look for it, when "plop! plop!" sounded again, and I saw it was fish and not rats stirring. As the sunbeams crept down lower on the branches a perfect stream of flies began to pour from their tips on to the surface, and the water became "like a boiling pot," as an old angling acquaintance of mine used to say.

I tried a few casts where the fish were most numerous, but they would not take my flies, although leaping all around them. I captured a few of the flies, and taking a short cut ran home and tied four of the best imitations I could make. The head, thorax and legs were black, the wings of a brownish hue, the body or abdomen covered with a blue down like that on a plum, and the size about that of the common housefly, only rather longer. I tied two of them on a trace and went up to where the flies were floating down and the fish feeding on them. Keeping well in advance, and casting where the fish broke the surface while sucking in the flies, I fished down to the junction of the Glen with the Till, and when I went home to my breakfast at 8 o'clock I turned out of my basket twenty-two trout, not one of which was less that 9in. in length, and the two largest weighed over 1lb. each.

At noon I went down to the river again and fished for an hour, but could only get three fish, and these must have taken the fly from pure greediness, as they were gorged to the throat with their insect food. I went down to the Till in the evening, but the trout were not on the feed, and I could only get a few small ones, which I returned to the water. What makes this remarkable is that though I have been an angler for over sixty years, and a collector and observer of insects for the same time, I have seen that species of fly only on that one occasion, and the artificial imitation has not proved a favorite with the fish, as I never had any success with it in subsequent trials.

If any of your numerous readers should have had a similar experience with a local insect, I should like if they would relate the same through the columns of FOREST AND STREAM. J. T. B., Sc.D.

BELLEVILLE, Ont.

SOME BASS RECORDS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I could not follow your advice to go to St. Albans Bay, Vermont, for bass, but I sent an inquirer there, who gives me the result of his visit. He writes: "From St. Albans I drove six miles to Samson's Lake View House, reaching there at 2 P. M. After dinner my guide and I caught nine bass and one wall-eyed pike. Wednesday was an off day. Crickets were all over the fishing grounds and bass would not bite. Thursday bass were leaping all round my boats after the crickets. I tried flies, but unfortunately had no black ones. Guide and self took but seven bass and lost several, one very large one. I took one 4lb. bass, and I do not exaggerate in saying that he leaped nearly 4ft. out of water, fell on tip of my rod and broke it off short. The place has wonderful fishing capacities. The house is very well kept, and a sportsman can have a jolly good time there. Bass fishing is a lottery; and if one has not the real Ike in his make up he had better buy his fish. Samson is dickering with a party who wishes to make the place into a club house. In view of a possible deal next season, I would suggest that you be advised as to what the place is before you go to (now) Samson's in 1889. I am obliged to you for steering me to a very pleasant place. I would further say that the catches are just what you have heard them reported."

W. H. R.

Will De Graw of the Lakeside House, at Greenwood Lake, writes that large and small mouth bass have been biting well, the former on live bait and pickerel belly and the latter on crawfish, worms and helgramites. On Monday, Teller Faust, of the Spring Garden Bank of Philadelphia, was out with Tom Garrison, and caught fifty-three large and small mouth bass, and Fred Clarke took out a New Yorker who caught sixty fish. A small mouth black bass, weighing 4½lbs., was caught during the previous week by Robt. N. Porter, of this city. He and his brother caught fifty-two pickerel on Sept. 14. DeGraw says that he intends to keep his house open all winter for fishing parties.

Editor Forest and Stream:

We have some pretty fair bass fishing in our small lakes. Occasionally one is taken which will go better than 7lbs. One of 7lbs. 6oz. is the best I ever saw taken from Northern waters; but while in Florida last spring I caught a big-mouth black bass, which weighed full 10½lbs. This was in Lake Tsala Apopka, Citrus county, about fifteen miles east of Homosassa. I used a troll line and common spoon hook. My time was limited, so this was the only opportunity I had to try the fishing. In less than one hour I took four bass, ranging from 3lbs. to 10½lbs. This was a big catch according to my notion, but I was assured by Judge Crofts, Col. Sam McCall, P. J. Peacher, Esq., of Citrus county, and Dr. J. C. Perine, of Ocala, that it was no uncommon thing to catch bass which would weigh 16 and 18lbs. The hunting and fishing there are certainly "immense," and I expect to return this fall accompanied by several friends. I was induced to visit this sportsman's paradise by reading descriptions of it in FOREST AND STREAM. Returned delighted with my trip and anxious to get back. W. B. T.

RAVENNA, O.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Col. D. A. McKibben, of this city, returned from Lake Minnetonka, Minn., yesterday. He brought with him a black bass, weighing 6¾lbs. This magnificent specimen was the largest caught in those waters this year. Mr. McKibben is an ardent fisherman, but still hangs on to the old bamboo pole. During his two weeks at the lake he caught 217 trout, weighing 453lbs. in all, an average of over 2lbs. NIM.

LEAVENWORTH, KAN., Sept. 13.

Lake Hopatcong, N. J., is yielding some big bass just now. We were shown a 6½lb. bass caught there Sept. 15 by Mr. H. P. Frothingham of this city.

GRAND CASCAPEDIA SALMON SCORE.

QUEBEC, Canada, Sept. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Having recently returned from my annual tour in the Kingdom of Herring and Cod, in the lower St. Lawrence, I have been in a position to ascertain the yield of our deep sea and shore fisheries. It is a sorry record, this year. The cod and herring, I fear, must have known intuitively that our amiable neighbors were bent on brewing trouble in their old summer haunts. They have deserted a large portion of their former retreats, in quest of other feeding grounds. The summer fishing has failed. Possibly the fall catch—which begins in September—may restore hope and bring relief to our despairing fishermen of the Gaspe and Baie des Chaleurs coast, who depend on hook and line for their winter supplies. Gaspesians have not captured enough of the finny tribe to keep together the body and soul of the natives; and there has been none to spare for American fishermen.

Your columns have lately teemed to overflowing with so many flourishing accounts of Lake Edward and the Lake St. John region as the elysium of anglers, that I shall abstain from adding on this score any more fish stories; it would look like an attempt to "paint the rose."

My visit to the salmon estuaries of the Baie des Chaleurs has made available to me the official score of the most famous salmon stream of Canada—I may add—of the world; for Norway and even British Columbia must hide their heads in presence of the record of the Grand Cascapedia. The score was made by that keenest of fishermen, our popular new Governer-General, Capt. Joceline Bagot, his aide-de-camp, and party.

The grandest of all salmon rivers, the Grand Cascapedia, was especially set aside and fished during the month of July by Their Excellencies Lord and Lady Stanley of Preston, and their suite, composed of His Excellency's eldest son, the Hon. Victor Stanley, R. N., Mrs. Bagot, Miss Lysten, Miss Barrett, Capt. J. Bagot, Lieut. A. H. McMahon, Grenadier Guards; Mr. Campbell, Sir John Ross, Col. Lanne and E. Jenkins, Esq. Three hundred salmon were caught. Total weight, 7,692lbs.; average weight, 25½lbs. Of the twenty-nine pools spread over the course of this noble stream, the following yielded:

Almond's Pool	34 salmon.
Big Camp	31 "
Limestone	28 "
Ledge	27 "
Parson's	24 "
Lazy Bogand	17 "
Rock	17 "
Captain's	16 "
Tent	14 "
Big Pico	14 "

His Excellency made a capital score and so did the ladies, but the most remarkable one during the twenty-one days' fishing was Capt. J. Bagot's, which actually reached eighty-nine fish and one grilse—his largest fish weighing 43lbs. I subjoin the actual weight of each fish.

Salmon caught in the Cascapedia by Capt. J. Bagot: 28, 25, 22, 22, 32, 21, 39, 33, 43, 27, 29, 20, 28, 21, 25, 23, 12, 24, 24, 29, 20, 21, 22, 35, 24, 27½, 23, 32, 33, 19, 31, 30, 14½, 39, 28, 31, 23, 13, 26, 24, 34, 22½, 19, 23½, 22½, 27, 29, 34, 35½, 24, 23, 21, 24, 24, 22½, 22½, 27, 23, 25, 35½, 22, 26, 32, 36, 22, 24, 28, 23½, 25½, 17½, 28, 21, 25, 25½, 25½, 22, 24, 33, 24, 34, 25½, 22, 22, 35, 10½, 20, 21, 41, 31.

I do not recollect a larger score ever exhibited by this river in the same number of days. J. M. LE MOINE.

TROUT AT THE UPPER DAM.

CAMP BEMIS, Me., Sept. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I give you a correct statement of the weight of trout taken with a fly in the pool below the Upper Dam, Rangeley Lakes, since Aug. 24:

Mr. W. H. Fullerton, of Windsor, Vt., has taken two of 5lbs., one of 6lbs., two of 6½lbs., two of 6¾lbs., one of 7¼lbs., one of 6½lbs. The 6¾-pounder was taken on a 4½oz. Leonard rod.

Rev. Mr. Wall, of New York, one of 5½lbs., one of 5lbs.

Mr. Drury, of St. Louis, one of 6¼lbs.

Mr. Bearce, of Lewiston, Me., one of 6¼lbs., one of 6⅜lbs.

Mr. F. P. Thomas, Andover, Me., one of 5⅜lbs., one of 3¼lbs..

These trout were taken between Aug. 24 and Sept. 6. Since then, which is two days' time, there have been taken fish of 6, 6½, 3½, 3½, 2½, 4⅜, 2, 7⅜, 5½ and 3lbs.

I believe every one of these trout have been taken on a fly by fair casting. The Parmachenee-belle has been the favorite.

If the fishing was entirely "played out" here three years ago, does not this look as if there had been quite a remarkable increase of trout since then? This is the place, FOREST AND STREAM readers should remember, where the persistent angler claims to have cast his flies for thirteen days without getting a single rise, three or four years ago this month. F. C. BARKER.

We never could see why the man who fishes should be suspected of lying. As a matter of fact not one man in a hundred ever lies about his fish.—*Detroit Free Press.* The *Free Press* man should remember that the dog was hung for having a bad name.

THE HUNTER'S PARADISE.—If you would hunt, fish or camp out, and enjoy any or all of the various pastimes incident to camp life, we are here to say, and to bring the indisputed logic of experience to support our statement, that no region under the sun offers better facilities, more genuine sport "to the square inch," clearer sky or balmier atmosphere, than Northern Wisconsin and Michigan. Within a few hours' ride from Chicago are virgin forests and streams, where the wary deer and speckled trout reign in almost uninterrupted supremacy, quiet and fearless in their own wooded haunts, unused to the invasions of men. The Chicago and Northwestern Railway, with its varied ramifications of main and branch lines, penetrates the sylvan depths of these "forest homes," and carries the sportsman in palace cars to within a few miles of trout streams that surpass the liveliest fancies of Izaak Walton, and hunting grounds whose actual realities exceed the brightest visions of the most enthusiastic Nimrod. As an inducement to sportsmen to visit these regions, the Northwestern has made round trip excursion rates to the various hunting resorts, which will materially reduce the expense of the trip. If you want real, unadulterated sport, you can hardly go amiss by taking the Northwestern into the woods of Wisconsin or Michigan. Full details will be given on application to E. P. WILSON, General Passenger Agent C. & N. W. R'y, Chicago.—*

Fisheulture.

THE CINCINNATI EXHIBITION.

THE United States Government appreciates the value of instructing the masses by a practical illustration of the advances which have been made in fisheulture, and the Fish Commission annually arranges for an exhibit. It is given this year at the Cincinnati Centennial Exposition. The exhibit is particularly fine, not alone that devoted to fisheulture, but in other branches of science as well. The Fish Commission occupies a space about 31x95ft., every part of which is taken up by something of interest. The exhibit is in charge of Capt. J. W. Collins, assisted by Mr. Seal, superintendent of the central station in Washington, who supervises the exhibit of aquaria, Mr. W. F. Page, the exhibit of fisheulture, and Mr. Greenman, in charge of division of scientific inquiry.

In the center of the exhibit is a grotto, down which trickles a miniature waterfall, passing over a McDonald fishway at the bottom. Back of the falls are the aquaria, in which are specimens of various kinds of fishes, from the plebian mud fish to the sportive trout and black bass, and the beautiful paradise fish of Japan. The quill fish, the chappy, the carp and the gizzard shad all have a place here, and submit placidly to the gaze of admiring visitors.

In one corner is a deep-sea sounding machine, and in a handsome glass case are specimens of the dredge's work, preserved in glass jars. One of the monsters is a deep-sea spider crab, *Lithodes agassizii*, taken by the United States Steamer Albatross, just south of Block Island, in a depth of 4,230 feet. A model of the Albatross and pictures showing various portions of her interior and the many appliances with which she in fitted, gives one a fair idea of the way in which scientific research is carried on.

A large part of the exhibit is devoted to working models of the latest inventions for propagating fish, including a model of the Loomis filter for filtering water for aquarium use, a model of the McDonald fishway, a model of the Northville hatching house, one of the most important hatching stations of the United States and formerly used as a hatchery for brook trout, but for some years devoted by the Government to collecting and developing eggs of the whitefish, many millions of which have been handled there and shipped to various points in the United States and Europe. There are models of a half-dozen different kinds of egg transportation boxes, cans used in transporting young fry, a model of railroad car used by the Commission in transporting young fish. There are also models of the Holyoke fishway and of one designed by Everett Smith, with numerous others for different uses.

On a pedestal is mounted a very life-like figure of a man, illustrating the method of stripping a salmon for its eggs. Opposite this are stuffed specimens of fish, also pictures of many other kinds, giving their popular and scientific names. Here also are many models of fishing boats from the Galway Hooker, introduced into the United States in 1846, to the Georges Banker of the present time. The walls are hung with pictures depicting various scenes in the pursuit of the finny tribe, well known to fishermen, but entirely novel to the ordinary visitor.

To give a detailed account of the numerous objects of interest would require too much space, but many hours could be spent here with profit to the seeker of knowledge. The Commission expects to have some eggs before long, which will be hatched in the McDonald jars, giving a practical illustration of the methods now in vogue, which the ordinary citizen rarely has an opportunity to see. F. M.

CARP VS. FROGS.—White House, N. J.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Why do not some of the many inquirers about frog culture turn their attention to carp? They are very easy to raise, requiring only a pond of warm water and sufficient attention to keep the herons, frogs, turtles and other vermin from preying upon the young fry. I would rather shoot than fish, although the columns of Sea and River Fishing and Fisheulture in FOREST AND STREAM claim a full share of my attention, though I must say I have not learned much from them about carp culture. But, thanks to the FOREST AND STREAM'S Answers to Correspondents, I have learned enough to start, and last spring I constructed a pond, placed nine spawning fish in it, and have the satisfaction of knowing that they have filled the pond with young carp the first summer. Let some of your readers try carp culture, and let those who have tried, report results.—H. B.

CODFISH HATCHING.—As an instance of the success in planting codfish on new grounds it is worth recording that thousands of young cod have been taken in the pound nets in Buzzard's Bay, where they were planted by the United States Fish Commission, and where they were never found before. The work of hatching cod will begin at Ten-Pound Island about the middle of October.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Sept. 24 to 27.—Fifth Dog Show at London, Ont. C. A. Stone Superintendent.

Sept. 25 to 28.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Bristol Park Agricultural Society, Bristol, Conn. Entries close Sept. 22. C. F. Barnes, Secretary.

Oct. 2 to 5.—Seventh Annual Dog Show of the Danbury Agricultural Society, at Danbury, Conn. B. C. Lynes, Secretary.

Oct. 2 to 5.—National Exposition Dog Show, Kansas City, Mo. C. R. Evans, Manager, Room 16, New England Building, Kansas City, Mo.

Oct. 9 to 12.—First Dog Show of the Virginia Field Sports Association, at Richmond, Va. B. H. Grundy, Secretary, Room 26, Shafer Building. Entries close Oct. 1.

Oct. 23 to 26.—Second Annual Show of the St. Paul and Minnesota Kennel Club, at St. Paul, Minn. J. E. Stryker, Secretary, Room 98 Globe Building.

Nov. 6 to 10.—Dog Show of the Richmond County Poultry and Pet Stock Association, in connection with Augusta National Exposition at Augusta, Ga. H. Madden, Superintendent.

Dec. 3 to 8.—Dog Show of the Northern Illinois Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Rockford, Ill. A. H. Currier, Secretary.

Jan. 15 to 19, 1889.—Seventh Annual Dog Show of the Southern Massachusetts Poultry Association, at New Bedford, Mass. F. W. Dean, Secretary.

Feb. 4 to 7, 1889.—First Annual Dog Show of the Columbus Fanciers' Club at Columbus O. Thos. R. Sparrow, Secretary.

Feb. 12 to 15, 1889.—Fifth Dog Show of the New Jersey Kennel Club, at Jersey City, N. J. Geo. L. Wilms, Secretary, 142 Monticello avenue, Jersey City, N. J.

Feb. 19 to 22, 1889.—Thirteenth Annual Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent.

Feb. 26 to March 1, 1889.—Second Annual Show of the Renssalaer Kennel Club, Troy, N. Y. Alba M. Ide, Secretary.

March 5 to 8, 1889.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Albany Kennel Club, at Albany, N. Y. Geo. B. Gallup, Secretary.

March 12 to 15, 1889.—Second Annual Show of the Fort Schuyler Kennel Club, Utica, N. Y. James W. Dunlop, President.

March 19 to 22, 1889.—First Annual Dog Show of the Maryland Kennel Club, at Baltimore, Md. W. S. Diffenderffer, Secretary.

March 26 to 29, 1889.—First Annual Dog Show of the Massachusetts Kennel Club, at Lynn, Mass. D. A. Williams, Secretary.

April 2 to 5, 1889.—First Annual Show of the Rochester Kennel Club, at Rochester, N. Y. Harry Yates, Secretary.

April 9 to 12, 1889.—First Annual Dog Show of the Mascoutah Kennel Club, at Chicago, Ill. John L. Lincoln, Jr., Secretary.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 1.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Indiana Kennel Club, at Bicknell, Ind. P. T. Madison, Secretary, Indianapolis, Ind.

Nov. 19.—Tenth Annual Field Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at High Point, N. C. (Members' Stake, Nov. 15.) W. A. Coster, Secretary, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

Dec. 3.—First Annual Field Trials of the Southern Field Trial Club, at Amory, Miss. T. M. Brumby, Secretary, Chattanooga, Tenn.

Dec. 10.—Second Annual Field Trials of the American Field Trials Club, at West Point, Miss. C. W. Paris, Secretary, Cincinnati, O.

Jan. 14, 1889.—Sixth Annual Field Trials of the Pacific Coast Field Trial Club, at Bakersfield, Cal. N. P. Sheldon, Secretary, 320 Sansome street San Francisco, Cal.

COURSING.

Oct. 15.—Third Annual Meeting of the American Coursing Club at Great Bend, Kan. F. K. Doan, Secretary, 1210 Olive street, St Louis, Mo.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription $1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed **6512.**

BUFFALO DOG SHOW.

THE Buffalo exhibition has come and gone, showing a result that was hardly anticipated by its most ardent admirers. Everybody who is capable of distinguishing between honorable enterprise and sportsmanlike means of elevating the standard of the various breeds of dogs, as compared with anarchistic attempts to rule dogdom by corrupt and vicious methods, anticipated success for the men of iron will who refused to be bulldozed by a hungry gang of unprincipled dictators. But nobody anticipated such a crowning victory as the best show held outside the cities of New York and Boston. This is what Buffalo was. The oldest show goers said so, Mr. Davidson among the number, and no person who is competent to estimate the value of quantity and quality combined will deny it. It was fortunate for the Anarchists that the Buffalo management decided to recognize A. K. C. rulings. This spared them the pain of seeing the largest provincial show. If the entries—35 in all—of D. O'Shea and T. J. Farley, disqualified by the A. K. C., had been accepted, the show would have been the largest as well as the best that has ever been held, save by Boston and New York. The catalogue gave 532 entries, but a few of these were duplicates, and the correct number was probably about 525. Add to these the 35 that were returned and we have a total of 560, the best on record. Further than this, a large number of exhibitors sent word to the secretary of the National Dog Club advising him of the poor condition of their dogs, owing to the effects of the hot term, and expressing regret that they were unable to enter. My advice to the Anarchists, now that they have been made to realize that Buffalo and the N. D. C. are stronger than any rabid clique, is to change their methods and try to be men. Let honorable men be represented in council by honorable men.

The only drawback to the Buffalo show was the management, this, I regret very much to say, was anything but good. The catalogues were not out until the second day, no judges' books had been provided, the space allotted to the judging was neither large nor well fitted, and even Spratts' people seemed a little careless, especially in supplying water. The tents were packed with eager sightseers, and at certain hours of the day it was impossible to get near the dogs. There was a rumor that Mr. Robinson would advocate the erection of a building, on a large scale, for the next show. If this be done, and a small fee be charged for admittance, Buffalo will be the best paying exhibition in the country.

On Wednesday the secretary of the Syracuse show came up to try and persuade certain exhibitors to enter their dogs. This seemed a little strange in view of the fact that the entries for his show closed on Monday. The members of the National Dog Club decided to enter some of their dogs, and when the catalogue appears it will be seen that Syracuse would have been a complete failure without the support of the National Club. If the A. K. C. has not been paralyzed by the events of the past few days, it will realize two things, viz.: (1) That Buffalo has held a better show (Boston and New York excepted) than has ever been given under its rules, and (2) that Syracuse would have collapsed utterly without the timely aid of the National Club. This clearly proves that the National is stronger than the A. K. C. The busy little editor, who is as slippery as an eel that has been dipped in Gallipoli oil, cannot extricate the people who own him from the dilemma. It is quite true that "in the streets of Buffalo alone enough dogs run loose to fill a big building," but unfortunately for the little horse jockey, they were not entered. Out of the 525 entries Buffalo supplied but 47. Whereas, out of 462 at the last Philadelphia (A. K. C.) show Philadelphia gave 174, or nearly four times as many locals as Buffalo. No $5,000 argument can shake the truth of these statements. Buffalo was to test the strength of the two clubs; the stronger and more upright won, that is all. Instead of crowing over a vanquished foe, let the National Club members save Richmond as they have Syracuse, and then exert themselves to exterminate the insects that have eaten a way into the heart of the A. K. C. and made it a laughing stock of the dog-loving community, as well as an ash barrel for the refuse of all that is loathed by right-thinking and honest people.

MASTIFFS—(MR. WATSON).

Minting and Wacouta Nap represented champions, and both were in splendid condition. Minting's grand head and greater substance throughout made him an easy winner, although Nap was a worthy competitor. The open class for dogs was a hot one, with Mr. Moore's recent purchase Alonzo properly placed first. It was his debut, but I prefer not to criticise him until certain parties have stumbled over him. Ashmont Major, another new one, bred and exhibited by Dr. Perry, the gallant president of the National Dog Club, made a good second, although not the winner's equal in head properties. Benjamin Franklin, very highly commended at Boston and fully described in my report of that show, was well placed third, but was crowded by Brother, who is well known to all of your readers. Elm Place Jumbo, hc., was not on the bench when I called. Hero, also hc., was second to Wacouta Nap at Buffalo, 1887. Ashmont Hero, hc., is long in head, crooked in front and not sufficiently massive. Agrippa, c., begins to show age. Baldur, c., was first at Albany. He is not developing. In the class for bitches The Lady Phyllis, a specimen showing rare character and quality, scored an easy win. I will have more to say about her on a future occasion. Boss Lady Clare, second at Philadelphia, held the same position here; she was not in good condition. Lady Florence, third prize, has bad eyes, is plain in head and undersized. Linden Duchess, vhc., was third in the open class at Boston. Ilford Cambria, unnoticed, is too long from the eye forward, large in ear and was in bad condition. In the class for dog puppies, Rex, a son of Ilford Caution, was about the best. Like his sire he is heavy in ears, while his muzzle, unlike his sire's, is too long. Derbyshire Lad, by Minting out of a very ordinary bitch, was second. He is not the champion's equal in any one point. Wanda, defective in eyes, ears and expression, and not first-class either in skull or in muzzle, easily beat her three opponents in the corresponding bitch class. Twenty-nine entries all told. Quality excellent.

ST. BERNARDS—(MR. MASON).

Kastelhorn II., winner in the open class for rough-coated dogs, held the same position at Boston, but on this occasion was very closely pressed by Alpine Chief, a young and promising specimen from the Hospice Kennels. Kastelhorn was looking well, but Alpine Chief has evidently suffered considerably from the effects of the hot spell. His coat was looking badly, and he was many pounds too light in flesh. He has plenty of size and is good in head properties, but lacks in color, and in strength and straightness of forelegs. Meadowthorpe Enterprise, a new one, was third. With good hindquarters, more length of body and a better coat he would be a very hard one to beat. Crystal, a white and brindle son of the English champion, Guide, took the reserve. He is defective in muzzle, eyes, expression and in carriage of tail, the redeeming points being body and limbs. Monk D., vhc., is an undersized and rather plain-headed specimen, fairly good in other points. Leo, also vhc., has excellent color and markings, but his plain head beat him. Monte Rosa, unnoticed, would have been first had he been in fit condition for the show bench. A word to the wise is sufficient. Mr. Hopf's excellent specimen, Gemma, scored a rather easy win in the bitch class, with Chequasset Minna second and Lady Flories third. All of these are well known to your readers. If Lady Flories had been shown as she was at Troy, it is more than probable that she would have exchanged places with Minna. Lady Godiva, hc., lacks size and is not good in foreface. Barry, Jr., was the only rough-coated puppy shown. Although rather plain in head he won first and deserved it. Hector, the prince of smooth-coats, was alone in the champion class for smooth-coated dogs, and his kennel companion Daphne, who is equally well known, represented the ladies, Queen of Sheba and the peerless Leila being absent. Rigi, the typical, was my choice for the blue ribbon in the open class for dogs. Lodi, showing less character and quality, but more size, being second, with Chang, rather plain in head, but good in coat, third. I fear the Buffalo Hat Manufacturing Company made a mistake in entering St. Lawrence as a son of Plinlimmon and Belinda. The English champion has hitherto sired St. Bernards and not mastiffs from St. Bernards. Rigi's kennel companion, Thisbe, won in bitches, with Apollonia, first at Boston, second, and Beatrice, second at Troy, third. Thisbe's lack of size is always against her when she meets a good class, but her sweet quality took her to the front on this occasion, as it often has done before. Puppies, with the exception of Burton Belle, who is a daughter of Guide, were an indifferent lot and I withheld the prizes. Thirty-four entries. Quality of a high order in all but puppy classes.

NEWFOUNDLANDS—(MR. WATSON).

First in this class went to the only really good specimen that I have seen since Mayor of Bingley. Fairly good in head, strong in bone, first-class in back, loin and hindquarters, this son of Lord Nelson should prove a great boon to breeders in the States. Folly III., who is not his equal either in head, back or coat, was second, and New York Lass, who was first at Troy, Boston and Albany, came third. Three entries. Quality better than I have seen elsewhere this year.

GREAT DANES—(MR. MASON).

Hector, not first-class in head and lacking in size, won easily from Leo, who is short in head, wrong in expression and crooked in front, besides being faulty in stifles and hocks. Augusta won very easily in the bitch class. She outclasses her kennel companion in head, and shows more quality throughout. Frances, who took second, is very defective in fore-face, round in skull and has a bad expression, but she is stronger in quarters and limbs than Augusta. Four entries. Quality better than I usually find at American shows.

DEERHOUNDS—(MR. WATSON).

Chieftain, Ramona, Robber Chieftain, Highland Laddie, Theodora and Lassie were the winners, with Duncan and Thora vhc. Eight entries. Classes well judged. Quality superb.

GREYHOUNDS—(MR. WATSON).

The champion classes contained *la crême de la crême* of the breed in this country, and I indorse the award in favor of Balkis over that once great dog Memnon. Both were looking well, but Memnon's mouth is gone, and he now must make way for younger and more vigorous opponents. When shall we see another like him? That sweet bit of quality, Cassandra, represented the gentler sex. The judge did not handle the open dog class at all well; in fact, I have never seen Mr. Watson do so bad work. In my opinion, Highland Chief, third prize, was not only best in the class, but he fairly out-classed the first prize winner and beat second prize winner pointless. Hazelhurst, that is the name of the winner, is round in skull, defective before the eyes, not first-class in neck, shoulders nor in spring of ribs, and is very weak and stilty behind, showing scarcely any muscular development of quarters and thighs. Rialto, second prize, is not a show dog. He has wretched head, eyes and expression, is lathy and slab-sided, very bad in loin, and altogether wrong in hindparts. His elbows are twisted under him and he has not half enough bone for a dog of his inches. Highland Chief, while not first-class in head, is better than any other dog in the class in this respect; he is first-class in back and loin, and grand in quarters and second thighs. These are not his only good points, for he stands on a rattling good set of legs and feet. His defects are rather heavy shoulders, flatness in ribs and not sufficient bend in stifles. He is short in neck. I have an idea that it will not take him long to win his way to the champion class, and that when he gets there he will crowd or beat Balkis. I would have placed Highland Laddie, hc. second to Highland Chief, with Hazelhurst third. A description of Highland Laddie will be found in my Boston report. No fault could be found with the decisions in the bitch class. I preferred the second prize winner for the leading position, but it is a close thing between second and first, and there is plenty of room for difference of opinion. Catch Fly, third prize, is not first-class either before or behind the withers. I did not see Creole Belle, vhc. Lady Olivia, hc., is a white and black bitch, weak before the eyes, large in ears, straight behind, weak in knees, and her forelegs are not in good position. She would be improved by spring in ribs and by more bone. Stands on good feet. Fancy, hc., is a red of some quality. In skull, loin and in position of forelegs she might be much better; stands badly; lacks substance. Spider, hc., is defective in skull, muzzle, eyes, ears, expression, shoulders, quarters and tail; but she shows good breeding withal. Highland Lassie, hc., would probably have been higher in the list but for her poor condition. She was first in the puppy class at Boston. First in puppies was very properly awarded to Jebb, a light brindle showing some quality. He is fairly good in head and stands on average legs and feet. His prominent defects are flatness in ribs and lightness in loin. Second was given to a fawn and red dog by Muldoon's old Spring. He is first-class before the eyes, but is heavy in ears, rather shallow in body, flat in ribs and on loin, and is not quite right in the propellers; has a good killing neck, and stands on useful-looking legs and feet. Bell, the blue third prize winner, lacks in head and hindquarters. Beauty, hc., is rather plain in head, and not first-class either in shoulders or position of forelegs. King, unnoticed, is a strong, but rather coarse sapling. Barney, also unnoticed, is strong, but plain. Thirty entries, probably the largest number ever seen at an American show. Quality rather better than at New York.

SETTERS—(MR. DAVIDSON).

Rockingham, Cora of Wetheral and Fairy III. were the

entries in the champion classes for English. Rockingham, in fine condition, had a walk-over, and Fairy III. evidently knew better than to face Cora. That good dog, Roger, overlooked by New York judges, but finally placed in the position to which he was always entitled, won well in the open class for dogs. I had the pleasure of giving him the first blue ribbon he ever won. Locksley, a new one, was second. His head, while not bad, is a trifle plain, and his eyes are too light in color. In loin he is strong, but too long, and his hocks are too close, especially when in motion. Add to these defects a long and not correctly carried tail and a lack of substance throughout and you have a fair description of Mr. Davey's clean built and racy-looking son of Scottish Chief. In my opinion Mr. Davidson made a mistake in placing him second. Rollo, third prize, was, I think clearly entitled to the place. I need say nothing about this dog except that he was in good condition. Peveril, commended, is a rather promising young dog that will be heard from again. His eyes are not right, and he is rather light in loin and in bone. He shows lots of quality, but was out of condition on this occasion. I thought Smuggler, vhc., rather lucky in winning the card. He is very wide in front and crooked in forelegs, and is not right below the eyes. His redeeming qualities are fairly good head, strong back and loin, great bone and excellent stifles and hocks. Gene, hc., has a nasty, sour face, and is throaty, but there is no getting away from his excellent legs and feet. Don Petrel, c., is defective in muzzle and tail, light in bone, and too long and sloping in pasterns. Spot B., unnoticed, is a heavy topped dog, with a light lower half and bad eyes. Teddy, unnoticed, is coarse, plain in head and lacking in character. William Shears, also unnoticed, is a big, clumsy white and lemon dog, that was in no condition for the show bench. Dan Monroe and Bruce lack quality throughout. The bitch class was headed by the New York and Boston winner, Haphazard, and her kennel companion, Saddlebags, who is equally well known, was third, the pair being split by Countess Daisy, a new one. This is a very deceiving bitch. She shows intense quality throughout, but in my opinion lacks strength in every point where it is most needed. Her neat and rather well-bred looking head is well set to a long, clean and elegant neck, and her shoulders are better than average. In spring of rib she is defective, the loin is inches too long and as flat as a billiard table, whereas her hindparts are much too narrow, especially the second thighs. She is slightly confined in elbows and has not enough bone for me. She has a lovely coat, makes the most of herself when under judgment, and was in tip-top condition. I thought Saddlebags an easy winner of second, with Canadian Lassie, vhc., and Calico, c., about equal for third place. These bitches, also Rose Mandan, vhc., have been fully described by me on previous occasions in these columns. Blue Belton, c., has gooseberry eyes, is snipy in muzzle and peaked in skull. Her forelegs are not in good position, and she would be improved by more bone and bend in stifles. Pearl Mandan, hc., was described in my Pittsburgh report. Fannie Gladstone, hc., has a neat, clean-cut head, and is good in legs and feet. She is faulty behind the short ribs, has a heavy neck and lacks in coat, which is scanty. New York Beauty, c., is not good in head, shows throatiness, does not stand up well at the pasterns, and is not first-class in hindquarters. Frolic Bondhu, hc., is snipy, light in bone and a trifle sway-backed. She has fairly good skull, loin, quarters, legs and feet. Apology, c., is out of coat. First in dog puppies went to a rather promising youngster, Brighton Dick by name. If he does not develop coarseness in head and neck he will be heard of again. He stands on most excellent forelegs and feet, and has a very promising body. Liddesdale II., a full sister to the winner in the dog class, was first in bitches. She is not so good as he, being light in eyes, defective in muzzle, wide in skull, not correct in set of forelegs, bad in tail, rather light in bone and not level in back; in other points she is a good one. Marcella Glad stone, second prize, must develop improvement at both ends before she can win in the all-age class. Juno, third prize, is not right below the eyes, has a long tail, and shows weakness in knees; the last defect may be outgrown. She has promising body. Forty entries. Quality about the same as at New York.

Chief and Tim were the champion Irishmen, the latter, not in good coat, won. Rover, who was first at Toledo, scored again in the open class. He is a grand-bodied dog, with a bad head. The cheeks are full instead of being flat, the muzzle is too short, eyes are light and ears set high. In my opinion an Irish setter, above all others, must have a fairly good head to be able to win on the bench. His head shows his breeding, character, and the right to be considered a good one. For these reasons my choice would have been either Larry S., who was third, or the highly commended Redstone. Larry S. was second at Philadelphia and Redstone first at New Haven. They were fully described in my reports. Ned, placed second, held the same position at Troy and New Haven; he was looking well. Jack Malone, vhc., is too wide in skull; ears set too high; muzzle not quite right; chest should be deeper; tail defective; back and loin fairly good; color better than average. A raw-looking young dog, that needs furnishing. Gordon, c., is not a show dog. Head, coat and color decidedly bad. Bitches were well judged, with Berna, second at Philadelphia and New Haven and first at Utica and Washington, at the head of the class. Rosie, a well-bred looking daughter of Tim and Yoube, was a good second, although her poor stern and lack of condition were dead against her. Belle Ida, second at Danbury, and noticed in my New Haven report, was third. There was a large entry in the puppy class and it was thought advisable to divide it by sex. Both the first and second in the dog class are too houndy in head and are developing throatiness. The one that I shall look for in the future is Elcho Fitz Maur, a five-months-old son of Elcho, Jr., and Maggie H. He was handicapped owing to lack of age and size, but will, I fancy, develop into the best dog in the class. In the bitch class the issue was never in doubt, Mr. Max Wenzel's Bonny coming to the front with several points to spare. She is not quite first-class in head, but has good body, legs and feet, and carries herself gaily. Coe, second prize, is light in eyes, full in forehead and long in tail; promising in other points. Florie II., third prize, is plain in head, lacks style and will not, I fear, come right in color. Twenty-seven entries. Quality better than at A.K.C. show held at Philadelphia.

Beaumont and Rose were the champion Gordons. The handler of the latter not caring to tackle Beaumont, Mr. Morris's good dog had a walkover. Little Boy had only Shot to beat in the open class for dogs, and this he did handsomely. The bitch class brought out a new one, Meadowthorpe Belmont, who is a long way the best bitch I have ever seen in America. As some very queer reports will be written on her during the next few weeks, I will hold over my criticism until a future occasion. Lottie, placed second, was first at Cleveland and second at Detroit. She was closely pressed by Meadowthorpe Heather Model, a bitch that I will have more to say about when she next comes under my notice. Belle Stephen, a rather lightly built puppy showing quality, was vhc., and later on in the day scored a rather easy win in the puppy class. Don, second in puppies, has only a moderate head, is straight behind, rather coarse, and not good in lip markings. Pete, third prize, has a rather plain face, is long and straight from the hocks down, has washy color, with white markings on breast and toes. Twelve entries. Quality better than at either Boston or New York.

FOXHOUNDS—(MR. WATSON).

There were some very useful-looking dogs in this class, prominent among them being Viscount, Judge and Grover, who, however, only competed for the special. First in the dog class went to Pride of Hornell, who is lacking in coat and brush, rather weak in knees and defective in feet and hindquarters. Dan T., placed second, is also lacking in coat and brush, and is not good behind the short ribs. His head is only moderate. Gar, third prize, would have been distanced by Viscount and Judge, if these dogs had competed. Equal first prizes were awarded in the bitch class to Lady Naylor and Countess. Her ladyship is plain in head, wide in front, heavy in shoulders, not quite straight in front and lacks in coat and brush. Countess is of the bloodhound type, and with a little more wrinkle and strength in limbs she would score in the bloodhound class. Mattie Hunter, third prize, is light in bone, scanty in coat, not first-class in feet and shows pointer character. The balance of the classes were workmanlike-looking dogs. Twenty-four entries. Quality, without the Wadsworth dogs, about average. With these dogs in competition it would have surpassed anything that have seen this year.

SPANIELS—(MR. WATSON).

Mr. Wilmerding was wise in not placing Newton Abbot Lady in competition with Newton Abbott Darkie. Messrs. Oldham and Willey's grand dog would have won anyway. The open class for field dogs found Newton Abbot Lord, the Birmingham winner of 1886, well placed first, with Negro, a leggy and rather plain-headed specimen, second, and Count Obo third. The last named is faulty before the eyes, stands rather high and is light in bone. Competition in the corresponding class for bitches was very keen, the competitors being Brideford Negress, Miss Newton Obo and Lady Abbot, all well known and prominent winners. In my opinion Miss Newton Obo, placed third, is very many points ahead of Lady Abbot. True, Miss Newton Obo shows too many cocker attributes, but her vastly better muzzle and stronger limbs should, I thought, have made her a very easy winner over Lady Abbot. Between Negress and Miss Newton Obo it is a close call. Mr. Morris' bitch has points the best of it in head, length of body and straightness of forelegs, whereas in bone, chest, back, loin and substance Miss Newton Obo is vastly superior. President and Beau represented liver colored dogs; both were winners at Philadelphia. Lady and Brideford Ruby, also well known, were the winners in the corresponding bitch class. In the class for any other color Newton Abbot Laddie, first at Birmingham, Crystal Palace and Warwick, won well from Adonis, who was first in the puppy class at New York. Laddie's defects are in head and forelegs, whereas Adonis is faulty in head, muzzle, position and formation of forelegs, and is rather light in bone. Hornell Mikado, placed third, is good in body, but deficient in head properties. Charley II., if not handsome, certainly has the appearance of a workman. He is rather light in bone, is not quite right before the eyes, and the color of his eyes is too light. I liked him fully as well as the third prize winner. Hornell Sport, unnoticed, is too defective in head and ears for show purposes. I was unable to find the winner in the bitch class.

Brant, Doc and Hornell Silk, the old time champion cockers, were all on hand, and competion between the two first named was keen. After giving them a very careful examination the judge decided in favor of Brant. Judges are divided in their opinions of the merits of these dogs. Before Brant filled out in cheeks I thought him a better dog than Doc, but it is probable I would reverse the decision to-day. Hornell Silk, a useful looking one, is not up to the form of Doc and Brant. My old favorite, Miss Obo II., had a walkover in the next class. Juno W. faced the judge, but was found to be over weight and was disqualified. Under weight or over, she cannot beat the old champion. I shall have to give the judge a raking over his awards in the open classes for blacks. Baby Obo first, Sir Walter Scott second and Giffee third I can't stand. It seemed to me that Jersey, vhc., was points the best dog in the class. Further than this, I consider him the best cocker dog in America. For second place I liked Baby Obo, and Giffee would have been my choice for third. I thought Sir Walter Scott was outclassed in the company he met on this occasion. Your readers will find a full and careful criticism of Jersey and Baby Obo in my Boston report. Sir Walter Scott has yellow or gooseberry eyes, his ears are set high and he is very defective from the eyes forward, besides being wrong in shoulders and in set of forelegs. Giffee is also defective in muzzle, but not to the same extent as Sir Walter Scott, and he is neither straight in front nor strong in knees. How the judge got Fritz, reserve, ahead of Jersey I cannot tell. He has a very bad head, light eyes and curly coat. I would not have given him a commended in this very excellent class. In bitches Mooress was placed over Chloe W. and Psyche. I thought either of the last could give her many points and a good beating into the bargain. She is apple-headed, light in eyes, snipy, light in bone and bad in color. I say bad in color, for the black is intermixed with white all over the body. Her redeeming qualities are excellent body, hindquarters, stern and gait. Chloe's defects were noted in my Boston report. Psyche is a fairly good bitch, and one that, if shown, will do more winning. She is not quite right before the eyes, nor clean-cut in stop, and is light in bone; but in other points is good. I would have placed her second. It seemed to me that Mooress and Lady of the Lake were about equal for third place. Nina, reserve, has a bad muzzle, is light in bone and rusty in coat, but has fairly good body and quarters. Bonita, vhc., could not be found when I called upon her. Either Mr. Watson or I have changed our views about cockers, and we must agree to disagree over the awards in the open classes for blacks. If he is right, time will indorse him. If I am wrong, Mr. Watson won't forget to remind me of it. Little Red Rover, a hard one to beat in his class, won the champion prize for cockers of any other color than black, and Robin, who was first at New York, Philadelphia and Boston, was rightly placed at the head of affairs in the open class for dogs. Rocks, awarded second, was not his equal in skull, muzzle, body or limbs, and is much too leggy. Bitches saw Hornell Fancy and Hornell Buff first and second, but they must have been crowded by Vermillion, who is about as good as either. Clip and Pearl, vhc., are too leggy and light in bone, and none of the winners are good in head. Duchess III. and Colleen O'Donoghue, wrongly entered as Jess, had a sharp tussle in the Irish class. The winner has the best of it in head and eyes. Both are weedy and neither was in good coat. Seventy-one entries. Quality decidedly better than at New York and slightly better than at Boston; in fact, the field spaniels and cockers were the best lot ever seen in this country.

POINTERS—(MR. DAVIDSON).

Much interest was shown in the judging of these classes. The heavy-weight dogs were the first to make their appearance before the popular judge from Michigan. Around the ring the opinion seemed to be that Fritz, who had won first and special for all classes at New York, would prove the winner, but the good thing did not come off, and the winner turned up in a rank outsider, Duke of Vernon by name. The new comer is a strapping white and liver ticked, by Glendale out of Spotless, and is owned by Mr. Gardner, who is also the owner of the English setter Roger. He is a big, handsome dog, with good back and ribs, strong loin, great quarters and plenty of bone. His head is of good length, clean-cut and showing true pointer character. In color of eyes and in expression he might be much better, and his ears are not set just right. His neck is truly formed, but it is not quite clean. In shoulders, and position of forelegs he might be better, and his stifles and hocks are somewhat straight. He has a beautiful stern and it is well carried, and he stands on straight pins, which are set into good feet. Taken all in all he is unquestionably one of the best pointers in this country, and in my opinion he beat Fritz with some points to spare. Brake, the best of Bang Bang's get, and a decidedly better dog than his sire, was third, with Trinket's Cash he. The last named was second at Toledo. This class had much merit. Christmas Vic and Molly Faust, first and second in heavy-weight bitches, need not be described again. I would have reversed the decision. Devon Nell, the best bitch in the class, is suckling puppies and consequently not in condition to be shown. Fashion, the son of Donald and Revel III., who was first in the puppy class at Boston, 1887, was well placed first in the light-weight class for dogs. He has grown wrong in head and shoulders and is not first-class behind the short ribs; but he still retains character and quality. Bruce Beaufort, a rather plain-headed son of Robert le Diable, with a thin tail, light quarters and not the best of feet, was second and Meadowthorpe Duke, first at Toledo, third. The last named is a rather raw-looking white and lemon, with black nose, defective head and light loin; in other points will do to show again. Croxtine, another Robert le Diable dog, was vhc. He has a plain head, light eyes, light loin and quarters, thin tail and badly set forelegs. He is also lacking in bone. Count Beaufort, hc., is plain in head, throaty, lathy, light in loin and quarters, thin in tail and defective in feet. Robert le Diable, Jr., also hc., is of similar type. Vanderbilt, c., was second at New York, 1887, on which occasion you considered him a rather lucky dog. In the corresponding bitch class Molly Beaufort, lacking substance, but showing quality, was properly placed first, while second and third were given to useful-looking specimens that would probably do better service in the field than on the bench. First, second and third in the puppy class went to three heavy-headed sons of Bang Bang and Christmas Vic. All have good legs and feet, but have inherited the short throaty neck of their sire. Thirty-two entries. Quality better than average.

COLLIES—(MR. MASON).

Guelph was my first choice in the class for dogs. This is a new-comer and it will always take a good one to beat him. He has good head, plenty of size, stands on strong legs and well formed feet, is good in body and carries an excellent brush. He lacks in undercoat, and topcoat should be harder. He also scored an easy win in the puppy and novice class. Clipper was out of coat or would have made a better fight for the blue. Kenilworth, third prize, is a useful-looking one that is spoiled by a rather plain head and bad eyes. Like all of Mr. Watson's dogs, and others shown on this occasion, he was out of coat. Meadowthorpe Reality, hc., would have been higher in the list, but for his ragged appearance. Royal Monarch has lots of coat and it is of fair quality, but his ears and general contour are against him. I thought Meadowthorpe Parole an easy winner in the bitch class. She is not quite right before the eyes, and her coat might be much better, she has good expression, excellent ears, fairly good body and stands on capital legs and feet. Belle, first at Utica, was second. She, too, was out of coat, but I doubt her being able to beat the winner when she is in full bloom. Her ears will not, I fear, come right. Meadowthorpe Blueberry Girl, third prize, is a well built specimen with good ears. She is too strong in head and will not, I think, have enough coat. She won first at Cincinnati. Mavis who is brim full of quality, would be a smasher if her ears, shoulders and back were right; but they are all wrong. Her type was not equaled by any collie in the show. Ailsa, vhc., is round in skull and not right in coat. Flora, vhc., held the same position at Boston. Prince Charlie, second in dog puppies, beat Sir Wallace of Nesseldown, on account of his better type and greater quality. His condition was dead against him. Sir Wallace is too low and chuncky, and is not first-rate either in head, ears or hindparts. He has lots of coat, but I feel quite sure that the Prince will make the better collie. Dean, a pretty daughter of Bendigo, was first in the bitch class. Her ears and coat will never be right. Parton Ella, the best coated one in the class, was second. Her ears and hindparts are the more prominent of her defects. The vhc. bitches should make a mark as breeders, more especially the daughter of Sefton and Mavis. Mr. Wade's old standby, Sir Lucifer, had the class for bobtails to himself. He is as well known as a Pittsburgh silver (?) medal. Forty-one entries. Quality better than average.

BULLDOGS—(MR. MASON).

Mr. Thayer's renowned winners, Robinson Crusoe and Britomartis, took the champion prizes without competition. Heald had both in first-class condition. The open class for dogs had much merit and gave me some trouble. Portswood Tiger proved the winner. He is a grand bodied dog, with good shoulders and well placed legs, but I don't quite like either his skull or his somewhat pinched foreface. His condition reflected credit on his owner. Before coming to this country he won first at Portsmouth, Warwick, Brighton, Birmingham and Barn Elms, Hillside, Mr. Thayer's old winner, but now owned by John P. Barnard, Jr., was a handsome second, and might have won outright if he had been in equally good condition. Quasimodo, third prize, who has improved considerably since last year, was crowded by Remus and Calaban, both of which were awarded vhc., and are well known. Seven entries, all of which have won a number of prizes. Quality of high order.

DACHSHUNDE—(MR. MASON).

Vixen, first in this class, is a little red bitch, with a rare good skin, but she is too short in head and ears, is light in bone and lacks in crook and length of body. Hilda, second, has more length than the winner, but she knuckles over badly and is tight in skin. Combat, vhc., shows too much daylight under him, is not first-class in head and stands badly in front. Four entries. Quality, as is always the case at American shows, bad.

BEAGLES—(MR. WATSON).

Fitzhugh Lee, in great form, was the winner in the champion dog class, with Bonnie, who is equally well known, first in bitches. With the decision in the open class for dogs I cannot agree.

The judge took a great deal of pains with the class and was at least consistent in awarding the prizes to the two light-weights, Banner Boy and Bugler. In strength of limbs, length of body, and in coat and brush they are not of the sort I like. Frank, c., who was first at Boston and New Haven, is decidedly more to my liking, and I would have placed him first, with Royal Krueger, who was third, second. The bitches were not quite so good as the dogs, and I thought the judge hit the right nail on the head when he placed Mabel II., the New York winner, first. True, she has developed considerable throatinesss, but she is vastly superior to the second prize winner in ears, coat and brush, and is not so long cast. Una, second at New Haven, was vhc., with Betty, who is long cast and not right in ears, third. I did not see anything in the puppy classes that is likely to reach the champion class. Twenty-four entries. Quality much above the average.

TERRIERS—(MR. MASON).

That lucky little rascal, Belgrave Primrose, scored another win in the champion class. Had I judged him on all occasions, it is probable he would still be in the open class. He has beaten dogs that were twenty points above his form, but his present owner had nothing to do with the lottery-box. Richmond Olive, beautiful as ever, was first in bitches; and in the open class for dogs Mr. Thayer scored another win with that sterling terrier Raby Mixer. Luke and Reckoner, from the same kennel, took the other prizes, followed by the London and Toronto winner, Venator. The last named has

lots of room for improvement in head, ears, shoulders, forelegs, loin and coat, but shows character through all his defects. Of Mr. Thayer's exhibits I need only say that all were in splendid condition, and that Raby Mixer looked better than ever he has since he came to this country. The master of Hillside entered Richmond Dazzle, Princess, Lyra and Franklin in the bitch class, and made the mistake of thinking Princess and Lyra good enough to win. Richmond Dazzle was kept at home, and Mr. F. C. Wheeler's Rosa Canina, who is a first prize winner at Liverpool, Oxford, Whitby and Dublin, beat the other two for premier honors. While this bitch is not first-class, she is of a useful sort, and should do some winning for the London kennel. She is rather long-cast, light in bone and not quite right in head, ears and eyes. I do not like Princess's fore-face and eyes, but she had no trouble in beating the light-boned, weak-faced and scantily-coated Lyra. There was nothing first-class among the puppies. The wire-haired exhibit was about the best that has been seen in this country, although there was really nothing first-class among them. If Chagrin was as good in shoulders, legs and feet as he is in other points he would have won. Daredevil and Rat Trap, the Saratoga winners, took the money. Thirty entries. Quality better than average.

Mr. Dole had matters all his own way in the bull-terrier class. The winners are well known to your readers. Eleven entries. Quality moderate.

Black and tans were probably the best class ever seen in this country. Vortex, fully described in my Boston report, was first, with Jack, a Toledo winner, second. The last named shows slight coarseness and is defective in fore face. King, vhc., is also deficient in head properties. The competition between Desdemona, Nanon, Gypsy Queen and Squaw was very keen. Gypsy Queen and Squaw were given vhc., with Desdemona first and Nanon second. Nanon has the best of it in head, but so vastly superior is Desdemona in shoulders, hindparts and tail that I placed her first. Gypsy Queen lacks in head, shoulders and in color; the other three are well known. Safety, the winner at St. Paul, Milwaukee, Utica and Philadelphia, was commended. She was outclassed in this company. Ten entries. A number of exhibitors who had noted the empty benches at the Long Island Fox-Terrier Show, held at Saratoga, expressed surprise at the quality in these classes.

Erin, a new one, was first in Irish terriers. He is of a good sort, although not first-class neither in head nor shoulders. Judy, faulty in head, too flat in ribs, rather shallow, and with badly carried ears, was second. Sandycroft Vim was absent. Three entries. Quality indifferent.

Pansy, Mr. Naylor's really good Dandie bitch, won the champion prize in her class, and the open class for dogs introduced me to the only first-class male specimen that has been exhibited in this country. This is no £5 Border-Wang, but a sterling terrier that can win in any company or under any judge. Border Clinker, the first prize winner at Boston and Cincinnati, stands too high and is not equal to the winner neither in muzzle, skull, eyes, ears, neck, body nor limbs. Bonnie Briton, vhc., is a prominent winner, well known to readers of this paper. Lady Wallace, second at New York and Boston, and described in your reports of those shows, was first in the bitch class, but owed the position to Rosalind's bad condition. Mr. Naylor's bitch had a swelling, the size of a duck's egg, on her jowl, and being out of coat as well, was, I think, fairly beaten. The winner is not first-class in head or body, and her head and ear color is decidedly wrong. She, too, was out of coat. Rosalind is much below the great form of the winner in the dog class. Ford Lass, vhc., is wrong in head and coat, and lacks the strength of a typical specimen. Seven entries. Probably the best lot of Dandies ever seen together in this country.

Skyes were a grand lot, and I divided the class by sex. Gladstone Boy, the Philadelphia winner, was first in dogs, but owed the position to the good form in which he was shown, rather than to structural superiority over one or two others in the class. I don't quite like his head, and his face coat is too short. Drollie, placed second, is not straight in coat and carries his tail too high. Ben, vhc., lacks in head, coat and length. Claymore, unnoticed, was out of condition or would have won. First in bitches went to Meadowthorpe Coila, a beautiful specimen, with good head, plenty of length, nice level top and a coat of exquisite texture. She is by many points the best prick-eared bitch that I have seen in this country. Kirkella, twice a winner at Birmingham and the Crystal Palace, was second. When this bitch is shown in good condition there will be an interesting contest between the two. Colleen, hc., has neither the head, coat nor length of body to place her on equal terms with the winners. Nine entries. Quality decidedly better than at any other show held in this country.

Mr. Naylor took all the prizes but one for Scotch terriers with his well known team. His winner in the open bitch class had a very narrow shave, and if Meadowthorpe Glen Ettle had been in good coat the decision would probably have been reversed. The Meadowthorpe Kennels' representative had all the best of it in chest, length of fore-face and in formation and position of ears. Old Duchess, with her plain head, was outclassed by the first and second prize winners. Six entries. Quality as good as has ever been seen in this country, being better than at Boston and decidedly better than at New York.

In the class for Yorkshire dogs, Whiskers, who is short in body-coat as well as in whiskers, and too light in color, was an easy winner of first, while Napper, who was second at Saratoga, held the same position here. He is bad in head, coat and in color. In bitches there was little to choose between Meadowthorpe Fairy and Fannie. Fairy's better head won her the prize; in other points they are nearly equal. Dolly, the Boston and New York winner, was absent. Three entries. Quality as it always is at American shows. Topsy, a moderate black and tan, was the winner in the toy class, with Punch, a badly coated Yorkshire, second, and Manzanita third. Four entries. Quality decidedly bad.

PUGS—(MR. MASON).

The winners in these classes, with the exception of Royal Duke, placed third, are well known. Royal Duke, who is winner at Barn Elms, Darlington and Scarborough, England, must have met a very ordinary lot of dogs at those shows. There are twenty or more in this country that can beat him. He is very defective before the eyes, is pounds too heavy and is not clear in color. Seventeen entries. Quality equal to Boston and New York.

TOY SPANIELS—(MR. MASON).

Roscius, Hazel and Princess Kate, who are well known, won in Prince Charles class. The New York champion outclassed his competitors in chop, lay-back, eyes, skull, body, strength of limbs and true toy spaniel character. Seven entries. Quality about average. King Pippin and Little Banjo, winners in the Blenheim class, are well known to all show-goers. Cherry, unnoticed, tried hard for a card, but as I do not award prizes to cripples, he was left out in the cold. Blen was absent. Four entries. Quality about as usual.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS—(MR. MASON).

I withheld first for want of merit and awarded second to a rather large and coarse specimen. Four entries. Quality bad as usual.

MISCELLANEOUS AND MEXICAN HAIRLESS.

The best black retreiver that I have seen in this country was first in the miscellaneous class, with a fairly good harrier second. The first prize Mexican hairless has a good skin but is defective in head. Seven entries. Quality somewhat better than average. CHAS. H. MASON.

AWARDS.

MASTIFFS.—CHAMPION—*Dog:* E. H. Moore's Minting. *Bitch:* No entries.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, E. H. Moore's Alonzo; 2d, Dr. J. F. Perry's Ashmont Major; 3d, T. C. Gram's Benj. Franklin. Very high com., C. Porter, Jr.'s Brother. High com., L. D. Ely's Elm Place Jumbo, Buffalo Hat Manufacturing Co.'s Hero and H. J. Behrend's Ashmont Hero. Com., R. Westlake's Agrippa and W. Wade's Baldur. *Bitches:* 1st and 3d, E. H. Moore's The Lady Phyllis and Lady Florence; 2d, C. Porter, Jr.'s Boss's Lady Clare. Very high com., J. Cole's Linden Duchess.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, J. L. Hope's Rex; 2d, G. M. Diven's Derbyshire Lad. *Bitches:* 1st, J. L. Hope's Wanda; 2d, withheld.

ST. BERNARDS.—ROUGH-COATED—CHAMPION—No entries.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, W. H. Walbridge's Kastelhorn II.; 2d and reserve, Hospice Kennels' Alpine Chief and Crystal; 3d, Meadowthorpe Kennels' Meadowthorpe Enterprise. Very high com., B. S. Deering's Monk D. and E. A. Rockwood's Leo. *Bitches:* 1st, Hospice Kennels' Gemma I.; 2d, Chequasset Kennels' Chequasset Minna; 3d, J. Marshall's Lady Flories. High com., S. H. Rockwood's Lady Godiva.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, A. Laidlaw's Barry, Jr. *Bitches:* No entries.—SMOOTH-COATED—CHAMPION—*Dog:* Hospice Kennels' Hector. *Bitch:* Hospice Kennels' Daphne.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, J. W. Dunlop's Rigi; 2d, Chequasset Kennels' Lodi; 3d, A. R. Hemmer's Chang. *Bitches:* 1st, J. W. Dunlop's Thisbe; 2d, J. Kenyan's Apollonia; 3d, J. P. Davis's Beatrix. Very high com., W. H. Walbridge's Burton Belle.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* Withheld. *Bitches:* 1st, W. R. Walbridge's Burton Belle.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—1st, Meadowthorpe Kennels' Meadowthorpe Prince George; 2d, W. W. Silvey's Follie III; 3d, E. H. Morris's New York Lass.

GREAT DANES.—*Dogs:* 1st, Savage & Farnum's Hector; 2d, W. C. Boller's Leo. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Savage & Farnum's Augusta and Frances.

DEERHOUNDS.—CHAMPION—*Dog:* J. E. Thayer's Chieftain. *Bitch:* J. E. Thayer's Ramona.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, 2d and very high com., J. E. Thayer's Robber Chieftain, Highland Laddie and Duncan. *Bitches:* 1st, 2d and very high com., J. E. Thayer's Theodora, Lassie and Thora.

GREYHOUNDS.—CHAMPION—*Dog:* H. W. Huntington's Balkis. *Bitch:* H. W. Huntington's Cassandra.—OPEN—*Dogs:* Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Hazelhurst; 2d, Rockwood Greyhound Kennels' Rialto; 3d, H. W. Huntington's Highland Chief. Very high com., H. P. Thompson's Volunteer. High com., L. H. Broome's Highland Laddie. *Bitches:* 1st and high com., Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Harmony, Lady Olivia and Fancy; 2d, G. Bell's Dashing Maid; 3d and very high com., Rockwood Greyhound Kennels' Catch Fly and Creole Belle. High com., P. Horn's Lady, L. H. Broome's Highland Lassie and T. P. Hebblewhite's Spider. *Puppies:* 1st, A. Spies's Jebb; 2d; R. S. Lewis's Thracian; 3d and high com., P. Horn's Bell and Beauty.

POINTERS.—LARGE—CHAMPION—No entries—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, L. Gardner's Duke of Vernon; 2d, C. W. Littlejohn's Fritz; 3d, S. W. Pentz's Brake. Very high com., J. B. Downing's Trinket's Chief. High com., C. G. Stoddard's Trinket's Cash. *Bitches:* 1st, G. F. Gray's Christmas Vic; 2d, Hollywood Kennels' Mollie Faust.—SMALL—*Dogs:* 1st, J. Pentz's Fashion; 2d and very high com., R. Westlake's Bruce Beaufort and Crestline; 3d, Meadowthorpe Kennels' Meadowthorpe Duke. High com., R. Westlake's Robert le Diable, Jr., and Count Beaufort. Com., J. M. Aldrich's Vanderbilt. *Bitches:* 1st and 3d, R. Westlake's Molly Beaufort and Beau Beaufort; 2d, Mrs. C. A. Painter's Nanon. Very high com., C. W. Littlejohn's Patti Ross. High com., H. Bright's Jean. Com., Warner & Hamilton's Hannah.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, 2d and 3d, G. F. Gray's Christmas Bang, Prince Bang and Startop Bang. *Bitches:* Withheld.—NOVICE CLASS—1st, R. Westlake's Bruce Beaufort; 2d, Meadowthorpe Kennels' Meadowthorpe Duke.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—CHAMPION—*Dog:* F. Windholz's Rockingham. *Bitch:* F. Windholz's Cora of Wetheral.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, L. Gardner's Roger; 2d, T. G. Davey's Locksley; 3d, G. R. Wright's Rollo. Very high com., A. A. Francis's Smuggler. High com., T. M. Aldrich's Geno. Com., F. W. Durkee's Peveril and R. Meyer's Don Petrel. *Bitches:* 1st, 3d and com., E. W. Durkee's Harpzard, Saddlebags and Calico; 2d, T. P. Hebblewhite's Countess Daisy. Very high com., G. W. Neal's Daisy Foreman, T. G. Davey's Canadian Lassie and R. B. Morgan's Rose Mandan. High com., J. P. Gray's Frolic Bondhu, R. B. Morgan's Pearl Mandan and J. M. Fronefield's Fannie Gladstone. Com., T. G. Davey's Blue Belton, L. Miller's Apology and Dr. J. H. Myer's New York Beauty.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, T. G. Davey's Brighton Dick. *Bitches:* 1st, T. G. Davey's Liddesdale II.; 2d, F. M. Shelley's Mascella Gladstone; 3d, R. A. Spalding's Juno.—NOVICE CLASS—1st, T. P. Hebblewhite's Countess Daisy; 2d, B. F. Lewis's Polly.

IRISH SETTERS.—CHAMPION—*Dog:* M. Wenzel's Tim. *Bitch:* No entries.—OPEN—*Dogs:* Meadowthorpe Kennels' Rover; 2d, J. F. Wolf, Jr.'s Ned; 3d, E. Maher's Larry S. Very high com. and high com., A. W. Pearsall's Jack Malone and Redstone. Com., J. Dickson's Gordon. *Bitches:* 1st, E. K. Kirk's Berna; 2d, M. Wenzel's Rosie; 3d, A. W. Pearsall's Belle Ida.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, A. W. Pearsall's Connelly and Redstone, Jr.; 3d, H. B. Anderson's Maxy Cobb. Very high com., E. A. Pierson's Elcho Fitz Maur. High com., W. C. H. Ferris' Joe. *Bitches:* 1st, M. Wenzel's Bonny; 2d, G. Ferris' Joe; 3d, F. Davis' Florie II. Very high com., H. B. Anderson's Elcho's Girl.—NOVICE CLASS—1st, Meadowthorpe Kennels' Rover; 2d, A. W. Pearsall's Connelly.

GORDON SETTERS.—CHAMPION—E. W. Morris' Beaumont. OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, S. G. Dixon's Little Boy; 2d, E. W. Morris's Shot. *Bitches:* 1st and 3d, Meadowthorpe Kennels' Meadowthorpe Belmont and Meadowthorpe Heather Model; 2d, F. W. J. Ball's Lottie. Very high com., Mrs. J. E. Dager's Belle Stephen. *Puppies:* 1st, Mrs. J. E. Dager's Belle Stephen; 2d, A. J. Lessler's Don; 3d, C. F. Rockwell's Pete.

FOXHOUNDS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Miss Mary Robinson's Pride of Hornell; 2d, Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Dan T.; 3d, Associated Fanciers' Gar. *Bitches:* Equal 1st, Miss Mary Robinson's Lady Naylor and Associated Fanciers' Countess; 3d, W. C. Crandall & Co.'s Mattie Hunter. *Puppies:* Withheld.

FIELD SPANIELS.—CHAMPION—Oldham & Willey's Newton Abbot Darkie.—OPEN—BLACK—*Dogs:* 1st, Oldham & Willey's Newton Abbot Lord; 2d, E. W. Morris's Negro; 3d, R. G. Wilkie's Count Obo. *Bitches:* 1st, E. W. Morris's Bridford Negress; 2d and 3d, Oldham & Willey's Lady Abbot and Miss Newton Obo.—LIVER—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, E. W. Morris's President and Beau. *Bitches:* 1st, E. W. Morris's Lady; 2d, W. T. Paine's Bridford Ruby.—ANY OTHER COLOR—*Dogs:* 1st, Oldham & Willey's Newton Abbot Laddie; 2d, G. H. Bush's Adonis; 3d, Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Hornell Mikado. High com., Brant Cocker Kennels' Shaun Rhu. *Bitches:* 1st, withheld; 2d, R. W. Metcalf's Lady.

COCKER SPANIELS.—BLACK—CHAMPION—*Dog:* Brant Cocker Kennels' Brant. *Bitch:* Oldham & Willey's Miss Obo II.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and very high com., Oldham & Willey's Baby Obo and Jersey; 2d, G. Bell's Sir Walter Scott; 3d, F. E. Curtis's Giffer. Reserve, A. M. Ecclestine's Fritz. Very high com., Brant Cocker Kennels' Mike. *Bitches:* 1st, Associated Fanciers' Mooress; 2d, J. C. Eccles's Psyche; 3d, Oldham & Willey's Chloe W. Reserve, Simcoe Kennels' Nina. Very high com., M. O. Hendrie's Lady of the Lake, Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Hornell Martha, and Brant Cocker Kennels' Bonita.—ANY OTHER COLOR—CHAMPION—Brant Cocker Kennels' Little Red Rover.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, A. Laidlaw's Robin; 2d, Brant Cocker Kennels' Rocks; 3d, Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Hornell Dick. *Bitches:* 1st, 2d and high com., Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Hornell Fancy, Hornell Buff and Beauty; 3d, G. Bell's Vermilion. Reserve, A. Laidlaw's Senora. Very high com., Brant Cocker Kennels' Pearl.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, G. Bell's Sir Walter Scott; 2d, Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Hornell Venus; 3d and very high com., S. Insull's Saturn and Newbian. *Bitches:* 1st, Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Hornell Velda; 2d, Brant Cocker Kennels' Shaun Rhue.—NOVICE CLASS.—1st and 2d, Brant Cocker Kennels' Rocks and Shaun Rhue.

IRISH WATER SPANIELS.—1st, W. W. Silvey's Duchess III.; 2d, B. F. Lewis's Colleen O'Donoghue.

COLLIES.—CHAMPION—No entries.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, McEwen and Gibson's Guelph; 2d, 3d and very high com., J. Watson's Clipper, Kenilworth, Glen Cairn and Glen Ruadh. Very high com. and com., A. R. Kyle's Royal Monarch and Sir Wallace of Nesseldown. High com., Meadowthorpe Kennels' Meadowthorpe Reality. Com., E. Bradford's Collie. *Bitches:* 1st and 3d, Meadowthorpe Kennels' Meadowthorpe Parole and Meadowthorpe Blueberry Girl; 2d, Dr. H. S. Quinn's Belle. Reserve, J. Watson's Mavis. Very high com., McEwen & Gibson's Ailsa and W. A. Hitchcock's Flora. High com., A. R. Kyle's Adila Doon and Edith Bell.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, McEwen & Gibson's Guelph; 2d, J. Watson's Prince Charlie; 3d, A. R. Kyle's Sir Wallace of Nesseldown. *Bitches:* 1st, J. P. Gray's Dean; 2d, Brant Cocker Kennels' Parton Ella; 3d, McEwen & Gibson's Ailsa. Very high com., A. R. Kyle's Edith Bell and Adila Doon.—NOVICE CLASS—McEwen & Gibson's Guelph; 2d, Dr. H. S. Quinn's Belle. Very high com., Brant Cocker Kennels' Parton Ella and J. Watson's Kenilworth. High com., A. R. Kyle's Edith Bell and Royal Monarch, and J. Watson's Glen Ruadh.

BOB-TAILED SHEEPDOGS.—1st, W. Wade's Sir Lucifer.

BULLDOGS.—CHAMPION—*Dog:* J. E. Thayer's Robinson Crusoe. *Bitch:* J. E. Thayer's Britomartis.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, W. T. Tebbutt's Portswood Tiger; 2d, J. P. Barnard's Hillside; 3d, J. E. Thayer's Quasimodo. Very high com., Campbell & Blake's Remus and J. H. Parrott's Caliban. *Bitches:* No entries.

BULL-TERRIERS.—OVER 25LBS.—*Dogs:* 1st, withheld; 2d, W. McDonald's Count Dick. *Bitches:* 1st, F. F. Dole's My Queen; 2d, J. P. Gray's Countess.—UNDER 25LBS.—*Dogs:* 1st, F. F. Dole's Sensation. *Bitches:* 1st, F. F. Dole's Nell Bright. *Puppies:* 1st, F. F. Dole's Jack of Clubs. 2d, W. A. McDonald's Count Dick.

DACHSHUNDE.—1st and very high com., F. H. Mills's Vixem and Combat; 2d, W. W. Silvey's Hilda.

BEAGLES.—CHAMPION—*Dog:* W. S. Clark's Fitzhugh Lee. *Bitch:* Hollywood Kennels' Bonnie.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, C. E. White's Banner Boy II. and Bugler; 3d, Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Royal Krueger. Very high com., Associated Fanciers' Little Prince. Com., W. S. Clark's Frank. *Bitches:* 1st, W. S. Clark's May Belle II.; 2d, Associated Fanciers' Fay; 3d and very high com., Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Betty and Una. High com., C. E. White's Bijou and W. S. Clark's Norah.—PUPPIES—*Dog:* 1st, Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Uncle Dick. *Bitches:* 1st and high com., Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Baby W. and Wye; 2d, Hollywood Kennels' Queen of Hollywood.—NOVICE CLASS.—1st, Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Kate W.

FOX-TERRIERS—CHAMPION—*Dog:* J. E. Thayer's Belgrave Primrose. *Bitch:* J. E. Thayer's Richmond Olive.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, 2d and 3d, J. E. Thayer's Raby Mixer, Reckoner and Luke. Very high com., F. C. Wheeler's Venator. *Bitches:* 1st, F. C. Wheeler's Rosa Canina; 2d, 3d and very high com. J. E. Thayer's Princess, Lyra and Fraulein.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, J. E. Thayer's Hillside Monk; 2d, H. P. Thompson's Zig-zag. *Bitches:* 1st, H. P. Thompson's Bacchante; 2d, J. G. Milkwin's Toxie.—WIRE-HAIRED—1st and 2d, J. E. Thayer's Dare Devil and Rat Trap. Very high com., F. C. Wheeler's Chagrin.—NOVICE CLASS—1st, F. C. Wheeler's Rosa Canina; 2d, J. E. Thayer's Princess.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, J. F. Campbell's Vortex; 2d, Campbell & Blake's Jack. Very high com., A. W. Smith's King. *Bitches:* 1st, J. F. Campbell's Desdemona; 2d, Campbell & Blake's Nanon. Very high com., J. F. Campbell's Squaw and A. W. Smith's Gipsey Queen. Com., F. P. Kirby's Safety.

IRISH TERRIERS.—1st, R. C. Clipperbun's Erin; 2d, Associated Fanciers' Judy.

DANDIE DINMONT TERRIERS.—CHAMPION—J. H. Naylor's Pansy.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Meadowthorpe Kennels' Rover; 2d and very high com., J. H. Naylor's Border Clinker and Bonnie Briton. *Bitches:* 1st, G. Bell's Lady Wallace; 2d and very high com., J. H. Naylor's Rosalind and Ford Lass.

SKYE TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Dr. M. H. Cryer's Gladstone Boy; 2d, J. H. Naylor's Drollie. Very high com., W. Coate's Ben. *Bitches:* 1st, Meadowthorpe Kennels' Meadowthorpe Coila; 2d, Oldham & Willey's Kirkella. High com., R. Evans's Colleen.

SCOTCH TERRIERS.—CHAMPION—J. H. Naylor's Rosie.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, J. H. Naylor's Lowrie Dunbar and Glenyon. *Bitches:* 1st and 3d, J. H. Naylor's Fanny Fern and Duchess; 2d, Meadowthorpe Kennels' Meadowthorpe Glen Ettle.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, W. W. Silvey's Whiskers; 2d, F. F. Dole's Napper. *Bitches:* 1st, Meadowthorpe Kennels' Fairy; 2d, W. W. Silvey's Fannie.

TOY TERRIERS.—1st, E. Dillon's Topsy; 2d, E. Bradford's Punch; 3d, Miss Ethel Agnes Watson's Manzanita.

PUGS.—CHAMPION—*Dog:* Dr. M. H. Cryer's Max. *Bitch:* Dr. M. H. Cryer's Bessie.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, Dr. M. H. Cryer's Dude and Othello; 3d, H. Smith's Royal Duke. Very high com., G. Bell's Rustic King. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Dr. M. H. Cryer's Vesta and Vic; 3d, G. Bell's Rustic Queen. Very high com. and com., Chequasset Kennels' Bijou and Victory. *Puppies:* 1st and very high com., G. Bell's Rustic Queen and Rustic King; 2d and very high com., Dr. M. H. Cryer's Little Bob and Mary Ann.

KING CHARLES SPANIELS.—OPEN—1st, W. Phillips' Roscius; 2d, J. Grimm's Hazel; 3d, Associated Fanciers' Princess Kate.

BLENHEIM SPANIELS.—1st, W. Phillips' King Pippin; 2d, Dalwit's Little Banjo.

POODLES.—P. May Steel's Diver; 2d, J. S. William's Pinkey.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS.—1st, withheld; 2d, R. Westlake's Posey.

MEXICAN HAIRLESS.—N. A. Dame's Jip.

MISCELLANEOUS.—OVER 25LBS.—1st, Meadowthorpe Kennels' Meadowthorpe Black Diamond; 2d, Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Rover. UNDER 25LBS.—Withheld.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

Kennel mastiffs, E. H. Moore; American-bred, Boss's Lady Clara; kennel St. Bernards, rough-coated, Hospice Kennels; smooth-coated, the same; American-bred, Daphne; kennel greyhounds, H. W. Huntington; greyhound, Cassandra; American-bred, Harmony; pair black or black and white, the same with Hazelhurst; kennel pointers, R. Westlake; pointer, Duke of Vernon; American-bred, the same; second best, Fashion; kennel English setters, F. W. Durkee dog, Rockingham; dog or bitch, the same; bitch, Cora of Wetheral; American-bred, Haphazard; kennel Irish setters, Max Wenzel; best, Tim; Gordon dog, Little Boy; pack of foxhounds, W. A. Wadsworth; dog, Pride of Hornell; kennel field spaniels, Oldham and Willey; cocker, the same; buff or red, Hornell-Harmony Kennel; field spaniel, Newton Abbot Darkie; cocker, Miss Obo II.; American-bred, Mooress; kennel beagles, Hollywood Kennel; pair under 13 inches, Bannerboy II. and Bouney; kennel collies, Jas. Watson; dog, Guelph; American-bred, the same; bulldog, Britomartis; bull-terrier, Sensation; dachshund, Vixem; fox-terrier, Raby Mixer; black and tan terrier, Desdemona; Irish terrier, Erin; Dandie Dinmont, Pansy; Skye, Meadowthorpe Coila; Scotch, Fanny Fern; Yorkshire, Meadowthorpe Fairy; King Charles spaniels, Roscius; Blenheim, King Pippin; Italian greyhound, Posey; kennel bull-terriers, F. F. Dole; pug breeders' challenge cup, Dude; American-bred, the same; owned by member of American Pet Dog Club, Vesta; pair pugs under 12 months, Little Bob and Mary Ann; kennel Scotch and Dandie Dinmont terriers, J. H. Naylor.

SYRACUSE DOG SHOW.

Special to Forest and Stream.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Sept. 18.—The show opened this morning with clear weather. The entries are said to number 319, but there have been no catalogues at all to-day, and without the catalogue it is impossible to tell how many entries there are. The quality is fair, the absentees are few. Judging was begun very late in the day, and only some of the minor classes were got through with. It will drag through Wednesday and probably well into Thursday, to the disappointment of many. The hall is well adapted for the purpose.

CARING FOR ONE OF 'EM.—The other day I overheard a bright young miss explaining to a resolutely sedate, but deeply interested companion, the method of caring for an Irish setter as practiced by a family down on the Jersey coast with whom she has been summering. This particular canine, of aristocratic tendencies it seems, occupies during the night an altogether sumptuously furnished apartment in close proximity to his master's bedroom. The walls of his domicile are profusely adorned with many celebrated specimens of his near and remote ancestry. A big easy chair, a fine old couch that dates back to the Renaissance, and rugs of various hues, impart an air of comfort to the room not easily found in the average home of his dogship. Each morning, on emerging from his quarters, his honor, the setter, must have his face washed, his sleek and glossy coat (of which he is said to be amply proud) carefully combed, and his nose greased. He then hies himself to his mistress, coldly disdaining the proffered services of anxious attendants, to have his neck encircled with a valuable band of silver, which always takes the place of a plainer collar worn during the night. And none but his mistress, mind you, is ever allowed to perform this act of adornment. Information is lacking as to the quantity and quality of the daily delicacies tendered him from the pitcher and the platter. Aside from embellishing the front piazza of a genteel country home, his usefulness is unknown. I may add, by way of conclusion, that the above manner of bringing up a well-bred pup is not intended to supplant any erudite volume on the management of dogs.—M. C. H.

THE TWO DOG CLUBS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have read the published correspondence between Mr. Jas. L. Anthony and Dr. J. Frank Perry. This discussion has certainly "stirred up things," but every true lover of dogs will hope that it will not proceed so far but that amity, and not hopeless dissension, may be the final result. Those engaged in it, in view of their position and character, are sensible and doubtless honest men, and any disposition to unduly embitter and envenom the matter would be unfortunate and ill-advised. Indeed, one of the points that has favorably struck me is the following passage in Dr. Perry's letter of Aug. 23: "I do not advise, but I honestly think that if you and other prominent breeders who feel as you do, instead of attempting to whip the N. D. C. into line, * * * would either hold aloof, or content themselves for a time with an effort peacefully to solve the * * * problem, you would, I am sure, be successful, and a more healthy tone to doggy affairs in America be the only lasting result of the existing disorder." This is in the right vein. It recommends the method of argument rather than of attempted coercion. There is in this, as in most other discussions, nothing that calm and logical conference will not settle much better, with less rancor and more permanently than any resort to force.

I must say Mr. Anthony's letters have impressed me as having a decidedly spiteful tone. He declares, too, that he is a member neither of the A. K. C. nor of any other kennel club (of which more anon), but is quite disinterested and impartial. Yet (under date of Aug. 22) he says, "As a breeder, I cannot sit idly by and see what I believe to be an attempt to disrupt the A. K. C. without saying how I feel." Surely, all must be forced to admit, the A. K. C. has never done so much for breeders who belong to no kennel club that they need be anxious to run to its rescue. He says further, in the same letter: "I know most if not all the prominent breeders feel as I do." It will occur to every reader that no mean proportion of them, in point either of quality or quantity, have signified a condition of feeling opposite to his. Further along still, he flatly contradicts himself, and concedes that the body of breeders who belong to the N. D. C. possesses influence. In advising the N. D. C. to withdraw from the field of shows, join the A. K. C. and make its influence felt there, he adds, "as it surely would be." Those words could not be used of a body of men possessing little or no weight. Again he says, "The A. K. C. has for the last year done well" (letter of Aug. 25), thus conceding that at other times the object of his case has not been quite all that might have been desired.

It will be noted (Sept. 5) that on writing to Mr. Dawson, telling him of Dr. Perry's statement that Mr. Belmont had declared his willingness to spend $5,000 to ruin the N. D. C., Mr. Anthony added the remark, "I do not believe you ever made any such statement." This straw shows very plainly which way this disinterested and impartial man's feelings and prejudices set. Mr. Anthony's attitude strikes me as very much that of a partisan. One of his sentences, viz., "Since the receipt of your letter I have not seen any of the A. K. C. people, nor shall I till I hear from you" (Aug. 25), certainly suggests that he has at some previous time been in conference with them and will be again. It certainly looks as though Dr. Perry was right when he called Mr. Anthony a "catspaw."

The correspondence on Dr. Perry's part, moderate and restrained throughout, strikes me as that of a man meaning the best, having before all things the true welfare of the dog world at heart, ready to be convinced, and when wrong—or if not wrong, put in a false position—not shrinking from doing that very difficult but manly thing, making amends for his mistake. In that attitude, Mr. Anthony suffers much by comparison. FAIR PLAY.

MANITOBA FIELD TRIALS.

[*Special Report.*]

MORRIS, Manitoba, Sept. 11.—The third annual trials of the Manitoba Field Trials Club commenced at this place to-day. The weather was very boisterous, making scent variable and trying on the dogs. Birds were fairly plentiful. Notwithstanding a few drawbacks the meeting proved the most successful yet held by the club. The work done by the dogs being of a very high order. The ultimate winner, Pitti Sing, is a very nice looking bitch, and taking into consideration that she only arrived in this country from England about a month ago her performance must rank first-class. She however came very highly recommended by the father and originator of field trials, Mr. Wm. Brailsford and from a family of field trial winners, being litter sister to Tutsham Trip, last year's National Derby winner, and Woodhill Bruce, winner of the All-Aged Stake this year. She is a very stylish bitch on point, carrying her head high and evidently is endowed with that great essential requisite for a field dog, a grand nose. Manitoba Belle, winner of second prize, is a very handsome bitch and an old veteran at these trials, having run and won a place at the two previous ones. She also has a splendid nose and is full of hunting and bird-finding sense, but is unsteady behind. Fannie M., winner of third, evinces considerable of the qualities noted in her sire Count Noble; but is somewhat erratic in her running and given to false pointing, else her chances for winner would be good.

The first series was drawn for and won as under:

T. A. Montgomery's liver and white English setter dog Bruce M. (Cable—Bredna)

beat

D. M. Blackwood's black and tan Gordon setter dog Grouse (Major—Young Flora).

Thos. Johnson's lemon and white English setter bitch Pitti Sing (Baron Doveredge—Norah)

beat

S. Beckett's white and black English setter bitch Jenny Deans (Baron Doveredge—Border Belle).

Thos. Johnson's blue belton English setter bitch Cambria (Cambridge—Pet Laverack)

beat

C. A. Boxer's black, white and tan English setter dog Van R. (Dime—Frost II.).

D. Smith's liver and white English setter bitch Fannie M. (Count Noble—Prairie Belle)

beat

C. A. Boxer's black, white and tan English setter bitch Qu'Appelle Belle (Mark J.—Betsy).

Thos. Johnson's black, white and tan English setter bitch Manitoba Belle (Pride of Dundee—Jeanette)

beat

Major Bedson's black and tan Gordon setter dog Shot (Blossom—Flora).

Second Series.

Pitti Sing beat Bruce M.
Fanny M. beat Cambria.
Manitoba Belle a bye.

Third Series.

Manitoba Belle beat Fannie M.

Pitti Sing running a side heat while the former was being run.

Fourth Series.

Pitti Sing and Manitoba Belle both belonging to the same owner, the judge was requested to select the best, according to rules, and selected Pitti Sing. This give Pitti Sing first and also the championship collar. It now having been won two years in succession (according to the donor's wishes, (Major Belle) by Mr. Johnson, he having won with Cambria last year, it now becomes his property.

Bruce M. then competed against Manitoba Belle for second prize, which was won by Belle. The judge then awarded third to Fannie M., this giving Pitti Sing first, Manitoba Belle second and Fannie M. third.

THE DERBY.

At the conclusion of the All-Aged Stake, on Thursday at about 11 o'clock, the Derby commenced. No work of note was done in this stake, but it must be taken into consideration that shooting only opens on the first, and the trials began on the 11th, which afforded no opportunity to get young dogs in shape. The probability is now that the club will abandon this stake next year, and give prizes for a pointer stake instead. The awards on the Derby were Mac, Prairie and Pete, equal first, second and third.

Mr. W. B. Wells, of Chatham, Ont., who judged the trials last year with such satisfaction to the club, again officiated, and without even hearing a complaint from the beaten ones. This will be readily understood and wondered at by "doggy" men who read the discussion by the National and A.K.C.'s friends. MANITOBA.

THE INDIANA FIELD TRIALS.

THE following correspondence has been sent to us for publication:

INDIANAPOLIS, May 1, 1888.—*Jas. L. Anthony:* DEAR SIR: Several parties in the East are desirous of entering dogs in our trials, and will do so providing Mr. Wm. T. Mitchell will be allowed to handle them. While this club has no grievance against Mr. Mitchell and would gladly consent to his handling, we cannot consent to his handling at our trials until he is reinstated by the Eastern Club. I cannot guarantee that the Eastern Club would remove the disability on his application, but I am almost certain they would. I have some assurance to that effect. Personally I do not know who is to blame. The fight is not ours, and we do not feel like questioning the acts of either the Eastern Club or Mr. Mitchell. Therefore we cannot ask the Eastern Club to reinstate him. But, I can assure you, we would hail with delight the announcement of his reinstatement. We hope that Mr. Mitchell will make application to the Eastern for reinstatement. While he may consider he has been wronged by them, this action on his part would greatly increase his popularity with the dog men of the country and be of great benefit to his own as well as the dogs of his friends. I trust you will use your influence with Mr. Mitchell.

Yours truly, P. T. MADISON, Secretary.

NEW YORK, May 3, 1888.—*Mr. P. T. Madison, Secretary Indiana Kennel Club:* DEAR SIR: I have yours of May 1. As I have already informed Mr. Isgrigg, I do not blame your club for the position they take. Mitchell is not the most agreeable man in the world. He has made many enemies, and he does not know how to appreciate friends. With all this, however, he is entirely right in his position with the Eastern, and to my knowledge, with the full proof in my hands, of the arbitrary and unjust action of this club, I cannot advise him to make any application to them for reinstatement. This would imply that he had been wrong, a position the Eastern no doubt would like, but one I cannot ask him to assume. The facts that can be proved are simply outrageous. Mitchell was barred without notice, without charges previously made, without a hearing, and on the contents of a stolen letter, taken from my possession by fraud, and put in the possession of the club by James Watson, a letter private in its nature and containing the request that the writer should in no way be involved. Whether the statements were true or false it could form no basis for a bar. The Western Club applied for the charges and specifications, and none were furnished, because there were none, and they refused to recognize the bar. Last year the American applied also, and then the Eastern certified as I was informed by the American) that Mitchell was only conditionally reinstated, and that having misbehaved himself his original bar was put in force. This was merely a subterfuge, the reinstatement was not conditional in any way. I have the published letter reinstating him, and no conditions were named. The American agreed to ignore the bar if I presented the facts as stated at Florence. I went there, prepared with all the evidence, and Gen. Shattuc refused to hear it, because, as he said, Gen. Logan, the counsel, was absent; but, notwithstanding this, it was not a question of law, but of fact, for them to consider. Add to all this the fact that at the very meeting where Mitchell was barred by the Eastern a letter was received from Mr. Heath and myself asking for a hearing, and that this letter was never answered in any way, and simply ignored. After having been written at the written suggestion of the then Vice-President of the club, you can judge of the justice and equity shown in the whole proceeding. I have had a long talk with Hitchcock; he acknowledges the truth of all the facts I have stated, but says he does not think the club will remove the bar, but that they would offer no objection, he thought, to any club's allowing him to run. My own belief is, the matter will get into the courts, as I know Mitchell has only been waiting to get in funds to press it, and there can be but one result—very heavy damages against every person who voted to bar him in January, 1886. If Mitchell was still my handler, I should furnish him the money, but he is not. I dislike the man, but that is no reason why he should not receive fair treatment; right is right, and no club can succeed which allows partisan motives or prejudices to sway them. With kindest regards, believe me as always, very sincerely yours, JAS. L. ANTHONY.

NEW YORK, May 4, 1888.—*Mr. P. T. Madison:* MY DEAR SIR: Referring to my answer to your favor relating to the reinstatement of Mr. Mitchell, would say I trust you understand my position. I would gladly do anything I could in any way to add to the success of your trials and secure entries. A suggestion of the same kind was made by the late E. F. Stoddard, viz., that Mitchell should apply for reinstatement at the hands of the Eastern. In fact, I have his written assurance that if Mitchell would sign and forward a letter similar to a proposed one sent me, he, Mr. Stoddard, could almost guarantee that Mitchell's bar would be removed. The letter would not have hurt Mitchell, but any application on his part would waive his rights, which now are perfect. He has been injured greatly in a pecuniary way, to say nothing of the injustice shown him, and I cannot ask him to do what I would not do in his place. If the Eastern are wise they will remove the bar without his application; this would mitigate any future damages and show they were not vindictive. Very truly yours, JAS. L. ANTHONY.

NEW YORK, July 12, 1888.—*Mr. P. T. Madison, Sec'y Indiana Kennel Club:* DEAR SIR: I am informed that your club has refused to allow Mr. Mitchell to handle at your trials, having sustained the action of the Eastern. If, of course, the charges sent you by the Eastern are in your opinion sufficient to sustain your action, you are the judges. I further understand, however, that you have refused to furnish Mr. Mitchell with a copy of the charges preferred by the Eastern, that you further refused a copy to one of your committee, that you further refused Mr. Mitchell an opportunity to defend himself or to disprove them. May I ask if I am correctly informed? The fact is neither Mr. Mitchell, Mr. Heath, Mr. Farnham nor myself have ever been able to get at any of these charges on which the second bar was based, the Eastern having refused Mr. Farnham's request, and having ignored Mr. Heath's, Mr. Mitchell's and my own requests to the same effect. Perhaps I may be misinformed; if I am, I should be glad to know it. While I am not even disposed to befriend Mitchell in any way, I do not now, and never have believed in holding court with closed doors and denying the accused, however guilty, the opportunity of defending himself. If this action of the club is as reported, kindly inform me. I believe field trial clubs should be very careful in dealing with such matters, and not allow personal prejudices to weigh in the balance. If the public once believes justice is denied any one it will go hard with any club. No one believes in a strong rule more than I, but it should be a just rule—just not only to the accuser, but to the accused. I am, dear sir, very sincerely yours, JAS. L. ANTHONY.

INDIANAPOLIS, July 24, 1888.—*Mr. Jas. L. Anthony:* DEAR SIR: In answer to your letter of the 12th inst. I am instructed by the Board of Directors to say that we were not trying Mr. Mitchell. The question before us was, whether our club should sustain the action of clubs in general, and the Eastern in particular, in placing bars on handlers for what they (the clubs) considered sufficient grounds. The Eastern Club sent us at our request the charges on which Mr. Mitchell was barred. Our club received these charges in good faith; they were read in open meeting to our board; we did not keep a copy of said charges and considered it would be a breach of confidence to make a copy for our club or any of its members. Our club sustained the Eastern in the matter, and the charges were so indorsed by us and returned to the Eastern. In your letter to Mr. Isgrigg (in which you sent your letter of the 12th inst. to the secretary of this club) you said you would send it in this way, so that you could prove delivery. This action on your part our club considers a gross insult, and I am instructed to say to you that your services as judge of coming trials will not be required. I am, sir, yours very truly, P. T. MADISON, Secretary.

NEW YORK, July 26, 1888.—*Mr. P. T. Madison, Sec'y Indiana Kennel Club:* DEAR SIR: I have your favor, and have carefully noted contents. Your explanation of your conduct in the Mitchell case is such that I am glad you have decided "my services as judge will not be required." I am, however, of the opinion that your club is as guilty of fraud in suppressing the charges on which Mr. Mitchell has been barred as were the Eastern in refusing him a copy of the same. I am further of the opinion that you and others may learn something of your duties to the public. At any rate, I am glad that I can now publicly announce the reasons why I am not to judge, and leave it to the public to determine as to how much justice they may expect at your hands. If the club chooses to consider my action in sending my letter so I could prove delivery an insult, I have not the slightest objection. I regret they should be so childish. It appears to me that there is a conspiracy among three clubs—the Eastern, American and Indiana—to keep Mitchell and the public from knowing what the charges are on which his second bar was based. I have placed the onus of the matter exactly where it belongs. I had at first, on receipt of Mr. Isgrigg's letter, intended withdrawing as a judge for your trials, but the many entries made on the strength of my name prevented me from so doing, as I did not care to pose as a "decoy" for your club or any other, and I was urged to remain by many that would not have entered otherwise. I have never urged you even to take the Mitchell matter up, in proof of which I have my letters (copied); but as you chose to do so, you were bound in fairness to hear both sides, and whatever influences determined your conduct, it is no less reprehensible on that account.

Believe me, etc., JAS. L. ANTHONY.

AMERICAN COURSING CLUB.

THE third annual American Coursing Club meeting will be held at Great Bend, Kas., Oct 15 to 20. Following is the programme issued by the club:

The American Field Cup Stake.—All ages; entrance $10. To winner, $200 and cup ($100 cash). To runner-up, $100. Third and fourth, $20 each. Fifth, sixth, seventh and eighth, $15 each.

Great Bend Derby.—For greyhounds 18 months old or younger; entrance $5. To winner, $150. To runner-up, $50. Third and fourth, $20 each. Fifth, sixth, seventh and eighth, $5 each.

Grandparent Stake.—For greyhounds eight years old or older; entrance $5. To winner, silver cup, value $100. To runner-up, $40. Third and fourth, $5 each.

Consolation Purse.—For greyhounds thrown out in the first round in either stake; entrance fee $5. To winner, $65. To runner-up, $25.

The title of "Champion of America" will be conferred by the president of the club for the dog winning the American Field Cup. Entries close Oct. 13 at 8 P. M., at which time drawing will take place. All greyhounds running in the stakes must be registered in the American Coursing Club's stud book before entering the slips. For registering, 25 cents. Extensive pedigree not required, but age much be vouched for. Only members of the club allowed to enter a dog for the races, but others can have their greyhounds entered by members of the club as nominators. The rules of the American Coursing Club will govern all contests. Entries should be made as soon as possible, and those who intend to visit the meeting will confer a favor by writing the secretary at once, that suitable arrangements may be made. Bring your saddles, bridles and field glasses, and also saddle horse if possible. Great Bend is situated on the line of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe, and Missouri Pacific Railroads, almost in the exact center of Kansas. For entry blanks, applications for memberships, rules of coursing, etc., address FRANK K. DOAN, Secretary, 1210 Olive street.

ST. LOUIS, Mo.

AMERICAN KENNEL CLUB MEETING.

THE regular quarterly meeting of the American Kennel Club was held at their office, Sept. 12. Before approving the minutes of the last meeting the action in relation to dropping the Stafford Kennel Club was ordered expunged, as it appeared that the club had not resigned. The Committee on Associate Members reported, and the report was accepted and ordered printed. The same action was taken on the report of the Committe on changing the Rules. The committee appointed to draft a circular to breeders requested more time, and also power to send when complete, which was voted. It was also voted to appoint a committee to confer with the proposed Canadian Kennel Club for the purpose of securing harmony of action. The Mascoutah Kennel Club, of Chicago, Ill., and the Chattahoochee Valley Exposition, of Columbus, Ga., were elected as members. The Columbus Fanciers' Club, of Columbus, O., and the Rochester Kennel Club, of Rochester, N. Y., applied for admission; Mr. Belmont was appointed to examine the papers and report at the next meeting regarding the protest of J. L. Anthony to the American Field Trials Club as to the division of a stake at their field trials last year. In the absence of Mr. Vredenburgh Mr. H. F. Schellhass was appointed secretary *pro tem.* As soon as received we shall publish the proposed changes in the rules.

DOG TALK.

THERE is a white bulldog now living in Philadelphia whose case should be brought before the Ladies' Branch of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals for amelioration and sympathy. His name is Pete, and in the past he has not been wholly unacquainted with the prize-ring, as a few scars on his body and one torn ear surely testify. At present he is the property of a young medical student, who is the victim of a consuming passion for poker. To this passion all his griefs are due. It so happens that the owner's devotion to the Goddess Fortune is not bounded by his ancestral wealth; and the consequence is that Pete, representing a certain monetary value, is being continually put up as collateral during the progress of these interesting games. During the past month he has been staked at least twenty times and is carried off by a new owner at the expiration of nearly each evening's sitting. Being of a loyal and affectionate nature, Pete is put in a sad dilemma by this state of affairs. Just as he is beginning to learn to love, honor and obey a new master a bad stroke of luck comes in and that night he finds himself the property of another and a stranger. It is true he may be won back in a day or so, but all the same it is very embarrassing for the dog. When on the street he has to be continually keeping in mind whose property he is for the time being lest in a fit of absentmindedness, spying some former master, he might follow him instead. Pondering so deeply upon this subject has had the effect of straining Pete's brain quite severely, and it is but right that some charitable society should take the case in charge.—*Philadelphia Times, Sept. 16.*

A "dog fiend" at Fort Hamilton is administering the laws in relation to dogs in a manner that should end his official career at once. We commend his case to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Following is the story as told by the New York *Times:* "There is mourning in the household of Col. Abram C. Wildrick of Fort Hamilton. Until last Monday Col. Wildrick boasted one of the finest Irish setters on Long Island. Range, that was the dog's name, was from the St. Louis Kennel and was a remarkable animal, not only for his beautiful coat of hair and an intelligence of expression almost human, but for the fact also that he was the constant companion and guard of the Colonel's children. Last Monday the nurse took little 3-year-old Meade out for a ride. It was only a step from the Colonel's house into the barracks, and as usual Range accompanied the child. Unfortunately Range had no muzzle

on. The nurse told Mrs. Wildrick it was broken, but she would see that Constable Drury, who was always on the watch for unmuzzled dogs, did not shoot him. When the nurse a moment later started to return from the barracks Range, feeling frisky, ran out of the reservation gate ahead of little Meade's carriage. Constable Drury stood on the opposite corner with his shotgun. He saw his game, and no sooner did he see it then visions of 50 cents loomed up before him. Up went his gun and down came the faithful friend of Col. Wildrick's children. The charge struck the animal it the shoulder. Mortally wounded and unable to stand upon his feet, Range crawled toward his murderer, begging pitifully for mercy, but the officer knew no mercy. Taking his gun by the muzzle, he dashed the dog's brains out, and the carcass was thrown over the fence. Twenty minutes later a soldier discovered that the dog was not dead, and appealed to Justice Church to have him killed. The Justice sent for the constable, and the dog's misery was brought to a close. Mrs. Wildrick is almost prostrated by the affair. Her husband is in the Blue Ridge Mountains hunting, and she has not yet notified him. The dog was known to every villager of Fort Hamilton as a pet and valuable animal, and the act is denounced as an outrage. Justice Church says the officer only did his duty, but thought perhaps he was hasty in this instance, as valuable property when no one was in imminent peril should receive consideration, and he was heartily sorry the dog had been killed. Father John is also an indignant citizen of Fort Hamilton. His valuable dog ran out of the gate and barked as Constable Drury was passing, and Constable Drury got 50 cents for his carcass. Capt. Romer of the Fifth Artillery, Julian Magnus of theatrical fame, and others have lost valuable dogs at Fort Hamilton this summer through the constable's alertness with his gun."

The following story reaches us from Montrichard, and is declared, although improbable, to be "a true bill." A short time ago a fine sporting dog was found by some kind people wandering collarless, in search of its master. They gave the animal a home while they looked far and wide for its owner. The dog, however, was restless. It ran out at intervals during the first week, but on its return it was always well received. The next week, however, it absented itself for some days, and when it came back its host gave it a beating. It started off at once in the direction of the river, plunged into the water, and struck out until it was exhausted—deliberately drowning itself in the middle of the stream. This strange incident was witnessed by several spectators, who are unanimous in declaring that this was a decided case of *felo de se*. The poor animal is supposed to have been inconsolable at having lost its master, and the harshness with which it had been treated by its new friend settled the business.—*London Daily Telegraph.*

Mr. F. Windholz received on last Thursday, from the kennel of Mr. George Potter, Carlisle, Eng., a pair of English setters that have made their mark at the English shows, and will now try conclusions with the cracks in this country. The dog Count Howard is a litter brother to Mr. Windholz's well-known Cora of Wetheral, and has done a lot of winning on the other side, including no less than fourteen firsts in the challenge classes at such shows as those at the Crystal Palace, Royal Aquarium, Barn Elms, Warwick, Edinburgh, Liverpool, Glasgow and others, as well as specials almost without number. The bitch, Princess Beatrice II., was whelped March 24, 1887, and is by champion Royalty and out of Kate Westmoreland (Sir Allister—Countess of Appleby). She has won three firsts and is said to be an elegant performer in the field. Mr. Windholz is fortunate in securing such an addition to his kennel.

We have received from Jas. L. Anthony a letter charging the managers of the Eastern Field Trials Club with fraud and trickery in respect to the Mitchell bar. We do not print it. The managers assailed are men of good repute, we consider them entitled to protection in our columns from the cheap vaporings of this blusterer. Moreover, we propose to maintain the FOREST AND STREAM'S reputation for decency, and this we could not reasonably hope to do if we were to print all that Anthony writes.

Thomas Dawson of this city died suddenly of pneumonia last Sunday. Mr. Dawson came to this country from England five years ago and was employed for some time as kennel manager by the Messrs. Rutherfurd, and later by Mr. L. Daniels. He then entered upon newspaper work in New York. He was pleasant mannered, clever and well liked, and many friends lament his untimely taking off.

We regret to learn that Dr. Louis H. Twaddell, of Philadelphia, met with a serious accident last Saturday night, having been thrown from his carriage and sustained injuries of a very grave nature.

"Our Prize D 3s," Mr. Mason informs us is now in the printer's hands and will soon be ready for delivery.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

☞ No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.

O. W. P., Pacific, S. C.—My pointer bitch pup, 6 months old, has a protrusion from the navel about ¾in., about ½in. diameter, and quite hard; probably a case of umbilical hernia. The pup does not seem to suffer in the least from it. Kindly let me know whether this case could be cured, and if so, how? Ans. Umbilical hernia can be cured if reducible; that is, if it can be pressed back into the abdominal cavity and kept there. In a young puppy this may be done by making a flat pad of lint and placing it over the rupture after reduction, and holding it in place by means of plaster around the body. The puppy should be kept very quiet for some weeks. A veterinary surgeon could do this for you. It may cure itself or may get worse if left without attention.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

THE CREEDMOOR MEETING.

BELOW will be found a detailed report of the work of the 16th annual meeting of the National Rifle Association, held during the past week upon the range of Creedmoor. It was an encouraging meeting in some respects, and not at all in other regards. There were high scores and there were few shooters. One match went over for want of a single entry, but it was a team match and a long-range one, affording a queer comment on the rush there was in marksmen's effort and popular interest for long-range work but a few years ago. The encouragement was in the military work. The National Guardsmen of this State are showing the highest possibilities of the Remington State model .50-cal. rifle. Dolan capped the climax with a score of 50 in a possible 50 at 200 and 500yds. on the same day in a set match. The feat has never before been paralleled, and it has been striven for now this 15 years by every man of arms in this State. It should hardly be taken as proof that the Remington does not need an allowance, even with its Edwards sight, against the Springfield weapons used by the other State teams and by the Regulars with the screw rear sight, up to the mid ranges it is not so much the large bore as the sort of sights which militates against the Remington when fine work is attemped.

There were not a few interesting little episodes, and one man at least went home a victim of his own good nature. It was Frank Holton, an old time Creedmoor shot, and now an Ohio resident. He came on to New York with the determination of capturing the honor of holding the Wimbledon cup for a year. He went into the preliminary pool shooting and found his rifle in fine order. Beside him was an Eastern rifleman, who was trying to get on the target. He fired a dozen shots and failed to bring up the disk. Holton noticed the efforts of the stranger, and seeing that he had the same make of rifle, kindly offered him the proper elevation, Just then the signal sounded for the opening of the match. The stranger caught the target the first scoring shot, held it through the thirty shots until the last, and wound up with a total of 134 in the possible 150, while Holton caught second place, 9 points behind. So it was that the Wimbledon cup goes to Merrill, of Massachusetts, and Holton, of Ohio, will wait another year, a victim to the gentlemanly bon camaraderie so often seen on the rifle range.

The weather during the week was a varying factor. There were winds and showers, but enough good weather to permit good scores and enough to show that the choice shooters there could make good scores despite the tricky winds. There is encouragement in the fact that there are marksmen enough to act as a leaven in case the demand should ever arise for a large number of expert shots. Sergt. Dolan could by word and example teach a big company in short order and we would expect from Prof. Tom a fine output of pupils. Ira Paine was on the range but went away at once the head of his class and a disappointed man. He had looked for the Bennett brothers, but they kept warily up Boston way, and the Chevalier failed in the gratifying victory he had looked for. The day to day story of the meeting will tell of the progress of the American Wimbledon while the record of the matches which follow gives in a compact form the figure facts as they were marked upon the target scores.

Sept. 10.—The meeting opened with a fine day on the range. A number of the marksmen had arrived at Creedmoor last week, and among them the Massachusetts team, of which Col. H. T. Rockwell is the captain. When the signal horn was sounded at 8 o'clock yesterday morning the entries for the first days' shooting were much larger than those of last year. The day was a perfect one for the marksmen. The light was good and an early 9 o'clock breeze soon died out. Brig.-Gen. Charles F. Robbins and his assistant executive and statistical officer Capt. G. Henry Witthaus, had perfected all the arrangements for the meet and looked jubilant as they thought of the large scores which would be made. There was only one match to be closed with the day, that was the Wimbledon Cup, at the extreme range. It went with a capital score to an Eastern rifleman. This was not the only good shooting as in the matches running through the week high figures are found.

Sept. 10.—The second day was not a happy one in a weather way. It opened with a light wind, which held until two hours before noon, when it increased in force and blew at the rate of twenty miles an hour. Rain began to fall at midday and did not cease until 4 o'clock. It was estimated that the wind was then rushing across the range at a thirty-mile-an-hour gait. It was a shifting wind as well, and altogether it was a time for the best effort of the marksmen. The long, range military was on, and the score shows that with anything like an opportunity the American militia marksmen can be depended on for good scores. The Judd match was finished but the scores were somewhat confused. The reason was because of the mistake made by Messrs. Merritt, Hussey and Edes, who shot on the Tiffany match target, which is the American standard, while the Judd match was to have been shot on a Creedmoor target. In the former a bullseye counts 8, 9 and 10, while on the latter it counts only 5. The tickets the riflemen turned in gave the standard count, and the difference will have to be adjusted.

Sept. 12.—Match No. 12 for long-range teams should have been on to-day, but there was not a single team of long-range men which could be mustered and this contest lapsed. Let our British friends take the hint and make a dash for the Palma trophy. To-day there is picked by the magnificent and hitherto unequalled score made in the marksman's badge match by Ord.-Sergt. Thos. J. Dolan, of the 12th Regt., N.G.S.N.Y., who made 10 consecutive bullseyes at the two distances—200 and 500yds. When it was announced Dolan was the recipient of hearty congratulations on all sides. In 1883 John K. Green, of the 7th Regt., made the same 50 out of a possible 50, but it was in two days' shooting. Never before was it done on the same day with no chance to wait for a better light. The day opened with a slight breeze from the N.W., which afterward ranged around to dead south and then switched back to the westward, where it held with but few variations. What there was of it was steady and not fitful, and consequently baffling as on the day before.

The president's match was the event of the day, and it had enough entries to make a good fight. It fell to a regular army man and showed that there were good shots who were not at Fort Niagara.

Sept. 13.—The fine weather attracted a large attendance at Creedmoor to-day to participate in and watch the shooting in the fall meeting of the National Rifle Association. It was not a fine day for the riflemen, however, for all day a strong northwest wind blew across the range, making large scores a difficult undertaking. The short range team match was the only one completed, and was won by the Zettler Rifle Club, with a score of 232 out of a possible 400. The shooting all day was fair, but nothing remarkable was done in the way of scores. In the Governor's match some records of 48 out of a possible 50 were made, and also some very good shooting in the revolver match. Gen. Wingate was one of the contestants at the pistol range. The various continuous matches went on.

Sept. 14.—Friday brought military men to the range to meet in the local regimental matches. The conditions were superior for fine shooting opportunities, and the riflemen made the most of the clear weather and the light southwest wind at the ranges. The attendance was larger than usual. The average shooting was uncommonly good, and in some instances remarkable. Brilliant records were also made in the revolver match. Chevalier Ira A. Paine, the champion pistol shot, succeeded in beating the score made on Monday by T. G. Newbury, which was 123, by 11 points. In the Directors' match, which is open to the directors of associations only, James Duana made a record of 23 out of a possible 25 at 200yds. One of the most interesting events of the day was the Gen. Sheridan's skirmishers' match, in which the United States Engineer Corps of Willet's Point had a walk over and went through the maneuvers of advancing, retreating, halting at and firing at the bugle call, and succeeded in placing on the several targets a total record of 906 points.

Sept. 15.—The weather was all that could be desired, unusually clear, and during the forenoon there was little or no wind, but in the afternoon a fair 3 o'clock breeze blew. The attendance was large and the interest frequently enthusiastic. The events of the day were the Hilton Trophy match and the Inter-State Military match, in which the excellent team work of the Massachusetts State team excited universal comment. The judgment and skill with which they took advantage of every opportunity offered told in the good records made, aggregating in the former a total of 1,080 points, and in the latter a total of 1,047 points. The records in the continuous matches were only fair, compared with those made Friday, and in the revolver match Chevalier Ira A. Paine topped out his revolver score to 140 in a possible 150. He went away at the close of the shooting with a disappointed air. He had been told that the Bennett brothers of Boston, or either of them, was coming down to rake the revolver record. The Chevalier was anxious to meet these youngsters on a neutral range and under different conditions than those which prevailed at the Springfield and Providence shoots, at which the Chevalier suffered a nominal defeat.

The afternoon brought a large throng to the range. Col. John Bodine was there, looking precisely as he did fourteen years ago, when he was the central figure of the first team sent to Ireland. At 6 o'clock the last toot of the big fog-horn signal and the boom of the evening gun told of the finish of this quiet, high-scoring gathering.

THE SCORES.

No. 1. Directors' Match.—200yds., standing. Any military rifle, including specials. Champion gold badge.

J Duane.....5 5 5 5 3—23 G Shorkley.....3 5 4 4 4—20

No. 2. Judd Match.—Open to all comers. Any military rifle, including specials. 200yds. standing:

T J Dolan, R .50	4	5	4	5	5	4 5—32+1
	4	5	5	5	4	4 5—32+1—66
Thos G Austin, R .50	4	5	4	5	5	5 5—33+1
	4	4	5	5	4	5 5—32+1—65
D H Ogden, R .50	5	4	4	5	5	4 5—32+1
	4	4	4	5	4	5 4—30+1—64
W C Johnston, Jr., Spg	4	4	5	5	5	4 5—32
	4	4	4	5	4	5 5—31 —63
G W Munson, R .50	5	5	3	4	5	5 5—32+1—33
M W Bull, Spg	4	4	4	5	5	5 5—32
W A Stokes, R .50	4	5	4	4	4	5 5—31+1—32
J G Van Etten, R .50	4	4	5	4	5	4 5—31+1—32
H W Hawes, R .50	4	5	4	4	5	4 5—31+1—32
L J Elliot, R .50	4	4	4	5	5	5 4—31+1—32
L T Farnsworth, Spg	5	4	4	5	5	5 4—32
G S Scott, Jr., R .50	4	4	5	4	5	5 4—31+1—32
John B Osborn, Spg	4	5	4	5	5	4 5—32
W H Merritt, Spg	4	5	5	5	5	4 4—32
C L Lindley, R .50	5	4	5	4	5	4 4—31+1—32
Alex Stein, R .50	5	5	5	4	4	4 4—31+1—32
S S Bumstead, Spg	4	4	4	5	5	5 4—31
J G Bodenstein, R Spc	4	5	4	4	5	4 5—31
J S Shepherd, Spc Mil	4	5	4	5	4	4 5—31
F R Bull, Spg	4	5	4	5	4	4 5—31
W M Merrill, Spg	5	5	5	4	4	5 5—31
Wm L Mayer, Sharps	5	4	5	5	4	4 4—31
C B Pratt, Spg	4	4	5	5	5	4 4—31
T T Cartwright, Spg	4	5	5	4	5	4 4—31
C H Gaus	4	4	5	4	5	4 4—30+1—31
F A Wells	4	4	5	4	5	4 4—30+1—31

Tie.

Gaus.....4 5 5—14 Wells.....4 4 4—12

Match No. 3. Wimbledon Cup Match—Open to all citizens and residents of the United States. 1,000yds. Any rifle within the rules. Position, any.

Sergt. Maj. W. M. Merrill, sporting.
4 5 4 4 4 5 5 5 4 5 4 4 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 4 5 5 5 5 5 3 5 4 0—134

F. H. Holton, Akron, Ohio, sporting.
5 3 5 5 5 3 3 5 5 4 3 5 0 4 3 4 4 5 5 4 4 4 3 5 5 5 4 5 4—125

Wm. T. Mayer, Sharpe.
5 5 4 3 5 3 4 0 3 3 4 5 4 5 4 0 5 5 5 5 4 5 4 4 3 5 4 3 4 3—117

Sergt. Jas. McNevins, 13th Regt. N.G.S.N.Y., special mil.
0 5 5 5 3 4 4 5 4 4 4 4 4 3 3 5 5 5 5 4 3 3 5 4 2 5 4 0 4 5 4—116

Major C. H. Gaus, special mil., 103; Sergt. T. J. Dolau, special mil., 79, ret.; W. C. Johnston, Jr., Sharpe, withdrew.

No. 4. President's Match.—First stage, 200 and 500yds. Open to members of the Army, Navy and Marine Corps of the United States, or the National Guard of any State. Second stage, open to all prize-winners in the first stage; 600yds.; position, any:

First Stage.

	200yds.	500yds.
F A Wells, R .50	4545445—31	5555555—35+1—67
C W Hinman, Spg	4444454—29	5555545—34 —63
R B Edes, Spg	4455444—30	5455545—33 —63
C H Gaus, R .50	4434555—30	4545455—32+1—63
E DeForest, R .50	5544345—30	5545454—32+1—63
J Macaulay, R .50	5434455—30	3545555—32+1—63
W G Hussey, Spg	4544444—29	4545555—33 —62
F L Holmes, R .50	4444444—28	5535355—33+1—62
J F Klein, R .50	4454434—28	5555544—33+1—62
F J Dolan, R .50	4444454—29	5545555—32+1—62
Geo Doyle, Spg	4545345—30	5555444—32 —62
J M Carrere, R .50	4444445—29	4555552—32+1—62
C A Jones, R .50	4544445—30	4445554—31+1—62
G S Scott, Jr, R .50	4454544—30	5534455—31+1—62
L J Elliot, R .50	4454455—31	5435445—30+1—62
Jas McNevin, R .50	4444435—28	5454554—32+1—61
A B Van Heusen, R .50	5544443—29	4445545—31+1—61
A C Saunders, R .50	5444444—29	5435545—31+1—61
E L Dorr, Jr, Spg	4544535—30	5444545—31 —61
J S Shepherd, R .50	5454443—29	4545553—31+1—61
Alex Stein, R .50	5444455—30	5554544—30+1—61
E J Cram, Spg	4455454—31	5544453—30 —61

L T Farnsworth, Spg.	32 29 —61	T G Austen, R .50	28 28+1—57
Chas Renaud, Spg	26 34 —60	M W Bull, Spg	29 27 —56
F R Bull, Spg	28 32 —60	J B Osborn, Spg	30 26 —56
S S Bumstead, Spg	30 30 —60	C L Lindley, R .50	25 30+1—56
W M Farrow, Spg	31 29 —60	WJ Underwood, R .50	28 27+1—56
WC Johnston, Jr, Spg	27 32 —59	H C Brown, R .50	30 25+1—56
W H Merritt, Spg	28 30 —58	J D Foot, R .50	27 27+1—55
W A Stokes, R .50	28 30+1—59	G L Hoffman, R .50	27 26+1—54
D H Ogden, R .50	29 29+1—59	T B Wilson, Spg	27 26 —53
T T Cartwright, Spg	25 31 —56	N B Thurston, R .50	24 28+1—53
C F Robbins, R .50	26 30+1—57	A T Weston, R .50	21 27+1—49
W M Merrill, Spg	27 29 —56	J M Garratt, R .50	25 23+1—49

Second Stage, 600yds.

Geo Doyle, Spg	5455555445—47+62—109		
E T Cram, Spg	44	W G Hussey, Spg	41
T J Dolan	44	C A Jones, R .50	40
G S Scott, Jr, R .50	43	Jas McNevin, R .50	39
F L Holmes, R .50	43	E DeForest, R .50	39
A C Saunders, R .50	42	Alex Stein, R .50	38
E L Dorr, Jr, Spg	42	C H Gans, R .50	37
J Macaulay, R .50	42	J M Carrere, R .50	35
L J Elliott, R .50	42	A B Van Heusen, R .50	36
J S Shepherd, R .50	42	J Klein, R .50	33
C W Hinman, Spg	41	R B Edes, Spg	26
F C Nells, R .50	41		

No. 5. The Long Range Military Match.—Any military rifle, 800, 900 and 1,000yds., any position, open to all:

J McNevins, Rem M B L	800—5 3 4 4 5 4 3 5 4 5—42	
	900—0 5 4 0 3 5 0 5 5 5—32	
	1,000—3 4 4 4 2 5 5 4 5 5—44	—114
C W Hinman, Sharps	800—0 4 5 5 4 4 4 5 5 5—41	
	900—3 5 4 3 3 5 5 5 5 3—41	
	1,000—4 4 3 3 0 0 3 2 5 5—30	—112
W M Merrill, Lee	800—5 5 5 3 5 5 4 4 5 4—45	
	900—1 3 0 3 5 6 2 4 5 4—35	
	1,000—0 4 0 5 3 2 5 5 4 3—31	—111
A B Van Heusen, Brown	800—4 5 3 4 4 4 4 5 5 5—43	
	900—0 3 5 3 5 4 5 5 4 4—38	
	1,000—0 0 5 4 4 5 4 0 3 4—29	—110
J S Shepherd, Rem M B L	800—3 5 4 3 4 5 2 4 0 3—33	
	900—5 5 5 5 0 3 4 5 2 5—39	
	1,000—3 3 5 4 4 5 4 r 4 5—37	—109
T J Dolan, Rem M B L	800—3 4 4 4 4 5 4 5 5 4—42	
	900—3 4 3 0 5 4 3 3 5 3—33	
	1,000—3 0 3 3 5 4 3 5 3 4—33	—108
J F Klein, Rem M B L	800—4 3 3 2 3 3 3 5 5 5—38	
	900—0 5 4 4 4 4 3 3 5 4—36	
	1,000—4 0 0 3 3 4 3 4 0 5—26	—100
C H Gaus, Rem M B L	800—3 5 5 5 4 4 2 2 3 4—37	
	900—0 2 5 5 5 0 3 4 5—34	
	1,000—2 4 4 3 5 4 0 0 3 3—28—	99
W C Johnston, Jr, Rem M B L	800—4 5 2 3 3 4 3 5 4 4—37	
	900—4 3 3 0 4 3 4 5 3 2—31	
	1,000—3 0 5 5 3 2 0 3 4 0—26—	93
Frank Stuart, Rem M B L	800—4 0 4 5 3 4 3 2 5 5—35	
	900—0 r 5 4 5 5 0 3 5 4—31	
	1,000—3 3 4 3 0 0 0 3 0 4—20—	86

No. 6. The Tiffany Match.—All-comers continuous match; 200 yards; standing; any rifle.

Monday, Sept. 10:									
W M Farrow, Farrow	8	10	9	9	10	7	8		—61
M W Bull, Springfield	9	10	7	7	9	7	7+4		—60
H W Hawes, Sporting	7	8	8	9	8	10	8		—58
Tuesday, Sept. 11:									
E G Cray, Springfield	8	6	8	9	9	7	7+3		—57
M W Bull, Springfield	7	10	8	10	7	5	5+4		—56
H W Hawes, Springfield	7	8	7	7	8	8	9		—54
Wednesday, Sept. 12:									
B Waltber, Ballard	9	8	9	10	10	9	9		—64
W F Farrow, Farrow	9	9	9	9	9	8	8		—61
C G Zettler, Ballard	10	7	6	8	10	9	10		—60
Thursday, Sept. 13:									
B Walther, Ballard	10	5	8	6	10	9	10		—58
W M Farrow, Far	9	7	9	10	6	8	8		—57
E J Cram, Springfield mil	9	10	4	7	10	6	8	4+	—57
Friday, Sept. 14:									
J Coppersmith, sporting	9	8	10	10	7	10	9		—63
S S Bumstead, Springfield	10	9	10	8	8	8	5+4		—62
B Walther, Ballard	8	8	9	10	6	9	10		—60
Saturday, Sept. 15:									
T J Dolan, Remington .50	9	8	8	9	10	8	7+5		—64
C H Gaus, Remington .50	10	9	8	6	6	10	8+5		—62
T T Cartright, Springfield	8	8	6	8	10	6.	9+4		—59
B Waltber, Ballard	9	8	9	10	10	9	9	—64	
	10	10	6	10	7	8	10	—61	
	8	8	9	10	6	9	10	—60—185	
T J Dolan, Rem .50	9	8	8	9	10	8	7+5	—64	
Rem .50	10	7	10	10	6	8	7+5	—63	
Sporting	9	8	8	6	8	10	7	—56—183	
W M Farrow, Farrow	8	10	9	9	10	7	8	—61	
	9	9	9	9	9	8	8	—61	
	7	8	8	9	6	10	10	—58—180	
J Coppersmith, Ballard	9	8	10	10	7	10	9	—63	
	7	9	6	8	10	10	9	—59	
	7	9	6	8	10	10	9	—59	
	8	8	8	9	8	9	9	—55—177	
H W Hawes, Winchester	7	7	8	7	9	10	10	—58	
	8	10	6	9	10	6	6	—58	
	9	9	7	9	9	8	8	—59—175	
M W Bull, Springfield	9	10	7	7	9	7	7+4	—60	
	8	7	8	7	8	8	7+4	—57	
	5	5	8	10	7	10	8	—57—174	
D H Ogden, Rem .50	8	7	8	6	9	7	9+5	—59	
	5	8	10	6	8	8	9+5	—59	
	8	7	8	5	6	9	8+5	—56—174	
T T Cartwright, Springfield	8	8	6	8	10	6	9+4	—59	
	8	10	7	9	5	7	7+4	—57	
	7	7	5	10	7	7	9+4	—56—172	
C H Gaus, Rem .50	10	9	8	10	6	10	8+5	—63	
	4	7	9	8	8	7	9+5	—56	
	10	5	7	8	6	6	7+5	—54—172	
W G Hussey, Springfield	5	8	9	7	9	8	10+4	—60	
	10	3	8	8	0	6	9+4	—57	
	7	6	10	6	8	6	7+4	—54—171	

M Dorrler, Ballard	9	7	6	9	8	9	10		—58	
	9	6	8	10	6	10	8		—57	
	9	9	8	6	7	9	7		—55	—170
E J Cram, Sporting	10	7	8	10	10	5	5		—55	
Springfield Mil	8	6	8	9	9	7	7	+3	—57	
Springfield Mil	9	10	4	7	10	6	8	+3	—57	—169
W C Johnston, Jr., Springfield	56						56		55	—167
G W Scott, Jr., Remington	58						58		56	—167
S S Bumstead, Springfield	62						53		52	—167
C W Hinman, Maynard	59						54		53	—166
C Judson, Ballard	57						55		43	—165
Louis Flach, Ballard	56						55		53	—164
Alex Stein, Sporting	56						54		53	—163
B Zettler, Remington Sporting	56						54		53	—163
C G Zettler, Ballard	60						52		51	—163
C E Gensch, Jr., Sporting	55						53		51	—159
T B Wilson, Springfield	53						52		50	—155
E L Dorr, Jr., Springfield	53						51		50	—154
F W Hoefle, Sporting	52						51		50	—153
N O Donnell, Sporting	54						51		47	—152
C B Pratt, Springfield	51						50		50	—151
W P Ahler, Sporting	50						50		48	—148
F A Wells, Remington .50	51						50		49	—147
R B Edes, Springfield	50						48		48	—146
C C King, Maynard	52						47		47	—146
J E Bodenstein, Sporting	54						50		41	—145

No. 7. Governor's Match.—500yds., any position, any military rifle, open to all:

C W Hinman, Spg.	5555555555—50	5555545555—49	4545555555—48	+3—150
J B Osborn, Springfield	50	48	48	+3 —149
W G Hussey, Springfield	49	48	47	+3 —147
J F Klein, special military	49	47	47	+3½—146½
M W Bull, Springfield	48	48	47	+3 —146
Alex Stein, Remington .50	48	47	45	+5 —145
W C Johnston, Jr., Springfield	47	47	47	+3 —144
R Oliver, Remington .50	47	46	46	+5 —144
C A Jones, Remington .50	47	46	44	+5 —142
C H Gaus, Remington .50	47	47	46	+1½—141½
L F Farnsworth, Springfield	47	46	45	+3 —141
C H Ogden, special military	48	47	46	—141
Frank Stuart, special military	47	47	46	—140
J S Shepherd, special military	48	47	45	—140
T G Austin, Remington .50	47	44	44	+5 —140
F F Hamlin, Remington .50	46	46	43	+5 —140
F L Holmes, Remington .50	46	44	44	+5 —139
W M Merrill, Springfield	46	45	45	+3 —139
Geo Doyle, Springfield	46	45	44	+5 —138
E DeForest, Remington .50	45	44	44	+5 —138
W H Merritt, Springfield	46	45	44	+3 —138
G S Scott, Jr., Remington .50	46	46	41	+5 —138
R B Edes, Springfield	45	44	44	+3 —136
J M Carrere, Remington .50	45	43	43	+5 —136
F R Bull, Springfield	45	44	43	+3 —135

No. 8. All-Comers' and Marksman's Badge Match.—Open to everybody; 200 and 500yds.; position, standing at 200, prone at 500:

	200	500	Tl.		200	500	Tl.
T J Dolan	25	25	50	F L Holmes	22	23	45
J F Klein	23	25	48	G S Scott, Jr	22	23	45
E DeForest	22	25	47	O W Vatet	22	23	45
J S Shepherd	23	24	47	C A Jones	22	23	45
Alex Stein	23	24	47	E A Anderson	23	22	45
W A Stokes	22	24	46	J G Van Etten	20	24	44
C L Lindley	23	23	46	J M Carrere	20	24	44
O Dudley	23	23	46	J D Foot	20	24	44
Saul Monroe	20	25	45	H C Brown	21	23	44
W A Bryant	21	24	45	S W Merritt	21	23	44
F A Wells	21	24	45	C H Gaus	21	23	44
R M Kolloch	21	24	45	F B Thurston	21	23	44
G W Munson	22	23	45	E Lockley	21	23	44
G A Lane	22	23	45	G E Constable	21	23	44
A C Saunders	22	23	45	G F Hamilton	21	23	44
W N Bavier	22	23	45				

No. 9. Hilton Trophy Match.—Open to military teams of 12, 200, 500 and 600yds., standing at 200yds., any at 500 and 600yds, any military rifle which has been adopted, authorized or issued:

Massachusetts State Team.

	200yds.	500yds.	600yds.	Total
Lieut Bumstead	4544444—29	5534304—24	3334440—21	74
Pvt Farnsworth	5444545—31	5555545—34	4554545—32	97
Pvt Farrow	4455554—32	5554453—21	4554554—32	95
Sergt Merrill	4444444—28	5545555—34	4445430—24	86
Corp M W Bull	4455454—31	5344553—29	5353555—31	91
Pvt Bull	4545455—32	4445155—31	4554344—29	92
Maj Hinman	5444544—30	3555555—33	4544545—31	94
Capt Osborn	5454555—33	4555554—33	2454324—26	92
Lieut Edes	4454444—29	5545544—32	4545333—28	89
Sergt Stuart	4445454—30	4555455—33	4545455—32	95
Lieut Merritt	4434440—23	4444555—31	5435344—28	82
Lieut Hussey	5444545—31	4545444—20	4555545—33	94
	359	375	346	1080

Division of the Atlantic, U.S.A.

Capt Greenough	4544555—32	3553455—30	5245443—27	89
Sergt Richardson	5433354—27	4555455—33	3555543—30	90
Pvt Gormley	3544435—28	5554555—34	3535445—29	91
Pvt Beal	5555444—32	3555535—31	4555555—34	97
Sergt Woodcock	5544454—31	2453455—28	0044000— 8	67
Capt Heckmann	4554444—30	5553555—33	5444445—30	93
Sergt Geo Doyle	4554554—31	4555534—31	5554543—31	93
Sergt Scouce	4453554—29	4454554—31	5544434—29	89
Lieut C L Potter	4544553—30	4544455—31	5333554—26	87
Capt W A Boyle	4455444—28	5555545—34	4355455—31	93
Pvt McAllister	5530444—25	2355245—26	2445545—29	80
Sergt M Doolan	4444444—28	5533555—31	4445534—29	88
	351	373	333	1057

New York State Team.

Underwood	5544355—31	5354545—31	2535452—27	89
Jones	4335545—28	4544555—32	5432333—25	85
Klein	4444553—29	5444444—29	5553444—30	88
Hamlin	4334454—28	4544445—30	5452554—33	88
Austin	5555444—32	5544554—32	4445423—26	90
DeForest	4454344—28	4555443—30	5443454—27	85
Elliott	4454444—29	5554555—34	4545443—29	92
Wells	5444444—29	5454355—31	2443544—26	86
Shepherd	3544444—28	5555344—31	2355555—30	89
Hamlin	5444444—29	4455555—33	5454445—30	92
Scott	4545454—31	3455454—30	3332342—20	81
Pickett	5444444—29	5534555—32	5545444—31	92
	351	375	331	1057

No. 10. Short Range Team Match.—Open to teams of four from any regularly organized rifle club or association; 200yds.; position standing.

Zettler Rifle Club.

B Walther, Ballard	8	7	9	8	10	9	6	9	8	10	—84
M Dorrler, Ballard	8	8	9	7	5	9	10	9	9	9	—83
L Flach, Ballard	9	5	7	8	8	8	7	6	10	5	—73
C G Zettler, Ballard	6	6	9	6	5	3	7	0	5	5	—52—292

2d Regt. Mass. Militia.

W M Farrow, Springf'd	9	3	5	10	9	8	8	7	9	9	—77+4—81
M N Bull, Springfield	7	8	8	5	7	7	7	5	8	8	—70+4—74
S S Bumstead, Springfield	10	6	8	10	4	6	6	5	4	6	—65+4—69
F R Bull, Springfield	5	8	9	3	5	0	7	4	9	9	—59+4—63—287

Lynn (Mass.) Rifle Association.

W G Hussey, Springfield	10	6	7	8	8	7	7	8	5	7	—73+4—77
W C Johnston, Jr, Sp'd	7	9	6	7	8	8	7	10	4	3	—70+4—74
C W Hinman, Sporting	5	10	6	9	6	4	6	6	10	6	—67
R B Edes, Springfield	6	6	4	4	9	5	5	3	7	6	—55+4—59—277

Nyack Rifle Club.

J J Lydecker, Ballard	6	4	7	8	9	9	6	5	5	6	—64
J O Davidson, Ballard	7	4	7	7	4	10	9	4	5	6	—63
D Shakespeare, Ballard	4	4	6	7	8	8	5	7	7	3	—59
McAuliffe, Ballard	7	4	6	7	3	3	5	7	9	8	—59—245

Minor scores—Zettlers, 270, 278; Nyack, 226.

No. 11. Inter-State Military Match.—Open to one team of 12 from each State or Territory in the United States, 200 and 500yds; at 200yds. standing and 500yds. prone; any adopted military rifle:

Massachusetts Team.

	200yds.	500yds.	Total.
C W Hinman	5544555444—45	4445555555—47	92
J B Osborne	5555455554—48	4442455555—43	91
W G Johnston, Jr	5545445544—45	5445435545—43	88
R B Edes	4554555445—46	4434445444—40	86
W H Merritt	3434024444—32	4555355455—46	78
W G Hussey	4554545454—45	4335545545—43	88
S S Bumstead	4454455554—45	4545555553—46	91
L T Farnsworth	5355445454—44	4555545352—43	87
W M Farrow	4544545554—45	5445554055—47	92
W M Merrill	4454434444—40	5545444555—46	86
M W Bull	5544344443—42	4555235544—39	81
F R Bull	4444445544—42	4445455554—45	87
	510	528	1047

New York State Team.

Corp Klein	4444344345—39	4555554335—44	83
Capt Brown	4444444544—41	5345554445—44	85
Pvt Jones	5444445544—43	4454444345—41	84
Sergt Underwood	4454445445—43	3455544455—44	87
Pvt Austin	4544444545—43	4444044535—37	80
Capt DeForest	4444544444—41	3555555555—48	89
Pvt Elliott	4444454444—41	4555545454—44	85
Sergt Wells	4445545544—42	4555555055—44	86
Capt Shepherd	4444444444—40	5343545555—40	80
Sergt Hamilton	4544444445—42	4445550545—41	83
Pvt Scott	5454453444—42	2455445535—42	84
Sergt Pickett	4444454444—41	5555445555—48	89
	493	517	1015

No. 12. Inter-State Long-Range Match.—Open to teams of four from all rifle associations or clubs in any State, 800,900 and 1,000yds.; any rifle within the rules. No entries.

No. 13. New York State National Guard Match.—Open to teams of 12 from each organization of infantry of the National Guard of the State of New York, 200 and 500yds., standing at 200, prone at 500yds.

23d Regiment Team.

	200yds.	500yds.	Total
W P Pickett	44545—32	45555—24	46
H D Hamilton	45445—32	45555—24	46
J S Shepherd	54554—30	54555—24	44
G S Scott, Jr	54444—21	55554—24	45
F A Wells	44444—20	55545—24	44
L J Elliott	45455—23	54435—21	44
G F Hamilton	34445—20	44555—23	43
J T Hall	54434—20	54455—23	43
W A Stokes	44454—21	53544—21	42
E DeForest	45545—23	34345—19	42
E F M Wendelstadt	44444—20	45435—21	41
A C Saunders	35445—20	52455—21	41
	252	269	521

7th Regiment Team.

			Tl.
C A Jones	21	21	42
R McLean	22	18	40
W H Palmer	18	20	38
H B Thomson	14	24	38
P L Klock	22	21	43
G W Happy	20	23	43
W A Dixon	20	22	42
O E Dudley	20	20	40
R M Dunn	16	23	39
J N Munson	21	24	45
W J Underwood	21	19	40
R M Kolloch	21	24	45
	236	259	495

13th Regiment Team.

			Tl.
James McNevin	19	23	42
Geo W Lotz	21	21	42
J J Teevan	21	21	42
G G Constable	19	16	35
J F Fahnestock	18	23	41
Val Werner	21	20	41
Geo A Lane	22	19	41
A L Wescott	19	18	37
H G Morris	20	19	39
W L Easson	18	24	42
T G Austin	22	24	46
H K Wilford	16	20	36
	236	248	484

12th Regiment Team.

			Tl.
C J Seiter	20	20	40
A Kingsland	20	16	36
N E Wood	21	23	44
E C Smith	17	19	36
E Lockley	19	18	37
W L Frost	17	23	40
C L Lindley	16	22	38
S Monroe	21	21	42
A B Van Heusen	23	24	47
A E Shuman	21	20	41
T J Dolan	21	19	40
J Macaulay	21	20	41
	237	244	481

22d Regiment Team.

			Tl.
N B Thurston	21	18	39
H H Treadwell	21	16	37
A T Weston	18	15	33
H A Beneke	19	20	39
O W Vatet	19	21	40
J A Turney	18	20	38
R Byars	20	20	40
A B Bowen	19	20	39
J W Finch	14	20	34
M E Burnton	18	15	33
W N Bavier	20	23	43
J P Kenworthy	20	16	36
	227	224	451

No. 14. First Brigade National Guard Match.—Open to teams of twelve from each organization of Infantry in the First Brigade of the National Guard of the State of New York. 200 and 500yds. Position, standing at 200, at 500yds. prone. Remington rifle, .50 caliber.

12th Regiment Team.

	200yds.	500yds.	Total.
T J Dolan	55545—24	55555—25	49
A B Van Heusen	43454—20	45555—24	44
A Kingsland	34445—20	55454—23	43
A E Schuman	44444—20	35545—22	42
A E Wood	44543—20	53554—22	42
J Macaulay	44444—20	44544—21	41
S Monroe	24454—19	45444—21	40
W L Frost	54344—20	45434—20	40
C L Lindley	34434—18	34455—21	39
J H Cockburn	33444—18	55445—21	39
C J Seiter	45440—17	43244—17	34
E C Smith	34433—17	24335—15	32
	233	252	485

7th Regiment Team.

C A Jones	54445—22	55544—23	45
W H Palmer	54444—21	35555—23	44
R M Kolloch	44444—20	55535—23	43
G W Happy	44445—21	25445—20	41
J N Munson	44444—20	42455—20	40
W T Underwood	54444—21	44424—18	39
W A Dixon	42444—18	44453—20	38
P L Klock	44453—20	40545—18	38
O E Dudley	53534—20	53523—18	38
R McLean	44544—21	32434—15	36
R M Dunn	54234—18	50445—18	36
H B Thomson	50434—16	43424—17	33
	238	234	472

22d Regiment Team.

			Tl.				Tl.
N B Thurston	20	21	41	A Z Bowen	22	19	41
H H Treadwell	17	23	40	J W Finch	17	16	33
H T Weston	18	16	34	M E Burnton	20	22	42
H A Beneke	13	8	21	W N Bavier	22	20	42
O W Vatet	19	22	41	J P Kentworthy	19	13	32
J A Turney	18	15	33				
R Byars	18	23	41		223	218	441

No. 15. Second Brigade National Guard Match.—Open to teams of 12 from each organization of infantry in the Second Brigade of the National Guard of the State of New York, Remington rifle, State model, .50-cal., 200 and 500yds., standing at 200, prone at 500yds.:

23d Regiment Team.

	200yds.	500yds.	Total
Geo Ball	54454—22	45555—24	46
H D Hamilton	45345—21	45555—24	45
G S Scott, Jr	44544—21	55545—24	45
G F Hamlin	24444—19	55555—25	44
J S Shepherd	45434—20	54555—24	44
W P Pickett	45444—21	55535—23	44
F A Wells	54444—21	44554—22	43
A C Saunders	44435—20	54355—22	42
L J Elliott	33444—18	54455—23	41
J T Hall	52454—20	43535—20	40
E F M Wendelstadt	53534—20	35443—19	39
J M Carrere	34345—19	32453—17	36
	242	267	509

13th Regiment Team.

Jas McNevin	45454—22	52455—21	43
T G Austin	34444—19	45545—23	42
W L Easson	44443—19	35553—21	40
G A Lane	44344—19	55555—20	39
S Fahnestock	44344—19	44444—20	39
G E Constable	54444—21	52353—18	39
G W Lotz	44455—22	34343—17	39
Val Werner	34444—19	24553—19	38
A L Wescott	44534—18	25534—19	37
J J Teevan	54334—19	45045—16	35
H W Kraft	30433—13	44544—21	34
H G Morris	44543—18	04434—14	32
	228	229	457

No. 16. General Sheridan's Skirmishers' Match—Open to teams of 6 from the regular army or militia of any country or State, 600 to 200yds, and return, second class targets; weapon, the military rifle with which the organization has been regularly armed.

Corps of Engineers, U. S. A.

	Bulls.	Centers.	Inners.	Outers.	Total
Sergt Geo Doyle	25	10	3	1	176
Lieut C L Potter	12	18	8	3	162
Corp W A Boyle	16	12	8	1	165
Pvt T McAllister	16	7	8	6	144
Corp O A Bartuer	11	10	10	5	135
Sergt M Doolan	5	16	11	6	134
	85	73	48	22	906

No. 17. Revolver Match.—Distance 30yds., American standard target, reduced for 100yds. Standing, off-hand. Revolver not to exceed 2¾lbs. in weight; maximum length of barrel (exclusive of chamber) 7½in. Minimum trigger pull 3lbs. Plain open sights sufficiently strong for service purposes. Ammunition any. Cleaning allowed between scores only.

Ira A Paine, S & W., .44	8	10	10	10	9	—47
	9	10	10	10	8	—47
	10	10	10	8	8	—46—140
A Brenon	10	9	8	10	10	—47
	10	8	8	7	10	—43
	10	10	8	8	6	—42—132
J G Newbury, S & W., .44	10	8	10	5	10	—43
	10	6	9	6	9	—40
	8	8	9	10	5	—40—123
G L Garrigues	9	9	7	9	7	—41
	10	8	9	9	5	—41
	9	8	8	10	5	—40—122
W E Petty, S & W	8	9	10	9	8	—44
	8	5	6	9	10	—39
	7	9	6	5	10	—37—120
W C Johnston, Jr, S & W	9	8	7	10	7	—41
	7	7	7	10	8	—39
	5	8	5	8	10	—39—119
F J H Merrell, S & W	6	6	10	9	8	—39
	10	7	10	8	5	—39
	9	6	9	5	7	—38—114
C H Gaus, S & W	10	3	10	8	8	—39
	9	6	9	5	8	—37
	8	10	10	4	5	—37—113
W M Merrill, S & W., .44	10	6	8	5	10	—39
	10	9	9	3	6	—37
	7	7	7	5	10	—36—112
J E Winslow, M & H	10	6	8	8	6	—38
	10	5	10	9	8	—37
	8	5	8	10	5	—36—111

No. 18. Seward Match—Open to all comers. 200yds.; sitting, kneeling or standing; any military or special military rifle:

J F Klein, Rem .50	55555—25	45555—24	55455—24	+2—75
Geo Doyle, Springfield			25 24 24	—73
W M Farrow, Springfield			25 24 24	—73
W G Hussey, Springfield			24 24 24	—72
C L Potter, Springfield			24 23 23	—70
J S Shepherd, Spec Mil			24 23 23	—70
C H Gaus, Rem .50			23 23 22	+2—70
C A Jones, Rem .50			23 23 22	+2—70
J D Foot, Rem .50			23 22 22	+2—69

BOSTON, Sept. 15.—The attendance to-day at the Massachusetts rifle range was large. Some very high scores were made in the rest match, especially those made by Messrs. Monroe and Francis. Several of the Boston Press Rifle Association members were present and did good shooting, but the scores are not made public. Next Wednesday the trap shooters hold their regular shoot. Following are to-day's scores:

Rest Match, 200yds.

J R Munroe	10	12	12	11	12	12	10	12	12	11	—114
J Francis	12	12	10	12	11	12	12	10	11	11	—114
D L Chase	12	11	10	11	9	12	12	12	9	12	—113
C H Davis	9	9	11	11	12	11	12	12	13	11	—110
J N Eames	11	9	11	11	11	10	10	9	10	10	—102
J Ballard	8	12	9	9	9	10	10	9	12	12	—100
H C Warren	9	12	7	8	9	9	8	8	9	10	—99
F C Towne	8	9	12	9	11	11	10	11	9	9	—99
O T Morse	11	9	10	10	10	7	10	9	10	9	—95

Off-hand Match, 200yds.

T Poor	5	9	4	5	8	8	8	7	5	7—64
H C Warren	6	9	7	5	8	6	6	3	6	5—61
J B Carmichael	6	9	2	7	5	5	5	8	8	4—60
D B Farwell	7	9	3	4	8	6	4	3	10	4—58
K Ames	4	9	4	6	5	3	4	6	8	6—55
A Ballard	5	5	3	5	9	5	2	5	7	7—53
H H Williams	6	7	6	3	5	3	4	8	2	7—51
W C Holmes	3	5	3	4	4	4	5	8	8	7—51
O T Moore	5	3	5	5	2	4	9	4	2	6	6—46

50yds. Pistol Match.

B W White	8	9	10	10	10	9	10	10	10	9—95
J B Fellows	9	10	9	7	8	10	10	9	9	8—88
O A Stevens	10	9	6	10	10	8	8	10	10	9—90
B H Hill	9	7	6	8	9	9	10	6	10	10—87
O T Moore	8	8	10	8	10	8	9	9	8	9—87
C Marden	8	8	6	10	9	8	10	10	6	7—82
F D Hart	9	10	7	7	9	6	7	6	8	8—76

Military Match, 200yds.

C E French	4454445433—39	C Lake	3443333443—34
A L Souther	3433244345—35	F Comey	5244333333—33
C E Putnam	4435242435—34		

500yds.

F W Reynolds	4555544445—45	F Comey	4-24534254—35
A S Field	3535345454—39		

600yds.

F W Reynolds	5 4 4 4 5 5 3 4 4 5—43

LOWELL, Mass., Sept. 15.—The rifle teams of the Chelmsford Light Cavalry and the Mechanic Phalanx had a friendly contest at Pratt's range, Middlesex Village, this afternoon. The light was good, but a brisk wind across the range militated against high scores. The match was won by the Phalanx team by the following score; distance 200yds.; 7 shots each:

Mechanic Phalanx.		Chelmsford Cavalry.	
Foster	29	P T Hayes	26
Worthen	29	Capt Fletcher	25
Kincaid	27	Sergt Herrick	24
Farnsworth	26	E H Keyes	18
Peters	26	Warren	18
Bagley	24	J Feeney	15
Pratt	24—186	Scribner	14—140

TORONTO, Sept. 8.—A friendly match between the King City and the Newton Brook clubs was shot by telephone to-day. It had been arranged for ten men on a side, and to count one for the championship, but as only seven men shot on the Newton Brook team it could not be allowed on the series. Newton Brook is given three averages of the King City team to make up their other three men.

Newton Brook.		King City.	
Dr Teskay	79	J W Crossley	82
A Muckle	79	J H Ross	77
McGage	79	P Cull	73
Pratt	71	W J Ross	71
T Humberstone	67	R Cull	66
Smith	58	E J Davis, M.P.P.	62
Irwin	51	A Carley	53
1 average, K C	66⅔	H Ross	57
1 average, K C	66⅔	H Rogers	57
1 average, K C	66⅔—683⅓	Dr Harman	56—665

SALEM, MASS., Sept. 15.—The return match between teams of Company A, Sixth Regiment, of Wakefield, and a team from the Second Corps of Cadets, was shot this afternoon, each team shooting on its own range and forwarding the result by telegraph. The match was shot on 200yds., Creedmoor paper target, and the totals for each team were identical with those made last Saturday. The Cadet team was minus the services of two of its regular men. It is probable that the Wakefield team will shoot a third match on the Salem range next Saturday. The result of to-day's shooting follows:

Company A, Sixth Infantry.		Second Corps Cadets.	
Pvt J W Babbit	30	Pvt M W Daulton	32
Capt G H Taylor	29	Mus J C Habon	30
Sergt E J Gihon	29	Sergt P F Packard	29
Pvt C E Horton	29	Corp D M Bruce	29
Pvt M G Withum	27	Corp J B Safford	26
Pvt B S Killam	27	Pvt C O Dugan	25
Pvt H T Mellet	25—196	Pvt H B Cummings	22—193

MONTREAL, Sept. 13.—Six men of the Victoria Rifles and six warrant officers of H. M. S. Pylades shot at 200 and 500yds., 7 shots at each range, last evening, at the Victoria armory, with the following result:

H. M. S. Pylades.		Victorias.	
Mr Mathias	24	Lieut Rodden	57
Mr Duncan	36	Private Cooke	51
Mr Hogan	49	Capt Busteed	37
Mr Hughes	49	Lieut Shaw	55
Mr Luke	37	Lieut Desbarats	55
Mr Brown	43—238	Staff-Sergt Macadam	59—294

BOSTON.—The annual fall competitions of the Boston Press Rifle Association will be held at Walnut Hill on Friday, Sept. 28. There will be a match between teams representing the different papers connected with the association and individual competitions.

NEWARK.—A new club was organized last week. It is called the Columbia Rifle Club, and the officers are: President, William Denniger; vice-president, F. Kraus; secretary, William Doull; treasurer, K. Kopf; sergeant-at-arms, F. Siegman.

THE ARMY TEAM.

FORT NIAGARA, Sept. 11.—The fourth biennial army sharpshooting contest opened at the range of the regulars here this morning. Much might be said on the significance of the gathering, for the series of firings which open to-day at Fort Niagara by a team composed of the crack shots of the Division of the Atlantic, the Division of the Missouri, and the Division of the Pacific is the crowning event for the army of the rifle season.

From the earliest spring till late autumn the ranges connected with one or another or all the leading army posts resound with the ping-ping of the rifle. The tropical garrisons far down in Texas and Florida are busy at this work while the snow still surrounds the garrison posts of the North. These latter by degrees take up the pleasant task, and thus the greater part of the available year is devoted to it. First come the various post and regimental competitions; then the department matches, which result in the selection of department teams; then the struggle between department teams, which produces in turn the division representatives, while these latter take part in the final firings by the army team. A favorite place for this final exhibition has hitherto been Fort Leavenworth, but for the present year a change has been made to Fort Niagara. The order for this purpose was issued from Gen. Sheridan's headquarters over three months ago, and the second paragraph ran as follows:

"II.—The marksmen to compose the army team will be selected as follows: Two from the Division of the Atlantic, six from the Division of the Missouri, and four from the Division of the Pacific, with one alternate from each division. Each division commander will select the number of marksmen above designated, and cause them to report to the commanding officer at Fort Niagara, New York, on Sept. 3."

The Division of the Atlantic closed its annual meeting at Fort Niagara last week, and the character of the shooting may be known from the fact that out of a possible 600, eleven of the twelve contestants forming the Division team made 500 or upward. Indeed, the very lowest score of the twelve this year was the top score in last year's team. Yet the Division of the Pacific did still better in its home competition, since all five of the contestants which it has sent to Fort Niagara had scores higher than those of the twelve men on the Atlantic team. As for the Division of the Missouri, the aggregate score of its twelve members this year was 5,970 against 5,734 last year, and 5,798 the year before that.

The record of the entire team to-day was excellent, only one man falling below centers. There was just a slight breeze blowing and the sky was very clear. There was a large crowd of spectators present, and they evinced great interest in the competition. Very little interest was taken by the competitors in the pool shooting, this afternoon, the men preferring to keep quiet for to-morrow's skirmish shooting.

The following were to-day's scores, 10 shots each distance, at army target (oval divisions):

	200yds.	300yds.	500yds.	600yds.	Total.
Lieut Day, 9th C	46	42	44	43	175
Pvt Foley, 2d C	42	44	47	47	175
Farren Hughes, 1st C	40	44	44	44	172
Lieut Hale, Corps Eng	44	44	43	40	171
Sergt Palmer, 3d I	42	40	43	45	170
Sergt King, 20th I	43	43	42	41	169
Lieut Stewart, 3d C	37	40	48	42	167
Corp Nihill, 4th C	42	42	43	40	167
Corp Dell, 2d C	41	41	45	37	164
Sergt Miller, 2d C	39	43	45	36	163
Lieut Garrard, 9th C	40	43	41	38	162
Sergt Seal, 14th I	40	41	43	28	155

Sept. 12.—To-day was given up to skirmish shooting, and all day long during the test the field looked like a play battle ground, and the spectators got a very good idea of what a modern battle would be under the present conditions of high individual merit and responsibility rather than the old style of solid formation and field firing.

Sept. 13.—The wind was strong on the range to-day from the east and the consequence was that the shooting was not as good as usual. A visitor on the range was Frank Ehrenfried, of Buffalo. Mr. Ehrenfried served five years in the 18th Infantry band, and won the Division of the Missouri first gold and silver skirmish medals in 1885. The competition was finished this morning at 10:15 o'clock, and the medals were presented by Col. Blunt. The 2d Cavalry carried off all the honors, having three men—Sergeant Miller, Corporal Dell and Private Foley—leading the team, and also winning the gold skirmish medal, and by that taking all the gold medals. four in number. This is the first time in the history of the rifle competition that a man shooting in the prone position, as Sergeant Miller did, won the first medal. This is of course at long ranges. The following men are the medal winners: Sergeant Miller, first gold medal; Corporal Dell, second gold medal and skirmish gold medal; Private Foley, third gold medal; Lieut. Day, first silver medal; Sergeant King, second silver medal; Lieut. Cecil Stewart, third silver medal. All the successful ones, with one exception, are cavalry men. The following is the standing of the team:

	200yds.	300yds.	500yds.	600yds.	Total.
Sergt Miller, 2d C	43	44	38	46	171
Corp Dell, 2d C	35	42	45	38	160
Pvt Foley, 2nd C	45	44	44	39	169
Lieut. Day, 9th C	40	41	43	43	167
Sergt King, 20th I	41	43	41	42	167
Lieut Steward, 3d C	41	49	47	37	184
Lieut Hale, Corps Eng	41	43	39	30	162
Sergt Seal, 14th I	44	43	42	33	162
Sergt Palmer, 3d I	41	40	39	31	151
Farren Hughes, 1st C	49	40	43	44	167
Lieut Garrard, 9th C	42	41	39	45	167
Corp Nihill, 4th C	39	43	41	37	160

The fight for first place between Sergt. Miller, Corp Dell and Pvt. Foley, all of the Second Cavalry, was a pretty one. Miller won by two points. Dell took second place, although tied with Foley. He obtained this on account of his excellent work at skirmishing, in which he took the special gold medal.

Following are the full scores for the three days' shoot:

	1st day.	2d day.	3d day.	Tot
Sergt Geo E Miller, Troop H, Second Cavalry Division of Pacific, Fort Spokane, W T	163	202	171	537
Corp Adam Dell, Troop F, Second Cavalry, Division of Pacific, Fort Walla Walla, W. T	164	211	160	535
Pvt John Foley, Troop C, Second Cavalry, Division of Pacific, Fort Bidwell, Cal	175	191	169	530
1st Lieut Matthias W Day, Ninth Cavalry, Division of Missouri, Fort Robinson, Neb	175	187	167	529
Sergt Geo N King, Co F, Twentieth Infantry, Division of Missouri, Fort Assinniboine, Mont.	169	188	167	524
2d Lieut Cecil Stewart, Third Cavalry, Division of Missouri, Eagle Pass, Tex	167	192	164	523
1st Lieut Irving Hale, Corps of Engineers, Division of Atlantic, Willet's Point, N Y	171	178	162	511
Sergt Charles Palmer, Co E, Third Infantry, Division of Missouri, Fort Snelling, Minn	170	180	151	507
1st Lieut Joseph Garrard, Ninth Cavalry, Division of Missouri, Fort Robinson, Neb	162	152	167	481
Corp John Nihill, Troop B, Fourth Cavalry, Division of Atlantic, Fort Meyer, Va	167	136	160	463

RANGE FAME.—The winning Zettler team in the short-range match suffered when the news of their victory came to be scattered over the country by the clicking keys of the telegrapher. The Boston *Herald* makes the team to be B. Matthew, M. Dorreler, C. S. Zetzler and L. Flanch, while the Philadelphia *Item* enters them on the record as B. Walther, M. Doerner, L. Fluch and C. F. Zoeffler. By the way, where was the New York Rifle Club in this match? There was a big vacancy there.

STATEN ISLAND, N. Y., Sept. 10.—The 17th annual shoot of the Staten Island Schuetzen Corps took place to-day at Clifton. About 75 members, with invited guests of the Morrisania and New York Independent Corps, took part. Chas. Brown won the King medal and was crowned with proper ceremonies. The prize at the first target was won by Chas. Zendel, who also made the first bullseye; August Meyer and Chas. Schaefer winning repectively the prizes at the second and third targets. Louis Bardes, Chas. Schaefer and Jachne Morrison, the latter making the last bullseye, also won prize medals. The first prize at the company target was secured by A. Gebhardt, August Mayer winning the second.

LEBANON, Pa., Sept. 14.—The annual target firing of the National Guard at Coleman range. Mt. Gretna Park, closed this evening. The contest to-day was between brigade teams of 12 men each for the brigade trophy, now held by Gen. Goblin's Third Brigade. The score was: First Brigade 983, Second 984, Third 994. The trophy having been won thrice successively by the Third now becomes its property.

LAFAYETTE, Ind., Aug. 21, 1888.—*U. S. Cartridge Co., Lowell, Mass.:* Dear Sir—I am pleased to be able to give you a most satisfactory account of the paper shells you sent me. I have used Schultze powder altogether for the last seven years, with Eley's shells, and yours are the first perfect substitute I have found, and I shall take care to recommend their use. (Signed) W. GRAHAM, Champion Shot of England.—*Adv.*

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

THE CHAMBERLIN TOURNAMENT.

[From our own Staff Correspondent.]

CLEVELAND, Ohio, Sept. 15.—The Chamberlin Cartridge Co.'s fourth annual tournament has been held here this week, lasting five days, and attracted some of the most prominent shots from all quarters of the United States. The main feature of the tournament was the tie shooting for the Chamberlin prizes, $3,000 in cash. This began on Wednesday morning and occupied two entire days.

As usual, all the moneys in the 60 class were won with scores which put the winners way up, 94 being the highest made in that class, by E. D. Miller, of Springfield, N. J.; 94 also won in the 70 class, made by the old reliable Wm. Sigler, of Montclair, N. J. In the 90 class, J. R. Stice, using a 14lbs. Parker gun, and H. McMurchy, with a 12-gauge Smith gun, also tied on 94, and in the shoot-off the following day McMurchy won, with a score of 95 to 99; thus winning the $59 badge offered by the management, the honors going to the Smith gun. Stice could not seem to reach the straightaway birds, 8 out of the 10 missed being from center trap. In the 80 class, H. B. Whitney, of Phelps, N. Y., with a Smith gun, made the highest score of the tournament, 93, doing some remarkably good shooting for the condition he was in; he was suffering with a high fever and was disobeying the doctor's injunction not to shoot. There were several sick ones on the list, A. G. Courtney, of the Lefever Arms Co., being obliged to withdraw on account of an injury lately received at Pittsburg, where he was badly squeezed between two cars. The Eastern contingent were out in full force. Charlie Smith, of Plainfield, N. J., familiarly called "The Dutch," wore an enormous diamond (?) at his neck and did his best to rattle the shooters in his class by flashing its rays in their eyes. He and "Tee Kay" furnished considerable amusement for the crowd. "Old South Paw" (Al. Heritage) broke loose every time he made a six straight, and his dulect tones could be heard proclaiming the fact from one end of the grounds to the other.

With the exception of an hour or two on Wednesday morning, when it rained, the weather was fine, but not particularly conducive to good scores, as some high winds prevailed and played tricks with the birds.

During the week Mr. A. B. Day, the retiring manager of the Chamberlin Co., was presented with a very handsome gold-headed cane, suitably inscribed, by the employees of the company. The happily-worded presentation speech was made by Mr. J. Palmer O'Neil, and was responded to in felicitous vein by Mr. Day, although he was very much taken by surprise.

The tournament was a success, but we consider that one of the chief ends of the management was defeated by the disgraceful manner in which combinations were made by the shooters. All sorts of pools were entered into in the most open manner as the contests in each class neared completion. Shooters dropped birds right and left, and agreed to "divy," so that the whole purse could be "hogged" by a few and ties avoided wherever this was possible. The amateur shots—those young at the business—had no chance to win a share of the money, as purposed by the management; which they would have had if the shooting had been done honestly and fairly. It is time that some plan was adopted to put a stop to this evil practice, and the best means of so doing is the general adoption of the Tucker Pool System, which, we believe, would effectually stop pooling and combining. By adding a given number of tie birds to a man's score and making those the vital ones in the contest, after the manner this system provides, dropping would be rendered impossible or at least made much more difficult. This system was given a thorough test during the week and worked very satisfactorily, even in a race with 55 entries and only 5 tie birds, a total contest at 12 birds. The number of tie birds can be increased or decreased as found necessary in order to regulate the number of winners.

A notion prevailed among the shooters that this would be the last Chamberlin Tournament. Whether this be so or not, no one can blame the company if they object to hanging up purses simply for a few of the best shots. They have been most liberal with the shooters, giving two dollars for every dollar put up, and it must be exasperating to them to see their aims defeated by the grab-all system of the expert shots. All ties in the class shooting were supposed to be shot off, one man alone to have the money and honors. With one exception in the 60 class, where Vincent, Starr, Holzapfel and O'Neil tied on 90 for fifth money, and shot the tie off at 100 birds each, this was not done, all the moneys being divided and the shoots-off simply a "fake." The programme was about half shot out. On Thursday and Friday no attention was paid to it, and extra sweepstakes only were shot at the will of the shooters.

The $3,000 was divided as follows: $750 and $59 trophy to the 90 class, with 8 moneys; first $200, second $150, third $100, fourth $90, fifth $80, sixth $60, seventh $40, eighth $30.

$700 to the 80 class, with 9 moneys: $150, $125, $100, $90, $70, $60, $50, $30, $25.

$700 to 70 class, with 9 moneys divided as in 80 class.

$800 to 60 class, with 12 moneys divided into $150, $125, $100, $90, $75, $60, $50, $40, $35, $30, $25 and $10. The 60 class was shot at two sets of traps on account of the number of entries. Below are the scores in full. 100 bluerocks each, 3 traps, 16yds. for 12-gauge, and 18yds. for 10-gauge:

THE 90 CLASS.

H McMurchy....1111111011101111111111111111011111111111111101111
1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—94
J R Stice.....1111111101111101111111111111111111111111111111110
1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—94
C W Hart.....1111111111111111111111011101111111111111111111111
1111101101111111111111111111111111111111111111111111110—93
L S Carter.....1111001111111111111111111111111111111111111111111
1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—92
J D Kelsey.....1101110111111111111111111111111111111111111111111
1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—91
Al Bandle.....1101111111111111111111111111111111111111111111101
1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—91
Wm Hunter.....1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111
1111111111101111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—90
J A Prechtel.....0111111111111111111011111111111111111111111110
1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—89
C W Budd.....1111111111111111111000011101011111111111111110111
1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—89
C A Roof.....1111011101111111111111001111011111111111011110100111
1111111111101101111111111111111111111111111111111111111—88
D C Powers.....1111111101011111111111111111111111111111111111111
1111111101111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—87
C E Verges.....1111011011100111111111101111111111111111111011111
1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—87
J E Miller.....0111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111
1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—87
R E Sheldon.....1101111011111111111111111111111111111111111111101
1111011101111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—83
J A Penrose.....0101111010111111111111111111111111111111111111111
1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—83
H H Fleischer...1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111
1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—82
E D Keeney.....1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111
1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—81
W H Brunith.....1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111
1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—76
Ed Taylor.....1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111
1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—76
J C Hendershot..1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111
1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—74
F L Chamberlin..0111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111
1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—74

TIE ON 94 BIRDS IN 90 CLASS.

Judges, Dan Powers and C. W. Hart. Referee, J. Miller.

J R Stice.....1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111
1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—90
H McMurchy....1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111
1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—95

THE 80 CLASS.

C K Patterson...1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111
1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—81
J M Green.....1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111
1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—88
J W Budd.....1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111
1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—88
C K Sober.....1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111
1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—84
E Tully.....1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111
1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—88
A W Fehrman...1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111
1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—87
A Burnison.....1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111
1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—94
C A Calhoun.....1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111
0111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—84
A Hoffman, Jr...1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111
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Geo Schachtele..1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111
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G A Spross.....1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111
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J S Acklin.....1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111
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S A Tucker.....1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111
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M F Lindsley....1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111
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Bob White.....1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111
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S G Smith.....1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111
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Chas Regadanz..1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111
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E H Smith.....1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111
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J N Whitesides..1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111
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L A Croy.....1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111
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A G North.....1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111
1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—84
H B Whiting.....1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111
1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—96
T A Peacock. ...1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111w.
R O Heikes.....1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111
1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—93
H Phare.....1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111
1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—86
A G Courtney....1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111
E H Gault.....0010011111111111111111111111111111111111111111111
1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—73
D A Upson.....1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111
1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—89
E C Willard.....1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111
1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—86
Jack Pinckney...1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111
1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—92
R S Waddell.....1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111
1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—81
C E Strawn.....1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111
1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—81
T B Haycox.. ...1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111
1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—84

THE 70 CLASS.

A B Chandler....1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111
1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—87
Wm H Cormack..1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111
1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—82
Frank Mosher....1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111
1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—79
Wm Sigler.....1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111
1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—94
C H Kelso.....1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111
1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—78
R E Franklin....1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111
1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—86
C E Cahoon.....1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111
1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—84
A M Cloak.....1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111
1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—80
Chas Wagner....1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111
1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—88
A D Heal.....1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111
0111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—72
Dr B R Hubbard..1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111
1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—75
J P Hickey, Jr...1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111
1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—87
F J Snyder.....1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111
1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—77
O S Riblet.....1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111
1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—77
R Peters.....1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111
1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—86
Al Heritage.....1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111
1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—79
H Klee.....1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111
0111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—80
A E Krueger.....1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111
1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—83
W H Beecher....1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111
1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—86
E E Shaner.....1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111
1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—75
A P Pope.....1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111
1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—77
T F Cummings...1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111
1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—85
J Blakenbuhler..1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111
1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—81
Paul North.....1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111
1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—93
H J Martin 1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111
1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—84
Al Spangler.....1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111
0111w.
Chas Smith.....1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111
1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—81
G W Given.....1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111
1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—70
Chas Richards...1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111
1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—70
Z A McClure.....1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111
1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—77

THE 60 CLASS.

O H Porter.....1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111
1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—81
E Andrews.....1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111
1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—84
E D Miller.....1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111
1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—94
S D West.....1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111
0111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—86
E S Benscotten..1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111
1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—87
J W Starr.....1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111
1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—90
W H Warden....0001011111111111111111111111111111111111111111111w.
W E Lash.....1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111
1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—69
A J Crawford....1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111
0111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—79
H E Holt. 1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111
1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—78
T H Andrews....1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111
0111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—83
Andy Smoke.. .1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111
1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—64
Wm Richmond...1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111
1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—86
J L Ward.....1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111
1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—86
J Wayper.....1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111
1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—84

F A Closse 1110111101111010111101111111011111111111111101110111
G M Tait..... 1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—87
H Wilson..... 1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—76
D S Allen..... 1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—72
W B Moore..... 1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—85
H B Rumbaugh..... 1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—83
L D Hart..... 1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—69
O J Marsh..... 1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—76
C E Cahoon..... 1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—86
Seth Cloven..... 1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—89
W A Smith..... 1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—86
W F Quimby..... 1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—84
H E Webber..... 1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—92
A W Gore..... 1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—82
A B Jones..... 1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—86
A Franenholz..... 1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—84
A O Olmstead..... 1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—79
John Parker..... 1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—86
T C Root..... 1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—88
E D Schaefer..... 1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—80
T F Frey..... 1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—79
J S Barnes..... 1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—83
Thos O'Neil..... 1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—90
Fred Jaeger..... 1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—86
W T Gorman..... 1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—78
W Horn..... 1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—79
Aug Holzapfel..... 1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—58
J M Girton..... 1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—90
C W McPhee..... 1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—89
Chas A Tanner..... 1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—88
Wm H Bown..... 1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—88
W J McCrickart..... 1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—64
Tee Kay..... 1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—87
W Bennit..... 1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—68
M F Silsby..... 1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—89
S Vincent..... 1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—82
A Baker..... 1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—90
1000011111101111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111100—91

TIE ON 90 BIRDS IN THE 60 CLASS.

Starr..... 1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—89
Vincent..... 1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—92
Holzapfel..... 1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—88
O'Neil..... 1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—91

This was hotly contested, and the victory or young Vincent was received with applause.

Monday.—No. 1, 9 singles, $2.50 entrance, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent.

C. W. Budd	111111111—8	Al Heritage	011101111—7
Hendershot	111111111—8	J E Miller	111101111—8
Sigler	111111111—8	Spangler	111101111—8
McMurchy	111111111—8	Whitney	111101111—8
Fleischer	111111111—8	Cal Wagner	111101111—8
Wheeler	111111111—8	Paul North	111101111—8

9 straight.

Benscotten	101111111—8	Al Heritage	011101111—7
E D Miller	111111111—8	J E Miller	111101111—8
Sheldon	011111111—8	Hunter	111111001—8
O J Marsh	111011110—7	Chas Roof	111111110—8
Barnes	111110111—8	Upson	110111111—8
Hickey	110101101—6	Green	000010110—3
C K Sober	101011111—7		

Ties on 9, miss and out: North 5, Hendershot 2, McMurchy 0; all other 6 each and divided. Ties on 8: E. D. Miller 6, Barnes 4, Upson 4, Hunter 4 J. E. Miller 4, Benscotten 6, Sheldon 1. Ties on 6 divided. Ties on 7: Roof 0, Marsh, Sober and Heritage 3, and divided. Hickey fourth.

No. 2, 80 and 90 classes barred, 9 single, entrance $2.50; divided 40, 30, 20 and 10. E. D. Miller, Jager, Benscotten, Sigler and Wagner, 9 straight.

Hickey	111101111—8	Lee	111001111—7
Barnes	011111111—8	Messner	100111111—7
H Wilson	101111111—8	Kreuger	100011111—6
Parker	011111111—8	Crawford	110011011—6
Heritage	111111011—8	Marsh	111110010—6
Wheeler	101111111—8	Gorman	101101001—5
North	111011110—7		

First and third div., second shot off, and all except Heritage divided. Fourth in shoot-off won by Marsh.

Tuesday.—Shoot No. 3, Class A and B shoot, open to all, 60 per cent of entrance money to class A; divided, 50, 30, 20; 40 per cent of entrance money to class B; divided, 50, 30, 20. Eighty and ninety classes barred from class B. Twelve singles. Entrance, $5. Ties divided. Sigler, Benscotten, Budd, McMurchy Heikes, Peacock and Whitney, 12 straight.

Stice	101111111111—11	Wayper	111111010100— 8
J E Miller	011111101101— 9	Penrose	111110101110— 9
Carter	010111111111—10	Bandle	111111110111—11
Kelsey	111111011111—11	Sober	111111100111—10
Messner	111111011111—11	Cahoon	101111111111—11
Cummings	011111111111—11	Hickey	011111110001— 8
Smith	111111101010—10	Krueger	101111111101—10
Barnes	111111111110—11	E D Miller	111000111100— 7
Wagner	111111010110— 9	Hunter	010010 w. — 3
Wheeler	011111101110— 9		

Shoot No. 4, Nine singles, open to all, entrance $2.50. Purse $105; $42 to first, $31.50 to second, $21 to third, and $10.50 to fourth. Sigler, Wheeler, Wagner, Kelsey, J. Stice, J. W. Budd, Benscotten, C. W. Budd, Whitney, Cummings, C. Calhoun, McMurchy, B. White, Murphy, A. G. Courtney, McFee and Fehrman, 9 straight.

Allen	111010111—7	Fleischer	111110110—7
North	011111111—8	Peacock	110101110—6
Hickey	101111111—8	Whitesides	111011111—8
Miller	011111110—7	Richard	111100111—7
Smith	111111010—7	Vincent	111110011—7
Barnes	111011111—8	Prechtell	110111111—8
Regadanz	111011101—7	Upson	101111100—6
Wayper	111110011—8	Al Bandle	111110111—8
O J Marsh	111101000—4	J M Green	001111100—5
Sober	111111110—8	Waddell	011111111—8
Gorman	101101110—6	Ed Taylor	111011111—8
J E Miller	111111110—8	C A Tanner	010011001—5
Spangler	011111101—7		

All ties shot off: first divided by Sigler, Wheeler, Kelsey, Benscotten, C. W. Budd, Whitney, Cummings and Bob White; second by Wayper, Sober, Whitesides, Prechtel, Al. Bandle and Ed. Taylor; third by Allen, J. E. Miller, Smith, Regedanz and Spangler; fourth won by Peacock.

Shoot No. 5.—Nine singles, 80 and 90 classes barred, entrance $2.50. Purse, $152.50; $61 to first, $45.75 to second, $30.50 to third and $15.25 to fourth: A. Baker 8, Allen 6, Crawford 8, McFee 8, Bowers 8, E. D. Miller 7, Gore 9, Tanner 7, Rombaugh 6, Wagner 9, Marsh 4, Wheeler 8, Borngartner 5, J. B. Jones 8, Riblet 9, Gorman 5, Holzapfel 7, Snyder 6, Rowell 6, J. H. Kiesling 5, Vincent 8, Heritage 8; Clay 3, Barnes 8, Jager 9, Lee 6, Alexander 8, Wayper 9, Clover 6, Murphy 7, A. Paul 5, Girton 8, Sigler 9, Cummings 8, T. O'Neil 9, Richmond 8, Benscotten 8, Mosher 8, Head 7, Andrews 6, W. B. Moore 6, Olmstead 8, H. Wilson 5, Paul North 9, Parker 8, S. D. Hart 8, E. C. Ford 9, Martin 7, Silsby 7, "Tee Kay" 6, Charles Smith 6, Quimby 9, W. A. Smith 6, Roach 9, Kelso 8, T. Andrews 7, Hickey 7, W. A. Calhoun 9, C. C. Calhoun 8, Franklyn 8, Starr 8. First divided, others shot off. Second divided by McPhee, Wheeler, Vincent, Barnes, Girton, Richmond, Mosher, Quimby and Franklyn; third by E. D. Miller, Tanner, Holzapfel, Martin and T. Andrews; fourth by Allen, Howell and Lee.

Shoot No. 6—12 singles, open to all, S. A. Tucker's pool system, entrance $2.50; purse $108, $54 to first, $32.40 to second and $21.60 to third:

Heikes	0101111	01111— 9	Al Bandle	1111110	11111—11
Smith	1111111	11111—12	Upson	1111111	11111—12
Keency	1111111	11111—12	Wheeler	1111110	11111—11
Croy	0111111	11111—11	Hickey	0111110	01111— 9
McFee	1111111	11111—12	B White	1111111	11111—12
Powers	1111111	10111—11	Calhoun	1111111	11110—11
Alexander	1111001	10111— 9	Whitney	1111111	11111—12
Spangler	1111111	01111—11	Carter	1111111	11111—12
E D Miller	1111111	11111—12	C E Cahoon	1100101	11111—10
Barnes	0111011	11111—10	Sober	1110111	11011—10
Courtney	0111111	11110—10	Fehrman	1111111	11111—12
Tucker	1101111	11011—10	Vincent	1111111	11111—12
Murphy	1111100	11001— 8	Bibbie	1110111	11101—10
I W Budd	1111110	11111—11	Fleisher	1111010	11001— 8
Stice	1001110	11011— 8	J M Gerton	1111110	11111—11
Sheldon	0111111	10111—10	Krueger	1111100	11111—10
Benscotten	1111111	11111—12	C W Starr	1111111	01110—10
J E Miller	1111101	11111—11	Hart	1011110	10111— 9
Penrose	1111111	11010—10	Richard	1111111	11011—11
C W Budd	1111110	11111—11	Franklyn	0101111	11111—10
Peacock	1111111	11111—12	Whitesides	1111101	11111—11
Roach	1111111	11111—12	Lindsley	1111111	11111—12
Gorman	0111111	11111—11	Waddell	0000111	11111— 9
Osborne	0111011	11111—10	Riblet	1111111	11111—12
Cummings	1111111	11111—12	Clover	1111111	11111—12
Richmond	1111101	11111—11	Mosher	1111111	00011— 9
Burnison	1011111	11111—11	A Holzapfel	1111111	11111—12
McMurchy	1111111	11011—11			

All ties divided, as this system provides for.

Shoot No. 7, 9 singles, 80 and 90 classes barred, entrance $2.50; purse $110, $44 to first, $33 to second, $22 to third, and $11 to fourth: J. W. Starr 9, Crawford 7, Wagner 9, Wheeler 9, Jaeger 8, Parker 9, C. H. Tanner 9, W. C. Williams 8, Barnes 8, Murphy 8, Rombaugh 4, Silsby 8, Richmond 6, W. B. Moore 8, Girton 8, Andrews 7, Bibbie 6, E. D. Miller 9, Gore 8, Roach 9, Spangler 5, C. E. Cahoon 8, McFee 8, Cummings 7, T. O'Neil 7, Wayper 8, Hickey 8, Messner 8, Krueger 9, Vincent 9, Benscotten 9, Frauenholz 5, Alexander 8, Marsh 9, L. D. Hart 7, H. Wilson 6, Sigler 8, Mosher 7, Clover 8, Riblet 9, Heal 4, H. J. Martin 6, Franklin 8, Olmstead 8, Third divided. Others shot off and divided, first by Starr, Wagner, Wheeler, Parker, Vincent, Benscotten, Marsh and Riblet. Second by Jaeger, Barnes, Murphy, Wayper, Alexander, Clover, Franklin and Olmsted. Third by Hickey and Martine.

Shoot No. 8.—Nine singles, open to all, entrance $2.50. Purse $160, $40 to first, $30 to second, $20 to third, $10 to fourth: McMurchy 9, J. W. Budd 9, Prechtel 8, Hunter 6, Regadanz 8, Kelsey 9, J. E. Miller 8, Cummings 8, Fehrman 8, Peacock 6, Croy 8, Green 5, Taylor 7, Brummert 7, Penrose 7, A. G. North 9, Powers 9, Hickey 7, Sober 7, Stice 8, E. D. Miller 8, Wagner 8, Wheeler 8, C. W. Budd 9, Smith 8, Carter 9, Calhoun 8, B. White 9, Bandle 8, Courtney 8, Whitney 8, Heiks 8, Hart 9, Waddell 7, Sheldon 9, Osborne 9, C. H. Kelso 8, Seigler 8, Fleischer 7, Parker 6. First, third and fourth divided. Second shot off and divided by Prechtel, J. E. Miller, Croy, Smith and Bandle.

Shoot No. 11.—Fifteen singles, championship match, entrance $5, Purse $185, $67.50 to first, $49.50 to second, and $27 to third: C. Calhoun 14, E. D. Miller 15, Benscotten 15, Croy 8, Bandle 15, Wheeler 13, McPhee 14, Prechtel 13, C. Smith 11, McMurchy 15, S. G. Smith 13, Paul North 15, Lindsley 11, Carter 15, Sheldon 13, Stice 15, Budd 15, Seigler 13, Hart 14, Whitney 14, E. H. Smith 12, Heikes 9, Hickey 11, Kelsey 14, J. E. Miller 12, Peacock 14, Vincent 14. All ties divided.

Shoot No. 12.—S. A. Tucker Pool System at 12 single bluerocks, five-bird tie. Enrrance $2.50. Three moneys, 50, 30 and 20 per cent.:

Muryhy	1111110	11111—11	Courtney	0111010	11101— 8
Heritage	1111110	10111—10	S G Smith	1111111	11111—12
Cerey	1111111	11101—11	Sober	1111110	11111—11
Taylor	1111111	11111—12	C Smith	1001111	10111— 9
Osborn	1110111	11111—11	C E Cahoon	1111111	11111—12
Bandle	1111110	11111—11	Lindsley	1111111	11110— 9
Fred Quimby	0110111	11101— 9	Benscotten	1111111	11111—12
Hickey	0111111	11111—11	J E Miller	0111110	1110 — 7
Heikes	1111111	01111—11	Regadanz	0111111	11111—11
E D Miller	1111111	11111—12	Peacock	0111111	11111—11
I W Budd	1110110	11111—10	Wheeler	0111110	11111—10
Cummins	1111111	11111—12	Burnerson	1101111	10101— 9
Stice	1111111	11101—11	Sigler	1011101	11111—10
Spangler	0111111	11111—11	Baumgardner	1111111	10100— 9
Upson	0011111	11111—10	Messner	1111011	10w
C W Budd	0110111	11111—10	Krueger	1111010	11111—10
McMurchy	1111111	11111—12	Mosher	1111111	11111—12
Calhoun	1111111	11111—12	Martin	1011111	11000— 8
P Andrews	1011111	11111—11	Vincent	1111111	11111—12
Tucker	1011111	11111—11	Sheldon	1110100	w

All ties divided.

Wednesday.—Shoot No. 13.—Nine singles, open to all; entrance fee $1. Purse $43.20; $21.60 to first, $12.96 to second, and $8.64 to third: Hickey 8, Gore 7, Wilson 7, E. D. Miller 6, W. A. Smith 6, Sigler 7, Bibbie 7, E. H. Smith 6, Marsh 9, Crawford 6, Andrews 7, Cummings 4, Wheeler 8, L. D. Hart 7, Kelsey 9, Messner 9, C. W. Hart 8, McCormack Chandler 9, Wagner 8, Krueger 7, Starr 9, Gorman 9, C. E. Cahoon 8, C. W. Budd 9, Stice 8, Barnes 9, Mosher 7, Wayper 8, Bowers 8, Benscotten 9, Frauenholz 5, Regadanz 8, Whitney 8, Upson 7, Jager 7, Richmond 9, A. G. North 6, Brummit 9, J. M. Greene 4, E. D. Keeney 7, Olmsted 9, Brumbaugh 2, McMurchy 7, J. E. Miller 7, B. White 9, Sheldon 9, L. W. Budd 8, L. S. Carter 9, Fleisher 7, Lee 8, T. O'Neil 5, Heikes 4, J. Parker 7, R. E. Franklyn 9, Daum 5, Peacock 7, Bandle 7, Clover 7, Heal 6, Ford 8, Henry W. Chamberlin 5, McFee 8, Vincent 8, Riblet 7, Courtney 6, Whiteside 8, Richard 7, Burnison 8, Waddell 9, and Fehrman 9. First divided after a shoot-off between Kelsey, Chandler, Starr, Gorman, C. W. Budd, Benscotten, Richmond, Sheldon, L. S. Carter, R. E. Franklyn, and Fehrman. Ties for second shot off, and divided between C. W. Hart, Wayper, Whitney, Vincent and Whitesides. Third awarded, after a shoot-off by Gore, McMurchy, J. Parker and Bandle.

Shoot No. 14.—Nine singles, open to all; entrance, $2.50. Purse, $44.10; $17.64 to first; $13.23 to second, $8.82 to third, and $4.41 to fourth: Murphy 9, Bandle 8, Sheldon 9, Wagner 9, "Tee Kay" 7, Charles Smith 7, Calhoun 9, S. G. Smith 8, C. H. Kelso 7, W. F. Quimby 7, Tamblyn 8, Marsh 7, Croy 9, Calhoun 8, C. W. Budd 9, E. D. Miller 9, Peacock 9, Prechtel 6, L. C. Andrews 5, Wheeler 6 and Lindsley 8. First and second divided by the 9 and 8 bird men. In 3 bird shoot off Kelso and Quimby won third money and Prechtel fourth.

Shoot No. 15, 6 pair, open to all, entrance $2; purse $99, $36 to first, $27 to second, $18 to third, and $9 to fourth:

McMurchy	10 11 11 11 11 11	11—11	Allen	10 10 00 11 00 01	— 5
Powers	10 11 11 00 10 11	— 8	S G Smith	11 11 11 11 11 11	—12
E D Miller	11 11 11 00 10 11	— 9	Bandle	10 10 00 11 11 10	— 7
Murphy	11 11 10 10 00 11	— 8	McFee	11 11 11 11 11 11	—12
Lindsley	11 11 11 11 10 11	—11	Fleischer	10 11 10 10 11 00	— 9
Benscotten	11 11 11 11 11 10	—11	Fehrman	10 01 11 01 11 10	— 7
Regadanz	01 11 11 11 10 11	—10	C Smith	11 11 11 01 11 11	—11
Carter	11 11 11 11 10 10	—10	J E Miller	11 10 10 10 10 10	— 7
Hickey	10 10 00 11 10 10	— 6	Parker	11 11 10 11 10 01	— 9
Franklyn	11 11 11 10 11 11	—11	Jones	00 10 10 11 11 00	— 6
J W Budd	10 11 11 01 10 11	— 9	Whitney	10 11 11 10 11 10	— 9
Osborne	01 01 11 11 11 10	—10	Jaeger	10 11 11 11 10 11	—10
Sheldon	11 11 11 11 01 00	— 9	"Tee Kay"	01 01 00 00 10 10	— 4
Kelsey	11 01 11 11 11 11	—11	Courtney	10 10 10 11 00 00	— 5
Roach	01 01 01 10 10 10	— 6	Clover	11 10 10 10 11 10	— 8
Peacock	10 10 11 11 11 10	—10	Riblet	11 11 00 00 11 10	— 7
C W Budd	11 11 11 11 11 11	—12	Quimby	11 11 01 11 11 11	—11
Stice	11 11 11 10 10 11	—10	Krieger	11 11 01 10 11 11	—11
Heikes	11 11 10 11 11 11	—11	Starr	11 11 11 10 10 11	—10
Bibbie	10 10 00 10 10 10	— 5	Chamberlain	11 10 11 10 10 00	— 7
Andrews	10 11 10 11 11 10	— 9	Messner	10 01 11 10 01 01	— 7
Wheeler	11 11 11 11 10 10	—10	Whitesides	01 11 11 10 10 11	— 9

First and second divided. Ties on 10 shot off and divided by Stice and Wheeler. Ties on 9 shot off and divided by E. D. Miller, J. W. Budd and Whitney.

Match between E. D. Miller and Heikes and Vincent and O'Neil at 100 birds each for $20 a side:

E D Miller	0111101111010111111111111111111111101000111	
	1111111111011011011111111111001111111111111111—87	
R D Heikes	1111111111111111111011111111100111111111111111	
	1101111111111111111111111111011111111111111111—95	
		182
Vincent	1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111	
	1111111111011111111111111111111111111111111111—96	
O'Neil	1111101111010100101111011111111111011111111111	
	1111110011111111111101111111111111011111111111—82	
		178

In this shoot Vincent equalled the highest score of the tournament, 96, and Heikes came but one bird behind with 95.

NEWARK, N. J., Sept. 14.—The Mountain Side Gun Club opened their grounds at South Orange for the fall season yesterday, and the weather being all that could be desired their neat little house was filled with members and friends. All who visit these grounds will not fail to recognize, without any special introduction, the vital force and hidden energy of the club. "Bogardus" Smith, while everywhere and full of attention, still never loses his turn, but toes the chalk mark and makes the chips fly. Having an eye to business he had leveled the rank grass and weeds, making a soft bed for the cripples to fall upon, and thus swell the salvage account. New guns figured prominently in the several events, which, together with the presence of such veterans as Brentnall and Von Lengerke, had a tendency to weaken some of the timid ones, but with a little practice the club will soon be in a position to extend a warm reception to kindred organizations. In the way of encouragement and as an incentive, the scores are appended, all events being at targets named and thrown from 3 screened traps set in 4th notch, 16 and 18yds. Entries voluntary and all ties divided.

First event, 10 clays:

Brientnall	1111111111—10	Reeves	1000010111— 5
Burnett	1111111101— 9	S Tillou	0110101003— 4
O von Lengerke	1110101111— 8	Riley	0101010010— 4
Smith	0111010111— 7	Stager	1001090100— 3
D Tillou	1010011110— 5	Coons	0001000100— 2

Second event, 10 clays:

Brientnall	1111011111— 9	Reeves	0100010011— 4
O von Lengerke	1111110111— 9	Coons	0100010100— 3
S Tillou	1101111111— 9	Riley	1000010010— 3
Burnett	1101100110— 6	D Tillou	1010010001— 4
Smith	1010111100— 6		

Third event, 10 bats:

D Tillou	1111111111—10	S Tillou	1101011111— 8
Brientnall	1111111111—10	Smith	0111011101— 7
Von Lengerke	1111111101— 9	Reeves	1011111010— 7
Burnett	1111101111— 9	Riley	1100110010— 5
A Sickley	1110111101— 8		

Fourth event, 10 bats:

Von Lengerke	1111111111—10	S Tillou	1011111011—8
Smith	1111111111—10	Reeves	0101000100—3
Breintnall	1111111111—10	Riley	0000000010—1
Burnett	1111111110— 9		

Fifth event, 10 bats:

Burnett	1111111111—10	Parry	1010111111—8
Breintnall	1111111111—10	Reeves	1010111101—7
S Tillou	1110111111— 9	Van Idestine	1001110101—6
Smith	1111010111— 8	Coon	0011101010—5

Sixth event, 10 bats:

Breintnall	1111111111—10	Parry	0111010011—6
S Tillou	1101111101— 8	Van Idestine	1011011001—6
Smith	1011111001— 7	Burnett	1000111101—6

Seventh event, 10 bats:

Smith	1111111111—10	Parry	1001011011—6
Breintnall	1111110111— 9	Vanimer	0100111000—4
Burnett	1111101111— 9		

ST. PAUL, Minn., Sept. 12.—The annual tournament of the St. Paul Gun Club was opened this morning under the most favorable conditions. The action of the club in offering generous guarantced prizes was rewarded by the entry of crack marksmen from all parts of the State, many of whom, while nominally amateurs under the stipulated conditions, possess the skill of professionals. Following are the winners in the five events to-day:

First event, 10 single Peorias.—First money divided by Baldwin, Skinner and Dalton, second money divided by Tuttle, Smith, Cutter, Newton and Forbes, third money divided by Shelley and Mass, fourth money divided by Kenneday and Brown, fifth prize, 250 loaded shells, Jones and Jones.

Second event, 15 singles.—First money, $40, Dalton; second, $30, divided by Noreen, Block, Forbes and Jones; third, $20, divided by West, Ahlstrom, Van Saun, Blakely and Kennedy; fourth prize 250 loaded shells, divided by Parker and Ensign, sixth prize, one quarter keg of powder, Stone.

Third event, 5 singles and 2 pairs Peorias.—First money divided by Catamaran, Van Saun, Block, Hunter, Skinner, Cutter and Ahlstrom, second divided by Noreen, Max and Lawrence, third divided by West, Kennedy and Ebner, Pfister fourth, Kenkle, fifth, 250 loaded shells.

Fourth event, 10 singles and 3 pairs Peorias—First money, $60, divided by Barnes and Hunter; second money, $45, divided by Jones, Forbes, Stone and Skinner; third money, $30, divided by Parker, Durant, Catamaran, West, Pfister and Block; fourth money, $15, Brown; fifth prize, 300 loaded shells, Holt; sixth prize, one-quarter keg powder, Kennedy.

Sept. 13.—The fine scores made in the first day's shooting of the St. Paul Gun Club attracted a large number of spectators to-day. The tournament has been the most successful in the history of the club; the prizes have been larger than ever before, and the contestants have been drawn from the ranks of the most expert marksmen in the Northwest.

Fifth event (unfinished from previous day's programme): first money divided by Kennedy, Block and Hunter; second money divided by Extine, Baldwin and Barnes; third money divided by Skinner, Smith, G. Pfister and Forbes; fourth money divided by Brown and Jones. Fifth prize, 250 loaded shells, Van Saun. Highest daily average, first day: first prize, hunting suit, Hunter; second prize, lap robe, Forbes.

Sixth event, entrance $1.50: first money divided by Dalton and Block; second money divided by Parker, West and Hanson; third money divided by Skinner, Catamaran, Jones and Forbes; fourth money, Stone. Fifth prize, quarter-keg powder, J. G. Smith.

Seventh event, entrance $3.50, 5 single and 3 pairs Peorias, $100 guaranteed—First money, $40, divided by Van Saun, Barnes and Forbes; second money, $30, divided by Brown, Newton, Block, Stone and Chantler; third money, $10, divided by Skinner, Noreen, Durant and Kennedy; fourth money, $10, Jones; fifth prize, pair hunting boots, Pfister; sixth prize, shell case, Ahlstrom.

Eighth event, entrance $4.50, 15 single Peorias, $150 guaranteed—First money, $60, Kennedy; second money, $45, divided by Skinner, West and Jones; third money, $30, divided by Block, Pfister, Ahlstrom, Baldwin and Barnes; fourth money, $15, divided by Fox, Van Saun, Blakeley and Brown; fifth prize, hunting coat, Newton; sixth prize, pair hip rubber boots, Lawrence.

Ninth event, entrance $2, 10 single and 2 pair Peorias—First money divided by Block, Shelley and Parker; second money divided by Blakeley, Skinner, Catamaran and Ahlstrom; third money, Brown; fourth money, J. Smith; fifth prize, gun case, Kennedy.

Chamber of Commerce badge contest, entrance $5, 26 Macomber metal targets and 12 pair Peorias, previous winner of badge to take all entrance fees; won by G. W. Baldwin, the present holder.

FRANKFORD, Phila., Sept. 15.—A select party of gentlemen went down to the Sportsmen's Gun Club grounds at Fernwood to-day, to witness what proved to be a very interesting match between Mr. J. H. Davis, of the Sportsmen's, and Mr. A. L. Lumb, of the North End Gun Club of Frankford. The shooting began at 2 P. M. Three matches of clay birds, 30 singles and 20 doubles. Good shooting was the order of the day, and exceptionally good and close scores were made. Mr. Muir acted as judge for Mr. Davis, and Mr. Jas. Wolstencroft performed a like service for Mr. Lumb. Mr. W. Gibbs, whom everyone seemed to like as a first-rate good fellow, made a very acceptable referee. $35 a side was put up, as an incentive only, and 12-bore guns were used, and by the way, there seems to be quite a disposition to put 10-bore guns on the shelf by the trap shooters of this section, and use 12-bore guns altogether.

First Match.

Lumb	11101101101011111111111111111101	11 11 11 11 11 01 11 11 11 01			—43
Davis	11111110110011111100110110111011	10 10 11 00 11 10 01 11 11 01			—35

Second Match.

Lumb	01101011011011111111111101111111	11 11 10 11 11 11 11 00 11 11			—42
Davis	11111111111111011111111110111	11 00 10 11 11 11 11 00 11 11			—43

Third Match.

Lumb	11111111111011111111111111011	11 11 10 11 11 11 11 01 11 11			—46
Davis	11011111011011001101111011111	11 11 11 11 11 10 11 11 11 11			—41

Mr. Davis seemed disposed to try conclusions again with Mr. Lumb, and if another match is arranged, I think that either one will have to make the fur fly to win.—J. C. S.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 14.—A very interesting match at standard pigeons thrown from the new standard trap was shot at the Wild West show to-day between Johnny Baker and one of Philadelphia's well-known amateurs, Mr. S. B. Vandegrift, as a result of a challenge from Mr. Vandegrift. The first match at single birds was won by Mr. Vandegrift, by one bird, and the second and final match by Johnny Baker, with the remarkable score of 50 straight birds. Mr. Vandegrift was only two birds behind him with 48 to his credit, making Baker's score the winning one by one bird only. All were loud in their praise of the standard traps and pigeons, as all birds broke perfectly in the air.

SARATOGA LAKE, Sept. 8.—Saratoga Gun Club's weekly practice shoot, single Lockport bats, 18yds., 5 screened traps, 10-bore guns:

Hull	1101111111111111111111111111—29
Coster	1111111111101111110111111111—28
Bocker	1011011101111110101111111001—24
Hull	1030111111111111111111010011—24
Coster	1101110111011111110111011111—25
Bocker	1101111111011111010001110101—21
White	1006001010003010111100011160—14
Hull	1011111111 — 9
Coster	1111110111 — 9
Thomas	1011001001100101101001111111—19
Coster	0110111111111101111111111111—27

10 Doubles, 18yds.:

Hull	11 10 11 11 01 11 01 11 10 00—14
Coster	11 11 10 01 10 11 10 11 10 11—15

CAPUCIN.

WELLINGTON, Mass., Sept. 15.—There was a fair attendance at the grounds of the Wellington Gun Club to-day, and some good scores were made in the sweepstake matches. The winners in the several events are as follows: 6 clay-pigeons, Chapin; 6 bluerocks, Melcher, Stanton and Wardwell; 6 bluerocks, Melcher and Peyson; 6 clay-pigeons, Swift; 6 bluerocks, Snow; 3 pairs clay-pigeon, Swift and Edwards; 6 bluerocks, Snow and Wardwell; 6 clay-pigeons, Stanton; 6 bluerocks, Stanton; 6 bluerocks, Stanton; 3 pairs clay-pigeons, Snow and Bond; 3 pairs bluerocks, Bond and Swift; 6 clay-pigeons straightaway, Stone; 6 bluerocks, Edwards, Savage and Stone.

MONTREAL, Sept. 13.—What proved certainly the biggest thing in the shooting line held in Montreal for years was brought off at Lepine Park to-day. It was a shoot at live birds, held under the auspices of the St. Hubert Gun Club, an event which has been looked forward to for some weeks by all local marksmen. The shooting all round was remarkably good, while some of the scores made were deemed wonderful, when the wind, light and conditions are taken into consideration. Mr. W. L. Cameron, winner of first prize, especially distinguished himself, killing 87 out of a grand total of 89. He has quite recovered his old form. The following are the scores. Sweepstakes at 20 live birds, 21yds. rise: Lebeuf 16, G. Lajeunesse 18, Marcoux 14, Smith 16, S. Chapleau 17, J Chapleau 17, Laveau 17, Brault 18, Lamoreaux 17, A. Contant 16, W. L. Cameron 18, Sicotte 17. Tie scores: Cameron 57, Brault 56, Lajeunnesse 17. Sweepstakes at 12 live birds, 21yds. rise: Cameron 12, Lajeunnesse 12, Lamoreaux 12, Chapleau 11, Contant 11, Bedard 11, Allan 11, Laveau 8, Boisseau 5. The three ties at 12 divided.

BROOKLYN, Sept. 8.—The members of the Fountain Gun Club were not to be deterred from holding their regular monthly shoot to-day at Dexter's Park, Long Island, by the rain. The shooting element of the club is not so large as in past years, but they still have some good shots in their ranks. Only seven went to the traps to shoot for the handsome club badge and extra prizes, and nearly all did some good shooting. The birds that Bondan furnished were strong ones and were in a hurry to get in out of the rain. The donor of the medal, Mr. C. A. Seddons, J. McDermott, and J. E. Lake killed 7 birds each, tieing for the emblem. On shooting off Seddons killed 6 more straight and won. J. E. Lake killed 5 out of 6 and J. McDermott 2 out of 3.

Canoeing.

Canvas Canoes and how to Build Them. By Parker B. Field. Price 50 cents. Canoe and Boat Building. By W. P. Stephens. Price $1.50. The Canoe Aurora. By C. A. Neide. Price $1. Canoe Handling. By C. B. Vaux. Price $1. Canoe and Camera. By T. S. Steele. Price 1.50. Four Months in a Sneakbox. By N. H. Bishop. Price $1.50. Canoe and Camp Cookery. By "Seneca." Price $1.

CAMPING AT THE MEETS.

AS very clearly set forth in the FOREST AND STREAM of Sept. 6, camp life at the A. C. A. meet this year differed in many respects from that of 1884. Perhaps a majority of canoeists consider this change a step in the wrong direction, but the remedy does not lie entirely with the officers of the Association. It is true that it is possible to bring the number of races down to eight events, one for each paddling class, excepting No. 1; one for Class A and one for Class B sailing; one sailing race, free to all, sail limited to 75ft., no ballast; a combined sailing race, and the trophy race. Let the members at meet arrange any other races they please; but the A. C. A. is not a racing organization.

Still the true remedy rests with individual members of the Association. We are too apt to drift with the tide. Can we not all meet next year at Grindstone (if possible) to repeat the never-to-be-forgotten meet of 1884? There should be no need of prizes to induce us to go back to camp life as it should be. Let the cooks and cruisers write and publish their individual ideas as to what is the necessary impediments for individual cooking and camping either on a cruise or at the meet. Should any deem this suggestion sufficiently meritorious to be adopted I will be glad to give a list of the articles which I find necessary and which can be carried in any canoe. LORNA.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., Sept. 10.

While it lies with the officers to select a place suitable for actual camp life, and apart from outside attractions, it rests entirely with the canoeists who attend a meet as to how much camping they will do. Our comments on the meet have served to awaken a very general interest in camping, and next year it is probable that the meet will show a very great improvement in this essential point. We hope to describe and illustrate the subject of camp and canoe gear this winter, and any suggestions from readers will be welcome. Perhaps "Lorna" will lead off with a description of his outfit.

IANTHE C. C., FALL REGATTA, SEPT. 15.

THE fall regatta of the Ianthe C. C. was held on Saturday, on the Passaic River, at Woodside. The day was fair, but with a good breeze for the sailing races, and a large number of ladies were present. Vice-Com. Stephens and Mr. Walter Stewart sailed up in the Tomboy, while Messrs. Wilkin, Nadal and other came out by rail. The first race was for Class 1., paddling, for the Commodor's cup, to be won three times, Mr. W. R. Burling having won it in 1886-7. The starters were:

1. ——, Gabriel Reevs, Yonkers.
2. Scoot, L. B. Palmer, Ianthe.
3. Addie E., W. R. Burling, Ianthe.
4. Redante, A. C. Molloy, Arlington.

Mr. Reevs paddled a very light Canadian canoe.

The second race was the unlimited sailing, course 1½ miles, the novice race being started at the same time over one-half the course. The wind was very squally, sometimes falling to a calm, and then coming hard off the hills. The starters were:

1. Essex, G. W. Cox, Essex.
2. Atalanta, L. B. Palmer, Ianthe.
3. Idlemere, J. L. Douglas, Ianthe.

Novices' race:

1. Will o' the Wisp, W. D. Anderson, Essex.
2. Wind, P. F. Hogan, Ianthe.
3. Bachelor, Barron Fredericks, Ianthe.
4. ——, W. Scott, Essex.

Essex won by a good lead, and Will o' the Wisp was first in the novices' race.

The sailing upset had only 3 starters, Mr. Palmer winning easily.

1. Atalanta, L. B. Palmer, Ianthe.
2. Wind, P. F. Hogan, Ianthe.
3. Old Ironsides, Geo. P. Douglas, Ianthe.

Mr. Palmer righted his canoe very quickly, though carrying over 100ft. of sail. The "man overboard" race was sailed with two in the canoe, one jumping overboard at the signal and being picked up.

1. Bachelor, B. Fredericks with W. T. Marvin.
2. Wind, P. F. Hogan with H. S. Farmer.

Marvin and Farmer went over at the signal, afterward regaining their boats. Bachelor won.

The tandem paddling had two entries:

1. Bachelor, Fredericks and Burling, Ianthe.
2. Egret, T. D. Palmer and Pierson, Ianthe.

Bachelor again won.

The standing-on-deck-paddling had four starters, Bachelor winning:

1. Bachelor, Barron Fredericks, Ianthe.
2. ——, H. S. Farmer, Ianthe.
3. Wind, P. F. Hogan, Ianthe.
4. Nita, W. F. Marvin, Ianthe.

The junior paddling, classes III. and IV., had 4 starters, being won by Mr. W. Myers of the Bayonne C. C.

1. ——, W. Myers, Bayonne.
2. ——, W. B. Daly, Arlington.
3. Cynthia, W. J. Stewart, Ianthe.
4. Egret, J. V. L. Pierson, Ianthe.

The senior paddling had 3 starters, Bachelor again winning.

1. Bachelor, Barron Fredricks, Ianthe.
2. ——, Wm. Myers, Bayonne.
3. Atalanta, L. B. Palmer, Ianthe.

The hurry-scurry race had 3 starters.

1. ——, H. S. Farmer, Ianthe.
2. Old Ironsides, Geo. P. Douglas, Ianthe.
3. Bachelor, Barron Fredricks, Ianthe.

Only two started in the paddling upset, Mr. Palmer turning his canoe entirely over while sitting inside, while Mr. Douglas's canoe sank with him.

1. Atalanta, L. B. Palmer, Ianthe.
2. Old Ironsides, Geo. P. Douglas, Ianthe.

The tournament was, as usual, very amusing, though the lances were replaced by brooms. The competitors were:

1. Wind, P. F. Hogan, paddler, H. S. Farmer, lanceman.
2. Bachelor, W. F. Marvin, paddler, B. Fredericks, lanceman.

At the first fierce charge the crew of the Bachelor bit the dust, but soon righted and bailed out their craft and challenged to a second charge. This was fought stubbornly for some ten minutes, with no advantage to either side, but finally victory perched on the broom of the Wind.

After this race the prizes, consisting of silk flags, camping and canoe gear and other useful articles, were presented by Mr. Wilkin, after which a supper was served in the meeting room of the club house, the evening being spent with songs and music by the banjoist of the club. A number of the visitors camped in the club house over night, starting for home in the morning.

CANOE RACING ON THE DELAWARE.—The Quaker City Y. C. will hold its first open regatta on Sept. 27, at Gloucester, opposite Philadelphia, and among the many events it has arranged for sailing and paddling races for canoes, as follows: Sailing, unlimited and 75ft. limit; paddling, single and tandem, each 1 mile; standing, hand paddling, upset. The races are open to all yachts or canoes belonging to recognized clubs. Entries must be in writing on the club's blanks, and must be sent by Sept. 25 to A. F. Bancroft, Room 17, No. 114 South Sixth street, Philadelphia. No entrance fee will be charged.

Yachting.

Small Yachts. By C. P. Kunhardt. Price $7. Steam Yachts and Launches. By C. P. Kunhardt. Price $5. Yachts, Boats and Canoes. By C. Stansfield-Hicks. Price $3.50. Steam Machinery. By Donaldson. Price $1.50.

EASTERN Y. C.

FALL REGATTA, SEPT. 14.

THE race of the Eastern Y. C. on Friday last may seem a comparatively flat and tame affair after some of the exciting races over the same course in 1885, 1886 and 1887, in which Volunteer, Puritan, Mayflower, Priscilla, Sachem and Iroquois had met so often, but at the same time there are several points in the present race that are as important and instructive as any that have been brought out in the more showy races of the larger classes. The first point, and one that specially concerns the leading yacht clubs, is that in spite of all that has been done to foster and develop racing in the larger classes, the sport has not vitality enough to carry itself creditably through the season, but quietly collapsed with the end of the New York Y. C. cruise, save for one last spurt at New York to-day. At the same time, more by chance than by dint of any special patronage or encouragement, a practically new class of racers has arisen, in which not only are the entries good, but the interest is so keen that one race is followed by another immediately; as at Marblehead in June, at Larchmont last month, and again at Marblehead last Saturday.

The doings of Volunteer and her class have excited little interest this season; Sachem, Grayling and Sea Fox have had few decisive meetings, and only two or three entries have graced the races of the 70ft. class; but the new 40-footers have already compelled a notice from all yachtsmen, and their races are watched with no less interest than attended the big boats last year. This interest is in no way due to any extraneous feature, such as superiority in size over the older yachts or the fact that such a trophy as the America's Cup is at stake, or from any international rivalry; the prizes are merely nominal, the surroundings are purely local, and the interest arises solely from the equality in size between all the competitors and the fact that each is manned and handled as a racing yacht should be.

The name which the class has made for itself in one short season with no outside aid; the number and quality of the entries, and the great value of the results which must follow from the hard racing of so many different models of practically the same size, should prove to all clubs the importance of encouraging the class as far as possible, rather than in wasting money on larger classes that never fill. It is not necessary to give up racing in the larger classes, but a glance at the list of entries for this season will show at once what we have contended for some time—that the conditions under which yachting is carried on in America are not favorable to the maintenance of a racing class of large yachts, to be kept up in first-class racing form from June to October to the practical exclusion of cruising.

Owing to the fact that nearly all in the class are new this year, and not ready until late in the season, the races of the 40-footers have not yet been definite or conclusive in their results, but every one who is at all familiar with the wide range of the class in respect to model, from Crocodile and Rival to Baboon and Minerva, will admit that more may be learned from the racing of these boats than from any other class, large or small, in the country.

It is only at the end of the season that the new boats are fairly in racing trim, and though several races will probably be sailed in which three or four of them will compete, the season is apt to close without such a thorough test of all the craft as is in every way desirable, thus postponing for another year knowledge of a most valuable kind which might be utilized during the winter. The matter is of so much importance both to owners and designers that the clubs could not do better than to take it entirely in hand, and organize a series of thorough test races for the class. One or two races sailed in chance weather will not do it, what is needed is to bring all the yachts in the 40ft. class together on some good course, and to sail not less than five races, barring flukes and drifting matches as far as possible.

As the object is to test racing boats under racing conditions there should be no restrictions on sail, and professional skippers should be allowed if desired, in order that there may be no backing out on the part of a Corinthian who is familiar with the boat, as sometimes happens. If necessary high prizes should be offered; the clubs might easily make up a purse of $1,000 for first and $500 for second. A series of races of this kind under proper management and with such a fleet as Pappoose, Baboon, Xara, Banshee, Minerva, Chiquita, Crocodile, Nymph and Rival, would be watched by yachtsmen at home and abroad with as much interest as any of the late cup races, and the results would be the most important and conclusive that the yachting world has ever known. Such a series of races is perfectly practicable if taken in hand at once, though the season is too far gone to permit of much delay. Probably every yacht named could be induced to start, and it will be a decided loss of time if the season is allowed to close without more definite results than have thus far been obtained.

Besides the size of the entries in the E. Y. C. regatta, it was noteworthy that out of a fleet of seventeen starters only four were centerboards, one of them being Chiquita with 7ft. 3in. draft and keel. As far as the East is concerned, the keel question seems pretty well settled up to a draft of 10 or 11ft., and except in the smallest and largest classes the centerboard has abandoned the fight.

Not only were the centerboards in a small minority in the present case, but though they represented the very best of their class, the famous old Vixen and the invincible Fanita, besides the fast little flyer Atalanta, they were all badly beaten by the keel boats, the winner in the fifth class being the new Watson cutter Bayadere, beating Fanita by over 5m. and Vixen 10m. corrected time.

The Eastern Y. C. has not been successful in its racing this year, both the spring and fall regattas having been failures so far as the large yachts were concerned, but the season cannot be counted as lost when it has proven the three important points of the special adaptability of the 40ft. class for the purposes of keen match sailing, the practical withdrawal of the centerboards in favor of the keel, and the superiority of the keel in point of speed. We learn that several new boats are already in prospect for the same class, and the number is likely to reach half a dozen before spring.

The sum of $1,500 was appropriated for prizes, the course being the fairest and best on the Atlantic coast, but not a yacht entered in the large classes, either schooners or singlestickers, the only entries being:

CLASS 5.

	Rig.	L.W.L.	Beam.	Draft.	Allow
Fanita, T. H. Shepherd	C.B. sloop	44 00	17 00	5 00	...
Vixen, W. C. Loring	C.B. sloop	44 01	16 00	5 04	.34
Bayadere	K. cutter	45 00	9 11	8 00	2.21

CLASS 6.

Chiquita, A. Homenway	K.&C.B. cut.	39 06	13 08	7 06	...
Baboon, C T Adams	K. cutter	39 06	13 06	8 03	.38
Xara, C. J. Means	K. cutter	39 06	13 04	8 03	1.17
Pappoose, Simpkins&Thayer	K. cutter	36 00	12 06	7 06	7.38

SPECIAL CLASS.

Marguerite, C. H. Taylor, Jr.	K. cutter	28 00	10 06	7 00	...
Saracen, W. P. Fowle	K. cutter	29 03	10 00	6 06	.15
Elf, W. H. Wilkinson	K. cutter	28 10	11 00	6 06	2.17
Mignon, Horatio Babson	K. cutter	28 00	...	6 00	3.42
Beetle	K. cutter	29 04	7 10	6 00	4.18
Atalanta, I. R. Thomas	C.B. sloop	27 07	11 11	3 06	4 18
Prince Karl, E. L. Williams	K. cutter	28 06	8 11	5 07	5.30
Ione, J. S. Poyen	K. sloop	25 07	10 00	5 06	6.46
Swordfish, J. B. Paine	K. cutter	23 06	9 00	5 06	9.15
Siva					10.08

A special arrangement was made for the small class, the yachts being entered in the Corinthian Y. C. and not in the Eastern.

The courses were for classes 5 and 6 an eight mile triangle, commencing from the starting line, off Marblehead Rock, leaving outer Pig Rocks Buoy on starboard, to Graves Whistling Buoy, leaving on port, thence to a mark, consisting of a small raft, 8 miles east, leaving the same on port, to the finish line, 24 miles.

Special class, 8 miles to the southeast mark, leaving it on port and return, 16 miles.

The wind at the start was N.W., about a 10-knot breeze, with the last of the ebb to help over the first leg. The preparatory whistle blew at 11:30, with the start at 11:40 for fifth and sixth classes, Pappoose going over first with Xara on her lee beam, and Chiquita and Baboon a little to leeward of the latter. The fifth class followed the others, Fanita having a good lead, with Vixen to windward of Bayadere. On board of Chiquita were Messrs. Hemenway, Edward and Sidney Burgess, Dr. John Bryant and Capt. Crocker, while Baboon was sailed by Messrs. C. F. and Geo. Adams, her owners; Xara by Capt. Harry Haff, Jr., and Pappoose by Capt. Watson. All carried clubtopsails and jibtopsails, except Pappoose and Chiquita, who were contented with jibheaders. The special class was started at 11:45, Atalanta leading over the line. Most of them carried a reefed mainsail and sprittopsail with spinaker. The start was timed:

Pappoose	11 40 33	Siva	11 45 45
Xara	11 40 36	Marguerite	11 45 48
Chiquita	11 40 42	Saracen	11 46 00
Baboon	11 40 50	Mignon	11 46 00
Fanita	11 41 02	Beetle	11 46 00
Bayadere	11 41 23	Prince Karl	11 46 00
Vixen	11 41 24	Atalanta	11 46 02
Swordfish	11 45 31	Elf	11 46 48
Ione	11 45 38		

Xara did well from the start, but finally the larger boats shook her off, Fanita leading the fleet, with Bayadere pushing her. Near Egg Rock the wind shifted a little to the westward. Xara and Baboon had a hard fight for the lead in their class, both being very close to Vixen. Bayadere began to gain on Fanita, and overtook her before the mark was reached, getting the best of a little luffing match. The times at first mark were:

Fanita	12 39 30	Baboon	12 40 47
Bayadere	12 39 47	Chiquita	12 41 45
Vixen	12 40 04	Pappoose	12 42 02
Xara	12 40 18		

The wind thus far had been fairly steady, but now it fell and at the same time varied in direction, giving a chance for some fluking. Some of the boats carried spinakers, others to port, or starboard as occasion served, while some could not carry them at all. After several calm streaks the wind came out S.E. when the leaders were near the second mark, both Xara and Bayadere profiting by the first of the breeze. The times at the second mark were:

Xara	3 41 40	Pappoose	3 48 28
Bayadere	3 42 15	Fanita	3 48 35
Chiquita	3 47 10	Vixen	3 49 07
Baboon	2 48 09		

Xara and Bayadere tried a luffing match at the beginning of the last leg in which the former was victorious. The wind was now ahead but very light and unsteady during the whole of the leg. Xara and Bayadere led their classes and won very easily. The special class carried spinakers over the first leg, Saracen and Swordfish holding to the eastward and Marguerite and Ione sailing more to the south. Mignon was near to Saracen and turned second at the mark, the times being:

Saracen	1 06 30	Prince Karl	1 24 05
Mignon	1 07 26	Beetle	1 24 58
Swordfish	1 14 20	Atalanta	1 25 13
Siva	1 20 46	Marguerite	1 25 21
Ione	1 22 15		

On the way home Atalanta and Ione gave up. The official summary of the race is as follows:

Fifth Class Sloops—Over 40ft. and not over 46ft. waterline; first prize, $100; cutter Bayadere wins:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Bayadere	11 41 23	5 18 31	5 37 08	5 44 47
Fanita	11 41 02	5 20 56	5 39 54	5 39 54
Vixen	11 41 24	5 26 38	5 45 15	5 44 41

Sixth Class Sloops—Over 35ft. and not over 40ft. waterline; first prize, $75; cutter Xara wins:

Xara	11 40 36	5 12 04	5 51 28	5 30 11
Pappoose	11 40 33	5 30 46	5 50 13	5 42 35
Chiquita	11 40 42	5 24 21	5 43 39	5 43 39
Baboon	11 40 50	5 29 55	5 49 05	5 48 28

Special Race—Yachts belonging to any yacht club, 25 to 30ft. l.w.l.; cutter Saracen wins first prize, $50; Mignon second prize, $25:

Saracen	11 46 00	3 14 13	3 24 30	3 29 14
Mignon	11 46 00	3 20 05	3 35 06	3 31 23
Marguerite	11 45 48	3 29 53	3 44 53	3 44 53
Swordfish	11 45 31	3 45 52	4 00 52	3 51 36
Siva	11 45 45	3 48 28	4 03 31	3 53 20
Elf	11 48 44	3 44 53	3 59 53	3 57 36
Beetle	11 46 00	3 54 41	4 09 41	4 05 25
Prince Karl	11 46 00	3 59 01	4 14 01	4 08 30
Ione	11 45 38	Did not finish.		
Atalanta	11 42 02	Did not finish.		

While the wind was very fluky and unsatisfactory, the conditions were fair enough to show a decided victory for Bayadere, especially when her rig and the light weather are considered, with the reputations of both her antagonists in light weather, for which Fanita, at least, is especially rigged. Xara's performance was especially good, as she beat both her own class and that above her.

After the race, Com. W. F. Weld, of the Eastern Y. C. offered a challenge cup to cost $250 for the class from 35 to 46ft., to be held by the winner subject to challenge up to July 1, 1889; to be held permanently only when won twice in succession. The first race was arranged for the following day, but only the four Burgess boats, Pappoose, Baboon, Chiquita and Xara entered.

WELD CHALLENGE CUP—SEPT. 15.

It was arranged to sail this race in connection with the Corinthian regetta, and at 1:15 P. M. the tug York, with the judges, Messrs. F. B. Crowninshield and E. W. Hodgkins, were off Marblehead Rock and the preparatory signal was blown. The interval was 5 minutes, with a one gun start. The times were: Baboon, 1:20:29; Xara, 1:20:42; Pappoose, 1:20:58; Chiquita, 1:21:35.

The wind was S. E. fresh, and a course of 8 knots to windward was logged off by the tug. All crossed on port tack, each boat in turn, as she shaved the weather end of the line, shooting well out to windward. Baboon soon led decidedly, with Xara second, but Pappoose came up and passed her, taking second place. There was now a good breeze and a moderate sea, all having the wind and water alike, so that the fight was a very fair one. Pappoose continued to gain and after some 40 minutes she caught and passed Baboon to windward. At 2:25 Baboon went on starboard tack, followed by the others. Chiquita held a good wind and footed very fast, making up gradually what she had lost at the start, catching Baboon at the mark. The latter had lost ground for a time on the starboard tack, but broke tacks finally and picked up a little breeze that sent her ahead of the others. She and Xara came together at the mark, but as she had the starboard tack Xara had to give way and Baboon turned well ahead of her. As Baboon rounded she carried away a backstay and the hollow topmast went over the side, throwing her out of the race. The turn was timed: Chiquita, 3:20:05; Baboon, 3:20:30; Xara, 3:23:50; Papoose, 3:24:00. Spinakers were set to port and balloon jibtopsails run up, the three traveling very fast. Pappoose man-

aged to hold Xara all the way in, though nearly 4ft. shorter, while Chiquita outran the pair. The official summary is:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Chiquita	1 21 35	4 25 18	3 03 43	3 05 18
Pappoose	1 20 58	4 30 15	3 09 17	3 05 25
Xara	1 20 42	4 29 44	3 09 02	3 09 18
Baboon	1 20 29	Disabled.		

Elapsed time to outer mark: Chiquita, 1:58:30; Baboon, 2:03:15; Xara, 2:03:08; Pappoose, 2:03:02.

Chiquita allows Xara 26s. and Pappoose 4m. 40s.

Time from starting whistle, 1:20 o'clock: Chiquita beats the Pappoose; actual time, 4m. 57s.; corrected time, 17s. On handicap time—Actual time, 5m. 31s.; corrected time 54s. Chiquita beats Xara, starting whistle time—Actual time, 4m. 26s.; corrected time, 4m. Handicap time—Actual, 5m. 19s. corrected time, 4m. 53s.

Chiquita has 17 seconds leeway over Pappoose, but on account of the closeness of the race on corrected time, they will have to be remeasured.

NEW ROCHELLE Y. C. MOSQUITO FLEET.

THE number of small craft of all sorts has greatly increased within the last three or four years about New York, the old catboat, once the sole resort of the amateur sailor, being replaced by a large fleet of all models and sizes, from the singlehander with a cabin down to a racing canoe. Thus far little has been done to promote the interests of these cruisers, but the New Rochelle Y. C. has started the good work by a regatta, held on Sept. 15, under the following conditions:

"Entrance fee, $3 for each boat, the combined stakes to purchase a silver bowl for first prize, and a U. S. yacht ensign for second prize; this regatta is open to canoes, open rowboats, St. Lawrence skiffs, sneakboxes, duck boats and small cruisers; no restrictions as to number or area of sails; crew to be limited to two persons in each boat; the time allowance will be computed on length over all, and based on the Larchmont Y. C. table of allowances. The start and finish will be across an imaginary line drawn from the New Rochelle Y. C. house to the spindle southwest, known as Bailey's Rock. The course will be to and around striped buoy west of Execution Lighthouse, thence to and around stakeboat anchored two miles northeast of Execution Lighthouse, thence to starting line; distance, 6 miles; stakeboat and all buoys on Execution Reef to be left on port hand; if the wind should be southwest, the order of going out will be reversed, and stakeboat and buoys left on starboard side. At the firing of the gun on Echo Island at 2 P. M., 10 minutes will be allowed to make ready; a flying start to be made at the firing of the second gun at 2:10 P. M. Mr. Amos Brown, New Rochelle, N. Y., will act as stakeholder, and receive entrance fees; Mr. John S. Nicholas will act as judge.

The starters were:

Lestris	Yawl	Dr. Ledyard.
Chamberlain	Cat-rigged rowboat	C. Chamberlain.
Puck	St. Lawrence skiff	J. W Gibson.
Unique	Whitehall boat	F. B. Jones.
Angelita	Rushton rowboat	A. W. Naumann.
Polly	Lateen and jigger	C. T. Strauss.
Erl	Cat-rigged rowboat	F. W. Lawton.
Bess	Balance lug	Louis Rahner.
Surprise	Cat-rigged rowboat	C. M. Bird.

The start was made at 2:32 P. M., the fleet getting over quickly. Unique took the lead and held it to the finish. Puck found the water too rough, so gave up and returned. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Chamberlain	2 30 10	4 34 33	2 04 23	1 58 58
Erl	2 33 13	4 19 23	1 47 10	1 40 27
Puck	2 35 55	Did not finish.		
Lestris	2 33 19	4 24 32	1 51 13	1 46 46
Unique	2 33 26	4 13 41	1 40 15	1 40 15
Surprise	2 33 40	4 36 34	2 02 54	1 58 45
Polly	2 33 51	Did not finish.		
Bess	2 33 55	4 29 16	1 56 21	1 55 27
Angelita	2 36 31	Time not taken.		

Winners—First prize, Unique; second prize, Erl; difference in time 12s.

QUAKER CITY Y. C.—The first open regatta of the Quaker City Y. C. will be sailed on Sept. 27, starting off Gloucester, N. J., opposite Philadelphia. The race will be open to all boats enrolled in recognized yacht or canoe clubs, the classes being: Schooners—First class, 60ft. and over, l.w.l.; second class, less than 60ft. Sloops, cutters and yawls—First class, more than 38ft. l.w.l.; second class, 32ft. and less than 38ft.; third class, 26ft. and less than 32ft.; fourth class, less than 26ft. Open yachts, jib and mainsail—Class A, more than 26ft. l.w.l.; Class B, less than 26ft. Open yachts, cat—Class C, more than 26ft. l.w.l.; Class D, 20ft. and less than 26ft.; Class E, less than 20ft. Tuckups—Third class, unlimited sail, more than 15ft. 3in. in length, 4ft. 7in. beam; fourth class, unlimited sail, not more than 15ft. 3in. in length, 4ft. 4in. beam; fifth class, 56ft. and under around the bolt rope, and not more than 15ft. 3in. in length, 4ft. 6in. beam, and 15in. in depth. Duckers—First class, unlimited sail, not more than 15ft. 3in. in length, 4ft. 2in. beam; first class, 49ft. and under around the bolt rope, and not more than 15ft. 3in. in length, 4ft. 2in. beam, and not to carry more than three men; second class, 38ft. and under around the bolt rope, and not more than 15ft. 3in. in length, 4ft. 2in. beam, and not to carry more than two men. Canoes—Sailing—Sail area unlimited; sail area limited to 75sq. ft. Paddling—Single, 1 mile; tandem, same course; standing, 200yds.; hand, 100yds.; upset, 500yds. A first prize will be awarded in each class in which two enter and start; a second in which four enter and start, and a third prize in which seven enter and start. Entries on the club blanks must be made to the regatta committee on or before 6 P. M. Tuesday, Sept. 25, addressed to A. F. Bancroft, Room 17, No. 114 South Sixth street, Philadelphia. No entrance fee will be charged. A very large number of entries is expected, and the fleet will be a most unique and interesting one.

BEVERLY Y. C. 13STH REGATTA.—Marblehead, Sept. 13.—Sail-off for third class pennants. Course: Leaving R. buoy No. 6 on starboard, Bowditch's Ledge beacon and stakeboat off Curb's Point on port, B. buoy No. 7, 5 and 3 and buoy on Selman's Berth on starboard and return; 7½ miles. Wind strong west.

	Length.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Cor.
Wraith, H. P. Benson	22.10	1 34 05	1 03 08	1 29 03	1 18 14
Nerina, R. Saltonstall	21.10	1 34 45	1 03 50	1 29 05	1 17 18
Holden, G. Dexter	21.11	1 34 47	1 05 50	1 31 03	1 19 22

Pennant for best corrected time won and held by Nerina. Pennant for best actual time won and held by Wraith. Champions for 1888, corrected time: First class, Atalanta; second class, Sprite; third class, Nerina; fourth class, Psyche. Holders of pennants for best actual time, 1888: First class, Atalanta; second class, Witch; third class, Wraith; fourth class, Psyche.

139th regatta, 4th open sweepstake, Monument Beach, Sept. 13.—Courses, sloop class, leaving buoy No. 5 on starboard, Bowbells Buoy, Scrag Neck, Buoy No. 10 and Buoy No. 3 on port, and return, 13¾ miles. First class, leaving Pine's Buoy on starboard, Bird Island Light Buoy and Pine's Buoy on port, and return, distance 11 miles; third class, leaving Pine's Buoy, Abel's Ledge Buoy, judges' boat and Pine's Buoy on starboard, and return, 8 miles; fourth class, leaving Pine's Buoy, judges' boat and Pine's Buoy on starboard, and return, 6½ miles. Wind S.W. to S., moderate.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
SLOOP CLASS.			
Ramona, M. N. Bray	36.00	3 13 01	3 09 33
Reliance, N. H. Emmory	35.05	3 29 19	3 23 20
Carita, Geo. Weld	32.09	4 04 18	3 57 39
FIRST CLASS.			
Surprise, J. M. Codman	27.03	2 23 36	2 13 03
Mucilage, C. C. Hanley	29.06	2 24 02	2 15 47
Mist, Geo. Lyman, Jr.	27.00	2 25 23	2 14 39
Mattie, Vice-Commodore Stockton	28.10	2 33 33	2 24 39
THIRD CLASS.			
Daisy, Vice-Commodore Stockton	21 01	2 12 15	1 58 53
Petrel, Geo. H. Richards	20.07	2 13 29	1 59 34
Star, W. C. Bray	20.07	2 15 36	2 01 41
Dolly, A. Hardy	22.08	2 19 57	2 08 15
Eleanor, John Parkinson	23.08	2 25 40	2 14 56
Bertha, Z. Huckins, Jr.	21.04	2 25 50	2 12 44
FOURTH CLASS.			
Edith, J. Chapman	16.05	1 39 51	1 27 25
Toney, Jos. Jefferson	18.07	1 55 22	1 42 05
Redwing, Eben Holmes	17.07	Withdrawn.	

Winners of first prize, class one, Surprise, Mist second; class three, Daisy, Petrel second; class four, Edith, Toney second; special class, Ramona. Judge, W. Lloyd Jeffries. Judges' boat, Pathfinder.

HAMILTON Y. C.—A race was sailed on Sept. 15, for the White Wings cup, the starters being, Cyprus, White Wings, Stella, Comet, Coquette, Psyche, Alert and Flight. The course was 12 miles, with a fresh N.E. breeze. The cup and championship of the bay were won by White Wings, with Coquette second, Cyprus third, and Psyche fourth. On the result of this race also Cyprus wins the third class championship with two firsts and one second, Coquette takes second with one first and two seconds.

CORINTHIAN Y. C., MARBLEHEAD.—The sail-off in the second class keels of the Corinthian Y. C. took place off Marblehead on Sept. 12, in a light and variable wind. The starters were Swordfish, Carmita and Witch. The latter carried away her topmast through the straining of the shroud after she had gone two miles, and then withdrew. The times were:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Swordfish, J. B. Paine	34.01	2 43 20	2 43 20
Carmita, F. E. Peabody	21.02	Time not taken.	
Witch, B. B. Crowninshield	23.03	Disabled.	

The 25th regatta was sailed on Sept. 15 in a strong S. E. wind. The times were:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
FIRST CLASS.			
Saracen, W. P. Fowle	30.10	1 48 27	1 21 55
Elf, W. H. Wilkinson	29.02	1 51 28	1 23 31
Mignon, H. Babson	28.10	1 54 57	1 26 42
Marguerite, C. H. Taylor, Jr.	29.08	1 55 45	1 28 14
Siva, H. O. Ward	25.00	2 12 15	1 40 11
SECOND CLASS.			
Swordfish, J. B. Paine	24.04	2 11 30	1 38 41
THIRD CLASS.			
Mosca, A. H. W. Foster	19.10	1 18 10	0 54 50
Wraith, J. B. Benson	19.02	1 20 45	0 56 57
Sachem, R. O. Floyd	20.03	1 25 13	1 03 23
Kathleen, R. S. Peabody	20.06	1 26 25	1 03 49
Vaga, F. W. Friend	18.10	Disabled.	
CENTERBOARDS.			
Hoiden, A. R. Dexter	20.11	1 21 53	0 59 17
Nerena, R. Saltonstall	20.11	1 22 25	1 00 09
Myrtle, R. C. Poor	19.00	1 24 29	1 00 31
Corsair, C. H. Mellett	18.10	1 29 55	1 05 45
Pixy, F. W. Chandler	20.09	1 31 00	1 08 36
Dolphin, R. P. Robing, disabled.			

The judges were William A. Taylor, F. N. Stearns and Edwin F. Harriman.

RACING ON THE DELAWARE.—*Editor Forest and Stream* The Cook—Anderson race (two men in a boat) from Cooper's Point to Reedy Island and return (100 miles) took place on Sept. 4, starting at 10 A.M. Wind light N.E., flood tide. The Anderson took the lead, holding it to the horseshoe. Tide began to set down stream at 1.10 P.M. at Fort Mifflin; Cook ¼ mile in the lead, wind S.W., a dead beat. At Chester Cook 1 mile ahead and gradually getting away. When the Indges' boat (Wilkins) came to at Pennsgrove at 5.25 P.M. the boats were out of sight in the rear. Both anchored at 6.35 P.M. under the highlands of Christeen, flood tide. Cook 1½ miles ahead. Night set in dark and threatening. Wilkins under way at 1.08 A.M. 5th, double reefed and stood to westward, wind S.W., could not find race boats in the impenetrable blackness. Did not pass a vessel of any kind under way. Sighted Reedy Island light 4.10 A.M. on 5th, came to at light 6.05, flood tide, and reported to Mr. Geo. W. Jones, the affable keeper; the ladies kindly furnished a hat to one of our crew. Left at 6.48 A.M. Anderson rounded Island 7.15 A.M., Cook 10.45 A.M. on 5th as per keeper's report to writer. Anderson passed judges' boat off Deepwater Point, homeward bound in tow of a tug, and was ruled out of the race. Anchored at Old Man's Point 1.05 P.M., ebb tide, no wind. Got under way 2.10 P.M. in a stiff northeaster that increased to a moderate gale, double-reefed, came to at Gloucester 4 miles from Cooper's Point 8.05 P.M. Left here at 8 A.M. on 6th, beat up against wind and tide, arriving at 10 A.M., making the entire run in just 48 hours. Cook arrived at 10 P.M., making the run in 60 hours, and winning the race. Considering the dirty weather, the time is creditable to Captain Cook, his mate and his little namesake. Why the captain of the Anderson showed the white feather is best known to himself, as boat and rigging were intact when arriving at the Point. Captain Cook will wager that he can cover the same ground in the same boat in 36 hours.—R. G. WILKINS, Capt. Judges' Boat. *Copy of Judges' Report:* Yachts Anderson and Cook, race from Cooper's Point to Reedy Island and return. Left Cooper's Point 10 A.M. on Sept. 4, rounded Reedy Island, Anderson 7.15 A.M., Cook 10.45 A.M. on 5th, Anderson took a tow homeward bound and was ruled out. Cook arrived at Cooper's Point 10 P.M. on 6th and wins.—WM. D. CLARKE, HUGH KING, Judges of Race.

MARBLEHEAD Y. C., SEPT. 15.—The final race of the season was sailed by the Marblehead Y. C. on Sept. 15, the times being:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
FIRST CLASS.			
Mist, I. R. Thomas	14.05	1 11 41	1 07 59
Inez, Joe Bowden	17.02	1 15 06	1 14 16
Zip, J. Dennis	15.04	1 20 59	1 18 23
Ella, Peter Cortee	17.08	Did not finish.	
Milo, E. Mason	16.00	Did not finish.	
SECOND CLASS.			
Perhaps, B. B. Crowninshield	12.10	0 57 02	0 53 18
Ruth, J. Dunlop	12.00	0 58 10	0 53 45
Estelle, Dunlop & Pierce	11.08	1 03 50	0 59 02
FIRST CASS DORIES.			
Dou, Blaney & High	16.04	1 21 05	1 19 30
Anna L., Harry Martin	15.06	1 23 00	1 20 30
Lone Star, Joseph Stacey	16.04	1 23 52	1 22 52
SECOND CLASS DORIES.			
Ethel, H. Stone	12.06	0 56 17	0 52 13
Jay Gee, F. B. Litchman	16.07	1 01 50	0 58 02
Countess, H. C. Snow	12.06	1 13 25	1 09 21
Heron, W. E. Bowden	12.06	Disabled.	

LARCHMONT Y. C., OPEN BOATS, SEPT. 15.—A very good race of open boats was sailed on Saturday by the Larchmont Y. C., the courses being: From buoy on Hen and Chickens Reef to and around Mattinicock Buoy and return, sailed twice over; 15 miles. The start was made at 1:35 P. M., the wind being moderate from the S.E., shifting later to E. Before reaching Mattinicock Susie S. capsized and was towed home by an oyster sloop after being righted by the judges' boat. The times were:

CLASS I.—JIB AND MAINSAIL.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Ananda	1 36 23	4 37 05	3 00 42	3 00 42
Susie S.	1 37 09	Capsized.		

CLASS II.—JIB AND MAINSAIL.

Expert	1 36 30	4 35 39	2 59 29	2 59 29
Twilight	1 35 31	4 38 16	3 02 45	3 01 49
Nabli	1 35 30	4 39 46	3 04 16	3 03 36
Sirene	1 36 45	4 40 25	3 03 40	3 03 45

Ananda wins $150, Expert wins $100 and sweepstakes $50, while Twilight wins $50. On Sept. 22 a match will be sailed at Larchmont between, Nymph, Banshee and Baboon.

MONTGOMERY SAILING CLUB.—Seventeenth weekly cruise, Sept. 16.—Course, Morristown to Indian Creek and return, 5 miles. Weather cloudy. Wind fresh southeasterly:

	Length.	Start.	Finish.	Corrected.
Playford, tuckup	15.00	1 40 00	2 56 43	1 16 43
G. W. Bowers, tuckup	15.00	1 40 00	2 57 23	1 17 23
Sadie, canoe	16.00	1 34 40	3 01 40	1 21 40
Iola, ducker	15.00	1 30 00	3 05 40	1 25 40
Gracie, skiff	12.00	1 30 40	3 10 55	1 30 55
Volunteer, tuckup	15.00	1 40 00	3 25 00	1 45 00

Volunteer capsized below the line just before the start and was late getting away. After the conclusion of this race a private match was sailed between the Playford and the E. C. Potts, both tuckups, the latter being sailed by John Sheard, a professional from the Delaware:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Playford	3 03 10	4 14 30	1 11 20
E. C. Potts	3 03 10	Withdrew.	

The Potts was beaten about 8m. Judge, Wm. Alcorn.

NASHAUTUCKET BAY.—On Sept. 15 a race was sailed off Fair Haven, Mass., over a 6½ mile course, the times being:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
SHARPIES.		
Fish Hawk, D. C. Potter	1 56 42	1 56 10
Lamplight, F. Lawton	1 58 00	1 57 17
Maud S., H. Allen	2 00 47	2 00 47
Gracie, Prince Aiken	2 04 05	2 01 09
ROUND BOTTOMS.		
Flora, Frank Paine	1 57 15	1 55 38
Flirt, B. Parker	1 57 50	1 57 59
Mollie, W. Stetson	1 58 45	1 58 29
Dora, Thompson	Dodged a turning stake.	

Fish Hawk was protested for carrying a spinaker, the judges deciding that the sharpies should sail again, with no limit as to sails.

HULL Y. C., SEPT. 15.—The sail-off of classes 1 and 3 centerboards in the Hull Y. C. was sailed on Sept. 15 in a good breeze from S.E. Shadow did not start, her owner being in the E. Y. C. race, and Albatross had a sail over. In the third class only Posy and Nora raced, the former winning. The times were:

	Elapsed.	Corrected
Posy	1 17 56	57 40
Nora	1 20 01	57 53

Judges, Wm. A. Cary, Edward C. North.

SWANANONA.—This name has been given to the new yacht lately built by Mumm and purchased by Mr. J. D. Barrett, who gave his sloop Madcap in part payment.

A FATAL DISASTER TO A SAILBOAT.—On Sept. 13 Mr. Ralph Maugham, of Tenafly, N. J., made up a sailing party including his 4-year-old son Sylvester, Miss Elizabeth Butler, Miss Nettie Voornees, Mr. John Demorest and Mr. Mayhew Yerrington, for a sail on the Hudson. At Nyack they hired of a boatkeeper named Latourette a 20ft. cabin sloop, a craft of unknown age. As they had no ballast they loaded a lot of stone on board and started, sailing down to Alpine Grove. When near Hastings the boat began to sink rapidly, and before aid could reach her from the shore she was under water. Rowboats quickly put out and picked up Mr. Maugham and Miss Butler, both being still alive. After some difficulty Mr. Maugham was revived, but all efforts failed with Miss Butler. The steam yacht Inanda sent a crew to the rescue and many other boats turned out, but no other bodies could be found. An effort will be made to raise the boat, and until this is done the cause of the disaster cannot be ascertained, but it is beyond question that the boat was rotten and entirely unfit for use.

NORTH SHREWSBURY Y. C.—A ladies' regatta was sailed on Sept. 14, on the North Shrewsbury River, with nine starters, the course being four rounds of the triangle, 10 miles, with a moderate S.E. breeze. Seven of the yachts were sailed by ladies, each having a gentleman as crew, who was not allowed to touch the tiller. Two yachts were sailed by young men disguised as girls, but they failed to fool the judges. The starters were: Enigma, sailed by Miss Minnie Borden; Undine, Mrs. Florence Philips; Kitty K., Miss Kitty Bussell; Lizzie R., Miss Laura Roberts; Theresa, Miss Lilian Wild; Gussie, Miss Jessie Bussell; unnamed, Miss Mabel Fisher, Mr. Joseph Snyder and Mr. George Bussell. Enigma won by 6m. 25s., with Undine second and Kitty K. third.

TORONTO Y. C., SEPT. 16.—A race for fourth class was sailed on Saturday in a reefing breeze from the east. The entries were, Alvaetta, Mischief, Caprice, Christobel, Alert, Finette, Elaine and Molly. Caprice led the fleet, though nearly capsized near the channel buoy. The times were:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Caprice	4 35 50	4 30 47
Alert	4 38 53	4 38 41
Finette	4 38 50	4 38 50

Caprice takes first prize, $20, and wins the championship flag for the season in her class.

MILL ROCK TROPHY CUPS.—A race was started on Sept. 11 in a fresh N.E. breeze, the course being from Capt. Jacob Varian's Pavilion, at the foot of East Ninety-second street, to and around a stakeboat off the west end of Ward's island and return, the course to be sailed ten times over to make ten miles. Only two yachts, Julia and Gracie, started, and the former capsized on the first round, throwing her crew of six into the water. The race was postponed to Sept. 18. On Sept. 13 the race for the larger cup was sailed in a strong N.W. wind, resulting as follows:

CATRIGGED YACHTS—COURSE 10 MILES.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Julia, Alf Wright	18.00	2 04 45	2 04 45
Gracie, George Varian	18.00	1 47 00	1 47 00
Surprise, O'Brien	16.06	Did not finish.	

Thus the Gracie won by 7m. 45s.

DORCHESTER Y. C.—The race of Sept. 15 was postponed to the 22d. The Regatta Committee announce the following award of prizes for the runs during the annual cruise: First day, Hull to Marblehead—Club burgees, presented by Commodore H. W. Savage, won by Ethel and Marion. Pewter mugs, awarded Ianthe, Magic, Ethel and Marion. Second day, Marblehead to Dorchester—Club burgees, presented by Vice-Commodore J. C. Soley, won by Ianthe and Ethel. Pewter mugs awarded Bohemian and Marie.

MONATIQUOT Y. C.—On Sept. 10 the fifth and last race of the series between Secret, Posy and Folly was sailed over a 12½-mile course, in a strong N.W. wind, the times are:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Secret, E. F. Linton	22.06	2 43 52	2 01 40
Posy, R. G. Hunt	22.03	2 46 18	2 03 28
Folly, J. F. Shepherd	20.08	2 40 40	2 04 15

The judges were Messrs. Henry Gardner, T. D. Bagley, E. P. Worster and Dana Smith.

GREAT HEAD Y. C.—On Sept. 13 the final race of the Great Head Y. C. was sailed in a strong S.W. wind, with smooth water. The times were:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
FIRST CLASS.			
Moondyne, Eliot Shaw	24.08	1 11 35	0 54 16
Elta May, A. H. Lawrence	21.04	1 30 20	1 02 58
Vixen, P. B. Wadsworth		1 30 47	1 06 31
SECOND CLASS.			
Trouble, Mason Bros.	19.08	1 30 50	1 01 43
THIRD CLASS.			
Modoc, D. W. Belcher	15.07	1 07 10	0 44 08
Mischief, J. A. Lowell	16.07	1 19 10	0 57 07
Topsy, H. J. Vinal	14.04	1 22 00	0 57 31

PLEON Y. C., SEPT. 11.—The fifth and last race of the series for the Wood Cup was sailed on Sept. 11, the times being:

	Length.	Corrected.
Jay Gee, F. B. Litchman	12.07	1 33 33
Perhaps, B. B. Crowninshield	12.10	1 33 41
Monarch, W. O. Taylor	12.07	1 36 44
Estelle, J. W. Dunlap	11.09	1 37 10
Ruth, J. Dunlap	12.06	1 38 47

Judges: W. A. Parson, C. E. Wilson, R. C. Baldwin. Jay Gee has won two legs, Perhaps two legs, and Ruth one leg, so that a sail-off is necessary.

MARGUERITE AND ATALANTA.—A private match was sailed on Sept. 12, 8 miles to windward and return, between the cutter Marguerite, owned by Mr. C. H. Taylor, Jr., and the sloop Atalanta, Mr. J. R. Thomas. The wind was light S.E. and very unsteady. The start was made off Marblehead at 1:48:30, the finish being timed: Marguerite, 3:10:7; Atalanta, 5:35:7. Marguerite won by 23 minutes corrected time.

LAKE CHAMPLAIN Y. C., SEPT. 15.—The annual race for the championship pennant was sailed on Sept. 15 in a light S.W. wind. The times were:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Flyaway	1 26 05	1 30 42
Ripple	1 32 50	1 32 50
White Wings	1 45 00	1 48 30

The annual regatta will be sailed on Sept. 21.

CAPT. ANDREWS AND THE DARK SECRET.—The dory Dark Secret was picked up by the Norwegian bark, Nor, and with her owner was safely landed in New York on Sept. 12. Capt. Andrews will for the present confine his cruising to the pleasanter and more profitable waters of a stage tank in a theater. The latest candidate for death or a dime museum hails from Brooklyn, from which port he has cleared for Boston in a 7ft. dory.

ST. LAWRENCE Y. C.—The sail-off for the commodore's cup of the St. Lawrence Y. C. was sailed on Sept. 15. Lulu and Madge each having won 3 races out of the series of 6. Lulu won by 1m. 30s. The owners of the Minnie A. have challenged the Lulu for a race in which professional crews shall be allowed.

ARIADNE, sloop, Sackett Bros., was burned off Cape Vincent, St. Lawrence River, on Sept. 4. She was a centerboard sloop of 52ft. 6in. l.w.l., and 18ft. beam, of the old type. The boat was almost entirely destroyed.

CHIQUITA.—Prior to the races last week Chiquita was hauled out and 1,000lbs. of lead was run into her deadwood aft to trim her properly.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

IF "J. J.," Malden, Mass., will write to Mr. Frank P. Phillips, Sanford, Fla., I think he will get the skins for him.—J. A. H.

B., Bristol, R. I.—1. Ought a well bred pointer have dew claws? 2. Would a pointer having them score as high at a bench show as one who did not? 3. What would be the difference? Ans. 1. Dew claws are common to all breeds of dogs. 2. Yes.

10-BORE, Boston, Mass.—Some time ago one of my friends went to Colorado, and on his return reported to have met with a duck called there the "musk duck." Now, I have tried to look up this duck in a number of bird books. The bird was described very vaguely to me, and from it I should judge the prevailing colors were white and black. From this very poor description can you tell me about the duck? Ans. We know of no species of North American wild duck which goes by this name. The nearest is the so-called muscovy or musk duck (*Catrina moschata*), a domestic bird native to South America, may be the bird referred to, and would correspond well enough with the scant description given; but we understand you to refer to a wild duck.

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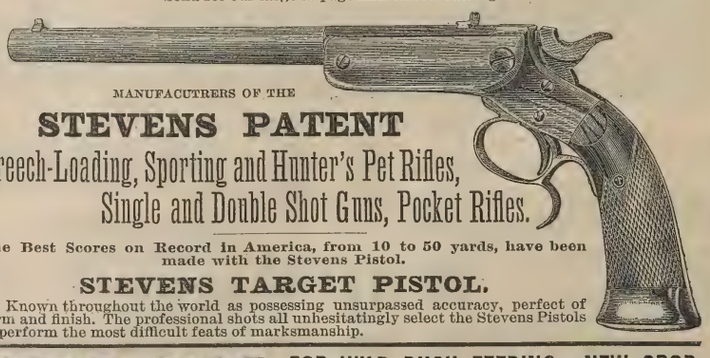
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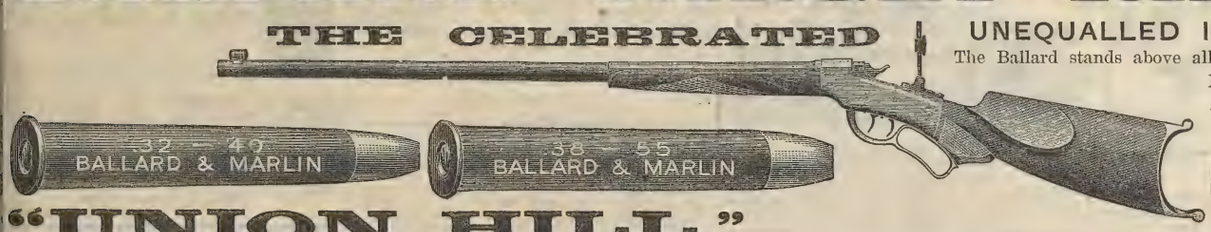
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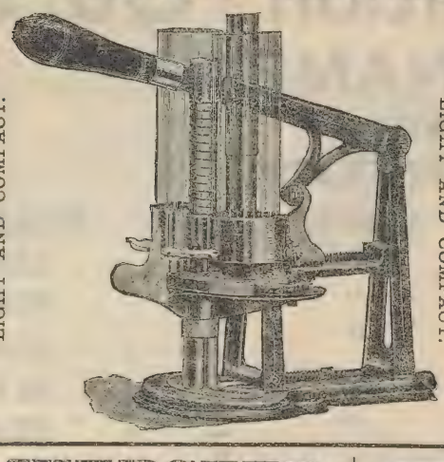
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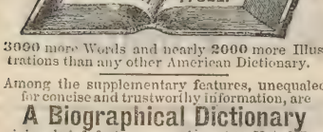
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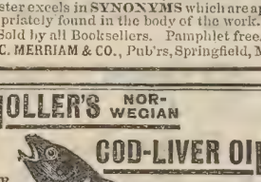
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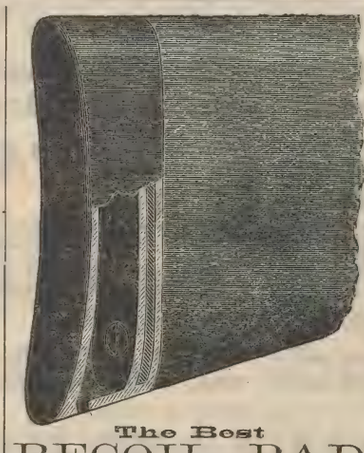


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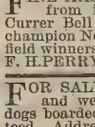
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FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 27, 1888.

VOL. XXXI.—No. 10. No. 318 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications on the subject to which its pages are devoted are respectfully invited. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No name will be published except with writer's consent. The Editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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May begin at any time. Subscription price, $4 per year; $2 for six months; to a club of three annual subscribers, three copies for $10; five copies for $16. Remit by express money-order, registered letter, money-order, or draft, payable to the Forest and Stream Publishing Company. The paper may be obtained of newsdealers throughout the United States, Canadas and Great Britain. For sale by Davies & Co., No. 1 Finch Lane, Cornhill, London. General subscription agents for Great Britain, Messrs. Davies & Co., and Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston, Searles and Rivington, 188 Fleet street, London, Eng. Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris, France, sole Paris agent for sales and subscriptions. Foreign subscription price, $5 per year; $2.50 for six months.

Address all communications,

Forest and Stream Publishing Co.
No. 318 BROADWAY. NEW YORK CITY.

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RETALIATION.

THE fisheries imbroglio between the United States and Canada has hitherto been confined to the commercial sea fisheries. The Canadians have stoutly declined to grant American fishermen certain privileges in Canadian seas; but the Provinces have been ready enough to admit American anglers to the trout streams and salmon rivers of the Dominion. Americans, as individuals and clubs, are holders of leases covering extensive territory in Canada; they control a large number of the best fishing grounds there. They pay well for their privileges, and while a certain amount of dissatisfaction at this has been expressed by individuals, the general feeling in Canada it one of willingness to exchange salmon and trout fishing privileges for American greenbacks at current rates of exchange.

The recent discussion of the fisheries treaty and the talk of retaliatory measures to be adopted the United States have had the effect of fostering whatever prejudice existed across the border against American lessees of angling rights; and we hear it bruited that if retaliation ever becomes more than talk the Canadian Parliament will be asked to enact a law declaring that only naturalized British subjects shall be allowed to fish in Canadian waters. The possibility of securing the enactment of such a measure is now discussed in Montreal and elsewhere. If a law of that purport were to be enacted, it is easily seen that it would seriously affect very many Americans who now hold Canadian leases, both individuals and clubs, as the Restigouche, St. Marguerite and others. It would certainly cut off from Canada a large revenue now derived from these lessees, but on the other hand, those who are talking of the measure, reason that Canadian and British anglers stand ready to take up the leases of salmon and trout streams at a moment's notice.

We are quite free to say that we do not believe any such retaliatory law will ever be enacted, even should the United States enforce retaliation against Canada. In leasing to American anglers, the Canadian authorities have been governed in the past by business principles; they leased to Americans, not because they preferred American to Canadian lessees, but because the Americans were ready to put up the money. They will be governed by the same principles in the future, retaliation or no retaliation. When the Canadians have territory to lease to sportsmen and anglers, they come down to the Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Chicago and other American cities as a matter of course.

It is here they find the men and the money for their lands and waters, and it is here that they will come in the future in quest of more men and more money. And retaliation or no retaliation, the Indian and half-breed and Canuck guides in the wilds will rejoice as much as ever to see the color of the "Boston man's" wealth.

There are other considerations than this one of mere money. How many Americans are there to whom an angling excursion in Canada means the renewing of old friendships cemented by many a day and week of pleasant fellowship with Canadian brothers of the craft. It will take an iron-clad law and a whole army of police to sever these friendships or break up the annual renewals of good will in the camps on Canadian lakes and rivers.

A STORY OF DESTRUCTION.

IN the Smithsonian department of the Cincinnati Exposition there is now to be seen a startling exhibit. It is a collection of objects which have been brought together by Mr. W. T. Hornaday, to illustrate and impress upon the mind of the observer the fact that nearly all of our most conspicuous and interesting game quadrupeds are rapidly being exterminated, and will soon disappear forever. The lesson it teaches is both impressive and saddening to every lover of animated nature, and like all the lessons taught by the National Museum collections, it is strictly true.

The most prominent feature of the exhibit is a series of mounted specimens representing the species of American mammals which have become extinct (in a wild state, at least), and also those which are now approaching extinction. The buffalo, Californian sea elephant and West Indian seal are represented as having become extinct in a wild state, with the exception of perhaps a score of stragglers which the hunters have not yet found. In the series of species threatened with speedy extirpation are found the mountain sheep, mountain goat, elk, a fine group of antelopes of various ages, the moose, caribou, blacktail deer, beaver, otter, sea otter, walrus and grizzly bear.

The story of the great buffalo slaughter is very graphically told. A mounted specimen and a series of superb photographic enlargements of the various specimens composing the large mounted group in the National Museum represent the species as it once flourished. Opposite these hang another series of pictures, three of which are large oil paintings, illustrating the methods employed in the destruction of the buffalo. The first is a representation of the "Chase on Horseback," which the label declares to have been the only fair and sportsmanlike mode of hunting ever practiced by either reds or whites. Next to this hangs a magnificent oil painting, executed by special order by J. H. Moser, of Washington, entitled "The Still Hunt." This represents the typical still-hunter, who killed buffalo by the hundred, for hides worth a dollar each. The hunter is lying flat on the ground at the top of a ridge "pumping" bullets from a Sharps rifle at a bunch of buffalo, on which he has "got a stand." A dozen or more have fallen, but the stupid brutes stand there in wonder, while the remorseless butcher pours in the bullets of death. In the distance, a snowy plain, backed by snow-clad mountains, is "black with buffalo," to the number of ten thousand or more. The picture is a very striking and truthful representation of the method by which the destruction of seven or eight million buffalo was accomplished in a few short years.

Other pictures in this series represent the other methods employed in killing buffalo, chiefly by Indians, such as impounding, hunting on snowshoes, hunting in disguise, "the surround," etc. On three large flat screens are shown samples of "the objects for which the buffalo was exterminated." One is a skin of a large buffalo bull, and another is a cowskin, both in a raw state, just as they came from "the range," where the former sold for the insignificant sum of $1.25 and the latter brought even less. A third specimen is a bull hide, taken in the summer when almost bare of hair for use as leather, and having only about half the value of the robe. The label attached to this specimen fitly characterizes the hunters who killed buffaloes in summer for hides as "greedy wretches."

Last come two objects to show what remains of our most valuable American quadruped. On a section of Montana prairie, eight feet by ten, lies the complete skeleton of a large buffalo bull, just as it was found bleaching on the range, and just as ten thousand others lie to-day. The powerful action of the weather has stripped every particle of flesh from the bones, and left them clean and white, but still, attached to each other by their dried-up ligaments, the legs in position precisely as the animal fell. It is a ghastly object, and surely must awaken a feeling of remorse in the breast of every old buffalo hunter who comes face to face with it as he passes along the main aisle. Hanging near it is another large oil painting by Moser, entitled, "Where the Millions Have Gone." It represents a scene on the Montana buffalo range as it is to-day. A wide plain is covered with bleaching buffalo skeletons, similar to the actual skeleton already mentioned, as weird and ghastly a scene as could be found anywhere outside a charnel house.

One of the most startling features of this strange display is a lot of seventy tanned skins of the rare and little-known Rocky Mountain goat, which the label explains were purchased in New York, fully tanned and dressed, at $1.50 each, and originally sold in Denver at fifty cents each, to be made into sheep rugs and mats. This shows what railroads and breechloaders are doing for the game of the West. When it is possible for the pot-hunters to get at even the mountain goat in its remote and dangerous fastnesses, kill them by the score and sell their hides at fifty cents each, we can count on our fingers the number of years within which the total extinction of this rare and interesting quadruped is likely to be accomplished, in this country at least. Western newspapers occasionally report hunters as hauling in a wagon load of mountain goats at a time. The Cincinnati lot includes the pelts of adult males and females and young of all ages, even to kids. If the members of State and Territorial legislatures in the West could see this lot of skins and read the descriptive label attached to it, they might be induced to pass a protective law that would really protect these animals, and others also, from such purposeless and wanton destruction.

The final feature of this unique exhibit is a collection of "weapons of destruction," which includes specimens of nearly all the sporting rifles that have been used against American game, from the old Harper's Ferry flintlock down to the latest and deadliest patterns of repeating breechloaders.

THE "AL FRESCO" FUND.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Let "Onondaga" contribute a trifle toward the "Al Fresco" fund. I would that it might be an hundred fold greater. I cannot refrain from an opportunity to show the esteem I feel for "Al Fresco," both as a personal friend and as one of the truest sportsmen America has ever known. The gloom that overspreads fair Jacksonville extends even above these mountain tops, for among the list of stricken I remember many friends with whom I have cast the line, raised the gun and traversed Florida waters. Should you publish the list of donors let mine be as "Onondaga," as the Doctor will recognize that as coming from me through our common medium, FOREST AND STREAM. ONONDAGA.

CRANBERRY LAKE, Adirondacks.

["Onondaga's" check for $10 has been forwarded.]

TRAP SHOOTING CLASSIFICATION is a subject now much discussed. There is a call for some system of shooting which will give all contestants a fair chance. Too many clubs have gone to rack and ruin because the rest of the members have tired of putting up money for two or three of the best shots to win. Classification according to record remedies this in some cases, but the Chamberlin tournaments have demonstrated that the experts can grab all the money in a big meet by pooling. What is to be the way out of this?

THE MAINE COMMISSIONERS are so thoroughly convinced of the good results of keeping the dogs out of the woods that they believe the Maine deer supply would take care of itself without protection from August to January, were the dog law enforced to the letter.

SILAS STEARNS.

FEW men engaged in business pursuits have been of such substantial aid to science as Silas Stearns, and few have had as many warm and devoted friends among scientific men as he. For the past ten years all naturalists investigating the fauna of the Gulf of Mexico have been under the strongest obligations for his untiring help, while most of them have been guests under his roof and have sailed in his boats while on their collecting tours. Our present comparatively thorough knowledge of the fishes and the fisheries of the Gulf of Mexico is due directly and indirectly to him more than to any one else.

Silas Stearns was born in Bath, Maine, May 13, 1859, and died in Asheville, N. C., August 2, 1888. His early education was received in the schools of Bath. The death of his father threw him at the age of fourteen on his own resources, and compelled him to abandon for the time being the hope of a college education. After an excursion through the "North Woods" of New York he entered a bookstore in Concord, New Hampshire. Later, in 1875, he went to Pensacola, Fla. Here he was at first book-keeper for a fishing firm, and afterward associated with his brother-in-law, Andrew F. Warren, in the firm of Warren & Co.

"Early in boyhood," writes Mr. Warren, "he had displayed a fondness for out-of-door sports, and an aptitude for woodcraft and boating. The broad bays and sounds of West Florida were well adapted for such sports, and he conceived a love for these waters and shores which remained with him until his last hour and found an expression in his choice of burial place. Upon these waters he was entirely at home, and he became familiar with the whole extent of the coast from Pensacola to Key West. This familiarity included an exact knowledge of all the ins and outs of their navigation and an acquaintance with all the dwellers in their waters. At the very first of his residence in Pensacola his attention was directed to the fishes of the Gulf. Wishing to learn of their characteristics and habits, he made inquiry for books treating on the subject. Finding that none existed, he set himself to the work of original investigation."

In 1878, Mr. Stearns visited the Smithsonian Institution. Here his thorough and exact knowledge of the habits of the fishes of the Gulf attracted the special attention of Professor Baird, and of Mr. Goode, Mr. Bean and others interested in the study of fishes.

His inclinations toward the life of a naturalist were very strong. In this ambition he had been discouraged by absurd advice received from some one in Washington to the effect that no successful work in science was possible without a classical education. To acquire this knowledge, however, he entered in 1878 the academy at Waterville, Maine. Here his studies were shaped with special reference to the nomenclature of science. Failing health, however, compelled his return to Florida.

In 1880 he was made a special agent of the U. S. Census Bureau and of the U. S. Fish Commission, in charge of investigations for the Tenth Census, on the marine industries of the Gulf of Mexico. Few pieces of work have been performed with more accuracy and fidelity than his report. Professor Baird showed his appreciation of it by presenting to Mr. Stearns a valuable series of works on fishes, which became the nucleus of a considerable ichthyological library. A number of papers from the pen of Mr. Stearns have been published by the different scientific bureaus of Washington. His actual publications, however, represent but a slight part of the work done by him, for his discoveries and specimens were always freely placed at the disposal of others. Upward of fifty new species of fishes were discovered by him or through his help. This number includes almost all that is known of the deep-water fish fauna of the Gulf. Four of these species have been named for him, a *Lutjanus*, a *Scorpæna*, a *Blennius* and a *Prionotus, stearnsi*.

As to Mr. Stearns's personal qualities, I cannot do better than to quote the words of Mr. Warren:

"To my mind, his most striking characteristic was patient persistence. No trouble was too great, no time too long, no discomfort too annoying, to deter him from the present accomplishment of any task to which he addressed himself. In his many excursions to South Florida he endured the discomforts of heat, insects, bad water and bad food without a murmur. In fact, it has only been by his casual references that I have gotten any idea of how great these discomforts had been. It may be that to his ardent love of nature many of them were unnoticed.

"Of a retiring disposition and little inclined to the enjoyments of society, he made few acquaintances. Those who came to know him better became at once his friends. The number of these was unknown to us until in his last illness they came forward with helping hands and loving hearts. Now that he is gone we find on every side those who esteemed him as a friend.

"Inheriting a pure literary taste, his reading was thorough and his mind well stored with varied and accurate information. The purity of his moral character was above all praise. It is the testimony of those who had associated with him on hunting or collecting trips that he was at all times a gentleman."

In 1886 Mr. Stearns was married to Miss Hays of St. George, Maine. He leaves no children.

DAVID S. JORDAN.

THE UTICA FISH AND GAME PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION, of Utica, N. Y., have prepared for gratuitous distribution a very useful compendium of the game and fish laws. It is a capital specimen of what a society can do if it really means to help the cause of protection.

OUR GAME COLUMNS contain reports of the game in many fields. Now that the shooting season has come around again we shall expect frequent notes from our readers.

The Sportsman Tourist.

ECHOES FROM THE MEXIC GULF.

PENSACOLA, Florida, Sept. 15.—The glorious month of September ushers in the shooting season in the North, but here in the faraway Florida we have but little sport before the November frosts. Dove shooting is indulged in to some extent during the summer months, but there is not much pleasure gained by shooting under a southern summer sun. The "bonnie brown" quail is not molested by true sportsmen until the autumn is far advanced. Our colored brother persists in shooting them the year round, but I note that in some parts of Florida the game laws are being enforced. A friend, who is a game warden in Orange county, recently had two negroes arrested and punished for shooting quail out of season. Bob White has had a favorable season to rear his family, and the natural result is that the surrounding country has a great many coveys.

I am told that the sportsman's paradise in this part of Florida is in the wilderness surrounding Choctawhatchie Bay. Deer, bear, turkey and small game abound. Fishing is also good. This region lies about fifty miles from nearest railroad and is mainly reached by sailing craft from Pensacola.

Some of the varieties of shore birds have already reached us, and are to be seen along the beaches of Santa Rosa Island. The sportsmen here take little interest in such small game, but to one whose early shooting days were passed on the sandy beaches and marshes of old Cape Cod they are old friends. Many a pleasant hour have I passed in the blind watching the horizon for the wary willet and unsuspecting yellowleg, and upon detecting a solitary specimen in the blue ether, how patiently we have whistled until our efforts were rewarded by seeing him glide up to the decoys and his life go out in a cloud of smoke and the roar of a breechloader. Our L. C. Smith has been idle many months, but we trust its tuneful voice will soon be heard on the hills, rivers and bays of West Florida. IVANHOE.

GLIMPSES OF THE CONTINENT.

DANSVILLE, N. Y., September.—Last month I took a flying trip over the great Northern Pacific Railway clear to Puget Sound and return, and while my outing was not taken for the purpose of indulging my love for fish and game but rather as a delightful change from the cares of business, I still kept my "game" eye open and saw much to assure me that along this line was a veritable sportsman's paradise.

Looking out from the Pullman, as we rolled through Minnesota and Dakota, I could see the teal and mallards fly up from the sloughs, disturbed by the thunder of the train, while coveys of prairie chickens would jump out from beside the track and drop down at a little distance away in the bunch grass. Plover were constantly rising, and now and then a jack rabbit would go coursing away over the prairie. Passing through the Bad Lands and the plains of eastern Montana, but little game was visible. This vast territory, once the home of the bison, while now well tenanted by deer and antelope, is rather too vast and dry for successful hunting.

Up the valley of the Yellowstone 400 miles to Livingston, Montana, is a good game country. The numerous affluents, the Tongue, Powder, Rosebud and Bighorn open up valleys that abound in elk and deer. At Livingston the Yellowstone has lost its muddy tinge and is clear as crystal and full of trout. Here the river takes an abrupt turn to the south and I had the pleasure of following it up to the National Park, where it is joined by the Gardner, another fine trout stream.

The Government has adopted a wise policy in allowing no shooting in the Park. It does not seem to be generally understood, however, for every day I was there tourists were disarmed and their weapons taken care of by the guard until they came out. But fishing can be indulged in to the heart's content, and trout is a common article of diet at the Park Company's hotels. I noticed at the Mammoth Hot Springs Hotel a goodly supply of the "Park bill" petitions lying on the office counter for signatures. Whether the attention of tourists is directed to them or not I can't say; mine was not, but they are there and get a good many signers. The amount of poaching in the Park is not great, considering the vastness of the territory and the smallness of the force of soldiers who police it. A force of only sixty-four men for that great tract seems ridiculously small.

Game is very plenty in the Park. I was told of seventy-two head of bison being seen but a few days previous, and one soldier told me he saw seven bears in one wallow. The number of elk is roughly estimated at three thousand head, and mountain sheep and deer are numerous. Nearly every tourist has something to say of seeing bears or deer. The elk and buffalo being back in the summer ranges, seldom show themselves along the line of travel.

I was very much pleased with the appearance of the country along Clark's Fork of the Columbia. The country is finely wooded and abounds in perfect camping sites. A deer feeding within 50yds. of the tracks only raised her head inquiringly as the train went by and at once resumed her meal. Grouse are very plenty here, and were constantly flying up and crossing the river. As we neared the coast and followed the tortuous course of the Green River down the slope, I was treated to a trout display I never saw equalled outside of a hatchery. The Green River is a small, swift stream, full of deep pools, and as the road crossed and recrossed it I could see great schools of trout 12 to 18in. long lying in the shadows. This stream is fished very little, and a fortnight upon its banks would satisfy the most exacting angler.

Washington Territory, the resources of which the Northern Pacific is doing so much toward developing, is one vast fish and game preserve. At Seattle and Tacoma I heard wonderful stories of what was being done by local sportsmen, and the markets gave ocular evidence that the stories were true. In fact I knew I had entered Washington Territory when I got up one morning and found delicious venison and Columbia River salmon being served for breakfast on the dining car. Puget Sound with its numerous estuaries and inlets is the natural home of the wild duck, goose and brant, and in taking that delightful ride over the sound from one city to the other great flocks of them could be seen.

The forests and mountains back from the sound are full of game and the streams swarm with trout. One need not go very far either. Why the very morning I left Seattle a bear and cub were killed in the city limits. I regretted very much that my time was so limited that I was unable to even wet a line or pull a trigger; but I comforted myself with the thought that in the near future perhaps I might be permitted to indulge my taste for the sports of the woods and streams in this wonderful country.

The Northern Pacific is indeed the sportsman's route, and the lover of field sports who can't along this line somewhere find that for which he is seeking, will certainly be obliged to wait until he is transferred to the "Happy Hunting Grounds," for surely earth offers no better opportunity than this. The grayling, so long supposed to exist in this country only in northern Michigan, is found in several streams along the line, and Mr. Chas. S. Fee, General Passenger Agent at St. Paul, showed me a beautiful painting of *Thymallus tricolor*, from a fish caught in one of these streams. Being familiar with the Michigan grayling, I at once recognized it as identical with that fish.

If any of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM are fortunate enough to take the trip I did I hope they will profit by my experience and take along a gun and rod. Had I done so I would have had more to tell.

H. W. DELONG.

SOME WOODS CHARACTERS.—II.

THE novitiate, or greenhorn, the term they are best known by, is to be found in the woods as well as anywhere else in the world. His manners, his dress, his very carriage, all betray him. His gun is a new one; his shooting jacket and boots smell of the shop. He has an exaggerated idea of everything about the woods. To his verdant imagination trout are as plenty in the lakes and streams as herring in the mighty ocean. There is at least one wildcat in every tree and a deer feeding in every meadow. To his mind the deep forest is clothed in a halo of mystery, of which he is to be the explorer; and, like Livingstone and Stanley, he is to be the revealer of these mighty secrets. The old woodsman makes nothing of creaking trees, and the weird sound produced by one branch scraping against another would hardly command a passing thought, but I have known a novice to sit half a day by the side of this phenomenon, waiting for a wildcat to show himself from among the branches overhead. There is a tinge of disappointment occasioned by the knowledge of the fact which comes later on, that of all solitary places—excepting perhaps the fabulous Great American Desert—the unbroken wilderness has the fewest signs of animal life of any place on the entire continent. You may travel all day and not see a partridge, a deer, wildcat, bear, fox, robin, crow or bluebird, and hardly a squirrel. The deep wood on a quiet day is the very personification of stillness. Game there is, but it gathers in certain localities, according to the season. The newcomer has eyes, but they see not; ears has he, but they hear not; and you can trust him to make noise enough to keep the game always just out of sight.

A friend of mine went to the Adirondacks many years ago for the first time. It was in early November, and a light snow was on the ground. Presently he took up the trail of a deer. He struck it in the morning and followed it till nearly dark. Five minutes before beginning to retrace his steps, he had accidentally laid down his ramrod, and turning back to pick it up found that his quarry had in the meantime crossed his trail, and had actually stepped on his ramrod! A practiced hunter knows very well that a deer does not travel in a straight line, that he is constantly maneuvering to keep his adversary in the same quarter from which the wind comes, and that a man who goes stamping through the snow makes noise enough to enable him to feed along ahead just out of harm's way.

Jack shooting is very deceitful business to the beginner and some even after long practice can never kill a deer except by the accidental discharge of their piece, or by the second shot from the guide in the stern of the boat. Under the jack all surrounding objects become invested with a most weird aspect, bushes, stumps and boulders are transformed into most grotesque shapes. If a deer is sighted he is magnified into twice his size, and when three rods off will appear under this strange optical illusion at least eight or ten rods away. The beginner almost invariably shoots over. I knew of a young sportsman who lodged his buckshot 30ft. from the edge of the water, where the buck stood, in the body of a spruce tree. Evidently his deer was a very tall one, or he failed to take account of the hind sight of his gun.

For woods shooting the ears of the young man need quite as much education as if he were learning to be a musician and play the violin. Muskrats, beavers, "stake drivers," frogs, and even suckers will all simulate the stepping of a deer in the water. A bank of fog, a whiff of wind, will defeat his end, and be the only reward for a long night spent cramped and cold in the bow of the boat, suffering as if from the chills.

A friend of mine, a guide, once had the pleasure of paddling a greenhorn up to an old bear and two cubs on Dead Diamond River, in Maine. When he heard bruin sniffing and whistling and was told it was a bear, he commenced to shake like a leaf and to beg very piteously to be let off. He had come into the wilderness to remain several weeks, but ever after nothing would tempt him to leave the camp-fire at night. The guide had to do the shooting while the boy did all the bragging.

This same guide narrated a funny experience of two "down-county chaps," as he called them, who were out on a certain lake fishing for trout. In an extra boat he had accompanied them to an advantageous locality, and when after a little, with their boat anchored just off an incoming stream of cold water, they had begun their sport, he left them and went back to camp, a mile or two down the lake, to cut camp wood and get the dinner. The day had begun to drag away, and all his preparations were made for their reception. "Flip flops" were fried, trout and venison with vegetables were all ready to be served; but still no fishermen came within sight of the landing. He knew, as all guides know, that the fascination of fly-fishing, when trout are biting freely, is so great that hours will slip by, and one takes no note of the flight of time till a storm, or darkness, or sudden holding up of all the school, as if by simultaneous consent, brings him to his senses. And besides, the guide is not set to dictate

when sportsmen are to take their meals, and he generally waits their time to quit, or to begin, for that matter.

But it had now become so late that he felt impelled to get into his canoe and go in search of them. He was not long in coming at the secret of this long delay. He had not proceeded far when the mingled noise of splashing oars and angry voices saluted his ears. "What's the matter, there?" he exclaimed, coming within hailing distance. "Why, this confounded boat won't budge an inch. We have pulled at the oars the past two hours, and haven't made half a mile, and now we are dead stuck and she won't stir a peg." The guide, who by this time had guessed the difficulty, but who was disposed to prolong the amusement for his own special benefit for a little, suggested perhaps they might have run on a rock or sand bar. "Oh, no, nothing of the sort; we put the oars down the whole length, and there is no bottom for ten feet. I say, what is the matter with this contemptible boat?" "You haven't caught so many fish or shipped so much water you've weighted the thing too low in the water, or run afoul of some sea monster which is fastened to your bottom?" he mildly suggested. But as they were in no mood to be trifled with, he hastily drew in their anchor, which had been dragging all the while they had been fishing, and subsequently made the mild remark that he usually hauled it aboard when he was not fishing.

SOMERS, Conn. C. H. G.

Natural History.

THE SEWELLELS, THE BEAVERS, AND THE MURIDÆ.

BY R. W. SHUFELDT, M.D., C.M.Z.S., ETC.

FOLLOWING the family *Sciuridæ*, the leading family of the order *Rodentia*, as arranged by our Provisional "List" of the U. S. National Museum, we come next in that order to the family *Haplodontidæ*, a group created to contain the sewellels. By turning to my article on the "U. S. Rodentia," published in a former number, it will be observed there that the *Haplodontidæ* includes but one genus, the genus *Haplodon*, and it is this animal we have in our fauna is distinct from the form of it which is still to be taken in some parts of northern Europe and Asia, but I am inclined to think that the weight of opinion is in favor of their being the same. The great commercial importance of the beaver, its unusually interesting habits and its wide distribution, have forced this animal upon the attention of all kinds and classes of observers, so that its bibliography is quite extensive. Few animals have been better and more thoroughly written up than this illustrious rodent. From the days of Herodotus, Pliny and Aristotle, all of whom noticed it in their writings, down to the present time, the works and genius of the beaver have furnished an ever-fresh theme for the pens of animal biographers. *Castor* is without canine teeth, and its dental apparatus otherwise presents the very acme of development of the gnawer's tool chest; while its exquisite pelt, its webbed hindfeet, and above all its unique tail are sufficiently well known to obviate the necessity of my dwelling upon them here.

Upon numerous occasions I have had the opportunity of watching beavers as they plied their work on the rivers and smaller creeks in various localities in the West. I have watched them upon moonlight nights as they girdled both trees and saplings to construct their notorious dams and dome-shaped aquatic habitations. For this purpose they would choose trees all the way from an inch to seven or eight inches in diameter, and as most of the trees I observed them at work upon were soft cottonwoods, it was truly marvellous to see how rapidly they felled them and afterward fitted them to their use. It's a weird and never-to-be-forgotten sight for the one who has ever witnessed it. The very stillness of a moonlight night on the prairies is of itself impressive, and add to this the almost silent labors of the toiling creatures before you, the scene indeed becomes a rare one. On such occasions the combination of sounds which fall upon your ear are in the highest degree pleasurable; you distinctly hear the constant murmur of the flowing creek, the drip, drip, of the water over the dam, the ceaseless gnawing made by these invincible builders, the almost inaudible ripple of one as he swims by you in the still waters of the dam, or the pat of his tail on the surface as he dives therein. Finally your senses are kept on the alert by the momentary expectation of seeing some tree or sapling slowly pass in its fall from the vertical to the horizontal with apparently far less disturbance than when it succumbs to the axe of the woodman.



Fig. 1.—BEAVERS AT WORK.—Drawn by Dr. Shufeldt, from one of his field sketches.

From tip to tip a large, full-grown beaver will measure a yard and a half, or rather less, and in their best element, the water, they are notably active and graceful in all their movements, while on the land their gait is waddling and clumsy. Their bite, as we may imagine, is unusually severe, and I once saw a young Sioux Indian pick up a large wounded beaver by the hair of his hinder parts, when the animal, as quick as a flash, turned and bit him through and through the hand in several places, inflicting wounds that took a month to heal. During the pairing season, beavers give vent to a peculiar call, and they have from six to seven at a litter, the young being born open-eyed, and remain with their mothers for the best part of two years. Usually and in nature these animals feed upon the bark of trees and pond lily roots; sometimes on certain plants and berries, but when domesticated, and they make wonderfully interesting pets, they are omnivorous, as is the case with most rodents. As is well known, there is a class among beavers dubbed the "old bachelors," who burrow in the banks, never build, and are generally ignored by the rest of the industrious community; and equally is it well known that this animal possesses a special pair of glands, from which the *Castoreum* is obtained, a substance much in vogue several years ago as a drug for certain diseases, but now, as in the case of so many substances senselessly used to combat diseases, largely "gone out of fashion."

Roasted beaver tail is considered a great delicacy in many parts of the country, and even the animal itself is eaten with great relish roasted whole in its skin; but for my own part I have never been hungry enough on occasions when I have been present where it was served to make a meal of it; it tastes something like pork, but is a strong and powerful food. That kind of venison is unsuited to my palate, unless starvation lingers in the near neighborhood.

To describe how beavers build their habitations and dams would occupy more space here than would be warranted, the more especially as every reading child in the country is familiar with the feat. I have before me an exceedingly interesting account of a beaver which was kept in confinement by a gentleman many years ago in London; he tells how the animal constructed a would-be dam in his library, using every kind of imaginable light article about the room to effect the purpose, such as books, dust-brush, sticks, clothing, paper, and a long list too varied to enumerate. A year or two ago I had a pet *Neotoma*, which amused himself in much the same manner in my dining room, and in the course of one night barricaded himself up under the sideboard in a most marvelous manner, absolutely stripping the apartment of every small article he was able to carry or push along to the place he had chosen.

Beavers commence cutting their wood in early summer, and set to construct their dams and houses about the close of August, but never finish them until severe frosts set in, so the mud will freeze and render the entire structures solid and impervious to the entrance of the Carnivora that prey upon them, as wolves and wolverines.

Formerly in this country beavers were to be found upon all suitable streams from New York to California and Maine to Mexico, but the ceaseless war of trade is rapidly exterminating the species, and in a few more generations this interesting and highly valuable animal will pass over to the long list of mammalian names which means with us—natural products either ruthlessly wasted, as in the case of the buffalo, or no proper provision taken to protect and propagate them to the welfare of the nation's futurity.

Following the *Castoridæ* our "List" next presents us with the family *Muridæ*, including all such forms as muskrats, lemmings, field mice and wood rats.

Our numerous array of species in this group leads off with the almost universally known muskrat, the *Fiber zibethicus*, and how the very mention of his name and suggestion of his form summon up in our minds the thoughts of a hundred and more moonlight or lantern-lit hunts for him; or else the early morning visits to the steel traps we have placed along the water ways of his haunts.

Hundreds of thousands of the pelts of this animal are annually taken in by the fur traders, and were it not that the species is so prolific, it having fifteen or sixteen young as a rule each season, brought forth in three litters, it would surely be exterminated. It seems to hold its own, however, and is still numerous in many regions in the Eastern districts. Like the beaver, it also has a musky odor, but to me by no means a disagreeable one; it, too, as we well know, builds in the winter its habitations of mud and weeds, which have a dry chamber above, with the entrance to it under water. Muskrats in certain localities also riddle the banks of the marshes and sluggish streams where they live, with branching burrows. These latter are their summer houses and where in the spring the females breed their young. Muskrats are vegetable feeders, but they also eat mussels (*Unios*), leaving the shells in notable heaps in such situations as they find them to live upon, and collect. They will also devour each other, should one of their number by any chance be wounded; and in confinement they will feed upon almost anything that you may offer them.

A number of years ago, while I was hunting muskrats in a marsh on Long Island Sound, there being several feet of snow on the ground, I chanced to get myself in between one of these animals and his burrow, which happened to be the only means, beyond his running away from me, that presented itself for his escape. He took in the situation at a glance, and I was curious to see what he would do about it. Imagine my surprise when he started to come down for me as fast as his legs could carry him, and in a few moments he was too close for me to shoot without tearing his beautiful pelt all to shreds, for I at once saw that he was an unusually handsome specimen, and to thus spoil him would be a great shame. When within about a yard of me, and his eyes actually flashing out their meaning at his thus being cornered, he, without a moment's hesitation, made a spring at me and landed on the top of one of my leather shooting boots, a pair that came above my knees; in an instant he commenced tearing away with his teeth at a great rate, but before he had bitten anything but my boot I grabbed him at the back of his neck, and between throttling him and bumping his head against the heel of my gun, he was rendered lifeless. This formed the only case of a muskrat attacking a man that has ever come to me, and in this particular instance I admired the little brute's bravery all the more after I found that he possessed but three legs, one of them having long since been amputated high up, probably in a steel trap, but the stump was perfect, and he had the blackest hair of any muskrat I ever saw.

Only a few years ago, an entirely distinct genus and species of muskrat (*Neofiber alleni*) was discovered in Florida, the animal being described by Mr. True in the Smithsonian Report for 1884 (Part II). It is not more than one-half the size of the common muskrat, and among many distinctive structural differences between it and the latter animal, is its possessing a round tail instead of a laterally flattened one, as in *F. zibethicus*. So far as I at present know, but one single specimen of this

We next pass to the consideration of the family *Castoridæ*, which also includes but one genus and one species, *Castor fiber*, the beaver of North America. There are authorities who maintain that the species of

represented but by two species, *H. rufus* and *H. major*, the sewellels of the Pacific Coast and northern California. Personally I have never enjoyed studying the sewellel in its native haunts, and know the animal only from museum skins and mounted specimens studied by me on former occasions, and even these, at the present writing, are not available for inspection. I had looked forward to illustrating my article with a good figure of this animal, and that pleasure is denied me, but it may be realized some time in the future. Yet, just now I have before me two small wood cuts representing the sewellel; one of these is in Prof. Packard's Zoölogy, being copied from the *American Naturalist*, while the second one is evidently intended to be a trustworthy portraiture, and is in Goodrich's Natural History. Upon comparing these two figures, however, I fail to detect the slightest resemblance between them, and I am of the opinion we stand much in need of a correct figure illustrating this animal; I do not recall, at the present time, any such cut.

Prof. Flower says that the habits of the sewellel are similar to those of the prarie dog; while Prof. Packard remarks that the animal "is nearly as large as a muskrat, is nocturnal in its habits, and, therefore, rarely seen, and burrows in the earth, feeding on roots." Still another authority before me observes that it digs burrows, and is found "living in small societies in the neighborhood of the Columbia River, and abundant near the Great Falls. It is about the size of the gray rabbit, being 14in. long, with a tail half an inch long. It is of a reddish brown color, and has no cheek pouches; the eye is small, and the fur thick and soft, resembling that of the musquash. The skins are much used by the Indians for robes. It feeds on vegetables, and is said occasionally to climb trees, but only for a short distance, as is the case with the woodchuck. It produces four or five young at a birth."

It seems to me that it would be a very good idea to collect together all we know at present relative to the habits and natural history of the sewellel and illustrate the account with correct drawings of adult specimens and young, and complete it with a thorough review of its anatomy. Even some of our best known mammals, yes, those of the Eastern districts, stand in need of such treatment and revision, and their natural history requires a deal to be added to it, before we can say that our knowledge in such matters is in any way complete.



Fig. 2.—THE ROUND-TAILED OR FLORIDA MUSKRAT (*Neofiber allenl*).
One-half natural size; copied and adapted by the author from the Smithsonian Report, 1884. (Part II.).

highly interesting form has come into the hands of science, and so far as its habits are concerned, they are quite unknown. The specimen was captured by Mr. William Wittfeld, at Georgiana, Merritt's Island, Brevard county, Fla., and other examples, with a full account of its natural history, will be in demand. Mr. True made the most of the specimen which came to him, and his paper is full and well illustrated by figures, and he says, "Throughout its entire structure the Florida muskrat displays an affinity to *Fiber* on the one side and to *Arvicola* on the other. It is strictly intermediate between the two genera."

New mammals of any importance are not discovered in this country as an every day occurrence in these times, and I look upon this species as one of the most interesting which has come to light for some time past.

Believing that a figure of this "round-tailed muskrat," published in the present connection, may assist in securing additional specimens, as well as giving my readers a correct conception of its general appearance, I made a careful copy of the drawing of it in Mr. True's paper, referred to above, and offer the same herewith. The general color of its coat is said not to differ materially from the coat of our common species.

Two genera of lemmings, each represented by a single species, are also found in the group we have at present under consideration, but as I have already alluded, in a former paper, to their marvelous migrations, and as the history of this animal is quite widely known, and our species confined to Arctic America, Greenland and Northwestern America, I will not especially refer to them here, but upon some future occasion review our knowledge of their natural history more in detail.

Hosts of mice follow the lemmings in our family *Muridæ*, and these are arrayed under such genera as *Synaptomys, Evotomys, Arvicola, Hesperomys* and *Ochetodon*, while a volume of no mean size could be filled with the accounts of their varied habits and distributions, to say nothing of the discussion, anatomical and otherwise, that might be made upon the subject of their physical differences. Baird, Coues, Allen and others have all paid great attention to our United States forms, and have furnished science with a deal of their history and structure. Small as they are, mice play a very important part in nature's drama; they are the main stay on the diet list of hawks, owls, herons, and many of the smaller mammalian Carnivora; while in certain sections they become on occasions the greatest grain pests the farmers have to dread; though at other times years may pass by where he is comparatively exempt from their ravages, owing to the fact that a season may have arrived with much rain, causing inundations which swept away and actually drowned millions of meadow mice while it lasted. Some species in the country districts come into our houses and barns, and many of them build pretty little nests, and most of them are prolific, rearing many young each season. All are easily tamed, and if kept in commodious quarters afford us in this way the best means of studying their habits, something it is quite hard to accomplish in a state of nature, as many of them are nocturnal, and thus seldom seen unless hunted for in their daily retreats and hiding places, while at all times these little creatures are timid and retiring, and not likely to pursue their normal avocations in the presence of man.

The "List" quotes the little harvest mouse (*Ochetodon humilis*) as occurring in the "Mississippi Valley and Gulf States to Mexico." I can extend the range of this species, for I have found it breeding here at Fort Wingate, New Mexico, and it probably occurs still further to the westward. In the Proceedings of the U. S. National Museum, a year or so ago, I figured the head of this species, as well as some species of *Hesperomys*.

During the spring of 1885 I found a new species of *Hesperomys* here at Fort Wingate, which I described as True's piñon mouse (*H. truei*), and have taken many specimens of it since. It is especially noticeable from the great size of its ears, while in color it differs markedly from our Eastern field mice, as for example the common white-footed or deer mouse. In habit it is given to living among the piñon trees (*P. edulis*) which cover the mountainsides of this region, and it generally constructs its nest in the hollow of a dead one. Once or twice I have shot specimens of this mouse out of these trees, and it will when alarmed often run up one, even to the uppermost branches.

Of the cotton rat (*Sigmodon hispidus*) an author before me says, "It is very abundant in the Southern States, where it prefers hedges, ditches and deserted fields to gardens and cultivated lands; it feeds on seeds, grass and vegetables, but relishes flesh, and readily devours birds that fall wounded in the fields; it also eats crayfish, which it gets from the ditches. It is very voracious, attacks and devours other species of mice and rats, also killing and eating its own species. It is exceedingly prolific, lives in burrows, and is nocturnal in its habits."

The various genera of rats and mice differ from each other in some degree structurally, decidedly in some directions in their dental formulæ, but on the whole they are quite homogeneous as a group, and never attain any great size in any of the species, though some of them are exceedingly small, as the little harvest mouse of Europe, one of the tiniest of mammals. Wallace has pointed out how they are being constantly spread over the world, by ships, or transported from island to island, and continent to continent on sea by means of driftwood and other material. Thus it is, too, that new species are ever on the road toward development, as existing types are by such means brought to different regions, where they are submitted to widely different influences, as food, climate and environment. Rats and mice are never distinguished by highly colored pelts, but are given chiefly to browns, whites, buffs, and ochres, while one of the common rats is quite black. Such coloring affords one of their best means of protection, for they are thus rendered more difficult to be seen by birds of prey and the lesser sized carnivora, which seek them for food.



Fig. 3.—TRUE'S PIÑON MOUSE (*H. truei*).
A new Mexican form of this genus. Drawn life size by the author from a specimen in his own collection.

Wood rats of the genus *Neotoma* close our "List" of the *Muridæ*, and of these we have in the United States three species, and one for Mexico and Guatemala. Opportunity has never been afforded me to study the Eastern types of *Neotoma*, but there is a very interesting form here in New Mexico, to which I have paid no little attention. Last spring I made up several skins and alcoholics of this *Neotoma* and forwarded them to Mr. True of the U. S. National Museum, who carefully examined them and arrived at the conclusion that they were but western varieties of our common wood rat (*N. floridana*), but with the colors of its pelage considerably lighter. In the Proc. U. S. National Museum for 1885, I figure the superior aspect of the skull of one of these rats, and record some notes there in regard to them. Nearly four years ago, when I first came to Fort Wingate, these animals were plenty about the station, and I had no trouble in securing specimens within ten minutes' walk of my house. Their nests were to be found in any of the hills about the place, and consisted of a pile, often as much as six or seven bushels, of rubbish and sticks gathered about the roots of some pine or piñon tree. Sometimes, however, the rat would choose as the site of his domicile the cleft between two great rocks, or perhaps under some big boulder, in which latter situation I never made the attempt to secure the inmate. These nests, when built about the roots of a small tree, were usually of a dome-like form, and consisted principally of short dry sticks of varying lengths, bones, dead cactus leaves, dry, loose manure, pine cones, and indeed anything they could manage to lay their paws upon and drag over to the heap. One time I saw one of these nests built in the rocks on the side of a cañon, near where the Navajo Indians had buried some of their dead, and where the rat, of a decorative turn of mind, had cocked up on top of his rubbish-pile nest the skull of a Navajo baby. Inside one of the piles, usually near its center, the *Neotoma* constructs what is really its true nest, a globular wad of the soft shreds of the pine bark, and such other pliable material as it can secure. This part of the structure is about as big as a man's head, and has an opening at one side; and so all the rubbish heaped upon and about it simply serves as a protection against marauding coyotes and other vermin.

To capture one of these *Neotomas* I generally put on a good pair of stout gloves, and kicking away his pile of rubbish with my boots, I pounced upon the heart of the establishment just so soon as I could seize the entire mass in my hands. And rarely did I fail to find somebody at home. It is in these nests that they spend the winter, and in the spring rear their young; but I am inclined to believe they desert them during the warm summer months, for at such latter seasons I have always found the nests empty, and more or less weather-worn. As stated above, I have kept this little animal in confinement for months at a time, and although they have many interesting habits, they are, on the whole, difficult to tame, and make constant efforts to secure their liberty again, even after they have been in limbo for a number of weeks. Food of all kinds is eaten by them, and on several occasions, where one of my captives got out in the pantry, his cage was a sight to behold next morning, for he had packed it full of oyster crackers, apples, lump sugar, raisins and almonds, to the measure of a full half peck.

These wood rats of which I am speaking have pretty bushy tails, with about as much show of hair as the spotted spermophiles, and have large and rather expressive eyes. Both their sight and hearing is very acute, especially the latter.

In my next paper I will have something to say about the gophers (*Geomyidæ*) and pouched rats (*Saccomyidæ*), and hope to complete this large order shortly afterward.

BLACKSNAKES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I read with a good deal of interest an article appearing in you issue of Sept. 13, from the pen of N. Starkweather. The larger portion of that article was a description of the habits of a snake extremely common in the Middle and New England States—the one known simply as blacksnake in every locality where I have known and met it. The subject is one with which I am somewhat familiar, and my own experience tells me that the gentleman is mistaken in a few of his premises.

For thirty years I resided in a country hilly and rocky beyond measure. As a boy and man every foot of this territory became as familiar to me as are now the streets of your city. The fences were everywhere stone walls, the material for which had been taken from the land as the fields were cleared. In many cases so stony was the land, that it was and is still truly wild land. The heavy timber once cut off, the land was left to grow as it could another crop of timber. Nature in her beginnings started a growth of underwood or brush almost tropical in its richness. These spots were more than well watered. Little streams ran in every direction, while each hollow held its little pool or pond of water. Food being plenty and foliage dense, birds were bred and reared in numbers unknown at the present day.

I have stated that this section of country was stony; it was not alone that, but immense masses of trap rock, almost deserving the name of cliffs, are scattered throughout the county. The section I refer to is that part of Fairfield county, Connecticut, commencing at the mouth of the Byram River, where it empties into Long Island Sound, and running almost northerly along the banks of that stream to its beginning at Byram Pond, a distance of some eighteen miles. All the conditions necessary for the preservation of snake life are here found at their best, and never in all my wanderings have I seen so many of the kind of serpent written of as are met with here. I do not dare mention how many I have destroyed, but it seems to me now, looking back, as if it must have been well up in the hundreds. The largest I ever killed was in length 6ft. 8in., but very many were over 6ft., not by guess, but by actual measurement.

Now to one point, that the one regarding white on this snake. I have never seen a white ring encircling this snake's neck, but I have seen many times, so often, indeed, as to be to me a common thing, a white spot commencing at the point of the under jaw and running thence backward along the whole of the lower jaw to a little past the junction of the head with the neck. I have no doubt that this white patch may often extend upward along the back of the jaw on either side, so that one catching a glimpse of this white from above, and seeing it on either side, would call it a ring, especially so as the broad patch covering the under side of the jaw would be hidden. This was not a dead white color, but a creamy white, which the surrounding dark color made more pronounced. The old people, fancying it a different species, invariably spoke of it as the white-throat, black racer or chaser, and it was always referred to as being quicker and more rapid in its movements than the other. Of that I can give no opinion, for I know of nothing more rapid than the movement of the common blacksnake when alarmed or after a running field mouse.

One of my first experiences with this constrictor was when whortleberrying in a dense patch of woodland known as Ahred Peck's woods. The timber was heavy oak and hickory. The land was low-lying and pools of water were in great numbers in spring and fall. During the heats of summer this water was evaporated, leaving the surface a soft damp mould, formed exclusively of decomposed swamp grasses and well rotted leaves. From these rich spots grew the bushes of the swamp-whortleberry to a height of a dozen feet. The berry was large, excellent in flavor, and much sought for by the farmers' wives for summer puddings and winter preserves. At each recurring year, as the berry ripened, parties were made up to go to these woods for a supply of the fruit. The locality was, however, just as well known for its supply of ophidians as it was for its berries, and the "snakes' den," or wintering quarters, one of which hibernating places was in this patch of woods, was always spoken of with something akin to fear. As a consequence, each of the party went around with a lithe but strong rod, with which to battle with the snakes. Scarcely had the people commenced picking on this occasion when a scream was heard from a colored servant girl by the name of Sarah Green, and she was running for dear life, emitting a screech with every jump. Directly after her was a blacksnake, and as this race was for some hundreds of feet, and seen by dozens of people before the *coluber* was killed, it would seem a matter of fact. No more berries were picked that day. Sarah always said that the snake came directly for her from the top of a berry bush, which she had pulled downward toward her so that she could reach the fruit. As the blacksnake is a capital climber, there would seem to be no reason to doubt her statement.

Mr. Starkweather seems to doubt the aggressive disposition of the blacksnake. I always remember it as a fighter when so inclined. I grant it will usually move off rapidly with a rustle of leaves which is somewhat startling, but I also know it will turn and fight with a vehemence which fortunately its powers of injury do not equal. I was sitting one day after the midday meal upon the front porch of the old farmhouse which was close upon the road. A fringe of spicewood and alder bush separated the road from the Byram River. Hearing an incessant screaming on the part of a pair of catbirds, I naturally went to discover the reason. I found in one of the spicewood bushes snugly coiled about its trunk an immense blacksnake. The birds were wild with excitement, one of them especially so. Seeing them so intently engaged, for they did not notice me, I stood and watched them as intently as they did each other. After some moments of continual chattering on the part of the birds, one of them flew to some distance and perching upon a limb, stood with head outstreached and downspread wings screaming for dear life. The other bird kept at its fluttering, flying around and around the snake, which with sharp beady eyes kept its neck as well as tongue in slow vibration. I had read of the charming power of snakes and watched with an eagerness impossible to describe to see the end. The catbird evidently was becoming wearied, for its wings beat hurriedly while I could see the puffing out and in of the body, effect of the prolonged exertion. It has been always a matter of regret with me that I had not coolness enough to see the finish, but I became so sympathetic on account of the birds' sufferings that to put an end to the scene, I picked up three or four big stones and "fired" one savagely at the snake. Imagine my surprise when the snake, although badly hurt, dropped from the bush and came directly toward me. Another heavy stone broke its back, when I killed it with the stamp of a cowhide boot upon its head. This was the snake that measured the 6ft. 8in. written of in an early part of this. It was measured by the farmer I was boarding with, Peter Nusted, and in the presence of a Baptist minister by the name of Thomas Richard Green.

On another occasion, when the farmers were mowing a patch of meadow, a large blacksnake was started, which one of them impaled by a hasty thrust of a hay fork, pinning it to the earth. I secured that snake, kept it for some time in a box, and finally sent it as a present to a friend in New York, the late Enoch Dick, at that time receiving teller of the Bowery Bank. That snake would fight savagely and would strike the glass of the box, within which he was confined, at a pointed finger or anything held toward him. Although his head must have suffered from the concussion, he would over and over again strike at objects. When a face happened to be close to the glass looking in and the strike came, the effect upon the onlooker was startling.

Although I have never seen an enormous blacksnake I still believe that occasionally one may grow to abnormal dimensions. Thus in a field owned by a blacksmith named David Lyon, and which bordered the river, a long blacksnake was seen so often and by so many people that I would be loth to doubt the accuracy of the report. Another was seen for many years in a patch of low meadow land, through which ran a small stream called Hangroot Brook. I am inclined to think that once in a while, as in the human species, a giant specimen might appear, which by its superior size would call attention to itself, become identified with a certain locality and being seen of many soon "acquire a habitation and a name."

A word as to hibernating holes. I know of many places so designated, but never examined but one. Almost always they are found where a cleft or rift in outcropping rocks leads to open space below. In the one I was familiar with the rock is not two feet above the surface, not over a dozen feet in length, and narrow in proportion to its length. This body of rock had two long, narrow cleavings or crevices. In the fall a snake could occasionally be seen entering, but this was seldom, and owing no doubt to the long time over which the period of seeking repose on the part of individual snakes extends. I do not think, however, that I ever knew or heard of the snakes leaving this winter home until the frost was thoroughly out of the ground and at least midday warmth thoroughly assured. The warm days of late April, when a little frost lingers in the air at night, followed by warm sun during the day, seemed to be the period chosen for going forth. They did not issue out singly or in couples, but reptile would follow reptile in quick succession. Their movements would be quite sluggish, and often one would remain half in and half out the opening until thoroughly warmed up by the heat of the sun. This outgoing was all finished in two or three days. Hundreds would be no synonym for the number, it was thousands. One April morning—I think in 1863—the late Colonel N. B. Bartram and myself killed over forty, all blacksnakes, in as many minutes; and that same morning over a hundred had been killed by Amos Lyon, son of Purdy Lyon, who owned the farm upon which this hibernating spot is located. All kinds of snakes seemed to come together here for their winter's slumber. Adders and milksnakes were the greater in number after the blacksnakes. Singular to say, this pile of rock is in an open field not 200ft. from a well-traveled road, and not twice that distance from the front door of the Lyons house. The rock is bare of cover, or was when I last saw it, for not a bush or weed in any way screened it from observation. I presume it originally had been in dense woods and well hidden, but why, after being denuded of its cover by a clearing up of its surroundings, it should still be used year after year by the reptiles, is a question which cannot be answered by JACOB PENTZ.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

SNAKES SWALLOWING YOUNG.—Nevada. Sept. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I notice in your issue of Sept. 6 the notes of N. Starkweather concerning serpents. Truly, there are "more things in heaven and earth" than even our philosophy acknowledges. Whether or no serpents swallow their young, I am not prepared to assert; but I hereby attest and subscribe to the following: Some fifteen years ago, in northern Illinois, I saw a number of young snakes run—or at least go, and go quickly—into the mouth of a large one. Upon killing the large snake the small ones squirmed from its body. They were a species of watersnake, I think. I have since frequently heard of similar cases. Doubtless others have seen as much. I tender my testimony in support of Miss Wolcott's anecdote.—C. L. PAIGE.

PLEASANTVILLE, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I quite agree with Miss Emily L. Wolcott, that snakes do swallow their young for protection. I have seen three or four incidents of the kind. On approaching the old snake she would make a peculiar noise and immediately the young would run down herthroat. The snake is called in this section the black watersnake.—J. O.

A DINING CAR LINE TO THE PACIFIC COAST.—The completion of the all rail line between Portland, Ore., and San Francisco gives the Pacific coast traveler an opportunity to patronize the famous Dining Car and Yellowstone Park Line, the Northern Pacific Railroad. The sportsman traveling in the West, whether a lover of the rod or gun, naturally seeks this road, penetrating as it does the lake park region of Minnesota, and running through the valleys of such trout streams as the Yellowstone, Gallatin, Hell Gate, Clark's Fork, Spokane, Yakima and Green Rivers, for a distance of fully 1,500 miles, as well as lying immediately contiguous to the finest hunting grounds in the United States, viz., The Big Horn, Snowy Belt, Bitter Root, Coeur D'Alene and Cascade Mountains. Information in regard to this region can be obtained by addressing CHARLES S. FEE, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, N.R. R., P. St. Paul, Minn.—*Adv.*

TOURISTS seeking rest and recreation during the hot summer months can obtain valuable information from the illustrated guide books entitled "A Summer Jaunt" and "Summer of 1888" issued by the Wisconsin Central Line. These books are descriptive of the summer resorts in Wisconsin and Minnesota, reached by the Wisconsin Central Line, and will be sent free to any address upon application to JAMES BARKER, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Milwaukee, Wis.—*Adv.*

Game Bag and Gun.

RIFLES FOR SMALL GAME.—III.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Since my article under the above heading appeared in FOREST AND STREAM I have had a great many letters from different parts of the country, with so many inquiries about the small-bore rifles that I have felt obliged to ask for space in the FOREST AND STREAM to answer in part the many correspondents that have requested me to do so. As this may also interest some new readers who are fond of rifle shooting in the woods and fields at small game, I will submit it to you without any apologies, merely stating that it is simply the result of careful observation, and it is hoped by the writer that some useful information may be given to the young and inexperienced sportsmen that are looking for a good rifle to do the work required in a quick, thorough and decisive manner.

First, the .22cal., which I treated of in former articles, is now fitted up ready for the market with four different cartridges, which are good for game shooting. There are many good rifles in the market, and it is merely a matter of fancy which to choose—provided of course that they are chambered for the short shell.

There is another rimfire cartridge called the .22 long "rifle" cartridge, made by the U. M. C. Co., that contains 5grs. powder and 40grs. lead. This cartridge, although it has been on the market for some time, does not seem to be very well known—judging from letters that I have received regarding it—and to those who wish a cheap rimfire cartridge and wish to do accurate work up to 100yds. I will say that it will fill the bill every time, for it will shoot—in a good rifle—closer than any man can see to hold—for hunting small game. There are two rifles only, known by the writer, that handle this cartridge in a satisfactory manner, viz., the Ballard and Stevens, that are sold at a moderate price. There is one other make that does good work, but costs too much and is no better. These cartridges cost the same as the common .22 long pistol cartridge, but are much more accurate and better every way. The rifles, however, are made especially for them and require a quicker twist in the barrel, so that old rifles can seldom be rechambered to use the new cartridge successfully. Next comes the .22 10-45 c. f. rifle and cartridge.

This cartridge is now made by the U. M. C. Co., to use the No. 1 copper primer, which is a great improvement on the 00 primer formerly used in it. The No. 1 primer is stronger and does not blow out and go to pieces like the old one. This cartridge was fully described in the former article, but it is now so much improved that it is on the whole the equal of the .22-15-45 B. N. cartridge made by the Win. R. Arms Co. Among the rifles to use the 10gr. cartridge, or as it is better known, the .22 extra long c. f., are the Maynard, Bullard, Wesson, Stevens and Ballard. The first and last named have given the best results to the writer, and a point in favor of the latter is that the cost is much less. The strongest shooting cartridge known to the writer in .22cal., is the .22-15-45 cartridge, made by the Winchester Co. The trajectory is very flat up to 200 yards, as the bullet is long enough to have good staying power, and having a powder proportion of 1 to 3, it must, of course, give such speed that for all distances at which small game is killed there are no changes of elevation, which, by the way, is the only fault to be found with both the rimfire cartridges, viz., the .22 short and .22 long rifle cartridges.

Both the 10 and 15gr. cartridges can be reloaded several times, while the everlasting shells for the Maynard rifle can be reloaded indefinitely, the writer having loaded one of them over a hundred times to test it, and apparently it is in just as good condition as when it was first fired. All of these four cartridges are very accurate, and are well adapted to shooting squirrels, grouse, quail or any small game that comes within their range.

There is a question—which I have worked on for a long time and one which I have been asked a great many times—that is worth answering here. We often hear it asked what kind of a rifle can I have for all around work? One that is heavy enough to kill a deer and one that will do to shoot a duck or even a gray squirrel without either tearing the latter all to pieces or kicking a man's head off. A rifle that will down a deer at 300yds., or one that will drop a red squirrel at 30yds. A rifle that can be found in the market at any time with shells and all kinds of reloading material, at a reasonable price, and one that will do good work both with patched and naked bullets, long and short, to use for both large and small game, and for fine work at the target. After a great deal of hunting and measuring with the micrometer caliper, study and theory, I was ready to give the experiment a test, and as the results were satisfactory in every respect, I will give you the story. So here it is:

The rifle used was a No. 4 Ballard with 30in. barrel, .32cal., using 40grs. of powder, and a bullet of 185grs. The results of this cartridge for target and game are too well known to need any comment here, and work well for deer, geese, turkeys or any of the game east of the Rocky Mountains except moose or bear. For the smaller game at shorter range, such as squirrels, ducks, woodchucks, grouse, etc., I loaded the shell with 10 to 15grs. of F.G. powder, a cardboard wad, and a .32 S. & W. revolving rifle bullet, which weighs 100grs. The results are good up to 100 yards, while the report is very light, the recoil is not noticed at all and the expense of shooting is reduced to a minimum, everything that is required can be easily obtained, and you are ready for long or short-range work for any distance at which game of any kind is killed in this part of the country. Of course, there are rifles that will answer a particular purpose better, and particularly for the larger game, but for an all-round gun in this part of the country I have not found anything better. We have little use for large bores for game shooting, while almost all of the target work is at 200 yards, and the small bores are much pleasanter to use, and get into the bullseye just as well.

There are many questions of minor importance that I have answered by mail, and will be happy to give any further information that I can to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM regarding the use and care of small-bore rifles. A letter with a stamp for it sent to the FOREST AND STREAM office I think will be forwarded to me, and I find that this kind of correspondence is of mutual benefit, as I learn of new ideas as well as help others with what are to me old ones. IRON RAMROD.

SOMERVILLE STATION, Boston, Mass.

GUN-SHY DAN AND THE CHICKENS.

WINNIPEG, Manitoba, Sept. 5.—Yesterday was a cool—decidedly cool—bracing day here, with a slight breeze, just the kind of a day for a chicken hunt over the prairie; and when a friend proposed a drive out in the afternoon after chickens, I gladly accepted the invitation. We were away shortly after noon. My friend, Mr. Wm. Hine, a resident of this city, is a gentlemen well known to many of your readers, a crack wing shot, and a thorough sportsman and naturalist. A young brother of Mr. Hine's, whom we dubbed "Youngster," was taken along to drive the horse. He drove with one hand and held fast to a 12-bore Greener with the other. Our dogs were Hine's well-broken Gordon setter Vine, a beautiful animal, and a young English setter Dan, the property of a Toronto sportsman.

Oh, George, what a setter your Dan is, to be sure. He reminds me of an old school-day friend, Charley S., now of Hatfield, Mass., who, when a youth up in the northwest part of Vermont, was ever ready for a lark, excepting when a gun was around. He had a decided aversion to a gun, and if one was fired in his vicinity he would hunt his hole in double quick time. He has, however, got over this, and is now engaged in the manufacture of firearms. I must not omit mentioning the horse Rob, who takes a lively interest in chicken shooting. When Vine struck a scent Rob would stop and look interested; in fact, Hine says that Rob sometimes tries to point a bird himself.

A few miles out from the city the dogs were cast loose, and soon the youngster shouted, "Dan has a point." Sure enough a short distance to the left Dan stood stiffened out, head slightly raised, with a curved tail elevated at an angle of 45°. A few feet in front of his nose stood a low, dead bush, on it was a ground sparrow with feathers ruffled up, curiously watching the pup. Dan stood staunch for about two minutes, then made a sudden jump into the air and came down with a thud into his former position. This caused the sparrow to fly, then there was a chase. If George could have been there how he would have admired his Dan, and how he would have sa d so.

Soon Vine struck a scent, the pony stopped and we tumbled out and prepared for action. Dan precipitated matters by swinging around some distance ahead of Vine and flushed the game, an old sharp-tailed grouse. He immediately gave chase. As the bird came down past like a bullet, a long shot off, my Greener uttered its protest, which caused the bird to turn a double sommersault into the grass. Hi, Vine, seek dead bird; and proudly and daintily he brought in our first bird of the day, a fine cock grouse. But where is Dan? There stands Rob shaking his head and champing his bit, expressing in a horsey way his pleasure. At our feet stands Vine wagging his tail and waiting for a caress as reward for retrieving the bird so promptly. A little distance away the youngster stands with an expression that betokens mischief later on. Hine and myself are surely here. But Dan is absent. After some moments of calling and whistling the top of a dark head adorned with a pair of glistening eyes, appear above the grass near the spot where Dan was last seen. As we drive away that head grows larger and takes the form and body of the lost Dan, who follows along behind the rig with a demeanor that plainly said, "That was a mean trick to play on a fellow who was doing his best to catch that bird." But he soon recovered his spirits and was coursing about as lively as ever, though if a gun was pointed he would "set" out of sight as quickly as possible.

We cross a dry slough to a ridge, where there are a few scattering scrub oaks, a most likely spot for chickens. We turn up the ridge and Vine works across the ridge in front of us. He is a rapid worker, going at a swinging gallop. Suddenly he stops and "stiffens" a moment, then turning his head slowly he sniffs the faint scent-laden air on each side, then slowly moves onward, working up the trail. We extend out our line and await developments. Dan makes a rush ahead of the other dog. We shout "Give the rascal a peppering;" he bursts in among the covey, which gets up with a whir-r-r some 50yds. from Hine. Crack, goes one barrel of his gun, and the nearest bird is doubled up and comes down a limp mass of flesh and feathers, and Dan, true to his instinct as a blue-blooded setter, "sets" as close to mother earth as possible. The covey is composed of well-grown birds, and as they scatter out over the prairie they are well marked down. Dan is disposed of for the time being and will not interfere with Vine, who soon comes to a point. They are pinnated grouse and the bird runs. Vine follows it up silently and carefully, and stiffens again within a few feet of the writer, when whir-r-r up goes the bird behind me. A quick turn and at 30yds. away I knock it cold. Vine, who drops to shot, is told to "Hi on, dead bird." In another moment the bird is in my pocket; and within another two minutes Vine has found another bird near Hine, who walks it up and downs it. Vine is soon again at a staunch point, with nose into a thick clump of brush. We take our positions and order the youngster to enter the brush and flush. He walks into the thicket with a dangerous look in his eyes. As the birds starts he snaps it before it is out of the brush. We exchange looks of disgust as the young'un makes a clucking sound with his tongue as he picks up the riddled bird. "Now look here, youngster," says Hine, "No more such snap shots again to-day; do you hear?" The youngster makes in reply a thumb and finger movement. Soon Vine is tracing up another grouse. We spread out in a line, Hine to the extreme left, the youngster in the middle and the writer at the right. Rob, who has found a tender bit of grass to nibble, is busily engaged in the rear. Vine comes to a point fifty yards in front of Hine, the bird is shy and flushes, and is hardly up in the air when bang and it is down. I look at Hine, he is looking at me, with his gun down. The young ter coolly extracts an empty shell from his gun and blows the smoke from the barrel. He has made a clean kill at seventy yards if it is a foot. "I say, youngster"—another thumb and finger movement cuts short the sentence. We first feel like wilting and keeping Dan company. A second thought prompts us to brace up, fully determined to make age and experience tell and assert their supremacy before the day closes. The next bird is doubly killed, as Hine and I each cover it. The youngster was a trifle late.

We soon exhausted that covey, and further on other coveys are found and worked with varied success. Dan gets interested and actually stands a grouse, but "sets" when the gun comes up. The sport goes on until it is too dark to shoot. We are then ten miles from the city, but Rob knows the route back and we have a pleasant ride into town.

Regarding the number of birds bagged I overheard the youngster tell a hunting party we passed near the city that we had killed twenty-seven, but Hine says that according to his arithmetic nine and twenty-one are thirty. They were nearly all pinnated grouse, which are newcomers in this vicinity. The native sharptail grouse have nearly all disappeared, which is perhaps owing to the fact that they lie better to the dog and are easier killed. The pinnated grouse scatter, run and hide when a dog comes among them.

A word more about Dan. This was the second time that he had been out in the field. It is Hine's idea to first get him interested and familiar with the game, and then try to break him of his gunshyness. When this is done he will no doubt become a valuable dog, though to become a prize winner he must be taught to lower that curved tail several degrees. It may, however, of its own accord straighten and drop with age. He is young yet. His present usefulness is confined to defending Vine from the attacks of the halfbreeds' curs. Dan goes into a fight with a dash and vim that enables him to thrash an Indian dog quicker than you can say Jack Robinson (of Matepedia). STANSTEAD.

ADIRONDACK DEER AND HOUNDS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Some time since I had the pleasure of placing before you the story of the two hounds and the deer. Let me give you an instance of the instinct of the deer in knowing that a particular hound is on his track. An old guide with whom I have had many a cosy chat over a camp fire, told me that when deer were plenty in that region. he had often seen a small herd of eight or ten feeding in some grassy meadow. Once he saw a number feeding, and in the distance he heard the baying of a hound. He had been trying to draw near enough to get a shot at one of those he saw, but the voice of the hound had made a stir among them, as if they were taking note of that music, so pleasant to the hunter, and so ominous to them. As the voice of the hound drew nearer, one of the deer raised his head and seemed to be listening very intently, when he quickly drew off from the others, and slowly increased his distance from his companions, from time to time throwing back his head in order to catch every sound of the nearer approach of the hound. Presently he trotted away, and drew out of sight, when soon came the unerring animal on his trail, passing almost in sight of the other deer, but causing very little excitement and no hurry. The deer on whose track he had started led him almost through the drove.

There can be no doubt of the fact, as there is abundant testimony to corroborate the statement, and I really think it more remarkable than the faculty in the hound, which enables him to claim his deer. I promised to place before you some facts which occurred under my own observation, to demonstrate beyond a doubt the truth of this wonderful instinct. One of my favorite camping grounds, when I was a little more supple in the joints, was Ampersan Pond, which is beyond the top of Ampersan Mountain, over the roughest and the steepest carry of five miles it has ever been my pleasure to encounter. The grand old mountain overlooks the Lower Saranac and Round Lake. I have visited that enchanting lake four or five times, and camped near the ruins of Prof. Agassiz's old hunting lodge, and the hours spent around that silent lake, only awakened by the weird cry of the loon, have given me more rest than any other part of the wilderness. It is an undertaking to reach it, but when once settled you feel certain that no one will disturb your repose. Part of the ascent is so near perpendicular that you are obliged to go in a slanting direction, and even then take hold of a line, if your burden is heavy, to pull up the steepest part.

I was watching on Burnt Island, about the center of the lake, where a fine run comes down the mountain by the side of a rousing brook, full of deep, dark holes, just the places the deer love to sulk in and worry the dogs; this ended at the mouth of the stream in a long, shallow sandbar, where the deer can run out a hundred yards or more before he is compelled to swim. The cunning creature had baffled several dogs nearly all day; first one could be heard, and then two or three; and again all was silent. It was late in the day when at last they succeeded in routing him out of all of the hiding places, and they were heard coming in no amiable temper, three of them. As I sat, rifle in hand, out came a magnificent buck, and seemingly in no great haste, leisurely walked out on the shallow bar, and drew nearer to me with every step. Just before the waters deepened, I fired and put the ball behind his ear. Electricity could not have been quicker. Very soon, in fact before my guide could draw the deer to the island, an old dog, Tyler, came into the water and swam over, regaling himself on a dainty meal. Close at his heels another dog, belonging to me, came in. He is a small but musical little fellow of the old Virginia stock of black and tan. He swam right up to the deer and in language not to be mistaken claimed it as his. Old Tyler reluctantly and sullenly walked up the bank; and Ned after his meal lay down by the buck; and just then came in the third dog, swam to the shore, noticed the deer and also walked up the bank. Now either of these animals could have thrashed Ned; and old Tyler could have eaten the little fellow up; he was a powerful animal, noted for his strength and pluck, a cross between greyhound and foxhound, and always came in first with a rush, giving the game little time to rest. The old fellow was out of sorts all the rest of the day, in fact when about to seek camp we thought it best not to take either of the dogs in the boat, as they were dissatisfied, and I am sure if it had not been a law that these creatures obey, it would have been a bad business for Ned. Though the little fellow had a splendid nose and a beautiful voice, yet he was no match for the others in a battle.

This little hound was cruelly shot by some inhuman hand, the ball tearing open a great seam in the back of his neck, which I stiched up under ether. By the way, let me say for the benefit of our friends that dogs generally take anæsthetics badly, and have to be handled very carefully under its use.

I think I need not trouble you with any further instances to prove the point under discussion. I should be glad to hear from any of your friends on the subject' as all such matters of natural history interest me.

HORACE CARUTHERS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As each year has its biggest buck ever seen in the Adirondacks, I have to tell you of the one for 1888, killed by the Hon. L. E. Chittenden. Mr. Chittenden had taken post at the mouth of the outlet, and says he would not have missed the sight of the buck coming in for anything. He did not come in as if sca ed, but came with an easy bound, as if he knew his power to whip the dogs or escape them by running a short distance in the water. His head was turned, listening to the dogs. Two young ladies, rowing for pleasure, had just come up the outlet and stopped just where the buck wanted to go. When he saw the yellow boat and the two New York girls he stopped to take a look at them. The rifles ofMr. Chittendenden and his guide, DeBar, took him on the fly as he turned to run when about 200yds. away, each shot striking him, one in the neck and one through the body. His hair had just changed from the red coat to the short blue coat, which makes the finest kind of a rug. The huge antlers have eleven prongs. All hands are satisfied it will be the best head sent from the Adirondacks for 1888. We certainly have seen none as fine since the famous Star Mountain buck was killed by Mr. Kneeland. The hunting has been unusually good since August 15. Thirteen deer have been killed about the lake since that date.

MEACHAM LAKE, N. Y., Sept. 11. F.

A report from Blue Mountain Lake, Sept. 18, says that Mr. S. Fairchild, of New York city, killed one of the finest bucks ever seen in that region. Its antlers were five-pronged and very symmetrical. It weighed 258lbs. net on hotel scales; width across antlers, 20in.; length of antlers, 29in.

NOTES FROM CHICAGO.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 17.—Mr. Gillespie, long so familiar in the gun end at Spalding's, is just recovering from an illness which leaves him unable to enjoy life with his accustomed vigor. He has his eye on the ducks, however, and says if he don't go after them this fall, he will next time, sure.

One of the wealthiest and most prominent shooting clubs of this city—or rather of this country, for it has members in New York, Boston, Grand Rapids, Mich., and other cities—is the one commonly called the De Golyer Club, because of the prominence therein of the Messrs. DeGolyer. There are only twelve members, and these twelve do their best to beat each other down to the grounds, when a special wire announces that the ducks are coming in. The grounds of the club are near Roselawn, Ind., and comprise over 5,000 acres of shooting country. They have nineteen miles of river front on the Kankakee to rattle around in.

Mr. Bond, of Bond's Commercial Agency, and Mr. F. R. Smith, of Pardridge's Western house, receive word from their intended shooting ground near Liverpool, Ind., that one gun has bagged five dozen snipe to a day's shooting, and another has had 50 ducks. They wish to get away by Sept. 25, if possible, as by that time game should be coming in well. Mr. Smith's red Irish dog Don, as fine a specimen of his kind as there is in the city, has had a bad round with distemper, but will be well enough to work this fall.

Mr. Alex. Harvey, well known in the sporting goods department of Montgomery Ward & Co., has been sick, and will miss his regular annual trip to Senachwina Lake after the ducks.

I learn from the town of Henry, Ill., that market hunters are getting a few ducks on Senachwina and adjacent waters. This is the home of the great North American market hunter.

Sept. 20.—The boys are mostly back from their first fall outing, and there is a temporary lull along the line. The local ducks, teal and woodducks, have now mostly been shot off, and the flight of the migrators has not yet well set in. Snipe are being shot in good bags along the Kankakee.

The plentiful fall rains have filled up the marshes and bayous well, and shooters along the Kankakee and in the Fox Lake system anticipate a good flight of ducks this fall.

A few ducks are being picked by the juveniles along the Calumet, almost on the edge of this city. These young shooters, however, say, "'Taint cold enuf up North yit." E. H.

TOMPKINS COUNTY GAME.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Under the above heading "M. C. H." says in the FOREST AND STREAM for Sept. 20, "The big b gs at first reported dwindled down terribly when the truth was scattered abroad. In one instance that came to my knowledge a well known local sport accompanied by a more or less conspicuous member of the medical profession of Gotham town, was reported as bagging thirteen woodcock on Aug. 1. The hard cold facts of the matter, as related by the farmer, at whose place the gunners found shelter, were in effect that the day's work resulted in the shooting of three woodcock, two robins and one partridge (shot out of season by professed sportsmen)."

Dr. J. S. Kirkendall, of Ithaca, and the subscriber, are the parties referred to, and the writer of the above slander is evidently not acquainted with us. We manage to get in a good many days in the field together during the season every year, and our bags of birds are usually able to stand on their merits without any varnishing, when the weather and other conditions are favorable. We reported twelve woodcock killed, and that was the number of woodcock killed by us on that morning, and there were no robins nor partridges nor other birds of any kind mixed with them. If I did not profess in public to be an upholder of the game laws "M. E. H.'s" letter would not disturb me any, but it will be read by a good many who will think it is time for them to shoot partridges out of season, if the letter states facts. It so happens that we did not show any birds to any farmer on the morning in question, and that while our bag of woodcock numbered a dozen of those birds, we were disappointed at not being able to make a really large bag of them.

Partridges, by the way, are always plentiful in Tomp-

kins county, woodcock are fairly abundant and quail are scarce. Brown rabbits are easily found, except near the large towns, and white rabbits are plentiful enough in the swamps to make good sport with beagles. A few ducks and turtle doves complete the list of feathered game of the county. Coons, foxes, skunks, muskrats and mink can be found in almost any part of the county by hunters who care to gather fur.

ROBT. T. MORRIS, M.D.

NEW YORK, Sept. 20.

BEARS IN MAINE.

IT is a curious feature in natural history that bears are on the increase in Maine, especially in Franklin and Oxford counties. It can hardly be claimed that this increase is due to protection, as in the case of deer, where the restraint of dog hunting and crusting by the hand of the law is certainly the means through which a very marked increase in numbers is apparent. But *Ursa major* has grown in numbers in Maine in a very marked degree. Time was when the mountains of Oxford and Franklin counties were great living grounds for these animals, but the advent of civilization more than fifty years ago seemed to drive them nearly to extermination. Thirty years ago, in the very neighborhoods where bears have made sad havoc with the farmer's sheep this summer, such an animal was rarely known, except in name. It is true, that in the early history of politics in Oxford county certain stalwarts obtained the title of Oxford Bears, a name given to them because they were the hardy sons of a locality where bears had once been wonderfully plenty. But civilization, accompanied by the settler's steel trap and flintlock, had driven them almost to extermination. Still, on occasion these animals were seen even in those days. In conversation with a gentleman born in Oxford county, in that State, the other day, he remarked that he well remembered the advent of a bear some thirty years ago near the village of Pinhook. Old bruin crossed the road only a few rods from the post office. He was seen by a teamster on his way to Bryant's Pond, a station on the Grand Trunk Railroad, that had been but a short time completed as far as Island Pond. His story created a good deal of excitement, as soon as it was believed, which was not till he had pointed out the tracks of the beast to the villagers whom he had alarmed. The gentleman himself—then a boy—says that he saw the tracks though several days old, and that the place where the bear crossed the road was for a long time pointed out to strangers as one of the wonders of the town. But this year, strange to say, two bears have already been killed in that section, which is really a part of North Woodstock. The killing of one the FOREST AND STREAM has already had an account of. The beast was shot by Charlie Bessee some time in May. But later in the season the farmers began to find that the bears were not all dead after all. Their sheep were begining to be killed by the dozen. A Mr. Felt lost a large number. The bears evidently killed them for slaughter. In most cases, so the story goes, the hindlegs only of the sheep were eaten off, and it is claimed that in some cases the entire body of the sheep was skinned, and the skin rolled up in a wad. I cannot vouch for this part of the statement, but it comes to me from authority undisputed, though received second hand by my informant. But this report of bears in plenty is only one of many. They are also being caught in traps to an extent almost unknown before. Two have been caught in the section of the state where the sheep were killed. SPECIAL.

DAYS WITH THE PARTRIDGES.

LAST week I spent two or three days in Granville, Mass., just over the Connecticut border, in search of that kingly bird and greatest of game birds, the ruffed grouse. In response to your request for a few notes of my trip, I send this. You will not expect figures of rhetoric or descriptions of scenery, but facts and information. I will be truthful at least, and (if I may borrow a figure from Wendell Holmes) "cling to the fact as an embryo marsupial clings to the teat."

We did not find partridge very plenty, and the bevies were not large. One bevy of thirteen was found in a swamp on the third day, but on all other occasions they numbered five or four, or even fewer. We found the birds on all kinds of ground: on the high hills and in low places; in the woods and in the alders; in dense cover and occasionally in the open on the edge of a wood.

During two days' tramp we did not put up a single woodcock, and not more than four cock were found on the last day, which was spent in the low valley.

I had my old dog Dash, who has spent nine autumns with me in the woods and is almost human in his nature, and my fine Llewellin bitch Star—a brace of splendid dogs. It was their first fly for the season, but they did well in every way, except that the bitch lacks endurance. This fault I bring against the fine-bred Llewellins; they lack stamina. My old dog is from a Lester—Doll sire and a beautiful orange and white native bitch, and he has every quality of a gentleman's hunting dog.

We were also surprised at the apparent wildness of the birds. They were young for the most part, not over two-thirds grown, and it is not at all probable that they had been hunted, and yet they seldom lay for the dog, but would rise a dozen rods away and make for the deep woods.

The first bird fell to my gun. We were working a piece of sprouts and ivies when I noticed old Dash take on a statelier attitude. He grew tall, head up, nose pushed out, and moved quietly ahead. I cried "Game, look out." Then there was a burst from the bushes and an old cock dashed into the woods, rising fifty paces ahead. I followed Dash, who was on the trail of that old cock, and my two friends walked into a small brood that were in some ivies on the right. Two of them climbed the hill to the right; four shots greeted them, but they went on, and two went back up the run. High up and moving like a meteor was one of these, when I turned my 16-bore upon her, and keeping well ahead, pulled. The grouse responded, and made the ground at an angle of 45 degrees fully 60yds. away. Dash was proud as he laid her at my feet, and seemed to say, "Master, that is pretty good. Now for more."

On the edge of a wood in a meadow among low black berries we found a brood of four. Star did the honors on this occasion. The birds had gone freely among the berries, and the work of Star was to trail. She followed them out into the meadow and back again, moving too eagerly but with an assurance that said, "I've got 'em; come on." At last she stopped on edge of a clump of bushes by the wood.

"Quickly, now, here they are; John, get there." Whirr! Bang, bang. All escaped. Some made straight back for the wood. Two swinging along the edge, and I fired; saw some feathers cut from the tail and on she went. We followed them. John got his bird, but I missed a second time.

My companion the third day was Mr. Wilcox, proprietor of the hotel at Granville. Mr. Wilcox took me over excellent ground, but the scarcity of the birds surprised him. We were drinking at a farmer's well when the owner said, "If your dogs w'ld n't break down my corn I'd tell you where was a couple of snipe."

We quieted his fears, and he said, "Well, in that piece back of the barn, but you can't hit 'em.' Soon the dogs were in the corn, and in ten seconds a woodcock was in the air. Two guns were emptied, but the beautiful fellow went on swinging to the end of the piece. I followed around. He had lit in the open, and I put him up. The little gun followed him as he lifted over an apple tree, and he fell at the foot of the tree. Dash was called to retrieve, but he would not come. "Dash is down on the other bird," I said. We moved back for him; the bird was put up and missed; was found again, and joined his companion in the bag.

Similar incidents might be repeated, but the experienced bird hunter can fill out the picture. "Write me," said Abou Ben Adam, "as one who loves his fellow men." Let me also say, write me as one who loves the woods and meadows, who loves his dog and gun, and who confesses a singular sympathy with the fraternity of true sportsmen. GROUSE.

SALEM, Mass., Sept. 20.—Ipswich gunning the past three weeks has been tame. More gunners than birds at every place except Eagle Hill, where Mr. James Ward and son, of Ipswich, have been doing some excellent shooting I am told. There were some teal about Salem last Sunday. I saw two winters and one female wood duck at Indian River, West Newbury, recently, but not a Wilson snipe, and only one has been shot to date. Rail last Saturday were *non est* also. Salem parties have had some fine plover shooting on the highlands of Cape Cod recently. Within a week I have been through some fine woodcock cover, getting but one bird, although I shot at another on a pine sidehill. I found some alder swamps filled and spattered in good shape, and the dog drew around through the cover in a cautious manner without a point. I then hunted through corn without a feather. If some of your correspondents can tell us where the birds were, you will oblige a number of your readers.—X. Y. Z.

"AUTUMN ANTICIPATIONS."—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am troubled with that complaint—have it bad—in fact it has been growing worse ever since I read your article with the above caption in the FOREST AND STREAM of Aug. 30. But the affection is not a new one to me; it has taken possession of me annually for fully fifty years, and I can truly join you in saying those years are full of "happy memories!" The charm has never left me, and so long as I can see and walk I feel it will not. The opening season will find me once more among the hills and valleys where my early days were passed, and though my pleasure may be tinged with a sadness from missing those who were wont in years gone by to share it with me, still it will be the more tender and true from these memories which are sacred. Who can say they are poor, when even once a year they can revel in a charm that fades not?—A. (Brooklyn, Sept. 22.)

ENGLISH SNIPE.—Oakdale, Long Island, Sept. 17.—I bagged the first English snipe of the season to-day while beating the meadows for kreakers. Bay snipe shooting over decoys is about at an end for this season. A few of the large-sized kreakers can be picked up by shooting long distances, as they flush very wild, and talk and act very much like an English snipe. A dozen are considered a good bag. There are yet a few straggling yelpers and yellowlegs, but not enough to make shooting a pleasure from a blind. I see every day a few golden plover on the wing, but have not had the fortune to have any decoy since the big flight of September 1. These birds, no doubt, are stragglers from the big flight, having stopped on the hills of Montauk and Orient to feed on grasshoppers.—A. A. F.

THE SUSQUEHANNA RIVER.—Towanda, Pa., Sept. 20.—In a day's hunting trip by a party of sportsmen of this place, on eleven miles of the Susquehanna River, neighboring shores and islands, the following were sighted: large flock of red-winged blackbirds, large flock of crow blackbirds, 3 ducks, 3 rails, 1 plover, 2 English snipe, 1 crane, 1 eagle, 4 red squirrels and a number of blue herons. Woodcock very scarce, not one put up, although we had two good setters and hunted the ground carefully. The following brought to bag: Five redwings, 5 crow blackbirds, 1 duck, 1 rail, 3 red squirrels. Very few black and gray squirrels in this neighborhood. Prospects for ruffed grouse shooting are fair.—D.

PUPPIES AND GAME LAWS.—Thomaston, Conn., Sept. 17.—I saw a letter last week in which the writer said that a puppy of his, in a trainer's hands in Meriden, Conn., had had fourteen woodcock and three partridges shot over it this season. Are there any game wardens in Meriden?—GAME WARDEN.

COHASSET, Mass.—The cooting is just beginning here, and the old black ones are coming along in large bunches. The gunners, however, are getting very few, as the birds are wild. Still, in a little while the young gray coot will begin to arrive, and then the fun will commence.—TEN-BORE.

LATE QUAIL.—Oakdale, L. I., Sept. 24.—Inclosed please find sample of small game bird. I found nest to-day; had nine eggs in; four were hatched out and rest of eggs cold, and nest abandoned, probably on account of this dead bird being in it.—ALFRED A. FRASER.

DILLINGERSVILLE, Pa., Sept. 14.—On Saturday last we were visited by a large flight of golden plover, the first large flight that has visited us for a number of years.—L. W. M.

DOVER, Del., Sept. 24.—Plover and snipe shooting in this section very poor. An excellent outlook for partridges, ducks, rabbits and squirrels. Numerous coveys of partridges that remained untouched last season. In some localities squirrels are doing considerable damage to corn in the fields. Duck shooting mostly confined to sprigs and black ducks. Food for game plentiful and varied. Fox hunters will have plenty of sport, as the little reds are everywhere. Raccoons and opossums are plentiful enough to afford some good solid fun.—DEL A. WARE.

WESTCHESTER COUNTY.—Pleasantville, N. Y., Sept. 19.—Woodcock shooting in this county has been very poor so far this season, but there is no end to the quail here this fall. The blizzard seems to have been a benefit instead of a damage. In passing over a farm of about 140 acres I put to flight five flocks of those swift-winged little fellows, all about two thirds grown.—J. O.

THE CONNECTICUT ASSOCIATION.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I inclose clipping from the *Globe* of Sept. 23: "The fact that the Connecticut Farmers and Sportsmen's Association for the Protection of Game and Fish has made its first successful prosecution will be good news to all who wish to see the game laws enforced. The difficulty in obtaining convicting evidence against game law violators is very great, and therefore the successful prosecution of "Col" Barnard, of North Bloomfield, yesterday, is a fact worth general attention. Complete evidence again Barnard could not be obtained, owing to the absence of several witnesses, but enough was secured to convict him on two counts and fine him $37.36. D. A. Markham appeared for the club. Two other counts on which Barnard was arrested were not pressed yesterday, but will be acted on in case the association thinks best to further push the matter. Detective Fielding worked up the case and did it well, securing all the evidence necessary. Barnard snared over 1,000 partridges last year, according to his own statement. He had been snaring this year and hunting previous to the time the law goes off.

I also clip from the Colchester *Advocate* the following: "Farmers of Westchester Urged to Unite in Enforcing Trespass Laws.—Farmers of Westchester and vicinity, greeting: As our city friends (?) are so much afraid that we shall not observe the game laws properly, let us one and all post notices on our farms and enforce the trespass law.—J. L. CARRIER, Westchester, Conn., Sept. 10, 1888."

The *Globe* says: "We have learned that Mr. Carrier is the station agent at Westchester, and for a number of years past has bought most of the game that was snared and shot in his town. We therefore easily see why Mr. Carrier is so grieved over the situation and thinks the present laws unjust. Mr. Carrier's pocket is struck by the law which does not allow him to sell snared birds or send birds out of the State. We never yet saw a case of pure unselfishness, and Mr. Carrier illustrates the fact admirably."

Some people are unkind enough to say Mr. Carrier is the party who wrote an article for the FOREST AND STREAM signed "One of the Farmers," and another signed "The Same Farmer." I respectfully ask Mr. Carrier to make affidavit that he is not the party. If he does I will have something to say on the subject.

ABBOTT C. COLLINS, President
Connecticut Association of Farmers and Sportsmen for the Protection of Game and Fish.

HARTFORD, Conn. 24.

Sea and River Fishing.

MAINE FISHING.

BOSTON, Sept. 20.—The September fishing is good in the most of the Maine waters. Several reports have come in from Moosehead and they all indicate good fly-fishing. The Megantic Club is getting ready for its opening trip, which will include a grand excursion of the members and invited guests. The club has met with some delay in building club houses, etc., but things are fast drawing into shape. The excursion will include a large number of prominent Boston merchants and business men. Some of them will throw the fly for the first time, but the majority are old hands at the trade. The fishing is reported good in the Rangeleys. A number of prominent sportsmen have lately been domiciled at the Upper Dam, at Camp Bema, Indian Rock and at Student Island. They generally report the fishing quite good. A Mr. Brown, of North Bridgton, Maine, with his nephew, Mr. F. S. Brown of that place, have recently returned from a trip to Richardson Lake. They report good sport. They caught below the dam three or four trout of 3 and 4lbs. weight, with an abundance of small ones. A Philadelphia gentleman caught, the day before the Messrs. Brown came out, a 7lb. trout. It was caught with the fly; at least so the story goes. But the Union Waterpower Company has been raising the gates for sportsmen to fish this fall, and that brings the trout up into the pools below the dam. The jigging of last year is not yet forgotten, and true sportsmen do not like the sound of the gates being raised. It gives the fishermen an unnatural chance at the trout, which naturally, as the spawning season approaches, seek the running water and struggle to get up stream.

It is said that some very remarkable trout were seen under the mill at that point one morning last week, but that none of them were taken, for the mill was soon started and they were all driven out. Would it be safe to trust a number of big trout in plain sight on the bottom of that stream, with the ordinary number of those who style themselves sportsmen there? The trout might not be molested, but on the whole it were better that the mill was started. Will the next session of the Maine Legislature have anything to say about this raising of gates for the accommodation of sportsmen with long pocketbooks?

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. H. Johnson, of Somerville, Mass., are now at Camp Stewart, on Richardson Lake, for two weeks. Mr. O. H. Smith, of Smith & Blanchard, Boston, with Mrs. Smith, started for the same camp on Thursday, the 20th. On the Monday following they were joined by Mr. and Mrs. Geo. T. Freeman and Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Moody; Mr. C. W. Cutting is cook for the party as usual. His experience as a lumber camp cook has been considerable, and in fact he has cooked for Camp Stewart parties something like a dozen times, but this only brings to mind the first time the idea was proposed to him to go to the same camp and cook for a party with ladies in it. He quietly sat down in a chair—it was in the grocery store at Andover. "Do you suppose that I would go up there and cook for wimin? Ha! ha! ha! Not much. I'll go and hang myself if you want me to, but I can't make bread for wimin. My hands in dough with wimin around! No you don't!" But he did go—has been a number of times—and now, somehow he likes to have the ladies mentioned above in the party. SPECIAL.

TWO GOOD MEN GONE WRONG.

CHICAGO, ILL., Sept. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It is painful to record the lapse from rectitude of men who have long stood high in the esteem of their fellow men, who have enjoyed to the fullest measure the confidence of the business community in which they have lived. More especially painful is it, and attended with yet greater regret in the chronicling, when those individuals have been not only business men, but also sportsmen, of irreproachable standing. Yet duty to the public cannot be foregone, and to the newspaper the most lenient and forgiving there must be ever present the obligation of presenting the facts to its clientage.

Until very lately no man in Chicago was more universally respected than Mr. A. Montgomery Ward, of the world-known firm of Montgomery Ward & Co. He stood high in the esteem of all who met him, and was fairly reverenced by his fellow sportsmen as a man of unimpeachable veracity, integrity and honor. All of the above could also, until lately, have been said of Mr. E. C. Cook, the head of the popular sporting goods house of this city, who has often been heard to say that he would give anything in the world if he could only tell a lie like other folks. Matters remained in this condition with these two gentlemen until when, a few days ago, they returned from a trip to their club grounds along the Kankakee, in Indiana. They were still the two same innocent, light-hearted members of society, marked, as above mentioned, only by a strong tendency toward things of gravity and by a constitutional inability to struggle with the truth. But immediately upon their return it was noticed that something had gone amiss. The countenances of both were overcast and troubled, and they looked at each other nervously and guiltily, as if fearing the approach of some avenging Nemesis. Mr. Ward was approached by a confidential friend as he sat at his private desk, and in response to an inquiry he told his story:

"Mr. Cook and I had been out all day, and we hadn't had very good luck on the chickens, and not such very good luck with the early ducks. We stepped lightly into our gondola, and were soon gliding gently over the waters of the Kankakee marsh, whose surface was just rippled by the passing breeze. The mellow autumn sun tinged all the scene with a glorious golden light, and over all brooded the spirit of peace and content.

"We were not out fishing, but as our gondola lightly parted the silvery waves as we glided into a bayou of the Kankakee, Mr. Cook remarked that if he had his tackle along he would bet a hundred dollars he could catch a string of fish. I replied that there could be no doubt of it, but that unquestionably I could catch two to his one. This he denied. We argued the case as we rowed gently on.

"Suddenly, however, our attention was called to a rippling in the water near us. A large bass flung himself bodily into our boat. We were surprised and delighted. Much greater was our surprise when, after rowing for a few yards further, another bass sprang lightly and joyously into the gondola, scarcely touching the gunwale as he came over. He was followed by another, and yet others. Before long the air was filled with the lithe and iridescent forms of leaping fish, whose shining scales glittered weirdly in the rays of the sinking sun. When our gondola glided to the foot of the stair on our return, we took out from the boat and held up to the gaze of our admiring friends one hundred magnificent specimens of stalwart bass and pickerel."

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Mr. Ward's friend.

"I know you may seek to cast discredit upon my story," replied he, "but I will bet five hundred dollars—I wouldn't like to bet less than that—that Cook and I can go down there and do it over again."

Mr. Ward's friend said nothing. "You'd better go and ask Cook," said Mr. Ward.

When Mr. Cook was found he was approached on the subject delicately. Looking up, with a guileless smile upon his innocent face, he spoke as follows:

"Mr. Ward and I had been out all day and we hadn't had very good luck on the chickens, and not such very good luck with the early ducks. We stepped lightly into our bark——"

"It was a gondola, wasn't it?"

"Who's telling this story? We stepped lightly into our bark, and were soon gliding quietly over the waters of Kankakee marsh."

Mr. Cook told almost exactly the same story as Mr. Ward, as may be seen. At the end he remarked, "I know you may seek to cast discredit on my story, but I will bet five hundred dollars—I wouldn't like to bet less than that—that Ward and I can go down there and do it over again."

The evidence of both gentlemen coincided exactly. They told precisely the same story. There was no subverting their testimony by cross-examination. It came, therefore, to be generally accepted as a fact, that one hundred fish had jumped into the boat of these two gentlemen. But only yesterday, by the merest accident, the real truth became known. Mr. Cook came around to Mr. Ward's place late in the afternoon, and was overheard to say, in an injured tone of voice:

"Say, I haven't seen that box of cigars yet."

"What box of cigars?"

"Oh, come now! None of that, Ward, I mean the box I was to have if I didn't say anything about your falling head first out of the boat in six feet of water."

Some one passed near the door just then, and Mr. Ward was heard to say, in a firm, clear tone of voice, "I say, Cook, why don't you send that box of cigars around?"

"What box?" asked Mr. Cook, getting very red in the face.

"Why, that box I was to have for keeping quiet about you taking the header out of the boat, you know!"

The two men rose to their feet and glared at each other.

"I'll give the whole snap away!" said Mr. Cook in a hard, cold tone of voice.

"I wish I may die if I don't make a public confession!" said Mr. Ward, solemnly.

A little later, Mr. Ward remarked to a friend, "It's too bad about my friend Cook. He's telling an awful lie about a lot of fish jumping into his boat, down in Indiana. You know, Cook took a header out of the boat, and caught cold. I think it must have settled on his mind!"

At about the same time Mr. Cook was heard to say to a friend of his, "Have you heard that infernal yarn Ward tells about a lot of fish jumping into his boat, down on the Kankakee? Poor Ward! He fell out of the boat, you know, and he's never been quite right since!"

There is probably a misunderstanding somewhere, but these are the facts. E. H.

CHICAGO.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 22.—So great has been the demand for fishing tackle, created by the unusually fine fishing of this season in Michigan, Wisconsin and other sections near by, that one of our largest sporting goods dealers actually ran short of flies, and was unable to supply the demands made in various departments of his house. Everybody has been fishing and everybody caught something.

Mr. James Lightfoot, a gentleman 49 years of age, and a resident of Elgin, Ill., has just died a slow and horrible death of blood-poisoning, caused by a slight scratch received from a fish fin not long since.

Capt. Ramage started to-day after the bass at Silver Lake, and will reach them. Mr. J. Clark, of the Wilkinson Co., goes again next week to Camp Lake, where he last Saturday took nine good bass in a half day's fishing. There have been big catches of bass all through the Fox Lake system lately, especially just before the equinoctial storm. A friend of Mr. Clark's, who fished later into the evening, took twenty-seven fine bass.

So far from being depleted, the Eagle waters have this season been unusually prolific. Our fishermen returning from those localities declare that the bass and mascallonge fishing there this season was better than ever in their experience.

Mr. J. M. McKay, better known as "Jimmie," an enthusiastic young sportsman of this city, has recently returned from a two months' hunting trip in the Northwest, including the Sound country, and is delighted with the sport he had. He in company with two friends "packed it" into the woods 150 miles from the railway and shot blacktail deer, antelope and mountain sheep.

Sept. 22.—Mr. Paul Morton, of the Q road, Mr. Jay Morton, his brother, Mr. W. B. Chatfield, Mr. Kirk, of Kirk & Co., and two or three other friends of theirs, start to-day in a special car for a grand sporting trip in the Northwest, British Columbia, the Sound country, etc. They will turn themselves entirely loose on the country, live chiefly by hunting and fishing, and have one of the largest times ever measured up to date. E. H.

SOME BASS RECORDS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

If my friend W. W. Byington, the president of the Anglers' Association of the St. Lawrence River, was not such a modest fellow, he would have added to your last week's record of bass catches. In a private letter to me he says, "I spent seventeen days up the Bay of Quinte with Dr. Louis. I never saw such bass fishing. We had one that weighed 5lbs. 2oz. He was twenty-two inches long. We had numerous ones that weighed 4½lbs. I sent the Fort Orange Club here a barrel of the handsomest bass that ever came to Albany. Then I fed the whole community where we were fishing." H. S. C.

If the following story is true New Jersey may claim the honor of producing the largest black bass yet caught in any of the Northern States. The New York *Times* has the following:

"Phillipsburg, N. J., Sept. 22.—The largest black bass on record was caught in the Wallkill at this place yesterday. It ran into the turbine wheel running March's mill and stopped it. The wheel was taken out and the bass was found to weigh a trifle over 9lbs."

A LARGE STRIPED BASS.—Mr. W. F. Sibley, of New York, was fishing in the Great Kills, last Saturday, for striped bass. He used a light two-jointed chumming rod and caught fast to a "big one." This is what he told a *Sun* reporter: "Such plunging, such mad breaks, such surging here and there, and such determination to foil all efforts to subdue it, I never had the pleasure of seeing and feeling in the case of any striped bass I ever handled before. I knew that this one must be an enormous fellow, but I hadn't the slightest idea of seeing what I did see when after nearly half an hour's steady and wearying work at the end of my rod I had tuckered my game out, I reeled it, still stubborn and showing all the fight its tired nature could provoke, and saw the length and breadth and thickness of the bass I had been pitting my skill against. As it came up alongside of the boat its great head and broad sides were actually startling to me. I had the monster bass conquered, but looking around in the boat I discovered that I had no gaff hook. Here was a pecarious situation. I knew by the look of the bass in the water that it would be the largest one on record to be killed in any water within twenty miles of New York, if I could only get it in the boat. There was only one way to do it. Holding it close with a stiff line, I ran my hand up along its great shoulder and slipped it beneath its immense gill covering. That fish would have had to pull me out of the boat and take me along with it if it had made a break to get away, for I'd have clutched that gill and held on from the Kills to Sandy Hook. But I had too nearly exhausted the fish for it to make this break, and, putting forth a good deal of strength, I lugged the big fellow into the boat. It lacked just half an inch of 3ft. in length, and weighed a full 18lbs. The largest striped bass on record caught within twenty miles of New York before this one was the 12-pounder caught by George Graham a year ago in the Great Kills. This one of mine beats the record."

STEEL RODS.—St. Louis, Mo., Sept. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In answer to "Percyval's" inquiry as to steel rods, would like to give my experience. I used a Horton tubular steel rod forty-two days trout fishing in Bayfield county, Wisconsin, and seven days at Long Lake, in same county, for large fish. My experience is that the rod is indestructible, as several falls over mine failed to injure it; that for fishing in alders or thick brush it is absolutely faultless. I know that I did not use one-tenth of the hooks on this trip I usually do. This because it is so easy to unsnag your hook when fast. I know by its use I have saved the Recording Angel a world of trouble. W. H. Woodward, Esq., of this city, an enthusiastic angler for large fish, used it one day at the lake, and declared that his first business on his return to St. Louis would be to purchase a similar rod.—HENRY B. DAVIS.

Fisheulture.

CO-OPERATION IN FISHCULTURE.—II.

BY JOHN H. BISSELL.

[Read before the American Fisheries Society.]

ANOTHER direction in which co-operation can, I believe, be advantageously employed is in a thorough examination of interior lakes. By interior or inland lakes the dwellers along the Great Lakes are wont to distinguish the smaller bodies of water wholly within the boundaries of the several States. In Michigan, the numbers, size, and natural conditions of the inland lakes make them a considerable part of the waters we are called upon to care for. In the earlier days of this work these lakes were planted with different kinds of fishes, not with any special reference to their adaptability to the fish planted, but because the Commission had fish for that purpose, and in a general way the people in the vicinity of the lakes wanted fish. I do not say this with the design of casting any reflection upon the authorities of those days. The promiscuous planting of fish was then perfectly natural; and our experience is based largely upon their mistakes as it is still more largely upon the notable success of many of their experiments. As the years went by a very natural curiosity arose among citizens and fishery authorities to know what had been the result of those plants. Had all failed? If so, why? If the fish planted had not lived and prospered, would no others live in those waters? And, finally, the question formulated itself, are these waters suitable for any fish? If so, what kind?

There was but one way to answer these questions, and that was to go and find out. And so we went (by proxy). In 1885 in a desultory kind of a way the work of examining the lakes was begun. In 1886 a proper crew was organized, consisting of three men, one being in charge. They were provided with a gang of gill-nets having meshes of four different sizes, thermometers, a small drag or trawl, sounding lines, fishing tackle, blank reports with printed instructions, and a complete camping outfit. And so with fairly good and practical results the lakes of three counties on the southern border of the State were examined and reported on. For a short time toward the end of summer a second crew was sent out to examine some places where there were special reasons for knowing the contents and capabilities of several lakes. In 1887 further improvements were made in the outfit, and the crew increased to four. The addition of one man secured more expeditious work. The result of these examinations give the Michigan Commission, in permanent and convenient form, not only the exact, but the essential, size, depth, character of bottom, quality of water, temperature, inhabitants, kinds and quantities of food; in a word, what fish are there, and the knowledge what can and ought to be there in order to obtain the greatest productivenes of the given waters.

One characteristic these examinations have lacked. They afford an opportunity for scientific investigation, which would add materially to their practical utility, and which would certainly make them more complete from all points of view. We have not the means to supply that want. The United States Fish Commission has the means and the men. We are discussing with the Commissioner, and the head of the Department of Scientific Research of the United States Fish Commission, a practicable method of co-operation in carrying on further examinations of Michigan lakes. Here is a field well worth cultivating. If fishculturists are to do anything for the interior lakes they must know as well as possible the conditions under which their efforts must be tried. There are six or seven Northern States besides Michigan, of which I have some knowledge, where such efforts ought to be made.

And while the lakes are being examined, why not the streams and rivers? Our experience has proved that there are hundreds of spring brooks in this State suitable for the growth of speckled trout where that fish was not native. A systematic examination of all streams would, in this State, within a few years, secure the planting of trout only in waters entirely adapted in temperature and food supply to trout. It would in my judgment also result in our being able to establish black bass in miles of water suitable for this admirable game and food fish where now they are unknown. Definite and comprehensive knowledge of the rivers and streams of the State, put into the same permanent and accessible form as the reports Michigan is getting of the lakes, is of importance just as the work on the lakes is.

Secondly, what coöperation can there be between State Fish Commissions? The most obvious points for coöperation between States are where they border the same waters, as on the Great Lakes, or have a common boundary on a river—as the Ohio, Mississippi or Missouri. And here we must touch upon the regulation of fisheries, a subject pregnant with difficulties. For the States bordering the Great Lakes, a uniform system for every mile of the great waters ought to be established. Not necessarily identical enactments; for the waters of a single State, like Michigan, require a diversity of regulations to make complete for all its waters the operation of a general system. The objects to be sought by each State are the same, the means to reach these objects will necessarily be somewhat modified by local conditions. From our own experience, I assume that it is a difficult thing to secure the passage of suitable laws by the State Legislatures for the preservation of industrial fisheries. We have no difficulty in obtaining fairly good laws for the protection of game fish; but we have tried in vain thus far to persuade the Legislature of this State to do for the fisheries of the Great Lakes what must be apparent to any man of common sense, who gives the subject any attention, is essential to preserve them

I think the common judgment of men, who are entirely disinterested, but careful observers of the past and present condition of our fisheries, accords with that which is always expressed by the most intelligent and candid of practical fishermen and fish dealers, to the effect that our laws should cover three vital points:

First—To regulate the size of the meshes of nets, the times and places of fishing.

Second—The market size of the various valuable kinds of fish.

Third—The employment and authorization of competent State officers to enforce the regulations and inspect the products being marketed; and there should be confided to the chief officer discretionary power to suspend, within prescribed limits, the regulation respecting the apparatus, when such suspension will not result in the destruction of immature fish and may be an advantage to the fishermen.

Regulations should be as general, as exact and as simple as is compatible with efficiency, in order that they may not be oppressive or obscure. Of course, each State must enact its own laws. Each State has exclusive jurisdiction of its waters to its boundary line; this on the Great Lakes is a matter of great importance. It has many times been suggested by persons who had not examined thoroughly the question of jurisdiction, that Congress could better provide for the regulation of the fisheries of the Great Lakes, because these lakes bordered so many different States. This question has been settled once for all by the Supreme Court of the United States, so that whatever of advantage Federal legislation on this subject may seem to offer, it is a legal and constitutional impossibility, and must be dismissed. The States must do all there is to be done, and do it in their own several ways. Thus far it has been badly done, or to speak

more accurately, has not been done at all. Can there be any co-operation between the States to remedy this evil? That there ought to be is plain. And the fact of its recognized necessity ought to bring about, eventually, an affirmative answer. The force of a substantial and efficient example is the only constraint that can be brought to bear. When any one of the States bordering the Great Lakes will enact laws that are effective, its example will be followed.

Full and candid discussion between the fishery officers of the different States will be useful, and ought to be employed more frequently than in the past for the purpose of harmonizing the views of all. By fishery officers I do not mean alone the Fish Commissioners, but include the wardens or officers employed to enforce the laws, by whatever names they may be known. And I believe that good results might be obtained from conferences between the Fishery Committees of the Legislatures of Michigan and Ohio, and Michigan and Wisconsin, and Ohio, Pennsylvania and New York. At least this is worth consideration.

A step in the right direction was taken by Michigan, in 1887, in the passage of an act for the appointment of a Game and Fish Warden. The act was not as broad nor the powers as extensive as the Commissioners urged upon the Legislature; but it was one point gained. The thorough, consistent and intelligent course pursued by the gentleman selected by the Governor as the State Warden will go far toward securing at another session of our Legislature the required improvements in the law, as it has already demonstrated the important advantages of the proper enforcement of such laws as we have. Wisconsin took the lead in this class of legislation, but from all I have learned of its operation, I judge that the statute needs amendments in some important points to make it effective. Ohio, too, has started in the right direction. This is all encouraging, because in each case it has been a movement in the right direction.

The fisheries, in my judgment, have reached a point where no half measure will answer. What is needed is to look the necessities of the case squarely in the face and provide wholesome and sufficient remedies that will put a stop to the destruction and marketing of immature fish of all valuable kinds; and while it gives nature a chance to help repair the mischief already done, will likewise help to secure to the States the benefits of the artificial propagation of planting.

A third suggestion in the line of coöperation that I think worthy of discussion is between the Fish Commissions and the educational institutions of the State—as for instance, with the instructors in natural history in the State University, or the Agricultural College. There are many ways in which the two could aid each other. The University, or Agricultural College, or both, might furnish the naturalist to accompany a crew of Fish Commission men in examining interior lakes and streams. They might do a notable service by furnishing a naturalist, who is expert with the microscope, along with our crews employed in gathering ova of different fishes; and by a critical study of ova and milt during the spawning time, instruct the men as to the appearance of perfectly matured male and female properties, so as to bring such operations still nearer to perfection. At the same time, facts so acquired might be an actual and useful contribution to scientific knowledge. The Michigan superintendent last fall proposed a very similar method for the purpose of improving the already good results in artificial fertilization.

DETROIT, May 16, 1888.

FROG CULTURE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The many inquiries which you have recently had concerning the culture of frogs for market, prompts me to say something on this subject. For the past four years this question of frog culture has given me some trouble in answering private letters from would-be frog-farmers, and is a legacy left by the late Mr. Seth Green, who wrote an article on it in the report of the New York Fishery Commission for 1873. This was widely copied, and each year some imaginative reporter gives an account of a mythical frog farm which has never existed. In 1875 this farm was located near Smithtown, Long Island, and I went there and found that there was no frog farm in that vicinity, nor was there any man living near the place bearing the name given. The next year the apocryphal farm was located near Philadelphia, and I had the same experience. Since that time I have only wasted postage in the pursuit of this fabled industry.

Mr. Green gave the results of two years' experience in which he gathered frog spawn and hatched it, but lost his polywogs and abandoned frog culture, but he encouraged others to try it, by saying the "difficulties can be overcome by patience and perseverance." Yet he further said: "When they become frogs they live on all kinds of insects, and the only thing I can see to make success sure is to procure insects in large quantities, enough to support a great number of frogs." And here is where the impracticability of raising frogs lies.

It is no trouble to gather large quantities of frog spawn and hatch millions of tadpoles, nor to feed the latter on meat and vegetation, for they eat both. The enemies of the tadpole, or polywog, are numerous, and large frogs will eat small ones. As an instance of the latter fact, I once took a dozen large American bullfrogs to Prof. Moore, of the Derby Museum, at Liverpool, and they quickly swallowed the small European frogs that were in the tank where he placed them. Even if it were possible to feed the frog on meat, which it is not, the batrachian is of slow growth, and the balance would be on the wrong side of the ledger when they were sent to market.

An inquiring correspondent recently sent me the following, copied into the New York *Sun* from the Boston *Journal*, headed "Fortunes in Frogs." The article says:

"Any man who has a pond on his farm can try the experiment of raising his own frogs. First, let him buy six pairs of fine Jersey breeders and dump them into the water. With these for a starter, you may select a quantity of domestic batrachia, and then you will have the nucleus of a fortune. Don't interfere with your water investment for a year, any more than to keep your growing stock well supplied with food. They require an abundance, but as they are not very dainty in their taste, the expense account will be light. For a young farm two barrels a day of hotel table scraps will keep the frogs in splendid shape, so that at the end of twelve months you can begin marketing all that you can fish out at the same price as spring chickens. Give me the time and facilities and I will wager that at the end of two years I will be living on an income of $5,000, and my frogs will pay all my expenses."

I will travel far to see frogs fed on hotel table scraps, or to see the frog-farmer "living on an income of $5,000," all from his frogs. In my long experience as a fishculturist the frog has been under constant notice, and I have tried to feed them on meat and mussels without success. My belief is that frogculture is a delusion, and that such a thing as a frog pond does not exist, and unless some genius arises who can find a way to feed his frogs on beetles, flies and other insects, which, with some snails, constitutes their natural food, there will never be a frog farm. The supply of frogs to New York markets comes mainly from Canada and places of sparse population, where they are not extensively eaten. Forty years ago Americans did not eat frogs, and every marsh in the country contained large ones. Now they are almost extinct near cities in the State of New York, and do not breed and grow rapidly enough to pay to catch them. I think it probable that the batrachians, like the reptiles, are of long life and slow growth, and that a man would get very tired waiting to see a crop mature. Perhaps he might wait ten years to get large ones, but never having raised a frog to maturity I cannot say. The belief in their slow growth is based on the fact that many of the polywogs do not get their legs the season that they are hatched, but pass the winter in the tadpole state; this points to slow maturity.

FRED MATHER.

COLD SPRING HARBOR, N. Y.

THE ROMANCE OF RODENBAUER.

THE wild and wicked West is not without elements of romance. Indeted, it occasionally furnishes forth a hero of such nobility, clad on with feats of such martial derring-do, as to merit not less than a lasting place in poesy.

There is Mr. Rodenbauer, of Quincy, Illinois. Plain Peter Rodenbauer was his name, and he himself was a plain, unvarnished Teuton from Fatherland, who, since he had left a land of game laws, had naturally a perfect right to violate the game laws of the country to which he came. Under Mr. Rodenbauer's plain, unvarnished exterior there beat a noble soul. His was a spirit whose least accomplishment, in case of the given emergency, would have been that of the late Leonidas, or Mr. Bludsoe, or Casabianca of beloved memory.

Mr. Rodenbauer's haughty soul scorned the fish laws of the dastardly commonwealth of Illinois. What? Should he beg? Should he cringe? Nay, by the nine gods! There were fish in the waters, and Mr. Rodenbauer would have fish or blood. Not a few, but a wagon load. Mr. Rodenbauer had a wagon, and more than a wagon-load of nets.

Game Warden Pipino and Constable Sacra sought to confiscate the heroic Rodenbauer's nets and wagon. "Away, slight man!" cried the hero. And in vulgar parlance, he "pulled down on them" with a shotgun. The officers retired. They had no fear, but they thought of their families. Mr. Rodenbauer retained his property, and remarked that he would continue to do so, until warm localities become comparatively frigid.

Mr. Rodenbauer mounted his trusty steed, and placing his arquebus across the pommel of the saddle, rode into town and publicly invited the officers or the whole dastardly and 'dasted Commonwealth of Illinois to come out into his parlor and take him, his nets, his wagon, or any appurtenances unto him belonging. Mr. Rodenbauer returned and fortified himself in his house and loaded a number of rifles, revolvers and shotguns. He courted investigation. The brave officers invested the place, and detective Purcell started to investigate. He saw that heroic Peter held a full hand; he resolved not to call him, and so retreated. As he turned to go, this simple-minded "courageous hero" shot him in the back with a load of large shot, inflicting wounds from which Mr. Purcell will probably die. Mr. Rodenbauer would have fish or he would have blood.

This was in the night time. The officers had not courage to go in and make the arrest. Perhaps they were not sure that such laws as they professed to maintain had anything behind them. Perhaps they were not to blame, feeling this lack of moral support. Perhaps they were cowardly. It is not known. It is only known that they waited patiently about, like Mary's little lamb, till daylight did appear.

When daylight ushered in the peaceful calm of another day, Mr. Rodenbauer, with devout smile on his face and a shotgun on his shoulder, tripped lightly from his domicile and started for St. Francis Church, there to offer up his thanks to the God of battles and of smiling peace. The brave officers, when he was wrapped in sweet religious revery, sprang upon him, took away his shotgun and his smile, robbed him of his liberty, and on the following morning, the fifteenth in the ides of September, had him foully consigned to a loathsome dungeon in default of $5,000 bail, which this suffering hero was unable to furnish on the spur of the moment.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Oct. 2 to 5.—Seventh Annual Dog Show of the Danbury Agricultural Society, at Danbury, Conn. B. C. Lynes, Secretary.

Oct. 2 to 5.—National Exposition Dog Show, Kansas City, Mo. C. R. Evans, Manager, Room 16, New England Building, Kansas City, Mo.

Oct. 9 to 12.—First Dog Show of the Virginia Field Sports Association, at Richmond, Va. B. H. Grundy, Secretary, Room 26, Shafer Building. Entries close Oct. 1.

Oct. 23 to 26.—Second Annual Show of the St. Paul and Minnesota Kennel Club, at St. Paul, Minn. J. E. Stryker, Secretary, Room 98 Globe Building.

Nov. 6 to 10.—Dog Show of the Richmond County Poultry and Pet Stock Association, in connection with Augusta National Exposition at Augusta, Ga. H. Madden, Superintendent.

Dec. 3 to 8.—Dog Show of the Northern Illinois Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Rockford, Ill. A. H. Currier, Secretary.

Jan. 15 to 19, 1889.—Seventh Annual Dog Show of the Southern Massachusetts Poultry Association, at New Bedford, Mass. F. W. Dean, Secretary.

Feb. 4 to 7, 1889.—First Annual Dog Show of the Columbus Fanciers' Club at Columbus O. Thos. R. Sparrow, Secretary.

Feb. 12 to 15, 1889.—Fifth Dog Show of the New Jersey Kennel Club, at Jersey City, N. J. Geo. L. Wilms, Secretary, 142 Monticello avenue, Jersey City, N. J.

Feb. 19 to 22, 1889.—Thirteenth Annual Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent.

Feb. 26 to March 1, 1889.—Second Annual Show of the Renssalaer Kennel Club, Troy, N. Y. Alba M. Ide, Secretary.

March 5 to 8, 1889.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Albany Kennel Club, at Albany, N. Y. Geo. B. Gallup, Secretary.

March 12 to 15, 1889.—Second Annual Show of the Fort Schuyler Kennel Club, Utica, N. Y. James W. Dunlop, President.

March 19 to 22, 1889.—First Annual Dog Show of the Maryland Kennel Club, at Baltimore, Md. W. S. Diffenderffer, Secretary.

March 26 to 29, 1889.—First Annual Dog Show of the Massachusetts Kennel Club, at Lynn, Mass. D. A. Williams, Secretary.

April 2 to 5, 1889.—First Annual Show of the Rochester Kennel Club, at Rochester, N. Y. Harry Yates, Secretary.

April 9 to 12, 1889.—First Annual Dog Show of the Mascoutah Kennel Club, at Chicago, Ill. John L. Lincoln, Jr., Secretary.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 1.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Indiana Kennel Club, at Bicknell, Ind. P. T. Madison, Secretary, Indianapolis, Ind.

Nov. 15.—Fifth Annual Field Trials of the Philadelphia Kennel Club, open to members only. Wm. H. Child, Secretary, Philadelphia, Pa.

Nov. 19.—Tenth Annual Field Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at High Point, N. C. (Members' Stake, Nov. 15.) W. A. Coster, Secretary, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

Dec. 3.—First Annual Field Trials of the Southern Field Trial Club, at Amory, Miss. T. M. Brumby, Secretary, Chattanooga, Tenn.

Dec. 10.—Second Annual Field Trials of the American Field Trials Club, at West Point, Miss. C. W. Paris, Secretary, Cincinnati, O.

Jan. 14, 1889.—Sixth Annual Field Trials of the Pacific Coast Field Trial Club, at Bakersfield, Cal. N. P. Sheldon, Secretary, 320 Sansome street San Francisco, Cal.

COURSING.

Oct. 15.—Third Annual Meeting of the American Coursing Club at Great Bend, Kan. F. K. Doan, Secretary, 1210 Olive street, St Louis, Mo.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription $1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed 6578.

BEAGLES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The beagle classes at our shows are among the very few which in average merit excel those at the exhibitions of our English cousins.

For this we are indebted to the good judgment displayed by General Rowett in the selection of his importations, and to Messrs. Cameron, Elmore, Dorsey, Todd, and one or two others for their carefulness in breeding the stock that General Rowett brought to this country. By glancing over the pedigrees of the show winners, the idea will be suggested to a thinking person that the paucity of the importations and the necessity of close inbreeding also had probably much to do with the improvement of the breed.

Recent importations have really tended to degenerate the type rather than to improve it. This can readily be proven by examining the pedigrees of this year's winners.

Champion Bannerman, for instance, has probably been used in the stud more than any other recently imported beagle. He has never, so far as is known, produced but one really good dog, and this one has since gone to pieces. The reason for this is simply the fact that this much lauded champion was never really worth a c. If he was, then every beagle of the Rowett type should have been turned out of the ring when he was present. Had he been bred here instead of having been imported, he never would have received a letter. It is true he has a grand body, good feet, tail and coat, but so have hundreds of our native nondescript beagles. His head is that of a toy bull and terrier. Many of his get are snow white, and I have seen some that, if they had their ears cut, tail shaved and coat clipped short, would have stood excellent chances of getting first money in the apple-headed bull-terrier class at the last Boston show.

Head, I claim, is the key of the type of every breed. Look around any show after the prizes are awarded and notice how a good head overcomes all other defects. If the mastiff Ilford Caution and the St. Bernard Otho had not, in the judges' opinion, good heads, they certainly would not be in the champion class.

I have not the slightest grudge against Bannerman or his owner. In fact, the second best worker I have in my pack is a son of this dog. The best, I am sorry to say, is not a Rowett beagle, but a cross between a black and tan terrier and a Virginia harrier. This only goes to show that a good rabbit dog is not necessarily a good beagle. It is only because I dislike to see an unworthy dog used so frequently in the stud, and impart to the strain a taint that it will take years to efface, that I write so strongly against this particular dog. Chimer, while a better beagle than Bannerman, is to me for many reasons almost as unsatisfactory a stud dog. Little Duke, Rattler III., Tony Weller, Little Ned, Tony, Little Prince, Dorsey's Lee, Fitzhugh Lee, Trailer, Cameron's Racket and Dandy, rank very high in my estimation as among the best available stud beagles. One or two of them, however, I believe are now dead.

The true color of a beagle is black, white and tan, and I have seen but few really good specimens otherwise marked. To Captain Ashcton principally we owe the original introduction of the blue-ticked stock. Any one who breeds beagles must have noticed that this color is generally accompanied by oversize and lack of carage. My theory is that the blue ticking comes from the old blue-spotted harrier, or our native small-eared foxhound, and that when puppies inherit the color they also inherit the size and short ears of this line of their ancestors. Therefore, I suggest that all who are trying to breed winning beagles should steer clear of pedigrees containing the names of Blue Belles, Blue Boys and Blue Caps. Old Victor also has considerable of this taint in his blood.

While beagle breeders were hunting all over England for stock to improve the strains, a person in Canada picked up in our own country some which he brought to our shows and carried off the honors with. He knew that to get big money for them he must stamp them with the magic word imported. With this sugar coating we bought them, and it has been only recently that their actual pedigrees have been discovered, and they turn out to be the Rowett beagles.

It is all nonsense to look now to England for stock to improve our strain of beagles. Since the days of Queen Bess their usefulness there has gradually lessened, until they are the scarcest of breeds at the English shows. But right here in America we have the proper game for them. The importations of General Rowett have placed us in possession of the choicest of the breed that was in England in his day, and there has been no improvement in them there since.

To improve the breed we want to use intelligence in the selective mating of the best specimens we have, and not by the haphazard method of introducing unknown blood.

S. REIGNAF.

INDIANA FIELD TRIALS.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Sept. 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At the annual meeting of the Indiana Kennel Club held this day, the following officers were elected: D. C. Bergundthal, President; Ed. S. Shultz, First Vice-President; J. E. Dougherty, Second Vice-President; J. M. Freeman, Third Vice-President; S. H. Socwell, Treasurer; P. T. Madison, Secretary. Board of Governors, D. C. Bergundthal, Ed. S. Shultz, J. E. Dougherty, J. M. Freeman, S. H. Socwell, P. T. Madison, H. A. Comstock, Royal Robinson, A. P. Craft, M. R. Williams, Frank W. Samuels, Joseph Becker.

Mr. Ed. S. Shultz was selected to judge the Derby in connection with Mr. Bergundthal and Col. Sloo.

The entries for the All-Aged Stakes are coming in very rapidly. Vice-President Freeman, who lives at Bicknell, reports an abundance of birds. We anticipate a very successful meeting. The Central Traffic Association will sell tickets to Vincennes at regular first class rates, and will return the parties at the rate of one cent per mile. Parties who anticipate attending the trials should secure from the agent of whom they purchase their tickets, a certificate stating that they have paid the regular fare to Vincennes. These certificates will be signed at Bicknell, Ind., by the secretary of the club, which will enable the holder to purchase his return ticket at the above mentioned rate. Bicknell is only fifteen miles from Vincennes.

P. T. MADISON, Sec'y.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Sept. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have just finished the perusal of the letters of Mr. Anthony in relation to his little attempt to bulldoze our club, and the only conclusion that I can arrive at is that he is a very funny individual. Why does he not give us a history of the *manner* in which his invitation to judge was brought about? If I am correctly informed, this would be *very* interesting reading. His pose as "decoy" to *attract* entries is decidedly rich in view of the fact that the *many* entries he speaks of are only *three*, while on the other hand the club has received *many* more than this number of *refusals* to make entries solely because of his appointment. I am not acquainted with Mr. Mitchell, and know almost nothing of his case, but would remind him of the untimely fate of "poor old Tray," and advise him to "dispense with the services" of his advocate.—UNO.

HIGHLAND CHIEF.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* My report of the Buffalo show contains the statement that the greyhound Highland Chief, "is short in neck." Instead of "short" read "long." Highland Chief has as good a neck as I have ever seen on a greyhound, and I doubt if there is another dog in the country that is his equal in this essential point.—CHAS. H. MASON.

THE SYRACUSE DOG SHOW.

[Special Report.]

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Sept. 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The first annual show of the Syracuse Kennel Club opened with a catalogue entry of 319 dogs; 28 absentees reduced the number present in the building to 291. The quality in some of the classes was good. The attendance on the whole was poor. Not for any one moment, save perhaps for the first evening, could it be said that even a fair crowd of paying visitors was in the hall. As a result the club must have had a shortage when settling time came. The unfortunate delay in the appearance of the catalogues caused much discomfort alike to visitors, exhibitors, reporters and ring-stewards, as is always the case where it occurs. The steward in the judge's ring must have a catalogue for reference, as frequently there are transfers to be made from one class to another, and incorrect entries that have to be looked into immediately, and where this has to be done by searching the club's entry books a long delay is necessary and much valuable time is lost. Bench show committees should bend all their energies to get out a prompt catalogue on the first morning of the show, thereby earning the thanks of both visitors and assistants. In this instance the catalogues did not arrive until the afternoon of the second day. The judging was begun very late, the first dogs not being led into the ring before 2 o'clock, and it dragged along until well into the third day; as a consequence all of the award cards were not up in place over the kennels of the winners before the fourth and closing day. The management seemed to do all in their power to keep things right, but the work appeared to devolve upon two or three men, and notably upon Mr. Ward the secretary, who throughout maintained his self-possession in spite of the many demands, almost without ceasing, upon his attention. The weather for the four days was clear. Tallman superintended. Spratts Patent fed and benched.

The mastiff classes contained fifteen entries, these were made up mostly of Mr. Winchell's and Mr. Moore's dogs, in fact, the entries were all from these two kennels, excepting four. There were five absentees. Of course Minting in his usual good form carried off the honors.

St. Bernards (rough) contained twelve entries all told. There was one absentee and one was disqualified for mange. Smooth St. Bernards numbered seven only, but quality answered for the quantity lacking. Mr. Hopf's Hector had things his own way, both in his own class and for the specials.

Newfoundlands had but one entry worthy of the name; the other dog partook of the nature of an overgrown retriever, and was in poor condition, too.

In bloodhounds, first went to Premier III., a very good looking representative of this breed, second to Burniston, the other three entries were absent.

Deerhounds had three entries, each one scoring a first in its separate class.

Mr. Huntington took good care of the greyhound classes, with Balkis, Highland Chief and Cassandra.

The Cook Kennels owned most of the sixteen entries in the foxhound classes. The quality was good and the judging satisfactory, with the exception, we think, that Passion in the bitch class and Warrior in the dog class should have been closer to first.

Thirty-three of the thirty-eight pointers faced the judge with Lad of Bow and Lass of Bow in the pink of condition, clear winners over and above all others.

The English setters were not strong as a class, there were many absent, and many not for competition. The club's own exhibit, not for competition, containing Dad Wilson, Lil II., Dot, Sunshine and others made a nice display.

Elcho Jr. won champion and specials in the Irish setters. Larry S. and Berna each scored a first respectively in the dog and bitch class.

We have not seen so many entries in the black and tans in a long time; the quality was good, too. Royal Duke was entered not for competition. W. S. Hammett's Rose won with no competiton in the champion bitch class. Little Boy and Beaumont had a tussle for first honors in the open dog class, and finally it was awarded to the former. In bitches Clio won.

The spaniel classes were good. Darkie was alone in the champion field class. Newton Abbot Lord scored in the open class with Negro chasing him up pretty well. Negress, not in good condition, won in the bitches. Newton Abbot Laddie got first, with Farmer second to him in the any-other-color class. Bridford Ruby won in the corresponding bitch class. Brant took the cocker championship; Miss Obo II. would have beaten him under some judges. Baby Obo and Chloe W. were winners in the dog and bitch class. Some reds or buffs came up strong in the other class.

Collies were few but good. Mr. Mortimer did not have much trouble in getting them right. Scotilla and Flurry II. won the champion prizes, Roslyn Sensation and Cora II. took care of the open classes.

There was some difference of opinion in regard to placing Bonnie over Lou in the beagle classes, but otherwise the breed was well judged. No. 244, Bijou, a nice little bitch, was disqualfied for having deformed toes on the front feet.

In bulldogs the quality was very good. Entries numbered only five.

In bull-terriers Mr. Hobbie's lot took the money, with Cairo Grabber and Bonnie Princess in grand condition.

Fox-terriers were few but good. The Blemton Kennels filled up the classes.

Skye terriers contained five nice ones, but all out of condition.

Dr. Cryer's pugs were on hand. The other classes were not strong. Following is a complete list of the

AWARDS.

MASTIFFS.—CHAMPION—*Dog:* E. H. Moore's Minting. *Bitch:* No entry.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, E. H. Moore's Alonzo; 2d withheld. Com., G. M. Diven's Derbyshire Lad. *Bitches:* 1st and high com., J. L. Winchell's Boss's Minnie and Bess; 2d and very high com., E. H. Moore's Duchess and Lady Florence.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* Withheld. High com., G. M. Diven's Derbyshire Lad. *Bitches:* 1st, J. E. R. Bondreous's Chip.

ST. BERNARDS.—ROUGH-COATED—CHAMPION—*Dog:* W. J. Ehrich's Barry II. *Bitch:* No entry.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Hospice Kennels' Alpine Chief; 2d, Mrs. J. M. Nicholson's Mount Sion III. Very high com., B. S. Dering's Monk D. *Bitches:* 1st, Hospice Kennels' Gemma I.; 2d, Chequasset Kennels' Chequasset Minnie. Very high com., L. Zettwick's Nell.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, L. Zettwick's Gen. Scott. *Bitches:* No entries.—SMOOTH-COATED—CHAMPION—*Dog:* Hospice Kennels' Hector. *Bitch:* Hospice Kennels Daphne.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Chequasset Kennels' Lodi. *Bitches:* 1st, J. W. Dunlop's Thisbe; 2d, J. P. Davis's Beatrice. Very high com., Hospice Kennels' Thuna.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—1st, E. H. Morris's New York Lass; 2d, withheld.

BLOODHOUNDS.—1st, E. Brough's Premier III.; 2d, Cook Kennels' Burniston.

GREAT DANES.—Withheld.

DEERHOUNDS.—CHAMPION—S. W. Skinner, Jr.'s Mac.—OPEN—*Dogs:* E. D. Morgan's Bevis III. *Bitches:* S. W. Skinner, Jr.'s Brenda.

GREYHOUNDS.—CHAMPION—*Dog:* H. W. Huntington's Balkis. *Bitch:* No entry.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, H. W. Huntington's Highland Chief; 2d, Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Hazelhurst. *Bitches:* 1st, H. W. Huntington's Cassandra; 2d, high com. and com., Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Harmony, Lady Olivia and Fancy. *Puppies:* E. O. Ward's Fancy W.

FOXHOUNDS.—CHAMPION—Cook Kennels' Brave.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, 2d, reserve, high com. and com., Cook Kennels' Dan, Whoopee, Drum II., Roderick and Streak. Very high com., E. H. Morris's Warrior and Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Dan T. Com., Miss Mary Robinson's Pride of Hornell. *Bitches:* 1st, equal 2d, very high com. and com., Cook Kennels' Rose, Spotty, Wild and Fly; equal 2d, E. H. Morris's Passion.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, Cook Kennels' Bouncer. *Bitch:* Cook Kennels' Blossom.

POINTERS.—LARGE—CHAMPION—*Dog:* F. R. Hitchcock's Tammany. *Bitch:* Not for competition.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, Westminster Kennel Club's Lad of Bow and Westminster Naso. Very high com., J. B. Downing's Trinket's Chief and Detroit Kennel's Fleet. *Bitches:* 1st and very high com., Westminster Kennel Club's Lass of Bow and Westminster Sal; 2d, Hollywood Kennels' Mell Faust. High com., G. F. Gray's Xmas Vic. Com., E. H. Morris's Dewan Nell and Fleet View Pointer Kennels' Belle Randolph.—SMALL—CHAMPION—*Dog:* Westminster Kennel Club's Naso of Kippen. *Bitch:* No entry.—OPEN—Westminster Kennel Club's Bang Bang; 2d, M. C. Pierce's Syracuse Joe. Very high com., Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Sam and R. Westlake's Croxtine and Bruce Beaufort. High com., Westminster Kennel Club's Clingstone and Fleet View Pointer Kennels' Shot Dash. Com., H. McMurchy's Morris and C. G. Stoddard's Trinket's Cash. *Bitches:* 1st and reserve, Westminster Kennel Club's Glauca and Westminster Gladiola; 2d, Mrs. C. A. Painter's Nanon. Very high com., R. Westlake's Molly Beaufort. High com., H. B. Thomas's King Bow's Dawn.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, G. F. Gray's Christmas Bang. *Bitches:* No entries.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—CHAMPION—*Dog:* R. B. Morgan's Mandan. *Bitch:* No entry.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, W. A. Buckingham's Breeze Gladstone; 2d, J. S. Hudson's Ben Hill. High com., T. H. Terry's Comedy. *Bitches:* 1st, very high com. and high com., J. S. Hudson's Dixie, Sadie H. and Tempest; 2d and high com., H. B. Morgan's Rose Mandan and Pearl Mandan. Reserve, J. P. Gray's Countess Frolic Bondhu. Very high com., C. F. Crawford's Dido Noble. High com., W. Tallman's Galatea.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, W. S. Webber's Roy. *Bitches:* 1st, R. B. Morgan's Rose Mandan II.

IRISH SETTERS.—CHAMPION—*Dog:* Dr. Wm. Jarvis' Elcho, Jr. *Bitches:* No entries.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, E. Maher's Larry S.; 2d, W. K. Chase's Rock. Very high com., J. F. Wolf, Jr.'s Ned; com., Prof. L. P. Brave's Royal Ruby. *Bitches:* 1st, Dr. E. C. Kirk's Berna; 2d, Dr. W. Jarvis' Maid.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, W. S. Cutler's Rory O'Moore VI. Very high com., Mrs. E. O. Ward's Red Ravenshoe. *Bitches:* No entry.

BLACK AND TAN SETTERS.—CHAMPION—*Dog:* Absent. *Bitch:* W. S. Hammett's Rose.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, S. G. Dixon's Little Boy; 2d, E. H. Morris' Beaumont. Com., G. S. Leonard's Don. *Bitches:* 1st, J. Sullivan's Clio; 2d, Mrs. J. E. Dager's Belle Stephen. High com. and com., J. A. Cheney's Daisy Pilot and Pilotta. *Puppies:* Mrs. J. E. Dager's Belle Stephen.

SPANIELS.—CHAMPION—Oldham & Willey's Newton Abbot Darkie.—OPEN—FIELD SPANIELS—BLACK—*Dogs:* 1st, Oldham & Willey's Newton Abbot Lord; 2d, E. H. Morris's Negro. High com., E. Powers' Oberon. *Bitches:* 1st, E. H. Morris's Negress; 2d, Oldham & Willey's Lady Abbot.—ANY OTHER COLOR—*Dogs:* 1st, Oldham & Willey's Newton Abbot Laddie; 2d, Cook Kennels' Newton Abbot Farmer. Very high com., E. H. Morris's Beau and President and Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Hornell Mikado. High com., Brant Cocker Kennels' Shaun Rhue. Com., Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Hornell Sport. *Bitches:* W. T. Payne's Bridford Ruby; 2d, E. H. Morris's Lady.—IRISH WATER SPANIELS—1st, B. F. Lewis's Jess; 2d, W. W. Silvey's Duchess III. Very high com., Utica Kennels' Oneida Belle.—COCKER SPANIELS—ANY COLOR—CHAMPION—1st, Brant Cocker Kennels' Brant. Very high com., American Cocker Kennels' Doc.—OPEN—BLACK—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, Oldham & Willey's Baby Obo and Jersey. Reserve, Detroit Kennel Club's Black Obo. Very high com., Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Hornell Jack. *Bitches:* 1st, Oldham & Willey's Chloe W.; 2d, Brant Cocker Kennels' Bonita. Very high com., Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Hornell Martha.—ANY OTHER COLOR—1st, Oldham & Willey's Goldie. Reserve, very high com. and com., Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Hornell Fancy, Dick, Buff and Beauty. Very high com. and high com., Brant Cocker Kennels' Rocks, Pearl and Clip. High com., A. S. Eastman's May. *Puppies:* 1st and com., Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Hornell Valda, Venus, Betty and Lass; 2d, reserve and high com., Brant Cocker Kennels' Psycho, Bertie, and Clip. Very high com., E. Powers' unnamed.

COLLIES.—CHAMPION—*Dog:* Chestnut Hill Kennels' Scotilla. *Bitch:* Chestnut Hill Kennels' Flurry II.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Roslyn Sensation. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Cora II. and Luella. Very high com., Dr. H. L. Quinn's Collie Belle. High com., T. J. Hook's Colina.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* No entries. *Bitches:* 1st, J. P. Gray's Jakyr Dean; 2d, Brant Cocker Kennels' Parton Ella.

POODLES.—1st, Detroit Kennel Club's Duke.

BEAGLES.—CHAMPION—*Dog:* Somerset Kennels' Bounce. *Bitch:* Hollywood Kennels' Bonnie.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and very high com., Somerset Kennels' Storm and Woodwood Rattler; 2d, W. S. Clark's Frank. Very high com., Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Royal Krueger and Hollywood Kennels' Banner Boy I. High com., Detroit Kennel Clubs' Bross. Com., G. Laick's Mayo. *Bitches:* 1st, W. S. Diffenderffer's Belle of Woodbrook; 2d and com., Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Una and Betty. Very high com., Somerset Kennels' Jessie.—UNDER 12IN.—1st, Hollywood Kennels' Bulger; 2d, withheld.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Uncle Dick. *Bitches:* 1st, Somerset Kennels' Hope. Reserve and high com., Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Baby W. and Kate W. High com., Hollywood Kennels' Queen.

BULLDOGS.—CHAMPION—R. B. Sawyer's Merry Monarch.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, W. T. Tebbett's Portswood Tiger; 2d, Cook Kennels' Dreadnaught. *Bitches:* 1st, Cook Kennels' Dolores; 2d, R. B. Sawyer's Soudan.

BULL-TERRIERS.—CHAMPION—*Dog:* W. F. Hobbie's Cairo. *Bitch:* No entry.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, W. F. Hobbie's Grabber; 2d, F. F. Dole's Sensation. *Bitches:* 1st, W. F. Hobbie's Bonnie Princess; 2d, J. P. Gray's Countess. Very high com., F. F. Dole's Nell Bright and My Queen.

FOX-TERRIERS.—CHAMPION—*Dog:* Blemton Kennels' Lucifer. *Bitch:* Blemton Kennels' Rachel.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, Blemton Kennels' Blemton Rubicon and Dusky Trap. Very high com., W. Whitney's Blemton Grumbler. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Blemton Kennels' New Forest Ethel and Blemton Consequence.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st and reserve, Blemton Kennels' Blemton Rubicon and Blemton Calculus. Very high com., W. Whitney's Blemton Grumbler. *Bitches:* 1st, Blemton Kennels' Blemton Rapture.

WIRED-HAIRED FOX-TERRIERS.—No entry.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—1st, Campbell & Blake's Nanon; 2d, W. Coates's Dick.

SCOTCH AND HARD-HAIRED TERRIERS.—1st, E. D. Morgan's Highland Laddie.

BEDLINGTON TERRIERS.—1st, E. D. Morgan's Tees Rock.

IRISH TERRIERS.—1st, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Rosyln Eileen; 2d, R. C. Clipperbone's Erin. Very high com., P. C. Oil's Bedad.

SKYE TERRIERS.—1st, H. W. Coates's Ben; 2d and very high com., Oldham & Willey's Claymore and Kirkella; reserve, Dr. M. H. Cryer's Gladstone Boy. Very high com., W. L. Morgan's Lochiel.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, withheld; 2d, F. F. Dole's Napper. *Bitches:* no entry.

TOY TERRIERS.—Not for competition.

PUGS.—CHAMPION—Dr. M. H. Cryer's Bessie.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Dr. M. H. Cryer's Dude; 2d, A. E. Pitt's Kash. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Dr. M. H. Cryer's Vic and Vestar. Very high com., R. B. Sawyer's Chequassst Tiara and J. Sullivan, Jr.'s Topsy. High com. and com., Chequasset Kennels' Victory and Bijou. *Puppies:* 1st, R. B. Sawyer's Chequasset Tiny.

KING CHARLES SPANIELS.—1st, W. Phillips's Roscius; 2d, Cook Kennels' Nell. High com., J. Sneesby's Fannie.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, Cook Kennels Punchinello. *Bitches:* 1st, Cook Kennels' Judy.

BLENHEIM SPANIELS.—1st and 2d, W. Phillips's Grand Duchess and King Pippin. Very high com., M. Dalwit's Little Banjo.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS.—1st, Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Daisy; 2d, Miss Hepsie Harwick's Dude.

MISCELLANEOUS.—1st, Chestnut Hill Kennels' smooth-coated collie Ladybird; 2d, O. H. P. Belmont's white English terrier Diamond Spark. Very high com., Hornell-Harmony Kennels' harrier Rover.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

Kennel mastiffs, E. H. Moore; dog or bitch (2), Minting; brood bitch, Bess. Kennel St. Bernards, Hospice Kennels; dog or bitch (2), Hector. Newfoundland, New York Lass. Bloodhound dog, Premier III.; dog or bitch, the same. Deerhound, Bevis III. Kennel greyhounds, H. W. Huntington; dog or bitch, Highland Chief. Pack foxhounds, Cook Kennels; dog or bitch, Brave; brace black and tan, Drum II. and Rose; brace spotted, Warrior and Passion; puppy, Bouncer; brace puppies, Bouncer and Blossom. Kennel pointers, Westminster Kennel Club; dog or bitch, Lad of Bow; large dog, the same; bitch, Lass of Bow; small dog, Naso of Kippen; bitch, Glauca; owned in county, Syracuse Joe. Kennel English setters, J. S. Hudson; dog, divided between Mandan and Breeze Gladstone; bitch, Dixie; brace, Mandan and Rose Mandan. Irish setter dog, Elcho, Jr.; bitch, Berna; puppy, Rory O'More VI. Black and tan setter dog, Little Boy; bitch, Rose; owned in Syracuse, Daisy Pilot. Kennel cocker spaniels, Oldham & Willey; brace, Brant and Psyche; puppy, Hornell Velda; spaniel, Newton Abbot Darkie; field spaniel, the same; Irish water, Jess; pair toy, King Pippin and Grand Duchess. Kennel collies, Chestnut Hill Kennel; brace, Scotilla and Flurry II.; dog, Scotilla; bitch, Flurry II. Poodle, Duke. Kennel beagles, Somerset Kennel; dog, Storm; owned by member Beagle Club, the same; bitch, Belle of Woodbrook; owned by member Beagle Club, the same; under 12in., Bulger. Bulldog, Portswood Tiger; bitch, Dolores; brace, Dreadnaught and Dolores; bull-terrier, dog, Cairo; bitch, Bonnie Princess; brace, Sensation and Nell Bright. Kennel fox-terriers, Blemton Kennel; dog, Lucifer; bitch, Rachel; dog or bitch, the same; Scotch terrier, Highland Laddie; Irish terrier, Roslyn Eileen; Bedlington, Tees Rock; Skye, Ben; Yorkshire, Napper; black and tan, Nanon. Kennel pugs, Dr. M. H. Cryer; dog, Dude; bitch, Bessie; kennel toy spaniels, W. Phillips; three equal specials to winners in miscellaneous class.

DOG TALK.

A WRITER in the Boston *Post* contributes the following: "A friend of mine who lives in the suburbs has a small boy, not more than five years old, I believe, who has an inveterate habit of running away. He is a sturdy, stout-legged little chap, of great courage and enterprise, but his father and mother have been put to a good deal of anxiety on his account. Sometimes he is found in the next town, sometimes by the railroad, and again in a certain pasture where he enjoys the congenial company of several young colts; but it is always a matter of doubt where he will be discovered. Recently, however, the family have acquired a mongrel little terrier, recommended for the purpose, who hunts up Sammy with unerring accuracy. Whenever Sammy is missing, his mother shows his jacket to the dog and tells him to find the boy, whereupon the dog sets off with his nose to the ground, the hired man or somebody else follows, and in due time the young vagabond is brought to bay. Surely, there is a hint here for many anxious mothers."

London Queen has this to say of the Schipperke, the standard for which we publish this week: "A curious reminiscence of barge life on the Dutch canals is unexpectedly furnished by the dog show just opened in Brussels. In *Vanity Fair* "Thackeray" describes the comfort of barge life and tells the legend of the English traveler who went to and fro between Bruges and Ghent till the opening of the railway stopped the traffic, whereupon he drowned himself on the last trip. The canal boats, however, still carry on a good deal of waterside trade, and the barges are found to affect a particular breed of dog. He is called by them a spits—a kind of wiry-haired terrier, who watches the boat, keeps down the rat population, plays with the children and shows no disposition to leave his wandering home. These barges pass through such unfrequented country, and the breed of dogs is so entirely restricted to one class of owners, that their excellence, and indeed almost their existence, was a mere tradition in the Belgian capital. The directors of the exhibition opening a show of native dogs bethought themselves of this breed, and soon it became apparent that they existed in plenty in the country. So many were sent in by the various barges that it was difficult to adjudge their merits. It is thought the exhibition will be the means of making a new dog fashionable on the continent."

A correspondent in the Chicago *Mail* gives us this: "A friend of mine living on the north side has a water spaniel of which he is both proud and fond. Bill is very proud of being allowed to carry things, and often carries his collar from the lake to the house, after a swim, being exceedingly careful about laying it down, and even when meeting another dog keeping a watchful eye upon it. My friend gave him his muzzle one hot day last summer and told him to take care of it. Bill trotted along quietly for a block or so, then dropped behind. My friend watched him suspiciously. The puppy was passing a trench in the street, hesitated, looked to see if his master was looking, then walked over and dropped the muzzle down through. He knew when he had had enough of a thing, and that muzzle was the bane of his existence."

"On to Richmond" is once again the absorbing cry, and we hear from every direction tidings that at the coming dog show of the Virginia Field Sports Association a vast army of sportsmen from all sections of the country will meet in friendly strife to decide the important question as to which is the best dog. The managers of the show will spare no pains to make the visit of all who come something to be remembered, and we shall expect to see such a gathering of sportsmen as the goodly city has never before witnessed.

The *Spectator* publishes the following from a letter from South Africa: "My dog, Cherry, has had three great pups, and I had to leave her behind at the Grange. When I was away, Cherry and the pups were located in some stables. She came out and watched the tent-truck and my things packed up. Presently I went away, and when I came back I found Cherry had carried all the pups on to the top of my luggage, and evidently had not the least intention of staying behind."

The great and only Plinlimmon arrived on the steamer Britannic last Friday morning, and soon after was taken to his new home at Albany. An excellent portrait of Plinlimmon, drawn to the life, may be found in Dalziel's monograph of the St. Bernard, a book which is advertised in another column. The book also gives his pedigree and measurements.

The Kennel department of *Drake's Magazine* starts off with this: "There's the luckiest man in seven counties," said an Arkansaw man to an Eastern traveler. "How so?" "Had his house burned down and lost six children t'other night, sah," "Where does his luck come in?" "Saved his coon dog, sah, saved his coon dog."

The Chestnut Hill Kennel has purchased from Mr. F. Wake-Walker, Watford, Eng., the collie dog Charleroi II., a well-known winner. He was whelped April 18, 1886, and is by champion Charlemagne and out of Sooty (Ruthven—champion Madge).

Spratts Patent writes us that the statement in the report of the Buffalo dog show that they were remiss in supplying the dogs with water should not be made to apply to them, as this is a matter with which they have nothing to do.

Messrs. C. H. Mason and John Davidson have been appointed judges at the dog show to be held at St. Paul, Minn., next month. The premium list will be ready in a day or two, and may be obtained by addressing the secretary, J. E. Stryker, Room 98, *Globe* Building, St. Paul, Minn.

The California Kennel Club propose holding a field trial for members of the club some time in December.

The Irish Red Setter Club of England, in consequence of the small number of entries, has decided not to hold a field trial this year.

The California Kennel Club are talking of holding a field trial, probably in December.

ANOTHER ONE NAILED.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. Watson has drawn my attention to a letter written by Jas. L. Anthony to Mr. P. T. Madison, secretary of the Indiana Kennel Club and dated May 3, 1888. This letter contains the following statements: "Mitchell was barred without notice, without charges previously made, without a hearing and on the contents of a stolen letter, taken from my possession by fraud and put in the possession of the club by James Watson."

As I sent the letter to the Eastern Field Trials Club, which assisted in the expulsion of Wm. T. Mitchell, Mr. Anthony's statement that the letter was stolen from him necessarily implicates me. I have no intention of entering into the controversy, but I must most emphatically contradict the statement as incorrect in every particular. The letter was written by Wm. T. Mitchell and addressed to me as Editor *Sporting Life*. It was of such a scurrilous nature, that at the request of Mr. J. Otto Donner, president of the Eastern Field Trials Club, it was sent to him for his perusal, and by him returned to me. The letter was then placed in the *Sporting Life* safe and is still in my possession. Mr. Anthony will at once see the necessity of retracting his above-quoted statements.

F. C. RICHTER, Editor *Sporting Life*.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Sept. 25.

AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER.

FOLLOWING are the numbers of the dogs entered in the September number of the *American Kennel Register*:

BEAGLES.

6513. Fitzhugh Lee II., Geo. L. Huscroft.
6514. Floret, Geo. L. Huscroft.
6515. Solomon, A. R. Jacobs.

COLLIES.

6516. Brownie II., Donald McLean.
6517. Couthie II., Elliott Johnston.
6518. Flora VI., Dr. Hitchcock.
6519. Guess, Geo. W. Baggs.
6520. Guy Mannering III., Marie Louise Butler.
6521. Hilda, Geo. H. Elder.
6522. Lockwood, Elliott Johnston.
6523. Meg II., A. B. Tack.
6524. Minnie, F. C. Smith.
6525. Nell, F. T. Johnson.
6526. Queechy, Warner & Hamilton.
6527. Rex IV., F. H. Bendig.
6528. Rob, Miss F. T. Johnson.
6529. Roscoe, F. C. Smith.
6530. Scott II., Chas. C. Allen.

GREYHOUNDS.

6531. Fancy, Hornell-Harmony Kennels.
6532. Lady Olivia, Hornell-Harmony Kennels.

MASTIFFS.

6538. Beech Grove Cæsar, J. A. J. Shultz.
6534. Beech Grove Jura, J. G. Short.
6535. Buckingham, W. Jammes.
6536. Fratello, C. E. Woodman.
6537. Greenwood Bess, Greenwood Mastiff Kennels.
6538. Greenwood Leo, Greenwood Mastiff Kennels.
6539. Kenwood Sultana, N. Allen
6540. McCormick, Mr. Paulson.
6541. Maida, G. W. Hitchcock.
6542. Meg Merrilies, D. McLean.
6543. Princess Dolly, Richland Kennels.
6544. Rosedale Bruce, J. Massey.
6545. Tiger III., C. W. Frisbee.
6546. Vermont Bijou, E. Nichols.
6547. Victor II., Anson Pease.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.

6548. Prince Miro, David Wright.

POINTERS.

6549. Chester, L. Gardner.
6550. Dan V., J. P. Spaulding.
6551. Duke of Vernon, Gardner.
6552. Nettie, D. H. Donahue.
6553. Sensation Dash, J. Bidwell.

PUGS.

6555. Fairy II., Buckeye Kennels.
6555. Vida, D. B. Lindsley.

ST. BERNARDS.—ROUGH-COATED.

6556. Chequasset Nina, M. Porter Tuttle.
6557. Ben Harrison, O. W. Volger.
6558. Blossom, D. H. McAlpine, Jr.
6559. Gustavus Adolphus, Otto W. Volger.
6560. Judy III., D. H. McAlpine, Jr.
6561. Maple Grove Countess, W. T. Fraser.
6562. Psyche II., Mrs. W. E. Kisselburgh.

SMOOTH-COATED.

6563. Winna, F. N. Livingston.

SETTERS.—ENGLISH SETTERS.

6564. Ned, J. C. Lincoln.

IRISH SETTERS.

6565. Doc McDuff, Louis Krauss.
6566. Garry III., E. N. Wright.
6567. Garry IV., Fred Mackey.

SPANIELS.—FIELD AND COCKER SPANIELS.

6568. Black Joe II., R. J. Miller.
6569. Fritz III., A. M. Eccleston.
6570. Hornet, American Cocker Kennels.
6571. Laddie, Mrs. A. S. Peckham.
6572. Spunkey, T. J. Hook.
6573. Tres Chic, L. Hammett.

TERRIERS.—BULL-TERRIERS.

6574. Daisy Royal II., Maurice Purcell.
6575. Dandy II., Geo. W. Shoulters.

FOX-TERRIERS.

6576. Beatrice, F. F. Carpenter.
6577. Nip, Arthur White.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.

6578. Romeo, Wm. E. Hoff.

STANDARD OF POINTS FOR SCHIPPERKES.

AGREED upon by the general assembly of the Schipperkes Club at Bruxelles, June 19, 1888:

General appearance and character.—An excellent and faithful little watch-dog, who does not take to strangers. Lively, full of agility, and never tired; paying attention to all that is going on around him. Very fierce when defending objects over which he has been set to watch. Very gentle with children, and knowing well the habits of the household. Always curious to know what is going on behind a door, or an object which is being moved; showing his impression by his sharp voice and the hackles standing up. He likes the company of horses, hunts moles and other vermin.

Color.—Black, without any white.

Head.—Rather broad forehead, diminishing toward the eyes—seen in profile it is round; fine muzzle, not too elongated; stop not too prominent.

Nose.—Small.

Eye.—Dark brown, small, more oval than round, neither too deep set nor too prominent, lively and piercing.

Ears.—Prick-eared, small, triangular, set on high; lobes strong enough not to be bent otherwise than lengthways; excessively movable, approaching each other when erect.

Teeth.—Very white, strong, and longish, and neither under nor overshot.

Neck.—Strong and upright.

Shoulders.—Sloping and agile.

Chest.—Broad in front, broad behind the shoulders, and deep; belly well drawn up.

Back.—Straight and horizontal, but supple.

Loins.—Powerful.

Legs.—Perfectly straight, and well under the body; fine in bone.

Feet.—Small, round, and close; claws straight, strong, and short, not hooked.

Thighs.—Well developed, long and muscular; hocks, near the ground.

Body.—Short and thick set.

Tail.—Absent.

Coat.—Abundant and hard to the touch; smooth on the head, short on the ears, the front of the legs, and the calves; rather short on the body, but longer round the neck, beginning from behind the ears, where it forms a kind of mane, and on the chest, where it forms a frill, which extends between the forelegs, and on the back of the thighs, where it forms a kind of feathering (*culotte*), the ends of which are turned inward.

Weight.—Four kilos minimum. Dogs weighing less than four kilos, and having the above points, belong to a special class.

Faults.—Ears semi-erect, too long or rounded, narrow and elongated head, thin coat, absence of the mane, and the feathering.—*Stock-Keeper.*

THE AMERICAN PET DOG CLUB.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I notice an article in your paper of the 13th inst. purporting to be a report of a meeting of the American Pet Dog Club. As president of the Pet Dog Club, permit me to say, that the lady named as second vice-president is not a member of the club, much less one of its officers. Mr. Ormsby has for some reason best known to himself called the said meeting, without either the president or treasurer of said club, who with himself form the executive committee, which has alone the right to call a meeting in conjunction with four other members to be chosen by the club, but which have not yet been chosen for that position. The article further states that nine new members were admitted at the same meeting. As no new members can be admitted without being previously proposed for acceptance or refusal, and as no such persons were proposed at the last legal meeting, that part of the report must also be an error. As president of the Pet Dog Club, I must declare the said meeting to be an illegal one, and its action of no effect.—MRS. CHAS. WHEATLEIGH, President American Pet Dog Club.

Editor Forest and Stream: A meeting of the American Pet Dog Club was held on the 21st inst. at the residence of treasurer Mr. Eugene Clarke. H. R. Surles, M.D., presided. Eleven candidates proposed at the previous meeting were admitted, among them the veteran Jacob Pentz of field trials, dog shows and general sporting newspaper fame. He will prove more than a Keely motor to the A. P. D. C., as he has heretofore to kindred clubs. The subject of holding a bench show in New York was briefly considered and postponed for final action till after the annual meeting in October. A vote of thanks was tendered to Dr. Surles for his generous offer made at the previous meeting, to defray the entire expense of the club's printing matter. In his synopsis of the club's proceedings on the 6th inst., the secretary inadvertently failed to say that the nine then admitted to membership had been candidates for three or more months, during which time the club held no meetings. For this reason the club suspended the rule requiring a candidate to be proposed at one meeting and voted upon at the next, and they were admitted and declared active members. The names of five new candidates having been proposed, the meeting was adjourned. Due notice of the annual meeting will be made through the FOREST AND STREAM. Those wishing to become members may address American Pet Dog Club, Box 1569, New York.—C. ORMSBY, Sec'y.

THE COON'S WHICKER.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Some weeks ago I read an article in your paper by "Subscriber," on the whicker of the coon, and as I was raised in the country where coons were plenty, I became very fond of coon hunting. We always kept one or two first-class coon dogs, and many coon skins ornamented the old barn every season. Many a time when quite a boy have I rushed out of the house at night to listen to what the "hired man" told us was a coon, in fact almost every night in the fall between nine and ten o'clock we could hear what we were taught to believe was the cry of the coon. It usually came from the old orchard and was kept up for an hour at a time. A few years later when myself and brothers were old enough to go cooning, we would very quietly take old Tige and cautiously make our way to the orchard when Mr. Coon "was sounding his whicker." Many were the trips we made to the orchard for coons; but poor old Tige, though he had a wonderful reputation as a cooner, could never succeed in catching this coon. We quite often located the "whicker" in some particular apple tree, but old Tige would refuse to show the least enthusiasm and I well remember that after repeated trips of this kind we finally had a call from an old coon hunter who came to see Tige hunt coons. We explained about the coons that visited our orchard every night, and were laughed at by our friend "the coon hunter." He said that there were very few dogs that were good coon dogs, that were worth a cent to hunt owls. I afterward followed up the "whicker" and many times saw the little owl that made it.—C. E. LEWIS.

ST. BERNARD LOST.—Woodstock, Ont., Sept. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* My young St. Bernard dog Barry, Jr., is missing since the Buffalo dog show. He was in his correct stall and properly tagged on Wednesday, the second day of the show, when I returned home. My spaniels arrived home at noon Monday, having been delayed longer than necessary, but no trace of Barry has been secured yet. The show committee say that he was shipped, but have so far failed to recover him. He is orange tawny and white, seven months old and has blaze partly up forehead and double dew claws. If any of your readers can give me information as to his whereabouts I will be greatly obliged. Mr. W. Spencer, of Toronto, advises me that two of his dogs, also St. Bernards, have not yet been returned from the Buffalo show. The Buffalo Kennel Club will be responsible for a considerable amount of money if these dogs are not recovered, as it would be difficult indeed to prove that anything besides carelessness could account for the mistake in shipment, or whatever it is.—ANDREW LAIDLAW.

ST. BERNARDS AT BUFFALO.—Arlington, N. J.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I wish to call your attention to two misprints in the catalogue of the Buffalo show. My rough-coated dog Crystal, vhc. and reserve, is not by Guide, but by A. Knechtenhofer's Guido (formery Turk II.), and is therefore not a son of champion Guide. The name of the winner of second in the open bitch class, smooth, is Apollona, not Apollonia. The former is by champ. Apollo ex Brunhild; the latter was bred by H. Schumacher, imported by me, and is by champ. Apollo ex Bernice. Kindly publish above so as to avoid confusion.—K. E. HOPF.

PITTSBURGH DOG SHOW.—Pittsburgh, Pa., Sept. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The bench show to be given by the Western Pennsylvania Poultry Society some time this fall is certain to be quite up to the mark of that organization's efforts in past years. A committee consisting of Edward Gregg, Charles Richardson, W. C. Meyer, J. R. Henricks and C. A. Stevens, has been appointed by the directors to fix dates for the exhibition.—C. B. ELBEN, Sec'y.

PHILADELPHIA K. C. FIELD TRIALS.—Philadelphia, Pa., Sept. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Philadelphia Kennel Club will hold its fifth annual field trials, open to members only, commencing Nov. 15, 1888, at some place in Delaware not fully settled upon as yet.—WM. H. CHILD, Secretary.

Dogs: Their Management and Treatment in Disease. By Ashmont. Price $2. Kennel Record and Account Book. Price $3. Training vs. Breaking. By S. T. Hammond. Price $1. First Lessons in Dog Training, with Points of all Breeds. Price 25 cents.

KENNEL NOTES.

Notes must be sent on prepared blanks, which are furnished free on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope of large letter size. Sets of 200 of any one form, bound for retaining duplicates, are sent for 30 cents.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Bobo. By A. Laidlaw, Woodstock, Ont., for black cocker spaniel dog, whelped June 24, 1888, by Master Shina (Young Obo—champion Shina) out of Woodstock Ruby (champion Brahmin—Sim's Beau).

Dodo. By A. Laidlaw, Woodstock, Ont., for black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped Oct. 13, 1887, by Master Shina (Young Obo—champion Shina) out of Woodstock Nellie (imported Obo, Jr.—Woodstock Belle).

Ostler Joe. By J. Pearsall Field, New York, for white fox-terrier dog, whelped Nov. 13, 1887, by Lucifer (Splinter—Kohinoor) out of Regent Virtue (Royster—Cleo).

Donald's Boy. By Clifton Kennels, Jersey City, N. J., for liver and white pointer dog, whelped Jan. 4, 1888, by champion Donald (Bob—Sappho) out of Grace (Heath's Spot—Underhill's Jane).

Racket. Hay Seed, Little Girl and Kitchen Girl. By G. W. Fisher, Catawissa, Pa., for fawn pugs, two dogs and two bitches, whelped Aug. 28, 1888, by Douglass II. out of Rose (Bradford Ruby—Gyp).

Dave Garrick. By Rosecrott Kennels, Birmingham, Conn., for liver and white pointer dog, whelped June 9, 1888, by Donald IV. (champion Donald—champion Revel III.) out of Lady Price (champion Graphic—champion Meally).

Reading Pointer Kennels. By E. B. Eames and C. E. Davis for their kennels of pointers at Reading, Mass.

NAMES CHANGED.

Queen to Sigler's Queen. By T. F. Sigler, Albany, N. Y., for black and tan Gordon setter bitch, whelped June 24, 1886 (A.K.R. 6169).

BRED.

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Floret—Victor. Geo. L. Huscroft's (Steubenville, O.) beagle bitch Floret (Bob—Mary) to P. M. Carmen's Victor (Rattler—Ladybird II.), June 7.

Bissell—Victor. P. M. Carman's (Wrightsville, Pa.) beagle bitch Bissell (Bannerman—Pet) to his Victor (Rattler—Ladybird II.), June 12.

Merrybelle—Tony Weller. Oakview Kennels' (Philadelphia, Pa.) beagle bitch Merrybelle (Victor—Veta) to their Tony Weller (Kino—Fly), Sept. 6.

Princess—Pilot. P. M. Carmen's (Wrightsville, Pa.) beagle bitch Princess to his Pilot (Laick's Rattler—Dot), Aug. 18.

Hero—Scotilla. C. M. Tecse's collie bitch Hero to Chestnut Hill Kennels' Scotilla (Dublin Scot—Flurry II.), Sept. 12.

Young Meg—Roslyn Sensation. Chestnut Hill Kennels' (Philadelphia, Pa.) collie bitch Young Meg (Charlatan—Old Meg) to their Roslyn Sensation (Strephon—Jessie Dean), Sept. 15.

Lady VI.—Dublin Scot. E. B. Sheldon's collie bitch Lady VI. (Champagne——) to Chestnut Hill Kennels' Dublin Scot (The Colonel—Jessie), Sept. 15.

Carrie—Meteor II. F. C. Rochester's (Logan, O.) pointer bitch Carrie (Seitner's Lort—Lady Croxteth) to J. D. Hayne's Meteor II. (Meteor—Beulah). Sept. 12.

Tra-la-la—Max. G. W. Fisher's (Catawissa, Pa.) pug bitch Tra-la-la (A.K.R. 2041) to Dr. M. H. Cryer's Max, Aug. 9.

Daisy—Tom Thumb. F. Rossler's (Milton, Pa.) pug bitch Daisy to G. W. Fisher's Tom Thumb, Aug. 18.

Phœbe II.—Rockingham. T. Brennan's (New Market, N. H.) St. Bernard bitch Phœbe II. (Mk. Dietrich Fannie B.) to George Q. Dow's Rockingham (Rudolph II.—Kleine), July 18.

Fanny Gladstone—Count Noble. J. M. Fronefield, Jr.'s (Wayne, Pa.) English setter bitch Fanny Gladstone (Gladstone—Flounce) to B. F. Wilson's Count Noble (Count Win'em—Nora), Sept. 15.

Snow Flake—Gloucester. G. W. Lovell's (Middleboro, Mass.) English setter bitch Snow Flake (Prince Noble—Cassandra F.) to G. W. Colbrook's Gloucester (Matlock's Light—Dora Alen), Sept. 10.

Sally—Elcho, Jr. Geo. Langran's (Yonkers, N. Y.) Irish setter bitch Sally (Chief—Princess Alice) to Dr. Jarvis's Elcho, Jr. (Elcho—Noreen), Aug. 14.

Royal Madeline—Young Royal Prince. H. A. Harris's (North Wilmington, Mass.) bull-terrier bitch Royal Madeline (A.K.R. 6094) to J. W. Newman's Young Royal Prince.

Tangle—Bradford Harry. W. R. Mack's (Rochester, N. Y.) Yorkshire terrier bitch Tangle to P. H. Coombs's Bradford Harry Crawshaw's Bruce—Beale's Lady), Sept. 12.

WHELPS.

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Bissell. P. M. Carman's (Wrightsville, Pa.) beagle bitch Bissell (Bannerman—Pet), Aug. 10, four (two dogs), by his Victor (Rattler—Ladybird II.); all since dead.

Pitch-dark. Chestnut Hill Kennels' (Philadelphia, Pa.) collie bitch Pitch-dark (Eclipse—Matchless), Sept. 12, seven (three dogs), by A. H. Megson's Caractacus (Cremorne—Barby Rose).

Juanita. J. M. Chaplin's (Pittsburgh, Pa.) mastiff bitch Juanita (A.K.R. 4978), Aug. 25, six (three dogs), sire not given.

Daisy. A. Graham's (Webster, Mass.) pointer bitch Daisy, Aug. 20, seven (three dogs), by C. A. Parker's William Tell (A.K.R. 2640).

Rose. G. W. Fisher's (Catawissa, Pa.) pug bitch Rose (Bradford Ruby—Gyp), Aug. 28, four (two dogs), by Douglass II.

Ky Ky. G. W. Fisher's (Catawissa, Pa.) pug bitch Ky Ky (A.K.R. 1592), June 3, three, by Peter (Play Boy—Becky).

Cricket. L. Paxton's (Rupert, Pa.) pug bitch Cricket, June 1, four, by G. W. Fisher's Tom Thumb.

Lady Wellington. E. B. Sears's (Melrose, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Lady Wellington (Duke of Wellington—Holly Juno), Sept. 19, seven (four dogs), by J. K. Emmet's Plinlimmon (Pilgrim—Bessie II.).

Erminie. Erminie Kennels' (Mt. Vernon, N. Y.) St. Bernard bitch Erminie (Jupiter—Beda), Sept. 20, sixteen (ten dogs), by C. Wagner's Barry (Münch—Bell).

Julie. Erminie Kennels' (Mt. Vernon, N. Y.) St. Bernard bitch Julie, Sept. 3, three (two dogs), by their Lord Nelson (Joseph—Savona).

Woodstock Nellie. B. J. Rae's (Woodstock, Ont.) cocker spaniel bitch Woodstock Nellie (imported Obo, Jr.—Laidlaw's Belle), Sept. 7, seven (four dogs), by A. Laidlaw's Robin (champion Obo II.—Woodstock Dinah).

Yarrow. B. J. Rae's (Woodstock, Ont.) cocker spaniel bitch Yarrow (Master Shina—Woodstock Nellie), Sept. 19, seven (four dogs), by A. Laidlaw's Robin (champion Obo II.—Woodstock Dinah).

Woodstock Ada. A. Laidlaw's (Woodstock, Ont) cocker spaniel bitch Woodstock Ada (champion Obo II.—Woodstock Dinah), Sept. 15, three (two dogs), by his Robin (champion Obo II.—Woodstock Dinah).

Beverwyck Nelly. C. Rathbone's (Albany, N. Y.) fox-terrier bitch Beverwyck Nelly (Regent Vox—Blemton Lilly), July 15, four (one dog), by his Beverwyck Tippler (Bacchanal—Blemton Thyme).

Daze. C. Rathbone's (Albany, N. Y.) fox-terrier bitch Daze (Deacon Pincher—Diamond Dust), Sept. 3, three (one dog), by A. Belmont, Jr.'s, Lucifer (Splinter—Kohinoor).

Nell. H. A. Harris's (North Wilmington, Mass.) fox-terrier bitch Nell (A.K.R. 6190), Aug. 9, five (two dogs), by Blemton Kennels' Blemton Volunteer.

Lady. Fred Noble's (Pawtucket, R. I.) Yorkshire terrier bitch Lady (Banks's Royal—Lady), Sept. 10, two dogs, by P. H. Coombs's Bradford Harry (Crawshaw's Bruce—Beale's Lady).

SALES.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Floss. White and brown beagle bitch, age and pedigree not given, by P. M. Carman, Wrightsville, Pa., to Oscar M. Keller, same place.

Victor. Black, white and tan mottled beagle dog, whelped Dec. 26, 1877, by Rattler out of Ladybird II., by P. M. Carman, Wrightsville, Pa., to Geo. L. Huscroft, Steubenville, O.

Floret and Fairy. Black, white and tan and black, white and tan ticked beagle bitches, whelped June 7, 1887, by Bob out of Mary, by P. M. Carman, Wrightsville, Pa., to Geo. L. Huscroft, Steubenville, O.

Bissell. Black, white and tan beagle bitch, whelped April 20, 1886, by Bannerman out of Pet, by P. M. Carman, Wrightsville, Pa., to J. M. Fronefield, Jr., Wayne, Pa.

Jack. Tan beagle dog, age and pedigree not given, by P. M. Carman, Wrightsville, Pa., to Ed. C. Krueger, same place.

Princess. Dark tan beagle bitch, age and pedigree not given, by P. M. Carman, Wrightsville, Pa., to Ed. C. Krueger, same place.

Ben. Sable and white collie dog, whelped July 13, 1888, by Clipper out of Nellie McGregor, by Warner & Hamilton, Canaan Four Corners, N. Y., to Hon. L. S. Johnson, same place.

Clipper (A.K.R. 2529)—Nellie McGregor whelp. Black, white and tan collie dog, whelped July 13, 1888, by Warner & Hamilton, Canaan Four Corners, N. Y., to G. Harry Reed, Lancaster, Pa.

Roslyn May. Sable and white collie bitch, age not given, by Scotilla out of Bonnie Knowe, by R. McEwen, Byron, Ont., to Chestnut Hill Kennels, Philadelphia, Pa.

Dublin Scot—Maude whelps. Two black and tan collie dogs, whelped April 18, 1888, by R. McEwen, Byron, Ont., to Chestnut Hill Kennels, Philadelphia, Pa.

Allie. Fawn, black points, mastiff bitch, whelped July, 1887, by Debonair out of imported Alice, by F. B. Zimmer, Schenectady, N. Y., to V. B. Van Valkenburgh, North Chatham, N. Y.

Fair Maid of Perth. Black and white pointer bitch, whelped May 8, 1887, by Grafton out of Ethel, by F. F. Harris, Portland, Me., to J. H. Winslow, Philadelphia, Pa.

Vanilla. Lemon and white pointer bitch, whelped March 12, 1888, by Bang out of Vandalia, by J. H. Winslow, Philadelphia, Pa., to F. F. Harris, Portland, Me.

Brunette. Black and white pointer bitch, whelped June 10, 1886, by champion Graphic out of Zitta, by J. H. Winslow, Philadelphia, Pa., to F. F. Harris, Portland, Me.

Glen Graphic (A.K.R. 4388)—Jennie (A.K.R. 6044) whelp. Liver and white pointer dog, whelped June 19, 1888, by G. W. Lovell, Middleboro, Mass., to W. H. Hurd, Hartford, Conn.

Dave Garrick. Liver and white pointer dog, whelped June 9, 1888, by Donald IV. out of Lady Price, by J. Pederson, Des Moines, Ia., to Rosecroft Kennels, Birmingham, Conn.

Victor the Blue Stocking (formerly Slasher). Liver and white pointer dog, whelped May, 1885, by champion Beaufort out of Zuba, by F. F. Harris, Portland, Me., to J. H. Winslow, Philadelphia, Pa.

Teamon. Black and white pointer dog, whelped May 22, 1888, by William Tell out of Daisy A., by C. A. Parker, Worcester, Mass., to C. Leslie Hopkins, Norwich, Conn.

Ky Ky. Fawn pug bitch, whelped Aug. 8, 1884 (A.K.R. 1592), by G. W. Fisher, Catawissa, Pa., to A. G. Eberhart, Cincinnati, O.

Duke of St. Paul and Marquis of St. Paul. Orange tawny and white St. Bernard dogs, whelped June 27, 1888, by Bang II. out of Norna, by A. T. Churchill, Burlington, Ia., to D. Bergman, St. Paul, Minn.

Lord Nelson. Orange and white St. Bernard dog, whelped Sept. 23, 1884, by Joseph out of Savona, by Erminie Kennels, Mt. Vernon, N. Y., to Chas. Heim, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Don Philip. Blue belton English setter dog, whelped May 3, 1888, by Rockingham out of Donna, by Rosecroft Kennels, Birmingham, Conn., to J. Pederson, Des Moines, Ia.

Stubble—Countess of Devonshire whelp. Black and tan Gordon setter dog, whelped July 28, 1888, by I. W. E. Clark, Tuxedo Park, N. Y., to Jas. B. Blossom, New York.

Tim—Lady Edith whelps. Red Irish setters, whelped May 30, 1888, by J. H. Ackroyd, Saylesville, R. I., a dog to John E. Troup and a bitch each to John W. Gale and J. G. Barnes, Providence, R. I.; a dog to Jas. R. MacColl and a bitch to J. W. Steere, Pawtucket, R. I., and a dog and bitch to H. S. Jaffray, Irvington-on-Hudson, N. Y.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

WORCESTER, Mass., Sept. 21.—At the field day exercises this week of the Worcester City Guards, Co. A, Second Regiment, M.V.M., they went out to Peat Meadow Range, where they had target practice, then there was a parade, followed by a banquet. The work of each man that made a score of ten or more out of a possible 25 follows:

Active Members.			
1st Lieut M H Tisdell	45444—21	Pvt Geo E Sweet	23443—16
2d Lieut E G Barrett	34443—18	Pvt Chas Leonard	34034—14
Sergt A D Jefferson	44344—19	Pvt James Leigh	34340—14
Pvt Wm R Jacobs	43544—20	Pvt H H Rogers	02444—14
Pvt J D McIntosh	44144—20	Pvt E A Stone	30342—13
Pvt Fred Howland	44344—19	Pvt J E Gowans	34204—13
Pvt Percy Miller	33553—19	Pvt A J Underwood	24303—12
Pvt Wm E Wilkins	44434—19	Pvt Wm J Ott	42230—11
Pvt W H Farnsworth	34344—18	Pvt F W King	44020—10
Pvt J T Wood	43334—17	Pvt Chas L Snarples	30043—10
Pvt Frank End	34345—17	Pvt J T Malmberg	30403—10
Pvt H S Clinton	43334—17	Pvt Fred Ott	01334—10
Honorary Members.			
Maj. F R Shumway	34334—18	Adin E Brown	34423 –17
Capt J E Merrill	34344—18	Fred Clement	33334—16
Lieut F B Fay	42433—16	Thos Kenney	40044—12
Lieut F S Hoyt	43332—15	J S Wheeler	44040—12
Lieut James Early	33502—13	J J Quinn	23402—11
J R Cleveland	44344—19	T H Day	33220—10
J B Willard	34444—19	Hollis Mansfield	40303—10

BOSTON, Sept. 22.—A large crowd of shooters visited the M. R. A. range to-day and did some lively shooting in all the matches. The weather conditions were not good, but several fine scores were made in the different matches. The fall meeting of the Association will be held Oct. 4, 5 and 6. Following are to-day's scores:

Rest Prize Match No 1.

J Francis	11	11	12	11	11	12	12	11	11	10	—112
D L Chase	12	12	11	9	12	11	9	12	12	11	—111
A B Lewis, 5x	11	11	12	8	11	0	10	9	9	12	—107
J R Munroe	9	10	11	10	12	9	12	9	9	12	—103
C H Davis	11	10	9	10	12	9	11	6	12	9	—102
J Robinson	8	9	9	9	12	10	9	10	11	9	— 96

Rest Prize Match No. 2.

D L Chase	12	11	12	9	9	11	9	11	10	12	—109
A R Lewis, 5x	11	9	9	8	12	9	11	9	12	9	—104
J Robinson	9	11	8	9	11	9	10	11	10	11	— 99
G Horne	11	9	8	8	11	12	12	9	10	9	— 99

Rest Prize Match No. 3.

D L Chase	10	12	10	10	11	11	12	11	11	12	—110
J R Munroe	10	11	12	10	12	10	10	10	10	10	—105
J Francis	12	12	10	9	12	12	10	9	10	9	—105
J Robinson	12	10	12	11	12	9	10	11	8	8	—104
C H Davis	11	10	11	12	10	10	10	8	8	4	— 94
A R Lewis	6	9	8	7	8	9	8	9	10	9	— 84

F. E. Bennett made the following record at 50yds., with a .22-cal. pistol:

10	10	9	10	9	9	10	10	10	—97
8	10	10	10	9	9	10	9	10	10—95
10	9	7	9	8	10	8	9	10	10—90
9	8	8	7	10	9	9	8	9	8—85
9	10	10	8	8	9	9	9	8	9—89
10	8	8	9	10	8	9	10	10	9—91
10	10	10	8	9	10	10	9	7	10—93
8	9	8	8	8	10	10	9	9	10—89
9	8	10	9	8	8	8	9	6	10—86
10	8	10	8	9	10	9	9	9	9—91—906

Pistol Match—50yds.

J B Fellows	5	10	5	10	10	9	9	8	10	10—89
A Sharp	7	8	8	9	9	9	9	9	10	10—88
B W White	8	9	8	8	8	9	9	9	8	10—86
A Stevens	9	7	9	9	10	6	10	8	8	9—86
O T Moore	10	8	8	8	8	9	9	9	6	9—84
F D Hart	8	10	9	8	6	8	6	8	8	9—80
D Martin	7	7	8	9	9	7	8	7	7	5—74

Military Match, 200yds.

A L Brackett	4	5	4	5	5	5	5	4	4	5—46
B S Parker	5	5	4	4	4	4	5	4	4	4—43
W Hawley	5	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	5—42
E Beave	5	5	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	3—41
C H Lake	5	4	4	4	4	3	4	4	3	3—38
S Field	4	4	4	3	4	4	3	2	2	5—36

Rest Match.

D L Chase	12	12	12	12	12	12	10	10	12	12—116
J R Munroe	11	11	12	11	10	12	11	9	12	9—108
J Robinson	12	11	8	10	10	12	12	12	11	9—107
A Ballard	11	11	9	9	12	10	11	12	9	12—106
C L Davis	12	9	8	12	12	9	11	10	10	11—104
O T Moore	10	8	10	11	8	8	11	7	12	12— 97
G Horne	8	9	10	8	11	10	9	9	11	12— 97
J E Tuttle	8	11	10	10	12	11	8	8	6	11— 95

Off-hand Decimal.

A L Bracket	9	8	8	7	10	9	9	5	8	7—80
(Mil.)	9	7	7	7	9	9	10	5	5	7—75
A Law	8	8	7	4	8	10	7	0	6	9—76
O T Moore	9	7	9	7	7	5	10	6	6	9—73
W Hawley	10	5	7	8	7	6	6	9	8	4—70
L Ames	6	6	9	10	7	6	8	3	9	6—70
C W Peters	6	8	7	5	8	5	6	7	3	10—64
B G Barker	6	4	4	4	7	7	7	5	8	3—55
J R Carmichael	7	1	2	8	6	4	8	1	8	10—55
H H Williams	3	6	4	8	5	6	6	6	5	4—53

Victory Medal Match.

J A Frye	6	9	10	8	9	8	9	9	9	9—86
D P Holder	8	5	9	8	8	4	9	6	7	9—73
A Maynard	4	9	4	8	8	6	7	8	6	5—68

GARDNER, Mass., Sept. 20.—There have been recently a series of matches at Hackmatack range. In a practice by the Gardner Rifle Club the following totals were made: C. N. Edgell, 81 and 81; W. C. Loveland, 74 and 79; F. E. Nichols, 75 and 74; G. C. Goodale and F. B. Edgell each 77. Members of the Heywood Guards, Co. F, 2d Regiment, M. V. M., have made the following individual scores: F. B. Edgell, 30 and 32; A. E. Knowlton, 30 and 31; C. O'Neal, 30 and 25; Lieut. C. N. Edgell and G. C. Goodell, each 29 and 29; B. F. Thrasher, 28 and 29. Members of the Guards in a team score, the first seven shots to count, with no sighters as per the conditions of the State match resulted as follows:

Lieut C N Edgell	4444445—29	Pvt A Knowlton	4445444—29
Pvt F B Edgell	4445555—32	Pvt B F Thrasher	3544444—28
Pvt F White	4455445—31	Pvt G W Bishop	3344355—27
Pvt G C Goodell	5444445—30		

The Heywood Guards, of Gardner, Co. F, 2d Regiment, M. V. M., have had a telegraphic match with the Richardson Light Infantry, of Wakefield, Co. A, 6th Regiment, M. V. M. The result follows:

Heywood Guards.		Richardson Light Infantry.	
Lieut C N Edgell	4454444—29	Capt G H Taylor	4433354—26
Sergt B F Trasher	4444444—28	Sergt E J Gibson	4354544—29
Pvt A E Knowlton	5455554—33	Pvt H T Mellett	4454535—30
Pvt C A Hines	4544554—31	Pvt C E Horton	4534345—28
Pvt G C Goodell	4355344—28	Pvt J W Babbitt	4344443—26
Pvt F B Edgell	4455344—27	Pvt P S Killam	3424544—26
Pvt F White	4434245—25	Pvt M G Withrow	5443442—26
	201		191

MALDEN, Sept. 22.—The following scores were made at the Bear's Den Range to-day, at 200yds., there being a large attendance:

Pvt A Whittekind, 5th	54444—21	Lieut Haley, 5th	44333—17
Lieut Erickson, 5th	44444—20	H B Craford, 5th	54343—19
J H Whittekind, 5th	45443—20	S B Clark	34444—19
Sergt Colburn, 5th	43543—19	A F Hatch	43442—17
Pvt Perkins, 5th	44444—20	W T Fuller	44323—16
Pvt G. M. Pottle, 5th	53443—20	Sergt F A Ruggles	35344—19
Pvt M S Drew, 5th	04444—16	Sergt Frazer	34334—17
Sergt H Jenkins, 5th	44444—20	Sergt H. W. Sprague	24435—18

SALEM, Sept. 22.—The third match between teams of Company A, Sixth Regiment of Wakefield, and a team from the Second Corps of Cadets, was shot in this city this afternoon. The match was on 200 yards Creedmoor target, the following being the result:

Company A, Sixth Infantry.		Second Corps Cadets	
Pvt J W Babbitt	5544444—30	Sergt P F Packard	4544444—29
Pvt B S Killam	4454445—30	Pvt M W Daulton	3454444—28
Pvt C E Horton	4443454—28	Pvt W E Smith	4453444—28
Pvt M G Witham	5334444—27	Pvt G A Lawreuce	4443444—27
Prt H T Millett	4444434—27	Corp C G Hinman	4453444—26
Corp Flanders	3444444—27	Corp D M Bruce	3444343—25
		Musician J C Hubon	3543234—24
	197		187

LAWRENCE, Sept. 22.—There was a large attendance at the range this afternoon, but in consequence of the windy weather the scores were not as high as usual, although they were good for the day. Following is a summary at 200yds.:

E F Richardson	10	10	8	7	8	7	9	9	8	9—85
O M Jewell	7	8	9	10	10	9	6	8	10	8—85
C M Hill	9	7	8	10	8	7	9	8	8	10—84
A D Elliott	6	10	8	8	9	6	9	6	6	7—75
E H Archibald	7	9	8	8	8	10	5	4	7	8—74
W Fisher	7	8	6	9	10	7	5	8	6	7—73
J W Bean	8	7	7	8	6	7	10	6	5	6—72
W Arthur	8	8	7	8	5	9	9	5	5	8—72
M Beal	5	7	6	7	6	5	8	10	7	5—66
D P Norris	7	8	6	6	2	9	6	7	5	4—60

NEW BEDFORD, Mass., Sept. 18.—Members of the City Guards visited Bay View Range this afternoon to shoot for the medal presented to the company by Mayor Rotch, shot for annually. The distances shot were 200, 300 and 500yds., 5 shots each. The present holder of the medal, Corporal Charles L. McBay, was the winner. The leading scores stood:

Corp McBay	23 19 17—59	Sergt Swain	20 18 12—50
Corp Baudoin	19 18 19—56	Pvt Pope	16 17 16—49
Lieut Perry	21 14 20—55	Pvt Dunham	12 17 06—45
Pvt Bradley	20 18 17—55	Sergt Pope	16 9 20—45
Pvt Gibbs	20 20 14—54	Pvt Loomis	20 14 5—39
Pvt W K Russell	21 17 16—54	Pvt C D O'Russell	17 14 7—38

THE PISTOL SHOOTERS.—Boston, Sept. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In the report of the late meeting of the N.R.A. in your issue of the 22d inst. you infer that it was generally expected that the Bennett Bros. would be there to "rake the revolver record," and also dwell at some length on the terrible disappointment experienced by Ira A. Paine at not getting a chance at them on neutral grounds, even terms, etc. I think Ira got Bennett enough last June, both shooting on neutral grounds, and also at his own home. If he did not, I shall be pleased to meet him at any time for "fun and money." Had I supposed he had returned to the amateur ranks and would have been at Creedmoor, I should certainly have been there, and saved those tears of disappointment, or possibly turned them into another channel. However, he must bear up, he accumulated much glory, ten dollars ($10) in real money, and enacted the part of "Gulliver among the Lilliputians" with great success.—W. W. BENNETT.

MILLER RIFLE CLUB.—The second annual fall shoot of the Miller Rifle Club, Capt. Richard W. Dewey, will be held at Schützen Park, Union Hill, N. J., Oct. 9. Ring target, prizes to the amount of $133, open to all comers. Bullseye target, open to all comers.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Sept. 19.—Fifteen members of the Selye Citizens Corps took part in the rifle practice at the rifle range this afternoon and all but three qualified, 25 points being necessary. The target distances were 100 and 200yds. and 200 and 500yds., 5 shots each distance, and the points made in the shooting were as follows:

	100yds.	200yds.	Total.	200yds.	500yds.	Total
H A Swift	25	16	36	17	12	29
C S Gibbs	12	16	28	14	18	32
L B Thrasher	13	13	26	12	15	27
C A Blazo	21	15	36	14	17	31
A F Carey	15	18	33	19	10	29
A C Colby	15	13	28	12	15	27
R H Coplin	12	4	16	..	..	..
T T Elgabroadt	19	8	27	16	19	35
L C Fish	15	10	25	12	9	22
J Gibson	19	18	37	13	13	26
E H Miller	12	13	25	14	22	36
J C Minogue	13	14	27	12	7	19
G D Siel	18	9	27	18	11	29
John H Taylor	18	18	36	13	17	30
W C Thomas	13	13	26	16	10	26

MARKSWOMEN.—Queen Victoria fired the first shot on the Wimbledon ranges in 1860, and the target which she aimed at has since that time been conspicuously displayed with its single bullseye on the recurrence of each meeting for competition of the National Rifle Association of Great Britain. On the 21st of July last the Princess of Wales fired the last shot on the Wimbledon range with a Maxim gun. The cartridge case of the last shot fired has been preserved and set up as an ornamental souvenir, and Queen Victoria has accepted the relic as a "keepsake." It bears the following inscription, "This cartridge was fired from the Maxim gun by H. R. H. the Princess of Wales, at the termination of the Wimbledon meeting, 1888."....Rifle competition, open to any lady, has just terminated on the Curragh of Kildare military camp in Ireland. The conditions were seven shots, 100yds., 6in. bullseye, any position, rook rifles. There were 12 competitors, and the winners of prizes were all married ladies. Hon. Mrs. Gough won the first prize with a score of 34. Mrs. Webb and Mrs. Balfour second and third with a score of 30.

NYACK, N. Y., Sept. 19.—An interesting rifle match took place here this afternoon, being one of a series between clubs of the counties of Westchester, Orange and Rockland. There were a large number of spectators present. The shooting was for a large silver cup, elaborately ornamented, which has been held in the Nyack Club for several months. This cup has to be won three times to become the permanent property of either club. The club from Central Valley, Orange county, has now won it twice, the Nyack Club has won it once, and the Peekskill Club has won it twice. The distance shot to-day was 200yds. and the scores were as follows: Out of a possible 300—Central Valley 255, Nyack 251, Peekskill 250. There were six men in each team. The next shooting for the cup will take place at Central Valley in April, 1889.

ALBANY, N. Y.—The eleventh annual meeting of the Third Division Rifle Association will take place at the Rensselaerwyck Range on Oct. 11 and 12. There are nine matches in all, many at short range, some going to 500yds., and a pistol match. The range is pleasantly situated between Albany and Troy, and is one of the best equipped in the State.

WORCESTER, Mass., Sept. 21.—The Worcester Light Infantry Co. C, 2d Regt., M.V.M. went to Peat Meadow Range this week for their annual target shoot. Those who made 10 out of a possible 25 were:

Capt Edward A Harris	34545—21	Frank J Quinn	44344—19
Sergt W H Dewing	43453—19	Flint W Wright	33245—17
Sergt D F Rourke	34034—14	William E Whitney	23353—16
Corp C P Mixter	33333—15	George F Zaeder	24420—12
Pvt F F McInnes	44454—21		

At a practice shoot out of a possible 35 the following totals were made:

Capt Harris	3544343—28	Quinn	3345344—26
Sert Dewing	4033334—20	Wright	2334554—26
McInness	5444454—30		

A PENCIL SCORE.—If the scores made yesterday at the State shoot were not very great, they had the result of stirring up much ill feeling and placing Captain McAlpine, of the Third Infantry Regiment, in a most unenviable position. The shoot was recently ordered by the Adjutant-General, and some 150 members of the regiment met in accordance at Shell Mound yesterday. The conditions were that rifles be used with a six-pound pull of trigger, that a comparison might be made of the result with that of the recent shoot with Springfield rifles. On the latter occasion, with those finer guns, the highest score made was 47 points, and it was expected that with the muskets such accuracy of aim would not be displayed. The Adjutant-General offered a set of medals for the 50, 80 and 90 per cent. scores. An additional gold medal was also to be given the highest score above 90 per cent., and some 3,000 marksmen to-day would have felt discouraged at their prospect of winning it had the *Examiner* reporter not discovered a very questionable joke which was being perpetrated on them. Captain McAlpine, of Company D, was the first to shoot, and the altogether unprecedented score of 47 made with a musket, was placed to his credit. It seemed such an extraordinary success in a possible 50 points for a man who on ordinary occasions can hardly reach 80 per cent., that many of the marksmen present believed that there was something wrong about the marking. The reporter called on Captain Siebe, and both went to the bulks to investigate. The marker stated that no one had been there marking besides himself, but later it was learned that Private O'Rourke had marked for Captain McAlpine, and the paper target used was discovered among the others. As is usual with all perforated targets, small black patches—eight in number—were found pasted on the 6-inch ring on the target. The marker stated that when he had arrived to attend to his duties he had found that target laid aside as having been shot at already, and he had paid no further attention to it. Captain Siebe investigated closer, and removing one of the black papers, noticed that the target was a fraudulent one, which had never been perforated by a bullet. Just as this discovery was being made Captain McAlpine came to the bulks. He looked as though he was very much agitated, and with a soulless laugh he declared the whole matter "a joke." The Captain insisted that he be allowed to shoot "again," and he was given his way. He scored 34 points this time. All those at the range are severe in their criticism of Captain McAlpine's "joke," which, had the *Examiner* reporter not discovered in time, might have passed by unnoticed, giving the Captain the highest score made in the shoot.—*San Francisco Examiner, Sept. 10.*

ST. PAUL, Minn., Sept. 25.—The third annual tournament of the Minnesota National Guard opened to-day for a four days' meet. One day is given up to State matches, and there are nine contests on the other dates.

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

OUR TOURNAMENT REPORTS.

OUR full, prompt and accurate reports of the Cincinnati and Cleveland tournaments have excited the admiration of trap shooters. They appreciate the high character of the work of our special staff correspondent. A well-known shooter here in New York said the other day when he saw the Chamberlin scores that it was the best report he had ever seen. These reports speak for themselves. It would be superfluous to point out what is manifest, that they are rivalled by no other reports.

The FOREST AND STREAM has had its own man on the ground at Cincinnati, Cleveland and Corry. He will be at St. Louis for the bombardment there, the first week of October.

For the earliest, fullest, most accurate and in every way the best reports of trap shooting meets, read the FOREST AND STREAM.

THE KEYSTONE TOURNAMENT.

[*From our own Staff Correspondent.*]

CORRY, Pa., Sept. 21.—The first annual tournament given by the Keystone M'f'g Co. closed here to-day. In everything but attendance it has been one of the most successful and best-managed shoots of the season, and was deserving of much better support from the shooters than it received. There were $1,000 guaranteed money, divided into twelve events, $250 each of the four days. In addition to this, there were four handsome trophies, three engraved silver cups, one given by the Keystone M'f'g Co., one by L. C. Smith, in shooting for which all contestants are obliged to use a Smith gun, and a solid silver and gold cup by the Peters Cartridge Co., no restriction as to ammunition, but left to the courtesy of shooters; also a diamond ring given by the Keystone M'f'g Co., to be the property of winner, and to be duplicated each year. The Smith and Peters cups are to be held for one year and then returned to the donors, to be contested for at the next Keystone Tournament.

Notwithstanding the lack of attendance, the guaranteed events were run off, the moneys being paid in full, some of the contests barely filling. No charge for birds was made in these events. It was intended to divide the surplus money for the best averages, but there was no surplus.

The weather during the week was threatening, with frequent showers, but this did not seem to cool the ardor of the shooters, and the game went on just the same.

All contests were shot from 5 traps, set about 5yds. apart, with a rise of 18yds. for 10-bore guns, 16yds. for 12-bores weighing 8lbs. or less, and 15yds. for all smaller bores weighing 7lbs. or under. There were no guns of smaller gauge than 12 on the ground. The arrangements for shooting were very complete and systematic, and the Keystone rules contain one feature which it would be well for all tournaments to adopt; that is, the system of shooting, as follows: Shooting from five traps, six shooters face the score, No. 1 at No. 1 trap, No. 2 at No. 2, and so on, No. 6 to stand behind No. 1. No. 6 steps to No. 1 score after No. 1 shoots, No. 1 to No. 2 score after No. 2 shoots, and so down the line, shooters to load while walking from trap to trap. This style of shooting was new to all the contestants, but proved entirely satisfactory, and was very interesting to the on-lookers. The bang! bang! of the guns was continuous, and as soon as one squad was finished, another stood ready to take their place. It was the most rapid shooting we ever saw, one event, at 15 birds, with 30 entries, 451 birds in all, taking only 45 minutes to entirely complete.

With this system, each day's work was completed as per programme and long before sundown. In fact, the whole tournament was shot from one set of five traps, giving ample time for lunch each day. Another good feature was the blackboard on which the scores were kept, so that each shooter could determine his relative position at a glance. In addition to this, the scores were kept in duplicate on separate cards, which is a great convenience for the press.

The ladies of the Episcopal church profited by the occasion, and each day served an elegant lunch on the ground, which partook more of the nature of a home meal, and was doubly grateful after a routine of hotel fare. The tables were beautifully decorated with flowers, every appointment was clean and tasty, and the smiling faces of the fair ones while ministering to the wants of the hungry shooters was alone worth more than the moderate charge for the meal.

The Keystone Co. say they are "here to stay," and will hold these tournaments annually. The next one will probably be given earlier in the season, and at some of the beautiful resorts on Lake Chautauqua, where a much larger attendance would be attracted by the diversity of amusement. They are progressive and propose to adopt several new schemes for the protection of the poorer or amateur shots. The Ocean Gun Club of New York have been discussing a scheme, which was presented to the Keystone people, and it may be combined with their rules. It has for its end the encouragement of young shooters, and while not handicapping the good shots, still gives the poorer ones an incen-

tive to enter contests by virtually giving them odds. For instance, to divide the shooters into three classes, according to their records, a 90, 80 and 70 class, the 90s to enter say at $5, the 80s at $4 and 70s at $3. Just how this would work, we are not prepared to say, but it seems feasible and is worth a trial. This would be done in guaranteed events, where the good shots would be sure of a certain amount any way, and the odds offered might induce the amateurs to enter the lists. The Keystone people have a good trap and a bird whose flight is beautiful. In one race at 50 birds with 13 entries the time occupied was 46 minutes, and but three birds were broken in the trap. The genial C. H. Wetmore and his partner, C. J. Penrose, do all in their power to make it pleasant for the shooters, and we bespeak for them a much better attendance at their next tournament.

The shoot proper did not commence until Tuesday, but a team race of 100 birds a man, for $10 a team, with two moneys, 60 and 40 per cent., was shot on Monday, with the following score. There were four teams; Pope and Luther shot in one squad, but were not in for the money.

Monday.

Budd.....1111111111

Wagner.....1111101100111001110 w.
Seigler.....1111111111111111111111111111111101111111111001111
1111111111111111111111111111111101101111111111111—94
E D Miller.....1111110111111101111011111111101011111101111111
1110111111111111111111111111001110101010011111—85
Krueger.....1111111111101111111111111111111111111111111111
1111101111111111111111111111111111111111100111—91
White.....1011111111111111111111111000111111111111110010
1111111111111100011111111111111111111111111111—90
Budd.....1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111
1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—98
Clover.....1111110111011111101111111111111111111111111110
1011110111111111111111111111111111111111111111—91
Peacock.....1111111101111101111011111111111001111011101110
1100110111110011111111101110011011111010000011011—75

Extra sweep No. 1, at 10 singles, $1 entrance: Stice 10, Carter 7, Budd 9, Clover 9, Holzapfel 7, E. D. Miller 9, Sigler 9, Wagner 8, Riblet 8, Peacock 8, Krueger 8, Benscoteen 9, Luther 7, J. E. Miller 9, Heikes 8, Mallery 9, Wetmore 7, Bob White 9. First and third divided; second shot off and won by Bob White, fourth won by Krueger.

Extra sweep No. 2, at 10 singles, entrance $1: J. E. Miller 10, Bob White 10, Budd 10, Sigler 10, Heikes 10, Carter 10, Wagner 8, Clover 9, Krueger 9, Mallery 10, E. D. Miller 7, Riblet 8, Luther 9, Stice 9, Peacock 10, Peacock 8. First shot off and divided by Heikes and Sigler; in tie on 9 Clover shot all the others out and took second; third shot off and won by Riblet; fourth won by E. D. Miller.

Extra sweep No. 3, at 10 single rises, entrance $1: Stice 9, Sigler 9, J. E. Miller 7, Carter 9, Heikes 9, Clover 9, Wagner 7, Peacock 7, Krueger 10, Riblet 7, Budd 8, White 10, E. D. Miller 9. First divided; second shot off and divided by Stice and Carter; Budd, third; Peacock won fourth on shoot off.

Extra sweep No. 4, at 10 double rises, entrance $1: Clover 9, Heikes 8, Stice 6, Krueger 9, Carter 8, Sigler 8, Peacock 7, Riblet 9. Ties divided.

THE FOREST AND STREAM GUN TESTS.

THE interest in the preparations making by the FOREST AND STREAM for a regular and systematic test of all matters connected with shotgun pattern and penetration, is widespread and lively. From the mail on the subject within the past few days two letters are selected. Maine and California each expressing its concern about the question to be looked into:

SACRAMENTO, Cal., Aug. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Sir: By all means let us have the shotgun tests. I have grappled with a few of the problems mentioned by your Vicksburg correspondent last week. Please give us results on the proportion between shot and powder, and tell us whether it is worth while to spend a dollar a pound for powder instead of thirty to fifty cents, as some of us do. This interested party hopes that the matter of recoil will receive attention as well as pattern, penetration, etc His enjoyment of shooting is closely connected with the headache he has or misses.—G. B. W.

BATH, Me., Sept. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am much pleased to hear of your proposed shotgun test. Please test the 3in. chamber with 2⅞in. brass shell. Also see what the result will be in using coarse black powder primed with much finer black.—H. G. M.

THE EASTERN CIRCUIT.

THERE is fun ahead for trap shooters. Prizes of $2,500 cash are guaranteed by the shooting clubs composing the grand eastern shooting circuit as follows:

Marion, N. J., Jersey City Heights Gun Club tournament, $700 guaranteed, Oct. 9, 10, 11 and 12. For particulars and programme address Alfred Heritage, Jersey City, or M. L. Lindsley, West Hoboken, N. J.

Dunellen, N. J., Middlesex Gun Club tournament, $1,000 cash guaranteed, Oct. 16, 17, 18 and 19. For particulars and programme address W. L. Force, Plainfield, N. J., or W. Fred Quimby, New York city.

Clermont, N. J., New York Suburban Shooting Grounds Association, $800 cash guaranteed, Oct. 23, 24, 25 and 26. Address New York Suburban Shooting Grounds Association, 291 Broadway, New York.

Two days shooting at live birds and two days shooting at targets by each club.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 10.—To-day a good crowd assembled at George Bird's grounds, at Birds Point, to celebrate the Admission day holiday by the destruction of live pigeons and blue rocks. About 11 o'clock six men decided to tackle the bluerocks, each one putting up $1.50 entrance money, the $9 being divided into $6 and $3. Carter won the first prize, never giving a shadow of a chance on the ten birds, and Holtz making a good second with 9. The second shoot was another 10 single bluerock affair, for which 8 marksmen put up $2 each, the coin to be divided into $10 and $6. Smith took first prize with nine, Holtz making a tolerably good second prize winner with eight. The third shoot, which came off immediately after luncheon, was at live birds, of which George Bird produced some six dozen good ones. Mr. Walker was unanimously elected sole judge, and business commenced at a dozen birds by six shooters, each putting up $2, the highest score to take the layout. The distance was 30yds. for ten-gauge guns, and 25yds. for twelves, Carter, Bruner and Cole using the latter. The boundary was 80yds. George Bird officiated as trapper. Holz won with eleven, grassing four with his second. Carter came in second with ten, his two lost being stone dead out of bounds, and would have been scored in a 100yd. boundary shoot. The wind-up shoot was a go at ten pairs of bluerocks by Holtz and Smith for $10 each, in which both men broke sixteen and shot off the ties at three pairs of doubles at a distance of 21yds., when Smith won handsomely by one bird. The weather was perfectly fine, but awfully hot. Following are the complete scores:

Ten bluerocks, prizes $6 and $3:

Reuter	1100101101— 6	Corbett	1111101010— 7
Carter	1111111111—10	Bruner	0110001100— 4
Holtz	1111011111— 9	Schroeder	1110111100— 7

Second shoot, 10 bluerocks, prizes $10 and $6:

Carter	1110111001—7	Halpin	0110001000—3
Holtz	1111010111—8	Schroeder	1101101011—7
Corbett	0110011111—7	Cole	1110011000—5
Smith	1110111111—9	Bruner	0011111011—7

Third shoot, 12 live birds, usual handicap, 80yds. boundary, Hurlingham rules. The score:

Carter	112012021121—10	Smith	122012020210—7
Corbett	012012002102— 7	Bruner	201012102100—7
Holtz	1120.122121 -11	Cole	120010021001—6

Fourth shoot, match for $20, 10 pairs bluerocks. The score:

Holtz	11 11 10 11 10 10 11 10 11 11 10—16
Smith	10 11 11 11 11 10 11 10 11 01—16

KANSAS CITY, Sept. 20.—The members of the Kansas City Gun Club held their regular monthly medal contest in Exposition Park this morning, in the presence of several hundred people. The conditions were that each man should shoot at 10 live pigeons, 30yds. rise, with the right to use both barrels. Mr. James McGee won the medal, killing all ten of the birds without a miss. J. E. Riley killed nine birds and was the next highest man. The following is the score:

J E Riley	1212120211— 9	D W Williams	2110021110—8
L Scott	2011122101— 8	C P Fatrman	0110101212—7
D Underwood	0120200010— 4	J W Moore	0110000011—4
Ben Holmes	1020020002— 4	James Bolen	0212121110—8
William Shaw	2001010011— 5	F B Hamilton	2020210100—5
George Yeoman	0120220000— 4	Charles Ditsch	2001221122—8
John Savage	0121222011— 8	J F Wallace	0210212100—6
W S Halliwell	1000101022— 5	A A Bomback	1031112000—3
James McGee	1122222211—10	George Dugan	1200010102—5
F Deuser	2202111002— 7	M Dunlop	0101100010—4
Al Wetzel	1002020222— 6	W J Baehr	1001000110—4

At the conclusion of the contest a $2 sweepstake was shot with twenty entries. Mr. L. Scott won first money, Mr. W. Mensing second and Mr. F. J. Smith third.

BROOKLYN, Sept. 10.—The Phœnix Club of this city, whose members are all over 50 years, and have good records on the pigeon shooting annals of the past, held its annual match at Dexter's (now Dunter's) Park. The match was 15 birds each, 25yds. The score stood: John Freely 11, Abe Rutan 12, Hen Smith 14, Tony Bowty 14, John Chasmer 14, Mose Chichester 11, E. H. Madison, John Ackus 10, Wm. Lang 10.

BROOKLYN, Sept. 11.—Although it rained hard to-day the members of the Acme Gun Club were bound to have their regular monthly shoot at Dexter's Park. Eight of the members shot at 20 bluerocks each. C. Carolan (Texas Charley) not only proves his good shooting with rifle and pistol, but also with shotgun, hitting 18, and winning the medal. This makes the third consecutive time that he has carried off the emblem.

Munk	0011101000110011111—12	Munder	0011010100000110011— 9
Dethloff	1010100100101101111—11	Kollmar	0100101101000011101—10
Link	1111111101011001111—16	Menkel	1001101111110011111—14
Carolan	1111110111111011111—18	Short	1111111111101110100—16

Referee, Mr. W. Miller.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 16.—Lincoln Gun Club brought its season of bluerock shooting to a termination to-day at Alameda Point, where the programme presented consisted of the regulation medal shoot for a dinner by two teams of nine members each. The medal competitions commenced at 10 o'clock and lasted until 1, thirteen members appearing to compete for the first class medal, while four only shot for the junior trophy. In each instance the conditions were similar, viz., 15 single bluerocks each, from five screened traps, at 18yds. rise, international rules. In the senior class Ford and Scovern tied with 11 apiece, C. Cate a good third with 10. On shooting off the tie at three pairs of doubles Ford beat Scovern by a score of 4 to 3. Ford broke the last 7 of his 15 without a miss, and Campbell had a run of 7 in his total of 8. The second class medal was won by Karney with 9, he also breaking his last 7 clean. Quinton won second with 8. Following are the scores:

First Class Medal.

C Cate	1111101101010010—10	Potter	0011100101001l0— 7
Wenzel	0000111000111l1— 8	Bruns	1111000100000001— 6
Campbell	0001111110000l— 8	Foster	1111030101 01001— 8
Mellish	0010110110011l1— 9	Scovern	1101111010011l—11
Ford	0110011011111111—11	Fanning	1111010110001l— 9
Parker	1011000100001l— 6		

Second Class Medal.

Karney	0010001011111l1—9	Horber	1010001011010001—6
Quinton	1101100100101—8		

Immediately after the totals were read the shoot for a dinner was commenced by two teams, captained respectively by F. Venker and Horber. The conditions were six single bluerocks each. Much merriment was caused by the small scores made by some of the best shots, there being none in the whole 18 shooters, more than three, with the exception of Karney, who broke his whole half dozen. Horber's team won by a total of 27 to Venker's 20, the winners only scoring 50 per cent. of the discs shot at.

Below is a tabulated statements of the score made by members in each class, arranged by months:

First Class.

	April.	May.	June.	July.	Aug.	Sept.	Total.
E Dunshee	..	8	6	..	9	..	23
C Cate	10	10	14	12	11	10	67
Parks	5	4	11	11	10	6	47
Ford	8	6	10	12	3	11	50
Bruns	..	7	5	..	7	6	25
Campbell	8	8	6	6	12	8	48
Wenzel	12	9	11	10	9	8	59
Scovern	8	10	10	10	10	11	59
H Venker	10	8	10	7	6	..	41
Mellish	8	..	12	8	10	9	47
Lee	7	..	..	..	..	..	7
Foster	..	9	..	..	..	8	17
Scheddel	..	4	4	4	5	3	20
Fanning	10	7	10	7	7	9	50
Richter	8	..	7	8	..	5	28
Potter	..	10	7	6	9	7	39
Shaft	..	..	5	4	6	..	15
Edler	..	..	6	..	6	..	12

Second Class.

Boyce	4	6	..	..	..	..	10
Holmes	11	8	7	5	6	2	39
F Venker	10	7	4	..	..	..	21
Quinton	8	9	7	5	4	8	41
F Cate	6	12	11	10	7	..	46
Moody	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Horber	6	..	7	..	2	6	21
Karney	15	10	10	11	10	9	65
Cohen	..	1	..	5	3	..	9
Brown	8	6	5	7	7	..	33

TAUNTON, Mass., Sept. 14.—A series of matches were shot by the Taunton Fish and Game Protective Association. No. 1, 5 clay pigeons, 18yds.:

Plummer	11100—3	J Davis	10111—4
J T Hall	11110—4	Post	01011—3
T S Hall	11000—2	G Davis	11011—4
Homer	01001—2	E Bowen	11100—3
Walker	11001—3	Smith	11000—2

Ties on 4 divided.

Match at 6 standards, 18yds.: Holmes 2, Plummer 5; T. S. Hall 5, Walker 4, J. T. Hall 4, C. Snow 5, Dr. Post 4, G. H. Davis 5, Deane 3, E Bowen 3, Smith 2, J. Davis 3. On shoot-off Snow and Davis divided first, Post took second and Bowen third.

Match at 6 clays, 18yds.: Plummer 3, J. T. Hall 6, T. S. Hall 6, Homer 5, Walker 3, Post 6, G. Davis 5, Bowen 4, Smith 4. On shoot-off: J. T. Hall 8, T. S. Hall and Post 6, and divided; other ties div.

Match at 6 standards, 18yds.: Homer 3, T. S. Hall 5, Plummer 4, J. T. Hall 4, Barstow 2, Hooper 4, R. Snow 4, Dr. Post 6, Bryant 3, Leonard 4. Shoot off for third won by Hall, 9 straight.

Match at 6 standards, 18yds. rise: Homer 4, T. S. Hall 3, J. T. Hall 6, Plummer 6, Hooper 6, C. Snow 5, Post 4, Barstow 5, G. Davis 4, E. Bowen 2, J. Davis 2, R. Snow 3. Tie for first and second div., shot off for third, Homer 3, Post and Davis 3 and div.

Match at 6 standards, 18yds. rise: Homer 3, T. S. Hall 3, J. T. Hall 5, Plummer 6, C. Snow 5, Dr. Post 6, G. Davis 5, Bowen 3, Walker 4, Smith 4, Hooper 4, Doane 3, R. Snow 0, Barstow 2. First div., shoot off for second, Davis 0, Hall and Snow 3 and div., for third. Walker 0, Smith and Hooper 2, and div.

Match at 6 clay-pigeons, 18yds:

J S Hall	111111—6	Hooper	011111—5
Barstow	101111—5	Bowen	111110—5
T S Hall	001011—3	C Snow	110111—5
Post	101111—5	R Smith	111010—4
Homer	111111—6	R Snow	111101—5
Plummer	110111—5		

Shoot off for second won by Snow with 6 straight.

Seven men teams, 10 clays and 10 standards per man:

New Bedford Gun Club.		T. F. and G. P. A. Club.	
Plummer	7 8—15	Hall	10 9—19
Dr Post	9 9—18	C Snow	9 8—17
Hooper	7 6—13	G Davis	8 9—17
R Snow	8 5—13	E Leonard	8 5—13
Bryant	7 7—14	Barstow	8 8—16
Gray	9 9—18	Walker	6 5—11
Homer	8 7—15—106	Bowen	7 9—16—109

G. L. SMITH.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Sept. 12.—The members of the Coney Island Rod and Gun Club, at Woodlawn Park, Gravesend, L. I., had a big shoot to-day. It was the largest gathering of Long Island wing shots that has been seen at a club shoot for several years. Thirty members competed at the trap for the Blattmacher medal, and six extra prizes; the conditions being to shoot at 7 birds each with the usual club handicap. The birds supplied by Blattmacher were young and loth to leave the trap, but when they did get away they were hard to stop. Some good average shooting was done. The new members have steadily improved and will soon give some of the older ones enough to do to hold their own. The following is the full score of the shoot:

W Cameron (26)	1101110—5	C E Wheeler (24)	0101010—3
A Rockfeller (25)	1110000—3	F Anderson (29)	1110111—6
J E Lake (26)	0100111—4	F McCutcheon (21)	1011111—6
E Rauft (25)	0100111—4	F Lanzer (25)	0011010—3
H Blattmacher (25)	0110111—5	J Schlieman (25)	1111011—6
E Rockfeller (25)	0111110—5	W Green (21)	1110001—4
G L Ayres (25)	1011100—4	R Monroe (26)	1101100—4
Capt Meyer (24)	1101100—4	W A Stewart (26)	0110110—4
H P Donnelly (25)	0111110—5	C A Seddons (27)	1111111—7
H McLaughlin (29)	0111011—5	Dr Shields (30)	1110110—5
T Kerrigan (21)	1111010—5	E Norman (22)	1111010—5
C W Jones (30)	1111111—7	C Plate (27)	1110111—6
W Weber (22)	0011111—5	C Detlefsen (29)	1111111—7
J O'Brien (22)	1110110—5	J J Froelich (25)	0011111—5
Dr Schwartz (29)	1101100—4		

In shooting off the ties C. Detlefsen won club badge and first prize, Anderson and Schlieman divided second, third divided, J. E. Lake fourth. Referee, Mr. H. McLaughlin; scorer, Mr. C. A. Dellar.

WINDHAM, Conn., Sept. 18.—Willimantic Rod and Gun Club, 12th and last shoot of the season. At 25 Ligowskys, 3 angles, 3 traps, 18yds. rise. Shot under National rules, for gold and silver badges:

J Macfarlane	1111111111111111101101—23
Webb	1111110110011110101111—20
Crane	1111111101010111010101—19
Dunham	1010101001111010111110 0—17
G Macfarlane	0101100110110111100110l—16
Culverhouse	0110111011101000101101—16
Baldwin	1011101000011110101010l—14
Ross	1000001100001010011111001—12
Smith	1001001011100100010110101—12
Thompson	1101000101010111001000l1—12
Alpaugh	1001100010000011100111001—11
Johnson	1001011010100001001000001— 9

C. J. Alpaugh owns the badge, having won it the most number of times. The winners of the $25 prize offered by the club for the best scores made during the season are: Webb first money, $10; Smith second, $7.50; Crane third, $5; G. Macfarlane fourth, $2.50. —H. C. R.

WALNUT HILL, Sept. 19.—Barring the dull light the conditions were excellent, and the scores ran high. The event of the day was the third competition for the Climax diamond badge, which had been won previously by Mr. Wheeler, of Marlboro, and by Dr. Gerrish, of Exeter. To-day's contest resulted in a tie, Stanton and Wardwell each breaking 35 birds. Under the rules each scores a point toward the ultimate possession of the trophy. Dr. Gerrish did not appear to defend the badge, greatly to the regret of all present. The scores ran as follows for the climax diamond match, 20 clay-pigeons from five traps, and 20 standard targets from two traps:

Wardwell	11101111011011011011—16		11111101111111111111—19—35
Stanton	11111011111111101111—18		01111111011011111111—17—35
Dickey	11100111101111111111—16		11111000111111111111—18—34
Perham	11111111101011110111—17		11111101011111111110—17—34
Chase	11111111101111110111—18		11011101111111111110—15—33
Knowles	11111111110111100111—17		10111011011111111100—15—32
Wheeler	01110101111011110111—15		11111110111101010101—16—31
Swift	11011101110110111111— 16		01010111101001111111—14—30
Rule	11110010101011111010—13		11111001111101111111—17—30
Houghton	10111111111111111111—19		01101000111000101111—11—30
Nichols	11110111111110001111—16		11111011111100110000—14—30
Bowker	10111111101111011111—17		01111110101011111100—13—30
Crown	11110111001111111010—15		10101011010101111011—14—29
Nelson	01100000011111111010—11		01010110110100110011—11—22

The next most important event on the programme was the "gold coin" match, to consist of 10 clay pigeons from 5 traps and 10 standard targets from 2 traps. This contest was very close and exciting, and a glance at the score will show that most of the shooters meant business. Following are the scores made in the gold coin match:

	Clays.	Standards.
Wheeler	1111111111—10	0111111111— 9—19
Chase	1111110111— 9	1011111111— 9—18
Crown	1111111101— 9	1111110111— 9—18
Hosmer	1111011111— 9	1111110111— 9—18
Knowles	1111011001— 7	1111111111—10—17
Bowker	1011011111— 8	1011111111— 9—17
Wardwell	1111110011— 8	1011001111— 7—15
Stanton	1100011101— 6	1111111110— 9—15
Swift	1111101110— 8	1100110110— 7—15
Houghton	1111110110— 8	0100111111— 7—15
Nichols	1110101111— 8	0111110001— 6—14
Perham	1011101111— 8	1000011011— 5—13
Rule	1100110010— 5	0111011111— 8—13
Longley	1010110111— 7	1101011100— 6—13
Dickey	1011000111— 6	1011111001— 7—13
Snow	1111111001— 8	1000001111— 5—18
Grimes	1110110111— 8	1000110001— 4—12
Burt	0110010110— 5	0000111000— 3— 9
Nelson	0010001111— 5	0001010 000— 3— 8
Leonard	1010001000— 3	0110110100— 5— 8

THE BANDLE TOURNAMENT.—In the 25 live bird shoot, see report page 154, mark the distinction between 0 to designate a missed bird and o to designate a bird dead out of bounds.

SOLOMON CITY, Kan., Sept. 10.—At regular shoot of Solomon Independent Gun Club, at Peorias and blue rocks, 18yds., for gold medal. Edworthy won on shoot-off.

Kraeuchi	1110101111111101—12	Cadden	1100011010111l1—10
Edworthy	1111110111111100—12		

Practice Shoots.

Cadden	1111110111000111—11	Kraeuchi	1110101001111!—11
Kraeuchi	1110011101010110— 9	Cadden	0011010110010110— 7
Edworthy	1110011110000l6— 8	Edworthy	1010100101111000— 7

PORTLAND, Ind., Sept. 18.—The Portland Gun Club will hold a two days' tournament Oct. 4 and 5, at Portland, open to all, live pigeons, sparrows and inanimate targets, $250 in special prizes.—D. S. WAKENIGHT, Secretary.

ST. LOUIS TOURNAMENT.—A four days' tournament at Keystone targets will be held at St. Louis, Compton Park, Oct. 2, 3, 4 and 5. All parties entered in the 90 class of the Chamberlin Cartridge Company's tournament at Cleveland, will be barred from contesting in any of the shoots of this tournament. For further particulars, address Fred A. Fodde, No. 19½ North Broadway, St. Louis, Mo.

WELLINGTON, Mass., Sept. 22.—There was a fair attendance at the grounds of the Wellington Club to-day, and some good scores were made in the sweepstake matches. Following are the winners in the several events: 6 clay-pigeons, Snow; 6 bluerocks, Chapin; 6 bluerocks, Chase and Chapin; 6 bluerocks Snow and Chapin; 3 pairs bluerocks, Chapin; 3 pairs bluerocks Chase; 6 clay-pigeons, Bond and Wardwell; 6 bluerocks Chase; 6 clay-pigeons, Chase; 3 pairs bluerocks, Snow; 6 bluerocks, Snow and Chase; 6 clay-pigeons Chase; 15 bluerocks, Chase, Wardwell and Perry; 6 clay-pigeons, Chapin; 3 pairs bluerocks, Snow; 6 clay-pigeons, Snow; 6 bluerocks, Chase; 6 clay-pigeons, Chapin and Perry; 6 bluerocks, Chase; 6 clay-pigeons, Perry; 6 bluerocks, Chapin.

MARYLAND CHAMPIONSHIP.—Font Hill, Md., Sept. 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Baltimore Gun Club won a gold medal and the championship of the State to-day at a tournament held at Towson, Baltimore county, under the auspices of the Burgoyne Brass Band of that place. Their score was 151 out of a possible 200. South Baltimore Club won second prize, score 127, out of a possible 200; Towson third, 124; Annapolis Club 91. Other clubs entered, absent. Conditions of match: 20 birds, 10 men, 5 traps, National rules.—PICUS.

Canoeing.

FIXTURES.

SEPTEMBER.

29. Ianthe Record.

OCTOBER.

3. Ianthe Illumination. 6. Springfield Cup, Calla Shasta
13. N. Y. Challenge Cup.

A. C. A. REGATTA RULES, ETC.—SUGGESTIONS.

EACH year makes a decided advance in the methods of running canoe meet regattas; yet there is still considerable room for improvement. For the benefit of the '89 regatta committee, and as the executive committee in November may revise the rules, the following notes on the regatta of this year have been written, together with such suggestions as the experience derived from it dictates. (It will not be possible to publish the full report of the regatta committee).

NOTES ON CONSTITUTION AND BY-LAWS.—REGATTA COMMITTEE.

A. C. A. CONSTITUTION. Article VIII.—*Duties of Commodore.*
* * * The Commodore-elect shall within thirty days of his election appoint a Regatta Committee of three members, for the Annual Camp of the A. C. A. * * * * *

Article IX.—*Duties of Regatta Committee.*—It shall be the duty of each Regatta Committee to prepare and publish, not later than June 1, an order of races for their respective regattas; to superintend the laying out and buoying of courses; to provide the prizes; to appoint judges, starters and timekeepers, and to decide all protests. They shall post the course and conditions of each race in some prominent place at least one hour before the race is called; and shall have entire control of the races at their respective meetings, except that the Regatta Committee of the Division in which the A. C. A. Meet is to be held shall act as a local subcommittee to the A. C. A. Regatta Committee.

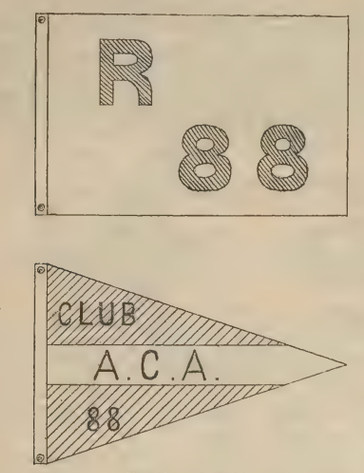
Article XIII.—No changes shall be made in the classification, measurement or sailing regulations, unless sanctioned by the Executive Committee.

The construction of the buoys and method of anchoring them will be described in detail in the report, for the benefit of the incoming committee. The laying out of the courses was a very simple matter this year. A rail ship's log was used on a steam launch for measuring the distances and a compass for getting the angles of the triangle. This insured accuracy.

The third duty of the regatta committee is "to provide the prizes." Now this is a difficult matter, and the method of doing it is not stated. Formerly individuals have been asked to contribute. This year the clubs were each requested to furnish a flag; with the results as before stated in the FOREST AND STREAM. All the expenses of the committee have to be assumed by the chairman, who renders a report to the commodore, and after two or three months collects from the Association what he has advanced. No provision is made for such expenses, and no limit is set to the amount, much to the embarrassment of the committee. It seems, therefore, that the Association, to protect itself and treat the committee fairly, should make an appropriation for regatta expenses based on an estimate made by the committee. This estimate can easily be made by consulting the reports of expenses in former years which have been published.

TROPHY FLAGS.

Bunting—24×36in.

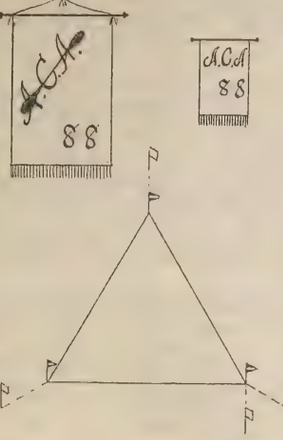


Bunting—24×36in.

PRIZE FLAGS.

Silk—1st. 12×18

Silk—2d. 9×12



The Course.

If enough money cannot be afforded, the racing men or the clubs can be appealed to for help, or the programme can be shortened and fewer prizes given; the latter should be done in any event, for several reasons, to be stated later.

The fourth duty of the committee is to appoint judges, starters, measurers, time-keepers, police of the course, etc., etc. The demands of the racing men have grown each year, and at the same time, the non-racers, as a rule, are less willing now than formerly to do hard work when off for a vacation—the work of judges, starters, etc. It is very difficult for the committee at the meet to command such help as is absolutely necessary. The use of a steam launch race days has become an absolute necessity (as a matter of safety in case of upsets, etc.), and greatly reduces the number of men needed to run a regatta successfully, and therefore it should be provided by the Association. By means of a launch the chairman of the committee can start all races, and in all paddling races can pounce the course and judge of fouls, etc. Therefore, the only extra men needed are (1) a clerk of the course to keep the records, (2), a time-keeper who needs (3) an assistant to call off the boats as they cross the line, and two buoy men (4 and 5) for the sailing races. The clerk of the course is the most important officer next to the chairman of the regatta committee, and, therefore, he should be a member of such committee, appointed at the suggestion of the chairman, from the same town or club as the chairman, or living near him. The third member can well be a racing man who needs to do no work, unless he should fill the position of official measurer at the meet. The measurer's duties were very light this year, as only the winning canoes were measured by him. The time-keepers and buoy men can be got at the meet, and by appointing a number, need serve only one day each. The clerk should serve all the time to make sure of accurate records.

SAILING RULES, NOTES AND SUGGESTIONS.

From the Programme.

NOTE L.—As there may come a time when larger canoes should be entered regularly for races, the committee have put limits on such canoes for this year, hoping the A. C. A. will take action in the matter, if for no other reason than because larger canoes than the above Class C cannot well be handled by the railroads as the smaller canoes can, and we may therefore lose privileges we now get from the companies if such canoes are shipped under the Franking act now in vogue.

NOTE M.—The regatta committee respectfully recommend that Class A sailing be abolished. No distinction was made in the programme of 1887 between A and B classes, and the results amply justified the change. They would also suggest that the limits of Class B canoes be made to conform as those of Class IV. paddling in the matter of length. The rule should read: "Class B. *Sailing.* Length not over 16ft., with a limit of 30in. beam for that length." As the rule now stands a canoe that can enter a sailing race is not admitted to any paddling race—namely, a canoe 17ft. long by 28½in. beam.

The limits of Class C were fixed at 17ft.×36in. Only two canoes competed in the race, Event 19. It would, perhaps, be well to add this class in spite of the small number of contestants at this meet. Perhaps it does no harm to let Class A stand, simply to avoid an unnecessary change in rule 1. The change in the limits of Class B as above suggested should be made.

The following lines from Rule 1 can be dropped, as they are now a dead letter.

* * * "except as follows: Canoes built before May 1, 1885, may be fitted with centerboards which, when hauled up, may project below the keel, provided such projection of board and case is not more than 2¾in. in depth below the garboard, and not more than 36in. in length. In order to be admitted in races without ballast, the centerboard or boards, including bolts and other movable parts, but not including fixed trunks or cases, must not exceed 15lbs. in total weight." * * *

The carrying of numbers on the sail, as called for in rule IV., has become impracticable and inconvenient. The following changes in the rule—the idea being included in FOREST AND STREAM's account of the races—should be made.

Rule as it stands.

"Every canoe entering, except for an upset race, shall carry a colored signal flag, 10×6in., on a staff forward, when paddling, and [her A. C. A. number of enrollment in *red* block numerals *16in. high and 2in. broad*, when sailing, the number to be on both sides of the mainsail and read correctly on the starboard side and reverse on the port side. The Regatta Committee shall have power to dispense with so much of this rule as requires the carrying of numbers on sails in cases where individuals have private emblems on their sails of such size and character as, in the opinion of the Regatta Committee, will enable the judge to distinguish the canoes as readily as if the numbers were carried.] The Clerk of the Course will lend the paddling signals for each race, and they must be returned to him, [but the sailing numbers must be supplied by canoe owners.]"

Rule as amended.

The lines here written to take the place of the matter between brackets in the rule:

[a number in duplicate printed on pieces of cloth to be sewed on the mainsail on both sides, such numbers to be given owners by the Clerk of the Course in the order of entering the canoes, from 1 up, and to be returned to the Clerk of the Course before leaving camp.] [after each paddling race before leaving the canoe.]

RULE V.—*Prize Flags*—Should be revised to include the suggestions contained in the following extracts from the notes to this year's programme:

NOTE B.—* * * The man getting first Record Prize will receive a large practical flag, showing him to be one of the three Honor men of the year. There will be a Paddling Honor man—the winner of the Paddling Trophy race, and a Sailing Honor man—the winner of the Sailing Trophy race. * * *

NOTE D.—Besides the Silver Trophy (which the winner holds for a year) a large practical flag will be awarded, showing the holder to be the Sailing Honor man of 1888. The flag is the winner's property, and it is hoped that future Regatta Committees will yearly award such a flag in this race, as well as in the Paddling Trophy race and the Record.

NOTE F.—* * * Three flags will be of bunting, and are intended to be used to hoist in front of the owner's tent. They are the honor flags. Each will have the year and honor plainly sewed into it, and when in future these men appear in camp they will hoist the flags over their tents to show the scalps they have taken in the years gone by. The club race flag is also of bunting, 24×36.

The prizes for the record paddling races and sailing race and the record prizes should be given by the Association and provided by it, and made of the same design each year. The prizes for all other races might vary, and be got from clubs or individuals who are willing to contribute them. The designs of this year's flags are appended:

The straightaway (with no turn) paddling courses of the year were much better than those of former years, and the distance (1,000yds.) was plenty long enough to make a fair test of speed and endurance. A note should be added to the rules defining the fouling of buoys and marks, as there is nothing about it in the rules as they stand.

There are two points about the races that surely need attention: First, the start in the sailing races. It has been found impracticable and unfair to start the fleet in squadrons. The first leg is apt to be a reach or a run, and no matter how long the starting line is, a fair-to-all start is impossible. The only true way over a triangular course is to start the race to windward over a long starting line.

The start can be made between the judges' boat, anchored abreast of the leeward-most flag of the triangle and the flag itself. Canoes should not be allowed to either remain still or have the paddle used after the five-minute gun; but should be compelled to keep sailing for position till the starting signal is given.

Second, the point in the sailing and paddling races at which paddling must cease or begin, is not now clearly defined, and many take advantage of it, sailing over a good part of the paddling leg when wind is free. The drawing shows how this can be avoided—the change must be made before the canoe crosses a line between the two flags at each angle, as shown. This method must be adopted to insure fairness.

THE PROGRAMME.

The fixed events must be as follows: (1) a paddling race for each of the four classes, (2) a combined race, (3) an unlimited (A and B) sailing race and the two (4 and 5) trophy races. All other races should be optional. The upset races, gymnastics, tournament, tug-of-war, hurry-scurry, etc., do not take much time, are easily managed, and afford great amusement. The club race is a good one, and should be retained; but it could very well be included in the unlimited sailing race. The maneuvering race is also a good one, and might well be worked in with the combined race. The extra paddling races (tandem, etc.) do not take much time, but could be abandoned if necessary. The 75ft. limit and the consolation sailing races could well be abandoned—or put on merely as extra races if there is time. Fewer races would add to the value of the flags won.

For five years the general verdict has been "too many races," as a look at the FOREST AND STREAM, Sept. 13, prize list will probably convince any one. If it is desirable to give a novice prize (and it undoubtedly is), let it be on the novice record in the unlimited sailing race, and not sail a separate race for it. Class C could also be sailed at the same time. The club flags, too, could be given for the best club record in the same race, thus putting four races into one, without any harm being done. If the maneuvering race is a good test, why not add that feature to the combined race as before suggested on the last (sailing) leg of the triangle—make each man throw over his paddle behind him and recover it somewhere between the two buoys? Two paddling races, having not more than four entries each, could be started over the same course at the same time, and thus very greatly shorten the programme.

Three days of racing is enough, and by careful work in arranging the programme and combining the races pretty much all that is now done in five days would be done in three. I hope these notes will prove of use to the executive committee and the new A. C. A. Regatta Committee. C. B. VAUX.

PRIZE BLANK USED AT LAKE GEORGE.

This is to Certify, that my Canoe.....length,....beam,... depth according to rules, Class.....entered event.....and won.....place, without fouling any other canoe or a buoy, and completed the course, starting, rounding all buoys, and finishing as directed by the regatta committee's notices and the rules, and that therefore I am entitled to.....prize in that event.

.....*Owner.*

The above dimensions have been verified by me, and are certified to be correct.

.....*Official Measurer.*

THE A. C. A. MEET OF 1888.

Canoes and Fittings.

APART from the rig, which is of sufficient importance to demand special consideration later on, there are five leading features in the modern canoe, which we propose to consider in detail, and in the following order: Build, model, arrangement, fittings and equipment.

BUILDING.

While all the leading methods of canoe construction were represented at the late meet, there were no special novelties; and all the methods represented have been previously described in the FOREST AND STREAM. This year all of the leading racers were smooth-skinned boats, and of these the two most notable were Eclipse and Narka. Both of these were built by Mr. Ruggles, of Charlotte, N. Y., on the peculiar system devised by himself. The planks are narrow, 1½ to 2in. wide, and ¼in. or less in the thickness, laid without a lap and caulked with a thread of cotton, rolled in with a sharp-edged wheel. There were a number of Ruggles boats at the meet, and in those of this year's build the faults that we noticed last year had been remedied. The greatest of the two was the lack of finish, both in labor and varnish, but the new boats, Eclipse, Narka, Guenn, Ruggles and others, had been well rubbed down and thoroughly varnished, showing a smooth, hard surface; the seams, too, which in this method are quite wide, were filed up with varnish, a point in which the earlier boats were lacking. In the second detail which we criticised last year, the size and shape of the stemband, a very great improvement has also been made, the flat band, ⅜in. wide, being replaced by a half-round strip of brass filed to a sharp edge. In one case Mr. Ruggles informs us that he took the entire stem out of one of last year's craft, trimming down the rabbet and fining down the fore edge, replacing the stem again and screwing it fast. The Ruggles canoes have been present at four meets, with a steady improvement each year, and after seeing the new craft we have no hesitation in pronouncing them the best built at this or any previous meet. The hulls, whatever the model may be, are all fair and true, with both sides alike, and free from hollows or bumps; in strength and lightness they will compare with any, while from all that we can learn they are very tight. One point in their favor is the ease with which a plank may be removed or replaced, or any repairs or changes made. The clean-grained, narrow planks, all in single lengths, certainly make a very strong hull, while there is less liability to split than with wide planking. The method was an experiment at first, and we have watched the boats carefully each year to see how they stood the wear, but have noticed no signs of weakness not traceable directly to ill-usage.

The boats present were all of different models; in the two Springfield canoes, "Ruggles" and Narka, the midship section, general dimensions, and arrangement and limit of weight were furnished by Messrs. Barney and Rice, the model being worked out by the builder. Eclipse was ordered by Mr. Blake, after seeing Narka, to be 2in. wider and differing in some other details, but in the main an enlargement of the latter boat. Guenn No. 4 was built this year from an enlargement of a design made two years since.

Of the lapstrake boats there were a number present, but mostly old craft. The best of the new ones was the Girofla No. 5, a handsome smoothlap, built by Mr. Rushton for Mr. Nickerson, of Springfield. The comment was generally made about the camp that the Rushton boats had improved much within the past year, and this boat bore out the assertion, as she was a better craft than those of last year, and very far ahead of the boats of 1886. The laps were fined down to make a smooth skin, while the planking was fair and even. The deck was a handsome piece of mahogany. As long ago as 1882 the writer abandoned Spanish cedar for canoe decks in favor of mahogany, at a time when canoeists and builders were both loud in the praises of the former wood and opposed to the latter. To-day it is the exception to see a Spanish cedar deck, the canvas-covered decks have entirely disappeared, and mahogany is almost universally used. One canoe at the meet had a strong and handsome deck of butternut, stained to a dark purple, and the wood seems well adapted for the purpose; but at the present price of mahogany it is to be preferred to any other wood we know of. White pine, as used on Notus, cannot compare with it for strength or beauty, and is apt in a little time to show sappy spots of a dark color. There were plenty of old craft to bear full testimony to the merits of lapstrake work as to durability, but the day of the lapstrake as a racer has gone by.

The new canoe If is one of the first of the Bowdish canoes at an A. C. A. meet, and she certainly made a good showing for her builders. She is built after a method of their own, of narrow planking similar to the Ruggles boats, but with a groove ploughed in each edge, a thin feather of bass wood being placed in each adjoining pair of grooves. All the parts of these canoes are prepared by special machinery, thus differing from the Ruggles boats, the latter being built entirely by hand. There is no reason why the modern woodworking tools should not play a very important part in the boat shop where work is done in quantity, but at present most canoes are built by hand throughout, with the exception of sawing ribs, etc. In the Bowdish canoes a plank over 1in. thick is sawn to the shape required for a given strake, it is then re-sawn into 4 pieces, each being finished by machine to the required thickness, after which a special tool cuts the grooves in the edge. They have also constructed a special cutter by which the rabbet in the stem or stern may be quickly and accurately cut. The If is planked with $^{6}/_{16}$ in. cedar, consequently she is heavier than necessary, in fact the firm have not yet devoted any special attention to the production of a light and fast canoe, being busy with steam launch and boat work. The method of building seems very good, and with a closer study of the special points of canoe design and construction they have a wide field for turning out good boats in large numbers. One peculiar feature of their method is the use of light brass castings to join the ribs to the keel and also to stiffen the deck and gunwale.

The Vesper C. C., of Lowell, had this year a very fine exhibit of canoes, the work of Stevens, a local builder; under the personal direction of Mr. Paul Butler, who has devoted a great deal of time and study, to say nothing of money, to the improvement of canoes. These canoes were all ribband carvel, with Spanish cedar planking of but little over ⅛in. thickness, in fact their great fault was that they were too light for ordinary hard work, either racing or cruising. Mr. Butler has evidently studied the Nautilus pretty closely and copied some of the good points in her construction, the planking being in 3 strakes to a side, with a light ribband inside the seam. It is not an easy matter to build a fair boat with very light planks and ribs, but these boats would stand a careful scrutiny when turned bottom up, being very fair all over. This method, wide plank and ribband carvel joints, makes a very good and handsome canoe, as shown in these boats and the Nautilus, but in the latter the planking was thicker than necessary, nearly ⅜in., while in the Lowell boats it is but little over ⅛in. The proper thickness for the average size canoe is not far from ¼in. whatever the method of building.

There were some very good canoes of the Ontario Boat Co. present, but none of them were raced, in fact nearly all were of the open class. These boats have become very popular as an auxiliary to the decked sailing canoe in the States, many canoeists owning one of each kind. They are also much used in England, being very plentiful on the Thames. Both varieties, the longitudinal and the thwartship rib, are strong, light and tight.

After all that has been said about the importance of building to rules, one cannot have much sympathy for a man who has to reduce his canoe after she has entered for the races, and it was amusing this year to see several at work paring down the stem and ribs. In one case a canoe that had been raced as 16ft. long before the meet, was found to be nearly an inch too long, so off came the stemband and rudder braces and the deadwoods were chopped off. In another case the canoe, a large one with a big rig, had spread to an inch or more over the beam she was built to. As the easiest way to reducing her, holes were bored through the upper strake, two on each side, one at the fore end and one at the after end of the well. An eyebolt was passed through each hole, then a strong line was rove through each opposite pair of eyes and twisted with a stick until the beam was reduced, being left in until the racing was over. In this case it was the fault of the owner, the canoe being built without bulkheads, braces, or even mast tubes, so that there was nothing to hold her in place. In the other case it was the fault of the builder.

The purchaser of a canoe has a right to expect that she will be in every way conformable to the class for which she is intended, and the builder should be held responsible for any shortcomings in this respect. At the same time the owner should not leave the matter until he has sailed a race, when the official measurer may be obliged to refuse a certificate, but should measure the canoe when received, using a steel tape or other reliable measure. The fault arises from two causes, an inexcusable carelessness and disregard of the rules, or the attempt to crowd the rules too closely, leaving no margin for a slight error in measurement or a change of size while building. The beam may and should be made exact, the boat being left a little short in length, say ½in., with such ample deadwoods that a further reduction may be easily made if necessary.

There is a small detail to consider in connection with the measurement that may lead to trouble some day. It is now the practice with some rudders to have a brass tube running the whole length of the sternpost in which the rudder ships. This tube is about ⅜in. wide, and really adds that much to the canoe's length, but it now is not measured in the length. There is nothing in the rules to prevent a similar piece ½in., 1in., or even 1½ins. wide, lengthening out the lines of the boat by these amounts. The only important point about the matter is that the question should be definitely settled how much, if any, a man may lengthen the lines of his boat without having it counted against him. The commonsense method would be to measure the stern in the same way as the stem, by a perpendicular line touching the lines of the boat, whether formed by wood or metal, but not including such isolated projections as the common rudder brace. The stemband is measured very properly, and there is no reason why a sternband, extending the whole length of the sternpost, should not be placed on the same footing.

The weakest point developed in the races was the forward mast tube and step. the breakdowns in this direction being more numerous than in any other, and more serious as well. With a very light tube in the extreme bow and a very large sail, the strain is something enormous for a boat of less than 100lbs. weight, and special care is necessary to insure strength. In many cases the mast tube is further forward than is really necessary, and if placed an inch or two aft it might be made very much stronger. If too far forward, the portion below deck is very short, consequently the leverage on the step is greater. The only way to build a mast step within less than a foot of the stem is to put in a large block of light wood, for instance hackmatack, building it in when the frame is put together, as a part of the deadwood, the planking being accurately fitted to it and fastened. It is an open question with builders whether the mast step should be fastened to the planking, but where the step lays against the planks and is in close contact with them, they had better be screwed to it securely. The mast tube itself should run at least 1½in. down in the step, and the foot of the mast should go down to the bottom of the tube, thus bringing the strain of the mast directly on the step, and not on to the tube alone, as is too often the case. In the Pecowsic this is done successfully, the mast being but 5in. below deck, but the sails are so light that it is allowable.

It is a pleasure to be able to note the general excellence of the canoes present, and also that the builders are doing their part toward the improvement of the canoe. The improvements in model must largely come from the owners, rather than the builders; the latter have not the time for personal trial and experiment which is necessary to test and perfect any canoe, and they must rely to a very great extent on the experience of the men who use canoes constantly. The builder's part is not to furnish the design, but to build well and truthfully from such designs as may be brought to him. This leaves an ample field for him and

relieves him at the same time of much of the responsibility in case of failure if the owner designs as well as sails the boat, or at least if not actually furnishing full detail drawings, lays down the main points so closely that the builder has only to follow his instructions and is responsible only for the workmanship and material. Thus it now is in yacht building, and the same is likely to be the case in canoeing. The leading points in canoe building are strength, tightness, lightness, finish, style and absolute reproduction of the design; if the builder combines all of these to a reasonable degree in a canoe he is doing all that can be required, without being called upon at the same time to produce a model which shall excel all others.

MODEL.

While of the same general dimensions and sailed without ballast, the leading boats differed so much in detail that it is difficult to classify them, or in fact to do more than describe them in a general way. As soon as possible we shall take the lines of some of the best of them, a rather troublesome and difficult matter with such small craft, and will add them to the large collection that has already appeared on our pages. The general dimensions may be set down at 16×30, with a depth of 10in., some being a little deeper.

Eclipse has a rounded midship section, as distinguished from the V form, with a very light bilge; all her fore and aft lines being remarkably easy, in fact she has no abrupt curves in any part. The keel is nearly straight, the stem and sternpost plumb, and the sheer fair, with moderate height at the ends. Compared with Pecowsic the lines are fairer throughout, the bulk is better distributed, with less in the middle and more in the ends; while the boat is apparently larger and abler. The well is very long for a racer, with a plate board near the center; there are two bulkheads and mast tubes, the mainmast near the bow. Narka is similar to Eclipse, but 2in. beam, a very fair and handsome boat, in fact she is the cleanest canoe under paddle we have ever seen, entering and leaving the water without a ripple and apparently running of herself, a feature due in part to the easy style of her owner who is a most expert paddler. As far as speed under paddle is concerned there is no question in our mind as to the great superiority of this model, comparatively sharp and deep, over the shoaler and wider bottom of the Canadian canoe. The manner in which she carried her way and answered to the spurts in every race indicated that the form was an easier one to drive under paddle. She was fitted with a board, one of Ruggles's movable pattern, in the middle of the well, the latter holding two for tandem paddling, and she had two mast tubes and a suit of sails, though not entered in the sailing race; in short there is no reason why she should not prove one of the fastest of the Class A boats in sailing as well as paddling.

The new Barney canoe, Ruggles, is quite a different craft from her predecessors. The chief peculiarity was in the short bow and long stern, the midship section being 18in. forward of the center. Mr. Barney's idea was to place the man and board both in the middle of the boat, to do which it was necessary to fill out the bow at the expense of the stern. The sheer is peculiar and ugly, quite abrupt near the bow, but nearly straight from midships to the sternpost. For the rest, the boat when turned upside down shows a rounding m dship section, with easy bilge, and fair, fine lines all over; in fact, if she could be turned so as to go the other way she would make a very fast canoe. Her failure in the main race was due to a capsize when free in one of the squalls for which Lake George is famous, and which brought many a bold sailor to grief. There are some failures which are as instructive as successes, but it is not so in the present instance, nor in the Rushton canoe, to be noticed later. They tell us no more than has long been known; in the one case, that the bow must be longer than the stern, and in the other, that nothing is gained by an exaggerated fulness on deck at the expense of fair and easy lines.

The fourth Ruggles boat was different from all the others, a large and able canoe, designed for Mr. Whitlock by Mr. John Hyslop. The design was originally 15×28, and the Wraith No. 3 was built from it in 1886. The same design was enlarged by the writer this season to 16 30 at Mr. Whitlock's request, and from it Mr. Ruggles has built a remarkably handsome canoe. The model is one that would naturally require ballast, with a rising floor and considerable depth; but the boat has been sailed on nearly all occasions as without an ounce of ballast. Once at the meet she was tried with 40lbs. of shot, her performance being improved greatly. Mr. Whitlock was in rather hard luck at the meet, having several break downs, but there is no doubt but that the canoe is a very fast one if fully worked up to form, and a specially able boat for New York or Toronto or any of the lake ports; there is nothing tubby about her, the lines are very clean and sharp, but she is a very powerful and able craft, and with the proper amount of ballast would be a racer.

The new Rushton model, Girofla No. 5, was also a powerful boat, 15.6×30, her most noticeable feature being a very fine waterline and underwater body joined to a full deck line. On deck she carried her breadth from end to end, turning in sharply, but below she was very fine indeed. When upright her lines were easy enough, but as soon as she heeled, though very stiff, she offered a great shoulder to the water.

The same idea was worked out by the writer in 1880 in the canoes Jersey Blue No. 2 and Sandy Hook, though not to such a marked extent. A course of cruising in the old lean-bodied Nautili lead to a search for an abler and dryer boat in rough water, and the great sheer of the Nautili was replaced by a full deck line and considerable flare aloft, while the waterline was hollow and very fine forward. These boats proved fine and dry cruisers, carrying large loads, easy under paddle, being then on an even keel, and stiff under sail; but in the racing about New York Bay they were beaten in rough water by the leaner-bowed Shadows, which cut through the waves, washing the decks fore and aft but made greater speed. For a rough water cruiser the idea is all right, but it was proved then that it will not do for racing. The Girofla No. 5 was handicapped by the fact that Mr. Nickerson had never seen or sailed her prior to the meet, but still she sailed very well, and he had her out in some of the worst weather. Her bottom was very good, and, save for the exaggeration of the features we have mentioned, the model was a good one.

There were two canoes present by the same builder, Mr. Spencer, of Hartford, that were of very similar model, being built for speed. These were the Dimple No. 2 and the Agawam, both a little under 16×30. The deck line in each was similar to the Girofla No. 5, very full at the ends, nearly straight on the sides, but from the deck to the keel cut away almost straight, with the least possible bilge, the sections being very flat V's. The only justification for such a model is speed, as the boats were neither handsome, roomy, nor well adapted for general use, and this excuse they did not possess in any marked degree. Mr. Knappe did well in the Agawam, but he is a very good all-round canoeist and went into everything, and he has also done well in his old boats. Mr. Forrest sailed the Dimple very well, showing both pluck and skill, while we had spent a great deal of labor on his rigs, but the result was anything but satisfactory, so far as winning prizes is concerned. The boats had so little freeboard that they looked like a couple of big decks floating around loose, the hull being hardly seen at times. With the V section there is neither room nor comfort in cruising, and unless it can be proved th t such craft are very much the fastest they must be classed as very much inferior to a number of others present.

A marked contrast to their cutaway forms was shown in the Lowell canoes, good honest boats for any work, so far as model goes. The Fly was in some ways the most perfect of the lot, though all were alike in model. The bottoms were long and full, rounding up slowly from the keel, with a draft of only 3in., thus resembling the Canadian canoe, and in marked contrast to both Pecowsic and Eclipse. The waterlines were naturally very full, but the boats were not tubby, the chief defect being the great freeboard. The least depth being 11in. and the draft only about 5in., the freeboard was 8in., a terrible load to carry to windward. It had an advantage in making the boat practically non-capsizable, but at the expense of speed, the cost being entirely too great. The boats were safe and able, good cruisers, and at the same time, as the Fly proved, by no means slow; but the model should be improved by spacing the waterlines a little closer together, thus reducing the depth of the canoe to 9 or 9½in. We have always preached the value of freeboard, but it is doubtful whether more than 6in. pays in an ordinary 16×30 canoe. The Charm we have already described in a previous number, and will publish her lines shortly in addition.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A. C. A.—Central Division Regatta Committee.—The following named active members of the Central Division of the A. C. A. are hereby appointed regatta committee, and will be obeyed and respected accordingly: Geo. A. Warder, Springfield, O., Chairman; H. S. Thomas, Albany, N. Y.; Grant E. Edgar, Jr., Newburgh, N. Y.—WM. H. HUNTINGTON, Vice-Com. (Rome, Sept. 12).

IANTHE C. C.—The Ianthe C. C. will hold its record races on Sept. 29, at 3:30 P. M. The illumination will be held on Oct. 3. The club house is near the Woodside Station of the Erie R. R. Trains leave for New York at 10:34 and 10:46 P. M.

A NEW MAST HOOP.—Mr. Thos. Clapham has lately been granted a patent on a new form of mast hoop for canoes and small boats. It is made of spring brass wire, and the ends are so shaped as to grip the eye in the sail without the aid of a lashing.

SPRINGFIELD CUP—FINAL TRIAL RACE.

THE handsome cup presented by Mr. Barney has kept up an interest in racing throughout the season, as by the terms on which it was given five trial races were to be sailed, the winner in each being barred from the other trials; entering only the final race on Oct. 9. The last race was sailed at Calla Shasta on Sept. 15, the starters being: Dimple, G. Forrest, Hartford; Vagabond, C. B. Vaux, New York; Girofla, F. A. Nickerson, Springfield; Narka, H. E. Rice, Springfield. The race started very late in the afternoon with the wind from south, very light and variable, flattening out to almost a calm, and then just at the end of the race bracing up a little. The start was very even, Vagabond taking the lead. Dimple rounded the windward mark ahead (one mile and a quarter from start). The run down to second mark (two and a half miles up the river) was very slow, and with luck first with one boat then with another, Vagabond's large silk spinaker alone enabling her to keep near Dimple with her 130ft. of sail in a standing rig. Girofla was third and Narka fourth. When opposite the starting line on the run Narka withdrew. At the second buoy Dimple was first and Vagabond second, with Girofla third. Dimple gained slightly on the mile and a quarter beat to starting line, and came in 1½ minutes ahead of Vagabond. The course is not over five miles, and it took over 1½ hours to sail it.

A paddling race followed, between Rice and Knappe, which was very close, Rice winning by half a length. Considerable fun was provoked by the paddlers changing hats and jerseys at the start and thus making the on-lookers believe Knappe was beating Rice.

The sailing race for the club championship and cup was postponed on account of lack of wind. There are five races in all, three have been sailed; Knappe and Geo. M. Barney standing even on the record with the same number of points each. The races for the Springfield cup are as follows:

June 23—Calla Shasta.

Agawam, E. C. Knappe, Springfield	1 19 15
Fly, Paul Butler, Lowell	1 19 48
Blanche, D. S. Goddard, Lowell	1 22 47
Girofla No. 4, F. A. Nickerson, Springfield	1 28 53

July 4—Calla Shasta.

Fly, Paul Butler, Lowell	1 00 05
Girofla No. 4, F. A. Nickerson, Springfield	1 04 50
Minnie G., F. F. Walsh, Lowell	1 23 25

Aug. 4—Calla Shasta.

Drift, J. Arthur Gage, Lowell	1 12 45
Girofla No. 4, F. A. Nickerson, Springfield	1 13 35
Sirene, A. S. Putnam, Worcester	1 16 25
Narka, H. E. Rice, Springfield	1 25 00

Aug. 23—A. C. A. Meet.

Eclipse, M. V. Brokaw	0 50 18
If, Geo. A. Warder	0 50 55
Charm, W. Stewart	0 52 54
Ramona, Ford. Jones	0 53 34
Girofla No. 5, F. A. Nickerson	0 55 02
Dimple, G. C. Forrest	0 55 15
Wicassie, Ralph Brazier	0 57 17

Sept. 15—Calla Shasta.

Dimple No. 2, G. C. Forrest, Hartford	1 36 17
Girofla No. 5, F. A. Nickerson, Springfield	.. ..
Vagabond, C. B. Vaux, New York	.. ..
Narka No. 2, H. E. Rice, Springfield	.. ..

Thus the starters in the final race of Oct. 16 will be Agawam, Fly, Drift, Eclipse and Dimple.

BROOKLYN C. C. FALL REGATTA.

ON Sept. 22 the Brooklyn C. C. sailed two races, postponed from the regatta of June 18. The wind was fresh from N.W. and the tide was ebbing. Course triangular, with the first side a beat against the tide. In the first race three classes were sailed, senior and junior canoes and unclassified boats. The starting signal was given at 3:32. The entries and finish were:

SENIOR CANOES.

Eclipse, R. S. Blake	4 09 00
*Vagabond, H. C. Ward	4 11 00
Myth, Wm. Whitlock	4 20 00

JUNIOR CANOES.

Baby Rial, R. N. Denison	4 25 00
Queen Bess, R. J. Wilkins	4 32 00
Niente, F. L. Dunnell	Withdrew.
Adonis, M. M. Davis	Withdrew.

UNCLASSIFIED.

Vim, Johnson and Cammeyer	4 24 40
Crusoe, Griffin and Snyder	4 26 00

The Eclipse took the lead at the start and gradually drew ahead, although Vagabond came in a good second. Myth was handicapped over 7m. at the start from carrying away her deck tiller. Baby Rial is No. 2 of the well known Guenn family, but has been altered into a comfortable cruising canoe. She was easily in her class and was only 20s. behind the Vim at the finish. The Crusoe carried a poorly fitting lateen sail, but was well handled by Mr. Griffin, of the K. C. C.

Messrs. W. Stewart, in Com. Monroe's New York; C. B. Vaux in the Vagabond, and B. H. Nadal, in the Sea Urchin, arrived in time for the second race, which was sailed under the same conditions; started at 4.59:

New York, W. Stewart, Royal C. C.	5 28 45
Vagabond, C. B. Vaux, N. Y. C. C.	5 28 30
Sea Urchin, B. H. Nadal, N. Y. C. C.	Not timed.
Eclipse, R. S. Blake, Brooklyn C. C.	5 28 00
Myth, W. Whitlock, Brooklyn, C. C.	5 30 40
*Vagabond, H. C. Ward, Brooklyn C. C.	Not timed.

New York was first to cross almost at the signal, but Eclipse was to windward and came down the line with everything drawing, and soon took the lead. She turned the windward mark well ahead, Myth second, Vagabond third, New York fourth. Vagabond* was sailing with a reef in and could not keep near the leaders. On the run to the second mark all gained on the Eclipse but could not overtake her. Vagabond and New York finished almost together.

*This canoe is the old Latona, an Everson "Sunbeam."

Yachting.

Small Yachts. By C. P. Kunhardt. Price $7. Steam Yachts and Launches. By C. P. Kunhardt. Price $8. Yachts, Boats and Canoes. By C. Stansfield-Hicks. Price $3.50. Steam Machinery. By Donaldson. Price $1.50.

FIXTURES.

SEPTEMBER.

28. Quaker City, Philadelphia. 29. Toronto, 2d and 3d Classes.

OCTOBER.

1, 3, 5. Sachem-Grayling, Newport.

ORINDA.

THIS name has been given to his new cruising cutter by Dr. W. H. Winslow, of Pittsburgh, Pa, whose cruises in the Pilgrim are known to all readers of the FOREST AND STREAM. Orinda was designed and built by Mr. E. L. Williams, of South Boston, the builder of Mamie, Pilgrim, Velnette and Prince Karl. She was designed for cruising about the New England coast and consequently has iron ballast and a moderate rig. Her dimensions are: Length over all, 38ft.; l.w.l., 28ft. 4in.; beam, 9ft. 3in.; draft, 6ft. 7in.; least freeboard, 2ft. 5in.; overhang aft, 4ft. 8in.; ballast outside, iron, 9,800lbs.; inside, lead, 2,000lbs. The deck is flush, with a small steering well, 2ft. 6in.×2×4ft. The skylight and companion together are 5ft. long and 2ft. 6in. wide. The main cabin is 6ft. 2in. long, with iron hammock beds on each side, and the forward cabin is 6ft. 4in. long, with fixed berths and drawers under. In the forecastle is a berth 6ft. long. She is fully fitted for cruising—water tanks under transoms, gasoline stove, and shelves in forecastle. The mast is 25ft. deck to hounds; masthead, 5ft.; topmast, heel to hounds, 20ft.; boom, 30ft.; gaff, 19ft.; bowsprit, 13ft. 6in. outboard. With a long clean overhang on each end—her rail, smooth black topsides and a copper line carried up at each end, the bottom being painted with Este's English copper paint—she makes a very trim and saucy-looking cruiser. Dr. Winslow sailed from Boston on Aug. 25, and at last advices (Sept. 7) was at Bar Harbor, with four friends on board.

BEVERLY Y. C., SEPT. 20.—The sail-off for third class took place off Monument Beach in a light S. wind, the course being 7½ miles. Daisy, Dolly and Eleanor started, the former winning in 2.01.50, with Dolly second.

NEW YORK Y. C. FALL REGATTA, SEPT. 20.

AS a regatta the turnout of the New York Y. C. last Thursday must be set down as a dismal failure, when the largest club in the country, with a fleet unequalled in size and quality, can muster only eight or nine entries, and half of them of little note, it is time for yachtsmen to attack in earnest the problem of yacht racing, and either to put the sport on a firm foundation or to give it up entirely until owners show some desire for its revival. As the Eastern Y. C. regatta was saved from utter failure through the race of the forty-footers, so the New York regatta was saved by the presence of Katrina and Shamrock in a fair and true breeze, an event in itself of no small interest, but apart from it the rest of the show was only a dreary burlesque on yacht racing, as the following list of starters will show:

SCHOONERS—CLASS I.

	L.W.L.
Dauntless, C. H. Colt	116 07
Alarm, Handren & Robins	113.00

CLASS III.

Magic, T. N. Motley	79.00
Grayling, L. A. Fish	84.06

SLOOPS—CLASS III.

Katrina, Auchincloss Bros.	69.09
Shamrock, J. R. Maxwell	68.05
Fanny, Fiske Bros.	66.00

CLASS V.

Wizard, E. H. Staples	58.00
Adelaide, Robt. W. Inman	46.01

With all due credit to the few owners who showed the spirit to back up the club in its laudable efforts to encourage racing, the fleet cannot be called first, hardly second class. The course was a new and very good one, but unfortunately it is open to the same objection as the old in respect to windward work, the chances being that only one leg of 9 miles, to or from the Lightship, will be to windward; in fact, it may easily happen that three or even all four legs will be reaching. The start was made off Buoy 10, near the Southwest Spit, then out to the Sandy Hook Lightship, 9¼ knots, then to the buoy off Shrewsbury Rocks, where a tug was anchored, 7¼ knots, and home over the same course, making 33 knots. The tide was half down at 11:32 when the starting gun fired, the wind being about S. E. by S. and strong enough to wet the planksheers on the sloops. Wizard was near the line at gunfire, but went off below it, afterward coming up and recrossing with a big handicap. Grayling came for the committee boat, but apparently mistook the line, crossing on the wrong side of the boat and also returning for a late start, though not handicapped. Dauntless was first to cross, on starboard tack, with Katrina on her weather and Fanny on her lee quarter, the trio being almost timed together. Dauntless parted the tack of her jibtopsail at the line, the sail going up the stay. The singlestickers all carried working topsails, Katrina going over the line with small jibtopsail set, but lowering it when once fairly started. Shamrock was considerably astern of the leaders, carrying her small jibtopsail. Alarm crossed ahead of her, there being 4m. 12s. between Shamrock and Katrina. Adelaide, Wizard, Grayling and Magic wandered over the line finally and the procession began.

Dauntless	11 34 14	Adelaide	11 40 06
Fanny	11 34 14	Grayling	11 40 55
Katrina	11 34 23	Wizard	11 42 00
Alarm	11 35 22	Magic	11 42 00
Shamrock	11 38 35		

Had there been a "one-gun" start, the three single-stickers would have crossed together in all probability, and there would have been a very pretty race for at least the first leg; but as it was, Shamrock started so far astern that she was not beside Katrina all day, and though finally winning, it was a matter of guess at all times to say just how she was doing with her black rival, unless one had the times at the marks as a guide. Such a meeting as this is what yachtsmen have been waiting all the year to see, and when it did come it was a great pity that the pair did not start exactly even and sail closely in company all day.

Katrina walked steadily past Dauntless to windward, and was clear of her in two or three minutes, while Fanny dropped astern of the schooner, making a short hitch on the port tack at 11:37, just after crossing the line, soon going on starboard back again, and setting jibtopsail. Katrina steamed away very fast from the pack, walking well out to windward, holding the tack on which she started until 12:20. At this time she looked to be a mile ahead of Shamrock, the latter then leading Grayling by one-quarter mile. Far to leeward were Dauntless, Fanny and Alarm, the rest being well astern. Grayling was carrying both working topsails and a jibtopsail, the single-stickers being contented with working topsails only. The sea was smooth and the wind held steady, just laying the single-stickers scuppers-to.

Shamrock made her first tack at 12:24, and at 12:31 Katrina went on starboard tack not far from the Sandy Hook Lightship, Shamrock at once following her, while at the same time Dauntless, far down to leeward, went on port tack, having stood on far enough to weather of the mark with but one tack. Grayling did the same, coming on port tack at 12:34, with Fanny and Alarm about a minute later. Katrina seemed to gain greatly on Shamrock when on the first long tack, the latter coming up on her when near the Lightship. Of the two, Katrina stood up a little better under her canvas, though the difference was not great. Katrina sent up her large jibtopsail in stops and at 12:38 went on port tack to pass the mark. Shamrock stood across Grayling's bows and tacked to windward of her, both passing the ship together. The times at Sandy Hook Lightship were:

Katrina	12 40 05	Dauntless	12 52 00
Shamrock	12 45 50	Fanny	12 52 45
Grayling	12 45 35	Alarm	Not timed.

Katrina had gained 1m. 13s. on Shamrock in the first of 7¼ miles. The next leg was a close reach out to the tug, 7¼ miles, and Katrina, carrying her large jibtopsail, ran very fast, Shamrock and Grayling sailing in company astern. Grayling set up a maintopmast staysail, but Shamrock ran past her at first, though carrying only lower sail and working topsail. Grayling headed her for a time but Shamrock finally reached the mark first. Katrina swung her clubtopsail and started for home, still at a good pace, while Shamrock lost a little time through some trouble with her jibtopsail halliards, having set the sail on the way out. The times at the outer mark were:

Katrina	1 26 40	Dauntless	Not timed.
Shamrock	1 32 50	Fanny	Not timed.
Grayling	1 34 55	Alarm	Not timed.

Katrina had a lead of 6m. 10s., a gain of 45s. in the reach of 7¼ miles. The wind was much freer on the return to the Lightship, but fell as the leader neared the mark. Shamrock set her clubtopsail and largest jibtopsail. Grayling wasted a long distance at the outer mark, evidently keeping out of Shamrock's way, but she had virtually a walk over, and was not hurried all day, or she would probably have reached away from the single-stickers at times. The last turn of the Lightship was timed: Katrina, 2:10:05; Shamrock, 2:15:08; Grayling, 2:15:42. At the Lightship Katrina lost some time in jibing and trimming sheets for the free reach home, in fact, she lost the wind to a great extent just at the turn, though it soon freshened again. She had lost 1m. 7s. to Shamrock on the reach from the tug to the Lightship. Setting her balloon jibtopsail she started for home, Shamrock and Grayling again turned the mark together, Grayling shifting to her largest jibtopsail. Shamrock carried home her largest jibtopsail, with both lower headsails drawing, while Katrina had a ballooner set, as stated, with no other headsails. Shamrock continued to gain, and at the finish was only 3m, 31s. astern, having started 4m. 12s., thus winning on even time, without her allowance. Her gain on the last leg was 1m. 32s.

The race in the other classes was a mere procession, devoid of interest or incident, save that Wizard carried away her topmast on the way in and did not finish. The full times were:

CLASS I—SCHOONERS.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Dauntless	11 34 14	3 22 24	3 48 10	3 48 10
Alarm	11 35 22	3 45 26	4 10 04	Not meas'd.

CLASS III.

Grayling	11 40 55	3 10 35	3 29 40	3 29 40
Magic	11 42 00	3 44 03	4 02 03	3 59 22

CLASS III—SLOOPS.

Fanny	11 34 14	3 31 23	3 57 09	3 54 10
Katrina	11 34 23	3 08 13	3 33 50	3 33 50
Shamrock	11 38 35	3 11 44	3 33 09	3 31 50

CLASS IV.

Adelaide	11 40 06	3 55 38	4 15 32	Not meas'd,
Wizard	11 42 00	Did not finish.		

Winners: Dauntless in first class schooners; Grayling in third class schooners; Shamrock in third class sloops; Adelaide in fourth class sloops.

While more wind would have been very welcome, both to the spectators and to both boats, the race between Shamrock and Katrina was very fair and even, there being a steady breeze all day and with no odds of tide or current to interfere. In the windward work Katrina showed decidedly t e better, but with shee s lifted a little Shamrock outran her, gaining still more as the wind freed on the last leg. In itself the race was a pleasing and interesting one, but it still leaves the supremacy of either boat an open question for another season. The two have met so seldom and

under such conditions that no real gauge of their merits can be had save this last race, and it would be a good thing for all concerned if a series of matches could be made between them now, at a season when fairly good breezes may be looked for.

THE ST. LAWRENCE YACHTING ASSOCIATION.

THE match race between the sloop Madge and the cat Lulu to decide the tie for the Commodore's cup was sailed over the usual course of the St. Lawrence Yachting Association, on Lake St. Louis, on Sept. 15. The day was a perfect one, with a blue sky, a splendid south wind and comparatively smooth water. Both boats had been put into the best possible shape for the race, and as during the whole series they have been stem and stem, the excitement ran high. Almost the entire fleet of the Association turned out to accompany the racers over the course, and there was a goodly number of spectators.

The starting gun was fired at 3:14, and the boats went across as follows: Madge, 3:14:17; Lulu, 3:15:30. On the short run to the lighthouse Lulu passed Madge and at this point the time was: Lulu, 3:37:05; Madge, 3:37:15.

The starboard course had been selected and the next leg was a reach to the South Buoy. This is the Madge's strong point, and everything that would draw was heaped on her, not with the best result, for the weight of canvas was too much for her, and her jibtopsail had to be handed to prevent her from being driven under by the head. This was not effected without a serious loss of time, and the time of rounding the South Buoy was:. Lulu, 3:55:45; Madge, 3:57:05. On the run to the North Buoy Lulu gained still more, as Madge was under comparatively short sail. The time at this buoy was: Lulu, 4:08:55; Madge, 4:14:15. On the beat back to the lighthouse Madge did wonders, pointing up as well and reaching faster than the cat, something she has not done before this season. At the lighthouse the time was: Lulu, 4:44:20; Madge, 4:48:20.

On the reach in to the finish line Lulu increased her lead, the result being:

	Finish.	Corrected.
Lulu	4 57 35	4 59 11
Madge	5 01 55	5 01 55

Lulu winning by 2m. 44s.

This race brings to a close the first season's racing of the St. Lawrence Yachting Association, and it has been the finest yachting season that Montreal men have ever had. Already there is a great deal of talk about new boats for next year, and it is not improbable that Lake St. Louis will next year have a fleet of small sloops upon it that will do it credit. Unfortunately the lake is too shallow to permit of the use of anything but shallow craft.

An attempt is now being made to get up a match race between Minnie A., a boat which made a record for herself about the Bay of Quinte, and Lulu.

A NEW YACHT ON THE NORTON SYSTEM.

Editor Forest and Stream:

For some time it has been a pet theory with your subscriber, that where we have great expectations in life, the realizations are generally disappointing; where we have no great expectations the realizations are better. In the latter case we get those delicious bites from the sunny side of a luscious peach. I write this as a prelude to my experiences with the yacht Alista, with which I had proposed to sail singlehanded to Aspinwall, from Panama to San Francisco, and to the further advocacy of the Norton system of ballasting ships with water and air; to explain why, like a man who is struck when he is down, he has not risen before, like Galileo, of old, to proclaim, "*e pur si muove.*"

Unlike yourself, I intuitively believed in Capt. Norton's discovery upon my introduction to it; my observations and practical experiences with the system since have confirmed my belief that he has undoubtedly attained what he claims: a non-capsizable, imperishable and easy-going vessel, a desideratum looked for since the great flood.

Upon launching the Alista at Wilmington, it was gratifying to see how little the weight of ten persons placed on the gunwale of the 30ft. boat depressed her, as it showed remarkable stability. Unfortunately the little craft was built some 120 miles away from the direct supervision of the patentee of the new system, consequently a blunder was made in the flange attachments between her bottom and the bottom of the tanks, where the water is admitted for ballasting purposes, which created leaks in all of them. The unpardonable blunder consisted in omitting to put rivets in holes that had been punched for them. However, in an experimental way, it proved the severest test that the system could be put to. Had the vessel been ballasted in the ordinary way, my pilot and self would have been drowned during our trip on the Atlantic from Delaware to New York. Whereas, the system allowed her to become submerged only until the water showed a little on the cabin floor, the confined air in the crooks of the ballasting chambers along her bilges held her in that position, enabling us to sail as unconcernedly as if things were all right. It was perplexing to discover where the mischief lay, and it took some time to remedy it. In the mean time I have had a delightful cruise to Newport on the Heron, a yacht changed from the iron and lead to that of the Norton system of ballasting. Her former owner found that she had gained 3in. in buoyancy, had lost nothing in stability, and had been transformed from a slow and loggy boat to an active one. *Que voulez-vous de plus?*

Having met an old friend and club mate, Capt. Moody of California, who desires to sail with me, I have concluded to have a somewhat larger boat, 36ft. over all, 12ft. beam, 4ft. draft, built by the Norton Naval Construction Co. The coming yacht, the Surprise, has been designed principally by Thos. Desmond, is well under way at his yard in Hoboken, and will be launched by the middle of September. As it will be too late in the season to carry out my original plan of visiting the upper coast of Maine, we shall sail on the waters between New York and Boston until the beginning of October, and then proceed south to Carthagena, Colombia, touching at all intermediate ports. Returning in the spring to sail north to Canada. While here it will give me pleasure to gratify you and fellow yachtsmen in general who may feel interested and wish to be convinced of the merits of Capt. Norton's excellent and humane invention. The boat may prove worthy of her name, and possibly we may realize that pleasant sensation of the peach aforementioned.

In criticising the new steamship City of New York, one of the dailies states that no ship can be made unsinkable. The writer is evidently not familiar yet with the new system of construction of Capt. Norton, which embraces the compartment feature incorporated in the construction of the steamship. They should have added the peculiar adaptation of confined air in her bilges to make her unsinkable, easier in motion and faster.

E. O. WIENER.

HOBOKEN, Aug. 13, 1888.

On Sept. 14 Alista left Larchmont for New York, to go on the drydock, the holes on the starboard side being plugged up, as the joints were leaking. When in the East River a tug was hailed, as she was making water fast, and she was towed to Jenkins & Tregarthen's dock and tied to a wharf. During the night so much water leaked in that she heeled over on her side until she was partly submerged. On Saturday she was raised and docked, afterward being towed to Staten Island for repairs to the tanks. The accident is ascribed by the friends of the system to faulty construction of the tanks, but it is evident that with the best construction the same leakage is liable to occur at any time from slight damage to the tanks or pipes, or in cold weather from the effects of frost; in fact the last is inevitable unless the boats are hauled up early in the season.

KEEL BOATS IN THE EAST.—The New York *Herald* in spite of its strong partisanship for the old American sloop for so many years, at last comes out frankly in favor of the new Boston keel boats, and at the same time has the honesty to call them cutters and not sloops. In summing up the season it speaks as follows: "The season has been a peculiar one, for though the general public have been less interested in it, yachtsmen have entered into it more heartily than ever and raced the flyers at nearly every opportunity. Even this racing has, however, been confined to the smaller classes, and except the first Eastern race in June, boats over forty-five feet have not met in a match. But if no opportunity has been given to judge of the merits of the larger craft, smaller ones have furnished an interesting study. One thing has been decidedly noticeable—the increase in keel boats of modern design and their success when pitted against the old style of keels or centerboards. The Boston three-beam cutter, with not so much lead outside as her narrower English sisters, has proved a most handy, able and seaworthy, as well as fast, craft, and nothing with inside ballast has been able to touch them in the majority of races. Neither have the centerboards fared any better, and the races show that, though classed separately, the keels have been the ones to lead the fleet." Though all of these facts have been apparent to unprejudiced yachtsmen for a long time, such an acknowledgment as the above adds double force to them. Outside of the open sandbag class the keel has practically driven out the centerboard in the East, and it now remains to be seen how much longer New York will keep in the rear by a refusal to recognize the fact.

POST CHALLENGE CUP.—Bridgeport regattta, Sept. 21. Course, triangular. Start off Bridgeport Light, to and around Fayerweather Island Buoy, to and around Point No Point Buoy to starting point, leaving all buoys on port hand, 10 miles. Weather, fine. Wind, north by west, hauled when off Point No Point to north by east. Tide, ebb half down:

	Length.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Rival, F. I Hitchcock	21.00	3 03 21	4 49 40	1 46 19
Alice, E. W. Smith	21.10	3 03 02	4 51 30	1 48 28
Surprise, J. Schuitheis	19.06	3 03 00	4 53 20	1 50 20
Mollie Pitcher, McNeil	21.09	3 03 23	Out.	

This course though called triangular is very much flatter than a figure with three equal sides, so that with the wind north or south boats can lay the entire three sides with sheets lifted. The Rival is one of those boats that do best to the windward, and had it not been that by a slant of wind the fleet had to trim aft, for about one mile, she probably would not have been the winner, but the minute the wind hauled ahead she picked up and led the fleet, and having gained first place continued to drop the others, even though the last leg was free. Winner first prize, Rival. handsome silver cup. Regatta committee, editors *Evening Post*. Judges, Geo. Masters, F. A. Brown and T. F. Vose. Timekeeper, E. W. Smith.

SINKING OF A STEAM YACHT.—On Sept. 23, at nightfall, as the steam yacht Adelaide was nearing Whitestone, L. I., on her way from Newport to New York, she came in collision with the Sound steamer Providence, bound for Fall River. The yacht was so badly damaged in the bows that she sank in a few minutes, her captain, W. F. Montgomery, and crew of 7 taking to the boats and boarding the Providence. The latter was badly stove in above the waterline on the starboard bow. She put into Whitestone, but soon resumed her journey, reaching Fall River in safety. For a time there was great alarm among her passengers, one leaping overboard, but being fished out. The Adelaide was built at Mariner's Harbor, S. I., last winter by Capt. Lou Towns, her owner being Mr. L. H. Livingston, of New York. She is a wooden yacht, 80ft. l.w.l. This is her second mishap, as she was seriously stove on the rocks in launching. The details of the collision have not yet been brought out.

NEW YACHTS.—Mr. Kunhardt has sent a complete set of plans for a 30ft. cutter to Pontiac, Mich. This yacht, which is to be used for cruising and summer life on board, has 5ft. 6in. headroom under cabin house, although only 21ft. waterline. There will be 26in. across floor and 20in. sofas, one of which can be extended to 36in. width. There is a desk and library having 2ft. front at after end of sofa on one side and a 2ft. locker opposite. Also liberal arrangements for cooking and a swing berth in the forecastle. About one-half of the cabin roof is in the shape of a large hatch, which can be lifted off in harbor and a tent stretched over the boom. There is also a smaller hatch over the cooking stoves for sea use. The boat has 7ft. 6in. beam moulded, 20in. freeboard, and 4ft. 6in. draft, with 3,000lbs. on keel. Cutter rig, with 450sq. ft. lower sail.

BANTAM—HEEDLESS.—On Sept. 22 a match was sailed between the cutters Bantam, Mr. Woodbury Kane, and Heedless, Mr. Edward Warren, over a course from the Breakwater light out around Brenton's Reef Lightship and return and up the bay, around Rose Island to starting point, about 10 miles. Bantam finished ahead, but was debarred for fouling. A second race was sailed on Sept. 24 over a 12-mile course in a fresh breeze. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.
Bantam	12 42 29	2 59 55
Heedless	12 40 42	3 00 17

RACING AT CANSO.—On Sept. 18 the annual regatta was sailed at Canso, N. S., in a N.E. wind, strong at start but falling later on. The course for class one, 24 to 30ft. l.w.l. was 20 miles, triangular; and for class two, under 24ft., was 11 miles triangular. In class one there were 16 starters, Maud, Mr. Wm. Walsh being first, with Mayflower second, and Star of the Sea third. The prizes were given by the Mackay-Bennett Co., $75, $50 and $30. Hattie S., Mr. Wm. Schneider, won in class two from 5 starters, with Racer second, and Champion third. The first prize was $25.

GRAYLING-SACHEM.—The match between these schooners will be sailed off Newport on Oct. 1, 3 and 5, the stakes being $1,000 per side. The first race will be 12 miles to windward and return; second, 24 miles triangular, and third, if necessary, the same as the first. The time limit is 5 hours. The regatta committee of the N. Y. Y. C. will have charge of the races.

LAKE CHAMPLAIN Y. C.—The annual regatta was sailed on Sept. 21. Fly-Away, Dr. W. S. Webb, being first, and Ripple second in first class. The second class did not finish. A steam yacht race for a cup presented by May Wetmore was won by Nymph, Dr. W. S. Webb. The challenge cup race was sailed on Saturday, Fly-Away winning, while Agnes T. won the second class race.

SOUTHWARK Y. C.—A sweepstakes race for a purse of $50 was sailed on Sept. 9 from Mifflin street wharf around Chester Buoy, by the fourth class tuckups Okey No. 1, Victor P. Dorp, Charles Deputy, A. Rivel and J. L. Nobre. The wind was S.E. and very unsteady. Okey won, with Victor P. Dorp second. A match was made between the two leaders for $50, and was sailed on Sept. 9 over a course from Mifflin street wharf around a buoy off Tacony, Okey winning by 15m. A third race for $100 was sailed on Sept. 23 in a single-reef breeze from N., between the Okey No. 1 and the J. L. Nobre. Okey No. 1 led by 5m. at the turn, but on the beat home against the tide the Nobre caught her, passing her within 200yds. of the finish.

MILL ROCK CUP.—On Sept. 10 the second race for the Mill Rock Cup was sailed over six rounds of a course off Ninety-second street. Only two yachts, Gracie and Julia, started, the times being:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Gracie, Geo. Varian	18.00	1 46 41	1 46 41
Julia, Alf Wright	18.00	1 50 19	1 50 19

Gracie won by 3m. 38s.

DORCHESTER Y. C., 106TH REGATTA, SEPT. 22.—With a strong wind and heavy sea only 3 yachts started, all in the 6th class, the course being 7½ miles. The times were:

Psyche, Frank Gray	1 50 45
Mirage, John Dearborn	1 51 46
Nora, G. B. Bennet	Withdrawn.

Psyche wins also one leg for the Soley challenge cup.

NEW YORK AND BOSTON.—It may be due only to the dullness of the season that no Eastern yachts were present to put a little life into the so-called regatta of the New York Y. C. last week, or it may be that Eastern yachtsmen have not yet recovered from their pique over the action of the New York Y. C. in changing the plan of the cruise; in any event it is plain that New York is not yet in a position to be independent of Boston, even in ordinary regattas, much less in the event of a foreign challenge.

GLEAM.—This steam yacht has been entirely rebuilt at Wordall's yard in Baltimore, being lengthened at both ends and a bowsprit being added; also two pole masts. The bulwarks have been raised 16in. at the bow, with a netting rail and netting above them. The cabins have been painted in light tints with gilt borders. A new cylinder has been also put in. The name of the yacht will be changed by her new owner, Mr. John M. Flagler.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

J. B. H., Boyertown, Pa.—Send full address.

J. S., Brooklyn.—The pickerel is a game fish.

J. J., Malden, Mass.—Letter for you at this office.

O. G.—The New York grouse season opened Sept. 15.

C. M.—See note on wild rice planting in our last issue, page 166.

J. H. W., Chicago, Ill.—We will forward a letter for you to the address required.

L. H., Phœnix, N. Y.—We will forward a letter for you to the address required.

L. W. M.—The powder has a good reputation and is extensively and successfully used.

P., West Virginia.—See the note on Virginia shore shooting, in last issue, Sept. 20, page 165.

H., Newark, N. J.—You might get the wild celery at some of the seed stores, as Thorburn's, on John street, N. Y.

W. S. L., Brooklyn.—There is no public fishing to be had there that we know of. The dealer you name is perfectly reliable.

A. L., New Orleans—The International Code is fully explained in Rosser's "Yachtsman's Handybook," for sale at this office.

G. S. T., Halifax, N. S.—The designs of an ice yacht were published in FOREST AND STREAM of Dec. 24, 1885, and Jan. 14, 1886.

E. W. H., Newark, N. J.—The dealer you name has long been out of business. You might sell your 15lb. .44-cal. rifle by advertising it in our columns.

H. E. W., Plainfield, N. J.—No one has succeeded in breeding quail in confinement. The young may be hatched out but they have not been reared to maturity.

J. W. S., California.—For call write to Fred Allen, Monmouth, Ill. For wild rice address R. Valentine, Janesville, Wis., whose advertisement is printed elsewhere.

P. K.—You will find good quail shooting in North Carolina, in the neighborhood of Tarborough and adjacent towns on the Wilmington and Weldon R. R., in Edgecombe county.

F. M. L., Lima, Ohio.—Hoy's Wilderness is in West Virginia, reached via Oakland, on the B. & O. Railroad. In Wisconsin try Wausau. The Wisconsin game wardens are: J. H. White, Alma; H. D. Farquharson, Boscobel; W. Y. Wentworth, Fort Atkinson; F. J. Bartels, Crivitz.

J. E. C., Bolivar, N. Y.—I shot and killed a very large owl, and have undertaken to skin and stuff him, as it is a nice specimen. The trouble is that he had made a dinner of skunk, and the odor on the feathers is powerful. Is there anything that I can use that will take the odor out of the feathers? Ans. Time alone will do the work.

TARGET, Des Moines, Ia.—The dimensions of the 200yds. standard target are:

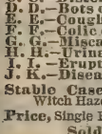
Diameter of Circles.		Width of Ring.	
10-circle	3.36in.	9	1.09in.
9-circle	5.54in.	8	1.23in.
8-circle	8. in.	7	1.50in.
7-circle	11. in.	6	1.90in.
6-circle	14.80in.	5	2.41in.
5-circle	19.08in.	4	3.19in.
4-circle	26. in.	3	4.11in.
3-circle	34.22in.	2	5.89in.
2-circle	46. in.		

1 Balance of target 4×6ft.

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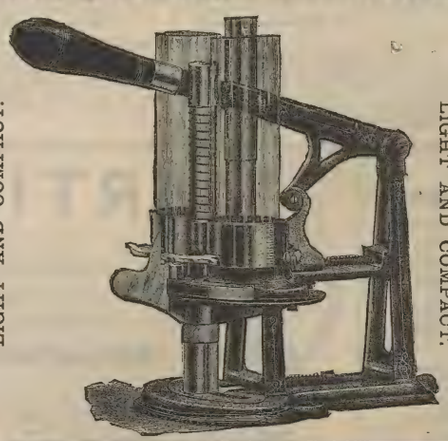
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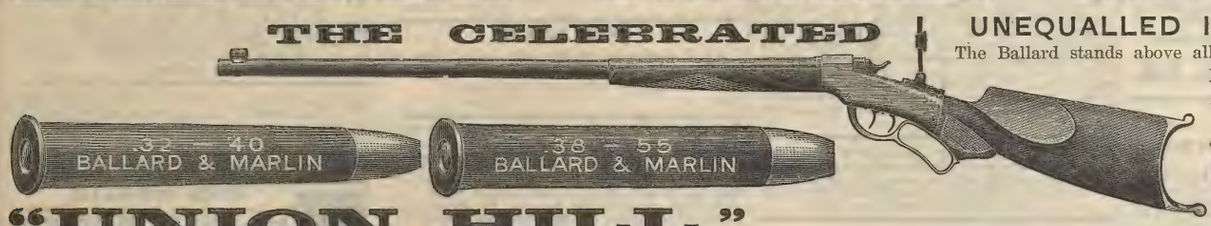
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NEW YORK, OCTOBER 4, 1888.

VOL. XXXI.—No. 11. No. 318 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications on the subject to which its pages are devoted are respectfully invited. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No name will be published except with writer's consent. The Editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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Address all communications,

Forest and Stream Publishing Co.
No. 318 BROADWAY. NEW YORK CITY.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE TOBIQUE MURDER.

THE well-known tendency among certain classes to seek a palliation of the offenses of those who are charged with capital crimes is naturally manifesting itself in behalf of the two men Trafton and Phillipine, now on trial in Andover, New Brunswick, for the murder of Mrs. Howes on the Tobique River. The press dispatches tell us that there is a strong undercurrent of sympathy for the accused. This sentiment is based on a feeling that the assassins were driven to their deed by irritation at the unjust usurpation of certain natural rights of fishing; and that they were infuriated because victims of a vicious system of leasing, which robbed them of their privileges, for the benefit of rich anglers from abroad. They were "village Hampdens," making a stand for liberty, reason their sympathizers; and this argument is said to have so much weight that a verdict of manslaughter instead of murder is looked for.

It appears, however, that the trouble between the accused men and the Howes party had nothing to do with the leasing of fishing rights. Phillipine was enraged against Major Howes, because the Major had ordered him away when spearing salmon. The spearing was unlawful. The law prohibits it. No one is permitted to spear. The law applies to all waters and to all persons. Lessees of streams are forbidden to spear. When Phillipine was engaged in taking fish by this mode he was violating a law common in its application to all. In wreaking his revenge on those who had interfered with him in his lawless salmon spearing, therefore, he was not asserting the exercise of natural privileges that had been taken from him and given to another. He was not vindicating the rights of natives against the usurpations of outsiders.

Whether a poverty-stricken family should go hungry for the lack of a speared salmon is one question, but to manufacture sympathy for these men on the pretext that their crime partook of the nature of an act of self-defense against a tyrannical system of river leasing is clearly not admissible.

FISHING RIGHTS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I inclose a clipping from the Boston *Globe* of July 30, which explains itself: "*To the Editor of the Globe:* Has the public a legel right to fish, by wading in, or from a boat on a natural stream or pond, leased or stocked by private parties, if it can be done without trespassing on the grounds owned or leased by said private parties?—ANGLER. No; it's the fishing that constitutes the trespass.—PEOPLE'S LAWYER." "Angler" is not quite satisfied, however, and would like the editor to answer the following questions:

First—Is it true that fishing constitutes the trespass?

Second—If so, does the owner of the land bordering one side of a brook, own to center of said brook?

Third—Is it trespassing, or illegal to fish from a highway bridge, crossing a "posted" brook?

Fourth—If a "posted" brook empties into tidewater, is it trespassing to ascend the stream in a boat, and fish from same?

Fifth—Is there a common law governing such cases, or are they decided by State legislation?

An answer to these questions through the columns of the FOREST AND STREAM will confer a favor upon the undersigned, and also will be of interest to others. ANGLER.

The property which exists in game under the common law has been fully explained in these columns. While a man may have absolute ownership of domestic animals, he can have only a qualified property in those of a wild nature while they are alive. The reason is that wild animals in captivity have a tendency to return to their original surroundings. If they escape the property in them is lost. When killed, however, they are the subject of absolute property. The owner of land also has a qualified property in game while it is on his land, and has the exclusive right to pursue and take it. If a trespasser captures or kills game it becomes at once the absolute property of the land owner, who may recover it by legal proceedings if necessary. The land proprietor's property in living game grows out of his ownership of the soil, and terminates when the game passes off his land. This rule includes the ownership of and the right to take fish. Under the common law the right of fishing depended upon and was co-extensive with the proprietorship in the soil, unless specially extended by government grant or by a long-continued use which had ripened into a prescriptive right. It follows that to determine the common law right of fishing in any case, we must ascertain the ownership of the soil under the water.

It was a settled principle of the common law, that the owner of lands on the banks of fresh-water streams and rivers, above the ebbing and flowing of the tide, had the exclusive right of fishing, as well as the right of property opposite to their respective lands to the middle of the stream.

"Where a person owns the whole of the soil over which a water course runs, in its natural course, he alone is entitled to the use and profits of the water; and where a person owns only the land upon one side of a watercourse, his interest in the soil, and his right to the water, extends to the middle of the stream. Concomitant with this interest in the soil of the beds of watercourses, is an exclusive right of fishery; so that the riparian proprietor, and he alone, is authorized to take fish from any part of the stream included within his territorial limits."

To such an extent did a fishery attach to the land under the common law, that it was held to be a tenement, and subject to dower, so that a woman was entitled to one-third of the profits of a fishery of which her husband died seized. An action in ejectment would lie for its recovery, and a person who injured a fishery could be sued for trespass.

The right of fishing in streams and unnavigable rivers was subject to the qualification of not being so used as to injure the private rights of others; and it did not extend to impede the passage of fish up the stream by means of dams or other obstructions.

A person might have an exclusive right of fishing in a navigable river or tide water by special grant from the crown, but not otherwise. On the other hand, in rivers not navigable (and in the common law sense only rivers in which the tide ebbed and flowed were deemed navigable) the owners of the soil on each side had the right of fishery. It was an exclusive right and extended to the center of the stream opposite their respective lands.

Such was the common law, and generally it may be said to maintain throughout this country, though modified more or less by the laws of the various States.

The opinion which seems to prevail in the minds of many people that in this country the public may fish anywhere, was refuted by the United States Circuit Court in Rhode Island as far back as 1828. An action was brought against the defendant for trespass for entering the plaintiff's land and taking fish from his millpond. The principal question was whether the plaintiff, who had a long lease of the land, had any property in the fish, and the court held that, all the land having been leased to the plaintiff, the water and the fish therein passed to him as incidents to the lease.

About the same time the Supreme Court of Massachusetts delivered a similar opinion. The defendant came upon the plaintiff's land and caught fish from his pond. When an action for trespass was brought the defendant offered to prove that the pond in which the fish were caught was merely an enlargement of a stream of water produced by the plaintiff's dam; that the stream was a natural stream large enough for the sustenance of fish; and that the inhabitants of the vicinity had from time immemorial taken fish in the pond and stream, without any interruption from the plaintiff or any of the previous owners. But the court held that "the law does not take notice of the right of fishery in small streams and rivulets any further than to secure to owners of the banks of such streams the right of taking fish therefrom. If the stream is not navigable for boats or any water craft, the owner of the land can exclude every one from the right of fishing; and therefore it is that the Legislature, in establishing the right to occupy such streams for the use of mills have made no provision in regard to fish, except where there is communication with the sea or salt water, through which fish from that element have been wont to pass into the fresh-water streams and ponds to cast their spawn and multiply their species. There is no such general right as is suggested by some of the facts proposed to be proved. The custom is not one that could be sustained in law; for a custom to take anything from another's land, or for a profit *à prendre*, is not a lawful custom."

Our correspondent writes from Massachusetts and an answer to his inquiry must be found in the laws of that State. At an early date the Massachusetts Legislature assumed over its fisheries a control that cannot be questioned now. It has modified the common law in important particulars. The language of Chief Justice Parker, in an early case, is: "It has been argued that, as the fishery in rivers not navigable belongs to the proprietors of the banks of the rivers, the Legislature had no constitutional right to divest them, and vest the franchise in the inhabitants of the town through which the river passes; and upon the principles of the English common law, the argument is well founded; but the constant course of legislation upon this subject from the first settlement of the country, we think has qualified this right, so far as to subject it to the control of the Legislature in the manner and to the extent it has been immemorially exercised. The colonial, provincial and constitutional legislatures having exercised the right for the public good of regulating the fisheries in the several towns, the owners of several fisheries and of dams across rivers held their property subject to such regulations as the Legislature should from time to time, for the preservation of fish, prescribe."

A colonial ordinance gave a common right of fishery in all "great ponds," that is, ponds of more than ten acres in extent, unless appropriated by the Legislature, or towns acting under the authority of the Legislature. This right has been maintained to the present day, except that "great ponds" are now ponds of more than twenty acres in area.

The Massachusetts statutes provide that the fishery of any pond, more than twenty acres in area, shall be public, and all persons shall be allowed reasonable means of access to such ponds for the purpose of fishing.

That the riparian proprietor of any pond, the area of which is not more than twenty acres, and the proprietor of any pond or parts of a pond created by artificial flowing, shall have exclusive control of the fisheries therein.

That a riparian proprietor may, within the limits of his own premises, inclose the waters of a stream not navigable for the cultivation of useful fishes, provided he furnishes a suitable passage for migratory fishes frequenting such waters.

That fishes artificially propagated or maintained shall be the property of the person propagating or maintaining them. Fines ranging from one to fifty dollars shall be imposed upon any one who, without the permission of the proprietor, fishes in that portion of a pond or stream, or other water in which fishes are lawfully cultured or maintained.

Judge Endicott thus construed the statute relating to great ponds: "It was the evident intention of the Legis-

lature in enacting it, that the riparian proprietors of ponds not more than twenty acres in extent, and the proprietors of ponds created by artificial flowage, shall have exclusive control of the fisheries therein existing, and that in great ponds which in their natural condition exceed twenty acres in extent, but which may have been increased by artificial flowage, the owners of the land covered by such increased or artificial flowage have no control of the fisheries existing in such pond. Such ponds are public unless specially granted by law or leased; and, if leased, the lessee has the exclusive right to the fishery therein during the continuance of the lease."

The common law rule that the right of fishing in tidal waters depended upon the ownership of the soil, has been changed in Massachusetts. Judge Gray, now a Justice of the Supreme Court, ruled as follows: "The right of fishing in the sea or rivers in any town of this Commonwealth, either for swimming fish or for shell fish, is a public right, which belongs to all the inhabitants of the town, unless restricted by acts of the Legislature or of the town, inconsistent therewith or by prescription; and a grant by the Legislature to a town of the title in the bed of a river, or in flats covered by tide waters within its limits, does not convey by implication the right of fishing to the town as its own property; for the right of fishing, not being an incident to the right of property in the soil, but a public right to take the fish, which, whether moving in the water or imbedded in the mud covered by it, depend upon the water for their nourishment and existence, is unaffected by the question whether the title in the land under the water is in the commonwealth, in the town or in private persons."

The following statute protects cultivated tidal streams: The owner of an unnavigable tidal stream where the same empties into salt water and in which fishes are lawfully cultivated or maintained, shall have the control of the fishing thereof within his own premises, and also beyond and around the mouth of the stream so far as the tide ebbs, provided it does not ebb more than eighty rods. Any one who fishes within these limits will be subject to fine and forfeiture of his boat and fishing apparatus.

No stream is navigable within the meaning of this statute, above the point where, on the average throughout the year, it has a channel less than forty feet wide and four feet deep during the three hours nearest the hour of high tide.

But the Governor, with consent of the Council, may arbitrarily fix the tidal bounds of streams upon recommendation of the Commissioners of inland fisheries. He may also prohibit fishing for a period not exceeding five years, except in an inclosed, unnavigable stream.

Bearing in mind that, except so far as modified by the law of Massachusetts, the common law is in force, our correspondent should have no difficulty in answering his inquiry, or any similar question which may arise. It is still true that the owner of land bordering on a brook owns to the center line of the water. Cultivated fish, by statute, are the property of the person maintaining them, and without his consent, it is illegal for any person to take them, whether he fish from a highway bridge or his own boat.

But in Massachusetts the right to control and regulate fisheries to a considerable extent, has always been granted to towns and cities. And it would be well for our correspondent to inform himself what control has been assumed or regulations made under this power by the town where the water in question is situated, and also investigate the records and rules of the Fish Commissioners. Should he desire to read more fully the authorities from which we have quoted, they are cited below:

3 Kent's Com., 412-416; Angell on Watercourses, § 61-89; Smith v. Miller, 5 Mason, 191; Waters v. Lilley, 4 Pick. 147; Vinton v. Welsh, 9 Pick. 91; Commonwealth v. Tiffany, 119 Mass. 304; Proctor v. Wells, 103 Mass. 216; Public Statutes of Mass., Chap. 90.

Is it not about time to jail some of the inhuman brutes who advertise themselves by throwing dogs into Niagara River? Two dogs are now dragging out a miserable existence and gradually starving to death, on rocks where they managed to scramble, below the suspension bridge. If there be a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals in that part of the country it would do well to put an end to this practice, if not for the sake of the hapless dogs at least for the good repute of the region.

The Story of the Connecticut Sportsman who prosecuted a butcher for displaying partridges out of season, and when the case came to court discovered that they were stuffed birds hung up to play a game on him, has been brought out for its usual round of the press. It starts this time as a telegram from Waterbury to the New York *Sun*. It will go like the man with the patent cork leg for many years to come.

The topic of the comparative merits of the flesh of wild game, as prepared in camp, is an enticing one; and now that a Boston correspondent has had his say, it is to be hoped that others may give their gustatory tastes and preferences.

The Sportsman Tourist.

AN OUTING IN LAKE COUNTY.

East Oakland, California.—For several months in the early part of the year I had derived much pleasure from a proposed trip in July to Lake county. All the minute details had been worked up and the programme for the two weeks' vacation mapped out time and again, and discussed with a zest known only to those whose hearts during their moments of relaxation turn to nature for rest as unerringly as the needle to the pole. But like the course of true love it is seldom that undertakings of this description are carried out exactly as originally intended. The companions that I had selected and who had entered into the scheme with great enthusiasm while it was yet but a remote contingency began to weaken as the time drew near, and on the morning of the 9th, the day before our intended departure, the last one I had counted on showed the white feather, leaving me still determined, but with all my well digested plans irretrievably shattered.

Having occasion during the day to visit the office of my friend B., I casually mentioned the dilemma I was in, deploring at the same time the probable necessity of going alone. B.'s business cares were of such a nature that I had not dreamed of his being able to leave the city longer than a day or two at a time, although I knew him to be a fine shot and an enthusiastic sportsman. My surprise and pleasure may therefore be imagined when he quietly remarked: "Go ahead, old fellow, and I will join you in Lockport on Thursday evening, armed and equipped as the law directs."

Eight o'clock the next morning found me on the ferry-boat bound for Tiburon, where I took the N. P. R. R. for Cloverdale, the nearest station to Clear Lake. The road followed for many miles the beautiful Russian River valley, with its vast tracts of vineyard and orchard under such perfect cultivation, that at times, for long distances, we seemed to be passing through a garden, until noon, when we arrived at Cloverdale, where we took dinner and prepared for a forty miles stage ride over the mountains. This method of travel is almost always tedious to one accustomed to the speed and comfort of a railway, still, in spite of the dust and heavy grades we managed to get considerable enjoyment out of it. The stage was well filled, but not uncomfortably so, and the passengers being for the most part pleasure seekers were in high spirits, and endeavored to be as sociable as possible. The scenery was picturesque, and the road, which wound for the most part up a long cañon through which ran a sparkling tributary of the Russian River, was as good as could be expected in a section so rugged.

Sometimes the clear murmuring waters of the stream were so close beneath us that we could see the trout darting away at our approach, and at others, although two or three hundred feet above, we could almost have jumped into it from the top of the stage. The possibilities suggested by a glance into the depths below us were of a decidedly unpleasant character, but the knowledge that the six horses drawing us had not only been carefully selected, but were familiar with every foot of the road, and that the drivers were among the most experienced and skillful in the State, did much to reassure us. Game, as might be expected, did not seem to be particularly plentiful in the immediate vicinity of the road, although on account of its extreme ruggedness it was destitute of dwellings, except at the relay stations. A few quail, rabbits and squirrels were seen, and late in the afternoon two deer ran up one of the ridges a short distance ahead, giving us a fine view of them before they disappeared in the brush. Timber of any great size was decidedly scarce, except low down in the cañon, and it did not appear that there had ever been much on the mountainside, which was mostly covered with manzinita, chemisal and buckeye brush from three to ten feet high.

Twenty-five miles out brought us to "Tyler's," where we changed horses, got some sweet milk—unadulterated—and a glimpse of a narrow valley where about fifty acres were in grass and grain, being the first land not set on edge we had seen since leaving Cloverdale. A large two story white house with good barns and fences gave evidence of thrift and prosperity, as Tyler's, besides being a stage station, was also the half-way house for the freighters between Cloverdale and the Clear Lake settlements. On one of the buildings I noticed at least a score of bucks' heads nailed to the wall, ranging all the way from a spike to a five-pointer; and a fine, trouty-looking stream just below the house seemed to indicate that if one were looking for good hunting and fishing he would be as likely to find it there as anywhere.

About sunset we descended into Lake Valley, but it was after 9 o'clock when we rolled into Lakeport and were dumped out upon the veranda of the Mound Cottage Hotel, covered with dust, tired and hungry. A good supper and a refreshing night's sleep in one of the little cottages near the main building (and from which the hotel derives its name), placed the writer in good condition again, and early the next morning he sallied forth to take in the surroundings. I had never visited Lakeport before, but from the frequent descriptions, both heard and read, took it for granted that I knew all about it before I started, and of course found everything different from what had been expected. The imaginary lake had waters of a cerulean hue, was of great depth and was surrounded on all sides by mountains heavily timbered, and pitching steeply into the lake or down to a narrow, pebbly or sandy beach, something, for example, as nearly like Tahoe as possible. The real lake was found to be quite as long as Tahoe and perhaps nearly as wide in places, but here the resemblance began and ended. Its waters were hardly as clear as those of the average mill pond, and the mountains in the few places where they did reach the lake were destitute of timber, and covered for the most part with scrubby chapparal. Its extreme depth was said to be about one hundred feet, and the shores for several miles on either side of the town sloped gently off into broad shallows with a mud bottom margined with a fringe of tules varying in width from a few feet to a hundred or more yards. But for all that, the panorama spread out before us as we sat upon the veranda that lovely morning was full of quiet beauty. In front a lake, its board expanse unvexed by a single ripple, glistened like an immense mirror in the morning sun, not a sail or boat of any description could be seen upon its placid bosom; here and there a gull or loon with a great blue heron slowly winging his way to the further shore, and nothing more. To the left, in a little grove just outside the line of tules, the white tents and wagon covers of a party of campers were visible, the blue smoke from their camp-fires climbing lazily up through the trees as they prepared the morning meal. To the right the town just awakening with activity, and beyond small farms with charming cottage homes nestling amid groves of fruit and forest trees, and flanked by fields of yellow grain or green alfalfa, rolled away for miles to the bush-clad hills.

Just across the lake to the south, and eight or ten miles away with the whole of one side in view, lay Uncle Sam, the highest peak in the county and the refuge of its last elk. A special interest, sad though it usually be, attaches itself to the last lone survivor of a vanishing race; and although the elk are not yet quite extinct throughout the State, a few, I believe, being still left in the extreme northern counties, a brief mention of this one may not be out of place. For two or three years after all the rest had been killed or driven away, this one, a mighty bull, still lingered in the fastness of old Uncle Sam, and by his wonderful sagacity baffled the most untiring hunters, until they finally gave up all hope of capturing him except by chance. One bright moonlight night a rancher living near by was watching a salt lick on the side of the mountain for deer, when the elk put in an appearance; he became suspicious before reaching the lick and turned toward the bush again, but in so doing exposed his shoulders to a deadly shot, which the rancher was not slow to avail himself of. Mortally wounded the great brute managed to escape, and although a diligent search for him was made, he was not found until late in the fall, when a bush fire that laid bare the mountainside revealed the mouldering remains of the forest king.

Having two days at my disposal before B. would arrive, I determined to devote a portion to fishing in the lake, which was said to abound with trout, pike, perch, carp and catfish, the three first indigenous; the others, placed there a few years ago, had increased with wonderful rapidity.

At the end of one of the streets, whose terminus was the lake shore, lay a barge with a small cabin upon it, occupied by a fat old ex-sea captain named Bundy, who kept a number of boats for hire; and wending my way there I engaged a light Whitehall boat for the afternoon. A small barefooted boy, who seemed to be the old captain's major domo, after surveying my "layout" of spoons and flies for awhile in silence, confidentially informed me "them things was no account there" except in the spring, and suggested angleworms as a much more killing bait. Now, the piscatorial lore of the small boy, especially when native born, has always commanded my most profound respect, and a small bribe soon put me in possession of a yeast-powder box half full of the coveted worms; and a few moments later I was skimming over the waves before a vigorous white ash breeze with a troll over the stern. A pull of two miles along the shore not being productive of a single bite, I jointed my rod and tried the fly; but cast after cast bringing nothing to the surface, I then had recourse to the worms, which were faithfully used in every way and at every depth until nearly sunset, when thoroughly discouraged, I started to return without a single fish. Large carp had frequently broken water near the boat during the afternoon, and on my way in I passed an Indian in a dugout who tried to sell me three or four fine ones that he had gigged, but being out for sport only I declined the investment.

The little major domo was waiting for me when I reached the barge, and observing my disappointed expression remarked by way of consolation that there would be fine catfishing in that vicinity about dusk. What a fall was there, my countrymen! After a journey of 150 miles to drop from lake trout to mudcats. After supper I strolled down to the lake shore to enjoy a cigar in the cool of the evening, when I had an opportunity to verify the boy's statement. A bare-legged youth of about the same age as the major domo was standing upon a half submerged scow with a rig which as well as I could make out in the twilight consisted of a toad tied to the end of a string, and he was landing catties 10 to 14in. long every five minutes. From the surface of the lake that evening arose myriads of little white midges about the size of "no-see-ums," almost obscuring the vision, but troublesome only on account of their prodigious numbers, which filled the eyes, ears and mouth; and swarmed into the town so thickly that in some cases they extinguished the lights in the houses. They were evidently very short lived, however, and with the slightest breeze disappeared as if by magic.

Being satisfied by this time that there was no fishing in the lake in July worthy of the name, I put up my tackle, and the next morning took a ride out through an exceedingly fertile section under a high state of cultivation, called Scott's Valley, and then spent the remainder of the day making arrangements for our trip into the mountains. Learning from the residents that although deer were quite plenty it was almost useless to hunt them at that season without dogs, as they were lying during the day in the thick brush and feed mostly at night, I made immediate inquiries and was fortunate enough to secure the services of a guide named Frank Rippey, who possessed all the requisites necessary to make the trip both pleasant and successful. He knew the country perfectly, and owned an excellent deer dog and two horses that had been accustomed to packing in the mountains for years.

B. arrived that evening on the stage, and early the next morning we purchased such supplies as it was deemed necessary to take with us—a side of bacon, some coffee, sugar, potatoes, salt, pepper, etc., with tinware and cutlery for the mess box. Owing to the short notice he had received, Rippey was unable to arrange matters for so long an absence from home before afternoon, and it was nearly 3 o'clock before he drove up in a light wagon to the outfitting store where we awaited him. Blankets, provisions, dogs and guns were hastily tumbled in, and in less than half an hour later we were out of town on our way to the hills.

Our destination was Tieta Creek, about eight miles from Lakeport, where it was expected good hunting and some trout would be found. A six-mile drive brought us to the nearest point approached by the road, and driving the wagon into the brush, we packed the entire load except dogs and guns, upon the horses and began to climb the steep mountainside that formed the divide between us and the creek. The rise was about 1,000ft., the brush

very thick and the trail discernible only to one familiar with the route, and as the writer, who had not attempted anything of the sort for at least two years, was decidedly soft, with B. in a similar condition, our ascent was slow and laborious, so that the sun was just sinking out of sight when, covered with perspiration and puffing like a brace of porpoises, we attained the highest point of the trail, from which we could look down upon the little alder grove where we intended to make camp. The descent was a matter of very few moments; in some places the horses set their feet and slid eight or ten yards at a time, while we eased ourselves down by grabbing the bushes as they passed us; and it was still quite light when we crossed the stream and entered the grove. We expected that night to sit down to a supper of bacon, potatoes and bread, having shot nothing on the way out but a jack rabbit, and these are seldom fit to eat in summer; but while Rippey and the scribe removed the packs, staked the horses and started a fire, B. jointed his single-handed split-bamboo and began casting in a small pool only a few yards from camp. Four fine fish rewarded his efforts before the bacon began to brown, and although they seemed but a mouthful to three hungry men, they made a very acceptable relish and a foretaste of what was to follow.

Making camp in the mountains of California at this season, when there is no rain and but little dew, is usually a matter of the simplest character; no shelter is necessary, and after we had gathered a little dry wood for fuel, and clipped three or four bushels of the small wiry twigs of the scruboak that makes a bed almost equal to a spring mattress, we sat down by the fire to smoke and lay our plans for the morrow. We were not particularly tired, as the day's travel had been light, but at 10 o'clock we turned in with the determination to make a drive for deer at daylight in the morning.

About four o'clock Rippey gave a yell that brought us out of the blankets in a jiffy under the impression that the camp was being attacked by hostile Indians. Our frugal breakfast was soon dispatched, and before sunrise we were climbing, Indian file, the side of a ravine that intersected the Pieta cañon nearly at right angles. Close to our heels followed the two dogs, of whom it is perhaps time some mention were made, as they are rather important auxiliaries. Tell, a very handsome red setter, was owned by B., and had been brought up more for his health than anything else, for although a fair bird dog, he proved to be perfectly useless as a deer exterminator, except when the deer was well cooked.

Grip, the other dog, owned, raised and trained by Rippey, was certainly one of the most remarkable dogs I had ever known, and deserves a more extended notice. He was a large black and tan hound with a cast of melancholy upon his countenance that would have excited the envy of Don Quixote himself. During the seven days we were out, after hunting on the high ridges a mile or more from water, where the low scrub furnished but little protection to the parched ground, I never saw him weaken or require a reprimand, although upon one intensely hot day we hunted from 5 in the morning until 4 in the afternoon. Hunting was with him a strictly business proposition, and when out he wasted none of his energy in any other direction. We usually separated and kept along parallel ridges 200 or 300yds. apart, with the dog working in the gulch between us, where the deer were generally lying, which gave us better opportunities for a shot than any other method. From these elevated standpoints the dog was seldom out of sight of all of us for any great length of time. Fresh tracks could be seen everywhere, but he took no notice of them, unless it was quite certain the deer was close by, and after taking a trail he never gave tongue until the deer was routed out of his bed. He never seemed to lose knowledge of the position of his master, and would relinquish the chase and return, whenever the deer succeeded in getting hopelessly beyond range unwounded. Sometimes when pressed by thirst beyond endurance, he would go to the nearest place for water only to return immediately; and at others, when the distance was too great, he would come to one of us and mutely plead for a drink from our canteens, which, it is hardly necessary to say, was never refused as long as a drop remained. If a deer was crippled by a shot too badly to run, he would lie down close by it, giving an occasional howl until we arrived; but should it attempt to escape, he sprang at once for its throat. When in camp he spent nearly the whole time, night or day, stretched out at full length upon the ground, only raising his head to be fed, seldom getting up even then. One cause for this, no doubt, was because the hot gravel of the hillsides wore out his feet. He took no notice whatever of the setter, never attempting either to play or quarrel with him, and I never saw him seek a caress even from his master, although when such were voluntarily given, he gave faint signs of pleasure by a slight wag of his tail and a lowering of the ears. Begging your indulgence for this digression, my only excuse being that these traits of character, which all came under my own observation, seemed so remarkable to me when all found in one dog that I could but believe they would interest others also, we will return to the hunt.

B. was the only one of the party who had never yet killed a deer, and being of course exceedingly anxious to do so, much speculation was indulged in as to his chances for the buck fever. It was in the height of this discussion and just as we were nearing the highest point of the ridge about a mile from camp, that old Grip, who had quietly slipped away at some stage of the proceedings, opened up in full cry in the gulch to our left, and a few moments later a deer was seen sneaking along through the brush on the opposite slope about 150yds. away. So cunningly was this maneuver being executed, with cramped body and head close to the ground, that had we been in a less advantageous position he would no doubt have escaped unnoticed as many subsequently did. Unfortunately for the writer, he carried on this occasion a shotgun, but B. and Rippey unlimbered their Winchesters and began pumping the lead at him with a rapidity that reminded me of an infantry fusilade. Having nothing else to do I stood watching the puffs of dust that rose from the ground as the bullets struck above, below and behind the deer, which, upon finding that he was discovered, had thrown off all secrecy, and with head and tail up was bounding over the brush in magnificent style, until he reached the top of the ridge, where the last we saw of him was his white flag disappearing over the further side. It was pretty certain that he had escaped untouched, still it was rather a close call, and I was gratified to observe that B. had sent his bullets about as near the game as had Rippey himself. No blood, but no buck ague either, which argued well for the future.

We crossed over to where the deer was last seen, and half an hour later Grip, who had driven him somewhere off into space, returned, and after a short rest stole off again. The next raise was an old doe and one or more fawns, which he bounced out of a clump of bay bushes. They took down the gulch straight for the creek, followed by the dog, who was, however, recalled by Rippey before he got out of hearing.

Scattered here and there all over these hills were small thickets of bay, generally about 10ft. high, which we discovered to be favorite resorts of the deer, especially the bucks, but whether they choose them on account of their superior shade or the pungent aroma of the leaves we could not determine. Grip seemed to be well aware of this fact and never failed to investigate every clump he passed. The next two deer that were started neither of us got a glimpse of, and the fifth was a doe that, like the others, headed at once for the creek. It was now drawing along toward noon, and the vertical sun was beating down upon us with a temperature that was more than torrid; the heated ground scorched our feet through our heavy shoes, and when we sat down we had to thrust them into the bushes for protection. Not a breath of air was stirring and not a sound could be heard, for every living thing except ourselves seemed to have fled from the stifling heat. Rippey and I had stripped to our shirts before leaving camp, but B., who in this respect reminded me of Captain Good, in "Allan Quartermain," had insisted upon wearing his shooting jacket and a pair of very heavy canvas leggings. The leggings were all right, as they protected his legs from rattlers and that villainous white thorn that scratched us unmercifully through our thin clothing, but the perspiration from his well nourished body trickled in rivulets down into his shoes and saturated his jacket in the back and beneath the arms until those portions looked as if they had been dipped in the creek. Poor Tell, the pampered pet of city life, was by this time a total wreck, although he had done nothing for the last two hours but follow, whining at our heels and scratch holes in the ground beneath the brush to lie in the moment we stopped. He now obstinately refused to put up with what to him must have seemed inexplicable if not idiotic conduct, and sneaking off into the thicket, we saw him no more until we returned to camp. Old Grip himself was suffering greatly, especially in his feet, and we began to feel a little anxious as the prospect of another day on bacon and bread loomed up unpleasantly prominent. All this was talked over as we lay cooling ourselves in a clump of bay, and we determined to beat one more gulch and return to camp. Grip, who was fully alive to the importance of getting meat, having eaten nothing since leaving Lakeport, as his appetite had not yet reached bacon, seemed to understand the conversation, or at least the situation, and started down the gulch the moment we were in motion. We could see him occasionally as he went nosing carefully about in the narrow opening, but it was some time before his long, melancholy howl warned us that he had again sighted the quarry, and we all sprang for a knoll that overlooked that portion of the gulch.

"Make a killing now or no meat to-day," shouted the writer, as a forked-horn broke cover and started up the opposite slope about 200yds. away. Both rifles cracked simultaneously, scoring a clean miss, as neither had the range. B. got in the next shot and the deer stumbled and fell, with the bullet through his neck; but regaining his feet, he ran along the hillside until he had nearly reached our own altitude, when a bullet from Rippey's rifle struck him in the back and he dropped in his tracks. Then we hurrahed, threw our hats in the air, shook hands all around, and indulged in other antics supposed to be indulged in only by schoolboys and lunatics, keeping one eye, however, all the time on the spot where he fell to make sure that he didn't get up and "light out" again. After our enthusiasm had somewhat subsided, we started to cross over, and in our eagerness to go as directly as possible, got into the most infernal thicket of chemisal and whitethorn we had yet encountered We must have been a quarter of an hour getting through, and when we finally emerged were sorry-looking objects. Generally speaking, B. rather prides himself on his *distingué* appearance, but now he seemed to be considerably toned down; his shooting jacket was still in fair condition, but the space between that and the top of his leggings was a mass of rips and tears, the least of which was six inches long, while his face and hands looked as if he had just escaped from an encounter with a pack of enraged cats. Rippey, no doubt remembering the adage that "the longest way round is the nearest way home," had taken a more circuitous route and was there in half the time, getting the deer nearly ready for packing before we arrived. The deer was still alive when R. came up, but unable to arise, and Grip lay quietly by, not offering to molest him so long as he made no effort to escape. The old veteran's face wore its usual sad expression, but I fancied there was a twinkle in the deeply sunken eyes that I had not before noticed.

On our way to camp Grip ousted two more deer, which ran within shot, but in both cases we were passing through thickets from which we could not extricate ourselves in time to get into position, and they passed us unseen; besides, we had all the venison we wanted at present, and made no special effort to intercept them. Packing out deer in such a country as I have described, with the thermometer high up in the nineties, is not considered a very exhilarating amusement by the initiated; and although this one would not dress over 65 or 70lbs., and the distance to camp was less than two miles, we were all fagged out when we got there. Tell met us at the grove with many demonstrations of joy, but every hair on his back bristled with fright as he inspected the load his master was carrying.

After eating a light lunch and fairly stuffing the dogs, B. and the writer spread a blanket in the shade, where we smoked and dozed away a couple of hours, while Rippey hung up and finished dressing the deer and built a little smudgy fire beneath it to drive away the bluebottles, as it did most effectually. The aspect of the camp at this time was one of extreme serenity; the apprehended meat famine had been averted, the surfeited dogs had silently crept away into cool spots by the water, and nothing disturbed us but the discordant notes of three or four jays, which had discovered the venison and were screaming about it in the tree above us, until a couple of charges of No. 10 shot reminded them suddenly that they had pressing business elsewhere, and we saw them no more. A few house flies were the only insect pests that invaded our retreat; no mosquitoes, no gnats, no fleas were there; even the yellow jackets, which in the southern counties attack freshly-killed meat like wolves, were absent now. Near us lay two or three "Seasides" we had taken from our valises, but we found that we did not care to read. The soft murmur of the creek fell upon our ears in a drowsy monotone, as with half-closed eyes we watched the smoke of our cigars float slowly upward, and the cawing of a distant crow was all the sound we heard or cared to hear. It was the lotos eaters' afternoon, such a one as we and thousands of our brethren have dreamed of when, after a day of toil, we have laid weary head on pillow and fallen asleep with the din of business still ringing in our ears. Alas! that it should so often prove only a dream.

On the mountainside opposite, and at least 180yds. away, stood the trunk of a dead pine about 150ft. high, straight and bare as the stripped mast of some great Indiaman, with nothing near that approaches it in height. Above it two large foxtail hawks were sailing in circles, and one finally lit upon its top. B. raised lazily up, reached for his rifle and leaned against the butt of the tree we were under, dropped upon one knee and fired. The bullet struck the bird fair in the breast. A puff of feathers like the sparks that radiate from a bursting rocket flew out in every direction, and the bird fell like a plummet, stone dead ere he reached the ground. It was one of the finest shots I have ever seen made in the woods.

Late in the afternoon, when the shadows from the tall peaks to the west began to steal in upon us, although there were still two good hours of daylight, we jointed our rods for a cast among the trout. B. took up the stream and the writer went down. The stream was evidently one of considerable size in the spring, but was now so diminished that it could be crossed dry shod on the rocks at frequent intervals. The bush was very thick, but within a half-mile of camp several good pools were discovered, out of each of which, by the aid of a shortened line and a coachman for a lure, I took from two to eight trout, running from five to eight inches in length; and returned before dark with thirty-four fish in my basket. I found B. already in camp; he had not been quite so successful; but as we had more than enough to supply our wants we were all satisfied. During our absence Rippey had burned down a big bed of coals, over which, suspended by forked sticks, hung several fat ribs of the deer, and the appetizing smell mingled with the aroma from the steaming coffee-pot arose like incense to our nostrils, and assured us that a hunters' feast was at hand. More than fifteen years had elapsed since the writer, then an unmarried man, had sat down in the woods to a meal like this; but indelibly engraved upon the tablets of his memory were recollections of many a similar scene where he had taken a part, in the years long ago. Since then children have grown up around him, whose heads reach his shoulders; the gray hairs have intruded thickly among the brown; and he has followed a life so different that but little except those memories remains to remind him of that shadowy past.

Rippey had spent several years hunting, from the Mexican line to Puget Sound, and had an extensive fund of forest lore and anecdote; and as B. and the writer also had some reminiscences of their own, it was nearly midnight when we sought the blankets. In common with several other hunters I have met, Rippey asserted that the ibex was found in this country and declared he had seen one killed in the Blue Mountains of eastern Oregon. Its scimeter-shaped horns, two feet in length and bending backward, could, he believed, have belonged to no other animal.

The next day being Sunday we had thought to spend the entire day in camp reading and mending our shockingly dilapidated clothing, but the gaunt condition of our horses made a change for their sake advisable; and we concluded to move about three miles down the Tieta to its junction with another somewhat larger stream, with the hope of finding better feed. We did not hurry matters, however, the late hours of the preceding night caused a tardy awakening, which was followed by a leisurely breakfast; and it was 10 o'clock before the horses were packed for the start. There was a faint trail down the cañon, but it was so thickly overgrown that Rippey who took the lead was obliged to make constant use of his heavy sheath knife to clear away the overhanging branches.

Arriving at the forks we unpacked for a couple of hours and began the search for grass, but with very poor success. The few places where good feed had grown that season were already cropped close, and only a little water grass remained. We were also surprised at the few trout to be seen in the larger stream—a mystery which was explained a day or two later—and after enjoying a bath in one of its deep sandy pools, we concluded to push on two miles further up the mountains to High Valley, where there was a farm with nearly one hundred acres of cultivated land at an altitude of about 3,000 feet. The mountain was steep and the day very warm; but we were over the summit before sunset, and following down a ravine came to a little glade with plenty of good grass for the horses, sufficient water for our purpose, and a grove of scrub oak about a mile from the ranch; and here we made our camp during the remainder of our stay in the mountains. We were now in a region celebrated for its tall peaks and big bucks, those great fellows with the rocking-chair heads we had been so anxious to see once more. All B. asked was a "fair show" at one of them anywhere within one hundred yards, and he would attend to the rest.

We had a fire kindled while the stars were yet shining the next morning; and by sunrise were up with dog and guns nearly to the top of a peak just west of our camp. The view from this point was magnificent. Eight or ten miles to the east lay Clear Lake with the towns of Lakeport and Kelseyville in view. To the south, about twice as far away, an immense fog bank that had drifted in from San Francisco Bay flooded the whole country like a sea; its crest, from which some of the higher peaks emerged like islands, and its northern boundary were as clearly defined as those of a tidal wave. In the west, far below us and many miles away, lay the town of Hopland, in a beautiful valley on the Russian River, celebrated for the superior quality of its hops. From this direction, during this and the succeeding days of our

stay, we heard at intervals the muffled explosions from the blasts in the tunnels, by which the railroad was seeking an entrance into the valley on its way to Ukiah.

The brush was not so thick in this section as at our first camp and the dreaded white thorn was rarely met with, but the clumps of bay were plenty, and here and there, especially near the tops of the ranges, could be seen small groves of pines. In some places hundreds of acres had been burned over; in some cases everything destroyed, and in others the brush killed, but only partially consumed, leaving a snaggy skeleton residue that furnished no shelter for game and wrought destruction to all clothing not of the very strongest material. Many of these fires, it was stated, were set every fall by hunters from the valleys in spots where the brush grew so tall and rank that the deer could not be dislodged even by the hounds.

While we were surveying this grand landscape the warning howl of the indefatigable Grip came to us from a gulch, near the head of which we were standing. Rippey and B. ran down the left and the writer the right hand ridge to intercept the deer if possible, should he attempt to cross over. I had reached a point opposite the dog and stood awaiting further developments, when a magnificent five-point buck, much the largest and finest that we saw on the whole trip, bounded out of the bottom and began to ascend the other slope. Rippey and B. had separated, one going on either side of a large knoll toward which the deer was now running. Neither of them could see him, and I was too far away to warn them of his approach. I could see B. walking slowly along in one direction and the deer rapidly approaching in the other, the swell of the hill preventing their seeing each other until within 30yds.; and at this instant B. got his first sight, as the deer came loping gracefully over the brush, which at this point was not over two feet high. It was a situation B. had never before been placed in, and for that matter never got into again, at least on that trip, and his astonishment was apparent even at my distance. Up came his rifle, however, like a flash, and he fired, seeing the deer and no doubt the front sight, but probably nothing more. Straight on came the splendid creature until within ten yards—I actually thought he was running right over him—when B. put in his second shot. How he managed to make a clean miss at that distance is one of those problems "that no feller can find out," but he did all the same, although he afterward solemnly assured me that the deer at that range looked larger than an ordinary house. The deer at the second shot turned back toward the gulch; but before he disappeared in the tall brush B. sent two more bullets after him, the last at a distance of about eighty yards, but without turning a hair with either shot. Rippey, on hearing the rapid firing, hurried around the knoll on the back track, but arrived too late to take a hand or even see the deer, while the writer, who had witnessed the whole affair, sank to the ground in a state of hopeless imbecility. When I met B. nearly an hour later, he inquired if I had a good heavy pair of boots on, and if so, to apply them vigorously, but I thought he had been punished enough already, and only hinted that it looked as if he had been suffering from a slight attack of the buck-ague at the time. Three or four more deer were started in that vicinity, but none nearly as large as this; and about nine o'clock Rippey, from his stand in the ridge killed a fair-sized buck, but our joy was seriously moderated by the loss of that proud monarch of the hills. B., like Rachel, refused to be comforted, and even the writer could not help contrasting the magnificent horns the lost venison carried with the rather scrubby antlers of this one.

Returning to camp before noon we took lunch, and saddling the horses we paid a visit to the ranch. It was a summer resort, with several cottages scattered about the main building, occupied by guests from San Francisco and elsewhere, who, in addition to the pure air of this high altitude, preferred the home life, with the delicious fruits, the bountiful table and the Jersey milk, to all of which they had free access, to the more aristocratic medicinal springs in the country, where there was far more style than comfort. Mr. and Mrs. Randolph, who own and manage the place, received us most cordially, although entire strangers, and the apples, cherries, black, berries, etc., furnished us a treat we shall not soon forget. There were several young ladies stopping there, but unfortunately for B. the thread in camp had entirely given out, and he had been obliged to mend the later rents in his apparel by tying them up with strings; this prevented him from making so favorable an impression as usual. As for the writer, his age and disreputable appearance generally left him entirely out of the race. Having plenty of horses to use, the people took frequent hunting and fishing excursions, especially the latter, being less laborious; and from the stream in which we took our Sunday bath they had already taken over 1,300 trout that season. We returned to camp before sunset, bringing in a big sack of apples and a can of butter.

The next day was oppressively warm and we remained most of the time in camp attending to the meat, reading, etc. It was evident from the number of deer we started the day before that it would be an easy task to average one a day; but we were not there to see how many we could kill and had no desire to get more than we could readily dispose of. One thing that struck me as rather singular was the scarcity of "varmints;" for notwithstanding the number of deer, there seemed to be neither cougars, wildcats, coyotes nor foxes. The chickens at the ranch wandered off into the brush unmolested; and we saw in the hills a small band of sheep so wild that they never came down into the valley, and a number of them had already been shot like deer. In one deep cañon we saw the track of a small bear; and there was some coon sign on the streams, but nothing more that came under our observation. Rattlesnakes had formerly been very plenty, but the bush fires had destroyed most of these, and we killed but one, which although of only moderate size sported twelve rattles and a button.

Late in the afternoon time began to hang a little heavy on our hands and B. and I strolled down into the valley with our shotguns, where we had plenty of sport with the quail of both species, doves and rabbits; but as we all preferred venison for the table, they were wasted even after being dressed, and we killed no more of them.

Wednesday morning found us upon the hills with the dawn, and ushered in the longest, hardest and most exciting hunt of the trip, lasting from 5 A. M. until 4 P. M. Nine deer were started that day, four of which were seen within range, two fine bucks running the gauntlet down a gulch under a crossfire of about twenty shots from both sides at 200yds. range as they reached out for the tall timber at about a two-minute gate. Both escaped untouched as far as we could discover and it was 3 o'clock before we made a kill, getting a buck slightly larger than the last. Not needing it for present wants we packed it upon a horse and sent it to the Randolphs in return for the favors they had shown us.

Thursday morning did not find us climbing the mountain to any great extent. The long hunt of the day before made us loath to roll off the blankets much before the lark, and the fact that there was still plenty of meat on hand no doubt served to intensify the sweet do-nothing disposition that seemed to pervade the whole camp. B. and the writer had been gaining rapidly that which we were most seeking, renewed health and vigor; the tallest peaks had now no terrors for our toughened sinews, and the jaded look we had brought from the city was entirely gone. The change wrought in B. especially was wonderful. The first day's hunt, although an easy one compared to those we took later, had used him up completely; his stomach was also badly out of tune, and he had brought along a pot of beef extract and a package of a particular kind of tea, without which he believed life would be insupportable. These had been thrown to the winds some time before, and a big chunk of roasted venison with a tin pint cup of strong black coffee were now his usual beginning of a "square meal." His vigorous constitution had quickly rallied under the fostering influence of this wild life, until Rippey himself could not wear him out in a day's tramp among the hills. It is but doing him justice, however, to say that he had discarded his shooting jacket after the first day, and had found a woolen shirt and pantaloons ample for all purposes.

Late in the afternoon we took our guns and went out for a short hunt, started three or four deer and banged away half a dozen times at two running bucks at long range, with no visible result except to increase their speed, returning empty-handed to camp at sunset. Old Grip manifested his displeasure at this arrangement in a very marked manner, but whether it was because he was reluctant to return without meat, or simply disgusted at our poor shooting, we had no means of ascertaining.

On Friday, after visiting the ranch and bidding our friends good-bye, we broke camp and started for Lakeport. The shortest cut to the wagon was over two ridges heavily covered with brush, and while slowly traveling Indian file along the crest of the first, a spike-buck, the only deer we saw on the trip not started by the dogs, was seen slowly ascending the other slope. Rippey and B. were in advance of the writer, who was leading one of the horses with the other following, and they both fired at once, sending two bullets through his body; he ran a short distance and fell. Rippey and I then stopped to keep him in sight, while B. hurried down the slope to finish the killing should it be found necessary. Just as he approached the deer caught sight of him, and by a desperate struggle regained his feet and plunged headlong down the steep hillside, but in an instant Grip had him by the throat and succeeded in stopping him within fifty yards. We soon had him in a condition to pack; and arriving at the wagon without further adventure we reached Lakeport about dusk, much to the satisfaction of B., the dusk part I mean, who instantly disappeared in the nearest clothing store, side-tracking from there to a barber's shop, from which he emerged gotten up in style that would have passed muster on Market street.

My story is now nearly told. Warm as the weather was we determined to take the horns of the spike-buck home to our families, which we succeeded in doing by placing them in flour sacks and hanging them up in the stage and cars, reaching the city with them in good order the next evening. While we had not exterminated deer in that section, having killed only four and shot at about twenty, we returned in excellent heath and spirits, and with pleasant memories of the trip for many days to come. B., it is true, had a touch of pathos in his voice and a far away look in his eyes whenever he spoke of the big buck of High Valley, but that was to be expected and was certainly pardonable. One of the most remarkable features of that region was the perfect exemption we enjoyed from all kinds of insect pests, neither of us receiving a bite from anything of the kind during our stay in the mountains.

I cannot refrain from saying a word about the people we met there. The treatment we received at their hands both in Lakeport and High Valley was of the most friendly character, and the many unsolicited and unexpected favors of which we were the recipients, always bestowed in the most unostentatious manner, incline me to place them among the most hospitable people I have ever met.

FORKED DEER.

EAST OAKLAND, Cal.

Natural History.

SNAKES AND THEIR YOUNG.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It is asserted by residents of the Rocky Mountain regions that mountain lions climb trees. I have never seen a mountain lion climb a tree. But have not I as much right to say "it is a mistake," mountain lions do not climb trees, as has Mr. Starkweather to assert, then, because he has never seen the act. young snakes do not take refuge in the stomach of their mother?

The largest portion of my life of forty years has been passed out of doors, in the fields and on the broad plains of Iowa, with dog and gun, by the sides of her streams, and in the forests lining the banks of her creeks and rivers, beginning at a time when the home of the farmer was the exception and not the rule. I also spent several years on a prairie farm in this goodly State, at a time when the prairies, the fields and the sloughs and streams abounded in snakes of all varieties and species. Familiarity with them bred a contempt and roused a desire to know something of them, their ways, their habits, likes and dislikes, their fears and confidences. Consequently I improved every opportunity to observe them, and soon came to handle all the fangless species. Had I seen but once the brood of young snakes take the way to fancied security through the mouth of the parent I would willingly admit my liability to be mistaken, but it is a performance that I have witnessed time and again.

The first time I observed the operation I was uncertain as to where the little streaks of snake had gone, because although I was sure they had taken refuge inside their mother, she took herself into a hole in the ground before I had opportunity to satisfy myself that I could believe the evidence of my own senses, as I knew the said evidence was sometimes defective. It was not long afterward that I witnessed the same grand entry again, and in this case captured and killed the parent and found in her more than twenty-five little reptiles. I have been close enough to the actors in this little side show to see the belly of the parent gradually distend as one after another of the infants disappeared down the throat of their harbor of refuge. There is no action on the part of the receptacle of the swarm of wrigglers. She simply opens opens her mouth, and the little snakes glide down her throat with apparently as little effort as they would down a hole in the ground.

It is Mr. Starkweather, not Miss Wolcott, who is mistaken. I have seen both watersnakes and gartersnakes perform this action, but never saw any other variety do it.

DUPONT.

IOWA CITY, Iowa.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have read with great pleasure and interest in your valuable paper the pros and cons of "Snake Swallowing Young," and though not a reptologist nor an expert in names, genera, species, etc., I take the liberty to contribute my mite in regard to facts. Some ten years ago I came suddenly on one of the striped black and yellow snakes, so common in New England, and was very much surprised to see three or four small snakes run down its open mouth. I kept quiet, and the old snake being not especially alarmed, two small heads suddenly appeared at the mother's mouth and tried hard to get away. A year or two after my brother and I came across another snake of the same kind, as I remember, but am not certain. She was very much swollen in the middle, and when about to investigate this, she became alarmed, raised her head, opened her mouth and some small snakes ran in. Disposing of the mother we began to dissect her, when two small snakes came from her mouth and we also found forty other snakes inside in every degree of development, from some almost ready to go off on their own account, to those apparently in embryo. In what part of her anatomy these were I do not pretend to say. That some kind of snakes open their mouths and the young run in there can be no doubt. Whether or not, as Mr. Starkweather says, "there is misconception and misrepresentation about them," in this vicinity all kinds are killed, for the simple reason that they kill so many toads, and one toad is worth many snakes to a farmer. In fact here we have found so many snakes, either with toads inside them or else in the act of swallowing them that we have almost come to the conclusion that toads form their chief food and one will last a snake some time.

STEEL.

OTTERS IN EUROPE AND AMERICA.

THE American who reads the angling and fishcultural literature of Europe cannot fail to notice the frequency of otters in the thickly populated districts of most of the countries which have such a literature, and to wonder why this animal, which is practically extinct in the older settled portions of America, should be a pest in the salmon and trout streams there. Even in the mountainous wilds of the Adirondacks the otter is so rare as to surprise the trapper, and in Maine it is not at all plenty; but the German fishculturists have to contend with this fish-eater and reckon it among their foes which must be guarded against or destroyed. The German papers, especially the *Fischerei Zeilung*, publish weekly accounts of the capture of otters in the preserved streams, and print advertisements of ingenious devices for their capture.

The English *Fishing Gazette* says: "The increase of otters on the streams of the Cleveland and northeast Yorkshire district, and the desire for this kind of pastime has led Sir Charles Legard to set up a pack of otter hounds, and show some sport. The pack has only recently been formed, and so far as it has gone has provided much pleasure already. Last week it paid a visit to the lower waters of the Rye, and the streams running into it, and a bit of exciting work was shown to a large field. Just before reaching the bridge a drag was struck, and the hounds gave mouth. At once some very spirited hunting began. The music of the hounds and horn, and the shouts of the onlookers made the dale very lively for a time, and though the hounds did capitally, and were well handled by the huntsman, the capital fifty minutes up and down stream ended in the fish-poacher eluding his pursuers. The chase had been a hot one, but the otter which was a fine dog one, succeeded in getting into deep water, and by diving hid himself and disappointed his enemies. After this the Rye was hunted to its mouth. The old Derwent was there struck into, but no more sport was seen, and the pack turned homeward, reaching the village of Old Malton about four o'clock. Although the field was much chagrined that a kill could not be chronicled after such a day, they had the satisfaction of knowing that a fine quarry exists for a future day, which anglers will be glad to learn will be shortly." In another issue of the same journal is given a spirited description of an otter hunt in the Border Esk by the Carlisle otter hounds, in which a dog otter of 27lbs. was killed by the hounds after an exciting run and a sharp fight.

In Scotland the "river poacher" is also plenty. A correspondent of the *Hawick News* says that he has fished the Tweed and its tributaries for over sixty years, and he never saw otters so rife as at present. In all broad Scotland a pack of otter hounds does not exist, although otters are plentiful, especially in the southern rivers. If a pack could be got together, there is no doubt but splendid sport of a particulary popular description would be the result.

When it is remembered that these districts are well settled ones, and that in America a pack of otter hounds might range through hundreds of miles of almost primeval forest without striking the trail of an otter, it is evident that there must be a great difference in the habits of the people, for the otter once ranged over all the populous Eastern States of America, and is now found only in the more thinly settled portions, and in the wilds of the northwest and of British America. Here the trapper and the hunter precedes the settler, and the beaver, the otter and the wolf are exterminated, or so thinned out as to be a rarity to the farmer's boy, before the district is at all populous, and the mink and the

muskrat are all the fur-bearing animals left for him as a source of revenue in the winter.

The streams of Great Britain suffer from the otter and salmon poacher, the latter having a knowledge of the ways of the otter to make a successful trapper, and it would seem that the price of fur would be a temptation to him to alternate poaching with trapping. The German poacher, if many exist, is not as enterprising and persistent as the one bred in the British Isles, and in consequence is not as well versed in the ways of the wild animals, and consequently the otter thrives along the salmon streams and invades the ponds of the fishculturist in such numbers as to be a nuisance.

Perhaps the reason why otters are so rare in the settled portions of America may be due to the fact that every boy may roam the country with a gun as soon as he is strong enough to carry one, and no living thing escapes if he can kill it.

THE FOOT OF THE WOODDUCK.—Cold Spring Harbor, N. Y., Sept. 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Any man who has held a live woodduck in his hands knows the scratching power of this semi-arboreal bird, and in the young of a few weeks old this power is intensified by the needle-like sharpness of the nails. A bird of a few hours old will climb up a smooth board 10in. high, for I have repeatedly seen it. My breeding boxes are of rough boards, and, from the hole down, are 8 to 10in. deep, and both the woodducks and the mandarins climb out of them. This season I saw them climb the 10in. base board below the wire netting several times, and from what I have seen I doubt the truth of the theory that the old bird brings the young from the nest on her back. My birds climb out and tumble down, but then the boxes are not more than 2ft. from the ground, while I have seen wild birds nesting at 20ft. or more. I never saw the wild birds come from the nest, and a man might spend a lifetime in the woods and not see it; yet it seems a high fall for a little bird. This is what I started in to say: I have seen woodducks rest on a small wire, grasping it and remaining there for some minutes. When I confined my birds by a lath or picket fence they did not often escape, never by climbing it; but last season I divided an inclosure with a wire netting in order to separate two flocks, and they walked up it, sat on the top as long as they pleased, and dropped on the other side, visiting as often as pleased them. The wire was No. 19, the top selvage was doubled and twisted, and few would think that a duck's foot could grasp it. A hen cannot stand on it, although my tumbler pigeons do, and in future where I use wire netting to confine woodducks there will be a projecting top-rail.—FRED MATHER.

THE SEWELL.—Cleveland, Sept. 29.—In FOREST AND STREAM of 27th inst. is an interesting article by Dr. R. W. Shufeldt, a continuation of the "Rodents," in which he remarks that he has not met with a good illustration of the "sewell" or "showel" of the Nesqually Indians. I would refer him to John Keat Lord's "Naturalist in British Columbia," Vol. I., page 346. Here he will find an excellent cut of the animal with its surroundings, also a good description and life history of this rodent. By the way, how few know the charming writings of Mr. Lord, a bosom friend of the late Frank Buckland; both now are studying nature on some other shore.—DR. E. STERLING.

Game Bag and Gun.

Antelope and Deer of America. By J. D. Caton. Price $2.50. Wing and Glass Ball Shooting with the Rifle. By W. C. Bliss. Price 50 cents. Rifle, Rod and Gun in California. By T. S. Van Dyke. Price $1.50. Shore Birds. Price 50 cents. Woodcraft. By "Nessmuk." Price $1. Trajectories of Hunting Rifles. Price 50 cents. The Still-Hunter. By T. S. Van Dyke. Price $2.

WOODCOCK.

AT this year's early season, about twilight in the evening and for an hour or so after, in the open fields, we heard and saw many pairs of this delightful game bird, uttering its lonely cry, resembling in sound the word *peek, peek, peek, peek.* After calling them four or five times, we have watched them rise from the ground with a twittering noise of wings, loud and distinctly heard at this still hour of the day or evening, and turning round and round in a spiral manner, ascend until they are beyond the reach of hearing, when, if you will retain your position motionless for a space of thirty or forty seconds, the bird will be heard in his passage down again with a *chip, chip, chip, chip, chip* cry, and will presently repeat this spiral ascent in the air and retrace his course to the ground until he alights at nearly the same place from which he took his departure, and thus on. He resumes his plaintive note, *peek, peek, peek, peek, peek,* at intervals of twenty or thirty seconds. After continuing on the ground about two minutes he again ascends. This loving exercise he keeps up for an hour or two during the early spring evenings, after which he is silent for the night.

The birds have thrived well, notwithstanding the past wonderful wet May, and are now at this present writing [June] paying due natural attention to their numerous broods. Methinks I hear a gentle whisper, dear reader, and you ask secretively, where are they to be found? No July murder for you, sir. In nut-brown October we will tell you freely where these cocks of the wood and their broods are to be shot at, and not till then shall living soul know the deep thicket recess haunts of those noble game birds.

A few observations on the woodcock and its habits, the choice between the use of cocker spaniels or springers and pointers and setters in his pursuit, may not be uninteresting to your vast number of young sportsmen. That the woodcock emigrates, or more strictly, migrates, from North to South and *vice versa*, as the temperature of the season changes, is well understood.

When they arrive they generally take up their abodes on the sides of knolls or hillocks, from which intersected springs of water issue. The weather at that season being somewhat inclement and attended more or less with frost through the night and early in the dawn, ere the glint of the genial rays of the morning sun warms the day, the small thickets, contiguous to which are living springs hat keep open not withstanding the cold, frosty night air, are the favorite resorts of this noble game bird.

Worms and insects being his food, his feeding ground at this season is on the verge of warm, springy places not bound by frost, so as to prevent his penetrating with his long bill, with which nature has furnished him to search for this species of provender. It has been said, and supposed by many, that this bird subsists by suction. This erroneous idea may have been imbibed from his "borings," as the holes he makes in soft ground are turned, or from the circumstance of no food being found in his crop or intestines when the bird is opened. When the woodcock thrusts his long bill into the ground and thus comes in contact with small worms or insects, he is enabled by means of his semi-serrated beak to squeeze the dirt out of his mouth and then swallow his food.

It is certainly possible that by boring he may lay hold of and draw from the ground worms and insects, but his general mode of obtaining them and feeding is as follows. Having pierced the ground with his bill and shaken the surrounding earth, all the worms in the immediate vicinity make their way to the surface and are immediately swallowed. This mode of obtaining food may be exemplified by the effect produced by forcing a stick or spade into the ground and moving it about so as to shake the earth; the worms in the vicinity or within the influence of the motion will quickly appear on the surface, manifesting great alarm and eagerness to escape from danger. This has been a common practice with us when desirous of obtaining worms for angling; instinct, no doubt, teaches the woodcock this mode of procuring food. A writer in the tenth volume of the "Annals of Sporting," in the "Ornithological Helps and Habits of Birds," speaking of the woodcock and the manner in which he obtains his food, says: "The eye is not called into use, for, like the mole, they actually feed beneath the surface, and by the sensibility of the instrument which is thrust in the soft earth, not a worm can escape that is within reach. The nerves in the bill, as in that of the duck tribe, are numerous, and highly sensible of discrimination by the touch. A woodcock in our menagerie very soon discovered and drew forth every worm in the ground, which was dug up, to enable it to bore; and worms put into a large garden pot, with earth five or six inches deep, are always cleared by them next morning, without one being left. The enormous quantity of worms these birds eat is scarcely creditable; but really it would be the constant labor of one person to procure such food for two or three woodcocks. * * * The woodcock seems to crush the worm to a jelly as it passes up his bill; and either from this circumstance, or from extraordinary powers of digestion, whatever the bird swallows seems to become almost instantaneously that exquisite table delicacy known by the name of 'trail.' If a woodcock be flushed while feeding, in the very act of swallowing a worm, and be shot at a distance of thirty yards from the spot from whence he ran, the worm will be found changed into a jelly-like substance—the 'trail' we have just mentioned."

Although a woodcock no doubt feeds in the day time, when his place of shelter furnishes a supply, and is so sequestered as to preclude much chance of being disturbed or discovered while moving about in his search for food, yet the periods more appropriated to this purpose are the evening and the early part of the night, together with the morning and a little before the dawn of day up to daybreak. At twilight in the evening he leaves his place of abode and roams over meadows, low soft ground, newly-plowed fields, gardens and grass lawns in search of worms, which at this silent hour come out of their hiding places to partake of the cool air and the refreshing dew of the coming night. It is not supposed he feeds throughout the whole night; having satisfied himself he retires to rest; but at dawn of day is again on the wing, and proceeds in quest of food as early as he can discover it. If the place where he has fed affords him proper shelter he will generally continue there throughout the day, otherwise seek the protection of some cover close at hand. Be this as it may, he always secretes himself before the sun is in full view.

Having thus written our observations of forty-eight years' experience with the nature and habits of woodcock, a few ideas on the selection and choice of dogs to hunt them will not be out of place at this season. A proper strain and breed for the youthful field sportsman to choose lies with either the pointer, the setter or the sprightly spaniel, cocker or springer, in his pursuit of the secluded woodcock—the hermit of the wood. Hence we will now advance a few thoughts in relation to the preference and choice between the pointer, the setter and the spaniel, sometimes called cocker or springers. When used in woodcock shooting it has been our good fortune through many seasons of hunt pleasure to shoot over all three breeds. We have had springing spaniels of our personal importation, breeding and training, that were—

> As good
> As e'er brushed through a cover,
> Or dashed through and hunted a wood.

Sefton pointers and English and Irish setters we have bred and broken, and have been in possession of numbers as high-mettled as ever ranged o'er stubble or quail plain, and as staunch as ever came to point; and to the Irish setter a decided preference is due in the pursuit of all different game birds except woodcock. But the question before us, and now in hand, is to which the choice is to be given for woodcock shooting. We will preface our reply to this question with the supposition that all are well broken, of good true breed and under the most perfect command.

This granted, we confidently and unhesitatingly select the cocker or springing spaniel as undubitably qualified to show and give most sport in close cover hunting. He is more industrious, searching every bush and skunk cabbage, and every hiding place a cock bird would be likely to seek and retreat to. The cocker spaniel's diminutive size and thick coat of hair combined enable him to crawl through thickets and under briers which neither setter nor pointer well can or will encounter. Besides his mode of examining the ground is more minute on his search for game. With his nose down and incessantly at work, nothing lying within the compass of his beat can well escape his wonderful vigilance. The pointer and setter, whose modes of hunting over cleared open grounds or fields, or by beating through cover, are similar, travel with longer stride and more rapidity; they depend more on scenting the bird and drawing on him by the aid of their noses than by minute search and ferreting their game out. If, therefore, it happens to be a bad or close scent lying day, or the birds withhold that odor which enables the dog to wind the cocks at some distance—a faculty which nature in her wisdom has gifted them with to protect their hunted lives—or if it is sultry, with little air, and the dog becomes overheated, he will be liable to pass the bird, and we have known many run over or passed in this way by first-class pointers and setters, while spaniels going over the same ground after them found the birds and gave tongue immediately to a double shot.

The sole advantage to be derived from a pointer or setter—and that alone constitutes his superior worth and gives him any preference over others of his species—is the art of pointing game, drawing and stopping without disturbing it when found until the sportsman approaches sufficiently near to avail himself of taking a shot. This stopping and drawing up, or pointing, is seldom required in woodcock shooting, especially in thick cover, then the object being rather to drive the birds out than to wait for a point; the cover being thick, a dog is little seen, and were he to come to a stand, it would be ten to one that the voice of his master, which is continually employed in encouraging him to force himself through the thicket, would cause him to flush the bird. Thus, that staunchness which constitutes excellence in the open, is really a drawback when hunting the woodcock.

There is, besides, something cheering in the eager note of the cocker spaniel, for they ought all to give tongue, not only when they spring a bird, but when they come upon its scent or track where the cock has run or crept away; this we term questing. When the dog opens with a kind of eager yelp, something between a yelp and a distinct bark, it is time to place your thumb on the cock of your fowling piece, if a hammer gun, and to be ready, for you may next expect to hear the whirring of the bird on wing and the sprightly spaniel in chorus.

There is certainly something more exhilarating in the spaniel's merry little voice than in the still monotony of the setter or dumb staunchness of the pointer.

> "My spaniels ne'er babble, they're under my command,
> Some range at a distance, and some hand in hand;
> When a woodcock they flush, or a partridge they spring,
> With heart-cheering notes how they make the woods ring."

The spaniel is much easier to teach than either pointer or setter, more especially than the latter, which is apt to be wild, and requires continued practice in the field. But you may be told that this wide ranger is not the kind of pointer or setter calculated for woodcock cover shooting, that he ought to be slow, one that will hunt close to hand and range within gunshot, examining every bush and place of concealment carefully, and will stand for an hour on point to his bird if required. But you miss that beautiful bugle call which we get from the cocker spaniel, notifying us to be ready and look sharp as the cock bird crosses the open and says, "Now's your time, shoot!" Your pointer or setter is as dumb at his post at this important crisis as a sentinel awaiting the coming of the guard relief. We admit one exception, and that was the grand and unmatched Sefton liver and white pointer Milo, the property of Uncle Tom (Mr. Thomas Atwater Jerome, of Locust Valley, L. I., then living in this city at the Astor), who many years ago was shot by a miserable scamp in New Jersey, when on this fellow's barnyard dung heap standing a point at quail. This noble dog fell a victim to his grand hunting instincts. A slow toddling setter or pointer may do for a silk-stocking Warwickian sportsman, who would not object to an umbrella in the field, or an old "has been" of '83. Our patience would not keep pace with such slow movement. A beat of two hours in warm weather generally takes the hunt out of a dog of this character. How different our little springing spaniels, all life and animation to the very last.

The close coming October woodcock season reminds me of a hope indulged, if I shall be enabled by its expected arrival, to report the shooting qualities of one of the "100" W. R. Pape new Birmingham exhibition challenge sporting fowling guns, sold at £10 net. None are now to be had as the limit of one hundred was passed upward of a month ago. The gun in all respects is made of the very best material; this good maker of Newcastle-on-Tyne turns out for custom order only. CANONICUS.

NORTH NEW YORK, Sept. 17, Antietam Day, 1888.

WHICH IS MOST SAVORY?

BOSTON, Sept. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have been interested in Dr. Shufeldt's paper in your last issue and in his account of his experience in eating the flesh of the beaver. It brings up an old question often discussed by me with guides and sportsmen around camp-fires in the Maine woods, as to what is the most savory meat found in the forest. The upper lip of the moose is generally accorded this honor, and any one who has eaten it when properly treated by a cook will admit its very high claims. For myself, for a long time I thought nothing could surpass caribou steak or the flesh of the same animal properly corned.

I had, however, heard so much from T. W. Billings, of Brownville, Me., a guide of mine on many a trip, of the excellence of baked beaver that I reserved for it a possible vote in its favor. Billings has been a mighty hunter, having in his day slain hundreds of moose, deer and caribou. As an example of his prowess I will mention that at last accounts his tally of bears numbered seventy-one. Here, therefore, was a man whose opinion ought to be of value, and all the more because his wife has the right knack for cooking game.

On one of our trips we were fortunate enough to kill a good beaver, about three years old, Billings thought, and weighing 45lbs. He has killed them weighing 80, but this one was all I cared to "tote" seven miles, as I did, to our canoe. It was duly stuffed and baked by Mrs. Billings, and I am free to declare that it was a *little* the most toothsome piece of game I remember to have tasted. I should like to hear from those of the fraternity who have eaten beaver what they think of it. May not age and condition of the animal have much to do with its flavor? also, the peculiar trees on the bark of which it has fed? I have often eaten the flesh of the muskrat, and when the animal is young and tender and properly cooked, can pronounce it good, though not to be compared with beaver.

In this particular discussion, if one follows, as to the best meat found in the wilderness, I would exclude, for the time at least, the question of birds and fish.

EBEEME.

SOME MORE BEAR STORIES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Speaking of bears in Oxford county, Maine, reminds me of the daring of a country boy who once killed a good specimen with a shotgun. He lived in the town of Rumford. The incident was some thirty years ago, and as the gentleman is now living, and can vouch for the statement, I may be excused for giving his name. It was Charley Martin, and he tended the rope ferry across the river at Rumford, the ferry which has been looked upon as a novelty by a great many sportsmen who have visited Richardson Lake via the Andover route. Perhaps some of those who read the FOREST AND STREAM may have seen Charley. Well, the bear shooting created a good deal of excitement at the time and people rode in for miles to see the beast. Charley was quite a hero but the shooting was none the less daring and dangerous. Charley's parents lived down the river road a mile or more below the litttle village of Rumford Point. Behind their dwelling there is a very steep hill. It would be called a mountain in a less mountainous part of the country. It was claimed at that time that bears came down that hill in times gone by, and across the intervale in front of the house, for the purpose of crossing to Androscoggin, for there the river is very narrow. How true this may be it is not certain, but at all events this bear came down the mountain, but he did not cross the river. Charley saw the great black fellow lumbering down the hill, and somehow he conceived the idea that he would go through a pair of bars—they call them a pair of bars in that part of the country. The bars were an opening in a stump fence not far from the house Charley ran to the house for the gun, keeping behind the fence as much as possible. The rest of the family were all away from home at the moment. He took the gun, but there was no time to reload it. It had been loaded with shot for crows a few days before. The young fellow crawled with the gun in his hands to the opening in the old stump fence. As he crawled he took the precaution to roll a loose ball into the gun, which, country boy like, he happened to have in his pocket. He reached the opening none too soon, and he had calculated correctly in thinking that the bear would crawl through the bars on his way to the river. The courageous little fellow lay with the gun to his shouder, cocked, and his body completely hidden by one of the great pine stumps of the fence. He had to wait but a moment before the old bear put his forefeet and forward part of his body through between the bars. The bear was not more than six feet from the boy, and somehow he had not seen or scented him. In Charley's own words, "When I saw the spot under the old fellow's foreleg, I pointed the old gun at it and pulled! The old bear tumbled over dead. I jumped up and ran for the house. I never thought till afterward what would have happened to me if the old gun had missed fire. I only thought of shooting a bear." The beast was very thin and poor; it was in the month of May. It only weighed some 250 pounds, but the frame was large enough to have weighed 400 or 500 in the fall.

But this is a story of a light bear for Oxford county. One was killed in the same county last season of considerably more weight. It seems that a couple of men somewhere in the town of Albany cut down a "piece of trees" the year before, and, getting what the forest destroyers term "a good burn," they decided to plant the "piece" to corn. They planted the corn in the spring, and after cutting out the weeds in June, they did not go near it again till late in the season. It was some distance into the woods, and one day they decided to visit their cornfield. They started off with an axe, and a gun to kill partridges in case they came across any. They reached the cornfield. There had been something of a growth of corn there, but, oh! what havoc! Something had torn it down, trampled on it, and eaten off all the ears! It did not take long to find out the cause. They soon started an old bear from his siesta under the shade of the fence. A bear, but, oh, so fat! He could run no more than Barnum's hippopotamus. Indeed, he actually fell down and whined when he saw that he was to be hard pushed by the men. The one with the gun was about to shoot him, when the other suggested that it would be something to kill a bear with an axe, and accordingly they approached the beast and beat out his brains with the axe. He weighed all that a bear should weigh that has had a field of sweet new corn to feed in to his satisfaction. Such is the story that I hear. I cannot vouch for the truth of it, as I can for the light bear shot by the boy. But it is certain that bears are really plenty in Maine, and there is a chance for the sportsman of courage there. But the coward, who must have a helpless deer driven by dogs into the water for him to shoot, had better not try bear hunting in Maine. The bear might show fight

SPECIAL.

Editor Forest and Stream:

While Martin Murphy and Michael Fitzgibon were fishin Bass Lake (a beautiful sheet of water in Hastings county, Ont.,) they were surprised at seeing a large black bear swimming in close proximity to their canoe. Having no other arms than their fishing poles, which, however, differed very much in weight from these rods generally used, they attacked bruin vigorously, belaboring him over the head until he was apparently either dead or "knocked out." They then proceeded to drag him into the canoe, which was no easy task, even though the boat was much larger than usual. The work was nearly completed when bruin himself came to their assistance and pulled himself into the canoe. In the panic which followed the canoe upset, precipitating all three into the water. Fitzgibon had had enough of the sport and started swimming for the shore, but Murphy climbed on one end of the upset canoe, the bear immediately taking possession of the other side. Murphy shook him off, but bruin stayed with him and climbed up again. This operation was repeated three times, and Murphy becoming tired and the bear seeming as fresh as at the beginning of the fight, the man started for the shore after his companion. Mr. Robert Powers, however, heard the hubbub on the lake, and supposing it an ordinary case of an upset came out to Murphy in his canoe without any firearms. On seeing the true state of affairs he returned quickly and borrowed a rifle from Wm. Moore, a lumberman, who was luckily at hand, and killed the bear, which all the time stuck to the canoe. The animal was a large one weighing nearly 250lbs. The body was not fat and the hair very inferior in quality.

W R. W.

ONE GOOD MAN GONE WRONG.

IN the last issue of FOREST AND STREAM, under the caption of "Two Good Men Gone Wrong," reference was made to a certain fish story, located on the grounds of the "Kankakee Cattle Co.," and vouched for by two respected sportsmen of this city, to wit, Mr. A. Montgomery Ward and Mr. E. C. Cook. The story, as told by both these gentlemen, with a singular fidelity to a common standard, stated that fully one hundred fine pickerel had jumped into their boat as they were paddling along a channel of the marsh. There recountal was met with great surprise and regret by their friends, as both gentlemen have always borne a high reputation in this city for allegiance to scrupulous exactness of statement; there was some rejoicing, therefore, when, owing to a failure to agree upon a certain other point, these gentlemen disagreed as to the details of the fish story, and allowed its otherwise finished and monumental character to be assailed with the suspicion of a doubt.

The point of disagreement was the question whether it



was Mr. Ward or Mr. Cook who took the header of out the boat on this same shooting trip. Mr. Cook says it was Mr. Ward who took the header, and Mr. Ward says it was Mr. Cook.

In all such matters as these, it is the aim of FOREST AND STREAM to get to the bottom. By reference to the above engravings it may be seen that it was also the aim of the gentleman who took the header to get to the bottom. The originals of the pictures were secured by a



FOREST AND STREAM artist, who was concealed in the grass near by, and who is not visible in the picture. As may be supposed, the artist, being entirely unprejudiced on either side, and anxious, like the submerged gentleman, only to get to the bottom, would state things exactly as they occured.

While the artist is not personally acquainted with either of the gentlemen in question, he is told that he has fallen upon a very palpable likeness in his portrait of each. He is also assured that the gentleman who in the first cut is shown standing erect in the graceful picturesque attitude, is none other than Mr. Cook, and that the gentleman who in both cuts is shown as comfortably seated in his boat is nobody but Mr. Ward. The artist does not know as to that, his sole business being to be true to detail; but if such should indeed be the case, there would seem to be little room left to doubt that it was Mr. Cook who took the header, and Mr. Ward who did not. Common report, also, would seem to bear out this supposition. For instance, Mr. Cook is mentioned as a man of methodical habits and a painstaking disposition. The gentleman in the second cut displays such traits in the careful manner in which he has inserted his gun muzzle downward into the mud. Mr. Cook's well-known humane habits are also shown by the generous manner in which he offers a part of the bottom of his boot to his dog, who seems to be laboring under fear of a strong order. Mr. Cook, as may be seen by reference to the engraving, is of a retiring disposition. He has, in fact, retired entirely from view. If the artist has done him any injustice in the details of the second drawing, wherein he is represented as hardly able to speak for himself, it is hoped that he will eventually rise and explain. He can, perhaps, do this better than the artist, and better than FOREST AND STREAM, for it would seem that, so far from a mere intention he has actually carried out his evident determination to "get to the bottom of things."

H.

CHICAGO.

DROP OF STOCK.

CHARLESTOWN, N. H.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I received a day or two since a number of FOREST AND STREAM of July 27, 1887, marked on the wrapper "sample copy," for which I am much obliged to somebody. It was a good number, although I do not think any better than the one for Sept. 20, 1888, which I have just finished reading, and if it came from your office you must have "a new hand at the bellows," in the clerical department to think that I needed a specimen number of my old friend and favorite. However, that was not what I took up my pen for, which was to fully indorse the letter of "Wells" in the last number just referred to, on the drop of gun stocks.

"Wells" is perfectly correct, and a drop of 3 to 3½in. will suit the average shooter far better than a less one, so far as my knowledge of guns and anatomy goes. I have an old English double 12-gauge, which I have used for forty years, and although I have killed what would be a "pile of game" with it, if it were all together, I have missed another by shooting over, and the drop of stock is 2¾in. I laid it aside twenty years ago for that reason and took to a more crooked stock, with which I could get a quicker and surer aim.

I keep the old gun for the good it has done, muzzle-loader though it be, for I do not expect to ever use it much more, and it is a deadly weapon, when I can get time to screw my head down so as to look straight along the barrels.

I have seen a flock of plover drop a foot in their flight as the shot whistled over them, when I have fired a quick shot at a flock coming by me from the rear when shooting on Plum Island, and many a gray squirrel have I brought down, without a shot mark except in the head and throat, when I have fired as they stopped for a second in a rapid race up a tree. The most perfectly fitting gun I ever shot—and I have shot a good many—was a 14-gauge, 3½in. drop; and were I to order a new gun to day I should go back to those dimensions. I never believed in what Frank Forester called "cannon" for ordinary game shooting, neither do I believe a 16 or 20 gauge large enough for average game, including ruffed grouse, ducks and gray squirrels, for I think a gray squirrel game, although Frank Forester did not, and I know "Iron Ramrod" will support me in saying that it requires some woodcraft, as well as some "gumption," to successfully circumvent the wary and nimble climbers; and what makes a better dinner than a squirrel stew or pie?

With such a gun as I have just mentioned, 28in. barrels and not over 7lbs. in weight, with 2½drs. of powder and an ounce of shot, a cardboard and a ¼in. felt wad on

the powder and a cardboard on the shot, the latter to vary according to the special game looked for, but well averaged generally by No 6 or No. 8, I should feel well equipped for any ordinary upland shooting east of the Missi-sippi.

Ruffed grouse are reported plenty; have not been out myself, but a friend shot three last Tuesday and four on Thursday, without a dog. VON W.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 27.—Mr. John H. Taylor, of the big Suggs Bros.' ranch in the Kiowa and Comanche country, I. T., is in this city on a visit. He reports game below Fort Sill in good numbers. The boys on the ranch have killed twelve wildcats and a number of coons with their greyhounds this fall. Cattle are doing well on this big ranch, which is fifty by twenty miles in extent, and a game preserve of itself. The cattlemen do not favor hunting parties.

There will be good deer shooting this fall, it is thought, near Crivitz, Wis., about twelve miles above Jim Plush's house on Thunder Lake. Numbers of deer have been seen in that vicinity by late fishing parties, and the locality is a favorite one yearly with some parties from this point.

Mr. Roll Organ, president of the Maksawba Club, is at this writing absent at the grounds on the Kankakee. Conflicting reports come up that the marshes are very low and dry this fall.

Mr. William Mussy, of the Maksawbas, bagged thirty jack snipe and six ducks last Friday on the Kankakee. The ducks are not in yet.

Sometime in the first of November a party will leave this city for a grand hunt in the Indian Territory. The party will be in charge of Mr. F. P. Taylor, so long known in Chicago sportsman circles, and the membership will consist of Mr. Taylor, Messrs. John and William Haskell, R. Clark and Henry Sloan. Mr. Taylor makes this trip every fall, visiting his cattle interests in the Kiowa Comanche country, where also his son is located. The party will hunt on the North and South Canadian and on the Wachita, thence to Fort Sill. They will be in over two months, and cannot fail of success, as they will be thoroughly posted as to the habits and range of the local game. They will be able to kill all the deer and turkeys they want, and ducks and geese, quail and other small game are very plentiful also. Turkeys are often killed in that country by moonlight shooting from the roost, the dense cover of the black-jacks making it almost impossible to come up with them otherwise. The party will have good ranch greyhounds at their disposal if they wish to try coursing, and in short will be able to follow almost every line of sport one could wish. For pleasant and easy surroundings, and for practical result, the Indian Nations are to-day the best hunting grounds left in the country. The necessarily limited number of this party shuts out many envious sportsmen who would like to go along.

It is not generally known that the genuine Egyptian lotus is found in America. Such, however, is the case. Only two localities are known to furnish it, and both of those are near Chicago. Grass Lake, of the Fox Lake district, has a body of nearly two hundred acres of this singular and beautiful plant; and there is another locality in the Tolleston marsh, in Indiana, which is covered with it. The leaf is perfectly round, and is supported at some distance above the water on a long round stem. The leaf is as large around as one's hat, and when water is poured upon it it resembles liquid quicksilver. The large flower is bright yellow in color, not unlike the yellow water lily, and is a beautiful sight when thus seen massed in large banks. Only a few sportsmen here know this land of the lotus, and that it should be located near this decidely un-lotus eating community, seems one of nature's attempts to keep up the average.

SEPT. 29.—Reports to me from Kansas say the advance guard of the fall flight of geese (Hutchins and snowy) is making its appearance along the Arkansas. The boys are getting ready.

Several members of the Kankakee Cattle Company—which is only a duck shooting club of large and wealthy membership—leave to-day for the club house and will try for the ducks, which, it is hoped, the late raw weather will have started down.

Retired market-shooters blush with envy of Lord Walsingham, of England, who on Aug. 20 killed 1,058 grouse on his own moor in thirteen hours' shooting, assisted by forty drivers to round up the birds for him. He could get long backers here for a rapidity extermination match or for a persistent butchery medal. He can shoot pretty well. He doesn't get tired of shooting. He is a great man.

A telegram received to-day (Sept. 29) from English Lake, Indiana, says that the ducks are flying well. Numbers of jacksnipe are in the market, mostly from Indiana. A fine bunch of woodcock displayed by a game dealer were said to have come from Indiana. Game dealers deny that any regular flight is coming down as yet. They say the ducks are much scattered. E. H.

CONNECTICUT FARMERS AND SPORTSMEN.—Westchester, Conn., Sept. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I would like to inform Mr. A. C. Collins that Mr. F. L. Carrier, who sent out the card asking farmers to enforce the trespass law, is not the Westchester station agent, but is one of our oldest residents and largest land owners. The farms in this vicinity are all posted, and the trespass law will be enforced. The Westchester game will be protected.—WESTCHESTER FARMER.

CADIZ, O., Sept. 24.—Quail and rabbits are very plentiful here this fall, and the birds are well grown and strong, the coveys being large. Have had several fine runs after the cotton tails, getting the dogs in good shape for the open season. My beagles never did better, and can make "Mollie" go to earth in short order.—S. C. G.

THE MEGANTIC CLUB.—Messrs. Geo. McAleer and W. R. Albertson, the Worcester members of the Megantic Fish and Game Club, have returned. They were present and took part in the dedication of the club house at Spider Lake. The club house, which has just been erected, is a commodious structure, three stories high, capable of accommodating seventy-five or more guests at one time. It is in charge of a steward and stewardess, Mr. and Mrs. Howe, from Boston, who cater very acceptably to the wants of the members of the club. This club as owner and lessee, controls nearly 80,000 acres of territory in the province of Quebec and State of Maine, which constitutes without doubt the best territory for a fish and game preserve in the eastern country, including the famous Spider River, Arnold Pond, Massachusetts Bog, Crosby Pond and Hathan Bog. It holds a charter from the Dominion government, and is organized under the laws of Maine, with a capitalized stock of $35,000 and a membership limited to 500, which is rapidly filling up. The territory of the club is patrolled by game wardens, who are not slow in bringing transgressors to justice. Messrs. McAleer and Albertson report trout, deer and moose in abundance, with better prospects in the future. A party, consisting of Messrs. Brown, Hale and Barry of Boston, and McAleer of this city, in charge of two guides, proceeded up the Spider River in two canoes abreast, Tuesday evening, and when not more than two miles from the club house came upon two deer feeding on the lily pads. Under the skillful management of the guides, with the aid of a jack in the bow of each canoe, they were enabled to enjoy the beautiful sight for some time, when the deer took to their heels and disappeared in the dense thicket. The party were within five rods of them, but it being close season until Oct. 1, they did not carry arms, although at a later date the Worcester members are determined to get a shot.

A SHOCKING FATALITY.—Burlington, Vt., Sept. 24.—On Tuesday, 18th inst., Mr. John Van Sicklen, of this city, accompanied by Mr. A. L. Wright, a commercial man of the firm of Wright & Sawyer, of Boston, left here in a 12ft. canoe for a few days' duck shooting at one of the gun club's stands on certain leased lands north of this city. With a good stiff south wind they proceeded contrary to the premonitions of Wright, and when out about five miles or near the mouth of the Winooski or Onion River, the well known shooting ground, it is conjectured that one of them shot at a passing flock of ducks, the recoil of the gun of course overturning the cranky, overladen canoe, putting both men in the water. Wright's body was found Wednesday night about one mile north, whither it had drifted, being entangled with fish lines attached to the boat, which was but a few feet away. The body of Van Sicklen was found by two Frenchmen who live on Colchester Point this afternoon. There were no rubber boots on the body, and it is reported he had a piece of rope on one foot, indicating that he had tried to drag the boat ashore, as he was a powerful fellow with the grit of a bulldog. He undoubtedly exhausted himself in getting off his heavy boots in the water. Mr. Van Sicklen was of the firm of Van Sicklen & Spaulding, the largest wholesale house in groceries and provisions in the north; he was a young man of sterling qualities and the most enterprising business man of the city, and his loss is deeply mourned by all.—S.

THOSE TOMPKINS COUNTY WOODCOCK.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* "A slanderer" is not an extremely pleasant term to have clinging to one's person these amber autumn days, yet Dr. Morris came pretty near to hurling that epithet at me through the columns of FOREST AND STREAM last week. I have not, as the Doctor intimates, a personal acquaintance with Dr. K. or himself. At the same time, I should consider myself an altogether scurrilous sort of an individual to fling an untruth more willingly into the face of a stranger than across the path of a steadfast companion. I have heard too many clever words spoken in behalf of Morris, Kirkendall and the other good fellows who pass their leisure hours on the wooded slopes of this favored hill country, to attempt, if I were so inclined, to put them in a false position before the public. My information of Sept. 20 concerning the woodcock incident of Aug. 1, came to me from a farmer through the medium of an intimate friend. If the statement was fiction instead of facts, as it now appears, the communicative countryman has simply practiced an imposition that has reduced me, after ever so many years of contact with ozone and exercise, to the deucedly uncomfortable position of having to submit to a doctor's treatment.—M. C. H. (Tompkins county, N. Y.).

CONNECTICUT LAW ENFORCEMENT.—Hartford, Conn., Sept. 29.—If "Game Warden," of Thomaston, Conn., will inform our association, over his own name, and furnish the name of the party who shoots out of season at Meriden, we will find out what foundation there is to the charge named in the FOREST AND STREAM of the 27th inst. We have three more violators of our game laws in trouble, two parties in Ashford and one in Eastford, Conn. They will have their trials early next week. One of the parties is a dog trainer named A. S. Weeks, of Ashford, Conn. Any one having any evidence of any violation of our game laws should send it here. We have organized to enforce the laws and for no other purpose. Sportsmen and farmers ought to aid us.—A. C. COLLINS (Pres. Connecticut Association of Farmers and Sportsmen for the Protection of Game and Fish).

BOZEMAN, Mont., Sept. 21.—Maj. H. A. Pease started from this place on the evening of the 19th inst. in pursuit of large game, under the able guidance of Ira Dodge, and returned the following evening, having killed a fine six-point elk and several grouse. Bear and mule deer signs were quite plentiful, but as the major had to return in order to save the meat, all other game was allowed to roam at will. In justice to the friends of small-bored rifles I will say that the above elk was killed with a .32-40 Ballard, and the little 185gr. bullet proved to be quite effective.—BEAR HUNTER.

THE FISHER'S ISLAND SPORTSMEN'S CLUB has been incorporated. It proposes to secure the exclusive right to shoot and fish at the island and to stock it with game. The trustees are Edwin N. Holbrook, William H. Schieffelin, Philips Phoenix, James H. Dunham and William J. Ketcham.

ONTARIO GAME LAW.

THE latest amendments to the Ontario law respecting large game are as follows: 51 Victoria, Chap. 36. Province of Ontario. An Act to amend the Act for the protection of game and fur bearing animals. (Extract). 1. Section 1 of the Act for the protection of game and fur-bearing animals is hereby amended by omitting therefrom the word "deer, elk, moose, reindeer or caribou between the 15th day of December and the 15th day of October," and inserting instead thereof the words following: "Deer, elk, moose, reindeer or caribou between the 20th day of November and the 15th day of October; but the period hereinbefore limited shall not, as to moose, elk, reindeer and caribou, apply before or until the 15th day of October, 1895, and no moose, elk, reindeer or caribou shall be hunted, taken or killed between the 1st day of April, 1888, and the 15th day of October, 1895.

2. The said Act is hereby amended by adding after the word "act," where it lastly occurs in said Section, the words "and where no other penalty therefore is by this Act provided."

3. The said Act is hereby further amended by adding thereto the following as sections 16, 17, 18, 19, 20 and 21 of the said Act:

16. No person shall prior to the year 1895 hunt, take or kill any deer, unless such person has been actually resident and domiciled within the Province of Ontario or within the Province of Quebec for a period of at least three months next before the said time, and any person offending against this section shall be liable to a fine not exceeding $20, nor less than $10, with costs of the prosecution, for each animal so hunted, taken or killed, and in default of immediate payment of said fine and costs shall be liable to be imprisoned in the common goal of the county or district wherein the offence was committed, for a period not exceeding three months: Provided always that this section shall not apply to any person who, being a shareholder of or in an incorporated company, hunts, kills or takes on the land of such company, any of the animals mentioned in this section; Provided, moreover, that this section shall not apply to any person in any year for which he has obtained from the Commissioner of Crown Lands a permit to hunt, kill or take any of the animals in this section mentioned, and the Commissioner of Crown Lands is hereby authorized to grant and issue such a permit upon payment therefor of a fee of $10 for each year during which the same is to be in force, and upon being satisfied that the person applying for the permit may be relied upon to observe and comply with the other provisions of this Act.

17. No one person shall, during any one year prior to the year 1895, kill or take alive more than five deer; and no two persons hunting together or from one camp or place of rendezvous, or forming or being what is commonly known as a hunting party shall, in any one year prior to the year 1895, kill or take alive more than eight deer; and no three or more persons hunting together or from one camp or place of rendezvous, or forming or being what is commonly known as a hunting party shall, in any one year prior to the year 1895, kill or take alive more than twelve deer, and any person offending against this section shall be liable to a fine not exceeding $20 nor less than $5, with costs of the prosecution, for each deer beyond or exceeding the number so permitted to be killed or taken as aforesaid, and in default of immediate payment of such fine and costs shall be liable to be imprisoned in the common jail of the county or district within which the offense was committed for a period not exceeding three months.

"WILD FOWL SHOOTING."

A NEW book on wildfowl has just come from the press. It is written by Mr. W. B. Leffingwell, who has contributed many acceptable papers to sportsmen's journals on his favorite theme.

The present volume is a substantial book of 373 pages, handsomely bound and with fourteen illustrations. The chapters treat of the several varieties of wildfowl, their resorts, habits, flights, and the successful methods of their pursuit; the selection of guns loading, decoys, blinds, boats, retrievers, and all the allied branches, appurtenances and "fine points" of the pursuit. We reserve for another time a fuller and more adequate notice of the work. (For sale by the Forest and Stream Pub. Co. Price, bound in half-morocco, $3.50).

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

241.

I HAVE just recalled a good story told by one of the guides who used to accompany Prof. Agassiz when he and his party visited their hunting lodge at Ampersan Pond, in the North Woods. One of the gentlemen, on the way over that wild carry, fell and seriously injured his knee, and it was found necessary to improvise a pair of crutches that he could be able to get about at all. His mishap made him quite nervous and restless, for fear that he might not be able to get back over the mountain; and this being his first experience in the woods, all sorts of imaginary things came into his head. He walked out one evening a short distance to enjoy the beautiful moonlight, while the rest of the party were engaged at a game of cards. All of a sudden a push aud a bang came against the door, as of some one in mortal haste, when the door flew open and a pair of crutches came half across the room, followed by the crippled huntsman, who shouted at the top of his voice, "Panther!" Every gun was in requisition in a moment, and I believe our hunter was sorely in need of a little brandy and water, as the party sallied out to perform deeds of courage and daring. A very careful search was made in the direction pointed out by our nervous friend, who followed very cautiously in the rear, when an unearthly cry rang out into the stilly night. "There he is right overhead," he exclaimed, when one of the guides shouted out, "Why, it's nothing but an old hoot owl." Our friend did not hear the last of the panther for some time. C. H.

Sea and River Fishing.

LARGE MASKINONGE IN CANADA.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Under the above heading you have copied from one of our local journals some notes of the great catches of maskinonge which have been made within the past five weeks at Mosquito Bay, near this city. Necessarily, however, but a small modicum of the facts in relation to this lately discovered paradise was given in your columns. Permit me, then, for the benefit of the lovers of the "gentle art," to give a few details as briefly as may be. Mosquito Bay is situated three miles east of Belleville, and is an offshoot of Big Bay, which is a portion of the Bay of Quinte. It extends in a direction a little to the westward of south for about four miles, and terminates in a marsh which is several miles in length. Its greatest width is about three miles, and it extends to perhaps half a mile less near its head. The maskinonge are found principally some two miles or thereabouts down the bay, the depth of water in which varies from 20ft. to 8ft. It is, it will be seen, a large sheet of water, and is open to winds from all directions, but east and northeast winds are felt to the greatest extent. At Massassaga Point, less than a mile from the mouth of the bay, is a summer hotel, and on Big Island are farmhouses where visitors can be accommodated.

The number of maskinonge taken in this bay since its discovery as their habitat, some five weeks ago, is upward of one hundred. Deducting Sundays and days

when fishing was prevented by high winds, which were unusually numerous during August, and the number taken will average four per day. The size, as well as the number of the fish, has been remarkable. The heaviest was a 51-pounder, and others weighed 40½, 39, 38, 37½, 32 and 30lbs., and so on, a very few of those taken being under 15lbs. To afford you ocular demonstration, so far as a photograph will do so, I send herewith a representation of Mr. Joseph D. Clarke of this city, and his nephew, Master F. Wallbridge, with their string, which was taken in a day and a half with the troll. The largest measured 54in. by 24½in. and weighed 39lbs. The weight of the five fish was 138lbs.

I may add that pike are numerous and large in Mosquito Bay, that black bass are also to be had there in considerable numbers, and that sheepshead are occasionally caught. R. S. Bell.

Belleville, Ont.

SWORDFISHING OFF BLOCK ISLAND.

It was a new experience for your correspondent to go swordfishing; to step out of his birch bark canoe and walk the gang plank of this little black propeller; to lay down his bamboo rod with its silken line for the heavy harpoon and its hundred fathoms of hempen rope. I am sure our experiences are the more sharply cut and made to stand out the more by comparison and by contrast. The pattering of the rain upon the roof sounds pleasantly as from cosy shelter by the fireplace we listen to the driving storm outside; "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land" is the more grateful as we look back, adown the rugged path we have climbed while the hot sun beat against the mountain's side; it is sad to look into the beggar's face who for fifty years has sat by the wayside, blind, deaf and dumb, while across the salt meadows comes the merry laugh of the bathers.

As I sat on the deck my thoughts flew far away. With the swell of the ocean came the remembrance of the quiet, still lakes far off in the Canada woods. Here, across the billows I could see their rugged outline as it seemed to cut into the blue sky and the ragged edge of the hazy curtain shut out all beyond. I remembered how from some tall mountain I had looked across the hills that rose like waves of green, one beyond the other, and had watched the clouds as they lifted themselves from some great valley beyond and like white sails floated quietly out of sight. The fretting tide as it crawled up among the great boulders was in strong contrast with the spring that bubbled out of the white sand close beside our camp, now deserted. Here, the roar of the surf; there, the song of the winds in the balsam trees. There, the still water reflected the white birches along the shore until they looked like coral branches; here, the black rocks shook their matted coats of seaweed as the great waves struck them.

"Keep a sharp look out now," was the cry that woke me from my revery. We had reached the fishing ground, twelve miles out at sea. All eyes were scanning the water, trying to get the first sight of the black fluke or fin of the swordfish, for to the lucky one went the sword if the prize were secured. A few moments and I saw the tip of a sharp black fin cutting the crest of a wave.

"There he goes!" I call out.

Henry, from his seat in the "crow's nest," asks "where?"

"Right youder! There he is!"

"Hard aport!"

As the little steamer swings round, "Come on, R.," calls the captain, and as he runs by me with his harpoon and crawls out to the "pulpit" on the bowsprit, "come on and have a shot." But the rough sea that sometimes made the boat dip its prow in the waves told me that a landsman had better stay where he was. Slowly the great fish moves along, like a water-soaked log, just beneath the surface. Henry, from his lookout, by his calls to the helmsman, skillfully guides the boat until the fish crosses her bows; a quick, savage thrust is made, and the water is red with blood. Down, down he goes, and the rope runs out fathom after fathom, so swiftly that the rail smokes where it crosses. Soon the last coil is reached, and overboard goes the buoy. From the deck we watch it as the angry fish drags it through the water. Henry from his lookout sees that the game is tiring out; and hurrying down he jumps into his boat and pulls for the buoy; he draws it in and takes in a few feet of the line, when the fish feels the sting of the harpoon and with new life starts off. Henry holds on, and a lively race it is as the strong fish drags him along. Close behind follows the steamer, dashing the water from her bows as she plows through the waves. A two hours' fight follows, and then the ship's blocks lift him on the deck; 400lbs. he weighed. As I write this story, from my office wall the great empty eye sockets of the monster look down on me, and close beside them hangs the sword, nicked and scarred, perhaps in some fight with a "foe that was worthy of his steel." This one was the largest and hardest fighter of the three we took that day.

The little steamer's head was turned toward home, and soon Block Island arose from out the sea. South Light, standing on those high clay bluffs, in the dark night flashed out its warning light fifteen miles across the water. As we came in, from the southeast we saw a great bank of fog moving toward the island; soon it reached the shore and pushed itself up the cliff, burying the lighthouse in its folds; and then we heard the great fog horn sounding out its warning. The wind carried the fog so that but part of the island was covered; half was in the bright sunshine, half was hidden by the heavy mist, until it moved off toward the mainland, leaving here and there trailing on the hillsides little fragments of clouds like wool caught on the brambles. Soon we came to anchor inside the breakwater, and as the sun went down and the shadows settled on the ocean, the fleet of fishing vessels ran up their lights; the rocking waves made them move like fireflies on the meadows; the crescent moon hung out her lamp in the eastern sky, and all was still save the moaning of the sea.

I took several strolls across this quaint land. Scattered over the fields were great granite boulders; at the foot of the high clay cliffs they lay where they had rolled as the storm washed the earth away and the waves little by little had undermined their resting place. No "bed rock" showed itself anywhere. The breakwater is built entirely of stone quarried in the hills on the mainland, and is brought over in vessels. No forest trees are to be seen; around some of their homes the farmers have planted a few fruit trees, but I saw no sign of blossom or fruit; the winter gales must shake all good intentions out of their twisted branches and the salt winds suck up all sweetness from their sap. The island is dotted here and there with little fresh-water lakes, many of them 100ft. above the level of the sea. From Beacon Hill they looked like pearls in an emerald setting. From this point far to the south I could see Montauk Light; on the main land, Watch Hill and Point Judith; to the north—too hazy that morning to be seen—loomed up Gay's Head; to the east, the great waste of water. As the western sky flashed his light aslant the water I turned homeward. On my journey back, thankful for all the beauties of the sky, the sea, and the green fields that my eyes had feasted on; with the song of the robins and the sparrows filling my ears with sweet music, I came to a poor man who "sat by the wayside begging." For over fifty years he had been blind, deaf and dumb; I gave him some money; his aged sister touched him on the shoulder, he lifted his withered hand and drew it across her face that he might know who was beside him; then on his fingers she counted the value of the piece I had given. He turned his sightless eyes toward me, a sad tired smile came over his face, and the shouts of the merry bathers on the beach came over the salt meadows. So our experiences are sometimes cut clear and sharp by contrast. Oh how sad to be shut up alone with oneself. No answering look nor word to hear nor see; with dumb tongue, not to be able to tell your thanks for kindly care; walled in for life; only one barred window open to the world, through which to reach out and feel the face and hand and by that quickened sense to know a friend is near. The weary resting, the tired thoughts that try to recall the bird songs, the whispering winds and the roar of the sea; try to picture the blue sky, the green fields and the white sails that vanished out of sight and were hushed fifty years ago; oh it is sad beyond one's knowing to be shut up alone with oneself.

Spicewood.

Centralia.

THE CHICAGO FISH DISPLAY.

Chicago, Ill.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The most interesting part of the annual exposition, now open here, is the fish exhibit, which is by no means a bad one this year. In the long series of big glass tanks there is a large and small-mouthed black bass, pickerel, sunfish, perch, croppies, and several varieties of small bass, to say nothing of ugly gars, catfish, dogfish, and other uncleanly-looking creatures, which may be of a sweet and affectionate disposition, but certainly are not very pretty to an off-hand observer. Some of the bass run as heavy as 4lbs., and there is a big pike which would weigh, I should think, 10 or 12lbs. There are also some big rainbow trout, and a number of our genuine brook trout. Most of the specimens of these captives, *ferœ naturæ*, are normal in markings and conditions, and, as the transparent tanks display their every motion with perfect clearness, one has here an opportunity to study game fish which he does not obtain when he goes fishing.

The bass and pickerel are mostly presented by Col. Lippincott, and were taken from Fox Lake. The Colonel also has a tank devoted to the exhibition of the fry and small specimens of young game fish.

It so chanced, while I was wandering about the tanks, that the small fry tank, owing to some neglect or unfavorable condition, was proving disastrous to its occupants, about two-thirds of which were dead or dying. No police officer or other guardian appearing, I hastily gathered up a handful of the little fellows and going over to the big tanks I began in a stealthy way to indulge in an amusement which always possessed charms for me—that of feeding game fish. I popped a minnow in front of the big pike, but he only sneezed at it, in a dull, muffled way and declined to rise. A tear trembled in his soft blue eye, as he mused on the difference between his artificial rock grotto and the former bed of lily stems where his fair haired babes were wont to prattle about his knee. He had no appetite, he was so lonesome. Besides, there was a tail or something or other sticking out of his mouth.

I tossed a small dark hackle minnow, with yellow abdomen, into the trout cage, but the trout viewed it with a sarcastic stare which made me hasten away.

Going up to the den of bass I flirted a fine fat minnow over into the tank and gazed innocently up toward the skylight as a policeman came by. When I had opportunity to look at the tank again, there was a vacancy where my offering was lain, and near by lay a green-sided old bass who winked pointedly at me and asked me to do it again.

I did it again, and so did the bass. It was just as easy. The bass would scull along, slow, steady, till within a few inches of the bait, then with a flirt of the tail, which with one motion drove him upon his prey and downward, would seize it, always head first. A fish as long as my finger was swallowed at one gulp. There seemed to be no second effort or second thought about it. The bass does not chew the cud, as does the gloomy pickerel.

In another bass tank the big fellows ranged themselves below my wares, looking at them suspiciously, but making no effort to bite. All at once one unfortunate minnow moved his tail, and in a flash an enterprising bass engulfed him. That was the signal for the others, and in a moment not a minnow remained, while the bass circled round and round in a wild search for more.

I went over to the small fry tank and loaded up again, and soon had the water boiling with the repeated rises of the bass. A crowd gathered about the tank, and, seeing an officer coming, I thought it well to absent myself. It seemed plain, however, that the captive fish showed the peculiarities which mark them in a state of nature. They were suspicious of the presence of man, not eager for a motionless bait, and all anxious to bite if one bit.

Of course things in the Exposition are mighty fine. They have a terra cotta fisherman on the edge of the big fountain lake, who is a good specimen of a fisher in the terra cotta line. The trouble about him was he didn't catch anything, although there were plenty of fish in the lake. This seemed rather hard, so some of us made an examination of his outfit for him, and found out what was the matter with him. He didn't have any hook on his line. "Why, of course you can't expect to catch very many fish, if you haven't got any hook," said some one to him, but the terra cotta man didn't let on that he heard.

After awhile somebody or other, I don't know who, quietly tied a hook on the terra cotta man's line and baited it with a great big minnow. A moment later he had a rousing strike and hooked a big pickerel, which at once had business over by the fountain.

There never was such a fool way of playing a fish as the way that terra cotta man did. He just held on and pulled, and didn't show any more judgment than a wooden man, not a bit. At last the pickerel got tired of it and pulled the terra cotta man square into the lake, and would probably have drowned him if an officer hadn't come along about then and helped him out. There wasn't anybody around that saw the terra cotta man tie the hook on his line. E. Hough.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Chicago, Ill., Sept. 28.—There is no place in the United States which to-day is a better central point for fishing regions than Chicago, and so far from her prospects deteriorating, it looks well as if they would bid fair to brighten under the intelligent action of the authorities who have in charge the interests of the fish supply. Especially noteworthy is the work of the Illinois State Fish Commission, whose methods have attracted the attention and admiration of the National Commission, and are apt to be fruitful of imitation elsewhere. At least, it is to be hoped that such will be the case. It is only a question of a little official common sense or practice against scientific theory. So marked have been the results from the methods of this Commission, followed now, I believe, for several years, that one of our great dailies, usually above mention of any sport other than base ball or racing, has thought the matter quite worthy of editorial comment, and thus refers to it in the course of a sensible and approving editorial:

"All along the valley of the Mississippi, close to the river, are long, shallow lakes and sloughs. These are where once was the old bed of the stream, and every spring, when the bottom lands are overflowed, they are filled from the Mississippi, though in later summer they may become absolutely dry. Countless thousands of fishes get into these shallow places in the spring, are imprisoned, and perish in shoals as the waters disappear later in the season.

"It occurred to Maj. S. C. Bartlett, an active member of the commission, that it was quite as well to save fish as to hatch them, and as a result the perishing fish have been taken in boat loads from their prisons and transported to those points in the State whence have come demands for them. They have been sent in large quantities and have thrived wonderfully. Thus not only has the usual work of a fish commission in the distribution of fish been accomplished, but half or full grown fish have been sent instead of fry, and at the same time a great accidental destruction of fish has been largely averted.

"It is pleasant to find a public commission of any sort where as much intelligence and enterprise is shown in the work as in the conduct of a private business, and where new departures are made with profitable results. Maj. Bartlett has set an example which other officials on other commissions may imitate to advantage, and is doing what will prove of benefit to the people of the State."

Fishing in the Thunder River country has been good during the past season. A party of six Chicago men, Messrs. Arrowsmith, Cribben, F. P. Taylor, Chas. Gammon, George Nye and John Whiting, on the first day of their fishing on the Thunder last August, took four hundred and fifty trout. The Thunder River trout run small, a pound and a quarter being about the largest taken by this party.

Parties from the Oconto country report plenty of sport, and trout running fully up to the average weight of last season in that country.

The whitefish near Bradford, on the C. & N. W., and Trout Lake, near by, have yielded fish larger than the average of Wisconsin and Michigan, running from one and a half to three pounds.

Bishop Beckwith, of Atlanta, Ga., has just reached this city on his return from his visit to Eagle River and Tomahawk Lake, where he interviewed the muscallonge militant with churchly zeal. The largest muscallonge that fell to the good bishop's argument weighed 18lbs. He has often taken larger. Bishop Beckwith visits these Northern waters often, coming up from his Southern home at least once a year and sometimes twice. He is an enthusiastic sportsman, and yesterday was displaying a fine ruffed grouse he had killed on the trip. Other members of the party were Messrs. E. T. Watkins and Jno. N. Jewett. These inform us that the bishop once took on the Nipegon River, Canada, a brook trout which weighed 6½lbs.

Game Warden Wentworth, of Wisconsin, last week arrested three violators of the State fish laws, Fred Boyk, C. Nelson and George Crandall, who on Sept. 19 were found guilty of fishing with nets in Lake Buttes des Morts. These men do nothing for a living except illegal fishing. They appealed the case to the Circuit Court, where it is hoped the rebuke administered will be sufficiently severe.

Mr. John B. Ostell, of Spalding's, who has charge of the fishing line, bewails an absence of personal experience with the finny citizens this summer, as he was too busy helping others get ready to get off himself. There is a Barmecide feast in the fine tackle department of a busy house.

The friends of Mr. John Wigelsworth, of the Union Stock Yards, claim for him the championship of Silver Lake and Twin Lake region of Wisconsin. Mr. Wigelsworth's catch of twenty-five bass in one day is thought the heaviest on record at Silver Lake this summer.

The best bass anglers hereabout declare the split-bamboo rods a failure for bait-casting. The lancewood has rapidly grown in favor this summer.

Sept. 29.—Dr. Perkey, of A. Coulter & Co., goes to Silver Lake to-day for a serious time with the bass of that justly esteemed water. This lake has been steadily fished this summer, but has not often failed to yield tribute to those that "knew how." Chicago is fortunate in having so good a water in so accessible a locality.

Mr. Kuhns, manager of Kuhns' European Hotel, starts

to-day for a little fishing trip to Channel Lake, in the Fox Lake system. He will stop at the well-known hostlery, "Savage's," and will doubtless meet good sport. Fishing in the Fox Lake chain holds on well, and the anglers are holding on well also.

Mr. Thompson, of the Domestic Sewing Machine Company, Mr. Sutherland of the same concern, Mr. Hoge of the First National Bank, and Mr. Tiffany have just returned from a pleasant and successful trip to the Eagle Waters. They report the sport very good, and say they took all they cared for. There were a number of parties in from Chicago. E. H.

TROUT IN MAINE.

CAMP BEMIS, Sept. 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Some fair catches of trout have been made with the fly during the past week on the Mooselucmeguntic Lake. Dr. Geo. Trowbridge, of your city, I understand, took in two days' fishing at Sunken Island (near Student's Island) 49 trout that averaged 1lb. each in weight. No trout come to the Doctor's landing net unless they take the trouble to rise to the surface and take the artificial fly, and all that are not wanted for the table go back into the water.

Messrs. J. R. and J. B. Stebbins, of Little Falls, N. Y., took in two day's fishing near the mouth of Bemis Stream 60 trout that weighed 40lbs. Mr. J. M. Randall, of East Orange, N. J., took one of 1¼lbs., casting from the wharf at Camp Bemis. (Mr. R. is another gentleman who puts back all that are not wanted at once for table use.) Mr. J. L. Pease, of Merrimac, Mass., took one of 3¼lbs. near the same place. Mr. R. M. Parish, of Montville, Conn., took from the pool below the Upper Dam two trout at one cast, one of which tipped the scales at 6lbs. 14oz., the other 2½lbs. Mr. P. was fishing from a boat alone, and worked both rod and landing net, although there was plenty of assistance offered from gentlemen who were fishing near him. The rod that the fish were taken on was a 7oz. split-bamboo, and the flies a brown hackle and a Montreal.

Twelve of the trout taken from this pool this fall by Mr. Fullerton, of Windsor, Vt., weighed 73¼lbs.

Two moose were seen yesterday by Mr. Frank Taylor and wife, of Philadelphia, and guides, as they were crossing from Cupsuptic Lake to Parmachenee.

Sept. 28.—Mr. R. M. Parish of Montville, Conn., took with a fly at Upper Dam, yesterday, one trout of 5½lbs., and to-day one of 4½lbs. F. C. BARKER.

THE CURRENT RIVER REGION.

THERE is no more beautiful stream in the United States than the limpid waters of Current River, Missouri. Fed mostly by springs, some of them of immense size, which, when accessible to travel by rail, will be visited by tourists as world's wonders, pouring over continuous beds of clean, many-colored gravel, or gliding quietly under the shadow of overhanging mountains, through rocky gorges, and now and then among handsome farms, it is well worth a visit to any lover of the picturesque, the grand, the beautiful in nature.

The stream rises mostly in Shannon county, though its watershed extends further north and west. Its rapid fall gave it a name, for the current is swift everywhere, and most of its course is a succession of rapids. This fact makes the lower part of the stream difficult of navigation, although the volume of water is larger than in many well known navigable streams. To the eye unacquainted with this river, it appears to be favorable almost anywhere, but woe be to the stranger who trusts to such appearances if he venture his horse in at any point not marked as a ford, for he will find himself swept swiftly down in the cold crystal waters, and may thank fortune if he escapes merely with a ducking. Many a horse thief has made the effort to ford this stream to avoid passing a ferry where he could be traced, only to lose his life in the cold waves.

Where the water looks to be not exceeding two feet in depth, so pure is it, that the actual depth is five or six feet. A person standing on a slight elevation can see every fish that passes in the river. The river is well stocked with fish. Spearing or "gigging" is at present the favorite method of them. The old citizens often enjoy taking a novice out gigging fish on Current River. They give him a gig with a long handle and soon point him out a fish, which is apparently within easy reach and on the gravelly bottom of the stream. Anxious to make sure of the fish he strikes with all his force. Of course he underestimates the distance, and plunges head foremost into the stream to the intense delight of his companions, who promptly haul him out, a wiser man. The game never grows old.

This stream will soon become stocked with speckled trout, when it will be one of the best streams for fly-fishing in the world. There is scarcely a mile of the channel in Missouri that has not many deep pools with huge rocks jutting out above and rushing rapids leading to them, in fact the banks are a succession of fishing points. As one goes up the stream from Doniphan, he finds the scenery more wild and picturesque as he proceeds. Wide detours through deep cañons have to be made to avoid precipitous banks. Immense forests of sighing pine trees cover the hills while the valleys are filled with a bewildering variety of trees, shrubs and vines, often a very jungle of vegetable growth. In the fall the traveler finds the hillsides covered with vines loaded with wild grapes, many varieties of which are delicious and wholesome.

The practical tourists cannot but observe the wonderful power that is running to waste in this stream, with fall enough and water plenty to develop a thousand horse-power for each two miles of its course; yet it is well to consider the fact that damming this stream is no easy job. One of the peculiar difficulties that would probably be encountered, would be that the dam would rapidly fill with gravel, which would then pour in a constant stream through the wheel. The gravel in the river is mostly of a flinty nature, but one can often in a few minutes' search find most beautiful carnelians and agates of large size, besides many fine specimens of quartz. The upper portion of the stream flows through a country containing many rich deposits of copper ore, while all along it on either side are many veins of iron ore of superior quality.

Tourists who wish to enjoy a delightful trip on this charming river, should go first well up the stream in Shannon county, and take a boat, following or rather floating down to Doniphan or Van Buren, Mo., where the railroads touch it. With a good strong boat and oars, and a steady nerve, there will be plenty to amuse and keep one interested. The Current River hills afford excellent sport in the hunting season, as deer are more abundant than in any other part of the State, and the surrounding country abounds in quail, pheasants and wild turkey. Enough farms will be found to afford refuge from storms that occasionally set in. There are few seriously dangerous passages, many that keep the boatsman in good exercise. Such a trip would be healthful and exhilarating. The time will come when this trip will be very popular, as are the journeys through the wild Adirondacks of New York or the cañons of the Rockies.

GROWTH OF HALIBUT.—The following interesting item is from the *Cape Ann Advertiser*, of Gloucester, Mass.: "Mr. P. Diggins, whose name was found cut on a halibut recently, and who has been absent at the Grand Banks, having seen an account of it in our columns, called upon us last week. He states that he has cut his name on a good many halibut, and this is the first one which there is any account of. This one, which was cut so as to take up the whole side of the fish, weighed at the time about 5lbs., and was cut in 1879. Singular to relate, but nevertheless true, his dorymate, Mr. Heber Cahoon, who was with him at the time when he cut the letters, happened to be the man who discovered and weighed the fish when he was landed, and at once recalled the incident. His weight then was 40lbs., showing that he had gained 35lbs. in nine years. Mr. Diggins is of the opinion that halibut grow much faster than this would indicate, and thinks that the growth of this one was stunted on account of its being cut, which is certainly very probable."

THAT BIG SHARK.—Danielsonville, Conn.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of Sept. 13 appeared an account of a piscatorial adventure of Dr. H. L. Hammond, of Killingly, Conn. The item is correct, but had it detailed more it would have been far more satisfactory to the other members of the party. It is true that friend Hammond was at one end of the line when the shark made known his presence by nibbling at the other end. Equally true is it that this nibbling completely flustered the doctor, and quicker time was never made in visiting a dangerously ill patient than the doctor then made for the stern of the vessel, where during the ceremonies of killing and hauling the shark on board he nervously calculated on the chances of life and death. The fish was a monster, and it took the captain and Mr. George Jencks, of Danielsonville, Conn., a considerable time to despatch it.—H. M. B.

THE TOBIQUE MURDER.

THE trial of the two men, Phillipine and Trafton, charged with the murder of Mrs. Howes, on the Tobique River, reported at the time in these columns, was begun at Andover, New Brunswick, Sept. 25, Judge Wetmore presiding. In his address to the jury the judge said that the charge against the prisoners was of a most serious and aggravated character. The fact that these men had been fired on as a warning to keep away was no justification for this murder. A mistaken form of sympathy for the prisoners has, it seems, arisen in the community among persons who imagine that certain fishing rights and privileges, long enjoyed by the prisoners, had been taken from them and leased to strangers. Government or any other body had a lawful right to lease for a term of years any of the fishing grounds they choose, and when so leased or licensed, no outsider had any authority to go there. When they did go there they were infringing rights of others and were lawfully responsible for their acts. With reference to shots fired at the prisoners just before the fatality, his honor considered that that act was perfectly lawful, the object being solely to frighten off persons who were spearing salmon by lighted flambeaus. Under all the circumstances, his honor stated that they could not return any other indictment than that of murder against the prisoners Phillipine and Trafton.

There is a strong local feeling of sympathy for the accused, supposed in part to be due to pity, and doubtless in part to resentment, that outsiders enjoy the privilege of fishing with sportsmen's apparatus on these waters, while those residents who wish to fish with spears are prevented from doing so. A notion prevails that the natives here have been shut out from fishing waters running through their lands. Attorney-General Blair discussed this feature of the case at great length in his opening speech. He showed that Tobique River fishing was free to riparian land owners who fished in a legal manner. He assured the jury that even if natives had been harshly dealt with by law, they could not take matters into their own hands and fire on fishing parties proceeding down the stream.

In spite of the judge's strong charge to the grand jury, it was understood that the jurors were divided in opinion and that a true bill was only reached by a majority of more than two-thirds of the grand jurors were in favor of a bill for manslaughter only. No bill was found against Day.

The first witness called was Major Howes, whose account of the tragedy did not differ in any material respect from that given before the coroner. On cross-examination, however, he admitted that four shots had been fired by his party on the Saturday evening previous to the murder, to drive the two men, now known to be the prisoners, from the pool. He also said that he supposed the stream to be open to everybody, and although he had asked permission for the first four years of his fishing from John E. Stewart, and for the last year from Mr. Cram as representing the N. B. Railway Company, who are large land owners on the Tobique, he did so merely as an act of courtesy, and that he had fished the stream anywhere indiscriminately irrespective of who might own the land on the borders. He supposed every one else had the same right. He said that his interference with the men, on Saturday night, was solely because, as he thought, they were illegally spearing. Mr. Gregory endeavored to get before the jury, by putting into the hands of the witness for the purpose of cross-examination, a plan from the crown land office showing the Tobique with the names of the several grantees thereon, and also a printed handbill that had been posted by a Mr. Perley, as agent for the owners of the stream, forbidding all fishing thereon without license from him, but on objection of the attorney general he was not allowed to do so.

Great excitement prevailed when Anna Philippine, sister of one of the prisoners, took the stand and circumstantially contradicted the testimony given by her before the magistrates. Her first sworn testimony was that the night before the shooting her brother returned with one fish and said that he had been fired on, adding that in the morning he would have the drop on his assailant. That on the following morning he took a gun and went out; that, returning about noon, he declared that he and Trafton had fired on a fishing party, and that Mrs. Howes had been killed by a shot fired by Trafton. To-day she swore that her brother had not said anything of the kind, either at night or in the morning, and that she did not know whether he had taken out his gun. Under severe cross-examination the poor girl was overcome and had to be assisted from the court house. After she returned there was another scene. She repudiated her story of this morning and reasserted the evidence given before the magistrates. In reply to Judge Wetmore, she explained that a man had persuaded her that the only way her brother's life could be saved was by her contradicting her first criminating evidence. This person, whom she identified in the court room, had begged her, for God's sake, to take this means to keep the prisoner from the gallows.

Major Howes swore that five shots struck the water or canoes or persons, to his knowledge, and that the shooting continued afterward. The third shot struck his wife just as he had put his hand on her shoulder to make her lie down in the canoe. She fell back to his arms and was dead on the instant, the bullet passing through her head.

TALLMADGE, O., Sept. 24, 1888.—*United States Cartridge Co., Lowell, Mass.:* Dear Sirs—I have used a good many U. S. cartridges, and they have never failed to give satisfaction. Yours truly, (Signed) E. S. METLIN.—*Adv.*

Fishculture.

BREEDING THE GRAYLING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the Seventeeth Annual Report of the American Fisheries Society, I notice among other interesting and valuable papers one by Mr. J. C. Parker, entitled "Observations on the Grayling." In the course of his paper Mr. Parker describes how he obtained and kept in captivity, until long past the period of the year when grayling spawn, nearly one hundred of these fish; and not only did they not spawn, but also there was not the slightest indication that they ever would, consequently his attempt to breed grayling for stocking purposes was a failure.

Mr. Parker does not say what size his grayling were, but it seems quite certain they were immature fish; in Europe, and I doubt not also in America, it is a curious fact that it is the exception rather than the rule for grayling to spawn under four years of age. One of our most successful pisciculturist, Mr. Thomas Andrews, of Guilford, England, who has successfully reared grayling from the eggs, tells me that he has taken eggs from three-year old grayling bred by himself, but not often; he says both eggs and fry of grayling require more careful treatment than eggs and fry of trout, it is substantially the same treatment carried on with greater care than is necessary in the case of trout. A three-year old trout or grayling bred at Mr. Andrews' splendid fish farm would be as large, or larger than any four-year old wild fish. His success is due chiefly to the fact that he has a perfect knowledge of the subject, a perfect water supply (springs and ponds under his entire control on his own ground), and he has any quantity of natural food—shrimps, crustacea, etc.

The grayling is such a fine fish and has such a wide range on the rivers of Europe—from those of Austria to those of Scandinavia—that I am quite sure it could be successfully introduced into many rivers in the States and Canada. You seem to have gone in heavily for German carp, a fish not to be named in the same day with the grayling.

P. S.—Since writing the above I have the following note from Mr. Wallace, the keeper of the Hungerford Fly Fisher's Club, who has much practical knowledge of breeding the grayling:

HUNGERFORD, England, Sept. 18.—Dear Sir: I am quite certain that grayling spawn when two years old, but, for breeding, it is better to take the eggs from fish three or four years old. Mr. T. Andrews is fishing here to-day and says that he did not mean to say that grayling do not spawn at two years, but four years is soon enough. I think they do well from eggs of three-year old fish.—J. WALLACE.

Therefore in my statement, made a few days ago, I did not clearly represent Mr. Andrews's meaning.

R. B. MARSTON, Editor *Fishing Gazette.*

LONDON, Eng., Sept. 14.

FISH AT THE CINCINNATI EXPOSITION.—The United States exhibit of fish at Cincinnati, O., has received 45,000 eggs of the quinnat salmon from the Government hatchery at Baird, Cal., and some of them are expected to hatch in a few days. The display of live fish has attracted much attention; many of the specimens are local ones. From the Little Miami River a fine lot were recently obtained, consisting of black bass, red-horse suckers, spotted catfish, mud shad, quillbacks and carp. A few days ago Captain Collins, accompanied by Dr. J. A. Henshall, went to Ross Lake, about ten miles from the city, and brought a number of live fish, among which were buffalo fish, mud shad, sunfish, black bass and yellow catfish.

COD FISH HATCHING AT WOOD'S HOLL.—The United States Fish Commission schooner Grampus will begin collecting codfish for spawning purposes, for the Wood's Holl station, about the 10th of this month. The fish will be brought in alive in the well, and the eggs taken at the station. Arrangements have been made to turn out many millions there, as well as at the Ten Pound Island station.

MAINE LANDLOCKED SALMON.—Our commissioners of fish and game have their weir on Crooked River in successful operation, having at the present time taken over one hundred landlocked salmon, one of the number, a male, is said to weigh 25lbs. They hope to secure at least one million of eggs.—M.

The Kennel.

Dogs: Their Management and Treatment in Disease. By Ashmont. Price $2. Kennel Record and Account Book. Price $3. Training vs. Breaking. By S. T. Hammond. Price $1. First Lessons in Dog Training, with Points of all Breeds. Price 50 cents.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Oct. 2 to 5.—Seventh Annual Dog Show of the Danbury Agricultural Society, at Danbury, Conn. B. C. Lynes, Secretary.

Oct. 2 to 5.—National Exposition Dog Show, Kansas City, Mo. C. R. Evans, Manager, Room 16, New England Building, Kansas City, Mo.

Oct. 9 to 12.—First Dog Show of the Virginia Field Sports Association, at Richmond, Va. B. H. Grundy, Secretary, Room 26, Shafer Building. Entries close Oct. 1.

Oct. 23 to 26.—Second Annual Show of the St. Paul and Minnesota Kennel Club, at St. Paul, Minn. J. E. Stryker, Secretary, Room 98 Globe Building.

Nov. 6 to 10.—Dog Show of the Richmond County Poultry and Pet Stock Association, in connection with Augusta National Exposition at Augusta, Ga. H. Madden, Superintendent.

Dec. 3 to 8.—Dog Show of the Northern Illinois Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Rockford, Ill. A. H. Currier, Secretary.

Jan. 15 to 19, 1889.—Seventh Annual Dog Show of the Southern Massachusetts Poultry Association, at New Bedford, Mass. F. W. Dean, Secretary.

Feb. 4 to 7, 1889.—First Annual Dog Show of the Columbus Fanciers' Club at Columbus O. Thos. R. Sparrow, Secretary.

Feb. 12 to 15, 1889.—Fifth Dog Show of the New Jersey Kennel Club, at Jersey City, N. J. Geo. L. Wilms, Secretary, 142 Monticello avenue, Jersey City, N. J.

Feb. 19 to 22, 1889.—Thirteenth Annual Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent.

Feb. 26 to March 1, 1889.—Second Annual Show of the Rensselaer Kennel Club, Troy, N. Y. Alba M. Ide. Secretary.

March 5 to 8, 1889.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Albany Kennel Club, at Albany, N. Y. Geo. B. Gallup, Secretary.

March 12 to 15, 1889.—Second Annual Show of the Fort Schuyler Kennel Club, Utica, N. Y. James W. Dunlop, President.

March 19 to 22, 1889.—First Annual Dog Show of the Maryland Kennel Club, at Baltimore, Md. W. S. Diffenderffer, Secretary.

March 26 to 29, 1889.—First Annual Dog Show of the Massachusetts Kennel Club, at Lynn, Mass. D. A. Williams, Secretary.

April 2 to 5, 1889.—First Annual Show of the Rochester Kennel Club, at Rochester, N. Y. Harry Yates, Secretary.

April 9 to 12, 1889.—First Annual Dog Show of the Mascoutah Kennel Club, at Chicago, Ill. John L. Lincoln, Jr., Secretary.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 1.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Indiana Kennel Club, at Bicknell, Ind. P. T. Madison, Secretary, Indianapolis, Ind.

Nov. 15.—Fifth Annual Field Trials of the Philadelphia Kennel Club, open to members only. Wm. H. Child, Secretary, Philadelphia, Pa.

Nov. 19.—Tenth Annual Field Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at High Point, N. C. (Members' Stake, Nov. 15.) W. A. Coster, Secretary, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

Dec. 3.—First Annual Field Trials of the Southern Field Trial Club, at Amory, Miss. T. M. Brumby, Secretary, Chattanooga, Tenn.

Dec. 10.—Second Annual Field Trials of the American Field Trials Club, at West Point, Miss. C. W. Paris, Secretary, Cincinnati, O.

Jan. 14, 1889.—Sixth Annual Field Trials of the Pacific Coast Field Trial Club, at Bakersfield, Cal. N. P. Sheldon, Secretary, 320 Sansome street San Francisco, Cal.

COURSING.

Oct. 15.—Third Annual Meeting of the American Coursing Club at Great Bend, Kan. F. K. Doan, Secretary, 1210 Olive street, St Louis, Mo.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription $1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed **6578**

THE LONDON (ONT.) SHOW.

[From a Special Correspondent.]

THE fourth international bench show, held in London, opened on Monday morning, Sept. 24. The building was specially designed for the purpose by the London Kennel Club, it is 124ft. long by 40ft. wide, with office on one side and feed room on the other. The judging ring is outside, and is 50ft. long by 18ft. wide. The benching is permanent and is furnished with open wire divisions, introduced for the first time in Canada, and was tastefully painted in black and gold. There is bench accommodation for 325; and the entries closed with 301 nominations. There were very few absentees, which will be noted further on. Too much credit cannot be given to the management for the perfect arrangement of every department. We must here congratulate them on the selection of Mr. C. A. Stone as manager; he follows closely in the footsteps of dear old Charles Lincoln. His attention to the details which make up the comfort of both exhibitors and exhibits deserves commendation; every kennel was properly numbered and every dog given his proper number. This made it an easy matter to find any particular specimen.

We noticed quite a number of the familiar bench show faces which added materially to the interest in the show itself; and we trust that the public will here appreciate the endeavors of the management to make it a paying venture, as this is the first show of five which the London Kennel Club have guaranteed the Western Fair Board to hold. It augurs well for its future success in the coming years. London always has a good show, pays its prize money and treats its exhibitors as well as they possibly can be treated Bench show managements in the United States might take a leaf out of London's book and make arrangements with the custom authorities to allow all dogs for exhibition to enter free and not make it necessary for each exhibitor to enter into personal bonds, which makes such a delay at the border. The London management put up a bond covering all exhibits coming into the show, so that exhibitors have no trouble about the custom at all.

Mr. John Davidson judged setters, greyhounds, foxhounds and deerhounds. Mr. Davidson this time judged nonsporting classes, including beagles. Mr. G. Bell, of Toronto, made his debut as judge of the spaniels and did his work well; he stuck to type, which is a very important thing in judging. Spratts Patent fed with their usual care, and Mr. Bates, their agent, made himself most popular with every one, and took the greatest care in having the food warm and properly prepared. The energetic superintendent, Mr. G. Bowman, of the London Hunt Club, was everywhere, and saw that every attention was paid to every exhibit. The whole committee worked liked beavers, and we will be very sorry if they have to suffer any pecuniary loss. The attendance was very good, but two wet afternoons and evenings were a great damper on the receipts. The London Kennel Club have every reason to be gratified that the show has given so much satisfaction to the exhibitors, and hope next year to have them all again and more with them.

MASTIFFS—(MR. MORTIMER).

There were only two in the dog class, and as Wacouta Nap was one, the other had no show. Nap has often been described. His head is good, and he has a deal of character about him. He also won the special for the best mastiff in the show. The bitch class also had only two entries, Bessie B. winning first. She is a rare good one, of a light fawn color; her front is about perfect, her head good, and it was a near shave for Nap that she did not get the special for the best dog or bitch in the mastiff class.

ST. BERNARDS—(MR. MORTIMER).

The two classes for this breed were very well filled for a Canadian show. Twenty entries, with two absentees, faced the judge. As all the winners in these classes have often been shown before it is not necessary to particularize, except to call attention to Prince in the open class for rough-coated dogs. This is one of the best dogs we have seen for many a day. His head is good and his body is all in proportion; good and straight, well-boned legs, and an exceptionally good coat, his being placed ahead of Enterprise speaks for itself. He was claimed at catalogue price. Luna, first in the bitch class, is of the long, low variety, with a good head. She might be better in coat, and was shown much too fat. Barnie, who was in the puppy class, also third in the dog class, is a good stamp. He might be stronger in head, but is a very well developed puppy with good coat and markings. Victor Joseph was the best in the smooth-coat class and deserved his first. He might be better in muzzle, and his eyes are too close together; his coat is rather open for the smooth class.

NEWFOUNDLANDS—(MR. MORTIMER).

There were five entries and all were present. Meadowthorpe Prince George is about as good a one as we have seen. Leo II. came up very well, but is a trifle too high on legs, and was shown in bad condition, his coat is very good. New York Lass is only a moderate one.

GREYHOUNDS—(MR. DAVIDSON).

There were eight entries, one transfered from Class 5, where he was wrongly entered, to face the judge. The first prize winner is a dog that shows a deal of quality all over. Second went to Milo, a beautiful white and black dog shown in the pink of condition, but is a trifle coarse. Josey, third, is a fair bitch shown in wretched condition.

GREAT DANES—(MR. MORTIMER).

There were only two entries in this class, both good specimens and properly placed.

DEERHOUNDS—(MR. DAVIDSON).

There were three entries with champion Mac absent Bevis III. was placed at the head. This dog has an immense coat and plenty of power.

ENGLISH SETTERS—(MR. DAVIDSON).

There were no entries in the champion class for dogs. Mr. Davey's Liddesdale, well known, was alone in the corresponding bitch class. In the open dog class there were eight entries, a great falling off from former snows, but the quality was very good. Mr. Davey won first and second with his Knight of Snowden and Locksley, both already described at former shows. Third went to Mr. Hugh's Blue Eagle, a dog showing a good deal of breeding, but off in head, which is inclined to be thick. Dover, vhc., is a dog of considerable merit, but shown in very poor condition, as were all of Mr. Wells's dogs, they having just returned from hunting in Manitoba. Bitches had but four entries. Mr. Wells's Cambriana got first in this class, which was a hot one. She is very thin, but quality stands out all over her. She has the cleanest cut head we have seen for many a day, and will be heard from again; she also got the special for the best setter in the show. Lu Moll, second, was well shown, and is a very meritorious bitch with few defects. Canadian Lassie, third, has been shown before. Forest Fern, vhc, was in too hot company to get into the money, but she is far above the average. The puppy classes were divided (which we think a mistake) into under 18 months and under 12 months. In the dog class, under 18 months, Mr. Wells's Matane got first, and it was a near thing between him and Dick, but the latter's tail failed him in the ring. In the corresponding bitch class Mr. Davey had it all his own way with two good ones in Liddesdale II. and Tillie, the latter showing extra quality. In the under 12 months class nothing of much merit was shown. We fancied Forest Myrtle for first, but there was little to choose between her and Maid of Brighton.

GORDON SETTERS—(MR. DAVIDSON).

Beaumont beat Lottie in the champion class; they are both well known. Heather Roy, first in the open class, is a good dog of the light made variety. Gus, second, is passable, and Clyde, third, just a fair dog. Gordo, hc., is a fine dog of the heavy type, and would have won under some judges; he has a correct head and good markings, but he has too much weight about him to please Mr. Davidson. Bitches had four entries with one absent. Belmont, placed first, is of a character not seen on this side often; she is racy built with a long head and rather narrow between the eyes, deep chest, well ribbed up and carries herself well; her markings and color are the best we have ever seen in the Gordon class. Becky Sharp, second, is such a good bitch that it was rather a surprise to many that she did not win; her greatest fault is perhaps in her markings, which are not so clear as the winner's, and the breadth of her nostrils, which appear rather contracted when placed beside Beaumont, but we expect to see her win often in the future. The puppies did not amount to much; the decisions were right.

IRISH SETTERS—(MR. DAVIDSON).

There were two entries in the dog class, first going to Farley's Kenmore, a most excellent dog showing any amount of the Irish setter quality. Rover, second, is a good dog but was outclassed. Farley's Cora was alone in the bitch class, she is a rattling good one. Nottingham Bang was alone in the puppy class, he is very good.

POINTERS—(MR. DAVIDSON).

Naso of Kippen was alone in the champion class. In the open class there were four entries. Westminster Naso was placed first over his kennel mate Lad of Bow, reversing Major Taylor's decision at Rochester, and in this we agree, as we think Naso is far more of a pointer all over than Lad, and future shows and judging will settle this. Meadowthorpe Duke, third, is a very good useful looking dog and it takes a good one to beat him, he has no bad faults. In bitches Lass of Bow had an easy win over Beauty II., the only other in the class, there being two absentees. The puppy class was not represented.

SPANIELS—(MR. BELL).

The spaniel classes were a long way ahead of any others in the show, and Mr. Bell took a deal of pains in making his decisions, which were well received by the exhibitors. The cocker classes were very strong, and every color was represented except tri-color, which ought to be a favorite one. We would be glad to see some of our fanciers taking this beautiful spaniel up. One thing was strongly impressed on us, either the standard of the A. S. C. is all wrong or it is not followed, several of the dogs receiving the prizes being markedly not up to standard. One point more than any other impressed us, and that is, that with the very long, low bodies now called for the legs are very defective. It seems that all these long, low breeds need crooked front legs to get them near enough the ground; therefore, when the A. S. C.'s standard calls for straight legs, why don't the judges follow it? As Mr. Bell's decisions were considered correct, why not alter the standard?

In field spaniels Newton Abbot Darkie scored another win in the champion class, beating Boo Jr., vhc., an old time spaniel but out of condition. In the open class for dogs the well-known Newton Abbot Lord, Negro and Pompadour in the order named were awarded the ribbons. The first named, looking well, had no difficulty in winning, Negro being very bad in head. Pompadour ran him very close for second place. Had Bridford Negress been shown in good condition she would no doubt have won in the bitch class, but looking so badly, it was no wonder the judge awarded the coveted blue ribbon to the well-known Lady Abbot with Bridford Negress second, and Topsy third, the last named is not a good specimen, being bad in head and coat.

In any other color dogs Newton Abbot Laddie won with points to spare, but it was a close thing between President and King for second place, the first named scoring. He beat King in length and in shortness of leg, but in other respects they are very similar. Rouse and Beau, vhc., should, in my opinion, have been placed below Lad o' Devon, hc., who beats both of them in head, length and shortness of leg. There were but two entries in the bitch class. Lady A. beat Queen, and rightly so, Lady has the advantage in length, shortness of legs, in other respects they are very similar.

In Irish water spaniels Handy Andy won. Had Jess been shown in good condition she would have pushed the winner hard. Drake, third, is not a good specimen.

Only one Clumber was shown, not very good. First was withheld.

In the cocker champion class Brant, looking well, had a walkover. Miss Obo II. won in bitches, beating Juno II. and Belle, the second named not looking as well as usual. The well-known Jersey won in the open dog class with Black Duke second, who might have changed places with Baby Ooo, third, as the latter beats him in head, coat, legs and body; he is not so large as I like them, but is a typical cocker. The bitch class was a good one, Chloe W. and Psyche being placed equal first. Black Duchess, third, is poor in head but has a good body and coat. Dodo, vhc. reserve, and Bonito, vhc., were placed right; neither of them can win in good company.

The any other color class was by consent divided, and Silver King beat Robin for first place; the former is all around the better cocker of the two, and especially in head and legs. In the bitch class there was not much competition, Goldie winning easily from Pearl, placed second, and Clip, third, both of them beating Senora in head and coat, and cocker action. Psyche was well to the front in the puppy class, beating Dodo in head, legs and feet. Dodo is good in coat and body, and may improve in time in legs which are very crooked. Frisky, third, will improve.

FOXHOUNDS—(MR. DAVIDSON).

There was a very large entry in these classes; in fact I think the largest ever in Canada—thirty-three. At the suggestion of the judge they were divided into two classes—English and American. Dan O'Shea had it all his own way in the American bred dogs, but in the English class we have never seen better, Mr. Morris showing two, Mr. Merriweather four and the London Hunt Club ten. Warrior, placed first, is a fine big dog with good head, which pulled him over Genius, who is otherwise the best hound we have seen. Statesman, third, is a good hound, rather small, as are all the London Hunt Club's dogs, but he is well made and has plenty of bone; in fact all this club's dogs are of the small type, but a very level lot and might be shown better.

BEAGLES.

Dan O'Shea had this class all to himself and his dogs are well known.

FOX-TERRIERS—(MR. MORTIMER).

There were twenty-seven entries and two absentees. The champion classes had only two representatives, but they were good ones—Blemton Kennels' Lucifer and Rachel. The judge placed the bitch over Lucifer for best fox-terrier in show, in which we hardly agreed. Although Rachel has the better head and neck, the dog beats her in other places, especially in coat and feet. The open dog class was very poor, so bad, indeed, that the judge withheld second and third, and gave a few cards after placing Blemton Kennels' Dusky Trap first. The open bitch class was better, New Forest Ethel first and Rose Canina second. The latter was in no condition to show, as an hour after judging she whelped a litter, so that it is impossible to compare these two. In the puppy class there were five entries, with two absentees. Blemton Kennels' Calculus was first, D. S. Booth's Traps second. The whole of the three classes were poor, which we can hardly account for, as the present rage for fox-terriers seems to be very much on the increase in Canada, and if it were not for the Blemton Kennels and Mr. C. F. Wheeler's exhibit there would have been nothing worth seeing. In the wire-haired class Mr. Wheeler's Chagrin deserves to be well noticed. She is about as good all round as this variety is made. The other two entries were unnoticed.

COLLIES—(MR. MORTIMER).

There were twenty-two entries and three of the Hempstead Kennels absent. Chesnut Hill Kennels and McEwen & Gibson had it all to themselves, and as these two kennels competed at Buffalo it is not necessary to enter into any description of them. Nothing new was brought out, and the judge's decisions were accepted all through as correct; in fact, we were never at a show in which there was less kicking. It is a fact that the chronic kickers are beginning to find that no one listens to them, and that they only make fools of themselves for doing so.

BULLDOGS—(MR. MORTIMER).

There were two entries, with Portswood Tiger at the head of affairs. He is good all around, and it takes an extra one to beat him. Remus, placed second, is a fair specimen, but was outclassed.

BULL-TERRIERS—(MR. MORTIMER).

In the dog class there were eight entries with one absentee. Mr. Hobie's two, Cairo and Grabber, were a long way ahead of anything in the class and took first and second, with Royal, a very fair dog, third. In the bitch class there were four entries, with Mr. Dole's absent. Hobie's Bonnie Princess was first, and O'Shea's Scarlet second. The latter shows a lot of character, but Princess is much too good for her.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS—(MR. MORTIMER).

There were but two entries, only fair dogs.

DANDIE DINMONTS—(MR. MORTIMER).

This class also had but two entries, Reiver and Pepper, both showing a good deal of quality, were placed first and second.

BEDLINGTON TERRIERS—(MR. MORTIMER).

There were three entries in this class, not first-raters.

SKYE TERRIERS—(MR. MORTIMER).

There were four entries with two absent. Meadowthorpe Coila got first and second was withheld.

HARD-HAIRED TERRIERS—(MR. MORTIMER).

There were two entries in this class. Meadowthorpe Glen Ettle, a good specimen, was first. I have seen very few as good terriers as this for many years, and am glad to see that they have not all been swamped by the more popular breeds.

IRISH TERRIERS—(MR. MORTIMER).

Only three entries, with nothing very good; the awards were about right.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS—(MR. MORTIMER).

There were two entries, neither first-class.

PUGS—(MR. MORTIMER).

There were three entries in the pug classes, quite good ones; the awards were correct.

TOY TERRIERS—(MR. MORTIMER).

A native terrier and a black and tan comprised this class; the latter won.

MISCELLANEOUS CLASS—(MR. MORTIMER).

There were five entries of good quality; first went to a very good curly-coated black retriever; second to a smooth-coated collie; third to a white English terrier; vhc. to a white Pomeranian.

DACHSHUNDE.

Two very fair reds were exhibited by Mr. Mills; Vixen won. Following is a list of the

AWARDS.

MASTIFFS.—*Dogs:* 1st, St. Joe Kennels' Wacouta Nap; 2d, J. Mitchell's Leo. *Bitches:* 1st, J. V. Batham's Bessie B.; 2d, J. Mitchell's Ashmont Lioness.

ST. BERNARDS.—ROUGH-COATED—CHAMPION—Alta Kennels Norma.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, A. B. Vanblaricom's Prince; 2d, Meadowthorpe Enterprize; 3d, Harriet Gorman's Barnie. Very high com., A. Little's Nero and A. Laidlaw's Barry, jr. *Bitches:* 1st, S. F. Glass's Luna; 2d and 3d, A. Laidlaw's Belle and Sweep.—*Puppies:* 1st, Harrie Gorman's Barnie; 2d, A. Laidlaw's Barry, Jr.; 3d, F. Gorman's Briam. Very high com. and com., Alta Kennels' Miss Fortune and Berna II.—SMOOTH-COATED—1st, Alta Kennels' Victor Joseph; 2d and 3d, J. W. Dunlop's Rigi and Tuisbe. Very high com., J. F. O'Neills Barney.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—1st, Meadowthorpe Kennels' Meadowthorpe Prince George; 2d, D. O'Shea's Leo; 3d, C. Gianelli's Don Pedro.

GREYHOUNDS.—1st, F. Hobart's Fly; 2d, G. C. Taylor's Milo; 3d, D. O'Shea's Josey. Very high com., L. Sare's Prince. High com., F. Hobart's Lolley Boy. Com., R. H. Siddall's Roxey.

GREAT DANES.—1st and 2d, T. Roedler's Lord and Dine Bianna.

DEERHOUNDS.—1st, E. D. Morgan's Bevis III.; 2d, S. W. Skinner, jr.'s Clunban.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—CHAMPION—*Dogs:* No entry. *Bitch:* T. G. Davey's Liddesdale.—OPEN.—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, T. G. Davey's Knight of Snowden and Locksley, 3d and com., F. G. Hughes's Blue Eagle and Paris III. Very high com., W. B. Wells's Dover. High com., Forest City Kennel Club's London II. *Bitches:* 1st, W. B. Wells's Cambriana; 2d, H. B. Harrison's Lu Moll; 3d, T. G. Davey's Canadian Lassie. Very high com., Forest City Kennel Club's Forest Fern.—PUPPIES UNDER 18 MOS.—*Dogs:* 1st, M. B. Wells's Matane; 2d and 3d, T. G. Davey's Brighton Dick and Jester. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, T. G. Davey's Canadian Lilie and Liddesdale II.—UNDER 12 MOS.—*Dogs:* 1st, T. G. Davey's Lion King. *Bitches:* 1st, T. G. Davey's Maid of Brighton; 2d, very high com. and high com., Forest City Kennel Club's Forest Myrtle, Forest Bramble and Forest Violet; 3d, T. H. Southam's Ann of Lincoln.

GORDON SETTERS.—CHAMPION—E. H. Morris's Beaumont.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Meadowthorpe Kennels' Meadowthorpe Heather Boy; 2d, Dr. J. S. Niven's Gus; 3d, C. A. Gibbs's Clyde. Very high com., E. H. Morris's Shot. High com., J. L. Campbell's Gordo. *Bitches:* 1st and 3d, Meadowthorpe Kennels' Meadowthorpe Belmont and Meadowthorpe Heather Model; 2d, J. L. Campbell's Becky Sharp. *Puppies:* 1st, J. W. Winnett's Bessie; 2d and 3d, J. L. Campbell's Sairy Gamp and Mr. Isaacs.

IRISH SETTERS.—CHAMPION—No entry.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, T. J. Farley's Kenmore; 2d, Meadowthorpe Kennels' Meadowthorpe Rover. *Bitches:* 1st, F. J. Farley's Cora.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, J. Maughan's Bang. *Bitches:* No entry.

POINTERS.—CHAMPION—Westminster Kennel Clubs' Naso of Kippen.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, Westminster Kennel Clubs' Westminster Naso and Lad of Bow; 3d, Meadowthorpe Kennels' Meadowthorpe Duke. Very high com., W. D. Tristern's Don. High com., J. R. Galpin's Volanity. *Bitches:* 1st, Westminster Kennel Clubs' Lass of Bow; 2d, J. R. Galpin's Beauty II.—*Puppies:* Absent.

SPANIELS.—CHAMPION — OVER 28LBS.—Oldham & Willey's Newton Abbot Darkie. Very high com., J. H. Luckwell's Bob, Jr.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Oldham & Willey's Newton Abbot Lord; 2d, E. H. Morris's Negro; 3d, J. Bland's Pompadour. *Bitches:* 1st, Oldham & Willey's Lady Abbot; 2d, E. H. Morris's Bridford Negress; 3d, J. A. Spracklin's Tonsy. Reserve, Campbell & Blake's Fan II.—ANY OTHER COLOR—*Dogs:* 1st, Oldham & Willey's Newton Abbot Laddie; 2d, Reserve, E. H. Morris's President and Beau; 3d, J. A. Spracklin's King. Very high com., G. Douglass's Rouse, and Brant Cocker Kennels' Shaun Rhue. High com., J. Gambin's Lad o' Devon. Com., A. Laidlaw's Bruce, and W. L. Gill's Jock. *Bitches:* 1st, E. H. Morris's Lady A.; 2d, J. A. Spracklin's Queen.—CLUMBER—1st, withheld; 2d, G. Massey's Fitz.—IRISH WATER—1st, J. F. W. Ross's Handy Andy; 2d, B. F. Lewis's Jess; 3d, J. W. Winnett's Drake — COCKER—CHAMPION — *Dog:* Brant Cocker Kennels' Brant. *Bitch:* Oldham & Willey's Miss Obo II. Reserve, Brant Cocker Kennels' Juno II.—OPEN—BLACK — *Dogs:* 1st, and 3d, Oldham & Willey's Jersey and Baby Obo; 2d, A. Laidlaw's Black Duke. Reserve, A. Laidlaw's Jack. Very high com., A. K. Ross's Smut. *Bitches:* Equal 1st, Oldham & Willey's Chloe W. and J. C. Eccles's Psyche; 3d, J. Luckwell's Black Duchess. Reserve, A. Laidlaw's Dodo. Very high com., Brant Cocker Kennels' Bonita. High com., J. G. Jorgensen's Lady Nell and P. J. Keating's Nelly.—ANY OTHER COLOR—*Dogs:* 1st, J. Luckwell's Silver King; 2d, A. Laidlaw's Robin; 3d, Brant Cocker Kennels' Rocks. *Bitches:* 1st, Oldham & Willey's Goldie; 2d and 3d, Brant Cocker Kennels' Pearl and Clio. Reserve, A. Laidlaw's Senora. *Puppies:* 1st, J. C. Eccles's Psyche; 2d, A. Laidlaw's Dodo; 3d, J. Spracklin's Frisky. Very high com., P. J. Keating's Friday, D. Martin's Sandy and Brant Cocker Kennels' Bertie.

FOXHOUNDS.—ENGLISH—*Dogs:* 1st, E. H. Morris's Warrior; 2d, H. D. Merewether's Genius; 3d, London Hunt Club's Statesman. *Bitches:* 1st, E. H. Morris's Passion. *Puppies:* 1st and 2d, H. D. Merewether's Vexation and Victor.—AMERICAN.—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, D. O'Shea's Leader and Ranger. *Bitches:* 1st, D. O'Shea's Roxey II.; 2d, H. H. Merewether's Nancy; 3d, London Hunt Club's Bustle. *Puppies:* 1st, 2d and high com., D. O'Shea's Rover, Hark and Ranger II.; 3d, W. Avery's Captain. Very high com., J. Weld's Lyon. High com., J. Evan's Trot.

BEAGLES.—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, D. O'Shea's Rattler and Tomboy. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, O'Shea's Fairmaid and Mischief.

FOX-TERRIERS.—CHAMPION—*Dog:* Blemton Kennels' Lucifer. *Bitch:* Blemton Kennels' Rachel.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Blemton Kennels' Dusky Trap; 2d and 3d, withheld. High com., J. I. Biggs's Ratterer IV. and D. S. Booth's Dandy. Com., H. T. Domville's Teaser, and C. W. Davis's Grip. *Bitches:* 1st, Blemton Kennels' New Forest Ethel; 2d, F. C. Wheeler's Rosa Canina; 3d, G. Douglass's Lassie. High com., J. J. Bigg's Lucy, and D. S. Booth's Gip. Com., H. A. Harper's Jennie, J. Mapson's Fan and J. Rombough's Vashti. *Puppies:* 1st, Blemton Kennels' Blemton Calculus; 2d, D. S. Booth's Traps.—WIRE-HAIRED—1st, F. C. Wheeler's Chagrin; 2d, withheld.

COLLIES.—CHAMPION—*Dog:* Chestnut Hill Kennels' Scotilla. *Bitch:* Chestnut Hill Kennels' Luella.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and very high com., McEwen & Gibson's Guelph and Red Gauntlet; 2d, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Roslyn Sensation; 3d, Meadowthorpe Kennels' Meadowthorpe Reality. *Bitches:* 1st and 3d, Meadowthorpe Kennels' Meadowthorpe Parole and Meadowthorpe Blue Berry Girl; 2d and very high com., Chestnut Hill Kennels' Cora II. and Roslyn May; High com. and com., McEwen & Gibson's Merry and Madge. *Puppies:* 1st, 3d and reserve, McEwen & Gibson's Guelph, Ailsa and Keith; 2d, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Roslyn May. Very high com., Brant Cocker Kennels' Parton Ella. High com., J. C. Eccles's Petica.

BULLDOGS —1st, W. T. Tebbutt's Portswood Tiger; 2d, Campbell & Blake's Remus.

BULL-TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, W. F. Hobbie's Cairo and Grabber; 3d, O'Shea's Royal. High com., R. Ward's Sport. Com., G. W. Graydon's Murphy. *Bitches:* 1st, W. F. Hobbie's Bonnie Princess; 2d and 3d, D. O'Shea's Scarlet and Lillie.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—1st and 2d, Campbell & Blake's Nanou and Jack.

DANDIE DINMONT TERRIERS.—1st, Meadowthorpe Kennels' Meadowthorpe Reiver; 2d, L. J. Meredith's Pepper.

BEDLINGTON TERRIERS.—1st, E. D. Morgan's Tees Rock; 2d and 3d, D. O'Shea's Zulu and Sting.

SKYE TERRIERS.—1st, Meadowthorpe Kennels' Meadowthorpe Coila; 2d, withheld.

SCOTCH TERRIERS.— HARD-HAIRED—1st, Meadowthorpe Kennels' Meadowthorpe Glen Eitle; 2d, E. D. Morgan's Highland Laddie.

IRISH TERRIERS.—1st and 3d, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Breda Tiney and Roslyn Eileen; 2d, D. O'Shea's Rock.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—1st, withheld; 2d, Campbell & Blake's Young Prince; 3d, Meadowthorpe Kennels' Meadowthorpe Fairy.

PUGS.—*Dogs:* 1st, G. Bell's Rustic King. *Bitches:* 1st, G. Bell's What's That. *Puppies:* 1st, G. Bell's Rustic King; 2d, G. Stinson's Tiney.

TOY TERRIERS.—1st, Campbell & Blake's Tiney; 2d, D. O'Shea's Nellie.

KING CHARLES SPANIELS.—1st, withheld; 2d, J. R. Loeman's Belle.

MISCELLANEOUS.—1st, Meadowthorpe Kennels' Meadowthorpe Diamond; 2d, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Lady Bird; 3d, O. H. P. Belmont's Diamond Spark. Very high com., Ella Colville's Beauty and Mrs. W. M. Evans' Chickoo.

DACHSHUNDE.—1st and 2d, F. H. Mills's Vixen and Combat.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

Best mastiff, Wacouta Nan; kennel St. Bernards, Alta Kennel; rough-coated, Prince; smooth-coated, Victor Joseph; greyhound Fly; deerhound, Bevis III.; kennel English setters, T. G. Davey; dog or bitch owned in Canada, Cambriana; dog in open class, Knight of Snowden; dog under 18mos., Matane; bitch, Canadian Lillie; puppy, Maid of Brighton; brood bitch, Liddesdale, with Locksley and Canadian Lillie; Gordon setter dog, Meadowthorpe Heather Boy; bitch, Meadowthorpe Belmont; puppy, Bessie; Irish setter, Kerry; kennel of setters, Westminster Kennel Club; dog, Naso of Kippen; kennel spaniels, Oldham & Willey; field spaniels, the same; field spaniel owned in London, Jock; cocker spaniel, Jersey; bitch, Miss Obo II.; owned in Canada, Brant; kennel foxhounds, H. D. Merewether; dog, Warrior; bitch, Roxey II.; kennel fox-terriers, Blemton Kennel; dog or bitch, Rachel; owned in Canada; Rosa Canina; in London, the same; kennel collies, Chestnut Hill Kennel; best, Scotilla; bulldog, Portswood Tiger; black and tan terrier, Nanou; Bedlington, Tees Rock; Irish terrier, Breda Tiney; pug, What's That.

A VOTE OF THANKS.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The American Kennel Club has capped the climax of absurdity. At its last meeting no less a one than Mr. Peshall moved a vote of thanks to its president for his defense of the A. K. C., and Mr. Terry amended it by the solemn assurance that the A. K. C. was thoroughly in accord with what Mr. Belmont had done. Great snakes! Mark you, it was not a vote of thanks for Mr. Belmont's interest in the club, his liberality toward it, or his unselfish devotion to it—this would have been perfectly proper—but it was a thanksgiving for the defense he had made; and an assurance that the A. K. C. was with him in it all. And yet if there was one statement in Mr. Belmont's "defense" that was correct it has slipped my memory. And this is what the A. K. C. is thankful for; thankful that its president shows that it approved of the "Chicago special" and "bogus medal" disgraces; that he stated the rules of the A. K. C. not as the statute gives them; that he declared the practice of the A. K. C. to have always been just what it has invariably not been. Just imagine Mr. Peshall defending a man for larceny and succeeding in proving him not guilty of that, but guilty of burglary and murder, and his client thanking him. Imagine his receiving the thanks of the bar of his county for asserting the law was thus, when they all know it is that. And Mr. Terry says that the A. K. C. approves of every one of these blunders. Is it possible for anybody to more effectually realize Dogberry's wish than the A. K. C. has thus succeeded in doing? And I would respectfully ask Mr. Peshall if he indorses the correctness of Mr. Belmont's statements in his famous reply to Mr. Rewalt. Remember, I do not ask whether he indorses Mr. Belmont himself, which is a very different thing. What a upas tree the A. K. C. seems to be to common sense and ordinary judgment.—W. WADE.

THE HISTORY OF A MUSHROOM.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In looking over some musty papers belonging to the estate of my great-grandfather (who, I trust, has received the rewards of the just) I came across an old musty manuscript which puzzled me not a little. It bore every mark of extreme age—yellow in uneven blotches, faded ink and brittle paper; it was torn in a few places, and some words were so nearly effaced, by fading, that it was with much pains and labor that I managed to get this very correct transcript. The meaning I cannot fathom. I can see that it is a dog story of some kind, but its bearing or connection, if such it have, will take a more learned head than mine to determine. Whether it is a truthful history of events that actually occured among the ancients, or whether it is in the nature of an apology, there is not the slightest external evidence to afford a clew. If it is a true story of dog life among the ancients, it is valuable as tending to show that they had their trials and troubles, and were not in advance of us in any of the circumstances which make dog matters of the present day so vivacious and pleasantly diverting. It is possible that, in this learned age, when sportsmen have the savings of the ancients at their fingers' ends as if they had hobnobbed with the ancient gods and men, some of your many readers may be able to shed some of their bright mental light on it if they should note any importance worthy of their high attention. The absence of all chronological data and the length of time which has elapsed since Atlantis was submerged will doubtlessly consign the identity and life of the actors to the oblivion from which, apparently, they so suddenly emerged. Dropping all speculations as being useless and wearisome, I subjoin a true copy from title to signature, viz.:

THE GROWTH OF A MUSHROOM:
OR,
THE GRAPHIC RISE OF LORD JIM.

In the province of Atlantis there lived a plebian-patrician, who had emerged from the obscurity of an honest calling by means of a judicious marriage and a large amount of brass. After becoming comfortably ensconced in a mild way in the social and domestic world, time began to hang heavily on his hands, so he must needs divert himself in some of the accomplishments of gentlemen of wealth. After the manner of newly made gentlemen, he did not seek diversion for its own sake, being a man of great vanity, he simply sought to draw attention to himself and dazzle the multitude by the surpassing splendor of his equipments. The plebian-patrician was named Jim, and his ancestry was supposed to extend in unbroken lines to Adam and Eve; therefore no genealogy could be better or longer, for it comprised everything.

The reigning fashion of his age, in which the gentry, old and young, took great delight, was in the ownership of rare, fine dogs, which were brought to Atlantis from a distant country, where they were owned and raised by noblemen; and it is said that these noblemen received vast sums of money for dogs of pure blood from the birdmen (so they were called) of Atlantis. To own a fine dog raised in the distant country was an open sesame to fine company at home, even if the owner had few other qualifications, the common interest in the dog of pure breed making a kind of goodfellowship and fraternity. The dogs were used for chasing birds.

The fraternity of birdmen had some peculiar customs and festivals. It is related of them, how truly I know not, that they would travel enormous distances with their dogs and meet in multitudes at some place previously agreed on, to show their dogs. Some man, wise in such matters, would, with much show of wisdom, look the dogs over limb by limb and hair by hair, and would then impressively state which one was the prettiest, and would mark the decree with a blue ribbon and a pencil. The ones who did not have pretty dogs would raise their voices, weep, and refuse consolation for weeks, so strong was their affection for their pets and perquisites. Then they had other gatherings, where the skilful birdmen gathered in large numbers, to try their dogs one against the other in the chase of birds; and to decide the chase many days and nights were required. The judges, after going through some prescribed forms of concatenation, would tell which dog was the best. After the decree, some of the birdmen with weak minds would be full of wailing and anguish for a year, and they would not be comforted. Such were recognized as a class by themselves, called kickers, and were rarely true birdmen. The bird-chasing contests were so open that the interlopers could not be kept out.

It is said that this diversion required a great deal of training and skill to be proficient in it to a common degree, and an impostor was sure to be found out in a short time. The birds, when chased, were knocked down while flying, and the dog and man had to so time their efforts that neither was remiss in a single circumstance, else the whole affair failed.

Although he was wholly untaught and untrained in this diversion, and therefore as ignorant of the noble dog and sport as the quintessence of ignorance could be, Jim was seized with as whimsical a conceit as ever entered the head of a madman. He believed that by his intuitions and the absorption of gas he could become a full-fledged birdman and an exponent of all difficult questions of dogdom. It came to pass that, in the amicable rivalry for superiority, provision was made for wealthy men who could not catch birds flying or who were ignorant of the nice points of noble dogs. The wealthy man could buy a finely-executed image of a dog in a distant land, and so true to life were these imitations that they often deceived wise birdmen. The man who owned one of these images was supposed to know that the fraternity winked at the harmless fiction, while according such owner all the privileges and immunities of a true birdman. Now Jim bought one of the costliest images in the far land, and with the utmost good faith tried to pass it off on the birdmen as a genuine bird-catcher; he being a bit light-headed and would not learn that the images by tacit consent were to be kept quietly in the background in actual bird-catching contests.

The whimsical conceit of Jim carried him to such a length, that he paid all the fees which were required to let his dog try and catch birds in a great contest which was held annually not far from the great ocean. To steer this image, Jim and a most estimable gentleman, over whom Jim gained an inexplicable ascendency, engaged the services of one Llet, the one after whom he of apple-Gesler fame was named. This dog steerer was known to be a most ruffianly fellow, one who had been debarred from bird chasing contests for misdemeanors, and had publicly threatened to poison large numbers of the racing dogs which went to the bird catching races. He was a loud, turbulent lout, insolent to a degree, and unfit company for a gentleman to associate with; yet Jim, the plebian-patrician, engaged his services, and Llet became my gentleman's gentleman.

At the bird catching race he had the costly image named Chiparg in charge, and as was to be expected the race was not far advanced before Jim became dissatisfied at the way the true bird-catching dogs worked. It was the first public chase that Jim had ever seen, yet he talked loud and long, as if he could be aggressive from his great knowledge, when truly he had none. Jim withdrew his costly image from the chase, giving as a reason therefore, that he was "out on a lark." My gentleman's gentleman was so atrociously unbearable that the synod of bird men properly debarred him. Then Jim had a great grief. How did any one dare to affront him by so much as remotely disapproving what he sanctioned? He raved, swore, blew his nose and wrote many lines of italics and small capitals to show that it was sinful to "be out on a lark," but blasphemy to meddle with my gentleman's gentleman. There was no question of the guilt of Llet, and there was no qestion that he had done several things worthy of debarment; but Jim based all his sayings and doings on a technicality. He threatened, swore, traduced, consulted his lawyer, disturbed the birdmen for months, talked loudly of instituting legal measures and—did nothing at all, this being a trait in which Jim was an adept.

Then Jim affected the other contests where many men were gathered to see who owned the prettiest images and dogs. Having some success in this line he sent to the far land and bought many dogs, and on the strength of his ownership his conceits grew, and he thought he was a breeder; for so disordered had his senses become, that he thought to buy was the same as to breed. By uttering several thousand vulgarities and absurdities his head became lighter, and as his conceits grew he thought himself an authority on all matters, and loudly prattled in public and private; and simple Jim became Lord Jim. He had a felicitous way of asking a judge at a beauty show to oblige him by explaining wherein his image was inferior, and when shown he would roundly curse the judge. He would run here and there, flitting from one man to another, telling most woeful tales of his ill-usage, and would darkly caution every one against the judge who dared to decide against his dog.

As he grew in experience he grew in boldness and obnoxious traits, immunity from his offenses being a great encouragement. Whenever one of his costly images was beaten he forthwith filed a protest, and the protest was a marvel in its way. It was no more nor less than Lord Jim's gusty opinions written at length, but never contained a line of pertinent evidence to show fraud, collusion or mistake. So extensive did his protesting duties become, that he carried a large number of protests ready written, and all he had to do then was to affix his signature to the first one to hand, one being as good as another, they all being his opinions.

He had one specially vile habit—whenever he could get an unsuspecting judge or exhibitor to lunch with him, he would discuss the judging of his dogs with the greatest affectation of candor and show the judge wherein he was in error in the merits of his costly images; or he would kindly show the exhibitor wherein his dogs were faulty, and inferior to those of his host. In this manner he sacrificed his duties as a host to gain a point he could not as a gentleman; that is, some one to listen to him.

But Lord Jim sighed to become a victor in the bird catching contests. There were irritating winks and nudgings here and there, and hints about "tenderfeet," that multiplied rapidly, and were in a fair way of being believed. The East would not, much to his happiness, remove the debarment from my gentleman's gentleman, so he started on a long trip to a tiny bird catching contest in the interior known as the "wild and woolly." My gentleman's gentleman located in a contiguous province, and had only settled there a few days when my gentleman's gentleman became so popular that he received a peremptory notice to quit, the "wild and woolly" having no manner of use for my gentleman's gentleman.

He staid not upon the order of his going, such being an honored custom. When the "wild and woolly" native says "git," honored tradition requires that the subject should meander in a direct line. My gentleman's gentleman then went to the place where the contest was to be held. There were signs of a contest that exceeded their expectations, the "wild and woolly" having more advances in civilization than Lord Jim dreamt of. He noticed a few thorns and burrs about in sundry places, so he tied some thorns and a few burrs together, sent them to the editor of a paper as proof that the country was full of burrs and thorns, and in a lengthy explanatory note, learnedly showed that a dog was in constant danger of being impaled on a huge thorn or in danger of breaking his neck on a burr; whereupon he abandoned the contest to its fate. The contest was run according to programme, and many wishes of long life and happiness were drank to "tenderfeet."

With every year Lord Jim grew more garrulous and odious. He determined still to win a bird-catching contest; so, the year after the events mentioned above, he again went into the interior to catch birds in a contest. He made a desperate attempt to have Llet recognized, but the debarment of the East was honored. Lord Jim started in in bad humor. To be thwarted of the companionship of my gentleman's gentleman was unpardonable. However, he had a very worthy young man to pilot his dogs through the bird-catching races. He required that the dogs should have their eyes wiped carefully every morning and night, and grumbled bitterly if they were not wiped with the grain of the hair. If the dog choked while eating he blamed the handler for it. Every dog had his own pan and they were not interchangeable. He required his handler to rise at 11 or 12 o'clock at night to let the dogs out. He discussed elaborate theories of breeding at the table where ladies were present.

He ran his dogs in the contest. There was a rigid rule that no living man should make any remarks on the dogs in the hearing of the judges Lord Jim, while taking advantage of the position allowed him near the judges while his dogs were running, repeatedly violated the rule. A real lord was not governed by ordinary rules. He was mildly admonished of his lapse, but he then became more demonstrative than ever. When patience ceased to be a virtue, he was brought up with a round turn, and he had to live within the rules. But life was becoming miserable; he had no chance to make a protest. At last, when a better dog than his was placed equal third as a bird catcher, his chance came; out came the protest. The judges were correct under the rules, and there were no grounds for a protest; but Lord Jim was spoiling to express an opinion. He had a lengthy one which did not contain a single pertinent thought. He thereupon vilified the club and all connected with it.

A terror of reporters was he. As he approached, the reporters would scatter like a fan. His interminable prattle and ignorance of work were a serious affliction. It was ludicrous in the extreme to see one reporter drift with him toward another, engage the other in conversation, then unload Lord Jim upon him and steal away. If one of his dogs stole a point, it was an exhibition of fine nose. If the competing dog got birds, he had no business to do so. Running riot he called good ranging; and so on *ad nauseam*.

Lord Jim returned home with new matter for notoriety. He would conduct a lengthy private correspondence, writing his own letters in a stilty, look-at-me kind of style with a view to publication. Then, when the correspondence was ended, out would come all the correspondence, whether marked "personal" or otherwise. To such a frenzy did he arrive that he employed a stenographer to secrete himself and take down private conversations in his office. At this part of his career he settled into the self-satisfied belief that he was a breeder, although he had bought much but bred nothing. He had two or three puppies that would be something, in his mind, if they did not brain themselves against an "if" which he had in his mind.

Next, Lord Jim was invited to act as a judge in a bird-catching contest on the civilized frontier of the "wild and woolly." For some reason soon to be known, the committee on executions told him that his services would be dispensed with. Lord Jim threatens to publish the fact that the said committee learned his character and discharged him.

Since then Lord Jim has blindly butted his head against every obstacle in sight. All that is necessary is to whistle, show Lord Jim a body of any size or kind, and on the in-

stant he will wheeze, blow, sweat, paw the ground and run into it full tilt, head first. None can do it like Lord Mushroom Jimmie.

The mushroom still grows and is spongier, danker. The top is almost too heavy for the stem. Some day it will tipple over and quickly disappear, as is the nature of mushrooms. There will be nothing left of it to attract the notice of posterity except a small spot of unhealthy matter.

IT'S ME.

ATLANTIS.

Thus the M.S. ended. The man called Lord Jim must have been in his day what is termed a crank by the moderns. It should be a source of congratulation that there is no man in the fancy who is so foolishly vain as Lord Jim. Perhaps, with all his freaks he was but a harmless sort of ninny, and if left alone, would succumb to the fate of all mushrooms when brought into a strong light. CORN CRACKER.

SEPTEMBER 20, 1888.

THE INDIANA FIELD TRIALS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In cancelling the appointment of Mr. Jas. L. Anthony as judge of its coming trials, the Indiana Kennel Club corrected an acknowledged error, resented a rank insult, protected the interests of its entries and retained its self-respect.

The public may judge the merits of the case by the character and extent of its support and opposition. The club's action is sustained and approved by every member of the Board of Control, consisting of Messrs. D. C. Bergundthal, Ed. S. Shultz, J. E. Dougherty, J. M. Freeman, S. H. Sockwell, P. T. Madison, H. A. Comstock, Royal Robinson, A. P. Craft, M. R. Williams, F. W. Samuels and Joseph Becker. It is opposed only by Mr. Anthony and Mr. J. E. Isgrigg. The former's acts and utterances condemn him as being unfit for the self-sought position from which he has been deposed, and as lacking the instincts and requirements that render a man a proper associate for a genteel dog.

Mr. Isgrigg may be dismissed with the statement that the club expelled him for acts unbecoming a gentleman, but reconsidered the vote, on the ground that he was *non compos mentis* and permitted him to resign his membership.

The Indiana Kennel Club will not magnify the importance of these gentlemen, nor belittle itself by any controversy with them.

The public may be assured there will be a public trial of pointers and setters at Bicknell, Ind., beginning Nov. 1. It will be under the management of the Indiana Kennel Club, and that organization will be responsible for the character of the judges and the fairness of the methods pursued.

It is left to the interested dog owners to see that worthy ends promoted by clean and decent means are not defeated by the blackguardism and disappointed egotism of any individual. By order of the Board, P. T. MADISON, Sec'y.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Oct. 1.

ST. PAUL DOG SHOW.

WE have received the premium list of the second annual dog show of the St. Paul and Minnesota Kennel Club, to be held at Jackson Street Rink, St. Paul, Minn., Oct. 23 to 26. The prize in all of the champion classes is $10; the important classes are divided by sex. In the open classes for mastiffs, rough-coated St. Bernards, Great Danes, English and Irish setters, the prizes are $15 and $8, with $5 and $3 for puppies. Chesapeake Bay dogs have classes for rough and smooth-coated, with $12 and $7 for dogs and the same for bitches; open classes for pointers, large and small, the same. Other classes have $10 and $5, with the exception of King Charles and Blenheim spaniels, and the miscellaneous classes, which have $5 and $3. The club will give $20 each for best kennel—not less than four—of mastiffs, St. Bernards, Great Danes, pointers, English setters and Irish setters, and $15 each to Chesapeake Bay, collies, cocker spaniels, Irish water spaniels, fox-terriers, other terriers and pugs, and $25 to exhibitor making the largest entry. Upward of fifty valuable specials are already offered and many more are promised. The American, United States and Northern Pacific Express companies will take dogs to and from the show for one rate, and the railroads will carry dogs in the baggage cars free when accompanied by attendant. Spratts Patent will bench and feed. Chas. Weil will superintend the show. The judges are Messrs. John Davidson, sporting classes, and Chas. H. Mason, non-sporting. Entries close Oct. 15. The address of the secretary is J. E. Stryker, 98 Globe Building, St. Paul, Minn.

OUR BOSTON SHOW REPORT.

HAVING publicly made an untruthful statement respecting the accuracy of the FOREST AND STREAM'S Boston show report, and a second untruthful statement respecting the purpose of that report, Mr. August Belmont, Jr. now adds another untruthful statement as to the character of our comments on his last two untruthful statements. He publishes in a horse paper this:

"I also desire to state to my fellow-breeders and exhibitors that, while I shall never shrink from affording explanations to those seeking for statements publicly made by me, I must, in deference to my own self-respect, except such an instance as that of the FOREST AND STREAM relative to its Boston show report, or any other similar case where the request is made in foully abusive language and in the spirit of blackguardism."

The FOREST AND STREAM has a reputation for honesty and fair intent in its show reports. No man can put his finger on a single word in any report ever written by our kennel editor which was not written honestly and with fair intent; no one who knows that editor would ever accuse him of writing a dishonest report. We propose to maintain and protect our reputation in this respect. It is a part of our capital. When Mr. Belmont or any other man falsely impugns the character of our reports and their purpose we shall defend ourselves. Because we do this Mr. Belmont now says we are possessed of a spirit of "blackguardism." Does Mr. Belmont imagine that it is only "blackguards" who resent being taxed with untruthfulness? ED. F. & S.

COLLIE SWEEPSTAKES.—Rahway, N. J.—The executive committee of the Collie Club at their meeting Sept. 25, decided to divide the Collie sweepstakes and Futurity Stakes in two sections, the same as provided for in the Produce Stake. Puppies born previous to July 1, 1888, will compete at one of the early spring shows of 1889, and those born between July 1 and Dec. 31 will compete at shows in September or October, 1889. This will give late puppies an equal chance with the early ones as those born even as late as December will be nine months old when judged, at which age they are generally at their best. The sweepstakes and Futurity Stakes are open to all; the Produce Stake is confined to members. Entry blanks can be obtained by addressing the secretary—J. D. SHOTWELL.

CONNECTICUT STATE KENNEL CLUB.—Bridgeport, Conn., Sept. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At a meeting held at the Atlantic Hotel, this city, Sept. 18, the Connecticut State Kennel Club was organized with the following officers: President, John White, Bridgeport; Vice-President, A. R. Kyle, South Norwalk; Secretary, Dr. Jas. E. Hair, Bridgeport; Treasurer, W. H. Longden, Bridgeport. All persons becoming members at or before the next meeting, Oct. 2, will be admitted as charter members, and after that date an entrance fee of $2 will be charged. We propose holding a bench show in Bridgeport next April.—Dr. JAS. E. HAIR, Sec'y.

MR. ANTHONY'S HALLUCINATION.

Editor Forest and Stream:

F. C. Richter, editor of the *Sporting Life*, Philadelphia, Pa., has been pleased to contradict that portion of my statement referring to the use of a certain letter by the Eastern Club as a basis for the bar of Wm. T. Mitchell in January, 1886, which portion is as follows: "*And on the contents of a stolen letter taken from my possession by fraud and put into the possession of the club by James Watson.*"

I reiterate the statement in its FULL MEANING and am prepared to prove it LEGALLY when the proper time comes. In the meantime, for the public, I will give such *general* facts as can be given without dates or names or prejudicing the legal proof so that evidence to rebut the same may not *perchance* be *manufactured*.

For a long time prior to the trials of 1885, the *Sporting Life* (kennel department) was in direct antagonism to *both* the Eastern Field Trial Club and the Westminster Kennel Club, scarcely an issue appearing that did not contain some item attacking either the one or the other club or its members.

The editor, desirous of securing all the facts derogatory to those clubs, placed himself in communication with those he could reach, and having real or fancied grievances against them.

In this way Wm. T. Mitchell was *foolishly* induced to write *in confidence* a letter reciting certain supposed events, but saying in *this very letter* that IF the facts were EVER used his (Mitchell's) name *must not be mentioned*.

This letter was treated, as it had been intended, by *both* parties *as confidential*, till through *malice* and *spite* the "*Porcupine Combine*" found opportunity to use it.

In the scurrilous columns of the Kennel Department of the *Sporting Life* appeared a notice warning the Eastern Club that Mitchell *ought to be barred*, pitching into me *generally* because I dared *openly* to state my opinion of the Beaufort-Lucia heat, and suggesting that if the Eastern only had this letter in their possession, *how easy* the bar could become an accomplished fact. To make a long story short, *the record shows* that Mr. J. Otto Donner *placed himself in* communication with *either* F. C. Richter or James Watson *in order to obtain* the damaging document, BUT HERE CAME THE RUB. Inquiry of James Watson to whom this *private* and *confidential* letter had been intrusted (F. C. Richter's denial to the contrary notwithstanding) revealed the fact that the columns of the *Sporting Life* were *a little hasty*, that they had agreed *to deliver* a letter *they did not possess*, for at that *very moment* the letter *lay sealed* in an envelope *in a safe* in the city of New York, said envelope inclosed and signed with my name and one other, *not to be opened or used except by mutual consent*.

Taken to task, I suppose by Richter, James Watson began to scratch his head and try to think *where* the letter was. He finally hit on the party *to whom he gave it, wrote* the party for it, that party came to me with the Watson letter and read it to me and *handed it to me as well*.

I failed to give Watson my compliments and say that it was *securely locked up*, that the newspaper to which it had been sent, having violated all *known rules of decency*, I had *purchased* the letter on Mitchell's behalf and *to protect him* and *it should not go back*.

In the meantime, and while the letter was in the city of New York, Mitchell wrote this same Richter, requesting the return to him of *the letter, as it was written in confidence*, and this man Richter, *mark you, Messrs. Editors and Gentlemen Sportsmen of America!!* this man who *denies* my statements, this *corrector* of morals, *this hero* of the hour who descries *scurrilous remarks* (because, forsooth, he has no kennel department now, I suppose, it having *died the death of all rotten things*), wrote Mitchell that the letter *was in his possession, had never gone out of it*, was not *confidential*, and that he should make such use of *it as he chose*, and Mitchell *sent me this letter*. For a week or so after first seeing the original letter written by Mitchell, sealing it up in *the presence of a witness*, and placing the superscription thereon together with the two signatures above referred to, I saw nothing of the receiver of the Watson letter, but one day he came into my office saying he had no end of trouble with Watson, that he wished to protect Messrs. Heath, Mitchell and myself, that he also wished to protect himself, that Watson would not hesitate to defame him, etc.

Finally it was agreed that I should hand him back the letter *sealed*, that he should place it in his safe unopened, and that if Watson again wrote for it he should immediately destroy it *unopened* with other papers he intended destroying, and write Watson that he had done so, and pledging me *his word of honor that he would carry out the agreement*. Believing his statement and his pledges, I handed the letter over in the presence of a witness.

On the 25th day of December, 1885, this person again visited my office, saying he had heard again from Watson, and assuring me that he would *immediately* return to his office, *destroy the letter as he had promised, and so write Watson*.

The public now have the *partial* history of this letter and the *base uses* for which *it was purloined*. Whether the letter was returned direct to James Watson and by him handed to F. C. Richter, or whether he or Richter sent it to J. Otto Donner, the latter using it as the basis for the Mitchell bar of January, 1886, does not alter the statement that "the letter was taken from my possession *by fraud* and put in the possession of the club *through James Watson*, if not handed to the President directly or mailed to him *through the post. Fortunately a certified copy of this letter is in existence*, and now one word to F. C. Richter.

No one but a man of the *lowest type*, Mr. Editor, associating *with the scum of all that is indecent* would descend to the level of *decoying* a man into writing a *confidential letter* and then use it against *the man so entrapped*.

It is well for the public to have this history, a history that can and will be proved whenever the proper moment arrives. Mr. Mitchell will need no suggestion from me that F. C. Richter's public confession of his use of the letter is good grounds for heavy damages.

I further make the suggestion, Messrs. Editors, that as the Eastern Club had only this letter as the *real basis for a bar*, prudence and common forethought would have suggested not alone the propriety but the wisdom of *including* this letter, and a true record of the proceedings had in January, 1886, in the statement sent both the American and Indiana Clubs, and not have substituted *what is practically a rank forgery instead*.

Any other *little data* that may be needed in proof of my assertions made in your issue of Sept. 20, 1888, I stand ready to give whenever my statements shall be questioned, either by the club, its officers or any one having authority.

Yours, JAMES L. ANTHONY.

NETHERWOOD, N. J., Sept. 29, 1888.

PUBLIC JUDGING AT BIRMINGHAM DOG SHOW.

THE Birmingham dog show has a longer history than any other. Following close on Newcastle, which was the first of these institutions, Birmingham has an unbroken record since 1859. The National, as it is called, or rather as it calls itself, was considered the premier show of the year, even for some time after the formation of the Kennel Club in 1870, and its early series of shows at the Crystal Palace. At that time, and for some few years thereafter, the National Canine Society's shows at Nottingham held a high position, and at one time looked like being a formidable rival to both the Birmingham Society and the Kennel Club.

I thought then, and I have seen no reason to alter my opinion, that the National Canine Society was founded on the soundest principles, and the best calculated to attain the objects professed, which with all of them was, and continues to be, the improvement of the dog. The active opposition of the Kennel Club, together with the apathy of the general body of exhibitors, by whom the real merits of the several schemes never seemed to have been seriously considered, swamped the National Canine Society, and Nottingham soon ceased to appear among the list of annual fixtures.

An attempt was made by the National Canine Society to combine all individual interests in one, but the Kennel Club knew their strength, and evidently thought they saw their way to securing irresponsible power over canine interests in Great Britain. Events have shown that they did not overestimate their chances, for the club has a power, and exercises it under conditions so opposed to the spirit of the age as to be something marvellous.

Birmingham rode a very high horse for a long time, vainly assuming that it could keep off its neck the iron heel of despotism exercised by the Kennel Club. That was short-sighted enough; but it was perhaps eclipsed by the folly of attempting too late the formation of a truly national society on an elective basis in opposition to the Kennel Club. It was painfully evident, even to those who wished the scheme well, that Birmingham proposed a kennel parliament on the broadest elective basis, not from love of the principle, but to save their own existence. The result of the attempt, with that memorable volume of a stud book, wherein the editor, like the wise builder he was, began laying his bricks at the top of the chimney, proposing to work down to the foundation, was a miserable fiasco.

Birmingham had been goaded into the temporary adoption of a principle far too big and generous for them, simply because the Kennel Club, having grown in strength, felt secure in turning the screw on Birmingham and boycotted the show, utterly ignoring its existence in the Stud Book. Birmingham felt the iron enter its soul; hence the spasmodic effort to appear as the champion of public virtue, and by parading in liberal clothes many sizes to large for it, to appeal to the people as the protector of their interests. If Birmingham had had the principle at heart, it would have given practical expression to it years before; but adopting the nobler part out of compulsion, and in craven fear of its own existence, its efforts proved a most disastrous failure, ending in a most undignified surrender.

Bit by bit Birmingham has given way to demands for privileges which the public call rights, and now, under the severe pressure of increasing competition, private judging (which it has always declared to be an essential and almost sacred institution) is given up in favor of public judging, and there is even an attempt to meet the demand for limiting the duration of the show. I always objected to the exclusion of the public from seeing how the dogs were judged, and claimed that if it were impracticable to admit the public that the newspaper reporters, who are the representatives of public interests, should have free admittance and be left untrammeled in the performance of their onerous duties.

At last we are to have public judging at Birmingham, a fact I am glad to recognize; still, I wish it had been granted under conditions more honorable to Birmingham than compulsion. No concessions, however, whether from the National Society or the Kennel Club, can ever prove more than mere temporary makeshifts and avoidance of what is sure to come eventually, and that is the election of the rulers by the ruled.—*Hugh Dalziel in The Bazaar.*

JUDGING AT BUFFALO.

LONDON, Ont., Sept. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In the report of the Buffalo dog show in your issue of the 20th, your reporter, in the open dog class for English setter dogs, speaks of Roger, first prize winner, as having been previously overlooked by New York judges, and takes upon himself the credit of having given him his first blue ribbon. If we are not mistaken Roger got second at the last New York show, before your reporter ever judged him—proving that he had not been entirely overlooked by New York judges. With this criticism he passes him over and criticises the second prize winner at Buffalo by saying his head, while not bad, is a trifle plain. Admitting that his head is not perfect, are we to suppose Roger, with his faulty muzzle, to be the correct type? Next, Locksley's eyes are too light in color, while Roger's eyes are much lighter, or yellower, more correctly speaking. Without mentioning the good neck, beautiful shoulders, chest and back of Locksley, he passes to his loin, which is "too long"—this must be in your reporter's mind, as he is not a long dog—his hocks are a trifle too close, which we consider a much better form than the opposite, and his tail, if long, is carried much as the dog feels, not invariably in the same position. We must further disagree with your report in the matter of substance, as Locksley is a hardy, stout, muscular dog, or he never could weigh as much as he does in such light condition as he was shown, and he is possessed of more quality than any dog shown in his class. We are pleased to notice that other reporters differ from yours about the merits of the two dogs mentioned, and however good a judge of non-sporting dogs he may be we would prefer some one else of more practical experience to select a dog for our use in the field, and also as a bench show dog.

I am not adverse to criticism, and am willing my dogs should have their share of it, but would prefer reliable criticism, not slight imperfections magnified and fancied ones brought forward where none exist. T. G. DAVEY.

BEAGLES AND FOXHOUNDS.

HORNELLSVILLE, N. Y., Sept. 29. *Editor Forest and Stream:* Your correspondent who spells his *nom de plume* backward and hides behind it, says he "has no grudge against Bannerman or his owner," and that "Bannerman has produced but one really good dog and he has gone to pieces." My advice to "S. Reicnaf" is to try and find some of the pieces and improve the interbred and rabbit-shy Rowetts. As I own sons and grandsons of the great and only Bannerman, I cannot let him be abused without a reply.

"S. Reicnaf" has probably been asleep, or he would have heard of more than one good one by Bannerman. What would he call Banner Boy II., Royal Krueger, etc.? Royal Krueger is said by competent judges to be the best beagle dog living, and he transmits his good qualities to his get. They do not lack in head qualities nor earage. Else "Uncle Dick" could not have won first at Buffalo and Syracuse. His ears spread over sixteen inches, and the Syracuse judge, President A. B. Club, also a breeder of the Rowetts, said "he was the best pup he ever saw," and he also said the same of his sire at Philadelphia, 1888.

"S. Reicnaf" will not improve the Rowetts by interbreeding. They have too much Rowett blood now. The largest breeder of beagles and rabbit hounds told me that he never saw a pure Rowett that was not afraid of a rabbit; and Messrs. Phœbus, Wixom and Krueger indorse it. Surely four of the largest beagle breeders in the world should know something about breeding, and the value of an out cross from the Rowetts.

I received a letter to-day from a well-known breeder. He says "at Buffalo Mr. Watson's type was the very small dog, while at Syracuse Mr. Schellhass stuck to the large type. I saw several that should have been thrown out, being over height, but I suppose the judge was easy on that point, as many say his champion Trailer is in the same boat. Of course Cook and Schellhass wrote up the beagles and foxhounds for Major Taylor and they did not forget to praise their own style, and Cook tries to belittle the real English foxhound. You see what he says of Dan T. and Pride of Hornell. Why either one is better than any Cook owns; and I would not trade the brace for Cook's whole pack. No judge that knows anything about fox hunting or foxhounds but would send every one of Cook's pack out of the ring. I wonder why he does not show under an English judge, who knows what a foxhound looks like. Schellhass is not a judge of any breed; it takes more than five years to be a master mechanic in any line of business; and five years ago he was only a boy, unknown to the fancy.

"Well, Dick, you and I are N. D. C. men; they were all A. K. C. and I suppose had orders from 44 Broadway to peg our dogs back, but all the same Syracuse would not have had 150 dogs only for N. D. C. entries. The Syracuse K. C. are a nice lot of men, and Mr. Ward is a gentleman and a good fellow all round; but such judging is only a farce. They should have men, not boys to handle the dogs; men who know something about the classes they undertake to judge, or at least those known to the fancy as breeders. Mortimer did fairly, but it will be a long time before they see my dogs at an A. K. C. show again."

J. OTIS FELLOWS.

[A communication from Mr. A. C. Krueger, received too late for publication, will be printed next week.]

LESSONS FROM BUFFALO.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The Buffalo show has come and gone. Syracuse followed in quick succession. The former was supported by the N. D. C., the latter by the A. K. C. Boycotted by the officers and some of the individual members of the A. K. C. the Buffalo show has weathered the gale of abuse, misstatements and malignity heaped upon it.

One fact stands out in bold relief: no dog show can in future be a success without the support of the N. D. C. Mr. Belmont, president of the A. K. C. and supreme mover in the boycott, attempted to convince the public that the members of the N. D. C. were secretly plotting to overthrow the A. K. C. He said, "Breeders and bench show organizations will find it to their advantage to give it [the N. D. C.] a wide berth." How false a prophet. His fizzle in this instance is as great and deplorable to himself as was his endeavor to convince the stockholders of the Richmond Terminal that the then and now present Board of Directors were sadly wanting. His outlay of money purchased but a sly laugh and the votes were against him. As to fizzles Mr. Belmont appears a magnificent success.

In the editorial announcement of a New York horse paper, a statement was made predicting that the benches at the Buffalo show would be filled by dogs taken from the streets; in other words, curs. To the 47 entries from Buffalo city there were awarded, 3 first, 6 second and 3 third prizes.

As a matter of fact, at no show ever held in this country have there been exhibited better dogs, all told, than at Buffalo. At the Syracuse show there were 31 entries from that city, while Philadelphia spring show had 463 entries, 174 of them being from the residents.

Here is a comparison which is significant:

	Buffalo (Fall).	Newark (Spring).	Syracuse (Fall).
Entries	524	535	319

The number of champions at these shows according to A. K. C. ruling are as follows:

	Buffalo.	Newark.	Syracuse.
St. Bernards	6	6	4
Mastiffs	2	..	1
Greyhounds	3	1	2
Deerhounds	4	2	1
Pointers	1	3	4
English setters	5	3	5
Irish setters	2	5	2
Gordon setters	3	2	3
Field spaniels	3	2	1
Cocker spaniels	7	3	6
Clumber spaniels	1	1	..
Collies	1	3	3
Beagles	2	4	4
Foxhounds	..	..	1
Pugs	4	1	2
Bulldogs	5	3	1
Bull-terriers	.	2	1
Dandie Dinmont terriers	1	..	..
Fox-terriers	3	2	2
Black and tan terriers	1	..	..
King Charles Spaniels	1	1	1
Skye terriers	1	..	..
Scotch terriers	1	..	..
Italian greyhounds	..	..	..
Yorkshire terriers	..	..	..
Blenheim spaniels	2	1	1
Bedlington terriers	..	1	1
Total	59	46	46

Buffalo, boycotted, had 524 entries made by 184 individual exhibitors. Syracuse was the battle ground chosen to show the strength of the A. K. C., and what was the result? 319 entries! But did that show the strength of the A. K. C.? By no means! Ten members of the N. D. C. had no grudge to settle. Influenced by the same spirit which actuated them from the first, they sent their dogs there and sought to make the show a success. Had they used the weapon of the A. K. C. and boycotted Syracuse, that show would have had 99 dogs less or only 220. Buffalo had two entries (one a litter of puppies) "not for competition," Syracuse had under the same head (in regular class) seventeen dogs. There is but one inference to draw from this.

One word more. I say without hesitation, had the Buffalo show been held one month later there would have been at least 850 entries. I have sufficient evidence to support this assertion, for I have been shown many letters written by breeders who desired to manifest themselves in sympathy with the N. D. C., and yet their dogs were in too poor condition to enter them at this season of the year.

Is there not a lesson to be learned from these facts? The members of the N. D. C. have up to this time acted solely on the defensive. Conscious of their power they have not allowed the "yelping" to move them one hairsbreadth from their original stand. They have shown to the "doggy world" their strength. And what of the future? Will it be wise to push them too hard? Is there not a limit beyond which it is unwise to push one, however just his cause may be, and when forbearance ceases to be a virtue? Let the classical mythologist relate to his associates the story of Phæthon that they, too, may not tempt Fate too far.

A LOVER OF FAIR PLAY.

DOG TALK.

A PARTY traveling in southern Wyoming sent to the Ware (Mass.) *Journal* an account of their adventures; and they have this to say of their dogs, which are described as "a pair of Siberian bloodhounds, a gaze hound and a water-spaniel:" "A word relating to our dogs—they soon became sore-footed, and the larger ones had to be carried in the mess wagon, while their greatest usefulness seemed to be a persistent determination to occupy our beds on frosty nights, to the discomfort, I might almost say exclusion, of humans. Our water spaniel was a curious specimen of his kind, being afraid of the water, and frequently begged to ride over the ford. He had great ability in one direction, however, when we practiced with the rifle while in camp he would invariably find the direction and the very locality of our bullets, even if we were shooting at an object 300 or 400yds. distant. The setter and the gaze hound were death on jack rabbits and cottontails. The spaniel would scent them out and the hound would, as a rule, run them down."

There were but six entries in the three classes provided for collies at the Central Canada Exposition Association's fair, held in Ottawa on Sept. 25, 26, 27 and 28, and a wretched lot they were. Not even a passable specimen among them. The winner in the dog class is a well bred cull, and the first prize bitch is simply awful. The remaining quartette may be briefly described as being a good bit worse than the winners of the premier honors.

Mr. J. E. Stryker, secretary of the St. Paul and Minnesota bench show, anticipates for this year a greater success even than the last show given by his club. Last year they had 400 dogs, the list including about all of the Western cracks and many from the East. The premium list is now ready.

Messrs. J. H. Winslow, of Philadelphia, Pa., and J. B. Ellison, of Bryn Mawr, Pa., have consolidated their kennels of pointers, which will be located at the latter place and hereafter the dogs will be shown and run in the name of the Bryn Mawr Kennel.

Mr. Hugh Dalziel's new book, a monograph on the collie, will be read with interest, for while the author differs in some points from the accepted authorities, and shows now and then a disposition to be finical, he has a deal of hard sense, and collie men who mean to keep up will not miss his work, which is included in our "Sportsmen's Library."

The coursing meeting at Great Bend, Kas., beginning Oct. 15, promises to be the most interesting event of the kind that has ever taken place in this country. Hares are reported to be in great abundance on the grounds and a large entry is expected.

The first meeting this season of the Hempstead Coursing Club (fox-terrier) will take place Oct. 27 on the polo grounds of the Rockaway Hunt Club at Cedarhurst, L. I.

The annual meeting of the New Jersey Kennel Club will be held to-night at Taylor's Hotel, Jersey City.

At a meeting held at London, Ont., during the dog show, the Canadian Kennel Club was formed. Representatives from each province were present. A report of the proceedings will appear next week.

The St. Bernard Club (English) will hold their eighth show at Sheffield, Oct. 30 and 31.

ON TO RICHMOND.

Editor Forest and Stream:

There are evidently great prospects for the Richmond show. It will be a good show, and a fairly big show. But what will interest exhibitors most is the fun in store. The managers are laying deep and awful plans whereby to entrap the quiet and peace-loving dog men of this great country into all sorts of vile pursuits. There will be fox hunting and rabbit hunting, and no doubt bird hunting (this must be done with a "bird dog,") and then there is deer hunting for those who like it, and I have no doubt that coon hunting will be indulged in, and also what is termed painting the town red. (This sport partakes of a somewhat different nature, but is pursued with great gusto at times by the dog men.) There is lots of fun waiting there for us. Now why not all hands meet before starting and go down in a body? A great many have expressed their intention of going down on Saturday's Old Dominion steamer. That is a good plan. Let us meet there and enjoy our trip together. As you said in your last issue, "On to Richmond!" EXHIBITOR.

THE PET DOG CLUB.—New York, Sept. 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I herewith send a letter from the secretary of the American Pet Dog Club, which, without any comment of mine, I am sure your readers will accept as sufficient refutation of Mrs. Wheatleigh's communication appearing in your last issue. I can only add that further comment to me seems unnecessary.—MRS. EUGENE CLARKE. "NEW YORK, Sept. 22.—Mrs. Eugene Clarke, Second Vice-President A. P. D. C. *Dear Madam:* At the inaugural meeting of the American Pet Dog Club, Nov. 15, 1887, you were nominated by Mrs. Wheatleigh for second vice-president. You were unanimously elected. Your resignation, if tendered, has never been seen by me, nor has it ever been presented to the club. Mrs. Wheatleigh, our late president, must have been acting under a spell of forgetfulness when stating that you are neither a member nor a vice-president. The club has the honor to claim you as both. You are both. I must refrain from comment in relation to any statement made by one whom I have for years held in the highest esteem, and whom, it pains me to say, the club, at its last meeting, by resolution, dropped from its roll of membership. With great respect, your obedient servant, C. ORMSBY, Sec."

THE COURSING MEET.—Chicago Ill., Sept. 23.—Mr. H. C. Lowe, of Hutchinson, Kas., reports that he is hard at work training his entries for the October meet of the American Coursing Club. Mr. Lowe has imported several good dogs from England this past summer, and has his eyes firmly fixed on some of the upper moneys at the meet. He writes also that great interest is felt in the meeting for this fall, and the Kansas and Nebraska dogs are now being trained for all they are worth. There will be a great attendance at Great Bend on Oct. 15. The eminently sportsmanlike sport of coursing seems to be growing rapidly in favor.—E. H.

THAT MISSING ST. BERNARD.—Woodstock, Ont., Sept. 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I recovered my St. Bernard dog, Barry, Jr., this week, after a thorough search by the Buffalo Kennel Club. By an error he was sent to a man named Spencer, of Toronto, and two of his dogs were sent to a wrong address. Spencer took the peculiar position that he had better hold my dog until he recovered his own, and although I wired him on the 17th, asking him if he had my dog, he did not reply for nearly a week, and then not until it was found the dog was in his possession. I sent for him on Sunday last when he gave him up.—ANDREW LAIDLAW.

THE CHESAPEAKE BAY DOG.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I wish to lern fully about the Cheasapeake Bay dog. His origin, color, breeding, and where the best strains can be procured, prices, etc. Will some fellow sportsman who has had experience with them for retrievers, kindly give me the required information either by letter or through these columns, and the favor will be gratefully received and some day reciprocated.—G. E. S.

SPANIEL SPECIAL AT BUFFALO.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your report of Buffalo show you failed to state that my cocker spaniel champion Doc was awarded "an extra prize" in class 74. Kindly publish as matter of record, and oblige.—AMERICAN COCKER KENNELS.

KENNEL NOTES.

Notes must be sent on prepared blanks, which are furnished free on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope of large letter size. Sets of 200 of any one form, bound for retaining duplicates, are sent for 30 cents.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Music II. and Carle. By Contoocook Kennels, Peterboro, N. H., for black, white and tan beagle dogs, whelped May 24, 1888, by Cameron's Racket (Rally—Louise) out of Cora (champion Rattler—Sciota).

Boo Peep, Little Dott and Adah. By Contoocook Kennels, Peterboro, N. H., for black, white and tan beagle bitches, whelped May 24, 1888, by Cameron's Racket (Rally—Louise) out of Cora (champion Rattler—Sciota).

Rowena. By Clyde Blackford, Bellefonte, Pa., for black, white and tan beagle bitch, whelped April 10, 1888, by Fitzhugh Lee (Lee—Juliette) out of Belle (Jock—Pigeon).

Verona. By J. H. Winslow, Philadelphia, Pa., for liver and white pointer bitch, whelped February, 1886, by Prince (Day's Prince—Swett's Fly) out of Vandalia (Bang Bang—Zanetta).

Princess. By Contoocook Kennels, Peterboro, N. H., for orange tawny and white St. Bernard bitch, whelped April 8, 1888, by Grimsell (Rex—Alma) out of Yum Yum (Marco—Hermeter).

Lady S. and Brighton Queen. By F. M. Shelley, Sheridan, N. Y., for lemon and white English setter bitches, whelped May 11, 1888, by King Fred (Ted Llewellin—Marcella) out of Lady Brighton (Prince Phœbus—Rosey).

Madam. By H. Turner, Detroit, Mich., for black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped Sept. 30, 1887, by Doctor (Bob III.—Black Bess) out of Jet (Raven—Ready).

Ravamus and Cadeaux. By H. A. Harris, North Wilmington, Mass., for white bull-terrier dogs, whelped May 10, 1888, by champion Count (Marquis—Kit) out of Marguerite (champion Count—Young Venom).

Sandycroft Benedict and Sandycroft Bachelor. By V. M. Haldeman, Milford, Del., for Irish terrier dogs, whelped Aug. 23, 1888, by Dennis (champion Bachelor—Jilt) out of Sandycroft Vim (Benedict—Geesala).

Sandycroft Geesala, Sandycroft Vixen, Sandycroft Virago, Sandycroft Vesta and Sandycroft Vedetta. By V. M. Haldeman, Milford, Del., for Irish terrier bitches, whelped Aug. 23, 1888, by Dennis (champion Bachelor—Jilt) out of Sandycroft Vim (Benedict—Geesala).

Bryn Mawr Kennels. By J. H. Winslow and J. B. Ellison, for their kennels of pointers at Bryn Mawr, Pa.

BRED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Passaic—Potomac. Somerset Kennels' (Bernardsville, N. J.) beagle bitch Passaic (My Maryland—Gill) to their Potomac (champion Lee—Countess), Aug. 24.

Jessie—Jupiter. Somerset Kennels' (Bernardsville, N. J.) beagle bitch Jessie (Ranger—Lucy II.) to their Jupiter (champion Lee—Saad), Aug. 19.

Verona—Bang. J. H. Winslow's (Philadelphia, Pa.) pointer bitch Verona (Prince—Vandalia) to his Bang (champion Bang—Salter's Luna), Sept. 8.

Say—Graphic. Reading Pointer Kennels' (Reading, Mass.) pointer bitch Say (A.K.R. 2850) to J. L. Anthony's Graphic (Bonus Sancho—Juno), Sept. 12.

Puss B.—Kash. Geo. Gillivan's (West Jefferson, O.) pug bitch Puss B. to A. E. Pitts's Kash, Sept. 10.

Hempstead Belle—Kash. Geo. Gillivan's (West Jefferson, O.) pug bitch Hempstead Belle (champion George—Yuma Yuma) to A. E. Pitts's Kash, Sept. 27.

Chequasset Nina—Hector. M. P. Tuttle's (Roseville, N. J.) St. Bernard bitch Chequasset Nina (A.K.R. 6556) to the Hospice Kennels' champion Hector (A.K.R. 4425), Sept. 27.

Nellie Gladstone—Count Noble. E. A. Hight's (Lynn, Mass.) English setter bitch Nellie Gladstone (Gladstone—Lucy Dean) to B. F. Wilson's Count Noble (Count Wind'em—Nora), Sept. 19.

Molly K.—Clyde Gladstone. C. F. Mulliken's (Boston, Mass.) English setter bitch Molly K. to W. H. Beede's Clyde Bondhu (Gus Bondhu—Lady Dixie), Aug. 14.

Nellie—Clyde Bondhu. F. A. Frazier's (Lynn, Mass.) English setter bitch Nellie (Cap—Bessie) to W. H. Beede's Clyde Bondhu (Gus Bondhu—Lady Dixie), Sept. 14.

Clover—Gus. E. A. Hight's (Lynn, Mass.) English setter bitch Clover (Royal Blue—Eudora) to Chas. York's Gus (Gladstone—May B.), Sept. 7.

Hazel Obo—Doc. Wm. Barnes's (Philadelphia, Pa.) cocker spaniel bitch Hazel Obo (Obo II.—Althea) to American Cocker Kennels' champion Doc (A.K.R. 3795), Sept. 9.

Teaser—Nap. F. K. Berlin's (New York) fox-terrier bitch Teaser (Prosper—Lady Teazle) to J. R. Bull's imported Nap, Sept. 5.

Merry Duchess—Bradford Harry. P. H. Coomb's (Bangor, Me.) Yorkshire terrier bitch Merry Duchess (Young Royal—Juno) to his Bradford Harry (Crawshaw's Bruce—Beale's Lady), Sept. 17.

WHELPS.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Velda N. F. M. Shelley's (Sheridan, N. Y.) beagle bitch Velda N. (Cameron's Racket—Pussie), Sept. 25, seven (three dogs), by his Speculation (Ringwood—imported Fanny).

Cora. Contoocook Kennels' (Peterboro, N. H.) beagle bitch Cora (champion Rattler—Sciota, A.K.R. 1323), May 24, eight (four dogs), by A. C. Krueger's Cameron's Racket (Rally—Louise).

Matchley Venus. J. L. Winchell's (Fair Haven, Vt.) bloodhound bitch Matchley Venus (Oscar II.—Daphne II.), Sept 23, twelve (eight dogs), by his Burniston (Maltravers—Duchess of Ripple).

Ripple Buxom. J. L. Winchell's (Fair Haven, Vt.) bloodhound bitch Ripple Buxom (Trimbush II.—Patti), Sept. 10, nine (six dogs), by his champion Barnaby (Nobleman—Beauty).

Whirlpool. W. Atlee Burpee & Co.'s (Philadelphia, Pa.) collie bitch Whirlpool, Sept. 22, three dogs, by C. H. Wheeler's Smuggler (E. 18,569).

Vandalia. Bryn Mawr Kennels' (Bryn Mawr, Pa.) pointer bitch Vandalia (Bang Bang—Zanetta), Sept. 5, seven (four dogs), by their Bang (champion Bang—Salter's Luna); one bitch since dead.

Cute. L. Gardner's (Mt. Vernon, N.Y.) pointer bitch Cute (Duke Royal—Gala Day), Sept. 19, twelve (ten dogs), by his Duke of Vernon (Glendale—Spotless); one dog dead.

East Lake Lilly. Geo. Gillivan's (West Jefferson, O.) pug bitch East Lake Lilly, Sept. 10, two (one dog), by A. E. Pitts's Kash.

Dott. C. A. Ives's (Bridgeport, Conn.) Gordon setter bitch Dott (Rupert III.—Fannie), Sept. 18, eight (two dogs), by G. D. Terhune's Tom (Aten's Glen III.—Nellie Horton II.); two bitches and one dog since dead.

Lady Pluto. Geo. H. Whitehead's (Trenton, N. J.) cocker spaniel bitch Lady Pluto (champion Obo II.—Blackie III.), Sept. 16, six (four dogs), by American Cocker Kennels' champion Doc (A.K.R. 3795); three black, two red and one liver.

Midnight II. American Cocker Kennels' (Philadelphia, Pa.) cocker spaniel bitch Midnight II. (A.K.R. 3795), Sept. 17, five (four dogs), by their champion Doc (A.K.R. 3795); all black.

Miss Topsy. American Cocker Kennels' (Philadelphia, Pa.) cocker spaniel bitch Miss Topsy (A.K.R. 5268), Sept. 19, seven (four dogs), by their champion Doc (A.K.R. 3795); all black.

Queen Obo. American Cocker Kennels' (Philadelphia, Pa.) cocker spaniel bitch Queen Obo (A.K.R. 3062), Sept. 8, six (four dogs), by their champion Doc (A.K.R. 3795); three black dogs, one black bitch, one red dog and one red bitch.

SALES.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Tenor. Black, white and tan beagle dog (A.K.R. 5586), by W. H. Beede, Lynn, Mass., to J. Williams, same place.

Frederick. Black, white and tan beagle dog, whelped Aug. 20, 1886, by champion Lee out of Countess, by Somerset Kennels, Bernardsville, N. J., to F. R. Coudert, Jr., Metuchen, N. J.

Music II. Black, white and tan beagle dog, whelped May 24, 1888, by Cameron's Racket out of Cora, by Contoocook Kennels, Peterboro, N. H., to Herbert Clapp, Philadelphia, Pa.

Carle. Black, white and tan beagle dog, whelped May 24, 1888, by Cameron's Racket out of Cora, by Contoocook Kennels, Peterboro, N. H., to Mrs. Chas. A. Braman, Boston, Mass.

Cameron's Racket—Cora whelps. Two black, white and tan beagle dogs, whelped May 24, 1888, by Contoocook Kennels, Peterboro, N. H., to Haywood Mason, Philadelphia, Pa.

Boo Peep. Black, white and tan beagle bitch, whelped May 24, 1888, by Cameron's Racket out of Cora, by Contoocook Kennels, Peterboro, N. H., to F. G. Stewart, Hoosick Falls, N. Y.

Beech Grove Ben Harrison. Light fawn mastiff dog, whelped March 14, 1888, by Tor (A.K.R. 4882) out of Beech Grove Princess (A.K.R. 4541), by Geo. Jackson, Beech Grove, Ind., to W. O. Taylor, Indianapolis, Ind.

Max, Jr. Fawn mastiff dog, whelped April 26, 1888, by Max (A.K.R. 4268) out of Alpha (A.K.R. 3921), by A. G. Page, Jr., Bath, Me., to C. H. Hichborn, Augusta, Me.

East Lake Mollie. Fawn, black points, mastiff bitch, whelped Nov. 17, 1887, by Leo out of Ashmont Bertha, by Geo. Gillivan, West Jefferson, O., to J. F. O. Smith, Norfolk, Va.

Ashmont Bertha. Fawn, black points, mastiff bitch, whelped Nov. 17, 1885 (A.K.R. 3368), by Geo. Gillivan, West Jefferson, O., to J. C. McClure, West Fairfield, Pa.

Ludwig's Nero. Fawn, black points, mastiff dog, whelped June 19, 1888, by Rex out of Ashmont Bertha, by Geo. Gillivan, West Jefferson, O., to Ludwig Wolf, Mansfield, O.

Rex. Brindle mastiff dog, whelped August, 1886, by Major out of Zanita, by Berkshire Kennels, Hinsdale, Mass., to Lucinda Morgan, Lenox, Mass.

Scot Wilks. Fawn mastiff dog, whelped May 8, 1888, by Berkshire Caution out of Berkshire Zulu, by Berkshire Kennels, Hinsdale, Mass., to Chas. A. Pontius, Canton, O.

Hero. Fawn mastiff dog, whelped June 21, 1888, by Berkshire Caution out of Daisy G., by Berkshire Kennels, Hinsdale, Mass., to A. S. Hain, North Brookfield, Mass.

Beech Grove Jackson. Light fawn mastiff dog, whelped Jan. 25, 1888, by Beech Grove Toby (A.K.R. 4867) out of Beech Grove Queen II. (A.K.R. 4358), by Geo. Jackson, Beech Grove, Ind., to Mrs. Kate Rankin, Riverdale, N. Y.

Bub. White and liver ticked pointer dog, whelped July 24, 1888, by Spot Dash out of Sallie Walker, by Fleet View Pointer Kennels, Lynn, Mass., to Albert Bramhall, same place.

Fleet View Alice. Liver and white ticked pointer bitch, whelped July 24, 1888, by Spot Dash out of Sallie Walker, by Fleet View Pointer Kennels, Lynn, Mass., to F. E. Myers, Stoneham, Mass.

Spot Dash's Boy. White and liver pointer dog, whelped July 24, 1888, by Spot Dash out of imported Belle Randolph, by Fleet View Pointer Kennels, Lynn, Mass., to H. L. Red, Boston, Mass.

Bangle. Black and white pointer bitch, whelped May 10, 1888, by Naso of Kippen out of Delia, by J. H. Winslow, Philadelphia, Pa., to F. F. Harris, Portland, Me.

Verona. Liver and white ticked pointer bitch, whelped February, 1886, by Prince out of Vandalia, by R. G. Hall, Portland, Me., to J. H. Winslow, Philadelphia, Pa.

Silver Shoe (A.K.R. 3753)—Zadie (A.K.R. 3753) whelp. Fawn, black points, pug bitch, whelped May 31, 1881, by Geo. Gillivan, Jefferson, O., to Adam Flaitz, Shelbyville, Ind.

East Lake Minnie. Fawn, black marks, pug bitch, whelped May 31, 1888, by Silver Shoe out of Zadie, by Geo. Gillivan, West Jefferson, O., to J. C. McClure, West Fairfield, Pa.

Cannify's Flossie. Fawn, black points, pug bitch, whelped May 31, 1888, by Silver Shoe out of Zadie, by Geo. Gillivan, West Jefferson, O., to Gilbert Cannift, Toledo, O.

East Lake Trump. Fawn, black points, pug dog, whelped May 31, 1888, by Silver Shoe out of Zadie, by Geo. Gillivan, West Jefferson, O., to F. Searight, Nashville, Tenn.

Monro Flossie. Fawn, black points, pug bitch, whelped May 31, 1888, by Silver Shoe out of Zadie, by Geo. Gillivan, West Jefferson, O., to Peter Monroe, Columbus, O.

Princess. Orange tawny and white St. Bernard bitch, whelped April 8, 1888, by Grimsell out of Yum Yum, by Contoocook Kennels, Peterboro, N. H., to F. L. Bragdon, same place.

Grimsell—Yum Yum whelps. Orange tawny and white St. Bernard bitches, whelped April 8, 1888, by Contoocook Kennels, Peterboro, N. H., one each to Geo. Petterson and P. H. Hurly, Worcester, Mass.

Nirvo. Orange and white St. Bernard dog, whelped August, 1886, by Trip out of Mollie, by Berkshire Kennels, Hinsdale, Mass., to A. L. Fennessy, Springfield, Mass.

Patience. Brindle and white St. Bernard bitch, whelped April 3, 1887, by Laurian out of Lotta, by Berkshire Kennels, Hinsdale, Mass., to P. J. Wynn, Bellows Falls, Vt.

Somerset Mike—Tussle whelps. Lemon and white fox-terriers, dog and bitch, whelped May 7, 1888, by Somerset Kennels, Bernardsville, N. J., to H. D. Spears, Milburn, N. J.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

C. C. R., Simcoe, Ont.—You had better have an oculist look at dog's eyes. It would not be safe for us to prescribe.

J. G., Newmarket, Ont.—I have a pointer dog coming three years old in December. He was used last year in Manitoba and got very sore ears at the tips. He was neglected in the winter, and the sores have eaten in till they are like a rough gash in tip of ear and they do not heal. The dog is in good health. I want to cure them if possible. Ans. Get the following:

R	Balsam Peru..... 3i.
	Iodoformi..... grs. xx.
	Camphoræ..... grs. x.

Paint sores with camel's hair brush twice daily after cleansing.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

NIAGARA FALLS, Ontario, Sept. 26.—The 44th Battalion Rifle Association held their annual meet on Chippewa ranges to-day. Nearly $300 was given in prizes. The weather was everything that could be expected. In the latter part of the afternoon a cloud gathered and threatened a downpour of rain, but the ranges escaped, although it poured down the country around. The following are the scores:

Citizens' Match.—Open to members, 200yds., 7 shots, Snider rifles, position standing or kneeling; entrance fee, 50 cents:

G Wright	30	J Adams	28
C Lamont	29	C Bowen	28
G E Buckley	29	G A McMicking	28

Association Match.—Open to members; range, 500yds., 7 shots, Snider rifle; position, prone; entrance fee, 50 cents:

G Wright	30	C Pratt	26
S Bradley	27		

Welland Match.—Grand aggregate of Nos. 1 and 2 matches; Wright, $10 and D K A medal, 60 C Bowen 51
C Pratt, $5 and O R medal..... 53 S Bradley 50
G E Buckley 52

Volunteer's Match.—Restricted to non-commissioned officers and men of the 44th Battalion. Being the aggregate of the five last shots in the Citizens' and the Association matches. Entrance 50 cents:

M Vandersluys	32	A Cook	25
A Limburner	31	J Bampfield	25

Extra Series.—Open to members, range 200yds., 5 shots; position standing or kneeling; Snider rifles, unlimited entries, 25 cents each, two highest scores to count:

G Wright	46	W Wiley	44
G E Buckley	43	J J Flynn	41
G A McMicking	45	W Parker	41
C Bowen	44		

Extra Series.—Open to members, range 400yds., 5 shots, position prone, Snider rifles, unlimited entries, 25 cents each entry, two highest scores to count:

J Mason	47	J Adams	45
G A McMicking	47	B Thompson	44
C Bowen	47	W Wiley	44

Flynn Match.—Soldier—Presented by Chas. J. Flynn for the best aggregate of the five last shots in the Citizens' and Association matches made by a non-commissioned officer and man of Nos. 1 and 6 Companies of the 44th Battalion:

M Vandersluys	32	Albert Cook	25

Flynn Match.—Civilian—Presented by Chas. J. Flynn for the best aggregate of the five last shots in the Citizens' and Association matches made by a civilian being a resident of the town of Niagara Falls, Ont., since May 1, 1888:

G E Bradley	35	S Bradley	34

The O. R. A. rules governed. A large number of marksmen were present from Hamilton, St. Catharines and Niagara Falls, N. Y., and carried away the most of the best prizes.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., Sept. 27.—Capt. Lehman's team beat Capt. Werner's team this afternoon at the Schützen Verein range in West Springfield by these scores:

Lehman's Team.											
Lehman	7	15	21	22	10	18	22	10	0	17	—142
Kron	21	10	16	10	15	23	20	25	21	17	—177
Schroeder	8	8	10	5	3	4	15	0	5	15	— 73
Flosdorf	0	0	6	15	0	16	10	15	17	8	— 86
Menzinge	0	17	13	8	13	0	17	13	5	23	—109—587
Werner's Team.											
Werner	10	0	0	15	9	6	0	18	11	16	— 85
Buchholz	16	17	15	5	21	0	18	16	13	0	—121
Halenstein	15	20	13	22	6	15	22	15	17	15	—158
Haag	15	0	17	0	21	5	0	16	18	21	—113
Neidel	0	0	8	13	0	16	18	18	0	12	— 85—562

These scores were made in regular shooting:

Schroeder	22	19	15	18	20	—94	Haag	25	10	8	8	10—61
Werner	17	20	10	18	18	—92	Owens	7	19	8	0	23—57
Halenstein	16	15	20	22	18	—91	Kron	0	20	10	8	15—53
Buchholz	18	8	10	17	18	—71	Neidel	15	4	0	9	0—28
Flosdorf	24	20	10	0	15	—69						

CREEDMOOR, N. Y., Oct. 1.—The 12th Marksman's Badge Match was shot at Creedmoor, on Saturday, Sept. 29. The day was very cool and the wind unsteady but the scores made were very good. Attendance fair. Following are the winners:

	200yds.	500yds.	Total.
H T Lockwood, Co A, 7th Regt	24	25	49
L J Elliot, Co C, 25th Regt	22	22	44
C E Bryant, N C S, 23d	22	22	44
G L Fox, Staff, 2d Brigade	22	22	44
John Bodine, Staff, S N Y	20	23	43
M E Buruton, Co F, 22d Regt	21	21	42
O W Vatel, Co F, 22d Regt	21	21	42
Medal Winners.			
F L Holmes, Co I, 23d Regt	22	24	46
G F Hamlin, Co I, 23d Regt	21	24	45
T J Dolan, N C S, 12th Regt	23	22	45
T G Austin, Co G, 13th Regt	22	22	44
J McNevin, N C S, 13th Regt	20	23	43

J. MANZ, JR., Asst. Sec'y N. R. A.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 23.—The annual rifle practice of the various regiments composing the National Guard of California, which was begun on Sunday last by the Third Regiment at Shell Mound Range, was continued to-day at the same place, under the direction of Lieutenant George Strong, Inspector of Rifle Practice for the First Infantry Regiment, Second Brigade. The latter-named regiment was represented by Companies A, B, D, F, H, and on the whole the shooting made was excellent and reflected considerable credit upon the individual shooters. The various organizations were very well represented, and the State will be put to considerable expense this year in supplying medals to the successful competitors at the butts. The Third Regiment held its practice on Sunday, the 16th inst., and in this division also some excellent points were made.

BOSTON, Mass., Sept. 29.—The attendance at the Massachusetts rifle range to-day was very large, and all the matches well patronized, though the scores ran rather lower than usual at this place. Everything is in readiness for a large gathering at the fall meeting to be held next week Thursday, Friday and Saturday. Following are to-day's scores:

Rest Match.											
S Wilder	12	12	10	12	10	12	9	12	9	11	—109
W C Johnston, Jr	12	10	10	10	12	10	11	11	9	12	—107
D L Chase	12	12	10	12	10	9	12	9	10	10	—106
J R Munroe	12	8	11	10	12	11	12	11	9	9	— 105
J N Eames	10	12	8	10	9	12	11	12	10	10	—104
A Ballard	9	11	11	9	11	11	10	12	9	11	—104
J Robinson	11	11	10	9	9	12	10	11	8	12	—103
O T Moore	12	10	9	12	10	10	9	11	8	10	—102
F D Martin	11	10	11	10	10	10	12	8	9	10	—101
F C Towne	12	9	11	7	9	11	10	8	12	9	— 98
G Harne	8	10	11	11	11	9	12	9	8	7	— 96
C Holmes	9	10	10	8	12	9	7	8	8	11	— 92
Fifty Yards' Revolver Match.											
J B Fellows	9	10	8	8	8	10	7	7	7	10	—84
F Carter	8	4	10	9	10	8	10	7	6	8	—80
A Wessen	10	9	9	4	6	7	6	6	6	6	—69
Off-Hand Match.											
J A Frye	10	7	6	8	8	8	7	7	10	8	—79
A L Brackett	8	5	5	9	10	6	8	9	9	8	—77
O T Moore	7	7	10	6	6	6	6	7	6	9	—72
A Maynard	6	5	8	5	9	7	8	8	8	5	—69
G Davis	8	5	6	5	8	9	6	7	7	4	—65
B G Barker	4	10	5	8	5	8	6	6	5	4	—61
S Ham	4	5	4	7	4	4	4	9	8	7	—56
Military Match—200yds.											
F Carter	3454554544—43					H H Boynton	3445254354—38				
C E Putnam	4434554454—42					C H Lake	4444454454—42				
J C Ryder	4445444453—41					S Field	4434443344—34				
J P Day	4454344435—40					A Spring	4033343444—32				
E Kelley	4444534444—40										
600Yds.											
H Y Thayer	4444545545—44					F W Reynolds	5344553334—39				
J C Ryder	4534445455—43										

TORONTO, Sept. 26.—There are now some eight clubs belonging to the Toronto Small-bore Rifle Association. It has been arranged that the clubs shall shoot three matches with each other for the championship. Up to the present Bradford has been ahead, having won the last ten matches they have shot. Some time ago they went to Orillia, and were successful there. The second match was shot at Bradford, and resulted in Orillia beating them on their own ground. From the very commencement of the match it could be seen that both teams were bent on making every possible point, but the very best of good humor prevailed. The third match between these two champion teams will, if possible, be more exciting than the one now shot:

Orillia.		Bradford.	
G E Whitten	89	Jas A Neilly	86
T Reid	82	Geo Trimmons	84
W W Wood	82	N A St Clair	82
T Millichamp	80	W Homes	82
J Delaney	78	D Neilly	82
R Strathern	77	S Metcalf	80
H Bingham	77	P Matt	77
C Fortier	73	W Lowery	64
J T Fortier	73	S A Neilly	61
C Wood	69—780	B Kilborn	46—744

BOSTON, Sept. 26.—Quite a number of riflemen visited Walnut Hill this afternoon, but only to find most perplexing weather conditions, a gale blowing part of the afternoon from 12 to 2 o'clock. Late in the day the clock indicated a 3 o'clock wind of moderate strength, and a few good records were made. The scores stood:

Members' Practice Match, 200yds.											
S Wilder	12	11	12	9	12	10	12	10	10	12	—110
E A Jones	10	11	10	8	9	9	11	12	11	12	—103
F Lindsley	10	9	12	9	8	9	11	11	12	11	—102
Off-Hand Decimal.											
S Merrill	10	4	7	6	9	8	7	5	8	9	—73
W S Kendall	4	6	11	4	4	5	9	9	6	9	—67
C W Peters	1	2	3	6	5	10	8	8	8	7	—63
H H Williams	4	3	5	6	7	8	9	9	4	6	—61
A L Parsons	5	5	6	8	6	5	8	3	9	4	—59
W L Balch	3	4	4	6	7	7	4	2	8	6	—51

BOSTON, Sept. 28.—The annual shoot of the Press Rifle Association took place to-day at Walnut Hill, and was the most successful in the history of the organization. In the team match five daily papers were represented, the *Post* carrying off the honors. All the shooting was at 100yds. off-hand, the team match and Class B were at the Creedmoor target, and Class A and the rest match on the standard American target. The Boston Theater cup, for the best score made by any man belonging to one of the teams who had not won it before, was taken by A. Keach, of the *Advertiser*. The second prize, under the same conditions, a field glass from Phelps, Dalton & Co., was not awarded, owing to a protest made against the sights of the military rifles. Dr. Al. Ware was the winner in the Post's match. For the individual matches $600 worth of valuable prizes, the gifts of friends of the association, were shot for. Following are the scores:

Team Match. *Post.*—F. W. Scott 42, J. W. Scott 40, H. A. Newman 39, E. E. Piper 37; one average score 39½; total 197½.

Globe.—J. P. Frost (mil.) 44, J. W. Taylor (mil.) 42, S. Merrill 40, C. S. Howard 35, M. D. Marchesault (mil.) 35; total, 196.

Herald.—F. E. Rollins 36, E. Stearns 39, C. B. Danforth 37, W. H. Hathaway 37, S. J. Byrne 35; total 194.

Advertiser.—A. Keach 43, J. R. Carmichael 39 J. G. Smith 39, D. B. Farwell 37, W. H. Jordan 26; total 184.

Transcript.—H. S. Fisher 40, J. D. Whitcomb 39, W. V. Alexander 33, F. W. Stimpson 32, H. A. Waterman 32; total 176.

Individual Match. Class A—J. P. Frost, Globe (mil.) 150, F. E. Rollins, Herald 153, S. Merrill, Globe 148.

Class B—C. S. Howard, Globe 91, W. H. Hathaway, Herald 88, J. R. Carmichael, Advertiser 83, J. W. Scott, Post 82, W. B. Alexander, Transcript 82, S. J. Byrne, Herald 82.

Class C—J. N. Taylor, Globe (mil.) 85, W. L. Balch, Herald 82, M. D. Marchesault, Globe (mil.) 78.

Rest Match. C. S. Howard, Globe 179, H. S. Fisher, Transcript 175; W. Johnson 173, S. Merrill, Globe 167; H. K. Buchnell, Herald 153; H. P. McNally, Herald 104.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 27.—This afternoon at Schützen Park, at the usual weekly shoot of the Philadelphia Rifle Club, Mr. E. Travis succeeded in making the fine score of 67 points out of a possible 75 on the target of honor, which entitles him to the gold medal of the club, the first of this kind won in eight years. Mr. Travis won the silver club medal during July, making 60 points. Mr. Travis made these scores with a Wm. Wurflein special mid-range .32-40 rifle; this rifle was manufactured expressly for Mr. E. Kolb. Mr. G. F. Kolb (the father of Mr. E. Kolb) being one of the best shots of the club, desired to use this rifle, and succeeded in making the fine score of 65 out of a possible 75.

PITTSBURGH, Sept. 29.—Dr. W. F. Carver to-day performed a most remarkable feat in shooting at Exposition Park. He had made a bet of $100 with Adam Forepaugh, Jr., that he would break six glass balls thrown into the air simultaneously before they fell to the ground. The shooting was done with a Spencer repeating rifle in the presence of a few invited guests. Dr. Carver had not the slightest trouble in performing the feat, repeating it four times in succession. The Doctor was not satisfied with this, but threw up seven balls at once, all of which he perforated before they fell to the ground.

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

ATLANTIC AMMUNITION WINNERS.

NEW YORK, Sept. 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We herewith send you the results of our several trophy shoots of this season, entries for which closed on Sept. 25.

The New England Diamond Badge, value $200, is won on a score of 100 straight, by Hiram G. Wheeler, of Marlboro, Mass.

The Virginia State Championship Trophy, value $50, is won by Dr. E. F. Wayman, of Staunton, Va., on this score:

Dr E F Wayman ..... 1111111011111111101111111—23
1111111101110101110101111—20
1111111111111111111111101—24
1101111111111111011111111—23—90

E. G. Jones, Wm. F. Summerson, Judges; R. W. Hardy, referee.

The championship trophy for Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland and District of Columbia, value $50, is won by E. E. Shaner, of Pittsburgh, Pa., on a score of 97:

E E Shaner ..... 1111111111111011111111111—24
1111111111111111111111111—25
1110111111111111111111111—24
0111111111111111111111111—24—97

W. J. McCrickart, Chas. Richardson, judges; John Binder, referee.

The championship trophy of New Jersey, value $50, is won by E. D. Miller, Springfield, N. J., on a score of 98:

E D Miller ..... 1111111111111111111111111—25
1111111111101111111111111—24
11 11111111111 111111—25
1111111101111111111111111—24—98

Frank Duncan, C. H. Johnson, Jr., judges; Geo. Pudney referee.

The New York State championship trophy, value $50, is a tie, there being three scores of 100 straight. These ties will be decided at the New York Suburban Shooting Grounds Association tournament in October, when a lively and interesting contest may be expected.

All these trophies are to be open to challenge for one year.

THE ATLANTIC AMMUNITION CO., LIMITED.

THE TUCKER SYSTEM.

ONE scheme of shooting devised to give amateur shots a show against the experts is that devised by Mr. Tucker. We reprint from our issue of May 17, 1888, this explanation of Mr. Tucker's system; and should like to hear from trap shooters their views respecting this or other systems which have in view the same end:

There are multitudes of men who are fond of the sport and would take part in club shoots if they were not kept back by the presence of one or more crack shots against whom they feel they have no chance. A trial of the "Tucker" system will show that all grades of shooters may enter in the same match and every contestant will get what he wants and has a right to expect, a fair show. The system will be better understood by reference to the following sample score of ten bird match:

		Total.
A	1111111—6	1110—3 9
B	1111110—5	1111—4 9 wins 2d.
C	1111111—6	1111—4 10 wins 1st.
D	1111011—5	1110—3 8
E	1011010—4	1111—4 8 wins 3d.
F	1101104—4	1011—3 7
G	1100001—3	Withdraws.
H	1100000—2	Withdraws.

C kills all his birds and wins first. B wins second over A because he out-shot him on the tie. F wins third for the same reason. A makes 9, the same aggregate score as B, but the latter makes a clean score on ties and so is entitled to the prize. If C had dropped a bird on his ties it would have left him out of the race entirely, and B would have won first, E second and F third.

At the beginning of this race each shooter puts in 50 cents, or any sum sufficient to pay for his birds in the main shoot. At the end of the main shoot G and H, thinking they have no chance to win, withdraw. The other shooters pay into the pool any amount that may have been agreed upon before the main shoot commenced, say $1 each—$6, which amount is divided, 50, 30 and 20 per cent.

When the entries are larger than 10 or 12 it is recommended that the number of birds be increased to 8 and 5—13 as below:

A	11111111—8	11111—5—13 wins 1st.
B	11111110—8	11110—4—12
C	11111111—8	10011—3—11
D	01111111—7	11111—5—12 } divide
E	11110111—7	11111—5—12 } 2d.
F	11111110—7	10011—3—10
G	11011101—6	1 011—4—10
H	11101110—6	11111—5—11 wins 3d.
I	10111110—6	11001—4—9
J	11101010—6	001 1—3—9
K	11100011—5	11111—5—9
L	10110011—5	Withdraws.
M	11000101—4	Withdraws.
N	1010 011—4	Withdraws.

In this example if A had dropped a bird in the last five, D and E would have divided first; H would take second and K third.

The special feature of the system, and that which makes it a new departure, is the plan of dividing the shoot into two parts. In a ten-bird match the first six birds are made to classify the shooters, and the remaining four answer for the birds. The first and second parts added together show the total birds killed. The man who kills straight wins in this, as in any other match. The vital principle in the Tucker system is the value placed on tie birds, and in combining them with those killed in the main shoot to decide the match. The best explanation of this is a reference to above specimen score. B wins second, not because he killed more birds than A, but because he killed his ties straight.

The advantages of the Tucker system cannot be fully set forth on paper, but some of them are mentioned below. "The proof of the pudding is eating the string." Give this plan a thorough trial and you will never go back to the old system. It prevents the working of combinations and dropping birds for place. Makes every man shoot his best when his money is up. Divides the money equitably. No one obliged to enter unless he has a show to win. Encourages all classes to shoot together. Reduces the number of ties and avoids the usual long delays in tie shooting.

LANCASTER, Pa., Oct. 1.—Score shot on Sept. 14, on the grounds of the Lancaster Gun Club, Lancaster, Pa. The match was a return one between the two clubs; the targets were Keystones, bluerocks and Lockport bats. The match was witnessed by a large crowd and thoroughly enjoyed by all. At the preceding match the Mountville Club were victorious; and as the Lancaster Club previous to that had never been beaten, the contest was watched with interest; but the home club won and were happy. After the match the clubs sat down to a splendid banquet:

Lancaster Team.											
Anderson	1111	0011	01								
Cummings	0111	1	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	
Fieles	1011	1111	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	
Gleim	1111	1111	1111								
Kendig	1	0	0	1	1	0	1	1	0	0	
Mountville Team.											
Leachy	0	1	0	0	0	1	0	1	0	1	
Crane	1	0	0	1	1	1	0	0	0	1	
Brenner	0	0	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	
Martin	1	1	0	1	1	0	1	0	1	1	
Kauffman	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	

Lancaster Team.											
Anderson	01	01	10	11	00	01	1—16				
Cummings	11	10	01	10	11	10	—13				
Fieles	11	10	11	11	11	10	—20				
Gleim	11	10	11	11	11	10	—22				
Kendig	10	01	10	11	01	00	—12—83				
Mountville Team.											
Leachy	00	10	11	10	00	00	—10				
Crane	00	00	01	00	11	01	—11				
Brenner	00	11	11	10	11	01	—13				
Martin	01	11	00	01	01	11	—15				
Kauffman	11	11	01	11	10	11	—18—67				

CLEVELAND, O., Sept. 27.—Rainy weather and muddy roads did not prevent the members of the Cleveland Gun Club from holding their semi-monthly badge shoot this afternoon. Ten members and three visiting sportsmen were on hand at the usual hour, and, notwithstanding that rain fell nearly all the afternoon, the shooting was commenced and finished with only few interruptions. The conditions were 15 single standard targets at 18yds., and 5 pair at 16yds., sprung from 3 traps. Messrs. Field, Arnold and Bell, members of other clubs, shot with the members. Silsby won the first badge, breaking 22; while Messrs. Coggswell and Upson tied for second, each having grassed 20 birds. In the shoot-off the former won. The score follows:

W Tamblyn	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	—11—21
Bassett	1	0	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	—10—18
N D Keys	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	1	— 8— 5
F Wall	1	1	1	1	1	0	1	0	1	1	—10—18
F Tamblyn	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	—10—13
A C Coggswell	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	—10—20
G Smith	0	1	0	0	1	1	0	1	1	1	— 6— 8
A M Allen	0	0	0	1	1	1	1	0	0	0	— 4— 8
M Silsby	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	—10—22
D Upson	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	1	—10—20
J Held	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	0	— 8—17
Arnold	1	0	0	0	1	0	0	1	0	1	— 5—10
W Bell	1	1	1	0	1	1	0	1	0	0	— 7—15

The usual team shoot was held after the contest for the badges. Smith and Silby were chosen captains, and the team shoot resulted in the following scores:

Smith's Team.		Silsby's Team.	
Smith	1011111011—8	Silsby	1111111101—8
Coggswell	1100111110—8	Tamblyn	0111010010—5
Wall	1111011111—8	Upson	0111011101—6
Bassett	0110011111—6	Bell	1111111101—8
Held	1111011111—8	Allen	1111111001—7
Keys	1101101001—5—39	Arnold	1111110111—8—42

BROOKLYN, Sept. 29.—The members of the Unknown Gun Club had their shoot at Dexter Park to-day. There was a good attendance of shooters present. J. Rathjen, 26yds.; J. Akhurst, 23yds.; A. Hass, 24yds, and H. Miller, 23yds., killed six birds each and tied for the medal. On shooting off J. Rathjen won, killing 2 out of 4. Seven killed 5 birds each for second money, which was won by Mr. Brown. Four tied, killing 4 birds each, for third money and divided.

O Hillmer (21)	1101001—4	C Plate (26)	0110111—5
H Van Staden (23)	1011100—4	C Detlefsen (27)	1110110—5
H Knebel Jr (25)	1011000—3	J Ratjen (27)	1110011—5
H Skidmore (25)	0101111—5	J Akhurst (23)	1011111—6
M Brown (25)	1110011—5	W Tomford (25)	1101110—5
H Raukin (23)	1001000—2	A Hass (24)	1111101—6
J Boyle (22)	1100110—4	H Miller (23)	0111111—6
W Gilman (23)	0111011—5	H Behrman (22)	1001110—4
H Cahill (22)	1110011—5		

TORONTO, Sept. 29.—The following are the scores in the tw days Owl Gun Club tournament, which was finished to-day:

First Class.

A Ellis.....1111111111111111—15 G Carruthers..0101110101011111—10
J Butler.....0101111 0011103— 9 J Douglas.....1110101011101110—10
T Louden.....1011010101111011—10 W Rice.....0011011011111111—11
W Humphrey.10111101111111110—12 H Humphrey..0001110100101111— 8
V Van Vlack..1111111111101C0—12

Second Class.

A S Tymon....11111111'001110—12 F Peterson ...0100111001110111— 9
C Kemp..... 0000101111101111— 8 W T Stewart..1110001011101111—10
S Longbottom.0101111011010101—10 W Clark.....1111100001100l— 9
W Lush .....0111001011101001— 9 C B Harrison..1111111011101000—11
W Smith.....1111110110101101—11 W McDowell..1110100111110111—11

Third Class.

A Austin..... .....1001010111—6 R McKay.....1001019111—6
J Fitzsimmons.....1100010111—6 W Beatty.....1101100010—5

Fourth Class.

J Lenox.....1010011110—6

PITTSBURG, Pa., Sept. 26.—There was a live pigeon match today between Miss Annie Oakley and John Lovatt, of Allegheny; it took place at Exposition Park before a few invited guests. Wm. McCrickart, of the Herron Hill Gun Club, acted as referee, and S. S. D. Thompson as trap puller. Miss Oakley won the contest, killing 26 birds out of 30 at 25yds. rise. Mr. Lovatt killed 17 out of 28 birds at 30yds. The wind was strong and the birds good.

W. GRAHAM, the celebrated English shot, and L. S. Carter, of Hammond, Ill., have been matched to shoot at St. Louis, Oct. 6. The stakes will be $200 a side, 100 birds each, with ground traps.

NEWARK, N. J., Sept. 28.—William Greene, of Harrison, and C. Reinhardt, of Newark, shot a 30-bird match at Erb's to-day at 25yds. rise, with O. Von Lengerke as referee. Reinhardt killed 20 and Greene 14.

BROOKLYN, Sept. 28.—The members of the Glenmore Rod and Gun Club had a splendid day's shooting at Dexter Park to-day. Seventeen went to the trap to shoot for the Midas diamond badge and an elegant table decoration in the form of a cake basket given by Mr. Charles Magee as a first prize. The full score of shoot as follows:

T F Edgerton (29).....1111110—6 W Linnington (25).....1111011—6
W Selover (28).....1111110—6 J D Bennett (25) .....1111101—6
J Bennett (29).....1111111—7 C Craft (25)..... .....1111110—6
J Ochs (26)..... ..1111111—7 J Y Van Wicklen (28)..1111111—7
E Holgane (29).....1010100—3 George U Forbell (28)..1111011—6
W Lewis (25)... .....1100111—5 W Bennett (23).....1110 01—5
P Sutter (29)..... .....1110011—5 M J Bourke (25).....1111111—7
J Von Dreele (26).....1101111—6 E Scheillein (24).....0111111—6
C Magee (25).. .....0010111—4

Ties for badge and first prize won by J. Bennett.

SPRINGFIELD, N. J., Sept. 29.—A very pretty little team race between six of the Union Gun Club boys was shot here this afternoon, and although Johnson, Roll and Conover were badly beat in according to the other side, they are still game, and have named next Saturday for the return match, and we hope that our opponents are not so set up they will fail to come to the scratch. Miller, the champion of the Chamberlin 60 class, was on hand, and shot a winning race from start to finish. His new anti-hot hand protector had undoubtedly something to do with his making 47. Sopher, as usual, held up his end in great shape. Sickley's 10-bore Parker, with his little loads of Westminster C, somehow or other seemed to get there just in time to leave only a spot of dust of what was once a full-fledged bluerock. Something was evidently the matter with Roll's Lefever., although he had it loaded with plenty of deadshot and a handful of 6's, but the bell rang long and often. Conover had just come up from the pond after trying his hand at ducks, and seemed to find some difference between the flight of ducks and bluerocks. Johnson failed to catch on the lefthanders once in a while. The conditions of the matches were as follows: Best two out of three matches, the winners to get a bag of shot apiece. First match at 50 bluerocks per man, second, 50 clay-pigeons, third, 50 Lockport bat. Following is the score of the first match, screened traps:

Sopher.....1111101111100111111101111111111111111111111111111—45
Sickley.....1111111101100101111111111111101100111111111111110011—41
Miller.....1111111111111111111101110111111111111111111110111—47—133
Roll.....1100101110100101111111101111011111100111111111111000—37
Johnson.....1011100101111111111111111111111111111111101011111011—42
Conover.....1111001100111111111011100101110111001111101111111—38—117

NEW YORK, N. Y., Sept. 27.—Emerald Gun Club of New York Regular club shoot at 10 live birds at Seaview Park, New Dorp, S. I., 5 ground traps, 21, 25 and 30yds. rise, 80yds. boundary, Emerald Gun Club rules—use of both barrels—3 prizes:

Dr Hurison (53).....1211000200— 4 J Howard (21).....1011102012— 7
H Nichols (21)..... 0001101000— 3 J R Voss (30)..... 1122221112—10
F Schraider (3)..... 2121101101— 8 M McMunn (30) ...0022110111— 7
J Measel, Jr (30).....12110 00112— 7 A McHale (21).....0100001100— 3
P J Keenan (25).....1121201121— 9 G Remsen (30).....1212110111— 8
R Regan (25).....2001100000— 3 L C Gehering 30)..0011112121— 8
P Barz (30).....1001120101— 6 John Bade (25).....2022010C0— 5
H Rubino (25).....121 121000— 6 S McMahon (25).....0210201010— 5
N Measel (30).....02.2100 20— 5 J Klem (25).....0012011012— 6
T MacKenna (25)..2020102001— 5

John H. Voss wins first prize (a gold medal) for third time, and it becomes his personal property; P. J. Keenan wins second prize for the first time; John Howard wins third prize for first time. 2 means used second barrel.—T. T. MACKENNA.

NEW YORK SUBURBAN SHOOTING GROUNDS ASSOCIATION. Office 29 Broadway, New York, Sept. 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* An erroneous impression regarding liability of stockholders in New York Suburban Shooting Grounds Association seems to prevail in the minds of some persons. I therefore wish to say through the medium of your columns that the law under which this association is organized limits stockholders' liability to the amount of their holding, so that after paying in the amount of their subscription there is no further personal liability.—CHAS. RICHARDS, Pres.

THE SOUTH SIDE GUN CLUB, of Newark, N. J., announces for its winter season matches every Saturday at artificial targets, shooting to commence at 2:30 P. M., club rules to govern. Entrance fees are from 15 cents to $1. For particulars address W. R. Hobart.

LOWELL, Mass., Sept. 25, 1888.—*U. S. Cartridge Co., Lowell, Mass.:* Gentlemen—I used some paper shells on the coast of Maine last week in a heavy fog and rain. We tried Eley Bros. and your Climax shells. Yours were the only ones which did not swell. The primers were effective, no misses, and in every respect the Climax paper shells were superior to the others. Very truly, (Signed) GEO. J. CARNEY.—*Adv.*

Canoeing.

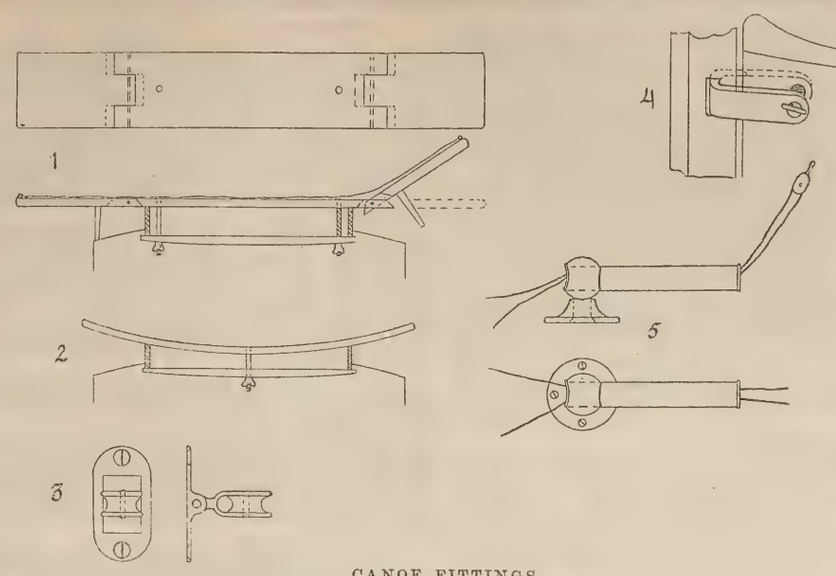
Canvas Canoes and how to Build Them. By Parker B. Field. Price 50 cents. Canoe and Boat Building. By W. P. Stephens. Price $1.50. The Canoe Aurora. By C. A. Neide. Price $1. Canoe Handling. By C. B. Vaux. Price $1. Canoe and Camera. By T. S. Steele. Price 1 50. Four Months in a Sneakbox. By N. H. Bishop. Price $1.50. Canoe and Camp Cookery. By "Seneca." Price $1.

THE A. C. A. MEET OF 1888.

(*Continued from page 196.*)

ARRANGEMENT.

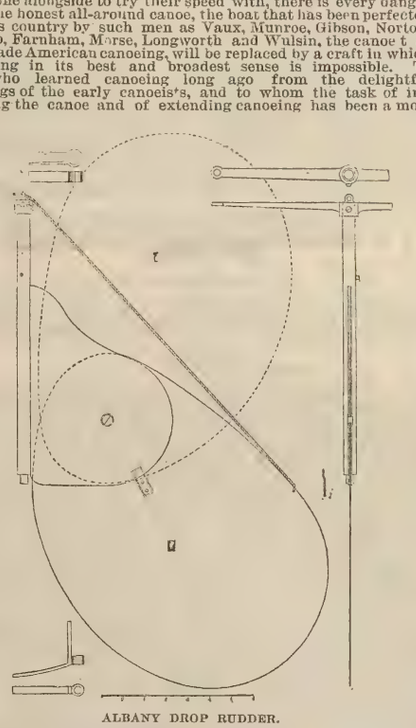
NEXT to the model, the most important detail of canoe design is the division of the space in the canoe so as to best fit the boat for some specific purpose. The ordinary Class A or B canoe is usually fitted for one of three ends—cruising only, cruising and racing, or racing only; and each year the dividing line between the second and third is more clearly drawn. The first canoes were arranged and fitted up solely for cruising, the space being divided so as to give plenty of room for life on board as well as for stowage of the necessary stores and clothing. With the growth of sailing and the beginning of canoe racing, new methods of division were introduced, but still plenty of space for man and stores was preserved. Of late years, however, with the increase of racing, a new method of arrangement, or, more properly, a lack of any method, has come in; making of the racing canoe nothing but a sailing machine. In these canoes the first consideration is a light hull, to attain which everything is sacrificed—no bulkheads, no mast tubes, not even a ring in the stem or a cleat on deck. The main feature in these boats is the centerboard, unlimited in size and placed where it is most easy to obtain a good balance of hull and sails, regardless of crew or stowage space. Added to this the well is either so ridiculously small as to prevent the man from sitting below or paddling in comfort, or, on the other hand, it is large, but unprotected by hatches, subjecting the boat to the danger of swamping in rough water. We do not mean to say that all or even a majority of the racers at the meet possessed all of these bad points at the same time; some had one and some another, while some had two or three; but these features were the prominent ones in the canoes present in the races.



CANOE FITTINGS.

1. Western Deck Seat. 2. Curved Deck Seat. 3. Barney Mizen Block. 4. Rushton Rudder Brace. 5. Butler Mizen Sheet Traveler.

There were a number of canoes whose owners kept them solely for racing, canoes with standing rigs that must be stepped carefully beside a float, as the boats would not stand up under sail unless the crew was aboard, and that when afloat could be used for no purpose save fast sailing. In some cases the owners of these boat were men who had absolutely no conception of canoeing as it was first made known to the older canoeists through the writings of MacGregor and Baden-Powell; to whom the charms of cruising, camping and canoe life were a sealed book, and who have taken up the canoe because it was the most convenient form of racing machine for their purpose. As long as canoe racing remains in the hands of the men who love cruising, there need be no fear of a dangerous over-development of the sport, no matter how keen the racing may become; but in the hands of men who never cruise, who never take an outing in their boats unless with some one alongside to try their speed with, there is every danger that the honest all-around canoe, the boat that has been perfected in this country by such men as Vaux, Munroe, Gibson, Norton, Bishop, Farnham, Morse, Longworth and Wilsin, the canoe that has made American canoeing, will be replaced by a craft in which canoeing in its best and broadest sense is impossible. To us, who learned canoeing long ago from the delightful writings of the early canoeists, and to whom the task of improving the canoe and of extending canoeing has been a most



ALBANY DROP RUDDER.

pleasant and engrossing one for years, it is a disappointment to see the entire current of thought and invention turned in the direction of racing, to the neglect of cruising and general canoeing. It would be a good thing for some modern canoeists if they would take up a course of ancient history this winter and read, in many cases for the first time, with what care the first and second Rob Roys were planned over twenty years since, or post themselves on practical details from Baden-Powell's "Canoe Traveling," published seventeen years since.

In those days, and fortunately for many years after, the question of arrangement was an all-important one; how to subdivide the little ship so as to make her perfect in every department. Given a canoe of 15 or 16ft. in length, and the average canoeist of 5ft. 9 or 10in., the first point in a cruising craft is to secure room for the canoeist by day, room to sit or recline in comfort, to stretch one's legs, to cook or fish, if need be. This demands at least 3ft. 9in. of the middle of the canoe, unobstructed by a trunk above the floor. It is claimed on behalf of the new boats that the trunk, 30in. long and 6 or 7in. high, is not in the way, as it is between the man's legs when seated, but however true this may be for an hour's paddle, it is not so when the canoe is used day after day on a cruise. In very short cruises, Saturday night and Sunday or a day's run under sail, the crew is mostly on deck and does not feel the need of room in the boat, but let him be storm-bound for a day in some place where he is forced to find shelter in his canoe and under a canoe tent, and he will be ready to pitch board and trunk overboard before noon. In short, it is easy enough to stow oneself away beside a board for a short time, and when sailing on deck one does not need room below; but for all real cruising the canoe must give ample leg room for her crew, whatever his height may be.

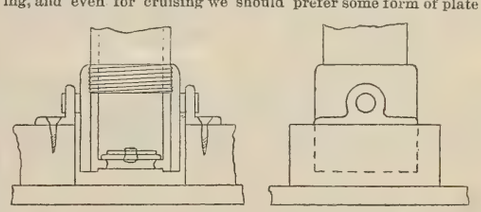
Not only must there be room for sitting in comfort, but for sleep as well, in order that the canoe shall fill all the uses of a cruiser. Many dislike sleeping on board under any circumstances, and in the main it is generally pleasanter to sleep on shore beside the canoe, but at the same time there are many occasions in cruising when a better bed can be made on board under the canoe tent than anywhere else. The minimum length for sleeping is about 6ft., but if the canoe be of good dimensions the feet can go under the deck beside the trunk for a short distance, so that a space of 5ft. 6in. from after bulkhead to the after side of the trunk will be sufficient as economy of length in this point is most important. In addition to sitting and sleeping room, good stowage spaces are necessary at the end, with bulkheads and openings of some kind, so that bedding, tent, stores, etc., can be carried in such places as to be accessible when under way.

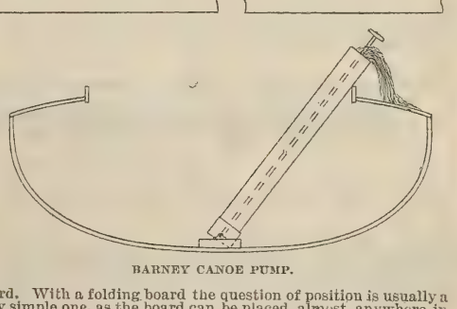
Besides the space within the boat, the size of the opening in the deck, the well, is most important. In order to sleep below it is necessary to have movable hatches over the after part of the well, and one is also needed at the fore end. In sleeping the well must be open for a length of 5ft. or more; in paddling or sailing in rough water the well must be nearly covered by a spray cover and watertight hatch; and in shipping it must be entirely covered. The positions of the minor details, mast tubes, deck hatches, foot gear, etc., are all most important when comfort and safety in cruising are considered, and were once matters of serious study and trial. In many boats to-day, however, these details are dispensed with as far as possible, and where they must be retained they are placed solely with a view to speed under sail. It is no easy problem to arrange a canoe so that the fore and aft trim will be correct when the crew is seated in the position which gives him the greatest control of the boat when sailing, and also permits of room for sitting and sleeping, retaining this trim when light for racing as well as when loaded for a cruise, and at the same time to keep the center of lateral resistance of both hull and board in a position where it will give the best results under such a rig as is suitable for a canoe. Whether it is possible to give a canoe the necessary cruising features without in any way impairing her speed, is an open question, and it is likely to remain so as long as men are not obliged to look for a solution of it, but can dodge it entirely by the simple method of ignoring cruising entirely and building boats that are fitted and used only for racing. If a man does not care to cruise there is no power in the Association to make him do so, and if he wants to race it is the duty of the Association to aid him in racing as well as cruising; but not to an extent that will in any way hinder the development of the cruising canoe and the extension of canoe traveling. If it be necessary, let there be races for canoes without any limits save the essential ones of length and breadth, but at the same time the rules should be so framed as to keep the majority of the races open to the canoe that in build, arrangement, fittings and rig is a cruiser as well as a racer. Last winter we spoke strongly on this same subject (FOREST AND STREAM, Feb 16) and what we have seen since only serves to strengthen the views then expressed in favor of further restrictions which shall help the cruising canoes.

In this connection we may note that while there were many canoes at the meet that had cruised to it or that made longer or shorter cruises afterward, they were all "builder's canoes," imperfectly fitted up for cruising; in fact, we cannot refer to one thoroughly and completely fitted cruising canoe. No matter how thoroughly and honestly the builder may do his work, a canoe is never ready for real use until the owner has pretty thoroughly impressed his own individuality upon her in the way of fitting up and furnishing. Some things must be changed, many things must be added, before the canoe is fully fitted and the necessary duffle loaded on board for a cruise. What is necessary will come more appropriately under the head of equipment, and we need not devote further space to it here, though it is a matter of arrangement where and how the various articles of the equipment shall be stowed.

FITTINGS.

The most important item of the fittings of a modern canoe, either racing or cruising, is the centerboard, in its position, form and general arrangement. While convenient in many ways for cruising, the various folding boards have gone out of use for racing, and even for cruising we should prefer some form of plate





BARNEY CANOE PUMP.

board. With a folding board the question of position is usually a very simple one, as the board can be placed almost anywhere in the boat without seriously interfering with the room; but with a plate board it is a very different matter. The average trunk is from 30 to 36in. long, sometimes as much as 42in., and of varying heights, being about 7in. high when placed in the center of the well, and extending from keelson to deck when placed forward. The Ruggles canoes, Eclipse, Narka and Ruggles, had 30in. plate boards, with a trunk of sheet brass so fastened with cam catches that it can be taken out in a few minutes and a flat piece of brass substituted, closing the opening in keel and leaving the well unobstructed. This plan answers very well up to a certain point; if about to start on a river cruise where sails will not be used, the trunk is removed and left at home; or for a tandem paddle it may be removed, and also for sleeping on board, provided the canoe is not afloat. It does not reach the cruising question at all, as the trunk is still in the way, except when temporarily removed for some special purpose. In such cruising as the Class B decked canoe is best fitted and most commonly used for, the boat must be

always in condition for sailing by merely setting sail and perhaps shifting a hatch or a seat, and at the same time, as we have already shown, the man must be able to use the clear length and breadth of the well for sitting at full length, handling clothes bag and cooking kit, and preparing his meals. For such use the movable trunk is practically a fixed one.

In most of the other canoes the well was given up to the trunk entirely, the crew managing as best he could when it was necessary to take a watch below. Giroffa No. 5 had a plate aboard 42in. long, rectangular in shape, the upper edge reaching as high as the deck, and fitted to lower at both ends. Dimple, Fly and several others had boards nearly as long. Guenn No. 3 had a heavy plate board, the same used in previous boats of the name, but fitted as described in the FOREST AND STREAM of March 22, 1887, after a plan devised by the writer, the board dropping aft when lowered, so that any balance of sail and hull may be had within reasonable limits. This plan is perhaps little heavier and more complicated than the common plate board, but it works perfectly and has the great advantage of leaving the well entirely unobstructed. It is essential, however, that the board should be heavy enough to drop freely of its own weight, say of one-eighth inch metal, whereas many boards now are but one-sixteenth inch thick, and move so stiffly that they must be pushed down by a handle fixed to the after end. This offers a very convenient way of working the board, the handle being within easy reach of the crew when on deck; but at the same time there is no trouble in handling a board by means of a line in place of a handle, the cleat rack being as easily reached as the latter. As to the weight of the board, a few pounds will make but little difference in any way, and a moderately stiff board is better than one that springs like a handsaw. With a properly fitted trunk a board of one-eighth inch or less can be made to drop of itself or raise freely by a cord as well as by a handle.

The question of light weight in a canoe is an interesting one, but its advantages are undoubtedly over-estimated by some who sacrifice everything to lightness. Mr. Barney's experience is that with the old Pecowsic, weighing about 150lbs., now, he can easily beat the new Ruggles, weighing about 75lbs., the latter being sailed by his son, and on changing canoes the Pecowsic again beats the lighter craft. A part of this is no doubt due to the model, but at the same time, the new boat is by no means a slow one, and in some points is superior to Pecowsic, and yet the latter carries a handicap of 100 per cent. in weight and beats her. It is the fashion just now to cut down weight and carry no ballast, for no better reason than that boats with several hundred pounds of ballast have proved unsuccessful; but at the same time, there are plenty of canoes that would be improved at times by a little judicious ballasting. Eclipse has carried shot with advantage in some of her races about New York, and the new Guenn has been found to need at least 40lbs. It is a case of that hasty generalization that characterizes many canoeists, and a little time spent in experimenting would prove to them that it is by no means a fixed rule that the lighter a canoe is the faster she will be; but that every boat has a certain trim at which she is best in certain weather, and that this trim can only be found by careful trial, and not by the application of a sweeping rule against weight of hull and ballast.

Except If, which sailed with a deep rudder of mahogany, all the canoes had metal rudders, in most cases with a drop blade. One very good form is shown in the accompanying drawing, the rudder made by Mr. Piepenbrink of Albany. Mr. Rushton had a new rudder, the stock being made of a brass bar, rectangular in section, ⅝×¼in. This is better and stiffer than the round tube formerly used. The lower end of the bar fits into a brace on the heel of the sternpost, the upper end being held by a movable strap, as shown in the sketch. The best method of construction for a drop rudder which we have yet seen is that devised by Mr. Stoddart for his Atalantis in 1883, the rudder being formed from one piece of sheet metal, bent double. Several of this general make were present but none quite perfect, and we hope to get the drawings of a really good one for publication during the winter. The construction is simple and within the power of any good amateur, a very important point when the cost of some drop rudders is considered.

The deck seat was out in full force, but with nothing specially new or good. Notus was fitted with a western made seat, of the form shown, the ends being fitted to fold in, though was not apparent in what way the peculiar joint was superior to an ordinary hinge. If it is desired to make the free end rise of itself as soon as the crew shifts to windward, in order that it may not drag in the water, it can easily be done by tacking a sheet of thin rubber over each end, the rubber contracting and lifting the end a little as soon as the crew rises, leaving it in place for him to sit down again without adjusting it. The size of this seat was 45in. long and 7in. wide, thus projecting 7½in. beyond the side of the canoe. It was held down by the bolts hooking under a crossbar. If had a plain board across the well, held down by a bolt in the center, passing through a crossbar under the coamings. Where the side of the boat is low a seat of this kind can be raised by giving it a curve, as shown, making the center a little lower than usual when used for paddling, and throwing up the ends higher. The sliding seats were well represented, in detail the same as last year. Their use has been prohibited in England and it would be a good thing if the same rule was enacted here before they are generally adopted.

With the large mizens now in common use the trim of the mizen sheet has become a very important matter. With a sail of 25 or 30ft. the driving power was mainly in the forward and larger sail, and the mizen did not require such careful tending, but now, when some canoes are racing with mizens as large as the mainsail (one was seen at the meet with a borrowed mainsail stepped aft and larger than the regular mainsail which was in its place forward) the sail needs to be trimmed with the greatest care. A block amidship, as always used, will not do this, as in flattening the sail it also brings the boom amidship, and to take the place of the ordinary block Mr. Paul Butler has devised a very ingenious leader for the mizen sheet. It consists of a tube 6in. long and ½in. in diameter, pivoted at one end so as to swing freely from side to side across the deck, the mizen sheet being led through the inside of the tube, coming out of the fore end and leading to the well. When hauled flat in, the tube swings off several inches from the center line of the boat, thus keeping the boom down and at the same time at an angle. Mr. Barney had also a handy little block that allowed the mizen to run freely and gave it a little play at the same time.

A good pump is necessary in canoe racing, but one has never been devised until this year, when Mr. Barney fitted one to the Ruggles. The barrel is a plain brass tube 1¼in. in diameter and long enough to reach from the keelson over the well coaming. The lower end has a pipe thread cut on it. The foot valve is in the form of a casting, pivoted so as to swing freely in a thwartship direction, the valve being in the bottom of the casting, while above it an internal thread is cut to fit the barrel. The pump spear is a 1¼in. brass rod with a plain leather on the lower end. In use the barrel is screwed into the foot valve, and when in place it may be swung to either gunwale, so as to be always beside the man, no matter whether he sits to port or starboard. In tacking the pump is swung over to the windward side, within easy reach of the hand at any time. Its capacity is about four strokes to the pailful.

The review of canoe fittings is hardly complete without some allusion to foot steering gear, but unfortunately nothing more than an allusion is possible, as there was little or nothing at the meet worthy of favorable comment. The sailing canoes with very few exceptions, were not fitted with foot gear at all, and where a gear was fitted it was generally of the hinged pedal description, provided by the builders, a poor affair at best. Guenn No. 3 was fitted with the Toronto sliding gear, described in the FOREST AND STREAM of March 22, but the details were not as perfect as they might have been. This gear is so far superior to any other we have seen that we propose to devote a little time to the perfection of its details during the winter. It has one advantage that no other possesses, in that the feet may be used for steering when seated on deck, as long as the crew is not too far out to windward. In setting a spinaker or other work before the wind the steering can be done as easily as with the hands, leaving the latter free for other work. The absolute necessity of a good foot steering gear is known to all who have used a canoe for cruising, but as it is not essential for match sailing all efforts to improve it have ceased and many dispense with it entirely.

[TO BE CONTINUED].

IANTHE C. C., Sept. 29.—The record races of the Ianthe C. C. have proved most successful in keeping up a lively racing interest on the Passaic River during the season, and there is every indication of the fall races being even more interesting than those already held. The entries and finish of the races held on Sept. 29, were: Sailing—Atalanta, L. B. Palmer, Ianthe; Essex, G. W. Cox, Essex; Will o' the Wisp, W. D. Anderson, Essex; Wind, P. T. Hogan, Ianthe, did not finish; Bachelor, B. Fredericks, Ianthe, did not finish. Paddling, Classes III. and IV.—Bachelor, B. Fredericks, Ianthe; Atalanta, L. B. Palmer, Ianthe; Wind, P. T. Hogan, Ianthe. Atalanta won the sailing race by a good lead, and Bachelor was first in the paddling race, winning from Atalanta by less than a length. The record races will be again held on Oct. 6, at 3:30 P. M.

YONKERS C. C., FALL REGATTA.

THE Yonkers C. C. held its fall regatta at its boat house at Glenwood, N. Y., on Sept. 22. The tide being ebb and the wind strong from the north, made it almost impossible for the boats in any sailing event to work up stream sufficiently to round the outer buoy of the triangle; but that is a recognized disadvantage of canoeing on the lower Hudson.

In Event 1., Classes A and B, sailing, H. L. Quick, of the Evangeline, meeting with an accident at the start, withdrew, and the Caona, sailed by Grant Edgar, withdrew after missing the outer buoy on the second round. All the other boats, with the exception of the Stranger, Everett Masten, withdrew after failing at the outer buoy on the first round. The Stranger succeeded in completing the course after being two hours at it. After this experience no further sailing events were attempted.

The single paddling race was won by Harry La Motte, of the Philadelphia C. C., in the Lassie; Talbot Simpson, in the Day Dream, second. La Motte is on his way from the A. C. A. meet, having cruised down with Henry C. Morse, of Peoria, Ill.

In the tandem paddling Gabriel Reevs and Everett Masten won in the Stranger after a close race, second place being disputed between J. W. Simpson and A. B. Pattou in the Goblin and H. L. Quick and L. Simpson in the Evangeline.

In the paddling upset J. W. Simpson won, L. B. Palmer of the Ianthe Club second. Both turned their boats completely over while remaining in them.

In the hurry-scurry L. B. Palmer won, J. W. Simpson second.

In the water tournament Talbot Simpson and Harry La Motte (lancer) beat Gabriel Reevs and Everett Masten (lancer), and Talbot Simpson and Everett Masten (lancer) beat J. W. Simpson and A. B. Pattou (lancer).

Edgar, Smith and Kane of the Newburgh Club reached the boat house on Friday night on their return from a cruise about Sandy Hook in the new 27ft. canoe yawl built for Kane by Fearon.

The boat house was well filled with guests of the club and an abundance of refreshments were served. In the evening the banjos and guitars came out, and songs by the minstrel troupe, yarns and dramatic representions made the evening a bright one for the boys.

THE BOWDISH CANOES.—Skaneateles, N. Y., Oct. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* While your general description of our system of construction is in the main correct, there is one error which we consider of importance to us. We do not use a thin feather of basswood, but a tongue or "filler," as we call it, which is made of white cedar. This tongue is compressed in its dry state to occupy less than one-third of its original width; thus it has a capacity for expanding if the boat planks shrink to allow it to do so. It is very sensitive to moisture, and if water reaches it, is sure to expand and fill every crevice of the seam. Both the grooves in the plank's edges and this filler are cut perfectly smooth by special machines. This filler is prepared from the most perfect samples of cedar, and is continuous from stem to stern, but not necessarily so. If desirable, one half can be placed in each groove; it can be put in in short or long pieces, and if the ends are slightly lapped the seam will be tight. Thus one of our canoes can be repaired as easily as any of carvel build, and far easier than those by some systems of construction. Since the If was built there has been a demand for our canoes, and we are prepared to build lighter and better craft of her class, having made many improvements in details of construction.—BOWDISH & CO.

VAGABOND.—New York, Oct. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your report of the Brooklyn C. C. races you referred to the canoe Vagabond, owned by me, as "the old Latona, an Everson Sunbeam." Allow me to correct you. In the first place, she was never named the Latona. She was built for J. F. Newman, of our club, who christened her Snubeam, which name she bore until changed by me to Vagabond. In the second place, the Latona was not an Everson "Sunbeam," but an Everson "Ideal." If you will allow me, I would like to suggest, inasmuch as I am a member of the A. C. A. and the name of my canoe appears in this year's Association Book and also appeared on the B. C. C. club book in February, that you in future refer to my canoe as Vagabond No. 1. In naming my canoe, I was entirely ignorant of Mr. Stevens's intention of giving his canoe the name, but I certainly claim No. 1 in this case, as my boat was named Vagabond last fall.—H. C. WARD.

A. C. A. MEMBERSHIP.—Eastern Division: W. C. Kingsley, Northampton, Mass.

Yachting.

Small Yachts. By C. P. Kunhardt. Price $7. Steam Yachts and Launches. By C. P. Kunhardt. Price $3. Yachts, Boats and Canoes. By C. Stansfield-Hicks. Price $3.50. Steam Machinery. By Donaldson. Price $1.50.

QUAKER CITY Y. C.

WHILE cruising and racing in all kinds of small craft have flourished and prospered on the Delaware River, the many difficulties in the way have kept back the development of the larger classes of yacht until a comparatively recent date. A hundred miles distant from the ocean, on a river but a mile wide and with shoal water on each bank, obstructed by the water traffic of a great city, and with land along the waterfront too valuable for club houses, the earnest and enthusiastic yachtsmen of the Quaker City have had a hard task to place yacht sailing on a permanent and successful footing. At last, however, they have been successful, and though the work is yet far from complete, they are beginning to reap the fruit of their labors. The leading organization on the Delaware River, the Quaker City Y. C., is now established in a very comfortable club house at Gloucester, N. J., four miles below the city, where the best sailing water begins; and it has in its fleet a number of cabin yachts of various sizes, from the flagship, the schooner Helen, down to the smallest cabin sloops. This season has been a very active one with the club, and though the racing has been in a measure disappointing, a great deal of cruising has been done, beginning with the winter cruise of the Monarch, and including the club cruise through Long Island Sound. As a fitting ending of the season the club set apart the latter half of last week for a series of races, the most extensive affair of the kind that has ever taken place on the river; and the result has been successful in every way. The first day was devoted to a new experiment, an open regatta for all sailing craft, from a canoe to a schooner yacht; and the second day was taken by the 13th annual regatta, postponed last June for lack of wind.

Open Regatta, Sept. 27.

The pleasure fleet of the Delaware River is comprised in three division, yachts, open sailing boats and canoes; the second division being the oldest, largest and most advanced. Separated but little in point of line from New York, the yachts of the Delaware are practically isolated so far as water communication is concerned, the lesser distance, by canal and narrow rivers, being 100 miles, and the greater, over 200 miles, being largely on the open Atlantic with a few harbors, besides the long stretch of river from Philadelphia to the capes of the Delaware. As might be expected under the circumstances the course of improvement in the fleet has been less rapid than in New York and the East, but the work has been going on for some time and the yachts are far superior to those of the past, and improving each year. Naturally nearly all are centerboard craft, but the value of ballasting and of the compromise rig is fully understood. Nowhere else in the country is open boat sailing so popular as on the Delaware, the fleet being the largest and races most frequent. Toronto, with its scores of small beach houses and its fleet of open skiffs, comes nearest to Philadelphia, but stands second in point of numbers.

The larger sizes of open boats are merely modifications of the ordinary American catboat; the model, curiously enough, being rather deeper and abler than the same class on salt water. The most noticeable features of these boats is the pair of bumpkins, one on each side of the bow, serving as channels for the shrouds, of which there is one on each side, in addition to a headstay. The strain of the long mast, in the eyes of the boat, is thus better distributed, with a saving in weight both in hull and spar.

The most interesting by far of the open boats are the tuckups and duckers, known to the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM by the descriptions and lines which have appeared in our columns, the tuckup being described in the issue of May 3, 1888, and the ducker in that of April 21, 1887. The tuckup classes are as follows, classes first and second being no longer built: Third class, unlimited sail, not more than 15ft. 3in. in length, 4ft. 7in. beam; fourth class, unlimited sail, not more than 15ft. 3in. in length, 4ft. 4in. beam; fifth class, 50ft. and under around the bolt rope, and not more than 15ft. 3in. in length, 4ft. 6in. beam, and 15in. in depth. The crew is limited to five. The ducker classes are: First class, unlimited sail, not more than 15ft. 3in. in length, 4ft. 2in. beam; first class, 49ft. and under around the bolt rope, and not more than 15ft. 3in. in length, 4ft. 2in. beam, and not to carry more than three men; second class, 38ft. and under around the bolt rope, and not more than 15ft. 3in. in length, 4ft. 2in. beam, and not to carry more than two men. The boats are all cat-rigged, with a boom and gaff or spritsail, the latter having a light tackle on the heel of the sprit to set it up by. The boats are very neatly built and gaily painted, various shades of green being most in favor, while the metal work and fittings are very elaborate. They are of brass, polished or nickle-plated; neat swivel gooseneeks, and well-proportioned rowlocks and hobstay gear. All carry a short bumpkin and forestay, the hobstay being a brass rod with a turnbuckle. Along the keelson are three or four stout screweyes, and in each is hooked a couple of feet of line with a wooden handle about 8in. long spliced to the end. In sailing the crew hang on to these lines, "hiking" as far out to windward as the length of the rope will permit. The rudder of the ducker is a large barndoor affair, similar to that of the tuckup, hung to the curved sternpost. A common brace and pintle are used below, but for the upper fastening two braces and a detached pin are used.

The manner in which these boats, of which there are hundreds along the water front, are housed is no less peculiar than the craft themselves. In the city about the Kensington district are long wharves at right angles to the shore line. On each side of one of these wharves is a long two-story building, divided into small compartments about 10x20ft., the lower story serving as a boat room, while the upper is used for sleeping at times and for stowing the gunning, fishing and racing impedimenta. Races are frequent, besides which the boats are much used for gunning in season and for ordinary sailing. At Gloucester are many more houses, but built on a different plan. Along the beach they are strung facing the water, the beach being sandy and with a moderate incline. The detached cottages are of a neat design, each having a lower part only 5ft. high, in which the boats are stowed, being run up from the water on small two-wheeled trucks; while above are a couple of rooms with a porch in front. Besides the houses facing the beach there is near the ferry slip a space as large as a quarter of a city block covered with these houses arranged in rambling streets. During the season the beach is alive with a fleet of these small craft, each with its club burgee fluttering from the forestay a couple of feet above the bumpkin end.

Canoeing is the latest comer on the Delaware, and as yet the canoes cannot compare either in numbers or quality with the tuckups and duckers. The first canoes were nearly all canvas, of amateur build, and even now there are very few first class cedar canoes in use, while canoe racing is just becoming popular. A few races have been held, the principal ones at the Delaware River meet last spring, but the generous offer of prizes by the Quaker City Y. C. may be put down as the inauguration of canoe racing on the river.

Early on Thursday morning the skippers of the mosquito fleet were astir, mostly clad in oilskins, in spite of a clear sky, as the fresh S. W. wind that whistled up the river told of whitecaps and wet jackets before the lower buoy was safely weathered. Tuckups, duckers and canoes started out from the various boathouses to beat down with the ebb tide to Gloucester, some four miles or so to most of them. With them were the larger craft, catboats and yachts, making an animated picture. The courses were as follows:

For schooners, sloops, cutters, yawls and classes A, B, C.—From starting point to Horse Shoe Buoy, keeping it on starboard hand; thence to and around red buoy at lower end of Chester Island Flats, keeping it on port hand, returning over same course to point of starting; keeping to westward of Block House Bar and Chester Island, both going and returning; 20 miles.

For Classes D, E and Tuckups.—From starting point to and around red buoy at upper end of Chester Island, keeping it on port hand, returning over same course to point of starting; 16 miles.

For Duckers.—From starting point to and around black buoy off Billingsport, keeping it on port hand, returning over same course to point of starting; 10 miles.

The course for canoes was over a triangle off the club-house, the first leg directly across to the west bank of the river, then down to a buoy near the east bank, and home. The starters included the following yachts:

	L. W. L.
SCHOONERS—CLASS 1.	
Helen, Com. C. D. Middleton	62ft.
SLOOPS—CLASS 1.	
Venitzia, Arthur Colburn	53ft. 4in.
Restless, Thos. C. Foster	49ft.
Monarch, Vice-Com. C. L. Work	
CLASS 2.	
Consort, L. B. D. Barth	33ft. 4in.
Anita, Geo. C. Vansant	32ft. 4in.
CLASS 3.	
B. G. Hillman, C. Glasor, Jr.	
Nahma, F. P. Ferry	26ft.
Juanita, E. S. Farson	30ft.
Osceola, Brereton Pratt	
Alva, Wm. S. Allen	
Iola	
CLASS 4.	
Eva	
Lark	18ft.
Agnes	

There were 60 catboats, tuckups and duckers in addition, and 6 canoes.

The start for the decked yachts were given at 10:35, the first over being the Osceola, then Alva, Juanita, Hillman, Agnes, Restless, Eva, Venitzia, Helen, Consort and Nahma. The open yachts were started at 10:40, the tuckups at 10:45, and the duckers at 10:50. The wide reach of the river was soon dotted with white sails of all sizes as the fleet beat down, the little fellows having all the wind they wanted. Restless soon took the lead, holding it all day. The judges, on the steam yacht Volanta, ran ahead to the Chester Buoy, timing Restless at 12:43:59; Venitzia at 12:47:22, the others being well astern. Restless was smartest with her spinaker, having it set before Venitzia, and holding the larger boat all the way home. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Helen	10 39 10	3 06 00	4 26 50
Venitzia	10 37 00	2 31 07	3 54 07
Restless	10 36 30	2 28 30	3 52 10
Monarch		3 15 30	
Consort	10 39 30	3 25 50	4 46 20
Anita	10 40 00		
B. G. Hallman	10 36 05		
Nahma	10 39 41	3 29 30	4 49 49
Juanita	10 35 37	3 40 30	5 04 53
Osceola	10 35 30	3 17 00	4 41 30
Alva	10 35 36	3 20 21	4 44 45
Iola	10 40 09		
Eva		3 56 29	
Lark		4 54 05	
Agnes		3 24 00	

The winners were: Schooners, Helen, sailover; sloops, Class I. Restless; Class II., Consort; Class III., Osceola; Class IV., Agnes; Class C, Coronet; Class D, Mohican; Class E, Active. Of the tuckups Anna won, with George Kilroy second. In first class duckers Jazzie won with Mabel second; and in second class Mayflower won with Mary A. Ivins second. There were several capsizes among the duckers.

The canoe races included one with no limit on sail, one with 75ft. limit, a single and a tandem paddling for Class IV. The first race was started at 11:15, the tide being well down, with a strong wind up the river, making a close reach across the first mark, a freer reach to second and a run home. The starters were:

	1st Round.	Finish.
Malta, Quaker City, J. A. Barten	12 24 50	1 09 50
Juni, Keystone, Fred Noyes	12 29 03	1 11 03
Gracie, Mont. S. C., E. A. Leopold	12 29 59	1 14 59
Bubble, Trenton, F. L. Sigler	12 32 01	1 17 01
Pandora, Trenton, F. B. Yard	12 33 58	1 18 58
Caprice, Quaker City, E. Barten	12 44 21	1 29 21
Starlight, Mont. S. C., L. Palmer	12 58 25	1 43 25
Sadie, Mont. S. C. Geo. Ritter	Capsized.	
Thetis, Red Dragon, D. M. Bond	Capsized.	

Sadie and Starlight were both of the Notus model, built by their owners from the lines in the FOREST AND STREAM. Both were good specimens of amateur work, the former in particular being very neatly put together. She had the Notus rig, Starlight having the sail lately shown in our columns. The skiff Gracie had come from Norristown with the two canoes, expecting to enter with the duckers, but the owners of the latter craft protested against her entry, though she was so much smaller and sailed by one man to their two, so she went in with the canoes. She is decked like a canoe, steers with a light rattan wheel in place of a deck tiller, and carries an 80ft. balance lug sail, with a split-bamboo yard. Sadie took the lead at the start, going well ahead, with Gracie second, Thetis third and Malta fourth. Out in the strong tide Gracie jammed as close as possible, making the mark on the first leg, but Sadie sailed freer, tacked once but turned first, some of the others making several tacks. With sheet off Sadie soon ran away from Gracie, but found some very rough water as she neared the Jersey shore. She reached the second mark with a long lead, ran by it looking for a nice place to jibe, but was caught by a puff and capsized. Gracie came up and turned, having trouble for a time in the squalls, but finally settled away for the run to the third mark. Thetis came next and

also capsized; Malta sailed very well in the rough water, now coming along and soon passing Gracie, taking first place. Juni caught Gracie before the end of the round, taking second place. The up-river sailors were somewhat at a disadvantage, as this was their first experience with the rough water to which the others were well accustomed. At the beginning of the second leg of the second round Starlight broke a rudder brace and was disabled, but her skipper continued the race, steering with a paddle until the second mark was reached, where he lost his grasp on the paddle in the rough water. This did not deter him, however, as he lowered the mainsail, turned the canoe around and ran home stern foremost under mizen only, steering with his deck seat.

The limited race was called at 1:25, one round of the same course, but by this time a very strong flood tide was running, across which lay the first leg, nearly to windward. Nine started, but only the Gracie succeeded in rounding the first mark, the tide proving too much for the limited sail plans of the others, so they withdrew. The paddling race was called at 3:15, with four starters, Valesca, H. M. Kreamer; Malta, J. A. Barten; Mermaid, U. S. Fink; Regina, C. Cunningham. The distance was about ¾ mile. Malta led to the turn, but Valesca caught her there, leading home and winning after a pretty struggle. The times were Valesca, 7m. 25s.; Malta, 7:37; Mermaid, 9:23; Regina, 9:38. Only two teams started in the tandem race, Valesca, Messrs. Bond and Kreamer, Red Dragon C. C., and Malta, Messrs. Barten and Cunningham, Quaker City C. C. Valesca again won.

The various divisions of the regatta were managed by the following gentlemen: A. F. Bancroft, C. L. Wilson, W. J. Thorman, Com. C. D. Middleton, Vice-Com. C. L. Work, S. A. Wood, C. W. Lyon, J. J. Moloney, C. E. Carpenter, R. W. Kerswell, of the Quaker City Y. C.; R. K. Neff, C. W. Davis, Riverton Y. C.; Com. C. F. Baker, Vice-Com. H. S. Anderson, Shackamaxon Y. C.; Com. J. F. Armstrong, W. S. Chandler, Pennsylvania Y. C.; Com. W. G. Cook, Corinthian Y. C.; Com. W. Dressler, G. W. Bateman, Camden Ducker Club; C. S. Austin, A. Butterworth, Keystone Boat Club; L. G. Palmer, Montgomery Sailing Club; Com. J. A. Barten, C. Costello, Quaker City C. C.; H. M. Kreamer, S. Northrop, Red Dragon C. C.; Capt. W. W. Norgrave, Keystone C. C.

Annual Regatta, Sept. 28.

Only yachts entered for the annual regatta in June were allowed in the race of Friday, so the list was the same, with the loss of Anita, Hillman and Iola in the fourth class, and the addition of Minerva in the third. The day was clear, the wind being fresh from N.W., with the tide favorable over both legs of the 36-mile course, from the club house around a markboat off Marcus Hook. Besides the regular prizes, there were the Middleton challenge cup for the best corrected time in Class I., the Vallette challenge cup for the best corrected time in Class II., and the Ellis challenge cup for the best elapsed time in any class. The start was given from the Volante at 10:45, the fleet going over in a string close under her stern, all on starboard tack. The order was Alva, Juanita, Monarch, Minerva, Restless, Consort, Helen, Osceola, Venitzia, Nahma. All except Minerva carried working topsails, she sailing with housed topmast. The first long leg on the wind brought them down nearly to League Island, then all were obliged to tack. Restless very soon took the lead, she and Venitzia leaving all the others astern. A long stretch on starboard tack brought them down to Chester, where they were obliged to make several tacks, finally laying a course for the turn off Marcus Hook. Restless was timed at 12:46:50; Venitzia, 12:49:39; Helen, 1:05:00; Juanita, 1:13:25; Osceola, 1:14:56; Nahma, 1:16:00; Monarch, 1:16:16; Consort, 1:18:20; Alva was not timed.

Restless set a jibtopsail at the mark and began to travel very fast with the wind off the port quarter. Venitzia also set a jibtopsail, and when off Chester, the wind coming well aft, dropped her spinaker boom and ran up her spinaker. She was gaining on the leader until she broke her sprit-sail yard, but she carried it only a minute before the halliard parted and it was taken in. Venitzia also had some trouble with hers, and after a short time took it in as well. Off the upper end of Tinicum Island the wind drew ahead, and with boom in a little more Restless began to gain again on her rival. Venitzia was carrying a large jibtopsail that drew very well, but Restless had a jibtopsail with a very high clew, so that it could not be properly trimmed with the main boom off, thus hurting her considerably. With boom in and topsail sheet led further aft she promised easily to repeat the victory of the previous day, but about 2 P. M. there came a little rain with some heavy puffs, in one of which her topmast went just above the cap. The jibtopsail was quickly cleared, but no attempt was made to lower the wreck and she sailed home with the topmast and topsail hanging to leeward from the gaff end. Venitzia at once took warning and lowered jibtopsail, also dropping the head of her topsail for a time.

Off the mouth of the Schuylkill the puffs were very heavy and at first Restless hardly missed the extra canvas, but near home the wind was steadier and Venitzia, with jibtopsail set, began to overhaul her very fast. Minerva was passed here, coming home under two reefs and the remains of her jib, but a hard puff cruelly robbed her of the last rag of headsail, leaving her to work in under mainsail only. Off League Island Venitzia caught Restless, and as the wind dropped and the course opened freer at the same time, she rapidly left her rival. In the last couple of miles Venitzia increased her lead, but still was enabled to save her time off of Restless, in fact only the loss of her topmast prevented Restless from winning on elapsed time and taking the Middleton cup, which now goes to Venitzia for the second time. The result of the two races has been to show that the alterations to Restless have improved her very much indeed and given Venitzia a more dangerous rival than she has ever had before. The full times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
SCHOONERS.			
Helen	10 47 42	2 46 57	3 59 15
FIRST CLASS SLOOPS.			
Venitzia	10 48 22	2 39 30	3 51 08
Restless	10 46 58	2 40 28	3 53 30
Monarch	10 46 13	3 12 07	4 25 55
SECOND CLASS SLOOPS.			
Consort	10 47 11	3 19 09	4 31 58
THIRD CLASS SLOOPS.			
Nahma	10 49 07	3 17 14	4 28 07
Juanita	10 45 57	3 12 06	4 26 09
Minerva, Trenton	10 46 42	Disabled.	
Osceola	10 48 13	3 13 46	4 25 33
Alva	10 45 47	Not timed.	

The winners are: Helen Restless, Consort and Osceola.

MIGNON.—Mr. Babson's cutter will be altered this winter by an addition of 14in. freeboard amidship and 8in. at each end, a flush deck being laid in place of the present cabin house, a small steering cockpit being retained. A ton of lead will also be transferred from inside to the keel. Mr. Babson now offers to make a match with Saracen for three races, to be sailed in June or July next, for $500 per side.

ADELAIDE.—The wreck of the Adelaide was examined by a diver last week and a contract was made with the Chapman Wrecking Co. to raise her for $1,000. On Tuesday she was hoisted by Chapman's derrick and beached opposite to where she sank. She will be repaired so as to allow her to be towed to City Island.

THE GRAYLING-SACHEM MATCHES.

UNLIKE the owners in some of the other classes, Mr. Fish of the Grayling and Messrs. Metcalf and Owens of the Sachem were not content with the flat and inconclusive events of this season, but proposed to settle the question of the superiority of their yachts by a series of three private matches, the stakes being $1,000 per side. The arrangements were made a few weeks since, Newport being agreed on as the location of the courses, the first 12 knots to windward and return, the second a triangle of 12 knots on a side, and the third, if necessary, the same as the first. The dates were set for Oct. 1, 2 and 3, both yachts hauling out in the meanwhile for a thorough overhauling. On Oct. 1 the weather was cold and rainy, but with a strong S.E. wind. The tug B. T. Haviland was sent away to log off the course, while the judges were on the torpedo boat Stiletto.

Shortly after 10 A.M. the racers worked out to the start, off Brenton's Reef Lightship, where the gun was fired at 11:25, the start being at 11:40. During the quarter of an hour interval the two yachts maneuvered for place, Grayling finally coming out ahead, crossing at 11:40:42 to windward on starboard tack. Both carried working topsails, Grayling having also a baby jibtopsail, Sachem was timed at 11:41:35, 53s. astern of Grayling. The first tack was a long one, Grayling gaining steadily. At 12:20 she went on port tack, soon after crossing Sachem's bows, the latter tacking to windward of Grayling at 12:23:30. Another long tack followed, Grayling going on starboard tack at 1:18, followed by Sachem at 1:21. The markboat was turned as follows:

Grayling	2 21 15	Sachem	2 23 03

Grayling had thus gained nearly a minute. She jibed her boom to port and started on the run home, being a little slow with her spinaker through something fouling aloft. She had it drawing in about four minutes, and then began to leave Sachem, the latter, using an extension spinaker boom, being nearly a quarter of an hour setting the sail. Both carried main clubtopsails and balloon jibtopsails on the run. Sachem gained a little but was beaten by 2m. 30s. corrected time, the summary being:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Grayling	11 43 42	3 39 20	3 58 38	3 57 02
Sachem	11 41 35	3 41 07	3 51 32	3 59 32

Mr. Burgess sailed with Capt. Hansen on Sachem, while Mr. Fish and Capt. Terry handled Grayling.

Tuesday morning was hazy, with a strong S.W. wind, but by 11 o'clock both yachts were beating out to the start, off Brenton's Reef Lightship, carrying both working topsails. At 11:45 the preparatory gun was fired, with the start at 12 o'clock. Grayling led over the line by 56s., on port tack, setting her baby jiptopsail, while Sachem set her maintopmaststaysail. For nearly half an hour the pair held on port tack toward Narraganset Pier, Grayling laying closer to windward, with Sachem gaining ahead faster. At 12:25 Sachem tacked, Grayling following soon after, and then lowering foresails and running for harbor under mainsail and headsails, having sprung her foremast.

Sachem continued the course alone, the sea being very high and the wind strong. As it is too late to replace Grayling's mast this season the match will be abandoned.

CATBOAT RACING AT NEWPORT.—On Sept. 29 a race was sailed off Newport over a 20-mile course, for prizes given by Rear Com. Morgan, the wind being quite light. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Corrected.
FIRST CLASS.			
Dove	10 41 20	2 33 35	2 59 45
Rhode Island	10 43 41	2 37 05	3 00 18
Gluckauf	10 42 02	2 34 54	3 01 45
SECOND CLASS.			
Annie	10 45 55	2 46 11	3 04 17
Greta	10 49 10	3 18 39	3 32 59
Quitts	10 45 55	3 16 41	3 55 28
THIRD CLASS.			
Jerboa	10 51 50	3 01 19	3 04 11
Julia	10 52 00	3 06 14	3 08 08
Rebecca L	10 52 05	3 23 51	3 28 52
SECOND CLASS SPECIAL.			
Lizzie	10 47 30	2 33 55	2 50 19
Fixia	10 48 13	2 42 05	2 58 58
Alice	10 46 50	2 44 20	3 00 36

Twenty-one boats started, but the others were not timed. The judges were F. P. Sands, Max Agassiz and Woodbury Kane. Rear Com. Morgan has bought the fast catboat Mucilage of Monument Beach.

MIRAMICHI Y. C., SEPT. 20.—A race was sailed over a 20-mile course, from Chatham to Newcastle, in a light east wind, the tide being foul both ways. The starters and times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected
FIRST CLASS.				
Fisherman, C.B. sloop	12 42 50	3 54 20	3 11 30	3 11 30
Kilbride, C.B. sloop	11 42 25	4 22 35	3 40 10	3 36 55
Kittock, cutter	12 43 00	4 30 45	3 47 45	3 43 50
Bloody, C.B. sloop	12 43 40	4 38 45	3 55 05	3 47 13
Welcome Home, C.B. sloop	12 43 27	4 42 40	3 59 13	3 56 10
Fedora, keel schooner	12 44 20	Withdrew.		
SECOND CLASS.				
Lottie, keel sloop	12 26 30	6 17 30	5 51 00	5 51 00
Annie, keel sloop	12 28 30	6 43 00	6 14 30	6 11 30
Mackerel, keel sloop	12 29 10	Withdrew.		

Kilbride led at the start, but was soon passed by Fisherman, the latter gaining steadily, especially on the windward work down the river on the second leg. In second class Mackerel gained to the turn, where she was passed by Lottie. Later on she ran into a calm and did not finish. Another race will be sailed soon by the first class for a championship pennant given by Vice-Com. Stewart.

PACIFIC Y. C., ANNUAL REGATTA.—On Sept. 15 the annual regatta of the Pacific Y. C. was sailed over a 33-mile course, from Mission Rock to a markboat off Hunter's Point, thence to a markboat off Oakland Pier, thence around a markboat off Fort Point, and return, to be sailed in six hours. The starters were: Annie, sloop, Com. Caduc; America, pilot boat, schooner, Capt. Turner; Volunteer, sloop, J. Engle; Lolita, yawl, Thomas & Engleburgh; Magic, sloop, R. Gibson, and C. H. White, schooner, J. C. White. The wind was very light and fluky. The times at Fort Point were: America, 5:38:06; Volunteer, 5:52:06; C. H. White, 5:55:00; Magic, 5:58:02; Annie, 5:59:07; Lolita, not timed. America finished at 7:30:20, just inside the time limit, the others being becalmed. After the race a challenge was issued by the C. H. White to the America to sail to San Diego and back for $1,000, but the following agreement was finally signed: "SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 19, 1888.—It is understood and agreed between C. H. White, owner of the schooner C. H. White, and I. Gutte, on behalf of the owners of the schooner America, that the two above-named vessels shall sail over the same course and under the same rules and regulations that governed Lurline-Aggie Farallone race, on Saturday, Sept. 29, 1888; to start at 10 A. M., for $1,000 a side; all rules and regulations of the Pacific Y. C. to apply to the race. Boats to sail three days in succession until the specified time of the Lurline-Aggie race is performed, but not to exceed three days.—C. G. WHITE, I. GUTTE. Witness: Philip Caduc, Commodore Pacific Y. C."

CHRISTINA., schr., built this year by Lawley for the late J. B Meer, has been sold to Mr. J. Shaw of Boston.

CLEVELAND Y. C. FALL REGATTA, SEPT. 22.—Course, N. by W., 7 miles to windward and return. Weather, clear. Wind, N. by E. ½ E., steady:

	Length.	Start.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Sylvia, George Wells	35.00	10 59 00	2 13 30	2 13 30
Unique, Ernest Radder	20.02	10 55 10	2 10 40	1 54 40
Rover, Joe Kerbel	26.06	10 54 45	2 22 45	2 16 31
Ida, Chas. Kelly	26.02	10 52 20	2 11 10	2 03 30
Eole, Rob Richter	22.08	10 56 15	2 26 15	2 14 23
Lady Ida, F. Smeade	19.00	10 51 30	Distanced.	

Postponed race of Sept. 10.—Wind was fresh, Lady Ida being reefed and most of the other boats under standing canvas. The course was only about 6 miles to windward and return. Unique is the first boat under 25ft. L.w.l. that ever won the pennant. Winners of prizes, first, Unique, champion pennant; second, Ida, small flag; third, Sylvia, pair side lights; fourth, Eole, C. P. Kunhardt's sook on small yachts. Regatta committee, P. A. Mettling E. Radder, W. Sly, A. Anderson, F. Smeade. Judges, Harry Gardner and Orville Root.

TORONTO Y. C.—A race was sailed by the Toronto Y. C. on Sept. 29, a handicap for second and third class, from the club-house to Oakville piers, the starters being, White Wings, Rivet, Verve, Escape and Sea Bird. The wind was light and fluky from N. to N.W. The corrected times were:

White Wings	5 40 12	Escape	6 58 22
Rivet	5 46 28	Sea Bird	7 23 20
Verve	5 49 55		

A match was sailed on the same day over the club course between Molly, Mr. L. V. Percival, Christobel, Mr. Sutherland, and Whisper, Mr. Garrett. Whisper won by 6m. 30s. with Molly second.

SMALL CRAFT IN NEW YORK WATERS.—The number of small sailing boats of various kinds, canoe yawls, Whitehall boats, sneakboxes and other craft, has increased very rapidly within the last three years, and there are now a great many about New York, Staten Island and the end of Long Island Sound. An effort is now on foot to gather as many as possible from the latter part into a club, under the title of the Huguenot Mosquito Fleet, the headquarters being near New Rochelle. Any one desirous of taking part in the movement may learn more of by addressing J. W. Gibson, 757 Broadway, New York. A meeting for organization will be called soon.

Answers to Correspondents.

T. K. L., Red Bank, N. J.—A canoe 15×28×10 will answer best for your use, a model with nearly flat floor. Such a canoe will be too heavy to carry alone for any distance; but for ordinary handling and paddling a few pounds more will make no difference. The Shadow is no longer used and the Rob Roy is but little used.

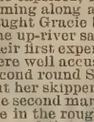
W. W. L., Minneapolis.—Please give me a (1.) list of the best works on practical trout culture. I have Stone's "Domesticated Trout," Green and Roosevelt's "Fish Hatching and Catching," and J. H. Slack's "Trout Culture." 2. Would a spring brook three miles long, ten feet wide, average brook depth (four or five feet in the holes and as many inches on the rapids) a natural trout stream, on which I can fill a 12-pound creel any day, support without being fed fifty thousand quarter-pound trout? 3. Is Livingston Stone's address Charlstown, N. H.? 4. Does he still operate the hatchery there? Do you know of any trout stream stocked and operated for market purposes exclusively, and are they a pecuniary success? Ans. 1. You have the best already. 2. No. 3. He may still have an interest there, but is superintending a hatchery for the United States at Clackamas, Oregon. 4. No, but there are streams which yield a revenue from the fishing. We know of a man who sells spawn and lets anglers fish in the stream, gets up trout suppers for city parties and lets his grounds for picnics, and by all this makes a living. We have had practical experience in trout culture, and would not encourage any man to try to breed trout for market, if he has to feed them, and it requires unusual facilities in the way of natural food to make it profitable to let the fishing. Your stream seems to be a good one, and to keep it up to its present standard should be stocked with fry every year. The price for fishing in New York State is usually one dollar per pound for the catch.

H. F. H., Ontario.—While sailing in my yacht in Lake Ontario a few days ago, I noticed that several eels, on the average of about two feet in length, kept clinging to the iron rudder. They seemed to attach themselves by the head and throat in some way and would not let go their hold until struck with a stick. At least a dozen must have done this at various intervals. It was in the afternoon toward evening that this occurred. Is not this unusual? Ans. They were lampreys; creatures somewhat resembling the eel in general appearance, but belonging to the *Petromyzontidæ*, a family of fishes so very low in the scale that some naturalists are unwilling to have them classed among true fishes. They are semi parasitic in their habits, fastening themselves on sturgeon and other large fish, and sucking their blood. The arrangement of the mouth gives the clue to this peculiar habit, it is perfectly circular, with a fleshy lip covered with tentacles and supported by a cartilaginous frame work. The whole interior of the mouth is covered with strong teeth arranged in concentric circles, and even the tongue has serrated teeth, the whole structure constituting a powerful sucker. The lampreys are known in Europe, and several species are common to our Atlantic coast, the New England rivers and the Great Lakes; some of them are migratory. They are born blind, and bury themselves in the mud as soon as they escape from the egg, and they are said to be four or five years in reaching maturity. As a food fish they have a good local reputation in Connecticut, where the lamprey fishing is still carried on and the fish salted down in barrels. They are a rich, oily fish, and were formerly very highly esteemed in Europe. King Henry I., of England, is said to have died of gorging himself with stewed lampreys, a dish of which he was inordinately found. The term *Petromyzon* is ascribed to the order from their peculiar habit of adhering to stones. They are supposed to do this in swift currents to prevent being carried away. It is probable that when thus engaged they are generally feeding on the minute organisms adhering to the stone. But it appears that they are able to transport stones with which they fortify their hiding places.

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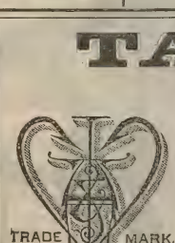
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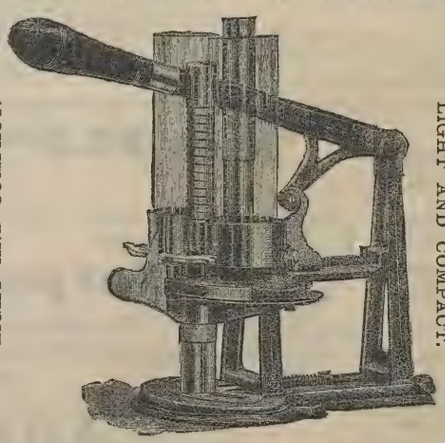
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JEKYL ISLAND.

THE successful propagation of fish is now an old story, having passed beyond experiment; and the restocking of rivers and streams from which fish were nearly extinct has proved a boon and a blessing alike to the sportsman and the consumer. The propagation of game should now be taken up seriously and become a branch to be fostered and encouraged in the same manner as the methods of the fishculturists. That game can be successfully restored to depleted portions of the country is not a question of doubt. Experiments have shown that under proper conditions perfect success is sure to result from the effort.

As an instance of the good results, we can quote the satisfactory efforts of the Jekyl Island Club, which owns Jekyl Island, off the coast of Georgia. Capt. R. L. Ogden, one of the prominent originators of the club, which is composed largely of representative men of this city and Chicago, was chosen to superintend the erection of the magnificent club house, now completed, and to carry out the general improvements, and to take steps to restock the island with game. There were already a goodly number of deer on the island when purchased, some wild turkeys, 400 head of wild cattle, 200 head of wild horses, and a large number of wild hogs. The cattle and horses were removed; and the work of extermination of the hogs was carried on systematically and their number considerably reduced. Last fall and winter 5,000 native quail were procured and placed on the island. One hundred English pheasants were procured from England; seventy-eight arrived in good order and were immediately placed in small lots in the pens prepared for them, under the charge of a gamekeeper versed in the care of this bird. In the early spring of this year they began laying, and each day the eggs were carefully removed and placed under common barnyard hens, as the female pheasant is proverbially an indifferent mother and rears but a small percentage of her hatch. From the seventy-eight birds over 1,200 eggs were gathered and from 1,000 eggs there were hatched 900 young and healthy pheasants, of which over 850 have come to maturity and are past all the exigencies of bird raising. These have been turned loose, after retaining a couple of hundred for brood purposes the coming season. It will thus be seen that the introduction of that beautiful bird, the English pheasant, is comparatively an easy matter; and wherever the poacher can be excluded they can become plentiful. By the simple rule of three as illustrated, if 850 healthy birds can be raised from seventy-eight, what will be the result of a continuous system of propagation by the club? If 200 are reserved for next season, their laying should at the same rate result in producing over 2,000 birds, so that at the end of two years from the start the club will have a matter of 3,000 birds to begin with for limited shooting; and as the shooting will doubtless be regulated to moderation, they never will need to resort to artificial or hand raising thereafter, as the percentage of natural product of the wild birds will keep up the supply. The club has provided largely for food for its game by the cultivation of fifty acres in various parts of the island, the crops consisting of maize, oats, sunflower, small peas and other cereals, all of which are left unharvested and must prove ample for the birds, aside from the supply of natural food.

The quail placed on the island have given equally satisfactory results, it being estimated that in their undisturbed condition they will produce two broods in the season, and already, as the superintendent writes, the woods are full of them, and the season will open with probably 20,000 birds—a pretty good result for the first year. The turkeys have also greatly increased, the removal of the horses and cattle leaving them undisturbed, greatly facilitating their increase.

The Jekyl Island Club is to be congratulated on the great success it has met with in the outset in its plans of a grand game preserve.

The Jekyl Island Club opened late last season, but it was so overwhelmingly popular that, we learn, new accommodations are being added for the approaching season, which will open this year about December 1.

THE DIVISION OF FORESTRY.

THE annual report of the Division of Forestry for 1887, issued by the United States Department of Agriculture, covers a hundred and forty-seven pages of closely printed matter, in which the writer evidences the facility of the expert in dealing with a problem which, although of not immediate moment to the people of this country, is of vital importance to its future progress and well being.

This is the first professional report submitted by Mr. B. E. Fernow since he entered upon his duties as the chief of the Forestry Division, and no one will be more ready than he to agree with us that this report is something very different from the annual reports submitted by the heads of the forest departments in countries in which there is a forest administration, and very different from what an annual report in our own country should be, in view of the steady diminution of the timber supply of this continent. A forest report should be primarily a record of the administration of the State forests, but unhappily the work of forest administration has not yet been entered on in this country, and from year to year our apprehension is deepened that it never will be entered on as long as there is any compact area of virgin forest which may be administered at a profit from the outset.

At the same time the report before us, emanating as it does from a man whose professional learning and special qualifications insure his comprehensive grasp of the whole problem, leaves some room to hope that he will yet succeed in overcoming the inertia, both of Congress and the people, and securing an appropriation adequate at least to the inauguration of the work. Meantime Mr. Fernow, wanting the opportunity for the display of his abilities as a forest administrator, is doing very valuable work in his contracted sphere. This report is perhaps the most valuable contribution to the forest literature of this country yet published. It embodies a vast amount of valuable information conveniently tabulated, and while it gives very little space to broad generalizations, it gives a mass of statistics, which can hardly fail to set the reader generalizing.

We have had so many warnings that the timber supply of the country will be exhausted in a few years at most, and the fatal day has been postponed so frequently, that no more attention is paid to the warning; but when, along with the statistics of the annual consumption of pine timber in this country, we find statistics of the yield of all the European forests, and of the extent to which England draws upon them for their surplus, we can hardly help feeling very sorry for our children when we reflect on the prices they will probably have to pay for imported timber.

Mr. Fernow's report deals mainly with facts or with figures which are as near an approach to the facts as are at present available. There are detailed and apparently reliable accounts and statistics of the forest area, avail able supply of timber, and general condition of the forest area in every State of the Union, together with accounts of the area reported as having been planted to forests by private persons. The principal forest trees of the country and all exotic trees which have been successfully introduced into the country are described, and instructions are given for their planting and treatment in the nursery. The report further deals with the more abstract problems of systematic working plans, and their scientific, economic and practical basis, in which the writer asserts little, but evidences a broad grasp of his subject, such as is to be expected from a man trained to the profession, and from no other, however brilliant his natural capacities.

We can do no more than indicate the general character and principal branches of the report, and commend it to every one interested in the forest question as the work of a man capable of imparting a great deal of valuable information and very eager to indulge in systematic experiments to aid in the tabulation of further precise and reliable data respecting rate and conditions of growth, and other subjects, a knowledge of which is of first-class importance as affording a sound basis for forest management.

We may confess to some little measure of disappointment that the chief of the Forestry Division does not urge upon Congress either the desirability of taking up some suitable area of still virgin forest, say for example the forests of the Yellowstone Park and adjoining region, for systematic administration on an economic basis, or the assumption of a suitable area of exhausted forest or of forest denuded of its pine timber for restoration; but he appears to encounter so much difficulty in persuading Congress to treat the subject seriously that he is content to limit his demands to the few thousands necessary for scientific experiment and investigation in forest matters.

There is little reference in the report to the importance of conserving such forest areas as still remain in the hands of the Government, but in the bill submitted to Congress by the American Forestry Congress, the principal provisions of which are embodied in the report, the subject has been treated in practical detail.

NOW THAT NEW YORK has a chief game and fish protector, whose province it is to direct the district protectors and give them aid and encouragement, those persons who are interested should communicate with that officer. His address is Frederick P. Drew, Mechanicsville, N. Y. Information should be furnished to him; and if the man who sends the information has the backbone to come out and assist the protectors, so much the sooner will the good time come. There is always an abundance of anonymous evidence, and there are hosts of people who will give limited information when they can do so without making themselves known. Now that the State has appointed officers to execute the game laws, well-meaning citizens should have no more squeamishness about giving their assistance openly in this direction than they would have in matters pertaining to other branches of law and good morals.

THERE ought to be a better way to reduce the surplus of dogs than the brutal shooting on sight in the public streets, in vogue in numerous more or less civilized communities. Fort Hamilton, New York, has a constable who shoots valuable sporting dogs, in the presence of women and children, at that. He does it under cover of an outrageous town ordinance, and this same ordinance is shamefully perverted in its execution. The curs belonging to voters are unmolested; they go loose in the streets, and may go mad for the matter of that if they want to; but this constable with a shotgun takes good care to murder the dogs of people who have no votes to cast for the local justice, whose name is Church.

The Sportsman Tourist.

THROUGH OKEECHOBEE TO THE GULF.

HELLO! What's the matter? Harry and I stuck our heads out of the cabin window, and to our dismay the conductor informed us that he had orders to side-track our car as the yellow fever was raging in Tampa, and they could not run our car in. Great smoke! We were speechless for a moment.

Here we were at Kissimmee, Florida, our steam launch on top of a flat car, and freight already paid to Tampa, our destination. We had bought her at Norfolk, Va., and it had taken about our last dollar to fit her up, load her and pay freight to Tampa. And now what were we to do? We had bought the steamer, thinking to run from Tampa down the southwest coast along the islands and reefs of the Gulf, with sportsmen who come down there in winter to bask in the land of perenineal sunshine, shoot 'gators, fish, and pick up shells. We had finally hoped to pick up good solid dollars in that way, as well as to enjoy the sport of that famous coast in hunting and fishing. The man we had bought the steamer of said she was as good as new. So she was, after we had paid for her and put in a new steel boiler, new parts of the engine, new pumps, new wheel, new paint—new everything. Did you ever buy an old wagon and fix it up? Well, it cannot begin to compare with fixing up an old steamer. We just "went broke" on her, found ourselves with a white elephant as it were.

Here we were, only 100 miles in a direct line from our destination; and we couldn't go on, on account of the yellow fever. What could we do? There was only one thing to do, unload and go through the great unknown swamps and lakes down to the coast, then up the gulf to Tampa, about 600 miles by water.

The Dot weighed sixteen tons, and it was just about as easy to move a brick block as it was to get that steamer off the cars to the lake, 600ft. away. We counted our remaining cash; and after allowing for 75lbs. of flour, 30lbs. of cornmeal, a piece of salt pork, canned tomatoes, corn, beef, and last but not least, twenty-five boxes of matches, and a supply of wood, we had just ninety-six cents left to get the steamer off the cars and run 500 miles. Nothing for it but to take off our clothes, put on old duds and go for it. The mercury was about 90° in the shade and about 300° in the sun. The natives, always very kind, were especially good to us. We stated our case and they promptly pitched in; and in four days we had jacked up the steamer, got her down on the ground and to the lake; and by working three days in water from 6in. to 4ft. deep we floated her, and started never a seam. We were happy, as you can imagine. At length, with plenty of food aboard and ammunition for our guns, we were ready to start; and we knew we could not starve, for south Florida abounds in game of all kinds, fish and birds without end.

One bright October morning Harry had steam up by daylight, and after a hasty cup of coffee, some corn bread and fried trout (they call bass trout down here), we were off long before the people were up. We gave a long blast of the whistle; and away we went, steering a south course, to an unknown waste of swamps of far south Florida.

Harry was engineer and cook; I was pilot and deck hand. We bitterly regretted afterward that we had not another companion with us, for on such a long cruise two get so worn out and lonesome. Neither of us had ever had any experience as pilot or engineer, and never had seen the great desert of swamps through which we were going; but we had been in many a tight place before and did not hesitate now. We had it to do. All I had to steer by was my compass and an ordinary pocket map of the State. The natives had given each his opinion, and each one differed except on one point, that all the waters north of Lake Okeechobee ran into it. So we felt confident that by keeping with the current we should eventually get into the great sea, where our journey would commence in earnest. We were bound to find the proper outlet into the Caloosahatchee or we could never reach the coast; and again, we knew there were no lighthouses, buoys, nor anything after reaching Okeechobee to show us our course, no human habitation to be seen after leaving Fort Bassinger, seventy-five miles north of Okeechobee, until Fort Thompson was reached on Lake Flirt, nearly 300 miles by water from Fort Bassinger. Nevertheless, we were happy with visions of beautiful plumed birds, of wild turkeys in countless droves, bands of deer, strings of fish a mile long; and then the lord of that great waste of waters, the alligator. We were in high spirits that morning as we dashed the waters of Lake Tahopekaliga aside, and our little steamer drove her sharp bows through them at the rate of eight miles an hour. With my double breechloader loaded with No. 6 for birds, and the trusty Marlin .40-60 for snap shots at 'gators and deer, to say we were in high spirits would be putting it mildly.

On we sped, until in the afternoon we passed out of Lake Tahopekaliga into a swamp, and ran hard aground on a mud bank. That was nothing; all we had to do was to push off. Yes, but we could not; so overboard we went and pushed, and said disrespectful things to each other. Harry wanted to know if I couldn't see where I was going, etc.; and of course as soon as the engine stopped, the steam ran up and commenced to hiss, and I asked the engineer if he was trying to blow us up. We finally got off and found our channel, and just at dark entered Cypress Lake. We dropped our mud-hook and thus ended our first day of the cruise. A hot cup of coffee, with corn bread and a piece of fat pork, finished supper; and the bed felt good that night.

Daylight found us off again. Passing through Cypress Lake we ran into a dead river (these dead rivers look like any other river, the same size and a swift current; but after running a few miles it disappears in the dense weeds. There is nothing to do then but turn round and steam back against a swift current and try it over again. We were all the next day going from Lake Cypress to Lake Kissimmee, a distance of only about fifteen miles in a straight line, but we got into at least ten dead rivers. Besides our propeller would ball up, by picking up the wild sawgrass and wild lettuce and lily pads that grow in such profusion in those waters. Just at sunset we saw Lake Kissimmee and were jubilant, when all of a sudden we ran hard aground with such force as to pitch me clean overboard through the cabin door into a swift current. I climbed on board with my jaw banged out of shape, and heard Harry muttering in some foreign tongue, and it was just one o'clock in the morning when we got out of that scrape. In these waters there is always a mass of drift lettuce and water plants; and the moment you get stuck on a mud bank or bar, the lettuce and drift grass begin to catch and hang on to the boat, and in less time than it takes us to tell it, there are tons and rods of the infernal stuff piled up against you, making it almost impossible to push the steamer through it against the current. Of course in such a place the propeller would ball up and be useless in ten minutes. By one o'clock that night we managed to get adrift and in the right course into Lake Kissimmee.

The next day we ran clear through that lake into Kissimmee River and anchored that night. We thought we had now overcome the worst of our blind crooked rivers, but in reality we had not yet begun. Kissimmee River runs in every direction, but south, and dead rivers—it makes me shiver at this distant day. We would run out of a short river into an open place with sixteen outlets, all alike, all of the same size and the same depth. We did not know which to take. Each one would run east for a mile, north ten miles, west forty miles, southeast twenty miles, etc. Sometimes we would pass a large cypress on our left and five hours afterward we would pass the same tree on our right. The further south we went timber began to get scarcer, the country to open, the swamp to widen, until the woods were seen only in the distance. Ahead of us, to the south, there was nothing but desolation, nothing but a swamp of immense and short, slender bushes, with 8ft. of water under them and 6ft. of mud. One could not push a small boat through, nor walk. All we could do was to try each opening, each river, each lake, and try to keep the one going nearest southeast toward the great sea.

Finally, after a week's fearful toil, we arrived at Fort Bassinger, some 175 miles by water from our starting point, and the last human habitation we would see until we had passed Okeechobee and reached Fort Thompson, nearly 175 miles by water. Fort Bassinger consists of one log cabin. No signs of a fort are visible. We rested one day there, and dropped down stream a few miles to wood up. We were one whole day cutting and lugging wood on our backs. The timber was a half mile from the river, and a stick of fat pine would grow to weigh about a ton when you have to back it a half mile. But all things have an end, and at last we were wooded up and ready to start.

From that point there were not so many dead rivers, our spirits began to rise, and we made a run that day of sixty miles; and just at sundown our little steamer began to rise and fall as a boat will out in an open sea. Harry and I knew we could not be far from some large body of water; and sure enough, as we rounded a bend an open sea was before. Far as the eye could see to the south, east and west there was nothing but a waste of water; and from landmarks described to us we knew that this was the Great Okeechobee, the inland sea of Florida, which is sixty miles wide, any way you go. We ran our steamer right up to the trunk of a large cypress; as we only drew 3ft. of water we could easily do this. We made fast to the roots, and the moss hanging down over us to the water completely hid us from view. Some of the moss was more than 20ft. long and hung in bunches larger than a small man's body. An Indian could have paddled by within 20ft. of us and not have seen the steamer. We ate a hearty supper of fresh fish, which it only took a moment to catch, and were soon in the land of dreams.

ARTHUR LOVEJOY.

ATLANTA, Ga.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

THE CRUISE OF THE PELICANS.

"LET'S all go down to Pelican to-morrow," says the Doctor, suddenly, as he rolls himself out of the hammock, and assumes the perpendicular. For a moment none of us speak. Who cares to leave this *dolce far niente*, in which our souls are lapped, to try the terrors of an unknown journey? Better far to remain a dweller in this castle of indolence than to venture outside its gates, and meet the buffets of a cruel world. Then—

"R-r-ats!" growls Dixie from behind the last *Pioneer Press*.

"Pelican? Pelican? Where and what is Pelican?" murmured Heart's Delight, as she snuggles down more luxuriously in her own particular corner of her own particular hammock.

"Hurrah for Pel-li-can! Hurray for Pel-li-can!" chants the irrepressible Broncho, as she dribbles a handful of sand down upon the bald pate of the Governor, over whose camp chair she is leaning.

"Oh! yes! Let's go! Let's go!" calls little Blossom from the dock, where she is vainly endavoring to catch some of the minnows which are flashing their white sides through the shallow water.

"That will be just lovely!" sighs Lulu, as she sits with folded hands and a far-away look in her soft blue eyes.

"Pelican be—hanged!" quoth the Governor, as he mildly but firmly twists the Broncho's ear in revenge for the sand with which she has sprinkled him.

"What fools these mortals be!" barks Tip, with his nose between his forepaws, and his large brown eyes gleaming from out his fore-top of cream-white hair.

Only Chaperona is silent, and all eyes are turned to her expectantly, and all ears open to hear her decision. Slowly she speaks, and we bend forward to catch the voice of the oracle. "I think it would be nice, and we'll start early in the morning," she says at last, gravely.

"That's a good girl!" says the Doctor.

"Humph!" grunts Dixie, under his breath, while Heart's Delight strokes her cheek caressingly, the Broncho catches her in a wild and tumultuous hug, Lulu smiles serenely, Blossom executes a wild dance of joy, Tip gives a "woof" of disgust, and marches off to resume his work of digging out an inoffensive chipmunk, and the Governor, with a resigned "That settles it!" seeks consolation in his pipe. For has not the oracle spoken, and shall mortal man presume to gainsay her words? Chaperona is young—Chaperon is fair—but she rules this outfit with a rod of iron. The Governor may growl, Lulu may plaintively protest, or the Broncho rave and storm, but a glance from her hazel eye brings them to subjection, and they are again her abject slaves. She is not only our guardian, guide and friend, but the *Hausmutter* as well, and it may be that her control of the commissariat accounts more or less for the slavish deference which we all show her.

"What is Pelican, Doctor?" queries Heart's Delight.

"It's a lake, about fifteen miles from here."

"How do you get there?"

"By boat, across this lake, through the millponds, down the river, and through Little Pelican."

"How long will it take to go down?"

"Three or four hours."

"*Facilis decensus Pelicani, sed revocare gradum,*" growls the Governor from behind his pipe.

"What does that mean?" demanded the Broncho, as she yanks the Doctor backward out of his hammock and smashes Dixie's hat down over his eyes.

"It means pulling the 'spinal backbone' out of you, coming up that blamed river. Current twenty miles an hour, channel full of boulders, river as crooked as—as—as Chaperona's strategy when she wants me to go to church."

"Never mind my strategy, what's the matter with Pelican?"

"Just told you. It's the worst beast of a river in seven countries."

"Oh! well, if we can't row back we can walk."

"Hanged if I don't believe you would. As Barney McPhee says, 'It's little I'd be afther putting past the likes of ye.' But in that case, what would you do with the boats?"

"Oh! we'd get them home somehow," with that sublime scorn of details which marks the genuine woman.

"Suppose the Mugwump should come while we're gone?" puts in the Broncho.

"Put a note on the door telling him to follow us."

"Think he'll do it?"

"Well, if he follows the Broncho a hundred miles down here he'll probably be willing to follow her fifteen miles further."

"Humph!" grunted Dixie, "if you think he's following the Broncho you're mistaken. I'm the attraction. He'd go a hundred miles any day for the chance of a political discussion with me. Learns something, you know."

"Conceit is as good as a physic," drily comments the Doctor.

Meanwhile the seven devils which were cast out of Mary Magdalene seem to have entered into and taken possession of the Broncho, and she makes life a burden to all around her. Lulu, who has a horror of all creeping things, is sent shrieking into the cabin by a big fat worm dangled in her face. Heart's Delight, whose special detestation is cats, is roused from a peaceful dream of Eden by finding a squirming bundle of black fur neatly tucked away in the bosom of her dress. Dixie is made the residuary legatee of a small but particularly lively frog, deftly insinuated between his shirt collar and the back of his neck, and even the Governor, of whom she usually stands a trifle in awe, finds his pipe stolen and his easy chair full of pins. But at last Nemesis overtakes her.

The Doctor's wrath has been slowly smouldering all the afternoon, and at last, when he has to retire to the tent to extract a piece of ice from between his shoulder blades, it breaks out into flames. He threatens, if she does not quit, to duck her in the lake. This threat she laughs to scorn, and defies him to carry it out. Venturing too near, he seizes her, and despite her struggles picks her up, carries her grimly to the edge of the dock and drops her full length into two feet of water. Thence she emerges like a dripping Naiad, and seeks "the seclusion which the cabin grants," where she lies *perdu* till her wet garments have dried, when she joins us again, repentant and subdued.

Next morning, bright and early, the flotilla leaves the dock, bound for Lake Pelican. The Doctor and Heart's Delight, called from their looks of cherubic innocence and their general roly-poly appearance, the Babes in the Wood, lead the way into the Alta, with little Blossom for ballast; Dixie, Chaperona and Lulu, watched over by Tip, follow in The Tub, and the Governor and the Broncho bring up the rear in the Wa-Wa. Every available inch of space is packed with blankets, hammocks, eatables, tent paraphernalia, and other conducers to comfort, for our party are firm believers in "smoothing it" rather than "roughing it." So we push off, and soon the red cabins and white tents of Camp Comfort fade from sight, as the stiff ash breeze sweeps us over the level bosom of the lake and into the millponds, among the intricacies of the floating islands. Extricating ourselves from these, with much loss of time and patience, another obstacle presents itself. Tradition, in the person of the Doctor, supplemented by the Governor, avers that somewhere in these same millponds is to be found the sacred lotus of the Hindoos, and wide and far is the search made therefor, till each boat is filled with a mass of fragrant bloom, but whether the lotus or the white waterlily, none can definitely tell. Finally the dam is reached, and the boats and impedimenta portaged around. The Alta and Wa-Wa present no difficulty, but The Tub, huge and unwieldy, calls for more exertion. The ladies, though, bless their souls, lend willing hands, and, by the united efforts of all, the task is finally accomplished. Then down the rushing Pelican flowing swift and strong between high walls of wild rice and bullrushes, slipping under an overhanging bluff where graceful birches, hanging over, touch the grasses on the further shore, rolling smoothly between level meadow banks where the green turf comes down to the water's edge on either side, now flashing swift and straight as a Chippewa arrow down long chutes where huge boulders lift their mossy heads, their sharp edges grinning like shark's teeth as we flash past, and now turning a sharp corner, followed by another, and another, and another, till the steersman's brain grows dizzy, and, like a wise politician, he knows no north, no south, no east, no west. The Governor and the Doctor, old hands at this business, lay down their oars, and using the paddle, take their double-ended boats down canoe-fashion, deftly cutting sharp corners and avoiding threatening rocks, but The Tub, huge and cumbersome, swings hither and thither in the rushing current, bumps her nose into the bank at every sudden bend, placidly slides up on a shelving rock and balances there like a contented mud turtle, or, despite all efforts to guide her, floats crabwise at her own sweet will. But Chaperona and Lulu are both good at the oars, and coming to the relief of Dixie, they manage to keep The Tub well up with the procession. Five miles of this and Little Pelican is reached, where Chaperona calls a halt for lunch. And now, as we are all strangers in a strange land, comes the question, "Where is the outlet into Big Pelican?"

Gravely the lake shore is scanned and various are the opinions expressed. At last the most likely looking place is selected, and we set off on our search, the Babes in the Wood leading and their consorts leisurely jogging along in the rear. Stringing out across the lake, the leaders reach the supposed outlet in advance of the others, and after investigating for a moment call out, "No thoroughfare!" We spread out as skirmishers and make the circuit of the lake, closely examining every likely spot, but no outlet is found, and we meet once more at the place of our first search. Here we take a reef in our jibboom, splice the main brace, and hold a council of war.

"This blamed lake has an outlet somewhere, and I know it," quoth the Governor.

"So do I," says the Doctor; "but where is it?"

"Pretty outers you are!" says the Broncho, as she vindictively slaps at a mosquito on the end of her nose; "can't find the outlet to a lake as large as this!"

"Perhaps it's a subterranean one," suggests Chaperona, but is laughed to scorn by the rest.

"I can't help thinking," puts in Heart's Delight, timidly, "that this is the place."

"So you said before, Mrs. Solomon," answered the Doctor, "but this is one of the times when even your intuition is at fault. There's no outlet here, that's certain."

"What do you suppose those stakes there are for?" asks Lulu.

"What stakes?"

"Why that one you're holding on to, and those others further in."

"To fasten gill-nets to for catching whitefish," answers the Doctor promptly.

"Seven years have I lived on these lakes," breaks in Dixie, "and never saw I gill-nets set in the rushes before. There is more here than meets the eye. Give a bowse on thy peak halliards, Chaperona, and let's investigate. Shrewdly do I suspect that the outlet lieth hereaway."

As The Tub swings slowly around, the Doctor, rising in his place, calls out, "There's no outlet there, I tell you. I—" He stops, sinks down, gives a pull on his oars, and shoots past the lumbering Tub. "I—I guess I lied," he says, meekly; "here is the outlet, sure enough."

And now happens a thing so wonderful, so unprecedented, so past all belief, that the truthful chronicler of this veracious narrative fears to record it, knowing that it will be received with scornful incredulity. Heart's Delight, who had twice asserted that this was where the outlet ought to be, not only does not say "I told you so!" but does not even look it, only curls down in the stern sheets with a gentle "I'm so glad we found it." We are awe-struck by the magnitude of this self-sacrifice, all but the Broncho, who sweetly asks, "Does it hurt much, dear?"

"Does what hurt?"

"Not to say 'I told you so.'"

But here the Governor sweeps down on her with such an avalanche of wrathful objurgation that she is silent for the full space of five minutes; something, so family tradition avers, never known to have happened before.

Half an hour brings us into Pelican Lake, and by this time the clouds, which have all day been threatening us, mass their forces and let fall the rain. Another council of war is held.

"Shall we pitch the tent here or shall we try to find a farmhouse and seek shelter there?"

Here Dixie comes nobly to our rescue.

"Some four miles down the lake is the old Burbank place, occupied, I am told, by a family named Nye, who were never known to shut their doors on any in distress. A barn is there also, huge, capacious, vast, wherein repose tons upon tons of sweet-smelling hay. Thither, O comrades, let us wend and test the kindness of this unknown friend ——"

"O rats!" breaks in the irrepressible Broncho. "Is this a time for silly rhyme? Let us arise and climb!"

A dash of water from the Governor's paddle silenced her, and, as soon as waterproofs could be donned, we started down the lake. Drip, drip, drip, falls the rain; but the faster it fell, the higher rise the spirits of the party till even sedate Lulu catches the infection, and rolls out stave after stave of rollicking college songs, while little Blossom fires off pun after pun, and conundrum after conundrum, in her quaint childish way, till the Doctor grows weak in the back with laughter, and begs her to quit.

So the four miles to Nye's is quickly passed, and on arrival there, Dixie is sent to the house as an envoy to beg for hospitality. Returning with a beaming face, he announces that all is right, and the barn is at our disposol. Thither we quickly transfer our luggage, and by the help of a pot of hot coffee from the house, make a comfortable supper. But motherly Mrs. Nye cannot bear to think of our going to sleep in our wet clothes, and insisted on our coming into the sitting room, where a roaring fire soon dries us out. The Governor, old campaigner that he was, has made himself comfortable on a blanket in the corner, when the Broncho, coming in, looked around for a seat, and Mr. Nye rising says, "Take my chair, madame, unless you would rather sit on the blanket by your husband."

"By my what?" gasps the Broncho."

"By your husband," repeats Mr. Nye.

A roar from the rest drowns any answer she may make, and as she turns bewildered she catches sight of Dixie's face, wherein guilt shines confessed. In charity we draw the veil over the punishment which that unhappy man receives, but we confess he only meets his deserts, as he had represented to the Nyes that they were a newly married couple on their bridal tour, which, as the Broncho was a school girl of "sweet sixteen," and the Governor a grizzled, cynical old bachelor of thrice her age, as he looked upon her as a child and she upon him as a grandfather, it was, to say the least, putting it rather strong. Bedtime comes at last, and an adjournment is had to the barn, where beds are made in the capacious haymow, and we all lie down to sleep, after the singing of the "club lullaby":

> "Run away home, jump into bed,
> Say your little prayers and cover up your head.
> This very same thing I say unto you,
> You dream of me and I'll dream of you."

But Lulu and the Broncho, who are sleeping together, are seized with the demon of mischief, and they out-Macbeth Macbeth in murdering sleep, till at last the Governor rises in his wrath and gropes his way over to the part of the haymow where they lie, drives one this way and the other that, as the hawk drives the frightened quail before him, and reduces them to a terrified silence, which lasts till the first rooster crows in the morning. But space and time fail us to tell of the high jinks cut up in the old red barn the next day, while the rain still falls outside, of the frolics in the house watched with a benignant smile by Mr. and Mrs. Nye, who, though grandparents, are gray-haired lovers still; it warmed the frozen cockles of even the Governor's old bachelor heart to see it; of our being joined by Jersey, who had at first expected to be of the party, but had been disappointed, and had finally been able to come; of the row home the next day, and the pull up that deadly river; of how Jersey took charge of the lunch basket and ran off from the rest, so that we had nothing to eat till we caught him and Lulu at the dam; of how the wicked Broncho said that "if she had been in Jersey's place we wouldn't have caught her by a dam site;" of the long, lovely loiterings in shady nooks where the winds whispered in the trees overhead and the rippling water lapped against the sides of the boat, and the dragon-fly swung back and forth from the arrow-head's spike of snow to the cool white waterlily's chalice with its heart of gold; of the row homeward in the gathering dusk, with the changing lights in the western sky and the shifting colors on the bosom of the lake, the silence broken only by the loon's far cry, the plash of water from the lifted oar, or a tender song crooned low by Heart's Delight; of how the spell of the hour held us all in its mysterious embrace till it seemed as if Eden's gate were only just beyond that further green-topped hill; of how Camp Comfort was reached at last and how glad, yet sorry, we were to be home again; of the ride to town and back through the stillness of the night to see the Doctor start for home; of the ghost the Governor saw, and the way he exorcised it; of the thousand things that happened to make this trip to Pelican an event to be remembered all our lives.

Note by the Doctor. It isn't true that I couldn't find the outlet. I knew where it was all the time, but the Governor always puts on so much "side" about his woodcraft that I just decided to let him find it himself.

P. S. by the Broncho. I don't think it fair to make out that I was so much worse than the rest. If the Governor hadn't been trying to boss me all the time I'd behaved as well as any of them. I think whoever wrote that is just horrid, so there, now.

P. S. by Chaperona. It's hardly fair to say that I ruled the party with a rod of iron. That's one of the Governor's exaggerations. He was always grumbling because he couldn't sit with his feet upon the dinner table and because I objected to his putting his old pipe on the bread plate.

Note by the Governor. It has always been the fate of great men to be misrepresented and maligned, and I shall make no answer to the insinuations above, except to wonder if they do not arise from envy because I caught all the fish on the trip. "How many?" I never answer impertinent questions. H. P. U.

Natural History.

SPOILS FROM A DREDGE.

FROM Beaufort, South Carolina, our correspondent "Piseco" sent us last spring some interesting relics gathered by him from one of the dredges engaged in mining the phosphate beds there. He thus describes his visit to the works:

Since the war, Beaufort has, after a brief resurrection into active business life, fallen back again into quietude, as has its seaport town, Port Royal. Possessed of one of the best harbors, if not the best, on the coast, and in the very center of the Sea Island cotton plantations, it is within easy distance of the rice-growing lowlands, and the uplands from whence cotton and lumber are exported in still large quantities. When in 1860 a railroad was started to connect Port Royal and Augusta, the prospect that Port Royal with its splendid harbor would develop into a city to rival Charleston or Savannah was good. But the war came, and impoverished all who were interested. A second successful attempt has failed also; the certain rivalry aroused the antagonism of the railroads already established to other parts. The Port Royal road became the property of those opposed to Port Royal, and it is now so managed that competition with Charleston and Savannah is impossible. A few ships came to the commodious wharves for lumber, but the great Port Royal elevator has never hoisted a load of grain, and for years the cotton compress has been idle.

Within a few years, though, a new industry has sprung up, one with which competition is difficult. This is the mining of the beds of phosphate rock, with which this section of country is underlaid. The stratum or plate is generally from three to six inches in thickness, in some places a foot, and in occasional "pockets" several feet. The extent of this formation is not known. The present estimated limits are from six miles north of Charleston to thirty miles south of Beaufort, extending inland some thirty miles.

The rock is dug by aid of powerful dredging machines, which give employment to many men. Over 200,000 tons of rock were exported to Europe last year, and probably as much or more will go this year. As each ton pays the State a royalty of $1.05, the industry helps it wonderfully. The fertilizer is prepared by grinding the rock very fine, treating it with sulphuric acid and mixing with it tankage, that is the dried blood, entrails, etc. from the Chicago slaughter houses. There are six or seven companies that mine the rock for export, but two which prepare the fertilizer. Through the courtesy of Mr. Frederick Brotherhood, superintendent of the South Carolina Dredge Co., I have witnessed the entire process of dredging and preparing the rock for export.

Starting early in the morning a rowboat ferry carried us a mile to Ladies' Island, thence a five-mile drive through pine forests brought us to Dale's Landing at the eastern end, from which a three miles' row down the Coosaw River brought us to the mouth of Bull River, where a flock of dredges and scows were at anchor and at work. There were five dredges belonging to three different companies. We went alongside and aboard the Kennedy, the largest and most powerful of them all and built upon an entirely novel system, devised by Mr. Brotherhood. The other dredges were the ordinary river and harbor dredging machines, fitted with the Johnson grab or Osgood bucket, principally the former. The apparatus consists of a four-clawed clam-like "grab," suspended by chains from a derrick, dropped close to the bottom, then closed and with its contents hoisted, swung over a chute, opened and a stream of water played on the contents as they slide into the single lighter alongside. Apparently in this system the weight of the grab determines its power of sinking through the mud, which often overlies the rock several feet deep, and breaking through the stratum or plate of phosphate, it must be well filled by mud before it gets any rock, and coming up closed, very little has chance to escape. The Brotherhood dredge is built and worked upon an entirely different system. It consists of a large seaworthy vessel of about 700 tons burthen, about 138ft. long, 34ft. wide and 16ft. deep. Along the center is a well like a centerboard well, 80ft. long, 16ft. deep and 5ft. wide. Through this, supported upon a frame in such a manner that the series can be adjusted to work in any depth less than 43ft., are 38 steel buckets, each of ⅜ ton capacity, which travel on an endless chain, somewhat resembling in action the buckets of grain elevators. Each bucket is armed on its upper front edge with four large steel claws. Directly beneath the point where the mouth of the bucket discharges its load is a pair of heavy toothed steel rollers running across the hull. Beneath these "crushers" are the inner ends of two revolving steel cylinders placed also athwartship, the outer ends reaching to the center of the beam of the lighters, which, one on each side, are hauled beneath them. These washers are placed at a slight incline, the outer ends being higher than the inner, extending the entire length. The interior of these cylinders are fitted with a spiral knife edged partition about 6in. high called the "flight." This acts as a carrier. A heavy stream is driven through the cylinder from the outside, which thoroughly washes the rock; the mud, sand, etc., escaping through many inch holes in the sides.

The dredge is moored with a long chain ahead, and a shorter one on each bow and quarter. By means of independent engines, these chains are hauled on or slackened, so that the desired position, as determined by range-beacons on shore, can be obtained, and constantly slightly changed. This position brings the claws of the buckets, as they revolve, in contact with the lower side of the edge of the plate; and as the bucket tears its way upward, driven by the full power of the engine, it fills with the rock, leaving little space on top of the load to hold mud or other foreign matter lying above the phosphate; and of such as it does take, most is washed away as the bucket rises, at constantly changing angle through the water. The entire process is automatic.

Standing upon the upper deck of the Kennedy I timed for comparison the working of the two systems. The nearest dredge was about 100yds. away, and from dump to dump of her grab, three timings gave average of 45 seconds, the depth being 21ft. at the Kennedy's moorings. So far as I could judge, the loads were not so large as that of each bucket of the Kennedy, certainly not larger. The 38 buckets of the Kennedy made a complete revolution in 3m. 10s. or 5s. each. Assuming the loads to be equal, say ¼ ton each, the Kennedy thus brought up 9½ tons while the other brought one, and it is more than probable, that of clean rock delivered into the lighters the disproportion was still greater. By another timing the Kennedy put into the lighters 13 buckets or 3¼ tons of clean rock in 1 minute. A lighter has been loaded in two hours. At times, especially when working in thick rock, boulders from five to fifteen hundred pounds weight are brought up. The general character of the rock is much smaller. Many pieces called rolling rock are no larger than one's fist. The lighters carry 120 tons each and frequently from 4 to 6 are loaded in a day and towed to the drying sheds on southwest side of Port Royal Island about thirty miles from the "mine." There the company has commodious wharves, at which the largest steamers lie and load, and the rock, in fragments from the size of one's head down to pieces big as eggs, is here resorted and piled. Sorting brings out the pieces of marl, stone, ballast-rock, quartz and other kinds of rock brought down from the highlands by glaciers, and most of the fossil specimens. On the decks of the lighters the pile of rock grows too fast under its steady stream, for close work.

The phosphate is piled in great sheds over a series of hot air flumes, by which it is thoroughly dried; this is very necessary, as much of the best rock is porous and carries about 10 per cent. of moisture, on which it would not be profitable to pay freight. Porous hardly describes the condition, for the so-called pores, the work of myriads of extinct fiddler crabs and sea worms, are from ¼in. to 1in. in diameter. Some of it is very hard and smooth, some seems decomposed and can be broken easily, revealing in its internal structure a conglomerate of shells, bones, teeth and coprolites. This is the character of the best rock, some of it containing over 75 per cent. of phosphate.

Not only did the reptilian and Eocene periods contribute, but in turn, as the land and water changed places, fish and animals in great variety added their quota to this long hidden wealth. Even the present age contributes, for among our finds yesterday was a battered sardine box and a beef bone.

I can imagine nothing which would more interest a student in geology than to stand, as I did, on the deck of the lighter and watch the rocky stream depositing its strangely mixed specimens, relics of past ages—Eocene, Pliocene and later—especially if given, as I was, the assistance of two men, who with hoes sorted and trimmed boat, and the privilege of retaining our finds. Many valuable specimens, such as elephant and mastodon teeth, are broken in the crushers, but enough remain to pay the watchers and to prove that in olden times, ages before Father Adam made his début, the neighborhood was very lively.

The dredges are great levelers; old families have no precedence over new; nor are there class distinctions; the bones and teeth of animals and fish of the present day, sharks, whales, bear, deer and elephants tumble out, mingled with those of long extinct species.

The watcher must not expect to find many specimens. The collection of these is a work of time. My hour on watch was rewarded by one shark's tooth, one clam, one small spiral shell and one bit of rock, on the surface of which was a most beautiful impression of a very small bivalve shell, and several small spiral shells were imbedded.

But there are many collections by many collectors, and some of them have been shown to me, and through the generosity of Mr. Brotherhood and other friends I have been supplied with a quite valuable collection, which I shall send to the office of FOREST AND STREAM as a temporary "loan exhibition," and from which I propose to enrich its cabinet of curios.

The most abundant of the finds are shark's teeth, some of great size. I inclose outline sketch of one that has been given to me. Its dimensions are: Length 6in., breadth 5in. I have seen one a third larger, and the late Professor Holmes had in his collection one 10×8in. I am informed that Professor Holmes estimated that the owner of this tooth was over 150ft. long, a great beast quite capable of swallowing my little fellow, which could not have measured over 80ft. I have been shown a fragment of about two-thirds of an elephant's tooth. It weighed 14lbs., and the crown is 8in. in longitudinal diameter. Also a plate from the shell of a *Glyptodon*, which is nearly 2in. thick; that turtle must have stood 7ft. high. Also a number of teeth of the *Bathygnathus borealis*, the great biped reptile of the *Dinasaur* family. These were supposed to be boars' tusks, but studying up on David's "Text-Book of Geology," I found on page 250 an engraving of the tooth of this reptile, which in every respect corresponds. Hence to the paragraph, "Found at Prince Edward Island, bones were also found near Springfield, Mass., Leidy," the FOREST AND STREAM may add, "also in the phosphate beds of Coosaw River." Also, a number of teeth and bones of the cloven-footed horse of the Pleiocine period; also the tooth of a *Megatherium*, a very rare find, and several of the mastodon. Also the teeth, bones and vertebræ of sharks, icthyosaurus, tapirs, deer, bear and whale; pieces of antlers of deer, of petrified wood; and no end of shells, of many varieties, echidnæ, and pieces of the rock retaining impressions of the same; many *copriolites*, big and little, of unknown origin, an Indian arrowhead of stone, and fragments of pottery—all but the two last named turned into rock.

The arrowhead may have been shot during historical periods at some animal in the water. Which would seem likely from the fact that several 12-pound howitzer shells with Borman fuses, have been brought up; they were undoubtedly fired from boat howitzers during the Civil War. But the finding of the pottery in the same vicinity would seem to indicate a submergence since the advent of men. I have also seen a single vertebra of something, which in sectional diameter is 12×14in.; this is not transformed, and is still bone, for it was not found on the phosphate bed, which rests on marl, but in proximity. Who can say what great creature it may have been part of?

PISECO.

NOTES ON SNAKES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The interesting communication in your issue of Sept. 27 concerning blacksnakes, large and small, recalls to my mind the largest snake of that kind that I ever saw. It must have been about 1870. I was driving with my mother along a narrow mountain road near Farmington, Connecticut. We were advancing at a walk when a blacksnake crossed the road in front of us. He was so long that his head was well among the weeds on one side of the track before his tail left those on the other side. I pulled up the horse at the place where he had crossed, and by standing up in the buggy discovered him lying along the base of a stone wall. I had some difficulty in persuading my mother to consent to my alighting to kill him, but on representing that he was really large enough to be dangerous to children, she agreed to let me put an end to him if I could.

This I succeeded in doing, and, having effectually broken his back, I drew him into the roadway and straightened him out. I had nothing to measure with but an ordinary carriage whip, and he was longer than that. I marked the overlap carefully on the whip handle, and on reaching home made out his length to be 7ft. 6in. I could not straighten him properly, for his muscles contracted as he lay and shortened him perceptibly. I was so conscientious as not to allow for this contraction in making the measurement, but I quite believe that if I could have straightened him out properly he would have measured fully eight feet.

I have often regretted that I did not *caché* his remains and secure them for preseveration. He was certainly one of the largest of his kind. I remember noticing that he was a brownish rather than bluish black, commonly noticed in smaller specimens.

CHAS. L. NORTON.

NEW YORK, Oct. 4.

BELLIGERENT MUSKRATS.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Oct. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I was interested in reading Dr. Shufeldt's article in last week's FOREST AND STREAM, and in the incident of his encounter with the muskrat. I had an experience somewhat similar several years since, when a boy, and visiting at my grandfather's farm in Maine. On the farm was a pond of several acres, dammed at the lower end to obtain power for a saw mill. There were many large pickerel in the pond, and I used to spend a part of each day in fishing, having only a coarse line, large hook baited with a frog, and a pole cut from the woods near by.

One afternoon, walking through the meadow toward the pond, and when a few feet from the water, I saw a muskrat running to reach the water. Bringing my pole down from over my shoulder, where I had been carrying it, I struck him with it as he was running. The blow did not kill him, but he turned over on his back with his feet struggling in the air, and giving small cries of pain or anger. I started toward him, when from the loose stone wall making part of the dam I saw five muskrats coming for me, with their mouths open, and giving every appearance of rage and desire to avenge the injury to their companion. Without stopping at the place where he was still kicking, they came past him and at me on the run, and after the first astonishment was over I concluded that discretion was the better part of value, and started for the house as fast as I could go, glancing over one shoulder to see if they were gaining in the race. Although they chased me for only a few rods, I did not feel safe near that locality until the next day, when I returned and found the pole where I had dropped it, but no muskrats, even the wounded one being gone. I have always believed that the one which I struck was not severely injured, but that his cries of rage brought his companions to his aid and to fight for him.

D. L. W.

Game Bag and Gun.

Antelope and Deer of America. By J. D. Caton. Price $2.50. Wing and Glass Ball Shooting with the Rifle. By W. C. Bliss. Price 50 cents. Rifle, Rod and Gun in California. By T. S. Van Dyke. Price $1.50. Shore Birds. Price 50 cents. Woodcraft. By "Nessmuk." Price $1. Trajectories of Hunting Rifles. Price 50 cents. Wild Fowl Shooting; see advertisement.

ANOTHER MAN ASTRAY.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am thinking of leaving this community. The atmosphere is wrong. I do not wish to expose myself to the danger of injection with the moral obliquity which seems to be generally prevalent among the sportsmen here. I have been tenderly reared, and if this thing is "catching," I am going to leave.

Now, there is Mr. Holt—G. M. Holt—called "Sam" for short. I thought he was all right. The boys on the road said he was all right. He has sold sporting goods for Montgomery Ward & Co. for so long that everybody thought he was all right. He looks all right. He has an honest sort of eye, and looks too fat and comfortable to be anything but a strictly responsible sort of man. If Mr. Holt should come in from a hunting trip with a lot of ducks, you would be willing to take affidavit that he had with his own gun killed all those ducks, and that nobody else had done so. You would swear to that. You would contend that Mr. Holt was above suspicion.

That would show your innocence. Quite to the contrary of all this, Mr. Holt not only is not above suspicion, but is so amenable to that charge that he can hereafter only be regarded in the most entirely cross-eyed manner, to say nothing of being looked at askance. The facts which warrant this statement are as follows:

Some friends of Mr. Holt's, among them Mr. Ward, invited him to join them on a shooting trip to Grass Lake. Mr. Holt readily acquiesced, and the party was duly made up. Mr. Holt was fond of rowing, and since he declared he needed outdoor exercise, the others kindly allowed him to pull the boat up the lake six or seven miles, against the wind. When he at length grew weary, he calmly announced his intention of stopping and going ashore.

"All right," said Mr. Ward, "you can just step out there on the grass, anywhere, and after a while you'll get good shooting."

Mr. Holt accordingly stepped out on shore. He was not aware that the "shore" of Grass Lake is at that point mostly composed of weeds and grass, resting on a veneer of terra infirma. When, therefore, he launched his 290lbs. trustfully forth from the boat, he sunk straight down to a level with his chin, and there remained, piteously begging to be taken on board.

But that isn't what I started out to tell, and it has not, really, anything to do with the case. One would think that, after such a narrow escape from burial as Mr. Holt had here experienced, he would be very circumspect as to his conduct during the remainder of that day at least. Such, however, was not the case, and this was what I started out to relate.

Mr. Holt was fished out, put in a boat and safely hidden away among the rushes, with the careful injunction not to shoot any more mudhens for ducks. The remainder of the party went further on up the lake.

All the afternoon Mr. Holt's gun was heard merrily banging away, but nobody was jealous of him. They all knew he was shooting mudhens in spite of the caution against it. Along toward evening Mr. Ward came down the lake with fourteen good ducks he had killed. In his company was a native with a boat.

"Here, you take these ducks," said Mr. Ward to the native, "and pull over to where you see that fellow blazing away, over there in the weeds. Tell him you're a market-hunter and have got some ducks to sell. You sell him these ducks, and come back here and I'll give you a dollar for your trouble. Hold on. Wait till I fix the ducks so I will know them again if I see them. There, all right; go ahead now."

So the native pulled on over to where Sam was blazing away, and came back and got his dollar.

That evening Mr. Holt came into camp with his game pockets fairly bulging out. His face, however, was as guileless and innocent as usual, and he wore an air of easy unconsciousness. He didn't say anything about his luck. Evidently he was going to show the crowd that he was no empty braggart, nor given to vaunting himself before his fellows.

"Did you get any, Holt?" asked somebody after awhile.

"Naw! Awful slow shootin'. Never had such hard luck in my life. Did you fellows get any?"

"Not very many. Why, we thought from the way you were letting into 'em that you had a boat-load down. We only got four or five altogether."

"Well," said Mr. Holt, solemnly shifting his chew of tobacco to the other side of his countenance, "of course I did get a few, but not to say what I'd call anything to amount to much, and not anything like what I usually get when I go out. I guess I must have knocked down a dozen or so. Let's see."

Everybody gathers about him in respectful admiration as he nonchalantly—nay, almost scornfully—began to empty his pockets. One after another he laid out upon the ground his ducks until he had twelve fine ones displayed.

"Great Scott! That's a nice lot, isn't it?" said somebody. "Is that all you've got?"

"Oh, maybe one or two more layin' 'round somewhere," said Mr. Holt, "a duck or two aint anything to me. I hardly ever count 'em, anyhow. Didn't you fellows get any at all? Well, now, I pity you. You'd better stay close to me next time."

"Yes," said Mr. Ward, "I think you would stand watching." And then Mr. Ward bent over the pile of ducks and began intently to examine them.

"Look here, Holt," he said at length, "you aren't giving us a square deal. You're holding back something on us. Where's that mallard with the skinned neck? Say, where's that bluebill with two toes off his left foot? Hey?"

"W—what? H—how in star-spangled blazes do *you* know anything about the landscape on my ducks? Say, look here now—I—I—"

A rush was made on him, and the two ducks he had shrewdly concealed were pulled out and identified. Then there was a large, dense silence on which you could have hung your hat.

"Boys," said Mr. Holt at length, "I really can't explain the fact about those toes and that neck, but I—"

"Oh, no!" said the boys.

"I'll tell you. Mr. Ward must be one of those mind readers you hear about."

"Now, look here," said Mr. Holt, suddenly weakening, "this mustn't ever get out, fellows; it mustn't, indeed!"

"Oh, no!" said the boys.

"You see, it wouldn't do. I'd never hear the last of it in the world. I'll never go back home, unless you promise. Say, aint it enough to drown a fellow in 10ft. of pickerel weed, without comin' along before he's fairly dried off and sellin' him a lot of second-hand ducks with a private water mark on 'em? Surely, fellows, you aint going to spring a game like that on me; say, now, are you?"

"Oh, no!" declared the boys.

But somehow or other it got out. I don't know how it escaped, but in some way it did become known. And since then people about here don't trust an innocent exterior so much as they used to. And that's why I feel as if some day I should have to leave this place.

E. H.

IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

CACHE CREEK, British Columbia.—I fancy that those of your correspondents who take delight in hunting squirrels and crows would be doubly pleased were they so situated, that, upon any idle day, they could go hunting with a prospect of seeing almost every kind of game, from a bear to a willow grouse. In nearly every part of British Columbia such a prospect is among the probabilities. It is not, however, of the larger game I have to speak of this time; but of two days spent among the ducks and geese.

Leaving Ashcroft station about 9 o'clock P. M., Messrs. Burr, Carey and myself passed up the Thompson about two miles to the ranch of Mr. Evans, who was intending to join us. We found him all prepared, so we struck out without delay. We traveled in an easterly direction up the ridge of the mountain, expecting to bag some blue grouse; but in this we were unsuccessful. As soon as we reached the timber we struck to the right about a mile, until we reached a small mountain stream, where we proposed cooking up lunch. While Evans and Carey went fishing, Burr and myself lit a fire and began getting the cooking utensils ready. The fishermen soon returned with about two dozen fine-looking trout, and then everything was lively in camp. Evans proved himself an adept at cooking, Burr and Carey made excellent assistants, and I—well, after the meal was over, they said I was a success at keeping mountain trout from spoiling.

After lunch we set off in a northeasterly direction toward Nesbit's ranch, where ducks and geese were reported plentiful. On the way we passed a small lake, and Burr succeeded in bagging a fine mallard on it. Reaching within a short distance of our camping ground, Evans took the pack horse up to camp, and Burr, Carey and myself started off to prospect what is known as Goose Lake. Coming in sight of it we were tickled to find about a dozen geese sitting on the bank, and about 75yds. away quite a mound of rocks for the hunter to creep up behind. We soon reached a small gully, tied our horses, and commenced sneaking up to the pile of rocks behind which the geese were. We had agreed that Carey and myself, who carried rifles, should each single out a goose, then Burr was to give the word so both could fire together. I reached the rocks first, and taking aim, it seemed an eternity waiting for the others. My mind was busy, though. In imagination I was just enjoying a savory meal of roast goose, when "Ready!" came with such a suddenness that I sprang to my feet, the gun went off and so did the goose. As I watched those geese go over a neighboring hill I thought of more "cuss" words than I had done for the past month, but kept quiet, feeling that I had nothing fit for the occasion. My companions seemed to be in the same predicament, so we decided it was a clear case of goose fever, and made solemn promises, then and there, never to mention to any one on the outside that we had seen a goose. On the way back to camp we passed some small lakes in which we secured some half-dozen ducks. Our friend Evans had a tasty spread awaiting us, and after partaking of it the evening hours were pleasantly whiled away listening to Messrs. Burr and Carey narrating hunting adventure in Arizona and Montana.

The next morning we set off for a lake about a mile to the south of our camp, and on it captured three fine ducks, Evans making an excellent long-distance shot at one on the wing. Crossing the mountain there, we got a splendid view of Lavonia to the north, while to the west lay the fertile valley of the Bonaparte, whose ranches loom up splendidly in the distance. Quite a number of ducks were bagged during the day, but no deer were seen, it being rather early in the season for them. In about another month this will be an excellent hunting ground for deer, geese and ducks, and the boys have decided to pay it another visit. The ground is pretty open, the lakes plentiful and the climbing very easy, which serves to make hunting a real pleasure. Our party reached home about dusk, after having one of the most pleasant trips it has ever been the lot of the writer to enjoy.

C. C.

BROOKLYN'S SUBURBS.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Where is the game protector for Brooklyn, and what does he do with himself? Surely there is enough Sunday shooting and illegal shooting of song birds near the city. The Parrayot wood, in the town of Flatbush, was once the home of several bunches of quail. In the spring the English snipe used to light at its edge in the loamy meadows, and the fall flight of the woodcock touched its borders, and one could sometimes find all these game birds and have a chance to work a dog and get pure air into his lungs without going hundreds of miles away. Now all is changed, rarely if ever does one see game. Last year local Flatbush gunners shot the quail that remained long before the law was up. Not a woodcock or English snipe can light on the tract without being gobbled up before it folds its wings; and all day long Sunday the once quiet woods resound with the fusilade from the guns of the small boy and the little hoodlum from the slums of the city. Yesterday I took a walk out through this spot, and the "game protector," who don't seem to protect, had he been there could have found several grown men with old muskets and several small and inoffensive song birds in their pockets. Here is one field at least for our game protector. Where is he?—ELK.

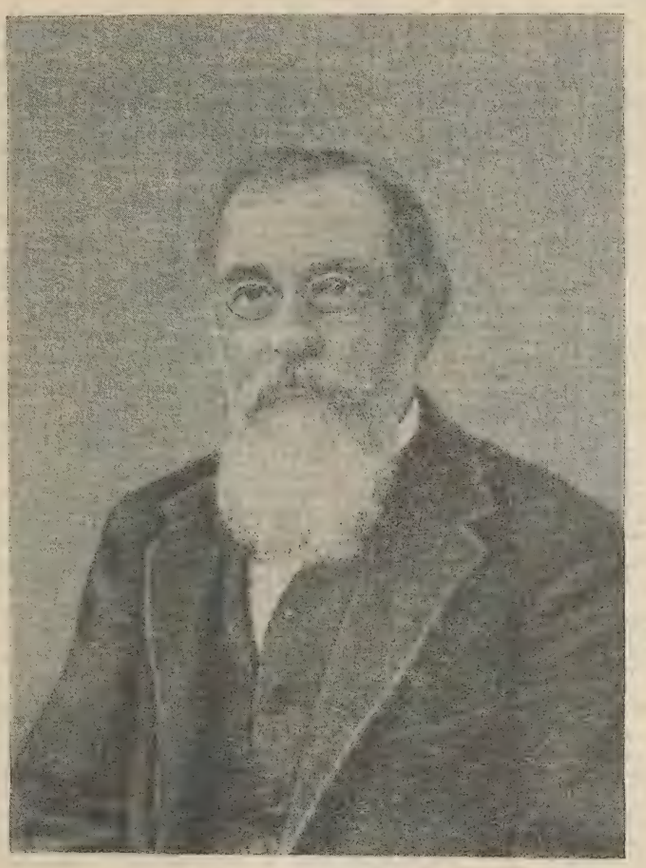
NATHAN S. HARRINGTON.

EX-PRESIDENT OF THE WORCESTER FUR COMPANY.

AMONG the sportsmen of Massachusetts there is probably not one more widely known or more universally respected than the gentleman who is the subject of this sketch, and I have so often had occasion to mention his name in my correspondence with the FOREST AND STREAM, covering a period of ten years, that possibly your readers may like to become better acquainted, for such as he elevate sportsmanship. I have known him from my boyhood, and for the last twenty years there has been an intimate and unbroken friendship, during which he more than any one man, has been my shooting and fishing companion.

"Uncle Nathan"—for by that familiar title he is known and addressed by young and old alike—is seventy-three years of age, a living example of a temperate, thrifty life, with a generous sprinkling of days by the stream and in the field with rod and gun. Leaving his humble home at the tender age of eight years to earn his living as chore boy on a farm, he saw very little of the sunny side of life, until at the age of sixteen he engaged as an apprentice to learn the gunsmith's trade with the late Ethan Allen, the inventor of one of the first revolvers known as the "Allen pepperbox." This was the beginning of better days. A few years later, at the breaking out of the California fever, there was a great demand for the then famous pistol, and he took a contract in the fitting department; this proved very profitable, and the proceeds he invested in the real estate which has ever since been his home. Being pleasantly and centrally located, this estate has greatly increased in value and with the improvements he has made now yields a handsome income. His love of field sports, especially shooting, developed very early in life, and this passion has been indulged generously throughout all these years, and yet he has always been an industrious, thrifty man. Firmly believing that, with enough to supply every rational want, there was something in life to enjoy besides the accumulation of wealth, at the sacrifice of health and all recreation, he has followed his inclination, and who shall say he is not a winner? After he had secured a comfortable home he conceived the idea of a shop of his own for the manufacture of jointed fishing rods, which at that time were just coming in fashion. In those days anglers were content with a common bamboo, but with commendable enterprise he kept pace with the times, and in later years his fine fly-rods would have been creditable to an establishment of greater pretentions. Uncle Nathan's shop is a model of disorder. There are just three articles that are always in their place, his work bench, forge and lathe. Ask him for any tool except the one in his hand and it means a general hunt, and as a rule his visitor can find it first. For years it was the trial of his life to keep track of his glasses, but at last he found a remedy in the purchase of a stock, which is distributed about the room. For many years his shop has been a general resort for sportsmen, not only of Worcester and vicinity, for so extended is his acquaintance he has many visitors from all over New England. His hospitality knows no bounds, and many sportsmen who read this sketch will remember with pleasure their delightful call on Uncle Nathan, with the inevitable pitcher of cider and dish of apples.

He has always been a firm believer and advocate of strict game laws and their enforcement, and strict integrity, courtesy and respect for the rights of others has marked his life as a sportsman. Possessing a genial, happy temperament, he has for years been a general favorite, and consequently his company is in great demand by his friends as a fishing and shooting companion. Appreciating the privileges granted him by farmers and land owners, he is always careful of their interests, and is therefore a welcome guest; and those who would have his companionship must do likewise.



"UNCLE NATHAN."

The story of his painful accident, eleven years ago, while fox hunting, was told in FOREST AND STREAM, but so long ago that many of your readers may have forgotten the particulars, and I will briefly repeat it. There had been a light fall of snow on this eventful morning, and the day was about perfect for fox hunting. Uncle Nathan was out early and soon had a fox started on Burncoat Plain, about four miles from the city. In hurrying down a hill to reach a runway he caught his toe and fell headlong, discharging one barrel of his gun, the muzzle of which was within a few inches of his foot, literally tearing the front part to shreds and necessitating its amputation at the instep. After crawling a long distance through the snow to a pile of rails, he climbed upon them and was then able to make himself heard at a farmhouse about a fourth of a mile away. The man quickly harnessed his horse and was soon on his way to the city, but the old gentleman was rapidly growing weak from loss of blood, and fearing he should faint he requested his friend to stop at the door of an acquaintance and ask for whisky. A tumblerful was brought him, which served to brace him up to a degree that he retained consciousness till he reached his home. Three skilled physicians were called and detecting the odor of the stimulant, inquired at once if he was addicted to its use. Being informed that he was a strictly temperate man, they replied that they were very glad to know it, as otherwise his chance of recovery would be very small. It was a very difficult and painful operation, and he was confined to his room for many months, but his correct habits and robust health told to his advantage and resulted in his complete recovery.

It is always great fun for the boys when they can get a good joke on Uncle Nathan, and his habit of forgetfulness furnishes many an opportunity. Perhaps heedlessness would be the better word, as it is not the forgetfulness of age, but a confirmed habit. His friends have learned that it is always safe to look him over carefully before starting off for a day's shoot, for on more than one occasion he has been known to forget his gun, to say nothing of articles of less importance. It was a great trial to give up his muzzleloader which had served him faithfully more than thirty years, and which he called the "old umbrella." He considered the matter carefully and finally concluded he could kill a fox further with a chokebore, and purchased a breechloader of fair quality, but in bird shooting he occasionally takes the old gun. On one of these occasions he finished the day at a cover about ten miles from home, meeting his friend at the team which was hitched by the roadside. He set the "old umbrella" up against a tree, put on his overcoat, and then located himself in the wagon. His friend, who was busy unhitching the horse, didn't notice it, and when some six miles from the spot the old gentleman broke out with, "Is my gun in the wagon? No. I left it standing against the tree. Never mind, drive on, let's go there shooting again to-morrow and we shall find it right there." They found it next morning all safe and dripping with the morning dew, but the affair leaked out and furnished fun for an evening at the rendezvous.

One morning in woodcock flight the writer called early for Uncle Nathan and drove twelve miles to a famous cover. It was a most delightful October day, and we found birds quite plentiful. He was using the "umbrella," and whenever a bird flushed I would hear a "click," the cap would explode and that was all. "What's the matter, old man?" "Oh, I don't know; that was a beautiful shot, guess I'll prick in a little powder." Having fixed it all right he went on, only to get another shot with another miss-fire, and so on till about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, when he concluded "that it was about time to investigate," and very deliberately drew two charges of shot from each barrel.

As a wing shot he has ranked far ahead of the average, especially in woodcock shooting, which is his favorite bird. I think, however, that there is no sport that he enjoys quite so much as fox hunting, and in that he has no superior. I fully believe there is no man in central Massachusetts who has killed as many foxes ahead of a hound, who has confined himself strictly to the open season, viz., from Oct. 1 to March 1. Possessing great powers of endurance, and with courage and tenacity, he would always stay as long as the daylight lasted and improve the last chance to kill a fox.

On one occasion, a few years ago, he had worked hard all day, the dog having driven his fox from early morning, and at about sunset was playing him beautifully on a line of ledges, while Uncle Nathan was covering a runway on a road at the foot of the hill. A gentleman driving by invited him to ride to the city. "Thank you," said the veteran, "but I guess I won't leave the old dog." It was almost too dark to shoot when the fox attempted to cross the road, but he didn't get by, and the old gentleman walked nearly five miles to the city by moonlight with the brush hanging from his coat pocket. A true sportsman, a genial friend, a worthy citizen and honest man. May he live to enjoy many days in the chase, in the field and by the stream in years to come.

E. SPRAGUE KNOWLES.

WORCESTER, Mass., March, 1888.

GEORGIA GAME.—Liberty Hill, Ga., Oct. 1.—The shooting season is fairly opened. Partridges are very plentiful, having been left untouched last season. We had the earliest frost ever known in this part of the State (Sept. 29), and predict an early fall. Rabbits are also very numerous and are doing considerable damage around the swamp lands. Dove shooting is over, the sportsmen have made unusually good bags this season.—T. L. F.

HUNTING THE GRAY SQUIRREL.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your last issue "Von W.," of Charlestown, N. H., says, "I know 'Iron Ramrod' will support me in saying that it requires some woodcraft as well as gumption to successfully circumvent these wary and nimble climbers; and what makes a better dinner than a squirrel stew or pie?"

The novice that goes forth from the city or town that is unaccustomed to the haunts and habits of this beautiful little rodent may perhaps get an occasional glimpse of him as he waves his "brush" to him in a derisive kind of way, and bids him good day in the distance. He has taken his gun for a short trip to the woods and thinks it easy enough to shoot a few squirrels, and so he rambles around on one of these fine October mornings with but an occasional sight of a squirrel and returns home with an empty bag. The writer prefers a small-bore rifle for squirrel shooting, as he usually hunts them without the aid of a dog; but as most sportsmen like a shotgun then I would say that a chokebored 12-gauge gun is the best gun for squirrels that the writer has tried. As all who have shot gray squirrels can testify, they will "stand a good deal of killing" before they will give up, and I have used small shot on them with such poor effect that I at once dropped to No. 4 chilled, and even with No. 4 there will be some of the shot lodged inside the skin on the opposite side. Many a squirrel have I shot with No. 7 or No. 8 and had them crawl into some hole or crevice where I could not find them, or if I did, would find it impossible for me to dislodge them from their lofty hiding place. When struck with the coarse shot, however, they at once give up and come tumbling to the ground without catching on limb or crawling away out of sight.

To successfully hunt the gray, of course, "requires some woodcraft," but the great secret, if any there is about, is to sit down and keep still. Don't keep running around in the woods and through thick underbrush where a squirrel would never think of going, but look about for "signs" of their work. Hickory nuts, chestnuts, acorns, beech nuts and maple seeds are what the squirrels eat mostly in this part of the country, and generally speaking the oak trees give the best returns for a squirrel hunt. Two persons can hunt the gray squirrel more successfully than one, as he is full of "ways that are dark and tricks that are vain" for eluding the eye of the hunter. Choose a trusty companion and go to the woods. If the squirrels are about you will see their "signs," which are these: branches with a few nuts on them will be found lying around under the trees, showing that they have been gnawed off by them and dropped from above; hulls and shells will also be found that have been bitten and partly eaten, and many other signs will show that the trees are being "worked" by them. If a large single tree standing out alone away from the woods, take your position—your companion on the opposite side from you—where you can command a view of the whole of the tree. Sit down and keep still, do not speak to each other or make any noise, but keep both eyes wide open, the chances are that within ten minutes you will see first a head with two shining black eyes, then his body, and perhaps if you should happen to wink he will give one grand flourish with that monstrous tail of his that will make him look as large as a common house cat as he whips around to the opposite side of the old oak; his intention was to have gone down on the opposite side of the tree to the ground, and then keeping the tree between you and him he would have left for the woods, saying as he went, "Well, good day, I'll see you later." But your companion has taken in the situation at a glance, and just as Mr. Gray shows up on his side of the tree a sharp report rings out on the clear frosty air, and there is a dull thud as the squirrel comes to earth. Gather him in and put him carefully away in the bag, but do not think that this little racket that you have made will end your sport. Sit right down again as before, and the chances are that in a few minutes you will see another one come out to look and see what all that fuss was about. Many a time I have shot two squirrels that way without leaving my seat. In the groves or woods where there are many trees the "signs" are to be looked for in the same way as before, but your companion will take his station further away, and you will not watch the same tree. If a squirrel seems to take fright and attempts to run away from you don't chase him—for you never can catch him—but sit still, his curiosity will not let him stay long, and he will probably soon be back again to the same place he started from. I remember once while watching one that had slipped down the outer side of the tree and ran away from me, of seeing him go clear around a large pasture on the wall, and it was nearly an hour before he returned; but he came back again to his death.

Regarding the squirrel being considered as game, I see no reason why he should not be, and if he has not been so considered heretofore, let us henceforth and forever give him a rating among our list of game animals. He is handsome, smart, cunning and tricky, while as "Von W." says, what makes a better dinner than a squirrel stew or pie? There is one thing, however, that should not be overlooked when preparing the gray squirrel for the table. There is a kind of gland under the forelegs that should be removed or else the squirrel will be "strong" and unfit to eat. Soak the meat awhile in salt and water to remove the blood clots, and then parboil. The cook will then take care of them until they are on the table ready for you, and if you are fortunate enough to have an appetite such as the writer is blessed with, you will say that the gray squirrel is game in every sense of the word.

Gray squirrels are ripe now, and I wish every reader of FOREST AND STREAM might have a sample of good squirrel shooting. IRON RAMROD.

SOMERVILLE, Mass., Oct. 6.

A DAY'S SHOOTING IN MY MARYLAND.

I.—MORNING.

HOW these lovely autumn days recall the bright "long ago," when with the impatience of youth we looked anxiously for the time when the first frost with its icy finger would touch the green foliage of the trees and clothe the woods with a coat of many colors; when the woods and hedges would present the beautiful, in rich abundance, and the pure air, breathed in long draughts, would send the rich blood coursing impetuously through our veins. In the fall of 186–, having purchased from John Krider, Philadelphia, a new Moore & Harris 12-gauge gun, I was of course very anxious to try it, and made overtures to my good friend Thos. B. (than whom a better sportsman, a kinder friend or a more perfect gentleman never lived) to join me in a day's shooting, to which he assented pleasantly. I then hunted a white and tan English setter bitch named Flora, imported and presented to me by Mr. Mr. John F. Orne of Philadelphia; and a large mottled brown and white pointer dog Sport, and a better team never entered a field. They worked like machinery on birds, but the temptation to Flora to run a rabbit was, like toddy to the toper, perfectly irresistible. She would break shot and run away as if the devil were after her; and to see the look of shame and repentance on her face when she came back, was too much for me, so that I often failed to correct her through pity; for who has not fallen from grace? My friend had a native-bred dog Dash, but I think he was misnamed, for although he could trail a covey and pick up scattered birds with the best of them, he poked and would never back; but when he found birds would stand firmly. I then drove a large roan horse Joe, sixteen hands high, and very spirited, one which could knock off ten miles an hour, over our hilly roads, without exertion. Oh! could I again have such a trio of animals! Joe lived to be thirty years old, when he fell in the stable and was choked to death, through the carelessness of his groom. Flora, whom I lent to a friend to breed from, was stolen, and poor, dear old Sport died of old age. Both he and the horse were buried, and over their graves, I do not blush to own, I shed many a tear, and why should I not? For they were connected with the best, brightest and happiest days of my life.

Everything was made ready the night before and stowed carefully in the Jäger wagon. The dogs fed heavily in order to give blood and strength for to-morrow's work. Dogs should not be fed much the days they are hunted, for it affects their scent. After a substantial breakfast we started about 4 o'clock in the morning for our eight-mile drive. How those dogs loved the ride! no trouble with them, but at a snap of the finger they would jump into the wagon and stow themselves away and give no more care but sleep like majors until we stopped. How pleasant was that drive! Years loaded with care and grief have since passed over our heads, leaving deep traces of their march in furrowed cheeks, bent forms and general wear and tear, but the remembrance of that drive lives in its pristine joy, never to be forgotten. Joe excelled himself, and the pleasant chat of my dear friend made the ride seem very short.

Arrived at the house of our country friend, who was just out feeding his stock, which, of course, we had to admire (and some of it well merited all the praise we gave it), we went into the house, saw the good wife, gave the candy to the children, talked a few minutes, ate a buckwheat cake, took a cup of coffee for sociability and then started for the fields.

Our host told us where every covey of partridge on the farm could be found; we mapped out our route, entered the meadow, crossed the run and struck for a wheat stubble field. When we had hunted about one-half of the stubble, Flora, who had rather the keenest nose, began to draw, while Sport, with head up and all attention, followed her closely; no jealousy on his honest face, but rather a look of congratulation that Flora should have first honors. Each was the perfection of its race, and each showed its peculiarities completely. Flora couched as she trod gingerly over the heavily scented grass; Sport with his head and tail erect, and now that he had struck the trail, was all animation. How beautiful they look, as they stand fast fixed, every nerve quivering with excitement, their inclination to spring upon the game suppressed by perfect training. There they stand for a moment or two, with Dash close up to Flora, and Sport a little back. When we step forward, the old cock partridge, the patriarch of the bevy, rises with a chirp and a whirl, but is beautifully stopped by B., killed in mid-air, riddled—no half miss about that shot. Now whirl, whirl, up they all get. B. drops another, while I, though in the end as fortunate, did not kill my birds as clean, for he was the better shot of the two. We mark them down in the bushes along the run, some fifteen or eighteen of them, loaded our guns, spoke to the dogs (who had dropped at shot and remained at charge) to seek dead. How lightly they tread! They point the birds, which we pick up, and are on again. We go to where the birds lit, but although we hunt never so carefully, we raise but few. Whether it is from the birds' fear or power to hold their scent, it is certain that dogs, even the best ones, fail to find the partridge or quail that is too closely followed. So we let them rest for the time, and go up the hill, along the edge of a thicket, into a buckwheat stubble.

The morning is now glorious, and we drink insatiate great draughts of pure, fresh air. How good we feel, and as we look around over the beautiful landscape, think how good God is to us poor mortals and how poorly we repay Him for all his kindness; but we are out gunning, and there is no time to moralize, especially as the dogs are trailing a running bevy. Dash is in the lead now, trailing being his strong point, while old Sport, a little jealous this time of the family prestige, like all good Southrons, presses closely upon him, but none too fast. Flora, who has struck another trail, is called in to follow and back the other dogs, which she does with tolerable good grace, though with a strong protest; but the birds are wild and rise out of range, but I get the one Flora was trailing on a long and risky cross shot. A risky shot? Bosh. To the fellow who will never take a risky shot, but must have it open and almost sure. Give the birds chances and take chances yourself, say I.

We marked the covey down in the meadow and now returned to our first find, and hardly touched the ground before all three of the dogs stood staunchly, and this on the same ground we had hunted so carefully before. The birds had been running and now the scent was strong. How splendid the dogs looked! Let us enjoy the scene for a moment before we flush the birds. Look at Flora, how beautiful is her poise, with her left foot raised, her head rigid, her silky ears cocked forward, her back bent downward, her tail straight, quivering at the end. Sport, with head erect, eyes seeming double their usual size, the nose twitching nervously, as he drinks in the sweet aroma of the birds, tail at an angle of twenty degrees upward, feet firmly planted. Dash, crouching low with head, back and tail all in line. Who would not enjoy it? I step to Flora, the bird rises near me, but flies to B., who stops him in midflight, but misses the second bird, which rose from Dash's point and flew behind the bushes. I killed Sport's bird, which gladdened his soul and he looked his delight. We loaded, moved on, and have eight or ten birds down before we retrieved, but they were all in the open and killed dead, so we lost none.

Now, in regard to the first bird which rose to me, but which B. killed, simply because it flew toward him, I may remark for the benefit of the novice, that if I had shot I would have committed a great breach of sporting etiquette, by shooting across my companion, which should never be done, as it is considered unsportsmanlike and ungentlemanly. In shooting at a rising covey, the left man should take a bird on his side and the right man on the right side; never shoot into the middle of the covey, for you often hurt birds badly and never get them, and it is seldom you kill more than one at a shot. By observing the above rules you will never both shoot at the same bird, and consequently never both claim the same dead bird. This rule is inviolable among good sportsmen. Thus we went on from one covey to another until the dinner horn called us to the house. We counted heads, and B. had six more birds than I, while I had one bunny, which I shot near the house, ahead of Flora, who was having some fun to herself and a jolly good time in the race. How pleased she looked when it turned end for end.

After changing our coats and taking a good wash we felt much refreshed; the summons to dinner soon came, and such a dinner! Oh, ye dainty gourmands, who must coax the appetite to enjoyment, could you have been with us at that meal! After a quiet, though deep, thanksgiving for the things before us we surveyed the table. At the head sat our host, and in his front a large roast of beef, whose delightful brown and juicy appearance, told that it was done to a turn. Before our hostess were two Brahma chickens, roasted and garnished with parsley, weighing at least 6lbs. each, fat and plump and cooked to perfection. Potatoes, mashed and worked almost as light as eggs; parsnips, lima beams, stewed tomatoes and celery for dessert; peach pies, apple dumplings, both boiled and baked. Now, imagine our enjoyment of these good things, when we were so hungry after our violent exercise; and oh, ye poor fellows who "dine sumptuously every day," and upon whose appetites good things pall for want of zest, enjoy it in imagination. I give this bill of fare, for nine times out of ten you will get such a country dinner in Maryland, when gunning among our best farmers. After enjoying to repletion we smoke our cigars, have a good talk, tell our host the news of the outside world, and hear his gossip. JOSEPHUS.

THE PINES, Cecil County, Md.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

OCTOBER 1.—The weather is growing slightly colder, with frosty nights, raw winds and occasional cold rains. A storm is predicted from the north. On Sunday last there was a heavy snowfall in the Michigan peninsula; a gentlemen just in from that country says the snowballing was good. We expect at any time a cold wave that will drive the ducks down from the north in a skurry. The flight in the districts adjacent to this point is scattering and irregular, though there have been a few good days, and it is probable that during this week sometime there will be a good flight in. One gentleman of the Kankakee Cattle Company club last Wednesday bagged forty ducks out of one corner of their grounds. Numerous small bags are also reported, and members of different clubs here are now from day to day slipping off to the shooting grounds, presumably in response to information received as to the flight.

In order to obtain what data I could as to the present location of the duck supply, I yesterday made a systematic visit to South Water street, the great produce and game market of this city, and made diligent inquiry among the dealers as to where their largest shipments were coming from, and what varieties of ducks were now most plentiful. I asked a frowzy German boy in one market what kinds of ducks they were getting in, and he told me "Teelse an' mullets."

"Mullets?" said I, "what's a mullet? Do you think I mean a sucker, or do you think I'm a sucker, or how?"

"Yaas," said the boy, smiling blandly, and for the life of me I could not tell what he meat by a "mullet." I sat down and thought about it for a while, but it was too much for me, and I had to ask the boy to show me one.

"Dese is mullets," he said, picking up one of a pile of goodly mallards. I then made my escape, and forgot to ask where the "mullets" came from.

In another market I found a number of blue-winged teal and a few mallards, and inquiry elicited the rather unsatisfactory fact that they came "mostly from Milwaukee and St. Paul." They were bought of local firms in those cities, I presume.

At Mr. Sloan's house I found a very good assortment of game, and arranged with that respect to comeliness which it seems to me wild game ought to command, far above all vulgar turkeys or commonplace barnyard fowls. Mr. Sloane informed me that his supply, mostly teal and mallards, was coming chiefly from Dakota; that a few came from Indiana and other local country, but that so far the flight was greatly scattered and highly unsatisfactory. He was of the opinion, however, that there would be a good flight and good shooting on our marshes this fall, and that the reason of the dilatoriness of the ducks was the lack of any settled cold weather behind them.

A dealer who displayed a tempting bunch of jacksnipe said that they came principally from Indiana. A few plover had also accidentally strayed into the fold.

Another dealer had some sandhill cranes from Minnesota. The breast of this bird is not bad eating, but I never knew they got into the market as a saleable supply.

Smith & Co. had a fat Michigan bear trussed up. A splinter thrust direct into the fat on his back held up a placard, which made the announcement. The bear was skinned, and not everybody would know what it was.

Another dealer had a bunch of lathy and gaunt marsh rabbits, with feet as big as dinner plates. They didn't look very good to eat.

Yet another man had up a grand bunch of woodcock, and I never saw a prettier or more nicely handled lot of these beautiful birds. They came from Indiana.

No wild geese were displayed on the market, no grouse and no quail, the latter speaking well for local observance of the law at least.

One Hebrew dealer announced to me oracularly that there would not be any shooting this year, either in the Fox Lake system or on the Kankakee. "De ducks is all killed off," he said, "it's ben dwo years alretty sense we hed any shooding of gonsekwendze." Other dealers were more hopeful.

Dakota is reported to be full of market-shooters this fall. The ducks don't get much rest.

I heard that Mr. Roll Organ, of the Maksawba Club—and of divers other clubs also—has started to Minnesota for an extended shooting trip, and that he knew where he was going.

Mr. E. C. Cook and Mr. A. Montgomery Ward have effected some kind of an armistice, and departed on Monday for their Kankakee grounds. Mr. Cook told me confidentially before he left that he "would get even with Ward, if it cost him a thousand dollars." Mr. Ward, just before leaving, remarked to me, in a swift aside, that he "would do Cook up now, if it took his last dollar." Something may drop down at the club house. Mr. Ward said to me, soberly, "Now, in regard to that fish story, we have had our joke about it, and that's all right; but, honestly, it's true, every word of it!" A few moments later Mr. Cook casually remarked to me, with a face notable for its stern gravity, "Now, in regard to that fish story, we have had our joke about it, and that's all right; but, honestly, it's true, every word of it!" It is from reasons such as these that I conclude an armistice has been arranged, to last at least during this particular shooting trip; but I fancy there is a scheme up somewhere. Both gentlemen have added to their life insurance. I cannot see why both these gentlemen should express a deliberate intention to waylay and murder that jolly salesman of sporting goods, Mr. G. M. Holt (alias "Sam"). All that Mr. Holt has ever done, so far as I know, is to expose a few of their nefarious plots against the peace and dignity of sportsman's morals; and I feel sure that this was done not through any wrong motive, but simply for the public good.

I am much interested in watching the progress of amateur photography in connection with field sports. There is yearly increase of perfection in the instruments offered to sportsmen, and I had recent ocular proof of the excellence of the amateur field work which can be done. Mr. Burt Crane, of this city, carries a small box (a "Kodak" camera) in the pocket of his shooting coat. He shows some singularly interesting little negatives of setters at work in the field. He repeatedly made photographs of his dogs while on a point, and then killed the birds afterward. These negatives are delightfully fresh and breezy.

Mr. Fred D. Foss took a complete amateur outfit with him when he started, last week, for his trip to Honduras.

Mr. C. O. Baring, of J. V. Farwell & Co., carries a camera slung to his coat by a clip, and when fishing or shooting never forgets this machine.

Mr. Chester Gurney took his camera to the North Woods of Michigan this past summer, and now shows about one hundred fine camp scenes, landscapes, etc. A number of camp scenes were made by the magnesium light, after dark, and while the boys were sitting by the fire. They are unique and interesting.

General A. C. Ducat, of the Home Insurance Company, shows his novel negatives of himself in his blind, shooting ducks. His camera was adjusted upon the bank, and the shooter in his boat shot the slide by means of a string. The results are clear and lifelike. This is indeed bottling Nature for household use.

Oct. 2.—Heavy rains last night and to-day. Some ducks are reported on the "Sag," about fifteen miles from the city. Heavy storms on the lakes are reported by craft coming into this port.

The meeting held yesterday by the members of the Cherokee Strip Live Stock Association in conjunction with Chief Mays and other leaders of the Cherokee Nation, was one of considerable importance to sportsmen as well as cattlemen. The lease of the association of the lands of the "Strip" has expired, and the present discussion is over its renewal. By the old lease, which was made for a period of five years, the association held possession of 10,000,000 acres of the finest grazing lands, at an annual rental of $100,000. The Cherokees now want $200,000 per year. They should easily command it, and doubtless the cattlemen will be glad to give it. Should they not do so, the question would confront them of finding range for over 200,000 head of cattle; and this they cannot now do. If, however, the cattlemen and Indians should ultimately fail to agree, it is probable that the ousting of the former from the Territory would be followed by an increase of game, since at present nearly all the shooters who go into the Nations do so under the cover of being cattlemen's friends. The preservation of the game supply of the Indian Territory to the very last instant is a matter of importance to every sportsman, even though he should not be favored with a military pass. The game has been literally butchered off in that region in the past few years, and this altogether contrary to and in spite of the stringent military regulation.

Oct. 3.—Mr. S. W. Roth, of the John Wilkinson Co., last week bagged twenty-three jacksnipe and three teal in a day's shooting in Indiana.

Reports come from Michigan of Chicago parties who in September had good mascallonge fishing and deer shooting in the same locality. It might have been better had they waited until later for the latter.

Oct. 5.—Heavy rain has prevailed here all day, and colder weather is predicted for points northwest of us. We may reasonably expect ducks down in good flights soon. E. H.

THE WILD PIGEONS.—Grand Rapids, Mich.—Last June while trout fishing on the Pentwater, Oceana county, this State, I saw quite a number of those now rare and beautiful birds. They were usually in pairs and seemed to be nesting. This was in the vicinity of the great nesting of a few years ago.—S. P. A.

DEER ON LONG ISLAND.—The Long Island deer hounding season extends from Oct. 1 to 10, exclusive of Sunday. An army of hunters have turned out, and the Sayville *News* reports as many as 100 sentinels being on the track at one time. It is the all-absorbing topic of the day. Everybody is talking deer, and nearly every man has seen one, so that it can safely be estimated that several hundred deer have "been seen," but not shot. Four were killed on Monday, Oct. 1, two at Bay Shore and two on the North Side. Ex-Supervisor Robbins shot one and John J. Smith another. Whitman Overton also proved to be one of the "favored few." Wm. Cook and a party of twelve were prospecting in the rear of the Cutting place, when Cook's dog sighted a splendid buck. Another party of forty from Babylon also entered the chase, some in wagons and others on horseback. Thos. Muncey, of Babylon, finally fired the fatal shot, brought down the deer and wounded Cook's dog at the same time. Cook secured half of the buck, which weighed over 200lbs. The balance of the carcass was put up at auction and sold for $10, the money being divided among the forty brave hunters. In another instance Town Clerk LeCluse secured a shot and the wounded deer jumped toward him a distance of 30ft. The animal then bounded away and was lost in the woods. Hunters were plentiful the first few days, but the inexperienced ones lost interest later on, and the old-timers were left to get up in the morning at 3 o'clock and "go it alone."

ARKANSAS.—Little Rock, Oct. 4.—The season for quail shooting opened on the 1st and I tried my hand. We found birds plentiful, but not well grown. The summer has been wet and the cover is simply immense. Some wretch poisoned our reliable dogs Bob and Rip, and reduced us to pups, so we had more trouble than satisfaction with our trip. It is rather aggravating to wade through grass and weeds to your neck and then have a pup chase the birds to the next township. We killed a few, however, and the medical man of the crowd, known as Dan for short, shot Dick in the hand while shooting at a bird. He missed the bird. Turkeys are reported as fairly plentiful, but I have not looked for any yet. Deer have been dying of the black tongue in the western part of this and Perry counties. The mast is good and there is every indication of good duck shooting a little later. It has been too warm for them as yet. There will be but little pleasure in the fields until a heavy frost falls and kills the grass and weeds. The season on quail opens too early. The birds are not grown and rise up like butterflies. I like to hear them when they get up. Do quail breed twice? I have seen full-grown birds and little ones in the same covey. Evidently they were two broods or two coveys mixed together. Last winter I saw in a cage on the street a white quail.—CASUAL.

MASSACHUSETTS.—Whitman, Mass., Oct. 8.—Local sportsmen who have been at Brant Rock during the last two weeks report coot shooting the poorest for several seasons. The flights of black coot have been few and far between and only a few birds together. In previous years when there has been no shooting the fishing has been excellent, but this year there has been no fishing to speak of. Expectant gunners hope for large and numerous flights of coots in a couple of weeks. Gray squirrels are said to be plentiful in the woods of this immediate neighborhood and Hanson. Last year was a large year for partridges and quail, but present prospects promise little shooting in this line. The cedar swamps in this part of the State furnish excellent rabbit shooting and the fun will soon commence. Several sly old foxes have encountered their unexpected quietus at the hands of local nimrods this fall, and more are coming. Much rain has left swamps and woods in rather bad shape, but we look for a drying up season before cold weather.—CHOKE-BORE.

CANVASBACKS FOR BISMARCK.—A game dealer on Walnut street has two interesting telegrams on file. One is dated Berlin, Germany, and is signed by Prince Bismarck. It is not a state document, but a carefully worded order for twelve pairs of canvasback ducks. This is only one of many orders that have been received from the German Chancellor. Alongside of Bismarck's order is another from Wilkie Collins, the English novelist. He has been sending orders to this country regularly for several years past, and it is asserted that during the time he was composing "The Woman in White" he dined exclusively on New Jersey snipe. The dealer has many prominent customers in this country, including a member of the Cabinet, two United States Senators, and several members of the National House of Representatives. Near-by patrons include A. J. Drexel, George W. Childs, ex-Gov. Leon Abbett and Judges Wilson and Arnold.—*Philadelphia Inquirer, Oct. 4.*

MOOSE IN NOVA SCOTIA.—New Glasgow, Nova Scotia, Oct. 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A large moose was killed by the night express near Riverdale station one evening last week. Riverdale is thirteen miles from here on the Inter Colonial-Railway. I had been calling; left home on Sept. 18, was gone a week and killed one very large bull moose, and saw two more; but as the weather was warm and we were a long way from the settlements we did not kill them. I find that the scarcity of snow for the past few winters has had a wonderful effect on the number of moose; they have increased rapidly, mainly owing to the fact that they have not been crust-hunted for several winters. Another fine moose was called up and shot by two hunters, Ross and Cruckshanks, at Sunny Bear last week; this moose had an extra fine set of horns; they were sent to St. John, N. B., to be mounted. More anon.—GLOBE SIGHT.

THE CONNECTICUT ASSOCIATION.—The cases of D. S. Weeks and George A. Baker, of Ashford, prosecuted by the C. A. S. F. P. G. F. S., were tried last week, and the men were fined $20 each for having shot game before Oct. 1. The Association means business from the word go.

A GAME LAW POSTER has been prepared by the Utica Fish and Game Protective Association, giving a digest of the New York laws. It is sent free on application. This is one very sensible way to forward the work of making the law understood, so that it may be observed.

CONNECTICUT QUAIL.—Having spent last week near Lyme, Conn., I found that the quail was very scarce and only to be found in the small swamps that abound in great numbers there. The farmers say that they have seen very few, and lay the blame on the blizzard. With a well broken dog I found it impossible to get many birds, as I was unable to make headway. There were no birds in the open at all; I covered every place there was the slightest chance of finding them in.—A. C. K.

"RED DOG" CAPTURED.—Philadelphia, Oct. 3.—A dispatch received here from Sheriff Dixson, of Rawlins, Wyoming Territory, announces the capture of "Red Dog," the murderer of S. Morris Waln, of this city, and Charles Livingstone Strong, of Rondout, N. Y., the young men who were killed while asleep in camp near Rock Springs, Wyoming, while on a hunting expedition. The dispatch says the murderer is in jail and will be given a speedy trial.

Sea and River Fishing.

Angling Talks. By George Dawson. Price 50 cents. Fly-Rods and Fly-Tackle. By H. P. Wells. Price $2.50. Fly-Fishing and Fly-Making for Trout. By J. H. Keene. Price $1.50. American Angler's Book. By Thad. Norris. Price $5.50.

LAKE MINNETONKA.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Oct. 1.—We had listened to the Major's marvelous stories of catching immense quantities of immense bass and pickerel for a period of some three years. Our own catch occasionally of half a dozen or a dozen 2, 2¼ and sometimes a 3½lb. bass, a few pickerel and forty or fifty croppies seemed to grow more and more insignificant. We were forced, actually forced, this season to accompany the Major to Minnetonka. There was no excuse. Rates were nominal and fishing tackle cheap. For had we not had a big fire, by which one of the best sporting goods houses in the Far West was laid in ruins? And Ed. Menges was selling the salvage at almost any price; and, by the way, I guess Kansas City boys, as a rule, have now the cheapest lot of fine tackle ever picked up in one season. We supplied ourselves with ten years' fishing rations of lines, flies, hooks, reels, sinkers, and all manner of boxes and paraphernalia. Round trip tickets were bought for Major, wife and daughter, Geo. C., Sam and Tile, Kansas City to St. Paul and return, good until Sept. 30, via Albert Lea route. Rods, telescope, trunks and boxes "all aboard," and the 3d of July we rolled out of the depot for the north fishing. The 4th of July morning found us in Minneapolis hungry and tired, Tile sick with nausea, and all more or less cross, for we did not have the smoothest trip on account of necessity of changes en route and poor sleeper accommodations. A rainy morning and crowded cars from the city to the lake; but once on board the steamer St. Louis we all felt better, and enjoyed the ride to Chapman's at the upper lake. Visions of big bass and 15lb. pickerel were not lost in the magnificent scenery which it was my privilege to enjoy for the first time. The Major hugely enjoyed pointing out the different spots where he had "walloped out" these mighty denizens of the deep; off Crane Island he had been very successful, and what he could not catch with a line had accommodatingly jumped into the boat for him. At Chapman's we found good rooms well screened from mosquitoes, good table, good boats, and plenty of bait of all kinds.

The first afternoon's fishing was light, and more for reconnoiter of the ground than anything else; fears were well grounded for poor fishing on account of the extreme high water in the lake, it being some four feet above ordinary height. My record book is mislaid, so I will have to give the detail of our various catches from memory.

The next day Sam and Tile started early, having Dewey to row. Dewey has to use hooks in place of one arm, but we found him a rattling good oarsman. After a fair afternoon's work we returned to the hotel with a long string of fine bass and pickerel. Our hopes ran high, but that catch proved the best, a 4lb. bass by Sam and 8lb. pickerel by Tile being the largest one. We remained at the lake about eight days; in the forenoon we would all fish for the big bass, and in the afternoon anchor about three hundred yards from the hotel to toy with croppie and sunfish. It was in the afternoon we had the most sport; the sunfish and croppie averaged ¾lb., and gave our light 8oz. rods quite a tussel at times, for we would occasionally hook a good bass or large pickerel, and one especially good afternoon gave a return of nearly 100lbs. of fish, one pickerel of 7lbs., one croppie of 1¼lbs.; and George Case beat the record by taking about twenty fine hornpout or bullheads. These are a specialty with George on all occasions.

The Major and George added zest to our amusement by a discussion as to the wind; it never was and never will be settled by them which way the wind must blow to get the best results a fishing. At night we always knew what was the matter. "I told you we could not get a bite with the wind in the east," and "you was all the time pulling that anchor up and down; do you suppose fish will bite with such a racket?" The Major has many a time informed us that "those little poles are no good." We have at last succeeded in his reform and everything now is a rod, be it seven pounds and twenty feet long or seven ounces and ten feet long. A reel he has no use for, neither for a float. His majestic form of six feet three standing very erect in the bow of the boat casting a frog of a quarter-pound weight at the end of a twenty-foot line, it being at the end of a twenty-foot pole, (I mean rod) was the cynosure of all, but the grandest of all sights was the infinite grace with which he administered the *coup de maitre* and "walloped" the unfortunate fish into the boat, "There, didn't I tell you so?" when our poor little rods were nearly bent double by having to pull up some seven or eight cubic feet of bass weed besides the fish, and all but the weeds would get away. The Major is about right; light tackle is good for clear water, but when bass and bass weeds and pickerel and pickerel grass become one great floundering mass then it needs poles, clothes lines and a derrick to safely land the lot.

Taken altogether, the early fishing at the lake this season was bad; further north it was good but the reports of those who tried it were that the mosquitoes ruined the pleasure, and judging from the knots on the boys' noses and cheeks I guess they tell the truth. One reason for poor fishing was the lateness of spawning; I presume the high water and cool weather had more or less to do with this.

George C. distinguished himself by having the longest tussle after a fish "struck." It took him thirty-five minutes to land a dog fish, a "beauty," but George swore it was a "California simon."

We had a nice time and all the fish we could eat, the weather was all that could be desired and as a trip I am ready to go it again. Since our return we have put in the summer variously, I spent some five weeks catching trout in the Colorado, Sam has kept score cards and been shouting for the cowboy baseball team, but the Major and George C. have beguiled their time at Cooley Lake, a nice resort close to home where a few years ago were plenty of fine bass, but this season they had to content themselves with bullheads and bass weeds but no bass.

Teal, (bluewing) are now plenty and the boys are having much sport; the fall croppie fishing is just commencing, chickens are numerous in the Territory and quail plenty near home, our season is open for the latter the first of November. TILE.

P. S.—Particular attention is called to the Major's idea of landing big fish, he invariably refers to it as "walloping out;" and the Major can do it, for he has a specimen head of a seventeen pound pickerel which he "walloped." T.

DAYS IN MICHIGAN.

"LET'S go to Old Mission for a month." This from the Dominie's wife as we sat on the porch watching the Fourth of July procession. All the night before firearms had made the night hideous. With the first flush of day the din had taken on a still more diabolical character, and we fully realized what all sensible people know, that the country's natal day is getting to be a grand nuisance, to the delight of the unterrified small boy and the man who deals in death-dealing fireworks.

"Certainly," said the Dominie without a moment's hesitation, ready to go anywhere out of the endless din.

The first of August found us hurrying northward toward Old Mission, which lies, half village and altogether rural, at the end of the long shaft of land reaching northward into Grand Traverse Bay. I had supposed all that region to be wild and full of game. But alas! for my anticipations, it proved to be a well-settled farming country. There is a fairly good supply of partridges on the peninsula, but the open season for these does not begin until September, the time we came away, so I had little use for my new Daly three-barrel gun. From the western shore of the peninsula we could look across the west arm of the bay to the hills, only four miles away, which skirt the bay shore and behind which lies Carp Lake, where "Kingfisher" and his party have fought black bass and mosquitoes. I wanted to go on to the scene of their conflicts, but instead went over to Elk Rapids and fished in the lakes and streams east of there.

One of the most delightful of these trips was up to Rapid River. Taking the little steamer Morley at 11:30 in the morning, I was in Elk Rapids at 12:30. The Ida, a mite of a boat, soon after had steam up, and we ran up the river to Elk Lake. Crossing this beautiful sheet of water and running through Round Lake we entered Torch River, and I left the boat at the bridge, about two miles up. From here I was to walk to farmer Clemmens's house, four miles east. The bridge keeper's wife, a good-natured, talkative old body, gave me directions and then groaned a good deal as she took her place beside her husband at the pole end to swing the bridge back into place. No wonder! A big strong man who makes his wife a beast of burden ought to be shot.

My walk was one which brought strange feelings. I had never been before in the dense Michigan woods. The road plunged into the heart of the forest. The sombre hemlocks and giant maples touched hands and locked fingers far up the narrow roadway, which wound on I was not certain whither, for the directions given me were not very clear. A wagon load of Indians had gone down the road an hour before, and I wondered how civil they would be if come up with. Night was coming on, and in the silent forest the rain began to fall with a melancholy whispering among all the leaves. The place seemed more solitary than ever, when I came out into a little clearing, where three houses with boarded up windows stood silent and tenantless. Here a new perplexity arose. There were three roads running in decidedly different directions. I had forgotten which I was to take. But fortune favored me, and the one I chose proved the right one. Farmer Clemmens's wife came in from weeding the garden and said they could give me bed and board, such as they had; and they treated me well while I staid. I could hear the water roaring down out of the mill dam not far away.

At daylight the next morning I was casting my line out on the stream. This stream is Rapid River, and strikes the angler at once as an ideal trout stream. The water is as clear as crystal, spreading out in places under the roots of countless trees, and affording innumerable and splendid-looking places for the shy fish. The fish themselves are moderate in size, with now and then a few ranging from 1 to 3lbs. These last are not as numerous as the angler might wish, but the smaller fish are gamy and the sport is very fair. I spent the time the first morning fishing just below the race, where the waters rushed out from the sluiceway. Here they took the hook freely, and by 7 o'clock, when breakfast was to be ready, I had thirty fair-sized fish in my creel. There seemed to be two kinds, one with all the brilliant gold and white and vermillion of *Salmo fontinalis*, the other had no yellow or golden color; the belly was whitish gray and the vermillion spots were less brilliant.

After a plain but hearty breakfast, I returned to the stream and fished down the current. There was not much chance for long casting. Overhanging trees made it necessary to crawl out on the logs, which every few yards lie across the stream or just under the surface of the current. Wherever the current burrowed under a log there was sure to be a fish. I did not travel over a quarter of a mile during the day and at night I had in all a hundred fish. I had what in that region is considered the standard day's catch for a good fisherman, and this was my first experience in trout fishing save a few hours the week before further down the same stream. Farmer Clemmens praised me as a skillful fisherman while he

showed me how to pack the fish down for safe keeping until I got back to Old Mission.

The next morning I had that saddest of all experiences, the losing of my largest fish. I stood on a log lying lengthwise in the stream and made several casts toward the end of another log under which the current dashed with a swirl. At length the line straightened out as if I had hitched on to the log itself. But the log, or whatever it was, suddenly seemed alive. There was a surge and a bending of my bamboo and then the upward spring of the rod brought what I believe to have been a 3lb. trout out from his lurking place. At length he was within reach of my hand, but my footing was not very secure and before I could secure him the hook broke out, my fish was gone and I was very near sliding into the water myself. One who has never been in a like position and has never suffered a similar loss can not realize how dismal and worthless this world seems at such a moment. I shall go back after that fellow some day. During the day and in an hour's fishing the next morning I brought my total catch up to 210. In a very comfortable frame of mind I mounted a load of tan bark with Mr. Clemmens and rode back to Torch River bridge and caught the boat for Elk Rapids. There is very good bass fishing in Elk Lake which I subsequently tried, the best being just where the lake runs into the river. Fishing from the channel bank in water from 20 to 30ft. bass can be caught running from 3 to 5lbs. in weight.

RICHARD GEAR HOBBS.

MORE MAINE JIGGING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The New England trout season is over and the rods and lines are put away till the snow and ice are thawed again. In Maine the season closed mid snow and rain. Indeed the rain had prevailed nearly every day for a month. Such weather is poor for trouting, as fishermen have generally found to their displeasure. Snow in September is nothing uncommon on the last days of that month in the north woods of Maine, but the freezing of ice to the line is not common in fly-fishing, even on the 29th day of that month. But such was the real fact this year. Mr. N. C. Manson, with his friend Mr. Young, both Boston iron merchants, were fishing on the Little Diamond Pond, on the 29th of September with their fingers so cold that gloves came in play, and ice actually made on the lines. In spite of the weather they caught trout, a fair share of them. But generally the fall fly-fishing has not been satisfactory, the weather probably being the chief cause. The trout have evidently sought the spawning beds early, and hence they have not been found on their usual fall feeding grounds. Generally the lakes have been very high, especially the Rangeleys, Richardson and Moosehicmaguncic being full to the brim. On the last days of the season the superabundance of rain raised the ponds and streams almost to the spring snow-melting pitch, and this nearly destroyed the late trout fishing. But the hopeful angler can console himself with the idea that more of the trout will be left for the spring next year. Certainly they have not suffered badly during the fall campaign.

But again there are dark stories about trout being jigged at the Upper Dam. It is certain that in some instances the gates have been started to please such sportsmen as had the money to pay for the privilege, but in every case these sportsmen have pretended that the trout caught were always with the fly. The story reached Warden Huntoon of Rangeley (so I hear, but did not see the warden) that trout were again being illegally taken at the Upper Dam, and he came down there about Sept. 29 and made some of the sportsmen produce their trout for inspection. The report has it that the warden found no signs that the trout had been taken contrary to law, and he returned the fish. I was at the Upper Dam myself, on Sept. 27, for a short time in the morning only. There were then only three or four sportsmen there, and they were legally throwing the fly below the dam. Among them was Dr. Jones of Norway, Me., an old time visitant to this celebrated trout resort, and a gentleman who would scorn to take a trout other than in a legal way. But it is a pity that there should be even a suspicion that trout are taken with the jig at this point, the home and breeding ground of the largest *Salmo fontinalis* known, and the State of Maine should station a warden there all the season. This warden could also look after the interests of the deer in the Richardson and the Beaver ponds, where it is certain that jacking out of season has been tried many times this summer, but generally without success. The latest report that will interest the sportsmen, who flock to this region, is that the Union Water Power Co. is not to keep open house at the Upper Dam next season. This is only a report, however, and may not be true.

SPECIAL.

STRIPED BASS NEAR NEW YORK.

THE season for this fish about New York city has been a good one, better than for some years. This is credited by many anglers to the efforts of the Shellfish Commission in enforcing the law against the pollution of the waters by the sludge acid from the oil refineries, and the law against dumping refuse of all kinds in the harbor and up the East River. The season for this fish has held on later than usual, and some are still taken. On the North River side they have been captured along the river front of the city from Eighty-ninth street up to Croton Point. The best catches have been down in Prince's Bay, where some have been taken that reached twenty pounds. Fish of three or four pounds have been plenty in the Bay, and also up the Sound.

On the 2d of this month Mr. Oliver T. Hewlett took a striped bass in Davison's mill pond, East Rockaway, which weighed 24lbs. The fish was taken with rod and reel and was on exhibition at Mr. Blackford's for a day or two. It is some time since such a fish has been taken in that locality, which is well fished by the city anglers.

Shedder crab, sand worms, and shrimp have been the usual baits, the latter being used where only the smaller fish are looked for. The striped bass fishing may hold good for two weeks yet, according to all appearances, but the fish will soon cease biting and go elsewhere. Years ago the vicinity of High Bridge, Harlem, was a famous place for striped bass but, they were driven from there by the refuse from the oil works at Hunter's Point, and if the practice of dumping this vile stuff in Newtown Creek is suppressed, the East River may again become a favorite resort for the fish as it was in the days of Genio C. Scott, who made the locality famous.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

OCT. 2.—Mr. J. M. Clark, in charge of the angling department of the well-known John Wilkinson Co., accompanied by Charley Porter, of Blomgren Bros. & Co., spent a day last week at Silver Lake, trying to round out the fishing season. They found frogs of no use; fishing with minnows they took half a dozen fine bass, although the lake was too rough for successful work. Mr. Porter hooked a small-mouthed bass—locally known as the "tiger bass"—which was thought to weigh 5lbs. It escaped after a long fight.

Mr. McFarland, a South Water street merchant, took seventeen good bass in Lake Maria last week. Mr. Shepherd a week ago, at Lake Maria, took a 7¾lbs. large-mouth bass. I believe the tackle used in their last two catches was not orthodox in fineness, and this detracts from the interest of the record. We ought to have a law regulating the weight of rod and fineness of line. People should be legally instructed that they are missing all the fun there is in angling when they use a cod line and a pole. Moreover, no self-respecting bass wants to be caught that way. It's all a mistake.

Mr. Watson of this city, Mr. Hogin of La Crosse, Wisconsin, and a friend, lately concluded a grand fishing trip on the Mississippi, at La Crosse. These gentlemen took 127 bass in two days' fishing, using only fly-rods and flies. The flies used were the raven, the bluebottle and the "Read," the latter much like the Seth Green, except for a heavier body. Sixty-five of these bass came to Chicago, and some of them were glorious fellows. At certain stages of the waters the river at La Crosse affords wonderful sport.

Wild brook trout are displayed in large quantities on the market here—another obvious shortcoming of the law. No man ought to be allowed to eat a brook trout he has bought. If he can't catch him or isn't a good friend to a man who can and will, he ought not to eat him. It is a shame.

In passing by a west side butcher shop last week I noticed at the window the mounted head of a muscallonge, the largest I ever saw. He was so old he had false teeth. On making inquiry I found that this monarch was taken six years ago in the St. Lawrence River and weighed when caught a trifle over 82lbs. The effete East has the record, I fear. The largest muscallonge I have personally heard of from the Eagle waters this year was 39½lbs.

There is on Wabash avenue of this city a very gaudy window display of a millinery store, which shows a great assortment of many colored feathers, plumes and bird breasts in hat trimmings. I was amused in passing there yesterday by the comment of a slightly exhilarated individual who seemed to be a sportsman or kin thereto. "S-say, Bill," he exclaimed, as he stood before the window, "g-get on to ze s-salmon flies, wontche!" And the remark was apt.

Oct. 6.—Messrs. Sutherland, Hoge, Tiffany and Thompson have just gotten back from their trip to the Eagle waters. They report an eventful and pleasant outing, with plenty of results. They took a number of muscallonge, and I hear that some scaled between twenty and thirty pounds, though I have not seen the catch, and believe that a great part of it was necessarily left behind, owing to imperfect packing facilities. Bass also were abundant.

E. H.

THE TOBIQUE MANSLAUGHTER.—As intimated in our last issue the jury at Andover, N. B., in the case of Phillipine and Trafton, brought in a verdict of manslaughter for the killing of Mrs. Howes. They added to their verdict a strong recommendation to mercy. Phillipine and Trafton were each sentenced to fifteen years in the pentitentiary.

Fisheulture.

WORK OF THE WISCONSIN FISH COMMISSION.

BY JAS. NEVIN, SUPERINTENDENT.]

[Read before the American Fisheries Society.

THE work of artificial propagation of fish in the State of Wisconsin is no longer an experiment in the minds of the people of our State. When the good work of restocking our streams and lakes with their native fish was first attempted we did not meet with much encouragement from many parts of the State. But with perseverance and successful operations the old feeling has vanished, and the cry from all over the State is "more fish," until now we are unable to supply the demand, even to that of German carp.

First in rank comes the pride of all waters, brook trout, and of these fish, most every county in the State has received a portion of the 2,255,000 fry that have been distributed this present season to 200 applicants, and the supply was insufficient to fill the demand, which at the first of the season was 4,720,000 fry, which were asked for by 286 applicants, and now we have nearly 100 orders on file for next season's distribution, and I dare say this number will swell to 350 orders before the shipping season begins next season.

Next comes California mountain, or rainbow, trout, which have done remarkably well in some parts of the State, and are prized even as high as its rival in beauty and delicacy, the brook trout, while in other parts they rank inferior. These rainbow trout seem to abandon the small streams and seek the larger ones, and the rivers, where they appear to thrive wonderfully. A gentleman of good authority, from St. Croix county, informed me that he caught a two-year-old that tipped the scales at just 4lbs., and I could relate several instances where they have been taken at that age weighing 1½ to 3½lbs. We have just begun the distribution of these fish, and out of the 183 orders now on file I hope to be able to fill 150 of them with about 1,750,000 fry. All orders remaining unfilled will be filled first the following season.

Owing to the extreme high water in the Fox River this spring, where I collect my supply of wall-eyed pike eggs, I have been unable to procure a full quota, but have now in the hatching jars at Milwaukee enough to bring forth about 8,000,000 fry, which will be eagerly captured by the 220 applicants whose names are now on file. Since we have begun restocking our numerous lakes we have met with success, and now reap the harvest of our endeavors, by reading confirmed reports of success from different part of the State, and still continue to sow.

The present season I placed in several inland lakes 800,000 Mackinaw, or lake trout, the eggs of which were collected in Lake Michigan, and were hatched at the Madison Hatchery. I do not approve of this method of stocking lakes with lake trout hatched in spring water, for I think it can be done with less labor and expense by collecting large quantities of eggs and carefully spreading them on the shoal reefs of the lakes intended to stock, and let them hatch and take care of themselves.

Our work on whitefish has not been as extensive the past season as formerly, for we were unsuccessful in getting a full amount of eggs, on account of the stormy weather on the lakes last fall, and a few of what we did get were touched by the frost, but have succeeded in hatching 16,000,000 fry, which have been deposited in the waters of Lake Michigan and Green Bay.

It is very interesting to know that the Wisconsin Fish Commission has at last got the good will of the fishermen around the lakes, and that they are beginning to realize the benefit of the work done by the Commission. There has been more whitefish taken during the past winter and spring than any season in the last ten years. I heard a fisherman remark the other day that fishing for whitefish was beginning to look like olden times. Ever since the pound net has been in existence the fishermen have taken out the small whitefish faster than the several hatcheries could put them in. I have seen as high as 2,400lbs. of small fish taken out of one pot, and there were not ten fish in the lot that would weigh a pound each. It is now unlawful in Wisconsin for a man to have in his possession a whitefish of les than 1lb., dressed, or 1½lb. undressed, and I am proud to say that the law has given entire satisfaction. The fishermen have always said that whitefish would not live after being caught in the meshes of a net, but last fall, while collecting spawn, I saw thousands caught that had the marks of the net on them, which proves that whitefish are not the delicate little fellows they have been represented to be.

The value of the lake fishing industry, as reported by the fish wardens to the president of the Board, for the year of 1887, are as follows:

Number of pounds caught	4,460,015
Value of fish	$271,269 78
Number of nets	12,750
Value of nets	$161,860 00
Persons employed	1,300
Number of boats	700
Value of boats	$177,285 00

Which shows that the fishing interests of the State of Wisconsin are worth protecting.

In conclusion, I will say a few words on carp and carp ponds. Of all fish I ever tried to catch by seining, carp are the most difficult; for when they find themselves surrounded by the net, if they can't get under it they will leap over it. As the temperature of the water at the hatchery was too low to successfully raise carp, the Commission leased a breeding pond, located about two miles from the hatchery and covering about two acres. In the spring of 1887 I placed in this pond our large carp, and in May had a lot of willows cut and placed in the pond for the fish to spawn on. One day I went to the pond for some large fish for an aquarium, and as the pond could not be drawn down, I thought I could soon catch them by seining. But we seined two days and did not get a large fish.

Another day, later in the season, we went to the pond for some fry to ship, and my two little boys, aged five and eight years, went along to pass the time away playing around the pond. Before beginning to fish, I had all the willows taken from the water and placed upon the bank, and, to amuse themselves, the boys rolled some of the willows back into the water. After some time we came to where the brush was to make a haul, and as we began removing it, were surprised to see numerous small fish dart from under the branches. Without taking out any more of the brush, we carefully surrounded it with the net and were very much surprised when we drew it in to take out of it 5,000 small and fifty large carp. After taking care of the fish, we soon replaced the brush at about a dozen different places around the pond, and in this way we could catch all the fish—either large or small—we wanted, as they seemed to seek the brush for shelter and to hide.

I do not think there would be the large losses of carp in winter, if in the fall people would place a lot of brush in the center, or deepest part, of their ponds, as the fish would naturally seek the brush and not the shoal water, and thus avoid being frozen in the mud. People who have carp ponds that cannot be drawn down, will find this experiment beneficial in catching their fish as well as serving as a protection.

MADISON, Wis.

RAINBOW TROUT IN ENGLAND.

IT is a singular fact that the California rainbow trout, which our Eastern fishculturists are abandoning, seems to be a greater favorite in England than our beloved *fontinalis*. In our Eastern States the complaints against this fish are that it will stray off down stream and seldom come back, and that its eggs do not yield anything like a fair percentage of impregnation.

Mr. W. Oldham Chambers, Secretary of the National Fishculture Association, London, writes to a fishculturist on this side as follows:

"I am delighted with the rainbow trout, *S. irideus*. There is no trout grown in England that can compare with them in the rapidity with which they attain flesh; they are easily cultivated and tamed. I can at any time bring 800 yearling rainbows around the edge of the pond and make them feed from my hand and follow me like chickens. My three-year-olds are the same. They are non-migratory, rise to the fly, and are particularly gamy and excellent eating. Prof. Baird did a good turn for this country in sending me over these lovely fish. They are far superior to your Eastern brook trout, *S. fontinalis*."

Mr. Chambers would be a long while in convincing our American anglers and fishculturists of his last statement, yet, as is often the case, transplanted animals often do better or worse in their new homes, so it is possible that in English waters the rainbow trout may be the better fish. He is not alone in condemning our brook trout in English waters, for it has not found favor over there, because it is said to be tender and to leave the streams where it is planted. We will be glad to learn what success he has in impregnating the eggs of the rainbow trout, and it will be curious if this fish breeds better there than in our Eastern waters.

UNCLE LISHA'S SHOP.—The Montreal *Star* says that "Uncle Lisha's Shop" is the "best book of American humor since 'Tom Sawyer.' Sketching the characters who nightly assembled at an old cobbler's shop in rural Vermont forty years ago, describing their sport and relating their yarns, Mr. Robinson has written chapters of delicious fun. That he has command of a rare vein of pathos is shown in his accounts of the search for a lost child and of Uncle Lisha's removal to the far West. One of Uncle Lisha's friends is a certain Antoine Bassette, from this Province, who managed even in Yankeeland to keep his end up, and he tells tales of raccoons, of deer and other game quite as wonderful as any of his neighbors' stories. Mr. Rowland E. Robinson is a welcome addition to the band of American humorists, most of whom, truth to tell, seem to be pumping very hard, where the only tolerable performance is to let a natural spring have its way."

A DINING CAR LINE TO THE PACIFIC COAST.—The completion of the all rail line between Portland, Ore., and San Francisco gives the Pacific coast traveler an opportunity to patronize the famous Dining Car and Yellowstone Park Line, the Northern Pacific Railroad. The sportsman traveling in the West, whether a lover of the rod or gun, naturally seeks this road, penetrating as it does the lake park region of Minnesota, and running through the valleys of such trout streams as the Yellowstone, Gallatin, Hell Gate, Clark's Fork, Spokane, Yakima and Green Rivers, for a distance of fully 1,500 miles, as well as lying immediately contiguous to the finest hunting grounds in the United States, viz., The Big Horn, Snowy Belt, Bitter Root, Coeur D'Alene and Cascade Mountains. Information in regard to this region can be obtained by addressing CHARLES S. FEE, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, N.R. R., P. St. Paul, Minn.—*Adv.*

The Kennel.

Dogs: Their Management and Treatment in Disease. By Ashmont. Price $2. Kennel Record and Account Book. Price $3. Training vs. Breaking. By S. T. Hammond. Price $1. First Lessons in Dog Training, with Points of all Breeds. Price 50 cents.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Oct. 23 to 26.—Second Annual Show of the St. Paul and Minnesota Kennel Club, at St. Paul, Minn. J. E. Stryker, Secretary, Room 98 Globe Building.

Nov. 6 to 10.—Dog Show of the Richmond County Poultry and Pet Stock Association, in connection with Augusta National Exposition at Augusta, Ga. H. Madden, Superintendent.

Dec. 3 to 8.—Dog Show of the Northern Illinois Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Rockford, Ill. A. H. Currier, Secretary.

Jan. 15 to 19, 1889.—Seventh Annual Dog Show of the Southern Massachusetts Poultry Association, at New Bedford, Mass. F. W. Dean, Secretary.

Feb. 4 to 7, 1889.—First Annual Dog Show of the Columbus Fanciers' Club at Columbus O. Thos. R. Sparrow, Secretary.

Feb. 12 to 15, 1889.—Fifth Dog Show of the New Jersey Kennel Club, at Jersey City, N. J. Geo. L. Wilms, Secretary, 142 Monticello avenue, Jersey City, N. J.

Feb. 19 to 22, 1889.—Thirteenth Annual Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent.

Feb. 26 to March 1, 1889.—Second Annual Show of the Rensalaer Kennel Club, Troy, N. Y. Alba M. Ide, Secretary.

March 5 to 8, 1889.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Albany Kennel Club, at Albany, N. Y. Geo. B. Gallup, Secretary.

March 12 to 15, 1889.—Second Annual Show of the Fort Schuyler Kennel Club, Utica, N. Y. James W. Dunlop, President.

March 19 to 22, 1889.—First Annual Dog Show of the Maryland Kennel Club, at Baltimore, Md. W. S. Diffenderffer, Secretary.

March 26 to 29, 1889.—First Annual Dog Show of the Massachusetts Kennel Club, at Lynn, Mass. D. A. Williams, Secretary.

April 2 to 5, 1889.—First Annual Show of the Rochester Kennel Club, at Rochester, N. Y. Harry Yates, Secretary.

April 9 to 12, 1889.—First Annual Dog Show of the Mascoutah Kennel Club, at Chicago, Ill. John L. Lincoln, Jr., Secretary.

April 16 to 19, 1889.—The Seventh Dog Show of the Philadelphia Kennel Club, at Philadelphia, Pa. Wm. C. Child, Secretary.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 1.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Indiana Kennel Club, at Bicknell, Ind. P. T. Madison, Secretary, Indianapolis, Ind.

Nov. 15.—Fifth Annual Field Trials of the Philadelphia Kennel Club, open to members only. Wm. H. Child, Secretary, Philadelphia, Pa.

Nov. 19.—Tenth Annual Field Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at High Point, N. C. (Members' Stake, Nov. 15.) W. A. Coster, Secretary, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

Dec. 3.—First Annual Field Trials of the Southern Field Trial Club, at Amory, Miss. T. M. Brumby, Secretary, Chattanooga, Tenn.

Dec. 10.—Second Annual Field Trials of the American Field Trials Club, at West Point, Miss. C. W. Paris, Secretary, Cincinnati, O.

Jan. 14, 1889.—Sixth Annual Field Trials of the Pacific Coast Field Trial Club, at Bakersfield, Cal. N. P. Sheldon, Secretary, 320 Sansome street San Francisco, Cal.

COURSING.

Oct. 15.—Third Annual Meeting of the American Coursing Club at Great Bend, Kan. F. K. Doan, Secretary, 1210 Olive street, St Louis, Mo.

Oct. 23 to 27.—Meeting of the National Coursing Association, at Hutchinson, Kansas. M. E. Allison, Manager.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription $1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed **6578.**

BEAGLES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Controversies are to me detestable and I seek them not, but avoid them on all occasions if such avoidance does not conflict with my sense of right and justice. Undeserved and bigoted attacks on either dogs or owners deserve the condemnation of every right-thinking lover of the canine race. Cowardly, to say the least, are such attacks if hidden under the cover of a *nom de plume*, showing the lack of moral courage of the writer to express his views publicly under his own name.

In your issue of Sept. 27 "S. Reicnaf" tells your readers what little he knows and what a great deal he does not know about beagles, and especially champion Bannerman. It is perhaps not in good form that I, as the owner of the little champion, should take up the cudgel for him; in fact, this is unnecessary, as Bannerman is too well known to the beagle fraternity proper to require any defense. Yet for the benefit of those who are constantly being added to the ranks of beagle admirers and who are not fully acquainted with the ways of the beagle world, I think it my duty to defend my dog and correct the misleading statements of "S. Reicnaf."

What his opinion is of Bannerman and the different strains of beagles I care not, and deem his criticisms unworthy of comment. Only to champion Bannerman's record as a stud dog shall I refer. "S. Reicnaf" credits Bannerman with having "produced but one really good dog and this one has since gone to pieces." Royal Krueger, I take it, is the dog referred to. Yes, he is a good one, and many more such has the little champion produced. Royal Krueger, as far as quality is concerned, has not "gone to pieces," and he is to-day as good, if not a better dog than he was when he made his illustrious debut at Philadelphia, and only to lack of care and judgment of his owner were due his subsequent defeats. At the late Buffalo show one of our most prominent and reputable beagle exhibitors, who himself had an entry in the open dog class there, said, "Royal Krueger should have won first hands down." This does not look much like "gone to pieces."

There is a son of Bannerman's on the Pacific coast who has been shown twice at San Francisco and who won first on each occasion, and of whom the popular judge, John Davidson, who, I think, judged him on both occasions, said "he is one of the best beagles I have ever seen." So he must be "a really good dog" also.

My own Krueger's Dot, winner of first and special at Cleveland, 1886, and second and brace special at Newark, 1887, thus beating a large field of grand bitches and only beaten by one or two points by beautiful champion Lou, is a daughter of Bannerman. On more than one occasion have I refused to put a price on this bitch. Surely she is "a really good one."

Sweet Venus and promising Adonis, two of Bannerman's get, and winners of first in puppy classes, Pittsburgh, 1887, could not have been bought at any price from their owner, and would have made their mark on the bench, but grim show-distemper cut their career short.

In my pack there are five or six little Bannerman bitches, which for uniformity, quality and beauty will compare favorably with a like number of any other dog's get.

And so I might continue to enumerate "really good ones" which champion Banner has produced, and there are lots of others of which I have lost sight and of whom their owners can speak best.

But let this suffice. My object is not to seek free advertisement for my dog. He is not for sale, if he were I have a standing offer for him higher than any beagle has been sold before at, as far as I know; nor do I care whether Bannerman serves another bitch outside of my own kennel or not.

As to his beagle quality his record on the bench will speak for itself. According to "S. Reicnaf" such authorities as Dr. Twaddell, Stovell, Sloan, FOREST AND STREAM and other papers are all duffers who are bigoted in favor of anything English, you know They know nothing about beagles; they did not credit the dog with all the good qualities they did because he possessed them, but because he was imported! That's rich and very complimentary and I am somewhat surprised at the editor of the FOREST AND STREAM for admitting such imputations and bosh.

"S. Reicnaf's" assurance that he has not the slightest grudge against Bannerman or his owner is quite superfluous. Such remarks intimating the possibility of any sane man bearing a grudge against an inoffensive animal sounds childish, to say the least. To you, readers of the FOREST AND STREAM, who are apt to be influenced by the effusions of these would-be authorities, let me say not to lay too much stress on any such effusions unless you are convinced of the writer's knowledge of the subject. One writer tells you that show dogs are, as a rule, no field dogs, so beware of show stock and buy my stock which can't win, but are great hunters. The next wiseacre tells you that champion Bannerman, of show reputation, possesses "a grand body, good feet, tail and coat," and that of his thoroughbred beagles a son of Bannerman is the best worker in his pack, but warns you against breeding to this dog because he don't like his head.

Remember, readers, that such are mere individual opinions, and as we often in every day life meet with views contrary and nonsensical, so these which we read, alas, too frequently, through the columns of the sportsmen's press.

I have all due respect for such gentlemen as Elmore and Cameron, etc., because they were judicious breeders, infusing new blood into their stock when needed. Others have bred one strain down until a large majority of gunshy beasts was the result.

Breed your Rowett or other inbred bitches to just such dogs as Bannerman and you will strengthen the nervous system of the progeny, and will bring your stock nearer the original, genuine type of English beagles of good Queen Bess's time. A. C. KRUEGER.

OAKLAND, Pittsburgh, Pa.

COURSING CLUB MEETINGS.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 3.—Through a Western friend I learn that hares are fully as plentiful as ever on the grounds of the American Coursing Club, near Great Bend, Kansas. The range is fed down close, and will afford good running. Fully one hundred per cent. more dogs are entered this year than last, and equal increase in attendance is promised. Barring bad weather, the meet of Oct. 15 will be the greatest of its kind ever seen in this country.

Dr. Van Hummel has arrived at Great Bend, overland from Omaha, with eight dogs. He expresses himself as confident of winning all the stakes easily.

Dr. J. Irwin Royce has twelve dogs in training at Great Bend, and expects three more. Dr. Royce is this week at the Kansas City bench show.

Mr. H. C. Lowe thinks he has the champion in his recent importation, which he has put in rigid training near Hutchinson, Kansas. Mr. Lowe is at present writing at Kansas City in official capacity at the bench show.

There has been a mysterious and deplorable delay in the announcement of the judges for the coursing meet, and there are even hints at an unwarrantable secrecy in the matter. It is due to nominators that they should know the judge under whom they are to run, and no real interest of the club can be subserved by suppressing such information. I have just heard unofficially that Mr. Jos. Holloway has been selected as one of the judges. Mr. Holloway judged at the first meet of the club, in 1886. If the club have really secured him for this year, they certainly need not be ashamed of their choice. A letter from Dr. Royce, dated Sept. 30, says: "We have not settled definitely about the judges yet, but will probably engage Mr. R. D. Williams, of Lexington, Ky., as one of them."

At this date Mr. Doan, secretary of the club, has not spoken definitely as to the choice of judges. There should certainly be two, as the work is quite too much to ask of one gentleman. Doubtless the delay in choice is largely due to natural and unavoidable causes, but once it is made it should be at once announced.

There will be 3,000 visitors at Great Bend for this meet, and the affair will be one of great interest. E. H.

HUTCHINSON, Kansas, Oct. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Please publish in your notices of field trials the running meeting of the National Coursing Association, at Hutchinson, Kansas, on inclosed grounds, from Oct. 23 to 27, 1888, inclusive. M. E. ALLISON, General Manager.

LESSONS FROM BUFFALO.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In my former letter under the above heading which appeared Oct. 4, you state "Ten members of the N. D. C. had no grudge, etc." It should have read "The members, etc." Kindly correct the error.

In again looking over the catalogues of the late Buffalo and Syracuse shows, I find there were awarded at the latter 97 first and 48 second prizes; in all 145. By comparison I find out of these, 17 first and 7 second prizes were won by independent exhibitors who showed these same dogs at Buffalo. Also that 25 first and 19 second prizes were won by members of the N. D. C., so the division is as follows:

	1st prizes.	2d prizes.
Total prizes awarded at Syracuse.....	97	48
	1st prizes.	2d prizes.
To N. D. C. dogs.....	25	19
To dogs exhibited also at Buffalo.....	17	7
Total.....	42	26
	55	22

The records therefore show that the N. D. C. and independent exhibitors won 68 prizes while the A. K. C. and its exclusive friends won only 77. The true sportsman sentiment expressed by the N. D. C. in showing at Syracuse is in marked contrast with the actions of the boycotters who scorned Buffalo. I have given the above statement solely to convince the public what a laughing stock a certain horse paper has made of itself in predicting the dogs at the Buffalo show would be gathered in from the streets.

I notice at Syracuse show in the setter classes there were 3 champions absent, 3 champions "not for competition" and 10 other absentees. Also that 2 champion pointers were "not for competition" (there were but 4 in all) with 6 absentees in open classes. Why was it?

A LOVER OF FAIR PLAY.

EASTERN FIELD TRIALS.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have made application for reduction in railroad fares, and for free transportation of dogs to and from points north and south of High Point, N. C., and hope to receive same in a few days if granted, so that all who are going to attend the trials will upon application to me, recieve a certificate entitling them to said reduction and free transportation of dogs.—WASHINGTON H. COSTER, Sec'y E. F. T. C. (Saratoga Springs, N.Y.). [At the time of writing this, Mr. Coster advises us, he had received 29 setter entries, 27 pointers and 5 champion class,]

DANBURY SHOW.

[*Special Report.*]

HAD the announcement been made that prizes of $5 and $3 for first and second were offered at Danbury, Conn., show, the entries would have been decidely larger than was the case. The classification was full and complete, dog, bitch and puppies for each breed, with the above prizes for the aged classes and $3 and $2 for puppies. As the managers propose duplicating the prize list next year, and no charge is made for entries, it would be well for exhibitors to look out for Danbury dates next October, and support such liberality. Spaniels and collies were the strongest classes, the Ideal and Warwick Kennels dividing the honors and cash in the former breed and Mr. A. R. Kyle making a clean sweep in the latter. The winning collie bitch Adela Doon was looking better than at Buffalo; but if it was not for the accidental deformity of Hebe of Nesseldown's foreleg she would have been an easy winner. She is good in head and ears and has now a much better coat than when shown in the spring. Mr. Mead's mastiff bitches were particularly noticeable for their superb condition. The Warwick Kennels made a vast improvement in the English setter and pointer classes over last year's display, and their young pointer, Tory II., looks like developing into a good one. Mr. R. B. Sawyer's bulldogs are well known, and the other exhibits do not call for particular notice.

AWARDS.

MASTIFFS.—*Dogs:* 1st, G. E. Sears's Kaiser Wilhelm; 2d, C. Island's Raleigh. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Herbert Mead's Aydah and Chaplet.

ST. BERNARDS.—*Dogs:* 1st, E. H. Hinsman's Le Roi. *Bitches:* Prizes withheld. *Puppies:* 1st, Miss Lulu Peck's Nero.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—1st, J. M. Bailey's Nig.

POINTERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Warwick Kennels' Tory II.; 2d, Fleetfoot Kennels' Spot Dash. *Bitches:* 1st, Fleetfoot Kennels' Belle Randolph. *Puppies:* 1st, Warwick Kennels' Tory II.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, Warwick Kennels' Blue Prince and Warwick Rocket; 3d, C. Knott's Ned. *Bitches:* 1st, Warwick Kennels' Princess. *Puppies:* 1st, Warwick Kennels' Warwick Rocket.

IRISH SETTERS.—Prizes withheld.

GORDON SETTERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, H. Hull's Nep; 2d, F. M. Robinson's Mose. *Bitches:* 1st, F. M. Robinson's Snipe.

FIELD SPANIELS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Ideal Kennels' Pearl Lake Obo. *Bitches:* 1st, 2d and 3d, Ideal Kennels' Ideal Black Pearl, Daisy and Brownie.

COCKER SPANIELS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Warwick Kennels' Warwick Obo; 2d, J. Bliss's Don. *Bitches:* 1st and 3d, ideal Kennels' Ideal Diana and Ideal Obo; 2d, Warwick Kennels' Black Countess.

FOXHOUNDS.—*Dogs:* 1st, J. Baldwin's Frank; 2d, T. Bradley's Johnnie. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, T. Bradley's Slide and Betty.

FOX-TERRIERS.—1st, Withheld; 2d, R. Hennessey's Nellie. *Puppies:* withheld.

COLLIES.—*Dogs:* 1st, 2d and equal 3d, A. R. Kyle's Sir Edward, Sir Wallace and Sir Harry; equal 3d, Lothian Kennels' Lothian Chief. *Bitches:* 1st, 2d and 3d, A. R. Kyle's Adela Doon, Hebe of Nesseldown and Cora Bell. *Puppies:* 1st and 3d, A. R. Kyle's Adela Doon and Cora Bell; 3d, Lothian Kennels' Maiden Queen.

BULLDOGS.—*Dogs:* 1st, R. B. Sawyer's Merry Monarch. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, R. B. Sawyer's Soudan and Beatrice.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—1st, John Velzel's Chief.

TOY TERRIERS.—1st, Mrs. B. C. Lynes' Possette.

PUGS.—*Dogs:* 1st, S. S. Banner's Zip; 2d, W. J. Momi's Chip. *Bitches:* 1st, John Leonard's Pink; 2d, R. Bangor's Tiney. *Puppies:* 1st and 2d, R. Bangor's Tiney and Diana.

MEXICAN TERRIERS.—1st C. B. Heathon's unnamed.

CHINESE DOGS.—1st, V. Tiblonitas's Coffee.

BRISTOL DOG SHOW.

[*Special Report.*]

BRISTOL, Conn., Oct. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The dog show held here in connection with our town fair was quite a success this year, being an improvement on last year's. About 75 dogs were entered and but few absentees, an improvement in both quantity and quality. The dog shows at the town and county fairs are getting to be quite the thing, and in this place the tent under which the dogs were exhibited was kept well filled by the people who came to see the beautiful as well as the useful, showing that it was one of the principal points of interest to say the least. The exhibitors were told that the managers hoped to have a permanent building for the dogs in another year. When we arrived on the grounds all seemed confusion, the dogs looked sour and the exhibitors acted so, but many thanks to Dr. Hair, for he soon made the way smooth, and the dogs began to look pleasant and the exhibitors to smile (some of them took theirs out back of the trees), and everything seemed merry as a dog on a lark or quail either. After the thankless and arduous work of the Doctor, the judging commenced. Mr. E. K. Sperry, of Hartford, acting as judge again this year, and did his work in a very acceptable manner, not a murmur was heard, though the owner of every Spot and Growler expected the first prize. I think the finest class of coon dogs ever exhibited was shown here. I am not sure that the judge understood this class as he ought. In my opinion I think the order of awards might have been, with justice, exactly reversed. Below we give the list of the

AWARDS.

ST. BERNARDS.—*Dogs:* 1st, C. D. Cugle's Dom Pedro; 2d, D. P. Barnes' Chief. *Bitches:* 1st, C. D. Cugle's Lady Catherine.

GREAT DANES.—*Dogs:* 1st, W. F. Smith's Zorah.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—*Dogs:* 1st, J. W. Skelley's Presto; 2d, T. Leavitt's Help.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—*Dogs:* Dr. J. E. Hair's Blue Prince; 2d, H. W. Barnes' Ned.

POINTERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, J. T. Barnes' Sam. Very high com., W. Barnes' Bang. *Bitches:* 1st, Fair View Point Kennels' Belle Randolph; 2d, E. S. Fish's Blizzard Spot.

BULLDOGS.—CHAMPION-*Dog:* R. B. Sawyer's Merry Monarch *Bitches:* R. B. Sawyer's Soudan.

IRISH SETTERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, F. Kellagher's Trick; 2d, J. Whittier's Don.

COCKER SPANIELS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Dr. J. E. Hair's Warwick Obo; 2d, R. S. Newell's Cubo. *Bitches:* 1st, Ideal Kennels' Ideal Diana; 2d, Dr. J. E. Hair's Black Countess.

BEAGLES.—*Dogs:* 1st, W. W. Muzzy's Victor; 2d, C. W. Parson's Spot. *Bitches:* 1st, D. Tong's Fan.

COON DOGS.—*Dogs:* 1st, J. Fairclough's Spot. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, W. Barnes's Stub and Twist.

COLLIES.—*Dogs:* 1st, J. H. Smith's Ray; 2d, L. S. Norton's Tuttle. Very high com., E. H. Whalen's Gip. *Bitches:* 1st, J. H. Smith's unnamed. *Puppies:* 1st and 2d, J. H. Smith's Robert McGregor and unnamed.

BULL-TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, E. Grace's Pete. *Puppies:* 1st, F. A. H. Hubble's Jack.

PUGS.—*Dogs:* 1st, B. S. Evin's Tony; 2d, W. S. Sloane's Uno. *Bitches:* 1st, J. E. Smith's Punch; 2d, W. S. Sloane's Guess.

DALMATIANS.—1st, F. H. Emmett's Spot.

FOX-TERRIERS.—1st, A. H. Norton's Rustic.

SCOTCH TERRIERS.—1st, J. Levitt's Tiny.

SKYE TERRIERS.—1st, E. E. Forest's Malta.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, W. Ryan's Guess. *Bitches:* 1st, J. J. Conlon's Daisy.

FIELD SPANIELS.—*Bitches:* 1st, Ideal Kennels' Ideal Black Pearl.

H.

PHILADELPHIA DOG SHOW.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Philadelphia Kennel Club claims the following dates for its seventh annual bench show—April 16, 17, 18, 19, 1889.—WM. H. CHILD, Sec'y.

DOGS OF THE CIRCUMPOLAR WORLD.

WHAT is a dog? Taxonomically, the dog is a representative of the genus *Canis*; but in view of the difficulty among systematic zoölogists in determining what the principal stock was, since varieties are so numerous, it may perhaps satisfy the present condition of biological research to assume that the primitive dog was one of the first animals, if not the very first, to be domesticated to the "service of man" (according to the Scriptures), and that being coeval with Cain the hunter, and his constant assistant and companion, he was deferentially and etymologically called *Canis*. Certainly he is the most widely distributed of all animals, and in fact universal, over the earth. But whatever his origin, there is abundant evidence to make it probable that the primitive dog, like other animals, was not only very different from any of the present canine races, but that it differed structurally and materially from its immediate predecessors, of which possibly the books themselves bear no testimony.

Domesticated dogs, when freed from man's control and association, seem at once to begin founding new races of their own, which thus are trying back again, when left to their mutual selection, as it were, to refound the old primal stock from which they were in remote ages derived. Will they ever succeed? There are now some sixty distinct artificial varieties of dogs recognized on the bench, not to mention feral types, each of them possessing sufficiently marked characteristics to be reckoned as a class, and new varieties are being constantly added. With the multiplication of varieties and species color develops, and a rich diversity of ground tints, with calico patches, piebalds, ticks, spots and splashes, results, varying most agreeably in their arrangement and position on the body. These hues and shades all spring from a primitive germ of color, just as the dogs themselves have been evolved from a primitive germ of form and structure. Now, if we turn all of these recognized classes of dogs adrift and exempt them from all restraints of domesticity, they will in a comparatively short time assimilate one to another in form and color. Typical identity will be lost. Greyhound, mastiff, spaniel, terrier and collie will all be merged and blended into a repulsive mongrel without trace of previous characteristics or character. Pendulous ears will shorten and become erect and pointed, slim tails grow thick and bushy, paws enlarge and splay, and bodies become burly, birsute and bristling. A composite feral race will result, with colors uniformly tawny, gray or brindled, which in North America, for lack of more distinctive designation, is known as the Indian dog—as worthless a brute in the rough as can well be imagined. These creatures will gang together and howl like wolves, adopt nocturnal habits, become cowardly, voracious and predatory, roving far and wide in a sort of aimless quest, with no fixed limits or methods, such as they were wont to show. Wolves, foxes and coyotes are singularly attracted toward them. All eagerly affiliate and sometimes interbreed, and their progeny is fertile, as experimental tests have proven. It is difficult for persons unacquainted with their peculiarities to distinguish a true wolf from some of the gray Indian dogs, the only noticeable difference being that the wolf runs with his head down and his tail between his legs, while dogs carry head erect and tails curled handsomely over their backs. It is a fact, too, worthy of notice, that if a stranger happening to encounter a pack of these renegades should chance to fall prone upon the ground, he is liable to be beset at once by the whole of them, to the imminent danger of life or limb, while so long as he stands erect, he may with anything which resembles a stick keep the crowd at bay, and by vigorous demonstrations actually drive them out of sight.

Out of this composite creature, which is altogether abnormal and typical of nothing unless it be the wolf, it is quite possible in turn to form and establish artificially a strain of serviceable dogs, which in course of time will come to be regarded as a fixed type. By such process, selection, domestication and training, have been obtained what are known in the Northwest as "huskies," much used as sledge dogs for winter transportation; hardy to endure, keen of eye, vicious of disposition and swift of foot; sometimes doing their eighty miles a day with a load of 150lbs. To haul is as natural to them as to point is to a pointer. But so liable are they to deterioration by association with baser dogs that it is almost impossible at the present day to make up a full team of strictly pure huskies in the whole Northwest Territory, individuals readily commanding a price of $75 each. There is but one method by which they can be kept intact, and this is but little practiced except by denizens of the higher latitudes, as related further on.

Environment, food and climate are of course most potential in modifying race types; hence, in the course of natural adaptation, it is reasonable to look for essential variations throughout such a wide geographical range as the generic husky dog occupies. Now, the dogs of the Polar World are almost the counterpart of the huskies of the adjacent country to the southward, and the hypothesis is plausible that, either from close relationship or a general resemblance, the latter are called "husky," the same being a colloquial abbreviation of the word Esquimaux. But while the general cast is maintained, the massive coat, pricked ears, sharp nose, splay feet, bushy tail and sturdy frame being steadfast characteristics of the numerous groups found within the Arctic Circle, a thorough investigation discovers that there are marked differences among them in color, size and contour, all of which might be satisfactorily accounted for if the environment were various. But inasmuch as the latitude, food, climate and physical character of the entire circumpolar area are nearly the same, we have only to conclude that the fundamental type has undergone a change by crossing with the Arctic fox, for instance, which is pure white, or with the coyote, or the big gray timber wolf, both of which may have ventured across the tundri in summer. When such sub-arctic strains are once fully devoloped and definitely located, they are easily protected by their geographical isolation, while they are jealously kept pure by the intervention of such persons as may have domesticated and subjected them to service, and to whom purity of breed and quality of performance are all important, for the dwellers on the Arctic coast depend in great part upon their dogs for their livelihood. It is doubtful if they could even exist without them.

White is the dominant color of the Arctic belt and its fauna, such as bear, fox, ermine, reindeer, owl and ptarmigan, not to mention wildfowl and marine animals. A great proportion of these dogs are white. The pure Esquimaux dog, so designated, is pure white, and scarcely distinguishable from the Arctic fox, though there are also browns, yellows and duns. White "huskies" are not uncommon in the British Northwest, thus showing indubitable evidence of their hyperborean origin. These come from vulpine, not lupine stock, like their ruder and more numerous brindled congeners. The Esquimaux dog has come to be regarded as a representative Arctic type, but it will be found on comparison that he is by no means conclusively such. He is often confounded with the Spitz (or dog of Spitzbergen) by fanciers, both being white and their appearance similar, though their kinship is not close. The dogs of Iceland are white, long-haired, with a thick fur frill around the neck, pointed nose and ears, elevated curled tail, and a restless and irritable temper. They are similar to those of Lapland and Greenland, except that the latter are variable in color. The Lapp dogs are used chiefly for hunting, as the natives use reindeer for draught and not dogs. These fight off the wolves from the settlement in winter, and are most efficient in capturing reindeer. This so-called "reindeer dog" is about the size of a Scotch terrier, but has a wonderful resemblance to the lynx. His hair is long and shaggy and his color various.

The dog does not come into such prominence on the polar coasts of Europe and Asia as he does in North America, because his multifarious services are assumed by the reindeer, or else by the hardy ponies—offspring of the tarpanies of Tartary, which are in use throughout the entire extent of Siberia up to the northern limit where the ice plain meets the forest, and only dogs can travel. Some of them subsist wholly on fish and seal meat for nine months of the year, and adapt themselves to the rigors and vicissitudes of the climate in a most remarkable way. Nevertheless, the dog is an important factor among many of the Siberian tribes, being described by travelers among the Ostalies on the Obi as a "faithful animal." He is used by the indigent Jakuts for draught purposes, being the only domestic animal which they possess. The Tomgusi use him for hunting. On the Kolyma River, in eastern Siberia, they are as extensively employed as they are in North America, and are indispensable to the domestic economy of the people. They are said to resemble the wolf, having long pointed noses, sharp upright ears and long bushy tails. Color black, brown, reddish brown, white and spotted. In Siberia wolves are black, not gray, and the result of the canine and lupine miscegenation manifests itself in the output. These dogs howl like wolves, and dig holes in the ground in summer for coolness, and in the snow in winter for warmth, where they lie curled up with their noses covered by their bushy tails. They live on frozen fish and on this diet will travel 100 miles per day. Sometimes the temperature is so extremely cold that they are obliged to go shod and blanketed to keep them from freezing. It is customary to keep them tied up all night, to prevent their straying off after the scent of some wild animal. They are very sagacious. Unfortunately they are subject to a peculiar disease (not specified) which Wrangell says carried off four-fifths of their number in the year 1821.

Kamschatkan dogs are probably the most sagacious of all feral types, and are employed and trained in the most careful manner for the multitudinous services required of them. Soon after birth they are placed with their dam in a deep pit, that they may see neither man nor beast, and after having been weaned are condemned to solitary confinement for six months, at the end of which time they are put to a sledge with other dogs, and being extremely shy and frightened withal, they run as fast as they can until they become blown and cowed. After this trial trip they are remanded to their pit, where they remain, off and on, until they are thoroughly trained and sledge-broken. This severe education sours their temper amazingly, and makes them anything but companionable. Drivers are frequently obliged to stun them by



A HUSKY.

a blow on the nose before unharnessing them on account of their savage nature. Besides drawing sledges they tow boats up rivers in summer and keep their masters warm in winter nights. They are remarkable weather phophets and discount the Signal Service Bureau, for, if when resting on a jouurney they dig holes in the snow there is certain to be a storm. They are of the husky type, shaggy, with erect curling bushy tails, and not very sharp noses and ears. They live exclusively on fish, which they catch for themselves. In winter their ration comprises forty frozen herrings per day. The Tchuktchi dogs of the East Cape of Siberia are similar to those of Kamschatka, and are used for sledges.

Across the Strait (Behring's) in Alaska the breed of dogs is not highly esteemed, though much used for draught purposes. A team of five will draw 500lbs. They live chiefly on fish, but will eat almost anything. Their winter ration is a dried salmon a day. In color they are reddish brown. Whymper thinks they are as much wolf as dog. From Icy Cape along the entire north coast to Smith's Sound the Esquimaux type prevails. These have been often described by Dr. Kane and other Arctic explorers, and especially by Lieut. Schwatka, to whom sportsmen are much indebted for information regarding matters in which they are specially interested. In the Mackenzie River district there is a variety of dog called Athabaskan, with hair somewhat wavy, which, crossed with the Esquimaux, produces a hybrid with hair so long that the eyes are scarcely visible. I have seen but one specimen. It weighed about 75lbs., and carried a ginger-colored coat studded with yellow and gray. Formerly the Athabaskan dog was small, but subsequently a stouter race was bred, more satisfactory for sledge use. It seems to be a purely artificial breed. The dogs of Smith's Sound are powerful and sagacious brutes. Hall, the Arctic explorer, speaks of them seizing a reindeer by the throat and cutting his jugular like a knife. In hunting bears they go in couples, one interesting bruin by feints in front, while the other teases behind, and so they amuse him until the hunters come up with their weapons. They are very keen of nose and scent a seal under the ice, or a deer track in the snow a quarter of a mile before they see it, forthwith starting for it on a run. In addition to doing sledge duty in winter, they carry saddle bags in summer which weigh fully 20lbs., keeping pace with their master on his journey. They have a thick, furry coat 3 or 4in. long, which is underlaid in winter by a dense fleece of wool, sharp pricked ears, and a tawny or brindled color, with so close a resemblance to a wolf as to be readily mistaken for one. They never bark, but emit a long melancholy howl. The description of these dogs answers to those of Greenland. In Labrador, excepting on the extreme north coast, this specific type is not so well preserved, the stock resembling the stock of the northwest, which is a little better than a nondescript, as I have already stated. They have a variety of dingy colors, dull yellows and dark browns and gray prevailing. The most powerful are so strong and vicious that it is customary to suspend a heavy wooden log by a rope to the neck, which, dangling between their legs, impedes their action, and so gives weaker dogs and men a chance for their lives. The true "Labrador dog," as recognized on the show



SOME TYPES.

From Robinson's "Great Fur Land," by courtesy of the publishers, Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

bench, and chiefly known along the St. Lawrence River, has no place among the dogs of the circumpolar world, although he belongs to a comparatively high latitude and wilts with the temperature at sixty degrees. He is apparently a combination of setter and spaniel, crossed again by the Newfoundland, a most efficient water dog and retriever.

Having thus cursorily presented some testimony in respect to feral types of dogs by seeking them in their most natural habitats, the conclusion results that in mutual selection there is a persistent conformity to one general law, but that nothing new is produced. In process of time all escaped dogs adopt the habits and appearance of wolves, jackals, foxes, dholes, jungle dogs, or what-not, which animals are all scientifically classed as Canidæ. Now, which of these is the original? Is it the wolf? There are several kinds of wolves; which of them is the original? If no answer is found is it preposterous to assume that the whole lot of them are but degenerate offspring of pre-existant superior canine races? Where are the rudiments?

Dr. Bernard Gilpin, of Nova Scotia, a profound and painstaking observer, tells us how the wild ponies of Sable Island, which are known to be the descendants of a few head of heavy New England stock, introduced 180 years ago and since increased to many hundreds, have during that comparatively brief period become a race of small, big-headed, low-withered, rough-coated animals, very much resembling the tarpany of Tartary, which, according to Col. Hamilton Smith, is the only existing wild stock in the world which has never been tamed. But the tarpany is a much inferior animal to the majestic horse of Job, which flourished 3,000 years ago, and if we are to believe the Scripture, which declares that domestic animals were made for the service of man, and that man was to have dominion over the beasts of the field, a good serviceable horse must have been contemporaneous with man, an equine to which the anchitherium and hipparion of Europe and the other thirty-five tertiary and quaternary species of Marsh and Huxley bore very little resemblance.

Now, nature provides the feral dog with a monotonous and somber garb, not so much to assist a predisposition toward some suppositious primal color as to protect him in his new departure by considerately assimilating his hues to those of his environment. Likewise she modifies his body and temper for economic reasons; makes him fierce to do battle with his enemies, vigilant to anticipate danger, alert and selfish that he may forage for himself, hardy to endure the unremitting tramp of a nomadic life, lean to facilitate locomotion as well as to promote health under the exigencies of meager diet—conditions diametrically different from the quiet dependency of his previous domestic life.

There is every evidence, obtainable from monumental photographs and sculptures and from fossil remains, that hybrids of the domesticated dog must have been as numerous thousands of years ago as they are at the present time. It is easiest to believe that their origin must be referred to several aboriginal species and not to a single primal stock. This is a world of perpetual mutations. Its record is a long succession of fluctuations, of alternate progression and retrogression, of advances and relapses, check and impulses. Land and sea have been transposed; the terrestrial surface has been overturned repeatedly and stirred up like a ploughed field; it has been disintegrated, laid waste and

restored by turns, and by turns made suitable or useless for animal or plant life. Vast areas have been alternately populous and vacant, primitive races have become extinct, and new ones have succeeded; some have survived, some have been transplanted, some have been modified out of all resemblance to their former self. Man has been constantly on the move since he was driven from Eden, migrating from ocean to ocean and continent to continent; and the dog being contemporary with man, and always associated with him, it follows that whenever traces of him are found in uninhabited and waste places, there man must have occupied at some time or another. In this world nothing is constant. Mutations alone are persistent. In all differentiation man under God is the potential agent. Cultivation is the author of outcomes and results, and all gardens left to themselves inevitably run to weeds. CHARLES HALLOCK.

[We are indebted to Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons for the accompanying illustrations of Hudson's Bay dogs, taken from Robinson's "Great Fur Land." They represent the true Husky type.]

THAT MITCHELL LETTER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your last issue Mr. Anthony advises your readers that he purchased a stolen letter, and I, with a good many others, rest quite content to believe his self-volunteered confession, even if we remember that dictionaries contain such as the following: "Fence, a receiver of stolen goods." "A fence, the person who buys stolen property." It matters little in this connection whether the property was stolen or not; Mr. Anthony says it was, and believing that it was he says he bought it.

When he first referred to this alleged stolen letter in a communication to the Indiana Field Trials Club he wrote: "A stolen letter taken from my possession by fraud and put into the possession of the [Eastern Field Trials] club by James Watson." The plain reading of this sentence is that I was a party to stealing a letter *from him*, and I had every right to feel indignant at such a charge. But Mr. Anthony now explains that he thought he had purchased a letter stolen *from me*.

Going a little further along in Mr. Anthony's confession he says that the person to whom the letter had been intrusted called on him a second time for it, and he then gave it to him with the understanding that *on his word of honor* he would destroy it if I again asked for its return. Here's richness; fancy a man who Mr. Anthony says sold him a stolen letter having any honor to give as a pledge. "Honor among thieves," is an expression we sometimes hear by way of quotation. What could Mr. Anthony expect other than that the man he says sold him a stolen letter sent it back to the person he got it from. A man who would sell a stolen letter would not stop at such a little thing as selling out the man who bought it, and such men as Mr. Anthony who buy stolen letters know that and don't give them back on words of honor.

So far I have been assuming the correctness of Mr. Anthony's statement that he entered into the employment of buying a stolen letter—a letter he says was stolen. The person to whom I sent the letter when he was asked for its return said, to the best of my recollection, that he had been too busy to do anything about it and had mislaid it among his papers. I might or might not have written again for it, possibly I sent a reminder that it had not yet turned up. When it did it was at once returned to the *Sporting Life* editor. That gentleman was beyond doubt made aware at the time as to where the letter had been sent and everything about it, but he has something else to memorize besides recollections of such men as Mitchell. Neither of us knew that the letter had ever gone out of the possession of my trusted friend. I knowingly neither deal with persons who sell letters nor persons who buy them, hence I decline to believe that the letter was ever sold by my friend as alleged, and I further decline to recognize by any further correspondence the man who publicly confesses he bought a letter he says was stolen. All I ask of any one is to apply common sense reasoning to Mr. Anthony's whole confession and he will arrive at the conclusion that for a man so clever as to get everything signed, sealed and witnessed with the addition of stenographers in hiding, he has told a story that is too full of inconsistencies to bear the impress of truth in such parts as it is impossible now to obtain any denial of—the proceedings between himself and the person intrusted with the letter.

I leave him in the congenial company of Mitchell and "Wildfowler." JAMES WATSON.

EASTERN FIELD TRIALS ENTRIES.

FOLLOWING is a list of the entries for the All-Aged Pointer, All-Aged Setter and Champion Stakes, of the Eastern Field Trials Club, to be run at High Point, N. C., beginning Nov. 19. There are 27 pointers, 28 setters, and 3 pointers and 2 setters in the Champion Stake.

POINTERS.

GUYMARD (I. N. Cochran, Philadelphia, Pa.), liver and white dog, 2½ years (Croxteth—Lady Gwendolin).

DUKE OF VERNON (L. Gardner, Mount Vernon, N. Y.), liver and white dog, June 1, 1886 (Glendale—Spotless).

BUCK (W. A. Taylor, East Orange, N. J.), black and white dog, 3 years, pedigree unknown.

GO BANG (O. W. Donner, Beaufort, S. C.), liver and white dog, Feb. 16, 1886 (Graphic—Bloomo).

JOYCE OF HALL'S ISLAND (O. W. Donner, Beaufort, S. C.), liver and white bitch, March 27, 1887 (Lad of Bow—Bloomo).

KING OF KENT (Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels, Charlottesville, Va.), liver and white dog, 2½ years (Priam—Kent's Baby).

PONTIAC (same owner), liver and white dog, 2½ years (Milton Bang II.—Climax).

FLASH (same owner), liver and white dog, 3yrs. (Don Cæsar—Lucky).

GREENFIELD (Dr. H. G. Preston, Brooklyn, N. Y.), liver and white dog, April 1, 1885 (Bang Bang—Bellona).

ROGER WILLIAMS (Col. C. H. Odell, New York), lemon and white dog, Aug. 20, 1886 (Bang Bang—Lalla Rookh).

LALLA ROOKH (same owner), lemon and white bitch, December, 1881 (Sensation—White's Grace).

DOLGOROUKI (same owner), lemon and white bitch, April 20, 1886 (Bang Bang—Lalla Rookh).

CONSOLATION (same owner), lemon and white dog, Jan. 29, 1885 (Bang Bang—Grace III).

OSSIAN (P. T. Madison, Indianapolis, Ind.), liver and white dog, May 8, 1886 (Croxteth—Amine).

MALITE (Highland Kennel, Red Bank, N. J.), liver and white bitch, 5yrs. (Meteor—Dell).

PETRARCH (same owner), liver and white dog, 15 months (Robert le Diable—Malite).

DEXTER (Bayard Thayer, Boston, Mass.), liver and white dog, 2½ years (Nip—Tuck).

BANG GRACE (Jas. L. Breese, Tuxedo, N. Y.) liver and white dog, May 23, 1884 (Bang Bang—Grace).

VANDERBILT (E. W. Durkee, New York), liver and white dog, April 26, 1885 (Dean—Nancy).

DUKE OF HESSEN (F. R. Hitchock, New York), liver and white dog, May 9, 1885 (Luck of Hessen—Blarney).

FLIRT (same owner), liver and white bitch, May 2, 1885 (Graphic—Ina).

LAD OF BOW (Westminster Kennel Club, Babylon, N. Y.), liver and white dog, March 19, 1884 (Graphic—Climax).

LASS OF BOW (same owner), liver and white bitch, March 19, 1884 (Graphic—Climax).

BRAKE (Stanton W. Pentz, Brooklyn, N. Y.), orange and white dog, 2½ years (Bang Bang—Underhill's Jane).

LEBANON (Lebanon Kennel, Lebanon, Pa.), lemon and white dog, Nov. 15, 1885 (Tim—Peg).

FLY (Jas. P. Swaine, Jr., New York), lemon and white bitch, Jan. 29, 1885 (Rush—Eria).

LADY ZEAL (J. E. Gill, Franklin, Pa.), liver and white bitch, 2½ years (Croxteth—Amine).

ENGLISH SETTERS.

DASHING LADY (H. Colquitt, Richmond, Va.), black, white and tan bitch, 4 years (Dashing Rover—Trinket).

FOREMAN'S NELL (L. A. Lockwood, Saylesville, R. I.), black, white and tan bitch, Nov. 6, 1886 (Foreman—Nellie II.).

NAT GOODWIN (I. N. Cochran, Philadelphia, Pa.), black, white and tan dog, 3½ years (Roderigo—Bo Peep).

ROGER (L. Gardner, Mount Vernon, N. Y.), black, white and tan dog, Dec. 13, 1885 (Count Noble—Queen Meg).

RUBY BUCKELLEW (Jas. L. Breese, Tuxedo, N. Y.), orange and white bitch, 3 years (Buckellew—Brimstone).

DAVE R. (Dudley & Fisher, Nashville, Tenn.), lemon and white dog, 2 years (Gath's Hope—Daisy F.).

CINCINNATUS (J. E. Dager, Toledo, O.), black, white and tan dog, May 21, 1886 (Count Noble—Dido II.).

TOLEDO BLADE (same owner), black, white and tan dog, May 20, 1886 (Roderigo—Lillian).

LITTLE GIFT (B. Crane, Chicago, Ill.), black, white and tan bitch, May 12, 1886 (Roderigo—Queen Bess).

LINDO (S. L. Boggs, Pittsburgh, Pa.), black, white and tan dog, June 2, 1887 (Gladstone—Flounce).

JACK MODOC (Charlottesville Field Trial Kennel, Charlottesville, Va.), black and white dog, 2 years (Buckellew—Ida).

JOE B. (Bayard Thayer, Boston, Mass.), black, white and tan dog, Sept. 25, 1885 (Baron—Nellie).

BRANDON (J. O. H. Denny, Ligonier, Pa.), lemon and white dog, 5 years (Royal Rock—Nellie).

FOREMAN'S NOBLE (C. F. Crawford, Pawtucket, R. I.), black, white and tan dog, Nov. 5, 1886 (Foreman—Nellie II).

NOBLE COUNT (H. Merriam, Weston, Mass.), black and white dog, Feb. 12, 1887 (Count Noble—Royal Myrtle).

SADDLEBAGS (E. W. Durkee, New York), black, white and tan bitch, June 25, 1885 (Foreman—Belle of Allendale).

BOB H. (A. J. Crovatt, Brunswick, Ga.), black, white and tan dog, March 31, 1885 (Count Noble—Belle Boyd).

KING LEO (E. F. Thomas, Denver, Col.), black, white and tan dog, 3 years (Count Noble—Ruby).

JOEY B. (Memphis & Avent Kennels, Memphis, Tenn.), black, white and tan dog, 3 years (Roderigo—Lillian).

CINCH (same owners), black, white and tan dog, 3 years (Roderigo—Bo Peep).

CASSIO (same owners), black, white and tan dog, 4 years (Count Noble—Lizzie Hopkins).

OLLIE S. (same owner, black, white and tan bitch, 3 years (Paul Gladstone—Lottie)

MISS THOMPSON (same owner) black, white and tan bitch, 3 years (Roderigo—Bo Peep.

JAQUES (C. Tucker, Stanton Depot, Tenn.), lemon and white dog, Oct. 28, 1886 (Fred W.—Queen of the South).

RODERIGO'S BOY (T. C. Eldridge, Knoxville, Tenn), black, white and tan dog, April 9, 1886 (Roderigo—Gipsy Queen).

GALATEA (W. Tallman, New York), black, white and tan bitch, 4 years (Mack B.—Choice).

EFFIE HILL (D. M. Barringer, Philadelphia, Pa.), black, white and tan bitch, 3 years (Prince Bergundthal—Donna).

BOHEMIAN GIRL (W. G. Mellier, Kansas City, Mo.), black and white bitch, 3 years (Count Noble—Mollie Belton).

CHAMPION STAKE.

MAINSPRING (J. T. Perkins, Brooklyn, N. Y.), liver and white pointer dog, 7 years (Mike—Romp).

TAMMANY (F. R. Hitchcok, New York), liver and white pointer dog, Aug. 24, 1883 (Tory—Moonstone).

ROBERT LE DIABLE (Highland Kennels, Red Bank, N. J.), liver and white pointer dog, 5 years (Croxteth—Spinaway).

BOB GATES (Whyte Bedford, Horn Lake, Miss.), black, white and tan English setter dog, April, 1884 (Count Rapier—Belle of Hatchie).

JEAN VAL JEAN (Memphis and Avent Kennel, Memphis, Tenn.), black, white and tan English setter dog, 4 years (Mingo—Twin Maud).

RICHMOND DOG SHOW.

[*Special to Forest and Stream.*]

RICHMOND, Va., Oct. 10.—Three hundred and fifty-six entries. Few absentees. Weather fine. Attendance good. Catalogue out the first morning of the show. Classes all judged by noon second day. Many prominent New York exhibitors here and taking part in the fox hunts. Building well adapted.

IRISH SETTER IMPORTATION.—Mr. E. O. Damon, of Northampton, Mass., has received from Ireland the Irish setter bitch Kate IX. She was whelped May 1, 1887, and is by Dick III. and out of Mr. Mahoney's Jane. Mr. Damon writes that he has tried her on ruffed grouse and that her work is of the highest order.

KENNEL NOTES.

Notes must be sent on prepared blanks, which are furnished free on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope of large letter size. Sets of 200 of any one form, bound for retaining duplicates, are sent for 30 cents.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Sid. By D. C. Tryon, Monterey, Mass., for liver and white pointer dog, whelped July 26, 1888, by Doctor (A.K.R. 6316) out of Guess (A.K.R. 6317).

Frisk. By W. S. Bidwell, Monterey, Mass., for lemon and white pointer dog, whelped July 26, 1888, by Doctor (A.K.R. 6316) out of Guess (A.K.R. 6317).

Duke. By B. N. Cook, Lenox, Mass., for liver and white pointer dog, whelped July 26, 1888, by Doctor (A.K.R. 6316) out of Guess (A.K.R. 6317).

Tu'penny. By Warner & Hamilton, Canaan Four Corners, N. Y., for dark fawn pug bitch, whelped July 7, 1888, by Cricket (A. K.R. 3230) out of Trinket (Dandy—Pansy Blossom).

Becky II. By O. B. Gilman, Boston, Mass., for black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped June 12, 1888, by Sancho G. (A.K.R. 6506) out of Frantic (A.K.R. 6281).

BRED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Lass o' Glenboig—Scot's Guard. Lothian Kennels' (Stepney, Conn.) collie bitch Lass o' Glenboig (Strathmairn—Young Countess) to H. S. Barnes's Scot's Guard (Dublin Scot—Spoiled Miss), Sept. 4.

Lothian Maid II.—Scot's Guard. Lothian Kennels' (Stepney, Conn.) collie bitch Lothian Maid II. (Montrose—Midlothian Lassie) to H. S. Barnes's Scot's Guard (Dublin Scot—Spoiled Miss), Sept. 7.

Lady Edgecombe—Scot's Guard. Lothian Kennels' (Stepney, Conn.) collie bitch Lady Edgecombe (Laddie—Lass of Edgecombe) to H. S. Barnes's Scot's Guard (Dublin Scot—Spoiled Miss), Sept. 11.

Gypsie—Chief. H. B. Anderson's (Franklinville, N. Y.) Irish setter bitch Gypsie (Tim—Florid) to Max Wenzel's Chief (Berkley—Duck), July 3.

Peg—Tim. M. Costello's (Boston Highlands, Mass.) Irish setter bitch Peg (Prince—Peg) to Max Wenzel's Tim (Biz—Hazel), Aug. 8.

Peggy O'More—Tim. J. Gallagher's (Elmira, N. Y.) Irish setter bitch Peggy O'More (Glencho—Quail O'More) to Max Wenzel's Tim (Biz—Hazel), Sept. 16.

Gyp—Bradford Harry. J. C. Cullen's (Pittsfield, Mass.) Yorkshire terrier bitch Gyp to P. H. Coombs's Bradford Harry (Crawshaw's Bruce—Beale's Lady), Sept. 26.

WHELPS.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Bonnie Jean. J. C. Schuyler's (Berryville, Va.) pointer bitch Bonnie Jean (Mainspring—Fairy), Sept. 21, five (three dogs), by Mr. Wanstall's Don (Fritz, Jr.—Hazel).

Blanchie May. J. C. Schuyler's (Berryville, Va.) pointer bitch Blanchie May (Tammany—Bertie), Sept. 28, nine (five dogs), by C. W. Littlejohn's Fritz (champion Beaufort—Spot); one dog and one bitch since dead.

Bradford Midget. J. C. Comstock's (La Gro, Ind.) pug bitch Bradford Midget (A.K.R. 5455), Oct. 1, five dogs, by Leo II.

Topsey. G. P. Wiggin's (Lawrence, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Topsey (Hector—Messonia), Sept. 30, five (three dogs), by his Winchester (A.K.R. 5179).

Flounce. Brookwood Kennels' (Washington Heights, New York) English setter bitch Flounce, Sept. 20 and 28, two (one dog), by W. B. Pect's Ted Llewellin (Druid—Leonard's Gessie).

Norah O'Brien. F. N. Hall's (New York) Irish setter bitch Norah O'Brien (Chief—Rose Bradwardine), May 21, ten (three dogs), by Max Wenzel's Tim (Biz—Hazel).

Gypsie. H. B. Anderson's (Franklinville, N. Y.) Irish setter bitch Gypsie (Tim—Florid), Sept. 5, five (four dogs), by M. Wenzel's Chief (Berkley—Duck).

Youbé. Max Wenzel's (Hoboken, N. J.) Irish setter bitch Yoube (Elcho—Rose), Sept. 28, eight (six dogs), by his Chief (Berkley—Duck).

Lady Edith. J. H. Ackroyd's (Saylesville, R. I.) Irish setter bitch Lady Edith (Rory O'More—Lady Berkley), May 30, ten (three dogs), by Max Wenzel's Chief (Biz—Hazel).

Nellie. A. B. Tyrrell's (Haverhill, Mass.) Irish setter bitch Nellie (Watts—Romaine), Aug. 3, five (three dogs), by Max Wenzel's Chief (Berkley—Duck).

Blemton Arrow. Beverwyck Kennels' (Albany, N. Y.) fox-terrier bitch Blemton Arrow (Royal—Blemton Dart), Sept. 24, four (three dogs), by Blemton Kennels' Dusky Trap (Dusky Splinter—Spider).

SALES.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Uncle. Brindle bulldog, whelped July, 1887, by Robinson Crusoe (A.K.R. 2597) out of Carmen (A.K.R. 4971), by Associated Fanciers, Philadelphia Pa., to G. B. Benners, same place.

Hebe of Nesseldown. Black and tan collie bitch, whelped June, 1887, by Glenlivat out of Nellie McGregor, by A. R. Kyle, South Norwalk, Conn., to L. Wey, Bridgeport, Conn.

Royal Monarch. Sable and white collie dog, whelped May 6, 1887, by champion Rutland out of Ruth, by A. R. Kyle, South Norwalk, Conn., to Chas. Sheldon, New Haven, Conn.

Sir Wallace. Dark sable collie dog, whelped Dec. 7, 1888, by champion Rutland out of Heather Bell, by A. R. Kyle, South Norwalk, Conn., to Messrs. Walseck & Yardley, Newtown, Conn.

Dr. Clyde. Brindle deerhound dog, whelped Dec. 24, 1885, by champion Oscar out of Lady Dare, by Miss Ida F. Warren, Leicester, Mass., to Associated Fanciers, Philadelphia, Pa.

Dudley's Hector—Dudley's Belle whelp. Fawn mastiff dog, whelped March 2, 1888, by Associated Fanciers, Philadelphia, Pa., to Chas. L. Dawson, Charlestown, W. Va.

Fleet View Belle. White and liver ticked pointer bitch, whelped July 24, 1888, by Spot Dash out of imported Belle Randolph, by Fleet View Pointer Kennels, Lynn, Mass., to McHenry Robinson, Boston, Mass.

Rapid Bang—Heald's Nancy whelp. Liver and white pointer bitch, whelped Jan. 15, 1888, by Associated Fanciers, Philadelphia Pa., to Richard Gerrans, Park City, Utah.

Duke. Liver and white pointer dog, whelped July 26, 1888, by Doctor (A.K.R. 6316) out of Guess (A.K.R. 6317), by W. S. Bidwell, Monterey, Mass., to B. N. Cook, Lenox, Mass.

Doctor (A.K.R. 6316) Guess (A.K.R. 6317) whelps. Pointers, whelped July 26, 1888, by W. S. Bidwell, Monterey, Mass., a liver and white ticked dog to Geo. W. Shultis, same place, and a liver and white bitch to R. Broderick, Great Barrington, Mass.

Sid. Liver and white dog, whelped July 26, 1888, by Doctor (A. K.R. 6317) out of Guess (A.K.R. 6317), by W. S. Bidwell, Monterey, Mass., to D. C. Tryon, same place.

Tu'penny. Dark fawn pug bitch, whelped Aug. 7, 1888, by Cricket (A.K.R. 3230) out of Trinket, by Warner & Hamilton, Canaan Four Corners, N. Y., to H. A. Allen, Albany, N. Y.

Monarch. Orange and white St. Bernard dog, whelped Oct. 4, 1886, by Filibuster (A.K.R. 1671) out of Terese (A.K.R. 5372), by Rev. R. Walsh, Dushore, Pa., to Associated Fanciers, Philadelphia, Pa.

Winna. Orange and white St. Bernard bitch, whelped April 11, 1888 (A.K.R. 6563), by G. P. Wiggin, Lawrence, Mass., to F. N. Livingston, Haverhill, Mass.

Merta. Orange and white St. Bernard bitch, whelped April 11, 1888, by Winchester out of Topsy, by G. P. Wiggin, Lawrence, Mass., to J. A. Wiggin, Brookfield, Mass.

San Roy III. Lemon and white English setter dog, whelped April 23, 1888, by San Roy, Jr., out of Nell Gwynne, by F. G. Taylor and G. G. Davis, Philadelphia, Pa., to Harry Hurley, same place.

Sheridan. Orange and white English setter dog, whelped April 23, 1888, by MacD. out of Chief's Queen, by F. G. Taylor and G. G. Davis, Philadelphia, Pa., to J. J. Kerr, same place.

Black Bess V. Black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped June 12, 1888 (A.K.R. 6498), by O. B. Gilman, Boston, Mass., to T. Park, Grafton, Vt.

Dictator. White and tan marked head fox-terrier dog, whelped March 27, 1888, by Resolute out of Blemton Arrow, by Beverwyck Kennels, Albany, N. Y., to L. C. White, Jr., Windsor, Vt.

ST. PAUL, Oct. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of Sept. 27 you mention in Sales column Duke and Marquis of St. Paul, rough-coated St. Bernards, by Bang II. out of Norma; it should be by Barry II. out of Noma. Please correct.—D. BERGMAN.

DEATHS.

Lady Pluto. Black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped Sept. 1, 1885 (A.K.R. 3313), owned by G. N. Whitehead, Trenton, N. J.; killed by the cars.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

THE BOSTON FALL MEETING.

BOSTON, Oct. 4.—The Massachusetts Rifle Association's fall meeting opened to-day at Walnut Hill Range, to continue three days. Pleasant weather greeted the shooters that gathered in goodly number from all parts of the country. The high winds prevented good scores in the rest match, it blowing hard from 9 o'clock. Following are the top scores finished:

Thirty shots, rest match, 200yds.

J R Monroe	12	9	11	9	10	10	10	12	11	10—104
	10	9	12	9	12	11	10	12	9	11—105
	10	12	10	9	12	9	11	10	8	10—105—310
W C Johnston, Jr.	308									
J Francis	307									
D L Chase	307									
W V Lowe	296									

Rest Match, 200yds.

D L Chase	10	10	12	12	12	12	10—80			
W C Johnston, Jr.	9	11	10	7	7	12	9—65			

Two matches were shot for the Directors' gold medal, to be won once a year, and it not having been shot for 1887, both matches were shot to-day with the following result: Henry S. Harris won for 1887, and J. N. Frye won for 1888.

Off-hand Match, 30 prizes (five scores to win).

U N Certain	8	10	10	9	10	10	10—67			
	10	9	10	9	9	9	7—63			
	8	8	10	10	8	10	8—62			
	8	10	8	10	8	8	8—60			
	8	9	7	7	8	10	7—56			

Revolver and Pistol Match (five scores to win).

J Brown	8	10	10	9	10—47	Mrs J L Fowle	6	9	9	8	7—41
	9	10	9	9	10—46		10	10	7	5	9—41
	9	9	9	10	8—45		8	9	8	8	7—40
	8	8	9	10	10—45		5	9	6	9	9—35
	9	10	8	8	10—45		9	7	8	6	5—35

Oct. 5.—To-day was the second day of the Massachusetts Rifle Association fall meeting at Walnut Hill. The attendance was good and high scores made in all the matches. The wind blew hard all day from 7 to 9 o'clock. J. B. Fellows's score of 50 in the pistol match is the highest on record in a five-shot match. Following are the best scores finished:

Off-Hand Match—(Five scores to win).

J A Huggins	10	10	10	10	7	9	10—66			
	9	10	8	10	9	8	10—64			
	7	10	10	9	10	8	9—63			
	6	10	9	10	10	9	7—61			
	6	9	8	10	10	9	9—61			

Rest Match—(Five scores to win).

J B Munroe	11	12	12	10	12	11	12—80			
	12	10	10	11	9	11	12—75			
	9	12	12	9	12	9	11—74			
	11	11	11	11	11	9	10—74			
	12	12	11	11	11	9	8—74			

Pistol and Revolver Match—(Five scores to win).

J B Fellows	10	10	10	10	10—50					
	9	10	10	9	10—48					
	10	9	8	9	10—46					
	9	8	8	10	10—45					
	9	9	9	9	8—44					

Oct. 6.—The fall meeting of the Massachusetts Rifle Association closed this afternoon, after three pleasant days, with lots of shooting and some very high scores in all the matches. Many riflemen were present from other States as well as from the different parts

of Massachusetts. Following is a list of prize winners and their scores:

Off-hand Match—Five scores to win.

J A Huggins
10 10 10 10 7 9 10—66
9 10 8 10 9 8 10—64
7 9 10 10 10 10 8—64
10 7 8 10 10 10 10—64
8 10 9 10 9 10 7—63—321

G F Prevear
8 10 10 9 10 10 10—67
10 9 10 9 9 7 9—63
8 8 10 10 8 10 8—62
8 10 8 10 9 8 9—62
10 9 8 7 9 9 8—60—314

D Newton
10 8 9 8 9 10 9—63
10 10 8 8 7 9 10—62
9 7 9 9 9 10 8—62
9 9 10 8 9 8 7—60
6 10 9 9 6 10 10—60—306

F Emerson
9 9 9 8 9 10 10—64
10 8 10 9 8 9 8—63
10 10 10 8 8 7 8—61
10 8 9 8 7 8 6—59
9 9 7 8 10 7 8—58—305

O M Jewell
10 10 8 10 10 10 7—65
10 10 9 9 9 8 8—63
8 7 10 7 10 9 9—60
10 8 8 9 10 7 8—60
8 8 8 7 8 10 8—57—305

H E Tuck
10 9 9 8 9 10 7—62
10 9 9 6 10 9 8—61
9 7 7 10 10 8 9—60
9 9 7 10 7 10 9—60
10 10 8 6 9 8 8—60—303

E J Cram...63 60 58 58 57—296
A C White...61 59 59 58 58—295
E R Foster...62 59 59 58 56—294
A Edgerly...60 59 58 58 58—293
C M Hill...59 58 58 57 57—289
H L Lee...62 59 58 55 55—289
A Loring mil*.56 56 53 50 48—288
E Munson...60 58 57 56 56—287
G G Franklin..61 57 57 56 56—286

*Military rifles allowed 25 points.

Rest Match—(Five scores to win).

D L Chase..12 12 12 12 10 12 11—81
12 12 11 12 11 12 11—81
12 12 12 11 11 11 11—80
10 10 12 12 12 12 12—80
12 10 12 12 12 11 10 12—79
401

J Francis...82 81 78 78 77—396
J N Frye...82 78 77 77 76—390
A Loring...79 77 77 76 75—384
W V Lowe...78 77 77 76 74—382

Revolver and Pistol Match—(Five scores to win).

W W Bennett..10 10 9 10 10—49
10 9 10 10 9—48
9 10 10 9 10—48
10 10 9 10 8—47
10 10 8 10 9—47
239

J B Fellows...10 10 10 10 10—50
9 10 10 9 10—48
9 10 9 8 10—46
10 10 9 8 9—46
10 9 8 9 10—46
232

W Scott...9 10 10 9 8—46
9 9 9 10 9—46
9 10 9 8 9—45
10 10 8 8 9—45
10 8 10 9 8—45
227

J R Monroe..12 11 11 12 11 12 12—81
12 12 10 12 11 11 12—80
12 12 11 11 11 11 12—80
11 12 12 10 12 11 12—80
12 12 12 10 12 11 10—79
400

N Washburn..79 77 75 74 72—377
Clarke...77 76 76 75 74—374
W C Johnston Jr 77 75 72 71 71—366

J L Fowle...8 9 9 10 10—46
10 9 10 9 7—45
8 7 10 10—44
9 10 10 9 6—44
9 7 10 9 9—44
223

J A Huggins...10 8 8 9 10—45
8 10 9 8 8—43
9 9 9 8 8—43
8 8 9 9 9—43
7 7 10 10 9—43
217

A Loring...7 10 10 9 10—45
9 8 10 6 9—42
6 10 8 8 9—42
10 7 6 10 9—42
8 10 8 9 7—42
214

WILMINGTON, Del., Oct. 5.—The Wilmington Rifle Club shot at Healdmoor Range to-day. The scores were as follows, American target, at 200yds. off-hand:

H B Seeds...6 6 7 3 10 7 9 8 10 6—75
J E E Seeds...9 7 6 10 9 6 4 8 7 8—74
J F McCafferty...6 5 5 7 7 9 9 9 4 10—72
C Heinel, Sr...10 7 8 8 8 7 8 4 5 4—67
H A Heinel...5 5 7 5 8 9 7 5 9 7—67
C Carlton...9 4 6 4 8 6 5 10 9 3—64
J B Bell...7 5 4 5 7 4 9 4 10 8—62
J Scott...4 7 10 6 10 5 5 6 3 0—56
W F Seeds...2 4 3 7 6 6 4 6 4 6—48
H Simpson...4 5 4 3 2 0 7 1 5 5*36—621

*Imperfect lubricant, causing leading.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 30.—The annual rifle-practice of the Second Artillery Regiment, National Guard of California, took place at Shell Mound Range to-day, under the supervision of Lieutenant F. A. Kuhls, Inspector of Rifle Practice. The regiment was represented by companies A, C, D, E, F and H, and acquitted itself creditably, as was expected, it having among its members some of the best rifle-shots on the coast. There was an extra incentive for the men to do their best yesterday, beyond the winning of the medals, in the shape of a gold and silver cup eighteen inches high, beautifully and appropriately engraved. This cup was presented to the regiment to be competed for by the companies, the highest total score of the best six marksmen in each company deciding the ownership. Company C won the cup, and altogether made a higher percentage than any other company this season. To win a medal in the rifle practice it is necessary to make 25 out of a possible 50, which entitles the marksman to a bronze medal, 40 insures a silver medal and bar, and 45 a gold medal and bar.

PHILADELPHIA.—A brigade rifle contest will be held at the Hartranft Rifle Range on Saturday, Oct. 20, and Saturday, Oct. 27, commencing at 9 A. M. The prizes are the gift of Lieut.-Col. Thomas Potter, Jr., A. D. C. to the Commander-in-Chief. The following contests will be held: First, Oct. 20—For company teams of four and one reserve, for marksmen who have qualified this year. Members of the company who have been on previous regimental or brigade teams or their reserves barred. To shoot 5 shots each at 200 and 500yds. First prize, four gold collar badges; second prize, four silver collar badges; third prize, four bronze collar badges. Second, Oct. 27, A. M.—Second class regimental contest, for teams of four and one reserve from regimental battalions or independent companies. To shoot 7 shots each at 200 and 500yds. Those who have been members of previous regimental or brigade teams and their reserves barred. First prize, four gold collar badges, with diamond bullseye. Third, First Class Regimental Contest, Oct. 27, P. M.—For teams of four and one reserve for regiments, battalions or independent companies. To shoot 7 shots each at 200, 500 and 600yds. Prize, the "Potter Trophy," a bronze group, "The Last Cartridge," to become the property of the organization winning it three times, and four gold collar badges with ruby bullseye, the property of the team.

FOR IRA PAINE.—The following letter has been published by the Boston pistol expert: "I notice that Ira A. Paine, of Providence, publishes an apology in New York for his recent appearance in the Creedmoor competitions. He explains that he would not have competed in the revolver shooting at Creedmoor but for the expectation that I would be present. I know of nothing that should lead Mr. Paine to expect to see me competing with amateur marksmen for a prize of $10 or $15, which it costs $12 entrance to win. Whenever Mr. Paine cares to shoot me again for the revolver shooting championship of America, which he lost to me last June, I am ready to shoot him for $1,000 a side. I will renew a match with Mr. Paine on the conditions of the match that he lost, and, furthermore, on a six days' shooting—1,000 points a day—I will give him twenty points on the match. This match is open to be shot in America, England or France; and I will give expenses for privilege of naming the ground, or take expenses and accede the same privilege to Mr. Paine; the Boston *Globe* to be temporary stakeholder. I mention England or France because Mr. Paine has, I understand, arranged his departure for those countries, and I wish it understood that I am ready to cross the ocean, also, if he will afford me another match for money.—FREDERICK E. BENNETT, Revolver-shooting Champion of America."

ST. PAUL, Minn.—At the recent annual meeting of the Minnesota National Guard Rifle Association, held in the range house, the following officers were elected: President, Capt. A. E. Chantler, of St. Paul; Vice-President, Capt. C. M. Skinner, of Minneapolis; Second Vice-President, Capt. Graham, of Wisconsin; Third Vice-President, Sergt. Crossman, of Iowa; Secretary, Capt. Amory, of A.; Treasurer, Lieut. C. L. Williams, I. R. P. The election of vice-presidents from each State was in accordance with an amendment of the constitution making such provisions.

THE DETROIT "JOURNAL" MATCH.—The editor of the Detroit (Mich.) *Journal* is doing what he can to promote rifle shooting in Michigan. He has been getting up a match between the two championship claimants, Damon and Joslin. C. A. Damon is a well-known expert rifle and pistol shot, and the exhibition he gave at the Hamilton Fair showed wonderful precision and confidence. His friends do not think that there is a man in Michigan who can begin to touch him. They think he has a practically sure thing. Mr. Frank H. Joslin has earned a national reputation as a side-hold wrestler, and a photograph of him shows him stripped to the waist for wrestling, with arms of great muscular development. Mr. Joslin is now a locomotive engineer on the logging railroad in the Potts lumber camp, and is an expert with his rifle, disdaining to shoot quail or pigeons with anything but his rifle, and very rarely hitting them anywhere except in the head. The *Journal's* championship badge and a solid pot of money are to be shot for by them at 50yds.

NEWARK, N. J., Oct. 4.—Some of the members of the Newark Shooting Society are talking of organizing a revolver club. A number of fine revolver shots are included in the membership, and a first-class 30 and 50yd. range could be fitted up at a small expense in the park.... The weekly practice of the Newark Shooting Society this afternoon called out but a small number of members. During the afternoon William Hayes made 240 out of a possible 250 on the German ring target. The club will probably give an open-to-all shoot on Nov. 6.... The United Amateur Rifle Association entries close with the Munroe, Howard, Our Own, Excelsior, Oakland, Lakeside and Annie Oakley rifle clubs. The tournament will begin on Oct. 1.

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

THE OHIO LEAGUE.

DAYTON, O., Oct. 3.—The shooters had an auspicious opening of the second annual League contests on the grounds at the north end of Main street yesterday, with crack shots in attendance from all Ohio cities. The day was cloudy, air raw and cold, thermometer registering 52°, strong wind blowing quartering from the northeast into the faces of the shooters. Tents, scorers' stands, gun tables, magazine and target packages and the rattle of the continued bang of shotguns, gave the grounds the appearance of a camp of an infantry regiment. Rules of the League govern all matches, all free for all and programme events class shooting and all at 18yds. rise. Twelve bluerocks each, $1.50 entrance:

Al Bandle ..... 101111111110—10
Rolla Heikes ..... 111101111111—11
Girton ..... 111111101011—10
W Benscotten ..... 111111101110—10
W Pratchett ..... 110011110100—7
Paul North ..... 111110111110—10
J E Miller ..... 000111111010—7
C W Hart ..... 111111111111—12
Wm Glasford ..... 011111110010—8
R Stuart ..... 110111110110—9
Ed Taylor ..... 101110111110—9
Bruce Ralston ..... 110011111111—10
Walter Keenan ..... 011111101111—10
J E Cain ..... 111001010000—4

Class A—Hart first, Heikes second, and in shoot-off Benscotten and Keenan three straight and divided third. Class B—Messrs. Stuart, Taylor and Richard divided first; Glassford took second, Pratchett and Miller divided third.

Fifteen clay birds, $1 entrance:

Heikes ..... 101100111101111—11
Girton ..... 010011011111110—10
Ralston ..... 111001100111110—10
Bandle ..... 001011111110110—10
Benscotten ..... 111011101101111—12
Hart ..... 111111111011011—13
North ..... 010111111100101—9
Pratchett ..... 100111111111101—11
Taylor ..... 111101100111110—11
Glasford ..... 111111111101011—13
Stuart ..... 100011111110111—10
Richard ..... 110111101101010—9
Miller ..... 001000101101011—7
Ed Cain ..... 011110001011100—8

Class A—Messrs. Hart and Glasford divided first money; Benscotten took second; and in the shoot-off Heikes won third. Class B—Messrs. Girton and Ralston divided first in shoot-off; North and Richards divided second, and Cain dropped easily into third.

Fifteen bluerocks each, $2 entrance:

Bandle ..... 111111111111011—14
Miller ..... 111111010101111—12
Girton ..... 011111011111101—12
North ..... 111011110110110—11
Ralston ..... 011110011111110—11
Heikes ..... 111111101011111—14
Benscotten ..... 011111011111011—13
Glasford ..... 110111011111111—13
Pratchett ..... 111101111111111—14
Richard ..... 111111111111111—15
Taylor ..... 111111111111111—15
Cain ..... 111111111111111—15
Mumma ..... 111111111111111—15
Stuart ..... 111111111111111—15
Hart ..... 111111111111111—15
Keenan ..... 111111111111111—15

Ralston won first with 15 straight; Heikes and Benscotten second; Girton, Bandle, Hart and Waddell shoot off for third; Bandle and Waddell tied and divided; Pratchett and Bacon of Miamisburg, divided fourth.

Fifteen bluerocks, $2 entrance:

Bandle ..... 110111111111111—14
Miller ..... 111110111101011—13
Benscotten ..... 111111111111011—13
Glassford ..... 111111111111111—15
Hart ..... 111111111111111—15
Pratchett ..... 101101110110111—13
Heikes ..... 111111111111111—15
Girton ..... 111111111111111—15
Ralston ..... 111111111111111—15

Heikes's 15 gave him first; Bandle, Hart and Benscotten divided second; Miller and Girton divided third; Pratchett and Reese divided fourth.

Fifteen clay birds, $2 entrance:

Bandle ..... 011111101111111—13
Ralston ..... 011110010110111—10
Heikes ..... 000111111011110—10
Miller ..... 111111111010101—12
Benscotten ..... 111101111111111—14
Hart ..... 111111111111111—15
Pratchett ..... 101010110101111—11
Girton ..... 111111111111111—15
Glasford ..... 111111111111111—15
Mumma ..... 111111111111111—15
Waddell ..... 111111111111111—15
Bacon ..... 111111111111111—15
Keenan ..... 111111111111111—15

Hart won first; Benscotten and Mumma divided second; Bandle, Girton and Glassford divided third; Miller and Waddell divided fourth.

Twelve bluerocks, $1.50 entrance:

Bandle ..... 111111111111—12
Miller ..... 111111111110—11
Heikes ..... 111111111111—12
Ralston ..... 011111111111—11
Hart ..... 111111111111—12
Girton ..... 111110011101—9
Prill ..... 111111101111—11
Binkerd ..... 111010010110—7
Pratchett ..... 011111011101—9
Cain ..... 101111010111—9
Mumma ..... 111101110111—10
Benscotten ..... 111111111111—12
Glassford ..... 111111111111—12
Keenan ..... 111111111111—12
McDonald ..... 111011111111—11
Waddell ..... 111111111111—12
Bandle ..... 111111111111—12
Miller ..... 111111111111—12
Ralston ..... 111111111111—12
Girton ..... 111111111111—12
Hart ..... 111111111111—12
Heikes ..... 111111111111—12
Keenan ..... 111111111111—12
Benscotten ..... 111111111111—12
McDonald ..... 111111111111—12
Mumma ..... 111111111111—12
Glassford ..... 111111111111—12
Pratchett ..... 111111111111—12
Cain ..... 111111111111—12
Binkerd ..... 111111111111—12
Prill ..... 111111111111—12

Bandle, Heikes and Hart divided first; Miller, Ralston, Prill and Buntaine divided second; Mumma and Benscotten divided third; Cain took fourth.

Fifteen clay birds, $1.50 entrance:

Bandle ..... 111111111111110—13
Hart ..... 111111111111111—14
Benscotten ..... 111111111111111—14
Heikes ..... 111111101110111—13
Miller ..... 011111110111011—12
Girton ..... 111101111111111—14
Binkerd ..... 101000101001101—7
Mumma ..... 111011111111001—12
Buntaine ..... 011111111111011—13
Waddell ..... 101111111111111—14
Cain ..... 000111111111101—11
Prill ..... 100111011101000—8

Hart, Benscotten, Girton and Waddell divided first; Bandle, Heikes and Buntaine divided second; Miller and Mumma divided third; Cain took fourth.

Twelve bluerocks, $2 entrance:

Bandle ..... 111111111112—12
Heikes ..... 111111111112—12
Benscotten ..... 111111111112—12
Miller ..... 101111111111—11
Girton ..... 111111111112—12
Ralston ..... 111111111112—12
Hart ..... 111111111111—12
Keenan ..... 111111011111—11
McDonald ..... 011011111110—10
Mumma ..... 111011111011—9
Glassford ..... 111111111111—11
Buntaine ..... 111111111112—12

Benscotten, Ralston and Hart divided first; Miller, Keenan and Glassford divided second; Scott McDonald took third; Mumma took fourth.

Fifteen clay-birds, $2 entrance:

Bandle ..... 111111111101111—14
Miller ..... 111111111111111—15
Heikes ..... 111111111111111—15
Benscotten ..... 111101101101101—11
Girton ..... 111011011111111—14
Cain ..... 111111111111011—14
Mumma ..... 011010111111111—13
Hart ..... 111111111111111—15
Pratchett ..... 111111111111111—15
Glassford ..... 111111111111111—15
Waddell ..... 111111111111111—15
Keenan ..... 111111111111111—15

Miller and Heikes divided first; in the shoot-off Cain broke 5 straight and took second; Girton and Benscotten divided third, Mumma fourth.

Nine bluerocks, $1 entrance:

Heikes ..... 001111110—6
Pratchett ..... 111001111—8
Hart ..... 101011111—7
Waddell ..... 111011011—7
Benscotten ..... 111111111—9
Mumma ..... 110111111—8
Reese ..... 101111111—8

Benscotten and Prill divided first; the eights had a time of it shooting off, but Bandle and Miller tied on 9 birds and divided; Hart and Waddell divided third.

Nine Keystones, $1 entrance:

Girton ..... 111111111—9
Benscotten ..... 101110101—6
Miller ..... 111111111—9
Hart ..... 111111111—9
Waddell ..... 111111111—9
Mumma ..... 110111111—8
Bandle ..... 111111111—9
Glassford ..... 111111011—8
Heikes ..... 101111111—7
Pratchett ..... 111111111—9
Bacon ..... 111111111—9
Penrose ..... 111101011—7

Twelve Keystones, $1.50 entrance:

Heikes ..... 111101111110—10
Ralston ..... 111111111111—12
Benscotten ..... 110111011011—9
Bandle ..... 111111101111—11
Miller ..... 111110111111—11
Hart ..... 101111111111—11
Girton ..... 111111111111—12
Bacon ..... 111111111111—12
Cain ..... 111111111111—12
Mumma ..... 111111111111—12
Glassford ..... 111111111111—12
Pratchett ..... 111111111111—12
Prill ..... 111111101110—9
Hunter ..... 111111111111—12
Binkard ..... 000101110010—5
McDonald ..... 111111111111—12
Keenan ..... 111111111111—12

Ralston won first, Bandle and Miller divided second, Girton and Keenan divided third.

Nine Keystones, $1 entrance:

Bandle ..... 111100111—7
Heikes ..... 111111111—9
Cain ..... 010110011—5
McDonald ..... 111101110—7
Mumma ..... 100001w.
Hunter ..... 0001w.
Benscotten ..... 111111101—8
Girton ..... 101111110—7
Keenan ..... 011011111—7

Heikes took first, Benscotten second, and in shoot off for third Girton and McDonald tied and divided.

Nine Keystones, $1 entrance: First was divided between Miller, Waddell and Bandle, after each had broken 15 in the shoot off; Mumma and Heikes divided second, Penrose third.

Nine bluerocks each, $1 entrance:

North ..... 111011111—8
Girton ..... 111111111—9
Ralston ..... 110111111—8
Glasford ..... 101111111—8
Hart ..... 110111111—8
Bandle ..... 111111111—9
Miller ..... 111111111—9
Heikes ..... 111111111—9

Benscotten, Miller, Heikes and Keenan divided first, North and Hart divided second, Pratchett, Richard, Stuart and Albee divided third.

Nine Keystone birds, $1 entrance:

Bandle ..... 111011111—8
Heikes ..... 111111011—8
Albee ..... 011111001—6
Miller ..... 011011010—5
Glasford ..... 111100001—5
Benscotten ..... 111111111—9
Hart ..... 111111111—9
Keenan ..... 111111111—9
Cain ..... 011011110—6
Girton ..... 111111111—9
Pratchett ..... 111010111—7
Ralston ..... 111111111—9
Stuart ..... 110111111—8

Benscotten, Hart, Keenan, Girton and Ralston divided first money, Bandle, Heikes and Stuart second, Pratchett dropped gracefully into third without a struggle.

Second Day—Oct. 3.

Sun shone brightly, temperature moderated, and the nor-nor-easter was not so strong through the second day's contests in the League tournament in progress north of the city yesterday. Attendance was somewhat larger, and other shooters reported, but neglect to work up interest in the meetings shows its effect in slim attendance. Of the 100,000 shooters in Ohio, it is probable that not a thousand knew that the tournament was in progress until dispatches were published yesterday morning.

The programme opened with a twelve bluerock match, $1.50 entrance:

Heikes ..... 111111111111—12
Girton ..... 111101111111—11
Bandle ..... 111111111111—12
Pratchett ..... 111111111110—11
Benscotten ..... 111111111111—12
Mumma ..... 111001001110—8
Hart ..... 111111111110—11
Prill ..... 111011110111—10
Miller ..... 111111111111—12
Glassford ..... 111111011111—11
Ralston ..... 111110000 w— 5
Bacon ..... 101111010101— 9
Reese ..... 111110101001— 8
Blackford ..... 111111011110—10
Waddell ..... 111111111011—11
C A Dick ..... 001111000110— 6

Heikes, Bandle, Benscotten and Miller divided first money; Girton, Pratchett, Hart, Glassford and Waddell, divided second; Prill and Blackford third; and Bacon took fourth.

Fifteen clay birds, $1.50 entrance:

Heikes ..... 111011111111111—14
Girton ..... 011101111111111—13
Mumma ..... 110111001101000— 8
Miller ..... 000110101111011—10
Bandle ..... 111111011101111—13
Benscotten ..... 111111111111011—14
Ralston ..... 111111111111111—15
Hart ..... 111111101111011—13
Pratchett ..... 111111111111111—15
Glassford ..... 111111111111111—15
Blackford ..... 101111101100011—10
Bacon ..... 100111111101111—12

Ralston won first with 15 straight; Heikes and Benscotten second; Girton, Bandle, Hart and Waddell shoot off for third; Bandle and Waddell tied and divided; Pratchett and Bacon of Miamisburg, divided fourth.

Fifteen bluerocks, $2 entrance:

Bandle ..... 110111111111111—14
Miller ..... 111110111111011—13
Benscotten ..... 111011111111111—14
Hart ..... 111111111111111—15
Pratchett ..... 101101110110111—13
Heikes ..... 111111111111111—15
Girton ..... 111111111111111—15
Glassford ..... 111111111111111—15
Mumma ..... 111000111101— w— 8
Waddell ..... 111111111111111—15
Blackford ..... 101111101100011—10
Bacon ..... 100111111101111—12
Reese ..... 101111110101011—11

Heikes's 15 gave him first; Bandle, Hart and Benscotten divided second; Miller and Girton divided third; Pratchett and Reese divided fourth.

Fifteen clay birds, $2 entrance:

Bandle ..... 011111101111111—13
Ralston ..... 011110010110111—10
Heikes ..... 000111111011110—10
Miller ..... 111111111010101—12
Benscotten ..... 111101111111111—14
Hart ..... 111111111111111—15
Pratchett ..... 101010110101111—11
Girton ..... 111111111111111—15
Glassford ..... 111111111111111—15
Mumma ..... 111111111111111—15
Waddell ..... 111111111111111—15
Bacon ..... 111111111111111—15
Keenan ..... 111111111111111—15

Hart won first; Benscotten and Mumma divided second; Bandle, Girton and Glassford divided third; Miller and Waddell divided fourth.

Twelve bluerocks, $1.50 entrance:

Bandle ..... 111111111111—12
Miller ..... 111111111110—11
Heikes ..... 111111111111—12
Ralston ..... 011111111111—11
Hart ..... 111111111111—12
Girton ..... 111110011101— 9
Binkerd ..... 101000101001101— 7
Prill ..... 100111011101000— 8

Hart, Benscotten, Girton and Waddell divided first; Bandle, Heikes and Buntaine divided second; Miller and Mumma divided third; Cain took fourth.

Twelve bluerocks, $2 entrance:

Bandle ..... 111111111112—12
Heikes ..... 111111111112—12
Benscotten ..... 111111111112—12
Miller ..... 101111111111—11
Girton ..... 111111111112—12
Ralston ..... 111111111112—12
Hart ..... 111111111111—12
Keenan ..... 111111011111—11
McDonald ..... 011011111110—10
Mumma ..... 111011111011— 9
Glassford ..... 111111111111—11
Buntaine ..... 111111111112—12

Benscotten, Ralston and Hart divided first; Miller, Keenan and Glassford divided second; Scott McDonald took third; Mumma took fourth.

Fifteen clay-birds, $2 entrance:

Bandle ..... 111111111101111—14
Miller ..... 111111111111111—15
Heikes ..... 111111111111111—15
Benscotten ..... 111101101101101—11
Girton ..... 111011011111111—14
Cain ..... 111111111111011—14
Mumma ..... 011010111111111—13
Hart ..... 111111111111111—15
Pratchett ..... 111111111111111—15
Glassford ..... 111111111111111—15
Waddell ..... 111111111111111—15
Keenan ..... 111111111111111—15

Miller and Heikes divided first; in the shoot-off Cain broke 5 straight and took second; Girton and Benscotten divided third, Mumma fourth.

Nine bluerocks, $1 entrance:

Heikes ..... 001111110—6
Pratchett ..... 111001111—8
Hart ..... 101011111—7
Waddell ..... 111011011—7
Benscotten ..... 111111111—9
Mumma ..... 110111111—8
Reese ..... 101111111—8

Benscotten and Prill divided first; the eights had a time of it shooting off, but Bandle and Miller tied on 9 birds and divided; Hart and Waddell divided third.

Nine Keystones, $1 entrance:

Girton ..... 111111111—9
Benscotten ..... 101110101—6
Miller ..... 111111111—9
Hart ..... 111111111—9
Waddell ..... 111111111—9
Mumma ..... 110111111—8
Bandle ..... 111111111—9
Glassford ..... 111111011—8
Heikes ..... 101111111—7
Pratchett ..... 111111111—9
Bacon ..... 111111111—9
Penrose ..... 111101011—7

Twelve Keystones, $1.50 entrance:

Heikes ..... 111101111110—10
Ralston ..... 111111111111—12
Benscotten ..... 110111011011—9
Bandle ..... 111111101111—11
Miller ..... 111110111111—11
Hart ..... 101111111111—11
Girton ..... 111111111111—12
Bacon ..... 111111111111—12
Cain ..... 111111111111—12
Mumma ..... 111111111111—12
Glassford ..... 111111111111—12
Pratchett ..... 111111111111—12
Prill ..... 111011110111— 9
Hunter ..... 111111111111—12
Binkard ..... 000101110010— 5
McDonald ..... 111111111111—12
Keenan ..... 111111111111—12

Ralston won first, Bandle and Miller divided second, Girton and Keenan divided third.

Nine Keystones, $1 entrance:

Bandle ..... 111100111—7
Heikes ..... 111111111—9
Cain ..... 010110011—5
McDonald ..... 111101110—7
Mumma ..... 100001w.
Hunter ..... 0001w.
Benscotten ..... 111111101—8
Girton ..... 101111110—7
Keenan ..... 011011111—7

Heikes took first, Benscotten second, and in shoot off for third Girton and McDonald tied and divided.

Nine Keystones, $1 entrance: First was divided between Miller, Waddell and Bandle, after each had broken 15 in the shoot off; Mumma and Heikes divided second, Penrose third.

Nine Keystones, $1 entrance:

Heikes	1111111111—9	Keenan	1111111111—9
Bandle	1111111111—9	Heikes	1101111111—8
Miller	1111111111—9	Miller	1111111011—8
McDonald	1110001101—6	Cain	1011111111—8
Benscotten	1111111111—9	Mumma	0110090100—3
Pratchett	0111110011—7	Prill	1111110111—8
Dick	1111010111—8	Pratchett	1110111111—8
Mumma	0001111111—7	Binkerd	0111011111—7
Girton	1111110111—8	Glassford	1111010111—8
Hart	1111011111—8	Girton	1111110010—7
Penrose	1111011111—8	Waddell	1111111111—9
McDonald	1111111111—9	Ralston	1110111001—7
Bandle	1011111111—8	Benscotten	1110111110—7
Hart	1001011111—8	Buntaine	1101101101—6

McDonald, Keenan and Waddell divided first; by breaking 6 in the shoot off Heikes won second, Binkerd and Girton divided third.

To wind up the day ten of the shooters went into a three-pair Keystone race, $1 entrance:

Bandle	10 01 11—4	Webb	01 10 00—2
Benscotten	11 10 11—5	Girton	01 00 11—3
McDonald	11 10 00—3	Hart	10 01 11—4
Heikes	10 10 11—4	Waddell	11 10 11—5
Cain	11 11 10—5	Mumma	10 10 10—3

The shoot-off in ties for each of the three moneys was decidedly interesting; and especially did Benscotten and Cain have a red-hot time for first. Here is the score:

Benscotten	11 10 11—5	Waddell	11 10 10—4
Cain	11 11 10—5		

And Waddell dropped out.

Benscotten	10 11 11—5	Cain	11 10 11—5

So they tried it again; the guns were getting hot and the crowd and shooters warmed up:

Benscotten	11 10 10—4	Cain	11 11 11—6

Cain is a stayer, and his friends cheered as he finished his three pair straight and won first money.

For second money there were three contestants, and it took two rounds for Bandle to win:

Bandle	11 10 11—5	Hart	10 11 10—4
Heikes	11 11 01—5		

And it was ta ta Mr. Hart.

Bandle	11 10 11—5	Heikes	11 10 10—4

Mumma won third money after two more rounds, three pairs each:

McDonald	11 10 00—4	Girton	11 10 01—4
Mumma	10 10 11—4		

The crowd hung on to see Andy win.

McDonald	11 10 00—3	Girton	11 10 01—4
Mumma	11 11 10—5		

As a special prize the League offers $80 each to be divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent. to the shooters making the three highest class averages in all programme events excepting the championship contest. The averages, including yesterday's shooting of the four who have a show to win a piece of this prize, are as follows:

Benscotten.

First day's events	10 12 13 14 9 11 11 13—93
Second day's events	12 14 14 14 11 14 12 13—104—197

Heikes.

First day's events	11 11 14 13 11 11 11 14—96
Second day's events	12 14 15 10 12 13 12 15—103—199

Hart.

First day's events	12 13 14 15 10 14 10 9—97
Second day's events	11 13 14 15 12 14 12 14—105—202

Bandle.

First day's events	10 10 14 13 11 12 12 15—97
Second day's events	12 13 14 13 12 13 12 14—103—200

Third Day—Oct. 4.

Weather was beautiful, though a little cold for the last day of the Ohio Trap Shooters' League Tournament. An increased number put in appearance at 9 o'clock this morning, and there was a good crowd of spectators all day. The wind blew from the southwest on the backs of the shooters, beat down straightaway birds, and raised and gave longer flight to right and left outgoing birds, but the shooters soon caught on to that.

The programme opened with a 15 bluerock race, $1.50 entrance, more to limber the boys up for the great contest than anything else:

Bandle	1111111111001111—13	Scott	1011011100101011—10
Hart	1010011101111111—11	Miller	1101111111111110—13
Benscotten	1111111111101111—14	Mumma	0010110110300010—7
Keenan	1111111111111111—15	Waddell	1111111101111111—14
Ralston	1111110111111111—14	Taylor	1001111111101111—12
Harman	1011110111011111—12	Girton	1111111010111110—13
Heikes	1111111111111111—15		

Keenan and Heikes broke 15 each and divided first; Benscotten, Ralston and Waddell divided second; Bandle, Miller and Girton shoot their tie off for third, and Girton won by breaking three straight; Taylor and Harman divided fourth.

THE CUP SHOOT.

The next event on the programme was the greatest contest of the tournament, in which none but the best shots and coolest heads dared enter, and it proved to be one of the most thrilling struggles in the history of trap-shooting. It was the match for honor of being State champion, and for custody of the L. C. Smith silver cup. The cup is solid silver, is valued at $500, and, with the championship, is held by Rolla O. Heikes, of this city. This was the second contest for Conditions were 50 single bluerocks each, $5 entrance. Harvey J. King and A. M. Mumma were chosen judges; H. A. Penrose, of Corry, Pa., referee. Three traps were set, 18yds. rise, 2yds. allowance for 12-gauge guns. The first shot was fired at 11:30 A. M., and the match closed at 4:30 P. M., five hours afterward:

Heikes	1110111111111111111111111111101111111111111111111111—48
Bandle	1110111110111011111111111111101111111111111111111111—47
Hart	1111111111111111111111111101111111111011111111111—48
Benscotten	0011111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—46
Miller	0111010111101101110101111111111111111111111101111101111—41
Ralston	1111111111111111111101111101111111111111111111111111111—45
Keenan	1111111111111111111111111111001111111111111111111111—46
Waddell	0111101111111111111111000111111111111111111111111111—45
Girton	0111111111111111101011110111111011111111111111101110—42
Taylor	0111111001111101111111111111111111111111111111111111—46
McDonald	1111111111010111111010901011100111101111001111111—39
Harman	1111111001111011111111111111111111111111111111111111—47
Limber	1110101101111111011111111111111111111111111111111111—41
Cain	1110111111111010101111111111111111111111111111111111—42

Hart was the only man who broke his first 25 straight. Ed. Taylor, after missing his 18th bird, run his score out clean, breaking 52 straight, with matches that he had shot earlier in the day. When Heikes lost his fourth bird, he had broken 37 straight. Heikes and Hart tied on 48; Bandle 47; Benscotten, Keenan and Taylor tied on 46; Waddell and Ralston each scored 45; Girton, Harman and Cain 42 each; Miller and Limberg 41 each; McDonald 39. Bandle won first portion of the 40 per cent. of the entrance money; Benscotten, Keenan and Taylor divided second; Ralston and Waddell divided third. Ten-gauge—Hart used a 10-gauge Lefever; Miller, Taylor, Bandle, Benscotten, Harman, Ralston, Cain and Limberg, 10-gauge Smith; Girton, a Parker; Waddell, a Scott. Twelve-gauge—Heikes, McDonald and Keenan, 12-gauge Lefever. They all load 1¼oz. of No. 8 shot. Keenan loads with 2¾drs. of powder, Heikes 3¼, and others as high as 4drs.

Heikes and Hart agreed to shoot off their tie for the cup and championship with 50 single bluerocks each, and it proved to be one of the most thrilling contests ever known in trap-shooting, for the men are very evenly matched:

Heikes	0011111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—47
Hart	1111111111111111101111111111011111111111111111111111—47

Heikes lost his 44th bird by not having his gun cocked, and before he could break it to enable him to cock the bird was too low for him to shoot, and the bird was scored lost. Excitement grew to fever heat and considerable betting resulted, but the crowd was quiet when Heikes stepped to the score for another effort:

Heikes	1111111111111111101111111111111111111111111111111111—49
Hart	1111111111111111101111111111111111111111111111111111—49

As it was growing dark and cool, Heikes proposed to Hart that they shoot a hundred bird race to-day or shoot to a finish, but Hart had to go to his home, Shin Rock, near Huron, O., and they agreed to shoot it off when they meet again. The "cup" remains in possession of the League, and the honors are laid away in lavender until the best man wins. When all were shooting Heikes broke 24 out of his first 25, Bandle 23, Hart 25 straight, Benscotten 23, Miller 18, Ralston 24, Keenan 24, Waddell 21, Girton 21, Taylor 21, McDonald 20, Harman 21, Limberg 20, Cain 21. In the next ten Heikes lost 2 and Hart was one ahead of him, and that time Ralston tied Heikes and Bandle was one back.

The $80 purse put up by the League to be divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent. between the three shooters making the highest class averages in all programme events, excepting the championship contest, was awarded: Heikes 214, first; Bandle and Hart, 213 each, divided second; Benscotten 210, third.

Nine Keystone, $1 entrance:

Heikes	1111111111—9	Mumma	1110001004—4
Penrose	1111111011—8	Waddell	0110111117
Scott	1111111111—9	Girton	0110110w
Miller	1111110111—8	Bandle	1110111101—7
Taylor	1110111118	Harman	0110011105

Heikes and Scott broke 9 straight and divided; Penrose, Miller and Taylor divided second; Waddell and Bandle divided third.

Nine Keystones, $1 entrance:

Bandle	1111011118	Cain	1101100015
J W Prechtell	1010001104	Keenan	1110111118
Harman	0010111015	Benscotten	0111110016
Webb	1100110015		

Bandle and Keenan shot off for first money and Keenan won by breaking a straight, Benscotten took second, Harman, Webb and Cain shot off for third and Harman won.

Among the little side bets on the cup shoot was one of $10 by Bandle and Hart that their combined scores would be greater than those of Miller and Heikes, and the result was 95 to 89, against Miller and Heikes.

At the next League shoot, which is to be at Cleveland next spring, the winner is to get 60 per cent. of the entrance money and 40 per cent. goes to the League.

When the shooting closed at 5 o'clock, Secretary Ed. Taylor had his books and accounts all squared up, bills all paid, and he packed his little kit and skipped out for Cincinnati, ready to come to Dayton again on the slightest provocation.

THE ST. LOUIS SHOOT.

[From our own Staff Correspondent.]

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Oct. 6.—The first annual tournament given by Fred. A. Fodde opened here on Tuesday. It was intended as an amateur shoot, the 90 class being barred. The shoot was advertised for four days, but Friday was a wretched day, with heavy rains, and no shooting was done, consequently many of the events were not run off. This did not make so much difference, as by vote of the shooters present it was decided not to shoot the guaranteed events. $500 had been guaranteed, distributed in $25 and $50 sums in sixteen events, all surplus moneys to be divided for best averages. In order to establish the average shooters were obliged to compete in all these events, and as some objections were raised, it was decided as above. The attendance was very good, both of local shots and those from a distance.

The targets used were Keystone birds and thrown from Keystone traps. The Keystone system of shooting was also followed—from five traps at known angles, six men to a squad. This enabled the management to run off the events promptly. A remarkable character on the grounds was John F. Hoermann, known as the boss trapper of St. Louis. About eighteen years ago he had the misfortune to be in a railroad smash, and was obliged to have both legs amputated close to the body. He makes his way about on a leather bound cushion, using his arms as propelling power, and is really very agile. Notwithstanding his crippled condition he has quite a local reputation as a baseball player, and is also an excellent swimmer, while his staying powers in the water are attested by many St. Louisians. He takes his affliction very philosophically, and in spite of it manages to get considerable pleasure. He is sure to attend all shoots in St. Louis and makes his trappers toe the mark.

The programme called for two live bird shoots, but only one of them was shot. This was from 5 traps at 30yds. rise, use of both barrels.

All purses were divided into four moneys, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent.

The tournament was a very successful one, and as Mr. Fodde proposes to make it an annual event, he is sure to have a still larger attendance next time.

A number of private matches were shot to-day, both at targets and live birds, with results as appended. Wm. Graham, of England, and L. S. Carter, of Hammond, were to shoot a match at 100 live birds for $200 a side, but in consequence of Carter not having his 12-gauge gun, the race was postponed, and will be shot at Baltimore within two weeks. Below are the scores in full:

Tuesday.

Shoot No. 1, at 10 singles, entrance $1:

Dreyer	1101111111—9	Taylor	1101111110—8
P Jones	1111011111—9	Solomon	1110111011—8
Purcillia	0100111110—6	Swiggert	1111111111—10
Bauer	1111111110—9	O'Bryan	1010110011—6
Dukes	1111111110—9	McDonald	0110111100—6
Powers	1100111111—8	Hayson	1111111011—9
C Willard	1110111101—8	Benecke	0111011111—8
Firman	1110110111—8	Hill	0101111101—7
Range	1101111111—9	Scott	0111111111—9

First won by Swiggert, ties on 9 shot off and won by Hyson, ties on 8 shot off and divided by Firman, Taylor and Benecke, fourth won by Hill.

Shoot No. 2, at 6 singles, entrance $1:

Jones	111111—6	Hamilton	011110—4
L G Clark	101111—5	O'Bryan	111011—5
Drayer	111110—5	Jones	111111—6
Bauer	111110—5	Purcillia	111100—4
Dukes	111111—6	Scott	011001—3
Firman	100001—2	Powers	110101—4
Range	011111—5	W Crosby	111111—6
Willard	111011—5	Solomon	010111—4
Swiggert	101011—4	Lee	111111—6
Taylor	110111—5	Wells	111111—6
Bell	101011—4	J W Jones	011010—3
Hill	111011—5	Campbell	111100—4
Benecke	111100—4	Young	011011—4
Craft	100111—4		

Ties on 6 div., ties on 5 shot off and div. by Range, Willard and O'Bryan; ties on 4 shot off and div. by Benecke and Craft; ties on 3 divided.

Shoot No 3, at 10 singles, entrance $1.50:

Clark	1100111111—8	Shick	1111111111—10
Dryer	1111011111—9	Dukes	1111111101—9
T T Jones	1010110111—7	Willard	1001111111—8
Firman	0111111111—9	Kraft	1110111000—6
West	1110111101—8	McPhee	1111101111—9
Hill	0111111111—9	Bauer	1111111111—10
Range	1011110111—8	P Jones	1110111101—8
J W Jones	1111111111—9	Purcillia	0001111001—4
Campbell	1111011111—9	Taylor	1111111110—9
Bell	0111111111—9	Scott	1111111111—9
Benecke	0101001010—4	W Crosby	1111111111—10
Solomon	1111111111—10	W Butler	1111101111—9
J Butler	0111111111—9	Hobson	0101111111—8
O'Bryan	1111110110—8	Wills	1111110111—9
Powers	1110111110—8	Mack	0010001100—3
Swiggert	1111110011—8	Lee	1111111111—10
Hamilton	1111010107		

Ties on 10 div. Ties on 9 shot off and div. by Dryer, Hill, Taylor, Dukes and Butler. Ties on 8 shot off and div. by Clark and O'Bryan. Ties on 7 div.

Shoot No. 4, at 10 singles, entrance $2:

McPhee	1111101111—9	Bauer	0111111111—9
West	1011100110—6	W Crosby	1111111111—10
T T Jones	1110011001—6	Swiggert	1100011001—5
Firman	1020101101—6	Jenner	1101111110—8
Dreyer	0110011101—6	Lee	1111111101—9
Bell	1111001100—6	Hill	0001100111—5
L G Clark	1111111111—10	Wells	1311111111—10
Benecke	1100111100—6	Willard	1110101111—8
Solomon	1111011111—8	P Jones	1011111111—9
Scott	1100101101—6	Powers	1110111111—9
Mack	1000110111—6	J W Jones	0001101110—5
Dukes	1101111111—9	Campbell	1001000101—4
Kraft	0101110011—6	O'Bryan	1101111111—9
Hayson	0111110011—7	Hamilton	0111000101—5
Shick	1101111011—8	Young	0310101101—5
McDonald	1100110111—7	Range	0101111100—6
Buchanan	1001110100—5	Roy	1111111111—10
Taylor	1011110110—7	Purcillia	1110100001—5

All ties div.

Shoot No. 5, at 9 singles; entrance $2:

McPhee	111111111—9	Shick	111000111—6
Roy	011001111—6	O'Bryan	100111101—6
L G Clark	111111000—6	Scott	110111101—7
Berner	100101111—6	Wisters	111111111—9
West	111101111—8	Mack	001011110—5
Swiggert	101011111—7	Hayson	111101106—6
Bell	110111011—7	McDonald	111010111—7
Taylor	010111117	Buchanan	111111101—8
Dukes	111111111—9	W Butler	010111101—6
Hagerty	010001111—5	Hobson	110011111—7
Firman	111111011—8	Purcillia	001111111—7
P Jones	111001011—6	Dreyer	101110101—6
Powers	111111110—8	Wells	111111111—9
Solomon	001111011—6	J Butler	111111111—9
W Crosby	111111111—9	Walton	111111111—9
Willard	101111107	Lee	111111101—7
Bauer	011111111—8	Range	101011111—9

Ties on 9 and 8 divided. Ties on 7 shot off and divided by Swiggert and Willard. Ties on 6 shot off and won by Shirk, breaking 9 more straight.

Shoot No. 6, at 6 singles and 3 pairs, entrance $2:

Wilson	110101 00 00 00—4	Bell	111011 10 11 01—9
Roy	110011 11 11 10—9	McDonald	111011 10 11 01—9
McPhee	111111 11 11 10—11	Hobson	111101 11 10 10—9
Swiggert	110011 01 10 11—8	Willard	101110 11 10 00—7
Bauer	101111 10 10 01—8	Crosby	111111 11 10 10—10
Clark	111111 11 00 10—9	Jener	110011 10 10 00—6
Firman	101000 10 01 11—6	Solomon	110111 00 00 10—6
Wistins	000110 01 11 10—6	Taylor	101111 10 10 11—9
Hoener	111111 11 01 11—11	Butler	100110 11 01 00—6
West	010111 10 10 11—9	O'Bryan	111111 10 10 11—10
Powers	101111 11 10 11—10	Shick	011011 10 00 11—7
Hayson	111111 11 10 11—11	Lee	111110 11 10 00—8
W Butler	111110 11 11 00—9	Buchanan	101110 00 10 10—5
Wells	111111 11 11 11—12	Hagerty	100010 00 10 11—5
Dukes	111110 11 11 11—11	Tucker	101011 0 00—7

All ties div.

Shoot No. 7, at 8 singles, entrance $1.50:

Dreyer	01011111 — 6	Horner	00100111 — 4
West	11001111 — 6	W Butler	11111101 — 7
Bauer	10111110 — 6	Hobson	10110101 — 5
Firman	01111101 — 6	Crosby	11111111 — 8
Hagerty	01011111 — 6	J Butler	11101110 — 5
Willard	11111011 — 7	Bell	01100111 — 5
Dukes	00111111 — 6	Wells	11001011 — 5
Lee	11111100 — 6	O'Bryan	01111101 — 6
Powers	10011111 — 6	Purcillia	00000101 — 2

First won by Crosby; second and fourth div. Ties on 6 shot off and won by Lee.

Wednesday.

Shoot No. 8 at 10 singles, entrance $1.50:

Dreyer	0100100010— 3	McPhee	1111111011— 9
Powers	1001111110— 8	Shick	1100111110— 8
Sieminskie	1110011111— 8	J W Jones	0111111110— 8
Taylor	1010111010— 6	Campbell	0110001000— 3
Lee	1111110011— 8	McDonald	1101111111— 9
Bauer	0101101111— 7	Dukes	0110110001— 5
Bell	1111110110— 8	D Bryan	0010111011— 6
Swiggert	1111111111—10	Hayson	1111111111—10
Young	1011010101— 6	W Crosby	1011101111— 8
T T Jones	0011110101— 6	Wells	1111111111—10
Hamilton	1011000011— 5	Robley	1110111111— 9
Solomon	1001001000— 3	Buchanan	0111011011— 8
Craft	1100001000— 3	Paul Jones	0010001110— 4
E Spencer	1110001101— 6	Benecke	0101000011— 4
McAninch	1111111101— 9	Range	0001111111— 7
Firman	1101111111— 9		

First, second and fourth divided; ties on 8 shot off and third won by Lee, breaking 15 more straight.

Shoot No. 9, at 12 singles, entrance $2:

Dreyer	000111111101— 8	Craft	000011110111— 7
Shick	111111111011—11	Young	111111101110—10
Paul Jones	100110111000— 6	McDonald	111010011111— 8
Swiggert	101111111112	Wells	111111110011— 9
Bauer	111111011101—10	J W Jones	001011101111— 8
Taylor	000111011110— 7	Campbell	001110111001— 8
Sieminskie	101110011111— 9	Solomon	111100011111— 9
Hamilton	110000010001— 4	Hayson	111111010111—10
Clark	110111111110—10	O'Bryan	110111111111—11
Firman	111010111111—10	Range	111111111111—12
Dukes	111111101110—10	McAninch	101111110001— 9
Spencer	111111110111—11	Lee	111111111111—12
Benecke	101110011000— 5	Speer	111110111111—11
McPhee	111111111112	Robley	011111011101— 9
W Crosby	111011111111—11	Willard	111111011001— 9
Powers	101101111111—10	Gardner	010010111100— 6
Bell	111111101011—10		

First and second div. Third shot off and div. by Hayson, Dukes and Powers. Fourth shot off and div. by Solomon, McAninch and Wells.

Shoot No 10 at 9 singles, entrance $2:

Dreyer	100111111—7	Speer	111110011—7
McPhee	111111111—9	Firman	111110110—6
F P Dalmeyer	110111101—7	Hamilton	000011010—3
H Wagoner	110111119—7	Young	111010101—6
Swiggert	111111111—9	Willard	011190111—6
Powers	011111111—8	Lee	111111111—9
Dukes	111111111—9	Sieminskie	001110101—5
Bell	010111111—7	Wells	101011110—6
Clark	101111010—7	O'Bryan	100101000—3
McLean	001100011—4	Hayson	111100101—6
Range	011011111—6	McDonald	011111110—7
W Crosby	110101111—7	Buchanan	111110101—7

First and second divided. Third shot off and won by Crosby. Fourth shot off and won by Young.

Shoot No 11 at 15 singles, entrance $3.50:

Shick	101101111111001—11	Dukes	111110001011111—12
Bauer	011111101101111—12	Powers	100011011110000— 7
McPhee	111111111111111—15	Bell	111101111010001—11
Spencer	110111111111111—14	Craft	001110000110110— 7
W Butler	110011111110110—12	Wells	111111111100110—12
Swiggert	111110000111101—10	McAninch	010101101000001— 7
Westus	011100001111110— 9	O'Bryan	111110001011111—13
W Crosby	111101011111111—13	J Butler	000111111110011—10
L Clark	010101111111112	Hayson	101111011110111—12
Firman	100000111110— 8	Lee	011111111111110—13
Dreyer	000110111111111—11	McDonald	111111111011111—14
Willard	101111111111111—14	Haggerty	000011011110110— 8

First won by McPhee alone with 15 straight. Second and third divided. Fourth shot off and divided by Dukes and Hayson.

Shoot No. 12, at 10 singles, entrance $3:

Dreyer	1111011110— 8	Speer	1111011111— 9
Firman	1111111111—10	Benecke	0011000111— 5
Haggerty	1001111101— 7	Wisters	1010110106
Horner	1110101111— 8	Willard	1011110001— 6
Hobson	1111011111— 9	W Crosby	1111111111—10
Schracher	0110111101— 7	McPhee	1011111111— 9
J Butler	1111010111— 8	Swiggert	1110111111— 9
Steffen	1110001101— 6	Bell	1100111001— 6
W Butler	0100001101— 4	Shick	0101100111— 6
McLean	0111111011— 8	Lee	1010110010— 5
Sieminskie	1101111111— 9	Powers	1111111110— 9
Wells	1100111111— 7	D Jones	0101110010— 5

First, third and fourth divided. Second shot off and divided by Speer and Swiggert.

Shoot No. 13, at 7 single live birds:

Swiggert	1221122—6	Bell	1212111—7
Firman	2012012—5	W Butler	2222212—7
Spencer	0111111—6	McAninch	2220212—6
McPhee	1122212—7	Hayson	2202122—6
Westus	0111211—6	McDonald	2222111—7
Clark	1221220—5	Buchanan	2222001—5
Willard	2221122—7	Young	2022201—5
Wells	0111121—6	P Walton	2210220—5
Hamilton	2211110—6	O'Bryan	1202111—6
J Butler	2112121—7	Davy Jones	1122201—6
McLean	0022001—3	Dukes	1212110—6
Steffen	2121122—7	Lee	1110211—6
Holzapfel	1022111—6	Crosby	2011111—7
Shick	1011121—6	Haggerty	1221111—7
Powers	2221212—7	Andrews	2002020—3
Range	2221210—6	Tucker	1211011—6

Ties shot off miss and out. First div. by McPhee, Willard, Steffen, Powers, Crosby and Bell. Second div. by Spencer, McAninch and Tucker. Third and fourth div.

Extra sweep at 6 singles, entrance $1:

Range	5	Taylor	4
Sieminskie	6	Young	5
Bauer	6	Powers	5
Shick	6	Bell	3
Craft	3	Spencer	4
Solomon	4	McAninch	4
Dreyer	4	Swiggert	5
Hamilton	5	Lee	5

First, third and fourth divided; second shot off and divided by Range and Lee.

Thursday.

Shoot No. 14 at 3 pairs, double rises; entrance $1.50:

Dukes	10 10 10—3	Powers	11 10 11—5
Swiggert	11 11 11—6	McLean	10 10 11—4
McPhee	10 11 11—5	Waller	00 11 10—3
Shick	10 10 01—3	Lee	11 00 11—4
Coles	10 10 10—3	Hayson	11 11 10—5
Godfrey	11 11 01—5		

First won by Swiggert; second shot off and divided by McPhee and Hayson; third shot off and won by Lee; fourth shot off and won by Coles.

Shoot No. 15, at 10 singles, entrance $2:

J Coles	1010111111— 8	Pugh	0010111110— 6
Swiggert	1111111111—10	Range	1111111111—10
Edwards	1110011111— 8	Speer	1001111111— 8
Powers	1111110111— 7	O'Bryan	1011110010— 6
King	1011110111— 8	West	1001111111— 8
Godfrey	0010011011— 5	McDonald	1110101110— 7
Waller	0100010001— 3	LeFaivre	1111111111—10
Dukes	1111111110— 9	Haygon	1111111100— 8
Shick	1101111011— 8	Clark	0130011011— 5
McPhee	1011111111— 9	Roy	1001011011— 6
McLean	1001000011— 4	T Coles	1110011111— 8
Lee	1110101101— 7		

First and second div., third shot off and div. by Coles, King, Speer and Haygon, fourth shot off and won by Lee.

Shoot No. 16, at 8 singles, entrance $1.50:

Swiggert	1111111— 8	McLean	01001100—3
West	11010101— 5	Edwards	11001101—5
Godfrey	11000011— 4	Haygon	11111111—8
W Crosby	11011100— 5	Bell	11101000—5
Shick	11011111— 7	Dukes	11111010—6
Powers	11111110—7	Lee	11110111—7
Pugh	01111000—4	Craig	00111000—4
Roy	10101111—6	O'Bryan	00000000 0
Firman	11111000—6	Coke	00000100—
McPhee	11111111—8	Waller	01111110—6
G Crosby	01011110—5	Clark	00111001—4
Speer	11111011—7	Wells	11101111—7
King	11111011—7	Spencer	01111101—6
Range	11111111—8		

First div. Second shot off and div. by Powers and Lee. Third shot off and div. by Ray and Waller. Fourth shot off and won by West.

Shoot No. 17, at 10 singles, entrance $1:

Swiggert	1011110111— 8	Range	0001111110—6
West	1111011101— 8	Roy	1011011111—8
Godfrey	0000001110— 3	Powers	1111011110—8
Spencer	1111111100— 8	G Crosby	1011110001—6
Belle	1101001111— 7	Craig	0100111110—4
Speer	1100101001— 5	Pugh	1100111110— 7
Dukes	1111111101— 9	Haygon	1111111011—9
King	1101010011— 6	Wells	1111111101—9
Firman	1111111111—10	O'Bryan	1001100111—6
Shick	0110111111— 8	Lefavre	0111111101—8
McPhee	1111101111— 9	Mittenberger	1100011011—6
Edwards	1001010000— 4	Lee	1111010110—7
W Crosby	1111000011— 7		

First won by Firman alone with 10 straight. Second divided. Third shot off and divided by Shick and Powers. Fourth shot off and won by Lee.

Shoot No. 18, at 7 singles, entrance $1.50:

Williams	1111111— 7	Firman	1011101—5
Swiggert	0011111—5	Wells	1111011—6
Roy	1101111—6	McAninch	1011101—5
McPhee	1111111—7	G Crosby	1111111—7
West	0111111—6	N Crosby	1111111—7
Billings	1006011—3	King	1111010—5
Spencer	1111117—7	Balwin	1110011—5
Craig	1101011—5	Shick	1111111—7
Haygon	1110010—4	Powers	1110110—5
Edwards	1000000—1	North	0010111—4
Waller	0110000—2	Bell	1011110—5
Horner	1101011—5	Mittenberger	1111010—5
Dukes	1111101—6	Tucker	1111111—7
Range	0111001—4	Lee	1111101—6
Speer	0111100—4	Daniels	0110110—4
Pugh	0000001—1		

A $10 box of cigars was offered for winner in this shoot. First div., but on shoot off Shick won the cigars, second div., third shot off and div. by King, Baldwin, Powers and Bell, fourth shot off and won by Speer.

Shoot No. 20 at 12 Keystone targets, $50 guaranteed; entrance $3:

Swiggert	101011111101— 9	Fehrman	1111111101—10
McPhee	1111110101111—10	Wells	1111111110—9
West	0011111110— 9	Roy	1110111011—10
Horner	1111101101 0— 9	Daniels	1110000110— 7
Wyman	1101010111— 9	G Crosby	1111101100— 9
Waller	1100110001— 7	Powers	0111111100— 9
Shick	1100111111—10	Craig	1110011001— 8
North	1111111110—11	Bell	1011111111—11
Westhus	1001010110— 6	J Butler	1111111011—11
Dukes	1111111001—10	Holzapfel	0101001110— 7
Kling	1100110101 1— 8	Haygon	1111101100 1— 9
Selzer	1111110000— 6	Lee	1100111111—10
Spenser	1111111011—11		

Ties on 11 divided first; ties on 10 divided second; Powers and Hayson third; Kling and Craig fourth.

No. 21, live bird shoot, was thrown out, and 22 followed.

Shoot No. 22, at 12 single Keystone targets, $50 guaranteed, entrance $3.50:

Swiggert	1111111011—11	Tucker	1111111010—10
McPhee	0111111111—11	Fehrman	0100111111— 9
Westhus	1101111110 1—10	Selzer	1000010001 0— 4
McAninch	0001110010— 5	King	0011011101— 8
West	1100101111— 8	Dick	0011011001— 7
W Crosby	1111101100— 9	Wells	1111111111—12
Daniels	1001111101— 9	Bell	1110111100 1— 8
Craig	1001111010— 8	Hobson	1110111111—11
Dukes	1001101111— 9	G Crosby	1101101011— 9
Shick	1111100101 0— 8	Holzapfel	0011101011— 8
Roy	1101111111—11	Lee	1111111111—12
Spencer	1111111111—12	Horner	0111010001 1— 7
North	1010111101111— 9	Powers	1011111111 1—10
Kling	1111111101—11	Haygon	0111111111—11

Spencer, Wells and Lee first. Roy and McPhee second, Westhus, Tucker and Powers third, Daniels and Dukes fourth.

Shoot No. 23, at 6 single and 3 pair of Keystone targets, $25 guaranteed, entrance $2:

Swiggert	111111	11 11 11—12	Powers	111101	11 11 01—10
McPhee	111111	10 11 01—10	Lee	111111	10 10 00— 8
Reuss	001111	10 10 10— 7	Dick	111000	10 11 10— 7
Baldwin	010100	10 10 10— 5	Moore	111010	10 10 10— 7
Rawlins	011001	10 10 00— 5	Clark	111010	01 01 00— 6
Billings	111011	11 10 00— 8	Hobson	111101	11 11 10—10
Fehrman	111101	10 11 00— 8	Westhus	010010	10 10 11— 6
Kling	101110	11 10 10— 8	North	110110	10 10 11— 8
Selzer	110001	11 01 10— 7	Craig	000011	10 11 11— 7
Bell	100011	11 10 10— 7	Daniels	111100	11 00 11— 8
Dukes	111011	00 11 10— 8	Haygon	111111	11 11 10—11
West	111111	10 10 10— 9	McDonald	111111	11 10 11—11
Spencer	111111	11 11 10—11	Roy	010101	10 11 11— 8
Wells	111111	11 11 01—11	G Crosby	101111	11 00 01— 8
N Crosby	110111	10 00 01— 7			

Swiggert first; Haygon, McDonald, Spencer and Wells second; McPhee, Clark and Power third; West fourth.

Saturday.

Private match at 50 pairs double Keystone birds for $25 a side:

A Swiggert	11 10 11 00 01 11 00 11 10 01	
	11 10 00 11 01 11 11 10 10 10	
	11 11 11 11 10 11 11 11 11 01	
	11 11 11 11 10 11 11 10 11 10	
	11 11 11 11 10 11 11 10 11 10	78
C W McPhee	11 11 10 10 11 11 11 11 11 01	
	10 00 10 11 11 11 11 11 11 11	
	10 01 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11	
	11 01 01 10 10 11 11 11 11 10	
	11 10 00 11 10 11 11 10 11 10	81

Private match at 100 single Keystone birds for $25:

McPhee	1101111111000011101110111111111111011111111111
	1111101111101001111
Swiggert	1111111101011111001111011011001111011111101010111
	1111101101111000011111010101001101111031110—73

Private match at 25 live birds, for $25 a side, 5 traps, 30yds. rise, use of both barrels:

McPhee	1021112211211112o11121121—22
A Swiggert	2120222121201112212212212—23

Figure 2 denotes second barrel kills, and o dead out of bounds.

Private match at 50 live birds, $50 a side, 5 traps, 30yds. rise, use of both barrels.

C Heigenstein	0122202220201210202o1101102110o01222212321021022—36
J E Haggerty	2112121211111221222122120210122211o12220112001221 12—44

Figure 2 denotes second barrel kills, and o dead out of bounds.

In the afternoon a match was arranged, after considerable banter and just for sport, between C. E. Wells, of Chicago, and Fred A. Fodde, Fodde to stand at 16yds. and have the use of both barrels, and Wells at 25yds., use of one barrel only. The race was at 25 single Keystone targets, and Fodde won by one bird with the following remarkable score, Wells having to stand a deal of good natured laughter over his defeat:

F Fodde	1111110000100110100200010—12
C F Wells	1101010101010000110100010—11

THE TORONTO TOURNAMENT.

TORONTO, Oct. 5.—To-day saw the close of the most successful of the annual tournaments ever held by the oldest shooting organization in the city—the Toronto Gun Club. There were close upon 60 competiors, or a third of the members, and few clubs indeed can make such a showing of actual members. All through the shooting was remarkably good, although the birds were somewhat lively and the light hardly of the best. But the arrangements were perfect, and in the whole three days, thanks to the energy of the officers, there was not a hitch, but everything passed off in the pleasantest manner possible.

To-day the third and fourth classes shot and the consolation match was shot. The weather was a little dull, but the light was good and the wind was slight. A start was made at 1 o'clock. The birds were fairly good and some of the beaten ones, Mr. Worden in particular, showed that had circumstances favored them they might have been anywhere but in the consolation class. Following are the full scores of the whole tournament:

First class, 15 birds, 26yds rise, 80yds. boundary:

J Wayper	111111111111111—15	Wm Villars	010001111111111—11
C C Small	111111111111111—15	J Armstrong	111011011111101—11
D Beldam	111110111111111—14	G Pearsall	111010111101110—10
J R Mills	111111111101111—14	P Wakefield	010011101111101—10
C Milloy	101111111111111—14	Dr N Pearson	110011110110101—10
F Martin	111101111111111—14	E Perryman	010011010111110— 9
A Purse	101111111111111—14	John Bell	011101101010011— 9
G F Smith	111111110111111—14	Robt Hunter	010031110101111— 9
S Staneland	111111111011111—14	W H Pearson	111000000110101— 8
F Quarrie	111111111101111—14	John James	110111000010100— 8
J Worden	101111101111111—13	Thos Taylor	100101110110110— 8
G Rogers	101111111110111—13	Wm Bugg	111011001000011— 9
D Blea	101110111111111—13	J Chambers	010001001100000— 8
J Taylor	111111110011110—12	B Pearsall	01111011110 — 8
D Van Vlack	001110111111111—13	C Sinclair	01111101110 — 8
A Elliott	011111111100110—11		

In shooting off the ties of 15, at 31yds., Josh! Wayper grassed 4 straight and missed his fifth; C. C. Small missed his first, killed the next three and missed the fifth. Mr. Wayper accordingly takes first prize and Mr. Small second. In shooting off the ties of 14, at 29yds., C. Milloy took third prize, F. Martin fourth, A. Purse fifth, D. Beldam sixth, J. R. Mills seventh, G. T. Smith eigth, S. Staneland ninth and F. Quarrie tenth.

Second class, at 15 birds, 26yds. rise, 80yds. boundary:

W McDowall	111111111111110—14	H W Powers	111000010011101— 8
C Riggs	110011011111111—13	H Clay	001101010100100— 6
H M Kipp	111111111110101—13	H Newman	100010101001000— 5
Thos Loudon	001111101111111—12		

Mr. McDowall takes first prize. In shooting off the ties of 13 at 5 birds Mr. Riggs killed 5 straight and takes second prize, while Mr. Kipp hit only his first and fourth, and takes third prize.

Third class, at 15 birds, 21yds. rise, 80yds. boundary:

T S Barber	111111111111110—14	Thos Winfield	001011101000100— 6
R Morrison	101011011111111—12	R Meldrum	111101111100111—12
C A Pearson	100000103010100— 4	J K Leslie	101001111000111— 9
A J Moore	010001010111100— 5		

Fourth class, at 15 birds, 21yds. rise, 80yds. boundary:

H S Percy	111111111—10	Thomas Pells	000101110 10— 4
J S Henderson	1100001010— 4	Charles Barber	101100100— 4

Consolation Match, at 10 birds, 25yds. rise, 80yds. boundary:

J B Armstrong	1110101111— 8	Jos Taylor	1100101111— 7
J Worden	1111101111— 9	B Pearsall	1001101001— 6
Geo Pearsall	1110111100— 9		

At the close of the tournament a match at 15 birds each, 26yds. rise, 80yds. boundary, one barrel, $25 a side, took place between Mr. Jeff. Worden and Mr. J. B. Armstrong. Much interest was taken in the contest. Mr. Worden proved the steadiest and won:

J Worden	111111100110101—11	J Armstrong	111010000001110— 8

THE EASTERN SHOOTING CIRCUIT.

WITH the fine October weather the prospects are good for the twelve days' shooting of the three meets arranged for the Eastern trap circuit. The programmes have all been completed and provide shooting at clay and live birds enough to satisfy any enthusiast. The Jersey City Heights Gun Club, at its Marion grounds, led off this week with a shoot running from Oct. 9 to 12, the full list of events being:

Tuesday, Oct. 9.—No. 1, 10 bluerocks, entrance $1.50. No. 2, 15 bluerocks, entrance $2.50. No. 3, 15 bluerocks, entrance $3, club guarantee $50. No. 4, 20 bluerocks, entrance $5, Hurlingham rules, 21yds. rise die thrown, every shot, guarantee $50. No. 5, 5 pair, entrance $2.50.

Wednesday, Oct. 10 —No. 1, 10 bluerocks, entrance $2. No. 2, 15 bluerocks, entrance $3, guarantee $50. No. 3, 20 bluerocks, entrance $4, Hurlingham rules, 21yds. rise die, thrown each shot, guarantee $50. No. 4, 10 single, 5 pair, entrance $3, guarantee $25. No. 5, 15 bluerocks, entrance $3, guarantee $25. No. 6, 10 bluerocks, entrance $2.

Thursday, Oct. 11.—First event, 10 live birds, entrance $7.50; second event, 25 live birds, entrance $25, guarantee $25.

Friday, Oct. 12.—First event, 10 live birds, entrance $7.50, guarantee $50. Second event, 10 live birds, entrance $12.50, guarantee $100.

The committee having charge of this leading shoot are: A. Heritage, Jersey City, N. J.; M. F. Lindslay, West Hoboken, N. J.; and W. F. Quimby, 301 Broadway, New York.

The shoot of the Middlesex Gun Club, second in the series for 1888, is the regular fourth annual tournament, and will be held on the Dunellen grounds Oct. 16-19. The Committee on Classification and Handicap includes: C. W. Budd, F. A. Peacock, H. McMurchy, R. H. Breintnall and W. Fred Quimby.

The following is the programme of the meet:

Tuesday, Oct. 16.—Sweepstakes: No. 1, 9 single bluerocks, entrance $1, open to all. No. 2, 9 single bluerocks, amateurs. No. 3, 15 single bluerocks, $75 guaranteed purse, entrance $3, open to all. No. 4, 15 single bluerocks, $75 guaranteed purse, entrance $3, for amateurs. No. 5, 9 single and 2 pairs bluerocks, $50 guaranteed purse, $2 50 entrance, open to all. No. 6, 6 singles and 3 pairs bluerocks, $50 guaranteed purse, $2.50 entrance, for amateurs. No. 7, 5 pairs bluerocks, $50 guaranteed purse, entrance $2.50. No. 8, 5 pairs bluerocks, entrance $1.50, for amateurs.

Wednesday, Oct. 17—Sweepstakes: No. 9, 5 pairs bluerocks, entrance $1, open to all. No. 10, 5 pairs bluerocks, entrance $1, for amateurs. No. 11, 20 single bluerocks, 22yds. rise, Hurlingham rules, usual allowance for 12, 16 and 20 gauge guns, $50 guaranteed, entrance $2, for amateurs. No. 12, 20 single bluerocks, 23yds. rise, Hurlingham rules, usual allowance for 12, 16 and 20 guage guns, $50 guaranteed, entrance $2, for amateurs. No. 13, 15 single Ligowsky clay birds, $50 guaranteed purse, $2 entrance, open to all. No. 14, 15 Ligowsky clay birds, entrance $2, for amateurs. No. 15, 10 single and 5 pairs double New York blackbirds, donated by Standard Target Co., of Cleveland, O., entrance $2, open to all. No. 16, 10 single and 5 pairs New York black birds, bluerocks and Ligowsky clay birds, entrance $2.

Thursday, Oct. 18.—No. 17.—10 live birds, tournament rules, $100 guaranteed purse, $10 entrance, open to all, handicap rise. No. 18.—7 live birds, tournament rules, $75 guaranteed purse, entrance $5, open to all, out handicap rise. No. 19.—5 pairs live birds, tournament rules, $10 guaranteed purse, entrance $10, open to all.

Friday, Oct. 19.—No. 20.—Grand $400 guaranteed purse, sweepstakes, open to the world, commencing 9 A. M., entrance $25 and the birds, money divided, 40, 27½, 17½, 10 and 5 per cent., if less than 20 entries, 40, 30, 20, 10, 5 per cent., if less than 10 entries, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. No. 21,—Home, Sweet Match, 5 live birds, entrance $2.

The closing four days of the Eastern Circuit will be at the new grounds of the New York Suburban Shooting Grounds Association, at Claremont, N. J. The new grounds are admirably arranged and this will be the inaugural shoot from Oct. 23 to 26. The committee of classification embrace, W. Fred Quimby, Wm. Seigler and Chas. Richards. The programme is an attractive one and provides events as follows:

Tuesday, Oct. 23.—No. 1, 9 single bluerocks, open to all, entry $1.50. No. 2, 9 single bluerocks, amateurs, entry $1.50. No. 3, Tatham guaranteed purse, $100, the Atlantic Ammunition Co.'s trophy sweepstakes, 15 single bluerocks, open to all, entry $4. No. 4, Winchester Repeating Arms Co., guaranteed purse $100, the Atlantic Ammunition Co.'s trophy sweepstakes, 15 single bluerocks, for amateurs, entry $4. No. 5, FOREST AND STREAM guaranteed purses $100, 10 single and 5 pairs bluerocks, guarantee $50, open to all, entry $2.50 No. 6, 10 single and 5 pairs bluerocks, guarantee $50, for amateurs, entry $2.50. No. 7, S. A. Tucker pool system, 12 single bluerocks, open to all, entry $2.00.

Wednesday, Oct. 24.—No. 8. 9 single bluerocks, open to all, $50 guaranteed, entry $2.50. No. 9, 9 single bluerocks, amateurs, $50 guaranteed, entry $2.50. No. 10, the Atlantic Ammunition Co.'s trophy sweepstakes, 15 single bluerocks, open to all, $75 guaranteed, entry $3.50. No. 11, the Atlantic Ammunition Co. trophy sweepstakes, 15 single bluerocks, for amateurs, $75 guaranteed, entry $3.50. No. 12, 9 single and 5 pairs bluerocks, $75 guaranteed, open to all, entry $3.50 No. 13, 9 single and 5 pairs bluerocks, $75 guaranteed, for amateurs, entry $3.50.

The Atlantic Ammunition Co.'s diamond watch charm trophies, costing $50 each will be awarded, one to the highest score made in events 3 and 10, expert class. The other to the highest score in events 4 and 11, amateur class. Ties to be shot, miss and out.

Thursday, Oct. 25.—No. 14. Grand live bird sweepstakes, open to the world, commencing at 9 A. M. sharp, 25 single pigeons, tournament rules, entrance $15 and the birds, $300 guaranteed.

The balance of time during the tournament will be devoted to impromptu sweepstakes at live birds or artificial targets and individual matches which may be arranged to be shot on these grounds. The scores of 100 straight having been made in competition for the Atlantic Ammunition Co.'s N. Y. State trophy, these ties will be shot off Friday morning, Oct. 26, at 9 o'clock.

MARION, N. J., Oct 9.—The opening of the tournament at the Jersey City Heights Gun Club drew together a score or more of most expert trap shots. The bluerocks were knocked out in one event after another and the management was capital while the weather made the retirement of the shooting house very acceptable. The full scores for the whole meeting will be given in the FOREST AND STREAM of next week.

WALNUT HILL, Oct. 3.—A cloud-obscured sky, a brisk wind and a chilly atmosphere were the weather conditions at Walnut Hill to-day. There was a good attendance of sportsmen, and excellent scores were made. The principal event was the gold coin match, in which fourteen eager competitors strove for supremacy. Following this contest came twenty-three sweepstakes and one miss and out match. The next shoot at Walnut Hill will be held Oct. 17—when the fifth competition for the Climax Diamond Badge will occur—the gold coin will be shot, and the regular sweepstake shooting will follow. The scores to-day in the gold coin match, 10 clay-pigeons from five traps and 10 standard targets from three traps are as follows:

	Clays.	Standards.
Knowlton	1111111110— 9	1111111110— 9—18
Stanton	1111111111—10	1110101110— 7—17
Nichols	1111101101— 8	1111110101— 8—16
Snow	0110111110— 7	1011111111— 9—16
Scott	1011101011— 7	1001111111— 8—15
Bert	1101011111— 8	0111010111— 7—15
Hosmer	1101010111— 7	1011111101— 8—15
Crown	1001111100— 7	1010101111— 7—14
Rule	0110001100— 4	1111011111— 8—12
Swift	1101011100— 5	1111110001— 7—12
Webster	1111011001— 7	1110010110— 6—13
Houghton	1100011111— 7	0111011100— 6—13
Webster	0100101101— 5	0110111101— 7—12
Nelson	1111001010— 6	0010101101— 5—11

Following are the winners in the sweepstake matches:

First event, 5 clay-pigeons, from 5 traps—Knowles and Nichols first with 4, Rule second with 3.

Second event, 6 standard targets from 3 traps—Nichols first with 5, Rule and Snow second with 4, Knowles third with 3.

Third event, 6 Macomber targets—Snow first with 6, Rule and Chase second with 4, Nichols third with 3.

Fourth event, 5 clays from 5 traps—Nichols and Snow first with 5, Rule and Knowles second with 4, Chase third with 2.

Fifth event, 6 standard targets from 3 traps—Bert and Stanton first with 5, Snow second with 4, Swift and Webster third with 3.

Sixth event, 5 clay-pigeons from 5 traps—Stanton first with 5, Nichols and Chase second with 4, Bert third with 3.

Seventh event, 3 pair standard targets—Knowles and Nichols first with 4, Bert second with 3.

Eighth event, 3 pair clay-pigeons—Stanton first with 5, Webster second with 4, Chase and Snow third with 3.

Ninth event, 10 standard targets from the trap—Wheeler first with 10, Nichols second with 9, Snow third with 8.

Tenth event, 10 blackbirds from 3 traps—Scott and Hosmer first with 10, Nichols and Snow second with 9, Bert third with 8. Stanton, Knowles and Webster fourth with 7.

Eleventh event, 10 clay-pigeons from 5 traps—Nichols and Scott first with 9, Rule and Wheeler second with 8, Hosmer third with 7, Stanton fourth with 6.

Twelfth event, 6 Macomber targets—Snow first with 6, Bert and Houghton second with 5, Stanton third with 4, Chase and Knowles fourth with 3.

Thirteenth event, 10 clay-pigeons from 5 traps—Stanton first with 10, Knowles second with 9, Nichols and Bert third with 8, Houghton fourth with 7.

Fourteenth event, 10 standard targets from 3 traps—Snow and Kowles first with 9, Scott second with 8, Bert and Crown third with 7, Chase and Houghton fourth with 6.

Fifteenth event, standard targets from 3 traps—Hosmer and Rube first with 10, Stanton and Knowles second with 9, Scott third with 8, Bert and Nichols fourth with 7.

Sixteenth event, 10 clay-birds from 5 traps—Stanton and Scott first with 9, Bert, Knowles and Hosmer second with 8, Nichols and Smith third with 7, Chase and Snow third with 6.

Seventeenth event, 6 Macomber targets—Rube and Stanton first with 5, Webster second with 4, Nichols third with 3.

Eighteenth event, 5 clay-pigeons from 5 traps—Stanton first with 5, Rule and Lee second with 4, Knowles third with 3.

Nineteenth event, 6 standard targets from 3 traps—Stanton first with 6, Snow second with 5, Nichols third with 4.

Twentieth event, 5 clay-pigeons from 5 traps—Lee and Stanton first with 4, Chase and Knowles second with 3.

Twenty-first event, 3 pair standard targets—Chase first with 5, Knowles and Scott second with 4, Crown and Rule third with 3.

Twenty-second event, 5 straightaway clay-pigeons—Snow first with 5, Scott second with 4, Crown third with 3.

Twenty-third event, 6 blackbirds from 3 traps—Chase first with 6, Stanton second with 4.

Twenty-fourth event, miss and out, 24yds.—Won by Stanton.—J. N. F.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 4.—The first of a series of three matches between the Wingohocking Gun Club, of Germantown, and the Wawassett Club, of Wilmington, Del., took place on the grounds of the former this afternoon. The range was 18yds. and bluerocks were used. Messrs. Wilson and Hannaberry were judges, and Mr. Mack was referee. The conditions of the shoot were 15 singles and 5 double bluerocks per man.

Wawassett.		Wingohocking.	
W McKendrick	14	H Thurman	21
T Fox	18	W Greenwood	22
C Buckmaster	23	B Royds	14
H Harlove	21	W Jay	18
W Smith	20	W W Abbott	17
J Ewing	23	J Thurman	19
G Miller	15	J Maxwell	10
W Buckmaster	20	T Greenwood	13
H Buckmaster	19	G Heft	12
H Stout	17	T Pullinger	14
R Miller	21—211	W Garvin	17—177

Maxwell and Heft did not finish. The next match will be held on the grounds of the Wawassett Club, in Wilmington, Del. The third match will probably be shot on the grounds of the Sportsmen's Club, at Fernwood.

TRENTON, Oct. 5.—Miss Annie Oakley, the champion female trap shot, met and defeated Miles Johnson, at the fair to-day, in a match at 50 live pigeons, at 25yds. rise, otherwise Hurlingham rules. Miss Oakley used a 6lbs. Lancaster lamnsless 12-gauge, with 1⅛oz. shot and 3drs. Schultze powder; Johnson stood at 30yds., using a 10-gauge, 9½lbs. Scott, 1⅜oz. shot, Schultze powder in right barrel, and Quickshot black in left. The birds were a good lot. Fifteen thousand persons witnessed the match, and Miss Oakley's remarkable shooting was frequently applauded and greatly admired. Miss Oakley missed her forty-seventh bird, a blue twister, who went from No. 5 trap like a rocket. She turned to Johnson and said, laughingly: "Did you bring that bird from England?" Johnson—"No; I trained that fellow in order to get in one miss on you!"

Miss Oakley	2121221211111111111121112—25
	1111211111111211231201—24—49
Johnson	1112312101111102201201—20
	2101111111111121010111—22—42

The betting was lively, with Miss Oakley as the favorite. The win is all the more creditable because Miss Oakley participated in the match under difficult circumstances, having to fill her engagement the same evening in Philadelphia. She got up at 6 A. M. to go to Trenton.

THE MAN FROM BULLETSVILLE OUGHT TO SHOOT WELL.—Cincinnati, O., Oct. 5.—The young shooter McPhee has caught on immensely here, and one ardent admirer of shooting has placed forfeit money to the amount of $50 at Wick's Wigwam, the shooters' headquarters here that the young shooting phenomenon, C. W. McPhee, of Bulletsville, Ky., who tied with C. W. Carter and Q. A. McClure for the world's live-pigeon championship at the late Bandle tournament, can defeat in a match at 100 birds any of the following gentlemen, live or artificial targets, to be shot in Cincinnati: Shott, $100 to $75; Parker, $100 to $60; Wick, $100 to $25; Keenan, $100 to $75; Glasford, $100 to $70; Girton, $100 to $75; Murphy, $100 to $80; Ed. Taylor, $100 to $90; Mustin, $100 to $85; Verges, $100 to $90; Valentine, $100 to $90; Semple, $100 to $75; Jackson, $100 to $75; Teipel, $100 to $90; Small, $100 to $75; Richards, $100 to $70; and Vincent, Winston, Hill, Heikes, Sheldon, Powers, Gastright, J. E. Miller, Phil Nose, Bandle, each even.

CLEVELAND, O., Oct. 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The twenty-fourth quarterly shoot for the Cuyahoga county badge ended in a victory for the Cleveland Gun Club, R. E. Sheldon bearing off the trophy for the sixth time in as many years. The weather was favorable, excepting that the wind, at times, was strong and carried away the birds from the direction in which they were thrown. But good scores were made by nearly all the contestants. The conditions were 50 single standard targets, 18yds., 5 traps. Peters cartridges were used by Sheldon and Upson. The entrance fee was $3, and seventeen sportsmen representing four clubs, took part:

R E Sheldon.....1111111101111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—48
D A Upson.....1010110111111111111111111011111111111111111111111111—46
D Auld.....0111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—48
W Roberts.....1111110101110001111111111011010100111111111011—39
J Honecker.....1111100110001101111011011111110101111111111011—39
W Tamblyn.....1111100101100111011111110111001111111111111110—37
F Roach.....1111111100110101010110100111101111111101011111110—36
Wm Bennett.....0010101101110011111010111111111111011110100111010—36
J A Prechtel.....1101111110101110101030111101010111110111111100—36
D C Powers.....0011110100011100101101111000111101111111111111—35
C M Roof.....1110111110101111100911111111101010111110101 w. —34
C H Calhoun.....0110010001000111111111111111111111111111111111 w. —34
J Phillips.....0101011111100111001110011111011111101010000101100—33
Bassett.....0111011101110011010010000911111010111011101110—31
Andrews.....0100000101110000111111101011111111111010100111100—31
A Day.....0010100111010110101010111011100111001010111011101—30
Wm Brems.....1001010000100011101101110111010101011101101100101—26

Referee, Ab Jenks; first prize, R. E. Sheldon, county badge; second, D. A. Upson, 30 per cent., $13.86; third, D. Auld, 20 per cent., $9.25; previous winner, C. M. Roof, 50 per cent., $23.

While the shooters were contesting for the county badge at one set of traps the members of the Kirtland Shooting Club shot for the club badge. The conditions were 20 single standards at 18yds., 3 traps:

Smith....0101101001101010001—10 Bell.....1011000111016110110—12
Newell....0110101111011111111—19 Bennett...1110111111111111010—17
Honecker.1000111101111111010—14 WRoberts1110111111101111111—18
Closse....0110111111101101111—16 Schneider1010000100001111010— 9
Roach....0110110111110011111—15 Powers...0010001010110116111—11
Prechtel..1101101111111010110—15 Roof.....0111101111110001111—15
Phillips..1011101101110001—13 Sharp.....0100011111116011011—13
Forrester.0111111100111111111—17 Bassett...1110101111101010dr.

First sweepstakes, 6 standard targets, 18 entries, entrance 50 cents—Roach 6, Bell 4, Prechtel 6, Bennett 4, Roof 5, Newell 6, Schneider 2, Roberts 6, Calhoun 4, Forrester 5, Closse 4, Phillips 3, Powers 5, Smith 2, A. Honecker 1, Sharp 4, J. Honecker 4, Bassett 5. Roberts took first money, Roof and Forrester divided second, and Bennett took third.

Second sweepstake, 6 single standard target, 12 entries, entrance fee 50 cents—Roof 4, Prechtell 5, Schneider 3, Forrester 4, Roach 4, Bennett 6, Closse 6, Calhoun 3, Newell 2, Roberts 6, Belle 4, Sharp 4. In the shoot-off Calhoun took first money, Prechtell second, Schneider and Roach third.

The East End Gun Club badge shoot was held yesterday afternoon. Under a new system of handicapping, F. G. Hogen and Calhoun shot at 18yds. from the traps. The conditions were 25 single standards, and F. G. Hogen won the first badge and Sweetman the second. The following scores were made:

F G Hogen.....1011111111111111101111111—23
C Elford.....0110111011001111101101111—18
W Sweetman.....0100111111111111011111111—21
C H Kilby.....1111011010111011100010011—16
L Wherry.....1111001010000000100000000— 8
Calhoon.....1111110001110101001101110—16
Conger.....0111101100101010111111111—18

WILMINGTON, Del., Oct. 6.—The regular monthly clay pigeon shoot of the Wawaset Gun Club took place to-day on the club's grounds, beyond Eleventh street bridge. The men shot at fifteen singles and five doubles:

T Weldon	13 6—19	W McKendrick	14 8—22
P Ambold	11 8—19	W Sillotie	13 8—21
J Ewing	14 6—20	W Cody	11 8—19
A Stout	13 5—18	H Buckmaster	10 8—18
H Kienle	6 3—9		

McKendrick thus holds the first badge for a month, while Ducky Kienle is "cuckooed."

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Sept. 30.—The ground of Brid's Point was well attended to-day. Both live birds and asphaltum were in demand. The birds flew well, and were considerably helped by the tail wind. Holtz's work on the artificials was something about impossible to beat. Judge and referee, W. Carr; trapper, Bird. First shoot—$250 sweepstake, 30yds. rise, Hurlingham rules:

Brough.....2221101012200— 8 Banks.....1222100022111—9
Chapman.....0101211111002— 8 Solomon.....0000201120004—4
Terry.....1120212110120— 9 Willis.....1010021100001—6
Holtz.....11111110100—11 Crane.....1101200222 0—8

Second shoot—Six pairs, $2.50 sweepstake, Hurlingham rules:

Chapman....10 10 11 10 10 01—7 Banks.....10 10 00 00 10 10—4
Holtz.....00 11 11 11 10 11—9

Third shoot—Ten bluerocks, 18yds. rise, International rules:

Chapman.....1110100111— 7 Crane.....1111011111— 9
Terry.....1010111111— 8 Banks.....0011111111— 8
Holtz.....1111111111—10 Connell.....0110011110— 6

Fourth shoot—Match for $20, 10 singles, International:

Holtz.....1111111110—9 Bank.....1101111101—8

WELLINGTON, Mass., Oct. 6.—There was but a small attendance at the regular Saturday shoot of the Wellington Gun Club to-day. The following were the first prize winners of the various events: Six clay-birds, Shumway; 6 clay-pigeons, Chase and Wardwell; 6 bluerocks, Shumway; 3 pair bluerocks, Snow; 3 pair clay-pigeons, Shumway; 6 bluerocks, Wardwell; 6 clay-pigeons, Chase; 6 bluerocks, Sanborn and Field; 6 clay-pigeons, Swift and Stanton; 6 clay-pigeons, Snow, Swift and Field; 6 bluerocks, Shumway, Chase and Sanborn; 6 bluerocks, Sanborn and Wardwell; 3 pair clay-pigeons, Stanton; 3 pair clay-pigeons, Snow; 6 bluerocks, Snow and Wardwell; 3 pair clay-pigeons, Wardwell; 6 bluerocks, Snow; 6 clay-pigeons, Wardwell.

PHILADELPHIA.—The North End Gun Club will have, on Oct. 13, a full afternoon shoot; there will be prize and sweepstake shooting and in the evening a supper for the members and their friends. Targets 2½c. each. All our friends will please consider this an invitation to come and enjoy themselves.—CLUB COMMITTEE.

READING, Pa., Oct. 1.—A pigeon match for $200 was shot this afternoon at Riverside, between Zenas Cooper, G. R. Goodman and John McMillan, a Mahonoy City team, and O. H. Hinnershitz, Fred Ulmer and Jacob Hill, of Reading. The conditions were 100 birds each side, 30yds. rise, 80 boundary, Hurlingham rules. The match was won by Reading, scoring 80 birds out of 100 to Mahonoy City's 78. Cooper, of Mahonoy City, made the best score, 32 out of 34 birds.

THE DRESDEN GUN CLUB, of Dresden, O., will hold a tournament Oct. 17-18, free to all, artificial birds and live pigeons. For full particulars address Capt. Geo. Egan or John Hornung.

KLEINTZ DEFEATED.—J. Frank Kleintz, the champion trapshot of Pennsylvania recently met D. B. Ferguson, of Port Norris, N. J., in a live pigeon match at 25 birds, for $100 a side, and was beaten by one bird. The conditions were 25yds. rise, Rhode Island rules:

Ferguson.....1111101111111101101010111—19
Kleintz.....1111111111011000111001101—18

The birds were a fair lot.

Yachting.

Small Yachts. By C. P. Kunhardt. Price $7. Steam Yachts and Launches. By C. P. Kunhardt. Price $3. Yachts, Boats and Canoes. By C. Stansfield-Hicks. Price $3.50. Steam Machinery. By Donaldson. Price $1.50.

THE LOSS OF THE CYTHERA.

THOUGH all hope of the safety of the missing yawl Cythera has been abandoned for some time, it was only last week that steps were taken to bring Mr. Stewart's will to probate. Mr. Stewart's partner and executor, Mr. E. W. Sheldon, has filed an application in the Surrogate's office, in which the circumstances attending the loss of the yacht are set down as follows:

"On Saturday, March 12, 1888, about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, Mr. Stewart, in pursuance of a plan necessitated by serious ill health, sailed from Tompkinsville, S. I., in his yacht Cythera for Kingston, Jamaica, intending afterward to make a short cruise in the West Indies, and to return to New York by the 1st of May. A voyage between New York and Kingston would ordinarily occupy a sailing vessel from two to three weeks. The Cythera was a yawl-rigged vessel, built at Fairlie, Scotland, in 1874, rebuilt in England in 1884, conspicuous among yachts for her seaworthiness, and staunch and well found in every respect. Her length over all was 104ft., and her gross tonnage was 117⅚ tons. Her ballast consisted of 45 tons of lead and iron inside and 15 tons of lead outside. She carried besides Mr. Stewart and his friend, Cornelius Smith Lee, of New York city, both of whom were experienced in sailing and navigation, a crew composed of Joseph Phipps, of Wivenhoe, England, sailing master; Charles Svenson, mate; six seamen, a cook and a steward, having in all twelve persons aboard.

The day following her departure, at 9 o'clock in the morning, about twenty-five miles east of Barnegat, N. J., the Cythera was sighted, bound south, and was reported. That night, between 11 and 12 o'clock, the blizzard came suddenly upon the eastern coast of the United States. A large number of vessels are known to have been wrecked in this storm, and many others have ever since been missing. On Monday afternoon, March 12, between 2 and 3 o'clock, when the storm was almost or quite at its height, the Cythera, as was afterward reported by the captain and mate of the three-masted schooner Annie E. Conant, of New Haven, Conn., was seen running before the gale at the apparent rate of eight or nine knots an hour. Her course was east to east southeast, and she was then about fifty miles south of the Five Fathom Bank Lightship, or about seventy-five miles southeast of Cape May. So far as could be seen at a distance of 150yds., and through a driving snow storm, the yacht had suffered no damage from the gale, and was weathering it well. No one was visible on her deck.

"Since that time no certain news of the vessel, and no news at all of those on board of her, has been heard. The following month, Capt. Hubbard, of the New York and West Indian steamship Barracouta, reported that on the 9th of April, about 200 miles north of the Island of St. Kitts, he sighted what he took to be a small yawl-rigged vessel bound south. At the distance, however, eight or nine miles, and with a considerable sea, it was impossible to obtain more than two or three glimpses of this vessel, and no intelligence of her has since been received.

"The latest news in connection with the missing yacht was brought by the Leonard, of the bark Josie E. Moore, belonging to Maydell Brothers, of New York. He reported that about March 25, while bound to New York from the West Indies, he passed some wreckage 150 miles south by east of the Highland Lights, which Pilot Joseph H. Nelson, of this city, part owner of the pilot boat Enchantress, says were cabin fittings belonging to that vessel. This pilot boat was cruising off the coast of southern New Jersey on March 11, in the vicinity of the Cythera, and was overtaken by the same gale. From the appearance of this wreckage Pilot Nelson believed that the Enchantress was sunk by collision, and that all on board perished. Acting on this belief, he and other surviving owners have collected her insurance from the Atlantic Mutual Insurance Company, and are building a new boat to take her place. Forty miles south of the place where the wreckage was seen Capt. Leonhard saw the same day a floating fragment, eight feet or more in length, of the deck of a small vessel. From its shape, tapering almost to a point, its narrow planks, the manner in which they were laid, and the opening, he supposed it to be the decking of the bow of a yacht, broken off by collision. Pilot Nelson, to whom this was reported, says that from his knowledge of the Cythera he is convinced that this piece of deck belonged to her, and the same conviction has been expressed by other persons acquainted with the yacht.

"If this conclusion be accurate, it would follow from the position and course of the Cythera when last seen, and the location of the floating deck that she must have collided with some unknown vessel or wreck during late afternoon or evening of Monday, March 12, and immediately sunk. Under these circumstances and in such a storm the survival of any person on board would seem to have been impossible."

Captain Leonard did not report the sighting of the smaller piece of wreckage on his arrival in port, and it is only lately that he returned from a second voyage. In the meanwhile the rumor had reached some of Mr. Stewart's friends, and on the arrival of Captain Leonard from his last voyage they questioned him carefully in regard to what he had seen. The Cythera was a very strongly built modern vessel, copper fastened, and with only fifteen tons on her keel, her length on l.w.l. being 84ft., beam 17ft. 6in. and draft 13ft. She carried a seagoing rig and was well manned and equipped for a long ocean cruise. Beyond what is recounted above, nothing is known of her fate, and it is unlikely that the mystery of her loss will ever be solved; but there is nothing to warrant the conclusion that she foundered in the Gulf Stream, as has been hastily assumed by some; and all the evidence points strongly to a collision with another vessel, the bow of the yacht being cut away, leaving a part of the deck afloat, while both vessels went to the bottom.

THE NORTON SYSTEM OF BALLASTING.

JERSEY CITY, N. J., Oct. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have read with pleasure Mr. E. O. Wiener's pleasant letter relating to the Norton yachts, published in your issue of Sept. 27.

In your comments following this letter you remark upon the liability of these boats to leak through the joints of the ballast compartments, and to intimate that these compartments and the connecting pipes may be broken by the freezing of the water in them, if the boats or yachts remain afloat in very cold weather.

In response to the first of these objections, I will say that if the compartments and joints are properly constructed there is no danger whatever of their leaking or being broken; they are much less liable to accident from this cause than the ordinary vessels are from damage to their planking or frames. Moreover, such damage to a Norton boat cannot possibly be followed by any serious mishap to its occupants, as the Norton boat cannot sink, unless, as the Committee on Commerce, House of Representatives, say, "she is broken to pieces." You are at liberty to remove a planking from the bottom or sides, or bore holes in the outer skins, and the water will not rise above the inner floor. This I have already shown several times in Europe and here. As long as a majority of the ballast compartments remain intact the boat will not sink her floor many inches below her ordinary draft. In the case of the Alista, the floor had been entirely removed, that the metal chambers below might be examined. Not one of these chambers was sound, as the manufacturers in riveting them used iron rivets, which were soon eaten up by the yellow metal, and the chambers were rapidly breaking up in their joints.

I have boats now in this harbor which have seen very hard usage during the past two years, usage which no other class of boat could support for an hour without drowning their occupants, yet they have always done their work, and are still perfectly sound and reliable. As regards the freezing of the water in the pipes and chambers I can assert that there is no occasion for apprehension on this point, a boat I now have being in Germany, had all the water in her chambers frozen while she was afloat in the river Elbe and not a joint of pipe was disturbed. Again during the winter of 1887 at Philadelphia the same boat remained in the water until the end of January when I examined her and found all the water in her chamber and pipes was a solid block of ice, yet nothing gave way, as there is ample room through the openings in the bottom, the air portion of the chambers and the air pipes to provide for the expansion. That boat is now in the harbor and has been seen by hundreds of persons sailing about the harbor with "Norton Lifeboat" painted on her mainsail.

In conclusion permit me to remark, that I make no claim that the Norton boats are beyond the reach of accident or damage, but that they are practically non-capsizable and unsinkable, and that they will safely carry human beings under circumstances when any other class of boat or vessel would drown them.

It is beyond the power of man to create or produce a floating body or any mechanism that is not subject to accident and decay, even the planets of this universe, so wonderfully governed by the Great Master, are subject to their storms and floods, earthquakes and volcanic fires; yet these storms and floods will seldom wreck the Norton boat or ship.

I am an old American, and have been a navigator for thirty-six years. I have crossed the Equator eleven times, twice made the circuit of the globe I have hoisted the United States flag upon nearly every sea, and assisted to clear the ocean of the slaves and pirates; I have studied shipbuilding in most of the large seaports of Europe and America, and I know the merits, the strength and the value of the system of naval construction I am offering the maritime world. FRANCIS L. NORTON.

TILLER VS. WHEEL.—The great steamship City of New York is steered only by a short tiller, such as would be used on a 5-tonner, and it is said that at first the steersmen had great difficulty in keeping a straight course, the best steersman on board being an old yacht sailor. The huge balanced rudder is controlled by very powerful steam-steering gear, all below the water level, the valves of the steam gear being operated by a small tiller on the bridge.

LAUNCH OF A STEEL STEAM YACHT.—On Oct. 6 the Herreshoff Mfg. Co., of Bristol, R. I., launched the first steel yacht that the firm has yet built; the Ballymena, owned by Mr. George Brown, of Baltimore, Md. She was designed by Mr. Nathaniel Herreshoff, and is 132ft. l.w.l., 18ft. 6in. beam, 7ft. 6in. draft. The engines are triple expansion, also designed and built by the firm.

SOUTHWARK Y. C.—A match was sailed on Sept. 30 between the fourth class tuckups, J. L. Nobre and Okey, No. 1, for $100; the course being from Mifflin street wharf around Chester Buoy, 30 miles; wind heavy, N.W. The start was made at 12:30, the Nobre finishing at 4:50, and the Okey at 4:51:50; no time allowance.

A CRUISE TO THE SOUTH.

NEW YORK, Oct. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As the columns of the FOREST AND STREAM are ever open to facilitate the pleasures of yachting and other true sports, will you not give us your kindly assistance in making known the following:

I have a small schooner yacht, under 60ft. in length, in which I expect to make a hunting, fishing and sailing cruise along the coast southward to Florida this winter. Want to start between the first and the middle of November, sailing outside to Cape May, thence to Norfolk, thence inside through Albemarle and Pamlico sounds through the inside passage back of Hatteras, taking plenty of time, shooting and fishing as I journey southward. Date and route subject to change. As many small yachts make this southern trip every winter, can we not multiply our pleasures by joining forces and cruising together as a fleet? Pleasure being the object, we would only sail when wind and weather favored, and the smallest could keep up with the largest, as speed would be no object, while the added pleasure of companionship would assist in making such a voyage ever a pleasant memory. We could rendezvous at Sandy Hook or Norfolk.

If this strikes other yachtsmen favorably, will they not let us hear from them through these columns so that a meeting can be arranged for carrying out the objects above set forth? Speak out, brother yachtsmen. VIDETTE.

COLUMBIA Y. C., FALL REGATTA.—The annual fall regatta of the Columbia Y. C. was sailed on Oct. 6 in a heavy rain and strong N.E. wind, at times blowing very hard. The course was from the club house, foot of Eighty-sixth street, Hudson River, around a stakeboat off Yonkers. Before the start the Midget capsized at her moorings, while Rocket capsized off Yonkers, two of her crew being nearly dead when rescued. The official times were:

CLASS C., SLOOPS AND CUTTERS 30 TO 35FT.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Alene	12 00 00	3 51 16	3 45 16	3 45 16
Mergus	12 07 54	3 43 23	3 35 29	3 32 49
Aggie S.	12 11 56	4 07 37	3 59 43	3 55 48
Emma and Alice	12 09 01	3 50 32	3 41 31	3 36 51

CLASS D, SLOOPS AND CUTTERS UNDER 30FT.

Alex. F	12 07 44	3 49 08	3 41 24	3 31 44
Julian	12 08 27	4 22 35	4 14 08	4 11 38
Marguerite	12 15 55	4 37 12	4 21 22	4 15 52
Angler	12 11 02	withdrew.		
Flirt	12 09 42	withdrew.		

CLASS E, OPEN SLOOPS 23FT. AND OVER.

Rambler	12 06 33	3 55 22	3 48 49	3 48 49

CLASS G, CABIN CATBOATS 23FT. AND OVER.

Brunhilde	12 10 47	4 13 23	4 02 36	3 50 16
Mischief	12 11 15	4 15 40	4 04 25	3 53 25
Wm. H. Harned	12 09 47	3 52 31	3 42 44	3 42 44

CLASS H, OPEN CATS OVER 23FT.

Nina	12 08 09	4 08 26	3 59 17	3 59 17
Henry Gray	12 08 53	4 48 10	4 39 17	4 33 37
Aller	12 08 55	3 55 45	3 46 50	3 49 40
May F	12 07 28	3 55 16	3 47 48	3 38 18
Cora	12 10 45	4 08 44	3 57 59	3 47 14

CLASS J, OPEN CATBOATS, 20FT. AND OVER.

Columbia	12 13 22	4 08 00	3 54 38	3 54 38
Pauline B.	11 14 34	4 26 41	4 12 07	4 12 02
Mystic	12 14 20	4 20 22	4 06 12	4 01 32

CLASS K, OPEN CATBOATS UNDER 20FT.

Henry Fisher	12 08 26	4 25 09	4 16 38	4 16 18
Little Dean	12 11 39	4 42 06	4 30 27	4 24 27
Midget	12 06 35	withdrew.		
Rocket	12 13 30	capsized.		

Mergus wins in class C, Alex. F. in class D, Rambler in class E, Harned in class G, May F. in class H, Columbia in class J and Henry Fisher in class K. The judges were Com. Barnes, K. Y. C., J. C. Summers and T. G. Sullivan.

BRIDGEPORT.—Citizens' Cup, annual regatta, Oct. 3. Course, triangle from Bridgeport Light to stakeboat, to Point No Point, to starting line; 9 miles. Strong breeze from N.W.; cloudy. Tide, ebb.

	Length.	Start.	Finish.	Corrected
Mollie Pitcher, W. S. McNeil	21.06	2 37 30	Withdrew.	
Rival, F. I. Hitchcock	21.00	2 55 50	3 52 30	1 16 40
Tripoli, Geo. Frederickson	19 04	2 36 10	Withdrew.	
Grace L., David Connors	20.04	2 36 10	4 08 50	1 32 40
Coronet, Minot Munson	21.04	2 36 20	4 26 50	1 49 45
Hornet, Chas. H. Morris	20.02	2 37 15	Withdrew.	
Surprise, J. Schultes	20.00	2 36 05	4 50 40	2 14 00
Dawn, C. F. Chew	20.06	2 37 25	Withdrew.	
Gracie, Theo. Leavenworth	21.06	2 36 20	Not timed.	
Dogmar, Geo. Brown	19.00	2 37 00		

All the yachts but the Grace L. and Surprise had reefed sails, some double reefed. Soon after the start, when the fleet were all off before the wind, it came down so heavy that all the fleet except the Rival and Tripoli broached to, and had to be tied down before they could be handled. At the stakeboat the Tripoli had jibed preparatory to rounding. The Mollie Pitcher was close on to her, and between stakeboat and Tripoli she could have luffed out across her stern, but did not, and could not jibe, so struck the Tripoli just abaft the chain plates and cut her to the water's edge and tore her own bowsprit off. Both were taken in tow by the tug Matt Rowe, following with a party of ladies and gentlemen to see the race. Winners: First prize, Rival; second prize, Grace L.; third prize, Coronet; fourth prize, Surprise; fifth prize, Gracie. Regatta Committee—Com. A. C. Hobbs, Capt. Wm. F. Brooks and A. H. Davis. Judges—P. H. Prindle, Capt. Thos. F. Vose and Geo Masters.

SAN FRANCISCO.—The match for $1,000 per side between the pilot boat America and the coasting schooner C. H. White, was sailed on Sept. 29 over a 48.5-mile course, from a line between Point Labos and Point Bonita, on San Francisco Bay, around the Middle Rock, off the Farallones, the same course over which Aggie and Lurline raced in 1886. The America is 91ft. over all, 80ft. 7in. l.w.l. and 24ft. beam, built by Matthew Turner at Benicia. The C. H. White is 80ft. 6in. l.w.l., built by C. G. White at North Beach. The start was made in a light west wind, the White crossing at 10:04:44 and the America at 10:09:26. The White led at first, until the breeze freshened, when she was passed by the America. The latter rounded the mark at 2:01:20, setting her light canvas at once. The White rounded at 2:13:10. America won by nearly 6 miles, the times being:

	Start.	Turn.	Finish.	Elapsed.
America	10 09 26½	2 01 20	4 45 38¾	6 36 12¼
C. H. White	10 04 44½	2 13 30	5 15 43	7 10 58½

Lurline was not in the race, but sailed over the course.

DAUNNTLESS.—About 1 A. M. on Oct. 5 the schr. Dauntless, Vice-Com. Colt, grounded on the rocks on the southeast end of Hart's Island, the wind falling and a strong ebb tide carrying her on. As the tide fell she was left in a dangerous predicament, but at high water she was hauled off by a tug and towed to South Brooklyn. So far as known, her injuries are not serious.

FEARS FOR THE PILOT.—Chicago, Ill., Sept. 28.—Specials from Racine, Wis., state that fears are felt for the safety of the yacht Pilot, that sailed on Sept. 26 for Chicago, bound for New Orleans via Illinois and Mississippi rivers. The Pilot was caught in the heavy northwest gale, and since then nothing can be learned of her. No word can be gained at this port, and captains of large craft coming in to-day state that no small craft could have lived through the gale. Capt. Strain of the steamer Puritan, came from Breton Harbor after the gale had abated, but says that even there the yacht could not have lived in the sea, which was terrific. Capt. Wetherill and Lou Skow were aboard the Pilot. It is hoped they may have survived, but at midnight last night no trace had been seen of them or their boat.—E. H.

Canoeing.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

OFFICERS, 1887-88.

Commodore: R. W. GIBSON..... } Albany, N. Y
Secretary-Treasurer: F. L. MIX. }
Vice-Com. Rear-Com. Purser.
Central Div..W. R. Huntington..E. W. Masten.....T. H. Stryker, Rome, N. Y.
Atlantic Div..W. P. Stephens.....L. B. Palmer.....F. L. Dunnell, 186 Jerolemon St., Brooklyn.
Eastern Div..H. E. Rice, M. D....Maxton Holmes.....H. D. Marsh, Springfield, Mass.
N'thern Div..Robert Tyson.....S. S. Robinson.....Colin Fraser, Toronto.

Applications for membership must be made to division pursers, accompanied by the recommendation of an active member and the sum of $2.00 for entrance fee and dues for current year. Every member attending the general A. C. A. camp shall pay $1.00 for camp expenses. Application sent to the Sec'y-Treas. will be forwarded by him to the proper Division.

Persons residing in any Division and wishing to become members of the A. C. A., will be furnished with printed forms of application by addressing the Purser.

NEW YORK C. C. CHALLENGE CUP.

THE international races for the New York C. C. cup will be sailed on Saturday next off the house of the New York C. C., at Stapleton, Staten Island, the first race being called at 10 A. M. and the second at 2 P. M. The extra open races will be started immediately after the cup races. Mr. Butler has sent the Fly down and will enter the open races, while Mr. Warder will sail the If.

CHARM.

THE races which will take place on New York Bay this week cannot fail to be interesting, the two competitors being the fastest boats of America and England respectively: but at the same time the contest is less important than that of 1886, in that there is no special issue involved, the boats being of the same type, though of different model. Unlike Pearl and Nautilus, the previous competitors, the Charm was designed to carry no ballast and displace as little as possible, her total displacement being no more than the ballast of the older boats. The races of 1886, both at Grindstone and New York, demonstrated beyond possible question the great superiority of light displacement, fine form, and the deck position over heavy displacement, full and bulky models, and the lying down position, the two English boats being decisively beaten in every race. On his return to England Mr. Walter Stewart, who sailed the two Pearl canoes, at once set to work on the design for a new canoe, on the principles of the American craft, the boat being built under his direction in the winter of 1886-7.

The Charm, as she was named, raced in all the regattas of the Royal C. C. in 1887 and 1888, with great success, winning the challenge cup each year and proving her superiority to the old heavy ballast canoes still used by the R. C. C. In the spring of the present year a challenge was sent to the New York C. C. for the cup offered by them in 1886, and Mr. Stewart also came out in time to sail in the races of the A. C. A. at Lake George. In these the Charm made but a poor showing, being beaten by several American canoes. Since then she has been altered and improved in some respects, and is likely to make a better showing in the matches against one boat than against the fleet, but at the same time she has little chance of outsailing Eclipse after the way in which the latter defeated her at the meet. Eclipse will be sailed by her owner, Mr. Reginald S. Blake, Brooklyn C. C., instead of Mr. Brokaw, who sailed her at the meet, but either is fully capable of doing full justice to the good qualities of the boat.

A comparison of the accompanying lines with the many others published in the FOREST AND STREAM, Notus, Vesper, Pecowsic, Guenn, Vagabond, Snake, Lassie and Sunbeam, will show that while similar to some of them in displacement and general features, the Charm differs very much in model, being unlike any in her midship section and also in the distribution of the displacement. There is, however, a striking resemblance in some respects between her and the Vagabond. The designers of the two boats, though working far apart and in ignorance of each other's work, had each the same ends in view, the reduction of displacement to the lowest possible limit, with a maximum of stability and minimum of frictional surface. The dimensions are different, the Charm (15.2½+31) being shorter and wider than the Vagabond (16×29), but the two drawings have been reduced to the same actual size, so that a direct comparison can easily be made.

The actual length of Charm is 15ft. 2½in., but she is shown as 15ft. for the following reason: The writer has for some time adopted the plan of making all drawings of ordinary canoes of length of 15ft. to scale, whatever the actual length may be. The lengths of canoes vary within small limits, from 14ft. 6in. to 16ft., an average being 15ft., so for the purpose of comparison all designs are enlarged or reduced, as the case may require, to this length; the beam being unchanged. All stations are spaced 1ft. apart, all level lines 2in. apart, and the three bow and buttock lines are spaced a distance apart equal to one-eighth of the beam. In making a new design the same length, 15ft. is taken, so that a direct comparison may be made with many other designs of the same actual size; the lines of the canoe being first drawn, after which a second drawing is made, showing all details and fittings such as centerboard, masts, bulkheads, etc. In making this latter drawing it is expanded or contracted, as required, to the dimensions of the proposed canoe, say 16ft. instead 15. A little extra drawing is involved, but this is more than paid for by the benefits arising from a more thorough study of the design; a good thing, of which there cannot be too much, as it is always easier to remedy errors in a pencil line than in a plank or timber.

In making a plate for printing from the drawing by the process of photo-engraving, any degree of reduction is possible. In the case of the Vagabond, Aug. 16, 1888, the lines were drawn to a length of 30in., the scale being 2in. to the foot., while the plan showing well and fittings was made 32in. long, equal to 16ft. Both drawings were afterward reduced by photography to the same actual length, that of a column. An inspection of the drawings will show that the arrangement plans are really a little smaller, both in breadth and depth, than the lines; having been reduced a little more in order to make the lengths the same. In practice this makes no difference, as all measurements except the position of bulkheads, etc., in a fore and aft direction will be taken from the lines, especially from the enlarged body plan.

The designed displacement was 250lbs.; hull 100, board 28, fittings 12, and crew 110lbs., but she now displaces more than this. This displacement is distributed as in the Vagabond, according to the wave form theory; but the bow has been made as fine as a curve of versed sines, the run being proportionately full. The midship section is in the same position in each, but Vagabond has a much fuller bow and correspondingly finer stern. The midship section of the Charm is a marked departure from that of American canoes, being a triangle, with a very sharp turn to the bilge, all the sections being triangles, in fact it is practically that of the common "skipjack." As in the Vagabond, all superfluous deadwood has been cut away, the keel being much rockered.

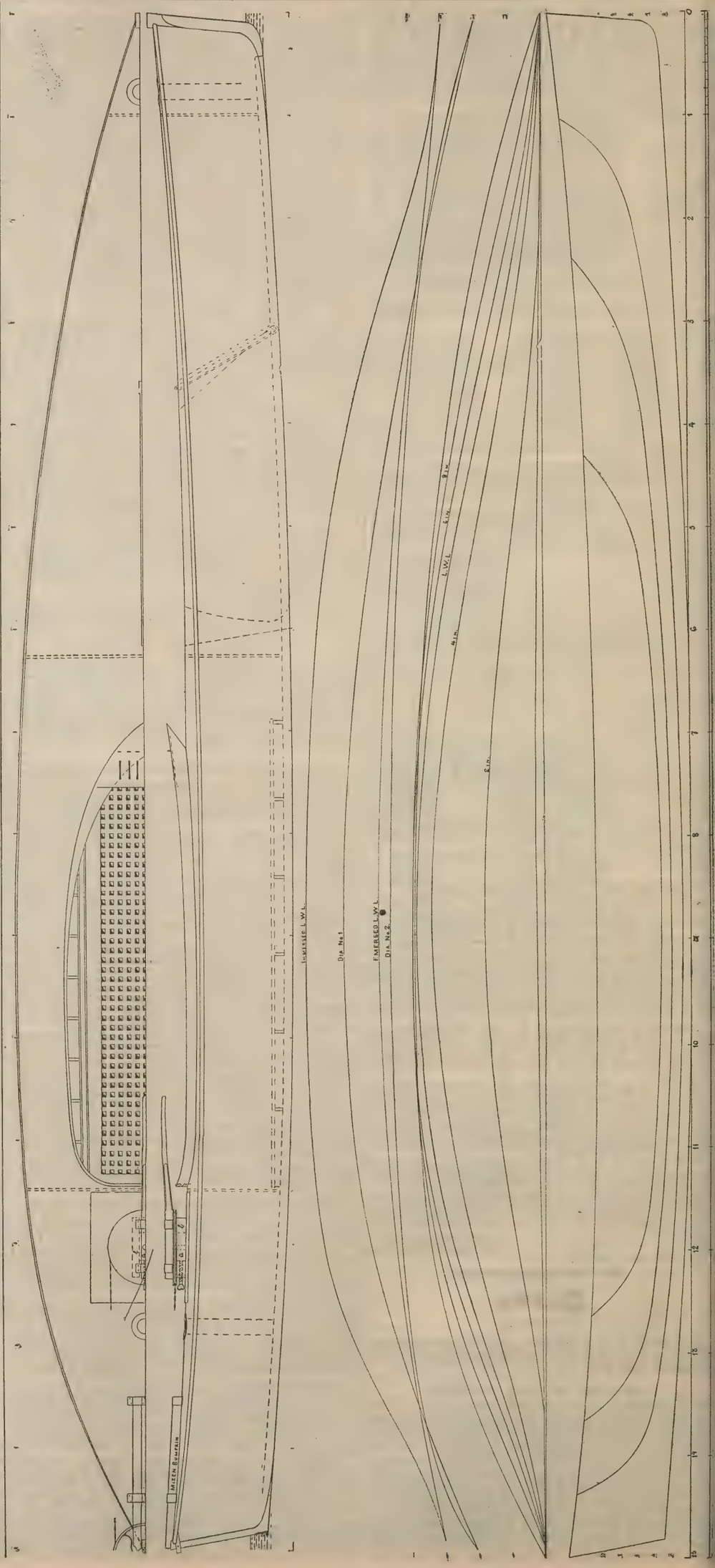
There are three bulkheads, one just abaft the mainmast in the extreme bow. There were originally two hatches in the fore deck abreast the trunk, but they have been removed since the meet, a new fore deck being laid. Abaft the well is a large deck hatch, held down by four thumb screws, one at each corner. Inside the hatch two movable beams are fitted so as to slip into place, each beam having a nut in each end. The thumb screws fit these nuts, holding the hatch down, but in practice it is not watertight, in spite of a lining of felt around the joint. The fore hatches were fitted with screws and movable beams in the same way, but they, too, proved leaky. The original plate, $\frac{5}{16}$in., weighing 28lbs., has lately been replaced by one ⅜in. thick, about 12lbs., while the English drop rudder has been replaced by one of Piepenbrink's, as shown last week, the plate dropping very deep. The upper brace is also slightly different. the slot being omitted. leaving the brace solid. The rudder stock is passed up from below, a key way being cut in the brace to permit the passage of the small stud on the rudder stock. After the rudder is shipped the rudder head, a grooved brass wheel, is put in place on it.

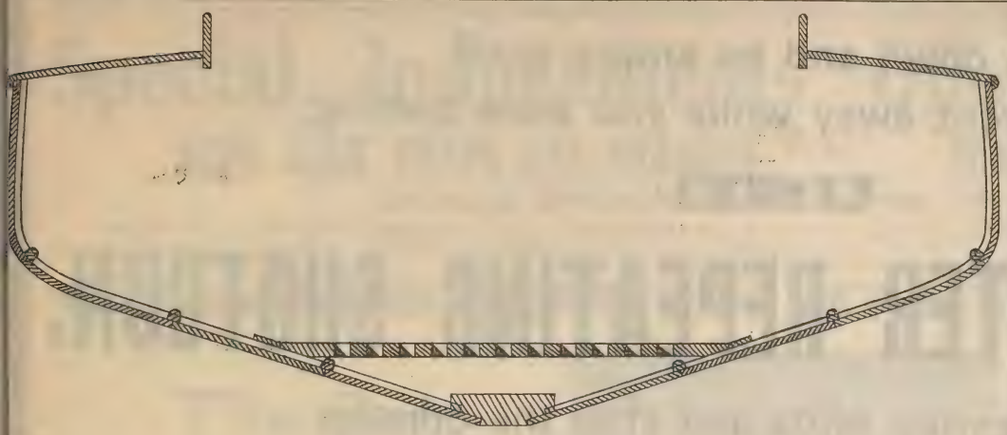
The deck gear consists of a wooden wheel 9in. in diameter, turning on a brass pin. This pin is mounted in a block *a*, which slides between two guides *b b*, screwed to the top of the hatch. A thumb screw on the after side of the sliding block serves to press it forward, thus tightening the tiller chains. The arrangement is ingenious, but as fitted it is rather clumsy and not entirely satisfactory. The floor of the canoe is covered with a handsome grating 4ft. 6in.×1ft. 2in., made of ash and mahogany. It looks well, but is much more expensive than the ordinary thin floor boards, while the added weight is an item.

The Charm is ribband carvel built, but with the ribbands running inside and not outside of the ribs. The former are ⅞in. wide and ⅝in. deep, of oval form, the ribs being but $\frac{5}{16}\times\frac{3}{16}$, spaced 4½in. The ribbands are first fastened to the frame and moulds, then the light ribs are jogged into the ribbands and keel, after which the planks are laid. The keel is of spruce 1in. thick, and 3¼in. wide inside and 1¾in. on bottom. A heavy iron keel band ¼×1½ was used, but was removed prior to the races at the meet. The stem and stern are oak knees. The planking is of Spanish cedar a full $\frac{3}{16}$in. thick, thus making a very light hull. The deck edge is protected by a half-round bead of American elm. The garboards only are in whole lengths, all the other strakes being butted. The deck beams are spaced 9in. The well is open, with no hatches, a cleat board with six cleats being fitted in the fore end of the coaming. The mast tubes are each 1⅞in. in diameter. There is no foot-steering gear and only a small single blade paddle is carried. The workmanship on the boat is very good throughout, though the hard turn to the bilge and the light ribs and planking make a difficult boat to build. The rig, which we will show later, consists of two balance lugs 84 and 16ft., the mizen being trimmed by a bumpkin, as shown.

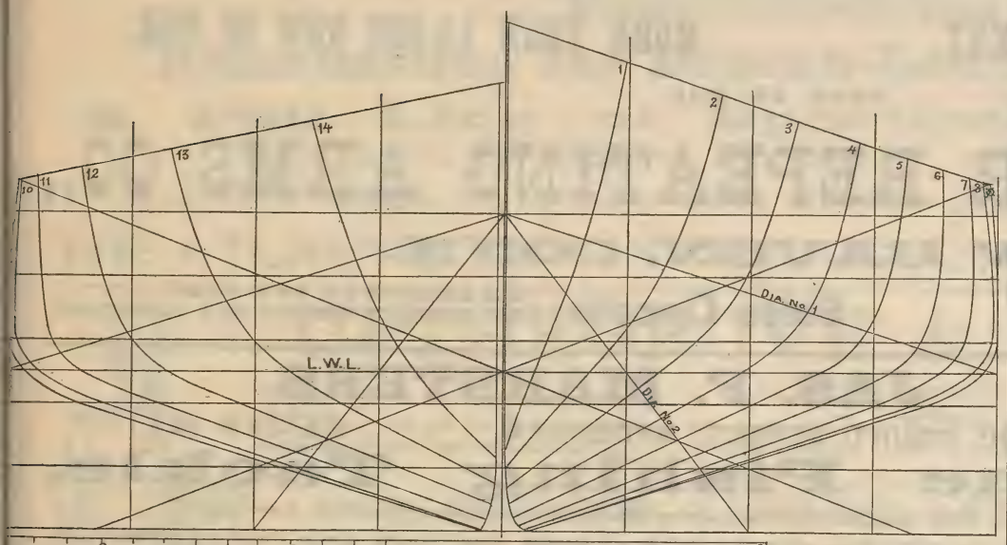
The dimensions are:

Length	15ft.
Beam, extreme	31in.
Beam, l.w.l.	29¾in.
Draft	5in.
Freeboard	6in.
Sheer, bow	6¼in.
Sheer, stern	3¼in.
Displacement as designed	250lbs.





CANOE "CHARM"—MIDSHIP SECTION.



CANOE "CHARM"—BODY PLAN.

TABLE OF OFFSETS.

Stations.	Heights.		Half Breadths.							
	Deck	Keel.	Deck	10in.	8in.	6in.	5in.	4in.	2in.	Rabbet
0..	1 4²	.....	0 0¹	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
1..	1 2⁷	2⁵	3⁷	2⁶	2²	1²	1	0⁵	.....	.....
2..	1 1⁶	2	6⁶	5⁶	4⁷	3⁴	2⁵	1⁶	.....	.....
3..	1 0⁷	1⁵	9¹	8²	7¹	6¹	4⁷	3⁴	0⁷	.....
4..	1 0²	0⁶	11¹	10⁴	10	8⁶	7⁴	5⁴	2²	.....
5..	11⁶	0³	1 0⁵	1 0⁴	1	11¹	10	7⁶	3⁴	.....
6..	11⁴	0¹	1 1⁶	1 1⁵	1 1⁵	1 1¹	1 0¹	9⁷	5	.....
7..	11²	.....	1 2⁵	1 2⁶	1 2⁶	1 2⁴	1 1⁶	11⁵	6¹	.....
8..	11	.....	1 3	1 3²	1 3²	1 3²	1 2⁵	1 0⁶	6⁶	0⁷
9..	11	.....	1 3²	1 3⁴	1 3⁴	1 3⁴	1 3	1 1²	7	0⁷
10..	11	.....	1 3¹	1 3³	1 3³	1 3³	1 2⁴	1 0³	6²	.....
11..	11¹	0²	1 2⁵	1 2⁴	1 2⁴	1 2¹	1 1¹	10⁸	5	.....
12..	11²	0⁶	1 1²	1 1¹	1 0⁴	11⁵	10⁴	8¹	3¹	.....
13..	11⁷	1⁴	10³	9⁷	9¹	7⁶	6⁸	4⁷	1¹	.....
14..	1 0⁷	2³	6	5²	4³	3³	2⁶	1⁷	.....	.....
15..	1 2²	.....	0²	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

MESSRS. W. L. PALMER and C. V. Winne have been appointed by Com. Gibson a committee to audit the secretary's accounts. The meeting of the Executive Committee will be held at Toronto some time in November. Secretary Mix has received a letter from Mr. D. S. Sanford stating that he had sold the camp lumber to J. W. Harris for $70 and two red lanterns and a camp chair for $2, making a total of $72. Secretary Mix sends the following for publication:

CARPENTER WORK ACCOUNT.

Receipts:		*Expenditures:*	
Payments by members...	$227 41	Lumber and freight.....	$170 00
A. C. A. lumber and help.	35 33	Freight, str. Lilly Price...	15 00
		Hyde, carpenter.....	31 50
	$262 74	Hall, carpenter.....	21 00
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			$262 74

TORONTO C. C. CRUISING AND RACING.

ON Saturday, Oct. 6, seven members of the T. C. C. started in the club sailing race for first and second class canoes. The start was effected at 3 o'clock with a nice east wind blowing, which inside of fifteen minutes blew itself to pieces, at least that is the conclusion arrived at by one skipper, who sat alternately on the edge of a moderately sharp coaming and then on the floor of his craft, trying to get in the way of a few patches of wind that could be seen rippling the water here and there with but indifferent success as the results showed. The wind blew about seven different directions, and gave the lead to all competitors at different stages of the first leg. After the first round the competitors returned in the following order, as the race could not be finished within the time limit: First Hyla, D. B. Jacques, first class; second Vic ('86 Mac), A. Shaw, first class; third Dawn, Wm. Leys, first class; fourth Isabel, R. Tyson, second class; fifth Cecebe, A. H. Mason, second class; sixth Mac, W. G. Mackendrick, first class; seventh Dixie, A. M. Rice, second class. The sailing stands at present Hyla and Mac one win each in first class, and Isabel and Cecebe one each in second class, with the final race Oct. 13.

After the race was retired, four of the hardheads who have been utilizing the time from Saturday till Monday during September for camping and cruising, packed their duffle, and donning two pairs of socks, two pairs trousers, three to four shirts, and with great coats and oilers stowed aboard, laid out to have the last camp of the season. Working on the principle that a meal under the vest is worth two stowed in a camp kit, we disposed of a portion of our edibles where they are easiest carried. Climbing aboard we hoisted mizens, and, lighted by the starry firmament and Tyson's brass lantern, we went bowling merrily over the bay. As we sat holding the floor boards down, lazily smoking our pipes, with nothing more serious to engagge our attention than a foot steering gear, it struck us that the canoeist's lot is worth scratching for, and that the average man doesn't know the fun he can snake out of an October cruise.

Two tents were pitched, as the small camp of four was divided into two distinct parties, termed ventilators and non-ventilators. Isabel and Mac would not sleep in tent without the door left partly open, and as Hyla and Waniska had threatened to whallop the chap who would do such a thing, we divided, be it known that it was not the aforesaid whalloping we were afraid of, but simply a tightness in the money market had left us with hardly sufficient cash to give them a decent burial in case they tried to evict us.

We crawled into our blanket bags about 10 P. M., retaining the three shirts and two pair socks, and with four thicknesses of blankets between the fresh air that ventilation gave and ourselves, we chatted away and again won our races and enjoyed our cruises of the past, until the heavy, labored breathing of the occupants of the next tent advised us that they were rapidly being overcome by the heavy, foul, warm atmosphere that was extoled by the "non-ventilators," but which was rapidly knocking them out. (Probably they'll try a different kind of knock-out on me when they see the above).

We were just dropping off to sleep when we received a visit from a water rat who first visited tent No. 1; but, not being used to such a highly perfumed atmosphere as they bottled themselves up in; he backed out and came bowling in to No. 2 tent with his mien sheet adrift; he commenced to play tag or some such game about my feet till I gave him a hoist in the air and the umpire (Isabel) declared him "out" and a hunt with the lantern failed to find him in. About 3 A.M. I was awakened by a frantic half shout half yell from my partner, "Mac, the rat's at my pillow," and turning over I saw him sitting bolt upright frantically grabbing for his match box, while a poor little mole quietly crawled out of the tent, wondering what the deuce he'd done to cause such a row.

My partner gathered together his wordly goods and after walking all over me retired to the comfortable quarters in his 34in. Pearl, leaving his other half to look after the mole. Tent No. 1 hearing the tramping to and fro and the noise down at the canoes thought some one was trying to do them out of their craft and yelled out, "Who's there?" waking the whole camp. Explanations followed and after a hearty laugh and the bandying about of such puns as don't mole-est me we rolled over.

Breakfast of partridge, bacon, eggs, etc., put us in humor for a good sail, which we indulged in till noon. Waniska being last coming in dropped his sail, and, while monkeying about, fell into about 10ft. of water and weeds, principally weeds. As he was behind a point we did not see him, and his hy-ya-a's did not reach us. He quoted the temperature of the water as being exceedingly cold, so he lost no time in disposing of as much of his 200lb. body as he could above high-water mark; straddling his canoe he paddled her on her beam end into shore, and taking a brisk run to encourage circulation he came across an old oyster can, that answered to bale out the Waniska, and in 15 minutes he had paddled into camp with an appetite for hot tea and bacon that would secure him a place of honor among the heavy eaters of the South Sea Islands.

About 5 o'clock the return trip was made, and as each fellow unpacked his dunnage he hoped that probabilities would favor us with another last Saturday or two. MAC.

TORONTO, Oct. 7.

IANTHE C. C. ILLUMINATION.—Wednesday night, Oct. 3, was a gala night at the Ianthe C. C.; under the leadership of Messrs. Hobart and Farmer, the canoes were formed in a line reaching from the club house to the opposite bank of the river, and at signal the line moved slowly up the river. Before disbanding a series of difficult maneuvers were executed with skill and precision. The canoes were brilliantly decorated with Chinese lanterns arranged with fairy-like effect, and the lights reflected in the water scintillated like many colored gems. Fireworks and different colored lights were set off in the vicinity of the club house, lighting up the wooded banks of the river. Altogether it was a brilliant spectacle, and the favored two hundred who witnessed the carnival will remember the pretty scene as a vision of fairyland. During the maneuvers the strains of an orchestra stationed at the club house were heard on the water, and later dancing was indulged in. Among the visiting canoeists were Messrs. Wilkin, Dunnell, Brokaw, Miller, Snyder and others.

SPRINGFIELD CUP.—The final race for the Springfield cup was sailed on the Connecticut River on Oct. 6, the competitors being Fly, Paul Butler; Eclipse, M. V. Brokaw; Agawam, Emil Knappe; Dimple, G. C. Forrest; Girofle, F. A. Nickerson, the latter taking the place of Drift. The wind was very strong and puffy from N.W., but Fly carried 115ft. of sail and won by 6m. Eclipse was second, carrying 85ft., but sailed badly in consequence of the mainmast being stepped in the after tube by mistake. Agawam was third and Dimple capsized.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signal, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and report of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

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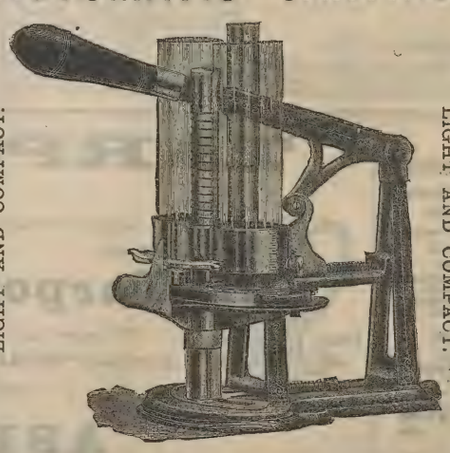
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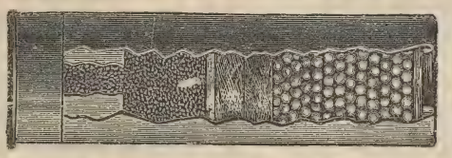
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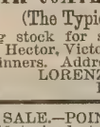
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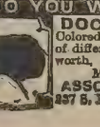
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VOL. XXXI.—No. 13. No. 318 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

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THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications on the subject to which its pages are devoted are respectfully invited. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No name will be published except with writer's consent. The Editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

IN recalling some of the incidents of journalism the other day, a gentleman related to us how he had given up reading the *Spirit of the Times* when George Wilkes switched about from sturdily supporting Gen. McClellan and came out one week with a savage attack on that leader's course. That was back in the sixties. Readers of the *Spirit of the Times* in that decade and the succeeding one will recall the vigorous political leaders Wilkes used to write. In those days one might take offense at the views expressed in these editorials, but no one thought of questioning the propriety of a "sporting" journal's holding and expressing political opinions. The scope of such publications was wider then than now. The contents of the *Spirit of the Times* included not only matter relating to the turf, the ring, athletics, shooting, fishing, rowing, yachting and other branches of "sport," but market reports, agricultural essays, fiction and politics.

Times have changed. Good citizens who now read "sporting" or "sportsmen's" journals still read political leaders, but they no longer take their politics and their fishing together. No one who buys the FOREST AND STREAM and carries it home to read Thursday evening, after getting through his second political lesson of the day in his evening paper, expects to sit down and turn over the pages to be confronted by arguments to prove that unless Cleveland be elected the country will go to the bow-wows, or that the salvation of the Republic hangs on the election of Harrison. He would strenuously resent any dabbling in politics in these pages, and at the first show of party bias his impulse would be to send word "stop my paper," and no one would blame him if he were to carry out the impulse.

There is an unexpressed and unwritten compact between publishers and subscribers of a journal devoted to the outdoor world that the two topics of political faith and religious creed are not to be made subjects of discussion. This is a natural outgrowth of the development of special or class journalism. The same principle applies to numerous other special journals, but perhaps to none in a stronger degree than to the FOREST AND STREAM.

Under these circumstances, no clear way presents itself in which we may avail ourselves of the offer made by an enterprising and doubtless well-meaning Boston publisher, who invites us to "show commendable enterprise" by buying enough copies of his three-colored folio, containing "over fifty autograph reasons" why Blank and Blank should be elected," to go around to all our readers as a "campaign supplement." To supply them with the flaming folio, this publisher says, "will largely increase the reputation of your paper with your independent constituency;" but for the remainder of the campaign FOREST AND STREAM will have to do without any increase of reputation won by such means.

BY WRIT OF MANDAMUS.

IN the "Topics of the Times," of the *Century Magazine* for last August, a thoughtful paper discussed the necessity of finding some remedy for the lawlessness of law-officers. "The fact is notorious," it was said, "that, all over the land, plain statutes are disregarded by those who are plainly bidden to enforce them; that sheriffs and constables and policemen stand and look on while the laws which they have sworn to execute are dishonored before their faces. This is the feature of our political administration that is most troublesome and discouraging."

The class of laws more specially referred to were those relating to the liquor traffic. These statutes are in many places not enforced; and it was pointed out that among the reasons for their non-enforcement might be reckoned the subserviency of police officers to organized bodies of law breakers, and a laxity of public sentiment expressing itself through the judiciary, which fails to support the police. Again, where public opinion does demand that the laws be executed, it may happen that the executive delinquents cannot be roused from their apathetic or conniving failure to act. To oust corrupt officials and put honest men in their places is a task usually requiring long continued and persistent effort, and the rule is that reformers grow weary before attaining their ends, and official inaction triumphs. One speedy and effective stratagem has been found to compel law officers to do their duty, and it was thus described in the *Century:*

It sometimes happens, however, that public sentiment expresses itself through the judiciary more directly and efficiently than through the executive; and a curious incident of recent history shows how the courts may be used to spur to action a derelict administration. In one of the cities of Ohio, the law requiring the closing of the saloons on Sunday had been flagrantly disobeyed for years, and the public authorities, who had been commanded by the law to see to its enforcement, had never lifted a finger to restrain the transgressors. At length application was made by citizens to one of the judges of the Court of Common Pleas for a writ of *mandamus*, requiring the police commissioners to execute the law. The case was argued, the fact of the entire inaction of the authorities was shown—could not, indeed, be disputed; and the judge promptly issued the writ, commanding these officers to perform their duty. The commissioners met and consulted. "Suppose we refuse," they said, "what then?" "That will be contempt of court," replied the city solicitor. The jail already contained one or two inmates whom the judge had recently punished for contempt, and the prospect was not alluring. "I move," said one of the commissioners, after a solemn pause, "that orders be issued to the men to enforce the law strictly next Sunday." The motion was unanimously carried, and on the next Sunday, for the first time in fifteen years, every saloon was closed.

Any one who has had much to do with the game laws can readily trace a very close similarity between the difficulties encountered in enforcing the statutes for the protection of fish and game and those met in enforcing the laws to regulate the liquor traffic. It is likewise true, with respect to the game and fish laws, that they are not effective because not sustained by a public sentiment strong enough to punish the culprits. Thus, in some instances, we find sworn game protectors and game constables refusing to prosecute law violators because they are indifferent to the law infractions or in league with the offenders. In other cases, where the executive officers do their duty, arrest the guilty parties and bring them before a magistrate or a jury, the ends of justice are defeated because public sentiment, as manifested through the magistrate or the jurors, refuses to inflict the prescribed penalties. This parallel of the two classes of laws and law infractions is so obvious that after reading the *Century's* account of the Ohio resort to a writ of mandamus, a correspondent sent us a suggestion that the same step might be taken to secure the correction of such a condition of affairs as, for instance, the "Adirondack Abominations" described last August.

That the suggestion was a sensible one has just been shown by an amusing case in Connecticut, where recourse was had to a threat of taking out a writ of mandamus to compel a grand juror to do his duty. The Connecticut Association of Farmers and Sportsmen for the Protection of Game and Fish has been active in bringing to punishment a number of market hunters and grouse snarers; and it secured evidence to warrant the arrest of a violator, who, it appears, is not to be classed as a poor man, which fact perhaps had something to do with the action of the grand juror, when that functionary refused to act. The Association thereupon sent him a letter, the pertinent portions of which are as follows:

HARTFORD, Conn., Oct. 11, 1888.—*Mr. Amasa Johnson, Grand Juror, Eastford, Conn.:* DEAR SIR—Your refusal to sign the complaint "State vs. James Preston," of your town, compels us to say unless you sign the said complaint when it is again presented to you, we shall proceed as follows, to wit: Make an application to the Superior Court for a mandamus. With said mandamus compel you to sign said complaint. The cost of a mandamus will be $50 to $75 for some one to pay, and you can draw your conclusions who will pay the cost of said mandamus. * * * We do not mean that the poor law breaker be used any worse than the wealthy. We prosecuted two persons last week in Ashford, and pray understand we shall prosecute the said Preston. We give you a fair warning, and hope you will do your duty without further trouble, as your oath demands. Awaiting an early answer, we are, respectfully yours, A. C. COLLINS, President.

The effect was speedy; the grand juror signed the complaint, the offender was brought before the justice, and fines were imposed on two counts. The Connecticut Association has the credit of proving the worth of a writ of mandamus as a stimulus to the performance of official duty.

SNAP SHOTS.

THE valleys and the hills and the mountains are aflame with the gorgeous colors of autumn. The October sky arches blue overhead. The eager dogs flash through the cover. The rifle's sharp crack and the booming of shotguns are heard in the land. This is the season of the year when life is worth living. The autumn days are passing, as the leaves fall, and happy are they who can enjoy them in the field to the full, from the frosty gray of morning to the purple haze on the hills at the dying of the light.

Florida has no game law; but there are numerous citizens of the pennisula who are a law unto themselves, and shoot game only in what they consider to be the proper and legitimate season. Some of these people lately adopted a novel device to force folks to conform to their own standard in this respect. The sportsmen of a certain county met and endeavored to hit upon some plan to prevent quail from being killed prior to Oct. 15, the negroes being the principal offenders. They adopted the device of arresting those who were found with game in their possession and severely reprimanding them and threatening dire punishment should they repeat the offense. The plan worked very well until one of the prominent men of the county and a member of the State Legislature began to shoot young quail, and then the scheme "petered out." This method of protecting game was of course illegal, and was adopted only as a last resort. It is a shame that the State has no efficient game laws. The Northern people that are moving into the State will probably endeavor to have game laws adopted that can be enforced.

There are numerous reports of very late broods of quail this autumn; and in several instances nests have been found with the eggs destroyed by the cold weather or with young unable to withstand the rigors of the season. The necessity of intelligent identification of birds when facts relating to them are reported, is shown by one of the communications received by us, which stated that the young birds found killed by the cold were grouse; on examination the specimens sent proved to be quail.

It is reported from Winnipeg, Manitoba, that Major Bedson has sold his herd of domesticated buffalo to a Kansas ranchman for $28,000. The purchaser is supposed to be "Buffalo" Jones, who already has a herd of his own; and the dispatches are therefore incorrect in stating that the Bedson herd is the only one on the continent.

The winninish discussion at the meeting of the Massachusetts Association, as reported in our columns, is an exceedingly interesting chapter of "fish talk."

The Sportsman Tourist.

THROUGH OKEECHOBEE TO THE GULF

II.

WE woke before day, as our little Dot was rolling and pitching, and found a fearful gale blowing from the southwest, and when daylight came the bosom of Okeechobee was white with foam. After breakfast we took one of the metal lifeboats and pulled out into the surf, but were glad enough to get back, as the seas were rolling high. The gale kept us there two days, and we put our time in overhauling the engine, cleaning up and going out hunting; but as there was no shore to get on to, only swamp, swamp as far as eye could reach, we could not see a solitary thing but a few water turkeys. All was solitude, desolation—vast, gloomy desolation. Never have I seen such utter loneliness, such an utter Godforsaken place in my life.

The morning of the third day after our arrival we started across the Okeechobee. After clearing the bar we headed southwest, and by 10 o'clock were just out of sight of land. We could barely make out the tall tops of cypress trees to the westward, and were going along in good shape, when our first serious accident happened. A packing in our steam pipe blew out, nearly scalding Harry. Of course, there was nothing to do but to draw our fire and blow out. Then as the little Dot came broadside to the sea, she did roll. The sea had not gone down from the two days' gale, and she rolled her cabin windows under water. Had we been caught in a gale at that time we must have gone to the bottom, for we were helpless until we patched up the bad place. This we did, and had steam on her in two hours' time; and just at dusk we reached the other side about where we hoped to find an outlet.

There we anchored, and the next day began our search for the outlet to the coast. We steamed around all day until afternoon, when we could see no escape. Then I took a boat and went ashore, or rather, began to row along near the edge. Of course we didn't know where we were. It was all guess. At last Harry said: "Let's try a few miles further south." But I was afraid we were too far south already, and while I was poking around with the lifeboat I ran into a swift, narrow channel, so deep I could not touch bottom with an 8ft. oar. It ran directly west, and I felt as though this must run out. It was very narrow, scarcely 15ft. wide, but terribly swift. We got steam up and made for the opening. In we went, and by turning the engine slowly for steerage way, we shot through the deep, narrow channel at fearful speed for such a narrow, unknown place. On we went, fairly holding our breath, for we did not know what moment we would strike a log or some other obstruction, but we had hit the outlet in what is down in the map as Big Sawgrass Outlet, and before dark we were in what must have been Lake Hicpochee, and anchored for the night.

The next day we found the outlet and got into what finally turned out to be Caloosahatchee River. The following morning we came to the first solid ground we had seen since leaving Fort Bassinger. As it was very early and we had had no breakfast, Harry said he would catch a mess of trout, if I would go get some game. So I took a boat and dropped down stream a quarter mile, and I started to wade toward some high ground. I had got part way and was in water up to my waist, when I stepped on what I thought was a log, but as there was no big timber near there I reached down to feel what it was, and grabbed the biggest alligator by the nose you ever saw. It seemed that I had put my boot on his head, and started him, but when I grabbed him by the nose he meant fight. Well, of course, all this happened in less time than you could count five, and I can only tell you of the fight I had for my life. He was a huge fellow, plump 11 or 12ft. long, for I have shot dozens of them and can guess at sight of one about his length. As I put my hand on his nose, he reared up, knocking me on my back. As I fell the muzzle of my gun ,a double breechloader loaded with sixes, dropped into his open jaws as he was making a lunge and a snap at me. By a lucky accident he shut down on the barrels with a snap and a twist, yanking the gun out of my right hand. He gave his head or jaws a swinging motion, making the stock of the gun describe a circle. The jerk he gave the gun had jerked me back on to my feet. As I saw the butt of the gun coming toward me I made a frantic grab for it, for I knew that without my gun I was "a goner." I clutched the barrels just forward of the hammers, and for about ten or twenty seconds no man who ever lived fought harder for life. Remember I was up to my waist in mud and water, and only had hold of my gun forward of the hammers. The 'gator used his hind feet to push himself, while he clawed at me with those horrible short forearms. One may ask, why did not you shoot him? I could not change my grip on the gun, for it took all my desperate strength to hold on and prod the 'gator. Once he let go and I only saved myself from his jaws by a quick poke, striking him in his eye. His tail flew round toward me, while he threw himself to one side with the pain my barrels made when I punched him in the eye.

During this struggle I had been forced to swallow water and as he threw himself to one side and I saw his tail coming, I whirled and jumped out of the way. Then my first chance to shoot offered, but I knew No. 6 shot, even at such close range, was not a safe charge to shoot a big alligator with. At this time the monster was sideways to me, as the force of his tail in striking at me had turned him round. We were about five feet apart, and with the poke I had given his right eye, he was half inclined not to fight. At any rate all this passed through my mind in a second, and I saw my advantage and whirled and ran as only a man can run for his life under circumstances like those I was in. I don't know what the 'gator thought and don't care a continental. I simply legged it for shore for all I was worth. I ran under a big tree and down I went, weak as a cat.

I guess I lay there a half hour before I had strength to get up. Then I noticed about thirty big wild turkeys looking at me. It seems I had run under a live oak and the turkey were feeding on acorns. They did not seem to be afraid, but were looking at me with necks stretched out. I brought my gun up and knocked down a fine gobbler with each barrel. Then the rest went; and you know how a wild turkey can go when scared. I took a roundabout way to my boat, but this time I had buckshot in, and if I had caught sight of my saurian friend I should have finished him. When I got back to the Dot Harry was cleaning three fine trout. The smallest would weigh 4lbs. After a breakfast of fried trout and young gobbler, and biscuit and coffee, I stripped to see if I had any marks from my fight. My shoulder was black and blue, but I had noticed when I shot the turkeys my gun kicked me nearly over. On examining my gun I found the alligator had put his teeth nearly through the barrels near the muzzle, and the rib on top was creased and marked just as if by steel tools. It did not seem possible that an alligator's tooth could peel iron as it did. I pounded out the dents and the gun now shoots better than ever.

Deer were plentiful; we killed three one day inside of twenty minutes, but our haste to get through to the coast kept us from stopping much to hunt. A party of four went out hunting near Charlotte Harbor, were gone a week and killed twenty-three turkeys and nine deer, but I consider that butchery, as game will not keep there over three days; and turkeys, if fat, will not keep twenty-four hours.

The waters of the rivers and swamps of interior Florida, especially the deep ones, are excellent to drink. It looks black, but it tastes good; in the morning it is cool and good, and a more delightful cruise, climate and hunting considered, does not exist on this earth than a cruise with the proper kind of a boat, the right sort of an outfit, and a half a dozen jolly sportsmen not afraid of hard work. January is a better month than October, and February or March better still. Young plume birds are in full plume in March. There are more different kinds of beautiful birds in that far Southland than we ever hear of in the North.

We got our mudhook up and commenced to work our way toward the coast, I should say southwestward, but we were several days in that section. To get stuck in the mud or on banks was our lot twenty times a day, and it was no small task to carry our 60lb. anchor in one of our boats out to the end of the cable, jam it in the mud, then by reversing our engine at full speed and pulling on our cable until we could see stars, we would get off. At times we had to put all our heavy stuff in the boats, load them down so as to lighten the steamer, then get a strain on the cable, throw the engine wide open, and pile overboard up to our waists in mud and water and pull and tug and sweat. And when it was getting stuck on banks or bars, the propeller would ball up with grass or lily pads. Then we would have to pile overboard with knives and cut the stuff off. But we arrived at Fort Thompson all right. That is another fort without a fort—only a plantation with one or two houses.

From Fort Thompson we had clean sailing. The Caloosahatchee River is a fine, deep, swift river, but fearfully crooked. Along that river for 100 miles lies the finest land in the State of Florida. The high banks are well timbered with oak, cypress and pine. We arrived at Fort Myers, about forty-five miles from the Gulf, in just sixteen days after leaving the railroad at Kissimmee. We had traveled nearly 600 miles by water, for the crookedest rivers on earth run through central Florida. Then we wasted so many days in the dead rivers and in finding the proper routes. Yet with a jolly party and a small sidewheel steamer not drawing over 15in. of water, I should like to go over the same waters again.

We received letters at Fort Myers, dropped down the river, cut wood and wooded up, and soon reached Punta Rassa, at the mouth of the river. We went north between Pine Island and the mainland to Charlotte Harbor. From there we went outside in our little Dot and made a run of sixty-five miles in the Gulf, reaching Sarasota Pass at night. We picked up some beautiful shells along the route on the islands and keys: feasted on oranges, bananas, mullet and rock crabs as big as a lobster. The oysters are small, but make good soup; the clams are excellent. We spent several weeks along the coast. Our bill of fare consisted of baked mullet and roe, clam fritters, oyster soup, banana fritters, orange short cake, pine apple dumplings with wine sauce, coffee and biscuit, corn bread or pancakes. We lived high after reaching the coast. We arrived at Tampa in the last of November. And now good-bye until I get more time to describe the coast and islands of the Gulf and shark fishing.

ARTHUR LOVEJOY.

ATLANTA, Ga.

THAT CAMP.

I CAN see it yet, and its wild surroundings, though more than twenty-five years have elapsed since Will and I camped there. We reached the place about noon, and after a hurried lunch of bread and butter, prepared to erect it. A camp had stood there the year before, or a "shanty," as Will would persist in calling it. This had fallen down, or had been crushed by the weight of the winter snows. Now all that remained were the pieces of its bark roof. Two of these had been crushed and broken, while lying on the damp ground since spring had in no way improved the other pieces.

But the first thing after lunch was to get out the poles and set up the frame. Our plan was to build the camp first, then get everything ready for the night, and then go and catch fish for supper. This we carried out in every particular.

But now the camp, and first its situation. It stood on a bluff (if we may call it that) about sixty feet above the river. That is, the high bank of the river on our side came close to the edge of the water, while the low intervale through which the stream ran was at this place not more than a quarter of a mile in width. The river itself was about 50ft. wide and not over a foot deep, except in places. The intervale was filled with yellow birches, alders and all those trees which go to fill up the bottom lands of a rushing stream in the northern part of New York State. From the place where we stood we could look over the tops of the trees, though of course we could not see the water, and the hills on the other side as we faced eastward were in plain view. They were crowned with spruce, hemlock and fir, the same as the bluff we were encamped on. Of course the view up stream was shut off. There would have been no chance to look down had it not been that the land to the east receded from the river. It was this that made the bluff and opened the view down above the birches and alders. This, too, let the morning sun in on us to dry the camp, and then in the afternoon the place was cool and shaded.

From the camp we caught a gleam of the pool at the foot of the hill below us, and as we looked a little beneath the trees (for there was no underbrush on the hillside) the patches and bubbles of froth were seen hurrying on, soon to be dissolved into water and then again to be churned into foam.

A good deal of this foam came from a large rock that stood amid stream, almost dividing it into equal parts, just above the camp. This split the rushing waters and caught from time to time a good deal of the brush and sticks that floated down from above. It never held on very long, though. The water was too rapid. From behind this rock we took out several nice black-looking trout that were very pink when they were fried. It was this rock that helped to make the plashing sounds that were heard during the still evenings and at night. Not a rippling nor a rushing noise, but a kind of dashing, somewhat as though children were bathing and trying to plash water on each other with their hands. The sound was all the time changing although it was always very much the same. As I heard it that still afternoon of the day of our arrival, while I was stripping twigs for our bed, and saw the gleam of the pool, what pleasant anticipations came into my mind—a place I had never been, a stream I had never waded, a pool I had never fished. How could I wait? But I did.

Around the camp the trees stood thick and large in all their pristine beauty. Great hemlocks that seemed to smell of porcupine even with all their fragrance, and spruces that you did not have to ask "to give you of their balm," and a fir whose smooth bark was swelling out with balsam. Yes, that bluff was a fragrant place, and it almost seemed as though all its fragrance was concentrated around the shanty. Perhaps it was because the odor of the leaves of the small birch that we cut when they were drying added their perfume to the spruce and fir boughs that were used in constructing the sides of the camp. At any rate, there was a pungency and aroma about the place that new-mown hay never knew and that only drying of ferns and wild grasses can produce when they are assisted by the evergreen tribe, with a hot sun to draw out their fragrance.

At the rear of the camp was a fallen monarch of the forest, perhaps the victim of a storm he could not breast or a stroke that no tree could withstand. However he may have come there though, his arms furnished us with a good deal of fuel and saved us considerable labor. The spring was a pretty little rill. It came trickling down the receding bank as it fell back from the river, about 30yds. from the camp. It would have been a good place to have built the camp had it not been that the ground was considerably lower than the site we selected; and then it seemed damp and spongy, and only birches and hard woods grew near it.

It was here that the hermit thrushes sang so sweetly in the evening, and the Canada flycatcher, with a host of others almost as pretty as himself, lisped and fluttered in the morning sun. Then those little recesses in the rock were such cool places to keep fish over night, while the butter jar was almost as cold as though it had been housed in a refrigerator. Ah, that camp, it was a lovely place; trout for breakfast, and trout for dinner and trout for supper, too, if we wanted them. The little pond below furnished some of the best—none though over eleven inches long and very many not over eight. Here the birds sang for us in the early morning, and the owls hooted for us as the daylight closed, or again at dawn. Here we saw the shades of night fall and the reflections of our camp-fire flicker and dance among the dense foliage of the treetops, or lighten up one side of their dark trunks. Here the round moon in all her silent stillness rose upon us, flooding the lowland with her mellow light and bringing out the rising mist in all its softness. Here Will smoked his evening pipe while I played in weird melody the songs of a past day. Here we slept in undisturbed slumber in woods unbroken by the axman, near a stream unconfined by dams, waters unsoiled by sawdust.

STILLABOY.

Natural History.

BREEDING GRIZZLIES IN CONFINEMENT

TO one thoroughly in love with his calling, and in charge of a large zoölogical collection, I know of no more alluring, but delusive, undertaking than the attempt at breeding and successfully rearing wild animals in captivity. So long as one confines himself to what are commonly known as "the hay-eaters," such as deer, camels, etc., there is not so much difficulty; but when he goes a few steps higher in organization and endeavors "to increase and multiply," he will soon find out that "the flesh-eaters," such as lions, tigers, etc., will give him cause for a deal of disappointment and mortification. Lions breed without much difficulty, but many of the mothers either devour or refuse to nurse their progeny. If one happens to have a good mother, he will find that a very large percentage of the young never reach maturity, but die from such diseases as rickets, scrofula, etc. Tigers do not breed so freely as lions, nor does an equal proportion of mothers make any attempt at nursing. It is a well-known fact that traveling menageries are more successful than stationary zoölogical collections in breeding and rearing lions, and the reason usually given for it is, that in the traveling menageries the animals receive much rougher usage and get more exercise, consequently are stronger and better able to bear healthy progeny. My own opinion is, that it is not reasonable to look for natural results with unnatural surroundings; or to put it differently, one cannot expect outraged nature to act naturally. Perhaps what follows will serve to illustrate my meaning more fully. I once had under my charge a pair of grizzly bears (*Ursus horribilis*) which bred frequently, but the following record will show that I never succeeded in rearing a single young one:

Jan. 19, 1876, 2 born; died Jan. 19, 1876.
Jan. 17, 1878, 2 born; died Jan. 20, 1878.
Jan. 14, 1879, 2 born; eaten by mother Jan. 16. 1879.
Jan. 10, 1881, 3 born; died Jan. 13, 1881.
Jan. 13, 1882, 3 born; died Jan. 16, 1882.
Jan. 16, 1883, 1 born; died Aug. 11, 1883.
Jan. 18, 1885, 3 born; died Jan. 21, 1885.

From the above it will be seen that in every instance except one the young ones died, either from the neglect or cannibalism of the mother. As the period of gestation was always within a few days of nine months, I knew just about when to expect the young ones, although the mother did not show pregnancy by any increase in size,

and could make my preparations accordingly. The pit in which the parents were confined was so constructed that the female was able to seclude herself completely, as she could retire into an inner den, built underground, to reach which she passed some six feet through a passageway, turned a right angle, and then went some eighteen or twenty feet before reaching her bed, consisting of a quantity of hay, which she carried in some time before having young.

During the latter portion of the fall of 1879 I determined to separate the male from the female, thinking perhaps she would act more naturally than if he were allowed to remain with her as formerly. A heavy iron grating was built across the pit and the male was placed on one side, while the female remained on the other, having the run of the inner den. I expected she would show some uneasiness after being separated from her mate, but she did not, and acted very quietly for about two months, until the young ones were born. The morning after birth she came outside and seemed very anxious to have his company, but showed no signs of anger. The next morning she again came out, remained but a short time, and the cries of the young were heard several times during the day. On the following morning she came out and lay down, which being contrary to her usual habit, the door leading to the inner den was closed and search made for the young, but they could not be found, consequently the natural inference was that she had eaten them, and I concluded that henceforth it would be best to leave them together. On the birth of the next litter, Jan. 10, 1880, as usual the mother refused to take any notice of them; they were removed and the attempt was unsuccessfully made to rear them by bottle. These were the young ones examined by Mr. Chas. Dury, and the following extract from his short article on them in the *Journal of the Cincinnati Society of Natural History*, April, 1881, gives an exact description of their appearance and measurements.

"At sight, one is impressed with the very small size of the cubs in proportion to the great size of the parents. Shortly after the birth of the third cub, the mother came away from them, and it was decided to remove them and try to rear them by hand. When brought away, and warmly wrapped in Angola goat skin, the little creatures sucked readily from a bottle filled with cow's milk. They were very strong and vigorous, and when chilled or handled, manifested their displeasure with vociferous yells, that in tone resembled the cries of a very young human infant. Measurements and weights were as follows:

"1st. Length from tip of nose to end of tail, 9¼in., circumference of body, behind foreleg, 8¼in.; length of foreleg, from head of humerus to claw, 3½in.; claw of forepaw, ⅞in.; girth of head, 5¾in.; length of head, 2¼in.; weight, 1lb. 3½oz.

"2d Length, from tip of nose to end of tail, 10¼in.; girth, 8in.; foreleg, 3¾in.; weight, 1lb. 2½oz.

"3d. Length, 9½in.; girth, 7½in.; weight, 1lb. 2oz.

"Color.—The body was of a dusky flesh tint, thickly covered with short, stiff hair, of a dirty white color, with a broad dorsal line of ash colored hairs from the occiput to the tail. The face was rich flesh color. The nose reddish pink, as were also the ears. The soles of the feet were bright carmine pink. Eyes, tightly closed."

As remarked by Mr. Dury, the small size of the cubs would instantly attract one's attention, and as the same occurs with the black bear (*U. americanus*) it strikes me that an answer might be easily given to the query of "How is it that a gravid bear is never killed?" As such animals are usually killed by hunters, and not by scientists, and generally at a season when the fœtus would be exceedingly small and imperfectly developed, it would be apt to be overlooked by any one but an expert.

Again in 1882 the mother refused to suckle the cubs, and I began to despair of even making a partial attempt at rearing. On the morning of Jan. 16, 1883, the keeper reported that he had heard the cry of a single one. It was very stormy and cold weather, and the mother did not come out in the open pit for several days, but the cry of the cub could be frequently heard, and I began to hope for success. After the lapse of a week I ventured down to the pit; no one but the keeper having been allowed in the vicinity during the interval, and no opera *habitué* ever enjoyed the notes of a favorite aria with more pleasure that I felt in listening to the petulant cries of the youngster. From that time forward the mother would only leave the cub long enough to get her food, and I noticed that the male had been forced to take up his sleeping quarters just inside the entrance to the inner den. Judging from my experience with the black bear, I supposed that it would be some eighty days before the young one would leave the nest. At the end of that period the female began to lengthen her time of remaining outside, and by using the keeper's passage I approached within a few feet of the nest, with only a heavy oaken partition between me and it. I could distinctly hear the cry receding from me in the direction of the entrance, but the mother would always come in before the cub could get out and bundle it back into the nest. Finally, on the afternoon of March 20, while standing and watching the parents, both of which were sitting on their haunches in the front of the pit, I heard the cries of the young one, evidently making its way toward the door leading to the outer den. At last I could easily see it, partially hidden by the hay of the male's bed, and ultimately it came into full view, with its head within a few inches of the door sill. The mother did not move from her position, but turning her head looked at it for a few moments and then resumed her gaze toward the front of the pit. The male got up, walked across to the door, smelled the youngster, returned to the grating, reared up with his back toward it, gave himself a good rubbing, squatted on his haunches and kept his eyes on the cub. In a few momemts it attempted to pass out, but was stopped by the mother, who trotted up, and after licking it, carefully stepped over it, and gathering it under her chin passed her forepaws around it and gently drew it backward out of sight. In a short time she reappeared and resumed her place at the front grating. As there was a deep basin filled with water in the pit, I summoned assistance and had some large pieces of joist dropped into it, to serve as floats if the cub should happen to fall into the water. At the first splash of the timber the female gave an angry snort and darted into the inner den, slowly followed by the male, but as soon as we had finished and all became quiet they returned, and proceeded with much caution to fish all the lumber out of the tank and strew it all over the floor of the pit. At night, after they had retired, the door of the inner den was closed, the keepers ventured in, removed the lumber, and I concluded that it would be best not to interfere again, but trust to bear wisdom in the future.

The young one again made its appearance the next afternoon, but did not venture beyond the doorsill. Several days elapsed before it made the attempt to come out into the open pit; and when it finally did so, it crawled along to the front grating and nestled between its mother's front paws, who was squatted on her haunches, as was her usual custom. As it gained strength it began to play around her, but she never seemed to give herself any concern about it and allowed it to wander about as it wished. Finally it began to approach the male and attempt to seduce him into a frolic, but the old fellow remained stolid and indifferent until one afternoon it gave him a sharper nip, *en arrière*, than usual, when he whirled with an angry grunt and made a pass at it with one of his front paws. The youngster was too nimble for him and galloped off to the back of the pit, and what I had been anxiously expecting occurred. The tank was placed well in the rear of the pit, with only a narrow ledge between it and the back wall. In hurrying along it the youngster lost his balance and pitched headforemost into the water. At the noise of the plash there was a simultaneous rush of both male and female, and as soon as the cub's head appeared four great paws were passed underneath him and he was gently lifted out of the water. While coughing and spluttering from the effects of his sudden bath his mother thrust her nose underneath him and gave him a toss which landed him close to the door of the inner den. He did not wait for a repetition of the operation, but



A PAIR OF GRIZZLY CUBS—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

gathered himself up and darted out of sight. With a spiteful roar the female turned and pitched into the male, giving him a most unmerciful drubbing, and I walked away perfectly sure that drowning would never be the cause of that youngster's death. Henceforth my visits to the pit were not so frequent, and some ten days passed before I again saw the cub fall into the water. Much to my surprise neither of the parents paid the slightest attention to it, but allowed him to scramble out unaided, which he did without much difficulty.

Very naturally the bear pits now became the center of attraction and one of the most frequent visitors was the gentleman who had kindly donated the pair of grizzlies. For some years he never visited his pets without bringing a large parcel of sweets for them. He was a constant source of uneasiness to me, for in spite of my many interdictions, he would persist in climbing over the rail in front of the pits, thrusting his arm through the grating and putting every piece of cake or candy directly into the bears' mouths. As they had caused the loss of an arm to an incautious visitor and have since killed an unfortunate keeper, I am satisfied that my fears were not groundless. Of course the young one learned to know him and whenever the gentleman would present himself he would take his position between his mother's front legs, ready for a bit of candy and a frolic. He allowed himself to be cuffed and tossed about without showing the slightest ill-temper, while the mother would languidly look on, without ever changing her position.

As the young one became older and stronger he proved to be a constant source of irritation to the old male, for he never neglected an opportunity of biting him about the haunches whenever an occasion offered. The old fellow confined himself to mild shows of anger, and never resorted to any severe retaliation, no doubt dreading the wrath of the mother. During July I noticed that at times the young one appeared dumpish and out of sorts, while at other times he seemed as full of life and play as usual, and I began to fear an approaching misfortune. I spent many hours about the pit at night, trying to detect a cough, but never succeeded in hearing any sound like one. He gradually grew weaker, and on the morning of Aug. 11 the keeper found him lying dead. The mother did not seem to be grieved over her loss, and the body passed into the prosector's hands, who reported the lungs filled with tubercles. The taxidermist then mounted it standing upright, holding a salver to receive visitors' cards, and I believe it now serves for that purpose, in the hall of the residence of Madame Materna, Vienna.

FRANK J. THOMPSON.

SERPENTS AND THEIR WAYS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The writers on the subject of New England snakes in recent numbers of the FOREST AND STREAM have confounded the blacksnake (*Bascanium constrictor*) and the racer (*Coluber obsoletus*). Both species are common in Connecticut. I have never seen a blacksnake of greater length than 5ft., but have seen racers that would measure considerably more than 6ft. in length, or, in local parlance, "as long as a rake stale."

The blacksnake, I am quite sure, does not chase people, but the racer is quite fond of doing so. In order to capture specimens alive I have induced them to give chase in their playful way by pretending to run away and then turning suddenly and grasping any part of the snake's body that I had the good luck to hit. It is difficult to capture this graceful and fleet racer in any other way, as he will surely glide off with the speed of a bird if a step toward him is made after he has elevated the forward part of his body to observe the intruder. Both the blacksnake and the racer bite quickly when seized, but their bites "don't hurt any." The most vicious of the biters among the harmless snakes of New England is the water blacksnake (*Tropidonotus sipedon*), and he usually adds insult to injury by emptying his unsavory cloacal contents on his captor's coat sleeve. ROBT. T. MORRIS.

NEW YORK, Oct. 9.

Editor Forest and Stream:

After reading articles in your paper on snakes, and finding nine eggs in my garden, I thought I would send you four as a proof that some snakes do lay eggs. If you will cut one open you will find a fully developed snake. Will you please make a note of it in your paper, of which I am a subscriber. E. P. L.

HAYDENVILLE, Mass., Oct. 10.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In relation to snakes swallowing their young, let me testify that four of us once saw the act and afterward killed the old one and also thirty-two little ones that were inside of her. The snake was of the striped adder variety.

CHAS. L. SHERMAN.

PHILADELPHIA Oct. 10.

Editor Forest and Stream:

While deer hunting in Sullivan county, N. Y., last week, our guide heard a noise in the brush, and upon investigating discovered a blacksnake, which measured eight feet in length and about as large in girth as the calf of a man's leg. S. V. A.

NEW YORK.

LATE QUAIL.—Elmira, N. Y., Oct. 5.—I send you today two out of eight chickens found on edge of buckwheat field. Boy said they were grouse, and that he saw the old bird fly away and caught the little ones in the buckwheat and put them in the grass, and they were killed by the cold night and snow. Please let me know if they are grouse.—E. B. G. [The birds are quail.]

RECENT ARRIVALS AT THE PHILADELPHIA ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN.—Purchased—Six hedgehogs (Erinaceus europæus), one common macaque (Macacus cynomolgus), one short-tailed parrot (Pionus brachyurus), one Bauer's parakeet (Platycercus zonarius), two rose-breasted grosbeaks (Guiraca ludoviciana), three scarlet tanagers (Pyranga rubra), one common cuckoo (Cuculus canorus), two European quail (Coturnix communis), two European crossbills (Loxia curvirostra), two European jays (Garrulus glandarius), two radiated tortoises (Testudo radiata), thirty-three salamanders (Salamandra maculosa), and six slow worms (Anguis fragilis). Presented—One ground squirrel (Tamias striatus), one opossum (Didelphys virginiana), one red squirrel (Sciurus hudsonius), one pigeon hawk (Accipiter fuscus), one American robin (Turdus migratorius), one Cooper's hawk (Accipiter cooperi), fifteen spotted salamaders (Diemyctylus miniatus), four garter snakes (Eutainia sertalis), twelve alligators (Alligator mississippiensis), one milk snake (Coluber obsoletus conflnis) nine painted terrapins (Chrysemys picta), one striated terrapin (Chelopus insculptus), three snapping turtles (Chelonura serpentina). Born—One red kangaroo (Macropus rufus), and one sooty mangabey (Cercocebus fuliginosus.)

Game Bag and Gun.

Antelope and Deer of America. By J. D. Caton. Price $2.50. Wing and Glass Ball Shooting with the Rifle. By W. C. Bliss. Price 50 cents. Rifle, Rod and Gun in California. By T. S. Van Dyke. Price $1.50. Shore Birds. Price 15 cents. Woodcraft. By "Nessmuk." Price $1. Trajectories of Hunting Rifles. Price 50 cents. Wild Fowl Shooting; see advertisement.

SOME STORIES ABOUT BRUIN.

IT HAS often been asserted that bears are dangerous and will attack man. Though this might have been the case in the early settlement of the country, when bears were accustomed to the simple weapons of the savage, they, as well as other wild animals, soon learned to respect man when the white man came among them with the musket and the deadly rifle. I cannot help thinking that the habits of our wild animals have undergone a great change in regard to their relations to man since the advent of the whites. They may now be considered cowardly, but it is prudence developing which is "the better part of valor." To illustrate, we all know what a shy bird the crow is in the East, and how in spite of the proscription by the farmer, he yet manages to get along well enough, and generally keep out of range of the farmer's gun. He builds his nest on high trees and has developed a great amount of caution during succeeding generations. In fact, his caution and prudence seldom desert him unless when starved out in winter, when he will go to any length to get a meal. Now note the difference. Out here on the Pacific coast where the crows are undisturbed in the Indian country their boldness is surprising. They will even alight on the back of an old Kloochman (squaw) when digging clams and watch for a chance to steal one; but you will never see one alighting on the back of a white man, and in fact, even now near the settlements the crows are becoming shy, though they are everywhere much more tame than in the East. So it has been with our wild animals, and hundreds of cases might be gathered to prove the statement. Even now, however, a bear will sometimes turn at bay when wounded, or will in his fright blunder right on to a man, and there are a few authentic instances where men have come to grief. Hair-breadth escapes, so-called, are not very rare, but they seldom come more than once to the same individual.

Now there is John F., a hunter-naturalist well known in British Columbia. He is a thorough, careful observer, a sure shot and as honest as the day is long. He is rather modest about telling his own experience, but they are many and strange. He has trapped, hunted, prospected and boated all over the Northwest, knows the country and the animals, birds and reptiles like a book; is a good taxidermist, and all in all as fine a man as I ever met. He is enthusiastic over his specimens, and it is a treat to any one who loves the woodland to be present on one of those rare occasions when he warms to the subject, and sitting among his deer heads and wolf skins unfolds to the listeners the treasures of his memory, and relates the tale of stirring scenes through which he has passed from his youth up. Then his eye kindles and flashes, and you are transported in a moment to the mighty hills or the eternal snows, to the dark and somber forest where the wind sighs amid the branches, or the great crags where the mountain goat climbs the beetling rocks. I have been staying with F. for some time, and the other night two of his comrades happened in. Then I came in for a feast as I sat and listened to the conversation, dropping a word here and there, and adding a "that reminds me," to keep the ball rolling.

F.'s friend, whom I will call Joe, with whom he often hunted, always maintained that a bear would no more harm a man than would a deer, and that there was no danger in attacking one. In fact his contempt for a bear was boundless. It happened that they were out in the hills one day when Joe spied a bear some 400yds. off on the other side of a big ravine. It was evident the bear had not winded them. "Now," says Joe, "I'll crawl over there, get up close and wound him severely, and then show myself and see what he will do." "Agreed!" says F. and sat him down to await the issue, while Joe taking advantage of the cover, cautiously crawled toward the bear. Arriving at point blank range, he shot at the bear, but did not wound him so badly as he had intended. As soon as he had fired, Joe sprang one side to get clear of the smoke which hung around him. In doing this, his foot tripped on a creeper, and down the hill he went among briers, nettles and brambles. The bear meanwhile apparently went mad and ran straight at Joe, not knowing where the shot came from. He charged down like a tempest, ran directly over Joe and disappeared in the thick bush before either of the men could do anything to hinder. And, to make a long story short, they never saw the bear again. Joe arose and we kindly draw a veil over the scene. This was a case of panic on the part of the bear, but later on Joe and F. were attacked by a wounded bear, and this is how it happened. I tell the story as F. told it to me, though one should hear him tell it to appreciate it.

"It was up in the inlet," said F. "Joe and I were living alone together in a little house, same as you and I are now. One morning I awoke up early with a sensation of having heard something. You know when you are camping in the woods by a running stream you become accustomed to the sounds of the water and the jumping fish, but let a deer break through the brush and you are wide awake in an instant. Well, I lay and listened, hearing nothing but the hammering of a big black woodpecker on a stump in the edge of clearing, when suddenly there came a rap on the door. Then I heard Joe open the door and begin to talk to some one. This lasted about a minute, and just as I was getting out I heard Joe say, 'I believe all the blamed fools live about this place,' and slam went the door in somebody's face. I went out at once. He was mad enough. He said, 'Here this fool has let a bear take a hog out from under his nose and never called us.' The week before a Frenchman, who lived about ten rods away, had been awakened by a panther in his sheep pen, and instead of calling us, knowing as he did that we both had rifles, he had gone down and fired five shots at him with a little revolver. When he was through firing the panther had walked away in digust; and now this man has been trying to frighten away a bear for half an hour, when he knew we were at home.

"However, I opened the door and called the old man back. He was mad; said he came to see me and not that fellow who tried to be too smart to suit him. Finally, however, he told me his story. He was awakened by a great racket at the hog pen and found a bear trying to get away with a hog. He shooed and threw stones at the bear for half an hour, but no one came. He then undertook to get his boat off shore (where it had 'gone dry') to go for help, and while at this the bear had picked up the hog in his arms and gone off on his hindlegs. Well, I got my gun and we followed the trail, and at last got so close on the bear that he dropped his hog. We found the hog dead just over beyond a big log some 5ft. thick. Thinking to fool the bear I climbed up a tree and sent Joe back home. After waiting an hour I heard a slight crackling in the bushes to leeward, then a loud snort, as the bear broke away through the thick underbrush. He had got my wind, high as I was in the tree, and I did not get even a sight at him. This was discouraging. I knew he would not come back for some time now, so I got down and went home to breakfast. When I got to the house and told Joe of my bad luck, he said, 'Let's trap him.' After talking it over we finally concluded that the best way would be to set a gun for him. Well, we had the biggest duck gun you ever saw—an old single-barreled affair with a barrel about 6ft. long. She would take a whole handful of powder and shot. We got her out and loaded her with eighteen buckshot and the usual charge of powder. Then we took her out on the bear's trail and set her. You see we couldn't tell which way the bear would come, but finally we bound up the gun on the log, with the muzzle pointing so as to hit the bear if he came down wind. While we were testing the trigger line and before the gun was fixed firmly, she went off. I was holding the stock, and that old cannon came back into the middle of my stomach, doubling me up in a heap in the bushes. When I came to I thought a mule had kicked me. I never saw such a time. But finally we got her set and left it.

"That afternoon we heard a distant boom in the direction of the trap. Joe made a dive for the door and I followed, not forgetting, however, to take my Winchester along. It seems the old fellow whose hog had been stolen had been telling the story around, and two young fellows from the East had come down from the hotel and followed us in to see the bear. When we got there, all a little out of breath, I went in first with the rifle, and the two city chaps right on my heels. When I got to the gun on the log there was nothing in sight. I climbed up on the log, which was more than breast high, and dropped over on the other side. As my head rose above the bush in climbing over I saw the bear kicking on the ground among the bushes. I don't think the others saw him at all. At any rate, we were no sooner over than up rose the bear on his hindlegs right in front of us. I think the two fellows from the East were paralyzed for a second, and then they went away. Our parting occurred right there. They did not even stop to say good-by. It is strange how people fade out of our lives. They faded. I found out afterward that they went quickly back to the hotel and went East. I never saw them again. Well, sir, if those fellows were paralyzed at the first sight of the bear, they soon recovered the use of their legs. You ought to have heard the racket they made getting over that tree. I think they must have torn nearly all the bark off. Well, they got over, and then fairly plowed a trail through the brush to the road. The way they broke down the brush and tore up the roots was a caution.

"I supposed by the noise that Joe had gone with them, and I stood up alone to face the bear. I had no time to look around. The log was at my back and the bear upon me. Then as I raised my rifle to my shoulder I heard Joe's voice, as he stood with his back against the log looking over my shoulder. There he was—unarmed, but cool and confident in my shooting—and what do you suppose that fellow said? 'Don't shoot him, Jack; let's pack the son of a gun out alive.'

This brought out a laugh from the party, and some one went on with another bear story. F., after he had told this much, seemed to think that was all there was to it worth telling, but after the others had gone, and we sat alone by the stove, I asked him how he came out with that bear, and whether they "packed him out alive." "No," said he, "I shot him," as if that settled it and was the most uninteresting part of the story. I have noticed, by the way, that these old hunters make little account of the dangers which menace them or of their own prowess. It is the tyro, the dandy sportsman, or the man who "hunts with his mouth," who likes to brag.

I said, "Tell me about it."

"Well," said F., "it was this way. When the bear rose he made things fly. He was one of the largest bears I have seen. His shoulder had been broken by the buckshot and one leg hung helpless. He was covered with blood; and with his rolling bloodshot eyes, his tongue hanging from his mouth and his great tusks gnashing, he was a horrible sight, as he made for us with one paw raised to strike. I don't think I was frightened. I didn't have time to be. And as the rifle came to my eye, and I heard Joe coolly talk of taking him out alive, that settled it. But I shot without sighting the rifle, he was so near. I fired at his head, and the ball struck him on one side of the mouth and glanced on his teeth, breaking them right away. This threw him over a little to one side, but he got up and came on again. Then I steadied myself and planted a ball right in his heart. He gave the most awful yell I ever heard and dropped dead by the poor hog he had slaughtered. His skin was the finest I ever saw. I kept it several years, and finally gave it to a friend who was always begging for it. Joe said afterward that he knew I would miss that first shot, as he was looking along my rifle. He was the coolest fellow I ever saw, but if he got in a tight pinch he would rather depend on me. This is the only time I ever saw a bear attack a man."

F. tells a good story of an old friend of his, a trapper. The old fellow has a shed in which he makes shingles in the summer, splitting them out of cedar logs with an axe. Most of the shingles here are made in this way. One of the neighbors had some sheep which had run wild in the woods, and as he could not get them in he asked F. to shoot them whenever he came across them. One day when hunting he started one of these sheep on a trail in the woods, near the trail which led to the trapper's shingle shed. The sheep being very wild ran down the trail and reached the turn just as F. came out on it. Just at this moment a big bear sprang out on the sheep but missed it,

and the sheep, taking the trail to the shingle shed, ran for its life with the bear in hot pursuit. F., who had just a parting glimpse of the animals, followed on as fast as his legs could carry him. The old trapper was at work in his shed and had just stooped over when the frightened sheep came along, and plunging through the shed, trampled over the old man and rushed madly through and away. As the trapper gathered his long form up from among the shingles he was confronted by the bear, which snorted wildly and bolted into the timber. And as the bear disappeared and the old man rose painfully to his feet, rubbing his sore bones, he saw something else coming through the dust which filled the air. Not knowing what to expect next, he braced himself to meet the next comer, which turned out to be F. on the run. "Oh, it's you, is it?" gasped the old trapper, "well, what the old blankety blank blank is comin' next?"

EDWARD HOWE FORBUSH.

ONE WAY IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

IN reading the columns of your highly interesting journal, I have often wondered why it is that so many of your sporting correspondents residing in the vicinity of New York, who make annual visits to the Southern States, the Rocky Mountains, and other distant places on the continent of America, during the shooting season in quest of large game, do not sometimes visit Newfoundland.

That this country is the very paradise of sportsmen admits of no doubt. Its countless lakes, rivers and ponds swarm with trout and salmon of the finest description, and are the abodes of the wild goose, the black duck, shell and pie ducks, and other water fowl. Finer salmon streams than those of Newfoundland naturally are cannot be found on this side of the Atlantic. The vast number of deer paths to be met with in the interior of the country and also a few miles inland from the heads of Notre Dame Bay and White Bay, go to prove that the whole of the interior is amply stocked with caribou (or deer, as they are usually called by most of the inhabitants). Their migrations from north to south are as regular as the seasons. The winter months are passed in the southern portion of the island, where browse is plentiful and the snow is not so deep as to prevent them from reaching the moss. In a thick wood around the south shore of Red Indian Lake is a favorite wintering place.

Captain Hardy in a special chapter of his book on Newfoundland says: "I know of no country so near England, which offers the same amount of inducement to the sportsman as Newfoundland. Some half dozen or so of regular visitors from the continent, one or two resident sportsmen, and the same number from England comprise the list of those who have encamped in its vast solitudes in quest of its principal game—the caribou—which is scattered over some 25,000 square miles of unbroken wilderness."

Lord Dunraven, an English gentleman of considerable practical experience and a thorough sportsman, has given an interesting account of a brief hunting excursion in the island. He says: "Newfoundland is not much visited by Englishmen, I know not why, for it is the nearest of and most accessible of all their colonies and it offers a good field for mineral exploration and for sport. The interior of a great part of the island, all the northern part of it in fact, is almost unknown; the variety of game is not great, there are no moose, nor small deer, and bears are, strange to say, very scarce, but caribou are plentiful and the Newfoundland stags are finer by far than any to be found in any portion of North America."

From the 15th of September until the 20th of November is the best time for deer shooting in Newfoundland. There are favorite hunting grounds known only to the Micmac Indians and lumbermen living around Hall's Bay and Notre Dame Bay, where deer shooting may be enjoyed to perfection. One of the best of these is on Hinds Plains, opposite the eastern end of Grand Lake. The White Hills, thirty miles west from the head of Hall's Bay, is another favorite hunting ground.

On Friday, Oct. 15, 1887, I started from the mining settlement of Little Bay, Notre Dame Bay, accompanied by my two chums Pat and Sandy, for the White Hills. Pat and myself were armed with .44-cal. Winchester rifles, and Sandy carried a Peabody Martini-Henri. We arrived at Hall's Bay about midnight thoroughly drenched from head to foot, it having rained heavily all day. The next morning it was still raining; however, we were fully determined to push on our journey, but after traveling about four miles our packs became so heavy, and fearing our provisions would be spoiled, we decided to take shelter in a lumberman's camp at the foot of West Lake. We remained in this camp the remainder of Saturday and the following Sunday. On Monday morning, hiring one of the lumbermen to act as our guide, we were soon on the road with the cheering prospects of reaching the "promised land" at an early hour in the afternoon. About 2 o'clock the guide informed us that we had arrived at our destination. I must acknowledge that I felt somewhat disappointed. I expected to see hills, but here we were on a broad, open marsh, or rather a series of marshes, stretching away to the northwest as far as the eye could reach and about a mile wide.

We halted at the first camping ground and had lunch. Here we decided to leave Pat—he being the best shot—in the hope of his getting a deer before night; while Sandy, the guide, and myself would travel a few miles up the marsh to a place known as Hannah's Lookout, and make this place our headquarters. Fortunately our plans were successful. We had scarcely proceeded on our journey more than half a mile when the keen eye of Sandy, on looking back, saw about twenty deer, headed by an enormous stag, crossing the marsh in the direction of the point where we had a few moments before stationed Pat.

As we were in the middle of a broad open marsh, without a bush of any kind to shade us from view of the herd, or to assist us in crawling within range, our only plan was to lie still and watch their movements. Never shall I forget this sight. A number of fawns were among the herd, and how prettily they skipped and jumped over the mud ponds in the marsh, perfectly unconscious of danger.

As the herd approached nearer to Pat we listened breathlessly for the sound of his rifle. In a few moments we were relieved of our suspense. Crack! went the rifle; down dropped the stag. The does and fawns fled terror-stricken for a couple of hundred yards and then stopped suddenly, evidently wondering what had happened to their lord and master. The stag was soon on his feet again, limping off in the direction of his haunt. It was plainly evident that he was badly wounded in the shoulder. By this time Pat had left his hiding place in bush and was now on the marsh, hat off, rifle in hand, fully determined to wind up the earthly career of that stag or perish in the attempt. Crack! went his rifle again. The stag bounded a few yards and then turned off in the direction of the woods. Pat was now within a hundred yards of the stag. Raising his rifle he took a steady aim and fired. The bullet passed through the stag's side, the noble animal plunged wildly forward dead.

Sandy and myself soon appeared on the scene. The stag proved to be a very old one. He measured 7ft. 6in. in length, and we estimated his weight to be not less than 500lbs. The antlers consisted of forty-two points, magnificently proportioned, and measured 4ft. 9½in. across the top. We brought a small portion of the meat to camp with us, anticipating a good feed of venison steak for supper, but our venisonian appetites soon vanished when the meat commenced to fry, and we found it advisable to keep on the windward side of the frying-pan.

The next day, Tuesday, we were all pretty fortunate. I managed to bring down a fine stag at 150yds. off-hand; Sandy succeeded in killing another, and Pat, by way of altering the programme, arrived at the camp a little before dark with the head and antlers of a magnificent stag, a brace of partridge and an Arctic hare.

That night in camp our guide informed us that about five miles further up the country from where we were camped there was a large open barren and a good feeding place for deer. So we unanimously agreed to visit the place next day. At 5 o'clock next morning we started on our journey and walked about two miles when a thick fog set in. Our guide strongly advised us to abandon the idea of proceeding further, stating that his knowledge of the various landmarks to guide us was very limited, and if the fog continued we were very likely to get astray. I had scarcely time to worry over the disappointment caused by the fog when the sudden cry of "Lie still, over there. Four deer coming this way," caused me to settle myself down in a pool of the coldest water imaginable. In a few moments the deer were passing in front of us within range of our rifles. Sandy was ordered to fire at the leader, I was ordered to take the next, and Pat was to take the stag bringing up the rear.

In the excitement caused by the sudden announcement of the deer passing in front of me and the North Pole so close behind me, I forgot the commanding order of Pat, and, rising from my uncomfortable position, fired at the doe opposite me. She ran a few yards off and dropped dead. I glanced in the direction of Sandy. His neck was stretched across the stock of his rifle, his mouth wide open, his features terribly distorted, trying to "draw a bead" on the leader of the herd—as he afterward informed me—with the wrong eye shut. Pat and myself fired simultaneously at the leader, dropping her in her tracks, the bullets from both rifles having passed through her body. The stag ran out on the marsh about 200yds. and stood looking back. We immediately sent a shower of bullets after him, some of them apparently taking effect, when at last Pat sent a bullet through his head and he dropped instantly.

The fog having by this time cleared off we proceeded on our cruise up the country, and arrived at Marks Plains about 11 o'clock. The highest summit of this plain, I understand, is situated 1,700ft. above the level of the sea, although so uniform is the ascent from the sea coast to where we were now standing that the rise is almost imperceptible. We sat down to enjoy the beauty of the scene, which in many respects could hardly be surpassed. Let those who fancy Newfoundland a howling wilderness only stand where we now stood, and their delusions about the island being a big rock to dry codfish on will soon be dissipated. North, south, east and west, as far as the eye could discern, was one continued plain, save here and there a few stunted trees, four or five feet in height, thickly covered at the base with a soft velvety moss. Five magnificent lakes, from two to three miles in length, lent an additional beauty to the scene.

The number of deer that cross over this barren on their journey to their wintering places in the southern portion of the island must be something enormous. We were seated there two hours, and during that short space of time we counted twenty-nine deer all slowly wending their way southward.

It is the united opinion of the Micmac Indians and the lumbermen of Hall's Bay that there are two distinct species of deer in Newfoundland. A dark brown species chiefly to be found on the lofty barrens of the interior, and a light grey species of a smaller size frequenting in summer the peninsulas and low lands of the sea coast. Whether such be the case or not my experience as a hunter is too limited to venture an opinion, but certain it is that all the deer that crossed over this barren during the time we were seated there were of a dark brown color.

The stags fight terrible battles during the rutting season, and it is often a great disappointment to the hunter after killing a stag to find a large and well proportioned set of antlers rendered useless by being split about the brow points.

The limited leave of absence at our disposal was now drawing to a close. So we decided—rather reluctantly—to bid farewell to the charming scene before us and return to camp, to make preparations for our homeward journey on the following day. On our way to camp I shot a fine stag, having rather a clumsy set of antlers; and Sandy, who had gone down to zero in our estimation since the incident of shutting the wrong eye, fully redeemed his character as a sportsman by "knocking over" a full grown stag, on the dead run, off-hand, at a distance of nearly 200yds.

In summing up the grand result of our expedition in camp that night, we found that in three days' shooting we had killed ten caribou, three grouse and one Arctic hare. We started for home on the following morning (Thursday) and arrived at Hall's Bay on Friday afternoon at 2 o'clock, very well pleased with our trip to the White Hills.

There are three families of Micmac Indians living in Hall's Bay. We decided to remain here that night and pay our respects to the celebrated Indian chief Andrew Joe. We found Andrew at home at his magnificent summer residence near the entrance of the famous Indian Brook. We were treated with the greatest kindness by himself and his good lady, and kindly invited to tea, an invitation which we gladly accepted. Andrew is a tall, powerful, broad-shouldered Micmac, and perfect specimen of the noble red man. His knowledge of the country is perfect, having hunted and trapped on the best hunting grounds of the interior from his boyhood. He speaks English pretty well, and his superior knowledge of the rivers and lakes, his daring exploits in hunting the wolf and the bear in days gone by, are really interesting to sportsmen. We remained here that night, comfortable beds having been provided for us by our kind host and hostess, and the following day we set sail for the mining settlement at Little Bay, where we arrived at an early hour in the afternoon. W. W. O. S.

LITTLE BAY MINE, Newfoundland.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

CHICAGO, Oct. 5.—As was predicted the cold rain has brought down a telling flight of the ducks. Jacksnipe are plentiful now along the Indiana marshes. The railroads running to the north, into Wisconsin and Michigan, report numbers of parties still going in for hunting and fishing. I start West to-night.

NEWTON, Iowa, Oct. 6.—This is my old home. There are a number of genuine sportsmen here. Jacksnipe have not yet got down. They arrive here later than in Illinois and Indiana. Ducks were formerly very plentiful along the Skunk River, but of late low waters and numerous shooters have closed them out. Great numbers of squirrels have made their appearance in the old "Hen. Phillips Woods," where I used to shoot rabbits and quail. There were no squirrels there then. The quail crop in Jasper county will probably always be killed off by that tireless hunter Cy. Miller. Barring other sport, Mr. Miller is now catching bass in the old Skunk River, and catching plenty of them. This stream is a grand one in some seasons. Ruffed grouse, a very rare bird here until lately, are becoming fairly plentiful in the woods northwest of the town.

COLFAX, Iowa, Oct. 6.—The Colfax Rod and Gun Club are nearly all FOREST AND STREAM men. A good sensible club.

DES MOINES, Iowa, Oct. 7.—This is Sunday. I cannot see the boys. They tell me the bass fishing is good above the dam on the Des Moines River, and that squirrels are numerous along Walnut Creek.

En route to Kansas City, Oct. 8.—On this train I find Charlie Hinsdale, of Newton, Iowa, a notable trap-shot and ardent shooter all around. He tells me that his friend Mr. D. W. Warren, cashier of the Exchange Bank of Buffalo, New York, will next week join them in a big shooting trip to Okoboji, in northwestern Iowa. Ducks and snipe are now there in great plenty.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Oct. 8.—The bench show, just closed, has been successful. Mr. Lowe and Dr. Roger, visiting dog men of prominence, have started West to complete the fitting of their dogs for the running of the coursing meets in Kansas at the middle of the month.

TOPEKA, Kansas, Oct. 9.—The Topeka Rifle Club are in good shape and making good scores. They have three or four shots who are fairly phenomenal, considering the practice they take. These scores are practically clean, over the mid-ranges. Mr. J. H. Leonard goes on a trip to the Oklahoma country this fall. Dr. Dinsmore, a noted rifle and pistol shot of Troy, Kansas, visits the Topeka Club this week. The weather here is very bright and warm. East of here the foliage seen from the car windows is brilliant with the frosts of early autumn.

HUTCHINSON, Kan., Oct. 9.—From the train numerous flocks of wild geese can be heard going down the Arkansas. At the station a friend tells me the shooting along the river has been fair and is improving.

GREAT BEND, Kan., Oct. 9.—Friends tell me the hares are plentiful, and that the coursing meet of the 15th will be a great affair.

PUEBLO, Col., Oct. 10.—The wondrous purple-colored and white-topped peaks of the Rocky range are all about us. They set one wild with excitement only to look at them. The Arkansas is now a narrow, noisy stream. No trout here. A great many teal are flying up and down the rivers and irrigating ditches. The air is wonderfully pure and bracing, and the surroundings fascinating.

CANON CITY, Colo., Oct. 10.—This is a most beautiful little mountain city, and is inhabited by as grand a set of sportsmen as any town ever boasted. The Arkansas has now become a brawling, sprawling brook. A few big trout are taken here. Twelve miles back in the mountains the fishing is grand. The mountains here are beautiful and enticing, and it is all I can do to pull away from them. A party of three, Messrs. L. E. Franck, J. E. Brown and Dal Deweese, have just got back from a trip of 230 miles back into the range, about thirty miles north of Dotsero, and near the grand Trapper's Lake country. They killed four elk, eight blacktail deer and two genuine grizzly bears. On this last point they insist they are correct, and they are old hunters and should know. One set of elk antlers is said by Colorado Springs taxidermists to be the largest and finest ever killed in the range; they are nine-pointers. This elk measured 9ft. about the chest, and 15ft. 4in. from hoof to nose. These gentlemen tell me they could have killed two carloads of game. Trout fishing in Trapper's Lake is so easy as not to be sport. Elk are numerous. Believing this to be a new country and a grand one, arrangements were made for a full account of this trip, and a description of Trapper's Lake, which must be a wonderful bit of water. Mr. Franck will also tell FOREST AND STREAM some more facts at different times about the fishing and hunting in this fortunate locality, which lies, I understand, on the headwaters of the Middle Fork of the White River, in the heart of the Rockies. This should be something new and of great interest. Mr. G. R. Schaeffer is perhaps as enthusiastic a trout fisher as Canon City has. Mr. Philip, a few miles back from the city, has a fine trout breeding pond, and also raises carp, though I'm sure I can't see what anybody would want with carp, in this country at least. It is pretty hard to leave this place. The mountains pull mighty hard on a fellow who used to live in them. E. HOUGH.

ITHACA, N. Y., Oct. 12.—Shore-bird shooters are not wildly hilarious over the number of ducks that have thus far appeared at this end of Cayuga Lake. The bags that have been taken are small as yet. Wild geese have been hovering about the marshes in considerable numbers. Some good bags of yellowlegs have been shot. Rail birds and English snipe abound, though in somewhat limited numbers.—M. C. H.

GAME AND GAME GROUNDS.

GROUSE shooting in Maine this year is something very irregular and somewhat mixed. In the first place the weather all through the latter part of September was very wet, with a good deal of high wind, conditions not at all favorable to partridge hunting, and the result has been very small scores. Better weather will probably bring better sport, but the birds in the more settled portions of the State, where they were plenty last year, are very scarce this year. A young man living in Hebron, in Oxford county, whose score up to the last of September, 1887, was a dozen birds, told me the other day that he had shot but one this year, and that was all he had seen. The same report comes from several sections in Massachusetts, and the southern part of New Hampshire. On the other hand grouse are more plenty in the further forest sections of Maine this year than usual. In the lake regions they arequite plenty, where in other seasons but few have been found. But it is a curious feature that there are absolutely no berries of the varieties on which these birds feed in the lake regions this fall, and the partridges have early taken to buds and leaves for a subsistence. One which I shot on the borders of the Big Beaver the other day had a greatly distended crop, and being curious to see on what the bird had been feeding, I opened the crop and found it full of the leaves of the white birch and poplar. The season has been so wet that leaves of this sort in sheltered nooks had not then been turned by frost, and the bird had been feeding on them. Further curiosity was awakened, and the crops of other birds were examined, with much the same results, no berries whatever being found. Still the birds we dressed for the camp seemed to be in very good condition.—SPECIAL.

As you invite game reports from your readers, accept an item from a part of the State not often reported, though one in which FOREST AND STREAM is a great favorite. Have lately retured from a week's outing in Herkimer county. I hunted ruffed grouse in the valley of the West Canada Creek and the tributaries and found them in fair numbers. They seem to hold their own very well in this rough country. I flushed but one woodcock, although my companion spoke of getting seven the first day of August and but two during the remainder of the month. I fear the longbill is doomed, as such reports are not infrequent. One strong reason is that the season opens too early: and another that is rarely thought of, the bird raises such a small brood. Gray squirrels are about exterminated in this section, and even reds are a rarity.

Mr. James H. Bucklin, of Little Falls, an experienced fox hunter, with his genial son L. O., gave me a day after the hounds. He had one deep-chested black fellow in particular, I suspect of Virginia stock, that ran a very fast trail and was tireless. We hunted all day and started three red foxes, of which we got two, the third holing. The honors fell to the other gentleman, as luck had it, and I returned home brushless, though they courteously offered me their trophies. I shall try the grouse in this locality over my pointer Beau, son of Beaufort, when the leaves are gone, and anticipate a good time.—H. A. R. (New York, Oct. 15).

Deer hunting in Maine has not yet been much of a success since the season opened, Oct. 1. The weather has been against the sport. From Oct. 1 to the 5th it either snowed or rained every day, and a part of the time the high mountains in northern Maine were white with snow—snow which extended well down into the timber. A couple of hunters from Andover went up Aziscohos, the mountain which separates the Androscoggin Lakes from the Magallaway region, on Oct. 1, and they found snow 2 inches in depth in the ravines on the side of the mountain. In this ravine the tracks of deer were very plenty, but the woods were wet and soon it began to rain. Deer hunting in such weather was next to impossible. It was the intention of this same party to jack some of the ponds in that section every night till they secured a deer, but up to the 5th of Oct. they had not once lighted their jacks. Every night the wind howled, and generally either the rain or snow fell. Two Boston sportsmen have just come out from the Dead River region, where they were on hand when the season opened on deer. But the weather was against them with all the force mentioned above. From the 8th to the 9th of the month they waded in damp snow ankle deep. The woods were loaded, making the tracking of deer next to impossible. After several days' trial, they gave up the hope of getting a deer and broke camp. They were obliged to leave their baggage in camp, to wait better weather for transportation. Such weather in early October is beyond the recollection of those who have hunted the Maine woods. Deer appear to be plenty. The signs are fresh and numerous, but woods loaded with damp snow are not favorable to deer hunting, especially when the leaves are yet on the trees. —SPECIAL.

TOWANDA, Pa., Oct. 9.—A party of sportsmen camping out near this place found game of all kinds scarce. Occasionally a few ducks are seen, one killed on the river opposite this place this A.M. Ruffed grouse in fair numbers but very few as yet brought to bag.—SUS Q. HANNAH.

The farmers in the vicinity of Castleton, Vermont, report the woods as full of grouse; and all who roam around much scare up nice coveys of them. It was too early for them and for gray squirrels when I was there last month, but I hope to have a try at them soon. Foxes are frequently shot.—NESHOBEE.

CONNECTICUT.—I think the Lyme correspondent expressed my views exactly in last week's issue when he says there was no game in the vicinity of Lyme. The season thus far throughout eastern Connecticut has proved a failure, so far as heavy bags of birds are concerned.—A. W. J.

RED HOOK, N. Y., Oct. 15.—The woodcock are moving. I shot some flight birds yesterday; the swamps are full of water from the recent rains, and they are hard to find.—J. W. B.

LINCOLN, Del., Oct. 13.—Quail, rabbits and squirrels are very plentiful in this county (Sussex) this fall, and there is an unusual quantity of ducks, black, sprigtail and teal, on the Delaware Bay marshes, seven miles from this place. Snipe, willet and yellowlegs are also plentiful. This is a first-class section for all of the above-mentioned game.—W. R.

FORT QU'APPELLE, Assiniboin, Northwest Territories, Sept 30.—We have just formed here a boating club, and in connection with it an organization for the protection of fish and game.—F. C. G.

A MASSACHUSETTS LEAGUE.

NEW BEDFORD, Mass., Oct. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It is proposed to form and organize a society in southeastern Massachusetts under the name of the "Southern Massachusetts Fish and Game League," for the purpose of protecting and preserving the fisheries and game. The object of the League will be to procure such legislation as will be necessary to prevent destructive and exhaustive methods of fishing, and hunting and trapping of birds and animals.

It has come now to be pretty well understood that the present wholesale methods of catching fish in season and out of season is so destructive to the fisheries themselves as to leave but little doubt that, if continued, they will sooner or later be practically exhausted. It is also well known that our game laws are so defective in themselves, or are so little enforced, that our birds and animals are rapidly decreasing in numbers.

The plan is to induce as large a number of persons as possible to join the League, and to support it by a fixed annual assessment. To this end a number of gentlemen of this city have united and now cordially invite others to join them.

It is believed that an annual assessment of $2.00 each will be sufficient for the general objects of the League and to provide the necessary means to procure the passage of laws for protection, and to prevent legislation tending to the destruction of the fisheries and game. It is well known that there is a powerful organization of those who are opposed to any restrictive or remedial measures, and who use money without stint to carry out their own ends.

It is proposed to hold a meeting on Monday, Oct. 22, at my office on Rodman street, under the Mechanics Bank, in the city of New Bedford, at 11:30 o'clock A. M., temporarily to organize, and to discuss a plan of permanent organization.

It is quite time we were doing something to secure the objects herein set forth, and, in so far as possible, more fully to instruct the people upon questions of so much consequence. A hearty co-operation of all the lovers of the fishes and the birds will certainly insure success. The acts of single individuals, however well intended, are not sufficient to meet the emergencies of the situation. In union only is there any strength.

The committee are: Messrs. Geo. H. Palmer, Arthur Ricketson, Leml. LeB. Holmes, Francis Hathaway, Robert Bennett. GEO. H. PALMER, Chairman.

NOTES FROM PUGET SOUND.

LA CONNER, Washington Territory, Oct. 2.—Hunters are bringing in large numbers of pheasants now. Ducks are flying thickly, but very high. The wet season will soon begin, when they will settle down on the bays in myriads. A few young mallards are to be found now on the sloughs, but few have yet been taken. Although the open season for deer begins on Aug. 15 there has as yet been little deer hunting. As they can be hunted with dogs during October, November and December the hunting will soon begin now. Deer appear to be more numerous on the islands than usual. There are only a few elk left in this country.

I am much pleased to note that there are not so many violations of the game laws here as formerly. This is probably partly owing to the fact that the Seattle Rod and Gun Club offered liberal rewards last spring for information sufficient to convict any person or persons of such violation of the law, and partly to the fact that the young men are becoming more sportsmanlike. I am inclined to think that a proper training of the young men to sportsmanlike ideas will do more toward preserving the game than the wisest laws our legislators can frame. JUNE.

THE DROP OF STOCK.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I do not think a straight broom-stick stock is the most effective for good square shooting. The rage for straight stocks did not break out in this country until American shooters adopted the English baby rules, which allow the shooter to stand with the gun against his shoulder and aim at the bird on the ground. A quick shooter can do this after saying "pull" and before the bird starts. Straight stocks were unavoidable in former times for the reason, I suppose, that gun makers did not have conveniences for making them crooked. Most of the shooting done in those days was at still objects. Then the hunter had time to draw his head down until his ears rested on his shoulders. Shooting at still objects is past except in the case of squirrels. Probably a good reason for straight stocks in by-gone days was because they could be used for making an effective thrusting blow when in combat with a dangerous animal. I think the English shooting rules are accountable for three-quarters of the straight stocks made in the three years just past. It does not seem reasonable that all men should require the same drop of stock. H. E. W.

NEWARK, N. J.

VERMONT DEER.—South Boston, Sept. 25.—Will you kindly inform me through your columns as to the protection which the deer have in the extreme northern part of Vermont? Is there a game warden, and if so, who is he? The deer are killed openly through the winter.—F. E. P. [If you have authentic information of this, send it to Hon. Herbert Brainerd, St. Albans, Vt. He is a Commissioner, and means to enforce the game laws.]

THE MAN TARGET AGAIN.—Mr. John R. McLachlan furnishes us particulars of a fatal shooting. On Oct. 6 a party of five hunters arrived at Newberry from Oakville, Mich., for a week's sport. After going into the woods some distance they located camping grounds, when each took a different direction, in quest of game. About 3 P.M. one of the party returned to the place selected for camping, and was gathering dry chips, etc., to kindle a fire, when one of their number, while stealing through the bush, saw him and, mistaking him for a deer, fired, putting a ball through him, and causing instant death. The ball entered about an inch and a half to the right of the center of the unfortunate man's breast, passed clear through and came out between the shoulders. An inquest was held on the remains, and a verdict returned of accidental shooting. The remains were sent Sunday to his late home in the southern part of the State.—*Torch Lake Times, Lake Linden, Mich.*

Sea and River Fishing.

Angling Talks. By George Dawson. Price 50 cents. Fly-Rods and Fly-Tackle. By H. P. Wells. Price $2.50. Fly-Fishing and Fly-Making for Trout. By J. H. Keene. Price $1.50. American Angler's Book. By Thad. Norris. Price $5.50.

THE WINNINISH DISCUSSED.

[*Reported for Forest and Stream.*]

THE first regular meeting of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association this season was held at the Hotel Thorndike, Boston, on the evening of Oct. 10, President E. A. Samuels in the chair.

The meeting was a large one, nearly sixty members being present. After the very enjoyable dinner had been discussed and the usual routine work of the Association attended to, the remainder of the evening was devoted to a discussion of the winninish. The discussion was opened by President Samuels, who said:

I had heard so many glowing accounts of the winninish or landlocked salmon of Lake St. John, Quebec, and its contiguous waters; such thrilling stories of their immense numbers and gamy qualities, and had heard so much controversy concerning the identity of the fish that I determined to visit the lake this season, first in the interest of science, to study the fish, and second for the purpose of obtaining material for another chapter for my forthcoming book on fishing.

I did what I could in carrying out my plan and now will present a brief *resumé* of what I accomplished, and note the conclusions I have arrived at.

I will state at the outset that I have, in common with some other students, for a number of years entertained the belief that all so-called landlocked salmon in this country are really distinct varieties, or perhaps a variety of the ordinary sea salmon (*Salmo salar*), that have attained their characteristics as a variety (yet which are not sufficiently pronounced to be specific) by being not really landlocked, that is, prevented from passing to and from the salt water, but which have, in periods more or less remote, lost, or if you prefer, abandoned, the anadromous habit of their ancestors and taken up a permanent residence in fresh water. I have made a very considerable effort to substantiate this theory, and have through many personal interviews with residents of sections where these fish are found, and also through a quite extensive correspondence, obtained many interesting facts which will in due time be collated and laid before those who are interested in our game fish.

Entertaining this belief, my visit to Lake St. John was therefore likely to be of more than common interest to me, for I expected to be able to throw further light on the theory that I held, and I did not regret having lost my annual sea salmon fishing, taking in this trip for study.

On arriving at Lake St. John I found that the descriptions of its great size and picturesque surroundings had not been overdrawn. It is truly a vast body of water, nearly fifty miles in length and from twenty to forty in width. Emptying into it are, I believe, eleven large rivers, besides many smaller streams. I had but little time to explore any of these rivers, and in fact visited but three or four. Two of these, the Peribonca and Ashuapmouchouan, are rivers of great size and length.

The Peribonca has been, as I am informed, ascended by Indians and trappers something like 600 miles. At its mouth it is of about the width and volume of the Connecticut River, at Springfield. It is navigable by steamer quite a distance, and its inflow into the lake is something enormous.

The Ashuapmouchouan River is also a very large stream. At St. Felicienne, which is, I think about ten miles above the lake, I found the river to be of about the size of the Merrimac at say midway between Lawrence and Haverhill, or about the size of the Restigouche at its junction with the Matapedia, perhaps a little larger. Now with this enormous lake and with all these rivers emptying into it, there is practically an unlimited water system, which undoubtedly furnishes the best possible conditions for the preservation, growth and wide and general diffusion of the Salmonidæ that here find a home. Establishing this fact at once in my mind, I of course made inquiries of every one who could give me any information and learned from all sources that the winninish are very abundant in the lake in early June and even earlier if the ice melts about the shores, and the fish are taken readily with bait and even with the fly at that early season. So very abundant are they in fact, that as I was informed even boys and girls, as well as older fishermen, might be seen landing the fish with all sorts of tackle, from the most primitive to the most elaborate. As regards the great, the astonishing abundance of the winninish in the early part of the season, the statements made by all my informants agreed, so that I have no doubt that at the period I have named, this magnificent game fish may be obtained in great numbers. Probably the average fishing would be about the same as that which we used to get at the Schoodic Lakes in the sixties. The fish are so abundant and come to the lure so greedily that the number one may kill is as great as his selfishness may limit.

Later in the season the winninish move into the deep waters of the lake and into the cold streams.

A favorite haunt of theirs seems to be the Grand Discharge, the outlet of the lake into the head of the Saguenay River, where, in the rushing waters of the rapids and wildest of all whirlpools and eddies, the winninish are taken with the fly until late in September.

I regretted very much that my visit to the lake had not been earlier timed; in fact, my arrival Sept. 10 was almost too late, and I had no little difficulty in obtaining even one specimen.

I found that in order to obtain any of the fish I should be obliged to drive either to the Grand Discharge, thirty miles, or to St. Felicienne, eighteen miles from Hotel Roberval—which, by the way, is one of the very best hotels that Canada boasts.

I decided to go to St. Felicienne for the reason that winninish had been taken there at the falls only a few days before, while it was not certain that any were at the Grand Discharge at that time, although local fishermen thought the chances were as good at one place as at the other. However, as the choice lay between a long ride of thirty miles over an execrable road at an expense of $16, and one of eighteen miles over the same kind of a road at an expense of $3, with the chances even for fish, I decided on the falls at St. Felicienne.

This is a small village, the last northern settlement of any size in that northern country. I found a little inn kept by one Alphonse Dionne. He is a Quebec Frenchman, but speaks English. He provides a fair table and a clean bed, and is very anxious—too anxious—to please, as you will no doubt find when you settle your bill, for he charges a little something extra on account of his anxiety to "help you out." If you have a distinct understanding with every one at the outset in your transactions, you will have no after surprises. Dionne will act as guide for you, and will procure teams if you wish.

When we arrived at the inn it was nearly dusk, and too late, therefore, to try the winninish that night, but after supper we prepared for an early start the next morning. Dionne thought we would find "plenty winninish at the falls, two American gentlemen had killed seven a week ago."

"Good!" I exclaimed to my son, who was busy unpacking his flies and tackle, "We will astonish the fish tomorrow."

"I s'pose got plenty spoon," said Alphonse, looking over our fly-books.

"Spoon!" I exclaimed, "spoons! No, we catch our salmon with the fly."

"Um," grunted Dionne, "American gentleman catch with fly one, with spoon four, with bait two!"

"Bait!" exclaimed my son; "for mercy's sake what kind of bait?"

"Worms," sententiously replied Alphonse. We informed him that we were not worm fishermen, neither did we revel with the spoon, and that we thought the fly was about the proper tool for winninish, and that we would take our chances with it anyway.

We turned in early and slept the sleep of fishermen until daybreak. Now right here let me say that the use of the spoon and spinning minnow in taking not only the landlocked salmon but the sea salmon also, is, while being of rather uncommon practice, still followed here and there. You all remember Black's stirring descriptions of trolling for salmon in his fascinating novel "White Heather," and you will find frequent mention of such a practice in the English fishing books. I accidentally took several landlocked salmon at Grand Lake in Maine in 1865, with the spoon, and will read to you the account that I wrote of it at the time:

"In a great part of its area Grand Lake is very deep, sometimes 200ft. In the solitudes of these depths, behind huge rocks in bright sunshiny days, waiting for the shadows of evening to tempt them from their retreats, lay huge spotted lake trout, called by the Indians 'togue.' They are often taken weighing 12 or 15lbs., and occasionally run up to 20 or 25lbs. At this season of the year they will not take the fly, but will sometimes seize a spoon or spinning bait such as our Massachusetts pickerel fishermen use."—Remember, this was written in 1865—"When we had fairly got out into the lake, Leweys, my guide, advised me to troll with a spoon. I took a strong line from my fishing box, and making fast a spoon, let it trail out 40yds. behind the canoe. I wanted to get a togue, for I had heard much of their great size and strength. Soon I felt a heavy tug, and hauling in the line, hand over hand as we do in bluefishing off Nantucket, I soon had my fish alongside the canoe. It was a handsome landlocked salmon, or white trout as we called it in those days, not a togue, and the Indian expressed his surprise at getting it with the spoon, this being the first occurrence of the kind in his experience. Hauling in the salmon I threw my line over again, and soon hooked another and another, and as the lake seemed alive with this fish and the trout would not bite, I gave it up and hauled in my line."

This old account is interesting to me, for it shows emphatically how abundant the landlocks were in the Schoodic Lakes in those days, and it also indicates that I had a fancied grievance in their abundance! and readiness to seize the spoon before the "togue."

Since that time trolling with a spoon for landlocked salmon has become a not uncommon practice with a class of sportsmen, and it causes the destruction of many fish. Sea salmon have also been taken with the spoon. I have in mind now an instance. A friend of mine a few years ago, while fishing on the Margaree River (Cape Breton), saw a large number of salmon and sea trout lying in one of the pools. He tried for two days to take them with a fly, but although he is an old fisherman he failed to move a single fish. Finally he tried a spoon as an experiment, and he said that the instant the lure passed through the pool big fish and small rushed for it, and he never saw such a fish hubbub in his life. The spoon was seized by a large salmon, which after giving lively sport for half an hour finally broke away, carrying the hook with him.

MR. BRACKETT—I have heard of other instances of sea salmon being killed with the spoon in this country.

THE PRESIDENT—I dare say, and doubtless more are killed in that way than are recorded. But to resume my story: Early on the following morning we started for the falls, where we arrived soon after sunrise. We found, really, one of the most promising salmon pools we had ever seen.

The river, which above the falls is an eighth of a mile wide, contracts at the falls to about ten rods width and the water roars and rushes down a ledge of about six or eight feet pitch and makes a large deep eddie below the falls two or three casts wide. It was an ideal salmon pool and I promised myself some exciting sport. Climbing out on a ledge that jutted out almost to the edge of the falls, I took my stand and soon began casting the fly for winninish. To my surprise, although I worked diligently for two or three hours and tried almost every color and combination I could think of, I failed to move a fish, and I came to the conclusion that the pool had been "worked," which conclusion seemed to me justifiable from the fact that in going down to the river from the main road we noticed two long sweep nets hanging on a fence to dry, and a canoe which showed very recent use. I said to my boy who was busy casting, "It's the old, old story, Charles."

"Yes," he replied, "the natives have been netting."

Finally I shifted my quarters to another ledge, below which the river formed a smaller bend and eddy, and casting out into the edge of the quick water, soon struck a nice fish.

It was a winninish, and as soon as it gave its first leap I recognized, as I thought, my old friend of the Schoodic Lakes, and when the fish was landed I felt positively certain that it was identically the same variety.

A MEMBER—Do you really believe the winninish and the landlocked salmon are the same fish?

MR. SAMUELS—Yes, they are in my opinion the same variety. Well, that was the only specimen I obtained, although I made strenuous efforts all that day and most of the next. I was joined on the rocks the second day of my visit—Saturday—by some of the boys of the village, who with spoons attached to lines and birch poles, made things lively all over the pool. But if I did not succeed in killing another salmon, they were not any more fortunate; and the only other fish that was taken was a mascalonge that my boy captured with a sunken salmon fly down in the deep water of the pool. The winninish had probably gone up stream, that is, those which had not been netted; at any rate none were in the pools. Now, I made several capital photographs here for your inspection. This is the winninish in the fall livery, a female fish [showing a photograph and passing it around], and here is another photograph of the winninish in the spring livery. You will notice that the colorations are quite different, the spring livery being silvery white, while the autumn is very dark and the spots are large and decided. I have here photographs of the landlocked salmon of the Schoodic Lake, which I made last November at the hatchery at Grand Lake Stream, and you can compare the two. You will find that the shape, size and markings of the fish correspond almost exactly, and the photograph shows faithfully the great resemblance I found to exist in the fish themselves.

I have here also photographs of the sea salmon (*S. salar*) that I made last November at the hatchery on the Miramichi, and you will notice that the coloration, shape and general appearance of the fish correspond with those of the others. The three fish, the Schoodic salmon, the winninish and the sea salmon, are idential in specific resemblance, and their coloration in the spring and autumn is exactly or almost exactly the same.

Now coloration is, I admit, an unreliable means of determining species, for all the Salmonidæ vary in different seasons in their colors, and, in fact, they change with the color and texture of the bottoms of the rivers and lakes that they frequent. But that the three fish I have described and figured should all change alike from silvery white in the spring to a much darker color in the fall and have the same spots and markings, shows that they are very nearly allied, if not identically the same fish.

Now a few words about this change of color. In the spring and summer, when the salmon (*S. salar*) ascends the fresh rivers from the sea, it is, as we know, a beautiful silvery white. It grows darker and darker, the longer it remains in the fresh water, until finally, late in the autumn and winter, it is an ugly almost black fish; and in the late winter and early spring, when it descends to the sea, the "slinks," as the spawned or spent salmon are called, are about as repulsive as they are attractive when fresh run from the sea. They recuperate in the salt water for a year or more and regain their good condition and color.

Now, the winninish and the so-called landlocked salmon recuperate and change exactly like the sea salmon; but instead of doing it in the sea they probably recover their condition and color in the great lakes, where they reside. I say probably, because it is not yet absolutely proved that they do not visit the salt water, although I am of the firm belief that they do not, and this belief is founded on the great amount of information that I have been able to derive from various sources. Both the winninish and the Schoodic salmon may visit the salt water if they desire, and I am not all certain but that individuals go up and down the Saguenay River. It is a very important point yet to be solved.

MR. BRACKETT—They do, I have no doubt, go down the Saguenay; every one who knows that region knows perfectly well that there is no obstruction between Lake St. John and the ocean, and that the winninish go down to the ocean in the spring there can be no question in my opinion. In fact, I have taken them at Tadousac, where the Saguenay joins the St. Lawrence.

MR. SAMUELS—This is important, yet not conclusive. We know that the winninish are taken about the shores of Lake St. John in May, as soon as the ice melts, and evidently must have remained in the lake all winter or else run up from the sea at the earliest possible moment. It is possible that they may have thus early ascended the Saguenay, for there are many localities where the sea salmon comes into the rivers even earlier than the time I have named.

They are taken in the Port Medway River, in Nova Scotia, very much earlier than May, and I have for several years had records of fresh run sea salmon being taken in the Indian River (N, S.) early in February with the fly, when the shores of the rives were piled high with ice!

Therefore we do not know abolutely that the winninish is not anadromous, for there is nothing to prevent its passage to and from the sea.

I have asked the *habitans* and fishermen if they ever knew of the winninish being taken in the river in early spring, and the reply invariably was no, and in fact I do not find much in the various fishing books to show that it is early found in the river. Hallock in "The Fishing Tourist" says: "In the winter they are scattered through the deep water of Lake St. John, and in June they descend to the series of rapids below to spawn." Now, I regard Hallock as one of the best writers we have on fishing topics, and certainly one of our best observers, and I am therefore greatly surprised that he mentions June as the time of spawning of the winninish, for every well-regulated salmon spawns in the autumn at the approach of cold weather, and not at the beginning of summer.

A MEMBER—How long ago was that written?

MR. SAMUELS—In 1873. Doubtless he has corrected his statement before this. Now, while it is possible that the winninish descends to the salt water to recuperate, it is doubtful if it does so, according to the opinion of those gentlemen with whom I have conversed on the subject. If we knew as much of its history as we do of the history of the Schoodic salmon, we could form better conjectures concerning the identity of the species. We know that formerly, before the huge dams were erected on the St. Croix at Calais and Milltown and elsewhere, the Schoodic salmon were found everywhere on the river. Mr. George A. Boardman of Calais, a gentleman well known as a good observer, writes me: "I do not regard the fish a landlocked salmon, as the water must always have had an outlet to the sea, and the fish could go if they chose; and in fact, when I was a boy, sixty years ago, they were abundant in the river even to the salt water." Now, this is a very important statement indeed, for it shows pretty conclusively to me that at the time Mr. Boardman mentions, the landlocked salmon of the Schoodic Lakes was really the *Salmo salar* pure and simple.

But when I first became acquainted with the fish in the "sixties" it did not go to the salt water; had abandoned the habit entirely. Why, because although it could go down over the dam to the salt water it could not by any possibility watever return up them; they were, in the absence of fishways, absolutely impassable. The query is: Did the fish instinctively know this, and knowing it abandon the trip to the sea? It looks like it to me. But the winninish never had such an excuse for becoming non-anadromous, and if it is really so that they have, why it is so is a very nice problem to solve.

Now about the habits of the fish. Genio C. Scott, in his book "Fishing in American Waters," says of the winninish: "This fish belongs to the genus *Salmo* and tenants the upper waters of the Saguenay, near the outlet of Lake St. John, in Canada. The fish runs from 3 to 9lbs. in weight, and as no very young members of the family nor the spawning beds have been seen by the *habitans* and Indians of that region, it is reasonable to infer that they breed further north. * * * The fins of the winninish being large in proportion to its size render it very gamy. It sails near the surface with the top of dorsal and caudal fins in view, and when it takes the fly leaps, runs and plays more vigorously than a grilse. * * * It takes either the minnow or the fly generously."

Hallock says of the winninish that it is "A fish very nearly allied to the landlocked salmon, though I notice slight points of difference between the two. The dorsal fin of the winninish is longer, and at those seasons of the year when he visits the rapids, he carries it erect and projecting above the surface like a shark's. The spots on the winninish are irregular quadrilaterals, while those of the landlocked salmon are rounder. * * * In general color and appearance he more nearly resembles the grilse. * * * The winninish seems more active than either the landlocked salmon or grilse, often making three successive leaps with great rapidity and without appearing to touch the water except with his tail. I have never seen the grilse do this and their reputation for activity is such that the Indians always speak of them as 'jumpers'."

Now you will notice that both Scott and Hallock refer to the characteristic of the winninish of swimming with its dorsal fin out of the water, and I noticed it myself on one occasion, and remarked that it was the only point of difference that I had detected between the winninish and the Schoodic salmon, which latter fish I had never seen swimming with its dorsal out of water.

The occasion that I refer to was during a trip that I took, while at Lake St. John, on the steamer up the lake to the River Peribonca. We passed over a series of shoals several miles in extent, and there we saw a number of fish at the surface swimming with their dorsals out. I asked the captain of the steamer and one or two of the gentlemen who were present, "What are those fish swimming with their fins out of water like small sharks?" They informed me that they were winninish. Now, if those fish were really of that variety they differed in that characteristic certainly from the Schoodic salmon.

MR. ROBERTS—I wish to state that the fish that were seen swimming at the surface with their dorsal fin out were not winninish but were undoubtedly whitefish.

A MEMBER—If that is the case the only point of difference that Mr. Samuels noticed between the two landlocked salmon is removed.

MR. SAMUELS—They may have been whitefish, possibly, I cannot say they were or were not. I was told they were winninish.

Now, I have not yet decided in my own mind whether or not this fish is identical with the Schoodic salmon, or is really another close variety of the *Salmo salar*. My belief is that they are one and the same fish*.

The specimen that I obtained at St. Felicienne was a female, and nearly ready to spawn. In order that it might be investigated scientifically and compared with a large suite of other specimens, I made a strong effort to have it reach the Museum of Comparative Zoology at Cambridge with the least possible delay, and finally got it through in good time and condition. Mr. Samuel Gar-

*Mr. Samuels writes us: "Since the meeting of the Association my attention has been called to the chapter on the habits of the salmon (*S. salar*) in the Report of the U. S. Commissioners, by Prof. Goode, published in 1884. I regret very much that I had not seen this at the time of the meeting, for it seems to, in so far as it relates to the 'landlocked' habits of the salmon, coincide with my theory."

Prof. Goode says: "All of the family run into very shoal water, and usually to the sources of streams, to deposit their eggs, and all of them seek food and cool temperatures in the largest and deepest bodies of water accessible. I am inclined to the view that the natural habitat of the salmon is in the fresh waters, the more so since there are so many instances—such as that of the Stortmontfield Ponds in England—where it has been confined for years in lakes without apparent detriment. The 'landlocked' or 'fresh warm-water' salmon, known also in the Saguenay region as 'winninish,' in the Shubenacadie and other rivers of western Nova Scotia as the 'grayling,' and in different parts of Maine as 'Schoodic trout,' 'Sebago trout' or 'dwarf salmon,' probably never visit salt water, finding ample food and exercise in the lakes and large rivers. In some regions in Maine and New Brunswick their access to salt water is cut off by dams, and some investigators have claimed that landlocked salmon did not exist until these obstructions were built, some fifty years ago. This hypothesis, however, is not necessary, for in the Saguenay the winninish have easy, unobstructed access to the sea. * * * The habits of successive generations become hereditary traits, and the difference in their life histories seem to justify the claim of the landlocked salmon to be regarded as a variety of *Salmo salar*, though it is hardly to be distinguished except by its lesser size and some slight peculiarities in coloration. It is to be designated at *Salmo salar*, variety *sebago*. Although both originated in the same primitive stock, it is not probable that one changes to the other except after many generations, under the influence of forced changes in their environment."

man of the Museum, who is with us this evening, will perhaps give us the results of his examination of the fish. I have great pleasure in introducing Mr. Garman.

Mr. Garman—Mr. President and gentlemen of the Association: I am glad to be able to report that the fish sent to the museum arrived in good condition. I compared it with other specimens, and can detect no great difference between it and the others. In their visits to the fresh waters, the salmon of our coasts are more or less restricted to particular times, by the winter with its lack of food, by the freshets, and by low waters. Between May and November we can claim some familiarity with them; and it is quite possible they are back and forth, to and from the sea much later. In England, with milder winters, these fish are said to linger off the shores, entering the fresh waters from time to time if not all the year. We know them to run up our streams in June, but it is not till late in the fall the eggs are laid. To spawn is probably not the only reason for their presence in the rivers so early in the season. After spawning the fishes retire to deeper water, fresh or salt, where food is abundant and where winter will not interfere with freedom of movement.

The eggs are hatched, the supply in the yolk sac is exhausted and the young are ready to scatter by the end of the following spring. Starting near the heads of the water courses, in the need of more room as they grow, they naturally are driven downward with the currents to find deeper pools and more subsistence. Supply of food in great part determines their places of resting. Voracious and numerous, appetite sends them from one place to another. In much the same manner our birds are chased about by the English sparrow, not so much by his fighting—that effects comparatively little—as by having everything eaten out of their homesteads. The salmlets may or may not reach the sea in their search for space and enough to eat. If they enter large ponds or lakes they may remain until ready to return to the spawning grounds. Such as do so remain are called "landlocked" salmon, and, although they are offspring of parents from the ocean, they differ little or none from others in streams so obstructed by falls or dams as to be inaccessible from the sea. The obstructed channels allow of downward passage, and thus, as return is not possible, they no doubt supply parent salmon for the unobstructed. In this way differentiation into distinct varieties or species between the progeny raised in the two classes of streams is prevented.

Direct experiments by Sir Charles Maitland, published by himself and by Dr. Francis Day, the great English authority on the subject, proved conclusively that, with abundance of food, the trip to the sea is not a necessity. In the ponds at Howietown young from marine specimens have matured and bred without leaving fresh water. On the other hand all the evidence—and it includes that of such experimenters as Dr. Davy—goes to show that the eggs of salmon invariably die when deposited in salt or brackish water.

All things considered, then, the salmon differs in habit from the common brook trout (*Salmo fontinalis*) mainly in being more addicted to marine excursions. The latter in many places enters the sea, becoming slightly modified in appearance, but is perfectly at home without it. In fact the salmon (*Salmo salar*) is a fresh-water fish, the landlocked form of which represents the species, and the marine form variation in the individual. Possessed of such a liking for the sea, it is not surprising that the species are widely distributed around the North Atlantic; yet the landlock form of northern Europe is to be distinguished with difficulty, if at all, from that of Maine.

Accepting the salmon as a fresh-water fish will deprive the discussion of the landlocked habit of much of its significance, but in reality it is the only view which reasonably accounts for all the facts involved. It obviates the necessity of accounting for inability to breed in salt water, and it is supported by the ability to propagate entirely without access to the sea.

Mr. Samuels—Here, gentlemen, we have scientific authority showing that the theory I have held is substantially correct. Mr. Garman's view of the *S. salar* being really a fresh-water fish and not a sea fish going into the fresh water to spawn is held by some but not all students. A fish that usually spends but six months out of every twenty-four in fresh water would not be regarded by all as a fresh-water fish. Still, the view that he takes admits of discussion, and that of a wide range. We would like to have this subject thoroughly discussed; perhaps Mr. Roberts, who has been to Lake St. John and has taken the winninish as well as the Schoodic salmon, will give us his views as to the identity of the two fish.

Mr. Roberts—I do not think the winninish and landlocked salmon are the same by any means. Why is it we never get the winninish any larger? We get the salmon weighing 25lbs., but the winninish never weigh over 5lbs.

Mr. Brackett—I have seen them weighing 9lbs.

Mr. Roberts—Four and a half pounds was the best we got.

Mr. Samuels—Now Mr. Roberts's statement is interesting. I was told that the fish are taken of as high as 14lbs. in weight. In old times at Grand Lake Stream, and by old times I mean in 1862-5, we never got the landlocks weighing over 3½lbs., never; they were very abundant, so abundant that a fisherman could kill almost any number. I never "fish for count," but to show how numerous the landlocks were in those days I will say that on my last day's fishing there one season I took out of one pool and within a radius of two casts over 200lbs. I was young and foolish then, and sometimes took home a box of fish for friends. I kept enough of the best fish to make a reasonably good sized box and put the rest back into the river; yet out of the whole lot not one would go over 3lbs. weight, and they averaged much less. Now from some cause or other, probably from increase of food, these fish have increased in weight, and I saw there last year in November, at the hatchery, I should think 600 or 700 landlocked salmon in the yards in the river, many of which would weigh as high as 8 or 10lbs. I was astonished, and requested Mr. W. O. Buck, who then was superintending the operations at the hatchery, to give me statistics in relation to the increase of size. Since that time he has kindly sent me a statement which I will read to you:

"Comparison of records show a gradual increase in size of the Schoodic salmon handled at the spawning season, and a marked increase in the yield of eggs per fish. Thus:

	Average. Pounds.	Inches.
235 males weighed and measured in 1877	1.80	16.8
247 males weighed and measured in 1886	3.46	20.3
343 females weighed and measured in 1877	1.90	16.1
505 females weighed and measures in 1886	3.58	20.1

"While the average number of eggs per female was advanced from about 900 to 1,800." Now this is a remarkable showing, and I shall not be surprised to learn by and by that the fish taken in Folly Lake, Nova Scotia, now known as the "grayling," but which is a landlocked (?) salmon, has grown to average as large as the Schoodic salmon, and these latter as large as the celebrated monstrous landlocks of Lake Sebago in Maine. It is in my opinion largely a matter of greater or less abundance of food.

Mr. Roberts—I have heard that they get the winninish weighing six or seven pounds in the spring, and get them in great quantities, but never weighing over six or seven pounds. They are very unlike in appearance to the landlocked salmon of Sebago Lake; these are of a lighter color and have very black spots.

Mr. C. W. Stevens—I have had considerable experience with the landlocked salmon of the Schoodic Lakes, and would say that although we took great numbers in the seventies, we never killed one that weighed over two and a half pounds.

Mr. Samuels—No, they were in those days of a considerably smaller average in size than now. It is to be hoped that our discussion this evening will result in bringing out more light. There is much yet to be learned concerning our Salmonidæ, and those who have any information concerning them should have it "spread upon the records." A number of good observers will give the study of the "landlocks" their special attention next season, and important facts may be obtained.

Adjourned.

HA HA BAY.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Having read a great deal in the Forest and Stream during the last season about Lake Edward and the adjoining lakes and rivers in the country lying north of Quebec, I have thought that perhaps it might interest some of your readers to know something of the fishing in the country lying to the northeast, in the neighborhood of Ha Ha Bay, near the head of navigation on the Saguenay. Ha Ha Bay is a beautiful sheet of water, which branches out from the noble Saguenay about seventy-five miles from its mouth. It is in a direct line about 110 miles north of Quebec, and sixty miles from Lake St. John. At present the only way to reach it is by the R. & O. Navigation Co.'s Saguenay line, which runs four times a week, leaving Quebec in the morning and arriving at Ha Ha Bay the following morning.

Our first visit was made in August, 1887. We found that the fishing was all that we had anticipated. The trout took the fly greedily in the rivers and lakes where the water was not deep. Good sport was had by going from the hotel in the morning provided with a light lunch and returning in the evening. We made a short trip of four or five days into the country, and were rewarded handsomely with plenty of trout weighing from 1 so 3lbs. We learned enough to satisfy us that the very best of fly-fishing could be had near the latter part of August and first of September. We therefore made arrangements to visit this region again this season.

Aug. 20 found Will J. Peck, E. H. Peck (who was with us for a week's outing only) and the writer on board the 9:15 A. M. White Mountain express from the Grand Central Depot, New York, on our way to Ha Hay Bay, fully determined to prove that as large trout could be taken in our newly discovered waters as in any other part of Canada, including Lake Edward. We arrived at Ha Ha Bay on the morning of the 22d, and were met at the landing by genial Peter McLean, who owns the hotel.

After fishing in the vicinity of the hotel about a week with great success, we bade good-bye to Ed. and started him on the homeward journey, business calling him home. We then set about making arrangements for a ten days' camping trip into the Ha Ha Mountains, lying to the southward, in search of large trout. We were fortunate in securing the services of Xavier Delaire and Toby Gannon with their bark canoes, two of the best guides it has ever been my good fortune to meet. Johnnie Blackburn was sent with us through the courtesy of Mr. Charletun, of St. Alexis. Johnnie is master of his art, and the pork and potatoes were always "just to the queen's taste." He was also a perfect Hercules and proved a jewel on some of the long portages. It was surprising to see him strap two enormous canvas sacks together, containing tents, blankets and provisions, sling them on his back, and then pile on camp kettle, dishes, frying-pan, etc., high above his head, until his load was twice as big as himself. Starting off he would sing one of his French Canadian songs, until his load began to slip sideways or Johnnie stepped on a slippery log and then—. We also had Perron, a young trapper, to assist in paddling one of our two canoes. Two days at the paddle and on the portage brought us to the lower end or discharge of one of the most beautiful lakes in this region of lakes. Our camp faced the setting sun, and was situated in the spruces on the edge of a pretty beach, along which the waters ran into the river on its way to the Saguenay. The following day was spent in fishing the river which ran along the base of high mountains and was overhung by the trees and bushes, making it shady most of the day.

This river was literally alive with trout. I shall not pretend to state how many were taken as I do not want to shake the confidence of any of your readers. The trout were not large, running from ½ to 1½lbs., but very gamy. I remember taking two at once three times in succession, and how many more times during the day I cannot recall. We found the red-ibis to be the most taking fly during most of the day. The fish were duly cleaned, split and smoked.

That evening Delaire told us that on the following day he would take us to a river where our expectations of big trout would be realized. Accordingly Will and myself set about selecting our largest and most taking flies after submitting them to the guides for inspection. Their principal thought seemed to be for the largest, and we included a few of Abbie & Imbrie's Jock-Scots (recommended for winnanichi) which we found to be very good for the big fellows.

The following morning at nine found us embarked in the canoes, and after a short paddle down the river they were drawn ashore and we started on a tramp over the mountains to the southwest. We were told it was about five miles, but as neither Will nor I speak French and none of our men spoke English except Johnnie, and he, to use his own expression, spoke it only "little much," we might have been mistaken. Ten o'clock found us still on the way; 11 o'clock found us still crawling under fallen logs, toiling up the side steep mountains or making our way along the slippery banks of some foaming rapid river, now 10ft. now 110ft. above it. But patience and perseverance will accomplish some things; and 12 o'clock found us on a bend in the river at the foot of a long rapids, which seemed to suit our guides. Our rods were jointed in short order, while the men cut back the bushes to prevent the catching of flies in the back cast. For three short hours we whipped that pool and each hour yielded eight of the largest trout we had ever seen. The largest weighed 5½lbs., nine weighed 3¼lbs. Will landed two at once that made the pool lively for twenty minutes before they were brought to the net. At 3 o'clock we concluded that we had taken enough for the day, and having eaten nothing since breakfast we partook of a bit of crackers and cheese before starting on our three hour tramp back to camp.

We remained five days more in camp enjoying the excellent fishing. Vacations will come to an end and we were two days from Peter McLean's, and Peter's was three days from New York.

With the firm resolve to visit that lake next season, we broke camp, Wednesday, Sept. 5, and started homeward. I say homeward because Peter's is beginning to seem like home to us. Peter is as big-hearted as he is big in stature (he weighs 240lbs.), and he cannot do too much for all who are so fortunate as to stop with him a few days in this remote region.

The shooting is capital in the open season, beginning with Sept. 1. Caribou and bear are plentiful. All supplies can be purchased at McLean's at very low prices. The fare from New York is $12 to Quebec and $4 from Quebec to Ha Ha Bay. It is expected that the Lake St. John Railroad will be continued to Ha Ha Bay in a few years, when one can go in a parlor car the whole distance, and save the long and sometimes unpleasant journey down the St. Lawrence. Should any of your readers desire any further information about Ha Ha Bay, I shall be pleased to answer any inquiries that may be asked.

Greenwich, Conn., Sept. 25. H. M. B.

BLUEFISH.

The bluefish season on the northern Atlantic coast has been a fair one, perhaps up to the average of the past ten years. Early in the season there was a scarcity of the smaller fish, of 1 to 2lbs. weight, which are always the advance guard, and many predicted a small run. As the season advanced the fishing grew better, in numbers, for the larger fish always come later, and in August the fishing was very good from Barnegat Bay up the New Jersey coast to Montauk Point, the eastern end of Long Island. The "snappers," as the small bluefish of 6 or 8in. long are called, were plenty in Long Island Sound, and quite a number of large fish, two-year-olds, were taken in the Sound as far west as Sand's Point. In September the fishing was very fair along the south side of Long Island, and in Great South Bay. This month, however, is always the time for the big ones, and on Tuesday last bluefish of 12 to 16lbs., from the east, were plenty in New York markets. Now is the season for big ones, and the lovers of this sport will be glad to know that since the netting was stopped in Great South Bay the fishing has improved. In those waters many fish from 6 to 8lbs. have been taken within a week or two, both off Fire Island and in the Bay. Around the northeastern end of Long Island, about Plum Gut, the fishing is now good. Philadelphians will not miss fair catches now at either Atlantic City or Barnegat.

Nets Seized in Gravesend Bay.—Last week State Game Protector James G. Brown, of Staten Island, procured a tug and seized a net which was being illegally used in Gravesend Bay, just above Coney Island. He is now threatened with a suit for stealing the net, and we learn that a warrant for his arrest has been issued by some local Justice of the Peace. From what we learn of the case the net owner was using his net in direct violation of the law, and therefore he can have no case against Mr. Brown. The average country Justice of the Peace is often moved by considerations of friendship to shield his neighbors when they have violated the game laws, which is usually not much of an offense in his eyes. We will watch this case with interest.

Channel Bass in the North.—This fish, variously called "redfish," spotted "bass," etc., is essentially a Southern sea fish, and more familiar to anglers from Charleston to Florida than to those north of southern New Jersey. Last week a party of bluefish anglers took a 40-pounder off Fire Island and hooked one or two smaller ones. Although this fish has been captured off Long Island before, it is not at all common there, and its appearance is always a surprise.

Lake Bomoseen.—Philadelphia, Oct. 10.—Fishing in Lake Bomoseen, Castleton, Vt., has been grand this fall, large catches of pickerel (properly pike) and large-mouth bass being made. The former were caught weighing 16lbs., and the latter 5, 6 and 7lbs., both with live bait, skittering or still-fishing, and trolling with a spoon.—Neshobee.

Truth Tested.—The popularity and immense sale of Humphrey's Veterinary Specifics show that they provide for every specific of physical distress to which horses and cattle are subject. T. A. Budd, Esq., of the American Glucose Co., Buffalo, writes that his president has found them so beneficial that he has adopted them for use in the stables of the company. Nor is this surprising since Humphrey's veterinary system indicates a very serious modification of the old savage methods of stock treatment by substituting mild and natural measures of relief. No staple is complete without these Specifics and book (500 pages) on treatment of animals. The latter, with chart, will be mailed free upon application to the Company, 109 Fulton street, New York.—*Adv.*

St. Simon's Island.—We call attention to the advertisement on second page of "Shooting to be let on St. Simon's Island." This island is on St. Simon's Sound, about five miles in a direct line from Brunswick and Jekyl Island, which latter place it resembles in its general features. The shooting to be let consists of 5,000 acres at the north end of the island, and about 4,000 acres on the island of Little St. Simons, which is a mile distant from the larger island. Both places have been carefully preserved for the last four years, and are full of game. The fishing is remarkably fine, consisting of sheepshead, bass, drum, etc., which come to feed on the large bed of oysters off the coast of Little St. Simon's.—*Adv.*

Fisheulture.

LIST OF FISH COMMISSIONERS.

FOREST AND STREAM presents its annual list of the Commissioners of Fisheries and fishery officers of the different Provinces, States and Territories of North America, revised and corrected to Oct. 15, from direct correspondence. Those marked with a * have failed to answer, and the States so marked are taken from last year's list:

THE UNITED STATES—
Col. Marshall McDonald, Commissioner, Washington, D. C.
Capt. J. W. Collins, Assistant in Charge of Fisheries Division.
Richard Rathbun, Assistant in Charge of Scientific Inquiry.

ALABAMA—
Col. D. R. Hundley, Madison.
Hon. Chas. S. G. Doster, Prattville.

ARIZONA—
J. J. Gosper, Prescott.
Richard Rule, Tombstone.
J. H. Taggart, Business Manager, Yuma.

ARKANSAS—
H. H. Rottaken, President, Little Rock.
W. B. Worthen, Secretary, Little Rock.
J. W. Calloway, Little Rock.
(This State has never made an appropriation for fish-culture.)

DOMINION OF CANADA—
Hon. John Tilton, Deputy Minister of Fisheries, Ottawa.
(Inspectors of Fisheries for the Dominion of Canada, 1888: W. H. Rogers, Amherst, N. S.; A. C. Bertram, North Sydney, C. B. N. S.; W. H. Venning, St. John, N. B.; Wm. Wakeham, Gaspé Basin, P. Q.; J. H. Duvar, Alberton, P. E. I.; Thomas Mowat, New Westminster, B. C.; Alex McQueen, Winnipeg, Man.)
(Officers in Charge of Fish Breeding Establishments: S. Wilmot, Superintendent of Fishculture, Newcastle, Ont; Chas. Wilmot, officer in charge, Newcastle hatchery, Ont.; Wm. Parker, Sandwich, Ont.; L. N. Catellier, Tadoussac, Q; Philip Vibert, Gaspé, Q.; A. H. Moore, Magog, Q.; Alex Mowat, Ristigouche, Matapedia, P. Q.; A. B. Wilmot, Bedford, N. S.; C. A. Farquharson, Sydney, N. S.; Isaac Sheasgreen, Miramichi, N. B.; Charles McCluskey, St. John River, Grand Falls, N. B.; Henry Clark, Dunk River, P. E. I.; Thos. Mowat, B. C. hatchery, New Westminster, B. C.)

CALIFORNIA—
Joseph Routier, Sacramento.
J. D Harvey, Los Angeles.
(Commissioner T. J. Sherwood resigned March 15, 1888.)

COLORADO—
G. F. Whitehead, Denver.

CONNECTICUT—
Dr. Wm. M. Hudson, Hartford.
Robert G. Pike, Middletown.
James A. Bill, Lyme.
(The State has no official superintendent, most of the hatching being done by Henry J. Fenton Poquonnock.)

DELAWARE—
Charles Schubert, Odessa.

GEORGIA—
J. H. Henderson, Atalanta.
(Superintendent, Dr. H. H. Cary, La Grange.)

ILLINOIS—
N. K. Fairbank, President, Chicago.
S. P. Bartlett, Quincy.
Geo. Breuning, Centralia.

INDIANA—
Enos B. Reed, Indianapolis.

IOWA—
E. D. Carlton, Spirit Lake.
(Superintendent, Ole Bjorenson.)

KANSAS—
S. Fee, Wamego.

KENTUCKY—
Wm. Griffith, President, Louisville.
P. H. Darby, Princeton.
John B. Walker, Madisonville.
Hon. C. J. Walton, Munfordville.
Hon. John A. Steele, Midway.
W. C. Price, Danville.
Hon. J. M. Chambers, Independence.
A. H. Goble, Catlettsburg.
J. H. Mallory, Bowling Green.

MAINE—
E. M. Stilwell, Bangor.
Henry O. Stanley, Dixfield.
B. W. Counce, Thomaston, Sea and Shore Fisheries.

*MARYLAND—
Dr. E. W. Humphries, Salisbury.
G. W. Delawder, Oakland.

MASSACHUSETTS—
E. A. Brackett, Winchester.
F. W. Putnam, Cambridge.
E. H. Lathrop, Springfield.

MICHIGAN—
John H. Bissell, Detroit; term expires Jan. 1, 1889.
Herschel Whitaker, Detroit; term expires Jan. 1, 1891.
Joel C. Parker, M.D., Grand Rapids; term expires Jan. 1, 1893.
(Superintendent, Walter D. Marks, Paris.)
(Secretary, Geo. D. Mussey, Detroit.)
(Treasurer, Wm. A. Butler, Jr., Detroit.)

MINNESOTA—
William Bird, Fairmount.
Niles Carpenter, Rushford.
Robt. Ormsby Sweeny, President, St. Paul.
(Superintendent, S. S. Watkins, Willow Brook, St. Paul.)

MISSOURI—
H. M. Garlichs, Chairman, St. Joseph.
J. L. Smith, Jefferson City.
H. C. West, St. Louis.
A. P. Campbell, Secretary, St. Joseph.
(Superintendents: Philip Kopplin, Jr., St. Louis; Elias Cottrill, St. Joseph.)

NEBRASKA—
William L. May, Fremont.
R. R. Livingston, Plattsmouth.
B. E. B. Kennedy, Omaha.
(Superintendent, M. E. O'Brien, South Bend.)

*NEVADA—
W. M. Cary, Carson City.

NEW HAMPSHIRE—
Geo. W. Riddle, Manchester.
Elliott B. Hodge, Plymouth.
John H. Kimball, Marlborough.
(Superintendent of Plymouth and Sunapee hatcheries, Com. E. B. Hodge.)

NEW JERSEY—
William Wright, Newark.
Frank M. Ward, Newton.
J. R. Elkinton, Pennsgrove.

NEW YORK—
E. G. Blackford, President, New York.
Gen. R. U. Sherman, New Hartford.
Wm. H. Bowman, Rochester.
A. S. Joline, Tottenville.
Henry Burden, Troy.
(Secretary, E. P. Doyle, room 311, Potter Building, New York city.)
(Superintendents: Fred Mather, Cold Spring Harbor; Monroe A. Green, Caledonia; James H. Marks, Bloomingdale; E. L. Marks, Fulton Chain, and E. F. Boehm, Mill Creek.)
(Shellfish Commission: E. G. Blackford, Commissioner; William G. Ford, Engineer; J. W. Merserau, Oyster Protector, 80 Fulton Market, New York.)

NORTH CAROLINA—
Wm. J Griffin, Chairman, Elizabeth City.
J. B. Watson, Englehard.
Wm. T. Caho, Bayboro.

OHIO—
C. V. Osborn, President, Dayton.
A. C. Williams, Secretary, Chagrin Falls.
J. C. Hofer, Bellaire.
John H. Law, Cincinnati.
Hon. Emory D. Potter, Toledo.
(Superintendent, Henry Douglass, Sandusky.)
(Chief Warden, L. K. Buntain, Dayton.)

OREGON—
F. C. Reed, President, Clackamas.
E. P. Thompson, Portland.
R. C. Campbell, Ranier.
(Terms expire in February, 1889.)

PENNSYLVANIA—
Henry C. Ford, President, 524 Walnut street, Philadelphia.
James V. Long, Cor. Secretary, 75 Fifth avenue, Pittsburgh.
H. C. Demuth, Secretary of Board, Lancaster
S. B. Stilwell, Scranton.
A. S. Dickson, Meadville.
Treasurer, W. L. Powell, Harrisburg.
(Superintendents: John P. Creveling, Allentown; William Buller, Corry.

RHODE ISLAND—
John H. Barden, President, Rockland.
Henry T. Root, Treasurer, Providence.
Wm. P. Morton, Secretary, Johnston.

SOUTH CAROLINA—
Hon. A. P. Butler, Columbia.

*TENNESSEE—
W. W. McDowell, Memphis.
H. H. Sneed, Chattanooga.
Edward D. Hicks, Nashville.

UTAH—
A. Milton Musser, Salt Lake City.

VERMONT—
Herbert Brainard, St. Albans.
F. H. Atherton, Waterbury.

VIRGINIA—
Dr. J. T. Wilkins, Bridgetown.

WEST VIRGINIA—
C. S. White, President, Romney.
F. J. Baxter, Treasurer, Sutton.
James H. Miller, Secretary, Hinton.

WISCONSIN—
The Governor, *ex-officio*.
Philo Dunning, President, Madison.
C. L. Valentine, Secretary and Treasurer, Janesville
Mark Douglas, Melrose.
A. V. H. Carpenter, Milwaukee.
Calvert Spensley, Mineral Point.
E. S. Miner, Sturgeon Bay.
(Superintendent, Jas. Nevin, Madison.)

WYOMING TERRITORY—
Louis Miller, Laramie.

NOTES ON THE COMMISSIONS.

IN connection with our revised list of Fish Commissioners, a few remarks on the Boards, as organized in the different States, may be of interest. Some of them issue valuable reports while others have not done so, to our knowledge. In some of the States there are liberal appropriations to carry on the work of producing food from the waters, while others do not spend a cent in this direction. Most of the New England States, where appropriations for this object were first made, long ago realized the benefits to be derived from fishculture and have liberally encouraged it, while the West, and the Southwest especially, have done little or nothing toward preserving the fishes already in their waters.

Arkansas is an example of those where a fishcultural missionary is needed to show its Legislature what has been done to benefit the people of other States, and what could be done there. It appointed a Fish Commission some years ago, but has never given it a dollar to work with, and it is therefore powerless. The Commissioners have been in office for six years and have defrayed all expenses of correspondence, etc., from their own funds. They are earnest, able men who would be glad to serve the people if the Representatives were awakened to the importance of the work.

California has done some work and in former years published reports of it, but of late years we have not seen their records, if any have been printed.

Canada is alive to the benefits of fishculture and supports it liberally, the yearly reports of work are very interesting and valuable.

Delaware has a Commission but the question of politics enters into it and destroys its usefulness. Dr. Shortlidge has done much good work as a volunteer superintendent in charge of a hatchery, but we hear that he has resigned. There is some feeling of rivalry between the upper and lower counties which is fatal to the work, as it has engendered bad feeling which we hope will be overcome.

Illinois has an active Commission and Mr. Bartlett has done much good work in saving the native fishes which are left in pools during the great floods which occur every spring. No artificial hatching is done.

Indiana has a Commissioner who has done work in prosecuting offenders against the fishing laws, but the last Legislature neglected to provide him with means to carry on the work. The former appropriations were small, and our remarks about Arkansas are applicable to this State.

Kentucky is also without means to do any work, although it has a numerous Board of Commissioners.

Michigan has an active Board and liberal appropriations, and is rapidly taking rank as one of the foremost of States engaged in fishculture. The Commissioners take a broad view of things and are especially interested in the food fishes, such as the whitefish and the other important lake fishes. It has three hatcheries and is contemplating a scientific survey of the waters with a view to extended work in this direction.

Minnesota is alive and active in fish propagation and has done much for the people in the way of fish food.

Nebraska is increasing its work and makes a good showing in fishculture.

New Jersey does but little although its shad fisheries are capable of development. It also has fishery interests of other kinds which might be developed. A dozen years ago much more was done in this State than at present.

New York has larger appropriations than any other State and has a vigorous Board of Commissioners. It has, however, paid more attention to trout culture than to the more popular food fishes, a condition which may be changed to some extent when the re-organization, now in progress, is effected. It has five hatcheries to divide its means among, three of which are in the Adirondacks and are mainly devoted to trout. The last one established, at Mill Creek, was done by act of Legislature without consulting the Board.

Ohio is paying great attention to the culture of whitefish in Lake Erie, and has a hatchery at Toledo for this purpose.

Pennsylvania is hatching whitefish, trout and wall-eyed pike, and when this State ceases to remove its Commissioners for political reasons it will be a step in advance, for no sooner does a Board become familiar with the needs of the State than it is changed.

Washington Territory has abolished its Commission.

Wisconsin is doing good work, has an active Board and a new hatchery which is said to be a model one.

The Kennel.

Dogs: Their Management and Treatment in Disease. By Ashmont. Price $2. Kennel Record and Account Book. Price $3. Training vs. Breaking. By S. T. Hammond. Price $1. First Lessons in Dog Training, with Points of all Breeds. Price 50 cents.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Oct. 23 to 26.—Second Annual Show of the St. Paul and Minnesota Kennel Club, at St. Paul, Minn. J. E. Stryker, Secretary, Room 98 Globe Building.

Nov. 6 to 10.—Dog Show of the Richmond County Poultry and Pet Stock Association, in connection with Augusta National Exposition at Augusta, Ga. H. Madden, Superintendent.

Dec. 3 to 8.—Dog Show of the Northern Illinois Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Rockford, Ill. A. H. Currier, Secretary.

Jan. 15 to 19, 1889.—Seventh Annual Dog Show of the Southern Massachusetts Poultry Association, at New Bedford, Mass. F. W. Dean, Secretary.

Feb. 4 to 7, 1889.—First Annual Dog Show of the Columbus Fanciers' Club at Columbus O. Thos. R. Sparrow, Secretary.

Feb 12 to 15, 1889.—Fifth Dog Show of the New Jersey Kennel Club, at Jersey City, N. J. Geo. L. Wilms, Secretary, 142 Monticello avenue, Jersey City, N. J.

Feb. 19 to 22, 1889.—Thirteenth Annual Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent.

Feb. 26 to March 1, 1889.—Second Annual Show of the Rensalaer Kennel Club, Troy, N. Y. Alba M. Ide. Secretary.

March 5 to 8, 1889.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Albany Kennel Club, at Albany, N. Y. Geo. B. Gallup, Secretary.

March 12 to 15, 1889.—Second Annual Show of the Fort Schuyler Kennel Club, Utica, N. Y. James W. Dunlop, President.

March 19 to 22, 1889.—First Annual Dog Show of the Maryland Kennel Club, at Baltimore, Md. W. S. Diffenderffer, Secretary.

March 26 to 29, 1889.—First Annual Dog Show of the Massachusetts Kennel Club, at Lynn, Mass. D. A. Williams, Secretary.

April 2 to 5, 1889.—First Annual Show of the Rochester Kennel Club, at Rochester, N. Y. Harry Yates, Secretary.

April 9 to 12, 1889.—First Annual Dog Show of the Mascoutah Kennel Club, at Chicago, Ill. John L. Lincoln, Jr., Secretary.

April 16 to 19, 1889.—The Seventh Dog Show of the Philadelphia Kennel Club, at Philadelphia, Pa. Wm. C. Child, Secretary.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 1.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Indiana Kennel Club, at Bicknell, Ind. P. T. Madison, Secretary, Indianapolis, Ind.

Nov. 15.—Fifth Annual Field Trials of the Philadelphia Kennel Club, open to members only. Wm. H. Child, Secretary, Philadelphia, Pa.

Nov. 19.—Tenth Annual Field Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at High Point, N. C. (Members' Stake, Nov. 15.) W. A. Coster, Secretary, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

Dec. 3.—First Annual Field Trials of the Southern Field Trial Club, at Amory, Miss. T. M. Brumby, Secretary, Chattanooga, Tenn.

Dec. 10.—Second Annual Field Trials of the American Field Trials Club, at West Point, Miss. C. W. Paris, Secretary, Cincinnati, O.

Jan. 14, 1889.—Sixth Annual Field Trials of the Pacific Coast Field Trial Club, at Bakersfield, Cal. N. P. Sheldon, Secretary, 320 Sansome street San Francisco, Cal.

COURSING.

Oct. 23 to 27.—Meeting of the National Coursing Association, at Hutchinson, Kansas. M. E. Allison, Manager.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription $1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed **6578**

SHORT-HAIRED NEWFOUNDLAND DOGS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I read with interest the kennel articles and dog talk in FOREST AND STREAM, but I think I have never seen any notice of the breed of dogs above mentioned.

Many years ago, while living in Boston, I knew a shipmaster engaged in the Newfoundland trade; to him I gave an order to buy for me in that island one of the native dogs, and expected to get one of the well-known big, long-haired animals. The captain, however, brought me a female puppy of a smooth, short-haired breed, which he said was considered by gunners in Newfoundland as the best of water dogs.

When a year old Fanny was about the size of a small pointer, say 18 or 20in., with short black hair on body and tail, the latter straight, ears small and rather pointed, and with a wild and somewhat wolfish eye, like that of an Indian dog. She was rather savage in temper, except to myself, and would fight any dog of either sex. When she was about a year old I took her with me to Chicago, and the first time I had her out duck hunting she brought out my ducks like a trained retriever, though she had never before seen a gun fired. She could swim and dive like an otter, and no crippled bird could escape her. She would dive off the end of the Chicago Pier, and bring up a white object from the bottom in 18 or 20ft. of water. In those days plenty of ducks could be found on the river just outside the village, for Chicago was then little more in 1840. On the river banks lived Irish squatters who kept geese, and the first time I took Fan along the river she attacked a flock of tame geese, killed the gander and brought him to me, and I had to pay the enraged old woman who owned the geese.

Fanny had a litter of thirteen whelps by a Newfoundland dog of the long-haired breed belonging to me, and I expected great things of them, but when a few weeks old, Fanny and all her young family died of distemper, and I have never seen one of her breed since, nor have I ever met with her equal as a retriever.

I have often wondered why this breed of dogs has not been brought here for the use of wildfowl shooters; probably they are little known, as I have not seen mention of them in canine literature, except in an English work by Richardson, republished by the Appletons in New York in 1847. Its title is "Dogs, Their Origin and Varieties"—an original and valuable book. Richardson, after describing the large, long-haired dog of Newfoundland, writes: "There is another breed of dog peculiar to Newfoundland, short-coated and sharp-nosed, an excellent water dog." These, it seems to me, may be the native dogs of the island, as I am not of the school which traces all dogs to a parent wolf, but rather believe with Agassiz in separate creations in different lands.

S. C. C.

"PRACTICAL" JUDGING.

REPLYING to Mr. Davey's letter in the Oct. 4 issue affords me unbounded pleasure. The London fancier has, I am told, been in the dog fancy off and on for about ten years, and although he has never owned a first-class specimen, or shown himself capable of distinguishing between good form and bad, he has learned to be "practical," which in his case consists in being able to kill birds and hollow at his dogs.

One hears this word "practical" very generally used by a large number of persons who have not an eye for beauty in form and other points which contribute to the make up of high class dogs, and there is far less in it than many persons suppose. It is the one and only retreat of men who when they discover that an eye for correct form in horses and dogs is not the same thing as steering a horse to victory or judging a dog. Jockeying and judging belong to a different class. Ability to judge and ability to jockey are usually separated by a wide margin. The brilliant player is not as a rule the brilliant composer, and *vice versa*. Hon. Al Smith has forgotten more about pugilists than the Boston champion ever knew. The late Lord Falmouth knew more about true form in horses than a dozen McLaughlins and Garrisons put together.

Nature seldom endows mortal man with great talent in several directions. If she gives him the ability to rise above his fellows in any one thing she feels that she has been sufficiently liberal. This word "practical" is also found to be a very convenient subterfuge for the dog as well as the owner. If poor doggy doesn't get a prize the owner makes it widely known both in the show and out that "Slackback is a smasher in the field. He could run the first prize winner to a standstill in something less than ten minutes. And look at his pedigree! Sire, Croxteth; dam, Jemima, a black bitch imported to North Carolina by Major Judgemen, of the Tennessee riflingmen. I tell you, he's a darling. Didn't bring him here expecting to get a prize; he's put up for field work, and that doesn't do for these men. I offered to make a match with the owner of the first prize winner for $5,000 a side, but the skunk crawled out." And for four solid days those who go near Slackback's bench hear nothing but "field," "practical" and "dollars." If the judge is incompetent and Slackback wins, you will never hear a word about "practical." This is usually about the style: "Didn't I tell you so? He won way off. Coarse brutes those. Look at that spike-nosed duffer squinting past the corner. Wonder men have no more sense than to show dogs like that. Wouldn't have 'em as a gift." Yes, Mr. Editor, this word "practical" is a godsend for both dogs and owners, and I will have more to say about it by and bye.

Mr. Davey takes exception to the statement that Roger was overlooked at New York and that I gave him his first blue ribbon. The first thing that a man should make sure about before he jumps into a public controversy is that he knows of what he is going to write. The New York show of 1888 is not the only one that has been held in this city. There was a show in 1887. "Antwerp," an amateur (pray don't mistake him for a professional, which, in these days means a competent judge), made the awards, or perhaps I had better say raffled the prizes. There were in the open dog class 33 entries. The first to emerge from the sack after it had been well shaken—some vulgar persons said that it had also been soaked, and not in water—was Rollo, the third prize winner at Buffalo. Prince Royal H., who got nothing at Pittsburgh, squeezed through next; and Pride of Dixie, by dint of searing his better looking competitors to the other end of the sack, got out third. Ted's Bang (his name sounded so sweet to "Antwerp") came next and was given the reserve. By this time the other dogs had become so thoroughly exhausted that they made a wild rush from the sack. It was difficult to tell which got to the judge's pants first, so "Antwerp," who is a bit of a racing man, called it a dead heat and placed Forest Planter, Gloster, Ned, Prince Jester, Royal Howard and Cecil v.h.c. It was a terrible finish and the atmosphere was loaded with choice epithets from the bewildered onlookers, who certainly got what they paid for, a "practical" lesson in the art of judging. When the numbers had been hung out somebody discovered that there were other dogs in the sack. The ring steward quietly unloaded these and it was soon apparent that they were scattered about the ring at an equal distance from the winning post and accordingly they were all given h.c. The ring steward was a bit fly. He had heard strange stories about mongrel dogs hiding themselves away in the corners of the sack from fear of beating their typical competitors, and so he gave it another good shake. With a grand rush two beautiful dogs sprang forward and started for the winning post. One was Dashing Rover, the other was Roger. Roger was heavily handicapped, inasmuch as he had never been in such a contest before. Neither the starter nor the judge knew him. His jockey handled him as if he had received "waiting orders," which is not wise unless the track be straight. There are so many sharp corners to get around on the New York course that unless a dog has a good "send off" and is kept in the leading van, he is certain to be shut out at the finish. Dashing Rover was also heavily handicapped, and it was seen in the "preliminary" that his great weight, which consisted of first prize at the Crystal Palace, would in all probability stop him, especially as the starter and judge did not know the extent of his impost. Well, these two made a very exciting and close finish for—sixteenth place!! Roger had a slight advantage because he was not quite so good-looking as Dashing Rover. This told in his favor at the finish and he was placed sixteenth (c.), with Dashing Rover unnoticed. Time, 2 hours, 57 minutes; starter, W. K. C.; judge, "Antwerp." Now, Mr. Davey, was I right or wrong in saying Roger had been overlooked? Is a dog that is placed sixteenth, and behind those that are not his equals in any one point, overlooked? If he is not overlooked, what must we infer? I repeat the statement that I gave Roger the first first prize he ever won, at New Haven. Mr. Davidson gave him second at New York, 1888; Dr. Jarvis placed Dad Wilson over him at Boston, and your humble servant gave him first at New Haven, and will be pleased to have Mr. Davey critcise the awards. I fail to see in these statements anything that is calculated to stir up the ire of the Scotch half of Mr. Davey's letter. Mr. Davey's reply to my criticism of his dog Locksley is a masterpiece of "practical" argument combined with slippery evasion. I wrote of his dog and of Roger as follows:

That good dog, Roger, overlooked by New York judges, but finally placed in the position to which he was always entitled, won well in the open class for dogs. I had the pleasure of giving him the only blue ribbon he ever won. Locksley, a new one, was second. His head, while not bad, is a trifle plain, and his eyes are too light in color. In loin he is strong, but too long, and his hocks are toe close, especially when in motion. Add to these defects a long and not correctly carried tail and a lack of substance throughout, and you have a fair description of Mr. Davey's clean built and racy-looking son of Scottish Chief. In my opinion Mr. Davidson made a mistake in placing him second.

This is Mr. Davey's reply:

With this criticism he passes him over and criticises the second prize winner at Buffalo by saying his head, while not bad, is a trifle plain. Admitting that his head is not perfect, are we to suppose Roger, with his faulty muzzle, to be the correct type? Next, Locksley's eyes are too light in color, while Roger's are much lighter, or yellower, more correctly speaking. Without metioning the good neck, beautiful shoulders, chest and back of Locksley, he passes to his loin, which is "too long"—this must be in your reporter's mind, as he is not a long dog—his hocks are a trifle too close, which we consider a much better form than the opposite, and the tail, if long, is carried much as the dog feels, not invariably in the same position. We must further disagree with your report in the matter of substance, as Locksley is a hardy, stout, muscular dog, or he could never weigh as much as he does in such light condition as he was shown, and he is possessed of more quality than any dog shown in his class. We are pleased to notice that other reporters differ from yours about the merits of the two dogs mentioned, and however good a judge of non-sporting dogs he may be, we would prefer some one else of more practical experience to select a dog for our use in the field, and also as a bench show dog.

I am not averse to criticism, and am willing my dogs should have their share of it, but would prefer reliable criticism, not slight imperfections magnified and fancied ones brought forward where none exist.

What, may I ask, has Locksley's rather plain head got to do with Roger's muzzle. I had previously called attention to Roger's defects, and it was quite unnecessary to do so again. The fact that neither dog is perfect in eyes nor muzzle is no evidence that Roger is not a vastly better-looking setter, although it may be the style of argument that is used by a "practical" man. I doubt if the editors of this paper would feel disposed to let me have the whole of one issue for a dog show report; and Mr. Davey does not pay himself a compliment when he tell us that he is incapable of recognizing the fact that when the bad has been taken from the good only the good remains. It is but a plain subtraction sum and is quite "practical." I drew attention to the dog's defects. That was sufficient. Mr. Davey does not deny the correctness of my statements; he simply tries to dodge them. Note, for instance, what he says about Locksley's loin. He does not realize that a dog may have a long loin without being a long dog, or that a dog may have a long back without being a long dog. How is it when a dog is short in back and long in loin? Is he any longer than one that is long in back and short in loin? Very "practical," isn't it? Then look at Mr. Davey's "practical" allusions to the hocks. In order to prove that Locksley is not slightly cow-hocked, he solemnly assures us that "we" (does it take two "practicals" to make one competent?) consider close hocks "a much better form than the opposite." In other words, Locksley is not cow-hocked because cow-hocks are less objectionable than wide ones. Who dare say that Mr. Peshall has not met his equal at last? Mr. Davey's, or rather "our" next practical argument is a scorcher. Make way ye Terrys, Schellhasses, Peshalls and Horse papers, and let the W. K. C.'s white elephant bow low. Locksley does not lack substance because he weighed—well, as much as he did weigh. If his height were 20in. it would be just the same thing as if he stood 30in., the weight is the substance. Now, Wade, all together—Great Snakes!

How is it Mr. Editor that so many of the practical dog men in this country are wholly incapable of criticising a dog or estimating the value of points when shown to them? "Antwerp" is said to be an excellent sportsman, but a worse judge of a dog never stepped into a ring. Luke White, a field trial handler, is considered one of the worst judges that stands on two legs. Mr. Tracy judged at New York in worse style than many a fifteen year old boy could have done. Then look at the judging of Mr. Seitner at Philadelphia (he has never been in the ring since and will probably never get there again) and Mr. Wilson at Cleveland, to say nothing of the shaky work of Mr. Sterling; or take C. B. Whitford, who has the reputation of being one of the best and trickiest of handlers. Did mortal man ever see a more lamentably ignorant judge. When Mr. Davey was shown Cora of Wetheral he remarked that he thought her a very good one with the exception of her hindquarters, which he considered very defective. It is an acknowledged fact that the bitch's hindparts are nearly perfect and that her failing is in front. These are a few of the "practicals." I have a letter in my pocket from another and he writes me that he feels certain his dog is a good one because it has a sensible looking head, plenty of bone and is "*black on the soles of his feet.*" I don't like italics, but where the information is so intensely "practical," as in this instance, kindly use them.

These are not the only "practicals" or a hundredth part of them. I have a brother who is a splendid shot and a sportsman in every meaning of the word. He has seen hundreds, yes, thousands of dogs, yet all the power in the world could not make him a judge, and I doubt if he would pay $25 for a dog on his own judgment. If he did the odds are that he would get the worst of the bargain. Besides not possessing the requisite qualities to become judges, these "practicals" care not a rap about a dog's appearance so long as he "gets there," and when he does "get there" they never think of asking themselves which points have been the leading factors in bringing about the desired result. It is the same thing in horses. Not one jockey in a hundred knows anything about the make and shape of the animal he rides, and it would be worse than stupid to suppose that because he handled his mount in good style and showed great judgment from the fall of the flag to the finish he must needs be a judge. Yet the man who rarely comes in contact with the pigskin, and then only to jog over his estate on a high-stepping cob, can breed good ones, knows every point and the value of every point, and can tell at a glance whether a horse is truly formed or not.

Let us go into another field. How many of the men who cover the walls of their houses with pictures are judges? How many students of art ever become famous artists? How many of the hundreds of thousands of persons that take lessons in music ever become known as pianists? Not one out of a hundred thousand. Why? An artist is born an artist, a judge is born a judge. Education, surroundings, etc., ripen the green fruit, that is all. Mr. Davey would not be a judge if he lived five hundred years. He has not an eye for beauty and correct form, and if he had he would still not be a judge because he is incapable of estimating the value of points positive and negative. Further than this, he has not a desire to look at any man's dogs but his own. A judge will pay $1,000 or $2,000 for a dog that has never been shown and without anybody's opinion. Mr. Davey would not care to invest $50 until he had consulted the writer of the Scotch half of his letter, and in this he shows common sense.

Mr. Davey wants "reliable criticism." Next week, by your courtesy, I will prove to him that I was breeding sporting dogs before his name had been heard of in connection with the dog fancy, and that I was considered a "reliable" critic before Mr. Davey showed a dog, probably before he owned one, and I will also see that he has some facts to prove that, "however good a judge of non-sporting dogs he (I) may be," I am a vastly better judge of sporting dogs. Mr. Davey will perhaps kindly read the following, just to put him on until next week: "The subject of our illustration this week is Mr. Charles H. Mason's magnificent young mastiff Salisbury, whose success on the show bench has been equaled by few dogs of the same age and breed, he having won seventeen firsts and seven special prizes. * * * At last Mr. Carr sold him to his present owner, who is a *well-known exhibitor and breeder of sporting dogs.* The price paid for him was £200. We heartily congratulate Mr. Mason, who is a popular fancier and true lover of all breeds of dogs."—From the *Fanciers' Chronicle*, April 2, 1880.

CHAS. H. MASON.

EASTERN FIELD TRIALS CLUB.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am in receipt of a letter from the Southern Railroad Commissioners, stating that all trainers and visitors attending the Eastern Field Trials can, upon application to the ticket agent, procure a certificate entitling them to a return ticket at one-third the regular rate. I have also received an additional entry for the Champion Stake which was delayed in the mail.

SPRING (R. M. Hutchings, Galveston, Tex.), liver and white pointer dog (Mainspring—Curfew).

W. A. COSTER, Secretary.

THE HISTORY OF A MUSHROOM.

ANOTHER CHAPTER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

> Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings,
> This painted child of dirt that stinks and sings;
> Whose buzz the witty and the fair annoys,
> Yet wit ne'er tastes and beauty ne'er enjoys;
> So well-bred spaniels civilly delight
> In mumbling of the game they dare not bite.
> Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,
> As shallow streams run dimpling all the way.—*Pope.*

The ancient manuscript which narrated some of the characteristics of a parvenu-patrician of Atlantis, had a companion piece, which also is obscure in its application; I send it to you as also being an instructive piece of ancient history. If the labor and pains I have had in transcribing an almost illegible manuscript are rewarded by interesting those who are curious about ancient customs, I desire no greater remuneration. With such conclusive records, no one will have the hardihood to assert that Atlantis is a myth, or that there were not, in past ages, elements of discontent in the noble fraternity of sportsmen. The paper, found in my great-grandpapa's files, was as follows:

A MUSHROOM INTERVIEW.

As was befitting a Lord whose genealogical tree was heavily laden since the days of Adam, and in whose person were united the graces of gentility with resplendent genius, His Lordship, the parvenu-patrician, was possessed of a coat of arms which excited the envy of prince and peasant, for each device was an emblem of personal brightness as well as family unions. The escutcheon had a green field in token of His Lordship's erudition; on the sinister chief point, in spirited relief, was a chestnut rampant; on the corresponding dexter point was a peccary couchant; on the heart point was an ass dormant. Few families could boast such honors in heraldry, since few had the necessary talents and breeding. To interpret each device will redound to the benefit of the astute reader. The chestnut rampant was emblematic of His Lordship's repeated assurances that he was a breeder: the peccary couchant was an emblem of majestic repose, contentment and self-confidence; and unoccupied intervals of time in private life were happily represented by the ass dormant. Never was escutcheon worn with greater pride and merit, in word and deed. As a veracious chronicler it devolves on me to thus describe Lord Jim's just pretensions to true nobility, the more so as he posed as the only genuine tailor-made gentleman of Atlantis.

The fancy was more than fortunate in securing Lord Jim as a volunteer member of the noble fraternity, which was divided into two great divisions, denominated respectively, the benchites and the birdcatchers—the former were devotees of the beauty shows; the latter of the birdcatching contests.

It is related of these men that they had some customs and traits in common which were astonishingly strange. Almost every member of the fancy (a generic term for all) owned a small brass bugle, which was cherished with anxious solicitude. None of these instruments were of the same size or pattern, although they had the same compass, and while the latter was limited to three or four true tones, which were difficult to execute, there was on infinite variety of false, discordant ones. It requires a fine ear and diligent practice to draw four notes of such harmony as would win the approbation of an audience. Custom sanctioned that each one should use his bugle to sound his own praise—philanthropy, victory at the beauty shows or at birdcatching, being the common themes; and a performance on one of these instruments was called "tooting his horn." Each horn was especially constructed to improvise on one subject, and if once blown out of time or tune it detracted from its value or destroyed it; consequently it required no little tact and judgment to become a popular performer. It was universally admitted that no class of men could toot their horns with greater power and volume than the guild of birdmen; but there were only a few who paid due regard to rhythm, cadence, timbre and expression, it is therefore needless to say that many poor and good horns were spoilt daily.

These horns mightily tickled the fancy and vanity of Lord Jim, they furnishing a powerful medium to engage the attention of the multitude to his own powers and deeds. He had a dainty little horn made to blow a wheezy tune, with one hundred tinkling embellishments, which he named his "Free Stud Fee Waltz, composed by Me, LORD JIM." That it might have the desired sensational effect, he blew his horn in the most public places in a trial of the waltz; but the tones were so asthmatic that nobody danced, and the composition was received with derision. His lordship thereafter had several small horns made, and essayed repeatedly to charm the public. Some of them were split by blowing too hard, others were leaky, and none had a true note. Although passionately fond of "tooting his horn," Lord Jim had a horribly dull ear for harmony, and no sense of proper opportunity; he could not distinguish the false from the true notes, blew his horn in all places and companies, the result being that all his attempts were as weird as echoes from pandemonium; still, as the dreadful noises were pleasing to him, they must be pleasing to everybody, so he reasoned. His Lordship ascribed the repeated failures to the diminutive size of the horns he had been using. Proceeding on this theory, he had an immense horn constructed, one larger than any known to the guild, a Colossus among horns. In length it was thirty feet; breadth across the bell, five feet. The smallest pipe was six inches in diameter, and each was reinforced with steel hoops. On the edge of the bell was a pendant chestnut about the size of a cheese, the chestnut being a device of his escutcheon. His Lordship had ample wind to blow this great horn, but, as the intelligent reader anticipates, he made some horrible discords. He composed a piece of music especially for it, which he entitled, "I am a Breeder, Me, LORD JIMMIE." He would pose in public places, blow dreadful blasts, which would echo and re-echo in the very skies and cause great sickness on earth. A variety of sounds would be produced, sometimes it would belch a hoarse or a wild unearthly shriek; but oftenest, when His Lordship attempted his choicest notes, it would bray; and I have heard honest men say that the braying tones were so true that they were not one jot behind Nature. The great vibrations caused the pendant chestnut to keep up a constant ringing on the bell of the horn, and "I am a Breeder" was a failure to everybody but its composer. With an air of the greatest gravity His Lordship would steal near an unsuspecting visitor at a beauty show, blow a blast three hours long in his ear, and then permit him to escape with a broken spirit and a wrecked constitution, with the refrain "I am a Breeder" ringing in his ears for weeks. Lord Jimmie was without a rival in "tooting his horn."

Many of the benchites and birdcatchers had a peculiarity of physiological structure which has no parallel in history, each had a detachable gall. By this strange physiological freak they could leave their galls at home or take them along, as appeared to be desirable or expedient. By cultivation and assiduous care, some galls attained majestic proportions; and Lord Jim's, from an unusually vigorous germ, outgrew all others, then he had a gall in size a happy match for his great bugle. His Lordship would frequent the most public places, roll his huge gall into position for a pulpit, mount it, give a mighty bray on his horn, and harangue the multitude for hours, something after this style:

"Ho! ye *knaves* AND *varlets!* *All* YE rogues, wretches AND

liars, stop! Behold ME, *the* only honest man IN Atlantis. *The* BEAUTY shows are corrupt—*the* BIRDCATCHING contests are corrupter—the *sporting* PRESS IS MOST *corruptest*. I SAY MOST *corruptest* advisedly; I HAVE consulted MY lawyer *on* THE subject. There IS but *one* true sportsman's paper IN Atlantis, it IS *independent*, courageous AND a *defender* OF the *right*. By MY horn and gall, no LIGHT *oath*, I *can* PROVE every WORD I *say* AND I will DO *so* by LEGAL measures IN proper *time*. IF ANY one of ye *doubt* it, *villians* that *ye are*, call *around* at *my* office *for* THE *proofs*. I am one of the few men WHO COULD AFFORD TO FOOT MY OWN BILLS(!). I *own* THE best *dogs*. I AM a breeder. I AM, I, I, I, I."

In this manner he would rant and abuse the multitude for hours together. However, on this occasion there happened to be a young journalist, from the thithermost side of Atlantis, who heard Lord Jim's harangue, and, being of an enterprising turn of mind, resolved to call and interview His Lordship; with this end in view, he might have been seen entering Lord Jim's office, with the modest, deferential air which distinguishes reporters everywhere. Fortunately, Lord Jim was alone and disengaged. The young man advanced and said: "Have I the honor of addressing Lord Mushroom Jimmie?"

"You HAVE," replied His Lordship, with an impressive air.

"Here is my card, please accept it. I represent the *Atlantis Boomerang*, and knowing that you are a recognized high authority on all matters appertaining to the dog and gun, besides being an enviable owner and breeder, I called to request an interview on these subjects. Your statements would have the stamp of authority, and would be both edifying and instructive to our host of readers."

"Ah! I perceive THAT you *are* quite INTELLIGENT for A newspaper MAN. Yes, you're quite RIGHT. I *do* know PRETTY near everything that's WORTH knowing. Villians! Villians! EVERY ONE of them, sir! BUT I AM all ATTENTION, proceed."

"In your masterly speech in the forum, you said you were the only honest man in Atlantis. Being a stranger in your province, you will pardon me if I ask the cause of this lamentable state of corruption."

"I know IT *all* from alpha TO omega. I *have* been FIGHTING against *frauds* AND abuses AT every turn. I TELL you, *sir*, the rascals are ALL *disgustingly* selfish; that IS *the* cause OF THE whole *trouble*. MY DOGS never get what THEY deserve AT any of *the* contests, *but* I'll HAVE the *law o' them* YET, *so I will*. *My thoughts are only for the promotion of field sports; my voice is never raised but to invoke justice; my pen is used to lance* VILLAINY. There is only one birdcatching race where I would run my dogs, *and that* one holds its *inaugural* race *next* winter."

"Does Your Lordship run in the trials every year?"

"I *never* ran *in* any RACE but ONCE. When MY dogs *do* not WIN, I *know* there IS rascality."

"Will this new club be honest *after* you have raced in it?"

Lord Jim eyed the young man for a moment to see if there was any levity in his manner, but observing his grave and respectful demeanor, he answered: "THAT DEPENDS ON WHETHER OR NOT I WIN."

"Your Lordship is right, quite right," observed the young man in a preoccupied way. "I feel that your earnestness is a proof of your sincerity, and that your words are from the fountain of truth. What are the facts relating to the corruption of the press?"

"There *is* only ONE sportsman's journal, all the others are puerile, partial sheets, unsound to the core. Why, sir, THEY CUT OUT SOME OF MY MOST SARCASTIC PHRASES, *and* sometimes REJECT MY *efforts* in bulk. My LANGUAGE IS TOO *vigorous for* this *effete* generation. There *is* only ONE gentleman's *paper*, AND it will *publish* ANY *vulgarity*, *libel* OR *indecency* that I *choose to write*, and NO ONE DARE SAY BOO; *but* IF ANY *one* MAKES a *reply* to ME, *the* said journal SUBMITS *the* manuscript TO ME with PROPER OBSEQUIOUSNESS, and it is accepted or rejected as I am pleased to dictate. Now, sir; THAT *is* what I CALL *impartial* and RESPECTABLE *journalism*. Yes, *young man*, there *is but one* HONEST paper. It *appreciates* ME. The others will IN TIME. I *am* a REFORMER."

"You will undoubtedly be better appreciated when you are dead." Noticing a shadow settling on Lord Jim's Gothic brow, the young man hastily added, "It has been the misfortune of all great reformers to miss the honors due them in life, but the honors never fail to be given by posterity. What kind of men are the reporters?"

"*The* REPORTERS!" His Lordship tried to speak, but he choked, and his face worked convulsively. His rage was so great that dissolution seemed imminent. He could, for a moment, only speak in gasps. "The reporters—are—* * * * * *, sir. A—PACK—*of*—* * * * * * * HOUNDS, sir. How—*many*—OF *the*—*blooming* idiotic—PENCIL knaves—have ANY sense? *Not one*, sir. I have BEEN *four or five* years IN the *fancy*, have had A GLIMPSE *of two bird* catching *races*, *have* seen beauty shows *by the* dozen, and KNOW *more than* the drivelling idiots who have been engaged in it ALL THEIR LIVES. The reporters are * * * * * * *, so they are."*

"It seems to me," said the man of letters, "that you being an honest man, and all your acts and utterances receiving your own popular applause and indorsement, with a good grazing paddock in a horse paper, that you would keep out of such company. Honest men do not seek the company of rogues. But perhaps they use coercive measures to enjoy the sunshine of your presence?"

Lord Jimmie sucked his thumb a moment, and waived the question, but said, "I AM NOT JUDGING ANY TRIALS THIS YEAR."

The *Boomerang* man continued, "Why do not you inaugurate a bird catching contest in Atlantis Park?"

Lord Jimmie brightened up and clapped his hands together in an ecstacy of glee, "O! WOULDN'T that be nice," he exclaimed, "they would NOT get *their hair mussed* or *crossed*, or their feet MUDDY, or their skins SCRATCHED by cruel *thorns*. *How sweet a pretty dog would look* standing on the GREEN TURF near *a terrace of roses* and—and—er—verdure, and a whole lot of ladies looking at them—it MUST be done. YOU *are a shrewd* young man—FOR A REPORTER. That kind of a race is *just what true gentlemen birdmen* NEED. The WAY these *coarse* fellows CATCH birds *is* positively VULGAR. They *go out* IN *the* mud, *and briers*, and horrid fields, *don't cher know*, and haven't a BIT of *high* culchaw."

The *Boomerang* man had a serious, meditative look. He said: "The birdcatchers, the benchites, the press, the reporters, in fact, the whole institution, you assure me, is composed of rogues, liers, libelers and toughs. As I understand it, they agree very well among themselves, excepting a little tilt now and then between individuals; but you are at war with everything and everybody. You condemn the whole thing (in round swinging oaths) in the form of clubs, supporters and sympathizers, yet appeal to the public, which is the same body in an informal capacity, to correct an army of imaginary grievances which you have suffered. By your own showing you were never engaged in a competition but what it resulted in a personal grievance or quarrel, and your record appears to be one succession of uproars, libels, accusations; the record of a chronic fault-finder and brawler. If you were sincere in your professions of piety, you could easily avoid future possibilities of injustice by keeping away from the company of rascals—who evidently do not care for *your* company. As a reformer your style is not correct; for there never was an instance greater than yours where a reformer needed reforming. Why, each succeeding year you have more brawls and wholesale aspersions than all the guild together; and as for selfishness, the term was never so fully saturated with the pronoun "I" and its spirit, as in your own case. With very limited experience, you rush to the front and, without being asked, set up your judgment and gauzy opinions, oftentimes with matters with which you have no concern, against wiser, older, more gentlemanly and skillful men whom you would do well, and it would profit you much, to own as teachers, instead of posing as a transparent upstart authority, and begging for the fruits of victory without its labors. Believe me, when a man in life's journey finds only the dark shadows, his mind must be sadly dwarfed; moreover, none are so prone to make mistakes as those who are ignorant or unskillful in the subject they attempt to teach; and remember that true gentility is always hand in hand with civility of speech and courteous mien. But tell me, me Lord, does every birdman and benchite stand on as big a gall and toot as great a horn as those which you possess? Why do you not get rid of them?"

His Mushroom Lordship was dumbfounded. His ordinary conversations were always a bit choleric, but now he was angry. "MAY the ——— *take* your insolence," said he. "Do *you* think THAT I *do* not KNOW THAT it IS *vulgar* to toot my horn in season and out of season, and troublesome AT *times to have such a big gall*? Supposing, *now*, thou brainless *witling* and DRIVELING hound, *supposing* that I *got rid* of my *bugle* AND my *gall*, what *would* be LEFT? *Nothing*, sir. In a MONTH I WOULD BE FORGOTTEN. Tooting MY HORN is MY LIFE; MY GALL is *my world*. As a BRAWLER I HAVE MADE MY REPUTATION; *I have not aught else to* stand ON. I make *this statement*, RESERVING all *the* rights, titles, good will, benefits, privileges and profits THAT may accrue *now* or *hereafter*, and *without prejudicing the legal proof thereunto appertaining* if I SHOULD TAKE this case before THE courts FOR arbitrament. But I SEE *you are like* ALL THE REST of *your ill-omened*, poisonous and croaking BROOD. YOU ARE * * * * * *. You have called now longer than there was need of."

The *Boomerang* man had already left before His Lordship had half finished, but the latter hurled a spiteful anathema after him. Turning around, he called his stenographer from a hidden recess, and said: "Have you GOT all *our conversation down*?" "Yes, me Lud," replied his stenographer. "*Hurry!* BE QUICK and SEND a COPY *to* my pet *paper so* the *public* will *know* WHAT I said. This will *give me* a SWEET *advertisement*. On *your* life do not *forget* the *italics* and SMALL capitals. They *assist* the readers to *understand* ME, for the readers are asinine. Alas! a feeling of sadness steals o'er me, for I am alone; alone in my knowledge, my probity, my skill, my instincts, represented by a chestnut rampant, a peccary couchant and an ass dormant."

The mushroom has been suffering from foul weather of late. Part of its head has fallen in the dust, and the rest is disordered. The whole structure is shattered. Another storm or two, and the wild winter winds will whistle an anthem over the place where it was, but is not. IT'S ME.

ATLANTIS.

The paper here concluded, and left the reader without any explanation of the moral of so much that is immoral in the utterances of His Lordship; but probably such was the style of the ancients. CORN CRACKER.

*The parvenu-patrician was given to elastic phrases, which partook of a parvenu-patrician character, the vulgarity predominating. Where there is an hiatus in his charming conversation, the wise reader will know that it is there for reason of propriety.

RICHMOND DOG SHOW.

WE give below a list of the awards at the Richmond dog show. We made arrangements for a report and were advised that it would be mailed to us on Monday, but from some unexplained cause it has not come to hand. Following is a full list of the

AWARDS.

MASTIFFS.—CHAMPION—*Dog*: E. H. Moore's Minting. *Bitch*: No entries.—OPEN—*Dogs*: 1st, C. C. Cook's Moses; 2d, E. H. Moore's Alonzo; 3d, Winlawn Kennels' Scipio. Very high com., C. Porter, Jr.'s Brother. *Bitches*: 1st and very high com., E. H. Moore's Duchess and Lady Florence; 2d, C. Porter, Jr.'s Boss's Lady Clare; 3d, W. W. Silvey's Judy.—PUPPIES—*Dogs*: 1st and 2d, D. P. Mygatt's Barnie and Troubadour. *Bitches*: Not for competition.

ST. BERNARDS.—ROUGH-COATED—CHAMPION—*Dog*: No entry. *Bitch*: No entry.—OPEN—*Dogs*: 1st and very high com., E. H. Moore's Ben Lomond and Count; 2d and high com., Hospice Kennels' Alpine Chief and Crystal; 3d, Mrs. A. M. Hughes's Marmion. High com., C. D. Cugle's Dom Pedro. *Bitches*: 1st, Hospice Kennels' Gemma I.; 2d, Mrs. A. M. Hughes's Lady Alice; 3d, and very high com., E. H. Moore's Correlle and Recluse.—*Puppies*: No entries.—SMOOTH-COATED—CHAMPION—*Dog*: Hospice Kennels' Hector. *Bitch*: L. Daniels's Flora II.—OPEN—*Dogs*: 1st, W. S. Diffenderffer's Lord Hector; 2d, W. Person's Ivan; 3d, C. H. Evans's Victor Leo. *Bitches*: 1st, J. Keevan's Apollona. *Puppies*: No entry.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—1st, Meadowthorpe Kennels' Meadowthorpe-Prince George; 2d, E. H. Morris's New York Lass; 3d, withheld.

BLOODHOUNDS.—1st, J. Appleby's Sarchedon.

DEERHOUNDS.—1st, E. D. Morgan's Bevis III.

GREYHOUNDS.—CHAMPION—H. W. Huntington's Cassandra.—OPEN—*Dogs*: 1st, H. W. Huntington's Highland Chief; 2d, withheld. *Bitches*: No entry.

FOXHOUNDS.—1st, E. P. Winston's Wise; 2d and com., M. Durrett's Crocket and Rhet. Very high com. and high com., J. H. Haw's Brilliant and Bender.—ENGLISH—1st and 2d, E. H. Morris's Passion and Warrior.

POINTERS.—LARGE—CHAMPION—*Dog*: C. Heath's Graphic. *Bitch*: C. Heath's Meally.—OPEN—*Dogs*: 1st, Westminster Kennel Club's Lad of Bow; 2d, L. Gardner's Duke of Vernon; 3d, Clifton Kennels' Sachem. Very high com., S. L. Carter's The Dude and T. B. Legare's Meteor, Jr. High com., W. T. Pearman's Sam. Com., G. B. Gaines's Cap and J. R. Purcell's Spottswood's Frank. *Bitches*: 1st and 2d, Westminster Kennel Club's Lass of Bow and Westminster Sal; 3d, Barnes Bros.' Devonshire Countess. Very high com., J. R. Purcell's Joy of Prince William. High com., E. H. Morris's Devon Nelly. Com., W. A. Lewis's Daisy.—SMALL—CHAMPION—*Dog*: Westminster Kennel Club's Naso of Kippen. *Bitch*: Absent.—OPEN—*Dogs*: 1st, S. S. Banks's Ned B.; 2d, F. R. Hitchcock's Glaucus; 3d, H. J. Casey's Echo. Very high com., W. W. Scott's Pocomoke and H. B. Owen's Rob Roy. High com., W. G. Pilkington's Picket and E. D. Christian, Jr.'s Zeph. Com., J. F. Berry's Shot and H. B. Owen's Tom Ochiltree. *Bitches*: Equal 1st, Westminster Kennel Club's Glauca and C. Heath's Bloom; equal 2d, F. R. Hitchcock's Flirt and C. Heath's Lady Norrish; 3d, J. White's Bonnie Doon. Very high com., J. R. Purcell's Ion and Flake of Flockfinder and F. R. Hitchcock's Duchess of Waterloo. High com., G. K. Taylor's Imogen, A. G. Taylor's Eva W., J. R. Purcell's Lady Spottswood and R. G. Southall's Jinks. Com., I. D. Anderson's Flora and F. A. French's Lou.—PUPPIES—*Dogs*: 1st, J. White's Grouse; 2d and high com., J. G. Teller's Macardo and Leo. Very high com., A. Farmer's Sensation. High com., J. E. Leath's Romeo II. and G. Lanzanoe's Sweet. *Bitches*: 1st, J. White's Bonnie Doon; 2d, L. A. Biddle's Cicely. Very high com., Barnes Bros.' Essie B. and W. F. Clark's Maud S. High com., R. A. Wise's Pomps, W. Hoyt's Fancy Free and J. Leath's Juliet. Com., A. Farmer's Gracie.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—CHAMPION—*Dog*: F. Windholz's Rockingham. *Bitch*: F. Windholz's Cora of Wetheral.—OPEN—*Dogs*: 1st, F. Windholz's Count Howard; 2d, L. Gardner's Roger; 3d, J. White's Gloster II. Reserve, E. W. Durkee's Peveril. Very high com., H. A. Wise's Henry V. and J. J. Snellenburg's Count Henricks. High com., J. Adam's Dude A. *Bitches*: 1st, very high com. and com., E. W. Durkee's Haphazard, Calico and Saddlebags; 2d, F. Windholz's Princess Beatrice II.; 3d, reserve and high com., Syracuse Kennel Club's Dot, Lit II. and Di. Com., B. T. August's Trinket II. and B. F. Lewis's Polly.—PUPPIES—*Dogs*: 1st, S. B. Clarkson's Abe. *Bitches*: 1st, J. Adam's Bessie June; 2d and com., P. Miller's Maud and Louise.

IRISH SETTERS.—CHAMPION—*Dog*: E. W. Clark, Jr.'s Blarney. *Bitch*: C. T. Thompson's Nellie.—OPEN—*Dogs*: 1st, E. Maher's Larry S.; 2d, C. W. Allen's Joe Gladstone; 3d, Meadowthorpe Kennels' Meadowthorpe Rover. Very high com. and com., W. F. Pumphrey's Young Punch and Ripple. *Bitches*: 1st, Dr. E. C. Kirk's Berna; 2d, L. De Fernix's Mabel.—PUPPIES—*Dogs*: 1st, C. W. Allen's Hazzard. *Bitches*: No entry.

BLACK AND TAN SETTERS.—CHAMPION—Dr. S. G. Dixon's Little Boy.—OPEN—*Dogs*: 1st, E. H. Morris's Beaumont; 2d, M. A. Jones's Vance; 3d, Benezet Kennels' Pilot, Jr. Com., Meadowthorpe Kennels' Meadowthorpe Laddie. *Bitches*: 1st, S. G. Dixon's Lady Pilot; 2d, Meadowthorpe Kennels' Heather Model. *Puppies*: 1st, S. G. Dixon's Broomclaw.

GORDON SETTERS.—CHAMPION—No entry.—OPEN—*Dogs*: 1st, Meadowthorpe Kennels' Meadowthorpe Heather Boy; 2d, H. B. Owen's Dash; 3d, Dr. J. Whitaker's Don. *Bitches*: 1st, R. Cromwell, Jr.'s, Countess of Devonshire; 2d, Meadowthorpe Kennels' Meadowthorpe Belmont. *Puppies*: No entry.

IRISH WATER SPANIELS.—1st, W. W. Silvey's Duchess III.; 2d, withheld.

CLUMBER SPANIELS.—No entry.

FIELD SPANIELS.—CHAMPION—Oldham & Willey's Newton Abbot Darkie.—OPEN—ANY COLOR—*Dogs*: 1st, Oldham & Willey's Newton Abbot Lord; 2d, 3d and very high com., E. H. Morris's Negro, President and Beau. *Bitches*: 1st and 3d, E. H. Morris's Bridford Negress and Lady; 2d, Oldham & Willey's Newton Abbot Lady II. High com., Miss Marguerite H. Langley's Phyllis II.

COCKER SPANIELS.—ANY COLOR—CHAMPION—American Cocker Kennels' Doc.—OPEN—LIVER OR BLACK—*Dogs*: 1st, Oldham & Willey's Dandy W.; 3d, E. Probert's Roy Obo. *Bitches*: 1st, Oldham & Willey's Chloe W.; 2d, W. Barnes's Hazel Obo.—ANY OTHER COLOR—1st, Oldham & Willey's Goldie; 2d and 3d, C. H. Getzendanner's Ned and Music. Very high com., L. H. Handcock's Darby and Joan.—PUPPIES—*Dogs*: 1st, W. Barnes's Red Doc; 2d, withheld. Com., L. H. Handcock's Snip. *Bitches*: 1st, W. Barnes's Royal Princess; 2d, Miss Marguerite H. Langley's Phyllis II.

COLLIES.—CHAMPION—*Dog*: Chestnut Hill Kennels' Dublin Scot. *Bitch*: Chestnut Hill Kennels' Flurry II.—OPEN—*Dogs*: 1st and 2d, Chestnut Hill Kennels Charleroy II. and Roslyn Sensation. *Bitches*: 1st, 3d and very high com., Chestnut Hill Kennels' Flurry III., Metchly Surprise and Roslyn Torfrida; 2d, Meadowthorpe Kennels' Meadowthorpe Parole. Com., E. H. Morris's Scot.—PUPPIES—*Dogs*: 1st, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Roslyn Bruin. *Bitches*: 1st, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Roslyn Torfrida.

POODLES.—BLACK—*Dogs*: 1st, L. A. Biddle's Barre. *Bitches*: 1st, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Paris.

BASSET HOUNDS.—1st, W. H. Smith's Babette.

BEAGLES.—CHAMPION—*Dog*: Somerset Kennels' Bounce. *Bitch*: W. S. Diffenderffer's Lou.—OPEN—*Dogs*: 1st and 2d, Somerset Kennels' Storm and Stinger. *Bitches*: 1st, Somerset Kennels' Cloud; 2d W. S. Diffenderffer's Belle of Woodbrook; 3d, W. S. Clark's Cleopatra. Very high com., Benezet Kennels' Bonnie B. *Puppies*: 1st, Somerset Kennels' Hope; 2d, very high com. (two) and com., W. S Diffenderffer's Woodbrook Blossom, Woodbrook Fashion, Woodbrook Lee and Woodbrook Clifton. Com., Capt. J. Cusson's Frolic.

BULLDOGS.—CHAMPION—*Dog*: R. B. Sawyer's Merry Monarch. *Bitch*: No entry.—OPEN—*Dogs*: 1st, R. B. Sawyer's Portswood Tiger. *Bitches*: 1st and 2d, R. B. Sawyer's Soudan and Beatrice.

BULL-TERRIERS.—CHAMPION—W. F. Hobbie's Grabber.—OPEN—*Dogs*: 1st and 2d, Sunnyside Kennels' The Earl and Tony; 3d, W. V. Lloyd's Pete. *Bitches*: 1st, W. F. Hobbie's Bonnie Princess.

FOX-TERRIERS.—CHAMPION—*Dog*: Blemton Kennels' Lucifer. *Bitch*: Blemton Kennels' Rachel.—OPEN—*Dogs*: 1st and 2d, Blemton Kennels' Blemton Rubicon and Dusky Trap; 3d, R. S. Ryan's Lindin Splint. Very high com., F. P. Kirby's Little Major. *Bitches*: 1st and 2d, Blemton Kennels' New Forest Ethel and Blemton Brilliant; 3d, R. S. Ryan's Linden Nettle. Com., E. Adelaide Trench's Wax.

WIRE-HAIRED.—1st, W. B. Robinson's Costwold Jacko; 2d, F. P. Kirby's Gough.—PUPPIES—*Dogs*: 1st, Blemton Kennels' Blemton Rubicon; 2d, F. O. Beach's Blemton Grandee. High com., W. T. Levering's Felix. *Bitches*: 1st, withheld; 2d, Blemton Kennels; Blemton Varsoviene. High com., W. T. Levering's Oxford Nora.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—Absent.

SCOTCH TERRIERS.—1st, Meadowthorpe Kennels' Meadowthorpe Bonnie Laddie; 2d, E. D. Morgan's Highland Laddie.

DANDIE DINMONT TERRIERS.—1st, Meadowthorpe Kennels' Meadowthorpe Reiver.

BEDLINGTON TERRIERS.—1st, E. D. Morgan's Tees Rock; 2d, F. Kirby's Barney.

IRISH TERRIERS.—1st, J. F. McFadden's Dennis; 2d and very high com., Chestnut Hill Kennels' Breda Tiney and Roslyn Dennis.

SKYE TERRIERS.—1st, Meadowthorpe Kennels' Meadowthorpe Coila; 2d, W. P. Sanderson's Jim.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—*Dogs*: No entry. *Bitches*: 1st, W W. Silvey's Fannie.

TOY TERRIERS.—No entry.

PUGS.—CHAMPION—*Dog*: Dr. M. H. Cryer's Dude. *Bitch*: Dr. M. H. Cryer's Bessie.—OPEN—*Dogs*: 1st, A. E. Pitt's Kash; 2d, Dr. M. H. Cryer's Nero. *Bitches*: 1st, Dr. M. H. Cryer's Vesta; 2d, E. Kirby's Daisy; 3d, Pitts & Gilliyan's Belle of the Ball. High com., R. M. Dashiel's Frankie Folsom and C. H. Epp's Beauty. *Puppies*: 1st, G. Gillivan's Peggie II.; 2d, Dr. M. H. Cryer's Mary Ann. Very high com., Meadowthorpe Kennels' Meadowthorpe Beau.

KING CHARLES SPANIELS.—1st and 3d, E. H. Morris' Norwich Jumbo and Mona; 2d R. Crissey's Philadelphia Charley. Very high com., W. Phillips's Rose.

BLENHEIM SPANIELS.—1st and 2d, W. Phillips's Grand Duchess and King Pippin.

PRINCE CHARLES SPANIELS.—1st; E. Probert's Nelly.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS.—1st, Miss Edith Van Buren's Cupid.

MISCELLANEOUS.—1st, Chestnut Hill Kennels' smooth collie Lady Bird; 2d, J. Binford, Jr.'s Russian terrier Casary.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

Kennel mastiffs, E. H. Moore; St. Bernards, the same; foxhounds, Goodloe's kennel; blue-mottled, J. G. Archer's Rapid; kennel pointers, Westminster Kennel Club; pointer that has run at a field trial, Graphic; setter, Blarney; kennel English setters, F. Windholz; puppy, Abe; owned in Richmond, the same; bitch puppy, Bessie June; Gordon setter, Meadowthorpe Heather Boy; Irish setter dog puppy, Hazzard; kennel collies, Chestnut Hill Kennels; best in open classes (Collie Club's special), Flurry III.; bred and owned in a Southern State, Meadowthorpe Parole; race beagle bitches, Cloud and Hope; dog or bitch, Storm; dog (Beagle Club's special), the same; bitch Cloud; kennel fox-terriers, Blemton Kennels; pugs, Dr. M. H. Cryer; spaniel, Newton Abbot Darkie; brace Sussex, President and Lady; brace sporting spaniels, Newton Abbot Darkie and Newton Abbot Don; foxhound dog, Wise; puppy, E. P. Winston's Rappahannock.

BRISTOL DOG SHOW.

BRISTOL DOG SHOW.—Hartford, Conn., Oct. 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I read in your paper of this week the report of the dog show at Bristol, Conn., in which your correspondent "H." says that Barnes's Sam won first in pointer dog class. I hasten to make the correction, for I remember well of awarding the first prize to that very good dog Spot Dash of the Fleet View Pointer Kennels, Lynn, Mass. He is quite a good dog, and might carry off the blue ribbon in excellent company.—E. K. SPERRY. *Editor Forest and Stream:* I notice in your report of the Bristol bench show you bestow considerable praise on the Doctor for his work. Now, the Doctor certainly does deserve peaise, but I think some mention should be made of his assistants, Mr. Robert Leslie and Mr. Crowell. These last named gentlemen worked long and hard to set things right, and I think they certainly deserve a vote of thanks.—EYE WITNESS.

CONCERNING TWO LETTERS.—We have received letters from Chas. Heath and Jas. L. Anthony, containing charges which, we are convinced, are untrue, and we therefore believe them to be malignant libels. As we further understand that one of the parties against whom the charges are preferred is no longer living, it is manifestly impossible that the FOREST AND STREAM should by printing the letters make itself a party to defamation of the dead. There may be other journals perfectly willing to do this. There is in this town a horse paper, which some years ago attacked a man on his dying bed; and doubtless Heath and Anthony will find its editors only too eager to print their charges against a dead man.

SPANIELS AND THEIR WORK.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your special correspondent, in his remarks on the London show, says that either the standard of the American Spaniel Club is all wrong or it is not followed; that with the very long and low bodies now called for the legs are very defective. The A. S. C. standard is all right, but the judges and public are wrong. I challenge any judge or breeder to prove that I am not right, and I am prepared to prove by the A. S. C. standard that any cocker now prominently before the public cannot score 75 points under the standard.

There is not much use in trying to get the A. C. S. Club to do anything. They are in love with their idols. Like the Hindoos, they worship the crocodile. Now let them change the name of the club and call it the Crocodile or English Non-Sporting Spaniel Club.

I receive many letters on this subject, and now have the names of fourteen, all well known to the spaniel fancy. Nearly all are at present members of the A. S. Club. I know there are many more who would gladly see the true sporting cocker spaniel placed in his proper position at our shows. If they will send me their names we will demand our rights of the A. S. Club. Should they fail to do anything for us, we can easily form a sporting spaniel club.

J. OTIS FELLOWS.

HORNELLSVILLE, N. Y.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the Buffalo catalogue Hornell Silk is described in his list of winnings as "champion field trial spaniel of America." Now as his owner claims that title for him by default I don't see how he can have won it, and how it can be entitled to a bracket with his wins.

When several years ago Mr. Fellows made his $1,000 bluff, good dogs were scarcer than they are now, and even at the present time no one would stake such a sum on an initial spaniel field trial. It was a bluff, pure and simple, and a safe one. The owner of any brute, no matter how worthless, can say "I'll match my dog against yours for $1,000, and if the "other fellow" has not seen his animal at work he is safe to refuse such a challenge.

Away with such transparent rot. Let us have regular trials for our pets, brother spaniel men, and so demonstrate which is the best dog. Let the entrance money and general expenses be so low as to admit the dogs of our most impecunious brethren. Do not make it possible for the wealthy to "bluff" their dogs into prominence by weight of money or brass.

Surely this is a question of importance! Spaniel lovers let us hear from you. QUESTER.

THAT MITCHELL LETTER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Two friends of mine have written me to the effect that I hardly made it clear in your last week's issue that the Mitchell letter was voluntarily handed me by Mr. Richter. I certainly did not say so in so many words, but surely no one supposes I had it without his full knowledge and sanction, after reading my last letter, for that is fully implied. The simple facts are that the letter was handed to me for investigation. I forwarded it to a trusted friend in New York, requesting him to inquire into the facts. The letter was by him returned to me. I never had any reason to suspect, nor do I now believe that my friend made any improper use of the letter. If any one wishes to make assurance doubly sure he should read the *Sporting Life* of January 20, 1886, if he is not satisfied with my positive statement that the letter was handed me with the view to my seeing if there was a grain of truth in it.

In order to clear the matter up, I have this day forwarded to Dr. J. Frank Perry a letter of which the following is a copy:

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 15.—*Dr. J. Frank Perry, President National Dog Club*—Dear Sir: Presuming that you have read the communications which have appeared in the papers with regard to a letter sent by a person named Mitchell to the editor of the *Sporting Life*, and the apparent implication of myself by Mr. Anthony with regard to the alleged theft of said letter, its alleged sale to Mr. Anthony and its recovery from him by an alleged fraud, I respectfully request, as a member of the National Dog Club, that you appoint a committee to investigate the case. If I am guilty of such conduct I am not fit to remain a member of any club of gentlemen and should be expelled from the National Dog Club. Objection may perhaps be raised by some to my seeking this investigation, but I know of no better way, as I am a member of the National Dog Club. Recourse to law, even if the libel was more plain than it seems to be, is objectionable on the grounds that I don't think it right to deprive my family of the money necessary to pursue such a course, and it might be several years before the case came to trial, whereas the remedy should be quickly obtained. I place the matter in your hands with the hope that you will see that the welfare of the National Dog Club calls for the investigation of the record of any member against whom such insinuations are leveled. Your respectfully, JAS. WATSON.

A resort to the law, even if it was a straight out libel, is not an easy thing for a non-resident of the same State, and by the time the case came to trial it would be completely forgotten by all now cognizant of the insinuations. What I want is a speedy investigation, and I court the fullest and most complete inquiry that any body of gentlemen may suggest. I know what I am talking about when I say I want the whole affair unearthed. JAS. WATSON.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Oct. 15.

INDIANA FIELD TRIALS.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Oct. 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The All-Aged Stake of the Indiana Kennel Club's trials closed Oct. 1, with 41 and the Indiana Stake with 6 nominations, as follows:

ALL-AGED STAKE.

ENGLISH SETTERS.

BESSIE B. (F. H. Ball), blue belton bitch (King Noble—Elsie Belton).

BEAUMONT (W. R. Huntington), black, white and tan dog (Prince Royal—Nettie).

BOHEMIAN GIRL (W. G. Millier), black and white bitch (Count Noble—Mollie Belton).

BODKIN (E. W. Clark, Jr.), black and white dog (Buckellew—Nellie Druid).

BLUE DICK, JR. (John Bolus), black and white dog (Blue Dick—Nellie Rake).

DARBY (John Bolus), black and white dog (Bridgport—Bessie Belton).

DAISY HUNTER (J. A. Hunter), orange and white bitch (Gath's Hope—Daisy F.).

EFFIE HILL (D. W. Barringer), black, white and tan bitch (Prince B.—Douna).

FLORA TEMPLE (A. J. Gleason), black, white and tan bitch (Zippo—Ruby Buckellew).

JESS (E. E. Pray), liver and white bitch (Dick—Spot Belton).

KATIE NOBLE (L. A. Boli), black, white and tan bitch (Count Noble—Queen Meg).

KING'S MARK (J. I. Case, Jr.), blue belton dog (King Noble—Belle Belton).

LOTTIE C. (J. I. Case, Jr.), lemon and white bitch (King Noble—Vashti).

LARK P (Curtis Wright) black, white and tan dog (Glen—Topsy S.).

MAUD (Bert Crane), black, white and tan bitch (Dog Whip—Juno).

NELLIE T. (A. Smithnight), orange and white bitch (Prince Phœbus—Rosey).

POLLY II. (J. B. Stoddard), black and white bitch (Josh Whitcomb—Polly).

PRAY'S GLADSTONE (J. A. Bolen), black, white and tan dog (Paul Gladstone—Bessie A.).

QUEEN NOBLE (J. I. Case, Jr.) blue belton bitch (King Noble—Belle Belton).

RESOLUTE (J. I. Case, Jr.), blue belton dog (King Noble—Vashti).

ROD GEM (L. A. Boli), black, white and tan dog (Roderigo—Gem.

ROGER (L. Gardner), black, white and tan dog (Count Noble—Queen Meg).

BLACK AND TAN SETTER.

NELLIE DUANE (R. W. Wehrle) bitch (Briar—Fannie).

IRISH SETTER.

SARSFIELD (Kildare Kennel), dog (Garryowen—Currer Belle II.).

POINTERS.

BEAU OF PORTLAND (H. F. Farnham), black and white dog (Graphic—Zitta).

COIN (R. C. Anderson), liver and white dog (Croxteth—Trinket).

CHICAGO CHICK (Chicago Pointer Kennel), liver and white dog (Fritz—Virginia).

CHICAGO SCOOP (Chicago Pointer Kennel), liver and white dog (Fritz—Virginia).

CROXTETH FREELAND (J. J. Rooney), liver and white dog (Croxteth—Lady Bow).

DUKE OF VERNON (L. Gardner), liver and white dog (Glendale—Spotless).

FOWLER (Devonshire Kennel), liver and white dog (Osborn Ale—Vanity).

JOE PAPE (Dr. J. E. Link), black dog (Sambo the Devil—Spot.

KING'S GIRL (J. H. Lewis), lemon bitch (King Bow—Dadish).

LASS OF MAINE (H. F. Farnham), black and white bitch (Graphic—Zitta).

LORD GRAPHIC (J. R. Daniels), lemon and white dog (Graphic—Daphne).

NELLIE E. (P. T. Madison), liver and white bitch (Meteor, Jr.—Mamie).

ROWDY (R. F. Hoyl), liver and white dog; pedigree not given.

TRINKET'S COUNT (G. T. Miller), liver and white dog (Croxteth—Trinket).

THREE UNNAMED (W. B. Stafford), particulars not given.

INDIANA STAKE.

DAISY HUNTER (John A. Hunter), orange and white English setter bitch (Gath's Hope—Daisy F.).

DON'S BOY (P. T. Madison), black, white and tan English setter dog (Don M.—Topsy).

ESTER (J. M. Freeman), blue belton English setter bitch (Doncaster—Eudora).

MINNIE (Curtis Wright), black, white and tan English setter bitch (Royce—Jennie).

NELLIE C. (A. P. Craft), black, white and tan English setter bitch (Troup—Lucy V.).

ROUGH (J. E. Bradshaw), red Irish setter dog (Royal C.—Belle). P. T. MADISON, Secretary.

KANSAS CITY DOG SHOW.

KANSAS CITY, Oct. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The dog show of the National Exposition held here last week was a wonderful success. From opening to close there was a throng of spectators around the benches and I have no doubt that next year the experiment will be repeated and probably it will become a permanent fixture. There were about 180 dogs shown and many of them were first-class specimens. All of the dog men with whom I conversed appeared to be pleased with the show and its management. The superintendent, Mr. F. B. Rice, worked hard and much of the success of the show is due to his efforts. Below is a list of the

AWARDS.

MASTIFFS.—*Dogs:* 1st, G. B. Ayer's Edwys; 2d, Mrs. J. M. Bruce's Bruce III. Reserve, J. W. Gregory's Alexander IV. *Bitches:* 1st, withheld; 2d, J. U. Rempel's Betsy.

ST. BERNARDS.—ROUGH-COATED—*Dogs:* 1st, E. N. Burr's Brunswick; 2d, withheld. Com., D. Lucas's Di. *Bitches:* No entry.—SMOOTH-COATED—*Dogs:* Withheld. *Bitches:* 1st, J. W. Davis's Apajune. *Puppies:* No entry.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—1st, withheld; 2d, F. Newman's Jumbo.

GREYHOUNDS.—*Dogs:* No entry. *Bitches:* 1st, J. Murdock's Fly.

GREAT DANES.—*Dogs:* 1st, E. Jesserich's Augusta; 2d, H. Weyth's Nero W. High com., B. Losen's Leo. *Bitches:* 1st, withheld; 2d, H. Mueller's Minca.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, very high com. and high com., T. Donoghue's Consul's Rock, Druid's Spot and Duke Gladstone's Boy; 2d, J. A. Bolen's Pray's Gladstone. Com., P. R. Scarr's Doune. *Bitches:* 1st, F. B. Rice's Dashing Lavalette; 2d and com., T. Donoghue's Knight's Belle, Consul's Mag and Pembroke Queen. High com., J. Armand's Kyno. Com., L. Kurz's Blue Pearl.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, withheld; 2d, G. M. Eaton's Rex. *Bitches:* 1st, F. B. Rice's May Gladstone; 2d, G. B. Orr's Dart Guess.

BLACK AND TAN SETTERS.—Withheld.

IRISH SETTERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, R. C. Van Horn's Patsy D.; 2d, W. G. Eads's Billy R. *Bitches:* 1st, F. H. Perry's Nina; 2d, F. H. Goss's Emma. High com., T. Donoghue's Biddy. *Puppies:* No entry.

POINTERS.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Detroit Kennel Club's Fleet; 2d, E. E. Dix's Rush. Very high com., N. Donnelly's Sport. High com., H. Weyth's Osborne Ale. Com., J. E Guenotte's Bob. *Bitches:* 1st, A. A. Whipple's Apology; 2d, Detroit Kennel Club's Countess. Reserve and very high com., Kansas City Kennels' Maggie V. and Moll V. Very high com., T. Donoghue's Queen. High com., D. Mark's Dinah. Com., T. Rooney's Croxteth's Jolly.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, Dr. C. C. Cole's King Don's Lad; 2d, J. J. Rooney's Bang Bang, Jr. Com., M. W. Drisko's Dexter D. *Bitches:* 1st, M. W. Drisko's Trinket's Belle II.; 2d, H. B. Tetlo's Frankie C. Very high com., J. Donoghue's Bloomo II. High com., H. Weyth's So So.

IRISH WATER SPANIELS.—*Dogs:* 1st, H. W. Hayne's Captain Muldoon; 2d, withheld. Com., E. H. Ormsby's Jumbo. *Bitches:* 1st, 2d and high com., T. Donoghue's Colleen, Little Sioux and Count Bendigo's Duck.

FIELD SPANIELS.—1st, Cook Kennels' Newton Abbot Farmer; 2d, W. H. Haynes's Doc Obo.

COCKER SPANIELS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Detroit Kennel Club's Black Obo. *Bitches:* 1st, W. H. Haynes's Nina. *Puppies:* 1st, F. Jones's Beauty; 2d, withheld.

FOXHOUNDS.—CHAMPION—Cook Kennels' Brave.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, 2d, very high com. and high com, Cook Kennels' Roderick, Whoopey, Drum II. and Dick II. *Bitches:* 1st, 2d, very high com. and high com., Cook Kennels' Spotty, Rose, Wild and Fanny. *Puppies:* 1st and 2d, Cook Kennels' Drummer Boy and Wild's Pride.

BEAGLES.—*Dogs:* 1st, W. A. Alderson's Vine; 2d, withheld. *Bitches:* Withheld.

DACHSHUNDE.—*Dogs:* 1st, G. Schrader's Waldmann; 2d, A. Dore's Waldman. *Bitches:* 1st, A. Dore's Waldine.

COLLIES.—*Dogs:* 1st, Kansas City Kennels' Laddie; 2d and 3d, J. A. Long's Clifton Hero and Blair Athol. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, J. A. Long's Patient and Miss Sooty Scot.

BULLDOGS.—1st and 2d, Cook Kennels' Dolores and Dreadnaught.

BULL-TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, J. F. D. Walker's Dundee; 2d and very high com., W. Mariner's Venture and Crib. *Bitches:* 1st, J. F. D. Walker's Dinah; 2d, F. L. Webster's Pansy Royal. Very high com., W. Mariner's Lady in White. *Puppies:* 1st, J. F. D. Walker's Dandy; 2d, W. Mariner's Vexer.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—Withheld.

SCOTCH TERRIERS.—1st, J. H. Naylor's Lowrie Dunbar; 2d withheld.

DANDIE DINMONT TERRIERS.—1st, J. H. Naylor's Pride of Leader.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—1st, Mrs. Bruno Meissner's Little Sport; 2d and very high com., Kansas City Kennels' Fan and Kansas Beauty.

KING CHARLES SPANIELS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Cook Kennels' Punchinello. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Cook Kennels' Nell and Judy.

BLENHEIM SPANIELS.—1st, W. Mariner's Young King Victor.

SKYE TERRIERS.—1st, J. H. Naylor's Drollie; 2d withheld.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS.—1st, Miss Chrissie R. Price's Gyp.

PUGS.—*Dogs:* 1st, withheld; 2d, J. H. Murphy's Moxie. *Bitches:* 1st, J. W. Butler's Yum Yum. *Puppies:* 1st, Miss Marion B. Stowe's unnamed.

TOY TERRIERS.—1st, R. D. Arnold's Dixie, Jr.; 2d withheld.

POODLES.—1st, Detroit Kennel Club's Duke; 2d and high com., J. Stettelman's Leddy and Clack,

POMERANIANS.—1st, withheld; 2d, Miss Belle Wilson's Beauty.

MISCELLANEOUS.—1st, Cook Kennels' bloodhound Burniston.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

Best mastiff, Edwys; Great Dane, Augusta; setter, Consul's Rock; setter puppy, May Gladstone; pointer, divided between Apology and Fleet; pointer sired by a dog owned in Kansas City, Moll V.; pointer puppy, Trinket's Belle II.; Irish water spaniel, Colleen; cocker spaniel, Nina; under 4mos., Pip; collie, Laddie; beagle, Vine; bull-terrier, Dinah; pug, Yum Yum; toy spaniel or terrier owned by a lady, Little Sport; Italian greyhound, Gyp; smallest dog, Dixie, Jr.; largest number of entries, Cook Kennels.

K. C.

AMERICAN PET DOG CLUB.—Notice is hereby given that the annual meeting and election of officers of the American Pet Dog Club will be held Oct. 19, 1888, at 2 P.M., at the residence of the second vice-president, Mrs. Eugene Clark, 111 East 28th street, New York.—H. R. Surles, M.D., Mrs. Eugene Clarke, C. Ormsby, T. J. Daunis, W. Goodenough, Executive Committee.—C. ORMSBY, Secretary.

Secretary Ormsby informs us that the meeting lately reported as having been held by the American Pet Dog Club was actually held by two expelled members and for sympathizers; that Mrs. Charles Wheatley is no longer a member of the A. P. D. C.; that ex-Treasurer W. J. Fryer, Jr., has been expelled from the A. P. D. C: that the self-constituted Board of Trustees who on June 22, 1888, filed a certificate of incorporation in the name of the American Pet Dog Club had no authority to do so; that, finally, in spite of all efforts to bring about the disruption of the A. P. D. C., it is flourishing, has 25 new members, and is on the way to triumphal success.

NEW ENGLAND KENNEL CLUB.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The annual meeting of the New England Kennel Club was held at the rooms of the club, 6 Hamilton Place, Thursday evening Oct. 11, and the following officers elected: President, F. Blackwood Fay; Vice-President, E. H. Moore; Secretary, J. W. Newman; Treasurer, Geo. A. Fletcher. The Board of Governors chosen were the above officers and Messrs. J. E. Thayer, Jean Grosvenor, Frank M. Curtis, J. H. Long and Dr. J. G. W. Werner. The bench show committee elected for 1889 were Messrs. F. B. Fay, J. W. Newman, E. H. Moore, F. M. Curtis, and J. H. Long. The report of the retiring treasurer showed the club to be very prosperous financially, and the thanks of the club and appointment of a committee to provide a suitable testimonial to the ex-Treasurer, Mr. W. O. Partridge for his long and faithful service, showed their appreciation of his efforts. The club also voted to make application for membership in the American Kennel Club Association.—J. W. NEWMAN, Sec'y

KENNEL NOTES.

Notes must be sent on prepared blanks, which are furnished free on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope of large letter size. Sets of 200 of any one form, bound for retaining duplicates, are sent for 30 cents.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Minting, Jr. By Geo. P. Jones, St. Louis, Mo., for light fawn mastiff dog, whelped April 12, 1888, by Minting (Maximilian—Cambrian Princess) out of Bess (A.K.R. 2977).

Lewis's Nellie. By Jos. Lewis, Cannonsburg, Pa., for lemon and white pointer bitch, whelped April 1, 1888, by Prince out of Princess Nellie.

Siberian Girl. By Jos. Lewis, Cannonsburg, Pa., for liver and white pointer bitch, whelped March 20, 1888, by Robert le Diable out of Countess Nellie.

Conamara. By W. A. Coster, Saratoga Springs, N. Y., for liver Irish water spaniel dog, age not given, by Count Bendigo (A.K.R. 862) out of Biddy Malone.

Dashing Novice II. and Lady Novice. By Jos. Lewis, Cannonsburg, Pa., for black, white and tan English setter bitches, whelped April 30, 1888, by Paul Gladstone out of Dashing Novice.

Buckellew Kennels (formerly Duke-Rhœbe). By W. A. Coster, Saratoga Springs, N. Y., for kennels of English setters.

BRED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Queen of Scots—Guelph. John L. Lincoln's (Chicago, Ill.) collie bitch Queen of Scots (Clifton Hero—Picture) to McEwen & Gibson's Guelph (Gilderoy—Jess), Oct. 3.

Bonnie View—Red Gauntlet. Tower Grove Kennels' (St. Louis, Mo.) collie bitch Bonnie View (champion Dublin Scot—Madge) to McEwen & Gibson's Red Gauntlet (champion Charlemagne—Hasty), Sept. 23.

Merry—Red Gauntlet. McEwen & Gibson's (Byron, Ont.) collie bitch Merry (Scotson—Madge) to their Red Gauntlet (champion Charlemagne—Hasty), Aug. 22.

Portia II.—Mission. Jacob M. Harner's (West Liberty, O.) mastiff bitch Portia II. (A.K.R. 5512) to his Mission (A.K.R. 5912), Sept. 8.

Hazel Obo—Doc. Wm. Barnes's (Manyunk, Pa.) cocker spaniel bitch Hazel Obo (A.K.R. 4097) to American Cocker Kennels' champion Doc (A.K.R. 3795), Sept. 9.

Floss—Bradford Harry. Chas. N. Symond's (Salem, Mass.) Yorkshire terrier bitch Floss (Dreadnaught II.—Maggie) to P. H. Coombs's Bradford Harry (Crawshaw's Bruce—Beale's Lady), Oct. 5.

WHELPS.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Jess. McEwen & Gibson's (Byron, Ont.) collie bitch Jess (Heather—Madge), Aug. 25, six (three dogs), by their Red Gauntlet (champion Charlemagne—Hasty).

Queen Obo. American Cocker Kennels' (Philadelphia, Pa.) cocker spaniel bitch Queen Obo (A.K.R. 3082), Sept. 18, six (four dogs), by their champion Doc (A.K.R. 3795); three dogs and one bitch black, one dog light red and one bitch dark red.

Midnight II. American Cocker Kennels' (Philadelphia, Pa.) cocker spaniel bitch Midnight II. (A.K.R. 4471), Sept. 17, five (four dogs), by their champion Doc (A.K.R. 6795); all black; all since dead.

Miss Topsy. American Cocker Kennels' (Philadelphia, Pa.) cocker spaniel bitch Miss Topsy (A.K.R. 5968), Sept. 17, seven (four dogs), by their champion Doc (A.K.R. 3795); all black; two since dead.

Lady Pluto. G. H. Whitehead's (Trenton, N. Y.) cocker spaniel bitch Lady Pluto (A.K.R. 3313), Sept. 16, six (four dogs), by American Cocker Kennels' champion Doc (A.K.R. 3795); three dogs black, one dog light red, one bitch dark and one bitch liver.

SALES.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Portswood Tiger. Brindle bulldog, whelped Oct. 1, 1885, by Paul Clifford out of Hussy, by W. T. Tebbutt, Melton Mowbray, Eng., to R. B. Sawyer, Birmingham, Conn.

Fortress. Fawn, with dark points, mastiff bitch, whelped June 1, 1888, by Mission (A.K.R. 5012) out of Portia II. (A.K.R. 5512), by Jacob M. Harner, West Liberty, O., to Thos. Makemsom, De Graffe, O.

Beech Grove Jack. Light fawn mastiff dog, whelped March 14, 1888, by Tor (A.K.R. 4882) out of Beech Grove Princess (A.K.R. 4511), by Geo. Jackson, Beech Grove, Ind., to Thos. W. Shunk, Bucyrus, O.

Minting, Jr. Light fawn mastiff dog, whelped April 12, 1888, by Minting out of Bess, by E. H. Moore, Melrose, Mass., to George P. Jones, St. Louis, Mo.

Rush T. (A.K.R. 3751)—Patti Croxteth T. (A.K.R. 5450) whelp. Liver and white pointer dog, whelped Aug. 5, 1888, by A. B. Truman, San Francisco, Cal., to R. K. Gardner, Oakland, Cal.

Lord Fontleroy. Dark brindle, white markings, St. Bernard dog, whelped July 18, 1888, by Rockingham out of Phœbe II., by Geo. Q. Dow, North Epping, N. H., to Chas. G. Wheelock, Arlington Heights, Mass.

Lord Nelson—Lady Emily whelp. Orange and white rough St. Bernard dog, whelped June 25, 1888, by Erminie Kennels, Mt. Vernon, N. Y., to Dr. Sam'l K. Johnson, New York.

Lord Nelson—Julie whelp. Orange and white St. Bernard dog, whelped Sept. 3, 1888, by Erminie Kennels, Mt. Vernon, N. Y., to Robt. Kerr, Brooklyn, N.

Lord Nelson—Greta whelp. White and orange St. Bernard bitch, whelped April 30, 1888, by Erminie Kennels, Mt. Vernon, N. Y., to H. Owens, Boston, Mass.

DEATHS.

Yale Belton. Black, white and tan English setter dog, whelped December, 1879 (Belton—Blonde), owned by Dr. J. E. Hair, Bridgeport, Conn.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

F. B., West Hoboken.—Sponge surface carefully with warm water and carbolic or sulphur soap. Apply gently zinc oxide ointment. Give three grains of quinine morning and evening to the puppy and five to the mother. See answer to A. M. in this issue.

A. M., Jersey City.—Give five-grain quinine pill night and morning. Keep bowels open with syrup of buckthorn or oil. Do not feed meat. Keep on with the ointment. If there is no improvement in ten days, give five grains of iodide of potash three times daily in solution. Stop the arsenic.

J. P. D., Charleston, S. C.—Please give treatment for a bad case of red mange, partaking almost of the nature of an eczema, on which all treatments have failed so far for the last four months. Ans. ℞ Ung. zinc oxid..... ℥iss.
Ung. diachylon..... ℥ss.
Mix. Sig., apply lightly night and morning after washing and cleansing. Give five drops of Fowler's solution of arsenic in the food night and morning.

A SUBSCRIBER, St. Joseph, Mo.—I have a Gordon setter pup, 6½ months old, and there seems to be something wrong with her. I took her out a few days ago, and as she is very playful she became heated up, and commenced striking her front feet together as if there was something on them; and at last fell over on her back seemingly in a fit. Ans. Worms are probably the cause of trouble. Give tablespoon of castor oil and in three hours give twenty grains of powdered areca nut made in a large pill with lard. Feed only milk for a day before and after treating. Do not feed meat.

C. W. G., Hinsdale, Mass.—I have a St. Bernard bitch, whelped September, 1886. She whelped ten strong, healthy pups Oct. 1, 1887. She was poor and gave but little milk, and the pups all died. I bred her again to the same dog the following December and in April, and again in August; at each time she has had no whelps. She seems strong and healthy; the dog is all right with my other bitches. Will you tell me what is the matter? Ans. You bred her too young. There may be some displacement of her genital apparatus. It is hard to account for such a result. We would advise waiting over one or two heats and then try again. If again unsuccessful consult a good veterinary and have a thorough examination.

G. L. G., Fitchburg, Mass.—I have a pointer dog that within a week has come out in blotches all over, and watery matter exudes so as to stick the hair together, and the skin seems to thickon up in the large spots so as to be ¼in. thick. Is it mange or eczema? I have been giving him sulphur and rubbing in sulphur and lard. He has been fed on meat scraps and meal boiled together all summer and not exercised very much. Is it liable to affect my other dogs that are kenneled with him? His ears feel as though they were full of large shot where the pimples are breaking out separately. Please advise me what to do. Ans. It is one form of eczema or mange. It may be communicated to the other dogs; keep him separate from the others. Do not feed meat. Exercise regularly. Give two compound cathartic pills hidden in a small morsel of meat, and keep his bowels open thereafter. Get the following ointment:
℞ Ung. zinc oxid..... ℥iss.
Ung. diachylon..... ℥ss.
Mix. Apply to affected parts morning and evening, after washing with sulphur soap and drying.

A SUBSCRIBER, Rockland, N. Y.—I recently bought an English setter, a valuable dog, and whenever one approached the dog he would lay down and turn on his back or side. He still persists in lying down when approached, and usually turns over on his back, often closing his eyes, and when called to his feet refuses to remain standing, but will sit down, and occasionally his hindlegs tremble when standing. When going up-stairs he acts as though it were all he can do to drag his hind parts, and frequently there is a rumbling noise in his bowels. His appetite is good, though he is particular what he eats, and is very playful at times, being only 2 years and 8 months old. His eyes sometimes show matter in the corners, though not to any great extent. Ans. A nervous condition brought on by some morbid condition of the bowels, probably worms. Feed only milk or porridge for a few days, and give tablespoon of castor oil at once. Follow in six hours with thirty grains of powdered areca nut made into a pill with lard. After two days commence giving five grains of quinine night and morning.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

THE PISTOL WRANGLERS.—Chevalier Paine, the pistol shot, has left for Europe, where he has engagements which will keep him busy for a year or two. Just before his departure he had a chat in the Boston *Herald* office, and reviewed that unsatisfactory match with F. E. Bennett. He says: "I went into the match expecting to shoot a gentleman's contest, but it did not prove as I had expected. In the first place the judges for Bennett perpetrated a fraud from the very start. The articles of agreement for the match called for ammunition in unbroken boxes. This agreement Bennett's judge did not respect, as he calipered or measured all cartridges intended for use by Bennett, and threw out from 7 to 12 cartridges in each box, while I used cartridges without test, under the conditions of the match. I was bulldozed from the very start, and annoyed by both Bennett and his backers by blackguardism. On Thursday, the last day I stayed in the race, a job was put up to forget the trigger pull and delay the match, so that I would be obliged to shoot at dusk, having the last 10 shots of the day to shoot. I could not stand such bulldozing any longer, and therefore decided to withdraw, hoping to get ample justic at the hands of the National Rifle Association, under whose directions I proposed to shoot the match out under the auspices of gentlemen, and under rules of the agreement. Before the final decision was given, Bennett and his backers had sued the *Herald* for the stakes. This act needs no comment from me; it speaks for itself. It is evident that the chances were against me all the way through; for even while the final referee was deliberating on his decision the stakes were under attachment, and would doubtless have continued so, whether the decision was for or against me. Mr. Bennett is now out with a challenge for a match under the same conditions as that match was shot. To him I must say, No, thank you, it isn't necessary. Mr. Bennett and myself have already had 1,000 shots each in actual competition. We shot 600 shots each, one week each, last November and and December, in which I led him 133 points. We shot four days under his bulldozing at Springfield and Providence, and when I withdrew I led him 9 points, making 142 points I led him in 1,000 shots. These shots were all made in publicly advertised performances, and the scores have been fully indorsed by his friend A. C. Gould and the entire Boston and Providence press. The public must now judge who is the master shot of the world. In these matches I made the following best on record: 96 out of a possible 100 and 904 out of a possible 1,000."

BOSTON, Oct. 13.—The shooters gathered in numbers at the Massachusetts Rifle Range to-day, and the matches were well patronized. Following are to-day's scores:

Fifty-shot Pistol Match—50yds.

J B Fellows	10	9	10	9	8	9	10	10	9—91	
	8	8	9	9	9	9	10	9	10	9—90
	10	10	9	10	10	7	8	8	10	10—92
	10	8	9	10	9	8	7	10	10	10—91
	9	9	9	8	10	9	7	9	7	9—85—449

100-shot Pistol Match—50yds., 22cal.

P A Loring	7	10	6	9	7	7	8	10	9	6—79
	7	7	8	9	8	9	9	10	9	10—86
	8	10	9	9	8	8	9	10	7	8—87
	9	9	7	6	10	7	9	9	10	9—85
	10	9	8	10	7	7	8	6	8	9—82
	8	7	6	8	7	10	9	6	9	8—78
	7	6	7	10	7	5	8	6	10	8—75
	9	6	8	10	7	8	8	8	10	10—84
	8	9	9	10	10	10	10	8	8	8—90
	10	9	10	7	9	7	7	8	9	8—84—850

In the State Militia Match the two following shooters each won the bronze medals on the following scores. Four scores to win:

W M Foster	3	4	5	5	4—21	G E Worthen	5	3	5	5	5—23
	4	4	4	4	4—20		2	5	4	5	4—20
	5	5	3	4	4—23		4	5	4	3	4—19
	3	4	5	4	3—19		3	4	3	4	4—18

Rest Match, 200yds.

J Francis	10	12	12	11	8	11	12	11	12	11—110
C H Davis	10	11	9	12	12	12	10	10	11	12—109
J N Eames	12	10	9	11	8	10	11	12	11	9—103
A Ballard	11	9	11	12	9	12	9	10	9	9—101
W M Foster (mil)	7	12	9	9	10	8	6	11	9	8— 89

Victory Medal Match, 200yds.

H L Lee	7	9	6	8	7	8	10	10	9	5—79
J A Frye	10	5	10	7	6	8	5	8	10	10—75
D P Holder	8	6	7	5	9	7	5	8	6	8—69
F Carter	4	5	7	8	7	5	7	7	9	8—67
O T Moore	6	7	7	6	8	5	6	9	5	4—63

Off-Hand Decimal Match, 200yds.

W O Burnite. (mil)	7	8	9	10	9	8	9	4	7	10—81
B G Barker	7	10	1	5	8	5	10	9	7	10—72
A Clarke	7	7	5	10	9	9	2	6	9	7—71
C L Davis	7	8	10	6	7	9	7	5	6	5—70
O T Moore	6	8	9	6	5	9	7	7	5	2—64
S Ham	5	6	6	9	3	4	7	6	6	9—61

Military Match.

W O Burnite	4	4	4	4	4	5	5	4	5	4—43
G E Worthen	4	4	4	4	5	4	4	4	5	4—42
B L Trull	3	5	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4—40
W J Getchell	2	4	5	4	5	3	5	4	4	4—40
M Binney	4	5	4	3	4	4	4	3	4	4—39
S Field	4	4	5	4	4	4	4	5	4	0—38
A Spring	4	3	0	4	4	4	5	4	4	3—34

CREEDMOOR.—The 13th marksman's badge match was shot at Creedmoor, on Saturday, Oct. 15. The day was fine and mild, and all the conditions were favorable for good scores. Following were the winners:

	200.	500.	Total.
F A Wells, Co B, 23d Regt	22	25	47
A W Trotter, Co E, 7th Regt	22	22	45
W W Martin, Co G, 7th Regt	21	23	44
J H Foote, Co B, 14th Regt	20	23	43
R Darling, Co A, 7th Regt	22	21	43
D J Murphy, Co B, 22d Regt	22	21	43
A T Weston, Co E, 22d Regt	18	24	42
H H Tredwell, Co B, 22d Regt	19	23	42

Medal Winners.

F A Wells, Co B, 23d Regt	22	25	47
C F Robbins, Staff, S N Y	21	22	43

Saturday, Oct. 27, and Tuesday, Nov. 6 (Election day), are the last two match days and the last opportunity for members of the National Guard to qualify this season.—J. MANZ, JR., Assistant Secretary, N.R.A.

PENCIL SCORES.—The Miller Rifle Club of Hoboken is one of the strongest organizations of its kind in New Jersey. Its headquarters are at Borner Hall, the proprietor of which is a marksman and a member of the club, named Leon Borner. Leon is in trouble and his name is being mentioned in the sporting resorts in consequence of a grave charge made against him by Shooting-Master Hecker, of the Miller Club, and Mr. Flack, of the Zettler Rifle Club, of New York. On Tuesday, Oct. 9, there was a shooting tournament in Schuetzen Park, at which many clubs in New Jersey were represented. During the shooting Mr. Hecking, of the Miller Rifle Club, was told that a member in good standing was accused of bribing the markers or warners. He told Reither, the head warner, who had charge of all the warners and markers, to watch Mr. Borner while he shot. This man said he was offered $3 if he changed the score. Mr. Flack of the Zettler Rifle Club, was asked to "keep his eye open," and he soon cried out there was trickery in the tournament, and accused Mr. Borner of giving "to work a double-ticket racket." The head warner was then called and he openly accused the marksman of trying to bribe him. The accused did not deny the charge. B. Walthers, president of the Zettler Club, was so pleased with Reither's conduct in refusing the money that he started a subscription for him and a big sum was given him for his honesty. The members of the Miller Rifle Club expelled their offending member and sent his name and the cause of his dismissal to all the rifle clubs of importance in the country. They also changed their headquarters.—*N. Y. World.*

LONDON, Ontario, Oct. 10.—Following are the principal prize-winners in the Western District Rifle Association's matches to-day:

Volunteers' match, 400 and 500yds., 5 shots at each—Quartermaster Ogg, Guelph, 42; Major Wilson, 33d Batt., second, 42; Sergt. Henderson, 25th Batt., third, 42.

Affiliated match, 500yds., 10 shots—Major Wilson, 33d, 44; Capt. Hegler, 22d, second, 44; Sergt. W. Henderson, 25th, third, 43.

Team prizes—Guelph Rifle Club, 192; 33d Batt. Rifle Club, second, 191; London Rifle Club, third, 186; 25th Batt. Rifle Club, fourth, 184.

Aggregate match for highest scores in all-comer's, volunteers and affiliated matches—Capt. Hegler, 22d Batt., 126; Quartermaster Ogg, Guelph, second, 121; Sergt. W. H. Henderson, 25th Batt., third, 120.

Extra match, No. 1, 200yds., five shots—Sergt. Henderson, 25th, 24; Pvt. Hayes, 7th Batt., second, 24; Sergt. Patterson, 22d Batt. third, 24.

Extra match No. 2, 500yds., five shots—Staff-Sergt. Wilson, 33d, Batt., 24; Pvt. Hayes, 7th Batt., second, 23; H. Buchanan, Ingersoll, 23.

At the close of the matches the annual meeting of the association was held, when the following officers were elected: Honorary President, Col. Smith. D. A. G.; President, Lieut.-Col. Fisher; Vice-Presidents, Col. Monro and Capt. Robson; Treasurer, Col. Dawson; Secretary, George Hayes. The other members of the council are Capt. Moore, Capt. Hegler, Corp. Crowe, Col. O'Mally, N. Robson, Major Wilson, Lieut. Elcott, Capt. Denison, Capt. Tracy. It was decided to affiliate with the National Rifle Association of England.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 7.—The shooting matches at Harbor View to-day drew a large crowd of ambitious marksmen. Only one of the monthly holders of the championship medal put in an appearance, consequently there was no match for its possession for the present month. The clubs participating and the medal winners in to-day's contest are as follows:

California Schuetzen Club—Club championship medal, J. Dornheira, 419; first class medal, F. O. Young, 409; second class medal, C. Meyer, 412; third class medal, H. Gumbel, 371; fourth class medal, F. Attinger, 361.

Eintracht Schuetzen Club—Club championship medal, F. A. Kuhl, 404; first class medal, L. Schmidt, 367; second class medal, H. Pratt, 356; third class medal, F. Forst, 364.

Germania Schuetzen Club—Championship medal, F. Hansel, 401; first class medal, J. Utchig, 409; second class medal, P. Faller, 376; third class medal, J. Straut, 378.

The cadet class, composed of boys ranging from 14 to 21 years of age, was the principal event of the day.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 11.—At the usual weekly shoot of the Philadelphia Rifle Club at Schützen Park to-day, Mr. Ernest Stees, Jr., made the fine score of 66 points out of a possible 75 on the target of honor, which entitled him to the gold medal of the club, being the second one won in eight years, using a Wurfflein .22cal. mid-range rifle, at 200yds. off-hand.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 7.—The shooting at the Shell Mound Range to-day was not as lively as on other Sundays during the last two months. The first party which took possession of the targets was Company B, City Guard, First Regiment, the members of which held their monthly medal shoot. The following were the winners with their scores for the different classes:
First Class—L R Townsend..... 555444544—45
Second Class—Lieutenant J B Cooke..... 445444544—41
Third Class—Harry Morris..... 433363020—21

The next shoot was that of Company B, Third Regiment, at which the following scores were made, 10 shots per man: W. S. Scudder 27, F. Williams 25, J. Corbett 28, H. Denmaugeon 25, A. B. Bailey 30, C. A. Stimm 42, G. Denmaugeon 32, J. Meberbacher 39, V. Brusher 36, J. McLennegan 24, W. Hammersly 33, Captain Kennedy 35. The Independent Rifles next held their monthly shoot, which resulted as follows, 10 shots per man: H. Gurkon 30, G. Miller 36, E. Lindon 31, P. Eckhoff 32, J. D. Helse 33, J. Schlachman 35, T. C. Hamman 32, J. G. Wintgar 27, Tannemacher 42, L. Goldhammer 27.

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

JERSEY CITY HEIGHTS G. C. TOURNAMENT.

MARION, N. J., Oct. 9.—The first tournament in the New Jersey circuit opened at the grounds of the Jersey City Heights Gun Club at Marion on Tuesday of last week. The grounds are handy to New York city, being only seven minutes from Jersey City, on the Pennsylvania Railroad. From the depot the route is across lots filled with stones and tin cans on which herds of blooded Jersey goats peacefully browsed. A grocer's wagon, hastily fitted with two rough pine boards, served as a conveyance for the luxurious shooters and spectators who did not object to being brought into very close proximity to each other on the perilous journey; but when time did not press, Shank's mare was a much more comfortable method of locomotion, which many adopted, reserving their spare cash for pie at the club house.

As will be seen by the scores, the number of contestants was small, and this seems to point a moral to the value of advertising. Had the shoot been properly brought to the notice of shooters, a much larger attendance would have resulted. However, if the crowd was small, it was jolly; every one had a good time and many pranks were played. The bill of fare at the restaurant was sandwiches and pie, and some of the shooters developed a robust appetite for the latter article of diet; but pie alone is rather dry fodder, and some of the unfortunates who were not in on the divides, concocted a scheme whereby the pie might be put in liquid company with out a recourse to their purses. The proprietor of the restaurant added a loan department, and Fred Quimby's cartridge case was "put in soak" for $1.50, which amount was drawn on for beer and cigars by those "on to" the joke; when it came his turn to shoot he was, of course, minus shells, and no one would loan or sell him one, so he was perforce obliged to redeem the obligation. He was not the only sufferer, as Al Heritage's gun was put up for $1.40 and Jake Miller's cartridge case for $2. However, the joke was taken good-naturedly and served to enliven the tedium of the long waits between shoots in the live bird matches. The tournament lasted four days; the first two being devoted to inanimate target shooting and the last two to live birds. The targets used were bluerocks, thrown from 3 traps, at unknown angles, 18yds. rise, 2yds. allowance for 12-gauges.

Geo. Jacobstaff Eaton officiated as referee and scorer on inanimate targets, and Al Heritage in a like capacity on live birds. The birds were supplied by Heritage and were an average lot, some good ones but more duffers. Hurlingham rules, allowing use of both barrels, 21yds. rise for 10-gauges, 19yds. for 12-gauges, governed all bird contests. There was $575 in guaranteed money divided into amounts varying from $25 to $175. All the purses over-filled, and as no average money was offered, the total amounts were divided, after deducting for birds, four moneys in every event with twelve or more entries and three moneys where smaller number than twelve entered. An innovation in two of the inanimate matches was the adoption of Hurlingham rules, allowing use of both barrels, the contestants standing at 21yds. for 10-gauges and 19yds. for 12-gauges. Both races filled well and were very interesting. Below are the scores in full.

Tuesday.

The conditions were very unfavorable for good scores, as a heavy westerly wind blew right across the traps, making the left quartering birds hard ones to hit. That something was wrong will be seen by the scores.

First event, at 10 bluerocks, entrance $1.50, 4 moneys:

R H Brientnall	0111111111—9	Sigler	1000001010—3
S G Smith	1110110100—6	C Smith	1110110001—6
Vogelsang	1111011101—8	Seeley	0101013001—5
Lindsley	1111111110—9	Profane	0110100001—4
Al Heritage	0301010110—5	J E Miller	1111111001—8
M Quad	0111111011—8	E D Miller	1110101111—8
Collins	1011110111—8	C W Budd	1111110111—9

First, third and fourth div.; 2d shot off and div. by J. E. Miller and E. D. Miller.

Second event, at 15 bluerocks, entrance $2.50, 4 moneys:

Brientnall	111111111111111—15	Sigler	010110001110011—8
Budd	111111101000111—10	Collins	011111011110111—12
Lindsley	110110103111110—10	M Quad	111100011011101—10
C Smith	110110010101001— 8	J E Miller	111111101111111—14
S G Smith	110001011101111—10	E D Miller	111011101111111—13
Profane	010101000100001— 5	Seeley	101110111011001— 9
Vogelsang	110101110111011—11		

This match had a singular ending, there being no ties, only one man in each hole.

Third event, at 15 bluerocks, entrance $3; $50 guaranteed, four moneys:

Lindsley	001001100110111— 8	J E Miller	111111111011110—13
Sigler	111101111011110—12	Manitz	000111100101100— 7
S G Smith	011110001010010— 7	Williams	111110000010001— 7
Budd	000111001111101— 9	Vogelsang	101010111111011—11
C Smith	100011101110101— 9	Heritage	111111111101111—14
Brientnall	111011111111110—13	Scaley	111111001100011—10
Collins	110111111001111—12	J Blauvelt	110101111000011— 9
Quad	011001110000111— 8	Winans	001010000000000— 2
McAlpin	111101001111111—12	Quinlan	011100101111010— 9
E D Miller	001111101011111—11	Peacock	110101110101101—10

Heritage won first. All other ties div.

Fourth event, at 20 bluerocks, Hurlingham rules, 21yds. rise, entrance $5; $50 guaranteed, four moneys:

Brientnall	11111111111011222110—18	C Smith	01111111001000021100—12
McAlpin	011C2110110122211112—15	Heritage	01101102101002011C21—12
Sigler	12011112102011212101—16	S Smith	00012100202300011010— 8
Budd	12110111101212211111—18	Quad	00111001011101111001—12
E Miller	11111110111111001011—16	Quinlan	22000111 0202102101O—11
Peacock	00101100111111112111—15	Collins	22111110000221011110—14
Lindsley	11010121111010111111—16	Manitz	21020011001022001111—11
J Miller	10120011121111101101—15		

Ties div.

Fifth event, at 5 pairs double rises, entrance $2.50, $25 guaranteed, four moneys:

McAlpin	11 10 11 10 11—8	Collins	11 10 11 10 11—8
Quinlan	11 11 10 11 11—9	C Smith	00 01 11 11 11—7
Brientnall	11 11 01 01 11—8	Peacock	11 01 11 11 11—9
Budd	11 10 01 11 11—8	Blauvelt	11 10 11 01 00—6
E D Miller	11 11 11 10 11—9	Quad	01 10 11 10 01—6
Lindsley	11 11 11 10 11—9	Apgar	00 11 01 01 00—4
Manitz	10 00 01 00 10—3	S G Smith	10 11 11 11 00—7
Sigler	10 10 11 10 10—6	J E Miller	11 11 01 11 11—9

All ties div.

Sixth event, at 10 single bluerocks, entrance $2, four moneys:

McAlpin	0111111011—8	Quinlan	1111110101—8
J E Miller	1011001101—6	Collins	1111110110—8
Brientnall	1111101111—9	Budd	1110100110—6
Manitz	0101010010—4	Lindsley	1010010100—4
E D Miller	1011011111—8	Apgar	0110000000—3
Sigler	1011110110—7	S G Smith	0001110010—4
Peacock	0111111100—7	Quad	1100100100—4

Brientnall won first; all other ties div.

First extra sweep, 10 bluerocks, $1 entrance, four moneys:

Brientnall	9	Budd	7
C Smith	5	Collins	6
Quad	5	Seeley	7
S G Smith	4	J E Miller	9
Vogelsang	8	Lindsley	4
Profane	4	Sigler	1
Heritage	8		

Ties div.

Second extra sweep at 10 birds, entrance $1.50, four moneys:

Brientnall	9	Collins	8
Lindsley	8	J E Miller	7
C Smith	6	Quad	8
G Hagg	4	E D Miller	8
S G Smith	8	Seeley	8
Budd	8	Vogelsang	8
Sigler	8	McAlpin	8

First div., second shot off and div. by Lindsley and Collins, third won by J. E. Miller, fourth by C. Smith.

Wednesday.

The weather was more favorable, the wind having died down considerably, and better scores were the result.

First event, at 10 bluerocks, entrance $2, four moneys:

Lindsley	1000101001—4	R J Carroll	1110111111—9
Heritage	1110111111—9	J E Miller	1101111011—8
Brientnall	1111111011—9	E D Miller	1011111111—9
Sigler	1101111011—8	Franklin	1011101100—6
McAlpin	1101111101—8	Capon	1111111011—9
Hunt	1101111010—7	Budd	0111111011—8
Peacock	1111111110—9	Collins	1011111111—9

First shot off and div. by Brientnall, E. D. Miller and Collins. The eight men shot off at five birds, but as all broke straight, they then div. Third and Fourth div.

Second event, at 15 bluerocks, entrance $3, $50 guaranteed, four moneys:

Brientnall	111111111111111—15	Franklin	101111111100101—11
McAlpin	111101111101111—13	Budd	111111101111111—14
Quinlan	011111110111111—13	Collins	111011011000011—11
Jones	010101000111111— 9	Heritage	111111111101100—12
Lindsley	000100011101111— 8	Vogelsang	111111101111110—13
E D Miller	111111111111111—15	Terry	111011000011100— 8
Peacock	111011101111111—12	Capon	111111111111111—15
J E Miller	111110111111111—14	Dam	101110001000110— 7
Sigler	111111111011111—14		

Ties div.

Third event, at 20 bluerocks, Hurlingham rules, 21yds. rise, entrance $4, guarantee $50. four moneys:

Brientnall	01111111100121111111—17	Hunt	11111011121110111011—17
McAlpin	11011121111111111011—18	Jones	00121002211110211011—14
E D Miller	12111011111111111111—19	Heritage	12101111102112101000—15
Sigler	11111111111111111121—20	Collins	11111112011111210111—18
Budd	11111011011111211111—18	Lindsley	12111110211111101121—18
Peacock	11011000111101012121—14	Vogelsang	02102101021110102111—14
Franklin	00011001201100w—	Quinlan	22111101001101111111—16

First won by Sigler with 20 straight, second won by E. D. Miller, third shot off and won by J. E. Miller, fourth div.

Fourth event, at 10 singles and 5 pairs bluerocks, entrance $3, $25 guaranteed, four moneys:

Brientnall	1111111111	11 11 01 11 11	11—19
McAlpin	1110110111	11 11 10 10 11	11—16
J E Miller	1101111111	00 11 10 10 10	11—14
E D Miller	1111111111	11 11 11 10 11	11—19
Budd	1111000111	11 11 11 11 11	11—17
Sigler	1111101111	11 11 11 11 10	11—18
Quinlan	1111110101	11 10 10 10 11	11—15
Lindsley	1011111010	11 11 10 11 11	11—16
Peacock	1110110111	11 10 11 11 11	11—17
Headden	1111111100	11 10 00 10 11	11—14
Malone	0100000010	00 10 00 10 11	11— 6
Jones	1110111011	01 00 11 11 11	11—15

Ties div.

Extra sweep No. 1, at 10 singles, entrance $2, four moneys:

Brientnall	10	Sigler	9
Hunt	8	Lindsley	4
E D Miller	10	Franklin	9
Budd	8	Capon	7
Peacock	7	Quinlan	6
McAlpin	9	Terry	8
J E Miller	8	Cramer	9
Collins	10		

All ties div.

Extra sweep No. 2, at 10 birds, entrance $2, four moneys:

McAlpin	8	Hunt	7
Lindsley	6	Sigler	8
Heritage	8	Franklin	9
E D Miller	9	Capon	6
Brientnall	10	J E Miller	9
Budd	8	Collins	6
Peacock	8		

Ties div.

Extra sweep No. 3, at 9 birds, entrance $1, four moneys:

Jones	5	Collins	5
Brientnall	8	McAlpin	7
Profane	5	E D Miller	8
Myers	9	Quinlan	7
Budd	7	J E Miller	9
Terry	5	Franklin	5
Derby	4	Sigler	8
Peacock	6		

Ties div., except for third money, which was shot off and won by Budd.

Extra sweep No. 4, at 9 birds, entrance $1.50, 4 moneys:

Sigler	8	Hunt	5
Lindsley	8	E D Miller	8
Budd	9	Malone	5
McAlpin	7	Peacock	5
Brientnall	8	Franklin	5
Collins	6	J E Miller	7

Ties div.

Extra sweep No. 5, at 9 birds, entrance $1, 4 moneys:

Quinlan	7	Peacock	7
E D Miller	9	Budd	8
Collins	6	Profane	4
McAlpin	8	J E Miller	9
Jones	4	Franklin	9
Brientnall	4	Myers	7
Capon	5	Sigler	8

First, second and fourth div., third shot off and won by Peacock.

Extra sweep No. 6, at 9 bluerocks, entrance $1, 4 moneys:

Quinlan	7	Peacock	7
E D Miller	9	Budd	8
Collins	6	Profane	4
McAlpin	8	J E Miller	9
Jones	4	Franklin	9
Breintnall	4	Meyer	7
Capon	5	Sigler	8

First, second and fourth div., third shot off and won by Peacock.

Extra sweep No. 7 at 9 bluerocks, entrance $1, three moneys:

E D Miller	8	Quimby	7
Jones	9	Capon	6
Collins	8	Franklin	7
Peacock	8	Meyer	4
Lindsley	6		

First and third div., second shot off and won by Miller.

Thursday.

The bluerock traps were taken up and replaced by five ground traps for use at live birds. The birds were a poor lot in the first race, but improved somewhat in the following event. As is usual in live bird shooting, the element of luck was prominent, one very noticeable case in the second event was when R. H. Brientnall had a strong bird which required the use of both barrels; he was hard hit, but managed to carry the load and every one thought it would be a lost bird, but as he neared the fence he became weaker and was unable to get over, falling dead on a cross bar within a foot of the top, where he was easily gathered and scored dead. Another flap of his wings would have resulted in a goose egg for Brientnall.

First event, at 10 live birds, entrance $7.50, Hurlingham rules:

E D Miller	0121111112— 9	Budd	1121111112—10
Sigler	1121211121—10	Malone	2012212122— 9
Quinlan	1121211121—10	Capon	2101211001— 7
Brientnall	1120111222— 9	Class	1121111121—10
Sam Castle	1112222111—10	Teddy	1111121200— 8
Lindsley	0121110211— 8	Lee	2102110121— 8
Yeomans	1220112121— 9	McAlpin	1220111112— 9
Williamson	222 221020— 7	Collins	1100111222— 8
Peacock	1121211222—10	Manitz	1221110121— 9
J E Miller	1211121121—10		

Second event, at 25 live birds, entrance $25; Hurlingham rules; $175 guaranteed:

Sigler	1112012222111101111111111		—22
E D Miller	1112110111121220111111111		—23
Budd	1211211211211222011212231		—25
Castle	1111111102112111101110021		—21
Peacock	0221112102210012121111 2		—21
Class	1212111111111210212211020		—22
Brientnall	1112e10011121211112211220		—21
Quinlan	1112110211121211111112111		—24
Leddy	1102220210121101112212012		—20
Manitz	1222121011212200101212221		—21
Lindsley	1102101112210122111111011		—20
Capon	2212102212111222211c00012		—20
Headden	2211112121211111222122222		—25

C. W. Budd and C. M. Headden div. first with a straight score of 25. Quinlan won second with 24, E. D. Miller won third with 20, and fourth was divided by Sigler and Class.

Friday.

In comparison with yesterday the birds were a hot lot, and kept the contestants on the anxious seats until scored dead. The morning was wet and dreary, which no doubt kept some shooters away, and small entry lists were the order; later in the day the air cleared somewhat and the conditions were very favorable.

First event, at 10 live birds, entrance $7 50, $50 guaranteed:

Quinlan	1112111221—10	Peacock	11111112o1— 9
Budd	1121121111—10	George	1210212111— 9
Headden	2202102200— 6	Green	2121111021— 9
Sigler	1211111111—10	Davenport	1211121122—10
Penrose	1121111122—10	Class	1111102111— 9

Ties all div.

Second event, at 10 live birds, entrance $12.50, $100 guaranteed:

Quinlan	1011222111— 9	Sigler	2111101211— 9
Penrose	1112121110— 9	Headden	0122222120— 8
Davenport	1111222121—10	Peacock	1012121110— 8
Class	1212111111—10	Green	1202201102— 7
Budd	1212211112—10	Vogelsang	1202020121— 7

First div.; second shot off, miss and out, and div. by Penrose and Sigler; 3d div.

First extra sweep at 3 live birds, $2 entrance, three moneys:

Quinlan	111—3	Peacock	111—3
Headden	111—3	Heritage	011—2
Green	010—1	Penrose	101—2
Budd	111—3		

Ties for first money, miss and out:

Quinlan	11111110—7	Budd	11111111—8
Headden	111110 —5	Peacock	11111100—7

Budd winning with 8 straight; second div.

Second extra sweep at 3 live birds, three moneys:

Quinlan	111—3	Green	100—1
Penrose	011—2	Peacock	101—2
Headden	111—3	George	011—2
Budd	111—3		

Ties for first at 5 birds:

Quinlan	11111—5	Budd	11100—4
Headden	11110—4		

Quinlan wins first, second div., third won by Green.

FRANK MASON.

THE SUBURBAN TOURNAMENT.

THE managers of the tournament to be held at the new Suburban Shooting Grounds, commencing Tuesday, Oct. 23, are doing all in their power to make the programme attractive to visiting shooters. In addition to the events as advertised in their circular, some matches will be shot under the Keystone system of squads of six at five traps at known angles, thus giving Eastern shooters an opportunity to see the practical working of the plan. It is the most rapid system of shooting yet devised, and will eventually be generally adopted. It is better for shooters, keeping them almost continually shooting, with no tedious delays, and better for the managers of tournaments, as it will enable them to run the events off nearly twice as fast as under the present style. It is applicable to any number of target, and the chief requisite is a sharp man who will insist on having his squads on hand and ready to shoot the minute the preceding squad has finished.

We consider it a very attractive feature of a shoot, and advise our readers to be present and try it themselves. M.

MIDDLESEX GUN CLUB.

DUNELLEN, N. J., Oct. 16.—The Middlesex Gun Club tournament opened here to-day under rather unfavorable auspices so far as weather is concerned. Heavy showers prevailed, which kept many of the shooters away. However, enough were on hand to make it lively, and toward noon the weather cleared and those who had braved the storm were blessed with a pleasant, sunny afternoon. The shooting was at bluerock targets, which worked in first rate shape, and from three sets of traps, making a continuous fusilade. Over 4,000 birds were shot, which, considering the comparatively small attendance, shows that the guns were not allowed to grow cold.

Events No. 2 and 8 on the programme were left out, extra sweeps being substituted in their place. The scores of the tournament in full will be given next week. M.

UNKNOWN GUN CLUB.—The Unknown Gun Club had a capital day's shooting last week at Dexter's Park, Jamaica Plank Road, L. I.:

H Behrman (23)	1011000—3	Dr Hopkins (35)	1100010—3
H Knebel, Jr (25)	0111111—6	A Haas (24)	0111111—6
H Van Staden (23)	0111100—4	H Knebel, Jr (25)	1001011—4
M Brown (26)	1011110—5	W Tomford (25)	1110010—5
H Rankin (23)	0101001—3	C Detiefsen (27)	0011010—3
D Monsees (28)	1111101—6	E Hillmer (23)	1010111—5
J Boyle (24)	0111000—3	Ellenhorst (21)	1110100—4
H Bobling (26)	1111001—5	J Huffell (23)	1110101—5
H Skidmore (25)	1110001—4	F Hafke (21)	00w—
W Gilman (23)	0111011—5		

Ties for first prize won by H. Knebel, Jr., with 2. Ties for second by J. Huffell with 3, and third was divided by H. Van Staden, W. Skidmore and H. Knebel, Sr. Referee and scorer, M. R. Stillwell, Jr.

PENNSYLVANIA SHOTS.—The third tournament of the Delaware county gun clubs was held on the grounds of the Thornbury Club at Glen Mills on Oct. 10. Three clubs were represented. The conditions were 10 single and 5 pairs of double birds:

McClure Gun Club, of Chester, Pa.			
W Gibbs	1111111101	10 11 10 11 11—17	
D McClure	1101111011	11 10 10 10 10—15	
A McClure	1110010010	00 10 10 00 00— 7	
W H Hall	0111100100	10 00 01 00 00— 7	
J Wood	1101001101	10 01 10 00 10—10	
J Brooks	1001100001	10 00 00 00 01— 6	
F W Harrison	1011111001	00 10 10 11 10—12—74	
Thornbury Gun Club.			
F Smedley	0010111110	11 01 10 10 00—11	
G Green	0111110100	00 00 00 00 11— 7	
Yearsley	0011111100	11 11 00 10 10—12	
B Green	0111111111	00 01 10 10 10—14	
T Darlington	0111101000	00 01 10 10 10— 9	
H Meyers	0011011011	00 11 00 00 10— 9	
R Baldwin	0110011010	10 01 11 11 10—12—74	
Maple Run Gun Club, of Media, Pa.			
C Marshal	0001100010	11 00 10 01 10— 8	
W Thomas	0011110110	00 00 00 00 11— 8	
T Allen	1110001100	10 01 01 10 01—10	
W Rodgers	0111011111	10 00 00 10 10—11	
J M Baker	0100010001	10 10 11 10 11—10	
W Hall	0010111001	10 01 01 10 11—11	
W Ingram	0010010001	10 10 10 10 01— 8—66	

In the shoot-off of the tie between the McClure and Thornbury, it was agreed to settle the matter by shooting at 4 single birds per man. The McClure men were again sent to score, and scored 16 out of their 24 birds. The Thornbury team tied their opponents when five of their team had finished.

McClure Gun Club.		Thornbury Gun Club.	
W Gibbs	1101—3	F Smedley	1110—3
D McClure	1110—3	G Green	0110—2
A McClure	0100—1	Yearsley	1110—3
W H Hall	0111—3	B Green	1111—4
J Wood	0110—2	T Darlington	1111—4
F W Harrison	1111—4—16	H Meyers	1101—3—19

NILES, O., Oct. 10.—The Niles team defeated the Ravenna sportsmen by 17 birds, winning the second of the series. The conditions were 25 single bluerocks per man:

Niles.	
E. Tully	1001101011110011110111111—18
W Cramer	0111110101100111111010011—17
W Turner	0110011011000111011111010—15
W Ward	1110101001101110110111111—18
T Tully	0101111111111001110111100—18
J Naylor	0111110010111110110110001—17—103
Ravenna.	
P Barber	1000101011110111000101111—15
W Holcomb	0001101101110101010101100—13
P Bierce	0001001100111001001101130—13
T Grail	0000101100011011111011—14
H Lewis	0011010811011010011111111—16
B M Madole	1000111111011010010101011—15— 86

TORONTO, Oct. 13.—The first artificial blackbird shoot of the season took place at McDowell & Co.'s shooting ground to-day. Although most of the contestants had never shot at artificial birds before, they knew how to handle their guns, as the score will show. First sweep, at 10 Peorias: W. Davis 7, H. H. Hodgins 6, W. Donaldson 4, J. W. Macklin 4. Second sweep, at 5 Peorias: W. Donaldson 3, J. Robinson 3, W. Davis 3, H. H. Hodgins 2, J. W. Macklin 2, S. Lowe 2. In the shoot-off, Donaldson first, Robinson second. Third sweep, at 5 Macomber metal flying targets: Hodgins 4, Davis 3, Harris 2, Macklin 2, Lowe 2.

ABERDEEN, Miss.—At a shoot now in progress here there is one peculiar match with a special prize of $100, with no entrance fee and no charge for targets. The only restriction put upon entrance to this match is that all contestants must have taken part in the other events.

BROOKLYN, Oct. 4.—A big pigeon shooting match took place to-day in Dexter Park between the Glenmore Rod and Gun Club and the Coney Island Rod and Gun Club. A good deal of interest was manifested by those present in the match. Four teams of 5 men each shot, darkness setting in the fifth team was unable to shoot. There were 500 pigeons to have been shot at. There was no decision given. The following is the score of the teams that shot, 10 birds per man:

Glenmore Club. First Team.		Coney Island Club. First Team.	
W R Selover	9	C W Wingert	7
O Mills	9	Dr Shields	8
W Levens	10	A Eddy	10
W Mills	9	C Soddens	7
S A Livingston	8—45	J Schliemann	9—41
Second Team.		Second Team.	
Dr Powell	9	L Durenpost	10
W Livingston	6	C Plate	10
H Balzer	9	C Detlefsen	8
E Helgan	8	A Schartz	7
P H Van Dreele	10—42	C B Russell	8—43
Third Team.		Third Team.	
E H Madison	10	J Von Lengerke	10
J Bennett	9	M J Kearney	8
A Balzer	5	H Von Lengerke	9
M J Bourke	6	F Quimby	10
R McEvoy	7—37	C Carlos	5—42
Fourth Team.		Fourth Team.	
P Sutter	8	F Eames	9
G W Forbell	10	R Monsees	7
G T Van Wicklen	9	J Hyde	7
T J Edgerton	9	E Bushnell	8
J Walsh	9—45	W R Hobart	9—40
	169		166

Referee, Mr. H. McLaughlin; scorers, Messrs. W. Bennett and E. A. Dellar; challengers, Dr. Shields and Dr. Powell.

CONEY ISLAND CLUB, Oct. 10.—The members of the Coney Island Rod and Gun Club held their regular monthly shoot at Woodlawn Park, Gravesend, to-day. The shooting was very good, C. Detlefsen winning the Blattmacher badge after shooting out F. Lanzer, who had tied him with 7 birds. Dr. Shields carried off the second prize, J. E. Lake the third, and the fourth was divided between Mr. H. McLaughlin and E. Ranft. At the meeting held on the ground it was proposed to have the annual club dinner on Wednesday, Oct. 24, at the new club rooms. The full score of shoot is as follows:

H McLaughlin (26yds)	1100011—4	A Rockfeller (25)	0111111—6
Dr Shields (30)	1111110—6	D Monsees (26)	0011110—4
J E Lake (28)	0110111—5	J Schlieman (26)	1111001—5
W A Stewart (26)	0011111—5	H Blattmacher (25)	0111100—4
A Schwartz (29)	0000111—3	F Lanzer (26)	1111111—7
C Carston (27)	1011111—6	G L Ayers (25)	1001111—5
Captain Meyer (24)	0101111—5	J De Fraine (27)	0111111—6
C Detlefsen (27)	1111111—7	G Straub (23)	0111100—4
J J O'Brien (22)	1010111—5	C Worn (21)	0001111—4
H P. Donnelly (25)	1111001—5	E Nostrand (22)	0111111—6
E Rockfeller (25)	1101111—6	E Rauft (25)	1111000—4

Ties for medal and first won by C. Detlefsen; Dr. Shields second; J. E. Lake third; fourth divided by H. McLaughlin and E. Rauf. Referee, Mr. H. McLaughlin. Scorer, Mr. Post Van Pelt.

CLEVELAND, O., Oct. 11.—In the contest for the Cleveland Gun Club badge this afternoon C. F. Knight won the trophy, breaking 24 out of a possible 25 targets. The conditions were 25 single standards sprung from 3 traps at 18yds. The weather was favorable to good shooting and some excellent scores were made. Eleven members and two visitors took part in the regular event, making the following scores:

L O Jones	1101011101111111101001110—18
F Wall	1100011111101110000101011—15
C F Knight	1111111111111111111111101—24
J Mose	1010110000101111001111101—15
W Tamblyn	1101101110001010011111101—16
W Roberts	1001111111111111011011101—20
B Bassett	1010111011111111111111111—22
Mahuck	1100011011010101111101111—17
M Silsby	0110111011111000101011111—17
D A Upson	1011111101111111101011111—21
J Held	1001111111111111111100000—18
L Wherry	1111001101111111101101001—18
Arnold	0100111111111011111011101—19

The team shoot at 10 singles resulted in favor of Tamblyn's team by the following score:

Tamblyn's Team.		Jones's Team.	
Tamblyn	8	L O Jones	7
Roberts	8	C F Knight	10
Bassett	10	D A Upson	6
Silsby	9	F Wall	6
Mose	9	Arnold	8
Wherry	7—51	J Held	8—45

TORONTO, Oct. 9.—The members of the Owl Gun Club completed their annual pigeon tournament to-day at C. Stark's Athletic Grounds by shooting off the ties made Friday and Saturday, Sept. 28 and 29, the result being as follows: First Class—First prize, H. Elliott; second, R. Humphreys; third, D.L. Van Vlack; fourth, J. Rice; fifth, T. Louden; sixth, J. Douglas. Second Class—First prize, A. J. Timon; second, C. B. Harrison; third, W. Smith; fourth, W. McDowall; fifth, M. J. Stewart; sixth, S. Longbottom. Third Class—First prize, R. McKay; second, T. Fitzsimons; third, A. Austin; fourth, W. Beatty; fifth, T. Chambers; sixth, J. Adamson. Fourth Class—First prize, J. Lennox; second, A. Longbottom; third, J. McGinn; fourth, W. Dymer; fifth, D. O'Halloran.

COLLEGE MARKSMEN.—At the first regular meeting of the Harvard College Shooting Club, the following officers were elected: President, C. Green, '89; Vice-President, M. E. W. Grew, '89; Secretary, R. H. Post, '91; Treasurer, C. C. Barnes, '90; Executive Officer, W. K. Post, '90. Directors—R. M. Ware, '90; P. Marquand, '89; G. N. Lamb, '91. The treasurer's report shows the finances to be in excellent condition, and the membership is unusually large.

BANDLE VS. HEIKES.—Cincinnati, Oct. 13.—The following was agreed to between the prominent Ohio shots named: "We, the undersigned, agree to shoot the following match: 100 single live pigeons each, Hurlingham rules to govern (with the exception of weight and gauge of gun), for $250 a side; Thanksgiving Day, at Dayton, O., 1888. Boundary to be 80yds.; every live bird to be retrieved. (Signed) AL BANDLE, Cincinnati, O, ROLLA O. HEIKES, Dayton, O. (Cincinnati, Oct. 11)."

NORTH SIDE CLUB.—The regular monthly average shoot of the North Side Gun Club took place to-day on the club grounds, at Woodside, L. I. There were 7 birds each, 25yds. rise. The following is the score: Lyons 5, Duryea 6, Helmken 6, Manning 6, Bohmke 6, Bussell 7, Bergen 4, Eberhard 4, Kunnbeck 6, Grau 4, Bullwinkle 5, Siems 5, Meyer 5, Wienholz 5. Referee, Samuel Lyons.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.

A. L. F., Boston, Mass.—The dog is well bred.

J. J. N.—Hunter, up in the Catskill Mountains.

E. W. H., Newark.—The spreading adder and the milk snake are not identical.

J. M., Colorado Springs.—You can order the rifle through any of the large gun houses advertised in our columns.

B. A. L.—Robins may be shot on Long Island Nov. 1 to Jan. 1, according to the 1887 amendment of the song bird law.

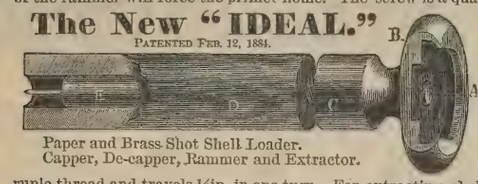
G. G., Tucson, Arizona.—Use a wire scratch brush. There are cleaning rods. Send for the catalogue of some gun house.

F. C. R.—To find good sport with the rifle; if you mean on large game, within 100 miles of New York, is not an easy quest. The nearest deer hunting country is in the North Woods.

G. M.—In northern New Jersey quail, ruffed grouse and rabbit season will open Nov. 1. The bass fishing season in Greenwood Lake will extend to Jan. 1 in the New York portion of the lake, and to Nov. 31 in the New Jersey portion.

F. N. L., Haverhill, Mass.—I have what I think a very fine female St. Bernard pup. She will be six months old the 11th of this month. She stands 25in. and weighs 75lbs. Is this an average weight. Ans. The weight and measurement of the puppy are rather above the average. It is impossible to give the weight of puppies, as so much depends upon health and food.

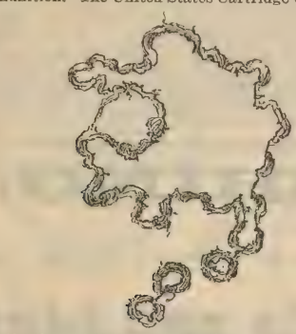
"MULTUM IN PARVO."—The latest Ideal. The annexed cut give the reader an idea of a very complete and compact implement fo loading brass or paper shotgun shells. It has just been put on the market by the Ideal Manufacturing Co., of New Haven, Conn. To expel the exploded caps unscrew threaded head C as far as it will go; slip up the rammer D which will project pin at E ready for de-capping. To re-cap, screw the head C down until the point of screw at A is about flush (as in cut). Start primer in pocket of shell, and place head of shell in slot B, and one-quarter of a turn of the rammer will force the primer home. The screw is a quad-



Paper and Brass Shot Shell Loader.
Capper, De-capper, Rammer and Extractor.

ruple thread and travels ¼in. in one turn. For extracting shells that may stick in gun, put slot B over head of shell and use rammer as a handle. When used as a rammer, screw head C down as far as it will go; this will draw the de-capping pin within the rammer, leaving all compact and the end flat. The operations are all simple and quick. Those who have used this pronounce it perfect. For further information we refer to the Ideal Manufacturing Co., New Haven, Conn., who will be pleased to furnish particulars.—*Adv.*

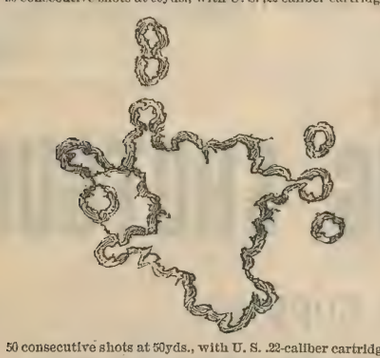
.22-CALIBER CARTRIDGES.—It is gratifying to announce the fact that American manufacturers have considerably improved the quality of the popular .22-caliber rim-fire cartridges, much having appeared in these columns of late showing the excellence of this ammunition. The United States Cartridge Co. has recently



50 consecutive shots at 50yds., with 22-caliber rim-fire cartridges, of the United States Cartridge Co.'s make.



50 consecutive shots at 50yds., with U. S. .22-caliber cartridges.



50 consecutive shots at 50yds., with U. S. .22-caliber cartridges.

shown its ability to produce these cartridges equal to the best, and we present herewith three diagrams of a series of fifty shots each, shot at a distance of 50yds. We have inspected five targets at fifty shots each fired at the above named distance, the two not presented being nearly as good as those shown. The shots were fired from a rest and without cleaning, from a Winchester single shot rifle. There was an entire absence of keyholes or unaccountables in the lot tested, and the uniformity of the shooting was noticeable.

Yachting.

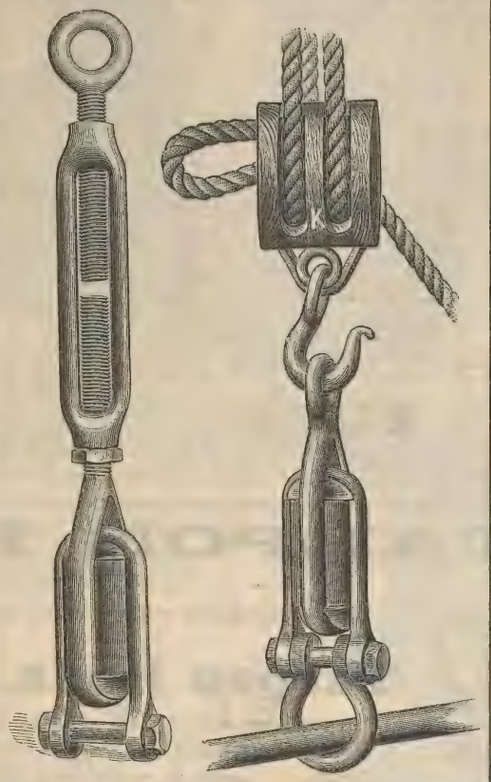
Small Yachts. By C. P. Kunhardt. Price $7. Steam Yachts and Launches. By C. P. Kunhardt. Price $3. Yachts, Boats and Canoes. By C. Stansfield-Hicks. Price $3.50. Steam Machinery. By Donaldson. Price $1.50.

TOM CAT.—An important step has been taken in Boston in the alteration of Dr. Weld's fast open boat Tom Cat by the addition of 8in. freeboard, with a crown of 5in. to the deck. The cat rig has within the last two years been outsailed by the jib and mainsail, and now a further change is likely to follow in hull. Tom Cat was originally catrigged, but was altered jib and mainsail. The addition of more freeboard and fixed ballast will greatly improve the open classes, and lead to a far better type than the old shifting-ballast skimming dish. The latter has practically gone out of use in New York, but with nothing to take its place; in Boston, on the contrary, it promises to be replaced by a safer and better boat, with a renewed interest in the racing.

NEW YACHTS.—At Lawley's yard a centerboard yacht 45ft. l.w.l., and of shoal draft, has been commenced for Vice-Com. C. P. Richardson, of the Southern Y. C., of New Orleans. She was designed by Mr. Burgess, who has also an order for a 53ft. l.w.l. yacht for the Delaware River. Mr. Burgess has also an order for a 40ft. racer for Mr. Newbury D. Lawton, of New York, who has sold his 30ft. sloop Arab to young Mr. Fish, son of the owner of the Grayling. There are also several steamers in contemplation, but nothing definite has yet been arranged. Thus far there is no prospect of any racers over 53ft. for either New York or Boston, but it is probable that a number of boats will be built for the 30 and 40ft. classes.

A NEW SPRING TURNBUCKLE.

IT is an open question with yachtsmen and other sailors as to just how much elasticity is needed in the shrouds and other stays, and how much is given by the ordinary wire rigging and lanyards. The present tendency is toward the use of turnbuckles in place of lanyards as in Thistle and some of the new Burgess boats, thus doing away with all elasticity save that of the wire rope itself. The improved turnbuckle shown in the accompanying cut was devised by Mr. Frank Wheeler, an old yachtsman and ex-commodore of the New Haven Y. C., to provide the



necessary amount of elasticity, and has lately been patented. The idea of a rubber buffer or cushion is not in itself a new one, but in Mr. Wheeler's invention the rubber cylinder is held between large bearing surfaces on top and bottom and also is compressed on four sides, thus making it very much stronger than where a bar is run through the rubber. The amount of spring may be quickly diminished by replacing a part of the rubber by a cylinder of hard wood, or if the rubber itself is too rigid a softer piece may be substituted. The device is adapted to main shrouds, bowsprit shrouds, stays, funnel guys or riding buffers. A special form is also made for the main sheet, shown in the second cut, being placed between the traveler and sheet block and taking the place of the more complicated spring buffers; or the smaller sizes may be used between the gaff and throat halliard block, to lessen the strain when the sheet is eased well off. Mr. Wheeler is making both patterns in various sizes.

A NEW FLOATING ANCHOR.—A compact and convenient form of drogue or floating anchor has lately been introduced in England, being specially adapted to small craft, such as ship's boats and life boats. The frame is like an umbrella, being about 3ft. long and 8 to 10in. diameter when closed. The ribs are of cane, six in number, strongly fastened to a central stick, a small line being run to each rib, thus preventing it from opening as widely as an umbrella. The covering, of strong canvas, is placed inside instead of outside the ribs, thus avoiding all danger of being torn away. In each end of the central stick a rope grommet is spliced, the boat's painter being made fast to one, while a light trip line for hauling in is made fast to the other. The anchor is carried in an oilskin bag lashed to a thwart, and all that is necessary is to bend the boat's painter to it and throw it overboard, when it opens at once of itself, or a separate riding line and a trip line may be kept bent on and coiled away beneath the thwart. It is also proposed to attach an oil bag to the end of the anchor, thus distributing the oil in the best position to calm the seas in front of the boat. The whole device is so compact that it may be easily carried, and so simple that any landsman can use it, as is sometimes necessary in cases of shipwreck where boats are launched without sufficient seamen to man the oars. It is also applicable to all forms of small yachts and pleasure boats.

STOVES FOR SMALL YACHTS.—I am a great lover of FOREST AND STREAM, have bought it for the last four years, and it is through reading it that I knew what kind of a boat to get for cruising, namely, a keel boat with outside ballast. It seems to me that the subject of stoves for small yachts would be a good one to consider during the winter months; and if any of your readers could give a description of a stove that has given satisfaction it would be interesting to many of the cruisers. During the present season, in a little keel boat of 18ft., w. l., we used an oil stove, but it was unsatisfactory. A spirit lamp would probably do nicely, but that is too costly. In the last chapter of the "Cruise of the Coot," the author mentions coke as good fuel for heating the cabin, and it is probable that a compact and good stove for cooking and heating could be designed to burn coke.—BLUE JACKET.

DEATH OF CAPT. FREESTONE.—On Oct. 8, at his home at City Island, Capt. Sampson Walter Freestone, of the steam yacht Nourmahal, died from the effects of coal gas inhaled on board the yacht. On Oct. 3 Capt. Freestone slept on board the yacht, which is laid up at Tebo's Wharf, South Brooklyn, retiring about 11 P. M. Next morning he was found in an unconscious condition by the chief engineer, J. W. Porter. In the adjoining room was a coal stove, and it is supposed that the gas escaping from it was the cause of the trouble. Capt. Freestone was taken to his home, but the best of skill failed to restore him to health, though for several days he appeared to be out of danger. He was a native of Great Yarmouth, Eng., where he was born in 1849. He had followed the sea since 8 years old, being for many years in the employ of Mr. Wm. Astor on the Ambassadress and Nourmahal.

A NEW CRUISING YAWL.—Mr. A. Cary Smith has now in hand a design for a keel yacht of 53ft lwl. to be yawl rigged, her owner intending to cruise exclusively. The beam will probably be about 14ft., with a draft of 9ft. 6in., on which dimensions it will be possible to obtain very good accommodations, while an ample sail plan will be given to secure a fair amount of speed. The new yacht will, of course, be flush decked, and in outline will resemble Katrina. Mr. Smith is also busy with a design for a cruising schooner of 110ft. l.w.l., to be built of steel.

THE SINKING OF THE GLEAM.—The master of the steam yacht Gleam, Capt. Frank Torrey, has appealed to the Treasury Department from the decision of the Steamboat Inspectors at Baltimore, on the grounds of the lack of jurisdiction, and also that the proceedings were irregular, in that he was not furnished with a copy of the charges and specifications prior to the investigation.

A NEW BURGESS FISHERMAN.—Mr. Burgess has completed the design for a fisherman of similar dimensions to the Carrie E. Phillips, for H. D. Story, the builder. The new boat will have a heavier bilge than the Phillips, but is easier in the ends, especially aft, her overhang being an improvement on the older boat. The sail plan will be practically the same.

A COALING STATION AT SANDY HOOK.—The United States Transportation Co. has established a coaling station for steam vessels at Sandy Hook, which will be a great convenience to many steam yachts.

BABOON.—Messrs. C. F. and G. C. Adams have started on a tour around the world, and will be absent about one year, so Baboon is on the sale list.

Canoeing.

Canvas Canoes and how to Build Them. By Parker B. Field. Price 50 cents. Canoe and Boat Building. By W. P. Stephens. Price $1.50. The Canoe Aurora. By C. A. Neidé. Price $1. Canoe Handling. By C. B. Vaux. Price $1. Canoe and Camera. By T. S. Steele. Price 1.50. Four Months in a Sneakbox. By N. H. Bishop. Price $1.50. Canoe and Camp Cookery. By "Seneca." Price $1.

NEW YORK C. C. INTERNATIONAL CUP, OCT. 13.

THE house of the New York C. C. at Stapleton, Staten Island presented a lively appearance on Saturday, there being some 300 spectators present to witness the International races for the club's challenge cup, as well as the open races that were set for the same time. Beside Com. Gibson and a number of canoeists from the neighboring clubs, a number of ladies were present, among them several who are well known as members of the Ladies' Camp at the meets. Capt. Ruggles, of Charlotte, N. Y., the designer and builder of Eclipse, was also present. Of course the chief event of the day was the International race, between Messrs. Blake in the Eclipse and Stewart in the Charm, but the result was so much a foregone conclusion that these races were less exciting than the open, in which some of the best boats and sailors in the A. C. A. were entered. The international challenger, Mr. Walter Stewart, is well known to American canoeists, this being his second visit to America, while many made his acquaintance at the meets of '86 and '88. His present canoe, the Charm, was fully described in the FOREST AND STREAM of last week. The American champion, Mr. Reginald S. Blake, of the Brooklyn C. C., is a young canoeist who has this year for the first time come to the front as a racer. His canoe Eclipse, whose lines we will publish in a short time, is well known through her many victories at the late A. C. A. meet at Lake George, though she was not sailed there by her owner, but by Mr. M. V. Brokaw, also of the Brooklyn C. C. Mr. Blake was successful in both of the trial races last month, and was consequently selected by the New York C. C.

Mr. Stewart sailed this year under more favorable conditions than in 1886, as he had already tried his canoe thoroughly for a whole season, 1887; she is stronger and better built than either of the Pearls he brought out, and he has had her in New York long enough to learn the course very well. Since the meet she has been entirely refitted, with a new American rudder and centerboard, while in the international races she carried a 30ft. mizen, borrowed from the Vagabond, instead of her own small mizen. She carried one of her English mainsails in the morning and the other in the afternoon, the area in each being about 84ft. Prior to the race the hull was thoroughly rubbed down, varnished and pot-leaded, being in beautiful condition. Eclipse carried two Pecowsic sails, a total of 95ft. against Charm's 114ft.; her bottom was rubbed off on the morning of the race, but was not pot-leaded, being not quite so smooth as Charm's. Both were sailed without ballast or deck seat, the crews of course sitting on deck but with no special seats. The full list of entries for both events were:

INTERNATIONAL RACES.

Canoe.	Owner.	Club.	Size.
Eclipse	R. S. Blake	Brooklyn	15.9×30
Charm	W. Stewart	Royal	15.2×31

OPEN RACES.

Fly	Paul Butler	Vesper	16 ×30
Essex	G. W. Cox	Essex	16 ×30
Will-o-the-Wisp	W. D. Anderson	Essex	16 ×30
If	G. A. Warder	Jabberwock	16 ×30
Guenn	W. Whitlock	Brooklyn	16 ×30
Vagabond	C. B. Vaux	New York	16 ×29
New York	C. K. Munroe	New York	16 ×30
Sea Urchin	B. H Nadal	New York	15 ×28
Nancy	B. F. Curtis	New York	15 ×30

It was at first intended to sail a trial heat in the morning for the open race, the first five only being admitted to the final heat in the afternoon, the prizes, first and second, being two silver cups. This plan was changed, however, as some who wished to enter could not be present in the morning; so the two races were made separate, two flags being given as prizes in the morning. The tide was a strong flood all day, practically; while the morning, at first foggy and calm, brought only a light wind from the Narrows when the sun came out about 9 A. M. Under these conditions it was not safe to send the canoes out into the full strength of the channel tide, as they never could stem it without a good breeze, while the risk of interference with boats or mark buoys by the outgoing fleet of steamships was also very great, Saturday being sailing day. It was considered best to lay out a short course, the first leg, to windward, being down the Staten Island shore ¾ mile, then out ⅝ mile, and in ⅝ mile to the start, sailing four rounds to make the required 8-mile course. The first leg was almost dead to windward, the canoes working very short tacks in among the piers and docks, dodging the tide, while on the other two legs they had booms well off, with a very strong tide favoring them, so that the time over these legs appears to be very fast.

The first event was the International race, the start being made at 11:01. The wind was then quite light, continuing so through the race. The preparatory interval was 5m., the start being from gunfire, and as usual Charm was first over, leading Eclipse by about 12ft., the pair being on port tack. From the start Charm continued to gain, until at the end of some 10m. there was about 50yds. between her and Eclipse. Before the windward leg was covered Eclipse had made all of this up, taking the lead at 11:20, crossing Charm's bows. The latter had quite an advantage in the cross-tacking, of which there was plenty, as her rockered keel allowed her to come about much quicker than Eclipse. The first mark was turned at 11:25, both rounding together, but Charm being much nearer the mark, Eclipse having overstood a little. Reaching across, Eclipse showed a decided gain, turning the second mark at 11:30:15, with a lead of 30s. The first round was nearly ended when a pilot boat, running up slowly under fore and mainsail, crossed the course between the two racers. Eclipse crossed her bows, being very slightly blanketed, while Charm was forced to ease a trifle to go under her stern. The end of the round was timed: Eclipse, 11:34:35; Charm, 11:35:05. Thus Eclipse's gain was over 30s. in two miles.

On the wind again, Eclipse still continued to gain, sailing better than on the first round. She finished the second round with a lead of nearly 3m. At the beginning of the third round Eclipse turned well inside the flag, but on the first tack weathered a vessel at anchor a couple of hundred yards distant; while Charm, though making a neat turn at the weather end of the line, failed to hold to windward of the same vessel. The last two rounds were far from interesting, the distance between the two being so great. When Eclipse finished Charm was just in the middle of the second leg, being about a mile astern. The official times were:

FIRST RACE—START 11:01:00.

	1st Round.	2d.	3d.	4th.	Elapsed.
Eclipse	11 34 35	12 05 47	12 37 00	1 02 30	2 01 30
Charm	11 35 05	12 08 40	12 41 20	1 10 00	2 09 00

The open race was started at 11:27, or 26m. after the International, the starters being Fly, Essex, Guenn, If, New York, Nancy and Will o' the Wisp. Fly and Guenn led the fleet over the first leg, the former turning ahead, but running to leeward for a short time, as though mistaking the course. She soon bore up, however, and held a good lead through the rest of the race. The official times were:

FIRST OPEN RACE—START 11:27.

	1st Round.	2d.	3d.	4th.	Elapsed.
Fly	12 01 00	.....	Not timed.	1 25 10	1 58 01
Essex	12 04 40	12 39 30	Not timed.	1 34 00	2 07 00
Guenn	12 03 00	12 38 15	Not timed.	1 35 00	2 08 00

If, New York, Nancy and Will o' the Wisp, not timed.

Fly wins by 8m. 58s.

The second International race was started at 2:25 P.M., the wind then being about as strong as in the morning, while the tide was still running a strong flood off shore, the ebb begining in shore toward the close of the race. The start and first leg were exactly as in the morning, Charm taking the lead and increasing it, then being passed by Eclipse before the first buoy was reached. On the second leg the wind fell very light, there being little more than the tide to carry the canoes along. Eclipse steered a good course and weathered the second mark, rounding it and soon after finding enough breeze to carry her safely across the strength of the tide. Charm did not allow enough and went below the mark, being unable to stem the tide, so she lowered mainsail and paddled in, giving up the race. The wind soon freshened and

Eclipse had no difficulty in sailing the course well within the time limit of 3 hours, her elapsed time being, 2:09:45.

The second open race was started at 2:40, the course being but 3 rounds; Fly and Guenn, however, sailed 4 rounds, Fly's time being, 1:56:45. The official times were:

SECOND OPEN RACE—START 2:40 P.M.

	1st.	2d.	3d.	Elapsed.
Fly	3 31 30	3 55 30	4 14 55	1 31 55
Guenn	3 33 25	3 57 00	4 16 30	1 36 30
Vagabond	3 34 20	4 00 00	4 21 20	1 41 20
If	3 37 30	4 02 45	4 25 45	1 45 45
New York	3 39 50	4 04 10	4 28 00	1 48 00
Essex	3 40 50	4 05 50	4 28 45	1 48 25
Nancy	Not timed.			
Sea Urchin	Not timed.			
Will o' the Wisp	Not timed.			

Fly wins by 1m. 35s.

In both morning and afternoon Fly covered the course in less time than Eclipse, but a comparison is hardly fair to the latter, as she was only sailing a safe race, with nothing to hurry her and only the chance of an accident to stop her from winning; while in both races Fly had several fast boats chasing her and in the last race she had more wind, thanks to a later start, than Eclipse.

Fly carried 115ft. in two reefing sails, the extra area helping her very much in the light wind. Her races at the meet, on the Connecticut, where she won the Springfield cup a week since, and now on the New York Bay, show her to be one of the fastest canoes in the country, while at the same time she is in model a comfortable and able cruising canoe, with a handy cruising rig, as far as fitting is concerned. Her light build, the position of her board, and the size of her sails, all make her as now fitted a racer, but at the same time she is in model and dimensions perfectly adapted for cruising. Through Mr. Butler's permission we have taken her lines, and will publish them as soon as possible.

After the decisive defeat of the Charm in all the races at the meet and at New York, the chances of a British canoe competing here successfully seem very small when it is considered that Charm won the challenge cup of the Royal C. C. both this year and last, winning by half a mile from a large fleet in one case. Mr. Stewart, who has made friends everywhere in America by his pluck and good nature, will spend some time in the United States, going to Canada later on, to enjoy the winter sports there. The management of the races was in the hands of Messrs. Norton, Drake and Nadal, of the New York C. C., and thanks to their skill and energy the races were carried through most successfully.

THE A. C. A. CAMP OF 1889.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As the executive committee of the A. C. A. will meet shortly to decide upon the site for the next camp, permit me through your columns to direct their attention to the advantages which Rideau Lake offers as a place for the meet of 1889.

It is pretty well understood that the meet shall be held in eastern Ontario. The Bay of Quinte was spoken of at the Lake George Camp, but that is now out of the race, ex-Commodore Rathbun having stated that there is no suitable place there. Many who were at Grindstone Island became tired of it, and of the St. Lawrence, though some of them now appear disposed to come back. If they want variety and an opportunity to see new waters, they can have it by going to Rideau Lake. Being on the line of the Rideau Canal it can be easily reached by steamer, and the Brockville and Westport Railway leads from Brockville to Newboro at the head of the lake, the Canadian Pacific from Brockville to Smith's Falls at the foot of the lake, and the same line to Perth on the Tay, whence a short canal leads to the lake. For those who wish to cruise to or from the camp there is a great variety of routes—from Ottawa, Kingston, Gananoque, etc., through lake and river scenery unsurpassed in the world for beauty and variety. I submit that the rights of the cruising canoeist should not be lost sight of, and I agree with you in the tenor of some of your recent articles, that cruising has been too much lost sight of in the presence of racing.

When the lake is reached no better camping ground can be found that exists on Long Island, an island of over a hundred acres in extent; now owned by R. G. Hervey, Esq., the proprietor of the Brockville and Westport Railway, and which he has placed at the disposal of the Association, free of charge. On the island, besides a choice of camping ground, there is any quantity of dry wood for cooking and camp-fire purposes. Sailing and paddling courses, equal to any ever enjoyed by canoeists, can be had, while the scenery, like and yet unlike that of the St. Lawrence, offers an attraction rarely met with for those who attend the camp for an outing. And then the fishing! If I was to tell of some of the catches made I would be accused by those who have not been there of drawing the long bow. I may say, however, that the bass fishing is such as is rarely met with, while the salmon fishing is not a whit behind. If good fishing has any attraction for canoeists Rideau Lake should be fixed upon without any hesitation.

Mr. Hervey, in addition to giving the use of a camp site, has kindly offered every facility for transport over his railway and by means of a steamer which he has on the lake.

Commodore-elect Rogers, with Mr. J. Z. Rogers, who is a member of the executive committee, Mr. S. Britton, purser of the Northern Division, and myself, visited the lake the other day and found it in all respects adapted for a camp site. Messrs. Rogers will report fully at the meeting of the executive committee in November. In the meantime the members of the committee can make the necessary inquiries to enable them to come to a wise decision.

Permit me to add that I have no "axe to grind." In drawing attention to this place I am actuated solely by what I conceive to be the true interests of the Association. Personally the St. Lawrence would be just as convenient—in fact, a little more so; but in the spirit of the views expressed by many of the members present at the annual meeting at Grindstone Island in 1885, and with a view to afford the greatest possible pleasure and benefit to those who attend, I would urge upon the committee the selection of Rideau Lake as the site for the camp of 1889. J. J. Bell.

Brockville, Ont., Oct. 13.

WASHINGTON, C. C.—The fall regatta of the Washington C. C. was held on the Potomac, the races being sailed in a strong N. E. wind. The first race was over a course of 2½ miles, the starters being: Iola, F. N. Moore; Mermaid, Mr. Munroe; Windflower, Mr. Flint; Scape Wheel, Vice-Com. Libbey. Iola won, with Mermaid second. The other races were as follows: Tandem paddling—Iola, Cowles and Oertel; Julia, Moore and Marshall; Aloha, Kimball and Randall; won by Julia, Aloha second. Paddling race—Windflower, A. S. Flint; Aloha, A. A. Hassan; Julia, F. N. Moore; Peterboro', C. Marshall; Iola, Mr. Cowles; Wanderer, T. E. Oertel; won by Julia, Windflower second. Upset race—Red Wing, Marshall; Lizzie Mac, F. N. Moore; Iola, J. Randall; Wanderer, A. S. Flint; won by Red Wing, Lizzie Mac second. Tournament—Wanderer, Flint and Oertel, Iola, Moore and Marshall; won by the Iola. Hurry-scurry and go-as-you-please—Red Wing, E. Marshall; Wanderer, F. N. Moore; Iola, T. E. Oertel; won by Red Wing, Wanderer second.

AMENDMENTS TO THE CONSTITUTION.—In order that proposed amendments to the Constitution of the A. C. A. may be voted upon at the coming meeting of the executive committee, to be held at Toronto, on Nov. 10, they must be announced in the Forest and Stream of Oct. 25 at latest. Notice is hereby given of the following proposed amendments: Art. V. to specify the date at which the division officers shall take office, making from the termination of one A. C. A. meet to the next. Also to Art. VIII., extending the time within which the vice-commodores must appoint their regatta committees, and also the date of auditing of the purser's accounts, making the latter just prior to the expiration of the pursers' terms of office.

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I would much rather know what this book tells me, the various names by which the people call a bird, than the Latin, Greek or Hebrew name which science gave him for the sake of cataloguing him. * * * It is more value to me to have a description of a bird in plain English which I understand than in scientific language which I do not understand.—*W., in Journal of Commerce.*

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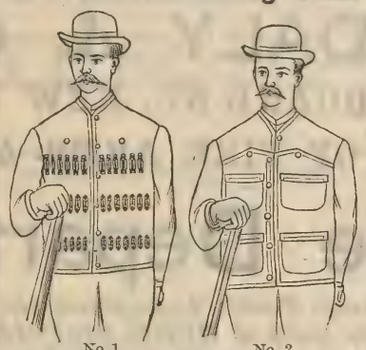
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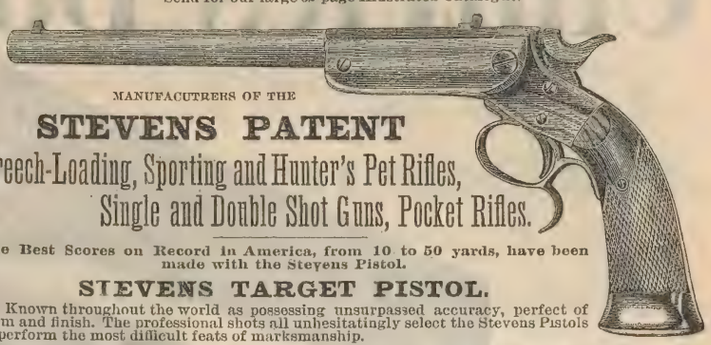
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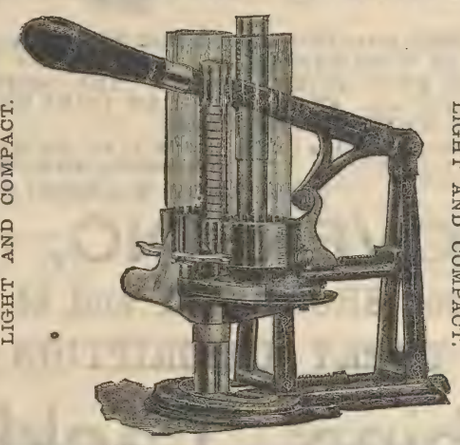
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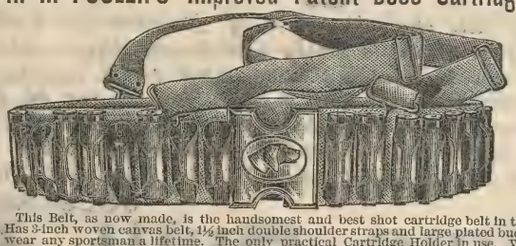
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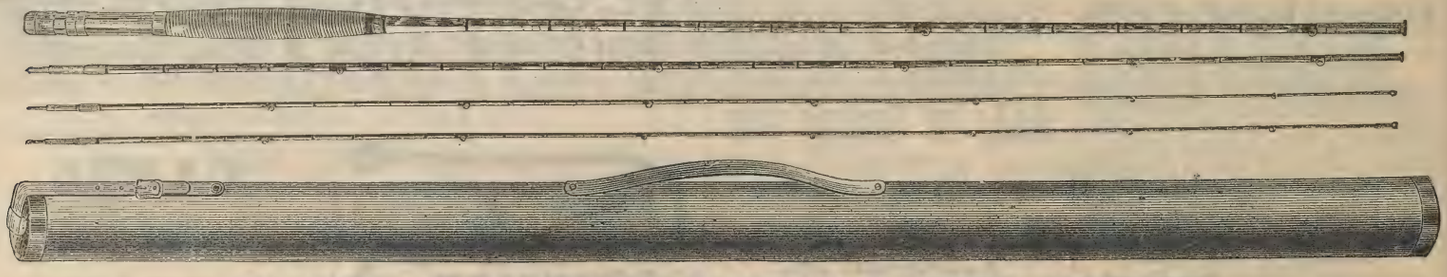
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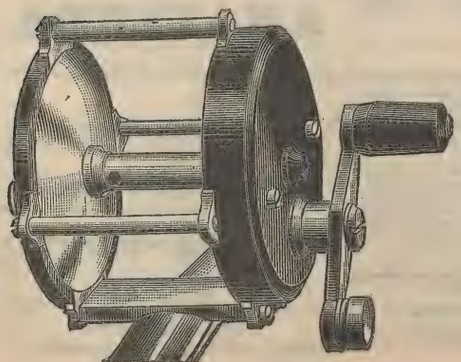
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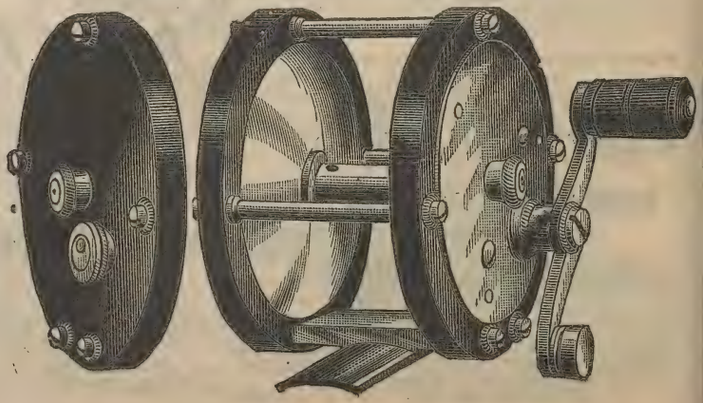


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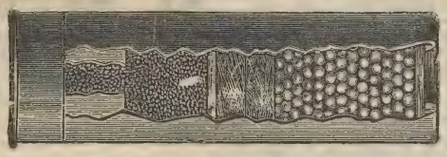
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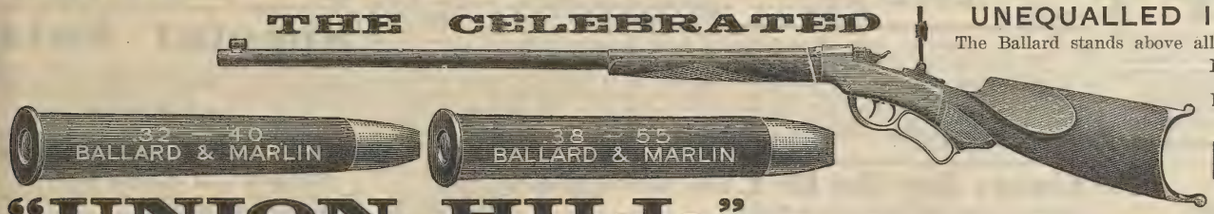
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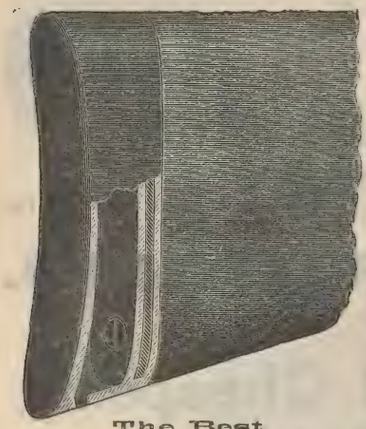
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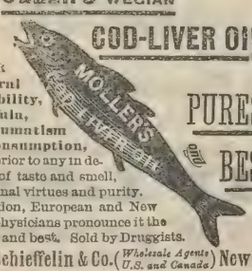
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NEW YORK, OCTOBER 25, 1888.

VOL. XXXI.—No. 14. No. 318 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications on the subject to which its pages are devoted are respectfully invited. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No name will be published except with writer's consent. The Editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

No. 318 BROADWAY. NEW YORK CITY.

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A SNAKE RIVER INCIDENT.

IT has come to a pass nowadays that to chronicle all events connected with shooting and fishing means to devote space to reports which properly belong in the criminal news of the daily press. It was only the other day that we recorded the murder on the Tobique and the gross miscarriage of justice by which the miscreants escaped righteous punishment. But if murderers of women go unhung in New Brunswick, they see to it that the hemp has its own—and more too—out in Wyoming.

That Territory has a law forbidding the killing of game for market. In spite of this, skin hunters and meat hunters have in years past invaded the Territory and plied their trade. This can be done no longer with impunity. Public feeling is on the side of the law. News has just come of the fate that overtook two hunters in the Snake River country who sought to combine skin hunting and house burning. The combination would not work and the consequences were exceedingly disastrous. The hunters were F. W. Adams and one "Dutchy." They were engaged in a wholesale slaughter of elk and antelope, saving only the hides and horns, when an exranchman, Tom Johnson, remonstrated with them on the ground that they were violating the law, and threatened to have them arrested. The rest is quickly told. The hunters fired Johnson's house at night. Johnson, his wife and child-in-arms escaped from the flames, and from the hunters' revolvers; the father made his way to the settlement and gave the alarm; forty men turned out at daylight, captured the hunters, carried them into the settlement and jailed them in an adobe hut; in the night a hundred men hustled them out, and the morning sun revealed two human forms dangling from the limb of a tree.

There is no special moral to this perhaps, but it is worth noting that while in New Brunswick one may follow up unlawful salmon spearing with woman killing and get off with a fifteen years' term in jail, out in Wyoming skin-hunting and the firing of houses by night put one's neck in the halter.

In these repeated cases where interference with game law breakers has resulted in personal violence and crime, the fact has stood clearly revealed that the offenders against the game laws are desperate characters, and when their offenses are regarded with leniency the tone of the community is debased.

It was so with the Maine "Shacker" incendiaries, the doggers who killed the Maine warden, the New Brunswick salmon spearers and the Wyoming skin-hunters. Lawlessness with respect to one class of statutes here means rebellion against good order and the bonds of society. Desperate miscreants who break the game laws show themselves ready to stand at nothing, not even murder. Sympathy for them, as poor creatures who must live somehow and who have a God-given right to support themselves by taking from Nature her salmon and elk, is sympathy thrown away.

SNAP SHOTS.

THERE is a terrific uproar in the American Pet Dog Club. The trouble all hinges on the incompatibility of two of the leading spirits, and on the principle that when a man and a woman cannot live together in peace and harmony they had best separate, the club has resolved itself into two factions, one following the man and the other the woman. Each faction has expelled the chief movers in the other, and each one claiming itself to be the club, the ins are casting about for injunctions and other legal devices to get the better of the outs. The old rhymes of the stormy days of George I. apply:

> God bless the King, our holy faith's defender;
> God bless the King, and drive out the Pretender,
> Which the Pretender is, and which the King,
> God bless my soul, that's quite another thing!

Mr. Linley, of Claverack, N. Y., is possessed of the true spirit; he is a fisherman to the backbone. One day last week Mr. Linley's little son was fishing in the Hudson, when a huge pickerel seized his bait, pulled him overboard into the water and was about to perform "the big one's" act of getting away, when Mr. Linley hastened to the rescue and saved—the fish, which proved to be a 30lb. pickerel. Incidentally the small boy was saved too.

FORESTS OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

I.

THE Department of Agriculture in the Forestry Division has issued its Bulletin No. 2, embodying its report on the forest conditions of the Rocky Mountains. This report, compiled by Dr. B. E. Fernow, Chief of the Forestry Division, who contributes an introductory chapter and a paper on Snow-slides or Avalanches, their Formation and Prevention, consists of contributions from various official and non-official sources. There are extracts from reports of the Commissioners of the Land Office, a treatise on the Government in its Relation to Forests, by Prof. G. J. James; a special and detailed report on the Forest Conditions of the Rocky Mountains, County by County, by Col. Edgar T. Ensign; the Forest Flora of the Rocky Mountains, by George B. Sudworth; Report on the Forests of Los Angeles, San Bernardino and San Diego Counties, Cal., by Albert Kinney; The Needs of the Yellowstone National Park, by Arnold Hague, geologist in charge; Summary of Legislation for the Preservation of Timber or Forests on the Public Domain, by N. A. Egleston; The Climate of Colorado and its Effect upon Trees, by George H. Parsons—altogether too varied and voluminous a mass of matter to do justice to in the space of an article; and as the subject is one of vital importance to the future well-being of the country, and one on which we have always been ready to lift our voice when the occasion demanded, we will take the more important of these reports in serial order, but to make the argument for a comprehensive and rigid system of forest management more intelligible, and to indicate the most formidable obstacles to the introduction of such a system in this country, we propose to preface our review of the report by a glance at the simple financial aspect of the whole problem, for herein lies the chief difficulty.

Timber is one of those products of nature which, being applicable to many economic purposes, constitutes wealth, provided it can be applied.

Wherever and to such extent as it is the product of labor, its value is determined by the costs of production, but wherever it is the free gift of nature, its value is determined by the law of supply and demand, costs of transport to market, etc.

In the early days of settlement of this country, and especially on the Atlantic seaboard, the forests were so widely distributed that they were an obstacle to settlement, and timber, instead of being a valuable crop, became a burthen to the land owner. It cost say fifteen dollars an acre to clear it, and its presence consequently detracted fifteen dollars an acre from the value of the land. Standing timber being valued at a minus quantity, lumbermen bought it from the State at a mere nominal price, and not being burthened with the costs of production, have been able to prosecute a very large foreign trade.

The home consumption of timber, too, has grown with the growth of the country. According to the census report of 1880 the forest crop of that year was valued at $700,000,000, and these figures, it must be remembered, represent little more than the costs of felling, dressing and transport to market, with the lumberman's profit on these transactions. The lumberman gets his timber practically without consideration, and the costs of production are consequently not an item of calculation. In this report round timber is estimated in the market at eight cents a cubic foot; in Germany the selling price of round timber (pine) in the forest is about twenty cents a cubic foot, and it is very questionable if we could produce it for less than thirty to thirty-five cents per cubic foot in this country. Add thirty cents per cubic foot of timber or thirty dollars per thousand feet board measure to present prices and it will afford an approximation to the figure at which it could be produced for the market.

The actual value of the present annual cut of timber, instead of being as is estimated in the report, one-third of the value of the farm crop, is nearly equal to it, but unfortunately the timber brought to market during the year is not the growth of one but of many years. Pine takes from eighty to a hundred and twenty years to reach what we may call a marketable maturity, and where it can be conveniently worked on a rotation of area, the forest block if divided into as many compartments as there are years in the rotation, and the most advanced of these compartments cut over annually, and restocked with seedlings, the standing crop which we may call the capital stock would be always the same from year to year, the one compartment cleared, yielding a product, equal to the annual yield of the whole block; the forest remains, the interest only is utilized. In this country we have been trenching on the capital stock for many years past, we have made no suitable provision for reproduction, the annual production of the forest area is very low for want of proper method, large areas are destroyed by fire, and everybody realizes that the capital stock of timber is being steadily exhausted, and that it must be still further trenched on until it is all consumed, the size and quality of the timber diminishing as we near the end.

The bulk of the remaining timber lands of the country is in private hands, but the United States Government still holds considerable tracts in the Rocky Mountains. Colonel Ensign estimates that 45,000,000 acres of so-called forest in the State of Colorado and the Territories of New Mexico, Montana, Idaho and Utah belong to the public domain. This is a noble tract for a public timber reserve, situated on the main watershed of the continent, where its existence is of the greatest importance to the general well-being of the country, and capable, under proper management, of yielding an annual product of from 1,000,000,000 to 1,500,000,000 cubic feet of fuel and timber, and under favorable conditions an annual net revenue of from ten to twenty millions of dollars.

Under the present loose system of administration, the same authority tells us, "Forest fires have almost undisputed sway; railway corporations freely use and waste the public timber, and unscrupulous lumbermen fell more trees than they can use."

In a tabular statement of this report there is a return of 413,519 acres of standing forest as destroyed by fire in the year 1880, and the value $6,705,375. From these figures it appears that an acre of timber is valued at a little over sixteen dollars, although if it were a full stand of good mature pine timber, carrying say two thousand cubic feet to the acre, it would cost the country five hundred dollars per acre to reproduce it, and probably fifteen hundred dollars per acre to import it from Europe if we had to resort to foreign markets for our needs. But when we talk of a forest area as capable of yielding a given quantity, let us say twenty cubic feet of fuel and timber,

per annum, it must be understood first, that the whole area is covered with a crop of growing timber, and that the area annually cleared is immediately restocked. These conditions do not exist in a primeval forest. From year to year, from decade to decade, from century to century, there is absolutely no increase; growth and decay counterbalance each other. Under systematic treatment, the area annually cleared being immediately restocked, would become the theater of growth, but under the reckless system of mismanagement in this country, there is no reproduction worth speaking of, and the problem is simply: "Given the standing crop, and the annual consumption, destruction and waste, to determine how long it will last."

But if these are facts beyond dispute it may appear very strange, incomprehensible in fact to many, that the Federal Government, retaining control of such important forest areas in the Rockies, does not at least husband its resources and place them under systematic management. These forests would not only provide permanently for the States and Territories in which they are situated, but yield a very handsome surplus for the supply of adjoining States; and during the century required to bring them into proper working order, the cost of restocking would be offset by a steady annual revenue from standing stock.

The difficulties of establishing such a system are very formidable. If it were decided to close the remaining forest area to the lumberman with his destructive methods, two courses would be open to the Government: the first, to close the forest absolutely and prevent all further utilization of its standing stock, a measure which would be regarded as simply intolerable; the second, to work the forests systematically by the agency of a working staff under the control of a forest department. There is another possible method, a compromise between the last indicated and the existing system, under which licensed lumbermen would work out the timber on their own account but in conformity with the instructions and under the supervision of a forest department. Either of these methods would involve a very considerable outlay for its proper enforcement. Forty-five million acres are a large tract of country to look after; at least one man must be employed for every ten thousand acres, and assuming—which is very probable—that of the estimated forty-five million acres of forest in this region not more than fifteen million acres are actually covered with forest, it would still require a subordinate staff of fifteen hundred forest guards at an outlay of approximately a million dollars annually to maintain anything like a perfect system of supervision, whether the forests were worked or not.

But it goes without saying that the proposal to lock up the forests and prevent all further utilization of their products is one that cannot be entertained. As to the proposal to work the forests by Government agency, this would involve an annual outlay of many millions, to be met by a corresponding revenue, but the necessary trained establishment is not available, and the country is not ripe for the measure; and as to the compromise proposal of allowing lumbermen to cut on their own account under the control of a forest department, it requires no argument to reach the conclusion that destruction would go on as at present, and the establishment render the public no service in exchange for its pay.

The great bar to the systematic management is to be found in the fact that past conditions have effected a state of affairs under which the standing stock has no more than a nominal selling price. If the whole remaining timber of the country were in Government hands, it would be possible to fix the price at so high a figure that the annual revenue derived from its sale would cover the costs of maintaining a suitable staff, of restocking an area equal to that annually cleared, and would further provide a surplus for the construction of roads, bridges, river clearances, etc., necessary to the proper administration of the forests. And all this it should do, for we must remember that the whole capital stock of the forest is being used up, and that the timber stock which should replace it can only be produced at a cost.

These conditions are not attainable, and although a State or Government department undertaking the control of the forests were to provide for restocking by self-sown seed wherever possible, the costs of getting out the lumber under the conditions necessary to provide for natural reproduction would be something higher than on the lumberman's methods. The State, too, in addition to its working charges, would be saddled with the cost of a protective establishment for the whole forest area, and having the price of its timber regulated by outside competition, it is very doubtful if it could work out the standing stock at such a profit as would cover the whole costs of establishment and provide for the restocking of such areas as could be restocked only by planting; that is, areas in which the forest is open and the forest floor destroyed. The condition are not, then, favorable to a financially successful administration of the forests, even although the bulk of the existing capital standing stock would all be utilized in the first few decades. We will return to this subject in a later article, in which we propose to advocate some practical measures for the insertion of the thin edge of the wedge of reform.

The Sportsman Tourist.

TWO MONTHS A COWBOY.

I ARRIVED in Salida, a town in Colorado situated on the Denver and Rio Grande R. R. July 12, 1886, expecting my cousin to meet me there. He did not come until several days later, however, and in the mean time I tried to install myself in the good graces of trail boys. They arrived the same day I did, having brought up from our lower ranch in New Mexico, the yearly drive of steers. Those employed in the business of driving are called trail boys. They were soon paid off for the work and sent to the ranch, to give the horses a rest before shoeing them anew preparatory to a return south.

On the 15th my cousin and I started for the ranch thirty miles away, and perhaps I was not tired before we had gone ten, but you may be sure I did not say so. How odd it seemed to ride along, meeting no human being, but now and then a bunch of cattle, among which I saw our brand occasionally, V V N across the side, and an undercrop out of the ear. It was a seven hours' ride, and when at last our pasture gate was passed, and the cabin appeared in sight, unmindful of our tired horses we set off in a gallop, and the last mile and a half were soon covered.

All the boys were busily engaged, washing their bedding, trousers and underclothes, not having had either the inclination or chance to do so before in the two months drive from the south. The cook soon had something for us to eat and we were ready to eat it. The evening passed quietly, the boys not trying any tricks so soon. The ranch is situated in South Park at the foot of Black Mountain about seventy miles west of Pike's Peak, as a crow flies, and is 10,500ft. above sea level. Eighteen sat down to the table the first night—and how they did swear. To me, a tenderfoot, it was surprising to hear the number of oaths they could put into one sentence and that sentence issuing from their mouths with such apparent ease, not stopping once to think. The stories and conversation were such that they could not be repeated here. It seemed taken for granted that I knew everybody, so introductions were dispensed with. I kept still, only joining in the conversation where I saw no chance of displaying my ignorance of their ways, manners and customs.

The next day the horses were rounded up from the adjacent pasture and the shoeing started. Part of a cowboy's education is to be able to shoe a horse; and this they can all do to a certain extent, but the forge and anvil are sometimes very primitive: and I remember once on the round-up the tire of a wheel was the anvil and a bonfire the forge. At times it is very risky, and needs a good deal of strength joined with patience. It was a big job, and as the horses had a long road before them back to New Mexico it had to be done carefully. I watched a while and then tried to get my hand in throwing the rope. The terms lasso and lariat are not used. I practiced on two dogs, on posts, and once on one of the boys. I missed him, however, and as he had his rope in hand asked for a lesson in the art. This he readily gave, and before I knew it a ½in. rope encircled my neck, and as he playfully pulled me around the yard he said, "Do you catch on, Tenderfoot?" I immediately "caught on," and I have always remembered how my neck hurt where he wore the skin off. As with everything else, practice is the only way to learn, and then even the old hands will often miss, which encourages beginners. To be able to catch any named foot of a steer in a dead run, while on horseback running behind, is no easy task I assure you, and only the best cowboys can do it.

Tiring at last of the boys' company and the *rat-a-tat-tat* of the blacksmith's hammer, I shouldered a rifle and went up into the woods hunting, hoping to run across some deer or perhaps in the clearings an antelope, for I had seen two of the latter in the pasture the day previous. The cabin was just at the edge of the timber, so I was soon deep in the woods, moving quietly and scarcely daring to breathe when the twigs cracked beneath my feet, imagining it was a deer, or worse, perhaps a bear. The bears, I was told, occasionally ate up a cowboy, when he so far forgot his calling as to wander afoot among the trees. I strayed around for a long time, not confining myself to any one spot. There were many springs about and I could hear the streams as they trickled among the rocks, falling from hollow to hollow, in which they made small lakes. Suddenly the sky darkened and the heavens opened and poured down rain by the bucketful. It thundered and lightened so close together that I thought repeatedly the tree against which I leaned must be struck. I came across large pine trees split and torn by lightning that very afternoon during the storm, and I felt anything but comfortable. I crept beneath an overhanging rock, having placed my rifle in a dry spot, about 20yds. off, for I knew steel was a good conductor of electricity. This did for a while, but as darkness came on I thought of the camp and the "dandy" hot biscuits Joe could make. I could not stand it any longer, and although it was still raining heavily, I caught up my rifle and ran as best I could over the slippery ground and logs, every now then stopping to catch my breath, which was soon lost in that high altitude. All the boys stood at the door watching for me, and I felt as does a mariner who reaches a safe harbor when I saw them. It is odd, but I don't believe they are afraid of anything so much as lightning. That year one of the train boys had been killed by a bolt, and this naturally made them timid.

It took several days to shoe all the horses, but there was in it all a measure of excitement, running out into the corral to rope them, where one had to be nimble to avoid their too willing heels, as they were being shod.

The corrals are made of large logs with strong posts 7ft. or more high. They inclose different sized spaces and are similar to an Eastern barnyard, only they are divided up, connecting by gates so as to hold one bunch of cattle, while in the adjacent inclosure some are driven to be branded.

Strange as it may seem, the horses have to be roped each time you ride them, no matter how long they have been broken, but when you throw the rope, should it miss and hang on the horse's neck, he thinks he is caught and will allow you to walk up and put on the bridle.

On the lower ranch we have over 20,000 head of cattle, and there all the breeding is done, driving up yearly the two-year-old steers, and that year as an experiment sixty-five heifers. They were soon sold, and the purchaser, wishing his brand, a T, put on, we did it. When the irons were red hot, a few of the heifers were turned into the corral and two men on horseback quickly roped them, handing the rope to those afoot. A half-hitch was taken around one of the logs, giving the yearling but little play, so the fellow catching hold of the tail could easily throw her on one side by a simple twist. Then taking off the rope one would hold the head down, another the hind feet, while the brander would in a jiffy trace the letter on her side, burning through the hair into the hide so as to make a scab, on which no hair would ever grow again. It was hot work, for I tried it all from catching to branding. So many were at it that we were soon through, but on the other ranch it is sometimes a two weeks' work from morning till night, branding between 3,000 and 4,000 head. Each owner has his own registered brand, and many are the different styles, letters, figures and symbols. Our boss, though he could neither read nor write, knew his letters, having learned them from the different brands. It is part of a boss's education to know who own the different brands, and this is learned from a book published for such a purpose. Our boss was the best horseman I ever saw, boasting that he could ride anything that had hair and stood on four feet, and it was not a vain boast, for I saw him make good his boast more than once.

A maverick is a calf whose mother has deserted it. In olden days out West mavericking was a big business, some of the biggest cattlemen having made a start that way. When a cowboy saw a motherless calf he felt sorry for it, and would put on his brand, and then keep on his quest, riding until he had a large enough herd to settle down in some good place. Many owners, besides branding, cut off different parts of the ear or slit it. Thus if you are told the steer has an undercrop and slit in the right ear, it means a piece off the underpart of the ear and a slit lengthwise of it.

Seven-up was the great game of cards, and many were the angry disputes the boys had. One hot-blooded little Texan, called "The Mosquito" or "Sketer" for short, drew his knife on one of the boys, but we immediately made him put it up. He afterward proved to be a coward, as such generally do.

On the 20th and 21st we made ready the round-up wagon, putting in a stock of food, doing some necessary carpenter work and making some hobbles for the horses. These are made of twisted raw hide, rope or leather. At night on the round-up, when all the riding for the day is finished, the horses are hobbled, their front feet being tied together with twenty inches space between. This prevents them from wandering far at night, so that the morning "hustlers" may hope to find them within the space of a mile or so. It is wonderful though how far they will sometimes stray, even breaking the hobbles and finding their way back to the ranch or joining some of the horses in the Bald Hills or Buffalo Peak, of which localities I will speak later. On the 22d we left the ranch, driving our horses before us. My mount contained five, namely, Old Sport, Terrapin, Donie, Bald Eye Beauty and Three D. These names are not made up, for Old Sport looks like one, Bald Eye Beauty had no eye lashes. Three D was so marked with a brand 3 D, Terrapin from his wish to crawl instead of walk, and Donie just a pet name without special significance.

Toward night we reached camp and there found about fifty boys belonging to different "outfits." It was raining and fuel was scarce, so we gathered it on horseback, throwing a rope over the end of a log and hauling it into camp. All work is done on horseback when practicable; it is said a cowboy will walk a mile to catch a horse to ride half a mile. The ground was damp and soggy where the cook pitched our tent, but flat, so we dug a trench around and a ditch to carry the water off to a hole. It is the cook's place to cook, take down and put up the tent, and drive the wagon, but in such little things as gathering and splitting wood the boys sometimes help.

The supper was of canned corn and tomatoes, fried pork and hot biscuits, but there was a plenty for all, and we had with it cups of hot black coffee, but no milk, you may be sure. We had milk at the ranch several times. By tying a cow head, tail and feet to the fence, we managed to milk her; but a pint was not much reward for an hour's work.

Being tired I turned in, spreading my canvas on the wet earth and the blankets on top of me. To keep my saddle blankets from getting wet I put them in the tent near the stove, which the boys soon found out by the stench; and they said it was a leggings case. They forthwith hauled me out of the blankets and applied a pair of leggings to my back. At first it did not hurt, but when they and I also got warmed up to it, I called time. Although the ground was very damp I never once thought of catching cold, but slept soundly all night, thinking in my dreams that I was home sleeping on a soft bed; but what matters it, if one be tired, where they sleep?

The following morning the cook awoke us all when breakfast was ready, and not having much to put on, having slept in all but our coats, trousers and boots we were soon dressed and speedily made a meal. Our dress consisted of a sombrero with a band of leather, a colored shirt, cartridge and pistol belt, cloth trousers or overalls and chaperajos, or leather leggings, open in the rear but down the sides decorated with leather rosettes or some skin tanned with the hair on, and boots having a heel three inches long to prevent the foot from slipping through the stirrup, as the rider rides with his legs at full length and the curve of the foot resting on the stirrup.

The morning duty performed, we saddled up, mounted and formed in a big bunch waiting for the boss's orders. Indicating such men as knew the country, he told them to "pull their freight" (move off) and then told off the rest of us into parties of five or six with these men as guides and overseers for the time being. There being six squads in all we left camp as the hub of a wheel, and took our way as the spokes up different gorges or trails as the case might be. From neighboring hills little streams found their way into the valley and up these a different man would go to the hills, sometimes five miles or more, and gathering what cattle he might run across, would drive them down into the valley and there hold them awaiting the others. In this way the party would have scoured the country well over five miles, gathering a bunch running all the way from ten head to over a thousand, which they would then drive back to some open space near camp. Here, when all had returned, the "cutting out" would be done. That is, two men would ride in among the cattle, selecting first the cows with calves, and so on, until all those having the brands sought

after had been run out, when the rest were turned loose. It is not so easy to cut out as it sounds, and only those of long experience who have well-trained horses and a good seat can do it, for many are the sudden twists and turns the wild cattle make, and besides having to be done quickly there is need of as little commotion as possible. Cattle are easily stampeded, and at night the least thing, such as the jingle of a spur, will start them running. While some do the cutting out the others hold the bunch, and when a steer is driven near the edge, rush him out to a place where the cut out ones are held.

Danger is attached to it all, which gives spice to the work, for occasionally the bulls have bloody battles, each one contending for the mastery. We held off when the encounters took place and watched the fights, which lasted quite a while, and had the attraction of the Spanish sport in which men take so active a part. They will at times turn on man and horse, inflicting severe wounds, one horse I remember perfectly having had its side slit open for more than a foot.

The cooks are busy all the time supplying the boys with dinner, as they take turns to ride in, eat and saddle a fresh horse, none being ridden over half a day. Generally by 3 o'clock the work is over, and while some drive on the horses and cattle (cut out) to the next camp, others stay behind and do the branding. Many people do not understand how the right brand is put on the right calf; but it is very easily explained, for the brand of the mother is put on the calf. Mavericks when now found are put up at auction and sold to the highest bidder.

That day the move of camp was some ten miles, and it was a very disagreeable ride, for it began to rain toward night, but luckily the cook had put the tent up on dry ground and a ditch carried the water off from around us.

A yearling heifer was killed, beheaded and hung up. The head was placed in a hole containing hot coals, covered up and left to cook for some time. Upon being dug up the brains were eaten by our boss, but I said, "No, thank you," when he offered me some.

On the next day's hunt I chased a cow about half a mile in a dead run down a sandy gulch, but found when I headed her that she belonged to one of the grangers or "tater skinners," so the run only excited me and winded my horse.

That night we camped by a log cabin, in which we spent the evening watching five of the boys playing freeze-out poker for a steer, each one entering the game taking five dollars' worth of chips. The game was very exciting, and places near the board on which they played were at a premium. Not being able to get near enough to see I placed a board slanting against the wall and sat upon it, having a bird's-eye view. I was not let alone long, for one of the boys ("Sketer") pulled the board from under me, so that I fell about four feet. This tickled "Sketer" but it hurt me a good deal. G. F. BLANDY.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Natural History.

THE GOPHERS AND POUCHED RATS.—I.

BY R. W. SHUFELDT.

EITHER internal or external cheek-pouches characterize quite a number of the Rodentia, and we saw how that in our genus *Cynomis*, the so-called "prairie dogs" of the Western Territories, these cavities were inside the mouth, one on either aspect, and quite shallow. And I am inclined to believe that these little marmots seldom make much use of them as a means to transport food, nor have they the need to do so that some of the other rodents have, as they, for the most part, feed upon material to be found in abundance within a short distance of their burrows. Further, it would seem that *Cynomis* makes no special effort to hoard up a storehouse full of eatables against long winter months. The specimen of this animal which hibernated in my cellar this winter, took no food down with him, but for as much as a fortnight prior to his final disappearance he did carry down with him each day a great quantity of newspapers, rags, and everything he could lay his paws on to make a comfortable resting place.

Then we remember that the chipmunks of the genus *Tamias* are furnished with internal cheek-pouches of no mean capacity, and every one knows who has ever studied these interesting little ground squirrels, with any care at all, how well they can use them. They will, when carrying stones to their burrows, pack these natural pockets of theirs so full that their heads sometimes appear to be double their normal size from the pouting of the cheeks, and I am almost afraid to say how many beech nuts I once removed from the pouches of a specimen of *T. striatus* that I had collected; certainly a great many.

Spermophiles, too, as we saw, also possess capacious cheek-pouches which they put to the same use as does *Tamias*, a feature which distinguishes them from the true marmots on the one hand, while it has on the other been responsible for their being called in many localities "gophers," the only genus so designated among our *Sciuridæ*.

Finally, it was noted that certain spermophiline animals in Europe and western Asia were possessed of these internal cheek-pouches, as for example the souslik of Bohemia, Ireland and Hungary, and the *S. concolor* of western Persia, an animal so notorious for its ravages upon the grain fields of that country.

Now, however, the next two families of the Rodentia which we come to in our "List" are always thought of in connection with these characteristic pouches. I refer to the *Geomyidæ*, or true gophers, and the *Saccomyidæ* or the pouched rats. The first of these two families we find composed of some nine species grouped under two genera (*Thomomys* and *Geomys*), all of which are comparatively small animals and all designated as "pocket gophers." The *Saccomyidæ* of North America, as we have seen, are represented by some eleven species, distributed among four genera (*Perognathus, Cricetodipus, Dispodomys* and *Heteromys*), but only three of these are to be claimed as belonging to our United States fauna, *Heteromys* being a West Indian and tropical group of animals.

The *Saccomyidæ* are chiefly represented by the "pouched" mice" and the "Kangaroo rats" (*Dipodomys*).



THE PACIFIC POCKET-GOPHER (*T. t. bulbivorus*).—MALE; LIFE SIZE.

Drawn by the author from Dr. Kennerly's plate in the "Pacific Railroad Reports" (1859), and adapted to the present article.

I have already pointed out that among the Rodentia the hairy skin of the face is reflected inward behind the incisor teeth, thus dividing the cavity of the mouth into two apartments which communicate mesially by a minute opening when the animal chooses to constrict these partitioning integuments. Among the hamsters and pouched rats of the Old World fauna, we, as a rule, find them in possession of large internal cheek-pouches, lined with hair, and extending posteriorly even beyond the ears.

Our pouched rats and gophers, of which we shall treat in the present paper, have these pouches opening externally one on either side of the mouth, and also lined with a continuation of the facial integument, which grows a fine, soft coat of hair, usually white in color. Upon side view in such a form for instance as the Pacific pocket gopher (See Fig. 1) the cheek-pouch is plainly to be seen, and appears as a long, curved line, with its concavity forward, and which extends from the commissure of the mouth down the side of the throat. This line marks the entrance to the cheek-pouch of that side.

Here in New Mexico I have had the opportunity to examine several specimens of both *Geomys castonops* and *Thornomys talpoides umbrinus*, the chestnut and the Southern pocket gophers respectively. In such a form as the Southern pocket gophers I found these cheek-pouches very capacious, extending to a point on either side behind the ears, and lined by the common integument, from which grew a short, white and beautiful coat of hair. We usually find in the pouches of this animal a wad of the leaves, and at some seasons, the buds of the sage bush (*Artemisia*); though of course it feeds upon many other things. One that I had in confinement for some time readily fed upon nuts of all kinds, pieces of apples, raw potato and similar substances. Although it showed a disposition to bite severely when first captured and for a day or two afterward, after that I began to notice that it bore handling with far better grace, and no doubt in time would have become quite tame.

This species of gopher usually burrows in the softer varieties of soil, passing under ground considerably deeper than does the mole, and carrying his excavation to a depth of about 12 or 15ft., where he terminates it by a semi-globular cavity, which he duly lines with such soft materials as he can secure for his nest. We may easily secure specimens of this species by pouring sufficient water into one of their occupied burrows, to drown its inmates out; and a sorry-looking gopher it is, too, when he appears at the entrance of his subterranean abode, with his large foreclaws made doubly prominent by the matted wet hair on his feet, with his curious looking mouth and now easily-seen entrances to his cheek-pouches, and with his angry pair of almost Talpoidean eyes, which seem to fully express his indignation at such a dastardly means to effect his capture.

Members of the old Pacific Surveying Expedition found this species in various localities throughout California, and especially near San Francisco.

A great deal yet remains to be studied and known in reference to these animals; we are by no means in possession of a full history of their habits, and in many instances, we are completely ignorant of much that pertains to their natural history.

Even in the case of the common pocket gopher (*Geomys bursarius*) I dare say there are a number of chapters in his daily life that might be profitably enlarged upon by naturalists to the benefit of natural science in particular, and the profit of common knowledge in general. This can however only be accomplished by long and patient observation, which only the few at long and stated intervals are willing and anxious to undertake. The habits of such creatures can only be successfully studied in nature by those methods which Audubon adopted to secure his data for the life histories of his avian favorites. It means being in the forests and fields at the haunts of the species you may be engaged upon, at all seasons of the year, and at all times of the day and at all times of the day and night; patient and continuous observation by the hour at a time. A few data, however, secured by these means, far excel in usefulness all that one may get by handling dry skins in the museum trays, keep up the latter process as long as you may please.

Not so very long ago it was generally supposed that *G. bursarius* used its cheek-pouches to carry out the sand or soft soil which came away while it was engaged in excavating its burrow; it's hardly necessary to say that such a notion as this is now exploded, and it is well known that the pouches are put to the use alone of transporting its food. Packhard states that this species "burrows in sandy soil and feeds on acorns, nuts, roots and grass, which it carries to its burrows in its enormous hanging cheek-pouches, which, when full, have an oblong form and nearly touch the ground."

Generally this species is known as the "pocket gopher," but in the State of Missouri, where it appears to be quite common, it is known as the *Mulo*. From tip to tip the animal measures rather over 10in., its tail being generally over 2in. in length; its coat above is of a reddish brown, while beneath it is a darker shade of the same color. The fur is very soft and fluffy. Its eyes are quite minute, while its inconspicuous ears are buried almost out of sight in the fur of the sides of the head. In constructing its burrow, it builds a central nest from which lead numerous passages in different directions which open on

the surface of the ground in places where their entrances are the least likely to be observed, as in tufts of grass or similar spots. Among the other soft substances chosen to line the central nest, it is said that the female often plucks her fur to assist to the same end.

Agriculturists charge this animal with barking and thus killing many of their fruit trees, more especially pears, plums and apples; and no doubt in the vicinity of gardens and nurseries it is often guilty of doing no little amount of damage. Sometime during the early spring the female brings forth in her underground nest some six or seven young ones, and I believe they bear but once during the year, possibly twice. Should one attempt to capture with his unarmed hand one of these creatures, he will find that they can use their sharp incisor teeth with wonderful effectiveness, keeping up a series of sharp squeals at a high note during the entire time. Gophers can travel backward down their burrows nearly as fast as they can by the usual forward method of locomotion, and it is said that they often fight among themselves, using their snouts for the purpose, as we often see pigs do. As in the case of rats and other rat-like animals, they will, when eating, sit up on their haunches and use their forepaws to hold the food which is being consumed; and like so many others of the order to which they belong, they are very fond of dressing their fur and whiskers, using their forepaws for the purpose, and they will often scratch their sides by bringing up their hindpaws, performing the action in a rapid and nervous manner. During the cold winter months these animals hibernate, while at other seasons they are chiefly nocturnal in their habits.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

JELLY FISH IN FRESH WATER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I was trout fishing last week with three friends at a pond on the Barrens, about fifteen miles from here, and about fifty yards from the railroad; the officials of which obligingly made a flag station for our convenience. We spent three pleasant days in camp, and thanks to Doctor Nessmuk we bade defiance to the flies, both great and small. His prescription for "punky dope" proved most efficacious, but very dirty. I suppose most of your readers would call the fishing good. One of my companions in about ten hours caught eleven dozen beautiful trout, weighing from a half-pound to a pound. I caught about two dozen and fished no more, thanks to FOREST AND STREAM ethics, which I tried in vain to inculcate, but my young friend listened and fished on. He was not *un chien du sentiment*, and no appeal in favor of posterity affected him. "What did posterity ever do for me that I should deprive myself of a pleasure for their sake?" is a ready and smart answer, but of the earth-earthy.

All this by the way, but my object in writing is to state a fact and ask a question. This fact is, we saw and examined jelly fish in this fresh-water poud. They were numerous, both large and small; the largest five to six inches in diameter, the small about the size of a half-dollar. They were of a greenish color and convex shape, and I thought closely resembled, except in color, those found in sea water.

I have fished for many years and never noticed them before, and I will be obliged if you inform me whether they are known or are common in your American ponds.

HARBOR GRACE, Newfoundland, July 12. B.

[If our correspondent will send on a specimen we may identify the "jelly fish."]

A CAPTIVE GROUSE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Speaking about grouse, I was just admiring the rich fall plumage of the male bird sent me last October by Mr. Edward Swift, of Elmira, N. Y. This bird, evidently a last year chick, has moulted nicely, and is as fine a specimen as one would wish to see, all his markings perfect, and the tail especially very full and long, with the two central feathers characterized by the broken irregular band at the end, while all the other tail feathers are banded in clear black and white. When he came to me, a year ago, he was the wildest specimen I had ever received, having been but a few weeks from the woods. Now he comes up readily when called, and if I sit down in the coops he walks up my leg, or jumps at once into my lap, where he feeds readily from my hand. He even thinks it great fun to reach up and take kernels of corn from between my lips, a trick which he performs with great dexterity.

It still seems to me that I cannot afford to give up the attempt to rear a brood of grouse without one more effort, and I am hoping to get one or two hens this fall to take the place of the one lost last May. And if any of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM can put me on the track of any female ruffed grouse which have been "reduced to possession," I shall feel exceedingly grateful to them, and to the paper as well. J. B. BATTELLE.

TOLEDO, O., Oct. 17.

AMERICAN ORNITHOLOGISTS' UNION.—The sixth Congress of the American Ornithologists' Union will convene in Washington, D. C., on Tuesday, Nov. 13, 1888, at 11 o'clock A. M. The meeting will be held in the lecture room of the U. S. National Museum. The presentation of ornithological papers is expected to form a prominent feature of the meeting.—C. HART MERRIAM, Secretay (Washington, D. C.).

BREEDING OF GRIZZLY BEARS.—In Mr. Thompson's paper on grizzly bear breeding last week the type made him say eighty instead of sixty days for the period of young bears leaving the nest.

A DINING CAR LINE TO THE PACIFIC COAST.—The completion of the all rail line between Portland, Ore., and San Francisco gives the Pacific coast traveler an opportunity to patronize the famous Dining Car and Yellowstone Park Line, the Northern Pacific Railroad. The sportsman traveling in the West, whether a lover of the rod or gun, naturally seeks this road, penetrating as it does the lake park region of Minnesota, and running through the valleys of such trout streams as the Yellowstone, Gallatin, Hell Gate, Clark's Fork, Spokane, Yakima and Green Rivers, for a distance of fully 1,500 miles, as well as lying immediately contiguous to the finest hunting grounds in the United States, viz., The Big Horn, Snowy Belt, Bitter Root, Coeur D'Alene and Cascade Mountains. Information in regard to this region can be obtained by addressing CHARLES S. FEE, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, N.R. R., P. St. Paul, Minn.—*Adv.*

Game Bag and Gun.

Antelope and Deer of America. By J. D. Caton. Price $2.50. Wing and Glass Ball Shooting with the Rifle. By W. C. Bliss. Price 50 cents. Rifle, Rod and Gun in California. By T. S. Van Dyke. Price $1.50. Shore Birds. Price 15 cents. Woodcraft. By "Nessmuk." Price $1. Trajectories of Hunting Rifles. Price 50 cents. Wild Fowl Shooting; see advertisement.

NOTES FROM THE ROCKIES.

PUEBLO, Colo., Oct. 10.—At the Union depot of this town there is shown the stump of an enormous cottonwood, which bears this inscription: "Pueblo's Big Tree, the Old Monarch. Age, 380 years; circumference, 28ft.; height, 88ft." This tree was cut down in Pueblo on June 25, 1883, at an expense of $250. It was known throughout Colorado as the oldest landmark in the State. During the Pike's Peak excitement this tree sheltered many a weary traveler. In 1850 there were thirty-six persons massacred by the Indians while camping near the tree. Kit Carson, Wild Bill, Buffalo Bill and other noted Indian scouts have built their camp-fires under this tree. It is said that fourteen men were hanged on one of its limbs at different times. The first white woman who died in Colorado was buried under its branches.

VETA PASS, Oct. 11.—Morning—I woke up on the train thinking I was a corkscrew. It is only the curves.

ALAMOSA.—A good breakfast. The landlord says trout of good size can be caught near by, in the Rio Grande. Mountain sheep and deer are plentiful in the Conejos range, which we approach. Wagon Wheel Gap, just above us, is a grand locality for trout. I weep that I cannot stop off for a day at least. The mountains exercise their old fascination.

CONEJOS.—The conductor refuses to stop the train while I get off and catch a trout. He is a very cruel man.

SUBLETTE.—The country is wonderful, wonderful. Stream after stream is passed and all have plenty of trout. I am gradually growing wild. I want to fish.

FOLTEC.—A herd of fifteen deer were scared off the track near here yesterday. The Foltec Gorge is grand.

CHARMA.—A good dinner. Chief of interest, however, is the fact that a man caught 27 nice trout here yesterday.

MONERO.—Miners near here to-day killed a big bear, not over a mile and a half from the railroad.

TOP OF THE CONTINENTAL DIVIDE.—I have just taken a subscription for FOREST AND STREAM. That is all right. FOREST AND STREAM always is on top.

AMARGO.—Twenty-eight miles north of here, in the heart of the unbroken wilderness, are the wonderful Pagosa springs, whose medicinal properties are known all through this section, and should be through all the country. The little community about these springs has in it some splendid fellows and genuine sportsmen. I doubt if a better point could be found for the summer visitor who comes West. Bear and deer are numerous near at hand, and you can catch three-pound trout almost from the hotel door. The scenery is magnificent. The San Juan, Piedra, Blanco and Navajo rivers are all easily accessible, and all swarm with trout. What more could you want?

EN ROUTE.—The Navajo and San Juan rivers tumble along beside us, mile after mile. They are magnificent. The air is full of trout. The conductor will not stop the train. This isn't right—to be so near to such streams and not to fish. Four wild turkeys are seen running up the side hill near by. A coyote races with us. Numerous wickiups of the Jicarilla Apaches are seen along the way. These Apaches were put on the Mescalero reservation in New Mexico in 1883. I lived there then and know how troublesome they were. They have since been allowed to come back here to their former reservation. Further down we see the tepees of the Southern Utes. The Government gives them canvas to cover their tepees. They cut big round man-holes in it to make it look natural.

IGNACIO.—The Pine River here affords the finest trout fishing in the world. I shall go wild. My watch has stopped. This is enough to stop a clock. But the conductor won't stop the train.

DURANGO.—Better and better. Within thirteen miles of here, up Junction Creek and in the Hermosa Mountains, bears can be found any day the hunter likes. Mr. S. G. Lohr killed a big cinnamon to-day within five miles of town. He says he knows where five more are, not any further off than that. Last week Messrs Ed Ray, G. W. Kephart, Charles DePauw and B. W. Ritter brought in a noble bull elk from the La Plata and Hermosa Divide. This is the last house in the row. I don't see why anybody lives anywhere but here.

Mr. J. A. Butler, ex-member of the Legislature, planted down fifty Nebraska quail near here last March. They stood one severe snowstorm all right, and are now all alive and lively in their lofty mountain home. Mr. Butler is active in urging measures of prevention of the horrible waste of fish life now in Colorado, and of which later mention will be made. Mr. Butler shot some ducks at Alamosa yesterday. It seems strange, but great numbers of ducks follow the Rio Grande through the mountains. Over a hundred a day to a gun is not unusual at Alamosa when the mountain flight is on. It is too early for that now.

Durango is a grand town and beautifully located. The delightful Animas River tumbles right through it. There is an excellent hotel—the Strater House—and the men of the town are such fellows as you don't see outside the mountains. I wonder how many trout streams there are near here? We have crossed dozens of them. I am coming back here again, if I live.

Oct. 12.—With heartfelt regret I turn East. It is simply horrible to be forced to leave all this great country untried. But what I can't do, some other fellow will tell to FOREST AND STREAM from this country.

EN ROUTE EAST.—The wonderful, wonderful, noble mountains! They are so grand.

ALAMOSA, Oct. 12.—Human nature can stand it no longer. I am a frail and human man. I don't care what becomes of the country during my absence, but I wish I may die if I don't stop off right here and go fishing! I will not have it said of me that I weakened in the hour of danger. Here goes! I feel better already. My watch has begun to run. We're all right!

PUEBLO, Colo., Oct. 13.—On the way up from Durango I met Special Land Inspector Barnett, who has spent the past six months on the Ute agency at Ignacio. Mr. Barnett tells me that the country about Ignacio is a wonderfully attractive one to the sportsman. He caught twenty-seven fine trout in the Pine River the day before he left and last week killed a bear, besides several turkeys.

Indian Agent Van Neff, of Ignacio, says that bears are numerous between the agency and Pagosa Springs and that anybody can kill turkeys and deer who will take the trouble to go after them.

At Chama bears are reported unusually plentiful in the adjacent range. A. D. P. Coupe, an English hunter, who has been in the range over a year, is now over on the Brasos. He and his party have killed over forty bears this fall. Mr. Coupe has four or five men in his employ and is having a grand time. He had just sent over to the railroad after a photographer as I passed his station.

A band of sixty-three elk is on the range between the San Juan and Alamosa mountains. Bears are reported numerous within twenty miles of Wagon Wheel Gap; and parties in Alamosa also claim to have located a small bunch of mountain sheep.

Mr. Baker, of Baker's ranch, ten miles from Ignacio, caught a large bear in a trap last week. He has taken several in this way.

Mr. H. M. Morse, perhaps as old and experienced a hunter and trapper, and one as familiar with Colorado as any here or elsewhere, says that he can reach elk within a day's drive from this point. He also has a small band of mountain sheep located. Mr. Morse killed an antelope last week on his ranch, about thirteen miles from town, I believe.

The boys here report great numbers of ducks at the stone quarry lakes, about fifteen miles north of town. A few canvasbacks are seen among the teal.

La Junta reports plenty of ducks and geese on hand and accessible.

The trout season is over, but a great many trout are still being taken. They lie deep and prefer bait, rising to the fly readily only in the middle of the bay.

E. HOUGH.

THE MAINE DEER SEASON.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The deer question promises to excite considerable interest in the Maine Legislature this winter. It is understood that the Commissioners are in favor of opening either a part or the whole of September to the legal hunting of deer, and it is certain that sportsmen and guides will generally favor such a measure. Under such circumstances it would seem that the measure would reasonably be sure of success. But it may not be a success after all, though the Commissioners feel certain that could dog hunting and crusting be generally stopped, the deer of Maine could still be trusted to keep on increasing though the month of September be opened to still-hunting. The lumber interest may kill such a bill. In the first place, there is a feeling among some of the large owners of lumber tracts in Maine that they do not desire the presence of hunters in their region. They say they fear their fires. The men who do the lumbering are many of them willing to let the deer remain unkilled by sportsmen till the loggers arrived. Every moose or deer killed saves so much beef. This is not true of all the loggers, and indeed the feeling is rather confined to the eastern section of the State. It should be stated in defense of the people who lumber for E. S. Coe, who, together with the Pingree heirs, is the largest owner of lumber tracts in the State, that generally they do not favor the illegal destruction of deer. Mr. Wilson, of the firm of Bearce & Wilson, who locates camps and has some 500 men engaged in lumbering every winter for Mr. Coe, says that he does not know of a deer or moose being killed by his men last winter. Just before Christmas they killed two caribou, as they had a legal right to do. He said that he certainly should not countenance the killing of deer by his men out of season. Indeed, his men have no time to hunt. They must be at work at daylight and work till dark on week days, and on Sundays they mend their clothes. Neither should he permit the harboring of hunters in his camps who proposed to hunt deer or moose out of season. Would that there were more managers of camps like him. He is something of a sportsman himself, and believes in legal protection of game in certain seasons of the year.

But the deer law is not obeyed as it should be in other parts of Maine. It is notorious, if a fact, that certain Boston sportsmen can visit Alligator Lake and there find dogs and guides in waiting, and deer can soon be brought down to the water. I have only the statement of one who says that he did this thing a year ago and said that he could do the same thing this year, did time permit him to take the trip. He says the dogs are ready there for those who have the password and the grip, each properly oiled with cash. My informant is a Boston merchant. Again, the jacking of deer has been practiced this season more than would at first appear. Now I must tread on the corns of Mr. John Danforth of Parmacheene Lake—that is, if he has corns in the direction I shall hit upon. A perfectly reliable Boston merchant tells me that deer jacking has been considerably practiced at Parmacheene this fall, and that, too, in September. He says that it is done without the knowledge of Mr. Danforth, or at least, if one wishes to go deer jacking in September, he, with guide, must steal away from camp, and keep the trophies from the sight of Mr. Danforth. But the thing has been done this year and in September. The gentleman—my good friend Commissioner Stilwell would hardly admit that he is a gentleman—does not say that he killed a deer in September there himself, but he was there in September and he shot a deer, or at least he began his account with the manner by which he paddled him up to the game. He says that Mr. Danforth is in no way to blame for this illegal jacking. He claims that it is the result of a law too strict in the point of prohibiting hunting deer in September. His idea is that every guide in the Parmacheene region would stand up for the law, were it changed so as to allow hunting in September. He feels certain that these very guides would, under no circumstances, "float" a sportsman in June or July; since he heard them express a good deal of feeling against a man who would kill a deer in summer, when the young are helpless.

If this gentleman is right, then the sentiment is certainly better than it is in the Dead River region; for it is a fact that deer jacking was done there in the early summer this year. The result of camp keepers and sportsmen or guides shooting each other has already been told

of in the FOREST AND STREAM. Again I met a fond father some time in August, when the conversation turned on hunting and shooting. His son had just returned from the Dead River region. He had shot a deer. He was paddled up to the animal in the night time. At least such was the account he gave his fond parents. Now I do not make these things public for the sake of hurting the feelings or the cause of my good friends the Maine Fish and Game Commissioners, but I tell the story because I believe that every honest sportsman who goes into Maine and does not break the laws, and there are many hundreds of them, is entitled to the fact. I also make the above statements now, since the Maine Legislature is to convene this winter, and a knowledge of the true state of affairs is essential to better legislation. The State should give the present Commissioners funds sufficient with which to enforce the law, especially in regions no more remote and as much visited as Alligator Lake, Parmacheene Lake and the Tim and Seven Ponds.

As an item of good news it may be mentioned that Mr. Frank Thomas, Andover, Me., has this fall been elected a member of the Legislature. Frank has guided a good deal in the Richardson Lake region, and an excellent guide he is. He has helped take more than one deer. In one instance he was the guide of Omer Whittemore and Geo. T. Freeman, of Arlington, Mass., when they killed a deer at the Cranbury Bog early in October. The night was so cold, however, that the water froze in the coffee-pot only twice the length of George's gun barrels from where the fire was till it died down toward morning. The next morning that deer had to be toted out to the lake, two miles and a half, through a rough carry. Frank, now a member of the Legislature, held up his end of the pole against both Omer and George. The deer dressed off some 150lbs., but it weighed more than 500 before the boys got it out of the woods. Mr. Thomas will probably take with him a petition from Andover, asking that the deer law be so changed as to permit hunting in September, and he will also be ready to help any measure that shall better protect the deer in other seasons.

Deer shooting in the woods of Maine has not yet been much of a success on the open season this year. The general verdict of those who have tried is that there are deer enough—more than they expected to find—but there has been no success in getting them. In the first place the weather has been remarkable for both rain and snow, while at the same time the light and damp snows began to come before the leaves had gone from the trees. Hence the tendency of the snows has been to load down the limbs and twigs of the forest, and thus to make successful deer stalking almost an impossibility. Mr. N. G. Manson, well known in the iron trade of this city, with his friend Mr. Young, also of the iron trade, has just returned from a hunt in the vicinity of the Rangeley Lakes. They saw five deer, or at least deer at five different times, but did not kill any. The weather was made up of either snow or rain generally when they were hunting. A short time from camp, especially on the snowy mornings, would bring them on to the tracks of deer, but generally the deer was hard to find till he had taken alarm, owing to the difficulty of moving in the woods where the twigs and smaller growth were bent down with snow. Mr. Young, whose first trip this was, is much pleased with the number of deer that must exist on the ground they hunted over, and he declares that he will try again.

Mr. Louis Hartley, with his brothers of the wool trade in this city, will take a try for a deer in the Maine woods, before Louis goes back to England. Mr. Hartley is an Englishman. He is much pleased with this country, and says that if all the stories that he has heard about hunting in the wilds of Maine are half true, he shall be more pleased with the country than ever. He is fond of shooting, but about all the shooting he has ever had the privilege of participating in has been rabbit shooting.

Now and then a deer carcass gets into the Boston market, I saw several the other day. They were evidently from the West, but they set me to thinking that it will not be long before they will be seen, occasionally, from Maine, though how they get into this market will not be apparent. Smuggled in is about the only satisfactory answer. This matters not to the commission marketman; his commission for selling is all that he cares for. He will not give away either the shipper or his methods; it would mean a loss of trade to the merchant. But the shipment of a deer from Maine has been accomplished without any form of secrecy this fall. A Boston merchant, in the machinery trade, has lately returned from a successful hunting trip in that State. He shot a fine buck, weighing nearly 300lbs., and he brought it along with him. He took it to the train on the Maine Central and suggested that it be put on board the baggage car. The baggage master refused to receive it or have anything to do with it. His orders are not to receive game for shipment out of the State, the same being in violation of the statutes. But the Boston merchant remarked that he could not go himself without his property, and that the deer was his property. He should put the deer on board the car, and take care of it himself. If the company desired to charge him for extra freight or baggage they could do so, but his property must go along with himself. It was legally killed in open season. He, with the assistance of his own man, put the deer on board the car, and it came all the way to Boston without further trouble. SPECIAL.

GAME AND GAME GROUNDS.

CLEARFIELD, Pa., Oct. 18.—I have been out in the Alleghanies on my annual deer hunt. We hunted but three days owing to bad weather, and at some disadvantage, owing to the fact that the leaves are still upon the bushes and trees. We killed one four-prong buck that weighed 175lbs., and nicer venison one would not want to eat. We find the deer very much scattered, owing doubtless to the great abundance of chestnuts and beechnuts, on which they are now feeding. We found grouse plenty and in fine condition. Squirrels are very scarce. We found signs of bears very abundant, and one of our party came very nearly getting a shot at one old fellow who was "lopping" a chestnut tree, but who was frightened away by our dogs. After the election we propose having another hunt, and some time we may give you a more extended account of some of our grand old hunts in the mountains.—F. G. H.

HOLLIDAYSBURG, Pa., Oct. 17.—The fall shooting in this vicinity is about as usual; ruffed grouse seem moderately plenty and some fall woodcock have been killed.—T. E. D.

ALL-AROUND RIFLES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have read with interest the article by "Iron Ramrod" in your issue of Sept. 27, on rifles for small game.

I have always been fond of the rifle, and though I have never been much addicted to target shooting, I have used the single bullet a good deal against game. For the last few years, however, my shooting has been with the shotgun, and partly for the reason that I have found nothing satisfactory in the shape of an "all-around rifle." In this region one is when shooting, often liable to see a bear, and for such cases I habitually carry a few buck-shot cartridges.

Your correspondent appears to have found at last the style of rifle which might meet the requirements of men like myself, and I venture to supplement his idea with one of my own, which is, that as the quality wanting in the piece he recommends appears to be its want of adaptation to the shooting of moose or bear (there are no moose here), I would suggest that an explosive cartridge ought to meet this want.

With a long bullet, hollowed at the point so as to receive a .22 blank cartridge, I think that one might feel safe in shooting at a common brown bear, even with a .32-caliber rifle.

I shall be glad to learn the opinion of the correspondent referred to, as to this suggestion. KELPIE.

CENTRAL LAKE, Mich., Oct. 17.

THE CAMP SAVOR OF GAME.

NEVADA, Oct. 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I see in your last number an article from "Ebeeme" as to which was the most savory of game meats. I have never heard of beaver meat being considered a dainty, leaving ing out of consideration the tail and the liver; the latter is considered equal to chicken liver, and the broad flat tail—ye gods and little fishes! Take it, old or young, impaled upon a sharp stick, hold it over the coals a few minutes, when the rough, scaly hide will blister and come off in silps and sheets without any trouble, leaving the tail clean, white and solid. Now put it in the camp kettle and boil until tender; place in a jar and cover with good vinegar. As Burns has it, "Fancy's flight her wing maun cour." I have seen nothing yet to equal soused beaver tail. Or cook it with a pot of beans, then place them in an old Dutch oven, dig a hole in the ground, put in the hole hot coals and ashes; on this place the oven and let it bake slowly for ten hours *à la* Boston beaver tail and beans. I believe it was the mess of pottage for which Esau sold his birthright, and I don't blame him.

I have eaten beaver flesh of every age and cooked in many ways, but never liked it, and never saw any one who cared much for it. Perhaps the feed is not so good in the Northwest for making good meat as that further East. The oil is very much prized by hunters and trappers for cooking. I have eaten prairie dogs and think them equal to squirrel. Being hard up for fresh meat while in the Siera Prietta Mountains in Arizona, I shot a ringtail wildcat and made a pot-pie. It was very fat, and the meat seemed to have a very smooth, slippery taste. Then it was cat. I don't like cat, and my "pardner" of that time did not either. J. J. F.

A DAY'S SHOOTING IN MY MARYLAND.

II.—AFTERNOON.

AFTER our chat, following dinner, we set out once more; and taking opposite directions hunt two fields without a find. As we enter the third field Sport stops on the top of the fence, hanging as it were in mid-air, and we know the birds are directly under his nose. Flora, at a signal, comes up and stands firmly on a back, while Dash, who is some distance off, is let run. We cross the fence, go out in the field, turn and walk toward the dogs, which is the hardest test you can give them. The birds rise confused; we get in our four barrels, but only one bird down on a tipped wing. "Too much dinner, old fellow," B. says in his quiet, quaint way, while Sport, although at charge, looks the deep disgust he feels. For this winged bird we had a hunt, as he ran, but after a long trail Dash came to a point and we had him. Never give up a wounded bird, but find him if it takes an hour. It will improve the dogs.

The birds flew to a swamp, where in the middle was a firm place, about forty yards long and twenty wide, surrounded by bushes and greenbriers. Here I had splendid shooting, and got some ten birds over as many separate points, as the covey lay close. I noticed Sport at a greenbrier, looking in a quizzical, uncertain way, and gave it a shake, when up sprang a woodcock and settled down about ten yards distant. It was too thick to shoot if I flushed him, so I took aim at his large, expressive eye, put one shot just above it, and saved his bacon. It was the largest one I ever saw, weighing 9½oz. and measuring 17in. across the wings. I am no advocate of summer shooting, and you men who call yourselves sportsmen and kill the half-fledged younglings in July, do not know the excitement of shooting nor the enjoyment of the flavor of woodcock killed the last of October. We got several that day, but this was the only one shot sitting. As we were going out of the field, B., who would not often shoot at the rabbits, because so heavy to carry, saw one sitting, and picking a stone he threw and killed it, which was a good joke, as he had to carry it. We shot until dusk, having a fine day's sport, and getting a bag which for variety only the woodlands of our own dear country will furnish. Sixty-six partridges, some woodcock, several rabbits, a few larks and other smaller game. I shot at a wood duck, but missed, while B. winged a pheasant (ruffed grouse), but did not get it. B. had three more partridges than I.

After a light supper we bade our kind host good-bye; our ride home was pleasant and exhilarating. The dogs, who were tired enough, curled themselves up in the wagon and slept the sleep of the righteous; we were received by our wives with that joy and gladness which ever attends the meeting of the loved ones. Mine has long since gone to her last sleep, while Mrs. B. lives to add joy and peace to my friend's life, and shed a halo of happiness and love around his beautiful home.

At the risk of being tedious, I wish to say a word or two about dogs. It always has been, is now, and ever will be, a moot question among sportsmen whether the setter or pointer is the better dog. The two above named were nearly perfect specimens of their class. Sport was the best pointer I ever saw, and I have seen him go in greenbriers of his own free will and come with his sides lacerated and bleeding, but he had extraordinary nerve. In dry, hot weather he could find more birds than Flora, but in rough, cold days she was his superior. Pointers will suffer from a little cold, while setters will give out entirely in hot, dry weather. I have seen them exhausted, but a lap of water and a roll will put them all right. My advice to youngsters is, to procure a brace, one of each. The pointer after being broken once will always be broken, but will never be so affectionate and so companionable as a setter, who will, no doubt, have to be flogged several times at the commencement of each season, but he will forgive you, and lick the hand for a caress and go to work in good humor. The best dog I ever had was an English setter of native breed, once removed from imported stock. He would work to perfection in the open, slowly and carefully in the cripple, cautiously in the woods, and take water and retrieve like a Chesapeake water dog. Of his exploits I may tell you anon. JOSEPHUS.

CECIL COUNTY, Maryland.

SHOT AND POWDER MEASURES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Whether the dram used as a measure of powder is an arbitrary quantity now or not, I am satisfied that it was at one time the dram of avoirdupois weight, in which 16drs. makes an ounce and 16oz. makes a pound. My father, who is an old-time sportsman, has informed me that the graduated thimbles of the old-fashioned powder flasks measured off drams which, by his personal test, were equal to $\frac{1}{16}$ of an ounce, and I have recently talked with other old sportsmen who have made the same test with a like result. The cups now used to measure powder for loading shells vary considerably in the quantity of powder in their respective drams, and there are considerable differences in the weight of a dram of various kinds of powder. An ounce of No. 12 shot (Dixon's loading cup) weighs more than an ounce avoirdupois, and a measured ounce of No. 1 shot weighs less than an ounce avoirdupois. SENECA.

NEW YORK, Oct. 16.

HUNTING NOTES FROM THE ROSEAU REGION.—Hallock, Kittson County, Minn., Oct. 13.—The Hallock *Enterprise*, our local paper, of this date contains the appended hunting notes. The attraction to this region is greater than ever, but several parties who contemplated coming have failed to show up. The Mershon party from East Saginaw, Mich., took their hunting car as far west as the Bad Lands of the Little Missouri early this month, and returned on the 17th regretting that they had not carried out their original plan to go to the Roseau. However, this leaves more game for others. I quote what the *Enterprise* prints as follows: "Beautiful Indian summer weather, and the farmers are improving every opportunity.—Scott Riddell and Al Suffel started for the big lakes in the Roseau country last Saturday.—On Monday morning John Websterson, W. H. Alley and Ole Johnson left for the Roseau valley.—Last week Messrs. Vasterline and Maran, of St. Vincent, and Messrs. Kabenogle and Moorhead, of Pembina passed through Hallock from the Roseau well loaded with game.—Several parties have made trips out east to the Roseau the past week to hunt geese and ducks.—Last Friday morning mine host Woodworth, of Hotel Hallock, Dean Benson and the sporting editor of the *Enterprise* left Hallock for a two days' shoot among the eastern swamps. Ben Thrane took Ole Peterson along to help load the game. At daybreak we started for Benson's favorite spot about five miles east, when we found game in abundance. At four o'clock we were ready to start home, and when camp was reached we counted out forty-seven ducks and thirteen geese. Ben and Ole came in later in the day with a good supply." Next month big game shooting will be in order. Last year seventy-six elk were killed, besides deer, moose, bears, etc.—QUACK.

ONE OF FRANK FORESTER'S GUNS.—Hollidaysburg, Pa., Oct. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I recently had the pleasure of examining and handling a valuable relic of Henry W. Herbert (Frank Forester). It is a fine old double gun, 14-bore, weight 7⅛lbs., 29in. twist barrel, with platina vents, and marked "James Sperling, London, Maker to Royal Family." It has a handsome straight stock and is in fine condition. The locks are the finest I ever saw, and finished like the works of a chronometer. The breech, hammers and lock-plates are finely engraved, and the gun case is solid mahogany, lined and partitioned with leather, brass-bound and engraved, and on the name plate is the name of its famous owner, "Henry W. Herbert." The gun was imported by Mr. Herbert, and is said to have cost £40 in London. Some time before his death he presented the gun and case to Major John W. Duncan, who was at that time an army officer stationed at Pittsburgh, Pa., and was a son-in-law of the original "Iron King" of Pennsylvania, Peter Shoenberger. Over thirty years ago Major Duncan exchanged the gun for a fine fly-rod to H. S. Van Tries, Sr., in whose possession it has remained ever since. Its shooting powers are unimpaired, for with it 18 out of 20 bluerocks have been broken at 18yds., single traps, and some modern chokebores won't do any better.—T. E. D.

THE GAME LAWS OF NEW JERSEY have been published in pamphlet form. The compiler is Mr. Chas. A. Shriner, secretary of the Passaic County Fish and Game Protective Association and fish warden of Passaic county; the work was done under the direction and supervision of Hon. John W. Griggs, late President of the New Jersey Senate, and was revised by him. The book contains all the numerous laws relative to game and game fish, the rights of property owners and associations, forms for the prosecution of offenders, and a great deal of other matter of interest to persons who hunt and fish in New Jersey. It is a complete compilation of all the game and fish laws passed by the Legislature of the State. The price is 50 cents, and copies may be procured from Chas. A. Shriner, Paterson, N. J.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The writer has seen three bunches of quail, one bunch of ruffed grouse and several bunches of rabbits. Where do they come from? The law is not up until Nov. 1 in Pennsylvania, I think.—R. L. L.

NATIONAL PARK PETITIONS.—The following names have been appended to a copy of the petition sent from New Jersey: Henry N. Dodge, M.D., Susan M. Dodge, Mary D. Dodge, Julia E. Dodge, Louisa M. Horne, Ella Dodge, Delia B. Merritt, Mary H. Maury, James F. Maury, Elizabeth Maury, Alfred Elmer Mills, Kinsley Tivining, Norman Fox, Fred G. Burnham, C. L. H. Burnham, Kate H. Hilliard, John C. Beatty, Julia E. Soutter, Hetty B. Beatty, Caroline H. Marsh, John Marsh, H. O. Marsh, Sadie Pitney Johnson, L. Juliana Halstead, Frederic Vernon Pitney, S. R. Cooper, Arthur Dodge.

Sea and River Fishing.

Angling Talks. By George Dawson. Price 50 cents. Fly-Rods and Fly-Tackle. By H. P. Wells. Price $2.50. Fly-Fishing and Fly-Making for Trout. By J. H. Keene. Price $1.50. American Angler's Book. By Thad. Norris. Price $5.50.

GUT LEADERS.

THERE are few American anglers, I should imagine, who have not at some time or another had cause to deplore, or, perhaps, if not properly brought up, to execrate at the loss of a fish because of a defective or inadequate gut leader. It is, not infrequently, a difficult matter to get either good leaders or good gut at anything like a moderate cost. The silkworms have the pip, there is civil war in Spain, the gut is cornered by dealers in futures, or there is some other excellent reason for putting a stiff price on a hank of the best gut. Then, again, the question arises, do we on this side of the herring pond get any of the very best gut, whatever may be the price? I am inclined to think not, and in saying this I have particular reference to extraordinarily heavy salmon gut.

I once bought of a man new in the business ten hanks of as good gut as is often seen in this country at a price that was akin to burglary, but his second bill rectified all previous errors and made me think the dealer should be indicted for manslaughter. London is the chief market to which most, if not all, of the dealers in fishing tackle are obliged to go for their silkworm gut, whether it be Spanish, Indian or Chinese. Unless the dealer has a factory in Spain, separate and distinct from the castles in Spain, which some dealers have; and it would appear to a man up a tree that if the London dealers have the first whack at the gut crop they are intelligent enough to take the cream of it. This may be disputed by some of our own dealers, but the proof of the pudding can better be established when it is first made than when it is warmed over. If we do not have the very best salmon gut it is posssibly because there is not a demand for it, or because our method of fishing for salmon from a canoe instead of floundering along the shore, does not require such particularly strong gut as I have designated as very best. I quote from Mr. H. Cholmondeley-Pennell in "Fishing" (Badminton Library) to better illustrate what I mean when I say I do not think we get the very best gut. "The breaking dead weight strain of a strand of the stoutest salmon gut, round, smooth and perfect in every respect, ought not to be less than from somewhere between fifteen and eighteen pounds. For gut of extraordinary quality and strength, as much as from £5 to £7 per hundred strands, wholesale price, is now stated to be frequently paid. Some samples of the 1884 crop, tested by my friend Mr. R. B. Marston, broke at a dead strain of seventeen pounds."

Do we have any such gut? Twenty-five to thirty-five cents per strand, wholesale, is a very snug price for gut. Major Traherne, in his excellent article upon salmon fishing in the same volume from which I have just quoted, says that he tested a casting line (leader) and broke it at 15lbs.; and two strands brought his steelyard down to 20lbs. without breaking.

To Mr. R. B. Marston, editor of the *Fishing Gazette*, I am indebted for repeated favors in the way of specimens of English fishing tackle. In one of his last letters he sent me samples of leaders of twisted and of gossamer-drawn gut, tied by Mrs. Bulmer, of London.

I have tested the leaders, not exhaustively, and will give the details. In Mr. Henry P. Wells's book "Fly-Rods and Fly-Tackle," page 70, can be found an illustration of a gut-gauge. Mr. Wells presented me with a gauge from which, I believe, that illustration was drawn. One limb of the gauge has marks which separate it into tenths of an inch, the other limb is marked after Stubb's wire gauge, and as the latter only will convey an idea of relative size to my readers I will use that. The coarsest that I can measure is 26, the finest 32, as the slit below 32 is filled with solder. The Bulmer leaders of drawn gut are three yards in length and tapered from 32 to so fine that I have no means of measuring to convey the size in a letter. I think, however, that I have seen hairs from the human head that were coarser than the fine end of one of these leaders. I soaked one of these, and while it was soft tested it with spring scales. It first broke at one pound. I tied another loop on the broken end, and at the second trial it broke at three-quarters of a pound; the third time it broke at the same notch; the fourth time it broke at one pound; the fifth time at one and three-quarters of a pound, and the sixth time it did not break at two pounds. After breaking the leader five times it was 9ft. 6in. long. The five breaks were all in three lengths of the fine end of the leader, and all were between knots. I examined pieces of the fine end that were broken off under the test under a microscope (magnified 100 diameter) and found the mark of the drawing tool remarkably even, without the little wavy lines sometimes seen in drawn gut so magnified. The sides were smooth and did not show any fraying, fluffing or peeling, as the turning up of fine fibers on the surface of drawn gut is variously called. This very fine-drawn gut is not necessary for leaders to be used in American waters, except on rare occasions. The Bulmer leaders of twisted gut are also tapered. The gut is twisted in ordinary lengths and the lengths tied together, and the knots whipped with silk and shellacked. In the Wells gauge one of these leaders measured (Stubb's wire measurement) 26 at the coarser end and 28 at the finer, and the leaders are very evenly twisted and smoothly finished. I tested one, dry, at 5lbs. without breaking it. I have never used a twisted leader, but shall give these a trial in fishing another season and see how they wear.

I tested two leaders of salmon gut made by Forest & Son, Kelso, Scotland, for which I am indebted to Mr. James B. Baker, of Elizabeth, N. J. In one leader I could not find a single gut length that would enter, any part of it, the Wells gauge, and this leader did not break at 10lbs., which was the greatest strain of my scales. The other leader had one length only that would enter the gauge, and that marked 28. A 9lb. strain broke that particular gut length, when I cut it out, retied the leader, and it withstood 10lbs., the limit of my scales. Some years ago Mr. Allen Gilmoeir, the well-known Canadian salmon angler and owner of the Gadbout River, sent me some of Forest's salmon flies, and with these some gut lengths to attach the flies to a leader. I tested these gut lengths, as I find from a memorandum, at 10lbs., without breaking either. Of course natural (undrawn) gut is to be preferred to drawn gut, if it could be obtained fine enough. About the best fine natural gut I ever saw for roundness, smoothness, fineness and length, measured in a Wells gauge about 31, but a trifle heavier than that figure. I tested a 3yd. leader made of this gut that I used this season, and it broke at strains from 2lbs. to 2¾lbs. I could not tell just how much I had used the leader, but it showed considerable wear. When gut, which is nothing more nor less than the silk sacs of the Chinese silkworm (*Bombix mori*), is stretched and dried, it is covered with a yellow skin or envelope, and in this condition, all sizes and lengths together, it is sold by the peasants at the factories by the pound. There it is bleached, sorted and tied in hanks for market.

GLENS FALLS, N.Y. A. N. CHENEY.

POTOMAC FISHING NOTES.

ALTHOUGH it is quite late in the season, Potomac anglers are having good sport, and nice strings of fish are brought in. At Great Falls, Seneca, Muddy Branch, Point of Rocks and other noted places between Washington and Harper's Ferry, a great many bass have been taken, and enthusiastic anglers count on having several weeks of fishing yet before cold weather shuts them off. I have had some fair days right here within sight of the Washington Monument, between Aqueduct Bridge and Little Falls. One day last week I caught a 2lb. bass within sound of the bells of Georgetown College, and added five striped bass and three channel catfish, averaging over a pound each, to my string before I stopped for the day.

Three months out of the past six the water has been too muddy for fishing; and for a time in the early fall it seemed it would never get clear. I waited a week at Point of Rocks in September, and then returned disappointed. Some days it would be muddy on both sides of the river and quite clear in the middle; then one side roily and the other clearing up. But rains came in time to dash all hope and play the mischief with long-anticipated vacation.

Recently a great number of striped bass have come up the river, and many have been caught. At the Navy Yard men and boys have had excellent sport, one of the latter catching thirty-five in two hours, one of which weighed 6lbs., the string aggregating 35lbs.

There has also been an influx of channel catfish, clean, lithe, good-looking fellows, that run from ¼lb. to 2lbs. in weight, and look first-rate on the string, even along with black and striped bass. A few anglers have succeeded remarkably well in catching carp, some of which weighed from 10 to 20lbs. each. One of the most successful of these anglers made a paste of flour and corn meal, which for bait he tied up in small pieces in mosquito netting, using small O'Shaughnessy hooks on strong snoods. I never hear of any one eating carp; it is the sport of catching that leads in the enterprise. J. C. B.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 22.

TROUT AT THE UPPER DAM.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., Oct. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your articles by "Special" in recent issues, on "Maine Fishing" and a case of jigging at Upper Dam, have unusual interest for those who, like myself, have just returned from the Rangeley waters. While at the Rangeley Lake House the last week in September, a Mr. Randall, of Orange, N. J., talked with us freely of his trip to Upper Dam, and of some unheard of trout fishing that he and his guide saw. The guide was Warren Stevens, one of the oldest and most reliable guides on the lakes, as I was informed. They both said they saw a sportsman casting from his boat in the swift water, just below the pool; his guide sat in the bow intently watching the rapid water; suddenly as a big trout passed up the guide turned his eye to the pool where the fish had halted, threw a heavily-loaded line into the still water and with a jerk hooked the trout. The pole was handed to the sportsmen and the fish was hauled in tail first.

According to Mr. Randall and his guide Stevens this novel method of catching big trout was repeated several times with the same result, and acting on their account Mr. Huntoon, the Rangeley game and fish warden, who exposed Messrs. Stewart and Hollingsworth last year, was sent to investigate. When he returned he reported that he found several large fish, but could not detect the marks of the jig, and gave his opinion that the fish he saw were illegally caught with a net.

Since my return home, I have received a call from Mr. Peck of Waterbury, Conn., a well known sportsman, who has been at Upper Dam spring and fall for a number of years. In comparing notes about our autumn trips I recalled the incident above related, and Mr. Peck manifested much regret that the statement of Mr. Randall and his guide had made such an impression on the sportsmen at the Rangeley Lake House. He declared the whole thing to be a mistake, for from his positive knowledge there had been no illegal fishing at Upper Dam during the season. He states that the man whom Mr. Randall saw was a Mr. Hill of Boston, a perfectly honorable fisherman, and his guide was Charles Cutting of Andover, whom "Special" mentions in his letter of the 27th as a famous cook and companion. Mr. Peck asserts that Cutting, being desirous of getting several large fish for Mr. Hill to take out with him, packed a gang of hooks with worms and caught in a perfectly legitimate way the fish which Mr. Randall saw lifted into the boat as he supposed tail first.

Now, let your readers take these statements for their face value. Doubtless Mr. Randall was mistaken, or as one who is acquainted with the facts states, it may be an instance of the ill feeling between the Rangeley and the Andover guides. Such stories are apt to arise from the jealousy of these men, who, although extremely loyal to their patrons, often entertain a most intense hatred, and are too ready to get each other into trouble. But taken for what it is worth, this incident plainly enforces the feeling among sportsmen against illegal fishing and the demand for careful watching about the waters of Upper Dam.

The Commissioners have closed Rangeley and Kennebago rivers. Why not close the passage from the big lake to Richardson, swift water and pool, after Sept. 1? Such legislation would remove temptation from a number of fishermen who have not the moral courage to control their instinct to get big fish by illegitimate means. A large number of sportsmen whom I have recently met look to the FOREST AND STREAM for help in this matter. They feel that you deserve warm thanks for the thorough and painstaking manner in which the Stewart investigation was prosecuted last year. And now they want you to emphasize the fact that men who go to the Androscoggin lakes for legitimate sport have some rights which the Lewistown Water Power Co. are bound to respect. The company have acquired liberal privileges of flowage, but they have no right to stop the run of fish. They have laid out so much money on the big dam that they do not want to build the necessary fishway. And so they have pledged themselves to stop illegal fishing, yet it is feared they have winked at it this season as last.

W. F. STURTEVANT.

PITH AND BRAINS.

THE English chub fisher has evinced great ingenuity in the matter of baits wherewith to entice his favorite game. He has searched the earth, old stumps, and all kinds of vegetation for worms, grubs, and other animal life, and even the large mammals are called upon to furnish a *bonne bouche* for the palate of the chub.

Mr. Alfred Jardine, in the London *Fishing Gazette* says: "Of all baits, 'pith' and 'brains' is the most deadly for winter chub fishing. Pith is the spinal cord of an ox or cow, and should be quite fresh from the butcher. Some anglers use it raw, as is usually done on the Trent; but I prefer to boil it for three minutes with a spoonful of salt in the water, then removing it to get cold, and afterward cutting it up into one-inch lengths, which are kept clean in damp calico or linen, ready for use. The 'brains' are for ground bait, and may be either bullock's or sheep's, freshly killed, thoroughly cleansed in cold water, and boiled for a quarter-hour; when cold they are ready for use. The pith is for the hook—a No. 4 is the best size. Previous to baiting, slit up the piece of pith with a sharp knife or scissors, and remove the outer skin, which is useless; then insert the point of the hook, and put it through the pith several times, until the bend and barb are entirely covered. It is a most attractive bait in slightly discolored water; also kills well in clear, on frosty days, if the rivers are free from snow-broth. The brains can be minced, or, if preferred, chewed by the angler as he uses them, and, if this be objected to, squeezed in the hand held under water; but any way, they must be used very sparingly for ground-bait; nor is it necessary to bait a swim beforehand, as seldom more than two or three chub can be caught in the same place, without scaring the rest."

The late Greville Fennell, in writing on the subject of pith and brains, told the following story:

A medical friend of his, very fond of chubbing, started for some favorite boughs, where on arriving he found another angler had appropriated the swim.

"Good morning, sir," said the M.D.; "have you had any sport?"

Angler replies—"Only one or two small chub."

M.D.—"What baits are you using?"

Angler—"Greaves and worms."

M.D.—"Try them with pith and brains."

Angler—"I have none."

M.D.—"You are welcome to some of mine; I have plenty."

Angler chews the brains, spits them in, baits his hook with pith, and gets a three-pounder the next swim.

M.D. hands him a little more brains, and another chub is caught; then a third portion is given, with the remark: "Don't fear to chew them well, for they are perfectly fresh; I performed a post-mortem only yesterday, and prepared the brains this morning."

The angler said he felt sick, and must hurry home for some brandy. So the M.D. regained his chub swim, and had a capital catch of fish, with the pith and sheep's brains he had brought with him.

SALT-WATER FISHING NEAR NEW YORK.—The autumn fishing for salt-water fish near the city is almost over. The striped bass will soon go into winter quarters and the bluefish may leave the coast very soon. The weakfish and kingfish have gone, and the coming of the tomcods proclaims that the winter season is near at hand, when they are the only fish to reward the angler in salt waters. These little fish are taken up to January along the wharves and bays of Long Island and, while they do not make much of a show in the markets, furnish much food and sport for men and boys who patiently angle for them. While not very gamy they are the only winter fish in this locality which can be depended on to take bait during the early winter months, and many tons of them are captured and sold in the villages. They vary in size from a few ounces up to 2lbs., and are a good little fish. The Long Island waters, especially those of the Sound, will soon swarm with them.

THE RAGGED LAKE CLUB.—The lake from which this club takes its name is in Franklin county, N. Y., the northern portion of the Adirondacks. The club has twenty members, all residing in Syracuse, N. Y., and Mr. A. C. Belden is its president. Three years ago it started to stock the lake and established a hatchery for that purpose. Mr. Fred Mather was employed to plan a hatchery, build troughs, trays, etc., and put it on a working basis. Last spring 275,000 brook trout were hatched and placed in the lake in May. The superintendent, Mr. Gardiner Smith, reports the brook, which feeds the lake and is only some sixty rods long, as being full of young trout from previous hatchings. The club does not own the whole lake and others fish in it, several gentlemen having camps upon its shores. If all the Adirondack clubs would follow the example of the Ragged Lake Club, that region would soon be well stocked with trout.

THE MAJOR'S YANK.—Auburn, Pa.—Does "Tile," in your issue of Oct. 11, wish us to understand that the Major "yanked" the head off of a 17lb. pickerel while trying to "wallop" him out, or did he secure the whole fish?—BON AMI.

Fishculture.

FISHCULTURE IN CANADA.

WE have the "Report of Mr. Samuel Wilmot, Superintendent of Fishculture in Canada, 1887." It consists of 45 octavo pages, including the appendices which contain reports of the officers in charge of the different hatcheries, and is largely statistical. The general condition of the twelve hatcheries now in active operation is of a very satisfactory nature. The whole of the available space for the reception of eggs in many of the nurseries is fully utilized, and with the increasing work in certain localities more room and additional apparatus will be required.

The distribution of fry hatched in 1887 from the individual hatcheries in each Province and their species is shown in the following table. But the particular waters and the numbers of fry planted in each locality are recorded in the separate reports of the officers in charge of the hatcheries.

SCHEDULE OF FRY TURNED OUT OF HATCHERIES IN 1887.

Hatchery.	Province.	No. of Fry.	Species.
Frazer River	British Columbia	4,414,000	Salmon.
Sydney	Nova Scotia (C.B.)	1,415,000	Salmon.
Bedford	Nova Scotia (C.B.)	1,350,000	Salmon.
Bedford	Nova Scotia (C.B.)	50,000	Salmon trout.
Bedford	Nova Scotia (C.B.)	2,850,000	Whitefish.
Dunk River	P. E. Island	500,000	Salmon.
St. John River	New Brunswick	45,000	Salmon.
St. John River	New Brunswick	334,000	Salmon trout.
St. John River	New Brunswick	2,100,000	Whitefish.
Miramichi	New Brunswick	900,000	Salmon.
Restigouche	Quebec	1,500,000	Salmon.
Gaspe	Quebec	630,000	Salmon.
Tadoussac	Quebec	900,000	Salmon.
Magog	Quebec	675,000	Salmon trout.
Newcastle	Ontario	2,090,000	Salmon trout.
Newcastle	Ontario	1,370,000	Whitefish.
Newcastle	Ontario	70,000	Speckled trout
Sandwich	Ontario	31,500,000	Whitefish.
Sandwich	Ontario	25,000,000	Pickerel.
Total		77,673,000	

The planting of this number of young fish in so many of the lakes, rivers and other streams of the country is a work of no inconsiderable magnitude and danger, especially when surrounded, as it is, with manifold difficulties and trials in their transport by railways for long distances; in wagons over rough and intricate roads to waters far inland; through woods and thickets by hand, and up rapid, turbulent rivers in canoes, and in scows towed by horses, in some instances a hundred miles and more beyond habitable parts of the country. Yet, with all these unavoidable difficulties to overcome, it is satisfactory to know from the evidence of numerous reliable eye-witnesses of the work, and from the officers and men engaged in it themselves, that the loss of young fish in these voyages of transportation is trifling. From lengthened experience, however, it has become demonstrated beyond a doubt that young fish, if removed at the proper time, can be safely carried long distances by land or by water if properly attended to on the journey by careful and tried messengers.

The grand total of young fish put out from the several fish-breeding establishments in Canada, since the commencement of the industry of artificial fishculture, now amounts to five hundred and forty-seven millions, one hundred and thirty-five thousand and nine hundred (547,135,900). By far the greater proportion of these, namely, 400,000,000, were of the salmon species, consisting of the Atlantic salmon, Pacific salmon, salmon trout and whitefish of the Great Lakes, and speckled trout of the streams; the balance were the *Lucioperca*, or lake pickerel.

These species comprise the principal commercial fishes which are indigenous to the extensive fluvial and lacustrine waters of the country; and thus far the artificial methods of propagation have been applied only to them, but it is confidently expected that the system will soon be applied to the rearing of many other descriptions of fishes which are natives of, or might be acclimated to, the waters of Canada.

The salmon hatched at the Fraser River Station were of two species, viz.: 3,405,000 suckey (*O. nerka*) and 1,009,000 quinnat (*O. chovicha*). It is recommended that a small steam tug be purchased to gather eggs, distribute fry, and for general service to the coast and river fisheries. All salmon hatched at the Eastern stations were the *Salmo salar* of the Atlantic coast. It is also recommended that young shad be sent to stock the waters of the coast of British Columbia, in like manner as the U. S. Government has already stocked California rivers with marked success.

There are several methods in use for securing the supplies of parent fish for stocking the hatcheries with eggs, and it is a matter of much consideration which to adopt. The great object, however, is to obtain the fish by such means as will be the least likely to injure them, for if they become bruised or wounded in their capture, many will die before they become ripe for spawning, others from the same causes will get sickly and diseased in their confinement in the retaining ponds and bring about that deadly fish scourge *Saprolegina ferax* of fungoid growth upon their bodies, which not only affects the fish outwardly, but also prevents the proper ripening of the ovaries, causing unsoundness of the eggs for healthy impregnation.

It is not only the individual fish thus affected that is ruinous to the work of obtaining ova, but it is the rapid spreading of the fungi, or disease to other fish confined in the same pond. Therefore it is of the first and greatest importance that the parent fish should be captured by such means, and with such careful handling, as to avoid, if possible, any chances of injury to their bodies when taken in the nets, that will cause wounds, bruises, or any abrasions of the skin, for it is on such injured parts the fungoid disease first takes its hold, and then spreads rapidly over the whole body till death results—when so to speak, a three-fold loss is experienced—the parent fish becomes destroyed for present or future benefits for reproduction; the thousands of ova within its body are also lost for the purposes of the hatchery, and the money value given the the fishermen for the fish is thrown away. And I must further add disappointment to the officers, and dissatisfaction to the public, as well as the Department is experienced, from inability to fill the Government hatcheries with eggs.

As previously mentioned, numerous methods have been adopted for securing supplies of parent fish, but after a close study, coupled with practical experience of this subject for some years past it has been shown that there is only one safe and reliable plan to be adopted, namely, that the Government secure the best fishing stations available in the several localities, where the parent fish of the species required are known to frequent on their migrations up river, or in the bays where they resort to spawn; and there, under the control and working of proper officers, set such nets or other appliances as are best adapted to capture the fish in the most careful and economical manner, and convey them to properly constructed reservoirs, or retaining ponds, having sufficient area and depth of pure living water, where they may freely roam about at their pleasure until the time of spawning. In this way experience has demonstrated that parent fish may be taken without injury, and kept in a perfectly healthy state until ripe for manipulation, after which they can be liberated again without experiencing any loss.

The plan adopted of purchasing parent fish from the ordinary net fisherman, while from necessity it has been resorted to, is, nevertheless, one that should be discontinued, for it is found that the owners of fishing stands, though they may get the usual market price for each salmon, cannot be made to understand, nor do they wish to comprehend, the absolute necessity there is for having the proper description of nets, and using every possible precaution and care in the handling of the fish, in order that they may not get wounded or bruised. The long-accustomed method of taking salmon from the nets in a rough and hurried manner by the fishermen cannot be overcome, especially when no object has been gained, for the fish dealers, from the great competition existing between them, care for nothing beyond the numbers and weight of salmon they may get, let them be wounded, bruised or otherwise injured as the case may be.

The experience always gained in purchasing parent salmon, as just described, has been that a large percentage of them die, or become so diseased with fungoid growth from injuries received that it will be unwise to continue it. But the correct remedy should be adopted, which is for the Government to appropriate a sufficient number of well-selected fishing stations, and carefully fish them with its own nets, apparatus and men, thus avoiding (as practical trials have shown) the unnecessary loss of parent fish, and preventing an expenditure which does not give commensurate benefits, nor such success in the work of artificial propagation as it is most desirable to attain.

THE GREEN MOUNTAIN HATCHERY.—Mr. J. L. Winchell, the well-known breeder of English mastiffs and bloodhounds, associated with Mr. M. T. Mead and Dr. O. H. Morehouse, have erected in the village of Fair Haven, Vt., one of the most complete fish hatcheries to be found, and the only one in that State. It is organized under the name of the "Green Mountain Fish Hatchery." The officers are: President, Mr. J. L. Winchell, of the Green Mountain Kennels; Treasurer, M. T. Mead; Dr. O. H. Morehouse, Secretary and Superintendent. Though not so large as many in other States (24x36ft.) it is a model of its kind; no expense has been spared, and nothing forgotten that will make it a success. They each have devoted much time to the study of pisciculture, and expect soon to have three vats filled to their fullest capacity with the eggs of brook and lake trout. They would be pleased to hear from parties interested or to have them call.

The Kennel.

Dogs: Their Management and Treatment in Disease. By Ashmont. Price $2. Kennel Record and Account Book. Price $3. Training vs. Breaking. By S. T. Hammond. Price $1. First Lessons in Dog Training, with Points of all Breeds. Price 50 cents.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Oct. 23 to 26.—Second Annual Show of the St. Paul and Minnesota Kennel Club, at St. Paul, Minn. J. E. Stryker, Secretary, Room 98 Globe Building.

Nov. 6 to 10.—Dog Show of the Richmond County Poultry and Pet Stock Association, in connection with Augusta National Exposition at Augusta, Ga. H. Madden, Superintendent.

Dec. 3 to 8.—Dog Show of the Northern Illinois Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Rockford, Ill. A. H. Currier, Secretary.

Jan. 1 to 4.—Fourth Dog Show of the Meriden Poultry Association. Joshua Shute, Secretary, No. 430 Pratt street, Meriden, Conn.

Jan. 15 to 19, 1889.—Seventh Annual Dog Show of the Southern Massachusetts Poultry Association, at New Bedford, Mass. F. W. Dean, Secretary.

Feb. 4 to 7, 1889.—First Annual Dog Show of the Columbus Fanciers' Club at Columbus O. Thos. R. Sparrow, Secretary.

Feb. 12 to 15, 1889.—Fifth Dog Show of the New Jersey Kennel Club, at Jersey City, N. J. Geo. L. Wilms, Secretary, 142 Monticello avenue, Jersey City, N. J.

Feb. 19 to 22, 1889.—Thirteenth Annual Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent.

Feb. 26 to March 1, 1889.—Second Annual Show of the Rensselaer Kennel Club, Troy, N. Y. Alba M. Ide, Secretary.

March 5 to 8, 1889.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Albany Kennel Club, at Albany, N. Y. Geo. B. Gallup, Secretary.

March 12 to 15, 1889.—Second Annual Show of the Fort Schuyler Kennel Club, Utica, N. Y. James W. Dunlop, President.

March 19 to 22, 1889.—First Annual Dog Show of the Maryland Kennel Club, at Baltimore, Md. W. S. Diffenderffer, Secretary.

March 26 to 29, 1889.—First Annual Dog Show of the Massachusetts Kennel Club, at Lynn, Mass. D. A. Williams, Secretary.

April 2 to 5, 1889.—First Annual Show of the Rochester Kennel Club, at Rochester, N. Y. Harry Yates, Secretary.

April 2 to 5, 1889.—Annual Show of the New England Kennel Club, Boston, Mass. J. W. Nowman, Secretary, No. 6 Hamilton Place.

April 9 to 12, 1889.—First Annual Dog Show of the Mascoutah Kennel Club, at Chicago, Ill. John L. Lincoln, Jr., Secretary.

April 16 to 19, 1889.—The Seventh Dog Show of the Philadelphia Kennel Club, at Philadelphia, Pa. Wm. C. Child, Secretary.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 1.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Indiana Kennel Club, at Bicknell, Ind. P. T. Madison, Secretary, Indianapolis, Ind.

Nov. 15.—Fifth Annual Field Trials of the Philadelphia Kennel Club, open to members only. Wm. H. Child, Secretary, Philadelphia, Pa.

Nov. 19.—Tenth Annual Field Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at High Point, N. C. (Members' Stake, Nov. 15.) W. A. Coster, Secretary, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

Dec. 3.—First Annual Field Trials of the Southern Field Trial Club, at Amory, Miss. T. M. Brumby, Secretary, Chattanooga, Tenn.

Dec. 10.—Second Annual Field Trials of the American Field Trials Club, at West Point, Miss. C. W. Paris, Secretary, Cincinnati, O.

Jan. 14, 1889.—Sixth Annual Field Trials of the Pacific Coast Field Trial Club, at Bakersfield, Cal. N. P. Sheldon, Secretary, 320 Sansome street San Francisco, Cal.

COURSING.

Oct. 23 to 27.—Meeting of the National Coursing Association, at Hutchinson, Kansas. M. E. Allison, Manager.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription $1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed **6666**.

CONNECTICUT CLUB.—Bridgeport, Conn., Oct. 20.—A meeting of the Connecticut State Kennel Club will be held at the Atlantic Hotel, this city, Tuesday evening, Oct. 30, at 8 o'clock. All members are requested to be present, and any one wishing application for membership blank can obtain them by addressing the undersigned.—DR. JAMES E. HAIR, V. S.

THE AMERICAN COURSING CLUB MEET.

[*By our Special Reporter.*]

MONDAY morning, Oct. 15, the opening day of the meet of the American Coursing Club, at Great Bend, Kan., dawned clear and bright, and saw the town filling up well with visitors and dog owners. The streets early in the morning were fairly alive with greyhounds, and it needed but a glance to see that among them were many of a distinctively higher class than have been commonly seen here before, as well as many of the old favorites of former years. Mr. H. C. Lowe nominates his imported White Lips, and she is a favorite. The Waterloo Kennels, of Great Bend, enter three imported dogs, Little Lady Glendyne, Lady Milly Glendyne and Trales. These are just over this summer. Little Lady and Lady Milly are half sisters of the great Waterloo winner, Miss Glendyne. It shows enterprise and the right spirit on the part of the Great Bend men to bring them over. The Waterloo Kennel is owned by Dr. G. Irwin Royce and Messrs. D. N. Heizer and G. N. Moses. Mr. A. C. Lighthall, of Denver, brings down a new dog and a good one in Young Golddust, a wonderfully handy-looking red fawn, which all Denver claims cannot be beaten. Mr. Allison also has a good young dog in Reno Pilot. It is only fair to say that the club this year shows marked improvement in membership, quality of dogs, and perfection of organization, and this improvement has won its reward in the great increase of popular interest in the meet. Probably 600 or 700 spectators were on the grounds during the running of the first day. Among other promiuent guests present were Col. R. S. McDonald and daughter, Mr. Frank K. Doan and wife, and Mr. R. N. Alexander, of St. Louis, Mr. Geo. S. Parvin and brother, of Cincinnati, Mr. R. A. Burch, of Salina, and Judge Clark, of Larned. Later on in the week the attendance will be very much larger. Newcomers are delighted with the sport, which has the combined charms of novelty and great excitement.

Monday was a slashing day, fourteen courses and two bye-races were run. Hares were not found in especial plenty, as the dogs were purposely kept away from the edge of the bluffs, where the hares are most numerous. Mr. Massey is an admirable slipper. During the day only two hares got away unsighted, and there was no undecided course run. The hares averaged very large and strong, being started well out on the flats, where the coyotes give them good exercise. Mr. R. D. Williams, of Lexington, Ky., and Mr. A. Fred Nash of Detroit, Mich., judged alternately. Messrs. W. W. Carney, C. G. Page and D. C. Luse acted as field stewards. Col. David Taylor, of Emporia, Kansas, president of the club, Mr. D. N. Heizer, vice-president, and Mr. J. V. Brinkman, treasurer, both of Great Bend, were on hand promptly also. Fifteen new members, elected to the club last Saturday night, were among those who went afield.

The start from the club house at 9:30 sharp, after the eight mile ride out from town, found a number of the club and others interested a trifle unprepared and hurried. Promptness, however, is something against which complaint should hardly be made, and it kept up it would be highly commendable.

Running was begun in the American Field Cup Stakes, in which there were thirty-five entries. Mr. A. S. Allen's Ruby and Mr. A. C. Schermerhorn's Dandy could not be gotten to town, and were passed. Mr. S. J. Shaw's Skippie being absent also, Mr. M. E. Allison's red fawn dog Sandy Jim, winner of this cup two years ago, was put down to run a bye with Col. Taylor's dark and mysterious Midnight, winner of the Derby, which latter dog proceeded to figuratively wipe the earth with the big red fellow. Jim had the best at first in this unjudged course, and did the most of the work for three-quarters of a mile, when Midnight drew by and shut him out completely over a mile and a half of hard running, killing alone, with Jim quite out of it. The hare was a great white-tail.

D. C. Luse's brindle bitch Bessie Lee and the Waterloo Kennels' blue bitch Humming Bird were put down next. Bessie got off best and won two points for speed and another for a turn; later on, she took a go-by. Humming Bird drew in, and did clever work, but on the turn Bessie was clearly the better worker, Bessie killed and won. The jack was not an especially strong one. Mr. Williams judged.

Dr. Q. Van Hummell's white and red bitch Minnehaha and Joseph Roetzell's brindle bitch Jenny were called. Jenny not showing up, Dr. Van Hummell claimed the course; it being shown, however, that Jenny's owner had not heard the call, she was put in the slips. Minnehaha gained two points for speed and also a turn, and was then unsighted for an instant, running too wide on a turn. Jenny got in, turned, wrenched, and lost place on a go-by to Minnehaha, who tripped, killed and won. Roetzell objected to the decision; why, it is not known. Mr. Nash judged.

Dr. Van Hummell's brindle and white dog Master Rich went down with Mr. L. Zutavern's red-fawn dog San Pedro. Master Rich was very quick in his lead to the hare, and was doing all the work when the FOREST AND STREAM horse, whose natural deviltry got him his name of "Jesse James," began indulging in an ecstatic fit of bucking, which left him out of the course for a moment or so. Mr. Nash, who judged, gave the information that San Pedro earned only two wrenches and the kill. Master Rich won. He is very speedy indeed. The hare was strong.

Mr. Allison's red fawn dog Rowdy and Dr. Van Hummell's white and brindle bitch Miss Rare ran a swift course on a good white-tail. Rowdy was best off for the run-up, turned and wrenched twice. The bitch was fairly clever in her share. Running neck and neck, Rowdy was drawing to a go-by when he tripped the hare, throwing her to Miss Rare for the kill. At this instant Mr. Williams, judge, being close upon the dogs, ran into them, knocking the hare out of Miss Rare's mouth. The hare got away. Rowdy was struck on the hip by the horse's foot, and came back very lame. Rowdy won.

Mr. D. C. Luse's red bitch Pauline went down with Mr. Frank K. Doan's brindle and white bitch Danger. Pauline was first up and turned. Danger turned. Pauline then took up the running, and shut out the St. Louis dog over four miles of great speed over grass. Danger quit at two miles. Pauline won. Mr. Nash judged.

Mr. Amos Johnson's black bitch Dinah Black and Mr. Allison's well-known red Terry got off well on a tremendous hare. Terry was first up, turning and scoring six wrenches. Dinah Black got place after three-quarters of a mile, turned and scored seven wrenches. Dinah then led clear away, scoring repeatedly. Terry, for the first time on record, quit at two miles, apparently quite done up. Dinah Black ran a mile further, and showed surpassing quality. When found she was crawling on her belly after the hare, which was crawling on about 20yds. ahead. The course was run to a standstill all around. Dinah Black won. Mr. Williams judged.

Mr. T. F. Foncannon's black and white bitch Meta and Mr. D. C. Luse's red bitch Lavina got off well. Lavina led up, scoring four points before her trip. Meta wrenched and tripped. The hare took to earth. Lavina won. Meta is not in condition. She was a good one last year.

Mr. I. D. Brougher's blue bitch Honey Bee and Mr. C. G. Page's black bitch Lady went down. Honey Bee was first up and did all the work over a short course; killed and won. Mr. Nash judged.

Mr. H. C. Lowe's imported black and white bitch White Lips and the Waterloo Kennels' imported white and brindle dog Trales went down for a rattling short course, Mr. Lowe kindly waiting for Dr. Royce to drive three miles and get his dog, which should of course have been on hand. White Lips led to the hare, getting in very quickly, turning and

placing Trales, who handled the hare very cleverly. White Lips drew in, got a turn and six wrenches, and made a great kill and won. She is a fairly good-looking bitch, and wonderfully quick and clever. The course was a brilliant one. Mr. Williams judged.

Mr. C. G. Page's black bitch Topsy and Mr. A. C. Lighthall's crack Denver dog, a grand red fawn, Young Golddust, now went down, Mr. Nash judging. Mr. Lighthall wanted a "long" rabbit, and was of the opinion that only Colorado jacks were of any account. He got his wish, as the big whitetail ran away from both dogs. Golddust was first up and placed Topsy; interchanging of points then followed, and Golddust came out in possession, but only made one turn, when Topsy drew in, but could not hold, though showing remarkable staying powers. At two and a half miles Golddust took a go-by and followed the hare, not earning points, over a three-mile course. There was no kill, the hare lying not thirty yards away. Both dogs were pumped out. Golddust won. Mr. Page was thus, on the first day of the meet, shut out from further running. His third dog, on which he placed his main reliance, was run over by a buggy and disabled. Belle P., the winner of last year, was not entered. Mr. Page has hard luck with his dogs, having had so many accidents. No man might better win with a good dog than Mr. Page. He is the model member of the club, always quiet, unpretentious, but thoroughly game, and never anything but a gentleman.

Mr. Williams judged the course between the Waterloo Kennels' brindle bitch Little Lady Glendyne and Joseph Roetzell's white and red fawn dog Keno. Lady led and turned. Keno wrenched three times, but Lady was too clever. On the change Keno tripped, Lady killed and won easily. As Mr. Williams was unrolling the red flag he turned to the FOREST AND STREAM reporter and made some little remark. This gave the elaborate kicker, Roetzell, an opportunity to say that the judge was asking the reporter what decision he should render. This was not good nonsense. Keno was beaten clearly and Mr. Williams certainly asked no advice. The man Roetzell and his loud-mouthed friends were rapidly becoming a nuisance on the grounds. He was not really a member of the club as his dues had not been paid. His dogs were by mistake nominated in his own name. He evidently thought they should win, no matter how they ran.

Dr. Van Hummell's brindle and white dog Rich and Rare went down with Col. Taylor's black dog Bobolink. Rich and Rare ran cunning at the start and should have been thrown out at once. Rich and Rare really has great speed when well extended, but he is too long and lanky, and always runs wide on the turns, a fault noticeable in several of Dr. Van Hummell's dogs. Rich and Rare went in and turned the hare to Bobolink, who handled it very cleverly and quite outpointing Rich and Rare, who could not get in. Bobolink turned the hare to Rich and Rare, who made a magnificent kill, turning a complete somersault. Mr. Nash judged this course and gave it to Rich and Rare by one point, emphasizing the kill. This decision was quite wrong. Dr. Van Hummell was surprised by it, so were the slipper, the spectators, and the FOREST AND STREAM's reporter. Beyond doubt, however, it seemed correct to Mr. Nash, who possibly lost a point or two at the time the wind blew off his cap.

Mr. Williams judged for Mr. Roetzell's dog Cap R. and Mr. Robert Smart's black bitch Miss Smart. The latter is by Flink, probably the fastest 300yds. dog ever run in America. Miss Smart got three points for speed, four turns, all the wrenches and the kill, beating Cap R. pointless.

Mr. Allison's very likely-looking light fawn dog Reno Pilot and Mr. Doan's red dog Modesty were ordered down. Now occurred another one of those utterly reprehensible delays for which there are always plenty of excuses, but no real reason. Mr. Doan's dog was at the club house two miles away. The rules should have been enforced, but were not, and Modesty was sent for. The course was passed over for a bye race between Lady Milly Glendyne (the bye dog) and Robt. Smart's Little Queen. Lady a bit better start, but Queen did good work, and at two miles was doing the work. The hare was coursed four miles to the bluffs. She ran among sheep twice. Lady would have won on judging.

Reno Pilot and Modesty were put down. Modesty was sick. Pilot beat her pointless, and so could any other dog have done. Modesty could hardly stand up on the morning of this day.

This closed the running for the day, which had throughout been highly pleasant and satisfactory. The hares were more plentiful than was at first expected. J. W. Moore, a railroad man at the adjacent hamlet of Hoisington, is known this summer to have killed over sixty jack rabbits on and in the vicinity of the grounds. Other men of Hoisington have broken their bird dogs over the grounds, and have killed every jack pointed by their dogs. Mr. Carney has had no means of preventing this outrage. The Missouri Pacific officials will be notified, and if Mr. Moore and his friends persist in trespassing, they will trespass somewhere away from their present home. They will not be allowed to ruin the sport of men who come hundreds of miles to see the running of this meet.

It was announced that on the following day an admission fee of twenty-five cents would be charged at the gate of the grounds.

TUESDAY, Oct. 16.—The beautiful weather of the previous day was continued, and 2,000 visitors formed in line testified to the interest the sport excited. Larger numbers of ladies were present, and much dressiness and style made itself apparent on every hand, uniquely commingling with the ruder garb of the humbler spectators.

Running was continued in the first series of the American Field Cup Stakes, and the two passed dogs, Mr. A. S. Allen's white and red bitch Ruby and Mr. A. C. Schermerhorn's brindle dog Dandy were ordered to the slips. Ruby was first up to hare and scored, making their four go-bys and doing all the work, showing really great speed and skill and killing almost unaided. Ruby won. Mr. Williams judged.

The second passed pair, Mr. Frank K. Doan's white and black bitch Daisy and Mr. W. W. Carney's black dog Dick Taylor, got off well on the flats after a strong hare. Dick got the run-up, placed Daisy and passed her twice, making the running, scoring rapidly and sticking close to the hare to the kill. Daisy yelped in the course. Dick Taylor won. Mr. Nash judge.

THE GREAT BEND DERBY.

The Puppy Stakes were now begun, and Mrs. E. L. Branch's brindle bitch Mary Anderson and Dr. Van Hummell's white and brindle bitch Miss Rare went in. Miss Rare was very eager and knowing in the slips. Mary got first to the hare, Miss Rare not being so well sighted. Mary stuck well to the hare, and gave Miss Rare enough to do. The latter, however, drew in, and by three go-bys, as many turns and a trip, won the course, a short one.

Col. Taylor's black dog Plymouth and Waterloo Kennels' white bitch Ariel got off on a strong hare. Plymouth first up, took two go-bys and three turns, handing hare to Ariel, who worked prettily, but lost to Plymouth, who held possession over a long course. The hare was lost. Plymouth won. During the course Col. R. S. McDonald, of St. Louis, who was following the hounds at a distance, met with a serious fall, his horse stepping in a wolf hole and rolling entirely over his rider. Col. McDonald is a large man and over fifty years of age, and the fall was ugly enough for a younger man. His face was badly bruised and cut by the grass, and his nose was thought to be broken. He shortly recovered his faculties and reassured his daughter, who was sadly frightened by the news of the accident. Although badly shocked and injured, the Colonel pluckily staid on the grounds and even mounted again, quietly saying he did not wish to spoil the sport. On the following day, however, he was unable to leave his bed until quite late in the afternoon. The accident excited great sympathy, for Colonel McDonald was much esteemed on the grounds. Mr. Nash judged the course.

Mr. A. Laidlaw's red and white bitch Goldy went in with Mr. C. F. Culver's white bitch Queen of Kansas. Queen hung back and refused the hare. Goldy went in. Queen, after spasmodic work, refused again and was thrown out. Goldy won. Williams, judge.

Dr. Van Hummell's brindle and white dog Master Rich and Mr. A. C. Fair's brindle and white dog Davy Crockett went in. Master Rich ran up, took seven turns and two go-bys, and beat Davy practically pointless. Master Rich is speedy, but does not turn so closely as he should. Mr. Nash judged.

A long give-and-take course was run by Joseph Roetzell's Bell and Dr. Van Hummell's Minnehaha. Mr. Nash, judging, rightly made it a no-course. Roetzell and a drunken rowdy friend of his, by the name of Tom Colts, rode and shouted all over the course and interfered with the running. At the announcement of the decision the Colts fellow applied a vile name to the judge, calling him "d—d English fraud," etc., and acting utterly abominable. Roetzell was little better, though not so drunk, and was entirely devoid of all regard to the rules of coursing and the principles of gentlemanly conduct. A fellow who will abuse a coursing judge, and swear publicly and vilely in the presence of ladies, could not learn to be a gentleman, drunk or sober, if he lived a thousand years. The scene was disgraceful and deplorable, and it is a matter of high regret that such a cad was allowed to enter or run a dog. Both Mr. Williams and Mr. Nash declared they would not judge another course if Roetzell ran, and the FOREST AND STREAM's representative declined to write another line at this or any other meet of the club if Roetzell were not disqualified. There being no civil officer at hand, Mr. Carney, the owner of the land, was applied to, and a committee waited on the fellows and ordered them off. Both begged out and were allowed to remain, to make more trouble later on. Two deputy sheriffs were on hand the following day, and the hoodlums were less vociferous. This wretched business spoiled the day for 2,000 people, among whom it might well be supposed that ladies and gentlemen predominated. The committee was too lenient. Such ruffians should be thrown out. There is no excuse for not checking such work at the start. The American Coursing Club is a body of gentlemen, each of whom should feel safe in taking a lady to witness the sport. It is not right that ladies should be insulted. The club cannot last if it cannot prevent that, and prevent it promptly and without any shilly-shallying. It is a disgrace to the whole club to allow a judge to be insulted by any runner. Roetzell was of course disqualified, and it is to be hoped that he will disappear and that Colts will die. Colts was not a member. He was only a free-born American, full of bad Kansas whisky, and fortified with a strong natural proclivity for emotional asininity.

Mr. Allison's red Reno Pilot and Mr. Doan's red Pattie got off, but a third dog, a cur-staghound, broke away and joined. No course was had. Pattie was ruined on a wire fence, and when the course came on again was withdrawn. Pilot won.

Bell and Minnehaha were called. No judge rode up. Bell was refused to slip, and Minnehaha took the course.

Dr. Van Hummell's black and white dog Lee went in with Mr. Luce's brindle bitch Katydid. Lee led up. Katydid was never placed. Lee won, seven points to nothing.

Col. C. P. Townsley's Cap and Dr. Van Hummell's black and white dog Locks ran a corker, Cap drawing in and doing well till mangled on the deadly sheep fence. Locks, in splendid condition, earned enough before and after this accident to give him the course. The dog and hare were running five miles away when the crowd left and went for dinner.

After dinner Mr. C. E. Rowe's white dog Cousin Frank ran a bye with a tidy little bitch, Fidget, loaned by Mr. Frost. Fidget ran and played around him. Frank's course. This ended the first series in the Great Bend Derby.

THE GRANDPARENT STAKE.

There were but three entries in this stake, which was for greyhounds over eight years of age. Col. R. S. McDonald's light fawn bitch Gyp, a right well-bred one, from St. Louis, age ten years and two months, went down with Mr. Frank K. Doan's red and white bitch Fleet, also from St. Louis. A short no-course was run, not enough points being made before the hare was lost.

Mr. D. C. Luse's old black bitch Thorna ran a bye with Robert Smart's Tiny, the latter out-pointing.

The first series of the American Field Cup and of the Great Bend Derby had now been run through. The second series was therefore now begun, and in the Field Stakes Sandy Jim and Ruby were called to the slips. Ruby was at the club house, and the all-too-frequent wait of twenty or thirty minutes had to be endured while Dr. Royce rode furiously over the two or three miles after the dog. This was all wrong. There is only one way to course, and that is by the rules. There is no kind of fairness in suspending a rule in one case and not in all; if the latter be done there are no rules, and therefore no real coursing meet. The missing dog should have been penalized. When at last Ruby was got up the dogs were slipped on a good hare. Jim did all the work, turning repeatedly and earning three go-bys. A third dog broke into the course, but Jim still held. A fourth dog, by a continuance of this most unfortunate run of affairs, generously offered his aid, and between the four there was a good deal of running. Mr. Williams promptly decided "no course," and imposed a fine of $10 each on the owners of the loose dogs. It was learned that neither was a member of the club: and it was further established that the drunken fellow Colts, who made the disturbance in the morning, purposely loosened his dog in this course. And still the club were patient. In this melee two other hares were started and frightened away. It was most annoying and painfully different from what the sport of coursing should be.

Gyp and Fleet were now put in to run the Grandparent first series. Gyp led up to the hare, and had the better of it in the exchanging which followed, during which the old ladies performed very creditably. Gyp footed it the better and scored to win on the hare, which was lost in a field of weeds.

The second series, winners against winners, was now on in each stake. In the American Field Cup Minnehaha and Bessie Lee were started on a hare right among the crowd. Bessie ran up, turned twice, wrenched very prettily and flicked the hare at one mile. Minnehaha drew in but lost, and Bessie led over the Carney hill. Minnehaha got in again, placed Bessie after a go-by, and let the latter in for two turns, a kill and a winning.

Sandy Jim and Ruby were ordered down. Ruby, of course, was again absent. This time Mr. Allison claimed the course for Sandy Jim and got it. It was nothing for the owner of Ruby to complain of. The complaint lay the other way.

Master Rich and Rowdy went down together now, each a grand specimen of the large and rangy type of greyhound, Master Rich the better looking. A hare was started and both the big fellows sprang forward, breaking the slipping cord and tearing the slips away from Massey's hands. A murmur of fear, then a shout of approval, as the two long backs rose and fell together while the dogs ran, literally neck and neck, up to the hare. No one doubted that one or both would be killed, but still they went on, and there ensued a wonderful display of pluck, mettle and thoroughly game qualities, such as perhaps was never before witnessed and never will be again. The horsemen could not catch the dogs, which crossed a wire fence, both unhurt, and coursed the hare into the hills. The chase led so far away that both dogs seemed not as large as one, and it was now declared that Rowdy and now that Master Rich had broken away and was the animating cause of the big cloud of dust which flitted in turn and doubled down the hill. The course lasted over five miles; the hare then ran to the road, and was picked up wounded just as the dogs were caught, thus ending an unexpected but magnificent exhibition. There are probably not two dogs in the world which could repeat it under such circumstances. It was a comfort to the crowd to hear that "neither won." Dr. Van Hummell confidently remarked that his dog had the hare's tail in his mouth, and Mr. Allison scornfully declared that Rowdy was choking Master Rich to death; but that was all nonsense. The dogs were matched to a degree.

Another pair of slips being brought, Mr. Nash rode forward to judge Dick Taylor and Paulina. These dogs are full brother and sister of same litter. Five hares got off unsighted, and the dogs were not slipped. There were two thousand beaters in line, and they became unmanageable, and ran the hares everyway. This closed the day's work. The weather had been grand, and the list well run off, but the series of mishaps and the wretched drunken wrangle of the earlier day had made everybody feel a little cross-grained.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 17.—The day opened cold and cloudy, but warmed up nicely before noon. Five hundred beaters formed into line at ten o'clock, and worked north along the big bluff. Dick Taylor and Paulina went in again. There was much jesting at Mr. Carney over his black dog Dick, who is a scarred and not very beautiful wolf-killer, and some one suggested that he should put bells on him, so he would not get lost from the hare. Dick, however, did not get lost from the hare; to the contrary, he stuck so close to her for a mile and a half that he beat Paulina out of hand. He capped this performance by killing a cottontail before his owner got him tied up. Mr. Nash judged.

The two running-mates, Rowdy and Master Rich, now went in, and expectation was on tip-toe. They got a good long hare well out on the flats, and went off together, killing to Rowdy's advantage in 100yds. No course. They were ordered in again. Beating a field of millet a grand jack was started. Rowdy got the run-up and a go-by, two turns and a few wrenches. He had much the best of it for speed and handling for one mile. Master Rich got in, and held possession for one mile, scoring repeatedly. All thought him winner, but Rowdy came again at two miles, did a trifle better work in the constant exchanging of 1½ miles more, and killed to Master Rich's turn, winning by sixteen points to fourteen. The pace was terrific. Rowdy is two and a half years old, Master Rich one and a half. The latter was in better condition. He will be a hard nut next year.

Lavina and Dinah Black broke a second pair of slips, but got separated and were caught, unsighted. The millet was beaten again, and two more hares got off unsighted. The next time they were slipped out on the flats, and ran a slashing course, full of work and pointing. Lavina ran so cautiously at first that she seemed cunning. Mr. Williams gave her the course. Dinah Black was thought entitled to it, though not the better bitch in fact.

Imported White Lips and blue Honey Bee got off on a tremendous plains white-tail. White Lips ran up, Honey Bee was tidy for 150yds. White Lips zig-zagged by, twice on the outer circle, and worked the hare faster than Honey Bee could run, passing the latter when she liked and clinging to the hare with great handiness and unexpected staying powers for four miles, the hare being lost in the hills. White Lips won. She showed such work that no one would hear of any other favorite for the championship.

Goldust and Little Lady Glendyne were put in, but after one hare had gotten off unsighted, all went to dinner. There had been a tremendous lot of walking, as the jacks are scarcer, out from the bluffs. There was general comment on the wonderful walking powers of Arthur Massey, the slipper. There is probably no professional walker who can live with him for a week. Arthur Massey is a Welshman, about six feet in height, and a thoroughly good fellow. He says his gait is six miles an hour, and claims his brother Walter does seven miles, though not on square heel and toe. The slipper keeps the whole line on a trot, that is sure.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

SPANIELS AND THEIR WORK.

Editor Forest and Stream:

"Spaniels and Their Work," by J. Otis Fellows, would be an interesting theme for a book. He could fill one with what he knew and what he didn't know. (This is an old saw, but a good one.) Every time he don't win on the bench, which, by the way, seems to be frequent, the air about Hornellsville is blue with cuss-words and challenges to the world for bench show competitions, or trials in the field, or both. Now it is pretty safe to remark just here that the Hornellsville shouter hasn't anything that he can win with in either "district." His $1,000 challenges we are tired of, for that much money is quite beyond all of us. These few facts will no doubt be fruitful of a tirade of abuse from him, but no amount of assertions can alter them one iota. Fellows is a good chap and means well, but we are tired of his bluster. The cocker spaniel standard is all right, and the judges are unmistakably all right; the trouble is, that Mr. Fellows is behind the age. His dogs won because they were the best along in 1880 to '83 or '84, but his old-style leggy breed has been superseded by what is called for in the standard—shorter-legged spaniels, which come to-day nearer the standard than ever before, being in fact almost perfect. The average second or third prize winner in the open class to-day would have made short work of the open classes in those days and bounced quickly into the champion class, and Mr. Fellows knows it himself. To-day, were our representative breeders to send a draft of their dogs to England, they would win with them. On the other side they can no longer give us points on the cocker, it is the reverse. I will show cockers with those of the Hornell-Harmony Club any time, under almost any judge. Come, Mr. Fellows, write your book or sit down.

AN ON-LOOKER.

STAMFORD, Conn.

NATIONAL DOG CLUB.

Editor Forest and Stream:

At the executive meeting of the National Dog Club, held in New York, Oct. 15, among other business transacted, it was voted:

"That the American Kennel Club be formally notified that the National Dog Club of America is ready, and will be pleased to aid it in advancing the interest of the breeders and exhibitors of this country.

"That should the American Kennel Club desire to confer with the National Dog Club, the latter, on receiving such expression, will meet it in the person of Dr. J. Frank Perry, the chosen representative of the executive committee."

"That hereafter at all bench shows there shall be appointees of the executive committee of the National Dog Club to take charge of the dogs of those of the club's members who are unable to attend; to see that such dogs are properly benched, fed, watered, groomed, brought before the judges, etc., and at the end of the show to superintend their reshipment. The expense of such service to be borne by the National Dog Club."

Twenty new members were admitted to the club.

H. W. HUNTINGTON, Secretary National Dog Club.

No. 148 SOUTH EIGHTH STREET, Brooklyn, N. Y., Oct. 20.

SHAKESPEARE AS A BREEDER AND TRAINER.

"Each change of many-colored life he drew;
Exhausted worlds, and then imagined new."

"I will a plain unvarnished tale deliver."

WHILE it may be deemed highly improbable at the present advanced state of intellectual activity, that anything very new or strange can be presented to a thirsty and inquiring public concerning the "Sweet Swan of Avon," and that by an obscure country writer, nevertheless a perusal of the strangely authenticated facts hereinafter set forth may at least have the result of stimulating younger and better read people to a more extended research in the direction I have briefly pointed out.

The cryptogram of Ignatius Donelly has had one good effect at least; it has drawn increased attention and more indefatigable research to, and into, Shakespeare's immortal plays. Many excellencies and accomplishments have been found in that great genius. Nothing he touched but to adorn. One gay and brilliant writer has conclusively proved that he was a devoted and accomplished billiard player, for in "Antony and Cleopatra," Act II., Scene 5, he writes, "Let us to billiards." In "King Lear," Act I., Scene 1, he exclaims, "My cue is villainous." In the "Merry Wives of Windsor," Act III., Scene 3, he writes, and very justly too, "Remember you your cue," and in "Coriolanus" expresses his decided preference for the cushions of the well-remembered "Michael Phelan." Act III., Scene 1: "Let them have cushions by you;" while in Act IV., Scene 3, he exclaims in triumph, "I put it in the pocket," showing his fondness for fifteen-ball pool. So, too, another painstaking and accomplished writer has proved beyond the shadow of a doubt that Shakespeare was well posted up in the mysteries of that intensely fascinating, though slightly delusive game, called "draw poker." Henry V.: "I would give all my fame for a pot." King Lear: "I cannot draw." Hamlet in his advice to the players: "I cannot draw," and also in that sound doctrine, "Beware of entrance into a jack pot, but being in, bear'st that the opposed may beware of thee." Act V., Scene 1, "Much Ado About Nothing;" "As under privilege of age to brag." I am sure he was fond of sparring, for in the "Two Gentlemen of Verona," Act II., Scene 1, he talks of "putting on the gloves."

But these, after all, are effeminate accomplishments. Many a youth might play a very successful game of billiards or draw poker, and yet not be able to tramp a mile through the woodlands, or hit the side of a barn at fifteen paces, and it is therefore with a pardonable feeling of satisfaction that I shall make known to my readers the gratifying discovery of what an incomparable sportsman the poet really was. Scattered all through his works are, it is well known, unnumbered beautiful passages descriptive of his love of woods and water, not a play but what has many such, but while I shall briefly touch upon a few as illustrative of my meaning, I shall later on call attention to one play in which the qualities of Shakespeare as a trainer and breeder are conspicuously set forth.

That the land of his birth stands forth pre-eminent for all manly physical exercises, goes without saying. Well known it is that Shakespeare in his early life paid dearly for his fondness for deer. His youth, his pecuniary circumstances at that time, forbade his paying that attention to dogs, which he was able to devote later on, when success had crowned his efforts. He felt certain the sensible and proper thing to do would be to improve the breed. Captious critics may feel disposed to proclaim that dog training at that time was not invented, but investigation and research show that spaniels were first taught to set in the reign of Edward II., and that this fact was also mentioned in a MS. treatise by the grand huntsman of that monarch, so long ago as A. D. 1309; and again, that Henry Percy, Duke of Northumberland, in A. D. 1335, first systematically broke in setting dogs. This effectually disposes of the question, though a singular confirmation appeals to me even while I write these words. Stretched out on the floor of my sanctum lies a pure spotless white setter dog of cerulean pedigree, a nephew of a very celebrated dog called List, mentioned *verbatim, et literatim, et punctuatim*, in Hamlet, Act I., Scene 5—"List, List, Oh List." And as I propose in this treatise to give authority for all my conclusions, imperfectly expressed though they may be, I will add that I have consulted two copies of Shakespeare in my library; one, the Johnson and Steven edition, with character portraits of Mrs. Siddons, Inchbold, Miss Farren, Mr. Macklin, Garrick, Kemble, *et alias*, in 12 volumes, published in London, 1788; the other, "his edition of Shakespeare by Nicholas Rowe," in 1827.

To begin at the beginning as tending to strengthen and fortify the announcement and position I have taken in relation to the many sided accomplishments of this remarkable man, I could call attention to the admirable opinions expressed by the "Bard of Avon," upon all conceivable sporting pastimes, which even to this day remain unchallenged, and are of universal adoption. Look over the various opinions expressed on that most delightful of sports—angling, and for the comfort and delectation of those proud, boasting mortals, who thank God "they never took a trout with a worm," and who probably never took one any how, see the "great master's" private opinion in "Much Ado About Nothing," where he affirms—Act III., Scene 2: "The pleasant's angling is to see the fish cut with her golden oars the silver stream and greedily devour the treacherous bait." Also Act II., Scene 3: "Bait the hook well [*i. e.*, put on your worm scientifically], the fish will bite." Let "Piseco" thank God and take courage.

Observe also his familiarity with glass ball shooting, and the excellence attained therein. "King Richard II.," Act IV., Scene 1: "Mark! Give me that glass" (ball, of course, understood). The umpire had hastily cried "No ball" but is immediately corrected, "For see, there it is cracked in a hundred shivers," showing, past controversy, that he had held "dead on."

First part of "King Henry IV.," Act II., Scene 4, he speaks of Douglas admiringly as a man "that rides at high speed, and with his pistol kills a swallow flying," praising the dexterity of one who could perform such a feat, imitated even at the present day by Dr. Carver and Buffalo Bill in their wild western shows, only they use a rifle or shotgun. In the same play, not long after, he speaks of "a thousand blue caps," showing that pigeon shooting from the trap, at blue rocks, was then in vogue, though it is evident that Shakespeare, from the casual mention made by him, did not, as might be naturally expected, admire this kind of sport, but vastly preferred glass balls.

In "King Henry V.," Act III., Scene 5, he speaks of an "ancient Pistol," evidently referring to an old time favorite of his, with which he had frequently put in fine work in the shooting gallery. In "Hamlet," Act I., Scene 3, he makes contemptuous reference to the pot hunters, as he does on other occasions, "Springes to catch woodcock with." In the very last line of that noble play—"Hamlet"—he cites the old familiar apothegm: "Every dog has his day," and true and consistent to the last says, "Go bid the soldiers shoot," showing that his motto was, "In times of peace prepare for war," and evincing the strong reliance he placed in making his soldiers practice at the range.

In the second part of "King Henry IV.," I confess I was startled at the discovery I made. I could scarcely believe my eyes, but there it is in plain black and white in my Nicholas Rowe edition. Act I., Scene 2, page 423, Sir John Falstaff exclaims: "You hunt coun, hence avaunt." The word "coon" in those days probably having been spelled with an u, or it may have been a printer's mistake. Honest Jack with all his faults didn't fancy coon hunting.

In "Midsummer Night's Dream," Act IV., Scene 1, we find his incomparable description "of the music of the hounds, bred of the Spartan kind." Act III., Scene 2, he mentions "wild geese that the creeping fowler eye;" and in Act V., Scene 2, he cries, "Mark—O, dainty duck—quail." Showing his delight at a successful shot, and his intense fondness for sampling the game of the country. He delighted in filling his game bag with various kinds of game.

In "Taming of the Shrew," Act I., Scene 1, how confidently he speaks, "Trust me, I take him for the better dog;" showing the reliance he placed upon his own judgment. Again he adds, "See how he loved his hounds." While in the very opening of the play, desirous of entertaining his guest, he mentions: "Wilt thou walk, or wilt thou ride, or wilt thou course, or wilt thou hunt?" The region around Stratford-on-Avon in Shakespeare's time must have been very much like the grounds round Fire Island Inlet, and South Oyster Bay, in the times when the "Fire Island—Ana" first made their appearance.

Observe, I pray you, in "Macbeth," Act III., Scene 1, how he calls them off as if from a catalogue, "Hounds, greyhounds, spaniels, water dogs and setters." Notice in "King Richard III.," Act V., Scene 3, how he reproves the ardor of some youthful friend who would not give the bird any chance to get away and shot so quickly that he "punched him full of deadly holes." First part of "King Henry VI.," Act I., Scene 5, "Where is the best place to make our battery next?" Evidently he was "laying off" in the Avon for the toothsome mallard and the juicy canvasback, and though the hasty glance I have cast over his works does not, so far as I am aware, absolutely assert it, there can be no doubt so skilful a sportsman as Shakespeare used the very best of tools and evidently shot with a breechloader. In fact I am just reminded that in "Othello" he speaks of "the imminent deadly breech." Nothing could be plainer.

Third part of "King Henry VI.," Act I., Scene 4, he exclaims, "Ay, ay, so strives the woodcock with the gin!" "gin" being evidently a misprint for gun. In the "Two Gentlemen of Verona," Act II., Scene 3, note the manly generous style of shooting, where he walks the bird up and will not let his dog flush him: "Stalk on! stalk on! the fowl sets." Again in "Measure for Measure," Act I., Scene 5, "This is the point," *i. e.*, "Your shot, sir, of which I have not the slightest intention to deprive you." Act II., Scene 3, "We kill the fowl in season." Evidently he had not forgotten his first pardonable youthful indiscretion with the deer, and he was determined not to be caught again.

In "Midsummer Night's Dream," Act I., Scene 1, he naturally and justly calls his shooting companion's attention to the dog's misbehavior: "This fellow doth not stand upon point" (breaks to shot); while in "Twelfth Night, or What you Will," how triumphantly and joyously he breaks out in praise of his favorite as being a grand dog, Act I., Scene 1: "I'll be sworn thou art; thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, thy actions, thy spirit, do give thee five-fold blazon." There was a dog fit for any one to shoot over. Observe how specifically he calls attention to his good points and names them one by one. This passage truly confirms what I had some time ago suspected, that Shakespeare had evidently judged dogs, not only on the bench, but in the field, and a certain interest attaches to the quotation, because while pondering over it and trying to fathom its depth, I was led to follow up the train of thought suggested to its successful conclusion. Notice, as I have before stated, Shakespeare's many-sided accomplishments, his love of nature, his magnificent descriptions of scenery, his multiplied accounts of game of every description; how, when and where to capture them; his ardent love for man's faithful friend, the dog, and thinking over briefly Donelly's alleged wonderful discovery, I said reflectively to myself, I will look over his writings and see if I can find embodied therein the result of his wisdom and experience. Of course unnumbered allusions can probably be found to those "who work their way with hound and horn to drive the fallow deer," but if I can find such results recorded in a single play, and evidently so recorded for the double purpose of vindicating his fame as a fine sportsman, somewhat impaired at first by his youthful escapade, as well as to preserve a truthful record of his real opinion—should I find such a play, I should certainly consider I had proved my case.

Turn, therefore, to your Shakespeare, I entreat you courteously, and follow me through the play of "As You Like It." Observe at the very start the faintly disclosed intention in the very title—as you like it—in proportion, that is, to your capacity for valuing dogs and their qualities as developed in hunting, with an intimation gently conveyed that the reader, the searcher after truth, could not fail to like it. Observe how like Shakespeare to dash at once into his subject. Aware of the importance of breeding as well as training up his dogs in the way they should go, he calls out (Act I., Scene 2), "Charged!" showing that then, as now, this rather unusual and difficult act of obedience was one of the first things taught. He remembered how in "Romeo and Juliet," Act I., Scene 4, the dog was directed to be staked to the ground, so he could not move—pegged down and compelled to remain at "Down charge" until the order "Up"—the very rule in force at the present day. In the same act and scene, remark the just weight he attaches to pedigree, for he advises "to breed him well;" excellence in sire and dam he considered of chief importance. Act I., Scene 2, "Sport? Of what color?" plainly showing his nice discrimination, first as to what kind of dog his customer wanted—a pointer or setter or hound; then whether any particular fancy of color was to be indulged in, as regards black or orange, or liver or tan. Shakespeare had his own private preferences, and evidently favored black, as we learn in "Othello," where he speaks of "black noses and palates," though in almost the very next line he shows his freedom from prejudice, and his not attaching entire prominence to one particular color, by the considerate remark, "As wit or fortune wild, or the destinies decree," meaning thereby that a good dog might be of any color.

Act I., Scene 4: "Alas! he is too young, yet he looks successfully!" This passage evidently foreshadows an event of daily occurrence. Here was one of his customers evidently in want of a dog and disposed to buy one, only he feared he might be too young, he would naturally thereby give more trouble and be harder to manage in the field. Act I., Scene 4: "Yet I should bear no cross." Evidently the great trainer took no stock in cross breeds, droppers must have been his aversion, "keep the breeds intact and pure." (Capt. Bogardus's attention is cautiously directed to this quotation). Act I, Scene 4. By a lucky chance we learn the name of one of his favorites, "O Phœbe! Phœbe! Phœbe!" Younger sportsmen will take notice, Shakespeare preferred a short quick sounding name and one not ending in o. Naturally enough his dogs were his great favorites. How could it be otherwise when he found. "Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, and good in everything."

Act I., Scene 1: "Come shall we go and kill us venison?" Shakespeare did not wish to pursue one kind of game all the time, his dogs needed "a let up." He must give his hounds fair play. He wanted to capture "fur" as well as "feather." Act II., Scene 2: "I'll make him find him." "Do this suddenly." There is no ambiguity about this sentence, "The Bard" evidently knew that the true way to teach a dog retrieving, is after the dog has learned the rudiments of his education thoroughly, then take him out into the back yard and teach him to retrieve by the whip, firmly, though gently. This is Miles Johnson's plan, and here follows a remarkable verification of the truth of my suggestion. Ponder this well. "And let not search and inquisition quail to bring again these foolish runaways." observe the mysterious play on the word "quail." Not only primarily as meaning "to fail" but secondly as referring to the habits of the birds at certain seasons, to run from the dog and not "lie to them," under which circumstances, as Shakespeare had probably found to his cost, they are very hard to bring to bag.

Act II., Scene 3: "To overcome the tony prizer of the humorous Duke." Shakespeare's dog, probably Phœbe before alluded to—it couldn't have been List, he was too good a dog—had failed to carry off first prize at the bench show, and the successful Duke had poked fun at him, and taunted his dog with being deficient in bone.

Act III., Scene 5: "The best thing in him is his complexion, yet for his years he's tall, his legs but are so so, and yet 'tis well, a little riper and more lusty red." How wonderfully true to nature!

Will any good judge of a dog attempt to controvert this description? See how carefully the great master had looked that dog all over. His color seemed to strike Shakespeare's fancy more than his shape, at the same time he did not wish to seem hypercritical. Doubtless he would have chosen a deeper red, more of a mahogany color, a good-sized dog, rather unhandy to stow away in the dog cart; this dog was rather too leggy. Shakespeare would have preferred his legs probably straighter, with better hocks, well bent stifles, and muscular, but not heavy haunches; still as an all-round dog he might do, though not a good enough animal for a prize winner.

Act II., Scene 7: Still pursuing our researches through the same play we find his opinion tersely expressed, "Yet I am inland bred!" showing the bard's decided preference for the native English setter, in contradistinction to other breeds that were contending for position, viz., the Irish and the Russian.

Act III., Scene 1: "Bring him dead." Here we have the ancient and ceremonious command modernized as "Find dead bird," but this apparently brief command proves very conclusively that Shakespeare was well aware of the great importance of making his dog retrieve, and broke all his dogs to "retrieve dead." I am at a loss to account for this quality of his dogs having been overlooked by his English reviewers.

Act III., Scene 2, "What did he when thou sawest him; How looked he? Where was he? Where remains he? How parted he with thee?"

Shakespeare could not escape from the annoyance common to all dog men of having their four-footed favorites scuttle off some times, the best of dogs will sometimes run away. Phœbe had, I am afraid, broken away and was scampering through the merry green woods, and his master was trying anxiously to recover him, for to his inquiry after his lost dog the man very naturally inquires, "What were his marks?"

Act III., Scene 5, "An excellent color. Your chestnut was ever the only color." Here was one of his friends, who evidently desired a dog of another color. He was not on the lookout for an Irish red. Shakespeare probably told him, "I knew a party who has a dog would suit you," for he turns around to his kennel man and says: "But why did he swear he would come this morning and comes not?"

There is nothing small or mean about William. In the true spirit of a sportsman, thinking the man may deem his terms too high, and not wishing to disappoint him, he tells him of another man, and adds to the question, "Does he know his biz?" "Yes, and breaks them bravely."

But "last scene of all that ends this strange, eventful history," is where the grand old poet bewails the loss of his pets. Ill-fortune had crept in on him apace, and many a kennel man, by sad experience, can sympathize with him. Troilus "had his brains dashed out by a club" (the infernal dog killers got ahold of him). Leander perished, "seized with cramps." Hero of Sestos "fell a victim to worms." But why continue the melancholy recital? I have briefly attempted to draw attention to a hitherto unnoticed accomplishment of Shakespeare's. No single writer that I am aware of has heretofore made the strange discovery. I leave to younger and abler heads and hands the pleasant task of making fresh discoveries; let them fall to with pen and paper and say of me, "Thou marshals't me the way I was going; and such an instrument I was to use." And so, with no charge for my kind offer, as you like it, I bid you farewell.

CAPT. CLAYTON.

THAT MITCHELL LETTER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the letters of Mr. Anthony and Mr. Heath, which you declined to publish last week, the former reiterated his previous statement that he purchased a letter he asserts he knew was stolen. He enters into some remarkable reasoning to prove that at the time he bought it he knew it was stolen, one yawning absurdity being that several weeks after he had bought it, as he states, I applied to the person from whom he bought it for its return, while another is that two years and a half after that the *Sporting Life* decided to give up its kennel department. A man who argues like that needs no annex to hold the balance of his brains.

So long as it was Mr. Anthony's word against mine I was content to leave it at that; now he has got Mr. Heath to introduce himself into the case. Mr. Heath says somebody tried to blackmail him with this Mitchell letter.

I propose bringing both of these letter writers up to the bar of public opinion in short order, and I therefore publicly challenge them to name the person who figures as the unknown in their airy romances. I further challenge Mr. Anthony to publish the certified copy of the Mitchell letter which he says he has. Let us see what his dear friend Mitchell said that caused him to endeavor to protect (?) him by "buying" a "stolen" letter, and never letting him know it was in his possession till he had given it back to the man he had "bought" it from. Mr. Anthony must think all his readers are horse marines with his free trade in stolen letters and his mythical protection romances.

JAS. WATSON.

"PRACTICAL" JUDGING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As I have a number of important things to attend to before I start for St. Paul on Saturday or Sunday, my reply to the "reliable" of Mr. Davey's letter must be held over until next week or the week after. Tell "Corn Cracker" to reserve his italics, small capitals, quotations, exclamations, etc., until I shall have finished with Mr. Davey. The wonder is that the proofreader lives, not that he allowed a number of typographical errors to escape his notice. I hold "Corn Cracker" responsible for the following: "By this time the other dogs had become so thoroughly exhausted that they made a wild rush from the sack." Instead of "exhausted" read exasperated. "'Antwerp,' who is a bit of a racing man, called it a dead heat." Dead heat is what I wrote. Your compositor makes me say that I have a brother who has seen "hundreds, yes thousands of dogs." 'Good dogs" is correct.

CHAS. H. MASON.

THE COON'S WHICKER.—I once had an experience like that of your correspondent C. E. Lewis, that is, hunting for a coon with a first-rate old coon dog, a hound, in an orchard where we had heard night after night the quavering note which we had been taught to believe was the cry of a raccoon. And we found no coon, though we located the very tree or trees from which the cry came. I cannot help believing from the testimony that the raccoon does at times utter a note very similar to that of the little screech owl, but that it is seldom heard, and that he often gets the credit of the owl's performance. Those who ought to know say that the cry of the raccoon is hoarser than the owl's. I think of no one who might so certainly enlighten us as "Nessmuk." Let us hear from him.—AWAHSOOSE.

THE RICHMOND DOG SHOW.

RICHMOND, Va., Oct. 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The members of the Virginia Field Sports Association have distinguished themselves: their bench show has come and gone, and naught but praise and expressions of satisfaction can be heard on all sides from visiting sportsmen and local exhibitors alike. Northern dog men were received with open arms, and many an affecting scene was witnessed, when grizzled heroes, who had not met since the smoke of Manassas enveloped and begrimmed them twenty-five years ago, fighting side by side, or crossing swords in deadly strife for opposing causes, met. Aye, these were meetings indeed, and we younger men looked on at such touching episodes with reverence and respect, as the old gladiators embraced and often kissed one another with moistened eyes. Seven Pines, Malvern Hill, Petersburg, all offered their quota of subjects for discussion, and many a side skirmish or small battle, the history of which has never been recorded, was fought over and over again in the evening in the club's pleasant rooms. Southern hospitality, so proverbial, was in the very air; it seemed to ooze out of every pore of the quaint old city; all were made welcome and no efforts nor expense were spared in the endeavor to make the four days of the show pass pleasantly.

The fox hunts proved quite a card. Three days were devoted to this, and many of the New York exhibitors and visitors rode and were in at the death. That genial gentleman and successful fox hunter Col. W. S. Archer was master of the hounds. To his efforts and to those of Mr. Barton H. Grundy and one or two others may be attributed the great success with which these meets were received.

The meet the first day was held on a large meadow, just without the exhibition grounds, and the sight presented was enough to make glad the heart of any old time fox hunter. Old times in old Virginia were vividly brought back to those who had participated in this most noble sport of the chase in ante-bellum times. Prancing horses, beautiful women, red-coated men and liveried grooms on all hands; stylish equipages and rigs of every kind, and one hundred and seven of Virginia and North Carolina's best blue-mottled hounds helped grace a picture that will ever live with those who witnessed it. Coupled with these was a perfect bracing day and two hundred and fifty representatives of Virginia's F.F.V.'s there congregated.

The start was made after a drag, which led over a beautiful piece of country in full view of the assembled hundreds who came to witness the meet. At the end of the drag, which ran for about five miles, a live fox was released, and after a short run killed. A gentleman secured the brush and handed it to Miss Blacker, of Amelia county, who was the first lady in at the death.

Among the Northern visitors who rode from start to finish were Messrs. J. M. Tracey, Col. F. G. Skinner, Harry Malcolm, Lorenzo Daniels, A. Clinton Wilmerding, Mitchell Harrison, Col. W. F. Cody, W. Tallman, W. S. Diffenderffer and H. Schellhass.

The second day's meet, owing to the inclement weather, was not so large as the first. About forty persons assembled and three foxes were released. After about fifteen to twenty minutes run on each a kill was made, but the cold rain put a damper upon the sport and a return was soon in order.

The third day was clear and nearly a repetition of the first. The sport was voted a grand success by those participating in it.

The dog show contained 356 entries, of which there were 37 absentees and 19 not for competition. The show was well conducted, being clean, well-lighted and properly ventilated. Thursday's storm, however, created some discomfort among the dogs, as the roof of the building proved leaky and considerable rain found its way in and down on the benches. The judging was begun early and got through with, specials and all, by the next morning. Catalogues were issued promptly the first day. Capt. John S. Wise was indefatigable in his labors. A liberal wine luncheon was served each day at the club's headquarters on the grounds for the judges and a few chosen guests. The benching was done by the Spratts Company, and the hall was just comfortably filled with the dogs benched. Mr. Geo. H. Hill superintended. The judges were J. M. Tracy for setters, James Mortimer for the non-sporting classes, Col. F. G. Skinner for foxhounds, A. C. Wilmerding for spaniels, H. Schellhass for beagles, Harry Malcolm for Gordon setters and J. H. Winslow for pointers. Mr. Tracy was advertised for pointers, as well as setters, but it seems that Mr. Winslow was asked also, and he duly officiated.

Mastiffs contained twenty entries. One not for competition (a litter of pups) and two absentees. Mr. Moore took the kennel prize.

St. Bernards were a fine lot. The Hospice Kennels made a good exhibit, as did also E. H. Moore and Lorenzo Daniels. Lord Hector, first in the smooth-coat dog class, is the most promising young dog we have seen for some time. His faults are few, and his bone and substance good. He is but nineteen months old.

The Meadowthorpe Kennels won with Prince George over New York Lass in the Newfoundland class.

Deerhounds had but one entry, Bevis III.

Cassandra won from Balkis in the champion greyhounds, and Highland Chief got the blue ribbon in the open class; second withheld.

The foxhound class was well filled, there being fourteen entries. Mr. Winston's Wise, a good black and white from native stock, was the winner. The average hound here, while a stayer in the field, is far removed from bench show form.

Pointers saw Graphic to the front in the champion dog class for heavy weights, and Meally in the corresponding bitch class, both in nice condition. In the open class Lad of Bow was placed first, with Duke of Vernon second and Sachem third. There was some dissatisfaction expressed at the putting of Lad over the Duke. The former is well known and needs no description. Duke of Vernon is a white and liver ticked dog, clean cut and upstanding. He stands on good feet, has a good body and head, ears hung a trifle bad, but fine action, and stern carried well. His markings about the head are a trifle against him, but taken altogether he is a hard one to beat. Naso of Kippen won in the small dog class, and the two entries in the bitch class were absent. In the open class Ned B., Glaucus and Echo were placed in the order named. In bitches the judge saw fit to resort to the usual expedient for getting out of a hot place, by awarding equal firsts, and, in this instance also, seconds—the firsts to Bloomo and Glauca, and the seconds to Flirt and Lady Norrish. John White won in the puppy classes with Grouse and Bonnie Doone.

Rockingham and Cora of Wetheral took care of the champion English setter classes, while that very good-looking new importation of Mr. Windholz's, Count Howard, made an easy step toward the championship in the open class for dogs. Mr. Durkee's Haphazard captured first in a very hot class for bitches.

Blarney, looking superbly, was alone in champion Irish setter dogs, and Nellie in the corresponding bitch classes. Larry S., Joe Gladstone and Meadowthorpe Rover were first, second and third in the dog class.

Little Boy, looking well, was alone in the champion black and tan setter class. Beaumont won in the open class for dogs, and A. G. Dixon's Lady Pilot in the bitches.

In spaniels Oldham and Willey, from Salmon Falls, N. H., had Newton Abbot Darkie alone in champion class, and Newton Abbot Lord the winner in the open dog class for field spaniels. Mr. Morris's Bridford Negress won properly in her class for bitches. Doc was placed first in champion cockers. Dandy W. and Roy Obo won in the open dog class, and Chloe W. and Hazel Obo in the open bitch class.

In collies the Chestnut Hill Kennels made a pretty clean sweep with Dublin Scot, Flurry II., Charleroi II., Flurry III. and others.

Bounce and Lou were alone in their respective classes for champion beagles and won. That good little dog Storm beat Stinger in the open class for dogs, and Cloud did the same for Belle of Woodbrook, second, and others in the bitches. The Somerset Kennels' Hope and Woodbrook Blossom were first and second in the puppies.

Merry Monarch was alone, and won, in the class for bulldog champions, and Portswood Tiger under his new owner's name, won, likewise alone, in the open dog class.

Grabber, Bonnie Princess and the Sunnyside Kennels' dogs constituted the quality in the bull-terrier classes.

The Blemton Kennels had they remained away, would have left sorry looking classes indeed, as the majority of the fox-terriers came from these kennels.

Dr. Cryer's pretty string of pugs was one of the features of the show.

True Gordons numbered seven with two absentees.

Meadowthorpe Heather Boy from class 55, and Meadowthorpe Belmont from class 56, were transferred to this one. The former won in the dog class and Countess of Devonshire in the bitch class.

The other classes for small dogs were only fairly filled with nothing new. RICHMOND.

THE SENSE OF SMELL IN DOGS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Of late much has been written on the sense of smell in dogs, and the following is to me a puzzling instance. I frequently go to a place in the country in pursuit of the early grouse, and, of course, some Clumbers go with me, champion Johnny invariably being of the party. When I drive to the post office for my mail or elsewhere on business the dogs are shut up in the house. Johnny then watches for an opportunity to steal away. If he succeeds in doing so, I see him running along the road that my buggy has traveled, nose to the ground, taking no notice of the approaching vehicle, until I call to him, when he trots home after me perfectly content. He has never overtaken the trap, so I do not know what he would do in that case. It makes not the least difference what road I travel he follows every time he can make his escape. Now what scent does he follow up? The horses? The buggy wheels? What?

CLUMBER.

"Bulger" writes in the October *American Kennel Register* on the same topic:

"A correspondent in a recent number of a contemporary presents a very ingenious and plausible theory as to how a hound is enabled to determine which way a trail runs, and in some degree it supports the view I have taken, that scent in a dog differs in kind from smell in man.

"This writer argues with considerable force that the hound is guided, not by scent, but by observation, by seeing the deflection of the grass, shrubs, etc., caused by the passage of the animal, and by observing the difference between the sides of foliage due to the brushing off of dew. In the case of a trail in the grass the explanation would be very satisfactory, even conclusive, but it does not meet the cases where the dog distinguishes which way the trail leads when there is no dew, or where the trail is on solid ground, bare of grass, where the deflection of grass cannot come in play. Yet any hound man of experience will tell you that a hound determines which way the trail runs just as quickly on a road or footpath, where there is neither grass nor shrubs, as in any other place.

"Then again, when a fox has holed and it is desired to punch him out for a second run and it is desired to get the hounds away, it is a common trick to get them on the back trail, shouting and fooling them until they break away on it. This is tolerably easy to do, but the hounds never are fooled by it to any considerable distance, they speedily returning to where the fox has holed. Now it cannot be that the hounds discover the imposture by their having recently passed over the ground in the opposite direction, for when the fox is forced out it is not uncommon for him to take the back trail, and then the hounds will follow the trail just as any other. It seems totally inadmissible to assume that the hounds, in the fire of their first burst on the back trail, have time to consider niceties of foliage, deflection of grass, etc.

"Another difficulty in the way of considering scenting of dogs as only a highly developed sense of smell, is the impossibility for hounds to follow a trail in the woods when the leaves are down, if the wind is blowing. If the day is still, hounds will run a trail over freshly fallen leaves, almost as readily as over open, clear ground, but if the wind is blowing, disturbing the leaves, they seem utterly confused, and unable to make any headway in tracing the scent. If there were no other factor in the case than a 'smell' (as our experience of a smell suggests), the leaves impregnated with the smell blown around would only make the trail more difficult, and one of our cold-nosed hounds, particularly a 'potterer' of the harrier type, would work it out somehow, be it ever so slowly, but in this case, they simply give it up. You have recalled Dr. Romanes' investigation of this question, and I see that his experiment was with a setter, a breed with which I have never had any experience, and I think it is admitted that hounds are ahead of all other dogs in that respect.

"Adversely to Dr. Romanes' experience, I may say that I once tested a hound's nose in this very matter by starting off with his master on opposite sides of a road and after proceeding a quarter mile we exchanged boots by throwing them across the road to each other. When the hound came to the point where we had exchanged he blundered for only a short time, when he picked up his master's trail, made with my boots on, and followed it straight along, although his master and I came together shortly after, walked some distance behind each other and then diverged, the hound following his master's trail throughout. I regret to see so much nonsense in the papers about 'bloodhounds' being employed to track the perpetrator of the horrible murders in Whitechapel, England. Even admitting that a hound could keep a trail over pavements where hundreds had passed after the murderer had (an incredible admission) how could the hound determine which trail he was to follow? This is the keynote of any trailing particular persons with hounds, first get something belonging to the party making the trail that the hound may identify the one wanted, or separate the trail from others, point it out to the dog and let him follow it. In the old days of slave tracking it is said that it was the custom to get a blanket from the bed of the fugitive and give it to the hounds to smell, when they would immediately take up the track among many others. This may look like an admission of 'scent' being only 'smell,' but you will note that I do not dispute that 'smell' has something to do with trailing, but maintain that the dog's powers differ from human sense of smell in kind as well as in degree."

THE BOSTON SHOW.—New England Kennel Club, Boston, Oct. 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We beg to claim our usual dates for bench show to be given at Boston in 1889, and name April 2, 3, 4 and 5.—BENCH SHOW COMMITTEE, N. E. K. C.

THE AMERICAN PET DOG CLUB.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A special meeting of the American Pet Dog Club (incorporated) was held Oct. 15, at 129 East Sixteenth street, New York, the president, Mrs. Wheatleigh, in the chair. The secretary being absent, Dr. Cryer was elected secretary pro tem. The following members were present; Mrs. Charles Wheatleigh, Mrs. M. E. Randolph, Mrs. John Draper, Mrs. Frank Leslie, Miss Marion Bannister, Dr. M. H. Cryer, Mr. W. J. Fryer, Jr., Mrs. Henry B. Cowles, Mrs. Landreau. The minutes of the preceding meeting, held Oct. 3, were read and approved. Miss Kidder and Miss Bertha Stratton were unanimously accepted as members. The treasurer presented his report, which was the same as at last meeting. Mr. Ormsby not being present although notified, the question of his expulsion, for causes stated in minutes of last meeting, was considered. Mrs. Cowles offered the following: "Resolved, That Mr. Ormsby be and is hereby expelled from membership in this club, and in consequence of such expulsion the office of secretary be and is hereby declared vacant, and also any other office which Mr. Ormsby claims to hold or may have been elected to." The motion was then put to vote and unanimously carried. On motion, it was ordered that notification be sent to members that proposed changes in the by-laws are to be voted upon at the annual meeting to be held Nov. 15, as follows: Article 3: The word "nine" to be stricken out and the word "five" inserted in place thereof, making it "five shall constitute a quorum." Article 8, last clause: Strike out "one" and insert "three," making it read, "Three negative votes or black balls shall disqualify a candidate for membership." Strike out Article 14. Other changes not mentioned to also be brought up for consideration. On motion, it was ordered entered on the minutes and published that the regular place of meeting, until further ordered by the club, be at 129 East Sixteenth street, New York, the residence of the president, and the post office address be at the same place. Meeting adjourned.

M. H. CRYER, Secretary pro tem. A. P. D. C.

THE AMERICAN PET DOG CLUB.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The annual meeting and election of officers of the American Pet Dog Club took place on the 19th inst. at the residence of the second vice-president, Mrs. Eugene Clarke, 111 East Twenty-eighth street. Dr. Surles, the first vice-president and acting president, presided. Eighteen members answered to their names. Nineteen letters were received from absent members expressing regret at their inability to attend, and six sent proxies authorizing the secretary to vote for them. The minutes of the meeting held Sept. 21, were read and approved. Three candidates were admitted to full membership, and five proposed. Mr. Clarke, treasurer *ad interim*, reported that in accordance with a resolution of the club, he had requested Mr. W. J. Fryer, Jr., ex-treasurer, to transfer to him the club's funds. The expelled treasurer did not comply with the club's resolution and the treasurer's demand. The public will be fully informed as to the club's next step in this matter. Officers were elected without a dissenting voice or vote: President, H. R. Surles, M.D., Worcester, Mass.; First Vice-President, H. F. Foote, M.D., New York; Second Vice-President, Mrs. Eugene Clarke, New York; Secretary and Treasurer, Mr. C. Ormsby, Cranford, N. J.

Dr. Foote took the chair and Dr. Surles offered a resolution expelling Dr. M. H. Cryer; and Mrs. Eugene Clarke offered a resolution expelling Miss Mary E. Bannister. Both resolutions unanimously adopted. The president and executive committee were authorized to apply for and obtain a charter for and in the name of the American Pet Dog Club; and also to make arrangements for the holding of a bench show of dogs in New York next May. Mr. Eugene Clarke gave notice that at the next meeting he would move the appointment of a committee to wait upon the president or managers of the street and other railroads with the view of securing for passengers—especially for ladies—the right or privilege of taking such dogs into the cars as are not too large to be held in the arms or laps of passengers. The meeting adjourned subject to the call of the executive committee. C. ORMSBY, Secretary.

NEW YORK, Oct. 22.

DOG TALK.

SINCE the Columbus fire, where they lost their cocker spaniel stock dog Keno, the Moorfield Kennels have concluded to give the cocker spaniels the go-by, and in the future breed beagles in their stead. They write: "We have purchased from Mr. A. C. Krueger, Pittsburgh, Pa., the great young dog Racket II. (Cameron's Racket—Krueger's imported Myrtle). He is 14in. high and his ears spread at 16in. Mr. Krueger considers him the best young dog he ever bred. Also the great little brood bitch Bannerqueen (champion Bannerman—Queen). This grand little bitch is under 12in., and is in whelp to Racket II. This brace was only secured from Mr. Krueger at a very long price, and then he was loth to part with them. They will be shown through the Eastern circuit next spring with the Mt. Washington Kennels' dogs."

If all reports are true this is a great year for the beagles. A Wayne, Pa., correspondent writes: "Rabbits, the only game we have about here, are unusually abundant this season, particularly in the hills which inclose the Chester valley. I have the Elk Moor pack out almost daily, and never fail to have plenty of sport. I have some promising youngsters doing their first work well.—ELK MOOR."

What a contemptibly small and mean soul must that creature have who will avenge his quarrel by torturing a man's dog. The Hempstead Farm Kennels, at Hempstead, Long Island, were destroyed by an incendiary fire last Sunday morning, and it was only by the exercise of much presence of mind and bravery on the part of John Gaynor, a trainer, that the dogs Robin Adair, Zulu Princess and others were rescued from the flames.

The dog killing crank has been at it. Last Monday a St. Bernard dog owned by Col. J. A. Joel, publisher of the *Grand Army Gazette* of this city, was shot and killed by an unknown man at Mr. Joel's home in Hoboken, N. J. A policeman saw the man shoot the dog, but he escaped. The Hempstead Kennel burner and the Hoboken dog shooter both deserve more than the law allows.

The Richmond dog show was a clean, well-managed little exhibition, and in these respects did credit to the promoters. We regret to learn that financially the enterprise was a failure; the loss exceeded $2,000. It is now in order for the turf idiot, who jeered at Buffalo because that show had (in the idiot's mind) lost money, to try his malevolent hand on Richmond. Other folks, who want to see dog shows prosper in this country, will hope that another year the Virginia Field Sports Association will fare better and give a paying show in the old city on the James.

Through an open window at night an insect flies into the room and goes whizzing and buzzing, bump into this, bang against that, and drops with a thud to the floor. There is dead stillness, and you forget that there is a bug in the room, when all of a sudden there it goes, whizz, buzz, bump, thud,

then buzz, whish, out into the dark again, and you never see it more.

James L. Anthony announces that he is ready to retire. Whether weighed in his own scales as the one righteous man in a sinful generation of dog fanciers, or taken at the estimate others put on him as a noisy nuisance, it was clear from the first that Anthony would not last long. He was not a "dog man." He bought a kennel because he thought it an opportunity to make a splurge, and by brag, blow and bluster achieve notoriety. He has made his splurge, has blown, bragged and blustered, and has achieved a notoriety such as it is, and now he gets out. That is all there is of it. Every dog must have its day. Yesterday he said "I am." To-day they say "He was." To-morrow "Who was he?" The next day oblivion.

There are others who will follow. Anthony's former kennel partner and Man Friday will say "Me too," and sell out. The next will be the individual who signs "Pres. A.K.C." to his name. Belmont is not a dog man; he went into showing because it was English; he has tired of the fad, and when he discovers that the members of the ring, who because they have use for him cajole him to his face and adopt resolutions indorsing his "defense" (untruthful statements and all), sneer at him behind his back, the joys of office will pall on him, and the Blemton Kennels will be put up at auction. And then will follow the windy pedant who has almost exhausted his cyclopedia of Greek authors done into easy English, and will abruptly reach the end of the book and the end of his career as a dog screed maker at the same moment. This is the rule that one and another, who for one reason or another buy or write about dogs, but have no natural interest in dogs, will go out of the fancy and be forgotten; but let no one fall into the mistake of supposing that there will not be just as many dogs left and just as many dog men, for there will be. This bit of dog talk is in the nature of prognostication, and on it we will cheerfully wager our repute for soothsaying.

A crazy woman, four dogs, thirteen cats and a parrot, all camped out in the street, invited the attention of the Brooklyn police last Monday. The four dogs were shot, the thirteen cats drowned and the woman and the parrot sent to the insane asylum.

A meeting of Hudson River poultry breeders will be held at Newburgh, N. Y., Nov. 17, to organize a Hudson River Poultry, Dog and Pet Stock Association. An exhibit covering four days is proposed during the coming winter.

Messrs. Larson and Frouman, of Anoka, Minn., have brought out an "improved bench dog," good not only for the bench but for the gun as well, which is more than can be said of many a bench dog.

Mr. J. O. Thurston (Erminie Kennels, Mt. Vernon, N. Y.) writes: "I have purchased from Mr. Jas. Jarvis, England, the well-known rough-coated St. Bernard dog Lysander. He is two years old, was bred by Sidney W. Smith of Leeds and has won fourteen prizes and cups. He is orange tawny with white markings, stands 33½in. high, and weighed the day he sailed 190lbs. I expect he will arrive next Wednesday per steamship Italy. I have also purchased the Swiss smooth-coated dog Barry, out of Bella, litter sister to the celebrated Guide."

The Meriden Poultry Association will hold its eleventh annual exhibition of poultry and pigeons, and fourth bench show of dogs, at the Polo Rink, Meriden, Conn., Jan. 1 to 4, 1889, inclusive.

DISTEMPER.

II.

In its ordinary form, distemper, as we explained in the last article, is a catarrhal affection, which at its commencement resembles an ordinary cold; and when the attack is mild and transient, it is not always possible to determine which of the two diseases exists. When the affection runs a more definite course, the evidence is sufficiently positive, and the occurrence of certain complications leaves no room for doubt as to the nature of the malady. Excessive emaciation and sometimes entire collapse are the frequent results of the ordinary progress of the common kind of distemper, when the early stage is neglected or improperly treated; and even when everything is done for the animal's benefit, the disease may prove to be beyond the doctor's skill, owing to the implication of important organs—the lungs, liver, or brain.

Coughing is one of the almost constant symptoms of distemper, and its existence is evidence of the irritable state of the mucous membrane of the air passages. Increase of the irritation is not uncommon, and sometimes it advances to the degree of acute inflammation of the lining of the larynx or bronchial tubes. In such cases the cough becomes very painful, and the breathing is quickened, and is carried on with an open mouth. It is frequently observed that dogs, when suffering from disease of the respiratory organs with difficult breathing, will seek to relieve themselves by elevating the head, and in some cases they will stand with the fore paws resting on a stool or the edge of a fender The more common position, however, is sitting on the haunches, with the head held up and the mouth open.

Inflammation of the substance of the lungs is indicated by the symptoms above described, minus the painful cough and plus a quick, hard pulse, instead of the soft beat of bronchitis. All inflammatory affections are associated with fever, which is shown by the rise of internal temperature, dryness and heat of nose, and constipation. Acute affections are also, as a matter of course, productive of general lassitude, with loss of appetite, attended with rapid emaciation. Treatment of distemper with lung complications does not include any important alterations in the method which will have already been adopted in dealing with the ordinary catarrhal form of the attack which precedes the more serious affections of the respiratory system. If the dog's condition is good, and the acute disease supervenes before the strength is impaired, bleeding may be resorted to; but the operation is now seldom performed, and the amateur should not attempt it. Only the experienced canine surgeon can decide whether or not the conditions are such as to render the treatment necessary. Counter-irritation in acute inflammatory disease is not deemed to be good practice; but in the case of the dog an excellent and safe substitute is found in the warm bath, by the use of which, followed by the application of hot towels, and completed by wrapping the dog in a blanket, the skin may be kept warm, and all the benefit of stimulant applications obtained without causing any pain or excitement.

Some care is necessary in giving a bath to small pet dogs in reference to temperature, and also duration of the immersion. Dogs are easily affected by heat, and faint on the slightest provocation, especially when they are suffering from a weakening disease. On no plea should the temperature of the bath be judged by the hand; but a common thermometer should always be used, and a temperature of 98 to 99deg. will be sufficient. Should fainting occur while the dog is in a bath, the animal must be immediately removed, and quickly dried while lying on its side. If necessary, the usual devices which are resorted to in the case of the human patient in similar circumstances may be employed.

Careful nursing is absolutely essential in the treatment of acute disease in dogs, and it is particularly necessary to avoid alarming the patient by rough handling, or the use of force in the administration of medicines. For this reason, powders which can be thrown on the tongue, or remedies which can be made up with honey to form an electuary, are to be preferred to fluid mixtures and pills; and with very irritable pet dogs, it may often be worth consideration whether it is not better to trust to good nursing in acute disorder of the breathing organs, rather than excite the animal by an attempt to give medicines.

Regulation of the diet will not be difficult in the cases which have been described. The dog is disinclined to eat, and it should be coaxed to lap milk in which an egg has been beaten up, or cold soup made of meat without any salt. Small quantities of food should be offered, and, if not accepted, should be removed from the animal's sight, and a fresh portion of another food be tried in an hour or two. Nothing is so certain to disgust a sick dog as the sight of food which it objects to take. Cold water will often be taken freely, and whatever is offered in the way of nutriment must be cold, or it will certainly be declined.

Jaundice or the yellows is a disease which is sometimes developed during the progress of distemper, although it may occur independently. The symptoms are characteristic and easily recognized; in fact the common name of the disease (yellows) at once suggests the most prominent sign, which is the yellowness of the skin. White dogs exhibit the change of color in the most marked form, but even in black animals the yellow tint may be observed quite distinctly. Besides the yellow color of the skin and mucous membranes there are other symptoms in jaundice which indicate general derangement of the digestive functions. The dog is dull, apparently suffering from nausea; sometimes constipation is present and at others diarrhœa. The evacuations in either case are at first light or clay-colored, but in the advanced stage of the disease they may become dark from the mixture of dark green or brown bile or blood.

In some cases abdominal pain is present, and pressure over the region of the liver causes the dog to flinch. Coming on when the animal is already weakened by the primary disease, jaundice often proves fatal in a few days. But it sometimes becomes subacute or chronic, and is attended with considerable enlargement of the liver, which occupies the lower part of the abdominal cavity, causing the belly to swell out, while the sides fall in, showing deep hollows on each side.

During the whole course of the disease in its acute form there is a disinclination to take food of any kind, and it is necessary to administer small and frequent doses of the concentrated meat extracts to keep the animal alive. Fatty substances should not be given, as in the disordered state of the digestive system they are not likely to be appropriated. In the medical treatment of jaundice the fluid extract of taraxacum, in doses of a drachm to half an ounce, will be a very useful remedy, and it may be given mixed with the meat solutions.

Some practitioners give small doses of calomel, and apply mercurial ointment with friction over the region of the liver. Iodide of potassium, in doses of from one to four grains, has proved beneficial in the chronic form of the disease; but, speaking generally, jaundice is an intractable disorder, and treatment cannot be undertaken with much hope of success.—*London Field.*

AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER.

FOLLOWING are the numbers of the dogs entered in the October number of the *American Kennel Register:*

BEAGLES.

6579. Vixen, W. H. M. Reed.

CHESAPEAKE BAY DOGS.

6580. Hoosier Ben, A. W. Archibald.

COLLIES.

6581. Ailie II., G. H. Elder.
6582. Beauty II., H. Banks.
6583. Breeze, S. B. Merrick.
6584. Bruce IX., T. Marburg.
6585. Carrie B., L. H. Boughton.
6586. Clifton Chief, W. Atlee Burpee & Co.
6587. Fannie V., H. Harmening.
6588. Fannie Doon, G. W. Carpenter.
6589. Fanny B., L. H. Boughton.
6590. Fanny D., E. Dodge.
6591. Flora B., L. H. Boughton.
6592. Flossie Darling, Mrs. J. E. De Forest.
6593. Fordhook Squire, W. Atlee Burpee & Co.
6594. Foxy B., L. H. Boughton.
6595. Jan, I. H. Hasbrouck.
6596. Jennie B., L. H. Boughton.
6597. Laddie IX., G. H. Reed.
6598. Lillie B., L. H. Boughton.
6599. Maud B., L. H. Boughton.
6600. Minnie B., L. H. Boughton.
6601. Miss Constance, W. Atlee Burpee & Co.
6602. Nellie E., L. H. Boughton.
6603. Prince Albert, T. Ross.
6604. Queen Bess III., T. Ross.
6605. Queen Wildfire, E. Dodge.
6606. Rex D. II., R. G. Davis.
6607. Royalty, L. H. Boughton.
6608. Royal Vic, G. Fries, Jr.
6609. Susan B., L. H. Boughton.
6610. Victory B., L. H. Boughton
6611. Watch, H. Harmening.
6612. Whirlpool, W. Atlee Burpee & Co.

GREAT DANES.

6613. You Know, J. F. Simon.

GREYHOUNDS.

6614. Highland Guard, J. F. Simon.
6615. Highland Thistle, J. P. Sharp.
6616. Moloch, J. F. Simons.

MASTIFFS.

6617. Baldur, W. Wade.
6618. Bruce V., W. E. Palmer.
6619. Bruce VI., J. F. Halstead.
6620. Jackson, T. Huston.
6621. Queenie, W. E. Palmer.
6622. Queen of Maple Grove, S. Givins.
6623. Sancho, H. P. Lincoln.
6624. Senorita, E. Ewing.
6625. Ser, S. Anderson.

POINTERS.

6626. Dave Garrick, Roscroft Kennels.
6627. Fly II., T. W. Brown.
6628. Gipsey Bell, H. F. Longnecker.
6629. Rocket of Suffolk, Ernest Fishel.
6630. Troy, W. H. Murphy.

PUGS.

6631. Cosette, W. S. Miller.
6632. Kash, A. E. Pitts.
6633. Nita, J. W. Robinson.
6634. Queen Bradford, Eberhart Pug Kennels.
6635. Roland, G. W. Wambach.

ST. BERNARDS—ROUGH-COATED.

6636. Duke of St. Paul, D. Bergman.
6637. Juanita, L. Tichenor.
6638. Kent, O. W. Volger.
6639. Marquis of St. Paul, D. Bergman.
6640. Mona III., N. D. Mann.
6641. Phœnix Prince, J. S. Dudley.
6642. San Bernardino, J. A. Mull.
6643. Virginia Queen, J. S. Dudley.

SMOOTH-COATED.

6644. Reka of Graystone, H. Willetts.

SETTERS—ENGLISH SETTERS.

6645. Clan Warwick of Elms, P. H. Gotzian.
6646. Lady Nell of Elms, P. H. Gotzian.
6647. Trump of Elms, P. H. Gotzian.

GORDON SETTERS.

6648. Jack II., G. W. Langdon.
6649. Sigler's Queen, T. F. Sigler.

IRISH SETTERS.

6650. Bruce III., C. H. Heyl.
6651. Cockey of Elms, P. H. Gotzian.
6652. Connemara, W. D. Starr.
6653. Hillis Nora, J. W. Hillis.
6654. Loo-Loo of Elms, P. H. Gotzian.
6655. Nancy Lee of Elms, P. H. Gotzian.

SPANIELS—FIELD AND COCKER SPANIELS.

6656. Dash II., J. A. Shephard.
6657. Jennie Sparkle, F. Smith.
6658. Jet VI., F. L. DeBlois.
6659. Lubo, E. C. Living.
6660. Paddy, W. H. Caldwell.
6661. Peter Shina, C. Bryant.
6662. Sydenham Belle, J. Parker

IRISH WATER SPANIELS.

6663. Dan J. of Elms, P. Gotzian.
6664. Judy of Elms, P. Gotzian.
6665. Moll S. of Elms, P. H. Gotzian.

TERRIERS—FOX-TERRIERS.

6666. Teaser, F. K. Berlin.

THE SPANIELS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

To your correspondent "Quester" I would say to come out of his dense cover and let us know his name and residence if he is not ashamed of them.

I should like to ask this Rip Van Winkle "Quester" where he has been and what he has been doing for the last five years? and if he thought our challenge was a "bluff" why he did not "call us" or see us $1,000 and raise it.

The only "rot" about it is in "Quester's" letter, nothing was ever said about $1,000 or any amount. The challenge read, "The Hornell Spaniel Club will back Hornell Silk and Daisy against any brace of cockers in America on woodcock and ruffed grouse for any reasonable amount, the test to be endurance, nose, style and obedience. Will give or take $100 for expenses." That was straight. No one accepted the challenge, and a man of "Quester's" experience must know that we had a perfect right to claim the field trial championship by default, and the fact remains that Hornell Silk is champion, and the entry at Buffalo and Syracuse correct.

It may be that "Quester" has put in the last five years in training spaniels, and if he has one as good as Silk I congratulate him, but he can win no cash from us by beating the old dog in the field; but if he has a team of five cockers that he wishes to match against Silk, his son and grandson, and two daughters, then let him come here and we will make a match for marbles or fun, anything to "size his pile" and accommodate him.

J. OTIS FELLOWS, Sec'y Hornell Spaniel Club.

HORNELLSVILLE, N. Y.

CHESAPEAKE BAY DOGS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the FOREST AND STREAM of the 4th inst., "G. E. S." asked for information in regard to the Chesapeake Bay Dogs.

I have shot ducks for thirty-five years, and have had a great many kinds of duck dogs, but never had any others that suited me so well as the Chesapeake Bay dogs.

They are hardy and tough. Will go through ice and snow after water-fowl. They handle birds with great care and are very sure to get all the dead birds. They are very sure on the track of a wounded bird, and it is almost impossible for one to get away from them.

The color of the Chesapeake Bay dogs is such that they do not scare birds. I have shot over seven within two years, and have found them all good duck dogs. As house dogs they are very kind to children, and will mind their own business. I have a bitch that stays in my house nights and I have found her to be one of the best I ever had. J. G. S.

ALGONA, Iowa.

KENNEL NOTES.

Notes must be sent on prepared blanks, which are furnished free on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope of large letter size. Sets of 200 of any one form, bound for retaining duplicates, are sent for 30 cents.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Chesapeake. By Dr. E. A. Palmer, Blair, Neb., for sedge Chesapeake Bay bitch, whelped July 24, 1885, by Gowrie (Sunday—Nellie) out of Kate (Bob—Nellie).

Judge. By F. H. Claridge, Blair, Neb., for sedge Chesapeake Bay dog, whelped March 8, 1887, by Drake (Rake—Rose) out of Duck.

Inland. By Cumberland Konnels, Portand, Me., for fawn greyhound bitch, whelped Jan. 21, 1887, by Skip (Bessie II.—Gucss) out of Bessie I.

Bowstring, Viceroy and Valentine. By G. W. McNeil, Jersey City, N. J., for pointer dogs, whelped Oct. 9, 1888, by Nick of Naso (A.K.R. 4391) out of Temptation (A.K.R. 1590).

Bonita and Lady Primrose. By G. W. McNeil, Jersey City, N. J., for pointer bitches, whelped Oct. 9, 1888, by Nick of Naso (A.K.R. 4391) out of Temptation (A.K.R. 1590).

Minting, Jr.—Montclair, N. J.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In last week's issue of your paper Mr. Geo. P. Jones, of St. Louis, Mo., claims the name of Minting, Jr., for his mastiff dog, whelped April 12, 1888. If he will refer to page 170, A. K. R. (No. 6454), he will find my mastiff dog Minting, Jr. (Minting—Beatrice), whelped Dec. 3, 1887, registered, and will kindly give his dog some other name.—J. HELLEN.

BRED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Belle II.—Bannerman. J. G. Messner's (Pittsburgh, Pa.) beagle bitch Belle II. (Bradlaugh—Belle) to A. C. Krueger's champion Bannerman (champion Marchbow—Dewdrop), Aug. 5.

June—Bannerman. F. Eibel's (Lancaster, Pa.) beagle bitch June (Victor II.—May) to A. C. Krueger's champion Bannerman (champion Marchboy—Dewdrop), Sept. 13.

Goodwood Music—Bannerman. A. C. Krueger's (Pittsburgh, Pa.) beagle bitch Goodwood Music (Flute—Victress) to his champion Bannerman (champion Marchboy—Dewdrop), Aug. 1.

Bannerqueen—Racket II. A. C. Krueger's (Pittsburgh, Pa.) beagle bitch Bannerqueen (champion Bannerman—Queen) to his Racket II. (Cameron's Racket—imported Krueger's Myrtle), Sept. 20.

Cricket—Racket II. A. C. Krueger's (Pittsburgh, Pa.) beagle bitch Cricket (champion Bannerman—Pet) to his Racket II. (Cameron's Racket—imported Krueger's Myrtle), Oct. 4.

Krueger's Dot—Rowdy. A. C. Krueger's (Pittsburgh, Pa.) beagle bitch Krueger's Dot (champion Bannerman—Floss) to his Rowdy (champion Rattler III.—champion Myrtle) Aug. 4.

Dots—Rowdy. A. C. Krueger's (Pittsburgh, Pa.) beagle bitch Dots (Cornet—Solo) to his Rowdy (champion Rattler III.—champion Myrtle), July 30.

Kitty—Krueger's Racket. A. C. Krueger's (Pittsburgh, Pa.) beagle bitch Kitty (champion Bannerman—Dots) to his Krueger's Racket (Cameron's Racket—Fly), Aug. 6.

Maud—Gruss Bayard. C. Kammerer's (South Boston, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Maud to Weimer & Lincoln's Gruss Bayard (A.K.R. 5931), Oct. 16.

Clover Gladstone—Gun. Elmer A. Hight's (Lynn, Mass.) English setter bitch Clover Gladstone to Chas. York's Gun (Gladstone—May B.), Sept. 5.

White Puss—The Baron. E. A. Woodward's (Chicago, Ill.) bull-terrier bitch White Puss (A.K.R. 6428) to Associated Fanciers' The Baron (Dutch—White Rose), Aug. 29.

Bradford Lill—Bradford Harry. P. H. Coombs's (Bangor, Me.) Yorkshire terrier bitch Bradford Lill (Tickle'em—Judy) to his Bradford Harry (Crawshaw's Bruce—Beale's Lady), Oct. 9.

WHELPS.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Chesapeake. Dr. E. A. Palmer's (Blair, Neb.) Chesapeake Bay bitch Chesapeake (Gowrie—Kate), July 25, eleven (six dogs), by F. H. Claridge's Judge (Drake—Duck).

Temptation. Geo. W. McNeil's (Jersey City, N. J.) pointer bitch Temptation (A.K.R. 1590), Oct. 9, five (three dogs), by C. J. Peshall's Nick of Naso (A.K.R. 4391).

Lakme. F. Kimball's (Worcester, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Lakme (A.K.R. 5077), Sept. 19, nine (six dogs), by Hospice Kennels' champion Hector (champion Apollo—Thyras).

Devon Beauty. A. Laidlaw's (Woodstock, Ont.) cocker spaniel bitch Devon Beauty (Lad o' Devon—Woodstock Dinah), Oct. 14, five (four dogs), by his Robin (champion Obo II.—Woodstock Dinah).

Scarlet Princess. F. S. Clark's (South Paris, Me.) bull-terrier bitch Scarlet Princess (Young Royal—Scarlet II.), Oct. 13, nine (five dogs), by his Royal Dick (Young Royal Prince—Nellie Curtin).

Rosa Canina. F. C. Wheeler's (London, Ont.) fox-terrier bitch Rosa Canina (Meersbrook Ross—Stockbridge Meg), Sept. 23, four (two dogs), by W. F. Hue's Dave Bafiler (Reckoner—Runcorn Gyp).

Dewdrop. T. J. Tyrell's (Philadelphia, Pa.) fox-terrier bitch Dewdrop (Warren Billy—Nettle), Oct. 7, six (four dogs), by L. & W. Rutherfurd's Warren Jim (Diamond Dust—Diana).

SALES.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Rattler. White, black and tan beagle dog, whelped April 19, 1887, by Cameron's Racket out of Nellie II., by A. C. Krueger, Pittsburgh, Pa., to R. A. Smith, Grand Crossing, Ill.

Queen Lill. White, black and tan beagle bitch, whelped Oct. 24, 1887, by Dale out of Lill II., by A. C. Krueger, Pittsburgh, Pa., to B. F. Cooper, Johnstown, Pa.

Kitty. White, black and tan beagle bitch, whelped Sept. 7, 1887, by champion Bannerman out of Dots, by A. C. Krueger, Pittsburgh, Pa., to Tom E. Hibben, Indianapolis, Ind.

Goodwood Music. White, black and tan beagle bitch, age not given, by Flute out of Victress, by A. C. Krueger, Pittsburgh, Pa., to T. Wills Hemphill, Glen Mills, Pa.

Bannerman III. White, black and tan beagle dog, whelped Feb. 20, 1888, by champion Bannerman out of Blossom, by A. C. Krueger, Pittsburgh, Pa., to Ed Fisher, same place.

Tuck. White, black and tan ticked beagle dog, whelped Feb. 15, 1887, by Little Mack out of Lace, by A. C. Krueger, Pittsburgh, Pa., to B. F. Cooper, Johnstown, Pa.

Racket II. White, black and tan beagle dog, whelped Oct. 13, 1886, by Cameron's Racket out of imported Krueger's Myrtle, by Dr. H. B. Nicols, Cookstown, Ont., to A. C. Krueger, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Beech Grove Bess. Dark fawn mastiff bitch, whelped June 26, 1887, by Thor out of Delph Viva, by Geo. Jackson, Beech Grove, Ind., to L. Blanden, Fort Dodge, Ia.

Valentine and Lady Primrose. Black and white pointer dog and bitch, whelped Oct. 9, 1888, by Nick of Naso (A.K.R. 4391) out of Temptation (A.K.R. 1590), by Geo. W. McNeil, Jersey City, N. J., to John N. Lewis, Ramsay's, N. J.

Dolph. Fawn and white St. Bernard dog, whelped Nov. 10, 1887, by Blucher (A.K.R. 3577) out of Madeline (A.K.R. 2587), by J. R. McAlpine (deceased), Littleton, N. J., to J. Randolph McAlpine, New York.

Ben Hur. White, with orange spots and black facings, rough St. Bernard dog, whelped Aug. 26, 1887, by Cato out of Belle Valentine, by Halfway Brook Kennels, Glens Falls, N. Y., to Tracy Gould, Troy, N. Y.

Cato. White and orange, black facings, smooth St. Bernard dog, whelped July 4, 1886 (A.K.R. 5265), by Halfway Brook Kennels, Glens Falls, N. Y., to F. J. Carlyle, Walla Walla, Wash. Ter.

The Duchess Armande. Orange brindle, correct white markings, black facings, rough St. Bernard bitch, whelped April 28, 1888, by Cato out of Nutmeg, by Halfway Brook Kennels, Glens Falls, N. Y., to Miss Mary R. Wilson, Sandy Hill, N. Y.

Nobility. Orange brindle, correct markings, rough St. Bernard dog, whelped Aug. 26, 1887, by Cato out of Belle Valentine, by Halfway Brook Kennels, Glens Falls, N. Y., to Mrs. B. H. Kathe, Chillicothe, O.

Isabella. Orange, correct white markings, smooth St. Bernard bitch, whelped Nov. 28, 1887, by Cato out of Belle Meade II, by Halfway Brook Kennels, Glens Falls, N. Y., to Mrs. B. H. Kathe, Chillicothe, O.

Earl C. Orange brindle, white markings, rough St. Bernard dog, whelped Feb. 23, 1888, by Cato out of Belle Valentine, by Halfway Brook Kennels, Glens Falls, N. Y., to Wm. P. Perkins, Danvers, Mass.

Cato—Belle Valentine whelps. Rough St. Bernards, whelped Feb. 23, 1888, by Halfway Brook Kennels, Glens Falls, N. Y., an orange and white dog to Dr. S. T. Birdsall, same place, and a white and orange brindle dog to R. W. Perkins, Oxford, N. Y.

Gun—Dora Gladstone whelp. Black, white and tan English setter dog, whelped June 4, 1888, by Chas. York, Bangor, Me., to W. A. Dilks, Hammonton, N. J.

PRESENTATIONS.

Dolph. Fawn and white St. Bernard dog, whelped Nov. 15, 1887, Blucher out of Madeline, by J. Randolph McAlpine, New York, Miss J. E. Headley, Newark, N. J.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

OLD SUBSCRIBER, Cincinnati, O.—Will you please inform me in your next issue what will cure canker in a dog's ears. I have an Irish water spaniel that is troubled a great deal with it. By answering above you will greatly oblige. Also a good remedy for the mange. Ans.

R Bromo-chloral	ʒ ii
Tr opii	ʒ i
Aq	ʒ ii

Mix. After cleansing and drying the ears let a few drops fall into them. For mange oxide of zinc ointment externally, and Fowler's solution of arsenic 5 drops night and morning in the food.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

THE CONNECTICUT STATE SHOOT.

HARTFORD, Conn., Oct. 17.—The brigade rifle tournament of the Connecticut National Guard was held at the rifle range of the First Regiment at Colt's meadows, to-day. The crack military target perforators from all parts of the State poured into Hartford from early in the morning, but the fog and the air was so frigid that every hand was too much benumbed to do good work. Major James H. Jarman, brigade inspector of rifle practice, was the executive officer in charge. It was arranged to have firing commence at 8 o'clock, but at this hour the humidity was so dense that Major Jarman called a consultation of officers and it was decided that if it did clear up the matches would be decided upon scores made at the 200yds. range only, as it was then impossible to see the 500yds. target. Firing commenced about 9 o'clock and the fog gradually lifted and gave place to a cold, drizzling rain, which continued during the day, and it was decided to shoot at both targets if possible. A number of tents were erected with blankets under them, enabling the men to shoot from under a partial shelter.

The first match was the "company team" contest open to teams of six from any organization of the C. N. G., using any weapon issued by the State. The contestants must stand at the 200, and not be prone at 500yds. The prizes for this contest are a $50 silver cup, presented by the Wilcox Company of Meriden, the Derby Silver Company cup, a decorated vase valued at $35, pair bronze statuettes valued at $30, and two other $30 prizes. Four targets were shot at continually, keeping up a fusilade like the discharge of a Gatling gun, and at the same time pool shooting and individual matches were carried on at other targets. Owing to lack of range accommodations, no challenges were allowed, and as a result the markers at the targets were the supreme dictators of the match. In many instances men were given either much more or much less than they received. A telephone such as is always used on many ranges would have obviated all this difficulty and made a much fairer match. The whims of the markers decided the contest and all day there was a big kick. Another thing the New Haven men found fault with was that members of the First Regiment kept the scores while the regiment's team were shooting, although there was no very serious objection to this. Each company team shot five rounds at both targets with two sighting shots at 500yds. The following companies were represented: Companies H, F, K, First Regiment; companies H, D, G, A, C, E, K, Second Regiment; companies 1, G and E, Third Regiment; companies B and C, Fourth Regmient; Company A, Fifth Battallion, and brigade, field and staff.

The most important competition for regimental pride was the State regimental team match, for two trophies offered by the State, at 200 and 500yds. These prizes are to be competed for annually until one team has won it three times, when it will become regimental property. The first prize is a silver cup. The conditions of the match were the same, except twelve men constituted the regimental teams.

Company K of Wallingford shot first at the 200yds. range in the company team match. About $1,500 worth of prizes for this tournament have been contributed and otherwise secured, and were on exhibition in Hartford to-day. The officers of the match were: Range officer, Major J. H. Jarman, brigade inspector rifle practice; assistants, Capt. S. C. Kingman, inspector Fourth Regiment, Capt. Andrew Allen, Second Regiment, Capt. J. B. Houston, First Regiment, and Capt. Thomas H. Allen, Third Regiment; surgeon, Maj. H. G. Howe, First Regiment; statistical officers, Joseph T. Elliott, A. A. G. of brigade and financial officer, Maj. Alexander Allen. Among the well-known officers of the National Guard present were Col. Thomas H. Watson, Bridgeport; Capt. A. H. Embler, of the Blues; Capt. Charles G. Lyon, Bridgeport; Col. W. G. Leavenworth and Lieut. W. H. Newton, Wallingford.

Company K, of Hartford, won the company team match with a score of 115 at 200yds. and 117 at 500; total, 232. All except Hartford militiamen are mad. They say that the first prize was bound to stay in Hartford anyway, and some officers say that the match was a regular farce. Co. H of the First Regiment withdrew their team on account of unfair scoring after shooting from the first targets. It will be a very long time before the effects of the tournament are soothed away. The scores of the other contesting teams are as follows: Co. K, Wallingford, 108, 58—206; Co. F, Hartford, 113, 99—212; Co. D, New Haven, 100, 83—183; Co. H, Middletown, 86, 55—141; Co. I, New London, 95, 91—186; Field and Staff, Second Regiment, 106, 89—195; Co. G, New London, 93, 88—181; Field and Staff, First Regiment, 98, 105—204; Co. F, Hartford, 98, 104—202; Co. C, New Haven, 109, 94—203. The best score in the individual match, 200yds., was made by Sergeant Ripley, of Co. K, Hartford. Late in the afternoon regimental team shooting began.

Oct. 18.—In the regimental team match at the brigade rifle tournament at Hartford to-day, as in the company matches, the first prize was awarded to Hartford's First Regiment team. The Second Regiment protested against awarding the trophy to the First and the matter has been referred to the Adjutant-General. The score was as follows:

	200	500	Total.
First Regiment	326	319	645
Second Regiment	316	310	626
Third Regiment	311	293	604
Fourth Regiment	307	290	597
Fifth Battalion	260	194	454

Individual Prizes—Following are the scores and prizes in the individual match: Sergt. White, Co. G, 3d, 31; Sergt. Hatton, C, 3d, 31; Pvt. Peltier, F, 1st, 31; Sergt. Ripley, F, 1st, 31; Sergt. Tourtellotte, A, 3d, 31; Sergt. Kerr, B, 4th, 31; Sergt. Thompson, H, 1st, 31; Pvt. Daly, C, 2d, 31; Surgeon Howe, 1st, 30; Pvt. Withey, G, 3d, 30; Corp. Smith, F, 1st, 30; Pvt. O'Connor, C, 2d, 30; Pvt. Jordan, E, 4th, 30; Sergt. Northmagle, M G P, 4th, 30; Capt. LaBarron, K, 2d, 30; Maj. Jarman, B 1 R P, 30; Capt. Welles, Adj't 2d, 29; Capt. Newton, F, 1st, 29; Lieut. Matheis, F, 4th, 29; Sergt. Beach, K, 2d, 29; Pvt. Collins, H, 1st, 2d; Lieut. Preston, K, 1st, 29; Corp. Case, K, 1st, 29; Lieut. Gibney, B, 4th, 29; Lieut.-Col. Thompson, 1st, 29; Pvt. Whitman, A, 2d, 29, Pvt. Halm, I, 2d, 28; Pvt. Turner, K, 1st, 28; Sergt. Kimberly, K, 1st, 29; Lieut. Darnstadt, I, 2d, 29; Capt. Houston, I, R P, 1st, 29; Corp. Munson, A, 2d, 28; Pvt. Stockwell, C, 4th, 28; Corp. Landon, E, 2d, 28; Corp. Liveridge, K, 2d, 28; Capt. McLean, H, 1st, 28.

TORONTO, Oct. 20.—The tenth annual prize meeting of the Toronto Rifle Association was held to-day on the Garrison common ranges. There was a fair turn out of local riflemen and much interest manifested, the competition being very keen. A stiff wind blew across the ranges, and this, coupled with the cold, damp and cloudy weather, made shooting disagreeable and kept the score very low. The association has had a very successful season, and next year, as it is intended to reduce the fees from $3 to $2 per annum, a large addition to the present membership is expected. The list of prize winners is as follows:

Match No. 1.—The "Cartwright" ranges, 200 and 400yds., 7 shots at each range, Snider rifles. A. D. Cartwright won the "Trowern" medal and $10:

A D Cartwright	59	A G Ronan	56
W Jack	58	A Anderson	56
R McVittie	57	R Cartwright	55
J Davis	57	W Brown	55
W Ashall	56	A Curran	55

Match No. 2.—The "Johnson" ranges, 200, 500 and 600yds., Snider rifles, 7 shots at each range:

T Mitchell	84	A D Crooks	69
Geo Bell	82	A Anderson	68
A D Cartwright	78	J M Delamere	67
W Ashall	76	F W Curzon	67
R McVittie	71	Geo Thompson	67
W Harp	71	W Brown	66
Geo Lewis	70	A Bell	66
W Jack	69		

Match No. 3, the Ronan ranges, 200, 500 and 600yds., 7 shots at each range, Martini rifles:

T Mitchell	82	W J Graham	73
W Ashall	81	W Jack	72
A D Cartwright	81	A Bell	71
W Mowat	80	A D Crooks	70
W G Donnelly	78	Geo Thompson	70
W Brown	78	R McVittie	70
A Curran	75	Geo Lewis	69
W Harp	75	W C Vanloon	68

One 68 counted out.

Match No. 4, the aggregate, grand total in matches 1, 2 and 3:

T Mitchell, D. R. A. Medal	220	W Jack	199
A D Cartwright, O. R. A. Medal	218	R McVittie	198
W Ashall	213	W Harp	193
W Brown	199	A D Crooks	189

Match No. 5, the Bullseye, the greatest number of bullseyes to count in matches 1, 2 and 3:

T Mitchell	21	W Harp	16
W Brown	16	A D Cartwright	15
W Ashall	16	W Jack	14

The Toronto Silver Plate Cup, value $40, aggregate in matches 1 and 2 (to be won twice):

Winner, T. Mitchell 138

As Mr. Mitchell won this cup last year, he keeps it.

The Trowern Medal, value $15, aggregate scores at 500 and 600yds. in match No. 2:

Winner, Geo. Bell 56

BOSTON, Oct. 20.—The attendance at the rifle range to-day was good and the shooting lively, though no very high scores were made. The wind was strong from 10 o'clock. The following are the best scores made:

Off-Hand Match, No. 1.

A Clarke	10	8	7	9	7	9	7	7	5	5—74
C Williams	10	7	6	7	5	5	9	8	7	8—72
F James	6	6	7	6	6	5	7	6	5	10—64

Off-Hand Match, No. 2.

C Williams	9	10	5	7	3	9	8	8	8	10—79
A Clarke	8	9	9	6	8	5	8	4	8	6—71
F James	7	6	6	10	6	8	6	8	6	6—69

Rest Match, 200yds.

A L Stone	12	12	12	10	12	9	10	12	12	11—112
C H Davis	11	10	10	11	9	9	12	11	10	10—105
A Ballard	7	9	9	9	11	10	8	9	11	10—93
J E Tuttle	10	7	6	8	10	9	11	8	9	10—88

Revolver Match, 50yds.

A Lorin	9	7	8	10	9	9	9	10	7	10—88
J B Fellows	9	9	8	10	10	7	6	10	8	9—86
O T Moore	9	6	8	8	8	6	7	9	10	10—81
F Carter	9	7	9	9	6	5	9	9	9	8—80
A Martin	8	8	7	7	10	7	8	8	6	6—76

Victory Medal Match.

J A Frye	8	10	7	7	6	9	9	8	7	8—79
F Carter	8	5	9	5	6	9	6	6	5	10—69
A Maynard	7	6	6	10	6	8	6	8	6	6—69
O T Moore	8	6	8	5	7	6	6	9	5	7—67

Decimal Off-Hand Match, 200yds.

W C Johnston, Jr	9	10	5	7	3	9	8	8	9	10—79
D L Davis	5	9	9	8	8	5	8	10	6	7—75
H Severance	10	8	7	0	7	9	7	7	5	5—74
B G Barker	9	9	6	7	10	7	7	7	7	5—74
A Maynard	10	7	6	7	5	5	9	8	7	8—72
W C Ames	4	6	10	9	4	4	9	9	6	9—70
O T Moore	3	7	9	7	6	7	7	4	3	7—69
S Ham	6	9	5	7	4	5	8	9	2	6—68
F James	8	3	3	9	5	4	6	6	5	4—53

CAMBRIDGE TRIBUNE TROPHY.—The annual rifle competion for the Tribune Trophy between teams representing the two B's will occur at the North Cambridge Range next Saturday. The City Guard team will be minus the services of Private Chas. Ryan, one of its best shots, who is confined to his home with typhoid fever. The individual scores and team totals made by the Brattle Square team last Saturday were as follows:

Pvt Getchell	4554444—29	Pvt Lounsberry	4343434—25
Pvt Chittick	4534454—29	Bvt Ellis	4433343—24
Pvt Sawin	4444434—27	Pvt Frost	3344222—23—183
Sergt Henderson	4553344—26		

The Tribune Trophy, which is the only prize ever offered for competition by both companies, is at present held by Captain Dallinger and his men, having been won last year by one point, the score being 174 to 173. The scores of the leading six figured out the same total, and the result hinged on the scores of the two tailenders, and the man from Central Square came of victor with a score of 23, his opponent scoring 22. It was a close shave, and simply illustrates the determination with which the battle for the trophy is fought each year.—*Cambridge (Mass.) Tribune, Oct. 20*

SACRAMENTO, Cal., Oct. 14.—Thirty-two of Company G's men faced the 200yds. target on the Twelfth street range to day. Their score was 1,245 out of a possible 1,600, or 78 per cent. One made 44 out of a possible 50, three made 42, five made 41, seven made 40. Thirty-two officers and men shot, and the detailed scores show the remarkable exhibit of no misses and but 35 bullseyes in the 320 shots. The following scores were made with pistols at 60yds. by the Signal corps:

Lieut Kennedy	4445444544—42	Pvt Bessy	3433344542—35
Sergt Quin	4242223345—29	Pvt Geiser	4524232223—27
Corp Hazelstein	5443444234—37	Pvt Graves	2334234222—27

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 20.—The military event of the week happened to-day, when the opening contest of the First Brigade of the National Guard of Pennsylvania was shot at the new Hartranft Range, at Bridesburg. The construction of the range was commenced last summer, but owing to delay in getting lumber and materials to the ground it has only just been completed. The range is in splendid condition, and regular rifle practice will hereafter be done by the men. The grounds at present are arranged for 100, 200, 300, 500 and 600yds., and may be increased to 1,000yds. The targets are backed by railroad ties that have been piled to a height of 18ft. in the rear, insuring against accident.

The prizes competed for are the gift of Lieut.-Col. Thomas Potter, Jr., A. D. C. to the commander-in-chief, General Snowden. They consist of collar badges; the first prize of gold, the second of silver and the third of bronze. The contest was between fourteen teams of four men each, representing companies from the First and Second Regiments, of this city; the Sixth, of West Chester; the City Troop and the State Fencibles. The men reported at the range at 9 o'clock in the morning, and a practice match occupied the time until noon. All the contestants were required to appear in uniform, and one team which failed to do so was not allowed to shoot.

The match began at half-past 1, and finished at five minutes past 4, and considering the want of practice of the men, Major Huidekoper, inspector of rifle practice, says that the score made was particularly good, and very promising for fine marksmanship in the future. The teams shot five shots each man at 200 and 500yds., under Creedmoor rules. The winning team scored 151 out of a possible 200, the second scored 128 and the third 127. The individual scores of the winning teams were: Company D, First Regiment, Lieut. Crump 42 out of a possible 50, Sergt. J. O. Bowman 37, Capt. Hastings 36, Pvt. Glathery 36; total of the team 151, winning the gold badges. Company F of the same regiment, Sergt. Bryan 35, Lieut. Heath 33, Capt. Eller 19, Pvt. Neffeldorf 41. The third team, Company I, of the Sixth Regiment, of West Chester, made 127 as follows: Capt. Paxton 34, Sergt. Ogier 22, Pvt. Phillips 27, Pvt. Johnson 34. The lowest score was 82, by the Norristown Company. The shooting was rendered more difficult by a strong and uncertain wind. The second match will be shot next Saturday for prizes of gold badges with diamond and ruby bullseyes, and the "Potter trophy" and others.

ST. LOUIS, Oct. 20.—An even dozen were present at the regular shoot of the St. Louis Pistol Club to-day. Below will be found the scores on the standard target, distance 200yds., possible 100:

L V D Perret	87	M C Billmeyer	73
W H Hettel	86	M Summerfield	68
W J Larned	82	R E Bengel	63
E C Mohrstadt	81	H C Griesiedick	62
F A Fodde	79	L Denig	59
W Bauer	76	W C Mackwitz	52

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

THE CALIFORNIA STATE SHOOT.

STOCKTON, Cal., Oct. 4.—The first day's shooting of the California State Sportsmen's Club was held here to-day, about thirty members of the association being present. In all the matches prizes were divided into 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent of the entrance money, and special prizes were given by business men.

The first match, at fifteen live birds, 21yds. rise, plunge traps, one barrel, entrance $5, had thirteen entries. J. Fanning, C. J. Haas, Dr. Cross and F. J. Leffler tied on thirteen birds each and divided.

The second match was at fifteen live birds, 30yds. rise, Hurlingham rules, ground traps, $5 entrance. There were sixteen entries. Fanning, Hass and Dr. Britton each killed fourteen birds; C. A. Merrill and E. Leffler killing thirteen each.

The third match was at ten single and five pair of bluerock targets, 15yds. rise, entrance $2.50. Twenty-one shooters entered. C. J. Hass and J. Fanning tied on 18 out of a possible 20 and divided first and second money. Hass had 10 straight singles and 3 straight doubles, missing one each in the second and third doubles. Fanning had 9 singles and 4 straight doubles. F. J. Leffler took the third prize with 17. Dr. Slade had 16 and fourth prize. J. Delmas had 15, and J. Coffin, I. J. Kellogg, H. Whitehead, L. C. Stockwell and C. A. Merrill tied on 14 each, taking the special prizes.

Two special freeze-out matches, $2.50 entrance, closed the day's sport.

Oct. 5.—At the second day's shoot of the California State Sportsman's Association the attendance was large and the sport interesting. The first match was for the challenge medal, offered by the Selby Smelting and Lead Company, at 50 singles and 25 pairs of artificial birds, 15yds. rise. There were 11 entries, F. J. Bassford, C. J. Haas, O. F. Britton, T. N. Buckingham, J. F. Anning, A. B. Sperry, S. J. Kellogg, Jr., F. G. Leffler, F. E. Coykendall, J. Delmas and Crittenden Robinson.

Each paid in $10 entrance and shot for prizes of 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. of the entrance money, in addition to the prize. The medal is to be awarded to the man who wins it four times, not necessarily consecutive. F. J. Bassford took the medal and first money with 87 out of a possible 100. Haas took the second with 81, Fanning third with 77, Leffler fourth with 76, Buckingham and Leffler tied for fifth and sixth with 74, Delmas 71, Coykendall 63, Sperry 60.

The next match was at 15 live birds, 30yds. rise, Hurlingham rules, ground traps. There were 20 entries at $5 each and 4 money prizes and specials. Robinson took first money with 14, Coykendall, Markey, Fanning, Hopper, Dr. Britton and Haas tied on 13 and divided the prizes.

A special match at 6 live birds, 30yds., 2 barrels, had 20 entries at $2.50 each. Haas, Coykendall, Robinson, Lastrello and Kellogg tied on 6 and divided.

Another special match was shot off at 5 birds, 30yds. rise. It had 11 entries at $2.50 each. Dr. Knowles, Haas and Robinson each killed 5 birds and divided the money equally; Dr. Knowles killed his with the first barrel.

At the annual meeting held to-night, Vice-President Cross presiding, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Ramon E. Wilson of San Francisco; Vice-President, Dr. S. N. Cross of Stockton (re-elected); Secretary, Horace H. Briggs of San Francisco (re-elected); Treasurer, Dr. S. E. Knowles of San Francisco (re-elected). Directors: J. Delmas and E. F. Coykendall of San Jose, Dr. J. W. Hayes of Grass Valley, T. B. Norton of San Francisco, and C. J. Haas of Stockton. The next meeting is to commence on Oct. 10, next year, at San Jose, continuing three days. The members of the Los Angeles Club were elected, adding 20 names to the roll. George Ditz of Stockton, J. S. Fanning of San Francisco, and C. H. Cory of San Jose, were also elected members.

Oct. 6.—The State Sportsmen's meeting closed to-day with several interesting shooting matches. First on the programme was the association shoot at 20 live birds, 30yds. rise, Hurlingham style, for an elegant diamond badge, presented by the retiring president, E. Fay. The winner holds the badge from year to year until won three times by any member, then it becomes his property. In case the badge is lost at any succeeding meeting the previous holder will surrender it, at the same time taking the entrance money subscribed at each meeting. There were 18 entries, and each paid $5 entrance, which was divided into four prizes of 40, 30 20 and 10 per cent. Crittenden Robinson made the best record, killing 20 birds, using his second barrel six time. He earned the medal and first cash prize. C. A. Merrill, Dr. Knowles and J. T. Fanning killed 18 each, dividing the balance of the money. Coykendall, Maskey, Norton and Bassford got 17 each.

The next match was at 15 live birds, 30yds. rise, Hurlingham rules, entrance $5, four cash prizes. There were 19 entries, making the purse $95. H. F. Hooper killed 15, making the best record and taking first money. Coykendall, Bassford and Dr. Knowles killed 14 each and divided the other purse.

Three special matches were made. The first was at 6 live birds, 30yds., $2.50 entrance. C. A. Merrill killed 6 straight birds with the first barrel, taking the first prize. Dr. Britton, Coykendall, Burnett, Robinson and Kellogg made 5 each, and divided the balance of the money.

The next special was at 8 live birds, 30yds. rise. There were 12 entries. Crittenden Robinson made a clean score of 8, taking the first prize. Merrill, Hopper and Sperry killed 7 each and divided the balance of the money.

The last match of the tournament was a special one at 6 live birds, 30yds. rise. There were 14 entries at $2.50 each. Coykendall, Sperry Robinson, Fanning and Hopper killed 6 each and divided the money. To-night the visiting members of the association were banqueted by the Stockton members. During the evening the diamond medal was presented to Crittenden Robinson.

THE MIDDLESEX SHOOT.

ANOTHER tournament in the New Jersey circuit has come and gone. The Middlesex Club opened the ball at their grounds at Dunellen, N. J., on Tuesday of last week. The shoot extended over four days and was in every way a most successful one. The attendance was good, though not quite so large as expected, the arrangements for shooting and for the comfort and pleasure of shooters were most complete, the press were well taken care of and everything passed off very smoothly.

The Middlesex boys know how to run a shoot; they have this reputation and fully lived up to it on the present occasion. They are all workers, from the president down, and spare no time or trouble to make visiting shooters at home and to give them an enjoyable time. Their grounds are beautifully situated on the New Jersey Central R. R. within five minutes's walk from the station at Dunellen. They are inclosed with a good, sound board fence, which constitutes the 80yds. boundary. They have a commodious club house, in which a hot fire was kept going during the week, around which the boys huddled to talk shoot; a large grand stand, which unfortunately was not filled this time on account of the bad weather, and a cozy little secretary's office where the members of the press were comfortably ensconced with every arrangement for the rapid accomplishment of their work.

Too much credit cannot be given to the various committees for their successful endeavors. Seymour G. Smith, the chairman of all the committees, was in the box as custodian of the moneys; the reception committee—Wm. L. Force, M. W. Mulford and Charley Smith—were on deck with welcoming hands to the visitors, and Fred Quimby, the genial "Quinlan" of shooting fame, was here, there and everywhere securing entries for the various events with his never-failing persuasive powers and blarney.

Charley Smith ("Dutchy") and Tom Keller ("Tee Kay"), aided by "Razzle Dazzle" Miller, gave free variety shows for the boys every day, about which more anon.

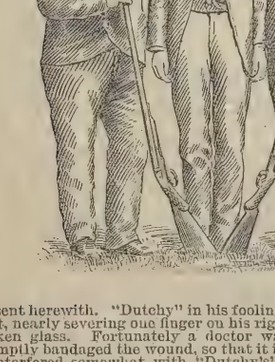
With the exception of Thursday, the weather was very unfavorable, either showery or overcast, and this no doubt prevented the attendance of many shooters. However, those who came were hot for shooting, and the bang! bang! of the guns was almost continuous.

Two days were devoted to inanimate targets, of which there were several kinds used, all of which worked very satisfactorily, with the exception of the clay-birds, at which the shooters kicked.

Three sets of traps were in constant use and over 8,000 targets were shot in the two days. Each event was scored on a separate card properly headed, which on completion was handed in to the Secretary's office, where the winnings were figured up and each man's quota placed in an envelope bearing his name; these were delivered as called for. This system entails more work on the management, but is much more satisfactory than the old style of paying the whole amount in each tie to one man and having him chase up his companions in the divide. Some of the boys went in to make this a "dude" shoot, and on Wednesday appeared on the grounds and went to the score in high hats, some of them of modern style and others of the days of our daddies. Among the "plug" brigade were Fred Quimby, who looked the elegant, with a nobby tile; Seymour G. Smith with an old-timer, his red badge pinned into the top of the crown, giving him a very jaunty appearance, "Razzle Dazzle," "no flies on me" Peters Miller, H. A. Keystone Penrose; Charley Budd, long likeau Italian count, and a clerical-looking gentleman, who hails from the city where bluerocks are made, and whose name belied his looks, as he figured on the score cards as "Profane." This gentleman rejoiced in a frock coat and white choker, and evidently sought to impress the crowd with his sanctity, but utterly failed.

This high toned contingent fronted the score on Wednesday morning, dazzling the more humble shooters with their display of style, but after their enterprise had been properly recognized the swells withdrew the pressure and peeled down to regular shooting toggery. There were however two men on the grounds whose exuberance of spirits it was impossible to check, Charlie Smith "Dutchy" and Tom Keller "Tee Kay." They were rejoicing in the possession of some gifts from a few kind Western friends, which they displayed prominently to show their appreciation. When these two worthies were at Cleveland a few weeks ago, they made much sport for the boys, who last week testified their gratitude in the shape of a large box addressed to "Dutchy", which when opened was found to contain four hats, two of them diminutive rough felt plugs about three inches high in the crown with brims rolled tight at the side and about two inches wide front and back; they were inscribed, "Dutchy" and "Tee Kay" on front of crown and "Oh Ho" on the back in gilt letters. The other two hats were very flat crowned derbys, something like one sees on the German emigrants at Castle Garden, lettered in the same fashion. In addition to these, the box contained two leather medals about the size of a desert plate, "Dutchy's" lettered "Champion Sour Krout Eater 1888, won at Cleveland Oh Ho," and "Tee Kay's" "Champion Gum Chewer 1888, won at Cleveland, Oh Ho."

Both titles have a peculiar significance, which will be apparent to any who know them. At any rate they were as proud of their possessions as a boy with his first pair of boots, and it was inexpressibly comical to see them standing around arm in arm wearing their plug hats and medals and indulging in all sorts of antics. "Dutchy" and "Tee Kay" wish to present their thanks for the generosity of their Western friends, and beg to say that if the donors will but make themselves known a champagne supper with all the delicacies of the season awaits them. It is suspected that some Cincinnati parties could supply the information if they would. At all events a return gift is in order, and "Dutchy" and "Tee Kay" will not fail in their duty. "Razzle Dazzle" Miller resurrected a green cloth cap with a tiny visor, just large enough to rest on the top of his head, and the trio sang German songs, danced and cracked jokes for the edification of the crowd. For the benefit of our readers we have secured a picture "en costume," which we



present herewith. "Dutchy" in his fooling met with a bad accident, nearly severing one finger on his right hand with a piece of broken glass. Fortunately a doctor was on the ground and promptly bandaged the wound, so that it is now doing nicely, but it interfered somewhat with "Dutchy's" shooting, although no restriction on his overflowing spirits.

The headquarters during the shoot was at Force's Hotel at Plainfield, about twenty minutes drive from the grounds, on a good macadamized road. This ride out in the morning and back in the evening was very pleasant and the scenery fine, the Orange Mountains looming up in the distance all aglow with varied autumnal colors.

The evenings at the hotel were pleasantly spent, "Razzle Dazzle" Miller developing quite a talent as a hotel clerk and making much sport for the boys.

On Friday, after the big 25-bird sweep, Mr. Fred Quimby addressed the shooters on behalf of S. G. Smith, chairman, thanking them for their attendance, hoping that all had had a good time and a fair show, etc. In response to this three hearty cheers and a tiger were given as a goodwill toward the management, and although no one gave it voice the prevailing sentiment was that the Middlesex boys were good ones and square, and that no better time could be had anywhere than on their grounds. Below are the scorrs:

Tuesday.

Heavy showers in the morning, but cleared toward noon. Not much wind, and conditions favorable to good scores.

Event No. 1, 9 single bluerocks, entrance $1; open to all; four moneys:

Budd	111111111—9	S G Smith	110111111—8
Brientnall	111111111—9	Wild	101101111—7
E D Miller	111111111—9	Allen	101111110—7
Yerrington	111111111—9	Luther	011111110—7
Carter	111111111—9	Barnes	111110011—7
Wheeler	111111111—9	McAlpin	110111001—6
J E Miller	111111111—9	Peacock	101111001—6
Bowdish	111111101—8	D Williams	110110101—6
Quad	011111111—8	Quinlan	111001100—5
Tee Kay	011111111—8	Penrose	010010111—5
Apgar	110111111—8	Forest	001100101—4

Ties on 9 shot off and div. by Budd, Brientnall, Yerrington and Wheeler. Other ties div.

Event No. 3, 15 single bluerocks, entrance $3; $75 guaranteed; open to all; four moneys.

Penrose	111111111111111—15	Wild	111101111111010—12
Yerrington	111111111111111—15	Morris	101110111011111—12
Von Lengerke	111111111111101—15	Albee	111111110100101—12
Woolsey	111111111111111—15	J E Miller	111111110101101—11
Budd	111111111101111—14	Lindsley	111010111010111—11
Luther	111111111111011—14	S G Smith	101100111100110— 9
Wheeler	111101111111111—14	Forest	000000000001110— 3
Brientnall	111101111111110—13	William	010010 w.
McAlpin	011111011111111—13	Quinlan	100010 w.
Brantingham	101011111111111—13	Peacock	010111001 w.
Dart	110111011111111—13	Quad	111000111110 w.
Collins	110111111111110—13	Bowdish	011011011000 w.
Mitchell	110111011111111—13	Barnes	100110110100 w.
E D Miller	111110111101101—12	Carter	001111110011 w.
Allen	110001111111111—12	C Smith	111110010110 w.

All ties div.

Event No. 4 at 15 single bluerocks, entrance $3, $75 guaranteed; for amateurs, 90 class barred; four moneys:

D Terry	111111101111111—14	McAlpin	100011110111111—14
Dart	011111111111111—14	Tee Kay	111101100111011—11
C Smith	111111101111111—14	Barnes	111001011111010—10
Woolsey	111111011111111—14	Von Lengerke	110111100101101—10
Brantingham	101011111111111—13	Bowdish	110110000111111—10
Wild	011111111111101—13	Albee	011111010111010—10
Collins	111111111100011—12	Profane	111001100011111—10
Mitchell	010111101111111—12	Quinlan	011001111101011—10
Morris	111010111111110—12	Mulford	110011100011111— 9
Apgar	101110101111111—12	Williams	101010011110110— 8
Allen	011010110111111—11	Quad	111001100 w.
Lindsley	111100011111011—11		

Ties div.

Event No. 5 at 9 singles and 3 pairs bluerocks, $2.50 entrance, $50 guaranteed, open to all, four moneys:

Bowdish	111101111 11 11 11—14	Penrose	101111111 11 10 10—12
Morris	111111111 11 11 10—14	Barnes	111111100 10 11 11—12
V. L'gerke	111111111 11 11 10—14	E D Miller	110101111 10 11 10—11
J E Miller	011011111 11 11 11—13	Wild	011101111 11 00 11—11
Brientnall	111111111 11 10 10—13	Maj Albee	011111111 10 10 10—11
McAlpin	111111111 11 00 11—13	Dart	111111101 01 10 10—10
Luther	111111111 11 10 10—13	C Smith	011010111 00 11 11—10
Carter	111111111 00 11 11—13	Lindsley	111100011 10 11 10—10
Mitchell	110111111 10 11 11—13	Collins	111100110 10 11 10—10
Yerrington	111111111 10 10 11—13	Woolsey	001111011 11 11 00—10
Peacock	111011111 01 11 01—12	Quad	111111100 01 10 10—10
Budd	111111011 10 11 10—12		

All ties div., except for third, which was shot off at 3 singles and 1 pair and won by Wild.

Event No. 6, at 6 singles and 3 pairs bluerocks, changed to 12 singles, $2.50 entrance, $50 guaranteed, for amateurs, 90 class barred; four moneys:

McAlpin	011111111011—10	C Smith	110111111111—11
Bowdish	111111111111—12	Quad	110011111110— 9
Williams	010111110101— 8	Wild	111111111111—12
Albee	100011111111— 7	Brantingham	111111111111—12
Mitchell	111111110111—11	Allen	111111111111—12
Woolsey	111101101011— 9	Apgar	111110011110— 9
Alice	100111101111— 9	Quinlan	000110 w. — 2
Dart	111101111111—11	Tee Kay	101010100110— 6
Lindsley	111111000011— 8	D Terry	111101011101— 9
Collins	111111111111—12		

Ties div.

Event No. 7, at 5 pairs bluerocks, was changed to 12 single rises, $2.50 entrance, $50 guaranteed, four moneys:

McAlpin	111011101111—10	Peacock	111111011110—10
Penrose	111111011101—10	Mitchell	111111111101—11
Yerrington	111111111111—12	J E Miller	111011111111—11
Luther	111011111111—11	Carter	111111111101—11
Budd	111101111111—11	Brientnall	111111001110—10
Lindsley	111111111111—12	Bowdish	111111101101—10
Collins	011111111111—11	Alice	011111111111—11
Brantingham	011011111111—10	Dart	101111111011—10
Profane	110110100101— 7	Woolsey	111101011111—10
E D Miller	111101111111—10	Von Lengerke	111010111111—10
C Smith	010111111011— 9		

First div.; second shot off and div. by Luther, Budd, Mitchell, J. E. Miller and Alice; third shot off and div. by McAlpin, Brantingham, Bowdish and Dart; fourth won by C. Smith.

Extra sweep No. 1 at 9 singles, $1 entrance, 4 moneys:

Quinlan	7	Apgar	9
Peacock	6	Forest	4
Bowdish	6	Bringham	6
S G Smith	6	Budd	7
Profane	5	Penrose	5
Tee Kay	8	Miller	8
Dickens	7		

Ties div.

Extra sweep No. 2 at 9 singles, $1 entrance, 4 moneys:

Quinlan	6	Tee Kay	6
S G Smith	6	Penrose	8
Peacock	5	Apgar	6
Quad	6	J E Miller	8
Profane	8	Yerrington	7
Forest	5	Carter	9
Budd	9	Barnes	9
E D Miller	9	Wheeler	7
McAlpin	5	Wild	7
Brientnall	7	Luther	7
Bowdish	8	Brantingham	9

All ties div. except for third, that was shot off, Brientnall shut out on the first round, and after shooting 6 the others div.

Extra sweep No. 3 at 9 singles, $1 entrance, 4 moneys:

Budd	8	Wild	9
Bowdish	8	Luther	8
Peacock	9	Quimby	5
McAlpin	9	Penrose	9
J E Miller	9	Yerrington	7
E D Miller	7	Wheeler	9
Quad	8	Barnes	7
Brientnall	7	Von Lengerke	6
Carter	6	Allen	6

Ties div.

Extra sweep No. 4, at 9 singles, $1 entrance, 4 moneys:

Peacock	7	McAlpin	7
Budd	9	Penrose	9
Carter	6	Luther	8
S G Smith	5	Von Lengerke	9
Brantingham	8	Tee Kay	5
Wild	8	Barnes	7
Bowdish	7	Brientnall	8
E D Miller	9	Morris	7
Yerrington	4	C Smith	8
J E Miller	4	Dart	9
Judd	8	Woolsey	6

All ties div. except for third, which was shot off by Peacock.

Extra sweep No. 5, at 9 singles, $1 entrance, 4 moneys:

Wheeler	7	Budd	9
Penrose	6	Lindsley	7
Luther	8	Morris	8
Wild	8	S G Smith	4
Carter	7	Brantingham	7
Bowdish	8	Yerrington	9
Collins	9	Tee Kay	6
C Smith	6	McAlpin	9
E D Miller	9	Allen	9
Brientnall	5	Judd	7
J E Miller	8	Williams	8
Profane	8		

All ties div. except second, which was shot off and div. by Luther and Wild.

Extra sweep No. 6, at 5 pairs double rises, $1 entrance, four moneys:

Budd	10 10 11 10 11—7	J E Miller	10 10 11 10 10—6
Carter	10 11 10 11 11—8	S G Smith	01 11 00 10 11—6
C Smith	00 11 11 00 11—6	Bowdish	10 11 11 11 11—9
Lindsley	10 11 10 10 10—6	Wild	11 11 00 11 10—7
Mitchell	10 11 11 10 00—6	Brantingham	10 10 10 11 11—7
Penrose	11 10 10 10 11—7	Peacock	10 10 10 11 11—7
Barnes	11 10 00 10 10—5	Morris	10 10 01 11 10—6
Albee	10 11 00 10 10—5	Von Lengerke	10 10 10 10 11—9
E D Miller	11 11 01 10 11—8	McAlpin	11 10 01 11 11—8
Quinlan	11 11 10 10 10—7	D Williams	10 01 01 00 11—5
Brientnall	11 11 11 11 10—9	Allen	01 01 11 11 01—7

First and second div., third shot off and div. by Budd, Penrose and Wild, fourth shot off and div. by Mitchell, J. E. Miller and Von Lengerke.

Extra sweep No. 7, at 9 singles, $1 entrance, four moneys:

Budd	9	Luther	7
Brientnall	9	Wheeler	9
McAlpin	6	Peacock	6
Quinlan	5	Quad	8
Penrose	5	J E Miller	9
E D Miller	9	Williams	6
Wild	7	Tee Kay	8
Bowdish	8	Apgar	8
Yerrington	7	Barnes	7
Carter	9	S G Smith	8
Allen	7	Forest	4

Ties on 9 shot off and div. by Budd, Brientnall, Yerrington and Wheeler, other ties div.

Extra sweep No. 8 at 9 singles, $1 entrance, four moneys:

Lindsley	6	Budd	8
Williams	4	Luther	7
McAlpine	8	Yerrington	9
C Smith	8	Penrose	8
Carter	8	Collins	9
Mitchell	8	Woolsey	7
Brientnall	8	Dart	7
Wild	7	Bowdish	9
J E Miller	6	Allen	9
E D Miller	8	Alice	9

First, third and fourth div.; second shot off and div. by Budd and C. Smith.

Extra sweep No. 9 at 9 singles, $1 entrance, four moneys:

Brientnall	5	Daniels	6
Wild	7	McAlpin	7
Miller	7	Penrose	7
Budd	9	Yerrington	7
Apgar	9	Tee Kay	5
Bowdish	9	J E Miller	6
Luther	8	Peacock	7
Carter	8	Allen	7
C Smith	8	Brantingham	5
Mitchell	9	Collins	7

All ties div.

Wednesday.

About 5 A. M. it thundered and rained hard, and those of the shooters who were awakened by the noise groaned in spirit at the thought of another rainy morning at the traps; but before breakfast was finished the clouds parted and Old Sol appeared, cheering the hearts of all.

Event No. 9, at 5 pairs bluerocks, $1 entrance, four moneys, open to all:

Carter	11 11 10 11 11—9	Alice	11 11 01 10 11— 8
Dart	11 11 11 10 10—8	McMurchy	10 11 11 11 11— 9
Peacock	10 11 11 11 01—8	Bowdish	11 11 11 11 11—10
Wheeler	11 01 11 10 10—7	Yerrington	00 10 10 10 11— 5
J E Miller	11 10 11 11 11—9	C Smith	01 11 11 01 11— 8
Mitchell	11 10 11 10 11—8	E D Miller	10 11 11 11 11— 9
Penrose	10 10 11 10 10—6	Budd	11 10 11 11 10— 8
Albee	11 11 11 11 11—9	Wild	11 11 11 10 10— 7
McAlpin	11 01 01 10 11—5	Sigler	11 11 10 11 11— 9
Barnes	11 10 11 11 11—9	Woolsey	11 00 10 11 10— 6
Davidson	10 00 11 01 10—5	Manning	10 11 10 11 11— 8

Bowdish, the only man with 10 straight, took first; second shot off and won by J. E. Miller, third shot off and div. by Peacock and Alice, fourth div.

Event No. 11 at 20 single bluerocks, 23yds. rise, Hurlingham rules, usual allowance for 12, 16 and 20-bore guns, $2 entrance, $50 guaranteed, open to all:

McMurchy	11111111111111111111—20	Lindsley	01111101111110121111—17
Carter	11111111111111112111—20	Albee	10112001111111111211—17
Budd	11111210111121111111—19	Bowdish	11011211111001121111—17
Wheeler	11211111111111111111—19	Rowley	11111102111201020111—16
Yerrington	01111111112111111111—19	S G Smith	01121111112111102200—16
Sigler	11111111111111111111—19	Woolsey	21102120111001111110—15
Wild	12201211112111111112—19	Branting-ham	11110101110111102100—15
Penrose	10111211101111112111—18	McAlpin	11211102102111120w.
E D Miller	11100111121111121111—18	Heritage	11110111000w.
Mitchell	11111111121111100001—17	Profane	000100w.
Dart	10011221211111020321—17	Mannig	100100w.
J E Miller	11211110121111200112—17	Peacock	00010w.

All ties div. except on 17, which were shot off and won by Mitchell.

Event No. 12 at 20 single bluerocks, 23yds. rise, Hurlingham rules, usual allowance for 12, 16 and 20 bores, $2 entrance, $50 guaranteed, for amateurs, that is, 90 clsas barred:

Woolsey	11111101111111111111—19	Ashburn	11011101110001112111—15
Alice	11111111111211111110—19	B'nt'gh'm	11101101011211111100—15
Mitchell	11111111111111110112—19	Lindsley	10210110202111202221—15
Collins	11122111011212111111—19	Peacock	11121102120120211210—15
McAlpin	11211112120111121021—18	Riggetts	01121001111101110111—15
Dart	11112101111021111111—18	Davison	01101110111101101101—14
Wild	21111210211011111111—18	Albee	01201001001011111112—13
Bowdish	21111111021111111110—18	S'nderm'n	21020110110100w.
Apgar	11111111021211111110—18	Rowley	01000111100 w.
Tee Kay	10111111111111121001—17	Mannig	01200001110 w.
Barnes	11102101211400122111—16	Heritage	00101010110 w.
Manitz	10100102121111111111—16	Richards	10001100 w.
D Terry	11011101110011111111—16		

Ties div.

No. 13, at 15 Ligowsky clay-pigeons, $2 entrance, $50 guaranteed, open to all, 4 moneys:

Dart	111111111111111—15	Sigler	111101111110111—13
Wheeler	111111111111111—15	E D Miller	111110011111011—12
McMurchy	111111111110111—14	Alice	111111101001111—12
Yerrington	111111111111101—14	Brantingham	111110011111111—12
Woolsey	111111111111101—14	J E Miller	111100011110111—11
Carter	101111111111111—14	Riggetts	111111110001101—11
Collins	111111110111111—14	Penrose	101110110011011—10
Manitz	111111110111111—14	Richards	100110110111011—10
McAlpin	111111111111101—14	Lindsley	111000101101011—10
Budd	110111111111011—13	Heritage	101001011110100— 8
Mitchell	111111111111010—13	Albee	100011000111610— 7
Bowdish	011011111111111—13	Peacock	001010110w.
Wild	111111111011110—13		

First and fourth div., second shot off and div. by McMurchy, Woolsey, Collins and McAlpin, third shot off and div. by Budd and Mitchell.

Event No. 15, at 10 singles and 3 pairs New York blackbirds, donated by Standard Target Co., $2 entrance, open to all, four moneys:

Budd	1111111111 11 11 11—16	Manitz	1111101111 10 11 11—14
Sigler	1110111111 11 11 11—15	Luther	1111111111 10 10 11—14
Wheeler	1111111111 11 11 11—15	E D Miller	1111111111 11 10 00—13
Carter	1111110111 11 11 11—15	Bowdish	1111110011 10 10 11—13
Penrose	1111111111 11 11 01—15	Barnes	1011111111 11 10 10—13
Peacock	1111111111 11 10 11—15	Wild	1010111101 11 11 10—12
McAlpin	1111101110 11 10 11—14	Lindsley	1011111111 10 10 10—12
M'Murc'y	1111111111 10 01 11—14	Mitchell	1110111111 00 10 10—11
Yer'in'ton	1111111111 11 01 10—14	Richards	1110101101 10 00 10— 9
J E Miller	1111101111 10 11 11—14	Davison	0111110001 w.

Budd won first with the only straight. Other ties div.

Event No. 16 was scheduled for a combination match at 10 singles and 5 pairs New York blackbirds, bluerocks and Ligowsky clay birds, but was changed to 12 single Ligowsky birds, $2 entrance; four moneys:

Wheeler	111111111111—12	McMurchy	101111011111—10
Budd	111111111111—12	Peacock	111111111100—10
Yerrington	111111111111—12	Wild	011111111011—10
Penrose	111111111111—12	Collins	110111111001— 9
E D Miller	111111111111—12	Forest	010111111010— 8
Tee Kay	111111111111—12	Lindsley	101111100001— 7
Carter	111111111011—11	Manitz	110011001110— 7
Mitchell	111111110111—11	Smith	111001001011— 7
Alice	111111011111—11	Sigler	111010100 w.
Bowdish	111111101011—10	McAlpin	010111010 w.
Luther	101111111011—10		

Ties div.

Extra event No. 1, at 9 single bluerocks, $1 entrance; four moneys:

Brantingham	7	McMurchy	8
C Smith	7	Penrose	8
Apgar	7	J E Miller	9
Maning	5	Ashburn	6
Tee Kay	6	Dart	6
Alice	8	Wheeler	8
Barnes	8	Mitchell	7
Lindsley	7	Woolsey	6
Yerrington	7	Peacock	8
Carter	9	Wild	8
Bowdish	8	McAlpin	6
Budd	9	Sigler	7
Albee	9	E D Miller	7

First div.; second shot off and div. by Alice, Barnes, McMurchy, Penrose and Wheeler; third shot off and div. by Brantingham, Apgar, Yerrington, Mitchell, Sigler and E. D. Miller; fourth shot off and won by Woolsey.

Extra sweep No. 2, at 5 pairs bluerocks, $1 entrance, four moneys:

Peacock	10 10 11 11 10—7	Sigler	10 10 11 10 11— 7
C Smith	10 10 11 11 10—7	Mitchell	01 11 11 11 11— 9
McMurchy	01 11 10 10 11—7	Alice	11 11 11 11 10—10
Penrose	11 10 11 11 11—9	Manning	11 01 01 10 10— 6
Carter	10 10 10 10 11—6	Bowdish	11 11 10 11 11— 9
Barnes	01 10 10 10 10—5	Davidson	11 11 11 11 11—10
Budd	11 11 11 10 11—9	Wild	11 11 11 11 11—10
Albee	10 01 11 10 11—7	E D Miller	01 11 11 11 10— 8
Wheeler	11 11 10 10 11—8	Dart	11 11 01 11 10— 8
J E Miller	10 11 11 01 11—8		

First, second and fourth div., third shot off and div. by J. E. Miller and E. D. Miller.

Extra sweep No. 3, at 10 single Ligowsky clay-birds, entrance $1, four moneys:

C Smith	9	Penrose	8
Carter	9	Barnes	8
J E Miller	6	Lindsley	8
Ashburn	5	E D Miller	8
Albee	8	Yerrington	10
Budd	10	Wheeler	10
Peacock	7	Davidson	6
Woolsey	6	Brantingham	9
Sigler	9	Mitchell	7
Alice	8	Wild	7
Bowdish	10	McMurchy	9
Dart	7		

First, second and third div., fourth shot off and won by Wild.

Extra sweep No. 4 at 5 pairs bluerocks, $1 entrance, four moneys:

Wheeler	11 11 11 10 11—9	Manitz	11 11 00 11 10—7
Carter	11 10 11 11 11—9	E D Miller	10 01 10 10 11—6
Penrose	10 11 11 11 01—8	J E Miller	00 11 10 11 10—6
Wild	11 10 11 11 10—8	Albee	10 01 11 00 10—5
Peacock	11 11 11 11 00—8	Sunderman	10 10 01 00 10—4
Mitchell	10 10 11 10 11—7	Sigler	10 10 01 10 00—4
Davison	11 11 10 01 01—7	Bowdish	00 10 01 01 00—3

Ties div.

Extra sweep No. 5 at 9 Keystone targets, $1 entrance, three moneys:

Wheeler	9	Collins	7
Carter	9	Manitz	7
E D Miller	8	Penrose	7
Mitchell	8	Tee Kay	7
Bowdish	8	McAlpin	7
Alice	8	Apgar	6
Budd	8	Sunderman	5
Wild	7		

First and second div., third shot off and div. by Wild and Collins.

Extra sweep No. 6 at 12 Keystone targets, $1 entrance, 4 moneys:

McMurchy	12	Heritage	10
J E Miller	12	Wheeler	9
Alice	12	Budd	9
Carter	11	Lindsley	9
Mitchell	11	Tee Kay	9
Yerrington	11	Sunderman	9
Luther	10	E D Miller	9
Peacock	10	Manitz	9
Barnes	10	Penrose	9
Riggetts	10	Collins	8
McAlpin	10	Sigler	7
Wild	10		

First and second div., third shot off and div. by Wild and Luther, fourth shot off and won by Wheeler.

Thursday.

This was the first day at live birds, and many old-time pigeon shooters were on hand. The birds were an exceptional lot, of a kind rarely seen at tournaments; very few of them required putting up. Most of them were strong flyers and started for the woods at a rapid pace as soon as the trap was sprung. Many beautiful stops were made, but many more birds, though hard hit, managed to get over the fence, only to fall from the frying pan into the fire, for on the outside were about fifty scouts, and almost as many shots were fired at a fugitive, so that few escaped. Once in a while an exceptionally strong flyer would be liberated, duck or swerve out of reach of both barrels, then tower high and escape the murderous gang outside, whose fusilade sounded like an infantry engagement. At such times the crowd would give a rousing cheer for the lucky bird. Weather clear and beautiful, with a moderate breeze from northwest, blowing right across the traps.

Event No. 17, at 10 live birds, tournament rules, $10 entrance, $100 guaranteed, open to all, handicap rises:

Budd (30yds)	1112112111—10	Carter (30)	1122110o122— 8
Brewer (30)	2222222222—10	E D Miller (30)	2121120o21— 8
S G Smith (28)	2211111111—10	Lee (28)	0111111011— 8
Sigler (31)	1111122212—10	J Smith (30)	1110122210— 8
Class (30)	1122111211—10	F Kleintz (30)	21o1122001— 7
Penrose (30)	1211021111— 9	McMurchy (30)	1111112000— 7
Peacock (30)	0121121222— 9	Forest (29)	1121100100— 6
Wheeler (29)	0121221111— 9	Wild (29)	0110101120— 6
Williams (29)	0121222121— 9	Bowdish (29)	1002002011— 5
C Smith (30)	1022211222— 9	Hugh Leddy (27)	0012011001— 5
Quinlan (30)	2222211002— 8		

All ties div.

Event No. 18, at 7 live birds, tournament rules, entrance $5, $75 guaranteed, open to all, handicap rises:

McMurchy (30)	1111112—7	J H Force (28)	1201112—6
Penrose (30)	1121111—7	Kleinz (30)	0121222—6
Brewer (30)	1222122—7	Manitz (30)	1111210—6
Wheeler (29)	2111222—7	Terry (29)	1111101—6
Williams (29)	2121121—7	S G Smith (28)	0121101—5
Quinlan (30)	1211222—7	Class (30)	2002212—5
E D Miller (30)	2112111—7	Lee (28)	1010111—5
Budd (30)	0112112—6	Leddy (27)	2001221—5
Peacock (30)	0211211—6	C Smith (30)	0201222—5
Carter (30)	1120212—6	J D Voorhees (29)	1100111—5
Bowdish (29)	1111110—6	Green (28)	0020111—4
Sigler (31)	0122211—6	Winans (29)	2001011—4
Luther (30)	0021112—6	Wild (29)	0102020—3
J Smith (30)	1121120—6	Lawrence (29)	20000w.

Ties on 7 div. first. Ties on 6 shot off:

Budd	211—3	J Smith	111—3
Peacock	121—3	J H Force	220—3
Carter	100—1	Kleinz	211—3
Bowdish	111—3	Manitz	111—3
Sigler	12x—2	Terry	211—3
Luther	000—0		

All who killed 3 straight div. Ties on 5:

S G Smith	1111—4	Leddy	1110—3
Class	1111—4	C Smith	3112—4
Lee	1000—1	J D Voorhees	0000—0

Those who killed 4 div. third. Fourth div.

Event No. 18 at 10 single live birds instead of 5 pairs, tournament rules, entrance $10, $100 guaranteed, open to all, handicap rise:

Budd (30)	2211211110— 9	Manitz (30)	1100220111— 7
McMurchy (30)	2101120001— 6	Class (30)	2121222121—10
Brewer (30)	2211102222— 9	Leddy (27)	2221012210— 8
Kleintz (30)	1212210220— 8	Snedeker (27)	2000220111— 6
Carter (30)	2112222110— 9	S G Smith (28)	0221011101— 7
Luther (30)	012110o112— 7	Green (28)	1010110010— 5
Peacock (30)	2o1201121— 8	Bowdish (29)	1112102220— 8
Sigler (31)	0011101011— 6	Williams (29)	2212111001— 8
C Smith (30)	1221111110— 8	Miller (30)	1122121211—10
Penrose (30)	1110212221— 9	Quinlan (30)	1212221221—10
Wild (29)	0011120112— 6	D Terry (29)	2102212200— 7
Wheeler (29)	2120222121— 9	Forest (29)	0212101110— 7

First, second and third div., fourth shot off and won by D. Terry.

Name.	Gun.	Bore.	First Barrel.	Second Barrel.	Cartridge.
John L. Brewer, Philadelphia, Pa.	W. W. Greener	12, full choke	4drs. Schultze Powder; 1¼oz. Spark's No. 8 chilled shot	4drs. Schultze Powder; 1¼oz. Spark's No. 6 chilled shot	Kynoch Paper.
Chas. W. Budd, Des Moines, Iowa	L. C. Smith	12, full choke	3½drs. Am. Wood Powder; 1¼oz. Tatham's No. 7½ chilled shot	3½drs. King's Quick Shot Powder; 1⅛oz. Tatham's No. 7 shot	U. S. C. and Peters.
H. McMurchy, Syracuse, N. Y	L. C. Smith	12, full choke	3¼drs. Laflin & Rand Powder; 1⅛oz. Tatham's No. 8 shot	3¼drs. Laflin & Rand Powder; 1⅛oz. Tatham's No. 8 shot	U. M. C.
Geo. Luther, Syracuse, N. Y	Lefever	10, full choke	4drs. FF Hazard Powder; 1¼oz. No. 8 soft shot	4drs. FF Hazard Powder; 1¼oz. No. 8 soft shot	U. M. C.
H. G. Wheeler, Marlboro, Mass	L. C. Smith	10, full choke	4drs. American Wood Powder; 1¼oz. Tatham's No. 8 soft shot	4drs. Quick Shot Powder; 1¼oz. Tatham's No. 7 chilled shot	U. S. C. Climax.
C. G. Wild, Brookline, Mass	Holland & Holland	10, full choke	4drs. American Wood Powder; 1¼oz. No. 7 trap shot	4drs. Quick Shot Powder; 1¼oz. No. 7 shot	U. M. C. Club.
H. A. Penrose, Corry, Pa	L. C. Smith	10, full choke	4½drs. American Wood Powder; 1¼oz. Tatham's No. 7½ shot	4½drs. King's Quick Shot Powder; 1¼oz. Tatham's No. 7 shot	Winchester R. A. Co
Frank Class, Pine Brook, N. J	Lefever	12, full choke	4½drs. American Wood Powder; 1¼oz. No. 7 chilled shot	3½drs. Curtis & Harvey No. 4 Powder; 1⅛oz. No. 7 chilled shot	U. M. C.
Capt. T. A. Peacock, Westfield, N. Y	Lefever	10, full choke	4½drs. Schultze Powder; 1¼oz. No. 7 trap shot	4½drs. Laflin & Rand FFFG Powder; 1¼oz. No. 7 shot	U. S. C. Climax.
L. S. Carter, Hammond, Ill.	L. C. Smith	12, left cylinder, right choke	3drs. Schultze Powder; 1¼oz. Tatham's No. 9 soft shot	3½drs. Quick Shot Powder; 1¼oz. Tatham's No. 6 soft shot	U. S. C.
L. W. Widmann (Mitchell) New Haven, Conn.	L. C. Smith	10, full choke	4drs. American Wood Powder; 1¼oz. No. 7½ shot	4drs. American Wood Powder; 1¼oz. No. 7½ soft	U. M. C. Club.
L. T. Davenport, Brooklyn, L. I.	Lefever	12, full choke	4½drs. Schultze Powder; 1¼oz. Tatham's No. 8 chilled shot	4½drs. Schultze Powder; 1¼oz. Tatham's No. 8 chilled shot	U. M. C.
Chas. Smith, Plainfield, N. J	L. C. Smith	10, full choke	4½drs. American Wood Special; 1¼oz. Leroy's No. 7½ chilled shot	4½drs. Laflin & Rand No. 3 FG Pdr.; 1¼oz. Leroy's No. 7 chilled shot	Rival.
J. E. Miller, Cincinnati	Ithaca	12, full choke	3½drs. King's Quick Shot Pdr.; 1⅛oz. Tatham's No. 8 chilled shot	3½drs. Quick Shot Powder; 1⅛oz. Tatham's No. 7 chilled shot	Peters.
M. W. Williams, Roselle, N. J	L. C. Smith	10, full choke	4drs. American Wood Powder; 1¼oz. No. 7 chilled shot	4drs. American Wood Powder; 1¼oz. No. 7 chilled shot	U. S. C. Climax.
W. Fred. Quimby, New York	L. C. Smith	10, full choke	4½drs. Am. Wood Powder; 1¼oz. Tatham's No. 7½ chilled shot	4½drs. Am. Wood Powder; 1¼oz. Tatham's No. 7½ chilled shot	U. S. C. Climax.
J. Frank Kleinz, Philadelphia, Pa	W. W. Greener	12, full choke	4drs. Schultze Powder; 1¼oz. Spark's No. 8 chilled shot	4drs. Schultze Powder; 1¼oz. Spark's No. 6 chilled shot	Kynoch Paper.
E. D. Miller, Springfield, N. J	L. C. Smith	10, full choke	4drs. American Wood Powder; 1¼oz. Leroy's No. 7 chilled shot	4drs. American Wood Powder; 1¼oz. Leroy's No. 7 chilled shot	U. S. C. Climax.

Extra sweep No. 1, at 12 Keystone targets, $2 entrance 4 moneys:

Carter	12	J E Miller	10
McMurchy	12	Luther	9
Budd	12	C Smith	9
E D Miller	11	Teckay	8
Collins	11	Wheeler	8
Sigler	11	Bowdish	7
Peacock	10	Stevens	6

First, second and third div., fourth shot off and div. by C. Smith and Luther.

Extra sweep No. 2, at 12 Keystones, $1 entrance; four moneys:

Wheeler	12	J E Miller	9
Budd	12	Bowdish	9
Penrose	11	Apgar	9
Carter	11	J H Force	9
Yerrington	11	Collins	8
McMurchy	11	Tee Kay	8
E D Miller	10	J Smith	8
Sigler	10	Lawrence	5
Peacock	9		

All ties div. except for fourth which was shot off and div. by Apgar and Bowdish.

Extra sweep No. 3, at 12 Keystones, $1 entrance; four moneys:

McMurchy	12	Apgar	9
Peacock	12	E D Miller	8
Budd	11	Yerrington	8
Collins	10	Tee Kay	8
Wheeler	10	Bowdish	7
Luther	9	Stevens	7
J E Miller	9		

First, second and third div.; fourth shot off and won by Apgar.

Friday.

This was the big day with a sweepstake event for a $400 guaranteed purse. This event was the first on the programme, but as many shooters had not arrived, an extra sweep as 7 live birds was shot. The big sweep was started at about 11 o'clock and finished about 4:30 P. M.. Considerable excitement was manifested during the progress of the event, and when John L. Brewer won first money with a straight score, he was congratulated by all the contestants. Up to the 18th bird Frank Class, of Pine Brook, N. J., was a tie with Brewer, but this bird was a teaser; when the trap was sprung it did not fly at once, but when started it was a goer and twisted clear of both barrels. Class finished his score straight after this miss and took second money. We have compiled a complete record of the guns and various loads used by all the contestants, which will no doubt be appreciated by our readers.

Extra sweep at 7 live birds, $5 entrance, handicap rises, 3 moneys:

Budd (30)	1211101—6	Peacock (30)	2121120—6
Wild (28)	2221110—6	S G Smith (28)	1111111—7
Brewer (30)	0222221—6	Kleintz (30)	1111222—7
Wheeler (30)	2211222—7	Carter (30)	1212210—6
Class (30)	1111100—5	J E Miller (29)	1121211—7
McMurchy (30)	2111121—7	E D Miller (30)	0111111—6
Penrose (30)	0121121—6	C Smith (30)	2111110—6
Luther (30)	1211111—7		

First div., second shot off and div. by Budd, Penrose, Carter and E. D. Miller, Class wins fourth.

Event No. 20, at 25 live birds, sweepstakes open to the world, entrance $25 and the birds, $400 guaranteed, money divided 40, 27½, 17½, 10 and 5 per cent.

Brewer (30)	1121122122222122222221121—25
Budd (30)	1211102011111012222221112—22
McMurchy (30)	111o1101111001111120111121—20
Luther (30)	2202212222200oo21112121222—20
Wheeler (30)	2201122221220111222221222—23
Wild (28)	2202o102222220111022102222—19
Penrose (30)	1112101020011112211111122—21
Class (30)	1121121212222212110122122—24
Peacock (30)	2121121021112222102221222—23
Carter (30)	2221210221212212121222110—23
Mitchell (30)	0021212110022221112o12121—20
Davenport (29)	1120212211110210212202112—21
C Smith (30)	1211110220112111020112221—20
J E Miller (30)	2112022212121211101212c211—22
Williams (29)	1101221222102122211010121—21
Quinlan (30)	021o010w.
Kleinz (30)	1022221222222212101111221—23
E D Miller (30)	1011211112111112102122o1—22

Brewer with a straight score won first money, $180; Frank Class with 24 won second, $123.75; the 23 men divided $78.75; the 22 men divided $45; and the 21 men $22.50. o denotes dead out of bounds.

Extra sweep, at 5 live birds at 32½yds., $2 entrance; three moneys:

Forest	22101—4	Squires	11111—5
Geddes	22102—4	Tee Kay	11111—5
S G Smith	21111—5	D Terry	11111—5
Lindsley	12100—3		

Ties on 5:

S G Smith	111—3	Tee Kay	110—2
Squires	110—2	D Terry	111—3

S. G. Smith and Terry div. first; second div.; third won by Lindsley.

Home sweet home match, at 5 live birds, $2 entrance; three moneys:

C Smith	22111—5	Tee Kay	02101—3
Carter	12211—5	McMurchy	11211—5
Peacock	02111—4	Williams	22011—5
Budd	12210—4		

Ties on 5 shot off and div. by McMurchy and Carter. Ties on 4 shot off and won by Budd. Tee Kay wins third.

FRANK MASON.

THE ST. LOUIS TRAP SEASON.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Oct. 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The curtain will soon be rung down on the most active trap-shooting season this city has ever known. From early spring up to the present time matters trap-shooting have been quite lively. Many hundred pounds of powder and shot have been consumed in pursuance of the sport, and many thousands of inanimate targets have been smashed by the shooters. One interesting feature of the past season has been the team matches which were inaugurated first by the Empire Gun Club of this city, and the Indian Lake Gun Club of East St. Louis. The above two clubs shot three different team contests at inanimate targets, in which the Empire's team proved themselves the most expert with the shotgun. Following closely upon these matches the Western Gun Club and the Riverside Gun Club, both of this city, had a set-to, each team composed of ten men, and each man on a team shot at twenty clay-birds. The Westerns won the contest easily, and were anxious for the Riversides to try the affair over, but it wisely concluded it had enough and retired with defeat on its hands. The most interesting contest of the season was the team matches between the St. Louis and Excelsior Gun Clubs. They were shot at live birds and the exhibition of shooting given by the gentlemen of the teams in the first match was a burlesque that was quite amusing to witness. Men who had stood at the trap and shot at thousands of live pigeons, to let as many get away as they did, was something that no one would have believed unless witnessed personally.

The birds were a remarkably fine lot, still that ten crack shots of the St. Louis Gun Club, which claims to be one of the strongest in this country, should score only 66 out of 100, was something the members could not explain when questioned regarding it. It was a clear case of rattle, but none of the gentlemen who were on the St. Louis team would acknowledge it. But it was a fact nevertheless, and it was quite noticeable to the observant spectator. Withal that the St. Louis team made the poor score it did, it won the race. The Excelsiors scoring only 56 out of the 100 its ten trusty men shot at. The second match, which took place a week ago was again won by the St. Louis Gun Club. The winning score was much larger than the one that won the previous one. That the score was larger was not accounted for by any improvement in the shooting on the part of the contestants, but because the birds used were an indifferent lot. No such birds were trapped as for the former match. The St. Louis scored 88 to the Excelsiors 75. The teams were composed of ten men, each man shot at ten live pigeons, and English rules governed the match.

Next in order of importance in the team match business comes the contest between the Compton Hill and Carondelet gun clubs. Through some misunderstanding a challenge appeared in one of the daily papers published in the city, wherein the last-mentioned club wished to get on, as the term goes, a ten team match with any gun club in this city or within a radius of forty miles of this city, at either live birds or inanimate targets for $50 a side. Members of the Compton Hill Gun Club who were first to see the challenge, dropped all business and began a vigilant search for other members of the club to call their attention to the above referred to challenge. Blood was "boiling" in the veins of the Comptons, and they were eager for the fray. A committee was appointed which called at the office of the paper which published the unauthorized challenge. When the editor was seen regarding it, he innocently acknowledged that he had no authority to accept a challenge on behalf of the Carondelet Club, as there was no forfeit accompanying it, consequently nothing could be done just then. The Compton, lest it should place it in a bad light before the country, determined to see if there was any so-called grit, and to ascertain if it really meant business, and with that end in view called upon the editor of another morning paper and gave him authority to publish a challenge to the Carondelet Gun Club, at the same time posting a forfeit of $10 for a match of ten men a side, each man to shoot at twenty Peoria blackbirds, for $50 a side.

Several days passed and no response was had to the challenge, and the Compton Hill Club thinking, and rightly so, that the Carondelet Gun Club were not very anxious to shoot, nohow, withdrew the $10 forfeit and supposed the whole matter was at an end. But it was not to be so; the fire that had been kindled had not died out, but was only smoldering on account of lack of draft. The next day, after an announcement had appeared that

he money which had been placed as forfeit by the Comptons had been taken down, a challenge reappeared in the paper first mentioned from the Carondelets, offering to shoot any gun club in the city a ten-man team match at clay-birds for $50 a side, the editor of the paper acknowledging the receipt of $10 as forfeit. In less time than it would require to tell it, a member of the Comptons repaired to the office of the paper and placed $10 with the editor to bind the match. So far, so good; the prospects of the two clubs coming together was now assured, and this was just what a great many of the trap-shooters of this city wanted to see. There is an old and a true saying, that the darkest hour is just before the dawn of light. This was just reversed in the case of the two clubs above. The brightest hour was just before darkness set in. Some misunderstanding occurred in reference to the time when the balance of the stake money and final arrangements were to be agreed upon.

At a self-appointed time representatives of the Carondelet Club were at the paper's office, and patiently waiting for the Comptons to put in an appearance until patience had ceased to be a virtue, departed for their homes with the firm conviction that the Comptons had reconsidered their rash act, and had decided wisely to forfeit the $10 in preference to sending $40 more to be put into a rat hole, as they began to term the affair, so confident had the Carondelet people led themselves to believe the contest would be when they met, if they ever met at all. After some little correspondence between the officers of both clubs, the matter was finally adjusted and all difference patched up. An appointment was made and a date was set, for representatives of both clubs were to meet to sign articles and post the balance of the stake money. What for a time seemed as though would wind up in a contest of printer's ink and wind, had now taken definite shape, and was soon to come to an amicable termination.

In due course of time the appointed time arrived for the match to be shot. Both clubs had indulged in considerable practice previous to the time and each felt quite confident that victory would perch on their side. Carondelet, by the way, is a suburb of this city, and is to some extent a little town all to itself. The people take much pride in their gun club, and naturally felt certain that the club would win. But it didn't, in fact it was defeated, and badly so at that. The day was not exactly as favorable as it might have been. Heavy clouds overhung the heavens, and a strong wind blew directly across the traps, which made some of the birds quite hard to hit. A few of the gentlemen made good scores, several of them breaking over eighteen out of the twenty clay birds shot at. The Compton Hill Club scored 149 to the Carondelet's 117, thus winning easy, with thirty-two birds to spare. A return match was talked of, to be shot under the same conditions, but as the game season is at hand now it was called off until next season. UNSER FRITZ.

THE NEW YORK SUBURBAN.

CLAREMONT, N. J., Oct. 23.—"Old Prob" seems determined to frown on shoots. The New York Suburban Shooting Grounds Association Tournament commenced here to-day with beastly weather, fine drizzling rain and atmosphere almost thick enough to cut, making the smoke from the guns hang low and rendering it extremely difficult at times to see the targets. There were about thirty shooters present, who seemed determined to make the best of things, and five regular events were run off besides three extra sweeps. The grounds are in a rather crude state as yet, and the recent heavy rains have left their mark in the shape of numerous pools of water here and there. However, this does not incommode the shooters, as back of the traps all is dry and well planked. Eventually, when the improvements shall be completed, the Suburban will be exceptionally fine shooting grounds, handy to New York, with every appointment for the comfort and convenience of shooters.

A change in the rules governing inanimate target shooting was made, and instead of National Gun Association Rules, the Keystone Target Co. rules were adopted and put in force under the guidance of Mr. H. A. Penrose of the Keystone Co., who acted as referee. This system of rapid shooting seemed to find favor with the contestants.

A MATCH WITH REPEATING CUNS.

MR. GEORGE E. ALBEE, os the Winchester Repeating Arms Co. of New Haven, gives us the particulars of a match which is to be shot next season, under the auspices of that company, which will be a decided innovation, inasmuch as the contestants will be obliged to shoot at triplets.

It is intended to run this event at the first regular tournament given by the New York Suburban Shooting Grounds Association in 1889, with the following conditions:

First day, Winchester Repeating Arms Company offers $150, to be shot for with Winchester repeating shotguns; 60 artificial targets, thrown from traps three at a time, 15yds. rise, entrance $3, open to all, ties to be shot out.

On second day, all money received for entries on first day will be offered as a prize for the same kind of a match, under the same conditions, except that the four winners on the first day will be barred. Entrance $1.50, four moneys, ties to be shot out.

On third day, all the money received for entries to second day's match and all money received for this day will be shot for at the same number of targets and on the same conditions, except that the four winners on the second day will be barred. Entrance 50 cents, four moneys, ties to be shot out.

TORONTO.—The second annual shoot of the West Toronto Junction Gun Club took place on Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 9 and 10, at Dan Blea's grounds. The weather was fine, with the exception of a high wind, which made the birds go very fast. Mr. Joseph Taylor, the veteran, acted as referee, and gave great satisfaction. Following are the scores:

First class—At 15 birds each, 26yds. rise, use of both barrels:

D Van Vlack	101111111111111—14	W A Clarke	111111111101010—12
D Blea	011111111111110—13	E Dollery	111001111110011—11
A Purse	111011111110010—12	S Staneland	010011101111110—10
J Bailey	100111101111111—12		

Shoot-off of ties of 12 won by Purse.

Second class—Same conditions as first class:

E Brown	101111111111101—13	E D Eye	110001011111111—11
C Wakefield	111111111001100—11	W Smith	100010011111111—10
C Hinton	110111001011111—11	W McDowall	010111101110110 — 9

Shoot-off of ties of 11 won by P. Wakefield.

Third class—Same conditions as first and second:

W Davidge	111111110110110—12	A Royce	011110101010001— 8
G Davis	111011111010010—11	H Power	010111010000110— 8
F Brimer	111010100111110—10	S Watt	011011101011000— 8
F Wakefield	111011110001101—10	A Lascelles	001001001111010— 7
H Newman	101110100100111— 9	T Charles	101000101100100— 9

Ties in third class, F. J. Brimer 3, F. Wakefield 2.

Fourth class, 10 birds each:

F Schaefer	0100011111—7	W Blea	0110011010—5
T Griffiths	0011000111—5	E Gabello	0010100000—2

Ties in fourth class, W. Blea 3, T. Griffiths 2. The following gentlemen took specials in their respective classes for killing most birds with one barrel: D. L. Van Black, W. Davage, P. Wakefield, F. Schaefer.

WELLINGTON, Mass., Oct. 18.—There was a good attendance at the grounds of the Wellington Club to-day, when the merchandise match was opened and also the individual prize match, the prize being offered by a member of the club. Following are the winners in the sweepstake matches: Six bluerocks, James; six clay-pigeons, James; six bluerocks, James and Chase; six clay-pigeons, Chase, Wild and Snow; six bluerocks, Stanton; six clay-pigeons, Chapin; ten bluerocks, Stanton; ten bluerocks, Bert and Sanborn; ten clay-pigeons, Wild. In the badge match Wild and Stanton tied with 18 out of 20 birds.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Oct. 18.—The regular monthly medal shoot of the Kansas City Gun Club was held at Exposition Park to-day. Riley, Underwood and Savage tied on 9 birds, Riley winning the shoot-off, killing 9 birds to Underwood's 7 and Savage's 6. The conditions were 10 single live birds, 30yds. rise, the use of both barrels allowed. The score was as follows:

J E Riley	1222112120—9	S E Scott	1022122122—9
Fred Denser	1210001112—7	W J Baer	1100102110—6
George Yeoman	2110001202—6	Captain Ditsch	1202100012—6
John Savage	1110132211—9	Al Wetzel	0120200021—4
Frank Smith	0212000020—4	D W Williams	0020112111—7
A O Bonibeck	0001012010—4	Major Cross	2022012000—5
William Stone	1102000122—6	G Johnson	0110212011—7
W S Hallowell	2001002110—5	Dock Wallace	2101011001—6
C P Fairman	2010110011—6	Frank Jones	0202221022—7
Joe Underwood	2101222211—9	Ben Holmes	2001020000—3

An interesting sweepstakes was then shot, there being 20 contestants. Messrs. Riley, Scott, Barer, Williams, Elliott and Smith were tied for first money and in the shoot-off Williams won, killing one more bird than Smith.

FRANKFORD, Pa., Oct. 13.—The North End Gun Club held a special prize shoot on their grounds this afternoon. Quite a number of members and invited guests were present and a pleasant time was enjoyed by all. The targets were 15 singles and 5 pairs bluerocks. The score:

W M Pack	1101111111111102	10 11 11 11 11—22
W Wolstencroft	1111111111111111	11 11 11 11 11—25
Jas Wolstencroft	1101101111111110	11 10 00 00 01—17
W Garvin	1010111111000111	10 10 01 10 11—17
F Barron	1111111111111111	11 01 11 10 11—23
J Crowther	1111111111111110	10 11 10 01 11—21
Dr Monaco	1111110001011111	11 01 11 11 11—20
S Richards	0111011110110111	00 00 10 10 01—14
H Ridge	1110111111110111	11 01 11 11 11—22
G L Garsed	1111111111111100	11 00 10 10 01—18
W H Pack	1111111111111111	11 11 10 01 01—22
E Ridge	0110001001111001	00 01 10 00 10—10
A L Lumb	1111111111110001	11 11 10 00 11—20
W J Didier	0111000010011111	00 10 10 10 10—11
J Krewson	1101100001110110	10 11 10 10 11—15
W W Abbott	0111100101011101	10 10 11 10 11—16
O D Buckins	1011011111110001	11 10 10 11 11—19
W Gibson	1011111111111111	10 10 11 11 10—20
I Buzby	1111110011110001	11 00 10 11 10—17
F Duckworth	0000011100000011	00 11 01 10 10—11
H Jacobs	1111111111110111	10 00 11 11 11—21
J W Lumb	1111010100000101	00 11 11 10 01—15
Geo Pack	1111111101111100	10 11 11 11 11—21
Chas Knorr	11000110w	

Wm. Wolstencroft took first prize, Leffingwell's "Wild Fowl Shooting," a handsome volume and much appreciated by the winner; second prize, a gunning coat, went to Frank Barron. A sole-leather gun case, third prize, was captured by W. M. Pack. Fourth prize, a leather cartridge box, was not awarded. Wm. Gibson took fifth prize, one of W. H. Pack's new and improved loading blocks, one of the neatest and decidedly the best thing for the price yet invented for handiness of loading and for preventing the bulging of shells. All the other classes took prizes which were numerous and usuful. After the shoot the members and invited guests were escorted to Tweitman's Hotel, where a bountiful supper was spread. Here was where some grand scores were made, I wish to emphasize this, for a busier set of scorers in the shape of waiters I never saw. Speeches and jokes flew about like autumn leaves, and the amount of game that was killed in their tales of gunning trips would have covered the floor two feet deep. The festive and home-loving oyster came in for a full share of attention, and if the balance of the tribe of bivalves could have seen the amazing quickness in which they were made to disappear it would have caused their shells to quiver. One member was so immensely tickled with the flavor of a baked ham that he was impelled to rise and offer a resolution, that the other members go down in their pockets and put up $100 as a premium to induce some energetic farmer to breed a variety of pig that would have a ham just like the one before him on all four corners instead of only on two as at present. He was widely cheered and congratulated, but his eloquence came to naught, no money was put up, for all seemed to have bets on the election. And so on, to the hour when cordial "good nights" were in order, and as they bent their steps homeward congratulated one another that good fellowship was the rule and not the exception in their club.—J. C. D.

SHOTGUN AT WALNUT HILL.—Walnut Hill, Oct. 17.—The usual number of trap shooters found their way out to the Hill to-day, and as a result the trappers and scorers were kept busy until the departure of the last train upward. In addition to the regular matches, the fifth monthly competition for the climax diamond badge was on the programme. This match was interrupted by a smart shower, but when the contestants finally got to work they showed by their scores that the rain had not dampened their enthusiasm. The match finally resulted in a tie between Stanton and Knowles. The summary follows: Climax diamond badge match, 20 clay-pigeons from 5 traps, and 20 standard targets from 3 traps:

Clays.	Standards.
Knowles 11111111111001111110—17	11111111110111110111—18—35
Stanton 11111101111111110110—17	10111101111111111111—18—35
Nichols 10111111111011111111—18	11011111110111010100—14—32
Wardwell 11111011101111111011—17	10111110000111011111—14—31
Swift 01111101111111111111—17	11111110110110110100—14—31
Hammond 11111111101011111111—18	11001101111001011110—13—31
Webster 11101001111111111110—16	01011111010111011101—14—30
Chase 11011111111111101001—16	11111001010101111101—14—30
Crown 11101011000111111011—14	01111010111111101011—15—29
Hartford 01000110010111111111—13	01010011111111111111—16—29
Rule 10100011101111111101—14	10000111111111101101—14—28
Perham 11111110011100111111—16	10101111001100000111—11—27

Gold Coin Match, 10 clay-pigeons from 5 traps, and 10 standard targets from 3 traps:

Knowles	0111111101— 8	1111111111—10	—18
Griffith	1110111111— 9	1111011111— 9	—18
Stanton	1111111111—10	1111101101— 7	—17
Swift	0101111111— 8	0111110111— 8	—16
Chase	1011101111— 8	1110101011— 7	—15
Hosmer	1101110111— 8	0111011110— 7	—15
Wardwell	0011110110— 6	0111111111— 9	—15
Hammond	1111110011— 8	1110101101— 7	—15
Rub	0101011100— 6	0101011100— 6	—12
Swan	1111010111— 8	1010101111— 7	—15
Webster	0111101111— 8	1001111011— 7	—15
Crown	1111111011— 9	1110000101— 5	—14
Houghton	0110111001— 6	1100111111— 8	—14
Nichols	1111110011— 8	1100100110— 5	—13
Perham	0010111111— 7	0111011001— 6	—13
Burt	1110011011— 7	0100101110— 5	—12

The minor events were as follows:

First, 6 standards: Chase, Nichols 6, Griffith 5, Houghton 4.

Second, 5 clays: Chase 5, Knowles 4, Griffith, Nichols 3.

Third, 6 standards: Rule 6, Wardwell 5, Houghton, Griffith 4.

Fourth, 5 clays: Wardwell, Griffith 5, Nichols, Rule 4, Chase 3.

Fifth, 6 standards: Stanton, Houghton, Griffith 6, Chase 5, Rule, Swift 4, Snow 3.

Sixth, 4 clays: Knowles, Stanton 5, Chase, Griffith, Nichols 4, Snow, Swift 3, Perham 2.

Seventh, 6 Macombers: Rule 6, Chase 5, Wardwell, Knowles 4, Crown 3.

Eighth, 5 clays: Stanton 5, Rule, Houghton, Wardwell 4, Nichols 3.

Ninth, 6 standards: Swift, Nichols, Griffith 5, Knowles, Rule 4, Chase, Houghton 3, Wardwell 2.

Tenth, 3 pairs clays: Curtis, Perham 5, Knowles 4, Crown 3, Nichols 2.

Eleventh, 6 standards: Swift, Crown, Knowles, Nichols 6, Stanton, Rule 5, Hosmer, Griffith 4, Snow 3.

Twelfth, 6 Macombers: Nichols, Knowles, Wardwell, Stanton 6, Swift 5, Webster, Perham 4, Hosmer, Curtis 3.

Thirteenth, 10 clays: Stanton 10, Crown, Griffith, Rule 9, Hammond, Chase, Webster 8, Perham 7.

Fourteenth, 10 standards: Knowles 10, Wardwell, Griffith 9, Houghton, Swift 8, Hosmer, Snow, Stanton 7.

Fifteenth, 20 clays: Nichols, Hammond 18, Wardwell, Stanton, Swift, Knowles 17, Webster, Chase, Perham 16, Crown, Rule 14.

Sixteenth, 20 standards: Stanton, Knowles 18, Hartford 16, Crown 15, Rule 14.

Seventeenth, 5 clays: Nichols, Rule 5, Hammond, Snow 4, Hartford, Perham 3.

Eighteenth, 6 standards: Stanton 6, Chase 5, Crown 3.

The next shoot in the current series will be held on Wednesday, Oct. 31.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 14.—An interesting and well contested clay bird match for $25 a side took place to-day at Bird's Point, Alameda, the competing parties being S. Carter and Chas. Holtz. The match was only made on the day previous, during a little discussion down at Holtz's ranch, and the original conditions were that each man should shoot at 15 singles and 5 pairs bluerocks, but it was found on reaching Bird's Point that the last of the black and yellow disks had been used up, and it was necessary to postpone the shoot or fall back on terra cotta. The latter alternative was accepted. The preliminaries were soon settled and Mr. Shrader being installed as judge the shoot commenced at the single birds, 5 traps being used. After a brief interval the double birds were set going, Carter leading as before. Appended is the complete score, 15 single birds, 18yds. rise:

Carter.....111101111111111—14 Holtz.....101111110101111—12

Five pairs double birds, 15yds. rise:

Carter.....11 00 10 11 01— 6 Holtz.....11 11 11 11 11—10

By the above it will be seen that Holtz totaled 22 to Carter's 20. The match was governed by international rules. Before Mr. Carter arrived a couple of sweepstakes were shot. The first was at 10 single clay birds, and was won by Moore with a clean score. The second sweepstake was at 5 pairs of doubles, the same four shooters subscribing a pool of $10. This was won by Holtz with 8 breaks. On the conclusion of the Holtz and Carter match, two more sweepstakes were gotten up, each at 10 single birds. There were five competitors in each, the pools amounting to $12.50. The first shoot was won by Carter with a score of 9, and the second by Moore with 8. On the whole day's shooting Holtz broke 51 out of 65, and Carter 35 out of 45.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 20.—The third and last of a series of three shoots between the Parker and Darby Gun Clubs was shot on the grounds of the former club, resulting in a victory for the Darby Club, thus giving them two of the three matches and the title of champions. The latter part of the match was shot in almost total darkness, thus affecting the scores of several shooters, principally Messrs. Gildner and Clarke. In the aggregate scores for the three shoots, with a total of 1,350 shots, the Darby Club won by the small number of nine birds.

Darby Gun Club.

French	1011101011111111101001111—19
Morris	1111110011111101101111101—20
Hewes	1100101010101011101100000—13
E James	1011001111010011111100101—16
H Urian	0101060111111011100111011—16
W James	0011000110001001011010000—10
T Knight	0001010110010110011111111—13
G Urian	1011030000011010011011—13
C Clark	1011010111111111100000—17
O'Hara	1000111111111111101111101—20 –159

Parker Gun Club.

Nothersall	1110001110010101111111110—17
R Bradbury	0011110111010101011111110—19
D Hey	1011100010011090101010001—12
J H Kerr	0101111011110110110000101—15
Rowcroft	1011010010000100011101100—11
Jones	0010011111111111111001011—18
Martin	1100010101001001111001100—13
W Bradbury	1001000100111001000100111—10
Gildner	1101111111111110111111001—21
Stevens	1110101000110101011111011—16—152

TORONTO, Oct. 15.—To-day the much-looked-forward-to match between Mr. James Douglas, of the Aquatic Hotel, Yonge street, and Mr. Samuel Stancland, of King street west, at 50 birds each for $100 a side, took place on Mr. Chas. Stark's athletic grounds. It was a lively and interesting match all through. The weather was fine, the birds lively and the shooting good. Mr. John Wilson was referee, and a fairer man never stood at the scratch. Mr. Douglas won by 34 to 33, after three of his birds had fallen dead just out of bounds. There were upward of two hundred people present, all keen as to the result. Following is the score:

Staneland	0101110011111111111111000010110111011010001011110—33
Douglas	1101101000111110111011111011110100101011101001100—34

Staneland has challenged for another match.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Oct. 17.—A shooting match to test the merits of the Lefevre, Parker and Smith guns was held at Exposition Park this afternoon. The teams were made up as follows: Lefevre gun—George P. Orr, Mr. Worson, W. Anderson. Parker gun—Ed Bingham, J. K. Guinotte, F. C. Maegley. Smith gun—A. E. Thomas, Louis Kunz, W. V. Rieger. The conditions of the match were 10 live birds, 30 yards rise. The score is as follows:

L Kunz	1000001110—4	George B Orr	1110110111—8
Ed Dingham	1111110010—7	A E Thomas	1101111101—8
W Anderson	1111011001—7	Worson	1111111110—9
Rieger	1011011101—7	Maegley	1011111101—8
J K Guinotte	1011010001—5		

A sweepstakes with 15 entries was then shot. It was won by J. K. Guinotte. W. Thomas won first money in another sweepstakes and Messrs. Anderson and A. W. div. second. Mr. Ed Bingham won the third sweepstakec match, Mr. Riley winning second money.

TORONTO, Oct. 20.—A match was shot this afternoon at McDowall's grounds at 15 Peoria blackbirds, between J. Bailey and T. Weslick and W. Howell and W. Eppletf, for an oyster supper:

J Bailey	111000010010000—6	T Weslick	111111111110001— 2
W Howell	011010101003001—6	Wm Eppletf	010101111111100—10

MISS OAKLEY.—Miss Annie Oakley is matched to shoot 50 live pigeon against an unknown for $250 a side, at the Arlington Driving Park, Baltimore, Md., on Oct. 30. It is probable that Miss Oakley will visit Paris during the exposition of 1889.

GUELPH, Ont., Oct. 15.—The first pigeon shoot of the season took place at Sleeman's flats to-day. Sleeman killed 11 birds out of 12, W. D. Shattuck 10, D. Martin 10, and J. Johnson 9.

THE U. S. CARTRIDGE CO., Lowell, Mass., have received the following letter from Mr. L. S. Carter, winner by 25 out of 25 live birds at Cincinnati, Sept. 8, and who won 18 out of 20 at the shoot Sept. 9, winning the American Field Championship Cup:

"HAMMOND, Ill., Oct. 8, 1888.

"*U. S. Cartridge Co., Lowell, Mass.:* Gentlemen—I have found no shells that can come up to yours, and think your strong primer Climax paper shells superior to Eley's. I used your shells at all the shoots this season, and had no trouble with any of them. They are more durable, crimp better, and for wood and Schultze powder they are superior to any I have yet found. (Signed) L. S. CARTER, Now Champion Live Bird Shot of the World."—*Adv.*

LITERARY NOTE.

THE FOREST AND STREAM Publishing Company, New York, announce "Bird Portraits for the Young," the text by Dr. W. Van Fleet and the photogravure plates from drawings by H. H. Darnell.

Well authenticated scraps of information respecting the habits of Canadian birds should invariably be sent to the newspapers, as being of interest to ornithologists, the Audubon Society, and the general public. Last Saturday one of our prominent gunners started off at early dawn with the avowed intention of shooting partridge. After a weary trudge of, not to exaggerate, say five and twenty miles, he arrived home again with an empty stomach and game bag, and a voracious appetite, without having seen so much as a feather to shoot at. On the following Sunday morning, while shaving, with his head and mouth on one side, as is the manner of man, he happened to glance through the window to see sitting on the garden gate, within 50ft. of him, and with its head also on one side, the identical bird which he had been chivying during the previous day. This is *prima facie* evidence that the Canadian partridge when pursued, instead of flying away, dodges round with instinctive cunning, takes up a position in rear and follows the attacking party. The sportsman, pitting human against animal cunning, should occasionally stoop down, and under pretense of tying his bootlace or buttoning a gaiter, take a squint between his legs. If he sees a covey or two of birds hopping after him from branch to branch, he can turn round suddenly and let fly. He will probably hit something, if he does not fill his bag.—*Orillia (Ont.) Packet.*

Dr. Downes, of Lakeport, Cal., had a pet deer to which he was very much attached. Last fall it ran away to the mountains, and that was the last he saw of it until the spring, when one day it appeared in the dooryard, and, walking straight to the Doctor, laid its head on his arm and seemed greatly pleased, as was the Doctor. It hung around him in rather an unusual way and then disappeared. The next day it came again, and acted as though it wanted the Doctor to follow it, and he did so. The deer led him some distance from the house directly to a little fawn which lay hidden in the bushes. The Doctor took the little thing in his arms and carried it home, the mother following and showing unmistakably that that was just what she wanted.

Dr. G. W. Massamore while gunning on Thursday in the Green Spring Valley, saw a large booby owl in a tree, but did not disturb it, thinking the bird did not see him. He was about to raise his gun when the owl swooped down upon him, drove its ugly-looking talons through his hat and flew away, carrying the hat. Dr. Massamore shot the bird, which measured over four feet across the wings.—*Baltimore Sun.*

Canoeing.

Canvas Canoes and how to Build Them. By Parker B. Field. Price 50 cents. Canoe and Boat Building. By W. P. Stephens. Price $1.50. The Canoe Aurora. By C. A. Neidé. Price $1. Canoe Handling. By C. B. Vaux. Price $1. Canoe and Camera. By T. S. Steele. Price 1.50. Four Months in a Sneakbox. By N. H. Bishop. Price $1.50. Canoe and Camp Cookery. By "Seneca." Price $1.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signal, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and report of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

OFFICERS, 1887-88.

Commodore: R. W. Gibson, } Albany, N. Y
Secretary-Treasurer: F. L. Mix, }
Vice-Com. *Rear-Com.* *Purser.*
Central Div.: W. B. Huntington. E. W. Masten..... T. H. Stryker, Rome, N. Y.
Atlantic Div.: W. P. Stephens..... L. B. Palmer..... F. L. Dunnell, 186 Jerolemon St., Brooklyn.
Eastern Div.: H. E. Rice, M. D.... Maxton Holmes..... H. D. Marsh, Springfield, Mass.
N'thern Div.: Robert Tyson..... S. S. Robinson..... Colin Fraser, Toronto.

Applications for membership must be made to division pursers, accompanied by the recommendation of an active member and the sum of $2.00 for entrance fee and dues for current year. Every member attending the general A. C. A. camp shall pay $1.00 for camp expenses. Application sent to the Sec'y-Treas. will be forwarded by him to the proper Division.

Persons residing in any Division and wishing to become members of the A. C. A., will be furnished with printed forms of application by addressing the Purser.

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Rear-Commodore—C. J. Stedman, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Secretary-Treasurer—O. H. Root, Cleveland, Ohio.
Executive Committee—C. J. Bousfield, Bay City, Mich.; T. P. Gaddis, Dayton, O.; T. J. Kirkpatrick, Springfield, O.

MY THUNDER STORM CRUISE.

ALTHOUGH I look upon Friday as being a particularly lucky day, because upon it I receive my copy of the FOREST AND STREAM, and although I have no more objection to sitting down with twelve others to a good dinner than with any other number, I must confess that I am the victim of at least one superstition. I believe it brings hard luck to bid too many "good-bys" before starting on a cruise. The proper way to start is to sneak down to the canoe and the pile of duffle when every one else is looking at a dog fight, or some other equally engrossing spectacle, stow the stores quickly, and shove off without saying anything to anybody, that is unless the canoe is a somebody. I am convinced that on such an occasion it always well to look upon the canoe as a very coquettish somebody of the feminine sex, and to endeavor to mollify her by some of those little attentions which the feminine sex, whether built of cedar or animated clay, are not entirely averse to. It is, in fact, decidedly a forerunner of luck to devote a little time during the preliminary operations to smoothing the canoe down, calling her sweet names, making audible remarks as to her beauty, and disparaging allusions to other fellows' canoes. If it is not unlucky to reverse this order of doing the thing, and to start off, after saying half a hundred good-bys, each one more difficult than the forerunner, with the feeling somewhere about the pit of your stomach that your canoe is a failure, why is it that on my cruise northward from the meet in August, last I fared so badly. Two thunder storms and three gales would make up a fair assortment of weather for a two weeks' cruise in August, yet in four days the elements arranged a programme with that number of events therein, and as I was sightseeing and steamboating on the day when there was no performance, I had to enter for all the exciting displays. Unless the clerk of the weather was visiting upon me my sin of leaving the meet a day and a half too soon, why was it that I was so badly treated if it was not because I had started with a blast of trumpets and a flourish of horns so to speak? Answer me that ye soothsayers.

It was not until after the Springfield cup race had been lost and won that the Lucille and the Inez finally broke away from the entangling environment of Long Island and that cruise of the thunderstorms began. We had intended to get away before the dew was dry, but all luck began from the start. Of that first half day's work I want to say as little as possible. There are some things that are at times done on a cruise, such as going ashore at a hotel for dinner within sight of your starting point and going to sleep on the lawn afterward, taking a tow, funking a paddle against a head sea or a run before a squally breeze, that should never find a place in a carefully edited log book. Let it suffice that in the evening, while it was yet day, we were running before a light and (for Lake George) steady breeze through the Narrows, keeping a sharp lookout for a camping place.

"There'll be a flat beach under the lee of that rounded island to starboard," shouted Lucille, "or else my experience on Stony Lake doesn't count."

I took a squint at that round-headed island, and, although it did not look promising, I swung the head of the Inez round, ducked under the swinging boom, and found around a jutting point of bush-covered rock the long-sought-for ideal camping ground. A long shelf of rock, as smooth as a plain, rose up from the placid waters of a sheltered cove. Above a ledge the ground was thickly carpeted with grass and a springy shrub, and a few stunted pines gave shelter and shade. In five minutes the canoes were berthed on the natural skidway of rocks, and while I built a fire in a natural fireplace, the Lucille, which carried more dunnage in her open hold than would have freighted a bumboat, was being unloaded.

A level place well protected from the wind, which promised to grow chilly, was found for the tent, and as it had been folded up in the right way, it was set in a few minutes. Then while Lucille got the duffle into it, lit the lanterns and got things ready for the night I dug the frying-pan, billy and grub box out of the Inez and went to work to get up a meal of bacon, potted tongue, beans and coffee. The scrub on the little point furnished dry fuel in plenty, the coffee boiled in no time, and before Lucille had the bread cut I had replaced the coffee billy with a water pail and had carried the grub up to the camp. What a meal that was; piping hot bacon, baked beans and coffee, with condensed milk, followed by honey, marmalade and biscuits, and the best part of a loaf of bread, all vanished as if a Dakota blizzard had descended upon one small islet in Lake George, and devoted itself to absorbing provisions. As our camp was a well ordered one, the cook was relieved from the task of dish-washing, so I contentedly devoted myself to fumigation, after carefully laying down on that portion of my anatomy which since that dinner appeared to want rest the most, and bent a critical eye upon Lucille's goings.

Lucille is an open Canadian canoe, and her captain is one of those Canadian canoeists who are prepared to go anywhere or do anything within the limit of the canoeable, with an open canoe, a big lateen sail, a frying-pan, a couple of tin pails and a bundle of blankets. His first proceeding was to scrape plates, cups and frying-pan clean. Then he stuck a piece of rag, a strip cut from one end of the dish towel, in a split stick, soaped it well, and with this implement applied plenty of warm water to everything but the frying-pan. The knives were cleaned by rubbing them in the ground and washing them afterward, and the whole outfit was washed clean and dried in five minutes. Then he made the frying-pan as hot as he dared without burning it, soused it into the cold water and took it out clean and sweet.

It was a long time after we went to bed before we went to sleep that night, for Lucille was in a story telling mood, and I was tired with laughing before we finally said "good night."

The sun had not climbed the western mountains, when I got up, but he was high enough to tinge the light vapor that clung about their tops with iridescent hues, and the tender light of the morning was in the sky. A plunge into the clear waters of the lake began our active day, and the fire was kindled before we dressed. Coffee, bacon and eggs, formed the staples of the meal Lucille got up in no time, but we did not make an early start for all that. As we were in a region of hotels and expected to be in a civilized community before night, we had to shave, and the Lucille had to be restowed. As her cargo consisted in part of a big A. tent, a camera, and a large supply of dry plates, a big duffle bag, a bigger bundle of blankets, and odds and ends of all descriptions, this latter operation was a big one. However, when we did get off there was a fine breeze blowing down the Narrows. By putting a reef in the mainsail of the Inez, keeping the jigger flat aft, and putting down my Radix board, the speed of the two canoes was equalized, and we merrily sped along together. A most charming sail we had that morning. Now threading our way among fairy-like islands, now running through a long clear reach with the quiet mountain walls of the lake close upon us, and now and then hauling in sheets to examine some particularly interesting object on either hand. We met very few craft, of any kind that morning, but our lawful wrath was excited by one canoe which we encountered a few miles to the south of Sabbath Day Point. She was sailing across the lake under a jigger with a fair passenger on board. We forgot all about our nameless conduct on the previous day, and noted such a selfish action unworthy of the canoe.

At Sabbath Day Point we landed and fraternized with those assembled on the pier in general, and with a splendid collie dog in particular. Here we found a party of men in canvas canoes, on their way around the lake, and as one of them had capsized the day before, the Sabbath Day Pointers were much exercised about going out in one of those tippy little things. When we got under way again, one stately old lady came to the edge of the pier and said to me: "Good-by, and I hope you'll have a good time; but my dear boy, do be careful." I thanked her then, and I thank her again now, and taking it as a whole I think I followed her advice.

We landed for lunch on a beautiful little point, about two miles to the north of Sabbath Day Point, and while I was getting the cooking utensils out of the Inez, I made a most important and unpleasant discovery. I had been presented at the meet with a very pretty nickel-plated coal oil lantern, with all the latest improvements incorporated in it. Before we left camp that morning Lucille had squirted upon me his last cruse of oil, and without knowing or remembering that the lantern was full, I had stowed it away with the kettles and the pans, aft of the mizen-mast. Of course every drop of oil leaked out of it until the interior of the canoe smelt like a coal oil well, and both the frying-pan and billy were well greased with the confounded stuff. I had promised to take that lantern home with me, or I would have flung it into the lake, and as it was I put it to soak, and threw away the faithful billy which had stood by me for two years. We were content with coffee boiled in a big tin pail and potted meats for lunch that day. Coal oil may be discovered to be desirable flavoring at some time in the far distant future, but we had no desire to anticipate the march of time.

The Monday that was not a long one, but it was sufficiently long to give Lake George an opportunity of changing its mind as to the sort of weather it was going to say good-bye to us with. The comparatively steady and rather light breeze that had been good to us all the morning died away, and in its stead, gusts that appeared to have their origin in a one hundred and one ton gun, began to fire themselves across the reach in front of us. As the Lucille's lateen rig could not be reefed, there was nothing for it but to go on under paddle or separate, something neither of us thought of. The Inez crossed the first reach under her jigger, but even that fragment of sail—there is only 15ft. in it—prevented her from keeping in touch with Lucille, and it was dropped. As the afternoon wore on, the gusts grew more violent, and as they came from all directions, we made but slow progress. We reached Caldwin, after a halt at a hotel, about 5 o'clock, and at once pushed on down the creek, so as to get our carry made that night. So anxious were we to make all necessary arrangements for this unpleasant feature of our trip, that we did not stop for dinner but went straight on to a wharf, where we managed to get a berth for the canoes on a half-sunken skidway at the foot of a road leading to the village.

While Lucille went off to make arrangements for transport, I got together a collection of chips and pieces of bark in the lee of a pile of graphite and started to cook our dinner in the middle of one of the suburban streets of the village of Fort Ti. No sooner was the fire kindled than all the small boys, a good many of the good wives and a fair sprinkling of the house fathers of the district gathered about me. The boys were intensely interested, and put their "kind assistance to help the thing along" in a variety of ways, the good wives were mildly incredulous as to my ability "tew cook anythin' fit ter eat," and the house fathers were anxious that I should "look after that fire, and keep it from dueing any harm." I am not accustomed to exhibit my culinary capabilities in the presence of an admiring multitude, and I decided to do as little cooking as possible. I broke four eggs into a well-greased frying pan, emptied a can of tomatoes on top of them, and stirred the whole mass vigorously.

The Lucille's captain did not appear until long after I had given up all hopes of being able to save that dinner from spoiling, and with him came another captain—not of a canoe however—who entertained us while we ate with ghost stories and contradictory directions as to where we should go and what we should do, at the same time keeping the small boys at a distance. The means of conveyance across the carry, which Lucille had procured, turned out to be a ricketty wagon, drawn by a ricketty horse, the whole manipulated by a couple of rickerty boys, who at once demonstrated the fact that their sense of commercial morality was of a ricketty order by demanding twice the contract price for their services. We soon discovered that these two boys represented the boat transporting industry at Fort Ti, that they had formed a pool, organized a trust, and effected a combination, that they intended to charge all the traffic could bear. We succeeded in splitting the difference between us, got the canoes into the wagon, and had the serene pleasure of walking "about eleven miles anywhere" along a dusty road to Addison Junction. Here the split came, Lucille and her captain were going to continue their journey by rail, while the Inez went on by the lake. RETAW.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

T. C. C. FINAL RACE.—A full sail breeze was blowing as the Dawn, Hyla and Mac manœuvered to secure a good position for the final gun. Just as it went off the Mac shot across the line, followed in about 10 seconds by Dawn and later by Hyla. With eased sheets they bowled merrily along without changing positions till after the first buoy was reached, when in the beat to windward Dawn captured first place and Hyla second, which position was maintained throughout the race, twice around the 3½-mile course. Dawn finally winning by a quarter of a mile. Hyla led Mac by about 100yds. Mr. Jacques, skipper of the Hyla, wins the club championship, having the best record, namely, 1 first, 2 seconds, with Mac 1 first, 1 second, 1 third, and Dawn 1 first. The Hyla is 16ft. 6in.×31½in., 40lb. board, lapstreak build, with high-peaked balance lug sails of 85 and 25sq. ft. The Dawn is a smooth-skin Ruggles boat 16ft.×30in., light board, standing sails of about 110sq. ft., which, not being reefable, have several times prevented her owner racing her, there being too much wind. The Mac, smooth-skin, 16ft.×30in., 6lb. board, was rather handicapped by having to borrow sails of 78sq. ft. The race for second class canoes did not come off, as business engagements prevented their skippers from being present.—MAC (Toronto, Sept. 15).

P. S. The bridge mentioned in last cruise was spelt without a t, and is usually disposed of with a long-handled spoon.

IANTHE C. C.—The regular record race of the Ianthe C. C. was sailed on Oct. 20, only two canoes starting, Essex, G. W. Cox, and Atalanta, L. B. Palmer. Essex won by a few feet, Atalanta lapping her at the finish. Two more races will be sailed on Oct. 27 and Nov. 3; and on Nov. 6, Election Day, the final race of the season will take place and the record prize will be presented.

MONTREAL.—An effort is being made to unite all the canoeists about Montreal in one club, in connection with the Amateur Athletic Association of Montreal.

A. C. A. EXECUTIVE COM. MEETING.—The annual meeting of the Executive Committee of the American Canoe Association will be held in Toronto, Canada, on Nov. 17, at the house of the Toronto C. C.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

A. W., Centerbrook, Ct.—1. I have a lemon and white setter dog said to be two years old. He has never been trained. Is he too old to train now? 2. Is there any way that I can tell about his real age? Ans.—1. No. 2. No.

CREEDMOOR, Slatington.—At a rifle target match, six persons engaged, the first prize was $20, second prize $10, and third prize $5. The scores were as follows: 101, 101, 82, 77, 75, 73. A dispute arose about the divison of the money, the two having the score of 101 claiming to be entitled to first and second prize, and that they should shoot off to determine which would get first prize and which second prize; while the party with the 82 score claims the second, and the one with the 77 the third, and that the two with the highest are entitled to one prize. Who is right? Ans. No one can decide who is right unless there was something bearing on it in the rules under which you shot. If it was class-shooting, the two who scored 101 shoot off for first prize, second goes to the 82 score and third to the 77 score. But this matter might have been agreed upon before the shoot.

Yachting.

Small Yachts. By C. P. Kunhardt. Price $7. Steam Yachts and Launches. By C. P. Kunhardt. Price $3. Yachts, Boats and Canoes. By C. Stansfield-Hicks. Price $3.50. Steam Machinery. By Donaldson. Price $1.50.

CLARA.

[Owing to an error in photo-engraving, the lines prepared to go with this description were reproduced to a wrong scale. They will be given next week.]

WHILE the success of the American champions in the races for the America's Cup has served to draw attention from the smaller yachts, and to concentrate it almost entirely on the few large ones, there is no other racing yacht afloat to-day on either side of the Atlantic which can show such a remarkable record in every way as the cutter Clara, whose lines are here given, by the permission of her owner, Mr. Chas. Sweet, and her designer, Mr. Will Fife, Jr. Not only is her record in British waters a remarkable one, but in American waters, amid a different fleet of yachts, and under different conditions, she has made even a better showing. Added to this, she is the smallest yacht save one, the new Minerva, by the same designer, which has crossed the Atlantic, a fact which, in connection with the amount of cruising which she did here, fully sets at rest any talk about her being a mere racing machine. Back and forth around Cape Cod, from Beverly to New York, then back to Marblehead, and at once off to Larchmont again; returning after one race to Marblehead, she went wherever there was any racing, rolling up a total of miles cruised that is far in excess of American yachts of her class. Without agreeing in the least with the popular verdict based on a hasty generalization from the results in the large classes, that the present type of wide boats is the best possible, we recognize the disadvantages of the six beam type, represented by Galatea, Clara, Ulidia and Delvyn, in so far as lack of initial stability and of space for working long spars, etc., in racing, and are willing to admit the advantages claimed for a moderate increase of beam; but in as far as the speed of racing yachts is concerned, it would be an easy task to prove, from Clara's record alone, that the extreme type is the equal of the very wide boat, whether shoal or deep.

The most important question of the day, though few yachtsmen seem to recognize it, is this very one of beam; whether, as is generally assumed, in the new boats the best proportions have been reached, or whether a reduction of beam, not of necessity to Clara's extreme, but to something nearer Bedouin's proportions, would not bring corresponding advantages. Unfortunately under the present rules there is but little room for the experiment to be tried, sail area is worth so much more than it pays under the rules that it is taken, at the cost of an unwieldy and expensive rig; the successful designer being one who can load on the most lead and pile the largest practicable sail plan above it, rather than the one who can turn out the most perfect model.

In the races in American waters between the extreme of each type, the wide sloops on the one hand and the narrow cutters on the other, it has so happened in most cases that the terms were anything but equal, through the great difference in the rules of the two nations, under which the yachts were built. A five tonner, as it happens, is a little over 30ft., thus coming in the 35 or 36ft. class here, against boats not only longer by several feet but of double the beam, as with Shadow, 34×14.4×5.4, and Pappoose, 36×12.6×7.6, against the Scotch five tonner Shona, 33×5.9×6; or in the larger sizes, a ten tonner like Ulidia will be just over the 40ft. class, thus being matched with yachts like Fanita and Vixen, of 45ft. l.w.l. and double her beam. In some cases too, the narrow boats had to pay heavily for long hang, while in none did they receive any credit for a small sail area. These things of course were not premeditated, but were mere matters of chance; and had an American yacht crossed to the other side she would also have been hopelessly handicapped by the rule until lately in vogue there, by which beam was taxed even more heavily than length is here. This difference in the elementary conditions of yacht racing made it very difficult to match the boats with any degree of fairness, or to draw any accurate conclusions from such races as have taken place, and at the same time they serve to show more fully the wonderfully good record of a boat such as Clara, which, built to take every advantage of a peculiar rule, not only wins under it, but under totally different rules and surroundings; while at the same time proving her superiority in those points not necessarily associated with speed in racing.

Clara was designed for Mr. J. George Clark, a nephew of Messrs. William and Stewart Clark, the well-known Clyde yachtsmen, by Mr. Will Fife, Jr., and was built by him at the Culzean yard, established by the Marquis of Ailsa, the amateur designer and builder. In 1883 the Culzean Ship Building and Engineering Co. was formed with Mr. Fife as manager, to take charge of the works at Culzean, and in the fall Clara was commenced, being launched in the spring of 1884. She was intended for the 20 ton class, the leaders in it being Freda, 49.64ft. l.w.l.×9.79ft. beam, 19.98 tons; and Lenore, 50.81ft.×9.43ft., 19.78 tons. In the new boat the designer chose extreme proportions, making the length 52ft. 9in., the beam but 9.02ft., with a proportionate increase of depth, the tonnage under the rule then current being the same as the others, 19.99 tons. Her dimensions are as follows, being taken from the design. Her l.w.l. length in 1886 was 53 7-100ft., making a draft of 10ft., about the trim that she was raced in, and while this differs a little from the design, it is worthy of note that her designer boldly put every pound of ballast in her lead keel, and that it has never been altered.

Length, over all	63ft. 4in.
L.W.L.	52ft. 9in.
Beam	9ft. 1in.
Draft extreme	9ft. 8in.
Displacement, long tons	37ft. 5in.
Ballast, all on keel	21 tons.
Mast, deck to hounds	37ft.
from fore side of stem at l.w.l.	21ft.
Topmast, fid to sheave	31ft.
Bowsprit, beyond fore end l.w.l.	24ft. 3in.
Boom	47ft. 8in.
Gaff	32ft. 2in.
Spinaker boom	48ft. 9in.
Topsail yards	{28ft. 3in. / 25ft. 3in.
Mainsail	1,525sq. ft.
Jib	477sq. ft.
Staysail	377sq. ft.
Total lower sails	2,339sq. ft.
Sail area, New York Y. C. rule	3,221sq. ft.

The hull is of composite build, every third frame being a steel angle 2½×2×¼in., with two steamed oak frames, 2×2¼in. between, the spacing being 10in. Diagonal straps of 2½in. steel are run across all the frames, the planking being screwed to them and bolted to the frames. The planking is of elm and pitch pine, with mahogany plank sheer, Spanish cedar bulwarks, teak hatches and elm rail. The finish of the wood and metal work is very fine throughout. The model speaks for itself and needs no praise, being by all odds the most perfect specimen of the extreme narrow cutter ever seen in American waters. It is not possible to put the finger on an angle or a sharp curve in the whole boat; while in spite of the narrow and vise-like grip of the old tonnage rule, there is not a flat spot visible in the side. The sheer is easy and fair, the overhang is graceful, while the lateral plane is ample in area and admirably proportioned.

Clara made her first appearance in public in the latter part of May, 1884, with Sam Randall at the stick, taking part in the open cruise of the Royal Clyde Y. C. on May 29, but not starting in the race, though under way with the fleet, and being generally complimented on her good looks. The serious business of her racing career began on June 14, when she won the first prize in her class in the regatta of the Royal Clyde Y. C., with Mr. Fife at the stick, beating Irene and Amathea, and winning fifteen sovereigns. Amathea lost her bowsprit, but not until she had been safely beaten. Lenore did not venture to tackle the new rival, nor did she turn up at the Royal Mersey regatta of June 19-20, where Clara had a sail over on the first day, also beating Vespa 48.05×9.63, and pocketing £40 for the two days' work. Back again to the Clyde, she raced in the Royal Clyde regattas of July 5 and 6, once beating Amathea, 51.25×9.50, and once finding no antagonist to meet her. On July 7 she beat Vespa again very easily in the Ramsay Bay regatta, and on each of the two following days she found no one ready to meet her in the regattas of the Royal Northern Y. C. On July 16 and 17 she sailed in the regattas of the Royal Ulster Y. C. at Belfast Lough, beating Vespa on each day.

On July 21 she met her first defeat in the regatta of the Royal Alfred Y. C., at Kingston, Ireland, where she sailed against Tara, 40 tons; Annasona, 40; Neptune 46, and Vespa. Tara won the prize. Two days later she had a sail-over in the first regatta of the Royal George Y. C., also at Kingston, and on the following day, under the same club, she again beat Vespa. Lenore was

present on this occasion, but did not enter. All this time she was sailed by Captain Randall, but Captain John Barr, whose name is so thoroughly identified with her success in this country, was then in Ulerin, 10 tons, and sailed in most of the above races, though of course not in Clara's class. It is nothing to her discredit that so many of her wins were but sail-overs, as there has been, and still were, plenty of good twenties, but from Lenore down they wanted nothing to do with the new flyer.

In view of her success in the North, much interest was felt in her performance in the matches of the South coast, especially in her meeting with the hitherto renowned crack Freda, designed by Mr. J. Beavor Webb. Freda was no longer in the first bloom of youth as a racer, being then in her fifth season, and in size she was no match for the new boat, being 49.04×9.79 l.w.l., but she had headed her class for a long time as the fastest of the 20-tonners. Their first meeting was in the Royal Western Y. C. regatta of July 31, at Plymouth, the result being a victory for Clara, though the race was not in itself a decisive one. Next day, however, they met again in the Port of Plymouth regatta, with the same result. On Aug. 6 they met again in the Royal Southampton regatta, when Clara came to grief, first through the breaking of her spinnaker boom, and then through the splitting of her clubtopsail, thus being beaten by Freda, but coming in close to the winner. On Aug. 11 they came together again in the Royal Albert, at Southsea, when Clara won by 5m.; and in the Royal Victoria Y. C. regatta, at Ryde, next day, Clara was again the victor by 3m. No room for doubt as to the better of the two was now left, and a few days later Clara started for home, arriving in time for the Royal Clyde regatta of Aug. 30, when she met and defeated Lenore, 20 tons, Amathea 20, Sayonara 20, Thyra 20, Louise 19, and Irene, yawl, 49. On Sept. 4, however, in the regatta of the Royal Northern Y. C., Lenore had her revenge, both she and Annasona, the latter of 40 tons, beating Clara. This race ended Clara's first season, and she went out of commission with a record of 17 firsts and 1 second prize, netting £340 for 20 starts. In the same month she was purchased by Mr. N. B. Stewart, owner of the 40-tonner May, in which Capt. Barr had sailed very successfully for a season.

The season of 1885 found Clara ready to meet all comers in the South, with Captain John Barr at the stick, her first race being that of the New Thames Y. C., Southend to Harwich, sailed on May 30. This time she was in company with larger craft than she had yet met, the starters being Galatea, 91 tons, Irex, 85 tons, Marguerite, 60, Marjorie, 68, Tara, 40, Ulerin and Queen Mab, 10, besides the yawls Wendur, 125, Lorna, 85, Anemone, 68, and Fairlie, 14. Clara won third prize, beating all but Irex and Galatea. On June 1 she sailed in the Royal Harwich regatta, beating Queen Mab, Ulerin and Fairlie, and next day, under the same club, she beat Erycina, 90, and Arethusa, 54, both yawls. This ended her career in British waters, as she was purchased a few days later by Mr. Chas. Sweet, and at once went to Blackwall to fit out for the passage across to New York.

Her new owner, a British yachtsman, had spent much of his time in New York for several years, being engaged in some legal business there, and as his stay promised to be more or less prolonged, he determined to send a yacht out, being a member of the New York, Eastern, Seawanhaka and Larchmont clubs. Clara was fitted with a jury boom of 41ft. and small sails, carrying her racing mast, and on June 24 she sailed from Blackwall for New York. After an uneventful passage of 39 days she reached port in safety, an amusing incident of her arrival being the mistake made by her skipper, who brought her in during the night and did not realize that he had actually reached New York until he had taken her some distance up beyond the city piers, instead of anchoring off Staten Island. She was soon in commission under Capt. Barr and her regular crew, who came out by steamer, the passage across having been made by a skipper and crew who made a specialty of taking yachts on long ocean voyages.

After fitting out she sailed for Newport, joining the Eastern Y. C. fleet, then on its cruise to New York. On Sept. 2 the fleet of 13, of which Clara was the smallest, sailed from Newport for New London, Clara being third boat in, Fortuna, schr., and Thetis, sloop, 64ft., beating her. Next day she sailed well with the fleet, and continued on to New York, not stopping with the others at night. Her first race in America was for the Bennett-Douglas Cup, on Sept. 21, outside Sandy Hook, in a good breeze and some little sea. Genesta won the cup, the smaller yachts having no chance, but four of them, Clara, Isis, Athlon and Daphne, made up a sweepstakes of $150 each, which Clara won very easily. This was her only race this season, her record being but four starts, in which she took two regular first prizes, one third prize and sweepstakes mentioned above. She was laid up at Beverly bridges, her crew returning home.

It was by this time pretty well recognized that none of the old sloops were good enough to meet such a boat as Clara, and during the winter a new yacht of the compromise type was started at Piepgrass's yard to race in the same class. Cinderella, as she was named, was designed for Mr. Wm. Iselin by Mr. Cary A. Smith, and was 52ft. 3in. w.l., 16ft. 6in. beam, and 9ft. 6in. draft, with a lead keel of 12 tons and a displacement of 42 tons. She was built of wood, but of far lighter construction than is common in America, the main object being speed. Clara was fitted out early, and was on hand on May 30 in the opening race of the Seawanhaka C. Y. C., but found no competitor, Cinderella not being in commission. The first meeting between the two was on June 5, in the pennant regatta of the Larchmont Y. C., Clara beating Cinderella by 1m. and two older sloops, Thistle by 23m. and Athlon by 13m., the former being larger than Clara. The result was a challenge from Cinderella for a match next day, in which Clara was again victorious. Following these races came regatta week, when Clara made a clean sweep of the field, beating all of her own class easily as well as Gracie, 70ft., Fanny, 67ft., and Thetis, 61ft. Her work for the week was summed up as follows in the FOREST AND STREAM:

"Undoubtedly the honors of last week belong to one boat, though one may look in vain for any mention of it in the daily papers of New York and Boston, except a few brief notices and a line in the tables of times. No big type and heading call attention to her work, but to any one who reads the times carefully it speaks for itself, thus:

	Tuesday.	Thursday.	Saturday.
Clara	7 16 37	6 32 42	7 31 19
Thetis	7 17 55	6 47 39	. . . .
Gracie	7 13 59	6 46 09	7 55 18
Fanny	. . . .	6 46 28	. . . .
Athlon	7 28 49	7 03 12	withdrew.
Thistle	8 08 24	. . . .	. . . .
Bertie	. . . .	Not timed.	. . . .
Cinderella	7 33 19	6 49 48	7 45 35
Vivid	8 34 36	Not timed.	. . . .
Roamer	7 34 56	. . . .	. . . .
Daphne	8 10 45	7 09 16	7 49 19
Whileaway	. . . .	Not timed.	. . . .
Regina	. . . .	Not timed.	Not timed.

These are the elapsed times, and it must be remembered that Thetis, Gracie and Fanny are from 11 to 17ft. longer and twice as wide as Clara, so the corrected times will show still more in her favor, while they would reduce a little the time of some of the others, but the result is near enough. There are ten sloops, among them the fastest we have, aggregating 23 starts in the series of three races in light weather, and beaten in even time, irrespective of size, in every case but one, by the narrowest cutter we have yet had here, and in this one case the cutter wins by a big margin on time allowance."

After the Seawanhaka race Clara started for Marblehead, sailing on June 29 in the regatta of the Eastern Y. C., but with only Active and Ulidia against her, the former an old sloop 50×16ft., both of which she defeated easily and then returned to Larchmont for the annual regatta of July 5, in which she beat Cinderella by 27m., besides five schooners, all larger than she. Besides the regular class prize, Clara won the Connor Cup. She returned at once to Beverly, where she cruised about until the cruise of the New York Y. C., when she was on hand for the Goelet Cup, but of course with little chance of winning from such yachts as Puritan and Mayflower, all being classed together. A sweepstakes was made up, however, which she won, beating the sloops Fanny, Hildegarde, Cinderella, Regina, Athlon and Gaviota, and being within 1m. of Gracie. Two days later, on the run to New Bedford, she beat all of her class, but no prize was given. On Sept. 18 the Citizen's regatta was sailed off Newport, the fleet drifting for nearly twelve hours over a 45-mile course and only finishing at midnight. Cinderella finished a short time ahead of Clara, and would have won the prize, but she had no club member on board, so the prize went to Clara. As far as the honors of the race were concerned, it was an even matter, as neither boat did anything but drift all day. The last race of the year was at Larchmont on Oct. 2, when Clara again beat Cinderella by 1m. 31s. Thus Clara started 11 times and won 12 prizes, all of them firsts save the Goelet Cup race, in which she won the sweepstakes.

During the winter Capt. Barr was engaged to sail Thistle, Mr. Sweet being detained in England and not expecting to fit Clara out, but in July he arrived in New York and at once had her put in condition with a scratch crew from a large yacht just laying up. She was very hastily fitted out by the new hands and hurried off to join the New York Y. C. cruise, her sails being just from the loft, a new suit of cotton duck made by Wilson & Griffin. She reached Newport after the Goelet Cup race and joined the fleet at Vineyard Haven for the race to Marblehead for the Morgan cups on Aug. 8. She beat all of her class and some of the class above her, but took no prize, being beaten by Bedouin and Gracie. On Aug. 11 she started in the special regatta of the Eastern Y. C., off Marblehead, her principal antagonist being Cinderella. Before the first mark was reached, the leg being a beat of 12 miles, the crosstrees broke and a little later the clevis on the stem pulled out, the head of the copper bolt having been corroded while she lay all winter in the water near New York. The consequence was a general wreck, both topmast and bowsprit going out of her, so that she withdrew from the race. Whether or no she would have beaten Cinderella was of course an open question at that stage of the race, but from the evidence it seems that Cinderella was the leader at the time of the second and principal mishap. There was very little general racing during the rest of the season, the Volunteer—Thistle races engrossing the attention of yachtsmen, and Clara was not entered again. After Thistle's defeat Mr. Sweet gave notice of a challenge for the Cup, his intention being to build a 70ft. yacht, but in this he was promptly headed off by the action of the New York Y. C. in so revising the deed of gift as to do away with all time allowance between a 90ft. and a 70ft. boat.

During the past season Mr. Sweet's business has kept him in London, and Clara has not been fitted out. During the season of 1887, when Clara raced but twice, as told above, Cinderella sailed 12 races and captured 9 firsts, thus setting at rest the statement that has been made to account for Clara's success, that there were no really good boats in her class. It has also been said that her success was due entirely to Capt. Barr's skill as a sailor, but during her first season she won in other hands, and during many of her races here she was sailed and manned by Corinthians. At the same time there is no doubt but that Capt. Barr is one of the shrewdest and most capable skippers that has sailed a boat, either sloop or cutter, in American waters; and that much of Clara's success is due to the constant pains he took in keeping her tuned up to racing pitch. Unlike most foreign skippers, he was very quick to appreciate the difference in conditions between the racing here and abroad, and to adapt his boat to them. All spars and gear were lightened as far as safety would permit, and yet in all her races while he was in command she never met with a mishap of any kind. Her boom was very light for heavy weather, but instead of replacing it with a heavier one he put a row of grommets in the foot of the sail and rove a lacing in heavy weather, using with a loose foot in light winds. In the same way, one topping lift was discarded in her summer racing, as being unnecessary; while the weight aloft was reduced in every possible way. We will shortly give the deck and cabin plans of Clara.

KEEL YACHTS AND CENTERBOARD CANOES.

"ONE of the curious things noted by gentlemen mariners is that the keel model has no one to champion it among canoe owners. The British used to build canoes of deep model and load them with ballast, but they got whipped out by the centerboard canoe of Yankee build, and wholly abandoned their own model to bring to America this year the Charm, built on Yankee lines. They got licked on that tack also, but there is no return to the deep or keel model in prospect. The FOREST AND STREAM has done more than any other sportsman's paper to make keels popular among yachtsmen and centerboards popular among canoemen. And yet a centerboard trunk is a much greater nuisance in a canoe than in a 90ft. yacht, and both boats are driven by sails."—*New York Sun, Oct. 7.*

The reason why the FOREST AND STREAM has advocated the keel in one class of boat and a centerboard in a totally different class, is by no means so difficult to discern as the *Sun* would imply. Wherever a sailing craft of any kind is to be used for sailing in deep water we claim that the keel boat is stronger, safer and more seaworthy than the centerboard craft; and just as fast. Where, however, a limit of any kind is placed in the depth of water, a departure in some direction from the ideal keel model is necessary. For this reason we recognize the value of sharpies and other shoal craft for certain waters where navigation with a keel vessel would be impossible, and for the same reason it is likely that the centerboard will be retained in racing craft of 90ft. should any be built, as a keel boat of that length and proportionate draft would be too deep for ordinary regatta courses of the Atlantic coast.

When it comes to canoes, there is no possible doubt but that a keel canoe could be built that would be faster and give far more room inside than any centerboard canoe, and so long as she was in two feet of water she would be preferable in every way; but this is a very small part of a canoe's usefulness. The first requisite in a canoe is light draft, not over 6in. at most, and 4in. is often better. Added to this, she must be nearly flat on the bottom, so as to stand upright on shore, for sleeping aboard, etc. Much of her cruising is done in a few inches of water, she is beached and set afloat half a dozen times a day; loaded into cars and wagon; and this point of convenient handling on shore is far more important than speed afloat. Consequently the deep keel has been prohibited in the rules of the American Canoe Association, as the introduction of keel canoes would mean the establishment of a special racing class, against which no cruising canoe could compete with a chance of success. The *Sun*'s analogy between the yacht and canoe in respect to sails and centerboard trunk is correct as far as it goes, but it is hard to imagine Gen. Paine holding up Volunteer in a heavy puff by hiking out over the side and putting one foot on the centerboard as it comes out of water, or of him entering her in a "sailing capsize" race, where the mainsail must be laid flat in the water and the boat righted again.

A POSSIBLE CHALLENGE FOR THE CUP.

LAST week Mr. Walter Reeks, a yacht designer from Sydney, N. S. W., arrived in Boston and visited Mr. Burgess, his object being to learn something of American yachts, with a view of challenging for the America's Cup on behalf of the Royal Sydney Y. C. Mr. Reeks is an Englishman, a pupil of Richardson, the designer of Irex, Samoena and Petronilla, but has resided in Sydney for the past five years. The intention at present is to challenge for a race in 1890, but nothing has been said about the dimensions or model of the challenger, or whether she will be cutter or schooner rigged. The challenger will be built in Sydney and will sail to New York by way of the Cape of Good Hope, a number of Australian yachtsmen coming in her. Mr. Reeks expects to visit New York this week.

MIRAMICHI Y. C.—This club closed the yachting season of 1888 on Oct. 18 by a race for a championship pennant presented by Vice-Commodore J. L. Stewart. The course was from Black Brook to Oak Point and back, rounding Murdock's Point and Napan buoys both ways, between two and five miles long. Tide flood, wind fresh northerly. Weather mild and sunny, a perfect day. The competitors were sloop Fisherman, the winner of the Miller silver cup at the last race; sloop Kilbride, the winner of nearly all the races ever sailed by the club; Kittoch, a keel cutter with outside ballast and sloop Welcome Home. The first three engaged in a luffing match for a couple of miles, thereby getting considerably to windward of the true course, while the latter kept well to leeward and went straight for the first buoy, rounding it 3m. ahead of the next boat. Fisherman and Kilbride passed Kittoch before the Napan buoy was reached and Kilbride passed Fisherman on the close reach across from Napan to Oak Point. Fisherman had her revenge on the reach back. In the beat up to Black Brook Fisherman passed Welcome Home, Kilbride almost caught her, while Kittoch, though she had been five minutes astern at the entrance on the home stretch, lapped Welcome Home after passing Kilbride. She had tacked but once as against three times for the others. She finished a minute and a half before Fisherman, and it is interesting to recall the fact that the latter had beaten her a month before, in smooth water and very light wind, on a 10m. course, over half an hour. Welcome Home, the winner of the race, was left fifty minutes astern by Fisherman on that occasion, and twenty-two minutes by Kilbride, but had in the meantime been provided with a new set of sails and an iron centerboard in place of twilled cotton and wood. The flag is a gorgeous piece of bunting, designed by Miles, a St. John artist, and made especially for the occasion. The following is the summary:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Welcome Home, F. Loggie	12 50 00	2 43 31	1 53 31	1 50 28
Kilbride, Com. Miller	12 49 58	2 43 40	1 53 42	1 50 52
Kittoch, Jas. Miller	12 48 30	2 43 32	1 55 02	1 51 07
Fisherman, R. Loggie	12 49 27	2 42 45	1 53 18	1 53 18

YACHT AND BOAT SAILING.—The sixth edition of Kemp's well-known work is announced. Among other additions it will contain a chapter on centerboards. Among the new designs will be Mystery, centerboard sailing boat; the Mersey boats Gladys, Brunette and Whisper; a Clyde boat by Mr. Watson, Minima, Itchen boat, Mr. Clayton's Madcap and a single-hand cruiser designed by Mr. Watson.

THE NEW HERRESHOFF TORPEDO BOAT.—The Herreshoff M'f'g. Co. is now at work on a torpedo boat for the U. S. Government, under a contract signed last March, the boat to be completed in fifteen months. The price is $82,750 for the boat, exclusive of the torpedoes and their fittings. The dimensions are: Length over all, 138ft.; length on deck, 134ft; extreme beam, 15ft.; extreme depth, keel to crown of deck amidships, 10ft. The keel will be rockered, the draft aft 4ft. 8in. Displacement about 100 tons, and the horse-power estimated at 1,600. The engines are to be five-cylinder quadruple expansion, driving twin screws. The two boilers are to be of Herreshoff's latest design, and placed in separate compartments forward and abaft the engine room. Eight bilge-ejectors will give a total discharge of 280 tons per hour. A steam steering engine will be fitted to work a balance rudder of large area. The engines and boilers will be protected by coal. The interior will be divided into eleven water-tight compartments and lighted by electricity. There will be two conning towers, one forward and one aft, with a search-light on each. The armament is to consist of two torpedo tubes, a torpedo gun aft, and three 37-pounder rapid-firing guns. A weight of 15 tons is to be carried on trial, which will be a three hours' continuous run. If on a three hours' trial the mean speed of the boat exceed 22 knots, a premium of $1,500 will be paid, provided the boat is accepted by the Department, for each ¼ knot in excess of 23 knots, and $2,000 for each ¼ knot in excess of 24 knots. If the speed of the three hours' trial calculated as aforesaid falls below 22 knots a penalty of $4,000 will be exacted. If the speed on trial falls below 20 knots the Department reserves the right to reject the boat.

BISCAYNE BAY Y. C.—This club is looking forward to an early opening of a prosperous season, as its northern members are preparing to start for the South. The fleet will be increased this year by the addition of several new yachts, all of sload draft. Com. Munroe and Vice-Com. Hines have each a new craft, built by Brown of Tottenville, S. I., while Mr. Ralph M. Munroe will take down his yawl Presto. The latter boat, built in 1885, has served for a model for the new ones; having proved a very successful boat of the kind. She was designed by her owner for use about the Lower Bay, New York, and as her moorings were in the Great Kills, on the south of Staten Island, where she lies high and dry at very low tides, shoal draft and a flat bottom were essential. She differs from the sharpie in being wider and having a round bilge, her length over all being 41ft., beam 10ft. 6in., and draft about 2ft. Rigged with mainsail, jib and mizen she has cruised about Sandy Hook and the lightships for the past five seasons, and proved very safe and comfortable. The cabin is quite large with berths for four. Com. Munroe's new craft is a little smaller than the Presto, while Vice-Com. Hines's boat is larger. Mr. Brown has also finished lately a 60ft. sharpie for the U. S. Government, for surveying work about the Florida reefs. She draws about 2ft. of water, and has accommodations for a crew of 14.

COOPER'S POINT CORINTHIAN Y. C.—The eighteenth race of the Cooper's Point Corinthian was sailed over the club course on Oct. 16. Item, Allmond and Wilkins (second class) started at 3:10 P. M.; wind S.W., moderate, ebb tide. Down wind the boats ran side by side for two miles, and so closely that a 50ft. piece of "gill twine" would have tied the boats together without breaking it. When approaching the upper end of Petty's Island, the turning point, the Item and Wilkins were turning with their booms to starboard and port, wing and wing and with scarcely room enough to drop a mate between them, Allmond slightly in the rear. By a "coup-de-jibe" that insured all the air from the head boats, the Allmond went to the front as if sent there by an electric motor, which place she held to the upper mark, with the Item and Wilkins close in her wake. The beat home to windward, with lee rails awash, made fine sailing. Not a quiver in any of the sails, or a jar in the boats that would have capsized an egg on end, and no mistakes were made. The Allmond, Capt. R. G. Willkins, turned the home stake boat at 4:11:05; Item, Capt. Will Kinsey, 4:11:15; Wilkins, Capt. Will Cook, 4:11:20. Another race will take place on Oct. 23 and every following Tuesday until ice drives the boats out of the river.

NAROD AND SAGAMORE.—The collision which lately took place at the foot of Twenty-fourth street, East River, New York, by which the steam yacht Narod was injured by the Sagamore, has given rise to considerable trouble, as Mr. S. G. Doran, the owner of the Narod, has libeled the Sagamore in a suit for damages, placing the sum at $4,600. An outcome of the suit is the discovery that Mr. Doran has sailed during the season under the flag of the New York Y. C., though not a member, a fact which he explains by saying that his name had been proposed before he left New York on a long cruise to the St. Lawrence, he supposed that he had been elected. However true this may be, it does not explain why the Narod flew the flag of the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. on the occasion of the club's regatta last June, Mr. Doran not being a member of the club or even proposed for membership.

MOLLY AND WOOS.—A race was sailed on Oct. 20, at Toronto, between the sloop Molly, owned by Mr. Percival, and the catboat Woos, owned by Mr. Haverson, the course being triangular, on Toronto Bay, two rounds. It was blowing heavily at the start, a violent thunderstorm having just passed by, and Molly tied in two reefs and Woos one. The two started at 3:05, Molly having the lead, but Woos ran out a spinaker boom forward, setting a balloon jib on it and drawing away from Molly, leading around the first mark. On the second leg Molly shook out one reef and tried a spinaker, but Woos continued to gain, especially on the windward work of third leg. At the end of the round Woos led by 6m. She shook out her reef and set her balloon jib, still gaining, and won by 11m.

BANSHEE.—The lead keel of Banshee is now being slightly increased, the bottom being padded out and the corners rounded so as to make the bottom a curve. It was discovered lately that the iron plates on the lower corner of the centerboard, to reinforce the bolt hole, had been badly eaten away by galvanic action, being so near the lead keel.

STEAM LAUNCH RACING.—On Oct. 20 the steam launch Dolphin, Major W. B. Wetmore, beat the Mariquita, Col. L. B. Cameron, on Lake Champlain; the course being 6¼ miles. Dolphin won by 2m. 58s., making the course at a speed of 11 7-10 miles per hour.

GANNET.—Mr. Walter C. Hubbard, Seawanhaka C. Y. C., has purchased the Gannet from Mr. Oliver Adams, and will rig her as a yawl. She lately lost her mast in the storm at Larchmont through the Portia dragging her anchor and driving down on Gannet.

TOMBOY—The new 29ft. cutter built for Mr. Archibald Rogers of the Bedouin, has been named Tomboy. She left for New York in charge of Capt. Pittuck on Oct. 19.

CHIQUITA has had her mast and gaff reduced, and will have a new mainsail from Wilson's loft.

SAY WHEN.—Mr. N. L. Munro has sold the Say When, the price being $46,000.

NEW YORK Y. C.—The fall meeting will be held to-night at the club house.

Rev. R. Ashton, superintendent of the Mohawk Indian Institution at Brantford, Ont., has a black and tan terrier that always accompanies the Indian children to church on Sunday. He goes to the altar rails, and lies down facing the congregation. When they rise to sing, he rises; when they sit, he lies down. One Sunday, a strange clergyman preached a sermon that was very much longer than usual. The dog grew tired and restless. Finally he went to the boy who usually passed the plate at the close of the service and "begged" persistently, as much as to say, "If you will only pass the plate the preacher will stop." He kept it up until the sermon was concluded.

The war between the Tweed poachers and the watchers continues with unabated fury. But it has its comic aspects. For instance, a Scotch newspaper reports that on Sunday, two days after the close time commenced, the bailiffs seized five nets in the neighborhood of Barnmouth, and that the fishermen are "deeply incensed at the action of the bailiffs, and consider that their labor on Sundays should be forbidden as scandalous.—*Fishing Gazette.*

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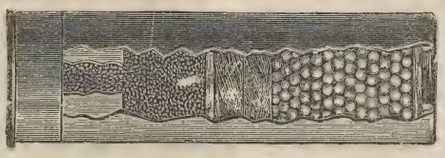
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VOL. XXXI.—No. 15. No. 318 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

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THE CAMPAIGN.

OCTOBER has passed—October with its flaming foliage; and November is here. The opening week of the month finds the campaign in full blast. Our game columns chronicle reports from many quarters of this great land. Deer, grouse, woodcock and quail figure in these reports. Taken as a whole what an index do they afford of the magnificent plenitude of the field resources of our continent. The notes are full of suggestions. There is that one from western Massachusetts telling of the failure of the woodcock flight; how general is that failure, and what had the blizzard to do with it? Mr. Lathrop is an experienced observer of the ways of the woodcock, and his theories are worth discussion. Then there are notes of the late breeding of quail, which appears to have been the rule over a large territory this season. And then comes up that old and ever pertinent theme, the ravages of the market hunters. Would that some crafty campaign manager might rise up to devise means to circumvent the grouse snarers. The conflict between market hunters and recreation hunters is irrepressible and irreconcilable; but we risk nothing in playing the role of a campaign prophet long enough to predict that the recreation hunters will in time get the better of the potters and carry the country by a big majority.

Frosty nights, storms and gales are detaching the leaves, and every new day finds the foliage less dense, the cover more open and the upland shooting improved. On the water the fowl are flying; from Dakota and the Atlantic Coast alike come the reports of a great supply of ducks.

October is proverbially the sportsman's choicest season of the year, but while an artificial notation of the calendar may set bounds to the months, and give new names to the divisions of the season, those who follow the dog afield will find in the early days of November sunshine just as bright and air just as exhilarating as ever in October.

FORESTS OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

II.

COL. EDGAR T. ENSIGN, to whom was deputed the task of investigating the forest conditions of the Rocky Mountains, has taken considerable pains to collect information and put it in presentable form. He gives us estimates of the area of the region classed as forest, but he cannot, of course, tell us what proportion of that area is covered with timber, nor does he make any guesses as to the amount of standing stock, nor the relative proportions of the several species. According to the figures the total area of the region is 640,155 square miles, of which about fourteen per cent., say 90,000 square miles, is classified as forest area, distributed as follows: Idaho, 15,990; Montana, 20,285; Wyoming, 12,060; Colorado, 12,025; New Mexico, 12,500; Utah, 6,000. Of this 90,000 square miles, or 57,000,000 acres, four-fifths of the whole, or 45,000,000 acres, is said to be still owned by the general Government.

In Wyoming, Montana and Idaho very little of the forest land has been surveyed, and the present policy of the Land Office is to discourage the making of such surveys. The land is not wanted for settlement, and to throw it open to settlement would simply be to place the timber in the hands of the monopolists, instead of holding it open for a general scramble.

The forests in this region are situated at elevations of from 5,000 to 12,000ft. on the great Continental Divide, which, being intersected here by a great transverse divide, gives formation to four great basins; one sloping to the northeast drained by the Upper Missouri, one at the northwest drained by the Columbia River, one at the southwest which is double, and discharges its waters into the Great Salt Lake Basin and the Colorado River, and one at the southeast drained by the Arkansas and Rio Grande rivers and their affluents.

This region is the source of the North Platte and South Platte, the Big Horn, Yellowstone and Upper Missouri. Numerous tributaries of the Columbia carry its waters westward to the Pacific Ocean. Here, too, is the source of the Colorado and the numerous rivers which feed the Great Salt Lake basin, the Rio Grande rivers and the Arkansas—a broad network of rivers on whose waters the region of the great plains and a considerable portion of the area of Washington and Oregon is dependent for the irrigation of the soil. Treating of the forest conditions of this region, Col. Ensign says: "It embraces a wide expanse of wooded ranges, foothills, valleys, parks and plateaus. Naked and often snow-clad crests and peaks, rocky slopes, barren surfaces, deep defiles and swift-running streams. * * * * Upon the mountain ranges are irregular masses of coniferous trees separated by wide spaces—the latter treeless or sometimes clothed with a growth of aspen. Bordering the streams are cottonwood, willow, alder and other deciduous trees of minor importance." Pine, spruce and fir are the principal lumber trees of the region, all very useful for economic purposes, but there is nothing to guide us to a conclusion as to the percentage of the so-called forest area occupied by them. The above extract from Col. Ensign's description of the region is consistent with the assumption that perhaps less than five per cent. of the area is stocked with useful timbers.

Heavy inroads are being made upon the existing stock for local requirements, and Col. Ensign always employs figures to aid us in forming ideas, but in spite of the labor they have cost him, he is constrained to admit that they are not very reliable. He gives the annual consumption of timber in the region as from 150,000,000 to 200,000,000 of native timber and 40,000,000 to 50,000,000 of imported timber, B. M. Then there is the drain upon the forests for railway construction and maintenance. At the close of 1887 the mileage of railroad track is given at 10,000 miles, estimated to have used up 200,000,000 cubic feet of timber in the course of construction, and to require 25,500,000 cubic feet annually for their maintenance.

But what avail figures? We know nothing of the area actually stocked with timber, nor of the possible yield per acre per annum, and in the absence of these data, we cannot pretend to calculate how long the forests will last. Some portion of the area burned and cut over has been taken possession of by the aspen, which, although it has little market value, serves to save the forest floor from erosion, and to hold possession until, in the course of centuries, perhaps in a state of nature, young pines get possession of the soil and crowd the aspens out. But this is a result which cannot by any means be relied on. The bared forest floor baked in the sun is either destroyed by fire, or if on steep slopes it is subjected to the erosive action of floods until its restoration becomes both difficult and costly. Reproduction is not an item to be counted on where forests are recklessly exploited. The most we can hope for is that some of the area may be spared in a fit condition for reconversion into forest. The timber stock is reduced by the amount taken out and wasted, the "irregular masses of coniferous forest" disappear one by one, and "the wide treeless spaces" which separate them grow ever wider. The region is essentially a mining region, and this industry involves the consumption of a considerable amount of timber and charcoal. One mining camp in Montana, Butte City, is estimated to use not less than 40,000,000 feet of timber B.M. per annum, and 30,000,000 cubic feet of fuel for charcoal.

It will be evident then to those capable of assessing the facts at their just value, that the drain upon these forests for utilizable material, supplemented by the reckless waste everywhere apparent, and by the ravages of periodical fires, must be making considerable inroads upon the existing stock.

Colonel Ensign collected his information as to the state of the forests principally by means of circulars addressed to the civil engineers and other well-informed persons in the several counties of the region, and in reply to the question, "Is there danger of the timber supply failing?" he received twelve answers in the affirmative and nine in the negative. From these undecisive opinions of intelligent and well-informed men we may turn to the logic of facts. Until recently native timber was relied on wholly for telegraph and telephone poles, and countless numbers of smaller trees were and are used in the mines for "lagging;" but the superintendent of the Western Union Telegraph Company at Omaha, Neb., writing to Colonel Ensign, says, "We are not now using any native poles, but for what renewals are made, and new lines built, white cedar poles are shipped from the East." And as regards lagging timber, Colonel Ensign says, "Much of that used in Utah and Montana is now imported from the Pacific slope, as the home supply of good-sized or accessible timber is exhausted." These facts alone are quite sufficient evidence that the forests are in process of rapid exhaustion.

Colonel Ensign, in his report, touches on the relation of forest to agriculture by their conservation and distribution of moisture, and collects some very interesting data as to the expansion of the irrigation system, with the consequent development of farming and other dependent industries, giving carefully compiled statistics of the population of the region, the assessed valuation of real and personal property for the year 1887, amounting in round numbers to three hundred and fifty million dollars; of its manufactures, its wool growing, stock-growing, agricultural and mining industries, all in a flourishing condition, many of them dependent for their prosperity on the facility of procuring forest products locally, and all of them dependent for their persistence upon the proper regulation of the water supply of the region, the maintenance of which can only be secured by the conservation of the forests, which, it is properly argued, are the pivot on which the future prosperity of the State hinges.

On the subject of forest policy the worthy Colonel waxes warm, and is ready to exclaim, "Policy! God bless you, there is no such thing, sir."

"Alleged trespassers," he tells us, "are often prosecuted but rarely convicted. No forests are saved from fire, and few, if any, from the ax. The policy of withholding from survey the public timber lands in certain parts of the Territories, is worthy of commendation, and is likely to prevent, for the time being, the entry or sale of such lands, but not the spoliation of the timber on the same."

This is a very depressing outlook, and in his despair, the Colonel addressed letters to all sorts and conditions of representative men asking for suggestions for reform, and in reply received a mass of most absurdly contradictory suggestions, which fairly indicated the popular comprehension of the subject of forestry but which certainly did nothing toward alleviating his perplexity, if they did not aggravate it. We quote one which indicates the manners and customs of the charcoal burners, and the shrewdness of the writer: "It would be better to allow charcoal burners, and the cutters of mine timbers to take living timber from the public domain under proper restrictions, than to encourage the destruction of the forests by fire, in order that they may cut the deadened timber as they please."

The sentiment of local governments and residents is in accord on one point, that "no obstacle must be placed in the way of securing a necessary timber supply." There is a popular impression that if a proper set of regulations were drawn up, the forests might be levied on to any required extent without impairment of their resources, and there is a general disposition to submit to such regulations provided they are neither arbitrary nor inconvenient. The popular maxim is that it is the privilege of the people to utilize the forests as long as they last, and the duty of the Government to restore them when exhausted.

The detailed returns from the several counties in the region are very interesting and valuable, and embody perhaps the most reliable information on the subject available. At the same time Colonel Ensign finds occasion to observe that "estimates of forest areas differ widely from the same region. This results from the difference in the competency and carefulness of the observers, and from the fact that there is no accepted standard of estimate. Some include in forest lands not only those tracts which are densely or mainly covered with trees, but also grazing lands on which may be found only a few scattering pinons or cedars."

CO-OPERATION IN FISHCULTURE.

A PAPER on this subject was read before the American Fisheries Society by Mr. John H. Bissell, of the Michigan Fish Commission, at its last annual meeting, but so far but little has been done toward co-operation. States which have interests in the same waters should agree on the laws governing such waters, and many instances might be cited where independent legislation over waters lying between two States would be the better for consultation between the Commissioners. One, however, will serve as an illustration. Greenwood Lake, lying partly in New York and partly in New Jersey, has different dates for the opening of the black bass season at each end of it, and a fish legally hooked in one State might be illegally landed in another, a state of things which is most absurd. If the Fish Commissioners of these States would meet and agree upon a date to open the season, and get their Legislatures to fix that date by law, it would be a step in advance. The capture of salmon in the Hudson could be considered and perhaps concurrent legislation obtained, for at present the fishermen of New York are forbidden to take them in nets, while those of New Jersey are not restricted. We have been moved to these remarks by the report, in another column, that the Commissioners of Delaware, Pennsylvania and New Jersey will soon have a conference in regard to the fisheries of the Delaware River, and it is to be hoped that they will not only agree upon what should be done, but will be able to induce their law makers to do it.

The Sportsman Tourist.

QUAIL NETTING IN CAPRI.

(A Woman's Letter.)

ANACAPRI, Island of Capri, Italy.—Oh! sleep, sleep! nature's sweet restorer; how you have been despised, neglected and disdained for the last three weeks; and how we poor forlorn stay-at-home creatures have had to suffer from the shooting mania, which has possessed all mortals of the genus *homo* since the quail shooting commenced. Yes, how we have been quailed!

On the 5th of last month the first straggling quail put in their appearance, serving only, however, as *avant-couriers*, for the sport did not commence in earnest until toward the end of the month; the best days being from the 3d to the 8th of September. The birds came, so to say, all together this year, whereas in other years the season has been not exactly of longer duration, but the supply was more divided. But, notwithstanding that the rush has come and gone, three days rain; there have been, and are now every day, enough quail to amuse any hunter, particularly if he happens to have one or two good dogs—which are comparatively rare in this part of the world—though some of those used, mostly mongrels of all imaginable kinds, are exceedingly good for this sport, being from their very youngest days accustomed to it.

In spite of the cold, rain and snow in the north, which, it is easily understood, must have destroyed many of the young, and in many instances entire broods; and, contrary to all predictions and expectations, the numbers of migratory birds so far this year are about the same as usual, according to all accounts from the people here, who have trapped birds for years and years, or more or less for their whole life long. This occupation is carried on to a great extent, entirely beyond the notion of any one who has never been privileged in one way or another to witness the *modus operandi*.

This mountainous island, as I have previously mentioned, is three and a half miles long and one and a half broad, with about 4,500 inhabitants in all, and two important villages. Capri, the capital of the island, lies on the saddle which connects the eastern heights with the western, and Anacapri, with 1,800 inhabitants, lies 880ft. above the sea. It is here that the trapping and shooting is carried on. One sees down in Capri here and there in the gardens nets extended, and some of the places are fairly good for game; but they are all nothing in comparison to these here in Anacapri on the side of Monte Solaro and everywhere in the vineyards, where they are placed in the fall. In the spring they are, as I wrote in my previous letter, stretched out on the high rocky cliffs on the water's edge, and on the Piccola Marina, on the south side of the island, one of the two beaches and landing places which this "isle of the sea" can boast of. The other one is where the principal traffic is carried on, the landing place for the post steamer, which comes once a day, and a pleasure steamer which comes in summer and good weather daily, also for boats with merchandise; there lie all the fishing boats, and it is faced with houses, therefore no chance is there for placing nets.

There are perhaps some twenty-five men on the island who have a "permission" for setting these stationary nets, for which they pay 27 lire a year. Then again there are others who carry nets around shaped like a fan, opening and closing just the same. They are about four metres high and are supported by the butt end in a girdle which the man wears around his waist, leaving his hands comparatively free.

They hunt with dogs. When a dog shows that there are signs of a quail, the trapper, who follows it step by step, goes with his net from below, in the fall, toward it; from above in the spring; for in autumn when the birds are molested they fly toward the sea, *al contrario* in the spring. If the bird flies directly toward him, well and good; if to the right, he throws or leans his net with a quick movement in the direction from which it comes. If he has good luck it becomes caught in the meshes, he claps the net together, slips it out of his girdle to the ground and releases his captive. These trappers catch many birds in a day, being indefatigable. Has a quail fallen in and been noticed—and those are rare which are not remarked—they follow and follow until they have succeeded in capturing the poor thing. For being allowed to use one of these nets or *rete* a charge is made, but on account of being easily and rapidly closed and hidden away many are carried without permission. Last week a man was caught using one under these circumstances. His punishment consists in having to pay seventy lire and of having his *ventaglio* or fan confiscated.

It is something entirely new and interesting to all the unsophisticated to see how the other nets are stationed, arranged and made, and this advantage all visitors to Capri have in the fall. But in the spring to form an idea of the extent to which snaring is carried on takes a long, tedious clamber over steep stony ways, which is certainly not advisable for ladies nor for either sex with light-made shoes.

Most of the stationary nets are now fixed on the mountain side, in sickle form, from east to west. According to the number of nets in a line are posted at intervals of from thirty to forty feet decoy or call birds, in little wooden houses, each covered in front with a cloth, about three metres from the ground; in autumn above the nets, in the spring below them. Being blinded these quail call day and night, curiously enough nights almost uninterruptedly, making real music in all directions, seeming to me weird and uncanny on these bright, moonshiny southern nights. The best decoy birds are kept the entire year, and cost five lires apiece.

One of these nets is from ten to twelve metres in length, about six high, and placed between poles of about seven or eight metres in height, is worked like a curtain, and is always—that is, when the bird flies in high—let down to take them out, then drawn up again. Through the top, and at intervals of every metre downward, stout cords are run through from side to side. To these are attached rings, through which tightly drawn cords, which are secured to the tops and bottoms of the poles, are passed, pulling the net up somewhat at every cord, and forming a half sack or bag, into which the unwary quail falls, becomes entangled, is unable to free himself, and is liberated only to become a certain prisoner later, with hundreds or thousands of his fellows, packed in layers in baskets, with only a netting between, to be sent back by rail perhaps to that very land from which his weary wings day after day have fanned, at a far height, the cold thin atmosphere, until exhausted he stops with his comrades at the close of the day, when the hamlet is still, for a few hours' repose before his last long flight toward his Mecca. Then, alas! a prey to these *reti*, his voluntary journey, born of instinct, has come to a cruel end and his days are numbered. Yet, from 5 to 6 per cent. of the birds do release themselves, sometimes get caught again, other times go scot free, others get shot. Live birds are sent to all parts of Europe, and are sold for from three to six soldi; dead ones for two to five soldi apiece. One soldo is equal to one American cent. Up to-day there have been caught and shot somewhere about 20,000 quail.

If it is not too windy the nets are left up day and night, in order to be in readiness for any stray or belated individual which might chance to come that way. It would be a pity, too, if the greedy hunters should miss a single one. If winds prevail they are let down to within a couple of feet from the ground and reefed in the manner of sails.

The greatest number of birds fall in toward midnight, but the trappers have more or less to do until about eight in the morning. When a quail has chanced to pass over a net and the spot has been marked where it has fallen in, men, boys and dogs go below or above, according to the season, and drive it into the nets; in this manner many single ones are entrapped. One man who occupies his spare time with trapping quail and whose nets are placed right near the street in the vineyards in the proximity of houses, using ten or twelve decoy birds, caught in one night one hundred and fifty; another on the mountain side back of this village six hundred, and yet another whose nets cover a distance of two hundred metres or more in length, with perhaps fifty call birds some distance away from here, in the rocky rough mountain sides, trapped in the same length of time eight hundred.

Between here and Naples some three or four times a week runs a barca, doing or carrying out commissions for the people in both places, taking merchandise, such as wine, oil, grapes and figs from here and bringing back vegetables, of which few are produced on the island, on account of lack of water, and other articles of food. Since the quail season commenced the barca has had to be unloaded as quickly as possible on arriving here, thousands of quail packed in—I know of one trip when there were five thousand—and immediately sail set again for Naples, seventeen miles distant.

In the fall the quail come in large flocks, high in the air, on the southeast wind; when in the neighborhood of the decoy birds, hearing their call, they fall down with such a force that one can hear them strike the ground, even from the houses, while in the spring they come singly, or at least very few together, low over the water.

The birds this year, notwithstanding being literally loaded with fat, are very quick on their wings. I have never seen such clumps of fat as they are. I have prepared them in every conceivable way, aside from resorting to any Italian method, with their eternal mixture of oil and *pomi d'oro* or tomatoes, in order, if possible, not to open them, and yet to cook out the superfluous fat, that we should not get cloyed from eating them; nevertheless it was simply impossible. I could barely see, much more touch another, and had to resort to opening and removing the fat from rump, breast and neck. Butter, of course, was not to be thought of to use with them. Among other quail I had one, lighter in color, an old bird not as fat as the others, with a beak exactly like that of a hawk, with claws longer and sharper than any other, the only one of the kind which we have ever seen. Was that only a freak of old Dame Nature? Another had a good-sized snail, house and all in its crop, which was otherwise entirely empty, and it had become, probably for this reason, decidedly meagre.

From daybreak until the twilight, in spite of the heat—and the best days the heat was intense for September—there was such a bombardment and cannonading that it was utterly impossible to sleep, and almost every one caught the shooting contagion, at least I'm sure I did, for I spent most of the time from 4 until 7, up on the roof watching the hunters through my glasses, having many a good solid laugh over the awkward doings of hunter or dog, or praising another's good shooting.

The really experienced and capable hunters are mostly to be seen in old clothes, and old hats, with hunting apparel looking the worse for wear and tear, wind and weather, and the report of their guns show sound judgment in loading, whereas the *Sonntags Jäger*—Sunday hunters, as the Germans justly call them—come finely dressed in corduroy velvet of all conceivable colors, newest style sporting hat, adorned with a feather cockade, stuck on one side or back of the head, newest system shotgun and highly polished equipments. The charges are something terrific, sounding more like mortar reports or blasting of rocks. Of these sportsmen there were many here, coming from Salerno, Sorrento, Castellamare and Naples.

The Italian powder is cheap and miserable; if the gun is not immediately cleaned on returning home, above all if it happens to remain over night, it is then, as a result of bad powder and the hot climate, almost an impossibility to get it clean, for the residue adheres as firm and becomes as hard as stone. The barrels of a good clean gun become soon ruined, after using this powder, because sharp stuff detrimental to the steel must be used in order to restore them to their former and necessary brightness.

An expert hunter with a couple of well-trained dogs, in the best days brings down from thirty-seven to fifty brace. On these days the quail are to be found everywhere, the more the season advances the nearer they go to the sea. In ordinary days one can easily bag from twenty to thirty birds.

It is easily understood that where so many birds come, through much practice the peasants become adept in the art of shooting, therefore among the *contadini* there are some very alert hunters.

Quail shooting will last until about the first of October, then will commence the season for fieldfare and wild pigeons, for which some of the trappers will move their nets down nearer the sea.

In November will follow the woodcock, but more of this shooting in my next letter. I. C.

ST. AUGUSTINE AS A WINTER RESORT.

WHEN those who dwell in this Northern latitude remember the blizzard of last March, with its mountains of snow and hillocks of ice, many who recall the freezing experiences of those bitter cold days will now, that the leaves have been falling, think of where they may fly, "where the leaves never fall, and the skies never weep," to avoid most certainly the possible reccurrence of such fearful storms. For the benefit of those interested I recommend Florida, where snow is never seen, and ice seldom forms, where the leaves do not change, and sunshine is the general rule. A practical experience of many winters enables me to say there is no place better adapted to health or pleasure than St. Augustine. It is easily reached by steamers or by elegant vestibule cars in little over one day from New York, and last winter the trains were generally promptly on time.

The city is situated on a peninsula, almost surrounded by salt water; indeed it is, at very high tides, almost an island. The fact that the place is washed on all sides by the ocean tides guarantees the sanitary condition to be as perfect as any natural locality can be; and it absolutely precludes the possibility of malaria—a case of which disease I have never met, originating in the city. In addition to its possessing these natural advantages, those in authority spare no efforts nor expense in adopting all artificial means known to sanitarians to add to the health of the favorable locality. The elements so essential to perfect health are abundant, in bright sunshine, pure bracing sea air and abundance of water, while the most cheerful and choicest society makes the ancient city the most desirable winter resort in this country.

I have known many men, women and children who have renewed their seriously damaged constitutions in Florida: and for those suffering from overwork, insomnia, nervous prostration and all its sad train of symptoms, I know of no more desirable place than St. Augustine. Children recovering from pneumonia, diphtheria, scarlet fever and whooping cough find a perfect climate for outdoor life and rapid convalescence, without the danger of relapse, so common in a variable Northern climate. For nearly forty years I have recommended the climate of Florida to my patients, and I am happy to say many of these still thank me for sending them away from this Northern climate, which is as trying as any known to the profession. Scarlet fever and measles are not dreaded by the parents and physicians of St. Augustine; and diphtheria is almost unknown. A few years ago I was asked to see a child recently arrived, supposed to be suffering from that dread disease. The physician long resident had never seen a case. The child was removed a few miles out of town, and but one other took the disease, a playmate of the first. An honored and lamented physician of St. Augustine, the late Dr. Peck, told me some years ago, when I was expressing anxiety about some cases of scarlet fever, not to be alarmed; that the disease never assumed a dangerous type in that climate, and that it was very seldom followed by death; it responded

quickly to treatment, a[illegible] seldom followed by those dangerous sequels so dre[illegible]in a Northern climate. He stated the remarkable [illegible]hat years earlier they were visited by an epidemic o[illegible]rlet fever, when he attended one hundred and twe[illegible]ldren, without losing more than a single patient; [illegible]is one death was owing to other complications. There is no other way of accounting for such a history of such a disease, except the perfect climate. Some winters ago I received a little patient from New York with chronic pneumonia following an unusually severe whooping cough: and in a very short time the little girl recovered completely, renewing the roses in her cheeks and her buoyant, childlike spirits. She returned with her mother, who was summoned to attend her husband suffering with pneumonia, in the month of March—much against my advice, but fortunately without serious consequences. Pneumonia is seldom seen in St. Augustine, and the resident physicians are almost unacquainted with the disease and have no desire to attend it. The absence and the mild form of the diseases mentioned can be accounted for on no other grounds than the salubrity of the climate.

If there is the slightest possibility of any one laboring with the first symptoms of consumption being benefited by climate it will be accomplished in Florida. A gentleman who was a martyr to asthma all his life, possessing a beautiful home near Philadelphia, told me he could find no comfort in life but in two localitities, Newport in summer and St. Augustine in winter.

My own personal experience in the beneficial effects of the climate of St. Augustine makes me the more earnest in recommending it to all who may be suffering from overwork. After a laborious life of more than thirty years in the climate of New York, on the Hudson River, I broke down completely, had insomnia to a fearful degree, bordering on insanity. Old professional friends advised me to visit Florida. When I arrived in the quaint old city one Christmas Eve I was nearly exhausted. I could not walk a mile, and only with great fatigue at all. Appetite was fitful, energy gone, and though I was longing for rest, yet I dreaded the experience of a night of sleeplessness. One who has never had the misery of such a state of health can form no conception of such a deplorable condition. I began improving the first week, walking with less fatigue daily, and improved in appetite and spirits, and in six weeks I could tramp with dog and gun twenty miles. It was truly a renewal of life. Instead of my life work being abandoned, I put on the harness again and began to offer aid and encouragement to all who, like myself, had become discouraged and almost sick of life. The limit of this paper forbids my enumerating many interesting facts experienced from year to year. I am sure that I know a number who, by going to St. Augustine, ward off from winter to winter hereditary disease which a severe climate would awaken and develop.

In the early days in St. Augustine a more quiet and restful spot could scarcely be found, and it was always attractive, making little change and seeming to desire none. Now all has been altered, since several gentlemen of wealth and enterprise have become interested and located there. Among them none have become more conspicuous or accomplished more for St. Augustine than Mr. H. M. Flagler of New York, Mr. Franklin Smith of Boston, and Mr. W. G. Warden of Philadelphia. All of these gentlemen first sought the South in search of health and to avoid our inclement winters. Besides building fine residences in St. Augustine Mr. Warden and Mr. Smith became interested in building up the city generally, and Mr. Flagler may be truly said to be the founder of a modern St. Augustine, so completely has he been identified with the vast improvements of the city. Since the appearance of these gentlemen the old Spanish town has awakened from a Rip Van Winkle slumber of hundreds of years. New life has been infused into the rather indolent natives, and real estate has risen beyond the capacity of most individuals. Beautiful churches have been built, and grand edifices that would grace the capitals of the world have appeared as if by magic. The Ponce de Leon Hotel and the Alcazar, built by Mr. Flagler, surpass in their architectural beauty and elegance any public buildings in the country. To give an adequate idea of these unique and surpassingly beautiful structures would require the knowledge and pen of an accomplished architect. In truth, one must see and study the different parts, which will occupy many leisure hours, and the study will give exquisite pleasure, as all of the various beautiful details are viewed. The dining hall of the Ponce de Leon is said, by those competent to judge, to surpass in beauty the palaces of the Old World. My object and aim is not a description of these wonderful structures—which is far beyond my power—but to point out the advantages of the climate of Florida to the weary and the sick, and to show them what may be their gain from the warm sunny atmosphere of St. Augustine.

With the continued improvement in drainage, which is daily progressing, with an inexhaustible supply of water from many artesian wells, there is no reason why St. Augustine should not be one of the healthiest cities in the world. Every surface well should be closed and filtered cisterns substituted; these wells, scarcely six feet deep, are many of them on a level and near objectionable structures, which in a sandy soil percolate through and pollute the water. These necessary and indispensable structures ought to be cleansed daily, and a system of scavengers should be arranged to carry off all offensive deposits into the country, or better, out to sea, thus removing all dangerous sources of disease. The water used in the hotels is from artesian wells, and its supply is absolutely beyond the reach of any pollution. If those who have used the sulphur water of the artesian wells, both for drinking and for bathing, have received the same benefit from its use that I and many of my patients have experienced, it will not be long before St. Augustine will be resorted to for the use of these waters alone. When it is generally known that Mr. Flagler has instituted a most elaborate and costly system of baths, not only of the sulphur waters but also of salt water, this surely will be sufficient to draw people from all parts of the Union for their use; add to all the other advantages which surround the Ancient City, the attractions of the most unique and beautiful oriental structures and there is little else to be desired to make an elysium.

For the lovers of outdoor field life let me add that the sportsman will find here his happy hunting grounds. The fishing is unsurpassed; as a gentleman expressed it in answer to inquiries to his success, "it was like dropping a line into a great aquarium." The quail and snipe shooting is remarkably fine, and there is no end to the duck shooting in the rivers and inlets south of the city. If larger game be the object of the sportsman, wild turkeys are in abundance, and he can chase the deer, riding after a pack of hounds, within a few miles of the city. If his ambition still soars after greater triumphs, and more lordly game, he can by beating the swamps arouse the wildcat and the bear, and I hope his experience may not be that of a friend of mine, who, instead of sending bruin up a tree, in his excitement lost his gun and was himself treed by the bear, and was kept shouting for help many anxious hours, until his friends rescued him. Now if you want to raise a storm you have only to ask him about that bear hunt.

The delightful sunny climate of Florida, with its ever-blooming roses, its fragrant orange blossoms and its golden fruit, invites the invalid, the weary and the overworked man of business, as does no other place I am acquainted with; and if recreation only be sought and whiling away the time be the aim, this is said to be the "paradise of loafers." Horseback exercise is always health-giving, and the choicest saddle horses can be had, well trained for ladies and gentlemen; and in the beautiful bay of St. Augustine one can handle the oars if he desires, or at any time enjoy the poetry of motion in any of the sailboats, well managed, awaiting the visitor. This bay stretches out toward the North beach, where the wild waves whisper and where the breakers dash madly on as beautiful a beach as any on the Atlantic coast. The bay or river also extends south, reaching Matanzas, eighteen miles away, where the fishing is superb. If it is desirable horses can be crossed on a boat for a ride for miles along the South beach, on which the horses' hoofs scarcely make an impression, so firm and compact is the sand; and if new life and vigor cannot be gained in such an atmosphere, then it is useless to seek for it in any other quarter on this side of the ocean.

I hope those who find it necessary to seek a warmer climate than this in winter to avoid the risk of northern storms, or those who think they must migrate with the birds, or even those who, like the butterfly, prefer to spread their wings only where the flowers are perpetually in bloom, will not mourn as those having no hope because of the epidemic in the sunny land of Florida; nor give up the idea of resorting thither and seek some other home in distant lands, nor even make the long westward journey to California. When the first frost comes it will be the death knell of the scourge. History proves this so fully that the statement requires no further argument. It will not affect the usual health of the other towns in the State of Florida and Georgia where it has not visited. On the contrary, those places are likely to be more healthy than in former years. For every town and village has been swept and garnished. No sanitary device is known that has not been put in force. All places within hundreds of miles of Jacksonville are as clean and pure as the ingenuity of man can make them. Therefore I would not hesitate to go to Florida as usual, which I shall do the last of November; neither would I decline to advise any one to seek his accustomed Southern home. It might be well to avoid those places where the fever has been until after January, and even then those unaccustomed to the climate had better not venture into them. When the fever visited St. Augustine some few years ago I spent the winter there, reaching the city about Dec. 1. The old Spanish town was as healthy during the remainder of the season as I have known it before or since. I could almost venture to affirm it will never be healthier than the coming season, if human caution, device and untiring watchfulness in a sanitary point are any security against disease.

HORACE CARUTHERS, M.D.

TARRYTOWN, N. Y.

We see an occasional copy of the St. Augustine *Evening News*, and in its columns, along with reports from the shotgun cordons and quarantine stations which surround the town, are frequent notes of the fishing. Here are some excerpts:

Mr. Fritchie Monson, captain of the guard on North Beach, says that he and his corps revel in fish—fried, boiled, chowdered, stewed and every other way of decoction. He says that he goes out in the morning and catches a bushel of big mullet with one cast. That you can rake 'em out with a bucket. Bass, he says, are plentiful.

Joe Baya was seen on Charlotte street yesterday, weary, footsore, sunburned and hands blistered. But Joe wore a smiling face as he lugged behind him a big bass. The bass was tugged up to Genovar's store and tipped the scales at 23lbs. to the ounce.

Some time ago Dr. Alexander obtained some fish that were thrown out of the big well in the Ponce de Leon grounds. The doctor put these fish into an aquarium with some goldfish, and has succeeded in raising a cross between the two specimens. The doctor will put some of these new species in the Alcazar fountain pool.

Mr. Fritchie Monson, from the North Beach quarantine station, reports a large school of trout which passed that point yesterday going south. He says from 11 A. M. till dark the school continued to pass.

Sam Lyons, while out in a boat fishing yesterday morning, felt a slight tug at his line, and drawing it up found a small fish upon it. Just as he had it nearly to the surface of the water a big trout, which he thinks must have weighed 10lbs., darted out from under the boat and began making off with the catch. Lyons was a little disconcerted by the surprise, and about 20ft. of line spun out before he checked the big fish and began hauling him in. A big black fin was showing above the water a few yards away, and in an instant a 10ft. shark pounced upon the trout and made off with fish, line and all.

Streeper, the undertaker, undertook to go fishing yesterday and came home with an 18lb. trout.

Walter Gerard produces two mosquitoes caught on the north cordon which are big enough to lug off an ordinary sized infant.

Capt. Allen reports plenty of quail over on North Beach.

Two colored men with a tightly nailed box between them, from which emanated the ominous warning of a rattlesnake, were the center of a crowd on St. George street last night. R. C. Rawls had captured his snakeship out on the north cordon, and was conveying it home, expecting to start out in the show business. He described it as being 5½ft. long and having seven buttons.

Between the hours of 1 and 2 o'clock this morning the little steamer Dart might have been seen scudning over the bay making her nightly tour of inspection. She first proceeded up North River, found all the guards wide awake. At Gardener's wharf we disembarked and plodded our way across to the beach. Here the guards were also wide awake and sitting around a big fire warming themselves. Then back and again on the boat we visited all the different pickets and found them every one doing their duty. About 2 o'clock the weather became quite cool and we could distinctly hear the cry of geese overhead, flying south.

Sept. 27.—In conversation with one of St. Augustine's old boatmen the other day on the prospects of the weather he said that there would be an earlier winter this year than we had ever had in a score of years. His reasons were these: "The fig and many other trees are shedding their leaves and preparing for autumn. At night if you listen you can hear the plaintiff note of the kildee as it flies south to the warm sun. The kildee generally comes about three weeks hence. There are many other signs that emphatically forecast an early winter."

Monsieur Pierron, whose airy gallery fronts on the bay, relates a remarkable incident regarding a white pointer he gave away a year ago to a man living in the country, fourteen miles from the city. A few days ago the dog returned to him after a year's absence. Stranger yet, the family cat, an old stand by, with arched back and flashing eyes, took up a hostile attitude in the corner, but soon a look of recognition stole over the feline countenance, and bounding over to the side of the old dog Master Thomas began kissing and rubbing up against her in the most affectionate manner.

TWO MONTHS A COWBOY.

(Continued from page 263.)

SUNDAY, while the others were out rounding up, I staid in camp to sleep, but spent the afternoon on "horse herd," *i. e.*, to keep the one hundred and fifty horses from wandering off. It is mean work, necessitating continued moving about, and it is tiresome for your horse; but I was relieved, and putting hobbles on the horses we turned them loose and went to enjoy supper and a cigar, which the boss of the round up gave each of us in honor of his having won the steer the previous night.

Around us were the Bald Hills before referred to, wholly destitute of timber and covering an immense space of country, over which roamed a herd of about twenty wild horses. These were once owned by ranchmen, but jumping the pastures they had wandered off into that region, where they roamed at their own sweet will and lived but to eat. Many attempts have been made to run them down, by several men stationed at different intervals with fresh horses, but with poor success, only three or four having been captured.

The round up next day was a hard one, being up among some high buttes, which made it late when we moved. The night was cold and the ground where we camped very stony and sloping down hill, making an uncomfortable bed. It rained very often, and during that night my cousin and I woke at the same time (for we bunked together) with a feeling that the ground was damp. Striking a match we found that one edge of the blanket was out under the tent and caught the rain as it ran off the rope, making a stream between, which soaked the blanket. The country was beautiful, the trail at one time running several hundred yards through a cut only wide enough for three to ride abreast, owing to a stream which occupied most of the space between the two walls of stone nearly two hundred feet high.

Holding cattle is even worse than holding horses, for they are more accustomed to stray, not being as hungry as the horses, and used to more freedom. Some broke loose from me, and the boss wanted to know "Had I been driving long?" It nettled me, for I wanted to be thought a good hand, but even such things as herding and driving cattle need experience which cannot be learned in a day. To each in turn comes the task of driving, so it fell to my lot that day, and in company with another we moved the horses some fifteen miles due east toward Pike's Peak. To the beauty of that peak full justice cannot be done. The sun sinking in the west cast its rays eastward and striking the sides of the peak gave it a brilliant hue which deepened as it found its way to the top, where the little remaining snow took on a tint of blood. Then a sudden gloom covered us as of a light going out, shutting out forever the day's doings, whether good or bad, and leaving only the remembrance, which yet remains, although many suns have since set.

At "Witcher's," where we were on the 30th, I had a new experience, that of a "nor'wester." The morning was bright and warm, the riding steep and wooded, bringing well into use our chaperajos to keep from tearing our trousers, as we rode among the trees. I saw a bluejay fluttering on the ground, and jumping down, caught it. Having in my saddle bags some leather strings for use in case anything should break about the saddle, I tied one about the bird's foot, attaching the other end to the pommel of the saddle. There he sat looking around in the most bewildered fashion, but tiring of one position he tried to walk out on the horse's mane just as we neared the herd, but slipping, fell to the ground, breaking the string. Forgetting for an instant I leaped down and ran to put my hat over him, but no sooner did the cattle see me on foot and the large sombrero floating in the air than they all stampeded, many having never before seen man and horse separated. Quickly gaining my prize I was soon on horseback and fast after the other boys, who headed the cattle, but not without some trouble. I had a good lecture read to me ("the — little Yankee"), but they all laughed heartily at a little bluejay scaring a bunch of steers. The poor bird did not survive long, for we found him frozen stiff in his cage one morning.

The weather was so warm that we all had our coats off, when suddenly a cloud passed over the face of the sun, chilly wind sprang up, accompanying the rain which speedily turned to hail. It made me shake and shiver for I was wet to the skin, but I untied my "slicker," which was always carried behind my saddle, and put it on for protection. Nevertheless the cold passed right through, but the poor horses had to take it with their heads turned from the wind and storm. This lasted fifteen minutes and passing on left us in the bright, warm sun, as half an hour before. The "day herd" was growing entirely too large, so Martin cut out our cattle and drove them back that night to our range.

On the 1st of August at the invitation of a "granger" we camped on his claim, by a clear cold stream, which he utilized for irrigating, thereby growing some excellent potatoes, a rarity, for up at our ranch nothing in the way of vegetables will grow. I spent Sunday morning digging them, while the others were out hunting cattle. Don't think I stole, for he said, "Help yourself," conveying a more charitable meaning than the sign which hung in the dining room at the ranch, "The Lord helps him who helps himself, but the Lord help him who gets caught helping himself around here."

Dick was a funny fellow, he was forty years old if he was a day, but had not a hair on his face; about which we joked him a good deal. By his pasture was our next camp and there we had a jolly good time. Supper over we dug a hole, and filling it full of wood there soon blazed out a warm and cheery fire. We gathered round and each one had to sing a song or "talk it," tell a story or in some way make himself agreeable. Several had good voices and when "The Dying Cowboy" was sung all was still except the clear voice of Dick as he sang:

"Oh bury me not on the lone prairie,
Where the coyotes howl, and the winds they blow."

How the hillsides did throw back a wild and weird echo there in the semi-darkness as the loud tones of the others joined in the chorus. A feeling akin to sadness came over me as the boys dropped off one after the other to bed and I was left alone.

Reaching Four Mile Creek next day, I asked permission to go fishing instead of going out driving, which favor was granted me. Success did not crown my efforts for I only caught four trout; grasshoppers, their favorite food, were scarce, I was obliged to use half a dozen flies I had brought with me. The white-miller I found to be the best.

I had a fight there with one of the boys. We were lying on the ground by the tent, I face downward, when I felt a spur enter my back, and turning quickly gave my tantalizer a dig with my own, which I always wore. This playful amusement continued for a few minutes, when Williams (6ft. 3in. in his stockings) jumped on top of me and began to use his fists. Martin pulled him off and I jumped up. You may be sure I was mad and struck at Williams, who avoided the blow but returned it, hitting me under the chin, so that I stumbled over the tent ropes and fell. Then the boys stopped the fight, but I am afraid the sun went down on my wrath that day.

Seeing some of the boys joking with a man, I rode over and found they were examining and laughing at his jockey motion and "frying pan" saddle. They soon dispersed, and I spoke to the man, asking if he was an Englishman? He said "How did you know that?" To which I answered, "Well, you look like a Johnny Bull, having their ruddy complexion, ride jockey fashion, and besides your accent is unmistakable." With this introduction, we rode along together, talking meanwhile. We were soon good friends, for I told him of my visit to Old England. When we broke camp in the afternoon he invited me to stay over night with him, and I rode away, telling the outfit I would meet them next day at Jack Rabbit Spring, eight miles away.

His cabin was about half a mile off the main trail. He had built house and barn in a natural meadow up on the bank, some 50ft. from an icy brook. I was very much surprised upon entering his cabin, after caring for my horse, to see one side covered with shelves of books—histories, biographies and novels by the standard authors. It amazed me to find such in a ranchman's house, ten miles from the post office and forty odd miles from the D. & R. G. R. R. right across Pike's Peak to Colorado Springs, the nearest station. He was a great walker, and told me he often made the trip over in a day and back the next, packing on his back 20 or 30lbs. of provisions. I followed him to the beaver dam, in which he plunged and bade me follow. This I did willingly, having had no chance to take such a bath as this for quite a time. Whew! but it was cold, and how he did laugh at me. Looking up the stream I noticed it found its way from the "Snowy Peak," and saw how it was that my limbs were benumbed and the blood seemed to stop circulating. I crawled ashore and stood on the bank while a sudden glow passed through me, but sort of envied him as he splashed around like the trout he scared away. With such flies as I had left we caught nine trout for supper just close by the house.

His strip comprised two hundred acres, taking in the best part of the stream, in which he allows no one to fish but his friends. The timid fish seem to feel the security of the deep pools in his homestead and pre-emption. For my entertainment he made some apple-dumplings, and with hominy, fish and excellent coffee, all made in the open fire-place, we had a very enjoyable meal. The hours passed swiftly as we talked of the East and his adventures since leaving London, where for nine years he sat upon a stool as clerk, and "he blessed the Lord every day for the privilege of living in this free country," where he could have a little herd of cattle and a dozen horses, besides the fertile meadows upon which he grew some oats and wheat by irrigating. Books were his companions, and with his walls p sted over with colored pictures from the London *Graphic*, and an occasional letter from home, love of the Old Country still burned in his breast. At midnight, a late hour for cowboys, we rolled up in our blankets and were soon asleep. By nine the next morning we were fishing again, and soon had twenty-five trout. I lost a leader and two flies on a big one, but the largest I caught weighed half a pound. At one o'clock I very reluctantly said good-bye to my English friend and rode away to meet the outfit. Although I have never seen him since, we exchange a letter once a month, and I take a lively interest in his welfare and the growth of his herd.

Riding what I thought to be eight miles, given as the distance to camp, across a lonely yet rough and beautiful country, and meeting no one, I judged they had moved, and was confirmed in my opinion by tracks of shod horses. I started to trace them, having many misgivings as to whether I was right. So when I saw a house and barn away ahead I put spurs to patient, willing Danie, and was soon there, but found no one home. None dismayed I pushed on and soon neared another cabin, about which I saw some one moving. A hard run put me near them, and I found to my joy they were the boys of the outfit, who had lingered behind to see "the petrified stump."

Receiving from them glowing accounts of this wonderful formation, and directions where to find camp four or five miles further on, I turned back and rode to a foothill a short way off. Dismounting I threw my bridle over the horse's neck, to keep him from running away, for as it is long enough to drag on the ground, in attempting to make off the horse's front feet would get caught and a fall probably result, all this being taught in the breaking in. A shed was built over the stump to prevent its wearing away. I made twenty-three long paces in going around, and its height was about twice mine (5ft. 9in.), having been dug down to that depth. When it was first discovered only a cropping showed above ground. One like it close by was sawed into four pieces and shipped to the Centennial in '76, where perhaps you may have seen it. So woodlike was it that touch alone would convince me of its petrified state, and specimens I brought away give ocular proof of its woody look.

Supper was nearly ready when I reached camp, having experienced no difficulty in finding the rest of the way.

I gave Joe the trout I had caught, and sitting down felt really at home again. I think the boys must have seen me cleaning the fish in a brook near by, for when Joe started to cook them our tent was the center of attraction. They hovered around like vultures, and when Joe had gone for some wood and I by chance had my back turned, they made a dash, and catching the fish out of the hot frying pan ate them like cats. However, Joe was no fool, and understood them better than I did, for he produced three or four from a pan where they had been placed to meet just such an emergency. It was a good joke on us and created considerable merriment, but when we told of those hidden away they saw we were not so badly left after all. One of the boys had broken away in the afternoon, and proceeding to a neighboring town, consisting of a post office and saloon, where he had imbibed considerable liquor, besides bringing away with him two bottles of whisky, he was in a happy humor, and, although he could not walk straight, said he would "bet two dollars he could beat the whole —— outfit running." I having with ease beaten one of the boys at the ranch in a 50-yard dash, they asked me to run and let them win the money. This I was very reluctant to do, but was at last persuaded just for the fun. Off went my boots and his trousers and boots. Sixty-five paces were measured off in the best possible place, down hill over prairie-dog holes. No one could have helped laughing to see him move up to the scratch, falling, rolling and hallowing like mad. Clasping hands, the starter said "Go!" and, cutting our hands apart, away we went. You should have seen him run and heard the yell he gave as he crossed the line ahead of me by a yard. He collected cash for his bets, and those who had put their money on me were downhearted, although it served them right, and I was glad, for they had thought to win easily. Other races were run, but none created like interest.

G. F. Blandy.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SIERRA NOTES.

THE town of Placerville, California, does not appear, at first glance, a first-rate starting point for an expedition in search of the fish, flesh and fowl that abound in the middle Sierras. It lies in the upper foothills, and is, in every sense of the word, a mining town. The south fork of the American and all streams tributary to it are thick with the washings of mines, and give no promise of trout. The middle Sierra of Placer, Amador and El Dorado counties are not in the regular route of tourist or sportsman, and hence game is more abundant than in the more frequented regions of Lake county and about the headwaters of the Sacramento. From Placerville there are two ways into the heart of the game land—one, via the old Virginia and trans-continental stage road to Strawberry Park, Strawberry Valley and Lake Tahoe; the other, through Georgetown and by the Upper American River to French Meadows and Soda Springs, to a region of wild and glorious scenery, where we catch the breath of pines and tamaracks and feel the chill of midsummer snows.

Good fortune rather than a previous knowledge of the country induced us to locate our July camp in the French Meadows, some miles above the nearest mines. The middle fork of the American River is here from five to ten yards in width and abounds in deep pools and foaming rifts, so that it is no trick to get a mess of trout varying from six to fourteen inches in length. Throughout July they seem to prefer the more brilliant flies, and I obtained much better results with the scarlet-ibis than with sober hackles. While the trout appear more brilliant than the Eastern *S. fontinalis* I do not believe them to be identical with the small rainbow trout of the McLeod River region. Nor are they so large as those that may be seen lower down the river, lazily sunning themselves as though tempting the feathered fly.

Deer are plenty. The does and fawns are here all day long. The bucks come only to spend the heat of the day. Night and morning find them twenty miles nearer the confines of civilization, visiting their favorite licks on the Georgetown and Forest Hill divides. The French Meadows are about a mile above the sea level, and are nearly a day's ride from the nearest settlement. Were it not for a few Indians, who engage in the illegitimate occupation of packing hides, all game would be practically undisturbed. Black and cinnamon bears are not rare, and in winter a few trappers gather a rich harvest from the pelts of silver-gray foxes. Snow leaves the meadows early in June, though it remains on the neighboring peaks and in the deep cañons throughout the year. California quail and grouse stay here until October, when they migrate to the warm foothils and to the Sacramento Valley. Shoshone.

Placerville, California.

Natural History.

ECONOMIC ORNITHOLOGY.

[Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.]

WE have received from the Commissioner of Agriculture his Report of the Ornithologist and Mammalogist for the year 1887. The work of the Division consisted as usual in the collection of facts, showing the relation of certain birds and mammals to agriculture, horticulture and forestry, and in the preparation of two important bulletins, namely (1) on the English sparrow; (2) on bird migration in the Mississippi Valley. There is a special report by Dr. A. K. Fisher on the food of hawks and owls, exhibiting a tabular statement of the stomach contents of over a thousand of these birds, all confirmatory of the earlier investigations of Dr. H. B. Warren, of Pennsylvania. Of the 1,072 stomachs examined 89 were empty; of the 983 containing food, 57 contained poultry, 20 game birds, 177 other birds, 528 mice, 137 mammals, 51 reptiles and batrachians and 255 insects. The species which feed in part on poultry and birds are the sharp-shinned, Cooper's, duck and pigeon hawks and the great horned owl.

The English sparrow has engaged a large portion of the attention of the Department, Prof. Barrow having been occupied the whole year in preparing for publication the enormous mass of material in hand. Over 3,000 replies were received to the circulars distributed the previous year, and the information contained in the correspondence is being abstracted and arranged under its proper heads. The results of the investigation are not given, but as one of the heads of the forthcoming report is "Methods of Restriction and Suggestions for Extermination," there is no room to doubt that the sparrow is regarded as an unmitigated nuisance which should be exterminated if possible.

Dr. A. K. Fisher was deputed to visit northern Iowa, southern Minnesota and southern Michigan for the purpose of procuring information in regard to the depredations of blackbirds and gophers in the grain fields of that region; and writing from Heron Lake, Jackson county, Minn., he reports that no corn can be raised in that locality on account of the blackbirds, and that it is hard work to get a crop of oats, wheat or flax without more or less injury from them. Dr. Fisher expresses the opinion that the extermination of the blackbirds, especially the yellow-headed, red-winged and purple and rusty grackles would be of great benefit to the farmers, but that the unwillingness of the family to allow a gunner within shooting distance, and their alleged abstemious habits in respect of poisoned grain render this desirable end very difficult of achievement.

Attempts have been made to utilize hawks for the purpose of frightening the bobolinks from the Southern rice fields. These experiments have been only partially successful, owing, it is said, chiefly to the fact that the Department was unable to secure the services of an experienced falconer to train the hawks and take charge of the experiments. The conclusion is that hawks would be very valuable if they could be trained to fly about the field, but this is no part of a hawk's ordinary training. The falconer never throws his hawk off except to strike at its quarry, and it is only when it misses that it sometimes soars aloft of its own motion, the falconer doing his best to lure it back. Small hawks used in hawking are thrown at the birds as they rise, and being allowed to eat the brain to encourage them, may be kept in pursuit for hours at a time, but this necessitates tramping through the field. The report on the migration of birds in the Mississippi Valley was not ready for publication in this report.

Passing to mammals, the coyotes are described as a great bar to successful sheep farming in Minnesota; and the striped gopher as committing great ravages in the grain fields, cutting off the head, just tasting the milky seed, and then cutting another and another. The habits of other members of the gopher family were carefully noted, and the description makes very interesting reading, but economically they are of no importance.

THE GOPHER[illegible]ED RATS.—II.

[illegible] SHUFELDT.

PASSING next to the family *Saccomyidæ*, I would say of the two genera of pouched mice mentioned (*Perognathus* and *Dipodomys*), that I have had better opportunities to secure specimens of the little yellow pocket mouse (*Cricetodipus flavus*) than of any of the others. These are quite numerous about Fort Wingate, in New Mexico, and I have before me a number of specimens taken here on various occasions, while several others are in alcohol in my collection.

My eldest son captured a very fine pair of these beautiful little creatures for me, and from them I made the life-size drawing which accompanies and illustrates this paper. All the burrows of this species I have seen and examined seem to be a single tunnel, terminating in an enlarged extremity, in which they build a soft little nest of the usual materials employed by allied species of rodents. They are a gentle and quiet little mouse with very conspicuous cheek-pouches, which open externally, and when seen from either the front or side view lend to the face of the animal a very quaint appearance. Every one of the alcoholic specimens before me contains some kind of food or other in both cheek-pouches; one that I examined contained at least four or five different varieties of plant seeds and bits of leaves. I am inclined to think from my observations that these little fellows lay up a store of food against the "rainy days," and no doubt hibernate during the colder winter months. Their tracks have never been seen by me on the snow during this season, whereas it is not uncommon to find such evidence to prove that True's piñon mice and motomas have been about. It gets to be much colder even in these low latitutes than most people think, for instance, for two winters here at Fort Wingate, New Mexico, I have seen the thermometer fall to 15° F., which is enough to keep most mice at home, and encourage them to try and sleep such inclemency by in their burrows.

Never having been so fortunate as to find one of these mice with young, I cannot at present say as to how many form a brood, nor do I know whether they litter more than once during a season. Such works as I have at hand also fail to inform me upon this point; indeed I am of the opinion that much yet remains to be written about these little creatures. Possibly such data is given in Allen and Coues's large work on the North American Rodentia, but I regret that that volume is not available to me at the present writing.

This little yellow pocket mouse is one of the smallest of the pouched rodents in existence, though I believe the least pocket mouse (*C. parvus*) is the smallest of all. An adult specimen of the first-mentioned species before me has a very large head as compared with the size of its body, with very small eyes, which are wide apart and situated on either side, about half way between the ear and nostril. The ears are rounded and sufficiently conspicuous, while a tuft of whiskers composed of white hairs of varying length spring on either side from the prominent upper lip. As in the case of the eyes, the ears are also wide apart, and the fronto-parietal region of the head broad and rounded between these two pairs of organs. Measuring the animal from tip to tip I find the total length to be 10 centimeters, of which the head measures 2.2cms., the body 2.9cms., and the tail 4.9cms. Soft and mousey, the coat above is of a tawny ash color, with all the nether parts pure white, while a light buffy tan color divides the two on the sides, and is particularly conspicuous about the base of the tail. This latter appendage is rounded, and fairly well covered with short grayish white hairs, the terminating pencil extending 2.5 millimeters beyond the tail proper, and these were included in the total length of the animal as given above. As for the feet, they are covered with white hairs, sparsely so in the case of the hind pair, more generously so in the fore pair, and in both cases a few straggling white hairs are to be discerned on the soles. A forefoot has four well-developed clawed toes in front of nearly equal lengths, and a clawless rudimentary thumb. Further, this pair of feet are notable for their prominent pair of posterior footpads and insignificant anterior pair. In a hindfoot the small hallux is clawed, while the outside toe reaches but to the middle point of the digit next to it. Footpads here are all small, with the anterior pair best marked. Upon examining the upper pair of incisors I



A PAIR OF YELLOW POCKET MICE (*C. flavus*)—DRAWN LIFE SIZE FROM NATURE BY THE AUTHOR.

find them co[illegible] for their entire lengths adown their mi[illegible] the case with the lower pair. Beneath the [illegible]er internally, is a median integumental rap[illegible]ivides the cheek-pouches. The plan of the m[illegible]is characteristic of the genus to which this specie[illegible]s. The bare part of the snout about the external n[illegible]pertures is of a pale flesh color, and these parts ar[illegible]ery prominently developed.

I have been thus particular in pres[illegible]g some of these best marked external characters, and [illegible]her features in this little species, as I was desirous of g[illegible]ng those of my readers who may be in need of such inf[illegible]ation, a guide to the kind of data which should be car[illegible]lly entered in the field note book of the collector of mammals. In addition to what I have presented, fuller measurements are highly desirable, measuring the body, limbs, between ears, eyes, etc., in all directions, and their separations and so on, as well as height of ear and similar data. Then, too, it is always well to take the weight of a specimen when it can be accurately and conveniently accomplished. In recording color it is well to adhere to some authoritative standard of nomenclature, and although I have no copy of the work before me, I feel perfectly safe in recommending Mr. Ridgway's little volume on the nomenclature of colors for such assistance.

While upon this subject, I would add a few words in reference to the collecting and preserving of these small mammals, for I am very much in hopes that my efforts here will induce many persons in various parts of our Territorial districts to secure such specimens; note their habits as fully as possible, and see that their observations come duly into the hands of science in order that the data may eventually be preserved to our common stock of useful knowledge.

Skins of mammals are valuable, of course, but alcoholic specimens of them are incomparably more so, so if one should be so fortunate as to secure a new or rare species I would advise by all means consigning it to strong alcohol. After entering in the note book the data advised above, a label should be attached to the specimen bearing a number or some distinguishing mark identifying the latter with the former, then we should make a careful *median* incisian along the abdomen of our specimen from a point opposite the base of the lungs to the genitals, and part the lips of it so as to insure the spirit getting thoroughly inside, and about the viscera. The label should give sex, age, date and locality of capture, etc., with name of collector in full, and similar data. See to it that the alcohol more than covers the specimen, as it will surely absorb a quantity of it and thus become exposed, and if not under the eye of the collector daily, damage may ensue. In sending small specimens of mammals to persons engaged in describing them for publication, they go very well indeed if taken out of the alcohol, carefully wrapped in absorbent cotton moistened with the spirit, and then again wrapped in a kind of thin gutta percha that comes in the shops. Chloroform is used along the free edges of this latter, which will make it stick securely and thoroughly to prevent evaporation of the moisture. Dr. Geo. E. Dobson, F. R. S., of the medical staff of the British Army, put me in possession of this method and I have found it to do admirably.

Another genus in our family *Saccomyidæ* is *Dipodomys* containing two species of "kangaroo rats," and about a year ago Mr. F. Stephens added to these a third species from California, where he collected it.

Kangaroo rats are western representatives of the family we have under consideration; in them the cheek-pouches open externally, and they derive their name from their mode of progression, which much resembles the jerboas of Egypt and other countries (Gr. *dipous*, two-footed, and *mus*, mouse). They have long hindlegs and a pair of short fore ones, while their tails are characterized by being finished off with a pencil of hair of considerable size, forming a conspicuous tuft at the termination of the appendage.

A writer at my hand describes Phillips's pocket rat by saying that it "is about as large as the chip-squirrel, having a body five inches long and a tail six and half inches; the color is light brown above and white beneath. The whiskers are rigid and numerous, hindlegs very long, the fur silky, the eyes bright, the form and appearance like a very minute kangaroo. It hops about on its hindlegs, often taking considerable leaps. It lives in holes in the arid plains of Sonora and Southern California, seeming to prefer stony slopes, and frequently comes around the tents of travelers with a sort of confiding gentleness and familiarity. It seems to go forth chiefly at nightfall."

Some very interesting features mark the skeleton, and more especially the skull of these kangaroo rats, but our space will not admit of entering upon such descriptions in the present connection.

Of *Heteromys*, the last genus in our family *Saccomyidæ*, we have no representatives that occur within the confines of the United States, they are consequently not represented in our fauna. They are to be found only on the island of Trinidad and in the West Indies (*H. anomalus*), or in Mexico and Venezuela (*H. longicaudalus*), or finally in Guatemala (*H. desmarestianus*). There is an evident tendency toward hispidity in the first-mentioned species, and it possesses a long scaly tail of a deep black color; their cheek-pouches are not large; and of the several species mentioned none are larger than a good-sized rat.

In my next contribution I trust to touch upon the remaining few families of the suborder Simplicidentata, and pass to the suborder Duplicidentata, which contains the pikas and hares, and thus bring this numerous order of the Rodentia to a close.

A RUFFED GROUSE IN TOWN.

CAMBRIDGE, Mass., Oct. 28.—The attention of our family was this morning attracted by the sight of a partridge perched in a tree on our premises, corner of Hancock street and Broadway, this city.

The bird, a young one though well grown, as unconcerned as if in its native woods, remained in the same tree for ten or fifteen minutes, walking along one limb and pecking at the elm buds; and then flapped across to another, where it stood with crest erect, eyeing us with mild curiosity, not twenty feet distant. From that tree it soon after flew across the street to another, twenty-five or thirty yards distant, and then to the ground.

The presence of such a visitor less than two and a half miles from "Boston's gilded dome," in the very middle of a city of over 60,000 inhabitants, is very much to be wondered at, especially as there is no locality for several miles where the ruffed grouse is found even as a straggler. Was the bird a stranger come in search of higher education here under the shadow of Harvard?

It is to be regretted, however, that in the evident desire of the bird to become better acquainted with our city, it did not remember that the Puritans' Sunday observance is no longer in vogue at the present day; for shortly after the echo of a fowling piece disturbed the devotions of a neighboring church congregation. HENRY J. THAYER.

[A ruffed grouse recently flew into the house of Mrs. Ruth A. Talman, Garden street, Medford, Mass. It went through the window, breaking the glass and cutting its throat; and was served up for dinner.]

WHOSE HAWK WAS THIS?—Seaconnett, R. I., Oct. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* On the 25th inst. there was shot by Mr. Warren Kempton, at Warren's Point, R. I., not far to the eastward of the West Island Club's pleasant quarters, a pigeon hawk. On each leg was a small round brass bell, together with a light leather strap some 6in. in length, and on the right leg a light brass ring. Mr. Kempton's astonishment when he came to inspect his victim may be imagined. I mounted it for him, with its outfit undisturbed, and perhaps some of your readers can tell us where it came from.—NEWTON DEXTER.

BIRD PORTRAITS.

UNDER the title "Some Native Birds for Little Folks," the Forest and Stream Publishing Co. have just published a handsome imperial octavo. The author is Dr. W. Van Fleet, who is known as a frequent contributor to the magazines on ornithological subjects. He has written brief and untechnical biographies of fourteen of our native birds—Robin, Chickadee, Kingfisher, Great Horned Owl, Bobolink, Bluejay, Woodcock, Nuthatches, Meadow Lark, Ruffed Grouse, Cedar Bird, Kildeer, Summer Duck and Crossbills. Each of these birds is beautifully illustrated by the photogravure process from drawings by Howard H. Darnell. The paper is substantial, and the 147 pages of large, clear, handsome type contain just the sort of information necessary to make little folks better acquainted with the birds described, and to awaken an appetite for extended study. Everything has been done to make the volume one of the most handsome gift books of the year. (Forest and Stream Publishing Co. Price $3.)

Game Bag and Gun.

Antelope and Deer of America. By J. D. Caton. Price $2.50. Wing and Glass Ball Shooting with the Rifle. By W. C. Bliss. Price 50 cents. Rifle, Rod and Gun in California. By T. S. Van Dyke. Price $1.50. Shore Birds. Price 15 cents. Woodcraft. By "Nessmuk." Price $1. Trajectories of Hunting Rifles. Price 50 cents. Wild Fowl Shooting; see advertisement.

THE CAMPAIGN.

Wildfowl Near St. Louis.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Oct. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The heart of the duck shooter was made glad the fore part of last week by the arrival of a good flight of the web-feet. A drop of several degrees of the temperature in the northern country was the cause of it. Parties who were out while the ducks were in this locality were well paid for a trip in quest of them. But they did not stay here any length of time. The wind, which had been making its starting point the north, changed to the south, and soon all effects of the cold wave disappeared. This sent the ducks back up north again, and the duck shooters were sad. Yesterday the cold wave signal was floating from our court house flag staff, and sure enough it came, and the ducks came with it. Fast and swift telegrams came pouring in from various quarters, that a big flight of ducks had made their appearance. This report caused considerable activity to manifest itself among the nimrods. If the present cold spell of weather will hold on for a while, there is no doubt that the duck shooters will make matters quite warm for them.

The lakes around-about here are in fine condition for duck shooting. Food is said to be plentiful in all of them, and all that is wanted is the ducks to make things satisfactory, so far as the duck shooters are concerned.

Snipe have been very scarce in this vicinity, so far this fall only a few small bags have been reported. The market has been moderately well supplied with them, but they have been shipped here from points north.

Quail are said to be plentiful throughout the State and fine sport is promised on them this fall. The season in this State opened last Monday and a few small bags have been reported up to date.

Parties who have been out hunting complain of the weeds being too thick yet. When a good frost and snow visits this section and breaks them down, no doubt better results will be the rule. UNSER FRITZ.

Trapping for Fur in Maine Woods.

CAMP PARKER, Me., Oct. 18.—My last week's FOREST AND STREAM finds me here at Camp Parker, which is at the outlet of the Big Richardson Pond, one mile by a fine woods walk from the head of the Mollechunkamunk (Richardson) Lake and four miles from the Upper Dam. This is a cosy little private camp, the property of a gentleman who has a fine residence on the shore of the Mollechunkamunk Lake, five miles from here, where he and his family are spending the autumn. He has a private steamer on the lake, and when he wishes to spend a few hours or days at Camp Parker the trip is easily and quickly made.

Every fall since I was large enough to go into the woods and to shoulder a fuzee of any kind, I have done more or less still-hunting for deer and caribou; but quite a number of falls have passed without my doing any trapping. Now the proprietor of Camp Parker agrees to make trapping profitable once more, and here we are, Alva Cooledge, of Upton (one of the best guides and hunters of the region), and myself, hunting for mink, otter and sable signs, with a backload of steel traps, on the same grounds and in the same way as we did thirteen years ago. In one month that fall we caught twenty-three mink, besides considerable other fur. In those days dollars came hard and looked large; and mink skins brought about $5 apiece, so we made a very satisfactory fall's hunt. We have just returned from a three days' trip, in which time we have run a sable line from the head of this pond to the north as many miles as we could cover in that time and set the traps and blazed the line. On the trip we saw the tracks and marks of moose, caribou, deer and bear. When the snow gets deep enough for still-hunting we shall try to see the animals that made the tracks. F. C. BARKER.

A Good Quail Crop in Georgia.

AUGUSTA, Ga., Oct. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The season for quail opened here on the 15th. The weather has been quite warm and dry, and not much shooting has been done yet. I was informed to-day by a gentleman in this city that he found nine coveys in a day's hunt last week, from which he got twenty-two birds. From all quarters in this section I have favorable reports as regards quail. Country people tell me there are more this season than usual. The breeding season was favorable, and keeping up the hogs has conduced to the advantage of a good crop of birds.

Wild ducks are now coming. A week ago I was on the river bank and saw three large flocks flying down the river. Very few have been killed around here, however, as they were going further south.

Some few snipe and woodcock have been killed, and I have seen several robins.

The wild geese have not yet made their appearance.
J. M. W.

In Boyhood's Haunts.— Connecticut Pot-Hunters.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Oct. 27.—Having occasion, about the first of October, to visit the place in Connecticut where I spent my early life, and knowing the season opened at that time for shooting, I took along dog and gun, hoping to bag a few birds. One day's trial satisfied me that I was too early, for the leaves were as thick on trees and bush as they had been in July, precluding the possibility of seeing game once started in cover more than twenty feet away. Still I wandered alone from place to place over the old familiar ground, and thought of bygone days, when others who have now "gone hence" were with me and helped to make the rarest joy known

to sportsmen. So, thanks to memory, which I believe to be immortal, I was not alone.

Seeing the folly of attempting to shoot in cover so thick, I returned to business, and on the 13th went back to finish my little outing. Then the rain kept me indoors most of the time, but between showers I put in a pleasant and very profitable week; not in the value of the game I bagged, but in building up soul and body; and only those who enjoy such outings know how well and truly they lift a man up. Quail and partridge were fairly plenty, though the latter were scattered, the cold not having been severe enough to drive them into warm and sheltered ravines. Woodcock were unusually scarce, probably from the same cause, not having been driven by the cold from their northern summer haunts. Still it takes but a few birds to make rare sport for one who loves it simply for the sport and good there is in it.

I wish to say a word in relation to the law in Connecticut against taking game out of the State. My shooting was done at Haddam, where I found two young men devoting their whole time to shooting for the Hartford market. There were others who shot occasionally and trapped, sending their game to the same market. Hunters and trappers in other towns are doing the same thing, finding ready market in New Haven and Hartford. May I ask the State club for the protection of game at Hartford if these birds are all consumed at these two points? One man, whom I met on the Shore Line R. R., on his way to New Haven with game, told me that last fall he took to New Haven over 2,000 game birds. Remember that this is only one, and from one point; and when you multiply the number of market men and market hunters as the case will reasonably bear, you will see that the two large towns of the State must consume a very large quantity of game, or—ship it somewhere else.

I examined some of the partridges this man was taking to New Haven and found that every one I examined had been killed by the deadly snare. If those interested in the preservation of game in Connecticut, who have an opportunity, will look into this matter, they may find a very large hole through which much game leaves the State in violation of the law. The few birds I shot I divided with my friends there, bringing none home with me, as the law prevented my doing so, although I have sent several dozen live quail there years ago, when the native birds had been nearly exterminated by a severe winter, that the stock might be kept up. I may be just a little selfish in my remarks, but I am quite certain I like a square deal. A.

On the Borders of Indian Territory.

SENECA, Missouri, Oct. 25.—The shooting season is now open, and the prospects bid fair for plenty of fine sport with quail and chickens. We have an extra supply of quail, something unusual. They have raised as many as three hatchings this season, which, I think, increases the supply fully one-third. I have only been out twice this season, each time for chickens. On my first trip Mr. Walker went with me. We took the train at 8.30 o'clock in the morning and soon landed at our destination, eighteen miles west. It was a fine day for the dogs to work. When we got off the train a friend met us, and without delay took us straight to a fine covey of chickens. Our dogs, Rove and Sport, did some fine work, Sport pointing the chickens and Rove backing him in fine style; a prettier sight never greeted the eye of a sportsman. The birds flushed as nice as we could ask for. I took out an extra shell to be ready for a third shot, and it came in good play, as just three came my way. I dropped them as they came, W. only got two. The covey scattered out in great shape. We soon followed up, our dogs doing fine work, pointing and retrieving beautifully. We did not do so well on our next round; but it would not do to kill every shot. However, we got nine down and then went to dinner. We had sent some of the birds on before, and the lady at the camp had them dressed and cooked in fine style, which was "enough to make a hunter smile from a way back."

Our friend and his family were camped on the prairie, making hay. The camp was very close to a fine spring under a large lone elm tree.

After a short rest we were off for the afternoon hunt. We had quite a tramp over some fine prairie country, and at last our dogs came to where the chickens had been feeding; and in a short time they came to a dead point, standing side by side. This time the birds flushed a little wild and we did not do very much good. We only got four, but they scattered out, and we each took our own course, dropping the birds right and left in fine shape, until we wound up the day's shooting to meet the train at 5 P. M. We had thirty-four fine birds; and it was an excellent day's sport.

Our next trip was not so profitable. We did not get off in time to reach the chicken country, but we had some fun shooting quail. The supply was abundant, but we found that the birds were of three sizes, which made it difficult shooting. It is reported that further west you can see chickens by the thousand, and ducks are beginning to come in, which will soon make our shooting as good as the best. Should any of the readers of this want information about the shooting grounds they may address the secretary and treasurer of the Seneca Gun Club. X.

Deer in Northern New York.

ELIZABETHTOWN, N. Y.—The deer hunters of this town and vicinity had great sport during the hounding season which closed Friday, Oct. 19. The greatest enthusiasm prevailed throughout the season. An army of hunters turned out the first day and the various hillsides were kept pretty well covered until sunset on the 19th inst. Some days the weather was disagreeable, but still the "old-timers" kept up the chase. Everybody talked deer and most everybody shot at deer. Venison was plenty in the forests of northern New York this season, and the hunters did not have much trouble in starting; and, as much rain had fallen, the hounds could easily follow the track and usually the deer would take to water as soon as possible. Of course as the season was nearing its close hunters were doubly diligent, as a result a large portion of the venison was brought down the last week. More than twenty deer were killed in this town, some of which weighed, when dressed, 225lbs. Chas. H. Palmer, foreman in the office of the Elizabethtown *Post*, shot two fine specimens during the last four days of hunting. On Monday, Oct. 15, he brought down a three-year-old doe, and on Friday he secured a buck, which weighed, when dressed, 220lbs. G. L. B.

Failure of the Woodcock Flight.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., Oct. 28.—In this region the flight of woodcock is a failure so far, with no indications that we are to have a "fall flight" anything like that in former years. The birds are not only not here, but industrious search in the covers shows that but few birds have stopped in them.

The October moon is the chosen time for the nocturnal migrations, and for this locality from the 10th to the 25th of the month the dates within which we find our birds. A fair number of local-bred birds were found in September, but since then depopulated covers are the rule. This is also the condition of things in Berkshire.

I hope that sportsmen in different parts of New England may be stimulated by this letter to give us the result of observations in different localities. If we may get advices from our coast, Maine, Vermont and New Hampshire, it will be interesting.

My own theory for the scarcity of the birds is the blizzard of March 12. Woodcock in limited numbers were here before the blizzard. It must be that the whole migration were ready and largely on the way north before the storm came. Were those that were here when it arrived killed? And were our home-bred birds the product of a later detachment arriving after the tempest?

The snow remained all over New England for two and three weeks after the great storm. How was it possible for the birds to go far north to breed? If none or but few birds were bred to the north, it accounts for the light flight this fall. If the bulk of the migration last spring was hindered by the storm, it would seem that in New Jersey we should hear of unusually good shooting now or when the close time is off. Will some one observe and give us the facts?

At the time of the March blizzard the birds must have been pressed for the nesting and laying. I have known here of young birds hatched as early as the last of March in favorable seasons.

Although it is inevitable that the woodcock must decrease rapidly, the sudden drop of this season must be accounted for otherwise than by natural and proportionate depreciation. E. H. LATHROP.

A Campaign that Should End before Nov. 6.

SACRAMENTO, Cal., Oct. 23.—Our dry season is hanging on very late. No rains yet and no frosts. Quail shooting in such dry weather (no rain since last May) is, of course, very stale sport. There is no inducement as yet for one to start out, though it has been tried. The weather conditions, however, do not have much effect on the California hide-hunters who mean business. It is reported by parties who have returned from the neighborhood of the Rubicon within the past few days that a most outrageous slaughter is going on among the deer in that vicinity. It is said that there are now at Uncle Tom's Cabin, south of the Rubicon, in El Dorado county, thirty-five miles above Georgetown, over one hundred doe hides and hundreds of pounds of jerked venison. It is reported the men who are doing this work are four brothers from Plymouth, Amador county, and that the most of the deer were killed on Long Cañon, about Big Meadows and at the head of the North Wallace, in Placer county. The Placer county officials should see to it that these men are prosecuted. SHOT.

Shore Birds and Quail on Cape Cod.

BOSTON, Mass., Oct. 27.—Shooting around here in eastern Massachusetts as far as I have learned is quite poor, though in early summer we anticipated the reverse. I suppose, however, that the almost unheard of amount of wet weather has "damaged the crop." I went to the Cape for four days, Oct. 12 and 13 for marsh birds and Oct. 15 and 16 for quail. Only found one bevy the two days (and got five out of a dozen) and came back much disappointed. I learn that it is better down in Plymouth and this end of Barnstable counties, but the cover is too thick to do much in until later. Partridge are quite scarce and the woodcock more so. H. J. T.

Quail of Late Broods.

TOWANDA, Pa., Oct. 27.—Six of our most prominent sportsmen, divided in pairs of two each, went out for quail on Oct. 15, the opening day of our season in this State. One party found two small coveys, bringing four to bag, another party put up two broods, one bird to bag. The third party, although told by a resident of the neighborhood that a large covey could be found on his farm, failed to find or put them up and scored an entire failure in the quail line but brought two ruffed grouse to bag instead. The birds killed were small (quail) showing them to be late broods. Rabbits reported to be in fair numbers. Season opens Nov. 1. SUS. Q. HANNAH.

Led by Buffalo Bill.

EARLY in this month Col. W. F. Cody, more familiarly known as Buffalo Bill, Col. Hughes-Hallett, Marshall P. Wilder, Col. Thomas P. Ochiltree, Col. John A. Cockrill, Mr. John Hecksher, Lord Charles Beresford, Lord de Clifford and Lord Mandeville, will organize a hunting expedition to extend from Col. Cody's ranch near North Platte, Neb., through the northern part of Mexico, over the Sierra Madre to California. Gen. Beale will be of the party and they will be entertained at Senator Hearst's ranch and other famous places on the Pacific coast. Gen. Nelson A. Miles will furnish an escort.

Ducks at Devil's Lake.

BISMARCK, Dakota, Oct. 24.—If any of your readers have the "duck fever" let them come to Dakota on a health tour. We have the remedy out here. The wild-fowl are in hosts at Devil's Lake, forty miles west of Bismarck, on the Northern Pacific Railway. Gunners are flocking there from all quarters. The fun is fast and furious and the bags are big. BLUE WING.

Work for the League.

WHITMAN, Mass., Oct. 22.—The Fish and Game League at New Bedford will I doubt not find warm supporters in this place. Certainly such a league will meet with the hearty indorsement of all sportsmen in this vicinity who believe in the killing of game in proper season, and no man deserves the name of sportsman whose only claim to the title is that he kills game with a gun. We have suffered here year after year from pot-hunters and those who snare the game. Indeed an ardent sportsman and reliable gentleman (did you ever notice that these titles always go together?) told me the other day that more partridges are snared before the law is off than are shot afterward. It is a pertinent fact, too, that here where ponds abound and where the wood duck should be plenty, the law-abiding gunner rarely sees one after the 1st of September. All hail to the League and may it find allies in the Old Colony and Cape gunners. Several parties who own shooting stands at the pond have lost valuable decoys, and woe to the wary mink, the guilty rascals, when they are caught. A blue heron was shot at the Essex street bridge the other day and measured a trifle over six feet from tip to tip of wings. Dr. H. F. Copeland and Aaron Healy are on the Cape indulging in their annual shoot, and W. H. Weston, Geo. Loring and Rod Powers are enjoying the sport in Maine. Some fine gunning is reported from Brant Rock. CHOKEBORE.

A Large Buck Shot on the Megantic Club Preserve.

BOSTON, Oct. 26.—One of the largest bucks ever killed in the eastern portion of the Province of Quebec was shot a fortnight ago in the Spider River near Rush Lake, between Spider and Megantic lakes, on the territory of the Megantic Fish and Game Club. Dr. Walter L. Hall, of Medford, one of the club members, accompanied by Mr. Latty, the fish and game overseer, were going into Rush Lake looking after duck and came upon the deer swimming across the river. He weighed 340lbs. upon a Fairbanks platform scale. This weight is authentic. I should be pleased to learn from any of your correspondents if they have a record that is reliable of deer exceeding this weight, and what is the weight of the largest *Cervus virginianus* on record. MACANNAMAC.

A Michigan Bear Score.

EAST SAGINAW, Mich., Oct. 22.—You may look out for an account of the last "Pilgrimage of the Saginaw Crowd." We had a grand time; took in a few days' shooting in the Little Missouri River in the "Bad Lands," then a few days on ducks and geese. Our local paper reports this bear story: "Eli Brandell, of Whitemore, Iosco county, shot seven bears in 12 minutes on Wednesday. Three were full-grown animals and the other four were last spring's cubs. It is the champion bear story of the season, but John C. Brown, of East Saginaw, vouches for its truthfulness." PILGRIM.

A Possible Catastrophe.

HELENA, Mont. Oct. 27.—Isadore Myer and Guillaume Ladure of Helena built a small boat here for a hunting trip on the Missouri River, and last Tuesday started with their boat on a wagon. They set sail from Stubb's Ferry, about twelve miles from Helena, and have not been heard of since. It is feared they have been drowned.

Pennsylvania Quail and Grouse.

COLUMBIA COUNTY, Pa.—The outlook for quail is very fine. Although last autumn there were but few birds, and we were afraid the hard winter had used them up, yet from all accounts there are more than for several years. Grouse are very plentiful; so we look forward with much pleasure to the October days. GUNNER.

The Outlook in Ohio.

IRONTON, Ohio, Oct. 20.—The quail are here in unusual supply this season, and other varieties of small game keep up their average, and perhaps a little more. The reports I hear from various adjacent quarters are all of the right stamp. T. D.

Ziegler Pays His Shot.

BANGOR, Me., Oct. 27.—W. Ziegler, of Saratoga, N.Y., who killed a cow moose in the Moosehead Lake region last June, was arrested by a Bangor game warden Tuesday and fined $200. The animal was followed by a sucking calf.

SOUTHERN MASSACHUSETTS LEAGUE.

NEW BEDFORD, Mass., Oct. 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In response to the invitation sent out by Mr. Geo. H. Palmer a number of gentlemen met at Mr. Palmer's office yesterday and organized a new game and fish protective society, under the title of the Southern Massachusetts Fish and Game League.

The constitution provides that the objects of the league shall be actively instrumental for the passage of laws to regulate and protect fisheries and game and to prohibit the use of traps, pounds, nets and seines, and all other injurious and destructive methods of catching fish in the waters of the Commonwealth, and the indiscriminate hunting and trapping of birds and animals, and the enforcement of such laws as now are or hereafter may be enacted to that end; to investigate the conditions on which depend the increase, growth and proper distribution of the valuable food fishes of Massachusetts, and to publish the results obtained from time for the information and instruction of people interested; to inquire into the market value of such fish, wholesale and retail, and to collect all possible information when and where they are sold and to what extent they are wasted, to the end that reliable information may be given to those whose duty it is to legislate upon the subject, and generally to inquire into all matters and things which affect directly or indirectly the preservation of the fisheries and game, and with this end in view, to invite citizens of other States to assist in carrying out the objects of the league; that the officers of the league shall consist of a president, two vice-presidents, secretary (who shall also be corresponding secretary), treasurer, executive, advertising and printing, membership and statistical committees; that the president shall preside at meetings, and in his absence the duty to devolve on the vice-presidents in the order of their appointment; the president and secretary to call special meetings, and the president to be ex-officio chairman of the executive committee; in case of the death, resignation or any disqualification of the president, the first vice-president shall preside for the remainder of the year or

until his successor is installed; the secretary in addition of other duties to give notice of meetings to members in this city and Fairhaven by advertisement in the papers, and to those in other places by letter; to be permanent secretary of the executive committee when in session and to be ex-officio a member of that committee; the executive committee to have general supervision of the affairs of the league, have referred to them all applications for membership and report them at the next regular meeting, and to have full power to employ counsel, and approve all bills against the league and issue their warrant to the treasurer for the payment of all moneys appropriated; the constitution may be amended by a two-thirds vote of all the members present at any meeting called for that purpose upon a notice of one week having been given.

The officers chosen for the first year were: President, Arthur Ricketson; Vice-Presidents, L. LeBaron Holmes, Robert Bennett; Secretary, George H. Palmer; Treasurer, John B. Hussey; Executive Committee, the President and Secretary, ex-officio, and Robert Bennett, James H. Tallman, Gideon D. Gifford, Francis Hathaway, Joseph L. Sisson.

Mr. Palmer read letters from gentlemen in New York and Washington, cordially approving the objects of the league, sending their names as members, and one of them donating $25 to assist in the work. A temporary organization having similar objects to the league had left $67.25 in a bank in this city under control of a committee, and the members having joined the league this money will be covered into its treasury. Nearly fifty persons have already joined the league and its success is assured.

Adjourned to the second Monday in November at 11.30 A. M., at Mr. Palmer's office in this city.

ARKANSAS RESORTS.

TO enlighten shooters and fishermen as to the attractions of Arkansas resorts, reached by the St. Louis, Iron Mountain and Southern Railway, the General Passenger Agent, H. C. Townsend, of St. Louis, has issued a circular which says:

To enable either the disciple of Nimrod or Sir Izaak Walton to make a choice of such place where he may consider that he can regale himself with pleasure and joy to his heart's delight, this leaflet has been compiled with accurate information as to the different resorts in that State on the line of the Iron Mountain route and branches, where good hotel and camping accommodations can be found, with the character of the game and fish incident to such locality, and the means of reaching the same.

Corning is the first noted hunting and fishing point in the State, and is known as the "Sportsmen's Retreat," "Deer Range," near the town, abounds in deer, as its name implies. turkey, ducks, squirrel, and all the smaller game. Corning Lake and the famous Black River are well stocked with croppie, perch, bass and pickerel. Boats can be obtained and huts have been erected along the river which are rented at small cost to hunting parties.

Knobel has good hotel accommodations, game, deer, turkey, ducks, squirrels, etc. Black bass, jack salmon, croppie, perch, etc., are caught in Mill Lake, Maiden Lake, Allen Lake, Black and Cache Rivers.

Walnut Ridge is the next good point below Knobel. Hotel accommodations, all kinds of game from deer down, in the Black and Cache Rivers bottoms, and on the borders of the numerous lakes, in which are found in large quantities, bass, perch, croppie, trout, buffalo and catfish. Finest sporting grounds in the State. All the varieties of fish of Northern Arkansas are found in the Cache River and numerous lakes in the vicinity.

St. Francis River.—This river flowing through Eastern Arkansas and emptying into the Mississippi above Helena, is the most famous duck hunting resort in the United States. Flocks of duck, brant, geese, swan and smaller water fowl swarm this river and its backwaters from Big Lake to its mouth throughout the winter season. This river is accessible from Wynne, Earle and other points on the Memphis extension, and from Forrest City and Marianna on the Helena branch.

Swifton, further south, has a large tract of thinly settled country, both to the east and west, that abounds in bear, deer, wolves, wild cats, and all small game. Cat and buffalo fish, trout, bass, croppie, white and sun perch, are found in large quantities in Black, White, Cache and Strawberry Rivers; Hollingshead and Clear Lakes.

Newport is a large town with good hotels—excellent hunting in the vicinity—all kinds of game, such as bear, deer, quail, teal, woodduck and mallards are very plentiful in season. Fish, such as black bass, croppie, jack salmon, channel cat, etc., are found in great quantities.

Batesville is west of Newport on the White River branch. It is a large town in a new and mountainous country, abounding in all kinds of game and fish. White River, Polk Bayou, Spring and Miller's Creeks and Spring Creek Lake team with catfish, goggle-eyed perch, trout, pike, striped bass, black bass, croppie, salmon, white perch, sturgeon, buffalo and drumfish. Hunting unsurpassed, good hotels.

Traskwood is south of Little Rock. Small game is abundant. Large quantities of redhorse, catfish, perch, pike, buffalo and shad are caught in the Saline River.

Danaldson is the first station south of Malvern. Game consists of deer, bear, turkeys, squirrels, rabbits, quail, etc. The waters of Stillwater Lake, Ouachita River and Pine Flat Creek are pure and clear as crystal, on account of which gigs are used for fishing, and all varieties of fish found in the southern part of the State are caught in this manner.

Atkins is northwest of Little Rock on the L. R & Ft. S. Railway. Boston Mountains abound in deer, bear, turkey, squirrel, rabbits and all small game. Trout, bass, perch, drum, cat and buffalo fish are found in large numbers in the Arkansas River, Gallo Creek, Point Betnore Creek and Fish Lake.

Piney is northwest of Atkins. Deer and bear hunting in the mountains, and all varieties of smaller game in the bottoms of the Arkansas River, Big and Piney Creeks, the waters of which are clear, and are well stocked with trout, bass, salmon, cat, drum and perch of all kinds.

Fort Smith has the finest of hunting ground all around it, both in the State of Arkansas and the Indian Territory. Bear, panther, cougar, wolves and wild cats are frequently encountered; while deer, foxes, turkeys, ducks, quail and chickens are abundant. The country is well watered, and the streams abound in all kinds of fish.

Special rates have been made via the Iron Mountain Route to hunting parties of three or more. Tickets are good for thirty days with stop-overs at pleasure and 150lbs. of baggage, with guns and dogs, will be carried free of charge. Hunting cars having sleeping accommodations for about thirty with cook, cooking utensils, dishes and full equipment may be chartered by parties, and which will be side-tracked at any point desired.

Game Laws of Arkansas.—Section 1. That it shall be unlawful to catch, kill or injure, or pursue with intent to catch, kill or injure, or pursue or chase with dogs without such intent, any wild buck, deer, doe or fawn, in this State, between the first day of February and the first day of September in any year; and it shall also be unlawful to catch, kill or injure, or pursue with intent to catch, kill or injure, any wild turkey, between the first day of May and the first day of September in any year, and it shall also be unlawful to catch, kill or injure, or pursue with intent to catch, kill or injure, any pinnated grouse, commonly called prairie chicken, between the first day of February and the first day of September in any year, or any quail (sometimes called Virginia partridge), between the first day of March and the first day of October in any year.

ABOUT SQUIRREL SHOOTING.

CHARLESTOWN, New Hampshire.—I am glad my last letter drew out "Iron Ramrod" on the subject of gray squirrels, and I can fully agree with him that it takes two gunners to hunt them successfully.

This is one of the points of the "woodcraft" I spoke of, and the looking for the "sign" is another. I well remember, many years ago, with a boy of my own age as a companion, getting four out of one outlying oak in the edge of a cornfield, in which they had probably taken refuge on our approach, while engaged in plundering the cornfield.

When I first began to shoot squirrels I usually carried a small-bore rifle, but it was one of the old Kentucky sort, and took some time to load it, besides getting pretty heavy at the end of a day in the woods, and we boys of that day usually resolved ourselves into pairs, one with the rifle, and the other with an old-fashioned, long-handled "shotgun," as we who considered ourselves rather crack shots, somewhat contemptuously called it. Still, it was far better for firing into a nest than a rifle, and especially useful in finishing a wounded squirrel struggling to get into a hole.

However, my days for rifle shooting are long past, although I believe I might make a fair target by the help of the Lyman sights, and my work of late years on squirrels has been done with the old muzzleloading double-barrel I have mentioned.

On one point I differ from "Iron Ramrod," I always use No. 6 shot. I once used No. 4, but I find No. 6 effectual with plenty of good powder behind it, say 3drs. in a 12-gauge, and there are fifty per cent. more shot in an ounce, but I usually find some of them lodge under the skin on the opposite side.

However, these are merely reminiscences. I have not shot a squirrel these three years, nor had any good sport with them since the autumn of '83, when they were very plenty, and I got a number. They have been practically extinct in this part of the State for three years, whether from the great destruction of the old oak and chestnut woods, which once covered the hills, or from the remarkable severity of the last two winters, I will not undertake to say. They are singular animals, and given to migrations *en masse*, and I have known the region deserted, or nearly so, several times before.

They were very plenty here in 1840, 1851 and 1867, and again in 1883, and may have been in other years when I did not happen to be here in the season for them; but I have known of other years not noted when there were few or none to be found. If these rambling notes serve to draw out some one else on the subject of "squirrel migration," no one will enjoy reading their notes more than VON W.

VIRGINIA FIELD SPORTS ASSOCIATION.—The officers for the year are: President, John J. Wise; Vice-Presidents: Lower Tidewater, Harry Williams, of Norfolk; Northern Neck, E. S. Ruggles, of King George; South Side, Dr. Armistead S. Taylor, Amelia; Piedmont, Wm. J. Hubbard, Bedford; Upper Valley, C. Bargamin, Staunton; Lower Valley, H. H. Downing, Clarke; Southwest, Windham G. Robertson, Roanoke City; Secretary, Barton H. Grundy; Treasurer, John W. Pierce; Executive Board: W. Miles Cary, Richmond: John L. Grubbs, Chesterfield; W. S. Archer, Richmond; Richard C. Selden, Goochland: and Polk Miller, Richmond.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

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WHILE passing down the street I was very much amused at the wit displayed by a newsboy, a ragged little fellow, standing on the corner trying to sell his papers. There happened to drive past two reverend gentlemen by the names of Woodcock and Partridge. The former clergyman, stationed a few miles out of the city, was driving the latter out to dine with him. As soon as they turned the corner and came opposite to where the little newsboy was standing, he cried out at the top of his voice, to the great amusement of those in the vicinity knowing the names of the reverend gentlemen, "Shoot the parsons!" Although the gentlemen were hit they did not seem to mind it much. L.

KINGSTON, New Brunswick.

TUSCALOOSA, Ala., Sept. 15, 1888.—*United States Cartridge Co., Lowell, Mass.:* Gentlemen—The two hundred Climax shells sent me have been tried with Schultze and Black powder. I am very much pleased with same. Could not get good results with Schultze in any other shell. Will use no other shell so long as you keep this at its present standard. You are at liberty to use this or any other recommendation I can give you. Most respectfully, (Signed) W. C. CROSS.—*Adv.*

Sea and River Fishing.

Angling Talks. By George Dawson. Price 50 cents. Fly-Rods and Fly-Tackle. By H. P. Wells. Price $2.50. Fly-Fishing and Fly-Making for Trout. By J. H. Keene. Price $1.50. American Angler's Book. By Thad. Norris. Price $5.50.

SALMON IN PUGET SOUND.

LA CONNER, Washington Territory, Oct. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The salmon season is now at its height on Puget Sound. Boats can be seen in all directions trolling for this, the king fish of American waters. At all hours of the day the splash of fish can be heard in the sloughs and bays. The run began about two weeks ago at the upper (southern) end of the sound, and has gradually worked northward. Last Saturday the run began in the vicinity of Fidalgo Island and the mouth of Skagit River. Before this an occasional salmon would occasionally show his silvery sides and disappear again with a splash; but last Saturday morning they could be seen and heard everywhere. Swinomish slough, a channel some 500yds. wide, separating Fidalgo Island from the mainland, on which your correspondent was located, seemed literally alive with them. Boats were soon manned, and spoon hooks spinning through the waters. The turn of the tide, however, soon put a stop to the trolling, as the waters became somewhat muddy, and they returned with only a light catch. Early Sunday morning all who could overcome their religious scruples were astir, and numerous small craft were soon drawing their white trails over the placid waters of the slough and the bays outside. The absence of wind necessitated the use of the oars. Occasionally a huge dog salmon (worthless as food) would display his yellow sides for an instant, springing a foot or more in the air; but more frequently could be seen the glittering white sides of the silver salmon, which is perhaps the finest of the many varieties of salmon to be found in these waters. Numerous good hauls were made Sunday, as well as yesterday and today. Standing on the wharf at La Conner, where the whole scene can be taken in at a glance, a person can see a fish hauled into one of the boats almost every moment early in the morning.

The hook that gives the best satisfaction in salmon trolling is a large brass spoon (silver is not so effective as brass), 3½x1½in.. entirely devoid of feathers, with only one hook. The triple hook, so commonly used for pickerel trolling in Eastern waters, is found to give the fish a purchase which enables him, if he is a large one, to break it by the direct pressure of his powerful jaw. The hook is trailed behind the boat some fifty or one hundred feet, and the balance of the line coiled up on a reel or in a box. When a salmon strikes the hook the line is rapidly hauled. The use of either a gaff or landing net is always necessary. The gaff is preferred, as a very large fish is hard to land with a net, but when once the cruel gaff sinks into the sides of a salmon something must come. Some fishermen run to beach and land their fish on a sand bar if he is a large one. A short time ago a Tyce salmon was captured here that weighed 43½lbs., and shortly afterward another weighing 28lbs. As the Indians are all away in the hop fields there is not much seining being done except by regular employes of the salmon canneries.

There has been less trout fishing in this vicinity than usual this year, and I have heard of no remarkable catches thus far. Last year a party of nine persons caught with hook and line over 300 brook trout in the Samish River in a few hours, using salmon eggs for bait. A good catch of trout was made in Lake Whatoom, about 30 miles north of here this summer, but I have lost the figures. JUNE.

SPORT AT BLOOMING GROVE PARK.

THE annual tournament of the Blooming Grove Park Association took place at their club grounds, in Pike Co., Pa., on Saturday and Monday, Oct. 27 and 29. The fly-casting was called on the first day, and by chance the hours selected were about the only ones during the meeting when a damp east wind, which brought either fog or drizzle, did not prevail. The wind during the casting was light, when there was any, and came from nearly behind the casters. This club, composed largely of New York gentlemen, some of whom are also members of the National Rod and Reel Association and have cast in the tournaments in Central Park, has improved on all methods of measuring the casts, and has abolished the use of the measuring line, which was liable to stretch or shrink, and also to turn the floats over so that the numbers could not be seen. The new device consists of strips of board about four inches wide, which are bolted together at their ends until they make a length of one hundred feet, and as these float upon the water the numbers can be plainly seen on the upright blocks which are let in on one side. The numbers are placed at every foot, and the blocks at each fifth and tenth foot are higher. Class A, for rods made especially for distance casting, was omitted because of the absence of Mr. Robert B. Lawrence, who, with the exception of Dr. Nash, is the only member who owns such a rod. There were gold and silver badges as first and second prizes in each class.

Class B.—Open to all, but especially those who have a record of 70ft. or over. Rules of the N. R. & R. A. to govern. Distance only to count. Judge, Fred Mather. Referee, Daniel D. Youmans. Time keeper, Charles R. Hedden:

Dr. Spencer M. Nash.....71ft. Nathaniel S. Smith.....66ft.

Class C.—Open to those who have never cast 70ft. Rules and judges the same as in the other class. As there were but two prizes the ties were not cast off:

	Ft.		Ft.
Dr. G. M. Eddy..	69	E. H. Clark	51
Benj. T. Fairchild	65	E. M. Youmans ..	51
E. H. Booth....	63	W. H. McCord....	50
A. J. Post....	61½	B. E. J. Eils....	50
C. C. Worthington..	58		

SEA BASS.—New York, Oct. 23, 1888.—Mr. J. M. Otter, manager of the Park Avenue Hotel, is just in receipt of a fine bass weighing 53lbs. The bass was caught in Westport Harbor, Mass., by one of his guests, Gen. Gilbert H. McKibben, with rod and reel.

CANANDAIGUA ASSOCIATION.

CANANDAIGUA, N. Y., Oct. 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At a meeting of the Canandaigua Anglers' Association, the following officers were re-elected: President, Dr. C. T. Mitchell; Vice-President, J. S. Crawford; Secretary, Chas. P. Lapham; Treasurer, Mack S. Smith; Executive Committee, Robert Dixon, James Menteth, W. H. Fox and Dr. C. T. Mitchell. The name of H. Seymour Cooley was added to the executive committee.

The banquet was a great success. Dr. C. T. Mitchell read an original poem descriptive of Canandaigua Lake and outlet. It was received with the appreciation due to its great merit, and the other persons present were then called upon in turn by Toastmaster Crawford for speeches or fish stories. Most of the responses were brief, but, under the inspirations of the occasion, all were lively and mirth provoking. Messrs. Crawford and Lapham spoke at some length of the objects of the association and the progress already made.

One of the best things listened to was this letter of regret sent by the veteran Thomas M. Howell, in reply to an invitation to be present:

I fully appreciate the invitation. My apology for its non-acceptance will appear in the following communication, through you, to the members of your association. By the invitation memory is aroused and I am carried back to October, 1818, when, with Mike Lampman, a fisherman of "Ye Olden Days," I dropped for the first time hook and line into the 200ft. waters of our beautiful lake at Deep Run for salmon trout. Never was a prouder boy afloat when I "yanked" the hook into the mouth of a 30lb. trout, and by main strength pulled it to the surface amid the plaudits of Mike—alas! only to hear him exclaim "* * * * it; he's gone." Don't open your eyes and whistle whew! Large trout in Canandaigua Lake were plenty in those days, and Mike swore the one I hooked and brought to the surface would weigh at least 30lbs. We caught a score, more or less, that day. Landing nets or gaffs were not in use then, so I lost my first prize.

There were no poachers about the shores of the lake in those days. Fishing—angling—meant work and sport.

"But why are these but memory's themes,
Of joys expired, but lingering dreams,
The ghosts of what were mine
When each low wave now strikes mine ear,
A mournful voice I seem to hear,
'These joys no more are thine!' "

In days past I should have been with your society, on invitation, as boon companion, and held my own with the best of ye, in the "wee sma' hours;" but now my seventy-seven years admonish me, "Sleepy couch will best suit your old frame."

The element in which your society seeks sport—the water—is the eldest daughter of creation; the element upon which the spirit of God did first move; the element which God commanded to bring forth living creatures abundantly. I say through you to the members of your association, gentlemen, seek pleasure and rest from the work of the dry world in the waters, but protect creatures that inhabit them from prowling poachers. A verse or two from old Izaak Walton may not be out of place:

"Oh, the gallant fisher's life,
It is the best of any.
'Tis full of pleasure, void of strife,
And 'tis loved by many.
Other joys
Are but toys,
Only this
Lawful is;
For our skill
Breeds no ill,
But content and pleasure.

"In a morning up we rise
Ere Aurora's peeping;
Drink a cup to wash our eyes,
Leave the sluggard sleeping.
Then in a brook,
With a hook,
On a lake
Fish we take;
There we sit
For a bit
Till we fish entangle."

Days of my early manhood, filled with visions of hunting and fishing, before the sound of the axe and steam whistle had startled and made shy the game and fish, crowd upon me, and I feel that—

"Man's life is but vain,
For 'tis subject to pain
And sorrow, and short as a bubble;
'This a hodge-podge of business,
And money, and care,
But we'll take no *care*
When the weather proves fair;
Nor will we vex
Now, though it rain,
We'll banish all sorrow,
And sing till to-morrow,
And angle and angle again."

As the last but one of "The Black Pointers," famous as mighty hunters and fishermen about the hill and waters of Canandaigua Lake—the chosen spot of the fierce and warlike Iroquois—I bid you and your associates God speed in all your sports in those hills and waters, and in your efforts to protect them from prowling poachers after game and fish. THOMAS M. HOWELL.

Application will be made by the association to the State hatchery for 500,000 trout fry for the lake.

SALMO.

ALBANY FLY-CASTING TOURNAMENT.

ONCE a year the Albany Fly-Casters' Association holds a tournament, when split-bamboo rods, silk enameled lines, automatic reels and other fine fishing tackle are brought out both for an airing and wetting. Yesterday the second annual tournament was held on the park lake, and a very successful one it was too. The members of the association and their friends were the sole occupants of the lake between the hours of 10 A. M. and 4 P. M. The water was muddy, muddy, muddy, but the sky was mantled with blue and the sun shone brightly all day long. It was just such a day as fishermen like when they are upon the water, and in what striking contrast was the weather as compared with that of Wednesday, when occasional showers fell from early morn till late in the evening.

Now, then, as to the character of the Fly-Casters' Association. Some of our readers who have not the distinguished honor of being classed as expert anglers may ask what is a fly-caster? He is, as a rule, a jolly good fellow, who takes a day off for trout or bass fishing whenever he gets a chance, and, best of all, the hooks he uses are not baited with worms, frogs, etc., but are neatly trimmed with feathers of various colors grouped to resemble flies, such as in certain seasons float upon the surface of a brook or river. With his fly attached to a delicate snell, which in turn is placed upon a "leader" from two to three yards long, with a strong but fine line and a rod with the right amount of stiffness, and with a reel that works with a spring, the fly-caster starts upon a scientific fishing expedition as it were. He casts his flies upon the water, taking good care that they fall gracefully and before the line strikes. Further, if in the course of his casting he is favored with a "rise," he must keep the spot in view and cast upon it again. If he falls short of his imaginary mark, or goes beyond it, he is considered by a brother caster as deficient in accuracy. Then again, should a fish rise away off from where the caster is located, he must be prepared to stretch his line the necessary distance. With this little pen picture of a fly-caster and the skilled work required of him, the reader must have some idea as to what the members of the Albany Fly-Casters' Association were up to yesterday. They were not after fish, but competed with one another as to distance in casting and accuracy and delicacy.

Alongside of the float in front of the boat house a smaller one was placed, and upon this each contestant stood while giving an exhibition of his skill. There were fifteen entries; ten in what is known as the amateur class and five in the amateur second class. The latter is for those who have never previously taken part in a tournament in Albany or elsewhere.

Positions being drawn for, Mr. H. A. Goffe came to the front in the amateur second class. He displayed a rod of his own make. He occupied eight minutes of the ten allowed him for distance, and scored 57ft. He was followed by B. F. Reese, of the amateur class, who, like Messrs. H. Paddock, W. G. Paddock, Frothingham, T. W. Olcott, Story, Vine, Whitbeck, H. M. Olcott, Stark and Speir, used a Spalding rod. Mr. Reese showed more science in his casting than at the first tournament, but evidently lacked strength in the wrist, and after reaching 67ft. gracefully retired. Mr. Frothingham's casting was done with ease and grace, and the same may be said of Mr. T. W. Olcott. All eyes were turned upon the buoyed course when the name of Howard Paddock was announced, and he came forward amid the cheers of his admirers. Before his ten minutes were up he scored 78ft., and that record made him the champion long distance caster of the tournament. No one scored more than 16 points out of a possible 25 for delicacy, nor more than 20 points out of a possible 25 for accuracy. For both delicacy and accuracy the gentlemen were carefully examined, and while a few did tolerably well, most of the number in striving for points in accuracy made great sacrifices in delicacy. The appended score tells its own story:

	Length of Rod. Ft. In.	Weight of Rod. Oz.	Distance, Feet.	Delicacy.	Accuracy.	Total.
AMATEUR CLASS.						
Thomas W. Olcott	11 5	9½	70½	16	15	101½
W. D. Frothingham	11 5	9½	70½	9	19	98½
W. G. Paddock	11 6	9½	68	10	20	98
Howard Paddock	11 6	9½	78	5	15	98
Dayton Ball	11 6	9	65	8	18	91
B. F. Reese	10 8	8	67	8	8	83
Stuart G. Spier	11 6	7	59	5	18	82
Dr. H. L. Whitbeck	11 6	9½	64	6	8	78
H. M. Olcott	11 5	9½	63	2	9	74
Moses Stark	10 6	7	56	0	4	60
AMATEUR SECOND CLASS.						
Chas. L. Gove	10 8	8	62	6	8	76
H. A. Goffe	10 7	9	57	9	8	74
John M. Quinby	11 6	9	63	0	7	70
Wm. Story	11 6	9½	62	5	2	69
E. W. Vine	11 6	9½	65	0	0	65

The judges were James H. Manning, Chas. B. Andrews and W. W. Byington. There were eleven prizes, which were awarded as follows:

Association class—Thomas W. Olcott, first prize, a Spalding split-bamboo rod; W. D. Frothingham, second, a W. Mills & Son standard split-bamboo fly-rod; Wm. G. Paddock, third, an automatic reel; Howard Paddock, fourth, a Bray fly-book; Dayton Ball, fifth, 50yds. metallic center enameled line; B. F. Reese, sixth, two dozen trout flies; Stuart G. Spier, seventh, a trout basket.

Amateur second class—Chas. A. Gove, first, an L. Levison fly-book; H. A. Goffe, second, a lance-wood fly-rod; John M. Quinby, third, a Gogebic reel; Wm. Story, fourth, pocket tackle case.

The Albany Fly-casters' Association is a live and active organization, and in the good work it is doing it deserves the support of every angler in this city.—*Albany Argus, Oct. 28.*

STRIPED BASS IN HELL GATE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

On Oct. 18, while trolling along the Astoria shore of Hell Gate, Mr. Chas. A. Stewart caught a striped bass weighing 14½lbs., length 34in., girth 18¾in., and depth 8in. I was with him at the time and can vouch for the truth of the big catch. On the same day Mr. Cartier, of the New York News Co., caught one weighing, as he tells me, 9¾lbs. Several boats in our vicinity had two and four fishes weighing between 3 and 4lbs.

On the 19th two gentlemen trolling, with Tyler Gibson as boatman, secured fifteen handsome bass, the smallest of the lot weighing 1½lbs., and two weighing respectively 2½ and 5lbs. Besides these there were caught one of 8lbs., two of 5lbs., and one of 4lbs.

The trolling has been unusually good this year. I have only given you the weights of the larger ones. Any quantity of bass weighing from ¾lb. to 1½lbs. have been caught. The reason why we have such good fishing is, I think, due to two causes; first, the absence of oil with which the river was formerly flooded; and second, the cessation of blasting operations at Flood Rock. A letter of our worthy mayor had the desired effect with the gas company, and now they use the formerly discarded oil in lieu of fuel. Should this condition of affairs continue who knows but that in a few years trolling in Hell Gate may recover its former renown as portrayed by the late Genio C. Scott in his "Fishing in American Waters?"

DR. DAN SCHMIDT.

ST. LOUIS ANGLERS.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Oct. 25.—Fishing in this part of the country is now quite the rage. Hardly a day passes without recording the departure of a party of anglers to some one of the various fishing places. It is somewhat distant to the best fishing streams, but the distance does not appear to be an objection so long as the anglers are rewarded with a good catch of fish for their pains, expense and time counts for naught.

Current River, in the southeastern portion of this State, just now is getting the largest share of the disciples of Izaak Walton. Next on the list is Black River, in Arkansas. Then high, in the opinion of many, comes that famous resort of the fisherman, the Gasconade River. All three of the above mentioned places have great reputations, there being very little difference between them.

The Gasconade and Black rivers are perhaps more easy of access than Current River, and partly for this reason are the more visited. One of the main reasons why Current River at present has the call is that deer are more plentiful, as well as the fisherman.

A party comprising Messrs. G[illegible]iams, of this city, returned from [illegible] part of the week with a handsome [illegible] bass and pickerel. No large fish [illegible] tlemen. The largest was a jack [illegible] 6¼lbs. The bass, of which the p[illegible] aged close to four pounds. All t[illegible] themselves as well pleased with t[illegible] to pay Current River another visit.

A large party of gentlemen are[illegible] trip to Black River. Next week w[illegible]. Every fall the gentlemen composing [illegible] River a visit and their catch is usua[illegible] in by any party from the city.

Looking the field carefully over, [illegible] of a fisherman or field sportsmen, [illegible] stated, without fear, that the pro[illegible] most promising and encouraging.

TROUT AT THE UP[illegible]

Editor Forest and Stream:

That dark story about trout being [illegible]res and the kennels Dam, Maine, toward the last of the fi[illegible]d suitable escapes to be a mistake. Warden Huntoon, [illegible]safety if the hare that on a certain day a certain gentle[illegible] which therefore of his guide, had taken illegally three[illegible]tion of cruelty to Upper Dam. He went there and co[illegible]alities. When a what trout he found in the gentlema[illegible]te of the close, found none that had any marks on t[illegible]ehind the gate. they had been taken otherwise than fairl[illegible]re loosed and The gentleman pledged the warden his ho[illegible]es are driven he nor his guide had taken fish contrary t[illegible]running, and word is surely all the proof any of his [illegible]go down the would wish for. He has been a regular [illegible]s are made of region for a great many years, and he is f[illegible]bank of earth trout other ways than fairly. As to jig[illegible]e speed of the there, the "horse stalls" were not in conditi[illegible]r of injuring this fall, if there was any one that was [illegible]posed, as the water was not high enough.

The readers of the FOREST AND STREAM [illegible]he Saginaw that the record of trout I have given them [illegible]days' shoot- as having been taken at the lakes was a clea[illegible] Lands," then were taken fairly. F.

[illegible]paper reports [illegible]emore, Iosco.

FISH PROTECTION IN DELAWARE.—Once [illegible] Wednesday. the State of Delaware had a game protectiv[illegible]er four were but it either died or has lingered so feebly th[illegible] story of the of its existence. It will be revived and new[illegible], vouches for in it by several active gentlemen of Wilm[illegible] PILGRIM. among whom is Dr. E. G. Shortlidge, late Su[illegible] of Fisheries of the State. Last Tuesday nigh[illegible] was held in the room of the Board of Educ[illegible]d Guillaume mington, and it was decided to organize a s[illegible] to protect the fish and propagate them, an[illegible] a hunting all laws relating to the fisheries. Another m[illegible] started with be held, the date of which has not been deter[illegible]bb's Ferry, Monday next a meeting of the Fish Commissio[illegible] not been States of Delaware, Pennsylvania and New J[illegible]wned. meet at Philadelphia to draft a code of laws for [illegible] in those States, which will regulate the fishing in the Delaware River.

ASSOCIATION.

[illegible]sentative.]

At 2:30 P. M. of Tues[illegible]an., the first "See-ohi" [illegible]t was called. The Cali[illegible]than this first one of [illegible]at they have not spread [illegible] be called national in [illegible]ir prediction to say that [illegible]art of a prairie State of [illegible]nt which will force the [illegible]ominence than has been [illegible]in America.

[illegible]umns of FOREST AND [illegible]rsing to make it need[illegible]re. It should be borne [illegible]is altogether differ[illegible], such as that of the [illegible]as just been held at [illegible]tion of the Hutchin[illegible] order.

[illegible]f section of perfectly [illegible]y two miles from the [illegible]h is the residence of [illegible]half section is sur[illegible]fence. Down the cen[illegible]quarters of a mile, [illegible]in width, extends [illegible]At the upper end

Fishculture.

SALMON HATCHING IN THIS CITY is exhi[illegible] Rayle's the American Institute Fair. A thousand eggs fro[illegible]ing jack. Shasta county, Cal., were here placed in hatching[illegible]e ran a by Mr. Blackford, and the youngsters are just n[illegible]rap, and lively stage. Among the other exhibits are golden[illegible]her no- a foot long, 6 years old, brought from Germany wh[illegible] about 2 years old and successfully bred at the Ne[illegible] and Mr. State Fishery Commission ponds at Cold Spring Ha[illegible]rk on a I.; brown trout, from eggs imported from Germany[illegible]d killed. trout, 2 years old; king-hi-o, the Japanese fish, impor[illegible]e by Admiral Ammen, U. S. N., for the United States Fis[illegible] mission; black bass, 1 year old; crayfish from the Po[illegible] and German carp 4 years old.

[illegible].N.Y., region

HABITS OF LANDLOCKED SALMON.—Plymou[illegible] Tues- H., Oct. 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Concerni[illegible] suck- discussion on landlocked salmon, in recent numb[illegible] FOREST AND STREAM, I would say: In New Hampshire the[illegible] fish frequently come to the surface and swim with [illegible] tails and dorsal fins showing in the air. In this State[illegible] landlocked salmon grows to a weight of 18lbs. in nine [illegible]since On Saturday last I took the eggs from a 6lb. fish and[illegible] The numbered 4,500. No milt of this species being availabl[illegible]vent used that of an 8lb. Penobscot salmon, for all except[illegible] and which were milted with a 2lb. brook trout.—ELLIOT[illegible]ectly HODGE.

STARFISH AND OYSTERS.—The U. S. Fish Commission Steamer Fish Hawk will investigate the ravages of the starfish on the oyster beds of Long Island Sound, and its officers will try to devise some means to save the oyster from its most formidable enemy. If this can be done it means a saving of much valuable food and of millions of dollars to the oystermen.

FISHCULTURE IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.—The trout at Plymouth, N. H., have begun to spawn, and Col. Hodge has already 250,000 eggs on the trays. Last week he took 60,000 eggs of the Penobscot salmon, 14,000 being taken from one fish.

Mr. Fritchie Monson is slowly recovering from the recent northeast gale, during which it is thought that he got somewhat sanded. He gives a graphic account of their experiences at his camp on North Beach, where they were exposed to the full fury of the blast. Their pile of sweet potatoes was completely wrecked, the sand blowing clear through them, leaving them like a sponge. No fish could they catch, and for two days they lived on coffee, soda water and cigars, after which they had to scratch around and satisfy their hunger on palmetto berries, or gone off and died. Better have gone off and died. The spout of the coffeepot had to be stoppered to keep the sand out, and when a man lay down at night he chained himself to a log for fear of being blown away. A shotgun was left leaning against the side of the camp, and when examined two days afterward it was found that the bore was full of sand. A hole dug in the side of a sand dune before the storm began was blown right out and next morning not a trace of it could be found.—*St. Augustine Evening News.*

LAFAYETTE, Ind., Aug. 21, 1888.—*U. S. Cartridge Co., Lowell, Mass.:* Dear Sir—I am pleased to be able to give you a most satisfactory account of the paper shells you sent me. I have used Schultze powder altogether for the last seven years, with Eley's shells, and yours are the first perfect substitute I have found, and I shall take care to recommend their use. (Signed) W. GRAHAM, Champion Shot of England.—*Adv.*

Kennel.

t and Treatment in Disease. By
net Record and Account Book.
reaking. By S. T. Hammond.
a Dog Training, with Points of

TURES.

G SHOWS.

he Richmond County Poultry and
nection with Augusta National Ex-
. Madden, Superintendent.
he Northern Illinois Poultry and Pet
ford, Ill. A. H. Currier, Secretary.
how of the Meriden Poultry Associ-
etary, No. 430 Pratt street, Meriden,

Annual Dog Show of the Southern
sociation, at New Bedford, Mass. F.

Annual Dog Show of the Columbus
O. Thos. R. Sparrow, Secretary.
Dog Show of the New Jersey Kennel
Geo. L. Wilms, Secretary, 142 Monti-
N. J.
enth Annual Show of the Westminster
James Mortimer, Superintendent.
—Second Annual Show of the Rensselaer
Alba M. Ide, Secretary.
nd Annual Dog Show of the Albany
N. Y. Geo. B. Gallup, Secretary.
cond Annual Show of the Fort Schuyler
James W. Dunlop, President.
irst Annual Dog Show of the Maryland
ore, Md. W. S. Diffenderffer, Secretary.
First Annual Dog Show of the Massachu-
ynn, Mass. D. A. Williams, Secretary.
rst Annual Show of the Rochester Kennel
Y. Harry Yates, Secretary.
nnual Show of the New England Kennel
J. W. Newman, Secretary, No. 6 Hamilton

—First Annual Dog Show of the Mascoutah
icago, Ill. John L. Lincoln, Jr., Secretary.
—The Seventh Dog Show of the Philadelphia
iladelphia, Pa. Wm. C. Child, Secretary.

FIELD TRIALS.

Annual Field Trials of the Indiana Kennel
ub, at Bicknell, Ind. P. T. Madison, Secretary, Indianapolis.

Walton w... nnual Field Trials of the Philadelphia Kennel
consider tha... bers only. Wm. H. Child, Secretary, Phila-
to his heart's ... nnual Field Trials of the Eastern Field Trials
accurate info... int, N. C. (Members' Stake, Nov. 15.) W. A.
State on the ... Saratoga Springs, N. Y.
branches, wh... nnual Field Trials of the Southern Field Trial
can be found ... Miss. T. M. Brumby, Secretary, Chattanooga,
cident to sur... Annual Field Trials of the American Field
same. ... est Point, Miss. C. W. Paris, Secretary, Cincin-

Corning is ... xth Annual Field Trials of the Pacific Coast
the State, an... at Bakersfield, Cal. N. P. Sheldon, Secretary,
"Deer Range... t San Francisco, Cal.

implies. turk...

K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

Corning Lal... AN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration
stocked wit... s, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is
can be obta... y month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in
river which ... blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed
Knobel ... gistration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry.
turkey, d... nserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription
croppie... ss "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New
York. Number of entries already printed **6666**

ERICAN COURSING CLUB MEET.

(Concluded from last week).

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 17—CONTINUED.

ise crowd which gathered about the club house at
er time, and the general hilarity and good fellow-
p prevailed, spoke volumes for the established suc-
s American Coursing Club as an event of the great-
r interest. The members of the club looked about
wonder. It began to be apparent that they had
etter than they knew. What was at first derided as
et of a few foolish men to "watch some dogs chase a
had gathered together here very nearly 3,500
Moreover, they were all satisfied. More than that,
the ... nuous clouds of white dust rolling down the hill
... many other conveyances hastening to the scene of
and M... A broad smile of happiness spread over the faces
Swi... ub members.
tled ... dinner Young Golddust and Little Lady Glendyne
bear, ... again. Lady killed ahead in 130yds. No course.
and ... next hare, Lady led up, and at three-quarters of a
perc... d a go-by, two turns and several wrenches. She
Golddust, who for one and one-quarter miles scored
Cr...dly. Lady took a go-by, but lost to Golddust, who
Lan... up too many points for her, killed and won. Mr.
...hall had been anxious for a strong hare, and he got it.
d also repeatedly offered to wager that in any course
ast would be the first dog to the hare. He found a
ere which beat him up, and he also found such a dog
ers other occasions; which shows how naughty it is
, and how unsafe it is to talk of your dog too con-
ly. Mr. Williams judged this course.

Miss Smart and Rich and Rare made a no-course of seventy yards. On the next hare Miss Smart was better off, though both were wide. Miss Smart had three go-bys and had scored ten points before Rich and Rare got in. The Denver dog, as usual, required a forty-acre field to turn in, but got extended in a long course, quite his sort of race, began to score lightly, and ran four and a half miles. The judge, Mr. Nash, got unsighted and held it no course. Two courses later these dogs were ordered in again, but Rich and Rare had been sent to the club house, and Miss Smart was declared winner.

Lady Milly Glendyne beat Reno Pilot almost pointless in a long course. Following his dog on his hunting horse, old John, Mr. Allison got a decidedly ugly fall, and would have been crushed but for the horns of his cow saddle. The heavy saddles seem best for this work. Mr. Williams judged.

SECOND SERIES OF THE DERBY.

Miss Rare and Plymouth were slow to their hare. Plymouth scored light for one and a quarter miles, and placed Miss Rare, who led for one and a half miles, not scoring. The hare went to earth. It is not plain where Mr. Nash found points to give Miss Rare the course. Plymouth ran till the hare was lost, and neither scored in the long follow.

Master Rich and Goldy ran a give-and-take course, in which Goldy won three go-bys, but Master Rich held possession longer, finished stronger, killed and won. Mr. Williams judge.

Minnehaha was not on hand when called in with Reno Pilot, and time elapsing the course was claimed for Reno Pilot by his owner, Mr. Allison, and so awarded. Mr. Van Hummell objected to this. He would have done the same thing for Mr. Allison's dog, and would have had a right to do so. Objection to the enforcement of a rule is all wrong; the only deplorable thing is that they should not be enforced strictly in every case.

Reno Pilot was now placed for a bye. Dr. Van Hummell at once offered Minnehaha to run, saying he "would show him how she could run around Pilot." And this she certainly did. Mr. Allison claimed Pilot was out of condition, and drew him to prevent his making another holy show of himself.

There was more or less drunken rowdyism on the grounds during the day, a great many fellows of the baser sort seeming to think the runnings were simply "dog races," and not the meet of a coursing club composed of gentlemen who kindly threw the grounds open to the public. Deputy sheriffs were after this sworn in to act as marshalls. This had not been thought necessary at any time earlier, but the growth of the meet had begun to attract such crowds that legal means of enforcing order were seen to be an imperative want. One or two young merchants of Great Bend were that night cautioned that they must thereafter take their whisky elsewhere for a lark, and come to the grounds only with such speech and conduct as are fit in the presence of ladies. It began to be seen that the club meant business in the matter of order and decency.

THURSDAY, Oct. 19.—By common consent of the public, Thursday seems to be set apart as the great field day of the coursing meet, and this was indeed a great and flattering day for the club. The public schools were dismissed, and poured their legions of troublesome young folks over the grounds. The day was clear and warm, and a continuous stream of riders and vehicles flowed through the gates till late in the day. Since the event is now so evidently one of the greatest popular interest it is quite fit that FOREST AND STREAM should mention its purely social features as well as those of technical sporting character. Following are the names of a few of the ladies seen in the field:

Mrs. Frank Doan, of St. Louis, Miss MacDonald, of St. Louis, Miss Bessie Chamberlin, Miss Jennie Rice, Mrs. Branch, Mrs. Jones, Miss E. Jones, Mrs. Chamberlin, of Cleveland, Ohio, Mrs. D. C. Luce, Mrs. D. Teed, Miss Potter, Miss Taylor, Mrs. W. W. Carney, Mrs. Laidlaw, Mrs. Tounsley, Mrs. Chappel, Mrs. Heizer, Miss Butler, Mrs. Davidson, Mrs. Schermerhorn, Miss Clara Johnson, Miss Conkrite, Mrs. Saport, Mrs. Yettick, Mrs. Bain, Mrs. Wells, Mrs. Culver, Mrs. Moses, Miss Tounsley, Mrs. Earley, Mrs. Carr, Mrs. Dickinson, Mrs. Anna Johnson, Mrs. Heckebee, Mrs. Woodridge, Mrs. Tilden, Miss Clement, Mrs. Sclack, Mrs. Willson, Mrs. G. N. Moses, Mrs. E. R. Moses Mrs. Butler, Mrs. W. Dodge, Mrs. John Winstead, Mrs. Berks, Mrs. Willis Winstead, Mrs. Ed Crail, Mrs. L. Nimicks, Mrs. Judge Nimicks, Miss Welch, Miss Rosco, Miss Saport, Mrs. Smart, Mrs. Josie Johnson, Miss McKinner, Mrs. Dr. Shaw, Miss Atterbury, Miss Kline, Mrs. Kline, Mrs. Cornell, Miss Bolinger, Miss Ruhe, Miss Moon, Mrs. Lowards, Miss Lettie Lowards, Miss Rial, of Penna., Miss Buchanan, Miss Goold, Mrs. Goold, Miss Nichols, Miss McTaggart, Mrs. Del. Gillham, Mrs. Bolinger, Mrs. Hedges, Mrs. F. J. Long, of Col., Miss Armstrong, Mrs. Berchfield, Mrs. Loyd, Mrs. Hall, Miss Lillie Cornell, Mrs. Maud Clayton, Mrs. Meacham, Mrs. Sumners, Mrs. Dennie Meacham, Mrs. Geo. Meacham, Mrs. Will Miller, Mrs. Jennie Castle, Miss Willner, Mrs. Brinkman, Miss Lillie Brinkman, Mrs. A. P. Parr, Mrs. Benedict, Miss Ursula Benedict, Mrs. Niblo, Mrs. Tomphson, Miss Agness.

It would be impossible to give the names of all the gentlemen and ladies who came from almost every State in the Union to attend the meet, but among others the FOREST AND STREAM'S representative met visitors from Detroit, Mich., Chicago, Ill., Boston, Mass., Denver, Col., New York, and from all points of Missouri, Nebraska, Kansas and other Western States. One feature noticeable was the growing style and *clan* of the assemblage. Mention of costumes would be tedious, but it will do to say that there is a growing movement toward cords and tops among the gentlemen and to correct habit among the ladies. Mr. Doan, of St. Louis, the secretary of the club, to whose efforts much of the present year's growth is directly attributable, marshaled an attractive party of St. Louis people. Mrs. Doan, a most pleasant and winning lady, appeared to distinct advantage in habit of green facings, and chaperoned an easy and confident horsewoman in her friend Miss MacDonald, of the same city, who rode in full park costume, hat, boots and habit.

Cousin Frank and Lee, therefore, were the focus of a large and distinguished assemblage when they strained at the slips in the

SECOND SERIES OF THE DERBY.

Lee led up and took two turns. Frank drew in and scored, but the hare was lost, and no course was held. After the bye race for this series, in which Locks showed well over his mate, Cap, Cousin Frank and Lee went down again. Lee was again the better up, and the two traded turns. Frank held ahead for two miles, neither dog doing much. The hare escaped. Mr. Nash gave Lee the course, as showing better at the start. Reno Pilot being drawn, there remained only Dr. Van Hummell's four dogs, Master Rich, Miss Rose, Locks and Lee, in the Derby. He decided to run them out.

THIRD SERIES AMERICAN FIELD CUP.

Bessie Lee played all around Sandy Jim, who loped along with his ears up, and was beaten pointless. He is no longer of any earthly use at a coursing meet. Bessie killed unaided, and began to earn place as a favorite. Mr. Williams judge.

Dick Taylor and Rowdy had a long course directly past the club house. Rowdy had the better for a half mile, but the scarred black wolfdog passed, scored, killed and won.

The weather being very warm, the dinner hour was prolonged. Some views were made of the assemblage by a photographer.

Lavina and White Lips went in. White Lips at once went to the hare, and worked her for the greatest two miles ever seen in America. White Lips clearly showed herself a wonderful bitch. At two miles, however, Lavina took a go-by and began to score. The hare was lost in a corn shock. In another mile Lavina might have cut down the fifteen points White Lips had rolled up, for the latter was clearly done. White Lips won. Mr. Williams, judge.

Young Golddust and Miss Smart were held back from a young jack and started a moment later on a good one. Mr. Lighthall, owner of Golddust, rode between the hare and Miss Smart, unsighting her. She had much to do, but got in and scored well. Mr. Nash thought the course good enough for Golddust, and did not order the dogs in again, claiming that he only began the count after Miss Smart got place. Another course would have made better feeling, though technically unnecessary had not the totals been so close.

Imported Lady Milly Glendyne ran a bye with imported Trales, and showed better. The hare obligingly ran among the crowd for the finish.

THIRD SERIES OF THE DERBY.

Master Rich beat Miss Rare in a long course after a demon whitetail. Miss Rare stopped at the club house. Master Rich won. Mr. Nash, judge.

Locks and Lee went in, but found no hare. A blizzard cloud came up, and the crowd of neighing and restless horses became unmanageable. For three-quarters of an hour there was not a field officer or officer of the club in sight, and only the judge and one reporter followed the dogs, whose owner was absent with the rest at the club house. The day closed.

FRIDAY, Oct. 19.—The cold morning cleared off kindly and a fair day was presented for this, which was likely to be the deciding day of the meet. Only six courses remained to be run.

THIRD SERIES OF THE DERBY.

Locks led Lee up to the hare, turned, had the better of it, killed and won. The dogs coursed and killed a second hare before they could be secured. Mr. Williams judged.

FOURTH SERIES AMERICAN FIELD CUP.

Lady Milly Glendyne and Bessie Lee got off on a close hare. Lady Milley led up and placed Bessie, who scored a wrench or two and a kill to win before Bessie could recover on her turn. The course was not over 100yds. Mr. Nash gave the course to Bessie Lee. The alternate judge and everybody else thought it too short for a decisive course; and so it clearly was.

Great interest was manifested as homely but likely-looking Dick Taylor went into the slips with beautiful English White Lips. There were whispers that White Lips could not stay over two miles. They got a strong hare, to which White Lips got like a thunderbolt, and in her absolutely lovely style rolled up eleven points within two miles. She was quite too fast at first for Dick Taylor, who, however, drew by and began to score, White Lips following him just as he had her at first. Dick worked in well, tripped and killed, scoring seven points. Had he waited 100yds. to kill he might have won. Mr. Lowe rather ungraciously remarked to Mr. Carney that "his duffer of a dog allowed White Lips to pump himself all out and then came in to kill the hare." This is quite unjust. Dick Taylor ran as honest as any dog could. He made every turn that White Lips made, but she was too clever for him, and kept inside. It is perhaps fairer to say that the equal of White Lips has not been seen in this country, but that she is too lately over to be well used to the rarer air of the plains, and so fails in lung power at the finish of a long course. In any event, it would sit far better on Mr. Lowe to be quietly proud of his great bitch, and not openly contemptuous of other gentlemen's dogs, who certainly did their best to beat him fairly.

Young Golddust ran a cracking bye with Dinah Black, the latter showing a suspicion of waiting.

DECIDING HEAT OF THE DERBY.

After dinner Master Rich and Locks went in for the honors of the Derby. Both dogs were in horrible condition and hardly had three legs between them. Master Rich led up, making five points in all. Locks killed at end of a long course. Master Rich won the Derby; Locks runner-up. Master Rich is a strong brindle and white dog of Snowflight points, and barring perhaps Miss Rose is the best of Dr. Van Hummell's dogs. He is a trifle long, and turns too wide, though infinitely better than Rich and Rose. Locks is an ordinary looking black dog, but went into the meet in the best condition of any dog on the grounds. He was bred and raised by R. D. Williams, of Lexington, Ky., who owns old Snowflight. Locks is clearly a good one; he ran a great course after two stinging ones in the morning.

Mr. W. W. Carney, owner of the great plain on which the club grounds lie, and to whose courtesy the success of the club is directly due, led off for dinner at his hospitable home. Mr. Doan's St. Louis party, and the FOREST AND STREAM'S representative, joined them for its annual diuner with Mr. and Mrs. Carney, not the least pleasure, surely, of the meet. On return to the grounds the dogs were found in the slips for the

FIFTH SERIES OF THE AMERICAN FIELD CUP.

Young Golddust and Bessie Lee were matched here. Young Golddust, though known by some few to be far from perfect in health, was thought an easy winner of the stakes over White Lips if the hare lived over a mile and a half. It was supposed that he would, of course, beat Bessie Lee, who had already run further down than she belonged on merit *per se*. Quite to the surprise of all, Bessie Lee's lead and scoring for one and three-quarter miles were never cut down by Golddust, although he took a possible go-by and worked the hare by himself for a half mile. The hare went to earth. Bessie Lee won clearly and unmistakably, although the course was a singular one. Mr. Nash judged. Mr. Lighthall took Golddust to town, and in the evening complained that there had all along been a combination to beat him. He soon regretted this unfortunate language, on being shown plainly that any possible current against him had been excited by his own over-free vaunting of his own dog. It is to be hoped that next year all the gentlemen will come to the meet with never an expressed wish except that the best dog may win. Golddust is a good dog and beat good ones. He had rather the best of the judging in two courses, one by each judge, but was a favorite for first or second place.

White Lips now ran a bye with Minnehaha, and for once lost place early in the race to her mate, who actually did give her a bit of work. The judge now held his decision some time, apparently to give White Lips more time than the thirty minutes' law after the decision for the final course.

DECIDING COURSE FOR AMERICAN FIELD CUP.

A great roar of expectancy swept over the long line of beaters and spectators as the last brace went down, and the little bitches Bessie Lee and White Lips pressed gamely forward into the collars. One or two knowing ones laid wagers against the English bitch, on the strength of the fact that the pads were badly torn on three of her feet, and that she had had hot work for any but a great stayer. Had the course been held over until the following morning no odds would have been taken against White Lips, who is easily the best coursing Greyhound ever seen here. A start on a strong hare was made, the hare running diagonally across. There was no test in the run-up. White Lips ran the outer curve, the hare turning slightly in Bessie's favor to White Lip's possible wrench. Once in, however, Bessie showed the greatest speed and took the hare for more than her half of it, turning the better over three-quarters of a mile. Bessie was as clever on a corner as White Lips, speedier at the close and killed, winning by two points, or perhaps one and a half. It was a close course, but no objection was heard to Mr. Williams's decision, since it clearly and easily belonged where given. It was not generally known that White Lips's feet were unfit for work.

When it became evident that the Great Bend bitch had won the championship, the greatest excitement prevailed, and cheer after cheer arose, while hats and handkerchiefs were flung wildly into the air. Mr. Luse's tall white hat was banged down over his eyes, while all crowded about Mrs. Luse—who owns Bessie Lee, and who rode every course to take her up—to catch a glimpse of the game little one who had won Great Bend her glory.

Bessie Lee is a fairly well made brindle bitch, weight forty-three pounds. She is hardy and likely, with forelegs which plainly date back to Flink, a nondescript who was always thought the fastest quarter dog in the West. She is by Flink out of Toots. No one knows where Flink came from. He was bought from some gypsies.

White Lips is a black and white bitch, weight fifty-five pounds, whose worst fault is a tail slightly lacking fineness. Her back and legs are good, she is wonderfully well sprung in the ribs and her head is very fine. She is a beautiful, muscular bitch, a wonderfully tidy worker, and full of quality. She was first to the hare in every course she ran.

Mr. Luse, the nominator of the winner of the American Field Cup and championship, certainly deserves the highest credit for his perseverance and eventual success in these annual coursing meets. He has brought better and better dogs to the slips each year, and this year furnished the winner. There is a general supposition that next year he will crowd the puppy stakes very hard, since he this year went to the trouble and expense of importing the famous English bitch Dick's Darling (out of Daylight by Coleraine Diamond). From this good one he now has a good litter of eight puppies by imported Trales, and among these little fellows there will be some likely ones indeed. It is to be hoped that

others will follow Mr. Luse's example, which is in the direct line of improving coursing in America.

There were not any entries for the Consolation Purse, as the members were too game to see any glory in that. Dick Taylor and Midnight, however, ran a side race, in purport for a purse of $100. Midnight won, much to Col. Taylor's delight, who is a great believer in that dark-hued fellow. This closed the field work of the meet. A wolf hunt was held on the flats on Saturday, but no wolf was started, though several hares were killed.

Throughout the running the smaller dogs had the best of it. The big fellows will do for field work, but do not score fast enough at a coursing meet. It is of interest also to note that the winners were fed and trained on Spratts' well-known patent biscuit.

Following is the summary of the meet:

SUMMARY.

THE CARD AS DRAWN.

AMERICAN FIELD CUP.

Red.		*White.*
A. S. Allen's white and red bitch Ruby,	against	A. C. Schermerhorn's brindle dog Dandy.
M. E. Allison's red dog Sandy Jim,	against	S. J. Shaw's bitch Skippie.
D. C. Luce's brindle bitch Bessie Lee,	against	Waterloo Kennels' blue bitch Humming Bird.
Q. Van Hummell's white & red bitch Minnehaha,	against	Joseph Roetzell's bitch Jenny.
Q. Van Hummell's brindle & white dog Master Rich,	against	I. Zutavern's red dog San Pedro.
M. E. Allison's red dog Rowdy,	against	Q. Van Hummell's white & b'dle bitch Miss Rare.
D. C. Luce's red bitch Paulina,	against	Frank K. Doan's brindle and white dog Danger.
Frank K. Doan's white and blue bitch Daisy,	against	W. W. Carney's black dog Dick Taylor.
A. Johnson's black bitch Dinah Black,	against	M. E. Allison's red dog Terry.
T. F. Foncannon's black and white bitch Meta,	against	D. C. Luce's red bitch Lavina.
I. D. Brougher's blue bitch Honey Bee,	against	C. G. Page's black bitch Lady.
H. C. Lowe's black and white bitch White Lips,	against	Waterloo Kennels' white and brindle dog Trales.
C. G. Page's black bitch Topsy,	against	A. C. Lighthall's red dog Young Golddust.
Waterloo Kennels' brindle bitch Little Lady Glendyne,	against	Joseph Roetzell's white and red dog Keno.
Q. Van Hummell's brindle and white bitch Rich and Rare,	against	David Taylor's blue dog Bobolink.
Joseph Roetzell's dog Cap R.,	against	Robert Smart's blue bitch Miss Smart.
M. E. Allison's fawn dog Reno Pilot,	against	Frank K. Doan's red dog Modesty.
Waterloo Kennels' black bitch Lady Milly Glendyne,	against	a bye.

THE GREAT BEND DERBY.

E. L. Branch's brindle bitch Mary Anderson,	against	Q. Van Hummell's white & brindle bitch Miss Rare.
David Taylor's black dog Plymouth,	against	Waterloo Kennels' white and blue bitch Ariel.
A. Laidlaw's red and white bitch Goldy,	against	C. F. Culver's white bitch Queen of Kansas.
Q. Van Hummell's brindle & white dog Master Rich,	against	A. C. Fair's brindle and white dog Davy Crocket.
Joseph Roetzell's bitch Bell,	against	Q. Van Hummell's white & red bitch Minnehaha.
M. E. Allison's fawn dog Reno Pilot,	against	Frank K. Doan's red dog Pattie.
Q. Van Hummell's blue and white dog Lee,	against	D. C. Luce's brindle bitch Katy Did.
C. P. Townsley's dog Cap,	against	Q. Van Hummell's black and white dog Locks.
C. E. Rowe's white dog Cousin Frank,	against	a bye.

GRAND PARENT STAKE.

R. S. McDonald's red bitch Gyp,	against	Frank K. Doan's red and white bitch Fleet.
D. C. Luce's black bitch Thorna,	against	a bye.

THE RACES AS RUN.

AMERICAN FIELD CUP.

First Series.

Sandy Jim a bye.
Bessie Lee beat Humming Bird.
Minnehaha beat Jenny.
Master Rich beat San Pedro.
Rowdy beat Miss Rare.
Paulina beat Danger.
Dinah Black beat Terry.
Lavina beat Meta.
Honey Bee beat Lady.
White Lips beat Trales.
Young Goldust beat Topsy.
Little Lady Glendyne beat Keno.
Rich and Rare beat Bobolink.
Miss Smart beat Cap R.
Reno Pilot beat Modesty.
Lady Milly Glendyne a bye.
Ruby beat Dandy.
Dick Taylor beat Daisy.

Second Series.

Sandy Jim beat Ruby.
Bessie Lee beat Minnehaha.
Dick Taylor beat Paulina.
Rowdy beat Master Rich.
Lavina beat Dinah Black.
White Lips beat Honey Bee.
Young Golddust beat Little Lady Glendyne.
Miss Smart beat Rich and Rare.
Lady Milly Glendyne beat Reno Pilot.

Third Series.

Bessie Lee beat Sandy Jim.
Dick Taylor beat Rowdy.
White Lips beat Lavina.
Young Golddust beat Miss Smart.
Lady Milly Glendyne a bye.

Fourth Series.

Bessie Lee beat Lady Milly Glendyne.
White Lips beat Dick Taylor.
Young Golddust a bye.

Fifth Series.

Bessie Lee beat Young Golddust.
White Lips, a bye.

Sixth Series.

Bessie Lee beat White Lips and won.

WINNINGS.

Bessie Lee won the cup, the championship of America and $300; White Lips won $100, Young Golddust won $20, Lady Milly Glendyne $20, Dick Taylor $15, Miss Smart $15, Lavina $15, Rowdy $15.

Bessie Lee is by Flink out of Toot. She by Bruce out of Big Fly.

White Lips, imported, is by Hotspur out of Kiss, by Misterton.

THE GREAT BEND DERBY—PUPPY STAKES.

First Series.

Miss Rare beat Mary Anderson.
Plymouth beat Ariel.
Goldy beat Queen of Kansas.
Master Rich beat Davy Crockett.
Minnehaha beat Bell.
Reno Pilot beat Pattie.
Lee beat Katydid.
Locks beat Cap.
Cousin Frank, a bye.

Second Series.

Miss Rare beat Plymouth.
Master Rich beat Goldy.
Reno Pilot beat Minnehaha.
Lee beat Cousin Frank.
Locks, a bye.

Third Series.

Master Rich beat Miss Rare.
Locks beat Lee.

Fourth Series.

Master Rich beat Locks and won.

WINNINGS.

Master Rich won $150, Locks $50, Lee $20, Miss Rare $20, Cousin Frank $5, Reno Pilot $5, Goldy $5, Plymouth $5.

Master Rich is by Rich and Rare out of Minnie, by Roger's Jack.

Locks is by Snowflight out of imported Lady Scott.

GRANDPARENT STAKE.

First Series.

Gyp beat Fleet.
Thorna a bye.

Second Series.

Thorna beat Gyp and won.

WINNINGS.

Thorna won the cup, value $100; Gyp $40, Fleet $5.

Thorna is by Swift out of Daisy.

Gyp is by imported Nelson out of Pendleberry's Nellie.

THE BUSINESS MEETING.

The regular business meeting of the club was held at the Morrison Hotel Friday and Saturday evenings. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Col. David C. Taylor of Emporia, Kas.; Vice-President, Hon. D. N. Heizer of Great Bend, Kas.; Secretary, Frank K. Doan, 1210 Olive street, St. Louis, Mo.; Treasurer, J. V. Brinkman of Great Bend, Kas.; Executive Committee, Messrs. W. W. Carney and D. N. Heizer of Great Bend, Mr. H. C. Lowe of Topeka, Kas. State Vice-Presidents chosen were: Col. R. S. MacDonald for Missouri, Mr. G. S. Parvin for Ohio, Mr. A. C. Lighthall for Colorado, Mr. C. G. Page for Nebraska, Mr. N. Rowe for Illinois, Mr. A. Fred Nash for Michigan.

Votes of thanks were extended to Mr. N. Rowe for his aid and support of the club, to FOREST AND STREAM, through its representative, for its regular and full reports of the meet, and to Messrs. Nash and Williams for their conscientious and satisfactory judging. Mr. E. Hough for services in past and present reports of the meet was elected an honorary member of the club. Dr. G. Irwin Royce, for numerous past services and cheerful help, was freed from further annual dues of the club.

It was agreed that the field stewards for next year should be sworn deputy sheriffs. It was also decided to charge an admission fee to the grounds. Notice was given that some changes in the by-laws would be voted on next year. It was passed that the secretary should procure for each member a copy of the new national coursing rules.

Action was taken whereby the stakes for next year will be largely increased. Discussion was also had to import hares for the grounds from California, the supply being perceptibly scarce this year.

It may be interesting to note that the secretary answered three hundred and ninety letters in regard to the club during the past year and sent out over five hundred mail and express packages, which certainly shows an interest in the club. The running expenses of the club, aside from the stakes, are about $300 for each meet. The club is now quite free from all debt. There will be over $500 gate money next year, counting out all lost by parties entering the field by gaps in the fence; the annual dues will aggregate $300 more, at least. Great Bend ought by right to contribute at least $400 or $500 to the stakes as a town. Great Bend does not realize, nor do all members of the club stop to realize the greatness of this institution which began in nothing. FOREST AND STREAM is willing to go on record that the sport of coursing in America is just beginning, and will grow more rapidly than any one will like to predict. Next year the American Coursing Club will double, and will bring 10,000 people together. It will be the greatest sporting dog event of America. The success of this year and the constant growth of enthusiasm altogether warrant this statement. The club is a bigger affair than most are aware of, and deserves the careful and attentive report FOREST AND STREAM has tried to give it. There will be persistent effort made during the year by the members to yet further popularize and make better appreciated the comparatively little understood but really truly and naturally American sport of coursing.

Following is a list, published by FOREST AND STREAM before any other paper, of the membership of the American Coursing Club:

LIST OF MEMBERS OF AMERICAN COURSING CLUB.

Col. David Taylor, President, Emporia, Kas.
Hon. D. N. Heizer, Vice-President, Great Bend, Kas.
Frank K. Doan, Secretary, 1210 Olive street, St. Louis, Mo.
J. V. Brinkman, Treasurer, Great Bend, Kas.
W. W. Carney, Chairman Exec. Committee, Great Bend, Kas.
Dr. G. Irwin Royce, Topeka, Kas
G. N. Moses, Great Bend, Kas.
D. C. Luse, Great Bend, Kas.
A. C. Schermerhorn, Great Bend,
Edwin Tyler, Great Bend, Kas.
F. Zutervan, Great Bend, Kas.
N. Rowe, Chicago, Ill.
C. G. Page, Minden, Neb.
Col. R. S. MacDonald, St. Louis.
J. B. Martin, San Francisco, Cal.
H. W. Huntington, Brooklyn.
J. E. Thayer, Lancaster, Mass.
R. F. Jones, Minneapolis, Minn.
H. W. Clark, Providence, R. I.
C. D. Webber, Newark, N. J.
R. D. Williams, Lexington, Ky.
T. B. Terry, Cleveland, O.
A. C. Lighthall, Denver, Col.
W. E. Stevens, Pontiac, Mich.
W. J. Dixon, Cimarron, Kas.
M. E. Allison, Hutchinson, Kas.
B. M. Mutersbaugh, Ellinwood,
Amos Johnson, Ellinwood, Kas.
J. H. Jones, Troy, Kas.
Dr. Q. Van Hummell, Omaha.
R. D. Salisbury, San Diego, Cal.
T. F. Foncannon, Emporia, Kas.
James Halloway, Denver, Col.
C. Hallowly, Greensburg, Kas.
H. C Lowe, Topeka, Kas.
R. Smart, Ellinwood, Kas.
J. R. Price, Topeka, Kas.
T. W. Bartell, Denver, Col.
C. P. Townsley, Great Bend, Kas
O. B. Wilson, Great Bend, Kas.
J. W. Brown, Great Bend, Kas.
A. S. Allen, Great Bend, Kas.
R. P. Typer, Great Bend, Kas.
I. D. Brougher, Great Bend, Kas.
A. J. Buckland, Great Bend, Kas
Clark Gwinn, Great Bend, Kas.
E. W. Moses, Great Bend, Kas.
C. F. Culver, Great Bend, Kas.
E. R. Moses, Great Bend, Kas.
W. W. Winstead, Great Bend.
L. Weaver, Great Bend, Kas.
A. C. Fair, Great Bend, Kas.
L. Zutavern, Great Bend, Kas.
R. Plager, Great Bend, Kas.
A. Massey, Great Bend, Kas.
E. A. Rowell, Great Bend, Kas.
Hon. B. Ogle, Great Bend, Kas.
A. Laidlaw, Great Bend, Kas.
E. L. Carney, Great Bend, Kas.
G. Spencer, Great Bend, Kas.
G. D. Brown, Great Bend, Kas.
L. J. Shaw, Great Bend, Kas.
J. H. Clements, St. Louis, Mo.
C. A. Stix, St. Louis, Mo.
J. B. McCormick, St. Louis, Mo.
S. R. Peters, Newton, Kas.
L. J. Loomis, Hannibal, Mo.
T. A. Scott, St. Louis, Mo.
J. W. Munson, St. Louis, Mo.

E. HOUGH.

A WORCESTER KENNEL CLUB.—Worcester, Mass., Oct. 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have recently conferred with a large number of gentlemen in this city and vicinity with the view of organizing a kennel club. All are very enthusiastic on the subject. A meeting will be held at my office, 288 Main street, Nov. 7, at 8 P. M. All breeders, owners and others interested in this movement are cordially invited to be present.—H. R. SURLES, M. D.

NATIONAL COURSIN

[From our Special

HUTCHINSON, Kan., Oct. day, Oct. 23, at Hutchins in an American inclosed coursin fornia meets have greater magn the National Coursing Associati and grown into anything worth character. To the contrary, it is from this little beginning in the the West, there will arise a move sport of coursing into more rapid shown in the record of any field sp

Enough has been said in the STREAM descriptive of the sport o less to go into its general details in mind, however, that an inclose ent in its nature from open co American Coursing Club, whose Great Bend, Kan., and a short de son grounds may, therefore, be qu

The association has inclosed a level ground lying at a distance of center of the pleasant little town most of the active members. T rounded by a rabbit-tight woven-wir ter of the tract, extending about t and being on an average of about 1 the running track, also inclosed by of this track is the small close for th for the competing dogs. At the lowe are provided for the hares, which o can stand the pace for three quarters quite rid the inclosed meet of all imp animals, or of any unsportsmanlike qu course is called, the hare is driven from the ga the dogs being held in slip at a point a trifle b The proper start having been given, the dogs a the course terminates quickly in the finish or hare. In a properly conducted meet, the har over the course several times before the day of once having learned the way of escape they course at a wonderful burst of speed.

In the rightly made inclosed course the wall boards, and at the end of the course a six foot is thrown up with a gradual slope, to break th dogs, which otherwise would be in great dange themselves against the boards of the escape. The Hutchinson course is not yet a correct one, and should be completed. The wire fences on the sides of the course were covered with burlaps, as a substitute for boards, and to prevent the hares from attempting escape through the meshes of the wire. This burlaps is constantly tearing loose and flopping about in the wind. The escape is not provided with a bank. This will probably be left until some valuable dog, fast enough to get close to the hare, has ruined himself against the boards.

The managers of the association were unable to obtain their wire fence until very late, and owing to this fact and the death of some hares they had shipped in, there were thought to be only about forty hares on the half section when the meet began. Of these, ten good ones had been secured in the close on the day before the meet, but during the night all but one of these crawled out through a hole which a careless workman had left. The inclosed meet began, therefore, with one jack rabbit sitting in solitary grandeur, waiting to entertain the crowd of perhaps 500 persons who paid gate money to witness the sport of coursing. This old one, however, quite knew her business, and shot through the course so rapidly that the two loafing dogs, Mr. M. E. Allison's red bitch Reno Belle and Mr. G. I. Joyce's white dog Cousin Frank, who made the first brace slipped, never got the first turn upon her. It was thereupon announced that the runnings would be continued inside the grounds, but outside of the inclosed course; and the begun the purely unsportsmanlike proceeding of hares within a wired inclosure no longer than a mi direction, where no possible means of escape was This was a thing which did not please even the ignorant of the details of a regular meet.

Mr. D. C. Luse's red bitch Paulina and Mr. Wm. white fawn bitch Belle R. were slipped on a yearl Paulina tried to see how slow she could run; Be little. The hare ran to the wire fence, saw the t died with heart broken before Paulina killed, to merit.

Mr. M. E. Allison's white fawn dog Reno Pilot Wm. Garrett's red dog Frisk showed a bit better w stronger hare. Frisk led, Pilot did the more work an with no merit shown for either. Pilot won.

Reno Belle and Cousin Frank went down for their undecided course, and killed a poor lumpy hare which had been crippled. Ordered down again, Frank led and killed to a win, Belle working but little. A demon of the slows seemed to have gotten into all the dogs, and the only real struggle was for last place. This closed the day.

TUESDAY, Oct. 24.—At about 1 P. M. it was announced that a half-dozen had, during the morning, been driven into the close, and accordingly a crowd of perhaps a hundred persons or so assembled to witness the running. It now became apparent that the meeting was not to be a regul meet, and that the stakes would not really be run out, the hares were not at hand in sufficient numbers. original drawings were not observed, but enough dogs down to show the spectators how the sport is pursued, to prove to the association that the plan will work perf when a few minor details have been attended to, aga which it was impossible to guard on such short notice.

Mr. J. S. Branham's semi-greyhound black dog Sharp and Mr. D. Watts's red dog Tim W. went down and followed a hare through to the escape, Sharp running a little slower than Tim. Mr. M. E. Allison's red dog Reno Chief led Mr. Wm. Garrett's red dog Prince to the hare, but lost place, and Prince wrenched, killed and won. Mr. D. C. Luse's red bitch Lavina and Mr. Allison's red dog Rowdy made a very pretty neck-and-neck run for a quarter of a mile, Rowdy by half a length taking the first wrench. Lavina turned, wrenched and placed Rowdy to kill. Rowdy was given the course. Dr. G. I. Royce's blue and white dog Goldy led, did it all, killed and won over Mr. Allison's red dog Terry, who lagged up all the way. Mr. J. R. Price's red bitch Sylph lost to Dr. Royce's blue and white Heroine, who led and won, placing Sylph to kill.

It was now announced that no more running would be attempted, since the jacks were not in hand, but the crowd were told that on the following day they would be treated to a display of open coursing on the flats outside the grounds. The card was therefore practically suspended. Two wild coyotes, taken yesterday, were announced to be hunted on Friday.

It should be remembered that this meet followed directly on the heels of the Great Bend event, and this, instead of being an advantage, would appear to have been the contrary. The dogs of the American Coursing Club were worn out and torn up, and quite unfit to run. The gentlemen who had already spent a week or more from business had not time to attend the Hutchinson meet, which would require a week more. There were, therefore, not the best of dogs entered; whereas an inclosed meet, with its short, quick course, clearly demands the best and liveliest greyhounds to show sport. Let it not for a moment be supposed, however, that the first meeting of the National Association is any criterion, for it is not. There will be a meeting held next spring which will be a rouser. By that time details on the

ground will have been perfected, a plenty of hare will have been secured, and the good greyhounds of the country, rested and fitted by their winter's work, will be only anxious to run well for substantial purses. It should be reiterated that the inclosed coursing meet is destined to be a great affair in this countrry. Our people of the great cities cannot travel half across the continent to see a meet, but they will pay to see a meet brought to their doors and shown on their well-known parks and driving tracks. It is here that the inclosed meet will find its place, and it is here that within the next five years it will make history for itself. The meet at Hutchinson, crude as it necessarily was, is the beginning of all this. Therefore, the best criticism—beyond the general admonition that the public wants results and not excuses—is a word of commendation for the pluck shown by the association in going so far on in an undertaking which can only be held entirely commendable by every one interested in a grand sport.

THURSDAY, Oct. 25.—After dinner a crowd of perhaps 500 persons assembled on the flats east of the coursing grounds to witness an exhibition of coursing in the open. A score card was printed and distributed, but not adhered to, the knowledge now being general that the stakes of the meet would not be run out. The dogs present were largely non-descripts.

Dr. Royce's Goldy and Mr. Hickock's Black Tiger coursed each a hare by himself, two starting up just at the point of slipping. The latter dog is a big black, half greyhound. He killed his hare, a lumpy one.

After two or three false starts Mr. Wyatt's Tim W. beat Mr. Garrett's Prince. The latter gentleman wished to stake $10 that he couldn't do it again. It grew hourly more apparent coursing was in its infancy at Hutchinson. Trouble also was experienced from the pushing and crowding of the unruly mob of spectators, who have not yet learned that it is not the correct thing to drive over the dogs.

Dr. Royce's Heroine and Mr. Allison's Reno Chief ran a no-course, which was given Chief to appease the crowd, who wanted to know "which dog killed the rabbit."

Mr. Luse's Lavina and Mr. Allison's Rowdy filled the expectations of those who knew them, and ran a beautifully even course, Lavina winning by one point.

Mr. Luse's Paulina and Mr. Royle's Belle R. made a long course with little scoring, Paulina winning by a kill in the corn. Paulina came out of the corn with the hare in her mouth and carried it to her owner.

Goldy and Black Tiger went in again, and Goldy beat the black creature, passing when he liked. This closed the exhibition of the day. E. HOUGH.

CHESAPEAKE BAY DOGS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

While I have neither the time nor inclination to write a treatise on the origin and breeding of the bay dog, yet as an old Maryland sportsman and dog fancier, it gives me pleasure to note some points that may serve "G. E. S." in making choice of a retriever.

Like the Newfoundland, the Chesapeake Bay dog is still to be found—with the same capacity and aptitude for his calling—in several strains, sizes, coats and colors, long-haired, short-haired and curly-coated; red, brown and yellow or sedge grass in color. Having gunned on one of the choicest shores of the Gunpowder River for more than twenty years, and consequently outlived many early prejudices, I can say that by far the most satisfactory dog for a true sportsman is the medium-sized, "otter-coated," dead-grass color, the shade of your shooting suit. This settles the question of color advantage.

They do not carry dead water to shake over you like any long-haired animal, and consequently suffer less from cold themselves, having a fine fur next the hide. They are powerful, fast swimmers with scent equal to the best dog of any breed. The large dog tires quicker, is hard to keep out of sight, and of course is in the way about the blind. The endurance of these dogs as a breed and their intelligence for their business is almost beyond belief. But they are unsatisfactory for any other purpose; they know duck—duck and nothing else.

The cross attempted with a first-class imported fifty-guinea English retriever was an utter failure. The dogs so obtained were very fast and smart, but lost the heavy coating and could not stand floating ice.

While all styles and strains are in use at the many clubs on the rivers, these "otter-haired" dogs have been much bred and used on the Gunpowder River, at Maxwell's Point Club, John Lynch manager; Graxe's Quarter, Joseph Newkirk manager; Chases, Baltimore county, Md. As to where best strains can be had, let me advise that a dog or puppy may be of a good strain and yet not of individual excellence. Buy no dog from a dealer unless you see him work. Like other game dogs they sell for from $20 to $100.

Many duck shooters, like partridge hunters, though honest, are totally obtuse on the main points of their dog stock, and do not see how their own differs from a vastly superior animal.

I know of no one breeding duck dogs about Baltimore for sale. An advertisement in FOREST AND STREAM or the Baltimore *Sun* would probably bring a reply.

GEO. BALDWIN.

ST. BERNARDS AT RICHMOND.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The awards of specials at the Richmond show, as recorded in your issue of Oct. 18, do not contain the special for best kennel of St. Bernards, which was awarded to my dogs, champion Hector, champion Daphne, Gemma I. and Alpine Chief. The omission was no doubt due to the fact that this special was competed for and awarded on Friday only.

The Virginia Field Sports Association had offered a kennel prize of $25 for the best kennel of St. Bernards, rough or smooth. I made my entries accordingly, one brace of smooths and one brace of rough-coats; but when the time came, my dogs were not allowed to compete because, in the catalogue, the special was specified as follows: "for the best kennel of four St. Bernards, rough or smooth *(best, whether rough or smooth, to be all of one kind)*" [the italics are mine].

On being informed of what had taken place I immediately entered a protest on the following grounds: Bench shows are given on the basis of an agreement (contract) between the clubs and the exhibitors. A club, in order to secure entries, offers certain prizes ("promises to pay"). This is one side of the agreement. The exhibitor, on the strength of the "promises to pay," made by the club, enters his dogs, subject to rules governing the show, and pays his entry fees. This is the other side of the agreement. This contract becomes binding to both parties by the fact of the club accepting the entry fees.

It is evident, therefore, that a club has no right to make any alterations in the premiums offered; for, if it does, the club violates its part of the contract, except the exhibitors be duly notified, before closing of entries, of such changes.

Mr. J. S. Wise, president of the association, appreciating the justice of my claim, decided that the special, as originally worded by the club, should be competed for. The competition took place on Friday.

I wish to thank Mr. J. S. Wise publicly for his love of fair play, all the more so because, as I have learned since, he paid the kennel prize out of his own pocket, the "catalogue-special" having been duly awarded on Tuesday and paid for by the association. K. E. HOPF.

ARLINGTON, N. J.

ST. PAUL DOG SHOW.

THE second annual exhibition given by the St. Paul and Minnesota Kennel Club closed its doors last Friday night. In point of quality this was a better show than the first attempt; and it speaks volumes for the dog men of the Northwest when they can bring together a fair lot of dogs without receiving much support from the Eastern fanciers. There were 296 entries, with very few absentees; in fact, there were more dogs on exhibition than at Syracuse. While the quality was not up to that seen at the great gathering at Buffalo, it was decidedly better than I expected to find at a show held hundreds of miles beyond the reach of a majority of owners. Twelve dollars is more than most people will pay for express charges on one dog. There are others who will not take the risk of sending their dogs so far away from home without an attendant, and still others who believe that long distance traveling, especially, wears a dog out, and that it may be fruitful of worse results to bitches that have been bred.

In regard to the management, nobody will deny that this was one of the best conducted shows that has ever been held in this country. No fuss, no hollowing, most perfect cleanliness, every little detail attended to without anybody seeing or knowing just how it had been done; in fact, a model show in many respects and one that reflects great credit to Mr. Chas. Weil, the superintendent, and to the show committee, Messrs. J. E. Stryker, H. T. Drake, W. G. Whitehead, J. W. Stevens and P. H. Gotzian.

Spratts looked to the feeding, and, as is usual, supplied the benching. I venture the opinion that a number of dogs went home pounds heavier than they came. One fellow in particular had a rare time at St. Paul, and if he didn't put on 6 or 7lbs. in the four days it was neither his fault nor Spratts'.

Prominent members of the club assure me that there were only two regretable features in connection with the show—a wet day, and a number of insulting, dictatorial and bull-dozing letters received from a rabid Detroiter, who evidently intended to run the show for the benefit of the "holy brotherhood." The club's worthy secretary, Mr. Stryker, is a prominent lawyer and is said to be an expert at handling this class of cranks; so it will be safe to predict that when the doctor's patent plaster shall be again unfolded to the public eye it will be found sticking to a diseased fragment of a defunct Michigan kennel club and not to the brawny and brainy sons of Minnesota.

MASTIFFS—(MR. MASON).

Taken as a whole this was a good class. While there was nothing of superlative merit, like the great Minting for instance, the quality was vastly better than I expected to find, and there were fewer spike-nosed camels than are usually found at the shows in this country. Championship honors were defended by Wacouta Nap and his old kennel companion Wacouta Rose. Both were in good condition and of course won. For points good and bad your readers need only to refer to previous reports in this paper. The open class for dogs was madeup of a useful and level lot of twelve, and so close in point of merit were the first three, that they gave me some trouble. Tiger Royal proved a winner, but with very few points to spare. He is of excellent color, has beautiful coat, and his markings are correct throughout. He is a little longer in foreface than I liked, and would be improved by volume of skull and muzzle. Lips, hanging perfectly; eyes, first-class in color, size, position and expression; ears, too large; wrinkles not well defined, but should improve; neck, well set but rather light; good back shoulders, loin and quarters; slightly weak below the hocks; not straight in forlegs; feet fairly well formed but turning outward; pasterns light; good tail, carried rather high; light in bone; moves fairly well; shows considerable quality and some character; is of more than average size and has a fine disposition; a useful second classs-pecimen that should improve; sire, champion Homer; dam, Florence. Breeder, Mr. J. E. R. Boudreau. The Moor, who was runner-up, is also a dog of far more than average merit. Color, fawn; black points, not very well defined; muzzle not long but should be blunter and wider; skull decidely above average, yet too flat in cheeks; forehead wide and flat, but not first-rate in wrinkle; color of eyes a shade or two too light; ears too large; expression pleasing; lips not well hung; neck should be stronger; chest well-formed and would be better with more width; good middle; excellent behind the hips; the right sort of a tail; forelegs well placed and straight, but flat and light in bone, instead of round and heavy; excellent coat and skin; moves freely; is of more than average size. A dog that has improved considerably. It is more than probable that he will beat the first prize winner if they meet twelve mouths hence. Sire, Ilford Caution; dam, Juno. Breeder, Mr. E. H. Moore. Edwy, vhc., is also a fawn with black points, but the ear color is not good. Skull square but rather deficient in volume; muzzle having the same failing as the skull, yet much above average; ears too large; color of eyes too light; expression would be good if color of eyes were darker; neck short and strong; chest deep and would be better if the ribs were more sprung; back and loin (which were much admired) of wrong formation; both show strength, but a greyhound outline is to be avoided in dogs of this breed; good hindparts; stands well and moves well; coat coarse; a well-grown young dog of a sort that should improve with age. Sire, Orlando; dam, Countess of Woodlands. Breeder, Mr. W. Wade. Lord Raglan, vhc., is a dog that would have won all before him in 1881, but the mastiff class is not now as it was then, and his lordship was clearly beaten, although not in type. Muzzle should be shorter, deeper, wider and better lipped; skull would be improved by size, especially width; wrinkles should be more prominent; ears, eyes and expression fairly good; neck powerful; chest deep, wide, and well rounded in the right place; loin strong and massive; hindparts muscular and truly formed down to hocks; hocks straight; stands on good feet; strong in limbs; not quite straight in front. An undersized specimen showing character and good breeding in his defective head, and having a cylindrical and well-knit frame set on to short legs. His formation behind the head is more nearly correct than that of any dog in the class. Sire, Crown Prince; dam, The Lady Rowena. Breeder, Dr. J. Sidney Turner. King Homer, vhc., shows character in head but is undersized, large and heavy in ears and crooked in front. He is a low-standing dog that shows he has good blood in his veins. Sire, Homer; dam, Florence. Breeder, Mr. J. E. R. Boudreau. Prince Cole, hc., deserved another letter. He has more volume of skull than any dog in the class, but is slightly dished in muzzle, also too long, and his light eyes give a rather bad expression; ears too large and not correct in carriage; no wrinkles; good neck, back, chest, shoulders and loin; fairly good hindparts, except tail, which is not well carried; stands on strong, good limbs; coat not first-classcolor s; mutty. He bears a slight resemblance to his sire, old champion Beau, but is much below the high form that was shown by Mr. Beaufoy's typical but undersized dog. Turk, hc., lacks in volume and muzzle, eyes wrong, carriage of ears not correct, has few wrinkles, lacks character, is somewhat slab-sided and rather light behind the short ribs. He has merit in other points, size included. Bruce, hc., is defective in muzzle and ears and has bad coat. Corsair, a winner at Milwaukee and Toledo, was unnoticed. He has small, bad head, lacking in nearly every essential point, is undersized and shown in wretched condition. It is perhaps as well to say that he would not be a winner under my judgment no matter how good his condition. Nero, c., is undersized, bad in coat, round in forehead and out of condition. He has merit in other points, more especially in ears, which are small and neat. I gave first in bitches to Vistala, that was first in the novice class at Barn Elms, 1887, and reserve at Warwick, 1888, and I was not a hair's breadth from withholding the prize for want of merit. Color light fawn with mask not well defined and ears fawn instead of black; skull too small for bulk of body; muzzle very small and pinched; wrinkle fair; eyes and expression good; ears small, but not right in bur and not lying as they ought to; strong neck, compact body, very light in bone, leggy, coarse in coat. A specimen that shows good breeding and some character through all her defects. Sire, Montgomery; dam, Nell. Breeder, Mr. A. Andrews. Frankie, second prize, is too light all over, muzzle, skull, body and limbs. Sire, Ilford Caution; dam, Bess. Breeder, Mr. E. H. Moore. Clytie, unnoticed, is houndy, large in ears and smutty in color. Bran, unnoticed, is weedy and bad in head. Phædra, unnoticed, is lame or would have won; she shows character in head, is low set and strong, with capital wrinkle. Lack of size is her weakest point. I did not consider either of the puppies worth a first. Duke, second prize, while large and massive, is round in forehead, large in ears, smutty in color, wrong in expression, defective in muzzle and shows the haw. He is not of a sort that I wish to see multiplied. Sire, Prince Cole; dam, Victoria.

ST. BERNARDS—(MR. MASON).

Champion rough-coats were represented by the well-known Lady Athol who was well shown. Folko II., a new one to me, was first in the open class of dogs. He held the same position at St. Paul and Milwaukee, 1887. Cheeks a trifle full; muzzle not quite clean below the eyes nor as deep in stop as it should be; eyes would be better if deeper set; correct ears well placed; expression pleasing and benignant; neck would be improved by more length; chest would be better if wider; back and loin strong but too short; hindparts too straight and rather light in proportion to bulk of foreparts; forelegs straight and set into truly formed feet; stern carried too high, it should be longer; coat showing slight curliness on quarters; rather light in bone; does not stand over sufficient ground; markings nearly correct; color excellent. A rather good-fronted, second-class dog showing character and having a fine disposition. Sire, Rollo; dam, Ouida. Breeder, Mr. A. King. Rex, second prize, is a number of points below the form shown by Folko. Markings irregular throughout and of course not correct; muzzle dished; forehead round; stop too deep; chest should be wider and back longer; hindparts somewhat light and hocks not well bent; stands on good legs and feet; coat rather curly. An undersized specimen that is not quite first-class in any point. Sire, Bernhard; dam, Belina. Breeder, Mr. Rittmann. Le Roy hc., has fairly good head and good forelegs, but he is of washy color, has hound ears and is not right behind. Rex, hc., lacks in markings, muzzle, forehead and eyes. He has good body and limbs. Donatello, hc., has plain head, badly carried ears and is curly in coat as well as being undersized. Cæsar, unnoticed, is a dark sable dog. His only recommendation consists in his being entered in the St. Bernard class. Otto II., also unnoticed, is a low standing, good bodied, crooked legged, but heavily boned dog with a head that—well, came to him from Otto I. and Irma. He won first and second Milwaukee 1885 and 1886, and second St. Paul 1887. He is a massive tawny dog, and some persons consider him a St. Bernard. Rough-coated bitches were a very uneven lot and a hard class to judge. Just look at them. Chequasset Minna, my second prize winner at New Haven and Buffalo, was as thin as a rail. Noble Ida, first Glasgow and Dublin, was as fat as a pig and as flabby as dough, in addition to having a blemish in one eye. Thora refused to budge an inch and lay down in the ring. Torie is a seven-mouths-old puppy. These were the pick of the lot. Thora, a rather undersized one, with correct markings, a fairly good head and average body, limbs and coat, won. But I waited a full half hour before she could be made to stand up and move across the ring. Minna and Ida were pegged back on account of condition, and this left the puppy Torie, that was in elegant condition, the best at the time of judging. She has capital body, good tail and excellent coat, but is not right in head, and probably never will be. The forehead is too prominent, muzzle not deep enough, and set of ears not quite the thing. Her color is faint, and she is not perfectly straight in front. This last defect will, I feel sure, be outgrown. Sire, Folko II.; dam, Belle. Breeder, Mr. J. H. Schultz. The winner is by Folko II. out of Barrina, and was bred by Mr. W. H. Dent. Noble Ida is of more than average size and stands on good limbs. Her head is too mastiff-like, also expression, and she is not straight in coat. Naiad, vhc., shows houndiness in head, but has good body, legs and feet. Barrina, c., has plain head and wrong expression. Torie, second in the open class, was an easy winner among puppies. Queen, vhc., is wrong in markings, round in skull and not square enough in muzzle. Rex, vhc., was hc. in the dog class (open). Victor Joseph was absent from the champion class for smooth-coats, and Blanca was the only one in the open class, Pluto being absent. She is fairly good in head and body, but stands over little ground; is a trifle leggy, and neither as good in bone, feet nor tail as she should be; coat correct, carriage free. Sire, Belisa; dam, Furka. Breeder, Mr. E. Baur.

LEONBERGS AND NEWFOUNDLANDS—(MR. MASON).

Monarch, the first prize Leonberg, is a grand big dog, with truly formed body, good coat; most excellent forelegs and feet and fairly good hind ones. Newfoundlands a bad lot as usual. Withheld first prizes in both classes. Life is too short and space too valuable for one to waste over every large black dog he sees at a show.

GREAT DANES—(MR. MASON).

This was a good class, the best by far that I have seen in America. Don Cæsar, that did a lot of winning at the Western shows in 1888, was a worthy competitor for championship honors. He was in tiptop condition. I gave first in the open class for dogs to a blue of fair size. Muzzle of good length, but showing slight weakness; skull correct; color of eyes too light; expression not correct; neck throaty; chest would be improved by depth, but is not badly formed; loin true in outline but somewhat too light; quarters decidedly better than average; there should be more strength from the second thighs downward; stands on most excellent forelegs and feet; is fairly active and shows some quality. Moro, second prize, is a black. Stop not correct, too deep; muzzle should have a cleaner cut appearance all the way from nose to eyes; expression not just right; neck long and strong, but not quite clean; ribs too flat; loin should be stronger; stifles and hocks too straight, good shoulders, forelegs straight but too light, especially about the pasterns, toes should be more arched, moves fairly well, coat hardly of first quality, a gamer looking dog than the winner. Grand Duke, vhc., is short in head and will be cheeky, he is also too small and light in bone for his age, thirteen months. Count Vladimir, hc., is a rather coarse-headed brindle. Donna Minca, first in bitches, is a good fawn, and if shown will do a lot of winning. She has nice clean head, with correct expression, strong, well-set neck that is clean as a sword and properly carried; back, chest and loin much above average, second thighs rather light, shoulders not well placed, and forelegs not set quite right, feet should be deeper in pads with toes closed and well arched, coat could not be better, shows character and quality, the best bitch that I have seen in America. Teufel, second prize, pressed the winner very close. Her excellent forelegs and feet, fair head and better than average body will always keep her well to the front when she is shown in fairly good company. Flora, vhc., shows much quality, especially in head, but her rather weak

back, bad shoulders, light limbs and defective feet put her back. Cosette, c., is an undersized fawn with wrong muzzle and expression. I withheld first in puppies and awarded second to a rather plain-headed one that will not, I fear, make a record in the class for all ages. The rest were decidedly defective in head.

DEERHOUNDS—(MR. DAVIDSON).

Mac, that was always a good one, yet not first-class, won the champion prize without competition. Fergus was a good winner in the open class for dogs. Head should be larger and stronger looking; good eyes and fairly good expression; ears too large; neck, chest, back, loin and quarters much better than average; hocks should be set lower; shoulders should be set further back; straight legs and good feet; light in bone; coat on sides of body should be harder; a rather leggy specimen that does not stand over sufficient ground. Oscar, second prize, like nearly all of the Van Hummell dogs, is bad in coat. To be a good one he should have better head, smaller ears, longer neck, better sprung ribs, more bend in hocks, better shoulders and more size. First in bitches went to Phillis, an undersized and rather weedy bitch. I preferred the vhc. Heatherbelle for the place. Hylda, second prize, was lucky in beating Heatherbelle. She has neither the size nor the strength of the vhc. bitch and has a nasty soft coat. The two puppies shown will never make a mark in good company.

GREYHOUNDS—(MR. DAVIDSON).

A weak class of three. The winner in the dog class has a very plain head and lacks power behind. The second prize winner is one of the parlor sort, a pretty dog with beautiful coat, but not quite a greyhound. Only one bitch was shown, and she is not first-class in any of the more essential points.

CHESAPEAKE BAY DOGS—(MR. DAVIDSON).

These were considered a good class. If lack of uniformity of type is a leading quality of the breed they were a marvellous lot. Frankly, are these dogs anything more than a lot of honest, hard-working and faithful mongrels? And may I ask which is correct, a head like a mastiff's, English retriever's, greyhound's or Great Dane's? Should the chest be wide like a bulldog's or deep and narrow? Should the eyes be yellow, black, brown or of what color? Is the correct carriage of tail high, low or straight out? Do the animals resemble each other in anything but texture of coat and ability to work? Where is the standard for judging, and where can be found the man that is able to describe a good specimen? I am after information. Well, gentlemen, ten brown dogs were shown; they were every one of them the best, the decisions were correct, and would have been whichever of the lot had won, and the judge was Mr. Davidson. I asked him a few questions and soon found that he is quite at home with the breed; that is to say, he knows almost as little about it as anybody else, owners included. Drake, owned by the Osceola Kennels and catalogued at $100, won second prize. Water, from the same kennels, and catalogued at $40, won a first. Duck, another $40 worth, didn't get a card. Dundee, from the same kennels, took vhc., and is catalogued at $250 and entered as being of "perfect type" (I never saw one like her before). There is seldom any "kicking" over the awards in this class, because the exhibitors know so much about nothing that they don't deem it wise to say anything; and the judges invariably assume a know-nothing demeanor which it would be exceedingly impolite to disturb. Dog shows have been held in this country during the past fifteen years, and during that time exhibitors and judges have decided that the Chesapeake Bay dog is a brown dog. Will they teach us as much during the next fifteen years?

POINTERS—(MR. DAVIDSON).

First in the heavy-weight dog class went to a wide-headed, round-barreled, bad-shouldered son of Sensation and Rose. He was as good as anything in the class, but is not a show dog. Dash Ranger, with little else than a fairly good head to commend him, was second, and Cato, a coarse dog with average head, was vhc. Bill Bow, hc., is shallow in head, wrong in stop, light in body and weak in back. Bello, c., has coarse, plain head, heavy neck, flat loin, bad tail, and is long cast and wrong behind. The awards in favor of dogs like Sensation and Croxteth, over sterling pointers like Bow and Faust, has resulted exactly as any judge of the breed must have foreseen. With the exception of the dogs that have been recently imported, there are scarcely any decent-looking large pointers on the show bench. Bitches were better than dogs, but there was neither a Flirt, a Maggie nor a Lady Isabel among them, in fact none are of correct type. Venice, the winner, is a white and lemon, showing far more quality than strength and character. She is round in forehead, not quite clean below the eyes nor deep enough in foreface, rather throaty, wider in front than I like, rather heavy in shoulders, with legs not set just right and limbs rather light in bone. She is fleshy and strong, has good back and loin and stands on good feet. Lady Shultz has a fairly good head, but lacks bone and substance and is straight behind; she was rightly placed second. Fanny, vhc., shows hound character, but has a good top. Light weights were decidedly better than the heavy brigade. Queen Bow, who is well-known, was the only champion bitch; she was well shown. Donald IV., winner in the open class for dogs, was first in puppy class at Boston, 1887; he has grown wide in front gets his tail up very high and has fallen off generally. He still shows good breeding and stands on proper legs and feet. Tom, second prize, is a flashy looking white and lemon that does not improve on acquaintance. He is too light all over, especially in second thighs and hocks, which show weakness. Western Bang Bang, c., has a very coarse head and is not up to show form. Bitches brought out a rather smart one in Lady Price, a daughter of Graphic and Mealy. Small, but a pointer every inch of her; the defects are in stop and stifles. Countess Flora K., second prize, is defective in muzzle, ears, forehead, neck, chest, position of elbows, and in loin. She is also underhung and lacking in true character. I thought her outclassed by the winner. Floss Bang has inherited her sire's black nose and coarse head and neck, and is flat in loin. Queen Bangor, c., has bad head and is throaty and shelly, she stands on fairly good legs and feet. Idstone's Fancy is not, I can assure the owner, of a sort that would have suited the lamented judge and author whose *nom de plume* she bears. Weak head, bad ears, straight hocks, shelly. Not a show bitch. Puppies were a very poor lot. Mr. Davidson handled the classes well.

SETTERS—(MR. DAVIDSON).

First in dogs went to Manitoba Gladstone, a son of Mark J. and Cambria. He is a blue belton, and while not up to high class form has the appearance of a workman; in fact is of a useful sort. His defects are light eyes, muzzle of average length and fairly well formed, yet not as neat as I wish to see; rather tight in lip, a bit plain in stop, carriage of ears not just right, yet not bad; set of forelegs might be better, tail carried somewhat too high. In other respects he will do. Dick Bondhu, from the same kennel, was second, rightly placed; he is a rather undersized white and black that shows more quality than strength. Head not badly formed, but not just right in expression and somewhat deficient in character, neck rather short, good chest, back and shoulders, a trifle weak from the second thigh downward, tail too long and carried high, light in bone, moves freely; a useful-looking second class dog. Sire, Dashing Rover; dam, Duchess Primrose. Count Henricks, vhc., is too plain in head to get to the front of a good class. Gladiator, hc., has poor head, light loin, is tucked up and lacks in position of shoulders. Dick Berwyn, c., has a fairly well formed head, but it is too large in proportion to the size of his body; bad eyes, throaty, great bone. A big, strong dog, built on good lines, but too coarse all over. Clan Warwick, c., is very coarse in head. The others were honest-looking field dogs that have no business in good company. Mr. Davidson got the right one first in bitches. She is a white, black and tan bitch, showing far more quality than power. Muzzle a trifle too light and not clearly cut below the eyes; stop should be deeper and eyebrows a little more prominent; skull well formed; ears good in quality, position and carriage; eyes and expression nearly all that mind can wish; neck long, clean and elegant; back a trifle hollow; loin should be arched (slightly) not flat; short ribs should be deeper; clean shoulders; forelegs not perfectly straight; second thighs light; coat rather short but free from curliness; heavily feathered below the hocks; feet not first-class; moves freely; tail long and badly carried; a specimen that has more than average merit. Sire, Lug-Dhu; dam, Pickles. Manitoba Belle, second prize, a field trial bitch, was rightly placed over her kennel companion Cambria, being better in all points except coat and bend of stifles and hocks. She has a good head, with true setter eye and expression, and would have excellent forelegs if the knees were stronger; feet excellent; body better than average; stern well set; stifles not well bent; hocks very much too straight; coat of good quality but showing curliness throughout; carriage gay; size medium; coat and hindlegs will always put her back when she meets a strong class. Cambria, vhc., is shallow in skull and muzzle, short in ears, not right in eyes, light in bone, wrong in tail, and her forelegs are not in good position; good back and loin; truly formed feet; straight coat of fair quality. An undersized and wiry-looking specimen that has the appearance of a fast mover. Sire, Cambridge; dam, Pet Laverack. Polly, vhc., is sheepish in expression and light in quarters. Pearl Bondhu, vhc., is fairly good in head, stands on good legs and feet, but lacks in coat and in a number of more important points. Lady F., hc., is bad behind. Her head shows some character, but too closely approaches the pointer's in outline and in expression. Dashing Flora, hc., is defective in head, carriage of ears, shoulders and hocks. Kate Gladesse, c., is deficient in head, eyes and ears, but is not badly put up. Western Queen, c., is rather coarse in head and is flat in loin, wrong in set of forelegs and straight behind. Of the four puppies shown I doubt if any will be heard of in the future. Blarney and Nellie graced the Irish setter champion classes. I do not think that the class was much better than at Syracuse or Richmond. There were more entries, but the quality was not much higher than at those shows. Red River Glencho, first prize, is a strong but rather coarse dog. Skull too wide and heavy and not well peaked, muzzle not clearly cut below the eyes and showing slight coarseness from eyes to nose, it is not lacking in length and has sufficient depth and well hung lips; color of eyes too light; ears well formed and properly set; neck should be longer and cleaner; ribs should show more bend, and the short ones should be deeper; back and loin strong; rather light from second thighs to toes; hocks too straight; good shoulders, forelegs and feet; rather leggy and short between the couplings; coat rather short; color rich and bright; stands and moves well. Red River Prince, second prize, is flat in head and his muzzle is too wide; it is not a narrow, clean cut, neat and stylish head like one wants in a dog of this breed; good eyes and expression; ears should be of finer quality, the leather is too thick; neck rather heavy; chest and loin fairly well formed; quarters excellent; good stern and merry tail action; back near loin showing a weak spot; shoulders not just right; useful size; color not first-rate. A useful looking second-class specimen. Mike, vhc., is plain in head and flat in loin. Irish Tom, vhc., has a coarse, stumpy head, is straight behind, flat in loin and gets his tail too high. Red River Jim, hc., has a coarse, sour head, notwithstanding that his sire was that typical headed little dog Bruce. In back and loin there is room for improvement, and he is too straight behind. Mat C. is coarse in head, throaty and wrong in coat, but is useful looking. Nellie H., first in bitches, was, I thought, rather lucky in winning over Berna and Lou III. Defects: Skull flat; stop too wide; muzzle should be deeper; ears too high; expression not quite right; travels too close behind; thick through the shoulders, tail not well carried; color rather too light. She is quite up to show form in other points but her head is too plain to allow of her winning in fairly good company. Berna and Lou III. have been fully described, and recently. Flossy, vhc., is plain in head and bad in color, but has good body. Red River Jessie, vhc., was not on the bench when I called. Juno hc., is snipy, and weedy throughout. One of the puppies, Kildare Maud, may be heard of again; sweet head; fine eye; straight pins; fairly good body; light in bone; bad tail. A five months old specimen showing much quality. Gordons a weak class as usual. Don and Rose the winning champions are well-known. Neither would be in the champion class in England, but here, where anything that is black and tan can win prizes and be described as typical, they are as good as the average. Rory, first in open dog class, is a very coarse dog. I could improve upon him in every point. Jack, second prize, lacks true Gordon character, is very faulty in head, neck, ribs, hindquarters and tail and lacks general quality. Vic, first in bitches, would be outclassed by good ones and the winning puppy would be dear at the catalogue price, $25.

SPANIELS—(MR. DAVIDSON).

Irish water were a useful-looking lot. Two are prize winners at other shows, but I want something vastly better than either. Head, eyes and expression wrong; too small; wrong in back, loin and quarters; too short in legs; coat open instead of close and tight in curl. Not at all the proper thing, gentlemen. Brant and Juno W., looking well, won the champion prizes for cockers, and the bitch, probably on account of being longer in legs than the dog, won the special, the runner-up being Mike, who is about thirty points in a hundred below Brant's form. Life is too short to allow a man to follow "Honest John" through his spaniel judging, but it won't do to have Mike on record as a better specimen than Guy, second prize. I will fully describe both of these dogs. Mike, black with white spot on breast; muzzle neither deep nor clearly cut; ears of good quality and average length, but set too high; eyes and expression just fair; head well carried; neck of wrong formation; chest as flat as a Bedlington terrier's; ribs set in like the legs of a milking stool; loin long, narrow and flat; hindquarters similar to those of the cat, being flat and narrow; stifles and hocks too straight by far; tail carried way up; forefeet flat and turning outward; fairly good coat; travels very close behind; leggy; not a show dog. Guy, although a long way from being a good one, is many points ahead of the winner. He is a black dog with white streak on breast and throat, cheeks a trifle full, muzzle should be deeper and blunter, good ears and expression, body truly formed except that the loin is a trifle light in proportion with build of forepart, excellent behind the hips, stern well set and properly carried, forefeet a trifle out, flat coat, moves well. Busy was best in the bitch class, muzzle snipy, otherwise a fairly good one. Lady, second prize, is very crooked in forelegs and weak in knees and pasterns, snipy and tight lipped; up to show form in other points, but not perfect in any. Clumbers and field spaniels did not show up.

COLLIES—(MR. MASON).

Scotilla, Flurry II., Charleroi II. and Flurry III. took the first prizes in the all-age classes, their only competitor being Fanny Royle, who shows quality and character, but is wretchedly bad in hindlegs. Scotilla, not in good coat and Flurry II. getting worse for wear, left Flurry III. a rather easy winner of the special for best collie in the show. She has improved since I placed her first at Boston and in her present condition can beat any collie in America; a great credit to her breeder. Hold on to this Mr. Harrison—a good one. The winning puppy has good head and general quality but will be weedy when developed.

TERRIERS—(MR. MASON).

Bull-terriers were weak classes and I gave the special to a puppy that out-classed the others in head and is fully as good in other points. Nick, first in fox-terrier dogs, is a very useful terrier, rather weak in foreface, not so strong in loin as he should be and a trifle open in coat, good skull and ears, stands well on good legs and feet. Cotswold Jacko is not first-class in head, stands a bit wide and might be better in legs and feet, nice size, good body and fairly good coat. Zero, first in bitches, is a useful-looking wire-haired one with good body, average legs, moderate head and coat too soft. Fly, second prize, is defective in head, expression, legs and coat. Puppies a poor lot, with Zero an easy winner. The winners in Scotch, Dandie and Irish classes are all well known to readers of FOREST AND STREAM.

TOY DOGS—(MR. MASON).

There were some good ones in these classes. Dr. Cryer won most of the prizes with his well-known team, and there was a very promising youngster in the open class for dogs. His name is Kash. Fairly good skull; muzzle rather long but not pointed; good ears; eyes of more than average size and of good color; wrinkles would improve him; body should be heavier; the outlines are elegant; excellent stern; a trifle leggy; beautiful color; coat could not be better; very gay; the best son of Bradford that I have seen and very much like his sire. Peggie II. crowded Myrtle in the bitch class, and may beat her by and by; quite a promising puppy. Yorkshires bad as usual; short in head and body coat and wrong in color. Philadelphia Charlie, the first prize King Charles spaniel dog, is weedy and deficient in head properties. Topsy, first prize in miscellaneous class, is not right in texture of coat, still she is the nearest approach to a Maltese terrier that I have seen in America. Following is a list of the

AWARDS

MASTIFFS.—CHAMPION—*Dog:* E. T. Woodcock's Wacouta Nap. *Bitch:* Wacouta Kennels' Wacouta Rose.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Chas. E. Thompson's Tiger Royal; 2d, W. P. Rigg's The Moor. Very high com., Dr. G. B. Ayre's Edwy, C. E. Thompson's King Homer, Wacouta Kennels' Lord Raglan. High com., Chas. E. Thompson's Turk, Henry J. Moreton's Prince Cole, Mrs. C. E. Fowler's Bruce. Com., Henry J. Moreton's Nero. *Bitches:* 1st, Wacouta Kennels' Vistula; 2d, G. W. Freeman's Frankie. *Puppies:* 2d, H. L. Alexander's Duke. Special for best kennel not less than four, Wacouta Kennels.

ST. BERNARDS.—ROUGH-COATED—CHAMPION—*Dog:* No entry. *Bitch:* R. J. Sawyer's Lady Athol.—OPEN—*Dogs:* Hiawatha Kennels' Foiko II., 2d, Herzog Bros.'s Rex. High com., Jesse H. Soule's Le Roy and Rex. F. G. & W. A. Topliff's Donatello. *Bitches:* 1st, Wm. H. Dent's Thora; 2d, Hiawatha Kennels' Torie. Very high com., Jesse H. Soule's Naiad, Coughcura Medicine Co.'s Noble Ida. Hiawatha Kennels' Chequasset Minna. Com., Coughcura Medicine Co.'s Merchant Princess, Hiawatha Kennels' Barrina. *Puppies:* 1st, Hiawatha Kennels' Torie. Very high com., Jesse H. Soule's Rex and Queen.—SMOOTH-COATED—CHAMPION—*Dogs:* Absent. *Bitches:* No entries.—OPEN—*Dogs:* Absent. *Bitches:* 1st, Herzog Bros.'s Blanca. *Puppies:* No entries. Special for the best kennel rough or smooth-coated, not less than four, Hiawatha Kennels.

LEONBERGER.—*Dogs:* 1st, Miss Mary Wellesby's Monarch. *Bitches:* No entries.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—*Dogs:* 1st, H. E. Hullsick's Nero. *Bitches:* 2d, Rachel A. Soule's Gyp.

GREAT DANES.—CHAMPION—*Dog:* Osceola Kennels' champion Don Cæsar. *Bitch:* No entries.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Wm. H. Thurston's Cæsar; 2d, Herzog Bros.'s Moro. Very high com, Geo. H. Bushnell's Grand Duke. High com., Osceola Kennels' Count Vlademir. For the best kennel not less than four, Osceola Kennels. *Bitches:* 1st, Osceola Kennels' Donna Minca; 2d, Herzog Bros.'s Teufel. Very high com., Osceola Kennels' Flora. Com., Osceola Kennels' Cosette. *Puppies:* 2d, Wm. H. Thurston's unnamed.

DEERHOUNDS.—CHAMPION—S. W. Skinner, Jr.'s Mac.—OPEN—1st, S. W. Skinner, Jr.'s Fergus; 2d, S. W. Skinner, Jr.'s Oscar. *Bitches:* 1st, A. G. Stoddard's Phillis; 2d, S. W. Skinner, Jr.'s Hylda. Very high com., S. W. Skinner, Jr.'s Heatherbelle. *Puppies:* 1st and 2d, A. G. Stoddard's unnamed. Best kennel not less than four, S. W. Skinner, Jr.

GREYHOUNDS.—CHAMPION—No entries.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Wm. F. Peet's Launcelot; 2d, W. H. Crary's Pegg. *Bitches:* 1st, W. H. Crary's Pearl.

CHESAPEAKE BAY DOGS.—ROUGH-COATED.—*Dogs:* 1st, J. W. Stevens's Dick; 2d, Osceola Kennels' Drake. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Osceola Kennels' Miss Fortune and La Porte.—SMOOTH-COATED—*Bitches:* 1st, Lake Side Kennels' Gympsc; 2d, Osceola Kennels' Traitress. Very high com., Osceola Kennels' Dundee.—*Puppies*—ROUGH AND SMOOTH-COATED—1st and 2d, Osceola Kennels' Water and Foam. Best kennel Chesapeakes, Osceola Kennels.

POINTERS.—LARGE—CHAMPION—No entries.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Dr. Hansen's Duke; 2d, L. C. Gould and J. M. Ingraham's Dash Ranger. Very high com., Dr. Hansen's Cato. High com., Northwestern Kennels' Bill Bow. Com., Otto Adler's Bello. *Bitches:* 1st, B. F. Lewis' Venice; 2d, Lakeside Kennels' Lilly Schultz. Very high com., Otto Adler's Fanny.—SMALL—CHAMPION—*Dogs:* No entries. *Bitches:* Columbus Kennels' Queen Boyd.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Des Moines Pointer Kennels' Donald IV.; 2d, Frank Simpson's Tom. Com., Northwestern Kennels' Western Bang-Bang. *Bitches:* Des Moine Pointer Kennels' Lady Price; 2d, Northwestern Kennels' Countess Flora. Very high com., The Elms Kennels' Floss Bang. High com., Columbus Kennels' Idstone's Fancy. Com., The Elms Kennels' Lady Queen, John Ure, Jr.'s Queen Badger.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, King Don Pointer Kennels' Lad King Don. High com., The Elms Kennels' Knight of Elms. Com., The Elms Kennels' Rex of Elms.—*Bitches:* 1st, Northwestern Kennels' Queen Bow; 2d, W. S. Monroe's Lady Anna. Best kennel of pointers, Northwestern Kennels.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—CHAMPION—No entries.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, Manitoba Kennels' Manitoba Gladstone and Dick Bondhu. Very high com., J. J. Snellenburg's Count Henricks. High com., Edward Edmunds' Gladiator. Com., Charles Thompson's Dick Berwyn, The Elms Kennels' Trumpeter.—*Bitches:* 1st, The Elms Kennels' Countess Amelia; 2d, Manitoba Kennels' Manitoba Belle. Very high com., Manitoba Kennels' Cambria, B. F. Lewis' Polly, Columbus Kennels' Pearl Bondhu. High com., A. A. Bogen's Dashing Flora, John Pfister's Lady F. Com., John Ure, Jr.'s Kate Gladesse, A. A. Bogen's Western Queen.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, Northwestern Kennels' Duke of St. Paul; 2d, The Elms Kennels' Monk of Li nem. *Bitches:* 1st, Ed Edmunds' Ice Palace Beauty; 2d, F. J. Chipman's Gladiator Kate. Best kennel not less than four, Manitoba Kennels.

IRISH SETTERS.—CHAMPION—*Dog:* E. W. Clark, Jr.'s Blarney. *Bitch:* Chas. H. Thompson's champion Nellie.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, Hanly Bros.'s Red River Glencho and Red River Prince. Very high com., The Elms Kennels' Irish Tom and Northwestern Kennels' Mike. High com., Hanly Bros.'s Red River Jim. Com., Chas. M. Seebrock's Mat. *Bitches:* 1st, Henry Schubert's Nellie H.; 2d, Dr. E. E. Kirk's Berna. Very high com., Hanly Bros.'s Red River Jessie, Oscar Jones's Flossy and Columbus Kennels' Lou III. High com., John J. Ahern's Juno. Com., The Elms Kennels' Jess.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, Lake Side Kennels' Minnie Morris *Bitches:* 1st, Lake Side Kennels' Kildare Maud; 2d, R. J. Goette's Belle. Best kennel not less than 4, Hanly Bros.

BLACK AND TAN SETTERS.—CHAMPION—*Dog:* W. E. Rothermel's Don. *Bitch:* Walter S. Hammett's champion Rose.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Northwestern Kennels' Rosy; 2d, E. L. Shackford's Jack. *Bitches:* 1st, B. F. Lewis's Vic. *Puppies:* 2d, Northwestern Kennels' Nellie Gordon.

IRISH WATER SPANIELS.—CHAMPION—B. F. Lewis's Jess.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, The Elms' Kennels' Dan J. *Bitches:* 1st, The Elms Kennels' Mollie S. *Puppies:* 2d, Miss Nettie Pfister's Joe Murphy.

CLUMBER SPANIELS.—No entries.

FIELD SPANIELS.—ANY COLOR, OVER 28LBS.—No entries.

COCKER SPANIELS.—OVER 28LBS.—CHAMPION—*Dog:* Brant Cocker Kennels' Brant. *Bitch:* Brant Cocker Kennels Juno W.—ANY COLOR EXCEPT BLACK.—OPEN.—1st, Brant Cocker Kennels' Pearl; 2d, Osceola Kennels' Patter, Very high com., G, G

Thorne's Gyp. High com., H. B. Thorne's Shena. Com., Wm F. Peet's Dora.—BLACK—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Brant Cocker Kennels' Mike; 2d, Osceola Hennels' Guy. Very high com., J. W. Stevens' Ben. High com., Osceola Kennels' Tanie. *Bitches:* 1st, Brant Cocker Kennels' Busy; 2d, Brant Cocker Kennels' Lady. Very high com., Osceola Kennels' Black Sis. High com., Osceola Kennels' Daughter. Com., Osceola Kennels' Flora. *Puppies:* 1st, Osceola Kennels' Maude. Best kennel of cockers, Brant Cocker Kennels.

BEAGLES.—CHAMPION—Woodbrook Kennels' Lou.—OPEN—No entries.

DACHSHUNDE—1st, B. F. Lewis's Jill; 2d, J. S. Haack's Grit.

FOXHOUNDS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Chas. Lehmann's Schneider; 2d, Miss Anna K. Stryker's Fritz.

COLLIES.—CHAMPION—*Dog:* Chestnut Hill Kennels' champion Scotilla. *Bitch:* Chestnut Hill Kennels' champion Flurry II.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Charleroi II. *Bitches:* 1st, Chestnut Hill Kennel's Flurry III. *Puppies:* 1st, Hugh A. Wetmore's Effie. Best kennel not less than four, Chestnut Hill Kennels.

BULLDOGS.—CHAMPION—No entries.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, J. W. Niblette's The Judge. *Bitches:* 2d, Thos. Patter's Hillside Queen *Puppies:* No entries.

BULL-TERRIERS—OVER 25LBS.—CHAMPION—No entries.—OPEN—2d, John Callahan's Ned.—UNDER 25LBS.—2d, Wm. Mariner's Venture. *Puppies:* 1st, Wm. Mariner's Vic; 2d, The Elms Kennels' Ruth.

FOX-TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Louis W. Hill's Nick; 2d, W. B. Robinson's Cotswold Jacko. Very high com., Louis W. Hill's Pete. High com., W. H. B. Medd's Frank. *Puppies:* 1st, W. H. B. Medd's Zero; 2d, Louis W. Hill's Pete. Very high com., W. H. B. Medd's Raffle. High com., W. H. B. Medd's Frost, A. E. Pitt's Blemton Deacon, G. C. Maclagan's John L. Sullivan. Best kennel, not less than four, L. W. Hill.

SCOTCH TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, John H. Naylor's Lowrie Dunbar. *Bitches:* John H. Naylor's Rosie.

DANDIE DINMONT TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, John H. Naylor's Border Clinker; 2d, John H. Naylor's Bonnie Briton. *Bitches:* J. H. Naylor's champion Pansy.

SKYE TERRIERS.—1st, Dr. M. H. Cryer's Gladstone Boy; 2d, John H. Naylor's Dollie.

IRISH TERRIERS.—1st and 2d, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Breda Tiny and Breda Jim.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—No entries. For best collection of terriers not otherwise classified, J. H. Naylor.

PUGS.—CHAMPION—*Dog:* Dr. M. H. Cryer's Dude. *Bitch:* Dr. M. H. Cryer's champion Bessie.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, A. E. Pitts's Kash; 2d, Dr. M. H. Cryer's Othello. Very high com., Mrs. John S. Barnes's Oscar. *Bitches:* 1st, Dr. M. H. Cryer's Myrtle; 2d, Geo. Gillivan's Peggie II. Very high com., Fred. E. G. Fischer's Pinkie. High com., Coughcura Medicine Co.'s Tony. *Puppies:* 1st, Geo. Gillivan's Peggie II.; 2d, Mrs. John S. Barnes's Ruby. Best kennel not less than four, Dr. M. H. Cryer.

KING CHARLES SPANIELS.—1st, Robert Crissy's Philadelphia Charley.

BLENHEIM SPANIELS.—1st, Morris Dallett's Little Banjo.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—1st and 2d, Mrs. Thomas Race's Jack and Gypsy.

MISCELLANEOUS.—OVER 25LBS.—Withheld.—UNDER 25LBS.—Miss Ida Ormo's Topsy.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

Best mastiff owned in St. Paul, Tiger Royal; puppy, Duke; in open class, Tiger Royal. St. Bernard owned in St. Paul, Folko II.; in show, Lady Athol; best collection, Hiawatha Kennels. Great Dane in show, champion Don Cæsar; collection of Great Danes, Osceola Kennels. Kennel deerhounds, S. W. Skinner, Jr.; in show, Pearl. Best Chesapeake Bay owned in St. Paul, Dick and Gympse equal; Chesapeake puppy in show, Water; Chesapeake dog or bitch in show, Dick and Gympse equal; collection of Chesapeake dogs, Osceola Kennels; Chesapeake Bay dog exhibited by member of the club, Dick. Pointer dog or bitch, Lady Price; owned in St. Paul, Dash Ranger; collection from Minnesota, Wisconsin or Dakota, Northwestern Kennels. English setter puppy in show, Duke of St. Paul; English setter, Countess Amelia; pair, Manitoba Gladstone and Manitoba Belle; puppy, Duke of St. Paul. Irish setter, Blarney; puppy, Kildare Maud; collection from Minnesota, Wisconsin, or Dakota, Hanly Bros. Black and tan setter in open class, Vic; puppy, Nellie Gordon; collection, Rory and Nellie Gordon. Irish water spaniel, Jess; collection, Dan J. and Mollie S. Cocker spaniel, Juno W.; puppy, Maude. Beagle, Lou. Foxhound, Schneider. Collie, Flurry III.; kennel, Chestnut Hill Kennels. Bulldog or bitch, The Judge. Bull-terrier, Vice. Fox-terrier owned in Minnesota, Nick. Pug, Dude. Most creditable entry from Minneapolis, Monarch. Best entry by a lady, Monarch. Sporting dog from Minnesota, Wisconsin, Dakota and Iowa, Lady Price. Best setter, Blarney. Toy dog, Dude. Collection of non-sporting dogs, Chestnut Hill Kennels. Largest collection sporting dogs, Elms Kennels. Collection of terriers, J. H. Naylor. Largest dog in show, Monarch. Collection of water dogs, Osceola Kennels. Dog or bitch unclassified under 25lbs., Topsy. Decorated stall, Mrs. Race. Largest collection of Chesapeakes, Osceola Kennels. Largest showing of setters, Elms Kennels.

DOG TALK.

THE Robins Island Field Trials will be run Dec. 17, 18 and 19. Entries will close Nov. 15, and should be sent to Mr. Samuel B. Duryea, 47 Remsen street, Brooklyn. The prizes in All-Age Stake are silver-mounted belt, silver-mounted whip and silver whistle; in Derby Stake, silver collar, and Brace Stake, silver cup. Entry fee, $5. The Robins Island Club trials are one of the most enjoyable field trial events of the year. The members gather in the handsome club house and good fellowship reigns supreme.

Mr. J. W. Renfroe advises us that reduced railroad fares will be secured for those who attend the Southern trials.

The National Dog Club has announced to the American Kennel Club an expression of its readiness to co-operate with the latter in advancing kennel interests. The great majority of individual breeders would rejoice to see harmony reign, and they will approve the manly course of the National's committee in this latest step, which indeed is exactly in line with what has been the policy of the club since its organization.

"Clumber" wishes us to say that in his note on the dog's sense of smell, in our last issue, he wrote wily grouse instead of early grouse. The grouse is both wily and early, and one has to get up early in the morning to get ahead of him.

In Indiana field trials entries King's Girl named as owned by J. H. Lewis, is the property of Mr. John H. Law, of Cincinnati, O., who has done so much as a State Fish and Game Commissioner, to advance the interests of sportsmen in Ohio. King's Girl is a lemon bitch, by King's Boy out of Dadie L.

The Pacific Coast Field Trial Club anticipates a very successful meeting in January in Kern county. Birds are plentiful, and a large tract of country is being preserved and looked after by the Knights of the Trigger, a wide-awake club of Bakersfield sportsmen.

Dr. Ayers, of Omaha, Nebraska, says that the liveliest interest is being taken in the improvement in dogs in that city, and that a kennel club has lately been formed for the breeding of the English mastiff. A grand bench show is contemplated by Omaha for next year, as she does not wish to be behind Kansas City if she can help it. This is a good idea. There are numbers of good dogs of all classes scattered throughout the Mississippi Valley.

The Jacksonville *Times-Union* tells this story of one of the humors of the yellow fever times: Among those home physicians who have worked untiringly, day and night, throughout this long epidemic, none is deserving of more praise than Dr. Joseph A. Pacetti. From the very outset his services have been constantly called into requisition, for his thorough acquaintance with yellow fever in every form inspired confidence in his ability to deal successfully with it. Not until recently has he been given any rest. His services have been rendered to all alike, rich and poor, and although the number of patients under his charge aggregates several hundred, this practice has not yielded him a revenue one-half so large as has been the case during the same months in previous years. This, in general, has been the experience of the home physicians—but they make no complaints, nor do they rush to City Councils and Boards of Health to get resolutions passed in their favor. Dr. Pacetti has been remarkably successful in his treatment of yellow fever so far; his average death rate will be found quite as low, if not lower, than those of any of the Jacksonville physicians. A neighbor of Dr. Pacetti's tells this story on him: One night last week a man rang the Doctor's door-bell furiously at about 12.30 o'clock—just as he had fallen to sleep. He awoke and rushed to the window to learn who was sick or dying. The visitor said: "Your brother's dog is poisoned. Come quick and see him." This was too much for the tired Doctor. He yelled out: "I haven't any brother in Jacksonville, and they haven't left any dogs here. If you've got a sick dog, give him a dose of castor oil. Now get out!" "But, Doctor, supposin' the oil don't do any good? I'll be back again soon!" "You come back here and I'll shoot you!"—and down went the window with a slam. "I have to draw the line on dogs," said the Doctor to his neighbor next morning.

Mr. Chas. D. Cugle, of the Capitol City Kennels, Hartford, Conn., has lost by death his St. Bernard Dom Pedro. He writes that the dog died of diarrhœa, contracted going to the Richmond show, and pneumonia brought on from exposure and neglect coming from the show. "He lost 24lbs. going down, coming home Adams Express Co. had the kindness to keep him on the road for three days, when he should have come through in twenty-four hours."

Mr. F. F. Dole has recently imported a black and tan terrier dog that he is greatly pleased with, and thinks he is good enough to clean out all competitors at the shows next spring. He is about 15 months old, and is by the well-known Halifax General and out of Lady Lattle. He was purchased for Mr. Dole by Mr. L. P. C. Astley.

The sire of Fritz III., No. 6569 A.K.R., is Zoe, not Doc.

THE SPANIELS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Thanks, many thanks to Mr. Fellows for his invitation to come "out of my dense cover," but while I am a long way from being ashamed of my name and residence, I don't propose to disclose them at his command. It is my business, not his, if I choose to write under a *nom de plume*, and it is my custom always to follow my own line, not that dictated by others.

I would preface my remarks by apologizing fully to Mr. Fellows for the statement I made which he states to be incorrect. Five years is a good long time to remember minutely a thing of that sort, and I must have mixed up the $100 and multiplied it by ten. However, that is neither here nor there, and, as is my custom when in the wrong, I apologize. To Mr. Fellows's first question I would say that I have not $1,000 to put up on a dog race. In the noble game of "draw" the bold player with a long purse often "bluffs" out a better hand. Mr. Fellows appears to be pretty dab at "polker talk" and I presume knows that. I for one was "shut out" and unable to "call" Mr. Fellows's hand. That mythical $1,000 "choked" me. By the way, I see that "Onlooker" too thought the challenge for $1,000. What have I been doing the last five years? Mr. Fellows asks. Why, working my dogs all my spare time each fall, showing them now and then, and always winning, too.

I note that according to the challenge as given by Mr. Fellows, Silk and Daisy were backed against any "brace of cockers in America." How in the name of common sense can Silk be "champion field trial spaniel" in that case, when Irish water, Clumber, Sussex and field spaniels were barred? Will Mr. Fellows kindly explain and insert the word cocker in the title. Then again the challenge was for a brace and Silk is therefore but one of the "champion brace of field trial cocker spaniels by default." No, Silk has no right to the title Mr. Fellows claims for him.

Yes, I've put in some of the five years at training and accept Mr. Fellows's congratulations as offered with thanks, for I'm quite confident in my own mind that from what I have heard that I own two, three, yes, perhaps four dogs able to give Silk points and a beating.

I thank Mr. Fellows for his "spider to the fly" invitation to go to Hornell for a match. Really, Mr. Fellows's "nerve" astounds me. No, if ever my dogs run in a match it will be on neutral ground, under neutral judges. I will not ask nor give advantages, no matter how certain I may feel of winning. Perhaps he would wish me also to use a strange gun, while he uses his own old stand by.

I had thought, erroneously as it seems, that Mr. Fellows would have been the first to support me in my demand for regular spaniel trials. He has written so much on the deterioration of the modern cocker as regards work afield, both in prose and verse (?) that one would suppose he would be in favor of showing up the "dachs-weasels." But, alas for human judgment, it is not so.

When the Spaniel Club or any other reputable club holds spaniel field trial I will be there and hope to meet Mr. Fellows and his dogs also. QUESTER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I fail to see just what "An Onlooker" is barking at. "Quester" thought he had treed something, and now the "Onlooker" barks up the same tree, but he is like all skulkers, *i. e.*, those who hide as they do behind a *nom de plume*. The proper thing for me to do would be to pass all such boys by and pay no attention to their lucubrations.

I did not make a name and repution on paper, but by practical breeding and exhibiting. It is now thirteen years since a cocker I bred won first at a bench show in America. Your correspondent should stick to facts; they are stubborn things that no amount of personal vituperation can alter. I have never yet exhibited but what I won something; and at Buffalo in the best class of cockers ever seen at a show, in any other color than black I won first, second and third, first in puppies and special; special for best kennel of red or buff spaniels; should have had first in novice class only for the clerk's mistake. One of Hornell Silk's get won the highest honor in America, the National Dog Club medal. So it is safe to remark that instead of not winning I did win at the 'Buffalo district." I can win at Boston. So, Mr. "Onlooker," you come out of your hole. Neither of us know who is to judge there. I name Hornell Fancy, Buff, Velda, Dick and Martha. I shall expect you to name your string the week after this appears; the stake to be a medal or piece of plate. If any other kennel thinks we have no good dogs to suit the present style, I will show one each of the following colors: black, black and white, liver, liver and white, red, buff, and black, white and tan, or black and tan, same place and stakes.

Let "An Onlooker" read the standard and discuss it in a decent manner. I aim to be a gentleman at all times. I shall "write no book" nor shall I "sit down" until the sporting spaniel is in its proper place. Now let some of the kids who are ashamed of their names whack your special London reporter who started this thing. J. OTIS FELLOWS.

HORNELLSVILLE, N. Y.

INDIANA KENNEL CLUB.

INDIANAPOLIS, Oct. 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The real difference between Mr. Anthony and the Indiana Kennel Club may be of some interest to the public, and while in process of settlement should not be obscured by a cloud of personalities entirely irrelevant to the subject.

That a better understanding may be had, and simple justice done all concerned, the club offers this plain statement of facts, together with a brief resumé of the case from the beginning:

The question originally at issue was whether or not Mr. Mitchell should be allowed to handle dogs in the forthcoming trials at Bicknell; and it is admitted that the club first broached the subject. The gist of the correspondence is here reproduced and the "deadly parallel columu" is used as the most effective method of presenting it.

INDIANAPOLIS, May 1.—*Jas. L. Anthony, Esq.:* * * * While this club has no grievance against Mr. Mitchell * * * ye cannot consent to his handling at our trials until he is reinstated by the Eastern Club. * * * P. T. MADISON, Sec'y.

NEW YORK, May 3—*P. T. Madison, Esq.:* * * * As I have already informed Mr. Isgrigg, I do not blame your club for the position they take. * * * With kindest regards, very sincerely yours, JAS. L. ANTHONY.

It will be seen that in the beginning the club's position was firmly taken and plainly stated, and that it had at least the negative approval of Mr. Anthony, who kindly refrained from blaming us. His letter closed with an excess of cordiality that was appreciated, and it was followed by another the very next day, in which he said "I would gladly do anything I could in any way to add to the success of your trials," etc.

Granting the gentleman's sincerity—and no one then questioned it—it is plain that his subsequent displeasure with the club had its origin in something other than the refusal to recognize Mr. Mitchell. Proof of this is found in the following extract from his letter of July 12 and the club's rejoinder, dated July 24:

NEW YORK, July 12.—*P. T. Madison, Secretary:* I am informed that your club has refused to allow Mitchell to handle at your trials, having sustained the action of the Eastern.

If, of course, the charges sent you by the Eastern are in your opinion sufficient to sustain your action, you are the sole judges. * * *—JAS. L. ANTHONY.

INDIANAPOLIS, July 24.—*Jas. L. Anthony, Esq.:* * * * The question before us was whether our club should sustain the action of other clubs in general, and the Eastern in particular, in placing bars on handlers for what they consider sufficient grounds. * * * Our club sustained the Eastern in the matter.—P. T. MADISON, Secretary,

The remainder of the letter of July 12 offers the first glimpse of Mr. Anthony's actual interest in the club's action.

The complaint that the Eastern Club had refused Mr. Mitchell and his friends a copy of the charges against him, and the insinuation that the Indiana Club was guilty of injustice in declining to divulge what had been intrusted to it in strict confidence, created the belief that Mr. Anthony's real purpose had been to obtain from us the information denied him by the club directly interested, and that whether or not Mitchell was allowed to handle was a minor consideration.

(Right here, the club disavows Mr. Samuel's statement that it thought Mr. Heath and Mr. Farnham were in the conspiracy. There was absolutely nothing to justify the inference).

Here the Mitchell matter ended, and with it Mr. Anthony's prospective career as a field trial judge. He was guilty of a gross and unwarranted imputation against the club's fairness and honesty, and the resentment found quick expression in a unanimous vote of dismissal.

The suspicion that Mr. Anthony had sought the appointment grew out of the fact that his selection was due to Mr. Isgrigg, and the latter's oft-repeated statement that after the appointment was made Mr. Anthony sold him a dog at greatly reduced figures in order that he might be run in the Indiana trials. The inference was plain, and together with what appeared to be suspicious interest in the Mitchell case, confirmed the growing belief that the club had been imposed upon. The publication of the correspondence between Messrs. Anthony and Isgrigg dispels that belief, and the club retracts the insinuation which the former gentleman complains of as libelous.

While jealous of its good reputation and quick to resent aspersions upon it, the Indiana Kennel Club is equally ready to undo a wrong to any individual. If Mr. Anthony had corresponded with the club on club business, instead of one of its members, this trouble would never have occurred. It had its origin, its continuation and its culmination in his misplaced confidence in an irresponsible mischief-maker.

By order of the Board,
P. T. MADISON, Sec'y. D. C. BERGUNDTHAL, Pres.

LET THEM WHICKER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Some one who has been interested in the cry of the coon suggest that the writer mistook the cry of the little flitting owl for that of the coon. My experience goes a little further than guess work, having not only heard the coon, but having on a good many occasions watched him while exercising his voice. SUBSCRIBER.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa.

Editor Forest and Stream:

At a meeting of the Elmira Sportsmen's Club, held at their rooms Tuesday evening, Oct. 23, fifteen members present, it was unanimously voted to let 'em whicker. Does not this settle the important question? If not we will call another meeting. I voted on this question in 1840. NILMAH.

ELMIRA, New York.

"THE GREYHOUND" is the title of a monograph by Hugh Dalziel, treating of the modern greyhound; coursing, breeding, rearing and training. An appendix gives a list of the Waterloo winners. It is a valuable and helpful work for breeders. The frontispiece is a life-colored lithograph of Mr. D. H. Owen's Lady Shrewsbury (Happy Lad—Rowena). For sale at his office; price $1.25.

KENNEL NOTES.

Notes must be sent on prepared blanks, which are furnished free on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope of large letter size. Sets of 20 of any one form, bound for retaining duplicates, are sent for 30 cents.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Ingomar and Yonnie. By Hornell-Harmony Kennels, Covert, N. Y., for black, white and tan beagle dog and bitch, whelped Aug. 31, 1888, by Royal Krueger (A.K.R. 6364) out of Una (A.K.R. 1324).

Ralph and Leslie. By Hornell-Harmony Kennels, Covert, N. Y., for black, white and tan beagle dogs, whelped Aug. 14, 1888, by Royal Krueger (A.K.R. 6364) out of Betty (A.K.R. 2910).

Zazel, Velvet, Kathleen and Vanessa. By Hornell-Harmony Kennels, Covert, N. Y., for black, white and tan beagle bitches, whelped Aug. 14, 1888, by Royal Krueger (A.K.R. 6364) out of Betty (A.K.R. 2910).

Lady Vegas. By C. W. Littlejohn, Leesburg, Va., for lemon and white pointer bitch, whelped Aug. 10, 1888, by Bang Bang out of Tele Doe (champion Fritz, A.K.R. 1551—Virginia, A.K.R. 1357).

Rural Boy, Rural Ranger, Rural Pride and Rural Rip. By Rural Kennels, Wakefield, Mass., for one black, white and tan, one

lemon and white, and two black and white English setter dogs, whelped Sept. 3, 1888, by Leigh Belton (Yale Belton—Princess Lily) out of Rural Neva (Pride of Dixie—Fairy Belle).

Rural Girl, Rural Nellie and Rural Lily. By Rural Kennels, Wakefield, Mass., for one black and white and two lemon and white English setter bitches, whelped Sept. 3, 1888, by Leigh Belton (Yale Belton—Princess Lily) out of Rural Neva (Pride of Dixie—Fairy Belle).

Lady Foreman. By Jas. W. Wood, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., for lemon and white ticked English setter bitch, whelped May 28, 1888, by Prince Foreman (Foreman—Jolly Nell) out of Countess Peg (Fairy King—Countess Floy).

Iron King. By J. S. Millspaugh, Williamsport, Pa., for dark red Irish setter dog, whelped April 21, 1888, by Redstone (Shot—Katie Gates) out of Lillie Ban (champion Glencho—Lillie Malone.

O'Donovan Rossa. By Michael Flynn, Jr., Bristol, R. I., for dark red Irish setter dog, whelped June 27, 1888, by Sarsfield (Garryowen—Currer Bell II.) out of Nino (champion Elcho—champion Noreen).

Westchester County Breeding Kennels. By Geo. J. Rupprecht, New York, for his kennels of mastiffs and St. Bernards.

BRED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Fan—Royal Krueger. Hornell-Harmony Kennels' (Covert, N. Y.) beagle bitch Fan to their Royal Krueger (A.K.R. 6363), Oct. 11.

Pussie—Royal Krueger. Hornell-Harmony Kennels' (Covert, N. Y.) beagle bitch Pussie (A.K.R. 5983) to their Royal Kruger (A.K. R. 6364), Oct. 7.

Flora—Kilmarnock Bruce. Dr. W. A. Hitchcock's (Malden, Mass.) collie bitch Flora to Kilmarnock Collie Kennels' Kilmarnock Bruce (champion Marcus—Drumlin Isle), Sept. 19.

Nydia—Edwy. Dr. Geo. B. Ayres's (Omaha, Neb.) mastiff bitch Nydia (Clement—Ashmont Queen) to his Edwy (champion Orlando—Countess of Woodlands), Oct. 19.

Ashmont Queen—Edwy. Holmes & Taylor's (Omaha, Neb.) mastiff bitch Ashmont Queen (Major—Clio) to Dr. Geo. B. Ayres's Edwy (champion Orlando—Countess of Woodlands), June 15.

Molly Beaufort—Fashion. R. E. Westlake's (Waverley, Pa.) pointer bitch Molly Beaufort (Robert le Diable—Beau Beaufort) to Jacob Pentz's Fashion (champion Donald—champion Revel III.), Oct. 13.

Nell Gwynne—Fashion. F. S. Underhill's (Newark, N. J.) pointer bitch Nell Gywnne to Jacob Pentz's Fashion (champion Donald—champion Revel III.), Sept. 27.

Jane—Fashion. F. J. L. Lane's (Newark, N. J.) pointer bitch Jane (sensation—Lill) to Jacob Pentz's Fashion (champion Donald—champion Revel III.), Sept. 3.

Lillias—Beverwyck Tippler. Jas. E. Unks's (Bowling Green, O.) fox-terrier bitch Lillias (Splaugor—Blemton Lilly) to Beverwyck Kennels' Beverwyck Tippler (Bacchanal—Blemton Thyme), Oct. 27.

WHELPS.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Jessie. Somerset Kennels' (Bernardsville, N. J.) beagle bitch Jessie (Ranger—Lucy II.), Oct. 21, six (four dogs), by their Jupiter (champion Lee—Saad).

Kate W. Hornell-Harmony Kennels' (Covert, N. Y.) beagle bitch Kate W. (A.K.R. 6363), Oct. 19, five (two dogs), by their Royal Krueger (A.K.R. 6364).

Baby W. Hornell-Harmony Kennels' (Covert, N. Y.) beagle bitch Baby W. (Cameron's Racket—Pussie), Oct. 10, six (three dogs), by their Royal Krueger (A.K.R. 6304).

Nan. J. P. Swain, Jr.'s (Bronxville, N. Y.) pointer bitch Nan (A.K.R. 855), Oct. 21, six (two dogs), by C. J. Peshall's Nick of Naso (A.K.R. 4391).

Natation. Hornell-Harmony Kennels' (Covert, N. Y.) pointer bitch Natation (Nick of Naso—Temptation), Oct. 6, nine (eight dogs), by Dr. C. C. Sears's Bang's Royal Rock (Trinket's Bang—Bell Devil).

Patti Rosa. C. W. Littlejohn's (Leesburg, Va.) pointer bitch Patti Rosa (Croxteth—Patti M.), Oct. 22, four (three dogs), by his champion Fritz (Beaufort, A.K.R. 634—Spot, A.K.R. 1351).

Sally. Geo. Langeran's (Yonkers, N. Y.) Irish setter bitch Sally (Chief—Princess Alice), Oct. 14, seven (six dogs), by Dr. W. Jarvis's Elcho, Jr. (Elcho—Noreen).

Blondella. H. R. Turnure's (Closter, N. J.) Irish setter bitch Blondella (Snap—Forster's Maud), Oct. 5, eleven (three dogs), by Miss Turnure's Handy Andy (Glencho—Tara).

Bell. E. G. Carleton's (Boston, Mass.) Yorkshire terrier bitch Bell, Sept. 25, two bitches, by P. H. Coombs's Bradford Harry (Crawshaw's Bruce—Beale's Lady).

SALES.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Jupiter—Nightshade whelps. Two beagle dogs, whelped July 6, 1886, by Somerset Kennels, Bernardsville, N. J., to L. A. Coupia, New York.

Kilmarnock Angus. Black, white and tan collie dog, whelped Aug. 20, 1888, by Bruce of the Fylde out of Drumlin Isle, by Kilmarnock Collie Kennels, Braintree, Mass., to A. L. Thorndike, Brookline, Mass.

Empress of Wacouta. Mastiff bitch (A.K.R. 6377), by Wacouta Kennels, Chicago, Ill., to H. C. Walton, Gananoque, Ont.

Protection. Mastiff bitch, age and pedigree not given, by Wacouta Kennels, Chicago, Ill., to Jas. B. Sturtevant, Stillwater, Minn.

Wacouta Sybil. Mastiff bitch, age and pedigree not given, by Wacouta Kennels, Chicago, Ill., to N. C. Royster, Birmingham, Ala.

Beech Grove King Agrippa. Fawn mastiff dog, whelped May 20, 1887, by Rover II. out of Jule or Julie, by Geo. Jackson, Beech Grove, Ind., to Mrs. Wm. G. Harley, Minneapolis, Minn.

Trinket. Dark fawn pug bitch, age not given, by Dandy out of Bang Blossom, by Warner & Hamilton, Canaan Four Corners, N. Y., to Willis Cure, Hudson, N. Y.

Royal Albert II. and Princess Royal. Blue belton English setter dog and blue belton and tan bitch, whelped June 9, 1887, by Royal Albert out of Maida, by G. L. V. Tyler, West Newton, Mass., to Dr. Jas. E. Hair, Bridgeport, Conn.

Tory Paul. Black, white and tan English setter dog, whelped June 24, 1888, by Paul Gladstone out of Alida, by Mt. Washington Kennels, Pittsburgh, Pa., to Jas. McKnight, same place.

Gun—Dora Gladstone whelp. Black, white and tan English setter dog, whelped June 4, 1888, by Chas. York, Bangor, Me., to F. D. Brown, Mt. Morris, N. Y.

Iron King. Dark red Irish setter dog, whelped April 21, 1888, by Redstone out of Lillie Ban, by A. W. Pearsall, Huntington, L. I., to J. H. Millspaugh, Williamsport, Pa.

Somerset Mike—Tussle whelp. Fox-terrier bitch, whelped May 7, 1887, by Somerset Kennels, Bernardsville, N. J., to R. H. Post, Cambridge, Mass.

Beverwyck Trap. White, black and tan fox-terrier dog, whelped March 14, 1888, by Dusky Trap out of Daze, by Beverwyck Kennels, Albany, N. Y., to Jas. E. Unks, Bowling Green, O.

Sir Wallace.—Editor Forest and Stream: I see among the sales of dogs, in your issue of Oct. 11, that of Sir Wallace. The following mistakes, which are very misleading, occur, and I shall be obliged if you can spare space to correct them: First, Sir Wallace cannot well have been whelped on Dec. 7, 1888, as we have not yet arrived there. Of course it should be 1887. Second, the names of the purchasers are Messrs. Arthur Wallack and Wm. Yardley, not Walseck; and third, their address is the Waverley Kennels, Noroton, Conn., not Newtown. I know my excellent friend A. R. Kyle's cacography is responsible for these mistakes. —W. YARDLEY.

DEATHS.

Daisy. Whelped April, 1880, by Glenmark out of Girl, owned by F. Scott.

Dom Pedro. St. Bernard dog, owned by Capitol City Kennels, Hartford, Conn.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

A. S. H., Wakefield, Mass.—My setter puppies from their birth seem to have a sort of humor that covers the body, and matter discharges from it and dries on the coat. The bitch does not seem to have it, but did have the same on tips of ears some time ago. The pups are very rugged and strong, but I do not like the matter on their bodies and legs. Ans. The puppies are too young to dose with medicine or even wash yet. Give the mother a few (5) drops of Fowler's solution of arsenic in her food twice daily.

ALL ABOUT FERRETS AND RATS. A complete history of Ferrets, Rats and Rat Extermination, etc. By Sure Pop (Adolph Isaacsen). Paper, 15 cents. Adolph Isaacsen, 92 Fulton street, New York. Adolph Isaacsen, who makes a business of breeding ferrets, has issued a very instructive work on ferrets and rats, and the efficacy of the former in getting rid of the latter. The book concludes with an amusing speculation as to the origin of the two creatures and the distribution of the species.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

BOSTON, Oct. 27.—The bullseye hunters were numerous today at the rifle range, and some fine scores were made, though as usual of late the weather conditions were rather poor. Following are the best scores finished:

Military Match, 200yds.

F J Lounsbury	4	4	4	3	4	3	5	4	4	3—38
J Hanley	3	5	4	3	4	3	4	3	3	4—36
George Cutter	3	3	4	2	4	4	4	3	5	4—36
A Spring	3	3	3	4	5	4	0	4	4	4—34

500yds.

J H Joubert	5	4	5	5	3	3	5	5	4	4—43
A Spring	0	2	5	5	4	5	3	5	3	4—36
S Field	5	2	5	4	0	3	3	5	3	5—33

800yds.

G E Worthen	4	5	5	4	4	3	5	5	4	5—44
A L Brackett	5	5	5	5	4	3	4	5	5	5—44
W E Smith	5	5	5	3	5	5	3	5	3	4—43

State Militia Match.

W E Smith	54454—23	54444—22	44451—21	54345—21	44444—20—105
W E Foster	45451—22	44454—21	44553—21	45444—21	44444—20—105
G E Worthen	45444—21	44544—21	45444—21	43445—20	34454—20—103
A Spring	54443—20	44534—20	34444—19	43444—19	43404—15— 93

Pistol Match, 50yds.

J B Fellows	10	10	10	9	9	9	7	10	10	8—92					
H Severance	10	9	9	10	8	9	9	8	9	7—88					
A Loring	9	7	7	9	10	6	9	9	8	8—84					
F Carter, with revolver	6	10	7	9	9	6	9	6	7	10—79					
A Clarke	8	7	9	8	10	8	8	7	7	9—81					
L Ames	6	9	9	6	8	8	6	7	8	9—74					
O Moore	5	6	8	6	8	8	8	9	7	7—71					

Rest Match.

N Washburn	12	12	11	12	12	11	11	12	11	11—115					
A Ballard	12	8	11	12	9	12	12	9	12	8—105					
J N Eames	7	12	11	9	11	12	12	8	9	9—100					
C Towne	12	8	10	9	8	8	8	10	9	10— 92					
F Martin	10	9	7	7	9	10	8	9	7	10— 86					

Off-Hand Decimal.

J A Frye	8	8	9	8	8	9	7	9	10	6—81					
D L Chase	10	5	6	8	9	10	9	5	8	9—79					
A Law	7	8	7	6	10	10	6	6	8	6—72					
C Davis	3	10	4	9	7	6	5	10	6	9—69					
B G Barker	4	6	5	10	5	9	7	7	10	4—67					
A Maynard	10	6	5	5	7	7	6	8	8	6—68					
G Ham	7	4	7	6	7	7	8	6	9	3—64					
A Clarke	6	5	7	8	9	2	5	6	8	6—59					

CREEDMOOR.—New York, Oct. 29.—The 14th Marksman's Badge match was shot at Creedmoor on Saturday, Oct. 27. The weather was very bad, raining hard all day; the attendance, however, was very fair. The scores, on account of the rain and the bad light at 500yds., were not very high. Following were the winners:

Medals.

	200yds.	500yds.	Total.
W A Stokes, Co I, 23d Regt	21	23	44
O W Vatet, Co F, 22d Regt	20	23	43

Cash Prizes.

C H Smith, Co B, 71st Regt	18	24	42
Val Werner, Co H, 13th Regt	18	23	41
H W Janssen, Co A, 7th Regt	19	22	41
J T Kirby, Co A, 7th Regt	19	21	40
F W Perkins, Co F, 7th Regt	20	20	40
H W Griffith, Co K, 13th Regt	18	21	39
T M Harvey, Co G, 13th Regt	21	18	39

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Oct. 27.—The St. Louis Pistol Club held its regular weekly shoot on last Wednesday night, and the attendance was very fair. The scores made are not large, still the average is good as a whole. Mr. W. Bauer made 84, which proved high for the night, and consequently the gold medal will be in his possession for the coming week. All the shooting is done with a .22cal. gallery pistol, and the target is a reduced standard American for 20yds. pistol practice. The following are the scores made at the last shoot:

W Bauer	9	7	10	9	10	7	10	7	7	10—84
L V D Perret	7	10	10	7	7	9	7	9	10	6—82
G Alexander	9	8	8	7	9	7	9	10	8	9—81
E C Mohrstadt	7	8	8	9	6	8	7	10	8	9—80
L Denning	9	5	8	7	10	10	10	4	8	9—80
W H Hettel	8	7	8	10	6	9	6	8	9	8—79
M C Billmeyer	8	6	9	3	7	7	10	10	8	8—79
F A Fodde	4	9	10	8	6	7	10	9	8	7—78
M Summerfield	8	5	8	5	7	7	8	9	7	10—74
W H Bonnell	8	8	8	8	6	4	7	7	7	10—73
O Wallace	6	6	7	5	7	7	5	9	7	7—69
A E Bengel	7	7	6	8	6	6	6	6	8	6—66
W C Mackwitz	5	8	8	0	6	5	4	4	6	8—55

UNSER FRITZ.

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

NEW YORK SUBURBAN SHOOTING GROUNDS ASSOCIATION TOURNAMENT.

THE Suburban tournament is a thing of the past; the shooters have fired their last shot, packed up their guns and gone, carrying with them very pleasant recollections of their visit and with the determination to come again when the Suburban gives another shoot. Some months ago the plan for a new shooting grounds to be situated near the city, handy for New Yorkers, a place to be open for practice shooting or match races every day, was agitated by a few gentlemen prominent in shooting and matters appertaining. That they have successfully carried out their plan was proved by a visit to the grounds this week. A large plot of land has been secured on the New Jersey Central R. R., at Claremont, N. J., eighteen minutes distance from City Hall; this has been all fenced in and a platform built at the junction of the railroad, so that with a few steps from the train one is right in the grounds. A plank walk leads directly from the gate to the club house, a commodious building, in which will eventually be every arrangement for the comfort and convenience of visitors. A fireproof gun room is to be built as a safe repository for guns, ammunition, etc., so that the business man, who is fond of shooting and can spare an hour or two of an afternoon, can run out to the grounds without burdening himself with a load of traps, find his gun ready, traps, targets and trappers on hand enjoy his little shoot, lay his gun away safely until next required, and be off to the bosom of his family, refreshed by his short outing. Above the club house is the grand stand, capable of accommodating a large number of spectators. Given pleasant weather and we have no doubt its capacity will be taxed to the utmost, when the grounds are in use. The secretary has a little office at one end of the house, where entries for the various events are received, winnings made up and paid, ammunition, etc., sold, and for the transaction of his other manifold duties. Here also are accommodations for the press representatives, who will no doubt be called on to occupy their positions there quite frequently. Information is promptly furnished by the secretary and every facility given them for the rapid accomplisment of their work.

At the other end of the house is the restaurant, under the management of Mr. Bowers, who controls the dining room at the Central R. R. depot in Jersey City. Everything was well cooked, served in first-class shape and his prices moderate. He is under contract with the association to Jan. 1, and we trust his venture will prove remunerative enough to warrant him in continuing the arrangement.

The shooting is done from platforms in front of the club house and at both ends. The present tournament was shot under Keystone rules, under the guidance of Mr. H. A. Penrose, who was on the grounds and offered his assistance to the management. The main feature of these rules—the style and rapidity of shooting—has been fully described in our trap columns. It is very simple and wherever shown has found favor.

The shoot lasted four days; two days at bluerocks and two at live birds.

The weather prophet might have shown a kindlier feeling and thereby increased the attendance and the association's exchequer, but he has exhibited a singularly contrary disposition this usually beautiful month, and all the tournaments have felt its effects.

The guaranteed events were run off as per programme though none of them filled. However, considering the fact that this tournament was the inaugural one, it was successful and the management were satisfied.

Tuesday, Oct. 23.

The weather this morning was extremely disagreeable with a drizzling rain which drove every one indoors, and with a heavy mist which made some of the targets almost invisible, particularly as there was not wind enough to drive the smoke away. In the afternoon it brightened somewhat, much to the comfort of the shooters. Five regular events were shot besides a number of extra sweeps. It was intended to run one event (No. 7) under the new S. A. Tucker pool system, but darkness fell before that was reached and it was not shot at all.

Extra sweep No. 4, at 9 bluerocks, $1 entrance, four moneys:

Budd	8	McMurchy	7
Schmitt	6	Brientnall	8
Quimby	4	E D Miller	8
Collins	8	J Cope	3
Tee Kay	3	Dart	7
E Soper	8	Peacock	6
Brantingham	8	C Richards	5
Apgar	8	Mitchell	8
Luther	5	Alice	3
Sigler	8	Lindsley	6
Yerrington	7	J F Richards	7

First shot off and div. by Brantingham, Apgar and Miller, second and third div., fourth won by C. Richards.

Event No. 1, at 9 single bluerocks, open to all, $1.50 entrance, four moneys:

T F Richards	001100100—3	Brientnall	111101111—8
Schmitt	011010000—3	Folsom	100111111—7
Alice	111101101—7	Yerrington	111111111—9
McMurchy	100111111—7	Rockworth	111101111—8
Woolsey	111011110—7	Budd	011111111—8
Albee	111111010—7	E D Miller	111101111—8
Dart	111101110—7	Mosher	110001110—5
Bristol	111011111—8	Collins	110111101—7
Mitchell	111111110—8		

Yerrington wins first. Ties on 8 shot off and div. by Mitchell and Budd. Ties on 7 shot off and div. by Alice, McMurchy and Collins. Fourth won by Mosher.

Event No. 2 at 9 single bluerocks, open to all, $1.50 entrance, four moneys:

Brientnall	111111101—8	McMurchy	001111111—7
T F Richards	101010001—4	Budd	101101110—6
J Woolsey	111111101—8	Bristol	111101111—8
Mitchell	011111101—7	Collins	011111101—7
Albee	101011001—5	Luther	010111101—6
Folsom	111111110—8	Sigler	011111111—8
Schmitt	000001000—1	Tee Kay	101100111—6
Yerrington	011110111—7	W Wolsencroft	111111100—7
Rockworth	111111111—9	Vogel	111111101—8
Mosher	111011100—6	E D Miller	111111111—9
Tatham	101111000—5		

First and second shot off and div. by Brientnall, Woolsey and Bristol; third shot off and div. by Mitchell, Yerrington and McMurchy; fourth won by Budd.

Event No. 3, the Atlantic Ammunition Co.'s trophy sweepstakes, at 15 bluerocks; open to all. $4 entrance; four moneys:

Sigler	111011111111111—14	Miller	111010111111010—11
Brientnall	111111111111111—15	Folsom	001110110000011— 7
McMurchy	111101111111111—14	Rockworth	111110111011101—12
Luther	111111111111111—15	Vogel	101111111010111—12
Albee	100010101111001— 8	Budd	111111111111111—15
Peacock	011101111111111—13	Schmitt	001010110110011— 8
Yerrington	110111111111114—14	Tatham	000111010010010— 6
Bristol	111111111111110—14	T Richards	000000101111110— 7
Mosher	111111111010110—12	Wolstencroft	101110001111010—10
Mitchell	111111111111115—15	Dart	111101011101111—12
Collins	110110011111111—12		

First and second div., third won by Peacock, fourth shot off and div. by Rockwell and Vogel.

Event No. 4, Winchester Repeating Arms Co., guaranteed $100, and the Atlantic Ammunition Co., trophy sweepstakes at 15 bluerocks, for amateurs, $4 entrance; three moneys:

Tee Kay	011110011101011— 9	Bristol	101111011111111—13
Aug Schmitt	011101100110010— 8	Rockworth	111111111111110—14
J F Richards	111101111110111—13	Mosher	111111111011011—13
Albee	111001100110001— 8	Apgar	011010111111011—11
Folsom	111111100110011—11	C Richards	111101111011011—12
W F Quimby	110011101111111—12	Brantingham	111110111111111—14

Ties all div.

Event No. 5, FOREST AND STREAM guaranteed purse $50, at 10 singles and 5 pairs bluerocks, open to all, $2.50 entrance, four moneys:

McMurchy	1111111111	11 11 10 10 10—17	
Bristol	1111160101	10 11 11 11 10—15	
E D Miller	1111111111	10 10 11 11 11—18	
C Richards	0001001100	01 10 11 01 11—10	
Rockworth	1110101101	11 10 11 11 10—15	
Brientnall	1111111111	11 10 10 11 11—18	
Mitchell	1110111111	01 10 11 10 10—15	
Quimby	10000w.		
T F Richards	1111111111	00 10 10 00 11—14	
Alice	1111101110	11 10 00 11 11—15	
Luther	0111010110	01 00 10 01 10—10	
Peacock	1010111111	10 11 10 11 11—16	
Budd	1110110111	11 11 11 10 10—16	
Collins	0111010100	01 11 00 10 00— 9	
Sigler	1111111111	01 10 11 10 01—16	
Folsom	1001101101	01 11 10 10 00—11	
Wolstencroft	0111111101	11 00 10 10 10—13	
Dart	1111100111	11 11 11 11 01—17	

Ties div.

First extra sweep, at 10 bluerocks, 50 cents entrance; three moneys:

Budd	10	E D Miller	10
McMurchy	9	Chas Richards	4
Aug Schmitt	4	Mosher	8
T F Richard	3	D Ellis	4
E H Schusen	5	Mitchell	8
Yerrington	7	R H Brientnall	10

Ties div.

Second extra sweep, at 10 single bluerocks, $1 entrance; four moneys:

J F Richards	3	Alice	7
McMurchy	10	Schmitt	6
Yerrington	8	Rockworth	9
Budd	10	Ellis	7
Brientnall	9	Schusen	6
Mitchell	10	E D Miller	9
Folsom	3	J Woolsey	7
Bristol	10	Dart	7
Albee	6	Mosher	7

Ties div.

Extra sweep No. 3, at 9 bluerocks, $1.50 entrance; three moneys:

Sigler	9	Luther	8
Brientnall	8	Budd	7
Mitchell	8	Collins	7
Alice	7	Peacock	8
Apgar	9	Vogel	5
E D Miller	8	Dart	6
McMurchy	9	J Wolstencroft	7
Yerrington	9	Tee Kay	9

First and fourth div., second shot off and div. by Brientnall and Peacock, third shot off and div. by Alice and Wolstencroft.

Wednesday, Oct. 24.

Light rains early in the morning, but cleared away before the time for shooting, and a strong variable wind from the north and northwest set in, blowing at right angles across the traps, adding speed to the flight of the targets, but at the same time carrying the smoke away quickly. Contest No. 6, left over from Tuesday, and six regular events besides six extra sweeps were shot.

The fight for the Atlantic Ammunition Co.'s diamond watch charm trophies was settled to-day. Two of these were offered, one for experts in Events No. 3 and 10, and one for amateurs in Events 4 and 11. The classification committee decided that an amateur was one who had never broken over 85 per cent. This rather severe ruling narrowed the contests down, and there were but few entries. The amateur trophy was won by Brantingham, of Plainfield, N. J., with a total score of 25 out of 30.

Three men tied in the expert class, each with a score of 28 out of 30, and shot the tie off at 10 birds, with score as given below. R. H. Brientnall, of East Orange, N. J., shooting out both Budd and McMurchy and winning the trophy.

Event No. 6. FOREST AND STREAM guaranted purse, at 10 singles and 5 pairs bluerocks, for amateurs, $2.50 entrance, $50 guaranteed, 3 moneys:

Fargo	1001111100	10 00 00 10 10— 9	
Schmitt	1110011010	00 10 10 01 00— 5	
Mosher	1110011101	10 11 10 00 11—13	
Tee Kay	1000111110	10 11 01 00 00— 8	
H Wood	1001001100	11 10 10 10 01—10	
F Meyer	0100501101	11 01 10 10 10—10	
Albee	1011011111	10 10 11 10 10—14	
Bradford	0000001100	00 10 00 00 10— 4	
C Richards	0011100001	10 00 11 10 10— 9	

Albee wins first, Mosher second, third div.

Event No. 8, at 9 bluerocks, open to all, entrance $2.50, $50 guaranteed, 3 moneys:

Brientnall	111111111—9	Yerrington	111111011—7
Stevens	001001110—6	Dart	001111011—6
McMurchy	111111111—9	E D Miller	011111110—7
Budd	010111011—6	Hunt	001010110—4
Mitchell	011010111—6	Alice	100101010—4
Zeigler	111111011—8		

Ties div.

Event No. 9, at 9 bluerocks, for amateurs, $2.50 entrance; $50 guaranteed; four moneys:

Nixon	000000000—0	Albee	110011111—7
Schmitt	001001010—3	Hathaway	000001100—2
Richards	010101010—4	Terry	100111110—6
Tee Kay	111011111—8	Apgar	111000101—5
Wood	001111001—6	Farrow	110101001—5
Meyer	000111110—5	McCreary	011101100—5
Mosher	001111111—7	Scaley	011011111—7

First won by Tee Kay; other ties div.

Event No. 10, at 15 bluerocks, the Atlantic Ammunition Co. sweepstakes; $75 guaranteed purse, open to all, $3.50 entrance; four moneys:

Sigler	111111101011101—12	Mosher	011111110101101—11
Dart	100101001111111—10	McMurchy	101111111101111—14
Yerrington	101111111100111—12	Budd	011110111111111—13
Stevens	011111110110110—11	Peacock	101110001011111—11
E D Miller	011110111111011—12	Albee	101011111111011—12
Brientnall	111111101111011—13	Vogel	111111100111010—12
Alice	111100111111110—12	Collins	011101100111111—11
Mitchell	111011111111000—12	Luther	111010111110011—11

McMurchy first with 14; other ties div.

Event No. 11, the Atlantic Ammunition Co. trophy sweepstakes for amateurs, at 5 single bluerocks, $3.50 entrance, $75 guaranteed, four moneys, 100 express shot cartridges as fifth prize, donated by Farrow Arms Co.:

H Wood	111101111111101—13	Hathaway	110101000610001— 6
Tee Kay	111010110110101—10	Meyer	110101011111111—12
Brantingham	110111110100111—11	Apgar	111001011111110—11
Mosher	110001011100111— 9	Mills	000101101000001— 6
Farrow	011010000101011— 7	Terry	111111110100111—12
W F Quimby	101101110101111—11	Albee	111111101011111—14
Chas Richards	111010100101110— 9	Blauvelt	100101100011111— 9
S G Smith	111111011111011—12	Vogelsang	110100001010110— 7
A Schmitt	100100001100010— 5		

Albee wins first with 14, H. Wood second with 13; ties on 12 div.; ties on 11 shot off and won by Apgar. Tee Kay wins the 100 cartridges.

Event No. 12 at 9 singles and 5 pairs bluerocks, open to all, $3.50 entrance, $75 guaranteed, three moneys:

McMurchy	111110110	10 10 11 01 11—14
Mitchell	011010011	10 11 01 10 10—11
Sigler	110111010	11 11 11 11 11—16
Budd	111111111	10 00 10 11 11—15
Peacock	111111111	10 10 10 11 10—15
Brientnall	100011110	11 01 11 11 01—13
Yerrington	111111111	01 11 10 00 11—15
Albee	001010110	10 10 10 00 10— 8
E D Miller	110111101	00 11 01 10 11—13
Collins	101101100	11 10 10 11 10—12
Penrose	001011111	11 11 10 00 10—12

Sigler wins first, second div., third won by McMurchy.

Event No. 13, at 9 singles and 5 pairs bluerocks, for amateurs; $3.50 entrance, $75 guaranteed, four moneys:

Lindsley	111011101	00 10 11 00 11—12
Schmitt	101010111	10 11 10 10 00—11
H Wood	011101011	11 10 10 00 11—12
S G Smith	111110110	11 11 10 00 00—12
Vogelsang	001111111	01 10 01 01 10—12
Albee	101100110	11 10 00 10 10—10
Mosher	100100100	00 00 10 10 00— 5
Meyer	010100111	00 11 10 10 10—10
W Fred Quimby	111001111	11 00 11 00 11—13
Blovelt	000011110	11 11 01 00 01— 9
Terry	000101111	00 01 10 10 11— 9
Tray	001100000	01 00 10 w.
C Richards	011101100	11 11 11 11 10—14
Apgar	111011101	11 00 10 00 10—11
Hathaway	011001010	10 00 10 01 00— 7

C. Richards with 14 wins first, Fred Quimby with 13 second, third and fourth div.

Expert trophy shoot-off, at 10 bluerocks:

R H Brientnall	1111111111—10	H McMurchy	1110111011— 8
C Budd	0111100111— 7		

Extra sweep No. 1, at 10 bluerocks, entrance $1, three moneys:

Brientnall	8	Hunt	8
Schmitt	7	Mosher	9
Yerrington	8	C W Budd	8

Mosher wins first. Ties on 8 shot off and div. by Yerrington and Hunt. Schmitt wins third.

Extra sweep No. 2, at 10 bluerocks, Hurlingham rules, $1 entrance; four moneys:

Brientnall	1012210111— 8	Mitchell	1110111101— 8
Hunt	1001111110— 7	Alice	1110111110— 8
Budd	1112111211—10	Farrow	0010101111— 6
Sigler	1111112211—10	Dart	1101011111— 8
Yerrington	1121211002— 8	E D Miller	1111111110— 9
Stevenson	0211101111— 8	Tee Kay	0111111110— 8
McMurchy	1111112211—10	Brantingham	1101111100— 7
Schmitt	0010112120— 6		

First div., second won by E. D. Miller; third shot off and div. by Brientnall, Stevenson and Dart; fourth div.

Extra sweep No. 3, at 9 bluerocks, $1 entrance, four moneys:

Budd	9	Mitchell	7
Sigler	7	Alice	6
Apgar	5	Mosher	5
Brientnall	9	Miller	9
McMurchy	8	Penrose	8
Yerrington	9	Dart	5
Brantingham	3	Tee Kay	3
Hunt	7		

Ties div.

Extra sweep No. 4, at 9 bluerocks, $1 entrance. four moneys:

McMurchy	7	Alice	5
Brientnall	6	Stephens	8
Mitchell	7	Albee	7
Peacock	4	Budd	7
Zigler	8	Collins	5
E D Miller	7	Luther	3
Apgar	6	Yerrington	8
Dart	7		

First div., second shot off and div. by McMurchy and Brientnall, third won by Apgar, fourth div.

Extra sweep No. 5, at 9 bluerocks; $1 entrance, three moneys:

Yerrington	3	Sigler	7
Albee	4	Budd	6
Brientnall	7	McMurchy	8
Mitchell	6	Peacock	8
Miller	8	Collins	7
Still	2	Heritage	7

First div., second shot off and won by Brientnall, breaking 6 straight, third div.

Extra sweep No. 6, at 9 bluerocks; entrance $1, four moneys:

E D Miller	7	Hathaway	5
Brientnall	8	Tee Kay	6
Budd	8	S G Smith	7
Lindsley	9	Mitchell	7
Peacock	5	Yerrington	8
McMurchy	3	Farrow	3
Apgar	8	Collins	8
Sigler	8	Still	5
Albee	7		

First shot off and div. by McMurchy, Apgar, Sigler and Yerrington, second shot off and div. by Miller and Smith, third won by Tee Kay, fourth div.

Thursday, Oct. 5.

Weather clear, slightly cool, light wind from northwest. Birds poor as a lot, but some few hard drivers among them. Fair attendance of on-lookers in the afternoon, among whom were noticed Annie Oakley and husband and A. H. Dimick, of U. S. C. Co.

The arrangements for live bird shooting were not as good as might be. The traps were set on a raised narrow platform, and as the birds were poor ones, many refusing to fly, they simply dove under this platform when liberated and were as safe from the gun as if in the Jersey barnyards, where they are raised for the trap. This occasioned much loss of time. Then to avoid further delay the birds in the big sweep were not retrieved as shot, partly because of the numerous pools of water which abounded, and the general damp state of the ground, which necessitated the use of hip boots, consequently some of the wounded birds were allowed to lie ungathered. This was all due to the unfinished state of the grounds, which allowed of the accumulation of water during the recent rains, and it was practically impossible to do otherwise and finish the event before night. No such objection will arise when the grounds are raised and completed. Ever bird will be retrieved as shot and the wounded ones promptly killed. We mention this because there was some adverse criticism of the management, which we feel they did not deserve. We drew them up to a humane men who would be among the first to object to any cruelty.

The element of luck was apparent, as in all live bird contests. In the big sweep Smith's second bird was hard hit with a body charge by second barrel, but had strength enough to carry the load a foot out of bounds, where it fell stone dead. Brewer's lost bird was a rapid blue twister, hard hit with both barrels, dead just over the fence. Budd's twenty-third bird, a right quarterer, left the trap at railroad speed, carrying first barrel charge 20yds., where his head was cut off with second. Squires's luck carried him through with a straight score, though it seemed sure that his twentieth bird, which was slightly wounded with first barrel and missed with second, alighting on the ground, would fly out if challenged, but no one offered to do so. Charlie Smith had a straight up to his twenty-fifth bird, which was a contrary-minded blue dodger, twisting in a dozen different directions and going at a speed which defied shot, so Charlie had to content himself with a piece of second money.

Extra sweep No. 1, at 5 live birds, $3 entrance, four moneys:

J L Brower	11111—5	E D Miller	11111—5
W Sigler	10110—3	McMurchy	11111—5
Kleinz	11110—4	Penrose	11111—5
C Smith	11111—5	Mitchell	11001—3
Brientnall	11111—5	Albee	00101—2
Schmitt	10101—3	C Budd	11111—5
Squires	11110—4		

Ties div.

Extra sweep No. 2, at 7 live birds, $5 entrance, three moneys:

Peacock	1121221—7	Kleinz	1121201—6
Fox	1110201—5	Smith	1112122—7
Sigler	1121112—7	Winans	1121112—7
George	1112111—7	Squires	1111101—6
Van Schaack	1112100—4	E D Miller	1112010—5
Brewer	1122122—7	C B Place	0000020—1

On shoot off for first money Brewer won it alone, second and third div.

Grand live-bird sweepstakes, open to the world; 25 live birds; tournament rules; entrance $15 (birds extra); $300 guaranteed; four moneys; handicap rises:

E D Miller (30)	1220111122112111102111111—23
C W Budd (30)	1111121211112212121121111—25
H A Penrose (29)	1112111101112111211112101—23
J L Brewer (30)	1220121221212221212222212—24
R H Brientnall (29)	2112122202121111111112112—24
M Lindsley (27)	1111111201112222212011121—23
H McMurchy (29)	1212120211111111111111111—24
Aug Schmitt (26)	0011002110022212200021115
K G McCrarry (26)	2201112000121112122222211—20
W Squire (29)	1211111221111211211211111—25
G E Albee (28)	2202121111121101120111021—20
Chas Smith (20)	1211212122212121211111120—24
Mitchell (29)	1111001120112121211111111—22
W Sigler (30)	1221112121111110111102111—23
T Peacock (29)	1121222211201112012122—23
F Kleintz (30)	1111301212121212111212121—24
Chas Richards (27)	0000120022001230040 w.

Budd and Squire div. first ($120); Brewer, Brientnall, McMurchy and Smith div. second ($90); Miller, Penrose, Lindsley, Sigler and Kleintz div. third ($60); Mitchell fourth ($30) alone.

Friday, Oct. 26.

Beautiful day, with a clear and bracing atmosphere, but many of the shooters had departed for home and the attendance was small. According to programme the morning was to have been occupied with a shoot-off of ties for the Atlantic Ammunition Co.'s New York State Trophy, a diamond watch charm. Three men had made score of 100 straight in the contest, Geo. Luther and Al. Spangler, of Syracuse, and A. Baker, of Poultney, but as Luther was the only one of the three on the grounds, the trophy went to him by default. It is open for challenge from any New York State sportsman for one year, to be shot for at Syracuse. In lieu of this contest a number of live bird sweeps were shot. During the progress of event No. 4, Mr. G. F. McAneny, President of New Jersey State Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, appeared on the grounds and demanded that the shooting be stopped. This occasioned considerable excitement among the shooters and much talk on the part of the management. Finally Mr. Chas. Richards mounted the scorer's stand, and addressing Mr. McAneny, said that he wished to take all the responsibility on himself, as President of the Suburban Association, and that he should call the gentlemen to the score to shoot some birds which were his individual property. It was necessary that these birds should be delivered dead in New York that night, and he chose a shotgun as the method of killing, assuming any liability for violation of the law himself. This Mr. McAneny would not agree to, and at first insisted on arresting every man who shot a bird, but finally decided to arrest but one, and Mr. Larue, a member of the Association, offering himself as a victim, was notified that he was under arrest to appear at a justice's court Monday morning, Oct. 29. The association intends to make a test case of this and to finally settle the question whether the shooting of live birds is illegal. It is understood that a number of New Jersey clubs have offered their assistance and will join with the Suburban in fighting this matter. Six live bird sweeps were shot and the tournament was over.

Extra sweep No. 1 at 7 live birds, entrance $3, three moneys:

Sigler	1111117	Winans	1111106
Class	1111111—7	Luther	1111101—6
Leddy	1110110—5	Richards	1111110—6
Schmitt	1111111—7		

First shot off and div. by Sigler and Class; second shot off and won by Luther; third won by Leddy.

Extra sweep No. 2 at 7 live birds, $5 entrance, two moneys, 60 and 40 per cent.:

Sigler	1011111—6	Richards	1101100—4
Class	1111011—6	Winans	0110111—5
Leddy	1110101—5		

Sigler and Class div. first and Leddy and Winans second.

Extra sweep No. 3, at 4 live birds; $2 entrance, three moneys:

Class	1011—3	Richards	0021—2
Sigler	1111—4	Vogelsang	1202—3
Leddy	1101—3	Lindsley	1101—3
Winans	1111—4	Willis	1100—2
Schmitt	1112—4		

Ties div.

Extra sweep No. 4, at 4 live birds; $2 entrance, three moneys:

Sigler	1111—4	Winans	0101—2
S G Smith	1111—4	Lindsley	1102—3
Major	1100—2	Schmitt	1112—4
Vogelsang	1101—3	Richards	2112—4
Leddy	0102—2	Willis	0111—3
Class	2212—4	Farrow	0111—3

On the shoot-off for first money Schmitt and Richards dropped out and the others div., second shot off and div. by Vogelsang and Farrow, third shot off and won by Major.

Extra sweep No. 5, at 4 live birds, entrance $2, four moneys:

Major	1112—4	Willis	2200—2
Farrow	1210—3	Class	1211—4
Peacock	1011—3	C Smith	1002—2
Kilpatrick	1121—4	S G Smith	2102—3
Richards	2010—2	Winans	0010—1
Schmitt	1112—4	Lindsley	0121—3
Sigler	1110—3	Leddy	1202—3
Forest	2121—4	Squires	2111—4

First shot off and div. by Class and Squires, second shot off and div. by Peacock, S G Smith and Sigler, third shot off and won by C Smith, fourth won by Winans.

Extra sweep No. 6, miss and out, $1 entrance:

Seehnson	0	Kilpatrick	0
Forest	10	Peacock	0
Squires	0	S G Smith	0
Rouschert	0	C Smith	111
George	10	Class	111
Major	111	Farrow	111
Sigler	111		

Those who killed 3 div. $13, less the cost of birds, $6.25.

FRANK MASON.

Since this report was written Mr. Larne's fate has been decided. He was on hand with his counsel Monday morning to face the music, and was promptly discharged, the society having decided to change their mode of operation; and it is said that the responsibility is to be placed upon the Surburban Shooting Association, and they, in the person of Mr. Chas. Richards, the president, will be proceeded against. No date has been set for the trial, but due notification will be given Mr. Richards to enable him to prepare his defense. F. M.

After numerous postponements a decision was reached at Burlington, N. J., on Thursday last, in the suit of the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals against the Riverton Gun Club tor cruelty for shooting live pigeons at a match a few weeks since. The club was fined according to the statute.

Owing to the prominence of the members of the club, whose membership includes Edwin M. Fitler, son of Mayor Fitler, and other well-known Philadelphia sportsmen, and the fact of its being the first case of the kind ever tried in the State, much interest was centered in the result. The hearing was made before Justice Naylor, of Burlington, N. J. Allan H. Gangewer, of Burlington, represented the society, and Samuel H. Grey, of Camden, was counsel for the Riverton Gun Club.

The defense admitted shooting the pigeons, but denied the charge of cruelty, and therefore claimed they had not violated the statute provided for such cases.

Judge Naylor in rendering his decision said the question in this case was not as to whether any cruelty was practiced. The charge was that the pigeons shot at the match were needlessly mutilated and killed. "If they had been killed for the purpose of using them for food it would not have been a needless killing, but to my mind the killing of the pigeons for mere sport is needless killing under the statute. A shooting match is usually arranged for the amusement of those participating, and while it is not necessary to go farther into this view of the case, it seems to me that the statute is perfectly clear."

The Justice then quoted the statute and concluded: "I am of the opinion that the defendants have violated the thirteenth section of the act and the supplement thereto as charged; and I adjudge that the defendants shall pay the sum of $50 fine and $5.85 costs of suit."

The Riverton Club will carry the case to the Court of Errors and Appeals. If this decision is allowed to stand, the Riverton Club will disband, as the sentiment of the members is against the shooting of live pigeons, if such shooting is declared to be a violation of the law. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals propose to stop the shooting of live pigeons in any part of the State of New Jersey.

THAT CARTER—GRAHAM MATCH.

BALTIMORE, Md., Oct. 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The much talked of match between L. S. Carter of Hammond, Ill., and Wm. Graham of England, now a resident at Annapolis, Md., which was to have been shot here to-day, proved to be merely a hippodrome and a scheme, to wring a few dollars out of the dear unsuspecting public, which scheme by the way, did not work. Some weeks ago it was publicly announced that a match had been made between these men, at 100 live birds each, for $200 a side, Hurlingham rules to govern. At this time Carter was shooting a 10-gauge gun, but had ordered a 12-bore, but it was doubtful if it would be ready by the date fixed upon, so the proviso was made that Graham could take 2yds. with his 12-bore against Carter's 10. This point is mentioned here to show that it was considered by them and arranged for. Well, the first date fixed was Oct. 6 at St. Louis, at the close of the Fodde tournament, when they evidently thought the city would be crowded with shooters anxious to witness their skill, at the rate of 50 cents a head. Such did not prove to be the case, a baker's dozen being all that appeared on the grounds, so the race was postponed, ostensibly because Carter had not received his 12-gauge, Graham refusing to take 2yds., but in reality because of the lack of gate money. The St. Louisians were "on" and refused to be beguiled into giving up their ducats, so the present time and place were fixed upon with the very evident idea that Baltimoreans were more gullible and that a big gate could be secured.

Acton's Park on the Patapsco River, a very pleasant resort about a half hour's ride from the heart of the city, was the chosen field of battle. The programme called for a number of live bird sweeps commencing at 11 o'clock, and 2 P.M. the race was to be called. A few shooters were on hand to take part in the sweeps and the morning wore away very pleasantly. As the appointed time drew near, the expected crowd did not gather, only about one hundred spectators appearing, and it was soon seen that there was no anxiety to shoot the match on the part of either Carter or Graham. They withdrew to one side, conferred together a long time and finally agreed to call the match off, and shoot at 15 birds each for $50, as a sop to those present. Mr. Lee Clark of the Baltimore *Sun* had agreed to act as referee, and he so announced their decision, and called them to the score. Considerable disgust was manifested by the crowd and there was much talk of a very plain character to try and force them to shoot the match as agreed, but it was no go; there was not enough gate money to pay for the birds let alone anything else, so what would you have? We understand that Graham claimed to be out of condition, as an excuse for not shooting the race, but his record in the 15 birds shot at did not show any lack of form as both he and Carter made straight scores. True, the birds were duffers, nearly every one refusing to fly except when put up, but 85 more could just as well have been shot at, had the match been a bona-fide one. Carter made a weak demand for his share of the stakes, claiming that he came there to shoot and was ready to do so. This was ridiculous, as had there really been any money up he was entitled to the whole amount, if Graham refused to shoot. As the 15 bird race resulted in a tie, it was announced that $50 of the stakes would be drawn, leaving $150 to be shot for at Erb's Park, Newark, N. J. on Thursday, Nov. 1, provided the grounds and the birds could be secured for that day. As a matter of fact, we doubt if any money was ever put up; if it was up a string was attached to it.

A hippodrome of this kind causes suspicion to rest on every straight match in the country and does more to injure trap shooting than anything else. There are enough abuses now which all are trying to find means to correct, without adding this one. True, it is by no means a new idea, but of late hippodrome shoots have been very scarce, and we hope lovers of the sport will not encourage their revival by their presence. F. M.

BROOKLYN, Oct. 25.—There was a large crowd present to-day at the annual shoot of the Coney Island Rod and Gun Club at Woodlawn Park, Gravesend, L. I. This was a new departure, the club having its annual shoot and dinner at John Stillwell's, Coney Island Creek, during the past four years, but it was decided to have the shoot at Woodlawn and the dinner afterward at the new headquarters of the club, No. 155 Lawrence street, near Fulton. After the shoot all hands then hastened to catch a special car that was provided by the Culver Railroad management, and were conveyed to the city and thence to the club headquarters, where a first class fish and game dinner had been prepared for the hungry shooters. The president of the club, Mr. H. Laughlin, who was in the chair, led the merry-making, and Messrs. Van Pelt, Schlieman, Meyer, Donnelly, Davenport, Lanzer and Dr. Schwartz were the principal artists, and the time passed away very quickly. The president presented the handsome fishing-rod and reel to Mr. Van Pelt, for the largest bass and weakfish caught with rod and line that day in waters of Gravesend Bay during the season. The bass weighed 3lbs. 4oz. and the weakfish 2lbs. 12oz. The full score is as follows:

H McLaughlin (26)	1101111—6	H P Donnelly (25)	1111101—6
D Monsell (26)	0111101—5	C Plate (27)	1011110—5
A Schwartz (30)	1011011—5	C Dellefsen (27)	0010101—3
E Sungam (27)	1111111—7	J J O'Brien (22)	0000111—3
W Weber (22)	0110001—3	Capt Meyer (24)	1111111—7
H Blattmacher (25)	0110110—4	J E Lake (27)	1010111—5
Q Davenport (25)	0101111—4	P Ward (25)	1011111—6
A Rockfeller (25)	1010110—4	J Schilleman (26)	1011111—6
T Kerrigan (21)	1100101—4	F Lanzer (26)	1111101—6
G James (25)	0110000—2	D Northridge (25)	1001111—5
H Morrison (23)	1101000—3	A G Nason (25)	1101011—5
E Rockfeller (25)	0101001—3	W Green (21)	1000010—2
J C DeFraine (27)	1110101—5	P Bessinger (23)	0001100—2

Ties for first: Captain Meyer 2, E. Sungam 1. Ties for second: H. McLaughlin withdrew, H. P. Donnelly 0, P. Ward 1, J. Schlieman 1, F. Lanzer 2. Ties for third: D. Monsees 0, A. Schwartz 1, L. Davenport 6, J. C. DeFraine 5, C. Plate 6, J. E. Lake 1, D. Northridge 2, A. G. Nason 0. Referee, Mr. H. McLaughlin; scorer, Mr. Post Van Pelt.

NEW YORK, Oct. 23.—Emerald Gun Club of New York city, regular shoot at Scaview Park, New Dorp, S. I.; weather foggy; 10 live birds, 5 ground traps, 21, 25 and 30yds. rise, 80yds. boundary. Emerald Gun Club rules, three prizes:

Dr Hudson (30)	1111101111—8	G Remsen (30)	1111011111—8
T P MacKenna (25)	1111101101—8	N Neasel (30)	1011111101—8
R Regan (25)	0.00101001—4	A McHale (21)	0001111001—5
J Measel, Jr (30)	0001001111—5	S McMahan (25)	0001110001—4
T Crystal (21)	0110111110—7	H Rubino (25)	1111010000—5
J Howard (21)	1111000900—4	F Schraider (30)	1001111011—7
P Butz (30)	1110101001—6	M W Murphy (25)	1011100011—6
Col J H Voss (32)	1111001001—6	L C Gehering (30)	1111101110—8
P J Keenan (25)	0011010011—5	T Codey (30)	1010001110—5
J Klein (25)	1110110311—7		

Ties on 8 for first at 2 birds, 30yds., use of both barrels, but second barrel scores ½ bird: Dr. Hudson ½ 0, G. Remsen 1 0, Nic Measel 1 ½, L. C. Gehering 1 0. N. Measel wins first prize, a gold medal, for first time. T. P. McKenna won second prize, a gold medal, for second time, at 25yds. T. Crystal won third prize for third time, and the medal is now his own property; won on 7 birds, 21yds. Col. John H. Voss is handicapped by being put at 32yds. and to shoot from 5 traps, having won the first medal at last shoot. Dr. Hudson, referee; P. J. Keenan, scorer.—T. P. MACKENNA, Rec, Sec,

WELLINGTON, Mass., Oct. 27.—A disagreeable mist prevailed at the Wellington Range to-day, yet the shooters kept bravely at the traps and won as follows:

Six bluerocks, Bert, Wild and Melcher; 6 pigeons, Wild; 6 pigeons, Snow, Bert and Swift; 6 bluerocks, Chase and Sanborn; 10 bluerocks, Bert, Melcher, Field and Wardwell; 10 pigeons, Bond, Perry, Wardwell and Swift; 10 pigeons, Moore, Snow and Nichols; 3 pair pigeons, Perry; 6 pigeons, Wild, Perry and Nichols; 6 bluerocks, 24yds. rise, both barrels, Scott; 6 bluerocks, 30yds. rise, both barrels, Bert, Lee and Scott.

The badge match was closely contested, Sanborn winning the match with 18, closely followed by Melcher, Moore and Snow with 17.

In merchandise match, 10 bluerocks and 10 pigeons, to-day's contest gave the eight prizes as follows: Wardwell, 19; Chase, Bert, Perry and Bond, 18; Melcher 17; Moore and Scott, 16; Swift, 15; Wild and Field, 14; Sanborn and Nichols, 14; Conant, 12.

BLOOMING GROVE PARK.—The annual shooting and fly-casting tournaments of the Blooming Grove Park Association were held on their grounds in Pike county, Pa., on Saturday and Monday, Oct. 27 and 29, during which time an easterly wind, alternating between fog and rain, threatened to prevent the rifle shooting contest, but it fortunately cleared up on the afternoon of the last day, and the target could be plainly seen. Match at 20 clay-pigeons. In shooting off the ties the gold badge went to Mr. F. Engle and the silver one to Mr. Youman's: F. Engle 15, C. R. Hedden 15, E. M. Youmans 13, Dr. S. M. Nash 13, N. S. Smith 12, E. H. Clark 11, Dr. G. M. Eddy 11, E. H. Booth 10, H. F. Crosby 8, N. H. Evans 7, F. Mather 4.

Match at 15 single live pigeons, for gold and silver badges. In shooting off the tie for second prize it was won by Mr. Eagle: C. R. Hedden 12, F. Engle 11, Dr. S. M. Nash 11, Dr. G. M. Eddy 10, C. R. Worthington 10, E. H. Clark 9, N. S. Smith 8, E. M. Youmans 8, B. T. Fairchild 6, W. H. McCord 5, R. G. Park 3, H. G. H. Tarr 2.

Rifle shooting, 200yds., hunting sights, off-hand, possible 50, gold and silver badges. The wind was unsteady and the sky was overcast: C. R. Worthington 26, A. J. Post 23, Dr. S. N. Nash 16, Dr. G. M. Eddy 15, B. D. Smith 14, J. M. Eastman 12, E. H. Booth 9.

Yachting.

Small Yachts. By C. P. Kunhardt. Price $7. Steam Yachts and Launches. By C. P. Kunhardt. Price $5. Yachts, Boats and Canoes. By C. Stansfield-Hicks. Price $3.50. Steam Machinery. By Donaldson. Price $1.50.

NINETY VERSUS FORTY FEET.

IN VIEW of the efforts made only a year since by the New York Y. C. to restrict all contests for the America's Cup to a special class of 90ft. yachts, thus encouraging this class at the expense of the best interests of yacht racing, it is highly amusing to see how rapidly the class is disappearing and how ineffectual have been all such ill-judged efforts to alter the fixed laws of supply and demand. It is apparent to even a casual observer that yacht racing is as yet an "infant industry," and about as much in need of "protection" as any branch of manufactures, and this "protection" must come from the larger clubs through a close and intelligent study of the wants and requirements of those yacht owners who are willing to race, and an earnest effort to meet them. In the 90ft. class all the powerful stimulus of three international races has brought to the front only half a dozen men who are able and willing to put their money in such craft; and a very much smaller number who have shown themselves capable of racing them with any degree of success; in fact, it may as well be said that Gen. Paine is the only one who has done so. This season has shown that in the present condition of American yachting it is impossible to carry through a fair amount of racing in the largest class, and that it will even be difficult to do so in the 70ft. class, as witness the paltry entries in all the principal regattas of the year. It would have been far wiser had the revisers and improvers of the deed of gift but moderated their ideas to a practical limit and thrown the influence of the Cup races into the 70ft. class, where it is at least as badly needed as anywhere else, and where it would not have been worse than wasted, as at present.

The season just closed, though bare in any definite results as to the superiority of any particular boat, or even any special type, has been marked by two important features: the decline of yacht-racing in the larger singlestickers, and a proportionate increase in popularity of racing in the smaller classes. In spite of all that has been done to foster and encourage it, the racing has been dull and spiritless in the large class, no *bona fide* challenge seems likely to crystalize out of the vague roorbacks of altered Thistles and antipodean flyers; while the class, which has dwindled down to three yachts, is to be lessened still further. Vice-Com. Morgan, owner of the Mayflower, has at last decided to go ahead with the changes in rig proposed last spring, and next year Mayflower will join her old classmate, Priscilla, as a "fast cruiser" with two sticks. Not only will the large class be robbed of its second best boat, but at the same time the 40ft. class will be increased by the addition of a new boat for Mr. Morgan, who will use her exclusively for racing, keeping Mayflower for cruising and occasional racing.

The growth of the 40ft. class, and especially at the time when the fame of the large American singlestickers has spread everywhere, is in itself most instructive. It has been not only spontaneous, entirely unaided by the clubs, but at the same time it has been rapid and vigorous, with every prospect of permanency. The class was practically born last winter, but now it includes seven new yachts, three or four old ones, and is likely to be increased by four or five more at least before spring.

At the present time, yacht racing is practically dead in the largest class, 80 to 90ft., and also in the old 55ft. class, made famous by Clara and Cinderella; while even in the 70ft. class it is devoid of all life and activity. A challenge for the Cup would no doubt galvanize for the time the large class into a revival; the 70ft. class is certain to grow in numbers and to be permanent, while it is very probable that the 55ft. class will be revived some day with success; but as matters stand now, the only prospect of any real racing next year lies in the 40 and perhaps the 30ft. class, and it will be well if the clubs recognize this fact by extending a little encouragement to the former class in particular.

It has been considered a matter of course that all international yacht racing practically begins and ends with the New York Y. C. and the America's Cup; but it is by no means improbable that in the hands of some active and energetic club the excitement of the international races may be transferred to the 40ft. class. There are already some British yachtsmen who would gladly send a 40-footer across to race for any suitable prize, and should the America's Cup be left too long in Tiffany's vaults its guardians may wake up some day to find that its value as an international trophy has departed.

DELAWARE RIVER.

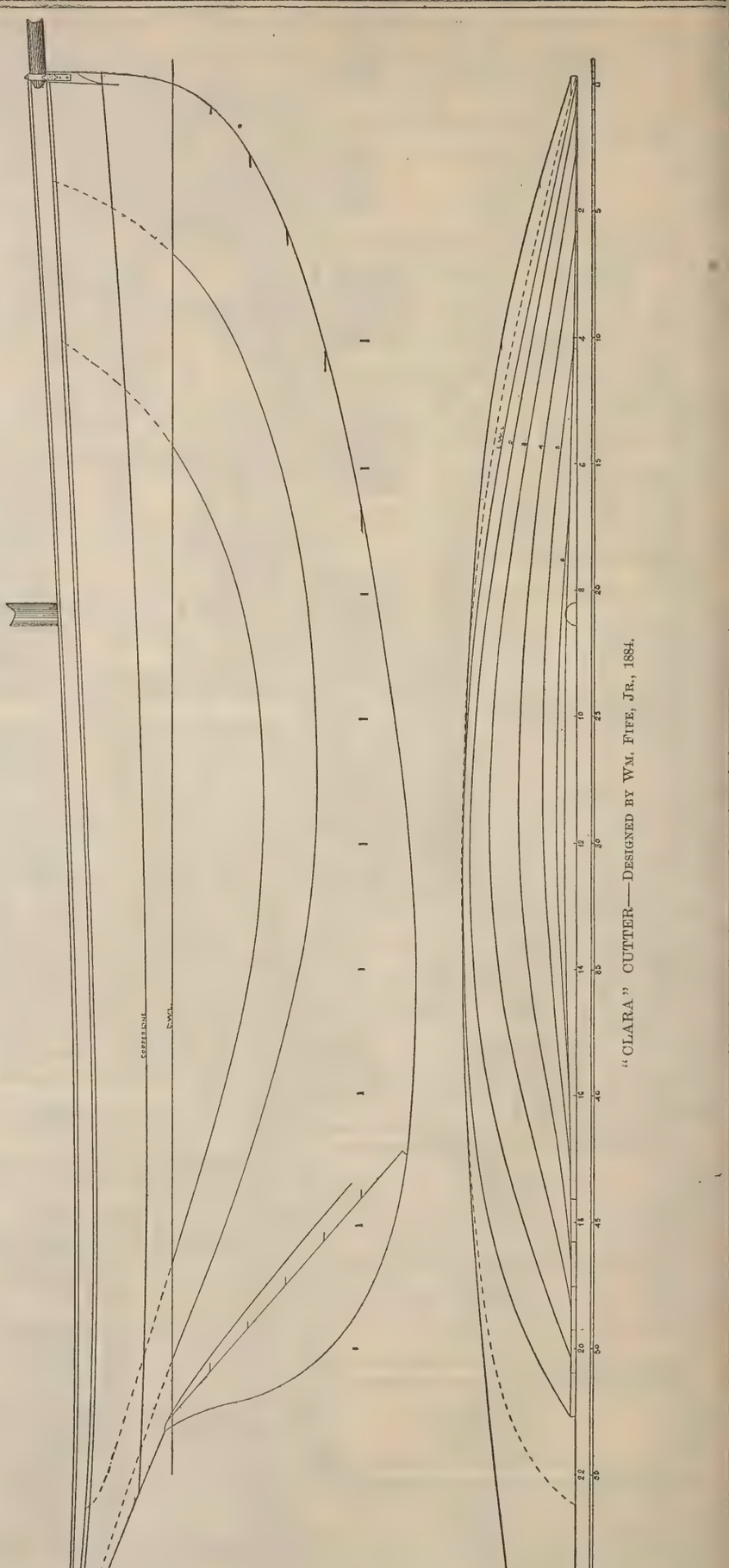
COOPER'S POINT, Oct. 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The keel schooner yacht Leona started to-day from Cooper's Point, Camden, N. J., bound South for the winter, the objective point being Jacksonville, Fla. The little craft is 25ft. over all, 21ft. load line, 6ft. beam, 3ft. draft and 22in. least freeboard. She is a Boston built boat, having made the run to Philadelphia outside. Captain Robert Lutz is the owner, who, with Elmer Whiting as mate and crew, will navigate the little vessel on her southern voyage. The Leona is full rigged, carrying topsails on both sticks and is fully supplied with other light sails. She is a little beauty, but is too small for the type. As I will be in communication with the Captain I will occasionally send you a brief account of his progress.

While the little ones are preparing for a cruise in the Delaware and Chesapeake bays, I find many of the larger craft already laid up for the season. The early September drizzle has sent the "social" summer lounge from the river side club house to his more genial winter quarters in town where he belongs. A yacht club made up of this kind of stuff is "no good."

Go to Kensington, Southwark or Cooper's Point on the first day of the new year, and if the river is not blocked with ice you will see tuckups and fifteen-footers out sailing. But then these people are sailor men, pure and simple, and don't know any better. In the early spring before the huge boulders of "falls ice" have been forced down into the lower Delaware, the Kensington boys are out racing around the island "for somethin' hot." The larger cabin yachts, first and second class, are not seen before the "grand regatta" in June and then scarcely in a healthy condition. The aquatic blood has not yet been warmed into life. But these people you know are fancy yachtsmen and belong to social clubs, the taint of the sailor is not yet upon them.

The Corinthians will probably have another race this season around Reedy Island. Commodore Cook's challenge has not yet been withdrawn. The nineteenth race of the Corinthians took place from Cooper's Point Oct. 23, starting at 3:55 P. M., wind light S.E., raining and thick. The Item, Capt. H. King, turned home stakeboat 5:08; Wilkins, Capt. R. Stay, 5:10; Alimond, Capt. W. Cook, 5:11:30. Another race will be sailed on Oct 30.

R. G. WILKINS.



"CLARA" CUTTER—DESIGNED BY WM. FIFE, JR., 1884.

CLARA.

THE accompanying designs show the 20-ton cutter Clara, whose description was given in the FOREST AND STREAM last week. The interior plans will be published shortly. The lines form an interesting study in connection with those published in the FOREST AND STREAM of Dec. 2 and 9, 1886, of a similiar but wider cutter, and designed by Mr. Fife.

PROSPECTIVE CHALLENGES FOR THE CUP.

IN default of any genuine challenges for the America's Cup, the usual crop of rumors is now flourishing, there being now three rather airy challenges afloat. One of these is based on nothing better than a brief inquiry from a Mr. Phelps, N. A. of England, who certainly has not attained any great fame or prominence as a yacht designer, as to whether a vessel drawing 17ft. could sail the course, an answer being requested by postal card. The second rumor has for foundation the report, which is probaby true so far as it goes, that Thistle has been hauled out under a shed to be deepened; though that she will have a centerboard, that she is owned by Mr. Coats, or that she will challenge again for the Cup, are entirely matters of conjecture. The third rumor comes from the presence of Mr. Walter Reeks, of Sydney, in New York and Boston. Mr. Reeks has been looking for information in regard to challenges and races for the Cup, but there is very little probability that the New York Y. C. will be called upon in the near future to consider a challenge from Australia, and at present there is no reliable indication of one from any other source.



"CLARA"—SAIL PLAN.

NEW YORK Y. C.

THE last regular meeting of the year was held Oct. 19, at the club house, with Com. Gerry in the chair. The following members were elected: W. A. Gardner, J. M. Sears, Truman H. Newberry, W. M. Harriman, Daniel R. Fearing, Henry E. Abbey, August Belmont, Jr., E. H. Weatherbee and Francis T. Underhill.

The following nominating committee was appointed: James D. Smith, Lloyd Phœnix, Edward M. Brown, Ogden Goelet, E. T. Auchincloss, John R. Platt, Alexander Taylor, Jr., Henry C. Ward, Edward E. Chase and Frank T. Robinson.

The following letter was read by the secretary:

"NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y., Aug. 9, 1888.

"*John H. Bird, Esq., Secretary of the New York Y. C.:*

"DEAR SIR—Being in possession of the prize won at the first regatta of the New York Y. C. by the yacht Cygnet on the 17th of July, 1845, it has occurred to me that the club is the most appropriate repository for the safe keeping of this interesting relic.

"It will, therefore, give me great pleasure to present this trophy to the club should they desire to possess it. Very truly yours,

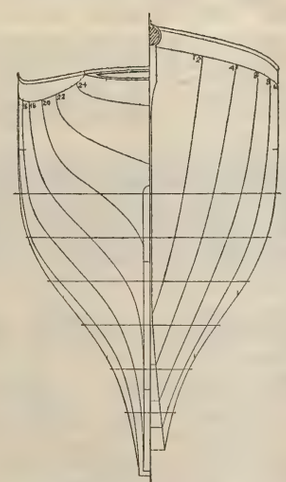
"R. W. EDGAR."

A motion was made to accept Mr. Edgar's gift with thanks. A letter was read from Mr. S. G. Doran in regard to his use of the club colors, not being a member of the club, and a motion was carried that no action be taken in the matter by the club. A letter was also read from Mr. E. C. Benedict, owner of the Oneida steam yacht, suggesting that yachtsmen should unite in the establishment of a "black list" of sailors, requiring a certificate of character from every man employed. After discussion a committee of five was appointed to consider the subject and report to the club at the next meeting. A letter was also read from a Mr. Phelps, an English naval architect, announcing his intention to design a cutter that might challenge for the America's Cup, and asking whether a draft of 17ft. would be allowed and would be possible over the course, in answer to which it was resolved to mail Mr. Phelps a copy of the last deed of gift. A letter was also read from Lieut. Hunker, U. S. N., in relation to a proposed anchorage for yachts only at the foot of Twenty-sixth street, East River, the present anchorage being now used by vessels of all classes.

PIRATES ON THE HARLEM.—On Oct. 24 before Justice Welde in the Harlem Police Court, William, alias "Farmer" Glynn was held in $1000 bail for stealing four overcoats from the yacht Crescent, and Michael Ammond was held for stealing a boat from David Conlin's boathouse, East 121st street, East River. It is claimed that Glynn is the head of a gang of thieves whose headquarters is near East 101st street, where six catboats and rowboats were found. Many robberies have lately taken place about the East River, the yachts Peerless, A. J. Allaire, Welde, Zoe, Theresa and Mystery, besides various boat and club houses, having been robbed by this same gang.

THE ADELAIDE—PROVIDENCE COLLISION.—The reports of the Local Steamboat Inspectors, Messrs. Marsland and Fairchild, made public last week, condemns the pilots of both the Adelaide and Providence for violation of the rules of the road; the Adelaide in particular not stopping in time, and not carrying a range light or having a watchman on deck. The pilot of the Adelaide, Wm Mongomery, is suspended for 80 days, and the pilot of the Providence, Benjamin Whiting, for 20 days.

KNICKERBOCKER Y. C.—The formal closing of the season was celebrated by the Knickerbocker Y. C. on Oct. 27, at the club house, Port Morris, by a clambake.



"CLARA"—BODY PLAN.

A MEASURED MILE FOR STEAM VESSELS.—A correspondent of the *Field* criticises the speed of American yachts as follows: "If even 75 per cent. of all that is written about American steam yachts be true, their builders could give valuable hints to the builders of Etruria, Ariette, Reine Regente and many others; in fact, it would be worth these gentlemen's while to come out here and find out how it is done, and if they do, it would be just as well to bring out a foot rule to measure the distances with. However, now that the Secretary of the Navy, a man who knows what he is about as thoroughly as any one, English or American, has ordered (knot) miles to be marked off on the Delaware and elsewhere, there being no such marked distance in America, perhaps we shall find out the real meaning of the hackneyed phrase, eighteen miles an hour." There is a good deal of cold, hard truth in these somewhat sarcastic remarks, and it is time that steam records were made in some fairer way than the New York style—taking the vessel through Hell Gate with a favoring wind and tide astern. We understand some of the builders of fast steam vessels do not look with marked favor on Secretary Whitney's proposals.

CHANGES OF OWNERSHIP.—The Herreshoff launch Jersey Lily has been sold by Mr. N. L. Munro to Mr. A. J. Riker, of New York, for $4,500....Stella, steam yacht, formerly Leila, has been sold by Mr. W. W. Kenyon to Mr. Henry E. Abbey. She will fly the flag of the New York Y. C.

TOM BOY.—Mr. Archibald Rogers's new cutter Tom Boy arrived at New York on Oct. 26, after a rough trip around the Cape, having left Boston at 11 P. M. on Oct. 18. The run to Vineyard Haven was made easily, but from there bad weather, westerly winds and heavy seas were encountered for the rest of the trip through the Sound, the yacht being sailed at times under trysail and staysail. Her crew consisted of Capt. A. E. Harding and Chas. Morrison. The boat behaved well, being stiff and dry in the seas. She is about 29ft. 6in. l.w.l., 10ft. beam and 7ft. draft, with clipper stem and a long counter. The freeboard is very high, but the sheer is fair and pleasing, and the boat is one of the best-looking of the new craft, resembling Baboon. She has a large rig, cutter, of course, the staysail having a club on the foot, with a single sheet. The main shrouds are set up with turnbuckles. There is no cabin house, but a very long cockpit. Below is a large forecastle, a very convenient pantry and one large cabin, with standing height under a low skylight. The deck seams are payed with marine glue and the outside is painted white.

ELECTRIC LAUNCHES.—A large electric launch for passenger use was launched at Chiswick, Eng., on Oct. 8, her dimensions being: Length, 65ft. 6in.; beam, 10ft., draft, 1ft. 10in., with eighty passengers, on a displacement of 12½ tons; the speed being six miles per hour. The motive power consists of 200 accumulators, with two 7½ H. P. motors and two Thornycroft propellers with three blades each. All the machinery is below the deck, leaving a clear space for the passengers, as well as a cabin, with dining table, etc., amidships.

LANCASHIRE WITCH.—The steam yacht Lancashire Witch, in which Sir Thomas Hesketh made the voyage around the world, has been on a cruise in the Kara Sea, calling at Novya Zembla. She rescued three sealers from the ice, towing them out. In an excursion her steam launch was crushed by the ice, the crew saving themselves in a Spitzbergen boat, after dragging it for twelve knots over packed ice.

NEW YACHTS.—Perkins & Blaisdell, of Bath, Me., will build a 50ft. launch for Messrs. G. A. and J. L. Gardner, of Boston.... At Port Huron, Mich., Love & Scofield are at work on a 60ft. steam launch for their own use.....At Bay Ridge, Mumm is at work on a Burgess 40-footer, similar to Baboon, for Mr. N. D. Lawton.

BALLYMENA.—The new Herreshoff yacht Ballymena, owned by Mr. George S. Brown, of Baltimore, reached New York on Oct. 27, in charge of Capt. D. J. Anthony. She is 140ft. over all, 124 l.w.l., 18ft. beam and about 12ft. draft, with a 5 cylinder engine. The interior is very handsomely fitted up.

VOLANTE, steam yacht, formerly the Rosalie, has been sold by Mr. Alfred Box, of Philadelphia, to New York owners.

CYTHERA.—The will of Mr. Cornelius Smith Lee, who was lost on the Cythera, has been filed for probate.

Canoeing.

AN AMATEUR CANOE.—The latest addition to the fleet of the Rutherfurd C. C. is a handsome Notus canoe, built from the lines in the FOREST AND STREAM by her owner, Mr. J. T. Holden. The Elouise is smooth-skin, and a very neat piece of amateur work.

OHIO AND MISSISSIPPI RIVERS.—A correspondent asks where charts of these rivers can be had and also their cost.

MY THUNDERSTORM CRUISE.

(Concluded from page 276.)

THE Fort Ti Transportation Combine had contracted to deliver the Inez on the shores of Lake Champlain, but as far as I could make out, in the somewhat dim morn light, the place where they left her resembled more a mythical frog pond than anything else I could think of. However, I was tired, and I do not believe it took me fifteen minutes to get my canoe tent up and get into bed. What happened from the time I made the last tape fast to the time when I was awakened by a series of awful "hi yies," I do not know. I stuck my head out of the tent to find a small procession of buggies and light wagons halting opposite me. I was camped beside the road leading to a steam ferry—and every rig was occupied by from two to eight very curious-looking persons.

I stared at this impromptu audience and they stared at me, until a very comfortable fat old granger, whose chief characteristic was a very high shirt collar and a very high stove-pipe hat, remarked that he "guessed I wus one of them canoe cranks that he'd read about bein' up to Lake Geourge." I said I "calculated that I wus," and when I saw how many pretty girls were admiring me I felt like adding that as a general rule I preferred to be "hi yied" at a quarter of an hour before I gave an entertainment.

Then my interlocutor put one leg over the side of his wagon, fitted his chin into the hollow of one hand, his elbow into the soft spot in his knee, and proceeded to cross-examine me. Where was I from anyhow, how old was I, how much did my canoe cost, were my teeth sound, and so on *ad infinitum*. At last he wound up his investigation by remarking that "the ladies were very anxious to see how I fixed my victuals and slept in that little concarn, and if I had no objection theyed come down and see."

I said that I had no objections if the ladies would kindly look the other way until I got my—well, got dressed to receive company. This perhaps too plain statement of the facts of the case had the desired effect, the procession moved on, and I got into my flannels with as much dispatch as possible.

I had intended going on down Lake Champlain as far as possible, but we had been so long doing Lake George that instead of three I had only two clear days at my disposal. I was without a billy, the bread bag was empty and the cracker bag held nothing but crumbs; worst of all, I found that both the bow and stern compartments were full of water, and I had forgotten to bring a piece of rubber tube to syphon it out with. There was nothing for it, therefore, but to get to a store, and as I wanted to explore the ruins of old Fort Ticonderoga, I thought it advisable to abandon my cruise down the lake and go back to Fort Ti. I spent a very pleasant morning looking about the ruined fort, gathering water lilies in the creek and loafing about the village, and got back to the steamboat wharf just fifteen minutes before the boat was to start for the other end of the lake.

The steamboat wharf at Fort Ti is about eight feet high, and there is not the vestige of a slip in the vicinity. No time was to be lost in discussing ways and means, so by vigorous yelling I got a couple of steamboat men to come to one end of the wharf where there was a float. They passed me down the ends of a couple of heaving lines, I threw a bow line on them, got one under each end of the canoe, with all her stores on board. 'Twas a desperate portage that, but the Inez was not even scratched let alone being strained during her aerial cruise. There are some advantages about a double-skinned canoe after all.

There is no need to say anything about a trip down Lake Champlain in the Vermont on a glorious day in August, but I wonder who the hero of this incident is.

"On our up trip, day or so ago," said the French-Canadian mate to me, "we pas' two canoe about Westport. The steersman he take the boat up pretty close to them, so as give passengers a chance to see, and one of them he have nothing on 'tall but a piece of old pair trousers 'bout his middle. His back was brown, brown as anything, and his legs were *rouge*, what you call red. That too much or a good thing, he'd go too far. He'd ought to wear a shirt."

It was seven o'clock when we got to Plattsburg, but as I was anxious to get on, I decided to run the three miles to Government Head and camp there for the night as the day was very dark when I got the canoe rigged up again; the wind was fresh, but it was steady, and there was not enough sea on to make any trouble. As soon as I got beyond the piers I saw that I could not make the Head without tacking, so after running half a mile to the westward I went about, prefering to get to windward along the main shore, so as not to lose the light I was aiming for.

When I started out I saw a thunderstorm brewing to the north, but it seemed a long way off. When I went about, however, a bright flash of lightning warned me that if I wanted a dry shirt that night I should get ashore.

I had been sailing with one reef in the mainsail, as prudence dictated, but now prudence seemed to dictate that I should get ashore before the wind changed with the storm, and I shook out that reef. I suppose I had a mile to sail, for I kept her well to windward, while letting her go through the waters. The wind had freshened, with a chill in it, and I found that the Inez was not anxious to accommodate more of me than my feet for the time being. It was a match race between canoe and thunderstorm, in the dark, and the canoe won. I enjoy the memory of that event now; it was glorious, the wild plunging of the little boat, the tearing strain of the sheet, the black darkness about me, only relieved by the white crest of a breaking sea, and the wild flash of the lightning behind; but I admit that I did not enjoy it then, and when I eased her up and let go the halliards as near to the shore as I dared to go, I was decidedly glad that it was over. I did not waste any time hunting for a camping place either, but landed her up on the first bit of firm land I came to.

A worse camping place could hardly be imagined, it was merely a beach of rough gravel a few inches above the water level, and behind was a swamp and a railway viaduct. I got my tent up, scratched together a few chips, and managed to get a billy of coffee boiled before the rain came. When it did come however, it came with a vengeance, and the thunder and lightning was like unto the rain. After I had satisfied myself that the tent would stand, I devoted myself to sleep, not to the storm, and with success.

The wind was blowing straight down the lake when I turned out, and without stopping for breakfast, I made a start under all sail. Before I got to the head I made up my mind, that I would be careful and pulled a reef, and after I got round the head, and put her before the wind, I wished I had pulled another. The breeze was steady, and the sea long. The Inez behaved better than she generally does before the wind, her worst point of sailing, and I must have put eight miles behind me before I ran in behind a bold headland that promised a good lea, to get something substantial to eat. Before starting again I put a block of chocolate into my single pocket, as I did not intend to stop again until I had reached Isle aux Noix, and that was a long thirty miles off. As soon as I got beyond the shelter of the point I found that the wind had freshened and was driving in a sea from the "Broad Lake" that would not have disgraced old Ontario. I pulled in another reef and found I could could carry the whole jigger and reefed mainsail, and all went well for a while, although the strain was considerable.

The Inez is like the majority of modern canoes, without a foot steering gear, and I have been in the habit of supplying this lack by making fast a couple of short lines with loops at the ends to fit over my feet to the cross bar of my deck tiller. As both my topplinglift and tack are fixed affairs I could not hoist the reefed sail high enough to allow it to clear the tops of the seas, and therefore I dared not get inside and steer with my feet fast in the cord loops for fear the boom would roll me under.

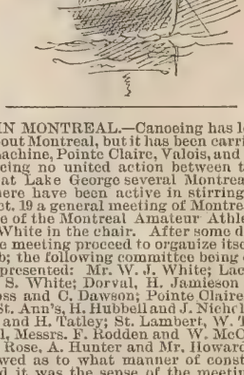
It grew worse instead of better as I went on, and at last the crisis came. A big sea that had swallowed a couple of smaller ones, caught her under the counter, she heeled to it and drove right into the back of the sea in front. The green water swept her decks to the cockpit rail; for a second it seemed to me the whole of the little craft was submerged, and the boom with its mass of reefed cotton plunged deep into the foaming head of the sea that had done the mischief. I put the helm over, hauling in the mizen sheet as I did so, and slowly she righted herself as the next sea rolled under her. I got the mainsail off her at once and lashed it inboard, got out a half paddle, and waiting for a long, clean roller, I put the helm hard up, slacked away the mizen sheet and dug into it with the paddle for my life. She went round like a top, and getting down into her, went at it with rudder and paddle to keep her straight before the sea, with the jigger set aft.

After that I had no more trouble until I reached Isle La Motte, where I got a lee and a beam wind that tempted me to try a single-reefed mainsail again. When I got out from under the island, however, I found the sea almost as bad as it had been in the open reach above, and again had to drop my mainsail. I also found to my disgust that I could not house my head, and I had to run three miles under my jigger with the board down. I found a lee at out three miles above House's Point, and made a landing near a farmhouse, the inhabitants of which were evidently of an aquatic frame of mind, for the very worst specimen of a steam launch I ever saw was anchored there, and a very ancient canoe reposed on a pile of lumber near by. I succeeded in getting my centerboard into the boat, and there and then registered an oath by oak and ash and thorn, to so arrange matters that I would have a folding centerboard to dispose of before a month was over, and a canoe with a plate board to cruise in next season; and I have kept my vow.

The remainder of my day's run was uneventful, and I beached the Inez on the green turf of Isle aux Noix, in the Richelieu, thirty-eight miles from Plattsburg, just in time to get under shelter before another thunderstorm, almost as bad as the one of the night before, broke overhead. I had no time to cook anything, however, and had to turn in after a very unsatisfactory meal of bread, cheese and chocolate in the block.

It rained at intervals during the night, and morning broke gray, dismal, and with a chilly, squally and altogether unpleasant northwest wind howling through the big elms. I got myself up a good breakfast, treating myself to an omelette wherein four eggs were reinforced by a large quantity of grated cheese and potted tongue, and then devoted an hour or more to investigating Fort Lennox, a work which, although now disarmed and ungarrisoned, was, prior to the days of railways, one of the keys of Canada. Then came twelve miles of hard work, for although in nearly every reach of the river I had a slant from one shore to the other, the wind was puffy and variable, and even under close-reefed canvas I had all I could do to prevent the Inez from turning turtle. By one o'clock, however, I was through the swing of the railway bridge at St. John, and my four days' cruise on Lake George and Lake Champlain came to an inglorious end when I berthed the Inez on the nastiest mud bank I had encountered since we capsized together off the Isle of Mud the year before, in the "Lac Two Mounting." So ended a cruise in which I loafed more, worked harder, ate the most and the least, and discovered more virtues and defects in the Inez, her rig and outfit, than in any other short cruise I have ever made. I must also confess that during this same cruise I discovered more defects in myself and my seamanship than I thought I had to contend with. The special defects I discovered in canoe, rig and outfit and the methods I propose to use in amending them, may form the basis of another article. As for the defects in the canoeist, I will try to satisfy my conscience by finding fault with the other canoeists, as is the way with weak humanity.

RETAW.



CANOEING IN MONTREAL.—Canoeing has long been a most popular sport about Montreal, but it has been carried on by a number of clubs at Lachine, Pointe Claire, Valois, and other suburban resorts, there being no united action between them. Since the A. C. A. meet at Lake George several Montreal canoeists who were present there have been active in stirring up canoeing at home, and on Oct. 19 a general meeting of Montreal canoeists was held at the house of the Montreal Amateur Athletic Association, with Mr. W. J. White in the chair. After some discussion it was resolved that the meeting proceed to organize itself into the Montreal Canoe Club; the following committee being chosen from the various clubs represented: Mr. W. J. White; Lachine, Mr. W. A. Shearwood and S. White; Dorval, H. Jamieson and A. G. Frye; Valois, J. G. Ross and C. Dawson; Pointe Claire, J. L. Wiseman and D. A. Poe; St. Ann's, H. Hubbell and J. Nichol; Chateauguay, H. W. Reynolds and H. Tatley; St. Lambert, W. Tietor and A. R. Scott; Longueuil, Messrs. F. Rodden and W. McClare; Laprairie, A. Walker; Ste. Rose, A. Hunter and Mr. Howard. An informal discussion followed as to what manner of constitution the club should have, and it was the sense of the meeting that it should not become associated with the M.A.A.A., that the committee should be composed of representatives of the branch clubs, and that if possible the fees should cover not only membership in the club but in the American Canoe Association. After a vote of thanks to the directors of the M.A.A.A. for the use of their club room, the meeting adjourned to the call of its chairman. The new club is likely not only to further the interest in canoeing about Montreal, but to add new members to the A. C. A., as it will be well represented at the general meet in the Northern Division next August.

A. C. A. MEMBERSHIP.—Central Division: A. R. Porte, Ogdensburg, N. Y.

New Publications.

WISHING CAP PAPERS. So many new books of greater or less merit and interest are annually issued from the press, that, in the effort to keep pace with the current literature of the day, the most voracious reader finds so much of his time encroached on, that he has no leisure to familiarize himself with the writers of a generation ago, and nothing to guide in the selection of their best works. This difficulty is being met, the selection of the best writings of the past has become a special branch of the publisher's calling, and the flowers of English literature are being culled and presented for our edification and delight. The "Wishing Cap Papers," by Leigh Hunt, is one of a series of volumes now being published by Lee and Shepard, Boston, and entitled "Good Company." It is a series of essays in a conversational style on well known places and persons, and affording familiar insight into the personal characteristics of all the most prominent personages in English life and literature from the days of good Queen Bess down to Leigh Hunt's own time. Leigh Hunt is a genial writer, and his essays, graceful in style, evidence a high measure of literary culture.

FIRESIDE SAINTS is the title of another of Lee and Shepard's Good Company Series, and is a selection from the writings of Douglas Jerrold, including those charming little vignettes, Saint Sally, Saint Becky and the other Fireside Saints from which it takes its title. Other papers in the selection are: Mr. Caudle's Breakfast Table; An Old House in the City; The Little Great and the Great Little; Silas Fleshpots, a Respectable Man; Michael Lynx, the Man who Knew Himself; etc. In these papers there is a great deal of that caustic humor and merciless lashing of the hypocrisy of life which is generally considered the author's leading characteristic; but as Leigh Hunt justly remarked, "if Douglas Jerrold had the sting of the bee, he had also his honey." It is one of the prime joys of life for humanity to see the vices of others exposed, and Douglas Jerrold undoubtedly owed a large measure of his popularity to his possession of the bee's sting, but the great charm of his writings must be sought in these permeated with the honey. The "Fireside Saints" are unrivalled in their way, and leave no possible doubt that their author was a very lovable man.

UP THE NORTH BRANCH; or, A Summer's Outing. By Captain Charles A. J. Farrar. Author of "Eastward Ho," "Wildwoods Life," etc. Boston: Lee and Shepard. There is an abundance of moving incident by flood and field in Captain Farrar's "Up the North Branch." A party of nine young gentlemen, more or less initiated into the freemasonry of the woods, go into the Maine wilderness beyond the Forks of the Kennebec in search of excitement, and find an inexhaustible supply of it from the start to the finish, bagging moose, bear, wolves, catamounts, and having a good time of it generally. In this as in other works of the series, Captain Farrar interweaves with the narrative an amount of information of practical value to amateurs, and the present work is sparkling and well up to the standard of the previously published works of this popular series.

ROCHESTER AND ITS SUBURBS is a handsome collection of illustrations, drawn by C. K. Darrow from photographs made with the "Kodak" camera, and sold at 25 cents by C. L. Sherrill & Co., of Rochester. Added to its interest as a display of the points of the Flower (erstwhile Flour) City, is the demonstration it affords of the excellence of the wonderful "Kodak."

SONGS FOR OUR DARLINGS. Uniform with the above is a selection of juvenile melodies, illustrated with over a hundred engravings and designed to reach and stimulate the moral nature of children old enough to distinguish between right and wrong. Milk for babes calculated to exercise a wholesome influence upon their moral development.

ROBERT ELSMERE. By Mrs. Humphrey Ward. New York: Macmillan & Co. Price, 50 cents. That "Robert Elsmere" was written by a woman will be a matter of astonishment to many people. In spite of woman's invasion of field after field of intellectual labor, there has remained a general conviction that with her emotional nature, the critical faculty would never prove strong enough to admit of a dispassionate review of the evidences for and against the religious system or systems with which she has been associated; but in "Robert Elsmere" we have a novel of intensely dramatic interest portraying the struggles of a clergyman of deep religious convictions who, in the course of his literary labors, is impelled to the cultivation of the critical faculty, until he is insensibly led to the conviction that Christianity is incapable of standing the tests by which secular history is investigated. The interest of the story centers in the conflict between science and religion so characteristic of the age; and the bitterness of the struggle in which the hero is impelled by uncontrollable forces to do violence to the religion he has regarded as sacred, and which he has hitherto deemed the source and support of all the higher aspirations of his nature. In every such struggle no one can fail to realize that the bitterest blow of all is the lament of his past associates over his downfall, their denunciation of his rash step, their prayers, and evident horror at the thought that he has placed himself in the power of the evil one; and in the story under review the interest is intensified by making Robert Elsmere's wife the impersonation of the principle of the Christian religion, presenting only its best aspects, but morbid in its intensity. We have no space for a more detailed analysis of the story, but we have no hesitation in saying that in its display of intellectual power and dramatic interest the work has won for its author a right to rank as the acknowledged equal of George Eliot, perhaps the only English-speaking woman writer who can be classed together with her.

A DEVIL OF A CRUISE; or, The Log of the Yacht Champlain, as kept by Col. J. Armoy Knox. Several passages in this remarkable book lead it to be inferred that he author was born a sailor, for in no other way can we account for such entries in the log as for instance that "her anchor fouled in a parallel of latitude" and other nautical incongruities; but candor compels us to admit that he kept both his eyes open during the cruise, and saw a great deal more than most voyagers, all of which is truthfully recorded in the log and so admirably illustrated by Worth, that between the story teller and the artist, the average reader would get more fun out of reading the log than making the voyage. The author has made his mark as a humorist. The contents of this volume have been already published as a series of letters in the New York *World*, Boston *Herald*, and half a dozen other papers, and achieved a popularity that justifies the author in re-collecting them himself and assuming that the public would like to recollect them also, and we may safely say that for those who have already smiled their broadest over the original text, the added illustrations will restore all the charm of novelty. (National Literary Bureau, New York. Price, 50 cents.)

BROKEN LIGHTS, by Frances Power Cobbe, another of the same series, is an inquiry into the present condition and future prospects of religious faith. In this work the author tells us she has sought the direction in which our Ark of Faith is going forth, and speculated on the region of opinion in which it will rest at last with some such feelings as may have swelled the hearts of the Israelites of old when the Philistines sent forth the Ark of the Covenant, to be carried wherever the cattle might be Divinely guided. The conclusion to which she points is that general enlightenment and scientific criticism will tend to sweep away the rubbish which overlies the fundamental conception of God, not only among Christians, but among Jews, Hindoos, and Theists of all creeds. But the writer urges that Theism, to be a religion at all, must be a religion of prayer, and not a philosophy. For her science may subserve the function of subverting a false religion, but is inadequate to the construction of the term. She is a powerful, clear and logical writer, and to people who have cut their moorings and are drifting about aimlessly, the influence of so decidedly constructive and calmly confident a mind as Francis Power Cobbe's cannot fail to be both attractive and soothing.

BRITISH REPTILES AND BATRACHIANS. By Catharine C. Hopley. Author of "Curiosities and Wonders of Serpent Life," "Aunt Jenny's American Pets," etc., etc. London: Swan, Sonnenschein, Lowery & Co. Price, one shilling. There is no very great display of reptile life in England, but the chief types are all represented. It has its poisonous and non-poisonous snakes, its toads, frogs, natter jack, newts and lizards, and these have effectively served the author as texts for describing the distinctive characteristics of the group, and their relationship with the fish below and the warm-blooded vertebrates above them. Miss Hopley has domesticated and made pets of all the creatures described, with the exception of the viper, and is thus enabled to describe them familiarly as well as scientifically. There are some very excellent illustrations, and the work forms a fitting addition to The Young Collector Series, in which it is included.

RELIGIOUS DUTY, by Frances Power Cobbe, is another of Lee and Shepard's Good Company Series. It is the second edition of a deeply religious work by a writer whom it was once the fashion to regard as an Atheist. Frances Power Cobbe's religion is an exalted Deism, which finds in natural religion not merely moral duty as apprehended by intellectual insight into the ultimate consequences of conduct in its action and reaction; but also as apprehended by spiritual insight. On the intellectual side the author is metaphysical; on the religious side she is essentially Christian, her rejection of the Divinity of Christ in no way shaking her faith in the spiritualism of the Christian religion, but regarded by her rather as comparable to the removal of a scaffolding necessary to the development of spiritual insight, but as such subserving only a temporary purpose.

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES. Mrs. Partington's edition of "Mother Goose's Melodies," edited by Uncle Willis, presents the children with old friends glowing in the added light of pictorial illustration which brings out the meaning of the melodies with a clearness not to be apprehended by juveniles who have to picture the scenes to themselves with no other aid than words. (Boston: Lee and Shepard, paper 30 cents, boards 50 cents.)

Answers to Correspondents.

F. J. C., Siasconset.—See our game columns this week.

A READER, St. Louis, Mo.—The gun you name is a good one for the purpose. See the Arkansas notes in our shot columns.

W. M. C.—The trouble is probably in the grade of powder used. Try some first-class, clean powder, and see if that does not give the remedy.

G. B., New York.—Go to some of the stations on the railroad back of Fishkill on the Hudson, or go to Meacham Lake, in the North Woods.

J. W. S., California.—The Sunflower river region of Mississippi is one of the famous game districts of that State. Go by steamer from Vicksburg.

W. K. S., Easton, Pa.—In northern district of New Jersey the hare or rabbit season opens to-day; in the southern district it will open Nov 15.

H. N., New York.—Mt. Vernon is in Westchester county, where the shooting grouse, quail, etc., is confined to the month of November. No game may be marketed.

H. S. W., Rochester, N. Y.—Dr. Ellzey's address is Woodstock, Ind. You will find the merits of Osage orange wood discussed in Mr. H. P. Wells's "Fly-Rods and Fly-Tackle."

N. T. R., Manchester; N. H.—Mr. Robinson's new book, "Sam Lovel's Camps," is in the hands of the compositors, and you may look for an early announcement of its publication.

T. L. F., Liberty Hill, Ga.—The manufacturers of guns and rifles supply duplicate parts of locks, etc., and have regular scales of prices for the same. These are usually given in their catalogues.

D. F. E., Atlantic City.—The Pamlico river district in North Carolina, reached by steam from Norfolk, is at this season and later a great resort for wildfowl; and you will find deer, turkeys and quail there too.

O. H., Union Center.—You will find good shooting in northern Louisiana, and capital sport in Washington Territory, but in selecting a home you must be governed by your preferences of climate, etc. From your letter we judge that Washington Territory would be the better.

F. E. A., Waterbury, Vt.—Read Bogardus's "Field, Cover and Trap Shooting." It contains many excellent hints. We have printed many articles in back numbers, and one of them specially useful will shortly be reprinted in book form. D. W. Cross's "Fifty Years with Gun and Rod" has some plain and practical instructions.

S. W. S., Boston.—1. Does the present breech-loading shotgun shoot as hard as the old muzzle guns? In several books concerning guns I have seen it stated that the muzzle shot harder than the breech gun when it was first on the market. 2. Does nickel in any way hurt the steel of a shotgun and tend to weaken it? Ans. 1. Yes. 2. No.

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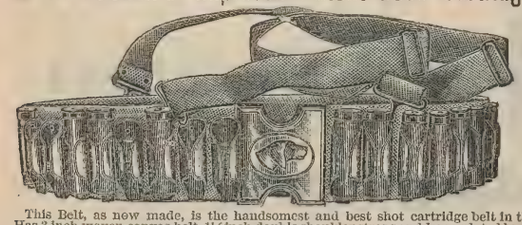
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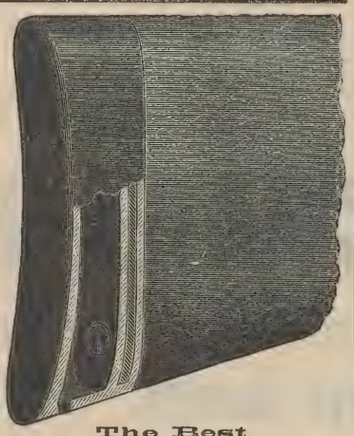
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TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 8, 1888.

VOL. XXXI.—No. 16. No. 318 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications on the subject to which its pages are devoted are respectfully invited. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No name will be published except with writer's consent. The Editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

No. 318 BROADWAY. NEW YORK CITY.

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SHALL ADIRONDACK DOES BE SPARED?

CONSIDERED with respect to the numbers of hunters who annually resort to it for deer, the Adirondack region of New York bears a close relation to the deer forests of Europe. If the game supply of the Adirondacks is to be conserved it is reasonable to assume that the rules which obtain in the deer forests should be in force there. One point in the code of ethics governing deer hunting in the European forest is that the stags only are legitmate game; the does are spared. No deer stalker in Scotland would think of killing a female deer; this feat would be the last thing in the world about which he would make boast. By the operation of this rule the supply of game is kept up from year to year; the deer could never be exterminated by the allowed killing of male deer of a certain age.

In this country many have made it a rule in big game hunting to refrain from killing the females. With a certain class of the best and foremost sportsmen this is a point in the code of field ethics on which they hold strongest convictions. The sentiment is a growing one, that in the Adirondacks and similar regions, where by indiscriminate slaughter of bucks and does the game supply is endangered, this rule of sparing the does should be adopted by all classes. Certain of the Adirondack clubs have a rule on their books forbidding the destruction of does. There ought to be a law on the statute books to that effect. It would mean a material advance in the solution of the deer preserving problem.

We would be glad to have the views of our readers on this subject. Unless we mistake the attitude of those who concern themselves not alone with the question of where they can find a deer to-day, but also the consideration of where others can find a deer ten or twenty or fifty years hence, the time is ripe for a law to forbid doe killing and for practice in conformity with such a law.

FORESTS OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

III.

THE report of George B. Sudworth on the forest flora of the Rocky Mountains is a valuable contribution to our knowledge of the botany of the region, and Prof. E. J. James contributes a carefully considered and powerful argument on the duty of the Government to assume control of its forests, and administer them systematically. Dr. B. E. Fernow laments the present system of neglect of the forests, their reckless spoliation, and the utter inadequacy of Government measures to avert it. He insists that State control of forest operations is indispensable, and the only means by which the people can utilize the usufruct, while preserving to the forest its forest character in perpetuity. All this is quite true, but it is not immediately practicable. The Government is not ready to embark its surplus millions in an enterprise of the proper conduct of which it knows nothing; and even were it willing, we have no trained department adequate to the proper administration of this vast property. Forty-five million acres of forest distributed over seven times that area of mountain region call for professional knowledge and a great deal of administrative ability, not merely in the head of the department, but in a very large staff of deputies. It is all very well to assert as an abstract proposition that the public interests require that the forests be administered by the Government. The assertion cannot be reiterated too often or too emphatically, but Dr. Fernow may go on reiterating it until the last acre of Government forest is cut over, and no practical results must be looked for until he is prepared to demonstrate not merely the desirability but the feasibility of government administration.

Let us look at the problem in all its bearings, not merely with the object of comprehending it intellectually, but with a view to determine the practical measures best designed to awaken the Government to the realization of the feasibility of embarking in the administration of its forests with prospects of financial success. So far as we can ascertain, no such practical proposals have yet been submitted to the Government. Grants of a few hundred thousand dollars have been asked for with the object of preventing depredations on the forests, but we never heard of any proposal designed to demonstrate experimentally that the head of the Forestry Division is capable of keeping the market supplied with fuel and timber, and of improving the forest area from which it is drawn at the same time.

That is the problem. We have in the Rocky Mountains an area of forty-five million acres, more or less, of forest, whose influence upon the regulation of the water supply is such as to render its maintenance as forest absolutely indispensable to the future well-being of the whole region. As natural forests, they yield no annual increment, growth and decay counterbalancing each other from age to age. To render them productive it is necessary to remove the old timber and restock the cleared area with young growing plants.

Natural reproduction can generally be relied on for restocking cleared areas, but we have abundant evidence to support the view that the operations of the lumberman are not followed by reproduction. The forest area is contracted annually by the area cleared. There is considerable local demand for timber for mines and building, railway construction and maintenance, and for fuel for smelting and for domestic purposes; but the demand, although considerable, is probably far below the productive capacity of the forest area. According to Colonel Ensign, the timber consumption of the area is about 25,000,000 cubic feet per annum, or little more than half a cubic foot per acre for the whole forest area. Or, if we approach the problem from another side, from 10,000 to 20,000 acres of sound mature trees would carry a stock equal to a year's requirements in timber, and from 1,000,000 to 2,000,000 acres suffice to maintain the draft permanently. But in our present imperfect knowledge of the condition of the forests, no reliance whatever is to be based on conclusions drawn from figures. Of one thing at least we may be assured, and that is, that in the absence of proper conservative measures and systematic treatment, the forest will be exterminated in a few decades at most.

As far as regards the maintenance of the forest for its influence upon the retention and distribution of the water supply, there is nothing necessarily objectionable in the lumberman's system of forest clearance; all that is necessary is that it be complemented by artificial replanting from nursery raised plants. The only or at least the prime obstacle here is the financial difficulty. At a very moderate estimate it would cost thirty dollars an acre to restock the cleared areas by planting, and in the present state of the timber market the standing stock cannot be worked out to sell at a profit of one-half, and perhaps barely one-fourth of that amount. Under these circumstances artificial restocking is out of the question.

But the forests can be restocked by natural reproduction in the course of exploitation. The lumberman makes a clean sweep of his selected area, and if any crop springs up after the clearance it is unable to stand the exposure to which it is subjected; but the forester with an eye to reproduction, thins out his forest to encourage the germination of seedlings on the forest floor, makes another thinning a year or two later to let in more light, and makes the final clearance after a sturdy young crop has got full possession of the forest floor. This makes the getting out the timber somewhat more costly and inconvenient because it necessitates the extension of operations over a much larger area.

So much for the distinction between the forester and the lumberman in their treatment of high forest; that is, mature timber. In working out small timber, such as is used for telegraph and telephone poles, mining, etc., the benefits of system are still more apparent. The lumberman wants a million poles, and clears, let us say, ten thousand acres to get them; the forester might take the same number of poles from fifteen thousand acres, leaving half a million standing, that is one-third of the original crop, evenly distributed over the whole area. Following the lumberman's operations the cleared area would remain practically bare, while a few years after the forester's operations the remaining trees would have closed up and be probably equal in timber contents to the stock as it stood before thinning.

It will now be readily intelligible that a government, by its trained officers, could operate its forests with greater economy as to yield and secure reproduction at a very moderate advance upon the costs increased by the lumberman in clearing them and laying bare the exploited area. We arrive now at these propositions:

First, it is, if not absolutely indispensable, at least of first-class importance to the immediate prosperity of the region, that its timber and fuel resources shall be rendered available for the people.

Second, that the maintenance of the forest area as forest is absolutely indispensable to the development and lasting prosperity of the region.

These requirements cannot be harmonized except by intrusting the administration of the forests to a skilled executive; to place it under the control of an inexperienced and consequently incompetent staff would be worse than useless.

Forty-five millions of acres are a large area, and even on the perfectly legitimate assumption that the local requirements in fuel and timber would not exceed the usufruct of five million acres, the working of this smaller area would still entail a large outlay. At a very moderate estimate we should need a hundred skilled forest officers, each in charge of a forest division of 50,000 acres or thereabout, and a staff of 500 foresters under them, entailing a cost for establishment of about $750,000 per annum. Estimating the cost of getting out the timber at, roughly, $10 per hundred cubic feet, this would call for an outlay of $2,000,000 per annum for timber operation, and probably as much more would be required for fuel—say $5,000,000 per annum in all.

In working out fuel the Government should not only have no difficulty in covering its expenditure, but should be able to saddle it with a moiety of the costs of the supervising establishment, but there is no guarantee of similar results in working out its timber, first, because the treatment for reproduction involves higher costs than are incurred by lumbermen; second, because it will be constrained to work out all the timber in the area under treatment, while the lumberman would work out only the one or two most marketable species; and in competition with outside timber which costs nothing beyond the costs of bringing to market it is very possible that until the price of timber advances, these forests could not be worked for timber at any profit upon their working expenses, and that to balance income and expenditure it would be necessary to advance the price of fuel, but this might be done safely without detriment to any interest.

But what reasonable prospect is there that the Govern-

ment would make an appropriation of five million dollars annually for forest administration, and sanction the importation of a competent staff of European officers? It is practically useless to advocate it, the country is not ripe for it. As little may we hope to do any good by providing an establishment for the control of lumbermen's operations. A small establishment might be sufficient to guard the forests if they were absolutely closed and the laws against trespass rigidly enforced, but to sanction exploitation and attempt to direct and control it would require a much larger establishment than would be required to work it governmentally. It is impracticable, and any money expended in that direction is waste.

If the forests continue open to private exploitation, reproduction by departmental agency is the best use to which the annual grant can be applied.

In face of the general indifference with which this important problem is regarded by the Legislature, it appears to us that the measure best calculated to bring about a system of reform in forest management would be for the chief of the Forest Division to select a block of forests conveniently situated for the supply of fuel to some mining works, which could not conveniently be supplied from any other source, work this together with the timber in the block by governmental agency, leaving the remainder of the forests uncared for, and devoting every energy to working the experimental division or block at a profit, while making all necessary provision for reproduction. A well-chosen and compactly timbered block of a hundred thousand acres or so would suffice for the experiment, and this being worked at a profit for three or four years and the problem of uniform reproduction solved, the difficulties of extending the system would disappear like mist before the sun.

The Sportsman Tourist.

NOTES ON WESTERN FLORIDA.

I.—DOWN THE CHATTAHOOCHEE RIVER.

SOME years ago, during one of my spring rambles in the South, I chanced to drift, on a rather primitive steamboat, down the Chattahoochee River into the western arm of Florida. I made quite a stay at Apalachicola, and from that quaint old place as a center, explored by numerous expeditions the surrounding wilderness and adjacent coast.

It is a strange country, a land of mysterious swamps and silent, awe-inspiring pine forests, a land uninhabited, and, I fear, almost uninhabitable; just a bit of romance may here be found, too, for in direct contrast to its present savage condition, the would-be explorer is constantly coming upon the remains of past civilizations that speak of the Spanish rule of long ago. It is one of the few parts of this great Union of ours that has receded rather than advanced in the last fifty years. Old natives will tell you of a time, long "befo' de waw," when this was a settled country, and if you penetrate far enough into the barrens to the west of Apalachicola, yours will be the novel sensation of standing on the site of a once populous town of which not a vestige now remains—verily no common experience in America.

I found the country, the people and the shooting so attractive that I have returned with every spring, and have hunted, fished, walked, sailed and canoed over a great portion of the country and down the Gulf coast. During several of these trips friends have accompanied me and have yielded as readily to the peculiar fascinations of the land as did I. As a hunting ground I know of none superior to it, while the fishing is exceptional. The following series of articles are some of the results of observations during the past three years.

Permit me to introduce you to a trio, not Faith, Hope and Charity, but a real live three, with perhaps a quota of those virtues but not the virtues themselves. First, Bondclipper, a rare sportsman, one who, notwithstanding his years of business, yet preserves his old boyish love of sport, and who brings down his bird with as much skill as he bags the much more agile dollar. In the adventures that succeed this introduction Bondclipper is supposed to be in search of health. It seems to be a common failing of humanity always to search for what we already possess, and all of us have our hobbies that it would be the refinement of cruelty to take away. So it is with Bondclipper; he is always ill, and notwithstanding the fact that he can tire down any ordinary athlete in a day's hunt, he doses himself as though death were very imminent. Not that I would have you understand that he is one of those tiresome hypochondriacs, who are forever talking of dying and other unpleasant things and boring you with a graphic account of their sufferings, real or imaginary; he suffers in silence, and his moans fall on no ears save his own.

Next, Rusticus, a hunter from the ground up, one who has spent the best of forty hale, hearty, vigorous years in the fields and forests with his shotgun, etc.; one by whom, if dog, gun and ammunition be given him, naught more is asked. His creed is to keep his gun clean, his dog well fed, never to miss a fair, open shot, and to avoid having anything to do with a rifle. That is his strong point, a vigorous contempt for a rifle; his hatred for that accurate weapon is boundless. Now, as Bondclipper and I are fair rifle shots and have a preference in that line, we are continually the objects of scorn and ridicule from Rusticus; this we return to the best of our ability, but somehow our repartee seems to strike him, like the weapon we uphold, in only one place, while he strikes us all over with the fine, stinging shot of his satire; perhaps, however, our wounds are the deepest.

As becomes my great modesty, allow me, lastly, to introduce myself. Of my characteristics and peculiarities I shall say nothing, leaving the reader to judge them as he may choose. Unknown quantities are designated by X., why should not unknown qualities receive the same letter? So I shall figure in the future as "X."

We three, one spring day, after a hard winter's work, decided that it was absolutely necessary for our physical well-being that we take a hunt. Where? This was a hard point to decide, but after mature deliberation, and a vast deal of study of guide books and railway folders, partly through my advice, we made Florida the point of our expedition. All of us are hunters used to roughing it, and we all yearned, with that feeling that sometimes comes to even the most refined or rather the least savage of us to get absolutely away from civilization and the beaten track of tourists. On the St. John's we knew the inevitable horde of exquisitely gotten up sportsman would he ever present, shooting at every sand snipe that chanced to show its unwary head, and in fact that but little good hunting country was left in northeastern Florida. The western portion of the State, however, is one vast wilderness, in certain places unknown and almost unexplored. Great possibilities existed for us in those clear places on the maps, that indicated the thinly settled country, so we finally decided upon the following plan. We would go to Eufaula, Ala., take the steamboat down the Chattahoochee River to Apalachicola, and thence guided by circumstances we would seek sport wherever found.

One April morning found us bag and baggage in Eufaula, awaiting that rather uncertain means of transportation, a Southern river boat. The sleepy little town did not present a very progressive picture of the New South, the busy season being virtually over, cotton all sold and everything dependent upon and awaiting the coming crop, now just planted. For the next five months the place would slumber in the sun, dead to all appearances of trade, and then would spring once more into commercial life animated by the influx of the great mainstay of the land—King Cotton.

It is a typical Southern town, and a very beautiful one with its wide streets and grand avenues of superb old oaks. I never have seen such trees anywhere else outside of England. They line the sides of every thoroughfare in Eufaula, and some of the streets have a row growing right in the middle, whose branches joining those of the sides, make tunnels of living green that afford pleasant protection from the noonday sun.

The regulation Southern homes are everywhere painted the inevitable white, with green blinds; stiff and ungainly enough would they be elsewhere with their square box-like architecture; here, however, set amid groves of magnolia trees and literally covered with rose vines they are beautiful and picturesque. Dame Nature tones down the glaring white and rounds off the unsightly right angles with her ever charitable hands.

We managed to while away the long day somehow, playing billiards on somewhat antiquated tables and strolling about the quaint old streets. We were not sorry, however, when at five in the afternoon a whistle announced the coming of the boat; and away we went in a rickety old hack down the almost alpine road that leads from town to the landing. We reached there just in time to see the little steamer rounding the bend. Down the narrow winding stream she came, puffing and blowing like a porpoise. The landing was effected with all the commotion and confusion that one sees on the floating palaces of the Mississippi, the mate swore quite as hard, the stevedores sang as cheerily, and from the ringing of bells and shouting of orders, one might have supposed that the Great Eastern was "laying to."

We embarked, and having seen to the stowing away of our somewhat extensive baggage, sat down to supper. These Chattahoochie River boats are run under excellent management and the fare on all of the steamers is very good, much better than on many of the more traveled streams of the North; indeed the trade of this somewhat obscure river is eagerly sought after, as there are several lines, the competition has produced a most happy effect for passengers.

I know of no stream in the South more inviting for a tourist than the Chattahoochee. The scenery is almost, if not quite, equal to the famed St. John's of eastern Florida, and while Southern rivers do not present much variety of landscape, the vast expanses of woods and cypress swamps have a beauty and fascination all their own.

The moon was full, and after supper we lounged around the deck, enjoying the balmy softness of a Southern April and watching the dark wall of forest slipping by. There was but little talking, and the only noise that broke the stillness was the weird chorus of the deck hands. A careless, happy lot these stevedores, working night and day for a bare subsistence, singing, laughing and joking from morning till night, their tongues going as steadily and as tirelessly as their limbs. Occasionally we stop at some wood yard, where a sign over the heaps of pine indicates that the pine may be bought at a dollar a cord. Pine flambeaux are lighted, two gang planks are run out and over them the streams of dusky porters hurry. First they carry one stick at a time, then two, then some ambitious fellow shoulders three, until vieing with each other, five of the huge sticks form a load. Fast and furious they work, while the great pile fairly melts away to the tune of their melodious improvisations. It is a picturesque sight, as lighted by the ruddy fitful glare of pine torches, which softens down the coarser features of the scene, makes the dark background of woods seem like the boundary of the world; and playing on the ebony faces and gnarled corded arms of these Hercules brings to one's mind some of the tales of the Calibans of Hungarian forests. What a pride these stevedores do take in their strength; they seem not like ordinary drudges, but rather athletes, striving the one to outdo the other. Great burdens are hoisted on muscular shoulders as if the merest trifles. Constantly and over all sound their wild songs, improvised chants of meaningless words and monotonous air that rise and fall in weird cadences vibrated with pathos and full of peculiar beauty and passion, born of that talent inherited from savage ancestors of African wilds.

The mate of a steamboat, that rough and ready, hard swearing magnate, is a most interesting character. In his person is centered the negro's idea of the summit of earthly ambition and power. He is looked up to and obeyed as little less than a god, and in point of fact he is a most tremendous personage. Watch him a while and be convinced of his greatness. Heard you ever such a wonderful command of profanity? Not the ordinary, weak expletives of a luxurious and effete civilization, but great, strapping, four-jointed oaths that fly to the mark like a streak of lightning and fairly rend the air with their intensity. He swears at everything, at the men, at the cargo, at the weather. He adds a syllable to every word, a rope, for instance, is a "damrope." From morning till night he keeps up one continual blue stream. But it is harmless and hurts no one. The negroes rather enjoy it; it affords amusement to the passengers and satisfaction to the mate, so are is content and the boat moves on by the combined force of steam and oath.

The banks of the upper river are abrupt and very beautiful; sometimes they tower to great height, their precipitous sides variegated by band-like strata of rock and their summits crowned with the brightest of spring foliage. Hundreds of clear brooks meander through picturesque cañons and mingle their clear waters with the dark current of the larger stream. Occasionally through openings in the forest we see plantations with their broad plowed fields and clusters of white-washed houses. In these river bottoms are some of the finest cotton and corn lands of all the South.

At Fort Gaines the cliffs tower to an exceptional height and on their summit is perched the pretty little town. All the villages of the upper river have some such elevated position, for these Southern streams that glide along in such a lazy apathetic manner during the dry season, become fierce as Alpine torrents when swollen by the rains of spring.

The upper river is very difficult of navigation on account of the numerous sandbars, and also because of the constant shifting and changing of the channel. A place that may be passable on the down trip of a boat will perhaps ground her high and dry on the return. Every high water erodes great masses from the banks, and the *debris* is carried away to be deposited on some forming bar that will cause the pilots to seek new passes. Then there are a great many snags—trees that have grounded on the bottom of the stream, and whose branches project above or remain concealed a few inches below the surface of the water—a serious danger to many captains. There have been many accidents, and the life of a Chattahoochee boat does not average five years. A few years ago the Everingham was burned between Eufaula and Columbus with a loss of some twenty-three lives.

The next morning by ten o'clock the bluffs had almost disappeared, and we steamed all day through a densely wooded and perfectly level country. The stopping places are few and far between. Occasionally we would tie up at a bank where no signs of human habitation could be seen, and leave a lot of supplies to be gathered by the owner whenever he might chance that way. Several times, in answer to hails from the shore, we stopped to take on some solitary passenger; as an accommodation boat our craft certainly filled every requirement.

We passed an enjoyable, lazy day, sitting around the deck, popping with our rifles at occasional ducks and divers, and watching with interest the phases of an almost changeless scene. There were but few passengers besides ourselves—two or three planters, several lumbermen, a local politician, and that inseparable parasite of railways and steamboats, a drummer. The portion of the long cabin allotted to ladies was monopolized by a poor, forlorn, yellow-looking little country woman, with the complexion of a pumpkin and an air of constant embarrassment. She spent all of her time in the deep contemplation of her shoes, to judge by her eyes; and did not stir out of the hot, stuffy cabin all day. A boat is an excellent field in which to study human nature; brought by the confining limits of a deck or cabin, whether you will or no, into communication with all classes, one may see much that is novel and interesting in even the most unpromising of companions, and may realize that, after all, different classes of people, animal-like, have each their respective habits, which are almost as universal and regular as are the ways of different species of beasts. Our comrades were no exception to this natural law, but true to their several kinds, acted accordingly. The planters spoke of "befo' de waw" and crops, and made numerous visits to a certain cabin (No. 23, I think) from which they would emerge with a great clearing of throats and wiping of mouths, in a manner most plain in its meaning. The lumbermen, green as the timber they cut, were perhaps the most original of all, being true representative of that class that gives the lower Chattahoochee what importance it possesses in a commercial sense.

The local politician was evidently on the canvass; he was the essence of politeness to every one; talked lumber to the lumbermen, talked tariff and other stupendous problems of government to the planters, drank whisky with every one, condescendingly spoke to the vision in yellow of the cabin, to her great and evident terror; and, in fact, made himself generally amusing—and natural. It is not necessary to add that this great and awe-inspiring personage had a very red nose, and was distinguished from common humanity by the wearing of an antiquated Prince Albert coat, of about the luster of a looking-glass. That genial animal, the drummer, after spending an hour vainly trying to get up a flirtation with the galvanized corpse of the saloon, finally turned to his own sex, became acquainted with every one in a very few minutes, told numerous stories, more or less shady, and made himself generally popular. True, he would insist on trying to impress upon our minds the grandeur and sublimity of the firm of A. & B., and brought into his anecdotes the tale of how he had sold such and such a bill of goods here and such there; but all in all he was very agreeable—at least I thought so, until, at whist, he persistently led from his short suit, then in righteous wrath I cut his acquaintance.

Once, when we stopped for an hour to take on an unusually large load of wood, my two companions and I took our guns and stirred up a covey of quail in an adjacent field. After killing six between us we were obliged to leave the rest and return to the boat. The quail shooting for the entire length of the river is most excellent, birds everywhere and very tame and easily gotten at.

At 1 o'clock we reached Chattahoochee, a most dismal looking place, consisting of little more than a hotel and depot; it is right in, or rather over, a swamp, for the houses are perched upon high piles to keep them above the periodical freshets, though I understand that a mile or so away there is quite a little town. The Pensacola & Atlantic R. R. here crosses the river on a fine iron drawbridge. Our passenger list was largely augmented here by the coming on board of a comic opera company. Verily, this is a world of contrasts. Here, as we supposed, far away from everything of the kind, in the midst of a wilderness, it was somewhat startling to come upon so high an evidence of civilization, almost as un-

expected as must have been the finding by the early Spaniards in Mexico of a civilization as great as their own. A rattling good company they were, too, who, being temporarily "out of a date," and having nothing else to do, had resolved to visit Apalachicola, and wake that sleepy old place with some modern music. They had been waiting for our boat all day long, and they gave the most graphic pictures of the stupidness of the town and the size of the mosquitoes. From this point south, alligators are numerous, and Chattahoochee is quite blessed with a great abundance of them. Some time previous to our visit one huge fellow actually had the audacity to come into the kitchen of the hotel, where he was ignominiously slaughtered by the cook, though greatly to the detriment of the furniture and cooking utensils. This item should be copied by naturalists, as proving the tremendous powers of digestion of the alligator; any animal that, unprovoked, will attempt an attack upon the kitchen of a west Florida hotel must have the powers ascribed to goats and ostriches.

ALEX. M. REYNOLDS.

TWO MONTHS A COWBOY.

(Concluded from page 284.)

ON the way to our next camp I stopped often to eat of the wild gooseberries; they abounded there and were of a delicious flavor. The spruce trees, of which there were also a great number, were bare of their bark to a height of ten feet or more, a thing that struck me so forcibly that I sought an explanation. Two were given. One being, that in attempting to climb, the bears had torn away the bark, and the other, that lumbermen had done it to see if the trees were sound enough to be made into lumber. The gum was gathered, and for want of chewing tobacco the boys used it as a substitute until that delicacy could be again obtained. Tobacco is to cowboys their greatest luxury, and to obtain it they will ride miles. Near our ranch, eighty miles away, one man was known to buy it by the box, and to him for supplies the boys rode from miles around. Every one chews out there, and our cabin floor was the greatest trial of the cook's life, until I procured a box, filled it with sand and placed it in the middle of the floor, where it was a mark for all those joining the family circle. Plug is the sort most met with, fine cut catering to the Eastern taste, and when one rides up to you and asks for a chew, should you deny him a taste, having some about you, good-by to popularity, for generosity is a trait greatly admired and appreciated by the boys. Also should he cut away a piece from your plug and put it in his pocket, say nothing, for he would expect the same of you. So, too, those going from place to place, night overtaking them when near a cabin, go in, join the conversation, and when it comes time to "turn in" roll themselves up in their own or borrowed blankets, sleep till morning, and after breakfast move on, not thanking you for your hospitality, taking it all as a matter of course, and expecting the same when you pass their way. Some presuming on the custom abuse it, but they in time reach the end of their rope, for giving them too much they will hang themselves.

A deserted cabin with only the chimney standing gave the name to the neighborhood of our camp, the Lone Chimney. The settler had selected a beautiful site for his home, in the midst of a winding, green and watered valley, encompassed by low summit timbered hills, which sloped gradually down to the Platte River, there a rushing rocky stream.

We gathered round the fire, and thanks to the fertile brain of one of the men, were held there, while he told an interesting story, during which those who were noisy were immediately sat on, in the literal sense of the word, and held down until they promised to keep quiet. Old songs were re-sung until those tiring of the repetitions would start a cry of "rye straw," answering the same purpose as "chestnuts" with us, which being joined in by the rest, all chanting, would make an echo one could hear go bounding down the valley from hill to hill, until it was lost in darkness and distance.

The morning drive was a long and hard one, nearly to the Platte through Wagon Tongue Gulch and little rocky cañons. The feeding spots were few and far between, being only in the clearings, scattered amid that closely timbered country. To chase a steer at a headlong gallop through thick brush and a hilly country is not easy, as I found, and others also, my horse being well nigh "petered out" when time came to change. We ran into a bunch of grouse and Sims killed a brace with his revolver. Luckily for us the cattle did not take to that part any more than we did, for the round up was a very small one and we moved on that afternoon to Sims's pasture, our last gathering and the place of disbandment.

Many were the whispers and bunchings together on that afternoon of which I at first thought nothing. But at last my suspicions were aroused, and when one spoke up, the most practical joker of the crowd, as well as the kindest-hearted, and said, "Well, Tenderfoot, we have let you off mighty easy so far, but you must now ride one of these yearling heifers [wild as the country through which they roamed] or pay the penalty," I was in a way prepared. The penalty was not a desirable one, the process being to strip me and daub my body over with black wagon grease, which could not be easily removed, having to wear off by constant application of water; and judging by themselves, this being a not by any means too frequent occurrence, meant several months of darkened skin. Seeing there was no alternative and debating which of the two evils to accept, I chose the former, as I knew were I successful so much more honor and at the worst only some bruises and scratches, while by the latter I would carry about with me marks of a different nature. I expressed my decision, and riding forward Martin selected the most frisky one in the herd, and having roped her, held fast while the rest were driven on. I must acknowledge I felt rather nervous, but strove to conceal this weakness as I threw my bridle on the ground and dismounted. One held the heifer's tail while I climbed on to her back. Clasping both arms about the dear creature's neck with a deathlike grip, I gave the word to pull off the rope. No sooner did she feel free again than with a bound into the air which threw me on her side, she started on a run to join the herd, bucking meanwhile. I did not remain long to enjoy this rough motion, for having gone some twenty yards I again found myself on the ground, but this time face downward, and an acute pain in my back where, as a parting reminder, the yearling had placed her sharp hoof none too lightly. Hearing roars of laughter from my companions, I arose, feeling very sore from several bruises and a stiff leg. This I hid as best I could, walked to my horses, mounted and tried to think it was a good joke and to laugh with the rest. They said that now to be a cowboy and a "bad man" I had only to ride up to one of them and say, "I'm tough and don't give a — for anybody," and whipping out your revolver to shoot him through the heart. This as I give it is a true saying, word for word, but was of course only meant to keep up the farce. I took it all in good humor, for what else could I do?

The next day, having rounded up Sims's pasture of ten thousand acres, which was an easy task, for it was partly fenced and held many together, by night we were ten miles toward home. The ride that afternoon was the most beautiful one we had. To our right as we journeyed homeward stretched the Platte Valley many miles in width, and midst the rolling hills the river made its wandering course, going sometimes two miles, whereas in a straight line it was only one. It really seemed to make a platte of water, whence its most appropriate name. On the other side of the valley rose the Rocky Mountains as a bleak and snowy background to the Breckinridge Range. Prominent was Silver Heel Mountain, at the foot of which is Fairplay and also Haystack Mountains, the head of the gulch noted for its rich washing of gold and silver. The town of Leadville, under the very streets of which veins of silver have been found, was probably at the foot of some peak which I saw, but knew it not.

When the time came to turn to the left and enter a ravine which led off toward the ranch, I stopped a moment to impress upon my memory the beautiful scene. I watched the sun, as it gradually sank behind the rocky barrier, lighting up the Marshall Pass off toward the south, and had I been close enough I could have seen the glitter of its rays on the polished rails of that pretty Denver and Rio Grande R. R., which uses that pass as a gateway to the Pacific Slope beyond. Buffalo Peak, still further south across the Arkansas River, was pointed out to me, and in its many "pockets" or hollows another herd of wild horses find their home. The range of my view was fully fifty miles, and in that clear atmosphere and mellow light the outlook was grand and magnificent.

Filled with such thoughts as the view gave me, it was rather a shock to enter the camp, which was all bustle amid the sulphurous air occasioned by curses, to do my part in hobbling horses and chopping wood.

By an accident (?) one of the boys the following morning broke a heifer's neck while playfully dragging her out of a corral with his rope. "It is an ill wind that blows no one good," and dividing the carcass we set off, having a good stock of fresh meat on hand. They seldom kill for ranch eating, while on the round-up a yearling would only last two or three days, the men needing meat for hard work. One of the calves gave out on the drive and three of us staid behind, kindled a fire, and with a branding iron carried conveniently attached to the saddle, branded her and again caught up. Should no wood be around to make a fire a knife is the branding instrument, the skin being cut away in the shape of the brand.

I had a good deal of trouble with an old white horse which would not keep with the rest, so I had to lead him. Once, when going through some timber I took in slack rope to pass between two trees, but the horse I was leading attempted to pass on one side. This brought the rope taut and the saddle to my horse's haunches, almost breaking the foreward cinch or girth, pulling him on his hind feet. I managed to stick on until I could let out some rope, having a half hitch around the pommel, and then dismounting, fixed things up. Agate Gulch was like home, and when we reached it the few more of the fifteen miles from our last camping place were soon passed and the cabin hove in sight. Our hearts were glad, and to celebrate our return Joe made a choice dinner of fried meat and bacon, corn, tomatoes, hominy, stewed prunes and apples. What more could we want? The horses' shoes were removed and the faithful beasts turned loose in a pasture of fine grass to get some flesh on their poor bodies.

Missouri Bill, the fellow who had staid at the ranch to take care of things, was very glad to see us, for the provisions were running low and he wanted some one to go with him to the railroad and bring up a consignment of canned goods, bacon, oats, butter and lard.

My assistance I readily offered; we brought in a team of mules, put in the wagon our blankets and provisions, and were off early the next morning. I got a shot at some antelope, but they were 300yds. off and running like the wind; so, naturally, I missed. There being no special hurry, as it was a two-days' trip, we reached the station about sundown, but pushed on to Haver's Meadow, where we picketed the mules.

I caught a couple of trout in a stream made by the Buffalo Springs, dressed and ate them for supper. It was raining, so stretching a piece of canvas, which was to have been our mattress, over the wagon bed from side to side, curled up underneath on the soft ash boards and fell asleep. The bright sun woke us in the early morning, and while Missouri Bill made the fire I caught some fish, which I saved for lunch, having first washed them in a convenient salt spring. Our neighbor was on a like errand to the railroad, so by helping each other the wagons were soon loaded. Ours was a large load, 2,500lbs.; but who ever saw a Studebaker Bros.' wagon which would not carry all you put on?

Bill fell asleep and I took the reins. A stream about a foot wide had to be crossed to our lunching ground, and when reaching it I touched up the mules, hoping to go over quickly and easily. The wagon got stuck, and Missouri awoke to find himself on the ground under the mules' feet, where the shock had thrown him. You should have seen him crawl out. Repeated efforts failed to budge the wagon, so we hitched Muloch's horses to the wagon pole, and as this did not work, we were obliged to unload before we got over.

After lunch we separated from Muloch and soon came to a hill such as are found all over the plains. When half way up the mules balked, refusing to pull at all. So I jumped down and blocked the wheels. After resting a while we touched up the beasts, but they would not move, nor did all the known ways of starting mules besides one invented on the spot of tying head and tail together and whipping them round in a circle, succeed.

"Well," said Bill, "you take one mule and I the other and go to Pea Springs. Get your coffeepot full of water, while I go on to the ranch and get a couple of horses."

No sooner said than done. It was a comical sight when, after going twenty rods, Missouri's mule's heels went up and he over her head. Fortunately he was not hurt, and picking himself up he said: "I think it would be safer did we change mules, as I have a long way to go." The exchange was made, but I was not tired and walked the two miles. It gave me an appetite, which was barely satisfied with what was left of the biscuits and coffee. I ground the coffee in a cloth on the wheel tire with the butt of my pistol.

It was late, so with one of the mules' collars for a pillow, I lay down under the wagon, and with a rifle by my side and a pistol under my pillow, fell asleep, feeling rather lonely out there on the prairie. At midnight I was awakened by a sound of hoofs clattering on the stony ground, and rising quickly soon distinguished Bill with the horses, for it was moonlight. He being tired we deferred moving until daylight, and stretching out went to sleep again.

I woke first and saw, not 50ft. away, a coyote feeding on a jack rabbit killed the night before. Quietly arousing my companion, he being the best shot, I put a cocked pistol into his hand. Maybe it was because he was not quite awake, but he missed and away went the swift prairie wolf.

We reached the ranch about noon. The 15th was Sunday, and more like such a day should be than any I had spent since being in the State. I spent the afternoon picking wild strawberries and raspberries, of which there were plenty. Strange, was it not, that I should gather berries in August, but most persons relish fruits out of season and I am no exception.

Monday morning I left the ranch and started for Salida, leading a horse for my brother, whom I was to meet, he also being on a trip of exploration. Taking with me only such money as would be needed for a day, it ran out very soon, as the train was delayed several days by washouts, and I was obliged to change quarters from the pleasant Monte Christo Hotel to a lodging house, where I slept, or rather did not sleep at all one night.

The ride back to the ranch was a hard one for a sick person, and I was obliged to lie down several times; but when the pasture was reached I "spruced up" and felt all right. My brother only stayed one day, not liking it as much as I did. I hated to see him go, and feeling lonely, rode up in the timber as far as I could, to the mountain's bluff, 11,000ft. high. An outfit passed us going to Buffalo Peak to run down some of the wild horses.

I only went to the post-office twice, a ride of eighteen miles, losing myself once on Old Sway who bucked around the yard, much to the amusement of the boys, who swore he was as gentle as a lamb. The other time I had better directions and made the trip in less than five hours. My shirts were all ragged and torn, for upon the first day I wore one a boy while examining it said: "Is it strong stuff?" proving it was not by teasing the sleeve out.

On Aug. 28 I took my last ride in the neigborhood. Starting at 8 A. M. with directions to a neighbor's, I rode until noon, delivered one note, then moved on ten miles and delivered another. It was late in the afternoon and I was asked to stay over night, but said no, as I thought I could make home by dark.

All the country had a familiar look, for Black Mountain stood out as a landmark from miles around. I rode and rode, first a walk, then a trot, until I thought I was in about the place to cross the trail. No trail appeared, however, and as night was falling fast I rode on top of a commanding hill, where I got my direction and proceeded onward. Just as darkness closed down I found the trail, and giving my horse loose rein let him find the way. This he did, bringing me to the ranch at 9 o'clock, after a long, tiresome fifty-mile ride.

Sunday night I put a horse in the corral, and tied on behind my saddle what remained of my clothes, having sent my trunk to town a week before by "Billy the Kid," who was up with a wagon; bade all the boys good-by, and turned in. I was off at 2:30 next morning. It was bitter cold, the ground was covered with hoary frost, and my fingers were so numb that I had great difficulty in buckling on the saddle. It was dark, and, as on two nights before, I hung the reins on the pommel and let the horse take his gait and way. After I had gone eight miles the sun rose and shed light and warmth about me. I gave him a hearty welcome, rubbing my cold hands in his warm rays. My cowboy days were over, and it was not without regret that I left the boys, the ranch, and all the many healthy pleasures that I had had. It was an experience I thoroughly enjoyed, and as the train took me away at noon that day I wished I was back.

G. F. BLANDY.

NEW YORK.

"We used to have a 'coon' living with us," continued the hunter, "who swore he'd never shot a duck, yet he would go out in the morning and come back in the evening with as big a bag as both of us. It was a mystery how he got them. My partner thought he was a duck charmer, but my experience had taught me that there ain't nothin' can charm a duck 'cept a good load of No. 4 shot. That thing bothered us a good bit, and we determined one day, toward the close of the season, to track the man and see how he done it. He started about 4 o'clock in the morning, and before he was out of sight we were following. There's a little creek makes up in the shore 'bout a mile and a half from here, and it was toward this he led us. Fearing that he would see us we took a round-about path, and hid in a clump of trees borderin' on the creek. The coon wasn't in sight, and we were about to move on, when my pard touched me on the shoulder and whispered 'Look thar.' Not more than seventy-five yards from the shore there was as fine a bunch of gray mallard as you ever sot your eyes upon. There was a rustle in the bushes across the creek to our right, and looking over I saw the funniest sight in all my life. There was our man stark naked, with a big pumpkin hollowed out over his head. We were guessing what he was going to do, when he stepped into the water and waded out. It looked like a pumpkin adrift. One old sentinel on the edge shied when he saw it and quacked a little, but it looked so harmless he soon got over his fright and swam close up to it. He didn't go no further, 'cause he was snatched by the legs and hauled under. The rest of the flock thought he had dived, and upward of a dozen were snatched, when we burst into a roar and the flock took wing. That's the greatest duck story I ever heard of, and if I hadn't a seen it I would't have believed it." When the hunter finished his yarn his partner, who sat by puffing an old pipe, smiled grimly as he described the disgusted look the colored man wore when he removed his pumpkin head.—*Washington (D. C.) Evening Star.*

Natural History.

THE WAYS OF SNAKES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the natural history department of your issue of September 13 Mr. N. Starkweather advances a theory in regard to the spring of the rattlesnake, but says that he has never studied them except in captivity. Perhaps the observations of one who has studied the rattler in his native haunts might be interesting. The notion is commonly entertained, even by those who live in a rattlesnake country and therefore should be conversant with their habits, that they spring from a coil. This is not true, and I feel warranted in asserting that it is utterly impossible for them to make much of a spring from such a position. On the great plains of Nebraska and in the mountains of Wyoming I have frequently teased them with sticks, and from my observations have drawn the following conclusions: That if a rattler coils up he will not strike, but, if crowded will uncoil and glide away; but if he is closely followed he will crouch or crumple himself up in zig-zag folds, strike viciously, and then draw back for another spring. I have frequently seen them strike three or four times in succession with almost the rapidity of lightning. Then their movements can hardly be followed with the eye. They do not jump, as is generally supposed, but simply straighten themselves out to their full length. Though poisonous in the extreme, the rattler is not generally vicious. It is only when crowded that they will turn on a person. At other times, if left to themselves, they will quietly glide away. I am inclined to think, however, that the small rattler of the plains is much more spiteful and vicious than the larger and more sluggish ones that are found in the timber. But we must give them both credit for one thing—they never strike without first sounding their rattle. Many lives have undoubtedly been saved by that feature. But should a rattlesnake lose his rattles, which will occasionally happen, he then becomes exceedingly dangerous, especially at night. As is generally the case with venomous reptiles and beasts of prey, their habits are not generally known, as whenever encountered they are immediately dispatched instead of being closely studied. But perhaps it is as well, for we are told that familiarity breeds contempt, and contempt for poisonous reptiles may mean death.

There has been a story current for many years to the effect that the Indians living between the Cascades and Rockies formerly poisoned their arrows by teasing a rattlesnake until he stung himself to death, then sticking the arrows in his putrid flesh. I confess I am rather skeptical in regard to that. Of course, the bow and arrow have passed out of use, and the old Indians disagree about it. The testimony of the Indians is unsatisfactory at best, and when they disagree it is rendered the more unreliable. I very much doubt whether the rattlesnake could commit suicide with his own poison. I find that the Indians living further south formerly inserted their arrows in a piece of liver and allowed them to remain till the liver became thoroughly putrid, and it is very likely the tribes living further north did the same.

While discussing venomous reptiles it will perhaps not be out of place to add a little information which seems to me remarkable, and which will be news to nearly all who live east of the mountains. When I arrived on Puget Sound I was informed that there were neither poisonous serpents, insects nor plants on the shores or islands of the Sound. Having never seen a place entirely devoid of poisonous animal or vegetable life I was rather inclined to doubt the assertion, though assured by many old settlers, as well as new, that such was the case. However, a careful investigation since then has convinced me that it is true. In all my hunting and fishing expeditions I have never seen a specimen of poisonous reptile, insect or plant. I notice an entire absence of both poison oak and ivy, which I have heretofore encountered wherever I have been. As far as I can learn, what I have said in regard to Puget Sound also holds true of all the country lying west of the Cascade range.

LA CONNER, Washington Territory. JUNE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Let me add my mite to the fuud of evidence in favor of snakes swallowing their young. While walking with a companion along a dusty country road we were startled by a cry of, "Oh, come here, and see these little snakes running down the big snake's throat!" The speaker was a young lad who accompanied us. Unfortunately we were too late to witness the swallowing process; but found the snake, a gartersnake, of say 20in. in length, moving slowly away with the youngsters performing a war dance around it. A blow or two on the head soon ended its crawling, and then out from the wounded neck (or mouth, it is impossible to say which, as the blow from the stick had changed the neck and head to a shapeless mass) came a number of little snakes, from 3 to 6in. in length. Their movements were so rapid that it was impossible to count them, but that they came from the bruised portion of the snake I could make affidavit, while the youngster is equally willing to testify that he saw them run into the old snake's mouth. SUBSCRIBER.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Several years ago Mr. A. B. Caswell, then a resident of Wareham and one of the best guides and gunners on the Cape, came across a blacksnake lying stretched out basking in the bright sun, with about thirty small snakes playing about it. So quietly had Mr. Caswell come upon the snake that it had neither seen nor heard him. He watched the sight a moment, then made a slight disturbance in the brush at his side. The mother snake immediately made some sort of a noise, and Mr. Caswell distinctly saw the young reptiles hurrying into the old snake's open mouth. After all the snakes had sought this refuge, Mr. Caswell killed the old snake and more than thirty little ones were found inside of it. My informant, Mr. James A. Caswell, is a resident of this place and an ardent gunner, and a son of Mr. Caswell who figures in the preceding incident. He was kind enough to relate the following also, and as the matter treated is pertinent to our subject, I give it to you. That some snakes lay eggs is definitely settled in Mr. Caswell's mind, and here is the reason: Some years ago Mr. C., who was out following his favorite pastime, came upon a black watersnake in a sunny sand hole. He killed it, and found in the sand about a dozen eggs. He opened the snake and found in the body other eggs at the point of being discharged, and still others in process of formation.

The item in your issue of Oct. 11, as to the large blacksnake killed by your correspondent Chas. L. Norton, led to Mr. Caswell's relating this incident: Some twenty-five years ago he and a companion (Clement Hammond) were traveling over Great Neck, Marion, when their dog, by his excited action around a stone heap, attracted their attention. Caswell, who knew the dog, told Hammond to make ready to kill a snake. They commenced dislodging the stones, and finally came upon and killed the reptile. They laid the snake, which was of the common black species, out straight and measured it with a foot rule. It measured, without allowing for contraction of muscles, 7ft. 4in. Its great size attracted much attention, and about everybody in Marion had a look at it.

CHOKE-BORE.

WHITMAN, Mass.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have read the articles on snakes in your paper with much pleasure, and hope we shall have more of them. I usually spend a few days each spring hunting rattlers and blacksnakes at the dens on Masomsic Hills, in the eastern part of the town of Portland, Conn., and get a few each year. I usually go for them in May. A hot, smoky day is the best. They are then found lying among the dry leaves and are sluggish. I generally shoot them. The largest rattlesnake I have yet killed measured 4ft. 1½in. in length and nearly 7in. around the body; it had but three rattles, the rest having been torn off. The largest blacksnake yet killed was found at one of the dens, where many rattlers have been killed in years past; it was of the racer variety and measured 7ft. 2in. in length; it was of a bright, glossy color, and probably had shed its old skin but a short time before. This was killed May 22, 1885. I brought it home, and it was afterward given to the Wesleyan University at Middletown, Conn.

PORTLAND, Conn. C. H. N.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Score another point for Miss Wolcott, on the question of "Snakes and Their Young." One of our village school teachers, Miss H. of Newport, N. H., took tea with us a few evenings since, and inquired particularly for "Sam Lovel," she having been one of the audience to whom I read "Uncle Lisha's Shop," and "Sam Lovel's Camps" last winter. Miss H. expressed a hope that Mr. Robinson might give us an account of Sam's expected wedding, such as a country wedding was, in the old days in Vermont 50 years ago. The conversation then turned to the present contents of FOREST AND STREAM, and I told her of the snake controversy. She at once asked to be put on record, in Miss Wolcott's behalf, saying, that when walking with her brother some years since, her attention was called by the latter to the roadside, where she distinctly saw two small striped snakes disappear down the throat of an old one, which lay motionless, with mouth wide open, until the last one had disappeared, and then vanished into the brush herself. Miss H. has no idea how many had preceded the two which she saw, as her mother had been struck by the performance at first and then spoke to her to look at it, but her evidence on the matter is reliable and unquestionable.

CHARLESTOWN, N. Y. VON W.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I was born and reared in central Massachusetts, where blacksnakes were quite common, and the blacksnake with the white ring is no fiction, though they are not as common as the other blacksnakes. The white-ringed snake is more bold, will not run when in close quarters, and many times I have had them dart at me from a coil, and if wounded they will fight as viciously as a rattlesnake. They are a slimmer and longer snake than the common blacksnake, can run faster, but will seldom run when come upon in close quarters; and many people are much afraid of them. If you will take a little trouble and offer a reward you can have a capture made, dead or alive, that will assure you that they have a place in nature if not in natural history. G. W. H.

SACRAMENTO, California.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I dislike snakes as thoroughly as any loyal daughter of Eve, but as I was so unfortunate as to miss a recent call from your correspondent, Mr. N. Starkweather, of Hartford, I will, while the fringed gentians he brought in are still regarding me with their soft blue eyes, take the liberty to corroborate the story of Miss Emily M. Wolcott, which is printed in his interesting defense of snakes in FOREST AND STREAM of the Sept. 6 issue.

One summer day, at my Forest Edge home in West Northfield, Mass., a group of young people under an apple tree in the old orchard espied a common striped snake of rather large size lying quietly in the short grass. The customary yell, "A snake! a snake!" brought a brave defender with a croquet mallet, and then and there I saw that mother snake open her mouth and six or seven small striped snakes that we had not observed before ran like a flock down her throat, exactly as chickens run for safety to the shelter of their mother's wings. The snake was killed and the older people came out and witnessed the disgorgement of the interesting family.

Last summer my husband killed a large checkered adder in the highway near the farmhouse of a neighbor. As he drove away the children ran out to see the dead snake, and a bright little girl of ten told us that when she reached the place there were several little snakes crawling around the large one. She ran after the hired man to continue the slaying process, and when they returned to the place a large adder, the mate evidently, was with the little ones, regarding their defunct relative.

I have heard my father say that one winter while moving gravel on a hillside for a section of new road in West Northfield, Mass., a large number of blacksnakes were found. When thrown out with the shovel they were stiff like sticks, but after lying in the sun for a little while they would revive and crawl slowly away on the snow. I have myself thawed out mice that were in winter dug out of a sand bank near my home. One I kept for a long time in a flower-pot in a sunny window and he grew to be quite tame, but one unlucky day the cat, Priscilla, put an end to his enjoyment by making a lunch of him. Any observant person living in the country will continually note traits new and strange in the wild creatures about them. And as mice are so much less objectionable than snakes let me tell this. Last winter my husband and I went for a walk to the woods late one bitter cold day. We crossed the fields and woods on the solid snow crust, and the only living creature we saw in our walk was a tiny gray mouse that our beagle, Sancho, surprised, as it was out for an airing. The little thing eluded the dog, and running up a small oak tree hid itself in what seemed to be a bundle of dry leaves, but which on investigation proved to be a curiously constructed nest, soft and warm. I never heard of such a thing before or since, but that poor little waif could not have been a solitary specimen. These are only a few of a large number of incidents so remarkable in their way as to be worthy of note that have come under my own observation among the animals and birds about my hilltop home. ANNIE A. PRESTON.

MAPLE CORNER, Willington, Conn.

THE DOMESTICATION OF GAME.

Editor Forest and Streau:

Few things in connection with natural history have had more fascination for me than the idea of doing scientifically what our remote ancestors must have done in an accidental or haphazard way in domesticating wild animals. What sportsman has not wished as he held in his hand a superb ruffed grouse or prairie chicken, the trophy of his skill, that this fine bird might be made to lose its fear of man and be induced to add its beautiful presence to the farmyard and lawn. I have often wondered about the real history of our domestic fowl and animals. Who first, away back in the dim dawn of history, tamed the jungle cock in India or the great islands of the East? Who first overcame the suspicion of the wild burrowing dog of the Asiatic hills and gave to man the most loving and faithful of his animal friends? Who were the first tamers of the wild horses and cattle and sheep? It was one of the first triumphs of man and one of the first steps toward his own kingship of the world.

It seems as though we ought to know all about some of the most recent of these feats. Who first tamed the wild turkey? It is an American gift to the world. Why was it called "turkey?" Did the Indians of the United States have any domesticated birds of any sort? Did Montezuma or the Incas of Peru have tamed turkeys?

All these questions come to me with interest, and I wish some one would answer them for me in your pages. From my earliest boyhood I have had it given out as a truth almost axiomatic that the ruffed grouse could not be domesticated. I have never believed it. I know the wildness of this bird and the behavior of the young chicks in the presence of man. They will hide under leaves when scarce free from their own shells. But in spite of that I have always felt since that the time would come when we should have it breeding in confinement and with its feral instincts so modified that it would take its place with the other fowls which we breed and delight in. I have, therefore, for a long time taken the keenest interest in the experiments of your contributor, Mr. J. B. Battelle, of Toledo, and his several times almost scored success in rearing ruffed grouse in confinement. I have enjoyed much correspondence with him and have made many attempts to supply him with birds with which to experiment. Though I have not yet been able to send him a bird I have rejoiced when any one else has done so, and have watched his reports with great interest. When he has succeeded so remarkably in overcoming the shyness of a ruffed grouse as is proved by his letter in FOREST AND STREAM of Oct. 25, it certainly seems as though he needed but the help of a few more birds to give him the triumph which he so much desires and which every sportsman and naturalist must wish to see him achieve. I write in the hope of stimulating the brethren everywhere to be on the lookout and to avail themselves of any opportunity of helping Mr. Battelle to the birds he needs.

The prairie chicken was also reported to be untamable, but I once saw a pair of them in a show window on West Lake street, Chicago, which were as tame as barndoor fowls, and walked about and pecked at their food as unconcernedly in the presence of a crowd as any domestic bird could do. Unfortunately the proprietor of the place proved to be a brutal creature who absolutely refused to answer a single question about the birds. They were, however, silent proofs that the prairie chicken may be tamed. EBEEMEE.

THE EGYPTIAN LOTUS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have read in your paper of Oct. 4 a note respecting the existence in this country of the Egyptian lotus. The writer states that "only two localities are known to furnish it, and both of those are near Chicago."

There is a tide-water stream emptying from the north into the Connecticut River, five or six miles from its mouth. It is two or two and a half miles long, and is known as "Selden's Cove." It heads in a small pond.

On the south side of the stream, and, as I remember, about half way down, is a small marsh or pool, reached by boat from the river, and in which I many years ago found what I suppose to be the Egyptian lotus.

The leaves were not elevated above the water, but rested upon it, and in some cases were not less than twenty (20) inches in diameter. Their edges reflected upward. The flower, as I remember, was of a delicate cream color, and about the size and shape of an ordinary china teacup. A one quart glass fruit jar would in diameter just contain one of these flowers. If "H. P. U." and his Pelicans had lighted on the lotus there was small chance of their mistaking it for any one of the more common varieties of the lily.

I remember also that when in southwestern Missouri some twenty years ago I heard that there was upon a small hill a little pond which contained these flowers. I intended to visit it and make sure, but was unable to do so. The place named was on the Diamond Prairie, not far north of the old Moseley farm, where "Sylvan Lodge" post office was situated. I think it is in Jasper County.

I believe that it will be found that the lotus has a wider distribution than has been supposed, and some of your correspondents may give us further information on the subject.

I never think of my first visit to Selden's Cove without calling up the vision of a kindly old lady seated next me

in a sailboat. There was quite a party of us, of all ages; and as I was supposed to know more about the management of a boat than the rest it fell to my lot to steer the old tub we had up that stream, with a stiff breeze on the quarter and a strong tide and current dead against us.

The river was narrow, and it was one of the tightest pieces of navigation that I ever undertook. We were rounding a bend, and I was steering as fine as silk, and beginning to congratulate myself on the prospect of taking the boat through the river without accident, when this benevolent old lady, seeing the stiff pull I had on the mainsheet, thought to help me, and grasping the rope, gave it a yank which caused the old craft to sheer to port in a way that nearly sent us smashing on the rocks, with which that part of America is liberally besprinkled.

I gave a yell and she dropped the rope as though it had burned her fingers. Just what was the nature of my remark I cannot say, though I remember that I apologized. Dear old lady; she long since sailed in a golden bark for her home in the Isles of the Blest. KELPIE.

CENTRAL LAKE, Mich.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I think your Chicago correspondent is in error in stating that the Egyptian lotus grows at Grass Lake and on the Calumet Marsh at or near Tolleston. But though not identical with the lotus of the Nile it is still a very showy and beautiful member of the same family, growing not only in the waters mentioned but at many places in the West and South, notably at Louisana, Mo., and I think also in Reelfoot Lake. He will find a cut of the singular cup-shaped seed receptacle on page 126 of "Gray's School and Field Book of Botany," and also a description of the flower itself on page 47 of the analytical key in the back part of the same book. HARRY HUNTER.

HIGHLAND PARK, Ill.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I notice in a communication from a Western correspondent in issue of Oct. 4 he mentions the Egyptian lotus (*Nymphœa lotus*) as being found at only one place in the United States. I know it is found in at least three places in the United States, viz., the place he mentions, also at Sodus Bay in northern New York, and at Seldens Cove, Hamburgh, Conn., which is in the town of Lyme. At this latter place they bloom in August, and I have myself seen leaves as large as a hogshead picked at this place. The nearest route to this place is to come to Essex, and row across the Connecticut River to the cove, which is opposite. A. W. J.

CENTERBROOK, Conn.

THE DOOM OF THE EAGLE.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I see it announced in a Long Island paper that a gunner near South Hampton shot and killed an eagle measuring 7ft. 10in. from tip to tip of its wings. What a pity that so noble a bird should have fallen a victim to the unerring aim of a pot-hunter? What more beautiful sight than a pair of these noble birds soaring aloft and sailing in the sunlight of a clear blue sky? Unless some means of protection be resorted to the American eagle is doomed to extermination, and that very shortly. The State of Connecticut, I believe, has been foremost in passing a law for its protection, whereby a fine of $100 is imposed upon any one wantonly killing an eagle. Would it not be well for some one of our legislators at Albany to introduce a bill to the same effect for the protection of the American eagle, and have it become a law at the session of the Legislature this winter?—D. L. GARDINER.

Game Bag and Gun.

Antelope and Deer of America. By J. D. Caton. Price $2.50. Wing and Glass Ball Shooting with the Rifle. By W. C. Bliss. Price 50 cents. Rifle, Rod and Gun in California. By T. S. Van Dyke. Price $1.50. Shore Birds. Price 15 cents. Woodcraft. By "Nessmuk." Price $1. Trajectories of Hunting Rifles. Price 50 cents. Wild Fowl Shooting; see advertisement.

DEER HUNTING IN CALIFORNIA.

YOUR genial and fascinating correspondent "Forked Deer" has given my writing finger the itch. Four happy summers have I had my outing in the mountains of which he writes, lying between Lake and Mendocino counties, and though I may see them no more, they are a precious memory. I, too, have seen the low-lying, unpretentious lake, dominated by Uncle Sam, both from its shore, where it seems a commonplace pond, and from the mountains, where it shines a gleaming mirror set in the soft brown and green of the summer hills. California is the camper's paradise. Fresh cool nights, making a fire comfortable even in midsummer, absolute immunity from rain or even heavy dew, and the absence of all annoying insects, is a combination not to be despised. The best deer hunting is always away from wagon roads, a "pack" of from one to ten miles being usually necessary. The favorable conditions of camping, requiring so little luggage, are a great advantage. I have often packed upon one horse everything necessary to a week's camp for two men.

Deer hunting is practiced as your correspondent described last week, or by still-hunting. In all parts of the State where I have hunted deer are nocturnal, though they often come out of their hiding a little before sunset and remain out till half an hour or an hour after the sun rises. These are golden moments for the still-hunter, but it requires a light step and a quick eye to make successful use of them. My chief difficulty at first was to see my game before it moved. Never having hunted deer, I found it impossible to distinguish one at rest from the surrounding objects. Nothing but practice can overcome this. Another thing must be learned by experience, and that is to rightly gauge distance. All depends upon this in the use of the modern rifle. Devices for elevating the sight are practically worthless in ordinary shooting. Make allowance and blaze away; you will soon learn, especially if you use the same gun all the time. The still-hunter will, of course, sometimes "jump" a deer and may kill him, but the chances are against him. I can recall only one instance in my experience, and that was by the bare accident of a snap shot as he was waving his flag over the top of a thicket 80yds. away.

The desirable dog in these mountains is the one that will not "hound" the deer. A cross between the ubiquitous sheep dog and the hound usually produces the best result. Only rarely will a full blood hound have the virtues of Grip. To go willingly into the thickets, to endure heat without water, to run a sound deer only a few hundred yards and a wounded one all day, if necessary, and then catch and hold him, are the points.

Many incidents out of my summerings in California (over now, alas!) which might be "good readin'" for my brothers of the rod and gun who are forced to seek the fields and wood through FOREST AND STREAM occur to me as I look back. How vivid they all are! How I could spin them off if we were sitting around a camp-fire! I will take a day from the last trip. Monday, July 16, 1888, my brother, B., and I were camped in the same range of mountains of which "Forked Deer" has told you, about twenty miles north of where he had his hunt, at the head of one branch of the beautiful Russian River, sometimes heard from in the canoe department. We had hunted several days without a dog, and had seen a number of deer, but killed none. Sunday we rested, and Monday morning took a big round but saw no deer. At dinner we planned and threatened. The day was hot and our game would seek water. We would follow along the rough cañon where the little stream ran and take turns playing dog. So about 3 o'clock we started.

The weather was scorching. Two hundred yards down the gulch from our camp a deer of some sort thundered over a steep, rough point, out of sight but making a prodigious noise. We did not get a chance to see him. A little further, and two yearlings rattled up the hill, giving me a snapshot which only accelerated their retreat. Poison oak, bay bushes, scrub oak, manzanita and chemisal filled the spaces between huge boulders, giving the game an easy escape. Then we turned up the main cañon, B. toiling along the hillside and I in the bottom of the gulch. Presently he heard something and stopped to investigate, and I passed on a little ahead. As I clambered up the steep bank of a small cañon making into the main one, thump, thump went a fine, fat forked-horn from right under my nose. Catching a glimpse of him through the brush I banged away, but a twig turned my bullet, and striking the hard hillside it went screaming by B., so near that he yelled "Look out." But though the bullet came near him the deer didn't, and we saw him no more. This was getting vexatious.

We tramped out at the head of the cañon, crossed an open ridge, struck a timber belt, found a spring and sat down to rest. We were talking pretty loud, not expecting game. B. had just stretched himself on a big piece of fir bark, and was expressing his approval of it as a camp bed, when I heard the rapid rip, rip, rip of running deer. Looking up I saw two brown streaks crossing an opening a hundred yards away on lightning express time. How they did run! I jumped up, gun in hand—I now sit down out of reach of my gun—but it would have been as easy to hit a flying bird. A puff of dust near where they disappeared was my only reward. It was fun to see so many, but not much to get none of them. We wanted meat.

Night came on as we hunted further, and we turned toward camp. Just above our camp was a large thicket of chemisal (the last syllable of this word is invariably dropped in the vernacular) covering many acres, and fringed on one side by a fir grove, on the other by open pasture land. We approached on the open side. As we came over the top of the ridge I saw in the dim afterglow of sunset a red form walking along the side of the thicket on the red earth, at least two hundred yards away. No cattle here, thought I, and promptly blazed away. "It's a long shot, but you went over, my boy; I saw the dust cloud." So did my buck, and springing out into the open he threw up a fine head and looked around. Steady now. Allowing about half my ivory bead I cover him again. It was so dark my gun spit fire, but I saw by the sudden jump that my aim had not altogether failed. The deer wheeled into the brush, and I made quick time across the intervening space. There lay pieces of bone and skin, but very little blood. I stepped into the edge of the chapparal and immediately heard him go plunging down the mountain. I shouted to B., who was below, and he heard him pass but did not see him. Dark was coming rapidly. We rushed into the thicket, B. in the cañon and I on the hillside above. I scuffled to the top of a little ridge, thick with chemisal about waist high. Just as I looked on the top I saw a bush shake right in front of me, and crash, bang, thump went something down the hillside. If a deer wants to sneak he can do it, but if he doesn't choose to be quiet he can make a noise in running which the uninitiated might think produced by a rhinoceros. I squared myself, seeing he must soon cross an open point, my trusty little .38-cal. Winchester at the ready. What a show he was as he broke cover, head up with great horns black with velvet high in air, his great hams and broad back showing him to be in perfect condition. I saw by his movement that he was not the wounded one. All this went through my mind like a flash. At the same instant I swung my gun into line for a shot at the center of the swift moving bulk and its report rang out sharp and clear. The bullet seemed to paralyze every muscle, for at the instant of the report over he went, head down and heels flying, like a running hare caught by a load of shot. It is worth days of wearisome travel and hunting to bowl over an antlered monarch in such style. My nerves tingle yet at the thought of it. He tumbled into a ditch, and after waiting a moment to see if he would get up, I went in. My shot had taken him in the top of the shoulders, being from above, and had paralyzed his spine. But these fellows have wonderful vitality, and his head was up. A shot through the neck finished the work. Next morning we searched for the wounded one, but failed to find him, having no dog. We carried out the dead one. He was fat and fine, and that afternoon broke camp and returned to "boiled shirts" and civilization.

SAN DIEGO, Cal., Oct. 17. AZTEC.

RUFFED GROUSE AND BOSTON'S GILDED DOME.—North Bridgton, Me., Nov. 5.—Mr. Henry J. Thayer's report of a ruffed grouse in the city of Cambridge reminds me that in November, 1883, while employed as taxidermist by C. J. Maynard & Co., Boston, we mounted an adult ruffed grouse for a gentleman who had shot it in a yard on Pinckney street, hardly a stone's throw from "the dome." —BLACK SPOT.

GOOSE SHOOTING ON THE ROANOKE.

THAT part of the Roanoke River which flows through Warren county and between the upper portions of Halifax and Northampton counties, North Carolina, has long been a favorite feeding place for the wild geese. As soon as the first biting frosts come in October great flocks of geese take up their winter abode in these waters. Huge boulders or rocks in midstream furnish them roosting places at night without fear or danger of invasion from man or beast. These rocks are always situated between swift-running, though shallow, water, rendering their approach by night almost impossible. The river is a succession of falls for several miles. In the clefts of rock, hollowed out by long friction, lodge quantities of various berries, acorns and rich nuts, floated from up stream. There, too, is the tender watercress abundant. This—the berries and nuts—is the food of the wild goose. The river is a quarter of a mile wide, unnavigable, save for a light flat-bottomed canoe, such as is generally used by fishermen and sportsmen in small streams. There is nothing to disturb the serenity of the geese save the gun of the sportsman. They are so little hunted, that they disport themselves in the gurgling waters or sit on the rocks not heeding persons or vehicles passing along the road on the river's bank. Often they present an easy mark for a rifleshot, which is always almost sure to bring down one or more, as they are huddled so close to each other. One "sturdy old gander" stands sentry to the main flock. With vigilant eyes, one foot updrawn in his feathers, he gives notice of approaching danger by a loud *honk-honk*. They take his advice promptly and leave for another feeding place, generally in the falls, higher up or lower down stream, due entirely to the direction from which the danger comes. One great comfort to the hunter is that their flights are very rarely over a mile at the longest, and he can soon have another pop at them.

The romance of rising in the weird and misty light of the morning without any breakfast or hot punch and sneaking to the river's bank is entirely left out in our plan of goose hunting on the Roanoke River. There is no crawling through mud and briers for a half mile. The geese wait for you to get your breakfast and dinner too if you want it, before you pay them your respects in the manner which I shall presently describe. You just ride along on the bank of the river as you might if you intended going to church or a funeral on a quiet Sunday morning in the country. You try to strike the stream at the lowest part where the geese frequent and follow up the water's edge until the geese are sighted, and at some points you can see them for a mile or more. It is always necessary to have two men, and it is better to have a party of three to make a successful hunt. More than this number overloads a boat and lends a cheerful prospect of a good ducking in the rapids by stranding on a smooth, half-sunken rock.

We take a boat, usually kept just above or below where we expect to find the geese, and paddle to one of the hundreds of small islands in the river, from six feet in circumference to several acres. We select a small island, dry and full of driftwood, débris of bridges swept away in freshets and soft grass. We select a small island because the birds, wary of the shore, will not approach so close to a large one as to a small island. Here we are perfectly secreted by bushes and driftwood, not at all cramped in posture while waiting for a shot. The dry grass or a log gives choice of a seat. The man in the boat, who is to be the "driver," then scuds along the bank furthest from the grass so as not to alarm and put them to flight. As soon as he passes them sufficiently far to make them believe he has gone on some other business up the river, he heads his boat directly for them, just drifting with the stream and often whistling a merry tune so as to attract their attention without doing so too suddenly. The geese watch the bearing of the boat, and when it floats toward them they swim away from it. The man in the boat is an old hand and knows full well when he can push them. If they show signs of restlessness he paddles away, pretending not to notice them. The object, as seen at once, is to start and keep them swimming with the current. Once set them fairly to moving, and here comes a solid quarter of an acre of geese swimming gracefully with the undulations of the water right down to the muzzles of our guns.

How we tremble with excitement and impatience! You whisper through chattering teeth to your neighbor to keep quiet till you shall say fire. The distance on the water deceives an inexperienced eye, and your neighbor wants to shoot; but you beg him to hold on yet, and wait until they are within thirty or forty yards. One gives the word to fire to the right and the other to the left; two barrels in the water and two shots as they rise; and such flapping and beating the water was rarely ever seen before. You rush delighted from your hiding place to yell to the man in the boat to gather the dead and wounded birds, and there may be anywhere from four to a dozen. If there are some only wing-tipped, here is fun indeed, for a goose uses his feet for all they are worth, and aided by the rapid current, makes good time in search of a hiding place in the rushes of an adjoining island. An extra boat now comes in well. A dog is nowhere. Once carried past the island in trying to retrieve a dead or wounded goose, he cannot swim against the current.

This mode of shooting has been successfully followed for years by Col. Hamlin, and hundreds of geese have fallen to the gun of "Jim" House, the fat and typical jolly landlord of the Sillerton Hotel. If you fail in killing geese the lowlands on either bank of the river afford good bird shooting, and you have a chance for a day's sport at all events. Mr. William S. Moore, a keen sportsman, of Hawthorne, Florida, has made engagements with some friends for a goose hunt early in November on the Roanoke River, just five miles from this place.

LITTLETON, North Carolina. L. J. PICOT.

TOWANDA, Pa., Nov. 3.—Two of our sportmen brought in after a three hours' hunt, on Thursday afternoon last, eleven full grown quail. The covey consisted when first put up of about twenty birds. In years gone by fine quail shooting could be found in this neighborhood, but severe winters and deep snows have made sad havoc with the birds and only a few bevies can be found after days of faithful search with good dogs. A large flock of wild geese passed over this place on Saturday morning last going south. Our market is well supplied with ruffed grouse.—SUS. Q. HANNAH.

RIFLES FOR SMALL GAME.—IV.

Editor Forest and Stream:

There have been so many questions asked concerning the hunting rifle for small game that I have felt it my duty to once more make application for space in your valuable paper to try and answer some of them as best I can. The shooting qualities of these little guns are what we have written mostly on before and next comes the action, wearing qualities, safety, rapidity of fire, non-cleaning, and many other things also are to be taken into consideration; while last but by no means least comes the price. To be sure there are some sportsmen to whom the difference in the price of our cheapest and best rifles of American manufacture is of no consideration; but it is well to remember that a large majority of our amateur sportsmen are men of limited means, who have a few hours or days once in a while; and when these red-letter days do come, they like to take the rifle and spend a few hours in the woods, among the squirrels and other small game animals and birds, gathering nuts, etc., or else practice at a target.

The first thing we will consider is the cost of the rifles. We will suppose that the steel in all the different makes is the same—made especially for the purpose—and that the barrels are all made by special machinery, drilled, reamed, straightened, lapped, rifled and leaded to polish equally well; then of course the shooting qualities, if the same chamber and cartridge is used will be the same. Next the barrel must be attached to the frame, and here is a point to be considered. To make the rifle with any kind of a tip-up action costs more than it does to screw it solid into the frame, besides the rifle will not wear as long as it will if screwed into the frame and a movable breech block be used. Now, while we have a rifle that costs less in the movable breech block, we have also a better action. Among the rifles that answer to this description are the Ballard, Sharps, Remington, Winchester single shot and Bullard, the latter, although a good gun, we will set aside as being among the more expensive; but to out-balance this, it, like the Maynard, has interchangeable barrels, so that if several barrels of different calibers were wanted, to use by the same person, the lot would cost no more than the other one. In the first place we will take the Ballard rifle into consideration. To say that it is good in every respect will only do it simple justice. It is well made, safe, accurate, cheap, and wears a lifetime without getting out of order. The Sharps is out of the market, but was a good gun. The Remington is a good gun as regards the action, etc., but its shooting qualities are not up to the times in the .22-caliber.

The Remington-Hepburn rifle is made to take the .22-15-45 W. C. F. cartridge, and is a good gun at a moderate price; in fact, it is a little more than good when the price is considered. Next comes the Winchester single shot rifle. This gun is made now in octagon, half octagon and round barrel, and chambered for all the standard center-fire cartridges besides the .22 rim-fire cartridge for gallery shooting, etc. This rifle, when the action, wearing qualities, accuracy and safety is considered, is equal to the best; while for rapidity of loading and firing it stands at the head of all single shot rifles. This rifle, in the .22 rim-fire, has the "kicking extractor," which throws the empty shell clear of the gun; then when the action is closed the gun is cocked and is ready to fire. Next come the repeating rifles for small game. In .22-cal. we have the Colt, and Winchester, model '73. The Colt is a splendid little gun, and with the writer has always worked without a hitch and shoots well at short range. The Winchester is too heavy for this light shooting, and is a burden rather than a pleasure. The rifle works well, however, for those who like to carry so much weight. The .32-cal. Colt and model '73 Winchester are both good repeaters, but the novice can work the Colt much quicker. The Winchester cartridge, however, gives greater penetration and is full as accurate at the longer ranges.

Of course there are a great many things to be considered when a man asks us to tell him point blank what the best rifle for all around work is, or as is often asked, What is the best make of rifle? Who makes the best .22-cal. rifle, everything considered? I am sure I cannot tell. If you want a rifle for fine shooting qualities I would say get a Stevens rifle chambered for the .23-5-40 rim-fire cartridge, or, as it is usually called, the .22 long "rifle" cartridge. There is before me now a copy of a target made by Mr. G. N. Billings, of Delphos, Kansas, Oct. 22, 1888. It is a regular 50yds. standard target, center with fourteen consecutive shots placed well inside of the 10 circle, counting 140 out of a possible 140 at 50 measured yards. This shooting was done at rest and without cleaning. Now a rifle that will shoot like that you might say is the best rifle for game, etc., but the writer does not think so. Why? Because in the first place it is a Stevens "range" rifle, price $33.50; it costs too much; next, the trajectory of this target is very high, and again this rifle is on the tip-up principle, and if used a great deal may become loose and shaky with wear and tear and shoot astray, so as to make it wholly unfit for use. Let the Stevens Company give us a rifle with the action good and solid like the Ballard or Winchester single shot rifle, and with the fine shooting barrels that they fit up in them, and they will have more than their hands full to supply the demand that will be made for them.

Well, then, you ask what is the best rifle for game shooting that I can go to the market and buy at a reasonable price? one that will shoot well at all hunting ranges and one that will wear well. My advice is to get one adapted to either the .15-45 W. C. F. cartridge, or to the .10-45 Maynard, or U. M. C. .10-45, or, as it is called, the .22 ex-long c.f. cartridge. The rifles that are adapted to the .15-45 shell are Remington No. 3, Winchester single-shot and Ballard, good guns in every respect and moderate in price. For the 10grs. shell we have the Maynard (a most excellent rifle but expensive), and the Ballard, a good rifle and moderate price. Thus it will be seen that the writer, although trying to write in a spirit of fair play and justice to both manufacturer and consumer, cannot recommend all the goods that are put in the market for us to buy. There are other makes of rifles in the market that have their good points, but also have those that are undesirable. If my experience (which has cost me a great deal of time and money) will help those who are starting on the road—over which I have stumbled so much—I will be content, and feel that this has not been written in vain; and to those who wish for further information would say that I shall be pleased to answer them as best I can if they will write and ask. Our editor will give you my address, I think, if you will send him a stamp for return postage.

I see that in your last issue your correspondent "Kelpie" asks the writer's opinion regarding the .32-caliber rifle for bear. If "Kelpie" will put the 165-grain bullet in the right place he will need no explosive balls, but if he does not he will need more than one shot whether with a .32 or .50-cal. The writer would prefer the solid ball, but would take the precaution to have another cartridge ready and play the lever for all it was worth. Bruin would probably find enough to take his attention if he had a 165-grain solid bullet well planted in the brain.

I would like to add a word regarding sights for rifles and will then conclude this letter, which is already too long. I have used nearly all of the many kinds of sights that have been offered to sportsmen and the Lyman rear sight I have found to be the best for all-around use. It can be used in connection with any kind of muzzle sight, but the middle or notched sight on the barrel should always be removed. Lyman's ivory front sight is also excellent for hunting and especially in the woods or in bad light. IRON RAMROD.

SOMERVILLE, Mass.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Referring to the communications of "Iron Ramrod" and "Kelpie" in recent issues of your interesting paper, I beg leave to express my doubts as to the utility of the so-called all-around rifle. The caliber and charge should be proportionate to the work. If a rifle is wanted for small game like squirrels let it be a .22-cal. center fire; if for geese and other wildfowl, or for mid-range target shooting, choose a .32-40 or similar cartridge; but should deer or bear be the game sought, select a .40-cal., with charge sufficient to do its work with neatness and despatch, leaving the minimum number of cripples and the fewest pangs of remorse.

An all-around arm is apt to be like an all-around rod, which may prove not just the thing for trout, and a little worse for bass. Fortunately the price is now so moderate that a pair of rifles may be had for what one formerly cost.

The charge, however, may be varied considerably if it is desired to do so, particularly in those rifles chambered for an everlasting shell. My .32-cal. Maynard does accurate work with three different loads. First, 35grs. powder and a patched bullet of 165grs. Second, 35grs. powder and a five-groove naked bullet seated ½in. in shell. Third, about 28grs. powder and a three-groove bullet, seated so that the shoulder of the cylindrical part is just at the end of shell.

The last is the smallest charge I have used or think it desirable to use in a .32-caliber, but to those who want a rifle of this caliber and think this is still too powerful, I would recommend the purchase of an imported rim-fire for about $5 with checkered pistol grip and rubber butt thrown in. It will probably afford them just as much amusement and save the trouble of reloading. T. H. G.

ELIZABETH, N. J.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am so situated that I cannot use the large bore heavily charged rifle that they use out West without danger to others. In other words, I want to shoot black ducks with the rifle. I have for the past five winters spent a good part of my time looking at brother black duck enjoying himself just out of range of the best 12-bore shotgun in this section. Of course I could get a 10 or even an 8-bore and still he would be out of range. Now will some of my fellow readers of the FOREST AND STREAM advise me what rifle to buy for the best shooting qualities? It must not be dangerous to shoot where there is nothing to stop the ball for a mile; or in other words, after killing the duck I do not want to kill a man a mile off. It seems to me a .32-cal. would be large enough. Now the questions are, which make shall I buy? Which is best, a single-shot or magazine? I have been told that the peculiar style of bullet used in the magazine guns rendered them less accurate than the single-shot. Can any one say if this is true?

Help me out of my difficulty, some one, and I may be able to give you plain sailing directions to a point where you can find plenty of ducks. Last winter I had the pleasure and torture of spending five days looking almost all day at flocks of 500 to 1,000 ducks and half as many geese all just out of range of shotguns and yet perfectly safe from a near approach. Now could not a good rifle shot, with the right kind of rifle, have killed them off pretty nicely at 150 to 200yds.? It seems to me so, and I am going to try it. Some one tell me what rifle to buy and I think I am all right. I have a Colt's 22-cal. that I can kill a single duck with nine times out of ten at 30 to 40yds., but it is too small for a greater distance if the wind is blowing. I wish to say, however, in justice to the Colt's 22-cal., that it is a little "daisy," and I do not see how anything can be more perfect for short range.

JAMES RIVER, Va. N. ORLEANS.

AMMUNITION AND BOOTY.—A Strahan, Iowa, correspondent thus describes a type of gunner in that vicinity: In the fall when the prairie chickens come from the West, he will shoulder his gun and start out across the field until he comes up within 150 to 200yds. of a flock, when they up and fly. He will then watch till they settle in a field. This time he will get within 75yds. of them, when they fly again, but not till he has had time to waste two loads on them without getting a feather. After another tramp of a mile or two he may perhaps get one if he has good luck, but as a general thing he will waste eight or ten loads on one bird. Next come the ducks. He will go to the river and stand on the bank, and when he happens to hit one, if it falls in the river (which nine out of ten do), he having no boat, loses his duck. Often he uses a pound or two of powder to the duck, which makes it a costly luxury.—H. W.

QUAIL IN NEW JERSEY.—Small bags of quail on the line of the Camden & Amboy R. R. in New Jersey were the rule on Thursday and Friday of last week. The weather was warm and windy, and the ground very dry, and the woods were full of hounds and rabbit hunters. Saturday being damp and showery at times gave better results all around, but comparatively few birds were killed. Woodcook and grouse were very scarce, but cotton-tails abound.—J. L. K. (Perth Amboy, Nov. 5).

FAILURE OF THE WOODCOCK FLIGHT.

UTICA, N. Y., Nov. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. E. H. Lathrop's letter upon the failure of the woodcock flight is noticed in your issue of Nov. 1, in which he attributes this failure to the blizzard of last March. That the woodcock are destroyed and there is a failure of flight there is no doubt. Mr. Lathrop may be, as you say, a "close observer," but his "theory" as to the cause may be doubted, especially upon statistics. It is a surprise that he should be so ready to attribute it to the weather. The records of this association show a marked and gradual decrease of woodcock, more and more perceptible each year for the past five years. In limited localities there has been a seeming supply, but the sections have been small and in spots, with a general dearth or diminution. The supply in spots is, of course, dependent upon or varied by a more or less wet or dry season of the locality or elsewhere. The general average shows a marked decrease as observed by sportsmen, but especially shown by the scanty few on sale in market.

If Mr. Lathrop or others of your readers will consider the vast number of breechloading guns that have been made and sold, together with the amount of trap shooting practice carried on in the past five or more years, and once reflect that each of the owners of these new guns has become qualified with the "fever" each season to kill "a few woodcock," they will wonder that there could be any woodcock left. The failure of flight need not be attributed to the weather blizzard on theory, but may be reasonably attributed to the sportsmen's blizzard on probability. This association has foreseen this "failure of flight" for years, and has endeavored to prevent it by a law for more limited killing. Unless killing be more restricted their extermination is at hand—is possibly even now beyond remedy. Sportsmen (especially the enthusiastic of the younger men), if they would desire sport in the future would do well to reflect upon the prospects and consider how long it would take to replenish their haunts if once reduced to a few hundred pair, in view of the secret violations of law heretofore existing, with the indifference with which market men would sell the last bird. JOHN D. COLLINS,

Secretary Utica Fish and Game Protective Association.

A HUNT AT THE ADIRONDACK CLUB.

IT is barely daylight when I step out of the comfortable cottage where I am quartered at the Adirondack Club. The air is cool and still, and the white frost sparkles on the ground. It is a grand hunting morning. Already the hounds know that something unusual is going on, for they are yelping down at their kennel, where they are generally so patient and quiet.

The Senator and the Commodore soon follow me, and with our Winchesters on our shoulders we proceed to the club house for breakfast. By the time we have finished our substantial meal, of which venison and flapjacks form an important part, our hounds, eight in number, are coupled and straining at their chains. Four guides take them in charge, and after receiving their instructions from Supt. Buttles, start off for the hills to put them out, and we repair to our respective stations. Through the kindness of my host I am given the river stand, considered the best, but owing to the river being very narrow and heavily lined with thick brush, also the most difficult from which to kill a deer.

With parting instructions not to shoot at does, the rest of the party depart for their respective stations on Lake Sanford.

After hiding my boat in the bushes I climb up into my perch, which gives me a view up and down the brook as well as a glimpse of the lake beyond, to say nothing of the magnificent view I have of the glorious mountains in all directions.

It is now 8 o'clock and the sun shines out hot; though the air is perfectly still, I have not yet heard the faintest sound from the hounds, and I begin to think that it is not one of my days. A flock of wild ducks swim up the brook past me, playing and diving as they go, not 50ft. away. How little they think that their deadliest enemy is so near; but they are safe to-day; I sat quietly an hour or more perhaps, when I thought I heard a faint splash. Turning my head slowly I was startled by seeing a beautiful buck walking slowly across the stream. I pick up my rifle, but the tops of the bushes are so thick that I can hardly aim. After changing from one opening to another I pull the best I can at the deer's shoulder. At the report he bounds into the bushes like a shot out of a gun.

"I would give five dollars to fire that shot over again!" I say to myself, for the deer has vanished like a dream, and I wonder how I missed him. Then it seems to me that I ought to have heard him crashing away in his mad flight, but I did not; I listen intently and I think I hear something kicking in the bushes, but so faint and uncertain that I dare not hope, and yet it is possible that I killed him after all. I cannot stand the uncertainty any longer, so at the risk of starting him, I climb down and hunt up the spot where he left the river. "No blood, guess I missed him," and I am in despair again. "No, by Jove! Here is blood and lots of it," this I find on a tall weed a few rods from shore, and frothy blood too, a sure sign of a mortal wound, and sure enough, a few steps further on I find my buck lying stone dead on his side, in the cool dark shade of the dense woods. With a sigh of relief and satisfaction I gaze on my noble game and admire his fat sleek form and beautiful head.

After bleeding him I return to my perch, and pass a contented half hour thinking over my lucky shot, when I see something swimming down the brook. It looks like an otter, no, it is a hound; but as it comes nearer I see it is a deer, but it looks like a doe. Just then the bushes hide it from my sight as it swims close under the bank on my side of the stream. Below me some sixty yards is a shallow, and as the deer strikes that and comes into sight I see that it is a fine two-year-old buck. Up goes the Winchester as he strikes into a smart gallop, and at the report he wheels one side and bounds into the bushes with his flag hugged close; as he disappears I fire a snap-shot. He does not run far, but by his snorting and thrashing I know he is badly hit. In a minute or two he is in the river some distance down and swims across, showing only the top of his head. I fired three shots at that, but without any result, but when he tries to climb the steep bank my last shot breaks his neck and he falls back stone dead. I wipe the perspiration from my face and think that it is enough luck for one morning, so I

climb down again, launch my boat and try to get the last buck into it.

If the reader has ever tried to drag a buck into one of these light crank Adirondack boats in deep water, he knows what I had to go through. I managed to do it without upsetting after ten minutes hard work, and then paddled up to the boat house, where I left him.

On my way back a fine doe jumped into the water and swam a hundred yards ahead of me. As she left the brook she offered me a good shot, but of course I did not harm her. I dragged my first buck to the bank with much labor and rolled him into the boat. By that time the others returned without any deer, though the Senator had two does pass him within easy distance. My prize was duly admired and I congratulated, and I returned to the club house well pleased with my first hunt at the Adirondack Club.

I never heard a hound during the hunt, nor did the deer seem to be very much concerned about them. They were taking it very quietly, and I presume having heard enough to alarm them, were quietly sneaking out of harm's way. WAKEMAN HOLBERTON.

THE DARDENNE CLUB.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Nov. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The duck shooting lakes in this vicinity are fast being taken up by clubs for game preserves, and in a little while there will be no place around about here to shoot ducks at unless a person belongs to one of the various clubs. There are now five clubs in this city that have game preserves, and in all probability there will soon be another added to the list.

The latest addition to the list is the Dardenne Fish and Game Club, and the grounds which it has leased are situated in St. Charles, this State, thirty miles from this city, in a northwesterly direction. St. Peters, on the Wabash Western Railway is the station to get off at, and then there is a four-mile trip by wagon to reach the lakes.

Fifteen years ago the Dardenne Lakes were leased by a club composed of gentlemen of this city and it was the first game preserve established in this part of the country. At the expiration of the ten year's lease the owner of the land demanded an increase in the rental, which the club considered exorbitant, and failing to come to terms with the landlord, Mr. P. D. Gallagher, the club abandoned the grounds and located on the Illinois River, about eighty-three miles above here.

After losing a few years' rent for his swamp land, which rental, by the way, was sufficient to pay the yearly taxes on the 5,000 acres of land which he owned in the immediate vicinity, he became quite anxious to entertain a proposition to lease the grounds for a fair rental, and on this fact becoming known to Capt. H. C. West, a very enthusiastic field sportsman, by the way, he interested himself in the matter and called upon several gentlemen in this city and informed them of the scheme. No trouble was experienced whatever in obtaining the necessary number to organize the club, which was promptly done, and the grounds and lakes were leased for a term of ten years, to take effect from last Monday.

A club house is to be erected immediately on a piece of land on the bank of the Mississippi River which the club has purchased. It is to be a large building and will embrace sitting-room, bed-room, dining-room, kitchen, store-room and extra sleeping quarters for the necessary help. A stable for a team of horses which are to be kept at the grounds to convey the members to and from the lakes is also to be built.

A kennel to accommodate twenty dogs will also be one of the fixtures of the place, and will be fitted up with all modern improvements as to comfort for the canines. Many of the members own valuable dogs, both bench and field trial winners.

The Dardenne Lakes are without doubt the best known of any in this vicinity, and the grounds have the reputation of having more large bags of ducks and snipe made in them than any other place within 100 miles of this city. Away back in the '60s it was quite famous, and there are many old-time field sportsmen in this city who can recall pleasant recollections of days spent up there shooting ducks and snipe when St. Louis was a mere village.

On the grounds in question there are two lakes; one covers an area of about 600 acres and the other about 200 acres. Food is plentiful in both, and they are well supplied with vegetation, which affords splendid cover for duck shooting. Wild celery in abundance is found in the lakes, and in consequence excellent canvasback and mallard shooting is had in early spring. The canvasback is a rare duck in this section, and when they do make their appearance all other kinds are shunned for the time being, and every point is strained to bag as many of them as possible. A member of the old club, in the spring of 1882, bagged fifty-six in one evening's shooting, which was the largest single bag ever made at the Dardenne preserve by any one in the last fifteen years.

Mallard shooting in the fall, if the person is fortunate enough to strike the flight, is most excellent, and some remarkably large bags of them have been made up there. In 1875 a party of three gentlemen bagged in a three-days' shoot 634 mallard ducks, besides a number of other varieties; they also had a few geese, brant, snipe and some quail. This is a matter of record, and can be seen on the record book of the club, which was kept at the club house, and in which each member was required to record the amount of game killed by him each day.

The lands surrounding the lakes are low and marshy and well adapted for snipe shooting. There is probably 2,000 acres of this kind of land, besides 1,800 acres in what is known as Bellew Swamp, which is owned by an Indiana gentleman, and which is also included in the club's preserve, it having leased it for the same length of time as the Gallagher lands.

All things considered the Dardenne's game preserve offers to its members as fine sport as can be found in this part of the country, and before the close of the present season large bags of ducks will be put on record as having been killed on the preserve.

Following is a partial list of the club's members, all of whom are residents of this city:

Capt. H. C. West, Gen. J. W. Noble, J. B. Morris, Col. Morre, Mark Taylor, C. F. Mathey, Richard Hospes, F. Bradford, A. Shapliegh, J. Delany and J. Shepley.

UNSER FRITZ.

MAINE DEER.

RANGELEY, Me., Oct. 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of Oct. 25, I think that "Special" has a very good idea of the deer question. If the Commissioners will give us the month of September in addition to what we now have as open season, I do not think the guides would paddle a sportsman up to a deer in the early part of the season. And as for allowing hunting with dogs, I think, and in fact I know, it would be closely looked after, as I would shoot a dog if seen chasing a deer and let the deer go, and I have heard others say the same thing.

And as to the loggers I do not think that out of the 500 men employed for the last two years, which embraces about twenty camps, there are a half a dozen deer killed during the winter, as the men get too tired during the week to run deer Sunday. I have been a guide here for eight years, and worked in the woods in winter, and I have known positively of but one deer being killed by any of the crews.

As for fires in the month of September, the guides are very careful about their camp fires, always putting them out before leaving camp.

Deer shooting, as he says, has not been much of a success so far this season, as it has been so wet. I know of but one moose and two or three deer being killed so far, but it is not the scarcity of deer that prevents, for there are plenty of them in the woods. Last fall, in being out six days I saw nine, but did not shoot any on account of bad doing, as they would always get the start of me. I do not think any one can go a half-mile in the woods without crossing deer tracks after first snow comes. The law allows three deer to each man, but I don't think that there are more than two or three who get what the law allows them. W. A. R.

BOSTON, Nov. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Deer hunting in Maine is being followed for all it is worth this fall, and it is really worth a good deal, if we are to take in all the accounts we hear and read. But it is evident that Maine sportsmen are getting more of this noble game than outsiders. Conductor George West, of the Maine Central Railroad, has lately returned from a successful deer hunt, resulting in the slaughter of two fine bucks. A letter from Millbridge, Washington county, Maine, received by a Boston merchant yesterday, gives a brief account of a party of three Rockland, Me., hunters, who have just returned with a deer apiece, the result of a four days' hunt in the wilds of the upper Narragaugus River. From a party of Boston gentlemen, who also just returned from the same region, it is learned that a party of three Mount Desert sportsmen came out of the Narragaugus woods the day that the Boston party was going in, with three deer apiece; all the law allows them. There were also other hunters in at the time, and they had taken several deer. There is not a doubt that the number of deer killed this fall in Washington county alone will be very large. This killing is done in the open season, and hence it is entirely legal, provided that each hunter kills but three deer, and dogs are not used in their capture.

SPECIAL.

AN OCTOBER OUTING IN FLORIDA.

AT 4 o'clock of a gray October morning a sailboat darted out from the shelter of one of the many piers that line Pensacola's water front. It was sailing under jigger and foresail, and as it reached the open water and felt the full effect of the fresh breeze it bounded away o'er the billows like a thing of life. It contained two persons, the Skipper and Crew. The Skipper's experience in Floridian waters was very limited indeed, but the Crew was a walking compendium of information. The coast from Pensacola to Key West was as familiar to him as the streets of a country town to a native-born citizen. He had hunted and fished its whole length, and had been over it in the interest of science. The Crew had come on this trip in order to show the Skipper the best game resorts near the city. It was early for game, but, nevertheless, the guns were taken along. The destination was Garcon Point, nine miles to the eastward on Escambio Bay.

The wind began to freshen and hauled to the eastward. The Skipper glanced dubiously at the windy-looking sky, then at the increasing white-caps, and pictured to himself a nine-mile beat to windward in a leaky, open boat. He remembered how a few days back he had undertaken alone to sail to windward, in the same boat, with a heavy sea on. He succeeded, but he had to bail water with one hand and steer with the other for three long, weary hours. He consulted with the Crew. The Crew, old salt though he was, did not relish the beat to windward. It was decided to shape the course for the old Naval Reserve, where there was a fresh-water lake and some thick woods. The sheets were eased off, and the boat with the wind on the port quarter glided down the long swell with a speed that was decidedly exhilarating. After a run of an hour the boat was rounded to in the lee of a sand spit and anchored. A landing was made, the Skipper keeping his feet dry with his hip rubber boots. He says, however, that long boots may do for wildfowl shooting on Illinois marshes, but hereafter in Florida he will wear an old pair of shoes and leather leggings to protect his lower limbs from thorns and possible rattlesnakes.

The Crew pointed the Skipper in the direction of the lake and bade him search, which he did. Pushing his way through some dense palmetto scrub, his vision was gladdened by the view of as pretty a lake as one seldom sees, even in this land of lakes. It is one-quarter of a mile long and not over 200yds. wide at its widest part, with wooded bluffs on either side and a small stretch of marsh at each end. Its clear, crystal waters abound in fish, and it is a noted resort for ducks, especially when the weather is stormy and the birds seek refuge from the turbulent waters of the bay. One can stand on the wooded bluffs or among the flags and have good shooting as the birds fly up and down the lake.

A sharp glance over the expanse of water reveals two dusky objects near the rushes on the northern shore. The Skipper carefully retraces his steps to the beach, and, keeping the sand ridge between him and the fowl, works his way toward them. While pursuing his devious course over logs and refuse timber, he is startled by the whir of wings near him, and looking up beholds two dusky objects cleaving the gray mist of the early morning with a vigor that betokens them to be bluewing teal. His 10-bore belches forth, but they stop not. He ejaculates, "The first ducks of the season and a rank miss!" A few minutes later a boom to the south'ard is heard, and he knows that the Crew is "on to" something. Later in the day he learns that the Crew saw the teal alight on the water, and, taking advantage of a patch of grass, had crept on them and got a shot and bagged one. The Skipper continues the march, and soon discovers in the further end of the lake two waterfowl that he takes to be ducks. He carefully conceals himself in a patch of scrub palmetto and patiently waits for them to come within gunshot. A kingfisher comes and perches itself on a dead limb above his head, but soon discovers him and flies away. Several herons fly over the lake a hundred yards up, and an alligator comes to the surface a few rods off and slowly swims in a circle for several minutes and then disappears. The fowl start to swim down the lake, and as they approach the blind he notes with disgust that they are diedappers. The spirit of destruction, however, is on him, and he turns loose his breechloader and one of the birds turns its feet heavenward and the other dives to shot. Walking out on the marsh, a plover flies up and wilts before the leaden hail; a white tern ventures within gunshot and pays for its rashness with its life. Leaving the marsh he enters the pine woods, and after a walk of half a mile emerges on a clearing that shows signs of having been made many years before. A negro hut stands in one corner, half hidden in a grove of thrifty-looking orange and peach trees. As he crosses the clearing he is welcomed by the usual number of dogs, that seem to be necessary adjuncts to farming life in Florida. The sable proprietor issues forth, calls off the dogs, and presents his visitor with several fine samples of west Florida oranges. Upon being interviewed as to the game resources, he ventures to assert that there are some deer and turkeys back in the hammock. The hammock is several miles back and the day is well advanced; so, accompanied by a negro boy, the Skipper strikes back into the pines to look for doves. The doves fail to materialize, but on the way a snake is started and its head shot off. The boy maintains stoutly that it is a rattlesnake, but the Skipper doubts it, as it is devoid of rattles, although it has the diamond-shaped spots on its back and looks decidedly ugly. Soon after the Skipper and Crew meet at the boat, sails are hoisted, anchor weighed and the course laid for the city, using the red water tower on Spanish Fort as a guiding point. IVANHOE.

PENSACOLA, Florida.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

HUTCHINSON, Kan., Oct. 29.—The general drought of the past two years, has made havoc with sport in Kansas. All the ponds of this section of the country, with very few exceptions, are dried up; the streams run only in driblets, and even the big and turbulent Arkansas shows but a thread of water. A few weeks ago it was entirely dry. At Great Bend the bed of the Arkansas has been for weeks as dry as a floor, and the Cheyenne Flats, whose long chain of lakes usually affords the finest of wild fowl shooting, have had no water on them at all. The result of all this has been that the fall flight has not come down across this country yet, and probably will not until some very severe storm drives it across country regardless of water-courses. The Arkansas begins to show a little water, now that the use of the irrigating ditches in Kansas and Colorado is slacking up, and nearer the mountains there is always a constant, though small stream of water in its bed. Along this part of the river and so far down at least as La Junta, Col., numbers of ducks and geese have been found for some weeks back. At Hutchinson the boys have had only two good days, when a small flight came down the river, actuated by no apparent reason. On last Thursday Will Chamberlain bagged twenty ducks, several geese and a white crane. There were a few canvasbacks among the ducks, and one Canada goose among the others. The Canada goose is rare along this river. The Hutchins goose and snowy goose afford the bulk of the shooting. There are a number of splendid young sportsmen here who keep up one of the very best trap clubs in the State, and have moreover a strong leaning to wildfowl shooting. Among the inveterate ones at the latter sport, and those also most successful, are Mr. Eli Young, Mr. Miles Taylor, Mr. Sam Forsha, Mr. Fred Burslem and Mr. Will Allen. When these gentlemen like, they can string out a hundred or more goose and duck decoys along a sand bar, and many a gray sunrise finds them in the pits waiting for the "morning flight," of which they always give good account. There are no keener sportsmen or better fellows than Hutchinson's shooters, most of whom are well-to-do young business men. They are strictly modern in their ideas and practices, and a visitor must be pretty nearly a "daisy" if they do not show him something about guns and shooting.

DES MOINES, Iowa, Oct. 31.—Messrs. Thos. Yearnshaw and Scott Alexander have returned from a successful shooting trip at Roosevelt, on the D. M. & Ft. D. road, in northwestern Iowa. They were absent about a week, and during that time bagged over 250 redheads and canvasbacks. They report snipe in great plenty in that vicinity. After their return the main flight of ducks appears to have held up, and to be now stationary about thirty miles north of Spirit Lake and along the southern edge of Minnesota. Shooters in central Iowa complain that no ducks have made their appearance in any great quantities.

Mr. C. E. Yearnshaw, just returned from Missouri River marshes near Sioux City, Iowa, reports that the flats were fairly alive with jacksnipe.

Mr. C. W. Budd, known all over the country, lives here in Des Moines, and is at present home getting acquainted with his wife and family, after his long and continuous trip through the trap-shooting circuit. He had had a couple of days' rest when I met him, and expressed himself as feeling immensely better. He says shooting at the trap isn't such a picnic as it looks. Mr. Budd was just going fishing as I saw him, and declared a big bass or pickerel would please him as much as another medal.

The Des Moines river is showing more water now than in the past few months, and fair fishing has lately been had in the deeper water above the dam.

The Des Moines trap club is a large one, and comprises a lot of jolly fellows. Politics and warm weather have interfered a little with the serious business of life, and the boys have let the clay birds go more than in duty they should have done. They promise to reform now at once.

DAVENPORT, Iowa, Nov. 2,—The rifle and trap clubs

here are exceptionally strong. Particulars later. Ducks not so plentiful as they have been known, but some shooting up the river. The snow storm of a few days back sent down a scurry of ducks, but no really severe weather has yet been felt in this section.

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 3.—Mr. John Gillespie is absent at Fox Lake, after the ducks, which are down in sufficient numbers to tempt him. Some good bags have been made when the shooter "caught 'em right." I shall soon investigate this duck question here, and find out what's the matter with the ducks. They're not all right.

I shipped a goose from Kansas to some Chicago friends. Fearing that it might taint, I took the advice of a Kansas man and stuffed the goose with "excelsior," or fine wood shavings, saturating the latter pretty well with camphor. I learn that the goose got here all right, and so did the camphor. My friends didn't particularly like camphoretted goose, but not being very well up on such matters they ate the bird as a matter of duty, thinking it was the correct thing. As near as I can learn that goose commanded the entire respect of the insect world, and came near casting a gloom on the household that received it. I would say to fellow sportsmen that, while camphor may be very good to preserve the feathers of a goose, I couldn't recommend it for the rest of the anatomy; not as a flavoring. It has too wild and weird a tang, even for a Canada honker. E. HOUGH.

NEW YORK GAME PROTECTORS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your very valuable article relating to the office of Chief Game and Fish Protector, published in FOREST AND STREAM three or four weeks since, you locate Chief Fish and Game Protector Drew at Mechanicsville, and a letter mailed to that address on the 12th of October only reached this office yesterday. Mr. Drew's headquarters are in the Capitol, Albany; his residence is at Washington Mills, Oneida county. I inclose a list of the game and fish protectors, giving the address, number of district, etc., of each. Chief Game and Fish Protector Frederick P. Drew, on the 20th October, assigned to the several fish and game protectors their districts as follows:

District No. 1. Robert Brown, Jr., Port Richmond, S. I.—Counties of Richmond, Kings, Queens and Suffolk.

District No. 2. Willett Kidd, Newburgh—Counties of Orange, Rockland, Ulster, Westchester, New York and Putnam.

District No. 3. Matthew Kennedy, Hudson—Counties of Columbia, Rensselaer, Albany, Greene and Dutchess.

District No. 4. Seymour C. Armstrong, Reparius—Counties of Warren, Saratoga and Washington.

District No. 5. J. W. Pond, Malone—Counties of Franklin, Clinton and Essex.

District No. 6. Peter R. Leonard, Ogdensburgh—County of St. Lawrence.

District No. 7. George Moyer, Lowville—Counties of Lewis, Herkimer and that part of Hamilton lying north of continuation of south line of Essex county.

District No. 8. Thomas Bradley, Rockwood—Counties of Fulton, Montgomery and that portion of Hamilton lying south of continuation of south line of Essex county.

District No. 9. Francisco Wood, Schoharie—Counties of Schoharie, Schenectady, Delaware, Sullivan, Chenango and Broome.

District No. 10. Chief Protector F. P. Drew—Counties of Oneida, Madison and Otsego.

District No. 11. Wm. N. Steele, Clayton—Counties of Jefferson, Oswego, Onondaga and Cortland.

District No. 12. Henry C. Carr, Union Springs—Counties of Cayuga, Tioga, Tompkins, Wayne and Seneca.

District No. 13. John Sheridan, Penn Yan—Counties of Yates, Schuyler, Chemung, Steuben, Allegany and Cattaraugus.

District No. 14. George M. Schwartz, Rochester—Counties of Monroe, Orleans, Wyoming, Ontario, Livingston and Genesee.

District No. 15. Charles Ripon, Youngstown—Counties of Niagara, Erie and Chatauqua.

JOHN LIBERTY, Clerk.

CHIEF GAME AND FISH PROTECTOR'S OFFICE, Albany, N.Y., Nov. 1.

W. FRED QUIMBY, who is known to sportsmen not only as a crack shot at the trap, but also as the sole manufacturer of the Thomson sole leather hunting boots and shoes and other necessaries of a sportsman's outfit, is contemplating a change of quarters from his old stand at 301 Broadway, N. Y. By diligent attention to business and an artistic cultivation of the trade, he has so increased his business that this move is made imperative, particularly as he has taken the agency for a number of new specialties, of which our readers are duly apprised through our advertising columns. Just where he will locate is not yet determined, but it will be somewhere near his present stand, and when comfortably settled, it will be in order for the boys to give him a house warming.

OF AN ARITHMETICAL TURN OF MIND.—Aurora, Ill., Oct. 29.—In his article headed "A Day's Shooting in 'My Maryland'," as published in your issue of the 25th inst, "Josephus" states that he and his companion B. "got sixty-six partridges." Then he adds. "B. had three more partridges than I." As a matter of curiosity I would like to know how many partridges each had at the end of that day's shooting?—HOODOO.

WILD FOWL SHOOTING.

WILD FOWL SHOOTING. Containing scientific and practical descriptions of wild fowl; their resorts, habits, flights and the most successful method of hunting them. Treating of the selection of guns for wild fowl shooting; how to load, aim and to use them; decoys, and the proper manner of using them; blinds, how and where to construct them; boats, how to use and build them scientifically; retrievers, their characteristics, how to select and train them. By William Bruce Leffingwell. Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co., 1888. Supplied by the Forest and Stream Pub. Co. Illustrated, 373 pages. Price, in cloth, $2.50; in morocco, $3.50.

HERE is a man who, instead of outgrowing his early enthusiasm for duck shooting, or suffering his ardor to be diminished by the crowding concerns of his vocation, has cherished the sportsman's spirit, and now writes from a full heart a volume generous in scope and brimful of that sentiment which makes all sportsmen akin. William Bruce Leffingwell has gained by life long devotion to the sport of wild fowl shooting a knowledge of the ways of the game, the modes of securing it, and the thousand and one details which go to make up the pursuit of fowling; and his book has been written with the express purpose of supplying to others the practical knowledge which he himself sought for in books in vain.

"Wild Fowl Shooting" is first of all practical. It describes all the different fowl, so that from the text of this book a specimen in hand can be identified. Practical and useful also are the exact directions as to the mode of procedure in the art of circumventing, getting the better of, and as the legal phrase has, it "reducing to possession" whatever ducks are flying. Loading, choice of ammunition, dress, boats, decoys, blinds, dogs, and the tricks, devices and appurtenances of the sport, are all here set forth, and the teaching is that of experience.

If in highest degree practical, "Wild Fowl Shooting" is none the less full of sentiment—the sentiment shared by all who hunt ducks from the pure love of it, not because it is "the thing," nor because they see some one else enjoy it and vainly imagine that they will delight in it too. A duck hunter is born, not made. He must have it "born in him." To such a one the pages of this book of Leffingwell's will appeal, all the way through it, from beginning to end. He will follow the author's narration of experience and adventure with rare delight; and many a winter's evening, we predict, will be spent by the readers of this book in delightful "fireside travels" with the author.

It only remains to add that the work is handsomely bound, and properly illustrated with careful drawings of the several species of wild fowl and numerous representations of their pursuit. The following excerpts from the chapter on the wood duck will give a notion of Mr. Leffingwell's style:

The wood duck, or summer duck, is the most beautiful in color and plumage of any of the duck species. The glossy brilliancy of the soft, dense feathers, the perfect blending of all the colors—completing all imaginable shades—makes the summer duck one of indescribable beauty. We have all, time and again, seen sights that were impressed so deeply upon our minds, that time could not blot them out; still, the beautiful images carved in our memories, standing in relief, like a cameo, emblazoned on our minds, we could not impart to others; we knew they were there, we constantly see them, and yet the words at our command are inadequate to tell of the hidden splendor we see so clearly, yet cannot describe. So one feels, when he attempts to paint with words, the brilliant plumage of the summer duck. There is not a bird that visits the North in field, forest or stream, that can compare with this one in magnificent coloring. They are rightly named summer duck, they are so different from all others. We are apt to associate ducks, and perhaps correctly too, with cold and inclement weather, and when we have the one we anticipate the other. But the summer ducks come in mild weather, stay with us, breed and bring up their young along running creeks, where alders and maples, willows and birch bend fraternally toward each other across some babbling brook, their topmost limbs intertwining affectionately, exchanging friendly greetings with each other as the night and day winds of summer cause them to gently rub together.

Such are the places these pretty birds frequent and bring up their young. They love to swim in the shallow water, male and female together, surrounded by tiny forms of yellow, their young, all busily engaged in nipping tender buds, picking up seeds, or chasing some fat bug as it twinkles on the water. How happy they are in such places! Swimming at the side and under overhanging banks, that seem like huge bluffs in comparison with their diminutive bodies, turning their little heads sidewise as they watch a fly or grasshopper, as it clings to some waving blade of grass, just on the brink of the shore, and watching it with still greater interest as it flies or jumps so quickly down on some moss-covered stone, their little stomachs craving the delicacy, while their father and mother watch them with pride and solicitous interest. Then to see them when a fly or bug drops into the water; the whole flock scramble for it in haste, pell-mell, the fortunate one gulps it down, fearing no indigestion, while the others, foiled, but not discouraged, swim on more determined than before. When they reach some old sunken log, its black body anchored in the shallow water, the little ones discover a perfect horde of bugs floating at its edge. The mother clambers on to the log, and basking in the sunshine, preens herself, stands up to her extreme height, then on her tip-toes, rapidly flits her wings to sustain her body, while the sun shines warmly and brightly on her, bringing plainly to view the golden red and purple of her wings, her dusky head shaded with green, the pure white of her dainty throat, and the yellow and mottled brown of her body. We admire her beauty, and yet, when we look at her mate, as he swims about in the shadow of the trees, then emerging into the open and unobstructed light, the beauty of the female is made feeble by the comparison. He looks at his mate admiringly, as she sits on the log, her bright eyes constantly watching with maternal care the young brood at her feet. The male constantly calls with plaintive cry, *whee-whee*, commencing in a modulated quivering tone, and ending about four notes higher, dwelling on and prolonging the last note. Such a mellow call it is, so sweet and full of solicitude. Its plaintiveness has often reminded me of the mournful cry of the turtle dove,

"Sweet bird that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy."

The drake, noticing the handsome coloring of the reflected feathers of his quiet mate as she sits so quietly in the bright sunshine, while not jealous of his spouse, at the same time, thinks he too is clothed in gaudy raiment. Suddenly he springs up and alights on the outstretched limb of an old dead tree, whose trunk is whitened with age and the action of the elements. How strange he seems up so high, resting contentedly and at home on the limb. He appears out of place, sitting so complacently in the tree, and yet he is doing nothing uncommon, nothing unusual; for not only does he and his mate alight in trees, but they often build their nests in its crotches, and raise their young until strong enough to partially care for themselves. It looks odd to see them in trees; about as strange and out of place as would a turkey or chicken be swimming in the water. As the drake alights on the tree, he settles in the full light of the midday summer's sun; the warm winds play through grass and trees; pond-lilies, in snowy whiteness or in yellow bonnets, nod gently in response to the breeze, as it moves so quietly over the rippling water, carrying to the secreted hunter delicate and sensuous perfumes. The drake gazes intently in the distance, as if his sharp eyes could penetrate woods and fields, and furtively looks around, as if anticipating the approach of an enemy. He sees nothing to alarm him, hears nothing but the faint tinkle of a bell, emitting its irregular and not unmusical sound as the bell-cow walks slowly along, grazing on the bottom-grass. He bends his head gracefully, and looks down on his mate and their progeny. Each turn of his head, every movement of his body, discloses some new brilliancy of plumage, and he appears like a tropical bird, strayed from palmettoes and fig trees, and lost amid the woods of the North. It seems to us that such as he would feel lost, in a climate like ours, even in midsummer, for never in Northern woods has his equal in beauty been seen. Looking at him as he sits there, we wonder if he really knows how exceedingly handsome he is; his clean-cut head, making a perfect outline against the blue sky; his bright, sparkling eyes inclosed with lids of deepest carmine; the long tuft descending from the back of his head, and floating in a graceful plume down his neck; the upper part of his head between the eye and bill a deep green, so gorgeous in the sun's bright rays that it looks highly polished and seems to cast off sparks of variegated colors, as it merges into purple and runs down his neck, exposing a throat of purest whiteness. Then we notice his back of reddish brown; the rump of similar color tinged with green; then greenish black, and then his plumage runs from dense black to purest white, combining all the coloring imaginable, and adding to these tinges light and dark shades and reflected shadows that are simply indescribable—I have often looked at a rainbow, with all the perfect and beautiful colors know to Nature, and yet it seems to me that a summer duck has them all. Has the reader ever seen the summer ducks at home raising their brood? If you have, and studied them unseen, or unheard, watching them in their wild freedom, showing their peculiar traits, tenderly guarding their young on a summer's afternoon, while you lay full length in the grass, securely hidden, watching with growing interest each movement, entranced by the scene, completely carried away with the changing beauty, and the brilliant plumage of the birds, you will know why I admire the summer duck.

Their flight through the woods is very swift, and at dusk, they move from place to place, darting rapidly among the trees. In marshy places, they are found in little open spots, around brush piles and muskrat houses. They are good eating, but afford me the more pleasure seeing them in the woods, and I never shoot them unless there are no other ducks to be found.

A DINING CAR LINE TO THE PACIFIC COAST.—The completion of the all rail line between Portland, Ore., and San Francisco gives the Pacific coast traveler an opportunity to patronize the famous Dining Car and Yellowstone Park Line, the Northern Pacific Railroad. The sportsman traveling in the West, whether a lover of the rod or gun, naturally seeks this road, penetrating as it does the lake park region of Minnesota, and running through the valleys of such trout streams as the Yellowstone, Gallatin, Hell Gate, Clark's Fork, Spokane, Yakima and Green Rivers, for a distance of fully 1,500 miles, as well as lying immediately contiguous to the finest hunting grounds in the United States, viz., The Big Horn, Snowy Belt, Bitter Root, Coeur D'Alene and Cascade Mountains. Information in regard to this region can be obtained by addressing CHARLES S. FEE, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, N.R. R., P. St. Paul, Minn.—*Adv.*

CASTROVILLE, Cal., Oct. 22, 1888.—*Mr. J. H. Barlow, Manager Ideal M'f'g Co.:* Dear Sir: The measurer forwarded by you came to hand yesterday, and is certainly very neat and handy. I have used the tools considerably since I received them, and like them more and more as I get accustomed to them. That combined reel and de-capper, loader and extractor, and I might add, in an emergency, toothpick, nut cracker and handy billy, is a credit both to the inventor and manufacturer. Thanking you for having attended so promptly to so trivial a matter, I remain, yours truly, E. B. GREGORY.—*Adv.*

Sea and River Fishing.

Angling Talks. By George Dawson. Price 50 cents. Fly-Rods and Fly-Tackle. By H. P. Wells. Price $2.50. Fly-Fishing and Fly-Making for Trout. By J. H. Keene. Price $1.50. American Angler's Book. By Thad. Norris. Price $5.50.

TROUT IN COLORADO.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 31.—The last coherent recollection I have of my recent Colorada trip is that I was trying to count the trout streams on the D. & R. G. R. R. between Pueblo and Durango. It is not certain that I got them all, but such as are mentioned are genuine trout streams, which afford good fishing, where he who runs may catch trout. The following is a partial list.

The headwaters of the Arkansas, from a point twelve miles above Cañon City, are said to hold trout, though this stream is fished much more than the others mentioned. The Rio Grande is a noble stream, full of noble fish. It supplied carloads of trout for the market when the State law permitted the sale of trout, and for years it has been fished by dozens and hundreds whose individual rapacity made the only limit to the catch. The Rio Grande is also much used for irrigating purposes. There is no State law requiring a farmer or ditch owner to protect the head of a ditch by a screen, and as a consequence the trout run out into the ditches. When the water is turned off, the dead trout are shoveled out of the ditches by the wagonload. The State pays no attention to this outrage, and the grangers oppose any act toward putting in the ditch screens. There is a limit to all things, and there is a limit for even the prolific Rio Grande. This year the trout supply is perceptibly less. In a few years more the same old story will have to be told, and the Rio Grande will be a troutless stream. This stream has always furnished abundance of feed, and its fish have, in consequence, been noted for their great size. A 4lbs. trout is not unusual. One of 11lbs. weight is on record. A Mr. Pocahu once opened a beaver dam on a little tributary of the Rio Grande, and took out twelve trout whose united weight was 108lbs. This last information was given me by Mr. H. W. Morse, of Pueblo. The mountain trout of Colorado run large. Mr. L. E. Franck, of Cañon City, lately took four, each of which was over 22in. in length. This was in the Eagle River, below Red Cliff. A 5lbs. trout was once killed with a stick at Del Norte, on the Rio Grande. Alamosa, Del Norte and Wagon Wheel Gap are the points to strike for the Rio Grande fishing.

The Conejos River is a beautiful little stream, and affords good sport. So does the Las Pinas, said to be the first stream in the State to clear up for fly-fishing. The trout ascend this stream to the big gorge and fall back, lying in great numbers in the water near below.

The Chama is a broad and lovely river, such as will drive the artist and the angler wild. It is reached via the railway station of that name. The scenery along this stream is bewitching. It lies also in a game country.

The Brazos, about fourteen miles back from Chama, is a nearly virgin stream. There is no end to the trout one can take there. Here, as elsewhere in Colorado, the kind of fly is not of great importance, since the fish are uneducated. The coachman is very killing.

The Navajo is another rattling mountain river. Its best fishing is back from the railway. It is a panorama of beauty. All this, and if possible more, may be said of the San Juan, which pours a noble flood mile after mile along the railway, enough to drive a trout angler wild.

The Blanco, the Piedra, the Florida, are all entrancing mountain *rios*, at which a hundred trout a day for a task would be a mere bagatelle. The Animas, a distance up from Durango, holds good trout, and the Pine River, near La Boca and above, is a pure river of joy and utter peace.

How many other streams there are in this wonderful region I do not know. I only know that it seemed to me I had found a new country, and my chief emotion was one of absolute wonder that people will fool away time and money around the Adirondacks and Rangeleys, when this beautiful, beautiful, beautiful country is here, full of nature and nature's most exquisite work.

It was very difficult, as I believe I mentioned in an earlier column, for me to leave the big mountains, then just beginning to whiten with the early snows. The longer I talked with Jim Curry, the conductor of the train on which I traveled over the mountains, the more fully convinced did I become that it was my duty to go fishing. I even picked out a natural quaking asp fly-rod I saw growing down by the Yoltec Gorge, but the conductor would not stop the train for me to go cut it, nor did he allow me to try any of the streams which ran tantalizingly near and troutful. At last, as we rolled into sight of Blanco Peak, the big white mountain which rises up over Alamosa, Jim Curry got to telling me about a big trout that lives in a pool near his ranch house, six miles above Del Norte. This trout, it appeared, had been hooked by half a dozen different anglers, and by Mr. Curry himself a number of times, but after a tug or two he had always broken the tackle and gone away when he got ready. He was hard to raise to the surface, but when he did come up he fairly turned the river red, so bright was his vermillion. His weight was thought to be between 7 and 10lbs. He was not averse to biting at anything he liked, but decidedly averse to coming out of the Rio Grande.

The more Mr. Curry talked the worse I felt, and the upshot was I stopped at Alamosa and went up to Del Norte, a distance of thirty-one miles, and accompanied Mr. Curry out to his ranch. Taking dinner here, we had three hours and a half left free for fishing before we must take the train back to Alamosa. There were in the party Mr. Curry's friends Mr. S. C. Jones and wife, and also his brakeman, Swan, and a lineman by the name of Mr. Murphy. Not having any tackle with me, Mr. Curry very kindly supplied me with an excellent split-bamboo rod and the appurtenances thereunto belonging, including an automatic reel, a new tool for me.

The pool at which we fished was just above Mr. Curry's house, and was the one where the hoary-headed old trout above mentioned had his domicile. The Rio Grande is here a swift and noisy stream, perhaps fifty or sixty yards wide, whose volume and rapidity is such that a nervous man would be apt to lose his head and his feet too while wading, as he must, nearly waist deep in the middle of the current. Just above the pool is a rift extending

quite across the river; over this the water rushes wildly, swirling out into a pool forty by seventy yards in size, and perhaps eight or ten feet deep. The middle of this pool, just along the streak of white water, was the territory for fly-fishing. The big trout in question usually lay in the deep eddy to the right of the current, and of which the skill of mortal had not yet availed to permanently allure him.

Murphy and I waded out on the rift, and steadying ourselves up by getting our feet planted under a big stone, began to cast with the fly, using coachman and dark hackles. In a moment Murphy had a rise, and after a moment of play in the heavy current, in which his six-ounce bamboo behaved admirably, he landed a pound trout. My turn then came, and while I was untying a knot in my line, the flies hanging in the water below me about ten feet, a wild-eyed trout of about a pound's weight made a rush and ate my coachman. I let go the line and played the eager young fellow, finding that I had hold of a remarkably good fishing rod in Jim Curry's bamboo. The rod was ordered made for Mr. Curry by his friend Mr. Holabird. It is an exceptionally good fly-casting rod and a great killer. I got my trout up to my feet, and having no landing net lifted him up by the line. He tied himself up in a bow-knot, and with a sort of watch-spring wriggle slid off and back into the water, with a wild, demoniac grin on his countenance. I didn't want him, anyhow. Murphy now took a second small trout, and we then reluctantly stopped fishing and went down to a very good dinner, which Mrs. Curry had ready for us.

After dinner we all five prepared a campaign against the old trout. Mr. Curry sat on the bank and directed the hostilities, Mr. Jones caught minnows, and the rest of us carried on the active warfare. For myself, I tied on a double leader and two double-snelled, double-hooked flies, a coachman and a black-gnat. Below this I tied on a large Sproat hook, on which I hung a minnow fully as long as my finger. My apology for this horribly bloodthirsty outfit is that I had only two hours left to fish, that the trout were said to be biting at nothing but minnows at that late date, that I didn't propose coming away from that pool with any story of broken tackle if I did happen to hook the old citizen we were after.

A very polite aristocratic trout of about three-quarters of a pound obligingly took the coachman in out of the wet, and I landed him. Yet another, doubtless by accident, and while making for the fly got mixed up with my minnow, and I apologized to him out on the beach. Then I apolog zed to myself and sent the minnow swinging out over he big pool again. I struck what I thought was the foundation of the earth.

"Look out, there!" cried Jim Curry from the bank, you've got one this time." And to this the great curve of the rod and the growl of the reel surely bore testimony. I knew the fish had taken the big hook, and resolved to hold him or lose him at once, I struck him again and again, hard enough to lengthen his backbone at least four inches. A deep and pacid calm settled over the landscape, it seemed to me, when I found that the bony jaws had been penetrated and the fight was well begun.

"Gentlemen, "I've got your fish," I said with well-feigned quiet, after five minutes of rush and sulk and persistent boring to the bottom.

"Well, if you've got that trout, you've held him longer than anybody else ever did," said Jim Curry, with a large doubt in his voice.

"That's all right," said I loftily, shifting the rod from my tired right hand and letting the latter drop down into the water in which I was standing, "I'm that kind of a fisher. I was born in Fishtown, and this is my day to fish. I'm going to land him."

Nobody said anything to this, and I was soon busy with my contract. The rod was altogether lovely, and I soon learned to like the automatic reel, which never allowed the fish an inch of slack, no matter where he went. Five minutes more passed, I was using an awful strain on the rod, and this with effort to keep upright in the current, which threatened momentarily to wash me down and drown me in the eddy, tired me so that I wished something would happen. We had not yet seen the fish. These big fellows rarely leave the water as the smaller ones do, but tug and sulk for the bottom. At last I felt the old trout make a rush in and up. The reel kept up with him, and putting on another horse-power or so, I was delighted to see a swash and a swirl about forty yards below me, and an olive-green back broke above the surface of the foam. The back, it seemed to me, was about four feet long.

"Gentlemen," said I, in awe-struck tones, "that's the original trout that got away from Adam. Say, I want to get out of here. He'll eat me, sure! He's coming for me now!"

"Yes. "Pretty good fish," said Jim Curry, as the trout came close in on his hunt after me.

"Pretty good fish! What do you mean?" said I. "You don't mean to tell me that isn't your big trout!"

"Naw! T'other trout's big as three of this one. Still, this is a pretty good trout, for a fellow that never fished in the Rio Grande before."

I treated this remark with scorn.

Eighteen minutes passed after we began to time the fight till we thought it safe to try and lead him into shallow water. I was almost as tired as the fish when Murphy got the landing-net under him and bore him out on the bank, an absolutely glorious, irradiant and truly noble creature. Dark olive on the back, shading down in salmon, pink, vermilion, white, with yellow tail shot full of black dots, and with all his multifold color laid over a frame of massive strength and sympathy—there may be things more beautiful, but I do not know them.

"Tell me, isn't he the big one?" asked I.

"No, honestly, he is not," was the reply. "That trout in there will weigh seven or eight pounds, possibly nine or ten. This one will weigh about four."

"Well, this is big enough for me," said I. "I don't need any bigger trout than this in my business. I want to go home now."

At this point a faint halloa from the lower end of the pool attracted our attention, and looking up we saw Swan playing a heavy fish in the deep water. His rod, which was a cheap wooden one, was bending at an obtuse angle in the middle. We knew he had no reel, but was fishing with his line tied to the end of his pole. We ran to his assistance, and from the bank could clearly see the big trout rushing up and down in the clear green water. Swan told us the trout had followed his flies and grasshopper bait into the shore like a pickerel several times, but had refused to bite until he offered him a piece of minnow, which latter he took at once. This trout was played skillfully for several minutes, and at last landed safely. He proved to be only just smaller than the one taken by myself, being not quite so portly, though quite as long. The two made a beautiful picture. We concluded we had done enough, and therefore carried our prize down to the house and had a little jubilation. That evening, after hurried good-bys to my new-found friends, with whom I wish I could have remained four or five years, I rolled East over the twisting D. & R. G., and at length out from the solemn and majestic mountains, guardians of the well-springs of rest and peace, dignified holders of the cup of some forgetfulness.

The dimensions of my trout were, length, 19¾in.; spread of tail, 5¾in.; depth from dorsal fin down, 7¼in. We had no means of weighing him, but he must have scaled four pounds, we thought. I don't want any bigger trout than he was. I would be afraid of him. I took him with me to Great Bend, Kansas, to the coursing meet, and there a little party of us ate him up. For some time, when any one asked me if I thought the black and white dog would win in the puppy stakes, I absently answered that I would bet it would never weigh ten pounds.

This is how we didn't catch Jim Curry's big trout. That trout is alive in that pool now, and open to all the world. A dozen skillful anglers of Del Norte and Alamosa know him, and all say he will weigh over seven pounds. There is a league sworn against him. All sorts of plans are laid for him. For instance, they are scouring all Del Norte for a live mouse, to be used as bait for him, a very large trout being taken near there on that bait. Jim Curry just sits back and laughs, and lays his money on the trout. "They can't catch him," he says, "he's too big for 'em."

If they don't catch him, they will certainly try. He is an actual and established fact. Arrangements have been made whereby, if he ever is caught, full description of the tackle, bait and rod, particulars of the fight, shall be given to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM; and I for one await the result with impatience.

From these hurried words, judge whether or not there are trout in Colorado. E. HOUGH.

A TRIP TO THE "SOO."

ON Saturday morning at 5 o'clock, June 9, 1888, our party of three from Columbus, Ohio, stepped off the Wagner at Indian River, Michigan. We were kindly received by the hotel men and the mosquitoes, the last especially were quite friendly. This is a pleasant little village situated one mile from Burts Lake, and five miles from Mullet and Twin lakes. The Sturgeon, Little Sturgeon, Pigeon and Maple rivers are all grayling streams, and within a short distance of the village. At the head of Indian River, on a bluff overlooking the lake, are a number of cottages, owned chiefly by Columbus people. These were empty now, but later on they would be filled by happy ones from our own city.

At 8 o'clock we were on the road to Pigeon River, where we intended to camp for a few days and fish for grayling. A lovely drive of seven miles over a sand road and through clumps of jack-pine trees brought us to the Pigeon, where we selected a camping place and soon had our tent up and everything in shape for business. The Pigeon is a pretty stream, rocky and very rapid, just the place for trout and grayling; but alas for our hopes of catching grayling; we did not get a rise all day though we whipped the stream faithfully for a distance of two miles. Fortunately we had brought some angle worms with us, and with these we caught some chubs, which were better than no fish. That night a thunderstorm came up and it rained in torrents, but our tent was a good one and we suffered no inconvenience. The next morning at 4 o'clock Henry started afoot for Indian River, and at 9 o'clock was back again with a team to take us away from Pigeon River as there was no use of staying there if we could not catch any grayling.

Arriving at Indian River at noon we chartered a tug to take us across Burts Lake to Indian Point, seven miles distant. It began to rain soon after we started, and when we reached the Point at 3 o'clock it was pouring down. We had some difficulty in getting our traps ashore on account of the wind and rain, but we finally succeeded in making the landing with everything all right. In a very few minutes we had the tent up and our traps under cover; then around a big fire we tried to talk cheerfully and imagine that we were having fun. The mosquitoes were enjoying themselves at our expense. Toward evening it stopped raining, supper was cooked and disposed of, beds were made and then we sat around the fire smoking instead of going fishing. In the morning we all started out fishing, but after trying several hours we came back to camp without any bass. Later in the day we went to the mouth of Crooked River, where we had good success with the bass, bringing enough to camp to last us for two or three days. About a mile from the Point is an Indian village. There are about twenty families of them. They are very quiet, nice people, depending a great deal on the tourist for a living.

We broke camp Tuesday evening, and in two rowboats pulled out for Indian River, where we arrived at 8 P. M. We had covered the eight miles in just two hours. At 10 o'clock we went to bed, but not to sleep, for the bed Henry and I had was alive with bugs. We asked the landlord for another bed, but all were taken, so we sat up all night in the office playing cribbage. We boarded the 5 o'clock train in the morning and arrived at St. Ignace at 8 o'clock. It rained incessantly all day, and it was not until the following morning that we got started on Carp River, which we reached at 11 A. M. We found the river very high and a gang of men were running logs, so there was no fishing in the Carp for the present, that is for trout. There was a plenty of suckers, and big ones, too, some of them weighing 3 and 4lbs. each, and we got considerable sport taking these. Fly-fishing for suckers was something new to us, and we enjoyed it very well for a while.

The recent heavy rains had washed out the two bridges between the mouth of the river and the dam, so there was no way to get there with a team. Henry and I walked to the dam the next day, the old trail we followed led through a swamp almost the entire distance, six miles, but it seemed twelve to us. We tried the fishing at the dam but there was too much water and we did not get a rise. On the way back to camp we stopped at a small creek and caught twenty fair sized trout. These were the first trout we had taken this season and were prized a good deal, especially at the supper table. We waited here three days for the river to get clear, and becoming discouraged at the prospect we broke camp and returned to St. Ignace.

Here we took the train for Ozark, where we secured a team and started for the upper dam on the Pine River, where is located one of the lumber camps of the Mackinaw Lumber Company. The distance is ten miles and we arrived at the dam about noon. Before we let the team go back we tried the fishing and became satisfied that we wanted to stay there for a few days. In a very short time our tent and fly were put up, table and benches make, hay brought from the stable for our bed, and dinner of trout, bacon, onions, potatoes, coffee, bread and butter prepared and on the table. The weather was extremely warm but there was a little breeze stirring, and as we sat under the awning before the royal feast we felt in high spirits and would not exchange places with a king. The river here has cut its way through an immense sand bank 125ft. deep. A dam is built across with a sluice in the center. The pool below the dam is about 150ft. across and fairly alive with trout. The water from the sluice drops about five feet, and just here the water boils considerable, but a short distance away the surface of the pool is smooth and affords fine fly-fishing. The Pine River region is pretty much all sand and at one time was covered with yellow pine timber. Deer must be very abundant in this section for we saw lots of them every day. Wolves came howling around our camp every night at dark but we were always too sleepy to be kept awake by them. The trout here are rather small, running from a quarter to a half pound each, but any quantity of this size can be taken. In four days' fishing we caught two weighing one pound each. We called this Lazy Man's camp, because there was so little work to do, wood, water and trout in abundance within 100yds. of camp.

Friday afternoon the team came for us and we were taken to Alexandria, where we boarded the train and at 9 P. M. arrived at Sault St. Marie. The "Soo" is a wonderfully pretty place, and our stay of three days was scarcely long enough time to take in all its beauties. We went fishing twice in the rapids on the Canada side with fair success, but we spent most of our time watching the vessels passing through the ship canal. The view across the rapids is grand, and we were much impressed with this magnificent scene. The manner of taking whitefish from the rapids by the Indians is an interesting sight, and visitors sit for hours at a time watching them.

On the following Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock we and our traps were dumped out of a big wagon on the south bank of the Unknown River, 140 miles from the "Soo." We had come 125 miles by steamer and the remainder of the way in a farm wagon over a corduroy pike. The place we had selected for our camp was in a small clearing close to the river. In an hour we had the tent up, supper prepared and dispatched, and everything made snug for the night. The mosquitoes turned out in great numbers to greet us and were altogether too friendly for comfort. The next morning soon after daybreak found us up looking after our fishing tackle and preparing for sport if there were any to be had. We had come a long distance to fish this very river and here we were all ready to wade in and see what it would produce.

About 50yds. below camp there is a bend in the river, and the water, after jumping a lot of big boulders, makes its way to the opposite bank with a rush, and just here we tried our luck. George got the first cast and hooked something that surprised him greatly. His face was a study as he watched his line running out at a rapid rate, and it was a full minute, it seemed to me, before he got over his surprise and followed his fish down stream. In about ten minutes he shouted back that he had landed his fish. In the meantime I had fastened to one and had just landed him when George returned. The two weighed 4¼lbs. George's proved to be the heaviest by a quarter of a pound, though there seemed to be no difference in their size. We walked back to camp much elated with the prospect and wondering what we would do with all the trout if our luck kept up as it started. In half an hour one of the trout which had been watching for flies and bugs in his native element was served smoking hot to hungry fishermen, along with common things such as potatoes and bread. We found some boards at an old mill near by and after breakfast made a table and benches and three live-boxes. We did not want to waste any trout, so the live-boxes were stationed along the river at convenient places. When our work was finished we tried the fishing again and by 4 o'clock had secured 25 trout, only a few of these weighing less than 1lb. each, and two of them weighed 2½lbs. each.

We had an elegant camping place, the river was wide and shallow, just right for wading, with deep holes here and there and not a stick nor a log in it anywhere, no overhanging trees to bother and a stream full of trout ranging from one to four pounds. We did most of our fishing within two or three hundred yards of camp, and only went further away occasionally for a change. We used dark flies, as these trout would not touch a light color. There seemed to be no small trout in this river, as we rarely hooked one under a pound. One day George hooked a large trout, but it got away. We saw it several times and judged it would weigh over four pounds. The largest one we caught weighed three pounds and a half, then we got several weighing from two and a half to three and a quarter pounds each. The large one was taken the evening before we broke camp, and two days after it weighed three and a quarter pounds on grocery scales. One day of the six that we were here it rained all day, and the mosquitoes were just awful. We could not loaf a minute, for the moment we stopped they would swarm around us so thick we could hardly see. George said something emphatic to them several times, but they did not seem to mind, at least they did not go where he told them to. The six days rolled around very quickly it seemed to us, and it was with many regrets that we pulled up stakes preparatory to leaving one of the prettiest camping places and one of the best trout streams in Michigan.

When the team came for us fifty of the largest trout were taken from the live-box and packed in a box with grass, and these with our traps were put in the wagon. Taking a last look at the rapids, we bade good-by to our friends the bears, deer, porcupines, trout and mosquitoes, climbed into the wagon and were off. Arriving at the boat landing we packed the trout carefully in pounded

ice and sat down to wait for the steamer, which came about 7 P. M. We were soon aboard, feeling thankful that we had no more rides to take over corduroy roads. We had a very pleasant trip down the St. Mary's River. Arriving at St. Ignace we secured passage on the steamer Alpena for Detroit, where we arrived in due time, and seven hours by rail from Detroit brought us to Columbus, O. We had given trout to several on the way home, the Captain of the Alpena got the large one, and we brought about thirty home with us, which were divided among our friends. Our trip had been a glorious success, and if we live, and nothing happens to prevent, next June will find us on the banks of the Unknown River. JACK.

COLUMBUS, O., Oct. 31.

THE TOMAHAWK LAKES.

WAUSAU, Wis., Oct. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Some time in the spring I wrote you a letter regarding the illegal taking of fish in northern Wisconsin. In this letter I referred to the firm of Mann Brothers, of Minocquo, and condemned them for aiding in this illegal fishing.

I have since then come to the conclusion that I did them some injustice, and I desire to set the matter right so far as I can. I have met the gentlemen since I wrote you, and they tell me that they have never taken any fish illegally nor hired others to do so, and that their sole offense has been the purchasing of fish of the Indians, who live in large numbers on a reservation near by. They claim that these fish were caught by the Indians on their reservation, and that during last winter the firm dealt in these fish alone, and did not do any general buying of fish.

I presume that the Indians have the right to take fish on their reservation, and that Mann Brothers were doing nothing illegal in buying and selling the fish so caught.

I have further found that both members of the firm are very cheerfully coöperating with our game wardens in hunting up offenders against the game laws, and with their aid we expect shortly to have a game warden appointed at Minocquo who will put a stop to the destruction of fish in the Tomahawk Lakes. I have found these gentlemen as anxious as I am myself to preserve the fish and game, and I cheerfully testify to their sincerity in this regard, and I hope that their future efforts and this letter will counteract any impression that may have gone abroad to the effect that they were hostile to the enforcement of the game laws. NEAL BROWN.

THE ANGLING SEASON.

THE season of 1888 is practically closed for the angler north of Virginia. In that State the pike and bass may be taken for some time yet, while the salt water fishing is still good. Further south the fishing will be found good up to January, while in Florida it can hardly be said to close at all, for with the exception of days of rough water there is something to catch every day in the year. The laws of New York permit black bass to be taken all through December, but in most parts of the State the bass go into deep water before November and decline to take food of any kind until the waters get warm in the spring. The pike (*Esox*) will bite all winter, and are taken through the ice at such times as it is not so thick as to require too much labor to cut the holes, but this sort of fishing is mainly done by those who are looking for fish more than for sport, and does not attract the class of anglers to whom we refer.

About New York city there is still a possibility of striped bass in the Kills, or at Hell Gate, but it is uncertain and but few try it. The few country boarders still lingering on Long Island are to be seen taking the little tomcods, which have now begun their winter run into the harbors, and the boys are looking forward to the main run of this small fish, which gives them a deal of fun. The bluefish season is over, and has been quite good, and the same may be said of the striped bass, good catches of which have been made at the famous bass clubs which abound in Martha's Vineyard. Weakfish and kingfish have been fairly plentiful along the New York and New Jersey coasts.

The trouting was fair in Maine waters during the early part of the season, but the abundance of rain and the consequent rise of the streams and lakes in the fall rendered the fishing poor in the latter part of the season, a fact which promises well for next spring, for the fish are there. In the Adirondacks the trouting has not averaged as well as in former years and our informants differ as to the cause, some attributing it to the killing of so many small fish and others to various causes. From what we learn it has been an off year for trout from Massachusetts to Michigan. On the Pacific coast the trout have been taken in good numbers in most of the waters of Oregon and California, while trout fishing in Virginia and West Virginia seems to have been better this year than in any other parts of the country from which we have heard.

Now that the rods are laid away nothing remains for the angler but to look over his tackle occasionally during the winter, rejecting such parts of it as appear to be worn or weak, look fondly at the torn fly and frayed gut that played a part in landing the big fish of the season, and relate just how it was landed, and then hang the fly on the birch bark or shingle which displays the outline of the fish, to show to anglers who may drop in to swap fishing yarns and compare notes on the merits of tackle and of waters.

THAT REPORTED BIG BASS.—Belvidere, N. J., Oct. 32. *Editor Forest and Stream:* Absence from home has prevented my answering your note of Oct. 19 concerning a large bass reported caught at Phillipsburg, near here. An extraordinarily large bass was reported caught in the turbine wheel running the factory of Marsh's mill at Pillipsburg some time since, and the weight given as 9lbs. The mill is fed from the Delaware River. I have made inquiry and fail to receive definite information. A number of persons claim to have seen the fish, and some insist it was a bass while others say not; opinions vary also as to the weight. I think the case is too indefinite to put on record as a fact.—K. F. A.

KEOKUK, Iowa, March 12, 1888.—*J. F. Breitenstein, Esq., Keokuk, Ia.:* Dear Sir: The box of U. S. C. Co. paper shells that I received from you last fall I tried, and found them to be all that you claimed, and better than any shell I ever used, not one of them missing fire. Yours truly, (Signed) T. J. LOWRIE.—*Adv.*

Fisheulture.

SOME PECULIARITIES OF THE OVA OF FISHES.

[From the Journal of the Cincinnati Society of Natural History, July-October, 1888.]

BY DR. JAMES A. HENSHALL.

FISHES constitute the oldest as well as the most numerous forms of vertebrate life, which might naturally be inferred when we consider that nearly three-fourths of the surface of the globe is covered with water, and that all of this "world of waters," from the vast depths of the boundless sea to the tumbling rill of the mountainside, is teeming with fish life, from the huge vampire or devilfish, measuring 20ft. across its wing-like pectorals, to the little naked, nest-building sickle-back; or from the cruel, rapacious scourge of the ocean, the man-eating shark, to the diminutive, transparent darter of the spring brook, barely an inch in length.

We might also infer from this great difference in the size, form and habits of fishes the fact that there is more diversity in the eggs of fishes than in any of the oviparous vertebrates.

While most all of the sharks and rays are viviparous, all of the true fishes, with a very few exceptions (which bring forth their young alive), are oviparous; and it is my intention to merely allude to some of the peculiarities of the ova of a few of the multitude of piscine species inhabiting the waters of the earth.

Among birds, from the ostrich of the old world to the humming bird of the new, we find a close similarity in the form and construction of their eggs. Likewise, in regard to the ova of reptiles, we observe the same general likeness—those of the turtles all resemble each other, as do those of batrachians approach more nearly those of fishes in appearance, but they still preserve a general and characteristic similarity.

The ova of all of the true fishes are spherical in form, though in some of the related or lower forms they are oval or semi-elliptical. The ova of some species, as the salmon, brook trout, shad, etc., are separate and apparently smooth on the surface, like so many pellets of shot, while those of other species are provided with minute threads or filaments, by means of which they become attached to each other or to foreign substances. Some adhere singly to weeds or other objects, some float singly, some sink to the bottom singly, while others are held together by strips and bands of masses of adhesive or glutinous material, by which they become attached to plants, sticks or pebbles, or float on or near the surface, and still others are carried about by the male fish in various places or receptacles of its body until they are hatched.

Not only do the ova of fishes differ very much in appearance, but there exists a great diversity in their size, and consequently in the number of eggs produced by the different species—thus in a marine catfish the ova are as large as robin eggs; in the salmon they are one-fourth of an inch, and in the brook trout three-sixteenths of an inch in diameter; in one of the gars they are, with their envelope, a fourth of an inch in diameter, while in the eel they are almost microscopic.

The number of eggs produced by a female fish varies according to its age and weight. In several species of familiar fishes the number of their eggs have been ascertained by careful and accurate calculations to be as follows: In the marine catfish (*G. felis*), from 10 to 30 eggs; brook trout, from 100 to 1,800; salmon, 5,000 to 15,000; black bass, 5,000 to 20,000; lake trout, average, 15,000; sea herring, 10,000 to 30,000; shad, 25,000 to 100,000; whitefish, 20,000 to 70,000; pike, average, 100,000; mackerel, 300,000 to 500,000; Spanish mackerel, 300,000 to 1,500,000; halibut, 2,000,000; striped bass, 2,000,000; carp, average, 500,000; sturgeon, as many as 7,000,000; cod, 9,000,000, while in the eel there are also several millions.

It has not been many years since all fishes were supposed to deposit their spawn upon the shoals of the seashores or upon the beds of shallow inland streams, where the ova rested until hatched; but we now know that many marine species deposit their eggs at the surface of the occan, where they float until incubation is complete.

In 1864, Prof. G. O. Sars, of Norway, first discovered that the eggs of the cod floated at the surface. Since then the investigations of Prof. Alexander Agassiz and Mr. John A. Ryder have added largely to our knowledge of floating eggs. Mr. Ryder characterizes several types of buoyant ova: 1. Those in which the specific gravity of the yolk is diminished, as in the egg of the cod; 2. Those in which large oil drops, in an eccentric position, aid in causing the eggs to float; 3. Those in which a very large oil drop causes the ovum to float even in fresh water. The other conditions are: 1. That the egg be free and not adhesive, with a thin membrane, and, 2. That it be immersed in water having a greater density than 1.014.

Among the fishes which produce floating ova may be mentioned the cod, mackerel, Spanish mackerel, bonito, cusk, haddock, many of the flounders, etc. A very curious and interesting contrivance for causing ova to float on the surface, which otherwise would sink to the bottom, is that resorted to by the beautiful paradise fish of China. The male fish constructs a floating raft by expelling from his mouth bubbles of air coated with fatty secretion, which, collecting on the surface, cling together, until a raft of viscid scum, several inches in extent, is formed. After the eggs of the female are deposited and fertilized on the bottom, in the usual manner, the male collects them in his mouth and ejects them into this frothy receptacle, which he keeps in constant repair, and preserves its buoyancy by additional fatty bubbles, until the young fry are hatched out, which occurs in about two days. Another method for floating the ova is that of the *Lophius*, or goosefish—the eggs, numbering about 50,000, are inclosed in a ribbon-shaped, gelatinous mass about a foot wide and forty feet in length, which floats near the surface.

Among the fishes which produce adhesive eggs are the little black-head minnow (*P. dromelas*) and the goldfish. The male black-head deposits the fecundated eggs singly upon the under side of leaves of water plants and watches them unceasingly until hatched. The ova of the goldfish are deposited singly upon the weeds and mosses in a similar manner.

The eggs of the yellow perch are held together in narrow strips or ribbons of a glutinous character. Adhesive eggs of other species, as the black bass, sunfishes, catfishes, etc., are deposited in masses in shallow nests or depressions on the bottom; and still others deposit their spawn in variously-shaped adhesive masses upon algæ, roots and submerged objects.

The eggs of the myxine, or hag, are oval in shape, enveloped in horny cases and provided at each end with short filaments terminating in triple hooks, by which they attach themselves to each other and probably to foreign objects.

Perhaps the most curious and bizarre of all fish ova are those of the oviparous sharks and rays, which are quadrangular horny capsules or cases, 2 or 3in. in length, with long filaments at the corners, which coil about seaweeds and other objects. These horny cases, in the Port Jackson sharks of the Pacific, are twisted into a spiral form.

In some of the flying fishes the eggs are entirely covered with delicate filaments which entwine with each other, and they are thus held together in considerable masses; and in a similar manner the eggs of the gudgeon (*Menidia notata*) of the Chesapeake Bay, are held together, there being four long and slender threads attached to one side of each egg.

You are all familiar with the polygamous, four-spined stickleback, the male of which species builds a cunning, basket-like nest between the upright stems of water plants, in which he induces his several wives to deposit their eggs, and which he watches and cares for until hatched. Some of the fishes of the Gulf Stream—notably the *Antennarius*—build a kind of nest among the floating seaweed; also the snakehead fish (*Ophiocephalus*) of India, and a small catfish (*Callichthys*) of South America, construct nests of bits of waterweeds, in which the ova is deposited and carefully tended by the male.

Among the fishes which carry the ova in various portions of the body until hatched may be mentioned the marine catfish (*Galeichthys felis*) of our Southern coasts. The female deposits, in a slight depression in the sand, ten or twenty yellowish-white eggs as large as Malaga grapes, which are fecundated by the male and then taken into his mouth and placed between the leaves of his gills, where he retains them until the young are hatched and able to take care of themselves. At this time his pharynx is enormously distended and presents a very curious and comical appearance.

Agassiz, during his journey up the Amazon, discovered a species that incubated its eggs in the mouth, and Dr. Lortet gives some very interesting observations on the similar propagation of a species (*Tilapia simonis*) belonging to Lake Tiberius, in Palestine. The female deposits about two hundred eggs in a shallow excavation, which are first fecundated by the male and then taken, one after another, into his mouth, where they are retained in the buccal cavity, distending the cheeks in an extraordinary manner. The eggs hatch in several days, and the young fishes are pressed one against the other like the grains of a ripe pomegrantae. The mouth of the father becomes so distended that his jaws cannot meet, and he presents a very strange appearance. Some of the young continue to live and develop among the folds of the gills; others have their heads turned toward the mouth of the parent and do not quit the sheltering cavity till they are about 4in. long.

Prof. Jeffries Wyman, of Boston, describes a singular contrivance of a species of armored fish (*Asprcdo*) of South America. The male fish is provided, during the breeding season, with a numerous series of little stalks on the under surface of the abdomen, upon which the eggs are received and carried until hatched.

In the well-known *Hippocampus*, or sea-horse, a pouch is developed in the male, under the tail, in which the ova are placed and finally hatched, the young escaping through a small opening in the anterior part of the pouch. In the pipefish (*Siphostoma*) a similar pouch is developed in the male for the same purpose, but is formed by a fold of skin from each side of the trunk and tail, the free margins being united in the median line. In another allied fish (*Solenostoma*) the inner borders of the ventral fins unite with the skin of the body and form a large pouch for the reception of the eggs, where they are retained by numerous filaments arranged along the ventral rays.

In another queer species called the lumpsucker (*Cyclopterus lumpus*), the male digs a pit between the stones of the bottom of shallow portions of the sea, in which the female deposits several hundred thousands of eggs, which are tenderly watched over by the male until they are hatched, when the young attach themselves by their suckers to the body of the male, who carries them about with him until they are able to care for themselves.

It is worthy of notice that, in every instance mentioned of the ova being guarded and cared for, or transported in various receptacles on the body of the parent, it is the male fish that performs these various duties. The part of the female in the reproduction of its species seems to end with the deposition of the ova.

THE WORK IN MISSOURI.

THE superintendent of the hatching ponds of the Missouri State Fish Commission, which are located in Forest Park, this city, is now engaged in draining them for the purpose of separating the various kinds of fish and placing them in store ponds, so as to be easy of access when wanted by residents of this State for the stocking of streams or lakes in this State.

It is only a few years since the establishment of a fish commission in this State, and to form an estimate of the good done would be something very difficult to do. One thing is certain, that according to the last report of the Commission, everything looks favorable and promising. Many thousands of bass, croppie and German carp are sent annually to all parts of the State, and that it has been the means of not only furnishing sport for the angler, but food for the people, there's no doubt.

The bass, during the past season, from some unexplainable reason, have not thrived as well as usual. The croppie have increased in a wonderful ratio; also is this true of the carp.

At the exposition which closed last week the State Fish Commission had a tank with a number of different varieties of fish in it on exhibition, which proved quite attractive and interesting to the many thousands of spectators who paid the show a visit.

Many were the questions asked by parties as they gazed into the water of the tank in which the fish were, wanting to know why the German carp was brought to this country, and no doubt a great many readers of FOREST AND STREAM will be asking the same question when they read this. To answer all questions pertaining to this excellent food fish the following is from the remarks of a gentleman who has traveled much in Europe and takes great interest in the propagation of fish: "There is no doubt as to the great value of the carp as a food fish. In Europe, especially in Germany, he is ranked with the salmon family as a table fish. In 1880 and 1881, I spent one year in travel in Europe with my family, making my headquarters in Paris; we made frequent visits of a month each to the various countries of Europe. I visited Germany twice, and remained some weeks at each visit. Through the American Minister at Berlin I was enabled to visit the principal carp ponds or farms, and had every opportunity of learning the reputation as to food value of the carp. I talked with persons of all classes on the subject, and heard no dissenting voice from the universal opinion, that *karpfen* was a good, sound, reliable food fish. In the lower and middle classes people were enthusiastic in his praise, each one giving his or her method of cooking a carp, and declaring it the best of all fish. In fact, a carp, properly cooked, seemed a necessity on all important occasions, as at Christmas, New Year's, family dinings and reunions, etc. If space permitted, I could give instances where I saw live carp in tubs of water at fairs and festivals, ready to be selected by the customer, cleaned and broiled in his presence and served hot, from an extempore cooking apparatus under a tent or in the open air.

"My memory now recalls especially such a scene on the Marschfeld, or drilling grounds, in the suburbs of Munich, Bavaria, during the great autumn festival, called in Germany the Volksfest. There is no place or occasion to better study the habits of a people than at their fairs or festivals. There you meet all classes commingling without restraint. In strolling through the streets of tents and temporary booths, lined with all manner of devices for amusement and profit in catering to the wants and tastes of the promiscuous throng of happy people, we found an extemporized restaurant or places where carp could be selected alive from tubs, cleaned and cooked to order. It was the first time I had seen carp alive outside of the Forest Park ponds. While looking into the tubs and admiring the fish, by some accident the temporary platform upon which the tubs were

placed were upset and the fish scattered over the ground, fluttering and floundering. The good woman in charge of the booth or restaurant turned around facing me, and in German, of which I did not understand a word, gave me a terrible scolding—at least I judged so from her gestures and angry looks. She supposed I had intentionally or carelessly upset the platform, having seen me so intently examining her fish. I was innocent but could explain nothing, looked unhappy, and imploring mercy, got out of the crowd as quickly as I could."

The breeding ponds in Forest Park cover about fifteen acres, and will average about 8ft. in depth. There are something like seven or eight of these ponds of different sizes. One is very deep and is used as a store pond for the stock fish in winter. Only the large fish are kept for stock and some of them are quite large. Bass that weigh 5 and 6lbs. are quite common. Some of the carp that have been placed in their winter quarters will weigh 16lbs. The job of handling these big fellows is no easy one, and fierce was the struggle between them and the men who were engaged in catching them in about 6in. of water which remained in the pond. These battles were useless though, as they were in all instances conquered and finally put in stretchers, in which they were conveyed to their winter quarters. Just how many fish of the different varieties the Commission will have for distribution cannot be determined just now, because all the ponds have not been drained as yet.

Next Monday the work of separating and counting will be finished and an estimate can then be made of the success of the past season. The superintendent said that he had no fears regarding the carp and croppie, but he expressed his doubts as to the bass, and why they should have fared so badly is a mystery to him, for, he said, we have given them particular attention, more so in fact, than we did to the carp and croppie. Still it may not be as bad as we suppose, and perhaps when we finish with our present work the results may be more promising than we now expect.

The following circular has just been issued by the Commissioners:

All persons in the State of Missouri desiring young German carp, bass or croppie for private ponds can get them by applying, from Oct. 10 to Nov. 25, to Phil Kopplin, Jr., P.O. Box 699, or to Elias Cottrell, St. Joseph, Mo. Give name, P. O., county, and nearest express office. Cost of can and cartage, $1.25, must be sent in advance. No fish sent C.O.D.

If you have a fish can send it prepaid, and only twenty-five cents per mail for cartage from ponds to the express office. A five-gallon can will ship safely thirty small fish. All applicants will be notified in advance of shipment.

We request all friends to the cause of fish and game protection to notify with full particulars Secretary Campbell of any known violations of the fish and game laws of Missouri.

The following gentlemen are the present Commissioners: H. M. Garlichs, St. Joseph; J. L. Smith, Jefferson City, and H. C. West, St. Louis. UNSER FRITZ.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Oct. 27.

THE JAPANESE FISHERIES SOCIETY.—It is interesting to note the progress of fisheulture in Japan, and the interest which is being taken in all fishery subjects in that country. Three years ago the Fisheries Society was formed, and under the presidency of our friend and correspondent, K. Ito, it has made great progress. At the last annual meeting of the American Fisheries Society Dr. Sweeny, of the Minnesota Fishery Commission, manifested great interest in one of the monthly reports from Japan, a translation of which was made. We now have the 36th monthly report containing articles on a broad range of subjects, among which are: A prize essay on measures to prevent fishermem from absconding or deserting their vessels. A guano-packing mat. Meeting of the American Fisheries Society. Preserving the salmon in the river Nemuro. Price of guano at Hyogo. Fishery markets at Otaru, Hakodate, Shanghai, etc. Herring guano. Whale fisheries. Reproductive organs of fish. Temperance needed among fishermen. Profits of seal hunting. Eggs of the bonito. Preservation of fish, and other subjects of interest. The fact that so wide a range of subjects is discussed shows that Japan is already in advance of some European nations in looking after and caring for its fishery interests.

The Kennel.

Dogs: Their Management and Treatment in Disease. By Ashmont. Price $2. Kennel Record and Account Book. Price $3. Training vs. Breaking. By S. T. Hammond. Price $1. First Lessons in Dog Training, with Points of all Breeds. Price 50 cents.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Nov. 6 to 10.—Dog Show of the Richmond County Poultry and Pet Stock Association, in connection with Augusta National Exposition at Augusta, Ga. H. Madden, Superintendent.

Dec. 3 to 8.—Dog Show of the Northern Illinois Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Rockford, Ill. A. H. Currier, Secretary.

Jan. 1 to 4.—Fourth Dog Show of the Meriden Poultry Association. Joshua Shute, Secretary, No. 450 Pratt street, Meriden, Conn.

Jan. 15 to 19, 1889.—Seventh Annual Dog Show of the Southern Massachusetts Poultry Association, at New Bedford, Mass. F. W. Dean, Secretary.

January, last week.—Western Pennsylvania Poultry Society's Fourteenth Annual Show, Pittsburgh, Pa. C. B. Elben, Sec'y.

Feb. 4 to 7, 1889.—First Annual Dog Show of the Columbus Fanciers' Club at Columbus O. Thos. R. Sparrow, Secretary.

Feb. 12 to 15, 1889.—Fifth Dog Show of the New Jersey Kennel Club, at Jersey City, N. J. Geo. L. Wilms, Secretary, 142 Monticello avenue, Jersey City, N. J.

Feb. 19 to 22, 1889.—Thirteenth Annual Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent.

Feb. 26 to March 1, 1889.—Second Annual Show of the Renssalaer Kennel Club, Troy, N. Y. Alba M. Ide, Secretary.

March 5 to 8, 1889.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Albany Kennel Club, at Albany, N. Y. Geo. B. Gallup, Secretary.

March 12 to 15, 1889.—Second Annual Show of the Fort Schuyler Kennel Club, Utica, N. Y. James W. Dunlop, President.

March 19 to 22, 1889.—First Annual Dog Show of the Maryland Kennel Club, at Baltimore, Md. W. S. Diffenderffer, Secretary.

March 26 to 29, 1889.—First Annual Dog Show of the Massachusetts Kennel Club, at Lynn, Mass. D. A. Williams, Secretary.

April 2 to 5, 1889.—First Annual Show of the Rochester Kennel Club, at Rochester, N. Y. Harry Yates, Secretary.

April 2 to 5, 1889.—Annual Show of the New England Kennel Club, Boston, Mass. J. W. Newman, Secretary, No. 6 Hamilton Place.

April 9 to 12, 1889.—First Annual Dog Show of the Mascoutah Kennel Club, at Chicago, Ill. John L. Lincoln, Jr., Secretary.

April 16 to 19, 1889.—The Seventh Dog Show of the Philadelphia Kennel Club, at Philadelphia, Pa. Wm. C. Child, Secretary.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 15.—Fifth Annual Field Trials of the Philadelphia Kennel Club, open to members only. Wm. H. Child, Secretary, Philadelphia, Pa.

Nov. 19.—Tenth Annual Field Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at High Point, N. C. (Members' Stake, Nov. 15.) W. A. Coster, Secretary, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

Dec. 3.—First Annual Field Trials of the Southern Field Trial Club, at Amory, Miss. T. M. Brumby, Secretary, Chattanooga, Tenn.

Dec. 10.—Second Annual Field Trials of the American Field Trials Club, at West Point, Miss. C. W. Paris, Secretary, Cincinnati, O.

Jan. 14, 1889.—Sixth Annual Field Trials of the Pacific Coast Field Trial Club, at Bakersfield, Cal. N. P. Sheldon, Secretary, 320 Sansome street San Francisco, Cal.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription $1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed **6666.**

PRACTICAL JUDGING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

First, please understand, everybody, that I have no intention of taking sides in the discussion between Messrs. Davey and Mason. Whether Mr. Davey's dog is a wastrel or a world beater, I have not the faintest idea, and wouldn't know if I saw him. But after where he says, "How is it, Mr. Editor, that so many of the practical dog men of the country are wholly incapable of criticising a dog, or estimating the value of points when shown to them?" (just after giving me a dig) Mr. Mason states very sound doctrine, that if carefully acted on would save as much of the interminable wrangles we have as to dog show judging. Dog show judging is of necessity a work of "fancy," and if there is a thing thoroughly unpractical, surely it is "fancy," the very name so implies. Now, while nobody detests the antics and frenzies of fancy more than I do or will go further in fighting them, still it is evident that nothing but fancy can possibly enter into the domain of dog show judging. All that can be asked is that fancy shall confine itself within the lines of usefulness in dogs laid down by the special authorities of the breed; not that the judge is to decide on the usefulness of animals submitted to him (for that is a self-evident impossibility), but to strictly carry out the standard of the breed, which is supposed to be—and practically is—founded on the use to which the breed is put. Mr. Wynn long since laid down the sound rule that a judge who allowed his individual fancies to lead him away from strict observance of the standard was simply swindling the exhibitors and the public, and the proposition seems self-evident. But how can the "practical sportsman" or "practical" fox hunter or shepherd claim that his practical knowledge has any part in deciding which dog comes nearest the ideal of perfection laid down in a standard? Doesn't he know perfectly well that dogs exhibit the highest degree of "practical" excellence, when differing almost as much as though they were of distinct breeds? Take any scratch pack of hounds and you will find the neat, trim, smooth dog as elegant as a pointer, and the ragged, rough, "baboon" type, one being fully as good in nose, speed and staying powers as the other.

Take my hobbies. The best two watchdog mastiffs I ever knew were the cowhooked, shockingly snipy Gipsey, and the neat, symmetrical, short and blunt-headed Wacouta Persephone. One would be turned out of a ring and the other would be first, and would the "practical" judge say the decision would be wrong? There is the shaggy, short-coupled, blunt-headed bobtail, Bob, and the smooth-coated, elegant, foxy-headed Dame Judith. It is a narrow squeak which has the most wisdom or usefulness, both being superlative, and would the "practical" judge put them even? With fear and trembling I mention the name of pointer, lest some "sportsman" will jump on me for posturing as an authority, but I remember something about Mr. Vandevort's Don, "the hero of many a hard-fought trial in the field, but not up to show form in conformation," and I certainly never heard that the dog's field usefulness was a factor in his show standing. I know that my setter friends used to say that Queen Alice was unbeatable on the bench, but they also said that "Ab's old sow" could knock Alice silly in the field.

Of course, the advocate of "practical judges" will say that the "practical" judge is not to decide which is best at practical work, but merely to follow such conformation as indicates practical value. In the first place, practical value does not follow form; in all animals there are specimens with but few, if any, points indicating high capability, that are tremendous performers. The ragged bag of bones, Dick Andrews, easily held the best thoroughbreds of England safe; that most grotesque of animals, Fisherman, held his own with the best of all England, and although in the same stable (crafty old Parr's) with Leamington, when a big stake was to be pulled off Fisherman did battle for it. From all I have heard and read, it seems certain to me that many great performers in the field and at field trials would be shockingly "left" in a show. Further than this, it will not do to let every "practical" man set up his idea of "practical" form. It must be left to the general consensus of admirers of the breed as formulated in a standard, and in this, the judge who relies on his "dog eye" is likely to be more successful in interpretation than he who has in mind practical performances.

In fact, all other things being equal, it is likely that the man who uses dogs for actual work will not be as good a judge of their show properties as the one who knows nothing practically of their use; for the user of the dog considers other matters than their show points, and will, unconsciously perhaps, give too much weight to what his particular hobby is in use, while the "fancy" judge, pure and simple, should know nothing but the standard he judges by, and if honest he allows the standard to take care of itself, never caring whether he is right or wrong, leaving the compilers of the standard to bear the burden of its correctness. Of course this is on the presumption that the fancy judge is not fanatic in his devotion to "fancy," and that he recognizes that fancy is only fashion after all. At the risk of again stirring up my excellent friend "Porcupine," I must again call attention to the preposterous way in which "fancy" stuffs the mouths and eyes of its votaries, so that they do not know how they are eating their own words or see how they are traversing the instructions they are supposed to go by. "Authority" tells us that mastiffs must be square in muzzle, defining "square" in horn-book style as "forming a right angle with upper line of nose," and that "hocks must be bent"; yet "fancy" puts the most frightfully undershot jaws and straightest of hocks as perfection if the muzzle is short enough, and in collies leads us to the remarkable decision that the puppy type is the correct one, not the fully matured one (I can never forgive "Porcupine" for the mischief he did by formulating this doctrine); and this, too, right in the face of a standard which says "skull of moderate width," or something to that effect.

Now I suppose that Messrs. Watson, Mason, etc., will say that standards are abominations, that the only thing is having the judge "know his work," that he must know what the "real thing" is without any standard, and must award from the guidance of his own inner consciousness. This is well enough as far as the judge being fitted for his work goes. Many a man who thoroughly knows the type of dog he wants, and at a ring side never misses in his judgment, might be badly rattled when acting in the ring, observed and criticised by many. The good judge must be confident enough to judge as though he were in the middle of a section of land, and the only man on it. His crowning qualification is to be competent to properly appreciate "quality" and "character;" not to use the words as they are generally used, as a mere bit of dog show jargon to throw dust in the eyes of disputants of his awards, but to detect and duly estimate the indescribable point of a dog, that is beyond the reach of tapes and scales, the general, harmonious balance of proportions that goes to make up the thoroughly "good-looking" dog, equivalent to what we call the "fine-looking" man. Then he must be so opinionated that he is not swerved by dread of "what will Mrs. Grundy say." The effect of this resolute course was shown in England when Mr. Wynn put Beau over The Shah. Mastiff men had been falling down at the feet of The Shah as unbeatable, until it had become a superstition that nothing could beat him. The same was the case with Ilford Cromwell here; he was knocked round as n. g., got vhe.s etc., and was commonly described as "that funny looking dog," until Mr. Mason put him over everything at New Haven, and (unless it may have been condition) the thing that pulled him through must have been quality, as he is not specially strong in any one point, but good in all, save in eyes. But allowing the necessity of these qualifications in a judge, how is he to be understood unless he confines himself to interpreting a standard? One judge puts Alonzo first, the next reverses it and puts Moses first; how are we to decide which is right unless we apply the standard to their awards? Judges will and must differ; it is impossible to form a code by which the novice may learn what is the "right thing" unless there is something put down for him to study and by which to compare awards. True, his head will swim in endeavoring to fit awards with the standard, but he learns where one judge is competent and the other failing.

Mastiffs are yet lacking a Moses to lead them out of the desert of fancy, but collies have secured a prophet to guide them in Mr. Arkwright, who, in addition to showing the folly of "fancy" as applied to collies, adds the forcible advice that "Fancy" and her devotees confine themselves purely to fancy breeds, those that have no place except as ornaments, and where fancy distinctions may have the fullest range and hurt nobody, but to let useful breeds alone. Let man milliners enlarge on the twist of a pug's tail, the amount of "stand in the sun and shiver" of a toy terrier, the length and sheen of a Yorkshire's coat, and the impossibility of determining which is the head or tail, or exact amount of bulge in a toy spaniel's eyes, but in mercy let them leave mastiffs, collies, working terriers, etc., to the decision of common sense unenlightened by the beams of "fancy."

On the other hand, let the practical dog man remember that be his dog ever so useful, that does not show that he is typical, *i. e.*, that he is strong in the best points of the breed, and be "Practicability" ever so good a shooter, shepherd, fox hunter or vermin hunter, that gives no necessary conclusion that he either knows or cares what the points of his dog are. If a sheepdog user, it is not unlikely that his favorite "shepherd" was "half one dog, other half, two dogs," and precious little does he care for type, pedigree or anything else in the dog that knew the dry cows from the milkers, that rams must not fight, and the difference in the "business ends" of horses and cows, and would call somebody to gather the eggs from a hen's nest, but paid no attention to the nest of a turkey. Doubtless some of you "go shooting" fellows can supply a fitting statement for setters and pointers.

If "practical" judging is to be the thing, I will go into the ring with my Lion against Minting, and if the judge doesn't give me first there will be such a howling about "usefulness" as will drown all the barks of a show, be Lion's muzzle ever so snipy and long.

I rather think that Mr. Fellows has the true idea as to this matter, judging from his last. I take it that the American Spaniel Club has arranged a standard in view of the very best physical requirements for work; that judges have magnified "long and low" to mean "longest and lowest," and that the dogs selected are not up to the mark in usefulness and do not comply with the standard, and the gravamen of his complaint is that the judges set up a "fancy" ideal instead of the "practical" one had in view by spaniel men when they set up their standard. This I gather entirely from the writings of Mr. Fellows, Dr. W. W. Boulton and Mr. Freeman Lloyd, and if I am correct in my inferences, their position is absolutely impregnable.

W. WADE.

THE SENSE OF SMELL IN DOGS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your paper of Oct. 25, 1888, under the above heading, a case is given of a Clumber following the trail of his master's buggy, and the writer asks, "What scent does he follow up? The horses? The buggy wheels? What?"

I can cite a case which would seem to show that it was probably the scent of the master, although he was riding in an open buggy.

Some years ago a man by the name of Mellert was arrested in this city for shooting another man. Mellert was placed in a horse car and conveyed to jail at a distanse of two miles. The horse car was closed except that the door in the rear end of the car was opened and shut on the way to let other passengers in and out. Mellert was placed in jail and the jail door locked. The next morning his beagle dog was found lying against the jail door. I offered Mellert $100 for that dog, but he said no money could buy from him such a friend in distress. Mellert was afterward acquitted upon the theory that the killing was justifiable under the circumstances; but he was a long while in jail before his trial came off, and his beagle was his constant companion day and night.

Now this beagle missed his master from home some time after his arrest and the next morning found him in the jail at a distance of two miles, and the dog had no doubt that his master was there, because he lay by the jail door sill, and this jail door was not the outer door of the court house, but an inner door. Now what scent did this beagle follow? It must have been the scent of his master, although the feet of that master never touched the earth for a distance of two miles; and he did not ride in an open buggy, but in a closed horse car. The horse car landed Mellert about three hundred feet from the jail, and from that point to the jail Mellert walked over flag pavements upon the sidewalk, but before his dog came to find him hundreds and perhaps thousands of other people had walked over the same flag sidewalk, and yet his dog found him and was so sure of it that he lay down by the jail door—an inner door in the court house—to receive his master when he came out. It is no wonder that money could not buy such a faithful friend. But what scent did he follow?

J. E. VAN E.

KINGSTON, N. Y., Nov. 5.

NEW JERSEY KENNEL CLUB.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At the meeting of the board of governors of the N. J. K. C., held Nov. 1, at Taylor's Hotel, Jersey City, the bench show committee reported progress; but so far nothing has been decided as to the building in which the show is to be held. It is probable, however, that the Oakland Rink will be selected. It is centrally located and is well known all over Jersey City and the Heights. Mr. Peshall expressed his intention of handing in his resignation at the next meeting as delegate to the A. K. C. He is the oldest delegate, and, believing in rotation, wants to make room for another member of the N. J. K. C. He is of opinion that it would be for the good of the A. K. C. if delegates were elected to serve for a stipulated period, not to exceed two years. This would bring new material into the management of the A. K. C. and would help to dispel the impression, existing in the minds of many, that the club is managed by a clique. Mr. Peshall's argument is a sound one, and those present could not help indorsing his views, much as they hate to lose him as their representative.—K. E. H.

THAT COONS DO WHICKER I know to be a positive fact, as I have one in captivity that I heard several times. The coon was not more than four feet from where I was standing at the time. The coon is a youpg one from this year and was caught last August.—G. R. F. (Pittsburgh, Pa.)

THE SPANIELS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. Fellows intimates in his latest effusion that I was started in "this thing" by your "special" London reporter; but he is at fault. Away back in the early summer months I wrote in FOREST AND STREAM, agitating for spaniel field trials, and, to my surprise, my letter elicited not a single response, though the *Stock-Keeper's* correspondent wrote in that paper that "*some* (italics mine) of our spaniel men" were agitating the subject. As I have said before I expected Mr. Fellows's support in the matter and own I was disappointed in the man.

Again he rings the changes on his determination to refrain from assuming a sitting posture until "the sporting spaniel is in its proper place." In what way could that much to be desired end be so speedily achieved as by the adoption of trials in the field? Put your shoulder to the wheel, man, help us to get our field trials and then—be at rest.

By the designation of "the kids" I presume Mr. Fellows points to those gentlemen who have gone into "the fancy" since his debut "thirteen years since." Let us see how he has fared at their hands. His first serious set back, that I remember at this moment, was received through the medium of Brahmin, owned by a "boy" called Rendle. (How mad "Uncle Dick" was, too!) And now what chance has he in the varieties they have actually gone in for with "boys" Nelles, West, Oldham and Willey?

The more I think over that "little" matter the blacker it looks. In two particulars Mr. Fellows was in error as given in the list of Silk's winnings in the Buffalo catalogue. He challenged any brace of cocker spaniels, yet he claims one of the brace to be "champion field trial spaniel of America!" Mr. Fellows should be informed that in sporting matters when a challenge is made, and by no one accepted, it is *en règle* to insert the clause "by default" in quoting a title so won.

Is "the sire of champions" one of Silk's "winnings"? Really, the N. D. C. and A. K. C. should take steps for the suppression of "free ads" of this description. QUESTER.

COYOTE "COURSING."

HUTCHINSON, Kan., Oct. 27.—On Friday, Oct. 26., the meeting, as a coursing meet, was over, and there should have been public announcement of the failure to run out the stakes, and public explanation of the reasons therefor. Instead of this the management of the association saw fit, under the name of the association and ostensibly under its immediate auspices, to resort to a catch-penny scheme to which it is to be hoped neither this association nor any other will ever again resort. Two wild coyotes had been captured and general posting of the town took place to the effect that at 2 P. M. the "Reno-Barton pack of foxhounds" would engage in a "grand wolf hunt at the coursing grounds." No one had a distinct idea of what the affair would be, but several hundred people paid the admission fee to find out. At about 2:45 the "grand wolf hunt" began. The spectators were asked to take their places inside the inclosed three-quarter track. In the outside grounds, entirely inclosed by a tight wire fence through which a rabbit could not pass, let alone a coyote, the poor devil of a captive coyote was turned down and asked to obligingly run about a while before he was killed. Dr. Royce kindly consented to "shoo" the coyote along the fence a little way, and at certain points along the fence "judges" were stationed, whose onerous duty was to see whether the red or white collared dogs were ahead in this most truly novel coursing match, whose primary design was to catch quarters and whose secondary was to murder a captive animal which, given a fair chance, would have shown itself of courage and endurance. (It should be announced that Mr. Arthur Mussey, the regular judge of the meet, had no idea of the nature of the task he was asked to perform, else he would not have acted on that day.)

Mr. Allison and Dr. Royce had managed to get the coyote scared along the fence as much as half a mile when the hounds were turned loose. The poor animal was running with mouth open, panting, scared nearly beyond effort, and seeking vainly for some loophole of escape from what even a coyote could tell was an unsportsmanlike death trap. Following the cries of the pursuing—or let us rather say the "shoo-ing" horsemen—the dogs ran at full cry down the track, fifty yards off on the wrong side for wind, cut across a corner to Dr. Royce, who was riding after the "chase," and ran into the coyote at the north fence. Did that end the hunt? Not at all. The coyote was taken away from the dogs and put down to crawl around his death trap once more in this truly "grand" wolf hunt, put on foot by men professedly upholders of legitimate sport. Again the hounds galloped around the fence, and again ran into the puzzled and heartbroken creature, which panted slowly on, hunting a way out into the open, where it could have fair play and a show for its life. This time, fortunately, the hounds killed it, and put an end to the disgraceful exhibition. The representatives of FOREST AND STREAM and another sportsman's paper protested against this affair as being simply cruelty to animals, and in no wise fit to be called sport. They were told by one Muskimmons, an attache of the grounds, that if they did not like it they could leave. At this point FOREST AND STREAM'S reporter withdrew from the grounds, not caring to witness or give notice to such an affair, except to stigmatize it as a piece of abominable cruelty, and one altogether unworthy of real sportsmen's countenance.

FOREST AND STREAM has not a word to say against charging an admission fee to witness any legitimate sport, and certainly FOREST AND STREAM is the best friend the National Coursing Association has; but neither this paper nor any other respectable paper can for one moment support a phase of sport in which fair play is on the face of it entirely barred out. It is of course plainly understood by FOREST AND STREAM that this lamentable affair of the "grand wolf hunt" had nothing to do with coursing, and nothing to do with what are supposed to be the first objects of the National Association; but it has this special misfortune about it, that it brings the fair and grand sport of coursing into disrepute through the indirect relation it gains by appearing on coursing grounds and under the management of those who claim to be coursing men and managers. The association can not succeed if it covers such side show schemes with its skirts. Let it not be too anxious to make a few quarters of dollars. Let it go slowly and carefully, fostering always first the idea of fair play and working to perfect the conditions of a sport which is on the eve of a great development, and it cannot fail of a rapid and pronounced success, in which the sporting press will not only rejoice, but will assist. Let it go on with a few more "grand wolf hunts"—in a pen—and it will lose just that honest and respectable support which it cannot afford to lose. Of its position in this matter FOREST AND STREAM is absolutely sure. The right of the case dictates the position. This is further supported by the verdict of the spectators, who almost universally joined in public and vehement condemnation of a wolf hunt, in which the wolf was doomed before he ran. The public knows what sport is. It will not long pay to see a false sport. H.

A DENVER COURSING MEET.

Mr. E. R. Mason, clerk to the woolsack in Des Moines Circuit, is local headquarters for racing news. Not only is he fond of fast horses, but of that other yet more rapid animal, the greyhound, of which he has some good specimens.

Apropos of greyhounds, they tell me that the fancy exhibition rider, Miss Belle Burke, left her fastest racing greyhound, a well bred bitch, at Creston, Iowa, last summer. The bitch was sick and unfit to run or travel. She has now quite recovered, and they say is faster than anything down that country.

It is surprising how little the general public knows of the sport of coursing. When I spoke here of the meet of the American Coursing Club nobody was quite sure what kind of a thing it was. I labored patiently as best I knew to advance the intelligent interest in what is perhaps destined to be the coming American sport.

Apropos of coursing, I have a bit of news which nobody but FOREST AND STREAM knows. Denver is going to have a coursing meet, an inclosed one. Movements are this month on foot toward the purchase of the grounds, which will lie within four miles of the city and will be reached by rapid transit. Fifteen thousand dollars will be expended if necessary; nothing will be done by way of an exhibition till everything works smoothly, and when Denver does turn loose she will do it "with a meet as is a meet." The names of the gentlemen interested are known, but are withheld by their request for business reasons. It is fair to call this good news for coursing. Denver is the city to make such an enterprise go fast and furiously. Score another for coursing. In five years there will be a dozen big meets.

HEMPSTEAD COURSING CLUB.

The first meet for this season of the Hempstead Coursing Club was held at Cedarhurst, L. I., last Saturday. The polo grounds of the Rockaway Hunt Club were used as a field. Thirty-one rabbits had been provided. The day was fine in the morning, but it rained in the afternoon. August Belmont, Jr., was master of ceremonies. W. Rutherfurd dropped the rabbits. All the rabbits but one were killed.

The officers were: Judge, Mr. A. Belmont Purdy; Breed Judge, J. E. Cowdin; Field Steward, O. W. Bird; Flag Steward, J. L. Kernochan; Secretary, A. Belmont, Jr., and Slipper, German Hopkins. Summaries:

NOVICE STAKES.

An open sweepstakes for fox-terriers of 20lbs. or under, at $2 each, play or pay, with a silver cup presented by Mr. James L. Kernochan to the winner. The runner-up to receive 25 per cent. of the stake and a pewter mug. Fifteen entries:

First Round.

J. B. Kernochan nominates A. Belmont Purdy's white, black and tan dog Pincher, who beat T. B. Burnham's white, black and tan dog Jack.

L. and W. Rutherfurd's white dog Warren Spider beat S. D. Ripley's white dog Bayonet.

H. B. Richardson's white, black and tan dog Meadow Brook Jack beat E. Kelly's white and tan dog Earl Leicester.

H. P. Frothingham's white and tan dog Mugwump, C. Rathbone's white, black and tan dog Beverwyck Tippler, F. O. Beach's white, black and tan bitch Media, Blemton Kennels' white and tan bitch Tiara and O. W. Bird's white, black and tan bitch Warren Jingle had byes.

Second Round.

Pincher beat Mugwump, Beverwyck Tippler beat Warren Spider, Tiara beat Media, and Meadow Brook Jack beat Warren Jingle.

Third Round.

Beverwyck Tippler beat Pincher, Meadow Brook Jack beat Tiara.

Final Round.

Beverwyck Tippler beat Meadow Brook Jack.

ROCKAWAY CUP.

An open sweepstakes for fox-terriers of 18lbs. or under at $3 each, play or pay, with a cup presented by the Rockaway Steeplechase Association for the winner. The runner-up to receive 25 per cent. of the stakes and a pewter mug. Nineteen entries.

First Round.

L. and W. Rutherfurd's white dog Warren Spider beat T. B. Burnham's white, black and tan dog Jack.

C. Rathbone's white, black and tan dog Beverwyck Tippler beat A. T. French's white and tan dog Blemton Volunteer.

J. B. Kernochan nominates A. Belmont Purdy's white, black and tan dog Pincher, who beat F. O. Beach's white, black and tan bitch Media.

O. W. Bird's white, black and tan bitch Warren Jingle beat H. P. Frothingham's white and tan bitch Lottery.

H. V. R. Kennedy's white, black and tan dog Antic beat Blemton Kennels' white, black and tan dog Regent Vox.

Edward Kelly's white, black and tan bitch Votary a bye.

Second Round.

Warren Spider beat Votary, Beverwyck Tippler beat Pincher, Antic beat Warren Jingle.

Third Round.

Warren Spider beat Tippler, Antic a bye.

Final Round.

Antic beats Warren Spider, after an undecided.

COTTON-TAIL STAKES.

An open sweepstakes for fox-terriers of 16lbs. or under, at $2 each, play or pay, with $20 added to the winner; the runner up to receive 50 per cent of the stakes and a pewter mug. Sixteen entries.

First Round.

L. & W. Rutherfurd's white and tan bitch Warren Dainty beat H. P. Frothingham's white and tan bitch Lottery.

C. Rathbone's white, black and tan bitch Blemton Lilly beat Blemton Kennels' white, black and tan dog Dusky Trap.

A. T. French's white and tan dog Blemton Volunteer, E. D. Morgan's white, black and tan dog Tancred, L. & W. Rutherfurd's white dog Warren Discord and James Mortimer's white, black and tan bitch Suffolk Siren had byes.

Second Round.

Warren Dainty beat Tancred, Blemton Lilly beat Blemton Volunteer, Warren Discord beat Suffolk Siren.

Third Round.

Warren Dainty beat Blemton Lilly; Warren Discord a bye.

Deciding Round.

Warren Discord beat Warren Dainty.

The second day of the season is announced Thanksgiving Day and the third on Christmas Day.

CONCERNING RELIABILITY AND RECORD.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Having said all that is necessary about the "practical" of Mr. Davey's letter, I will now add a few lines anent the London fancier's very unreliable statement. It is well known to all readers of this journal that I have the honor of reporting for FOREST AND STREAM many of the large and important shows. Mr. Davey will not deny having said that the FOREST AND STREAM'S reports were ahead of all others; and it seems to me that if Mr. Davey was right, his charge of unreliable must be wrong, because very many of the reports which helped to mould Mr. Davey's unsolicited approval were written by me. He cannot claim that his approval of FOREST AND STREAM'S reports had reference only to the non-sporting dogs, because he has admitted that he only understands one breed—English setters. It would be an easy task to show that Mr. Davey considered my reports perfectly "reliable" except when the defects of his dogs were brought into public notice. I might, just for the sake of argument, ask how it was that Mr. Davey once wrote me saying that "Our Prize Dogs" would be invaluable to owners and breeders. I might also ask why he ordered a copy of that work C. O. D. For reasons already given the non-sporting part of the book would be useless to Mr. Davey, and why did he order it if the criticisms on the only breed he knows anything about were to be unreliable? And why did members of the London Kennel Club ask me to judge some of the sporting classes at their show when Mr. Davey, who is a prominent official in that club, considered me incapable of criticising the cow-hocked Locksley? Come, Mr. Davey, let you and me better understand each other. Can't we talk dog, smoke segars, take a drink and have a good time generally without either of us forgetting the duty we owe to ourselves and to others? Surely our friendship is not dependent on the Chicago conditions—that you foot the bills and I misrepresent your dogs. If we cannot be friends and at the same time be men let our friendship be severed now and for aye.

The Buffalo report on Locksley was correct. If Mr. Davey ever had any doubt on the question he can have it dispelled by consulting Mr. John Davidson, who bred the dog. I promised in my last to show Mr. Davey that I was "breeding sporting dogs before his name had been heard of in connection with the dog fancy." Mr. Davey first became known as an owner of dogs in 1877 or 1878, not as a prominent dog man, but he owned a dog. The first decent one that he showed was Liddesdale, a third-rate specimen that was bred by Mr. Davidson. Not long after having made this purchase Mr. Davey bought—or took as bad debt—that rather good-looking dog Dick Laverack, the best setter he ever owned. Then came Knight of Snowdon, a second-rater that was bred by Mr. Davidson, and lastly Locksley, a third-rater, bred by Mr. Davidson, and offered for sale by Mr. Davey at $200 or less. Dick Laverack, the only one of the lot that could score in hot competition, was not bred by Mr. Davey, but by Mr. J. Snellenburg. It will be seen from this that Mr. John Davidson has been largely instrumental in making a name for the London fancier. The dogs that were of his breeding did nearly all the winning for Mr. Davey's kennel; and the record proves that while Mr. Davey has bred several winners, more especially dogs that have won at small shows, he has never bred a good one and never owned a really high-class specimen. While this is a very much better record than men like Whitford, Goodman, the W.K.C.'s white elephant and a large number of other upstarts can lay claim to, it is not a good one, and a man must have something more substantial behind him when he rushes into print with such words as the very unreliable "reliable" and that rusty old safety valve "practical." It will be necessary in giving a portion of my own record to use the personal pronoun oftener than I care to, and in this I must ask the patience of your readers.

My name will be found in the Nottingham catalogues (sporting class) for 1871 and 1872; and I was breeding good dogs some time before that. Whoever heard of "practical" Mr. Davey in those days? I won first in the sporting class at Manchester, 1872. What was "reliable" Mr. Davey doing at that time? In 1873 I won first and champion prizes in the sporting class at a large number of shows, including Nottingham, Glasgow and Edinburgh. In 1874 I was asked to report for one of the leading dog papers in England, which shows that I was considered "reliable" before Mr. Davey owned a dog. In 1874 I bred two sporting dogs that won first and second prize in one class at Birmingham, 1876. I also bred a first prize winner in the sporting class at Birmingham, 1875, and a winner at the Crystal Palace, 1876. I have won at the Crystal Palace, Edinburgh, Belfast, etc., with setters, and an Irish setter of mine took the cup at Waterloo, 1878, for best dog in a number of the sporting classes. From 1868 to 1881 I won over 500 first prizes for pointers alone. From 1874 to 1881 I wrote reports of shows in every prominent dog paper in England, the *Field* included. In 1880 I won 42 first prizes at six shows (*vide* editorial columns of *Fanciers' Chronicle*). I was asked to judge before I was twenty-two years old. I will here remind Mr. Davey that anything that wears pants can judge at an American dog show, but that it is not the same in England, although once in a while somebody springs a white elephant on the fancy. My name is quoted in at least three standard works as a prominent breeder and exhibitor, and dogs from my kennels have been illustrated at home and abroad. "British Dogs," page 128, says: "The gentlemen that at present possess dogs nearest to my idea of the model pointer are Messrs. J. H. Whitehouse, Samuel Price, G. Pilkington, R. Lloyd Price, G. Moore, T. Statter, C. H. Mason, Heywood-Lonsdale, W. Arkwright, Barclay Field, R. P. Leeche, Viscount Downe and Lord Sefton." The "Book of the Dog" says: "Among older breeders the names of Mr. T. Statter, Mr. C. H. Mason, Lord Sefton, Lord Downe and Mr. Garth, Q. C., appear most prominently, and their blood is eagerly treasured by breeders." Add to this that my name was never on any occasion brought before a dog show committee or a kennel club under any charge, no matter how trivial, and Mr. Davey will be able to get a fair outline of my record. Is it sufficiently substantial to qualify a man to write a "reliable" report on Mr. T. G. Davey's cow-hocked English setter dog Locksley?

I now call on Mr. Davey to withdraw or substantiate his statement that my report was not "reliable." If he is a gentleman and a man of honor he will do one or the other.

CHAS. H. MASON.

TRACKING WITH BLOODHOUNDS.

I DO not think that bloodhounds are ever likely to be of much service to the police, for several reasons. As a detective—that is, to go into a house or elsewhere and pick out a murderer by the smell of blood on his clothes, or to find a dead body hidden—I do not think a bloodhound likely to be of any more use than lots of other dogs. The noted dog that discovered a body of a child in a chimney some few years ago, I believe at Blackburn, was a simple mongrel. It may have had some poodle blood in its composition, but certainly not a drop of bloodhound. I saw the dog when it was on exhibition, and studied it carefully.

To use a bloodhound as a tracker in a town is next to impossible. The best dog I ever had could not track a man through a crowd of say fifty or sixty people, if he were more than ten minutes behind—and this dog, Selim, was far and away the best I ever saw hunt. I have known him pick out a trail after two hours; but he could not go any pace then, and if the man hunted had any idea he was being tracked of course he could escape; by going faster than the dog the scent would get worse, and finally fail altogether.

In the open country a well-trained dog, in the hands of a clever keeper, would often assist the police; but a dog requires a lot of training and great natural powers to keep to one scent. Another man crossing the line would leave a fresher scent, and nine dogs out of every ten would leave the stale for the fresh scent.

I have had several bloodhounds that were no use at all; they could not hunt a man over fresh ground with any certainty or pace, unless they were familiar with him. I have noticed that bloodhounds always hunt their master or feeder with greater zest than any one else. I always tried to teach mine to hunt mute, as their voice is terrifying to people who happen to be in the line of route; but they almost always gave tongue when they were on my trail, say within ten minutes of me. Another difficulty is to get them to hunt in a line without pulling, which tires both dog and leader.

Selim was not at all a show dog, his head was a fair shape, except he had not enough peak; he was deficient in wrinkle but very throaty, and his voice the deepest I ever heard; he was a heavy, awkward dog, and a dull black with pale tan markings. I got him at about a year old, and at first thought

him an absolute failure; he declined to hunt at all, would pitch into everything he met, and misconduct himself in every possible way. After about a month, however, I found the ugly brute, as he was called, had a rare nose, and by the time he was eighteen months he would hunt any one for miles if once put on the trail.

A few hints to those who think of training a pup, may be useful. On getting a dog, buy one about a year old, as bloodhounds are very delicate dogs to rear. For hunting I prefer a dog to a bitch, as he takes more pains, and is not so rash. I also like one with a good voice. If he is not quite straight on legs the price will be lower, and he will be able to go quite as fast as necessary for tracking—about five miles an hour is the pace. I always feed at night, and prefer a good biscuit raw, with, twice a week, boiled flesh with vegetables and oatmeal, more or less flesh, according to circumstances. Boil the flesh to rags, then put in vegetables—cabbage, carrot, etc.—for half an hour, and add meal; bring up to boil, and set to cool in a wooden vessel. Treacle is useful when the dogs require an aperient.

I do not hold with using aniseed or any scent on the boots, although it, of course, helps a dog which has not a good nose. The way I begin with a pup is, after he is quite friendly and will follow anywhere, I go out into the open country, and get a man at work in the fields to hold him, say, ten minutes, while I get out of sight and have time to describe a good circle and get back to a neighboring hill, where I can see which way the pup goes. If he fails to find me, and goes off wrong, I whistle him and show myself, as he might get lost altogether; but usually he will keep trying round the place where he is let go, unless he knows the way home. It is important that the man who holds the pup should be a stranger, or the dog does not have so great an incentive to find his master.

A bloodhound used for tracking should be kept by himself, and have his kennels and surroundings scrupulously clean. I have known a dog quite useless for an hour after eating a piece of putrid meat no larger than a hen's egg.—*G. H. Fitz Herbert, in the Bazaar.*

DISTEMPER.

III.

A PECULIARITY of distemper is its tendency to induce manifestations of disease in most of the vital organs of the body. Allusion has already been made to the complications which arise from the respiratory and digestive systems in the form of pneumonia and jaundice. There are also even more serious complications with the nerve centers and with the muscular system, in the form of epileptic fits, which are usually fatal, and chorea or St. Vitus's dance, which is incurable, and often renders the dog useless.

Perhaps the most common cause of death from the distemper is that condition of blood which may be called septicæmia, or, as the popular expression runs, "blood poisoning;" and this diseased state of the blood is held by some authorities to be the cause of all forms of organic disease with which distemper is associated.

Indications of the bad state of the blood are patent enough in the advanced stage of the disease, and one of the most marked signs is the extremely fœtid odor which emanates from the animal's body, and also from the excretions. Emaciation is another sign of mal-nutrition, and the defective tone of the organism is further shown by extreme prostration, and the occurrence of ulceration of the cornea, loss of hair, and incapacity of the stomach to digest any solid food, which is either refused or rejected as soon as it is swallowed.

Epileptic fits may be said to be due to the diseased state of the blood acting as a poison to the nerve centers; but the precise nature of the deleterious action is not known. But it can easily be realized that when the circulating fluid is in a diseased state, every part of the organism is predisposed to suffer derangement from the action of comparatively slight causes, which would produce very little effect if the system were in a perfectly healthy condition.

Symptoms which are premonitory of an attack of epilepsy are at times very misleading, because the excitement, which is the immediate result of the disturbance of the central nervous system, causes the sick dog to appear much better instead of worse. It is particularly noticeable that in such circumstances a dog which had previously been lying in a half dormant state becomes alert under the stimulus of sights and sounds which suggest a favorite pursuit; thus a pointer exhibits great delight at the sight of a gun, and the fact of an animal suddenly becoming awake to external objects is naturally interpreted favorably by the owner.

The sudden improvement in the condition of a sick dog as above described is not of long continuance, and in the course of a few hours the animal may be seized with a fit and fall foaming at the mouth and champing in the manner which is so characteristic of the affection. The fit is not of long duration, and after a few minutes the dog recovers, but remains in a state of lassitude for some hours.

Two or three days may elapse before another fit occurs, but a shorter interval separates the third fit from the second, and others may follow in quick succession, until the animal dies in one of the convulsions. Practical men agree that a second fit may be taken as an indication that the chances of recovery are slight; a third attack puts a cure out of the region of probability.

In the treatment of epilepsy as a sequel of distemper various means have been tried, with a general want of success, which is discouraging. Popular treatment for a dog in a fit is a cold water douche, or cutting the membrane of the mouth with a penknife; but the best plan is to leave the dog undisturbed until it recovers, merely putting something in its mouth to prevent it from biting the tongue, and further taking measures to check its tendency to run away for some distance and hide itself as soon as the fit is over.

Quiet should be insisted on in the treatment of fits, and the first dose of medicine should be laxative—a dessertspoonful to half an ounce of castor oil. Its action may be assisted by enemas. Small doses of bromide of potassium may be administered day by day in the form of powder, with a little sugar, and better results will be gained by giving two grains twice a day, or even three times, for several successive days, than by exhibiting ten or twelve grains at one time. Setons under the ears, or blisters applied to the top of the head, are recommended by some; but we have observed that any good so gained by counter-irritation in this disease, and the excitement which is induced, is certainly unfavorable to the maintenance of the sedative action of the medicine.

Nutritious food, such as good soup free from salt is necessary in the treatment of epilepsy, which is associated with a certain degree of debility and sometimes with actual exhaustion, in combating which, stimulants and tonics may be added to the liquid food. The ammoniated tincture of quinine is a very good preparation, which may be given in doses of five to ten drops in a little cold soup twice a day with advantage.

Chorea, or St. Vitus's dance, is a result of distemper which is not uncommon. Muscular twitchings are apparent, generally affecting only a part of the body, as one hand or fore extremity, or the muscles of the head or neck; but occasionally the muscular spasm is universal.

Recent investigations have shown that the disease has its origin in the central nervous system. Disease of the nerve elements of the spinal cord have been discovered in the few cases which have been examined, and it is at least highly probable that organic derangement of the elements of the cord is always present. Such a condition explains the intractable nature of the affection. Chorea is not a fatal disorder unless the whole of the body is affected, in which case the constant action, even during sleep, exhausts the vital power and kills the animal; but when localized to one limb, the affection only causes a certain amount of annoyance, which is borne by different dogs according to temperament, and in most cases keeps the animal in poor condition.

In treating chorea, various remedies have been tried, and among them all forms of counter-irritants, setons, blisters, and stimulating liniments. Internally nerve tonics have always been advocated, and preparations containing strychnine in some form have been most in favor; but it must be evident that no cure is likely to be obtained by the use of any medicines when the cells of the spinal cord have undergone degeneration. Liberal diet, stimulating applications to the diseased part, and the internal use of such tonics as strychnine and arsenic in minute doses, may afford some relief for a time, and no more can be expected.—*London Field.*

DOG TALK.

A CORRESPONDENT of the French kennel journal *Le Chenil* recommends this method of measuring a dog's height: One of my friends, a veterinary surgeon, tells me of a method as simple and ingenious as it is sure, to take a dog's exact height at shoulder. Take hold of one of the forelegs of the animal, and the dog, forced to support itself on the other leg, holds it out stiffly and does not bend it, as is usually the case when it sees the preparations for measuring. With this precaution the height of a dog varies scarcely an eighth of an inch, while without it the difference is often considerable.

Speaking of reliability of show reports, here are some points worth noting in a pretended report of the St. Paul show, printed in a New York paper Nov. 2:

"In the open dog class Turk secured the premium." This has reference to open class of mastiff dogs. Turk did not secure the premium, or a premium at all. *Tiger Royal* won.

St. Bernards.—"A good smooth-coated one was shown in Victor Joseph, winner of the champion prize." Victor Joseph was *not shown and was not in the building.*

Greyhounds.—"Greyhounds were nothing to speak of, with the exception of Gitana, who is only fair. She is owned in your city." This is a good one, because Gitana was not at the show. First was awarded to Pearl, the only bitch that was shown.

Pointers.—"In the open class for dogs, Donald IV. was well ahead, beating Osborne Ale." Osborne Ale *was not shown* and was *not in the building.*

Irish Setters.—"In dogs, Larry S. easily held his own." Larry S. was *absent,* and the dog that held his own was Red River Glencho.

Miscellaneous.—"Sailor, a fair retriever, won in miscellaneous over 25 pounds." Sailor, a mongrel black dog, didn't get a card; the prize was withheld.

A complaint was made at the police station at Medford, Mass., recently, by Mr. P. Lennox, that a stray mastiff had entered his cellar and was holding the fort against all comers. He proposed that as there were four good fighting dogs in the neighborhood, to put all of them into the cellar, and thus, he thought, the stray animal could be "done up" in a satisfactory manner.

The *Invalide Russe* states that instructions have just been given to the commanders of the parks of field artillery to employ watch dogs to warn the sentries of the approach of an enemy. This is the first occasion upon which such a step has been taken in Russia.

"Our Prize Dogs," as will be learned from an advertisement elsewhere, Mr. C. H. Mason announces will be ready for delivery next Monday. Notice of this beautiful and valuable work will be made next week.

RHEUMATISM IN DOGS.

THIS canine ailment was recognized very early in the history of the veterinary art. Blaine, who was often quoted as the father of canine medicine half a century ago, remarks of the disease that, "except distemper and mange, there is no disease to which dogs are so liable." Youatt, who was a contemporary of Blaine, writes, in 1848: "I do not know any animal so subject to rheumatism as the dog, nor any one in which, if it is early and properly treated, it is so manageable."

It would not be expected that either Blaine or Youatt would discourse in modern terms on the pathology of the disease; neither of them thought of lactic acid as a probable cause of the disorder; but Blaine's view, that rheumatism was merely inflammation of fibrous tissue, still holds its ground, excepting that the term "rheumatic" is added as a prefix to inflammation. So far as the knowledge of the precise nature of the disease is concerned, we have not added much to the facts with which the older writers were familiar, nor are our means of diagnosis more accurate than were those of Blaine and Youatt. In fact, most modern writers have borrowed from the descriptions of the two pioneers in canine medicine.

Rheumatism in the dog assumes several forms, as it does in man—for example, it occurs in the region of the loins, and so represents lumbago in man. It affects the joints, as it does in the human subject, and a characteristic form is common to sporting dogs, and is known as kennel lameness, which is apparently due to rheumatism in the subscapular muscles arising from exposure to cold and damp in kennels. Youatt suggests that the disease may be associated with sprain, which is not unlikely, as a rheumatic tendency is certain to exhibit itself most prominently in a damaged limb, as sufferers from the affection know too well.

One chief cause of kennel lameness is exposure to damp, and the correction is the proper arrangement of the beds sufficiently above the floor. To lie high and dry is a maxim which is based on sound principles and sustained by successful practice. Causes of rheumatism are in dogs and men about the same. First, the particular habit of body must exist, and this is most probably the outcome of defective or perverted nutrition. Rheumatism is allied to gout, and both seem to be associated with digestive errors, which aid in the formation of acid products. Uric acid is the special agent in gout, and lactic acid may perhaps play the most important part in the rheumatic state. Mayhew's view, that rheumatism is one of the diseases due to high living, is not at all far-fetched, as an indulgence in flesh food is exactly what might be expected to cause the formation of such secondary organic products as uric acids and its salts.

Symptoms of rheumatism in dogs are not unlike those which are observed in rheumatic men, save that in dogs the intestines are almost invariably affected, and constipation, with swelling and heat of the belly, are present in nearly all cases.

In the form which is allied to lumbago of man, the dog is still in his movements and prefers to remain still, with the back arched. Pressure to the loins causes extreme pain, which the animal expresses by his cries. In bad cases the use of the hind extremities is quite lost, and this condition is designated by Youatt by the term "palsy;" and Blaine evidently recognizes the same state when he speaks of paralysis in the hind extremities. Acute rheumatism of the dog is accompanied with fever, increased breathing, quick pulse, and rise of internal temperature; the signs of rheumatic fever. In the chronic form the symptoms are less marked, but in any case it is admitted, by old and modern writers, that a dog which has once suffered from rheumatism is always likely to have another attack if he is exposed to cold and damp. In the treatment of rheumatism there is a difference to be observed in regard to internal remedies.

The practice of using stimulating embrocations externally was common with Blaine and Youatt, as it is with the modern veterinarian. Soap liniment was the embrocation of the earlier practitioners, and that compound is still employed although liniment of ammonia and other stimulants, all having much the same action, may be substituted. Medicines, in the time of Blaine and Youatt, were of the ordinary simple kind. No idea of counteracting the effect of a special organic poison was then entertained, and certainly salicylic acid and its compounds were then undreamt of. Blaine recommends a warm bath for a quarter of an hour, followed by brisk rubbing, and wrapping in a blanket; a dose of castor oil—an ounce for a middling-sized dog—with twenty drops of laudanum and thirty drops of sulphuric æther, is to be given at once. If the bowels do not respond, an enema is advised, and, this failing, a pill containing calomel 4 grains, opium ½ grain, with a drop of oil of peppermint, and a drachm of aloes, is to be given every four hours until some action results.

Dogs must have been stronger or aloes weaker in Blaine's time than they are now, as the above prescripsion, given during sixteen hours, would include enough calomel and aloes for a horse. Youatt touches the subject of treatment lightly, merely remarking that castor oil treatment and the use of the warm bath will get the animal well in a few days.

In common with the modern veterinary practitioner, Steel proposes to give the medicines which are accepted as the appropriate antidotes to the rheumatic poison in man, begining, however, with castor oil, to overcome the invariable constipation of the dog.

The remedies which are in common use in the treatment of rheumatism in man are salicylic acid, or, more often now, the salicylate of soda, iodide of potassium, and the carbonate or bicarbonate of potash, on which some practitioners pin their faith. Doses of these agents will vary according to the age and size of the dog, and the range is therefore likely to be considerable, varying from one grain to ten of the iodide of potassium or salicylate of soda, and from five to twenty grains of the bicarbonate of potash. Besides medical treatment, the diet must be regulated, avoiding flesh for a time, and substituting vegetables. Protection from cold and wet is absolutely essential, and this is particularly to be observed in regard to the sleeping accommodation. Nothing is gained by keeping a dog dry and warm all day, and turning it into a damp kennel at night. —*London Field.*

CONNECTICUT KENNEL CLUB.—Bridgeport, Conn., Nov. 3.—A meeting of the Connecticut State Kennel Club was held here Oct. 30, Vice-President A. R. Kyle in the chair. A number of applications for memberships were received and acted upon; constitution and by-laws were adopted and the following executive committee appointed: John White (chairman), Bridgeport; E. Sheffield Porter, New Haven; A. R. Kyle, South Norwalk; A. R. Crowell, Campville; Dr. Burk, South Norwalk; Samuel Banks, Bridgeport; Sherman Hubbard, Bridgeport. Also the following bench show committee: W. D. Peck, New Haven; A. R. Crowell, Campville; E. F. Way, Hartford; A. R. Kyle, South Norwalk; Dr. Jas. E. Hair, Bridgeport. Taken as a whole it was the most successful meeting the club has held, and from the way the applications for membership are coming in, it would seem that dog men in all parts of the State were interested in making the club a thorough success. The next regular meeting will be held at the Atlantic Hotel, Bridgeport, Conn., on Tuesday evening, Nov. 20, at 7:30 P.M. sharp.—DR. JAS. E. HAIR, Secretary.

BLACK BASS IN GERMANY.—The black bass has done so well in Germany that Herr von dem Borne, the well-known fishculturist of Berneuchen, is now offering to sell live fish for stocking other waters, and has received orders for them from England. His prices are: Brood of 1888, 12 cents each; brood of 1887, 36 cents each, whilethose of 1886 sell at 75 cents. The fish have done well in German waters.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., Oct. 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Western Pennsylvania Poultry Society's fourteenth annual bench show of dogs will be held the last week in January, 1889, at Pittsburgh, Pa.—C. B. ELBEN, Sec.

KENNEL NOTES.

Notes must be sent on prepared blanks, which are furnished free on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope of large letter size. Sets of 300 of any one form, bound for retaining duplicates, are sent for 30 cents.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Nina T. By Geo. L. V. Tyler, West Newton, Mass., for black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped Aug. 24, 1883, by Single Sin (champion Ohio II.—Nellie) out of Slick (champion Hornell Silk—Grace).

Pilgrim and Confusion. By J. M. Fronefield, Jr., Wayne, Pa., for black, white and tan English setter dog and orange belton bitch, whelped June 21, 1888, by Racket (Rattler—Leda) out of Minnetonka (Don Juan—Petrel III.).

Tatters. By J. M. Fronefield, Jr., Wayne, Pa., for black, white and tan beagle bitch, whelped August, 1888, by Banker (champion Rattler—imported Actress) out of Dolly (Riot—Skip).

Chanticleer. By J. M. Fronefield, Jr., Wayne, Pa., for black, white and tan beagle dog, whelped July 25, 1888, by The Rambler (Marchboy II.—Lizzie) out of Woodland Maid (Skipper—Nellie II.).

Bang II. By Geo. H. Thomson, Denver, Col., for live and white pointer dog, whelped Sept. 5, 1888, by Bang (Price's champion Bang—Salter's Luna) out of Vandalia (Bang Bang—Zanetta).

Telamon. By C. L. Hopkins, Norwich, Conn., for black, white and ticked pointer dog, whelped May 22, 1888, by Parker's William Tell (A.K.R. 2640) out of Parker's Daisy A. (A.K.R. 3388).

Norseman. By Brookwood Kennels, Washington Heights, New York, for black, white and tan English setter dog, whelped Sept. 26, 1888, by Ted Llewellin (Druid—Gessie) out of Flounce.

Charlie G. By Dr. F. Brown, Mt. Morris, N. Y., for black, white and tan English setter dog, whelped June 4, 1888, by Gun (A.K.R. 1538) out of Dora Gladstone (Boss Gladstone—Vell).

Warwick Belton. By Warwick Kennels, Bridgeport, Conn., for black, white, tan and blue ticked English setter dog, whelped Dec. 22, 1888, by Belton High (Royal Sutton—Reign) out of Magnolia (champion Leicester—Sanborn's Nellie).

Royal Ranger. By C. T. Brownell, New Bedford, Mass., for black and tan Gordon setter dog, whelped July 25, 1888, by Murkland Ranger (A.K.R. 5508) out of Beaulah (A.K.R. 6491).

Trespass. By A. Perrin, Cambridge, Mass., for white, black and tan marks, fox-terrier bitch, whelped June 8, 1888, by Luke (Mixture—Lyra) out of Bacchante (Bacchanal—Trifle).

NAMES CHANGED.

Blue Prince to Prince Gladstone. By Geo. L. V. Tyler, West Newton, Mass., for English setter dog.

BRED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Dinah—Surbiton. J. D. Shotwell's (Rahway, N. J.) collie bitch Dinah (champion Rutland—Heather Bell) to J. Van Schaick's Surbiton (champion Eclipse—champion Flurry), Sept. 29.

Fancy Maida—Dr. Cloud. Crystal Spring Kennels' (Duanesburgh, N. Y.) collie bitch Fancy Maida (A.K.R. 5410) to their Dr. Cloud (A.K.R. 5539), Sept. 12.

Beech Grove Duchess—Ilford Caution II. Geo. Jackson's (Beech Grove, Ind.) mastiff bitch Beech Grove Duchess (A.K.R. 3544) to F. W. Cowles's Ilford Caution II. (A.K.R. 4046), Sept. 30.

Beech Grove Gabrielle—Ilford Caution II. Geo. Jackson's (Beech Grove, Ind.) mastiff bitch Beech Grove Gabrielle (A.K.R. 3371) to F. W. Cowles's Ilford Caution II. (A.K.R. 4046), Oct. 9.

Blue Nell—Royal Albert. C. Fred Crawford's (Pawtucket, R. I.) English setter bitch Blue Nell (champion Count Howard—Sandal Queen) to his champion Royal Albert (champion Sir Allister—champion Novelty), Sept. 25.

Petrel IV.—Foreman. A. E. Davis's (Worcester, Mass.) English setter bitch Petrel IV. (Don Juan—Petrel III.) to C. Fred Crawford's champion Foreman (Dashing Monarch—Fairy II.), Oct. 6.

Countess—Warwick Belton. Warwick Kennels' (Bridgeport, Conn.) English setter bitch Countess (Prince Phœbus—Rosey) to their Warwick Belton (Belton High—Magnolia), Nov. 3.

Empress Eugenie—Warwick Albert. Warwick Kennels' (Bridgeport, Conn.) English setter bitch imported Empress Eugenie (Rocket—Moll III.) to their Warwick Albert (champion Royal Albert—Maida), Oct. 31.

Belle—Warwick Albert. F. Feller's (Bridgeport, Conn.) English setter bitch Belle to Warwick Kennels' Warwick Albert (champion Royal Albert—Maida), Oct. 24.

Floss—Warwick Obo. H. A. Savage's (West Deerfield, Me.) cocker spaniel bitch Floss (Col. Stubbs—Pet) to Warwick Kennels' Warwick Obo (imported Obo, Jr.—Black Garrie), Oct. 29.

Black Countess—Warwick Obo. S. H. Hubbard's (Bridgeport, Conn.) cocker spaniel bitch Black Countess (Black Pedro—Smutt II.) to Warwick Kennels' Warwick Obo (imported Obo, Jr.—Black Garrie), Sept. 14.

Dame—Warwick Obo. Mr. Meacham's (Stratford, Conn.) cocker spaniel bitch Dame (Bob—Daisy) to Warwick Kennels' Warwick Obo (imported Obo, Jr.—Black Garrie), Oct. 16.

Bacchante—Regent Vox. A. Perrin's (Cambridge, Mass.) fox-terrier bitch Bacchante (A.K.R. 5117) to A. Belmont, Jr.'s, Regent Vox, Oct. 23.

Forest Corinne—Aldershot. F. C. Smith's (Groton, N. Y.) Irish terrier bitch Forest Corinne (champion Bruce—Little Nell) to D. H. Rhodes's Aldershot (Chief, A.K.R. 231—Bizreena, A.K.R. 2860), Oct. 12.

WHELPS.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Flossie Darling. Crystal Spring Kennels' (Duanesburgh, N. Y.) collie bitch Flossie Darling (Ned—Fancy Maida, A.K.R. 5410), Oct. 7, seven (two dogs), by Dr. Cloud (A.K.R. 5599).

Hebe of Nesseldown. A. R. Kyle's (South Norwalk, Conn.) collie bitch Hebe of Nesseldown, Oct. 21, eight dogs, by Sir Wallace of Nesseldown.

Bedlam. A. Perrin's (Cambridge, Mass.) fox-terrier bitch Bedlam (A.K.R. 5698), Sept. 18, four (two dogs), by Mr. Comey's Scarsdale (A.K.R. 1212).

Teaser. F. K. Berlin's (New York) fox-terrier bitch Teaser (A. K.R. 6666), Oct. 31, one dog, by J. R. Bull's Nap.

SALES.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

The Rambler—Dame Trot whelp. Tricolor beagle bitch, whelped July 16, 1888, by J. M. Fronefild, Jr., Wayne, Pa., to E. I. Martin, Wilmington, Del.

Blue Boy—Mystic whelps. Beagles, whelped Aug. 15, 1888, by South Paris Beagle Club, South Paris, Me., one black, tan and white ticked dog and three black, tan and white bitches to Copeland Kell, New York.

Mystic II. Black, white and tan ticked beagle bitch, age not given, by Ross out of Spot, by South Paris Beagle Club, South Paris, Me., to E. H. Bragg, North Sidney, Me.

Dasor of Nesseldown. Collie dog, whelped May 17, 1888, by Royal Monarch out of Heather Bell, by A. R. Kyle, South Norwalk, Conn., to W. Atlee Burpee & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

Jessie Bell of Nesseldown. Collie bitch, whelped May 17, 1888, by Royal Monarch out of Heather Bell, by A. R. Kyle, South Norwalk, Conn., to W. Yardley, Noroton, Conn.

Dr. Cloud (A.K.R. 5599)—Fancy Maida (A.K.R. 5410) whelps. Black and tan, white points, collies, whelped April 28, 1888, by Crystal Spring Kennels, Duanesburgh, N. Y., a dog to J. F. Camp, Laporte City, Ia., and a bitch to Dr. C. McFarland, Oswego, N. Y.

Drive—Bell whelps. Foxhounds, whelped June 11, 1888, by A. M. Gerry, South Paris, Me., a black, white and tan and black, tan and white dog to S. E. Smith, Bowdoinham, Me., and a black, tan and white bitch to H. N. Thomas, Utica, N. Y.

Drive—Music whelps. Foxhounds, whelped July 21, 1888, by A. M. Gerry, South Paris, Me., one black, white and tan dog and two black, tan and white bitches to H. N. Thomas, Utica, N. Y.; one black, white and tan dog to W. A. Small, Waltham, Mass., and one black, tan and white dog to M. Emmons, Greenwood, Me.

Jack—Gipsey whelp. Black and tan foxhound dog, whelped April, 1887, by A. M. Gerry, South Paris, Me., to D. A. Brown, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

Drive—Fanny whelps. Black, tan and white foxhound bitches, whelped July 11, 1888, by A. M. Gerry, South Paris, Me., one each to H. N. Thomas, Utica, N. Y.; Dr. M. F. Young, Littleton, N. H., and J. G. Percival, Portville, N. Y.

Bang II. Liver and white pointer dog, whelped Sept. 5, 1888, by Bang out of Vandalia, by Bryn Mawr Kennels, Philadelphia, Pa., to Geo. H. Thomas, Denver, Col.

Princess Royal. Blue belton and tan markings English setter bitch, whelped June 9, 1887, by champion Royal Albert out of Maida, by Warwick Kennels, Bridgeport, Conn., to V. L. Bossa, New Canaan, Conn.

Blue Prince. Black, white and tan and ticked English setter dog, whelped June, 1885, by Count Gladstone out of imported Queen Laverack, by Warwick Kennels, Bridgeport, Conn., to G. L. V. Tyler, West Newton, Mass.

Lil Laverack. Black, white and tan English setter bitch, whelped Nov. 28, 1885, by Tempest out of Lilly, by Warwick Kennels, Bridgeport, Conn., to Jos. Lewis, Cannonsburg, Pa.

Murkland Ranger (A.K.R. 5303)—Beaulah (A.K.R. 6451) whelps. Black and tan Gordon setter dogs, whelped July 25, 1888, by C. T. Brownell, New Bedford, Mass., one each to George Tobey and David A. Snell, same place, and J. W. Freeman, Millersburg, O.

Lora. Black cocker spaniel bitch (A.K.R. 6500), by O. R. Gilman, Boston, Mass., to C. T. Damon, South Framingham, Mass.

Nina T. Black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped Aug. 24, 1888, by Single Sin out of Slick, by A. McDonald, Rockland, Me., to Geo. L. V. Tyler, West Newton, Mass.

DEATHS.

Anita. Cocker spaniel bitch (A.K.R. 635), owned by E. Shirley Borden; died in August in parturition.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

C. T., Mendon, Mass.—Please tell me what to do for my dog. He is a setter heavily haired and is very lousy. I have washed him with whale oil soap and ammonia but it don't appear to do any good. Ans. Get the Persian insect powder. Comb or rub it in thoroughly and in half an hour wash with warm water and carbolic soap. Be careful your dog does not catch cold afterward.

According to the latest official returns, which are for 1886, 24,841 persons were killed by wild beasts in that year in British India. Of these 22,134 were killed by snakes, 938 by tigers, 232 by wolves, 194 by leopards, 113 by bears, 57 by elephants, 24 by hyenas, and 1,169 by other animals, including scorpions, jackals, lizards, boars, crocodiles, buffaloes, mad dogs, and foxes. In the same year 57,541 animals were destroyed by wild animals, but in this case the proportions are quite different, for, while snakes were responsible for the deaths of eleven-twelfths of the human beings, they only killed 2 in every 57 animals, tigers and leopards doing the greatest damage. Tigers show 23,769, leopards 22,275, wolves 4,275, snakes 2,514, hyneas 1,312, and bears 758. In the case both of human beings and animals the destruction appears to be on the increase; in the former case the number is higher than any one of the previous 10 years, and in the latter it is third in 10 years in point of numbers killed. At the same time the numbers of wild beasts killed and the rewards paid for that purpose are increasing. In 1886 22,417 wild beasts were destroyed and 417,596 snakes.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

NEW YORK, Aug. 9, 1888.—*U. S. Cartridge Co., Lowell, Mass.*—Gentlemen: Your new primers gave me the best of satisfaction. I have averaged nearly 80 per cent. of kills both on live birds and targets ever since I began to use them. Yours truly, (Signed) M. F. LINDSLEY, Supt. American Wood Powder Co., West Hoboken, N. J.—*Adv.*

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

TOPEKA RIFLE CLUB.—Topeka, Kas., Oct. 29.—Quail are reported very numerous about here. Mr. J. H. Leonard starts in about a week for his Indian Territory trip, which will probably be through the Oklahoma country. The Topeka Rifle Club held a shoot to-day, kindly extending me an invitation to attend, which I promptly accepted, being anxious to see these famous cracks at work on their own grounds. A drive of about three miles brought us to the range, which is located in a beautiful little wood, an abrupt hill affording a convenient background. The boys have a handy little club house, every feature of which seems thoroughly workmanlike. The firing over the range, 200yds., is done from the door of the club house. The system of marking and scoring adopted seems a very perfect one, and one insuring the greatest possible freedom from errors. The club's reputation at the butts is known throughout the United States. Recent scores of theirs, including to-day's are here given. As an organization the club seems marked by the most general harmony and perfect good-fellowship, and a more nearly model rifle club I do not think exists. The Messrs. Paine, who shot to-day, are both solid, square built men; Mr. McCarter is also a solid looker; Mr. Leonard is a slighter gentleman, but sure to score; Dr. Royce, a gentle and genial enthusiast at this sport, as well as that of coursing, is not nearly so nervous as he looks when it comes to shooting a close tie. Following is a full list of the present membership of the Topeka Rifle Club: E. W. Sherman (President), C. C. Trimmer (Vice-President), G. E. Morrison (Secretary and Treasurer), J. H. Leonard, L. R. McCarter, F. H. Martin, T. W. Bean, Robt. Thompson, J. T. Williams, G. I. Royce, C. R. Paine, D. N. Betts, R. R. Moore, G. J. Mulvane, J. L. Paine, J. H. Hilton, R. W. Curtis, L. S. Long, R. N. Welch.

Scores of Oct. 18, strong 6 o'clock wind:

J L Paine	8	7	6	9	10	7	9	10	10	10—83
	9	8	8	10	6	9	7	10	7	8—82
Geo E Morrison	6	7	6	10	7	9	10	6	5	10—79
	7	8	10	9	8	8	8	6	6	10—81
R Thompson	10	9	7	7	9	8	8	7	10	10—85
	6	10	7	9	7	6	5	10	6	9—75
J H Leonard	6	10	7	10	9	7	9	7	9	4—77
	9	9	10	8	5	10	5	7	6	10—79
Reed McCarter	10	6	8	6	7	10	6	6	6	7—75
	8	8	5	5	6	8	10	6	10	9—75
C R Paine	6	8	5	7	5	5	9	6	10	6—68
	7	8	10	10	10	7	9	5	10	4—79

Thursday, Oct. 25, being a very disagreeable day there were but few members at the weekly shoot. The following scores were made:

J L Paine	7	9	10	6	8	10	9	9	7	8—83
	9	8	8	7	9	9	10	10	10	9—90
	8	8	10	7	6	7	9	9	10	10—84—257
C R Paine	9	10	7	9	6	10	7	7	5	10—80
	6	9	7	7	6	8	8	9	6	6—72
	9	9	9	6	6	7	7	5	10	7—75—227
T E Goldtrap	7	10	5	0	5	8	7	3	7	7—58
	7	6	7	7	10	4	10	6	5	5—68
	6	2	9	4	4	6	6	7	7	7—59—185

This is Mr. Goldtrap's first trial at 200yds. off-hand range.

Oct. 29:

J L Paine	7	8	10	9	8	10	6	8	7	9—82
	8	7	9	7	9	10	8	10	10	8—86
	8	4	10	10	8	10	9	8	10	7—84
	9	10	8	7	9	6	8	8	9	8—81
	9	10	8	7	9	6	8	8	9	7—81—414
G I Royce	5	6	9	6	10	8	8	9	7	6—74
	7	7	8	5	10	5	7	5	10	8—72
	6	4	10	9	6	10	10	8	10	9—82
	7	7	9	6	7	10	7	10	8	6—77—305
C R Paine	5	7	6	9	9	8	6	4	4	5—63
	5	10	6	6	8	7	3	10	7	9—71
	6	9	8	7	7	6	6	10	8	7—73
	6	7	5	10	8	6	7	5	9	6—69—276
I R McCarter	6	7	10	9	6	10	10	8	6	0—71
	6	9	9	9	7	5	7	10	7	8—77
	7	8	6	7	8	7	6	6	5	6—69—214
J H Leonard	3	6	5	6	10	6	5	7	7	7—62
	7	9	10	9	10	6	5	3	8	5—72
	7	0	7	7	6	6	6	8	10	0—57—191
E Hough, visiting shooter	7	6	3	10	4	0	0	4	6	5—45
	4	8	0	5	0	0	4	9	4	6—40
	7	5	0	6	4	6	5	5	5	0—43
	8	0	4	3	3	0	7	5	7	5—42—170

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Nov. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At the last shoot of the St. Louis Pistol Club held on last Wednesday night at the Laclede gallery, E. C. Mohrstadt proved himself the lucky man and will have possession of the handsome gold medal until next Wednesday. Interest as to the final winner of the medal is now considerable. Half of the shoot is over and several of the members are very close on the general average. The members have been taking more practice the past week than heretofore, and as the scores will show are much improved over those of the previous week. All the shooting is done with a Stevens .22-caliber pistol at a standard American target. The scores:

E C Mohrstadt	7	8	10	8	7	9	9	9	10	10—87
W H Bonnell	6	9	10	7	10	8	10	6	7	10—83
F A Fodde	8	8	9	7	7	4	10	8	10	9—79
L V D Perrel	9	7	7	9	9	6	7	9	9	9—78
W Bauer	7	6	6	9	7	8	8	8	10	9—78
M Summerfield	8	10	9	9	7	7	5	8	8	6—77
A E Bengel	10	5	8	10	5	7	7	7	6	10—75
G W Alexander	6	8	8	4	6	8	10	10	9	6—75
O Neuhaus	9	4	6	7	9	7	7	8	10	7—74
J Sieminski	6	7	8	7	8	10	5	7	9	7—74
W Larned	6	7	8	7	4	8	10	10	5	8—73
W H Hettel	9	10	7	6	4	6	6	9	5	7—69
W J Lord	6	6	6	4	5	10	6	10	7	7—67
L Denning	6	6	6	5	7	8	6	7	8	8—67
M C Billmeyer	7	9	8	5	7	5	6	5	6	5—66

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 21.—The shooting matches at Shell Mound Park to-day, although not so numerous as on previous Sundays, excited a good deal of interest. The scores made were very good. The annual shoot of the Independence Rifles was the principal match of the day, as the medals distributed are very valuable, and the rivalry existing among the members very sharp. Following is the score of the matches, 200yds.:

G Miller	44544—21	J Hensing	44433—18
H Meyer	44345—20	J Faltings	33825—18
C H Smith	34454—20	H Teige	43452—18
Dr V Chaigneau	42444—18		

The judges and inspectors of the season's rifle practice of the Independent Rifles made the following scores, 200yds.:

Capt Klein	34445—20	Dr McCarty	40454—17
L Haake	34544—20	D Drinker	33432—15
J A Kuhle	45452—20	D Spencer	33303—12
C Thierbach	44344—19		

Company F, Fifth Infantry, 200yds.

Corp Parsons	34443—18	Pvt J A Tyrell	50443—16
Sergt Hayes	25434—18	Pvt Bungle	20424—12
Pvt J Morrison	53244—18	Sergt Hunt	44552—20
Corp Witham	43433—17	Corp Cobbledich	44554—22

Independent Rifles.
Company F, Second Artillery, 500yds.

Capt White	4433443304—32	L C Arnold	2042444485—32
Sergt F S Brown	5333442433—34		

200yds.

Capt White	2443544354—38	Pvt L C Arnold	3443435354—38
Sergt F L Brown	4030404444—37	Pvt Reed	4033303333—25
Pvt F Brown	3404435433—33	Pvt Foge	5434343444—38

German Fusiliers, 200yds.

C Battberg	4344454334—38	H Scharfenberg	3333333333—30
H Weitz	3245436423—32	W Eicker	3424333334—32

Battery A, Second Artillery, 200yds.

Capt Sime	44534—20	Lieut Berry	40240—10
W J Spotts	34420—12	Pvt Bachman	54430—16

ARMY SMALL CALIBERS.—Washington, Nov. 1.—In his annual report to the Secretary of War, General Benét, Chief of Ordnance, says that investigations have been completed to determine the charge, projectile, rifling, etc., for an arm of smaller caliber than the present service piece. It is the intention to use compressed and perforated cartridges, but as the powder makers have not yet succeeded in producing a satisfactory powder, the desired velocity being accompanied by too great a pressure, this matter is still under study and trial. The results obtained in France with the Lebel rifle seem to point to a radical innovation in the manufacture of powder for small arms.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 28.—The vicinity of the shooting ranges at Shell Mound Park was crowded to-day with the admirers of the Second Artillery regiment. The lovers of target matches were out in full force. Company C was the first to enter the lists for the yearly medal. The results were unusually good, as shown by the following score, 10 shots, 200yds.:

Company C.

Lieut Lemcke	41	C Vilbrock	47
H Weigman	38	Corp Rinau	46
Sergt Huber	35	Lieut Wulberon	41
W Meyer	15	L Ridgen	39
W Munroe	15	W Wandall	37
Pvt Stansbury	18	Sergt J Siebe	35
J Hustadt	31	W Drischman	32
Sergt Ruth	40	H Meyer	32
Corp Tobin	40	O Huber	31
H Petrle	41	H Menke	24
H Brooks	42	C Wandall	30
J Koch	42		

Company H was out in full force to witness the event of the day, an attempt of Sergt. Seaman to break his previous record. He did not break his own record, but tied it and made 39 at 500yds. and 38 at 200yds. The other members of the company shot for the quarterly medals, which were won by the following marksmen, 20 out of a possible 40 being necessary to obtain the medal: Corp. Quim 31, Lou Munsen 38, Sergt. Kenney 21, John Michals 33, Pvt. Heney 35, Pvt. Behr 21, Pvt. Menter 22, Pvt. Quirk 13, Pvt. Monhaic 23.

Company D.

Chute	40	Pvt Moore	32
S Gilow	38	Pvt Giclaw	31
Lieut Ziesing	37	Pvt Jeffrys	31
Capt Jansen	33	Pvt Klipsbein	28
Pvt Landresse	33	Pvt Conlon	24

BOSTON, Nov. 3.—A good number of shooters were present at the ranges to-day, considering the unpleasant weather. Following are the best scores finished to-day:

Victory Medal Match, 200Yds.

J A Frye	8	8	10	10	8	10	10	6	7	7—84
N C Nash	5	9	10	9	7	9	7	7	10	9—82
H L Lee	10	9	6	10	7	8	8	7	9	6—80
A Maynard	6	8	5	7	8	6	8	8	5	10—71

Practice Off-Hand Match.

C Towne	8	7	10	10	8	7	7	10	8	7—82
B G Barker	7	9	8	9	6	9	8	8	7	10—81
A Loring, mil	7	5	9	8	10	7	9	7	7	9—78
A Sharp	4	3	8	5	9	9	6	8	10	8—70
D Davis	10	5	4	5	9	7	6	7	10	3—63
S Ham	4	5	5	6	6	5	7	10	10	8—66

Rest Match, 200Yds.

J R Munroe	10	10	11	11	9	11	12	9	12	12—107

Pistol Match, 50Yds.

A Loring	8	10	9	6	9	9	10	6	10	10—87
L Browne	10	10	7	6	10	9	6	10	8	7—84
A Stevens	5	7	10	9	10	9	7	6	10	8—81

CLINTON, Ontario, Oct. 26.—The annual match of the Huron Rifle Association was held to-day at the Atholcott ranges, Clinton. The forenoon was fine, but about noon a drizzling rain set in and the wind increased almost to a gale, which rendered it very difficult to run up high scores; yet there was some very fair shooting, as the following prize list will show: First match, 200 and 500yds., association, open to members only, 5 shots at each range:

N Robson	39	J G Wilson	32
C Wilson	38	E G Courtice	31
A Innes	34	J Young	28
A Wilson	34	J A Wilson	27

Second match, open to members, ranges 400 and 500yds., 5 shots at each:

A Wilson	43	E G Courtice	34
C Wilson	41	J A Wilson	34
James Anderson	36	H Libbatt	34
J G Wilson	35	N Robson	33

Consolation match, open to members who have not won a prize in previous matches, 200yds., 5 shots:

O Young	21	W Young	21
G Gilchrist	21	J Johnston	16

RANGE ACCIDENT.—Chicago, Nov. 1.—At the rifle range at Highwood yesterday, Co. F, of the First Regiment, was at target practice. Several shots had been fired without being marked, when one of the men was sent to find out what was the matter. On reaching the rifle butts he found that one of the shots had struck the marker, a young boy named Bolde, killing him instantly. Contrary to orders, the boy was standing behind the target, when a bullet struck the round axis about two or three feet above him, and, glancing down, entered his left breast, coming out lower. The parents of the dead boy exonerate the soldiers from all blame in the matter. Another account of this accident gives the following sensational particulars: "A very sad accident wound up the season at the range at Highwood. For the past year or more Companies F and B, of the First Infantry, have had a rifle range at Highwood, situated below the bluffs, on the lake shore, north of the regular army post. To mark for them the companies employed a young adopted son of Mr. Boldt, of Highwood. A few days ago, in order to give vitality and realism to the shooting, an exact representation of young Mr. Boldt was painted life size as a target, and it was pronounced a perfect resemblance of the young man. The target moved upon hinges, and after the shots had been fired opened outward so that the score might be recorded. On Friday a squad of men under the command of Sergeant Harmen, of Company F, were on the range of the 900yd. point. The squad fired two or three rounds into what was supposed to be the target, but strangely enough no marks seemed to have been made, and no record of the shots was announced. An investigation took place. The shooters were horrified at the result. What they supposed was the target proved to be the boy himself. Six hundred bullets had been fired into the unfortunate lad. He had swung around the target on its horizontal axis, which is about 10ft. from the bottom of the pit, and had then from fun or for the better to mark the places of the bullets, appeared in its place. Propped up by the projection of the revolving figure he had not fallen when struck, and so had been riddled with lead before the terrible tragedy was discovered."

PITTSBURGH.—J. A. Huggins, of this city, one of the best of American rifle shots, expects to take a team of twelve men to Europe next year. It will be a national team, and he expects it to win more than its share of the great European contests. He thinks that American rifle shooting is underestimated in Europe, and says: "The quality of rifle shooting in our country at present is surprisingly better to-day than it was even five years ago. Scores of men are now making averages that were considered most extraordinary a few years ago. Why, about five years ago I went out to a local range and, in the presence of several Pittsburghers, made an average of not less than 75. This was considered wonderful, but now an average of that kind amounts to nothing in a contest. There is also nearly 50 per cent. more rifle shooters in America to-day than there was a few years ago. This shows that rifle shooting is increasing more in popularity in this country than anywhere else."

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

TUXEDO PARK, N. J.—Tuxedo is always foremost with its pigeon shoot announcements and easily collect large fields of entries. The season at Tuxedo opened Nov. 3 with a good programme of cup handicaps for members and guests, and the first day's trial for the club cup, open to members only and to be shot for on each succeeding Saturday until won three times by the same entry. Mr. William Kent, the secretary of the Tuxedo Club, also makes the following announcement of the rules to govern the Tuxedo Club pigeon grounds: "Hereafter all cups must have ten entries to fill. Duplicate entries may be made in all cups if made before beginning of second round. All ties in cups to be shot off miss and out, unless otherwise stated. All strangers shooting for the first time in any cup on the Tuxedo Club grounds to shoot at twenty-seven yards, except those already handicapped at another club, who must shoot at their club handicap, after which they may receive a handicap from this club. All allowances to run on ties. Shooting will begin, unless otherwise stated, on the arrival of the 8:55 A. M. train from Twenty-third street, New York." The crack pigeon shots at Tuxedo are Messrs. Pierre Lorillard, Pierre Lorillard, Jr., Walker Breese Smith, William Kent and T. B. Baldwin. Mr. James L. Breese, who is a remarkable field shot, has steadily adhered to a resolution never to shoot pigeons.

KANSAS CITY, Oct. 26.—The James Elliot Second Annual Tournament is going on at Exposition Park with great success. To-day the weather was perfect, and each contest had from fourteen to thirty-two entries. There was a large number of strangers present. Among those who arrived yesterday were Ben Weir of Weir City, G. H. Smith of Cameron, W. S. Ferguson of Atchison, W. T. Irwin, of Abilene, Tug Nichols of Rich Hill, S. W. Forsha of Hutchinson, and Lewis Erhardt of Atchison. Before the first regular contest began seven men shot a sweepstake of 6 birds at 30yds. rise with the following result:

E Miless	101011—4	A Smith	011011—4
E Meier	011110—4	I Scott	101011—4
H Dixon	011101—4	F Dueser	111110—5
J Nichols	101111—5		

J. Nichols and F. Deuser divided first money. E. Miles, E. Meier, A. Smith and L. Scott were tied for second. After shooting twice Miles and Meier were still tied and divided without any more shooting. The first regular contest of the day was at 10 single Peoria blackbirds and at 4 pairs. Mr. James Elliott, who has charge of the tournament, did some splendid shooting in this contest, breaking 13 out of 14 birds. Mr. W. T. Irwin, of Abilene, who entered the contest under the name of Smith, also did good work. He broke all the pairs, but missed two singles. He took second money. J. Nichols won third money, and E. Miles and J. T. West divided fourth. The score was as follows:

L Scott	010111	10 10 00 11—	8
Ben Weir	011101	01 00 10 10—	7
F Deuser	111110	10 00 10 01—	8
W Mensing	011111	00 10 11 01—	9
J Nichols	111111	10 10 11 10—11	
E Miles	111011	10 10 10 10—10	
H Dixon	100110	00 00 10 00—	4
E Meier	101110	01 10 11 10—	9
"Smith"	110011	11 11 11 11—12	
J T West	110110	01 10 11 11—10	
Wm White	011110	10 00 10 11—	8
A E Thomas	111101	00 11 00 10—	8
W A Skinner	111101	11 01 11 11—12	
J Elliott	111111	11 11 11 10—13	

The second regular contest of the day was exciting, and was the best of any in the tournament. The shoot was at 10 live pigeons, 30yds. rise, use of both barrels, a kill with the second barrel to count but one-half. Mr. W. A. Anderson won the first money, killing all the birds and using the second barrel but once. Mr. W. A. Skinner and Mr. E. W. Williams divided second money, each having a score of 8½.

Ben Weir, Ed. Bingham and a young man who gave the name of "Lone Jack," divided third money, and Jesse Reeves and H. Maxey divided fourth. The score was as follows:

W T Irwin	1 1 ½ 1 1 0 1 1 1 0	—7½	
W Anderson	1 1 1 1 ½ 1 1 1 1 1	—9½	
S A Tucker	1 1 ½ ½ 1 1 0 0 0 ½	—5½	
F C Hall	0 0 0 0 1 1 1 0 ½ ½	—4	
A F Thomas	0 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 0 ½	—6½	
W Mensing	½ 1 1 1 0 ½ ½ ½ 0 ½	—5½	
J M Clark	0 ½ ½ 1 1 ½ 1 ½ 0 1	—6	
F Deuser	1 0 1 1 1 0 0 1 1 1	—6	
G H Smith	½ 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	—9½	
Ben Weir	½ 1 1 ½ 1 1 0 1 1 1	—8	
E Miles	1 1 1 1 0 1 1 0 1 0	—7	
W A Skinner	1 1 ½ 1 ½ 1 1 ½ 1 1	—8½	
J Nichols	1 1 1 ½ 1 ½ 0 1 1 0	—7	
Geo Wasson	1 ½ 1 1 1 0 0 1 ½ 1	—7	
Geo Mock	0 0 1 ½ 0 1 0 1 0 0	—3½	
L Ehrhardt	1 1 1 0 1 ½ 1 ½ 0 1	—7	
S W Forsha	1 1 1 0 ½ 1 ½ ½ 1 0	—6½	
W S Furgeson	½ 0 ½ 0 0 ½ 1 0 0 0	—2½	
E Meier	1 1 1 1 0 0 0 1 1 0	—6	
J Reeves	1 0 1 1 ½ 1 ½ 1 ½ 1	—7½	
L Scott	0 0 0 1 0 1 0 1 1 ½	—4½	
H Maxey	0 ½ 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0	—7½	
"Lone Jack"	½ 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 ½	—8	
J G Young	1 ½ 1 0 0 1 0 1 1 0	—5½	
D Underwood	1 ½ 1 1 1 ½ 1 ½ 1 0	—7½	
J Riley	½ 0 ½ 1 ½ 1 ½ 1 1 ½	—6½	
J A Bolan	0 0 0 0 0 1 0 ½ ½ 0	—2	
F J Smith	0 ½ 0 ½ 0 ½ 0 1 1 1	—4½	
E W Williams	1 1 1 ½ 1 1 1 ½ 1 ½	—8½	
J Savage	½ 0 1 1 1 ½ 1 ½ 0 ½	—6	
E Bingham	1 1 1 1 0 1 0 1 1 1	—8	

The third regular contest of the day was another good one. It was at four pairs of live pigeons from plunge traps, 18yds. rise, ties at 21yds., the gun to be held below the elbow until the birds were on the wing. Drury Underwood, Captain Ditsch and S. A. Tucker killed every bird and divided first money, and J. M. Clark and Ben Weir divided second money. There were several ties for third money and J. E. Riley won the shoot off. W. A. Anderson took fourth money. The score was as follows:

J F Riley	10 01 11 11—6	F C Hall	11 01 00 11—5
D Underwood	11 11 11 11—8	J Reeves	11 11 11 00—6
E Bingham	11 11 10 01—6	J K Guinotte	11 01 10 11—6
W T Irwin	10 11 11 01—6	S A Tucker	11 11 11 11—8
E W Williams	10 10 01 11—5	W A Skinner	11 11 01 11—7
W A Anderson	10 11 01 01—5	F Deuser	10 00 10 10—3
R J Holmes	11 11 11 01—7	C Ditsch	11 11 11 11—8
"Lone Jack"	00 11 10 01—4	Ben Weir	11 10 11 11—7
J M Clark	11 10 11 11—7	W V Rieger	10 10 11 10—5
George Mack	11 11 10 11—7	E Meier	10 10 10 10—4
F J Smith	10 10 11 10—6	S W Forsha	01 10 10 10—4
W Everhart	10 11 11 10—6		

Twenty-four men entered a sweepstakes shoot at 10 Peoria blackbirds, 30yds. rise. J. Nichols, "Lone Jack" and E. Meier shot without a miss and divided the first money. A. Dixon and E. Miles took second. J. G. Young won third and W. S. Ferguson took fourth. The score:

A Dixon	1110111111— 9	L Scott	1111011110— 8
Ben Weir	0110111100— 6	W T Irwin	1111110101— 8
J Nichols	1111111111—10	W S Forsha	0101111111— 8
J West	0101011110— 6	F C Smith	1010001001— 4
A Knight	0101011111— 7	J Murphy	1100011111— 7
W A Skinner	0011111111— 8	M White	1111110110— 8
E Meiser	1111111111—10	"Lone Jack"	1111111111—10
W S Furguson	1110111010— 7	J Maxey	1010011001— 5
N Turner	0010101111— 6	F Smith	1001010111— 6
E Miles	1111111101— 9	B Holmes	0010
J M Clark	1111001111— 8	J A Bolan	0111011111— 8
W B Thomas	1010111001— 6	J G Young	1111011110— 8

Another sweepstakes was shot with 17 contestants. The conditions were to shoot at live pigeons, 30yds. rise, use of both barrels, miss and out. Mr. W. A. Skinner won the match. If a bird which has been shot at lights inside the grounds, the referee always calls it a "dead bird." If any of the contestants think that it is able to get over the bounds they challenge and a man must go out and catch the bird.

An interesting sweepstakes was shot at 4 live birds, 30yds. rise, use of both barrels. Five men were tied for first money, and W. A. Anderson won the shoot off, L. Smith and W. A. Skinner divided second money. W. Mensing won third and J. Reeves fourth. The score follows:

L Smith	0111111—9	W Anderson	1111111—7
L Scott	1110111—6	W A Skinner	0111111—6
F Deuser	1001111—5	T Nichols	1010111—5
W Mensing	1111100—5	E Miles	1111111—7
Thomas Knight	0011111—5	George Wasson	1111111—7
H Maxey	0111111—6	W S Ferguson	0000001—1
E Meier	1110111—6	G H Smith	1011111—6
F C Hall	1111111—7	J Reeves	1101000—3
Ben Weir	1101110—5	S A Tucker	1111111—7

Oct. 27.—To-day was the last day of Elliott's second annual shooting tournament. The day was cold and a strong wind blew, making fine shooting impossible. During the tournament, which has been very successful, 2,600 live birds were killed and about 1,000 Peoria blackbirds broken. The first contest of yesterday was a sweepstakes at 7 Peoria blackbirds, 18yds. rise. J. K. Guinotte, J. Nichols and Lone Jack won first money, Ben Weir took second, and F. C. Hall won third, latter shooting off a tie for that money with four others. The score was as follows:

E Mills	1010010—3	J White	0000000—0
G Scott	1101111—6	F Deuser	0110001—3
J K Guinotte	1111111—7	B Weir	0111111—6
H Dixon	1101101—5	J Meads	1111111—7
F C Hall	1111000—5	C Hagerdon	1100011—4
B L Taylor	1110111—5	"Lone Jack"	1111111—7
H Maxey	1101111—6	Frank Jones	1101110—5
J M Clark	1111011—6	A D Wetzell	1101011—5
N Moyer	1001110—4	C Ditsch	0000000—0
A Dixon	0101111—5		

Another sweepstakes at four pairs of Peoria blackbirds was shot and A. D. Wetzel, Ben Weir and J. Nichols divided the first money, Mr. W. H. Skinner took second and "Lone Jack" won third. The score:

"Lone Jack"	10 11 10 00—4	H Maxey	01 11 11 00—5
H Hyman	00 00 01 10—2	B L Taylor	10 11 00 01—4
L Scott	01 10 10 10—3	S A Tucker	00 10 10 01—3
J S West	11 10 10 00—4	H Dixon	11 10 10 01—5
A Dixon	11 00 00 00—2	F Deuser	00 10 00 10—2
J M Clark	10 11 01 10—5	J Nichols	11 10 11 01—6
J Underwood	10 10 00 01—3	J E Riley	11 00 10 10—4
D Williams	00 00 10 00—1	W H Skinner	11 00 10 11—5
A D Wetzel	11 01 10 10—5	F Megley	11 01 01 10—5
B Weir	10 01 11 11—6		

The first regular contest of the day had 17 entries. It was at 10 single live pigeons, 30yds. rise, use of both barrels. Mr. Al Munger was the only man who shot without a miss, and he took first money. H. Maxey, "Lone Jack," L. Scott and H. P. Hall were tied for second money and they divided without any further contest. J. M. Clark and G. W. Hanna divided third money, and Fred Deuser won fourth. The score follows:

H Maxey	1111111011—9	A D Wetzel	1011101011— 7
B Weir	0110100111—6	Fred Deuser	0011101111— 7
C Hagedorn	0011101010—5	Al Munger	1111111111—10
"Lone Jack"	1110111111—9	J M Clark	1001111111— 8
L Scott	1101111011—9	W Mensing	0111111001— 7
B L Taylor	1100111001—6	M Hymann	0100011001— 5
H P Hall	1111110111—9	F Jones	1001111110— 7
G W Hanna	1111011011—8		

There were but three moneys in the next contest and twenty-five men entered. It was at 10 single Peoria blackbirds, 6 of them at 18yds. and 4 at 21yds. rise. W. H. Skinner, E. Miles, "Lone Jack," J. T. West and A. D. Wetzel divided first money. H. Hyman, A. Dixon and Ben Weir divided second, and A. C. Thomas, J. G. Young, F. J. Smith, H. Deubert, J. M. Clark and S. Scott divided third. The score was as follows:

F Deuser	0111000111—6	J E Riley	1010000111—5
W A Skinner	1011111111—9	"Lone Jack"	1111011111—9
S Scott	1111110001—7	Ben Weir	1100111111—8
W M Anderson	0111110111—8	J T West	0111111111—9
H Hyman	0001001111—6	F J Smith	1101110011—7
J Nichols	1111110000—6	A D Wetzel	1111110111—9
H Maxey	0111011000—5	J Bolan	1111110000—6
J M Clark	0011111101—7	C Hagedorn	0100111010—5
J Underwood	0110010110—5	A C Thomas	1101110011—7
H Deubert	1111100011—7	J G Young	1110110110—7
A Dixon	1110101111—8	Fred Heinze	100000
E Miles	1111110111—9		

Thirty men entered the regular contest of the tournament, which was at 7 live pigeons, 30yds. rise, use of one barrel only. Mr. W. Mensing killed six birds out of the seven and won first money. W. H. Skinner, F. Bridges and B. L. Taylor divided second money. J. E. Riley won third in the shoot-off and Ben Weir won fourth. The score follows:

W H Skinner	1010111—5	J K Guinotte	0001011—3
J M Clark	1101100—4	A E Thomas	1010001—3
W M Anderson	1001010—3	W Mensing	1110111—6
M Hyman	0110111—5	A Bombeck	0111000—3
D Underwood	0011111—5	F J Smith	0100010—2
F Deuser	0010101—3	J A Bolan	1000011—3
J E Riley	1100110—4	H Maxey	0101011—4
S A Tucker	1100001—3	A D Wetzel	0000110—2
F Bridges	1101011—5	B J Holmes	0101110—4
J Underwood	1111010—6	W B Thomas	0001101—3
C Ditch	0010111—3	B Weir	1100010—3
Al Munger	0101101—4	B L Taylor	1110101—5
U A Quail	0101101—4	H P Hall	0011000—2
S A Tucker	0110001—3	F Heinze	1011001—4
F Bridges	1101011—5	G W Hanna	0001001—3
J Underwood	1111010—6	L Scott	1100111—6

Two miss and out sweepstakes were then shot. There were 13 entries in the first one, and Ben Weir and W. M. Anderson divided first money. Fifteen were entered in the next and Messrs. Maxey, Holmes, Bridges, Smith, Thomas and Williams divided the money. It was dark when the last men shot and every pigeon on the grounds had been killed.

WALNUT HILL, Oct. 31.—About the usual number of contestants faced the traps to-day, and in spite of the strong wind put up some creditable scores. The following summary shows the result of the competitions in the various matches.

Gold Coin Match, 10 clay-birds from 5 traps and 10 standard targets from 3 traps:

	Clays.	Standards.
Snow	1110111110—8	1111011111—9—17
Chase	1011111110—8	1111011010—7—15
Knowles	1110111111—9	1010101011—6—15
Crown	0011101111—6	1110111110—8—14
Curtis	1001110011—7	1100110111—7—14
Perham	0110101111—7	1110101101—7—14
Grimes	0001111111—7	1010101112—7—14
Nichols	1111010111—8	0111001010—5—13
Wardwell	0101111111—8	0001110101—5—13
Nelson	0010001111—5	1101111010—7—12
Lee	1100001111—6	1101001010—5—11
Houghton	0111110001—6	1000101000—3— 9
Bert	0010010000—2	1010011101—6— 8

The sweepstake shooting resulted as follows:

First event, 5 clay-pigeons from 5 traps—Nichols, Crown and Houghton first with 5; Knowles second with 4; Wardwell third with 3.

Second event, 6 standard targets from three traps—Wardwell and Nichols first with 5; Crown and Knowles second with 4; Perham third with 3.

Third event, 5 clay-pigeons from 5 traps—Perham and Knowles first with 5; Houghton and Wardwell second with 4; Nichols third with 3.

Fourth event, 6 standards from 3 traps—Nichols first with 6; Chase second with 5; Knowles third with 4.

Fifth event, 6 Macomber targets—Snow and Curtis first with 5; Nichols and Chase second with 4; Wardwell and Crown third with three.

Sixth event, 5 clay-pigeons from 5 traps—Chase, Houghton and Wardwell first with 4; Crown and Perham second with 3; Snow third with 2.

Seventh event, 3 pair Standard targets—Knowles first with 5; Chase, Perham and Wardwell second with 4; Houghton third with 3.

Eighth event, 5 clay-pigeons from 5 traps—Curtis and Chase first with 5; Houghton, Knowles and Wardwell second with 4; Nichols and Perham third with 3.

Ninth event, 5 clay-pigeons from 5 traps—Chase first with 5, Nichols second with 4, Perham and Snow third with 3.

Tenth event, 5 clay-pigeons from 5 traps—Chase and Crown first with 5, Nelson and Lee second with 4, Perham third with 3, Curtis fourth with 2.

Eleventh event, 6 Macomber targets—Wardwell first with 5, Knowles second with 4, Snow third with 3.

Twelfth event, 6 standard targets—Curtis and Knowles first with 5, Nichols and Wardwell second with 4, Chase third with 3, Lee fourth with 2.

Thirteenth event, 10 clay-pigeons from 5 traps—Knowles first with 9, Wardwell second with 8, Curtis and Perham third with 7, Crown, Houghton and Lee fourth with 6.

Fourteenth event, 10 standard targets from 3 traps—Snow first with 9, Crown second with 8, Chase and Perham third with 7.

Fifteenth event, 3 pair standard targets—Nichols first with 5, Perham, Snow and Wardwell second with 4, Crown third with 3.

Sixteenth event, 5 clay-pigeons from 5 traps—Crown and Perham first with 5, Nichols, Houghton and Wardwell second with 4, Lee and Snow third with 3.

Seventeenth event, 5 clay-pigeons from 5 traps—Knowles and Perham first with 5, Houghton and Nichols second with 4, Lee and Snow third with 3.

Eighteenth event, 6 Macomber targets—Houghton, Snow and Wardwell first with 5, Nichols, Knowles and Perham second with 4, Curtis third with 3.

Nineteenth event, 5 clays from 5 traps—Houghton and Knowles first with 5 Perham second with 4, Lee and Snow third with 3.

Twentieth event, 6 standard targets—Wardwell first with 6, Lee second with 5, Houghton and Knowles third with 4.

Twenty-first event, 6 Macomber targets—Knowles first with 5, Snow and Lee second with 4.

Twenty-second event, 5 clay-pigeons from 5 traps—Lee and Perham first with 5, Knowles and Wardwell second with 4.

Twenty-third event, 6 standard targets—Perham and Lee first with 6, Crown and Wardwell second with 5.

Twenty-fourth event, 5 clays from 5 traps—Wardwell first with 5, Lee second with 4.

Twenty-fifth event, 6 standard targets—Nichols first with 6, Lee second with 5.

The next competition in the current series of matches will be held Nov. 14, when, in addition to the Gold Coin match and the regular sweepstake events, will occur the sixth shoot for the Climax diamond badge, now held by Mr. Knowles, of Lowell. The above matches are open to all New England sportsmen, without entrance fee, and all are cordially invited to come and compete.

MISS ANNIE OAKLEY.—This famous female wing shot last week defeated Fred Kell, a well-known butcher of Baltimore, at Frank Starr's Driving Park, by a score of 25 to 21 birds. It was agreed that the match should be for a purse of $100, 50 birds each, the one who shot the most birds to take the pot. At the park the birds were reduced to 25. Miss Oakley was to shoot at 25yds., and Mr. Kell was to shoot at 30. Miss Oakley was attired in a close fitting skirt of seal brown cloth, with a braided panel that reached to her ankles. She wore a loose sailor waste of the same material as the dress, to give her arms and body free action. On her head was pinned a light brown, wide-brimmed hat that sat coquettishly on her dark, braided hair. Dark brown ostrich tips, a brown band and a steel star made the trimming. At the word of the referee, Mr. Peacock, of New York, Miss Oakley stepped to the stake and called for her bird. The trap flew open and she fired. She missed with the first barrel, but soon had the bird fluttering on the ground with the second. Kell also brought his first bird down with his second barrel. Out of the 25 birds Miss Oakley killed 21, while Kell killed only 15. A second match against Kell, 25 birds each, was shot at Hagerstown, resulting as follows:

Oakley	2121111112111111121112—25
Kell	2110211212101012102111121—21

Miss Oakley used a Lancaster hammerless, 12-gauge, 6lbs. in weight, 3 drams Schultze powder, 1oz. shot, and stood at 25yds.; Kell shot a 10-gauge Greener, 10½lbs., loaded with 5 drams black powder and 1⅛oz. shot, standing at 30yds. In a sweepstake afterward, at $5 entrance, 7 entries, Fred Quimby won first money, Peacock, of Westville, N. Y., taking second money. Second sweepstake, 13 entries, $5 each, miss and out, money divided between Miller, Ducker and Annie Oakley, who all killed 11 straight. Darkness compelled a division. Miss Oakley shot at 28yds. rise for the first time, the 10-gauge guns being put at 30yds. During the day Miss Oakley shot at 36 pigeons and killed all. She will remain in Maryland and shoot in the field for two weeks, in order to get needed rest and recreation combined.

WELLINGTON, Mass., Nov. 3.—The regular Saturday shoot of the Wellington Gun Club to-day had a fair attendance, and some good scores were made, although the weather conditions were unfavorable for fine shooting. The following scores were made in the merchandise match at 20 birds, 10 clay-pigeons and 10 bluerocks—Schaefer 18, Snow 12, Conant 12, Perry 18, Edwards 15, Bond 17, Bradstreet 14, Wardwell 13, Melcher 11, Sanborn 15, Swift 18, Chase 15, Lee 10, Scott 16, Nichols 14. The scores in the individual badge match were—Schaefer 13, Snow 15, Conant 10, Perry 14, Edwards 15, Bond 17, Bradstreet 10, Wardwell 17, Melcher 13, Sanborn 14, Swift 13, Chase 11, Lee 8, Nichols 15, Scott 14. Following are the winners of the sweepstake matches: Six bluerocks—Wardwell. Six clay-pigeons—Swift, Edwards and Chase. Six bluerocks—Chase. Six clay-pigeons—Chase, Snow and Melcher. Six bluerocks—Edwards. Six bluerocks—Snow. Six clay-pigeons—Wardwell and Schaefer. Six bluerocks—Schaefer. Ten clay-pigeons—Perry. Ten bluerocks—Swift. Ten clay-pigeons—Wardwell. Ten bluerocks—Bond. Six bluerocks—Wardwell, Edwards and Scott. Six bluerocks—Scott. Six bluerocks—Wardwell, Nichols and Bond. Six clay-pigeons—Jim. Six bluerocks—Chase, Scott and Perry.

MONTREAL, Oct. 27.—The third match of the Horsley gun series was shot on the Dominion Gun Club grounds to-day. The unpromising state of the weather all the morning led a good many to believe that the match would be postponed. However, the steady downpour of rain ceased when the match was called, and the best contested match ever held on the grounds resulted, showing first-class scores despite the unfavorable conditions of a high wind, etc. Mr. Ferguson, of the D. G. C., won the match with the splendid score of 19 out of 20, closely followed by C. Horsely with 18. The next shoot for this gun will be held on Thanksgiving Day at 1:30 P. M. sharp. The Dominion Club will also hold an all-day shoot, consisting of a series of sweepstakes, on this day, open to all, to which a cordial invitation is given to shooters and spectators to attend. The following is the score of to-day's match:

Ferguson	1111110111111111101—19
C Horsely	1110111111111111011—18
J Smith	1110101111111111101—17
Robertson	1011001111111101011—15
Thackw'l	1111010101111111101011—15
Cameron	1111011011100011101—14
Dr Tolley	1001000111001011111—12

THE COUNTRY CLUB.—The shooting committee of the Country Club, Messrs. Oliver Iselin, P. H. Adee and Charles D. Ingersoll, have announced that the season of 1888-89 will open on Tuesday, Nov. 6, shooting to begin promptly at 11 o'clock, all events to be open to members and their guests. The shooting on that day to consist of the Country Club Cup at five birds, a subscription cup at five birds, an experts' cup at three singles and three pairs and the continuance of the contest for the Special Handicap Cup postponed from last season. Thursdays and Saturdays will, as heretofore, be the regular club days, shooting to begin promptly at 2 o'clock on Saturdays and 11 o'clock on Thursdays and holidays.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 20.—A jovial crowd of sportsmen met at San Leandro yesterday morning, the occasion being a pigeon pigeon shoot and al fresco luncheon arranged by Mr. Chas. Holtz. Unfortunately he was disappointed of the number of birds he required, so many being held at high prices at the call of city dealers that only about fifteen dozen were forthcoming, and the day's massacre had to be eked out with clay-birds. They made up in quality for the deficit in quantity, and in every instance left the trap like a flash the moment the word "pull" was given, and a good percentage returned to their dove-litter a trifle scared, otherwise as safe and sound as when they left them. The shooting began at 10 A. M. with a 12 bird shoot at live pigeons under Hurlingham rules, $5 entrance. Carter started in with a miss, and putting three more duck eggs to his credit left off with 8. Browne, who, by the by, got some hard birds, only managed to score 7. Holtz fell all to pieces, the birds being just a trifle too good for him. He, like Browne, quitted with 7. Schraeder wound up his string with 10 good kills, his tenth bird falling dead a few yards outside the 100yds. boundary. Lambert did some excellent work, but met with poor luck, no less than 2 out of the 3 counted against him falling dead just outside. Cooke captured the leather medal with 6, scoring an equal number of clean misses. Harper did a trifle better, and had he not got a little bit rattled on his fourth and fifth birds, through his gun, a hammerless, missing fire three times, he might have given a better account of himself. The stakes were divided, Schraeder $20 and Lambert $15.

The score, 12 birds, 30yds., rise, 80yds. boundary, follows:

Carter	020112012012— 8	Lambert	112010220211—9
Browne	100212010001— 7	Cooke	200102001210—6
Holtz	211020012020— 7	Harper	121001102021—8
Schraeder	021121011012—10		

Then followed a similar pool; same money, shooters and division, at 10 birds. Carter shot in his old form and won with 9, letting his second cross the fence, Holtze obtaining second place with one less. The latter made the best showing up to the eight round, but then broke badly and got left.

Carter	1022112122—9	Lambert	1210291200—6
Browne	2100101210—6	Cooke	0121002112—7
Holtz	1211221010—8	Harper	1201022002—6
Schraeder	2102101021—7		

The two shoots which were contested were each at 15 single clays, each competitor putting up $2.50. The pots, $15 each, were won by Lambert and Holtz, both making 13 in the matches they won. Added are the clay-pigeon scores. 15 clay birds, at 18yds.:

Shrader	110111011110111—12	Lambert	111111011111011—13
Holtz	111101011101011—11	Carter	011101011111001—10
Browne	001101100011001— 7	Harper	110101100011000— 7

Fifteen clay birds, at 18yds.:

Shrader	101100111001111—10	Lambert	111101111111100—12
Holtz	111111011110111—13	Carter	110110011101111—11
Browne	100111110110010—10	Harper	110111011011110—11

Charley Holtz has been challenged by Frank Lewis, a shooter from Calaveras, for a $50 a side match at 50 birds each, Hurlingham rules. The shoot will probably come off within a week.

Canoeing.

Canvas Canoes and how to Build Them. By Parker B. Field. Price 50 cents. Canoe and Boat Building. By W. P. Stephens. Price $1.50. The Canoe Aurora. By C. A. Neidé. Price $1. Canoe Handling. By C. B. Vaux. Price $1. Canoe and Camera. By T. S. Steele. Price 1.50. Four Months in a Sneakbox. By N. H. Bishop. Price $1.50. Canoe and Camp Cookery. By "Seneca." Price $1.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signal, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and report of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

Commodore—J. R. Bartlett, Fremont, Ohio.
Vice-Commodore—D. H. Crane, Chicago, Ill.
Rear-Commodore—C. J. Stedman, Cincinnati, Ohio,
Secretary-Treasurer—O. H. Root, Cleveland, Ohio.
Executive Committee—C. J. Boussield, Bay City, Mich.; T. P. Gaddis, Dayton, O.; T. J. Kirkpatrick, Springfield, O.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

OFFICERS, 1887-88.

Commodore: R. W. GIBSON..... } Albany, N. Y.
Secretary-Treasurer: F. L. MIX. }
Vice-Com. *Rear-Com.* *Purser.*
Central Div..W. R. Huntington..E. W. Masten.....T. H. Stryker, Rome, N. Y.
Atlantic Div..W. P. Stephens.....L. B. Palmer.....F. L. Dunnell, 186 Jeroleman St., Brooklyn.
Eastern Div..H. E. Rice, M. D....Maxton Holmes.....H. D. Marsh, Springfield, Mass.
N'thern Div..Robert Tyson.....S. S. Robinson.....Colin Fraser, Toronto.

Applications for membership must be made to division pursers, accompanied by the recommendation of an active member and the sum of $2.00 for entrance fee and dues for current year. Every member attending the general A. C. A. camp shall pay $1.00 for camp expenses. Application seat to the Sec'y-Treas. will be forwarded by him to the proper Division.

Persons residing in any Division and wishing to become members of the A. C. A., will be furnished with printed forms of application by addressing the Purser.

MONTGOMERY SAILING CLUB.

NORRISTOWN, Pa., Oct. 29.—Our racing season closed yesterday with another win for the tuckup Frank and Willie Playford. She wins the champion pennant for the season, having fairly distanced the remainder of the fleet. She carried her 27yd. sail in every race without reefing, and has no capsizes to her credit. The tuckups, duckers and canoes have raced in one class throughout the season, over a five-mile course; the tuckups, with 165ft. of sail, allowing the duckers, with 110ft., and the canoes, with 80ft. of sail, ten minutes start. The canoes Sadies and Starlight, carrying 103ft., were set back 4m. 40s. at the start. The skiff Gracie, with 84ft., was set back 40s., and the tuckup Priscilla, with 203ft., was set back 6m. 40s. The handicap for extra sail area is 2s. per foot per mile of the course. The record of the boats for the season is as follows. The first boat to finish in each race was awarded ten points, the last one point, the remaining points being awarded according to the number of boats in the race.

	Races.	Points.	Wins.
F. and W. Playford, tuckup, J. Grisdale	22	185.03	10
G. W. Bowers, tuckup, C. DeHaven	19	114.70	2
Gracie, skiff, E. A. Leopold	18	96.40	4
Sadie, canoe, Geo. Ritter	14	87.12	4
Flying Eagle, tuckup, J. Berndt	9	62.13	
J. S. Frith, tuckup, J. S. Frith	14	61.55	
Igidious, tuckup, W. Rochell	8	60.70	3
S. H. Querner, tuckup, J. Lever	16	56.81	
Iola ducker, Geo. Walker	15	50.52	
Elsie, ducker, E. P. MacAllister	8	49.27	
Priscilla, tuckup, E. Stanley	10	37.33	
Volunteer, tuckup, F. Whitman	10	31.19	
Warren, ducker, J. Wolf	7	19.84	
Ino, ducker, W. M. Sullivan	4	18.10	
Cocktail, tuckup, Max Berndt	2	9.05	
Starlight, canoe, L. G. Palmer	3	6.60	
E. C. Potts, tuckup, A. B. Parker	1	6.74	
Nellie, tuckup, A. Rochell	1	3.25	
Pennsylvania, baker, J. Adamson	2	2.00	
H. C. Scott, tuckup, J. Clawson	1	1.00	

E. A. LEOPOLD, Com. M. S. C.

CANOEING ON A FRESH-WATER OCEAN.

THE Great Lakes are oceans in all but name—in the sweep and violence of their winds, the size of their seas, and the dangerous character and the greater proportionate extent of coast line. A trip through one of them is to be dreaded, even by a navigator experienced in sailing all waters, much more than a sea voyage.

Men will continue to do foolhardy things as long as the opportunity exists, and the younger the adventurer, and the less his knowledge of much that bears on his enterprises, the greater his recklessness. It was ignorance coupled with a natural taste for outdoor recreation that led me to undertake and accomplish in my nineteenth year a trip through Lake Ontario from the Niagara River to the Thousand Islands, entirely alone, and in no larger vessel than a 14×26 canoe. A year of hard study at college culminated in a violent outburst of suppressed desires for unrestrained outdoor life that would be satisfied with nothing less than a long trip crowded with danger and excitement. I got what I wanted—enough to make its repetition on that plan something that would not now be undertaken by yours truly for a prize of the most alluring nature.

It was my intention to meet a party at Clayton within a week of the time of my starting. In this short time, with muscles soft by long disuse, I must paddle, unaided, the 200 odd miles that intervened. It was accomplished at the average rate of thirty miles a day, but I am even now paying for that bit of boyish folly and enthusiasm. The vast expanse of the "Blue Lake" never seemed larger to any one that ever cut its waters than it did to that solitary canoeist who hour by hour so unremittingly plied the paddle along the American shore. The heavy ground swell rose and fell; the scorching mid-summer sun mounted to the meridian, still the flashing blades dashed off the drops; twilight took the place of day, the sea-gulls screeched overhead, but the sharp, smooth bow of the trim little craft continued to slice the water; darkness settled down, the moon mingled its liquid light with the hardly less liquid and transparent element over which, to the accompaniment of the insect chorus along the shore, where the navigator had for the last twelve hours not seen a single human face, the sole occupant of the cockle-shell kept on until his watch indicated midnight, and his tired arms could no longer hold the paddle. Then the canoe would be drawn ashore at the first practicable landing, and spreading out a blanket anywhere on the hard beach, after lying down and pulling another over him, the tired, well-nigh exhausted boy would instantly be wrapped in a sleep so sound as to make the direct glare of morning's sun the only evidence of the passage of time since he ceased his labors the night previous.

As he traveled so he ate, pausing only long enough from his work to dip up a cup of water and take a few hasty mouthfuls of food requiring no preparation. He was most undeniably lonesome, and to the effort to drive it off as much as his limited time must be ascribed his hasty and uncomfortable progress. He soon became more inured to continued exertion; but, as his capacity increased so did the amount of his work, the result being that he traveled later each night in his absorbing desire to cut off the miles.

For the first few days the weather was calm, unusually so. The big lake was disturbed by hardly a ripple; the sky was like a huge, polished, inverted kettle; and days and nights followed each other without a variation.

The spell was at last broken. One day about sunset, when some twelve miles from Oswego, reverberations which had been heard for several hours now showed their origin in rapidly approaching thunder caps. Being very anxious to make the city that night, the voyager stopped cutting across the wide bays, and, keeping nearer to the shore, determined to go ahead until the storm burst, when, should it prove too severe, he would pull up ashore.

The first blast was terrific. The wind and the rain were upon him in an instant. The waves almost immediately rose so high as to positively prevent a landing without the assurance of a wrecked boat. The storm shortly abated, the clouds moved aside and revealed the rim of the sun sinking into the lake with a background of clear sky. Though the wind had fallen, the waves rolled as high as they are often seen on the Atlantic coast. The canoe was now pushed ahead with renewed vigor. Several hours passed, darkness had settled down, the moon only occasionally shot a ray through an unguarded opening in the clouds. There could be no doubt that the wind was rising, and the traveler was horrified to notice that it came straight from Canada, giving a sweep of the whole breadth of the lake. If his life should become imperilled he felt confident that he could struggle through the roaring surf to the shore; but in such an attempt his canoe must inevitably be crushed.

Struggling on, a safe distance out from any possible shoals or rocks, he was amazed to suddenly find the long, heavy waves break up into numberless points and irregular angular masses of water, causing what is known as a black sea. Waves of this character are exceedingly dangerous, and the canoe assumed without any warning the most unexpected positions, plunging into deep, aqueous abysses and sending solid masses of water over the rounded decks with such force as to make the frail bark tremble as if struck with a hammer. The boat was entirely decked with the exception of a small hole in the middle for the lone navigator to sit in. This was its salvation. Nobly did the little craft do its duty, and, though plunging down under impending waves, rose immediately to shake the water impatiently from its decks.

A half mile further and the occupant found that the unusual commotion was caused by the breakwater which is built for several miles in front of the city of Oswego, making the harbor accessible only through one very narrow opening marked by two small lights. The wind all this time increasing, he saw that it would be impossible to continue along so close to the breakwater. A capsize there or an attempt to land on the high, perpendicular masonry meant certain death. Realizing the emergency he deliberately and laboriously worked his way in the teeth of the gale right out into the open lake two miles from land. The broken swells were now no longer noticeable; but the shore was invisible save for the two lights that shone in the distance like glaring eyes. The sea was constantly rising, the desperate fellow's strength was fast ebbing from the long continued strain; he knew that unless he soon reached a haven he would furnish an interesting news item.

Slowly forging ahead, meeting each wave by the proper dip of the paddle or the incline of the canoe, he forced his exhausted body from succumbing by singing and shouting. At last, opposite the beacons, he turned his bow shoreward,, and with the stiffening gale at his back made straight for the narrow channel, to miss which was fatal. He was soon again in the back water. As he neared where the sea-wall terminated under the glare of the Government lanterns, he saw every wave wash directly over the high projecting masonry. A man stood by one of the light towers with a coil of rope in his hand. The lad heard his would-be rescuer shout, but continued to watch each wave, keeping a steady course for the harbor. A tug steamed out in the entrance to meet him. He avoided it. The man on the breakwater now followed along the shoreward projection of the Government walls, and constantly shouted directions which, from the deafening roar of the furious surf, were entirely lost on the occupant of the canoe. On account of creeping in to the windward of the protecting masonry, the waves thereby growing constantly less as he proceeded, he was soon enabled to turn up a lateral canal-like abutment. The man whom he had seen had reached here before him, and having given an alarm to the life saving station, a boat with several men awaited him to conduct him up to the house.

Once arrived and the canoe hauled up into view inside the captain said: "Well, young fellow, I should just as soon have expected you to have walked in on the water as to have floated in in that a night like this. I would not have taken another's word for it that it could have been done. That's about as narrow an escape as any man ever had."

And so it seemed to the exhausted lad. Although it was now 1 o'clock in the morning, a bed was at once got down, and he was made comfortable. He heard the wind sweep furiously against and around the house, and breathed a prayer of gratitude as he thought of what might have been.

The next day he was the hero of the hour, and was besieged by reporters. He started in the afternoon, but was now ahead of time and took the rest of the trip more easily, stopping as occasion required, and making no more night runs.

RALPH K. WING.

OTTAWA C. C.—The club has held a series of monthly races, both sailing and paddling, a challenge cup being given to the winner in each series. The paddling race resulted:

	1st Race.	2d Race.	3d Race.
W. H. Cronk	9 48	12 00	9 33
F. H. Gisborne	10 25	10 18	9 34
C. de Lanaudiere	Time not taken.		
C. G. Rogers		10 15	9 30 Fouled Cronk.
A. O. Wheeler	10 48	12 30	

Mr. Cronk therefore wins the cup; the 1887 cup was won by Mr. Wheeler. The results of the sailing races were:

	1st Race.	2d Race.	3d Race.
White Wings, Capt. King	Did not finish.	Upset.	2
Iolanthe, W. McL. Mainguy	3	2	3
Musette, Henri Roy	1		4
Dolphin, P. A. Mainguy	4	Did not finish.	5
Dulcie, W. Hatch	6		
Asticou, F. H. Gisborne	5	Upset.	
Lillie, C. T. Gibos	Did not finish.		
Irene, R. W. Baldwin	2	1	1

Mr. Baldwin therefore takes the cup; the 1887 cup was won by Mr. C. A. Thompson.

PEQUOT CANOE ASSOCIATION.—The annual dinner was held at Cowell's Café, New Haven, Conn., Oct. 31. Important business was transacted and the election of officers took place. Art. III. of the Constitution was so amended that cruisers as well as canoeists are eligible to membership. Three new members were elected and the following were elected as officers for 1889: Com., W. A. Borden; Vice-Com., F. P. Sherwood; Sec'y-Treas., F. P. Lewis; Meas., E. C. Bogart; Chaplain, Rev. A. N. Lewis. The dinner was a very successful one, and was served in a hall handsomely decorated with club colors and floral burgees. The association now numbers nearly half a hundred, and is growing steadily; 1889 promises us a good year, and we expect to accomplish a great deal.—F. P. LEWIS, Sec'y-Treas.

Yachting.

Small Yachts. By C. P. Kunhardt. Price $7. Steam Yachts and Launches. By C. P. Kunhardt. Price $5. Yachts, Boats and Canoes. By C. Stansfield-Hicks. Price $3.50. Steam Machinery. By Donaldson. Price $1.50.

CLARA.

IN OUR previous article we have spoken only of Clara's model and speed, but apart from these features she presents a most interesting study as one of the best examples of the composite build, as well as of the accommodation that is possible in the extreme narrow type. Built specially for racing, almost the first requirement was a light hull, and this has been obtained without too great a sacrifice of strength, as her safe passage across the Atlantic, together with much hard work about the coast on both sides of the ocean has thoroughly proved. The keel is of elm, with stem and sternpost of oak, each sided 6in. The frames are of steel angles, 2×2×¼in., spaced 30in., and between each pair are two steamed oak frames sided 2½in. and moulded 2in., thus making the spacing 10in. The planking, 1½ to 1¾in. thick, is bolted to the steel frames and through-fastened with copper to the wooden frames. Diagonal straps of 3½×¼in. steel are run across the frames, the planking being scored down over the straps. The stem is well backed by two knightheads, 2¼in. thick and 18in. deep, taking the place of an apron, and projecting, as shown, above the bulwark, being cut away for the bowsprit. The planksheer is 1½×7in., of mahogany, the deck 1½×2¼in., tapering toward the ends. The stanchions are 2×2in., elm rail 3¼×1½in., and bulwarks of Spanish cedar.

The ironwork and deck fittings are all of the lightest and yet substantial build. The channels are of ¼in. steel plate, stiffened by half-round bars 1¾×¾in. riveted on top abreast of each of the three chainplates. Inside the frames a heavy plank, 4ft. 7×9in. is bolted, to take the chainplate bolts, as shown in the longitudinal section, over the sail 9in. The shrouds are set up in the usual manner, with deadeyes and lanyards.

The gammon iron is over the center of the stem, with eye for forestay on top; while on the starboard side is a sheave for the cable, the latter leading in directly under the starboard side of the bowsprit through a score cut in the deck. The bitts are of steel plate, ¼in. thick, the lower edge of each plate being flanged to bolt to deck. A 1 1/16in. rod runs from each side of the bitts to the knightheads. Over the heel of the bowsprit is a 3in. roller of hard wood. The Cantelo capstan is shown in the plans; abreast it is the funnel for galley, while just abaft it is a neat compressor for the cable, which leads down through the captain's room to the chain locker beneath the floor, being boxed in, as shown.

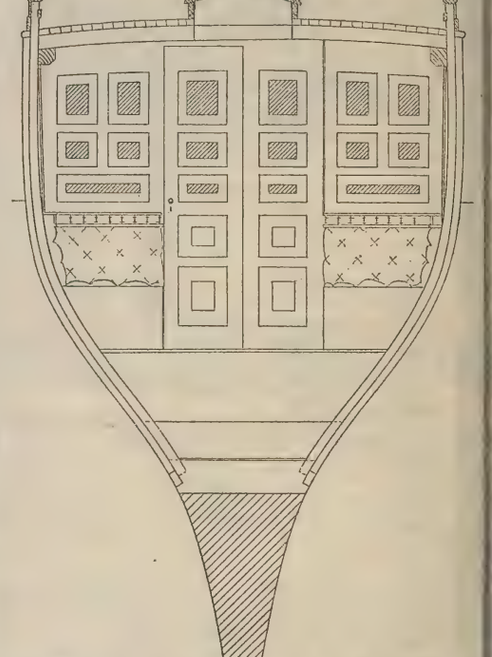
The mast is octagonal below the spider bands, the lower of which carries the main gooseneck and the upper a patent winch and the spinaker gooseneck. Abaft the mast are heavy bitts, with a side sheave on each post, as shown. The bowsprit spreaders are hinged, with a brace on after side.

While an extra foot or two on deck would undoubtedly add to the ease of working the larger spars and give more room for stowing a boat, there is at the same time no lack of deck room, nor is the width below unduly limited. Though more beam would give increased room in some ways, as shown in the plans published Dec. 9, 1886, it is doubtful whether any more economical arrangement of space is possible than is shown here.

Beginning at the bow there is a large and airy forecastle, 17ft. long from after bulkhead to the closet at fore end, and with clear headroom all the way, the height being 6ft. 4in. A small stove is next the after end, while on the port side is a dresser and pantry, the coal locker being below the floor. The forecastle is entered by an iron ladder from a hatch on deck. The inside is very handsomely paneled in Spanish cedar, giving it a rich and elegant finish.

Abaft the forecastle is the captain's room, 6ft. long and 6ft. 5½in. under deck beams. The advantage of a separate room for the captain apart from his crew are too plain to require any comment, and the room here provided is as far superior to that on most sloops of Clara's class as the head room of over 6ft. in the forecastle is to the 4ft. 6in. of the average sloop. On the port side of the captain's room is a large sail bin, with a closet over its forward end. On the starboard side is a locker, with closet at the after end and a folding table against the fore bulkhead, the captain's berth being folded back against the wall by day. An iron ladder and a hatch give access to the deck, the hatch being used for the sails, the whole apartment making a sail room when racing. Like the forecastle, the sides are paneled with Spanish cedar.

The main cabin is 8ft. 9in. long, 6ft. 6in. under beams, and over 8ft. wide; a pleasant and well-proportioned room, and of good size for a small yacht. It is fitted in light mahogany throughout, having a wide sofa on each side, with stand and four drawers at the head. That on the port side has but two drawers, the upper part forming a cellaret locker. Above the sofas the sides are paneled with mahogany, the inner border of each panel being of



birdseye maple, with a center of figured chintz, making a very clean and neat finish. A swinging table occupies the center of the cabin.

The steerage is 4ft. long, the port side being given up to a berth, with drawers beneath, the end of the berth extending into the closet in the after cabin, as shown. On the starboard side of the companion ladder is a large toilet room, containing a w.c. and one of the compact folding lavatories found in many British yachts.

Abaft the steerage is the after cabin, 8ft. 9in. long and 6ft. 4in. high. It has two large berths with a wide closet at the foot of each, part of the port closet being given to the extra berth, as mentioned above. There is also a large washstand with bowl and pump. The bilge pump leads from the deck down through the starboard closet. The after cabin is painted white, all the other woodwork below being mahogany or Spanish cedar. While the woodwork is handsome and rich, there is no attempt at any elaborate display, the work all being in very good taste, and the absence of heavy hangings and of upholstery that will retain the dampness, is a great improvement on the style of decoration once popular in this country. Clean hardwood and the best of workmanship make the only proper finish for all work that is to be exposed to salt air and to occasional wettings.

YACHTS FOR SOUTHERN CRUISING.

NEW YORK, Nov. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In a recent number of the FOREST AND STREAM I noticed a suggestion signed "Vidette" that as he proposed going South this winter in his yacht and others might be contemplating a similar cruise in that direction, it would be a good idea to sail in company, constituting a sociable little fleet, cruising along together, taking it easy and fraternally.

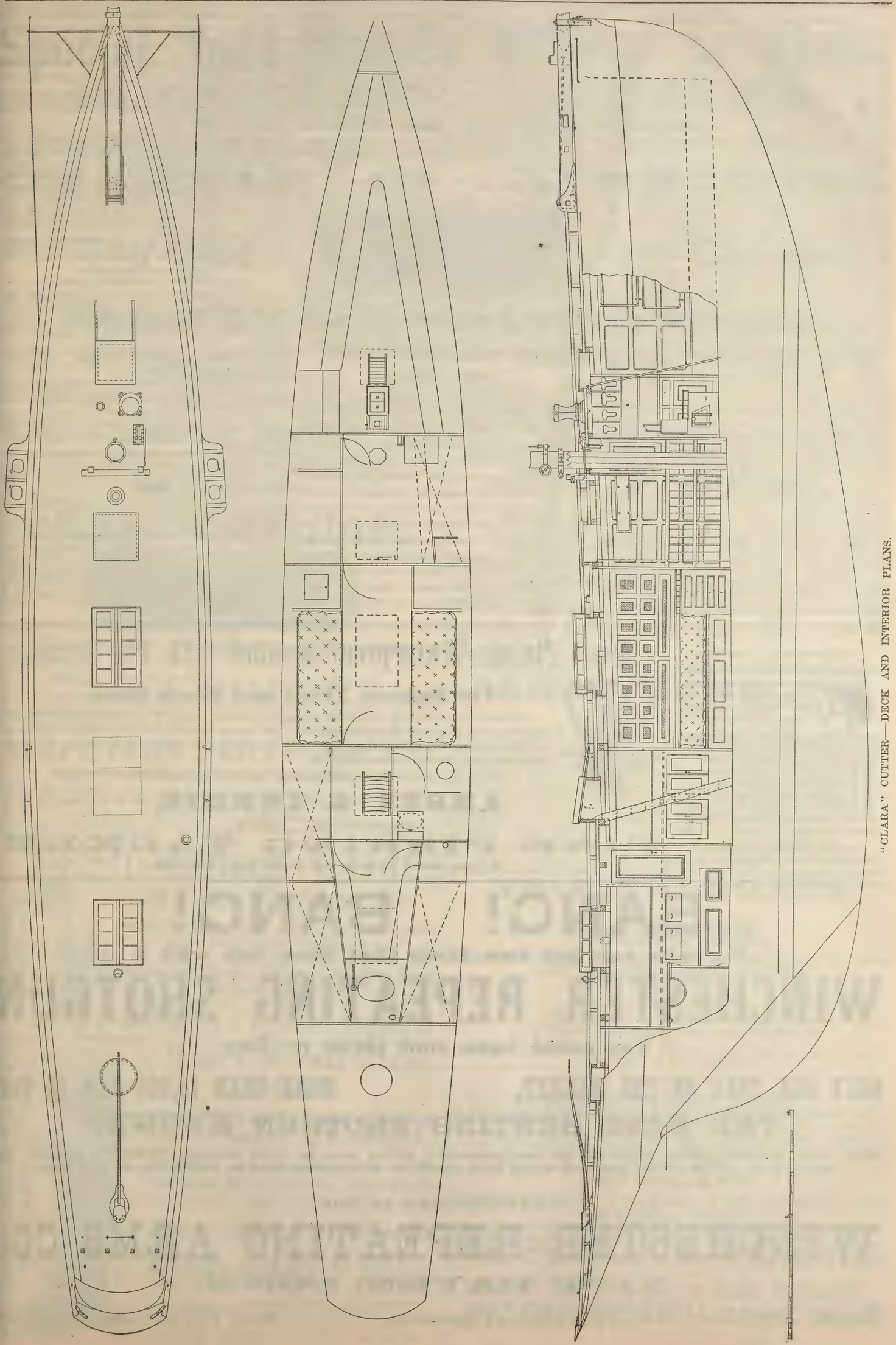
The suggestion is a good one, and deserves the attention of all bound South this season for a cruise in Southern waters. Being somewhat familiar with those latitudes and the coast of Georgia and both coasts of Florida I can readily appreciate the pleasures of a winter South but must warn all contemplating the trip, not to indulge in a keel boat, or any craft of greater draft than 3ft. It is true as much as 4½ can be carried through the inside passages as far as St. Augustine, but if Indian River is contemplated, or rounding the Cape, and the west shore is to be taken in, a great deal of pleasant cruising and charming waters will be lost. The Inlet to Indian River (Jupiter) is not safe for keels or draft of over 4ft. and that is 2ft. too much after getting inside for any extended cruising, so let one contemplating the cruise abandon the idea of having much fun out of a keel or deep draft boat, but this fact is probably too well known to all yachtsman to make the suggestion of much value, and cutter men will not be likely to undertake it, it being one of the delights of owning a cutter that when the owner wants to go where there is any fun to be had, he must beg, borrow or charter a "skimming dish," as all centerboard boats seem to have been dubbed by cutter men—a term that is as badly played out and as hackneyed as "speckled beauties."

Then for rig, if owners of yachts under 50ft. want to save expense and labor and go comfortably, let them adopt the yawl rig; especially the San Francisco style, where every sail takes care of itself, working automatically, dispensing with at least two men on a 50ft. boat sloop rigged. A craft of 45ft. carries but one good sailor and a boy, who should be capable of cooking, the owner being able presumably to relieve the wheel. The New York sloops with their heavy spars require a strong crew, and what greater nuisance than a long heavy boom in a rolling sea, especially before the wind, or in a calm, when it generally takes possession of the quarterdeck. Whereas a yawl, having a short boom extending only to the after end of the cockpit, enables the mainsail to be easily reefed, but with this rig is seldom necessary. If it blows requiring a reduction of sail, lower the mainsail, let it run down in the spilling lines and go on your way with driver and jib, they balance perfectly, and a boat with properly proportioned sail will handle equally well under jib and driver or mainsail alone. Moral, rig southern cruising boats as yawls, saving labor and expense as well as danger of too much of a good thing in the way of a breeze, for even in those latitudes it often blows hard enough to endanger the hair of the proverbial yellow dog, and it is a comfortable thing to be all snug. Again, under such short and perfect handling sail the yacht can be worked into narrow reaches and snug berths, and what can be more comfortable and cosy than to be in such a snug berth and all safe and hear it piping great guns outside as one lies curled up in his bunk and mutters to himself, "Let her rip, who cares!"

I have strayed from my subject, this proposition of "Vidette's," which is a good one and to be commended, and having in contemplation a cruise in that direction, I say to "Vidette" in the words of the poet, "shake." PODGERS.

YACHT THIEVES.—On Oct. 30, before Justice Welde at the Harlem Court, Mrs. Caroline Amend and her son, Charles Amend, were held in $2,000 bail each for burglary. Articles stolen from the yachts Peerless, Idler and Torment, of the Harlem Y. C., were found in Mrs. Amend's house. The bail of "Farmer" Glynn, arrested for the same offense, was withdrawn, and he was locked up

BABOON.—Messrs. Adams, the owners of Baboon, are now in England on a tour around the world. According to the *Field*, they propose to take Baboon to England next year, provided there is a good prospect of races in the 20 rating class.



"CLARA" CUTTER—DECK AND INTERIOR PLANS.

GOSSIP ABOUT GAFFTOPSAILS.

HAVING been a water rat ever since I could walk, and taking to yachting almost from the same time, the gafftopsail has been more or less a thorn in my side ever since. I am writing about small yachts sailed singlehanded or by Corinthian crews. I have gone through all the varieties of sprit, club, jibheaders, etc. The clubtopsail only belongs to the racing yacht, being too unwieldy and too much in the way generally for singlehanded yachtsmen or Corinthian crews to bother with. The sprit topsail has many of the same bad qualities; if left bent on the spar when taken in, it is a nuisance on deck, being unstowable; if unbent from the spar, the trouble of gotting it out of the sail locker, bending on to spar, etc., often deters one from setting it when out for a short sail. If you take the other horn of the dilemma, and use a working topsail set flying on upper and lower halliards, you have the same nuisance of hunting the sail from locker, in addition to which the topsail set in this manner lies off from the topmast; so will not stand to windward when it breezes at all, and if carried too long is an ugly sail to handle if not taken in just right.

Now, several years ago when I had got through experimenting with numerous variations of the above modes of setting topsails, I happened to take a trip to New York and of course had to take a look round among the yachts. Well, I noticed many of the smaller ones with standing topsails, aping (as I thought) their larger sisters. I just had a good laugh at those fellows. "Stupids, hayseed yachtsmen, duffers," etc., I said to myself, "for attempting to make a big boat out of a small one," etc. After I returned home, in deliberating over this, I thought it possible that, while there might be duffers, hayseeds, etc., around, instead of living in and about New York, they might by the greatest chance live—in Talbot county, "Eastern Sho'" of Maryland.

Thereupon I proceeded to experiment with the standing topsail, my great objection to it being the necessity of some one having to go aloft to stow it after it was clewed up. Now remember, I am writing for the benefit of singlehanders and Corinthian crews. Of course, when you have Jack, Jim and Tom before the mast, it is very easy to say, "Lay aloft and stow topsail," and you have no further trouble, but when you give that order to yourself the case is decidedly different. To overcome this necessity of climbing heavenward I got a long gaspipe, put a set of iron hoops on it, bent my upper and lower topsail halliards to it, putting the rigging on my topsail to clew aloft, and thought I had solved the difficulty; and so I had in a measure, being able to clew up as well as any topsail, and also being able to bring all on deck when necessary. This may all have been an old idea, but as I had never seen it I felt quite proud of my invention. After using it a couple of seasons, I found several objections to it. The "jackstay" (gaspipe) was quite a weight aloft. You would be surprised to find what a heavy one I had to use to keep the luff of topsail from springing away from topmast. I had, of course, to take the whole rig down before I could house my topmast; then again, and the greatest objection of all, when I went to send my "gaspipe jackstay" aloft from the deck, with all its clew lines, topsail sheet, tack, etc., in place, if there was any sea on the way that gaspipe, topsail clew lines, sheets, etc., would dance a german on the way up, and the confusion the rigging would get into, was amazing. After it was in place it worked splendidly, but to get it there without fouling was hard to accomplish in a "doddle"; when it was perfectly smooth it all worked to a charm.

After studying this problem over last spring while overhauling my ship for her summer work (she is in commission all the year round) I had a brilliant idea—why not use snap hooks and snap my topsail to the hoops (galvanized iron ones) on topmast? No sooner said than done, and now I think I have a good rig for a standing topsail on small yachts.

It is true that I have still to go aloft to stow topsail, but with the clews and buntlines rigged as I have them it is not necessary to do so except when it blows "great guns" and you want to snug everything down, or when you want to be especially neat in port, in either case all you have to do is to clew up topsail, then shin up, tie a small stop round sail, close to the hoops, and settle sail to the deck by halliard, unsnap halliard and sheet and stow sail in locker, there you are with all clear aloft for a blow, and the topsail as rigged above is in the sail locker before you, or your friend, as the case may be, would have the sail half made up for a neat "stow" aloft. So in setting again, hook on your halliard, haul up to masthead, shin up again, which you would have to do in any event if topsail was stowed aloft, snap sail to hoops, cast off single stop 'round sail, slide down on deck and you will have topsail set and drawing, if under way, before your friend on the "Nancy Jane," cruising in company, has got his gasket off the sail. I think this a far better plan than the hook plan figured in the FOREST AND STREAM some time since, as that involved going aloft every time your topsail was set, whereas in the way I work mine, clewing it up is all you want ordinarily. I sailed some six miles to windward in the N. W. zephyr we had last Wednesday topsail set and drawing, if under way, before your friend on the "Nancy Jane," cruising in company, has got his gasket off the sail. I think this a far better plan than the hook plan figured in the FOREST AND STREAM some time since, as that involved going aloft every time your topsail was set, whereas in the way I work mine, clewing it up is all you want ordinarily. I sailed some six miles to windward in the N. W. zephyr we had last Wednesday under single-reefed mainsail and No. 3 jib, staysail and mizen stowed. My topsail was clewed up and not stowed, and I had no trouble with it. A few years ago all our small craft, working sloops, schooners, pungies, etc., used a sprit, or flying topsails, now they universally set standing ones.

What I claim for my idea is that when it is necessary to stow a standing topsail it is done better and quicker, and quicker shaken out and set, by my plan than if bent to the hooks permanently.

EASTON, Maryland. SINKBOAT.

THE VOYAGE OF THE LIBERDADE.

A DEEP water cruise that few would care to undertake will come to a successful end very soon when Capt. Joshua Slocum of the Liberdade anchors his strange craft off Washinton, D. C., after a voyage of 4,000 miles, from Rio Grande del Sul. Two years since Capt. Slocum sailed from Baltimore, Md., for Buenos Ayres, in the bark Aquidneck, 326 tons, having with him his wife and two sons, aged 10 and 14 years. After several voyages between South American ports, the bark was wrecked at the mouth of Rio Grand del Sul harbor, being condemned and sold for a small sum. Declining the offer of the American Consul to send him and his family home, Captain Slocum at once went to work to build a boat, of canoe model, 30ft. long, 5ft. beam and 3ft. draft, with a rocker keel, and three masts with lateen sails. The hull was decked, with a house aft. Last spring the Liberdade was completed, and Capt. Slocum with his family sailed from Rio Grande del Sul, reaching Santos about the end of June. From Santos to Rio Janeiro the Liberdade was towed by the steamer Finance, Mrs. Slocum and the boys going on the steamer. From Rio they sailed for Pernambuco, running 2356 miles in 19 days. Capt. Slocum was last spoken by the steamer Planter, off Cape Romaine, with all well on board, his great wish being to get home in time to vote.

A FAST CATBOAT.

THE following excellent record was made this year by the catboat Mabel, of Boston, owned by Mr. F. C. Dunne. She was built by Pierce Bros., and is 22ft. over all, 19ft. l.wl. and 9ft. beam. Her record for 1888, as given in the Boston *Globe*, is as follows, summing up 13 firsts to 15 starts, the best ever made in her class:

June 23—Hull Y. C., good breeze, first; winning by 3m. 48s., two competitors.

June 30—Dorchester Y. C., breeze moderate, first; winning by 9m. 18s., three competitors.

July 4—City of Boston (open), stiff breeze, first; winning by 2m. 6s., six competitors.

July 8—Match race vs. Amy, wind moderate, first; winning by 1m. 47s., one competitor.

July 14—Hull Y. C., light breeze, first; winning by 1m. 43s., four competitors.

July 15—Match race vs. Amy, wind moderate, first; winning by 59s., one competitor.

July 28—Hull Y. C., two reefs, first; winning by 47s., three competitors.

July 20—Quincy Y. C., light breeze, first; winning by 3m. 38s., three competitors.

Aug. 4—Hull Y. C., two reefs, second; losing by 1m. 36s., two competitors. Defeated by Niobe.

Aug. 11—Quincy Y. C. (open), stiff breeze, first; winning by 33s., ten competitors.

Aug. 25—Beverly Y. C. (open), moderate breeze, first; winning by 6m. 42s., ten competitors.

Aug. 27—Quincy Y. C., stiff breeze, first; winning by 3m. 55s., four competitors.

Aug. 28—Dorchester Y. C., two reefs, first; winning by 26s., three competitors.

Sept. 1—Hull Y. C. (open), moderate breeze, first; winning by 1m. 37s., eight competitors.

Sept. 8—Hull Y. C., two reefs, second; losing by 1m., one competitor. Defeated by Niobe.

Winning 13 first prizes out of 15 races sailed; winning average, 2m. 53s.; losing average, two races, 1m. 18s.

Defeated only by Niobe; winning average over Niobe 4m. 19s.; losing average to Niobe, 1m. 18s.

In the city of Boston Fourth of July race Mabel defeated all boats in her class and in the corresponding class of keels, also all the jib and mainsail class and centerboards and keels in the class above, in all a total of 33 boats.

CRUISE OF THE BRUNHILDE.—On Nov. 3 the schooner Brunhilde, owned by Mr. J. J. Phelps, sailed from New York with her owner and his wife on board, bound on a long cruise. Her first port will be Bermuda, after which she will call at Barbadoes and other West India islands, and she may ultimately make a cruise around the world before she sights Sandy Hook again. This is Mr. Phelps's second long cruise, as he left New York in 1885, shortly after the Brunhilde was built, and made a cruise of two years, visiting England, Egypt, Ceylon, India, China, Japan and San Francisco, returning by way of Cape Horn. Since his return he has married and his wife accompanies him. The Brunhilde is a keel yacht, 102ft. l.w.l., 25ft. beam, and 11ft. draft. She carries besides her sailing master a mate, boatswain, two stewards, cook and ten seamen.

DOLPHIN—NYMPH.—On Nov. 1 the steam yachts Dolphin, W. B. Wetmore, and Nymph, W. S. Webb, raced on Lake Champlain over a 6½ mile course, Dolphin winning in 34m. 8s., with Nymph 34m. 40½s.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CAPT. J. F. F., Negaunee, Mich.—You will have to pick up a second-hand rifle of the make wanted, as the arms are no longer manufactured. Correspond with the dealers in sportsmen's goods.

A. C. D., Jr.—For the price you are willing to pay you can buy a perfectly reliable and serviceable gun of any one of the makes named; and beyond that you may be guided by your own taste in the matter.

CONSTANT READER.—You will find no deer hunting in northern Vermont, as the law will protect them until 1890. There is wild fowl shooting on Lake Champlain, accessible from Burlington. Take shotgun instead of rifle.

R. D. K., Connecticut.—1. In the FOREST AND STREAM'S rifle trajectory test the trajectory of the Winchester .45-.75-350 at 100yds. was 11.979 in. 2. We cannot give you the largest recorded growth of antlers of the Virginia deer.

R. W. C., Vineyard Haven, Mass.—Will you kindly give me a few names of the best writers on trout culture? Ans. Livingston Stone's "Domesticated Trout," Slack's "Trout Culture," and papers in the reports of the Fish Commission and the American Fisheries Society.

E. N., New York.—There are trout in the streams near San Diego, California, and the list of sea fishes caught with the hook includes halibut, barracuda, Spanish mackerel (*Sharda chilensis*) rock cod, smelt, croakers and kelp-fish, which include several esteemed varieties. The best season is from April 30 to Sept. 1.

M. L. L., Traverse City, Mich.—What is the best method of treating a skunk skin, intended for mounting as a museum specimen, so as to cleanse it from the unpleasant odor? Ans. Permanganate of soda might be sprinkled on it. Some recommend chloride of lime. Trappers sometimes pack their skunk-infected clothes in fresh hemlock boughs. Time is the great remedy.

T. M. C., Lock Haven, Pa.—1. Will you please give me the names of our present Pennsylvania Fish Commissioners? 2. Is there an instance on record of the capture in any of the waters of the Eastern States of a California salmon as a result of the planting of that fish in our streams about ten years ago? Ans.—1. Henry C. Ford, 524 Walnut street, Philadelpha. James V. Long, 75 Fifth avenue, Pittsburg. H. C. Demuth, Lancaster. S. B. Stilwell, Scranton. A. S. Dickson, Meadville. W. L. Powell, Harrisburg. 2. No.

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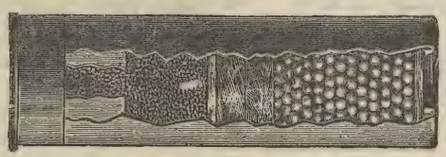
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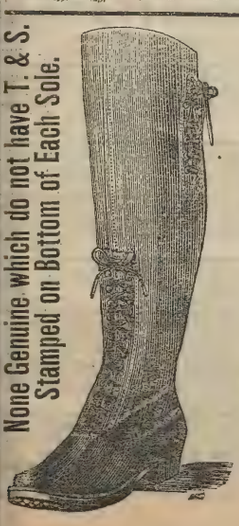
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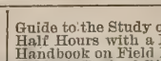
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NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 15, 1888.

VOL. XXXI.—No. 17. No. 318 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

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THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications on the subject to which its pages are devoted are respectfully invited. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No name will be published except with writer's consent. The Editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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CONCERNING CONTENTMENT.

THERE is no happier frame of mind attainable than that which makes one satisfied with what he has or can get; and happy is he who, going to the field with gun or to the stream with rod in these days of depleted woods and waters, has become philosopher enough to accept thankfully the little or nothing he is likely to shoot or catch.

He must have overcome the natural savage desire for mere slaughter and the mean ambition to kill more than another; he must have schooled himself to contentment with the small visible results of a day's outing; have learned to laugh with others at his own light bag or empty creel; to be satisfied with intangible proofs of success and to have faith that what he only sees shall abide with him in more enduring comfort than the immediate result of a good shot or a skillful cast or the memory thereof.

More spiritual than sensual, this enjoyment of the field is the better part of what goes to the making up of what we call the love of sport, and the sportsman who cultivates this to the overgrowth of the baser sense enjoys the finer pleasure, suffers the fewer pangs of regret and the ess self-condemnation. Every kind-hearted sportsman and paradoxical as it may seem, almost every sportsman s kind-hearted) is sorry for the wounded object of his pursuit and feels a twinge of remorse for the taking of a happy life. If we examine our feelings in the moment of triumph over the conquest of one of our lesser brethren, we detect a sort of savagery that as civilized men we are ashamed of. What poor lords of creation we are to exult n the death of those which we have been set above, we with our cunningly contrived implements and transmitted lore, glorying to have done to death our poor vassal, outfitted only with the means of defense that he was born with, his instinct and few acquired wits, and to revile him when he escapes our assaults as if he had wronged us in not suffering death or capture at our will.

Desirable as it may be for humanity's sake that we should rid ourselves of this propensity to kill, it is hardly probable that the millennial day when the sportsman craves not fur, feather nor fin, will come while wild beast runs, wild bird flies or free fish swims. Generations of our race will be born and pass away and become dust of the earth before the old instinct of slaughter shall die out of men's desires, but is not the tendency even now toward its eradication? The shot at the inanimate flying target, the competitive cast of the fly on blank waters are becoming more and more in vogue, and many a sportsman satisfies himself with the thought of what he might have done if the glass ball or clay-pigeon had been a hurtling grouse, a woodcock dodging among the alders, a swift-winged duck speeding down wind; or with imagining what might have been if a trout or bass had been lured by his skillful cast.

Year by year more men go afield, with gun and rod as only a handy excuse for gathering in what shot never brought down nor hook ever caught. Who shall say that by and by it may not become the common usage of sportsmen to go hunting without a gun and fishing without a rod?

THE CRUELTY OF PIGEON SHOOTING.

THERE is a diversity of opinion respecting the merits of shooting live pigeons at the trap. While the champions of the practice contend that there can be no more cruelty in shooting a pigeon after it leaves the trap than in shooting a quail in the field after it leaves the ground, there are other equally sturdy champions who, while ardent followers of field shooting, cannot approve the trap. In so far as these holders of divergent opinions are honest and sincere in their convictions, they are entitled to the respectful consideration which is ever the due of sincerity. Sometimes it happens that a professed humanitarian rises up to denounce pigeon shooting not because he honestly thinks there is anything wrong in it, but because he hopes by turning the anti-cruelty crank to grind his own little axe. Two instances of this character are perhaps worth making note of.

At the time of the last appearance of Dr. Carver at the trap in New Jersey, it was understood by a certain clique that the match was all cut and dried in advance. They were given to understand by one of the principals that the match was to result in a victory for one of the contestants named in advance. Acting on this supposed reliable information these virtuous gamblers set out to pluck their fellows not in the secret by laying heavy wagers which they believed themselves certain to win, because they were "betting on a sure thing." As it turned out they were the ones sold. Their information had been given in order to hoodwink them. They had been stuffed before being roasted. The match resulted in a manner just opposite to what they imagined they knew it would and had wagered on. The biters were bitten. The next thing was for one of these chagrined New Jersey gamblers, posing as a gentleman and a humanitarian, to proclaim that pigeon-shooting was cruel and must be abolished from New Jersey. He has done what he could to abolish it; and will probably persevere in his efforts until he has accomplished his end, or has made friends with some other shooter who will let him into the secret of a proposed selling out and keep faith with him until the match is over, for there is said to be honor even among hippodrome trap-shooters and their gentleman gambler hangers-on.

The second case is that recent one where the shooting of live birds at the tournament of the New York Suburban Shooting Grounds Association was severely criticised by some of the reporters. The facts in the case are interesting. The grounds were not in complete readiness for the tournament, and it happened that some of the pigeons, instead of being retrieved and killed at once, as is the rule, were perforce permitted to escape. It was an unforeseen exigency, but the best was made of it under the circumstances, and no harsh criticisms would have appeared had there not been present one of the editors of a New York paper chiefly devoted to matters of the turf. This man had failed to secure some advertising from one of the parties prominently connected with the tournament. He saw in the pigeon incident an opportunity to gratify his spite. This he did by expatiating to one of the daily paper reporters on the cruelty of all pigeon shooting in general and the aggravated form of inhumanity here exhibited. Not only this, but he caused the matter to be brought to the attention of the local branch of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, with the result of setting on foot a prosecution, which may have been proper enough so far as the Society is concerned, for we have no reason to believe that the Society did not act in perfect good faith, but it was in effect only an employment of the Society's agency to gratify individual meanness. The transaction thus savors of blackmail all through. It had its origin in no tender heart, jealous of the rights of the lower animals; it was the expression of a mean and petty personal ill will. If a man honestly believes that pigeon shooting is cruel, let his opinion be respected; if he poses as a reformer when actuated by base ulterior motives, his actions are likely to have little credit attached to them.

THE SMALL BIRD PROBLEM.

ESSAYS have been written to demonstrate the foolishness of small bird destruction, laws have been passed to protect the useful species, societies have been organized and tens of thousands of members enrolled pledged against the fatuous fashion of wearing bird skins as dress; arguments, pleas, appeals to reason and appeals to sentiment have been urged; and what is the outcome of it all? Fashion decrees feathers; and feathers it is. The headgear of women is made up in as large degree as ever before of the various parts of small birds. Thousands and millions of the *disjecta membra* of birds are displayed in every conceivable shape on the hats and bonnets. This condition of affairs must be something of a shock to the leaders of the AUDUBON SOCIETY, who were sanguine enough to believe that the moral idea represented by their movement would be efficacious to influence society at large. Moral suasion is a potent force, but it operates within very narrow limits only. A very small section of humanity is capable of being a law unto itself and regulating its conduct by the dictates of conscience; but for the great majority self-restraint can only be secured by the dictates of fashion, which are stronger than penal legislation.

It is quite possible, as has been urged by the AUDUBON SOCIETY, that the wholesale destruction of wild birds which has been indulged in since the introduction of feather millinery, threatens the extinction of useful species and genera, and that if persisted in, it will disturb the balance of life, fostering the increase of noxious insects and proving in other ways inimical to human well-being; but these conclusions are regarded with indifference so long as the milliners make feathers the mode.

Meantime the reintroduction of feather millinery in no way derogates from the value of the work done by the AUDUBON SOCIETY. It has called attention to the ethical and economic aspects of the question and has educated a very respectable minority to organized action. In the face of this minority thoroughly convinced that indulgence in feather millinery is wrong in itself, or conducive to consequences inimical to human well-being, the arbiters of fashion cannot achieve that complete success they have been accustomed to look for.

DEATH OF "SPICEWOOD."

THERE were some touching incidents connected with the recent death of Mr. Lewis A. Riley, of Centralia, Pa., who was a frequent contributor to these columns over the signature of "Spicewood." It was in the afternoon; the party were engaged in the favorite sport of quail shooting; and Mr. Riley was separated for a moment from his son-in-law, when the latter was approached by one of the dogs, which, whining and barking, urged him to follow. Led by this brute guide the son came upon the form of his father lying prostrate on a bed of moss, dead, while the three faithful dogs were sitting by him, one licking his face. It had been only a half hour before this that Mr. Riley had said that they would "go on a little further and then go home." What a strangely significant and exalted meaning such expressions assume, when the unlooked for realization of the intent expressed is so tremendously different from the commonplace and expected. Mr. Riley's death resulted from heart failure. Known to the readers of this journal as a pleasing writer of angling and shooting sketches, Mr. Riley was a highly respected citizen, esteemed for his integrity and happy in the attachment of many warm friends.

The Sportsman Tourist.

OUR LAKE.

LOCH LOMOND'S depths are dusky brown,
Purple her hills with heather,
From shore to shore her bare peaks frown
In mild and stormy weather.

Green are the slopes of Windermere,
All pure her limpid waters,
A liquid gem, without a peer
To Britain's sons and daughters.

But thou art all, oh, lake of lakes!
Lake George, thou art unequalled;
Thy beetling crags the storm cloud breaks,
With elves thine isles are peopled.

The mighty eagle rests his wing
Where rear thy rocky shoulders,
The tiniest harebells shyly cling
Among thy shore-bound boulders.

As in a boat I rock and swing,
By summer scenes enraptured,
No lake the old world poets sing
Has thus my senses captured.

AMELIA KEMPSHALL.

NOTES ON WESTERN FLORIDA.

II.—DOWN THE APALACHEE.

FROM Chattahoochee we retraced our way a mile or so to the mouth of the Flint River, and ascended it thirty-eight miles to a little place called Bainbridge, arriving about six o'clock in the afternoon. It is a quiet, sleepy old Georgia town, with a lazy, *dolce far niente* air very enchanting and rare after the general hum and bustle of the more progressive world. Everything here takes life easily; the "razor-back" hogs that sleep in the streets will scarcely move out of your way; the dozing dogs will open one eye to squint at you, then snap at an obtrusive fly and go to sleep again, too "tired" to bark; the very horses nod in the sunshine, as they stand hitched to the racks that are in front of every store. All is peace and quiet and the inhabitants sit around in front of their shops and whittle, whittle, whittle, the live long day. But it is a lovely old Southern town, with glorious avenues of moss-grown oaks, through which the sun comes in a softened light. There are pretty old homes, and the loveliest of flowers everywhere. The very stupidity of the place is its chief attraction. It is a spot where one can sleep and eat and do nothing else without being any different from most around him. It would be rather a good place for "Ouida" to found another novel, if her highness would ever admit that there is anything poetic in America; she would find her ever-present lizard sunning itself on a rock, and perhaps some of her other accessories, but the pale languid hero with muscles of steel would, I fear, have to be (as usual) invented.

We did not leave Bainbridge until after midnight, and the next morning found us once more in the main river some miles below the junction.

From this point the name and character of the stream change; henceforth it is the Apalachee River, and the banks, which have hitherto been high or at least dry, now assume a swampy nature; vegetation becomes more tropical, palmettos and Spanish bayonets giving the woods somewhat of the appearance of a Floridian forest as represented in the typical woodcuts of a school geography. Cypresses, with their curiously contorted roots and straight, columnlike trunks, are on every hand. Herons and cranes spring up and awkwardly fly away at the noise of the approaching steamer, and at last some one cries "Alligator!" and the first of the hundreds of these saurians is greeted with a volley of pistol shots from the deck passengers below. This served as a pointer to our party, and the Winchesters were forthwith drawn from their covers and made ready for future opportunities. These occurred to our heart's content after the sun had made his rays more felt, and we kept popping away with our rifles with great regularity throughout the day; but shooting at a moving object from the deck of a moving boat is rather uncertain work and the number of slain was totally disproportionate to the quantity of ammunition used. We did kill quite a number, however, and had the satisfaction of seeing them turn their white bellies upward for a moment and then sink slowly. When wounded they would disappear under water amid a tremendous splashing, and one huge fellow that was hard hit sprang, during his struggles, completely clear of the water, showing a great length of body. Several times during the day, on rounding sharp bends, a half dozen would be seen stretched out in the warm sand of some bar; these were "pie" opportunities for us, and our battery seldom failed to score. One little fellow, about four feet long, was discovered securely ensconced in the fork of a tree overhanging the water, thus forever cutting him out of a place in that riddle the answer to which is, "Because neither can climb a tree." I know that it is a common impression that the alligator is impregnable in all but certain places—the eyes, nose and just under the shoulder, besides of course the breast and belly—but during a somewhat extensive experience in Florida and other tropical lands, I have killed a great many of these reptiles, and my experience has been that, if properly aimed, a .44-cal. bullet will lay low the most gigantic of the species. Of course, a rifle ball striking the scales at a very acute angle will often glance, as is the case with the breast of a turkey or goose; but if the striking angle is anything like 45°, the distance not too great, and the charge of powder 40grs., I think the chances of brute versus rifle are poor. It is so easy for one to think he has struck his alligater, when he has in reality made a miss; the ball strikes the water a few inches from its mark, makes a splash and rouses the dormant animal, who violently strikes out with his tail and disappears, leaving the rifleman, who is always loth to acknowledge a miss, shaking his head and making comments on the toughness of the scales and the beauty of his last shot.

About 10 o'clock we came upon a large flock of wild turkeys grazing along the edge of the water. This was the signal for a most terrific fusilade and several fell to our fire, though the captain was unable to stop and bring our game to bag. From this point we frequently passed droves, and had a dozen good shots at these magnificent birds—which we could have taken advantage of—and the day's sport would have shown a large score had we shot them and stopped to collect.

Occasionally during the day we passed long rafts of logs slowly wending their way by the force of the current to Apalachicola, where there are extensive saw-mills. These rafts were generally manned by three or four hands, rough, semi-barbarous fellows, who spend nine-tenths of their lives in these swamps, cutting out the timber, and who are as much inured to the miasmas, and almost as amphibious as their only companions, the alligators and turtles.

There was an old lumberman on board with whom I scraped up quite an acquaintance. He was one of the real "old timers," and had spent his entire life in these wilds cutting timber and hunting. He was a typical specimen of the class, with his long, gaunt form, yellow, parchment-like skin and piercing black eyes that looked fiercely at you from under a veritable jungle of eyebrows; to complete the picture, in addition to wearing his hair long, he carried one of the old-fashioned muzzle-loading rifles, which he upheld as to its superiority with his whole heart, evincing a great contempt for everything modern, and the Winchester repeater in particular. I argued long with him, but, of course, could no more change his mind than I could have altered the course of the river. Now, my experience has been that the much vaunted accuracy claimed for the muzzleloader at short range is all absurdity, when—understand me—that arm is in the hands of a hunter. The accuracy of any weapon depends largely upon the invariable uniformity of the charge, and I hold it to be almost impossible for any one in the woods, while in the excitement of the chase, to load with the accurate precision absolutely necessary to accurate results. For match shooting it is different. When one has ample time to measure precisely the charge of powder, and weigh exactly the ball, it is very probable that they are the equal of the more modern and certainly more convenient arm. My swamp friend and myself had a match during the day, when we stopped at a landing to take in an unusually large load of wood. I managed to beat him rather badly at a distance of 100yds., but did not ascribe my success so much to his bad shooting as to the fact that he measured his charge of powder by pouring it in the palm of his hand.

The lower river is very tortuous, winding through the never-ending forest and twisting and doubling on itself in a way that bids defiance to all points of the compass. In places these bends are so sharp and the river so narrow that boats are obliged to stop and back in order to fetch. At times all progress seems barred by an impenetrable wall of foliage, when a narrow way opens to one side, into which a skillful turn of the wheel neatly rounds us. Everywhere is swamp, mysterious and impenetrable, stretching away on either hand, utterly impassable except in places by boats, and utterly unexplored. Half a mile away from the borders of the stream are doubtless vast sections that have never been seen by man.

I remarked a very curious feature on the lower river; sometimes for miles the flowing water would be separated from the swamp and back water at the sides by a regular rampart some five feet high, and so perfect as to resemble the earthworks of an army; it was very curious; and on the summit of these breastworks were found the flocks of turkeys of which I have spoken.

Every few miles a stop would be made at some settlement; here we always had to pass quite a siege of scrutiny, the whole population grouping around the one store would gaze at us with bovine steadfastness, interrupted only by our departure. The Florida "cracker" was in all his glory, leaning against a pine tree, his slouch wool hat pulled over a face that "'twere better to hide," one hand deep in his trouser's pocket and the other hanging by the thumb to the one suspender—not an interesting nor even picturesque character.

Iola, now consisting of only five or six houses, was at one time the northern terminus of a railroad between it and the old town of St. Joseph; the road was abandoned and torn up long before the war, and the southern point has now disappeared as completely from the earth as if it had never existed. I once camped several days on the site of St. Joseph without knowing there ever had been a town within twenty miles of the place; however, of this more in the future.

Three miles back from Iola is a widening of the Chipola River, that goes by the name of the "Dead Lakes." The fishing here certainly exceeds anything I have ever heard of or seen; it is the only place that I have ever visited where the hackneyed talk of fish "biting at a bare hook," "pulling them out till you tire of the sport," and "biting as fast as you put your line in the water," is literally true. Parties go to this point every spring from Eufaula and Columbus, and camp to enjoy the exceptional sport.

Just after leaving Iola, the mate called out from the upper deck, "Look at that bear," and sure enough, there on the bank, not thirty yards away, was a good-sized specimen of Bruin. As fortune would have it, none of us had our rifles handy, and notwithstanding a most frantic dive for weapons by all three, he escaped into the forest in safety, leaving us in a most discontented frame of mind.

We passed several logging camps in the afternoon. They generally consisted of a box-like shed 6x6ft. in size, perched upon piles 10ft. above the limited area of dry ground that formed their base, and accessible only by a pole with pieces of wood nailed across it for steps, like the ascent to a chicken house. In these hovels the hardy timber getters spend most of their sleeping hours, surrounded by miasmatic swamps and vast wastes of forest.

About 6 o'clock we sighted Apalachicola, across five miles of salt meadows, at which distance it has quite a city-like appearance, and remoteness, ever kind to ruins, throws on its walls and brick piles an air of magnitude and magnificence that a nearer acquaintance does not sustain.

Apalachicola has a past greater than her present, a future greater than either. Some twenty-five years ago this was the principal outlet for almost the entire cotton product of that fertile country adjacent to the Chattahoochee River; it was from here that before the building of the network of railroads which now cross and recross the cotton belt, some 200,000 bales were annually shipped direct to Europe. In those days it was a booming city, in size the third cotton market in the world, with vast warehouses overcrowded with cotton, wharves lined with steamboats, and a fleet of vessels constantly in the offing. Old inhabitants smile and shake their heads as they recall to memory those flush times, and tell with a "has been" air of the past glory of their city. The winter society was charming, the town being always full of foreigners and representative buyers from the principal commercial houses of the world. Money was plentiful and flowed like water, and everybody kept open house and entertained on a scale of magnificence that seems fabulous. As an old resident said to me with a mysterious wink, "The agents bought a great deal that was cotton and a great deal that was not cotton." So heavy was the influx of the staple that the vast warehouses, of which we can now but see the ruins, were totally inadequate to house it, and streets and wharves were so encumbered with bales as to make the passing of wagons difficult. Real estate brought great prices, and every one predicted a metropolis of the Gulf.

Over this "Pompeii" gradually came the rumbling from a Vesuvius. Railroads were built, rail communition established with other seaports; and Apalachicola, thrown on her own resources, died a natural commercial death. The surrounding country was productive of naught save lumber. The cotton receipts fell to nil, and the metropolis of yesterday became the "busted boom" of to-day. Disasters followed; fires and hurricanes came and overflows destroyed many of the warehouses and stores; and to-day the appearance of the business portion of the town is desolate. Great heaps of blackened ruins and crumbling walls attest indeed the former greatness of a trade that now is confined to some half a dozen stores rising above the surrounding ruins. Somehow there is something about the place that always brings to my mind Pompeii; rather a case of the sublime and the ridiculous, I know, but really walking through these deserted, grass-grown streets, and among the heaps of brick covered with a rank growth of years' standing, gives me a feeling of melancholy—it seems like the ghost of a dead civilization.

But notwithstanding all this Apalachicola is on the upward path once more, and though the streets are grass-grown and nearly deserted, and ruined cellars and foundations yawn on every side, the town is steadily pushing ahead, this time on its own resources, which, neglected though they were during the great cotton era, are immense and more than sufficient to support a population of ten times that of the present time. I refer to the vast reserves of pine and cypress, and to the products of the sea, here abundant and profitable. There are several very large sawmills in the town and a number of smaller ones about the surrounding country. As a point for this industry Apalachicola possesses singular advantages, being at the mouth of a river whose banks and swamps literally teem with the finest of timber; the stream is always an available means of transport, and when the logs are converted into the lumber of commerce, direct and easy shipment is at hand to all ports of Europe and Central and South America. The anchorage ground for vessels of any size is some fifteen miles away, but the sound leading to this haven is so protected from the south by the outlying islands of St. George and St. Vincent, that it is passable in the roughest of weather for the tugs and lighters by whose aid all of the cargoes have to be loaded. The sea, however, with its vast oyster beds, myriads of fish and unsurpassed sponging grounds forms the principal source from which the inhabitants draw their support; life on the Gulf is indeed rather a *dolce far niente* sort of existence. There is not much inducement for the unambitious to labor, where one can catch a dinner by a few minutes' fishing or tong up, during the winter months, oysters sufficient to insure life and laziness for the rest of the year, and so the lower classes doze and doze away the long hot summer in peace and idleness.

There are two oyster canning establishments that are a great boon for the fishermen, as during the cool months they can always find a ready market for their products. Oyster beds literally are on every side, and the quality is said to be unsurpassed for the purpose for which they are used.

The fishing trade does not amount to much, outside of supplying the local demand, as the facilities for transportation are entirely confined to the river boats, a means far too slow for the well-known "rapid" qualities of the fish; though there is, I believe, a small trade in salted fish. The sponge reef lies some fifty miles away, and this is one of the principal industries of the town, almost the entire product from that part of the coast being marketed in Apalachicola, the amount yearly brought in is said to exceed a value of fifty thousand dollars.

We spent three very pleasant days in Apalachicola, stopping at the Fuller House, a hotel kept by a colored man for the exclusive use of white patrons. It is certainly a model house of the kind, and never have I fared better on a strictly fish and oyster diet than here. We wandered pretty much all over the town. It is an old, old place with an air of peace and quiet about it singularly attractive; there is no telegraph, and very meagre mail accommodations almost isolate it from the outside world, and one may here be in perfect peace, undisturbed by market reports, wars or rumors of wars; nothing more exciting ever occurs than the arrival or departure of a fishing smack.

The houses are most of them old and of a fashion now out of date, but are all set in the midst of flower gardens that would be the envy of any millionaire. Never have I seen more beautiful vegetation than there is here; not the stunted, pruned and pampered growth we are accustomed to, but great vigorous trees of roses, which cover an entire wall with their blossom-decked vines. The population is very mixed, the fishing class being composed largely of the Dagoes, stout, swarthy young fellows who, notwithstanding their years of residence in prosaic America, yet preserve much of their native Italian grace and picturesqueness.

The advent of the opera company caused quite a stir. A barn had been fixed up for the performance, and on the first night the sale of seats far exceeded the anticipations of the manager; in fact, I think that a list taken of the audience would have been a fairly correct census of the place. The crowd was very amusing, and there was evidently a large portion of it which beheld a play for the first time. Everybody was dressed in their best store clothes, with shoes painfully blacked and heads of hair plastered to the lustre of looking glasses, shirts with excruciatingly high collars of a pre-adamite style appeared to an alarming extent; stout, red-faced fish-wives, more used to the oyster knife than the parquet, showed off toilets not usually seen in the Casino of New York. Everybody came the first night to witness the perform-

ance of the "Mikado"; and while I think the finer wit of the play was in a measure lost, a more appreciative audience could not have been asked. One good thing about the crowd, that some of our more civilized audiences would do well to copy, was the total absence of that "trial" who has "seen the play before" and will insist upon humming the airs and telling you what comes next.

The second night "Mascot" was presented to a crowded house. Now, this opera, as we all know, is one in which the skirts of the ladies are by no means long enough to impede free action, and if I remember aright, certain characters appear as pages in a garb in which the skirts are—well—wanting. The entrance of these not unusual adjuncts to the drama of the day, had a most amusing effect upon that somewhat verdant audience. Sweethearts giggled, blushed furiously and hid behind fans, escorts stared straight before them with stony gaze, while the "boys" encored the appearance of the chorus with a vigor that showed their appreciation.

It is needless to add that the third performance was witnessed by an overwhelming majority of the male portion of the population, but the female element was almost entirely wanting, held back by the primitive ideas of a primitive people. ALEX. M. REYNOLDS.

Natural History.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

GAME IN TOWN.

LET me add another to the notices you have already published, of the appearances of ruffed grouse in the borders of civilization.

I had been out for a stroll over the hills last Monday afternoon, and on entering the village on my return, just before sunset, my opposite neighbor, Sherman Paris, called to me from his piazza, where he was sitting, and at the sound of his voice, a fine ruffed grouse sprang out from under a Norway spruce within 10ft. of him, and touching the rail of the piazza, and whirling across my face, disappeared in the direction of the woods, which approach the village very nearly at the lower end of the principal streets, between which no house is situated. After Mr. P. got over his astonishment at the sudden rise of the bird so close to him, he told me that he had picked up one a week ago under a horse-chestnut on his lawn, dead, but still warm, which had apparently been killed by flying against the tree, as there were no wounds on him. He said that he ate that one for his breakfast the next morning, and found him all that a grouse should be on the table. I do not know whether the one I saw had come in town to vote or not, but he did not put in appearance at the polls the next day.

The appearance of so many of these birds in our New England villages this season is rather remarkable, and I do not know to what cause to attribute it, unless it may be that the almost continual rainfall of the last two months, which may have prevented the ripening of the usual crop of berries in the woods, and driven them into the towns in search of food. There have been plenty of butternuts, chestnuts and acorns for the squirrels, but no gray squirrels to eat them, although there are enough red ones and chipmunks, but the raspberries dried up on the bushes in July. Blackberries were not much better, and I have seen no fruit on the thorn trees or cornels.

CHARLESTOWN, N. H., Nov. 9. VON W.

Oct. 29, while the Harvard Freshman field sports were being contested, a flock of quail flew across the track in Holmes's field, and just over the heads of the audience, alighting in the yard back of the Jefferson Physical Laboratory. There were ten of them; they were small, not over half grown. Of course some of the crowd must run over there, and scatter them, but it was not long before we heard them calling themselves together.

CAMBRIDGE, Mass., Nov. 6. J. G. L.

A few days since a Mr. Pearson from the country brought to my son to be mounted a grouse that had flown against his house and been killed. A day or two after one flew through an open window and against the opposite wall of the Holly Manufacturing Co.'s building, which is situated in the very center of this city. I have reported to the FOREST AND STREAM within the past few years a number of such instances of self-destruction of our noblest game bird. In 1886 a law was passed prohibiting the killing of grouse and quail for three years (it should have been five years) in this county. The time does not expire until Sept. 17, 1889, and the prospects are good for grouse and quail shooting at that time.

LOCKPORT, Niagara County, N. Y. J. L. DAVISON.

A PECULIAR RUFFED GROUSE.—E. T. Smith brought to bag, Wednesday, a most peculiar ruffed grouse, which differs most remarkably in color from the generality of birds. This bird is of a brownish color, especially well-marked on the ruffs, which are generally dark-colored. The bird closely approaches some of the Western varieties of the ruffed grouse, and is entirely different from anything which has been shot in this vicinity within the records of sportsmen. The bird is in the hands of the taxidermist, and will be mounted for Mr. Smith.—*Fitchburg (Mass.) Sentinel.*

ARRIVALS AT PHILADELPHIA ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN IN OCTOBER, 1888.—Received by purchase—Two axis deer (Cervus axis) ♂ and ♀, two polar bears (Ursus maritimus) ♂ and ♀, one manaril (Cynocephalus mormon), one sooty mangabey (Cercocebus fuliginosus), two long-tailed weaver birds (Chera progue), one golden oriole (Oriolus galbulus), one Alexandrine parrakeet (Palæornis alexandri), two Arizona diamond rattlesnakes (Crotalus adamanteus atrox), two giant salamanders (Sieboldia maxima), one carpet snake (Morelia variegata), four banded rattlesnakes (Crotalus horridus). Received by presentation—One opossum (Didelphys virginiana), three common deer (Cervus virginianus), one herring gull (Larus argentatus), one golden eagle (Aquila chrysaetos), one common bittern (Botaurus minor), one banded rattlesnake (Crotalus horridus), one horned lizard (Phrynosoma cornuta), eight worm snakes (Storeria dekayi), four alligators (Alligator mississippiensis). Born in the garden—One American elk (Cervus canadensis), one Indian buffalo (Bubalus buffelus), four slow worms (Anguis fragilis), three spotted salamanders (Diemyctylus miniatus).

Game Bag and Gun.

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ADIRONDACK DEER HUNTS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have just returned from a hunting trip at North Elba, and some incidents connected with it might be of interest to others. It certainly would be if my pen could picture what I saw. We were a party of five, two natives and three "city folks." It was just dark when we emerged from the woods at Freedman's Home, and still five miles of very bad road before us. The plan of staying at some house on the road was discussed, but all favored reaching Jake Wood's that night, and a little past eight we reached his house. When I saw the little house I wondered where it was possible for so many to sleep. But after a consultation with Mrs. Wood, Jake bade us come in, they would find some place to stow us away. Mrs. Wood proposed to give up her room and spread a bed on the kitchen floor. But Jake gave a very decided no to that. There was one other bedroom, that I afterward suspected was vacated by some of the family for two of us; the rest and Jake's four boys went into the loft over the living room. In a very short time the table was spread with a very substantial supper, and then gathered round the fire we discussed the morrow's hunt.

I wish I could give you a picture of that family. Jake Wood is a man of about fifty years of age, 6ft. 4in. in height and weighs 180. He reminded me very much of Abraham Lincoln in figure and manner. A very intellectual face, a clear blue eye, and a voice as mild and gentle as a woman's. Mrs. Wood is a rather delicate-looking woman, but with plenty of energy, and we voted her the best cook in the Adirondacks. There are four sons, fourteen, sixteen, eighteen and nineteen years of age. Two daughters, one fourteen and the other but a baby. In the time we spent there I did not hear a cross or impatient word; every request for aid from any one was complied with quickly and cheerfully, and sometimes a little hesitation would have been excusable. For instance: One very dark night, when we were having a merry time with cards and stories, and all were a good deal fatigued after the day's hunt, there came a rap at the door, which was answered by Mr. Wood. He came back to know if any of the boys felt like taking a lantern and showing a gentleman the way to "The Lodge," five miles through the woods. Two of the boys promptly responded, and one was sent.

At another time we were on our way to the hunting grounds, when Mr. Wood suddenly remembered that he had told the lame boy to go on horseback to Lake Placid to inquire for a dog that had driven in that direction the day before and had not returned. He said: "Now he may take the colt, and she is apt to shy, and with that lame foot I fear he may get hurt. One of us ought to go back and tell him to take old Billy." One of the boys at once sprang out of the wagon and ran back two miles to warn his brother, leaving the rest of us to ride on to the hunt, and he to follow on foot with the chance of being too late for the first race. I think there are few boys who would have obeyed such a request with no sign of impatience.

Jake decided where each was to watch. He and one of our party went with the dogs on to the side of Mount McEntire. The first day my post was at a point in the river, where in previous races nearly all the deer had crossed. There was a very cold north wind blowing and a slight fall of snow. Every one who has watched a runway near a stream knows how many times the sound from the water startles you with the idea that the dogs are coming, and how for the first two or three hours every sense is alive and the rifle kept ready for a hasty shot. As the hours wear away hope dies out, and the notes of the wood birds, or the antics of a squirrel, or other animal, are a welcome relief. Thus the hours passed with me till the sun had gone below the mountain (though its face had been hidden all day). I was hoping for a signal that the hunt was up, when I was sure I heard a splash in the river above the bend. At once my rifle was ready, and I gazed eagerly through the bushes in the direction of the sounds, when there came a whistle, and immediately after I saw one of the boys wading the river and drawing behind him a deer. He had shot it early in the day two miles above me and had waded all that distance in the water, ice cold, in preference to carrying it through the woods. He advised me to remain half an hour longer, as he had heard the dogs while on his way down.

I remained till called away by a shout from the road. There I found two of the party and a large doe that I had seen before being towed down the river. It was so cold we decided to walk toward the lodge, as our team had been taken there. We reached there after a two-mile walk and found that Mr. Wood and one of the party had not come in, and as shots had been heard, there was hope of another deer. In half an hour a shout from the edge of the woods made us rush out, and we found Mr. Wood and our friend with a fine buck.

This was my good luck for the first day, and there was still a chance of finding another at the house, as the "lame boy" was to keep a lookout there. On reaching the house we learned that a large doe had run across the open lot north of the house, but too far off for a shot.

On entering the house we found an addition to the family, a gentleman and wife on a visiting trip had come there for the night. I wondered how the house could hold one more. But the family appeared in no way disturbed, and after supper I noticed Mrs. W. quietly removing bed clothes to the kitchen, where she and Jake made their beds on the floor, giving up their room to the visitors.

The next day we started out confident of success. The starters had found enormous tracks the day before, and could start them with "no trouble at all." But when we met at night it was to hear of deer that had crossed where they never did before, just out of sight of the men on the runways. The bucks had run up stream, and no one had a shot.

Saturday morning, with the snow falling fast and the north wind still blowing, found us on our watch grounds. I had barely reached my station, when I heard six shots in rapid succession in the direction of the west branch of the river. An hour later one of the dogs came to us, and remained half an hour, then he leisurely walked round the large rock beside which I stood, and giving one or two short barks, he started off on a track. He "worked" near by for ten minutes, then took a straight course for the point on the river where I had watched the day before. I learned later that he drove the deer some two miles and then lost it.

At night I learned that the six shots I had heard were fired by one of the Wood boys. The first one was aimed into the woods ahead of the deer to turn it back into the river it had just crossed. It succeeded, and a large doe gave a great leap into the middle of the stream, and the second shot had wounded her, but she still ran, but was brought down by one of the later ones.

I had nearly forgotten the point of my story, the one circumstance that led me to write this rather long letter. Perhaps some of the gentlemen who like to testify before game committees could use it as proof of the humanity of hounding. A large fawn was started by one of our dogs and driven to another party who were hunting near us. It was shot at, and a .44 ball struck it in the lower part of the abdomen. Some of the small intestines ran out and caught on bushes as the little thing ran. They were jerked out till, before it reached the river, sixty rods from where it was shot, all the small intestines had been pulled out, and a portion of the paunch. It then swam the river, but the ice-cold water entering the cavity of its body was too much for it. It ran two rods further; and as it fell the dogs sprang upon it, and before the hunter could beat them off, they had mangled it so badly it was unfit to use. It made me ashamed of hunting with dogs.

I have been interested in letters in some late numbers of FOREST AND STREAM, relative to bears and bear hunting. I have never believed that a bear could be provoked to attack a man, unless it was wounded so that it could not run away. But in this town a week or two ago we had evidence that there are exceptions. A man living three or four miles north of here went to look at a bear trap, carrying a light muzzleloading gun, loaded with fine shot. He found a bear cub in the trap, and while bending over it, suddenly saw the old bear rushing at him. He turned and sprang into a small spruce tree, and the old bear caught his boot with one paw, but he got away and up the tree out of her reach. There were no branches large enough to support him, and he had great trouble in holding on. Twice the bear climbed up the tree far enough to bend it nearly to the ground, but by kicking and clubbing her with the gun that he had held on to, he managed to drive her back. He was unable to fire his gun, whether from fright or fault with the lock I don't know. But he was kept up the tree from 4 in the afternoon till 11 at night. Then his wife became alarmed and sent men to find him. They found the old bear near by, but feared to shoot in the dark. The man was so chilled that he was unable to walk when they helped him down. He will probably take some other weapon with him the next time he visits a bear trap.

Another of our hunters and trappers was out a few days ago setting traps and was followed by a bear and cubs (attracted by the bait he carried probably). He shot the old bear twice, but she escaped with one cub; the other he killed. He has before now killed a bear with a club, and I've heard it remarked many times that there was no bear could tree him, gun or no gun. They are very numerous this year; or probably not more numerous than usual, but there are so few beech nuts this season that they are driven nearer the settlements for food.

We still hear talk of deer being very thick; but I notice that all over the woods the hunters do not hunt near home as formerly, but go thirty or fifty miles to some place far from any settlements and dogs; and they come back with fewer deer than they killed in half the time ten years ago without going out of hearing of their own dinner horns.

I have been urged by many native hunters to try and get a law forbidding the killing of does at any season. If we cannot have a law forbidding hounding that would be the next best thing. Something must be done or the deer will be as scarce as buffalo in a very short time.

AU SABLE.

ESSEX COUNTY, New York.

A PLEA FOR THE CHASE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It has been a great surprise to me that with all the facilities and material for field sport, so little of it should be practiced by the young people who spend their winters in the South. I am sure you will sympathize with me in lamenting the departure from those good old days of yore, when the hunter's horn would awaken the echoes at early morn to rouse the lagging out from their downy beds, to take the saddle and away to the woods while the dew still holds the scent of the deer or the fox, which always feed at night, or rather very early in the morning.

What a gay sight it would be to behold a group of well-mounted ladies in suitable dress, with each her attendant, just as the sun peeps above the horizon of a Southern sky; the hunter, with his trained pack of hounds, all wild to trail and start his majesty of the forest. Can there be any recreation, or any exercise, more conducive to exuberant health than an early start, when the frost lies crisp on every blade of grass and shrub, and the air is filled with the flight of all manner of winged creatures seeking their feeding grounds for the day, guided thither by an unerring hand.

How tame seem the tennis or the croquet grounds. Yet they need not be entirely ignored. The timid ones, who delight in dancing backward and forward to catch a ball, might fill up the leisure moments that otherwise might hang on their hands, or quarrel over the order of play at croquet, which seems to be more frequent than the gaining a conquest. But those who would course in an exciting ride, when twenty hounds were in full cry, perhaps see the antlered beauty for a moment as he dashes through some thicket, would hardly tame down to any of the games of the day.

When a young man, many a day it was my delight to follow the hounds in full chase, after both fox and deer. This may be why I am surprised that the fancy does not attach itself to the young men of this generation. Stir them up, Mr. Editor. One good ride of twenty miles will do more to harden the muscles and send the blood coursing on with new life than all the automaton games ever invented. H. C.

TARRYTOWN, N. Y.

AN ELK HUNT IN THE ROCKIES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Agreeable to promise I herewith hand you a few hastily written notes of our ten days among the elk, bear and deer:

At 3:30 A.M., Monday, Sept. 3, our party consisting of Messrs. J. E. Brown, Dall De Weese and myself took the train at this point for Dotsero, a station on the Denver and Rio Grande R.R., at the junction of Eagle and Grand Rivers, where we had saddle horses and pack animals (jacks) awaiting us. We arrived there at 11:50 A.M. of the same day.

We soon packed our bedding and supplies on our jacks and started at once into the very heart of the Rocky Mountains, each feeling like a school boy let loose. Crossing the Grand, we plunged at once into the cedars and pinons, and made across the country to Sweetwater (Turret Creek), then following up the stream still higher to the quaking asps, we went on and up to the spruce covered mountain tops and timber line peaks. We rode leisurely along, now gazing in wonder and admiration at some dark and weird cañon, and at the next turn in the trail feasting our eyes upon the grandest panorama of mountain range, hill and dale ever presented to the view. Nature in her wildest moods has never excelled her handiwork here. It is only amid such scenes that one can appreciate the vastness of the universe. But we must move up the trail, for this is bigger game than I can handle.

We reached the Sweetwater Lake the evening of the second day, distant from Dotsero 15 miles, and camped for the night. This lake lies in a deep basin between two great mountains, and is a beautiful little sheet of water, being about a quarter of a mile wide by three-quarters long, and its waters are alive with the beautiful speckled mountain trout.

The weather being clear and fine, we did not put up our tent. Our animals were soon relieved of their loads and picketed for the night. Our rods, lines, flies, etc., were quickly adjusted and seventeen of the speckled beauties were landed and prepared for supper. Such a supper! And such appetites! The inference would only have been natural that we, as is the custom with the Utes, in the midst of plenty were taking a meal which should last us for three or four days.

Bright and early the following morning we again took the trail, with here and there some very steep ascents to make, but passing through groves of quaking asp and beautiful parks, covered with a luxuriant growth of bunch grass—so long as to reach the sides of our pack-animals. Higher and higher wended the trail, and steeper and steeper grew the grade, like the path to fame, till at last we gained the flat tops. What a scene lay before us! An immense water shed, from which you can see the source of the Eagle, Grand, Piney, Gore, Lake, Gypsum, Roaring Fork, Muddy and Bear rivers, while at the western base rises the White River. In the distance were Turret and Shingle Peaks, whose summits rise some 12,000ft. above sea level, and probably 2,000ft. higher than the flat tops; while to the north and east lay Trappers Lake, Egeria Park and the Williams Fork country.

Even though we are now at an elevation of near 10,000 feet, we have just reached the hunter's paradise. Here are dense groves of the stately spruce, where the sun never penetrates, beautiful undulating parks, waving with a heavy growth of nutritious grass, springs of water as pure and cold as ever flowed from old mountain side; while here and there, both in grove and park, are large pools of water left by the melting snows, which furnish excellent watering places for the herds of elk, deer, mountain sheep, etc., which here abound. And this is not all. Step down to the edge of this water hole with me and inspect the tracks which are so plentiful here in the soft earth, and you will at once see that it is also the home of the grizzly, silver-tip, cinnamon and black bear. (The marks of the claws of the grizzly and silver-tip show plainly in the tracks, while with the cinnamon and black bear they do not.) This locality has long been known as the Ute Indians' great summer and fall hunting ground, and even after they were restricted to the limits of a reservation, their attachment for this locality has been so great, that while many have visited here by consent of the Indian agents, many more have done so in violation of agency orders, and finding themselves once more in their old haunts, and in the midst of game of all kinds and in countless numbers, have dared to dream that they were again a mighty people and the sole masters of this broad domain.

Three o'clock P. M. found our jacks and horses unpacked and picketed out, tents up, dinner over and our hunting equipments in place; after which we started out for fresh meat for supper. Sundown found us all in camp, with three deer packed in and hung on the spruce back of camp, Mr. DeWeese having had the good fortune to kill a fine buck which dressed 260lbs., with fat 1½in. thick over the rump. His horns were large and very uniform and in full velvet, making a fine trophy.

The next day we spent looking for elk sign through the spruce, along the breaks of the flat tops and around the watering places, and so locating the bedding places as well as watering places and feeding grounds of the many bands of elk which it was plain to be seen were ranging there. On our return to camp, after comparing notes, taking our evening smoke and listening to the experiences of the day, we retired for the night, fully convinced, as Mr. DeWeese expressed it, that "we were in the land of the wapiti."

The next day more prospecting discovered to us a chain of small lakes about six miles to the north, and judging from the elk, deer and bear sign in their vicinity, these were their principal watering places. We saw scores of fine fat deer at short range, but did not molest them, for we were not out to slaughter game to lie in the hills, as is too often the case.

We returned to camp early, boned our meat, salted it down in the hides under the thick shade of the spruce, and covered it well to secure it from the flies. The remainder of the afternoon and evening was spent in arranging little conveniences in camp and planning the next day's hunt, for we had decided that it was about time we should introduce ourselves to the elk. We finally decided to do just a little more prospecting in the morning, return to camp about noon, get dinner and rest an hour or two, then mount our horses and ride to near the point where we should decide to make our evening hunt (one hour at about sundown is worth the whole day for elk shooting).

While sitting around the camp-fire that evening we were treated to a splendid serenade, which was nothing less than the musical "bugling" of a bull elk. At first half a mile distant, then nearer and nearer, until within 200yds. of camp. Again and again he struck the notes in a loud, clear, shrill, whistling tone that echoed from park to woodland. Hastily catching up our rifles we crept down the edge of park near by and secreted ourselves, but there being no moon we could not see him, though he came so close that we imagined we could hear him breathe, and we could plainly hear the rustle of the grass beneath his feet. After passing us and gaining the edge of the spruce across the park from us he again stopped and bugled. One of our party attempted to answer him, but his bugle was so badly out of tune that the old fellow did not deign to notice it, further than to bugle us an occasional ta-ta as he wandered further and further away, until his notes were entirely lost to us.

In the morning we were out early, and keeping together followed along a high ridge near the lakes. Fresh sign was plentiful, and we kept a sharp lookout. Presently our attention was attracted to the splashing of water near at hand, and looking in the direction whence the sound came we could see that at the foot of the hill on which we were standing, and in the midst of a dense growth of spruce, was a lake which we had not discovered before. Knowing it to be the habit of elk to wallow at these water holes, we were at once satisfied that there was an old bull not very far from us, and to reach him we must take a roundabout course, and over ground which we did not know; so hastily retracing our steps to the covering of spruce we cautiously stole down the hill toward the lake. When within about 300yds. of the lake an unusual commotion in the midst of them told us that the elk had either heard us or scented us. Halting and peering through the dark spruce, we sighted a band of about forty elk, all cows and calves but one, and that a good-sized bull with fairly good antlers. They were restless and moving about so that it was nearly impossible to get a shot; however, as soon as the bull stopped where we could do so, we fired on him, taking care not to hit any of the cows or calves. Then a mad race began, they to gain the dense spruce cover at the head of the lake, and we to gain the open ground before they should do so, which resulted in a complete victory for the elk. However, on taking the trail we found that at least one of us had put his mark on the old fellow, for he was leaving quite a trail of blood. After trailing them nearly a half mile and finding that he would neither leave the band nor spread his toes wide apart in running (both being almost sure signs of a death shot), we abandoned the trail and returned to camp, feeling almost tempted to shoot down some of the dozens of deer we saw on our way.

Arriving at camp about noon we found to our disgust that our "San Juan canaries" (jacks) had pulled their picket pins and "lit out." Mr. Brown at once volunteered to take their trail and follow them until found, fearing they would, if given a little time, return to Dotsero; so, hastily partaking of dinner, he saddled his horse, taking an extra blanket, started, but with an expression on his face which told us plainly that it would afford him infinitely more pleasure to shoot those jacks than to bag all the bighorns that ranged the hills.

Toward evening Mr. De Weese and myself saddled up and started out for an evening hunt. It is quite evident that we had much the best of Mr. Brown in this matter. After having ridden a mile or more from camp, we sighted a band of eleven elk just emerging from the spruce at the head of a long park about a mile to the north. The sun was just sinking and the long shadows were fast creeping out over the parks, which told us that we must act quickly. They had evidently sighted us, so sitting quietly in the saddles until they began feeding, and hastily dismounting and leaving our horses for a "blind," we began to steal a march on them. The ground being somewhat in our favor, we made good time, and just as dusk was fast approaching we peered cautiously through the spruce boughs into the park. There lying down, and evidently on guard, was the very monarch of the hills, while the band had passed just over the hill into the spruce. He was lying in tall grass which nearly or quite concealed his body, but nothing short of a forest of spruce would have hidden that magnificent head of horns from our view. At the instant we sighted him he sprang to his feet, but as he rose from the ground we both fired. Another instant and he was over the crest of the hill and out of sight. Hurrying to the top of the hill we found he had plunged into the thick spruce. We found no trail of blood, and stood and stared at one another, wondering if it were possible to miss such a monster. Mr. De Weese was invited to kick me back to where we had left our horses, and in return I volunteered to kick him from there into camp. However, we still had reason to believe that we had hit him, and pretty hard at that, for he had not followed the band, and every footprint showed the toes well spread. It was now too dark to attempt to follow him, so we retraced our steps, wondering if either of us could hit an elephant if one should get up before us. I don't think we slept like babes that night; at least I did not, for as soon as I closed my eyes I seemed to see that old bull, and the fact is I drove sleep away trying to frame some excuse for having missed such a mark.

As soon as it was light we were again in the saddle, and rode over to where we had left the trail. Leaving our horses, we started at once to follow it up. Although the woods were tracked in every direction by elk, it was not difficult to trail him, his tracks being so much larger than other tracks. Soon, however, we found a plainer trail—a light trail of blood, and at that moment we were absolutely certain that old big horns was ours. After trailing him a mile or more into the very heart of the dense dark spruce forest where the fallen trees were thickest, and where the ground was thickly covered with moss, which prevented the sound of footsteps, suddenly he broke from the cover of a dense mass of fallen trees. In less time than it takes to tell it we had sent five shots after him, which had the effect of checking his speed somewhat, and turning him to the left. As he turned we gave him two more. He suddenly stopped, tottered and fell.

We were soon at his side, and though we knew him to be a monster, we could but stand and gaze in astonishment at his gigantic proportions. Lying naturally on his side, with one hindleg extended, he measured 15ft. 4in. from hoof to point of antlers, and girthed 9ft. just back of the shoulder. He would certainly dress, as you would dress beef, 800lbs. His antlers were very fine and heavy, the beams being 6ft. long and 5ft. spread, and having nine points on one beam and eight on the other, the front fenders being long and very heavy.

An examination showed that Mr. DeWeese had hit him in the neck the evening before, while I, much as I dislike to own it, had missed him. Mr. DeWeese used a Winchester .40-60, while I used a Sharps .40-70. After jumping him that morning we had put five balls into his right hip, one ball breaking the bone, and as he turned we had put one ball through his side, and another through his shoulder. After dressing him we returned to camp, and as we rode into camp we could not restrain ourselves longer, but gave three rousing cheers for the "Monarch bull elk, Harrison and Morton, and the flat tops."

The following day Mr. Brown returned with our "mocking birds," and we packed in our elk and boned the meat, all the while Mr. Brown's looks saying plainer than words that he considered it decidedly underhanded for us to have such sport while he was on the trail of such game as three miserable runaway jacks.

The next morning we broke camp and started to move over to the brakes of White River, more with the view to see the country than to hunt. After having proceeded a half mile from camp, I stopped to re-sinch my saddle, the others moving along the trail with the jacks in the lead. Presently, and when they were some 300yds. in advance of me, I heard them shoot. Again and again the sharp report of their rifles rang out, and hastily springing into the saddle I dashed along the trail through the woods, and as I emerged therefrom into a gulch thickly grown up with low willows, and probably 100yds. in width, I espied two silver tip bears making their way down the spruce ridge on the opposite side of the gulch. My companions having dismounted, were giving them chase and firing whenever they could get sight of them. Off to the right was another bear, which they had wounded so severely that he could not get away, and the way he was making those hills and woods ring was a caution. Riding as rapidly as the ground would permit some 200yds. down the ridge and along the edge of the spruce, I dismounted and ran into the spruce a short distance to where a small ravine headed. Scarcely had I gained this position when the two bears showed themselves on the break of the ravine. They were climbing a steep embankment and presented the full line of their backs to me. Dropping on one knee I fired, and at the crack of my rifle the hindmost bear rolled over and died without a struggle, the ball having broken his neck. The other bear escaped into the thick forest and we were unable to again get sight of him, although he was wounded. This was indeed a picnic. The crack! crack! of our rifles, the unearthly squalling and rushing hither and thither of the bears, the terror-stricken bray of our jacks as they fled through the woods and over fallen timbers, regardless of their heavy packs, and our shouts to each other to "stand your ground and give 'em fits," made up a very exciting scene.

After it was all over, we started in search of those confounded jacks, and after trailing them through the woods for a half mile we found them, two of them with the packs turned and all nearly frightened to death. Soon everything was put to rights, and returning to where we had killed the bears, we removed the pelts carefully with the view of having them made into rugs, as mementoes of a most thrilling experience. We took the trail for the west fork of Sweetwater Creek, camping there for the night.

The following morning we began preparations for our home trip, and about 3 P.M. we were again in the saddle and started down the stream to middle Sweetwater, reaching there a little before sundown. Crossing this stream the trail ran along a high and somewhat broken plateau, lying 200ft. or more above the creek. Just as it was growing dusk we approached a salt lick where we had previously seen a band of mountain sheep. Mr. Brown was in the lead, Mr. De Weese and myself following with the jacks. As Mr. Brown neared the summit of the ridge forming the western boundary of the basin in which the lick was located he quickly dismounted and motioned us to him. Following as quickly as possible, we left our horses and crept to a point where we could look over into the basin, and as we did so, we saw a band of eleven elk standing around the licks, some 300yds. distant. It was now too dark to see their antlers at that distance, and located as they were in the basin below us, but we were satisfied that several of the larger ones were bulls, so selecting the largest ones for our targets we opened fire. At the first volley they rushed wildly up the hill which formed the northern boundary of the basin, and which is very steep and destitute of timber, save here and there a clump of scrub oaks. We continued firing until each of us had brought down an elk, Mr. Brown securing a bull having a particularly fine set of antlers. They were not so large as the one Mr. De Weese and myself had killed, but very uniform and handsome, securing to him a trophy of which he is justly very proud. We dressed our game and placed it on poles where it would cool, and again took the trail, arriving at the mouth of East Sweetwater at 11:30 that night, where we camped and prepared supper from the "fat of the land." Late as it was we ate heartily, for indigestion doesn't stay out on a two weeks' hunt.

The following morning, feeling that the "swelling" had left our necks, we started for home, reaching Dotsero on the 16th. We sent two packers and eight pack animals back for our game, and at 4:30 that afternoon boarded the train, reaching Cañon City at 12:20 that night, all feeling more than satisfied with our trip, and feeling that we had secured a new lease of life, which could be had only through an elk hunt in the Rocky Mountains.

L. E. FRANCK.

CAÑON CITY, Colorado.

DAKOTA DUCKS.—Milnor, Dak., Nov. 9.—I have been shooting in this place for the last three weeks. There are lots of ducks in the ponds, and they are shot by wading around in the rushes for them. Decoys are not used to any extent. A great many brant and geese are shot in the wheat stubble. Bags of from forty to fifty ducks are every day affairs. The principal ducks being shot now are the mallards.—A. C. K.

THE DRAM.—"Seneca" is correct in his statement that the dram is a unit of avoirdupois weight. There are 256 drams in a pound avoirdupois, containing 7,000 grains. Therefore a dram equals 27$\frac{11}{32}$ grains.—T. H. G.

AN INCIDENT ON THE STANISLAUS.

I WILL try to give your readers an account of a little experience I had one summer among the California black bears. We had driven a band of cattle and horses from the range on the upper Joaquin plains into the Sierra Nevadas, keeping along just below the snow line. The 4th of July found us in camp on the head of the Stanislaus River, a wild rough mountain country, but with many amper glades and grassy meadows, which made it a paradise for cattle. Game was plenty, and we lived right royally on fat venison and grouse pie. Bears were plenty but hard to hunt, as they put in the day time down among the rocky bluffs of the Stanislaus, coming up at night to prowl around and stampede our horses; and in more than one case getting away with our venison. One afternoon Hawkins and myself concluded we would set a shotgun up the creek near where we had killed a deer. The bear came there we knew by the tracks. So there we put the gun, staking it in and baiting it with a deer liver. It was nearly half a mile from camp, but along in the night we were awakened by the noise of the gun. Hawkins could hardly wait until daylight, and was up and had breakfast before we could see. I had to ride over the mountain that day to see about some cattle, so Hawkins went to investigate the bear. So eager was he to be off, he forgot to take his cartridge belt. His rifle was a Sharps .45-70, and this with one shot and his six-shooter, with one round of six, were all his stock of ammunition.

About 4 o'clock in the evening I was returning over the mountain and thought I would come round by the gun. When about a quarter of a mile from the spot, I heard some one hollowing. I soon came upon my "pard," Mr. Hawkins, perched up in a tamarack tree, and about twenty steps from him lay the bear. Now and then bruin would raise his head and growl, while Hawkins would swear like a trooper. When the bear saw me he tried to come for me, but he was so badly crippled he could not get up. Seeing this "Hawk" came down the tree, keeping a wary eye on bruin. I gave him my Winchester and he soon finished his bearship.

"What did you go up that tree for, Hawk?" I asked. "Thunder, you ought to have seen that bear come for me," he replied. "You see I came up here and found him about 200yds. further on, I supposed he was dead. When I was within ten steps of him he got up and came for me. I banged it to him with the rifle, but he did not stop. Then I ran for this tree and went up. He came to the tree, and I tried the six-shooter and hit him, for after he went off that distance he lay down. I emptied my gun, but didn't hit him right. Then every time I started down he would rear up and growl, so I just staid up there and yelled till you came. You bet I won't forget my ammunition next time. Let's go to camp, I'm hungry."

Picking up our guns and getting some bear steaks for supper we went on. Hawk was a little sore for several days when any one spoke to him of being treed by a bear, but I may tell you some time how he retrieved his honor by killing a big grizzly with a six-shooter.

J. J. FULTON.

MAINE DEER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It is a fact that dogging deer in Maine is not practiced, except in extreme cases. In the Upper Narragaugus, where the most of the hunting mentioned in my last was done, dogs are not used, except that Jonathan Darling is still accused of tolerating dogs at Nickatous Lake. The Boston hunters were at one time within a few miles of that celebrated lake, and they heard hounds, and their guides informed them that the dogs were being used for running deer. The guides also explained that a certain cook had lately killed a couple of dogs found hunting deer, and the dogs belonged to the Nickatous camps. Since that time this cook has not been in favor with the guides in the employ of the proprietors of the Nickatous camps. But dogs are not being tolerated in the neighborhood of Beddington, nor further up on the waters of the Upper Narragaugus. At Collins's camp, some twenty-six miles up into the forest from Beddington, dogs are not allowed, but a curious method of hunting the deer is being followed. The country is being thoroughly hunted. Deer are plenty, but excessive hunting is making them very wild. When a deer is started, even by the most careful still-hunting they know how to practice there, he immediately is thoroughly alarmed, and breaks from one swamp to another. These swamps, in the section where the most deer hunting is being done, are divided by what are termed "burns." By a series of forest fires the dry ground between the swamps has been denuded of timber. Across these "burns" from swamp to swamp the deer have numerous runways. These runways or paths are known to the guides. The hunter is posted beside of one of them, and the guide enters the swamp and beats around till the deer is driven out, and the sportsman may be so fortunate as to get a shot. This is precisely the plan that some of the hunters in this section would like to follow with dogs. They would prefer a good hound to beat the swamp to a man, but the law says no. Respect for the law has been a good deal increased in that section of late years; for be it remembered that it is not far from the scene of the game warden slaughter, for the crime of which one hunter is now serving out a life sentence. And the trouble in this notorious case all grew out of the attempt to use dogs in hunting deer.

Among the guides there is a better sentiment prevailing in that section. One of the best in the woods freely expresses himself that he prefers to help a number of sportsmen in trying to take a deer to helping one to get one in a few hours with dogs. It pays better, and especially better since some of these guides have really become camp proprietors. The guides in some parts of the country there would be very glad to see the Nickatous boldness in defying the law broken up. Even if no dog hunting is being permitted there, these guides believe that it is being done. They have not forgotten that Mr. Darling has defied the law, or at least has explained the law to suit himself. I think that I am right about this feeling among the guides, for the Boston gentlemen, mentioned above, heard such sentiments freely expressed by them, and the gentlemen had never been into the woods of Maine before the whole subject was news to them. Nor did they know Jonathan Darling from any other man. If Mr. Darling has not tolerated the hounding of deer this fall, he certainly has the name of doing so.

But there is one bad feature about this method of hunting deer by driving them out of the swamps. There is more or less of danger from the rifles of the hunters. They all take rifles, and some of the sportsmen, or would-be sportsmen, know very little about a rifle, or any sort of a gun. Hence a gun in their hands, especially when there is a man driving a deer out of a swamp, across an open space, for the green hunter to shoot on the run, is really a dangerous weapon. There is another feature connected with this shooting of deer in the open "burn." It does not give the deer a fair chance. He must be shot at on the run, and hence more often badly hurt than killed outright. If wounded, the chances are that he crawls away, only to suffer and die a miserable death—perhaps of starvation. I have two cases in mind of bad shooting on these barrens this fall. One was where the deer's under jaw was carried away, by a shot aimed at the head. The other was where a wounded deer was found and killed, with a ball embedded in the hipbone. The rifle was not of sufficient caliber, it was not powerful enough for such shooting. In still-hunting, such as is explained by Van Dyke in that admirable work, "The Still-Hunter," I think there is opportunity for a good shot, and hence the pleasures of deer hunting need not be connected with cruelty to one of the most beautiful creatures God has made.

Still another feature connected with the hunting of these barrens may yet work trouble. The barrens are not natural, but are the result of a severe forest fire three or four years ago. The "burns" have sprung up to young twigs, and grass in some spots, and here the deer delight to feed. Hunting them has already rendered them so wild that they come out to feed only at night. But to the guide these "burns" are looked upon with a good deal of favor. They are something that has come to them. But how are they to be kept up? It only takes four or five years to render them, where there is any soil left, a most impenetrable thicket; the worst place in which to hunt a deer imaginable. Fire will again fix the matter, and of these fires the forest owners of to-day are very much afraid. It is always hinted by some of the less responsible guides that the "burns" can be kept up; that fire will do it. Certain timberland owners are on record as declaring that it would be better for the lumber interest of Maine if there was not a deer in the State, and the fear is that they may hinder any wholesome legislation on the subject this winter.

SPECIAL.

ST. LOUIS DUCK SHOOTING.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Nov. 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A drizzling rain has been falling without cessation for two days and the Signal Service reports a cold wave as due here by to-morrow. This is good news to the patient duck shooters, because it will put animation into the ducks which have been making their stay up north and start them on their southern migration tour. Duck shooting in this section of the country so far this fall has been very poor and unsatisfactory. But the prospects are just now very promising for some good sport on them in the near future. That the web-feet have all given this valley the go-by and taken their course further west, can hardly be accepted by the Nimrods in this city, consequently they are keeping up hopes and expect some good shooting on them before the lakes in this section are frozen over.

Duck shooting such as your hunters of old times were accustomed to when this section of the country was thinly settled, has disappeared never to return again. Many of the lakes about here which were at one time famous for duck shooting are now of no value whatever for this sport, and not visited by the duck shooters at all. This is also the case with the snipe grounds. Not so many years ago it was a common thing for parties to visit what is known as Wet Prairie, a few miles above here in Illinois, and make good bags of the longbills. But now this is all changed, and a bag of a dozen is considered big, whereas formerly four, five or six dozen consituted an ordinary bag. In those days the land was a good-for-nothing swamp, but since then has been reclaimed by under-drainage and is now mostly under cultivation, and the snipe have given the localty the go-by. To get good sport on ducks and snipe it is necessary now to go quite a distance, or join one of the various clubs which own game preserves in this part of the country, and then the sport cannot be compared to what it was in the days of the old muzzle-loading shotgun. Breechloading shotguns are now so cheap that nearly every farmer throughout the country owns one. Game of all kinds is in season when the farmer's work is the lightest, and he has plenty of spare time to devote to the pursuit of it. The increase in the sport of field shooting in the cities is also large. Taking all these reasons into consideration, is there any wonder that the game in this section is rapidly decreasing? It will be only a matter of a short time until duck and snipe shooting will be almost entirely played out around here. Nothing will be left for the nimrods to shoot but a few quail and rabbits, and probably these will have been reduced to such a small number that it will be very unsatisfactory to spend any time in quest of them.

Postmaster W. Hyde, James O. Broadhead, Col. J. G. Prather, member of the National Democratic Committee from this State, John A. Scudder and Dan Catlin are down at Black River, Arkansas, enjoying the pleasures of a camp hunt. The party expect to remain two weeks, dividing their time between angling and shooting. Bear, deer and turkeys are said to be quite plentiful in the locality where they have cast their fortunes, and no doubt some grand sport is in store for them.

Fishing is reported to be excellent at Black River just now, as is evidenced by the fact that several parties that have recently returned from there have been most successful.

The Jumbo Fishing and Hunting Club broke camp at Black River, near Peach Orchard, last Tuesday and arrived in this city on Thursday, after being in camp ten days. Their luck was something unusual, having killed 5 deer, 340 squirrels, a number of ducks and considerable other game, such as rabbits, quail and turkeys. The gentlemen report fishing fine, having succeeded in catching a fine string of fish. Among the trophies was a jack salmon, caught by a Mr. McClure, which weighed 11lbs. 4oz. Four of the deer which the party brought home succumbed to the rifles of Mr. Peckington and Mr. Grille, who are most excellent shots with a rifle. Mr. Thomas McMahon, one of the crack shots of the party, shot at a wild turkey, and by mistake killed a hog, the cost of which swelled the expense account of the Jumbo Club. The usual luck of the club will enable Messrs. Peckington and Grille to serve squirrel potpie at their Leadquarters for the next six weeks.

Mr. Nic Dolese and Chas. Thoman spent ten days at Harrisonville Landing, which is about twenty miles south of this city, in Illinois, and enjoyed some excellent sport on ducks. They returned yesterday with eighty-five ducks, the greater number of which were mallards.

UNSER FRITZ.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 6.—A telegram received to-day from Henry, Ill., by a member of the Swan Lake Club, reads: "Plenty of birds—killed 77 yesterday—mallards.—WOOD." The telegram is from Wood Bros., local market shooters, who have the Illinois River pretty well "spotted."

Mr. W. B. Chatfield, one of Chicago's wealthiest and most enthusiastic sportsmen, has just returned from his trip into British America, and is now active in the campaign against the Illinois ducks. Mr. Chatfield reports that two days ago there were thousands of ducks along the big marshes to the south. English Lake marsh is beginning to show a little more water. It has been very low. Swan Lake country was looming, and not enough shooters down to keep the ducks scared up and moving.

Local hunters at Morgan Park, one of the city suburbs, report fair bags of ducks and a few geese at the "Sag," four miles west of that place. A large flock of Canada geese passed over the town yesterday, heading for Calumet Lake, and flying not higher than the roofs of the houses.

OCT. 7.—Mr. A. W. Knox starts at the end of this week for a full week's trip in the Fox Lake country, and will probably meet with good shooting.

The men about Spalding's, and also the knots of sportsmen who gather there, all report the flight coming in well in the Fox Lake region. Everybody is outfitting, and the present raw and cloudy thick weather is luring out a great many shooters who rarely go until the right time comes. I got John Gillespie to stop packing orders for decoy ducks long enough to tell me that he had fair success last week, and that he will go again this week, either to Fox Lake or English Lake.

South Water street begins to show great quantities of game in market, and the dealers report the flight of large flocks now well down into this country. There would seem to be little doubt that the time has at last come to get ready.

Weather prophets and others wise in weather lore predict a severe winter. The sign of the "goose bone," they say, clearly indicates that. Doubtless all readers of FOREST AND STREAM understand the goose-bone prophetic tokens. This year the bone is very dark at both ends, much mottled and broken into dots, breves and lines, which mingle along the keel, indicating changeable weather. The downward bend of the curves indicates heavy and falling weather. The bone further indicates a late and cold spring. Farmers say the corn husks are thick; and trappers declare that the squirrels and muskrats predict a hard winter by their activity in storing and building. I don't know about the justice of the predictions and can tell better in the spring, but it certainly has been a wonderfully warm and pleasant fall, all through the West.

The Illinois State Sportsmen's Association is a quiet but not by any means defunct institution. At the last meeting a game warden for Chicago was appointed, with a salary of $150 a year. His duties are to quietly watch the markets of South Water street, and to report any illegal shipments or selling of game. It was this association, I believe, which once arrested that very good, gray old man, Mr. A. Booth, of fish and oyster fame, and thereby made that gentleman mighty angry. If I remember rightly, Mr. Booth was experimenting in the preservation of meats, and had bought some quail exposed for sale out of season, to pack away under his hermetical process, and keep untouched for two or three years. Nothing very serious came of the matter. A great many worse offenders than Mr. Booth might well be prosecuted. It is to be hoped that the association's warden will not meet the same fate in any attempted arrest that State Warden Pipino and his colleagues experienced at the hands of the doughty Peter Rodenbauer and his shotgun.

Considerable numbers of ruffed grouse are to be seen among the other game now displayed at the stalls.

During a recent trip in Kansas the report seemed general that the prairie chickens were growing so scare in that State as hardly to be valued in the estimates of a shooter; to the contrary, quail will be very plentiful in that State this fall, owing to the observance of the wise protective law and to the closeness with which the farmers have posted their lands and watched their local coveys.

The three-years' law in this State has resulted in marked increase of prairie chickens. Next year they will be abundant in localities not far from here.

OCT. 9.—Mr. Chas. Carhart, of this city, with two friends, Mr. Wm. Bunn, of Springfield, Ill., and Dr. F. S. Papin, of Colorado Springs, Col.; will next week start on a novel and singularly interesting trip, making the last-named place their point of departure. They will travel by wagon and on horseback through southern Colorado, across New Mexico and into Arizona, journeying leisurely and taking such sport as each locality may afford. Dr. Papin, who is the animating cause of the excursion, writes in a letter of directions to his friends in regard to outfit, which shows him to be thoroughly posted on the requirements; and this, coupled with the fact that the party will have a cook and two other men, would indicate that they will be comfortable even if they meet what they may well expect, some pretty cold experiences among the big snowy peaks. No limit is put on the time of this trip, which may last for six months or more. If the travelers really do undertake to traverse by wagon the country indicated, they will be likely to have some unique experiences; and of these, together with the record of deer and turkeys, FOREST AND STREAM has the promise of the news.

The weather is very cold and wet. Rain has fallen steadily for the past few days. Thousands of ducks are reported on Fox Lake, and a rattling trade is doing in guns and shells.

E. HOUGH.

THE WOODCOCK FLIGHT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Since my letter of last week there has been a small flight of woodcock through the Connecticut Valley, showing that some of the birds attained comparatively northern breeding grounds.

The fringes of the flight just touched Berkshire, and only touched it.

A singular peculiarity of the flight this year and last is the finding of the birds in the wettest of cover, with comparatively none on the high grounds and in the sprouts. What occasions this change? Why do the birds, this extremely wet season, haunt the flooded summer covers, and desert the high birches and maples? Is it a matter of food, temperature or caprice? Who can interpret these mysterious, large-eyed, nocturnal fliers?

I hope yet to hear through FOREST AND STREAM from our Northern and Southern sportsmen who have noticed the movements of the birds. E. H. LATHROP.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., Nov. 7.

RIFLES FOR SMALL GAME.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have been in precisely the same predicament described by "N. Orleans" in FOREST AND STREAM of this date, and believe that, from my own experience in solving the problem, I am competent to tell him what to do. If your correspondent will invest in a .32-cal. Colt lightning magazine rifle, chambered for the .32-20 Winchester cartridge (115 grains of lead) and fitted with the Lyman front and rear sights, he will find himself equipped with just the arm he wants. I have shot ducks on Long Island with such a rifle under the precise conditions described by "Orleans" and found that arm to "fill the bill" in every particular. The rifles (whether repeaters or single-shot) adapted for the .32-40 cartridge carry too far, besides which the ammunition is comparatively expensive; but the .32-20 Colt comes within the desired limit of range, and, while not the gun to select for fine target shooting, is sufficiently accurate to kill a duck as dead as a door nail within 150 or 200yds. Of course, that is under the supposition that one knows how to shoot, for it takes a tolerably fair shot to hit a black duck, or even a black swan, at 200yds. with any kind of a rifle not shot from a rest. LOUIS BAGGER.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Editor Forest and Stream:

You published articles a short time ago on "Rifles for Small Game." I have since made experiments with a .30-40 for rabbits, squirrels, partridges, etc., and I load with 20grs. powder and a round ball of about 50grs., sold here as (S. G.) buckshot. I found this very accurate up to about 50yds., but have not had a chance of trying it at any longer range. I loaded one shell with 40grs. powder and a round ball, and at 10yds. shot clean through a poplar log 14in. in diameter, which was cut last winter; and with the full charge I shot through an ¼in. iron plate and 1¼in. spruce board behind it at 100yds. I think this rifle will fill the bill for all-round work. H. C. BROWNE.

MANITOBA.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In reply to 'N. Orleans," I would say get a .32-cal. rifle. There are several good ones made that might answer his purpose—Winchester, Colts, Ballard or Marlin. I think if he wants to shoot ducks at 150 to 200yds., and with the wind blowing, let him choose a Winchester single-shot .32-cal., using the Marlin and Ballard .32-40 cartridge, and costing $11.25. This is a very accurate rifle, and he need not be afraid of killing a man a mile away, either. I have been using a rifle of this kind for some time and find that it gives satisfaction every time. BULLET.

CARLISLE, Pa.

ELK HUNTING ETHICS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the November number of *Harper's Magazine* is an article on "Elk Hunting in the Rocky Mountains," by G. O. Shields, if that is a genuine as distinguished from an assumed name. I commenced the perusal of the article with anticipations of pleasure, which were realized as I progressed, until the author recorded the fact, that after shooting a cow and a calf, which it would be fair to presume would be game enough of that kind at one time for one small hunting party, he had a long chase of miles "through the thickets of underbrush and over the rocks and beds of frozen leaves," and finally came up with and brutally shot a large bull, which apparently he did not want, except that his magnificent antlers might grace the shooter's library. No wonder the writer says: "As I walked up and stood over his prostrate form my soul was filled with remorse and regret at having caused the death of this majestic monarch of the forest." He would have had, as it seems to me, a much finer exhibition of good taste if the "remorse and regret" had continued long enough to prevent the telling in print of so unsportsmanlike a story.

And then for a writer to proceed as this writer does, to criticise and condemn the "skin-hunters" whose shots are rapidly exterminating the few remaining bands of elk. This is too much! He calls it "ruthless slaughter." Was his shooting of that "majestic monarch of the forest" anything but "ruthless slaughter?" The "skin-hunter" shoots for a living, and Mr. Shields calls him "nefarious." Mr. G. O. Shields apparently did not have even the excuse of the "skin-hunter" when he shot three elk, two one night and one the next morning. If "nefarious" is an appropriate adjective to apply to one who shoots that he may live, what manner of epithet would it require adequately to describe a man who after his wants for sport and meat are supplied by shooting a cow and calf, continues to shoot, apparently from pure "cussedness," or to get a pair of antlers? I will let Mr. G. O. Shields select it for himself. Perhaps sometime when he is looking at that pair of antlers with a new "pang of sorrow for the part I played in that great tragedy," he may be able to conjure up an epithet which will fit the case. At least he can try.

There seems to be an idea prevalent among a certain class of so-called sportsmen that the indiscriminate slaughter of even non-ravenous game is all right, provided it is done for fun or in pursuit of pleasure; but that it is all wrong when done for purposes of livelihood. My own training has been in another school of sportsmanship. I do not approve of, and, had I the power, would gladly stop the "ruthless slaughter" of the skin-hunter; but I would get up earlier, stay up longer and work harder to arrest the worse than "ruthless slaughter" of the man who, going out shooting for pleasure, first shoots all he needs or can possibly use, and then keeps on shooting as long as game can be found. And the worst man of all, in my estimation, is the man who after doing all this, comes home and sheds crocodile tears over the narration of his own base exploits.

May the God of sportsmen have mercy on such an unsportsmanlike soul! INDIGNATION.

APPLETON, Wis., Nov. 5.—In this section game is not very abundant. Partridges (ruffed grouse) have been fairly plentiful this fall, but the writer failed to find many woodcock. Was one of a party in camp south of Florence, Wis., for about ten days; found deer rather scarce, and the brush covered with leaves, making rather poor hunting. The weather in October was very warm for this country. I think the best hunting will be after Nov. 10, when the close season begins in Wisconsin. Ruffed grouse were fairly plentiful, but unusually wild. I succeeded in getting enough to supply the table while in camp. The railroad men say that less deer were sent out up to Oct. 25 than for a number of years. One of our party killed a pure white deer, a yearling doe, in rather poor flesh. It attracted a great deal of attention. It was killed near Iron River, Mich. One was killed near there some five years ago, said to have been much larger. The weather was delightful and much enjoyed by our party, alth ugh there was some grumbling at the poor hunting; "but it isn't all of hunting to shoot game."—C. V. Y.

TOWANDA, Pa., Nov. 10.—Four sportsmen from this place made a bag of seven ruffed grouse, two red and one gray squirrel in a day's hunt. Your correspondent, being in luck and having the best shots, brought four out of the seven birds to bag. The number of grouse put up were in the neighborhood of twenty-five, but owing to the thick bottom in which most of them were found not as large a bag was made as should have been, although a number got off with the loss of a bunch of feathers. After another day spent in the woods with a friend our bags on returning home consisted of two ruffed grouse, one rabbit, two red and one gray squirrel. We put up at least twenty birds, but, as hunters of grouse are aware, always in places where it taxes the skill of our most expert shots. One of the birds killed starting directly over my head in the topmost branches of a very tall hemlock on a side hill, and making for the bottom like a rocket. Ruffed grouse are found in fair numbers, but it takes a good shot and keen sportsman in our hills and gorges to make a good bag.—SUS. Q. HANNAH.

CAROLINA QUAIL GALORE.—New York, Nov. 10—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Just after October 15, I happened to be in the town of Fayetteville, North Carolina. The quail season had just opened, and at the invitation of a local sportsman I made one or two hunts. My surprise was so great at the number of birds, the open beautiful fields to shoot in, and the many opportunities for good sport, that I determined to write a line for the benefit of our traveling sportsmen that they may visit this section. They can be lodged very comfortably, a new and excellent hotel being in the town, and railroad facilities are equal to any of the Carolina towns. I must speak a word of thanks for the kind, courteous treatment of the local hunters, who are always willing to guide strangers to the finest fields and largest coveys. A new field is always a good field. This must be my apology for trespassing upon your space.—E. D.

FROM CANADENSIS.—Jersey City, Nov. 2.—Dr. Vreeland, John Metz and party have returned from a five days' sojourn at Spruce Cabin, Canadensis, Pa. They brought back a goodly pile of grouse—some score—and a gobbler. I suppose I ought, in sporting parlance, to say so many brace. They were out two days for deer, started four and had two shots, but failed to score. The Doctor don't say anyting about buck, but Dr. Levering says they intimated malarial, fever. They also got after a bear, but bruin made for the swamp, and the laurels were too much for the dogs and they refused dogmatically the job. Where the dogs could not go neither Milt Price nor the Doctor felt like sacrificing themselves. Their party report a good time, and are going again.—JACOBSTAFF.

QUEENS COUNTY, New Brunswick, Nov. 5.—Game has been fairly plenty this fall, especially ruffed grouse, but shooting has been poor on account of almost incessant rains since Aug. 1. The year 1887 showed us the highest spring freshet since the country was settled. Not to be outdone, 1888 has given us an unprecedented fall freshet. It destroyed nearly all the lowland hay in the valley of the St. John, and the damage is estimated at a quarter of a million. It is going to squeeze people who have good stock which they do not wish to sacrifice.—L. I. F.

WINNIPEG, Man., Nov. 2.—Two Toronto men were fined $25 each and costs at the City Police Court to-day for shooting in the Province of Manitoba, not having a domicile in the Province. The action was taken by Mr. C. A. Boxer, secretary of the Manitoba Game and Fish Protection Society. The game laws of Manitoba state that no game shall be shot, taken nor trapped by any person not having a domicile in the Province, nor shall any game be exported from the Province at any time.

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS REWARD is offered for John Evers, Esq.'s "Private Letter Book" of the years 1788 to 1794. The late John Evers, A. N. A., is supposed to have loaned it to a De Peyster, or an Onderdonk, a historian. Apply to this office.—*Adv.*

PAULDING, O., Nov. 4, 1888.—*United States Cartridge Co., Lowell, Mass.:* Dear Sirs: I recently used some of the U. S. cartridges which my father has had for about ten years, and they shot well at 50yds. (.22-cal.) and without keyholes. Yours truly (Signed), LOREN KIRK.—*Adv.*

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

243.

WE had met to determine when and where we should pitch our tent this fall. One member suggested that we start either before or after Circuit Court met, for some of us would surely be summoned on the jury. Then H. C. S., the genial captain of our party, said, "Did you ever hear how I was excused from serving some time ago? While Judge Buckner presided over this district some time ago, I was summoned, and after Court was called I went to the Judge and asked to be excused, as I had urgent business to attend to at home which required my presence."

The Judge replied, "There are no doubt twenty-five men here who would want to be excused for similar reasons. I cannot excuse you."

"Your Honor, I have served as juror in this court for three consecutive terms, and you ought to excuse me this time for these reasons."

"That," answered the Judge, "only proves your value to the county as a juror. I cannot excuse you."

"Your Honor, I have still others. You ought to excuse me for old acquaintance's sake. When I was quite a small boy you used to camp on my father's farm every spring to keep from serving on the jury in the adjoining county, and I used to supply you with fishing worms."

"You are excused," cried the Judge, amid the roars of laughter that followed from the officers of the Court.

LITTLE SANDY.

NORTH MIDDLETOWN, Ky.

Sea and River Fishing.

HIS HIGHNESS SALVELINUS NAMAYCUSH.

THE lake trout is the *Salvelinus namaycush* of (Walbaum) Goode. It is the identical fish, according to Jordan, that was called *Salmo confinis* by DeKay, *Salmo amethystinus* by Mitchell, *Salmo adirondacus* by Norris, *Salmo toma* by Hamlin, and *Cristivomer namaycush* in Jordan's "Manual of the Vertebrates." The lake trout has been or is known by such common names as Mackinaw trout, great lake trout, lesser lake trout, forked-tail trout, longe or lunge, togue, tuladi, red trout, gray trout, lake salmon and salmon trout. Prof. Goode in his recent work, "American Fishes," says: "The Mackinaw trout or *namaycush* is a non-migratory species, inhabiting the chain of Great Lakes from Superior to Ontario * * * and many other smaller lakes of the United States and of British America. * * * Every lake of northern New York and New England has its own variety, which the local angler stoutly maintains to be a different species from that found in the next township. Some are as black as a tautog, some brown with crimson spots, some gray with delicate reticulations like those of a pickerel. The usual type is brown or gray, dappled with lighter shades of the same general tints. Naturalists have been sadly mistaken by their protean modifications. The 'namaycush' of the North, the 'togue' or 'tuladi' of Maine and New Brunswick * * * the 'trout' of Winnipiseogee and that of the Adirondack lakes, have each been honored with a distinct binominal. The angling authorities still refuse to admit that the lake trout of the East is identical with the Mackinaw trout or *namaycush*, supporting their views by accounts of their very different habits. A careful study of the dead fish is sufficient, however, to convince a trained observer that there are no structural characters by which these different forms may be separated into species."

I think that the above quotation from Jordan and Goode, trained scientists as they are, with all possible means at their command to insure accuracy, will serve to identify the fish now under discussion.

The lake trout has not taken high rank as a fish to be angled for with rod and reel, and this, I think, is owing largely to the teachings of what Prof. Goode terms the angling authorities. Some have evidently written of the lake trout without ever having taken one, others after taking them with coarse tackle only, and still others after taking them at the wrong season for sport. There has been such confusion of opinions among the authorities regarding the game and food qualities of the fish, that its reputation has suffered in consequence. Some writers have denounced it for lack of activity on the hook, some because it would not take a fly, others because it did not leap like the salmon and black bass, and because it lacked in food qualities; but it has also had some defenders, although the weight of evidence seems to have been against it. Thaddeus Norris, the author of one of the best of our angler's text books, was sufficiently interested in the lake trout to give it a specific name, all his own; chiefly because of the color of the flesh of some specimens he caught in Long Lake, Hamilton county, N. Y. Still I think he was unjust to the fish. He wrote of the same fish under two different names, and said: "The lake trout are generally caught in gill nets sunk at the bottom, on set lines, and by fishing with hand-lines in deep water, as well as by trolling at certain seasons of the year. As far as sport goes, they bear about the same relation to the salmon and brook trout that a wagon horse does to a full-blooded racer."

Mr. Norris fished for lake trout on one occasion by trolling with two 2 0-0 Kirby hooks fastened together, "but the hooks in every instance but one were straightened or broken, and the fish lost." Yet he thought when he wrote his book that such a fish "could scarcely be enumerated among what are strictly called sporting fish." Of their food qualities he thought "the flavor is nothing to boast of." Genio C. Scott, contemporary with Norris, differed with him regarding the lake trout in this wise: "This beauty is very gamy, displaying much muscular force and propulsive power in its runs and leaps. It is fine sport to use salmon tackle and take him on the fly until fatigued, when the exercise may be changed to trolling." Nevertheless, Scott says the lake trout are generally taken "with large hook, heavy sinker and cod-fish line." He also says the meat of this fish is highly prized by epicures. Scott, like Norris, wrote of the same fish under two different names, and while the former

says they will rise to an artificial fly the latter says they will not.

J. J. Brown gets into the same rut as regards tackle for lake trout fishing: "They are mostly taken with gill nets and set lines in deep water. The lines used are as large as the largest sized cod lines, and the hooks, which are generally made by the blacksmiths in the vicinity of the lakes, are equal in size to the biggest cod hooks." Brown thinks well of the table qualities of the lake trout, for he bears testimony that by good judges it is considered equal in flavor to any fish that swims.

A contributor to Dr. Bethune's first edition of Walton's "Complete Angler," says of the lake trout, when "tried by the ordeal of fire, a bright carnation glow is spread over those taken from the lake, and they present an Apician morsel fit for the gods." As an offset to the above favorable comment, the writer of which was a member of that old time famous club of statesmen, soldiers, jurists, journalists, good citizens and good anglers, all that met in Walton Hall and fished Lake Piseco before the lumberman's axe was heard on its shores, I borrow this from Lanman: "The salmon trout are of much less value as an article of food than the real salmon, there being nothing at all delicate in the texture or flavor of a mammoth fish. As a sporting fish, too, they are of little value, for they love the gloom of deep water, and are not distinguished by their activity." The lake trout is no more a mammoth fish than the sea salmon, and I never heard of one of the latter being thrown away because it was too large.

Herbert, "Frank Forester" in the earlier editions of his "Fish and Fishing," gave evidence of how little he actually knew of the lake trout when he put himself on record regarding it in these words: "These great, bad, coarse and unsporting fish lie for the most part in the deepest parts of the Great Lakes, seeking their food in the depths, and very rarely rising to the surface, either for food or play. They will scarce ever rise to a fly, and can rarely be taken with a spinning minnow." Herbert describes the usual stout line and cod hook tackle, and the hauling in by force, and says the lake trout is very indifferent eating.

Later, availing himself of that privilege which all anglers have in common with angling authors, and which they should have the courage to exercise, Herbert admitted that he was wrong in his estimate of the lake trout, and for the table pronounced them, "better than trout; better than salmon; the best fish in the world!" In the supplement to Herbert's work, a correspondent of his protests against his unfair judgment regarding the lake trout and says: "I never had hold of a fish of the same size that showed more game, power or endurance, and the only difference I could discover in his mode of action from a salmon was that he did not show himself or leap. * * * For the table I prefer the lake trout to the best brook trout."

Roosevelt sums up the qualities of the lake trout thus: "So little particular is this voracious fish that he will bite at a white rag attached to the bare hook. Once struck, however, he surrenders without an effort. * * * A handsome fish to look at, he is also excellent to eat, and with the peculiar conformation of the trout he combines the elegance and the rich redness of flesh of the salmon. * * * A common hand line of 50 or 100yds. is sufficiently good tackle."

Milner, as was natural perhaps, seems to have pursued his investigations as to the capture of the lake trout among the market fishermen only, for he says: "At other times than their spawning period they remain chiefly in deep water, a depth of thirty fathoms being the most favorable ground for their capture. They are readily taken with a hook baited with a piece of fish. They are a sluggish fish to pull in, taking hold of the bait with a tug at the line, and then allowing themselves to be pulled to the surface with no more vibration in the line than if a heavy sinker was the weight at the end."

There is excuse for the confusion of opinions respecting the game and other qualities of the lake trout that existed among the angling writers of twenty-five or thirty years ago, for the fish was comparatively little known except as a fish of commerce, taken in nets and with rude tackle by market fishermen, and it is not surprising that the indictment drawn against it as a game fish should have contained many counts. At a time when the scientists groped about in semi-darkness regarding its identity, specific characteristics and nomenclature, it is not strange that the anglers should have been equally in the dark concerning its game qualities, habits, mode of capture as a sporting fish, and of its edible qualities; but in the year of grace 1888, when modern ichthyological science has turned its search light on the lake trout, classified it beyond cavil, described its home and habits so that all may know them, and modern anglers with modern tackle have given the fish a place among the game fishes of North America, there would seem to be no excuse whatever for the serious mistakes of a writer in a March number of *Land and Water*. The article is written from and purports to describe the *Salmonidæ* of the Province of New Brunswick, and is the more open to criticism because the author conveys the impression that he is historically and scientifically correct and speaks by the card. The letter, which does not give the author's name, is marked to be continued—which it never has been—and is very interesting except for such gross errors as totally disinheriting and cutting off from the family tree one species of trout, and out of another making four distinct species. This subtraction and addition may be amusing to one mathematically inclined, but it certainly is worse than confusing to the angler who in the text books is told that New Brunswick has but two species of trout, the *namaycush* and the *fontinalis*, and that of the latter there is but one variety, the so-called sea trout. This is the gentleman's case as stated by himself in *Land and Water:*

"The genus *Salmonides* furnish what strictly may be termed the game fish of this Province, although in this category we may include the bass. [The writer means, probably, the black bass.] Salmon, as a rule, are found in the larger streams, conjointly with the trout, where obstructions, in the shape of dams, have not interfered with access to their spawning grounds. The different species of trout in New Brunswick I class as follows: First, the brook or river trout, rarely exceeding 3lbs. in weight, flesh white; second, the salmon trout, flesh pink, attaining the same size and inhabiting the same locality; third, the lake trout, sometimes turning the scales at 8lbs., rarely exceeding 5lbs., flesh pink, sometimes white, making two varieties; fourth, the silver or migratory species, common to both lake and river. Various writers on this subject have mentioned a number of other so-called varieties, but I have been unable to detect any anatomical differences in the many specimens I have examined from various localities to warrant the assertion. These variations (if they may be so termed) are chiefly owing to the condition of the bottom and color of the water. I can account for much of the conflicting testimony as to the number of the varieties of trout in this way. Careless observers class the togue among the *Salmonides*, than which nothing can be more erroneous. To external appearance this fish has almost a perfect resemblance to the trout, with the exception of its spotting. An investigation of its habits, teeth, gills, etc., reveals the fact that it does not belong to this order. It is found in many of our large lakes, and I have taken them 20lbs. in weight. A specimen weighing 18lbs. is now in the Museum of Natural History, St. John, presented by me. This cannot be considered as a game fish, as, being a bottom feeder, it can only be taken with bait."

I enter an earnest protest against this attempt to rob the togue, which is but another name for lake trout, of its birthright. I would not object to this gentleman's attempt to make four species of trout out of the *Salvelinus fontinalis*, for that is what is attempted, habitat and food producing the variations that he notes, if he did not at the same time ruthlessly expel the *namaycush* from the family to which it belongs; and I can but wonder that he should present a specimen of the fish to a museum of natural history and not discover his error. "The lake trout is not a game fish because it can only be taken with bait." This statement is not correct, for I will show that lake trout have taken the fly under like conditions and in same water with the brook trout; but admitting it, what is the status of the tarpon and large striped bass which are taken only with bait, and of the landlocked salmon, more of which are taken in Maine with bait than with the fly, if published reports can be relied upon for comparison. The mascalonge and pike are caught on the same lures that are used in lake trout fishing, and there are people who think that these two species are entitled to the appellation of game fish.

It strikes me that the gentleman's feeling upon the merits and demerits of the *namaycush* are decidedly arbitrary. It is not entirely safe, in matters pertaining to fishing, to set down one's own experience as a hard and fast rule for the guidance of others. I had fished for lake trout for at least twenty-five years without once seeing one—under any circumstances— jump from the water; and it is possible that I have stated in public prints a half a score of times, that the lake trout did not jump out of water under any provocation. Two years ago I saw, within two hours' time, three lake trout jump entirely clear of the water; two of them were in the air at the same time, and since then I have seen a dozen or more jump in the same way. I must admit that the lake trout is not a fish to be depended upon to rise to an artificial fly when cast on or drawn just beneath the water, still there is abundant evidence to show that they do under some conditions take the angler's artificial fly. The most striking instance, and that's not a pun, is, perhaps, that related in "Fishing with the Fly," by Mr. H. H. Vail, of Cincinnati, which occurred during a trip to the Nipigon River:

"At several points on the river, particularly in the wild water at the foot of falls, the Mackinaw trout (*Salvelinus namaycush*) was abundant, and took the fly with as much vigor as any *Salvelinus fontinalis*. We could not tell which we had struck except from a flirt of the caudal fin. The 'well-forked' caudal fin of the Mackinaw trout was frequently distinguished by our guides at a great distance. They do not play toward the surface so much as the brook trout. They were fat and lazy, two or three long runs generally wearied them so that they led peacefully into the net."

In a personal letter to the writer, Mr. Vail says, "The lake trout in Nipigon River took the fly beautifully in the wildest water," and noted the catching of same species of fish with a fly by his brother in Megantic waters, Canada; but in the latter instance he applied the local name of togue. Possibly the lake trout lacks opportunity to take an artificial fly more than it lacks the desire. One frequenter of the Adirondack wilderness has related in the angling papers how he has taken lake and brook trout indiscriminately on a fly at each recurring visit in early spring. These fish, however, were small, while Mr. Vail's averaged 8lbs. each. It is not necessary to multiply instances of the lake trout taking the fly, the angling papers frequently record them; but even as a fish that takes bait only, it is entitled to rank as a game fish.

There is a fishing article in a recent issue of one of the New York daily papers in which an angler of three score years and ten addresses a younger man thus: "You can catch black bass and brook trout when they are hungry, but you do not possess knowledge of lake trout nor do you know how to catch them; it requires intelligence as well as bait, and bullhead luck don't count in lake trout fishing." I would not dare say that, but I am glad some other fellow did. Fortunately, all anglers do not think alike about the various fishes which are found in our waters. One friend tells me he would rather catch one black bass than a dozen brook trout, and he considers the time I spend in fishing for lake trout as simply thrown away. Another friend, when I had trolled two days for mascalonge in Hay Bay without getting a fish, said that should be the fate of every one who would fish for the blamed sharks; all of which may confirm the statement in the New York *Sun* that "almost any angler has a certain kind of fish that he takes the greatest pleasure in capturing." Personally, I do not think I am hidebound in my preference for any particular fish of half a dozen species, and this article is not written because I esteem the lake trout above other fish. A. N. CHENEY.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

ST. LOUIS FISHING NOTES.—St. Louis, Mo., Nov. 9.—Fishing just now at Gillied's Slough is excellent. A party of gentlemen returned from there a few days ago with a fine string of croppie and bass. They had considerable more croppie, though, than bass, the latter being not inclined to take the minnow as quickly as the croppie. Some of the croppies which they succeeded in enticing on the lines weighed fully 3lbs., and were undoubtedly the finest lot, taking them collectively, that were brought into this city this fall. The slough in question is about eighty-five miles above this city, and is connected with the Mississippi River. Fishing is always good at the slough in the fall when the water is low, and many old-time fishermen can recall some grand sport had with the rod up there. The catches of the party above mentioned has enthused quite a number of the fishing cranks, and many of them will depart in a few days for the slough to cast their lines with hopes of big catches of bass and croppie.—UNSER FRITZ.

A HOUSE WARMING.

AN account of an angler's house warming comes to us from over the sea, and is so filled with a spirit of fraternity and of the best bond of brotherhood between the followers of the gentle craft, with which the older angling books are filled, that it deserves more than a passing notice. What we refer to is a small sixteen-page souvenir, on fine paper and in good type, with illustrations, which bears the following on its title page: "Our House Warming. An account of the proceedings on taking possession of our new rooms, July 12, 1888, with two illustrations, and a prefatory poem by Cotswold Isys, M. A. Edited by C. H. C. London: The Fly Fishers' Club, 19 Arundel street, Victoria Embankment, W. C., 1888." In the preface the editor informs us that his modest little book is only intended to perpetuate the memory of the event in the club's history of moving into new quarters, but the collector of angling literature will long to possess this little gem when he learns that only 350 copies were printed.

Eighty members of the Fly-Fishers' Club sat down to dinner to commemorate the removal to the new premises. The chair was taken by the Hon. Sir Ford North, and although the meeting was in the height of the fishing season, the fact that testimonials were to be presented to the founders of the club, W. R. B. Marston and W. D. Wilson, the treasurer and secretary, brought out a large attendance. In his after dinner speech the chairman said that the idea of a club of fly-fishermen was not a new one; he remembered mentioning the matter to the late Francis Francis nearly twenty years ago and found that Mr. Francis had talked of such a scheme to others, but they had not seen their way to carry it out, and the first person who combined the conception of the happy thought with the power and will to carry it into execution, was Mr. R. B. Marston, and it had occurred to some of the members that it would not be right to pass the occasion by without asking him to accept a small testimonial. This consisted of a solid silver tea and coffee service of five pieces and a solid silver flask, with an appropriate inscription. The testimonial to Mr. Wilson was an English semi-hunter gold watch, a double Albert gold chain with a gold crystal-faced compass, and a silver flask. Afterward the company went upstairs into their own room, which is one of the best ventilated club rooms in London, is handsomely furnished, the walls covered with excellent paintings, a few fish pictures, etc. The connection between the club and the Arundel Hotel is profitable to both, the members having a special tariff for refreshments.

A similar club has been proposed to be formed in New York, and there is certainly plenty of good material here to form it and make it successful. A nucleus for it might be found in the National Rod and Reel Association, which contains a few jovial and companionable men, although they have never succeeded in getting up more than one dinner after their tournaments, mainly because of the geographical position of the city where so many city men live a few miles in the suburbs; or perhaps those few scholarly gentlemen who dine once a year and "endeavor to tell a truthful fish story" might enlarge their circle and lay the foundation for a club something like their brothers of the angle in "Merrie England." Such an institution ought to bring together many congenial spirits who would appreciate such an institution, especially when the streams are frozen and the tackle is laid away. The jolly Ichthyophagous Club seems to have exhausted all its resources in finding new and horrible aquatic monsters to astonish and appal their guests with, and has not met in over two years, but among all the members of these different organizations there is surely no lack of sound angling timber from which to make a club that could be useful as well as enjoyable, and, if the right persons take hold of it there is no doubt of its success. The London club of fly-fishers is a young one of only a few years growth, yet it has 270 members and is on a sound financial basis.

SKUNK RIVER.

NEWTON, Iowa, Nov. 1.—The boys say they are catching good strings of wall-eyed pike in Skunk River. If so, I don't know how they do it. My father and brother were out yesterday, and didn't get a bite, and they ought to know how to fish. The river is low, and the fish are to be found only in the very deepest water. Skunk River near here was until lately a wonderfully good game fish stream, but has run down. The main causes are illegal seining, the use of dynamite by a few fiends at Colfax, just above here, the great waste of young fish life by the drying up of bayous after overflow, and the recent freezing almost to the bottom of Mud Lake, in Hamilton county, Iowa, which is the main head of the Skunk River, and probably an important breeding ground for it. Intelligent work by the Fish Commission, such as is done in Illinois, would again make this a grand stream. It would cost very little to dip out of the shallow bayous millions of little game fish which annually die in the mud, and which could just as well be replaced in the river. I suppose the State Commission would rather monkey with carp, or try to plant trout in Iowa mud-bottom streams. Nothing like science. It's pretty tough on fishing, though. E. H.

THE PARADISE FIN AND FEATHER CLUB was organized in this city last week. The organizer was Mr. Kit Clarke, who, it will be remembered, wrote of Lake Edward in Quebec last summer; and it is there that the Paradise Club will have its headquarters. The officers and the charter members are: President, Judge Gildersleeve; Vice-President, J. Charles Davis; Treasurer, Kit Clarke, and Secretary, J. Kline Emmett, Jr. Charter members, Judge Gildersleeve, Charles B. Jefferson, Dr. W. F. Duncan, John Wood, James F. Davis, H. S. Taylor, Kit Clarke, J. Charles Davis and J. Kline Emmett, Jr. The club is limited to twenty members, and the Committee on Membership have already more applications than they can grant,

FISH PROTECTION IN DELAWARE.

A MEETING called by Dr. E. G. Shortlidge and others, was held at the rooms of the Board of Education in Wilmington last week for the purpose of taking steps toward forming an organization for the protection of fish and game. A temporary organization was formed by the election of Ellwood Garrett as chairman and Mr. J. Travers Jones as secretary.

The object of the meeting was stated to be the formation of a society for the better preservation of fish, especially in the Brandywine River, and of game throughout the State. It is a notorious fact that the statutes protecting fish and game are continually transgressed. A large pecuniary expenditure is made annually and at considerable effort of time and care to stock the streams of the State, but no protection is afforded whatever. The way the game laws are broken, especially in the region of the Brandywine, demands the attention of the authorities as well of the citizens.

Dr. Shortlidge, who has done the work of fish hatching for the State for some years, said that the catching of infant bass, planted by the State, was an evil that should be remedied. These fish are taken before they have had time to reach maturity, and in this way the work of the Fish Commission is neutralized. As the majority of these small fish are taken by boys, the Doctor said that he fully realized the fact that the protection of these fish would deprive the youthful angler of a pleasure, but in this case, such a deprivation would be a benefit to the whole people. Boys naturally cannot comprehend such an injunction. But the necessities of the case, the increasing paucity of fish in the streams and the difficulties in expense and trouble attending the efforts to restock are such that juvenile whims must be overridden and the laws enforced in all its provisions. Dr. Wales suggested the propriety of the society sharing its attention and solicitude with the food species of fish equally with the game species. The suggestion received the indorsement of various members who joined in the discussion and the point of comprising that idea in naming the society was informally adopted.

Dr. E. G. Shortlidge, John P. Doughten, Harry McConnell, Dr. J. P. Wales and D. W. Harlan were appointed a committee on constitution and by-laws. Action on permanent organization, enrollment of members and election of officers was postponed to next meeting, to which all persons interested in the important question of the propagation and preservation of fish of both the food and game species in the State and of the more vigorous prosecution of the game laws are invited.

Adjournment was made to meet Thursday evening, Nov. 15, at 8 o'clock, in the same place.

PIKE IN THE HUDSON.—During the past week several large pike (*Esox lucius*), locally called pickerel, have been taken in the upper Hudson. Henry Hawes, of Hudson, is reported to have taken one which weighed 34lbs.; while Mr. Linley, of Claverack, recently took one of 30lbs. It is doubtful if these fish are numerous enough to breed in the river, but they occasionally come down the Northern canal from Lake Champlain, and their appearance creates surprise. Some twenty-two years ago we took one below Albany while fishing for perch and black bass, which weighed 10½lbs., and have occasionally heard of larger ones being taken. From what we know of the river we do not think that an angler would meet with much success in fishing for them.

Fishculture.

THE U. S. STATION AT CLACKAMAS, OREGON.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Sometime last summer, the Oregon and Washington Fish Propapating Co. deeded to the United States the premises occupied by the Clackamas salmon hatchery, on the Clackamas River, Oregon. This is probably one of the best points in the United States for taking salmon eggs, and although the nets and seines and traps and other devices for capturing salmon, seem to reach in almost a continuous line from the mouth of the Columbia to the hatchery itself, the Clackamas station has, nevertheless, succeeded in securing nearly five million salmon eggs this season. This not only beats the record of this station, but is a larger number than could be taken, at present, at any other place in the United States, and indeed in the world, with the exception of the Canadian hatchery on the Fraser River in British Columbia.

The McCloud River salmon station in California, which has always held the world's record in taking salmon eggs, succeeded this year in taking only 1,500,000 eggs. But either the McCloud River station or the Clackamas station, both being wonderfully adapted by nature for taking salmon eggs, could easily secure 10,000,000 eggs a season, if the parent salmon had half a chance to get up the rivers.

As it is the salmon are so unmercifully netted and trapped on their way up to the stations, that it seems almost a miracle that any of them get there alive. It is, unhappily, very difficult on this coast to obtain any restrictions on the salmon fishing, but if the fishermen and others who reap a profit from the salmon fishing, would only exercise a reasonable amount of foresight and self restraint in providing an adequate close time every year, the salmon hatching stations on the Clackamas River and on the McClouds could soon fill the Columbia and Sacramento Rivers more full of salmon than was ever known in the best salmon days of these rivers, even before white men began their wholesale destruction of salmon with their traps and nets. X.

The Portland, Or., *News* gives the following items concerning the work at Clackamas: About fourteen miles from Portland, in a southeasterly direction, is the confluence of Clear Creek and the Clackamas River. Between the junction of these streams is the United States salmon hatchery. The spot, surrounded on either side by fir-covered hills, is a most picturesque one. Here has been set off for hatchery purposes, a piece of land triangular shaped, and covering an area of fifteen acres.

In the year 1877 the newly organized Oregon and Washington Fish Propagating Company engaged the services of Professor Livingstone Stone, Assistant United States Fish Commissioner, with a view of the establishment of a salmon hatchery at some point in the Columbia River basin. In his survey of the country, Professor Stone was attracted to the Clackamas. Coming to the above described spot he was struck with its advantages. Fearing lest there might be a better location above he secured the services of an Indian guide and proceeded up the stream a distance of twenty-five miles. Finding no better location, he returned to Clear Creek, at which point it was decided to begin operations. A survey of the place shows the wisdom of his choice. Besides its many natural advantages, the place is near Portland, from whence all supplies are obtained.

The building is 40x100 feet, with eight foot walls. Within are the hatching troughs which are about two feet wide and sixteen feet long. They are placed two together, four lengths of them reaching the length of the building. There are six rows of them, making a total of forty-eight. Each row will accommodate 1,000,000 of eggs, making a total of 6,000,000 in the room. It is the intention of Professor Stone to stretch a tent 60x30 feet, in which will be placed five rows of these troughs with an accommodation of 5,000,000 of eggs. In the house and tent there will be placed 11,000,000 eggs at the proper time.

One quarter of a mile above the hatchery the salmon meet with a barrier which is interposed by the hand of man to prevent them going beyond. This barrier is constructed of two-inch scantlings placed at an interval of about two inches apart and slanting with the stream at an angle of forty-five degrees.

Where it crosses the river there is a small island dividing the rack, as it is called, into two sections. Here at this rack is seen one of the most interesting sights that was ever the fortune of the writer to behold. Before arriving at the spot one can see the caudal fins of the salmon appearing above the surface, and in many places can be seen the backs of the largest ones projecting from the water. Boards have been laid along the rack, and, walking upon these, you look down and see nothing but a mass of fish. In some places they are piled up one above another to the depth of four or five feet. They are quite tame and remain almost in the same position while you view them. In their vain efforts to get further up the stream, they run against the rack with their noses, and nearly every one of them presents a bruised appearance. In many cases they force their noses between the scantlings of the rack, bruising their heads as far back as the eyes, which seem in some cases to be entirely out. The scene beggars description and must be seen to be appreciated. Professor Stone estimates that there are about $25,000 worth of salmon who are checked in their course. They will not return down stream, and thus they remain awaiting the time for spawning. Crossing the river and ascending to the summit of the bluff mentioned above, one looks down into the river below, and sees underneath him three large dark spots of salmon, one directly underneath another in the center of the stream, and the other close to the further shore. They are thickest at the upper end, and gradually taper down to one at the lower end. Their appearance may be compared to a flock of geese in reversed position. The whole scene may be likened to an army drawn up in battle array. You have the center and right and left wing. On asking Professor Stone how many fish there were there, he replied there were about 6,000 in view.

The length of time required for the eggs to hatch varies with the temperature. In a temperature of 50 degrees it requires about fifty days. A colder temperature requires more time, and a warmer one less.

It is expected to put in the river this fall 8,000,000 or 10,000,000 young salmon, provided no ill luck is had. It is understood that about four years are required for salmon to mature. In reply to the question, whether any benefit is derived from these hatcheries or not, it may be stated that in California it is shown that the number of canneries has more than trebled. Fish hatching for the purpose of supplying food has at length become popular. A visit to this hatchery is one of rare interest, and persons visiting will find Professor Stone to be a very courteous and pleasant gentleman, who takes pleasure in showing visitors around the premises, and explaining to them the different workings of the hatchery.

THE CINCINNATI EXPOSITION.—The exhibition at Cincinnati closed on the 8th inst., and the fisheries portion of it is being packed for return to Washington. Capt. J. W. Collins, in charge of the fisheries department, has made a very creditable display of material and apparatus. The young California salmon, to the number of ten thousand, which were hatched at the exposition, have been planted in Traverse Bay, Michigan.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—The Penobscot salmon noted in your last, from which Commissioner Hodge secured the eggs, should, I think, read "Merrimac," as Mr. Hodge has no access to the Penobscot River, and the paragrapher evidently meant to imply *Salmo salar* only.—VON W.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Dec. 3 to 8.—Dog Show of the Northern Illinois Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Rockford, Ill. A. H. Currier, Secretary.

Jan. 1 to 4.—Fourth Dog Show of the Meriden Poultry Association. Joshua Shute, Secretary, No. 430 Pratt street, Meriden, Conn.

Jan. 15 to 19, 1889.—Seventh Annual Dog Show of the Southern Massachusetts Poultry Association, at New Bedford, Mass. F. W. Dean, Secretary.

January, last week.—Western Pennsylvania Poultry Society's Fourteenth Annual Show, Pittsburgh, Pa. C. B. Elben, Sec'y.

Feb. 4 to 7, 1889.—First Annual Dog Show of the Columbus Fanciers' Club at Columbus O. Thos. R. Sparrow, Secretary.

Feb. 12 to 15, 1889.—Fifth Dog Show of the New Jersey Kennel Club, at Jersey City, N. J. Geo. L. Wilms, Secretary, 142 Monticello avenue, Jersey City, N. J.

Feb. 19 to 22, 1889.—Thirteenth Annual Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent.

Feb. 26 to March 1, 1889.—Second Annual Show of the Rensselaer Kennel Club, Troy, N. Y. Alba M. Ide, Secretary.

March 5 to 8, 1889.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Albany Kennel Club, at Albany, N. Y. Geo. B. Gallup, Secretary.

March 12 to 15, 1889.—Second Annual Show of the Fort Schuyler Kennel Club, Utica, N. Y. James W. Dunlop, President.

March 19 to 22, 1889.—First Annual Dog Show of the Maryland Kennel Club, at Baltimore, Md. W. S. Diffenderffer, Secretary.

March 26 to 29, 1889.—First Annual Dog Show of the Massachusetts Kennel Club, at Lynn, Mass. D. A. Williams, Secretary.

April 2 to 5, 1889.—First Annual Show of the Rochester Kennel Club, at Rochester, N. Y. Harry Yates, Secretary.

April 2 to 5, 1889.—Annual Show of the New England Kennel Club, Boston, Mass. J. W. Newman, Secretary, No. 6 Hamilton Place.

April 9 to 12, 1889.—First Annual Dog Show of the Mascoutah Kennel Club, at Chicago, Ill. John L. Lincoln, Jr., Secretary.

April 16 to 19, 1889.—The Seventh Dog Show of the Philadelphia Kennel Club, at Philadelphia, Pa. Wm. C. Child, Secretary.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 15.—Fifth Annual Field Trials of the Philadelphia Kennel Club, open to members only. Wm. H. Child, Secretary, Philadelphia, Pa.

Nov. 19.—Tenth Annual Field Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at High Point, N. C. (Members' Stake, Nov. 15.) W. A. Coster, Secretary, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

Dec. 3.—First Annual Field Trials of the Southern Field Trial Club, at Amory, Miss. T. M. Brumby, Secretary, Chattanooga, Tenn.

Dec. 10.—Second Annual Field Trials of the American Field Trials Club, at West Point, Miss. C. W. Paris, Secretary, Cincinnati, O.

Jan. 14, 1889.—Sixth Annual Field Trials of the Pacific Coast Field Trial Club, at Bakersfield, Cal. N. P. Sheldon, Secretary, 320 Sansome street San Francisco, Cal.

CHESAPEAKE BAY DOGS.—Will George Baldwin, who wrote an article on Chesapeake dog, kindly favor "G. E. S.," Burlington, Vt., with his address. I should like to correspond with him.—E. B. S.

INDIANA KENNEL CLUB'S TRIALS.

[*From a Special Correspondent.*]

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Nov. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The second annual field trials of the Indiana Kennel Club opened Thursday, Nov. 1, with the Derby, at Bicknell, Ind. The day was bright and warm; notwithstanding this the work done was of a very superior character. There were plenty of birds, and the grounds look as if they were made to order. It was remarked by several that the grounds were very similar to those of High Point. Considering the season of the year, and that many of the puppies had been worked but a short time, I look upon this as the best Derby ever run in America. There are a few dogs that I desire to mention that did exceptionally fine work, viz., Florence Gladstone, Bertraldro, Rod's Gal, Tennie and Van Bang. Out of seventy nominations there were twenty-eight starters—sixteen setters and twelve pointers. The judges were Mr. D. C. Bergundthal, the veteran judge and president of the club; Col. A. G. Sloo, a genial, whole-souled gentleman of large experience in field work, and Mr. Ed. S. Shultz, first vice-president of the club and proprietor of the Devonshire Kennels, of Attica, Ind.

Eleven braces were disposed of the first day, and ample time was given in each heat to determine which was the best dog. The object of the club was carried out to the letter, namely, that every dog and handler should have a fair showing, and if possible place the best dog first. The decisions in every heat were indorsed by every one present, handlers included. It was estimated that over five hundred people attended the trials. I noted in attendance the following gentleman from abroad: Maj. J. M. Taylor, Syracuse, N. Y.; Mr. Smith, Dayton, O.; Will Stewart and E. Ramier, of Danville, Ill.; Dr. J. E. Link, Terre Haute; Dr. John R. Daniels, Cleveland, O.; Curtis Wright, Connersville, Ind.; Mr. Boli, Hamilton, O.; John Patterson, Noblesville; R. W. Wehrle, Blairsville, Pa; A. and W. G. Millier, Kansas City; G. F. Miller, G. W. Carlisle, W. I. Mitchell and J. C. Sherlock, Cincinnati; C. C. F. Bent, Supt. O. & M. R. R.; Joseph Becker, Thos. Howell, Royal Robinson, P. T. Madison, M. R. Williams, S. H. Socwell, H. A. Comstock, Indianapolis; Geo. Hunter, Washington, D. C.; J. B. Turner, Chicago. The owners and handlers present were: W. B. Stafford, W. W. Titus, Chas. Shaake, J. A. Hunter, J. L. Barker, C. W. Barker, Geo. De Walt, A. J. Gleason, Geo. McLin, John Bolus, Chas. Menker, J. B. Stoddard and J. B. Carnahan.

Florence Gladstone, the winner of the Derby, is a beautiful black, white and tan English setter of medium size, weighing about 35lbs. and looks every inch a winner. Being in the best possible condition she did her work like a veteran, covering her ground systematically and hunting with goood judgment; she fully demonstrated that she carried her nose with her. She is owned by Mr. J. I. Case, Jr., of Racine, Wis., and was trained and handled throughout the Derby by Mr. C. W. Barker She is a magnificent specimen of her breed and her owner should be very proud of her.

Bertraldro, the winner of second, is a beautiful specimen of the pointer family; he shows great range, speed and style, and is possessed of a great deal of bird sense. Tennie and Rod's Gal (pointers) are both good ones and will make it hot for the winners in other trials where they are entered.

The winner of the All-Aged Stake, Bohemian Girl, a blue belton English setter, is the best specimen of her breed I have ever seen. She will weigh about 50lbs., is very rapid, goes with a high head, and jumps into her points, is easily controlled and knows more about what is required of a first-class field dog than half of the people who shoot. If I were to go shooting over this dog I would allow her to lead me where she liked, and I am positive she would give me all the shooting I wanted. I look upon her as the best setter living. I warn the boys at High Point to keep an eye on her when she is put down in the Champion Stake, as I understand she will run there.

Polly II., the winner of second, is a handsome black and white bitch, about 35lbs., has plenty of bird sense, knows where to look for game, and points it staunchly when she gets there. She has speed, range and style, is easily controlled and would be a pleasant companion for any gentleman, and would give him all the sport he wanted in the field.

Effie Hill, one of the winners of third, is a medium-sized black, white and tan English setter of about forty-five pounds, has good speed, range and style, is a merry worker, points, backs and retrieves handsomely. She has every appearance of a winner, and is a dog any gentleman would be proud of.

King's Mark, the other third prize winner, is a black and white English setter with great speed, plenty of nerve and a dog that will undoubtedly stand a great deal of work. If he were a little more decisive in his points he would be a dangerous competitor in any trial.

In the Indiana or Members' Stake there were six nominations. Mr. P. T. Madison's Gordon setter Don's Boy being the only starter he was declared the winner without competition. Don being a nice retriever and a dog full of style, speed and range, and having been in Carnahan's hands six weeks, the boys seemed to be afraid to start their pets against him.

THE DERBY.

THURSDAY, NOV. 1.

ROD'S SON AND NELLIE DUANE.

Mr. W. B. Stafford's liver and white pointer dog Rod's Son (Rod—Belle), handled by his owner, and Mr. R. W. Wehrle's black and tan Gordon setter bitch Nellie Duane (Briar—Fannie) were cast off in a ragweed field on the Phillippi farm, half a mile south of town, at 8:10 A. M. Both dogs went to work in earnest and showed considerable speed. Rod's Son going down wind flushed a single outlying bird; in a moment the covey flushed and went to the woods. The birds were followed, Rod's Son pointed and moved on; then Nellie did the same; then Nellie pointed a single in good style, but was slightly unsteady to shot. Nellie pointed again and was steady to wing. Passed on to ragweed field. Rod's Son pointed and moved on. Passed on to another wood, then into another ragweed field. Spectators flushed a bevy. Birds were followed to the woods. Nellie pointed a single; Rod's son backed, both dogs steady to shot. Nellie pointed twice in succession beautifully and won. Ordered up at 9 A. M. In speed, style and range Nellie was the superior.

TENNIE AND PERRY T.

Mr. W. B. Stafford's liver and white pointer bitch Tennie (Rod—Nell) and Mr. P. T. Madison's black, white and tan setter dog Perry T. (Jack W.—Gladys), handled by Shaake, were put down in a ragweed field at 9:15. Perry pointed in edge of briers and birds flushed almost instantly. Birds were followed to the woods, where Tennie pointed. Stafford shot, both dogs were steady. Passing on, Tennie got two single points. Perry T. being very lame and in no condition to run, Mr. Madison, the owner of Perry T., requested the judges to take up the dogs and award the heat to Tennie, which was done. Taken up at 9:25.

SUE AND DASHING DIXIE.

Mr. W. B. Stafford's liver and white pointer bitch Sue (Rod—Nell) and Mr. W. G. Peter's blue belton setter bitch Dashing Dixie (Dashing Dale—Dashing Model), handled by Mr. A. J. Gleason, were put down in an open woods at 9:35. Passing into a stubble field Dixie pointed a covey handsomely, Sue backed. Gleason shot and both dogs were steady. Moving on Sue pointed; while waiting to bring Dixie up to

back the birds ran; then Dixie pointed and Sue backed, both dogs steady to wing. Followed birds to the woods, where Dixie pointed and Sue backed; both dogs dropped to shot. Ordered up at 10:02. Dashing Dixie won. The work done in this heat was very fine. In style they were equal, but Dashing Dixie had the advantage in speed and range.

GATH'S SPARK AND FLORA TEMPLE.

Mr. S. H. Socwell's orange and white setter bitch Gath's Spark (Gath's Hope—Lady M.), handled by Stoddard, and Mr. A. J. Gleason's black, white and tan bitch Flora Temple (Zippo—Ruby Buckellew) were cast off in an open woods pasture at 10:20. Flora pointed indifferently in a bunch of briers; then Spark pointed and Flora backed, both dogs steady to shot. Moved on and Flora pointed and Spark backed to order, both steady to wing. Ordered up at 10:38, Flora Temple won. Flora had the most style; they were equal in speed and range.

MINNIE AND LOTTA C.

Mr. Curtis Wright's black, white and tan setter bitch Minnie, handled by Stafford, and Mr. J. I. Case, Jr.'s liver and white bitch Lotta C., handled by C. W. Barker, were put down in open woods pasture at 10:50. Going down wind Lotta flushed a covey, birds were followed and Lotta pointed a single in fence corner. Minnie backed, both steady to wing. Passing on Minnie flushed a single; then Lotta pointed a single and was steady to shot. Minnie false pointed. Moved on and Minnie flushed a single. Then flushed another and dropped to wing. Then Lotta pointed and Minnie backed. Dogs ordered up at 11:20 and the heat awarded to Lotta C. Minnie was more stylish than Lotta, but Lotta had the advantage in range and speed. An adjournment was now taken for lunch.

DAISY HUNTER AND SYLPH.

Messrs. G. A. and J. A. Hunter's orange and white setter bitch Daisy Hunter (Gath's Hope—Daisy F.), handled by J. A. Hunter, and Mr. J. L. Barker's red Irish setter bitch Sylph (Glencho—Ashmont Nord) handled by C. W. Burker, were put down in a large ragweed field at 12:18. Daisy displayed a wonderful burst of speed, being by far the speediest dog yet shown. Daisy false pointed in a bunch of bushes, passed on and flushed a single, then pointed a covey, steady to wing, passed on and pointed another covey, was steady to shot and wing. A short distance further on Daisy pointed a single and was steady to wing. Ordered up at 12:37. Daisy Hunter won. Daisy had all of the speed, style and range shown in this heat.

CALIPH AND RESOLUTE.

Mr. C. G. Winchell's black and white setter dog Caliph (Kota—Topsy), handled by Chas. Shaake, and Mr. J. I. Case, Jr.'s blue belton setter dog Resolute (King Noble—Queen Vashti) handled by C. W. Barker, were cast off in open field at 12:53. Passing to a ragweed field Caliph flushed a single bird in edge of an old orchard. Resolute flushed a single in briers. Then Resolute pointed a single in fence corner. Ordered up at 1:48. Resolute won. Resolute had the call in range, speed and style.

PHIL SHERIDAN AND NELLIE REX.

Dr. J. E. Link's black pointer Phil Sheridan (Jo Pape—Nellie), handled by J. B. Stoddard, and Mr. Joseph Becker's black and tan setter Nellie Rex (Rex—Gip), handled by Geo. McLin, were put down in a ragweed field at 2. Nellie pointed covey, Phil refused to back, but walked in and flushed the birds; birds went on to another ragweed field, where Phil pointed and Nellie backed; both dogs steady to wing. Following the birds to the woods, Nellie pointed single in the briers and was steady to shot. Dogs taken up at 2:22 and the heat awarded to Nellie Rex; she was superior in range, speed and style.

NOBLE BANG AND LILLY P.

Mr. Chas. Wheelen's liver and white pointer dog Noble Bang (Bang Bang—Vanity), handled by Stafford, and W. P. Coleman's liver and white pointer bitch Lilly P. (Drake—Phœbe), handled by Gleason, were put down at 2:29, where the last heat was finished. Lilly P. pointed a single and was steady to wing. Passing on, both dogs pointed at the same time; both were steady to wing. Passing on, Lilly got two more points and won. Taken up at 3:14. In style, speed and range they were about equal.

FLORENCE GLADSTONE AND DUKE P.

Mr. J. I. Case, Jr.'s black, white and tan setter bitch Florence Gladstone (Gladstone—Flounce), handled by C. W. Barker, and Mr. W. P. Coleman's liver and white pointer dog Duke P. (Drake—Phœbe), handled by A. J. Gleason, were put down in open woods pasture at 3:20. Duke pointed a covey in grand style and was steady to wing. Passing on Florence pointed a single and Duke backed; both dogs steady to shot. Then Duke pointed a single and Florence backed. Gleason flushed and shot, both dogs dropped to shot. Passing on, Duke flushed a single and Florence further on pointed a single and was steady to wing. Ordered up at 4:32 and heat awarded to Florence Gladstone. Florence was superior in speed, style and range.

BERTRALDRO AND ROD'S GAL.

Mr. A. W. Whipple's liver and white pointer dog Bertraldro (Cornerstone—Bessie Beaufort), handled by A. J. Gleason, and Mr. W. B. Stafford's liver and white pointer bitch Rod's Gal (Rod—Juno) were cast off in a stubble field at 4:40. Gal pointed covey at the edge of the woods, Bert backed in style. Stafford shot, both dogs dropped. Moved on and Bert pointed single and was steady to wing. Moving on again Bert pointed where a bird had just been seen flush. Moving to other side of field Bert pointed a covey, Gal backed; both dogs dropped to shot. Moving on Bert pointed a single, jumping into his point in style; Gal backed, both dogs moved and bird flushed, both dropped to wing. Moving on Gal pointed covey and Bert backed, both dropped to shot. Moving on Gal pointed and when birds were flushed she dropped to order. The dogs were ordered on and both pointed at the same time; moved on and both pointed again; moved on again and Bert pointed near a patch of briers. Gal coming around briers flushed the bird; both dogs dropped to wing. Ordered up at 5:15 and the heat given to Bertraldro. Your reporter has never seen any better work than was done in this heat. In style, range and speed they were equal. This heat was a fitting close of the work of the first day.

FRIDAY.

The day opened cloudy and warm with every indication of rain, which came about ten o'clock and interfered greatly with the work of the trials.

FRANK R. AND FLOSSIE NOBLE.

Mr. D. L. Pickerel's black and white setter dog Frank R. (Deck Roy—Light's Girl), handled by J. S. McCartney, and J. H. Peebles's lemon belton setter bitch Flossie Noble (King Noble—Elsie Belton), handled by W. B. Stafford, were cast off in an open woods pasture close to the coal shaft at 7:33. Going into a brier thicket Flossie flushed a single and Frank pointed further on, was slightly unsteady when bird was flushed. The brewing storm made it very difficult to find any birds. The dogs kept at their work about two hours before they were successful in finding anything. Then Frank pointed a covey in heavy weeds close to a fence and Flossie came up and walked into the birds; the birds were followed into the woods and Frank secured a point on a single and won. They were taken up at 10:02. Frank had a slight advantage in style; they were about equal in speed and range.

Every person adjourned by mutual consent, and went with all his might to a neighboring barn to escape the approaching storm, but there were many who failed to get there in time to escape a sound drenching. Attendants of field trials are always a sorry-looking set, but when they get caught in a heavy rain, as they most always do, their appearance is indescribable. The storm apparently having passed, the judges decided to start the next brace, consequently they were called up.

HOOSIER HARRY AND JILL.

Mr. H. A. Comstock's liver and white pointer dog Hoosier Harry (Devonshire Sam—Dixey), handled by owner, and Mr. J. L. Barker's black and white setter bitch Jill (Count Rapier—Donna J.), handled by owner, were cast off in a stubble field at 10:29. Nothing being found they passed into the woods, where the judges flushed a covey. Following the birds both dogs scored a flush on singles, then Harry flushed again. Going into a cornfield Harry pointed a covey, Jill came up on the opposite side and flushed the birds. Following the birds in the woods Jill pointed a single. Harry pointed a covey, both dogs steady to shot. Ordered up at 11:10 and heat awarded to Hoosier Harry. In speed Jill had the advantage, in range and style they were equal. The rain coming on again the judges decided not to put down another brace until after lunch.

TRINKET S. AND VAN BANG.

Mr. Albert Smithnight's liver and white pointer bitch Trinket S. (Bodine—Meteor's Trinket), handled by J. L. Barker, and Chas. G. Stoddard's lemon and white pointer bitch Van Bang (Bang Bang—Variety), handled by W. W. Titus, were cast off in an open weed field at 1:20. No birds were found in this field. Moved on to a stubble field, where Van pointed a covey, moved up a few steps and birds flushed. The birds were followed to the woods, where Trinket pointed a single and Van backed, both dogs steady to shot. Passing on Van pointed. At this juncture a countryman's dog came running through the wood and flushed the birds. Van was steady to wing. Following the birds Van pointed again and won. Ordered up at 1:37. In style Van Bang had the advantage, but in speed and range they were equal.

Second Series.

NELLIE DUANE AND FANNIE.

At 1:22 Nellie Duane and Fannie were put down in an open woods pasture. Going down the wind at a rapid pace Nellie flushed a single bird; passing on she chased a rabbit until she was beyond the control of her handler; after being brought back and started on she pointed a single. Fannie refused to back, went in and flushed the bird. Nellie was unsteady to wing, but stopped to order. Dogs ordered up at 2:03 and heat awarded to Fannie. They were equal in speed, style and range, but Fannie was the most obedient. The rain began to fall again in torrents and the trials were ended for the day.

Saturday, Nov. 3, opened clear and bright.

LOTTA C. AND DASHING DIXIE

were put down in an open, ragweed field on the Phillippi farm at 7:15. Going across the field at a rapid pace, Dixie wheeled into a beautiful point. Lotta came up and backed. Gleason shot and both dogs dropped instantly. The birds were followed to the woods, where Dixie pointed a single, moved up and flushed the bird and dropped to wing. Lotta pointed, but finding her mistake moved on. Dixie pointed a covey and was slightly unsteady to wing, but dropped to command. The dogs were taken up at 7:52 and the heat awarded to Dixie. Dixie was superior in speed, style, range and obedience.

DAISY HUNTER AND FLORA TEMPLE

were put down in the open woods where the last heat was finished at 7:55. Going to a bunch of bushes Flora pointed, and Daisy refused to back and was dropped by her handler. Gleason failed to find a bird to the point. The dogs were sent on and Daisy flushed a single and Flora false-pointed again. Gleason claimed he saw a rabbit running out of the grass. Daisy again refused to back. Daisy further on pointed a rabbit and Flora backed. Moved on and Daisy pointed foot scent, and moved on and soon located the covey and pointed in grand style. Dogs ordered taken up at 9:10, and the heat awarded to Daisy Hunter, who had the advantage in speed, range and style.

RESOLUTE AND NELLIE REX

were cut loose in an open pasture field at 9:15. Resolute soon flushed a single and Nellie pointed. She was steady to wing. A little further on Nellie pointed another single. Resolute pointed the same bird but moved up and made a flush. The dogs were sent on and Resolute pointed and Nellie backed indifferently, both slightly unsteady to wing. Further on Nellie pointed a single and Resolute false-pointed. Then Nellie pointed a single nicely and was steady to wing. Taken up at 9:31 and heat awarded to Nellie Rex. Nellie was superior in speed, style and range.

LILLY P. AND FLORENCE GLADSTONE

were turned loose in an open field at 9:47. Lilly soon came to a point and Florence backed. No bird was found to the point. The dogs were ordered on and Lilly false-pointed again, and Florence backed. The dogs were sent into a cornfield, where Florence found and pointed a covey, but was slightly unsteady to wing. Following the birds, Lilly pointed a single and Florence backed; both steady to shot. Further on Florence pointed a single, but the bird flushed wild almost instantly. Going on Lilly pointed, which proved false. Then Florence pointed a covey in briers. Lilly came up behind and birds flushed, both steady to wing. The dogs were taken up at 10:32 and the heat awarded to Florence, who was superior in style, speed and range.

BERTRALDRO AND FRANK R.

were cast off in a ragweed field at 10:42. Frank soon flushed a single, then went on and flushed the covey. Following the birds Bertraldro pointed and Frank backed; both dogs were steady to wing. Further on Bertraldro pointed again and was steady to wing. The dogs were sent on and Bertraldro picked up another point and was backed by Frank; both were steady to shot. The dogs were taken up at 11:17 and the heat was given to Bertraldro, who was the most stylish, but Frank had the call in range and speed.

HOOSIER HARRY AND VAN BANG.

This brace of pointers were put down in a ragweed field where last heat was finished at 11:22. Van Bang, after crossing the field, pointed a covey and was steady to wing. Following the birds, Harry pointed, but did not hold his point satisfactory to the judges. The dogs were ordered to be taken up at 11:52 and the heat given to Van Bang. Harry was superior in speed, but Van Bang had more range and style and was under better control.

Third Series.

TENNIE AND DASHING DIXIE

were put down after lunch at 12:37 in an open stubble field, which was drawn blank. Passing into another field, Dixie pointed, but discovered her mistake and moved on. Tennie backed this temporary point. Going further on Dixie pointed a covey and Tennie backed; both dogs broke shot. Then Dixie flushed several outlying birds. Tennie soon found and pointed a covey and was steady to wing. Going on Dixie flushed two birds and Tennie pointed a single and was steady to shot. Ordered taken up at 1:19 and heat given to Tennie. Dixie was very rank in this heat and surprised all of her admirers; she was considered by many the coming winner.

DAISY HUNTER AND NELLIE REX.

This brace of setter bitches, both belonging to members of the club, were cut loose in the open woods at 1:23. Daisy soon flushed a single, then another. Nellie pointed but was unsteady to shot; she, however, stopped to command; being sent on Nellie flushed a single, then both flushed and gave chase; after being brought back and sent on, Daisy soon flushed a single; then, further on, pointed a rabbit; moved on to order and chased another rabbit about 50yds. The dogs were ordered up at 1:51 and the heat given to Nellie Rex. The work in this heat was of a very low order. Mr. Hunter could not control his bitch at all.

FLORENCE GLADSTONE AND BERTRALDRO.

This brace, setter against pointer, was put down in an open woods pasture at 2 o'clock. Florence soon pointed a single and Bertraldro pointed same bird at the same instant; both dogs were entitled to this point. Barker shot and both dogs dropped. Being sent on Bertraldro pointed, moved and birds flushed; Gleason shot and Bertraldro dropped to shot. Bertraldro further on pointed, moved and bird flushed, and he dropped to wing. Then Florence pointed and was steady to wing. Bertraldro then pointed and Florence backed. Gleason shot and killed, both dogs steady to shot. The dogs were ordered on, Florence pointed, moved on a few steps; Bertraldro came up and bird flushed; both dropped to wing. They were sent on and Bertraldro flushed a single and dropped to wing. Ordered on Bertraldro false-pointed and Florence did the same. Then Florence pointed a single in good shape and won. Ordered up at 2:49. In style, speed and range they were about equal and their work was of a high order.

Fourth Series.

TENNIE AND VAN BANG.

This brace of pointers were put down where the last heat was finished at 2:56. Van Bang soon began roading and Titus walked up the bird. Then Van Bang pointed a single in the bushes. Titus shot, Van Bang steady to shot. Then Tennie pointed and dropped to shot. The dogs were sent on and Tennie pointed and Van Bang backed indifferently. Both dogs dropped to shot. The dogs were then brought out of the bushes and sent down a fence, where the birds had been marked down. Van Bang pointed in fence corner and Tennie backed. Titus failed to find a bird to the point. Being sent on Van Bang did the same thing again. Ordered on, Tennie pointed single and dropped to wing. Dogs taken up at 3:48 and heat given to Tennie.

FLORENCE GLADSTONE AND NELLIE REX.

This brace of setter bitches were put down where last heat was finished at 3:50. Florence pointed in a bunch of bushes. Nellie came up on the other side and pointed same bird; both were steady to wing. Going into a stubble field, Nellie flushed a single outlying bird. Then the covey flushed wild and went into the woods. The birds were followed and Florence flushed a single. She then picked up three single points in one-two-three order, and won. The dogs were taken up at 4:20.

Fifth Series.

TENNIE AND FLORENCE GLADSTONE.

This brace, pointer against setter, were put down where the last heat was finished at 4:27, to compete for first money. The excitement now was at fever heat, as both dogs had their admirers. Florence soon pointed a single in a brier thicket. Baker shot and killed. Florence was steady to shot. She was ordered ahead. She soon made game and was about to locate the bird when it flushed. She dropped to wing. Being ordered on Florence pointed a single; moved on and pointed again and was steady to wing. Then Tennie pointed and was steady to wing. They were ordered on and Tennie pointed again, and Florence backed, both steady to wing. Then Florence flushed a single, moved on and pointed a single. Passing into a stubble field Florence pointed a covey, and birds flushed almost instantly. The dogs were taken up at 5:05, and the heat and first money awarded to Florence Gladstone.

MONDAY.

Sixth Series.

BERTRALDRO AND TENNIE.

The judges selected Bertraldro as the best dog beaten by Florence Gladstone to run against Tennie for second money. They were put down in the stubble on the Phillippi farm at 7:15. Tennie soon pointed a covey in good style and Bertraldro backed beautifully; both dogs were steady to shot. Being sent on after the scattered birds, Bertraldro pointed a single and dropped to shot. Then he pointed another at the side of a ditch, and was steady to wing. Crossing the ditch and going a short distance, Bertraldro pointed a covey. Tennie roaded into and flushed the birds. The dogs were taken up, and the heat and second money awarded to Bertraldro. They were down about 32m.

At the conclusion of this heat the judges announced that they had selected Tennie and Rod's Gal as the winners of equal third.

SUMMARY.

BICKNELL, Ind., Nov. 5, 1888.—Indiana Kennel Club's Derby. Open to all setters and pointers born on and after Jan. 1, 1887; $5 to enter and $10 to start. Sweepstakes purse, after deducting expenses, 50 per cent. to first, 25 per cent. to second, and two equal thirds to get 12½ per cent. each. Closed June 1 with 70 nominations:

First Series.

R. W. Wehrle's black and tan setter bitch Nellie Duane (Briar—Fannie Turner)

beat

W. B. Stafford's lemon and white pointer dog Rod's Son (Rod—Bille).

W. B. Stafford's lemon and white pointer bitch Tennie (Rod—Nell)

beat

P. T. Madison's black, white and tan setter dog Perry T. (Jack W.—Gladys).

W. G. Peters's blue belton setter bitch Dashing Dixie (Dashing Dale—Dashing Model)

beat

W. B. Stafford's lemon and white pointer bitch Sue (Rod—Nell).

A. J. Gleason's black, white and tan setter bitch Flora Temple (Zippo—Ruby Buckellew)

beat

S. H. Socwell's lemon and white setter bitch Gath's Spark (Gath's Hope—Lady M.).

J. I. Case, Jr.'s liver and white setter bitch Lotta C. (King Noble—Queen Vashti)

beat

W. B. Stafford's black, white and tan setter bitch Minnie (Royce—Jennie).

J. A. Hunter's orange and white setter bitch Daisy Hunter (Gath's Hope—Daisy F.)

beat

J. R. Culligan's red Irish setter bitch Sylph (Glencho—Ashmont Nora).

J. I. Case, Jr.'s blue belton setter dog Resolute (King Noble—Queen Vashti)

beat

C. G. Winchel's black and white setter dog Caliph (Kota—Topsy).

Joseph Becker's black and tan setter bitch Nellie Rex (Rex—Gip)

beat

Dr. J. E. Link's black pointer dog Phil Sheridan (Joe Pape—Nellie).

W. P. Coleman's liver and white pointer bitch Lilly P. (Drake—Phœbe)

beat

Chas. Whalen's liver and white pointer dog Noble Bang (Bang Bang—Vanity).

J. I. Case, Jr.'s black, white and tan setter bitch Florence Gladstone (Gladstone—Flounce)

beat

W. P. Coleman's liver and white pointer dog Duke P. (Drake—Phœbe).

A. W. Whipple's liver and white pointer dog Bertraldro (Cornerstone—Bessie Beaufort)

beat

W. B. Stafford's liver and white pointer bitch Rod's Gal (Rod—Juno).

D. L. Pickerel's black and white setter dog Frank R. (Deck Roy—Light's Girl)

beat

J. N. Peeble's lemon belton setter bitch Flossie Noble (King Noble—Elsie Belton).

H. A. Comstock's liver and white pointer dog Hoosier Harry (Devonshire Sam—Gypsey)

beat

J. L. Barker's black and white setter bitch Jill (Count Rapier—Donna J.).

Chas. G. Stoddard's lemon and white pointer bitch Van Bang (Bang Bang—Vanity)

beat

Albert Smithnight's liver and white pointer bitch Trinket S. (Bodine—Meteor's Trinket).

Second Series.

Tennie beat Nellie Duane.
Dashing Dixie beat Lotta C.
Daisy Hunter beat Flora Temple.
Nellie Rex beat Resolute.
Florence Gladstone beat Lilly P.
Bertraldro beat Frank R.
Van Bang beat Hoosier Harry.

Third Series.

Tennie beat Dashing Dixie.
Nellie Rex beat Daisy Hunter.
Florence Gladstone beat Bertraldro.
Van Bang a bye.

Fourth Series.

Tennie beat Van Bang.
Florence Gladstone beat Nellie Rex.

Fifth Series.

Florence Gladstone beat Tennie and won first.

Sixth Series.

Bertraldro beat Tennie and won second.

First, Florence Gladstone; second, Bertraldro; equal third, Tennie and Rod's Gal.

Previous Winnings.—Bicknell, Ind., 1887: Cherrystone (Trinket's Bang—Pearlstone), pointer, first; Zetta King Don (King Don—Queen Faust), pointer, second; Queen of Tennessee (Gath's Hope—Freda), setter, and Dash (Royal C.—Belle), setter, equal third.

ALL-AGED STAKES.

Col. Sloo and Mr. Shultz having been called home, Mr. Royal Robinson and Mr. P. I. Madison were selected to act as judges with Mr. Bergundthal in this stake. The drawing brought forth eighteen starters, fifteen pointers and three setters.

First Series.

JOE PAPE AND LORD GRAPHIC.

Dr. J. E. Link's black pointer dog Joe Pape (Sambo the Devil—Spot), handled by W. W. Titus, and Dr. John R. Daniel's liver and white pointer dog Lord Graphic, handled by C. Menke, were put down where the Derby finished at 7:45. Going into the woods Joe pointed a covey, Graphic backed a few moments, then he moved up and roaded past Joe, and kept on until he flushed the birds. Titus, however, shot and killed, and Joe retrieved nicely. Moving on Graphic pointed a single; Joe backed. Graphic moved up with his handler and flushed the bird. Going on Joe pointed a rabbit, and was steady to fur. Graphic pointed where a rabbit had run from and moved on; then Graphic false-pointed. Passing over to woods he p inted a covey in the bushes; Joe backed; both dogs steady to shot. Graphic then made a cast in the open field and pointed a single, and was steady to shot. Moving on Joe commenced roading along the fence; Graphic ran in ahead and flushed two birds; then Graphic pointed in fence corner and Joe backed. Graphic left his point, moving forward, and flushed the birds. Titus shot and killed. Graphic was sent to retrieve, but failed to find the bird. The dogs were sent on and Graphic flushed a single in the grass. Then Joe pointed a covey in the grass. Graphic coming up refused to back, but went in ahead and stole the point. They were taken up at 8:35 and the heat awarded to Joe Pape. Graphic had the most speed and style, but Joe was under much better control.

ROD-GEM AND ROWDY.

This brace was put down where the last heat was finished at 8:40. After giving them a spin in the open they were thrown into the woods, where Rod pointed in style. Titus shot and killed. Rod was sent to retrieve, but Rowdy broke away from McCartney, his handler, and retrieved the bird. Rowdy then pointed indifferently, moved up and began roading, and walked deliberately into a covey. Then the judges threw out a dead bird for Rod to retrieve, which he did nicely. They were ordered taken up at 9:05, and the heat given to Rod Gem. In style, range, speed and obedience Rod was the superior.

NELLIE DUANE AND RESOLUTE.

Nellie failed to appear, and the heat was given to Resolute.

BODKIN AND EFFIE HILL.

This brace was put down in a ragweed field at 9:25. Almost immediately Effie pointed a covey; Titus shot and missed. The birds were followed and Effie pointed, and J. L. Barker, the handler of Bodkin, brought Bodkin up to back, which he did nicely. The birds by this time had moved, the dogs began roading and Effie soon nailed them again; Titus shot and killed; Effie retrieved. Being sent on Bodkin pointed, and Effie backed, Barker shot and killed, both dogs dropped to shot; Bodkin retrieved nicely. Sent on, Effie pointed foot scent and moved on, but soon pointed; Bodkin backed; both steady to wing. The dogs were ordered on, and Bodkin pointed a moment then moved on. Effie going down wind, flushed a single and dropped to wing. Bodkin pointed a rabbit, then he pointed a single and Effie backed, both steady to wing. After crossing the fence Bodkin pointed staunchly and Effie backed, both steady to wing; Barker failed to find a bird to the point. Passing on Effie pointed where birds had been seen to flush from. Passing on to edge of cornfield Effie began roading, took the birds through the corn and into a stubble field, fully three hundred yards, nailed the covey and won. They were taken up at 10:00. This was a very brilliant heat. Effie had a slight advantage in style, range and speed.

KATIE NOBLE AND KING'S MARK.

Mr. L. A. Boli's black, white and tan bitch Katie Noble (Count Noble—Queen Meg), handled by Titus, and J. I. Case, Jr.'s, blue belton dog King's Mark (King Noble—Belle Belton), handled by C. W. Barker, were put down in a stubble field at 10:11. Katie soon pointed in the corner of the fence and Mark backed. Titus failed to find a bird. Passing on Mark pointed and Barker failed to flush. Going up the fence Katie pointed a covey and Mark dropped into a point on some birds almost instantly. Barker shot and both dogs dropped. The birds were followed to a thicket on the hillside and Katie pointed on upper side of thicket. Titus shot and missed; Katie was steady to shot. Mark by this time had secured a point in the thicket. Barker killed and Mark retrieved. Passing into the woods Mark pointed; Barker shot and missed; Mark was steady to shot. Katie flushed a single in the dry leaves. Mark pointed a little further on and Katie backed. Barker failed to flush a bird to the point. Passing through a cornfield, then through a stubble and into the woods Katie pointed a covey and won. They were taken up at 11:01. In style and range they were equal, but Mark showed the greater speed.

JESS AND BOHEMIAN GIRL.

Mr. E. E. Pray's liver and white setter bitch Jess (Dick—Spot Belton), handled by A. J. Gleason, and W. G. Miller's blue belton setter bitch Bohemian Girl (Count Noble—Mollie Belton), handled by Titus, were put down in an apple orchard at 11:18. This was drawn blank. At 11:30 they were taken up until after lunch. They were put down in a stubble on the Horn farm at 12:17. Bohemian Girl began roading a bird which flushed wild 30yds. ahead. Several fields were now drawn blank. Passing into a small weed field the Girl pointed in fence corner; Jess backed; the birds flushed wild and were followed up a ravine. Jess pointed and the bird flushed wild again. The Girl then pointed twice in succession, and the birds flushed wild to each point. Jess pointed and Gleason shot and missed. Jess was steady to shot. Going up the side of the hill Jess flushed a single and dropped to wing. Going into the woods the Girl pointed a covey in a patch of briers and was steady to wing. The dogs were taken up at 1:20 and the heat given to Bohemian Girl, who had a great advantage in style, range, speed and obedience.

POLLY II. AND FLORA TEMPLE.

Mr. J. B. Stoddard's black and white setter bitch Polly II. (Josh Whitcomb—Polly), handled by her owner, and Mr. A. J. Gleason's black, white and tan bitch Flora Temple (Zippo—Ruby Buckellew), handled by her owner, were put down in an open weed field at 1:21. Going east about 300yds., Polly struck foot scent, and roaded her bird 50yds. to a point. Stoddard shot and missed; Polly was steady to shot. Going across a ditch, Polly pointed a single and was slightly unsteady to wing. Flora flushed a single in the stubble. Passing on, Polly began roading and Flora ran in ahead and pointed a covey; both dogs steady to wing. The birds were followed, and Polly jumped into a nice point on a single and won. They were taken up at 2:15. Polly had the call in style, speed and range.

LOTTA C. AND PRAY'S GLADSTONE.

Mr. J. I. Case, Jr.'s, lemon and white setter bitch Lotta C. (King Noble—Vashti) and J. A. Bolen's black, white and tan setter dog Pray's Gladstone were put down in stubble field at 2:25. Gladstone soon pointed a rabbit; then moved on and flushed a single bird. Moving on again, he pointed a single and was steady to wing. Passing on, he pointed a single; Gleason shot and killed; Gladstone retrieved. Taken up at 2:52 and heat given to Pray's Gladstone. Lotta C. had the best style, range and speed. The work in this heat was not brilliant.

BEAUMONT AND DARBY.

Mr. W. R. Huntington's black, white and tan dog Beaumont (Prince Royal—Nettie), handled by J. L. Barker, and John Bolus's black and white dog Darby (Bridgeport—Bessie Belton), handled by owner, were put down in open woods where last heat was finished, at 2:55. Beaumont soon pointed and moved on, then Darby did the same. They then both flushed a single and dropped to wing. They were sent on and Beaumont pointed, but Barker could not find a bird. Darby came up after Beaumont had gone, pointed in same place and was steady to wing. Moving on both dogs pointed the same covey; Barker shot and killed, Beaumont retrieved. Following the birds Darby pointed, but Bolus failed to flush a bird to the point. Beaumont stopped, but Barker ordered him on and the bird flushed. Further on Darby pointed, and was steady to wing. Coming up to briers near a fence, both dogs pointed different coveys at same time. Barker shot and killed. Darby was slightly unsteady to wing and shot. Beaumont retrieved nicely. The scattered birds were followed and Beaumont pointed; Darby, coming up, walked into the birds. The dogs were taken up at 4:07 and the heat given to Beaumont. In speed, range and style they were about equal.

Second Series.

JOE PAPE AND RESOLUTE.

This brace was cast off in a stubble field at 4:17. Joe crossed the field to a bunch of briers and pointed. Titus failed to flush a bird to the point. Passing into the woods Joe pointed a covey. Titus shot and killed; Joe retrieved. They then went into a stubble field which was drawn blank, and the dogs were taken up at 5:05 to be put down in the morning. Tuesday rain fell in torrents, and nothing was done this day.

WEDNESDAY.

The brace was put down in the stubble at the Phillippi farm at 7:42. The spectators flushed a covey which was followed to the woods, where Resolute flushed a single bird, and then chased a rabbit, while Joe pointed a single and was steady to wing. The dogs were taken up at 8:16 and the heat given to Joe Pape, who had the advantage of range and speed, but Resolute had the best style.

ROD-GEM AND POLLY II.

The dogs were cut loose in the open woods at 8:20. Polly soon established a point in a fence corner, and Rod backed. Both dogs steady to wing. Polly went on, flushed a single and dropped to wing. She went on and pointed again, and Rod backed; then she picked up two more points on singles in the same locality. Moving on she began roading, and Stoddard flushed the bird. Then she pointed again and Stoddard shot and killed. Polly retrieved and won. They were taken up at 8:43. Polly was the best in style, speed and range.

KATIE NOBLE AND PRAY'S GLADSTONE.

This brace was put down where the last heat was finished at 8:46. Katie soon pointed a rabbit and Gladstone backed. Passing on Katie false-pointed. Then Gladstone pointed, and Katie backed. Gleason shot and killed. Gladstone retrieved very unsatisfactorily. Passing on down the fence Gladstone pointed and was steady to wing. Further on Katie pointed, Titus shot and killed, Katie retrieved nicely, Gladstone then pointed by a stump and won. Taken up at 9:15. Katie had the best style, but in range and speed they were about equal.

EFFIE HILL AND BOHEMIAN GIRL.

Both dogs were handled by Titus and were put down in the open woods pasture on the Horn farm at 9.15. Effie soon pointed in the briers, Bohemian Girl backing beautifully. Titus shot and missed, both dogs dropped to shot. They were sent on, and the Girl pointed. Titus thinking she was pointing a rabbit ordered her on, and a covey flushed ahead of her. Following the scattered birds the dogs became separated and both pointed at same time. Titus flushed the Girl's point first, she was steady to wing; he then brought her over to back Effie which she did nicely, Effie having remained rigid all this time; Titus flushed the bird and both dogs were steady to wing. Going on both pointed where a rabbit had been seen run from. Moving on, both dogs pointed. Titus shot and killed. The Girl retrieved. Further on the Girl pointed and Effie backed, both steady to shot. Going into a stubble field Bohemian Girl found a covey in the fence corner. When the judges got up they decided that both dogs were entitled to a point. The birds ran and were roaded by both dogs about 100yds., when they flushed wild and went to the woods where the Girl secured two points on singles and won. They were taken up at 10:04. Bohemian Girl had better range, speed and style than Effie and was under better control.

Third Series.

BEAUMONT AND JOE PAPE.

This brace was put down in the woods at 10:15; both dogs pointed several times where birds had evidently been and moved on. Beaumont crossed a branch and pointed, moved on fifty yards and located the birds. Barker shot and killed, Beaumont retrieving nicely. The dogs were taken up at 10:45 on account of rain and the trials postponed until to-morrow.

THURSDAY.

This brace was put down in a stubble field on the Phillippi farm at 7:37 to finish the postponed heat of yesterday. The weather was damp and cloudy, but the judges decided to finish the races to-day, rain or shine. The stubble field was drawn blank. Passing into the woods the spectators flushed a covey which scattered in every direction. Working back toward and into the stubble field, Beaumont flushed a single and was steady to wing. He then pointed a single nicely, Barker shot and killed, the dog dropped to shot. Beaumont retrieved the bird handsomely. Going to the Horn farm Joe flushed a single. No other birds being found and the water being all over the ground the dogs were taken up at 8:15 and taken to the Bunting farm and put down at 8:23. Beaumont soon pointed a single and won. They were taken up at 8:30. Beaumont had the call in range, speed and style. Joe was superior in obedience.

POLLY II. AND PRAY'S GLADSTONE.

This brace was put down where the last heat was finished at 8:35. They soon pointed and moved on. Polly pointed, Stoddard flushed a single and Polly dropped to wing. Following the birds Polly flushed a single, then she pointed and was steady to wing. Going on Gladstone pointed a rabbit. Gleason ordered him on and he pointed again, Polly backed. Gleason failed to find a bird to the point. They were sent into a weed field, where Polly pointed, moved on and began roading. She soon stopped on a point and a single flushed wild about ten feet ahead of her. Passing through the weed field to a brier thicket Polly pointed a single and was steady to wing. The dogs were taken up at 10:08 and the heat given to Polly, who had the advantage in style, range, speed and obedience.

Bohemian Girl a bye.

Fourth Series.

BOHEMIAN GIRL AND BEAUMONT.

This brace was put down in a ragweed field at 10:35. The dogs worked through the field to the fence, where the Girl pointed and moved on. Going into another ragweed field she pointed, and when the bird was flushed Beaumont chased about one hundred and fifty yards. Passing into a cornfield Beaumont pointed a single; then he secured another point in the weeds. Barker shot and wounded the bird, which fell in the wood a long distance away. The judges did not order a retrieve. Then the Girl pointed and was steady. They were taken up at 11:35 and the heat given to Bohemain Girl, who had the advantage in speed, style, range and obedience.

Fifth Series.

BOHEMIAN GIRL AND POLLY II.

This brace was put down in a ragweed field on the Wampler farm at 12 M. to compete for first honors. Polly soon pointed and the Girl backed. Stoddard failed to find a bird to the point. Passing into another weedfield the Girl pointed and Polly backed, both dogs steady to wing. (Mr. Wampler allowed no shooting on his farm, which is the reason "steady to wing" is used so often.) Bohemian Girl pointed again and Polly backed; both dogs dropped to wing. Then Polly false-pointed. They were taken up at 12:34 and the heat and first money awarded to Bohemian Girl. In style and obedience they were about equal, but the Girl was superior in range and speed.

Sixth Series.

POLLY II. AND EFFIE HILL.

The judges selelected Effiie Hill as the best dog beaten by the winner of first to run against Polly II. for second money. They were put down in the open stubble field at 1:02. Effie soon pointed and Polly backed. This was close to the fence. Titus failed to find the birds to the point. Effie crossed the fence, and while she was doing that Polly made a cast up the fence and pointed staunchly. Stoddard flushed and Polly dropped to wing. The birds settled along the fence. Effie coming up, pointed a single and was steady to wing. Then Polly secured another point on a single. She then false-pointed, and Effie nailed a single in the fence corner. Then Polly secured another point. These birds were very small, and the judges decided to leave them and move out in the field to hunt for better birds. Passing through the field to a thicket, Polly secured a point on a covey and Effie backed; the birds flushed just as the judges came up. They were followed into the woods, where Polly soon dropped to a point on another covey, and won. They were taken up at 1:57. In speed, range, style and obedience they were equal.

Seventh Series.

KING'S MARK AND BODKIN.

The judges selected King's Mark and Bodkin as the two best beaten dogs to run for one equal third. The dogs being back over a mile from where the last heat was finished, they were not put down until 2:32. Mark soon pointed, moved and the bird flushed. Then he jumped into a handsome point on a single, and dropped to shot. Barker killed and Mark retrieved nicely. Passing into a thicket, Mark false-pointed. Barker sent him on and he soon pointed a single nicely, and won. The dogs were taken up at 3:05, and the Indiana Kennel Club's second annual field trials were finished.

SUMMARY.

BICKNELL, Ind., Nov. 8, 1888.—Indiana Kennel Club's All Aged Stake. Open to all setters and pointers that have never won first prize in any All-Aged Stake in any recognized field trial in America; $5 to enter and $10 to start. Sweepstakes purse. After deducting expenses, 50 per cent. to first, 25 per cent. to second, and 12½ per cent. each to two equal thirds. Closed Oct. 1 with forty-one nominations.

First Series.

Dr. John E. Link's black pointer dog Joe Pape (Sambo the Devil—Spot)

beat

Dr. John R. Daniel's liver and white pointer dog Lord Graphic (Graphic—Daphne).

L. A. Boli's black, white and tan setter dog Rod Gem (Roderigo—Gem)

beat

R. F. Hoyt's liver and white pointer dog Rowdy.

J. I. Case, Jr.'s blue belton setter dog Resolute (King Noble—Vashti)

beat

R. W. Wehrle's black and tan setter bitch Nellie Duane (Briar—Fannie), withdrawn.

D. W. Barringer's black, white and tan setter bitch Effie Hill (Prince B.—Donna)

beat

J. I. Case, Jr.'s blue belton setter dog King's Mark (King Noble—Belle Belton).

W. G. Mellier's blue belton setter bitch Bohemian Girl (Count Noble—Mollie Belton)

beat

E. E. Pray's liver and white setter bitch Jess (Dick—Spot Belton).

J. B. Stoddard's black and white setter bitch Polly II. (John Whitcomb—Polly)

beat

A. J. Gleason's black, white and tan setter bitch Flora Temple (Zippo—Ruby Buckellew).

J. A. Bolen's black, white and tan setter dog Pray's Gladstone (Paul Gladstone—Bessie A.)

beat

J. I. Case, Jr.'s lemon and white setter bitch Lotta C. (King Noble—Vashti).

W. R. Huntington's black, white and tan setter dog Beaumont (Prince Royal—Nettie)

beat

John Bolus's black and white setter dog Darby (Bridgeport—Bessie Belton.)

Second Series.

Joe Pape beat Resolute.
Polly II. beat Rod-Gem.
Pray's Gladstone beat Katie Noble.
Bohemian Girl beat Effie Hill.
Beaumont, a bye.

Third Series.

Beaumont beat Joe Pape.
Polly II. beat Pray's Gladstone.
Bohemian Girl a bye.

Fourth Series.

Bohemian Girl beat Beaumont.
Polly II. a bye.

Fifth Series.

Bohemian Girl beat Polly II. and won first.

Sixth Series.

Polly II. beat Effie Hill and won second.

Seventh Series.

King's Mark beat Bodkin and won equal third.

First, Bohemian Girl; second, Polly II.; equal third, Effie Hill and King's Mark.

Previous Winners.—Bicknell, Ind., 1887: Lark P. (Glen—Topsy), setter, first. Change (Dan—Starlight), setter, and Jim Blaine (Don Nilson—Nellie B.), setter, divided second. Polly II. (Josh Whitcomb—Polly), setter, and Ben Lanier (Joe Bowers— ——), pointer, divided third. RICHMOND.

SOUTHERN FIELD TRIALS.

MARIETTA, Ga., Nov. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Inclosed you will find the list of the entries to the All-Aged Stakes of the Southern Field Trials Club. We have thirty setters and thirty-two pointers, a total of sixty-two. The entries to the Derby number fifty-six. The club should feel gratified at the number of entries. Everything points to a most successful meeting of the club. Letters from parties on the ground tell us that we will have all the birds we can possibly want, and that accommodations are both good and cheap. There are certainly no better grounds to be found.

ALL-AGED SETTER STAKE.

MAUD D. (Dr. K. D. Davis), black, white and tan bitch (Lightning—Dora Royal).

FASHION (J. E. Hart), black, white and tan bitch (Count Noble—Lit).

GLADSTONE GIRL (Pat Henry), lemon and white bitch (Gladstone—Sue).

BOB H. (A. J. Crovat), black and white dog (Count Noble—Belle Boyd).

DIMPLE (Fred F. Myles), black, white and tan bitch (Gordon—Blanch).

BOB (Fred F. Myles), black and white dog (Oberlum—Bess).

MAY QUEEN (Fred F. Myles), black and white bitch (Dan J.—Lady May).

DAVE R. (Dudley & Fisher), lemon and white dog (Gath's Mark—Daisy F.).

DASHING LADY (W. Henry Colquitt), black, white and tan bitch (Dashing Rover—Trinket).

LINDO (Mt. Washington Kennels), black, white and tan dog (Gladstone—Flounce).

KING'S MARK (J. I. Case), black and white dog (King Noble—Belle Belton).

RESOLUTE (J. I. Case), black and white dog (King Noble—Queen Vashti).

QUEEN NOBLE (J. I. Case), black and white bitch (King Noble—Belle Belton).

LITTLE GIFT (Bert Crane), black, white and tan bitch (Roderigo—Queen Bess).

MAUD (Bert Crane), black, white and tan bitch (Dog Whip—Harrison's Juno).

TOLEDO BLADE (J. E. Dager), black, white and tan dog (Roderigo—Lillian).

CINCINNATUS (J. E. Dager), black, white and tan dog (Count Noble—Dido II.).

BANG BRADLAUGH (Olive Branch Kennels), orange and white dog (Buckellew—Jolly's Daisy).

LASS O' BUCK (Olive Branch Kennels), black, white and tan bitch (Buckellew—Ida).

TIPTON (Tipton & Poindexter), black, white and tan dog (Gath's Mark—Vic).

DAN GLADSTONE (J. W. Renfroe), black, white and tan dog (Gladstone—Sue).

TUBE ROSE (W. E. Venable), black, white and tan bitch (Count Noble—Lit).

GOLDSTONE (Stone & Duncan), black, white and tan dog (Gladstone—Sue).

LILL W. (F. I. Stone), black, white and tan bitch (Baden Baden—Lessie).

BRANDON (J. O. H. Denny), lemon and white dog (Royal Rock—Lewis's Nellie).

PET GLADSTONE (West Tennessee Kennels), black, white and tan bitch (Gladstone—Sue)

RUBICON (West Tennessee Kennels), black, white and tan dog (Ben Hill—Zoe W. J. J.).

LOTTA C. (J. I. Case), orange and white bitch (King Noble—Queen Vashti).

BOHEMIAN GIRL (W. G. Melier), black and white bitch (Count Noble—Mollie Belton).

LADY C. (West Tennessee Kennels), black, white and tan bitch) Coleman's London—Belle of Hatchie).



MR. C. FRED CRAWFORD'S BLUE NELL.

ALL-AGED POINTER STAKE.

DEXTER (Bayard Thayer), liver and white dog (Nip—Tuck).

BEAU OF PORTLAND,—(H. F. Farnham), black and white dog (Graphic—Zitta).

LASS OF MAINE (H. F. Farnham), black and white bitch (Graphic—Zitta).

SACHEM (Chestnut Hill Kennels), liver and white dog (Beaufort—Zuba).

KING OF KENT (Field Trial Kennels), liver and white dog (Priam—Kent's Baby).

PONTIAC (Field Trial Kennels), liver and white dog (Milton Bang II.—Climax).

GO BANG (O. W. Donner), liver and white dog (Graphic—Bloomo).

JOYCE OF HALLS ISLAND (O. W. Donner), liver and white bitch (Graphic—Bloomo).

LEBANON (Lebanon Kennels), lemon and white dog (Fin—Peg).

GRAPHIC (Chas. Heath), liver and white dog (Bonus Sancho—Fursdon's Juno).

MEALLY (Chas. Heath), liver and white bitch (Pax—Climax).

BLOOMO (Chas. Heath), liver and white bitch (Bang II.—Whipple Belle).

FRIVOLITY (Chas. Heath), liver and white bitch (champion Donald—Revel III.).

LAUNCELOT (Chas. Heath), liver and white dog (Graphic—Meally).

LADY ZEAL (John E. Gill), liver and white bitch (Croxteth—Ammie).

FENWICK (N. B. Nesbit), liver and white dog (Trinket's Bang—Heyward's Lotta).

GRAPH (W. M. Towers), black and white dog (Brown Stout—Clytie).

CHAMPION BRACKET (Graphic Kennels), liver and white dog (Graphic—Bloomo).

BEPPO III. (Graphic Kennels), liver and white dog (Priam—Meally).

BLOOMO II. (Graphic Kennels), liver and white bitch (Lad of Bow—Bloomo).

RUMOR (Graphic Kennels), liver and white dog (champion Donald—Revel III.).

SLANDER (Graphic Kennels), liver and white dog (champion Donald—Revel III.).

DUKE OF HESSEN (F. R. Hitchcock), liver and white dog (Luck of Hessen—Blarney).

FLIRT (F. R. Hitchcock), liver and white bitch (champion Graphic—Ina).

LAD OF BOW (Westminster Kennel Club), liver and white dog (champion Graphic—Climax).

LASS OF BOW (Westminster Kennel Club), liver and white bitch (Graphic—Climax).

CONSOLATION (C. H. Odell), lemon and white dog (Bang Bang—Grace III.).

ROGER WILLIAMS (C. H. Odell) lemon and white dog (Bang Bang—Lalla Rookh).

OSSIAN (P. T. Madison), liver and white dog (Croxteth—Ammie).

SALLY BRASS II. (H. P. Dortch), liver and white bitch (Graphic—Meally).

BASS (Dr. Chas. Michel) black and white dog (Osborne Ale—Keswick II.).

KESWICK'S DAN (J. H. Dougherty) liver and white dog (Osborne Ale—Keswick II.).

LEILA.—Woodlawn, N. Y., Nov. 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have been informed by most trustworthy and reliable sources that at the last Richmond (Va.) dog show a rumor was most diligently spread, that my St. Bernard bitch champion Leila was "going to pieces" and "all broken up," and that this was the reason she was not shown at either Buffalo, Syracuse or Richmond. As the principal disseminators of this rumor Mr. Lacy and Mr. Hughes have been named me. Now, in order to prevent a further spread of this rumor, which has obviously been started to injure my property as well as myself, I desire to herewith publicly brand such rumor as an unwarranted and malicious lie, and I challenge either of the parties named to prove the contrary. Neither of them has been at my kennel since I became the happy possessor of the best living representative of the old smooth Swiss St. Bernard, nor have they seen her anywhere else since the Albany show, nor have I corresponded with them. Of Mr. Hughes this does not surprise me, but I am more than surprised that Mr. Lacy should so far lower himself as to allow himself to be made (unknowingly I trust) the tool for spite of some one else. I am happy to be able to say that champion Leila is in as fine health and condition as she has ever been, and as lively and playful as a pup. The only reasons why she was not shown at any of these shows are simply that I do not like to send her to shows except I accompany her myself, and being too busy at the time to leave the city, and not being in any way bound to attend any shows, except it suits and pleases me, since I keep my dogs for my own use and pleasure only and not for business, I kept her at home, enjoying her company. I love a good dog too much, and I value Leila's reputation too highly to allow her to "go to pieces," or to allow somebody's spite to destroy her reputation without branding it as what it actually is.—MRS. ALBERT REUTER.

BLUE NELL.

OUR illustration this week is a portrait by Tallman of Mr. C. Fred Crawford's English setter bitch Blue Nell. She is imported, being by Count Howard out of Sandal Queen, and her winnings are second Birmingham and first Carlisle, England, and first Boston, 1888. In our Boston show report Mr. Wm. Jarvis, the judge of this class, wrote, "The winner is new, I believe, to the American show bench, but will hold her own among the best." Blue Nell has been bred to Royal Albert.

JUDGING AT THE RICHMOND SHOW.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In a Chicago report of the Richmond dog show we are told that Mr. J. M. Tracy felt a "delicacy" about judging the W. K. C.'s pointers, and that on this account the classes were given to Mr. J. H. Winslow. Although it is several weeks since this statement was made I cannot find on record a single instance of anybody having congratulated Mr. Tracy for feeling a "delicacy" about judging his own dogs. Ever since dog shows were first held in this country the Westminster Kennel Club men have judged their own dogs, both at field trials and at dog shows; and it seems to me that the first among them that has discovered a "delicacy" about judging his own property is deserving of something more substantial than private indorsement and club room praise. Therefore, I move that the hearty congratulations and warm thanks of all true lovers of good dogs and fair play in these United States be most cordially tendered Mr. J. M. Tracy, of Greenwich, Conn., in appreciation of the recent discovery by him of a dormant "delicacy" that has been hidden for years, but unearthed at last.

As the A. K. C. is an interested party, the National Dog Club must handle the kennel man who has been judging (?) and writing up his employers' dogs in a Chicago weekly comic.

Mr. Tracy's discovery of a "delicacy" goes to show that the time is at hand when men, and creatures clothed in the garments of men, shall be permitted to judge neither their own dogs nor dogs owned by their employers. How deliciously pure and sweet will be the atmosphere when the honest exhibitor can show his dogs without feeling that the judge has a dog of his own in the class; and how gloriously bright the prospect when the independent dog owner shall realize that Jim Bagman's employers will not be permitted to exhibit their dogs when Jim Bagman is the judge.

Tom Coggins, Hartford's patent elector and counter-out of judges, recently assured all readers of a Chicago paper that have cataracts in their eyes, that anything that wears breeches is a gentleman. But give me the man that discovers (no matter how late in the day) within himself a "delicacy" about judging his own property. The purest gold may be hidden in a bed of rock for more than a half century, but its discovery proves that the rock was valuable, and that all that was needed was a little drilling and blasting to get at the refined article. CHARLES H. MASON.

CHICAGO BENCH SHOW.—Chicago, Ill., Nov. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It has come to the notice of the officers of the Mascoutah Kennel Club that doubt exists in the minds of some exhibitors and breeders as to whether the dates April 9 to 12, 1889, inclusive, for their bench show, will be adhered to or the show postponed in favor of some other shows claiming dates soon thereafter. Will you kindly state in your next issue that under no circumstances will there be any postponement, and that the bench show will take place as advertised. The building known as Battery D, with which many of the prominent breeders and exhibitors are familiar, has been leased for that week, and much preliminary work has been accomplished. Mr. James Mortimer has consented to judge non-sporting classes. All interested can rest assured that if time, labor and liberal outlay will make a good show, they shall have it.—JOHN L. LINCOLN, JR., Secretary.

SOUTHERN FIELD TRIALS.—Marietta, Ga., Nov. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Arrangements have been made by which parties who intend visiting the meeting of the Southern Field Trial Club at Amory, Miss., can procure reduced rates of fare. They will buy first-class tickets going to the nearest point at which they will strike the Kansas City, Fort Scott and Birmingham road, and procure from the agent a certificate showing that they paid full fare going, present the certificate to the secretary of the club for indorsement, and the railroad agent will sell return tickets to starting point at one cent per mile. The Kansas City, Fort Scott, Memphis and Birmingham road will sell round trip tickets at one fare. Three dogs will be carried free, when accompanied by the owner. For any other information address the secretary of the club. The entries to the All-Aged Stake are all that the club could ask.—T. M BRUMBY, Marietta, Ga.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription $1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed **6666.**

THOSE SPANIELS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The returns at present seem to indicate that "Quester" and "Onlooker" have indeed "treed something" by a large majority. The scent was strong; in fact it had reached such a stage of malodorousness that it was positively offensive, hence the "barking up the same tree." The high perch had better be vacated soon, else axes will be applied (no axes to grind), the tree cut down and a general collapse result.

If the Hornellsville orator has been so successful on the bench, as he says, why is he continually groaning and growling about the shortcomings (which exist solely in his own brain) of the standards, the present type of dogs exhibited and the judges—the judges, mind you, from whom he received his prizes! Were I one of these gentlemen experts, truly would I strongly object to adjudicating upon any of this gentleman's dogs were they to come before me in the sawdust ring. Like unto the Sage of Netherwood, bombast, blow and windy utterances seem to characterize all his communications in regard to dog matters. At Buffalo he won this and that and the other thing, and "should have had first in the novice class." If "thirteen years' " experience as an exhibitor have been his, how is it that he does not know yet that "should have hads" do not count. As regards the Boston show, it is impossible for me to show there, as they contemplate going back "into the fold" of the A.K.C., and they will have none of my dogs in consequence. Enforced regisration has always been distasteful to me.

The report of the London show of course was written by our friend, the Doctor. He, poor man, thought he was doing a bright thing when he shelled the old chestnut—the cry against the present type, judges and standard, which originated in Hornellsville and not with himself—and fed it broadcast to an unsuspecting public through the medium of the press.

Mr. Fellows, come off your perch. AN ONLOOKER.

STAMFORD, Nov. 6.

[This was received too late for our issue of last week.]

Editor Forest and Stream:

Life is too short for me to waste any time in answering every boy or novice who thinks he knows just a little about spaniels. If there is an authority universally acknowledged on cockers, it is Dr. W. W. Boulton. He has honored me by publicly approving my views, so I am content, and will let the unknown quantities howl as they please. I was the first to advocate field trials for spaniels. I'll be on hand when they are ready.

Consistency, thou art a jewel,
Life is but a fleeting show,
But you will never make a workman
Of a spaniel, if he is very long and low.

J. OTIS FELLOWS.

HORNELLSVILLE, N. Y.

PRACTICAL JUDGING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. Wade's letters are like chapters in the Bible—you can write a sermon on almost any one of the sentences. There is something wrong, I think, in the heading "Practical Judging," at least it is a combination of words which does not convey to me the meaning of "judging by practical men." I have been too busy to pay any attention to the discussion between Messrs. Davey and Mason, and life is too short to "hark back," especially as it is no business or wish of mine to enter into any controversy respecting Mr. Davey's dogs.

It is an amiable failing of Mr. Wade's to rush headlong at the word "fancy," whereas Mr. Wade knows just as well as the rest of us that if it had not been for members of the fancy the dogs of to-day would be no better in symmetry than they were twenty years ago. In fact he acknowledges "fancy" by his acts just as our mutual friend "Uncle Dick" Fellows does, while all the time they raise ructions at such as make their deeds and their words conform. Mr. Wade, for instance, never tires of pitching into Crown Prince mastiffs, mainly because of their not being perfect on their legs, while at the same time he holds to Orlando because of his grand head properties. "Uncle Dick" rounded on all of us for giving prizes to "crocodile" spaniels, and when we heard of his being up for judge at Philadelphia we expected the "giraffes" would have their day. But no, the same old "crocodiles" were at the head. I don't judge either of them by what they say on these questions, but by their acts, and their acts have so far been sensible.

Mr. Wade makes a fair challenge to me as follows:

> At the risk of again stirring up my excellent friend "Porcupine," I must again call attention to the preposterous way in which "fancy" stuffs the mouths and eyes of its votaries, so that they do not know how they are eating their own words or see how they are traversing the instructions they are supposed to go by. "Authority" tells us that mastiffs must be square in muzzle, defining "square" in horn-book style as "forming right angle with upper line of nose," and that "hocks must be bent"; yet "fancy" puts the most frightfully undershot jaws and straightest of hocks as perfection if the muzzle is short enough, and in collies leads us to the remarkable decision that the puppy type is the correct one, not the fully matured one (I can never forgive "Porcupine" for the mischief he did by formulating this doctrine); and this, too, right in the face of a standard which says "skull of moderate width," or something to that effect.

Now "fancy" never put frightfully undershot jaws and straightest of hocks as perfection. A person officiating as judge might have given such a dog first prize, but that is only that judge's opinion. Besides which we are not told what was against such a dog. I suppose Mr. Wade has Ilford Caution in his mind's eye, and I have never had occasion to alter my original published opinion that his vocation is as a cross upon long-faced bitches and not on the show bench among first-class specimens. Mr. Mason and I do not agree upon this. Now, Mr. Mason is not "fancy." He is entitled to his own opinion and so is every one. Mr. Mason found fault with some of my judging at Buffalo, but that did not affect me at all. Under exactly similar circumstances I would render exactly the same decisions, irrespective of Mr. Mason's verdict, for I am not appointed to give expression of his views, but of my own.

Perhaps I might give a little bit of insight into what Mr. Wade would call practical judging if I touched up that Buffalo report. I have lost or mislaid my copy of FOREST AND STREAM containing Mr. Mason's report, but I recollect he found fault with me for my placing of the greyhound dogs. If I recollect right he said it was the worst work he had ever seen me do, and that the third dog should have been first. All I can say is that any one who would have so placed the dogs would have done so with an absolute want of knowledge of what is necessary to make a good running dog. In judging greyhounds my object is to get a dog built on the lines which, from practical experience, I know indicate the proper motion. Muscle is not all in a greyhound; conformation is the great thing, and unless the dog has sloping shoulders and plenty of length from hip to hock, he will not be flat to the ground and possess a long, sweeping stride. In the greyhound speed is everything, and I would sacrifice everything in the way of points to attain that object. Now, I know just as certainly as I do that one and one make two, how the third prize winner at Buffalo would "shape" in his stride, and with that knowledge I would not place him over those I put before him unless I had to peg them back on the score of condition. I noticed that the judge who at Syracuse reversed my decision of the greyhounds, said in his report that my first prize winner was out of condition, but even if right he was no match for the other one. All I can say is that I commenced my acquaintance with greyhounds and running dogs many years before the Syracuse judge started his experience by taking Friday Night to "walk."

In spaniels Mr. Mason objected to my judging in field spaniel bitches, saying Miss Newton Obo should have been second over Messrs. Oldham & Willey's other entry. In this case "fancy" comes in. I was not judging "spaniels over 28lbs.," but "field spaniels." Miss Newton Obo is not a field spaniel, but a short-backed, large-sized cocker, and was placed exactly where she ought to have been. Mr. Mason found fault with a good deal of the spaniel judging and perhaps failed to note one of my "practical" points. I found that quite a number of dogs had open coats, which I think is quite as objectionable as a single coat in a collie, and seeing that the breeders were overlooking such an important point, I laid stress on it in making my awards. There was one point made by Mr. Mason which I think he was wrong in doing in the way he did. It was the case of the spaniel Jersey. I forget where he said it ought to have been, but anyhow he would have been the last man in the world to have placed it as he said had he been in my place. The dog was dragged out of his box after forty-eight hours' confinement, and brought in front of me without having had a chance to be put in shape. On seeing his condition I simply put him on one side and looked elsewhere for the money dogs. Then Mr. Mason says for report on Jersey see his Boston show report. All very fine, but Jersey at Boston and Jersey at Buffalo were two very different dogs.

With regard to what I once said about collies Mr. Wade misquotes me entirely. What I said then and repeat now is that most collies are at their best at ten months old, after which the majority go thick in head and many go off in coat. Mr. Wade advanced the rejoinder that the way the majority went must be the proper way, and therefore thick heads were proper. Now it is just the very reverse, excellence is found in the few—excellence is the difficult to attain.

To come to Mr. Wade's fancy, mastiffs. The majority are big fawn-colored animals. Are big fawn-colored animals to go to the front simply because they are in the majority? Mr. Wade says "mastiffs are lacking a Moses to lead them out of the desert of fancy." No they don't. Mastiffs are "fancy" from one end to the other, and about the only dogs that I know of that are not, are business bull-terriers and greyhounds. I must stop with only one text handled this week. JAS. WATSON.

DOG TALK.

Lovers of setters will do well to consult the advertisement of Rosecroft Kennels, in another column, who offer some very fine stock for sale, their kennels being rather overstocked for the winter. Among the lot are Passion, Fanchette and Prince Foreman, well known on the bench, and a number of other grown dogs, besides some very promising puppies.

Our Indiana trials report tells us that everything passed off pleasantly and the meeting was voted a satisfactory one throughout. This is just what could not have happened had one of the originally appointed judges not been invited to step down and out.

Among our kennel notes is recorded the breeding of Kate II. to Mr. Wenzel's Chief. Mr. Hearst, the owner of Kate II., lives in San Francisco, and he shows commendable pluck in sending her so far. He must be a thorough dog man.

The Chesapeake Bay dog appears to be a growing favorite. We hope that those who are familiar with the breed and wish to see its merits better appreciated will favor us with some further discussion of the dog's usefulness as a retriever.

The New Bedford, Mass., show will be more attractive this year than before, by reason of a more liberal premium list, now in preparation and to be out shortly. We understand that Mr. C. H. Mason has been invited to judge.

Red Irish setter breeders will soon be scrutinizing the points of a new comer from the other side, concerning whose merits the purchaser has high anticipations.

C. L. wishes to learn the pedigrees of the Irish setters Glendale and Shipman's Purdy.

"DELEGATE" PESHALL.—Nothing could more thoroughly demonstrate the visionary way Mr. Peshall has of looking at and proposing things, and at the same time, his thorough conscientiousness and unselfishness, than his proposed resignation as delegate to the A. K. C. and his reasons therefor. True that many think the A. K. C. is a clique, but nobody ever suggested that Mr. Peshall was a consenting party to the clique, everybody knows he is an enemy of any such business, and how is the suspicion to be dispelled by withdrawing from the directory a known enemy of rings? I am no lover of the A. K. C., never was from its inception, always said it must drift into a clique, but at the same time I know it is for the good of doggy affairs in general that some decent and independent fellows should be connected with its management. What makes its drift to cliqueism so easy is very largely the very thing that Mr. Peshall objects to, *i. e.*, too much "new blood." Suppose that Messrs. Peshall, Winslow, Child, Drake, Donner, Kelly, etc., (I know that all of them are not delegates) should withdraw their patronage from the A. K. C., how long would it stand? Does not Mr. Peshall know that the great political strength the South used to have in Congress came from their retaining the same member year after year who had shown his efficiency? I know many of the N. J. K. C. who would worthily fill Mr. Peshall's shoes, but is that any reason for starting resignations?—W. WADE (Hulton, Pa.).

KENNEL NOTES.

Notes must be sent on prepared blanks, which are furnished free on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope of large letter size. Sets of 200 of any one form, bound for retaining duplicates, are sent for 30 cents.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.

Sheiah, Snowdown, Cremona and Berwick. By Tower Grove Collie Kennels, St. Louis, Mo., for two black and tan and two sable collie bitches, whelped Aug. 11, 1888, by Ben Lomond (champion Ben Nevis—Beauty IV.) out of Lady Woodford (champion Nullamore—Dot).

Rebel Rose and Dorothy. By F. G. Taylor and G. G. Davis, Philadelphia, Pa., for white and orange flecked and orange and white bitches, whelped July 2, 1888, by Buckellew out of Rodreka (Roderigo—Gem).

Mac S. By Chas. F. Loudon, Cincinnati, O., for white, black and tan English setter bitch, age not given, by Roderigo out of Pet Gladstone (Gladstone—Sue).

Bif. By Warner & Hamilton, Canaan Four Corners, N. Y., for black, white and tan collie dog, whelped July 13, 1888, by champion Clipper (A.K.R. 2529) out of Nellie McGregor (champion Rex, A.K.R. 149—Juno).

Beulah N. By G. H. Nixon, Leesburg, Va., for lemon and white pointer bitch, whelped Aug. 24, 1888, by Bob White (Joker, Jr.—Fussie) out of Lady of Naso (champion Nick of Naso—Devonshire Queen).

Whiff. By G. H. Nixon, Leesburg, Va., for lemon and white pointer bitch, whelped May 6, 1888, by Baffler (Joker, Jr.—Lady Mac) out of Fussie (champion Beaufort—Maggie).

Governor Hill. By A. W. Smith, Buffalo, N. Y., for black and tan terrier dog, whelped April 24, 1888, by King (A.K.R. 6365) out of Gipsey Queen (A.K.R. 5028).

Max, Jr. By C. S. Hickborn, Augusta, Me., for fawn mastiff dog, whelped April 26, 1888, by Max (A.K.R. 4258) out of Alpha (A. K.R. 3921).

Tristram. By F. L. Cheney, Pittsfield, Mass., for red Irish setter dog, age not given, by Wenzel's Tim (champion Biz—champion Hazel) out of Wenzel's Yoube (Elcho—Rose).

Bob Lee and Monnie. By Blue Ridge Beagle Kennels, Denver, S. C., for white, black and tan beagle dog and bitch, whelped June 9, 1888, by Thorn (Rip—Blossom, A.K.R. 5711) out of Nellie (Cromwell's Jack—Cromwell's Music).

Nick. By Blue Ridge Beagle Kennels, Denver, S. C., for black, white and tan beagle dog, whelped June 5, 1888, by Dan (Cromwell's Jack—Cromwell's Music) out of Dinah (Thorn—Lucy Hinton).

Jolley's Tom and Sue. By John L. Jolley, Denver, S. C., for black, white and tan beagle dog and bitch, whelped June 26, 1887, by Thorn (Rip—Blossom, A.K.R. 5711) out of Venus.

Blue Ridge Beagle Kennels. By Stribling & Jolley, Denver, S. C., for their kennels of beagles.

BRED.

☞ Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.

Ruby III.—Gowrie. L. K. Mason's (Hastings, Ia.) Chesapeake Bay bitch Ruby III. (A.K.R. 913) to Geo. E. Poyneer's Gowrie (Sunday, A.K.R. 1408—Nellie, A.K.R. 1412), Nov. 6.

Sable Beauty—Clifton Chief. W. Atlee Burpee & Co.'s (Philadelphia, Pa.) rough-coated collie bitch Sable Beauty (A.K.R. 3361) to their Clifton Chief (A.K.R. 6586).

Jenny Lind—Caractacus. Chestnut Hill Kennels' (Philadelphia, Pa.) collie bitch Jenny Lind (Rutland—Blinkbonny) to A. H. Megson's Caractacus (Cremorne—Barb Rose), Sept. 1.

Sunrise—Ben Lomond. Tower Grove Collie Kennels' (St. Louis, Mo.) collie bitch Sunrise (champion Scotilla, A.K.R. 5962—Luella, A.K.R. 6017) to their Ben Lomond (champion Ben Nevis—Beauty IV.), Sept. 17.

Daisy Queen—Scotilla. M. Dennis's (New Jersey) collie bitch Daisy Queen (Brack—Dora) to Chestnut Hill Kennels' Scotilla (Dublin Scot—Flurry II.), Nov. 6.

Roslyn Juanita—Charleroi II. Chestnut Hill Kennels' (Philadelphia, Pa.) collie bitch Roslyn Juanita (David—Jeannie Nettles) to their Charleroi II. (Charlemagne—Sooty), Oct. 4.

Drumlin Moss—Leonard. Chestnut Hill Kennels' (Philadelphia, Pa.) collie bitch Drumlin Moss (Kintore—Jess) to S. T. Mercier's Leonard (Metchley Wonder—champion Peggie II.), Aug. 29.

Golden Spark—Scotilla. J. L. Lincoln, Jr.'s (Chicago, Ill.) collie bitch Golden Spark (Clifton Hero—Sparkle) to Chestnut Hill Kennels' Scotilla (Dublin Scot—Flurry II.), Oct. 14.

Cora II.—Scotilla. Chestnut Hill Kennels' (Philadelphia, Pa) collie bitch Cora II. (Kintore—Duchess) to their Scotilla (Dublin Scot—Flurry II.), Sept. 19.

Bess—Ilford Caution. E. H. Moore's (Melrose, Mass.) mastiff bitch Bess to his Ilford Caution, Aug. 29.

Lady Phyllis—Minting. E. H. Moore's (Melrose, Mass.) mastiff bitch Lady Phyllis (champion Beaufort—Lady Margery) to his Minting, Oct. 19.

Lady Dorothy—Minting. E. H. Moore's (Melrose, Mass.) mastiff bitch Lady Dorothy to his Minting, Oct. 22.

Reine—Minting. P. M. Arnold's (Pawtucket, R. I.) mastiff bitch Reine to E. H. Moore's Minting, Aug. 14.

Ilford Comedy—Edwy. Dr. Geo. B. Ayres's (Omaha, Neb.) mastiff bitch Ilford Comedy (champion Orlando—Idalia) to his Edwy (champion Orlando—Countess of Woodlands), Oct. 29.

Melisse—Sir Anthony. Geo. W. Lovell's (Middleboro, Mass.) pointer bitch Melisse (Glenmark—Zanetta) to his Sir Anthony (champion Graphic—Zitta), Nov. 4.

Dixie—Fleet. H. L. Smith's (Jackson, Mich.) pointer bitch Dixie (Doctor—Owatama Belle) to Detroit Kennel Club's Fleet (Bodine—Ruby Croxteth), Oct. 30.

Judy—King Bow. Detroit Kennel Club's (Detroit, Mich.) pointer bitch Judy (Trim—Sybil) to their champion King Bow, Sept. 22.

Bow Queen—King Bow. Detroit Kennel Club's (Detroit, Mich.) pointer bitch Bow Queen (Sleaford—Dawn) to their champion King Bow, Sept. 20.

Fairy II.—Kash. T. A. Howard's (Columbus, O.) pug bitch Fairy II. (A.K.R. 6564) to A. E. Pitts's Kash (A.K.R. 6632), Sept. 2.

Belle of the Ball—Kash. Pitts & Gillivan's (Columbus, O.) pug bitch Belle of the Ball (Toby—Venus) to A. E. Pitts's Kash (A.K. R. 6632), Oct. 19.

Cudy—Kash. H. L. Goodman's (Auburn Junction, Ill.) pug bitch Cudy (Bonesetter—Judy III.) to A. E. Pitts's Kash (A.K.R. 6632), Sept. 16.

Hempstead Belle—Kash. Geo. Gillivan's (West Jefferson, O.) pug bitch Hempstead Belle (champion George—Yuma Yuma) to A. E. Pitts's Kash (A.K.R. 6632), Sept. 28.

Nun Nicer—Kash. A. E. Pitts's (Columbus, O.) pug bitch Nun Nicer (Douglas II.—Daisy II.) to his Kash (A.K.R. 6632), Oct. 7.

Bernie VI.—Ben Lomond. E. H. Moore's (Melrose, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Bernie VI. to his Ben Lomond, Oct. 5.

Una—Ben Lomond. Dr. Sawtelle's (Malden, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Una (Bayard, Jr.—Sappho) to E. H. Moore's Ben Lomond, Nov. 8.

Beda—Ben Lomond. Mrs. J. Grant's (West New Brighton, S. I.) St. Bernard bitch Beda to E. H. Moore's Ben Lomond, Nov. 6.

Recluse—Ben Lomond. E. H. Moore's (Melrose, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Recluse to his Ben Lomond, Oct. 31.

Corrette—Ben Lomond. E. H. Moore's (Melrose, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Corrette to his Ben Lomond, Oct. 24.

Morning Star—Gun. Chas. York's (Bangor, Me.) English setter bitch Morning Star (Dashing Dan—Daisy Starlight) to his Gun (champion Gladstone—May B.), Nov. 6.

Molly—Clyde Bondhu. W. A. Small's (Waltham, Mass.) English setter bitch Molly (Coin—Nina) to W. H. Beede's Clyde Bondhu (Gus Bondhu—Lady Dixie), Oct. 6.

Princess Louise—MacD. Detroit Kennel Club's (Detroit, Mich.) English setter bitch Princess Louise (Gladstone—Leila) to MacD. Count Noble—Spark), Sept. 17.

Rachel—MacD. Detroit Kennel Club's (Detroit, Mich.) English setter bitch Rachel (Lexington—Kelp) to MacD. (Count Noble—Spark), Sept. 19.

Kate II.—Chief. W. R. Hearst's (San Francisco, Cal.) Irish setter bitch Kate II. (Sandy—champion Kate) to Max Wenzel's Chief (Berkley—Duck), Oct. 13.

Syreen—Tim. Herbert Flint's (Haverhill, Mass.) Irish setter bitch Syreen (Elcho—Rose) to Max Wenzel's Tim (Biz—Hazel), Oct. 28.

Currer Bell III.—Hazel. G. G. Davis's (Philadelphia, Pa.) Irish setter bitch Currer Bell III. (Sarsfield—Maud II.) to Max Wenzel's Tim (Biz—Hazel), Nov. 9.

Jet Nelles—Black Obo. Detroit Kennel Club's (Detroit, Mich.) cocker spaniel bitch Jet Nelles (champion Braut—Bonita) to their Black Obo (champion Obo II.—Darkie), Sept. 8.

Darkness—Black Obo. Detroit Kennel Club's (Detroit, Mich.) cocker spaniel bitch Darkness (champion Black Pete—Althea) to their Black Obo, Oct. 18.

Blemton Fun—Dusky Trap. A. E. Pitts's (Columbus, O.) fox-terrier bitch Blemton Fun (Bacchanal—Marguerite) to Blemton Kennels' Dusky Trap (Dusky Splinter—Spider), Oct. 17.

WHELPS.

☞ Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.

Weasel. Blue Ridge Beagle Kennels' (Denver, S. C.) beagle bitch Weasel (Thorn—Stribling's Music), Oct. 17, two dogs, by their Dan (Cromwell's Jack—Cromwell's Music).

Flurry III. Chestnut Hill Kennels' (Philadelphia, Pa.) collie bitch Flurry III. (Blue Sky—Flurry II.), Sept. 20, four (three dogs), by their Dublin Scot (The Colonel—Jessie).

Jenny Lind. Chestnut Hill Kennels' (Philadelphia, Pa.) collie bitch Jenny Lind (Rutland—Blinkbonnie), Nov. 2, nine (three dogs), by A. H. Megson's Caractacus (Cremorne—Barb Rose).

Pitch Dark. Chestnut Hill Kennels' (Philadelphia, Pa.) collie bitch Pitch Dark (Eclipse—Matchless), Sept. 12, seven (three dogs), by A. H. Megson's Caractacus (Cremorne—Barb Rose).

Drumlin Moss. Chestnut Hill Kennels' (Philadelphia, Pa.) collie bitch Drumlin Moss (Kintore—Jess), Oct. 30, seven (five dogs), by S. T. Mercier's Leonard (Metchley Wonder—Peggie II.).

Reine. P. W. Arnold's (Pawtucket, R. I.) mastiff bitch Reine, Oct. 16, five (three dogs), by E. H. Moore's Minting.

Mina. Doane Cogswell's (Bradford, Mass.) mastiff bitch Mina, Sept. 29, nine (five dogs), by E. H. Moore's Minting.

Beaulah. E. H. Moore's (Melrose, Mass.) mastiff bitch Beaulah, Oct. 25, seven (three dogs), by his Minting.

Bess. E. H. Moore's (Melrose, Mrss.) mastiff bitch Bess, Oct. 31, two (one dog), by his Ilford Caution.

Lady of Naso. G. H. Nixon's (Leesburg, Va.) pointer bitch Lady of Naso (champion Nick of Naso—Devonshire Queen), Aug. 24, ten (four dogs), by his Bob White (Joker, Jr.—Fussie).

Fairy II. T. A. Howard's (Columbus, O.) pug bitch Fairy II. (A.K.R. 6564), Nov. 8, six (three dogs), by A. E. Pitts's Kash (A.K. R. 6632).

Snowflake. Geo. W. Lovell's (Middleboro, Mass.) English setter bitch Snowflake (Prince Noble—Cassandra F.), Nov. 8, six (four dogs), by G. W. Holbrook's the Gloucester (Matlock's Light—Pritchard's Dora Aten).

Biddy. A. M. Goldsmith's (Chicago, Ill.) Yorkshire terrier bitch Biddy (Bonnie Briton—Lassie), Oct. 19, one bitch, by P. H. Coombs's Bradford Harry (Crawshaw's Bruce—Beale's Lady).

SALES.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Nell. Black, tan and ticked beagle bitch, whelped Jan. 5, 1887, by Thom out of Venus, by John L. Jolley, Denver, S. C., to W. J. Hembrer, Denver, S. C.

Racket II. White, black and tan beagle dog, whelped Oct. 13, 1886, by Cameron's Racket out of Krueger's Myrtle, by A. C. Krueger, Pittsburgh, Pa., to Joe Lewis, Cannonsburgh, Pa.

Beauty. White and tan ticked beagle bitch, whelped May 17, 1884, by Cameron's Racket out of Maggie, by Reo. Tobias, Lititz, Lancaster county, Pa., to A. C. Krueger, Pittsburgh, Pa.

King William. White, black and tan beagle dog (A.K.R. 4314), by A. C. Krueger, Pittsburgh, Pa., to L. A. Dean, Boston, Mass.

Bit. Black, white and tan collie dog, whelped July 13, 1888, by champion Clipper out of Nellie McGregor, by Warner & Hamilton, Canaan Four Corners, N. Y., to F. G. Burnham, Morristown, N. J.

Nelson III. Dark sable, little white on breast, collie dog, whelped Sept. 13, 1885, by champion Ben Nevis out of Beauty IV., by Tower Grove Collie Kennels, St. Louis, Mo., to J. D. Shotwell, Rahway, N. J.

Ben Lomond—Belle Clifton whelp. Sable collie bitch, whelped Dec. 18, 1887, by Tower Grove Collie Kennels, St. Louis, Mo. to W. M. Gormley, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Ben Lomond—Lady Woodford whelps. Collies, whelped Aug. 11 1888, by Tower Grove Collie Kennels, St. Louis, Mo., one sable and white dog to Oswald Graves, St. Louis, Mo.; one black and white dog to Albert Flesk, Alleghany, Pa., and one sable dog to Wm. Burr, Jr., St. Louis, Mo.

Jersey Lass. Black, white and tan collie bitch, whelped April 1881, by Rex out of Topsy, by Chestnut Hill Kennels, Lancaster, Pa., to J. P. Hazard, South Carolina.

Roslyn Juanita. Sable and white collie bitch, whelped Nov. 6, 1888, by David out of Jeannie Nettles, by Chestnut Hill Kennels, Lancaster, Pa., to K. G. Wenner, Ogden, Utah.

Roslyn May. Sable and white collie bitch, whelped January, 1888, by Scotilla out of Bonnie Knowe, by Chestnut Hill Kennels, Lancaster, Pa., to Robert McEwen, Canada.

Scotilla—Luella whelps. Collies, whelped June 28, 1888, by Chestnut Hill Kennels, Lancaster, Pa., one sable and white bitch to Dr. J. P. Gray, New York, and one sable and white bitch to William Dashiell, Richmond, Va.

Bonnie Dunkeld—Bonnie Knowe whelp. Black, white and tan collie bitch, whelped July 12, 1888, by Chestnut Hill Kennels, Lancaster, Pa., to Rev. J. E. Johnson, West Philadelphia, Pa.

Madge. Fawn mastiff bitch, whelped April 12, 1888, by Minting out of Bess, by E. H. Moore, Melrose, Mass., to Geo. W. Glazier, Salem, Mass.

Frank. Fawn mastiff dog, whelped Aug. 26, 1888, by Minting out of Lady Beatrice, by E. H. Moore, Melrose, Mass., to Frank A. Ryan, Dallas, Texas.

Rex. Fawn mastiff dog, age not given, by Tuck out of Bess, by E. H. Moore, Melrose, Mass., to R. T. Perine, Waukegan, Ill.

Berkshire Caution—Lady Belle whelps. Fawn mastiffs, whelped March 2, 1888, by Berkshire Kennels, Hindsdale, Mass., a dog to R. L. C. Crouch, Elkton Stock Farm, Elkton, Md., and a bitch to F. W. Legg, Woburn, Mass.

Berkshire Caution—Daisy G. whelps. Fawn mastiffs, whelped June 21, 1888, by Berkshire Kennels, Hindsdale, Mass., a bitch to W. H. Parsons, Pocasset, Mass., and a dog to Fred. D. Wynn, Brewer, Me.

Berkshire Caution—Berkshire Zulu whelp. Fawn mastiff dog, whelped May 8, 1888, by Berkshire Kennels, Hindsdale, Mass., to W. W. Fisk, Cheshire, Mass.

Nina. Fawn mastiff bitch, whelped July 20, 1888, by Berkshire Caution out of Maid of Athens, by Berkshire Kennels, Hinsdale, Mass., to Charles E. Lewis, Suspension Bridge, N. Y.

Flirt—Sue whelp. Liver and white pointer dog, whelped May 19, 1888, by Detroit Kennel Club, Detroit, Mich., to Wm. E. Ramsey, Lake Charles, La.

Jessie. Liver and white pointer bitch, whelped July, 1884, by Bang out of Jean, by Chestnut Hill Kennels, Philadelphia, Pa., to Clifton Kennels, Jersey City, N. J.

Beaufort—Jessie whelp. Liver and white pointer bitch, whelped July 7, 1888, by Chestnut Hill Kennels, Philadelphia, Pa., to Clifton Kennels, Jersey City, N. J.

Nell. Liver and white pointer bitch, whelped November, 1886, pedigree not given, by Geo. W. Lovell, Middleboro, Mass., to W. C. Denny, Boston, Mass.

Tom. Liver and white pointer dog, whelped August, 1883, pedigree not given, by Geo. W. Lovell, Middleboro, Mass., to C. F. L. Kinnear, Warren, Pa.

Princeton. Fawn pug dog, whelped Feb. 22, 1888, by Lord Suffolk out of Lady Suffolk, by Calhoun Kennels, Springfield, Mass., to Wm. H. Resch, Reading, Pa.

Merchant Prince. Rich orange and white St. Bernard dog, whelped July 10, 1886, by champion Merchant Prince out of champion Miranda, by E. H. Moore, Melrose, Mass., to Chas. G. Wheelock, Arlington Heights, Mass.

Alp II.—Myrtle whelp. Orange and white St. Bernard dog, age not given, by E. H. Moore, Melrose, Mass., to M. L. Stover, Amsterdam, N. Y.

Merchant Prince—Una whelp. Orange and white St. Bernard dog, whelped May, 1887, by E. H. Moore, Melrose, Mass., to A. N. Rea, New York city.

Merchant Prince—Bernie V. whelp. Orange and white St. Bernard dog, whelped May 26, 1888, by E. H. Moore, Melrose, Mass., to Frank Damon, same place.

Merchant Prince—Bernie V. whelp. St. Bernard bitch, whelped July 18, 1887, by E. H. Moore, Melrose, Mass., to Jno. H. Gault, Philadelphia, Pa.

Melrose Prince. Orange and white St. Bernard dog, whelped June 17, 1887, by Rip Van Winkle out of Recluse, by E. H. Moore, Melrose, Mass., to Dennis O. Reilly, New Haven, Conn.

San Gwynne. Lemon and white setter dog, whelped April 23, 1888, by San Roy, Jr., out of Nell Gwynne, by F. G. Taylor and G. G. Davis, Philadelphia, Pa., to H. L. Busby, Burlington, N. J.

Sport. Black and white English setter dog, whelped July 8, 1886, by Drake out of Mollie, by Geo. W. Lovell, Middleboro, Mass., to Edward Reed, Braintree, Mass.

Flash. Red, with white points English setter dog, whelped Dec. 25, 1885, pedigree not given, by Geo. W. Lovell, Middleboro, Mass., to T. R. Hoyt, Boston, Mass.

Gun (A.K.R. 1538)—Victoria Laverack (A.K.R. 1677) whelps. Two black, white and tan English setter dogs, whelped June 11, 1888, by Chas. York, Bangor, Me., to W. H. Wild, Jersey City N. J.

Don. Black, tan markings, Gordon setter dog, whelped April 19, 1887, by Dinks (A.K.R. 1077) out of Daisey, by Calhoun Kennels, Springfield, Mass., to Joseph Treaudeau, Chicopee, Mass.

Duke. Tan and liver Gordon setter dog, whelped April 19, 1887, by Dinks (A.K.R. 1077) out of Daisey, by Calhoun Kennels, Springfield, Mass., to John Monayhan, Chicopee, Mass.

Gypsey. Fawn, black points, bull-terrier bitch, whelped Jan. 12, 1888, by Tip out of Daisie, by Calhoun Kennels, Springfield, Mass., to A. L. Fenuessey, same place.

Dundee. Blue Skye terrier dog, whelped May 28, 1888, by Donald out of Romach, by Lawrence Timpson, Red Hook, N. Y., to James Lenox Banks, Jr., New York.

DEATHS.

Hector. Mastiff dog (A.K.R. 6378), owned by F. R. Rohrman & Co., on Nov. 3, of inflammation of the bowels.

Kirmess (A.K.R. 6056), Duke of St. Paul (A.K.R. 6636), Marquis of St. Paul (A.K.R. 6639). St. Bernards owned by D. Bergman (St. Paul, Minn.) the first week in November.

Dogs: Their Management and Treatment in Disease. By Ashmont. Price $2. Kennel Record and Account Book. Price $3. Training vs. Breaking. By S. T. Hammond. Price $1. First Lessons in Dog Training, with Points of all Breeds. Price 50 cents.

Point out to us a boy of original or what would generally be called eccentric habits, fond of rambling about, a haunter of the woodside and river bank, prone to collect what he can search out, and then on his return to shut himself up in his room and make experiments upon his gatherings, to inquire into the natural history of each according to its kind—point such a one out to us, and we should have no difficulty in pronouncing him, without the aid of physiognomy, to be of far better augury than his fellow who does nothing but pore over his books, never dreaming that there is any knowledge beyond them.—*New York Ledger.*

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

HALFORD'S RIFLE SHOOTING.

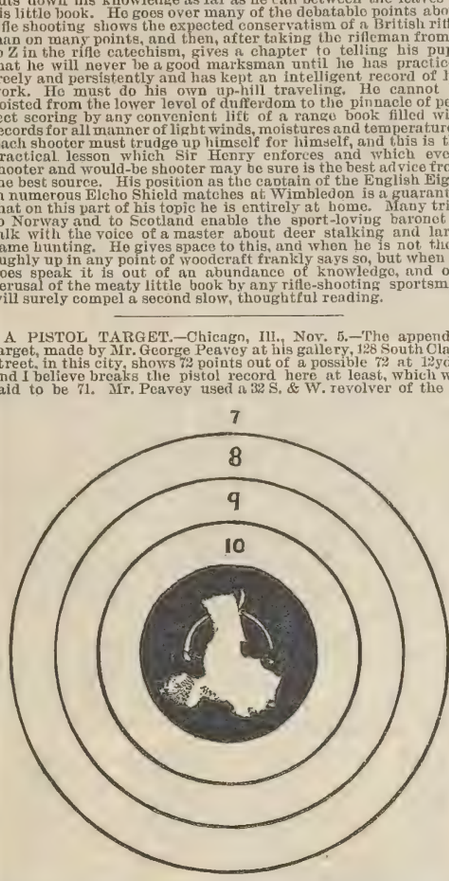
THE ART OF SHOOTING WITH THE RIFLE. By Sir Henry Halford, Bart. Republished from *Land and Water.* Price, 30 cents.

Sir Henry Halford in this book has gathered into convenient shape several chapters on the art and science of rifle shooting, which he had beforetime contributed to *Land and Water.* These may have been revised; if so, it was for typographical errors. For it would be absurd to think of the expert of experts on the subject revising anything he had written, or rather, that anything he would write should need revision.

Of course every rifleman who wishes to know all he may on his favorite subject will read this book. It will not take long to read it. For it is not long, but it will take a long time to thoroughly digest all the ideas in it, to master all the points and to be able to carry out all the hints. He insists that there is a why and wherefore for every phenomenon connected with rifle shooting. He sets out to find them out, and then proceeds to tell the rifleman just what to do, and not in mere didactic fashion, but with an explanation why he does it.

Not a few riflemen take as much as they may on trust. They see a Vernier gauge, learn how to use it, and go ahead. Not so Sir Henry. He wants to know as much of that Vernier gauge as the man who put it there, and in matter of fact does know as much of the science of rifle construction as any rifle maker, and puts down his knowledge as far as he can between the leaves of his little book. He goes over many of the debatable points about rifle shooting shows the expected conservatism of a British rifleman on many points, and then, after taking the rifleman from A to Z in the rifle catechism, gives a chapter to telling his pupil that he will never be a good marksman until he has practiced freely and persistently and has kept an intelligent record of his work. He must do his own up-hill traveling. He cannot be hoisted from the lower level of dufferdom to the pinnacle of perfect scoring by any convenient lift of a range book filled with records for all manner of light winds, moistures and temperatures. Each shooter must trudge up himself for himself, and this is the practical lesson which Sir Henry enforces and which every shooter and would-be shooter may be sure is the best advice from the best source. His position as the captain of the English Eight in numerous Elcho Shield matches at Wimbledon is a guarantee that on this part of his topic he is entirely at home. Many trips to Norway and to Scotland enable the sport-loving baronet to talk with the voice of a master about deer stalking and large game hunting. He gives space to this, and when he is not thoroughly up in any point of woodcraft frankly says so, but when he does speak it is out of an abundance of knowledge, and one perusal of the meaty little book by any rifle-shooting sportsman will surely compel a second slow, thoughtful reading.

A PISTOL TARGET.—Chicago, Ill., Nov. 5.—The appended target, made by Mr. George Peavey at his gallery, 128 South Clark street, in this city, shows 72 points out of a possible 72 at 12yds., and I believe breaks the pistol record here at least, which was said to be 71. Mr. Peavey used a 32 S. & W. revolver of the .44



model. His shooting was witnessed by Messrs. Charles Porter and H. E. Bush. On the same evening Mr. Peavey emptied the 26-shot magazine of a .22 Winchester rifle in 11 seconds, breaking 5 balls on swinging targets in the score.—E. H.

WILMINGTON, Del., Nov. 6.—This was in every way a great day for the rifle shooting fraternity and their friends at Healdmore rifle range, Wilmington, Del. The weather was delightful, the turning out large and the scores unusually good. During the afternoon there was a large number of visitors at the range to witness the sport. The monthly badge of the Wilmington Rifle Club was won by J. Scott on a fine score. Three scores of 80 and upward were made at 200yds. S. J. Newman and H. B. Seeds raising their former highest records. The beginners's monthly badge was won by J. S. Jefferis for the third consecutive time, which debars him from future beginners' matches. The badge now becomes his property. S. P. Marshall was the winner of the leather medal. The scores made were as follows, at 200yds., off-hand, standard American target:

Wilmington Rifle Club's Badge Match.

J Scott	8	9	6	8	7	8	6	9	6	5—72
S J Newman	9	5	8	7	5	7	9	6	5	9—70
J E Newman	6	6	8	8	6	4	6	8	3	8 7—62
H Simpson	6	7	8	4	4	4	6	7	8	5—60
H B Seeds	4	7	8	7	8	6	6	4	2	6—58
M A Jones	3	3	4	9	10	7	4	9	7	5—55
J E E Seeds	10	3	2	5	4	6	4	7	6	4—51
C Heinel, Sr	6	7	4	5	4	3	6	6	6	3—50
W A Bacon	6	9	5	5	1	4	3	3	8	3—48

Continuous Prize Match.

S J Newman	9	9	9	8	8	10	8	10	9	10—85
H B Seeds	7	9	10	7	6	10	9	9	7	8—82
J F McCafferty	10	7	10	8	8	10	6	9	6	7—81
J E E Seeds	6	4	6	6	7	8	6	8	10	9—73
J E Newman	8	5	9	6	7	6	9	10	7	8—72
C Carleton	10	6	8	7	5	5	6	7	7	7—70
C Heinel, Sr	9	9	6	6	5	4	2	9	10	8—68
J Scott	2	5	7	10	9	5	7	8	6	8—67

Record Practice.

H Simpson	9	8	4	8	9	7	10	5	8	5—73
J F McCafferty	7	7	7	6	3	6	10	6	6	5—66
J S Jefferis	4	9	3	3	6	9	4	4	5	4—51
W A Bacon	8	4	3	10	4	4	5	3	5	3—49

Military Badge Match—Creedmoor Target.

Corp Seeds	4	4	4	4	4	4	3	5	3	4—39
I R P Simpson	4	4	3	3	3	4	4	4	3	4—36

At 100yds.—Beginners' Badge Match—Standard American Target.

J S Jefferis	9	7	5	9	8	9	8	9	10	6—80
F Robelen	4	8	5	9	8	8	9	9	9	7—73
A Broon	10	8	9	5	5	6	6	9	7	5—70
A Heinel	8	8	8	7	9	7	7	3	8	5—70
C Fehrenbach	5	5	6	4	7	9	7	8	9	5—65
E Simmons	7	7	9	7	8	9	4	4	6	4—65
F C Howard	7	6	6	6	8	8	7	3	7	7—65
J Ries	7	4	5	8	6	6	6	9	5	6—62
G Schenk	5	8	7	6	8	4	6	6	10	0—59
J Marcus	6	6	9	6	3	8	4	3	5	9—58
F Mammele	6	5	3	1	8	10	7	6	8	4—58
W C Thompson	8	5	7	7	2	5	5	3	7	5—55
W Lawton	3	4	4	6	7	7	0	4	7	6—53
G K Little	1	4	1	6	6	4	7	5	10	6—48
S F Marshall	6	4	4	5	3	4	4	7	4	3—45

Beginners' Record Practice.

J F Grady	9	5	7	10	6	6	6	9	7	8—73
J S Jefferis	8	6	9	7	7	8	6	5	6	9—71
W Ponder	5	10	6	9	5	6	7	6	3	8—65

TOPEKA, Kan., Nov. 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The inclosed scores were made by members of the Topeka Rifle Club and two visitors, Messrs. R. S. Dinsmore, of Troy, Kan., and W. T. Whiteford, of Banard, Mo., on Nov. 2 and 3. The latter day was nearly all taken up in shooting, as several went to the range in the morning with their dinner baskets, with their minds firmly made up to give the bullseye particular fits. As will be seen by the scores, Mr. J. L. Paine made a full score and a run of 16 bulls, and 42 bulls out of a possible 50. The shooting was all done at 200yds. off-hand, field target.

Nov. 2.

J L Paine	7	6	9	10	7	10	9	10	10	7—85
	8	10	9	7	6	5	9	6	7	10—77
	6	10	9	6	7	10	9	7	10	7—83—245
I R McCarter	6	9	8	8	10	7	5	8	9	3—74
	6	6	7	10	5	8	7	7	6	6—68
	10	8	10	10	10	6	8	6	6	8—82—224
Dr G I Royce	7	7	8	9	5	8	7	6	6	7—70
	9	4	10	10	9	7	6	7	6	7—75
	7	6	7	6	10	7	5	8	8	7—73—218
W T Whiteford	10	8	6	10	7	6	6	9	7	7—76
	8	6	6	5	8	5	9	6	8	5—66
	7	5	10	7	4	8	7	8	10	7—73—215
Dr R S Dinsmore	10	*0	4	7	4	10	4	10	8	9—66
	10	7	7	8	7	5	6	5	6	6—73
	7	10	8	9	8	6	8	4	10	6—78—215
J H Leonard	7	9	6	7	5	8	10	10	7	7	8—77
	8	5	7	5	9	6	10	9	7	6—74
	4	9	6	4	5	6	7	6	7	8—63—214
C R Paine	5	9	5	10	9	7	6	5	6	6—68
	9	7	6	6	10	7	7	7	10	8—77

*No bullet.

Nov. 3.

J L Paine	8	8	9	9	8	8	10	8	8	9—85
	10	10	9	9	8	8	6	9	9	9—87
	6	8	8	10	8	10	7	8	10	7—84
	8	10	8	8	8	8	8	9	7	8—82
	7	9	7	9	9	5	8	10	7	9—80—418
Dr R S Dinsmore	9	7	8	10	7	4	7	9	5	8—75
	9	8	7	5	10	6	6	6	7	9—73
	7	6	7	7	8	9	10	9	9	6—77
	6	8	10	10	10	8	8	6	7	8—75
	9	10	10	6	8	7	10	7	8	9—84—384
Dr G I Royce	10	9	5	7	6	7	5	8	5	7—69
	6	7	7	8	8	10	6	7	5	9—73
	7	8	10	10	9	10	7	5	6	8—80
	7	10	6	8	6	6	10	5	4	10—72
	7	9	9	10	6	8	5	7	9	6—76—370
W T Whiteford	7	6	10	7	10	5	5	10	7	10—78
	7	10	7	7	6	5	5	5	8	7—67
	7	10	5	4	6	7	5	9	9	6—68
	9	4	8	5	7	7	8	9	9	7—73
	8	10	7	6	4	7	9	10	6	5—70—356
G E Morrison	10	8	6	4	10	7	6	6	10	4—71
	5	4	7	8	9	7	7	9	6	9—72
	10	10	10	10	9	7	8	10	7	9—86—229
C R Paine	8	6	8	10	7	8	9	7	6	6—75
	9	10	7	5	8	10	9	6	7	8—79
	4	9	5	8	8	9	8	7	9	6—73—227
I R McCarter	6	9	5	8	10	6	10	4	8	5—71
	6	8	10	6	10	8	6	8	10	6—79
	5	8	9	5	8	7	9	7	4	8—70—218

Mr. J. L. Paine thus expresses himself: "I don't doubt that Dr. Minkler has injured our rifle club a great deal by reports about our scores. The fact is our system of scoring is as perfect as we know how to make it, and subject only to the inevitable corrections which a marker makes on any range. We boys here began to think it was rather a misfortune than otherwise to be good rifle shots, since other clubs hinted that our scores might not be absolutely correct, and we only wish doubters to come down and score for us if they doubt our ability to shoot and score, too."

BOSTON, Nov. 10.—Several riflemen put in an appearance at the range to-day but as the bad weather conditions continued no high scores were made, except Messrs. Bennett's pistol scores. Following are to-day's scores:

Rest Match.

J Francis	9	9	11	12	11	12	11	12	12	12	10—169

100 Consecutive Shots, 50yds., with .22-100 Pistol.

F E Bennett	10	10	8	8	8	9	8	9	10	10—90
	10	10	10	10	8	10	8	9	9	10—94
	9	8	10	10	9	10	9	10	10	10—95
	10	10	10	8	10	8	9	10	10	8—93
	7	10	10	9	8	9	9	10	8	10—90
	9	10	10	8	10	10	10	9	9	9—94
	10	10	10	9	10	10	10	10	10	7—96
	10	10	8	9	9	8	9	10	9	9—91
	8	9	10	9	10	9	7	10	8	9—89
	10	10	9	10	10	7	9	9	10	8—92—924

Fifty Consecutive Shots, Same Conditions.

W W Bennett	7	10	10	9	10	8	10	9	9	10—92
	10	8	9	10	10	9	9	10	10	10—95
	9	10	10	8	9	10	10	10	10	7—94
	10	10	8	10	8	10	9	10	9	10—94
	10	10	8	8	10	9	10	9	10	10—94—470

50yds. Pistol Match.

F E Bennett	10	9	10	10	10	9	10	9	9	10—96
W W Bennett	10	10	9	8	9	10	7	10	10	9—92
A Stevens	9	9	7	9	9	9	10	9	9	9—89
C A Clarke	10	8	7	10	8	9	10	9	10	7—87
E H Chester	9	9	9	10	8	7	7	7	5	8—79
O Moore	7	7	7	8	7	8	9	8	7	8—76

Off-hand Match.

H L Lee	9	10	5	10	10	5	8	9	8	6—79
A Sharp, mil	7	10	8	4	10	8	7	6	8	8—76
B G Baker	6	9	6	7	7	8	7	9	9	8—76
C L Davis	6	10	4	4	6	5	6	10	7	7—65
S Ham	9	4	8	5	6	8	5	6	8	5—64
A S Field, mil	8	3	5	4	7	7	8	4	7	7—63
O Moore	7	8	4	7	8	5	6	4	8	4—61

Military Match.

C H Lake	5334443435—39	H W Chandler	3433434354—36
C E Putnam	3443444333—37	A S Field	3440424433—31

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Nov. 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The St. Louis Pistol Club, despite the intense election interest that attracted the attention of every one here, turned out in very good attendance at its last shoot. Some good scores were made by the members who took part, and altogether the general average was very good. The high score for the evening was made by Mr. Bauer, who will in consequence hold the medal until next week. All the shooting is done at a standard American 20yds. target. The score:

W Bauer	7	8	10	8	9	10	9	10	8	5—84
W T Larned	10	6	7	10	6	10	6	9	10	6—80
O Neuhaus	8	8	7	5	9	8	8	10	10	7—80
M C Billmeyer	7	6	10	9	9	8	6	7	8	8—78
E C Mohrstadt	10	8	6	9	7	6	8	8	6	7—78
F A Fodde	9	8	9	8	9	5	9	9	8	7	5—77
M Summerfield	10	8	7	9	6	5	9	6	8	7—75
W H Hettel	10	8	8	6	6	7	6	7	9	7—74
H C Griesedieck	8	5	7	8	7	7	10	8	4	4—68
A E Bengel	7	6	6	7	8	5	6	9	7	7—68
L H Race	9	6	6	9	8	9	4	9	0	5—65
J Sieminskie	5	6	7	6	9	6	5	5	5	5—59
W C Mackwitz	9	6	4	7	0	7	5	4	4	10—56

UNSER FRITZ.

NIAGARA FALLS, Ont., Nov. 9.—A very interesting rifle match took place here to-day between the Lincoln Rifle Association team of St. Catherines and the 44th Battalion and the Niagara Falls (Ontario) Rifle Association team of this town, on the range of the latter. The teams consisted of 7 men each, and the match resulted in favor of the home team. The weather was anything but favorable for the sport, there being a drizzling rain falling the entire afternoon, with shifting winds, making it very difficult to make good scores. The following is the score of the teams, 5 shots at each range:

St. Catherines.	200yds.	400yds.	T'l.	44th Batt. and N. F. A.	200yds.	400yds.	T'l.
J S McClelland	19	15	34	W M Parker	21	14	35
J Carlson	19	13	32	Colin Pratt	15	16	31
A Carlson	15	21	36	J J Bampfield	19	14	33
W S Crane	19	4	23	G E Bukley	21	18	39
S Harper	12	2	14	G Margetts	19	19	38
T Plovard	17	12	29	F C Devoe	22	10	32
J Longley	13	20	33	R P Skinner	16	18	34
	201						242

The return match will be shot at St. Catherines in the near future.

CONNECTICUT MARKSMEN.—According to the laws of the State of Connecticut, the militia companies are required to make a return of qualifications during the year. There are four classes —"sharp shooters," "first," "second" and "third." In order to qualify as a sharp-shooter, it is necessary to make at least 43 out of 50 at 500, 600 and 800yds. respectively; as 1st class, 40 out of 50 at 200 and 500yds. respectively; as 2d class, 20 out of 25 at 200yds; and 3d class, 17 out of 25 at 200yds.

NEWARK, N. J.—The Newark *Sunday Call*, always accurate and full in its reports of shooting matters, says at the close of the season's work: "The season for out-of-door rifle shooting is practically closed so far as this part of the country is concerned, and it has been the liveliest since 1878. Almost every club, large or small, in New York and New Jersey, has held one or more prize shoots, and nearly all of them have drawn well. The grand event of the year and one which stirred up a rifle shooting interest in every State in the Union, was the mammoth six days' festival held in the Shooting Park in July. This affair, which was conceived and pushed to a finish by Mr. William Hayes, of this city, will go upon record as the most gigantic shooting festival ever held in America. By some of Newark's citizens the affair, as a whole, was looked upon as a failure because there was a deficiency of $3,586 to be made up after the festival closed, but this loss was entirely in the Volksfest portion of the affair, the bad weather cutting the attendance, outside of the shooting house, down to a mere nothing, compared with what it would have been had the festival been held in the first week of the month. The festival as a Schuetzenfest was a grand success financially and otherwise, all the losses occurring outside of the shooting house. The festival swelled the membership of the Newark Shooting Society, one of the oldest organizations of the kind in this part of the country, to about 157, about two-thirds of the new members being active riflemen. This society will soon stop practicing for the season, but bright and early in the spring the shooting-house will be unlocked and the targets stretched, after which some lively work is contemplated. Some of the most earnest of the old members and a large percentage of the new ones will endeavor during the off season to have some plan of record-shooting worked up by which it is hoped that all members of the society will be tempted to take up active practice. For a few years back all the practice has been on the go-as-you-please plan, no records being kept by the society of any scores made except at the annual king shoot. Records will be kept not only of scores made by the hair-trigger shooters, but those made with the 3lb. pulls as well, and it is safe to say that before the season of 1889 closes one-third at least of those members who have become accustomed to the cumbersome Schuetzen rifles in days gone by will discard them for the lighter and handsomer hard-pull rifles. It is not known as yet in whose hands the Shooting Park will be when another season opens, as Mr. Geiger, who has managed for the past two years, will leave on December 1, but this cannot affect the matter of the Newark Shooting Society using the range, as it has a perpetual lease thereon."

NEWARK, N. J., Nov. 6.—About thirty marksmen, one-half being members of the Newark Shooting Society and the rest visitors from New York, were in the Shooting Park to-day pegging away at the German ring targets from morning until dark. It was expected that Point targets would be used, but instead the shooters contented themselves by contesting in three-shot pools. The proposed revolver practice was cut down to one man's work, the rest of the revolver shooters failing to put in an appearance. Theo. E. Beck, using a .44-caliber Smith and Wesson Russian model at 30yds. did some fine shooting on a Standard American target, making several clean scores of six shots each. The 50-shot match which was arranged for the afternoon was not started until late, and in consequence had to be cut down to 35 shots, and even then was finished almost in darkness. It had 13 entries, the entry fee being $3, half the contestants being winners and half losers. The result, according to the official scores was as follows: G. Plaisted, Zettler Rifle Club, 742; J. Williams, Newark S. S., 741; Barney Walther, Z.R.C., 741; M. Dorrler, Z.R.C., 740; H. Holges, Z.R.C., 727; A. Begerow, N.S.S., 723; F. Watts, N.S.S., 722; J. Coppersmith, N.S.S., 714; G. Zimmerman, Bullshead R. C., 712; C. G. Zettler, Z.R.C., 708; J. T. B. Collins, N.S.S. (three pound pull), 687; T. E. Beck, N.S.S., 676; L. Vogel, Z.R.C., 652.

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

ELECTION DAY SCORES.

THE Suburban Grounds were open on Election Day, and a small number of shooters gathered to keep their guns from rusting and to get beyond the reach of heated political argument. The weather was not conducive to a large attendance in the morning, but toward noon the sun appeared to cheer the spirits of Republicans and Democrats alike. The shooting was from five traps, screened, known angles, regular rules, and the targets used were bluerocks. Some improvements have been made on the grounds since the opening tournament, and more will be made before the next shoot, which is dated for Nov. 29, Thanksgiving. Below are scores made.

Sweep No. 1 at 15 single rises, $1 entrance, three moneys:

Albee	111111111111111—15	Bristol	011111111101110—12
VonLengerke	101100111111110—11	Brientnall	111111111101101—13
Hunt	111011111111110—13	Quimby	001111111111001—11
J P Smith	110111011011111—12	J F Richards	111010011111101—11
Gould	010110001011000— 6	C Richards	000001111101001— 7

Albee first, $5; Hunt and Brientnall divide second, $3; J. P. Smith and Bristol divide third, $2.

Sweep No. 2 at 5 pairs, double rises, $1 entrance; three moneys:

Albee	10 10 10 11 10—6	Gould	11 11 10 01 01—7
Hunt	00 10 10 00 10—3	J F Richards	10 01 10 11 10—6
Brientnall	10 11 11 11 11—9	C Richards	00 10 10 00 00—2
Bristol	10 11 11 10 11—8	Quimby	10 01 10 10 11—6

Brientnall wins first, $5; Bristol second, $2.40; Gould third, $1.60.

Sweep No. 3 at 10 single rises, $1 entrance; four moneys:

E D Miller	1111111111—10	Nixon	0111011001— 6
Albee	1100101111— 7	Bristol	1110111111— 9
Brientnall	1111111111—10	Hunt	1111111111—10
J F Richards	0010011011— 5	W A Hendry	1111111011— 9
Gould	0011111011— 7	Squire	0111011111— 8
J P Smith	1110111111— 9	Chas Tatham	1011010010— 5
Quimby	1111111110— 9		

Ties on 10 divide $5.20; ties on 9 divide $3.90; Squire won third, $2.60; Gould and Albee divide fourth, $1.30.

Sweep No. 4 at 10 single rises, $1 entrance; four moneys:

Albee	1111111110— 9	Miller	0111111111—9
Bristol	1110011111— 8	Quimby	1011111100—7
Brientnall	1111111011— 9	C Richards	0110110001—5
Jones	1011111100— 7	Hendry	0111111110—8
Smith	1001101111— 7	Hunt	0111111101—8
Gould	1111111111—10	Nixon	0000000001—1
J F Richards	0101011001— 5		

Gould first money $5.20; ties on 9 divide $3.90; ties on 8 divide $3.60; ties on 7 divide $1.30.

Sweep No. 5 at 10 single rises, $1 entrance; three moneys:

Brientnall	1111011111— 9	J F Richards	1101111111—9
Bristol	1001111011— 7	Hendry	0111111100—7
Gould	0111110010— 7	Hunt	0111111111—9
Albee	1010001111— 6	Jones	1110011101—7
Miller	1100011111— 7	Hubbell	1101011010—6
J P Smith	1111111111—10	Quimby	1110110011—7

J. P. Smith won first, $6; ties on 9 divide $3.60; ties on 7 shot off and $2.40 divided by Miller and Quimby.

Sweep No. 6 at 10 single rises, $1 entrance; four moneys:

Quimby	1001111101—7	Tell	1001010011—5
Brientnall	1111111101—9	J P Smith	1101111111—9
Miller	1111111101—9	J F Richards	0001101111—6
Bristol	1101000100—4	Hendry	0011000111—5
Gould	1000111011—6	Dr Gill	1000010011—4
Albee	0110111111—8	C Richards	1001110010—6
Jones	1111000111—7	Hubbell	1110110000—5
Hunt	1111101111—9		

Ties on 9 divide $6; Albee wins second, $4.50; ties on 7 divide $3; ties on 6 shot off and fourth money, $1.50, won by Gould.

Sweep No. 7 at 5 pairs double rises, $1 entrance; three moneys:

Brientnall	10 10 10 11 11—7	J F Richards	00 10 10 00 00—2
Miller	11 11 10 11 10—8	Jones	01 11 10 00 11—6
Albee	10 11 10 11 10—7	Quimby	10 11 10 10 10—6
C Richards	00 11 11 00 10—6	W A Hendry	11 10 10 00 10—5
Bristol	00 11 11 11 10—7		

Miller wins first, $5; ties on seven divide $3; ties on 6 divide $2.

Sweep No. 8 at 10 single rises, $1 entrance; three moneys:

Miller	1111111001— 9	Hunt	1111101101—8
Brientnall	1111111011—10	Bristol	0001111001—5
J P Smith	1110011111— 9	J F Richards	0110111001—6
Gould	1111111111—10	Quimby	1101000101—5
Albee	1011110111— 8	Cramer	1111011111—9

Ties on 10 divide $5; ties on 9 divide $3; ties on 8 divide $2.

Sweep No. 9 at 10 single rises, $1 entrance; three moneys:

Miller	1101110101— 7	Jones	1101110111—8
Apgar	1101101111— 8	Handry	0110101001—5
Brientnall	1111111111—10	J F Richards	1001011001—4
Hunt	1111111111—10	C Richards	1111100101—7

Ties divide moneys $4, $2.40 and $1.60.

Sweep No. 10 at 10 single rises, $1 entrance; three moneys:

Brientnall	1111101111— 9	Miller	0111111111—9
Hunt	1010111111— 8	Tell	0010010109—3
Apgar	1111111111—10	J F Richards	1010101100—5
Jones	1010010000— 3	C Richards	1001010111—6

Apgar won first, $4; second divide $2.40; Hunt won third, $1.60.

Sweep No. 11 at 10 single rises, $1 entrance; three moneys:

Hunt	0111101111—8	Miller	1111111110—9
Brientnall	1101111101—8	J F Richards	1111111101—9
Apgar	1111111101—9	C Richards	0111111001—7
Jones	1100011101—5	Tell	1100110000—5

Ties on 9 shot off and the $4 won by Apgar; second divide $2.40; C. Richards won third, $1.60.

THANKSGIVING DAY SHOOT.

THE New York Suburban Shooting Grounds Association present an attractive and varied programme for their Thanksgiving Day Tournament, which will no doubt draw a goodly number of shooters, particularly as mine host Bowers of the restaurant promises an excellent spread with all the usual accompaniments of a Thanksgiving dinner. The grounds are at Claremont, N. J., second station from New York on the Central R. R. of N. J. Time from New York, 18 minutes; round trip fare 14 cents.

Event No. 1, 10 single bluerocks, open to all, entry $1.

Event No. 2, 10 singles and 5 pairs bluerocks, open to all, entry $1.

Event No. 3, match between chosen sides, at 10 singles and 5 pairs bluerocks, no entry fee, but the losing side to pay for all the dinners, not to exceed 75 cents each, each contestant paying for the birds he uses. Open to all.

Event No. 4, 9 single bluerocks, open to all, use of both barrels, 12-gauge guns at 17yds., 10-gauge guns at 16yds., traps to be screened, 3 traps and at different angles unknown to the shooter. The shooter to turn the indicator and shoot at three targets before leaving the score, entry $1.

Event No. 5, 50 cents entry, miss and out match, to be shot same as Event No. 4; open to all.

Event No. 6, Walking Match Sweepstakes, 50 cents entry, open to all, at 6 birds. Each shooter will march alone from end to end and back, along the line of six traps, turning and firing at the targets as they may be sprung from any trap as he passes along. The gun must be carried upon the shoulder, the muzzle well elevated. The referee shall call pull, when one of the three traps nearest the shooter shall be immediately sprung. The use of both barrels will be allowed.

The Western set of traps will be used exclusively for open-to-all shooting. The Eastern set of traps will be devoted entirely to the use of amateurs, for such shooting as the may see fit to indulge in, either for practice or sweepstake shooting, they having the privilege of barring any one they choose by a majority vote of those concerned.

All impromptu sweepstakes not regular programme events, must pay 50 per cent. of entries in each sweep to the club. This applies to all impromptu sweeps where money is up. Every one interested in shooting is earnestly invited to attend and bring a friend and gun along.

ALBANY, N. Y., Oct. 31.—Elm Grove Park was the scene of a capital trap shoot to-day. Three traps were bolted to the platform in front of the trapper's pit in charge of Jack Whitney, and 60yds. to the left a bluerock trap was secured to a weighted box. The familiar Albany faces were all present, Rockworth, Gardner, Paddock, Barron, Gove, Olcott, Reese, James and Thomes, prominent ones in the sport. Troy had a goodly representation in the inevitable Goggin, the fun-loving Curley, the excitable Buesser, the quiet Betts, the earnest Dunn and the youthful crack shot Lord. Patten generally comes along from Lansingburgh, Paul from Cohoes, and Domer from Green Island. Wheeler, of Brunswick, and Hurd, of Schuylerville, are strangers, and so are the modest Cunningham and the polished Livingston, of Saratoga. The Ransom brothers, of Londonville; Selkirk, of Selkirk; Becker, of North Scotland; Osterhout, of Amsterdam, are regular habitues of Elm Grove, and Partiss, a good shot from Johnstown, is well known. The first event that excited the interest and drew the attention of everybody on the ground was the "composite match." This consisted of 5 singles and 3 pair of kingbirds being allotted to each contestant, the totals made in the singles and doubles to count in the score.

S Goggin	11111	11 11 10—11	H Livingston	00110	01 11 11—8
F W Partiss	11111	00 11 11—10	A Paul	01011	00 10 10—6
W T Lord	11101	11 10 11—10	C L Gove	10000	11 11 10—6
H Gardner	11110	10 11 11—10	P G Williams	00100	10 00 00—3
C Rockworth	11011	11 10 10—8	Gus Buesser	10010	11 00 00—5

Ties on 10, 3 singles, 1 pair: Gardner 5, Partiss 4, Lord withdrew.

After the composite match was concluded, the eagerly looked for live bird event was called.

S Goggin	1111111—7	J Selkirk	1110110—5
W G Paddock	1111111—7	J H Patten	1111010—5
W Domer	1111111—7	J T Betts	1111010—5
C E Rockworth	1111101—6	C L Gove	1101101—5
F W Partiss	1111011—6	G H Thomas	1111010—5
W G Parr	1011111—6	A Dunn	1010011—4
B J Hurd	1111011—6	G A Wheeler	0011100—3
W T Lord	1111110—6	G Buesser	0100100—2
J Becker	1111101—6	A Paul	0010001—2
H Gardner	0101111—5	H M Livingston	1110100

o Denotes dead out of bounds.

Goggins, Paddock and Domer divide first money with straight scores of 7 dead birds. There were six men in the second class tie with scores of 6 each, and they shot out the tie with the following result: Parr 2, Partiss 2, Lord 1, Becker 1, Rockworth and Hurd withdrew. W. G. Parr, of Albany, and F. W. Partiss, of Johnstown, divided second money. The ties in the third class, with scores of 5 each, divided third money. There was but one man in the fourth class with a score of 4, and he got fourth money, which paid him a dollar and a half over and above his entrance fee. As Toney was handed the money, Tom Curley exclaimed, "well Dunn!"

BROOKLYN, Nov. 1.—The members of the Glenmore Rod and Gun Club did not turn out very strong in numbers to-day at their regular monthly shoot at Dexter's Park, Jamaica Plank Road, Long Island. Thirteen went to the traps to compete for the handsome diamond badge presented to the club by Mr. Bernard Midas and a handsome silver pitcher presented by Supervisor George U. Forbell as the members' prize. James Bennett repeated his fine performance of last month, killing his 7 birds straight from the 20yds. mark, winning the badge and the Forbell pitcher. W. Selover also did some splendid shooting, killing 17 out of 18 shot at. M. J. Bourke, the president of the club, has improved in his shooting very much during the past season and killed 6 out of 7. T. T. Edgerton, Jr. killed 20 out of 23. Supervisor G. U. Forbell also shot well, although he was in the parade of the previous evening. After the regular shoot sweepstakes were shot off, W. Selover and T. T. Edgerton taking the lion's share and dividing in each sweep. Host Si Nager proved to be the best man of the Glenmores and their guests, and saw that every one present did not hunger or thirst as long as the good things provided held out.

The full score of the shoot and sweepstakes is as follows:

J Bennett (29)	1111111—7	C Magee (25)	1010100—3
E Helgans (27)	1001111—5	W Selover (29)	1110111—6
W Levens (25)	1111011—6	W Quinington (26)	0100111—4
J Ochs (26)	0101000—2	W J Bennett (23)	0111111—6
P von Dreele (26)	1110110—5	G U Forbell (29)	0111011—5
M J Bourke (26)	1011111—6	T T Edgerton, Jr (29)	0111101—5
J D Bennett (26)	1110110—5		

First sweepstake at 25yds.: J. Bennett 2, W. R. Selover 4, G. U. Forbell 3, T. T. Edgerton, Jr., 4, E. Helgans 3, P. H. von Dreele 2, W. Levens 2, O. Mills 2, E. Scheillein 2. Second sweepstakes: G. U. Forbell 2, W. Selover 4, T. T. Edgerton 4, E. Helgans 1, W. Levens 3, P. H. von Dreele 1. Third sweepstakes: G. U. Forbell 1, T. T. Edgerton 6, W. Selover 3. Referee, Mr. C. A. Dellar; scorer, Mr. W. Bennett.

SHAMOKIN DAM, Pa., Nov. 8.—Sweepstake match at 10 live birds, 25yds., 40yds. boundary, use of one barrel: Levi Hill, Muncy, 9; T. Kessler, Shamokin Dam, 9; Ben Mackamer, Trevorton, 6; L. Ditsman, Shamokin, 8; W. Burrows, Shamokin, 10; G. Goodman, Shamokin, 8; G. W. Stahl, Lewisburg, 7; Finn Cooper, Shamokin, 9; A. J. Bickel, Selins Grove, 7; Tom Larkins, Shamokin, 8; G. Hudson, 8; G. S. Burk, Shamokin, 8. Same place and day a match between L. Hill and T. Kepler, 15 live birds, for $100, 25yds. rise, 40yds. boundary, use of one barrel, won by Mr. L. Hill with 14 to Kepler's 12.—J. B. D.

LUCKNOW, Ont., Nov. 6.—A pigeon shooting match here to-day between Dr. McCrimmon, of Kincardine, Dr. Garnier of Lucknow, John Hewitt and Jas. McKenny, of Rervie, and T. J. Stewart and Sam Holmes, of Black Horse, was a most enjoyable affair. It was Dr. Garnier's match and he entertained the outsiders in his most royal style. The match was 15 birds each, and the following is the result: Dr. Garnier 14, John Hewitt 13, T. J. Stewart 8, Sam Holmes 5, Dr. McCrimmon 4, Jas, McKenny 6.

MONTREAL, Nov. 3.—Some time ago Messrs. Greener, the well-known gun makers, presented the Montreal Gun Club with two handsomely finished and valuable guns, one for club and the other for open competition. The first club match took place to-day on the M. G. C. grounds at Cote St. Antoine. If the devil had the choice of days and wanted to hear shooters say cuss words he could not have arranged the matter any more to his satisfaction. Misty, bleak and damp, with a wind that would lull for a minute and blow great guns the moment a man said "pull." Birds would sail along nicely for half a second, then they would be lifted up to the tree tops or dashed to the ground. The wind seemed to be blowing from six different directions, the cardinal points did not give it scope enough; sometimes it seemed to blow down in a straight line from the sky, and again it would appear as if there was a vent in the earth; at least the wind seemed to come from that direction. At all events good shooting was an impossibility. Some of the crack shots were there and most of them wished they were somewhere else, seeing that their prayerful maledictions did not send old Boreas where he belonged. How bad the shooting was may be imagined from the fact that out of 20 birds the men who broke 9 were tied for first place, and when the ties were shot off Mr. W. McCaw had won the first competition for the Greener gun. A gentleman who won the gold medal, emblematic of the championship of Canada, some few days ago, only grassed 6 out of his 20. Shooting, however, will take unto itself a little bit of a boom round about Thanksgiving Day, when the Montreal Gun Club will hold their annual shoot and the Dominion Club will have their first match for the gun presented by Mr. Horseley. In fact Thanksgiving Day may be put down as the real opening of the clay-bird season here. The score to-day stood:

First handicap competition for Greener gun, at 20 Peoria blackbirds, 18yds. rise, from 5 traps, Lewis J. Trotter referee:

R James	1110110100110100000001	—10	+2—12
W L Lumsden	0000000100010010011111	— 6	— 6
W McCaw	1101101100011000000001	— 9	+4—13
A Alexander	0010000000001010010000	— 4	+3— 7
E C Alberts	0101010010101001011	— 9	+4—13
H Judge	0000110100010000011001	— 5	+4— 9
B Jim	1010003900010010110	— 7	+4—11
Fred Orr	0000010001000111001	— 7	+3—10
W A Vensteson	0000000000000000000	— 0	+3— 3
Luke Sharp	1111010101000101000	— 9	+4—13

In the shoot off at 5 birds for first place the score was: W. McCaw 4, E. C. Alberts 3, L. Sharp 1.

The following sweeps were then shot at 10 birds:

Alexander	1100011100—5	E A Cowley	0110001010—4
L Sharp	1110010000—4	B Jim	0101101000—4
D Robertson	0100010111—5	Taylor	0100001000—2
W Lumsden	0000101001—4	H Judge	0010101010—4
F Orr	0011000001—3	Thackwell	0110001000—3
R James	1110011111—8	R Bogardis	0000010011—3

Alexander first on shoot off, Cowley second.

Second sweep at 5 birds:

A Alexander	00111—3	W Lumsden	01101—3
L Sharp	00101—2	E A Cowley	01101—3
L Robertson	11111—5	O F Botsford	01011—3
R James	10110—3		

Cowley second on shoot off.

WELLINGTON, Mass., Nov. 8.—The Wellington Gun Club held an all-day tournament to-day, and, in addition to the several sweeps, the challenge amateur individual and team badges of the Massachusetts S. S. Association were contested for the first time. In the individual badge match, at 7 bluerocks and 8 clay-pigeons, the following scores were made:

Nichols	0111110111101101—11	Sanborn	1001010001111111—10
Melcher	0111101011111001—10	Atwell	0011010101100—7
Swift	0110101110000011— 8	Schaefer	1111111110000—11
Perry	1101111000101101—10	Moore	0111110001101110— 9
Pete	0111111111111100—12	Snow	1110110011110111—11
Chase	1101010101111010—10	Field	0111101111101111—12
Charles	1110011110111111—12	Choate	1011101111111101—12
Lang	1011110111101111—12	Budd	1110010000000100— 6
Payson	1110001000000101— 6	Wild	1110111001111111—12
Conant	1101110101011111—12	McCoy	0011011110100001— 8

In the shoot-off in the above match Conant won, breaking five straight. Schaefer won the keg of powder. For the team badge match there were no competitors outside the club, although it was expected that teams from Walnut Hill, Worcester and Springfield would be present. Three teams from the club contested for it, and it was won by Wild, Gore, Moore, Pete and McCoy, with a total of 36 out of 50 birds. The other teams tied with 35 each.

Following are the winners in the sweepstake matches: Six bluerocks, Chase; six clay-pigeons, Bond; six bluerocks, Bowker; six clay-pigeons, Schaefer; three pairs clay-pigeons, Bond; six bluerocks, Swift and Snow; six clay-pigeons, Schaefer and Swift; three pairs clay-pigeons, Pete; six bluerocks, Charles, Schaefer and Field; six clay-pigeons, Wild; three pairs clay-pigeons, Schaefer and Charles; six bluerocks, Chase; three pairs clay-pigeons, Bond; six clay-pigeons, Choate; six bluerocks, Nichols and Snow; six bluerocks, Choate, Wild and Bowker; six clay-pigeons, Wild and Chase; seven bluerocks, Wild and Sanborn; eight clay-pigeons, Schaefer; three pairs clay-pigeons, Choate and Moore; six bluerocks, Sanborn; five clay-pigeons, Gore, Schaefer and Choate; five bluerocks, Field; six bluerocks, Wild; six clay-pigeons, Melcher; six bluerocks, Choate.

DAYTON, O.—The Heikes-Bandle 100 live bird match for a purse of $500, which is to be shot here on the 29th inst. is the most important event now on the shooting stage—will, in fact, be the largest stake race that has been shot in the State for over fifteen years. A correspondent of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, speaking of the two men says: "I know both men. Both personally are great fellows—big-hearted men, generous to a fault. But when it comes to shooting the similarity ceases, their method, manner and character being different. Heikes walks up to the trap seemingly confident, usually without a tremor; calls 'pull' in an ordinary tone of voice, and shoots at his first bird as though he were contesting for a dinner, in place of perhaps a half year's salary. Here the Dayton man, Heikes, shoots a winning race—in the beginning. He is, I believe, not quite so confident near the latter end of the match, seems over-anxious, and, I think, is not quite so strong as at the start. He should overcome this, and he will be one of the greatest all-around trap shots in the country. However, he displayed no weakness in this respect in his great shoot with Hart, of Huron, O., for the L. C. Smith State championship cup two months ago at Dayton, in which he tied his competitor twice, shooting at 150 birds apiece, both scoring 145 out of 150. Al Bandle is, I must say so, a peculiar fellow. I have often thought that in a contest his thoughts are too thoroughly centered in the money his friends have upon him. He seems over-anxious as he steps before his first side-quartering or trailing bird. This displays itself in the serious look in his dark eyes, his set teeth and the rigid contraction of his muscular arms. There is where Bandle could be careful. I will venture to predict that if he loses in his coming match it will be on the first fifteen birds. I base that opinion on his over-anxiety—his surety. It is a splendid sight though for a lover of shooting to witness Bandle shoot an up-hill race. When his chances seem almost hopeless he does his neatest work, birds right and left, slow and fast flyers being cut down like grain before a mower. His birds are out of the trap and riddled before you scarcely see a spread of wing. I tell you, my friend, if Bandle will only watch himself in the beginning of a match he can win every time. The action of a Dayton paper criticising the statement made in Cincinnati papers that Bandle made concessions to Heikes in going to Dayton to shoot the coming match is unreasonable. Bandle, as he always does, gave up his interests upon every question in favor of his opponent, leaving to him the race, the time, the grounds and birds. Besides this agreed to go among his opponent's friends on comparative unfamiliar grounds to shoot his match. The question brought up as to the fairness exhibited by Mr. Heikes was altogether uncalled for, as all these persons are known as gentlemen who have never, nor ever would, stoop to take any advantage of a person who came among them as a guest or friend. Still I insist Mr. Bandle's friends who have money (and they are many) on the match are right in disapproving his course in the event. Every one must acknowledge one's dunghill is an advantage—is pleasanter than going to the hill on which some other cock has trod."

GUELPH, Ont., Nov. 3.—Five members of the Guelph Gun Club went to Brampton to-day and had a friendly pigeon shoot with an equal number of the members of the club there. It was expected that representatives from Toronto would put in an appearance, but they failed to do so:

Guelph.		Brampton.	
Geo Sleeman	00110110—4	D Allison	11110100—5
W D Shattuck	11111111—8	M Deady	01010110—4
J Wayper	11111111—8	W Lee	10000111—4
James Johnson	11010111—6	R J Williamson	01110111—6
F Quarrie	11010111—6—32	James Packham	10111101—6—25

Shattuck and Wayper won the sweepstakes, killing 8 birds each, his dividing the honor.

WALLINGFORD, Pa., Nov. 6.—The election day shoot of the Wallingford Gun Club took place at the country seat of R. W. Downing, at Wallingford, Delaware county. Fifty well-known gentlemen were present and half of them participated in the shoot. The prize was a cup made of gold, silver, iron, brass, copper, nickel, zinc and tin. It is known as the Protection or Free Trade Handicap Cup, and is inscribed with the names of the Republican and Democratic candidates for President. The Republicans were greatly in majority and one of their number won the cup. The terms of the match were: Each man to shoot at 25 bluerocks thrown from a trap 18yds. distant, 40yds. boundary. D. S. B. Chew, of the Riverton Gun Club, and C. G. Downing tied for first place, each hitting 20. In the shoot-off Mr. Chew won. He hit 4 out of 5 bluerocks, while Mr. Downing hit 3. The total scores were as follows:

D S B Chew	24	B Bernheim	15
C G Downing	23	C M Moody	15
T S Dando	19	C H Ranney	15
W C Downing	19	T K Ober	15
F T Downing	19	J D Garber	15
E S Handy	17	W Murphy	15
John Sanderson	17	E S Hart	14
Dr W S Woolford	17	E W Wilkins	14
J D'Invilliers	17	L A Flanagan	13
R W Downing, Jr	16	C A Ray	13
Percy Hill	16	J W Mercur	13
T H Farquhar	15	J C Roop	12
Isaac Kemble	15		

SPRING HILL GUN CLUB, Blauvelt ville, N. Y.—The regular holiday shoot of this club was held on election day, Nov. 6. The attendance for various reasons was very small. The scores were as follows, 5 traps, 5 bluerocks, sweepstake, 18yds., Hathaway 20yds.:

J Bogert	11020—2	C C Allen	00300—0
A D Kittle	00010—1	C M Hathaway	01000—1
C J Bogert	11000—2		

Second match, 3 pair doubles, 16yds., Hathaway 18yds.:

J Bogert	11 11 10—5	C C Allen	11 11 11—6
A D Kittle	10 11 10—4	C M Hathaway	01 01 01—3
C J Bogert	00 01 00—1		

Third match, for club medals, 10 bluerocks, straightaway, 18yds.; C. A. Kittle 20yds., Hathaway 22yds.:

J Bogert	0101001111—6	C C Allen	1110111111—9
A D Kittle	1011111111—9	C A Kittle	0111011011—7
C J Bogert	1100010001—4	C M Hathaway	0001111101—6

Ties—A. D. Kittle 2, C. C. Allen 3. Dr. Allen, gold medal; C. A. Kittle, silver medal.

Fourth match, 7 glass balls, sweep:

A D Kittle	0110111—5	Allen	1011010—4
Hathaway	1001101—4		

Fifth match, 3 pair bluerocks, sweep:

A D Kittle	01 01 11—4	Allen	10 10 11—4
Hathaway	00 11 11—4		

Ties, miss and out, A. D. Kittle 1, Hathaway 2, Allen 1.

Sixth match, 5 bluerocks, 5 traps:

A D Kittle	10110—3	Allen	11010—3
Hathaway	10100—2		

Ties—Kittle killed 2, Allen 2.

Seventh match, same as No. 6:

A D Kittle	01111—4	Allen	01111—4
Hathaway	00110—2		

Ties—Kittle 3, Allen 1.

Eighth match, same as No. 6:

A D Kittle	11111—5	Hathaway	11110—4
Allen	11010—3		

C. A. KITTLE, Sec'y.

BANDANA GUN CLUB.—At the fall meeting of the Bandana Gun Club, held near New Foundland, N. J., on Nov. 6, the scores were as follows at 10 live birds, 26yds. rise:

Murray	6	Howe	7
Bonner	7	Street	8
Cambell	6	Sheriff	8
Morosini	6		

The shoot-off for first money was won by Sheriff, Street taking second and Howe third.

WELLINGTON, Mass., Nov. 10.—The rainstorm this afternoon did not prevent a fair attendance at the grounds of the Wellington Club, there being 15 present to contest in the merchandise and badge matches. In the merchandise match the following scores were made at 10 clay-pigeons and 10 bluerocks: Melcher 16, Bradstreet 13, Choate 14, Lee 13, Swift 15, Snow 16, Nichols 18, Duff 17, Conant 17, Perry 18, Scott 17, Shumway 17, Bond 17, Sandborn 16, Moore 14. For the individual badge Melcher got 14, Choate 17, Lee 14, Swift 15, Snow 18, Nichols 17, Duff 16, Conant 15, Perry 15, Scott 15, Shumway 17, Bond 16, Sandborn 17. The winners in the sweepstake matches were: Six clay-pigeons—Snow. Six bluerocks—Scott and Snow. Six clay-pigeons—Duff and Scott. Six bluerocks—Duff and Snow. Six clay-pigeons—Snow. Six clay-pigeons—Scott, Duff and Shumway. Six bluerocks—Duff and Bond. Ten clay-pigeons—Perry. Ten bluerocks—Bond. Ten clay-pigeon—Conant and Choate. Ten bluerocks—Snow. Three pairs bluerocks—Melcher. Three pairs clay-pigeons—Perry and Nichols.

ANNIE OAKLEY (Little Sure Shot) and Philip Daly, Jr., are billed to shoot a match at Elkwood Park, Long Branch, N. J., tomorrow, Nov. 16, the Little Sure Shot to shoot at 50 birds and Daly at 55, Monaco boundary, W. Fred Quimby and W. D. Campbell judges.

Canoeing.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signal, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and report of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

Commodore—J. R. Bartlett, Fremont, Ohio.
Vice-Commodore—D. B. Crane, Chicago, Ill.
Rear-Commodore—C. J. Stedman, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Secretary-Treasurer—O. H. Root, Cleveland, Ohio.
Executive Committee—C. J. Boustield, Bay City, Mich.; T. P. Gaddis, Dayton, O.; T. J. Kirkpatrick, Springfield, O.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

OFFICERS, 1887-88.

Commodore: R. W. GIBSON, } Albany, N. Y
Secretary-Treasurer: F. L. MIX. }
Vice-Com. *Rear-Com.* *Purser.*
Central Div..W. R. Huntington..E. W. Masten.....T. H. Stryker, Rome, N. Y.
Atlantic Div. W. P. Stephens.....L. B. Palmer.....F. L. Dunnell, 186 Jerolemon st., Brooklyn.
Eastern Div..H. E. Rice, M. D....Maxton Holmes.....H. D. Marsh, Springfield, Mass.
N'thern Div..Robert Tyson.....S. S. Robinson.....Colin Fraser, Toronto.

Applications for membership must be made to division pursers, accompanied by the recommendation of an active member and the sum of $2.00 for entrance fee and dues for current year. Every member attending the general A. C. A. camp shall pay $1.00 for camp expenses. Application sent to the Sec'y-Treas. will be forwarded by him to the proper Division.

Persons residing in any Division and wishing to become members of the A. C. A., will be furnished with printed forms of application by addressing the Purser.

THE WHITE SQUALL.

THE canoe in New Brunswick has not reached any great distance beyond the point of hard pan utility. It still continues to be almost the sole wealth of the Indian, and is used by the white man as a hunting boat and to navigate waters not suited to other craft. The forms in use are the birch and primitive log pirogue, with a few lapstreaks of uncertain shape and unknown weight, and for the most part built "by guess and by greenness." Its use as a pleasure craft is confined to a few towns and villages on the rivers, where it is quite the thing for young men to own birches, of apparently good carrying powers, but positively dangerous for more than two; in the management of which many of them have acquired a good deal of skill. The sailing canoe is as yet almost an unknown quantity. Professor Roberts, and others, have written for these columns accounts of canoe cruises in New Brunswick waters, under pole and paddle, in a style that must have pleased their readers, and that I can only vainly wish I had the ability to approach. There is usually more or less sentiment clinging around the memory of one's first canoe. As the first one owned by me is the only sailing canoe in southern New Brunswick, and so far as I know in the whole Province, I propose, if the editor wills, to make it the subject of a sketch.

In 1873 I lived in a small village near Long Island on the river St. John, formerly a famous resort for wildfowl. My hunting paraphernalia constituted my entire personal property, and I prided myself on its completeness. But here was duck hunting, of which a good canoe is a necessity, and I had none. So the man with whom I boarded and myself sent a joint order to a boat builder of St. John for the best canoe he could turn out. We did not know what we wanted, neither did he; but in the course of time he sent up a lapstreak double-ender of rather graceful lines, about 17ft. over all and 30in. beam. The planking was of clear Aroostook pine, and the work was done very neatly. She would carry three easily, and four on a pinch, and was propelled by the ordinary single paddle.

That she was ever furnished with any other motive power was owing to a feature in my character which so far as I know is peculiar to myself. I can labor patiently all day at the most back-breaking work with oar or paddle against a half gale of wind and a gulf-stream current; but when it comes to rowing or paddling with a fair wind, I am not there; I hate it and consider it just as much a waste of force as pouring water in a sieve or lifting on one's bootstraps. My partner readily fell in with my proposal to fit her with a sail. In vain did the knowing ones predict the direst results should we carry out our insane scheme. They assured us that it was difficult to keep a canoe on its bottom at any time, and even hinted darkly that soon after our first essay, there would be strangers in that part of the spirit-world where winter cometh not. We used a narrow-headed spritsail set on the principle of a spinaker. The clew was fastened to a long pole, which was pushed out from midships till the sail set flat and was generally managed by the "forward hands." The sheet was also fastened to the clew, taken through a ring in the stern and belayed close to the steersman. When a squall which in the opinion of the captain was too much for her, chanced to strike, the order, "pull in your jill-poke," (not found in "Canoe Handling") was obeyed, and the sail allowed to bag around the mast. Here was an automatic instantaneous reefing gear. We found it something of a luxury after a hard tramp around the islands, in the spring, to tumble into our canoe and be bowled swiftly home by a piping northwester, the prevailing spring wind.

Our vessel soon grew so in our confidence that either of us would sail her alone. One evening when my partner was within a half-mile of home on his return from the head of Long Island he was struck by a white squall, which no one thought he could weather. The eyes of the village wiseacres were on him and their tongues busy discussing the probable fulfilment of some of their evil prophecies, their regret for the danger of their fellow citizen, half swallowed up in secret joy at the anticipated shower of "I told you so's," that they would pour upon the surviving owner, in case of disaster; but much to the relief of the latter unfortunate the canoe came through safely. Ever after this incident she was known as the White Squall.

After two years, the other owner moved away and I bought out his interest in the canoe. Her great length made her hard to paddle against the wind, and it was impossible to turn her quickly so in '78, when she began to leak, we slung her to the rafters of the barn and invested in a small cedar lapstreak.

In '83 I lived on the banks of the Kennebeccasis. Here I made the acquaintance of Horace W., a young carpenter about nineteen years of age. Reared within reach of one of the best schools in the Province, he had made good use of his opportunities; and now he determined to abandon his trade and pursue his studies, with the object of first entering the teaching profession and ultimately studying medicine. In my intercourse with him I discovered that he had a mind of more than ordinary capacity; and a year later, when a teacher was needed in the district where my father lived, I mentioned the name of my friend and he was duly engaged. I was working five miles away, which distance I rode or drove every morning and evening, and Horace domiciled himself with us on the home farm. Toward spring he began to inquire about the prospects for sailing. Upon being told that there were no good boats nearer than the Narrows, three miles away, he said that with such a sheet of water right at our doors, he considered it a slight on the goodness of Providence. In the conversation some one incidentally mentioned the Squall, and his interest was at once aroused. He and my younger brother, Fred, climbed to her resting place, looked her over, and came to me with the proposition that they would put in a new bottom, with a centerboard trunk, deck her over, and fit her for sailing, if I would furnish the cash to buy material; so I told them to go ahead.

My time outside of working hours was so fully occupied by care of horse, harness, saddle and wagon, that I paid little attention to what they were doing for the next few weeks; but I got a good many reminders in the way of sundry bills for deck stuff, paint, canvas, cordage, blacksmith work, etc., till, had I not been certain of their honesty, I would almost have thought that those boys were liquidating their entire liabilities on the strength of that job.

However, when it came to the question of rigging, I was called in to decide what it should be. The "Mohican settee," which had been illustrated in the FOREST AND STREAM the previous autumn, very favorably impressed Horace, but Fred thought it too complicated. It was fun to hear them talk. Horace would say, "Now, this Hoolican settee, or whatever you call it, gives us a good high peak and a big sail close to the water; a higher, narrower sail would act as a longer lever to roll a boat over." And the other would reply, "Your Hoolican settee is sheeted home aft, and the wind is pressing on the whole area; it thus acts as a number of short levers, and you don't gain all the advantage that you imagine by your large area near the water." When they would appeal to me, I would protest against being drawn into any of their discussions; but the truth is I had not at that time read "Canoe and Boat Building" (a work that every one who is interested in small boats, and don't know it all, should read), and my own ideas about center of effect, etc., were very hazy. But I thought I saw some force to Horace's argument, and the Mohican carried the day. This came of the labor of a party of novices sending out a rig that they did not understand.

The sail plan of the Snake had been illustrated the previous autumn, and H. said, "Our boat could stand as much sail as any Snake," so we decided on the same area, 75sq. ft. Then the Snake became our unit of comparison. As the lines of the Squall were finer at the bow and stern, we set the mainsail further aft and the mizen a little further forward. Then we scaled out the drawing to get the proper area. We found the drawing of the mast not exactly true to scale, and cut our first one too short. When we cut the mainsail we set our brad awls in the floor to designate throat, peak, tack and clew, and around these tightly stretched a chalk line. We then laid on our breadths of sail stuff, making due allowance for seams, and cut out the sail. The putting on of the bolt ropes was our next trial; we would seem to get too much sail fastened to a given length of rope in spite of all our precautions, but by calling a council of older heads, and following their directions, we at last did a very satisfactory job.

Over the mizen the boys had another argument. H. and I had agreed to cut it 5ft. on the foot and 6ft. perpendicular from foot to peak, in order to get the required 15ft. area. Fred thought this closely resembled guess work, and H. undertook to explain. Then Fred got the impression that our rule only worked on an equilateral triangle, and in the midst of an animated discussion, in which his opponent persisted in misunderstanding him, H. picked up his lamp and went to his room. Did you ever know a man whose vocabulary was so barren that he had not one little expletive? Our friend H. had one, and only one little safety valve, the syllable "dan." On the etymology thereof I can throw very little light. It may have been the harmless "dang" used by the Fitzgeralds, "wantin' a bowsprit," or the equally innocuous "darn" so common among descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers, bereft of its midship section; but it was always pronounced in a slow, hesitating way, as if after all he was not certain that the occasion warranted the use of so weighty a word. And my room being next to his, the last thing I heard on the evening in question was the soliloquy: "I don't care what is the shape of the triangle, the base by half the altitude has got to give the area, d-a-a-n me if it hasn't."

We made the cockpit 7ft. long and about 20in. wide, with a 2in. coaming. We fitted her to steer by a "thwartship tiller" exactly like the one illustrated in the FOREST AND STREAM among 1887 canoe fittings. Horace laughed long and loudly for him when he looked at it, and said it was another example of great minds following the same groove. It was about the first of June when we launched our vessel for the trial trip. We were so impatient that we could not wait till she was rigged, but it took a large part of the next forenoon to adjust the reef tackle. We were very much pleased with the way she worked in the light wind in which we first tried her, and the next day, when we found that the reef gear worked like grease and the reefed sail sat well, we felt perhaps a pardonable inclination to praise ourselves, seeing that there was no one else around to do it for us.

When we were well along with the rigging a nautical man, one of those walking encyclopedias of sea lore which it has been nearly every one's fortune to meet, had looked the canoe over and given out as his opinion "that if we put all that sail on her and keep on her bottom she would go like blazes." We did put all that sail on her, and the public saw that we kept her on her bottom, so by a process of reasoning as nearly syllogistic as possible, "she went like blazes." The fame of our vessel went abroad in the land, and very soon we began to feel a desire to pit our boat against some other, or was it to "clean out" or beat somebody? Be it as it may, we displayed a caution that would have done credit to the conservators of the America's cup. We thought if we could catch any of them out in a good stiff southerly, a very steady wind here, we would not be afraid of their making any great exhibition of us, and like other people when they have the whole business in their own hands, we waited for what we wanted before making our debut at the Narrows. At length our wind came, and about 5 o'clock one June afternoon we set out in company with a shadboat, from which we sailed away as if she had been a buoy. Horace having promised to assist the shadder in setting out nets, we pulled up an eighth of a mile to windward of the fishing grounds, dropped mainsail, trimmed the driver flat, and waited for our consort, which took H. off, went on to the grounds, and had the nets out by the time I had drifted down to them.

When we hove in sight of Narrows our eyes were gladdened by the sight of a half dozen sails disporting themselves in the broad basin below, but while we were waiting, less than a quarter of a mile away, they squared away before the wind and went on up the lake so far that we could not afford to follow, although we did go a short distance above the Narrows. We were disappointed. We had expected a go-as-you-please scramble of boats in their haste to see which should do us first. We had never counted on being the "brusher," such a position was not to our liking, from the boasting we had heard concerning the sailing of their boats we thought we would simply have to assume the more passive position of "brushee."

During the remaining two months that H. was with us it seemed impossible to get near the other boats, they were always at the place where we were not, and as Pat said, "When we went there they were somewhere else." We could be patronized, I think, for our suspicion, that they knew they had little to gain in prestige by beating us, and a good deal to lose if so small a boat beat them, and consequently they kept aloof, but I don't say we were right. There is a provero which says: "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread." Having neither an extensive nor very intimate acquaintance among the classes it names, I have very little practical proof of its truth, but I do know that young inexperienced people will often precipitate themselves into positions that older heads would carefully avoid, coming out right side up astonishingly often, and in any event adding materially to their stock of experience.

One day myself, my brother Fred and our little nephew had beaten the canoe a couple of miles down river, when we spied one of the Narrows cracks nearly opposite our place, laboring heavily down against a squally N.W. wind. We afterward learned that the son of its owner and two friends had stolen off to brush us down "to a fine fraction." I cannot better describe what followed than by quoting the following extract from a letter I wrote Horace: "We changed our course so as to cross that of the boat, and when we were about 40yds. to windward she payed off quickly and started up the lake ahead of us. We saw she meant race, and we also had the satisfaction of passing her and in the next fourth of a mile putting her 60yds. in our wake. By this time she had had enough of us, and resumed her old port tack. And here comes in a lesson on minding your own business. Had we been content with that, we would have established the touch-me-if-you-dare reputation [you see I was not pleased to find out the truth when its knowledge involved a beating], but we luffed and went on the same tack with a promptness that must have surprised them. In the first two stretches across the lake we gained back our 60yds., in the next two we barely held our own—then in a falling wind they beat us ignominiously, notwithstanding the fact that we dropped overboard all the ballast. Whether their steady gain after the first two tacks was due to the falling wind, too little centerboard and too much weight, as Fred claims, or to the fact that we taught them a lesson in pointing, I can't say, but I incline to the latter opinion. Fred says he will splice the centerboard and take his revenge yet." He did splice the board, but on the picnic day he expected to get his revenge he was sick, and that ended his chances, for the boat was soon after sold.

It was about this time that "Deja" raised such a breeze among canoeists by publishing the lines of a boat which he claimed would outsail a canoe. While I regarded his statement that a "canoe required the assistance of a paddle in staying" as a libel on the character of a decent craft, I find scribbled in an old notebook the following indorsement: "Resolved, that in my opinion Deja is right. A boat constructed on the principle he advocates would knock the last vestige of light out of the best sailing canoe in a half an hour in anything like a heavy sea." The Squall remained in commission that season till Nov. 1, and was in use nearly every Sunday, something that drew down upon me not a little censure from the quiet country folk, and perhaps they were right. In my opinion something depends on the spirit in which the thing is done. Racing on the Sabbath seems to me out of place, and I confess it is a thing into which a person is liable to be drawn. My understanding on some points is perhaps obtuse, but I am not certain that the man who attends church three times on Sunday is invariably benefited either spiritually or physically by what I consider an overdose; neither is it quite clear that the canoeist who spends a part of the Sabbath afloat, in direct contact with nature, and in the enjoyment of the fresh air and sunshine, of which, perhaps, he sees little during the rest of the week, is necessarily so very far from the great Creator, who "holdeth the waters in the hollow of his hand." L. I. FLOWER.

BROOKLYN C. C.—The Brooklyn C. C. finished its season with two races on Election Day, a paddling race in the morning, won by Mr. Cammeyer from a fleet of five; and a sailing race for the B. C. C. cup in the afternoon, won by Mr. Ward in the Vagabond. Two junior prizes were also given in the sailing race, the first won by Mr. Geo. Snyder, the second by Mr. Davis.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.—The annual meeting of the Executive Committee of the A. C. A. will be held on Nov. 17, at the house of the Toronto C. C., Toronto, Can., beginning at 3 P. M. The chief work of the committee will be the selection of a site for the next meet.

Yachting.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

NEW YACHTS.

BEYOND a vague rumor of a 90ft. schooner for the Sachem-Grayling class, and the probability of a new steel seagoing schooner of large size for Mr. Lloyd Phœnix, there is no talk as yet of anything large in the way of sailing yachts.

It is reported that Gitana, Mohican and Alert are all for sale, and if sold they would probably be followed by new boats, as the owners of all three are young and enthusiastic yachtsmen. Mr. Burgess has lately placed with the Atlantic Works, at East Boston, an order for a steel yacht 126ft. over all, 110ft. l.w.l., 19ft. beam and 8ft. draft, designed for speed. She will have triple expansion engines and a locomotive boiler by F. O. Welling & Co., of Weymouth, Mass.

Dr. W. Seward Webb, of Shelbourne, Vt., has contracted with the Harian & Hollingsworth Co. to build a steel steam yacht 112f. long, 18ft. beam and 12ft. 6in. depth, for use on canals and other inland waters. She will have triple expansion engines. The bow and stern will be fitted so as to be readily removed in going through canal locks. She will be schooner rigged and will be very elaborately fitted below.

At Lawley's yard the new Richardson sloop, for New Orleans, is in frame, and a similar yacht will soon be started for Mr. Chas. E. Ellis, of Philadelphia. Both yachts are 45 l.w.l. and have centerboards. Mr. Ellis's yacht will be 58ft. over all, and 6ft. 6in. draft. Lawleys have in hand a steam launch for Dr. Rollins, designed by the owner. She is 35ft. long, with very little freeboard. Lawley will build two new 40-footers this fall, for Rear Com. Morgan and Mr. August Belmont, Jr., both from Mr. Burgess's designs. The latter will be the narrowest and deepest of the class. The other Burgess 40-footer, for Mr. N. D. Lawton, will be built by John Mumm at Bay Ridge. She will be similar to Baboon. Mr. Mumm has nearly finished a compromise of his own design, 35ft. l.w.l., for sale.

Wallin & Gorman, at Bay Ridge, have just completed the 28ft. 6in. in shoal sloop, described elsewhere, and are at work on a centerboard catboat for Islip, Long Island. She will be 26ft. on deck, 21ft. l.w.l., 8ft. beam, 2ft. 6in. draft, and will have 2,300lbs. of lead on keel and the same amount inside.

At Ayer's yard, Bay Ridge, is a new launch with a naphtha-burning engine, by Mr. Ofeldt, the inventor of the naphtha launch. Several new 40 and 30-footers are in contemplation about New York, and others in Boston; and building promises to be very brisk this winter in the smaller classes.

DUCK SHOOTING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

THE writer, in company with Walter, having concluded to go on a duck shooting trip to the far famed black duck grounds of Neguac, Northumberland County, N. B., on Monday, Sept. 27, the following is an account of our experiences:

I arrived at Newcastle in good time on Monday, finding our yacht all ready, provisions and water aboard, sails and anchor ready for hoisting, our factotum, Tom, cagerly waiting for the word "go," but our friend Walter was nowhere to be found. On further inquiry we found that he had so far forgotten where some ladies were concerned as to go on an expedition down river, promising to follow us down to whichever part of the lower Miramichi we might designate. A friend of his wishing to see him on business volunteering to go down with us till we should pick him up, we accepted his offer, knowing that we were short-handed.

Our yacht, the Kittock, is 27ft. on deck, 22ft. 6in. waterline, 6ft. 8in. beam, ballast 2,000 lead, 2,000 iron inside, 4,000 lead outside; cutter rig, bowsprit 13ft. outboard, boom 22½ft., gaff 14ft., hoist 15ft. 6in., topmast housing, 16ft. heel to truck. She has a small cockpit that may accommodate six, her interior being laid out somewhat similar to the Windward, to accommodate four persons for sleeping, *i. e.*, two on transoms and two in hammocks, one each side of the mast.

We started from Newcastle about 4 P. M., wind light from west, dying away as we neared Chatham, five miles from N. Here we sighted the steamer upon which W. was supposed to be, and ran for her, at least as fast as the wind would allow us, it now having almost calmed off. Making signs to her we got her to alter her course to meet us. W. was profuse in his apologies for not being on hand, but said he would join us at midnight at Black Brook, about six miles below Chatham, where we told him we proposed anchoring for the night. G. said he would stay with us and bring back W.'s horse from Black Brook. As soon as the steamer left us we headed down river again, but the tide being strong up forced us to anchor opposite Chatham at 6 P. M., leaving all sails set, no wind.

After supper, the warm part supplied by our coal oil stove, the crew and George indulged in a game of cards. Still no wind, but about 8 P. M. on going on deck I imagined I could feel a light breath of air from up river, and we also imagined the tide was about full; so we ordered all hands to up anchor, determining to keep our part of the bargain and try and reach Black Brook. It turned out to be a long, tiresome sail, or rather drift, for the tide could not have commenced to run out for an hour after starting, and the wind was just strong enough to stem it. We arrived off our anchorage about midnight, 3½ hours for about 7 miles. We had to use oars to get near enough shore to anchor. Turned in about 1 P. M.

Tuesday, Sept. 25.—Shortly after turning out at 6 A. M. Walter came along in his carriage, saying he had put in the night from 1 P. M. on a couch in the office of a livery stable at Chatham, not wanting to go to a hotel for fear he might not get out early enough in the morning, and knowing how calm it had been, was afraid we might be at anchor somewhere between there and Chatham, where he would miss us in the dark, having forgotten that our signal for him would be a lantern at the masthead. After breakfast, 7:30 A. M., we set sail and weighed anchor for down river, Neguac being about twenty-two miles below Black Brook. The wind was light S.W. and the weather foggy, in fact we had to steer part of the time by compass below Sheldrake Island. Three miles below Black Brook we ran up our No. 2 topsail and spinaker, which helped us along a good deal faster. We skirted the north shore of the bay Miramichi, which, at Oak Point, about 9 miles below Black Brook, opens up to about 7 to 10 miles broad, keeping out from shore about a mile. The trip was delightful so far, warm for the time of year, but the wind was very light, especially off Burnt Church, about 8 miles below Oak Point. Here the sails merely kept full, but as we neared Hay Island, about 4 miles below Burnt Church, it freshened up considerably. After passing the island, having to change our course for Adams Neguac, it necessitated taking down our spinaker for the run in over Neguac Bay, about 2 miles, arriving at the wharf at 1:30 P. M.

Our purpose in calling here was to get a guide for the Black Lands, where we proposed going for ducks, but our man disappointed us, having left for the grounds, expecting to meet us there. This was quite a disappointment, for after getting down to our anchorage there was a great possibility of us missing him; however, we got under way again, having about three miles more of a sail this time down Neguac Bay, three or four miles broad just here, and not more than 10 or 11ft. deep. As we approached the lower end it shallowed very gradually, till we were brought up all standing in about 4½ft. of water. The bay is formed by a sandy beach or island and the mainland. Outside of the former, which is only 80 to 100yds. wide, is the Lower Miramichi Bay, or more properly speaking, the Atlantic Ocean.

Although aground, we were still about three-quarters of a mile from the mainland, the same from the beach, and ahead of us it was about one mile to the lower end of the bay, which is here narrowed down by the mainland and beach coming together; the mainland being the "Black Lands" before spoken of, leaving a narrow, shallow channel about 3ft. at high water, leading into Tabusintac Bay, the noted brant and goose shooting resort of this part of the country. This place is shoaler than Neguac Bay and more inclosed, there being only this narrow entrance and another narrow outlet called the Gully, having about 6ft. of water on the bar at low water, the beach and mainland joining at the lower end of the bay.

After running aground we were so far from shore that we thought we should be able to find better water, having been here two years before. It seemed to us we had been closer, but on getting out our smallboat and trying the water, the hope for one was find was 6in. more, so we towed the yacht into it and anchored for the night; not fearing, for the bottom was composed of long grass and about 2ft. of soft mud, a very exposed place in a S.W. wind, but we thought that between shallowness and eel grass there would not be much danger of a sea, and from an east wind we were apparently well sheltered by the beach. Being all pretty tired after the long night before and sail down the bay in the fine fresh air, we turned in early, having seen nothing of our friend the guide.

Wednesday, Sept. 24.—We were all up in good time this morning, having passed a quiet night, there being no wind. Things looked blue for shooting, though, for our man had not yet turned up at 8 A. M.; but just as we were about giving up hopes four came were seen walking Neguac-way along the shore. Walter suggests going after them, and if our man is not one of them to hire one; for on these plains there is such a sameness and small, narrow paths, many grown over, that a stranger would go astray very quickly and lose himself. W. came back soon, having a man with him, and on his arrival we found that on coming up with the men and asking them if they knew where Charley Mol. was, they said, "Yes, this is he," pointing to him. He had, in company with the others, passed the night near one of the ponds with the expectation of getting a shot at some geese; but they were returning empty-handed, having been out for two days and bringing back but one duck, which did not augur well for our trip. He excused himself to us for not hailing the boat by saying he supposed we had engaged another man at Neguac on finding he was not on hand.

On getting ready for our walk inland Charley asked us if we intended to stay on the plains for the moonlight shooting; as it would be necessary to take a lantern and a little more grub, in case we decided to stay. We provided ourselves accordingly and started for the shore, four of us in our little boat about 12ft. long. I would not, I thought at the time, like the trip if there was any sea on.

The first part of the walk was not too bad, the road leading through a point of woods, but once through this we came out on the plains, as they are called, having to walk single file along a very narrow, deep path; sometimes up to the ankles in soft mud and water, making the walking extremely difficult. The plain or barren is covered with blueberry bushes and short scrubby bush and on going out of the road a person sinks knee deep, and some places the ground on walking on it springs up and down as if afloat, leading a person to think that if he stood long enough he would disappear entirely. Scattered upon these plains are numerous ponds, varying in size from 50 to 150ft. long, these are the resort of black ducks and geese.

After an hour's hard tramp we came to the first ponds. W. was stationed at one (nearly every one has a small blind for shooting from), Tom at another, myself and Charley going further on to two others; agreeing to meet for our dinner at our pond, and if nothing came to us in the way of birds we were to take up our march further into the plains. I had a dreary watch for an hour or two, nothing coming near me. There were a great many geese flying; but oh, so high; a flock coming over me but so far up I knew it was useless; however, I fired. Charley said I struck one, that he could hear the shot; I must be hard of hearing for I heard nothing; having been told the same thing before and not hearing I put little faith being able to hear shot strike a bird at 70 or 80yds.

At noon the party came together for dinner, all with the same story "no birds." After our lunch it was decided that the ponds about one and a half mile further on were the ponds; these that we were at were more frequented by geese, but not at this season. After a smoke we took up our dreary march again, reaching our goal at last pretty tired, the ground getting more soft than ever, my 210lbs. miring every step. I noticed that off the branches where I sat in the blind the water appeared in each footprint.

We were doomed to disappointment here also; not a bird came round or near us; as is always the case, the weather was said to be too fine and the wind not in the right quarter. The only shot I got was at a diver that appeared to me in the middle of the pond I was stationed at. How he got there I could not tell, although they are hard to shoot I managed to kill him.

At 4 P. M. we had to make a start for the first lakes spoken of, as it was time we were to stop for the night. As the moon did not rise till 11 o'clock and the wind did not come round we decided, in case the sky became so cloudy that we could not be able to find our boat if we stopped, to go straight for the shore and go aboard as soon as possible; which turned out to be a wise conclusion, as the sequel will show. Arrived at the first ponds we were all thoroughly tired out with our tramp, but after a short rest we pushed on and got out to shore about 5:30 P. M. There was a little wash on from the east wind, and I proposed that the others should go out and Charley come back for me, but they persuaded me to get aboard, and it turned out not so bad as I thought, but got just rough enough as we neared the yacht, which was ½ or ¾ mile from shore, the wind having risen a little.

Having the appearance of a rough night we set to work while supper was preparing to make the yacht more shipshape, housing the topmast, veering out more anchor chain to both anchors, lashing down the boom to prevent swaying off its support in case we had some rolling to do. I also reefed the foresail. I forgot to state in my description of the yacht that her sails, except the mainsail, all stow away in bags in a sail locker under the cockpit, entered from under one of steps going down companion way; the water tank, holding 15 gallons, being under that again.

Had I done what Mr. Kunhardt did on his cruise in the Coot, when I anchored in an exposed place—reefed everything down close, I would perhaps have had a better chance to have worked out of the scrape we got into later on. I have done so before, but it never struck me as being necessary this time, supposing our best shelter was from an east wind, and thinking that the shoal water and eel grass would prevent any sea from getting up.

After supper it was blowing quite lively, so much so that it would then have been impossible to have got out more than two at a time in the yawl. About dark it began to look bad, especially when the shores began to disappear in the darkness. W. and Tom wanted me to turn in, so long as everything was all right, and try and get some rest, in case we had to turn out during the latter part of the night. I said I would if everything was all right at 9 o'clock. C. and Tom got out the hammocks and turned in, Charley and self smoking and waiting events. I had put the leadline over the side and anxiously waited to see if the slack line would be taken up to show if she was dragging any. The wind seemed to have reached its height at 9 o'clock and everything was holding all right, so I thought I would lie down, everything on, ready for work, spreading a blanket over me, leaving word for Charles to call me if anything went wrong, and to do so any way at 12 o'clock, and I would take a watch, cautioning him try the lead often to note if she dragged any, also the depth of water. The latter bothered me a good deal, as I knew there was only about six inches to spare if the tide fell much.

At the time I laid down, and all the evening, in fact, I could see no great difference; it always kept at about 7ft. I felt that if the tide fell any in the sea, which had now grown considerable, the yacht would pound very hard, but had hopes the strong easterly wind would keep the tide up, which it generally does in the river. I gave Charley my watch and told him to keep a sharp lookout, and laid down, but could not close my eyes, as the wind, which for a while had kept about the same, commenced to blow harder, accompanied by squalls of rain. In one of these, about 10:30 P. M., Charley came down for shelter, and I came up to join him in a smoke and have a talk over the situation, for by this time she was pitching up and down at the most lively rate I ever saw her, and the wind had increased to a regular gale; one that did a great deal of damage all along the cost from Maine north.

As we sat chatting and smoking we experienced a different sensation quite suddenly, that was a roll along with the pitching. Charley shouts "She's broken her hold." I thought at first the wind had hauled suddenly to south'ard. We both rushed up to find that the lead line was taut, she was going astern and her head had also paid off, making it lively work scrambling about her in the dark, for it was as dark as Egypt, raining, and how it did howl.

I got the lads out of their hammocks pretty quickly, and we all groped our way forward and commenced to get the anchors in and cleared and out again. They were hardly to be seen for grass and mud. It was no small job when we were all on her bow; sometimes she went bowsprit under, and spray and water broke quite over us. She held pretty well for a time, but I think the trouble was that being so little water to spare every time she took a plunge her heel went down in the mud, so that when she yawed a little the stern did not give way, bringing her broadside to the wind and making it very hard for the anchors to hold.

By keeping a man with the lead line over the side we were advised of how she was holding. For perhaps half an hour the word was favorable, "she's holding all right," then "she's gone astern about a foot," increasing every time from three to four feet, till at last we hauled up one again that seemed to have the least hold. About this time I began to think it was time we were making up our minds what was the best thing to do under the circumstances. She was plunging bow under, and the stern would go down about even with the water. Our position was about thus, having two alternatives; first to try and get sail enough on her to weather a point lined with boulders and run across Neguac Bay, and try and come to anchor above Neguac Wharf, risking the chance of being driven on to the point, crossing the rough bay if successful, and ending up with the doubt of whether the anchors would hold any better after we got there. We had two lights which we could steer by when they were not obscured by the driving rain, but I was afraid that they would not serve much purpose in clearing the point, as while drifting and clearing the anchors we had driven a good deal shoreward, and not having any landmark behind or N. E. of us being obscured in darkness, I was afraid I was not able to judge of the position of Hay Island light near enough to clear the point.

The second alternative was to get sail enough on to head her for the shore, at a place Charles assured me was soft bottom and free from boulders. After a hurried consultation my mind was made up to avoid the risk of anything happening in trying to locate the point, the run across the bay, and the chance of anchors breaking, and to up anchors, put the foresail on her and head her for the shore. The anchors came up hard, and when her head fell off the sea broached clean over us. Getting the foresail on was no small undertaking with a reef in it. I supposed for the distance we had to run it could be held without the aid of the sheet by W. and Tom. It turned out they had their hands full, but they managed to hold on.

The reader can imagine the writer's sensation when he was steering for the shore, expecting to hear and feel the final thump. It came at last, but not only one. I think it was a good idea putting on the sail, for it carried her into shoal water much quicker and out of the larger breakers than would have been the case otherwise. As soon as she seemed to stop moving forward the depth of water was tried and 4ft. found, and as well as we could see we were about 80yds. from the shore. Before she got much list we went to work and got up the spinaker boom as a shore to try and keep her on as even keel as possible. By lashing blocks and tackle to head of boom, other end fast to the mast, hauling taut, we got her up quite a bit, and then we lashed the boom itself to the mast, which, along with the tackle, did a good deal of good. We did this also with our topsail yards, and having done everything we could think of, we retired below about 5:30 A. M., having commenced to drag anchor about 11:30 P. M.

She still kept lifting and pounding hard enough, in fact, too much so to be safe or comfortable, but she made no water. Having drawn the hatch and companion door no spray came down, and so, as long as she kept tight we were not too badly off. The wind, fortunately, seemed by this time to have blown itself out, and, wet as we were, it was not long before we had dropped off to sleep. I know it was broad daylight, about 7 A. M., before I woke.

[TO BE CONCLUDED].

MORE LONG STERNS.—At Bay Ridge Mr. Mumm has been busy lately with the work of lengthening the sterns of several yachts. The sloop Ilderan has had her counter spun out, and as the boat is as wide and flat as a pancake the effect is very curious. Originally a very shoal South Bay boat she has been altered several times in the effort to make a yacht of her, being built up some 5in. amidships and 8 at the ends two years since. Athlon is on the ways for a new and longer counter, and Mr. Mumm has put in some very good work, the lines being carried out fairly, while the construction is strong and light. Lagonda, steam yacht, is also on the ways, her stern being rebuilt and improved, while her bulwarks, stanchions and rail will be renewed.

THE NEW 53ft. YAWL.—The contract for the new yawl designed by Mr. A. Cary Smith has been awarded to Mr. Piepgrass, who will begin work at once at City Island. The yacht will be of steel.

THE 40FT. CLASS.

THE indications thus far are that the chief feature of the racing next year will be 40ft. and 30ft. classes. The former class especially has been greatly in favor this year, both about New York and Boston, and it is certain now that half a dozen new yachts will be added before the season of 1889 begins, thus making the largest racing class ever seen in America. The Weld challenge cup, offered this year by Com. Weld, of the Eastern Y. C., is apt to provide plenty of sport in Eastern waters, and in New York one club at least will give special attention to the smaller classes, from 40ft. downward. The Corinthian Y.C., of New York, has wisely decided to throw all its efforts toward encouraging racing into the 40ft. and 30ft. classes, in which some good may be done. There is every prospect for good sport in these boats, and if three or four good matches can be arranged during the season the result is likely to be far more satisfactory to the club than if it tried to compete with the other clubs in a general spring regatta. By being first in the field, the Corinthian may capture the cream of the year's racing, as it seems impossible to get sufficient entries to make sport in the larger classes. In the spring regatta there was no competition in either the 90ft. or 70ft. singlestick class, while the fall regatta of the New York Y. C. was confessedly a failure. The conditions of the Weld cup are as follows, the cup itself, designed by the donor and made by the Whiting Manufacturing Co. of New York, being a silver tankard or rather a loving cup, having three handles and standing 8in. high, measuring 10in. in diameter, including handles. Two of the spaces between the handles are engraved, one having inscribed on it, "1888, Eastern Yacht Club challenge cup for 40-footers." On the other is a representation of two sailors pulling a rope. The third space is left vacant for the names of the winners of the cup. The cup has already been won once by Chiquita.

"This cup is offered by Mr. William F. Weld, for competition by sloops and cutters 35ft. and not over 40ft. in waterline length. Five races in all are to be sailed, the yacht winning the greatest number to own the cup. The first has been won by Chiquita, A. Hemenway owner. The other four will be sailed during the summer of 1889, in connection with the regattas of the Corinthian Yacht Club. All the races are to be sailed off Marblehead, and they will be managed by the regatta committee of the Corinthian Yacht Club, in whose charge the cup will be placed. Yachts less than 35ft. in length may be admitted at the discretion of the regatta committee, and at a rating to be determined by the committee.

"The courses will be alternately dead to windward or leeward and return, and triangular. The first race having been dead to windward and return, the second will be triangular, and so on. In the courses dead to windward or leeward and return, the start and finish will be made off Marblehead Rock, unless in the opinion of the judges it be necessary to finish at Halfway Rock in order to obtain the proper course. The length of the windward and leeward courses will be eight miles and return.

"The triangular courses will be as follows: Triangular course No. 1, from starting line, between Marblehead Rock and the judges' boat, leaving Tom Moore's Rock, Pinker's Island and can buoy on the outer breaker off Pig Rock's on the starboard, to and around Egg Rock, leaving it on the port, to and around a mark anchored 7½ miles southeast by east ½ east of Egg Rock, and bearing south by east ¾ east from Marblehead Rock 7½ miles, leaving mark on the port, to finish line, passing between the judges' boat and Marblehead Rock. Distance, 20 miles.

"Triangular course No. 2. The reverse of triangular course No. 1, all marks being left on the opposite hand.

"Necessary instructions will be issued by the judges to contestants, and all points not covered by these instruction will be decided by the regatta committee of the Corinthian Yacht Club in accordance with the sailing regulations of the Eastern Yacht Club."

Beside the 40-footers there is already quite a fleet of 30-footers, Saracen, Mignon, Marguerite and Rosalind in Boston, the new Tomboy, and several will be built in New York. These two classes seem to be very well adapted to present needs, and we regret to see that already the effort is being made to bring the 40ft. class into favor. The Boston *Herald* of Nov. 11 says under the heading "The 45ft. Class:"

"Said Gen. Paine a few days ago: 'The 45ft. boat ought to be a very popular yacht. She is just about the right size, and one can have better accommodations than in a 40.'

"This opinion seems to be gaining ground among our prominent yachtsmen, and the small difference in expense is amply made up in size and accommodation. In a 45-footer a good-sized ladies' stateroom can be built aft, also a fair-sized saloon, with many other conveniences which cannot be put into a 40-footer. The extra expense would be one man, so that practically the expense of the two classes would be the same. Thus far this season two 45-footers are to be built from designs of Mr. Burgess, both being centerboards. They are being built to be sailed in other waters, so that little of them will be seen here. The 45ft. class has some excellent yachts now in it, including the sloops Vixen, Fanita, Scotch cutter Bayadere, and the new production, the keel sloop Alga, the first sloop production of Mr. Burgess in this class.

"General Paine's opinion carries great weight, and it would not be surprising if the 45-footer, by spring, was the popular boat. The expense of building would not be much greater, and, all things considered, both for cruising and racing, she is the better yacht."

The *Herald* forgets that the present class is 46, and not 45ft. and while Gen. Paine is correct that the boats have better accommodations than the 40ft., it is not proved above that the accommodations are increased in proportion to the cost. A well laid out 40-footer can and should have a good ladies' cabin, a main cabin of ample size, and a forecastle and pantries. As far as this argument goes it is used continuously from the smallest sizes up; thus a man will argue that a 35ft. yacht will cost little more than a 30ft. and that with a Corinthian owner the larger can be run with one man, while the smaller cannot be run with less than a man. So with the next size, a 40-footer is larger than a 35-footer, gives more room, and only needs two men in place of one, and so on through each class. The main point is to confine the building and racing to as few good classes as possible, and if the 35 and 40ft. classes were now as firmly established as the 30 and 40ft. it would be in order to consider which sizes are best worthy of encouragement. As the 40ft. class is however by far the largest and most promising, and as the 30ft. is as popular as the 35 and will go better with the 40; it will be far better to encourage the racing in these two classes, and not to force it in the others. The following, from the *Field* of Nov. 3, puts very plainly the great trouble that besets regatta committees here:

"In America the interminable classification has had a most disastrous effect on the sport, not only because clubs cannot find the money to give proper prizes for so many classes, but also because the number of yachtsmen who are keen about yacht racing are not sufficiently numerous to fill so many classes. This condition of affairs is much the same as our own, although it is more pronounced in America. The New York Club alone, although its smallest class is 46ft. on the waterline and under, has as many as eleven distinct classes; and while some of these classes have not filled at all, or have been ornamented by one solitary entry, others have had two entries, four entries, etc., much the same as the entries have been in this country.

"There thus has been a dreadful lack of concentrated energy in deploying yachts into so many classes; and we think the Americans would do well to reduce the number of their classes by at least half."

The *Field* does not recognize the additional fact that the classifications differ even yet in the various clubs, and have differed still more. The number of classes seems to be a necessary evil, as it would not be practicable to blot out entirely a class like the old 45ft., which numbered several fast boats. The classes must be retained and some prizes given for owners who desire to race in them; but at the same time it is perfectly fair for the clubs to determine which classes are most desirable, and to offer special encouragement to them, so that in a few years they will be built up into a strong and healthy series, while the intermediate classes will disappear from the racing. A good series of classes, taking the limits as they exist in the Eastern, Seawanhaka and New York clubs, would be 30ft., 40ft., 53ft., 70ft. and over. There is no special virtue in these sizes perhaps over the alternate classes, 35, 46, 61 and 80, but the former classes are already established and well filled compared with the latter. This being the case, it is to the interest of yacht racing that the prizes as far as possible should be devoted to the enlarging of the former classes rather than to attempt the impossibility of building up a fleet of racers in each of the many classes. From this point of view we should be sorry to see the 46ft. class encouraged unless it is clearly proved that there is a real demand for it, and that it can be permanently maintained. Of the new boats thus far under way for the 40ft. class, all three are from Mr. Burgess's designs, being for Messrs. Morgan, Lawton and Belmont. The latter we understand is to be narrower and deeper than any of the others, another string to the bow in case the Fife cutter Minerva should prove as good as she looks. The owner of Ulidia is also willing to go down into the 40ft. class, his yacht being about 42ft. l.w.l.

UNQUOWA, Mr. Jenning's new steam yacht, will make a trial trip this week.

SEAWANHAKA CORINTHIAN Y. C.

THE last meeting of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. for the present year was held at the club house with Com. Canfield in the chair. The board of trustees reported the election of the following gentlemen: Messrs. Henry A. Bishop, Edwin H. Baker, John J. Pierpont, Henry Cutting, I. N. Phelps Stokes, Clarence A. Postley, J. N. McDonough, R. H. Warren, John L. Riker, Lieut. Wainwright Kellogg and Surgeon M. L. Ruth, United States Navy, and Dr. E. F. Tucker. They also reported that the sloop Venture, presented to the club by Mr. Chas. Leland, had been sold and that the proceeds would be used in the purchase of a cup to be known as the Leland cup, to be offered as a challenge cup under such conditions as would insure permanent competition for it. The race committee made no report, but the prizes won in the June regatta were on exhibition, a very handsome collection. The following amendments to the constitution were adopted:

Article XXVII., Sec. 5. "Broad Pennants." "Fleet Captain—The Fleet Captain's pennant shall be swallow-tailed in shape, the hoist to be two-thirds of the length; the device, a fouled anchor in white on a blue field."

The secretary then proposed the following amendments to the racing rules:

Rule II., Sec. 1. Class VIII. of sloops, cutters and yawls to read: "All over 30ft. and not over 35ft. load waterline length," and the addition of another class:

"Class IX. All of 30ft. load waterline length and under."

Amend Rule XXXVIII. by inserting after the words "June 1" the following: "By a vote of two-thirds of the members present."

Both amendments were adopted.

The secretary then read the following memorial and resolutions:

The members of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club desire to give expression to a sense of the loss, common to all American yachtsmen, in the death of two former members, distinguished alike by the respect and affection of their fellows, as well as by the length and eminence of the services rendered by them; and to commemorate their relations to this club, and to the sport they both loved so well.

Of these two, the senior member, Cornelius Smith Lee, joined the Seawanhaka Yacht Club on Jan. 2, 1873, little more than a year after the foundation of the club. An enthusiast in the sport of yachting, he showed at that early date the combination of the qualities of success—courage, judgment, endurance, coolness in emergency, close observation and vigilance, and the resulting ready and quick decisiveness; these joined to the greater knowledge and skill and the wider experience later years were destined to bring, placed him in the foremost rank and made him one of the most brilliant and successful Corinthian sailors in the annals of American yachting. To this the records of yacht racing bear ample testimony. Each of the boats which he successively owned, became, in his skillful hands, famous among the racing craft of the day, and each bore witness not only to those qualities already mentioned, but to his possession, in a marvelous degree, of that intuitive perception and sympathy with his vessel, qualities so rare in amateur as compared with professional handling. The perfection of Corinthian training, the courageous perseverance and the confidence in a then novel type of yacht, which surmounted difficulties, seemingly insuperable, and changed apparent failure to brilliant success, have made the record of his latest vessel the story of his own achievements.

A firm believer in and a zealous supporter of the principles of Corinthian yachting, Cornelius Lee identified himself from the first with the advancement and growth of the Seawanhaka Yacht Club. The minutes show him to have been a most regular attendant at all the meetings, and on many special committees in the service of the club, his character found scope to clearly indicate its best and most decisive lines, and he was always ready to cheerfully give the benefit of his wise and clear-sighted counsel. In 1880 he was elected vice-commodore, serving the club for two years in that capacity, and in 1882 was elected commodore, filling the position during that year with credit to himself and with honor to the club. In 1881 it was Cornelius Lee, then serving as chairman of a special committee appointed to consider a new rule of measurement for racing yachts, who first urged the adoption of a rule with sail area and length as factors. To the formulation of such a rule he and his committee devoted much labor and earnest thought, and it was adopted by the club in 1882. Time has justified the wisdom of his counsel, for the factors of measurement proposed by him at that early day have been generally adopted throughout the yachting world.

William A. W. Stewart became a member of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. on May 31, 1877, at which time the club had already transferred its station from Oyster Bay to New York. With the energy of his enthusiastic and earnest nature he entered the field of Corinthian racing, in which his intelligent management secured an enviable success. Toward the club and its members were extended those feelings of kindly sympathy and courteous fellowship which were the outward expression of his generous nature. Amid the absorbing cares of busy life he found the time and made the opportunities to think and labor for the advancement and profit of the Seawanhaka Club, and the encouragement and propagation of the principles upon which it is founded. In 1890 he accepted at the hands of the club the honors and duties of the highest office in its gift, and after serving two successive years as commodore, accepted in 1885 the office of vice-commodore. Perhaps in no other position than as the head of a club like our own could the rare qualities of his nature have been so clearly brought to light; keen and clear in his insight, fertile and ingenious in expedients, his mind dwelt constantly upon the advancement of the club and the good of its members. A rare and delicate tact marked all his dealings with man; where he governed he seemed only to lead; when he decided he seemed only to suggest; while in him lay the power, so often withheld, to give life and expression in words to the kindly feelings of his heart. With such qualities for the presiding position in our club, he was, with an affectionate desire to serve it, in the highest sense the chief servant of all. To place his own at the disposal of others was to him so evident a pleasure that, to the many fellow members who experienced his kindness the spirit of the deed doubled the value of the service done—for his generosity was such as feared only the expression of obligation or gratitude and sought only to depreciate its own acts or to disguise their source. To many among us will these words suggest what can now be only a memory. The delicate perception and the kindly sympathy which found ever so free and graceful expression in his intercourse with his fellow members, were the secrets of that personality which was so quickly felt by all—the power of strength expressed through the gentleness which it wore; and beneath all lay the hidden springs of those outward developments of his character, known only to those who enjoyed the boon of his intimate friendship, and evidenced to the world by their deep and affectionate devotion to him.

Of these two, the thread of whose lives has been so closely woven with our own in the fabric of the past, only these memories remain. As Corinthian sailors were they with us and as Corinthian sailors have they sailed away out of our lives.

On Saturday, March 10, 1888, the yawl Cythera, with William Stewart, Cornelius Lee and a crew of twelve officers and men, cleared from the port of New York, bound to Bermuda and the West Indies. On Sunday the 11th, she was reported off Barnegat and was again seen on Monday the 12th, in the height of the fearful storm then raging on our coast.

History closes here. Mortal hands will never lift the veil and mortal tongues can never tell the closing words.

The gallant ship and her brave crew have gone to that resting place where so many good ships and brave men have found their end, and we can but write beneath the names of our brother yachtsmen those sad and terrible words—Lost at Sea. A tragedy unparalleled in the history of yachting has brought to a close the careers full of promise of William Stewart and Cornelius Lee.

With a deep feeling of sorrow at the loss of our brother yachtsmen, we desire to express to those who most deeply mourn them, our heartfelt sympathy in their grief. The Seawanhaka Corinthian Y.C., recognizing their many qualities, gratefully acknowledge their services, and their many friends among its members will ever hold their memories in tender and reverent esteem.

Resolved, That the foregoing memorial be spread in full upon the minutes of the club, and that copies of the memorial, together with these resolutions, duly signed by the commodore and attested by the secretary, be forwarded to the families of the deceased and to the Corinthian Y. C. of New York.

Resolved, That as a tribute of respect to the memories of Cornelius Smith Lee and William A.W. Stewart, the burgee of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. be displayed at half mast from the club house for the period of three days, beginning Thursday, Nov. 15, at 8 o'clock A. M.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect this meeting do now adjourn *sine die*.

Mr. A. B. Simonds, one of the Oriva's crew, seconded the resolutions, speaking with great feeling of the personal qualities of the lost yachtsmen, and Fleet Chaplain Vandewater also spoke in favor of the resolutions, after which they were unanimously carried by a rising vote, and the meeting adjourned.

BISCAYNE BAY, FLA., AND ITS YACHT CLUB.

Editor Forest and Stream:

On election day three yachts belonging to the Biscayne Bay Yacht Club started from Great Kills, Staten Island, for their winter cruising ground at the southern extremity of Florida. Two of them were the schooner Presto, Commodore Ralph Munroe, who is accompanied by Mr. Frederick Mollister, Mr. Richard Carney and a man forward, and the schooner Nethla, just built at Brown's Tottenville yard for Captain Thos. A. Hiue. With Captain Hine sail his brother, Vice-Commodore Edward Hine of the Mischief, Mr. John Washburn, Mr. Lloyd, and a crew of ten men. In company with these boats Mr. T. B. Asten, New York and Biscayne Bay clubs, sends down his 36ft. sloop Awixa, which he intends to join soon after January 1.

At Wallin & Gorman's yard, in Brooklyn, a 33ft. sloop is building for Mr. Thos. F. Falls, of New York, a member of the Biscyane Bay Club. She is to be a light draft boat, especially fitted for king fishing, for which the waters of that part of Florida are famous, and will be shipped South as soon as finished. She will be 33ft. 2in. over all, 28ft. 6in. l.w.l.; 12ft. 8in. beam and 19in. draft, with 2,500lbs. of lead inside. She has a very good cabin, with a berth on each side, formed by the locker drawing out. The cabin windows are of a peculiar make, designed by the owner, and are fitted with wire gauze frames as well as glass. The galley has a Rippingill oil stove, imported from England. The oil is carried in a large tank aft, with a pipe and faucet leading to the galley. The boat is fitted up with closets, shelves and lockers, which utilize every inch of space. She is finished in mahogany, and Messrs. Wallin & Gorman have put in very good work.

At Brown's yard, Tottenville, two more boats for this club are receiving their finishing touches. One is the handsome 35ft. clipper-stem, yawl-rigged Allapatta (seminole for Alligator) belonging to Commodore Kirk Munroe, of the New York Canoe Club, who is also secretary of the Biscayne Bay Y. C., and the other is the 33ft. sharpie Necotah, ordered by Treasurer Jean de Hedouville, B. B. Y. C. These two boats will go South in December.

This most southerly yacht club of the United States, although but two years old, is attracting much attention from Northern yachtsmen, and has been notified that it must expect to receive a number of visitors from among them this winter. The location of the club is at the extreme southeastern point of Florida, and only 45 miles across from the Bahamas. The main channel into Biscayne Bay washes the southern extremity of Cape Florida, and at this point the beach shelves so rapidly that a yacht's bow may rest on the sand, while her stern overhangs 20ft. of water. At the same time this place is so completely sheltered as to offer a safe harbor in a blow from any direction. In order to control this anchorage and to offer courtesies to the passing yachts that may run into this harbor, the Biscayne Bay Y. C. has leased from the Government the old Cape Florida lighthouse with its surrounding grounds. Here they propose to keep a man during their yachting season, from Dec. 1 to June 1, who will furnish visitors with information as to channels, cruising and fishing grounds, etc.

On the mainland, across the bay, and eight miles due west from this lighthouse, is Cocoanut Grove, the headquarters and hailing port of the Biscayne Bay Y. C. Here is the pretty cottage that forms the winter house of its secretary, and near by, directly on the beach, the commodore is erecting a handsome club house, which is to be completed next month.

The United States Fish Commission is contemplating the establishment of a station on Biscayne Bay for the cultivation of sponge and the hatching of green turtle eggs, for both of which purposes it is eminently well fitted. The U. S. Coast Survey is also beginning to take a decided interest in this remote corner of the country, and has just built, through Brown, of Tottenville, two large sharpies, one 53ft. and the other 60ft., to do inside work from Biscayne Bay along the Florida Reef to Key West, a region that has never yet been charted.

As this region is 300 miles from the fever-infected portion of Florida, and very sparsely settled, its dwellers have no fear of the disease, and pursue the even tenor of their way as quietly as though it did not exist.

If those yachtsmen or canoemen who would enjoy one of the finest winter cruising grounds in the world, as well as kingfish, tarpon and red snapper fishing that cannot be excelled, will visit Biscayne Bay they will be disappointed. At any rate, I was; but it was such an agreeable disappointment that I have not yet recovered from it, nor have I any desire to. Thus I still remain, yours from Biscayne Bay,

O. K. CHOBEE.

TORONTO.—The scheme proposed last spring for an amalgamation of the Royal Canadian and Toronto clubs is now under discussion again, and a meeting will be held on Nov. 24 to consider the reports of committees. The movement if carried out would make the new club the second or third largest in America.

TRITON.—At Poillon's yard the schooner Triton has been hauled out and her old centerboard trunk replaced by a new one. The construction of the old one was very peculiar, two cast iron girders being used to form the keel and bed pieces, the plank and frames being bolted to them.

WENDUR, yawl, has been sold to Mr. T. B. C. West, former owner of Queen Mab, who will take her to the Mediterranean this winter and race her there.

DORCHESTER Y. C.—The new winter quarters of the Dorchester Y. C. at 99 Boylston street, Boston, have lately been opened for the season.

THE AMERICA'S CUP.

THE limit of ten months, within which a challenge must be sent will very soon expire, and as yet there is no intimation of a *bona fide* challenge. Mr. Walter Reeks sailed for England last week, announcing before he left that he intended to challenge for 1890, but the chances are very small that the New York Y. C. will be called upon for many years to seriously consider a challenge from such a distance. The Phelps postal card challenge has not resulted in anything, and nothing definite is known about the alterations in Thistle, what is being done or who really owns her. The latest information comes through the New York *World* as follows:

"LONDON, Nov. 10.—The *Sunday Times* will print to-morrow the following despatch from Queenstown: Irish yachtsmen have been quietly building a steel sloop of tolerably large dimensions from Richardson's designs, with which they propose to challenge for the America Cup. Her name is to be Shamrock and she will be owned by the Jamiesons, of Irish whisky fame, who are the present owners of the famous cutter Irex, which was also designed by Richardson.

The Royal Irish Y. C. would in this case be the probable challenger, for Mr. Jamieson is one of its members."

There is very little probability of any truth in the above rumor, as if all accounts be true, Mr. John Jamieson has not the slightest intention of challenging for the Cup.

Answers to Correspondents.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

☞No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.

F. S., Brooklyn, will oblige by sending his name to us.

W. H. P.—See notice in an early issue in our gun columns.

G. A. S., In Camp.—Cut of hatchet will be printed next week.

D. B., St. Paul, Minn.—The A.K.R. number of the St. Bernard Martigny is 4275.

AMATEUR.—Spaniels do not set nor point, but flush the birds. We have no book on spaniel training.

L. H. B., Philadelphia.—For quail shooting locality try Fayetteville, N. C., noticed in our shot columns.

RABBIT, St. Louis.—The best rabbit and squirrel shooting within fifty miles of St. Louis, Mo., is to be had in the vicinity of Hillsboro, in Jefferson county.

UPLAND, Lynn, Mass.—You will find much information in "Shore Birds," the pamphlet published by the Forest and Stream Publishing Company; price 15 cents.

H. C. W., Philadelphia, Pa.—Write to J. S. Kittle, Durham's Creek, Beaufort county, N. C. The dog Beaumont is owned by W. R. Huntington. See our report of Indiana trials.

G. D., Woodstock, Ont.—1. Pointers are the favorites with many grouse shooters. 2. The Canada or spruce partridge (*Dendragapus canadensis*) and the ruffed grouse (*Bonasa umbellus*) are different birds; but you have the ruffed grouse in your country.

A. P. G.—We cannot give you information respecting the precise locality, but all the waters of this country afford duck shooting. Pamlico River is a famous ducking resort, of which you may obtain particulars by addressing J. S. Kittle, Durham's Creek, N. C.

GORDON, Holyoke.—What is the result of inbreeding dogs? I am told it does no harm, but should think it would. Should you advise me to use a dog with a bitch whose sire was of same litter as dog's mother? Ans. The subject of inbreeding is one which cannot be treated in a paragraph; it is enough to say, however, that it is often beneficial, and in any individual case it must depend upon the health and constitution of the animals and their adaptability. If dog and bitch are strong and healthy and suited to produce progeny of character, their relationship need not be regarded as any bar.

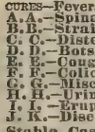
A. N. C., Philadelphia.—Will you please inform me whether the liberation of barking squirrels in a public square where there are fox squirrels, would, as in the case of red squirrels, threaten injury to the fox squirrels. The fox squirrels which I placed in Washington Square last spring have done splendidly, and the keeper thinks there are now three times as many as were placed there. They attract the attention of passers-by, and amuse the children who play in the square. The reason of my question is, some one desires to place some barking squirrels in the same square. Ans. We cannot advise positively, but our opinion is that it would be wise to keep the grays out.

V. B. M., North Carolina.—A bitch is afraid of fire-crackers, and I took her out in the field with me twice in the last week. Fired several times. She does not attempt to run away; that may be on account of her age, being only four months, or a little over; or it may be caused by her fondness for me. When I fire, or rather when she sees the old dog standing, she begins to cower, as she has found out that the "war" will soon commence. About ten minutes after I fire she will come to me, but as soon as I fire she will stop where she was at time of report, or run off about twenty steps further, and no persuading can induce her to come to me I thought I would try her and work on her for about two months longer, when she will be nearly seven months old, and at the end of that time it strikes me she ought to get better or worse. The point I look it is, that it is enough trouble to break a dog for field work without having the trouble to overcome a serious fault such as gun-shyness. I think without that fault she would make a fair hunter. Ans. The treatment recommended in "Hammond's "Training vs. Breaking" will doubtless prove successful. It will be given in our kennel columns next week.

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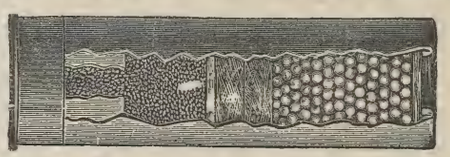
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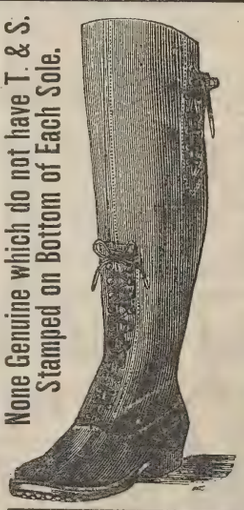
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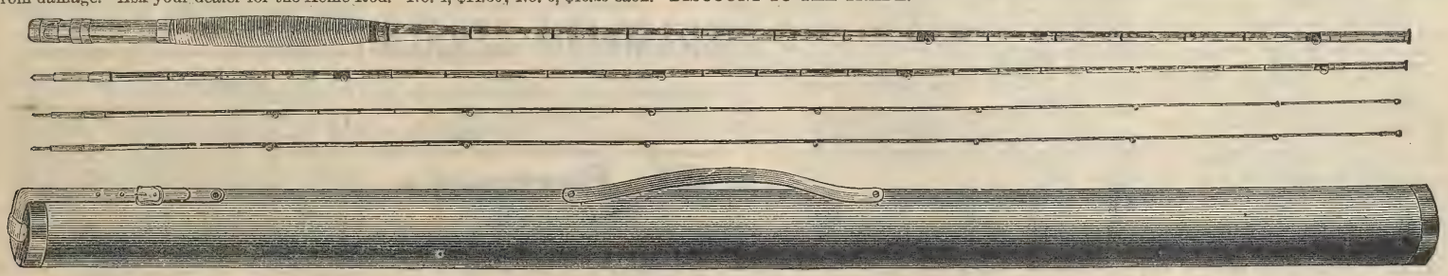
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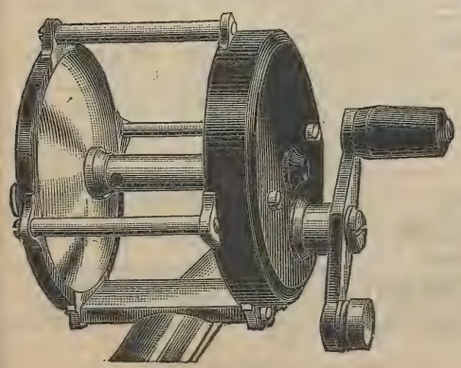
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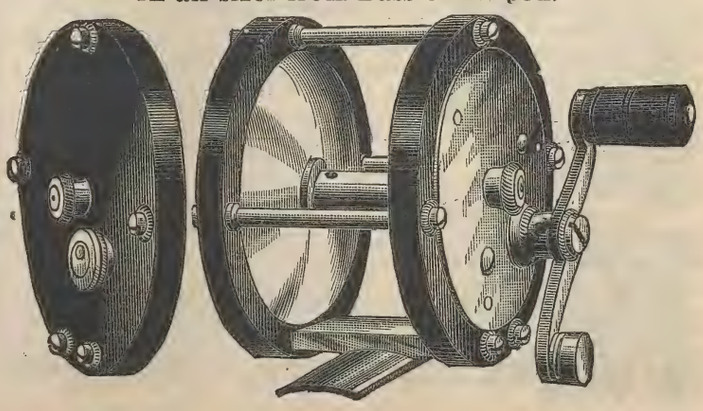


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A CIVIL BULWARK.

THERE is in this city of New York the regiment which of all others in the country may most properly lay claim to being the crack organization of citizen soldiery. It is the Seventh Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y., and it has its full quota of men and officers; every place in the ranks is filled, and a long list is in the recruit squads waiting for a vacancy in the regular ranks. It has social standing, while military men who have given their lives to the study and practice of arms give it unstinted praise.

But we did not mention the Seventh to speak of it as a kid-gloved, prettily uniformed body. It is all that and a great deal more. It has 1,000 men in its ranks, and it has 921 marksmen in that number. What does that mean? A great deal indeed to those who have studied the uprising of modern rifle practice in this country. Since the FOREST AND STREAM was started all this modern use of the soldier's arm has come into being. There are men now in the regiment who have been on its muster roll for twenty-five years. They will tell how for the first ten years of their military experience such a feat as shooting off the rifle they so daintily carried and so carefully polished was never expected of them. They got 100 per cent. in military duty, and were not able to fire off their arms, much less use them intelligently. Then came the agitation in favor of rifle practice. Wingate led it, and it won favor wonderfully, and now the figures 921 out of 1,000 as marksmen tell of the present status of the movement in its best development.

What is a marksman? By the regulations it is one who, using the State arms—and this is the .50cal. "gas pipe" Remington—has been able to make 25 in a possible 50 at 200 and 500yds. Reducing these figures to a more intelligible form, it means to a New Yorker, who will hold his hat up at any point on the avenue, that a Seventh Regiment marksmen will stand three blocks away and put a bullet through that hat crown, at least in each alternate shot. He may do better, but his work must be of this standard if he is to win the marksman's badge of 200yds. off-hand work. At 500yds., or say about seven blocks off, the marksman will stretch himself prone upon the ground and hit a barrel head at each alternate shot, or do work the equivalent of this in an aiming way.

It is no small enterprise for this number of young men to get away from business enough to acquire this skill. It is a positive proof of the excellence of the arms they have and the ammunition they use; and it is a complete and overwhelming proof that the work of the FOREST AND STREAM and other journals which have urged and pointed the way to this reform in military standard of excellence has been well carried out.

Another view of this accomplishment in shooting is that it properly completes the guard as a bulwark of civil liberty. The militia has a double object in being. It is first of all and all the time ready to be called upon to quell a riot, which passes beyond the control of the civic constables. Then it is, in this republic at least, an organization which on the occurrence of a war may be swelled into an army at the shortest notice. Imagine a mob facing a set of men in uniform, and knowing, too, that those men had guns which they were incapable of handling. Imagine again that same mob facing such a guard as that illustrated in the Seventh, where over 90 per cent. of the men are marksmen, and let that mob know what a marksman is and what he can do.

We hope the day may never come when the Seventh or its fellows in the militia may be called upon to quell a riot by the use of ball cartridges; the very fact that there are so many marksmen will tend to put off that day; but should it ever come, one volley will do the work which it would have required a week's fighting under the old regime, when the only difference between a guardsman and a mobsman was that one had a uniform and the other had not. To-day the difference is that one can and will shoot and the other is sure to be shot.

THE ETHICS OF HUNTING.

BY THE above heading must be understood the vindication of hunting on the plea that its pursuit is necessary, or at least conducive to human welfare, and before we have gone well below the surface it will be seen that there will be no difficulty in presenting a strong case. When man first came on the stage, and in every country in which he made his appearance, the balance of life between herbivorous and predatory animals was already established, and the human race had to enter on a struggle for existence with predatory beasts that sought to make a meal of them, and to a less extent with frugivorous and omnivorous animals that contended with them for fruits and roots. For this struggle man had only his intelligence and dexterity to pit against the superior physical endowments of almost all his rivals, and in the production of means to enable him to secure advantages over them all his dormant intellectual and many moral faculties were called into activity; even his latent sense of art was stimulated into exercise by the accidental results produced in his first rude efforts to fashion the primitive club and spear. Driven by necessity to defend himself and his children against beasts of prey, he gradually acquired a measure of reliance upon himself and his weapon, and what is of perhaps still more importance, he learned the advantages of co-operation both for attack and defence and for securing his prey, and thus laid the foundation of social life and his recognition of those mutual rights and obligations which are the basis of moral law.

The primitive hunting stage was the school in which man acquired supremacy over the beasts of the field, and had his faculties gradually cultivated for that interminable struggle for supremacy between the several sections of the race, which has subsisted for ages, and which must for ages continue to subsist.

Man's increase is limited by his food supply, precisely as with other creatures, and as long as he depended on the free gifts of nature and the spoils of the chase his increase over the habitable globe was limited to approximately ten millions. This limit may possibly have been reached by the offspring of a single pair of parents in a thousand years, in which period man's education was not yet so far advanced that he could provide for his own further increase by cultivating the earth, and his choice lay between the two alternatives of consuming all available food and dying wholesale of starvation, or of resorting to tribal wars to keep his numbers down.

Civilization has materially widened the horizon. The earth has now a population of seventeen hundred millions, and is perhaps capable of supporting four times that number, but the Germanic nations alone, at present rate of increase, would multiply so much in five hundred years that after trampling out all other races their progeny would not have a square yard of earth per man for standing and working room.

There can then be no relaxation of the severity of the struggle. Sclav and Tartar and Latin races are not going to bow themselves politely out of the earth to make room for us, and even if they were kicked out, it would scarcely afford a breathing space before the several sections of the Germanic races would be engaged in a death struggle with each other, the tendency of the struggle being inevitably to secure the survival of the fittest intellectually and morally. Frequent unnecessary wars, provoked by the fighting instinct in man, or by jealousies, or whatever cause, impose such checks upon increase of population that ages may elapse before the two Americas shall be filled up with such a dense population as would necessitate an universal struggle for existence. For these inevitable wars the hunting field is the best training field. It improves a man's physique, gives him readiness of hand and eye, familiarity with weapons of war, inures him to hardship, and gives him that self-reliance born of assured skill in the handling of his weapon which is so much conducive to victory.

We think a woman is never more lovable and womanly than when she shows tender pity for the beast or bird deprived of its innocent life in the hunting field, but realizing that war may come upon us at any moment, that war with foreign powers, sectional wars or class wars at home are all possible, and that war in some shape is necessary to the working out of human destiny, we can only regard as a very hopeful national characteristic the prevalence of those warlike instincts which find healthy and innocent vent in the hunting field. We say innocent advisedly, for the predatory animals being destroyed, man must usurp their duties, keeping the herbivorous animals within due bounds, if only for their own well-being. The non-predatory game, both beast and bird, should be preserved jealously. The uncertainty of life detracts nothing from their enjoyment of it and their pursuit is as already said a valuable discipline and preparation for the sterner struggle by means of which the human race will be elevated by the survival of the fittest.

Hunting must then, we contend, be admitted to have an ethical basis, and it is not without a certain amount of self-complacency that we see the people of this country as a whole so enthusiastic for field sports as they unquestionably are. The United States at any rate is not likely to drop out of the struggle for existence so long as the love of hunting continues a leading characteristic, and its people display sufficient foresight and self-control to provide for the maintenance of their game by prudent legislation.

PUBLIC TROUT IN PRIVATE STREAMS.

IN our fishcultural column will be found a reference to a question which has been privately discussed several times, but on which little has been publicly said. We refer to the stocking of private streams with trout at the expense of the State. As will be seen by the article referred to, some of the anglers of Connecticut have proposed to make a test case of their alleged rights to fish in waters which are stocked at the expense of the people at large. This is an interesting point, and one which we would be glad to see brought before the courts for decision. We do not know that there is any law on the subject, but there is a feeling among some of our anglers that whenever trout are planted by the State the public should have the right of free fishing. This is a question which the Fish Commissioners of New York should consider, and about which they ought to give definite orders to their superintendents. The earlier Commissioners, Messrs. Seymour and Roosevelt, considered that the stocking of private waters added to the food products of the State, but were cautious about doing it extensively, thereby showing their doubt about the correctness, or the legality of placing the fish where they would only benefit certain individuals. From time to time complaints have been made against this form of stocking waters, but no action has been taken to test the right of owners or lessees of streams to close their waters to the public, after stocking them at the public expense. It would seem that the Connecticut club was not sure that the law would uphold their action, or they would have accepted the offer to test the question before the Supreme Court.

BY an inadvertence last week, the late J. P. W. Riley was named as L. A. Riley.

The Sportsman Tourist.

NOTES ON WESTERN FLORIDA.

III.—CRUISING DOWN THE COAST.

ONE spring Rusticus and I chartered the little 40ft. schooner Geline Coleman and cruised down the Gulf coast of Florida eastward from Apalachicola; we had ample time and no object in view save sport; so we sailed when the wind blew, and anchored when it did not, and lazily idled along, stopping at any point that caught our fancy and remaining in a place only so long as the interest or novelty lasted. This is the true secret of pleasant sailing, you must have plenty of time, no object save sport, and no point to reach within any given time. Outline for yourself no special course or trip, for once you confine yourself to any regular plan, or have a certain date in which to reach some point, then you destroy the charm of perfect yachting. You are worried if the wind is unfavorable, you swear at calms that delay progress, and in fact fret and fume and generally end by condemning sailing as a most tedious and monotonous pastime, dependent upon the variable moods of sea and air, and not to be relied upon at all as a means of locomotion.

Start out, however, as I have recommended, willing to be the sport of the elements so long as they share their sport with you; if the wind don't go your way, then you go the wind's way (a case of Mahomet and the mountain), and if that most common occurrence, a calm, strike you, take it easily and sleep or read it off as you would a headache—do all this and go under these circumstances and you will enjoy sailing. Let stocks and bonds go for the present, wish for no quotations, care not whether France and Germany, England and Russia act like Kilkenny cats, and devote yourself to no higher science than the putting of bait on a fish hook in the most approved manner, or the calculating of a distance for a rifle shot—in other words, be utterly lazy.

Rusticus and I both fulfilled these conditions, and we enjoyed ourselves accordingly.

The roll of the officers of the Geline began and ended with Captain Joe, an American sailor of some ten years' experience, while the crew was represented in the person of Santo, an Italian who spoke very little English, and when he did struggle with our piratical tongue, his mistakes and accent were very amusing, a mixture known as pigeon-English being the result.

We started on our expedition well prepared with the good things of this life: the cabin was literally filled with boxes of canned goods of all descriptions. Several dozen bottles of ale, a most grateful luxury at sea, and a liberal supply of loaf bread and crackers to last as long as possible and save us the eating of bread of our own make. I believe in being as comfortable as I can upon a shooting or fishing trip. The man who starts out with the idea that in order to be a successful woodsman he must eat nothing but bacon and cornbread and make himself generally uncomfortable, has a most mistaken idea, and does not enjoy himself in his self-imposed penance. Hardships will come in ample numbers of their own accord and without forcing them.

We hoisted all sail one morning about 10 o'clock, and catching the full force of a strong breeze on our quarter, bowled merrily out of the river. The channel is extremely shallow and tortuous, and it requires great care to avoid grounding on the sandbars that everywhere rear their heads to within a foot or so of the surface. These flats, however, are generally well marked by the immense numbers of dead trees, which have stranded on them from the mouth of the river, and whose naked branches reaching upward form guide marks to the navigator. Once outside this network of bars, we entered the open waters of the Gulf and fairly bounded along, the Geline proving herself all that her lines had promised for speed and seaworthiness.

Seven miles off the mouth of the river lies a long, narrow sand bar, St. George Island. It stretches some thirty miles down the coast and protects the mainland from the force of the gales of the Gulf, forming a sound in which very rough weather is impossible. Toward this island our prow was headed. The day was simply perfect, sky and sea being in that sympathetic accord where one reflects the beauty and serenity of the other, while the wind was just strong enough to raise the waves to the height that is the joy of sailors and terror of landsmen. Now, Rusticus is not a sailor, and I had noticed him growing paler and paler as the swell increased in ratio to our distance from land, and soon my comrade was in the agonies of sea sickness. Of course he got no sympathy from either the sailors or myself. People who are kind-hearted enough in everything else are absolutely brutal in their mocking of this, indeed, terrible malady—provided, always, that they are themselves free from its effects. There is an indescribable feeling of superiority as you watch your dearest friend writhing before you, and a sort of I've-been-there-myself look, as you heartlessly suggest such remedies as the piece of salt pork and an attached string. Poor Rusticus suffered awfully; but we told him that sea sickness never proved fatal, and then left him to his fate; probably he felt as Mark Twain describes his own sensation: one minute afraid that he was going to die, the next that he was not.

We spent three days along the coast of St. George Island, hunting over and exploring that desolate waste pretty thoroughly. It is, indeed, a wild spot, a sand waste covered with a thick growth of pines and palmettos and with swamps and thickets almost impenetrable. It seems strange that a barren sandbar, evidently formed by the sea, should produce the luxuriant vegetation that here exists; the soil is nothing but loose, shifting sand, across which, from evidence that I saw of drift, the sea in exceptionally high storms must sweep. The widest part of the island is not over two miles, while in places sea and sound approach to within a few hundred yards of each other. In the interior are many lakes and lagoons, each surrounded by a swamp.

We had very good sport, tramping over this desolate island in the pursuit of game. Snipe and plover were very abundant, I never have seen anything like the numbers that we stirred up on every beach. Rusticus and I averaged some fifty birds apiece per drive, and mercy alone, not lack of birds, kept us from tripling that score. Cranes and herons were very numerous and afforded good sport, but they are very wary and difficult of approach, and one has to be "up" in the business to successfully stalk a crane perched on the topmost branch of some dead pine, for if they are all neck and legs so also are they all caution and watchfulness; the still-hunting of a deer is mere child's play compared to the labor and caution necessary to circumvent one of these waders. One afternoon after a long hot tramp, and several unsuccessful attempts to bring one of these birds to bag, I spied a magnificent specimen of the great blue heron perched high upon a tree some 300yds. away. I stepped behind the nearest bush and began to use all of the wood lore that I possessed in the silent advance upon that guileless bird. When I was about 150yds. away from him, out went the long neck and my prospective quarry began to search the brush under him in the very direction where I was crouched. I saw he would be off in an instant, so leveling my rifle in despair, I fired. Down he came with a hoarse *quonk*, like a streak of blue flame, while I hurried forward to take as trophies the much prized plumes. But not so fast. My bullet had shattered one of his wings, leaving him otherwise uninjured, and he stood facing me as I came up, with fierce eyes and ready poised chisel-like beak, in an attitude of defiance that did not extend a very cordial invitation for a nearer acquaintance. Not one step did he retreat—not he! disdaining to use those long legs of his for so ignoble a purpose—a gallant bird, indeed. Well, I put an end to him, and took my plumes; beauties they were too, but just a little ragged, for it was rather late in the season for the gathering of perfect feathers.

Wild creatures are generally brave. When we contrast the size of a bluejay or a mockingbird with that of a man, and see how fiercely they defend nest and young against the approaching human, a feeling of admiration for a bravery so great must possess us. I remember, one afternoon, on this island, as I was returning about sunset to the little bay that sheltered the Geline, a magnificent bald eagle flew over me, and by a lucky shot I dropped him down from his lofty flight. Tumbling, like Phæton, to the world below, he was wounded unto death, but his fierce, defiant eyes showed no fear, but boldly met mine, and he gazed at the red sinking sun as, it is said, only kings and eagles can. I felt sorry that I had killed, by the advantage of my rifle, so noble a bird, and cut short that bold free life, spent high in the heavens over the expanse of sea, a life perhaps nobler than that of man. But we all of us have that blood-lust that hates to see any other animal in the full possession of life and liberty, and we slay and slay, by means devised by our superior intellect, many animals that we would not dare to face upon an equal footing. The honest lion is, after all, much braver than man, seeking prey or enemy with no other than his own sturdy powers, and not, in perfect safety to himself, cruelly killing countless harmless creatures for mere sport. However, I moralize, and bore you. People nowadays don't like to think. Perhaps it is too humiliating.

Though deer tracks were very abundant, having no dogs, we did not attempt to hunt the deer in the almost impenetrable thickets of the interior.

We shot several alligators in the ponds, but soon tired of slaughtering the great lazy beasts that scarcely would crawl out of our way, but lay inert and motionless with stony stare and open mouth, while the message of death was sent crashing through their stupid brains. I do not know what the opinion of naturalists is on the subject, but I think that the organs of sight of the alligator must be very imperfectly developed. I have walked deliberately to within 20yds. of one of these saurians that seemed not to see me, though his eyes were fixed in a dull stare in my direction.

The days passed very pleasantly. We tramped and hunted all day and would return to the Geline by dark, thoroughly tired out. One must know what it is to be exhausted in order to appreciate the joys of rest and a supper of snipe, canned goods and bacon. And what yarns were told and songs sung as we lounged about the deck in the refreshing breeze, with naught overhead but the eternal heavens, the little vessel rising and falling to the gentle swell and sobbing and sighing with the winds or laughing with the rippling waves that played against her sides.

One night Santo, in answer to a call for a song, started off—not with some rollicking sea ditty such as "Shiver my Timbers," "Douse my Toplights," or Italian words of like effect, but with the Miserêrê from "Trovatore." To hear such a song, sung in a really good tenor voice from the lips of a common sailor was somewhat startling, but he had not forgotten his early life in Italy, that land of music, where highest and lowliest alike share the taste for opera and have opportunities for the gratification of that taste. "Hernani," "Traviata" and others followed as the musician became warmed with his theme, and all were rendered in so excellent a style, that we could almost imagine ourselves in some grand opera house listening to a painted tenor singing under painted trees.

The sea, highly phosphorescent, presented at night a truly grand spectacle; we seemed floating on a mass of molten metal, that seethed and boiled as far as eye could see in one blazing surface of weird, ghostly fire, flaming yet giving no light. Occasionally flying fish would leap out of the water and meteor-like leave for an instant a trail of fire in their wake.

Never shall I forget the experience of our first night. The vessel was anchored about a quarter of a mile from shore, Captain Joe supposing that at that distance we should be safe from the attack of mosquitoes. As a good breeze was blowing, all went well during the early hours, but about 11 o'clock the wind died down, and all hands were awakened by the attacks of myriads of these "avengers of the Gulf." The air was literally one heaving mass of humming, buzzing, biting mosquitoes, not the ordinary seaside variety that a net will stop, but great mailed monsters that would pierce a bar as a bullet would a pie. Our cheese-cloth nets were of no avail, and we spent the remainder of the night in one steady struggle, slapping our faces into veritable jellies in vicious hits at the tormentors. A steady murmur arose from that deck like miasma from a swamp, not the murmur of prayer, somehow no one seemed to think of praying, and at last Santo said something that sounded amazingly like *caramba*, and I did think that I heard Rusticus mention the name of some lady, "Helen Blazes." Captain Joe simply swore, being quite expert at that useful art, and I, knowing that I could not do the subject justice, hired him to aid me in expressing my sentiments. [*Mem. He did.*] Ever after we anchored at least a mile from shore and were troubled no more in our repose.

The early morning was generally very still, the breeze seldom springing up until about 10 o'clock. A calm at sea in hot weather is the deadest picture of life and nature that it is possible to imagine. No breath of wind stirs the oily water into the slightest ripple; no flying bird nor leaping fish disturbs the absolute quiet that broods over all. The sunlight, flashing in the stagnant waters, reflects two-fold its own light and heat, and your little vessel lies lifelessly upon the dead flood, her white sails hanging limply like the drapery of a marble Venus. A wonderful peace and quiet rests over all, broken only by the creaking of the spars that feel the almost imperceptible motion of the swell, or the gentle rippling of the miniature surf as it falls upon the beach. The lines, "A painted ship upon a painted ocean," though long hackneyed, yet express with singular exactness a calm at sea, and we may search the range of literature and find no better simile.

One very hot morning I rashly plunged overboard to enjoy a swim. Scarcely had I struck the water, however, when the fin of a shark appeared some hundred yards away. My time back to the boat would certainly have exceeded in point of speed any professional record in the swimming line, and I clambered back on deck, resolved in future to confine my ablutions to a bucket. These sea wolves are very numerous all along this coast, making bathing very dangerous save in shallow water.

During the morning of our third day in the vicinity of the island clouds began to gather and a strong wind sprang up that rapidly freshened into a gale. We had decided to run for Carabelle, a little settlement on the mainland some fifteen miles away; and not liking to have our plans broken into, we closely reefed fore and mainsail, hoisted the flying jib, and started out before the wind. Once out of the shelter of the protecting island the full force of the open sea was felt, which lashed by the southwest gale was very rough, and our situation was a little squally. The Geline, however, behaved splendidly, stoutly opposing her strong sides to the great rollers and plowing through the curling seas, dashed the white foam right and left; exulting as a thing of life in this war of wind and sea.

There is no grander sight than a storm on the ocean nor one that offers so great a contrast to the laughing blue waters in their gentler moods. The sea that but yesterday toyed and splashed its harmless waves in play against the vessel's side, to-day, dull and sombre, heaves with fury its seething masses in awful power. Gleaming white crests, like the red caps of anarchy, excite the rebellious subjects of Old Ocean to fury, and they rush about, dull, gray and forbidding, terrible in their resistless might, reflecting in the great troughs and swelling heights the rage of the contending skies above. It is an exhilarating sensation to stand on the bow of a bounding vessel, as it rises to surmount some great billow or dashes in a mass of foam through the heart of an opposing sea. The pulse *will* quicken, the breast *will* heave, and high thoughts and noble impulses be born in the presence of the greatest of the manifestations of Almighty powers. It seems to me that when one's time comes to die, a death in the midst of dashing waters and shrieking winds, a death in the very presence of Nature's God, would be a grand end, a death worthy of a man.

We had a pretty hard time getting into Carabelle, but by exceedingly careful handling managed to run up the somewhat intricate channel at the mouth of Crooked River and tied at the apology for a wharf that receives the shipping of the town. It is a place of only two or three stores, but has some importance on account of the large sawmills that are here situated, the shipping facilities are much better than at Apalachicola, the deep water approaching closer into land and doing away with so much lighterage. Crooked River, at the mouth of which the village lies, is a narrow, winding estuary of the Gulf that divides St. James Island from the true mainland and connects the waters of St. George's Sound with those of Ockolockone Bay. Some two miles above Carabelle, New River empties into the Crooked. It is upon the territory watered by these streams that the sawmills principally depend for their supply of logs. A tram-railway of two or three miles penetrates St. James Island and gives an outlet for the magnificent timber everywhere to be found. We spent several days exploring New River; it is a very narrow, winding stream of great depth, the banks often falling sheer down into fifteen feet. Toiling up the current was laborious work, as the wind, shifting around through the forest aisles, was very variable, and the twisting, serpentine course of the river made many long reaches in which we had to battle with wind as well as tide. In such places, poling being impossible on account of the deep water, all hands would go ashore and haul the schooner up stream by means of a rope fastened to the bow—pretty tough work I can assure you, with the thermometer in the nineties. The country is one vast wilderness of pine forest, with only occasional swamps, and is about as promising a portion of western Florida as I ever saw. It has a great reputation as being a fine game preserve.

We kept a sharp lookout for bears but saw none; in fact, save alligators and a few herons and cranes, there was an absolute dearth of animal life. The water of these Florida streams is of the deepest black, stained with the decay of the luxuriant vegetation.

On the morning of the third day the river became so narrow that we were obliged to give up the notion of further progress, so we "bouted ship" and started back. The wind being for the most part favorable, and aided by the strong current, the Geline fairly flew back to Carabelle, making the trip in about five hours over a distance that had required two days of severe labor to accomplish against the stream. I made a rather odd use of my rifle during the run. At one place, where we had to tack, one of the ropes of our topmast became entangled in the branches of a pine tree, stopping us at a very critical moment and threatening to tear our rigging all to pieces in an instant; there was no time to climb up and loosen the ropes, so I snatched up my Winchester, took a hasty aim at the waving branch and fired, luckily cutting the cause of our trouble in two, and freeing the Geline from a rather awkward position. I think that this is the first instance on record of a rifle having been used in navigation.

ALEX. M. REYNOLDS.

BUFFALO PHOTOGRAPHS.—Chicago, Ill.—I got a stand on a herd of buffalo a few days ago in the Flat Head country, Montana, and took about twenty shots at them with my detective camera. I brought away fifteen very fair negatives, of which the inclosed prints are a sample. —G. O. SHIELDS.

Natural History.

JUMPING MICE AND THE PORCUPINES;

AND THE SUBORDER DUPLICIDENTATA.

BY R. W. SHUFELDT, M.D., C.M.Z.S., ETC.

ZAPUS HUDSONIUS, the jumping mouse, is the sole species of the only genus of the family *Zapodidæ*, the first family we have to deal with in this contribution, and in it I will close with the North American Rodentia. This interesting little animal measures from tip to tip, when adult, between seven and eight inches, the tail being considerably longer than the body. It is white on its lower parts, while on the back and superior aspects it is of a reddish brown. Ranging over North America generally, although nowhere abundant, it is known in some localities as the *Canada jerboa*, it having much the appearance of one of those animals, with its long hind and short forelegs, and its power of taking long leaps. Mr. C. C. Abbott, in comparing the habits of hibernation in the common white-footed mouse (*H. leucopus*) and *Zapus*, says: "These two mice, popularly so called, hibernate with regularity in one sense, but differ *inter se* in another. The former (*Zapus*) once torpid, remains so until spring, a few warm days in winter failing to rouse them; but the white-footed mouse seems simply to sleep soundly rather than grow torpid, and responds with considerable promptness to any disturbance. The jumping mouse builds a nest of leaves and grass at a considerable depth from the surface of the ground (not a 'ball of mud,' as stated in the 'Enclyclopedia Britanica,' art. 'Jerboa'),



CANADA PORCUPINE (*E. d. dorsatus*).
Drawn by the author. Reduced.

and, once fairly settled therein, is beyond the various sudden changes of our winters; the white-footed mouse, on the contrary, utilizes an old bird's nest, or has a nesting place beneath a log or in a half-decayed stump. In such positions, of course, the occupant is more likely to be disturbed, and is also directly exposed to the varying temperature. Is it to meet the requirements of his condition that this mouse lays up a goodly stock of food during the autumn? Something the jerboa, or jumping mouse, does not do. However this may be, the fact remains, that both these rodents are quite sensitive to cold, and hibernate as soon as the winter sets in; yet how differently is this faculty exercised!"—(*Science*, May 2, 1884.)

Zapus may have several litters during a summer, and the female bring forth from three to four each time. Sometimes the mother may be seen dragging her semi-hairless progeny along, bumping them over the ground as they hang on like grim death to her teats.

This animal in leaping takes a course in zigzags, clearing two or three yards at a time, springing with its hind-feet, but landing on its forefeet at each bound. Audubon says that it is certainly the most agile of animals in the entire world's fauna. Farmers sometimes plow it up in their wheat fields, when it makes off in magnificent leaps. It feeds on grain and various kinds of seeds, but rarely does much damage. Strictly nocturnal in its habits, it may be found haunting either the woods or the open cultivated fields. Smaller by all odds than many of its kin in foreign lands, it is when captured found to be a gentle and timid little creature, that, with pains and care, is soon broken to domestication, and makes an interesting little pet.

Next in order in our "List" we find the Family *Octodontidæ*, but as it contains only West Indian forms we will have little or nothing to say about it here. It contains two genera, *Capromys*, with three species in Cuba and one in Jamaica; they are an interesting type of rodents, and Dr. G. E. Dobson, F.R.S., has given us an admirable review of their anatomy. The other genus, *Plagiodontia*, has but one species, the *P. ædium* of Hayti and Jamaica, and is quite nearly related to *Capromys*. Space will not permit of my touching upon its habits here.

Following these Antillian forms of rodents, we come next to the Family *Hystricidæ*. Created to contain the porcupines, of which animals we have two species in our United States fauna, the Canada porcupine (*E. d. dorsatus*) and the Western porcupine (*E. d. epixanthus*), while *Synetheres mexicanus* is found only in Costa Rica and Mexico.

In the Northwestern districts of our country I have seen fine specimens of our Western porcupine, and a number of years ago sent a complete skeleton of one to the Army Medical Museum in Washington. A good idea of the form of the Canada porcupine may be gained from



THE JUMPING MOUSE (*Zapus hudsonius*).—ADULT MALE. DRAWN BY THE AUTHOR.

the figure of the one I present at the head of this article. It's a clumsy brute, not unlike a beaver in its general outlines, but somewhat smaller than that animal. They vary much in color, from a blackish brown to lighter shades of an ochrish brown, with dingy white shadings on the sides. The quills in this porcupine rarely exceed 4in. in length; they may be erected by the animal at pleasure; are covered from sight by the hair of the coat, and are very easily detached. I will never forget the boquet of these bristles that adorned the nose of a setter dog, which had run his muzzle into the fur of one of these animals to try and find out what kind of a brute his master had just slain. Thes quills spring from the superior aspects of the animal and are longest on the back; shortest on the head and sides; they are nearly straight, being pointed at their insertional tips, but sharp as needles at their apices. In form they are cylindrical, and many of our northern Indian tribes split them, dye them and use them to ornament their robes and for other similar purposes. I have seen Sioux buffalo robes magnificently worked in with these spines of the porcupine, and stained various colors. When we come to examine a quill carefully, it is found to be reversely barbed along its distal extremity, so that they are really dangerous affairs to get into the flesh, owing to the tendency for it to work in deeper and deeper. Wolves and dogs not infrequently come to a painful death from this cause. For this reason our Northwestern Indians detest the animal, as they often have some of their favorite canine pets destroyed by it. It is said that both cougars and lynxes have been found dead in the forests with their mouths filled with these quills, and all the evidences of the presence of destructive inflammation therefrom. This species has five toes on its hinder pair of feet, all armed with long curved claws, while the anterior pair, similarly provided, possesses in each foot but four toes; its ears are small and quite concealed in the surrounding fur; further, its tail is short, and its eyes by no means of great size, while the feet are plantigrade, and the pectoral teats four in number. Late in the spring the female gives birth to her two young, and they breed, as a rule, but once during the year; a hollow tree is commonly selected by her for her nest, though other situations are occasionally chosen.

I hardly knew what to make of the first one I saw as he moved sluggishly along a nearly horizontal limb of a great cottonwood tree; but it is on the ground that their behavior in the face of the enemy is most remarkable, and a writer at hand says that they "often will not take the trouble to run away from dog or man, being in this respect very much like the skunk. As the latter relies on his liquid shaft, addressed to the nose, the former seems to put his trust in his thousand barbed arrows, which threaten the flesh. Of the two, the porcupine has the advantage, for when attacked by a dog, wolf, cougar or other ferocious beast, it presses its nose downward, erects its quills, and brandishing its tail, stands ready for the onslaught. If the assailant is inexperienced, and unwarily seizes the hostile party with its mouth, he instantly retreats with a howl of pain and dismay, for his nose, lips, jaws and tongue are stuck full of the barbs of the porcupine. Unless some one extracts them, they work deeper and deeper, and often result in the death of the sufferer."

Richardson asserts that they are hardly fit for food, and as in all vegetable feeders among wild game, are not infrequently found infested with intestinal worms. Much of their time during the day is spent in sleep, but when abroad they feed upon the bark of a number of varieties of trees, often denuding, in the case of a single animal, as many as a hundred trees during a season. In this way it is very destructive, and when once it attacks a tree, it usually never leaves it, except to repair at night to its nest, until every vestige of bark has been eaten off. Porcupines in most Eastern districts are now becoming quite rare, and while they are fully capable of becoming completely domesticated, they are not, upon the whole, very engaging pets. Although I have never personally heard it, it is said that the animal during the night often gives vent to a low and peculiar cry, which once recognized is not likely to be forgotten again; its well-known growl when teased by its captor is quite characteristic. These animals when feeding will often sit up on their hams like a "prairie dog," and use their forepaws to hold their food while they gnaw it off; it is stated that they are very fond of green corn, and such fruit as apples, as well as the entire list almost of the garden vegetables.

Many of the habits of the Canada porcupine are but still imperfectly known to us and demand careful study; while its structure, and the structure of its young at various stages, would by no means be labor thrown away at the hands of the comparative morphologist.

The Suborder *Simplicidentata* of the Rodentia, which we have heretofore been considering, closes with the family *Caviidæ*, the cavies, but as all of the species, which I have already enumerated in a previous article, are either West Indian, Mexican or South American, we will here pass them by; the well-known guinea-pigs, the agontis, as well as the paca, are examples of this highly interesting group of rodents.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

NOTES FROM MISSOURI.

THE summer with us here in northern Missouri was very cool and rainy, but the autumn has been dry and pleasant. We have most all kinds of migratory birds. A few Southern mockingbirds reach this latitude, appearing in May and going South during the latter part of July.

Regardless of the unfavorable season, the game fowls and animals are plentiful. Grouse are an average and began to fly about Oct. 10. Quail are numerous, likewise rabbits and squirrels. Mallard and other species of ducks annually rear their broods here among the ponds of the Mississippi River lowlands. Great flocks of mallards began coming from their summer retreats north of us about Oct. 15. To-day, Oct. 31, a large flock of wild geese passed southward, the first I have observed this autumn.

Immense numbers of brant and loons have been flying by for two weeks. The migratory birds have practically disappeared. A few mud hens, some chewinks, and solitary representatives of the robin and the bluebird families yet remain, as stragglers of the migratory army. Meadow larks and wrens took their return flight in the early days of October. The forests are silent, so far as concerns the sweet songs of the many species of birds. During the whole year I have seen but few passenger pigeons. They were in former years very numerous here, and could be seen in flocks composed of millions of birds every spring and autumn. But strangely they have virtually disappeared from this region. I read not long since of two very large roosts of passenger pigeons, one roost situated in Texas and the other one in some Pacific State. What accounts for this principle of forsaking a certain locality? Food is abundant here for the pigeons, as this region is nearly one-half forest. May it not be due to the workings of civilization, such as the awe inspiring presence of man, the noisy cities, and the alarming steamers and railway trains? And while we are talking on this subject, what has become of the swan? This noble fowl was tolerably plentiful here in former times, and even hatched its brood along the densely covered shores of our lowland lakes. But they have given us good-bye and have sought climes more congenial, and their musical voice is no more heard in our land.

ALEXANDRIA, Mo. J. B.

NEW YORK, May 17, 1888.—*U. S. Cartridge Co., Lowell, Mass.:* Gentlemen—It affords us much pleasure to report upon your latest Climax shells with strong primers received this morning. We have tested them with Schultze powder, and find them simply excellent in every particular and practically equal to the best adapted English primer. Two and a half drams to 3¼drs. of Schultze powder in 12-bores and 3¼ to 4drs. in 10-gauge worked to perfection in your shells, loaded simply like black powder and without ramming. Very truly yours (Signed), VON LENGERKE & DETMOLD.—*Adv.*

Game Bag and Gun.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 12.—The late severe storms have at length started the tardy wildfowl south, and they have gone down with a vengeance. Instead of stopping at their accustomed feeding grounds, the great bulk of the flight seems billed straight through to the Gulf of Mexico. They only stop when their wings get a hot box. Abe Kleinman, one of the oldest and most successful market hunters of this place, says that the shooting has not amounted to anything this fall at any place near Chicago, although there have been a few good days at some of the reliable localities. Mr. Kleinman is in receipt of letters from different parts of the South which tell the same story. Even in southern Missouri the ducks are passing on down without stopping much—a thing almost unheard of. He thinks this situation is due to the fact that the heavy storms came too late in the fall, so that when the ducks did get down into this middle country, they found the feed scanty and poor, and so did not tarry with us. The water has been generally low also this fall.

Still, it should not be supposed that no ducks at all have been in this country. To the contrary, there has been a very heavy flight for the last four or five days. Indeed, the lake front, right within the city limits, has at times been fairly black with ducks, and the novel sound of the shotgun in the city has been almost continuous. Some shooters have had fair sport along the lake. The twelve-year-old son of a prominent north side citizen was nearly drowned a day or so ago while out hunting, just off shore. His cranky boat upset when he reached for his gun in order to salute a passing flock of ducks, and the youth sank in about 800ft. of water. He clung pluckily to the bottom of the boat when he rose to the surface, and was seen by the fireman of a passing railroad train, who jumped from his cab, pushed off in a rickety skiff, and rescued the boy from a cold close call. The whole affair was rather singular.

A week ago there were thousands of geese on the Kankakee, near Roselawn, Ind., but they went on South after a short rest.

Dakota has afforded good shooting this fall. Messrs. W. W. McFarland and C. D. Gammon, who have lately returned from a little shoot at Lake Preston, report that they bagged 132 on their first day's shoot, and 57 on the day following.

Lieut. Phil. Reed, inspector of rifle practice, U. S. A., stationed here, has just got in from a short trip to Fox Lake, the Chicago general sporting resort. He bagged 22 ducks on his first day and 17 on the second. He reports that there were plenty of ducks, but that the numbers of shooters kept them off the water after the morning shoot; by waiting over another day he could have added somewhat to his bag, for the ducks were unquestionably there.

Mr. Ward returned from the marshes of the Kankakee Land and Cattle Co. last Saturday with 23 good mallards. Nobody was shooting, and the ducks were not well stirred up.

Mr. J. Palmer O'Neill reports that two friends of his killed 78 ducks at Fox Lake last Saturday. Numerous bags of a dozen to two dozen per gun are reported at the different gun stores.

Mr. John Gillespie, just in from English Lake, Indiana, says that ducks were not seen in any great abundance. He bagged only fourteen mallards, and had a rather slow time, although the weather was disagreeable enough for good shooting.

I said something about Mr. Abe Kleinman. Everybody in Chicago knows him as one of "the Kleinmans." He is one of seven brothers, all noted for their shooting ability and experience and all of trap or market shooting fame. The names of the Kleinman brothers, in the order of their ages are John, Abe, Henry, George and William. They challenge any five brothers on the face of the earth to shoot them a match at trap or in the field. Henry Kleinman rejoices in the euphonious and apt name of "Swamp Angel." John Kleinman is a member of the Audubon Trap Club. George, Abe and William all belong to the Chicago Club. George won the diamond badge last year, making two years out of three he has carried it. Abe claims that he is the poorest shot of the family now, as he has not fired a gun this fall.

Harry Loveday, a duck shooter of experience and success, got in to-day from the Cumberland Club's grounds on the Kankakee, reporting only fair sport. The shooting is spasmodic. Now you see it and now you don't.

Nov. 13.—Mr. A. C. Black, of Armour's, is lately back from the Kankakee with fair luck. The Kankakee country is a favorite locality. The members of the Tolleston Club, who own the big marsh just over the Indiana line, have, however, had about the best shooting done by Chicago club men this fall, although even there it has been spasmodic.

FOX LAKE, Ill., Nov. 15.—Last night we heard the "mewing" of redheads out in the lake, and judged there must have been quite a body in. From the balcony of the Howard House this morning we can see that the conclusion was warranted. There are probably 2,000 redheads and bluebills in the big bank of ducks visible on the middle of the lake, about two miles out. The weather is very open and warm. The boom of the guns began with the rise of the sun, and the main body of the ducks is already showing restlessness. The poor creatures have small chance for rest, for they are harried even from the middle of the lake by inconsiderate shooters who do not know that it is the surest way to spoil the shooting for themselves and everybody else.

There is plenty of wild rice and celery yet to be found here, and the deep-water ducks, redheads, bluebills, ringbills and some canvasbacks, still hang to the lake. The mallards and teal have all left for the South or elsewhere. It is the unanimous verdict of the residents and visiting shooters here that this is a poor season. No very good bags have been made, although last week a number of scores of one or two dozen ducks were made. I can learn of only one bag of over thirty, and a dozen ducks to a boat has been something in the nature of a surprise. Walter Clark and George Beckwith got twenty-nine last Saturday, including several mallards, shooting in the bay at the head of the river.

Chet Howard brought in eight bluebills and ringbills and one canvasback to-day from the "Hogback" pass on the lower lake. Ed. Howard bagged nine last Tuesday. John Gillespie got one canvasback among the dozen he killed a week ago. The Howard boys killed thirty-five teal one day earlier in the season. The Stanley and Dunnell boys, persistent coasters and pot-shooters, can claim no large records for this fall. Everybody looks gloomy, and the resort keepers begin to talk of closing down their houses.

Nov. 16.—Yesterday I went with George Beckwith, one of the two very best pushers on the lake, and a man of twenty years' experience on these lakes. We had a good fleet of decoys, and we put out our blind on the best points on the lake, and also visited Grass Lake and the Long Channel, hunting hard and patiently all day. Counting out the mudhens, we bagged two ducks, one of them a sawbill (merganser) and the other a ruddy duck. The latter was killed clear out of range, and it is safe to say that we did not have a shot all day long. The weather was clear and bright, and the ducks all went over to Pistaqua Lake.

The body of Mr. Hendershot, who was drowned in Pistaqua Lake eight days ago, was recovered last Tuesday. The unfortunate gentleman attempted to cross from one point to another in a boat which is said to have been leaky, and there being some sea on, he and his companion were in some way thrown out. Mr. Hendershot swam half way ashore, then turned and swam back to the boat, where he finally lost his hold and was drowned. He was a strong and confident swimmer. When found, it was seen that he had managed to get rid of one of his hip boots; the exertion of trying to get them off is probably what exhausted him.

Nov. 17.—Yesterday there was a sudden and severe change of weather. A half inch of snow fell night before last, and yesterday morning dawned very cold and windy. George Beckwith and I went around to Pistaqua Lake and put up our blind in a bay out of which we drove a couple of dozen redheads. We sat in our blind patiently all day, the coldest day, I think, I ever passed in a blind. What few ducks came into our bay decoyed nicely. We had only about eight shots, and missed two of them vilely, owing probably to the wind, which was blowing a gale, and which drifted shot worse than any wind I ever shot in. We lost three of our ducks, two of which were picked up to windward of us by a piratical "coaster" who was prowling along the shore. There were plenty of ducks on Pistaqua Lake, quite a flight coming in from Fox Lake from 9 o'clock till noon. We were out of the line of this flight, and although they would probably not have decoyed out in the open water, we could probably have had fair shooting on the fly-way had we thought the flight would last as long as it did. The ducks banked up out in the open water, and sat all day in a swell where our boat would hardly ride. At dark, when we pulled up our blind and decoys, the big bank was still out in the deep water, and showed no disposition to move. Their wisdom is shown this morning, when all the bays are seen to be frozen up.

Chet Howard brought in sixteen ducks last night, all shot out of a sudden flurry that came in after 3 o'clock. He was at the upper end of Fox Lake.

The best shooting here is had from the newly-invented canvas blinds, of which, as well, indeed, as a great many other things about this noted locality, I shall speak as soon as I find time.

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 18.—Mr. Chas. E. Willard, of the Blatchford Cartridge Co. and vice-president of the English Lake Duck Club, was down at the club grounds last week and got some mallards, but reports the shooting slow.

The members of the Tolleston Club have had about the best shooting of anybody this fall. They have fed their ducks nicely on wheat screenings and the refuse of a glucose factory. The ducks have appreciated this, and in return have "staid by" the Tolleston marsh.

Messrs. Chas. Mears, R. W. Cox and Jesse Cummings got back to-day from Swan Lake, on the Illinois River. They say the shooting was without form and void.

E. HOUGH.

WEST VIRGINIA.

Editor Forest and Stream:

On account of the weather being unfavorable for some weeks past, quail shooting has been almost a complete failure here, there being but few birds killed; but should the rain and wind cease some good bags will likely be made during the remainder of November. The birds that have been bagged are well-grown and in good condition.

No pheasants (grouse) nor wild turkeys have been bagged worth noting. The former are plentiful and the latter scarce.

Our marshes are seldom visited by woodcock, and consequently none are harmed.

Generally by Oct. 1 wild ducks are plentiful on our water courses, but up to this time this season I have not heard of one being seen on our ponds or streams.

Squirrels have been quite numerous since spring, and a great many are being bagged.

Rabbits are also quite plentiful this season. Heretofore "Mollie Cottontail" was seldom seen by the sportsmen.

As yet no deer have been killed. They are reported as being very scarce. It seems as though some parties have no regard for the game laws of West Virginia. Whose fault it is I don't know, but it looks as if the officers could catch up with some of the chaps who chase deer with dogs before the time expires set by the West Virginia Legislature, if they wanted to do so. All kinds of game are killed here out of season, and I for one would be in favor of seeing the game laws enforced against any one who does not respect them enough to abide by them. The matter is this, that our officers don't seem to take any interest in game and don't care whether it is killed in or out of season. Last year one of our prominent lawyers chased deer with dogs, and surely he knew it was unlawful. When this is the case what can we expect of the mountaineers, who do not know there is a law? Let the law be enforced and game will be plentiful. P. C. O.

LEWISBURG, West Virginia, Nov. 15.

THE NEW JERSEY COAST.—Perth Amboy, N. J., Nov. 17.—Why is it that the New Jersey coast is so seldom heard from in the Game Bag and Gun department? Is no information to be had concerning wildfowl in Barnegat and Egg Harbor bays, or are they among the things that were? Let us hear from Chadwicks, Cedar Creek, Harvey Cedars, Tuckerton and Atlantic City now and then.—J. L. K.

MICHIGAN'S UPPER PENINSULA.

LAKE LINDEN, Mich., Nov. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The fall shooting in these parts has been very good, although the past two weeks of continuous rain and snow have made it somewhat disagreeable.

Partridges have been plentiful, though extremely wild. Still a bag of from sixteen to twenty in a day's tramp is not a bad showing and has been repeatedly made by sportsmen here.

A few bear have been killed on Keweenaw Point during the summer past. The last one on record, a full grown one, was brought to town by a fellow who did the cooking at one of the lumber camps. He received a good price for bruin, together with many complimentary comments on his success, and was in the height of his glory, when there appeared upon the scene several boys from the woods, overflowing with wrath and fury, and the would-be sportsman hid himself out of sight.

It appears the boys had been feeding that bear on salt pork, etc., all summer, and were only waiting for the time for bruin to be in his best possible condition, when they would dispatch him and receive the reward for their patience. During their absence from camp, however, the cook stole a march on them.

Deer are not so plentiful on the Upper Peninsula of Michigan as they have been in years past, a fact which is attributed to the unusually large number of wolves which abound in the forests, and if the multiplication of the latter keeps on at the present rate, deer hunting will soon be a thing of the past with us. Unless the bounty on wolves is increased, this will surely be the result. In the lower part of the Peninsula, however, and in Wisconsin, sportsmen are reporting better success, and venison sells for 6 cents per pound there. In Marquette county, the other day, a party of hunters went out on a deer-hunting expedition, making their journey over the railroad by means of a hand-car. It happened that a certain hunter, already on the grounds, knew of their coming, and having shot a large deer the day previous, but not securing him until the following day, when he was found stiff in death, he concocted a scheme to have a laugh on the boys. He stood the deer up against a tree at a convenient distance where it could be seen from the railroad track, and hid himself on the opposite side to witness the fun. It soon commenced; the foremost on the car, spying the deer blazed away, and failing to bring him down, was followed by the entire company, but without any better success. The firing continued, until the owner, to save his venison, interfered.—Curtain.

Last week a half-breed, while out hunting partridges in Baraga county, came upon two fine looking otters and secured them. Otters are seldom met with here nowadays.

LANK.

RESORTS IN THE NORTHWEST.

GRAND HAVEN, Mich., Nov. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In looking over an old number of FOREST AND STREAM to-day I noticed an inquiry by "Princeton Students" as to the hunting and fishing possibilities of the Northwest, with Duluth as a starting point. Now, while too late for this season, my communication may help some one to a pleasant trip next year, and I herewith send you my views of the matter.

Once in Duluth, nothing is easier than to get good trout fishing, every stream on both the Minnesota and Wisconsin shores swarms with the speckled beauties. It is simply shut your eyes and throw your fly, you are sure of a strike. My way would be to charter a small steam tug, or if you prefer it, a sailboat, and go down the south or Wisconsin side; there are dozens of streams and all well stocked. But don't stay too long. I want you to go for larger game.

Three years ago I availed myself of the privilege Uncle Sam extends to all his sons, and homesteaded 160 acres in northern Minnesota. I got my supplies at Tower and traveled to my claim by canoe. For six months I don't think I slept a dozen nights under a roof and I enjoyed every minute. We portaged, and ran rapids, and poled up them again, hunted and fished, enjoying the best of health, till it is a wonder we ever forsook the wild free life.

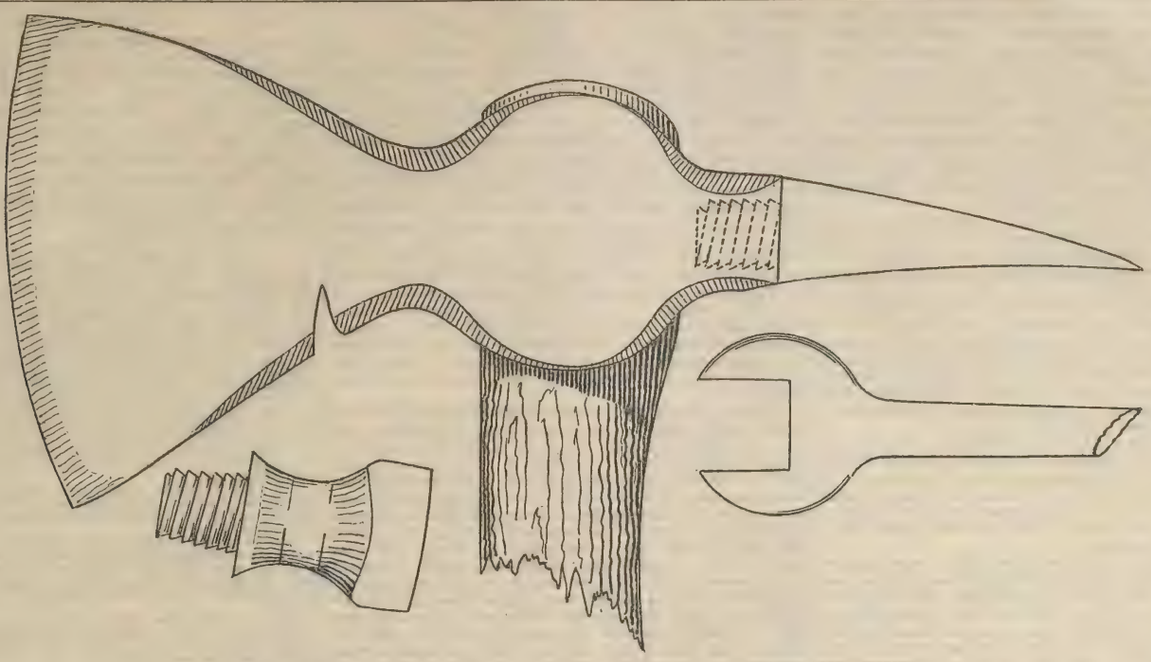
From Duluth go to Tower about Sept. 1. It is only half a day's run over the Duluth & Iron Range R.R. You can get a good guide for from $1.50 to $2.00 per day, your birch canoe will cost from $5 to $10. You will do well to be prepared for both large and small game, for you must know you are going to the home of the moose and caribou. Go twenty-five miles or one day's paddle through Vermillion Lake to Wa-ke-mow-up's portage. The trail leads you to the "Little Fork" of the Rainy River. If you are there anywhere near Sept. 1, I will guarantee that you can't paddle down the stream one day without seeing a moose standing in the edge of the water. You may see a deer, a bear or a caribou, but a moose you are almost sure of. At least such was my experience and I ought to know. On the portage and in fact everywhere along the river you can get good shooting. There are any quantity of ruffed grouse, spruce partridges, rabbits and pinnated grouse. The country is timbered with silver birch, poplar, spruce and balsam, and is full of openings, making it good ground for working dogs. If you don't know how, your guide will show you how to make a balsam bed that you will want to take back to civilization.

Here it is in a nutshell. Within a day's canoe travel of the railroad you get into the best moose country in the world. The water is full of pickerel and pike and the woods swarm with small game. Any novice who tries may shoot a moose there.

R. G. M.

WORCESTER, Mass., Nov. 17, 1888.—At a meeting last evening of members of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club it was voted to omit the annual hunt this year. It was also voted to have the annual game supper on Monday evening, Nov. 26, and that A. B. F. Kinney, E. S. Knowles, Major S. G. White, Gilbert J. Rugy and E. F. Snow be the committee of arrangements. Messrs. Chas. Crompton, Dr. W. P. Bowen, G. N. Wheeler, Eben Jewett, A. G. Larkin, A. E. Davis, J. Kennedy and C. R. Holman were admitted as members.

DAKOTA GEESE.—Eureka, Dak., Nov. 9.—On Nov. 4 J. E. Regan, Geo. C. Knickerbocker and myself took a morning with the geese. We left Eureka at 8:30 A. M. and drove five miles, returning at 4 P. M. with thirty-five geese and brant, among which were one snow goose and nine Canadas.—W. BACH.



HUNTING HATCHET WITH INTERCHANGEABLE HEAD AND PIKE.

HUNTING HATCHET.

BEAVER, Pa., Oct. 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Early in the summer I wrote you asking for design of hatchet. You kindly sent me the address of the maker of the double blade or Nessmuk hatchet. Thinking the matter over, I wrote you in reply (and you kindly (?) published it) that "I did not like the hatchet, as there was nothing to drive nails with, or to dig with for that matter," and that I would get up one of my own and send you outline sketch of it as soon as completed. Please find it inclosed. The pike is square, hole the same, just back of the head, so as to fit the wrench. The head may be used in and around camp putting up bunks, etc. And when you go on a hunt, by the proper application of the wrench, you can in a very short time have a hatchet that will be of great use, should you wish to climb a tree, dig a hole, go prospecting or administer the *coup de grâce* to a badly wounded buck or bear. The hatchet is not patented, and should any brother hunter fancy my idea I will take pleasure in having one made for him. Mine is made of finest steel, and in such a way that the head will not jam or stick. I hope "Nassmuk" will pardon the criticism. G. A. SCROGGS, M.D.

THE WOODCOCK SUPPLY.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As I have shot woodcock here for the last fifteen seasons and have been a close observer of the movements of the birds, I will give Mr. Lathrop the benefit of my observations about here. I do not find as many woodcock as I used to ten or fifteen years ago, but I have seen very little change in numbers in the past five or six years. The year 1885 was a good season, 1886 not as good, 1887 better than any season of late, and 1888 fully up to the average for the past six years. I consider the best shooting here the last week in September and the first week in October, but in some seasons birds are quite plenty all through October. The birds began to move southward very early this season on account of the cold weather and cold storms, and I am inclined to think that the best flight passed Springfield, Mass., before they were expected. The birds were most numerous here the past season from Sept. 22 to Oct. 5, and my largest bag was twelve woodcock on Sept. 29.

My observations go to show that woodcock begin to move southward in cold, wet seasons like the one just past, early, and are gone before they are expected in many localities. I have shot about twice a week the past season and have killed seventy woodcock alone, not including grouse and birds killed by companion.

N. A. PLUMMER.

BRATTLEBORO, Vermont, Nov. 16.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I see a good number of the correspondents of the FOREST AND STREAM are wondering where the woodcock have gone this year. Some say the blizzard killed them, while others think that too much shooting is the trouble; and, as is the case in a controversy like this, sportsmen don't agree. So I have still another theory, perhaps I might call it a theorem, for certainly it is to be proven, whether correct or not.

Going back to the early shooting this season, I am very confident that there were more woodcock on my preserve, which is entirely a woodcock cover, than there have been for two previous seasons. I have also made extensive investigations in western Connecticut and find this: that for the past six or eight years there have been no woodcock raised in this locality to speak of, and that all the woodcock sportsmen could get here were flight birds; but this year seems to have been an exception—the covers were well stocked with woodcock; and trout fishers and others, who had occasion to go through them, found them in unusual numbers in the summer time, and up almost to Oct. 1. In fact, a Mr. Kinney, on Schtacoke Mountain in the southwestern part of Litchfield county, investigated the matter in September and reported to my friend Northrup that he could easily move 30 to 50 woodcock in a day—an almost unheard of thing for that locality. I found the same state of things all over the county, but on Oct. 1, when we tried for them, they had gone, and instead of the 30 or 50 native woodcock promised by Mr. Kinney, we actually moved 7 very wild flight birds. I found the birds in my Massachusetts cover very wild, and moving as early as the middle of September, or immediately after the second heavy frost; and the freeze of the morning of Sept. 29 set them all humming for warmer climes, and, aside from a few flights of birds which were old-fashioned indeed in numbers, there have been but few seen except stragglers.

About the middle of October (the 16th I believe) Mr. Bevan, of Winsted, found a very large flight and moved, as reported, 25 or 30 birds in one small piece. On Oct. 30 he encountered another large flight, killing 21 birds. I believe a few scattering birds could be had for the hunting any day up to the present time, but not in such numbers as are usually met with, with the exception of the two notable flights above referred to.

Now this is my theory about the matter, that for some unknown reason the woodcock did not go as far north this season as usual, stopping in Connecticut to breed inetead of going further north. Again, the heavy frosts of September, which were very severe, started the birds earlier than usual, therefore the larger part of the birds were gone before sportsmen knew that they were moving or even had a chance to shoot at all in Connecticut. Lastly, if these sorrow-stricken ones will wait patiently till our long-billed friends return, I think they will find them as plenty as usual, and by using discretion and only killing a few each year, they will be made to last a great deal longer than we do. NOTLIKS.

COLEBROOK, Conn., November.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have noticed one or two articles in the FOREST AND STREAM regarding the failure of the flight of woodcock, and they have been of a very discouraging nature. Possibly a note or two from my book of remembrances on hunting will be of a more cheerful nature. I have hunted woodcock for a longer or shorter, "usually longer," period each season for the past eight years. This season I enjoyed the sport but two days, Oct. 22 and 23. Mr. T. H. B. was my companion. The result of our trip was twenty-three woodcock, two quail and one gray squirrel. Our hunting ground was in Dingletown, Mass. Now, my dear brother sportsman, don't look on your map for the town of Dingletown, as this is only a local name. My past record shows no two consecutive days with a "diminution" total equal to the two days of the present season. I am inclined to think the great amount of rain this fall has saved many a woodcock's life; what has been good fall ground in past seasons has this year in many places been from one to four inches under water, and the birds seeking other cover have safely run the gauntlet.

A. B. C.

BOSTON, Mass.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am perfectly satisfied that the failure of the woodcock crop results from the deadly telegraph wires. Who has not found dead and crippled birds under the wires, where they are destroyed while making their flight in the night? I know of a great many birds that have been found by other parties than myself. I found the first one twenty years ago, and have found several since. It is useless to try to estimate how many of these beautiful game birds are destroyed that are never found. As long as the wires keep up their silent, deadly work, we will not have any woodcock, unless we can get the woodcock to migrate by daylight or have the wires placed underground.

The English snipe shooting this fall has been a failure here, but that is easily accounted for. It has rained about every day, and the upland has been so wet the birds could not feed without resorting to the lowland. I flushed them on the stubbles, where I never saw them before.

ALFRED A. FRASER.

THE CEDARS, Oakdale, Long Island.

FOLLOW UP A MAY-BE-HIT BIRD.—Gorham, N. H., Nov. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In last week's issue Sus Q. Hannah makes mention of a number of ruffed grouse getting away with the loss of a bunch of feathers. I have once this fall and two or three times last fall had fair shots at birds without in the least, seemingly, to touch a feather, but upon following up the direction in which they flew the dog has found them dead and brought them to me. I think it is a good rule to always follow up a bird at which you have had a good shot without stopping it.—H. F. M.

MISSOURI GAME INTERESTS.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Nov. 17.—The duck shooters were finally rewarded by a fair flight of ducks the fore part of the present week. The Manitoba wave, which the signal service predicted, came, and with it came the web-feet. While they were here good sport was had on them, and a few good bags were reported. They did not remain very long because the weather became warm, and the ducks departed with the same suddenness that they came.

Heretofore they have been in the habit of remaining among us for quite a little while in the fall of the year when they did make their appearance, as usually the food in the lakes hereabouts is most plentiful. But now they don't seem to have any use for this locality whatever. They come, but they don't stay. They evidently have no great love for this part of the country, and give it the grand go-by.

A party of gentlemen went up to the Grand Pass game preserve, which is located about eighty-three miles above here on the Illinois River, the latter part of last week, and had fair sport. They returned a few days ago with quite a good bag of ducks.

Another party took in the Ellsberry grounds, which are located sixty-two miles above here in this State, with fair success. When they landed at the Union Depot they could produce but thirty-two ducks and a few snipe. Considering that they were gone but one day, this was doing quite well.

Reelfoot Lake reports poor shooting so far this season. There is a party of nimrods from this city down there and they are having very little shooting at ducks. In a letter from one of the gentlemen to a friend here he states that they have had no shooting to speak of yet. They have now been down there about ten days and expect to remain that length of time or longer.

Quail are plentiful in the vicinity, and as there are no ducks the party writes that they are putting in most of their time on them with good results.

Fishing is also fair, and the gentlemen are whiling away part of their idle time angling.

A snow is anxiously awaited by the field sportsmen in this city to break down the prolific growth of weeds that at present very much interferes with the successful pursuit of the quail. There are quite a good many in this locality, but it is very unsatisfactory to hunt them while the weeds remain in their present thick state.

A gentleman who was out on a hunt for them during the week, says it is very tiresome to try to make one's way through the weeds. Why, he said, I walked through a field while I was out, which was not more than a quarter mile across, and when I reached the opposite side I was as completely worn out as though I had been knee deep in mud all day. He said that his dog found a few coveys of birds, but could do nothing with them to speak of on account of the weeds. It is not only hard work for a person to make his way through the weeds, but is also very hard on a dog. A dog can run through them, but has to leap up continually and make his way along in that way. Now, of course, as any one can imagine, this is too much to expect of a dog, and a sportsman who thinks anything of his dog at all will not give him much of such work. A little of it goes a long way.

He also reports having seen many half-grown birds, which he allowed to fly away without shooting at them. This fact is remarkable, and why it is so cannot be explained in any other way than that the wet weather in this section of the country last spring retarded their breeding.

Among a shipment of birds from Kansas, which was received by a firm of game dealers on Third street a few days ago, there were many small birds. This firm received on last Monday and Tuesday over 300 dozen alone from the above State. There was a heavy fall of snow out there, and it is quite evident from the number shipped here that the market shooters had a great bonanza slaughtering them.

Just so long as the East puts the premium on game that it does, just so long can there be found parties out there who will get game, no matter how they get it, to supply the markets of the East. It is quite certain that of all the quail shipped from Kansas last season, which probably would exceed a thousand dozen, not one-third of them were shot, but driven into a net, and then caught and killed, to be sent to the Eastern market, where they sell for $3 a dozen.

While visiting one of the large gun stores in this city a day or two ago, your correspondent overheard a conversation between a gentleman and one of the clerks in the place that fairly made his blood boil with rage. The gentleman was a wholesale business man in the city, and one of his customers had written to his house to get quotations on quail nets. The clerk politely informed him that they did not keep them, and therefore could not give him prices on them. That is the way the quail are secured to supply the rich people of the East who never give the subject of game protection a thought, neither do they care how soon it is exterminated.

The protection of game here in the West is becoming quite a serious subject, and the sooner the sportsmen take it up the better. If they don't make some effort to have them better protected than they are now it won't be long before it will be necessary to offer a reward to obtain a quail out in this part of the country. What is wanted is a staff of game wardens, the same as are to be found in some of the Eastern States. They should be paid by the State and have nothing to look after but the protection of game and fish. They should be metropolitan officers with authority to make arrests in any part of the State, and they should be severely charged to keep a vigilant lookout for all infractions of the game laws.

The Missouri Game and Fish Protective Association is going to introduce a bill for the establisment of such a constabularly during this coming session this winter. A delegation of prominent field sportsmen are going up to Jefferson City when the Legislature meets for the purpose of placing the much-needed measure before that body in a proper manner.

From information obtained from the largest game dealers in this State, men who are supplying the markets in the East, and from the officers of the various sportsmen's associations in many counties, it is asserted that Missouri has a greater supply of game and fish than any State in the Mississippi Valley. That a reasonable protection will greatly increase the resources of free food for our people there is no denying.

The bill in question is drafted after a similar one adopted by the State of New York and provides for the appointment by the Governor of a Commissioner whose duties shall be the enforcement of the fish and game laws. He is to have as assistants two game wardens in each county, who are to report to him all violations of the laws against fish and game.

The Legislature is requested to appropriate $10,000 to defray the expenses of the Commissioner and necessary wardens.

If this bill be passed it will be one of the best measures yet adopted in this State for the protection of our fish and game. With the present means of taking care of fish and game nothing can ever be accomplished, because there is no one who will interest himself in it enough to give any time to it.

Legislatures can go on passing laws for the protection of game until doomsday, and no good will ever result from them if there are no officers to see that they are properly enforced. What is wanted in this State is game wardens, and all sportsmen should interest themselves in the bill to be presented to the Legislature this coming session, and make every effort to have it passed and become a law. Capt. H. C. West, who is one of the committee which drafted the bill, is working hard to bring it to the notice of the people of this State, and should it be fortunate enough to pass, much credit will be due him for his untiring efforts in behalf of it. UNSER FRITZ.

WESTERN MASSACHUSETTS FOX CLUB.

AND this is Chester, well known politically, where district conventions are held and politicians of both parties set up or knocked down, as results may prove, and famous for its emery mines, granite paving blocks, white quartz rock from (the ground product of) which sandpaper is made. And still Chester is not happy. Her ambition craves further renown—and gets it. How? you ask. By the pluck and enterprise of a few men who met and organized the Western Massachusetts Fox Club, appointed Nov. 15 for their inaugural (annual) meet, sent out invitations to their friends liberally, and prepared themselves to receive, provide for and entertain all who might come. Quite an undertaking, one would say, knowing size of the village; but with two good hotels, and citizens generally putting their "spare" rooms at disposal of the club, all had excellent sleeping accommodations and plenty to eat.

Chester lies like a lump of sugar in a coffee-cup—surrounded on all sides by high hills, across which it seems as though Brooklyn Bridge would almost span, leaving the little hamlet 500 or 600ft. below it. Stepping from the train to the platform of the station on the evening of the 13th (Tuesday) my attention was at once attracted to what seemed a bank of clouds very black about 20 degrees above the horizon and reaching entirely around. A strange effect it gave with the bright moon and starry sky above; but I was quickly set right. "Them's hills, not clouds."

A delegate from the reception committee met and conducted us at once to the rink, a spacious old wooden building, like many others of its kind all over the country, standing monuments of the roller skating fever of a few years ago—a capital place for the purpose, and here the club made headquarters. We were received cordially by the officers and members and at once assigned sleeping and eating quarters. Everything seemed to be done in a systematic manner, no friction, all working harmoniously. "Any dogs come on your train?" "Yes, four." "Good, that makes sixteen here and more coming." It had been decided to divide the party into squads, each squad to go to a different locality under command of some one familiar with the sport and country, Mr. Perkins of Springfield taking our party to his old and favorite grounds toward Becket, Mr. Otis another to a large hill called "Old Gobble," and so on.

Mr. Dwight Smith, a conductor on the B. & A. R. R., born and raised here, knowing the ground well, an enthusiastic and successful follower of reynard, and under whom your correspondent enlisted, chose for his ground Mount Abby, only a step from the hotel, beginning its ascent at the platform of railroad depot. Pointing his finger at a point on the hill he says: "There's a burrow right there that five foxes were raised in and they are all around there yet."

Good-nights had been pretty generally spoken, but not feeling quite ready for bed I joined the members of the committee, who were to meet the midnight train and receive any late ones who might come. Standing on the platform at the station I heard a hound's voice on the hillside only a short distance away. Soon a gun was heard and some of our party directly put in an appearance with a plump coon. The train comes booming in and four men with two dogs are added to the quota and quickly disposed of, and all seek their beds, to be awakened at 5 o'clock in the morning by the hunter's horn ringing out its mellow music on the stillness. The sky is clear, air cold and crisp, heavy white frost covering everything; the weather clerk up to this time has been kind to the boys, and a perfect day for the sport is assured. Breakfast is soon eaten, lunches stowed away in pockets, all is ready and away we go. One party only by team, as they wish to go four or five miles before putting the dogs out. The other squads shouldered guns and followed their leader each to his chosen locality. For our own party, within twenty minutes after leaving the hotel we had a fox running and could hear the hounds of the party on "Gobble," just across the river from us, driving furiously.

Who can tell the rest of this story? Who would if they could? not I, your humble correspondent. Should we tell how one killed his fox, we ought to tell how his next neighbor missed one; how perhaps a novice, seeing reynard for the first time, felt his breath getting shorter, and heart thumping louder as he watched him coming on, growing in size at every jump until he looked as large as a yearling calf, and a halo around him big as a circus ring, and a good deal more going on inside, and how finally with muzzle of gun describing a circle, he shut both eyes and pulled trigger; and how another when the fox came suddenly on him in the brush shot both barrels into the air, and then saw the old fellow within easy gun shot; or the other fellow who stepped out from his ambush just in time to turn the fox, or left his stand to visit or borrow a chew of to acco from a neighbor, while reynard took this time to cross his stand. Then there is the veteran, the old stager, who has hunted and killed too many of them to lose his head, and can look over his gun at a fox as calmly as he could sight at a knot in a pine board. When these old fellows "set the iron on," and pull trigger their hand goes instinctively down into their breeches pocket for the jack-knife before smoke has cleared away, and then start to take the pelt off.

It is enough to know that there were seven foxes honestly killed this day and seven handsome pelts to show for it, among them (and the first fox killed) was a beautiful gray, I think the largest and handsomest skin I ever saw taken about here. Two of the red ones killed I called good-sized, but this one was very much larger at all points, fur coarser than the rest, color a solid gray with tinge of red on the brush, no mark of the cross fox whatever. He was killed ahead of President Roraback's young hound—and a promising one he is (only fourteen months old).

I said I wouldn't tell who killed a fox, but excuse me if I reconsider in this instance. Uncle Sam Otis, a veteran of seventy-six years (and I would pick him out as one of the "old stagers" previously mentioned), was the happy one to get first blood, and that the beautiful gray one. And very happy it made the old man, too. Addressing him familiarly as I had heard others do—"Well, Uncle Sam, you killed the gray one." "Yes, sir, I did, and I feel ten years younger than I did this morning. This morning I was all bent over, look at me now." And straightening himself up, with shoulders thrown back, and calling my attention to a button-hole bouquet put on by the ladies, he told me just how he did it. "First time he came around, gun missed fire, caps wa'nt well on; but the fox heard the gun snap, so thought I would change my place, as he wouldn't probably run there again; so moved further down into the swamp, and next time he came around I gave it to him." It would do you good to have seen the old man's eyes shine as he told his story, and if the club had accomplished nothing more, they have made him very happy; if his life is not prolonged from this day's sport, he has certainly had a cup of joy poured into it that will not cease to bubble while life lasts.

At 6:30 P. M. all started for the rink, where a bountiful supper was spread. About 150 members and guests sat down; all were hungry; the supper was good; plenty of it, followed by cigars, speech making, music, whist, etc.

Thursday the weather clerk gave us tears instead of smiles. The morning opened drizzly and nasty, and soon settled into a drenching rain, though a few ventured out and one fox was killed. All soon got under cover and kept the house for the rest of the day. So closed the inaugural meet of the W. M. F. C., said to be the largest of the kind in the United States. The club has a right to congratulate itself. The meet has proved in every sense a success, and we hope and believe the club has come to stay. It was voted to make it a permanent organization and the following officers were elected:

Geo. W. Roraback, President; F. S. Gross, Vice-President; Dr. O. J. Shepardson, Secretary; C. D. Smith, Treasurer. Executive Committee—S. C. Burten of Pittsfield, F. N. Pease of Lee, E. T. Slocum of Pittsfield, F. S. Hazar of Westfield, R. B. Crane of Westfield, J. H. Casey of Lee, R. M. Fairfield of Holyoke, E. A. Perkins, Wm. M. Williams and Gurdon Bill of Springfield.

The following were registered on the club's books: Springfield—Gurdon Bill, Charles Bill, Nathan D. Bill, D. J. Marsh, H. L. Niles, E. A. Perkins, J. Dwight Smith, Henry S. Dickinson, Charles L. Chapin, W. P. Leshure, F. H. Williams, Wm. W. Williams, E. H. Williams, Geo. B. Clark, W. H. Clark, E. C. Thomas, A. H. Hardy, Howard P. Merrill. Westfield—B. R. Holcomb, C. O. Kinsley, M. Quance, Chauncey Allen, B. N. Crane, R. D. Gillett, F. S. Hagar, Frank Pomeroy, Frank Taylor. Lee—A. C. Brace, Fred Birnie, J. H. Casey, John Daly, Theman Foote, H. N. Horton, Chas. H. Morgan, Thos. Norton, F. N. Pease, J. B. Shultis, John Stallman, J. A. Tamer. Pittsfield—C. E. Hibbard, John H. Manning, Henry Manning, Dr. S. C. Burton. Great Barrington—J. E. Benton. Hinsdale—F. W. Strong. Housatonic—Charles Pease. West Stockbridge—A. E. Harris. Blandford—A. F. Knox, Fred Willis. Williamsburg—John Kelso. Chesterfield—James Kelso. Leeds—Albert L. Church. Middlefield—John Tracy. Dalton—J. H. Adams. Suffield, Waldo S. Knox, Wallace Knox. Worcester—Charles L. Allen. New York city—Chauncey Bowen St. Paul, Minn.—F. P. Wright. W. M. W.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., Nov. 19.

GUNNING AT COHASSET.—Cohasset, Mass., Nov. 17.—The cooting season this year has been a decided failure. The best record made has been of a trifle over 200 birds, while men who ordinarily kill from 200 to 300 birds have only got from 50 to 100. A couple of red-throated loons have been killed, which are quite rare here, and two brant have been shot, both being single ones. The prevailing idea seems to be that the cold spring prevented the eggs from hatching, as there have been no young birds. The best record for one day is 28, on a rough easterly. Old squaws are quite plenty and there is a small flight almost every day, though most gunners have left in disgust.—E. C. H.

TO CONNECTICUT SPORTSMEN.

HARTFORD, Conn., Nov. 16, 1888.—The object of this letter is to call your earnest and careful attention to our association. This association, as its name implies, was formed to protect game and fish from illegal capture, sale or shipment and for no other purpose. The Connecticut Association of Farmers and Sportsmen for the Protection of Game and Fish was organized for the strict and equitable enforcement of our game and fish laws—not for any learned monographs on our game and fishes, the nomenclature of which is left to those versed in our fauna.

Every one who goes afield for legitimate recreation with rod and gun should act spiritedly and promptly with us. We want a large membership of farmers, shooters and anglers—our interests are mutual. It certainly behooves all who wish to have our game and fish laws enforced to join our association at once. Sympathy is a good thing (at times), but it does not enforce the law—neither does breezy talk.

We want financial support, and very much depends on your hearty co-operation. The game laws will not enforce themselves and every one who wishes to protect our game and fish ought to act promptly with us.

It costs money to hire skilled detectives—sympathy does not work to any advantage here—it's dollars that keeps the ball rolling. We want enthusiastic workers, will you become one? We want the name and address of every sportsman in the State—send us the names of your friends that may be interested in game protection.

The Connecticut Association of Farmers and Sportsmen for the Protection of Game and Fish should be welcomed by every farmer, shooter and angler in the State. A spirited campaign must be inaugurated against the violators of our game and fish laws. We desire help, can we have it?

The expenses are mainly for employing detectives "who get there," the officers and directors of the association work gratuitously.

The Connecticut Association of Farmers and Sportsmen for the Protection of Game and Fish means to stop all illegal capture of game and fish in Connecticut—a large undertaking, but we must and can do it. If every farmer, shooter and angler will put his shoulders to the wheel we can do the work.

The game and fish laws are practically of no earthly use unless the law-abiding citizens combine and enforce them. The benefits of our association are tenfold over what individuals can attain. The membership fee is $1 (farmers are admitted free). There is work for all who love legitimate sport with rod and gun, will you help us?

Trusting for your prompt and hearty approval and early remittance to Mr. Allen Willey, secretary (editor of the *Globe*), Hartford, Conn., or to any officer or director, which will be promptly acknowledged, we are respectfully yours,

Connecticut Association of Farmers and Sportsmen for the Protection of Game and Fish, by A. C. COLLINS, Pres.

The officers are: Abbott C. Collins, President, Hartford, Conn.; Charles J. Parker, Vice-President, New Britain, Conn.; Allen Willey, Secretary, Hartford, Conn.; Dr. N. W. Holcombe, Treasurer, Simsbury, Conn. Directors: Hon. Geo. P. McLean, Hartford, Conn.; Hon. Joseph W. Alsop, Middletown, Conn.; Hon. J. C. Chamberlin, Bridgeport, Conn.; Hon. H. O. Dimock, Rockville, Conn.; Mr. Geo. A. Reed, Chaplin, Conn.; Mr. Horace O. Stanard, Norfolk, Conn.; Mr. Z. R. Robbins, Norwich, Conn.; Mr. F. W. Whitlock, Waterbury, Conn.

Sea and River Fishing.

HIS HIGHNESS SALVELINUS NAMAYCUSH.

(*Concluded from Page 327.*)

ONE writer says of fishing: "The quality of sport is in the ratio of the delicacy of the tackle to the strength and play of the fish." My first fishing for lake trout was done with a hook made by a blacksmith from a rat-tail file, as mentioned by Brown, and the "rural cod line and heavy sinker," as mentioned by other writers. A block of wood was anchored in the deeper part of a lake by a rope, or more generally the bark of a tree cut in strips and tied together to mark the place of your future fishing. This was the buoy, and for several days the "buoy" was baited by throwing into the water about it bits of perch, sunfish and rock bass the size of an English walnut. The baiting was omitted for one day, and the next the place was ripe to fish. The blacksmith-forged hook, baited with a piece of fish, was let down to the bottom, a hundred or more feet, and kept in motion by a movement of the hand until a bite was felt, when a yank was given and, if hooked, the fish was drawn in, in the manner that the Irishman played the violin, by main strength. I use the past tense in writing of this style of fishing, though it is still in vogue in some parts of some waters. There was great fun in it for me at the time, and I presume I dignified it by the name of sport; but as I think of it now, and compare it to the mode of fishing for lake trout adopted in late years, I have my doubts about its having been scientific angling, and it is not to be wondered at perhaps if the writers of that period damned it with faint praise or damned it out and out. It was, however, a style of fishing upon which the fish kettle could rely for returns throughout the season with considerable certainty, the tackle was not expensive and the labor was slight; consequently it was resorted to by those people who lived near the trout lakes, and visitors from a distance depended upon the baited buoys of a resident for lake trout or satisfied themselves with other kinds of fish. It will be noticed that while the "buoys" were baited with fish, that must of necessity have rested without motion upon the bottom, to insure success in catching trout the baited hook had to be kept in constant motion. Few if any species of game fish will take a stationary dead bait, and I wondered at this apparent contradiction at the time and since; but when afterward, while watching fish in an aquarium, I saw them blow dead food from the bottom and seize it while in motion, I considered the problem solved.

The lake trout inhabit the deepest parts of the lesser lakes, and in all waters are a deep-water fish, and, like others of the salmon family native to the Atlantic slope, they spawn in the fall, beginning in the month of October. The spawning beds are made on shoals in midlake, if such exist, rather than on the shores of the mainland. The lake trout are the first of all the salmon family to be affected by a high temperature, and they come up out of the cool depths of the lake into the warmer surface water only in the fall and in the spring as soon as the ice disappears. This is the rule; the exception is when driven by a scarcity of food in deep water they come on to the shal

lows in search of it. The favorite food of the lake trout is the whitefish, but in the absence of the whitefish, perch, sunfish and rock bass come not amiss to satisfy their hunger.

In the latter part of April or first of May, before the ice has entirely disappeared, there are sometimes open places near the shores, in the channels or between islands, and in them the lake trout may be seen rolling at the surface, entirely out of reach of the angler. When the lake is cleared of ice is the time for the lake trout fisher's harvest, for then the fish may be all over the surface of the lake, but generally at the surface over deep water. They may remain "up" a month or six weeks, and by up I do not mean directly at the surface of the water, but somewhere between the bottom and the surface. Ten days or two weeks is, I think, the limit of time when they are actually at the surface to see and take a bait trolled without a sinker.

What brings the lake trout to the top of the water in the spring? I think it is chiefly because their favorite food is there at that time, and in addition to that perhaps they like a holiday to roll in the sunshine after their long imprisonment by Jack Frost, fill their maws with flies that they do not get at the bottom, and celebrate generally but circumspectly. The matter-of-fact scientist will, of course, say that the lake trout is not given to painting the surface red even in a mild or hydropathic manner, so we must fall back upon the food question. When the trout are up the whitefish are also up, and very interesting the trout makes it for the whitefish. If the lake is smooth, schools of whitefish may be seen disturbing the surface in every direction, and occasionally a mighty swirl in one of the schools indicates that Duke *Namaycush* hath dined. The whitefish are from two inches to fifteen inches in length, and sometimes a dozen of the larger ones may be seen in the air at once, and they may continue jumping for the space of ten to twenty yards, which is an indication that *Namaycush* is hungry. The smaller whitefish from one to two inches do not jump from the water when pursued by the trout, and it would almost seem as if they followed the example of "Brer Tarrepin" who "sot and tuk it," for when a trout is knocked on the head he may throw out a dozen of these little fish. The members of a school of whitefish appear all of the same size. If one is eight inches all are eight inches; if one is fifteen inches all are fifteen inches. I have never seen whitefish larger than what I called fifteen inches (of course these are all eye measurements) jump. Whitefish are much the best trout bait an angler can use, but they are only to be obtained from the belly of a trout that has just swallowed them, or picked up dead or injured on the surface. I will modify that. This year a man went out trolling, taking his gun to kill a gull for mounting; he caught no trout and finally blazed away at a gull and brought it down. The gull threw up two comparatively fresh whitefish, and with one of them this man hooked two trout of about twelve pounds each.

At times there appears on the water and in the air in May a small black fly, and they come in swarms. I was fishing one day when these flies covered everything; the water, the boat, the oarsman, myself and everything in the boat, and besides the air was filled. I caught several trout, and in each case in removing the hook I noticed that the mouths of the fish were fairly black with these small flies. The lake was perfectly smooth, and as usual I was watching in all directions for a trout to roll, thus breaking the surface. I had not and did not see a trout break the surface that afternoon and concluded as they were feeding on the flies that they must swim just beneath the surface and suck the flies into their mouths without disturbing the water in a manner to be observed by the eye of the watching angler.

The brown trout of Europe (*S. fario*) and our own *fontinalis* have been credited on occasions with doing this silent work on floating insects, but as every trout fisherman knows it is not their usual way of taking a fly, real or counterfeit. As to the modern tackle for lake trout trolling I can do no better perhaps than to relate the particulars of my last fishing in May of this year. The best obtainable bait for lake trout is the gold shiner or bream (*Notemigonus chrysoleucus*—a name about seven times as long as the fish), and by obtainable I do not mean that they are as plentiful as blackberries. Each year it requires a deal of hustling to get bait, but this year a friend told me he had a thousand good shiners and they were at my disposal. The ice went out of Lake George, N. Y., this year April 29, but the following days were so cold, stormy and windy that it would have been unpleasant fishing, provided the trout were in the mood to do their part. It was not until May 11 that I drove out to get the bait preparatory to going to Lake George the next day. I found the bait all dead because of a storm two days before, which washed out a little dam on this brook and left the bait box high and dry. It rained while I was coming home and, altogether the immediate future was not promising for trout.

That evening Judge Ranger, his son Mr. William F. Ranger, and the writer held a meeting that was in harmony with nature, as it was stormy, and decided to order the horses for the next day at noon, and "if the breechin' held" we would sleep the next night on Ranger Island, bait or no bait. The Judge was in poor health, and to some men in his condition a drive of twenty miles in a carriage, followed by a row of three in a boat, would appear formidable, but what he lacked in health he more than made up in courage of the "pure grit" order. Before we reached Bolton, where we took the boat, we encountered a rainstorm, but during the row to the island the lake was smooth, the rain had ceased, and whitefish were seen breaking in every direction, with an occasional "boil" made by a rolling trout. The outlook for good fishing would have been fair had we been provided with bait. Not a boatman in Bolton had bait, but one had gone that day for shiners and we left word for him to bring us some if he proved successful. The next day was Sunday, and rainy, and while putting rods together on the ample piazza of the cottage I heard the noise of oars, and looking in the direction of Bolton saw a man in oilskin hat and coat rowing toward the island. I said to Billy Ranger, "That is 'Wint' Finkle's stroke, but I don't recognize the oilskins."

It was "Wint" Finkle, and he had thirty gold shiners for us, and our agony was over. I told "Wint" that he looked more like a Gloucester than a Lake George fisherman, and he admitted that it was a fairly good guess, as the oilskins had just been sent to him from New Bedford by Mr. Julian, for whom Lake George trout hath a charm. It rained most of the day, Sunday; the clouds light gray and somewhat broken in the morning, seemed to betoken a change of some sort, and the change came with a vengeance at noon, when the wind came cold out of the north, in fitful puffs, piling the clouds up in somber masses and causing the waves to break on the shore in a manner to send a shiver to one's marrow. With one accord we sought the cottage stove. Two hours before sunset we noticed an opening of deep blue in the dark clouds above the hills in the west; from above downward in this space radiated fan-like sprays of soft gray mist, and we waited and watched for the sun to descend into the space that we knew was prepared for its presence. At last it appeared full of fire and glorious, and when it had slowly disappeared behind the hills there came the afterglow. Shining purple, gold-edged, umbrella-shaped clouds, singly and in masses, took the place of the orb of day; the deep blue of the heavens turned to pink and gleamed with promise for the morrow, while the dark clouds north and south dissolved into innumerable puffballs. In the twinkling of an eye fantastic cloud figures and shapes in lavender and pink and gold and royal purple, peopled and filled the space from hills to zenith, and we watched, lost in silent admiration, until the crescent moon of silver floated from behind the mountains, and we knew that the jig was up; the sunset was over.

Monday opened auspiciously, the sun was bright and warm, the sky cloudless and the water smooth. I was up early and made a breakfast of coffee and eggs, and when Fred Dagles, my boatman, appeared I was ready. Fred is the son of Anthony, and Anthony is the good-natured giant who was introduced to the pages of FOREST AND STREAM not long ago in a sketch entitled, "A Pond That Nobody Knows." My fishing outfit consisted of two rods, reels, lines and a double gaff hook. One rod was a split-bamboo 10ft. long and 10oz. in weight, the other was a foot longer and an ounce heavier. The reels were both multipliers and the lines were, one E, the other F. Each line was furnished with a leader of single gut 9ft. long, and between the line and leader were several swivels. To one leader was fastened a metal spinner and to the other a minnow gang on flight of hooks. The gang is composed of three treble hooks and a lip hook, generally tied on single gut. The gaff hooks, one large and one small, are fastened back to back on the same staff. The shiner is fastened to the hooks of the gang so it will whirl in the water, and it is sewed on with linen thread so it will not be lost when a trout strikes it. The reason for the last named precaution is that I have known gold shiners to cost fifty cents each. The rods project from each side of the boat and at right angles until a fish strikes, when the engaged rod is taken in hand.

Monday morning Fred thought we would get about five trout; when we came in to lunch at 1 o'clock I had not had a strike, nor had the Judge, who, with his son Billy, started out to fish two hours after I did. While we were at lunch it began to rain, and after waiting a reasonable time for it to cease, I put on rubber clothing and went on the water. There was an hour's lull in the storm, at which time I had a strike. As I have quoted from Mr. Milner, the strike of the lake trout is a tug at the line, but it is a vigorous, determined tug, and requires close attention on the part of the angler with light tackle in order to save the fish. The trout that struck me proved to weigh 8¾lbs., and I hooked it on a 10oz. rod, and for half an hour I had as much to contend with as if it had been a black bass of the same size, except that the trout swims down and the bass jumps from the water. The most interesting time in catching a lake trout of fair size is when it is brought near the boat; then it is a give-and-take battle; long runs and short ones, until the fish is gaffed or it escapes. Scarcely was the trout in the boat when it again began to rain and continued until daylight the next morning. Two hours of cold rain without a strike and I went to the cottage. Tuesday was clear, but cold, and the water rough. In the morning I caught a trout of 7¼lbs., and in the afternoon one of 4lbs. In the evening I went out on the piazza to see what was promised for the next day; the glow-worms were having a picnic in the grass, Jupiter rose serenely above the mountains at the south, there was not a cloud to be seen, and everything was seemingly lovely.

Wednesday morning the wind was howling, the thermometer discouraged, the Judge sick and there was no pitch hot. Anthony came to row me in place of his son, but not a boat left the island for fishing that day. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon the wind went down, and if the Judge had not been so miserable I would have gone out, and had I done so I would have hit it, for as we learned later the trout were biting all over the lake from 4 o'clock till dark. Two 15lb. trout were taken that afternoon, and that is a big trout for Lake George. It was decided to return home Thursday; the Judge stormed, said he was well, that we need not worry on his account, that he wanted trout more than he wanted a doctor, but there were two against him and he came, but he did not yield.

The number of trout taken last May to my own rods is not a fair test of the capabilities of Lake George in the way of trout fishing. Fishing parts of six days I have caught thirty-two trout from 12lbs. down to 2lbs. each, and as many as eleven in one day. One year Billy Ranger caught four weighing 35lbs. in one afternoon. Last year the Judge caught two within an hour weighing 13½ and 10½lbs. each. On another occasion I caught three in succession, weighing as follows, and in this order, 12, 11 and 10½lbs. each. I think these specimen catches indicate fairly good fishing for a lake that does not grow large fish, 16lbs. being about the maximum weight of individual trout.

There is not such a vast difference between the play on the hook of the lake trout and the speckled trout. The latter at the time of taking a fly will jump above the surface of the water, which the former will not do in taking a bait or subsequently, and the speckled trout swims near the surface when hooked, while the lake trout bores downward, but there is not sufficient difference in their tactics when hooked to cause the *fontinalis* to stand with the elect and the *namaycush* to herd with the goats. In this latitude the lake trout fishing opens several weeks in advance of brook trout fishing, and the impatient angler is not slow to avail himself of the difference in time. Legally the season for the two species of trout opens on the same day, but while the trout of the lake are active and vigorous at that time, the trout of the snow water brooks have not overcome the lethargy of winter, and there is little more sport in catching them than there is in snaring suckers.

One thing about trout catching I have omitted, and that is the *coup de grace*, gaffing and thumping the fish on the head. The fish should be killed while on the gaff hook by a blow on the head with a short club. I have mentioned that my gaff hook was double, a large hook and a small one, for small trout must be gaffed if a gang is used, because the ten hooks of a gang in a landing net, agitated by a struggling fish, plays the dickens with the net. Unless I have great confidence in my boatman I gaff my own trout, for they are often but lightly hooked, and I put the gaff under the fish and draw upward and boatward. This is easier to do for a man who has but one hand disengaged than it is to strike downward in the water, because in the first named method the gaff handle extends under the forearm and exerts a great leverage in lifting. Another reason is that a trout at the sight of the gaff is apt to settle down in the water and if the gaff is under him he cannot avoid it, whereas if the gaff is over him he settles away from it. In my humble estimation, possibly from an untutored palate, the lake trout is much superior to the brook trout, cooked and on the table. I care not whether the brook trout are 6in. long or 3lbs. in weight, if both species are fresh from the water and in the best condition the lake trout is my meat. Let no one judge the edible qualities of the lake trout from the specimens found in the market stalls that have been out of the water from one week to three months, such an one is but a sorry caricature upon the freshly-caught, well-conditioned fish.

Occasionally there is caught in Lake George a trout shorter and deeper than his fellows of equal weight, with real salmon-colored flesh and with creamy curds between the flesh flakes. Such a fish has devoted his whole mind to his diet, and good living has changed his appearance; simply this and nothing more.

One year I cut my fishing short to return home to an entertainment under the old roof tree. I had scarcely got my traps into the house when my grandmother told me that she must have a salmon for the lunch the next day. I showed that it was impossible to telegraph to New York and get a salmon at the hour is was required, and disappointment reigned. Among the fish that I had brought home was one of these specially fed trout of 10½lbs. I asked for the list of the expected guests, and when I had read it I announced that I had a salmon that I had until that moment overlooked, and I advised that it be boiled and served cold, covered with mayonnaise and garnished with parsley, and placed before me to serve. Considering the occasion, I was only shaky about one of the men, for I knew he had eaten salmon from the Columbian River to New Brunswick, and he might be critical even in a friend's house. The only one who ever spoke of that fish to me was that very man, and it was when we were at table together and actually eating salmon, and he compared the real with the bogus, and the bogus won by a throat-latch. A. N. CHENEY.

GLENS FALLS, N. Y.

THE BIGGEST BASS IN LAKE GILES.

THIS beautiful sheet of water is situated in the heart of Pike county and is known as being the haunt of very large black bass. The fish, however, are very hard to catch, no bait having been found that will tempt them to any great extent. They have been tried with dobsons, helgramites, frogs, crickets, etc., with but moderate success, and though once in a while a big one is hooked, the average catch will run from ¾ to 3lbs. That the large bass are there is an undeniable fact, for fish weighing 5lbs. and over have been repeatedly seen swimming around the dock, but they seem totally oblivious to all lures.

On the particular morning in question my companion, S., and myself were lying stretched out in the boat, lazily enjoying our pipes and still-fishing. We had had but ordinary luck, our catch consisting of a half-dozen bass weighing a pound apiece, but as we had energetically waded a trout stream the previous day, we felt perfectly contented to lie and watch our rods and the surrounding scenery. Our reverie was suddenly broken by S. springing to his feet and grasping his rod, which threatened to disappear in the lake. As he was fishing with an eight-ounce Chubb rod he gave the fish plenty of time before striking. Upon his striking, the rod bent double, and I laughed at him, telling him he had caught bottom. "Have I," shouted he, as his rod began to perform all sorts of curves, "I've got the biggest bass in Lake Giles." For my part, I really thought he had a large fish, as the line began to run off with great rapidity, but what surprised me was that the fish did not break water; still, as it was heading for the deeper water, I came to the conclusion that he had a big one and no mistake.

At the end of about fifteen minutes' fighting, S. began to recover line, and after several tremendous struggles, during which I thought the tackle must give way, he shouted: "I see him; he's almost four feet long. I said: "Nonsense, you never saw a bass four feet long." But S. was right, the fish was four feet, but ye shades of Izaak Walton! what a fish! After S. got him within a few feet of the boat, he yelled, "It's an eel!" And a madder, more disgusted man could not be found in the entire county. An eel it was, sure enough, about four feet and a half long, as thick as one's forearm and weighing three and a half pounds. I laughed at S. till I almost fell overboard, and by the time S. got the eel in the boat—and the eel, rod, line, landing net and S. were mixed into a regular Chinese puzzle—I could laugh no more. The fun that S. had with that eel, or rather the fun that that eel had with S., was worth a small fortune to witness; it seemed as if he never could kill it, and when after about ten minutes S. held up the defunct eel in triumph, he was a sight to behold. His beautiful white flannel shirt was dotted with slime and blood, his line was in an inextricable snarl, and his spirit was far from saintly, and in fact the air had rather a sulphurous hue. S. vows to this day that I thought it was a bass and that he knew it was an eel all the time, and he only did what he did to fool me. I keep my own counsel, however, and think there was too much stern reality connected with the killing of that eel ever to make me imagine S. was fooling. Whenever the boys begin telling bass stories and S. chimes in I always beg the boys to have him tell them how he caught the biggest bass in Lake Giles, and forthwith S. looks at me in such an imploring way that I have never had the heart to relate his experience till the present day. JACK.

NEW YORK.

SILKWORM GUT AND LEADERS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

We shall be much obliged if you will give us space in your valuable columns to reply to Mr. Cheney's letter in your issue of Oct. 25, which reached us to-day. The subject of Mr. Cheney's letter is "Gut Leaders and Silkworm Gut," and as we have more of these articles passing through our hands than any other house in the world, and have obtained the highest award for silkworm gut at the exhibition of Murcia, Spain, we think we can speak with authority on this subject.

Mr. Cheney's letter seems to us very unfair to the fishing tackle dealers in the States. We do not wish to imply that Mr. Cheney is intentionally unfair, but he is certainly misinformed. We do not wish to dispute his assertion "that if the London dealers have the first whack at the gut crop, they are intelligent enough to take the cream of it." The London dealers do not, however, "have the first whack at the gut crop," and Mr. Cheney is mistaken in asserting that London is the chief market to which most if not all the dealers in fishing tackle are obliged to go for their silkworm gut.

We supply most of the best wholesale firms in the States, we deliver silkworm gut direct from our gut manufactory in Spain, and if any firm will pay the same price that we can get in London or elsewhere for our best grades they can be sure of being as well served as the London houses are.

There is no more difficulty in being supplied with good gut leaders than there is in being supplied with good gut, and many of the best firms are trying to induce their customers to adopt higher class grades than those usually in demand. The following letter which we have lately received from Messrs. Reuben Wood's Sons, to whom we had sent some strong salmon leaders, known as 115 D.M. quality, will suffice to illustrate the efforts that are being made on the part of the dealers and to show that, if they do not always stock the higher grades, the fault is more with their customers than with them.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Oct. 20, 1888.—*Messrs. S. Allcock & Co., Redditch, Eng.*—Gentlemen: The No. 115 D.M. gut leaders were received and in good shape, which we have tested particularly together ourselves and a few fishermen in this section whom we shared them with, and we think there will be created quite a demand for them next season. Yours very truly, (signed) REUBEN WOOD'S SONS.

In conclusion we beg to say that if Mr. Cheney or any of your readers will order from any respectable tackle dealer in the State exactly the quality of gut or gut leaders which they require, the dealer will have no more difficulty in procuring it for them than the best London house would have. S. ALLCOCK & CO.

STANDARD WORKS, Redditch, Nov. 8.

BOIS D'ARC RODS.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Nov. 6.—*Dr. M. G. Ellzey:* DEAR SIR—In looking over the back numbers of my FOREST AND STREAM I came upon an article of yours of July 8, 1886, in which you speak very highly of osage orange or bois d'arc for making fish rods. Being an amateur rod maker myself, I became much interested in this wood, and take the liberty of writing you concerning it. I should be very much obliged if you would give me information as to where to obtain it, also its cost and whether it is best to make a rod wholly of it or with a split-bamboo tip. Yours truly, H. S. W.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I receive constantly from all parts of the country letters similar to the one inclosed, asking information about the wood of the bois d'arc or osage orange for making fly-rods. I have replied to them privately hitherto, but as it seems so many are unfamiliar with this wood and its use, I beg space to reply to my present correspondent and others interested. I have a rod which I have used in all sorts of fishing for five seasons, which I made myself from this wood, and it has never been broken, nor has it to-day a particle of warp or set. It casts two bass flies 75ft. without difficulty, and I have killed great numbers of large bass and trout on it. I have used rods of all sorts, kinds and descriptions, and I have no doubt of the superiority of this wood over all other materials used in rod making. It is a marvel to me that professional rod makers ignore it. It seems to be thought it is a mere hedge plant, and so it is in the North; but in the Southwestern States it is a timber tree of great value. It is extensively used as posts for wire-fencing and in ordinary house carpentering, and especially for wagon building in that section; wagons made of it are worth thirty or forty dollars more than others. There can be no difficulty in getting ample supplies of it, say in northwestern Texas. It is utterly worthless for hedges, but planted for timber, is of most rapid growth, and not even locust is so durable. Why it is not better known I cannot conceive.

M. G. ELLZEY, M.D.

SPAWNING HABITS OF BLACK BASS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I consider it my duty to inform you and my fellow fishermen of a fact which came to my knowledge recently in regard to the gamy small-mouth bass. Sept. 23 last, I caught in the Oneida River, below Brewerton, some fine bass, one weighing over 4½lbs. When I dressed these fish five were females, and all of them were in a breeding condition; that is to say, the spawn sacks or bags were formed, and in those taken from the larger ones the eggs were plainly visible, the sacks varying in size from ¼in. in diameter by 2in. long, up to ½in. by 4in., which last came from the largest bass. Now, the curious thing about this is this. Bass do not spawn, according to the best authorities, until in May. These bass were caught in this condition about seven months before their spawning time. Query—How long are bass in this condition before spawning? Is the period with them the same as that of a human being? This find was a new thing to me, but it may not be to you, and it has caused many queries to arise in my mind. At any rate I should like to know whether or not it is a settled fact that bass are in this condition always in the month of September. If I had only caught one such female I should not have thought much about it. I and other fishermen here wish information and consider your paper the best source of supply. I GO A-FISHING.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Nov. 17.

[The eggs of the bass, as in most other fishes, begin to develop for the next season's spawning shortly after the breeding season is over, and as it takes a whole year to mature a crop of eggs, it is not strange to find the ovaries of a black bass partly developed in autumn nor those of the trout in the same condition in June. The eggs develop slowly during the first eight or nine months, and increase more rapidly afterward. The black bass in western New York and northward undergo a partial hibernation, and do not take much, if any, food during the winter. In the spring they begin to feed, and then as the water gets warmer the eggs develop more rapidly until they spawn in May or June.]

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 13.—I was in Jenney & Graham's gun store the other day and saw a fish hanging on the wall big enough for the original whale. It was a muscallonge, very nicely mounted, weight 43lbs., length 52½in. It was taken by Mr. Chas. E. Scott, of Freeport, Ill., at Big Twin Lake, Wisconsin, on an 8oz. split-bamboo rod, after a fight which lasted three hours and a half. The fish was finally shot before he could be landed. As mounted it is certainly a beautiful trophy.

Mr. J. M. Clark, a clear, dyed-in-the-wool enthusiast in bait-casting with the short lancewood rod, lets go of the fishing season mighty reluctantly. He swears off, but every bright, warm day makes him break his swear and go up to Silver Lake again, just for the last of it, you know. The last last time he was up he hooked a big pickerel, which he thought would have weighed between 15 and 20lbs., but lost him, since the big fellow, doubtless pricked many a time before, made haste to spit out the bait as soon as he found what it really was. This leaves Mr. Clark with a bad taste in his mouth, too.

Captain Ramage, one of Mr. Clark's converts to the art of bait-casting, is another fisherman who thinks spring a long way off. He will try Silver Lake again this week, the weather having now cleared up. I left these two gentlemen engaged in a red hot discussion over the relative merits of the Kentucky and Abbey & Imbrie reels. I don't know whether they intend to fish through the ice this winter or not.

NOV. 14.—A party just back from a duck shooting trip on the Illinois below Peoria, report that they varied the monotony by trying for the fish in the Illinois, and took over 100 bass and pickerel, including a number of 4-pound bass. The fishing was better than shooting. Fish bit in the lower Wisconsin lakes on the bright days of this week. E. HOUGH.

AN ARTIFICIAL SQUID.—The commercial fishermen of Gloucester, Mass., have discovered that codfish will take an imitation of the squid, made of rubber, and are more or less jubilant over the fact in the belief that it will settle the vexed question of bait, which is the great difficulty with them, and which has assumed the importance of an international question. These fishermen go out on the Grand Banks with herring packed in ice for bait, and unless they are successful in getting a fare, or cargo of fish, before the bait spoils, they are obliged to return at great expense of time for more, because the Canadian law does not permit them to put in to the nearest port and buy a fresh supply. A recent test was made of the rubber squid which promises to solve the bait problem. The day selected for the test was rough, and, in a locality where cod are very scarce, only two squid were used. Six large-sized cod and two small ones were taken, which proves conclusively that cod, like other fish, will bite at artificial bait. These cod were taken in the afternoon, when the boat fishermen find it very hard to make fish bite. The artificial bait consists of a rubber squid, the counterpart of the natural squid, the favorite bait of the cod. On this occasion the squid was coated with a preparation of anise-seed oil. It is proposed to so manufacture these squid that the hook will be concealed. Rubber imitations of frogs and insects are to be found in all the fishing tackle shops but are only used by anglers when the natural bait cannot be readily obtained, therefore there is nothing new in this idea but the application of it. Perhaps there are other things which our commercial fishermen might learn from a study of the methods of anglers, a class who have expended much ingenuity in devising means to attract and capture their game. By the way, we do not hear of the extensive use of the Norwegian gill-nets in the cod-fisheries, which were introduced by Prof. Baird and Capt. Collins, and which were expected to solve the bait question.

THE DELAWARE ROD AND REEL ASSOCIATION.—In our last issue, under the heading of "Fish Protection in Delaware," we gave an account of the proposed formation of a society for the protection of fish and game and of a meeting for this purpose which adjourned to November 15. The second meeting was held on the date named at the rooms of the Board of Education, in Wilmington, at 8 P. M., and an organization was effected under the title of the Delaware Rod and Reel Association. Mr Ellwood Garrett was chosen as temporary chairman and Mr. J. Travers Jones acted as secretary. The constitution and by-laws as reported by the committee were read and adopted. A permanent organization was formed by the election of Dr. E. G. Shortlidge as President, and of Messrs. Ellwood Garrett, Dr. J. P. Wales and John P. Doughten as Vice-Presidents. It was voted to elect six vice-presidents, three from Kent and three from Sussex, making nine in all. Mr. John P. Allmond was elected to be the Treasurer and Mr. J. Travers Jones, the Secretary, all the officers to hold office for one year, dating from the first Thursday in December. In addition to the annual meeting in December it was ordered that a semi-annual meeting be held on the first Thursday in June of each year. The annual dues will be $2, and about fifty persons have already signified their intention to join. The association has a good start, and as there is a good field for it to work in it will prove to be useful. In the selection of Dr. Shortlidge as President the association has an active worker and one who has been especially active in stocking the waters which it is now proposed to protect.

Angling Talks. By George Dawson. Price 50 cents. Fly-Rods and Fly-Tackle. By H. P. Wells. Price $2.50. Fly-Fishing and Fly-Making for Trout. By J. H. Keene. Price $1.50. American Angler's Book. By Thad. Norris. Price $5.50.

Fishculture.

THE CONNECTICUT COMMISSION.

WE have the twenty-third report of the Fish Commission of Connecticut to the Governor, January, 1887. The statutes of the State require the Commission to make an annual report of the season's work and provide that it shall be "made, returned and printed" on or before the first day of November in each year. In States where the fiscal year begins in October this is a most excellent provision as it places the report before the members of the Legislature in due time and the matter is all fresh and the hatching season of the succeeding year has not begun, and consequently does not in any way overlap the one recorded. The report under consideration is a supplement to the last one, which has not yet been transmitted to the General Assembly. By the terms of the appropriation for the use of the Commission, the money can only be devoted to two purposes, viz: The artificial propagation of shad and the purchase and distribution of young trout for stocking the streams of the State.

There is no State hatchery in Connecticut, and no nominal superintendent, the work being done and paid for as needed. The hatching of shad was continued by Mr. Henry J. Fenton, at Birmingham, on the Housatonic River below the dam. The laws in regard to shad fishing in that part of the river were observed, and as a consequence the spawning fish were plentiful. The hatching is all done in the McDonald jars and from 11,615,000 eggs there was planted 10,167,000 fry. Of these, 5,600,000 were placed in the Connecticut River and its tributaries, 500,000 in the Quinnipiac River, and the remainder, 4,067,000 in the Housatonic River.

Again the Commissioners are compelled to report any decrease of the number of shad taken in the Connecticut River, and by the pounds near its mouth. Mr. Robert B. Chalker, who has collected the statistics of the catch for several years, reports the catch for 1888 at 68,450, which is 11,900 less than the number reported for the previous year. The returns for the last four years show that the catch in 1885 was 190,300; in 1886, 117,950; in 1887, 80,350; and in 1888, 68,450. The details of the catches by different methods are given, showing that the largest number are taken in the pound nets; the gill-nets come next, and lastly the hauling seines. As was the case in 1887, the catch of shad in the Potomac and Hudson rivers seems to have been very large, while the Delaware and Connecticut rivers have shown a decrease. As to the causes of the gradual disappearance of this most valuable fish from the waters of Connecticut the Commissioners have nothing to add to the theories mentioned in their last report.

Of brook trout there were 336,000 fry bought of Henry J. Fenton, and 3,000 were allotted to each of the 112 applicants who wrote for them previous to March 1. Every year there are persons who wait until after that time and then are disappointed because they cannot be supplied. The fry are delivered free at the hatching house at Poquonock, but any person who prefers to have them delivered can do so by paying the expenses of a messenger and $3 per day for his time.

The question alluded to in a former report, whether brooks stocked by the State with trout could be closed to the public and leased to private individuals, has taken a practical form during the past year. Certain gentlemen of Middletown have for several years applied to the Commissioners for trout and have placed them in the Hammonassett Brook, with the consent and approval of the owners. The trout have increased and the stream has been much improved for fishing purposes. Under these circumstances a New Haven club of well-known citizens has taken a lease from the owners of several miles of the stream and closed it to all except its own members. The Middletown gentlemen claim that this cannot be legally done, and offered the New Haven club to make up a test case for the Supreme Court of the State to decide. As this overture was declined, some of the most prominent of the Middletown gentlemen gave notice that they should go on a certain day and fish in the stream with the expectation of being arrested. It is understood that this was done, but thus far no arrest has been made.

A salmon of 22lbs., and one of 17lbs., were taken in the Housatonic in May and June. Mr. T. L. Cornell writes from Birmingham about these fish, and says that in 1887 there were three caught weighing 11¼lbs., 10¼lbs. and 2lbs. respectively. The State has not made any plantings of salmon for several years, and the fish mentioned are the remnants of former plantings. About twenty salmon were taken in the Connecticut in 1887. A letter from Mr. Fred Mather, General Assistant to the U. S. Fish Commission, is printed, in which he informs the State Commissioners that in May, 1887, by order of the late Prof. Baird, he planted 50,000 salmon fry in the Housatonic, placing 10,000 at New Milford, 10,000 at Kent, and 30,000 at Falls Village.

SALMON HATCHING ON THE CLACKAMAS RIVER, OREGON.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I beg to correct a statement which appeared in the papers a short time ago, and for which I am myself responsible. The statement was to the effect that the Canadian salmon breeding station, on the Frazer River, turned out more young salmon last season than the U. S. station on the Clackamas River. This statement is to some extent misleading, for although the Frazer River establishment took more eggs and did turn out more fish than the Clackamas station, nevertheless most of the salmon from the Canadian station were bluebacks ("saw quai," "sock eye," *Oncorhyncus nerka*), an inferior kind of salmon, while there were only a million Chinook salmon (*Oncorhyncus chouica*) hatched at that station. At the U. S. station on the Clackamas all the young fish that were hatched were Chinook salmon (*Oncorhyncus chouica*) and of these there were about four million. Consequently the United States station hatched out about four times as many as the Canadian station, and the fish, most of which are now in the hatching house, are in magnificent condition—nothing could be finer. They are a splendid sight.—LIVINGSTON STONE.

A DINING CAR LINE TO THE PACIFIC COAST.—The completion of the all-rail line between Portland, Ore., and San Francisco gives the Pacific coast traveler an opportunity to patronize the famous Dining Car and Yellowstone Park Line, the Northern Pacific Railroad. The sportsman traveling in the West, whether a lover of the rod or gun, naturally seeks this road, penetrating as it does the lake park region of Minnesota, and running through the valleys of such trout streams as the Yellowstone, Gallatin, Hell Gate, Clark's Fork, Spokane, Yakima and Green Rivers, for a distance of fully 1,500 miles, as well as lying immediately contiguous to the finest hunting grounds in the United States, viz., The Big Horn, Snowy Belt, Bitter Root, Coeur D'Alene and Cascade Mountains. Information in regard to this region can be obtained by addressing CHARLES S. FEE, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, N.R. R., P. St. Paul, Minn.—*Adv.*

THE following letter received by the United States Cartridge Co., Lowell, Mass., from Mr. F. S. Lindsley, Supt. American Wood Powder Co., West Hoboken, N. J., speaks for itself: "I am perfectly willing that you should use my name to indorse your shells, and especially your new primer for American wood powder, and I heartily recommend your shells to wood powder shooters. As a matter of fact I have recommended your paper shells for the last eighteen months, and have in that time shot thousands of them, and given away thousands of them loaded with wood powder.—*Adv.*

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Dec. 3 to 8.—Dog Show of the Northern Illinois Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Rockford, Ill. A. H. Currier, Secretary.

Jan. 1 to 4.—Fourth Dog Show of the Meriden Poultry Association. Joshua Shute, Secretary, No. 430 Pratt street, Meriden, Conn.

Jan. 15 to 19, 1889.—Seventh Annual Dog Show of the Southern Massachusetts Poultry Association, at New Bedford, Mass. F. W. Dean, Secretary.

January, last week.—Western Pennsylvania Poultry Society's Fourteenth Annual Show, Pittsburgh, Pa. C. B. Elben, Sec'y.

Feb. 4 to 7, 1889.—First Annual Dog Show of the Columbus Fanciers' Club at Columbus O. Thos. R. Sparrow, Secretary.

Feb 12 to 15, 1889.—Fifth Dog Show of the New Jersey Kennel Club, at Jersey City, N. J. Geo. L. Wilms, Secretary, 142 Monticello avenue, Jersey City, N. J.

Feb. 19 to 22, 1889.—Thirteenth Annual Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent.

Feb. 26 to March 1, 1889.—Second Annual Show of the Rensselaer Kennel Club, Troy, N. Y. Alba M. Ide, Secretary.

March 5 to 8, 1889.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Albany Kennel Club, at Albany, N. Y. Geo. B. Gallup, Secretary.

March 12 to 15, 1889.—Second Annual Show of the Fort Schuyler Kennel Club, Utica, N. Y. James W. Dunlop, President.

March 19 to 22, 1889.—First Annual Dog Show of the Maryland Kennel Club, at Baltimore, Md. W. S. Diffenderffer, Secretary.

March 26 to 29, 1889.—First Annual Dog Show of the Massachusetts Kennel Club, at Lynn, Mass. D. A. Williams, Secretary.

April 2 to 5, 1889.—First Annual Show of the Rochester Kennel Club, at Rochester, N. Y. Harry Yates, Secretary.

April 2 to 5, 1889.—Annual Show of the New England Kennel Club, Boston, Mass. J. W. Newman, Secretary, No. 6 Hamilton Place.

April 9 to 12, 1889.—First Annual Dog Show of the Mascoutah Kennel Club, at Chicago, Ill. John L. Lincoln, Jr., Secretary.

April 16 to 19, 1889.—The Seventh Dog Show of the Philadelphia Kennel Club, at Philadelphia, Pa. Wm. C. Child, Secretary.

FIELD TRIALS.

Dec. 3.—First Annual Field Trials of the Southern Field Trial Club, at Amory, Miss. T. M. Brumby, Secretary, Chattanooga, Tenn.

Dec. 10.—Second Annual Field Trials of the American Field Trials Club, at West Point, Miss. C. W. Paris, Secretary, Cincinnati, O.

Jan. 14, 1889.—Sixth Annual Field Trials of the Pacific Coast Field Trial Club, at Bakersfield, Cal. N. P. Sheldon, Secretary, 320 Sansome street San Francisco, Cal.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription $1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed **6776**.

THE EASTERN FIELD TRIALS.

[*By a Special Reporter.*]

THE tenth annual field trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club began at High Point, N. C., Nov. 15, with the Members' Stake. There were fourteen starters, and the quality of the work was of a very superior order. The handling was skillful and would compare quite favorably with the best. The perfect knowledge of the requirements of field work and the principles of a competition were often displayed in the running under all the varying complications.

The time given at the beginning and end of heats is the official time of the judges. The time limit had its first trial in the Members' Stake. It is yet premature to attempt to describe its merits or demerits; but the weight of opinion appears to be against any time limit after the first forty-five minutes have expired. The ruling required the judges to run full half-hours if the first forty-five minutes were exceeded. At a meeting of the Board of Governors, held on the night of the 14th inst., the secretary was instructed to submit the time limit to a vote of the owners and handlers of starters in the Derby with a view to apply it to that stake. At the same meeting, J. Henry Purdy and Thomas Hitchcock, Jr., both of New York, were proposed for membership. E. R. Wharton, of New York, was elected to membership. Col. A. Merriman was invited to judge the Pointer Stake with Messrs. Henricks and Bergundthal. The latter wired that he would be unable to attend.

Major J. M. Taylor and Mr. F. R. Hitchcock judged the Members' Stake.

Dashing Noble was awarded third without further running. According to the work done no dog was entitled to a division, and the judges very properly broke away from a misleading precedent. The judging was commendably accurate, and the decisions were well received as a whole.

The weather Thursday was cloudy and the ground muddy, heavy rains having fallen the previous day and night. Friday was clear and pleasant. Following is the order of running:

MEMBERS' STAKE.

GO BANG (O. W. Donner, Beaufort, S. C.), liver and white pointer dog, 2½yrs. (Graphic—Leach's Bloomo),

against

NOBLE COUNT (Herbert Merriam, Weston, Mass.), black and white English setter dog, 1½yrs. (Count Noble—Royal Myrtle).

PRINCESS HELEN (J. Otto Donner, New York) orange and white English setter bitch, 6½yrs. (Thunder—Bessie),

against

BUCKELLEW (W. A. Coster, Saratoga Springs), orange and white English setter dog, 9yrs. (Druid—Ruby).

GLOSTER (J. L. Breese, Tuxedo, N. Y.), black, white and tan English setter dog, 4½yrs. (Dashing Rover—Trinket),

against

MALITE (H. B. Duryea, Red Bank, N. J.), liver and white pointer bitch, 5½yrs. (Meteor—Dell).

ROY MONARCH (C. C. Gray, Providence, R. I.), black, white and tan English setter dog, 5yrs. (Dashing Monarch—List),

against

DAN NOBLE (J. R. Henricks, Pittsburgh, Pa.) lemon belton English setter dog, 5yrs. (Royal Rock—Lewis's Nellie).

BRANDON (J. O'H. Denny, Pittsburgh, Pa.), lemon belton English setter dog, 5yrs. (Royal Rock—Lewis's Nellie),

against

COUNT BELTON (I. Norris Cochran. Philadelphia, Pa.), black, white and tan English setter dog, 3½yrs. (Yale Belton—Polly Blue).

RUBY BUCKELLEW (J. L. Breese, Tuxedo, N. Y.), orange and white English setter bitch, 4yrs. (Buckellew—Brimstone),

against

NAT GOODWIN (I. N. Cochran, Philadelphia, Pa.), black, white and tan English setter dog, 3½yrs. (Roderigo—Bo Peep).

BANG GRACE (J. L. Breese, Tuxedo, N. Y.), lemon and white pointer dog, 3½yrs. (Bang Bang—Grace),

against

DARLING NOBLE (J. R. Henricks, Pittsburgh, Pa.), black and white English setter dog, 4½yrs. (Count Noble—Dashing Novice).

First Series.

GO BANG AND NOBLE COUNT.

This brace was cast off at the school house, near the outskirts of the town, at 9:25, in an open field. Go Bang showed decided superiority in range and judgment in working his ground. He kept the outside fling throughout the heat. Noble Count improved in his range as the heat progressed, but, owing to failure to find in the first hour, both dogs thereafter appeared to lose interest and contracted their range somewhat. Excepting a point by Go Bang on some tame chickens, and the flushing of three or four woodcock in the woods, the first hour and a half of diligent work through open fields and cover was without any find. A bevy was marked down by some spectators. The dogs were taken to a position to get the advantage of the wind, but unfortunately the course was to one side of the birds. They flushed wild and were marked down again in the open sedge. Noble Count was the first to secure a point which he did handsomely. Go Bang at the same time was roading carefully only a few yards from Count Noble; the latter sprang in and flushed his bird; and Go Bang pressed too closely on his bird and flushed. The scenting conditions appeared to be unfavorable, as neither dog performed skillfully on the remaining scattered birds. Several of them flushed wild or were flushed by the handlers; the dogs roading and half pointing several times. Bang nicely secured a point on a single bird in the sedge. Noble Count ran close by him and refused to back. Both were steady to shot. While searching for the scattered birds one was flushed on bare ground in the open. Mr. Donner shot at it, and it left a large part of its feathers floating in the air. Noble Count again refused to back a point of Go Bang on a single, and showed an inclination to be unsteady to shot. At 11:40 Go Bang was awarded the heat. He carried his head higher, and worked his birds with better judgment than Noble Count, and outclassed his competitor in every quality. Although the heat was quite long, there was but little work done in it, owing to the failure to find birds.

PRINCESS HELEN AND BUCKELLEW.

At 11:45 they were cast off in an open sedge field. After working diligently in cover and open, Princess Helen stood handsomely in some thick brush in a fence corner; Buckellew backed. Mr. Donner failed to find anything to the point. When ordered on, both dogs began roading in the open field along the fence; the bevy flushed some distance away and went to the woods a short distance ahead. Helen made a very good point on one of the single birds, doing it quickly and accurately on bare ground in the edge of the woods. Buck was hunting 30 or 40yds. further in the woods and several birds flushed wild near him. Helen next began roading a running bird and pointed. Buck backed handsomely for a few moments, but he broke his back and resumed it when cautioned. Helen moved on, and both then began roading the running bird. Buck located accurately and pointed. Coster killed neatly and Buck retrieved. While Buck was locating this bird, Helen had secured a point on a single some yards away further in the woods; the bird flushed wild. Soon Buck pointed, but moved on either to order or from losing the scent. Mr. Coster flushed a single bird near where he had been pointing. Next Helen flushed a single. Shortly afterward she began roading Buck pointed; Helen took a cast back and drew to a point apparently on a rabbit, as one jumped away a few yards ahead of her point. She probably had a true point, as a bird was flushed a few yards ahead after the dogs had been ordered on. It was killed and fell a few feet in front of Helen. It was so close that she could not resist the temptation to retrieve it independently of orders. While it might have scored as being unsteady to shot, it was excusable. Soon after moving on Helen made a skillfull draw and point where there was no cover other than dry leaves; Buck honored the point. Helen shortly afterward drew to a point, but discovered that it was erroneous and moved on; Buck backed. At 1 o'clock they were ordered up and the party went to lunch at the Model Farm. Princess had the better style in motion and on point. Buck had a decided advantage in range, taking wide casts in likely ground and conducting his search with excellent judgment. His years rest lightly upon him, and he carries himself with as much spirit as if he were a youngster. While Helen outworked him on the scattered birds, his superior range and uniform pace made the heat a close one.

GLOSTER AND MALITE.

At 1:45 they were cast off in an open field. Gloster went merrily away in the lead, taking wide casts. Malite was going well, but the contrast was unfavorable. She made a false point near the edge of some sedge. On a side hill, shortly afterward, Gloster pointed a bevy; Malite, a few yards to one side, was either pointing or backing, it was difficult to determine which. Mr. Breese killed nicely and Gloster scored a good retrieve. Both dogs behaved well to wing and gun. Some of the birds went to thick grass, having briers and brush. Gloster made a half a point and Malite backed. No birds. In the thick cover Gloster pointed accurately, a very commendable piece of work under difficult circumstances. When sent on he roaded and pointed alternately some yards, but no bird was found. A few birds were marked down by a fence further along and were followed. Gloster soon pointed by the edge of a strip of corn in some thick grass; Malite made a very stylish back. Mr. Breese did not search sufficiently for the bird. The point had so much the appearance of being genuine that, after the handlers had moved on, one of the judges rode over the place where the bird was likely to be and flushed it. In nearly every heat points were lost by not using sufficient effort to flush the bird. Malite pointed false and Gloster backed, and the error was repeated shortly afterward. At 2:30 Gloster won. He had a decided superiority in range and uniformity of speed. Malite, when she extended herself, was fast, but was not regular in her range or speed. Both had good style, Gloster having the better when in motion.

ROY MONARCH AND DAN NOBLE.

The heat began at 2:45. Both frittered away a few minutes on larks. Roy opened the work by pointing a large bevy, but impaired its value by springing in and flushing. The birds scattered right and left, and went to the woods close by. After the flush Roy stopped to order. While the handlers were going to the right after some of the birds which had been marked down, Roy took a cast into the pines to the left and pointed two or three birds steadily. Dan honored the point handsomely. Both were steady to wing. The footscent engaged Roy's attention for a moment after being ordered on. A single bird had taken a flight of ten or twelve yards and settled in a little hollow. Roy came down wind on it, and, in taking a short turn close to it, he caught the scent, and made a rigid point; Roy, at the flush, showed an intention to be unsteady. Soon after moving on, Dan pointed a single very nicely; Roy backed well. Roy was steady to the gun when cautioned; Dan refused to retrieve. A bird flushed wild to Roy's next point; Dan, about the same time, secured a staunch point on a single; Mr. Henricks made a difficult shot very nicely. Dan again refused to retrieve. Dan next roaded to a flush; then pointed a bird which flushed wild. A bird was thrown out and a gun fired; Roy was required to retrieve the bird. He showed slight unsteadiness to the gun, and, although he retrieved the bird, he pinched it badly. He won. Time 3:30. Roy had the better range, but no advantage in speed. Both had good style in point; in motion Dan had a more spirited style of going.

BRANDON AND COUNT BELTON.

The heat began at 3:50. The handlers became widely separated. By an old fallen tree Count pointed a small bevy and held his point staunchly while the judges, who were forced to make a detour by boggy ground, rode to him. Brandon backed well. Both were steady to shot. Count, while retrieving, hesitated near the tree-top and showed a strong inclination to point, but his handler required him to finish his retrieve, which he did. Both dogs then pointed and drew through the fallen tree-top. Brandon pointed the bird, which had been worked a few yards from the tree-top, and was a trifle unsteady to shot. He retrieved the bird well. Shortly afterward Brandon was unfortunate in having some birds flush wild as he was roading them; part of the bevy remained, which he pointed accurately and stanchly, and was steady to wing and shot. Count, off to the left, was pointing three or four staunchly at the same time, but he moved when Mr. Denny shot and the birds flushed. In a few moments Count pointed on the footscent; Brandon backed well. Count did not hunt the scattered birds with sufficient assurance, displaying over-caution at times. He again pointed and was again backed, but there was no bird. Brandon dropped to a point in the open, Count backed several yards away. Brandon started to break shot, but stopped to order. On a side hill Count pointed for several moments, but discovered his error and moved on. His over-cautiousness was more apparent toward the last of the heat. The heat ended at 3:35 in favor of Brandon. His style and speed were better. Notwithstanding Count's cautiousness he undoubtedly is a very killing dog.

NAT GOODWIN AND RUBY BUCKELLEW.

They were cast off at 4:40. Both went off at a lively pace. Nat the merrier worker and the superior in style. Nat crossed a small creek and pointed a bevy in thick cover. He held his point while the judges went around to cross on the bridge, which required several minutes. Mr. Cochran did not beat out the cover far enough ahead of him. The bevy was flushed a few moments afterward by the dogs or handlers, it was impossible to determine which. The birds were marked down in open sedge. Ruby roaded to a flush; next Nat pointed, but his handler failed to flush; Nat immediately coming back down wind flushed two where he had pointed. Both dogs made two or three excusable flushes each; Ruby making one as she crossed the creek close by. After crossing the creek, Nat pointed a single bird, and retrieved it when it was killed. In the meantime, Ruby false-pointed about 50yds. away. By the bank of the creek, Ruby pointed and a bird flushed wild about 20ft. down wind. When Ruby was ordered on, Mr. Breese flushed a bird ahead of where she had pointed; probably it was the bird she pointed. She was steady to shot. They then crossed over to some woods about 300 or 400yds. away; Nat pointed by the edge of the woods and was well backed; both were steady to shot and wing. They were then ordered into the woods and the best work of the day was done. Points were made in rapid succession, and nearly all the work was accurate. But few errors were made although the dead leaves were all the cover the birds had. Each began to draw about after running birds. Both secured a point on the same birds and were steady Nat, while roading a bird, failed to score by the bird flushing wild. Ruby pointed a single nicely. Each secured two more points in masterly style, and the day ended with most satisfactory work. Nat won at 5:25. He appeared to be disobedient at times. On point there was no special superiority in style.

DASHING NOBLE AND BANG GRACE.

They were cast off Friday morning at 8:20 near the Glass house. Each made a point and back, but nothing was found to either point. Dash was lost for a few minutes. When found he was pointing a bevy staunchly in the thicket. Bang backed handsomely; both were steady to shot. Bang made a good point on a single bird in short weeds; soon afterward he pointed another, and was steady to shot. In thicket each made a point, but no birds were found. On top of a hill in some oaks, Bang pointed a bevy and held his point several minutes while the judges rode up; he showed some unsteadiness to wing. The scattered birds were followed and both dogs made game and each secured a good point. Next Bang pointed a bird which Dash had presumably pointed a moment before, as it was close to the place where he pointed, but which Mr. Henricks had failed to flush. In some dead oak limbs Bang did a neat piece of work in pointing a single bird. At the end of the time limit the judges consulted, and then ordered the dogs on. Near a fence Bang pointed, drew on a few yards, located and pointed; he was slightly unsteady to shot. Dash secured a point on one of the scattered birds and was nicely backed. Soon afterward both dogs pressed too close and flushed. Dash made one more neat point; Bang drew too close to a bird and flushed. At 9:35 Dashing Noble won. Dash had better speed, range and style in motion. Each ranged well and did some good work.

Second Series.

GO BANG AND PRINCESS HELEN.

They began the first heat of the second series at 9:45. Helen made game several moments, then pointed, Bang, coming from opposite direction, backed but broke it, and resumed hunting. No birds to the point. In the open, in weeds, Helen pointed soon afterward, and Go Bang refused to back. No birds were found to the point, but a spectator said that a bevy had flushed from the place a few minutes before. Go Bang refused to back. While going through a thicket one of the handlers flushed a bevy, which flew into the open field close by. Near the edge of some pines Go Bang pointed, then carefully drew on to locate, then pointed staunchly and was well backed. The bird flew toward a wagon and prevented Mr. Donner from shooting. Go Bang, in a few moments, again pointed a single by an old ditch and was steady to wing. The ground was then beaten to and fro in search of the scattered birds, and Go Bang flushed an outlying bird on the side hill in sedge. Helen pointed the bevy, Mr. Donner killed and Helen failed to retrieve the bird. Some birds flushed while Helen was retrieving and Mr. O. W. Donner killed one which was retrieved by Go Bang. He rolled it in his mouth, and it appeared as if he pinched it, but an examination of the bird showed that it was not crushed in the least. The retrieve, however, was done indifferently well. The dogs were ordered on at the expiration of the time limit. Go Bang opened the work by pointing a bevy in some weeds and retrieved the dead bird much better than the previous one. At 11:00 Go Bang won. His work outclassed that of Helen, but he was not running up to the form of the previous day, showing some signs of staleness. Helen was just coming in season and did not work up to her best form.

GLOSTER AND ROY MONARCH.

At 11:15 they were cast off in the weeds, and began a race which was not conclusively settled last year to the satisfaction of all. Gloster took a cast to the further corner of a weed field on a side hill and pointed; Roy, at the lower end of the weed field, some distance from Gloster, was making game; his handler whistled to him to bring him up to back. He flushed a bevy before obeying. Gloster moved on and pointed again; Roy backed. Gloster then began to road carefully down wind on part of the bevy which had run, doing the work with rare judgment, stopping to a point on

the birds with accuracy, and was steady to wing. Returning, he pointed near the place where he pointed first. Mr. Breese failed to flush. Gloster then made a cast to the bottom of the field, taking advantage of the wind with admirable judgment. He returned to the place where he made his last point and pointed again; Mr. Breese flushed a bird to the point. The scattered birds were followed. Gloster showed a higher grade of work throughout in every detail. He pegged point after point in the woods, was quick and accurate in locating and backed promptly and well. Roy pointed several times, but his work was inferior in quantity and quality. Gloster had the advantage in pace, range and style. At 12:00 they were ordered up and Gloster won.

BRANDON AND NAT GOODWIN.

They were cast off at 12. Brandon showed decided superiority in his work on birds, although Nat had the better range and style. Nat was not under control properly. At 12:45 Brandon won, and the running was suspended for lunch. Dashing Noble had a bye in this series.

Third Series.

GO BANG AND DASHING NOBLE.

At 1:30 the heat, the first of the third series, began. After a half hour's run Dash pointed some tame chickens; Go Bang backed. Next Go Bang, while carefully roading a bevy diagonally down wind, flushed it excusably. Dash pointed one of the single birds and Go Bang backed; the latter jumped forward at the report of Mr. Henricks's gun, but dropped to order. While hunting for the dead bird Dash pointed, and both dogs were steady to shot. The point did not count in the competition, as Go Bang was dropped for his opponent to retrieve. Dash retrieved tenderly, but was not sufficiently prompt. Each scored a flush. Mr. Donner shot one of the flushed birds. Go Bang, while hunting for it, pointed; Mr. Donner ordered him on and he flushed, which did not count, as he was being tried as to his retrieving at that time. At this time Dash was dropped on a point in a small washout; Mr. Henricks flushed a bird to his point. Go Bang retrieved his bird alive. Dashing Noble won at 2:45. He showed a superiority in maintaining a more uniform range and pace, and had better style.

GLOSTER AND BRANDON.

At 2:45 a good working heat was begun. But a small area of ground was worked over, and there were a sufficient number of birds to give both dogs a thorough test. Gloster showed greater execution and accuracy and made fewer errors. His pace, range and style were better. Brandon did some excellent work, picking up single birds admirably, but was not able to cope with Gloster. Each one ended with a similar piece of work. Brandon dropped to a flush and remained staunchly pointing; Mr. Denny flushed a bird to the point. Shortly afterward Gloster dropped to a flush and remained dropped to a point, to which Mr. Breese flushed a bird. The heat ended at 3:30 and Gloster won.

Tie for First Place.

GLOSTER AND DASHING NOBLE.

At 3:50 the final heat for first began, Gloster having a rest of twenty minutes. Soon after the dogs were cast off Gloster was lost. Following down a wide valley, he was found on a point in short weeds. Mr. Breese flushed a bevy to the point and Gloster remained steady to shot and wing. While working for scattered birds Gloster made a point in sedge; no birds found to it; Dashing Noble pointed and no birds found. Gloster made an accurate point on a single in open sedge grass and retrieved it neatly when Mr. Breese killed. The dogs were then worked in pines, the judges following afoot. Gloster pointed and the birds flushed wild. While Gloster was drawing to a point near the edge of the pines, several birds flushed wild ahead of him. A few yards out in the open Gloster pointed a bird in sedge grass. Dash roaded out and pointed near where this bird flushed. After working about in the open a few moments Mr. Henricks announced to the judges that he was willing to submit the heat to the decision of the judges on the work done. At 5:21 the dogs were ordered up and Gloster won the heat and first prize. He had the advantage in range, style and work on birds.

Tie for Second Place.

BRANDON AND DASHING NOBLE.

This heat determined second place, and was the last one of the stake. It was begun at 9 Saturday morning. The day was clear and bright. A moderately cool breeze blew from the northwest. The dogs were started near the schoolhouse. Dash pointed soon after starting in open sedge; as his handler came up he moved on and resumed hunting. In the meantime Brandon had taken a cast ahead out of sight in the hollow in sedge and weeds, where he was found dropped on a point. Dashing Noble, while being brought up to back, came on him suddenly out of the woods, caught scent and pointed, standing five or six feet behind Brandon. When the bevy was flushed both dogs were steady to wing. Mr. Denny had no shells in his gun, therefore could not shoot. The birds were marked down on a side hill in sedge in a thin, scattered growth of sassafras bushes. A circuit was taken to give the dogs the benefit of the wind. Brandon was first to point; he drew carefully on to locate. Dashing Noble backed, but as Brandon drew on he took a short circuit, came in ahead of Brandon and pointed the bird. Brandon next scored a good point on a single and Dashing Noble backed nicely. Brandon next flushed a bird while going up wind; shortly afterward he pointed a single bird very nicely. In the meantime the dogs and handlers had become separated. Dashing Noble, about one hundred yards further up the hill, pointed, then drew on and pointed staunchly. No birds were found. The dogs were then cast off to hunt for another bevy. About one hundred and fifty yards from where he made his last point he pointed a bevy, and probably had made his previous point on the footscent of it; he was steady to shot. The birds were marked down in the same place where the first bevy lighted. Mr. Henricks killed a single to a good point of Dashing Noble, and the latter retrieved. The judges had flushed the remainder, some of which were marked down near by. Dashing Noble located and pointed one prettily on a side hill in sedge, Brandon honoring the point handsomely. Both were steady to shot. A short piece further on in a thicket Brandon pointed a bird which flushed and treed a few yards away. A few moments afterward Brandon pointed a sparrow in open sedge. The forty-five minutes were up. The judges consulted a few moments and the dogs were ordered on, the heat being decidedly close. Soon after starting Dash false-pointed. Brandon pointed in the open near some small trees, but not having the scent just right, being too much up wind, drew on to locate, got too far up wind and lost the scent. Dashing Noble coming up wind on the bevy pointed it, and Brandon backed. Brandon pointed one of the scattered birds at the edge of a thicket. Mr. Henricks, a few yards away, claimed a point for Dashing Noble at the same time; the bird flushed wild and was seen in its flight, but the cover was so dense it prevented the judges from seeing the point. Each pointed in the open, and no bird was found to either point. Some heavy weeds were then worked for scattered birds. At 10:15 the heat ended and Brandon won it and second prize. Undivided third was awarded to Dashing Noble without further running. The heat was a good working one throughout. Brandon had a slight advantage in style and range, and worked his birds with excellent judgment. He showed an inclination to be unsteady at times. This closed a very successful stake. The quality of the work, taken as a whole, was of a high order, and the best dogs came to the front in the running. Subjoined is the

SUMMARY.

First Series.

Go Bang beat Noble Count.
Princess Helen beat Buckellew.
Gloster beat Malite.
Roy Monarch beat Dan Noble.
Brandon beat Count Belton
Nat Goodwin beat Ruby Buckellew.
Dashing Noble beat Bang Grace.

Second Series.

Go Bang beat Princess Helen.
Gloster beat Roy Monarch.
Brandon beat Nat Goodwin.
Dashing Noble a bye.

Third Series.

Dashing Noble beat Go Bang.
Gloster beat Brandon.

Tie for First Place.

Gloster beat Dashing Noble and won first prize.

Tie for Second Place.

Brandon beat Dashing Noble and won second prize.
Dashing Noble third.

THE DERBY.

HIGH POINT, Nov. 19.—The starters in the Eastern Field Trials Club's Derby were drawn to run in the subjoined order, subject to change where two were owned by the same owner, or in case of withdrawal:

SATANELLA (Highland Kennels, Red Bank, N. J.), liver and white pointer bitch, June 28 (Robert le Diable—Tuck),

against

GLAMORGAN (L. A. Beddle, Philadelphia, Pa.), liver and white pointer dog, June 28 (Robert le Diable—Tuck).

ROI D'OR (Memphis and Avent Kennels, Memphis, Tenn.), black, white and tan setter dog, June (Roderigo—Bo Peep),

against

OLIVER TWIST (B. F. Wilson, Pittsburgh, Pa.), black and white setter dog, Jan. 5 (Count Noble—Fannie W.).

GUY (S. B. Duryea, Brooklyn, N. Y.), black and white setter dog, Jan. 2 (Ned—Leindor),

against

LADY PIEDMONT (Geo. T. Hodgson, Athens, Ga.), black, white and tan setter bitch, March 19 (Dashing Rover—Ranee).

LINDO (Mt. Washington Kennels, Pittsburgh, Pa.), black, white and tan English setter dog, Jan. 2 (Gladstone—Florence),

against

PETRARCH (Highland Kennels, Red Bank, N. J.), liver and white pointer dog, June 24 (Robert le Diable—Malite).

HOPE'S LASS (J. O'H. Denny, Ligonier, Pa.), black, white and tan setter bitch, July 1 (Gath's Hope—Lady May),

against

ORLANDO (Memphis and Avent Kennels, Memphis, Tenn.), black, white and tan setter dog, June (Roderigo—Bo Peep).

FRED (Bayard Thayer, Boston, Mass.), liver and white pointer dog, June 28 (Robert le Diable—Tuck),

against

CECIL (Memphis and Avent Kennels, Memphis, Tenn.), black, white and tan setter dog, June (Roderigo—Bo Peep).

GLAUCUS (Thos. Hitchcock, Jr., New York), liver and white pointer dog, July 3 (Naso of Kippen—Glauca),

against

MAUDE FOREMAN (E. F. Thomas, Denver, Col.), black, white and tan setter bitch, July 7 (Foreman—Miss Elsie).

JOYCE OF HALL'S ISLAND (O. W. Donner, Coosaw, S. C.), liver and white pointer bitch, March 24 (Lad of Bow—Bloomo),

against

VIC (T. H. Gibbs, Columbia, S. C.), liver and white pointer bitch, April 25 (Meteor—Mamie).

COUNT FAUSTER (Dr. J. G. F. Holston, Zanesville, O.), liver, white and tan pointer dog, March 4 (Mainspring—Dolly Fauster),

against

MILDRED (Edward Dexter, Boston, Mass.), lemon and white setter bitch, Feb. 25 (Dashing Rover—Muriel.

VIC G. (T. Hodgson, Athens, Ga.), Irish setter bitch, March 23 (Dan—Nora),

against

MISS MONARCH (C. C. Gray, Providence, R. I.), blue belton setter bitch, June 19 (Roy Monarch—Flossie).

COUNT PIEDMONT (Edward Dexter, Boston, Mass.), black, white and tan setter dog, Aug. 9 (Count Noble—Belle of Piedmont),

against

FELIX M. (Dr. Geo. Knapp, New York) lemon and white setter dog, April 9 (Gath's Hope—Daisy F.).

STELLA (F. R. Hitchcock, New York), liver and white pointer bitch, Jan. 22 (Naso of Kippen—Boski), a bye.

The application of the time limit to the Derby was submitted to the owners and handlers of the starters, but there being some who objected to it it was not adopted. The judges are Messrs. J. Otto Donner, J. R. Henricks and Maj. J. M. Taylor. It began raining Sunday and has continued with little intermission since.

HIGH POINT, Nov. 19.—A drizzling rain fell Monday forenoon. The afternoon was cloudy and damp. Considering the work as a whole, the quality of it was very inferior, due in a measure to the unfavorable weather and the changed habits of the birds in consequence. They ran from points, flushed unexpectedly at times and were difficult to work. But five heats were finished. The running was as follows:

Satanella beat Glamorgan.
Oliver Twist beat Roi D'Or.
Lady Piedmont beat Guy.
Lindo beat Petrarch.
Orlando beat Hope's Lass.
Fred and Cecil unfinished.

[*Special to Forest and Stream.*]

HIGH POINT, Nov. 20.—The quality of the work to-day has been decidedly superior to that of yesterday. The weather is cooler and birds are found in greater numbers. The running was as follows.

Cecil beat Fred.
Maud Foreman beat Glaucus.
Joyce beat Vic.
Count Fauster beat Vic G.
Miss Monarch beat Mildred.
Count Piedmont beat Felix.

Second Series.

Satanella beat Stella.
Oliver Twist beat Lady Piedmont.
Orlando beat Lindo.
Cecil beat Maud Foreman.

PHILADELPHIA CLUB TRIALS.

THE fifth annual field trials of the Philadelphia Kennel Club, which were commenced on the 15th inst., were decided Saturday evening, the 18th, after three days' work.

The usual rain storm which attends these trials was on hand a little earlier this year than usual, and owing to its severity a delay of some five hours was occasioned in starting; but as after clouds came the sunshine, and pleasant weather continued during the week, no particular fault could be found with the clerk of the weather. However, the threatening appearance no doubt deterred many from attending. The absence of Hon. Chas. T. Thompson and Mr. James H. Winslow was greatly regretted; they were both on hand at the departure of the train to see their brother members and the dogs started for the field of battle. When Mr. Thompson's smiling countenance lighted the depot to meet his dogs on their return, the smiles were allowable, as his imported Desmond II. had been the victor, which news had been wired to Sir Charles; and as Desmond II. is an Irish setter, and as he had beaten Llewellins and pointers, Mr. Thompson had occasion to be proud. Last year the dog made his appearance at these trials in the Derby stakes, and showed then much merit. Owing to the scarcity of birds but little work was done, so we can only give credit where credit is due. There were sufficient, however, to show he had a good nose, and will undoubtedly do the good work his happy trainer, Theo. Predmore, tells about. In range, pace and style of same Desmond II. is away up. His blood should be sought after by those desiring to improve the field form of the Irish.

There being no opportunity for brilliant work there was none done. Owing to this fact, and as it is only tiresome to our readers to describe such heats, let it suffice to say the dogs acquitted themselves creditably in most cases. Some rattling good young dogs were run, but their poor condition was too much of a handicap, especially where it was hard work to find game. Mr. E. Comfort's English setter Perseverance is worthy of particular mention, she doing the best work done on game, while her pace, speed and quartering is excellent; but owing to having too many acquaintances and being too willing to obey any and every whistle or call, she will have to wait another year for higher honors, which with work and care she will probably get.

Mr. J. A. Stovell's Irish bitch Victoria always comes in for some of the money, and as she is a dog that runs day in and out without making any mistakes, she is likely to continue to get somewhere near first for a year or two yet.

Mr Mitchell Harrison's pointer Sachem evidently got disgusted with the idea of trying to decide a field trial where birds were so scarce; in fact, it made him sick, and as he also injured his eye, Mr. Tallman, his handler, withdrew him. Mr. Winslow's pointers Victor of Blue Stocking and Golden Rod are both beautiful appearing dogs in the open fields. They both seem to lack experience. Their ranging and speed is very good. This was shown to better advantage on our return, when these dogs were allowed to run. The country here being very flat and open these dogs ranged the fields with great speed, at times a quarter of a mile to one side of the stage or the other. We think Mr. Winslow has his eye on the "Victor's Cup" and will be in for it next season with his dogs, which are to have a collegiate education this winter in Virginia.

Mr. Walter Smith's Ben Hur Franklin is a good, promising puppy for a gentleman's shooting dog; but like Mr. F. S. Brown's dog Horace, which is an extraordinarily strong young dog, he lacks the style required on his points, etc.

Cassino G. was not up to her usual form this year.

Cornelia G. has the dash and getaway of the Gladstones; in fact, she gets away a little too much at present. But Mr. Shuster's persuasive ways (without the whip) will soon overcome this difficulty. If this is the only trouble nothing will prevent her being well up with the other promising young dogs for next year. Among these are also Mr. B. Ridgway's Foreman's Pride, Dart and Clipper. Gath's Mark was represented by Glen Onoke, whose appearance indicates that he has had a hard time of it, but as looks don't count in a field trial he won't be last if he has proper care.

The following summary tells the story:

THE MEMBERS' STAKE.

CORNELIA G. (L. Shuster), black and white English setter bitch (Gladstone—Cornelia).

VICTORIA (J. W. Stovell) red and white Irish setter bitch (Berkley—Noreen).

HORACE (F. S. Brown), orange and white native setter dog.

DART (B. Ridgway), black, white and tan English setter bitch (Sweringer Dan—Countess Pansy).

BEN HUR FRANKLIN (W. Brown), orange and white setter dog (Ike—Leda).

GOLDEN ROD (J. H. Winslow) lemon and white pointer bitch (Beaufort—Zuba).

CASSINO G. (E. Comfort) black and white English setter bitch (Gladstone— ——).

First Series.

Cornelia G. beat Horace (absent).
Victoria beat Dart.
Ben Hur Franklin beat Golden Rod (withdrawn).
Cassino G. a bye.

Second Series.

Cassino G. beat Cornelia G.
Victoria beat Ben Hur Franklin.

Third Series.

Victoria beat Cassino G. and won first.
Ben Hur Franklin and Cassino G. divided second and third.

In these stakes, owing to time being short, Mr. W. Tallman, of New York, assisted in the judging, Mr. Percy C. Ohl officiating in the other events.

THE DERBY STAKES.

DART (B. Ridgway), black, white and tan setter bitch (Sweringer's Dan—Countess Pansy).

GLEN ONOKE (E. Comfort), black, white and tan setter dog (Gath's Mark—Katie Winterbred).

CLIPPER (B. Ridgway), black, white and tan dog (Sweringer's Dan—Countess Pansy).

BEN HUR FRANKLIN (Walter Smith), orange and white setter dog (Ike—Leda).

DON JUAN (Walter Smith), setter dog (Ike—Leda).

First Series.

Dart beat Glen Onoke.
Clipper beat Ben Hur Franklin.

Don Juan being withdrawn, it was agreed to have the judge place the dogs without further running, which was as follows: Clipper first, Ben Hur Franklin second, Dart third.

ALL-AGED STAKE.

PREMIER (E. W. Clark), black white and tan English setter dog (Dashing Monarch— ——).

FOREMAN'S PRIDE (B. Ridgway), black, white and tan English setter dog (Foreman—Countess B).

HORACE (F. S. Brown), orange and white native setter dog.

SACHEM (Chestnut Hill Kennels), liver and white pointer dog (Beaufort—Zuba).

RAP (E. W. Clarke), liver and white pointer dog (Croxteth—Lass).

VICTOR OF BLUE STOCKING (Bryn Mawr Kennels), liver and white pointer dog (Beaufort—Zuba).

PERSEVERANCE (E. Comfort), blue belton setter bitch (Chalkley D.—Cassino W.).

DESMOND II. (C. T. Thompson), Irish setter dog (Frisco—Grouse).

WINNIE II. (C. T. Thompson), Irish setter bitch (Frisco—Grouse).

BEN HUR FRANKLIN (Walter Smith), orange and white English setter dog (Ike—Leda).

VICTORIA (J. A. Stovell), Irish setter bitch (Berkley—Noreen).

VICTORIA II. (Stovell & Thompson), Irish setter bitch (Blarney—Victoria).

GOLDEN ROD (Bryn Mawr Kennels), lemon and white pointer bitch (Beaufort—Zuba).

First Series.

Foreman's Pride beat Premier (absent).
Horace beat Golden Rod.
Sachem beat Rap (absent).
Perseverance beat Victor of Blue Stocking.
Desmond II. beat Ben Hur Franklin.
Winnie II. beat Victoria II.
Victoria a bye.

Second Series.

Victoria beat Foreman's Pride.
Horace beat Sachem.
Desmond II. beat Perseverance.
Winnie a bye.

Third Series.

Victor beat Winnie.
Desmond II. beat Horace.

Fourth Series.

Desmond beat Victoria and wins first.

Perseverance being the next best dog beaten by the winner, and not having time to run Victoria and Perseverance together, they divided second and third.

The Philadelphia Kennel Club have determined upon having plenty of birds to decide these trials on next year, and will in all probability go further south. The selection will likely be made during the coming winter. Leaving Frederica and the Delaware House the club will find it difficult to get as comfortable quarters, and the kind attention to both themselves and their dogs as that given by both Mr. Call and his good wife will be sadly missed. Their attention to the dogs deserves particular mention.

WATCHDOGS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have just read two articles on the above subject, by Dr. J. Sidney Turner and Miss Marie J. Gale, that are deserving of notice. Both are considerably out of the way of ordinary discussion on doggy matters, in that they dispute positions, and do not attack the holder of them. This is an example that it would be well for all writers to follow, and it is most shockingly neglected, as witness the discussion on "pure" Gordons, etc. Dr. Turner has made a singular omission for so old a hand at mastiffs, when he speaks of the boarhound using its "punishing jaw," and does not mention that peculiarity of the mastiff that is the glory of the breed as watchdogs, *i. e.*, the universal disinclination they have for biting except as a last resort after all other measures have failed. They will bristle up, growl, push between an intruder and his object, spring on a trespasser and knock him down, or catch hold without biting before they will actually bite. I suppose I have had two dozen full-grown mastiffs in my care, and I never had one who bit as a first measure, and but one who would use her teeth except as a *dernier resort*. That this is a fixed characteristic of the breed, is shown by Bingley's mentioning it as early as 1809, and Pierce Egan copies Bingley *verbatim*. Bingley was apparently a naturalist, while Egan was thoroughly versed in everything pertaining to English country life and English sports, and it is certain that with his knowledge of English country gentry, their homes, mode of life, associations, etc., he would not have copied Bingley had he not known that Bingley's statements were accurate.

The lady's article is peculiarly interesting in the exactness of statements it makes, and I think that her position is correct in that there is a breed with which what we call boarhounds, Great Danes, Ulmer, Siberians, etc., is confused, that is of good temper. I strongly suspect that the mastiff we find mentioned in various parts of the continent by Marryat (in various novels) and other writers is this breed the lady alludes to. But this is not the light in which the matter must be looked on when considering the value of the breed for watchdogs. We must consider what kind of a dog will be taken as say Great Dane, and ninety-nine out of one hundred will take it to be the dog appearing like a cross twixt mastiff and greyhound, that Germans keep, that German butchers, tanners and beer hall owners have around their premises, and that students bring home from German universities. I have known or known of dozens of these dogs, from the days of poor Butler's "American" dog Prince down, and I cannot remember of one that was thoroughly trustworthy and brave. I remember that John L. Cassiday (Larkin) told me that Butler was not in the habit of being afraid of anything that wore hair, but was very circumspect when he went around Prince.

I think the lady is also mistaken in writing of a "Siberian" cross in boarhounds. I cannot recall any mention of a large breed of dogs coming from either Russia or Siberia. Mr. Wynn mentions a "Russian" mastiff he once owned, who was a devil in temper, very stupid, but of excellent type of head; but he does not give any evidence that the dog came from Russia, and I suspect it was something like that "Russian" collie that Mayor Grace showed at New York a few years since. The old dog show habitués remember when there was a class for "Siberian bloodhounds" or "Siberians" at our shows, and will remember that the class was filled with a lot of long-legged, crop-eared beasts that the keepers were very shy of. I remember how poor Charley Lincoln told me how Dr. Gordon Stables was all upset in his judgings at New York by seeing a lady poking an umbrella at a "Siberian" in a stall near by (you will remember the judging was done on a stage then), and he was so disturbed with apprehensions of the lady's safety that he had to stop the judging until he could get Charley to move the lady away from her dangerous position.

This term "Siberian" however, was a complete fabrication, and was originally got up by Butler to "pass" a litter of vast mongrels he had. What the breed of their progenitors was, nobody knew, not excepting Butler, but they astonished even that old hand by their vast size. Butler and a lot of his cronies were around the stove of one of the resorts out Bloomingdale road, discussing jorums of "hot," when somebody suggested "Siberian bloodhounds" as a name, giving as a deciding merit that nobody ever came from Siberia, so there was no chance of the "purity" of the breed being disputed (a fine sample of what "pure" breeds generally are). This was after Butler had taken that "American" humbug, Prince, to England and disposed of him there. I would be very much pleased to find a copy of Waterton's writings of natural history; I have often seen scattered articles of his, but no regular natural history: Waterton was the beau ideal of a practical naturalist, and as he owned and bred mastiffs, he would be very apt to say something of value as to their disposition and usefulness. Does anybody know of such a work?

W. WADE.

HULTON, Pa., Nov. 10.

PRACTICAL JUDGING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. Watson, in speaking of his award of third prize to my Highland Chief at the Buffalo show, claims that the dog is lacking in proper conformation to enable him to gallop. He has judged the dog yet did not nor can he find his defect. I imported him for a specific purpose and "he fills the bill," as Mr. Watson will find out later on.

Highland Chief ran in a Sapling Stakes in England, and after winning them was sold on the field for £125.

In Mr. Watson's report of the San Francisco show he says, "Jennie June won well in bitches and got the special for best greyhound," Mischief winning second prize. When these two dogs ran in the same stakes Jennie June was knocked out in the first course, her opponent "not letting Jennie in," while Mischief (second to Jennie in the show, and properly so according to Mr. Watson) won the stakes in grand style. These facts prove that Mr. Watson's opinion of the true conformation of a greyhound and how he "will shape in his stride" are not substantiated by practical tests of speed and endurance.

These are not by any means Mr. Watson's first and only mistakes in greyhound judging. When I recall the fact that there was some years ago a dog show held in New Haven where he judged this breed of dogs, I have to smile while regretting that he has not advanced much in his ideas, and which, if they are carried out, will not tend to improve that dog in which "speed is everything, and I would sacrifice everything in way of points to attain that object."

H. W. HUNTINGTON.

BENCH VS. FIELD.

LONDON, Ont., Nov. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Having just returned from a short shooting excursion of three days in the field, I send you a brief report of our doings, and to show what can be done over second and third rate dogs in the Province of Ontario. Our dogs comprised Knight of Snowden, Locksley, Jester, a second-prize winner at the late London dog show, and Betty, a young Irish bitch owned by Mr. Davidson, who accompanied me on the trip.

We arrived at our destination in good season for a day's sport, and taking Knight, Jester, and the Irish bitch, went out for a short trip, intending to return to take a hand in a pigeon match which was to take place in the afternoon. On our return shortly after noon, although sultry and extremely dry, we laid out a bag of 17½ brace of quail and ruffed grouse, which we thought excellent. Mr. Davidson's bitch was not up to the high standard he had formed of her, but then it was her first day out for the season, and all her previous work had been south last winter.

On the following day, being exceedingly anxious to see Locksley hunted by his former owner, I insisted upon Mr. Davidson taking him in charge, as on the only trial I had given him he displayed a tendency to wildness; I took the puppy Jester.

On entering the first field I was treated to an agreeable surprise in the perfect understanding that existed between the dog and his former owner. On being cast off he cut out the field like a quarter horse, wheeled to the whistle, and, casting his head into the wind, went boldly up and nailed his first covey in a manner that made "light eyes, long loin, cow hocks and badly carried tail" all disappear on the instant. On the birds being flushed his behavior was perfect, and the manner in which he retrieved his first bird under his old master delighted me, although when purchased he was not warranted to retrieve game, having been broken by the force system during the past winter and had not been tried on birds. His actions on this occasion caused me to raise his price above the $200, the price stated in your columns, for which he could have been bought.

Our luck in finding game continued through the day, and in the evening we turned out a beautiful lot of game. Aside from the pleasure we take in occasionally showing dogs on the bench we take great pleasure with them in the field, and a bench show dog without field qualities is of no use to me: that being the case, I am content with such dogs as Knight, Liddesdale and Locksley, particularly the former two, over which I have spent so many enjoyable days, and which as field dogs I have never seen excelled, although by some they may be classed only as second or third raters.

Our bag for three days consisted of 93½ brace of quail and partridge, which is not bad for Ontario. T. G. DAVEY.

ST. BERNARD CLUB OF AMERICA.

A MEETING of the Board of Governors was held Monday, Nov. 12, at the Hoffman House, New York city. The following gentlemen were present: E. H. Moore, Geo. M. Elwood, W. H. Joeckel, Lorenzo Daniels, with K. E. Hopf in the chair. Mr. Moore had come all the way from Boston, and Mr. Elwood all the way from Rochester to attend the meeting. Messrs. E. B. Sears, of Melrose, Mass., John Keevan, of New York city, and T. H. Hastings, of Fond du Lac, were received into membership.

After a long and thorough deliberation, it was decided to offer a series of specials to be competed for at the most prominent shows in 1889. According to the constitution, the competition is open to members of the club only.

These specials are to be solid silver cups varying in value from $15 to $25, and are to be known as the St. Bernard Club cups. They will be distributed as follows:

Westminster K. C. Show.—Two cups, value $25 each; one for the best smooth-coat, the other for the best rough-coat (dog or bitch); four cups, value $15 each, for the best American-bred smooth-coated dog and bitch, and for the best American-bred rough-coated dog and bitch; two cups, value $15 each, for the best smooth stud dog with two of his get, and for the best rough stud dog with two of his get. Total value, $140.

New England Club (Boston) Show.—Two cups, value $25 each, for the best smooth-coat and for the best rough-coat (dog or bitch); four cups, value $15 each, for the best American-bred smooth-coated dog and bitch, and for the best American-bred rough-coated dog and bitch; two cups, value $15 each, for the best smooth-coated brood bitch with two of her get, and for the best rough-coated brood bitch with two of her get. Total value, $140.

Chicago Show.—Four cups of $25 each, for the best smooth-coat (dog or bitch), for the best rough-coat (dog or bitch), for the best American-bred smooth-coat and for the best American-bred rough-coat. Total value, $100.

N. J. K. C. Show.—Four cups of $15 each for the best American-bred smooth-coated dog and bitch, and ditto rough-coated dog and bitch. Total value, $60.

Philadelphia Show.—Two cups of $25 each, for the best smooth-coat (dog or bitch), and for the best rough-coat (dog or bitch. Total value, $50; grand total, $490.

In order to prevent these cups from being awarded to dogs unworthy of the honor, the stipulation was made that a dog or bitch, in order to be eligible to compete for them, must have won a prize in its respective class at the show where the competition is to take place. To make it very plain: If the best dog or bitch, owned by a member of the St. Bernard Club, is awarded a v.h.c. only in open or puppy classes, the club cup cannot be awarded to the said dog or bitch and reverts to the St. Bernard Club.

You will notice that the club means, by its very liberal offers, to encourage its members to come to the front with their home-bred dogs. There are many owners of good dogs that are still giving the club a wide berth and do not care to support it. When the time comes the club, in its turn, will not support them. The initiation fee is $10, annual dues $5. A word to the wise is sufficient. A number of judges were selected who will be recommended to the bench show committees as being approved by the club.

The offer made by Mr. Thos. B. Lee, of Toledo, to donate the stud services of his champion Victor Joseph as a special, to be competed for at a show to be designated by him, was accepted with thanks. It was decided to hold puppy and produce stakes, which will be announced later.

The annual meeting of the club is to be held on the first day of the Westminster Show, Feb. 19, 1889. K. E. H.

THE COURSING MEETS.

THE following are some expressions of opinion as given by those interested in the sport of coursing:

M. E. Allison, Hutchinson, Kan.—"I don't think FOREST AND STREAM ought to be too rough on me about the wolf hunt we had out on the coursing grounds. Out West we don't have much style about us in our sport, and think it's all right to kill a wolf any way you can, whether he's in a pen or not. Besides, you have to work schemes to get your gate money. If you didn't have any gate money where would be the fun?"

Dr. G. Irwin Royce, Topeka, Kan.—"I want it understood that I volunteered to chase the wolf along the fence in the Hutchinson inclosed wolf hunt, simply as a matter of accommodation to Mr. Allison, and to advance what I thought to be the interests of the sport of coursing; but I told Mr. Allison the right idea would have been to run the wolf around the yard once or twice, and then take him up. I didn't like to see him killed in a corner. I want it understood, too, that I didn't own Ruby in the delayed courses at the American Club meet, and that I 'rode furiously two or three miles' only to accommodate Mr. Allen, who couldn't take care of Ruby himself."

H. C. Lowe, Topeka, Kan.—"Do you know, while I shouldn't for a moment wish to boast of my own property, to be sure, I mean to say that White Lips is the greatest greyhound bitch under the bloomin' canopy, excepting Patira, and Patira is the greatest except White Lips. I feel positively melancholy when I think what a spactacle they will make of all the other entries at the coursing meets next spring and fall. And, don't you know, my imported Lord Neversettle is going to show a rare good one. He is, without doubt, of the highest grade."

Dr. Van Hummell, Omaha, Neb.—"Did you see Master Rich jump the fence? Did you see him kill his jack every time? Did you see him bring back the rabbit's tail in his mouth, that time he ran in the slips with Rowdy? Great dog, Master Rich! Do 'em all up next year! Do 'em all up!"

D. C. Luse, Great Bend, Kan.—"Did you ever notice that a jack rabbit's eyes are set in his head so that he sees square behind him when he runs? You watch one, and you'll see him swerve to one side just the instant a greyhound is about to pick him up. Of course, a jack can't run with his head over his shoulder. He always looks straight ahead; but he always knows what's going on behind him, you can bet your life. He's built that way."

Chan. Smith, Des Moines, Ia.—"Sam Hinkston, of Weldon, Decatur county, Iowa, is an old Englishman, and owns a pack of foxhounds, which he delights to run. He also owns a mare, that does something that I never before heard of any horse doing. She jumps a wire fence, slick and clean. I know it, because I've seen fellows who saw her do it. She's a daisy."

F. H. Perry, Des Moines, Ia.—"My red Irish Nino is the handsomest bitch in Iowa. Just look at her, isn't that quality for you? She's a whole house and lot in the field, and just as good as she looks."

Col. R. S. MacDonald, St. Louis, Mo.—"It is true, Gyp didn't win the cup in the grandparent stakes at Great Bend; but just keep quiet till next fall. I'm going to get a dog over from England that will win something or die. I have a friend over there now, and he has instructions to pick out as good a young dog as he can find on the island. I'm going to come to Great Bend better fixed next year, and you'll find my dog right down close at the end. Bear that in mind."

R. D. Williams, Lexington, Ky.—"I wish to whisper in the ear of FOREST AND STREAM, not necessarily for publication, that I shall bring down a greyhound to Great Bend next year that will simply make an Uncle Tom's Cabin dog out of anything that meets him in the slips. Don't mention this."

C. P. Page, Minden, Neb.—"If my luck will only turn so that I don't get all my dogs killed before they run, next year I shall make a mournful procession out of the rest of the greyhounds at the meet. Just keep it quiet. I don't want it generally understood." E. HOUGH.

A DAY WITH THE BLUE RIDGE BEAGLES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As most of your readers know, the beagle is specially adapted to the pursuit of rabbits, and a day in the field with a pack of good beagles is hard to beat in the way of sport. I always enjoy a description of dogs engaged in a hunt, and thinking others will do so, I will give you a description of some of the ones used on this occasion. Thone (Rip—Blossom, A.K.R. 5711) was bred by Prof. W. W. Legare, Selma, Ala., and is a beautiful white, black and tan, and has a beautiful tongue—long, clear and flute-like. Dan, same color, was bred by Robert Cromwell, Jr., Baltimore, Md., and is by his Jack out of Music. Nell, Dinah, Sue and Jolley's Tom were all sired by Thone.

Having decided to accept the oft-repeated invitations of Dr. J. G. D. to hunt with him, the morning of the 14th October found the writer and two boys, accompanied by W. J. H., on their way to the Doctor's.

On arriving at our destination we found the Doctor had been unexpectedly called away, but he had kindly arranged with his brother-in-law (an old schoolmate of the writer) for our reception.

The first honors of the day in starting a rabbit from its form lay with Sue, the smallest one of the pack, weighing only about 12lbs., while Dinah was the first one to taste blood, she catching the rabbit after it was slightly wounded by H. Some excellent running was done by the dogs, and some fine shots were made by some of the party.

After tramping around through briers, bushes and swamps for a while we returned to the hospitable home of friend S., where we were cordially received and enjoyed the bountiful dinner set before us by Mrs. S. as only those whose appetites are sharpened by outdoor exercise know how to appreciate.

In the evening, after having been in the field about five hours, our score of results was as follows: Twenty-one rabbits were started and seventeen were either caught by the dogs or killed by some of the hunting party. Three of those started were not run by the dogs, being started by some of the party while the dogs were after others. This really makes the score seventeen out of eighteen, which I call tolerable good work for dogs that are mostly young ones.

The Blue Ridge Beagle Kennels generally run from three to seven brace of beagles, but on this occasion only had three brace. The beagle is just being introduced in this part of the country, and they are very popular with sportsmen who have tried them. They will, in all probability, supercede the larger or foxhound, as foxes are extremely scarce and the beagle suits better for rabbit hunting than the larger hound, and two or three of the little fellows can be kept on the food required for one large hound.

BLUE RIDGE.

DENVER, S. C.

SCENT AND OTHER FACULTIES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In answer to "Clumber's" letter in your issue of Oct. 25, I would say that it was the scent of the horses that his spaniel Johnny followed, and will give my reasons for thinking so. I have a black spaniel bitch eight years old. She is very much attached to a half-bred gray mare I own. This bitch Lucy, when the mare is in, is generally to be found in the mare's stall under the manger. Although when going out after woodcock, snipe or partridge (ruffed grouse), I always take this bitch with me. I tie her up when going to shoot golden plover; these plover being such extremely shy birds, the less one has with him to attract their notice the better. The shooting ground for the plover is five miles from Cookstown, and on my going out after them on several occasions on my return to where I had left my horse and buggy, I have found the bitch lying under the buggy quite contented, having evidently followed the scent of the mare, with no wish to find her master, if so she could easily have scented me across half a dozen fields, a mile or so through cleared fields. The bitch on these occasions that she followed the mare, was let loose by my boy about one hour after I had left home. I never knew Lucy to scent either of my other horses. If I drive or am driven out from home with a strange horse she never follows. I think that the above is pretty conclusive evidence that the bitch followed the scent of the mare.

There is one point that "Clumber" does not mention, and that is whether he always drove the same horses or not, when Johnny escaped and followed. Some years ago I owned a black and tan spaniel that followed me wherever I went, on foot or on wheels, and there was no driving him back, except when I went to church on Sunday, and at that time he never offered to follow at all; he would come to the gate, put his head through the bars, and watch me as far as he could see me. It has always puzzled me how he knew where I was going, for at that time we had no bell on our church, so that it could not have been that he heard the bell. The only clew he would have was the prayer book in my hand. How he knew Sunday and where I was going has always been a mystery to me.

Dogs that are in the habit of being fed or let out for a run at a certain hour in the day, can tell that hour to the minute. I have a brace of cockers that accompany me to the postoffice at half-past ten o'clock every day when I am in; at this hour they are to be found to the minute at the front door, and if I do not make my appearance close on time they yelp and bark until I do. H. B. N.

COOKSTOWN, Ontario.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your last issue, "J. E. Van E." cites an interesting case of a hound's finding his master, and he seems to think that champion Johnny followed my scent, although I was driving. I would be inclined to agree with him in this, were it not that each time I saw the dog tracking me his nose was held close to the ground as he ran, not breast high as in hunting a wind scent. Then again he ran along the middle of the road without deviation, as he would not be apt to do were the scent on the air. I own I can't understand it at all.

Another instance of "the sense of smell in dogs" worthy of remark is the following exhibited by my Clumber bitch Nell III. Three years ago I was starting on a shooting trip down the Ottawa River, and as Nell was due to whelp in a couple of weeks I intended to leave her behind. But she knew what was up, and on my locking her in a kennel, ate her way out, and when I shut her up again repeated the performance. As I was just getting into the vehicle, which was waiting to take me to the steamer, I coupled her up to the other dogs and took her with me.

As we had three other Clumbers with us we did not need Nell; so when we left camp in the morning would chain her up. She used to kick up such a shindy that after two or three hours of it the man's patience would wear out and he would unchain her. At once she would start after us, and no matter where we were would find us out, though the islands are densely wooded, and in many places there were ponds and marshes to be waded through. One morning in particular we were shooting from a canoe on the "battures," which were hidden from the camp by an island. My companion ferried me across the deep channel, which Nell had to swim, and took the canoe up to the "battures," where I waded along the shore and joined him at the head of the island. We then paddled about half a mile from the beach and began shooting. After a time I saw something white trailing along the shore where I had been, take to the "battures," and wading and swimming come to us. I don't think she came because she heard the shooting, as it was a place much frequented by sportsmen, and as a rule there was "banging" from daylight to dark. This to my thinking was another remarkable performance. CLUMBER.

GUN SHYNESS.

WHILE our pup is yet young he should be taught to love the sound of the gun. This can be easily accomplished if the proper course is pursued. In the first place we take a couple of old tin pans, and while his attention is attracted by something that interests him we strike them together, lightly at first; and if he appears to be afraid we are very careful not to add to his fright by a repetition of the noise anywhere near him, but take the pans to quite a distance from his pen and leave them, and wait awhile before trying again. When it is time to feed him we go to the pans, and while sounding our whistle, as before described, to let him know that we are coming, we give a stroke just loud enough for him to hear plainly, and at once proceed to his pen and give him his feed. By pursuing this course for a few days, and gradually going a little closer every time, he will become accustomed to the sound, and learning that the noise is connected with our coming, and also his dinner, he soon gets used to it, and in a short time will stand the racket without flinching. When he has become so accustomed to the noise that he shows no signs of fear at quite a loud crash it is time to try him with the gun. In order to do this understandingly you will require an assistant. Let him take the gun loaded with a light charge of powder and at some little distance—say forty or fifty yards away—and be ready at your signal to fire. You will now enter his pen, and after he gets a little quiet call him to you and put a piece of meat before him and bid him *Toho*, at the same time raising your hand as a signal for the gun. Carefully watch him, and should he display any sign of fear the experiment must be repeated as with the pans. There is no need of your presence only to notice how he behaves, and you can dispense with your assistant, unless, as will probably be the case, he does not mind the report, when the gun can be brought nearer, and you can make another trial. Great care must be taken not to frighten him with too loud a discharge, nor should it be too close to him, until he gets used to it. By paying close attention to him when under fire, you can readily tell how far it will do to go, and by properly conducting your experiment you can soon teach him to love the sound of the gun, even when fired over his head; indeed we have cured in this way some of the worst cases of gun-shyness that we ever saw. Comparatively few dogs are gun-shy, and it is with these only that those precautions are necessary. After your pup has been carefully accustomed to the noise do not lay the gun aside as soon as you have accomplished your object, but let him hear the sound occasionally until his education is complete, taking good care that the discharge of the gun is at once followed by something pleasing to him—his dinner, for instance—or let it be a prelude to giving him his liberty, thus giving him to understand that the noise means something, and soon the noise, or even the sight of the gun, will cause him pleasurable emotions that he will never forget.—*Hammond's "Training vs. Breaking."*

SPANIELS FOR BENCH AND FIELD.

HORNELLSVILLE, N. Y., Nov. 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I suppose "Quester" would have us believe that he was the first to advocate spaniel field trials, but if he will look over your files of 1878-9 he will see that he is wrong.

I admit it was a "set back," and "I was mad" to be beaten by the field spaniel Brahmin. Did I not have reason to be mad? I raised him from a puppy, but I never exhibited him because I could never get him under 28lbs. I will not starve my dogs to weight; the dog was not good at the stud nor in the field, so I sold him cheap; could have had him back for $25, but would not take him as a gift.

Any one who has cash enough can buy good stock; but Messrs. Rendle, Nelles, West and Oldham have yet to make a name as breeders. Mr. Willey's and my stock is just alike, only I breed to the standard, he to the long and low, but not satisfied with what he had, he must needs cross his old bitches with the longest and lowest field spaniel ever imported. I am a bit slow myself, but I never did and never will own but one slow pottering dog, and that champion Benedict. "An Onlooker" thinks he and "Quester" have "treed something." Well, I am not dead yet. I knew he would "cry peccavi" on the Boston show challenge. Now then, young fellow, don't tell the boys I bluffed you. I don't believe you belong to the N. D. Club, because you have "no sand," so I will hang up your scalp with the rest.

My "perch" is too high for Messrs. "Onlooker" and "Quester" to shin up; they can never grind an axe sharp enough to cut the tree, nor can they raise enough wind to blow it down, so I will give them and the rest of the clique an easy job. Just let them explain how the present style of long and low cockers are "eminently well built, graceful and active dogs," and do they "show strength without heaviness or clumsiness?"

When the winds of winter blow,
His little short legs cannot go,
And April showers tax all his powers,
To crawl through the mud, don't you know?

To Mr. Watson I would say that I never wanted a "giraffe" spaniel, and I remember that at Philadelphia when I was deliberating about sending the long-legged Johnny out of the ring for having too long legs, a gentleman handed me a note which read, "Don't fool around with a dog if he is able to walk." I was not judging spaniels as I want them, but as they were entered, when they had a chance to compete the workmen got the blue ribbon, but when the class was of "crocodiles" and "weeds" then I had to put the long and low ahead.

I did not suspect that Mr. Mason was bitten so badly by the "fancy flea," and it was at Mr. Wade's suggestion that he was given the mastiffs at Buffalo. J. OTIS FELLOWS.

Editor Forest an Stream;

Now that Mr. Fellows has gone to earth and our little side show controversy is over, we can get down to the main point at issue—spaniel field trials. Are they to be or not to be? The Spaniel Club as a club seems moribund; but surely the individual spaniel men are alive to the interests of the breed! Messrs. Wilmerding, Hemingway, West, Willey, Nelles, Mercer, Oldham, Laidlaw, Kirke, Niven *et al.*, do let us hear from you on this vitally important subject. QUESTER.

MORE COON.

WHILE coon hunting in Connecticut during September I discovered that woodchucks could climb trees and that they ran nights. Twice I saw my dogs take a track, once they "barked up," and we found a woodchuck up a white birch about 10ft. from the ground. The other time, upon going where they were barking, found they had a woodchuck in a swamp under some roots. These were different nights; one a moonlight one, the other very dark and cloudy. My dogs have, with my help, killed thirty-four coons so far this season, five of them they caught on the ground. The last one weighed 25lbs.; by far the heaviest of the lot. J. G. L.

CAMBRIDGE, Mass.

I have read with some amusement and some impatience the statements of your various correspondents concerning the whicker of the coon. One is reminded of the ancient feud over the shield of a certain statue. One knight saw it from the east and swore it was of gold; the other took a hasty glance from the west and was prepared to stake his life on its being silver. As they belabored each other a third party of less haste and more judgment interfered and stopped the fight by showing the true state of affairs. Now to apply—I have often heard the whicker of the coon and the cry of the long-eared owl, and have found it difficult at times to distinguish them. The note of the coon is perhaps deeper and more squalling, especially if it be a fully adult animal. The mottled owl also is said to utter this prolonged quavering cry, but I am not familiar with this species.

ERNEST E. THOMPSON.

NEW YORK.

A SHORT ESSAY ON PUPPYISM.

THERE are puppies who have no canine appetites, who drink more than they eat, and sleep more than they live. There are puppies from the ducal coronet down to the shoeblack; puppies of every complexion, size, stature and denomination. There are puppies in crape as well as in ermine; tie-wigs as well as crops. Puppies are cherished by the ladies, who consider them as innocent animals, and treat them as lapdogs; they are admitted to female toilets, and are looked upon as so insignificant that they are not noticed. A hairdresser is an animal of superior merit, a dentist is a king and a dancing master an emperor, compared to a dangling puppy.

In the Senate a puppy may be distinguished by the choice of hard words without any meaning; constantly speaking to every question without understanding it; addressing the chair without any address; joining the treasury bench, and dividing with the majority, right or wrong.

In the pulpit, the stroking a white hand and admiring it with a ring in the middle of a sermon, a simpering ogle, and affected lisp, and a circling gaze for admiration, particularly from the ladies, all denote the clerical puppy.

At the Bar, an affected pronunciation, and lugging in my "lud and autority," without any sort of authority, brow-beating witnesses, whose ignorance and embarrassment prevent them from acquitting themselves with propriety, asking questions and straining the meaning of answers all argue the puppy.

In medicine, a glaring chariot, a large wig, a pedantic selection of technical phrases, a dogmatic decision, an evasive replication, determine the faculty puppy.

From these specimens the reader will be enabled to form some idea of puppyism in most situations; he will easily trace the puppy fop, the puppy sportsman, the puppy critic, the puppy connoisseur, the puppy poet, and even the puppy writer.

That I may not be classed under the last, I shall here terminate this essay by declaring myself a sworn foe to puppyism in every class and station of life.—*Sporting Magazine, 1797.*

AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER.

FOLLOWING are the numbers of the dogs entered in the November number of the *American Kennel Register:*

BASSET HOUNDS.

6667. Jocrisse, Cornelius Stevenson.

BEAGLES.

6668. Bugle II., E. W. Whitcomb. 6670. Josette, Wm. West.
6669. Cappie, E. W. Whitcomb.

BULLDOGS.

6671. Uncle, G. B. Benners.

CHESAPEAKE BAY DOGS.

6672. Chesapeake, E. A. Palmer.

COLLIES.

6673. Bobbie of A., W. Werntz. 6679. Janie II., Sol. W. Blue.
6674. Bawn, T. H. Burgoyne. 6680. Lucilla of A., F. Morris.
6675. Cregellie, Miss A. Thayer. 6681. Prince Legio, F. Morris.
6676. Flash II., T. H. Burgoyne. 6682. Rowdy Girl, W. O. Werntz.
6677. Harold, W. R. Adamson. 6683. Shep of A., F. Morris.
6678. Hunter, W. R. Adamson.

DACHSHUNDE.

6684. Fiedel, G. Amsinck. 6686. Wütherich, G. Amsinck.
6685. Halloh, G. Amsinck.

GREAT DANES.

6687. Pluto, Jas. H. Day, Jr.

GREYHOUNDS.

6688. Iuanda, M. H. Raulett.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS.

6689. Bruce, B. D. Nuitz.

MASTIFFS.

6690. Beech Grove Gloster, W. Taylor. 6705. Ilford Caution III., George Jackson.
6691. Beech Grove King Agrippa, Geo. Jackson. 6706. Ilford Mark, Wm. X. Huber.
6692. Beech Grove Jack, Thomas W. Shunk. 6707. Lady Belle, Berkshire Kennels.
6693. Champion II., Herbert Edward Stockbridge. 6708. Leah II., J. A. Eames.
6694. Dasia, Geo. W. Simpson. 6709. Melbourne, Chas. E. Bunn.
6695. Eadbert, Wm. Wade. 6710. Minting II., Geo. P. Jones.
6696. Ector, Wm. Wade. 6711. Nora II., Redfield Procton.
6697. Edith, Wm. Wade. 6712. Philammon, J. H. Stone.
6698. Edric, Wm. Wade. 6713. Pilot, Ida F. Warren.
6699. Egric, Wm. Wade. 6714. Prince Bismarck, D. T. Kolliker.
6700. Eureka, Jas. H. Day. 6715. Rex IV., J. L. Hope.
6701. Fortress, Thomas Makemson. 6716. Scott Wilks, Charles A. Pontius.
6702. Harner's Truth, Jacob M. Harner. 6717. Vermont Bee, N. W. Pierce
6718. Vermont Don, G. E. Edson.
6703. Hero, A. S. Hair. 6719. Wacouta Sybil, N. C. Royster.
6704. Huronia, Jas. H. Day.

POINTERS.

6720. David of Delphos, J. W. M. Cardeza. 6722. Floss Bang, Elm Kennels.
6723. Nell III., D. V. G. Curtis.
6721. Duke, B. N. Cook. 6724. Pellet, W. M. Haines.

PUGS.

6725. Tu'penny, Henry A. Allen.

ST. BERNARDS.—ROUGH-COATED.

6726. Basel, Albert Young. 6736. Pell, Halfway Brook Kennels.
6727. Ben Hur, Tracy Gould.
6728. Benito, C. E. Woodman. 6737. Plato, F. L. Usher.
6729. Bruno, Ed. Clayville. 6738. Rex V., J. W. Lovatt.
6730. Countess Sequa, C. C. Chambers. 6739. Silvernorn II., Jas. H. and John H. Gault.
6731. Dolph, Miss J. E. Headley. 6740. Sir Sam E., S. W. Elliott.
6732. Earl of Warwick, E. W. Burger. 6741. The Duchess Armande, Miss Mary E. Wilson.
6733. Kent, Miss E. L. Fuller. 6742. Tip, A. F. Jones.
6734. Little Lord Fauntleroy, Miss Grace Usher. 6743. Vesta III., W. Peirson.
6744. Victor, A. F. Jones.
6735. Nobility, Mrs. B. H. Kathe. 6745. Wm. M., Halfway Brook Kennels.

SMOOTH-COATED.

6746. Cato, Jr., Halfway Brook Kennels. 6749. Isabella, Mrs. B. H. Kathe.
6750. Kara II., Meuthon Kennels
6747. Countess Irma, G. P. Wiggin. 6751. Nona III., N. D. Mann.
6752. Topsy, G. P. Wiggin.
6748. Howe's Elsa, L. Howe.

SETTERS—ENGLISH SETTERS.

6753. Bob Ross, W. H. Wild. 6756. Duke of St. Paul, H. E. Thompson.
6754. Charlie G., Dr. F. D. Brown
6755. Countess Amelia, Elm Kennels. 6757. Echo, A. H. Mason.
6758. Thursday, H. W. Hopkins.

GORDON SETTERS.

6759. Guy II., C. E. Bardwell.

IRISH SETTERS.

6760. Allene II., J. S. Martin. 6765. Iowa Prince, F. H. Perry.
6761. Bang, John Maughan. 6766. Iron King, J. H. Millspaugh
6762. Brano W., C. P. de Allencar Cintra. 6767. Larne, Dr. A. T. Dobson.
6768. O'Donovan Rossa, Michael Flynn, Jr.
6763. Conmara, J. R. Gleason. 6769. Paddy Sarsfield, D. Ward.
6764. Don Pedro, Nelson Royal.

SHEEPDOGS.—BOB-TAILED.

6770. Dame Ursula, Chas. Rosser.

SPANIELS.—FIELD AND COCKER SPANIELS.

6771. Beckey II., O. B. Gilman. 6772. Kobo, Jr., W. G. Clark.

TERRIERS.—BULL-TERRIERS.

6773. Gretchen, H. P. Hopkins.

FOX-TERRIERS

6774. Guess, N. J. Winfield. 6775. Victoria, W. H. Clift.

IRISH TERRIERS.

6776. Sandycroft Vim, Victor M. Haldeman.

ROBINS ISLAND CLUB.

IN the early spring of 1881 Dr. S. Fleet Speir invited some friends to his residence for the purpose of interesting them in the purchase of Robins Island as a game preserve. For many years this island had been used for the Eastern field trials, which are now held at High Point, and Dr. Speir has thus become acquainted with the property, which is situated in Peconic Bay, being a little over a mile from shore.

It was decided to purchase the island and organize a club. Mr. William B. Kendall of Brooklyn was elected president, and under his auspices the old house upon the island was remodeled, and on November 5, 1881, the club house was opened for visitors.

It has been the custom of the club to give field trials, in which the members participate by running their dogs and shooting over them in the contest for the All-Aged, Brace and Derby Stakes. In the Eastern, Southern, and Western field trials throughout the country the owner of the dogs run employs a professional handler.

In many respects the Robins Island Club reflects a decided change which has come over the American people concerning healthful sports, and is a recognition of its value in counterbalancing the evil of overworked humanity. The great strain caused by competition in the race for wealth undermines the physical forces, strains the nerves and overtaxes the brain. The relaxation taken in England and on the Continent in sport and in the chase has been fruitful in developing a healthy people. Many persons to rid themselves of vexatious care seek rest in an ocean voyage and travel among a more quiet people, who wear a silken thread of pleasure through their business life.

Should more of these sporting clubs be formed and the islands and wild lands be kept as preserves for native game, there would be saved to our country much of beauty, and money would not be lavished in foreign countries that are not so rich in natural resources.

There is wanted knowledge as to the care and management of our game. An English gamekeeper is not able to cultivate the land so as to provide food in a natural way, that

he varied kinds may be raised for use for all seasons of the year.

The land upon Robins Island, that is not woodland and thick underbrush, is planted with wheat, rye, buckwheat, sorghum, golden millet and other cereals, which are left standing in the fields, so that the birds may gather their food in the natural way. During the winter season protection is given the birds by the piling up of underbrush and the building up of low covers, and the birds are provided with wheat screenings, purchased by the ton at a very low price.

The old club house caught fire and burned to the ground just before the meeting, November 15, appointed for the field trials of 1887. The Board of Directors decided not to rebuild at once, but leave it to the new Board, which would be elected to office in the early spring of 1888. Plans were presented by several competing architects, and that of Mr. Rudolph Laurent Dans of Brooklyn was adopted in June. A new site was selected and the building was begun on July 24. It has been completed in a little less than 100 days by Myron C. Rush, the contractor. The shooting season has opened and the quail are strong and vigorous. There are also a large number of rabbits and squirrels on the island. New kennels and kennel yards have been built for the comfort of the dogs. The club house is in charge of the efficient superintendent, S. W. Beach. Abundant sport may be obtained in the club yacht, as the bay affords good duck shooting.

Officers of the club: President, S. Fleet Speir, M.D.; Vice-President, H. D. Polhemus; Secretary and Treasurer, Samuel B. Duryea; Executive Committee, S. Fleet Speir, M.D., H. D. Polhemus, Samuel B. Duryea.

List of members: S. Fleet Speir, M.D.; William B. Kendall, H. J. Cullen, Jr.; W. B. Dickerman, S. B. Duryea, E. M. Field, L. H. Bullard, Austin Corbin, George S. Edgell, William L. Pomeroy, D. A. Lindley, H. D. Polhemus, Leander Waterbury, Alden S. Swan, W. M. Van Anden, William Hester, Chauncey Marshall, M. P. Grace, J. N. Jarvie, William Rockefeller, E. W. McClave, William Ziegler, W. L. Wellington, William Stanley and J. H. Ballantine.

The new club house will be formally opened by a dinner on November 30.—*New York Graphic.*

DOG TALK.

WE have received the premium list of the Northern Illinois Poultry and Pet Stock Association show, at Rockford, Ill., Dec. 3 to 8. The premiums throughout for the kennel department are $3 cash (or engraved collar, at option of winner) to first, and silk badge to second. Specials of $5 for best kennels of the chief breeds.

Some finely bred pugs are offered for sale by Dr. M. H. Cryer, of Philadelphia. See his advertisement in another column.

AMERICAN PET DOG CLUB.—Minutes of the Annual Meeting of the American Pet Dog Club (Incorporated).—The annual meeting of the American Pet Dog Club as provided for in the by-laws was held Nov. 14, 1888, at 129 East Sixteenth street, New York, the president, Mrs. Wheatleigh, in the chair. On motion Miss Bannister was elected secretary pro tem. The following members answered to the roll call: Mrs Chas. Wheatleigh, Mrs. M. E. Randolph, Mrs. Frank Leslie, Miss Marion E. Bannister, Dr. M. H. Cryer, Mr. W. J. Fryer, Jr., Mrs. Henry B. Cowles, Mrs. H. E. Abbey. The minutes of the last meeting held Oct. 15 were read and approved. Two names were proposed for membership, Miss Lena Thomas and Mr. E. D. Bruce, both names being unanimously accepted. The two names accepted at the last meeting were then declared members, as per provision in by-laws. The meeting then proceeded to the election of officers for the ensuing year with the following result: President, Mrs. Chas. Wheatleigh; Vice-President, Dr. M. H. Cryer; Treasurer, Mr. W. J. Fryer, Jr.; Secretary, Miss Marion E. Bannister. Executive Committee, Mrs. Chas. Wheatleigh, Mr. W. J. Fryer, Jr., Miss Marion E. Bannister, Mrs. Frank Leslie, Mrs. M. E. Randolph, Mrs. H. E. Abbey, Mrs. H. B. Cowles. The treasurer presented his report, which was accepted and ordered on file. The proposed changes in the by-laws as per notice in minutes of last meeting were made by a unanimous vote. A committee consisting of Dr. Cryer, Mrs. Leslie and Miss Bannister was appointed to revise the by-laws and present the same at the next meeting of the club. The meeting then adjourned on regular motion.—MARION E. BANNISTER, Secretary pro tem., A. P. D. C.

SOUTHERN FIELD TRIALS.—Marietta, Ga., Nov. 12. —*Editor Forest and Stream:* In mailing your list of the All-Aged dogs in the Setter Stake I omitted to give Mr. Geo. T. Hodgson's two entries. They are: Mr. Geo. T. Hodgson's black, white and tan bitch Lady Piedmont (Dashing Rover—Raine), and his red setter bitch Vic. This makes the total number of entries in the All-Aged Stake sixty-four instead of sixty-two.—T. M. BRUMBY, Sec. and Treas. S. F. T. C.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* To my many correspondents, readers of your valuable journal, let me say that after Dec. 1 my kennel of English beagles, known as the "Allegheny English Beagle Kennel," and myself will again, as formerly, be located at Wrightsville, York county, Pa., to which place I remove the latter part of this month.—A. C. KRUEGER.

THE POINTER CLUB.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The members of the Pointer Club of America are requested to meet in New York city on the 20th day of February, A.D. 1889, at 4 o'clock P. M., the same being the second day of the W. K. C. show. All members are requested to meet at said time in the building occupied by the W. K. C. for their show.—C. J. PESHALL, Chairman.

CLARENCE F. SPEIR.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It is with feelings of extreme sorrow I bring to the notice of those readers of FOREST AND STREAM who are interested in all matters appertaining to dog and gun the passing away of young Clarence F Speir. Although but a lad in years he had hunted so much and over so good dogs that he had become a sportsman of no mean degree. The love of the hunting dog he came by honestly, for his father, Dr. S. Fleet Speir, has been so long identified with shooting matters that his name in that regard is as familiar as household words. The son was worthy of the sire, and would without doubt, had his life been spared, have been an ardent patron of both bench shows and field trials.

Clarence was already a capital shot, and could handle the setters and pointers of his father's kennels with the skill of a veteran. He could discern good work from bad as quickly, if not better, than many an older hand in sporting experience. A constant attendant at the Robbins Island Field Trials he had learned much, and his enthusiasm over a good bit of canine cleverness was to the full as great as was his disgust at the work of a slovenly, careless fielder. With the latter he had no patience. To tell the truth, accustomed as he was to the working of such dogs as Romeo, Brighton, St. Elmo IV. and St. Elmo VI., he cared not a whit to hunt over an inferior animal. Handling and loving the good ones, he cared nothing for those lacking excellence in pace, nose or intelligence.

The lad was but eighteen years of age, tall and agile; he was the last one to be looked upon for an early separation from all and everything he held so dear. In looks he was the picture of health. He was animated in conversation, enthusiastic in speech when talking of his dogs or gun. His eyes were as bright as diamonds, while lips and cheeks glowed with the rich luster of the ruby. His every movement was quick, alert, body and mind in perfect accord.

His passing away was a severe shock to all who knew him. It was as sudden as a flash of light. He had just finished his school studies, and had entered himself as a student in the New York Medical College. In some unknown manner he contracted diphtheria, the attack being a quick sharp one. So splendid was the lad's physique that, acute as was the cause of the disease, he rallied quickly and convalesced in marvelously quick fashion. In two weeks he was up and about, apparently feeling no ill effects, and showing none save a slight lassitude. His father, knowing full well the insidious character of the disease, watched him carefully, but as day by day passed the anxiety wore off. They started together for a visit to Robins Island, and while on the way thither the young man had a slight faint spell in the cars, but it was of so short duration that it was attributed more to fatigue and the vitiated air of the car than to aught else. He was not tired by the journey, and on reaching his destination ate a hearty supper, and after chatting gaily with his father and friends retired early. In the morning he was among the first astir and started for a short walk. From that walk he never returned. He walked from the house along quite a lane until the main road was reached. Turning into this he had scarce gone a rod ere he was seen to fall by a young lad who was near him, who gave the alarm, and help was at once at hand. All proved of no avail, for the hopeful youth had passed to other hunting grounds. We cannot but sorrow over such departures and think not once but often of had he lived to man's estate, "what might have been."

The cause of death was heart failure. JACOB PENTZ.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

"OUR PRIZE DOGS."

OUR PRIZE DOGS. Descriptions and criticisms of the prize winners of 1887, with thirty-one artotype illustrations from life. By Charles H. Mason. New York: Forest and Stream Publishing Co., 1888.

The first impression made by this portly volume is one of surprise at its bulk and the luxurious style of its preparation throughout. All those engaged in its manufacture have combined their skill to present it as a magnificent triumph of sumptuous book making. Photographer, compositor, pressman and binder have done each his part, and in all respects, artotype illustrations, type, paper, presswork and binding, the result attained is most pleasing. "Our Prize Dogs" is a volume of 588 pages (8× 11in.), and generously illustrated (or as it was once the way of putting it, embellished with plates) and bound in green and gold, the cover stamp being an animated portrait of the collie Scotilla. The illustrations are artotypes, or permanent photographs, and they give exact presentations of the subjects as they are. In richness, fidelity of portraiture, and effective picturing of the subjects so that they may here be studied as they really exist, these artotypes are an invaluable aid in setting forth the characteristics of the breeds. The subjects, Mr. Mason tells us, were selected as these most typical; they are:

Bulldogs: Robinson Crusoe, Britomartis.
Collies: Scotilla, Dublin Scot, Scotilla, Flurry II.
Deerhounds: Chieftain, Wanda.
Greyhound: Mother Demdike.
Italian Greyhound: Fannie.
Mastiffs: Homer, Minting.
Pointers: Bracket, Graphic, Revel III.
Pug: Bradford Ruby.
St. Bernards: Duke of Leeds, Otho, Hector, Leila.
Setters: Rockingham, Cora of Wetheral, Royal Duke, Tim.
Spaniels: Obo II., Newton Abbot Beau, Milwaukee Charlie.
Terriers: Count, Bacchanal and Lucifer.

Turning now from the external and artistic points of the book to its letter press, we find a ready explanation of the delay in publishing "Our Prize Dogs," for here is detailed treatment of nearly a thousand different specimens. The list includes all the winners of first, second and third prizes at the Buffalo, Newark, Providence, Boston, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Hartford and New York shows of 1887. A complete record is given of the show winnings for 1887 and previous years in America and abroad. Other details are of color and markings, sire, dam, date of birth, height at shoulder, weight in show condition, and names of breeder and owner. To collect and compile these particulars must have been an undertaking of such magnitude as to discourage any but the most enthusiastic, courageous and indefatigable. Here are something like ten thousand details to be set down in cold type; and every individual one of the ten thousand must be set down correctly, for exactitude and accuracy are the first qualities demanded, they are absolutely essential if the book is to be of practical value to breeders, as it is designed to be. But this is not all. To the description of each specimen is added a criticism setting forth the points of excellence and noting the defects. This is the bone and sinew. It is here that the author's profound knowledge and rare critical faculties are shown in every line. Mr. Mason is a judge of dogs, a born judge, and a critic whose innate gifts have been supplemented by a lifelong devotion to study of the several breeds of dogs. He is a judge of dogs as some men are judges of horses, and others of the arts. He is a critic whose opinion of a dog is determined by one thing alone—the actual merits of the specimen, as he sees them. He is by far the most competent all-around judge we have in this country to-day; and when such a man sets down his criticisms, as here given, they may well be studied with care and profit —the more care the more profit. "Our Prize Dogs" is not only a compendium of information and intelligent criticism; it is an educational text book, and as such, not less than by reason of the elaborate scope and the beautiful workmanship, its publication is to be welcomed.

KENNEL NOTES.

Notes must be sent on prepared blanks, which are furnished free on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope of large letter size. Sets of 200 of any one form, bound for retaining duplicates, are sent for 30 cents.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Pollywog. By Warner & Hamilton, Canaan Four Corners, N Y., for dark fawn English pug bitch, whelped Aug. 7, 1888, by Cricket (Toodles, A.K.R. 2147—Tuck, A.K.R. 4960) out of Trinket (Dandy—Pansy Blossom, A.K.R. 5458).

Hector Gordon. By Chas. Bolzin, Kellogg, Ia., for black and tan Gordon dog, whelped July 8, 1888, by General Gordon (Turk —Gyp II.) out of Floss II. (A.K.R. 6267).

Nellie Gordon. By J. T. Pauntin, Coralville, Ia. for black and tan Gordon bitch, whelped July 8, 1888, by General Gordon (Turk —Gyp II.) out of Floss II. (A.K.R. 6267).

Clifford II. By E. P. Baldwin, Norwich, Conn., for red, white spot on breast, Irish setter dog, whelped Oct. 4, 1887, by Irish Laddie (Glencho—Tara) out of Colleen Bawn II (Dirk—Maud II.).

NAMES CHANGED.

Little Dot to Rural Dot. By Rural Kennels, Wakefield, Mass., for black, white and fawn beagle bitch, by Flute M. (Flute—Collette) out of Belle (Mark Antony—May Belle).

May B. to Rural May. By Rural Kennels, Wakefield, Mass., for black and white English setter bitch, by imported Belthus (champion Rock—Cockerton's Meg) out of Daisy.

BRED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Cleopatra B.—Pericles. Geo. Rupprecht's (New York) mastiff bitch Cleopatra B., A.K.R. 6448 (Debonnair—Boss's Minnie) to his Pericles (A.K.R. 6450), Oct. 5.

Lady Dido—Bradford Harry. W. D. Reid's (Elmira, N.Y.) Yorkshire terrier bitch Lady Dido (Prince—Flora) to P. H. Coombs's Bradford Harry (Crawshaw's Bruce—Beale's Lady), Nov. 4.

WHELPS.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Passaic. Somerset Kennels' (Bernardsville, N. J.) beagle bitch Passaic (My Maryland—Gill), Oct. 25, five (three dogs), by their Potomac (champion Lee—Countess).

Queen Victoria. Somerset Kennels' (Bernardsville, N. J.) fox-terrier bitch Queen Victoria (Kennedy's Rip—Burrill's Jewel) Oct. 5, six (three dogs), by their Somerset Mike (Belgrave Primrose—Smuggles).

SALES.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Little Dot. Black, white and fawn English beagle hound bitch, by Flute M. out of Belle, by W. E. Deane, Somerset, Mass., to Rural Kennels, Wakefield, Mass.

Minting - Lady Beatrice whelps. Fawn mastiff dogs, whelped July 26, 1888, by E. H. Moore, Melrose, Mass., one each to Arthur J. Purinton, Lynn, Mass.; Jas. Thompson, Baltimore, Md.; J. E. Jenkins, Lynn, Mass., and Chas. E. Bunn, Peoria, Ill.

Linden King. Fawn mastiff dog, whelped July 25, 1888, by Minting out of Beaulah, by E. H. Moore, Melrose, Mass., to John Coles, Linden, Mass.

Minting—Bess' whelps. Fawn mastiff bitches, whelped April 15, 1888, by E. H. Moore, Melrose, Mass., one each to Jas. Thompson, Baltimore, Md., and H. F. Palmer, New Bedford, Mass.

Ilford Mark. Fawn mastiff dog, whelped May 25, 1888, by Ilford Caution out of Countess, by E. H. Moore, Melrose, Mass., to Wm. X. Huber, 229 Vine street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Minting—Duchess whelp. Fawn mastiff dog, whelped Aug. 15, 1888, by Minting out of Duchess, by E. H. Moore, Melrose, Mass., to Jas. W. Whitney, Rochester, N. Y.

Alp II.—Myrtle whelp. Orange and white St. Bernard bitch, by Alp II. out of Myrtle, by E. H. Moore, Melrose, Mass., to W. D. Page, Fort Wayne, Ind.

Rex Bernard. Orange and white St. Bernard dog, whelped June 27, 1888, by Hector out of Countess, by E. H. Moore, Melrose, Mass., to C. C. Chambers, Waterbury, Conn.

Alp II.—Mollie whelps. Orange and white St. Bernards, whelped July 7, 1888, by E. H. Moore, Melrose, Mass., a dog each to C. H. Smith, St. Stephen, N. B.; W. S. Gray, Lyons, Texas; J. N. Camden, Jr., Parkersburg, W. Va.; Charles Young, 23 East Kinney street, Newark, N. J.; H. M. Carpenter, 76 Wall street, New York city, and J. E. Jenkins, Lynn, Mass.

Lady Kalashin. Orange and white St. Bernard bitch, whelped July 7, 1888, by Alp II. out of Mollie, by E. H. Moore, Melrose, Mass., to H. M. Charlesworth, Owen Sound, Ont., Can.

General Scott. Orange and white St. Bernard dog, whelped May 26, 1888, by Merchant Prince out of Bernie V., by E. H. Moore, Melrose, Mass., to Louis Zettwick, Syracuse, N. Y.

Plato. Orange and white St. Bernard dog, whelped May 26, 1888, by Merchant Prince out of Bernie V., by E. H. Moore, Melrose, Mass., to Frank L. Usher, Potsdam, N. Y.

Little Lord Fauntleroy. Orange and white St. Bernard dog, whelped May 26, 1888, by Merchant Prince out of Bernie V., by E. H. Moore, Melrose, Mass., to Miss Grace Usher, Potsdam, N. Y.

Vesta. Orange and white St. Bernard bitch, whelped May 26, 1888, by Merchant Prince out of Bernie V., by E. H. Moore, Melrose, Mass., to Walter Peirson, 514 New Market street, Phila., Pa.

Confidence. Orange and white St. Bernard bitch, whelped May 26, 1888, by Merchant Prince out of Bernie V., by E. H. Moore, Melrose, Mass., to W. S. Gray, Lyons, Texas.

Merchant Prince—Bernie V. whelps. Orange and white St. Bernard dogs, whelped May 26, 1888, by E. H. Moore, Melrose, Mass., one each to Geo. H. Curtis, Adrian, Mich., and M. L. Stover, Amsterdam, N. Y.

Champion Merchant Prince—Bernie V. whelp. Orange and white St. Bernard bitch, whelped July 19, 1887, by E. H. Moore, Melrose, Mass., to D. Driscoll, 19 Chatham street, New York city.

Merchant Prince. Orange and white St. Bernard dog, whelped July 10, 1886, by champion Merchant Prince out of Miranda, by E. H. Moore, Melrose, Mass., to C. G. Wheelock, Arlington, Mass.

May B. Black and white English setter bitch, by imported Belthus out of Daisy, by W. H. Walton, Lynn, Mass., to Rural Kennels, Wakefield, Mass.

Clifford II. Red, white spot on breast, Irish setter dog, whelped Oct. 4, 1887, by Irish Laddie out of Colleen Bawn II., by O. S. Kelsey, Parkville, Hartford, Conn., to E. P. Baldwin, Norwich, Conn.

Adonis. Black and white cocker dog, whelped June 23, 1888, by Giffee out of Flirt (A.K.R. 661), by Frank E. Curtis, Simcoe, Ont., to Rev. H. H. Waters, New Orleans, La.

Bobo. Black cocker spaniel dog, whelped June 24, 1888, by Master Shina out of Woodstock Ruby, by Andrew Laidlaw, Woodstock, Ont., to Howard B. Rathbone, Syracuse, N. Y.

Brownie. Chestnut cocker dog, whelped Jan. 3, 1888, by Mack out of Nina, by Frank E. Curtis, Simcoe, Ont., to T. G. Jackson, Bradford, Pa.

Champion Little Red Rover. Red cocker spaniel dog, whelped June 30, 1885, by champion Obo II. out of Woodstock Dinah, by Andrew Laidlaw, Woodstock, Ont., to Theo. J. Hook, Rome, N. Y.

Guess. Liver and white cocker dog, whelped Jan. 10, 1888, by Sport, Jr., out of Flirt, by F. E. Curtis, Simcoe, Ont., Can., to T. G. Jackson, Bradford, Pa.

Luago. Black cocker dog, whelped June 28, 1888, by Giffee out of Flirt (A.K.R. 661), by Frank E. Curtis, Simcoe Kennels, Simcoe, Ont., to W. H. Caldwell, Milton.

Robin. Red cocker spaniel dog, whelped July 4, 1886, by Andrew Laidlaw, Woodstock, Ont., to Brant Cocker Kennels, Brantford, Ont.

Master Shina—Belle whelp. Liver cocker spaniel dog, whelped July 4, 1888, by Andrew Laidlaw, Woodstock, Ont., to Edwin R. Burrell, Kalamazoo, Mich.

Lady Dido. Blue and tan Yorkshire terrier bitch, whelped Oct. 4, 1884, by Prince out of Flora, by P. H. Coomos, Bangor, Me., to W. D. Reid, Elmira, N. Y.

Gun—Victoria Laverack whelp. For "two black, white and tan," etc., under this head in last issue, read one black and white English setter dog (Gun—Victoria Laverack), by Chas. York, Bangor Me., to W. H. Wild, Jersey City.

Rifle and Tray Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

NEW ENGLAND VS. OLD ENGLAND.

THE suggestion made in the FOREST AND STREAM that Massachusetts alone might step forward as representing American riflemen and get back that championship at military team shooting which Great Britain now holds, has been taken up in earnest, and the following correspondence may be the first chapter in the story of the international rifle match of 1889:

HEADQUARTERS SECOND BRIGADE, M.V.M., BOSTON, Nov. 12.—*Maj.-Gen. Samuel Dalton, Adjutant-General M.V.M.:* The gratifying success of the Massachusetts riflemen at Creedmoor and Chicago during the past three years is a matter of record in the army and national guard from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and the honest, faithful and uniformly successful results of these competitions seem worthy of a fitting recognition at the hands of the citizens of this Commonwealth. I therefore have the honor to request permission to open official correspondence with the National Rifle Association of Great Britain and kindred organizations of the English Volunteers, with the view of arranging a series of competitions between the volunteer riflemen of England and the marksmen of the Massachusetts volunteer militia. Should such correspondence indicate that a Massachusetts militia team would meet with welcome, and that competitions with the service rifle of each nation be indorsed by the proper authorities, I further ask that permission be given me to form a rifle team, to be composed, so far as practicable, of the members of the State teams of 1887 and 1888, with the view of visiting England the coming July, to participate in the annual meeting of the National Rifle Association of Great Britain; the expense of such a trip to be borne by private subscription, and I earnestly ask your co-operation and that of the inspector-general of rifle practice in the undertaking. I am respectfully, your obedient servant

J. P. FROST,
Major and Assist. Inspect.-Gen. Rifle Practice, 2d Brig., M.V.M.

HEADQUARTERS, SECOND BRIGADE, M. V. M., Boston, Nov. 12, 1888.—Respectfully forwarded. I heartily approve the request of Major Frost, and believe that the idea is one which cannot fail to receive the hearty indorsement and support of every friend of the Massachusetts Volunteer Militia. The record of our militia riflemen is most brilliant, and I believe that the benefits of such trip would prove of inestimable advantage to our expert shots. In Major Frost I have the utmost confidence. His well-known reputation as an experienced rifleman, his enthusiasm and love of the reputation of the militia, especially in him for this important undertaking, and I feel confident that every endeavor which human ingenuity can devise will be brought forth by him to sustain the reputation of the State.—BENJ. F. PEACH, Jr., Brig.-Gen.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS, ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE, Boston, Nov. 15, 1888.—Respectfully referred to Colonel H. T. Rockwell, the Inspector General of Rifle Practice, M. V. M., for his consideration, who will return this paper with his opinion indorsed thereon. By order of the Commander-in-Chief, SAMUEL DILLON, Adjutant-General.

OFFICE OF THE INSPECTOR-GENERAL OF RIFLE PRACTICE, M. V. M., Boston, Nov. 16, 1888.—I should disapprove of any such project as here outlined, unless the party making the excursion is composed of representative men, capable of maintaining the record made by Massachusetts in late years. But if a party can be properly made up, and can go abroad with the expectation of meeting the volunteers of England on equal terms, I should approve of authorizing the necessary preliminaries. I think the request of Major Frost for permission to open correspondence

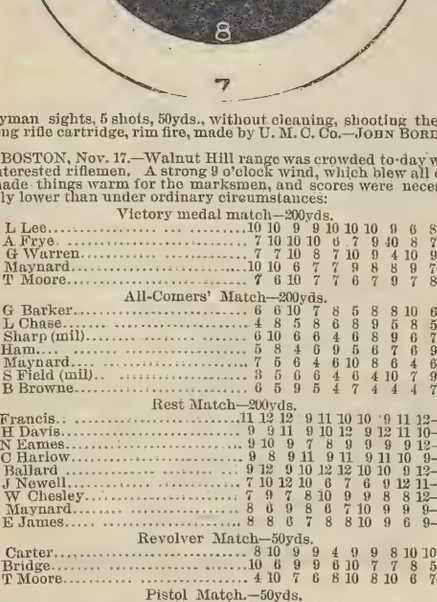
should be granted. This will develop any obstacles in the way, and determine whether the suggested plan can be carried out, with a fair promise of maintaining abroad the prestige which our State troops have established at home.—H. T. ROCKWELL, Colonel and Inspector-General Rifle Practice.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS, ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE, Boston, Nov. 16, 1888.—Respectfully returned to Major J. P. Frost, assistant inspector-general of rifle practice, Second Brigade, who is authorized to open correspondence on the subject matter contained within, it being understood that the team will not be formed or any expense incurred without the approval of this office.—SAMUEL DALTON, Adjutant-General.

HEADQUARTERS SECOND BRIGADE, M. V. M., Boston, Nov. 17, 1888.—Respectfully forwarded by order of General Peach.—CHARLES C. FREY, Assistant Adjutant-General.

Major Frost will immediately open correspondence, and the matter will probably reach a conclusion the first of the new year.

A .22 TARGET.—Tiverton, R. I., Oct. 25.—I inclose copy of target which I made on Oct. 13 with a Stevens' 5½lb. rifle, using



Lyman sights, 5 shots, 50yds., without cleaning, shooting the .22 long rifle cartridge, rim fire, made by U. M. C. Co.—JOHN BORDEN.

BOSTON, Nov. 17.—Walnut Hill range was crowded to-day with interested riflemen. A strong 9 o'clock wind, which blew all day made things warm for the marksmen, and scores were necessarily lower than under ordinary circumstances:

Victory medal match—200yds.

H L Lee	10	10	9	9	10	10	10	9	6	8—91
J A Frye	7	10	10	10	9	7	9	10	8	7—84
B G Warren	7	7	10	8	7	10	9	4	10	9—81
A Maynard	10	10	6	7	7	9	8	8	9	7—81
O T Moore	7	6	10	7	7	6	7	9	7	8—74

All-Comers' Match—200yds.

B G Barker	6	6	10	7	8	5	8	8	10	6—74
D L Chase	4	8	5	8	6	8	9	5	8	5—70
A Sharp (mil)	6	10	6	6	4	6	8	9	6	7—68
S Ham	5	8	4	6	9	5	6	7	6	9—64
A Maynard	7	5	6	4	6	10	8	6	4	6—62
A S Field (mil)	3	5	6	6	4	6	4	10	7	9—60
G B Browne	6	5	9	5	4	7	4	4	4	7—55

Rest Match—200yds.

J Francis	11	12	12	9	11	10	10	9	11	12—107
C H Davis	9	9	11	9	10	12	9	12	11	10—103
J N Eames	9	10	9	7	8	9	9	9	9	12—101
C C Harlow	9	8	9	11	9	11	9	11	10	9— 98
A Ballard	9	12	9	10	12	12	10	10	9	12— 95
E J Newell	7	10	12	10	6	7	6	9	12	11— 90
G W Chesley	7	9	7	8	10	9	9	8	8	12— 87
A Maynard	8	6	9	8	6	7	10	9	9	9— 86
T E James	8	8	6	7	8	8	10	9	6	9— 83

Revolver Match—50yds.

F Carter	8	10	9	9	4	9	9	8	10	10—86
C Bridge	10	6	9	9	6	10	7	7	8	5—77
O T Moore	4	10	7	6	8	10	8	10	6	7—76

Pistol Match.—50yds.

J B Fellows	10	10	7	9	10	10	10	8	10	8—92
H Severance	7	10	9	9	7	10	10	6	6	10—87
J L Fowle	10	8	9	8	9	9	8	3	5	9—84
Mrs J L Fowle	5	10	8	10	7	10	8	10	8	7—83
A Stevens	10	10	8	7	4	7	8	8	10	8—80
A F Wesson	6	10	8	8	6	10	8	9	7	7—79
F Martin	8	8	6	10	8	10	7	4	6	9—76

WILMINGTON, Del., Nov. 13.—The delightful weather this afternoon served to brighten the sport of the riflemen at Healdmoor rifle range, and added to the enjoyment of which everyone had a full share. Steady work and generally good scores were the order of the day, and darkness arrived before any one was aware of how rapidly the afternoon had passed. The scores were as follows at 200yds. off-hand, standard American target:

Continuous Prize Match.

J F McCafferty	6	10	6	8	7	8	6	10	9	8—78
S J Newman	10	7	7	9	6	10	8	6	9	4—76
H B Seeds	7	7	5	9	5	5	8	9	7	8—70
H Simpson	9	8	7	9	7	6	6	6	6	5—69
J S Newman	5	5	8	10	7	10	8	3	6	7—69

Record Practice.

J F McCafferty	10	6	10	8	6	6	7	9	5	6—73
J E Newman	6	5	5	6	5	8	8	7	10	8—68
W A Bacon	7	7	4	3	9	9	7	6	8	5—65
H Simpson	7	4	10	3	5	4	5	5	9	9—63
H Simpson, mil	4	10	8	6	4	6	4	5	5	8—60

Revolver Match, 60yds., S. A. Target.

E J Darlington	6	5	6	10	10	6	8	2	7	7—68
J T Williamson	6	7	6	9	5	4	5	6	6	7—60
H Simpson	5	8	10	4	5	5	3	5	9	10—59
E Darlington	2	5	5	5	7	7	2	6	6	0—45
W S Darlington	5	3	2	1	1	7	4	7	4	5—39

Military Match, 200yds., Creedmoor Target.

I R P Simpson	4	5	5	4	4	4	4	4	4	5—43

At 100yds., Standard American Target.

J T Williamson	9	10	10	10	10	10	10	9	9	9—96
E J Darlington	7	7	8	9	10	8	6	8	8	10—82
J F Jefferis	6	6	6	8	7	6	6	6	9	8—68
W S Darlington	9	5	10	6	4	5	6	9	9	6—67

The range will be open Thanksgiving Day.

BRADFORD, Ont., Nov. 10.—The second rifle match for the championship of 1888 was shot between King City and Bradford clubs on the range of the latter, and resulted in King City being defeated by $52^{9}/_{10}$ points. The day was a very dark one, with some fog and a very tricky wind.

Bradford.		King City.	
N A St Clair	82	W J Ross	90
W Lowery	82	H Rogers	83
W Homes	80	J H Ross	80
R Neilly	80	1 Bradford average	$74^{9}/_{10}$
P Matt	76	1 Bradford average	$74^{9}/_{10}$
S A Neilly	75	J W Crossley	78
J A Neilly	75	Dr Norman	71
Joe Neilly	72	W J Crossley	53
Dan Neilly	69	E J Davis	49
W J Tindall	58—749	A Ransom	48—$696^{9}/_{10}$

Nov. 15.—A very interesting rifle match between King City and Newton Brook was shot to-day over the range of the latter, King City winning by 62 points. The score is as follows:

King City.		Newton Brook.	
W J Ross	88	B W Clark	81
Dr Norman	81	T Humberston	80
W J Crossley	78	A Muckle	79
J W Crossley	78	C Homes	74
A Carley	73	G Clark	73
J H Ross	71	W A Clark	70
H Rogers	70	R McCague	69
Geo Carley	68	J Gilyeart	61
W Lonsdale	66	Dr Clapp	50
R Cull	42—715	A Collins	16—653

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 11.—The shooting matches at Shell Mound Park to-day brought out a big crowd of competing marksmen. The scores made were very good, as is shown by the following list. Monthly medal shoot of companies C and G, First Regiment.

Championship class:	500yds.	200yds.
T E Carsen	5444444554—43	5454454545—45
Second class:		
J G Hult	4354544444—41	2344355444—35
Third class:		
C H Stitor	5444454354—42	
C Klein		4344445454—41
Fourth class:		
M McNeill	4444434344—38	

Company F, First Regiment—500yds.

A L Ott	5554455553—45	E A Kelutein	5543454545—44
H L Pendleton	5444444444—41	C K Garrison	5554554545—46

200yds.

R J Longhery	5443443434—38	T F Richardson	4324330033—25
E A Kebrlein	4435444454—41	E H Kilbridge	4332433343—32
H L Pendleton	4445444444—41	C K Garrison	4434233443—34
A L Ott	5444444444—41		

Company B, First Regiment—200yds.

L R Townsend	4444454543—41	E Limquist	5334242453—35
H Smith	4444444444—40	B Budish	2230332334—25
G R Burdick	4434444444—39	C Bone	4233033303—24
S H Latzen	3344434444—37		

Independent Rifles.

Corp H Staude	5555555244—45	F Schaer	2322433022—22
J Worthman	3330333303—24	C L Wost	0330325431—27
Lieut Staude	4444444545—42	Lieut Beverron	3023232332—22
D Chaigneau	4443444455—39	L Goldheiner	0442234304—26
Corp G Miller	4444445444—41	W H Smith	4433424054—36
Capt Scanalholz	3443024334—30		

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Nov. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At the last shoot of the St. Louis Pistol Club fifteen members took part. Mr. G. W. Alexander made the highest score of those who competed for the medal, and will consequently hold possession of it for the coming week. The target used by the club is a standard American for 20yds. pistol practice. The scores are as follows:

G W Alexander	10	9	10	7	8	8	8	7	10	9—86
F A Fodde	7	10	9	8	10	9	6	10	8	8—85
E C Mohrstadt	8	8	9	7	7	9	8	10	8	10—84
W H Hettel	7	8	7	10	6	10	8	10	9	8—83
W Larned	6	8	6	9	9	6	9	8	8	9—78
W Bauer	9	6	10	6	6	8	6	10	7	10—78
M Summerfield	9	9	7	10	5	7	7	6	10	7—77
M C Billmeyer	4	9	5	7	5	10	9	8	9	9—76
L V D Perret	5	6	6	10	9	6	7	9	6	10—74
A E Bengel	7	9	7	7	7	9	8	6	8	5—73
W J Lard	4	9	7	5	7	8	7	7	10	7—71
H Griesedieck	7	5	0	5	6	10	6	10	9	6—64
W C Mackwitz	7	6	0	5	6	9	10	7	6	8—64
L H Race	0	9	6	5	5	10	10	5	6	8—64
L Denning	6	5	6	8	4	6	6	7	6	6—60

UNSER FRITZ.

TOPEKA RIFLE CLUB.—Topeka, Kan., Nov. 13.—Regular weekly shoot at 200yds., off-hand:

G E Morrison	8	8	10	10	5	9	6	10	8	9—83
R Thompson	9	10	8	10	9	9	8	6	4	9—82
I R McCarter	10	8	10	9	10	7	9	4	7	6—80
J L Fuller	4	6	10	8	7	8	8	10	7	10—78
C R Paine	10	8	8	10	8	8	5	10	5	6—78

NEWARK, N. J.—An effort will be made to get up a Newark team to take the laurels from New York in gallery work. The Our Own Rifle Club is being strengthened by the election of a number of the "old-timers" who shot on various clubs during the tournaments of the Newark Rifle Association. The club can now turn out the best team in the city. Challenges have been sent to the strong Zettler and Barry Rifle Clubs, of New York, and the Miller Rifle Club of Hoboken. It is understood that the latter has already been accepted, the match to be shot in this city. A challenge will also be sent for a match in which the Our Owns will put a team against a team selected from among the members of the seven clubs comprised in the United clubs. It is doubtful if the latter organization could turn out a team to defeat the Our Owns.

GRAND ARMY SHOTS.—A new city organization is the Grand Army Rifle Club, with headquarters at No. 634 Third avenue. The association is composed of some of the best and most noted shots in the country. At the last meeting the following scores were made at a long gallery range out of a possible 50: Judson 50, Pratt 49, Hofele 48, Henderson 46, Pipenbring 45, Mitchell 45, Clark 45, Livingston 44, De Forge 43, Smith 42, Combs 42, Paget 40, Gray 40, Moore 38, Morand 35, Champlin 35, Hess 33.

ARMORY FIRE.—A Paris cable under date of Nov. 15, says: The government works for the manufacture of small arms at Chatellerault, in the Department of Vienne, have been destroyed by fire. This will necessitate the suspension for a time of the manufacture of the Lebel rifle. The fire is believed to have been due to an accident. The loss is place at 1,000,000 francs. There were no fatalities.

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

WALNUT HILL, Nov. 14.—The trap shooters turned out in liberal numbers to-day to shoot in the twelfth competition for the gold coin prizes, and the sixth for the climax diamond badge. Barring a brisk wind, the weather conditions were all that could be desired. One event which did not appear on the programme produced abundant amusement for some and considerable disgust to others. The trappers at the range had adjusted—true to life—a dead woodpecker (*Picus auratus*) on top of the tall wind dial, and some half a score of unsuspecting new comers, arriving from time to time, in their eagerness to establish a reputation for skill and obtain a rare specimen for their ornithological collection, shot at the bird, not discovering their mistake until being regretfully made aware of it by the hearty guffaws of their designing and jubilant companions. In the contest for the climax badge competition was close enough to make it highly interesting, as will be seen by the following scores. Messrs. Scott and Best tied for the much-coveted trophy, but owing to the lateness of the hour and the darkness, did not shoot off.

Climax diamond badge match, 20 clay-pigeons from 5 traps and 20 standard targets from 3 traps:

	Clays.	Standards.
Bert	11111111111011111101—18	11001111011111111111—17—35
Scott	11111011111111111001—17	11111111111111101101—18—35
Bowker	11011101011111111111—17	11111111101111011110—17—34
Stanton	11111101101111011111—17	01110111101011111111—16—33
Dan	11111111011111111101—18	01101111110011101111—15—33
Knowles	11111101111111011101—17	11010101111111111110—16—33
H Swift	01011101111111111011—14	01111101111111111111—18—32
Perham	01110111011111111111—17	00111110101011101111—15—30
Perry	10111011011111001101—14	10111101101001111111—15—29
Hammond	11011111101111100011—15	11111101101110101001—14—29
Nichols	01111111111010101101—15	01111111110100110011—14—29
Savage	11110101111101011111—16	01100101011101110101—12—28
Rule	01010111011101011100—12	11111101101011001111—15—27
F Swift	11111111110001001111—15	10101100001011110101—11—26
Lang	10110111111111111101—17	10001100001001010100—8—25
Chase	11000011110001001111—11	10110101001100111111—13—24

Gold coin match, 10 clay-pigeons from 5 traps and 10 standard targets from 3 traps:

	Clays.	Standards.
Bert	1011111111— 9	1111101110— 8—17
Stanton	1101110101— 7	1101111111— 9—16
Chase	1010101111— 7	1100111111— 8—15
Knowles	1111111111—10	1101101001— 5—15
Rule	0111110110— 7	1011111011— 8—15
Hammond	1111101110— 8	1101111100— 7—15
Nichols	1101010011— 6	1111111110— 9—15
Law	0111101111— 8	1001011011— 6—14
Bowker	1101011111— 8	1001010111— 6—14
Scott	0110111111— 8	1101001110— 6—14
Savage	1111101100— 7	1111000111— 7—14
Perry	0011010111— 6	0011011111— 7—13
Perham	0011111111— 8	1001101100— 5—13
Dan	1011001101— 6	0010111111— 7—13
Snow	1100111111— 8	0100111001— 5—13
H Swift	0100010111— 5	1111101000— 6—11
Warren	1000111100— 5	1100101110— 6—11
Wiggleworth	1110001111— 7	1001000110— 4—11
Hartford	0011100101— 5	0000001101— 5— 8

The summary of minor events is as follows:

First, 5 clays—Bert first with 4, Bowker and Snow second with 2.

Second, 6 standards—Bert first with 6, Dan and Bowker second with 4.

Third, 5 clays—Bert and Perham first with 5, Bowker and Nichols second with 3, Knowles third with 3.

Fourth, 6 blackbirds—Bert, Knowles and Rule first with 6, Dan second with 5, Perham third with 3.

Fifth, 6 Macombers—Nichols first with 6, Perham and Snow second with 5, Bert third with 4.

Sixth, 3 pair clays—Bert and Knowles first, with 6; Bowker second with 5, Rule third with 4.

Seventh, 6 Macombers—Bert, Bowker and Knowles first with 5, Dan and H. Swift second with 4, Curtis third with 3.

Eighth, 10 clays—Best and Rule first with 9, Curtis and Knowles second with 8, Stanton and H. Swift third with 7, Bowker fourth with 6.

Nine, 3 pair standards—Nichols first with 6, Bowker, Knowles and Rule second with 5, Best third with 4, Curtis fourth with 3.

Tenth, 10 clays—Bert, Bowker and Perry first with 9, Hammond and Stanton second with 8, Rule and H. Swift third with 7, Scott fourth with 6.

Eleventh, 6 Macomber targets—Lang, Rule and Stanton first with 6, H. Swift and Knowles second with 5, Nichols and F. Swift third with 4, Scott and Warren fourth with 4.

Twelfth, 10 clays—Knowles first with 10, Bert second with 9, Lang, Perham and Scott third with 8, Chase, Rule and Savage fourth with 7.

Thirteenth, 10 standards—Nichols and Stanton first with 9, Bert, Chase and Rule second with 8, Dan, Hammond, Perry and Savage third with 7, Bowker and Scott fourth with 6.

Fourteenth, 20 clays—Bert and Dan first with 18, Bowker, Knowles and Stanton second with 17, Savage third with 16, F. Swift fourth with 15.

Fifteenth, 20 standards—Scott and H. Swift first with 18, Bert and Bowker second with 17, Knowles and Stanton third with 16, Dan fourth with 15.

Sixteenth, 6 Macomber targets—Stanton, Snow and Scott first with 6, Brown, Chase, Nichols and Rule second with 5, Bert third with 4, F. Swift fourth with 3.

Seventeenth, fifteen clays, Bert and Knowles first with 14, Scott second with 11, Rule and Stanton third with 10.

Eighteenth, 6 Macomber targets, 21yds. straightaway—Snow first with 4, Nichols second with 3.

The next competition in the current series of matches will be held Wednesday, Nov. 28, when the thirteenth contest for the gold coin match prizes will occur and the usual sweepstake shooting will follow. As this is the open season for woodpecker shooting, and Walnut Hill a favorite haunt for this wary bird, lovers of the sport, both experienced and inexperienced, are cordially invited to attend the coming shoot and avail themselves of such opportunities for this amusement as the occasion may offer.

SPRINGFIELD, N. J., Nov. 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At the Union Gun Club grounds here this afternoon E. D. Miller, of Springfield, and C. H. Johnson, Jr., of Union, shot a match at 100 single bluerocks for the Atlantic Ammunition Co.'s championship trophy for the State of New Jersey. The day was all that could be desired with perhaps a little too much northwester at the start. Johnson won the toss and sent Miller to the score first to set the race, and for the first 14 birds he made it pretty lively for Johnson, who missed his second bird, a darling left quarterer. From then on to the fiftieth Johnson steadily gained. When this point was reached, and the guns getting hot a ten minutes' rest was taken. At its expiration the match was resumed, but the "Judge" still continued to let one slip now and then with Johnson letting an occasional one get through the pattern, but not enough to lose the lead. When the result was figured up it was found that Johnson had won, breaking 87 to Miller's 80. Miller at once challenged Johnson for a return match, which will take place on the same grounds on Saturday, Dec. 1, at 3 P. M. There is also another match set for the same day and place between six of the U. G. C. boys. Following is the score and conditions of to-day's match; 100 single bluerocks, 3 screened traps, N. G. A. rules, Benjamin Pudney referee, Dr. Conover scorer.

Miller	1111111111111010111011110—21
	0111100111101101101111111—18
	1111111101111101000111111—20
	1100101111111111111011111—21—80
Johnson	1011111111111111111111111—24
	1111001111111001011101111—19
	1111111111111101111111111—24
	1111011111101111111111010—20—87

Miller used o 9lb. 10-gauge, L. C. Smith hammerless, U. M. C. Club shells, loaded with 3¾drs. of TFFG, Deadshot and 1¼ oz. No. 9 chilled shot. Johnson used an 8lb. 12-gauge L. C. Smith hammerless, U. S. Cartridge Co.'s first quality shells, loaded with 3drs. of Schultze and 1¼ oz. No. 9 chilled shot. Dr. Conover advised Miller (when he went to the score for his 81st bird) to procure some chewing gum, as it might help him a little, and gave as his reason that he noticed Johnson was keeping his jaws moving all the time, and smashing nearly every time he called pull. "Judge" would not partake, however.—12-BORE.

WOODSIDE, L. I., Nov. 13.—Northside Gun Club of Long Island Eighth average shoot. Weather fine, birds strong. Shoot at club grounds, Train's Meadows. Match at 7 live birds each, 5 kings; ground traps; handicap; 80yds. bound, no back bounds Shot under club rules; gold badges and four moneys:

Bussell (27)	1110011—5	Biglow (24)	1001111—5
Duryea (28)	1111111—7	Dr Franz (25)	1100111—5
Manning (27)	1111110—6	Winholz (28)	1111111—7
Berger (24)	0110010—3	Barlow (28)	1101101—5
Lyon (26)	0010111—5	Eberhaken (27)	0111101—6
Merckens (23)	1000100—2	Chr Meyer	0110100—3
Eberhardt (28)	1111111—7	Co Meyer	1111111—7
Ties:			
Duryea	010—1	Winholz	111—3
Eberhardt	100—1	Co Meyer	011—2

Mr. S. Lyons, referee; C. E. Smith, scorer. Next match Tuesday, Dec. 11, 1888.—AUGUST H. EBERHARDT, Sec'y.

TORONTO, Ont., Nov. 15.—Notwithstanding the gloomy weather which threatened at one time to mar the pleasure of the day, quite an assembly of shooters were present to do battle for the handsome prizes offered. Mr. Phil. Wakefield led the field, winning two firsts and one second prize with a total score of 29 out of 34, with Messrs. Bestey and Keup following close in his wake. The shoot was started at the new Macomber bird, which worked very satisfactorily. The following are the scores.

First match, at metal birds, 4 prizes:

C Kemp	1101101111—8	W McDowall	1100111011—7
P Wakefield	1011001111—7	J Johnson	1110111000—6
M Bestey	0111101011—7	F Jones	0111010001—5

Second match, at Peoria blackbirds:

Wakefield	111111011010—10	J Barrett	110000110000—4
Bestey	010111111111— 9	R Barrett	101110001101—7
Kemp	111101110010— 8	McDowall	101010100111—7
Dick	111110011100— 8	Jones	001011011010—6
Moore	101110010111— 8	Cornwall	110010101010—6

Third match, 4 prizes:

Wakefield	111111111112	Moore	011111100110—8
Bestey	111101111111—11	Dick	111101010011—8
Kemp	011110111110—10	Harrison	100110100111—7

Three others retired.

Three sweeps were shot at Stark's grounds to-day at pigeons, all at 20yds. rise. The first was at 5 birds each, and the scores were:

George	11010—3	Rice	11100—3
Evans	11000—2	The threes divided the money.	

The second was also at 5 birds:

George	11010—3	Hoffman	10011—3
Smith	01101—3	Mauthie	01101—3
Evans	01111—4	Charles	01111—4
Rice	11101—4		

The fours divided. Another shoot was at 4 birds, George, Rice and Roberts getting 3 each.

MONTREAL, Nov. 15.—The second annual match of the Independent Rod and Gun Club was held this afternoon at their grounds, St. Gabriel, when some good sport was witnessed by a large number of spectators. The conditions were 10 birds, ground traps, 35yds. rise, and the score was as follows:

J Ryan	1011111011—8	P Donnelly	1010101101—6
W McNabb	1110109101—6	J Mohinney	1101000011—5
P Lecour	1111110011—8	Thos Retil	1010100011—5
J Moffat	1111110000—6	T Hocking	101100w.
J Drake	1000101011—6	J Mathewson	111110w.
J Grant	10010w.	M Moffat	110111w.

The shoot-off was postponed for a week.

TORONTO, Ont., Nov. 10.—At McDowall & Co.'s shooting grounds this afternoon, in spite of the miserable weather that prevailed, quite an interesting time was spent at the traps. The following are the scores:

First sweep, 7 birds:

T Sawdon	1111111—6	Besty	0101011—4
Clorie	1101100—4	Tompson	0100111—4
Harrison	1001101—4		

Second sweep, 7 birds:

Clorie	1101110—5	Sawdon	1101001—4
McDowall	1011101—5	Besty	0101010—3

THE OAKLEY-DALY MATCH, set down for Nov. 16, was not shot. It is down again for Thanksgiving Day.

BROOKLYN, Nov. 8.—The attendauce at the eleventh monthly shoot of the year of the members of the Unknown Gun Club, was not so large as usual to-day. The shoot was held at Dexter's Park. This was easily accounted for, as the majority of the members, who are well-known game shooters, had availed themselves of the opportunity to indulge in their favorite sport on Long Island. Only fifteen competed for the club badge and extra prizes but some good shooting was done. Under the rules only one barrel was used to kill each bird. Nearly all clubs use both. H. Van Staden, 22yds., and H. Rankin, 23yds., killed 7 birds each and tied for the gold badge and first prize. On the shoot off H. Van Staden won, killing 3 more to Rankin's 2. J. Boyle, 23yds., J. Bohling, 23yds., and J. Cahill, 22yds., killed 6 each, tieing for second money, which was divided. G. Eberhard, 21yds., J. Hubbell, 23yds., and H. Muller, 21yds., killed 5 each and divided the third money, it being too dark to shoot off. In a sweepstake that followed 8 entered to shoot at three birds each, miss and out. H. Van Staden was again a winner, killing all his birds and taking the money. Van Staden, who is nearly 60 years of age, killed all the birds he shot at, a total of 13 straight.

J Boyle (23)	111101—6	M Brown (26)	0110010—3
J Bohling (23)	1111101—6	J Hubbell (23)	0101111—5
J Cahill (22)	1111011—6	F Hillmer (21)	1010011—4
D Monsees (28)	1110000—3	J Behrman (23)	0000w —0
H Rankin (23)	1111111—7	W Gilman (23)	0001111—4
H Van Staden (22)	1111111—7	H Muller (21)	1101110—5
G Eberhard (21)	1101110—5	Dr Hopkins (25)	1001010—3
H Knebel, Jr (27)	0011110—4		

Tie for badge and first money won by H. Rankin. Score of sweepstakes:

W Gilman (23)	100—1	Dr Hopkins (25)	000—0
M Brown (26)	110—2	H Van Staden (22)	111—3
J Hubbell (25)	110—2	G Eberhard (21)	001—2
J Behrmann (23)	010—1	J Bohling (23)	010 –1

Referee and scorer, R. Stillwell.

MONTREAL, Nov. 15.—Thanksgiving, notwithstanding the disagreeable weather, proved a gala day for the Dominion Gun Club, and an exceedingly large number of spectators went out to their grounds at Cote St. Antoine to witness an open shoot for a magnificent silver and gold cup. This cup match was, of course, the event of the day, and for it there were 14 entries. Following is the result of the match with the full scores:—Cup match—25 Peoria blackbirds, 18yds. rise:

A Alexander	0101001000011011001011100—11
W Alfred	1011000011100000101111111—14
B Richmond	1101010110011111111010111—18
W Lewisden	0110111111001011011111101—18
W Ferguson	1111011011111110010111111—20
J Smith	0111111101101111010011101—19
J Jones	1110101101111111101111110—19
C Horsley	0001111011111010100111111—17
T Murray	0111101101010011101111111—18
J Cook	1100111111110011100111001—18
L Huckwell	1101110111011010110111100—17
C Aubin	1110110101100011111100110—16
A Aubin	0000011100001111111101101—14
F Williams	1101111010110111111010110—18

The match for the Horsley gun also brought out a good field, twelve competitors putting in an appearance. The first match for the gun was won by Mr. Robertson, the second by W. L. Cameron, the third by Mr. Emund, and to-day's match by Mr. Horsley. Following is the result of the match: Fourth match for the Horsley gun—20 Peoria blackbirds, 18yds. rise:

Ferguson	10011011111001100101—12	Cook	1101010111110111011—15
Horsley	00111111110011111111—17	Murray	1111011111011101011—16
Dr Tolley	0000000000001100010— 3	Walpole	0100101101000011110010— 7
Smith	10101100101110011111—12	Sly	0100100001000000100— 4
Jones	11110101011111000111—14	Cundlish	0011001101001110110—11
Huckwell	10011111111101011000—13	Cameron	1101111010110101010110—14

At the conclusion of the two big shoots two sweeps were shot off. The following were the leading scores in the first sweep: L. Huckwell, 10 straight; C. Horsley, 8; J. Cook, 7. The second sweep was captured by W. Ferguson, with 10 straight; J. Jones, second, 9; J. Smith, third, 8.

FALL RIVER, Nov. 10.—John Congdon, of Newport, and John F. Hall, of Raynham, shot a clay-pigeon match this afternoon on the Olympic football grounds, 250 birds each, $500 a side and entire gate receipts, loser to pay all expenses. Five hundred people were present. Over $8,000 was wagered even. Congdon won by a score of 204 to 201.

MONTREAL, Nov. 10.—The first shoot of the series for the open Greener gun took place to-day, on the Montreal Gun Club grounds, Mr. Aubin, of the Cote St. Paul Gun Club, securing first flen on the handsome gun, presented by Mr. W. W. Greener. The rain came down in torrents all afternoon, but the plucky contestants did not seem to mind it much. Umbrellas, however, were in great demand, some of the shooters having a friend to hold that useful article over them when firing. The entrants deserve all credit for turning out on such a day. Had the weather been anyway favorable the number of entries would have been materially increased. The scores made were remarkable considering the weather and background. The ties between Messrs. Smith and Aubin were very interesting, no less than three ties being shot off to decide the competition, Aubin was shooting in great form, and although Smith was doing some grand shooting, he was beaten by one bird. There were one or two close decisions, but Mr. Botsford, the referee, as usual, gave general satisfaction. Following is the score:

Conditions, 20 Peoria blackbirds from 5 traps, 18yds. rise, National rules to govern, gun to be won three times before becoming property of a competitor. Referee, Mr. O. F. Botsford, M. G. C.; scorer, Mr. R. Lucas, L. G. C.:

Ferguson	11111101111111010101—16	Paton	11100111101111011010—14
Lumsden	11101101010011101111—14	James	11110111001110110000—13
Smith	11010111111111110011—17	Aubin	11110111111111111001—17
Alberts	00001110101011111101—12	Alex'nd'r	10100101000110010100— 8
Roberts'n	01010011001010101111—11	Brown	10100101011101111111—14

Ties for first:

Smith	11101	01101	11011	Aubin 11110 00111 11111

A sweep at five birds was shot, resulting in Ferguson taking first place with 5, and Robertson, Smith, Lumsden, Brown and Alexander in tie with 4. On the shoot-off Robertson won second place. The next shoot for the gun is fixed for Nov. 24.

WELLINGTON, Mass., Nov. 17.—The weather conditions were favorable for good scores to day, and some good shooting was done in the badge and merchandise matches. In the badge match Schaefer scored a point by breaking 20 straight. The scores made in this match were: Schaefer 20, Grimes 11, Conant 12, Melcher 16, Sanborn 13, Bradstreet 11, Archibald 8, Tribble 13, Ernest 15, Snow 14, Swift 15, Perry 17, Frank 13, Moore 14, Bert 17, Choate 19, Stanton 16, Scott 19, Shumway 19, Nichols 13. In the merchandise match Grimes had 11, Conant 12, Melcher 15, Sanborn 17, Bradstreet 14, Tribble 15, Ernest 9, Snow 15, Scott 18, Perry 16, Moore 13, Bert 19, Choate 17, Stanton 14, Schaefer 18, Swift 19, Shumway 15, Nichols 8, Baxter 16. Following are the winners in the sweepstake matches: Six clay-pigeons, Snow and Swift; 6 bluerocks, Shumway; 6 bluerocks, Stanton; 6 bluerocks, Bert; 6 clay-pigeons, Moore and Scott; 6 bluerocks, Frank, Schaefer and Scott; 10 bluerocks, Schaefer, Scott and Choate; 10 clay-pigeons, Perry, Stanton and Schaefer; 10 clay-pigeons, Swift, Schaefer and Bert; 10 bluerocks, Scott; 7 bluerocks, Shumway, Moore and Scott; 3 pairs bluerocks, Choate, Bert and Frank; bluerocks, miss and out, Bert and Scott; 6 clay-pigeons, Moore, Scott and Baxter; 3 pairs bluerocks, Snow. The club will hold an all-day shoot Thanksgiving Day.

CLEVELAND, O., Nov. 15.—Three visitors kept five members of the East End Gun Club company in the regular badge shoot on the club range this noon. The conditions were 25 standards, 3 traps, at 18yds. H. J. Martin won the first badge with a score of 21. J. Storey and W. Sweetman tied for second, each having broken 20. In the shoot-off Storey broke 3 and won, Sweetman breaking only 1.

PHILADELPHIA.—The Manhattan Shooting Club has elected the following officers: Captain, Henry W. Meyer; First Lieutenant, Henry J. Monsees; Recording and Corresponding Secretary, Geo. Wellbrock; Treasurer, William A. Lappe; Shooting Master, Henry H. Lappe; Assistant Shooting Master, Henry C. Kruse; Ensign, Henry H. Flottmann; Sergeant-at-Arms, J. D. Monsees.

DEVOTION OF A POINTER DOG.—Fort Smith, Ark., Nov. 20.—The most sensational murder case that has been in the Federal Court for years terminated to-night in a verdict of guilty as to Henry W. Miller and William Woods, two citizens of Donovan county. On Nov. 25 last Woods left home with an old schoolmate and friend named John Hantz for a hunt in the Indian Territory. They subsequently picked up a companion in a stranger named Miller, who went with them. They were gone three months, and were seen in various parts of the Chocktaw Nation. When they returned Hantz was missing, and a searching party found his body in the Vendegras River with a bullet hole in his head. His watch was found in Miller's pocket. The evidence was purely circumstantial, and the recovery of the body was due mainly to the devotion of a pointer dog belonging to the murdered man. The dog refused to leave the place of its master's murder, and bayed continually until too weak to move, until the body was found. Both Woods and Miller have been regarded as respectable citizens, and several prominent attorneys defended them.

Canoeing.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signal, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and report of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

Commodore—J. R. Bartlett, Fremont, Ohio.
Vice-Commodore—D. H. Crane, Chicago, Ill.
Rear-Commodore—C. J. Stedman, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Secretary-Treasurer—O. H. Root, Cleveland, Ohio.
Executive Committee—C. J. Bousfield, Bay City, Mich.; T. P. Gaddis, Dayton, O.; T. J. Kirkpatrick, Springfield, O.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

OFFICERS, 1887-88.

Commodore: R. W. Gibson. } Albany, N. Y.
Secretary-Treasurer: F. L. Mix. }
Vice-Com. Rear-Com. Purser.
Central Div..W. R. Huntington. E. W. Masten. T. H. Stryker, Rome, N. Y.
Atlantic Div. W. P. Stephens. L. B. Palmer. F. L. Downs, 186 Jerolomon St., Brooklyn.
Eastern Div..H. E. Rice, M. D. Maxton Holmes. H. D. Marsh, Springfield, Mass.
N'thern Div..Robert Tyson. S. S. Robinson. Colin Fraser, Toronto.

Applications for membership must be made to division pursers, accompanied by the recommendation of an active member and the sum of $2.00 for entrance fee and dues for current year. Every member attending the general A. C. A. camp shall pay $1.00 for camp expenses. Application sent to the Secy-Treas. will be forwarded by him to the proper Division.

Persons residing in any Division and wishing to become members of the A. C. A., will be furnished with printed forms of applicat on by addressing the Purser.

THE A. C. A. MEET OF 1888.

EQUIPMENT.

(*Continued from page 216*).

THE great superiority of the modern canoe over all other small boats lies less in excellence in any one feature than in the wide range of use for which it is very well adapted. As a racing boat it has formidable rivals in other varieties of small craft—the ducker, the tuckup, the St. Lawrence skiff. For mere pleasure outings the light rowboat or even the small steam launch have each certain advantages over the canoe; while for cruising there are miles of water which may be better covered by the canoe yawl, small cruiser or sneakbox on the one hand or the light open canoe on the other. When it comes to all-around work, however, all of these must give way to the standard type of 15×30 canoe; the tuckups and St. Lawrence skiffs are too large to be taken about the country to races and meets, and cannot readily be shipped by rail; the rowboat and the steam launch are entirely too mechanical, however speedy they may be, and cannot compare with the canoe in graceful forms and poetry of motion; while for general cruising the canoe is fitted to a wider variety of waters than any other craft. The best type of canoe, then, combines in one boat the specialties which belong to a dozen different craft, and though, as a matter of course, some sacrifices are made necessary in such a combination, the canoe stands far ahead of all the other boats mentioned as a combination craft. Even though it be conceded that the all-around canoe cannot sail with success against the modern "canoe-hiker" with no well and a standing rig, it is thoroughly proved that very fine sport in canoe sailing is possible with cruisable craft; and at the same time the boat is perfectly adapted for taking a fair passenger for a moonlight paddle, for an hour's outing under sail or paddle after the day's work is over, for a cruise of three days or three months, and for easy shipment to distant points in cruising, racing or visiting the meets.

Though the "canoe-hiker" is this year an accomplished fact, it is as yet few in numbers, so far as model is concerned, and the great majority of canoes are still composed of good cruising hulls, whatever the arrangements and fittings. Given, then, the average decked canoe, 15 or 16×30×10 to 11in., with well of fair size and both cruising and racing sails, there is still necessary to make her complete and perfect for all her diffent uses, the equipment. Ten years ago this was considered almost the first feature, more time and study was given to it than to either model, rig or build; these points being largely left to the builder. When we consider then the great interest which canoeists themselves have lately taken in designing and rigging their canoes, it is a disappointment to find that in the matter of equipment there has been little or no improvement, on the contrary many points once considered essential have been neglected entirely. The list of detachable articles which should be added to the canoe after the rigg ng is complete and the fixtures, such as board and bulkheads, are in, is a long one, but the principal essentials are as follows: name, double-blade paddle, painter, hatches and apron, seat, mess chest, bedding, tent, lamp, stove, anchor and cable.

As we have tried to place the above items approximately in the order of their importance, it may seem strange to put the name first, as many consider it an unnecessary but undesirable, and are content to jog along under their A. C. A. number, or even with no means of designating their boats. This may do for the man who looks on his canoe as merely a machine for winning races, with no more individuality or identity than a pair of skates or a billiard cue; but to any man worthy of the name of canoeist his boat is far more than a mere wooden machine, it is a friend, a companion, a sweetheart, and worthy at least of a name and an identity of its own. Not only should it have a name of some kind, but the name should as far as possible belong to it alone. Fortunately for the history of American canoeing, when it shall be written, there have been many among the leaders who have not followed the foolish English plan, but have given to each boat which they have owned a name of its own, which has belonged to no other canoe. A good many pages of canoe history will be filled with such names as Dot, Lassie, Sea Bee, Snake, Vesper, Notus, Venture, Pecowsic, Lacowsic, Thetis, Rat, Peggy and Mona; while the direct confusion must follow any attempt to follow up the tangled records of Shadow No. 10, Girofla No. 4 or 5, Guenn No. 4, Narka No. 2, Wraith No. 3, etc. The names Rob Roy, Pearl and Nautilus are a part of the very foundation of the history of the modern canoe, and the development of the many canoes owned by Messrs. Twedwen and Baden-Powell from the original Rob Roy to the present craft would be a most interesting study; but it is almost impossible from the fact that the identity of the dozen canoes built by each is completely lost under the general name Pearl or Nautilus, with nothing to distinguish one canoe from another. The sequence of Dot, Sea Bee, Lassie and Bo Peep, or Snake, Vesper and Notus, with the difference between each successive boat, is well known to every canoeist; but no one save the owners can tell in what way Nautilus No. 5 differed from Nautilus No. 7, or Girofla No. 1 from Girofla No. 3. The naming of a canoe is not a matter that rests with the owner alone, but the fraternity at large has a right to expect that every canoe will be designated in some way which will enable its history and record to be readily followed, and some judgment to be formed as to its merits. Looking at the record of the present year, one finds such familiar names as Narka, Dimple, Guenn and Girofla, and at once sets to work to find why a boat that makes a good showing this year did so badly in 1886 or 1887, or the reverse; but such comparisons can tell little in the case where the name is merely transferred from an old boat to a new one of totally different model. The records of the leading racing canoes are studied pretty carefully by canoeists all over the country, especially by those who are absent for a year from the meets, and it is only fair to canoeists at large that boats should make a record under one name only.

Not only should a canoe have a name, and a good one, but it should be plainly printed on the bow, so that all that sail may read. It was once an uncommon thing to find a canoe without a name on her, but now it is rather the proper thing to do. Eclipse, Charm, Vagabond and many others, including the three or four very handsome canoes that came from Lowell with the Fly, have nothing on them by which they can be identified, a source of great confusion to those who have to make records of the racing. One of the most amusing things about canoe names is the tenacity with which men will stick to a poor one. We have known a dispute as to which one of the canoes should be enrolled in the A. C. A. book as plain Sallie, and which Sallie No. 2.

The true distinguishing mark of the canoeist, the blade by which he swears, is the double paddle, once considered the first essential to the canoe; but it is a sad fact that it has declined in favor, and that not a few canoes do not carry one. Charm was armed with a little single blade, her owner, an old canoe sailor, never having tried a double blade until this summer. When here in the Pearl two years since he had but an apology for a single blade, depending upon borrowing a paddle when its use was imperative. The "canoe-hiker" is seldom equipped with a good paddle, her owner never paddles if he can help it, and at best he is content to carry a broken half paddle picked up about the boat house. If a man prefers sailing to paddling, well and good, but the uncertainties of a dependence on the wind alone, in any kind of craft, are so great as to make an independent means of propulsion of the greatest importance; and in the canoe a very efficient means may be had at the expense of a couple of pounds extra weight. In match sailing it may be justifiable to depend on a single blade or a half paddle in case of emergency, but in cruising, or even short sails on almost any waters, a strong and powerful double blade should always be at hand, as on it may depend the life of the crew in an emergency.

The weight and windage of a dozen feet of small, but strong line, securely fastened to the stem of a canoe would be a difficult matter to calculate, but there are a great many canoeists who will not carry a painter in racing or even in ordinary work. One canoe, which capsized in a race at the meet, was without any hole or projection to which a line could possibly be made fast to tow her in, while many that did not upset were no better provided. One canoeist on a cruise about the lake after the meet carried no painter, but was content to beg or borrow a piece of twine and tie it to the rudder brace or any other available place, there being no eyebolt because it would be too heavy, and no hole in the stem because it would spoil the looks. The painter need not be a heavy cable, but every canoe should have at least a dozen feet of strong fine line, securely spliced or knotted in a hole in the stem and led into the well, not being allowed to hang slack. It is always useful, often very necessary, and never in the way to any extent. The hole should be well back in the stem and an inch or two below the deck, so that there is no danger of splitting the point of the stem off. A second hole, just about the waterline, is very handy in a cruising canoe, as the boat may be towed or dragged over the mud with greater safety than if a heavy strain were put on the stem head.

For match sailing in fair weather or for ordinary work, the movable hatches and apron may be dispensed with; but, at the same time, no canoe can be considered complete unless she has some means of effectually covering the well in rough water or rainy weather. The small manhole is to be condemned in every way; the well should be large enough to allow the canoeist to sit and move in comfort, but with this there is danger of the other extreme, a very large well with no means of covering it. This was the case last summer at Ballast Island, where Notus started in a race with her hatches ashore and swamped in the heavy sea. It cannot be denied that hatches are more or less of a nuisance, according to the manner in which they are fitted; but at the same time their usefulness is evident. For racing a canvas covering is easily fitted to lace tightly across the well, covering as much as may be desirable, leaving an opening large enough for the legs, as the crew sits on deck. If of thin oiled duck or drilling the weight is not worth taking into account, and it may be quickly removed, iolled up and stowed away. A similar cover will answer rn cruising, but in rough water a wooden hatch is very much better. If made flat instead of with a crown, and with the grain of the wood running across instead of fore and aft, such a hatch can be very strong and light; and, being built without any framing, two or three can be stowed in a small space, say beneath the seat. When needed they may be quickly put in place, covering a part of the well. It is a good plan to have the apron, which will fit closely about the body, the flaps coming well up under the arms, so long as to cover the entire fore part of the hatches, so that all is kept dry below. A little wetting does not make much difference on a short run, but there are times in cruising when a man is glad to be able to stow his sails, fit on the hatches and draw the apron tightly around his oilskin coat, and then settle down for the last few miles to camp, regardless of breaking seas and driving rain; and when he may proceed in safety and tolerable comfort under conditions which would stop him entirely in a canoe with only a large open well. Hatches and aprons are things that a man does not feel the need of very often, and that are in the way when not in use, consequently they are usually dispensed with entirely. At one time a great deal of ingenuity was expended on both, but of late there is little to chronicle in the way of improvement.

If any paddling is to be done, a seat of some kind is a necessity, but little new has been invented of late, a soap box to sit on serving all the purposes of the racing paddler. It is an unusual thing to see the backboard, which was formerly found in every canoe, the two parallel strips with cross bars invented by MacGregor. While not always as comfortable as one could wish, it was a great rest in steady paddling, and something of the kind is still necessary. The cork cushion is now used, one part making a seat and the other a back for paddling, and this answers very well. The cushion is placed on a low wooden seat or on the mess chest.

This latter is a most important part of a canoe's furniture, or at least it should be; and not only in cruising but in ordinary work about home waters. It need not be very large or heavy, but in it can be stowed a few simple utensils, plates, knife, fork, can opener, etc., some cans of sugar, coffee, tea, salt, etc., a pot of pickles, one of condensed milk, extract of beef and similar stores. Kept close at hand in the boat house it is stowed in a moment, and only a little fresh stuff, such as bread, eggs, a couple of chops, etc., is needed to complete the material for a couple of meals. Even when going out for but half a day it will pay to toss in the mess chest, thus being able to set up a lunch at any time, or to prepare a full meal if delayed until late.

In the same way it is always convenient to have a good pair of blankets or a sleeping bag done up in its oiled bag and tightly strapped up so that it can be stowed away at a moment's notice. If strapped very tightly the bundle will stow in less space, but in the event of a capsize it will keep much dryer than if thrown in loosely. The canoe tent should also be fitted complete so that it can be set up in the dark or in a hurry, and it should be kept in a special bag of its own. A good lamp is a most important addition to the outfit, as it is never safe to run at night without one. Colored lights are not necessary in so small a boat, a good white light complying with all legal requirements and being much more easily seen, as it is practically impossible to show side lights, or even the two sides of the colored box lamp under all circumstances in so small a boat with no shrouds. The cleanest and most convenient is a candle lantern, a very good make, having four sides of heavy plate glass, giving a good light in the tent or afloat.

For such cooking as can only be done on board, the best thing is the *gamma forcé* to burn alcohol or methylated spirits. With it a cup of coffee or hot beef tea can be made, or a few eggs cooked up, and with two lamps quite a meal can be prepared while afloat; but this is about the extent of cooking possible while seated in the canoe, and for shore use it is generally best to depend on a camp-fire of wood rather than to carry a heavy and dirty stove. When no fuel can be had the alcohol is still in reserve, but in most cases dry wood for a camp-fire can be found somewhere near camp.

A. C. A. EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

THE annual meeting of the Executive Committee of the American Canoe Association was held on Nov. 17 at Toronto, Can. The meeting convened at the house of the Toronto C. C. at 3 P. M., with Com.-elect H. C. Rogers, of Peterborough, in the chair. Neither Com. Gibson nor Sec'y-Treas. Mix were present, the representatives being, besides Com. Rogers and the new Sec'y-Treas., Mr. Geo. W. Hatton; Central Division, Vice-Com. Huntington, of Rome, N. Y., and F. F. Andrews, Rochester, N. Y., Executive Committee. Northern Division, Vice-Com., Robert Tyson, of Toronto; Purser Colin Fraser, of Toronto; F. S. Rathbun, Deseronto. Atlantic Division, Vice-Com. W. P. Stephens, Bayonne, N. J. None of the Eastern Division were present. There were eight members in all, making a quorum, but not the two-thirds of the committee necessary to adopt the proposed amendments to the constitution; so these were discussed and voted on by the members present, the secretary-treasurer being instructed to ask the votes of the absent members by mail.

The first business was the report of the camp site committee, including a number of letters relating to various proposed sites. The Bay of Quinte and the Rideau Lakes were dismissed after a little discussion, the unanimous opinion being in favor of a site on the St. Lawrence River, near Grindstone Island, the camp ground in 1884, '85 and '86. Com. Rogers and Vice-Com. Tyson, who have lately visited the locality, described several available sites on Stave and Sugar Islands, and other places near by, and after a thorough discussion Sugar Island was unanimously chosen on a motion by Vice-Com. Stephens, seconded by Mr. Andrews. The question of the date of the meet was discussed; a motion by Vice-Com. Tyson fixing the date from Aug. 16 to 30, was finally carried.

The report of Secretary-Treasurer Mix was read and accepted after the report of the auditors, Messrs. W. L. Palmer and C. V. Winné was accepted. A letter from Com. Gibson, making a number of suggestions in regard to the regatta programme, camp rules and similar matters, was read. Com. Rogers then appointed Messrs. Ford Jones, of Brockville, and C. E. L. Porteous of Kingston, as additional members of the site committee, and also ap-

pointed as transportation committee Messrs. R. S. Oliver, Albany; W. J. White, Montreal, and J. W. MacKendrick, Galt.

The following resolution was introduced by Mr. Andrews and seconded by Purser Fraser: "Resolved, That the executive committee of the American Canoe Association deprecates most strongly the introduction of special racing appliances that are incompatible with the requirements of cruising, and recommends to the regatta committee that the programme of the races shall be so arranged as to encourage as far as possible the legitimate cruising canoe." The resolution was carried unanimously.

The following resolution was introduced by Vice-Com. Stephens, being in accordance with the suggestions in Com. Gibson's letter. It was seconded by Vice-Com. Tyson and carried unanimously: Resolved, That in view of the necessity of preserving order and quiet in camp during the night, the hour of "taps" shall be changed from 10 to 11:30 P. M.; after which hour quiet must be maintained.

Vice-Com. Stephens then offered the following amendment to Article V, Sec. 2, of the Constitution: To omit all of the last clause after the word "herein," and substitute as follows: "The term of office of all division officers shall begin with the termination of the A. C. A. meet of the following year." The following amendment was suggested by Purser Fraser, and after discussion was accepted by Vice-Com. Stephens, the new amendment being seconded by Vice-Com. Huntington: The term of office of all division officers shall begin with the meeting of the executive committee in October or November, and shall end with the executive committee meeting of the following year. This amendment was not approved by the eight members present, and the vote of the other members will be taken by ballot.

Vice-Com. Stephens also introduced an amendment to Article VIII., making the date of appointment of division regatta committees not later than Feb. 1, which was carried as above. The following lady honorary members were then elected: Mrs. Clarence E. Williams, Miss Anne Huntington, Mrs. John S. Wardwell, Rome, N. Y.; Miss Bessie Woolworth, Albany, N. Y.; Mrs. R. B. Lundy, Miss S. E. Vair, Peterboro; Miss Aggie McDougal, Miss Jennie Owens, Galt; Mrs. Thos. B. Dean, Lindsay, Ontario. The meeting then adjourned.

In the evening a dinner to the guests was given by the Toronto C. C., at which nearly seventy canoeists were present, including Messrs. E. B. Edwards, of Peterboro; Samuel Britton, Judge Dartnell, Ford Jones, Brockville; Johnson, Hamilton; J. G. Edwards, A. D. McGachen, Lindsay, and representatives of the other boating clubs of Toronto. The dinner was followed by songs and toasts, and it was well after the new hour for "taps" before quiet was restored.

Yachting.

Small Yachts. By C. P. Kunhardt. Price $7. Steam Yachts and Launches. By C. P. Kunhardt. Price $3. Yachts, Boats and Canoes. By C. Stansfield-Hicks. Price $3.50. Steam Machinery. By Donaldson. Price $1.50.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

WONA.

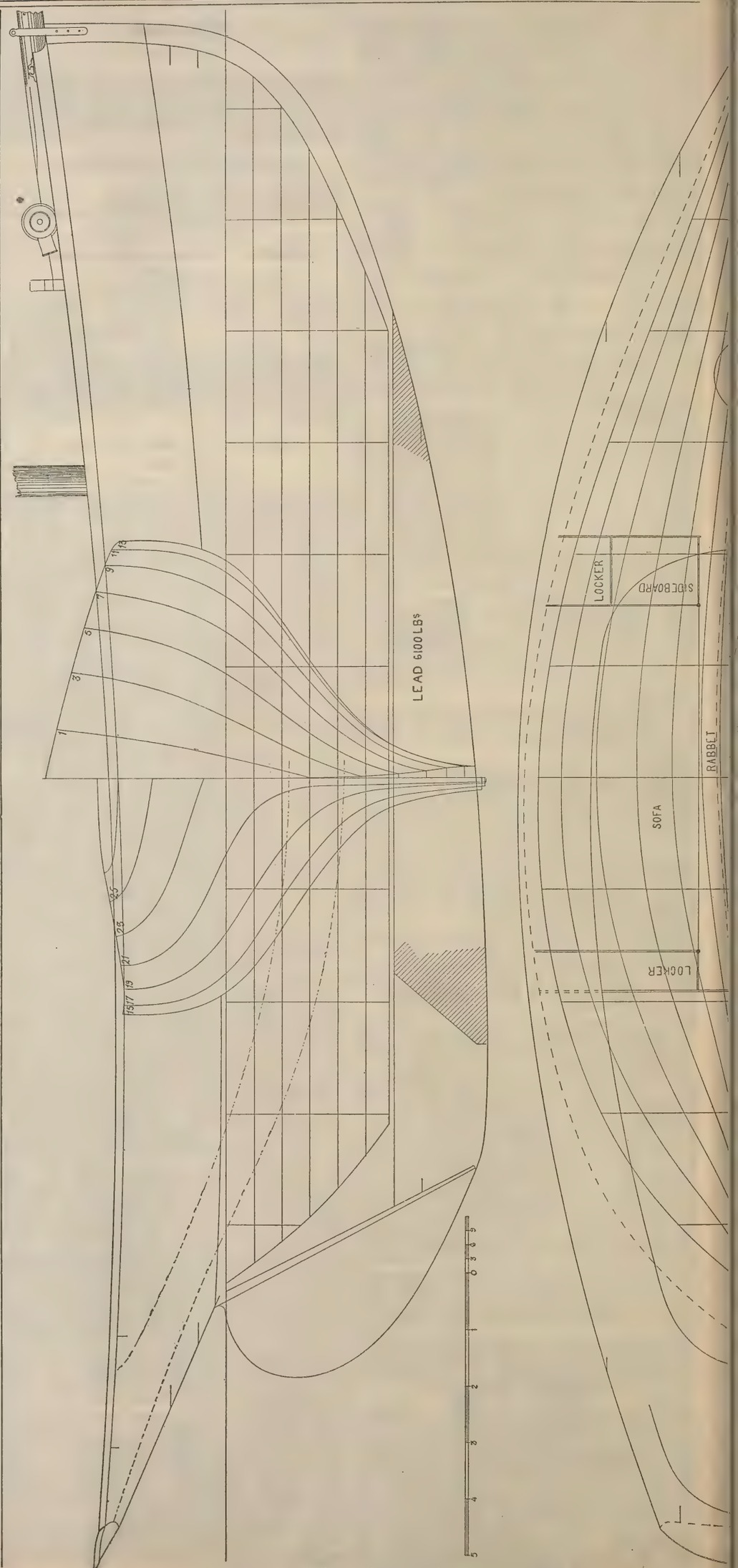
WHILE the first home of the cutter about New York was in the deep water along the Staten Island shore of New York Bay, the opposite shore has from the earliest days of yachting been the chosen stronghold of the shoal centerboard sloop. That this was so in the first instance was a matter of course, as the yachtsmen of the time were compelled to take whatever locations they could get, which were invariably in spots where the shoal water made the ground of little value for shipping purposes. Such places as Gowanus Bay, however, were not too far distant by the existing means of transit, and at the same time were not needed for docks and piers, so they answered very well the purpose of the yachtsmen of a generation ago or less and the yachts were naturally built to suit the waters where they found the best anchorage. Under these circumstances it was but natural that the shoal wide boat should flourish, to the exclusion of all other types; and further, that once owning such boats, yachtsmen should champion them, in spite of their many obvious failings, as the best possible craft.

This was all very well as long as the conditions compelled such a boat or none, but it is now a very long time since these conditions disappeared entirely; since the ancient theories as to depth and resistance were proved entirely false, and since many most important principles were brought clearly before the notice of American yachtsmen. The old anchorage grounds were abandoned for new ones near Bay Ridge, where an ample depth of water could be had; the pet craft of the Long Island shore, sailed by picked skippers and crews, were utterly routed by the narrow cutter; and coming down to a still later day, the keel boat of various models has scored one success after another over the old centerboard favorites. Sturdy and bitter as the opposition has been to all new-fangled notions, to the keel, the cutter rig and to outside ballast, it has somehow happened that at last the keel craft has fairly invaded Bay Ridge, and is likely in the near future to give even the best of the modern compromise centerboards a very hard task to avoid being driven out as completely as in Eastern waters. No other series of boats perhaps offers a better illustration of the course of improvement than that which began in 1883 with the Gleam, a very good example of the Ellsworth model of centerboard craft, built for Mr. Newbery D. Lawton, a thorough Corinthian sailor. In rig and ballast the Gleam was better than many of her class, but still she was not widely different from the average centerboard sloop, with inside iron ballast and single jib sloop rig. In describing her under the date of Feb. 1, 1883, the FOREST AND STREAM made the following prophecy: "The prediction a few years ago that the centerboard would disappear in Eastern waters seemed quite as improbable of fulfilment as a similar prognostication made to-day regarding yachts in New York. Yet we have lived to see the board practically abandoned around Cape Cod, and we venture to assert that it is only a matter of a few seasons more before the keel will be given a like preference here in New York. All indications point that way, and we certainly consider the time not far distant when the centerboard shall be relegated to special contrivances built to meet the purely local exigencies of certain limited stretches of shoal water; until then, we must expect to find yachtsmen pass through preliminary stages of experiment, going from the trap first to deep centerboard boats, then to semi-keels and partial outside ballast, and finally oringing up in safe, creditable constructions, possessing the advantages incorporated in the cutter."

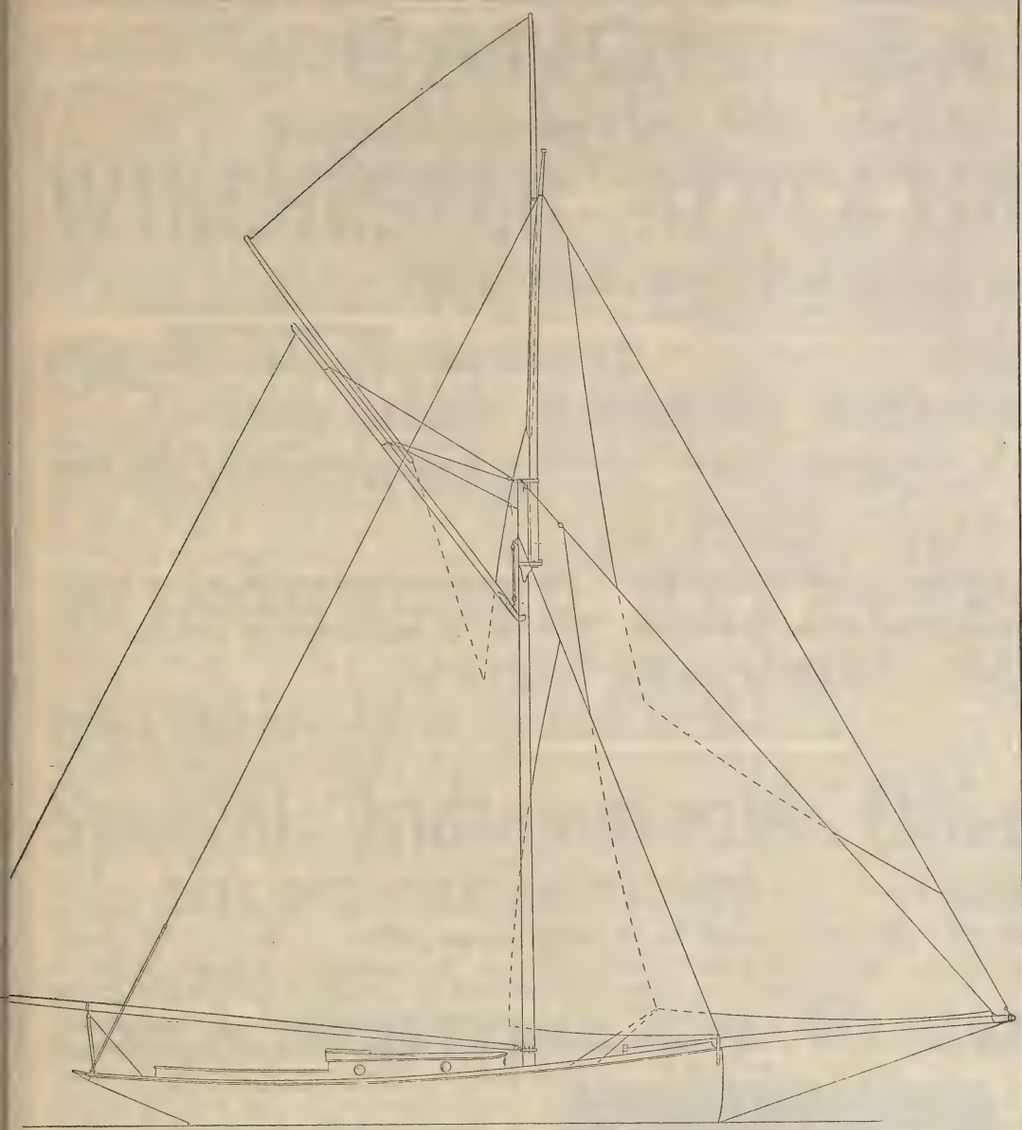
The end of one season saw the beginning of the change outlined above in the Gleam, her inside ballast of 4,500 lbs. was supplemented by nearly a ton of lead added by way of outside keel. Following this the short Ellsworth stern was spun out into as near a semblance of a cutter's counter as the lines of the afterbody would admit, while the boat was improved in minor details. When, after three years, Mr. Lawton was ready to go into a new and larger boat, she was still an Ellsworth model, but a marked departure from the older craft of the same designer, a boat of great displacement, deep draft, lead keel and cutter rig. This boat, the Arab, he has also used for three seasons; last year in addition being largely concerned in the design and construction of another and larger Ellsworth boat, the Eurybia, a still greater departure from the old type. The result of this evolution of six years, during which Mr. Lawton has practically built three boats, and had perhaps as thorough an experience as any one in sailing centerboard craft of all models, is in every respect a literal fulfillment of the prophesy of FOREST AND STREAM. The new boat, to succeed Arab as she succeeded Gleam, is a modern keel cutter, not indeed a narrow boat, but as much of an extreme in draft, and far more in sail area, than the narrowest of the type.

The course of evolution that has brought the modern Burgess cutter to anchor at Bay Ridge has been as costly as it was unnecessary. The money that has been expended in altering not old boats only but new ones, would have built and equipped a racing fleet equal to any in the country. The Gleam is only one very small instance, another is shown in the Athlon, built as late as 1884, to which has been added a double head rig, a lead keel, and now an overhang, all of which she might better have had in the first place. It is true that Bay Ridge escaped the "cutter craze" so far as extreme narrow beam is concerned, but in the modern Burgess cutter she is likely to have a boat that is almost as radically different from the old sloop which once was found in such numbers, as the Madge or Ulula, certainly so far as principles are concerned.

The yacht whose lines we give herewith is now enrolled in the Atlantic Y. C., though built and first owned in Boston, and is one of the best examples of the small keel cutter of wide beam that has yet been built in this country. Like the new Lawton boat, she was designed by Mr. Edward Burgess, being built last year for the Messrs. Cunningham, of Boston and Gloucester, by Lawley & Son. Wona was designed at the same time as Pappoose, and is



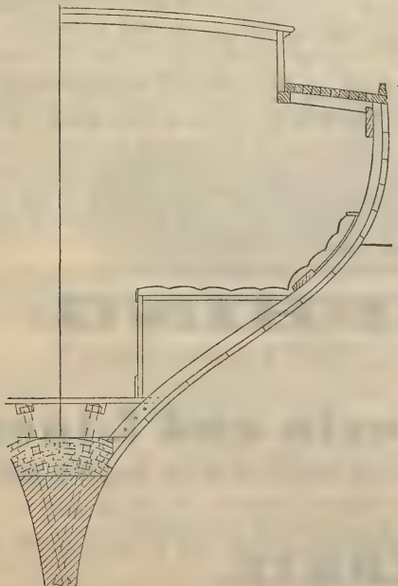
"WONA" CUTTER—DESIGNED BY EDWARD BURGESS.



"WONA"—SAIL PLAN.

very similar to that noted flyer. Her dimensions are as follows:

Length, over all	27ft.	6½in.
L.W.L.	22ft.	6 in.
Beam, extreme	8ft.	6 in.
L.W.L.	7ft.	9 in.
Draft, extreme	4ft.	8 in.
Least freeboard	1ft.	10 in.
Displacement, long tons	5	
Ballast, all on keel, long tons	2.72	
Ratio of ballast to displacement	.54	
Area, L.W.L. plane	112	sq. ft.
lateral plane	87	sq. ft.
midship section	14	sq. ft.
Mast, from stem at L.W.L.	7ft.	11 in.
deck to hounds	21ft.	3 in.
head	3ft.	6 in.
Topmast, fid to sheave	15ft.	
Boom	24ft.	9 in.
Gaff	15ft.	9 in.
Bowsprit outboard	12ft.	
Spinaker boom	25ft.	
Area lower sails	630	sq. ft.



"WONA"—BODY PLAN.

The cabin is 8ft. long, and 5ft. from floor to underside of roof, the forecastle is 7ft. 6in. long, and the cockpit 6ft. 9in. The cabin has a good locker on each side, with a deep closet at the after end and a sideboard and locker at the fore end. The forecastle gives good room for cooking and stowing lines and stores, or even for a boy by way of crew. The yacht is cutter rigged, with standing bowsprit, housing topmast, and jib set on a stay, though originally rigged to set flying. The lead is all on the keel, 6,100lbs. The construction is simple but strong, and no room is wasted about the boat.

Last summer the Wona was purchased by Mr. F. L. St. John, of the Atlantic Y. C., who now owns her. She was raced very little in her first season, and has sailed but one race here, on Aug. 25. She was not regularly entered for this, as she carried a small sprittopsail (not the clubtopsail shown in the plan), which is not allowed by the club rules. She was allowed to sail with the Gleam, Frolic and Wave, all of which carry very long topmasts and working topsails. The result was that she beat all three centerboard boats easily to windward, and finished within 18s. of the winner, Frolic, 24ft. 6in.×10ft. 6in. On corrected time she would have won by 2m. In the little brushes about the Bay she has proved fully able to hold her own with the centerboard boats, though kept for cruising and sailing rather than racing, in fact to compete successfully under the club rules it would be necessary to increase her topmast materially. If raced in good shape next season she will give the centerboard boats all they want to beat her, though not up to the limit of her class; and in the 41ft. class the new Lawton boat is likely to make it equally exciting for her classmates.

This boat, as we have previously stated, is 39ft. 6in. l.w.l., about 13ft. 6in. beam and between 8 and 9ft. draft, with heavy lead keel and no centerboard. In addition to these two, Mr. Burgess has still another new yacht in the Atlantic club, the Beatrice, owned by Messrs. Dunham. She is a compromise boat, lead keel and centerboard, about 35ft. l.w.l., with a very neat sheer and an overhang at each end. With the advent of these boats there begins a new era in yacht building at Bay Ridge, the end of the period of addition and alteration by which it has been sought to make old models and methods equal to new, and the beginning of a period in which the place of the trained designer will be recognized as even more important than the skillful and conscientious builder.

DUCK SHOOTING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

(Concluded from page 336).

THURSDAY, Sept. 25.—Ashore in about 2½ft. at low water, having made no water in the hold, which speaks well for the strength of the boat. About 7 A. M. Mr. Anthony Adams, of Neguac, came along in his birch canoe, kindly offering to send us any assistance we might want. He had spent the night in a tent in the point of woods spoken of on the road into the plains. They got a goose on one of the ponds just after we left, and would have got more had not darkness come on so soon; had the wind held to eastward they would have remained longer.

To return to our narative, Walter said he would go to Neguac with Mr. A. and send down a good man accustomed to such work as we would require, Mr. John Graham, whom we expected would be there on his way to Tabusintac. Charley also went with him, to get a dry change of clothes. Walter said on leaving that if we could spare him he would continue on up river in the steamer that afternoon and report our safety to our friends up river, so we consented to his going. He got up to N. just in time to catch Graham harnessing his horse for T., and persuaded him to come down to us.

Mr. G. arrived with Charley about 11 A. M. It was agreed that nothing could be done but to prepare a sampson post, and get down a good pair of double blocks and tackle for the same. The latter he had to go back to N. for. Our principal hope was that one of our steamers was expected down in the afternoon with a tow of barges on her way to Tabusintac. Being in charge of Mr. G. he had left word at N. that as soon as she arrived she was to go on down to us with two barges, and our plan was to get one on each side and lash the boat to them at low water and float her off. We could see we were not going to cause her any delay in her work, for from Neguac, fully to Tabusintac, she would have to take her tow outside the beaches, which she could not do that night anyway, on account of the roll outside. Our hope was that it would not be too rough for her to come down the inner bay. Walter also said he would watch for her and let her know we wanted her assistance. It turned out afterward that he got the Miramichi to go out of her course to speak to them, which they very kindly did. We were not forgotton up river, for the Commodore had given the Laura orders to keep a lookout for us.

Having a good view as far as Hay Island from where we were stranded, an anxious watch was kept for the steamer with our glasses; in the meantime we rigged our sampson post and carried out both anchors. The former we rigged at her bow, and as the water rose we tried to lift her bow and drag her into deep water with her head off shore, but our tackle was not strong enough and the tide rose very slowly; in fact, there was very little rise, not more than a foot up to 4 P. M., and we made little or no headway, and we began to despair of getting off that night if the L. did not come with the barges. Much to our gratification she did appear in sight about 4:30, running for the bay but leaving her barges, at which we were disappointed, and coming down alone to us, for we thought she could not possibly get us off without them, and were fearful that she would do us some damage, there not being tide enough to float the yacht on an even keel. However, as time was getting short and dark approaching, we decided to let her have a try any way. Fortunately she had a long towline. I suppose she had to anchor 100yds. from us. We sent out our double canoe (log), the latter Graham had borrowed at R., our dingy being too small, and brought the line to us and made it fast to our bitts, and got everything ready before dark; but as the tide was not expected to be full till about 9 P. M., we allowed those on the steamer to take their supper before taking a pull at us, while we waited.

The wind began to rise from S.W., blowing pretty well on to shore, which made us more anxious to get off, as she was beginning to lift and pound some, of which we thought we had had enough on the previous evening.

We arranged a code of lantern signals the same as those used on the railway—waving backward and forward to go ahead, up and down to stop, and from left to right to go to right and *vice versa* to left. This was so arranged on account of the captain of the Laura having once served some time as a locomotive fireman, except the last two signals, supposing a railway train to know neither right nor left.

The time having come for a trial, it now having grown quite dark, with a good stiff breeze on shore and able to see only the lights on the steamer, it became quite interesting. When all was reported ready the lantern was waved and we got a pull that sent us on our beam ends and broke the line to our bitts, but hauled our head off shore. Fortunate it was the line parted, for it would have done more damage, probably have hauled the bowsprit out of her. The lantern was raised up and down pretty lively for a minute or so till we had her stopped. We found it was not the main tow line, but a smaller piece that we had doubled and put on to make the line long enough, that had parted at the bitts; so Graham and Charles took the canoe again, ran out to the steamer and got another long, strong rope, picked up the tow line again and ran back to us. We then ran the line entirely round the yacht under her counter, just above the rudder, fastened it securely, and put a line over deck of yacht at cockpit and forward at mast to keep it from slipping down on her bilge, and then took the tow line, fastened it to this sling, leaving a long enough end to take a whole turn round the mast without making it fast, and put Tom at the end to hold and give the mast a little of the strain as well, but with strict orders to let it run should anything give way causing all the strain to come on mast. The bottom was of very gradual rise shoreward, for the steamer must have taken more than a dozen pulls at us (with a steady pull she could do nothing,) before we began to feel that the yacht was off, at first only a foot or two at a time, then increasing to 4 to 6ft. At last away she went, much to our joy, about 10 P. M. We had some little excitement at times during the tugs at us, it being so dark that it was impossible to tell just when we were going to get one. During one of the lulls I thought I might have time to fill and light my pipe, so set the lantern down on deck outside the cabin trunk, had filled and was bringing the lighted match up when the pull came. I had not time to grab the lantern before it was overboard and lost, and I saw Tom groping around for his rubber boots which were outside drying, but they were nowhere to be found; they had apparently shared the fate of the lantern. Having a spare one of the latter it was easily replaced, but the former were gone till washed up on the shore, to be picked up by some poor beggar that wanted them more than Tom.

Having a high head of steam, Jack, the engineer of Laura, gave us a fast trip, about twice the speed we ever made under sail, up to the wharf at Neguac, about two and a half miles, (going across the bay it was pretty rough, but the speed never slackened, and we did not get back without a little excitement. The double canoe (called double here because they are too large to be made of one tree, half of canoe being hollowed out from one piece of tree and the corresponding half from another) broke adrift, but having one of our anchors in it, the line being coiled up on our stern. When it broke away Charley made a spring to do something, landing on the coil of rope, which, before he knew what he was about, was hauled out from underneath him, which gave him a great scare; the wonder being that it did not catch a turn round his legs. Fortunately he escaped. Up to this time the writer, who was steering, did not know the anchor was in the canoe, and was surprised to see a very taut line coming from the bow astern right alongside of him. Turning round he just caught sight of the canoe taking a frantic sheer off to windward, and then pass away out of sight in the darkness; the anchor having broken its hold on the bow deck of canoe and jumped overboard, then jumping along on the bottom. I expected every moment to see the rope break, but it was a good new one, and kept the anchor skipping along on the bottom. The lantern was waved up and down frantically, but on the steamer they were not expecting any such signal, and it appeared to us some little time before we got her stopped, got our own little boat from the Laura, and sent two men after the canoe, and got our anchor up again.

When the steamer got ready to pull on us the anchors that we had out had to be taken in; this one being the last happened to be left in the canoe to be out of the way, the coil of rope being laid on the stern and the painter made fast and forgotten in the hurry of getting the boat off.

Arrived at the wharf at about 10:30 and made fast outside of the Laura, and turned in shortly after a cup of tea kindly tendered us by the crew of the steamer, and a talk over the events of the past two days.

Friday, Sept. 28.—Turned out about 6 A. M.; wind S.W., weather unsettled. Laura served us with some fine fresh mackerel for breakfast, which was a toothsome dish after so much canned meats. While at breakfast we were agreeably surprised by a visit from our friend Mac, an enthusiastic Quebec yachtsmen, about the last person we expected to see in this out of the way part of the country. Being down on business he happened to see at the wharf a rig which he thought looked familiar, having been out once before on a cruise with us during the summer. On looking down the cabin the first greeting we got was, "Holy Smoke! I'm surprised to see you!" We hardly needed to look up after hearing the expression to know who our visitor was.

Charles promised to sail up to Cnatham with us, but he never put in an appearance, perhaps he had had enough of it. Walter having gone left Tom and the skipper to sail up alone. After the buffeting we had had we came to the conclusion that we were rather shorthanded for the trip, so we tried, there and then, to impress Mac into service, but he said he could not possibly go with us from there, but would come aboard at Church Point, having some business that must be attended to there; so there was nothing for it but 8 or 9 miles without him. After breakfast we commenced our preparations for a start; the weather looking dirty, and first part of sail likely to be roughest we double reefed mainsail, lowered topmast, reefed bowsprit and foresail, and with good wishes but shakes of the head as to the weather we were going to get, bid our friends of the Laura good-by and shoved off, making a close haul to clear spar buoy off Hay Island. We have omitted to give the results of the gale we experienced at Neguac; 4 small schooners were high and dry above the wharf where we thought we might have run for anchorage. Mr. Adams's yacht of 25 feet had also broken adrift, the wharf was considerably damaged, and, as we approached Hay Island, we noted another good sized schooner had come to grief, being high up on point of the island.

The wind fell light, giving us all we could do to work up against wind and tide by the island but at last we managed to get the Indian church at Burnt Church abreast of us, when in the distance we saw what looked like a small steamer coming down the bay, which we soon made out to be the Lily steam launch in charge of the Commodore with Messrs. Yeoman and Hutchinson as crew, who were on their way down to the wreck. They were given a hearty greeting from our log horn, which they responded to with their whistle. Many were the congratulations on our safe delivery from our mishap.

They kindly offered to give us a tow, but before doing so we asked them to run up to Church Point about a mile and get our friend Mac, which was another surprise to him and brought out his favorite expression again.

Having got alongside again we invited all the crew of Lily, except the engineer, to come aboard, and gave them our crew Tom

in exchange for a steersman. We lowered and stowed our sails as the wind had got quite light, and stood away for up river in tow of the Lily. We had to answer many questions as to our experiences, and had a jolly trip up with the exception of a steady rain that came on just below Sheldrake Island. Arriving at Chatham at 6 P. M. we waited there about half an hour for Mac to go ashore, and started again up river, leaving Mr. H. at Douglastown; from here up it was very dark, but arrived safely at Newcastle about 7:50 P. M.

MILLERTON.

BOATS AT THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE.—At the fair of the American Institute, now open in New York, a large and handsome display of boats and canoes is made by John J. Beckee, the representative of A. Bain & Co., of Clayton, N. Y. The largest boat in the collection of 14 is a steam launch, propelled by a vertical engine, using kerosene as fuel. The boat is very neatly finished and fitted out with air cushions, to be used if needed as life preservers, while it is lighted by electric lamps and storage batteries. Besides several small skiffs and rowboats of plain finish there are shown three of the famous St. Lawrence River skiffs, about 18ft. long, and very handsomely finished. One of these in particular, finished in mahogany, is a very fine boat. A large cruising canoe and two small open canoes are also shown, one of the latter having a smooth lap and the other being smooth-built of very narrow strips, making a handsome boat. A 16x30 canoe of the same build, decked and rigged complete, is also on exhibition. It is very finely finished, with mahogany deck and fittings, drop rudder, etc.

New Publications.

ROCKS AND SOILS. Their origin, composition and characteristics, chemical, geological and agricultural. By Horace Edward Stockbridge, Ph. D., Professor of Chemistry and Geology in the Imperial College of Agriculture, Sapporo, Japan, Chemist to the Hokkaido Cho. Octavo, 259 pp. New York: John Wiley & Sons. This is a work devoted mainly to the chemical constitution of rocks in their relation to agriculture, with a special chapter on the soil as related to the production of plants, and an appendix giving the ash and nitrogen constituents of agricultural products. In substance the work was primarily prepared for a series of lectures on chemical geology for students in agricultural colleges, but the desire for their permanent preservation led to the re-arrangement of the whole subject in the present accessible form. It is a work of the highest value to the student of scientific agriculture, embodying a thorough treatment of the subject in the most compact form.

DAYS SERENE. Illustrated from the original designs of Margaret McDonald Pullman, engraved on wood and printed under the direction of George I. Andrews. Boston: Lee & Shepard. This beautiful book is well calculated to inspire us with something excusably like envy for the perfect serenity of mind indispensable to its preparation. It brings before us the gifted artist at home with her favorite poets, realizing each scene as described, with the true artist's insight, and fixing the fleeting conception with her pencil. There are 25 illustrations of charming scenery, each with the poetic text that suggested it, and the work designed for the reception room table is gotten up in the best style of the publisher's art.

THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER; or, The Black Brothers. A legend of Stiria. By John Ruskin, M. A. Illustrated by Richard Doyle and published by Lee & Shepard, Boston. With such an array of good names in the several departments of book production, this book may be safely left to herald itself by its title.

A PHYSICIAN'S PROBLEMS, by Charles Elam, M.D. Boston: Lee & Shepard. This is another of Lee & Shepard's Good Company series, and deals with those outlying regions of Thought and Action whose domain is the "debatable ground" of Brain, Nerve and Mind. The subjects treated are natural heritage, race degeneration, moral and criminal epidemics, body and mind, illusions and hallucinations, somnambulism, and the effects of prolonged revery and abstraction. All these subjects are handled with masterly skill, in harmony with the scientific conception that psychological phenomena are but manifestations of the physical condition of the nervous system.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY SERIES. Taken by the Enemy; by Oliver Optic, author of the Army and Navy Series, Young America Abroad, etc. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Illustrated. Taken by the Enemy is the first of a new series of six volumes which are to be associated under the general title of the Blue and the Gray Series. The title sufficiently indicates that the story is concerned with the "little misunderstanding" between the North and South of a quarter of a century ago. The subject is and will continue to be of fascinating interest to all Americans, and the story will not fail to achieve the popularity of the writer's earlier works.

THE LAST OF THE HUGGUMUGGERS. A great story with illustrations, by Christopher Pearse Cranch. Boston: Lee & Shepard. The last of the Huggumuggers is a very amiable giant, in fact he is only a good-natured specimen of overgrown humanity whose family waxed great on abundant supplies; the dwarf Kobboltozo on the contrary, who is green with envy because he is dwarfish, crooked and ugly, is a really malevolent being, and of course comes to a bad end. The book is full of marvelous adventure.

KOBBOLTOZO. A sequel to the last of the Huggumuggers, with illustrations. By Christopher Pearse Cranch. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Those who have read the Last of the Huggumuggers will know by anticipation what manner of book Kobboltozo is; for those who have not it must suffice to say that it is a story of the imagination, dealing with a race of dwarfs who aspired to become giants, and written for the amusement of little folks and the edification of grown-up folks.

ALL AROUND THE YEAR, A PSALM FOR NEW YEAR'S EVE, AND A CHRISTMAS CAROL, are the titles of three several sets of dainty holiday cards, published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; the former a calendar, the two latter with words by Dinah Maria Mulock, and all charmingly illustrated by J. Pauline Souther.

THE ADVENTURES OF A CHINAMAN IN CHINA. From the French of Jules Verne. By Virginia Champlin. With fifty illustrations. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Jules Verne's fancy is inexhaustible; he never wants for variety, and although in the present volume he makes a Chinaman his hero, he inspires the reader with a ready sympathy for him, which makes us follow him through a series of critical adventures with breathless interest. Suffice it to say that the hero of the story is a pampered young millionaire who has no conception that life is worth living until exposed to the daily apprehension of losing it.

THE LOVER, and selected papers from "The Englishman," "Town Talk," "The Reader," "The Spinster," by Richard Steele. Boston: Lee & Shepard. This is one of Lee & Shepard's Good Company series. The Lover consists of a series of essays, in which the tender passion is analyzed and studied in all its varied forms and phases by a writer unsurpassed for the delicacy of his sentiments and the spontaneous flow of the purest and most graceful language in which he conveys them. The other papers are short essays in the same classical style, and worthy a place in the same volume.

FIGHTING PHIL. The life and military career of Philip Henry Sheridan, General of the Army of the United States. By Rev. P. C. Headley, author of lives of General Grant, General Sherman, Admiral Farragut and others. Boston: Lee & Shepard. This is one of the series of "Young Folks' Heroes of the Rebellion," and the concluding volume of the series. Of all the generals of the late war, Fighting Phil, the dashing cavalry officer, was the soldiers' idol, and the one who must always come to the top as the young folks' hero; and the author, in describing his brilliant achievements, has thrown over the deadly struggle in which he played so prominent a part all the glamor of a fascinating romance. The record of Fighting Phil's achievement will be handed down through untold ages and fire the patriotic ardor of nations yet unborn.

QUICK COOKING, a book of culinary heresies for the busy wives and mothers of the land, by one of the heretics. G. P. Putnam & Sons, New York. This is an age of ideas, and the author of "Quick Cooking" starts out with the idea that for the average housewife it will not pay to devote four hours to the preparation of a dish that is disposed of in ten minutes. He gives 630 recipes for dishes to be prepared, in short time, and 340 of these in from five to fifteen minutes; recommends order, method and the use of the gas stove as the essential conditions of economy, and especially of economy in the housewife's time, health and temper.

MANNERS, HAPPY HOMES AND GOOD SOCIETY ALL THE YEAR ROUND, by Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, author of "Womans' Record; or Biographical Sketches of Distinguished Women. Boston, Lee & Shepard. This is a volume of manners, habits and social observances, as affecting social intercourse and the constitution of the home circle. The volume is essentially patriotic, and no less deeply religious, and while, as the author tells us, gleanings have been made from the best writers on the subjects indicated, the foundation principles of love and duty, the pillars of domestic peace and social improvement, have been built up from the Bible, "the only book which is just to woman."

LITTLE MISS WEEZY'S BROTHER. By Penn Shirley, author of "Little Miss Weezy." Little Miss Weezy's brother Kirke is a chip off the same block as Little Miss Weezy, and whittled by the same hand. Miss Weezy's brother too leads a home life the greater part of the time, except when he runs away, and all the little people who are interested in little Weezy can keep up their acquaintance with her and watch her unfolding, while following the adventures of Kirke. A genuine child's story, and full of loving interest for children.

DREAMTHORP. A book of essays written in the country by Alexander Smith, author of a life drama, city poems, etc. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Dreamthorp is but the author's environment, the place in which the essays were written in retreat from the actual battle of life from which they draw their inspiration. The essays themselves reflect earnestness, calm philosophic speculation, generous emotion, and perhaps the most charming of them all is the essay on vagabonds, in which, carried away by the author's passionate pleading, we sympathize with all the world's great vagabonds, from Ishmael to Shakespeare's merry vagabonds in the forest of Arden.

A MANUAL OF VERTEBRATES.—A Manual of Vertebrate Animals of the Northern United States, including the district north and east of the Ozark Mountains, south of the Laurentian Hills, north of the southern boundary of Virginia, and east of the Missouri River, inclusive of marine species. By David Starr Jordan, President of the University of Indiana. Fifth edition, entirely rewritten and much enlarged. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co., 1888. A new edition of Prof. Jordan's concise and excellent work has just appeared. It is much larger than the former editions and covers much more ground, taking the marine vertebrates, which are omitted in the former publications. The world-wide reputation of Prof. Jordan as a careful and accurate naturalist of the first rank is a guarantee that the book will become a standard for reference for all who are interested in determining the beasts, birds, reptiles and fishes which come under their observation. The descriptions in a work covering so wide a field are necessarily brief and much condensed, but the main points necessary for identification are preserved so that the student may determine species without difficulty. Where it has been necessary to use technical terms they are used, and a glossary of them is added, but these are avoided as much as possible. As a work designed to give students and collectors a ready means of identifying the vertebrates of the region which it covers it is invaluable, containing a vast amount of information in a very small compass, being readily carried in a large pocket or small satchel. A system of analytical keys is used for the generic characters, and this is of acknowledged value to the student. In the older editions artificial keys were used to a great extent, but in the present work these are mostly set aside. The arrangement of the fishes is essentially that of Jordan and Gilbert's "Synopsis of the Fishes of North America," and almost exactly that of Jordan's "Catalogue of N. A. Fishes." The arrangement of the batrachians and reptiles based on the various papers by Prof. Cope, while in the nomenclature and classification of birds the author has followed the "Check List of North American Birds," published by the American Ornithologists' Union, the analytical keys to the genera being those of Ridgway's "Manual" and of Coues's "Key." Prof. Baird's "History of N. A. Mammals" has been the guide to this department. In the present edition the order of the former ones is reversed, it begins with the lowest form of vertebrate and ends with man.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

C. M. B.—There are ruffed grouse in the Pocomo Mountain country, squirrels, and you may find a bear.

SCOTLAND.—We will send you the name of a person in Canada who will supply the information your friend seeks.

P. N. VAN C., Brooklyn.—1. The best song bird to keep in a cage is a canary. 2. The bird stores supply a powder which rids birds of lice.

G. C. C., Rochester.—1. There is but one recognized breed of bull-terriers. 2. The bullet-headed terriers shown at Boston last spring were mongrels.

C. A. H., New Haven.—We recommend you to go to the Pamlico River district, making headquarters at Durham Creek. See advertisement of the resort elsewhere.

AMATEUR, Lockport.—For grouse, quail and woodcock, an all-around dog, choose a pointer or a setter, as your fancy dictates. Many advocate spaniels for woodcock shooting, see recent article in our gun columns.

E. A. F., Rochester.—The discussion of rifles for general use has been published in our recent numbers, and we have further communications on the subject for immediate publication. The repeating arm you name is growing in favor. You must decide about it for yourself.

F. H.—A friend and fellow sportsman in poor health and with moderate means, supplied with a camping outfit, intends to spend the winter in some pleasant southern climate, and would be under obligations to you if you would kindly point out to him a suitable location where he could find health and recreation. Ans. Georgia, Florida, the Gulf States and southern California all have an abundant supply of territory suitable for winter camping, but a physician should be consulted to determine the climate best adapted to an individual case. It is not advice that can be given by laymen and strangers.

H., Newton, Mass.—I have a pointer pup three months of age. She is of good proportions and in good condition, just fat enough, and very active when out in the yard. Yet her front legs are somewhat bowed and her shoulders turned out from the body, so it detracts from her appearance very much. I keep her in a stall in the barn, with bottom of stall covered three or four inches thick with sawdust or leaves. She is allowed to run in the yard every day more or less. What can I do to remedy this trouble? Will anything but exercise help the case, and what could have caused such a defect? Ans. The trouble may have been caused by the bitch having lain in a low place, or in a damp place; or it may have been caused by over feeding when she was just weaned. The only course to effect a cure will be to give her full liberty to run at all times; do not confine her at all in the day; if she can have the liberty of a warm place, like the kitchen, so much the better. Feed her three times a day, not too much, but something good, a little broth and some meat, with a tablespoonful of cod liver oil. Do not overload her stomach at the expense of her weak legs.

THE BEAR AND THE PARALYTIC.—The New Orleans *Picayune* prints a story, which goes pat with the tale recently told in these pages of how one of Agassiz's companions was scared into use of his limbs: "Some years ago, just before leaving the Asiatic Station for the United States, the flagship Tennessee visited one of the ports in the China Sea not much frequented by our men-of-war, and upon her departure the Admiral was presented by the Governor of the province with a small brown Burmese bear. At first bruin was kept in a cage, and every one stood in mortal terror of him, mistaking his friendly advances for a thirst for blood; but before many days it was discovered that he was not very vicious, and he was accordingly released from his cage, but kept chained. This, in turn, was found in a short time to be unnecessary, as the little fellow soon became accustomed to his surroundings, and ere long he was a privileged character on board, roaming at will on the upper deck, and affording no end of amusement to the crew. One of the peculiar features of this bear, and one which had led to his being misunderstood at the outset, was his growl. It was big enough for a bear twelve times his size, and perfectly blood-curdling in ferocity; but it seemed to be his way of laughing. He would climb the rigging, and, when some unsuspecting person was below him, suddenly let go and come down on top of his victim, letting out this frightful growl. The first time he tried this trick he landed on top of a midshipman, who fainted on the spot. One day, all hands being at the time on the upper deck, the bear fell down a hatchway, finding himself in a new world—on the gun deck. Being of an investigating turn of mind, he started on an exploring expedition, and finally found intense amusement in walking round and round the hatch over the sick quarters, situated on the deck below. In a cot in the sick bay, directly under the hatchway, lay a sailor who had never heard of the bear. He had been in his cot a month, suffering with paralysis of both legs. He lay now reading a newspaper, which he held in such a way as to shut out from his sight everything overhead. Deeply absorbed in the paper, he saw and heard nothing of the bear above him. Suddenly and without a moment's warning, down came the bear on top of the paralytic, with his awful growl. The paralytic gave a yell; forgetting all about his paralysis, he jumped from his cot and ran screaming along the deck; the bear, unused to such a reception and thoroughly angered by it, pursued him. On went the paralytic, scantily attired in red flannel; on came the bear, murder in his eye. Reaching one of the doors of the officers' quarters, the paralytic rushed in yelling, 'Look out for the bear!' The officers and paralytic rushed pell-mell in the opposite direction, and bruin, who had pursued his prey, was caught, the doors being shut on him. Poor bruin never recovered his good humor, and had to be killed. But the paralytic? He claimed that the bear had cured his paralysis, but others thought differently, and to insure against a relapse severe punishment was inflicted upon him for fooling the doctors and shirking his work."

Prof. F. Nicholls Crouch, the composer of the world-famed "Kathleen Mavourneen," writes as follows from Baltimore, Md., under date of Oct. 27: "With a strong head wind, an unusually rough sea, and a stormy outlook, we shipped our moorings at Boston and plunged ahead on a southern passage to Baltimore, Md. In the morning after breakfast the forward lookout roared out: 'Big fish! Weather side.' Directing our optics over the side, we saw a great commotion in the seething waters, in effect similar to that noticed when a propeller first puts its wheel in motion. Our steamer was driving ahead at great speed. The commotion in the perturbed waters was amidships, where our attention was called to it by the lookout. We saw a gigantic black arm, some thirty feet in length, protruding from the sea, instantly followed by a second evidently in the act of seizing something within those grappling fangs. The creatures—pursued and pursuing—were both below the surface of the water. As these enormous claws emerged from the depths, a hugh swordfish leaped into the air some five feet high, curving like a bow as it descended head and horn downward. The outline of the pursuing fish, fully seen and fully developed, was some eighteen or twenty feet in length, and in circumference it was not less than two yards over the shoulders. The pursuit continuing, it naturally drifted into the steamer's wake, and from time to time this contest for capture could be seen renewed again and again, until distance made the object invisible. Philosophizing on the singularity of the occurrence, we came to the conclusion it was a struggle for life between an octopus and a swordfish, the horn of the latter defending itself in the depths below its crab-like antagonist; but forced to the surface, the mammoth arms of the octopus grappled distance and everything within reach. Consequently the means of escape was for the swordfish to spring high in the air, judiciously diving at some distance away. Of course this relation as well as our solution of the strange cause and effect, can produce nothing but surmise and the repetition of the old saw, 'travelers see strange sights.'"—*Detroit Free Press.*

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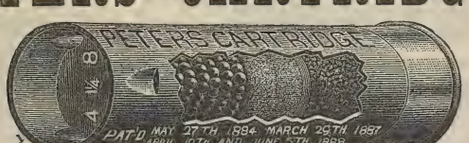
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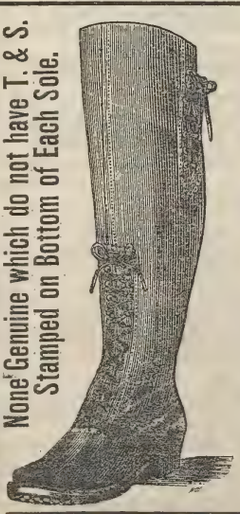
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FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 29, 1888.

VOL. XXXI.—No. 19. No. 318 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications on the subject to which its pages are devoted are respectfully invited. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No name will be published except with writer's consent. The Editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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Address all communications

Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

No. 318 BROADWAY. NEW YORK CITY.

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BUFFALO BREEDING.

WE have already recorded the transfer of the celebrated Bedson herd of buffalo to the well-known "Buffalo" Jones of Kansas. Our Chicago correspondent in his notes printed to-day, reports the arrival of the herd at Minneapolis on its way to Mr. Jones's ranch at Garden City. In the estimation at least of those who take pleasure in the study of our large game, either as sportsmen or as naturalists, this transfer of live stock is an event worthy of more than passing note.

The last year of the great buffalo herds in the Canadian Northwest was 1878. During that summer the great plains of the Saskatchewan were dotted and darkened with buffalo herds for hundreds of miles, and in the words of a recent correspondent of this paper the country was "one robe." Of course the hunters of all kinds repaired thither from all regions, and the slaughter was great. The supply of robes then sent to Winnipeg is hardly yet exhausted.

One band of Indians returning to that city laden with spoil drove in alive five buffalo calves. These calves became the property of Mr. James McKay, a prominent half-breed, better known as "Tonka Jim" from his immense stature. For four years these buffalo were allowed to ramble about the prairie on the outskirts of the town, in company with the ordinary cattle of the vicinity, nor were they disposed to molest any one nor to move away to distant regions, but continued to thrive and multiply without care or attention until 1882, when the whole herd, now numbering twenty-three, including hybrids with the domestic cattle, were sold to Mr. Samuel L. Bedson, the warden of the penitentiary at Winnipeg, and an enthusiast on the subjects of domestication and improvement by breeding of more than one species of indigenous wild animals.

Having received the material for his experiment, Mr. Bedson set about endeavoring to supply a ranch animal that was better adapted to withstand the rigors of the climate and scarcity of food than the common neat cattle now universal on the ranches of the Northwestern States and Canada. Setting the buffalo and the neat kine side by side with a view to comparison of their respective advantages as ranch beasts, we find first, that the domestic animal is liable to great mortality from drought, frost, snow, starvation, disease, stampede, and to some extent from wild beasts. Its flesh certainly is of the highest grade, but its hide is not worth more than a couple of dollars, and the great cost of herding all the year round and of feeding through the winter, is enough to turn the balance of profit into dead loss whenever, as is now the case, the cost of marketing or the price in market takes a turn for the worse.

The buffalo's characteristic disadvantages are the comparative inferiority of its flesh, the great size of the forequarters and the slightness of the hindquarters; all of which is just the reverse of what a beef animal should be. On the other hand, all records and all Mr. Bedson's experience go to show that the buffalo enjoys complete immunity from all disease; and in winter and summer it can feed itself on the prairie grasses even when it has to dig for them through a couple of feet of snow. To frost and snow it is entirely indifferent; as an example of this we may cite the case of a buffalo cow which brought forth a calf on the open prairie in January, 1884, and although at the time the thermometer registered 38° below zero, neither cow nor calf appeared to suffer the slightest inconvenience. Numerous other instances might be given to illustrate the complete hardiness of the buffalo; but, as a matter of fact, this is a point on which no one who has had any experience with the animal can have any doubt. It is, moreover, quite certain that all losses from mortality that ensue with the present cattle would be saved with the buffalo, for all reductions of the Bedson herd were made either by the butcher's knife or by the rifles of maliciously disposed neighbors.

Again, the hide of the buffalo is worth from $10 to $15, and it has established itself in the position of an indispensable wrap in our northern climate. Once a year the buffalo sheds its fleece, scraping it off in great flakes against the bushes and trees. This wool is easily gathered and readily worked up into a yarn that will compare favorably with that produced by the inferior breeds of sheep. This it will be seen is no inconsiderable item when we are told that each animal yields from 10 to 12lbs. of the raw material. Many years ago there was in Winnipeg a cloth factory for the manufacture of buffalo wool, and its operations ceased only with the extirpation of the animals in the vicinity of the town.

In one particular the buffalo is greatly the inferior of its domesticated relative, and that is as a milker, but to the ranchmen this item is of no consequence whatever. As a draught animal it is stronger, quicker and more enduring than its short-haired relative.

It is a remarkable fact that the buffalo and the *Bos taurus* are inter-fertile in all degrees of hybridity, so that Mr. Bedson found his material plastic enough when he set about his experiments, and yet it proved necessary to exercise caution, for it was believed that though the buffalo cow could readily bring forth the hybrid calf, the common cow could not always do so on account of the great size of the young one's shoulders compared with the orifice in the pelvic bones. But beside this one mechanical obstacle there was no barrier to indiscriminate interbreeding.

As a result of crossing Mr. Bedson has succeeded in producing an animal which in a great measure unites the best qualities of both species. It is of nearly the same shape as the common steer and therefore much better for beef; it is invested with a robe of long, soft, glossy fur, which is almost even in length all over the animal and varied in shade from light brown through brindle to pure black. It is also improved as a milker, but it must be confessed that the animal is more or less liable to kick during the process of milking. It, however, retains the hardiness of its wild progenitor, and altogether gives good promise of being the ranch beast of the future.

In January, 1885, the herd numbered forty-one; of these nine were half-breeds, six were three-quarter bred and the rest were pure buffalo. During that year the Northwest Buffalo Breeding Company was formed, with Mr. Bedson of course as its central figure. Major Bell, of the Bell Farm at Qu'Appelle, also took a prominent part, and the herd was divided, so that a large portion was under the supervision of the latter gentleman.

In January, 1887, the remainder of the original herd numbered something over sixty; and if we are informed aright, it is this remaining lot, with its natural increase of the last two years, numbering now some eighty odd, that has become the property of "Buffalo" Jones, of Garden City. That the Kansas breeder may succeed beyond his highest expectations in preserving this grand animal from extirpation, in giving us a new and valuable addition to the stock farm, and in reaping the golden harvest he so richly deserves for his energy and enterprise, must be the wish of every one who is watching his experiments.

SNAP SHOTS.

OUR gun columns have been specially useful in recent numbers, because of the many reports of shooting localities. Numbers of our readers are on the lookout for information respecting desirable game resorts, and notes giving such directions are always acceptable. It is by the free interchange of advice of this character that the shooting fraternity can make the columns of FOREST AND STREAM most useful to one another.

The seventh annual meeting of the American Forestry Congress will be held at Atlanta, Ga., Dec. 5, 6 and 7. Special passenger rates have been provided, particulars of which may be had on application to Hon. Sidney Root, Atlanta. The sessions will be open to the public, and as interest in forestry is rapidly growing in the country, it is expected that the Atlanta Congress will be more largely attended than any of the previous ones. The secretary is Mr. E. B. Fernow, of Washington.

The suggestion made in these columns that the female deer should be spared, was intended to apply specifically to the Adirondack game region of New York. The necessity of reasonable restrictions of game destruction in that area is very generally recognized. Without discussing the economic advantages of a general observance of a rule to spare the does in all hunting localities, without considering even the practicability of such a rule were its general application desirable, there can be no question of its beneficial effects on the North Woods nor of the feasibility of observing it there. Indeed, the rule is actually in force, by common acceptance, in certain localities, where guides and visitors are agreed upon its advantages.

The season of 1888 is not to be recorded as the ideal with respect to weather conditions. There has been much rain, and of the days set apart for shooting a large proportion have proved to be disagreeable. Hunting parties who have returned from the far Northwest report exceeding disagreeable weather there, with much snow and storm through October and November, making successful hunting an utter impossibility. The mild temperature which has prevailed in the vicinity of New York has not helped the duck shooting; but a change came with the storm of Sunday, Monday and Tuesday which has prevailed very generally over the country, and we may now expect to hear of successful wildfowling excursions.

Missouri sportsmen have set on foot a movement to provide for that State a game warden system similar to those of New York, Michigan and others. This is the only machinery yet devised to secure game protection, while associations like that of the Connecticut sportsmen and farmers, which is now attracting attention because of its activity, answer the purpose in specific cases, and for a short period, so long only as the initial enthusiasm holds out; but they fail in the end from the very nature of things. It is not to be expected of average human nature that private citizens shall keep on forever doing the work which properly belongs to the State or town administration. Game law enforcement, like all other law enforcement, is a public concern; provision should be made for it by the community at large. Missouri and all other States which supply the Eastern markets with game must, as steps of political economy, control the traffic by a system of public officials paid to do the work. Why is it that at the present time, when local supplies have been exhausted, the New York game dealers buy their quail about as cheap now as they did twenty years ago? Because transportation facilities are such that they can bring their game from a great distance by a "long haul" at about the expense formerly attaching to a "short haul," and they are thus depleting the supplies of the West just as they have those of the East.

The Sportsman Tourist.

IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

ON Saturday, the 15th of September, the writer embarked at Halifax on the steamer Portia, 732 tons burden, bound for St. Johns, Newfoundland. This vessel, which is of iron, leaves the port of New York fortnightly for Newfoundland, touching en route at Halifax, there it remains from sixteen to eighteen hours before leaving for its destination. The time occupied in the passage is about fifty-two hours from New York to Halifax, and the same time is taken from Halifax to St. Johns. This steamer is staunch and strong, and the master, Captain Dawson, a good seaman and successful officer. We had very fine weather, the air being mild and the sea tranquil. As most of such voyages are, so was ours uneventful for a short time. When well out to sea we had the company of about fifty porpoises, which sported on the surface of the water and ducked beneath it in their gambols; these soon left us, and in their place we caught sight of a huge whale, which showed itself but twice. The tedium of our monotonous journey was again broken upon by the arrival of an occasional land bird about our decks; indeed there were a pair of linnets which remained several hours around our vessel, hoping about and picking up such food as they could find; these little creatures seemed very tired and hungry. It was on Monday morning that we first caught sight of Newfoundland. As we drew near the high precipitous shores of the island exhibited well the stratification of the rocks, against whose base the sea dashed, and all their foldings and contortions were in full view. From the foot of these cliffs long points in various places ran out far into the ocean.

On the summit of this rocky coast there was a treeless plateau, with hills rising above it, all of which when bare of everything appeared to be covered by a growth of low shrubs, the green of which had a brownish or yellowish hue.

We had been in full view of this rocky land for more than an hour before we saw human habitation. When we did see one it was situated far up at the head of a cove and consisted of a fisherman's white hut. After this we saw in various other coves, as we skirted the shores, little clusters of humble homes; and where there was earth enough to cover the rocks the sward growing on them was of a brighter green than what one usually sees elsewhere, reminding me of that green which meets one's view as he approaches the shores of Ireland. Fishing boats were frequently met along the coast; in one instance I counted forty-four all hard at work in one place. Here and there were seen substantial and well cared for lighthouses. When we first came in sight of the island the ordinary color of the rocks on the shore was gray, but when not far from the Bay of Bulls this was changed to red. In several places in this vicinity there were great cavities in the steep shores where masses of rock had tumbled out. Sometimes, indeed, they were seen lying on the beach beneath.

As we drew near to what we were told was the harbor of St. Johns we could see no entrance to it. At the distance of a mile a deep depression in the rocks was visible, but that was all. Coming a little nearer the water became visible and the whole grand entrance between these steep, massive and variously contoured hills gradually came in full view. The entrance to St. Johns harbor at the narrowest point is but 165yds. wide.

The hill on the north of this entrance, which is called Signal Hill, is 520ft. high, while that on the south side is 560ft. above the water line. Once in the entrance you have a full view of the city of St. Johns, which is built at the foot and on the slope of a steep hill facing the entrance to the harbor, which is more than a mile long, and about three-quarters of a mile wide. The city has a population of about 25,000.

Our steamer was soon at the wharf, and stepping ashore we were met by the polite customs officer, who immediately passed our baggage. I walked up to the Atlantic, a large, new, convenient and commodious hotel.

I had not been long in it until I was reminded of the existence of game in the island by seeing two gentlemen enter with game bags well filled with ptarmigan. The shooting season begins here on Sept. 15.

The day after my arrival I drove for nine miles over the strange treeless hills, among which one sees in all sort of odd places equally strange lakes, or, as they are called here, ponds. These were surrounded by low shrubs, hardly a tree being visible. We were on our way to Petty Harbor, a fishing village, which we at last found nestled down in a deep, rocky valley, so surrounded by high hills that it reminded me of the entrance to the pass of Glen Lyon, in the Highlands of Scotland. Wherever any earth was to be found on the steep sides of these hills and in the narrow valley, through which a large brook tumbled, little patches of potatoes were planted. I heard of one case where a poor woman had carried on her back many loads of earth—enough to make a garden in front of her little cottage, in which garden she had all of her vegetables planted.

On our way to Petty Harbor we were again reminded of the ptarmigan by seeing a sportsman on his way home, who told us that he had that day secured fifteen of them. In order to give some idea of this bird, whose flesh is more delicate than that of either partridge or grouse, more especially during the months of October and November, when it attains its highest flavor, I obtained from Mr. Richard White, a well-known sportsman of St. Johns, the following facts: During the winter, at times when the weather is foggy and moist, these birds frequent the high hills, feeding on the buds of shrubs of various kinds; but when it is boisterous and cold they desert these haunts. They mate in February and lay their eggs early in June; these usually number from eleven to fourteen. The nests are very rough affairs, consisting of a few sticks and straws collected together; they are constructed on the borders of marshes and among low shrubs. The young usually make their appearance in July, being about able to fly in the middle of that month. They are in good condition on Sept. 15, when the season has been a favorable one; when, however, it has been cold and backward they are small at that time. Their color is then brown, their wings being partly white. In October their color begins to change, and by the last of December they are nearly entirely white, with the exception of the tips of their tails, which remain black. The legs in winter are feathered down to the toes. When it is stormy and snowing in the winter they do not seem to feed, but remain in one spot for more than a day. During the autumn they feed on berries, which are abundant on the island.

The ptarmigan is found all over Newfoundland. The best shooting grounds near St. Johns are Cape St. Mary's, Cape Pine, Trepassey and the coast stretching from it to St. Johns. Ptarmigan are also shot in the immediate neighborhood of St. Johns. On Saturday last, Mr. White and his brother shot thirty-one of them within six miles of that city. The shooting is all done on the wing, the dogs made use of being generally the Gordon setter, these being much preferred to the pointer on account of their superior endurance. Early in the fall the full covey rise at a time, and when undisturbed they always keep near the place where they were hatched. Later on in the season they are started in twos and threes. The heaviest bird which Mr. White had shot weighed 1lb. 14oz. The average weight at the last of October is about 1¼lbs. each. Up to the 1st of October three-quarters of the birds are shot at distances not exceeding 40yds. After that, when they are stronger and more timid, they rise when one is within 50 or 60yds. Mr. White says the largest number of birds ever killed by him in a day was 27.

Sportsmen coming to Newfoundland will during the summer find access fortnightly to all parts of the shore of the island (with the exception of those on the Straits of Belle Isle) by means of the mail and passenger steamers, Conscript, 440 tons, and Volunteer, 450 tons. These boats are well manned and provided; and starting from St. Johns one takes the southern, the other the northern coast, touching at the various harbors on their routes.

There are thirty lighthouses on the island belonging to the government of that colony, and several others which were erected by the government of Canada. Indeed, the salient points of the island are so well lighted that a vessel in clear weather has a lighthouse always in view when coasting along its shores.

EDWARD JACK.

NOTES ON WESTERN FLORIDA.

IV.—CRUISING DOWN THE COAST.

We did not stop on our return at Carabelle, but sailed out at once into the sea, where a strong favorable breeze was blowing, and we made good time to the east, anchoring at night off Alligator Point in only three feet of water. The following morning, to our intense surprise and chagrin, we found ourselves high and dry, left by the receding tide. There was nothing to do but go ashore, or rather, step aground, and spend the morning shooting snipe and beach birds. We had very fair sport until the returning waters liberated the Geline from her unaccustomed position, and we once more headed to the east.

South Cape is a well defined point of sand that makes out into the Gulf and forms one of the arms that inclose Ockolockone Bay. I have beaten around this veritable "Cape Horn" several times in the course of my expeditions, but never yet have I been aided by a favorable wind. So it was with Rusticus and I; we tacked almost in the eye of a wind that seemed to shift to oppose every turn we made, and baffled and worried our crew entirely out of patience. We, of the cabin, took it very easily, but Captain Joe frowned and swore in a most outrageous manner, and worked himself into a tremendous state of fury, cursing, not only at the wind, but railing at its maker and calling out in an excess of fury for the Almighty to come down from on high and give the management of the weather to him, and he could do a better job of it, he knew. It was very sacrilegious and just a bit ridiculous to hear this man, this creature of some seventy inches in height, defying and railing at the Almighty Power, which, whether under the Christian name of God or the scientists' name of Nature, rules the vast universe with inscrutable wisdom and boundless force. This same man a few days after, during a terrific thunderstorm, cowered as the forked lightning played in the heavens and repeated the prayers of his Catholic church in terror, as if it were worth while to create so grand a combat of the forces of nature to slay so small an atom of the animal world.

The woods of the cape were on fire and cast a great light over the beach and the sea, as we anchored just around the point, some three hundred yards from shore. Then came the "grog," the pipes and the tales of sea and land. Sailors are generally put down as notorious "drawers of a long bow," and their yarns are seldom believed whenever they vary in the least from the landsman's idea of the normal condition of things. This is, I think, very unjust. Of the vast, unfathomed depths of the ocean, which is literally unknown save on the very surface, and of the strange, unvisited lands of unexplored continents, it does not seem surprising to me that tales are told—true tales, too—that may seem improbable to stay-at-homes.

During the night all hands were awakened by a most terrific tossing of our vessel. We hurried on deck and found that a storm of considerable severity had sprung up, the rollers coming in with great force from the open sea and breaking all around us, while the anchor rope was tugging and pulling in a way that must either soon cause it to part or the hold to give; in the former case our fate would be swift and sure to be dashed against the beach and utterly wrecked. All hands were called to hoist up the anchor; it was hard work to get on deck that mass of iron, for it tugged against us as the breakers beat on the bow of the little vessel, but at last it was accomplished; then up went the mainsail, I flew to the helm; it was an exciting moment; we began to drift broadside into the very midst of the mass of foam, a breaker came rushing in on us, ghostly white in the darkness, and broke on our starboard bow, heeling her over until I feared we never would right again, then another caught us, carrying away the cabin hatch and sweeping us to withing fifty yards of the shore. "Hard a port" sang out Joe. I put the tiller down as far as I could; the wind caught the sail and we rounded to just in time to avoid grounding in the midst of the surf. It was a pretty close call. By very careful handling we now ran up the bay and in an hour anchored once more—this time in still water.

Ockolockone Bay is a large indentation in the coast that receives the waters of a stream known by the same name. We spent several days idling about the bay and up the river, having excellent sport with cormorants and summer ducks, and also killing great numbers of snipe and plover.

It is a wild desolate region of forest and marsh, sparsely inhabited and fever bound by the swamps that everywhere exhale their noxious vapors. But nature is here very beautiful; the forests are grand; tall pines shoot straight up into the blue sky like the columns of some great temple; there are sycamores and gigantic oaks festooned with the melancholy gray moss, through which the sunlight comes in a subdued mood, as the light from cathedral windows; here and there palmettos and Spanish bayonets add variety and beauty to combinations already beautiful, and the ground, carpeted with the moss and mold of years, silences footfalls that otherwise would disturb the singing of a thousand birds. One of these songsters seems only to sing during the heat of the day, when all others have ceased; the melody is wonderfully sweet and clear, not unlike the notes of the northern wood robin, but far more lovely. So shy is the singer, however, that, though I have heard it a hundred times, and have tried with all the caution of a naturalist to identify the species, I have always failed; the sound, phantom-like, is always just ahead.

Squirrels and other small game are everywhere in these silent woods, and the many tracks are evidence of the presence of deer, but somehow we never chanced upon any large game in the Ockolockone region, and, as we can neither shoot nor eat a track, we got no venison.

There was a small settlement at the ferry crossing of a road over the Ockolockone River, opposite this village (nameless). Here we anchored one evening and spent a day or so in roaming around. The people were at first very conservative toward our party, but by a judicious distribution of tobacco and other passports, we managed to get acquainted at last. Climatic influence may have great effect upon the dispositions of men, but it is hard to realize that these people are of the same Caucasian race that produces the noblest specimens of the human kind. Utterly devoid of ambition and content to pass their idle, shiftless lives in perfect apathy and the darkest ignorance, they form perhaps the lowest type of our race. They live in the rudest of huts, often whole families occupying one room. Men, women and children go shoeless, and, according to our notions, almost unclothed. They drag out their existence by hunting and fishing, and as the woods are full of game and the waters swarm with fish it is no very hard matter to get enough to eat. Occasionally the family ox will be harnessed up to the rude home-made cart and driven to Crawfordville—some thirty miles away—where the supply of skins, and perhaps wax and honey, will be traded off for the necessaries of life—flour and quinine. Some of the more active cultivate a small garden patch of corn and potatoes, or tend a few head of cattle; and thus live from one year's end to another's, knowing nothing of the great world beyond their forest home, and caring still less. Well, ignorance is bliss; and perhaps after all they are in their way happier than he who toils and wrestles with the cares of the world in the struggle not to be forgotten. The country is exceedingly unhealthy; the hollow, shrunken eyes and livid, yellow complexions showing how strong a grasp the fever holds over this beautiful but deadly land. The sandflies here exceeded anything of which I had ever dreamed, they actually would gather in such numbers late every evening as to make hunting impossible and necessitate a retreat to our boat in order to escape the pests. The natives did not seem to mind their bites in the least, but would sit in the most unconcerned manner, apparently oblivious of the fact that dozens of the insects were trying to draw the blood through their toughened hides.

One day in talking to an old citizen about the country, I asked him if rattlesnakes were very abundant. "Well," he said, "thar used to be a right smart o' them, but they has been killed and adulterated off and thar ain't many left now!" I knew that science had aided in the adulteration of many articles, some of them equally poisonous, but it was rather startling to hear of the adulteration of so deadly and useless an article as a rattlesnake.

One morning during our stop at the village I woke up rather early. The mist was rising from the water like clouds of steam from a kettle, a sign that did not promise well for the healthfulness of the spot, and my blanket was dripping wet from the heavy dew. The woods were ringing with the songs of mockingbirds and grosbeaks; and just opposite the schooner, on a bank, stood a stately white ibis, poised on one leg, its whole attention centered upon the dark waters—a model worthy of any lady painter as the subject for a plaque or a tile. The river swarmed with alligators and a dozen black snouts were moving silently in search of the morning meal. I reached into the cabin for my rifle and aimed at the eye of a huge fellow that lay some 50yds. away. The shot passed rather high and rebounding skipped in increasing jumps down the river, while the report awakened the echoes of the woods, startling cranes and ibises from the shore and rousing my comrades from the morning nap. The reptile moved away with serene equanimity. My next attempt was more successful; at 100yds. the ball found its mark in his shoulder, and the huge beast leaping clear of the water showed his entire length, and then splashed toward the shore leaving a bloody trail. Hastily manning the dingy, Joe and I in picturesque deshabille, started in pursuit. Our quarry had gone to a swamp, in which there was, perhaps, two feet of water, the surface of which was so covered with aquatic plants as to almost impede the progress of a boat, while high over head the trees arched so as to cause the light to be quite dim.

For several minutes we paddled around, but seeing nothing, were about to give up the search, when all at once, from behind a cypress stump, some twenty feet away, the alligator made at us, mouth open and evidently meaning business. I had but time to cock my rifle when he was upon me, and I fired with the muzzle against his head, blowing it to pieces. The impetus of his charge was so great that he convulsively fell half into the boat, lashing out viciously with his tail, while Joe and I, unwilling to argue possession with so low a member of the animal creation, vacated and took to the swamp, thus acquiring knee boots of slime and mud; but he was soon done for, and after a few convulsive struggles lay over dead. He measured a little over eight feet. This is the only instance that I have ever seen of an alligator turning on a man; indeed, authentic cases of such action on their part are extremely rare, and the fury of this one must be ascribed rather to the pain of his first wound than any natural ferocity. My first shot had caught him in the shoulder, making a glancing wound and cutting a

broad, deep gash across his back. There is much difference of opinion about the size of alligators. One hears of them from fifteen to twenty feet in length, but I can only say that the longest one I ever saw in Florida measured some few inches under nine feet. Of course, in the Everglade region of the South there probably are monsters that exceed that length, but in a somewhat extended experience on the west coast I never have seen one of over the above dimensions. An alligator lying on a bank looks about twice as big as he really is, and a novice in the country would doubtless call a six-footer at least twice his actual size.

One day, in a long and solitary ramble through the woods, I came most unexpectedly upon a shanty, far away from any other settlement, standing alone upon the banks of a little bayou. Being very thirsty and wishing to see what manner of people this hermitage contained, I hailed and was answered by a young girl of perhaps eighteen years. Nature prepares many surprises for us, and the traveler in unfrequented parts is constantly stumbling upon the most extraordinary contrasts, but the beauty of this girl almost took my breath away. The difference between her and her sallow shrunken sisters was startling. The coarse calico gown could not hide the symmetry of a figure which, unaided by any of the appliances of modern fashion, was in itself perfection; with her fair, pale face, teeth of the most dazzling purity, long plaits of luxuriant brown hair, and eyes, the wonderful depths of which it would be presumption to attempt to describe, she formed my ideas of a Marguerite. Her sweet childlike face was innocence itself, her mien simplicity uncultivated. She gave me a drink of water from a gourd. I suppose that I ought to go into ecstacies over that drink from such hands, but I cannot; it was vile, muddy stuff. I could not help thinking of Maud Muller, however, as I saw her tiny, bare, brown feet; but all simile cease here, for the Judge in the poem had clear water, while I had to put up with a decoction of mud, strongly resembling railway coffee. I am not generally an admirer of what is known as rustic beauty or rustic simplicity; in nine cases out of ten a milkmaid is anything but the charming creature that poets and sentimentalists would have you believe. She generally has a hand like a ham and a foot like a pancake, smelling like a cow, while her figure seldom has anything of the "wild free grace of the deer," and her simplicity you discover to be a delusion, as she cold-bloodedly swindles you in your milk bill. But this girl was truly superb, one of those rare beauties that one sometimes meets under just such circumstances, and that seem all the more lovely by the surroundings and contrast. And to this vision—this ideal—would probably soon come the "country lad acourtin' " in the shape of a long, lanky, pigeon-toed son of the forest, who would make her his slave-wife, and she would pass the rest of her life cooking for her great lazy lout of a husband. I am not generally an enthusiast, but really this girl properly arrayed and refined, would have caused a sensation in any ballroom in the land.

A rather curious feature, which we noticed on the Ockolockone, and indeed in all the fresh-water streams, was the total absence, during the early summer, of musquitoes. There were absolutely none; but when once we approached salt water they again appeared in countless hosts.

Birds were not very abundant; we managed to kill enough ducks to supply our table, and also to shoot a few partridges (very unsportsmanlike I grant, but we were shooting for food, not fun).

I saw a great many of the swallow-tailed hawks, and several of the nests were in dead cottonwoods that lined the bank of the river. I should have obtained the rare eggs of this beautiful bird, but the trees were absolutely unclimbable.

One morning we ran down the river to a little canal that connects the waters of Ockolockone with the Sopychopy River, and, passing through, entered the latter stream. This canal is no very grand triumph of engineering skill; it is only one hundred yards in length, and was opened by the lumbermen, through which to float their rafts of timber from the upper Sopy-chopy. Small as it is, however, perhaps De Lesseps would find it a good speculation on which to raise bonds to the amount of—well—several millions.

The Sopy-chopy is certainly one of the wildest, most gloomy streams that I have ever visited. It is of great depth in proportion to its width and winds and twists about in a most perplexing manner. A few miles above the canal the banks were scarcely thirty yards apart and the trees in places actually met overhead in an arch. Of course sails in such a place were useless and we were obliged to pole our way laboriously along.

The stillness was intense—no sound of bird or beast disturbed the solemn silence of the solitudes. I do not think that we saw a single living creature all day, but slowly ascended in perfect silence. It was really awe-inspiring, we felt like explorers in an unknown land, and vague memories of Ponce de Leon were awakened as we cleaved the dark waters beneath the lowering arch of trees. Cypress with hydra roots rose from the black surface, like Dante's imaginations of a damned race, their contorted forms writhed like lost souls in agony. Long vines hung drooping from trees, like serpents to stay approach to the recesses of the swamp. Slight, mysterious noises back in the dense woods made the silence all the more intense. All was somber, all was dark, the very sunlight was excluded for most of the day by the solid mass of foliage that made the river lie in one almost continuous shadow.

Nine miles above the canal, we had been told, lived an old Scotchman. This point was made for slowly, and darkness found us still making our tedious way upward. About 9 o'clock I got out an old hunting horn and blew a mighty blast, that roused the echoes of the swamp; but the old Scot either did not hear it or, with some pre-existent warning from his former self, remembered the Viking horns of his native rock-bound coast, and kept silence, giving no answer to our signals. It was 11 o'clock when his little farm was finally reached, and we were quite worn out from the day's poling. The farm was certainly one of the most progressive spots that I saw during the cruise. Mr. —— had forty acres in cultivation, and the general air of thrift and industry was most surprising, and showed that the sturdy Scotch character yet retained its peculiarities, notwithstanding some twenty years' burial in that energy-sapping clime. A. M. REYNOLDS.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Natural History.

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE A. O. U.

THE sixth annual congress of the American Ornithologists' Union, which has just been held at Washington, was without doubt the most successful meeting the Union ever had, viewed with regard to attendance, harmonious transaction of business and number of papers and addresses presented, as well as popular interest excited and the impetus given to purely scientific investigation.

Through the kindness of Prof. Langley the lecture room of the National Museum was placed at the disposal of the Union, and here at 11 A. M. on Nov. 13 the meeting was opened with Dr. J. A. Allen, the president, in the chair.

After the secretary, Dr. C. Hart Merriam, had called the roll, reports from the various committees on Migration, Geographical Distribution, Food of Birds, English Sparrow, Avian Anatomy, etc , were presented. The long-expected report on Bird Migration was referred to at length by the secretary, and the meeting was informed that in the very near future copies of the work would probably be placed in the hands of each member.

Dr. Merriam made a verbal report on the investigation of the Geographical Ranges of Birds, showing his method of keeping the records by a system of double entry that seemed to answer every purpose. He also exhibited maps of the breeding ranges of certain species and explained his *modus operandi* in arriving at the conclusions that these represented. Having first collected and arranged all the available records for the species, each was entered on this map in an exactly located spot of red, and when sufficient of these red spots had been entered to justify the generalization, a faint tint of red was laid over the part of the region chiefly involved, but so done that the original red entries would in no wise be obliterated. Several of these maps were exhibited, and the report concluded with a brief forecast of many interesting conclusions arrived at or pointed to by the investigation.

A part of the report on the Food of Birds, viz., that relating to hawks and owls, is already in the hands of the public, and demonstrates the fallacy of many popular views regarding their utility, and establishing the conclusions arrived at in a comparatively early systematic investigation of their food habits, published by Dr. B. Harry Warren of West Chester, Pennsylvania.

The English sparrow came in for his usual measure of opprobrium. Prof. Barrows referred at length to the somewhat unusual granivorous propensities of the nestlings, also to the immensity of the damage done by the species at large, both in the new and old worlds. With regard to the insectivorous proclivities of the species, he stated that the stomach of a single cuckoo (*C. americanus*) contained more noxious insects than the aggregate of some hundreds of sparrows' stomachs examined. In summing up the evidence, he pointed to the certainly damnatory nature of a verdict founded on all the facts that could be brought to bear, and emphasized the necessity for the destruction of the species—the sparrows on the other side of the window glass meanwhile noisily and busily engaged in constructing their nests about the building and devoting the whole of their not inconsiderable energies to the solution of the great multiplication problem, quite oblivious of the Damoclesian sword that hung suspended above their heads as a race, and was even then threatening to break from its slight fastening at the word of the speaker and forever exterminate the *Passer domesticus* in America.

Dr. Coues spoke in this connection, referring to the original foolish importation of the species, its spread, and its firm hold in this country, taking up the parts of the case one by one, and one by one referring to them as fulfillments of his early prophecies. He also spoke in a kindly manner of the work of the Sparrow Committee, urged them to continue at their pleasant occupation, and, if they deemed it their unpleasant duty, even to go the length of pronouncing the dread sentence of death. In the meantime he might state it as his present conviction that the sparrow had come, and had come to stay.

The report on Avian Anatomy was presented by Dr. Coues, and consisted mainly of investigations by Dr. Shufeldt, many of the conclusions from which were both original and startling.

The report on the condition of the Society showed a most encouraging condition of affairs. The *Auk*, the organ of the Union, is now self-supporting, and the subscription list so greatly increased that the committee in charge propose to greatly augment its size. The Union has not only disencumbered itself of the heavy liabilities that were on the books some little time ago, but has now even a surplus in the treasury.

The incorporation of the Union under the laws of the District of Columbia was resolved on and completed without delay. The following associates were elected to active membership: Messrs. Chapman, Dwight, Foster and Trumbull. A large number of outsiders were added to the associate list.

Papers were presented by Col. N. S. Goss, of Topeka, Kan., on Additions to the Avifauna of Kansas; Witmer Stone, on Graphic Representation of the Migration of Birds—an interesting and somewhat novel method of illustrating diagrammatically the increase of species and of individuals through the season and the correlation of this variation with meteorological changes by sinuous lines on a scale.

Dr. Louis B. Bishop gave a most interesting paper on the Birds of the Magdalen Islands; many of his observations were altogether new and of great scientific value. The breeding of the species of petrel there found he described at length. He also exhibited one of the nests, taken by himself from one of the burrows, to show that the commonly accepted idea of their making no nest is erroneous. Col. Goss, however, reminded the speaker that the islands where the petrels bred were also infested by mice and stated his conviction that the nest presented was the work of a mouse, and the circumstance of the petrel eggs having been found in it was a mere coincidence of a kind likely to be common under the existing state of affairs.

Mr. Wm. Dutcher, well known as the ornithological guardian angel of Long Island, presented a paper by his son. It consisted of observations on the birds of Little Gull Island at the northeast corner of Long Island. One of the most curious occurrences recorded was the imprisonment for some weeks of a pair of crows by the terns. The crows had landed on the island early in the spring, doubtless with the best of motives, but whenever they attempted to rise in the air with a view to leaving they were so mobbed and persecuted by the terns that they were glad to get back to earth again. When "collected" by the observer they were in very bad condition, their plumage being defaced with guano deposits and worn and tattered almost beyond recognition. Their demoralization was so complete that the ornithologist could almost capture them by hand.

Mr. Ernest E. Thompson of Toronto, Canada, spoke for a short time on the "Methodic Study of the Habits of Birds," giving some interesting conclusions from a season spent in study with reference to a single species, and concluding his address with a quotation from Agassiz's well known essay on classification. The quotation appeared to rankle in the breast of Prof. Gill, who took advantage of the call for comments to enlarge on the utter worthlessness of that naturalist's views in general and on his particular unsoundness on many points in no wise related to the quotation in question. The professor was evidently at home in the field of his discourse, his manner was animated and his language fluent as he warmed with his subject, so that he held the audience interested for some minutes. The discussion was curtly closed by the chairman (Dr. Coues) rising and intimating that the whole issue was foreign to the subject.

Dr. C. Hart Merriam spoke briefly on a remarkable phase of hawk life observed by him in Oregon. In one of the secluded valleys of that region, during a grasshopper plague, a band of 200 hawks (*Buteo swainsoni*) had been observed daily carrying on an organized crusade against the insect hordes. From the crop of one hawk he took between 100 and 200 grasshoppers and estimated the daily destruction by the band at 40,000 grasshoppers.

At the call for comments Mr. Thompson remarked that he had observed this same disposition to band together in the fall and prey chiefly on grasshoppers in the sparrow-hawk (*Falco sparverius*).

Mr. W. E. D. Scott gave an interesting address on several of the larger herons, whose taxonomic standing is yet a moot point. His ideas seemed all to tend in the direction of fusion as he maintained and showed, so far as the specimens presented went, that many of the so-called specifically diagnostic varieties have no constancy whatever.

One of the most interesting addresses of the occasion was from Professor McGee, a geologist, showing how the distribution of the eastern and western meadowlarks (*Sturnella magna et neglecta*) was correlated by the distribution of land during the last glacial epoch.

Dr. Coues stated that this could not be accepted as an explanation of differentiation, as it was unlikely that at that age the genus *Sturnella* was represented at all in North America.

Prof. Riley gave some instances among insects that were parallel with and dissonant from the theory. Almost all the speakers on the question formulated objections, but the general impression of the meeting was that Prof. McGee's idea was founded on something more than a mere superficial coincidence, and might contain the germs of one of the great underlying principles of distribution.

A number of other papers were presented by title only, as the whole of the allotted three days had already been consumed.

Committees were formed to revise additions to the list since the publication of the formal A. O. U. List of Birds: to publish a cheap check and label list of the North American Avifauna; to formulate rules of measurement and consider the advisability of adopting the metric system. [The committee has reported against the adoption.]

After resolutions of thanks to Prof. Langley for the use of the hall and to the reception committee for the hospitality extended to the visiting members during the three days' congress, the meeting adjourned, to hold its next session in New York on the second Tuesday of November, 1889.

Among the pleasant social features of this congress were the evening receptions given to the Union, on Tuesday evening by Dr. and Mrs. Coues, and on Wednesday evening by Dr. C. Hart Merriam and Mr. W. H. Henshaw. Divested of the formality of the regular meeting of the A. O. U., but consisting of the same men, such gatherings serve the double purpose of fostering a genial feeling among ornithologists, and of bringing the younger men into contact with their godfathers in the faith, and of giving them the advantage of actual acquaintance with those whose names have so long been their familiar acquaintances on paper.

THE WAYS OF SNAKES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have read with pleasure and interest the various articles appearing in FOREST AND STREAM during the past few weeks, but I think the articles on snakes have been fully as interesting as any. Having spent most of my days on a farm, where I could observe snakes to some advantage, I would like to add another mite to the vast fund of evidence in favor of snakes swallowing their young. I know that the so-called "striped snakes" of the Adirondacks will swallow their young, for I have seen them in the act several times, and to satisfy myself that I had not been deceived I killed the old snake and found several young ones from 4 to 6in. in length inside the parent. These young snakes were not hurt by the swallowing. They were very active when brought to the surface and it was with difficulty I could count them. The fact that the young snakes were alive and active goes to show that the swallowing process is natural and that the old snake only wishes to hide her young from sight and thereby protect them from any threatening danger. My brothers have witnessed this swallowing process and will testify as to the truth of my assertions. G. L. B.

ELIZABETHTOWN, N. Y.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Seeing a number of letters in your paper about snakes swallowing their young, I add that I have been an eye-witness to the fact and saw a large striped snake lie perfectly still till nine small ones had run down her throat. Then I killed her and found the nine young and lively ones inside, which I also killed. W. A. B.

ATHOL, Mass.



HEAD OF SOUTHERN JACKASS HARE (*L. c. callotis*); ADULT MALE; HALF SIZE OF LIFE.

Drawn by the author from a photograph made by himself from a specimen of his own collecting.

habits are very much the same, while they differ principally in their markings and a few minor particulars.

Much yet remains to be done by naturalists and others in the way of defining with precision the more exact geographical ranges of these our sixteen species of hares, and no occasion should be lost by those who enjoy the opportunities of sending skins to the Curator of the Department of Mammals of the U. S. National Museum for determination. Take for instance such a species as *Lepus sylvaticus arizonæ*, we stand still in need of more definite description as to the limits of its range; in the "List" it is carried as occurring in southern Arizona and Kernville, California.

Anatomically the rabbit of Europe has been worked out with no little thoroughness by Prof. T. J. Parker, C.M.Z.S., and published in his admirable little work on vertebrate zoötomy. In many particulars rabbits afford capital subjects for dissections, as they are clean, nearly always entirely devoid of fat, and of a convenient size. I am unfamiliar with any better course to pursue as an introduction to the subject of the structure of mammals than is offered by one going first carefully over the chapters on the rabbit with material constantly employed and studied, as laid out by Prof. Parker, and then follow it up by a thorough examination of the anatomy of the common cat, with Mivart's work on that animal at your hand. In my next contribution I trust to be able to have a word to say about the bats, and continue the publication of the Provisional List of Mammals as given by the U. S. National Museum.

So far as the ground gone over by me in the present article is concerned, the following works in addition to those already enumerated in previous papers on the *Rodentia*, may be consulted with advantage: Jordan's "Manual of Vertebrates;" T. J. Parker's "Zoötomy;" Arts. "Mouse," "Porcupine," "Hare" and "Rabbit" in the 9th Edition of the Encyclo. Brit.; "Something about Jack Rabbits," R. W. Shufeldt in *The Swiss Cross*, July 1887; Professors John Strong Newberry's and C. B. R. Kennerly's Reports on "Mammals" in the "Pacific Railroad Surveys" (1859); Ludwig Kumlien's "Contributions to the Natural History of Arctic America," Bull. No. 15, U. S. Nat. Mus. the part devoted to "Mammals." Audubon and Bachman's "Mammals of North America:" The Standard Natural History. Vols. on Mammals, order "Rodentia;" Wallace's "The Geographical Distribution of Animals," 2 vols. 1876. Cope's "The Mechanical Causes of the Origin of the Dentition of the Rodentia," and others by the same distinguished author.

THE AUDUBON MONUMENT.

THE movement inaugurated by the Academy of Sciences for the erection of a monument to commemorate the labors of the distinguished pioneer-naturalist John James Audubon is being quietly persisted in. Funds are not coming in very fast, for a naturalist, however great his achievements, does not awaken the enthusiasm of the masses, but the people of the United States, and more especially the more highly educated section of them, are proud of Audubon; and the committee, appreciating the substantial nature of his claims to public recognition, are not to be deterred by unexpected difficulties. The absence of nearly all the members of the committee from the city during the vacation season led to the temporary suspension of activity, but a preliminary meeting of the committee was held in the library of Columbia College on Wednesday evening of last week, and preparations made for a renewal of the campaign.

The secretary and treasurer, Dr. N. L. Britton, read several letters from influential people expressive of sympathy and a desire to co-operate in the movement, and all afforded evidence of a widespread sentiment that the living owe it to themselves to make some substantial recognition of Audubon's sterling services to his country and to the cause of science.

Professor Egleston, the chairman, then produced a portrait of Audubon, struck from a new plate, which he had had made in accordance with a suggestion at a previous meeting, that a memorial portrait should be struck for distribution among those, and those only, who contribute toward the erection of the monument.

This portrait is a reproduction, and the only one, from the original portrait by Cruikshank, which is said to be the best likeness of Audubon extant, and after some discussion it was decided that a copy should be forwarded to all subscribers of a dollar and upward to the monument fund. The limitation of the portrait to subscribers to the fund only will give it a high value, which will be enhanced with time.

Another meeting will be held in the first week of December, and the plan of campaign for the immediate future organized.

Subscriptions may be sent to Dr. N. L. Britten, Secretary and Treasurer, Columbia College, New York, or to the office of FOREST AND STREAM. The Linnæan, Audubon and other kindred societies, are also represented on the Audubon Monument Committee, and are prepared to receive subscriptions in aid.

GAME IN TOWN.

ELMIRA, N. Y., Nov. 20.—I notice in your journal of last week several articles under the heading of "Game in Town," which were quite interesting. A few days since, as Dr. Palmer, of this city, was sitting in his private office in rear of his drug store, on South Main street, he was startled by what he at first believed to be something thrown heavily against one of the large plate glass windows in the front of the store, and he was not a little surprised, on stepping to the door, to find a ruffed grouse on the walk, struggling from the stunning shock it had received in its contact with the glass. The Doctor says the bird was a fine one and afforded him a very palatable dish at dinner the next day. Verily the grouse, like the country youth, seem desirous to explore the ways of the city, and frequently get bewildered and come to grief.

L. J. S.

LAFAYETTE, Ind., July 24, 1888.—*United States Cartridge Co., Lowell, Mass.:* DEAR SIRS—I find your Climax paper shot shells excellent and quite equal to Eley's. There is no hang fire or tendency to do so. I intend using your shells in a match next week. I will give them a good boom, as they deserve it.

Yours truly,

—*Adv.* (Signed) W. GRAHAM, Champion English Shot.

Game Bag and Gun.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

CHICAGO, Nov. 19.—Last Saturday evening Mr. John B. Drake, of the Grand Pacific Hotel here, gave his annual game dinner, an event which has come to be about as swell an affair in this city as any of the year. Thirty-three years ago, Mr. Drake, then of the Tremont Hotel, gave his first game dinner, and since then he has repeated it each year, and each year more elaborately. In 1855 he had not so far to go for his game as he has now, and game was not then so much prized. For the dinner of 1888, as may be seen, he fairly ransacked the Rockies to the sea. There were 550 guests present, both ladies and gentlemen appearing in full dress, and the occasion was one of magnificent detail in decoration and all else Among others, the following varieties of game are known to have been served: Leg of mountain sheep, deer tongue, blacktail deer, saddle mountain sheep, saddle of antelope, loin of venison, loin of elk, opossum, coon, black bear, wild goose, sandhill crane, grouse, mallard duck, Virginia partridge, redhead duck, sage hen, brant, wood duck, jack rabbit, squirrel, butterball duck, prairie chicken, blue-winged teal, wild turkey, widgeon, pheasant, plover, quail, venison steak, blackbirds, snipe, reedbirds, redwing starling, marsh birds, English hare, squirrel pie, pyramid of game en Bellevue, aspic of birds à la royal, pattie of liver sur socle, boned quail in plumage.

I notice that "Indignation" in last week's FOREST AND STREAM rounds up Mr. G. O. Shields for certain statements in his article on elk hunting in the current number of *Harper's Magazine*. It may not be generally known that Mr. Shields is a frequent contributor to the sporting papers over the pen name of "Coquina." He is, or was, the traveling representative of a hardware house in this city, I believe. I heard lately that he had given up his position and intended to devote himself solely to pure literature. On this account I want "Indignation" to go easy on him. He will have trouble enough all by himself.

I am glad to see also that several gentlemen correct a statement of mine, to the effect that Illinois had the only beds in America of the Egyptian lotus. I confess I would not know an Egyptian lotus it I should meet it right out in the woods, as I was not raised in Egypt. Mr. John Gillespie, an old frequenter of the Illinois lake country, was my informant, and he still insists that this is the genuine Egyptian lotus, or at least that he was so informed by scientific authority. Mr. Gillespie is in possession of seeds of the Egyptian lotus, sent him from Egypt by a friend; he declares he cannot discover a shade of difference in them from the seeds of the native plant here, although I should not think that strange of itself. The Wisconsin Central guide book, written by a man who is said never to have visited the lakes in question, has the following gush about the lotus:

"All round the coast the languid air did swoon,
Breathing like one that hath a weary dream."—*Tennyson.*

Here, in the northwestern part of Grass Lake, and covering an area of more than a hundred acres are the beds of the wonderful aquatic plant, the water chinquapin, classified by the naturalists as the *Nelumbeum luteum*, the beautiful water lily, that so closely resembles the water lily of Egypt as to be mistaken by some as the veritable flower mystically honored, and even worshipped in ancient Egypt.

Theirs was the *Nelumbeum speciosum;* and the difference between *speciosum* and *luteum* is about all the difference there is between the beautiful plants of the Orient and these of the Occident.

Both are brilliant in their coloring; both are fragrant; both load the air with odors that would discount Araby the blest; and both belong to peculiar localities. If the *Nelumbeum speciosum* is mystically honored in China, and adored by the swarthy races in far off India, its counterpart, the *Nelumbeum luteum*, or water Chinquapin, in the lands where the sun sets, has also its hundreds of devotees.

There are few places in the world where the soil permits the rooting of this wondrous flower that loaded the air of the ancient world with such fragrance that the people called it the breathing of a divinity, and bowed the knee in worship.

But we have chanced to find one, and when the sunset lingers o'er the scene, and soft the winds come floating on the deep, there is a sweetness in the air, and dreaminess that makes the soul forget the woes of earth. The lotus flowers, the lily-pad of India, breathes upon the air, and every moving wave of wind is laden to its depths with scented blessings from the holy flower. The Eastern nations drink its fragrance in, and bless their Allah for its good. We, on the shore where oriental sunsets fade and go to kiss the midnight, have here a chance to breathe the same soft air, to dream the languid dream, to lose ourselves in that enchanted sleep where darkness fades and everything is light.

Such is the odor which the lotus brings, and when we pluck them from the stem and bear them off as captives to our wish, they even yield a richer fragrance. The more we crush, the greater is the sweetness they will give.

Here is their Western home, and here they bide.

If I am not mistaken, I recognize the fine Italian hand of Col. P. Donan in the above affiatus. At any rate, the local plant is a very beautiful one. Its stalks stand upright at quite a height above the water, so that when one sits upon his boat seat, the flowers are quite above his head. This is not the case with our ordinary waterlily, as everybody knows. The plant is spreading rapidly through the lakes, and adds much to their attractiveness.

CHICAGO, Nov. 21.—The following is the latest exploit of the irrepressible Buffalo Jones, of Garden City, Kansas, from whom nothing has been heard for several weeks on buffalo matters. It seems that he has bought a whole herd of buffalo at one wipe this time, and a herd bigger than his own. The morning dispatches of Northwestern papers held the following news to-day:

"MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., Nov. 20.—*Special Telegram.*—The Manitoba's fast freight from Winnipeg brought in a queer load of cattle this morning in the shape of a herd of eighty-three buffaloes. The herd is the famous one raised by Warden Benson, of Stony Mountain, N. W. T., since 1877, from a young bull and four heifers. They have been bought by C. J. Jones, of Garden City, Kan., who has for some years been making a special study of the buffalo, and he has at present a herd of about fifty on his ranch in Kansas. He began crossing them with cattle and his experiments have been successful, the half-breed buffalo being a hardy and striking animal, while much less wild in its nature. The raising of the bison has become a profitable business, too, as fifty cents a pound for buffalo meat can be obtained in Chicago. The animals will be shipped South to-night. Cattle raisers everywhere are watching the Jones experiments with much interest. Bison in their wild state are now almost unknown, a fact which makes the attempt to domesticate and perpetuate the species all the more interesting."

When Mr. Grinnell passed through here on his Montana trip, he remarked that he had got track of two or three bunches of domesticated buffalo. If the addresses of the owners are forthcoming, I do not doubt that the rapacious C. J. will absorb these buffalo also, for he seems determined to have all there are in the country. I like this. It is in the good old Western way. It has some go about it. Let Mr. Jones alone, and he will repopulate the country with buffalo, or go half way to it. Look how rapidly the Benson herd has grown. What is there, after all, to prevent the building up of an enormous herd within a few years, and thus proving that what was thought a hare-brained hobby was really a shrewd and plucky enterprise. I hope Mr. Jones will make a half million off his buffalo. If he does, I shall claim my share for feeding that butting buffalo calf down in the Panhandle country, on the hunt when we brought back thirteen calves. Mr. Jones has purchased several other buffalo besides these last; one or two he got, I think, from a Colorado rancher, and as many from the Indian Territory. I have not heard what success he had in cross-breeding this year. One of Mr. Jones's men told me—as I may have stated—that a big black Galloway domestic bull whipped out the buffalo, which were younger.

CHICAGO, Nov. 24.—Mr. F. A. Howe, general agent for the Grand Trunk Railway, and by the way a most kindly though dignified gentleman, is the president of the Tolleston Gun Club, which has perhaps the most seclusive and most sought-after membership of any club in the city. Mr. Howe has grown gray in the interest of duck shooting and railway service, and having been a close student of the habits of the birds of this region, his words are entitled to weight. I had quite a talk with him the other day about the subject of feeding the wild ducks, as the Tolleston Club has this fall done.

"I killed fifteen birds on our marsh yesterday morning," said Mr. Howe, "and among them were blue and greenwing teal. Do you hear of teal being killed now on any of the other marshes? No. Nor do you hear of any other marsh affording such shooting this fall as ours has done. The reason for this, and the reason why our ducks are staying with us so late is that we have made it an object for them to stay. We feed them. And we have got the ducks.

"There is a vast amount of ignorance, even among sportsmen, about the matter of natural feed for wild ducks. I presume very few who push through a wild rice swamp know much about the rice. They think that the blossom of the rice holds the seed. Such is not the case at all, any more than that the tassel of corn holds the ear. As with the corn plant, it is the dropping of pollen from the flower which fertilizes the seed; and the seed of the rice plant, which is all that affords food to the ducks, is really a very insignificant affair. I know what I am talking about when I say that I believe if one acre of the densest of wild rice swamp were gathered and stripped, there would not be a half bushel of seed. Not a very great plenty of feed for large numbers of ducks.

"Very well, let us look further at it. We have armies of blackbirds in this country. The wild rice ripens just about the time the oats are harvested. The blackbirds leave the oat fields and swarm upon the wild rice swamps. Out of the half bushel per acre, how much rice do you suppose they leave for even the advance guard of the ducks? Not very much, you may be sure.

"What is left for the ducks? A little wild celery in the deeper lakes and certain roots in the shallower marshes. The birds do not feed on the grain fields to any extent in this country, but hang close to the water. If water is plentiful, so is their feed, namely, certain grasses and roots. But observe, we have had three exceedingly dry years, one of which is almost unparalleled in that regard. The water has been low all along the Kankakee, and thousands and thousands of acres of grand duck marsh have been burnt over. What is the consequence? Why, the feed roots have been killed, burnt out ten feet below the ground. What is there left for the ducks to live on? I am sure I do not know how our sportsmen should expect any shooting.

"Some of us in the Tolleston club talked over the matter of feed. A great many thought the idea of no value at all. I had the matter in my charge and know just what was done. Since August last we have put down on our marsh, in different places, twelve tons of mill screenings, one ton of buckwheat on the straw, one ton of glucose refuse, and one hundred bushels of corn on the cob, cut up. Now I will tell you how the ducks acted about it.

"I pushed out along a crooked little channel and found a little pond not a quarter of an acre in size. Here I put down a quantity of corn, scattering it near the edge in the water. Three days later I returned, and when my boat broke into the little pond I believe there were 5,000 teal went off, and then I do not know how many mallards. I pushed along the shore where the corn had been put down, and you may believe the mud was tracked up as if it were a barnyard, where the birds had dragged the corn out of the deep water and come ashore to detach the kernels from the cob. In a few moments the birds began to swarm back. I needed no further proof of the efficacy of feed or of the ability of ducks to find it.

"You may be sure that when a duck flies over a marsh he knows mighty well where the feed is, if it be only on never so small a place. You have doubtless seen proof of this in your own shooting. I remember that once in Missouri a friend and I had good mallard shooting over a bed of feed not larger than this room. There was a sort of spiral grass there which we did not see anywhere else, and the birds found it out of all that country, and all the ducks on the bottom came to that one place.

"We noticed how eagerly the cattle ate the refuse deposited near our marsh by a large glucose mill. Left in the air this refuse soon becomes black and fermented; but in the water it remains yellow and fresh. We resolved to try it, and put a few boat loads inshore, throwing it on the lily-pads and lotus stalks as much as possible. A few hours later, when the workmen returned with other boat loads, they found the ducks and mudhens fairly swarming on the grounds. They had torn up the lily and lotus stalks, and fairly spread devastation through the place. They had eaten every bit of the feed clean up.

"If this were not proof enough, the crops of ducks killed on our marsh would furnish evidence in plenty as to the nature of their feed. We therefore know it to be a fact that our experiment of feed has been a success. We have had better shooting this year than for three years past, whereas all the other clubs are ready to give up, and say the ducks have left for good. To me it seems plain, that if all the clubs would feed, all would have shooting.

"It is perhaps not generally believed that ducks will almost invariably go north over the line they took while going south the season before; yet I think this is cer

tainly the case. I know once on the Illinois River we killed a mallard in the spring which had escaped from a market shooter the year before. He had wing-tipped it, and for a time used it as a decoy, tying it by means of a piece of cotton stuff fastened to its leg. When killed, it had a piece of the same string attached tightly to its leg. I think, therefore, that if we once used the ducks to our marshes, they would return to us, and so we would establish a flight large enough at least to afford us a little shooting, and to make us feel that the maintenance of our grounds was not a needless expense. The members of the Tolleston Club are ready to say that they have duck shooting, and are going to have duck shooting."

The Tolleston marsh lies back from the lower end of the lake a few miles, and is five and a half miles long by an average of three-fourths of a mile wide. The ducks sometimes leave the marsh and work over toward the lake, but Mr. Howe does not believe they bank up in the big waters as others report to him. He says that he has watched the ducks of this locality for years, and has found that redheads and bluebills follow the lines of sewage out into the lake, and sometimes form big rafts inside the breakwater, or along the reef of rocks in the shallow water about half a mile off Cheltenham beach; but that mallards and teal do not bank up in the open.

Mr. Howe further thought that there are a good many ducks north of us yet, on the wild celery beds. The Tolleston marsh is too shallow for celery, but the other feed should attract the last flight for a few days before the final freeze up.

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 22.—Mr. T. Hart, of Crown Point, Ind., reports an unsuccessful hunt for ducks last week, over country which should be alive with them.

Mr. A. W. Furman bagged 28 mallards on Topping's Marsh, on the Kankakee, one day week before last; and also 18 mallards one evening last week.

Members of the Grand Calumet Heights Club report ducks in bodies as large as 1,500 out on the open waters of Lake Michigan, near the club marsh; but the ducks are not flying and no shooting is afforded.

Mr. H. D. Nicholls will in a few weeks start south on a duck shooting trip, and declares he will go till he gets to them, if that means all the way to the Gulf of Mexico. Mr. Nicholls is a member of the Cumberland club here.

Letters received here this week report mallard shooting on Reelfoot Lake, Tennessee, as very good indeed.

Billy Mussey, known to every shooter in Chicago, is to-day in receipt of a letter from Jack Taylor, at Baldwin, Indian Territory, which states that ducks and geese are there by thousands, and in greater numbers than for years.

Mr. C. M. Cole writes Mr. Mussay from Phœnix, Arizona Territory, that ducks have appeared there in very great numbers.

Word received from Arkansas states that duck shooting is now good there, the water being high and feed plentiful.

Mr. C. D. Gammon, lately back from a very successful trip in Dakota, of which mention has been made, says that he has word from that country that the shallow lakes have all frozen up, and the ducks have left.

A telegram to Mr. A. W. Fish from Lake George, 27 miles below here, a few days ago said, "Plenty of ducks and no shooters." I do not hear of any shooting on those grounds, and think the flight was not steady.

There was a flurry on Fox Lake early this week, at the time of the cold pinch, but the opinion seems general that not much need be expected there this fall after this.

The opinion, therefore, seems to be general among our shooters that the birds have left the north, and are now making their appearance in the country below here. No shooting beyond a chance skurry is expected in this section. Electricity isn't fast enough to get a shooter to the grounds before the ducks are gone.

Asked as to the cause of this desertion of what was once a very noted duck country, Mr. C. D. Gammon says, "We must stop spring shooting. That, and the growing plenty of feed in further western sections is what has hurt our shooting."

Mr. Alex. T. Loyd, president of the Grand Calumet Heights Club, attributes the scarcity of ducks here to the fact that Dakota, Minnesota and other Western regions have settled up and now offer large grain fields for feed, and that in a country where the birds are not much molested. There being no cause for them to visit this region for feed, they stay north until entirely frozen out, and then go by here in a hurry. Mr. Loyd cites the fact of having lately had excellent shooting in northwestern Iowa on canvasbacks and redheads—birds until late years almost entirely unknown in that section. Iowa shooters confirm this report this fall.

The Mak-saw-ba Club planted a number of quail last year and the year before, on their grounds near Davis Station, Ind., but report that the natives have trapped them all off about as fast as they grew. Not much encouragement in that.

Mr. C. S. Petrie, of the city fire department offices, is secretary of the Mak-saw-ba club, has made several trips to the grounds this fall, but has grown skeptical, and will not now easily be lured out by reports of a flight. He says the marsh is too low this year.

Mr. J. A. Kinney, vice-president of the same club, and also of the city fire marshal's office, is more faithful than Mr. Petrie, and has not let a week go by without a trip to the club house. He reports a bag of ten or a dozen too good to complain about now.

There is considerable talk here about the proposed trap shoot between this city and St. Louis, the gun club of Chicago having challenged the St. Louis Gun Club. A letter received to-day from the editor of the St. Louis *Republican*, an officer of the St. Louis club, states that their boys are all out duck shooting, so that they cannot get up a respectable team, but that when they get back they will accommodate the Chicago boys in their ambition, and welcome them with open arms to a large defeat. Mr. Mussey is a member of the Chicago Club, and to-day was obliged by Mr. H. D. Nicholls to place a box of cigars in trust, pending the decision, to sustain the honor of his club. It may not be generally known that this truly modest and diffident body of shooters who constitute the gun club of Chicago is the supporter of the mantle of the former gaudy and impressive "Dude Club," composed largely of Board of Trade men and other magnificents. Mr. Mussey says they do not now brook the appelation of the "Dude Club," since the resignation of one or two shining Board of Trade lights, and the retirement of that luminous sportsman Mr. Henry Miller.

Mr. Henry Miller was formerly with Spalding, Bros.; then he was interested in the proposed manufacture of a cheap hammerless shotgun; he is now agent for a wealthy firm at Kearney, Neb., which has of late been reported as a region of high barometric pressure.

Mr. R. A. Turtle, a well-known and skilled taxidermist, of this city, and a member of the Lake George Club, is ill and absent from his office. At his office to-day I saw a beautifully mounted pair of canvasbacks. I was never before so forcibly impressed with the gamy look of these birds. The beak and head of the male especially are drawn on wonderfully shapely lines. Mr. Turtle's brother showed me some good elk heads. He tells me buffalo heads bring from $150 up. He had just got in a number of heads of mountain sheep for mounting, also several sets of elk antlers in the velvet. I do not like to see antlers in the velvet.

The pushers at Fox Lake are again excited over the appearance of a snow white redhead duck and have made numerous long reaches to secure this phantom flyer. This duck, the pushers all claim, was first seen on the lake eight years ago, and has so far evaded all attempts upon its life. Ed Howard tells of an albino crow duck or mudhen, which he and a friend have often sought to ambush. George Beckwith says a white teal was killed on Pistaqua Lake not long ago, and also an albino rail. They are all white men who tell these stories, and I guess they are so.

The Illinois State Sportsmen's Association has passed seemly resolutions of respect and regret for the late untimely death of their vice-president, the lamented Harry Orvis, which occurred last month from blood poisoning, consequent upon a compound fracture of the ankle, received while alighting from a wagon, during his shooting trip in Dakota. These resolutions will be duly forwarded. Mr. Orvis was a member of the Board of Trade. He was a man of large and generous nature, kindly and genial, and respected, I think, as much as any sportsman in Chicago. It makes the boys sober to speak of him now.

Mr. J. B. Wiggins, of the Mak-saw-bas, starts for Davis station to-morrow. I think I shall also go down. We will try to give the ducks a few lurid mornings yet.

E. HOUGH.

WHAT THE BLIZZARD BROUGHT.

WHOOP, who-o-o-o-p-e-e, oh! we're 'll right! As *Judge* says, "Great Scott! what struck us?" The mellow blizzard is evidently abroad this year early, not only the old-fashioned one, but a new one, cut to order and with frills a yard wide. Old Bliz hunted up Kansas City—he calls it "Kan-zas City," strong and forcible, without a lisp; none of the æsthetic "Sen Lewie" with a drawl, but quick and in a hurry. Bliz said How! Kansas City? and the cold snap and snow brought thousands of ducks to our favorite shooting grounds, and the boys pounded out many a good canvasback, redhead and mallard, fat and in the finest of condition. The turkeys, however, in the Territory, have not been up to standard, a great many having a sort of cholera or fever. I would like to hear from some one who knows absolutely in regard to the distemper so prevalent and what causes it. Quail shooting this season has been abundant, and our markets seem to be filled, as a rule, with fresh wholesome birds. Deer are plenty and in good condition, in fact, I made my supper off a couple of very fine juicy steaks tonight.

Croppie and bass fishing seem to have interested the boys more than usual this fall, and several good catches are reported within fifteen miles of our city. I was present upon one occasion when several as fine croppies were taken from a little lake of only 100yds. in width as I ever saw at the great fishing grounds of the North; the largest measured upward of 14in. in length and 7in. deep, weight about 1½lbs. Our sportsmen, as a rule, are a jolly set, and in most instances prefer to come home with a little story but lots of game, taken without the aid of silver or amateur photography. Still, we have a very select club, with the club house on Current River, down in the Ozark Mountains, where they have a guide. They always send home plenty of game, for it can be obtained of the natives without danger of detection, and at reduced rates where club orders are executed. It is reported that some of our "Sen Lewie" friends have been down on Black River. "Unser Fritz," give us a good letter, with all the detail, and tell us under what head croppie will be classed. I am somewhat at sea with this species. Fishing has become a regular craze here, and many a scolding have I had to endure for coaxing some fond wife's better half off to the lakes, bringing him back on a late train, tired and cross. The fair sex are about to make war on us, so boys brace up and stand together. We will all be "cranks" to the last; let the rod, reel and creel bespeak the verdict in advance. What true sportsman would want a better jury after adding the gun, dog and horse? And where will conviction ever be more true and certain than the same jury would give to the nefarious pot-hunter and hide collector?

This letter will not be complete without giving a little story of our only Uncle Joe Irwin after his turkey. Old Uncle Joe Irwin, as he is known far and near, is one of the best anglers and best posted men of the country when fish and game are the desired quantity. There were Judge White of our Criminal Court, ex-Police Surgeon Wood and several others, with old Bolivar, the colored gemmen, to attend the commissary, with Uncle Joe as chaperon if you please. After a day's good fishing, during which Uncle Joe won a turkey on a little outside issue, we made ready to come home. Bolivar was to catch the turkey after they had gone to roost; but Uncle Joe thought to steal a march and show us all that he was still young and spry; so climbing aloft to the top of the old shed and scanning the turkeys over, he picked out a fine gobbler and snatched him. The commotion was great and of course we all rushed to the scene of conflict. It was short. The gobbler won first knock down and blood. With a flop and parry he unseated Uncle Joe from the rafter and both took a header to mother earth. But Uncle Joe was game. He held to the gobbler notwithstanding in the tumble and stop he received a cut on top of his head about three inches long, and all but cracked a couple of ribs. It took lots of good Kentucky balm to soothe him and—to tell the truth—about six stitches to sew up the cut. Uncle Joe has sworn off turkey snatching, but he is still the same able fisherman and ready to put his skill against the best of us.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Nov. 17. TILE.

THE LETHEANS.

"A little knowledge is a dangerous thing,
Drink deep or not all of the Lethean stream."

TEN or twelve years ago the above was perpetrated by a pedantic young school teacher, and it is seldom that an aphorism bears on its face such a palpable impress of the truth of its first line. I will have to ask any who read this to believe that it was owing to the use (or abuse) of the word in connection with the above misquotation that a club of five members, mentioned in a former letter to FOREST AND STREAM, was sometimes distinguished by the prefix "Letheans."

Trusting that no one will be any worse off for making their acquaintance, I ask the privilege of introducing the members individually. First there was Aleck, hereinafter referred to as the Doctor, who was certain death on anything within range that would remain quiet long enough for him to train on it his well-charged shotgun, and, indeed, from the number of double and triple slaughters among the muskrats that he had made at single shots he has no right to resent the title of "rat exterminator." Judging from the rack-like fixity with which he holds a shotgun that he could also do very fine work with the rifle, we have often called his attention to the fact, but he always replied that in numbers there was safety, and he never could trust one chunk of lead on an important mission when he could as well send a hundred. Then there was Ed, who liked revolvers, but did not care much for guns; yet he would hunt all day with as much vim as any of us, merely for the sake of assisting the others in having a good time; for as a natural wit and all-round man we could ill afford to spare him. Next comes "Duke, the lone fisherman," who when a boy was always hunting for some one to go a-fishing with him; and lastly Belyea and myself, champion grouse trailers; for we chased the same old cock-partridge during the whole of a November day, and left him at night as good as new; we even harbored the conceit that his next interviewer would find him slightly improved by our society.

There was a singular uniformity, perhaps consistency, in the demeanour of the Letheans; for whether on the marsh or in pursuit of wildfowl or the fragrant muskrat, in the woods after grouse or "Molly-cottontail," or gathered about the bright, open fire in the dining room of the Doctor's ancestral home, (our favorite place of meeting) there was always noise. But it must not be inferred that it was always void of harmony. We had a quartette of whistlers that could carry their parts as easily as a brass band, and the Doctor was a soloist, organist and banjoist of no mean order. As I was often the entire audience I am prepared to prove that the performances were highly appreciated. "Nothing in this world can last," frequently sang our soloist, and, alas! we found it too true; for, as the northeast wind scatters the thistle down from its parent stem, so did fate disperse the Letheans from the scene of their youthful pleasures; but as the germs borne by the down take root, grow and wax strong—some near the soil that give them birth, others in remoter parts of the continent, so did our friends take root and flourish in the places wherein their lot was cast.

We had no real grievance against fate until two years ago, when Duke's health broke down, and in the mountains of Montana he has ever since been trying to present a solid front against pulmonary disease. Then, last fall poor Ed received a summons to the silent land. Things began to look serious; but this was not to end our misfortunes. Last winter the Doctor became afflicted with a bronchial trouble, and three months ago he gave up his practice, and came home to the farm to recuperate. The buoyancy of his spirits is very little less than ten years ago, and from the way in which he laughs and jokes the stranger would never suspect that he was a semi-invalid. However, there is one difference that is painfully apparent to his friends; he seldom sounds a note of music. We trust that he will recover his health in the delightful climate of southern California, to which he has just departed, and that he may have many good years before him yet.

Now the Doctor has a dog, Paddy, whose character is made up of one or two traits, the predominant one being constancy in nothing save inconstancy. I regret that I am unable to name his breed; but were I to hazard an opinion I would say that he is a cross between an Irish water spaniel and a stove-tarrier (not terrier), with a decided leaning toward the habits of the latter. He will rush at a cow as if he intended to swallow her, but no bovine was ever scared by his toothmarks. After prospecting the marsh for muskrats, he will dry himself off by dashing through a field of standing grain with an energy sufficient to demolish ten acres in ten minutes, but he was never known to trample down more than a quarter of an acre at a time. When he starts to dig a rat out you would think that he intended to possess himself of that "varmint" if he tunneled through to China for it; yet, though he has started some "sizable" shafts on the surface, he seldom gets them deep enough to hide his eyes when he thrusts his nose to the bottom.

Oct. 16 was one of the very few fine days that we have had this fall. In the afternoon, the Doctor having assisted in putting a load of grain on the wagon, handed the team over to a hired man, and started off toward the woods for a walk. Paddy, noting the movement, left his occupation of intermittent mouse hunting, and temporarily attached himself to the Doctor's staff. The latter was doubtless in a meditative mood. On the next day he would complete his twenty-eighth year. Perhaps, as Sam Lovel would have put it, "the fog of some of the old times was hangin' around there yit." From the long slope on which he stood he could cast his eye over as fair a country as is usually the lot of man to view, while a little further back from the river were the big woods, resplendent in the hues of autumn; the whole effect heightened by the bright afternoon sun. He may have been smoking his brier root calumet, but I am unable to say with certainty. Suddenly the bell-like notes of Paddy announced that he had stumbled on an object of interest. As may be inferred from what I have said, objects of interest are too plentiful with Paddy to excite any curiosity in his master, but as the Doctor's path through the thin copse lay near the spreading oak by which Paddy was giving tongue, and he saw the dog gazing upward with an unequivocal look of concern, and his muscles all set for instant retreat if necessary, the Doctor naturally looked up to see what was at the end of Pat's line of vision. He saw a large and curiously shaped ball of fur such as could belong to no animal of which he had any knowledge. I might try to work up a climax after the

manner of our local paragraphers by inserting the questions, "What could it be? Was it some unknown monster—a panther? or perchance a grizzly?" but I will not. The sportsman's interest was aroused. He believed it to be something shootable, and knew it must be tough indeed if it would not succumb to the 4drs. of powder and ounce of B shot in his systematically loaded brass shells. He could scarcely leave Paddy to watch the tree with any certainty of seeing the game again, neither was it feasible to send him after the gun. So he shouted to the hired man, "Gillie, get the gun," and Gillie got the gun—not the Doctor's favorite death dealer that, paradoxical as the statement may seem, was broken down in the breaking up apparatus, but a single Forehand and Wadsworth. A moment or so was lost in determining the exact center of the bunch of fur, and then the gun was carefully aimed and fired. If the Doctor had any idea that he was gunning after a rare and dangerous animal he must have been very favorably impressed with the shooting powers of the Forehand and Wadsworth when he saw the game fall to the ground in three pieces, but when he went in to examine his trisected "monster" he found three plump fat coons.

This sounds colossal, but it is a fact. And if the Doctor should chance to run across this, way down in the "city of the angels," and think that I have been a shade too personal in some of my remarks (especially about Paddy), I beg of him to remember my chronic inability to draw the line beween too much of a thing and just enough, and to accept my assurance that, if I have said anything for which I am sorry, I am willing to be forgiven.

McDonald's Point, N. B. L. I. Flower.

THE SLEEPING BUCK.

BY way of preface let me explain why deer are killed in this mountain region while "in the red." Killed, I mean, by hunters who are gentlemen (as the true hunter assuredly is), and who would scorn to cause a little fawn to cry in vain for its dead mother; yet who are impelled by their necessities to kill an occasional buck.

In this cool climate meat seems more necessary as an article of food than in most of the States of our nation. The settlements are very much scattered, being strung along the narrow mountain valleys, while on either hand, for leagues in extent, rise hills and mountains, rocky and forest-crowned, which are simply one vast game preserve. How shall these settlers procure fresh meat for their families? In this sparsely-settled region it is not possible to dispose of a beef animal in hot weather without loss. True, we could go to the meat market occasionally, yet as the nearest one to the spot where this is being written is fifty-two miles distant, the going becomes quite an undertaking.

Any true hunter of experience enough to find a deer at all, can tell at a glance a buck from a doe, at any time after does drop their fawns. The upshot is that bucks are killed in the summer by men who wish to be regarded as law-abiding citizens, yet who feel that, owing to their isolated position, holding as they do the fort between civilization and barbarism, they are entitled to a liberal interpretation of the game laws, and who do not wish to sail under false colors or pose as game protectors in the strict sense which they themselves would deem necessary were they located on Long Island. So much of an honest confession, said to be "good for the soul." To my tale. There came a time when the cry rose up from the kitchen "out of meat," and all eyes were instinctively turned to *paterfamilias*, and then to the big Sharp's on the wall. As the hay crop was not yet secured a deaf ear was turned to the pleadings of the little ones, and all hands returned to the hayfield. Soon my bachelor neighbor living near by was seen approaching. Although unable to kill a deer himself, he was very fond of venison, and had often worked in my place while I hunted and divided the game with him; and as he made known his errand, which was to handle the pitchfork in my place and let me wander the hills with the rifle, and as my two boys joined their entreaties to his, I relinquished to him the pitchfork and the prospect of a hard day's toil under the blazing sun, and with a reluctance (?) which any old hunter fully understands, turned away to the cool shadows of rock and forest and to the music of rippling brooks, near which the wary game lay hidden.

Instead of the usual silence of summer days in these mountains, a rising breeze from the southwest rocked the trees, and the rustling of leaf and branch deadened the sound of my footsteps. Still as everything was very dry underfoot I had taken the usual precaution to dress in soft woolen garments and my moccasins were of softest buckskin.

By the time I had reached the hunting grounds the sun was high in the heavens and the deer were safely hidden away in the cool shadows of the overhanging thickets. Fresh tracks were found in half a dozen places, principally along the banks of a little brook which crept down a deep gorge, but not a glimpse of a red coat appeared in all the surrounding wilderness of green. For nearly two miles I crept on, taking every precaution suggested by experience, yet not a glimpse of the flitting white, nor a glance of ruddy coat, nor even the thump of fleeing hoofs rewarded my most careful search. Finally I came to a swamp, half a mile across, hidden away among the hills. It was dry at this season, grown up in the middle with rushes and tall grass, while around the edge ran a belt of grass, growing very thickly on the ground and about 2½ft. high. Observing a trail in this grass that ran parallel with the shore of the swamp, I proceeded to investigate, and found it full of fresh deer tracks. Following slowly along the trail, deer beds began to appear close to the dense wall of overhanging bushes and trees in full leaf, where the first bound of a startled deer would place him safe from sight beyond the leafy screen.

The deer beds grew more plentiful and my hopes to rise in proportion. Still, I doubted my ability to make a snap shot quick enough and began to realize that it was solely a question of silence and sharp eyes. It is very probable that I should have failed ignominiously save for the helping wind which rustled the waving grass and disguised my stealthy approach. Inch by inch among the fresh sign which momentarily grew more plentiful, I crept along, using all my eyes.

Stop! What was that, which, as the wind for an instant swayed the grass aside, appeared just beyond that treetop fallen years ago and half buried among the tall grass? A dead limb? Not another step, for ears, the most sensitive, may be intently listening, and graceful limbs strung with almost electric speed may dash to atoms the most eager hope with a single bound. See, see, as again the grass sways gently aside, the tips of velvet antlers stand half revealed. No mistake is possible. How far below should aim be taken? The mental estimate is made, the point selected, and as the white front bead of the Sharps swings across the fatal spot the delicate front trigger is pressed, and ere the roar drowns for an instant the rushing wind, and the belching smoke hides everything from view, the terrible 270grs. express bullet has sped, and the great buck has died so painlessly that the dream of his restful sleep seems scarcely to have been broken.

The pleasant tramp through the woods, the successful approach to the sleeping game, and the painless death of the buck, united to make the hunt a most enjoyable one, and when, a few days after, I addressed to my good friend Dr. C. S. Penfield of Spokane Falls, an exulting epistle containing the doggerel which follows:

His coat was bright and red
As he fed;
But I shot him through the head,
Cold and dead
In his bed,
With a little piece of lead.
How he bled!

Promptly the returning mail brought this reply:

"Your muse was quite productive,
And the rhythm was quite seductive;
Your subject being the deer,
Inspired within me feelings queer,
And I fain would have been there,
To have received from fate my share."

Orin Belknap.

DUCKING IN GREAT SOUTH BAY.

RECEIVING word from Jack "ducks are flying," Sunday night saw Uncle Dan and Doc on the train bound for Freeport. An hour's ride brings us to our destination where Ell meets us with his team. Hearty greetings are in order. As it is raining hard we get into our oil skins and dumping our duffle into the wagon, a half-hour's ride brings us to the Lilly, a catboat twenty-four feet long, with an unusually large cabin; she was built expressly for such trips, and easily accommodated five. Uncle Dan and Doc take a catnap, while Ell drives three miles after Captain and the provisions, returning at 11 P.M. We busy ourselves in putting things in ship-shape order until 1:30 A.M., when it being high tide, we make sail.

Getting outside we find a strong southwest wind blowing, which brings us by 3:30 o'clock to Unqua, a point off Amityville. Here we expect to find birds plenty; so we anchor, and after breakfast Uncle Dan and Doc row to a point on Sloop Channel and put out stool. The flight is fair, but the birds do not come to stool, and at 8 o'clock we return to the Lilly.

Ell and the Captain have better luck, however, killing two sheldrakes and a pinhead. After dinner we make our way to Babylon, where we find our friend Johnny awaiting us. The wind has increased, until now it is blowing a three-reefer. We start at once for Fire Island, and at 7 P.M. are anchored off the west shore of Middle Island. This is a noted ducking ground.

After a supper of duck stew—and none ever tasted better, for Uncle Dan is a royal cook—we light the pipes and spin yarns of our hardships until after midnight. We turn in, and are roused in what seemed to Doc a moment by Captain calling: "Be lively, boys, if you want your points; plenty of gunners round here." Birds come to stool better to-day. Uncle Dan and Doc kill six sheldrakes; Johnny, Ell and Captain come in with seven and one broadbill. In the afternoon Captain and Ell go ashore to look for bitterns and stumble on a fine bed of soft clams, which gives us a clam stew for supper. In fact, we made a hole in that bed before we left there. Wednesday we get ten birds, Ell killing a black duck. We are too early for brant.

Thursday it blows and rains so hard that we do not go to points. In the afternoon it moderates and we decide to try Cedar Island, eight miles to westward. We put in at Babylon on our way. Cedar Island is a great feeding ground for ducks, and we have fine hopes for the morrow. Captain gets us up by 3 o'clock, to be sure of our points; but even that was not early enough, for on reaching the best point we know we find a gunner already there. "Hello!" "Hello yourselves." "What time did you start for this point?" "Eleven o'clock last night." "Well, you deserve some birds."

We saw more birds to-day than at any time during the week. They came to stool well, too. On counting up after flight we found we had twenty-one birds, including two black ducks—a good day's sport and enough to satisfy any one but a pot-hunter.

A battery shooter lay to windward of us, and he shot from sunrise to sunset; his tender passing by us on our way to the harbor. We inquired what luck, and found he had killed ninety birds.

In the afternoon we make our way to Hemlock Thatch, two miles south. Friday morning we try this place, but have little success, getting only three birds. In the afternoon we make our way back to Ungua, where we are to have our last shoot. Birds were plenty here last season, but this fall they are somewhere else. However, we get five sheldrake.

At 8 A. M. we up anchor and start for Freeport. On the way Johnny kills a coot and Doc brings down a sheldrake as he flies broadside to. At 11 we are at anchor and the trip is over. In our opinion if duck shooting continues as indiscriminate as it is now, in a few years there will be no ducks in Great South Bay.

Birds are killed after dark as complacently as though there was no heavy fine for every duck so killed.

Steam yachts get to windward and sail down on flocks of ducks, firing shot after shot into them, never getting any, but nothing will drive ducks out of the bay quicker than such treatment. Perhaps by and by the gun clubs will take a hand, and then we can hope for a stricter enforcement of the law.

After many handshakes and hearty good wishes we separate, hoping that we may all be well and able a year hence to meet and spend another week in the bay after ducks. B. L. L.

THE SHOTS WE REMEMBER.

IRONTON, O., Oct. 5.—It is not the whole aim of a shooter to kill game if he wishes to get the most enjoyment out of the sport. The pleasure is not all in killing game. I find a great deal of solid comfort in viewing the beauties of nature. Yet in the experience of every shooter there are shots that stand out as affording most exquisite pleasure, as every one who has made them knows by the indescribable thrill that followed them. I never will forget the moment that the first wild turkey fell to my gun. A fair wing shot, a friend, and myself, had been looking in vain for three days in a country where they were tolerably plenty. Suddenly we came upon fresh signs. My companion was an old hunter and knew how to hunt them, telling me to take a stand and he would drive them to me in a few minutes. I heard him shoot and, looking around, saw the turkeys flying in every direction, and two coming my way. I went to the left, and throwing the gun to my shoulder I pulled the trigger. He came down, a fine young gobler. A hasty snap-shot at the other was a failure, but the one already down made me hug myself with delight; and I stood until my friend came up, admiring the beauty of his plumage. His first shot killed one. A wild duck, rising a long way off and trying to fly around, was the occasion of a quick shot that brought him to bag; it was 87 long steps to where he lay, and this filled my young heart full of joy and afforded me more real pleasure than did the next shot that killed three in a small pond while they were sitting.

A wary old grouse had for three seasons used about the same place. In vain did I stalk him. He always saw me first and took leave of me, and I "strained my gun" on him. At last one day I caught him at home, came upon him unexpectedly, and was within 25yds. before he knew it. But the efforts he made to get out of there were too funny. He doubled around a small oak full of leaves, and must have been quite surprised when a charge of shot took him right through the bush. I picked him up, and for half an hour did I admire his form and smooth out his feathers.

Another time, while on my way to the pond, a single duck came flying down wind. He must have been going ninety miles an hour; I did not see him until he was within 50yds. of me, but the time it took to cock my gun and kill him was short. He was 100yds. away when I picked him up. I think that was the quickest and best shot of my life. I have sat in the blind and a dozen ducks within 25yds. of me for a half hour and watched them feeding, and the time spent watching them afforded me more pleasure than did the killing of them a few minutes later, although I could not forego the pleasure of taking two of them on the wing with one on the water.

I love my gun and dog, and enjoy my days out in the field and woods, and I see many things to admire; and I have no patience with the man who says a man is a fool who uses the rod and gun, and who counts the time lost that is spent in that way, for I am sure a man is made better in every way by being in contact with nature as it came from the hand of the Creator, and a man who can see nothing in it ought to get his ideas expanded with a boot stretcher. D.

MICHIGAN'S NORTHERN PENINSULA.

LAKE LINDEN, Mich., Nov. 20.—News comes to us from Gogebic county of a fatal accident in the woods. A lumberman named Morrison, in company with another man, were out estimating timber, and being overtaken by darkness, found it necessary to camp out for the night. Without axes or blankets, they found themselves in a very uncomfortable situation, but contrived to gather enough brush with which to construct a rude shelter, and, setting fire to a large dry pine stump, they retired. Shortly after midnight Mr. Morrison was suddenly awakened by the cracking noise caused by the breaking of the tree, and arousing his companion, they ran for a place of safety, but Mr. Morrison, running in the wrong direction, was caught and crushed to the ground, fracturing his skull and killing him instantly. His companion, upon finding him dead, started out for camp to secure assistance, but being an inexperienced woodsman, he lost his way and tramped about the woods all night, finally reaching a logging camp some ten miles distant. After relating his pitiable story and partaking of needed nourishment, he was accompanied by a crew from the camp, who, judging their course by the meagre information given, came upon the smoking remains of the fatal camp-fire and brought the unfortunate man's body to Hemlock, from whence it was shipped to his former home in Green Bay, Wis. The place of the accident was but a mile from Mr. Morrison's camp, and a half hour's walk would have seen them home.

The little station of Sand Switch, Michigan, contains a Swede hunter who claims to have killed a moose last summer. This is the first instance of a moose being found in this section for many years.

Near Chocolay recently, a hunter killed three deer with one shot. His gun contained a charge of buckshot.

Lante.

THE WOODCOCK SUPPLY.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I think I can throw some light on the woodcock question that is troubling so many sportsmen in the East.

The Ohio Legislature in its wisdom amended the game laws last winter and among the many changes wrought was one shortening the open season for woodcock to Nov. 1, and those wary birds learning of the change have all come to this part of Ohio, but they arrived too late to give us much sport.

Everything this fall was propitious for woodcock, a remarkably wet and warm autumn, with excellent cover, made this section a perfect paradise for them. Our country is flat and what small patches of timber land there are left are grown up with a dense undergrowth, affording just the sort of cover sought by the woodcock, and they have taken full advantage of their opportunity. Snipe have been quite plentiful also.

It is a very rare thing to have any fall snipe or woodcock shooting here, as our autumns are generally very dry, and no birds stop here on their southern trip. It was exasperating to have these game birds here in such numbers and not be allowed to shoot them, especially when we know there will not be another opportunity for years. Whitt.

Georgetown, O., Nov. 20.

RIFLES FOR SMALL GAME.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I notice in a late issue that "N. Orleans" was in want of a rifle to use on ducks at 150 to 200yds. Our shooting here is at small game, and a good deal of it is at such distances as he speaks of. I tried a Winchester .38, and while it is a good gun, it was too large. Next I tried a .32 rim-fire Smith & Wesson. It shoots very nicely for squirrel hunting, but did not come up to my idea of a gun for ducks that were shy, woodchucks and foxes. I next ordered a Stevens .32cal., 35grs. powder and a bullet weighing 165grs. The rifle was sighted with Lyman's patent sights, and it just filled the bill. It was the best shooting rifle that I ever owned. What I mean is that I could do closer shooting with it, and the penetration was all any one could desire. I should advise "N. Orleans" to get one of those rifles, and I promise him that he will be well satisfied with it. I have sold the rifle to one who shoots a great deal at the target, besides doing considerable hunting, and he praises the gun very highly. I have been doing a different kind of shooting lately and would like to have "Iron Ramrod" write a little more about the .22cal. cartridge. At present I am shooting rabbits before a hound for my hunting; and I want a rifle to do it with. Now, I would like to know at what distance the little .22 will do the work. Can I kill a rabbit easily at from 50 to 100yds. When they are near me I always shoot at them on the run, but in some places where I hunt I have to take them when they are sitting, and at long distances, too. Sometimes I have to go without getting one because of the distance. I want the rifle for that kind of shooting, also gray squirrels and at the heads of grouse. Would "Iron Ramrod" recommend the .22 "long rifle" (rim-fire) cartridge for such use? If not, then what? I do not take to the shotgun unless I can have wing-shooting, and that is out of the question here. Our laws forbid the use of a dog hunting grouse. H. B. S.

EAST BERKSHIRE, Vt., Nov. 19.

Editor Forest and Stream:

If "N. Orleans" will get a Winchester .22-15-45 mounted with Lyman sights, he will find it just the thing. It is light to carry, makes very light report, the ammunition is not expensive, the whole thing can be bought for little money, and it will hit a duck as far as he can see to take aim. R. S. F.

LACONIA, N. H.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Now as a brother sportsman the rifle which I recommend to "N. Orleans" is the .32-40 Ballard No. 4 perfection rifle, which, I think, would answer his purpose, but if he prefers a magazine gun I would likewise recommend a .32-40 Marlin repeater, which I have used and find to be as good a mid-range repeating rifle as I ever handled. I think that either of the above mentioned sizes would answer his purpose as I have used them in thickly settled country mostly upon crows and hawks, finding them very powerful for small-bore gun.

BROOKLYN, L. I. A CONSTANT READER.

A HUNT ON THE WEST GALLATIN.

A PARTY of four was organized to make the trip and to start on the 17th of August, that being just before "bugling" time for elk, and when their antlers were freest from breaks, thus enabling us to procure a few good specimens without killing very many bulls to select from. Bears were also quite plentiful at that season of the year, although their fur was not so good as later in the fall.

Getting our horses up early on the morning of the 17th our saddles and packs were soon adjusted, guns placed in slings, and we mounted the hurricane deck of our cayuses and bade adieu to civilization for the time. A more happy and expectant party never started on a similar trip. After traveling about twenty miles we went into camp for the night, and while some of the party were arranging camp and attending to the ponies the rest were whipping the West Gallatin for trout; and in the course of half an hour they had quite enough for supper and breakfast. That night, while seated around a blazing camp-fire, every one lived high in anticipation and tried to keep each other's spirits running as high as possible. All were tired after the long jaunt and in good condition to enjoy a long night's rest.

On the morning of the 18th we broke camp early, determined to reach the hunting grounds if possible that day. At noon a hasty lunch was prepared while the ponies rested and ate a little bunch of grass, after which we resumed our journey, shooting an occasional grouse by the trail. Just at sundown and as we were about to go into camp, a large brown bear was sighted about 300yds. from the trail. As it was getting late no time was lost in bagging Mr. Bruin; but as his fur was of little or no value his carcass was left for the other bear to take care of, while we went on and into camp, and after a hasty meal stretched ourselves out for a good night's rest before commencing the hunt, for we were now in a game country and must make the best of our time, which was limited to a very few days.

Aug. 19, while getting up our horses for an early start (for I always hunt on horseback), I saw several coveys of grouse, some of which I shot, taking their heads off; and before getting back to camp I shot a fine buck, thus getting a bag of game before breakfast that would do credit to a full day's hunt in some countries. After breakfast we started out all together, expecting to separate before long. Each man no doubt expected to excel all others in shooting, for there was more shooting than hunting; but we had not gone far when we discovered fresh bear signs, and upon looking around in weeds and brush for a few moments, we discovered a fine black bear feeding with her cubs close by her side. The old bear was soon dispatched, but the young ones ran into the weeds and would not show enough of themselves to give us anything but a snap shot, so two of us turned our attention to "pealing" the old bear, while the other two lay for the cubs; and as the little fellows would show themselves once in a while it proved great sport for the young nimrods who had never killed any bear. They were gathering material for a "bear fight" on paper or in town. We all surrounded the little chaps, closed in on them and soon had them on the string with their mother. A part of their meat was saved and cooked, and finer, sweeter meat could not be asked for by the most fastidious epicure. By the time the three pelts were properly cared for it was time to return to camp.

On the following day, Aug. 20, large bands of elk were seen and four fine bulls were our reward for the morning's hunt. The remainder of the day was taken up in caring for the meat and horns.

Aug. 21, after leaving camp about a mile, all going Indian file, a good-sized grizzly was seen on the side of a mountain some distance away, and the necessary precautions were made to surround his bearship and give each one a chance to have his share of the fun. However, he proved an easy victim and was taken in without any incident very exciting. A porcupine and a few grouse were all we got that day after fleshing the bear skin.

Aug. 22 was the only time in fifteen years as a hunter that your humble servant "took water" from bear. It happened after the following: Three of us were traveling along the brow of a mountain, when we saw three grizzlies feeding on weeds and digging roots about a mile below us. Our plan to kill all three of them was for me to go below them, and for the other two to go above and drive them to me or kill them themselves. After I had reached my station, my young hunters proceeded cautiously down upon the trio of bear, until they were winded and started nearly toward me. In the meantime I had examined my repeater .40-90 (which, by the way, was always broken) and found that I was unable to move the lever, so when the bears came my way I instinctively moved back and gave them plenty of room to pass, firing a parting salute when I was sure they were out of danger of being hit. We were not long going to camp, and I'll promise all my readers that I never will go into the brush after bear again with a repeater of that make.

The next day, Aug. 25, the party got two more elk and three deer. This being quite enough, we gathered up our game and bear skins, which required the remainder of the twelve days to do and get back to town. In the above stated time four of us traveled sixty miles and back, killed five bear (saw fourteen in all), six elk, which produced some fine specimens, four deer, a dozen grouse and twenty-three fine trout. This is not the best hunt and the most game I ever had a hand in, but it was all we could take care of, and every one was highly pleased with the trip. Should any Eastern sportsman come to Montana I can give them the same trip at a very nominal expense. BEAR HUNTER.

BOZEMAN, Montana.

SAVE ADIRONDACK DOES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

You have now struck the key note which I have sounded constantly in the ears of sportsmen and guides during the three seasons I have spent in touring throughout the grand old Adirondack region. It has been my practice—and I have "preached what I practiced"—under no consideration to kill a doe, but preserve them that the supply may not so rapidly decrease. Inquiry among old hunters, both sportsmen and guides, leads me to the conclusion that three does will average five fawns per annum, and nearly one-half of such increase are bucks. One buck will answer for a large number of does. Hence the killing of does is unnecessary and tends greatly to decrease the numbers of this species of game.

In the floating season it would be difficult to determine does from bucks under the jacklight. In the hounding season, as practiced in the Adirondacks, with but few exceptions, the deer are driven into watched lakes and ponds, and there would be no excuse for killing a doe did the law protect, as it certainly ought. The true sports man, who seeks only open daylight shots either in the woods or upon the shores of the lakes or ponds, can almost always determine the sex and reserve his fire for bucks alone, but would merit exemption from penalty should he fire upon a doe whose head was concealed, provided affidavit was made to that state of facts.

By all means let us have protection for the does. While not in favor of and taking no delight in killing a deer before a jacklight or driven by hounds (unless from a stand on a runway) there are those who enjoy those methods, but the number is in the minority to those who prefer the "give the game a chance" style of hunting, and the minority are more favored by the present laws than are the majority. My opinion is that the deer hunting season might reasonably open Aug. 1 (provided that sufficient game wardens could be deputed to prevent the slaughter that otherwise would occur prior to the open season). Permit hounding not to exceed fifteen days, say from Sept. 15 to Oct. 1, and extend the season to Nov. 15, or even to Dec. 1, that the still-hunter may have at least one or two falls of snow, upon which to track the wary game. Comparatively few sportsmen remain or come into the woods after Nov. 1; but there are those who would delight to do so were there a show for still-hunting in that month, and permit to carry out each a deer at a season when it would keep frozen until used. But whatever changes are made, the does should be protected. E. S. W.

GARRETTSVILLE, O.

COLORADO LARGE GAME.—Berthoud, Col., Nov. 12.—Mr. L. E. Franck's article, in FOREST AND STREAM of Nov. 15, gave me "the fever," coming just as it has on the very eve of my departure for the Snowy Range for a chase after the blacktail deer. "Old Grey," as he calls himself (a Mr. Smith, some 73 years of age, but spry as a young buck when we talk of hunting), and I have our mess box and wagon all packed for an early start in the morning. Our destination is the Barnes Camp country, on South Powder River, at the foot of the Snowy Range, some two days' drive. A number of deer and some elk have been killed in there this fall. I will try and save some camp notes for FOREST AND STREAM. Our old friend, Uncle Dick Hubbell, and party, have just returned from a week's hunt in Estes Park, with one fine large buck. They said they saw more deer, but "he guessed they didn't shoot at the right time and not straight enough, or they would have had more than one old buck to show." Duck shooting has been good here this fall, and geese have been more plentiful than for a long time, but the lakes are closing now, and they have about all gone.—A. A. K.

HUTCHINSON, Kas., Nov. 19.—I returned from a two days' hunt on the Arkansas River last Saturday. I never got a shot at a duck or goose, but on the road home I killed a few quail. Will Chamberlin was out one afternoon last week and killed 59 quail over his dog, all flying shots, too.—WILL ALLEN.

ELK HUNTING ETHICS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

My first impulse on reading the villainous screed of a correspondent in your issue of Nov. 15, under the above heading, was to treat it with the silent contempt that its author deserves, but when I reflected that it might come under the notice of some one as ignorant as himself, and in such a case create a false impression, I deemed it best to reply. No reading or thinking sportsman would require a word from me in response to such a cowardly attack.

Your correspondent says I recorded the fact that after shooting a cow and calf elk, which it would be fair to presume would be game enough of that kind at one time for one small hunting party, I had a long chase after and finally "brutally shot" a large bull. I recorded no such fact. In the article referred to I said "we" had killed a cow and calf. I did not deem it necessary to state how many there were of us, and our situation, in order to avoid being accused of "ruthlessly slaughtering" game. Sportsmen in general know me too well to render any such precaution necessary. But for the enlightenment of any of your young readers who, like your correspondent, are ignorant as to my record, I will state that there were seven of us in the party; that we had a team and several pack animals, and that each member of the party was anxious to take home a carcass of elk or other large game for winter meat.

I have been a close student of the ethics of field sports for twenty years, and so far as I have been able to learn it has never been considered "ruthless slaughter" for a hunting party to kill as many elk or other large animals as there were members of the party, if they had the means of getting them out and taking them home, as we had in this case. We could have killed twenty to thirty elk on that trip if we had been disposed to "slaughter," but only killed the few we needed and could take care of.

If this kicker had been an habitual reader of *Harpers' Magazine, Harpers' Weekly*, FOREST AND STREAM, *Outing*, the *American Magazine* and other first-class periodicals, he would have known that I signed my "genuine" name to the article he mentions; that I was not hiding behind a *nom de plume* as he implies (and then hides behind one himself); that for fifteen years my pen had been busy in advocating the passage and enforcement of game laws and in denouncing violators of them; that in many cases I had been within easy shooting range of large bands of buffalo, elk, antelope and deer that I had not shot at at all because I did not need them.

Although I have killed a good deal of game, both large and small, I have never wasted a pound of good meat in my life, and in all these twenty years of hunting, fishing and of writing on field sports, I have never before, to my knowledge, been accused of "ruthlessly slaughtering game." It remained for a man who apparently has just commenced to read of field sports to take up the pen against me and so to expose his ignorance.

G. O. SHIELDS.

A HUNT IN "FOREST AND STREAM."

MY friend Quilp and I, in the long ago, used to indulge our sporting instincts quite extensively, and many a pleasant day did we enjoy at Conesus Lake and on the wooded hills about our native town. We never secured any great quantity of game, but we were of that class of sportsmen who by long experience have learned not to gauge the fun by the weight of the bag; so we invariably had a good time. It was in my early matrimonial days and when Quilp and I had decided on a hunt I would get up at 4:30 A. M., set the coffee going and grub out an humble lunch; then Quilp would drive up and partake with me, and off we would go before the first crack of light.

But my friend got the Western fever and one day he bade me "good-by" and was off for California. Eleven years rolled away, filled with their usual accompaniments of joy and sorrow, and save for an occasional indirect hint I almost lost sight of my old shooting companion. But one day not long ago a bronzed and bearded gentleman entered my store and in a round Pacific slope tone demanded "a quire of paper, and that mighty quick, and mind stranger none of your two-bit stuff but something good." Tremblingly I glanced into the stranger's eyes with the mute appeal "don't shoot," when twinkling from those gleaming orbs I saw "the light of other days," and "Quilp—H." was the double cry, and as we struck hands across the counter the gap of years was bridged and we were boys again. And then we sat down in the office and talked, and talked, and talked, and learned all about one another. He had become a ranchman near Los Angeles, Cal., was prosperous and happy, was home to visit his aged mother and to take her back with him to that sunny land. As we talked old memories came flooding over us, memories of the dead and of the changes time had wrought in men and things since last we met. But Quilp had come for a good long visit; and before many days the scroll of years had been rolled back and we found ourselves discussing our old shooting scrapes with all the gusto of old times, and it was finally decided that we should take a regular old-fashioned hunt just exactly as we used to, without one solitary concomitant left out. I was to arrange for guns and breakfast and Quilp was to furnish the conveyances.

The weather for two days had been incomparable. After a tedious rainstorm, or succession of rainstorms, everything had cleared out beautifully, and November seemed to have given place to May, so mild was the air and so sweet and pure the sunshine. We were in high glee until the night before the day appointed, when unfolding the evening paper we read under the head of "Probabilities," "To-morrow for western New York a slight fall in temperature with rain." But we scoffed at the idea. "Wasn't the moon shining? and besides," we argued, "these weather report fellows never strike it right." So I bade Quilp good-night, went home, set the alarm for five o'clock, laid the kindling in the range, mixed the coffee, got my suspenders changed on to my knickerbockers, took a final look at the weather and turned in. The first whirr of the alarm landed me on the Axminster; and a sleepy peep through the shutters revealing nothing but "thick blackness," I put on my togs, and carefully shutting off all communication between the culinary department and the rest of the house, I went to work, and soon the kettle was steaming and the simple lunch laid out.

Thinking it about time for Quilp to show up, I stepped out on the veranda to listen for his step. I didn't hear it, however, but something worse smote on my ear; it was "The tinkle, tinkle, patter of the rain upon the roof." "The jig's up" I mentally exclaimed as I returned to ruminate on the hard luck overtaking my friend and me after eleven long years of waiting. But just then Quilp came, and after collectively consigning the matter to a dryer clime we sat down to our mutton bone and coffee, and in spite of the accelerating drip outside made a hearty breakfast. Another inspection convinced us that the famous dinner for which we had spoken was not destined to be eaten by us to-day, and any squirrels over in Sparta who might have been troubled by presentiments for this particular day might calm their fears and rest in peace. So getting the last FOREST AND STREAM as a sort of literary substitute for the actual field, we lighted our cigars, and seating ourselves by the kitchen table, proceeded to read, smoke, discuss and chaff by the light of a coal oil lamp. The fire snapped merrily, the cigars were prime, the paper was a most entertaining number, and before we knew it we were enjoying ourselves wonderfully well. We laughed at the account of the "coon" who, with a pumpkin drawn over his poll, dragged the mallards to destruction, then we discussed the article on California deer shooting, and Quilp told some hunting stories of his own experience in California. Then we read the editorial on the subject and decided to save the does, and wondered at the forbearance of the "Two Months a Cowboy" fellow who had to ride the heifer. So we sat until daylight revealed a gray sky and a nasty day, and at about the time some people get up we parted.

We may have that hunt yet, for Quilp has extended his stay and there may be better days coming.

H. W. DELONG.

BETSY FOR SHORT.

THERE is a town down in North Carolina where the weekly paper which means to give all the news finds it necessary to devote a large share of its space to the doings of the rod and gun and coon dog and lantern brigade. It is the Elizabeth, N. C., *Economist*, and here are some specimens of its local leaders and items:

We are pleased to learn that Frank M. Grice, proprietor of the New Albemarle House, of this town, purposes, in addition to his regular trade, to offer special inducements to invalids, sportsmen, and others in search of pleasure or pursuit of business, to visit Elizabeth City, N. C., during the winter and spring.

Elizabeth City is a railroad town of 5,000 sociable, refined and hospitable people, composed of Northern and native settlers, with churches, schools, fire and military companies and places of amusement, fifteen hours from New York city, with eight hours in sleeping cars, and you have Elizabeth City, N. C., sometimes familiarly called Betsy for short. From the middle of October to the middle of June ensuing, we have almost absolute immunity from disease. The roads are excellent and walks and drives and outdoor exercise can be indulged at any time without interruption from the rigors of the climate, while occasional frosts and light snows destroy all malarious germs of disease.

Five miles from town by land or eight by water, abundant health-laden springs of the famed juniper water are found. Fifteen miles from town you reach the head of the great Dismal Swamp, where lumber mills are established and where the virgin forests of resinous juniper timber drive away all chest and kindred complaints and make respiration easy and delightful.

Elizabeth City is admirably situated for the pleasures of sporting at the headwaters of Pasquotank River where it broadens into an estuary, and commands the winter home of all the wildfowl that honk, or whooy or whistle. Eighteen miles away it debouches into Albemarle Sound and reaches a point where the game birds hold their winter carnival.

Twenty-five miles away is found Alligator Bay, where swan and ducks rest in rafts and invite the keen sportsman to come and kill them. Thirty miles away is Currituck Sound, aptly called the "Paradise of Sportsmen," where wildfowl of every name and kind feed upon the wild products of nature and are hunted, harassed and hounded by every device of the eager sportsman.

Later in the season brant cover the waters of Alligator Bay.

Thirty miles away, in all the lower waters of the Albemarle, Croatan and Roanoke Sounds, innumerable wildfowl of every name spread out on the wide waters.

The lovers of more heroic sports can also find within convenient distance from their home at the New Albemarle House the prowling beasts of the forest, "foeman worthy of their steel."

Twenty miles from town, the morasses and jungles and forests of East Lake, Durants Island and the Haul-Over abound in deer, bears, and wild cats, and sometimes a panther, last remnant of his forlorn race, wakes the echoes with his terrific scream of despair or defiance.

Forty miles away is the ocean, grand representative of Omnipotence. Along its shores, where the sand dunes forbid the banns of sound and sea, are found forest fallow deer, and fox, and lesser wild animals that feed upon the acorns of the live oak and divide with the wild turkey the sparse or abundant harvest. These are the sports not too far removed for convenient enjoyment.

Around the town, far and near, are found other fields of sport. In every field and forest near town the shrill and lively whistle of the Bob White enlivens the echoes of the crisp and early morn; "little robin redbreasts" waggle their tails in every swamp and on every rail, squirrels frisk in every treetop, and a short drive four miles away, will introduce you to the hospitable, genial and jovial "Forkers," who are a nest of bear hunters and will give you heroic sport at short notice.

Our waters, as is well known, is the home of the famed shad fish that no one knows in his full flavor unless he visits and eats him at his home. To know him there is worth a trip across the continent.

The head and chief of the anglers in and about Elizabeth City is Gip Sawyer, a deaf mute whose business and support is fishing with hook and line. He comes along almost every day loaded with long strings of perch, black and white, chubs and other game fish. He is familiar with all the haunts and holes of game fish in Pasquotank River, within five miles of the town. He studies and knows the habits of fish and, cut off as he is from communion with man, he seeks the companionship of fish. He is a solitary man and keeps his counsel relating to the haunts and habits of his companions of the deep and shallow waters. We have felt a curiosity to go a fishing with Gip, but we had heard that he was a lone fisherman who preferred the companionship of his own thoughts, and we have never intruded upon him. Once we saw him fishing out in the river near the town and we observed that he had a way of attracting fish to him before he threw out his line, that was novel to us and may not be without benefit to the fishing guild, of which we claim to be a member. When he had selected his place to try his luck he ran his hand in his pockets and took out a handful of corn which he passed to his mouth and ground up in his teeth. He then spurted the ground corn from his mouth into the water and myriads of little minnows came to the surface and darted after the crushed corn. Then in a few moments he threw over his line and the large fish were rapidly taken. We have never seen it tried except by Gip and we give him the credit for it, and we think it an admirable plan. The ground corn attracted the minnows that abound in all waters and then the larger fish that prey upon them quickly came to the feast and Gip preyed upon them. This is the history of Creation. The large fish prey upon the little fish and then come the wars of species.

We regard wild turkey shooting as the most heroic of all the game bird sport in our section. We don't want it generally known, but the best places for turkey shooting in our section are the Cashie and Roanoke River sections of Bertie county, the "Greenfield" and "Five and Twenty Necks" section of Chowan county, and the "Live Oak," section of Currituck county along the banks. They are probably found in the lower section of Pasquotank county.

Fred Zeigler killed 25 squirrels in a morning's sport in Johnson's woods on Wednesday. They say also that wild turkeys roost there. Wild turkey shooting is the sportsman's dessert. It is the LL.D., D.G.L., M.D., D.D, A.M., winged degree of sportsmen. A sportsman who kills an old wild turkey gobbler adds ten years to his own longevity. A man who can call up a flock of scattered wild turkeys with a turkey bone can't have the consumption.

Oh that this balmy, glorious Indian summer could continue all the year round. Men and women in this charming Albemarle country would then round a green old age of a thousand years and men would be in their boyhood at a hundred years. It should be a State holiday and all should live in tent life with a dog and gun and fishing rod, and dance on the brown and russet carpeting of the forest foliage.

John W. Albertson, Jr., was down in the "goose honk" country several days this week on professional, legal business. As he has no wild sporting blood in his veins there is no danger that he will be tempted from business by the abundance of sport in that land of sportsmen.

Who'll join the possum and coon club? A yam potato is the admission fee and a lightwood torch is the monthly assessment. John Brockett is President of the club, Arthur Pritchett is Secretary and the membership is increasing. The place of rendezvous is Fork Swam, and time of meeting midnight.

ARE HIS POINTS WELL TAKEN?

Editor Forest and Stream:

I read in your paper from time to time different reports from sportsmen as to how much game they see and how much they shoot; but I notice in almost every instance interest seems to center in how much they get. Little or nothing is said of fine weather, fine woods, fine views or lovely lakes, but the thing of it is to know how much blood has been shed. No one likes to hunt better than your subscriber, but I must say I enjoy hunting, if weather be fine, more than so much killing. I like to make a few skillful shots and have wary game for targets. I once knew a gunsmith who lived in this section who was a great lover of a gun and was a good shot. He moved West where game was thick. He confessed that he had more enjoyment in hunting the not plentiful but more wary game of the East than he had in getting the backloads of game in the West. Now it seems to me if sportsmen all over the country would hunt for another purpose than making scores, and be satisfied with a few meals of wild game in the autumn, and not expect to furnish all their second cousins with ducks, quail and squirrels for a week and have much of it thrown away, we would have more game and enjoy our outings far more. This emulation among gunners to see which shall tell the biggest story when they get home as to numbers shot, with perhaps much game wasted, is not sportsmanship. Your paper tells of those who used to shoot coots by the hundred! For what? Just so with fishing. A great catch must be had or the trip is a failure. It is never a failure if the weather is fine. It is ridiculous to hear these backload fellows talk about more effective game laws! Frequent outing in the proper season with a moderate return for me. SUBSCRIBER.

WITH THE SQUIRRELS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have read "Iron Ramrod's" letters and "Von W.'s" on hunting the gray squirrel. They prefer a small-bore rifle. I have never tried one so will not argue that point, but I agree with "Iron Ramrod" that to successfully hunt the gray requires woodcraft. In the days when I used to hunt them I could not find a companion to suit me. I never chase them as most hunters do, and never could kill them by sitting down and wait for them to come. I have gone into the woods alone and kept on the move and have killed twelve in two hours in fourteen shots with a muzzleloader. I always use No. 5 or 6 shot and a 14-bore gun and 2¼drs. powder, 1oz. shot.

I cannot agree with either "Iron Ramrod" or "Von W." that it takes two to hunt them successfully. I would rather hunt them alone, for I can go through the woods as still as a squirrel. I once killed five out of six from the same tree and in the woods, not open field, as fast as I could load my gun and fire. How much better could two do? I do not like to tell all my experience with the gray, for readers will say "he is a liar." When I say that I have killed seven out of nine before they got away it looks big, but it is so; they were feeding in a hickory tree at the edge of the woods. I had four on the ground before they started to leave the tree, and they were all full grown, no kids. I have proof of that. I always used a muzzleloader, but my day has gone by for hunting and fishing. I have not fired a gun at any game in seven years, but I always have the "fever" when the time comes. No one likes to read the hunting notes more than I do, for I know what can and has been done. GRAY.

NEWARK, N. J.

WATERBURY, Vt., Nov. 16.—I learn there is good duck shooting on the lake near Burlington, and I should think some of the local gunners would write you regarding the luck they are having.—F. E. H.

Antelope and Deer of America. By J. D. Caton. Price $2.50. Wing and Glass Ball Shooting with the Rifle. By W. C. Bliss. Price 50 cents. Rifle, Rod and Gun in California. By T. S. Van Dyke. Price $1.50. Shore Birds. Price 15 cents. Woodcraft. By "Nessmuk." Price $1. Trajectories of Hunting Rifles. Price 50 cents. Wild Fowl Shooting; see advertisement.

PHILADELPHIA, July 20, 1888.—*United States Cartridge Co., Lowell, Mass.:* Your new Climax paper shells with strong primers are the best shells made yet. (Signed) ANNIE OAKLEY (Little Sure Shot).—*Adv.*

Sea and River Fishing.

Angling Talks. By George Dawson. Price 50 cents. Fly-Rods and Fly-Tackle. By H. P. Wells. Price $2.50. Fly-Fishing and Fly-Making for Trout. By J. H. Keene. Price $1.50. American Angler's Book. By Thad. Norris. Price $5.50.

SALMON IN THE DUNGARVON.

THIS season was not as good a one for salmon in Dungarvon as last year, for although there were more fish in the stream they did not get as far up as they did last year on account of the extreme lowness of water in the early part of the season. The largest catch made in any one day by four rods was eighteen fish, about three-quarters of these were grilse, and there was no time during the season when a light canoe would not run in the Dungarvon, even during the lowest time in summer, and by a light canoe is meant one with but two men in it and nothing else.

The club house is situated at the mouth of Connell Brook, and is reached by a woods portage of twenty-two miles, and over this a man can ride on horseback. The best fishing is in the neighborhood of this house, that is, in four pools below and three above, all within three miles of the house. The bushes have been cleared away around these pools so as to give fishermen a good chance to cast, and besides these pools there are many others above and below. About Oct. 10 the salmon came on the bars of Dungarvon in order to deposit their spawn, remaining there until the 20th or 22d of the same month, and there were a great number of salmon beds on the bars, especially on the headwaters of Dungarvon. The high water did some damage to the salmon beds, but not much to those on the head of the stream, but below a good deal of damage was done by the water, which washed away many of the bars on which the fish had deposited their spawn. The water down in the settlement, below on the Dungarvon, rose 3ft. higher than it had been known to be by the oldest inhabitant.

The trout deposited their spawn about the 20th of September on the bars at the foot of the pools, while salmon spawned on the bars at the head of the pools. The largest salmon caught during the season was about 20lbs., the largest trout 3¼lbs. There are several very good trout lakes within two and a half miles from the club house that have been but little fished, and one day two of the guardians crossed one of these on a raft and caught 12 trout weighing from 1lb. to 2¼lbs.

Moose and caribou tracks are abundant on the shores of the stream, and one moose was seen by the guardian, and also a very large bear which crossed the river. Bear tracks were plenty during the autumn. Partridges were abundant in the vicinity of the club house. The stream was well protected and no trespassers or poachers were found. The above statement was made to me by three of the guardians of this stream who have been on it from June until the 1st of September. Some of them are personally known to me, and I have full confidence in the correctness of their statements. EDWARD JACK.

FREDERICTON, Nov. 6.

FREDERICK E. RANGER.

ON Saturday, November 17, Mr. Frederick E. Ranger died at his home in Glens Falls, N. Y., in the fifty-sixth year of his age. He was well known as an enthusiastic angler throughout the northeastern part of the State, and was a man who was held in high esteem by all who knew him. He was a reader of FOREST AND STREAM from its first issue until he could read no longer, and at one time wrote some interesting sketches for it over the pen-name of "Fritz." In a recent article on the lake trout, Mr. A. N. Cheney speaks of the last fishing trip which Mr. Ranger ever took, in May last, when almost worn out by disease contracted in the army.

Mr. Ranger, or "Judge" as he was called by his familiars because he had been a justice of the peace for years, was born in Glens Falls on August 13, 1833, in what was then known as the Ranger Mansion, and married in 1857. When the war broke out he went with the Twenty-second N. Y. Volunteers, of the famous "Iron Brigade," as a second lieutenant and returned as a captain when the regiment went out of the service, in 1863. He then served as surrogate's clerk with the late Judge Davis, and for four terms, from 1874 to 1886, he has been elected justice of the peace by flattering majorities. As an angler he was one who never took an unfair advantage of a fish by the use of any contrivance for their capture which was not sanctioned by the class of sportsmen who fished for the kinds of game that he did, and he held that it was unworthy of an angler's reputation to take a fish in any manner except such as are laid down by the best authorities on angling. We have personally known him for years and can vouch for him as a gentleman whose high standard of sport would never permit him to do anything to increase his catch which did not commend itself to his own good opinion and was consistent with his ideas of sport and self-respect. His angling life was a strong rebuke to the thoughtless class of younger men, some of whom seem to think that they are demeaned unless they "break all previous records," that we are disposed to dwell on the fact that Mr. Ranger was an expert angler who was never ashamed to admit, with some historical fishermen, that he had toiled and caught nothing.

Mr. Ranger leaves a widow and four children. His only son, William F. Ranger, lives in New York, as does the only married daughter, but his death will be mourned by many outside the family circle who have either been with him on his fishing excursions, or have met him socially.

COLORADO TROUT STREAMS.—Kansas City, Nov. 17.—I read with great pleasure the letters of E. Hough, and note comparison of Rocky Mountain trout fishing with Adirondack and Rangeley Lakes; also in last issue that gentleman's experience and very interesting letter recounting trip in Eagle and Grand River country in Colorado. My own experience is the same, and I can heartily recommend our Eastern friends to take a trip in September to the famous hunting and fishing grounds in Colorado in and among the flat tops on White River, near Trapper's Lake. The sport is far ahead of any Eastern locality.—TILE.

THE MENHADEN RUN OF 1888.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The menhaden run of the season just terminated has been one of large proportions. It has equalled, if not surpassed, those of preceding years. This is true, not only as to the number and extent of the shoals, but also, in a marked degree, as to the broad area over which they have spread. The waters of the Jersey coast, those of Long Island, Narragansett Bay, Buzzard's Bay, No Man's Land, Cape Cod Bay, and *mirabile dictu*, the waters of the Maine coast have been visited by large numbers of these valuable fishes. They have returned to localities from which they have long been absent, and have abounded in augmented numbers in places subject to their yearly visits.

By concert of action their owners' postponed dispatching the steamers for the season's work far beyond the usual time. The trips were begun the latter part of June, and, although the seining season was short, all accounts agree in pronouncing it a very successful one. Large fares and quick trips have ruled.

The best days of the Long Island fisheries never went beyond those of the past season. The ocean in the vicinity of No Man's Land was never known to have been visited by menhaden in such quantities as during the present year. At that island, from June to October, weather permitting, the purse seines were in use, their tripping lines were constantly on the run, and twenty steamers were often loading at one time. After an absence of nine years the menhaden have found their way into Cape Cod Bay. The same is true of the Maine waters, and the oil factories of Booth Bay and Round Pond have put their kettles into operation after nearly a decade of disuse. The oil interests need not be commiserated by reason of the short season. The menhaden steamers have netted their owners half their value in four months. The explanation of the re-appearance of the menhaden in localities from which they have long been absent, and of their abundance, does not seem difficult of determination. The practical matter of fact inquirer will not search for it among theories relating to currents, temperatures, algæ and infusoria, but rather will recur to the circumstance that the menhaden steamers did not, in March last, fit out as usual and intercept, capture, nor disperse the schools on their yearly migration northward or eastward. This fact furnishes the explanation, easy of comprehension, of the conditions existing in 1888.

On their last visit to our shores, pursuing their slow but certain course without artificial molestation, the menhaden filled the indented waters of the coasts of the Middle and New England States and shoaled in countless numbers seaward from the three-mile line. They responded in myriads to the promptings of their natural impulses unharrassed by the pursuit of the oil steamers. It cannot be doubted that this they will ever do, in a greater or lesser degree, when their movements are not trammeled by human agencies.

Have the food fish interests been favorably affected by the delayed operations of the menhaden steamers? This question may be fairly answered in the affirmative. Taking the water area involved as a whole, bluefish, striped bass, squeteague and swordfish have been more numerous than for several seasons. Especially is this true of the latter. These species have kept close company with the menhaden, a prominent source of their food supply. The uninterrupted migration of the menhaden to their native summer haunts has also rendered it possible for the spawning process to be consummated in the shallows and the protected spots of the inlets, creeks and bays. Further, it has brought these fishes to the very doors of those who desire them for use as chum and bait.

These happy occurrences, so readily traceable to the unimpeded run of the menhaden last spring, indicate plainly how much greater good would result in the direction of preserving and increasing the supply of food fishes if the pursuit of the menhaden were subjected to the restriction of a statute of the United States. A general law prohibiting the seining of menhaden, except for bait, within three miles of a shore, would be of lasting benefit to the food fish interests, and productive of results of a magnitude far beyond those that have prevailed the past season. No better plea could be advanced in support of legislation to protect the three-mile limit than the facts named above. It is true, the oilmen have operated within the limit, but their protracted movements have produced an effect, in all respects but magnitude and permanence, like that sure to follow the desired legislation.

The happenings of the season now closed are opportune. The opponents of the restrictive measure have, without intending it, presented its advocates a powerful argument in aid of a solution of the food fish problem.

ARTHUR MARTIN.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 24.

THE EFFECT OF SAWDUST ON FISH.

A CORRESPONDENT writes from Canada as follows: "Will you please inform me where I can obtain any information as to the effect of sawdust on anadromous fishes? Do you know of any work treating of this matter? What would be the effect if swallowed by fish? Do they not often swallow various indigestable substances without injury? These questions are up with us for consideration, and facts are needed. Anything you can do to aid me in obtaining such will be thankfully received. All the facts I have so far been able to obtain lead me to believe it comparatively harmless; however, I am after more facts if they are obtainable."

We do not find that this subject has been investigated to any extent, but it is generally believed that sawdust kills the trout in the streams below it. The only reference to the injurious properties of sawdust is in a paper read before the American Fishcultural Association by Mr. Fred Mather, entitled "Remarkable Development of Embryo Salmon," and published in the Eleventh Report of the Association, and also in FOREST AND STREAM of April 13, 1882, with illustrations. In this article the writer cites the evil effects of pine troughs which are not thoroughly coated with coal tar, and says:

"The theory of the fishermen is that the sawdust gets into the gills of trout and kills them. This may be true to some extent, but I doubt it for the reason that sand or other material does not appear to injure its gills, and I have taken adult trout below sawmills. I incline to think that the mills are destructive merely to the young, by covering the spawning beds to some extent with sawdust, but more by the absorption of turpentine from the pine, or tannin from the oak, the evil effects of which we know too well."

We would be pleased to have other views on this subject.

CO-OPERATION IN FISHING LAWS.—The Fish Commissions of New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Delaware, are preparing to present to their respective Legislatures a carefully prepared series of laws which will make the fishing seasons and close times in all those States the same. This is a great step in advance, and if New York had been included there would be a prospect of having the black bass law so arranged that it would not be lawful to take a fish in one end of Greenwood Lake at a time when it is unlawful to capture it at the other end, and also of giving protection to the salmon and shad in the Hudson River by making the law the same in both States.

Fishculture.

THE NEW YORK FISHERY COMMISSION.

THE Fishery Commission of New York is about to reorganize and proposes to introduce business methods in this work, which under the old regime was done in a rather loose manner so far as any attempt at system is concerned. To this end the following rules and regulations for the conduct of the practical operations of the Commission are proposed:

1. Regular meetings of the Board of Commissioners are held at its office in the city of New York on the second Tuesday of each month at the hour of ten o'clock, A. M., except when such Tuesday shall occur on a public holiday, in which case the meeting shall be held on the next succeeding day. Extra meetings may be held on the call of the President whenever, in his judgment, they may be necessary. At least two days' notice, personally or by mail, shall be given of each extra meeting, and the particular object of the meeting shall be specified in the notice.

2. The business at each meeting shall be in the following order:

(1) Reading the record of proceedings of the preceding meeting.
(2) The consideration of bids for oyster franchises.
(3) New business connected with oyster franchises.
(4) Unfinished business connected with oyster lands and franchises.
(5) Reports from superintendents, chief game and fish protector and the engineer.
(6) Auditing of abstracts and accounts.
(7) Reports from committees.
(8) Communications in writing from persons not connected with the Commission.
(9) Resolutions.
(10) Unfinished business.

3. Each hatching station of the Commission shall be under the direction of a Commissioner, or Commissioners in charge, to be named by the board, who shall, subject to its order, direct the superintendent in the discharge of his duties. The salaries of the several superintendents shall be fixed by the Board. The number and compensation of the minor employes shall be fixed by the superintendent, subject to the approval of the Commissioner in charge.

4. No expenditure other than for current support shall be made by any superintendent without the approval, previously obtained, of the Commissioner in charge; and no expenditures for new structures exceeding $50 in cost shall be made at any of the hatcheries without the approval, previously obtained, of the Board of Commissioners.

5. Each superintendent shall give bond, with surety, in the sum of $500, subject to the approval of the Board, for the faithful discharge of his duties and the accounting by vouchers, satisfactory to the Comptroller, of all State funds coming to his hands.

6. Payments of salaries, wages and other expenses shall be made at each hatchery on the 15th day of each month, except when such day occurs on Sunday, in which case the next succeeding day shall be pay day.

7. The superintendent may give, on his own responsibility, in the interim between the 1st and 15th of each month, his receipts for executed vouchers for the expenses of the work in his charge, payable when he shall receive returns from his monthly abstract.

8. All abstracts of accounts, or vouchers connected therewith, shall be made in duplicate, and shall be in accordance with the regulations prescribed by the Comptroller. One copy of each voucher shall be included in each abstract. The superintendent shall keep a book in which shall be recorded, in their order, the monthly abstracts. The duplicate abstract shall be forwarded with the original to the clerk.

9. All abstracts shall be made up complete by the third of each month, and shall be first sent, with the vouchers accompanying, to the Commissioner in charge, who shall examine the abstract as to form and substance, and if he find it defective in any respect he shall return it to the superintendent for correction. He shall also examine the vouchers as to the reasonableness of any charges that may be made in them; and if he find that any expenditures have been made without proper reference to economy he shall adopt such means as he shall deem requisite to secure a correction. The abstracts received by any Commissioner in charge shall be promptly examined by such Commissioner, and when approved by him shall be forwarded to the clerk of the Commission to be presented to the Board.

10. The clerk shall prepare blank forms of abstracts to be approved by the Comptroller, which shall be furnished to each hatchery and used by himself in all abstracts of contingent expenses of the Commission which he may have occasion to make up.

11. The clerk shall keep in a book, provided for that purpose, a record of the monthly abstracts as they may be submitted to the Board.

12. Until further orders the following assignments are made, pursuant to rule 3, of this series: Cold Spring Harbor hatchery, Commissioner Blackford; Adirondack hatchery, Commissioner Sherman; Sacandaga hatchery, Commissioner Burden; Fulton Chain hatchery, Commissioner Sherman; Caledonia hatchery, Commissioner Bowman; and to Commissioner Bowman is also assigned the supervision, as far as any general supervision may be necessary, of the spawn gathering on the upper lakes, and the shad hatching on the Hudson River; and to Commissioner Burden is assigned the supervision of all the fishways in the care of the Commission; To Commissioner Joline shall be assigned the supervision of the work of the clerk, as far as his work relates to the consideration and granting of applications for franchises in lands under the waters of the State. This rule shall be printed on cards and posted in a prominent place in each hatchery.

13. No person shall bring into any building, or on the grounds of any hatching station, any intoxicating beverages, and any such beverages found in such place by any superintendent shall be summarily destroyed. Nor shall any employe or other person appear on such grounds in a state of intoxication. No person shall be employed in the service of the Commission who frequents dram shops or other haunts of vice or immorality. No person shall smoke tobacco in any form in the hatching rooms or workshops of any hatchery, nor shall any person eject tobacco spittle upon any of the floors, fixtures or furniture of any such building.

14. An inventory of all public property at each hatching station shall be taken annually on the first day of January, one copy of such inventory shall be retained by the superintendent and a duplicate forwarded to the Commissioner in charge, to be filed in the office of the Commissioners of Fisheries.

15. Each superintendent shall, on or before the fifth of February in each year, report to the Board a statement in tabular form of all applications he shall have received for fish fry for the then current season, together with all papers he shall have touching such applications; and no fry shall be furnished from any hatchery until the Board shall have made a distributive apportionment.

16. Each superintendent shall, between the first and fifteenth of December in each year, report to the Board a detailed account of the operations of the hatchery in his charge for the last year, together with such recommendations touching the conduct of affairs at the station as he shall deem useful. Such a report shall also contain a list of all the employes at the station and a statement of the rate of compensation paid to each.

These rules shall be printed on cards and posted in a prominent place in each hatchery.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Dec. 3 to 8.—Dog Show of the Northern Illinois Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Rockford, Ill. A. H. Currier, Secretary.

Jan. 1 to 4.—Fourth Dog Show of the Meriden Poultry Association. Joshua Shute, Secretary, No. 430 Pratt street, Meriden, Conn.

Jan. 15 to 19, 1889.—Seventh Annual Dog Show of the Southern Massachusetts Poultry Association, at New Bedford, Mass. F. W. Dean, Secretary.

January, last week.—Western Pennsylvania Poultry Society's Fourteenth Annual Show, Pittsburgh, Pa. C. B. Elben, Sec'y.

Feb. 4 to 7, 1889.—First Annual Dog Show of the Columbus Fanciers' Club at Columbus O. Thos. R. Sparrow, Secretary.

Feb. 12 to 15, 1889.—Fifth Dog Show of the New Jersey Kennel Club, at Jersey City, N. J. Geo. L. Wilms, Secretary, 142 Monticello avenue, Jersey City, N. J.

Feb. 19 to 22, 1889.—Thirteenth Annual Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent.

Feb. 26 to March 1, 1889.—Second Annual Show of the Rensalaer Kennel Club, Troy, N. Y. Alba M. Ide, Secretary.

March 5 to 8, 1889.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Albany Kennel Club, at Albany, N. Y. Geo. B. Gallup, Secretary.

March 12 to 15, 1889.—Second Annual Show of the Fort Schuyler Kennel Club, Utica, N. Y. James W. Dunlop, President.

March 19 to 22, 1889.—First Annual Dog Show of the Maryland Kennel Club, at Baltimore, Md. W. S. Diffenderffer, Secretary.

March 26 to 29, 1889.—First Annual Dog Show of the Massachusetts Kennel Club, at Lynn, Mass. D. A. Williams, Secretary.

April 2 to 5, 1889.—First Annual Show of the Rochester Kennel Club, at Rochester, N. Y. Harry Yates, Secretary.

April 2 to 5, 1889.—Annual Show of the New England Kennel Club, Boston, Mass. J. W. Newman, Secretary, No. 6 Hamilton Place.

April 9 to 12, 1889.—First Annual Dog Show of the Mascoutah Kennel Club, at Chicago, Ill. John L. Lincoln, Jr., Secretary.

April 16 to 19, 1889.—The Seventh Dog Show of the Philadelphia Kennel Club, at Philadelphia, Pa. Wm. C. Child, Secretary.

FIELD TRIALS.

Dec. 3.—First Annual Field Trials of the Southern Field Trial Club, at Amory, Miss. T. M. Brumby, Secretary, Chattanooga, Tenn.

Dec. 10.—Second Annual Field Trials of the American Field Trials Club, at West Point, Miss. C. W. Paris, Secretary, Cincinnati, O.

Jan. 14, 1889.—Sixth Annual Field Trials of the Pacific Coast Field Trial Club, at Bakersfield, Cal. N. P. Sheldon, Secretary, 320 Sansome street San Francisco, Cal.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription $1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed **6776**.

THE EASTERN FIELD TRIALS.

Special Report.

THE DERBY.

THE eighth annual Derby of the Eastern Field Trials Club began at High Point, N. C., on Monday, Nov. 19. There were twenty-three starters, a sufficient number to make the competition interesting, without dragging the running to a wearisome length. The quality of the work done, considered as a whole, was inferior to that of the past two years in the same stakes. The judging was exceptionally good, the best dogs coming to the front at the finish. The decisions were well received by all. The judges were Mr. J. Otto Donner, Major J. M. Taylor and Mr. J. R. Henricks. A list of the starters was published last week. Birds are not so plentiful as in some past years, yet there are sufficient to test the finding capacities of the dogs without discouraging them by long, barren effort. On the whole, the Derby was skillfully conducted and finished pleasantly.

SATANELLA AND GLAMORIGAN.

The outlook for good work on Monday morning was anything but promising. The heavy rains had saturated the ground, and there was every prospect of continued wet weather. The morning's work was done in a drizzling rain. The rain ceased at noon, but the weather was cloudy, raw, damp and threatening. The wind was from the northeast. Birds were not moving, and therefore were difficult to find. They did not lie well to the points, consequently it was difficult for the dogs to work on them, and the results were not up to the average standard. The first brace was very slow. The cold, wet grass and ground appeared to be obnoxious to both dogs, and they picked their way gingerly and leisurely, hunting side and side much of the time. Glamorigan, handled by D. E. Rose, apparently had a little more independence, but the exhibitions of it were transient. They were cast off at 9:00 near the schoolhouse near the outskirts of the town, and a long, tiresome heat was begun. Satanella, handled by Height, opened the work by pointing a bevy; Glamorigan pointed close behind, although apparently backing; both were steady. On the scattered birds both performed indifferently, although each pointed and backed staunchly. After this no more birds were found, when they were ordered up at 11:35, to be put down again at 4:00 to conclude the heat. At 4:16 they were again ordered up, one point on a marked bird having been made by Satanella. In all down 2h. 51m.

OLIVER TWIST AND ROI D'OR.

They went off merrily at the word, Oliver Twist handled by Tucker, showing wider range. He did some very nice work on birds, the heat began at 11:40. In heavy weeds in a bottom, Oliver Twist pointed a bevy. A moment afterward Roi D'Or, handled by Avent, pointed about 50yds. from Oliver but no birds were found to his point. Both dogs were steady to wing and shot. Some of the scattered birds

were marked down on the edge of a creek, a difficult place to work. Oliver soon pointed nicely and scored. Returning and crossing the creek, they were worked to find a marked bird. Oliver got a sniff of it, challenged a moment and went on. One of the judges flushed the bird afterward. Next Roi pointed one of the scattered birds and was nicely backed; both were cautioned when the bird rose and remained steady. In following the course of the marked birds, Oliver drew to a point on a bevy close to a plum thicket; Roi was not near to back. On the scattered birds, both drew, located and pointed about 20yds. apart in sedge grass. Oliver showed a little unsteadiness at the rise of the bird, but steadied to order. Each secured a good point shortly afterward; and Oliver backed. In pine woods, Oliver ran into a bevy and flushed it. Roi about 40yds. away, pointed a moment afterward and some birds flushed wild close by. On one of the single birds Oliver pointed well, but sprang in when it flushed: soon afterward he picked up another point. The heat ended at 12:29. Oliver showed superior work on birds although he was not always accurate in his points; their speed was about equal; Roi had the better style in motion; on point there was not much difference in style, both being superior in this respect. Down 49m.

LADY PIEDMONT AND GUY.

After lunch at the Model Farm, at 1:58 they were cast off in the open field. Both dogs made game in some open woods; drifting out of the woods into a small cornfield one hundred yards away, Guy, handled by Height, pointed a bevy in it close to the edge of the woods, and was steady. Lady, handled by Rose, displayed good pointing abilities on a single bird and also was steady. Shortly afterward both pointed, Lady a moment the sooner, and her bird flushed wild; Guy broke in, flushed and made a short chase; soon afterward he again exhibited some unsteadiness on a point. The heat ended in 30m. Lady was speedier, ranged better, had better style and showed superiority in her work on birds.

LINDO AND PETRARCH.

The heat began at 2:37 in weeds in an orchard. In a cornfield Lindo, handled by Tucker, pointed a bevy. On the scattered birds several points were picked up, Lindo showing a superiority in his work. Petrarch, handled by Height, showed the better style on point, while the setter was superior in style in motion. Down 45m.

ORLANDO AND HOPE'S LASS.

They were cast off in an open field at 3:26. Soon afterward Hope's Lass, handled by Rose, chased a rabbit with great resolution. On a sidehill in sedge Lass pointed a bevy and was steady to wing and shot. Orlando, handled by Avent, was some distance away. The dogs were brought together. On one of the scattered birds Orlando pointed on one side of a strip of grass and weeds; Hope's Lass, on the other side of the strip, pointed the same bird, it running between the two dogs. Both were steady to the gun. While looking for the scattered birds Orlando, while going at full speed, brought up suddenly in a stylish point on a bevy near a branch, a very pretty piece of work. Lass backed stylishly and well; both were steady. The birds were followed into a woods close by. Orlando made a point but the birds were running; Lass backed nicely. The bird flushed wild after Orlando had been ordered on. Down 25m. Hope's Lass displayed a keen nose and good judgment. Orlando was superior in pace, range and style and quickness of execution.

FRED AND CECIL.

They were cast off at 4:26 and the running for the day ended when they were ordered up at 4:57. The pointer showed the greater range and speed. No birds were found. Fred was handled by Height; Cecil by Avent. At 8.37 Tuesday morning, they were cast off near the glass house to complete the unfinished heat. The wind blew from the northeast and gradually increased in strength during the day, but was not very high. The weather turned cooler. Birds were found in fair number and the quality of the work was a decided improvement on that of the preceding day. Fred flushed a bevy and stopped to wing; Cecil backed. Fred refused to back Cecil's point on one of the scattered birds and stole the point. Cecil made two or three more points on the single birds, and Fred flushed a bird and stole a point. He showed wider range, but was outworked thoroughly on birds. Down 25m.

MAUDE FOREMAN AND GLAUCUS.

They were cast off at 9:10. The former was handled by J. Lewis, the latter by John White. Maude had the advantage in speed, range and style in motion; she dropped to her points and showed overcautiousness at times. She showed superior abilities on birds, and with experience will gain courage. She has a keen nose and excellent judgment in using it excepting that from overcautiousness she would drop to point on the footscent. The pointer's nose appeared to be ordinary as he got too close on his birds and made some flushes in consequence. Both were steady to shot and wing. Maude won. Down 57m.

JOYCE OF HALL'S ISLAND AND VIC.

The heat began at 10:14. Joyce was handled by C. E. Buckell, Vic by John Welcher. Soon after starting, one of the handlers walked into a bevy in an open weed field. It was followed to some oak woods close by and the heat was decided on the scattered birds. Joyce stopped to a flush. A few yards further she pointed a bird and Vic pointed or backed, it was difficult to determine which, as she was in a position to catch the scent of the birds. Ordered on, both pointed several remaining birds and were steady to wing. From that time to the end of the heat, Vic displayed a superior grade of work, and more of it than the pointer. Vic established a good point on a single bird and Joyce worked in and shared the point. Next Vic made two points, each on a single bird. She located quickly and accurately, carrying a high nose and exhibiting keen scenting powers. Joyce was roading in the meantime in some open sedge. She pointed, roaded and located and scored a point. Vic made a stylish point, Joyce backed for a few moments, broke his back while Welcher was trying to flush, drew in ahead and began roading. About ten or twelve yards ahead Welcher flushed the bird, Joyce having nearly roaded to it. Vic held her point nicely meanwhile. On the sidehill near by Joyce pointed, then drew on. Nothing found to the point. The setter's work on birds was decidedly superior in quality and quantity. She carried a high nose and was accurate and quick in her work. Her style of pointing was excellent. Her range and speed was not so great as that of the pointer; but she worked diligently and with judgment. Joyce won. Down 37m. The pointer's superior range was hardly sufficient to outweigh Vic's positive superiority on birds.

COUNT FAUSTER AND VIC G.

The latter, handled by G. H. Smith, had been suffering from diarrhœa, and was consequently out of condition for good work. The heat began at 10:57. Count was handled by Capt. McMurdo. Both performed indifferently on game, each roading with deliberation. They were steady to shot and wing and backed well. Count had some advantage in range, speed and style on point; but little work was done on birds. Vic pointed a single bird in sedge grass. Count pointed some scattered birds in the cornfield and was lost for several minutes; soon afterward he pointed a single and Vic backed. The heat then ended. Down 48m.

MISS MONARCH AND MILDRED.

The heat began at 11:50. Mildred was handled by Capt. McMurdo, and Miss Monarch by Luke White. Mildred took wider casts, but was disobedient and did not work perfectly to the gun; she did not exercise sufficient care when on birds and flushed from carelessness. Miss Monarch had a very stylish action. Mildred began the work on birds by pointing, roading and drawing carefully about. Two birds flushed wild. She located the bevy and pointed it nicely; Mildred backed; both were steady to wing. While hunting for the scattered birds, Miss pointed but no bird was found. Mildred pointed up wind of a single, turned to locate and flushed. Miss pointed near the same place and several flushed wild close by. Next Miss pointed a bird neatly and was steady to wing and shot. From this stage Mildred's work became poorer, She flushed three times, once near the spectators, and was difficult to handle. She made one point more, and Miss made two; the latter had a very stylish action; Mildred was the superior in range. The heat lasted 22m. Miss Monarch won.

COUNT PIEDMONT AND FELIX M.

At 1:06, after lunch, they were cast off in the open field. Count Piedmont was handled by Capt. McMurdo; Felix by D. E. Rose. Count pointed a bevy and Felix backed; both were steady. They were worked in the woods and open field on the scattered birds. Count showed better nose and performance on them, although the competition was quite close. He ranged a little better that Felix; the latter had better style in running and pointing. Count won. Length of heat, 43m. This ended the first series. Stella had a bye.

First Series.

Satanella beat Glamorigan.
Oliver Twist beat Roi D'Or.
Lady Piedmont beat Guy.
Lindo beat Petrarch.
Orlando beat Hope's Lass.
Cecil beat Fred.
Maude Foreman beat Glaucus.
Joyce of Hall's Island beat Vic.
Count Fauster beat Vic G.
Miss Monarch beat Mildred.
Count Piedmont beat Felix M.
Stella a bye.

Second Series.

SATANELLA AND STELLA.

The heat began at 4:53. Stella was handled by Luke White. Soon after starting it was apparent that Satanella was running in much better form than in her heat in the first series. Her range and speed were improved. Stella false-pointed and was staunchly backed by Satanella. A bevy was soon found and Satanella pointed her birds quicker and more accurately than Stella. The latter was uncertain in backing, although she had slightly the advantage in speed and range. Down 17m.

OLIVER TWIST AND LADY PIEDMONT.

The heat began at 2:15 in the open field. The weather had turned cooler and a brisk breeze was blowing. Oliver in open sedge pointed a bird of a scattered bevy very handsomely; Lady backed staunchly; both were steady to wing and shot. It was a neat, pretty piece of work. Ordered on, Oliver pointed, then drew on, pointing and drawing for about 200yds. Lady lost confidence in his points and refused to back him. Nothing was found. Returning to where Oliver first pointed, Lady pointed, probably on foot scent, as a bird was flushed close by after she had moved on. Next Oliver pointed a bird in sedge grass and sassafras bushes and Lady honored the point. A few yards further on he again pointed, probably on the foot scent, as the bird was flushed 12 or 15yds. from him across wind and it would be impossible to point it so far in such wind. He showed greater execution on birds, had superior style and better range, and won. Down 22m.

ORLANDO AND LINDO.

They were cast off at 2:53. Orlando pointed soon after starting, but no birds were found Next he pointed rabbit. Lindo pointed; Orlando backed; no birds found. Orlando next pointed by a plum thicket; Lindo backed when cautioned; Orlando drew about 50yds. and pointed again, Lindo again stopped when cautioned. Orlando again moved on. Lindo taking a cast further up the hill located and pointed the bevy, Orlando backed; both were steady. While going after the scattered birds Lindo led off in an enthusiastic rabbit chase and was joined by Orlando for a short distance. Lindo wrenched, held possession, turned the rabbit, became unsighted and the chase ended. On the scattered birds Orlando showed greater quickness and precision. Both were steady to shot. They were cast off to find another bevy. On a sidehill in weeds Orlando pointed; Lindo, down wind, backed, standing among the birds. The dogs were then ordered up and Orlando won. Down 52m.

CECIL AND MAUDE FOREMAN.

They were started at 4:00. Cecil pointed a bevy and was nicely backed; when the bevy was flushed, another, or part of the same one, flushed wild about one hundred yards away. The dogs were called in and started off together after the scattered birds, marked on a sidehill in sedge. For about a half hour there was some rattling work. Maude picked up point after point, showing an exquisitely keen nose, but her work was marred by over-cautiousness and dropping on the footscent at times. There were a large number of the scattered birds and plenty of opportunity. Maude made about six points on the single birds and Cecil two or three. They were then cast off to find another bevy. Maude pointed by a branch and was steady to shot and wing when the bevy flushed. On the scattered birds in sedge in pines Cecil showed a higher grade of work. Cecil won. Down 50m. Maude showed excellent capabilities, which were marred by over-cautiousness. Cecil was bolder, went up to his birds with greater confidence and pointed in better style. It was a very close heat nevertheless.

COUNT FAUSTER AND JOYCE OF HALL'S ISLAND.

Wednesday morning was clear and cool. A brisk breeze blew from the northeast. The weather again turned cloudy in the afternoon, and a moderately stiff wind set in. Birds were found in sufficient numbers for the purposes of the trials, although they were not plentiful. The brace was cast off at 8:20 near the school house. Count opened the work by pointing close to a bevy, but up wind of it; Joyce coming on across wind stopped as the bevy flushed; at the same time Count had moved and was roading carefully to locate. Some of the birds were marked down in pine woods. Count caught scent, drew on and flushed a bird, and immediately afterward flushed another. Joyce then stood prettily to a bird and was steady to wing; advancing a few steps, she pointed again; Count came close to her and backed, caught scent, turned his head and pointed; both were steady to shot; a very good piece of work. Count again was first to find a bevy, and he pointed well; Joyce caught scent after she had backed for a moment, drew two or three yards to the left and pointed. Both were steady to shot. The dogs were then ordered up. Count had a decided superiority in pace and range, but was not obedient. Each had good style on point. Count won. Down 38m.

COUNT PIEDMONT AND MISS MONARCH.

At 9:04 they were cast off in sedge and weeds in the open field. Miss flushed two birds near a plum thicket and continued roading to locate. Count went into the thicket and pointed; Miss at the same time pointed in the thicket a few yards away from him. White flushed some birds and shot; both dogs were steady. They began making game in the woods close by and roaded about 100yds. Miss took a short cast ahead, and in returning across wind flushed a bird, the dog going up wind toward it at the same time. Next Count pointed in sedge grass close by a run. Miss drew up and flushed the bird; Count held his point. McMurdo thought he was pointing on the scent of the bird that had flushed and had ordered him on. Both moved and a bird was flushed. Miss sprang at it, but steadied to order. The dogs were sent on to find another bevy. On a stubble field Count drew down wind and dropped on a staunch point. He was held a while for Miss to be brought up to back. After she had established her back McMurdo beat the ground out ahead of his dog but failed to flush. When ordered on Count still held his point. Failing to find, McMurdo ordered his dog on. Miss took the scent and followed it rapidly down wind to a flush on the bevy. The dogs were then ordered up and Count won. Down 40m.

Satanella beat Stella.
Oliver Twist beat Lady Piedmont.
Orlando beat Lindo.
Cecil beat Maude Foreman.
Count Fauster beat Joyce of Hall's Island.
Count Piedmont beat Miss Monarch.

Third Series.

OLIVER TWIST AND SATANELLA.

This was a short heat, lasting 23m. They were cast off at 9:51. Oliver false-pointed and was nicely backed by Satanella. Oliver next drew handsomely to a point on a bevy in short weeds; Satanella, fifty yards behind, backed stylishly. Both were in plain sight, and it formed a very pretty picture. Both were steady to shot and wing. On the scattered birds, Satanella made an uncertain point and Oliver backed; but the pointer failed to locate. Further on in the hollow, Oliver pointed, drew on and located; Satanella backed prettily; three or four birds were flushed to the point. Moving on, both flushed a bird, and Oliver was slightly unsteady to wing. Moving on five or six yards Oliver pointed a bird; the pointer, close behind, pointed or backed, it was difficult to determine which. The heat then ended and Oliver won. The pointer had greatly improved in field form and ran a good race.

ORLANDO AND COUNT FAUSTER.

The heat began in an open field at 10:20. Count pointed a bevy nicely in the open stubble, and held his point staunchly. Orlando, called up to back, either backed or caught scent and pointed. The birds flew a long distance away and were not followed. Some spectators, at that juncture, reported a bevy marked down close by in pine woods. Count was first to it and pointed well; Orlando backed and both were steady to shot. Moved on and Orlando pointed several birds. Count, a moment afterward, going up the sidehill, flushed and took a chase over the hill, disappearing about one hundred yards away. Orlando next pointed; ordered on he flushed the bird and pointed again a few yards further on; Count backed and both were steady to wing. Orlando pointed a bird in the edge of some woods: after it was flushed he advanced a couple of steps and pointed another. The heat then ended. Down 29m. Count's range was equal to that of the setter, and he was a bold, plucky ranger; Orlando had better speed and style. The pointer was disobedient.

CECIL AND COUNT PIEDMONT.

They were cast off at 11:06. They had gone only about one hundred yards when Count pointed a bevy and was nicely backed; both were steady to wing. In pine woods, Count dropped to a flush. Moved on, Cecil located and pointed a single nicely. Count stole the point, then flushed. The heat then ended. Down 12m. There was not much work done in the heat. There was not much chance to compare the range of the two dogs, as most of the work was done in cover. Cecil had better style and speed. Count was not obedient. Cecil won.

Oliver Twist beat Santanella.
Orlando beat Count Fauster.
Cecil beat Count Piedmont.

Fourth Series.

ORLANDO AND OLIVER TWIST.

They were cast off at 11:27 on a large stubble field. Both ranged wide, Orlando the speedier and having more stylish action. He was quicker in his work on birds, going up to them with great boldness and certainty. Orlando stopped to a stylish point on a bevy and Oliver, about seventy-five yards from him, backed. Both dogs were in graceful attitudes in full sight of the spectators and the beautiful scene excited much admiration. They were steady to wing. The quality of work done was nearly alike, Orlando having a slight advantage. Each had shown excellent capabilities on birds, Orlando being quicker and more positive. They pointed quite a number of single birds, and each had scored some false points. The heat ended at 12:41. Down 1h. 14m. The party then went near Col. Holden's place to lunch.

Orlando beat Oliver Twist.
Cecil a bye.

Final for First Place.

ORLANDO AND CECIL.

They were cast off at 2:05 in weeds. Cecil had the bye in the last series. Orlando pointed a bevy. He stood by the edge of a thick run; the birds were on the opposite side, 10 or 15yds. away. Cecil backed or pointed, standing only a yard or two behind Orlando. Both were steady to wing and shot. After crossing the run Cecil flushed a single bird, and the heat ended soon after. Down 32m. Orlando won. He showed superiority in speed and range. Each had good points, Orlando the better.

Ties for Second Place.

CECIL AND OLIVER TWIST.

The latter was selected as the best dog beaten by Orlando. The heat for second prize began at 3:00. Cecil pointed a single bird, one of the birds of the last bevy found in the last heat, and did a neat piece of work. Oliver, about the same time, pointed several birds very nicely by a fence, and was steady to wing and shot. A circle was taken to get the wind of the scattered birds in some pine woods. Cecil flushed a single; Oliver false-pointed. Each scored a point on a single bird. Cecil false-pointed. Both dogs made a point or two on larks, and each made a false point. On a sidehill in weeds Oliver pointed a bevy; Cecil honored the point. Both dogs were showing signs of fatigue. Oliver won the heat and second. Down 45m. Oliver showed better judgment in working his ground, and had better style on point. This finished the running. Cecil was declared winner of third. Lindo and Count Fauster were called up to run for fourth place, but it was agreed to divide.

SUMMARY.

Eastern Field Trials Club's Derby for 1888, for all setter or pointer puppies whelped on or after January 1, 1887. Four purses: 1st prize $400; 2d, $200; 3d, $100 and 4th, $100; and Breeder's Cup, value $100, to breeder of winner of Derby. Forfeit $10, and $20 additional to fill.

First Series.

Satanella beat Glamorigan.
Oliver Twist beat Roi D'Or.
Lady Piedmont beat Guy.
Lindo beat Petrarch.
Orlando beat Hope's Lass.
Cecil beat Fred.
Maude Foreman beat Glaucus.
Joyce of Hall's Island beat Vic.
Count Fauster beat Vic G.
Miss Monarch beat Mildred.
Count Piedmont beat Felix M.
Stella a bye.

Second Series.

Satanella beat Stella.
Oliver Twist beat Lady Piedmont.
Orlando beat Lindo.
Cecil beat Maude Foreman.
Count Fauster beat Joyce of Hall's Island.
Count Piedmont beat Miss Monarch.

Third Series.

Oliver Twist beat Santanella.
Orlando beat Count Fauster.
Cecil beat Count Piedmont.

Fourth Series.

Orlando beat Oliver Twist.
Cecil a bye.

Final for First Place.

Orlando beat Cecil and won first prize.

Final for Second Place.

Oliver Twist beat Cecil and won second prize.
Cecil third.
Lindo and Count Fauster divided fourth.

THE ALL-AGED SETTER STAKE.

Immediately after deciding first place in the Derby, the running in the Setter Stake was begun. There were eighteen starters, which were drawn to run as follows:

NAT GOODWIN (I. N. Cochran, Philadelphia, Pa.), black, white and tan dog, 3½yrs. (Roderigo—Bo Peep),
against
DAVE R. (Dudley & Fisher, Nashville, Tenn.), lemon and white dog, 2yrs. (Gath's Hope—Daisy F.).

CINCINNATUS (J. E. Dager, Toledo, O.), black, white and tan dog, May 21, 1886 (Count Noble—Dido II.),
against
SADDLEBAGS, black, white and tan bitch, June 25, 1885 (Foreman—Belle of Allendale).

JOEY B. (Memphis & Avent Kennels, Memphis, Tenn.), black, white and tan dog, 5yrs. (Roderigo—Lillian),
against
BOB H. (A. J. Crovatt, Brunswick, Ga.), black, white and tan dog, March 31, 1885 (Count Noble—Belle Boyd).

OLLIE S. (Memphis & Avent Kennels, Memphis, Tenn.) black, white and tan bitch, 3yrs. (Paul Gladstone—Lottie),
against
EFFIE HILL (D. M. Barringer, Philadelphia, Pa.), black, white and tan bitch, 3yrs. (Prince Bergundthal—Donna).

ROGER (L. Gardner, Mt. Vernon, N. Y.), black, white and tan dog, Dec. 13, 1885 (Count Noble—Queen Meg),
against
GALATEA (W. Tallman, New York), black, white and tan bitch, 4yrs. (Mack B.—Choice).

TOLEDO BLADE (J. E. Dager, Toledo, O.), black, white and tan dog, May 20, 1886 (Roderigo—Lillian),
against
CASSIO (Memphis & Avent Kennels, Memphis, Tenn.), black, white and tan dog, 4yrs. (Count Noble—Lizzie Hopkins).

DASHING LADY (H. Colquitt, Richmond, Va.), black, white and tan bitch, 4yrs. (Dashing Rover—Trinket),
against
JOE B. (Bayard Thayer, Boston, Mass.), black, white and tan dog, Sept. 25, 1885 (Baron—Nellie).

JAQUES (C. Tucker, Stanton Depot, Tenn.), lemon and white dog, Oct. 28, 1886 (Fred W.—Queen of the South),
against
JACK MODOC (Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels, Charlottesville, Va.), black and white dog, 2yrs. (Buckellew—Ida).

BRANDON (J. O'H. Denny, Ligonier, Pa.), lemon and white dog, 5yrs. (Royal Rock—Nellie),
against
KING LEO (E. F. Thomas, Denver, Col.), black, white and tan dog, 2yrs. (Count Noble—Ruby).

NAT GOODWIN AND DAVE R.

The former, handled by S. C. Bradley, the latter handled by D. E. Rose, were cast off at 10:45 in an open sedge field. Nat pointed in a hollow. Dave coming a few yards ahead, pointed a rabbit which ran close by Nat when it started; the temptation was too great for Nat and he chased it swiftly out of sight and was gone several minutes. Soon after starting again, Nat pointed a single bird and was steady to wing. Going down wind Nat flushed a single, wheeled to the flush and pointed and held his point; Bradley flushed a bird to the point. Nat roaded nicely to a point; Dave coming in ahead, pointed a bird which flushed wild a moment afterward; Nat held his point and Bradley flushed a bird to it. Moved on, Nat false-pointed. In pine woods Nat pointed; Dave at same time pointed about thirty yards ahead; Rose flushed a bird to the point, shot and missed. Soon after being sent on, each made a false point. Next, both pointed about the same time, Nat a few feet ahead; moved on about ten yards ahead and Dave pointed a single bird; both were steady to shot. Next Dave false-pointed and was backed by Nat. Nat's style was better and he was quicker in his work. The range was about equal. Down 45m. Nat won.

CINCINNATUS AND SADDLEBAGS.

T. M. Aldrich handled Saddlebags. C. Tucker handled Cincinnatus. They were cast off at 11:37. At the end of 45m, nothing had been found. The running was suspended and the party went to lunch at the Holden schoolhouse. At 1:30 they were again cast off. Saddlebags pointed a bevy in pine woods, which flushed wild as the judges were approaching. A circuit was taken to get the wind of the birds. Saddlebags pointed a single nicely in the pines; Aldrich made a very difficult shot, winging the bird; Saddlebags retrieved. Cincinnatus was lost for a few minutes and was found pointing a bird in the open, and was steady to shot. He won. He had much the wider range and better style in going.

BOB H. AND JOEY B.

They were cast off at 2:11. The former was handled by Rose, the latter by Avent. The heat lasted one hour and forty-five minutes. In the first hour but little was done in the way of finding birds. In the latter part there was a fine exhibition of work. Joey refused to back, and did not pick his single birds with the accuracy of Bob H., nor did he range so well or with as much judgment. Joey had better style. Near the finish two bevies were marked down in a thicket close together, and point after point was made as fast as it was possible to mark them down. Bob H. showed great accuracy and steadiness to point and back. It was an interesting part of the heat, and was very rapid work. Bob H. deservedly won.

OLLIE S. AND EFFIE HILL.

The former was handled by Avent, the latter by W. W. Titus. After quite a long search without finding, the dogs struck the trail of a bevy, which they roaded with some difficulty down wind. Ollie took a longer cast down than Effie, got near the birds and soon located. Effie backed. Ollie retrieved. On the scattered birds Ollie made three points. In the woods Ollie made one very nicely and was backed by Effie. When the bird was flushed it flew close by Ollie, and she was slightly unsteady, but immediately was steady to order. Ollie had wider range and a more spirited style of going; both were stylish on point. Ollie won. Down 45m.

ROGER AND GALATEA.

They were cast off at 4:50 and ordered up at 5:23, and the running for the day ended. Aldrich handled Roger, Tallman handled Galatea.

THE ALL-AGED POINTER STAKE.

The All-Aged Pointer Stake had seventeen starters. It was begun on Wednesday, Nov. 22. The quality of the work and the quality of the dogs were not of a high grade. As compared with last year, the stake was decidedly inferior. There was not a single high grade dog in the stake. Birds were not plentiful, which contributed in many instances to make parts of the running very tame and occasionally tiresome. The judges were Messrs. H. B. Duryea, J. R. Henricks and A. Merriam.

The judging as a whole gave satisfaction, although there were some murmurs of discontent. It is always much more difficult to judge dogs of inferior or mixed qualities than to judge uniformly good ones. Dexter, the winner, is far from being a brilliant dog, but on the work done he is entitled to the prize. The judges exercised painstaking care and ability in conducting the competition, and they were correct in their decisions. The time limit, which was observed in this stake, the first test in a public stake, developed some unsettled points; for instance, the point was raised privately that if a dog chased a rabbit in a beat and was gone five or ten minutes, the other dog being held up till his return, the time so lost was so much taken out of the competition of forty-five minutes, and that the limit would have to be correspondingly extended. The weight of opinion has settled to the belief that a minimum time limit is desirable, but beyond that there should be no restrictions placed on the judges in this respect. So far as restraining the disposition to scramble is concerned, it has no effect whatever. On the contrary, it in some instances aggravates the evil. When a handler knows that his dog has done nothing, and that possibly he has only five minutes in which to do something creditable, he is very apt to hurry to an unseemly extent. In a very close heat, the very fact that the hindmost dog has only a few minutes in which to gain an advantage, and the foremost dog has only a few moments in which to hold his lead, develops some of the liveliest kind of competition. With modifications to correct these weak features, the time limit will be adopted, that is, it will be adopted so far as a minimum limit is concerned, the remainder being left to the conditions of the judges as heretofore. As to the minimum time opinions differ, but from thirty to forty-five minutes are the times suggested and advocated.

The dogs were drawn to run as follows:

PONTIAC (Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels, Charlottesville, Va.), liver and white dog, 2½yrs. (Priam—Kent's Baby),
against
LASS OF BOW (Westminster Kennel Club, Babylon, N. Y.), liver and white bitch, March 19, 1884 (Graphic—Climax).

FLASH (Charlottesville Field Trial Kennel, Charlottesville, Va.), liver and white dog, 3yrs. (Don Cæsar—Lucky),
against
ROGER WILLIAMS (Col. C. H. Odell, New York), lemon and white dog, Aug. 20, 1886 (Bang Bang—Lalla Rookh).

JOYCE OF HALL'S ISLAND (O. W. Donner, Beaufort, S. C.), liver and white bitch, March 27, 1887 (Lad of Bow—Bloomo),
against
VANDERBILT (E. W. Durkee, New York), liver and white dog, April 26, 1885 (Dean—Nancy).

CONSOLATION (Col. C. H. Odell, New York), lemon and white dog, Jan. 29, 1885 (Bang Bang—Grace),
against
KING OF KENT (Charlottesville Field Trials Kennels, Charlottesville, Va.), liver and white dog, 2½yrs. (Priam—Kent's Baby).

DUKE OF VERNON (L. Gardner, Mount Vernon, N. Y.), liver and white dog, June 1, 1885 (Glendale—Spotless),
against
GO BANG (O. W. Donner, Beaufort, S. C.), liver and white dog, Feb. 16, 1886 (Graphic—Bloomo).

DEXTER (Bayard Thayer, Boston, Mass.), liver and white dog, 2½yrs. (Nip—Tuck),
against
LALLA ROOKH (Col. C. H. Odell, New York), lemon and white bitch, Dec., 1881 (Sensation—White's Grace).

DUKE OF HESSEN (F. R. Hitchcock, N. Y.), liver and white dog, May 9, 1885 (Luck of Hessen—Blarney),
against
LEBANON (Lebanon Kennels, Lebanon, Pa.), lemon and white dog, Nov. 15, 1885 (Tim—Peg).

FLIRT (F. R. Hitchcock, New York), liver and white bitch, May 2, 1885 (Graphic—Ina),
against
GREENFIELD (Dr. H. G. Preston, Brooklyn, N. Y.), liver and white dog, April 1, 1885 (Bang Bang—Bellona).

OSSIAN (P. T. Madison, Indianapolis, Ind.), liver and white dog, May 5, 1886 (Croxteth—Aminé), a bye.

PONTIAC AND LASS OF BOW.

The heat was begun on the outskirts of the town, the course being toward the Glass House. The quality of the work was not of a very high order. Both dogs started slow, but gradually increased their speed and range. A cool northeast wind blew stiffly, which gradually increased to a high wind. Pontiac pointed a bevy in sedge grass; Lass coming up caught scent and pointed the same bevy, she not having caught sight of Pontiac on point. Buckell failed to flush; the dogs were ordered on and began to road; Pontiac, after going a few yards, located and pointed the bevy, and Buckell shot and a bird dropped. It immediately rose, flew toward the spectators, struck the limb of a tree and dropped to the ground. The dog was not required to retrieve it, the conditions being exceptional. The birds went to an oak thicket and were followed. Lass made a very good point and Pontiac backed well. Several birds flushed; the whirr of one bird rising flushed all the others. Both then began roading and pointing. Lass roaded close by one bird which was flushed afterward; she afterward roaded to a flush. She next pointed a bird accurately and in good style; Pontiac honored it with a stand back. Both were steady to shot. At the expiration of the 45m. Pontiac won. Lass was handled by John White. Their range was nearly equal, and there was no material difference in their average speed. The style of each was very good, both on point and when ranging. Pontiac had more boldness and drew to his birds with more precision, although there was not a pronounced difference in their merits. His style was slightly better.

ROGER WILLIAMS AND FLASH.

They were cast off at 9:13 in sedge, Luke White handling the former and C. E. Buckell handling the latter. In a few minutes after starting Roger stood in the open staunchly; Flash backed prettily about 40yds. away. Roger drew on about 30yds. and pointed the bevy. Both were steady to shot, and Roger retrieved cheerfully and tenderly. On the scattered birds Roger scored another point on a single. Afterward he roaded to a point and Flash backed; no birds found; probably he pointed on the foot scent. Moving on, Roger wheeled to a point quickly and was steady to wing. Next Flash roaded carefully and pointed, but failed to find. On dry leaves Flash pointed and was steady to shot. Flash roaded and located; Buckell killed to the point, Flash made a bad retrieve. Moved on. Roger pointed a bevy and flushed a single; Flash scored a point on the scattered birds. The dogs were ordered up at the end of 45 minutes. Roger won. He displayed greater judgment and quickness on his birds and better style on point. There was no material difference in the range.

JOYCE OF HALL'S ISLAND AND VANDERBILT.

They were started at 10:04. C. E. Buckell handled the former, T. M. Aldrich the latter. The heat, as a whole, was not up to the average in merit, although Joyce made a very nice point, wheeling to it quick and snappy, and pointing staunchly. Joyce had the advantage in range, pace and superiority on birds. They were ordered up at the end of the time limit, and Joyce won.

CONSOLATION AND KING OF KENT.

The heat began at 10:55. Kent opened the work in superior style. He was lost for a few moments; when found he was pointing staunchly in some short grass. McMurdo, his handler, beat the ground out carefully before him, but not finding he ordered him on. The dog refused to move; McMurdo then went closer to him and flushed the bevy, which was huddled close to Kent. Consolation backed to order; both were steady to wing and shot; Kent retrieved poorly and pinched his bird. On scattered birds Kent appeared to be stubborn, and could not be sufficiently controlled. Consolation outworked him completely on the scattered birds; he also retrieved nicely. Kent ranged the wider and had a trifle the greater speed. If he had been manageable and proficient in work on single birds he would have won easily, as he showed greater natural capabilities than Consolation. The heat was a very good working one. Luke White handled Consolation. Down 1h. 15m.

GO BANG AND DUKE OF VERNON.

They were started at 12:20. O. W. Donner handled Go Bang; T. M. Aldrich handled Duke of Vernon. In pine woods Go Bang dropped to a point and was nicely backed by Duke; both were steady to shot; Bang retrieved the bird killed by Donner. Duke pointed a single in the pine woods, which flushed wild. Aldrich killed to Duke's point on a bird by the edge of heavy weeds. The bird fell in a very bad place to retrieve. Duke retrieved it tenderly, but his manner of doing it was indifferent. Moving on a short distance Bang pointed a bevy and Duke honored the point with a very stylish back; both were steady to wing. Bang dropped to a point on one of the birds of the scattered bevy in the pine woods, and a bird flushed wild to the point. Duke next made a point, which proved barren. Bang ran carelessly into several birds, having the wind of them, and dropped to wing. Some more work was done on singles. Go Bang showed a higher grade of work on them besides having the better speed and range, although he was unreliable in his backing. He won. Down 45m.

DEXTER AND LALLA ROOKH.

At 1:55, after lunch, they were cast off in the open field. The former was handled by H. Height, the latter by Luke White. A strong wind blew from the northeast. There was a close competition for superiority on birds. Dexter was the better. Each backed and pointed well. Dexter won at the end of 45m.

LEBANON AND DUKE OF HESSEN.

They were started at 2:52. Lebanon pointed a bevy nicely in open sedge grass and was nicely backed. White killed a bird out of the bevy and Lebanon broke shot, and was not a retriever. The birds went to a thicket of pines close by and were followed. Duke pointed; no bird found. Moved on. Lebanon pointed very close to a single bird; when White flushed it, Lebanon broke in and started to chase, Duke going with him; Lebanon stopped to command, Duke went several yards further. Lebanon was now working under a heavy handicap, a break shot, a break in, and inability to retrieve. Duke also impaired his score by a bad break in or wild chase. While it was done under aggravated conditions, the fact remained that he had done it. The judges ordered the dogs up and consulted a moment, then sent them on. On a hill in weeds Lebanon pointed another bevy; Duke backed. Lebanon was steady when cautioned at the flush of the birds. In pine woods, Lebanon pointed a single nicely. Shortly afterward Duke dropped to a point and Lebanon backed; both were steady to wing and shot. Ordered on, Lebanon found and pointed another bevy, and was nicely backed. When White shot Lebanon was steady to order. Duke drew to a point in sedge; Lebanon backed; no birds to the point. Duke was the stronger goer; both ranged well, Duke being the better ranger. Lebanon had better style on his points. As a finding dog he completely outworked Duke, showing an exquisite nose and good judgment, but he was imperfectly broken; he won. Down 45m. Luke White handled Lebanon, C. Tucker handled Duke.

FLIRT AND GREENFIELD.

They were started at 3:46. John White handled Flirt, S. C. Bradley handled Greenfield. Flirt showed a decided superiority in judgement and ability in finding and pointing birds. She retrieved badly; Greenfield retrieved nicely. Flirt had better style in going. There was not much difference in range. Flirt won. Down 45m. Ossian had a bye. The first series result as follows:

Pontiac beat Lass of Bow.
Roger Williams beat Flash.
Joyce of Hall's Island beat Vanderbilt.
Consolation beat King of Kent.
Go Bang beat Duke of Vernon.
Dexter beat Lalla Rookh.
Lebanon beat Duke of Hessen.
Flirt beat Greenfield.
Ossian a bye.

Second Series.

OSSIAN AND PONTIAC.

This brace began the second series at 4:35. Ossian was handled by Rose. He showed more superiority in work on birds, he having a keen nose, judgment and quickness. Both were staunch on point and back, steady to wing and shot. Pontiac retrieved a bird very badly, mouthing it and mutilating it as he fetched. Ossian showed a higher grade of capabilities. At the expiration of the time limit he won and the running for the day ended.

ROGER WILLIAMS AND JOYCE OF HALL'S ISLAND.

Friday morning was cloudy and dismal. A strong wind, which was almost frosty, blew from the north. Ice had formed during the night on still water and fallow ground was frozen sufficiently to hold a horse. The work of the day was unsatisfactory, due in a great degree to beating about without any settled plan and getting on poor grounds much of the time. The first brace was started at 8:30 near the outskirts of the town. The dogs started off with greater dash and range than they displayed in previous heats. Joyce had a slight advantage in range and style; speed was about equal. Roger opened the work by pointing a bevy in sedge, and was steady to shot and wing. In oak woods Joyce made a good point on two or three birds. Although Joyce worked well on her birds, she did not have the certainty and accuracy of Roger, and was inferior to him in finding capabilities. He found and pointed two bevies in the heat and made several neat points on single birds. Mr. F. R. Hitchcock bought Joyce. Roger won at the end of the time limit.

CONSOLATION AND GO BANG.

They were started at 9:25. Consolation surpassed Bang in speed, style, range, judgment in working his ground and ability to locate and point. He had the heat to his advantage from the start, and never was pressed by his competitor. Consolation did a very pretty piece of work in roading a bevy down wind, but he flushed it on oak leaves near the woods, a flush wholly excusable, as it was impossible to point it under the circumstances. He picked up three good points quickly in succession on singles.

DEXTER AND LEBANON.

They were started at 10:15. Lebanon did not run up to the form of his previous heat, and was not easily handled, not being perfectly broken. With respect to natural capabilities he probably surpassed any pointer in the stake. He was handicappped at the start by not being a retriever. Dexter started with two injured feet, but ran pluckily. The heat, as a whole, was rather inferior, although Lebanon did a very superior piece of work in roading a bevy a long ways through pine woods, locating and pointing it. Dexter gained a slight lead on single birds. While Lebanon was roading the bevy Dexter pointed a single bird in heavy sedge and weeds in a hollow by a branch, and scored a retrieve on the bird. Dexter joined Lebanon in the roading to locate, both secured a point and were steady to shot. The find was Lebanon's. On the scattered birds Dexter showed superiority. At the end of 45m. they were ordered up. After consulting a few minutes the dogs were ordered on for a half hour more. A long search was made without finding. Lebanon pointed near a patch of briers; White failed to flush. Sent on, both dogs began roading slowly and pottered. Lebanon pottered off to the left; Dexter, sent in a few yards ahead and to the right pointed the bevy and was steady to wing. The dogs had the wind of the bevy in the last piece of work and should have roaded it quickly and accurately. The judges consulted nearly a half hour and awarded the heat to Dexter, which was a correct decision under the circumstances. The first series had the following results:

Ossian beat Pontiac.
Roger Williams beat Joyce of Hall's Island.
Consolation beat Go Bang.
Dexter beat Lebanon.
Flirt a bye.

Third Series.

OSSIAN AND FLIRT.

Dogs started at 12:10. Flirt showed a keen nose and fine pointing qualities, but was not quite equal in range or judgment. Ossian false-pointed twice in the beginning of the heat. Near the edge of some pine woods Ossian pointed, then drew on and pointed again. Flirt coming up, caught scent and pointed the bevy. At the rise, White shot and killed three. Flirt made a bad retrieve, doing it slowly and pinching the bird. Ossian retrieved nicely. Flirt was well backed to a good point on a single of the scattered birds, which flushed wild. At the end of 45 minutes the dogs were ordered up, and the running was suspended while the party went to lunch at the Model Farm. At 1:50 the heat was resumed. Ossian pointed a single bird in an open field soon after starting, and was steady to shot. The dogs were run an hour and one-half without finding any more birds. Ossian won. The sudden change in the weather had its effects on the habits of the birds, they not moving from cover to their feeding grounds.

DEXTER AND ROGER WILLIAMS.

Some time was lost in getting dogs and handlers together, owing to the aimless manner in which the whole party drifted about through the grounds. Roger pointed in a hollow on short grass and was well backed. White failed to flush. Dexter was held and Roger given an opportunity to locate without competition, which he failed to do. Both dogs then had an opportunity together. Neither appearing to show signs of finding they were ordered back into the woods. Dexter took a cast further down the bottom, found and pointed the bevy; he was steady to shot and retrieved. The scattered birds were followed into the pine woods. Both pointed nicely on separate birds, and were steady to shot. Moved on, and Dexter followed a single and stood to the flush; Roger backed. On a sidehill Dexter pointed and held it while his handler walked up the hill to him; Roger backed. The birds were scattered in pines where there was no cover for them. Dexter pointed two or three nicely and was nicely backed. Roger pointed to a flush, held his point and White flushed another to it. Dexter pointed, drew on and the bird flushed wild. Moved on and Roger scored next on a single bird and was well backed. Roger flushed, stopped to wing and pointed, and another bird flushed wildly to point. Dexter pointed and Roger backed or pointed on the foot-scent as he was across wind a few yards from it. Near the edge of the pines Roger false-pointed. Taken as a whole Roger had the better range and speed, although not greatly superior. On game Dexter showed superiority in accuracy, quickness and precision. He won at the expiration of the time limit and the running for the day ended. Taken as a whole it was rather a dull day. In the third series

Ossian beat Flirt.
Dexter beat Roger Williams.
Consolation a bye.

Fourth Series.

OSSIAN AND CONSOLATION.

The brace was cast off at 8:30 near town. This was the beginning of the fourth series. There were three dogs in it, thus giving Dexter the bye. He was required to run a side heat at the same time as Ossian and Consolation to place him on an equality of conditions for the next heat. Both dogs started off without much spirit, the cool morning apparently not being to their liking. Ossian showed a disposition to potter occasionally and did not range to find bevies. Consolation was first to find and point a bevy in open sedge; Ossian backed nicely; both were steady to shot and wing. The find and report of the gun stimulated Ossian to range and show keener interest in the work. The bevy was followed across some pine woods. Consolation caught scent and was drawing prettily to a point on a single, when Ossian returning from a cast, crossing some yards ahead of him, wheeled to the point; the bird flushed wild a few moments afterward. Soon after moving on Ossian pointed a bird accurately and was handsomely backed by Consolation; Consolation was a little unsteady to shot. Ossian found and pointed the next bevy and was well backed; both were steady. Moved on and Ossian retrieved a bird nicely which Rose killed to his point; Consolation again backed well, but was slightly unsteady to shot. White, in the open, called point, but his dog was out of sight and the bird flushed before the judges could see the work. A bevy was flushed in the open by one of the party and was marked down and followed. Ossian made a false point. Ossian pointed, drew on, located and pointed; Consolation backed at first but refused to back the second point. At this juncture the time limit expired and Ossian won. Consolation was the wider ranger and better in style; and although he was beaten in the heat he showed a higher grade of all-around work than Ossian

Ossian beat Consolation.
Dexter a bye.

Final for First Place.

DEXTER AND OSSIAN.

The heat began at 9:45, and for a final heat for first place was not a very superior exhibition of work; in fact it was very common work. Neither dog showed much range or speed. Dexter was wearing a buckskin shoe, neatly fitted to his foot, yet there was a perceptible hitch in his gait, caused by his injured foot. How much better he would have run had his feet been uninjured is a matter of conjecture; but from his physical structure, style of going, etc., the inference is that he would not have worked much better had his feet been well. He showed an excellent nose and capabilities of pointing birds. His style of going is not graceful and he has no pretensions to bench show form, being coarse and cobby. Both dogs stopped to a point on foot scent; the judges flushed the bevy some yards away. Ossian pointed a single bird; Rose did not go far enough ahead to flush the bird; he ordered his dog on; taking a short circle Ossian returned, pointed it again, then false-pointed. Ossian and Dexter both pointed a bevy in the open, standing about 20yds. apart. As the judges were just coming out of the woods when the point was made, they did not see which dog pointed first. Height killed two birds which were well retrieved by Dexter. On the scattered birds, Dexter made a good point on two of them and Ossian backed. Ossian, moving up in the woods pointed a single bird about 100yds. away; Dexter in the meantime pointed a single. In a fallen treetop a bird had hidden and Dexter pointed it and was backed well by Ossian. The latter was going better than in his last heat but would stop and potter occasionally. Moved on and Dexter pointed a bevy by a branch; the dogs were ordered up and Dexter won. Down 45m.

The running for second place was postponed till Monday. Ossian, the runner up, having run two heats in one day had the privilege of running for second place on the next available day. Rose Williams was selected to run with him.

SUMMARY.

All-Aged Pointer Stake, open to all pointers that have never won a first prize in an All-Aged Stake at any recognized field trial in America. First prize, $300; second, $150; third, $50; and fourth $50. Forfeit $10, and $20 additional to start.

First Series.

Pontiac beat Lass of Bow.
Roger Williams beat Flash.
Joyce of Hall's Island beat Vanderbilt.
Consolation beat King of Kent.
Go Bang beat Duke of Vernon.
Dexter beat Lalla Rookh.
Lebanon beat Duke of Hessen.
Flirt beat Greenfield.
Ossian a bye.

Second Series.

Ossian beat Pontiac.
Roger Williams beat Joyce of Hall's Island.
Consolation beat Go Bang.
Dexter beat Lebanon.
Flirt a bye.

Third Series.

Ossian beat Flirt.
Dexter beat Roger Williams.

Fourth Series.

Ossian beat Consolation.
Dexter a bye.

Final for First Prize.

Dexter beat Ossian and won first prize.

[*Special to Forest and Stream.*]

HIGH POINT, N. C., Nov. 26.—Ties for second place in pointer stake: Roger Williams and Ossian. The heat for second place was begun at 8:37, near the school house. A cool wind blew from the northwest. Ossian pottered some on the footscent of larks. Both made game on a stubble field and roaded and pointed alternately; neither dog located. After drawing the field the dogs were again brought to where they roaded the bevy. Roger roaded carefully across wind and excusably flushed an outlying bird; then pointed the bevy; he retrieved nicely. In pine woods on the scattered birds, Roger false-pointed. Next he pointed a bevy and made three points in succession to Ossian's one, on some scattered birds. Both working together pointed and the bird flushed wild. At the end of the extra thirty minutes Roger won. He had better range, style and more uniform speed. Ossian was awarded third. Consolation and Lebanon divided fourth.

The setter stake was begun at 10:02. Roger beat Galatea, Toledo Blade beat Cassio, Joey B. beat Dashing Lady, Jack Modoc beat Jaquies, King Leo beat Brandon. Memphis and Avent Kennels have sold Orlando to J. Simpkins, New York, and Joey B. to R. P. Carroll, New York.

AMERICAN FIELD TRIAL CLUB ENTRIES.

CINCINNATI, O., Nov. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Inclosed please find nominations for All-Aged Stake of American Field Trial Club, which closed on Nov. 10, 1888. —C. W. PARIS, Sec'y.

SETTERS.

BOHEMIAN GIRL (W. G. Mellier, Kansas City, Mo.), black, white and tan bitch, May, 1885 (Count Noble—Mollie Belton).

DAVE R. (Dudley & Fisher, Nashville, Tenn.), lemon and white dog, April, 1886 (Gath's Hope—Daisy F.).

BRANDON (John Denny, Ligonier, Pa.), lemon and white dog, April, 1883 (Royal Rock—Lewis's Nellie).

DIMPLE (Fred W. Myles, Memphis, Tenn.), white, black and tan bitch, February, 1887 (Gordon—Blanche).

BOB (Fred W. Myles, Memphis, Tenn.), white and black dog, 1886 (Count Osborne—Bess).

MAY QUEEN (Fred W. Myles, Memphis, Tenn.), white and black bitch, 1888 (Dan J.—Lady May).

KING'S MARK (Chas. W. Barker, Majors, Neb.), blue belton dog, April 12, 1886 (King Noble—Belle Belton).

QUEEN NOBLE (Chas. W. Barker, Majors, Neb.), blue belton bitch, April 12, 1886 (King Noble—Belle Belton).

LOTTIE C. (Chas. W. Barker, Majors, Neb.), light orange and white bitch, Jan. 15, 1887 (King Noble—Queen Vashti).

MAUD (Bert Crane, Chicago, Ill.), black, white and tan bitch, June 24, 1883 (Dog Whip—Harrison's Juno).

LITTLE GIFT (Bert Crane, Chicago, Ill.), black, white and tan bitch (Roderigo—Queen Bess).

NELLIE CAMBRIDGE (Richard Dorman, Cincinnati, O.), black, white and tan bitch, June 18, 1885 (Racket—Daisy Cambridge).

ROWEY B. (Herbert Bevaus, Lamar, Miss.), black, white and tan bitch, December, 1886 (Roderigo—Juno A.).

EFFIE HILL (W. W. Titus, Montpelier, Miss.), black, white and tan bitch (Prince B.—Donna).

TIPTON (Poindexter & Tipton, Mason, Tenn.), black and white dog, December, 1886 (Gath's Mark—Vic).

JOEY B. (Memphis & Avent Kennels, Memphis, Tenn.), black, white and tan dog (Roderigo—Lillian).

CLAUDE (Memphis & Avent Kennels, Memphis, Tenn.), black, white and tan dog (Roderigo—Lillian).

CINCH (Memphis & Avent Kennels, Memphis, Tenn.), black, white and tan bitch (Roderigo—Bo Peep).

OLLIE S. (Memphis & Avent Kennels, Memphis, Tenn.), black, white and tan bitch (Paul Gladstone—Lottie).

CASSIO (Memphis & Avent Kennels, Memphis, Tenn.), black, white and tan dog (Count Noble—Lizzie Hopkins).

POINTERS.

SACHEM (Mitchell Harrison, Philadelphia, Pa.), black, white and tan dog, 1885 (Beaufort—Zuba).

LORD GRAPHIC (John R. Daniels, Cleveland, O.), liver and white dog, Feb. 8, 1885 (Champion Graphic—Daphne).

CROXTETH FREELAND (J. J. Rooney, Kansas City, Mo.), liver and white dog, March 10, 1886 (Croxteth—Lady Bow).

PONTIAC (Field Trial Kennels, Charlottesville, Va.), liver and white dog, January, 1886 (Milton Bang II.—Climax).

GO BANG (O. W. Donner, Coosaw, S. C.), liver and white dog, March, 1886 (Graphic—Bloomo).

JOYCE OF HALL'S ISLAND (O. W. Donner, Coosaw, S. C.), liver and white bitch, March 24, 1887 (Lad of Bow—Bloomo).

FLIRT (F. R. Hitchcock, New York, N. Y.), liver and white bitch, May 2, 1885 (Graphic—Ina).

DUKE OF HESSEN (F. R. Hitchcock, New York. N. Y.), liver and white dog, May 9, 1885 (Luck of Hessen—Blarney).

LAD OF BOW (Westminster Kennel Club, Babylon, N. Y.), liver and white dog, March 19, 1884 (Graphic—Climax).

LASS OF BOW (Westminster Kennel Club, Babylon, N. Y.), liver and white bitch, March 19, 1884 (Graphic—Climax).

LEBANON (Lebanon Kennels, Lebanon, Pa.), liver and white dog, Nov. 15, 1885 (Tim—Peg).

CONSOLATION (Col. C. H. Odell, New York, N. Y.), lemon and white dog, Jan. 29, 1885 (Bang Bang—Grace III.).

ROGER WILLIAMS (Col. C. H. Odell, New York, N. Y.), lemon and white dog, Aug. 20, 1886 (Bang Bang—Lallah Rookh).

FUN (J. B. Cartwright, Augusta, Ga.), liver and white dog, 1887 (Mainspring—Rosa).

THE SPANIELS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I think Mr. Watson hit the nail square on the head when he gave Mr. Fellows that little jab about his judging at Philadelphia last year. Fellows had been singing the praises of the "giraffe" spaniel for so long, and yet, as Mr. Watson remarked, when it came to judging, or rather picking them out, at Philadelphia, he slumped right over to the present type, acknowledging thereby the superiority of it, which of course—save in some of the extremes of type—is the proper one.

Surely the cocker of to-day is "eminently well built, graceful and active," and right up to the standard too. Take Obo II., Shina, Doc, Brant, Baby Obo or any of the champion class of dogs, and Jersey, Dolly Obo, Chloe W., Mike, Dandy W., and others, in the open class, and you will find nothing slow among them. The "giraffes" would be given a pretty good race with any one of them. It savors of the old cry of field *versus* bench, when it has been proven over and over again, that a majority of the crack sporting dogs on the bench are thorough-going field dogs as well. Among my lot I have one, an exemplification of the "long and low" (so-called), almost an "extreme;" short straight legs; long silky ear; dark eye and coat like polished ebony; she can not only "knock out" any of "the poet's" dogs on the bench (never been exhibited yet, I am holding her back for just this sort of an occasion), but she can beat any of the "giraffes" for a hundred or a thousand yards run for "marbles or for fun," as Mr. Fellows has occasion to remark once in a while.

The present style is "long and low,"
For Mr. Fellows told us so.
But when he gets mad once in a while,
His brain gets working; he changes his style,
The "long and low" he stops to revile,
And says they are all *à la* "crocodile."
But we listen demurely with a quiet laugh,
For Fellows' dogs are all *à la* "giraffe."
(*A long way after Fellows.*)

STAMFORD. AN ONLOOKER.

DOG TALK.

WE are sure that this note will strike a responsive sentiment in the breast of every lover of the dog: *Editor Forest and Stream:* Recently I had the pleasure of seeing that grand St. Bernard Plinlimmon, but (in my opinion) unless he receive better treatment, within six months he will be a dead dog. Plin is grossly fat and his coat stands out "every way for Sunday." Plin's keeper (a property man connected with the Emmet Company) is not familiar with dogs and Plin is confined most of the time in a hamper. Poor Plin, I am sorry for you. The Hartford *Times* says that Plin's support was the best Emmet had. As Plin was on the stage about 30 seconds your readers can draw their own inference as to the quality of the support. I do not believe Plin has been washed or groomed since his arrival from England. I sincerely hope that Mr. J. K. Emmet will secure some person to look after Plin who knows something about dogs and that Plin may receive treatment due this peer of dogs of his breed.—A. C. COLLINS. Mr. Emmet has declared that he will not show Plinlimmon on the bench in this country. Perhaps some enterprising bench show manager may secure the dog to be shown not for competition.

The November number of the *American Kennel Register* had 110 pedigree records, making the total number now registered 6776. There is a paper on the cocker spaniel by Dr. Boulton (reprinted), an essay on Kennel Management (the first of a series), relating specially to the treatment of distemper, which is useful; and the summary and prize list of the American Coursing Club Meet, Hempstead Coursing Club, Indiana Field Trials, Kansas City Show, Richmond Show, St. Paul Show and the St. Bernard Club's Show (England). The *Register* is maintaining its character, won long ago, for usefulness as a convenient work of records for ready reference. How well the class of owners, whose interests the *Register* was established to second, appreciate it is shown by the large number of entries, that for November being above the average. The next number will close the volume for the year, and all the entries received in season for the December number will have the advantage of being included in the index for the year.

Mr. Emerson Dillon, of No. 10 Market street, Scranton, Pa., has lost his much-prized black and tan toy terrier bitch Topsy. She was sent to the Buffalo show, took first in her class and disappeared. The supposition is that some one forced the door of her cage. The police were notified, but all efforts to find her have proved of no avail. Mr. Dillon describes her thus: "Topsy weighed five pounds or a little under, was very correctly marked: neck, on underside, breast and under part of body and tail almost bare; ears not trimmed, rather long and erect; a trifle of white hair in middle of breast; one quite noticeable scar just at base of right ear; very active and quick and fond of play."

"The first time a fox has ever taken to a tree to escape the hounds occurred here near this place the other day," says a West Chester, Pa., despatch to the New York *Times*. Jefferson Shaner, a well-known Chester Valley hunter, was the man, and the fox was driven forty feet up a tree; and the skin will be stuffed and preserved as the only fox known to have climbed a tree. There is nothing new about this feat of the fox; our columns have contained many records of like instances.

Misery makes strange bedfellows, and the show to be given by the Northern Illinois Poultry and Pet Stock Association will bring together an odd lot worthy of Noah's ark. Dogs will be asked to show themselves along with squirrels, rabbits, jack rabbits, hares, coons, prairie dogs, ferrets, Guinea pigs, white rats, tame fox, monkey, gray wolf, woodchuck, deer, bear, ponies and other Barnum's Museum creatures.

There is some satisfaction in setting out to accomplish an undertaking requiring skill, care and judgment, and in ac-

complishing the end sought. This is what has been done by Dr. M. H. Cryer, of Philadelphia, in his breeding of prize-winning pugs. Dr. Cryer set out with the intention of sweeping the decks, and he went to work to do this not in the easiest way—by buying prize winners ready-made—but by his own breeding. He was looking for the satisfaction of a victory self-won, and a satisfaction which is not to be found in a victory bought. The names of pugs put forward by Dr. Cryer have been familiar to the bench show attendants of 1887 and 1888. They were Champion Max, Doctor, Champion Dude, Imported Othello, Champion Bessie, Daisy and Vesta. The record he made shows that out of sixteen leading shows the above dogs won every first prize offered in open classes except four, and all of the champion prizes they were eligible for except one. In puppies' prizes they won five first out of eight competed for, and three second. Dr. Cryer announces that some of his string are for sale, and we hope that the blood may be widely diffused.

We learn that it is the intention of an ardent admirer of the reds to bring out to this country a string of at least four of the best Irish setters he can find for money on the other side.

PRACTICAL JUDGING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In my letter of Nov. 15 a printer's error fails to make clear a point I made. In writing of Mr. Wade running down the Crown Prince mastiffs I then said: "At the same time he breeds [not holds] to Orlando." That dog, be it understood, was so bad on his legs he could hardly walk.

My concluding sentence: "Mastiffs are 'fancy' from one end to the other, and about the only dogs I know of that are not are business bull-terriers and greyhounds," may seem altogether too strong, yet if we are to consider adaptability to work and then take up any of the standards and scale of points and consider how many of the 100 points really mean anything in the dog's work, a very small modicum of salt will be needed to make the assertion pass. Let us take the breeds in the usual catalogue order.

Mastiffs.—The work of a mastiff is alleged to be that of a watchdog and protector. Can any one be bold enough to advance the statement that in order to make a mastiff a good watchdog it is necessary that he should have a square muzzle, a massive head, ears of a certain size and hung in a certain manner, that his coat must be of a certain quality and denseness, and his tail of a certain length and carried in a certain manner? Not one of these show essentials renders its possessor any better qualified to bark at the approach of a stranger or to prevent his appropriating property belonging to his master.

St. Bernards.—I must admit my ignorance of any practical use for these dogs as a breed. As the Hospice dogs are admittedly cross-bred animals, it stands to reason that their duties can be learned by any sensible cross-bred dog which is afforded the opportunity they have had.

Newfoundlands.—Requirements, those of a waterdog. Most waterdogs have curly coats, and the size and shape of a dog's head has nothing to do with his swimming powers. In the otterhound standard we are told that the long, pendulous folding ear is necessary to keep water from reaching the interior. Why is it not also necessary in the Newfoundland? I should fancy that a Chesapeake Bay coated dog, or one with an Irish spaniel's jacket, would be infinitely preferable for a waterdog than the heavy flat-coated animal the English people say is a Newfoundland. I admit the grandeur of the dog of to-day, but where does the practical work come in?

Great Danes.—I believe some use could be made of these dogs in the West to hunt wolves. I have heard of at least one successful experiment with one that did possess "nose." If this is the practical side of the breed, then racing lines must be followed, but at present scale points govern. I should like it to be understood that we have nothing in this country that could get anywhere near the front at a good English show.

Deerhounds.—Here we are on the fence. A dog is wanted to pull down a wounded deer, and capable of racing over a rough, broken country. This requires excellent conformation, but the standard calls for so many other things to fill the bill that it is no small matter to draw the line between fancy and form. On form I should have placed Mr. Thayer's third-prize bitch over his second-prize winner at Buffalo, but she had not the "standard" coat in quality or length, and I followed in the steps of my predecessors in placing a bad-shaped deerhound over a good-shaped animal more on the old rough Scotch greyhound order.

Greyhounds.—A dog which first, last and all the time must indicate the highest order of speed. Equality in this respect then gives play for fancy points.

Pointers and Setters.—Where dog shows are yet unknown these are called "bird dogs," and they do their work irrespective of standards. The better shaped the dog is, on speed lines, the more certain is he to travel with greater ease to himself and therefore runs the longer, but speed without the ability to do the particular work required of them is only so much the greater drawback. The fact that so many good field dogs are no use for showing does not prove that show dogs are no use in the field, but that the points on which much stress is laid in shows are many of them non-essentials for practical work.

Spaniels.—I had the task set me at Buffalo of awarding a prize for the best team of working spaniels. I declined to undertake to say in a show ring which were the better working dogs. Mr. John Davidson and Mr. Mason were then harnessed double to the task. Mr. Davidson said the longer-legged dogs were the ones he would take for choice if he were going shooting. I didn't see him when he made this announcement, but I will undertake to say that he put his left hand in the left-hand pocket of his coat, stuck his right into its buttoned-up front, and looked at Mr. Mason as much as to say, "That settles it." Mr. Mason then whispered in a loud tone of voice into Mr. Davidson's right ear, "We must admit that these fellows who drew up the standard knew what kind of a dog they wanted for the work required, and a working dog must therefore be one that comes nearest the standard." There they stuck, and Mr. Tom Aldrich, when he was called into the ring to decide the point, shook his head and said they couldn't prove anything about spaniels by him; he knew, but the momentous secret was too precious to give away. These are the points, and I need say no more.

Collies.—Wanted, a dog to run after sheep and to keep to his work for a long time and in any sort of weather. This calls for a good-shaped dog—not too large or heavy—a dog with good shoulders, good action and freedom, and possessing a weather-resisting coat. The head properties, the ear (size and carriage), mane, frill and carriage of tail are all "fancy." That well-bred collies are not all lunkheads I can demonstrate to any one's satisfaction. Glenlivat, the best dog ever bred in this country, was a natural worker, and was used at the Philadelphia drove yards up to a day or two of his being sent to the Buffalo show last year. Kenilworth, third prize winner at Buffalo last September, is reckoned to be about the best dog now used about the drove yards. In fact, so much does Charley Raftery think of him, that he won't hear of my having him back to my kennels. Juno (Brack—Dora) is a natural worker, and will drive cattle, sheep, poultry or anything else. Glenlivat's puppies, the only litter he had, were all natural workers. I simply say that to show that while good looks and work are not always found together, it is not necessary to divorce them all the time.

Terriers.—These may be lumped together. The working terrier is not a show terrier, but the show terrier may be a workman. Their points are nearly all arbitrary, as I think every one will admit without discussion, and toys need not be touched upon in consideration of practical points.

JAS. WATSON.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 20.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I thought I would awaken "Porcupine." He has been so concerned of late with affairs most unworthy of him, that he needed some such sting as a dig at "fancy" to bring him back to verdant pastures. Funny how it is, that although Mr. Watson is the freest from "fancy" in judging any breed that I know anything of, he should perpetrate the absurdity he repeats as to the collie's head, I am full as willing to take it as he states it now, as the way I put it. It is sufficient to prove my case vs. "fancy" to have the statement that a majority of dogs are not "typical" in their maturity. It is a complete admission that true "type" is not the thing wanted, but a fancier's ideal, and it is just this unnatural trick of fancy in putting up a creation of notion as a characteristic of a breed that awakens my wrath at her antics. Harking back, perhaps, I may now reveal that it was at my urgent request that mastiffs were assigned to Mr. Watson at the Buffalo show. Uncle Dick wanted a good judge who wasn't too devoted to "fancy," and I told him that there was only one—Mr. Watson. (Lest Mr. Mason might properly hurl "delicacy" at me, I would explain that I was dead sure that neither Baldur, Elgiva or Cambria could be in shape to stand any chance of winning, and it was nine to one that Emma would not arrive from England in time.)

But to the purpose; Mr. Watson falls into the same error as Mr. Curt Rice (of course Mr. W. couldn't express himself the same way). My repeated breeding to Orlando does not in any way antagonize my radical objections to the dog himself as a specimen. In the first place I bred a bitch to him so strong in his weak points that she minimized the risk of perpetuation of them; but still more, Orlando was an exception among dogs in that he did not perpetuate his faults in his get. Only when he was bred to his own daughter did he beget his beastly straight hocks and preposterous head, while he did give his general substance and volume of skull. I have bred his daughter to his best son, and so far the pups promise as good hocks as their dam, but I must confess I am not delighted with the degree of snub nose they are threatened with. I think breeders most commonly mistake on this point; they are not careful enough to note just what the effect of the stud dog has been in eliminating the defects or increasing the merits of certain bitches. On this ground I claim that no stud dog ever achieved the success that Lord Raglan did when he got Sears' Monarch; he completely swamped the glaring defects of his dam, and got better than himself and the dam combined.

No, no, Mr. Watson; it was not Ilford Caution that I had in mind, but Crown Prince. This dog was bepraised to the skies, while directly contradicting the standard his very judges and commenders themselves set up, and the absurdity of "fancy" was most completely shown in that his horribly straight hocks and very undershot muzzle (directly opposite to the standard) were not held as great objection as his Dudley front, a purely "fancy" point. In fact I had heard his brown markings deplored time and again before I found out he was such a contradiction to the requirements of the standard in hocks and muzzle. Again, no, no, my friend; most mastiffs are big yellow dogs, but they are and always have been short and broad-headed dogs, but I do kick most vigorously when "fancy" condones any amount of bodily or leggy defects on account of extra and unreasonable shortness of muzzle; "short" is not the "shortest possible" by a very long chalk. The longest-faced mastiff you ever saw was "short" in comparison with a greyhound or your pet collie type. There is no reasonable objection to breeding mastiffs even twice as short-faced as the best are now. It is entirely a matter of taste and opinion, but it is the rankest of rot to say that this abnormal shortness atones for glaring bodily defects.

Are all (or even many) mastiffs purely "fancy" animals? Just you wait young man, wait until you live without a house in sight of yours and can go away, leaving nobody but the wife at home, and feel as safe as though you had a policeman on guard. Do you remember how old Gipsey bristled up and growled at you when you undertook to scrape some scurf off Europa with a knife? Well, you will admit that she wasn't "fancy," but I can tell you that Wacouta Persephone, Wacouta Rose (granddaughters of Crown Prince) Ilford Cambria (C. P.'s own daughter) or Winifred, the grand-daughter of Rajah, would have been just as quick to do the same thing. It is so inherent in mastiffs that even the doubly-cursed poison of "fancy" hasn't succeeded in getting it out of their blood. How soon it will is another question.

No, sir! I do not admit that fanciers have made dogs more symmetrical in their appearance. Compare the photos of Colonel or Turk, the "long-faced lurchers," with those of Crown Prince or Orlando, and it is Hyperion to a Satyr. Do you yourself say that the ridiculous animal recently figured in the *Stock-Keeper* as a spaniel is as handsome as the figures of grace, activity and beauty that used to be drawn for spaniels? Where are you going to find your collie that is as handsome as the pictures in Vero Shaw, "Dogs of the British Islands," or "British Dogs?" Doubtless the modern pets are the better "specimens," but not as beautiful by a long shot. Finally, the very judge I have been begging for, and the very principles I have insisted on, are what Mr. Watson sets forth *apropos* of his own Buffalo judging.

W. WADE.

HULTON, Pa., Nov. 17.

"OUR PRIZE DOGS."

Editor Forest and Stream:

A friend whose advice in dog matters I most highly value once said to me, "Read everything that Charles Mason writes." It followed that I must have "Our Prize Dogs," and now that I have it I realize more than ever the value of my friend's advice.

I have never had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Mason, but my admiration for the thorough, undoubted and manly honesty which pervades his writings as well as his extraordinary gifts as a critic is so nearly akin to enthusiasm that I cannot help giving expression to it in these lines. I do not pretend to judge of the value of the book in its entirety, but I have reached my favorable opinion of it by an induction. I turned to my favorite breed of dogs, one almost unknown in America, and found that the four prize winning specimens of 1887, all of which I have seen and studied, were criticised with an accuracy and minuteness that was astonishing. If this may be taken as a sample of what the book is, and if I may estimate *ex pede Herculem*, truly the work is a wonderful monument of industry and ability.

Mr. Mason's method of leading up by details to his verdicts and thereby, if not actually proving them, at least making them as susceptible of proof as is possible in such matters, seems to me to be a great step in the right direction. It will enable thinking people to take more interest in well bred dogs. In this book we have the theoretical standard of points applied to flesh and blood animals, and the often incomprehensible decisions in the ring flooded with light.

I consider the volume to be a mine of golden information to the American dog breeder, and if not actually his *vade mecum*, certainly a *sine qua non*.

W. H. RUSSELL.

DICKINSON CENTRE, Franklin County, N. Y.

CONNECTICUT CLUB.—A regular meeting of the Connecticut State Kennel Club will be held at Atlantic Hotel, Bridgeport, Monday evening, Dec. 3. As we wish to claim dates for our bench show, we should like to have every member attend who possibly can.—DR. JAS. E. HAIR, Sec.

KENNEL NOTES.

Notes must be sent on prepared blanks, which are furnished free on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope of large letter size. Sets of 200 of any one form, bound for retaining duplicates, are sent for 30 cents.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Daisy G. By Mount Waite Kennels, South Framingham, Mass., for black and white cocker spaniel bitch, whelped Dec. 27, 1887, by Jet (Wildair—Bird) out of Beauty (Brag—Daisy C.).

Bob Lee, Monnie, Jolley's Tom and Sue. The dog Thom, in pedigree of these dogs (in Names Claimed, Nov. 15), was incorrectly given as Thorn.

Gordon. By J. D. Sperry, Iowa City, Ia., for all dogs of that blood of his breeding, as a suffix.

BRED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Josephine—Snowflight. A. Q. Riddle's (Mt. Sterling, Ky.) greyhound bitch Josephine (Sport— ——) to Rockwood Kennels' Snowflight, Nov. 10.

Allie Hunt—Snowflight. Lee Steadman's (Lexington, Ky.) greyhound bitch Allie Hunt (Custer— ——) to Rockwood Kennels' Snowflight, Nov. 12.

Behu—Mission. Don Piatt's (West Liberty, O.) mastiff bitch Behu to J. M. Harner's Mission (A.K.R. 5912), Nov. 10.

Gypsey—Tom Thumb. Dr. F. A. Smith's (Lehighton, Pa.) pug bitch Gypsey to G. W. Fisher's Tom Thumb (Boggie—Darkey).

Alpine—Merchant Prince. Dr. Geo. W. Sawtelle's (Malden, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Alpine (Bayard, Jr.—Sappho) to Chas. G. Wheelock's Merchant Prince (champion Merchant Prince—champion Miranda), Nov. 22.

Jet Obo—Black Pete. H. D. Brown's (Waterbury, Vt.) cocker spaniel bitch Jet Obo (A.K.R. 4810) to J. P. Willey's Black Pete (A.K.R. 3071), May 18.

Lady Madge—Baby Obo. H. D. Brown's (Waterbury, Vt.) cocker spaniel bitch Lady Madge (A.K.R. 5293) to J. P. Willey's Baby Obo (Obo II.— ——), July 25.

Phyllis—Black Pete. H. D. Brown's (Waterbury, Vt.) cocker spaniel bitch Phyllis (A.K.R. 5293) to J. P. Willey's Black Pete (A.K.R. 3071), Sept. 18.

Daisy G.—Sancho G. Mount Waite Kennels' (South Framingham, Mass.) cocker spaniel bitch Daisy G. (Jet—Beauty) to their Sancho G. (A.K.R. 6506), Nov. 20.

WHELPS.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Fancy Maida. Crystal Springs Kennels' (Duanesburgh, N. Y.) collie bitch Fancy Maida (Logan—Fantilla), Nov. 11, nine (two dogs), by Dr. Cloud (Clyde LIII.—Cloud's Beauty).

Portia II. Jacob M. Harner's (West Liberty, O.) mastiff bitch Portia II. (A.K.R. 5512), Nov. 10, six (two dogs), by his Mission (A.K.R. 5912).

Tra-la-la. Geo. W. Fisher's (Catawissa, Pa.) pug bitch Tra-la-la (champion Young Toby—Tantrums), Oct. 10, five, by champion Max; all since dead.

Fairy II. Fairy Pug Kennels' (Columbus, O.) pug bitch Fairy II. (A.K.R. 6554), Nov. 8, six (four dogs), by A. E. Pitts's Kash (A.K.R. 6632).

Carrie. F. C. Rochester's (Logan, O.) pointer bitch Carrie (Seitner's Lort—champion Lady Croxteth), Nov. 19, ten (seven dogs), by J. D. Haynie's Meteor II. (champion Meteor—Beulah).

Verona. Bryn Mawr Kennels' (Philadelphia, Pa.) pointer bitch Verona (Day's Prince—Vandalia), Nov. 3, six (four dogs), by their Bang (Price's champion Bang—Salter's Luna).

Phyllis. H. D. Brown's (Waterbury, Vt.) cocker spaniel bitch Phyllis (A.K.R. 5293), Nov. 20, six (three dogs), by J. P. Willey's Black Pete (A.K.R. 3071).

Jet Obo. H. D. Brown's (Waterbury, Vt.) cocker spaniel bitch Jet Obo (A.K.R. 4810), July 20, nine (four dogs), by J. P. Willey's Black Pete (A.K.R. 3071).

Lady Madge. H. D. Brown's (Waterbury, Vt.) cocker spaniel bitch Lady Madge (A.K.R. 5293), Sept. 20, four (one dog), by J. P. Willey's Baby Obo (Obo II.— ——).

Daisy. F. F. McGuire's (Bangor, Me.) Yorkshire terrier bitch Daisy, Nov. 3, three dogs, by P. H. Coombs's Bradford Harry (Crawshaw's Bruce—Beale's Lady).

SALES.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

The Gypsey. White, black and tan beagle bitch, whelped March 25, 1887, by champion Cameron's Racket out of Marjory, by Geo. H. Hill, Madeira, O., to F. C. Rochester, Logan, O.

Roscoe (A.K.R. 6529)—Minnie (A.K.R. 6529) whelp. Black, tan and white collie dog, whelped Aug. 30, 1888, by F. C. Smith, Groton, N. Y., to M. C. Howe, same place.

Fleet View Queen. Liver and white pointer bitch, whelped July 24, 1888, by Spot Dash out of Belle Randolph, by Fleet View Pointer Kennels, Lynn, Mass., to J. D. Nichols, same place.

Kitchen Girl. Pug bitch, whelped Aug. 28, 1888, by Douglass II. out of Rose, by Geo. W. Fisher, Catawissa, Pa., to G. W. Wambach, Baltimore, Md.

Little Girl. Pug bitch, whelped Aug. 28, 1888, by Douglass II. out of Rose, by Geo. W. Fisher, Catawissa, Pa., to E. E. Parnell, Spencer, Ia.

Hayseed. Pug dog, whelped Aug. 28, 1888, by Douglass II. out of Rose, by Geo. W. Fisher, Catawissa, Pa., to Al G. Eberhardt, Cincinnati, O.

Zip. Gordon setter dog, age and pedigree not given, by Jos. M. Rowell, 2d, Citra, Fla., to John F. Williams, Lynn, Mass.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

J. B. F., Elizabeth City, N. C.—I have a fine pup. He hunts and stands well, but the day after the hunt he is very lame in his right forefoot; it seems to swell and look larger than his other feet. What treatment would you recommend? Age 18 months, and good size, and splendid appetite. Ans. Get some chloroform liniment and rub it into the affected part morning and evening. It is either rheumatic or the result of strain or sprain.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 18.—The shooting matches at Shell Mound Park yesterday were well attended by the ambitious marksmen of the many rifle clubs of the city. Captain Siebe, the proprietor of the park, had a flock of plump turkeys on the grounds to be competed for. The San Francisco Schuetzen Verein were on hand to compete for the yearly medals. The club is composed of the leading German marksmen, and their friendly rivalry in the contests is always marked by a convivial banquet, which is usually tendered to the winner. The happy man to-day was H. A. Kurlfinke, who has defended his prize in the second class against all comers for the past year, and is now the permanent owner of the trophy. The scores as shown in the following list are very good: San Francisco Schuetzen Verein—First-class medal, William Ehrenfort, 383 rings; second-class medal, H. A. Kurlfinke, 365 rings; third-class medal, F. W. Attiarius, 377 rings; fourth-class medal, L. Bendell, 330 rings. The match pool shot between D. F. Roulter and A. Johnson was won by Johnson, with the unusually heavy score of 87. Swiss Rifle Club of Oakland:

W Marligoni	4 5 5 4 5—23	G Gilardi	4 5 4 5 4—22
P Pellunde	3 5 4 4 5—21	L Gilardi	4 3 4 3 4—19
P O Mouri	4 4 4 4 4—20	G Pelunde	3 5 3 4 4—19
W Marligoni	4 3 5 5 5—22		

Company F, 1st Infantry:

	500yds.	200yds.
H L Pendleton	4545555544—46	5444444454—42
R B Kittridge	4455445335—42	5445444424—38
Loughery	4453444434—39	5444344433—38

Company F, 5th Infantry, monthly medal shooting: Corporal Cobbledick 41, Corporal Wethern 40, Parsons 37, Lieutenant Hayes 38, Cobbledick 37, Morrison 37, Terrill 36, Bangle 35, Short 35, Brewer 30, Hunt 28. The grand turkey and pig shoot, the prizes provided by Captain Siebe, will take place next Sunday.

WELLINGTON, Del., Nov. 24.—The regular weekly shooting at Healdmoor Rifle Range, which was prevented by rain on Monday afternoon, took place this afternoon. The attendance was smaller than usual, but the lack of numbers was made up by steady, unceasing work, which resulted in some fine scores and an enjoyable time. The marksmen were obliged to contend with a tricky 7 to 9 o'clock wind, which blew across the range with variable force during the entire afternoon. The scores are as follows. Standard American target, at 200yds. off-hand:

Continuous Prize Match.

JF McCafferty	10	8	9	7	10	7	9	8	9	6—83
J Fenton	10	6	10	10	7	7	6	6	5	7—74
J Ferguson	7	7	5	8	9	7	8	7	5	6—71
H Simpson	6	8	7	8	7	8	5	7	8	7—71
H Johnson	6	4	10	5	4	7	8	5	7	8—64

Record Practice.

H Simpson	5	7	6	7	9	7	9	5	9	7—71
J Ferguson	4	5	3	4	8	9	8	8	9	10—68
W Floyd (mil)	9	6	6	6	5	3	5	6	6	6—58
H Simpson (mil)	7	3	9	7	3	6	8	4	5	4—56
S M Wood (mil)	3	5	9	8	2	4	4	8	5	0—54

Military Match, 200yds., Creedmoor Target.

Colonel Wood	3	4	5	5	3	4	4	5	4	4—41
I R P Simpson	4	4	3	4	4	4	4	4	4	5—40
Lieutenant Floyd	5	4	4	4	4	3	4	4	4	4—40

Revolver Match, 50yds., Standard American Target.

E J Darlington	5	8	7	8	3	10	10	10	6	7—74
G W Darlington	2	8	7	9	5	10	6	6	5	4—59
W Pratt	4	2	4	2	9	3	6	4	10	5—49
E Darlington	2	3	2	5	6	8	7	4	4	2—43

There will be shooting at Healdmoor Rifle Range, Wilmington, Del., all day Thanksgiving, beginning at 9:30 A. M. In addition to a bullseye match a cash prize match will continue during the day under the following conditions: Standard American target at 200yds., two best scores of five shots to count, with an allowance of two points each score for military rifles. Entrance fee, 50 cents; re-entries unlimited at 25 cents each. Prizes divided as follows: 25, 20, 15, 10 and 5 per cent. of the receipts, no sighting shots allowed for the match, but competitors may have access to the bullseye target at any time.

BOSTON, Nov. 24.—A large number of shooters visited the Walnut Hill range to-day, and the shooting was lively in all the matches. Mr. Fellows' scores with the 22-100 pistol are exceptionally fine. On Thursday (Thanksgiving) the regular matches will be open for rifle and pistol. Following are the best scores:

Fifty Consecutive Shots, 50yds, 22-100 Pistol.

J B Fellows	10	10	10	10	9	8	9	10	8	9—93
	9	8	10	9	7	10	10	10	10	9—92
	9	7	10	9	10	8	10	9	8	9—90
	9	9	6	9	8	8	10	8	10	10—88
	10	10	8	9	9	9	9	10	10	8—93—456

Pistol Match, 50yds.

J B Fellows	10	10	9	10	9	7	9	10	10	10—94
F Carter	10	9	9	6	10	8	10	9	10	9—90
A Stevens	9	9	7	10	9	10	8	10	9	9—90
O T Moore	9	9	9	6	9	8	6	10	8	10—87

Rest Match.

N Washburn	12	11	12	12	9	12	11	11	11	11—112
J Robinson	8	12	10	8	12	11	9	11	11	11—103
A Ballard	9	10	10	11	10	9	9	10	8	9—95
O T Moore	9	9	10	9	11	9	9	9	9	10—94
C C Howard	7	9	10	10	8	9	4	8	9	7—81

Victory Medal Match.

H L Lee	10	10	8	10	6	10	10	10	6	9—89
J A Frye	7	10	5	9	6	9	10	10	7	10—83
A Maynard	10	7	7	9	7	8	8	9	7	7—79
F James	5	8	5	8	8	10	10	7	7	8—76

Military Match.

G Peirce	4	4	5	5	4	4	4	4	4	4—42
A S Field	4	4	4	5	5	4	4	4	3	4—41

Off-Hand All-Comers' Match.

A Sharp (mil)	6	7	9	8	7	5	8	4	9	9—74
B G Barker	7	7	6	8	6	7	9	7	7	10—74
D L Chase	9	6	5	8	7	9	5	6	8	9—72
A S Field (mil)	6	6	8	6	4	9	4	9	6	8—67
A Maynard	8	6	7	3	6	7	8	10	4	8—67
S Ham	6	3	7	5	6	5	6	9	7	6—60

WHITE ELEPHANT RIFLE RANGE, 1243 Broadway, New York City.—A very interesting rest match came to a close last Wednesday night after two weeks' shoot at this well-known range, the target used was the Coulin's American silver coin target, on which some very fine work was done. The shooting was for two gold medals and one silver medal. The conditions of the match were, 7 shots to each target, highest aggregate of three targets to count. In order to make the full possible, with which the prizes were won, it is necessary to hit a circle the size of a 5-cent piece, the other rings are the size of a 10-cent, 25-cent, 50-cent and $1 silver American coins. After the regular match was shot it was agreed between Mr. Bert and Mr. Mehlig to shoot for the championship, each putting up his respective medal and $25; the winner to take both medals, championship and the money. The result of the match is given below, possible 105:

E Castel Bert	105	Lieut C C Potter	100
Chas Mehlig	105	D S Jacobus	77
H G Starkweather	105	L R S de Agieda	68
Major D Crocker	104	J L Patterson	66

Result of shooting off tie, 3 targets of 7 shots to each man: Mehlig, first prize, 95, possible 105; Starkweather, second prize, 93; Bert, third prize, 90. Considering that this shooting was done after 1 A. M., it is not bad. Result of the championship match, which was shot the next day, possible 105: E. Castel Bert, 100; Chas. Mehlig, 75. This gave Mr. Bert the championship, money and the first and third medals. The off-hand decimal target match, which will close Dec. 1, thus far seems to be in Mr. Bert's favor for first place with Major Crocker a good second.—G. G.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Nov. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At the last shoot of the St. Louis Pistol Club Alexander, Perret and Mohrstadt tied on 84, but on the shoot-off the former gentleman proved himself the winner, making the same score that he made in the regular shoot. Only one more shoot remains of the present tournament, and then the final winner of the handsome gold medal will be made known. Just now Mr. Mohrstadt is higher on the general average, and unless he happens to make a very bad score at the next shoot, and Fodde and Bauer, who are close upon him, happen to make an extra large one, he will undoubtedly finish in the lead. The target used is a 20yds. standard American for pistol practice:

G W Alexander	9	8	10	7	8	9	8	8	10	7—84
L V D Perret	10	8	7	8	10	8	9	10	8	6—84
E C Mohrstadt	8	10	10	8	10	7	5	10	8	8—84
F A Fodde	9	9	6	9	7	8	9	10	8	8—83
O Neuhaus	8	6	10	6	8	7	9	8	10	7—82
W J Lord	9	9	8	5	10	9	8	9	6	6—79
W Bauer	8	8	10	6	9	7	8	6	10	7—79
M Billmeyer	8	8	10	7	7	8	7	5	6	7—73
W H Bonnell	7	7	5	9	5	9	7	9	7	7—72
A E Bengle	9	6	8	6	7	7	10	6	9	4—72
H Griesedieck	5	5	10	6	7	7	10	5	7	10—72
L H Race	6	5	5	6	4	8	7	7	8	9—65
W C Mackwitz	6	0	5	8	9	7	4	7	8	5—59

NEWARK, N. J., Nov. 23.—The match this evening between the Annie Oakley and Lakeside teams at the former club's range resulted in a victory for the Lakeside team by the following scores:

Lakeside.		Annie Oakley.	
B Limpert	105	F Brown	87
B Hearon	83	J Newcome	94
D Mahoney	96	G Kries	96
T McGovern	101	W Connors	105
F Klinger	93	J McCallum	100
P McKane	98	G Hagny	89
E Lewis	101	T Roihake	87
J Hearon	97	E Woprel	87
S Lum	79	E Marfinz	97
W McGovern	111—964	G Hunkile	97—939

A NOVEL SHOOTING PRIZE.—A captain of the 46th Line Regiment of the French army, stationed at Fontainebleau, has imagined a novel manner of encouraging good marksmanship. A soldier having been condemned to four days' prison for a slight breach of discipline, the captain offered to diminish his punishment by half if he could put six bullets in a bullseye. The soldier succeeded, and, encouraged by his success, begged to be allowed to fire again for the remaining two days' imprisonment. Permission was accorded. The soldier made six more bullseyes, and was liberated at once.

WILL GIVE EASTERN SHOTS A TURN.—Beatrice, Neb., Nov. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I inclose you three diagrams that I roughly drew, showing the work of a light sporting rifle of the Stevens make that I tried the other evening in a gallery here by lamp light at 50ft., the bullseye being a trifle less than the 24in., shooting off-hand as fast as I could load and fire, the result being as you see in the diagram, also being under a very uncertain light. I won the championship at rifle and revolver shoot of Beatrice last summer and have defeated all-comers so far. I hope to some day run across such men as the Bennetts and Ira Paine, which I may have the chance to do if I come East in the spring.—WALTER B. FISKE, Champion Rifle and Revolver Shot of Beatrice.

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

WICHITA TOURNAMENT.

WICHITA, Kas., Nov. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Inclosed find the scores made at our tournament, Nov. 14, 15 and 16. The weather was very disagreeable, which accounts in a measure for the small attendance. Among the visitors we mention J. R. Elliott, of Kansas City, E. A. Bower, of Ellsworth, Kas., E. H. Young and S. W. Forsha, of Hutchinson, A. Flack, of Enterprise, and A. Swiggett of Towanda.

Match No. 1—12 singles; entrance $2:

Staucer	111111111112	Brown	111111111110—11
Bower	011010111101— 8	Swiggett	111011111111—11
Smyth	001111111110	Elliott	011110111001— 8
Flack	011111111111—11	Smyth, Sr	111110311111—10

Staucer first, second divided, Smyth third.

Match No. 2—9 singles and 3 pairs; entrance $2.50:

Swiggett	011111111 10 11 10—12	Staucer	111111111 11 10 11—14
Bower	010111101 10 10 11—10	Brown	011111111 00 00 11—11
Elliott	11110100 10 01 11—10	Stafford	111111001 10 10 11—11
Smyth	111103110 10 10 01— 9	Flack	011111111 11 00 11—11

Staucer first, second and third divided.

Match No. 3—15 targets; entrance $2:

Swiggett	111111111111010—12	Staucer	111111111111111—15
Bower	111011111111010—12	Smyth	011111111111011—13
Stafford	101110111101110—11	Brown	111111111111110—14
Flack	111100011111111—12	Elliott	110011101011110—10

Staucer first, Brown second, Smyth third.

Match No. 4—5 pairs; entrance $1.50:

Swiggett	10 11 11 11 11—9	Elliott	11 10 11 00 10—6
Bower	11 10 11 10 10—7	Staucer	11 10 11 11 11—9
Flack	11 10 10 10 10—6	Stafford	11 11 11 10 10—8
Smyth	11 10 01 11 10—7	Brown	11 10 00 10 11—6

Match No. 5—For average, 25 singles; entrance $3:

Bower	1101111011111111111111100—21
Swiggett	0011111111111011011101111—21
Stafford	1011111111111111111111101—23
Smyth	1111111111111100101111111—22
Williams	1101111101011111111111110—22
Staucer	1110111111111111111111111—24
Flack	1010110110001101111001111—16
Elliott	0010100110101101w
Brown	1111111001111111111111111—23

Staucer first, second and third div.

Match No. 6—7 live birds; entrance $5:

Staucer	1121111—7	Elliott	1101110—5
Swiggett	1022111—6	Brown	2201112—6
Stafford	2120102—5	Beach	2010111—5
Smyth	2211101—6	Williams	2112205—6
Bower	1010012—4	Smyth, Sr	2110101—5
Flack	0101011—4		

Staucer first, second and third div.

Match No. 7—12 singles; entrance $2:

Swiggett	011100001010— 5	Brown	110111111111—11
Smyth	101111110111—10	Elliott	111001110001— 7
Staucer	111111111111—11	Flack	010101010110— 6
Bower	011013011101— 7	Smyth, Sr	110110001110— 8

Staucer and Brown first, Smyth second, Elliott third.

Match No. 8—6 singles and 3 pair; entrance $2:

Elliott	011110 00 11 10— 6	Smyth	111110 11 10 11—10
Swiggett	110110 11 10 11— 9	Staucer	111111 11 11 11—12
Bower	110111 11 10 10— 9	Brown	110011 10 10 10—
Flack	110110 11 10 10— 8	Smyth, Sr	110011 10 10 11— 8

Staucer first, Smyth second, Swiggett and Bower third.

Match No. 9—12 singles; entrance $2:

Swiggett	111111111111—12	Bower	101111111111—11
Smyth	111111101110—10	Elliott	101111111111—11
Flack	100101010001— 5	Brown	011011101111— 9
Staucer	111111111111—12	Stafford	110110111001— 8
Williams	110111111111—11		

First and second divided, Smyth third.

Second Day.

Match No. 1—12 singles; entrance $2.50:

Swiggett	011111110111—10	Young	010011011101— 7
Stafford	111110010111— 9	Brown	111111111111—12
Smyth	111110011111—10	Williams	010101110011— 8
Staucer	101111110111—10		

Brown first, Smyth second, Stafford third.

Match No. 2—15 singles; entrance $2:

Williams	111010011110110—10	Young	111100111110111—12
Staucer	111111110011113	Swiggett	111101111111111—14
Stafford	111110111111111—14	Brown	111111001011111—12
Smyth	111111011111114	Elliott	100001001011011— 7

Stafford first, Staucer second, Young third.

Match No. 3—25 singles; entrance $3:

Swiggett	0111111111111111110011110—21
Staucer	1111101001101011111101111—18
Smyth	1001010110110101110111111—18
Stafford	1101111111010001111111101—19
Williams	0101111111111010010011101—17
Young	1101110011110011111111111—19
Brown	1101111101011111010111101—19

Swiggett first, Brown second, third divided.

Match No. 4—15 singles; entrance $2.50:

Swiggett	001111101111111—12	Young	011111011110111—12
Smyth	101110110110111—11	Brown	111111111011011—13

Brown first, Young second, Staucer third.

Match No. 5—Team shoot, two men to a team, 15 singles; entrance $5 per team:

Brown	111110111110111	Brown	001110111110001
Staucer	110111111111111—27	Swiggett	111111110100100—20
Smyth	111111111110111	Young	100111111110100
Bump	111010101101110—24	Stafford	110111111110010—21

Brown and Staucer first, Smyth and Bump second, Young and Stafford third.

Match No. 6—6 singles and 3 pairs; entrance $2:

Swiggett	11111 11 10 11—11	Staucer	111010 10 11 10—8
Young	11110 10 10 11— 9	Brown	111111 11 00 10—9
Smyth	100101 10 11 10— 7		

Swiggett first, Brown second, Staucer third.

Match No. 7—For average, 15 singles and 5 live birds; entrance $5:

Swiggett	111111111101011—17	Staucer	111111010111111 11111—18
Young	111010100111010 11101—13	Brown	100111101011111 10011—14
Smyth	111101111101101 11111—17	Stafford	110110111101111 11011—16

Staucer first, Swiggett and Smith second, Stafford third.

Match No. 8—12 singles; entrance $2:

Swiggett	111111011101—10	Staucer	110111111111—11
Smyth	111100100111— 8	Brown	111111111110—11
Young	111111111111—12		

Young first, Staucer second, Swiggett third.

Third Day.

Match No. 1—12 singles; entrance $2:

Scott	111111111101—11	Bump	011110011101— 8
Swiggett	010011100010— 6	Brown	111111011110—10
Young	111111011111—11	Elliott	111111111111—12
Staucer	111111111111—12	Smyth	110101111111—10
Stafford	001111110110— 8		

First and third divided, Scott second.

Match No. 2—10 singles and 5 pairs, entrance $3:

Swiggett	1110111111	10 10 10 11 11—16	
Stafford	1111111010	11 00 10 10 11—14	
Scott	1001011101	11 01 10 10 01—12	
Young	1111111101	11 11 11 11 11—19	
Smyth	1111101011	11 10 11 10 11—16	
Elliott	1111111111	11 11 10 10 11—18	
Staucer	1111111111	11 11 11 11 10—19	
Bump	1110100110	10 10 10 10 10—12	
Brown	1111111111	11 10 11 10 10—17	
McNamara	1110101011	10 10 11 10 00—12	

Young and Staucer first, Elliott second, Brown third.

Match No. 3—7 live birds, entrance $4:

Swiggett	1011111—6	Staucer	1111111—7
Elliott	1101111—6	Brown	1111111—7
Scott	1111111—7	Clark	1111101—6
Young	1111111—7	Bower	0101111—5
Stafford	1010011—4	Griffin	0111010—4
Smyth	0111101—5	Henderson	1111101—6

All ties divided.

Match No. 4—For State championship badge, between C. H Smyth and E. A. Bower:

E. A. Bower.		C. H. Smyth.	
50 singles	1111111111—10	50 singles	1111111111—10
	0001111010— 5		1111111111—10
	1111001101— 7		1111111111—10
	1111011100— 7		1101111011— 8
	1111110111— 9—38		1111111111—10—48
10 pair	11 11 11 11 10—9	10 pair	10 01 10 10 00—4
	10 11 10 11 11—8—17		11 11 10 11 11—9—13
30 live birds	1221111110— 9	30 live birds	2111112111—10
	1121121012— 9		2121201202— 8
	0122010201— 7—25		1220112121— 9—27
	—80		—88

In live birds Bower had 14 tailers, 4 incomers, 7 right quarterers and 5 left quarterers. Smyth had 14 tailers, 6 incomers, 5 right quarterers and 5 left quarterers. Judges: Wm. Staucer, S. W. Forsha. Referee, E. H. Young. Scorers: A. Swiggett, E. T. Brown.

Match No. 5, for average—15 singles and 5 pairs, entrance $3:

Elliott	110111111111111	10 11 10 10 11—21
Young	011111110011111	10 11 11 11 11—21
Staucer	111011111111110	11 00 11 11 11—20
Brown	111111111111111	10 10 11 10 11—22
Swiggett	011011111111111	10 10 11 11 00—19
Stafford	011101111101111	10 11 11 10 01—19
Scott	111011010111110	11 00 11 10 10—17
Bower	111011101101110	10 10 10 10—16
Smyth	111111111001111	10 10 11 11—20
Griffin	101101101111111	10 11 10 10 10—20

Brown first, second and third divided.

Match No. 6—12 singles:

Swiggett	111011010111— 8	Clark	001001101011— 6
Bump	101101111111—10	Staucer	111111101111—11
Smyth	111101011011— 9	Brown	110111111111—11
Bower	111011111110—10	Young	111010101011— 8
Elliott	111101111011—10	Scott	110010011111— 8
McNamara	110100000011— 5	Griffin	010111111110— 9
Henderson	010000001000— 2	Smyth, Jr	010111103000— 5

Staucer and Brown first, Bump second, Smyth and Griffin third.

Match No. 7—9 singles and 3 pairs, entrance $2.50:

Staucer	101111111 11 11 11—14	Scott	010011111 11 11 11—12
Bower	101111010 11 11 11—12	Smyth	100111010 10 10 11— 9
Swiggett	101111111 10 10 11—12	Stafford	010110111 10 10 11—12
Young	111111110 10 10 10—11	Johnson	011011101 11 10 11—11

Staucer first, Brown second, Young and Johnson third.

Match No. 8—12 singles, entrance $2:

Bower	111111111111—12	Smyth	111101010111— 9
Scott	110011110110— 8	Johnson	111101111111—10
Swiggett	111110111111—11	Young	110111111110—10
Bump	111111011111—11	Bowman	110011001011— 7
Staucer	111111110111—11	Brown	111111111111—12
Stafford	111111111111—12	Williams	110101110011— 8

First divided, third Johnson, Swiggett won second by breaking 24 straight on tie; Staucer won first average, silver cup; Brown and Smyth second and third, $25.

GRASSHOPPER.

TRI-CLUB SHOOT AT CLEVELAND.—Cleveland, O., Nov. 20.—The first of the series of tri-club shoots was held on the West Madison avenue range yesterday afternoon, the West End, the West Rockport and Locksley gun clubs participating. The contest was for an elegant gold badge with an oxidized silver pendant in the shape of a standard target, bearing the word "Standard," indicating the company which donated it. The conditions were 10 men per team, 25 single standard targets at 18yds.

The West End Team.

C Coulter	1111010111001010101111110—17
C Hebbard	1100101100111111111101111—19
R George	1110111100111111111111011—21
W Bell	1011111111111111101111111—23
J Kohn	1010101010010111100110011—14
J Offut	0001011100110111110101100—14
W Weaver	1101111111111111111111101—22
E Disfer	0100111010110111111101011—18
F Roach	0111110010100000010100100—10
D A Coulter	1110101100111010000111111—17—171

The Rockport Team.

W Eaton	1101101101111010101111101—18
A Decker	1100100101100111001010001—12
J Curran	1001100101101111111111001—16
D Keyse	1101001011111111100000111—15
G Swect	0111110101101111101001111—18
S Sperry	1111110101101111110100111—16
S Pease	0010001101100001010011110—12
O McMahon	1111100101001011010101011—15
F Smith	1110011101111111111111111—22
J Baker	1001000111110001111011101—14—157

The Locksley Team.

A Beckley	1100100111001110101011111—16
A Jenks	0011000101100111010101031—13
E Pease	1111110110000111010001001—15
J Andrews	0100101101110011010101100—13
J Mullaly	1111111111100001111111101—20
J Beyer	1101101001101101000000001—12
N Horchkiss	1000001100100000000901110— 7
J Tegardine	0010110111111111000001100—14
J Hall	1011111111111100100011110—18
C Maine	0111111111111111000000601—17—155

HUTCHINSON, Kansas, Nov. 19.—The Hutchinson Gun Club held their regular monthly medal shoot last Monday, instead of Friday, their regular day, on account of the delay occasioned by the managers of the Sterling tournament in returning the traps which our boys had loaned them. When we did get our traps back we had to pay the express charges, and one of the traps was broken. Sam Forsha has challenged Mr. Smythe of the Wichita Gun Club, for the Kansas State Medal, but the date has not yet been fixed for the shoot. Following are the scores of the last medal shoot. It will be seen that Miles Taylor was too much for the boys this month, and won the gold medal, though neither he nor Eli Young, who won the silver cup, usually get so very far below 20 on the 25, and Sam Forsha is below the average in this shoot. 15 singles, 5 pairs bluerocks:

Miles Taylor	011101111110100	11 10 11 11 11—19
Eli Young	111100110111010	10 10 10 10 11—16
Sam Forsha	111000101100110	11 10 10 10 11—15
Will Allen	011011011010100	10 11 11 10 10—15
Will Chamberlain	101100101110100	11 11 10 10 10—15
Fred Burslem	111010101001101	10 11 00 10 11—14
Mr Bartlett	101101101110011	10 00 11 00 00—13

Taylor won medal, Young the cup.—SHADY.

BOGARDUS.—Chicago, Ill., Nov. 23.—Capt. A. H. Bogardus and his son Henry are here filling an engagement at Kohl & Middleton's Museum, and giving exhibitions of glass ball shooting and trick shooting with the rifle. The range for the ball shooting is very short, not over 15yds., and the Captain tells me he has to hold mighty close with his little 20-gauge, for the shot do not scatter over a space much larger than the ball itself. The Captain is looking strong and rugged as ever. He says he has not had much game shooting, except that while with the circus on the coast he had some shooting on mountain quail in California, and on blue grouse in Oregon. He thinks the mountain quail not harder to hit than our Bob White, excepting that it flies in a rougher country. He brought back with him two pairs of young mountain quail, which are flourishing nicely now at his home. Henry Bogardus is a tall, strong boy of thirteen. He informs one proudly that he has "been shooting for eight years." He is very handy with the small bore repeaters, and bids fair to take the place of the lamented Eugene Bogardus. He does all the usual stage shots very tidily. The Captain and his son go from here to St. Paul and Minneapolis, and then returning, go to Cincinnati.—E. HOUGH.

WELLINGTON, Mass., Nov. 24.—The contest in the badge and merchandise matches at Wellington to-day were very interesting. The attendance was large, and the number of entries large. The winners in the merchandise match were: First, Schaefer and Bert, 19; second, Moore, Swift, Brown, Scott and Stanton, 18; third, Chase, 16; fourth, Melcher and Perry, 15; fifth, West and C. E. Savage, 14; sixth, Choate, Snow, Grimes, Frank, Webster and Nichols, 13; seventh, Bond, 12; eighth, Edwards, Archibald and Herrick, 11. In the badge contest Scott and Bond led the van with 17, closely followed by Swift, Melcher and Brown with 16. The first prize winners in the sweepstakes were: Six bluerocks, Frank and Moore; 6 pigeons, Swift, Snow and Frank; 6 bluerocks, Stanton and Melcher; 3 pair bluerocks, Melcher, Snow and Frank; 6 pigeons, Nichols, Frank and Stanton; 10 bluerocks, Bert and Schaefer; 10 pigeons, Brown and Stanton; 6 bluerocks, Bond and Field; 6 bluerocks, Bert, Perry, Snow and Edwards; miss and out, Bert; 10 bluerocks, Frank, Scott, Grimes and Edwards; 10 pigeons, Nichols, Swift and Brown. The club will have its annual Thanksgiving shoot from 9 to 1 next Thursday.

MONTREAL, Nov. 21.—There was some good sport at the traps this afternoon on the Thistle Gun Club grounds, St. Laurent. The weather was splendid, the birds were good flyers, and the scores were fair. Mr. R. Scott acted as referee to every one's satisfaction. The shoot was at 10 birds, 21yds. rise, and the following is the score:

W Lumsden	10	F Stewart	7
J Muir	9	A Martin	7
R Boa	9	H King	6
A Boa	9	M Muir	6
Woolmour	8	A Scott	5
W Caughtry	8	A Freedham	3
C Muir	7		

NEWARK (N. J.) TRAP NOTES.—The old Essex County Gun Club Association, which is essentially dead, is about to be replaced in shooting circles by the organization of a new society, possibly under the old name. A temporary organization was effected on Friday evening last. It is intended to change the rules governing the old association and place each club on an equal footing in shooting, thus doing away with one serious objection which was encountered. At the meeting held at Von Lengerke & Detmold's on Friday night four clubs were represented, and resolutions were passed requesting all clubs in the county to have representatives present at the organization meeting, to be held at the same place on Friday evening, Dec. 14.

...The Southside Gun Club shot in a general telegraph tournament on Nov. 21 and in a possible 250 scored as follows, each firing at 25 flying targets: Brientnall 24, Hobart 22, Geoffrey 21, O. Von Lengerke 23, E. R. Bollman 23, Beam 23, Dukes 24, Heritage 24, Yeaman 18, J. Von Lengerke 22; total 224. The members feel confident that this will prove to be the winning score.

THANKSGIVING DAY SHOOTS.—The Wawaset Gun Club, Wilmington, Del., will have a grand gala day on Thanksgiving at clay-pigeons and bluerocks. A cordial invitation is extended to all sportsmen to be present and enjoy the fun. Shooting will begin at 9 A. M. and continue all day.

A trap-shooting carnival will be held on the grounds of the Wayne Gun Club, rear of Midvale Steel Works, Philadelphia, on Thanksgiving Day, Thursday, Nov. 29. Shooting to commence at 8:30 A. M., will continue all day. Prizes consist of turkeys, ducks, chickens and cash sweepstakes. Targets, bluerocks and clay-pigeons. Ammunition on the ground at cost prices. Any friends wishing to join in the contest are cordially invited.

There will be a big shoot at Newark, N. J., at the grounds of the Bloomfield Gun Club, at live birds and flying targets. Members of the Woodside Gun Club and several other Newark organizations will participate.

A number of open sweepstakes at live birds will be shot at Erb's grounds in Newark on Thanksgiving Day.

HEIKES.—Dayton, Ohio, Nov. 22.—Rolla O. Heikes is doing astonishing work in practice for his live-bird match with Al. Bandle that is to come off here Thanksgiving Day, 100 live pigeons each, Hurlingham rules except as to weight and gauge of guns, purse $500. Yesterday Heikes shot at 105 pigeons, killed 103, but 3 dropped outside the bounds. He shot in strings of 25, twice killed 25 straight, once 43 straight, once 39 straight; and in the 105 times that he was at the score he only used his second barrel twelve times.—W. X. Y. Z.

THE NEW YORK SUBURBAN GROUNDS, Claremont, Jersey City, will be open for a tournament Thanksgiving Day. It was erroneously printed week before last that the sweepstakes percentage to be paid to the Association would be 10 per cent. It should have read 5 per cent. Shoots are held every Saturday. It is proposed for the present to permit clubs to use the grounds without charge, prescribing, however, that the targets used shall be purchased on the grounds.

KEYSTONE TOURNAMENT.—Corry, Pa., Nov. 20—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Please insert in your columns the following notice: All those who took part in the individual championship contest of the First Annual Keystone Tournament on Friday, Sept. 22, 1888, will please send us their photograph before the 1st of January, 1889, if possible, and oblige—KEYSTONE MFG. CO.

THE NEW JERSEY athletic CLUB has a trap team in which is good material. They will be heard from.

Canoeing.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signal, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and report of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

Commodore—J. R. Bartlett, Fremont, Ohio.
Vice-Commodore—D. H. Crane, Chicago, Ill.
Rear-Commodore—C. J. Stedman, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Secretary-Treasurer—O. H. Root, Cleveland, Ohio.
Executive Committee—C. J. Bousfield, Bay City, Mich.; T. P. Gaddis, Dayton, O.; T. J. Kirkpatrick, Springfield, O.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

OFFICERS, 1887-88.

Commodore: H. C. ROGERS, Secretary-Treasurer: GEO. W. HATTON } Peterborough, Can.

Vice-Com.	*Rear-Com.*	*Purser.*
Central Div.	W. R. Huntington	E. W. Masten, T. H. Stryker, Rome, N. Y.
Atlantic Div.	W. P. Stephens	L. B. Palmer, F. L. Dunnell, 186 Jeroleomon St., Brooklyn.
Eastern Div.	H. E. Rice, M. D.	Maxton Holmes, H. D. Marsh, Springfield, Mass.
N'thern Div.	Robert Tyson	S. S. Robinson, Colin Fraser, Toronto.

Applications for membership must be made to division pursers, accompanied by the recommendation of an active member and the sum of $2.00 for entrance fee and dues for current year. Every member attending the general A. C. A. camp shall pay $1.00 for camp expenses. Application sent to the Secy-Treas. will be forwarded by him to the proper Division.

Persons residing in any Division and wishing to become members of the A. C. A., will be furnished with printed forms of application by addressing the Purser.

A. C. A. EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE MEETING.

THE report of the executive committee meeting in our last issue suffered severely at the hands of the printer, the paragraph regarding the term of office by division officers being entirely wrong. The report should read as follows:

"Vice-Com. Stephens then offered the following amendment to Article V., Sec. 2, of the Constitution: To omit all of the last clause after the word 'herein,' and substitute as follows: 'The term of office of all division officers shall begin with the termination of the A. C. A. meet, and end with the termination of the A. C. A. meet of the following year.' The following amendment was suggested by Purser Fraser, and after discussion was accepted by Vice-Com. Stephens, the new amendment being seconded by Vice-Com. Huntington: The term of office of all division officers shall begin with the meeting of the executive committee in October or November, and shall end with the executive committee meeting of the following year. This amendment was approved by the eight members present, and the vote of the other members will be taken by ballot."

All the members present were in favor of the change and voted for it. The resolution concerning special racing appliances was seconded by ex-Com. Rathbun and not by Purser Fraser. We have in preparation a map of Sugar Island, the proposed camp site, which will appear next week.

IANTHE C. C.—This club has enjoyed a very prosperous season, the racing being specially lively, owing to the record system adopted. The last of the record races were not held on Election Day, as there was not sufficient wind to take the canoes over the course. The record for the season is as follows:

	Paddling.	Sailing.	To'l
Atalanta, L. B. Palmer, Ianthe	6	15	21
Bachelor, Barron Fredericks, Ianthe	10	—	10
Essex, D. W. Cox, Essex	—	9	9
Will o' the Wisp, W. D. Anderson, Essex	—	3	3
——, W. Meyers, Bayonne	—	—	2
Falcon, H. S. Turner, Ianthe	2	—	2
Idlemere, J. L. Douglass, Jr., Ianthe	—	1	1
Cyniska, R. Holcart, Ianthe	1	—	1

Handsome silk flags were presented to Mr. Palmer, winner of the sailing record, and to Mr. Fredericks, winner of the paddling record.

THE A. C. A. MEET OF 1888.

EQUIPMENT.

[*Continued from page 855.*]

THE chief point in such an outfit as we considered last week is not only to have all the articles, but to have them ready and close at hand, so that when even a short trip is to be made all will be put aboard as a matter of course, hatches, oilers, aprons, mess chest, bed, tent and canoe stove. Each should have its allotted place in the canoe, and should always be carried there, so that there will be no unpacking of one compartment for something that has been put in another. By having each article made up into a compact package much time is saved in stowing and unloading. Many canoeists have a full outfit such as described, but it is kept in such bad order that it is really too much trouble to get it out to pack it unless for a long trip, so that half the time the most indispensable articles are left ashore. The proper way is to have everything that is at all likely to be needed in the canoe, either for racing, afternoon sailing and paddling, Saturday and Sunday runs, or for long cruises, kept in perfect order and ready to stow at a moment's notice. The anchor, though often useful, is not indispensable in a canoe, the boat being beached or housed rather than left afloat; but at the same time it is sometimes needed, and one can be carried with little trouble below the floor boards, where the weight is an advantage. With it there should be at least 50ft. of strong cable.

All who have camped at an A. C. A. meet will agree that the small and compact cruising outfit that can be carried within the canoe is not what is needed for a permanent camp of ten days or more, but at the same time, with so many cruisers at the meet, it is strange that there is not one full and complete outfit such as is described above. Some men had one thing and some another, but we failed to find a single canoe in which the owner could start out for a comfortable cruise, independent of hotels and farm houses. There was more or less cruising done by many about the lake, either before or after the meet, but those who looked to see one completely equipped cruising canoe were disappointed. It is a fact that the inventive genius of canoeists has of late been turned in the direction of racing rather than cruising, and that in the latter department improvement has to a great extent stopped. It would help to revive it if the clubs as far as possible would go back to the old plan of large or small club messes, and to encourage men to take care of themselves, rather than to depend on a mess shed, as was this year the case. Prizes given for camp kits, etc., do not seem to meet the case, but a general sentiment in favor of cooking in camp will probably show good results next year if the camp be so far from hotels that men are kept in it, and have something else to do than dress up to receive visitors. There is plenty of civilization to be had at home, in fact, a good deal too much of it, and the majority go to camp for a change. For their benefit the form of primitive camping should be retained as far as is consistent with the fact that they are mostly city men, and to a certain extent "tenderfect." As for those who come to camp for anything else than the open air life, the meeting with old friends, the enjoyment of the races and the exchange of ideas on canoeing, there is a wide field of usefulness open to them on the beaches and hotel piazzas of Narragansett Pier and Newport, and their absence cannot fail to be very precious to their friends under canvas beside the St. Lawrence or Lake Champlain.

In the interests of canoeing at large it is certainly most desirable that each of the many useful features of the canoe shall be developed to the fullest extent, and at the same time that canoeists shall be led to follow the sport in all of its branches, as in that way only can the greatest good come. Neither the racing man who does not cruise nor the cruising man who never races is doing all that he should for canoeing. The natural tendency is toward specialization, to the development of fast racing machines, both sailing and paddling, and of roomy but slow cruisers; and all the efforts of the A. C. A., of the clubs and of individuals, should be directed toward the production of the all-round canoe, and the training of the camping, cruising and racing canoeist. Thus far racing has, as a matter of course, claimed the most prominent place, and received the most attention from the clubs and the Association, but there is now every indication of a revival of the interest in cruising and camping, and it is very probable that some good results will be apparent in a year or two.

It is a noticeable fact that five years ago the journals devoted to canoeing published many more illustrations and descriptions of purely camping and cruising appliances than at present, and the question is often asked us why the FOREST AND STREAM does not give more attention to such details. The reason is that it is a very difficult matter to sit down deliberately and devise such cruising gear; most of it is the result of much practical cruising work, which in itself takes time, and it can be had in no other way. It is on the canoeists themselves, the men who have leisure for long cruises and weeks in camp, that we must rely on for such additions to the cruiser's outfit. There are many who could offer valuable contributions to the store of knowledge so highly prized by cruisers, and to them our columns are always open. There is hardly a detail of the camping outfit, whether for the canoe or for a camp at the meet, which is not capable of real improvement, but it must come from the men who are actually cruising and camping.

Concerning the distinction between cruising and racing canoes, the following letter, from a well-known racing man, as well as cruiser, puts very plainly a question that we have heard several times of late:

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your editorial of Sept. 6, upon the recent meet of the A. C. A., you touch upon the subject of racing and cruising canoes, and state that "no one need bring a cruiser to camp to win first prizes." Now let me say this is not written in a spirit of unbridled fault-finding and harsh criticism, but of inquiry; and I want to know wherein Eclipse fails to fill the requirements of a cruiser. If my memory serves me she has a cockpit 6ft. long (I know it gave room enough for a tandem paddling crew), and her racing outfit did not include a deck seat of any kind. She had indeed a centerboard in middle of cockpit, but it was fitted with a removable trunk, and as I have for the past two seasons owned a canoe similarly fitted, I am in a position to assert that the board and trunk can be taken out, and a brass plate put in to close the slot in keel for paddling and cruising or sleeping, all inside of two minutes, thus placing the canoe in the condition of one which never had any board at all. The standing rig with which she was fitted is a device in which I most heartily join you in condemning; but this is not now under discussion, as I understand your article to refer only to hulls. Now my point is this, there were several most excellent models at the meet which showed speed enough to place them in the front rank, with proper rig and handling, and which would at the same time make unexceptionable cruisers if fitted to that end. I believe that any one of these, fitted like Eclipse, with removable trunk board, and a proper apron to protect their long cockpit (the lack of such protection almost lost Eclipse the cup), can be taken to an A. C. A. camp with a good chance of winning. If I am wrong in this belief, or if, in my hasty inspection of Eclipse, I have overlooked an important feature in her, I shall be much indebted if you will set me right before I lay my plans for next year's campaign. V.

In commenting on the canoes at the meet it has been necessary to class them in a general way, and we have put Eclipse in with the racers not because she is in any way open to the charge of being only a racing machine, and not capable of cruising, but because in the condition in which she has been sailed this summer the racing requirements have had precedence over all others. In build and model she is very much superior to some of the racing craft we have criticised, in a general way her arrangements are not unsuited for a cruiser so far as they go, and as to rig, we recognize the propriety of her having the standing rig for racing, and the possibility of fitting a different rig for cruising. At the same time, Eclipse, as she was at the meet, would be a very poor sort of craft to start off on a month's cruise in. She has a long and roomy cockpit, but with no provision for covering any part of it. For the sake of stowage and for comfort in bad weather, as well as mere safety at times, it would be necessary to fit a hatch and sliding bulkhead aft, increasing the stowage room, and one or two hatches and an apron forward. A foot steering gear of some sort is an absolute necessity in cruising, where a certain amount of paddling must be done, no matter how fond of sailing a man may be, and with it must be a seat and back rest of some kind, but Eclipse has none of these. It is true that the board can be removed or replaced in a few minutes, and this is all very well from the correspondent's point of view, his work is on a river where sailing is poor at best, and not good enough to make it worth while to carry sails on a cruise. For his purpose the movable trunk answers very well, it is kept in the boat for sailing about the club waters, no cruising under sail being done, and it is removed and left at home when the canoe is sent on a cruise, thus leaving the well clear for sleeping. In wider waters, however, especially where strong tides and mud are to be found at times, this sort of board will not answer at all for cruising. When on a cruise of a week or more on the Sound, the Hudson, the St. Lawrence or the Lower Delaware, where a greater part of the time is spent in the canoe, it is absolutely necessary to have the well clear and unobstructed for sitting and sleeping, and the fact that the trunk can be removed by going ashore, when no sailing is to be done, is by no means enough.

With the crew on the weatherdeck, in a good breeze, the board is out of the way and does not give any trouble, but this state of affairs does not last all day in cruising, nor would a man care to sit on deck and sail all the time. When he sits inside to paddle for an hour, the board is not in the way; but the longer he is seated in the canoe, and in cruising day after day, he will spend many hours below deck, the worse nuisance the board becomes. He may much prefer to sleep ashore under a shore tent, but there will be many times when a bed in the canoe is dryer and more comfortable, to say nothing of other occasions when a low tide finds him at nightfall with nothing more stable than a mud bank or marsh to land on, and a snug bed on board would look very inviting, with sleeping bag spread, tent snugly stretched, and lantern hung beneath the ridge. With the board further forward, a good foot gear and hatches, and a lowering rig, Eclipse would make a very good cruiser, and in this she differs from the extreme "canoe-hiker," which cannot in any way be used for cruising; but as she is now she must be classed as a racing canoe. Another canoe that goes in the same category is the Fly, a boat of excellent model, a safe, able and comfortable cruiser in all respects save that her well is given up to a big board, there is no foot gear, and the entire build of boat is too light for anything save the most careful handling. In rig and model she is a cruiser, save in the area of sails, but as she really is no one would think of subjecting her to the rough work of a cruise.

There is a very good reason, too, why the chances of a canoe that is really used for general cruising would be small in the races, she would probably be considerably heavier than the racing machines, and at the same time her bottom would not be in anything like the fine condition of the best racing craft. Of course, this latter is a matter that might be remedied by proper preparation at camp, and as for the extra weight we do not know that in all cases that would be a serious hindrance, but still the odds all are very strongly in favor of the boat that is built, fitted and kept exclusively for racing, as against the boat of equally good model which is fitted and used in real cruising. There was one canoe at the meet which we should class as a cruiser, and which at the same time should have done very much better than she did in the races, had she been more thoroughly fitted out and tried before the meet. This is the last Guenn, a very handsome canoe in build and model, with ample room for sleeping and living on board, and in all ways a good open water cruiser. But little would be necessary to change her from a racer to a cruiser. What she would have done in the races had she been in as good racing form as Eclipse or Fly is a matter of conjecture, but it is certain that she is a fast canoe, and also a legitimate cruiser. We would be glad to think that we have spoken prematurely in the sentence quoted by our correspondent, but we do not look to see it proved next year or the year after; in fact the prospects now are that even the moderate boat, like Eclipse, the mean between the racing machine and the fully equipped cruiser, will have to give way to the former in the sailing races.

A SLIDING SEAT FOR CANOES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Will you permit me, through the medium of the FOREST AND STREAM, to address brother canoeists in America on a point of canoeing? Some time ago it occurred to me that a sliding seat might be worked to advantage in a canoe, particularly decked canoes, I mean, driven by the double-bladed paddle. I could not find many who would countenance the idea at all, and none who could be made enthusiastic over it. However, I had a canoe built in England, fitted with a sliding seat, and sent out to me here, in India; and I have now tried the canoe, and consider that the slide is a success.

The sliding is hard work undoubtedly, at first, but it soon gets easier by practice, and then, there is no obligation to slide, you can, if you like, just sit on the sliding seat, and paddle as if it was not there; or run out the slide and put it forward, under the knees, or stow it away in the hold. The objects I had in view were leg exercise and increased speed; about the leg exercise there is no sort of doubt, and I think that the slide, when properly used, does increase the speed very considerably.

How to use the slide will be apparent enough to every canoeist, immediately he tries; he must get forward on the slide (which may be 15in. long or even more) before dipping his paddle, and then, when he has got hold of the water, he should slide back strong to the back rest; exactly how to run the slide forward and backward and get the hang of the thing, a very little practice will make plain.

I was told that I could not expect the slide to be of any use in a canoe "because the action of paddling is altogether different from that of rowing;" but the skeleton of the thing is identical in both cases, in both the power is obtained in the same way, viz., by the sweep of the blade from bow to stern, though in the rowboat the point of application of the power is fixed, the rowlock; while in the canoe it is, I take it, in some shifting point. In the case of the rowboat, when we slide back—that is use the slide to effect—we slide in the direction in which we are pulling, and in the canoe one (for I don't feel justified in saying we) slides back in the direction in which one is pushing the water, by the combined action of the arms, and this action of the arms is effective, whether the body be at one end of the slide or the other, or moving back in it; and the arms are powerfully assisted in their task by the forcible drive backward (by means of the leg thrust) of the whole body; but this is theory, and though I think true theory, a ton of such is not so persuasive as an ounce of practice. Therefore, as the trial will not cost more than say two dollars or so, I hope some American canoeist may be induced to try a slide and let us know how he finds it answerable.

The straps to the footboard are of course requisite, and the footboard had better be slightly inclined, instead of vertical, as it is commonly made. C. A. G.

INDIA, Oct. 15, 1888.

[We believe that the sliding seat, as used in a rowboat, has never been tried in America on a canoe. The sliding seat mentioned at times in our reports is a thwartship deck seat, used solely for sailing. The fitting of the ordinary sliding seat to a canoe would be a simple matter, and some of our readers may be inclined to try it, and advise us of the result.]

ESSEX CANOE CLUB.

NEWARK, N. J., Nov. 19.—In contemplation the Essex Canoe Club, of Newark, N. J., is negotiating for a site on Newark Bay on which to locate their club house, and from present appearances is in a fair way of accomplishing it.

The present sailing ground on the Passaic River is very unsatisfactory to the active canoeists, as it is very small on account of numerous bridges, and being inclosed with high ground on either side the wind is very puffy and unsteady, making canoeing somewhat of a bore instead of a pleasure, not considering the tide, which runs about six miles an hour.

Newark Bay is one of the best sailing grounds anywhere in this part of the country, having an area of about two miles wide by about six miles long of open water, free from bridges or other obstructions; of course there is some tide to overcome, but as the channel is in the west side of the bay, it leaves a large area of comparatively still water. The location (Greenville) is convenient to Newark, New York, Jersey City, or anywhere on the Central R. R., also by water to the several canoe clubs in and around New York and New Jersey.

The members are in high glee over the proposed change, and will use their utmost endeavors to carry the scheme through and make a success of it. It is the intention of the club to take in as members, owners of small sailing craft, and not confine the class of boats to the canoe alone as heretofore. After we are all settled in our new quarters we propose to have a grand house warming and regatta to let our fellow canoeists know that the heretofore almost unknown Essex C. C. is alive and willing to help the good cause along. Several things of a social character are talked of, and numerous regattas and races are under discussion, among the rest the skipper of the Addie S. has challenged the skipper of the S X to a race in sailing canoes, the distance to be ten miles on a triangle; (this course is laid out in the bay by the Newark Yacht Club). The skipper of the Addie S. has an idea that he can teach the older and more experienced skipper a thing or two in regard to sailing on a large sheet of water; but the proof of the fact is in the sailing of it. He may find that sailing on Newark Bay with a strong wind and rough water is a little more difficult than floating with the tide on a narrow stream. However, the club will be on the move as soon as spring opens, and we hope to see the S X burgee flying at the mast head of more and abler craft than ever before.

The committee in charge of the proposed change are working to get the whole matter in shape to have final action taken at the annual meeting in the early part of January.

ONE OF THE COM

ALICE ENRIGHT VS. CITY OF THE STRAITS.—A match between the Alice Enright, of Toledo, and the City of the Straits, of Detroit, was sailed on Nov. 13 over a course of 15 miles to leeward and return, starting from Turtle Light, off Toledo; the stakes being $250 per side. The wind died out and the race was not finished within the required time, so a second effort was made on the next day, but with no better results, the race finally being postponed indefinitely.

Yachting.

A SUMMER CRUISE ON THE SOUND.

IT was some time during the present age that one of my particular friends, with more money than discretion, conceived the idea that it would be a jolly thing to hire a yacht for a month or so, and sail the ocean blue.

So forthwith he called on me, and as he erroneously thought that I knew not only all about a good boat, but that I could lay my hands on one at a minute's notice, my hitherto peaceful life became a burden to me. After visiting every conceivable place within ten days' ride or sail of New York, and regretting that on account of our awful laws I couldn't get him an English cutter, and sail her under the American flag; I managed to work up all the yacht brokers in the city to such a high state of excitement that I finally found myself sent off by these gentlemen, (I firmly believe simply to get rid of me for a day or so) to inspect ocean going ships, brigs and schooners; and I think if it hadn't been for a sloop of 50ft. or thereabouts that I finally discovered myself I would still be looking for that boat.

After inspecting the sloop several times, my friend concluded to take her if he could make arrangements with her owner, which he succeeded in doing, although the price asked was certainly pretty steep. And, after many delays, at last we found ourselves about ready to start off on a trip down the Sound. Our crew was made up of one sailor man, a cabin boy, steward and a captain. The cabin contingent consisted of four men, my friend Percy, myself and two others; one of whom, as he was very tall and rather silent, we christened "Long Tom" and the other "Gatling," on account of his argumentative turn of mind.

One beautiful morning in September we got under way and proceeded in tow of a tug up the East River and through Hell Gate. When well through the gate we made sail and cast off from the tug. Wind! well there was none of it, but we had the tide in our favor, and drifted along like the traditional phantom ship. This calm at once began to bring out some of the characteristics of our cabin passengers. On Long Tom it at first seemed to have no effect whatever, but after a close inspection I found that it did, brought out a mighty thirst, that seemed to be best quenched by the use of cocktails, and as he seemed to have a faculty for making several different kinds, Tom showed a decided disposition to become a jolly companion, and was soon perched up on the cabin top playing a fiddle for all he was worth. Gatling wanted to hear himself talk of course, and therefore did not seem to relish Tom's fiddle. However, he was soon in a deep argument with our captain as to whether Genesta or Puritan was the faster boat, and on other nautical subjects.

My friend Percy was smoking a pipe and taking care that the boat was floating in the right direction, by occasionally revolving the wheel one way or the other. However, calms do not last forever, and at about 12:30 there came evident signs that we were about to have a breeze. That breeze loafed around a long time before it concluded to become anything like wind, but finally it braced up considerably and the Truant began to heel over to it and go through the water in a way that gave considerable promise that her heels might be very nimble with more weight in the wind. But we were not to have a chance of trying her that day, as the wind remained light but steady. At about 7 P. M. we made Larchmont, and came to anchor near the schooner yacht Clio, which was anchored in the harbor.

After a very jolly and excellent dinner, which proved that we had an A No. 1 steward and cook, Long Tom, Gatling and Percy went ashore to the club house and post letters, G. being a member of the club. They reported a very good time on their return. As I was feeling tired I remained on board, and after smoking my pipe and enjoying a beautiful moonlight evening, I turned in early, and did not wake again till 5 A. M., at which time the crew were hoisting the mainsail preparatory to getting under way. I immediately routed out the cabin passengers in order to get them to turn out and take a salt-water bath, but they all seemed to be exceedingly tired and cross, and none of them would budge; which was afterward explained to me by their saying that they had not returned to the yacht until 2 o'clock. I had to go overboard alone. Soon afterward we got under way and proceeded down the Sound with a leading breeze, bound for New London. After breakfast we set the spinaker, and it did good service for some time. However, the wind had freshened so much by o'clock that we were obliged to take it in.

The Truant seemed to drive along very fast, or the sloop yacht ahead was going very slowly, for we had been overhauling her all day, although she went by Larchmont some time before we started. At about 4 P. M. we overhauled and went by her. Her name was the Avon, of Boston. At about 7 o'clock the weather began to look squally, and we debated whether we should stand on or put for Saybrook, which place we were near. But we decided to let her go on, although the wind had dropped almost to a calm, and it was evident that we were in for a squall. At about 8 o'clock we swung the boats inboard and close reefed the mainsail. At half past the squall struck us, and proved to be very heavy, and it fairly picked the water up and flung it over our decks.

We were running dead before it and were busy reefing the jib, when a cry came from aft, "Get a light, for Heaven's sake show a light! Get a lantern out of the forecastle; hurry men, hurry for your lives;" and a lot of other equally forcible expressions. On looking astern we perceived the lights of a large vessel quite close to and running up on us hand over fist. When we found that she paid no attention to our light we began to think that our last hour had come. By this time we were off the Race and a pretty heavy sea was running. As the vessel came closer we shouted and blew a horn to attract her attention, which we succeeded in doing, but barely in time, for as she luffed a little and as we kept away her mizen boom swung over our cockpit and just cleared our main rigging. She proved to be a large three-masted schooner, and as her crew were busy reefing she had failed to see our light. Had she hit us she would have gone through the Truant as if she had been made of paper, and consequently this article would never have been written. When the schooner came along, her crew did some very tall swearing as if they thought that it was our fault for getting in their way. But as we naturally did everything we could to get out of their way and as they were steering very wild, we thought their remarks totally uncalled for. However in a few seconds the schooner disappeared in the darkness, and then we realized what a close shave we had had. I must say that every one on board kept very cool and behaved splendidly except the steward, who went around swearing as if his day of judgment had arrived, and calling on all the saints in his vocabularly to save him. He let up somewhat, however, when Percy told him to shut up and go below, or he would pitch him overboard. Soon after this the squall went down, and we had a light breeze which carried us into New London Harbor and I do not think that any of us were very sorry to come to an anchor.

The next day we spent in making purchases and visiting friends in the town. In the evening we attended a hop at the Pequot House, and came aboard at a late hour. We had intended to leave for Newport, but as there was no wind all day we had to remain at anchor. However, in the afternoon we had several lady visitors from the shore. Among them Long Tom's mother and sister, who were staying at the hotel, so we got up an impromptu tea, which was served on deck, and was voted a great success by the fair visitors.

The following morning we got under way for Newport, which place we reached at about 4:30 P. M., after a most delightful run.

Here our Long Tom met with quite a painful accident. While tending sheet during a gybe he let the rope run through his hand so rapidly when the boom came over that most of the skin was taken off of the inside of his hand, and when the sheet was taken from him he fainted. As soon as our anchor was down we had to get one of the boats overboard and look up a doctor.

We remained here for about ten days, and two of our cabin passengers bunked ashore with friends who were kind enough to ask us to put up with them.

We had intended to go on as far as Boston, but as business called two of us back to the city, Percy decided to give up this part of the trip and return to New York in the yacht. We gave several sailing parties while here, and enjoyed ourselves hugely. The first day after we started from home Tom's fiddle was continually called upon to give us "The girl I left behind me."

Coming home we ran by New London, and anchored at Saybrook the first night. The next morning we were awakened by a great tramping on deck, and by the anchor chains running out at a lively rate. On going on deck to see what the row was, we found that we had both anchors down and that it was blowing great guns from the northwest. A large barge loaded with wood was coming down on us at a lively pace, and threatened to carry away our bowsprit. But luckily she steered off a little and did no further damage than to scrape off some paint on our starboard side. But we had to let the boat run down very lively and swing in the davits. During the day several large schooners went adrift, and one of them, which collided with our friend the barge, lost bowsprit and foretopmast. A tug in the harbor was kept busy all day towing boats around that threatened to go ashore. The next day was pretty nearly as bad, and what was worse, we were running short of cigars. Gatling left us here, and much to our disgust, carried off about fifteen cigars that he had in a box, but as if to add gall to our feelings, he left the box. This no doubt was unintentional on his part, but still it made us mad, and all of the remaining stumps of cigars, cigarettes and pipe ashes we emptied into that box very religiously, so that when we arrived in New York the box was just about full. We then did it up nicely in brown paper and sent it by express to his Fifth avenue home. But, needless to say, he never acknowledged our present.

We were three days at Saybrook before we got away. We left early on the morning of the fourth day, and all of us were heartily sick of the place. That night we anchored off the *Herald* Station, at Whitestone, and were reported in due form. The next morning we went through the Gate and anchored off Bay Ridge, paid off the crew, and formally handed over the Truant to her owner. We all voted that we had had an awfully jolly trip, and Percy said it paid, which was the main thing that I felt concerned about. That night we had a reunion at Delmonico's, and we walked around with a sailor's swagger and a healthy color on our faces for several days afterward.

TRUANT.

MACDONALD'S COVE.

IT is with no little interest that yachtsmen of the "unsalted seas" have observed the serious intention of their bigger brothers who sail the briny to acquaint themselves with the attractions of the former's cruising grounds. The expedition made last season by Mr. Howard Patterson to secure information of routes, roads, anchorages and courses for sailing in Lake Erie and Lake Ontario and the river St. Lawrence to a wider number of yachtsmen, marks possibly a new era of pleasure and experience for many soft-handed tars. We venture to say that this ground will not prove disappointing. It lacks nothing that arouses and charms the soul of a sailor, unless it is the salt smell of the wind and wave. This is absent. But let the sojourner in these waters remember that the freshness of their air will serve to sweep his brain the clearer and brighter for the saline odor.

From the outlet of the Niagara to the opening of the St. Lawrence, where lie for twenty miles its almost countless islands, and thence down by its wide and varied channel to the sea, is every description of voyaging by sail or paddle or by steam. Let no landlubber trust his unskilled hand to guide his craft over Lake Ontario, thinking his nerve and strength equal to its capacity. There will be found a place for all that the best navigator commands. Its winds are as stout, its seas as treacherous, its calms as deep and its coasts as puzzling as any of the Atlantic. It lacks no element of a complete sailor's school but sea room, and of that there are 8,000 square miles. On its northern shore dwell the Canadians, born of a race of men who have trimmed sail since the birth of navigation. They are brawny, courageous and rich, and will neither take quarter from any deck nor give it. Along the south shore dwell one's own countrymen, no less ambitious, ready and polite than any rival. Many are its bluffs and coves, bays and streams, reefs, shallows and currents. It has fair scenery and fair skies in season, bustling towns and hospitable clubs for entertainment.

Below on the St. Lawrence is a land unique to the denizens of our ordinary civilization. Englishmen, Scotchmen and Irishmen are there, fast rooted in the mother country ways. The French are there, abating perhaps less than any people the thoughts, the habits, the religion and the speech of their blood to the influence of these leveling times. Off the beaten paths of the tourist, away from the great towns, along the shores of this majestic river and back from it, on the rugged hills and in the fruitful valleys and bottom lands of countless streams, there lives a homely but picturesque and intensely religious people who have for a hundred years changed less than any peasantry. Writers of fiction and travel are but now awakening to the existence of this priceless material. The history of this land, replete with great deeds and romantic scenes, an old world's civilization joining hands with a new world's savagery, transpiring in the heart of nature, it seems as if Parkman had forever monopolized. The islands of the St. Lawrence, its rapids, its wild and rocky shores, long levels and broad lakes, its frowning cliffs and dark, deep waters will capture any temperament or imagination with its grandeur and charm. No line of travel equals it for steam yachting. There are hundreds of miles of open river navigation and safe carries by broad and well managed canals. Fish of many kinds, from the salmon to the bullhead, inhabit its waters, and with the oncoming of winter and of spring the gunner's feathered quarry, geese and ducks, pausing in their migratory flights, haunt its wide feeding grounds. It seems as it to them this were their half-way home, where for a few weeks they must linger while nature is getting ready their distant, but acceptable tenements.

Almost without intention has the writer been led, perhaps unnecessarily and no doubt tiresomely, to introduce what follows with a beckoning and encouragement to men on yachting bent, who know no cruises but from Hell Gate to Marblehead and Mount Desert, to find their watery pasturage to the north, where may be seen, if not Brobdingnags and Houyhnhms, yet people not unworthy of observation to an untrammeled mind, countries not without interest to a tourist and waters right pleasant for a sail if they are "too fresh."

To proceed to the original purpose, simply to add another to the countless homely records of innocent farings on land and water in the experience of men who care for life without the door, the same yet never the same to them, and therefore interesting if not absorbing no matter how often told, it was the writer's pleasure one summer afternoon to lift his dunnage bag over the rail of the Cricket and lend a lubberly hand to shape affairs aboard ship for a long tour across the lake, for the wind was flat, and we, slaves of business and of time, perforce must obtain conveyance, if not by lusty winds as becomes seamen, then ignominiously by towboat. Under such a sky of countless stars as hung over us during the hours of the evening, and fanned by the light air of our motion, it seemed ignominious indeed to be hauled over the deep by a puffing steam craft, but so it was. At midnight, in a broad arm of the lake off a sheltering cove—MacDonald's—we slipped our cable and crept softly to our mooring as if, like a belated husband, we would not disturb the deep sleep that rested on our habitation.

MacDonald's Cove is a niche on the northern shore of Prince Edward's Island. Winds may blow high or low and from all points of the compass at the same time if they list, but a bark anchored within its high and wooded banks can snap her tapered ends at them. Here fleets of trading schooners voyaging to the south shore overtaken by storm have many a gray fall day lain snugly by until the wrath of the elements had worn itself out. Collector John Prinyer here represents Her Majesty, and Her Majesty need borrow no trouble but that the dignity, hospitality and good cheer proverbial with Her Majesty's kingdom around the world are royally illustrated in this remote region of her realm. The Collector has the distinction of being reared a country boy in the companionship of the famous Sir John MacDonald, who rules all Canada, despite the Lascoon struggles of the Liberals to put him by the ears. In the two men appear the ever recurring incident of the diverse courses of two lives standing on the threshold hand in hand; one goes to great station, power and worldly honor, the other to quiet ways, dignified, yet remote. Who pronounces which is the happier and better? To judge from an observation of mine host, Premier Sir John must have a quieter conscience and a less harrassing life than is reputed to belong to him if he can match his old school companion for contentment and worth now when the finish of all earthly things is heaving in sight for both of them.

The morning dawned fair and through the long forenoon the Cricket's crew voyaged to and from the shore, dreamed under the flap of the sail and let the world slide generally.

At noon the west wind—friend of the sailor in all waters—blew briskly across the channel and under foresail and jib, staysail and topsail, as if rejoicing in her exercise, the Cricket slides away toward the south. To the west Amherst Island spreads its green shores where thrifty farms are basking in the sun, while now they may; for the spectre of the long and desperate winter—to whose cold and snows they lie absolutely open—must ever haunt their existence. Further south the False Duck Islands and the true stand forth like sentinels above the flood—their rocky shores seeming to bear "beware" upon their fronts even under our favoring skies. Lakeward a steamer bound for Kingston or more distant Montreal trails a line of coal laden barges breathing forth great rolls of smoke that stretch for miles away against the clear blue of the horizon. Beyond a schooner bends slightly her graceful masts and hull as the steady breeze bellies her immaculate sails, moving like some gentle and stately swan. To the west Indian Point lies flat and distant on the water, and ten miles on is the white column of South Bay Point light. Thither we steer, and through the sunny afternoon in long stretches—for the wind has shifted to the southwest—the Cricket reels off the miles without an altered sheet.

Long before sunset we have anchored off the point. Here are the houses of a few fishermen, who draw from the cool and deep waters of the lake a fish that can hardly be surpassed for food. The epicure who dies not having tasted the whitefish of the north ern lakes has "made a failure of it." The whitefish may be matched against any that swims salt water. At nightfall, after loading the icebox with specimens of these finny prizes of many pounds weight, we sail away. At break of day the water seems becalmed. No touch of air so much as ripples the mirrored surface, but aloft in the long head of the topsail the gentle zephyr strikes, moving the null below without a sound along. The mist lies thick upon the water, and as the god of day rises to light the world the vapors stream toward the skies like wraiths reluctant to feel that the night which shelters them has disappeared. Before they take their last farewell they paint with all the colors of the sun the surface of the lake—crimson and green, yellow, blue, violet, with every varying shade brighten and fade and die. At length the day having come serene, the west wind rising to her daily task in steady strength, scatters the dew and mist as if forever, and moving with it we, too, have disappeared. And what of it? Shall we say. Nothing but a memory, hours of content and life.

OSWEGO, N. Y., Nov. 15. G. T. C.

DELAWARE RIVER.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The little schooner yacht Leona, mentioned in the FOREST AND STREAM of Nov. 1 as bound to Florida, reached Chesapeake City Oct. 29. Stopped at Betterton, where the crew put in a week with their friends and had some fine shooting. Arrived at Annapolis Nov. 9; all well. I will probably not hear from her again until she reaches Norfolk. Capt. Lutes (not Lutz) spent a week with me at the boat house while fitting out for his voyage. We had many boat talks interspersed with chart reading, with which latter he is well supplied. He also has copies of Mr. Kunhardt's famous trip in the Coot, published in the FOREST AND STREAM, which will be of the greatest service to him. The Leona is called a "dandy" by the natives, and her crew "bricks." I will send you a fuller description of the trip after the little ship gets further south. The Cooper's Point Corinthians put in a full week of racing from Nov. 6 to 13, making it the twenty-sixth race of this season. The genial literary editor of the *Evening Call* took a hand in the seven-day races and won two races, one with the Wilkin and one with the Item. Newspaper men don't seem to mind wet jackats in 15-footers, and are up in handling the stick. Three prizes were won by the Corinthians in the combination race of the Quaker City Y. C., viz.: Agnes, fourth class sloops, first prize; H. Clay Funk, Class D, first prize; Item, second prize.—R. G. W.

CYTHERA.—A very improbable story has lately appeared in the daily papers of a letter received by some unknown person from one Jack Fenton, mate of a boat named the Samuel Stone, and detailing how, on a voyage from Savannah, Ga., to Australia, after leaving the former port just prior to the great blizzard, a white yawl-rigged yacht was passed and afterward seen to sink, one sailor only being rescued, in the height of the blizzard, by the bark. As this sailor could not speak English he could not tell the name of his vessel, and later he was transferred to a Norwegian ship and so all trace of him was lost. The whole story is so full of gross improbabilities that the only reasonable conclusion is that some heartless wretch has tried to base a hoax on the tragic loss of the Cythera and her crew.

NEW YACHTS.—Mr. Burgess is busy with the design for a 90ft. schooner for Col. W. H. Forbes, the dimensions being 89ft. 6in. l.w.l., 23ft. 8in. in beam and 9ft. 9in. in draft. The 90ft. class is beyond question the most desirable and popular size of the two-stickers for racing, and the new boat will be a welcome addition. The new yacht will have a centerboard, and will be built of wood, by Lawley. Mr. Burgess has also an order for a new fisherman for Com. J. M. Forbes, who will own a half interest in her. She will be built in the best manner, and be designed and rigged according to modern ideas. At Marblehead Mr. Wm. Eddy will build a cutter 32ft. over all, 26ft. l.w.l., 10ft. beam and 6ft. draft.

WAVES.—A writer in the Liverpool *Mercury*—a captain of the merchant marine—has taken careful observations as to the height of ocean waves in a gale. He made them during a voyage round Cape Horn, and to do it he went up in the main rigging, to get, if possible, the top of the wave coming up into the line of sight from the mast to the horizon at the back. It was a difficult operation, but the captain obtained some good observations, marking the height of the waves on the mast. On measuring the distance from these to the mean draft, he found them to be as follows: 64, 61, 58 and 65ft., respectively, varying in length from 750 to 800ft.

THE OSWEGO, N. Y., Y. C. has elected the following officers: Allen Ames, Commodore; Swits Condé, Vice-Commodore; F. W. Sackett, Captain; W. B. Phelps, Secretary; E. B. Mott, Treasurer; A. J. Judson, Measurer; Dr. J. W. Eddy, Fleet Surgeon; J. T. Mott, J. P. Phelps and J. B. Donnelly, Directors. The club is in a most happy state physically, numerically and financially. Thirty-seven new members during 1888, and after extensive and expensive improvements at the club house, and all bills paid, a handsome balance is in the treasurer's hands. The new commodore is the owner and skipper of the Merle, and his cabinet are all live and experienced officers.

CATBOATS IN NOVEMBER.—The last race of the season about New York was sailed on Nov. 24 between the catboats Playmate and Bon Ton, of the Staten Island Athletic Club yachting annex; the course being from Buoy 17, off Robbin's Reef, around Buoy 16, off Norton's Point, then around Buoy 15, below Fort Tompkins, and home. The stakes were $100 per side. Mr. John W. Edwards sailed the Playmate, and M. G. W. Vredenburg the Bon Ton. Playmate led at the start, but Bon Ton sailed the better course on the return, winning by 10m. 27s.

HARLEM Y. C.—This club has just installed itself in the old Randall mansion, on E. 121st street, and will hold a formal house warming next month.

New Publications.

"WHO'S AFRAID?"—A celebrated photographer while making pictures along the rough coast of New England, set his camera to take the view of a double row of rocks off York Beach, Maine, with the waves dashing over them, when three sunny-faced children appeared on the scene from behind the rocks where they had been hidden from view, running toward the water as though to plunge into the surf and by accident halted directly in front of the camera already set, when a clear mannly voice, from a distance, rang out the warning to the youngest child, "My Darling, don't go near the water!" They turned, each in characteristic pose, and the reply came from the little one, "Who's afraid?" Snap went the rubber on the camera and the sunbeams had fixed for ever a picture, piquant, roguish and withal such a touch of nature as no artist's fancy could ever body forth. By special consent of the parents, who are prominent in New England society, the Chicago & North Western Railway Company have invoked the "Art Preservative," and the picture, duly engraved upon steel by the celebrated engravers, John A. Lowell & Co., Boston, and copyrighted, forms the basis of one of the most beautiful and attractive souvenirs ever offered by a railway company to its patrons. Many copies have been distributed free, but so great is the desire to possess one of these beautiful works of art that even the generous North Western calls a halt. Copies of this picture which is spoken of in art circles as a "modern classic" in connection with a chaste and ornate calendar for 1889, will be sent, postage paid, to any address, in return for 25 cents in stamps or postal note, or for $2 nine copies will be sent, express free, to any point in the United States, by E. P. WILSON, General Passenger Agent, Chicago and North Western Railway, Chicago.

Some time ago a friend of William J. Davis, a young lawyer living in East Newark, presented him with a handsome buck, eighteen months old. Mr. Davis was proud of his new acquisition, and put it to browse on the lawn in front of his house. Monday morning Mr. Davis started from his house with his satchel to go to business. As he passed the deer he greeted him with "Hello, Billy!" The buck lowered his head and made a vicious dash for his owner. Davis prepared to retreat. The deer was on him in an instant and butted him to the ground. Then he gored the ground furiously with his horns until Davis was lifted on his antlers high in the air. Davis caught the antlers with his hands and held on for dear life. All efforts of the buck to shake him off were futile. While the deer was thus amusing himself a letter carrier passing shouted at the buck, and the deer made a dash for him as the lawyer let himself fall to the ground. The postman was butted, too, but with the aid of the hired man the buck was lassoed before he had done any further harm and taken to the barn.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.

F. L. K.—See answer to Shells in this number.

If C. R. A., of Lafayette, N. J., will send us his name we will print his note.

C. A. H., New Haven.—Go to Durham's Creek, North Carolina, reached by Old Dominion Line of steamers from Norfolk, Va.

Shells.—To clean your brass shells immerse them in vinegar or a weak solution of oxalic acid. Or use mixture of two parts sulphuric acid, two parts water, one part pulverized biochromate potash, then clean with hot water. It is better to clean only the outside of the shells; the wads will be held more firmly if the inside be not polished.

H. R. W.—According to the law as amended by Chap. 641, 1887 robins may be shot on Long Island and Staten Island from Nov. 1 to Jan. 1.

J. E. A.—For ruffed grouse you may choose pointer or setter after your own predilection. There are strenuous partisans who uphold each breed against the other as the better.

W. A. McQ., Glasgow, Kentucky.—Where can I purchase pictures suitable for anglers' club room? Want something at moderate cost. Give address of dealer in deer antlers, etc. Ans. 1. Currier & Ives, Nassau street, New York. 2. John Wallace, 16 North William street, New York.

Waterloo.—A friend of mine owns the dog and I the bitch; there are in litter eight pups. No arrangement having been made previous to the birth of pups, to how many pups is the owner of the dog entitled? Ans. The customary arrangement is that the owner of the sire shall have the first choice of the pups.

C. E., Cœur d'Alene, Idaho.—I send you by to-day's mail the skin off the head of some animal killed by an Indian near here. Please let me know the local and scientific name of animal through the columns of your valuable paper. There is no one here that knows what it is. Ans. The skin is that of a young female woodland caribou.

P. S. G., Forest Lake, Minn.—Rum, English setter (E. K. C. S. B. 1555), is by Laverack's Dash out of Laverack's Moll III., she by Fred I. out of Belle II. Fred by Rock I. out of Moll II. Belle II. by Rock II. out of Blair's Cora. Dash was got by Ponto out of Old Moll. Rock is by Laverack's Dash out of Pilkington's Lill, she by Laverack's Rock out of Belle, she by old Rock out of Cora. Laverack's Rock is by Fred I. out of Cora. Laverack's Dash by Ponto out of old Moll. Countess is by Laverack's Dash II. out of his Moll III., she by Fred I. out of Belle II., she by Rock II. out of Blair's Cora. Fred I. by Rock I. out of Moll II. Laverack's Dash II. is by his Sting out of Cora II., he by Rock out of Blair's Cora, she by Fred I. out of Cora I. Other pedigrees not traceable.

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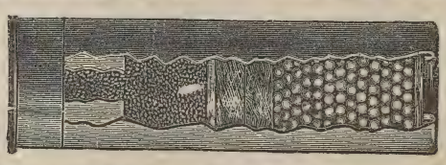
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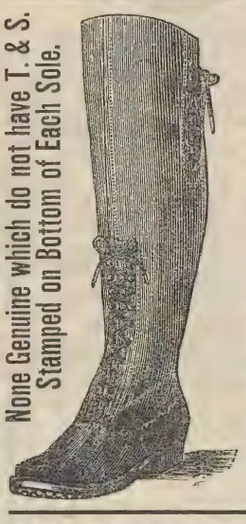
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NEW YORK, DECEMBER 6, 1888.

VOL. XXXI.—No. 20. No. 318 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Only advertisements of an approved character inserted. Inside pages, nonpareil type, 30 cents per line. Special rates for three, six, and twelve months. Seven words to the line, twelve lines to one inch. Advertisements should be sent in by Saturday previous to issue in which they are to be inserted. Transient advertisements must invariably be accompanied by the money or they will not be inserted. Reading notices $1.00 per line.

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May begin at any time. Subscription price, $4 per year; $2 for six months; to a club of three annual subscribers, three copies for $10; five copies for $16. Remit by express money-order, registered letter, money-order, or draft, payable to the Forest and Stream Publishing Company. The paper may be obtained of newsdealers throughout the United States, Canadas and Great Britain. For sale by Davies & Co., No. 1 Finch Lane, Cornhill, London. General subscription agents for Great Britain, Messrs. Davies & Co., and Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston, Searles and Rivington, 188 Fleet street, London, Eng. Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris, France, sole Paris agent for sales and subscriptions. Foreign subscription price, $5 per year; $2.50 for six months.

Address all communications

Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

No. 318 BROADWAY. NEW YORK CITY.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

POPULAR FORESTRY INSTRUCTION.

THE New York Academy of Science devoted an hour or two the other evening to discussing the condition of the forests of this State; and the reports of their meeting in the daily papers has had the effect of momentarily at least drawing public attention again to this subject.

Less than half a dozen years ago the people of New York were thoroughly aroused upon the importance of the forest question. It was pointed out to them that the Adirondacks were in great part denuded of their timber, that periodical fires followed the woodman's axe, that the Hudson was being silted up, and that in fact a series of conditions had been inaugurated which would sooner or later result, firstly in the destruction of New York as a shipping port, secondly in the destruction of the fertility of the soil to such an extent that there would be nothing to ship. It was urged that we were in fact going to ruin with a full head of steam on; and the collective wisdom of the people decided and gave as their verdict that nothing could save the country but wise legislation involving the enactment of forest laws and the reservation of a State forest area, with a Forest Commission to provide for its proper conservancy.

Nothing could be more commendable than the promptitude with which our legislators at Albany responded to the popular appeal for forest legislation. They drafted a bill admirable in every detail, and displayed a praiseworthy zeal in incorporating every good suggestion in it; they appointed a Forest Commission, whose duty it would be to undertake the economic and scientific administration of the State forests, restock denuded areas, bring the whole under a high system of conservancy, establish chairs of forestry in our universities and colleges, and above all to diffuse among the people at large a mass of popular literature, designed to enlighten them as to the economic importance of properly conserved forests, their far-reaching influence upon the welfare and destiny of nations, the short-sightedness of the policy which would allow them to be sacrificed for a temporary gain, and generally to cultivate so enlightened a popular sentiment upon this important matter as would insure popular support of well-considered legislation.

Well, we have our forest bill and our Forest Commission and establishment, and as far as we can learn they have about as much practical value as the famous edict of the Sultan of Bagdad, which provided that no one should go out after dark without a lantern in his hand, but which made no provision to compel its being lighted. The Forest Commission does not commit itself to any practical measures of forest administration, nor fritter away its hoarded stores of knowledge upon an unappreciative public, and the Legislature benignly relieves it of all responsibility in the matter by withholding the necessary funds. If its lantern is not lighted, it is no less true that the Legislature withholds the necessary oil.

And so the public, believing that this matter has been properly and intelligently disposed of by adequate legislation, goes about its business and thinks no more about it. Meantime the evil is being aggravated from year to year, and the task of reformation growing ever more Herculean; but happily the general public is being slowly enlightened. That popular literature which the Forest Commission was to have evolved out of its accumulated stores of knowledge has failed to appear, but the demand for concise practical information on this important subject in popular style is just as great to-day as ever it was. We need in America some such practical effort as that successful one in France, when by means of cogent reasoning addressed to the masses the intelligence of the people was appealed to and public spirit aroused in favor of wiser forest administration. The history of that movement has already been given in these columns, but now that academies of science are discussing the forest problem, it may not be out of place to recur once more to the lesson afforded by France. There the change of base on this forestry question was due in a large degree to the influence of one book, written specially to accomplish this reform. This was the prize essay, "Les Études de Maitre Pierre sur l'Agriculture et les Forêts"—The Studies of Master Peter about Agriculture and Forests—translated under the title, "The Forest Waters the Farm."

This little work was written for the instruction of the horny-handed sons of toil, the small farmers of France, who offered the most stubborn opposition to the measures of the French Government for the reafforestment of the communal lands. That they should have offered such resistance was only natural, seeing that the very first measure of the Forest Department was necessarily to exclude all sheep and cattle from the selected areas. It was hardly to be expected that they would have sufficient insight to recognize that the effect of converting worn out pasture lands into forest would be to enable them to keep more stock, make more manure and grow more grain. Nevertheless in the little book the teaching, which is conducted on the Socratic method by means of a series of dialogues between the teacher and the peasant farmer, is an appeal to the rude horse sense of the latter, who finally acknowledges himself convinced.

In his impatience of the dictation of one who is not a practical farmer he asserts in the language of his class that "the leaves (of the forest floor) are our only resource to make litter and manure, and it is better to deprive the forests of it than our cultivated fields. Let the woods perish rather than the crops." He cannot at first realize that depriving the forest of its humus is depriving it of the essential conditions of vigorous growth and of its utility as a reservoir whose waters maintain the lower lands perennially moist; but he is gradually brought to the recognition of the teacher's axiom that "a country without wood is a house without a roof."

In this country even the present generation entered upon so vast a woodland inheritance that the question of the exhaustion of our timber supply with its attendant evils has hardly received serious consideration, the State Legislature of New York is simply trifling with the question; its honorary Forestry Commission is a mere toy, serving to divert the attention of the community from the gravity of the interests involved.

We do not intend by these remarks to cast reflections upon the State Legislature; some, at least, of our representatives at Albany who are passively instrumental in allowing the law to become a dead letter for all practical purposes, are animated by the consideration that there is no reasonable security from the prudent appropriation of any moneys that may be voted for forest administration as long as the department shall be controlled and officered by men who, whatever their general attainments, have no professional knowledge to guide them.

And so there is nothing for us but to recur to the subject from time to time, and keep alive the public interest in a problem the attempted solution of which will probably constitute the severest test of the capacity of a republican government to deal with great economic questions, which the Governments of the United States has ever been exposed to.

It is a problem that will never present itself in its true light until we begin to import timber from northern Europe, nor will the problem ever present itself in its true dimensions until, urged by necessity, we shall have determined what available materials can be substituted for wood.

America entering the twentieth century with a population of a hundred millions, and dependent on the Baltic forests for three-fourths of her timber supply is a picture conducive to serious reflection.

THE MARKSMAN'S HOLIDAY.

IF there is a god of marksmanship to whose honor gun powder is burned, a saint of the shooter other than good St. Hubert, surely the American Thanksgiving Day ought to be named in his honor on the calendar of saints. The reports in our rifle and trap columns show that the rattle of the rifle and the shotgun beat a close accompaniment to the tattoo of the all-prevalent gobbler drumstick in marking the celebration of the day. Some of the shooters were within ear shot of the surf beating on the Atlantic shore, while others looked out from their shooting grounds over the broad expanse of the smooth Pacific. Some fired close to the border of the Dominion, others hugged the other edge of the Republic and found good shooting grounds on the shelly shore of the Gulf.

A few of the events which came within the knowledge of the all-pervading reporter are recorded in our pages. Hundreds and hundreds of other pleasant little tests of shooting skill were billed, in which the beautiful November weather was enjoyed, and a fine appetite worked up for the feast connected with the day's proper observance. These may not appear in print, but they were just as much appreciated and enjoyed as the more formal affairs with their medal and prize accompaniments.

The day is growing, as is every other one of the few American holidays, into a date for outdoor events. There is always some form of open-air enjoyment fit for the day. Whether that day be the blazing Fourth of July or in the nipping Christmastide, sun and crisp frost are equally enjoyable if taken in the right way, and for general, all-the-year-through application the trap-shoot and the test of skill before the butts seem to stand unique among sports. November, with its gray skies and moist atmosphere, is perhaps peculiarly fitted for fun with powder-burning devices, and so it comes that the only off day in the November list is crowded with shoots of all manner of magnitude, making in the aggregate a grand outburst of noisy recognition of the civic holiday and one quite at variance with the ideas of its puritanical originators.

SNAP SHOTS.

A SMALL-SIZED rumpus has been raised over the "coursing" of hares on Long Island by fox-terriers, the hares having been taken from a pen, dropped to the ground in sight of the dogs and quickly killed by them. The purpose of this proceeding was presumably to test the speed of the terriers. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals interfered and arrested the participants on a charge of cruelty, and a trial in a Long Island court resulted in an acquittal. The qualities of "sport" and "cruelty" are so debatable that much might be said with reason on either side of the question here involved; but most lovers of manly field sports will agree that if in the Long Island fox-terrier hare killing there is not very much of "cruelty" there is even less of "sport."

As a complement of recent notes in the natural history columns of game birds invading the haunts of man, comes a story from Cairo, Ill., saying that on Tuesday, Nov. 13, a large deer swam the Ohio River from East Cairo, Ky., ran up the Ohio levee and broke a large plate glass in the Indiana Central Railroad office. All the operators ran out of the office and the deer was killed. It weighed 200lbs.

THE MISFORTUNES OF PANI PUK'KOATS.

IT was night. Within the lodge all was warm and bright and cheerful. Without, the snow lay deep on the ground, the sky was an intense black, such as we only see in winter, and through this blackness the myriad stars shone or flickered with a brilliance that was wonderful. Some of them, the planets, looked like distant fires, which at one time would die down a little, and then burst into blaze and seem to assume twice their former size; others were clear, steady points of light, and others still smaller, till those in the Wolf's Road resembled a little white dust thinly scattered on the black of the heavens, making it look gray. It was toward the beginning of winter, and over the eastern hills the shining belt of Orion now showed itself as the night wore on. The air was bitter cold, and you felt, if you put your head out of the door, that the snow would creak sharply under your tread were you to step out into it.

The night was still, and not a breath of air lifted the light snow wreaths or shook the smoke shield. Usually in this wind-swept region the gales howl all night through these narrow valleys, groaning among the peaks, and, as they approach, raising their voices till, as the blasts reach you, the sound is a wild scream. Then comes the rattle of the smoke shield, the shrill creaking of the lodge poles, and the deep, drum-like sound, as gust after gust thunders against the side of the lodge and presses the tightly-stretched canvas in between the poles. On such nights the mountains are vocal with dismal sounds, and one might fancy that a horde of witches were holding their revels among the rocks and the trees about them, or that a legion of fiends had been released from hell and exposed on the peaks to the fury of the storm. On this night it was still and the air was voiceless. Not even the soft cooing *Hoo, hoo, hoo-hoo* of the owls was heard, and only once did the petulant call of a lynx sound through the clear atmosphere.

It was pleasant within the lodge. The day had been one of hard exhausting labor; of work beginning before daylight and ending after dark. Now it was over, we were content. And why not? On a small quaking aspen tree near the lodge door hung a load of fat sheep meat that had been brought into camp an hour or two before. We had changed our wet garments, had dined well, were warm, dry and full, and felt stealing over us the delicious languor which follows the hearty meal after a day of vigorous work.

I wish that I could paint for you a picture of our home, so that you might see it as I do now with the eye of memory. I cannot do this, I know, but I will try. Our lodge is an ordinary conical one, such as is commonly used by the Northern Indians, 12ft. in diameter and as many in height. At the top is the smoke hole, through which, looking up through the cloud of gray vapor that rises from the fire in the center, one can see dimly a star or two. The fire burns brightly, and every now and then some one puts on it a stick or two of the finely split aspen wood, partly for the warmth, partly for the light and partly to make a high blaze which will keep up a good draught and carry the smoke well upward. At about the height of a man's head the smoke spreads out and fills the upper part of the lodge, but then no one ever stands up in a lodge. On lines stretched about the lodge poles, five or six feet from the ground, are various articles of wearing apparel, placed there to dry. There are socks and shirts, boots and shoes, trousers and a coat. The walls of the dwelling are brownish black, darkest above, where the smoke has done its work, and shading into paler below, where only dirt and actual wear and tear have stained them. Down on the ground floor you would see, if you had this scene to look back on as I have, to the left of the door our cooking utensils and our sacks of flour, bacon and sugar, then the beds, stretched close to the walls, around nearly to the door again, where is the woodpile and the water bucket. The beds are not very wide and there is abundant space for the fire in the middle of the floor.

This is our home, here we spend our time, laughing at the storms of rain, sleet and snow, which daily burst upon us from the mountains, and lulled to rest by the roar of the warring elements. The sailor in his hammock in a storm at sea rests peacefully and quietly, undisturbed by the fury of the gale; so we, after a hard day's work, hearing nothing of the howling of the storm, the crash of the rock slide or the thunder of the cataract, sleep like tired children on the bosom of our common Mother.

On the bed nearest the door as you enter the lodge sits Jack, the Outlaw, busy with awl, needle and waxed thread, patching his wornout shoes. He whistles merrily "The Son of a Gamboleer," sometimes interrupting himself to mutter objurgations on the Jew who charged him $4 for such a pair of worthless shoes, and then changing off to a droning song, which assures us that

"The days of old were the days of gold,
The days of forty-nine."

Next to him sat Appekunny, crosslegged like a tailor, and busied in putting a patch on that part of his trousers which is most used when one is at church, or in the saddle or at dinner. Yo is the next man, sitting pipe in mouth on his bed and doing nothing, and next to him comes the Small Chief, that ancient Pawnee warrior who has been Yo's companion in so many scenes of happiness and of hardship. Once more the same blanket covers their lean and sinewy forms, and the bald head and the gray now rest again on the same pillow. Next to them, and so across the lodge from Appekunny, is the stalwart form of the Rhymer, who with his moccasined feet stretched out toward the fire, and a dainty cigarette held between his lips, is perhaps composing a poem, but more probably is dropping off to-sleep. And last of all, near the woodpile, his bronzed face bent toward the fire, and his coal-black hair hanging down toward his hands, is Black coming in sight over the Hill, a noted warrior and hunter of the Pegunny.

Years ago, before the white men were so many, he was strong in war. Long journeys he made to strike the Crees, the Crows and the Gros Ventres of the Prairie. Many the horses he stole, the scalps he took, the *coups* he counted. Now all this is changed. Indians have to stay on their reservations, and Brocky, as we call him for short, goes to war no more.

The last scalp he took was in a fight with a Cree war party that made a foray and stole a lot of horses from the Pegunny. The latter followed, overtook them and recovered the horses; and in the running fight that ensued Brocky closely pursued a Cree, who took refuge in a coulée, and shot his pursuer as he came up. The ball struck him in the forehead high up, and passing around the skull lodged under the skin at the back of the head. Brocky killed the Cree, counted *coup* on him and took his scalp. This he afterward sent to me as a present. I have it still. Watch him now as he bends toward the fire, industriously fashioning with his knife a new stem for his pipe. His kindly honest face does not look very ferocious, but he is a brave warrior and a strong hunter.

Yo and the Chief were both of them lame and sore from the exertions of the day, for each of them had packed on his back a heavy load of meat along the rough mountainside, now over smooth, sliding shale, or again over great rocks where the footing was unstable, and steps had to be now long and now short. As they sat there on this night, side by side, the silence was broken by speech from the Chief, who turned to Yo and said, "Old Man, did you mind my laughing at you to-day when you fell and the sheep fell on you? I did not mean to, but you looked so funny when you disappeared in that crack with the sheep on top of you that I couldn't help it. Besides, I felt sure from the character of the remarks you made that you were not much hurt."

"I thought when I plunged into that hole and that sheep came down on top of me that I was broken in two," said Yo, "but I got nothing worse than a few bruises."

"I ought to have killed that other sheep the first shot," continued the Chief. "If I can't do better shooting than that, I shall be like old Pani Puk'koats pretty soon."

"Who is that?" questioned the Rhymer.

"He's a Pawnee Indian," replied the Chief, "Yo knows him right well. I never think of him without laughing at his story of the cow."

"Well now, let us have it at once," said the Rhymer, "I am just in the mood to listen to a good story."

"It was in 1876," said the Chief, "and our scouts who numbered about one hundred had just been mustered out at Sydney. There we received rations to carry us as far as Fort McPherson, where we were to get additional provisions. But on the Platte, near Ogallalla, our horses stampeded and ran off, some of them going sixty miles up the river, beyond Julesburg. It took us two days to gather them, and when we got to North Platte we had nothing to eat. This is only about sixteen miles from McPherson. We camped at the Platte, and the next day went on to the post, where we got food.

"That same day there came to the fort a man named Jim McCann or Jim McKunn—I can't remember his name—anyhow it was Jim Mc something, and with him a sheriff, with a writ to take our whole command back to North Platte because Jim claimed that one of our Indians had killed a cow of his. Frank spoke to Jim, and asked him what he meant by it.

" 'My Indians did not kill your cow,' said he, 'they don't do that sort of thing; but we'll go back with you and let you prove it.'

" 'Well now, Major,' said Jim, 'you know I don't want to take these hundred Indians back to the Platte, and if I did, it ain't likely I could prove the killing by any particular one of them; but I know they killed her. I saw where they'd cooked and eaten part of her and the bones split for marrow, and I know they killed her. But I don't want to take them back. Let them pay for her and that will satisfy me. She was a good milk cow, worth $45 of anybody's money, and the sheriff's fees are $5. Give me $50, and I'll say no more about it.'

" 'No sir,' said Frank, 'I don't believe my Indians ever killed that cow, and I won't have them pay for her. We'll go back with you.'

"Old Pani Puk'koats, with some other Indians, was standing near during this conversation, and he said to Frank, 'What's that man talking about?'

"Frank answered, 'He claims that some of us killed one of his cows, and wants to take us all back to North Platte, so we'll saddle up and go with him.'

" 'We don't want to go back to the Platte,' said Pani Puk'koats. 'We want to go home. We've been out a year now, and we want to go home and see our families. We'd rather pay him for his cow and go on.'

" 'No,' said Frank, 'We'd better go back and prove that none of the boys did it.'

" 'We'd rather pay for it than go back,' said Pani Puk'koats. 'We all want to get home. How much does he want for his old cow? I'll give a horse toward it.'

"Some of the other boys said they'd chip in rather than go back, and so presently the amount was raised, valuing the horse at $30."

"Jim said he did not want the horse, but Frank said that he would give him $30 for it, for it was a good one. So he took the horse and gave Jim the $50, and he went away satisfied."

"The next day we started on down the river, and about the middle of the afternoon old Pani Puk'koats came riding up to Frank and me, and in rather a shame faced and at the same time confidential way he said to Frank: 'Ah-ti-us (Father) I have got something to tell you. It's about that cow,' and then he went on to tell the story.

It seems that when the Indians were paid off at Sydney, Pani Puk'koats saw a little .38-caliber Smith & Wesson rifle that took his fancy, and bought it and some cartridges, and took it along with him.

"When we got to the Platte and camped, some of the boys took the horses over to an island where the grass was good, and staid there watching them. Among those who went with the horses was Pani Puk'koats, and he took his little gun with him. A lot of the boys were sitting together smoking, when one of them picked up this gun and said:

" 'That gun's no good. It's too small. It won't kill anything.'

" 'Won't it?' said Pani Puk'koats as he put his hand in his pocket, pulled out a cartridge, and slipped it into the gun, 'Just put it against your breast and pull it off, and you'll know whether it will kill anything or not.'

"Just as he said this an old cow walked out of the willows about a hundred yards off, and stood there looking at them.

" 'Well,' said the boy who was running down the gun, 'it might kill a man if he held it against his breast, but it wouldn't kill anything far off. It wouldn't kill that cow.'

" 'Yes it would,' said Pani Puk'koats; 'it would kill her dead.'

" 'It wouldn't,' said the other. 'Just you try it. I dare you to.'

" 'No,' said Pani Puk'koats, resolutely; 'I should kill her.'

" 'No, you wouldn't,' said the other boy. 'In the first place you couldn't hit her, and in the second, if you did, the bullet wouldn't go through her skin. I dare you to do it. But you're afraid to. Ha! ha!'

"This was more than Pani Puk'koats could stand. He wouldn't be stumped. As he told it himself to us:

" 'Now, Father, you know I never in all my life hit anything that I fired at, but this time I just threw up my gun to my shoulder and fired, and the old cow tumbled down dead, shot just between the eyes.'

"When they found what they had done the boys were all sorry and scared, but Pani Puk'koats rose to the occasion. He said to them: 'Now we'll drag her out into the river, and stick her head down in the sand and leave her there, and they'll think she drowned.'

"They were preparing to do this when one of the boys said, 'She's pretty fat, and we have not had anything to eat to-day.' They looked at one another, and in about two minutes they had a ham off, and a fire built and were cooking the meat.

" 'I wanted,' said Pani Puk'koats to Frank, 'to cut off a nice fat piece of the meat and carry it over and give to you. Then if you had eaten it you would have been as much to blame as any of us.'

" 'And what do you think I would have said to you if you had brought it?' said Frank.

" 'I knew very well,' was the reply, 'what you would have said. You would have asked me where I got it. That's the reason I did not bring you any.'

"After they had eaten, Pani Puk'koats had to go over to camp, but he told the boys just what to do. That they must take the cow out to a deep hole where the water had swept the sand out, and sink her there, leaving only part of her head out of water. Then they must take all the bones and throw them in the deep water, and sprinkle sand over the fire and blood, and generally must cover up the traces of their crime.

" 'And Ah-ti-us,' said he solemnly, 'that's where I missed it. I ought to have staid there and attended to this myself instead of leaving it to others. After I went away, the boys lay down and went to sleep, and when they woke up it was late and they had to hurry back with the horses, and they just left everything lay there, and of course when the man came out to look for his cow he saw what had happened.' And he heaved a deep sigh.

" 'It's a pretty expensive dinner, Pani Puk'koats,' said I, 'when you have to pay a horse for it.'

" 'Your words are true, Father,' he answered, and then he fell back to his place in the ranks."

"And was he, whatever his name is, such a very bad shot?" asked the Rhymer.

"As bad as could be," replied the Chief. "I think

when he said that he had never hit anything that he shot at, he told the exact truth. He came into camp once with the story of a medicine deer he had seen, a blacktail at which he had fired five times at about thirty steps without making it do anything but jump up in the air. After the fifth shot it shook its head at him and walked slowly off over the hill, and he came to camp greatly impressed, and said that it was his medicine, and that was the reason he could not hit it. But the boys who knew how he shot all laughed at him. He never hit anything."

"Isn't that thoroughly Indian," said Yo, "his not being willing to take a 'dare.' They are just like children, as I have said, I suppose, five thousand times. You ought to have seen," he continued, addressing the Rhymer, "how the Chief turned Pani Puk'koats from a troublesome Indian into a good one. He needed just one lesson."

"Tell us about it."

"When he was first enlisted Pani Puk'koats, who was only a boy, was in Fred Matthews's company, and was constantly making trouble. Why, one time he even tried to fight with Fred, and was generally worthless. The next year the Chief had him transferred to his company to see if he could do anything with him. After the men had had their arms and horses issued to them, they were to be drilled for a few days until they had all got a general idea of their duties, and it was on the occasion of their first drill that Pani Puk'koats learned his lesson.

"The men were drawn up in line, holding their horses by the bridles, and the Chief sat on his horse in front of the line and explained to them that they should count off one, two, three, four; one, two, three, four, and so on, and that when the order 'Prepare to mount' was given, each man who was number four should lead out his horse in front of the line, so as to make room, and then after they were mounted should fall back into his place in the line. Having made this plain to them, he had them count off, and it happened that Pani Puk'koats was a number four. At the order 'Prepare to mount,' all the other men who had counted four led their horses out in front of the line, but Pani Puk'koats retained his place without moving. The Chief said to him:

" 'The number fours will lead out their horses. You are number four and you want to lead your horse out in front of the line as I ordered.'

" 'Oh,' said Pani Puk'koats, 'I can get on my horse very well here.'

"The Chief had a little ordinary Indian quirt in his hand and his spurs on, and when Pani Puk'koats said this, he answered him never a word, but sinking his spurs into his horse he rode right at the Indian. His horse jumped so quickly and the line was so close that Pani Puk'koats had no time nor room to get out of the way. The Chief's horse ran against him, knocked him down and went over him. I do not know whether it stepped on him or not. The Chief then rode round in front of the line and by that time Pani Puk'koats had picked himself up and was again standing by his horse, looking rather foolish and kind o' feeling of himself to see if he was all there, while some of the younger Indians were giggling at him. The Chief then said to him in exactly the same quiet tone he had used before:

" 'The number fours will lead out their horses. You are number four and you want to lead your horse out in front of the line as I ordered.'

"This time Pani Puk'koats said nothing, but led his horse out with a prompt and cheerful step, and from that time on there was never any trouble with him. He was one of the best and most willing Indians in the whole command. Isn't that a fair statement of the occurrence, Chief?"

"That's just about the way it happened, Old Man."

"This fellow must have been a character," said the Rhymer.

"He was, and we had lots of others that made a heap of fun for us. But I guess it's time to turn in."

"Yes, so it is. Don't put any more wood on the fire, Brocky. It's after 8 o'clock."

A little later the lodge was dark, and the only sound heard was the heavy breathing of the sleepers. Yo.

The Sportsman Tourist.

THE MAZEPPA HITCH.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I want to ask you a question, and I hope you'll forgive me if I spin it out pretty long, for it's mighty hard for an old fellow like me who don't handle a pen once a year to express himself so that he will be understood.

I live up here in the mountains and never go into the towns. I haven't any books except an old copy of "Homer's Iliad," written by A. Pope, and the only things I read are FOREST AND STREAM and once in a while a county paper. So you see I don't know anything about books or book learning, and now that I am puzzled I thought I would write to you. Maybe you or some of the men that write for your paper can help me out. I know that some of them know a good deal about the matter that's worrying me.

I came out to this country in 1851, and have been here ever since. I have done most everything here, hunted and scouted for the Government, and fought Indians and prospected and mined. It was a good country until after the war, when the left wing of Price's army moved out here and took it. Now it's too full of people, but I have moved round considerable, and it seems just the same everywhere, so I've built me a cabin up here in Meagher county, and during the winter I trap, and in summer I take out hunting parties and let them kill a little game. Now what I am driving at is this. Last year there came a couple of young fellows out here and stopped with me. They were pilgrims, didn't know anything about the mountains, hadn't ever seen any game. But they were the right sort after all, young, eager and strong, and what was more important, anxious to learn. So I got along right well with them and they killed game enough so that they went off satisfied.

One night one of these young chaps sat up and reeled off a lot of poetry about a man named Mazeppa. I had a horse once by that name that I bought of a webfoot over in Oregon for six beaver skins twenty-three years ago last summer. A pinto he was and a terrible good strong horse, but too big for the mountains and not spry enough. The Piegans stole him from me that same fall.

Now, this man Mazeppa lived somewhere in Europe, and it seems he got into some sort of a fuss with the chief of his band, and the chief punished him by packing him on to a broncho that had never been caught up before, and then turning the horse loose on the prairie. The young fellow that repeated the story when he came to this part of it said:

"They tied me on with many a thong."

The question I want to ask is this. What sort of a hitch did these packers in Europe use?

I have seen Indians pack and Greasers pack, soldiers pack and cowboys pack, and I am a packer myself, but I never heard of any hitch where they used more than one rope to lash with.

I have been throwing the ropes now for about thirty years, and if there is anything more to learn about packing than I already know I want to find it out. Some of the men who write for your paper are good packers I know, for I have read their articles, and some of them must have read a great many books and likely know all about this matter. If they do I wish they would write about it for your paper.

I understood that when they packed Mazeppa, they put him on a naked horse, and I know that I couldn't pack a man on a horse so that he would ride all day if I used more than one rope to lash with. I don't understand it.

MEAGHER COUNTY, Mont., Nov. 15. PACKER.

NOTES ON WESTERN FLORIDA.

V.—CRUISING DOWN THE COAST.

We spent a day with the old Scotchman on the Sopy-Chopy River, going over his farm with him and in the afternoon taking a long stroll through the pine forest. Partridges (quail) were numerous, and we easily killed enough for supper.

The surrounding country is a fine one, and when the railroad communication is more perfect will certainly offer great inducements to settlers. The farm that we visited was very fertile and showed the advantage of careful cultivation. Fruit of all kinds, especially the most magnificent plums, grew abundantly, and judging from the sleek appearance of the herds of cattle the pasturage of the swamps and pine barrens must be most excellent.

The drift down river was accomplished without incident, save for the occasional fouling of our rigging in some tall pine and the vast amount of Italian profanity necessary to extricate us from our position, and we ran through the canal and into the Ockolockone River in about one-third of the time that it took us to make the up trip. By night we had reached the bay and were once more rejoicing in that feeling of freedom that comes to the true sailor when he returns to the sea after a cruise in fresh water.

From Ockolockone Bay we sailed around to the St. Mark's Lighthouse that stands at the mouth of the Waukulla River. The light rises 80ft. above the narrow sandy beach and is completely surrounded by marshes; myriads of mosquitoes and sandflies make life almost unendurable, and at night we were obliged to anchor a mile out at sea in order to have relief from the wretched insects. It is difficult to understand how the keeper of the light manages to survive, and it is but another evidence that the human species is adaptable by nature to life under any climate or condition.

We reached this charming spot about dusk one Saturday evening, and found quite a little navy of sponging schooners riding at anchor in the little bay. The fisheries are only eight or ten miles off the light, and the fleet comes in every Saturday night to be ready on Sunday morning to ascend the river to the little town of St. Marks, where supplies of water and fuel are laid in for the coming week. There were about a dozen crafts, mostly schooners, varying from four to fifteen tons burden. The week's work had been a successful one, and all hands seemed in good spirits to judge from the laughter and shouts that came from every deck. We anchored about 200yds. from a boat owned and manned by some friends of our sailor, Santo; and, having potted more birds than we could gorge that night, we hailed our neighbors to come over and sup with us. The invitation was immediately accepted, and five very dirty and malodorous Dagos squatted around the hatch with us that night. As Santo was the only member of our crowd who spoke Italian, and as our guests did not understand a word of English, it may be imagined that the conversation was somewhat halting, and was principally confined to passing each other the bread and meat mixed with the most frantic gesticulations used to impress the most trivial remarks. Santo, however, kept up a pretty steady chatter. Polite fellows these Italians. Take them from any class and of any occupation and you will invariably find them scrupulous in etiquette. Give a penny to a Neapolitan beggar and he will thank you in such a way as to recompense you the gift, while the merest vagabond in the streets, after he has finished torturing you with his hand organ, will make a bow that a courtier might envy. True, the one may assassinate you, or the other steal your purse the next moment after having wished you God speed; but, even among rascals, a polite one certainly possesses advantages.

Taking it all in all we had a very pleasant supper—at least every one had enough to eat, and that constitutes the acme of a fine meal at sea. Rusticus and I retired rather early, leaving Santo to entertain our guests, which he did by keeping up one steady chatter that exceeded in volume anything that I have ever heard. Whether they were discussing the tariff, Italian politics, or the best way to cure sponges, I could not tell; but after the Dago fashion all talked at once, no one appearing to listen, and all hands made the most extravagant gesticulations. At times I feared that the confab was about to end in a general row; fists would be shaken in each other's faces and voices raised to the highest pitch, when a loud guffaw would show that they were only conversing in their regular tongue. Odd people they are, indeed.

At last, somewhat to our relief, the five rose to depart; each one kissed Santo and Santo kissed each one; then, like good Catholics, they made the sign of the cross, kissed again and rowed back to their own schooner, keeping up the chatter as the distance increased, until they were obliged to shout: and, actually, far into the night, after they had evidently retired, every now and then one would hail Santo from across the water and shout something that he had forgotten, some joke, perhaps, then all would laugh boisterously and lie down again.

The next morning, in company with the sponge fleet, we ascended the Waukulla River. The channel is very tortuous and badly defined, and the entrance in certain winds is dangerous. Banks of "coon oysters" are exposed on all sides to check and confuse the unfamiliar navigator, and the wrecks of several schooners show that great care is necessary in the handling of the tiller. Our fleet passed through in safety, following one another in Indian file. The Waukulla at its mouth is a stream of considerable size, the banks being at least half a mile apart. For the first two miles the surrounding country is one great marsh covered with high grass, and the abode of countless waterfowl. Cormorants and ducks flew over us in long lines or perched upon the stakes used to mark the channel, and we kept firing as fast as we could load. Alligators were extremely abundant and about as fearless as I have ever seen. A great fellow lay in front of an advancing boat and actually came near being run over before he would condescend to move. One that I killed by a shot in the eye, and luckily managed to secure before it sank, measured over seven feet, and it required the united efforts of all our party to hoist him on deck. I took the best of the teeth as trophies and then turned his carcass back into the water, a prey for the buzzards.

Four miles above the mouth of the river, where the banks become higher and palmetto groves dot the hitherto objectless level, is the site of the old town of DeLeon, once a thriving village with a considerable trade and the principal market of the sponge business. A railroad connected it with Tallahassee, giving direct communication with the interior and making of it an important outlet; but it was swept away by a hurricane some twenty years ago, and now nothing remains but the graveyard, whose stones mark the resting place of the town as well as its former inhabitants.

Five and a half miles from the sea the little St. Marks River makes into the Waukulla, and here stand the remains of an old Spanish fort, while the little settlement of St. Marks faces the river of that name a short distance above the junction.

We tied up at the wreck of what had once been a fine wharf in the days when the town had been on the boom, and going ashore proceeded to see the sights of this rather interesting bit of the past.

The railroad that once connected Tallahassee with De Leon passed through St. Marks and over the river on a fine bridge, but the same storm that destroyed De Leon wrecked the terminal miles of the railroad and it was never rebuilt, but operated ever since between St. Marks and Tallahassee. This road still exists and has a schedule time of three trains per week which, judging from what I saw of the roadbed, must be a severe tax upon the capacity of the line. A rather good tale was once told to me by a drummer, who had chanced to travel over this unfrequented road one winter. It seems that the track is at present built of old rails that are mostly the leavings of other roads, and that some of these pieces of iron are ridiculously short; at one place, so this friend of mine avows, an entire rail had been removed from the ties (carried off perhaps by some negro to be used as a sinker for a fishing line), so the train came to a stop while the conductor examined a gap in the track of about a foot. What was to be done? Drummer, the sole passenger, in despair, ten miles from nowhere and a close connection to make at Tallahassee. "Never mind," says the engineer. "All aboard." Up climbs the one passenger, back goes the train for several hundred yards, then all steam is turned on, and with a running start engine, tender and the one coach clear the gap in safety, and the engineer receives the thanks of the wondering commercial traveler.*

Before the war an enormous amount of cotton was annually shipped from St. Marks direct to European ports, and though the town itself never contained over five hundred inhabitants, yet so advantageous a position did it hold at one time that the annual business was enormous. Great warehouses and compresses were erected, and the prosperity of the place was phenomenal; but the same causes that occasioned the fall of Apalachicola were felt here, and now the town has fallen to almost nothing. Two stores and four or five dwellings are all that are left. It is indeed the abomination of desolation, infested with crowds of the dirtiest, blackest, most repulsive of all negroes; that swarm everywhere, lounging around the stores and fighting, swearing and shouting to their heart's content. Many of them are employed on the spongers, and come here to spend their hard-earned wages in buying the gaudy trinkets with which the store keepers catch their fancy. The place must be frightfully unhealthy, as it is but a small patch of dry ground completely surrounded by swamps. "No," said one of the inhabitants, to whom I had put the sanitary question, "St. Marks is perfectly healthy, but they have right smart o' fever over yonder," pointing away off somewhere. But so it always is if you take the word of a native—the fever is never here but always there; and were one to seek a self-acknowledged sickly country, it would be almost as hard to reach as the end of a rainbow.

The fishing in the rivers and on the sea off St. Marks lighthouse is magnificent, and on train days, when the boats come in to ship their catch to Tallahassee, one may see an array of fish that is truly wonderful. On this business, and the small part of the sponge trade that

*The well-known characteristic of drummers prevent me from vouching for this somewhat doubtful story.

comes here, depends the ebbing life of the place, and yearly, as the latter trade grows less, in like ratio does the pulse of the old town beat more feebly.

The St. Marks River is a beautiful little stream, not over fifty yards in width, with a bottom of the hardest lime-rock. Alligators swarm in great numbers; and the country through which it winds its upper course is said to be an excellent game preserve, but we were unable to explore it, leaving that for some trip in the future.

The old fort that stands at the junction of the rivers has a singular history. It is said to have been built by the Spaniards at the same time as the one at St. Augustine, and while it never compared in architecture with the latter, yet the ruins exhibit much similarity of construction. During the late war the Federal troops took advantage of the yet firm old walls which had stood for centuries, and made them a basis of operations, establishing a powder magazine of considerable size. Toward the close of the war a member of one of the negro regiments here stationed happened to be one day suffering from a chill. Conceiving the brilliant idea of using one of the bombshells from the magazine as a foot-warmer, to mitigate the shaking of the ague, he rolled a shell to the camp-fire and sat waiting until it should be warm enough to give him the expected relief. History does not state whether his feet are now sufficiently warm, but certain it is that he and eight of his fellow warriors died in such a manner as to make burial an unnecessary not to say impossible proceeding, while the tremendous explosion that followed on this act of guileless innocence wrecked a greater part of the remaining walls of the fort.

Some years ago a marine hospital was built of the limestone rocks of this twice used fort, but it did not prove a success, and now this building, a massive two-storied structure, stands in ruins on the ground where its stones once beheld such varied and stirring scenes.

We wandered for an hour among these thrice-crumbled walls, a melancholy spot, with bits of masonry here and there peeping out from under a tropical growth of palmettos, and the foundations of great ramparts covered over with wild rose bushes and the blossoming blackberry; but enough of the old walls still stand stoutly as ever amid the surrounding desolation, to attest that an empire, once the greatest in the world, here held an outpost. What tales these old stones could tell were they but endowed with speech! Of how the gallant robbers of Spain, with their nodding plumes and shining armor, here landed and erected this defense, amid all that gorgeous pomp with which new lands were dedicated to the Catholic rule; and of countless combats with the natives of the then unexplored "Land of Flowers." What laughs and jests have been echoed back as over wine cups the stalwart warriors forgot for a time their dangers and sorrows and lived once more. Many a time, perhaps, have the moss-covered stones softened the sounds of sad requiems as some member of the gallant band was laid away far from home and kindred. Then, abandoned for centuries, the old fort lay decaying amid the unbroken solitude of the marshes, given over to the alligator and lizard, and occasionally, perhaps, giving refuge to some piratical rover of the Gulf, till at last it greeted the more soberly attired but not less gallant pioneers of a higher civilization and became a second time the scene of bloodshed, as it formed a combat ground for the contending forces of the great civil war. Now, in a ruined hospital, the same hard, imperishable limestone stands as a monument to the folly of some visionary, who erected a sanitarium here on a spot reeking with miasma.

It is always a very difficult matter to obtain much accurate information from the natives in regard to the past of their country; not that they are taciturn or unsociable, but the general apathy which lies over everything in Florida, seems to have had its effect upon the memories; and their recollections of even comparatively recent events seem to be much clouded; and so it is that, perhaps, this account of St. Marks and its interesting fort is not as full as it should be, gathered as it was from willing but not brilliant historians.

We did not remain over night in St. Marks, but cast off moorings about four o'clock in the afternoon, and in company with some of the fleet that had been our companions on the way up, sailed to our old anchorage off the lighthouse, where we prepared ourselves for the night. While supper was being cobked, Rusticus and I repaid the visit of Santo's friends of the night before, and took our introductory inspection of a sponger. It was not a pleasant experience at first, for the odor from the decaying animal matter was simply terrific; but in a short time our noses became used to it, and we then looked into the *modus operandi* of this out of the way and but little understood industry. A short account of which may not prove uninteresting.

The sponge reef of Florida begins a few miles east of Apalachicola, and hugs the coast to within fifty miles of Cedar Keys; then there is a break of 100 miles, after which it reappears and runs south without interruption to Key West and the Bahama Islands. This reef, a rocky ridge, sometimes of genuine limestone, but generally of coral, begins some six or eight miles from shore and continues out indefinitely; in fact, wherever there is a rocky bottom sponges are said to be found, and the only reason that the fisheries do not extend completely around the Gulf coast is that in places, as off the coast of Texas or Cedar Keys, this rocky bottom begins in water too deep to permit of profitable sponging.

The average depth of water on the St. Marks reef at six miles from land is 16ft. The sponges are in great abundance and of good quality, being much better than those from the coast of Mexico, but rather inferior to the Bahama variety. The supply is practically inexhaustible, as they grow almost as fast as gathered, a sponge requiring only two years to reach maturity.

The vessels used in the business are generally schooners of about eight tons burden. They carry two small boats or dinkies, and are manned by a crew of five. Provisions are generally laid in for six weeks at a time, the usual limit of a cruise. At the reef two men go to each of the dinkies and the work begins. One slowly sculls around by a stern oar, while his companion examines the bed of the sea through a bucket with a glass bottom. This simple contrivance is fastened to the side of the boat low enough down to rest partially in the water, and by placing his head inside the bucket one can see with distinctness objects at a depth of even 30ft. When a desirable sponge is spied it is brought up by an iron hook fastened on the end of a long pole. Herein lies the science of the craft, the knowing how to hook a sponge without tearing it all to pieces. A great deal of knack is requisite and is to be acquired only after long practice; and good hookers are always in much demand. Thus these men work on, day after day, under the tropical sun that burns and browns the skin until one cannot tell a white man from a negro. It is a desperately hard life, more severe than any other I have ever seen, and it requires men of no ordinary constitution to stand up to it. Naturally, then, the spongers, as a race, are an exceedingly muscular set. Four of the crew being thus employed the duty of the fifth is to remain on the schooner and keep up with the dinkies, so that in case of a squall or a broken oar, he will be on hand to render prompt assistance. He also does the cooking, mends ropes, lays out sponges and plays the part of general utility man.

In the evening the fruits of the day's labor are spread out over the deck of the schooner, where they remain for four or five days, until the gelatinous matter that forms the life of the sponge putrefies. As may be imagined, the odor on one of the vessels, when thus freighted, is simply indescribable, but the sailors do not seem to mind it and say that it is rather healthy than otherwise, though I confess that I should prefer a little less health and purer air.

On Saturdays all boats go to land, and the sponges are thrown into what are known as crawls, or cages of logs, built on the shore of some inlet, where the rise and fall of the tide permits the free ingress of fresh water. In these pens the putrefying sponges remain for a week, until the next visit of the schooner to land, by which time the washing of the water has done away with most of the animal substance. The next process is to cleanse the sponge from any grit or dirt that may still cling to it. This is accomplished by beating them with short wooden paddles until all the sand or filth is loosened. A thorough washing in several waters and a short bleaching in the sun complete the first stages of preparation; and having been strung on strings in bunches of twenty, the sponges are now ready for the local market.

The trade in Apalachicola, the principal port, is actively sought after by the merchants, some of whom act as agents for the large houses in the North, and when a sponger comes in with a cargo, sealed bids are sent in by the different buyers for the entire lot. The prices vary with the condition of the market, but an average quotation for a bunch of sponges, each one of which is half the size of a man's head, is about a dollar and a half, though bids often buy for much less.

The cargo being sold, the proceeds are divided in the following manner: First, the expenses for provisions and necessaries are paid; then of the net earnings the owner or owners of the schooner take one-third, and the remainder is equally divided among the crew. Should the owner of the vessel be one of the workers he receives his fifth in addition to the hire of his craft. With average luck a crew will gather about 1,200 sponges a week—they often exceed that figure. The general stay being six weeks, a cargo will consist of some 7,000 sponges or 350 strings. These at $1.50 apiece make the gross earnings amount to $525; deducting $75 for expenses a net surplus of $450 will be left, out of which the boat takes $150 and the sailors receive $60 apiece. It is small pay indeed for such labor. Nothing on earth wears a man out so soon as sponging. The weeks of toil beneath that burning sun, the tremendous exertion required to handle hook or paddle all day without rest, the scurvy-producing food and stuffy water, and the deadly fevers that from their retreats on the swamp-bound coast cast their malign shadows far over the life-giving ocean itself—all these form a combination of hardships unequaled in any other pursuit. Italians are the larger element among these toilers of the deep and are admirably adapted for the work, coming as they do from a semi-tropical land and acclimated by residence in Florida.

After they come from the schooners the sponges are generally bleached by the Apalachicola merchants and trimmed into a round shape. Then, having been sorted according to different degrees of softness, they are packed into bales of 100 each and shipped to the North.

We remained in the vicinity of St. Marks Light for several days, not that it was an especially attractive place or that it afforded unusual shooting facilities, but because it was a good point to watch the interesting processes, from which we gathered much information in regard to the sponge industry. During my stay I managed to get pretty well acquainted with some of the sailors, and on several occasions made short trips with them on their odorous vessels, seeing for myself their methods and gaining an insight into their characters. They are a happy set in spite of the hard life, and seem to be in one continual good humor all the time. How they do chatter away in their Italian patois, and laugh and joke with each other as though they had not a care on earth. They are all the most devout of Roman Catholics, and even their arduous duties do not interfere with the strict observance of the forms of their religion. What a hold Romanism has on its followers. A Catholic of any station of life is always true to his faith through thick and thin and boldly acknowledges his belief before the whole world, not in the half-ashamed way of members of other denominations, but with the assurance of a man who knows what he is about.

ALEX. M. REYNOLDS.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE CHARMS OF BEAUFORT.

The following notes, written in April, 1888, may not be untimely now, when people are looking toward the South and planning for a stay in a warmer climate.

BEAUFORT, S. C., April 28, 1888.—As I write I can hardly realize that I am within a little over a day's journey from the scenes described in my home letters, received from central New York this day. They describe to me the "falling of snow," "cold wind," "hotbeds snow-covered," and "roads from the country so snow blocked that the farmers find difficulty in reaching town." But I am sitting, clad in thin flannel, in the open air on a piazza, reading, writing and, in turn, dreamily gazing upon the scenery before me. At my front to the southward, for six or seven miles, extends a broad expanse of blue water, its surface broken here and there by the summit grass of marsh islands, for the tide is in. To my right and left, as far as the dense foliage of live and water oak, magnolia and pride of India will permit my view, it is the same; for at this point the Beaufort River, whose general course is north and south, makes a sharp bend to eastward, and the elbow forms a handsome bay, the water reaching to within 16yds. of where I sit.

Across this bay, about two miles away, white mansions peep here and there from the green foliage which skirts the entire bay. At my immediate front are splendid trees, at my left a beautiful garden, luxuriant in its quantity and variety of flowers, among which roses of many kinds and of rare size and fragrance predominate.

The porch of the house at my left—that of Col. Elliott, M.C., is draped with a wreath of climbing roses and honeysuckles, such as are rarely seen. The still life of the flowers is relieved by the constant flitting to and fro of bright scarlet cardinals, bluebirds and woodpeckers and the pets of the parish, the sober-hued mockingbird.

The blue surface of the water is rippled now by little caps of white, and the white sails of the fishing and pleasure boats are beginning to glide rapidly, for the sea breeze has made; and at this nature-favored spot that luxury never fails, the hottest day of summer changes by noon to a most pleasant temperature; miasma is swept away, and failing energies revived by the cooling sea breeze, which makes of afternoon and evening a season of enjoyment; of night one of repose. Coming a dozen miles from the ocean, it has driven through the sturdy branches of the live and water oaks, tossed thousands of magnolia blossoms, ruffled great beds of roses and other flowers and the rich grasses of the points and islands it has passed over, enriching them with its saline particles, and receiving in turn rich freight of their mingled fragrance.

I am listening to sweet music. As I write—with pad in lap, my feet in true American style resting on the rail of the piazza—there came a little inquisitive gray visitor, who, with head jerking from side to side, and long tail up and down, hopped nearer and nearer, until within two yards of my quiescent feet. Evidently he wanted to be sociable, and gave little half notes of welcome, changed suddenly into the music of a being-wound-up Waterbury watch, as another mocker pounced on him and inaugurated a row, ending by their separation, one to a live oak on my left, the other to a Chinaberry on my right, neither two rods away; and there they sit singing, either at each other or at me, for all they are worth. Tame and plentiful as robins North, the mockingbirds are in every tree, and keep the air filled with melody, building their nests in jasmin-covered porches, within hand reach of the families whom they favor.

If any letters descriptive of this most beautiful part of our spring and winter resorts have been published in these columns, I do not remember to have seen them; hence I consider myself fortunate that in spite of the great strength of your new corps of prospectors, gathering rich treasure for the FOREST AND STREAM, it has been left for Piseco to claim and locate this rich mine, a very placer, for in all directions are lying nuggets ready for the pan.

In their seasons the hunters of deer and foxes have rare sport following the hounds, of which there are excellent packs, owned and run by whole-souled fellows, to whom a stranger of the right kind is an honored and favored guest. And very rarely is the deer or fox chase a blank. Fourteen foxes have rewarded the last six runs of Captain Richardson and Colonel Darlington's pack, and frequently Master Reynard is jumped within a mile or two of the city of Beaufort. Foxes are on all the islands, as are rabbits and quail; deer on Hilton Head, Hunting Island, and on the mainland.

In August the summer ducks come, and are followed by many varieties throughout the winter; and there are well-known stands among the reserve waters of the rice fields on the mainland. Partridges (quail) are abundant, and an afternoon's work is considered a poor one that averages less than two dozen to a gun. There are plenty of good dogs, the pointer being the favorite.

Beginning in March, fishing is good until late autumn. First come the whiting and blackfish, found everywhere, and most excellent pan fish; then about the middle of March, staying until the middle of May, the drumfish, ranging from 20 to 90lbs. weight, and of these I have seen the boats return with nearly 200 in one day's fishing. They are caught first and mostly in the deep Broad River, in 20 to 30ft. of water, the bait being prawn, crabs and clams, valuable in the order given. The prawns come and go with the drumfish, and are succeeded by shrimp, which are the best bait for the fish that come and go with them, viz., the striped bass and squeteague (trout). In the fall there is excellent surf fishing for the bass and trout. So in a general way this is for a sportsman a most charming place in which to while away the snow season.

I have been here since the 1st inst. and can but regret that I knew nothing of the place, its delightful climate and many resources much earlier, and that fate thus kept me during stormy March in Aiken. The famed dry air of that place (however grateful to those whose weakened lungs require it) with its load of dust and clay, driven by the keen March winds through every crevice and cranny, with which Southern wooden houses are generally well provided, is anything but pleasant to many, of whom I am one. Air can be too dry. The much vaunted pine groves of Aiken are rapidly yielding to the demand of the wood-burning locomotives; favorite rides or drives through them must be preceded by long pilgrimages over wretched dusty roads, with on either hand embryo cotton or cornfields, whitewashed shanties, pigs and darky young ones for scenery. The streams and ponds are dwindling, the air, already dry enough, becomes too dry. The March winds, although not so robust as before their journey South, are keen, and their thinness gives them entrance.

Aiken has certain great advantages over Beaufort, as first-class hotels and the crowd of pleasure as well as health-seeking clever people who meet there. It is a neutral point, where two great tides of travel meet, as later on at Old Point—the flood from bleak New England to avoid the cold, the ebb from sunny Florida to avoid the increasing heat.

Beaufort has not these attractions; it is not well advertised, few Northern tourists know of it, and its only hotel has not as yet earned a reputation, that does much toward drawing; it is off the direct line of travel, and at this season very few not drawn by business seek it. Later in summer, Southern people from the inland cities and from the malarious plantations on the mainland, come to Beaufort as a watering place.

Beaufort has a very poor and vicarious market, and only those who, like myself, are willing to accept the fish, crabs, oysters and terrapin, and other sea fruit as

substitutes for good beef and mutton, canned tomatoes for fresh, and blackberries for strawberries, would stay there long. Beef there is, and mutton; but to speak my best word for it I can only say that it is not quite so bad as that of South Florida. Luxuries are expensive.

PISECO.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Natural History.

DESTRUCTION IN MIGRATION.

IT is now well known to ornithologists that thousands of birds are annually killed by flying against light stations, telegraph wires and other obstructions, but I have never before had opportunity to learn what a great mortality a single storm will bring among our smaller species during their migration. In Chicago, May 11 was a bright clear day, the temperature reaching 64°, but early the following morning a cold wave from the northwest reached us accompanied with a gale of wind, which attained a velocity of thirty-four to thirty-eight miles an hour, continuing with gradually less force till the 13th. As the gale approached the thermometer sank rapidly until it reached 44°, and the following two days touched 35° and 38°.

On the morning after this sudden cold snap I was surprised to see redstarts, black and yellow warblers and black and white creepers hopping about on the window sills and doorsteps of my house, which is situated in a somewhat thickly settled locality. They appeared half stupefied and could almost be taken in the hand. Later in the day I saw several in the heart of the business portion of the city, flying about as if lost and hunting for food.

A few days following all the daily papers had short articles on the subject, one paper stating that "hundreds of small birds had mysteriously fluttered to the earth hereabouts benumbed with cold, many of them dying."

I visited the shops of several taxidermists and found that for some days specimens of redstarts, Canada flycatchers, black, yellow and black-throated blue warblers, Wilson blackcaps, black and white creepers, and other species, had been brought to them to mount, having been picked up dead in gardens and on the streets, in a few instances caught alive in houses, having flown in through the open door or window.

My friend, Mr. G. Frean Morcom, informed me that in Lincoln Park, situated on the north side of the city, he saw for several mornings a large number of warblers of several species searching for food on the ground and in the low bushes.

In the Chicago *Evening Journal* of May 15 I read the following:

"A dispatch from Racine, Wis., dated May 14, says: 'A farmer arrived in this city from North Point, a few miles distant, this morning, having with him a large box completely filled with dead birds of a species unknown in this locality. The birds are of a dozen different varieties, and the farmer states that the ground at North Point is covered for miles with thousands of the dead bodies. The strange birds have a very fine plumage; red and yellow breast with black wings. The supposition is that the birds were driven here by the wind storm Friday night, and, being overcome with the cold, perished. Where they came from is unknown, none of their kind ever having been seen here before.'"

I then addressed a letter to Dr. P. R. Hoy, of Racine, Wis., situated about sixty miles north of Chicago, referring to the above note, and asking if his attention had been called to this unusual devastation of birds, and his reply in detail is most interesting, from which I quote the following:

"Friday, May 11, was a beautiful day. A cold wave, however, reached us at midnight, accompanied with a high wind from the west, which continued unabated until Sunday morning. During this gale the thermometer sank rapidly into the thirties; the lowest recorded was 34°, the highest 42° during the gale. This remarkably cold wind occurred just at the time when the greatest number of small birds were migrating north. It is not necessary to say that nearly all land birds and many waders migrate only during the night, resting and feeding during the day. On Saturday morning the 12th hundreds of birds, mostly warblers, were found on the ground, they not being able to remain on the trees; they were suffering from cold and hunger, and many were caught with hands alone. They entered houses of every description, regardless of noise or confusion. The ignorant many supposed they were blown here from some unknown region, that they were newcomers such as had never been seen here before, when in fact they are always found in numbers at this season during the May migration, but as they remain on trees they were not noticed by them. On Sunday morning, May 12, hundreds of birds were found dead; they were brought to me by the basket full by several persons. I give the name and number of each species so far as I personally saw and inspected them:

Scarlet tanager 8 specimens, golden-crowned thrush 30, ruby-crowned thrush 40, least flycatcher 20, wood pewee 10, redstart 60, Canada fly-catcher 30, Maryland yellowthroat 25, Nashville warbler 30, Wilson's blacklegs 20, black-throated blue warbler 125, black-throated green warbler 75, black and yellow warbler 50, bay-breasted warbler 20, golden-winged warbler 10, Tennessee warbler 8, blackpoll warbler 35, Cape May warbler 6, yellow warbler 15, chestnut-sided warbler 6, yellow redpoll warbler 15, yellow-winged warbler 2, black and white creeper 5.

In addition to these were a few sparrows and swallows and doubtless many other specimens which I did not see. Nearly all were males in perfect plumage, the females not yet having arrived, as in most birds the males precede the females. This disaster, which destroyed so many thousands of these birds, is interesting; nature has been cruel to these beauties, and may such a calamity never again be known."

From several localities along the lake shore I learned that numbers of small birds had been found dead, washed up on the beach, having been overtaken by the storm while migrating across the lake, beaten to the surface and drowned. Yet this is not unusual, and several similar instances have already been recorded.

UNION CLUB, Chicago. RUTHVEN DEANE.

THE WAYS OF SNAKES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your last number "Chokebore" states that a Mr. Caswell "came upon a black watersnake in a sunny sand hole," and after killing the snake "found in the sand about a dozen eggs," and hence it is definitely settled that some snakes lay eggs.

I can confirm this statement from personal observation. While hunting for woodcock in a bog meadow a few years ago, I came upon two watersnakes. One moved off very slowly and the other lay tightly coiled over a space about 3 or 4in. in diameter. I approached so near that it finally uncoiled and very slowly and reluctantly moved off, when I found in the grass, elevated a little above the ground, a beautiful soft round nest made of dead grass about 3in. in diameter, filled with eggs, over which the snake had been coiled and hatching. It looked just like a bird's nest, and I at first thought it was a bird's nest into which the snake had crawled. I felt of the nest and eggs and found them warm. The eggs were splashed with reddish spots and were quite large, about the size of those of ruffed grouse. I broke some of the eggs and found that they contained young snakes nearly hatched. My son and another young man were with me and also saw what I have stated. It is therefore certain that the watersnake lays eggs and hatches out her young by the heat of her body, the same as the barnyard fowl.

KINGSTON, N. Y., Nov. 12. J. E. VAN ETTEN.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am one of those few who have seen the young snake go down the throat of the mother on her giving her young notice of danger. J. O.

HICAGO, Ill.

A GLIMPSE OF DEMERARA.

MR. WADE inquires about Charles Waterton and his works. When a boy Waterton's "Wanderings in South America" was my favorite book. It is full of curious and useful information. His delightful style in narrating his adventures in the equinoctial regions of South America filled me with a longing to go over a part of the same ground. In December, 1870, I was able to gratify my wish, and sailed from Baltimore for Demerara. It was an unlucky journey for me all through. We were ice-bound in the bay for two weeks, and would have abandoned the brigantine had we been able to get away. Several vessels were driven ashore and we had many narrow escapes, as our anchor chains had broken and we were at the mercy of the tide. After a two-days' rain we finally cut our way into an open space of water, and, having a stiff breeze, managed to push through the ice fields into clear water. The sight that we beheld upon our arrival well repaid our arduous voyage.

The monotony of a low, flat country was compensated in our Northern eyes by its luxuriant flora. Flowers everywhere; by the roadside, in the gutters, creeks and rivers; air, earth and water rival each other in bloom, and even the donkey driver urges his slow-going beast with a branch of oleander. Kids, the indispensable property of the poor man here, rub their lean sides against a jessamine hedge, a mother goat nibbles the branches of an almond tree, bananas hang ripe in clusters and orange blossoms scent the air, above wave the plumed heads of the stately palm, and still nearer heaven the cotton tree, which the Indians worship, spreads its broad branches, while the blue sky and hot sun look through. The sun is here at home and seems to have lavished his best on his dwelling, where the scene appears a dream and the languid air recalls the Land of the Lotus Eaters. Such is the country Waterton has written about in his inimitable style.

But I was not destined to follow the footsteps of the famous naturalist; a raging fever cut me down and nearly carried me off. In two weeks I was a skeleton and as weak as a cat. Under the circumstances I decided discretion was the better part of valor. As soon as I could leave my bed I had myself driven to the wharf and took the first vessel for the United States. Twenty-two days later, after an exceedingly rough voyage, in which our compass was broken and rendered useless, we managed to land in New York.

I envy any man the delightful treat in store for him who has never read Waterton. The autobiography of the good old man is charming. Every bird and animal on his beautiful place knew him and came to him without fear.

Mr. Waterton is the author of several books and essays, all of which are well worth reading. His works can be obtained through the New York book importers.

MILFORD, Del., Nov. 26. VICTOR M. HALDEMAN.

Game Bag and Gun.

A HUNT ON GRAPE CREEK.

NEW YORK, Nov. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I inclose a copy of a letter from an old subscriber to your paper. Perhaps some of your readers may like to hear of his hunt in Texas. So I send it to you as it is.—N

SAN ANGELO, Texas, Nov. 15.—*My Dear O.:* Your letter of the 1st (with the Wood Notes and Dewey's Camp Tales) was handed to me just as I was climbing up into the canvas-covered wagon that was to be our home for a week's hunt on the plains. So, while Fred drove, I read aloud the story of your wanderings and adventures in Canadian wilds. I could almost imagine myself with you in those big woods and on those clear waters (don't I wish I had been!). I am so glad you kept those notes. I was very much interested in reading them over. I bewail with you the loss of that buck caribou, and rejoice over the capture of that tandem of big trout. Dewey certainly was out of luck. It was an outing, however, and brought its pleasures. It reminds me somewhat of my hunting trip just finished; so I will go right on and tell my little story.

Wednesday, Nov. 7.—A pleasant warm morning, like a day in June, Fred and I started off in a covered wagon with two horses, and pointer dog Fred, a load of blankets, provisions, camp outfit, saddles, etc., bound for the head waters of Grape Creek, and the plains northwest of San Angelo. About five miles out we passed by a slough of the Concho River, and stopped to shoot four mallard ducks, which dog Fred handsomely retrieved. The ducks we sent back to our wives by a passing ranchman. Then on some five miles more to a waterhole, were we lunched. After that, through miles of mosquite, over dry barren plains, whereon flourish the prairie dog and jack rabbit, to Grape Creek, twenty miles from Angelo. It was dark when we got there, so we cooked our supper, some blue quail shot en route, and fried bacon, Fred made biscuits, boiled the coffee, and with sundries, we supped well. Horses tethered and fed, over our pipes we enjoyed the camp-fire, sitting in our flannel shirts, and remarking on the warm evening, when, phew, jip, bang, came down an icy blast from the north, blowing our fire in, scattering cinders all over the prairie, lifting our wagon bodily and starting it rolling toward the equator, and raising havoc with our cooking utensils and camping outfit. Oh, then and there was hurrying to and fro. The norther was on us; and it was a norther. We backed the hack to the wind, fastened down curtains, anchored the wheels, boxed up provisions, etc., on with cardigans and overcoats, spread our blankets in the hack, with cushioned seat for a pillow; and with chattering teeth turned in to try to sleep and get warm. Sleep was out of the question. The wind howled, the hack rocked like a ship in a storm, the dog shivered and moaned; we had him lie on the blankets at our feet to keep us warm. The hack was so narrow we were wedged in like sardines. And so we waited for morning. It was a cold night, and we were left.

Thursday, Nov. 8.—Morning broke with sleet, rain, wind and cold. Everything was covered with ice. Our breakfast was an apology. Then we drove due northwest ten miles in the face of the gale to Phillips's ranch, on the cañons of the Colorado, which we reached at 1:30 P. M., cold, wet and hungry. But a hearty welcome, a good fire and dinner, with a drop of "red eye," fixed us up shortly; and in the afternoon the rain stopped, though it still blew hard and cold, and we hunted the cañons for deer. I didn't get a shot nor see one; but a fine fat doe fell to Fred's rifle, and we were fixed for red meat. We cleaned the deer and toted it on a pole three miles back to the house. My shoulder is lame even now over that tote. That night we slept on a bed.

Friday, Nov. 9.—Cold and windy; saddled our horses and with Phillips, an old hunter and frontiersman, we cavorted over the plains after antelope; but luck and the day were against us. Antelope are no fools, they know when to stay at home; and at sunset we returned to the house, empty-handed, with the exception of five blue quail, which we shot in the sorghum patch near the house. "Seven up" that evening with varied success.

Saturday, Nov. 10.—"A pretty day." Fred and I out at daylight through the cañons after deer. No luck. Back by 10:30 to breakfast, and started with Phillips after antelope. By the aid of my field glass I soon saw four feeding about a mile from us and wanted to stalk them; but Phillips said "Creeping was a fool to driving; come with me, and I'll show you a place where they are bound to go when I drive them, and you can get a sure-enough shot then." So back we went two miles or more to where there was a break in his wire fence on a ridge or divide, and down we squatted in the bush to wait. In about an hour we saw them coming toward us, not four, but fully seventy or eighty, a noble herd. On they came straight for us. Through the glasses I could see their horns and their every movement. Now, my beautiful .40-60, you are going to do yourself proud. And I sighted it in joyful anticipation. But bad luck to it all; something turned them; they swerved from their course, turned to the left, were lost under the hill and passed us 1,000 yards below. Then Phillips coming up, I went with him to follow and turn the antelopes if possible, leaving Fred to hold the runway. We got ahead of them after some three miles' hard riding; but they were wild and saw us, so I took a long shot of at least 800 yards at them and had the satisfaction of seeing one jump up, then fall down on its knees; but soon it picked itself up and followed the herd, which at my shot had turned, and were now making for the runway—and Fred's rifle. On they trotted, filing past his stand, through the gap in the fence. But no shot. What did it mean? Fred had stolen away after my shot, thinking it no further use to wait there, and had gone to find fresh antelope. Hard luck again. How often one has this experience.

It now being late, we separated, Phillips going after Fred, and I off alone to hunt. Just before sunset I heard six shots away off to the left, and hope sprang up that they at least had red meat to bring home. Fred, it seems, had exchanged his rifle with Phillips for a shotgun, when they suddenly came on a heard of 'lopes, some twenty or more. Fred dashed ahead to prevent their turning into the cañon, and charged right among them. They got under his horse's legs and tangled him all up. He shot two with No. 8 shot, crippling them badly, but they got away, and Phillips had four shots at them, long shots on the dead run, and failed to score. Evening, more "seven up" with varied success. Query! Was this the hunter's usual bad luck or bad management? If I had carried out my own plans and stalked the antelope when we first saw them in the morning, we should have found the four we saw to be but the guards of the big herd, and I am positive we could have had a sure good shot at them with a chance, and a good one, at the herd as they loped away. But!!!

Sunday, Nov. 11.—Pleasant but windy. We fooled around the ranch; didn't see any game, but Phillips had a shot at a big gray wolf, which he wounded in the hip. P. jumped up and down laughing and hollering, "I've got him, see him bite himself, he's worth $5 to me; now we'll have some fun." Fred, who was on horseback with his shotgun, started ahead to see "the fun," Phillips following on foot, and I going back to where we had picketed the horses. The wolf, when Fred had gotten to within 20yds. of him, stopped snapping at himself, started to run, then turned full face to Fred. Up goes the shotgun and a load of No. 8 is sent fair at his face. It knocks him over and seems to freshen him up wonderfully, for now he stretches himself out in a mighty effort to reach his home in the rocks and bushes of a big gulch, some quarter of a mile distant. Fred charged after him, yelling like an Indian. For a while it looked like Nip and Tuck, but Nip (the wolf) got there first, and Tuck was left. We hunted those rocks, caves and bushes in vain for him. Moral—He laughs best who laughs last.

Monday, Nov. 12.—Pleasant, but windy, as usual. Bade Phillips and his ranch good-by and started after the antelope in a hack on our winding way home. Up divides, through gulches, and over the broad plains hunted we

vainly; nary 'lope did we see. Finally and sorrowfully the feeling stole upon us that we should have to go back to our family without fresh red meat of the juicy antelope. Well, better luck next time, says Simple Simon, and so said we, as we turned our horses' heads homeward. That night we camped near Grape Creek. Three blue quail and three canvasback ducks paid the penalty of their rashness in getting within range of our twelve-bores. The quail and slices of venison from our one deer served us for supper, with Fred's inevitable biscuits and coffee. I slept in the hack. Fred tried the ground, and woke at midnight with the gentle, cooling and refreshing rain pouring in his face, so he took to the hack, and again I thought of the sardines wedged in a box.

Tuesday, Nov. 13.—Cloudy. Roads in a miserable, muddy, sticky condition. All the horses could do was to walk and pull. On the road we ran across a bevy of blue quail, and got in two shots, but at long range, and failed to score. We had intended to take our noonday lunch at a certain waterhole whereon dwelt the festive duck, but somehow the road got lost, and so we pegged along through the sticky mud until late in the afternoon the court house cupola at San Angelo hove in sight in the dim distance. There in a pasture we found a flock of sickle-bill curlew, wild as hawks, and of them we potted four, in schoolboy fashion. Five o'clock saw us at home again and very ready for something to eat. Two hams of venison still untouched, three ducks, four curlews, a big appetite, sun-browned faces, about an ounce of smoking tobacco, we brought back with us as a reminisence of our hunt on Grape Creek. A trip through a country with lots of game, big and small, but luck and conditions dead against us from start to finish.

My tale is ended; this is a true story of the big hunt I have looked forward to for a year. Sorry I could not record some wonderful shots made by my beautiful pet rifle, or tell of big scores on the quail by my brand new L. C. Smith hammerless. Of my little Stevens I can tell of disgraceful misses at prairie dogs at short range, of five shots at a large hawk on a mosquite bush not fifty yards off, till the hawk at last in sheer pity to me left the field in disgust; and I threw the Stevens on the bottom of the wagon, and almost stamped upon it. My reputation with Fred all gone, and this after I had told him long yarns of the seventy-five ruffed grouse we had killed at our "Camp Point of Pines" in Maine last year, with this same pocket rifle, all shot only through the head, and of my home target practice, making 96 out of a possible 100 at 80yds., etc.—all true bills enough, but the proof of the pudding is the eating thereof.

PETER THE HERMIT.

Sylvan shade and sunny slope,
Leafy coverts grouse concealing;
Pointer, setter, steady lope,
Trailing, stand, their place revealing;
Sportsman panting for the rise,
When and where in part surmise,
Wing of thunder, hail of lead,
Thud! the lordly grouse is dead.

Tangled thicket, alder brake,
Princely woodcock now inviting
Here a tarrying to make
Ere in southern lands delighting.
Hark! the merry spaniel's quest,
Breaking Philohela's rest;
Choicest jewel of the glade,
Slain in sportsman's autumn raid.

JACK and I were college chums; from the same bed we snored a deep antiphonal, and the same board occasionally found one minus his pie while the other reveled in a double portion behind the door; together we crossed the "fool's bridge" and wrestled with logarithms until, with the blessing of *Alma Mater* and millions of assurances, we started out to seek our fortunes. A strong impulse Westward struck him one day, and only an occasional letter told of his wanderings in Western wilds behind a transit under the direction of Uncle Sam. These missives were always redolent of game galore, which aroma I ever breathed with a mental reservation that there was no blood on the bag—"The pen is mighter than the sword."

But this fall we found ourselves hobnobbing over a proposed trip into Essex county, where years ago, ere we were introduced to the family grindstone, we had harried the ruffed grouse and followed the shy timber doodle until his whistle grew faint, and, flapping wearily before our guns, a stray pellet would make it possible for Jack's old pointer to mouth him into a shapeless mass.

The intervening years had dulled neither personal regard nor ardor of the chase, and so the bright morning of Oct. 15 found us at the railroad station in full fig for the field, with corresponding patches on our pants; he with an Irish setter of approved breeding, and I chained to a pointer, whose appetite convinced me he was by Famine out of Wasted Lunch. He came to me a puppy last spring, through Jack's kindness, and as he had been in the hands of a neighboring market shooter, who had put him through his paces and the distemper, I felt ready and willing to manufacture evidence that our game birds are being exterminated.

At the terminus of the Adirondack Railroad we bundled into a buckboard, allowing the dogs to run alongside, and, after a pleasant ride of a few miles over a fair road under a cloudless sky, we drew rein at the hospitable home of Tom Powers, who took us in, and who, with his worthy wife and daughter, made it so pleasant for us that I would we were there yet. "May their shadows never grow less."

The next morning, provided with a guide said to have a tag on every bird in the county, we called the dogs to heel, and entered a piece of woodland not far from our host's house; Jack with Meg on the edge, and I with Pete well in the cover.

And now began some of the finest work on ruffed grouse that I ever saw. The morning sun streamed adown innumerable forest aisles, dissipating the hoar frost which mantled the lofty pines and lay like down upon the carpet of leaves. Pete seemed to know he had a wary quarry to locate, for with a rapid but noiseless trot, head up, he crossed and recrossed in front of me a few times, then halted, raised his head a trifle, took three cat-like steps and was rigid. Away went resolutions to be cool, and away went the grouse 10yds. from the dog's nose; but the gun was thrown where a thunder of wings made the foliage tremble, the trigger yielded, and as the smoke cleared away Pete was cast in the direction of the vanishing bird; but in a moment drew gingerly along, stopped, drew on again and again for 20yds., now one foot raised, now another, until thinking there was a wounded bird running ahead, I stepped hastily forward and nearly put my foot on a dead bird—the one shot at—and certainly "put my foot in it," for at the same instant two more nearly brushed my hat off as they rushed from a thicket of spruce at my left. Bang! bang! woke the echoes, but so rattled was I that a flock of barns would have escaped unscathed. Pocketing the dead grouse, and waiting a moment to let my trigger finger get through twitching, Pete swung out to the right, going a little way up an incline toward some alders. Suddenly he turned, and jumping on the end of a fallen tree trotted along the trunk directly toward me. When within 15ft. of the gnarled roots he stopped and was still, a slight tremor at the end of the stern alone giving assurance that he was not a plaster cast in lemon and white; and there motionless between two roots sat the cock of the woods. Ah, friend, an' had you been there with a "Kodak" to grasp and retain that thrilling picture—"a moment bright then gone forever!"

Quickly raising the gun—What, knave! wouldst bleed the bird upon a bough? Well, not this time, perhaps some other time. Fleet as a shadow he is off for liberty or death, but scarce ten yards along the alder lane ere rings out for him the crack of doom. A limp and lifeless grouse is he as Pete puts his nose under a wing and fairly sneezes with the delicious perfume. Shaking and smoothing the feathers into place, I discover what a magnificent specimen he is, a creamy tinge instead of gray predominating, while the black, iridescent ruff streams out three inches on either side. Thou art a lordly fellow. How many springtimes have thy rounded pinions woke the morning in this glade? How oft the vernal equinox stilled those resonant throbbings—sweet music to thy mates? Not once nor twice, I trow, but five. And now, into the bag you go. Farewell, till I meet thee under cover.

Again and once again the unerring nose revealed the hiding place of our quarry; again and once again

The heated shot
Struck the spot
Where it was not.

Then panting and perspiring with exertion and excitement we went into the open and lay down in the warm sunshine to compose our nerves, our lungs playing to their fullest expansion as we drew in the exhilarating mountain air and watched the fleecy clouds move lazily over a distant mountain top. Occasionally Pete would put in a claim for recognition by laying his paw upon my arm. Well done, old fellow. If my work were as sportsmanlike this bag would tell a weightier tale.

Feeling a slight chilliness we started to join Jack, who was walking slowly along the edge of the woods, Meg ranging just inside. Here was a clear, cold stream, on its bank an ancient log inviting us to lunch, and seconded by our internal economy the motion was carried unanimously.

I sat down, while Jack, glancing around, said, "This little corner looks to be a likely place for woodcock," and calling Meg to the front, in a moment she was pointing staunchly. As Jack walked up, that whistle, so thrilling to a sportsman's ear, was heard an instant, then drowned in the thunder of the gun. At the word Meg retrieved in her happy way, and laid the cock unruffled in his hand.

I believe he would rather grass a woodcock than a wild turkey, and as he held it up by the bill and enjoyed the play of the light upon its velvet head and breast of fading pink, his eyes sparkled and cheeks flushed as a prelude to panegyrics on the unapproachable gaminess of the bird in cover or under cover, and the faultless behavior of his dog. Albeit a side glance of triumph spoke what his lips refused to frame—a good shot, eh? Admitted; but let not good shot, good dog, wait on good appetite, and—where's the guide with the lunch? Probably asleep or warming his pipe at a distant log. However, a prolonged shout finds him, and soon our mouths are "too full for utterance."

Among the pleasant experiences of an outing few are more so than the noontide rest. With utter abandon and freedom from care we regale the inner man, not forgetting the dumb friends who have contributed so largely and cheerfully to our pleasure, the feast sandwiched here and there with plans for the waiting hours and reminiscences of by-gone red-letter days afield. Reclining on the forest leaves the social pipe sends up rings of good fellowship and we grow drowsy under the meridian sun, until a faint throbbing in the air—the drumming of a faraway grouse—arouses us to renew the exciting and laborious sport.

We wonder at the absence of woodcock. Where years before we found them in numbers to afford rare sport, now not a bird can be raised. They have not been shot during the summer, and barring the March blizzard, the season has been favorable. We found a few scattering birds on high ground in the long, narrow alder patches that one meets occasionally on a springy hillside or higher up beside a trickling stream; and these seemed to be summer residents, there having been no autumn flight worthy of the name. It is sad to think that a bird so gifted with every quality prized by the sportsman must so soon join the dodo. The museum and the printed page are his manifest destiny.

Come, Jack, ere that evil day arrives let us cultivate a more intimate acquaintance with the subject of our lamentation.

Before us rose a hill, whose height it made our legs weary to contemplate, but knowing there was a secluded patch of alders far up the side, we began the ascent. Panting we reached the coveted elevation, and throwing ourselves upon the rank ferns drink in the sun-laden ozone and the varied landscape of hill and dale and wooded slope, gorgeous in autumnal robes. Over yonder mountain is a "runway," where oft the hunted deer shakes his antlers in defiance of the deep-mouthed hounds; now over its crest bold and bare, on sleeping wings, soars an immense hawk, each succeeding circle bringing him nearer, until one wider than the rest affords a tempting shot, which evidently reaches but does not disable him.

Facing the cover with the remark, "England expects every man to do his duty," our guide walked up a woodcock and "shot him flying," a feat unusual with these children of the forest. Then over a handsome point Jack and I blazed away four or five times at a low-skimming bird, but finally brought him to bag when he topped the alders in the usual and most approved style. It made no difference to Meg who killed, the game was always carried to her master. After another had been grassed, we rested by the little rill, frequently refreshed by a sip of its cool waters.

As we passed on to some trees of large growth Pete "struck an attitude." Calling Jack up to enjoy the picture, I saw a grouse running ahead, and a trifle to the right of the dog. Hastily throwing up the gun, just as I pressed the trigger I saw his lemon ear along the barrel (he must have drawn on after the bird), but too late. For an instant I felt dizzy, as the report drowned a suppressed whimper, and, as the smoke cleared away, there beside an old stump was the dog; dead? Oh, no! The bird was dead, and Pete was standing him just to your fancy, sir. A shot or two had pierced his ear, from which the blood was trickling, but, excepting Meg, he of all the party was least affected by the narrow escape. In the light of subsequent events, mentioned in this rambling paper, may we not say, "Coming events cast their shadows before?"

Swinging along the hillside, densely covered with maple saplings, Pete jumped over a brush fence, and stirred not except to stretch out and up until he seemed appreciably larger. For an instant

"The beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard,"

and then the rush of rapid, but unseen wings added another to the long list of lost opportunities; but the report of my companion's gun, followed by a fluttering on the dead leaves, told a different tale.

Slowly descending, we reached a meadow with here and there clumps of low bushes, from one of which jumped a woodcock and alighted in the open directly in front of us. On the brown sward only a keen eye could distinguish him, so motionless and so like the dead leaves scattered around. A moment's enjoyment of the novel sight and Jack stepped jauntily forward, the cock flushed, he raised the gun and missed in his inimitable style. As a crumb of comfort (!) I sang him a measure of "Johnny get the gun," but shortly afterward, when I distinguished myself in a similar manner, his unseemly mirth voiced to the echo the same sweet song. This bird seemed to bear a charmed life, for, although a day or two later we flushed him again, he invariably escaped, we knew not whither. With our keen-nosed friends we beat the ground thoroughly, but failed to find where he was lying *perdu*.

The sinking sun warned us that day was declining, and our stomachs corroborated Owen Meredith's "Civilized man cannot live without dining," as we thought that even now, perchance, Mrs. Powers was spreading her table for our delectation.

Turning homeward through a thicket Meg jumped upon a little mound—perhaps the long-deserted tenement of a muskrat—and had a fit, or I should say she fitted our ideal of what a dog ought to do in the immediate vicinity of game. There she stood as pretty as a picture until we found places likely to afford a shot, then the guide walked in, and as the grouse flashed by, my gun, too often speechless in such emergencies, spoke with persuasive eloquence and brought down the grouse. Then Meg disputed for its possession until not a feather was left in its rudder and the Pope's nose protruded bald and white as the pontiff's cranium. At another time she located and held a grouse while her master searched for a cock he thought he had shot. After a little I suggested he would better not impose on his dog's good manners, but see what she had and then complete the search. Hanging a handkerchief on a bush to mark the spot, he walked into the thicket and away went the grouse followed by the vindictive staccato of his Webley. No "Johnny get the gun" burdened the breeze this time. A rare good shot was that and worthy the noble bird now in the last throes by yonder boulder. But Meg is on her mettle, emulous of her companion's morning record, for as we sauntered along the border of a broad stream she stands; and Pete, motionless, honors the lady. Up goes a grouse and up goes the gun. Just as she gains cover on the opposite side, the hills re-echo the report and the bird falls riddled in mid-air by the center of the charge.

A dog of good breeding will decline no duty to a loved master. The water was icy cold, but at the word "seek dead, fetch," she hesitated a moment, then plunged in, swam across and retrieved, as usual laying the bird in her master's hand with an air which plainly showed it was a pleasure. Such unselfish devotion were worthy of a soul. Byron would not have braved the Hellespont at such a temperature.

All good days must have an end.

A brisk walk in the gloaming brought us to genial Tom's, where, after the dogs were well fed and well abed, we sat down to a triumph of the art culinary daintily served by his comely daughter.

Stretched upon a lounge or reclining in an easy chair before the blazing fagots, we whiled away the long, pleasant evening listening to our host's recital of thrilling experiences with the "Boys in Blue," where he captured the enemy's colors and won his straps in a bloody charge for the possession of a battery. As he rehearses the wild pleasures of his mountain home, the foray after deer or bear, our ears grow dull and duller until his voice sounds like the murmur of far away waters, and his words die away like the sighing of the wind through the pines. We rouse for a prayer of thanksgiving, and then to the sweet, soft beds, and the deep, dreamless sleep of physical exhaustion and mental vacuity. Ere the morning dawns, while the body sleeps, the brain awakes and revels in well-stocked coverts, affirming our coon hunters' declaration, "There's a heap more fun nights than day times."

After a few days we concluded to take a trip into the Indian River country, and packing our grips bid farewell to our cosy quarters and catch the heavily laden stage on the mountain road, the dogs having to ride afoot, we are so crowded. It is a crisp, pleasant morning, and all goes merrily as we slowly climb or swiftly descend the hills. Away to the right beyond the valley rises a lofty mountain, whose crest is hidden in a cloud of peculiar hue. We remark it, and the driver says laconically: "Snowstorm coming." Meg trots along between the hind wheels, while Pete lopes beside the horses. The storm approaches; shall we reach the "Creek" before it breaks upon us? The driver cracks his whip and speeds down the foot of a hill by a farmhouse. Just as Pete attempts to cross in front of the horses a little cur runs out and arrests his attention, he stops in midroad an instant, the next he is

struck by the horses' feet and we feel the jolt and jar as the ponderous wheels pass over him. With a groan I fall out of the stage and stagger fainting against the fence; Jack is with me in a moment, and we step back to the prostrate form of our dumb friend. No howl, no groan, no whimper of pain. Poor fellow! He is hurt so deep that he knows not he is hurt. Jack has some hope, but something tells me this is the end. "Love never faileth." He raises his head in a momentary rally, moves his paw toward me, his great brown weeping eyes look pleadingly into mine. Poor fellow! I can't help you; but it is easier for you than for me.

Tenderly we carry him into the house, and sitting down watch the labored breathing and the going out of that mysterious light we call life. Strange he cannot move those strong limbs, lately so lithe and fresh. No mark upon his faultless form, but the cruel wheels have done their awful work. He breathes slowly, faintly, then raising his loving eyes to mine in a last lingering gaze, they slowly close on all things earthly, and with a sigh he passed away as gently as a little child falls asleep. "After life's fitful fever he sleeps well."

On a high hill, overlooking the Hudson and the woodlands we loved so well, we laid him deep in his last resting place. I turned aside to be alone. There be those who would not hide a tear. "Some days must be dark and dreary." The storm breaks furiously upon us. Come, Jack, let us homeward. L. A. S.

ST. LOUIS SPORTSMEN.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Nov. 31.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Duck shooting in this immediate vicinity during the past week has been very unsatisfactory. Many parties were out short distances but the result was invariably the same—small bags. The result in the cases of those who went long distances was not much better either. Still, they did succeed in making a respectable showing. It is quite evident that the bulk of the webfeet have departed this part of the country for the South. There was one little flurry of them two weeks ago, outside of that there have not been any in this vicinity this fall to speak of. The only kind seen now are the much-despised fish duck; the shooters shoot them because they want something to shoot at, but they are thrown away very soon after they have been shown and credited as ducks.

Snipe have all skipped out for a more congenial clime. The few received in market come from near Galveston, Texas.

The bags of quail up to the present have also been very small, if Mr. J. B. C. Lucas's bag of forty in one day is excepted.

W. T. Gould, W. McCleary, Jack Lee and H. Cordess left last Wednesday for Current River, in the southeast part of this State. They go over the Iron Mountain Railway to Doniphan, where they will be joined by W. F. Maybree and R. C. Barrett. From Doniphan they go by a branch road to Pine. Then the trip to the hunting and fishing grounds will be made by wagon. Fishing is reported only fair down there, but deer are said to be very plentiful, and to them the gentlemen will give most of their attention. Should they meet with any success at all they will remain ten days or more.

Tom H. Burtt left a few days ago for Lebanon, to spend several days in quest of quail. Birds are said to be in good numbers in the vicinity.

Mr. J. B. C. Lucas returned home a few days ago from the interior of Illinois, and reports having had grand shooting on quail. The brush and weeds were very thick, and interfered quite materially with the sport.

Hunt P. Wilson, Dr. J. H. Leslie, Brooks Wipple and Leslie Moffett were down in Mississippi county, this State, enjoying the pleasures of a camp-hunt for the past ten days. They arrived home last Tuesday with one deer, 205 ducks of all kinds, a large number of quail, and a good string of fish, mostly bass and croppies. The deer was the largest seen in this city for many years. He was a five-prong buck and weighed exactly 252lbs. Mr. Wilson had the honor of bagging him. He was standing out in the marsh in a duck blind when he saw the deer emerge from some brush about 45yds. away. Carefully extracting the duck cartridge he put in one loaded with buckshot. In putting the gun to his shoulder it hit a limb, and, as he explained, made a report almost as loud as the firing of a charge. The deer, when he heard this, pricked up his ears and was on the alert for a lurking enemy evidently, but he was too slow, for the next instant Mr. Wilson pulled the trigger of his trusty Betsy and a charge of buckshot struck him fair and square in the left shoulder. The buck was standing partly quartering, and one of the shot hit him in the nose, ranging upward, and lodged in his neck. The shot that no doubt proved the death dealer was the one that hit in the side and ranging upward into the spinal column. At the report of the gun the deer disappeared, and Mr. Wilson for quite a while was considerably in doubt if he had really hit or not. On one of the limbs of a small tree he noticed signs of blood, and pursuing the trail finally was rewarded after a tramp of 200yds. to come up with the deer. The deer was to be seen at Mr. Wilson's place of business in this city, and there was quite a crowd of sportsmen in and out of his place while it was on exhibition. He will have the head set up and keep it as a memento of the trip.

Messrs. W. H. Horner and E. C. Mohrstadt spent a day on quail last Monday in the vicinity of the Meramec River, which is only about twenty miles from this city. They had poor success, owing to the great amount of shooting that the birds have been subjected to out there this season. The birds were very wild, and when flushed they flew so far that it was very difficult to mark them down. The birds were well matured, and those that they were lucky enough to bag were fat.

Mr. George Rawlings, the sporting goods dealer on Eighth and Chestnut streets, will depart Saturday night for Charleston, this State, to be gone a few days after ducks and quil. Late reports from Charleston say ducks are plentiful and good bags are being made by parties down there.

The Dordenne Club, which recently leased a large tract of land in St. Charles county for a game preserve, has let a contract for its club house, to cost in the neighborhood of $6,000. This season the members have been accepting the hospitality of Mr. Gallagher, the owner of the land. When the spring shooting opens and the much sought after canvasback makes its appearance, the club will be installed in its new club house.

Joe Lucas and Dabney Carr are making ready to leave for Point Pleasant, this State, to take more shooting on the webfeet and "Bob Whites." The middle of next week will see them off, and they expect to remain ten days or more enjoying the delights of a camp hunt. Fishing is said to be good and they can have an opportunity of changing off when tired of one or the other.

Chas. Greely, Jack Neville and J. C. Van Blarcome had some good sport on quail at Granby on the Frisco railway a few days ago. The covert was somewhat prolific, but the birds were plentiful, and they brought home a good bag.

Mr. J. B. C. Lucas is to be credited with the largest single bag of ducks made in this vicinity this season. In one day on the grounds of the Quiver Club, in St. Charles county, he counted up 51, mostly mallard and greenwing. The next largest bag was made by Mr. J. B. Morris on the Dordenne preserve and footed up 36, all mallards but two. Both bags were made on the same day, the two clubs' grounds being only a few miles apart.

For the past week quite a good many geese have been passing over this locality on their way to the "sunny south." Very few are bagged and it is thought that they are increasing their numbers yearly. Very seldom are any to be seen in the markets.

Last Wednesday evening saw the departure of Messrs. Sil Edgar, C. F. Mathey and Richard Hopes for Baxter Springs, Kansas, on a hunting trip. From Baxter Springs the gentlemen expect to go south and strike into the Indian Territory; where they are going to put in their time on quail, prairie chicken and deer. The country is not considered at all favorable for ducks, still some little sport is had on them. All of the gentlemen have supplied themselves with repeating Winchesters, and they are well able to handle them too, consequently it will be no surprise to their friends should they return with a number of deer.

W. H. Clopton spent Thanksgiving at the King's Lake preserve, which is fifty-three miles above here in Lincoln county. The shooting was slow and without any special interest. A few years ago these grounds were second to none in this part of the country for duck shooting, but during the past few years only a few make a stop on the lakes and timber slough on the preserve. Mallard shooting in the timber in the vicinity was especially fine during the fall of 1882, and it was quite common to hear of some party bagging from 100 to 200 in a couple of days. But there have not been 500 ducks all told bagged up there this season.

There is a movement on foot among a number of gentlemen in this city for the organization of a club to lease a large tract of land in Lincoln county for a game preserve. The matter has not developed fully as yet, but will undoubtedly be in such shape in a very short time as to make it possible to announce in detail the names of the gentlemen interested, and also just where the land is located.

C. Hemphill went up to Ellsbury, Mo., on Thursday to indulge in a duck shoot. The weather was in every way favorable for the sport. It was cloudy, and had there been any ducks in the country no doubt he would have had some good sport. It was just such a day as duck shooters long for, and what might be called a genuine duck day in every particular. But, alas, the most essential requisite of the sport was missing, and that was the ducks, consequently he returned home with a very light bag.

Fred Huginine shot a few ducks and caught a small string of fish at Kid Lake on Thursday.

The head of the 180lbs. buck which was shot by Fred C. Burgdorfer a short time since, in the Current River country, is now on exhibition at the sporting goods house of Rawlings Bros., corner Eighth and Chestnut streets.

UNSER FRITZ.

BOWLEY'S QUARTER CLUB.

ONE of the finest ducking club houses in the country has recently been completed for the "Bowley's Quarter Ducking Club." This club is composed of twelve gentlemen, who own about 382 acres of land, with over five miles of water front directly on the Chesapeake Bay, extending the whole distance between Middle River and Seneca River, and lying just south of the famous "Carroll Island" property. It has several points and blinds from which there is to be had some of the best duck shooting on the bay. The house stands about two hundred feet from the water front, and is surrounded by fine forest trees. It fronts due east, giving a delightful view of the bay and surrounding country, with a full view of all the shipping to and from Baltimore. The house is ninety-six feet long, by thirty-three feet wide, all built in the most substantial manner, being first sheathed on the frame, which is Georgia pine, with diagonal sheathing of flooring boards, then covered with two thicknesses of felting, then by weather-boarding up to second floor, then to square or fine heavy cornice, with round-end shingles. The entire roof is covered with best quality of tin, and there is a handsome observatory. The first story has double floors, with felting between them, and divided as follows: A large kitchen, 19 by 22 feet; open room or porch, 10 feet wide; dining-room, 19 by 32 feet, with butler's pantry and china closet. At the end is the gunning hall, 19 by 24 feet, in which there are twelve double gun closets. The front or main entrance door leads from this room to an open room or porch, from which you can pass through a beautifully finished arch to the lawn in front. This arch gives to the front of the house a pleasing effect. The next room is the sitting-room or parlor, 19 by 32 feet, from which leads a fine open stairway, of ancient design, to the second story. In each of the three last-mentioned rooms there are large fireplaces, highly ornamented with pressed brick, surmounted by fine mantels. These three rooms can all be thrown into one by large folding doors. The second story is divided into twelve bedrooms, with a hall running through center of the house. Each room is well lighted and ventilated, and can be heated at pleasure.

The house is lighted by gas, and has electric bells in each room. The house was designed by Mr. Addison Hulton, one of the leading architects of Philadelphia, and was built by J. A. Sheridan. The club will probably make this also a summer resort for their families, as the shore for salt water bathing is excellent, and the water is of a very superior quality. The cost of the house and furnishing was about $10,000. The president of the club is Mr. N. E. Janney, of Philadelphia.

REFORM IN NEW BRUNSWICK.

KINGSTON, New Brunswick.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I often ask myself, have we a game law? Have we any game wardens in this country? We have, in name, and in name only. Although a good law, it is shamefully outraged. As for the wardens, I do not know why they are permitted to hold such a position. We would have good shooting and fishing if the people of this country would only adhere to the law. It is not as though our sports were limited. On the contrary, we have a good variety, and our country is large and free; but they are not satisfied; they go and kill birds long before the season opens. Our close season for partridge ended on Sept. 20, on the 16th two persons with guns (I will not call them sportsmen) started out and killed several partridges. I could not clearly prove the case at the time, or they would have paid dear for their fun. There are similar cases I might mention of people pretending to be sportsmen, who sneak out with their guns and sneak home again with their ill-gottten gains.

The morning the season opened a friend and myself went up river partridge shooting. The place we went to was known to be a good one for birds, but we only killed three after hunting all day. I remarked to a person who resides in the vicinity that it was unusual for coveys of partridges to be broken up so early in the season, and that there must be some cause for it, such as shooting, but he denied it. Some eight days afterward I learned that a person living only a short distance away from the place had killed birds the day before we got there. Several parties stopping at our new hotel boasted openly of how many ducks, snipe, etc., they had killed long before the season opened, and our game warden and his deputy living almost next door to the hotel. Now, when the game law is openly violated like this, and the game warden and his deputy will do nothing to prevent it, what chance is there for those abiding by the law?

It is just the same with our fishing. We have good trout streams, but it is poor satisfaction to fish them: they are all netted, and only the small fish that get through the nets are to be taken. I went with two friends last July to Tweedie's Brook; it is a fine place for trout. With the evening and morning fishing we filled our large baskets, some of the fish weighing 1¼lbs.; but that was nothing like what we should have done. The netters had been ahead of us; the water was very muddy, and at one of the pools we saw the stakes to which the net had been made fast, and a few yards further along the pool we came across the long poles they had used to rout the fish out and drive them into their nets. They sell the fish to parties further down the river who have freezers, and who ship them to the United States. One of the parties owning the freezer boasted of how many 5lb. trout he had that were netted in Tweedie's Brook. Now, is it not too bad that honest sport-loving people should be deprived of sport, and poachers and lawbreakers allowed to go free? SPORTSMAN.

DEER SHOOTING IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I read with interest a letter from your correspondent at Little Bay Mines. He appears to have had grand sport killing seven or eight caribou in two or three days; and our local papers also tell how Doctor Tobin and his friends from Halifax, N. S., have killed thirty caribou near the Grand Pond. The country around that pond is probably one of the finest natural deer parks in the world. Deer are there in hundreds, aye thousands, or to use the expression of a native, "they are numerous plenty, sir." They will afford legitimate sport for ages if properly protected. They can only be properly protected by sportsmen who should make it a point of honor never to kill so noble an animal for the head and skin alone. Never to leave the carcass to rot. Let the cost be what it may to get the deer out for food, it should be done.

The man who can destroy these fine animals, and let them lie and rot, merely to boast of his powers, is a mere butcher and no sportsman. I apologize to the butcher for using his name. His calling is legitimate. I should have written butcherbird, whose wanton destruction of other birds is an apt illustration of the instincts of these so-called sportsmen.

I have made inquiries, and find that quite a number of deer were left to rot by these gentlemen. As an old sportsman, whose days for deer hunting are almost over, I protest against such misconduct. Our game laws are most liberal, but we shall be obliged to amend them and limit the number of caribou to be killed by each person unless sportsmen mend their way.

So far we are free from skin hunters. Let the trophy hunters keep within reasonable bounds, and waste none of these good creatures of God, and they will receive a hearty welcome to this sportsman's paradise. Grand Pond is about sixty miles long. B.

HARBOR GRACE, Newfoundland.

MASSACHUSETTS NOTES.—New York, Nov. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have just returned from two weeks' shoot on the Old Colony R. R., at the towns of Lakeville, Myricks, and Freetown, Mass. Quail were scarce, but ruffed grouse were fairly plenty and lying well to a thoroughbred pointer or setter. I was not very successful myself, being so unfortunate as to break the stock of my fine Sneider hammerless gun before my vacation was half up and being compelled to use one kindly loaned me by Messrs. Davis & Sons, of Freetown, Mass., the manufacturers of the Davis gun, who by the way are turning out fine work and well worthy the attention of sportsmen desiring a good serviceable gun, and not being anxious to pay a fancy price for the same. I was shown through the factory by Mr. N. R. Davis, the senior member of the firm, and witnessed the Davis gun from "start to finish;" and was very much interested in watching the process of building a modern hammerless gun. From what I saw of this gun in the rough and as it approached completion, and seeing its execution on game in the hands of Mr. H. B. Richmond of Lakeville, Mass., the gentlemanly proprietor of the Lakeville Kennels, to whom I am indebted for many civilities extended to a brother sportsman, I can hardly do the gun or its manufacturers justice; suffice it to say that I unhesitatingly placed my $200 Sneider gun in the hands of these gentlemen to be re-stocked, after seeing the fine work they are enabled with their facilities to turn out. The weather during my outing was partially stormy.—BLUE-ROCK.

RIFLES FOR SMALL GAME.

BALTIMORE, Md., Nov. 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Noting the remarks of "N. Orleans" in issue of 8th inst., it appears to me the rifle the gentleman chooses for the purpose mentioned should be the .22cal., chambered for the 10-45 or 15-45 center-fire cartridge. Without he has a fancy for a quick-action repeater of modern make, I think he would find the Maynard rifle, with a special .22-10-45 barrel, to answer his purpose; he may also have this same barrel chambered for the W. C. F. 15-45 shell, which may give better results in windy weather. I should, however, choose the shell made by the manufacturers of that arm, as it will last an indefinite period, and because it is a straight shell (not bottle-necked) and is easily cleaned for reloading. I have a Maynard rifle with a barrel chambered for the .22-3-30, and one for the .38-50, which I bought to take on a trip in the Adirondacks this fall. I have found this little barrel very effective at distances up to and over 50yds.; and if the special .22-10-45 is as accurate at greater distances—which our friend "Iron Ramrod" tells us it is, and he appears to be a fair-minded man—I should not want anything better for duck shooting out of shotgun range. I have been thinking of adding to my outfit this very same barrel for duck shooting, etc. With my little joker I can sit in my back yard and, by resting my elbow on my knee and holding steady, drop English sparrows to my heart's content, missing very few.

To my mind, any caliber greater than .22, for the purpose and at the distance named—150 to 200yds.—is out of the question, without the gentleman expects to shoot the heads of those black ducks; for if he does not his target will be the duck's body, and I am inclined to think that the smaller the caliber and weight of the bullet the better will be the condition of the duck so unfortunate as to be hit.

The effect of a 115-grain bullet—on a duck—propelled by 20grs. of powder, must be appalling. I do not suppose Mr. Louis Bagger found his ducks in very presentable condition after subjecting them to such treatment.

I prefer the single shot to the repeater as giving better results, and because I can see the condition of the inside of the barrel and keep it cleaner. I prefer the Maynard because of its simplicity and convenience, and the possibility of having several barrels to fit the same stock. This may be said of several other rifles also; but none other that I have seen is operated by lever action, which I prefer, and I think is safer with the larger calibers.

W. W. B.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I see by this week's FOREST AND STREAM that "H. B. S." asks if "Iron Ramrod" will write a letter about .22-cal. cartridges, and which cartridge he would recommend for rabbit shooting at distances up to 100yds.; also if I would recommend the .22 long rifle cartridge for this work. My answer is to the latter question no; the trajectory at 50yds. in the 100yds. work is 4½in.—enough to miss a rabbit clean. This cartridge in a good rifle is good for fine target work, but for game shooting use the 10grs., or better still, the 15-45 Winchester cartridge. The trajectory of this cartridge is less than 2in. over the 100yds. range and will cut the rabbit's head anywhere along the line. If "H. B. S." will write to me I will tell him something to his advantage regarding this small-bore work for game shooting. IRON RAMROD.

SOUTH CAROLINA QUAIL.

ROCK HILL, S. C., Nov. 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* There's an old "saw" which runs, "If you've got a good thing keep it, keep it;" but I am not selfish, and as I have really found "a good thing," I shall adopt the principle of the "Golden Rule" and "give it away."

I left New York on the 12th inst., stopped a day in Virginia, then came to High Point, North Carolina, where I witnessed the field trials for two days and did some shooting in the vicinity of Charlotte for two days more, where I found game fairly plentiful. I then came to Rock Hill, South Carolina, arriving here on the 18th inst. First day after my arrival it was raining, but during the night it cleared, and my second day was fine, as have been the others. Have had three days of rare sport. I find quail in the greatest abundance and the country most desirable to shoot over, and the people exceedingly hospitable. The first day two of us bagged eighty-three quail, the second seventy-four, and to-day (the third) ninety-seven. The country has been very little shot over, and taken altogether I am more than pleased here. I find a new, modern, good hotel here, a wideawake landlord, and last, but not least, fine kennels for dogs of guests. I am told there are quantities of geese and duck on the Catawba River, within a few miles, and I shall investigate next week and will let you hear further from me. T. C. J.

SHOOTING SQUIRRELS OVER DECOYS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A very curious incident was related to me by a perfectly reliable gentleman last week, which I will repeat for your readers.

Mr. J. B. Haynes, the narrator, stated that a few days previously he and three others went out for a squirrel hunt on Teal bayou in Tunica county. They found the game more abundant than they had anticipated, and exhausted their ammunition in a few hours. Haynes carried out thirty-six shells and secured twenty-eight squirrels. The party of four bagged 103 squirrels. But the incident alluded to is this: Haynes and one of his companions were walking through the woods, the latter a few yards in advance, when Haynes, who was out of shells, called the attention of his friend to some turkeys which he saw ahead. His friend laid his bunch of dead squirrels at the foot of a hollow tree and went for the turkeys. Haynes remained near the squirrels. A few minutes later four squirrels came down the tree to the pile of dead ones, and made a great demonstration over them, dancing about and chattering loudly. Their capers attracted many other squirrels from neighboring trees, who assembled at the funeral and increased the fuss.

Haynes then beckoned to one of his companions, who, approaching gently, fired, and killed four squirrels at one shot.

What does "Iron Ramrod" think of this kind of squirrel hunting?

I have a bear story to relate, but will reserve it for a future communication, as I am afraid your readers will not be able to swallow both at one dose.

Game in the Mississippi bottom is unusually abundant this season. The lakes are crowded with ducks and geese, and the woods are full of deer, bear, turkeys, squirrels and coons.

Three boys with one dog killed nine coons near Friar's Point one night last week. COAHOMA.

CLARKSDALE, Miss., Nov. 26.

THE KEENE BULLETS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The past season I have given the Keene bullets a fair trial, killing with them a bear, a caribou, blacktail, whitetail, mule deer, etc. I was using my .45-90 Winchester, a very handy, safe and accurate gun, with which I am well pleased.

Last fall I found the Keene bullets worked well; but a more extended series of experiments has rather shaken my faith in them, that is, I have found that they generally act simply as a solid ball, no worse and no better; they do not seem to open more than once in three times. This fall the proportion with me has been even smaller. I suppose there is not enough powder back of them. Can not some of your correspondents give me, through your columns, their experience with them? As instances, I found one bullet opened all right on a mountain ram, and another on an antelope, but on the bear, caribou and various deer they simply acted as if they had been solid balls. THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

SAGAMORE HILL, Long Island, Nov. 28.

MICHIGAN DEER AND BASS.

OUR location was on the Indian River, sixteen miles from Munising, Mich., a station on the Duluth, South Shore & Atlantic Railway. We were in camp five weeks in September, 1888. There is a hotel at the station, Munising, Mr. Fritz, $1 per day. We were south of Dockwood's camp six miles. It cost us $5 per day for team. Supplies can be obtained, anything you want, at Munising, and boats at the settlements south of the river cheap. Minnows are the best bait. We fished in Bass Lakes and Indian River where it passes through the lakes. We did not have any guides; a gentleman by the name of Pattee directed us to this place. There were eight of us. We had a grand time fishing and hunting. We caught all the fish we wanted, some 400lbs. of pike and bass. Deer were not so plentiful, but we got eleven of them and plenty of pheasants. It is one of the grandest places for recreation that I have ever struck. We had an abundance of lakes and rivers for fishing and some grand scenery. I weighed 142lbs. when I left home, and when I got back my weight had increased to 156lbs., a gain of 14lbs. Some of the party improved more than I did. I feel like a new man. Eleven went from our city and they are all well pleased with the trip. The air and water were grand and pure and we all enjoyed it so well. The time passed away before we were ready to come home. We were all benefited by the trip. I have taken trips south in Arkansas and Mississippi and other places, but they could not compare with this one.

GREENVILLE, O. A. E. BUNGER.

BUCKSHOT LOADING.—Some one in a recent number inquired the better way to load with buckshot, in order to secure best results. I learned a little kink from some Canadians a few years ago, while deer hunting, that may help him. This plan I invariably employ with best of success. It is to use a layer of small shot, say No. 2 or BB, first in the shell, in the center of which place a large buckshot or bullet, then fill with the small shot to the top of bullet, and place another in the center, and so on until the proper amount of shot is in, when wad. The smaller shot prevent the bullets from ricocheting, and they leave the gun on a comparatively true line. With this charge I have killed foxes and deer 75 and 100 steps away; besides, if in a turkey country you are always prepared for one on the wing.—DENTIST.

WATERTOWN, Va., Nov. 29.—We have no shooting of any account here—a few grouse and a rabbit now and then. Foxes are rather numerous, one being killed just outside the village some days since. A few stray ducks are sometimes seen on the river, but I have not seen or heard of one this season.—F. E. A.

THE WIGWAM.—Sanford, Fla., Nov. 27.—The yellow fever in Florida has not prevented an unusually large flight of ducks, and our local sportsmen are in clover. My clerk went on a cruise recently, and killed five turkeys and a quantity of small game in three days, including fourteen rabbits.—C. D. B.

MERIDIAN, Miss., Nov. 18.—Birds in this locality seem to be fairly plenty, though vegetation is so rank it needs a little more short, sharp frosty weather to kill it down; then when the pleasant days come in December we can "up and at 'em."—G. W. S.

A NEW GATEWAY.

By the completion of a new bridge across the Missouri River at Rulo, Nebraska, the Burlington Route has established, for the entire distance over its own track, a new, direct, through line from St. Louis to Kansas City, St. Joseph, Atchison and Denver. Over this line is run "The Burlington's Denver Express"—a solid train with through sleeping cars and coaches from St. Louis to St. Joseph and Denver, and a through sleeping car from St. Louis to Kansas City. The connections made by this train at the Missouri River, at Denver and at junction points en route are such that one can directly reach by it all points in Nebraska, Colorado, and all sections of the West and Southwest, as well as all Pacific coast points. This is in addition to "The Burlington's Number One" well-known solid vestibule train between Chicago and Denver and Cheyenne, with which direct connection is made by C. B. & Q. R. R. train from Peoria, by which one can make the run between Chicago and Denver without being more than one night on the road. For tickets via the Burlington route and for special excursion folder, call on any ticket agent of connecting lines, or address P. S. EUSTIS, Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Agent, C. B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill.—*Adv.*

NEW YORK, Aug. 9, 1888.—*U. S. Cartridge Co., Lowell, Mass.*—Gentlemen: Your new primers gave me the best of satisfaction. I have averaged nearly 80 per cent. of kills both on live birds and targets ever since I began to use them. Yours truly, (Signed) M. M. F. LINDSLEY, Supt. American Wood Powder Co., West Hoboken, N. J.—*Adv.*

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

244.

I DESIRE to thank "Country Parson" for the heartiest laugh I have enjoyed for a long time over his "owl hunt" in FOREST AND STREAM of Sept. 20. The scheme was grandly concocted and most amusingly told.

It reminded me of the story of a frog hunt I heard not long since, which has some amusing points, but which, unfortunately, I am unable to embellish as did "Country Parson" his owl hunt. One Joe —— of our place is an indefatigable frog hunter, and becomes as enthusiastic over it as does the most inveterate nimrod, shooting grouse or quail over his finely bred pointer or setter. So infatuated with this sport has he become, and so constantly is he discoursing upon its delights among his friends that he has acquired among them the soubriquet of the "Toad Stabber." Not long since Jim ——, a personal friend of his, happening in a stationery store, found there a paper weight in the form of a large cast iron frog, artistically decorated in his livery of green, and altogether a life-like production, and of unusual size. Jim immediately saw in this batrachian a large-sized joke, and at once exchanged a greenback for the greenback, which he deposited carefully in the canal, where there was about a foot of water. The frog was placed on a small bit of log, and in such an attitude as to appear to be enjoying the first bright sun rays of a beautiful spring morning, but at the same time with one eye open on the *qui vive*, and ready to sub-mud himself on the least suspicion of danger. After placing him Jim took one retrospective glance to see that all was right, and started in hot haste for Joe. Apparently all out of breath he in a rapid and excited manner told Joe of the find, and wanted him to get his gun at once and bag the frog. Joe dropped everything, and started with Jim on a run, but in his excitement he forgot the gun. A mongrel cur followed them. After running a short distance Jim asked, "Where's your gun?" "Confound it! I forgot it; but I'll borrow Smith's." After securing the gun, they cautiously crawled toward the bank of the canal. Meanwhile the cur, thinking he might be of service, rushed ahead, much to the discomfiture of Joe, who feared he might scare the game. "Keep that dog back," he exclaims to Jim in a stage whisper, "keep him back." Jim secures the dog, but after a further stealthy advance he escapes again. Joe with every nerve trembling at the prospect of the game, and indignation at the performance of the cur, again whispers to Jim emphatically, "I tell you keep that dog back or I won't shoot." After some trouble the dog is secured, and the stalking is resumed until the bank of the canal is reached, where peeping over with the utmost care, the serene and mighty frog is seen. Joe shoots, and still the frog remains. "How's that, Joe?" inquires Jim in surprise, "I think you must have shot too high." Joe was unable to explain, but shot again with like results. "He's as dead as a door nail," says he and at once plunges into the mud and water, wades out to him and seizes him with exultation depicted on every feature, until a shout goes up from the many spectators, when his feathers droop, and he sneaks to shore. All that is necessary now to make his feathers resume their pristine position is to suggest to Joe a frog hunt. DENTIST.

ROCHESTER, New York.

245.

I have played a few practical jokes like that described in the "owl hunt" story in a late number. One day I waded out in a small pond and put out two ducks. I saw a friend coming. He made a successful stalk, fired one barrel, then the other. Then I rose up and said, "What in thunder are you filling up my duck with lead for?" His expression was comical to say the least. He had never seen a decoy. I pinned a squirrel to the side of a tree and watched a neighbor's boy shoot at it five times. D.

IRONTON, Ohio.

Sea and River Fishing.

SILKWORM GUT AND LEADERS.

I HAVE read the communication of Messrs. Allcock & Co. in FOREST AND STREAM of Nov. 22, commenting on my letter in same paper of Oct. 25, and I fear that on this occasion only they have gone off at half-cock, for although they state that I am misinformed and mistaken in regard to the subject of my letter, they virtually corroborate what I did say, except in the matter of the chief market for silkworm gut, and in that they do not quote what I wrote.

I said: "London is the chief market to which most, if not all, of the dealers in fishing tackle are obliged to go for their silkworm gut, whether it be Spanish, Indian or Chinese, unless the dealer has a factory in Spain, separate and distinct from the castles in Spain, which some dealers have." The types, however, made two sentences of the extract. My information about the gut market I obtained from England, although I might have been more accurate had I used the words of an American angling writer who says: "We derive our supply (of gut) largely through England, whence this business is controlled, consuming by far the greatest part of the heavier sizes produced."

There can be no doubt about the grade of gut that I said I thought we did not have, for I was careful to state that, "I have particular reference to extraordinarily heavy salmon gut." I quoted the wholesale price in London, $25 to $35 per 100 strands, and the breaking strain, 15 to 18lbs., "to better illustrate what I mean when I say I do not think we get the very best gut." Messrs. Allcock & Co. do not even intimate that we get any of this gut, nor does any one else; but they do say, "If any firm will pay the same price that we can get in London, or elsewhere, for our best grades, they can be sure of being as well served as the London houses are." That is a tacit admission that the best grades do now go to London. I said, "If we do not have the very best salmon gut it is possibly because there is not a demand for it, or because our method of fishing for salmon from a canoe * * * does not require such particularly strong gut as I have designated as very best." Did I make any "mistake" in so writing, or does that dispute that our dealers can have the "very best gut" if they will pay the price paid by the London houses?

If you will permit a little free advertising in your reading columns I will gladly give Messrs. Allcock & Co. as strong a recommendation of some of their leaders that I possess, as that given by Uncle Reub. Wood's Sons; but my leaders are not of the gut that I referred to in FOREST AND STREAM any more than are the leaders sent to Syracuse. I am at a loss to understand how Messrs. Allcock & Co. can even seem to think that I am unfair, although unintentionally so, as they presume, to the dealers in the United States. If I do the dealers of this country an injustice inadvertently, for I would do it in no other way, I'll warrant that the dealers will make it known p. d. q.

GLENS FALLS, N. Y. A. N. CHENEY.

ANGLING CONTESTS IN NEW ZEALAND.

WE have the sixth report of the Otago Anglers' Association, as published in the Otago *Times* of Sept. 28, 1888. There are genuine angling contests held by the Association, in which the weight of the fish taken determine the winners. The report says: "We held five competition last season. The result was just the same as in former seasons. The first contest was the only one that brought out anything like a muster. The last two competitions for the Association's gold medal were very tame affairs, only two or three competing. The total weight of fish caught at the competitions is again much below the average of past seasons. The Association's gold medal was won by Mr. D. Reid, who caught six fish weighing 17lbs. 8oz. Mr. W. Aitken takes the silver medal with three fish, 5lbs. 14oz.; Mr. J. Ogg running him very close with 5lbs. 13oz. * * * * The competitors caught this year at the various competitions a total of 135 fish, weighing 92lbs. 12oz.; last year's totals were 157 fish, weighing 219lbs.; and in 1885-86 season 268 fish, weighing 301lbs. So you will see what a drop there was last year. We will have to make an effort to get up to something like old form again, or we will be classed as only a second-rate fishing club." We infer that the fish named are brown trout, as these are the only fish named in the report of the different rivers. The Acclimatisation Society has stocked the Shag with Loch Leven trout and American brook trout, and these fish have also been placed in the Waipahi, and other streams will be stocked with them this year.

The following is a list of the competitions for the season of 1888–89:

Two competitions for Association's gold medal and silver medal; one competition for handsome gold trophy, value 10 guineas. The Association will give a silver medal as a second prize. One competition for valuable fly-rod; one competition for fly-rod, reel and flies.

Dates of competitions and rivers they are to be fished on: Otago Anglers' gold medal and C. Hale's silver medal, first competition, Shag River only, Oct. 19; second competition, Lee Stream, Wednesday in race week (on or about Feb. 20); the John Anderson Medal Competition, Waipahi River, Nov. 30; Mr. Wilkie's Rod Competition, Shag River, Nov. 9; Junior Competition (competitors of 20 or under only, first, second and third prizes, entrance fee 6d., Leith or Waitai, Nov. 30.

Conditions for all competitions, except John Anderson Medal Competition: Hours, 6 A. M. to 4 P. M.; any legal bait; no competitor to fish on the river set apart for the competition within twenty-four hours of the competition. All competitors fishing on a stream are on no account to pass another competitor without his consent. The position of competitors on a stream to be mutually arranged; any competitor infringing these rules will be disqualified. Entrance fee, 1s. The member who obtains the highest aggregate weight will receive the gold medal; the next highest the silver medal. Note.—All previous winners of the Association's gold medal will have 15 per cent. deducted from their total weight. Condition for John Anderson Medal Competition: Hours, from 7 A. M. to 5 P. M.; any legal bait. Entrance fee, 1s. The ultimate winner will be the competitor who wins the trophy twice. Competitors must forward returns per first post after competition. All entries payable to Geo. M. Marshall, Hon. Sec., 64 Princes street, Dunedin. Annual subscription reduced to 5 shillings.

NEW TROUT LAW IN VERMONT.—Watertown, Vt., Nov. 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Our State Legislature, just adjourned, has taken action that will be hailed with delight by every true sportsman, and welcomed by all interested in protecting fish and game in our State. The game laws are good, as far as they go, but in too many places they are regarded as a dead letter. This has at last been recognized and provisions made for the better enforcement of the existing laws, and they have also given us a new law providing that any person taking, or having in possession, a trout under six inches in length shall be liable to a fine of five dollars for each trout so taken or which may be found in possession. This measure has been greatly needed for some years past, as the practice of putting back any fish taken has been next to unknown, at least in this section, and the trout were rapidly disappearing. If the new law is strictly enforced, as a game warden assures me it will be, great good will follow, as the trout will have some chance to regain their old time numbers. It should be a matter of congratulation both to our sportsmen and to others visiting our State that this long-delayed action has at last been taken. Better late than never.—COACHMAN.

Angling Talks. By George Dawson. Price 50 cents. Fly-Rods and Fly-Tackle. By H. P. Wells. Price $2.50. Fly-Fishing and Fly-Making for Trout. By J. H. Keene. Price $1.50. American Angler's Book. By Thad. Norris. Price $5.50.

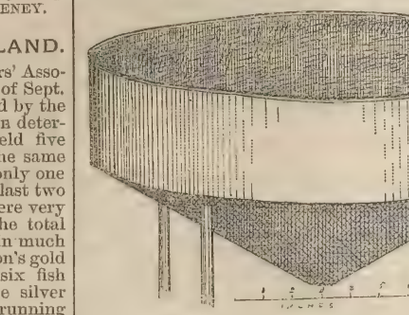
A DINING CAR LINE TO THE PACIFIC COAST.—The completion of the all rail line between Portland, Ore., and San Francisco gives the Pacific coast traveler an opportunity to patronize the famous Dining Car and Yellowstone Park Line, the Northern Pacific Railroad. The sportsman traveling in the West, whether a lover of the rod or gun, naturally seeks this road, penetrating as it does the lake park region of Minnesota, and running through the valleys of such trout streams as the Yellowstone, Gallatin, Hell Gate, Clark's Fork, Spokane, Yakima and Green Rivers, for a distance of fully 1,500 miles, as well as lying immediately contiguous to the finest hunting grounds in the United States, viz., The Big Horn, Snowy Belt, Bitter Root, Coeur D'Alene and Cascade Mountains. Information in regard to this region can be obtained by addressing CHARLES S. FEE, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, N.P. R., P. St. Paul, Minn.—*Adv.*

KEOKUK, Iowa, March 12, 1888.—*J. F. Breitenstein, Esq., Keokuk, Ia.:* Dear Sir: The box of U. S. C. Co. paper shells that I received from you last fall I tried, and found them to be all that you claimed, and better than any shell I ever used, not one of them missing fire. Yours truly, (Signed) T. J. LOWRIE.—*Adv.*

Fisciculture.

A SPAWNING FUNNEL.

THE illustration shows the lines of what I use at the Cold Spring Harbor station of the N. Y. Fish Commission for preventing damage to trout eggs when they are being stripped from the fish. It is made of tin and has a three quarter inch hole in the bottom, through which the eggs and milt flow into a pan below. In taking the eggs directly in a pan a trout will often slip from the hand and pound



and scatter the eggs, thereby causing both loss and injury, but we find this device prevents this. The cylinder is sixteen inches in diameter, and the slope of the funnel should not be flatter than shown. At first the hole was made smaller than now, but I found that the eggs which are only one-sixth of an inch in diameter, would not flow through a half-inch hole freely. I find it so useful that I think it worth figuring and describing, for several fishculturists who have seen it call it a good thing. By request I sent one to the U. S. Fish Commission Exhibit at Cincinnati, and one is in the National Museum, among the apparatus used in fishculture. Any tinsmith can make one from the drawing.

FRED MATHER.

COLD SPRING HARBOR, N. Y.

THE NATIONAL FISHERY ASSOCIATION.

THE annual meeting of this association will be held at the United States Hotel, New York city, on Wednesday, Dec. 12, and from some letters which we have received it is evident that the American Fisheries Society is supposed by some to be identical with the one named above. There is a vast difference between the two organizations which may be briefly explained by saying that the American Fisheries Society is largely composed of men interested in fishculture who meet to compare notes and methods, and whose discussions are more or less scientific, and during its deliberations all attempts to introduce resolutions to influence legislation have either been voted down or ignored.

With the other association the case is reversed, and legislation is the only object aimed at, the president of the association, Mr. Fitz J. Babson, having issued a call for the meeting in which partisan politics appears very strongly. In order to illustrate what the association desires to accomplish we print their synopsis of proposed legislation, which is as follows:

"A bill to re-establish the bounty system to the producing fishing industries of the United States.

"A bill to establish a uniform rate of duty on importations of foreign fish.

A bill defining the products of the American fisheries entitled to free entry.

"A bill defining the jurisdiction of the United States over all the waters of the United States, making them the property of the people of the United States for the purpose of commerce, navigation and the fisheries.

"A bill providing for the enlistment of rated able seamen in a naval reserve corps.

"A bill defining the commercial rights of all the citizens of the United States under treaties with foreign nations, denying the right of discrimination against any class of our citizens and enforcing retaliative measures.

"A bill to declare a specific duty on all foreign fats and grease, which under the commercial name of degras is entered as grease at a low ad valorem duty and under the Mills bill is made entirely free.

"A bill to establish a Department of Marine and Fisheries to have the entire charge of the administration of all of the merchant marine, coasting and fishery interests of the United States, its entire navigation, and to be similar in character and authority to departments maintained by every maritime nation in the world."

Some of these measures are no doubt just and necessary, while others are legitimate subjects for debate. The questions are all foreign to the subjects within the scope of this journal, and therefore we are not disposed to criticise them, and only print them in order to more clearly indicate the differences between the two societies, whose names are so similar as to create confusion in the minds of the casual reader.

TERRAPIN CULTURE.

WE have two inquiries for information concerning the culture of the diamond-back terrapin, one writer wishing to know about their habits and the modes of capturing them, and also about the land terrapin found in the South. We will be pleased to have communications on this subject and in meantime will say: There is no article of food which varies in quality, and consequently in price, as the diamond-back terrapin, *Malaccoclemmys palustris*, the "hens" always selling at the best prices. Those measuring six inches in length of lower shell often bring from $18 to $50 per dozen, while little "bulls" of four to five inches will often sell at one dollar per dozen, or not at all. The best are an expensive delicacy and the principal markets are Philadelphia, Baltimore and New York. Probably the best buyer in the latter city is Mr. E. G. Blackford who, while he trusts other men to buy fish for his market, handles every terrapin that he buys and judges it individually.

As for terrapin culture, we incline to believe it to be as impracticable as frog culture, which was recently shown in our columns to be a delusion bred of sensational journalism. The terrapin season begins in October and lasts until May, the first two or three months being the height of it, but many are caught during the summer and penned up until the season opens, thus giving rise to the reports of "terrapin farms." These penned ones never bring the high prices and can be distinguished at a glance by an expert by the scratched appearance of the lower shell and the callosities on the feet. Mr. Benjamin West, of Fulton Market, tried to rear them and feed them in confinement but failed. His place of experiment was on the Shrewsbury River, New Jersey, but he thinks that terrapin may be raised by care and the expenditure of considerable money, but as the terrapin is of slow growth it is possible that ten years might elapse before the first crop was marketed. Mr. West prefers, for his own eating, a "heifer" terrapin, which might be defined as a young female whose plastron measures under six inches, but not less than five and a half, because, as he says they are young, tender and delicate, and he quotes the old sportsman and epicure, Col. Skinner, in support of his preference.

In his experiments Mr. West inclosed a large pond and marsh with a tight board fence thirty inches high, and procured eggs and hatched about five thousand young ones, but they escaped. He thinks they climbed the fence with their claws, which are very sharp in the young, for he tracked one to the fence and found its track on the other side and followed it into his asparagus bed where it had burrowed. Mr. West thinks the young do not go to the water at first but remain in the sand. He believes that if terrapin culture is ever made profitable it will be down in Virginia where hard-crabs are cheap, for if the adults are fed on fish they taste fishy, but if crabs are the food the chelonian is in perfection. He has fed them with cabbage leaves and other vegetation. Our interview with Mr. West gave us the impression expressed above, that perhaps terrapins may be raised, but the food, attendance and natural losses, not to mention thieving crabbers, would leave the balance on the wrong side of the ledger.

We are promised some further information on the subject of "terrapin farming," and if there is such a thing as a system of terrapin culture, that is raising them from the egg to maturity, we will find it out and publish the results. To our correspondent who wants statistics of the catch and the life-history of the marsh or diamond-backed terrapin, we would say, consult the three volumes of "The Fisheries and Fishery Industries," by G. Brown Goode and associates, printed by direction of the U. S. Fish Commission, 1887. These volumes may be obtained through a member of Congress, or can be bought of the Public Printer for a small sum.

FISH DISTRIBUTION IN NEW YORK.—The State Fish Hatcheries, now five in number, are expected this year to turn out a greatly increased supply of trout spawn. The Fish Commissioners ask that all who may desire fry to stock public waters, make application previous to the first of February next, so that they can make allotment in time for an early distribution. Applications may be made to the Commissioners direct, at their office in the Potter Building in New York, or to the superintendents of either of the hatcheries. Blank forms of application will be furnished to all applicants at the New York office. These blanks are to be filled out with necessary information in regard to the number and kind of fry wanted; the location and character of waters to be stocked, &c., &c. The newspapers generally, of the State, are requested to copy this notice as a matter of interest to their readers.—E. P. DOYLE, Clerk N. Y. Com. of Fisheries.

LANDLOCKED SALMON IN MAINE.—Mr. E. M. Stilwell, of the Maine Fishery Commission, reports that 600,000 eggs of the landlocked salmon are now in the hatchery at Sebago Lake and the fry will be planted in the lake next spring. The fish in the lake are very large, some having been taken there that weighed as high as twenty-nine pounds.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Dec. 3 to 8.—Dog Show of the Northern Illinois Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Rockford, Ill. A. H. Currier, Secretary.

Jan. 1 to 4.—Fourth Dog Show of the Meriden Poultry Association. Joshua Shute, Secretary, No. 430 Pratt street, Meriden, Conn.

Jan. 15 to 19, 1889.—Seventh Annual Dog Show of the Southern Massachusetts Poultry Association, at New Bedford, Mass. F. W. Dean, Secretary.

January, last week.—Western Pennsylvania Poultry Society's Fourteenth Annual Show, Pittsburgh, Pa. C. B. Elben, Sec'y.

Feb. 4 to 7, 1889.—First Annual Dog Show of the Columbus Fanciers' Club at Columbus O. Thos. R. Sparrow, Secretary.

Feb. 7 to 12.—First Annual Show of the Hudson River Poultry, Dog and Pet Stock Association, at Newburgh, N.Y. J. H. Drevenstedt, Secretary, Washingtonville, N. Y.

Feb. 12 to 15, 1889.—Fifth Dog Show of the New Jersey Kennel Club, at Jersey City, N. J. Geo. L. Wilms, Secretary, 142 Monticello avenue, Jersey City, N. J.

Feb. 19 to 22, 1889.—Thirteenth Annual Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent.

Feb. 26 to March 1, 1889.—Second Annual Show of the Renssalaer Kennel Club, Troy, N. Y. Alba M. Ide, Secretary.

March 5 to 8, 1889.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Albany Kennel Club, at Albany, N. Y. Geo. B. Gallup, Secretary.

March 12 to 15, 1889.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Fort Schuyler Kennel Club, Utica, N. Y. James W. Dunlop, President.

March 19 to 22, 1889.—First Annual Dog Show of the Maryland Kennel Club, at Baltimore, Md. W. S. Diffenderffer, Secretary.

March 26 to 29, 1889.—First Annual Dog Show of the Massachusetts Kennel Club, at Lynn, Mass. D. A. Williams, Secretary.

April 2 to 5, 1889.—First Annual Show of the Rochester Kennel Club, at Rochester, N. Y. Harry Yates, Secretary.

April 2 to 5, 1889.—Annual Show of the New England Kennel Club, Boston, Mass. J. W. Newman, Secretary, No. 6 Hamilton Place.

April 9 to 12, 1889.—First Annual Dog Show of the Mascoutah Kennel Club, at Chicago, Ill. John L. Lincoln, Jr., Secretary.

April 16 to 19, 1889.—The Seventh Dog Show of the Philadelphia Kennel Club, at Philadelphia, Pa. Wm. C. Child, Secretary.

May 22 to 25.—Pacific Kennel Club Show, San Francisco, Cal.

FIELD TRIALS.

Dec. 10.—Second Annual Field Trials of the American Field Trials Club, at West Point, Miss. C. W. Paris, Secretary, Cincinnati, O.

Jan. 14, 1889.—Sixth Annual Field Trials of the Pacific Coast Field Trial Club, at Bakersfield, Cal. N. P. Sheldon, Secretary, 320 Sansome street San Francisco, Cal.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription $1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed **6776.**

COLLIE CLUB STAKES FOR 1889.

THE Executive Committee of the Collie Club has decided upon the following distribution of the stakes for 1889:

The Futurity and Produce Stakes at New York.

The Collie Sweepstakes and Stud Dog Stakes at Philadelphia.

The Collie Club Trophy, for the best American-bred collie belonging to a member of the club, at Boston.

The President's Cup, for the best collie without regard to breeding, belonging to a member of the club, at Baltimore.

There is every indication of a grand show of collies next season. J. D. SHOTWELL, Sec'y.

THAT MITCHELL LETTER.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Ere the final disappearance of the man who told us he bought a letter he believed to be stolen, I would like to remind your readers that James L. Anthony, who concocted this transparency, has failed to respond to my challenge to publish the name of the person he says sold the letter, acting as my agent. Shall I tell your readers why? It was because no one would have believed him. I knew it would stop his further letter writing, and now he slinks into the oblivion he deserves, and let us hope we never shall look upon his like again.—JAMES WATSON.

THE EASTERN FIELD TRIALS.

[By a Special Reporter.]

HIGH POINT, N. C., Nov. 29.—There were a number of new-comers at the trials, among whom were: P. Lorillard, Jr., Tuxedo, N.Y.; D. M. Barringer, Philadelphia; O. W. Donner, Coosaw, N. C.; H. A. Cary, New York; R. P. Carroll, Howard county, Md.; T. H. Gibbes, Columbia, S. C.; W. Astor Chanler, New York; E. R. Coleman, Lebanon, Pa.; Nathaniel Simpkins, New York; Whyte Bedford, Horn Lake, Miss.; Major J. M. Taylor, Syracuse, N. Y.; J. S. Tucker, Stanton Depot, Tenn.; Geo. C. Leach and Thiers Leach, High Point, N. C. Mr. G. T. Leach was host at the Bellevue Hotel, and there was a marked and satisfactory improvement in the accommodations. The trials were a success.

At the Eastern Field Trials Club's meeting, the following Board of Governors was elected: B. F. Wilson, J. R. Henricks, J. O'H. Denny, R. B. McCook, F. R. Hitchcock, J. O. Donner, H. Merriman, W. A. Coster, D. C. Bergundthal, J. L. Breese, G. T. Leach, O. W. Donner, I. N. Cochran, P. Lorillard, Jr. President, J. O. Donner; Vice-Presidents, F. R. Hitchcock and J. L. Breese; Secretary and Treasurer, W. A. Coster.

ALL-AGED SETTER STAKE.

The judges were Messrs. J. R. Henricks, H. B. Duryea and J. Otto Donner. Mr. Henricks had to return to Pittsburgh Monday night. Mr. F. R. Hitchcock filled his place during the remainder of the meeting. The judging, on the whole, was very superior throughout. It was done with more uniform accuracy than at any preceding trial. Good dogs were unavoidably left, but on the work done in the different heats the judges were almost uniformly correct. With respect to the time limit, the opinion seems to be common that a minimum time should be adopted, but that there should not be any further restrictions. The weather was unusually favorable. Birds were scarce, and, therefore, the quantity of work done does not rate with that of past years. I reported in last issue the running of the first heats, which resulted as follows: Nat Goodwin beat Dave R. Cincinnatus beat Saddlebags. Bob H. beat Joey B. Ollie S. beat Effie Hill. The heat between

ROGER AND GALATEA

was unfinished and was resumed at 10:02 on Monday, Nov. 26. A start was made a short distance beyond the schoolhouse near town. Roger found and pointed a bevy in the stubble and was well backed. He retrieved tenderly, but not as promptly as he might. On the scattered birds Roger wheeled prettily to a point on a single bird in a thicket, pointing stylishly and was steady to wing. Galatea pointed in sedge grass in pines, Roger backed when cautioned; nothing found to the point. Roger next pointed a bird at the edge of the woods, which flushed wild a moment afterward. In a wet place in heavy cover, where it was very difficult to get a point and errors were excusable, Roger flushed; shortly afterward he pointed a single bird well. Galatea pointed uncertainly; Tallman shot and missed. At the end of the extra half hour Roger won. He had the advantage in speed, range and style.

TOLEDO BLADE AND CASSIO.

They were started off at 10:53. Toledo pointed in sedge and was backed by Cassio. The dogs were then given a start up wind on a bevy marked down in pine woods by the spectators. Toledo pointed and was backed; two or three birds were flushed to the point. Cassio wheeled to a point; Toledo backed, broke his back and resumed it when cautioned by Tucker; a bird flushed down wind from the point. Nearly all the bevy had flushed wild after the first point. The birds were followed. Toledo roaded and pointed but could not locate. In a stubble Cassio dropped to a point, Toledo backed well. Avent could not flush. After the handlers had moved on a bevy was flushed a few yards down wind from where Cassio pointed. The dogs were brought back to work on the scattered birds. They were lost for a few minutes. Both were found pointing a bevy, and both were steady to wing. Moved on, and Toledo dropped to a point just soon enough to save himself from a flush. Next, Toledo pointed a bevy and was steady to shot. He pointed several birds and was steady. Cassio pointed a single in sedge and Toledo backed. This was a long heat, the dogs being down 1h. and 45m. Cassio had the wider range and was lost several times; he had the better style in ranging; on point Toledo had the advantage; he won.

JOE B. AND DASHING LADY.

They were started after lunch at 1:52. Tucker handled Dashing Lady, Height handled Joe B. Soon after starting Lady flushed a bevy on a sidehill in sedge; it flew but a short distance; Joe pointed; Lady flushed a bird; refused to back and stole the point. Height shot and killed; Joe did not retrieve. The wind was blowing steadily and strong and gradually increased in strength toward night. Lady pointed a bevy and was well backed; both dogs were steady to shot. Next Lady flushed and stood to the flush; Joe backed. Lady flushed twice. Joe next pointed a bird and Lady backed, but was slightly unsteady to shot. Next Tucker killed a bird to Lady's point in pines; she retrieved nicely; she next false-pointed. Joe B. won easily. Down 45m.

JACK MODOC AND JAQUES.

Capt. McMurdo handled Jack Modoc, Tucker handled Jaques. They were started at 2:45. Jack Modoc did not have sufficient self-confidence at times. A bevy was flushed by the judges and was followed. Jack Modoc pointed it in sedge grass; Jaques backed. Jack next made two false points while looking for the scattered birds. Each next made a flush. Jack scored a good point. Jaques made a handsome back. Next, in oak woods on a road, Jaques pointed staunchly. The bevy had run straight down wind on the road. McMurdo could not make Jack move from his point. Tucker sent his dog in, which took up the roading down wind to the bevy, and he pointed. Tucker ordered him on and he flushed. After moving on a short distance in the wood a single was flushed to Jaques's point and he retrieved nicely. Jack pointed a bevy in open sedge; Jaques flushed the bevy, coming down wind on it. Jack secured another point and afterward made a false point. Down 1h. 15m. Jack won. He had better range and style in ranging; on point he was quite equal to Jaques. Jack showed excellent finding and pointing capabilities, but they were marred betimes by the want of self-confidence.

KING LEO AND BRANDON.

They were cast off on stubble at 4:04. Brandon made a staunch point on the stubble; Leo coming up, caught sight of him and stiffened instantly into a very stylish back. Nothing was found to the point. In pine woods in sedge Brandon began roading and the bird was accidentally flushed some yards ahead, 50yds. ahead in the sedge Leo was found dropped on a point. Both dogs pointed, moved on and located and pointed a bevy. Both dogs were steady to shot. Brandon pointed a rabbit and Leo backed. Brandon next roaded and pointed a single bird well; he next roaded to a flush. In the point of pines Leo was roading, and Brandon coming down wind flushed the bird, Leo next pointed a bevy. Lewis killed three; Leo retrieved two, Brandon one; both did it well, Leo was slightly unsteady to shot. The birds were followed. Brandon flushed a bird across wind. He made an uncertain point and two birds flushed wild close by. King Leo won. Down 45m. Brandon was handled by Rose; King Leo by Lewis. Their range and speed were about alike. King Leo had the better style. This completed the first series; and the running for the day ended. The running in the first series resulted as follows:

Nat Goodwin beat Dave R.
Cincinnatus beat Saddlebags.
Bob H. beat Joey B.
Ollie S. beat Effie Hill.
Roger beat Galatea.
Toledo Blade beat Cassio.
Joe B. beat Dashing Lady.
Jack Modoc beat Jaques.
King Leo beat Brandon.

Second Series.

NAT GOODWIN AND CINCINNATUS.

Tuesday was bright and pleasant. A gentle wind blew from the west. The dogs were cast off at 8:25 near the glass house. Nat was first to find a bevy, which he located and pointed; Cincinnatus got a point on the same bevy, while Nat drew on to locate. Bradley killed and Nat retrieved indifferently. Cincinnatus broke in, but stopped to command. The scattered birds were followed. Cincinnatus pointed the bevy; he retrieved nicely. In the meantime, Nat pointed an instant before the bird flushed. Nat won. He had better range and style in ranging. Their pace was about equal. Down 45m.

OLLIE S. AND BOB H.

They were started in a stubble field at 9:15. Bob false-pointed and was backed by Ollie. At the edge of the woods Ollie pointed, then roaded into the woods. In the meantime Bob had pointed, Ollie roaded about two hundred yards across wind, located and pointed the bevy. Ollie retrieved well. On the scattered birds Bob pointed and Rose flushed a bird about thirty yards ahead, across wind; Bob was probably pointing on the foot scent. He retrieved tenderly. Moved on. Ollie pointed twice on single birds, flushed once down wind and Bob backed well. Moved on. Ollie false-pointed and was well backed. Next both pointed. Ollie won. Down 45m. Ollie had better range and style in ranging. Both were stylish on point, although Ollie dropped to her points occasionally.

ROGER AND TOLEDO BLADE.

The heat began at 10:03. Roger pointed a bevy in sedge grass in a hollow by a ditch, and Toledo backed. Roger retrieved nicely. Toledo pointed a bevy in the corner of the stubble. Roger drew in close behind him and pointed. Toledo showed no inclination to seek for the dead bird, but retrieved it well when it was found. The scattered birds were followed. Among them both dogs showed very poor work. Whether the birds were holding their scent or the dogs were incapable of pointing them under the changed atmospheric conditions, it is impossible to say. The poor performance could not be ascribed to poor noses, since both had shown better capabilities in other heats and other parts of the heat they were running. They passed near the birds but did not catch scent. The birds flushed one or two at a time as the handlers walked up to them. One was marked down a few rods away. Toledo was worked to get a point, but could not locate it. Returning he puzzled on the scent and pointed close on the bird. The dogs were brought in pines to the scattered birds of the other bevy. Roger false-pointed; next he pointed a single bird and was steady to shot. Sent on, Toledo pointed and a bird flushed wild near him. Roger, while being brought up to back this point, caught scent and turned to one side. He pointed a single bird where Toledo had been and dropped to wing. Toledo next pointed and the bird flushed wild; Roger was again brought up to back, but caught scent before he saw the pointing dog. Sent on, Toledo pointed a bird; Roger stopped in a good back for a moment, then turned his head and appeard to be more interested in catching the scent, but he did not break his back. Moved on and Roger pointed twice very neatly a single bird. The work on the scattered birds of the lost bevy was done in sedge or pines. The judges consulted, the 45m. being up. The dogs were ordered on for half an hour. Roger had shown decided superiority in everything except backing. Range, speed and style in ranging were decidedly in his favor. He next pointed close to a bevy, but just up wind of it in sedge; and Toledo backed. The birds were followed. In pines both were found on point, Toledo a little ahead of Roger; nothing was found. Roger made two more points on single birds. He won. Down 1h. and 45m.

JACK MODOC AND JOE B.

The heat began at 11:58. There was nothing found in the first 45m. Jack false-pointed twice apparently, but it was extremely difficult to determine when he had a true or false point, as he occasionally pointed his birds at long distances. Several points which apparently were false proved to be true; and several others which apparently were false might have been true. At the end of 45m, the heat was suspended while the party went to lunch at the Holden school house. At 1:30 it was resumed. Joe did not retrieve. He ranged wider but showed no special capabilities as a finding dog. Jack excelled in this respect and was only handicapped by his want of self-confidence. Nearly all the work that Joe did was on Jack's finds of bevies. Joe's nose was very inferior in this heat, and his attitudes on point and back had an appearance of despondency. Jack retrieved nicely. At the end of the two half hours Jack had found and pointed two bevies and two single birds; Joe had three points on three single birds. The judges consulted and dogs were again sent on. Jack pointed near a clump of bushes in the open. McMurdo beat out the ground but failed to flush. Jack would not abandon his point. Joe was sent on and crossed twice between Jack and the bevy but did not catch scent. When near to it he pointed in a slovenly manner. The birds were marked down in the open sedge field. Jack pointed one and Joe backed in a listless manner. Both were steady. Moved on about ten feet and Jack pointed; Joe drew in and pointed the same bird, a place where he had no right to be, but he several times stole Jack's work. Moved on and Jack flushed a bird, stiffened to a point and held it staunchly. Joe came in ahead and pointed, and several birds flushed wild. Moved on, Joe flushed a bird while going up wind on it. The scattered birds were followed. Jack, taking a cast about one hundred and fifty yards away, pointed another bevy in the open sedge field. The birds went to an adjoining field. Jack pointed a single bird in heavy weeds, but did not locate it accurately, being across wind from it. McMurdo flushed it. The 30m. were up and Joe was thoroughly beaten. Down 2h. 15m. King Leo had a bye. The second series resulted as follows:

Nat Goodwin beat Cincinnatus.
Ollie S. beat Bob H.
Roger beat Toledo Blade.
Jack Modoc beat Joe B.
King Leo a bye.

Third Series.

KING LEO AND NAT GOODWIN.

The dogs were started at 3:12. Nat was disobedient and his handler had great trouble in keeping him under control. He went to the woods close by three or four times hunting for bevies, and did not heed the whistle or commands. Leo showed superiority on game, backed handsomely, was steady, and won the heat. Nat showed excellent qualities, but his disobedience made it impossible for him to win. Both were stylish. Down 45m.

OLLIE S. AND ROGER.

Wednesday was clear and bright. A warm mild breeze blew from the northwest betimes. The dogs were cast off at 8:30 near the school house. Soon after starting Ollie began roading in sedge in the open field. She crossed a fence into the oak woods and pointed the bevy, and was steady to shot. They were worked on the scattered birds. Ollie flushed one. Roger pointed a single well and Aldrich killed; Roger retrieved nicely. The remaining birds flushed wild. Roger next false-pointed and Ollie backed. Ollie pointed a bird near a bunch of briers. Roger backed but was cautioned when he showed some signs of breaking it. In the open Ollie took a long cast and was lost for a few minutes. She was found making game in the open field adjoining. When brought together the limit had expired. Ollie won. Down 45m. Ollie had better style and range and more uniform speed. The third series resulted as follows:

King Leo beat Nat Goodwin.
Ollie S. beat Roger.
Jack Modoc a bye.

Fourth Series.

JACK MODOC AND KING LEO.

They were cast off at 9:24. On a sidehill, in sedge grass, in a scattered growth of sassafras bushes, both dogs were found on a point. Leo drew on about thirty yards further and pointed the bevy. Lewis crippled a bird and Leo retrieved it nicely. The dogs were ordered on. Jack pointed a single bird in the sedge accurately; he retrieved nicely. Next he pointed a bevy near the edge of the woods and was well backed; McMurdo flushed the bevy behind Jack. Leo dropped to a point on one of the scattered birds in the oak woods just before it flushed wild. At the same time Jack pointed several birds about 100yds. further on in the sedge. The birds were lying very close. McMurdo beat the ground over thoroughly and almost stepped on the bird, which he flushed to the point. Three or four more then flushed wild from the ground which he had beaten. Jack false-pointed and Leo backed. The judges consulted a short time at the end of 45m., and sent the dogs on. Jack soon pointed on the trail of a bevy, roaded it accurately to a plum thicket, displaying a nose of exquisite sensibility. Leo recognized the scent at first but abandoned it. McMurdo beat the ground in the wrong place. Leo a few yards away pointed the same bevy after Jack had been called away from his point. The bevy was followed to pine woods. Jack soon located and pointed a single bird. After the bird flushed he was ordered on, and flushed as he started to obey. The flush was excusable. The remainder of the bevy was lying close about. Leo pointed and Jack backed. There was a little more work done on the bevy, but it was not of any consequence, as it was simply work on birds that had already been found and pointed. Leo flushed a single. Down 1h. and 15m. Jack won. Jack had a pronounced advantage in range and speed. He had a rest of 20m. before the final heat for first. The fourth series was as follows:

Jack Modoc beat King Leo.
Ollie a bye.

Final Heat for First Place.

OLLIE S. AND JACK MODOC.

They were cast off at 11:00. Jack soon found and pointed a bevy. Only part of it flushed from the point. McMurdo sent his dog away, and shortly afterward Ollie pointed the remaining birds of the bevy, and was steady to shot. The birds were followed. Both pointed about the same instant in plum bushes, probably on the footscent, as no bird could be flushed; each pointed on footscent where birds had flushed. They were cast off to find another bevy. Ollie pointed a single in sedge. Avent ordered her on and she flushed. Jack was found on a point in thick weeds in a bottom; Ollie backing. They both roaded along the branch up wind on the back track. Returned and Ollie was sent across the branch, located and pointed the bevy; she was steady to shot. While following the birds Jack false-pointed. Ollie pointed a bird on the dry leaves in the oak woods, and it was flushed several yards ahead of her. Jack was showing some signs of fatigue. The day was quite warm. Down 45m. Ollie won. She had better range and a shade better style in ranging.

Ties for Second Place.

Bob H. and Roger were started at 12 to run a side heat to determine which would compete with the runner-up for second place. Bob H. pointed two birds in heavy weeds and was steady to shot. Roger pointed near a thick run and soon began to draw on the trail of the bevy through the run. Bob coming up on the opposite side, pointed the bevy about 50yds. ahead. The find was Roger's, although Bob secured an independent point on the birds. Bob retrieved tenderly, but was not prompt. The birds went to the oak woods. Bob pointed, but Rose ordered him in another direction, as the handlers had been directed to take a new course. Roger, returning, pointed a single bird where Bob had been making game a few minutes previously. Next Roger pointed a single bird through a fence, and it was flushed on the opposite side to his point. The rest of the birds flushed wild. Bob next made a false-point and Roger refused to back. Down 45m. Bob H. won. Roger's refusal to back probably lost him the heat. He showed a higher grade of all-around work than Bob H., the latter showing a disposition to false-point occasionally. It is a question whether Bob H. is the better dog.

JACK MODOC AND BOB H.

Lunch was served at the Model Farm. Jack Modoc being the runner-up, and having run two heats since morning was free from further running till the following day, if his handler chose to exercise the privilege accorded him under the rules. Capt. McMurdo chose to start at 2:30, thus having a rest of about one hour and one-half. Both dogs ranged wide and hunted diligently. They worked about three-quarters of an hour without finding. Jack pointed in stubble. McMurdo beat the ground out thoroughly ahead of the dog, but the birds had run close by the horses and were seen on the ground. Part of the bevy had gone further out. Jack refused to move from his point, it being a true one. Rose sent Bob on ahead from his back; he took up the roading and pointed the outlying birds. The others were seen on the ground near the horses and were flushed. Rose flushed and killed to Bob's point and Bob retrieved, but did not bring the bird in promptly. The birds made a very short flight into sedge, the afternoon being warm and calm. Bob pointed the marked birds; Jack backed well. A single flushed near Capt. McMurdo and he made a fine shot. Jack retrieved nicely; soon afterward he pointed two birds in the open in fine style. A single bird was marked down in the stubble and the dogs were worked to get a point on it. It was flushed by one of the handlers. At the end of 1h. and 15m. they were ordered up. Jack Modoc deservedly won.

Bob H. was placed third. Roger and King Leo divided fourth.

SUMMARY.

All-Aged Setter Stake, open to all setters that have never won a first prize in an all-aged stake at any recognized field trial in America. First prize $300, second $150, third $50 and fourth $50.

First Series.

Nat Goodwin beat Dave R.
Cincinnatus beat Saddlebags.
Bob H. beat Joey B.
Ollie S. beat Effie Hill.
Roger beat Galatea.
Toledo Blade beat Cassio.
Joe B. beat Dashing Lady.
Jack Modoc beat Jaques.
King Leo beat Brandon.

Second Series.

Nat Goodwin beat Cincinnatus.
Ollie S. beat Bob H.
Roger beat Toledo Blade.
Jack Modoc beat Joe B.
King Leo a bye.

Third Series.

King Leo beat Nat Goodwin.
Ollie S. beat Roger.
Jack Modoc a bye.

Fourth Series.

Jack Modoc beat King Leo.
Ollie S. a bye.

Final for First Place.

Ollie S. beat Jack Modoc and won first prize.

Ties for Second Place.

Bob H. beat Roger.
Jack Modoc beat Bob H. and won second prize.
Bob H. was awarded third.
Roger and King Leo divided fourth.

THE CHAMPION STAKE.

There was a great deal of interest in the Champion Stake, and each dog had keen admirers and supporters. The judges were the same as in the All-Aged Setter Stake. On the whole the quality of the work was excellent. The day was clear and warm. The dogs were drawn to run as follows:

JEAN VAL JEAN (Memphis and Avent Kennels, Memphis, Tenn.), black, white and tan English setter dog, Nov 7, 1886, (Mingo—Twin Maud),

against

BOB GATES (Whyte Bedford, Horn Lake, Miss.), white, black and tan English setter dog, 4½yrs. (Count Rapier—Belle of Hatchie).

OLLIE S. (Memphis and Avent Kennels, Memphis, Tenn.), black, white and tan English setter bitch, 3yrs. (Paul Gladstone—Lottie),

against

BOHEMIAN GIRL (W. G. Mellier, Kansas City, Kas.), black and white English setter bitch (Count Noble—Mollie Belton).

JEAN VAL JEAN AND BOB GATES.

The heat began at 8:27 near the glass house. Jean was handled by Avent; Bob Gates by Tucker. Bob had been purchased by Mr. Jas. L. Breese, Tuxedo, N. Y., before the stake began. One of the handlers walked into a bevy and flushed it. The birds were followed into the woods close by. Jean brought up in a stylish point on a single bird and was steady to wing; Bob was not near to back. A short distance further on, by the edge of the run, Jean brought up in a point on a single. Avent killed and Jean retrieved cheerfully and well. The dogs were then brought together to give them an even start again on the scattered birds. Jean had hardly been cast off when he dropped to a point by the edge of the run; several birds were flushed to the point. On the opposite side of the run Bob pointed, moved on and flushed the bird. In the run shortly afterward he flushed again. Jean pointed on the footscent. Jean next pointed a bevy at the edge of the pine woods, or wheeled to the point just as the bevy flushed. The scattered birds were followed into open sedge. Jean located and pointed a bird and was steady to wing. The dogs were then sent in the oak woods close by. Bob flushed two birds, then pointed a single bird. Turned back into the open. After working about a few minutes, a bevy was seen to rise in the open and go to the woods. Jean was found dropped near where the bevy flushed. He had been gone some time; but whether he dropped on point and the bevy flushed wild or whether he flushed no one knew. The 45 minutes were up and Jean won easily. He was very quick in locating, pointed very stylishly and carried himself with a great deal of dash and spirit His work and manner of work was of a higher grade than that of Bob Gates. He had the advantage in speed, range and style; he also showed greater judgment in hunting his ground.

OLLIE S. AND BOHEMIAN GIRL.

They were started on stubble at 9:21. Bohemian Girl showed a magnificent range and carried herself very stylishly. She was very obedient without being overtrained, and showed a finished education. Ollie also ranged well, but did not have the speed of Bohemian Girl. It was a brace of bitches that even professional trainers rarely see. Bohemian Girl was handled by Titus, Ollie by Avent. Ollie pointed in a hollow in sedge; the Girl, coming in from a cast, backed instantly and stylishly. Avent beat out the ground but failed to flush. Sent on, Bohemian Girl pointed on the foot scent; Ollie took the trail and roaded quickly up the hill to the level ground and pointed; three or four birds were flushed near her and the rest of the bevy flushed wild some distance ahead. The birds were followed into the oak woods. Ollie pointed a single bird in the dry leaves; Avent shot and missed. Moved on and both pointed; as the judge passed to go to the Girl he flushed a single near Ollie. Titus beat out the ground ahead of the Girl, but did not go quite far enough out; the Girl was sent on and she flushed the bird. Ollie pointed after being sent on; the Girl backed well; nothing found. Ollie stopped and pointed just in time to save making a flush. Bohemian Girl coming up, wheeled to a pretty point on two or three birds, and was steady to wing. Bohemian Girl dropped instantly to a point near a thin growth of briers, and was well backed by Ollie. Titus shot and missed. Bohemian Girl made a pretty point on a sidehill, and Ollie, 60yds. away, backed stylishly. Titus killed to the point and Bohemian Girl scored a neat retrieve. They were sent on to find another bevy. In a hollow in woods Ollie pointed a bevy; the Girl was not near to back. Avent shot and killed; he did not work Ollie in the right place to find the bird, hence did not find it. Some one intimated that Ollie would not retrieve. The dogs were sent into the pine woods to work on the scattered birds. Ollie false-pointed and the Girl roaded carefully up wind through some dead pine limbs to a flush. Her nose was evidently "off," as she was not doing as finished work as her admirers had seen her do. Ollie S. won. Down 1h. and 15m. Titus was handicapped in handling by not being familiar with the haunts of the birds.

First Series.

Jean Val Jean beat Bob Gates.
Ollie S. beat Bohemian Girl.

Final Heat for First Place.

JEAN VAL JEAN AND OLLIE S.

After a rest of twenty minutes they were cast off at 11:00. The time of day was bad for finding birds or getting good work on them when found. Jean pointed on a sidehill in weeds; Ollie, further down the hill along the run, came in shortly afterward and pointed independently. Avent failed to flush. Sent on both dogs made game, but did not locate. They were up wind of the birds all the while which were flushed near the judges' horses only a few yards from where Jean first pointed. The birds flew a short distance and lighted in the sedge. Ollie was first to point on them. Avent killed one and Ollie retrieved it, which set at rest all questions as to her retrieving. Sent on, Ollie took but two or three steps when she pointed and Jean backed; a bird was flushed to the point. Jean going up wind flushed a bird. Next Ollie false-pointed. A short distance further, Ollie pointed a bevy staunchly in dead pine limbs; a moment afterward Jean, called in to back going rapidly down wind near Ollie, did not see her; he caught scent when he was almost on the bevy, and dropped instantly to point. At this stage it looked as if Ollie was to be the winner of the Champion Stake. She was doing very steady, neat work and much of it. On the way to the scattered birds Jean pointed a bevy. In the woods Jean pointed a bird nicely and was well backed. Moved on and Jean pointed in the open sedge; several birds were flushed to the point. Both pointed at the same time. Avent flushed a bird of Jean and killed it. Jean retrieved nicely. In the meantime a bird flushed wild ahead of Ollie. Ollie next false-pointed and Jean backed. Moved on, Jean pointed a single bird in the sedge and Ollie backed. Avent beat about and was about to give up trying to flush when the bird rose. Jean won. Down 45m. It was a very closely contested heat. Jean had the better style; there was not much difference in speed and range.

SUMMARY.

Champion Stake.—Open only to winners of all-aged stakes at recognized field trials in America. Forfeit $10, and $15 additional to fill. The club adds $100 to entrance money and a western paper adds a cup, value $100.

First Series.

Jean Val Jean beat Bob Gates.
Ollie S. beat Bohemian Girl.

Final for First Place.

Jean Val Jean beat Ollie S. and won first prize.

THE SOUTHERN FIELD TRIALS.

[Special to Forest and Stream.]

AMORY, Miss., Dec. 3.—The first annual meeting of the Southern Field Trials Club began here to-day with the Derby. Of the 56 nominations there were 21 starters, which were drawn to run as follows:

CAPT. BETHEL (J. M. Foster), black, white and tan English setter dog (Gordon—Blanche),

against

LINDO (S. L. Boggs), black, white and tan English setter dog (Gladstone—Flounce).

YAZOO (Whyte Bedford), black and white English setter dog (Bob Gates—Hustling Hannah),

against

COUNT PIEDMONT (E. Dexter), black, white and tan English setter dog (Count Noble—Belle of Piedmont).

FASHION (J. F. Hart), black, white and tan English setter bitch (Count Noble—Lit).

against

DUKE OF MAINE (H. F. Farnham), liver and white pointer dog (Beppo III.—May F.).

DIMPLE (F. Myles), black, white and tan English setter bitch (Gordon—Blanche),

against

KESWICK'S DAN (J. R. Dougherty), liver and white pointer dog (Osborn Ale—Keswick II.).

TUBEROSE (W. E. Venable), black, white and tan English setter bitch (Count Noble—Lit),

against

BOB'S BOY (C. L. Stewart), black and white English setter dog (Bob Gates—Hustling Hannah).

HOPE'S LASS (J. O'H. Denny), black, white and tan English setter bitch (Gath's Hope—Lady May),

against

OLIVER TWIST (B. F. Wilson), black, white and tan English setter dog (Count Noble—Fannie W.).

MILDRED (E. Dexter), lemon and white English setter bitch (Dashing Rover—Muriel).

against

FELIX M. (G. Knapp), lemon and white English setter dog (Gath's Hope—Daisy F.).

FLORENCE GLADSTONE (J. I. Case, Jr.), black and white English setter bitch (Gladstone—Flounce),

against

SANCHO (J. A. Greenleaf), liver and white pointer dog (Beppo III.—May F.).

BASS (C. E. Michel), liver and white pointer dog (Osborn Ale—Keswick II.),

against

GLAMORIGAN (L. A. Biddle), liver and white pointer dog (Robert le Diable—Tuck).

THE CORSAIR (B. M. Stephenson), black, white and tan English setter dog (Dan Gladstone—Haidee),

against

MILLIE GATES (———), black and white English setter bitch (Bob Gates—Hustling Hannah).

BLOOMO II. (J. L. Anthony), liver and white pointer bitch (Lad of Bow—Bloomo), a bye.

The quality of the work to-day was of an inferior character, although there was an improvement this afternoon. Six heats were finished, the seventh being undecided.

First Series.

Capt. Bethel beat Lindo.
Count Piedmont beat Yazoo.
Duke of Maine beat Fashion.
Dimple beat Keswick's Dan.
Tuberose beat Bob's Boy.
Oliver Twist beat Hope's Lass.
Mildred and Felix M. undecided.
The weather is unpromising, it is cloudy and rain threatens.

[Special to Forest and Stream.]

AMORY, Miss., Dec. 4.—The work to-day was a decided improvement on that of yesterday. The grounds were better and birds more plentiful. The work in two or three heats was of a high order. The weather is warm and pleasant. Quite a large number of prominent sportsmen are present, and a great deal of enthusiasm is manifested. The undecided heat between Mildred and Felix M. was awarded to Felix M. The running to-day was as follows: Florence Gladstone beat Sancho, Glamorigan beat Bass, The Corsair beat Millie Gates, Bloomo II. a bye. In the second series Bloomo II. beat Capt. Bethel, Count Piedmont beat Duke of Maine, Dimple beat Tuberose, Oliver Twist beat Felix M., Florence Gladstone beat Glamorigan, The Corsair a bye. In the third series Count Piedmont beat The Corsair, Dimple beat Bloomo II. This finished the work for the day.

SCENT.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In reply to "H. B. N.," I drove the same horse each time that champion Johnny tracked me; but it was a stranger to him, and he doesn't see the beast more than three or four times in a year and then only for a few days together. If any one else drove the mare from the house when I was out of sight he never attempted to follow. He did not sleep in the stable nor go about the horses at all.—CLUMBER.

WATERTON.—Boston, Nov. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I notice in last issue of FOREST AND STREAM Mr. Wade's inquiry in regard to works of Waterton. He will find the essays he mentioned in "Essays on Natural History," by Chas. Waterton, edited, with a life of the author, by Norman Moore, B. A., St. Catherine's College, Cambridge. With portrait and illustrations. London: Frederick Warde & Co. In this work are the caustic articles against Audubon. He also wrote Waterton's "Wanderings."—C. W. C.

SALISBURY'S PEDIGREE.

Recently, in looking through some dog journals, I came across a correspondence initiated in 1886 by Mr. R. A. Craig of St. Paul, Minn., as to a mastiff pedigree that had doubtless, been constructed on your side to fit an imported dog. One item in the bogus pedigree was "Mason's Salisbury," and as I have some knowledge of this dog's breeding, I looked up the whole of the correspondence, thinking that I might perhaps be able to give some information on the subject. Mr. M. B. Wynn settled the question raised by Mr. Craig, and Mr. Wade then asked two questions which were never answered in print, so far as I can see. So on the principle that it is "better late than not at all," I have pleasure in answering them now. The questions were: (1) Is there any evidence that Duchess (the dam of Mason's Salisbury) was by Victor out of Beldam? (2) Is the pedigree of Hanbury's Peeress correctly given in Salisbury's pedigree?

One answer will suffice for both questions, for the whole pedigree is undoubtedly false, having been expressly arranged so as to bring in all the best names of the past, and there never was and never can be a tittle of evidence to support it. The Duchess in question was a bitch kept on chain by Mr. Carr as a yard dog, and he knew nothing whatever of her breeding. She obtained a free service from a neighbor's dog called Monarch, of whose breeding nothing was known, and who also was a yard dog. One of the results of the union was the puppy which Mr. Carr called Leo, and with which he did some winning. Leo was, I think, shown first at Farnworth in 1879, and appears in the catalogue without pedigree, a circumstance not by any means uncommon in those days. But as the youngster soon made his mark, inquiry was made for his pedigree, when Mr. Carr said "he has none." At the same time he gave the details on which this note is based. Afterward Mr. C. H. Mason bought the dog, but Mr. Carr declined to supply a pedigree. The gentleman who at that time looked through mastiffs and some other breeds for the K. C. S. B., knew of these facts, and was much surprised when reading proofs for the coming volume, to find among mastiffs, Salisbury (late Leo), with a pedigree of the very first order. He at once drew attention to this, as a matter that wanted looking into, and added that he had good reason to suppose that the whole thing was false. The entry form was looked up, and was found to be signed, not by the breeder, but by the new owner, and a promise was given that the matter should be looked into further. However, nothing more was done, and the next volume of the Stud Book gave Salisbury a pedigree which made mastiff men sit up and stare. However, it was nobody's business to interfere, and so the record remains.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The above mean, sneakish and unreliable statements concerning the pedigree of the mastiff Salisbury appeared in a Chicago weekly comic of Nov. 24. The writer, "Our Special Commissioner," has office room at 191 Fleet street, London, and is trying to work up a sale for a paper that ceased long ago to have any influence or weight in doggy circles in this country.

The editor's reputation, as faithfully pictured in a controversy I had with him a few years ago, his intense ignorance of everything pertaining to dogs, and the peculiar freaks of his mental faculties made it necessary for the paper to seek succor in another country or die. The editor therefore sailed for England and eventually succeeded in making arrangements with a number of English dog men to tell the Chicago comic's worn out readers something they never had a chance to learn from that crooked organ—dogs. The editor's agent and "Special Commissioner," a mere tyro in dog matters, was also engaged to write what he didn't know about dogs, and the above article, which is one of his early productions, goes to show that with a little more practice and closer intercourse with the Chicago slippery novice, Mr. W. H——, will soon be on an equal footing with his employer, whose unenviable record in connection with stud books, Laverack setter funds, Tom Jerome's Gordon setter, the fishing rod, the taxidermists' birds, etc., etc., is public property.

That busybody, Mr. W. Peep-about Wade, is directly the cause of this controversy, and all because I handed him a piece of paper (familiarly known as "the Pittsburgh Piece of Paper") to give to the person who officiated as judge at Pittsburgh in 1883. Your readers will remember that I was an exhibitor at the show, and that Mr. Wade too quickly jumped at the conclusion that the note contained a request to the person acting as judge to give one of my dogs a prize. When it had been proven that I was judging the dogs outside the ring and sending the numbers to the person (Mr. Jas. Mortimer) who judged, and that the note given to Mr. Wade was nothing more nor less than the decisions in the black and tan terrier class, Mr. Wade took the only course that an honorable man would take. He apologized to me by letter and through the press. It was while Mr. Wade was ransacking England to find something detrimental to my character that he discovered that there was possibly a loophole in Salisbury's pedigree. This, as he told me later, was the only thing he could unearth that might be twisted and cooked to do me an injury.

Mr. Wade was too straightforward a man to attempt jugglery with his supposed discovery. Although he was my sworn enemy, his conduct throughout the investigation proved that he tried to get at one thing—the truth, and that he never allowed his sense of justice to be influenced by hatred. It did not take him long to find out what kind of a man Tom Carr, the former owner of Salisbury, was, and he appeared to arrive at a verdict in a very short time. Compare Mr. Wade's conduct with that of the Chicago editor and you have a vivid view of the wide margin that separates a gentleman from a blackguard. The editor engages this Mr. W. H——, a man who is comparatively unknown in connection with dogs, to concoct such a case as will damage my reputation.

The best laid plans of mice and men sometimes come to grief, and by the time I get through with this case it will be found that there is a lot of dirty linen to be washed.

To commence with "Our Special Commissioner," alias W. H—, alias the Chicago comic's Fleet street agent. He professes to write with the intent of giving information, whereas he actually writes at the bidding of his employer. He also falsifies his statement that his object is to give information by writing for uninformed persons in this country that which any dog man in England would at once detect as unpardonable and unequalled ignorance, or dirty and vicious perversion of the truth. In the first place, no man who knows old Tom Carr would write of him as Mr. Carr. He has never been called Mr. Carr by any man who was well acquainted with him. The statement that "Mr." Carr when asked for a pedigree said "he has none" is a most deliberate falsehood. There is no such person as "Mr." Carr, but there is an old Tom Carr, an individual who at certain times becomes rabid, smashes all (wife and family included) before him with a heavy stick, and is not permitted to leave home without an attendant. Let any American dog man who may happen to be in England, run over to Keighley or Bingley, Yorkshire, and ask about old Tom Carr and he will soon find that "Mr." Carr has the reputation of being the biggest liar in that section of the county. None but a most unreliable writer would ever dare come out with such a bare-faced falsehood as Tom Carr having said that Leo (Salisbury) had no pedigree. Who ever heard of old Tom Carr having a dog or a horse without a pedigree? Nobody. There is all the evidence in the world to show that old Tom Carr described Leo (Salisbury) to every man he met as the "best in t' world and t' best bred un." When anybody praised the dog old Tom immediately put in "O yes, and look at his pedigree." It is quite possible that Salisbury's dam had no pedigree, but the man that said that old Tom Carr ever said so is just as crooked as old Tom Carr himself. "Our Special Commissioner's" statement that "Mr." Carr declined to give me a pedigree with the dog I characterize as another willful and vicious falsehood. Carr gave me a printed pedigree of the dog's sire and assured me in a most positive manner that the dam was bred exactly as I stated when I registered him. "Our Special Commissioner" says that he believes Salisbury was entered without a pedigree at Farnworth, puppy class, 1879. He had better make another guess.

Why did he forget to mention that Carr showed the dog at Leeds, Bingley, Ripon, Cleckheaton, etc. Why did he not, when he was out on an "information" mission, tell us something about the entries at these shows! Does "Our Special Commissioner," alias W. H.—, the Fleet street agent, take the dog men of this country for a set of consummate asses and nincompoops or what? If "Mr." Carr had said that Salisbury had no pedigree would the mastiff men have allowed me to take the dog into the ring and beat them without saying a word? If anybody, except Carr and his family, had known or suspected anything crooked in the pedigree, it would have been gentlemen like Messrs. Exley, Swithenbank, Heinzeman, etc. These mastiff breeders lived within a few miles of Carr's residence, and they knew every mastiff in the neighborhood and all about them. Would Messrs. Exley and Swithenbank, the owners of Bosco II., have sucked their thumbs over that grand young dog's defeat by Salisbury if old Tom Carr had ever as much as hinted that Salisbury had no pedigree? Would these gentlemen be my staunch friends to-day if they suspected me of beating them with a dog whose pedigree I had forged? If old Tom Carr had intimated that the dog's pedigree was not as represented, would a man like Marsden, who handles Mr. Royle's dogs, and knows every dog man in the fancy, have offered me £250 for Salisbury? If "Our Special Commissioner," who is not a dog man and never was, knew that the pedigree was not correct, how was it that the men I have mentioned did not know it, and why did not "Our Special Commissioner" prove himself an honorable lover of dogs by exposing the fraud? Would Messrs. Wynn, Taunton, Exley, Swithenbank, etc., silently submit to have their dogs defeated by a specimen whose pedigree was not straight? If I were capable of descending to such work as forging a pedigree, why did I sell Bosco II. to Mr. Royle for £250 and refuse to let him have Salisbury? Would it be possible for a prominent exhibitor to buy a well known dog that had no pedigree and palm the same off on the English mastiff men as a purely bred dog? There were hundreds of exhibitors whose dogs were beaten by mine, men who would have been only too glad to have had me barred from exhibiting Salisbury and other dogs. Would any person in his common senses have placed himself at the mercy of these men? If the pedigree of Salisbury, as given to me by old Tom Carr and entered in the Stud Book, "made mastiff men sit up and stare," why in the name of any kind of sense that is found outside of a lunatic asylum did they not say something about it? This statement denies itself and convicts the fellow that concocted it. "Our Special Commissioner" says it was nobody's business to interfere. Great Heaven! A prominent exhibitor gives a dog a fictitious pedigree, introduces mongrel blood into a breed of dogs that any genuine dog lover would jealously protect and it is "nobody's business to interfere." What will the crooked comic tell us next? It is every dog owner's business to interfere in such a case, but then "Our Special Commissioner" is not a dog man; but even this would hardly account for such a silly discharge of infantile ignorance.

I have no intention of defending Salisbury's pedigree. It is not only possible, but highly probable that it was crooked on the side of the sire and dam and all their ancestors as well. When I purchased the dog I knew very little of old Tom Carr, and had no reason at that time for doubting his word. I subsequently learned from the Court House that he was a confirmed liar, and a man who resided near to him and knew him well assured me that at times he was a madman as well. I, however, have no intention of allowing the Chicago editor to vilify me, and I shall always expose his unprincipled attacks whether they be hurled by way of Chicago or 191 Fleet street, London. CHAS. H. MASON.

NEW YORK, Dec. 3.

SALISBURY AND HANBURY'S PEERESS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

About two years since, while the famous Corsair bogus pedigree that Mr. Craig ventilated in the *Stock-Keeper* was fresh in mastiff memories (this is the pedigree that the "Official, Sir," admitted), I wrote the *Stock-Keeper*, incidentally asking if there was any evidence that Beldam, given as granddam of Salisbury, was ever bred to Mr. Exley's Victor, and showed that the pedigree given to Hanbury's Peeress in the English Stud Book was incorrect. Recently the English correspondent of an American paper answers both matters in one sweeping reply that the pedigree is fictitious throughout. This puts me in the position of having at some time, in some way, questioned the honesty of a pedigree coming from Mr. Hanbury, and I cannot imagine a piece of presumptuous impertinence I would be less likely to be guilty of than questioning even the correctness of any pedigree furnished by Mr. Hanbury, and as to the honesty of it, I would be writing myself down knave as well as fool to avow a suspicion on that. The mistake in pedigree of Mr. Hanbury's bitch is an evident error, either clerical or typographical. In pedigree of Salisbury it is said, "Lion, by Mr. Hanbury's Prince out of his Peeress, by Governor out of Duchess," making Peeress a daughter of Governor and Duchess, but that is the pedigree of Prince! and the error has been in the omission of Prince after the word Peeress, in other words it should read: "Lion, by Mr. Hanbury's Prince out of his Duchess, Prince, by Governor out of Duchess." Doubtless the correspondent had no intention of imputing anything to Mr. Hanbury, but coupled with the remainder of his comments, it certainly looks like a charge of fraud against Mr. Hanbury.

As to the Beldam-Victor business, my inquiry could have been answered in the affirmative by a quotation from the English Stud Book, as in Anderton's Tiger, E. 2442, it is given "by Exley's Victor ex Heinzeman's Beldam, by Field's King ex Hilda." This is the correct pedigree of Beldam, who was younger sister to old Champion Turk, and often figures in pedigrees under her original name of Hilda II.

It is true that I inquired of Mr. Exley about this matter, and he knew knothing about it, but his not remembering of his friend, fellow townsman and owner of Lion, the sire of Victor, having bred his bitch to Victor, is easily accounted for. In the first place, I did not then know of the stud book entry (having only stumbled on it within the last week), or of Mr. Heinzeman's ownership of the bitch, and further, Mr. Exley probably did not recognize the name Beldam, as he knew the bitch under her original name of Hilda II. Mr. M. B. Wynn owned her at one time, and sold her either to Mr. Heinzeman, John Swithenbank, or somebody else Bradford way.

I do not propose to defend Mr. Mason, it is none of my business, and his hand is able to keep his head, but it may be pertinent to say that the statement of the English correspondent that the dog did not appear with a pedigree until Mr. Mason bought him, and that Mr. Carr always said Leo had no pedigree, is contradicted by the reference in Dalziel's "British Dogs" to "Mr. Carr's Leo by Monarch, who promises to fill the place in northern shows vacated by that grand dog, Colonel." (I quote from memory, but I give the exact sense.) Mr. Heinzeman seems to have been exceedingly particular and minute as to pedigrees, for in the pedigree furnished by him of Delafield Smith's dogs, he gives such minute particulars as that Cautley's Quaker only served one bitch, and his subsequent poisoning by a mange dressing. I always heard Salisbury's pedigree doubted, and although when I investigated it Mr. Mason and I were bitterly hostile, I can say that I never learned that Mr. Mason was suspected of complicity in the matter, but allegations were very plain and unequivocal as to who was responsible for it. Who this was, I do not propose to say. It seems to me incredible that Mr. Mason would forge a pedigree, right under the nose of his fellow townsman, who was such a professor of pedigrees, and who would be certain to pick it up.

I never had any communications with Mr. Mason on this matter, and merely write of it in the way the facts strike any unprejudiced observer. W. WADE.

HULTON, Pa., Nov. 26.

THE ST. BERNARD PRIZES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In this week's issue of your paper is a list of prizes to be awarded by the St. Bernard Club at the coming spring show. I joined that club among the first and have done all I could to get others to join, and become interested in a club that was (as I understood from prominent officers of the club) to be for the interests of American-bred dogs principally. Such a club was much needed, as our imported dogs so clearly sweep the boards that there is no chance for the home-bred dogs belonging to those breeders who have not the length of purse required to own cracks from across the water. For those who have ambition to breed the best here, and not import them, I am sorry to see that the prizes offered by the club are nearly all to be competed for by the usual cracks that take all the show prizes, specials, and now will reap the benefit of the club prizes also. There is but a small chance for our home-bred dogs, and one of these chances is so qualified that a home-bred dog would stand little if any chance to get a prize from the club. For instance, an American-bred dog or bitch must have won a prize in its class in the show in order to compete for the club prize offered at that show. Now the home-bred dog will have to compete in its class with imported ones, thus perhaps getting a vhc. or hc. This same dog or bitch may be the best home-bred dog in this country, but can't compete for the club prize because it did not win a prize in its class. This is not right, and in most cases there would be no competitors for the cup and it would revert to the club.

All the other prizes will be competed for by imported dogs and bitches in every instance, thus giving the American-bred dogs no chance whatever. Is it consistent for an American club to offer its prizes under such conditions that only imported dogs can compete for them? In what way will the club be of any help to the average American breeder? The few who govern the club and own the cracks will take all the prizes for each year right straight through the circuit, and the home-bred dog will stand just where it has in the past.

A gentleman asked me the other day what advantage it would be to him as a breeder of a few St. Bernards (among them a prize winner last year) to belong to the club. I told him that it would give his home-bred dogs an independent chance to win a prize when he would not have to compete with imported dogs. I believed so then and was honest in my statement, but I find I was wrong, and he may have sent in his fee before I have a chance to inform him of the present policy of the club, which would keep him as well as many others out. I fully appreciate what has been done for the fancy by the importation of such valuable dogs as Duke of Leeds, Merchant Prince, Hector, Ben Lomond, and such dogs should compete for stud dog prizes given by the club, but the other prizes should all be offered to home-bred dogs, then there would be an ambition among breeders to raise something good, and not be obliged to import it. We are too young in the fancy to be able to compete against such fine dogs as we now have from across the water. If the club ignores the home-bred dogs the first year, there will be but little chance for them in the future. If we are to have an American club, let it be for home interests wholly. We need protection. ESSEX.

THAT VEXED SPANIEL QUESTION.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I do not see in what way I have tried to make out that I was "the first to advocate spaniel field trials." Nothing that I have written could be so construed.

With regard to Mr. Fellows's lofty perch, from the eminence of which he appears to think he in his wisdom can look down and smile upon us poor unfortunates, who are not "Fellowses," I have no desire to "shin up." He can stay there and be hanged for all that I care. I have demonstrated that Mr. Fellows's claim to the title of "champion field trial spaniel of America" for Silk was a fraudulent one, and that is enough.

I don't intend setting about the task he has set me, as I am fully agreed with Mr. Fellows that the present prevailing type is not what is called for under the standard, and it is with a view to giving the "crocodiles" a set back and to "showing them up" in the field that I want to see trials introduced. This Mr. Fellows can ascertain by referring to my first letter, written in the summer months. Mr. Fellows's mind is of a decidedly feminine cast. He argues in a circle. Start on one subject with him and he springs a dozen on you, all totally at variance with the point under discussion. I am getting heartily tired of this controversy or rather series of controversies and would be glad to let the matter rest; but I won't shut up until Mr. Fellows does. Oh no! QUESTER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In reply to "Quester" I would say that he can count me as one strongly in favor of spaniel field trials.

F. H. F. MERCER.

DOG TALK.

PEACE does not brood over pet dog affairs. The war is on. The injunction asked for by the American Pet Dog Club to restrain the Messrs. Henry R. Sules, Crump Ormsby, Thomas J. Daunis, William Goodenough and Mrs. Eugene Clark, from using the title and the incorporate privileges of the American Pet Dog Club, has been denied upon the ground of conflicting allegations and affidavits by Judge Lawrence, Justice of the Supreme Court. The injunction was asked by Mrs. Sarah J. Wheatleigh, and representing Mrs. Dion Boucicault, Mrs. Abbey, Mrs. Frank Leslie, Mrs. John Draper, Mrs. S. C. Baraum, Mrs. J. A. Britton, Mrs. A. V. Fairchild, Mrs. M. A. Rives, Mrs. M. C. Randolph, Mrs. A. Grinnell, Mrs. Baron Blanc, Charles Holmes, George Fisher, Dr. M. H. Cryer, Mrs. J. K. Emmett, Mrs. M. E. Baldwin, Miss Marion Bannister, W. J. Fryer, C. M. Lewis, James Mortimer and Mrs. Landreau, all members of the club. The probabilities are that the petitioners will abandon their contest for the club title and organize under a new name; this would be the sensible thing to do.

Among the passengers on the Etruria, which had such a rough time of it on her last trip over, was Mr. E. M. Oldham, who was on his way to inspect the spaniels in English kennels, and perhaps to buy a winner or two. Mr. Oldham undoubtedly got a good shaking up on the briny, to put him into condition for the Birmingham show.

The managers of the Pacific Coast Kennel Club's show, which is set down for May 22 to 25, have invited Mr. Chas. H. Mason to judge all classes, sporting and non-sporting.

The New Bedford show premium lists will be out about Dec. 15.

ST. PAUL SHOW.—By an oversight in prize list of the St. Paul show, issue of Nov. 1, the awards in the fox-terrier bitch open class were not given. They were: 1st, W. H. B. Medd's Zero; 2d, L. W. Hill's Fly. Very high com., W. H. B. Medd's Raffle. High com., Leonard F. Block's Minnie.

DISTEMPER.

[*From the American Kennel Register.*]

THE evolution of the average American dog fancier is about as follows: Every American as soon as he reaches the period where his income is assured and he can slacken his pace somewhat in the greedy rush after the almighty dollar, looks around for a hobby of some sort or other with which to occupy his time. This period is generally reached about middle life, but if he happens to have his wealth left to him it may be as soon as he reaches his majority. No matter when that period is reached, if he considers that a hobby will give him happiness—a hobby he will have.

The dog fancier usually is a man who, during his boyhood days, has possessed some sort of a nondescript cur that won a soft place in his heart. So when the time comes for looking around for a hobby, if he visits a dog show he there and then makes up his mind that the breeding of fine dogs is the sort of relaxation from business that will best suit him. So he cautiously (for contrary to popular opinion, Americans are cautious, although it does not take them as long to fully make up their minds as other nationalities) invests in a bitch of the breed he admires, has her served by a prize-winning dog, and awaits the appearance of future champions. As a general thing such an investment brings forth good results. He rears a litter, sends the choicest of them to the shows, where they meet with more or less success. Thus encouraged he builds kennels at his country seat, employs a kennelman and becomes an authority (?) on the breed. For a time all goes well, but sooner or later (generally sooner) distemper appears and kills off all his young and promising stock, and he is discouraged. If he is plucky he sticks to his hobby, but in the majority of instances he gets disheartened, sells off his dogs, usually at an immense sacrifice, and starts some other hobby that promises better results.

Now, all this is caused by that dread disease distemper, and my object now is to give my brother fanciers my experience in treating this disease, and I trust that by following my advice they will be as successful in combating this disease as I have been.

In the first place, distemper is a zymotic or self-limited disease. It must run its course, and is as impossible to abate as small-pox or measles.

When I fully make up my mind that a dog has distemper, by the combined symptoms of nasal discharge and rapid emaciation, I at once isolate the victim from his companions, putting him in clean, dry and cool (not cold) quarters. Then I give 4grs. (the dose for a setter) of anti-febrin every four hours for two days, at the end of which time, in my experience, the fever is abated. I have used anti-pyrine, but it has not been so successful as anti-febrin. I then give 10grs. (dose for a setter of sacharated pepsin after every meal the dog eats, and by this treatment entirely do away with the intestinal troubles that create diarrhœa, which in nine cases out of ten is the cause of death in most cases of distemper. If dog is very weak and refuses food, I force two or three raw eggs (with the pepsin afterward) per day down his throat; and if stimulants seem to be needed, I give an ounce every three hours of some good extra dry champagne like Mumm's or Yellow Label Cliquot.

In connection with this treatment I use pure pine-tree tar, applied daily by a small paddle, across the nostrils, so that the dog will lick it off with his tongue. The mucus that accumulates on the nose I wash off with a soft sponge, dipped in a saturated solution of copperas. All the water the dog drinks contains eight grains of anti-febrin to the pint.

As to the diet I depend almost entirely on scraped raw lean meat. The dog will generally eat this readily, and it is the most easily digested of foods. After the crisis of the disease is passed, and the dog is on the mend, I give a dessertspoonful (dose for a setter) of codliver oil twice a day.

The reason for the efficacy of the above treatment is as follows: The early stage of distemper is always accompanied by a high fever, and anti-febrin, in my experience, reduces the temperature in dogs as no other known drug will. Then the system is left in such a weak state that the power of digestion is destroyed and the pepsin performs the duty, almost immediately stopping the diarrhœa.

S REICNAF.

We can vouch for the efficacy of these remedies, so far as we have had opportunity to apply them, which was in the case of a six-weeks-old puppy, which contracted a sudden cold. Its eyes were completely closed, its nose hot and dry, and the symptoms indicated a probable attack of pneumonia. Anti-febrin was given four times the first day, a small pinch between the finger and thumb. On the morning of the third day there were no fever symptoms and the appetite was good. Then ensued diarrhœa. With its three principal meals on the fourth day pinches of pepsin were administered with the result that the passages seen the following morning were normal. After that the treatment consisted in endeavoring to open the swollen eyelids sufficiently to allow a little of the atropia preparation recommended in "Ashmont's" work to reach the eye. On the evening of the seventh day (the present day of writing) the puppy was able to open the eyelids far enough to allow about a third of the eye to be seen. A thin film covered the eye, which will doubtless disappear under the atropia treatment. The main point is that the puppy, under the anti-febrin and pepsin treatment, never lost its strength, and the indications are that they will prove invaluable remedies in distemper cases. —ED. A.K.R.

VULPINE RELATIONS PLEASANT.—The fox hunters of Leominster have had the second meet of the season. One pleasant day, last week, the hunters shook hands as they left the Center, and vowed they would never return home or eat another meal around the family board until a red rover with a white tip on the tail had been captured. The company went in squads of five to various parts of the town. Twelve hounds, whose scent was excellent and whose long ears brushed the frosted grass were cut loose at 7 A. M. Their cry was soon heard and made the sportsmen's hearts beat quick, as it was a strong indication that reynard had started from his favorite haunts and would soon take to the hills. The first party saw a fox start from the woods at 9 A. M. The dogs were at full cry about half a mile behind the fox. One man had located himself on top of a large rock at the head of a great pasture where foxes are wont to cross. The fox made straight for him, and when within six rods the hunter emptied both barrels at him. In two seconds the fox was at the lower end of the pasture, where he caught two mice, devoured them for his breakfast, then listened for the approaching dogs, left for parts unknown and was not seen again during the day. The second party started a fox at 10:30 A. M. He was seen some 20 times at various points on hills and in dense woods. He was an old fox and knew the Leominster sportsmen full well. He was a little shy of the dogs, but seemed inclined to make friends with the men and walked around like a drum major on a muster field. He viewed with a foxy eye each man's gun, evidently reading the make and admiring the finish of the weapon. He paused at the words "Leominster steel," "Damascus," "Smith's $100 grade," etc. While he was satisfying his curiosity as to the great improvements made in firearms since the first time he was shot at, when he was a little fox half-grown, 31 shells were fired at him. He seemed to enjoy seeing the shot plow along the ground a few yards in front of him and then at the rear. He seemed perfectly indifferent about accidents and it is declared on good authority that this particular fox holds a life insurance policy in the Fitchburg Mutual Aid Insurance Company. He made good his escape, having gained much valuable information as to fine

arms, without taking much risk of his life. The third party started a fox at noon. This party had taken their 11 o'clock refreshments and things looked large. One man declared he had never seen such a fox since he was born. He stood, according to his statements, six feet high and had a bushy tail nine feet long. He ran making every angle known to a professor of mathematics. They fired around a ten acre lot belonging to Joe Collins and occasionally a stray shot got into the air. Gun barrels became hot and men became very angry, and the six-foot-tall fox kept right on going as though he was run by perpetual motion. The last shot was fired and the hunters all declared that the firing had called 72 foxes into that ten acre lot before they left. The next day Collins found in his pasture the following resolutions: Whereas, we, the foxes inhabiting the northern part of Leominster in the county of Worcester, have this day passed a most enjoyable time with the Leominster hunters, therefore *Resolved*, that we invite them again to our domain. *Resolved*, that we have no ill-feeling whatever against the Leominster sportsmen, but hail them as men harmless and well-disposed toward us, and for the chicken bones and bottled cider left on our dominion, we return our hearty thanks. (Signed) HEN(RY) REYNARD, Chairman of Committee on Resolutions.—*Fitchburg (Mass.) Sentinel, Nov. 26.*

KENNEL NOTES.

Notes must be sent on prepared blanks, which are furnished free on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope of large letter size. Sets of 200 of any one form, bound for retaining duplicates, are sent for 30 cents.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Ben Harrison. By Warner & Hamilton, Canaan Four Corners, N. Y., for sable and white collie dog, whelped July 13, 1888, by champion Clipper (A.K.R. 2529) out of Nellie McGregor (A.K.R. 6030).

Robert Tell. By L. M. Richards, Worcester, Mass., for liver and white pointer dog, whelped May 22, 1888, by William Tell (Prince —Bell II.) out of Daisy A. (champion Pete, Jr.—Daisy).

Ben Harrison. By Warner & Hamilton, Canaan Four Corners, N. Y., for dark fawn pug dog, whelped Aug. 7, 1888, by champion Cricket (A.K.R. 3230) out of Trinket (Dandy—Pansy Blossom, A. K.R. 5458).

New Haven General. By F. F. Dole, New Haven, Conn., for black and tan terrier dog, whelped Nov. 27, 1887, by Halifax General out of Lady Little.

Dinksey and Dauntless. By F. F. Dole, New Haven, Conn., for white bull-terrier dog and bitch, whelped June 29, 1888, by champion Jubilee (Bendigo—Kit) out of Modjeska (champion Dutch, Jr.—Young Venom).

Gent. By F. F. Dole, New Haven, Conn., for white bull-terrier dog, whelped Aug. 22, 1888, by Sensation (Bulrush—Fancy II.) out of Bertha (champion Dutch, Jr.—Young Venom).

Newton Abbot Laddie Chief. By Wilson F. Morse, Kent's Hill, Me., for black cocker spaniel dog, whelped May 10, 1888, by Newton Abbot Laddie (A.K.R. 5686) out of Roxie (champion Obo, A.K.R. 432—Jet B., A.K.R. 1200).

Dora Deane. By L. Gardner, Mt. Vernon, N. Y., for white, black and tan English setter bitch, whelped May 6, 1888, by Count Paris (Count Noble—champion Dido II.) out of Nellie Cambridge (Racket—Daisy Cambridge).

Glen Mills English Beagle Kennels. By T. W. Hemphill, Glen Mills, Pa.

BRED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Rose—Tony Weller. E. Stein's (West Philadelphia, Pa.) beagle bitch Rose to Oakview Kennels' Tony Weller (Kino—Fly), Nov. 20.

Colina—Scot's Jack. Theo. J. Hook's (Rome, N. Y.) collie bitch Colina (Kilmarnock Bruce—Lady of the Lake) to Miss Jennie Cackett's Scot's Jack (Dublin Scot—Effie Dean), Nov. 10.

Vixen M.—Lieutenant-Colonel. A. H. Fuller's (Paleuville, N. Y.) mastiff bitch Vixen M. (champion Ilford Caution—Bruna) to F. A. Boutelle's Lieutenant-Colonel (A.K.R. 4166), Nov. 19.

Baby Cromwell—Lieutenant-Colonel. A. R. Tatum's (Wilmington, Del.) mastiff bitch Baby Cromwell (Cromwell Doone—Ashmont Fawn) to F. A. Boutelle's Lieutenant-Colonel (A.K.R. 4166), Nov. 22.

Sequa—Merchant Prince. W. J. Sloan's (Boston, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Sequa (Otto—Lulu) to Chas. G. Wheelock's Merchant Prince (champion Merchant Prince—champion Miranda), Nov. 24.

Lys—Prince Barry. H. S. Pitkin's (Hartford, Conn.) rough St. Bernard bitch Lys (A.K.R. 5364) to his Prince Barry (A.K.R. 4413), Oct. 13.

Kit—Prince Barry. E. J. Blake's (Hartford, Conn.) rough St. Bernard bitch Kit to A. S. Pitkin's Prince Barry (A.K.R. 4413), Nov. 4.

Dora Gladstone—Gun. Chas. York's (Bangor, Me.) English setter bitch Dora Gladstone (Boss Gladstone—Vell) to his Gun (champion Gladstone—May B.), Nov. 10.

Fluff—Kenmore. Warner & Hamilton's (Canaan Four Corners, N. Y.) Irish setter bitch Fluff (Elcho II.——) to T. J. Farley's champion Kenmore (champion Glencho—Red Lassie), Nov. 24.

Starlight—Sensation. F. F. Dole's (New Haven, Conn.) bull-terrier bitch Starlight (champion Grand Duke—champion Maggie May) to his Sensation (Bulrush—Fancy II.), Oct. 21.

Marguerite—Sensation. H. A. Harris's (North Wilmington) bull-terrier bitch Marguerite (champion Count—Young Venom) to F. F. Dole's Sensation (Bulrush—Fancy II.), Oct. 1.

Daisy—Sensation. Mr. Beecher's (New Haven, Conn.) bull-terrier bitch Daisy to F. F. Dole's Sensation (Bulrush—Fancy II.), Sept. 1.

Clytie—Rideau Dude. Rideau Kennels' (Ottawa, Ont.) fox-terrier bitch Clytie (Grit—Fury) to their Rideau Dude (Brokenhurst Bob—Jip), Nov. 5.

Rideau Lou—Obo, Jr. Rideau Kennels' (Ottawa, Ont.) cocker spaniel bitch Rideau Lou (Bob IV.—Raveness) to their Obo, Jr. (A.K.R. 1481), Nov. 10.

Spunkey—Little Red Rover. T. J. Hook's (Rome, N. Y.) cocker spaniel bitch Spunkey (A.K.R. 6572) to his Little Red Rover (champion Obo II., A.K.R. 432—Woodstock Dinah), Nov. 12.

WHELPS.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Merrybell. Oakview Kennels' (Philadelphia, Pa.) beagle bitch Merrybell (Victor—Veta), Nov. 5, four (two dogs), by their Tony Weller (Kino—Fly).

Goodwood Music. Glen Mills English Beagle Kennels' (Glen Mills, Pa.) beagle bitch Goodwood Music (Flute—Victress, A.K.R. 3811), Oct. 7, one dog, by champion Bannerman (A.K.R. 1709).

Blue Nell. C. Fred Crawford's (Pawtucket, R. I.) English setter bitch Blue Nell (champion Count Howard—Sandal Queen), Nov. 26, five (two dogs), by his champion Royal Albert (champion Sir Allister—champion Novelty).

Tough. Cooktown Kennels' (Ottawa, Ont.) cocker spaniel bitch Tough (Wildair—Belle), Oct. 29, three (one dog) by D. Holbrook's Nero (Jet—Rita, A.K.R. 2516).

Tangle. W. R. Mack's (Rochester, N. Y.) Yorkshire terrier bitch Tangle, Nov. 15, three (one dog), by P. H. Coombs's Bradford Harry (Crawshaw's Bruce—Beale's Lady).

SALES.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Speculation—Veida W. whelps. Black, white and tan beagle bitches, whelped Sept. 25, 1888, by F. M. Shelley, Sheridan, N. Y., to C. V. Folwell, Salamanca, N. Y.

Moses II. Fawn, black points, mastiff dog, whelped June 11, 1888, by Moses out of Boss's Minnie, by J. L. Winchell, Fair Haven, Vt., to Jas. H. Day, Jr., Saybrook, Conn.

Chequasset Diamond. Apricot fawn pug dog, whelped July 27, 1887 (A.K.R. 4395), by River View Kennels, Birmingham, Conn., to R. N. Bassett, same place.

Chequasset Tiara. Fawn pug bitch, age not given, by Chequasset Tzar out of Chequasset Thorn, by River View Kennels, Birmingham, Conn., to C. E. Scott, Schenectady, N. Y.

Kinglimmon. Orange, correct white markings, black facings, rough St. Bernard dog, whelped Sept. 18, 1888, by Plinlimmon out of Lady Wellington, by Halfway Brook Kennels, Glens Falls, N. Y., to C. A. Houck, Albany, N. Y.

Vida. Orange, white breast and feet, black facings, rough St. Bernard bitch, whelped Jan. 1, 1888, by Barry IV. (A.K.R. 6474) out of Königin (A.K.R. 3645), by Halfway Brook Kennels, Glens Falls, N. Y., to J. M. Gallaher, Painesville, O.

Cato, Jr. White, orange spots, black facings, smooth St. Bernard dog, whelped Aug. 26, 1887 (A.K.R. 6716), by Halfway Brook Kennels, Glens Falls, N. Y., to J. M. Gallaher, Painesville, O.

Fairy King—Countess Peg whelp. Orange belton En glish setter dog, whelped June 1, 1888, by Rosecroft Kennels, Birmingham, Conn., to Geo. E. Whipple, Westfield, Mass.

Donna Inez. Blue belton English setter bitch, whelped May 3, 1888, by champion Rockingham out of Donna, by Rosecroft Kennels, Birmingham, Conn., to Geo. E. Whipple, Westfield, Mass.

Rural Ranger. English setter dog, whelped Sept. 30, 1888, by Leigh Belton out of Rural Neva, by Rural Kennels, Wakefield, Mass., to Wm. E. Evans, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

Rural Rip. Black and white English setter dog, whelped Sept. 31, 1888, by Leigh Belton out of Rural Neva, by Rural Kennels, Wakefild, Mass., to W. E. Deane, Somerset, Mass.

Gun (A.K.R. 1558)—Dora Gladstone whelp. Black, white and tan English setter dog, whelped June 4, 1888, by Chas. York, Bangor, Me., to Geo. M. Diven, Elmira, N. Y.

Desmond II.—Luray III. whelp. Red Irish setter dog, whelped Oct. 22, 1888, by Oakview Kennels, Philadelphia, Pa., to Associated Fanciers, same place.

Mac. Red Irish setter dog, whelped Aug. 6, 1888, by Reo out of Juliet (A.K.R. 6414), by F. T. Weatherill, Jonesville, N. Y., to F. M. Shelley, Sheridan, N. Y.

Pete Obo. Black cocker spaniel dog, age not given, by champion Black Pete out of Miss Cruger, by A. F. Willard, Charlestown, Mass., to Rural Kennels, Wakefield, Mass., and resold by Rural Kennels to A. S. Johnson, Charlottetown, P. E. Island, Can.

Obo, Jr. (A.K.R. 1481)Rideau Lou whelp. Black and tan cocker spaniel dog, whelped July 12, 1888, by Rideau Kennels, Ottawa, Ont., to Dr. T. Wesley Mills, Montreal, Que.

Juana. Black and tan cocker spaniel bitch, whelped Jan. 15, 1888, by Obo, Jr. (A.K.R. 1481) out of Rideau Lou, by Rideau Kennels, Ottawa, Ont., to J. P. Marshall, Shelburne, Ont.

Penny. Black cocker spaniel dog, whelped July 12, 1888, by Obo, Jr. (A.K.R. 1481) out of Rideau Lou, by Rideau Kennels, Ottawa, Ont., to A. E. Heming, same place.

Miss Lou. Black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped July 12, 1888, by Obo, Jr. (A.K.R. 1481) out of Rideau Lou, by Rideau Kennels, Ottawa, Ont., to Thos. Eady, Renfrew, Ont.

Nero. Black and tan cocker spaniel dog, whelped July 12, 1888, by Obo, Jr. (A.K.R. 1481) out of Rideau Lou, by Rideau Kennels, Ottawa, Ont., to E. A. Black, Ottawa, Ont.

Gent. White bull-terrier dog, whelped Aug. 22, 1888, by Sensation out of Bertha, by F. F. Dole, New Haven, Conn., to Henry Fisher, New York.

New Haven Rose. White bull terrier bitch, whelped June 19, 1888, by champion Jubilee out of Royal Rose, by F. F. Dole, New Haven, Conn., to D. P. Lee, New York.

Maizeland Shandygaff. Black, white and tan fox-terrier dog, whelped May 22, 1888, by Blemton Sentinel out of Maizeland Lively, by Lawrence Timpson, Maizeland, Red Hook, N. Y., to Lawrence L. Borden, Fall River, Mass.

Jack—Clytie whelp. White body, black and tan head, fox-terrier dog, whelped July 15, 1888, by Rideau Kennels, Ottawa, Ont., to G. A. Henderson, same place.

Stanley. White body, black and tan head, fox-terrier dog, whelped July 15, 1888, by imported Jack out of Clytie, by Rideau Kennels, Ottawa, Ont., to A. W. Garrett, Brockville, Ont.

DEATHS.

Narka Noble Gladstone. White, black and tan English setter bitch, whelped June 13, 1887 (Noble Dan—Lucretia Gladstone), owned by Dr. L. M. Thompson, Mahanoy City, Pa., Nov. 30, from distemper.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

W. H. C., Indianapolis.—I have a pointer pup seven months old, which has been troubled with a skin disease. I have washed him for several weeks regularly, and also greased him with lard; he is very clean now, but his hair is coming out in great quantities and I can not see any new hairs starting. He is a valuable dog and would like to know what I can do for him, as cold weather is coming on and he will have no hair on his back to keep him warm. Ans.—Give 5 drops of Fowler's solution of arsenic in the food once daily. If skin is red or scaly, use zinc oxide ointment.

E. K., Germantown.—I have a small Skye terrier bitch, 2 years old, weight 8lbs. For the last month her appetite has failed her; had to be coaxed to eat; she would refuse meat both cooked and raw; for the last ten days has been peevish and crying; at night would lie and pant; before was very playful. I gave her two days ago two doses of spirits of nitre, which had no good effect. To-day while coming down the stairs she took a fit and fell the whole length, about six steps, and lay in the fit about ten minutes; did not froth at the mouth; has since been very quiet, lying on the sofa, taking no notice of anything, something very strange for her to do. I do not think it's worms. Ans. It looks like a case of worms. You had better treat for them. Feed only milk for a day. Then give full dose of castor oil, tablespoon; follow this in three hours with 30grs. of powdered areca nut made into a large pill.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

BOSTON, Nov. 29.—There was a very large attendance of riflemen at Walnut Hill to-day, the militia being particularly well represented. The weather conditions, barring the rain, were good, a light wind from 12 o'clock prevailing. The scores:

Rest Match.

J Francis	10 10 11 12 12 12 12 11 12 12—113
J B Munroe	11 12 12 12 10 10 12 12 9 12—112
W C Johnston, Jr	12 12 9 12 12 9 9 11 11 11—108
A Ballard	12 12 10 10 11 12 11 10 10 11—108
A R Lewis	10 12 12 7 12 10 11 10 9 11—104
J Robinson	10 12 9 10 12 10 10 11 11 12—107
O T Moore	10 11 10 10 10 11 10 10 12 9—103
E N James	8 9 9 10 10 8 9 10 12 7— 93
C Wilson	7 9 9 9 12 10 8 7 12 10— 93
F O Martin	8 9 8 9 9 9 11 10 9 9— 92

Fifty Yards Pistol Match.

J B Fellows	10 10 10 8 8 10 9 10 9 10—94
H Severance	10 9 10 10 9 8 10 6 8 8—88
W Howard	7 8 9 7 9 9 8 10 10 9—86
A Stevens	9 9 9 9 10 10 8 8 7 7—86
F M Rose	8 9 10 6 9 10 10 9 7 7—85
J Rogers	9 8 10 8 8 7 8 8 9 7—82

Fifty Yards Revolver Match.

W W Bennett	8 10 9 10 8 9 10 9 10 9—92
A Wesson	9 10 9 9 7 9 7 10 9 9—88
J Rogers	8 9 9 9 9 9 8 8 9 7—85
W Howard	6 10 7 8 8 8 9 6 9 9—80

Military Match.

Lieut Pepperell	4445434545—42	H F Baker	3234334455—36
J F Fitzgerald	4544444435—41	G F Hanson	4404243324—34
J Durward	5454344444—41	A S Field	4344014434—31
F P Webster	4435445453—41	F S Howes	4443424332—33
— Strongman	4454443443—29	F Spring	0343303445—29

All-Comers' Match.

B G Warren	8 8 6 7 10 5 8 8 8 9—77
W H Shafer	10 6 8 9 7 6 7 6 7 7—75
B G Parker	7 4 7 7 8 9 5 7 7 8—69
S Ham	7 4 5 4 8 5 6 8 7 10—54
A Maynard	8 7 6 3 8 6 7 6 6 6—63
O T Moore	4 10 7 8 4 3 9 3 3 5—56

WORCESTER, Mass., Nov. 29.—There was a large attendance at the Broad Meadow Range to-day, where the Worcester Rifle Association held its annual Thanksgiving all-day shoot for turkeys and special prizes. The weather was excellent for good shooting, as the scores will show. A. C. White, in particular, exceeding all previous records by making a run of eight consecutive bullseyes in shooting for turkeys in three sores. The club also tried a new scheme, offering a special prize for the best bullseye shot. In this contest M. R. Morgan proved the victor with a shot that drove the tack, making a perfect bullseye. Steadman Clark was second, C. L. Macomber third and James Early fourth. Five turkeys were to be had for the shooting, and the first five names in the scores printed below were the prize winners.

200yds., Off-hand, Military Rifle.

A C White	5455445555—47	C L Macomber	5455433444—41
M R Morgan	4455454445—41	H N Pepper	3334444345—37
Maj Shumway	4544445544—43	S Clark, s r	4344445444—33
James Early	4444454444—41		

200yds., Off-hand Decimal, Sporting Rifle.

A C White	8 9 7 10 7 9 10 8 8 8—84
A L Thomas	8 10 7 9 8 8 6 7 7 10—80
A Brown	10 5 9 4 8 8 8 8 8 10 8—78

CHESTER, Pa., Nov. 29.—There were several shooting contests in this city to-day. The members of Co. B in the morning shot for the Sparks gold badge, which was won by Lieut. Samuel A. Price, who won it by a point after shooting off with Private Corson. The latter received a silver prize, awarded by Lieutenant T. E. Clyde. The contest took place at Ship Creek Woods, the distance being 100yds. The score follows:

Lt Clyde	44444—20	Stroud	33337—16
Lt Price	44445—21	Vernon	32233—15
McDevitt	04433—14	Lane	43434—18
Henkel	54443—20	McKenna	44332—15
J. Feeley	32043—12	Pedlow	24342—17
Price	24243—15	Reaney	23324—14
Sharp	23422—13	Gilken	40242—15
Greenwood	42444—18	Peters	00334—10
Feeley	33004—10	Ruby	44233—16
Griffith	23330—11	Sawyer	23320—10
Corson	44454—21		

A team from Co. B also shot a team from Wilde Post, No. 25, G. A. R., and won by the following score:

Company B.		Wilde Post.	
Lt Clyde	44454—21	Taylor	04444—16
Lt Price	44444—20	Tongue	43444—19
Henkel	44445—21	Thompson	44344—19
Corson	34445—20	Brown	33432—16
McDevitt	45554—23	Scott	22343—14
Pedlow	33334—15	Tinch	24443—17
Lane	34533—18—139	Cullingsworth	33344—19—120

A shooting match also took place between teams representing the Young Men's Republican Club and Wilde Post, which resulted in the defeat of the soldiers by the following score:

Young Repubs—H. C. Seth, 2; A. F. Everson, 10; J. Marion, 8; W. Adcock, 14; R. Bell, 8; R. A. Hargraves, 6; C. Cain, 5; C. Ilg, 6; B. Wheeler, 10; Giles, 12.

Wilde Post—J. Taylor 17; J. Newsome, 6; D. Dransfield, 2; W. H. Martin, 5; S. Pilger, 0; C. Thompson, 10; J. Genther, 5; S. Crouther, 4; J. Tongue, 13; A. Brown, 8.

NEW BEDFORD, Mass., Nov. 29.—The New Bedford City Guards had rifle shooting at 200yds. to-day for the company medal and the Dunham medal for third class marksmen. Besides the medals there were 40 prizes valued at 50 cents to $7 each offered by members and friends of the company. Forty-seven members participated, and the following are the winning scores in a possible 50:

Corp Baudoin	43	Pvt Dundam	35
Pvt Bindley	43	Sergt Dahill	35
Sergt Pope	42	Pvt Monerief	34
Corp McBay	42	Pvt Winter	34
Lieut Perry	42	Pvt McAuliff	34
Pvt Gibbs	41	Pvt W S Young	33
Pvt Pope	41	Pvt Goggin	33
Pvt C. D. Russell	40	Pvt Hadfield	33
Pvt Jennings	40	Pvt Baylor	32
Pvt Duffy	38	Pvt Remington	32
Capt Sanders	38	Pvt Faunce	32
Pvt Croacher	37	Pvt Peters	31
Pvt W K Russell	37	Corp Taber	31
Sergt Devon	36	Pvt Parker	30
Pvt Loomis	36	Pvt Pailer	29
Pvt Soule	33	Pvt Meany	28
Lieut Morgan	36	Pvt Pease	28
Pvt Rice	36	Musician Mackay	27
Sergt Swan	35	Pvt Sisson	25
Sergt Howland	35	Pvt Allen	24

There were five prizes for honory members; only four competed. Taey made the following score:

C A Gray	37	Col S C Hart	14
Mayor Rotch	33	H W Taylor	8

Corp Baudoin takes the company medal, which has been worn the past year by Pvt. Gibbs; Pvt. Hadfield takes the third class marksman's medal, which was held last year by Pvt. Parker.

PATERSON, N. J., Nov. 29.—This morning there was a big crowd of soldier boys at the Totowa butts to witness the yearly contest for the Battalion "ice-pitcher." Altogether the weather was anything but pleasant for a holiday, it was excellent for target shooting. Company C's team made the highest score, and are therefore the happy possessors of the handsome trophy for another twelve months. Following is the score:

Company C.			
Capt Decker	20	Pvt Schmidt	17
Lieut Van Emburgh	14	Pvt Van Walraven	18
Lieut Parker	19	Pvt Claypool	9
Pvt Dietrich	22	Pvt Nolan	16
Pvt Lord	18	Pvt Vanan	20—173
Company B.			
Lieut Reynolds	20	Pvt Sharpley	18
Sergt Scanlon	16	Pvt Radcliff	16
Pvt Conners	17	Pvt Smith	11
Pvt Twist	16	Pvt Wilson	14
Pvt Woods	13	Pvt Ransom	22—168
Company A.			
Color Sergt Chinn	17	Pvt Morgan	9
Corp Williamson	19	Pvt Terse	18
Corp Dumphy	13	Pvt Lodigonni	17
Corp Junket	15	Pvt Allen	17
Corp Jackson	16	Pvt Brooks	12—153

After the contest for the trophy was over Privates Deitrich and Ranson shot for the Major's badge. The score was: Ranson 18, Deitrich 20. The promptness with which the scorers in the pits did their work was phenomenal. Imagine sitting on a chip of wood in a cistern half full of water, with one hand pasting up holes every time the lid drops, and with the other manipulating a 10ft. pancake turner, you can form a slight idea what these energetic soldiers had to contend with. There was not even a life preserver handy in case of accident.

LYNN, Mass., Nov. 29.—The annual prize match and practice shoot, under the auspices of the Salem Independent Rifle Association, took place at the Association Range to-day, the winners being as follows:

Prize Match.			
G A Lawrence	7 10 6 8 7 8 8 8 6 7		
	6 8 6 10 8 7 9 8 9 7		—153
W G Hussey	9 8 9 7 7 8 9 7 7 7		
	8 9 6 7 7 10 8 5 5 8		—151
W E Smith	8 6 5 5 10 5 6 10 8 6		
	9 5 5 7 6 8 6 7 8 3		4—147
D W Bruce	7 6 7 7 8 7 9 5 5 6		
	4 10 5 5 10 8 5 6 5 10		4—145
P F Packard	5 5 6 10 6 7 7 5 3 8		
	5 5 6 7 5 8 3 8 7 5		4—135

PITTSBURGH, Pa., Nov. 29.—The Allegheny Rifle Club, a new organization, numbering 20 members, held a turkey shoot at their new range back of Keating's, on the Perrysville road, to-day. They have a neat club house, new grounds, targets, etc. The prize turkey, weighing 24lbs. dressed, was won by James Carson. The lucky contestants and the number of fowls captured by them were as follows, James Carson 2, C. H. Porter 2, William Porter, J. E. Granger, C. Hodgdon, R. Pogue, E. Pogue and D. Stoner 1 each. The range was 200yds. Wednesday is the regular shooting day of the organization.

The turkey shoot of the Pittsburgh Rifle Club at Whitehall today was a great success. There were 16 contestants and only one shot was allowed in each contest, and 33 turkeys were shot for with the following result, the distance being 40 rods: J. A. Huggins 7, M. Wallace 5, James Hamilton 4, James Hixon 4, B. Huggins 4, Charles Hamilton 4, John Haffman 4, D. McGregor 2, J. O. Smith 1, Geo. Williams 1.

MARION, N. J., Nov. 29.—The Marion Rifle Club held its closing shoot of the season to-day on their range here. The attendance was good, and some excellent shooting resulted. The gold medal for the best scores at the 50) and 200yd. ranges was won by Mr. L. P. Hansen. The annual holiday shoot followed, the 200yds. range alone being used. The first event was three shots. There were seven prizes, all turkeys, ranging in weight from 18lbs. down to 10. The result was as follows: John Rebham 70, Wm. Weber 68, J. Diehl 67, A. Braun 66, J. Autenreith 66, L. P. Hansen 64, H. Hoersch 60. Three events for gold medals followed, each contestant having nine shots. The names and scores of the winners are given: H. Hoersch 199, J. Autenreith 193, J. Rebham 191.

HOBOKEN, N. J., Nov. 27.—The Our Own Rifle Club, of Newark N. J., came to Hoboken this evening and shot the first of a series of friendly matches with the strong Miller Rifle Club of this place. The Our Owns won by the following score: Our Own—Dietz 244, Freisenehner 237, Lunte 233, Bauter 237, Krauss 233, Weeks 235, Coppersmith 215, Snellen 243, Bills 231, Watts 234, total, 2,339. Millers—Miller 233, Fitzsimmons 228, Schlicht 236, Brand 239, Oberhauer 223, Wagner 237, Julson 235, Vogel 244, Meyns 237, Hofele 241, total 2,353. The match was shot on the 25-ring Zettler target, the possible being 2,500. The return match was arranged for Our Own range, 136 Springfield avenue, Newark, Wednesday evening, Dec. 5.

BOSTON, Dec. 1.—Riflemen at Walnut Hill had a tough time getting good records to-day, the wind blowing strong from 9 o'clock. The victory medal match for 1888 will close Dec. 29, and it is probable the State militia match will close at the same time. The score:

	Rest Match.										
S Wilber	9	12	9	10	10	12	11	12	12	10	–107
J R Munroe	12	12	12	10	8	12	9	8	12	12	–107
J Robinson	7	9	12	10	12	10	10	12	12	10	–104
A Ballard	10	9	12	11	11	9	10	10	11	11	–104
O T Moore	11	3	12	11	11	10	9	9	8	9	–93
A G Horne	10	12	9	11	10	11	9	10	8	9	–99
A L Stone	12	7	7	9	10	12	7	9	8	12	–91
	Victory Medal Match.										
H Cushing	8	10	10	7	10	9	5	9	7	9	–84
J A Frye	7	9	7	10	9	9	7	9	8	8	–83
A Maynard	8	9	6	9	7	10	6	10	7	7	–78
F Amos	5	6	7	10	8	9	6	6	6	7	–70
	All Comers' Match.										
C Davis	8	3	9	7	7	10	9	5	6	6	–70
E G Barker	5	7	6	J	9	7	7	6	8	8	–68
O T Moore	4	4	5	8	9	7	7	6	8	9	–67
S Ham	7	4	3	5	4	5	7	10	7	8	–60
F J Lounsbury (mil)	7	5	6	7	7	8	8	2	7	6	3—59
	Revolver Match—50yds.										
W W Bennett	9	10	9	10	9	9	10	8	10	10	–94
S A Wesson	8	8	9	10	7	9	9	8	10	10	–88
F O Martin	8	8	7	8	6	10	8	10	9	10	–84

HARTFORD, Conn., Nov. 29.—Following is the score of the Broad Brook rifle team to-day, at 200yds. off-hand on standard American target:

Capt Thos Hall	5	7	7	9	7	3	7	6	4	5—69
A Hirsch	9	7	7	4	8	10	4	7	7	7—70
H Sherman	8	9	7	4	3	10	8	7	7	5—68
S J Derby	7	6	4	8	10	5	4	8	5	5—62
Frank Strunz	8	5	2	4	3	6	6	9	6	5—54
Wm O'Brien	10	4	4	3	5	7	7	9	4	7—60
Albert Hess	10	3	8	4	4	9	3	4	5	6—56
Elwin Myers	9	2	4	3	10	9	5	4	6	3—55
L Allen	7	6	7	9	8	6	8	6	4	3—64
Wm Adams	7	4	7	5	6	6	7	3	10	6—60

NEW BEDFORD, Mass., Nov. 29.—The committee on prizes for the annual Thanksgiving shoot of the City Guards was very successful this year, and no less than 40 were offered, besides 5 for honorary members. It was a good day for shooting, with little wind and no dazzle in the air, and the leading scores made by 47 members of the company, between 8 and 2 o'clock, as follows:

Corp Baudoin	4444554544—43	Pvt Gibbs	5444444444—41
Pvt Bradley	5445545443—43	Pvt P	4445535544—41
Sergt Pope	4445454444—42	Pvt C D'O Russell	4435445443—40
Corp McKay	4545454444—42	Pvt Jennings	5433355435—40
Lieut Perry	3445444455—42		

Pvt. 38, Capt. Sanders 38, Pvt. Croacher 37, Pvt. W. K. Russell 37, Sergt. Devoll 36, Pvt. Loomis 36, Pvt. Soule 36, Lieut. Morgan 36, Pvt. Rice 36, Sergt. Swain 35, Sergt. Howland 35, Pvt. Dunham 35, Sergt. Dahill 35, Pvt. Moncrief 34, Pvt. Winter 34, Pvt. McAuliff 34, Pvt. W. S. Young 33, Pvt. Goggin 33, Pvt. Hadfield 33, Pvt. Baylor 32, Pvt. Remington 32, Pvt. Fauce 32, Pvt. Peters 31, Corp. Taper 31, Pvt. Parker 30.

Only four honorary members competed:

Charles A Gray	4444435234—37	Samuel C Hart	0003324002—14
Morgan Rotch	2444434245—33	Henry W Taylor	2000023300—7

Corp. E. E. Baudoin will hold the company medal the coming year. Private Joseph L. Gibbs surrenders it to him. The Dunham medal for third-class marksmen is transferred from Private David L. Parker to Private Hadfield.

TAUNTON, Mass., Nov. 29.—The Thanksgiving shoot of Company F, G. A. King, captain, resulted as follows at 200yds.:

Second Class Marksmen.

Sergt Geo E Davis	3544454—29	Pvt Wm H Parker	3333440—17
Corp J E Tyndall	4233454—25	Pvt Thos J Alger	0450332—14
Capt G A King	3442253—23		

Third Class Marksmen.

Pvt Frank C Lincoln	3443344—25	Sergt W M Thayer	0243443—20
Pvt Geo F Morse	2443322—21	Lieut E W Lincoln	3033033—15

Unqualified Marksmen.

Pvt Chas E Eddy	4344344—26	Pvt George Freen	3333443—23
Pvt Maurice Tracey	3244443—24		

T. S. Sheilds 23, W. E. Doane 22, F. C. Howard 22, B. E. Dary 17, Corp. F. P. Wilcox 15, G. W. Elliott 15, E. J. Lee 12, W. E. Story 10. The prizes were given by the company, not by tradesmen as has been done several times before.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Nov. 31.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Last Wednesday's shoot of the St. Louis Pistol Club was the last of its six tournaments. It was the first time the club had held and used the standard American target, which has proven perfectly satisfactory to the club members. At first the target was not much liked, because the counts were altogether different from the one the members had been accustomed to, and the distance was increased from 12yds. to 20yds. The increased distance made the holding more difficult; consequently the shots were not placed as close to the center as when they were using the old target. Toward the latter part of the shoot this trouble began to disappear. The targets made prove this beyond a doubt. Another shoot at the paper target will certainly show a marked improvement in the scores. Mr. G. W. Alexander made the top score at the last shoot, and he will retain possession of the medal until next Wednesday night, when it will be turned over by him to Mr. E. C. Mohrstadt, as the final winner, by virtue of his having the highest general average for the whole shoot. He has shot eleven times in as many weeks, and his average is 814_{11}. F. A. Fodde comes next, having contested in every shoot of the tournament, and finished with an average of 80^{8}_{13}. Then following closely upon Fodde is W. Bauer, whose average is 80^{4}_{12}. The following are the scores made at the last shoot at a standard American target, distance 20yds.:

G W Alexander	10	9	8	10	6	10	8	8	7	9—85
F A Fodde	7	7	9	7	10	9	10	9	9	9—83
S V D Perret	9	8	6	10	8	6	6	7	10	8—80
W Bauer	8	8	7	7	9	7	10	9	7	7—79
A E Bengel	10	9	7	8	8	5	7	9	8	5—76
M C Billmeyer	8	8	8	10	6	4	5	10	8	8—75
H Griessdieck	6	10	6	6	5	5	8	9	10	10—75
W J Lard	6	8	5	7	10	8	7	7	9	8—75
W H Hettel	7	7	8	7	8	7	8	7	7	9—74
L H Race	8	10	6	7	8	5	6	6	5	6—70
O Neuhaus	6	7	8	8	6	10	7	5	6	6—69
W C Mackwitz	5	5	7	7	6	6	7	7	6	8—64
M Summerfield	0	6	4	5	7	6	7	7	10	7—59

Another shoot will be inaugurated at the same distance and same target shortly, but it is proposed to make it a handicap for various prizes and a medal for the high man on the straight general average. With a handicap such prizes may be looked for as was proven by the two which the club held just previous to the last shoot. The men who were compelled to shoot from the scratch never were in sight for any of the prizes, except in the first handicap shoot, when there were prizes enough for every member who had established an average by reason of having shot the requisite number of times to comply with the conditions of the contest. In all the club's tournaments there is always a proviso that a member must contest in a certain number of shoots before he can claim an average.—UNSER FRITZ.

CREEDMOOR, Nov. 29.—The annual Thanksgiving shooting match of the Second Gatling Battery, N. G. S. N. Y., was as usual a success. The first match, at distances of 200 and 300yds. with Remington carbine, Driver G. R. Kelly made a high score, scoring 46 points out of a possible 70. C. E. Morse was second, with 44 points, and J. M. Goodsell third, with 42 points to his credit. The champion match was for a medal valued at $800, to be won yearly at distances of 100, 200 and 300yds., was also won by Kelly, who made 59 points. W. B. Love was second, with 54 points, and S. D. Coborn third, also with 54. Kelly will have to furnish a bond of $100 for the safety of the medal. In the honorary members' match ex-Captain A. H. Baker was first, with 29 points out of a possible 35, at a distance of 200yds., and C. J. Doran second, with 25 points. E. C. Webb won first prize in the revolver match at 30yds. distance, scoring 30 points out of a possible 60. S. D. Coborn was second, with 24, and H. J. Jordan third. H. B. Sherwood won the leather medal, it being his misfortune to make the lowest score. Twenty-two members of Company D, 14th Regiment, of Brooklyn, also shot for prizes. Dinner was served at the Creedmoor Hotel by Captain A. D. Limberger. The Overton Medal, presented to the Fourteenth by Colonel Overton to be shot for yearly until won three times by a member, was won by A. L. Klein. Other prizes consisting of silverware were won by Sergeant Tugman, Corporal Lennon, Captain Nutt, Captain A. D. Limberger and Lieutenant Castell. Seventeen prizes were awarded.

CONLIN'S GALLERY, New York.—An elegant gold medal will be awarded to the shooter making the highest aggregate of three scores on the expert shot target, off-hand, with rifle, at the French range, commencing Dec. 6 and ending Dec. 31, 1888.—J. S. CONLIN.

BALTIMORE, Nov. 29.—Company F, Fifth Maryland Reg'ment Capt. J. Frank Supplee commanding, spent a pleasant time at the Relay in target shooting. The range was 100yds., highest possible score 25. Two prizes were contended for, a gold and silver medal, Private G. W. Byrd and private W. Kemp West each made 21 points, and in shooting off the tie Mr. Byrd won the first prize, Mr. West receiving the second. The men showed a marked improvement in marksmanship over last year, the average score being over 18 points. Seven members of Company B, under command of Lieut. H. T. Daily accompanied Company F, and indulged in the shooting. The highest score of the day, 23 points, was made by private Rawlings, of this company. The following are the scores made by members of Company F; Capt. Supplee 19, Sergt. O'Connor 5, Sergt. Coulyn 10, Sergt. Turner 13, Sergt. Guard 14, Sergt. Hynds 9, Corp. Criswell 19, Corp. Adams 20, Corp. Norfleet 20, private Benford 19, private Burnett 8, private Byrd 21, private Burroughs 13, private Chamberlaine 19, private Clark 16, private Gehrman 15, private Glocker 14, private Hause 18, private Putsche 3, private Putts 16, private Price 10, private Welb 16, private West 21, private Steinbach 11, private Haines 18. The records made by the men in Company B, were: Lieut. Daly 11, Sergt. Chenoweth 17, Corp. Thomas 19, Corporal Luke 21, Captain Foster 20, private Rawlings 23, Fales 15, Mitchell 6. A team match between members of the two companies was shot, and Company B won by a score of 95 to 92.

NEWARK, N. J.—Bernard Walther, of the Zettler Rifle Club of New York, and Chas. E. Gentsch, of the Newark Shooting Society, are matched to shoot 100 shots on the standard American target at 200yds., on Thursday, Dec. 6. The match will take place at the Newark Shooting Park, and will begin at 1 o'clock P. M. The loser will pay for a supper for the party. Sergt. T. J. Dolan, the crack all-around marksman of the Twelfth Regiment of New York, will challenge the winner of the 100 shot match, the contest to take place at the same place on the succeeding Thursday.

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

NEW YORK SUBURBAN.

THE Suburban Association opened their grounds on Thursday last for another tournament, which, while it did not succeed in drawing a large number of shooters, still resulted in a good time for those who deserted the family turkey and mince pie, or waited to partake of them on their return. The latter was rendered unnecessary, however, as the association restaurateur did his handsomest to provide as good a Thanksgiving dinner as any one could wish, and this a few of the contestants were able to partake of at no cost to themselves, by reason of their skill in the dinner match. This and the walking match were the events of the day and were the cause of considerable good-natured banter. Below are the scores:

Event No. 1 at 10 singles, $1 entrance, three moneys:

Hobart	1100110111— 7	Douglas	1111110110—8
Brientnall	1111111111—10	E H Luhnsen	1111100100—6
McCrary	1011010000— 4	Clark	1011101000—5
Shoen	0000100100— 2	Richards	1011011111—8
Beam	0110111111— 8		

First money, $4.50, won by Brientnall with straight score. Ties on 8 div., second, $2.70; third, $1.80, won by Hobart.

Event No. 2, 15 singles, $1 entrance, three moneys:

Frientnall	101111111011110—12	Shotmeyer	111011111111101—13
Hobart	111111111111011—14	Richards	111110311110001—10
Beam	110100100111101 9		

Hobart won first, $2.50; Shotmeyer second, $1.50 and Brientnall third, $1.

Event No. 3, at 10 single and 5 pairs; team match for the dinners not to exceed 75 cents each; no entrance fee; teams of 8 men: each man paying for the birds he uses:

Capt Richards	1001110100	00 00 10 10 10— 8
Brientnall	1011110100	10 11 11 10 10—13
Hobart	1111011111	00 10 01 11 11—15
Ellis	1111111011	11 10 00 11 00—14
Morton	1001010001	01 10 11 01 00— 9
Shotmeyer	1111110111	10 10 11 11 11—17
Borland	0000010011	00 00 00 00 00— 3
Collins	1011110101	11 11 10 01 11—15—94
Capt Schmitt	1010111111	10 01 10 10 11—14
Beam	1111011011	10 00 10 10 11—13
Seehusen	0111111010	00 11 00 00 10—10
Shoeff	0100110110	10 11 00 10 11—11
Melchor	0000110011	00 10 10 11 00— 8
Dr Gill	0010011011	00 01 10 00 01— 8
Purinton	1010111001	10 01 00 11 11—12
E D Miller	1110111111	11 01 11 11 10—17—93

This match was very exciting as it neared completion, and Capt. Richards's team won by the narrow margin of one bird. Mine host Bowers had provided such a bountiful Thanksgiving spread that even the losers found some satisfaction in its demolition.

Event No. 4, at 9 single rises, open to all, use of both barrels, traps to be screened, 3 traps and at different angles unknown to the shooter. The shooter to turn the indicator and shoot at 3 targets before leaving the score, entrance $1, 3 moneys:

E D Miller	011111111—8	Hughes	101111001—6
Brientnall	111111111—9	Hobart	110111111—8
Apgar	111111110—8	Schmitt	001100000—2
Beam	111111010—7	Purinton	111111111—9
Collins	010111010—5	Shortmeyer	010111101—6

Ties on 9 divided $5; ties on 8 divided $3.30; Beam won third, $2.20.

Event No. 5, at 10 single rises, $1 entrance, 3 moneys:

Miller	1111111111—10	Hobart	1111111111—10
Brientnall	1111111111—10	Schmitt	1010110110— 6
Elliott	1011010111— 7	McQuillan	1000001001— 3
Shortmeyer	1101111111— 9	Purinton	1101110010— 6
Collins	1111001111— 8	Hughes	1000111010— 5

Ties on 10 divided $5.49; Ties on 9 divided 3.30; Collins won third, $2.20.

Event No. 6, Walking Match Sweepstakes, open to all, at 6 single rises; each shooter to march alone from end to end and back, along the line of six traps, turning and firing at the targets as they may be sprung from any trap as he passes along; the gun to be carried upon the shoulder, the muzzle well elevated. The reference shall call pull, when one of the three traps nearest the shooter shall be immediately sprung; both barrels allowed; 50 cents entrance, four moneys:

Miller	000111—3	Hepner	000000—0
Ellis	101011—4	Wellis	001210—3
Richards	011021—4	Collins	121112—6
Morton	101000—2	Purinton	210021—4
McMartin	110001—3	Hobart	022010—3
McQuillan	101011—4	Elliott	000000—0
Nixon	100200—1	Shortmeyer	011111—5
Seehusen	012021—4	Schmitt	200301—3
Clark	201100—3	Apgar	011111—5

Collins killed straight and won $3.60. Shortmeyer and Apgar divided second, $2.70. Ties on 4 shot off, miss and out, and Richards won third, $1.80. Ties on three shot off and fourth won by Hobart, 90c. This style of shooting seemed to bother the contestants, the best of them seeming to be troubled by the element of uncertainty in the birds' flight. The frequent misses by the best shots caused much amusement. Matches of this kind will undoubtedly find a place in future programmes.

Extra sweep No. 1, at 10 single rises; 50 cents entrance, three moneys:

Brientnall	1111010111— 8	Beam	1101110110— 7
Hobart	1111111111—10	Douglass	1010110100— 5
Richard	0101001101— 5	Shortmeyer	1110101101— 7
Clark	1000101111— 6		

Hobart won first, $1.66; Brientnall second $1; and ties on 7 divided 66 cents.

Extra sweep No. 2, at 10 single rises; 50 cents entrance, three moneys:

Brientnall	1111111101— 9	Douglass	1000010011— 4
Hobart	1110111110— 8	Schmitt	0110001001— 4
Beam	1011111111— 9	Richard	0111111111— 9
Shortmeyer	1111111111—10	Seehusen	1001101011— 6

Ties on 9 divided $3.80; Hobart with 8 won 1.14, and Seehusen won third, 95 cents.

Extra sweep No. 3, at 10 single rises, $1 entrance, four moneys:

Miller	1111111111—10	Elliott	0100000001— 2
Hobert	0111111111— 9	McMosler	1110101100— 6
Brientnall	1011111110— 8	Hodgkins	0100001w.
Collins	0111111111— 9	Shortmeyer	1111111110— 9
Purinton	1110111001— 7	Apgar	1111101111— 9
Ellis	0101011011— 7	Beam	1010011111— 7
Hepner	0000000000— 0	Hughes	1100100000— 3
Clare	1010000000— 2	Penny	0000010000—99
Nixon	0111010004	Richards	1011011006—5

Miller, with the only straight score, won first, $6.84; ties on 9 div., $5.12; third won by Brientnall, $3.42; fourth money, $1.70, div. by the ties on 7.

Extra sweep No. 4, at 9 single rises, $1 entrance, three moneys:

Hobart	111111011—8	Schmitt	011100111—6
Miller	111001111—7	Ellis	110010101—5
Shortmeyer	111101111—8	Purinton	110110111—7
McQuillan	011100110—5	Willis	000111010—5
Apgar	011111110—7	Collins	110111110—7

Ties on 8 div. $4.75; ties on 7 shot off and $2.85 div. by Apgar and Purinton, third money, $1.90, won by Schmitt.

Extra sweep No. 4, at 10 single rises, $1 entrance, three moneys:

Miller	1111111011—9	Apgar	1111111010—8
Hobart	1111110101—8	Schmitt	0100011111—8
Ellis	1110000011—5	Shortmeyer	1110001111—7
Purinton	0100100011—4	McQuillan	1101101010—6
Collins	1111111111—8		

Miller won first, $4.27; ties on 8 div. $2.53; and Shortmeyer won third, $1.71.

N. J. A. C. GUN CLUB.—The New Jersey Athletic Club is to day one of the strongest athletic clubs outside of New York City In point of strength it numbers over 500 members, while in men skilled in athletics in all its branches, the club can proudly point to the names enrolled upon its books and show the world individuals and teams—from their champion (of all amateurs) base-ball team down to their lacrosse team; and from individual cyclers to runners, jumpers and rowers, that have and will continue to bid defiance to the world. Now, recently, the advisibility of inaugurating the pastime of shooting from the trap as a branch of the club's sport was broached, and the following committee was duly appointed with full power: Messrs. T. J. Parker, A. C. Wilmerding and E. E. Bigoney. Upon receipt of its appointment the committee went immediately to work, and as a result several matches have been shot, and an interest exhibited by members in this new branch of the club's sport far in excess of the committees' expectations. On Christmas Day a series of shoots will be held, when a team of five will be selected to be known as the N. J. A. C. Gun Club team, to do battle with any worthy foe representing any organized gun club who will meet them. Communications bearing on this subject may be addressed to any of the committee at Bergen Point. The New Jersey boys are still young at it, and mayhap their scores will not bear too close a scruting, but they hope to "get there" by and by. Inanimate targets are the only things used by them. Following are the scores for the champion medal; 20 bluerocks; 3 screened traps; 16yds. rise; 1 barrel; 5 matches. First prize, a handsome gold medal; second, a silver match safe:

First match: R. Sunderman 17, C. Kissam 9, Robert Paret 13, B. Kissam 10, G. S. Virden 10, S. L. Davis 10, H. Meigs 9, E. Bailey 4, Jno. Paret 4, W. Voorhees 5, W. Paret 8, E. L. Vredenburgh 14, R. Waterbury 13, A. C. Wilmerding 12. First won by R. Sunderman, second won by E. L. Vredenburgh.

Second match: R. Sunderman 14, G. S. Virden 17, S. L. Davis 10, E. L. Vredenburgh 14, B. Kissam 7, H. Cook 10, E. Bailey 6, H. Meigs 6, A. C. Wilmerding 16, R. Paret 16. First won by G. S. Virden, A. C. Wilmerding and Robt. Paret tie for second, shoot off won by Wilmerding.

Third match: C. Davis 11, E. Bigerson 10, H. Meigs 7, E. O. Schuyler 6, G. S. Virden 11, R. Paret 9, W. Voorhees 13, L. Davis 11, A. C. Wilmerding 12, E. L. Vredenburgh 11, R. Sunderman 16, B. Kissam 13, H. Cook 10. First won by R. Sunderman, second place won on shoot off by Voorhees.

Fourth match: B. Kissam 15, R. Sunderman 11, E. L. Vredenburgh 9, A. C. Wilmerding 13, L. Davis 7, W. Voorhees 12, Robt. Paret 13, G. S. Virden 13, H. Cook 12. First won by Kissam, Paret won on shoot off for second place.

Fifth match: E. L. Vredenburgh 12, H. Cook 11, W. Voorhees 14, B. Kissam 14, A. C. Wilmerding 9, R. Sunderman 15, G. S. Virden 16, R. Paret 5, T. J. Parker 4. First won by G. S. Virden, second by R. Sunderman.

Final shoot-off for first place, miss and out:

R Sunderman	1010—2	G S Virden	.1011—3

Second place:

E L Vredenburgh	11111111— 8	R Paret	.10
A C Wilmerding	.11111111110—10	R Sunderman	.1111111111—11
W Voorhees	.11110		

Virden wins the medal, Sunderman the silver match safe.

BLAUVELTVILLE, N. Y., Nov. 30.—The regular holiday matches of the Spring Hill Gun were shot on Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 29, and resulted as per the inclosed scores. The attendance was fair, but the members' shooting was not quite up to the standard, which was caused by the weather, the day being very dark and gloomy. Match at 10 bluerocks, National Gun Association rules, C. M. Hathaway and C. A. Kittle 20 yds., others 18yds., club medals:

Dr C C Allen	0101111011—7	James Bogart	0310011011—5
V J Rusch	0100001010—3	T S Hammond	0111111111—9
A D Kittle	0111101100—6	C A Kittle	0000110110—4
C J Bogart	0101110000—4	L F La Roche	0100010101—4
C M Hathaway	0101011111 –7		

Shoot off for second, Allen 4, Hathaway 3. First, T. S. Hammond, gold medal; second, Dr. C. C. Allen, silver medal.

Match at 3 doubles bluerocks, 15yds. rise, sweepstakes:

Dr C C Allen	10 11 11—5	James Bogart	10 01 00—3
V J Rusch	01 01 00—2	T S Hammond	10 10 01 00—2
A D Kittle	01 11 00—3	C A Kittle	11 11 11—6
C J Bogart	11 00 00—2	L F La Roche	10 00 10—2
C M Hathaway	11 01 11—5		

Ties divided.

Match at 7 balls, straightaway, 18yds. rise, sweepstakes:

Dr C C Allen	1001111—5	James Bogart	1011000—3
V J Rusch	0001110—3	A A Lux	0010000—1
A D Kittle	1001000—2	T S Hammond	0101110—4
C J Bogart	1111001—5	C A Kittle	0111010—4
C M Hathaway	1100110—4	L F La Roche	1110111—6

Ties for second at 3: Allen 2, Bogart 4. For third at 3: Hathaway 2, Hammond 3, Kittle 1.

Match at bluerocks, miss and out, 18yds. rise, sweepstakes: Dr. Allen 4, A. D. Kittle 0, C. J. Bogart 2, C. M. Hathaway 1, James Bogart 1, T. S. Hammond 2, C. A. Kittle 0, L. F. La Roche 2. Shoot off for second, miss and out: Bogart 0, Hammond 101, Roche 100. Third div.

Match at 5 bluerocks, from 5 traps, 18yds. rise, sweepstakes:

Dr. Allen	10110—3	James Bogart	10100—2
A D Kittle	00100—2	T S Hammond	00011—2
C G Bogart	00110—2	C A Kittle	10011—3
C M Hathaway	11011—4		

Ties for second at 3: Allen 2, Kittle 2, and Allen 3, Kittle 2. For third at 3: Kittle 3, Hammond 3, J. Bogart 2, C. J. Bogart 2. Second tie at 3: Kittle 3, Hammond 2.

CARTERET GUN CLUB, Nov. 29.—Several sweepstake pigeon-shooting matches were contested this afternoon on the grounds of the Carteret Gun Club at Bergen Point. A fine lot of fast-flying bluerocks were sprung for the marksmen. The wind was light, and few birds were carried beyond the boundary lines. The setter Phil and Pointer Del retrieved the dead birds. The conditions and results of the events were as follows: 10 birds each, 30yds. rise, 50yds. boundary, $10 a side. Mr. Gladbrook killed 10 and missed none, and Mr. Dolen did the same. In shooting off the tie Mr. Dolen won. He killed 4 out of 5, to 3 out of 5 killed by Mr. Gladbrook. Five birds each, 30yds, rise, 50yds. boundary, $25 a side. Mr. Dolen killed 4 and Mr. Gladbrook 5. Five birds each, 30yds. rise, 50yds. boundary, $25 entrance fee. Each of the four contestants, Mr. Gladbrook, Mr. Fulton, Mr. Dolen and Mr. Kent, killed 5. The tie was shot off, and Mr. Gladbrook won by again killing 5 straight. His competitors each killed 4 out of 5. Twenty-five birds each, handicap rise, 50yds. boundary, $50 a side. Mr. Gilchrist killed 21 and Mr. Gladbrook 23. Twenty-five birds each, handicap rise, 50yds. boundary, $25 a side. Mr. Gladbrook killed 22 and Mr. Gilchrist 21.

MONTREAL, Nov. 27.—The Dominion Gun Club team were to-night entertained to a game supper by the genial vice-president of the club. After discussing the good things that were set before them, Dr. Barnes rose, and in a few well chosen words, presented on behalf of the winning team to their captain, C. H. Wallace, the handsome silver cup won on May 24 at the Ottawa tournament, presented by the mayor and aldermen of that city. In replying the captain referred to the success of this the youngest club in the city, and thanked in glowing terms the team for their unexpected presentation. In conclusion Mr. Wallace intimated his intention of donating a silver cup for club competition at an early date, and that he intended it should be a handicap match, the handicaps being so arranged that the new shots will be placed on an equal footing with their more experienced confreres. After a very pleasant evening had been spent the party broke up.

BOSTON, Nov. 28.—The usual number of shotgun enthusiasts reported for duty at Walnut Hill to-day and found the weather conditions all that could be desired. The event of the meeting was the 13th competition in the gold coin match, in which the score ran fairly high. The summary follows:

Gold Coin Match, 10 clays and 10 standards:

	Clays.	Standards.
Knowles	1111101111—9	1111111111—10—19
Snow	1111011111—9	1110111011— 8—17
Stanton	1101111111—9	0110110111— 7—16
Perham	1111011111—9	0111110011— 7—16
Chase	1011111101—7	1101101111— 8—15
Crown	1011011001—7	1111011011— 8—15
Choate	0111101101—7	0010111111— 7—14
Swift	0111111111—9	0010111100— 5—14
Archibald	1011100111—7	1100111001— 7—14
Nichols	1010111111—8	1101101001— 6—14
Nelson	1111001100—6	0001011010— 4—10
Burt	0000000100—1	0001011111— 6— 7

First, 6 Keystones—Choate 6. Second, 5 clays—Nichols 5. Third, 6 standards—Swift 6. Fourth, 5 clays—Crown and Swift 5. Fifth, 5 clays—Perham and Stanton 5. Sixth, 6 Macombers—Perham 6. Seventh, 6 standards—Chase and Knowles 6. Eighth, 5 clays—Chase, Choate and Swift 5. Ninth, 6 standards—Perham, Stanton and Archibald 6. Tenth, 5 clays—Choate and Snow 5. Eleventh, 10 clays—Knowles, Perham, Stanton and Swift 9. Twelfth, 10 standards—Knowles 10. Thirteenth, 5 pair clays—Choate 6. Fourteenth, 3 pairs Keystone targets—Perham 5. Fifteenth, 5 clays—Crown and Perham 5. Sixteenth, 6 standards—Archibald, Curtis and Knowles 5. Seventeenth, 6 standards—Knowles, Snow and Swift 5. Eighteenth, 6 clays—Snow 6. Nineteenth, 6 clays—Archibald, Crown, Perham and Swift 5. Twentieth, 6 standards—Crown 6. Twenty-first, miss and out—Knowles and Stanton.

The next shotgun competition at Walnut Hill will be held on Wednesday, Dec. 12, when, in addition to the gold coin match and minor events, will be contested the seventh competition for the Climax diamond badge.

MONTREAL, Nov. 24.—Though a little cold the weather was beautiful for any outdoor sport, but just now sport is at a standstill here. The principal event on the cards was the second open competition for the Greener gun shoot, which brought out most of the crack shots. The competition, however, was again won by C. Aubin with a score of 16 out of a possible 20, which made a tie with Mr. Cameron, who was beaten handily in the shoot-off. On the whole the shooting was fairly good, but certainly not up to the average of other open shoots held here of late. The following were the totals of the scores made by the competitors; 20 Peoria blackbirds from 5 traps, 18yds. rise, National rules:

B Fox	11000110010010011100— 9
W Ferguson	11101001110001101111—13
N Parker	11100100011101010111—12
R James	01110011100111110010—13
C Aubin	11111110010111111101—16
E C Alberts	11110100000010101100— 9
W Lumsden	11111001111111101101—16
J Paton	10001001000000011011— 6
J Jones	00011101000011111101—11
M Brault	00011110100111111101—13

Ties: W. Ferguson 2, C. Aubin 4, W. Lumsden 0, M. Brault 3. C. Aubin first, Brault second. Parker and James tied for third place. Winner of first match, C. Aubin; winner of second match, C. Aubin. Referee, Mr. R. Lucas, Lachine Gun Club. Scorer, Mr. Oliver.

In the sweep which followed some good shooting was done, James getting a straight string of 12, closely followed by Jones, with 11. These scores include the ties. Lumsden, Jones and James tieing for first place with 5 straight, and on the shoot-off James was bound to get first and did, Ferguson and Parker taking respectively second and third places. A sweep of 5 birds was shot, resulting as follows:

Parisian	11101—4	Williams	11101—4
Taylor	10110—3	Aubin	00111—3
Parker	10110—3	Lumsden	11111—5
Redmond	01011—3	Jones	11111—5
Albert	11100—3	James	11111—5
Ferguson	11011—4	Norman	01110—2
Alexander	01000—1	Cameron, No 2	10001—2

The club gun is to be competed for on Saturday, Dec. 1. Messrs. Mack and Lockhart have each won it once, but the handicapping has been well done and it is any one's gun yet. The schedule for the open gun for the month of December is as follows, Dec. 8 and 22, and for the club guns, Dec. 1, 15 and 29. None of these matches are subject to postponement on account of weather, but will be shot rain, snow or shine, at 2 P. M. on the scheduled dates.

TORONTO, Nov. 24.—At McDowall & Co.'s shooting grounds this afternoon a series of sweepstakes were shot at Peoria blackbirds. The shooting was not up to the average on account of the strong wind which prevailed, as the scores will show. The following are the scores. First sweep, 10 birds:

T Wooten	1110101010—6	D Clarke	1010000100—4
M Bestey	1000110101—5	J Tracey	0000110101—4
E Ramsay	1001010001—4		

Second sweep, 5 birds:

Ellis	11111—5	Tracey	01101—3
Wooten	11011—4	Clarke	10011—3
Bestey	01101—3	Patterson	10001—2

Third sweep, 5 birds:

Harrison	10110—3	Clarke	10010—2
McDowall	01011—3	Holder	00001—1
Tracey	00101—2		

The members of the Owl Gun Club also held a handicap shoot at sparrows, each member shooting at 12 birds, which resulted as follows:

W McDowal (18yds.)	7	T Chambers (16)	4
J Townson (21)	7	J R Humphreys (21)	4
R McKay, Jr (18)	6	F Peterson (18)	2
H Elliott (24)	6	C Harrison (18)	2
H Clay (18)	6		

Ties shot off at 6 birds: W. McDowall 4, J. Townson 3, R. McKay, Jr., 4, A. Elliott 1.

GUELPH, Ontario, Nov. 29.—The annual pigeon match between sportsmen of the City and County came off this afternoon at Sleeman's brewery, 10 men a side, 10 birds each. The day was not very good for the purpose and a shower of snow interfered considerably, so that the scores were not up to the mark. The City won by 5 birds, but the County men console themselves by the fact that this is only the second match they have lost with the town in twenty years. It was for a supper. The captains were George Sleeman for the County and Mr. W. D. Shattuck for the City. The scores are as follows:

City.		County.	
W D Shattuck	1101011011—7	L Sleeman	0101111011—7
J Brown	1001111101—7	E Thompson	0001111010—5
E O'Connor	0111111001—7	L Singular	0111110111—8
J Smith	0001101010—4	G Atkinson	0000001111—4
Tim Halliday	0110110111—7	B Brown	1101101111—8
H L Walker	0001000110—3	G Thompson	0110110000—4
M Green	1111111010—8	C Blyth	1011010010—6
J Johnston	1111111110—9	J Duffield	1110100010—4
J Hogan	0000110011—4	A Irwin	1001111100—6
H Richardson	1010000010—2—60	W Lingwood	0010011000—3—55

AUBURN, N. Y., Nov. 24.—Onondaga's sportsmen won the match at 25 birds, 18yds. rise, 3 traps, 12-gauge guns allowed the handicap, on the grounds of the Auburn Gun Club this afternoon. The score was 198 to 187. The visitors were dined at Stokes and supped at the Avery, returning to Syracuse on the 7:17 train. The Auburn gunners attribute their defeat to the absence of two of their regular team. The score follows:

Auburn.	
Tuttle	0101011111111111010111111—21
Howland	1111111111111111111111111—25
Stewart	1111101110111111111111111—23
Wheaton	0110101101111110101000110—15
Brigden	1110111011111111111111111—22
Farree	1101110011011010110110001—18
Kerr	0100101011111111011111100—18
Sanderson	0060101011010101010111100—11
Carr	1011010011110111111111111—20
F Steele	1101110300101011100110101—14—187
Onondagas.	
McMurchy	1111111111011111010110111—22
Spangler	0110110111111111111111111—22
Mosher	1111101101101011111101110—19
W Steele	0111101111111111110110111—21
E Hudson, Jr	1011010111111111111011001—19
Strange	0011001111011230111111111—20
Le Fever	0101101101111100011111111—18
E Hudson	1110110111111111111110111—22
Luther	1111111111011111111111101—23
Blakely	0101010100001011011011100—12—198

McMurchy and Mosher of the Onondagas took advantage of the handicap for 12-gauge guns, shooting at 16yds.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., Nov. 29.—On the high bluff just back of Oakland the Squirrel Hill Gun Club to-day held its Thanksgiving tournament. A better location for trap shooting could not be found in the vicinity of the two cities. The hill is, in fact, a promontory that occupies the space between the junction of two runs. The little club house occupies one side of the hill and faces to the south. Just in front of it were the traps. The shooting commenced at 11 o'clock. The light was good and the contestants shot briskly and with hearty good will. A number of the friends of the club were present, but not in such numbers as to unpleasantly crowd the place. The bluerock matches were sharply contested, but the real fun of the day was the live bird shoot. 400 English sparrows had been provided for the sport. The birds did not trap well. Cigar boxes were utilized for traps, and for the most part the sparrows were brought down before they were twenty feet away. The bird that as soon as released made a dart for liberty usually succeeded in getting there, and, dipping and diving, disappeared over the brow of the bluff. The birds were for the most part too tame for lively sport. They would usually when released hop about for a moment before they took wing and were brought down before they were high enough to put into effect their dipping mode of flight. The matches were all sweepstakes.

Another who was present commences on the shoot and birds, saying: "The day was not favorable by any means for live-bird shooting, the light being very poor and the birds good hard flyers. The men using hard choked trap guns suffered in these matches, but in spite of the bad light and other drawbacks, the scores were quite creditable, for the birds—English sparrows—are a new target to Pittsburghers. The opening shoot at them has already made them quite a favorite."

In the opening match at 9 bluerocks, $2 entrance, there were 12 entries. McCrickart and Davidson broke 8 birds each and divided first money; Snyder and Givens broke 7 each and divided second money, and Clark won third with 6 birds.

The second match was at 6 bluerocks, entrance $1.50, 12 entries. Snyder, McCrickart and Penn divided first money, each breaking 6 birds; Davidson, McKnight, Givens and Reagan tied for second with 5 birds, Davidson winning the shoot off; Clark took third money, breaking 4 birds.

The third contest was at 12 bluerocks, $2.50 entrance, 10 entries. Corry captured first money with a clean sweep of 12; Snyder and Davidson divided second money, each breaking 11 birds; Clark tied with Givens on 9 for third, but beat him in the shoot off.

In the fourth match, at 6 bluerocks, $1.50 entrance, there were 12 entries. Snyder and Corry divided first money, each breaking 6 straight; McKnight, Givens and Penn divided second money with 5 each; McCrickart took third with 4.

The first sparrow shoot was at 10 birds and there were 17 entries. The score was as follows:

McKnight	1101110110—7	Richardson	0000011010—3
Snyder	1110010000—4	Turner	1011111100—7
McCrickart	0101010101—5	Singer	1010011010—5
Given	0100011100—4	Kennedy	0101101101—6
Martin	1000001010—3	Hill	0000000101—2
Penn	1111011110—8	Krueger	1110000001—4
Davidson	0000101001—3	S Shaner	1100110000—4
Clark	0111001011—6	Reagan	1011101111—8
Schmertz	1000000001—2		

Penn beat Reagan in the shoot-off for first money, Turner won second, Clark third, and McCrickart fourth, after shooting off their ties.

The second sparrow match was at 10 birds, and there were 15 entries. The score was:

McKnight	1001110010—5	Hanna	0000000w. —0
Snyder	0000101w. —2	Krueger	0111101110—7
McCrickart	0001010001—3	Richardson	0000101010—3
Givens	1011001011—6	Turner	1101001000—4
Penn	0100111000—4	Hill	1000001w. —4
Davidson	0111010w. —4	Singer	0001101w. —3
Reagan	1010000001—3	S Shaner	0100011w. —2
Caughey	0100000011—3		

Krueger won first money, Givens second, Penn and Turner divided third, and Reagan took fourth. Capt. Elmer Shaner, of the Herron Hill Gun Club, was referee in the first, and Capt. McKnight, of the Squirrel Hill Club, in the second sparrow shoot. The rise was 18yds. for 10-gauge and 16yds. for 12-gauge guns.

WALNUT HILL, Nov. 28.—Owing to the fact that to-morrow will be Thanksgiving Day, when shoots will be held by nearly all neighboring clubs, hardly the usual number of shotgun enthusiasts reported for duty at the range to-day. Those who could afford to give two days for recreation, and did come, were amply compensated, as the day has been extremely fine, and one greatly to be enjoyed by all lovers of outdoor sports. The principal event of the meeting was the thirteenth competition in the Gold Coin match, in which the scores were fairly good. The summary follows: Gold Coin match, 10 clay pigeons from 5 traps, and 10 Standard targets from 3 traps:

	Clays.	Standards.
Knowles	1111101111—9	1111111111—10—19
Snow	1111011111—9	1111011011— 8—17
Stanton	1101111111—9	0110110111— 7—16
Perham	1111011111—9	0111110011— 7—16
Chase	1001111101—7	1101101111— 8—15
Crown	1011011101—7	1111011011— 8—15
Choate	0111101101—7	0101111111— 7—14
Swift	0111111111—9	0010111100— 5—14
Archibald	1011100111—7	1100111001— 7—14
Nichols	1010111111—8	1101101001— 6—14
Nelson	1111001100—6	0001011010— 4—10
Burt	0000000100—1	0001011111— 6— 7

The next shotgun competition at Walnut Hill will be held on Wednesday, Dec. 12, when in addition to the gold coin match and minor events, will be contested the seventh competition for the Climax diamond badge.

BANDLE AND HEIKES.—Dayton, O., Nov. 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The 100 live-bird match, Hurlingham rules, except as to weight and gauge of guns, between Al Bandle and Rolla O. Heikes for a purse of $500 and divided gate was shot here yesterday and finished this morning in the presence of an audience of 2,500. Weather was raw and cloudy, and betting was decidedly in favor of Heikes and that the winner would not kill over 90 birds. Geo. Wells, of Covington, Ky., was referee and your correspondent was score keeper.

Bandle	1111111111101111101111—18 1111111111111011011—18 1111110101111111111—18 1110101111111111111—19 1111111111011111101—18—91

Bandle's greatest run was 24, and his chief trouble was with right outgoing birds, though he also lost in blue tailers. Whetstone saved two wounded birds by good retrieving.

Heikes	1111111111111111111—20 1111111111111111111—20 0101011111111111111—18 0101101111100111111—15 1110111010101101110—14—87

Heikes's 40 straight kills at the start gave promise of a champion score, but for some unaccountable reason he let down after his 60th bird and did not recover during the match. He failed most on incoming birds, though his 65d, 66th, 72d and 73d were blues and browns, straightaways.

Sweepstakes at 5 live birds each; $3 entrance:

Bandle	10111—4	Ackerman	01111—4
Heikes	11111—5	Pratchett	11111—5
Cole	11100—3	Rike	00111—3
Murphy	11101—4	Webb	11110—4
Cain	01111—4		

All moneys div.

5 live birds each; $2 entrance:

Bandle	11111—5	Spring	11101—4
Webb	11111—5	Ackerman	11011—4
Heikes	11111—5	Murphy	11010—3
Cole	11011—4	Cain	10110—3
Pratchett	11101—4	Stockert	11000—2

Bandle and Heikes div. first; Ackerman and Pratchett div. second; Murphy and Cain div. third.

A match was shot between Keenan and Slover of this city, 100 keystones each, $5 a side:

Keenan	1111111111101111111111111011101111111111101111111 1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—25
Slover	1111101111101111111111111111111111111101101111111 1111011111011111111111111111111111111111111111111—90

OTTAWA, Nov. 24.—The St. Hubert's Gun Club have again started their trap shooting. They complain that this season game was very scarce and encroachments had been made on their preserves at Buckingham marshes. The club, as a result of the visit of Mr. Leach, of the Dominion Cartridge Company, have appointed E. Lemieux, R. W. Stevens, A. W. Throop and W. McMahon as their representatives to the Dominion Gun Association. It is certain that the establishment of such an association would be an immense advantage in the struggle to preserve game, and it is an established fact that should the game laws not be enforced in the next few years there will be no game left to shoot. To-day the principal scores made in a 15-bird sweep were: A. Throop 11, Geo. White 10, and P. Trudeau 9.

PORTLAND, Me. Nov. 29.—The annual Thanksgiving Day shoot by the Portland Gun Club this morning was an interesting occasion. There was a large attendance, despite the bad weather and the erroneous report that the morning shoot was for members only. The first event was shooting at 25 targets from three screened traps at unknown angles. Following is the score:

Farrell 12, Thornton 14, E. G. Peterson 10, Eaton 12, William Todd 15, Charles Jordan 20. Jordan first, Todd second, Thornton third. The next event was a club shoot, at 10 targets, on sides. Capt. B. J. Willard headed one side and Mr. John Randall the other side. Randall's side winning by one shot. The following is the score by sides:

Capt. Willard's Side.		Mr. Randall's Side.	
Capt Willard	0109110011—5	J Randall	1111110111—9
Nearposs	1010100111—6	George H Pierce	0011000011—4
W F Todd	0001110010—5	Peterson	1000100111—5
Thornton	0010030060—1	C F Jordan	1111101110—8
Jones	0111000011—5	Stonham	1000000010—2
Farrell	1100111011—7	J N Martin	1010001010—4
Frank Merrill	0110010111—6—35	Merrill	1000010110—4—36

The next event was a shooting at 5 targets, with the following result: Capt. B. J. Willard 4, J. N. Martin 4, Merrill 2, Farrell 3, J Randall 4, George Pierce 2, Jones 2, Nearposs 4, Todd 2, Thornton 2, F. Merrill 2, Smith 2, C. F. Jordan 3. J. N. Martin first, Farrell second, Pierce third. The next event was shooting at 6 pair of doubles, traps being sprung together, and two targets being in the air at the same time. The following is the score:

Merrill	00 00 10 00 01 10—3	Martin	10 00 10 01 10 11—6
B J Willard	00 10 00 10 10 10—4	Pierce	11 11 10 01 01 11—9
Randall	10 01 00 01 10 00—4	Farrell	00 10 00 10 01 11—5
Nearposs	10 00 01 00 01 10—4	Jordan	00 11 01 11 11 11—9

Jordan and Pierce first, Martin second, Farrell third.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., Nov. 29.—The Glenwood Gun Club held its first shoot at the grounds at Hazelwood to-day, and a good-sized crowd was on hand for the sport, which consisted of bluerocks and live-bird shooting. The first contest was at ten bluerocks, the entries being confined to the younger members of the club, and resulted as follows: Cal Munson 2, John Low 6, O'Donnell 10, T. McClure 3, R. Hiney 5, Jack Munson 5. O'Donnell's work was remarkably fine, and his clean score easily won him the prize—a handsome hunting knife. The second match was participated in by the more experienced members, and was at ten bluerocks, the score being as follows:

John Downs	1110110100—6	James Evans	1010001011—5
George Benette	1011101001—6	Q A McClure	1111111101—9

The prizes were hunting knives and cases. McClure took the first and Downs defeated Benette in the shoot-off for second, breaking 7 birds to the latter's six. The first live-bird shoot was a sweepstakes at 5 pigeons: Benette 2, Major 3, McClure 4, Lowrey 2, Evans 5, Downs 3, Critchlow 5, Burt 4. Evans took first money, McClure and Burt divided second, and Major, Downs and Critchlow divided third. In the second live-bird match, which was a sweepstake at 5 pigeons, McClure and Downs each killed 4 and divided first money. Evans and Major killed 3 apiece and divided second money. Burt, Critchlow and Lowry killed 2 each and divided third money. A turkey shoot followed at which Evans won three, Boll two, and McClure and Fish each one. Evans's score was a good one, 26 out of a possible 30.

HUTCHINSON GUN CLUB.—Hutchinson, Kas., Nov. 25.—Appended find score of our last shoot: Match No. 1, 6 singles, 2 pairs bluerocks:

Allen	01101 00 01—4	Young	01111 10 11—8
Taylor	11111 10 11—9	Burslem	01011 11 10—6

Match No. 2, same conditions:

Young	10111 11 11—9	Allen	10116 10 10—6
Burslem	11110 10 10—7	Bartlett	00011 10 01—5
Taylor	11001 10 11—7		

Club Match, 15 singles and 5 pairs:

Burslem	01111110111011	10 11 11 10 11—29	
Young	11101111111111	10 10 10 10 11—20	
Taylor	10111110101111	10 10 10 10 10—17	
Allen	01010100011100	10 01 10 10 11—12	
Bartlett	00010100010010	10 00 11 10 00— 8	
Wiener	00100010	Withdrawn	
Forshaw	11111000111	Withdrawn.	

Match No. 4, 6 singles, 2 pairs:

Young	11110	11 11—8	Bartlett 10111 10 11—8
Burslem	11111	11 00—8	Foshaw 00101 11 11—8
Allen	00001	11 11—6	SHADY.

CLEVELAND, O., Nov. 30.—The Cleveland Gun Club held its regular badge shoot yesterday on the club grounds near Blue Rock Springs. The attendance was unusually large and the sport excellent. The conditions were 15 single standards at 18yds. rise, from 5 traps, and 5 pairs at 16yds. Eleven members took part, and the contest for both badges was sharp. The highest score was made by Upson, and four members followed him, scoring 20 broken targets. The results of the shoot are as follows:

F H Wall	11001111011111	11 10 11 10 10—18
L O Jones	11101101111111	10 11 10 10 10—18
J E Jones	11101110101111	11 10 21 11 11—20
O Green	01111111111001	11 10 11 11 01—20
C F Wheal	11110111111110	11 11 10 10 01—20
D A Upson	11110111111011	10 11 11 10 11—21
C A Calhoun	11111010111011	00 00 11 00 01—17
I Sherman	10101013110|010	11 11 10 11 11—16
M Silsby	11111011101101	11 10 11 11 10—20
Marback	11011111101011	10 11 11 10 10—19
W Tamblyn	01111101010111	10 11 01 11 11—19

The first badge was won by D. A. Upson, who broke 21 targets. J. E. Jones and M. Silsby tied on twenties for the second medal, and in the shoot-off Silsby, breaking five straight to Jones's two. The other contestants who secured twenty were not eligible to compete for the second badge.—HAMMER GUN.

LONG BRANCH, N. J., Nov. 29.—Elkwood Park, Monmouth Park's rival, was "opened" this afternoon. A fine attendance was on hand. The shooting match was the feature of the day, as young Philip Daly, Jr., very skillfully "bested" Miss Annie Oakley. At 1:15 Miss Oakley was first to the plate. She was to shoot at 50 birds and Daly at 55. The birds were bluerocks and proved to be strong flyers. Miss Oakley missed 8 birds; Daly missed 7 birds, and so won by a single bird. This is the score:

Miss Oakley	1111111101111111011111110110111111111100—42
Daly	1101111011010111111111011111111111111111—43

The prize was a heavy gold badge. The judges were J. Van Dyke, of New York, and Wm. D. Campbell, of Long Branch. At the conclusion of the match Mr. Philip Daly, Sr., shot at 8 pigeons and downed 7 of them. A match for $250 a side at 75 birds, 25yds. rise and 25yds. boundary, on Christmas Day, at Elkwood Park, will be shot between Miss Annie Oakley and Philip Daly, Jr.

SARATOGA, N. Y., Nov. 29.—Seven members of the gun club celebrated Thanksgiving by holding an extra meeting on their new grounds to-day. There were three events. The first was a team match between Messrs. Ramsdill, Gibbs and White, against Messrs. Bockes, Levengston and Dyer, the former team winning by 7 birds. The score at 50 birds, use of one barrel, was:

Team No. 1.

Bockes	1001011001101110110111011001001101101101—30
Dyer	1100100011000100000100000100101011111101101001—20
Levengston	0110100111110111011010111111101010001111111111—37—87

Team No. 2.

Gibbs	1001111101101110110111011001010101001101110111111—35
White	1001011101000111001011010011000001100101010000100—22
Ramsdill	1110101010111111011101111111101010111111001101—37—94

Second event, 25 birds, same conditions:

Team No. 1.

Bockes	1111111111011111100011100—19
Levengston	1001111111110111011011101—19
Meehan	1100111C011100110110101010—15—53

Team No. 2.

Ramsdill	1101001110111110010111010—17
Gibbs	1011010110111100110011011—16
White	1110110101111100111000110—16—49

Third event, 5 pairs doubles, three entries:

Levengston	11 11 11 10 11—9	Ramsdill	10 00 10 00 10—3
Ramsdill	10 10 11 10 11—7		

Shooting was then discontinued in favor of the national bird. The day was not favorable to high scores, as the light was very poor, owing to the rain. Some idea of the amount of shooting done by the club can be had from the fact that during the present season over a ton of shot and several hundred pounds of powder have been used. The next meeting will be on Tuesday, Dec. 4.

DUNELLEN PICTURES.—Some weeks ago in our report of the Dunellen tournament, we printed a photograph of Charlie Smith, J. E. Miller and Tom Keller as they appeared on the grounds, which has been a source of amusement to their many acquaintances. Some of these photos, and another in which Seymour G. Smith, with his grandfather's hat, appears, they have had struck off in cabinet size for the benefit of their generous Western friends. A copy of each has been sent to us, which after being properly framed will be hung in a prominant place for the edification of our visitors.

LAKEWOOD, O., Nov. 29.—The members of the Locksley Gun Club held a special shoot to-day. The day was very disagreeable, being rainy the greater part of the day, and the club ground was muddy, but despite the disagreeability of the weather a large crowd of spectators were present. Match and sweepstake shooting was going on the greater part of the forenoon. In the afternoon the shoot was for the club badge, in which three members scored the same number. The ties were shot off for the badge, resulting in favor of J. H. Byer, who will wear the same until beaten by some other member of the club. The conditions were 20 standard targets at 16yds. rise. The scores follow:

C Mailo...01111101101101110010—14	Beckley...10010001011010101111—12
A Jinks...11111000011010110111—14	Andrews...10110110111111101111—15
J H Byer.11111110001111111111—17	Hochkiss.10101101101010010001—11
E Pease...11110011111111111111—17	*Johnson..10111010001111100110—12
Tegardine.10011111011111111111—17	C Harris..01110101110110101111—14
E Henley.00101101010011111111—13	

*Visitor. A. Jenks, referee.

WALLINGFORD, Pa., Nov. 29.—The hills of Wallingford resounded with the sharp crack of the shotgun to-day. Fifty of the crack amateur shots of Pennsylvania and New Jersey accepted the invitation of the Wallingford Gun Club to spend Thanksgiving Day on their grounds, twelve miles out on the Central Division of the Philadelphia, Wilmington & Baltimore Railroad. Shooting began at 9 o'clock and lasted until dark. Twenty-nine marksmen entered for the main shoot, the prize for which was a solid silver salad bowl. There was great rivalry between the members of the four clubs represented, the Cinnaminson and Riverton Gun Clubs, of New Jersey; the Maple Run, of Media, and the Wallingford. The Cinnaminson Club had the largest representation, thirteen of its members participating in the shoot, and one of them, W. M. Thomas, carried off the prize. The shooting was at bluerocks, clay-pigeons, and the marksmen were handicapped according to the bore of their guns. Tom Allen, a crack shot of Media, was a strong favorite at the start, but his score was beaten by fourteen of the contestants. Allen was anxious to shoot at 50 live birds with any of the marksmen present, but not one of them would accept his challenge. The full score of the match was as follows:

W M Thomas	22	L Carner	16
R W Downing, Sr	18	J M Baker	16
R W Downing, Jr	18	E H Hall	16
W C Downing	18	F T Downing	16
J L Thomas	17	J Hollingsworth	16
L A Flanagan	17	H Ingram	16
I W Kemble	17	W Tynax	16
J J Eastman	17	F Baker	16
H C Marshall	17	L K Lodge	16
Joel Hollingsworth	17	J M Rogers	15
W D Thomas	17	A Mattis	15
John Sanderson	17	George Heap	15
Henry Gemrig	17	W R Ellison	15
Tom Allen	16	J C Roop	14
A Dorrance	16		

At the conclusion of the match a number of sweepstakes were shot off, and W. C. Downing gave an exhibition of fancy shooting. He broke six out of seven glass balls, standing with his back to them and wheeling when they were thrown, and hit a coin thrown in the air three times in succession.

CHESTER, Pa., Nov. 29.—The McClure Gun Club had a shoot to-day at live and clay birds. Live birds, 21yds. rise, 80yds. boundary, use of both barrels:

William Paul	1101101111101111—12	S Hollywood	1011001011110 1—10
Wm H Hall	1000111111111111—12	J Paul	1011011111110000—10
F W Harrison	1111100110110111—12	Jos Wood	1111100901011111— 9
D B McClure	1110101101011111—12	Jas Hollywood	1010010110101011— 9

Clay-birds, for the live bird badge:

John Paul	1111111111—10	F W Harrison	1011111001— 7
William Paul	1111111101— 9	James Hollywood	1101010101— 6
Joseph Wood	0111101111— 8	Sam Hollywood	1001101011— 6
D McClure	1111011110— 8	W H Hall	0001100100— 3

BALTIMORE, Nov. 21.—A number of the shotgun marksmen were present to-day at the Arlington Driving Park to see the match between William H. Graham, of England, and Mr. Frederick Kell, of Baltimore. The match was for $50 a side, Bingham rules, the birds to be released from any of five ground traps. Both barrels of the guns were used. Kell stood 30yds. from the traps, and Graham, who shot with one hand, stood 28yds.; the former to use a 10 and the latter a 12-gauge. Twenty-five birds were released for each shooter, and as each killed 20 of them, and darkness prevented a renewal of the match, the contest was declared a draw. Kell killed his fifteen birds and lost his sixteenth, nineteenth, twenty-second and twenty-fourth bird. He used his second barrel thirteen times. Graham missed his first, fourth, eighteenth and twenty-second birds, and used the second barrel seven times. When he went to the score to shoot his twenty-second bird he forgot to load his gun and the bird was scored lost. Kell used a heavy 10 gun that would make a less powerful man weary to handle, even with less loads than he had in his shells. Graham used a light twelve gun. Before he ordered the bird released he would throw the gun to his shoulder and point it, using both hands; then he would recover his gun and order the trapper to pull. Then, dropping his left hand to his side he would raise his gun, and, taking a quick aim, shoot. His score shows the result. Mr. Kell had the worst luck in birds, though but few of them were what are known as "drivers." The fourteenth bird at which Graham shot was mortally wounded and flew into the cornice of the judges' stand and fell back dead. One of Kell's birds fell but a few yards outside the 80yds. boundary. Both scored as lost. Mr. Graham's wife and children were interesting lookers-on at the shooting. After the match another Baltimore shooter challenged the English champion to shoot him a match, same conditions, same grounds, Nov. 29. On the same date Kell will shoot the champion to secure a settlement of their undecided match. Mr. John Williar refereed the shooting. The scorer was Mr. T. W. Knox.

WELLINGTON, Mass., Dec. 1.—The first shoot at Wellington in the December matches was largely attended at the range to-day. In the shoot for turkeys, Frank, Scott, Snow and Bert captured some fine birds. In the merchandise matches the eight prizes were won as follows: First, Frank and Bond, 18; second, Grimes and Swift, 17; third, Chase and Schaefer, 16; fourth, Bert, Choate, Scott, Snow, Field and Nichols, 15; fifth, Moore and Herrick, 14; sixth, Melcher, Shumway and Stone, 13; seventh, Stanton, 12; eighth, Webster, Savage and West, 11. In the badge match Scott won with 19. First prize winners in the other events were as follows: Six bluerocks, Snow and Shumway; 6 pigeons, Scott; 6 bluerocks, Bert; 6 bluerocks, Schafer; 6 pigeons, Swift; 10 pigeons, Frank, Herrick and Swift; 10 bluerocks, Stanton; 3 pairs bluerocks, Bert; 7 bluerocks, Frank; 3 pairs bluerocks, Choate; 10 bluerocks, Scott; 10 pigeons, Scott; 6 bluerocks, Shumway, Bert, Scott, Moore and Chase; 6 bluerocks, straightaway, Stanton, Melcher and Snow.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Nov. 29.—The sixth annual Thanksgiving shoot of the Narragansett Gun Club was held on their grounds at the old Washington Trotting Park on Broad street to-day and was favored with a good attendance, including many out of town marksmen. The shooting, which began at 10 A. M., continued until nearly 5 o'clock in the evening, consisted of 21 events as follows, the leaders being: 1, 7 bluerocks, E. S. Luther; 2, 7 bluerocks, E. C. Griffith; 3, 3 pairs bluerocks, Sowden; 4, 7 bluerocks, L. H. Houghton; 5, 7 clay-pigeons, Luther and Griffith; 6, 4 pairs birds, L. H. Houghton; 7, 7 clay-pigeons, E. C. Griffiths; 8, 7 bluerocks, C. M. Sheldon and E. S. Luther; 9, 7 bluerocks, E. C. Griffith; 10, 7 clay-pigeons, E. C. Griffith; 11, 7 bluerocks, E. W. Tinker; 12, 7 clay-pigeons, E. S. Luther; 13, 7 bluerocks, L. H. Houghton; 14, 4 pairs double birds, E. S. Luther; 15, 7 bluerocks, Potter and Luther; 16, 7 clay-pigeons, Houghton and Griffith; 17, 10 bluerocks, straightaway, Houghton; 18, 5 bluerocks, A. Wilkinson; 19, 5 bluerocks, E. C. Griffiths. There will be a meeting of the club Thursday afternoon, Dec. 6, when the shooting will be open to the public.

READING, Mass., Nov. 29.—The Reading Gun Club held a well attended shoot on their grounds at Reading to-day when the following events were contested: Five clays, E. Eames first, Killam second; 5 Peorias, Collins first, E. Eames and Loring second, Willis and Davis third; 3 pair clays, E. Eames first, Killam and Channell second; Peorias, miss and out, E. Eames and J. Weston; 5 bluerocks, G. Eames first, Brooks and Tuttle second, Willis and Channell third; 5 clays, G. Eames and Brooks first, Collins and Tuttle second; 5 clays, Bancroft first, Killam and Davies second; 5 clays, Killam first, Tuttle second; 25 Peorias, for $10 gold piece, donated by Mr. H. E. Cox for best score, won by C. A. Loring on score of 19 birds; 10 Peorias, Consolation match, keg of Dead Shot powder, donated by Mr. E. B. Drake, won by P. S. Killam, 12 out of 15 birds; 15 clays, All-Comers' match, first prize, $3, won by W. H. Willis, 13 out of 15, second prize, $2, won by P. S. Killam, 12 out of 15.

MOORE'S, Pa., Nov. 29.—The following scores were made at 12 birds at a shoot here to-day: E. Bramble 11, J. L. Price 10, S. Wood 10, D. G. Yates 10, S. Harper 9, J. Gardner 9, E. Ward 7, Dr. R. H. Nones 7, W. Teague 6, B. Rearden 6, H. B. Nones 5, H. Crowder 5.

WILMINGTON, Del., Nov. 29.—The Wawaset Gun Club held an all-day shooting contest at their grounds. The contest in the morning was at clay-pigeons, each man shooting at 5 birds. Appended are the scores: First round—R. Miller 5, C. M. Buckmaster 4, P. Ambold 3, H. Buckmaster 4, Second round—R. Miller 5, P. Ambold 3, L. Fox 4, W. H. Hartlove 5, J. Ewing 4, C. Buckmaster 4, J. Callahan 4, A. H. Stout 3. Third round—P. Ambold 6, C. Buckmaster 4, L. Fox 4, J. Ewing 4, R. Miller 5, G. Shank 3, G. Miller 3. Fourth round—P. Ambold 4, R. Miller 5, G. Shank 4, J. Weldin 4, G. Miller 4, C. Buckmaster 3, M. B. Hill 4, H. Buckmaster 5. Fifth round—L. Fox 4, J. Ewing 4, C. M. Buckmaster 3, W. H. Hartlove 3, R. Miller 5, A. H. Stout 3, H. Buckmaster 5, P. Ambold 4, J. Callahan 3, J. D. Underwood 3.

In the afternoon it was shooting at bluerock targets, each man shooting at six targets. First round—C. Buckmaster 5, G. Miller 6, R. Miller 6, T. Weldin 4, C. Melchior 5, G. Shank 4, H. Buckmaster 4, J. Ewing 6. Second round—R. Miller 6, P. Ambold 6, H. Buckmaster 5, L. Fox 6, W. H. Hartlove 4, C. Buckmaster 6, J. Callahan 5, J. Ewing 5, W. B. Hill 4, J. Underwood 5, A. H. Stout 4, C. Pyle 6. Third round—J. Ewing 5, C. Buckmaster 6, R. Miller 5, T. Weldin 4, H. Buckmaster 5. Fourth round—P. Ambold 4, C. Buckmaster 6, R. Miller 4, E. Melchior 5, G. Miller 5, H. Buckmaster 5, T. Weldin 4, J. Cloud 5, G. Shank 5.

NEWARK, N. J., Nov. 29.—The East Side Gun Club held an all-day shoot on its new grounds adjoining Fischer's woods today. Excellent shooting was done at live birds and flying targets. The first shoot of the day was at flying targets for members only. Each person shot at 15 targets with the following result: Henry Langstaff 15, H. Koegel and F. Perment 13, F. Hilfers 12, J. Schilling, H. Reinhardt and C. Weeks 11, C. Walter and P. Ulrick 10, C. Laubenstein 9, P. Schork and H. Heinrich 8, C. Fahrer 6. The second was a club shoot at 5 birds each. Heinrich, Schorck, Hassinger and Reinhardt killed 5 straight, Walter, Langstaff and Laubenstein 4 each, Hilfers, Koegel, Schilling and Richard 3 each, C. Fahrer 2. Next came a match between Heinrich and Hilfers at 5 birds each, The former scored 5 and the latter 4. Koegel and Hilfers next shot a match at 5 birds each, Koegel killing 4 and Hilfers 3. Heinrich and Koegel then shot a match at 3 birds each, Heinrich killing 3 and Koegel 2. A number of sweepstakes were shot at both live birds and flying targets. Out of 11 live Hilfers killed 10 and Koegel and Goehring 9 each, H. Heinrich 6 out of 6. At flying targets, 5 bluerocks, each, P. Schork scored 5, Koegel and Schilling 4 each, Weeks 3, Perment and Hilfers 2. A match shot at 10 flying targets each between Perment and Weeks resulted in both men scoring 6. In the shoot-off Perment scored 5 straight and Weeks 4. The club has forty regular members and 10 honorary. The officers are: Chas. Walter, President; Chas. Laubenstein, Vice-President; Henry Reinhardt, Secretary; Philip Schork Treasurer.

PHILADEPHIA, Nov. 29.—The North End Gun Club had an enjoyable time at their club grounds to-day. Sweepstakes and shooting for turkeys and chickens were the order of the day.

First Sweepstake, $1 entrance, 11 entries; class shooting, at 6 bluerocks; 50, 20 and 30 per cent: Wm. H. Pack 4, Jas. Wolstencroft 5, John Crouther 6, Wm. M. Pack 6, Sam'l Richards 4, Wm. H. Wolstencroft 6, Geo. Elmer 4, Henry Jacobs 2, G. L. Garsed 3, Howard Ridge 6, R. C. Monnico 6, Crouther, W. M. Pack, W. Wolstencroft and Ridge divided first money, J. Wolstencroft second, W. C. Pack and Monnico divided third. Refeece, Isaac Wolstencroft; judges, Harry Carter, Joseph Dauser.

Second shoot, for turkeys and chickens, at 12 bluerocks and 13 clay-pigeons. 14 entries: Wm. H. Pack 15, Jas. Wolstencroft 22, John Crouther 22, Wm. M. Pack 24, Samuel Richards 15, Wm. H. Wolstencroft 23, Geo. E. Pack 17, Harry Carter 10, G. L. Garsed 19, R. C. Monnico 20, H. Ridge 17, D. H. Argousy 13, A. L. Lumb 19, Henry Jacobs 15. Ties were shot off, resulting as follows: W. M. Pack first, W. H. Wolstencroft second, J. Wolstencroft third, R. C. Monnico fourth, A. L. Lumb fifth. Judges—John Levis, Jos. Dauser. Referee, Thos. Roork.

LONG BRANCH, N. J., Nov. 29.—The third meeting of the Long Branch City Gun Club took place this morning. Eleven members participated. Despite his handicap of 6yds., Maps won after a close struggle. Fifteen rounds were shot at the usual distance, at both bluerocks and clay-pigeons. Maps having won two matches out of three, seems destined to capture the medal, the winner of the first three matches being entitled to it. The score stood: Maps 12, W. Seaman 11, A. Seaman 9, Cubberley 8, Wilson 8, Van Dyke 7, Tabor 5, Northam 5, Chasey 5, Bennett 2, Green 0.

WELLINGTON, Mass., Nov. 29.—The hills around Medford and Malden vibrated with echoes of the shotguns as they blazed forth incessantly from 9 A. M. to 1 P. M. to-day. The attendance was exceedingly large, and the contest for turkeys close. The following succeeded in capturing turkeys: Snow (2), Somes, Chase, Steele, Choat, Tribble, Dickey, Shumway, Bert, Bond, Green, Lowe and Moore. The winners in the other events were: Six bluerocks, Dickey; six pigeons, Choate and Schaefer; six pigeons, Snow and Dickey; six bluerocks, Shumway; six pigeons, Choate and Schaefer; six bluerocks, Chase and Somes; six pigeons, Green, Perry, Choate and Shumway; three pair bluerocks, Shumway; three pair bluerocks, Bert, Choate and Shumway; six bluerocks, Nye, six pigeons, Bert; six bluerocks, Somes and Steele; six pigeons, Snow; three pair bluerocks, Bert; six bluerocks, Choate, Somes and Perry; six pigeons, Somes, Nichols and Melcher; three pair pigeons, Perry and Budd.

BALTIMORE, Nov. 29.—At the Arlington Driving Park an all-day shoot was held, and Mr. Wm. Graham, the English wing shot, shot with Mr. H. Capron, 25 live birds each, Graham to use one hand at 28yds. rise and Capron 30yds., the latter to use a 10 and the former a 12-gauge gun. Each killed 24 birds. In the shoot-off Graham killed 11 and Capron 8, Graham's score being 35 out of 36, a remarkable score. Mr. E. C. Hall was referee to the match, which was for $50. The judges were E. V. Cordall and Jack Williar. Scorer, T. W. Knox. In a match between Mr. Graham and Fred Kell a shoot-off was necessary, and Kell won the match by a score of 5 to 4. Capron won a match for $10 from Wm. H. Linthicum. In a pool shoot at the Keystone targets between Messrs. Painter, Catterton, Wroten, Cullen, Franklin and Buckler, the last two divided the money. J. Williar won from H. Ducker by a score of 7 to 6, each man using a 10-gauge gun. J. Williar won a match from Wm. Linthicum, H. Catterton, J. Franklin, S. Hortner and H. Ducker.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Dec. 1.—Thursday was anything but a favorable day for trap shooting. It was cold and raw and a light drizzling rain was falling in the morning. The Indian Lake Gun Club of East St. Louis had issued programmes for a trap-shoot for turkeys and about a dozen enthusiasts showed up to smash targets. There were three dozen large, fat gobblers on the grounds and all were disbursed in the sweeps with the exception of one dozen even. Nearly every one present went home happy and the possessor of one of the turkeys as an evidence of his expertness with a shotgun. The St. Louis Gun Club had sent out notices to its members to assemble at Compton Avenue Park and indulge in some sport at live birds and inanimate targets, but this was called off on account of the unfavorable condition of the weather.

PITTSBURGH.—The team of ten belonging to the Herron Hill Gun Club, Pittsburgh, did some excellent shooting recently in their trials for the diamond trophy. The team's average for 25 bluerocks each was 21$^{1}/_{10}$, the highest ever made on the grounds for such men. The individual scores are: George Snyder, 25; Elmer E. Shaner, 24; G. E. Painter, 24; A. C. Kruger, 23; George Cochran, 22; Charles Richardson, 31; Q. A. McClure, 21; Samuel Shaner, 21; J. Winkler, 20; H. Penn, 16.

A PAINFUL ACCIDENT.—Plainfield, N. J., Nov. 30.—R. F. M. Chase, of New York, living at "Edgewood," while trap shooting Thanksgiving morning with some friends, met with a peculiar accident. Failing to push his cartridge clean into the breech while loading the gun, the cartridge exploded when the stock was pushed back into place and a piece of shell entered Mr. Chase's right eye, entirely destroying the sight. He was taken to New York immediately, where Dr. Herman Knapp removed the organ.

FLATBUSH, L. I., Nov. 29.—The annual shooting match of the Flatbush Gun Club took place to-day at the grounds, corner of Vernon and Flatbush avenues. An immense gathering witnessed the sports and cheered the victors. The following gentlemen captured the prizes in the five events: First match, Henry Balger; second, David Rumph; third, George Hegeman; fourth, William Alston; fifth, Robert Heywood. The gun club have erected a small cottage on the grounds where they will practice weekly for the spring shooting.

BURLINGTON ROUTE DAILY EXCURSIONS TO THE PACIFIC COAST, COLORADO, WYOMING AND UTAH.

Railroad ticket agents of the Eastern, Middle and Western States will sell, on any date, via the Burlington Route from Chicago, Peoria or St. Louis, round trip tickets at low rates to San Francisco, Los Angeles, San Diego, Portland, Tacoma, Seattle, Vancouver or Victoria; also to Denver, Cheyenne, Colorado Springs or Pueblo. For a special folder giving full particulars of these excursions, call on your local ticket agent, or address P. S. Eustis, Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Ag't, C. B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill. —*Adv.*

Canoeing.

Canvas Canoes and how to Build Them. By Parker B. Field. Price 50 cents. Canoe and Boat Building. By W. P. Stephens. Price $1.50. The Canoe Aurora. By C. A. Neidé. Price $1. Canoe Handling. By C. B. Vaux. Price $1. Canoe and Camera. By T. S. Steele. Price 1.50. Four Months in a Sneakbox. By N. H. Bishop. Price $1.50. Canoe and Camp Cookery. By "Seneca." Price $1.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signal, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and report of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

Commodore—J. R. Bartlett, Fremont, Ohio.
Vice-Commodore—D. H. Crane, Chicago, Ill.
Rear-Commodore—C. J. Stedman, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Secretary-Treasurer—O. H. Root, Cleveland, Ohio.
Executive Committee—C. J. Bousfield, Bay City, Mich.; T. P. Gaddis, Dayton, O.; T. J. Kirkpatrick, Springfield, O.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

OFFICERS, 1887–88.

Commodore: H. C. ROGERS..... } Peterborough, Can.
Secretary-Treasurer: GEO. W. HATTON }

Vice-Com.	*Rear-Com.*	*Purser.*
Central Div.. W. R. Huntington.	E. W. Masten.....	T. H. Stryker, Rome, N. Y.
Atlantic Div. W. P. Stephens.....	L. B. Palmer.....	F. L. Dunnell, 186 Jerolemon St., Brooklyn.
Eastern Div.. H. E. Rice, M. D....	Maxton Holmes.....	H. D. Marsh, Springfield, Mass.
N'thern Div.. Robert Tyson.....	S. S. Robinson.....	Colin Fraser, Toronto.

Applications for membership must be made to division pursers, accompanied by the recommendation of an active member and the sum of $2.00 for entrance fee and dues for current year. Every member attending the general A. C. A. camp shall pay $1.00 for camp expenses. Application sent to the Sec'y-Treas. will be forwarded by him to the proper Division.

Persons residing in any Division and wishing to become members of the A. C. A., will be furnished with printed forms of application by addressing the Purser.

LEAKY CANOES—CRUISING OUTFIT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Having struck on a little wrinkle, and used it very successfully in my canoe during the past summer, I thought by sending it to you it might help out some amateur who has had trouble with a leaky boat. It has been my experience that all boats are liable to leak, especially if they are built with a centerboard. I also have found a great deal of trouble in making my dry stowage compartment one in anything but name. My canoe is built with two boards. When it went into the water for the first time last spring both trunks were leaking and the forward bulkhead. I originally used a Radix board, and the slot I could not keep from leaking. I plugged, painted, leaded and caulked it, but to no effect. The leak was not much, perhaps a pint in a day would represent the amount of water that would get in. I then tried bicycle cement, but found that was a little too brittle, and, in fact, would grow more so as the water came in contact with it.

After a good deal of research and experimenting I struck on the following formula: Burgundy pitch 3 parts, gutta-percha (in sheets) ¾ parts, pumice (powdered) 1½ parts. The preparation is quite simple, it being only necessary to heat the pumice and gutta-percha quite hot, and then add the pitch, and cook until it is a thick, viscous mass. Apply hot, as you would white lead, and then pass a hot iron over it, which will smooth it. It is not near as heavy as white lead, and will stand a great deal more; water does not affect it visibly; still, probably, it does to a certain extent. It is elastic enough not to crack or break, and it will make a bulkhead or centerboard trunk absolutely water-tight, and keep it so. I think it is well worth a trial in a leaky boat.

Perhaps some of your cruising readers will be interested in a description of my canoe and outfit. I think I see some of them laugh when they read what my outfit is. I know all the friends that helped carry it to the canoe did last summer. In fact I was surprised myself when I saw all the things lying on the shore ready to be packed in a 16×30 canoe. I started to pack them in, and confess I felt disheartened when I saw how many there were left after the canoe was apparently full. I pulled everything out and commenced over. A lady who was there to see me off asked "where I intended to put all those things?" I didn't quite know myself, but answered "that I had a place for everything and lots of room to spare." Well, first of all my stove went under the footboards; next the lantern way up in the bow; then came blanket, mattress (a cork one, which I intend to discard next year), extra clothing, etc. In the stern came tripod, dry plates, fishing tackle (which I'll never carry again) and tent. Partly under the deck and hatch were two large provision boxes well filled. A can of mushrooms, of which I anticipated a great deal, had a place; and I think I had better tell the sequel to that now. One noon when we made camp (it was just below Mehoopany, on the rocks) I decided to try my "champignons blancs." I was a little undecided as to how they ought to be cooked. I remember, however, seeing them fried, so out came the frying pan and into it went the mushrooms. The fire was poor, would not give out anything but smoke. The pan was on the fire, and gradually heated until the mushrooms began to sizzle. I tried them every few minutes with a fork, but they seemed tough. In fact, the more I cooked them the tougher they got. When they were brown I took them off the fire and passed them around. They each tasted one and then said they guessed they did not care for mushrooms that noon. I ate about half of them and then accidentally (?) knocked the frying-pan off the stove and spilt them. Mushrooms are never spoken of now but what a sly smile goes around the circle, though there is never a word said.

Before I made my cruise I had some canvas bags made to go along the side of the boat under the deck, to keep small things in. I found them very handy, too. I kept soap, towels, fish lines, trolling spoons, knife and fork, etc., in these, that always would have been lost if I had put them anywhere else. Just under the bow deck was a long rubber coat and detective camera. That is all I had, at least that is all I can think of. We were gone two weeks, and what a glorious time we had. It would be tedious to listen to a long account of it, so will only give a few incidents of the trip. One word of advice I want to give those anticipating a cruise on the Susquehanna. Don't stop at the "Forest Castle" brewery, just above Pittston. There is quite a swift water below there a short distance and a bad place to get through. I have been told that people going down the river have stopped at the brewery and then stopped again just below the swift water and wrung out their clothes and fished up part of their outfit from the bottom of the river.

One little thing more I am going to tell you which happened to the writer. It was getting very dark one evening, and we had not yet made camp. The river was hemmed in by high mountains, which gave it a sombre look. My companions were far ahead of me, and I could hardly see them. In a moment I saw I was just above a swift rapid full of dangerous rocks. By that time it was so dark I could hardly see a boat's length ahead. Suddenly all became dark. Now don't stop reading and throw down your paper in disgust. I am not going to give you the "Indian Cave" story. I confess I was frightened. I had lost my paddle in the excitement and was vainly endeavoring to paddle with my seat. I shouted: "Boys! boys!" No answer save the echo of my own voice. "Boys! Boys!" "Boys, I say!" When suddenly I felt a hand on my arm and heard, "Dud, wake up—have you got the nightmare?" It was my first night home after my trip.

BINGHAMTON, N. Y., Nov. 24. DUDLEY F. GREENE.

OAKLAND C. C.—The quarterly Mayrisch badge race, sailed Sept. 7, resulted as follows: First, Frolic; second, Gypsy; third, Dart; fourth, Mystic. Frolic is a new canoe imported by the vice-commodore, 16×37½, Pecowsic model, from Joyner & Co., and is making it very warm for the fleet. There is no lack of enthusiasm, Frolic's advent has set all the cracks thinking how to go a little closer to the wind, and the fact of there being no laying up season on the Pacific coast keeps the ball rolling. A regatta on Thanksgiving Day promises to be largely attended.

A. C. A. MEMBERSHIP.—Eastern Division: Frank E. Passmore, Lynn, Mass. Central Division: Sidney B. Perkins and Henry H. Perkins, Rochester, N. Y.

THE AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

SECOND only in importance to the annual camp of the American Canoe Association is the meeting of the executive committee in November, as it is then that the new commodore and secretary-treasurer take office, the accounts for the year are balanced, and, most important of all to the average member, the location of the meet for the succeeding year is decided on, together with the date. The meeting itself is always held on a Saturday, and during its session, though there is no lack of lengthy discussion and animated argument, a great deal of business is disposed of in a comparatively short time; and that without any of the participants being too much fatigued by mental labors or the cares of office to be present at the dinner which always follows in the evening, the hosts being the canoeists of the city wherein the meeting is held.

The present meeting, the first ever held within the Northern Division, was no exception to its predecessors, either in the successful arrangement of the business of the Association, or in the fun and jollity of the reunion which followed. Our report of the business of the meeting, published two weeks since, was necessarily quite brief, but we supplement it this week with the accompanying *menu* of the dinner, as well as with a more complete report of the business transacted. It is hardly necessary to speak of the kindness and hospitality of the hosts of the occasion, the members of the Toronto C. C., as so many from the States have had a taste of Canadian hospitality, either at the meet at Stony Lake in '83 or on other occasions, but every effort was made to entertain the visitors during their stay in Toronto. The handsome club house of the Toronto C. C., in which the meeting was held, was decorated with flags and trophies from many camps and meets. The dinner card, the work of Mr. Kelly, a talented young member of the T. C. C., will be appreciated by the many canoeists who were absent. The dinner, presided over by Com. Kerr, of the T. C. C., was marked by more and better speeches than usual, as well as by an amount of congregational singing, which promises well for the entertainments about the campfires of Sugar Island. The most amusing of the many songs was the following, written for the occasion by the jolly vice-commodore of the Northern Division, and sung by him in proposing the toast,

"*The Retiring Officers.*"

Good comrades all, come bear a hand, I call on every mate
To cheer those worthy gentlemen whose names I will relate.
Gibson, the sailor-man, stands first, as head of our estate,
He's just that kind of sailor-man who's mighty hard to "bate."
Sing on, old grampus, heave ahead, we'll let 'em have it straight.

The man who holds the cash comes next, they call him Freddy Mix;
Those smart Division pursers cannot play him any tricks,
For if they did, you bet your boots, he'd get them in a fix.
The men of the Regatta Board, they always act like bricks,
Although they're bothered by that chump, the man that always kicks.

(*Now for the Divisions.*)

"Hello Central" first we call, in telephonic style;
"Our Commodore," the boys respond, "is a man who's free from guile,
"Our 'Rear' and our Committeeman are present all the while,
"And the Purser's time is occupied in adding to his pile;
"When members come to pay their dues, you should remark his smile."

The next Division is composed of wise men from the East;
We're sorry not to see more men of wisdom at this feast—
For Barney, Rice, and Davidson, and Shedd, are not the least
Of all the gallant ones by whom our numbers are increased.
We hope it may be many years before they are deceased.

McGachen's presence is enough our dignity to raise,
MacKendrick, our Rear-Commodore, has helped in many ways,
And Graham, the Committeeman, deserves a word of praise,
While Purser Sam, he is the man, whom everybody pays,
Let's drink to the Executive that never misses stays.

Down where the wild Atlantic's vast resounding billows foam,
The infant of this family lives in its seagirt home;
But though of tender years, we see they're not afraid to roam.
Brave Stanton's name shall thunder down the ages in this "pome."
As long as whirls this earthly ball beneath the azure dome.

Then drink to the Executive, canoeists great and small,
For wisely their official craft they've steered thro' every squall
In '88, both soon and late, they came at duty's call,
We drink the Retiring Officers. Stand by, canoeists all.

With the present meeting ends the eighth year of the American Canoe Association, and it is interesting to look back at the many changes that time has wrought. The first commodore, Mr. Alden, is now in Rome as American Consul, whence he lately wrote proposing for honorary membership an Italian gentleman who, as he puts it, "owns the only canoe in Italy; at least the only Christian canoe, an Everson Shadow." Judge Longworth, the second commodore, has not been seen at the meets for some years and, though still a canoeist, devotes much of his time to yachting. Mr. Edwards is still working just as hard for the A. C. A. as he did before such an organization was anything more than a scheme, in which he and a few other enthusiasts were interested by Mr. Bishop in 1879. Mr. Nickerson is still seen at the meets and is just as popular as when he was elected commodore in 1883, while no one would care to go to an A. C. A. meet at which Gen. Oliver would not be present. Mr. Rathbun was present at the executive committee meeting and promises to be at the next meet, now that it is near home; while Mr. Wilkin can always be counted on to come early and stay until the last. Though no longer racing Mr. Gibson has won a place in the councils of the Association that will keep him in active service of some kind for a long time, as it is to him perhaps more than to any other individual member that the new constitution and many changes for the better are due. The father of the Association, Mr. N. H. Bishop, is still living in a beautiful nook on the mountain side at Lake George, whence he can overlook the battle ground of so many canoe races.

Of the nine meets already held, four have been at Lake George and three on the St. Lawrence, and now for the fourth time the A. C. A. goes back to the latter location, certainly one of the finest in America for such a camp. This time, as in 1883, the meet will be in Canadian waters, having come in due rotation to the Northern Division, but at the same time it is almost within call of the old spot that is so dear to many of the older members. Many changes have of course taken place in the personnel of the Association; while the total number of members from 1880 up to date is very nearly 1,400, many have naturally dropped out, the present membership being about 800, but fortunately death has made very few inroads on the ranks, and nearly all of the older and best known members manage to report from time to time at a meet or an annual meeting. No. 1 on the roll, a gentleman who has never taken part at a meet, has lately taken a new interest in the sport, has joined a prominent club, and promises to be at the next meet. The financial condition of the Association up to date is shown in the following report of the Sec.-Treas., presented at the annual meeting:

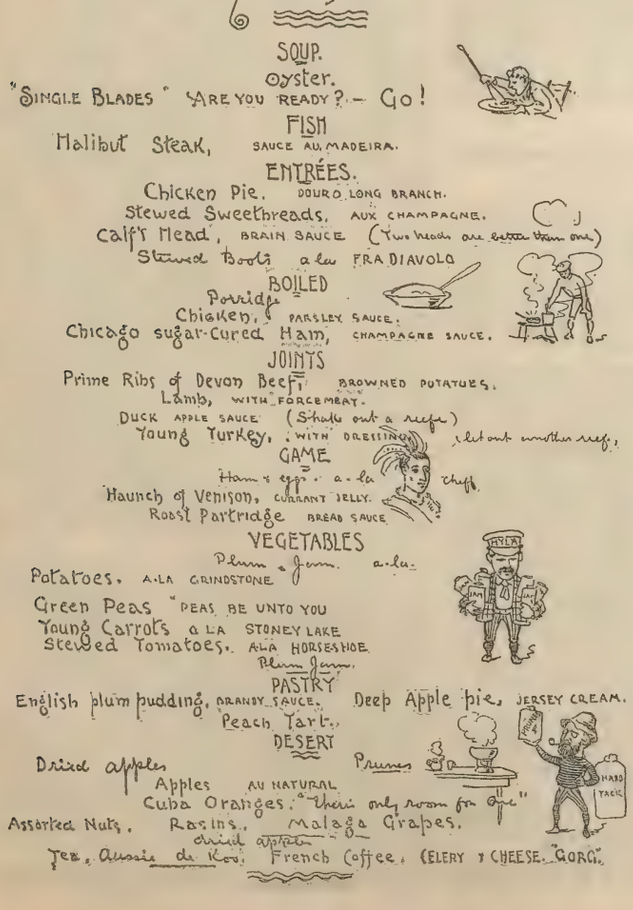
A. C. A. BALANCE SHEET—OCTOBER, 1887, TO NOVEMBER, 1888.

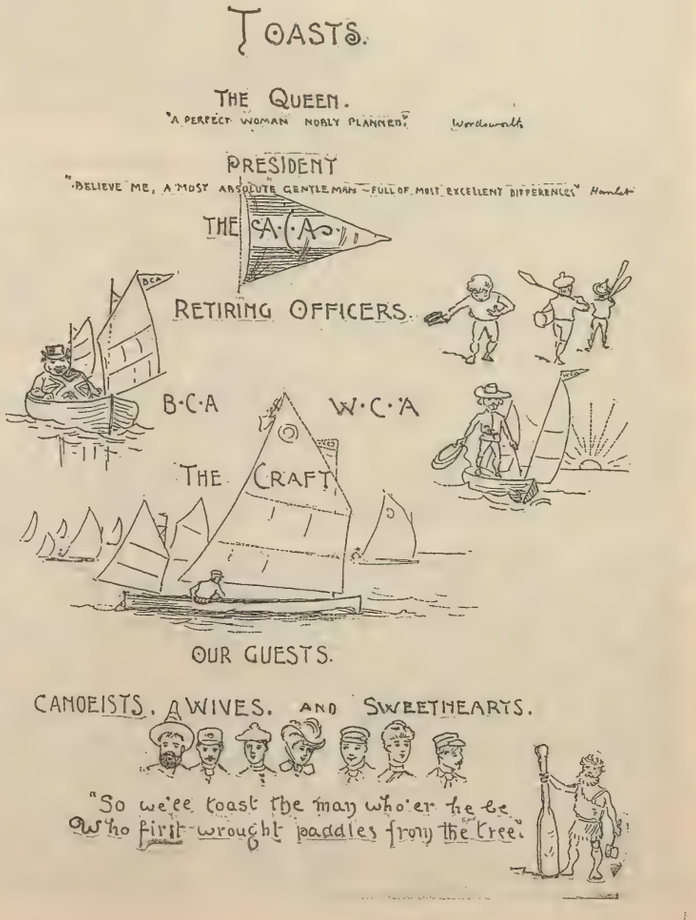
Cr.		
Balance received from W. M. Carter		$55.72
Received from purser Central Division		177.45
purser Atlantic Division		78.81
purser Eastern Division		60.60
purser Northern Division		55.40
sale of lumber left in camp		72.00
camp dues		149.00
advertisements in Year Book		345.00
C. A. Neidé, dues, 1883		1.00
Guy Baker, dues, 1888		1.00
		$996.98
Dr.		
Stamps	$12.81	
Stationery and printing	8.50	
A. C. A. sign at dock	2.50	
Telegram	.50	
Incidentals—		
Express on box from W. M. Carter	1.10	
Year Books	1.70	
box to Lake George and return	2.50	
Camp expenses, A. C. A. meet—		
100lbs. copperas	3.50	
Carrying mail	1.50	
Boards, labor and rowboat two weeks	12.65	
Wooden pail	.30	
D. S. Sanford for half of dock	75.00	
Com. Gibson, incidental expenses, 1888	45.80	
Regatta committee, incidental expenses, 1888	125.44	
E. R. Bertine, rent of large tent	20.00	
M. G. Stoneman, rent of A. C. A. and Sec.'s tents	28.50	
S. Hemmenway, A. C. A. burgee	15.00	
S. R. Stoddard for maps in Year Book	65.00	
J. C. Rankin, Jr., printing Year Book, etc	421.53	
Expenses of secretary	60.00	$912.53
Balance in treasury		$84.45

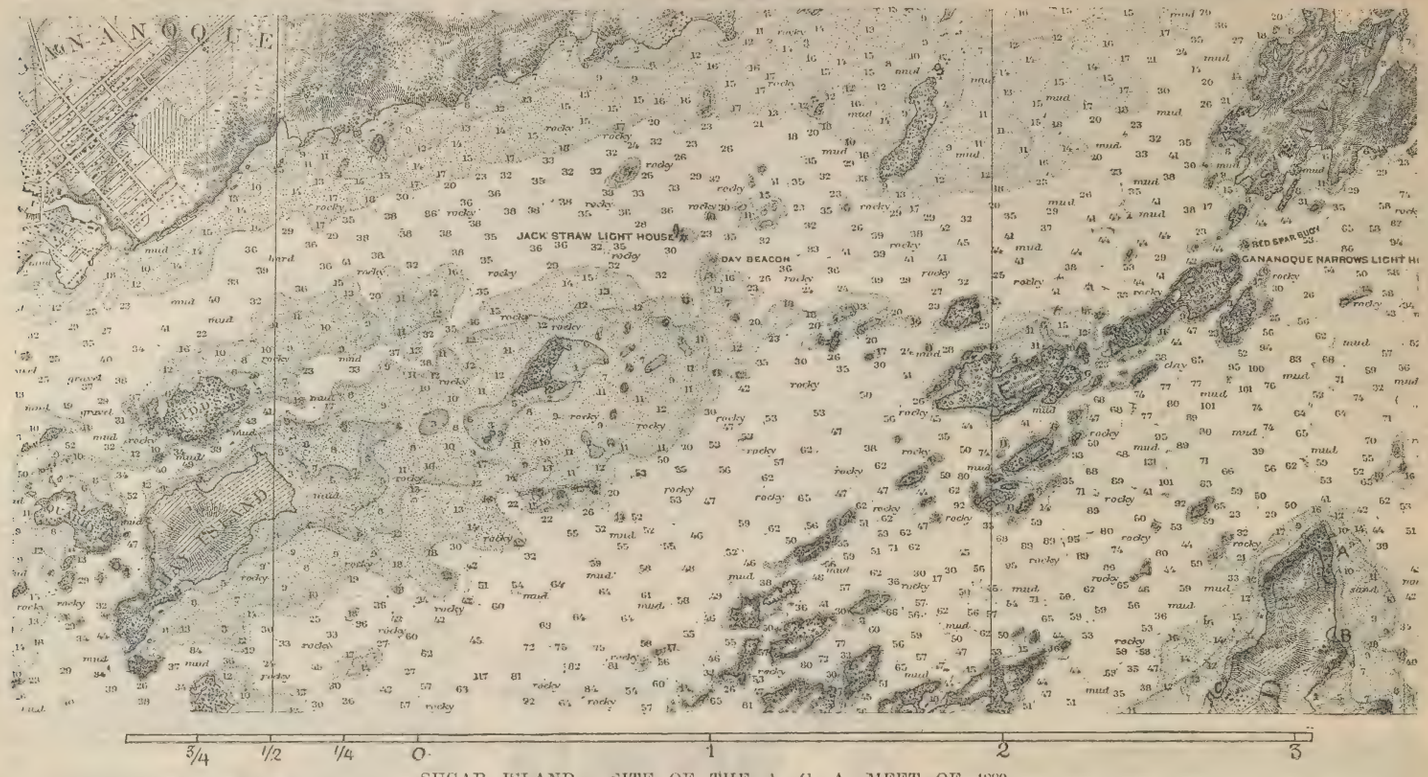
While the balance is but small it is a little more than last year, and the prospect is that in the future the receipts will be increased materially. The chief items are in connection with the Year Book, which this year cost the Association about $100 above the receipts the book being very much superior to anything previously attempted, and with a fine map of Lake George included. For the first time the plan of publishing advertisements in the book was tried, the result being that a handsomer book was produced at a smaller cost than usual, and for next year an offer has been made to print and mail the book free of cost to the Association for the privilege of the advertisements. This offer, being accepted will remove one serious item of expense, and not only the Year Book but the camp programme will be provided for free of cost. The plan of a camp fee of $1.00, tried for the first time this year, has also worked very well, the revenue from it being $150; while, as a result of the greatly increased local interest in the Association and the meets which has followed the carrying out of the Division scheme, the attendance at the A. C. A. meet promises to be greatly increased in a year or two.

How large the A.C.A. meet is likely to become, and how large a meet is desirable, are hard questions to answer, but we may safely assume that with good management a territory as large as the Northern or Atlantic Divisions should in a few years give an active membership of 400 canoeists. With the Division meets well worked up, the average attendance at each should be not less than 125, as the distance from any point in the Division cannot be very great; and in the year when the Division meet is merged in the A.C.A. meet this attendance should run up to at least 200 from the Division. Besides this the average attendance from each of the other Divisions should be at least 10 per cent, or 40 each, making a total of over 300 actual members besides ladies and guests, at the Association meet. This would make quite as large a camp as would be desirable, while the income from it would be more than enough to cover all running expenses of the meet, as these would be increased very slightly if any for a camp of twice the present size. The wharf, general tent, and prizes are the same in either case, while at present an edition of 1200 books is printed, so that even if the membership and attendance at the meet were both doubled the running expenses of the Association would be but little, if any, greater. For the present at least the expenses of the Division meets will be less than of an Association meet, and will be amply provided for from the 70 per cent of the receipts retained by each Division. As far as we can judge then, the prospects are that with added experience and good management the expenses of the Association should be diminished, rather than increased; while on the other hand, the membership which is certain to follow a vigorous and pushing policy in each Division, with its influence on the attendance at the A. C. A. meet, is sure to add largely to the receipts, both in the form of the initiation fees, annual dues, and camp fee. To be sure, the expense is not now very great, $1 for initiation, $1 per year dues, and $1 from each member present at an Association meet, no camp fees being charged for the Division meet. At the same time, the more this expense can be reduced the better; and further, the more it can









SUGAR ISLAND. SITE OF THE A. C. A. MEET OF 1889.

A, Camp of 1884-85-86, Grindstone Island, Main Camp. *B*, Squaw Point. *C*, Delaney's Farmhouse. *E*, Sugar Island. *F*, Proposed Ladies' Camp.

be put into a form like the camp dues, paid only when a member attends a meet, rather than the annual dues, which many have paid for years though too far away to attend a meet, the better it will be. We are in favor then of a policy by which each Division will be induced to increase its membership by the addition of every desirable canoeist within its borders, and at the same time of such an economical administration of affairs as shall provide for reasonable expenditures in the way of prizes and facilities for the proper conduct of the races and camp; and when these are provided for, if a "dangerous surplus" be left, that the dues be decreased first by the abolishment of the initial fee, and then by a reduction of the annual dues to every club which shall join the A. C. A. in a body, paying a lump sum to the Division purser in place of $1 to be collected from each individual member. This plan, to which we have alluded before, is too radical to be undertaken in haste, and the details are as yet in a very crude shape, but the main points of it are that there is a very large proportion of club members that are not in the A. C. A., and who can only be brought in through a scheme which will induce their clubs to join as compact bodies. A careful canvas of the question will show that with such an increase of membership as would follow from a number of clubs joining in this way, the receipts would be so large, with no great increase of expenses, that a reduction of dues even below the present low figure would be possible.

Two amendments to the constitution were proposed and adopted by those present at the meeting; the first fixing a uniform date at which all Division officers should take office, the second changing the date of appointment of Division regatta committees. The former point was an omission at the time the new constitution was drawn up, the matter not being thoroughly considered, so that the officers who were elected at a Division meet took office at once. In practice the plan was objectionable, because the new purser came in, and the books were transferred to him, at the very time when he is most occupied with new applications, just preceding the A. C. A. meet; and further, he was hardly settled in office before he was obliged to prepare his annual report. In the same way the new vice-commodore took command of the Division just preceding the A. C. A. meet, and so was not fully familiar with his duties at the time he went to the meet. Under the new amendment the terms of all officers end in the dull season in the fall, with the Executive Committee meeting, so that the new officers have ample time to become familiar with their duties before the season's work, both for the division and A. C. A. meet, begins. The second change was made because it has proved impossible in practice to appoint men at the end of one season to the regatta committee, with any certainty that they will be able to attend to their duties properly nearly a year later. As now arranged each vice-commodore may select his regatta committee late in January, by which time he can tell who will be able to serve.

Two very important subjects were discussed this year for the first time by the executive committee, the question of limiting racing canoes and that of order in camp. While all the officers present were outspoken in favor of some action in behalf of the legitimate cruising canoe as opposed to the racing machine, after a long discussion no practicable method of restricting the machines was proposed. A limit of sail area and a rule prohibiting standing rigs and seats wider than the canoe were discussed, but it was not deemed best to recommend the adoption of either. It was decided to take no action at present, but to leave it to another year to say whether some of the evils would not either correct themselves or become so much greater that more stringent rules would be welcomed by all, and in the meantime to trust to the judgment of the regatta committee to provide some races for canoes that are in every respect cruisers. The following resolution was finally introduced by Mr. Andrews and seconded by ex-Commodore Rathbun, "Resolved, That the executive committee of the American Canoe Association deprecates most strongly the introduction of special racing appliances that are incompatible with the requirements of cruising, and recommends to the regatta committee that the programme of the races shall be so arranged as to encourage as far as possible the legitimate cruising canoe." At its fall meeting a short time since the Royal C. C. considered the same question, but we have not yet had a report of the action taken.

The question of order in camp is one that is each year of more importance as new men come in. Of course a wide latitude must be allowed in such a camp as far as mere conventionalities are concerned, but at the same time it is most essential that anything approaching drunkenness or open disorder must be promptly suppressed. At one of the Grindstone camps some trouble was caused by two canoeists, total strangers, from a distant point, who drank more than was good for them, and were finally invited by the officers to continue their cruise at once and to stop no longer in camp. In 1887 there was a little trouble of the same nature, and again in the last camp. In every case it was due to but one or two persons, strangers who had lately joined the A. C. A. From early morning until midnight the camp is full of noise, song and frolic, that is part of the sport, and all expect and enjoy it. The trouble begins after the camp has quieted down for the night and when nearly every one is desirous of a quiet rest. It is within the power of one or two noisy men, whether sober or not does not matter to their victims, to keep the whole camp awake, as has been more than once the case. It is asking too much of the Commodore and his aids that they shall be up all night playing police, and it has been proposed that the executive committee shall be in session every morning, to hear complaints and investigate any charges of disorder. A single meeting of the committee served to stop all trouble this year, and it is pretty certain that if it be generally understood that all such disorder will be promptly dealt with, there will be no ground of complaint. The matter was suggested this year by Ex-Com. Gibson, and after being discussed at the meeting the following resolution was passed: Resolved, "That in view of the necessity of preserving order and quiet in camp during the night, the hour of 'taps' shall be changed from 10 to 11:30 P. M.; after which hour quiet must be maintained." The old rule, of quiet after 10 P. M., was broken as a matter of course by all, from the officers down, but the new limit, 11:30 P. M., is far more practicable.

In regard to a site the feeling was strongly in favor of Sugar Island, which was selected unanimously. It is a beautiful little island about half a mile long and a quarter of a mile wide, located, as shown on the accompanying chart, within a mile of the old camp ground of 1884, '85 and '86. It is 2¾ miles from Gananoque, 6 miles from Clayton, and a little over 1 mile from the farmhouse on Grindstone Island, where many took their meals at the old camps. The shape of the island is shown in the chart, irregular, with several little bays, and a wide peninsula on the south side, on which it has been proposed to locate the ladies' camp. The ground in the center is quite high, and in no place, we understand, is it boggy or swampy. A good location can be had for a wharf, and an offer has been made already to build the wharf, do what underbrushing is necessary, and to run a small steamer as a ferry boat, for the privilege of running the camp store. Lumber can be had cheaply from Gananoque, and if the excellent plan as that originated by the site committee this year be followed, the floats and stages can be built without cost to the Association.

The two successful Division meets held in '87 and '88 in the Northern Division have helped canoeing greatly in Canada, and there is now much enthusiasm over the coming meet, and every indication of a very satisfactory attendance. The Central Division will not hold a Division meet of its own this year, but will lend all its efforts to the general meet on Sugar Island. The Eastern Division is likely to hold a local meet early in the year, as usual, and then to turn out in good numbers at the A. C. A. meet. The Atlantic Division is now arranging for a large Division meet in July, about a month prior to the A. C. A. meet, but it also expects to send a large delegation to the A. C. A. meet. Thus there is every prospect of a larger meet than ever before in the coming August, and also that at the end of the year the Association will be in a most prosperous condition, both in numbers and in finances, and with added experience to guide it toward a still more extended sphere of usefulness.

THROUGH BULL'S FALLS TO HARPER'S FERRY

LEAVES FROM THE LOG OF THE FRANKIE.

THE river flowed deep and smooth for several miles—a noble, majestic stream a quarter of a mile wide or thereabouts—till we reached the vicinity of Bull's Falls, noted as the worst place on the river, and but two or three miles from Harper's Ferry and the Potomac. We landed at the old stone wharf known as Shenandoah City, and walked down the railroad track to reconnoitre. Just below the broad, still flow ends in a wide, shallow, reefy rapid, the distinction between the rapid and the deep water above being so marked—so much of the reefs being above water—that at low water it looks more like the beach of a lake than the continuation of a river. At the present stage, however, the water covered the entire expanse and fell away down the slope in a white, foamy sheet.

We followed it for half a mile or thereabouts, the boat channel being plainly apparent—a perfectly clear, swift, narrow little road of water, close to the railroad embankment, along the inner side—till we came to the falls. And the falls! They were no more like the falls I have frequently seen from the car windows than a breeze is like a cyclone. The great boulder-strewn ledge, over and among which the water falls almost perpendicularly, was a continuous deep, heavy cataract, the rocks all covered, and over the two great boulders close to the railroad, so familiar to passers by, between which at low water most of the river finds its way over the ledge, the water now rushed in colossal billows, while the whole breadth of the river below the ledge was churned into a white mass of heaving, tumbling, seething, foam-crested breakers; and the spectacle was awe-inspiring. The boat channel passes the end of the falls next to the railroad, in a short canal cut through the rock, and ordinarily affords a safe, easy passage around the falls, but the water now rushed through this narrow little gap with immense power; two great furrows of water like those thrown from the bows of a large, rapidly-moving steamer, only much larger, extending diagonally in parallel lines across it from top to bottom, while below it was joined by the great mass of waters over the ledge, and the quarter of a mile of huge rollers that followed menaced certain destruction to our small craft, even if they succeeded in living through the chute, while all around us and far away below us the mountains closed in on either side, shouldering the river right and left, as it fought savagely for the passage it had cut down deep into their very foundations. A continuous series of great rocky reefs or girders reached across the gorge from one colossal wall to the other, over which the river rushed and foamed on its way down the steeply sloping defile as though, having cut deep down below the floor of the valley, it was tripping and falling over the very foundation sills of the mountains, while far away the imposing Maryland Heights shut squarely across the vista, as though finally opposing a successful barrier to the river, which, joining the Potomac at its base, the two, united, with a supreme effort rend their way through the mighty barrier, whose time-scarred flanks dip down into the water on either side.

The houses, shops and ruined Government buildings of Harper's Ferry were visible at the very end of the long down-hill vista, three miles away. We followed on down the railroad (which here descends at the rate of 90ft. to the mile) for a mile, and found the noted mountain gorge filled from side to side with the turbulent, heaving, rushing flood, and the outlook was very dubious indeed.

"Well, what do you think?" said George, as we returned and stood on the edge of the canal gazing ruefully at the thunderous cataract and the raging torrent pouring through the narrow channel.

"Well, I think the best way to get in is to go back to Halltown, just opposite where we left the canoe, and getting a couple of those section hands I noticed there working on the track as we came down, to carry the boats over to the station there, and we'll walk in."

"O, pshaw! I hate to abandon the cruise in sight of Harper's Ferry after coming this far and passing through all we have been through to get there."

"So do I, but I hate to get wet, too, and probably lose a canoe or two with an outfit, to say nothing of the personal risk, which will assuredly be the case if we tackle this canal and these rollers."

"Can't we make it, don't you think?"

"I am afraid not; in fact I am so sure of it that I have no desire to try it. Those huge swells in the canal will swamp us as soon as we attempt it."

"Clear across there below the falls and for a long way down the water is comparatively smooth. Now, if we could only get over into that we would be all right."

"Yes, if we were there, but the getting there is the thing. I'll tell you what we'll do. I still think the safe, sensible plan is to take no chances and abandon the cruise right here and walk in, for there's more rough water ahead; we are not out of the woods by any means when we pass these falls. See how the gorge falls away below us! There's bound to be bad water with such a fall, and besides all these reefs are below us. We didn't go far enough when we were down there; we ought to have taken a look around that bend and below those islands; but I hate to be beaten so near the end of the cruise as badly as you do. If the river was not so high the canal would push us around this place easily, but it can't be passed now and that's all there is of it. You notice the river is smooth above the falls and below the rapids? Well, we'll drop down the boat channel through the rapid, and when we reach the lower point of that island above there we'll cross over to the other side, and the chances are that we'll find some place to slip by like we did at Watson's Falls. We'll take the chances anyhow."

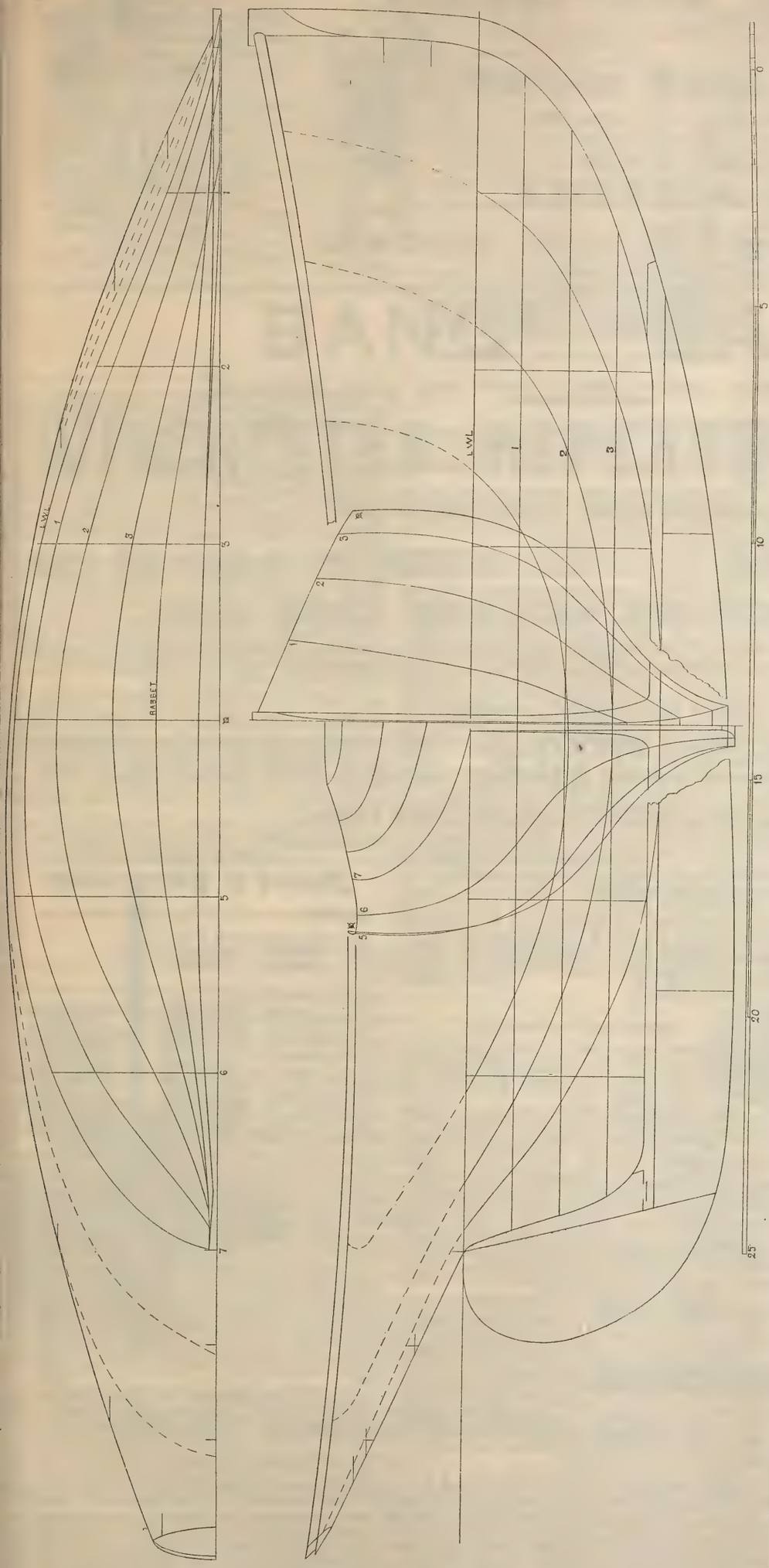
We accordingly returned to the canoes, re-embarked and dropped cautiously down the chute, through the rapids, until we reached the landmark agreed upon, when we turned our bows up stream and drove the boats across the river as rapidly as possible, for we were perilously near the falls. We landed on the rocks close to the shore, and lifted and slid the boats over the ledge forming the falls now, a very narrow, deep, swift, crooked little channel, which we were fortunate enough to find, evidently a dry gully at low water, down which, after a very difficult job getting aboard the canoes at all—owing to the fierce rush of the torrent—we shot like arrows, one at a time. Midway down, in spite of every effort, I ran square upon a huge rock in midstream; the bow of the boat glanced off, and she struck broadside on with a crash that I felt sure had smashed in the entire side. I averted a capsize by my usual tactics, of instantly jumping out on to the rock, while George shot by me like an arrow and was lost to sight around a sharp bend to the left. I examined my canoe to see if there was enough of her left to carry me out of my predicament, for, as before mentioned, the rock on which I struck was in midstream; and to my surprise and pleasure I found she was entirely uninjured, so I pushed her off the rock, hauled her carefully alongside, stepped quickly in (a delicate operation in such a torrent) and was whirled swiftly away. I shot around the cane and found George entangled in the bushes at the end of the chute on the left side, and in an instant more found myself entangled in the bushes on the right, or down-stream side. As the current set squarely through the bushes on my side, I had no resource but to get out up to my waist in the water and work the boat clear. I was soon clear and back in the canoe, and in a few minutes more we found ourselves out in the river again, in the smooth water below the falls, and for a mile or more we had a comparatively smooth run.

We passed the collection of clumpy, bushy islands clustered in the bend of the river, and stopped appalled at the sight that burst upon our astonished vision. For a mile or two ahead the gorge was filled with a horrible mass of tumbling, roaring, writhing, leaping, foaming white water, the uplifted crests of the great waves splashing high in the air in every direction, while far ahead, but dimly seen through the gathering twilight, standing calm and dignified above the horrible commotion below it, was the bridge across the Shenandoah, immediately above its junction with the Potomac, a beacon to indicate our haven.

It was impossible to return, and there seemed no outlet for us, but straight ahead; so in we plowed, I in the lead and George following close to the right bank. The power of the water, its velocity and the magnitude of the huge rollers were something frightful and far surpassed anything we had experienced before. As the dangers thickened I kept perfectly cool and steady and managed my boat with all the skill and power I possessed, but she was like a straw in the resistless overwhelming torrent.

I turned to see how George was faring; as I looked, half the hull of his boat was visible out of the water, which poured from her decks in sheets and dripped glistening from her glossy black sides. An instant later she plunged down again till all I could see was his head and shoulders among the angry-crested waves, roaring around him to engulf him.

A dozen times at least I gave myself up for capsized and prepared to jump out and swim for life, but each time regained my



THE CAT YAWL "EMPRESS."

equilibrium and was still safe. Once I was carried bodily sidewise down a huge fall, over a reef some five or six feet deep, with an enormous roller coming up at the foot; but the Frankie with a buoyancy undreamed of carried me through safely.

Just ahead rose a huge rock against which the waters reared themselves like a wall, and then fell over with a thunderous roar into the lee below. With the strength of a struggle between life and death I succeeded in backing clear of it, and shooting by it on the right hand.

As I hung poised a moment before passing it George came shooting by me, straight down upon it, ran square up on its lofty crest, hung suspended upon its verge an instant, grasped his gunwales with both hands, dropped his paddle, gave me one helpless glance, then toppled over, bow first into the depths below, and was lost to sight. I only had time to take a fleeting, backward glimpse of him, as I was whirled resistlessly on, below the rock, and to my surprise and delight he was riding right side up on the lee of the rock, still grasping his gunwales, with his boat full of water, his silk pennant still flying from its staff in the back end of the cockpit as it had been throughout the entire cruise.

It was but a couple of boat-lengths to shore, so I shouted to him to paddle himself ashore with a hatch, and was whirled away, perfectly powerless to help him around a massive point of stone, jutting out from the face of the mountain, and lost sight of him. I found a little piece of smooth water on the lee of the point, and a few yards below, the stern of a skiff, projecting from among the rocks denoted a landing of some sort, or at least a foothold along the face of the perpendicular cliff we had been skirting for a long distance, so I hung close to the lee and paddled carefully back up under the point to try and find George. I picked up his floating hatch, then his foot-rest, and, at these signs of wreckage, my heart rose in my mouth, and my spirits went down, down, as I feared what had happened to him. Carefully peering around the point I was greatly relieved to see him seated on a projecting rock at the foot of the cliff, with his boat half ashore, dipping the water out of her.

He soon appeared, picking his way cautiously along the base of the cliff, leading his canoe, and when he reached the point where I was I shouted to him to wait a minute (conversation being impossible a boat's length away on account of the mighty roar of the torrent), so I dropped down to the skiff previously mentioned, where I found a rude, single-bladed paddle, with which I returned to him, and in five minutes we were standing on the rocks holding a council of war.

Our position was not inviting. We stood on a small level platform of rocks; behind us rose Loudoun Heights towering 1,000ft. and more to the summit of the Blue Ridge almost perpendicular; in front of us the roaring, raging river; above us the rapids we had come through; between us half a mile of still worse rapids.

Directly in front of us the water was comparatively smooth though exceedingly swift—a sort of resting place between the rapids above and those below. A stone dam, a relic of the Government works, began a few yards out in the river from us, extending clear across to the other shore, where it curved down stream and ran for a long distance parallel with the bank, serving for both dam and race. On looking over the situation we saw several ways out. One was to paddle across the river to the other side where lay the town and the railroads, our destination, a difficult, exceedingly hazardous undertaking at best, in view of the swift current and the dam and rapid below, and one simply impossibly for George to perform with the apology for a paddle I gave him. Another was to continue to run the rapid, also hazardous and for George impossible. Another was to lead the boats along the shore, a very difficult and tedious job, in view of the cliffs, rocks and bushes. Another was to go into camp where we were, as it was growing dusk, and the place offered really good facilities for camping, plenty of driftwood and a nice spring being at hand and trust to the morning to get us out of our scrape.

We were about to accept the latter alternative, and had begun to unpack the canoes preparatory to drawing them upon the rock for the night, when one of these mountaineers, a "poor white" who are always found living in such wild inaccessible places as we were now in, in wretched, patched up, pieced up hovels that would bring discredit upon the celebrated precincts of Shantytown, appeared on the scene. After consultation with him during which he suggested, and tried leading the boats down, a plan which I promptly vetoed on seeing how clumsily and unskillfully he handled the Frankie, a bargain was struck in which he agreed to carry the canoes, assisted by his boys, down the rough path along the shore, below the rapids, and while he was gone for the boys, I prepared a hasty supper of bacon, eggs and coffee, which we disposed of while they were carrying the canoes; and in due time we found ourselves in camp, half a mile further down the river, below the worst of the rapids and in position to easily reach the town in the morning.

F. R. WEBB.

Yachting.

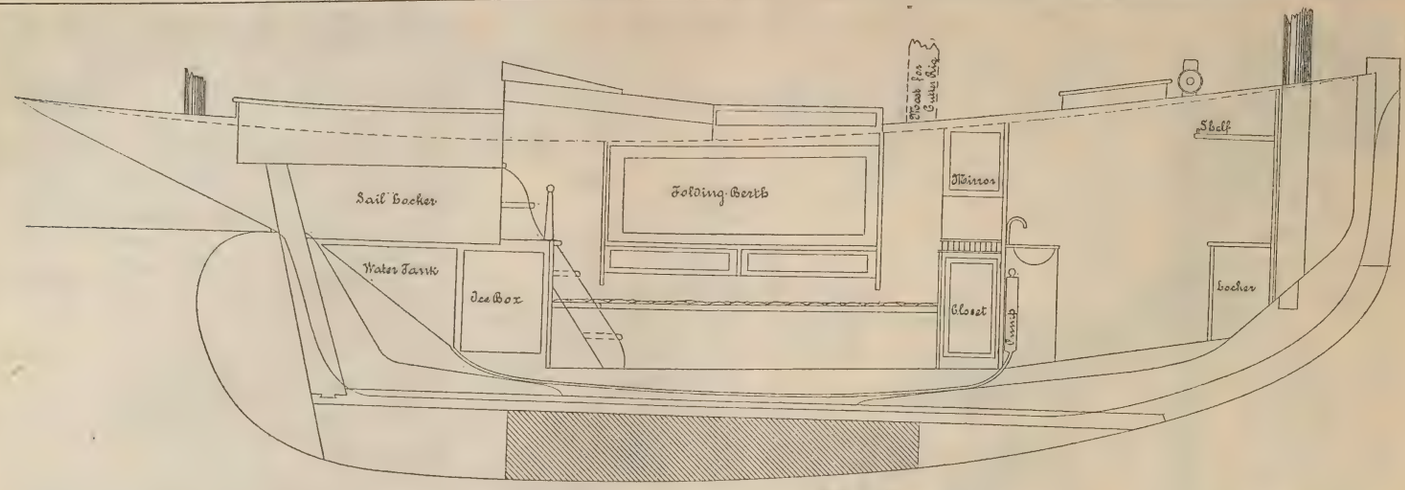
THE CAT YAWL EMPRESS.

ONE of the most practical and serviceable rigs for singlehand sailing is the "main or mizen," or as it is usually called in America, the "cat yawl" rig, the same that is generally used on canoes. Though common enough on small craft in England, it is comparatively a novelty here, its introduction about five years ago being due to Mr. N. G. Herreshoff, of Bristol, R. I., at least he was the first to test the rig thoroughly and put it into working shape. In England the two sails are usually lugs, but in this country the ordinary boom and gaff is retained, the boom being shortened, but the details of rigging being the same as in the ordinary catboat. In 1883 Mr. Herreshoff built for his own use the cat yawl Consuelo, now owned by Mr. Lorillard, of Newport, a keel boat 32ft. over all, 28ft. 6in. l.w.l., 8ft. 8in. beam and 5ft. 9in. draft, with all her ballast in a lead keel. Though fitted with partners for cutter rig she was tried with a large mast in the bows and a small one on the counter, the sails both being boom and gaff. Under this rig she handled admirably, as the many yachtsmen who have seen her picking her way through a dense fleet of yachts in Newport Harbor can testify, and the change to cutter rig was never made. Mr. Herreshoff used her a great deal for singlehand cruising about Bristol and Newport, sailing her alone, but taking his wife and family with him, the boat being very roomy and well arranged below. In the same year the Romp, a centerboard boat 29ft. over all, 27ft. 6in. l.w.l., 11ft. 4in. beam and 3ft. draft, was built by the Herreshoffs for Mr. Geo. A. Thayer, her cruising ground being about the western end of Long Island Sound, where by her trim appearance and excellent performance she has attracted general attention. In 1887, after selling Consuelo, Mr. Herreshoff designed and built a similar craft, the Clara, a keel boat 35ft. over all, 29ft. 5in. l.w.l., 9ft. 10in. beam and 5ft. 5in. draft. The chief peculiarity of this boat is that her sails are battened as in a canoe and of the Chinese shape. She has been used a good deal about Newport and Narragansett Bay and has proved a success—like her predecessors.

Though the ordinary cat rig is very common on craft of 30ft. and even larger, especially in working boats, it is a very poor rig for singlehand sailing and cruising in rough water or in any but the lightest summer weather, the single sail being heavy to hoist, difficult to reef or shake out, and too large to be readily trimmed on all occasions by one man. The sloop and cutter rigs are both open to the objections of many lines and of a jib, with bowsprit and all the accompanying head gear, a serious disadvantage in many cases when working in crowded harbors or narrow waters, unless well manned. The cat yawl is a medium between the two, possessing the advantages of simplicity, little gear, quickness in handling, and sails small enough to be trimmed and hoisted by one man; while at the same time the bowsprit and jib are dispensed with. Whether the rig is quite as speedy for a racing craft as the plain catrig, or on the other hand the sloop or cutter rig, is perhaps an open question, but on anything but the most extreme racing craft, the difference in speed is so slight as to be immaterial.

The yacht whose lines are given herewith, the cat yawl Empress, was designed by her former owner, Mr. Geo. A Ballard, of Fall River, Mass, for singlehand work, partly in the rough water that is so often found within a very short distance of Newport Harbor. She was built by Reed Bros., of Fall River, in 1887, and after being used for two seasons was sold to her present owner, Mr. Hugh Boyd of Brooklyn, N, Y., a member of the Atlantic Y. C. She was designed for a cruising boat, to be easily handled by a crew of one, and at the same time to give ample accommodation for a larger number. Her dimensions are as follows:

Length, over all	33ft.
L.W.L.	26ft.
Beam, extreme	9ft.
L.W.L.	8ft. 7in.
Draft extreme	5ft. 3in.
Least freeboard	2ft. 4in.
Ballast inside, lead, long tons	2.00
keel, iron	3.52
Mainmast, from stem	2ft. 6in.
deck to truck	34ft.



INTERIOR OF CAT YAWL "EMPRESS."

Main boom	24ft. 6in.
Main gaff	19ft.
Hoist of mainsail	21ft.
Leach	35ft.
Mizenmast, from stem	28ft.
deck to truck	30ft.
Mizen boom	19ft.
Mizen gaff	8ft. 9in.
Hoist of mizen	12ft.
Leach	17ft. 8in.

The cabin is very roomy, with 6ft. headroom and a floor 3ft. wide. It has a locker on each side, as shown, with a sideboard at the fore end with closet above. Back of the locker is a folding berth that can be dropped at night, making a very comfortable bed, while by day it is entirely concealed, the bottom forming the side of the cabin. The companion and skylight are in one, the latter fitted with plate glass. The forecastle has a washstand with faucet and pump, the latter connecting with a large water tank in the run by means of a pipe beneath the floor. There is room for a man in the forecastle. The ice box is beneath the steps, and is large enough to contain a four days' supply. The space beneath the cockpit is used for sails and spare stuff. The yacht is fitted, as shown, with step and partners for cutter rig; while double frames were put in to take the chainplates, and the bitts were fitted for the heel of a bowsprit, so that the change could readily be made at any time. The frames are all of bent oak, spaced 12in., the planking of selected yellow pine in single lengths. All the deck fittings are of mahogany, and the yacht is very neatly finished throughout. Her two sails are of the ordinary boom and gaff pattern. Though out in some very bad weather she has never been compelled to reef them, and her former owner reports her as being very dry and easy in a sea, good to windward, and very easy to handle. A sprit topsail is sometimes carried over the mainsail. The outside ballast is of iron, 8,000lbs., secured with five 2in. iron bolts through forged iron floor knees. The inside ballast consists of 4,500lbs. of lead.

The Empress represents a very serviceable type of yacht for cruising along the Atlantic coast and on the Lakes, being about as large as the average Corinthian will care to handle, and yet, at the same time, giving accommodations for four men in the cabin if desired. The draft is moderate and the rig is both convenient and effective; while with an iron keel the yacht may be built and equipped at a moderate cost. As to the great feature for a family boat, safety, she is free from all danger of capsizing, while her form is such as to make a very strong hull with a minimum of material compared with the ordinary centerboard craft.

THE AMERICA'S CUP.

THERE is absolutely no news, either in the British papers or from private parties, of any proposed challenge for next year. The *Field* of Nov. 22 disposes of the Jameson rumor as follows, and at the same time sits down rather heavily on the New York Y. C.:

"The cock-and-bull story telegraphed from America that Mr. Jameson, owner of the Irex, is secretly building a cutter somewhere in the United Kingdom to compete for the America Cup, has, of course, no foundation in fact. Indeed, the only fact in connection with the story is that it is a fact, if such a cutter is building, that Mr. Jameson knows nothing about it. The rumors about an Australian craft being built appear to have been propigated more for the purpose of puffing than anything; but we should not be surprised if the New York Yacht Club encouraged a challenge from that remote part of the world, because if an Australian won the cup there would be an end of it forever, so far as the New York Club is concerned, which would be a tremendous relief to the club. Similarly, if the cup went to Australia, it is not likely that any Englishman would go after it now the fashion has set in of specially building yachts to defend it. It would be all very well if a club relied on existing yachts, as the New York Yacht Club did in 1870-1, for the Cambria and Livonia contests; but now that it has been made plain that the cup can be defended with absolute certainty by building a yacht specially for the purpose, it is not likely that any future holder will leave it to chance. By the way, this certainty rather suggests that there never will be a future holder of the cup, and that it will never go to Australia, or anywhere else outside New York."

Such remarks as the above are really cruel and heartless on the part of the *Field*. No doubt the New York Y. C. means well, even though its ideas of sport and fair play may be just a little muddled. Much as the club has grumbled over the expense and trouble of defending the Cup, it would be like drawing an eye tooth to lose it now. As the matter stands now, considering the new deed of gift and the manner in which it was adopted in the face of a *bona fide* challenge, British yachtsmen can very well afford for some time to come to lie quiet and watch Australia, Canada, New Zealand or any other ambitious aspirant have a try for the Cup; or in default of that, to watch the effect on the holders of the undisturbed possession of the trophy under conditions universally condemned as unfair.

STEAM LAUNCHES FOR SHOAL WATERS.

IN answer to inquiries from a correspondent, Mr. Arthur Lovejoy, author of the cruise "From Okeechobee to the Gulf," in the FOREST AND STREAM of Oct 11-18, writes as follows:

Editor Forest and Stream:

If "Pacific" would address me at my home I should be pleased to correspond with him and offer any suggestions my long experience in boating might suggest; if "Pacific" will write me what he wants a steamer for, salt or fresh water, depth of water he wishes to run in, etc., I could help him. Above everything, for side or stern wheel, get a Kriebel engine; it is *par excellence* the engine of engines for a small yacht or launch. Get a Scotch marine boiler if for wood, but if for coal get an upright 125 to 150 brass tin, tube steel boiler. For water less than 20in. in depth get a side-wheeler; over 20in. a three-blade propeller is best. The Dot was 33ft. over all in length, about 8ft. beam, drew 3ft. of water, was copper bottomed, had brass rudder, brass propeller, brass shaft. She had a 5 horse engine, cylinder was 5x7, high and low pressure, 3lin. boiler, 125 brass tubes 1in. diameter, had cabin over all, wheel in forward cabin, engine in after cabin, large windows swing on hinges all round the cabins. The Dot cost, when new, $3,000. She cost me about $2,000. One thing more, she had a copper condenser running from midships aft round her stern. If "Pacific" wanted to run in fresh water he would not need a condenser; if in salt he would. I had a five-barrel fresh water iron tank up under the bows. Success to any one getting up a small steamer for sport, for there is plenty of comfort and many good times in such a craft.

ATLANTA, Ga. ARTHUR LOVEJOY.

SINGLEHANDERS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Considering the keen and widespread interest taken in all that appertains to yachts and yachting, it appears strange that the boating readers of your paper do not more frequently communicate through its columns the results of their experiences, and tell of the novelties or experiments which may have come under their notice.

The suggestion made in FOREST AND STREAM of Oct. 4, that the owners of small sailing craft about New York and the west end of Long Island Sound should unite to form a single-handed club, is a most excellent one, which should not be allowed to rest merely as a suggestion; for there are very many boat owners who would no doubt be happy to join such an association.

At the present time I am building for my own use a wee single-hander, a description of which may interest your readers, and which when finished will be a candidate for admission to the proposed singlehand club.

My little craft is designed to afford the greatest amount of space and comfort for cruising that can be obtained within the smallest dimensions. Her length is 15½ft. over all; beam, 4½ft.; depth of hull at stem, 20in.; depth of hull amidships, 16in.; freeboard at lowest point, 12in. She has a keel in which will be run 150lbs. of lead, and under the cabin floor will be stowed a like amount of ballast to trim ship. With this allowance of dead weight she will be uncapsizable, as her stability will be due more to her form than to what I must still insist on calling the unscientific use of unlimited lead. Her draft of water is to be 18in., the greatest depth being two-thirds of her length from the stem at waterline. She will have a graceful counter stern, and carry 150sq. ft. of canvas, all in one sail, as my desire is to obtain good speed with safety and handiness. Her sail will be hoisted with but one halliard, which leads aft to the cockpit, as indeed will all the running rigging, even including her cable; so that anchor can be weighed, sail hoisted or lowered, and reefing done without leaving the cockpit.

The dimensions of her cabin are 6ft. in length by 3ft. in width, and her little cockpit is 3x3ft. The sides of the cabin are 12in. in height above the deck at after end and 6in. high forward. The top, or roof, of the cabin is hinged at forward end so that it can be raised to any height desired in an instant and closed again just as quickly, like the lid of a box, thus giving ample height inside when anchored, and a low house when under way. One novel feature of this portable cabin top is that its form and construction are such that in case of the water being too shoal to land with the yacht herself the cabin top can be taken entirely off in a moment, turned bottom side up and used as a yawl boat to go ashore in. It will easily carry two persons, and is perfectly water tight. This notion is not patented. Allow me to hereby present it to my fellow single-hander brothers. In the main deck forward of cabin is a hatch 12x12in. All timbers are mahogany and all joiner work inside is finished neatly in varnished woods. The cabin is fitted with one berth 20in. wide by 6ft. in length, but there is room enough to make up an extra bunk if the skipper wants company. As will be seen this is a very small cabin yacht, but she will be a good sea boat, and is open for a friendly match with any other keel or cutter yacht within 10 cubic feet of her dimensions in any weather. THOMAS CLAPHAM.

ROSLYN, L. I., Nov. 24.

NINETY OR FORTY FEET.

IT would appear from the following remarks in the *Field* that the British yachtsman has become cognizant of the state of affairs here, and is not a little amused thereby. What we predicted a year ago in commenting on the new deed of gift has come to pass, and the 90ft. class has fallen into a very unpromising condition. The *Field* says:

"It was thought last May that there was going to be a great revival of yacht racing in America, and the boom went forth that henceforth the racing of 90ft. sloops was to be the common pastime of American yachtsmen; but the dream was never realized, and, to keep yacht racing alive at all, it is now recommended that attention should be concentrated on the 40ft class. This seems very small beer after the Puritan, Mayflower and Volunteer; but it will most likely have to be submitted to. We on this side of the Atlantic have had many years' experience of the excitement of racing 100-tonners, and we always refer to it as the grandest of all sailing; but we are afraid American yacht owners come and go too frequently to get well into the sport. We have hitherto had enough men on this side of the Atlantic to stick to the sport to keep it alive, and if occasionally a man had only a transient but perhaps brilliant career with a racing yacht, his coming and going had very little effect on the sport generally. Whether we shall continue to preserve the old stock is perhaps open to doubt, but, at any rate, we think next season will show that we shall not have to put up with 40-footers just yet."

As we have pointed out before, the large singlestickers were an accident, though a very lucky one in the great help they have given to American yachting. It would be a grand thing if the class could be maintained, and if such contests as those of '86 and '87 on the New York cruise could be a permanant feature of the season's yachting. It has been fully proved, however, that there is neither the money nor the love of sport as yet in America to insure the permanence of such a class, and that the efforts to force its retention simply result in diverting the much-needed support from the 70ft. and other classes. While we should rejoice as much as any one over such a prosperous condition of American yachting as would insure a fleet of half a dozen craft like Mayflower or Volunteer in each of the season's races, we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that such a thing is clearly impossible, and in practice it would be much to be thankful for if there was even a tainty of a dozen good races to be sailed about the coast next year by a fleet of eight or ten 40-footers.

Sentiment is all very well, but the great need in American yachting is a little hard, practical common sense. It is not a question of what is wanted, but of what can be had, and the clubs just now must take the best boats at hand, be they only 40-footers, and get what sport they can from them. If they can stir up the 70-footers out of their present semi-torpid condition, so much the better; if they can revive the defunct 53ft. class they will be doing a good work, but it may be that as a last will resort they be glad to fall back on the 40-footers, rather than to witness such a miserable burlesque of yacht racing as the past season has been.

As for the other side of the Atlantic, it is hard to say how they are any better off than we. The sailing of Yarana, which is about the only event of the season, is a very poor substitute for the old days of the "100-tonners," or even the battles of the 80-tonners and flying forties of a later date. Unless some decided improvement takes place by spring it may be that they, as well as we on this side, will be only too glad to watch a series of really good matches, though the contestants should be nothing more than the despised 40-footers.

SEAWANHAKA CORINTHIAN Y. C.—The following programme of entertainments for the winter has just been announced: Dec. 8, amateur music; Jan. 26, annual club dinner; Feb. 9, lecture by Ensign Edward Everett Hayden, U. S. N. of the Hydrographic Office, on "West Indian Hurricanes;" Feb. 23, lecture by Lieut. Sidney A. Staunton, U. S. N., of the Office of Naval Intelligence, on "Winds and the Law of Storms;" March 23, lecture by Lieut. George L. Dyer, U. S. N., of the Hydrographic Office, on "Ocean Currents;' April 6, amateur music. Notices relating to the classes in navigation have already been sent to the members. It is also proposed to establish a class for practical instruction in rigging and marline-spike work. Practical talks on this subject, sail making and other kindred topics, will take place as opportunity permits. An evening will also be devoted to an exhibition, by means of the polyopticon, of pictures illustrative of nautical subjects.

EUREKA.—The experimental vessel Eureka was launched for the second time at Poillons' new yard on Nov. 29. The vessel was built in the summer of 1885 at Poillons' yard, and was launched on Nov. 25 of that year. As her machinery failed to work as expected the experiment was abandoned for a time, but new machinery has lately been fitted, and a second trial will be made. The propelling force is derived from a vapor generated by the combustion of the fuel in a cylinder, with one end open to the water. One of these cylinders is placed on each side of the keel, with an opening through the bottom of the boat, and by changing the direction of the mouth of the opening it is expected that the boat can be driven ahead or astern at will. A second trial of the machinery will soon be made.

A NEW STEEL SCHOONER.—Mr. Piepgras will shortly commence work on a steel schooner of about 65ft. l.w.l. for an Eastern yachtsman, the design being made by Mr. Burgess. She will be a centerboard craft of moderate draft, and is intended for cruising

MACDONALD'S COVE.—The author of the article in our last issue writes to correct two small errors. Instead of Prince Edward's Island the reading should be Prince Edward County. Amherst Island lies to the east, and not to the west, as stated.

REPUBLIC.—This schooner has been sold by C. H. Watrous to T. H. Hall, of the Atlantic and New Haven clubs, owner of the keel sloop Nirvana. Mr. Hall will start on a cruise to Bermuda in January.

WONA.—In our description of the Wona, Nov. 22, we gave Lawley & Son as the builders. This was an error, as the yacht was built at Gloucester, Mass., by Messrs. Higgins & Gifford.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

J. R. P.—See answer to J. T. B.

W. E. B.—Write to T. Donoghue, La Salle, Ill.

C. A. L., Hinesburg, Vt.—The gun is made by L. C. Smith, Syracuse, N. Y.

C. E. P., Minneapolis, Minn.—You should consult a physician about the sprained shoulder.

J. T. B., Northboro, Ia.—Fur dealers are Wm. Macnaughton's Sons, 168 South Fifth avenue, New York.

SCOTLAND.—If you will write to Mr. Edward Jack, Fredericton, N. B., he will furnish the information you desire, and you may rely on its correctness.

H. H. P., Long Branch.—We have known of a number of parties who have gone to Durham Creek, and we understand that the shooting has been good there.

KAHKAHLIN, New York.—What is the proper name of the prairie chicken? Of what species of grouse is this bird? Ans. The scientific name of the pinnated grouse or prairie chicken, as adopted by the American Ornithological Union, is *Tympanuchus americanus*. The ruffed grouse is the *Bonasa umbellus*.

C. H.—I have an Irish setter dog, well bred (from field trial winners), which has never been broken; he is now two years old. I made arrangements this fall to have him trained; the trainer claims he has no nose, that he will walk right over a bird and pay no attention to it. Now, he has a good nose for food; he will scent meat a long distance, and when he was one year old he would retrieve a dead quail by scent, finding it when I hid it. This I taught him myself, and then he was lost for some time. Is it possible for a dog to have a sensitive nose for some things and not for birds? Ans. The dog undoubtedly has not the pointing instinct. It may develop, but the chances are it will not.

S., Montreal.—In shooting for a prize at twenty inanimate targets, A, who is handicapped three birds, ties for first place with B, who is handicapped four birds. In shooting off the tie, A wants to shoot the usual way, miss and out, or at five birds each. B objects; says that they should shoot at twenty birds each, with the same handicaps as in the original match. A claims that in shooting off ties that they should shoot at the same number of birds. Which is right? Ans. There is no rule; it is a matter to be agreed on; the conditions of shooting off ties should have been predetermined before the match; it is not usual to shoot at the entire number again, here 20, but to shoot miss and out, or at series of 3 each.

C. M., New York.—Can you tell me if there is any delay or annoyance at the Canada side for any one going on a hunting trip from this city to the Dominion? That is, if I take a box with guns in it, and trunk with clothes and cartridges in that, am I subjected to search of one or both by customs or other officers? I have been deterred from going by fear of too much trouble en route? Ans. Your trunk will be subject to examination, but you will have no annoyance if you explain that you are going on a hunting excursion, and provide yourself with proper credentials. If the officers are not assured of your good faith they may exact a bond for the return of the dutiable articles. Also see the American officers, so that there may be no trouble when you come back.

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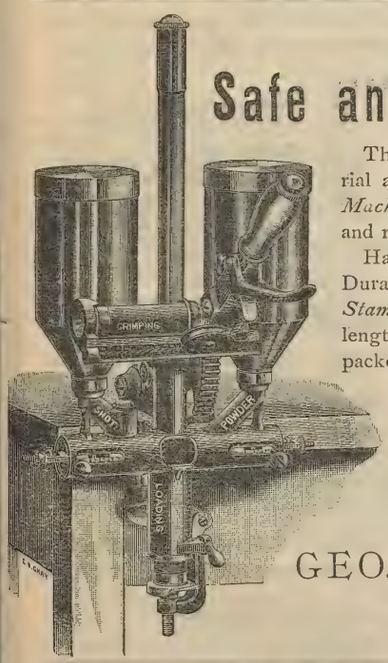
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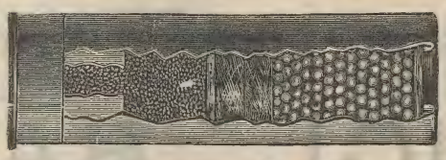
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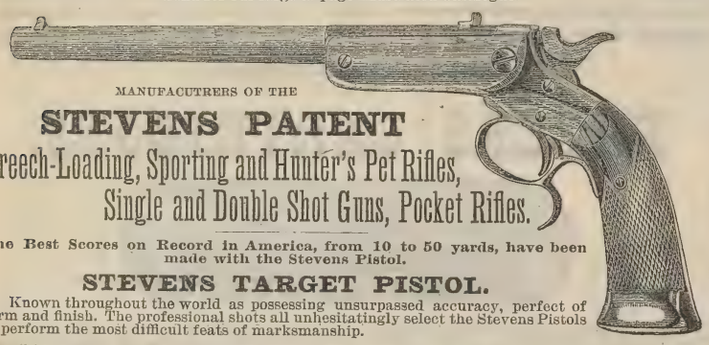
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VOL. XXXI.—No. 21. No. 318 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

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This number contains thirty-two pages.

DUCK SHOOTING IN THE WEST.

ALTHOUGH the duck shooting reports from the West are so discouraging, and the gunners generally appear to believe that the season is over, we still hear that the late ducks and geese are lingering in certain localities in Minnesota and in Wisconsin. The weather, except for one or two storms, has been unusually mild for the season of the year, and there is still much open water which the birds occupy.

The apparent entire failure of birds in the middle West this autumn naturally fills the gunners of that section with alarm, and they are looking about to discover the reason for the scarcity of birds. There appears to be a wide difference of opinion on this subject, but this is not because there is any lack of causes to which the absence of the birds may be attributed, but rather because these causes are so many that it is difficult to settle upon the precise one which has brought about the failure of the shooting season.

The birds seem to have been absent from many of their favorite stopping places, or, if they made their appearance, it was only for a day or two, and then they took their departure, going no one knows whither. Even the preserves, where the shooting over large tracts of marsh is limited to the few members of the clubs, seem to have failed to attract the ducks, and only where the birds have been baited, and so those gathered together in one circumscribed spot, which would otherwise have been scattered out over a wide extent of territory, has there been any satisfactory shooting.

The birds have been growing fewer in numbers year after year, and some of the reasons are obvious enough. Now the country in the middle West, and in many parts of the far West, is so thickly settled up that the ancient nesting places of the wildfowl are no longer open to them. Where formerly ducks and geese were hatched by thousands, now no young birds are reared, and so there are in the early autumn no local fowl, and such places have to depend on the uncertainties of the migration. Localities once famous as duck shooting resorts are now deserted by the migrating fowl, and the men who used to visit them must seek out new shooting grounds already occupied by their proportion of gunners. This added force makes the shooting less for each individual. The birds are shot at seasons when they should not be disturbed, when they are on their way to their breeding grounds, and the number of birds hatched each year is reduced by the destruction of females which are almost ready to lay their eggs. More than to anything else, however, the decrease of birds is due to the great growth of shooting in the United States, and to the fact that the shotgun is part and parcel of the equipment of almost every man and boy who lives in the country. It is vain to complain of this state of things. We cannot logically grumble at it until we are prepared to put in practice the only possible remedy for it, by ourselves laying aside our shotguns and entering on a crusade to bring about a total abolition of shooting for a term of years. If a man complains that too many shotguns are used, the obvious reply is that his own should be laid aside.

Along the Atlantic coast where at the best of times the duck shooting is poor enough, the birds have been about as numerous as usual. During the past week, fowl have been flying in unusual numbers in the Great South Bay on Long Island, and the shooting is reported to have been good. Up to December 1 there had been no birds at all, however.

Though the fowl shooting in the middle West has entirely failed, it is not to be supposed that the birds have all disappeared forever. There will yet be good shooting seasons on the marshes of Illinois, Iowa and Indiana, and many a day of glorious sport will be had with the mallards, the redheads and the bluebills, where other glorious days have been had in the past. But as time goes on the bad seasons will come more often and the good ones more seldom, until the bags such as not long ago we used to make will be known no more. Good game laws, their strict enforcement, preserving large tracts of country, and above all, moderation in sport, may do much to put off the evil day; and it should be the effort of every thoughtful sportsman to do what he can to delay its coming.

RIFLE PRACTICE IN SCHOOLS.

IN the recent report of Secretary Endicott, of the War Department, is a paragraph which has provoked more than ordinary attention. He embodies the regular returns which come from the ordnance officers and from the Adjutant-General, narrating what is doing or attempted to be done in small-arms work, and what the militia of the several States have been at in the way of improvement. In this the Secretary follows the beaten track, but he sees a new field which he thinks might with profit be cultivated.

His suggestion is that the schools, colleges and academies, to which under the present laws officers of the army are detailed to act as instructors, shall have a certain allowance of ball cartridges made yearly, so that actual target practice may be indulged in and the technical skill of the professional instructor utilized to the fullest extent.

There are now nearly fifty colleges and other institutions of learning in the country to which under authority the Secretary has detailed officers of the regular army or consented to their employment by the college authorities. Generally these men of arms are employed as tacticians, or as drill masters. They teach the lads correct carriage in walk and bearing and act very much as a professor of deportment and dancing might in a girls' seminary. Not unfrequently the young men are given an inkling of the art of war, and, being in uniform, the scholars are on a sort of perpetual parade, put on their good behavior and get some idea of that fundamental fact of a good soldier, and a good citizen as well, that obedience to properly constituted authority can not be too promptly nor too willingly given.

The officers detailed from an army body where there is a surplusage of officers as compared with men, are doing a good work. They are well thought of by the institutions enjoying their presence and would not be spared. The suggestion of the Secretary is to extend their work; to introduce a feature which will at once enlist the attention of the young men and afford them a novel sport, but will do more, for it will turn out as graduates not only men of elegant bearing, but men who when occasion demands it may shoulder a musket and use it, too. This is what it may do in the far future, but the report hints at a more immediate result. It is proposed to so arrange this system of butt practice that one college may shoot against another, and soon the Secretary thinks there will be sharp contests exciting public attention and interest, just as football matches do now.

Perhaps it is too much to expect a rush of spectators at a rifle match, where a dull target is peppered with well sent balls, but it is not too much to hope that year after year college teams may be organized, records made, competitions held and the old essential necessity for good scoring, a sound body with a clear eye and a steady hand, all guided by a trained judgment, once more impressed upon these young team men.

This is but one channel of extension for the athleticism which is now so popular in the college world. It is not a form of sport liable to run riot. It will certainly lead to nothing out of the way on the part of its devotees, and that it may be carried on with safety the fifteen year record of Creedmoor without an accident abundantly proves.

With its agents at each of their schools, the War Department ought to be able to present in a very short time and in a clear fashion a mass of information on this topic. We think the suggestion a good one, a perfectly feasible one, and the new administration in the War Office cannot do better than give it a fair, full and prompt trial.

THE HEMPSTEAD RABBIT KILLERS.

THE Hempstead Coursing Club has again been killing hares with fox terriers, and the agents of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals have again arrested the participants, and declare that they will arrest every member of the club every time they attempt to kill hares in this fashion. The method pursued at Hempstead is to take the hares from a pen, drop them to the ground and slip the terriers at them. The dogs catch and kill the hares in very quick time, less than a minute elapsing between the dropping of the hare to the ground by the attendant and its death in the jaws of the dog.

It is quite clear that to argue upon the degree of cruelty involved in this opens a wide discussion. If we are to designate the cruelty in this case as the infliction of physical pain, it may be urged, and very truly too, that the suffering is extremely trifling in comparison with that caused by many other methods of killing wild animals, the legitimacy of which modes of killing is generally conceded by healthy-minded persons. But if the consideration of cruelty be left out, or even if it be granted that the practice is not cruel, there is yet in it that which makes it revolting to lovers of fair play and manly field sports. The Hempstead style of hare killing is most certainly opposed to public sentiment, and finds no approval even among those who thoroughly believe in field sports. This is because it violates the first principle of sport, inasmuch as it gives no "law" to the game. There is absolutely no chance for the game to get away, its death is sure; the only uncertainty about the affair is as to which of the dogs will do the killing in the shortest time, but the killing itself is a thing of certainty. This is that part of it all which is out of harmony with the accepted ethics of field sport.

If the victim had any chance for its life, if there were even the remotest possibility of its getting away, the "sport" (save the mark) would lose much of its brutality. What decent man would go gunning after rabbits, if attendants had been hired to go out in advance to tie the bunnies to stakes so that they could not elude the pursuit? To come to a nearer parallel, who would shoot pigeons from a trap, if the birds were tied with a string so that they could not get away if repeatedly missed? Any mode of killing game, which first puts that game into a condition of utter helplessness and makes its destruction "a dead sure thing," violates the first principles of legitimate sport, and no one with any manliness or the least spark of instinct for fair play would demean himself by taking part in it.

The participants in this Long Island rabbit-killing engage in it because they think it to be English, and they feel they must ape English customs. It is yet to be shown that such proceedings are countenanced by any decent classes of British sportsmen. Rat-baiting and cock-fighting are also practiced in England, but they are under the ban of the law and public sentiment; and it would be a very poor excuse for the arrested participants in a Long Island rat-pit "meet" to plead that their "sport" was "English."

The Sportsman Tourist.

NOTES ON WESTERN FLORIDA.

VI.—CRUISING DOWN THE COAST.

[Continued from page 384.]

THE nights at this season were wonderfully clear and beautiful, the sky being perfect in its transparency, while the stars shone with a brilliancy seldom seen in northern latitudes. With what real affection one regards the celestial bodies when at sea and separated by long distances from home and kindred. One comes to looking upon those distant worlds and suns as old landmarks and companions, and the thought that the same constellations shine alike on yourself and distant friends does much to annihilate space, and causes one to feel in foreign lands not quite so utterly alone. What tales we spun by the starlight as pipes were filled and filled again, until at last, one by one, we would drop off to sleep, and silence would brood over that most silent of all things—a sleeping vessel.

During the last night that we spent beneath the kindly rays of St. Mark's Lighthouse a heavy storm sprang up; and we were all awakened at midnight by the shrieking of the wind through our rigging. Black clouds had, like a pall, thrown their sombre folds over the hitherto clear heavens, and our presence became necessary on deck to look after the tossing vessel. The gale for a time blew with great violence, and the sea rising added to our discomfiture. The lightning was very vivid and the thunder about as terrific as I had ever heard. After every terrifying clap the *Santa Marias* of poor Santo would sound like an echo, as he prayed to saint or Virgin for protection.

We passed a most wretched night, tossed about and drenched again and again as the huge waves would occasionally wash over our decks. Once the anchor began to drag, and we were obliged to drop another overboard in order to hold our position. Toward the morning, however, the element became quieter, and before daybreak all was once more serene, save for a nasty running sea; the sun rose in an unclouded sky, and by 8 o'clock we were once more bowling along before a stiff western breeze. It is a lazy, lounging life that one leads on board ship when the wind is favorable, with nothing to do but lie around and look at the sky or the sails. We used to stretch out full length on top of the little cabin just under the main boom, and, sheltered from the sun by the sails, pass the bright hours in dreaming and dozing. I never could read at sea; the author, be he novelist or sage, is always forgotten in the vast monotony of the heaving billows, and my eyes will leave the page, be the tale never so thrilling, to seek the simple but endless beauties of Nature's grandest work.

The Rock Islands are two little lone rocky keys that lie five miles off the coast at a distance of some thirty miles from the mouth of the Waukulla River; they are uninhabited bits of rock of an aggregate area of not over twenty acres. A sparse growth of palmettos has collected on the summit of each, and from a short distance they are rather picturesque, reminding one somewhat of the atols of the South seas.

We anchored that night some three miles off these islets and proceeded to make ourselves as comfortable as a somewhat heavy sea would permit; everything was made snug for the night and then we all sat around the hatch, little heeding the occasional flying of spray, and sang or told yarns to our heart's content. The conversation drifted during the evening to the subject of storms; and I asked Santo the reason of his unusual fear of lightning, deeming it strange that that tough and hardy seaman should so fear a fate that no action of ours can either aid or avert. He gave us an account of a catastrophe, after which we could well understand the dread that he felt. It seems that he and four others while returning one fall from the sponge reef were overtaken by a thunder shower when in sight of Apalachicola, and one of the relentless bolts struck the mainmast, completely wrecking the vessel and killing two of the unfortunate men, while Santo himself was stunned for some hours from the force of the shock.

That night we were indeed rocked in the cradle of the deep, though the weather was perfect and the stars shining with accustomed brilliancy. I love to go to sleep watching these myriad worlds strewn in such profusion over the boundless vault of Heaven. After a hard day's work one can get such a feeling of rest; all care and trouble and fatigue are forgotton in the grandeur of the sight; and this earth seems humbly to take her place among the millions of greater sisters. The skies always seem nearer when thus viewed, and one sinks off into unconsciousness with his eyes fixed on those ever wakeful sentries, and his thoughts centered on things infinite. You cynical reader! I fancy that I can hear you laugh at what you take to be the "gush" of a first experience of camp life; you, who have, perhaps, passed through all the vicissitudes of a campaign in the Adirondacks or Catskill, often two or even three miles from a house, and who have returned to town brown and blasé, a thorough woodsman after a month in the wilds. But although a greater part of my life has been spent in the wilderness, I have yet to see the time when nature was not fascinating or when some new beauty could not be discovered in the handicraft of the Creator. Men there are who have no appreciation of the glories of the natural world, but few are they indeed; for in the roughest and most depraved of the human race will be found an innate love of nature. Even the Indian, who, notwithstanding Cooper, is the most matter-of-fact creature on earth, has in him a fondness for nature that supplies the place of a more intricate system of theology. Nature is the savage's only religion, and in civilized man it is but less, though fanatics and bigots would cry against it as the adversary of the Bible, as if the harmony of the two were not imperceptible to them alone.

Early the next morning we sailed toward the islands, which lay about three miles to the north of us, but the water shoaled so rapidly in the last mile that we were obliged to lay to about half a mile away. One has to be very careful in navigating these waters, where shallows are so frequent and the bottom is composed of adamantine rock, whose slightest touch is destruction to a vessel. So we had to row the rest of the way in the dinky, through water not over 3ft. deep and as clear as crystal. Playing near the islands in this shallow water were quite a number of porpoises. This is a favorite resort with them, and they are often killed here, but we were unable to get within rifle range that morning, as the great beasts were very shy and at our approach gave tremendous snorts and made for deeper water, leaving broad trails of foam in their wakes.

We spent a couple of hours on the island. They are composed entirely of lime rock, which the ever active sea has worn and pounded into a thousand curious and fantastic shapes; shells, sponges and bits of coral strew the edges of the rock (there are no beaches), and of these we gathered some rather handsome specimens. I came very near being struck by a stinger ray as I reached into a pool to secure a conch shell, the sharp sting just missing my hand as I instinctively withdrew it from the water. These torpedo-shaped fish are very plentiful in the Gulf; and their sting is greatly dreaded by the sailors, for it produces a most violent inflammation that has, in certain instances, terminated fatally. The remains of some crawls that were formerly used by the spongers are about the only vestige of man that is found on these lone islands, but we felt quite like castaways as we wandered over the tiny rocks, completely surrounded by the ocean. Why is it that a small island possesses for most people such a charm? There is a certain fascination for every one, I think, in the fact of being completely for the time cut off from the rest of the world and in being able at a single glance to scan all of one's domains. Cormorants were very abundant and we enjoyed some rifle practice at them, as they were too wary to permit of an approach close enough for work with a shotgun. We managed to pot several, which at Santo's suggestion we had cooked the following day, but though they had twelve hours' soaking in brine and a very long boil afterward, the treatment was not sufficient to eliminate the very fishy taste, and they were voted a failure by all save Santo, who seemed to enjoy his dish very much.

The water in the neighborhood of the island is wonderfully clear, and we can see the bottom at 10 or 12ft. with perfect distinctness. Long grass everywhere covers like a carpet the bed of the sea, over which the sunbeams in their descent through the crystal flood dance and sparkle like diamonds. Occasional branches of snowy coral reach out like limbs of submarine trees, fish dart about like living meteors, while starfish and the thousand creeping things of the sea make a picture of wonderful beauty, and give one a glimpse of that wonderful range of life which everywhere exists beneath the waves, a creation a thousand times more prolific than that that we have on land, and of whose beauties we can but see the barest surface.

Santo related a rather curious incident that happened near the island some years previously. He and a party of his fishermen were returning from the reef to their crawls, when one of the crew, who was standing by the jib, fell overboard, and though the water was but 8ft. deep and as clear as crystal, no trace of the unfortunate man was ever seen again. This is all the more extraordinary when it is considered that the bottom is here of apparently solid rock, over which the grass grows scarcely rank enough to conceal a human body. I confess that my powers of credulity were somewhat put to the test, but I was forced into a partial belief of the circumstance, sworn to, as it was, by several witnesses.

Our run back from the islands was uneventful, a strong breeze was on our quarter and the Geline fairly flew along with a "huge bone in her teeth," now rising high into the air, then plunging with the swoop of an eagle deep into the trough of the seas. How near a thing it is to flying, to stand on the prow of a bounding schooner, before a strong wind, as with wet sheet and flowing sea she speeds on her course; and no wonder is it to me that, nothwithstanding all drawbacks, once let a man lead a sea-faring life and he will pursue no other; there is a freedom, a pleasure, to be had in the mere fact of existence, while breathing the untainted air that blows across a thousand miles of tossing billows.

We saw several very large green turtles during the day; they are found all over the Gulf, but the finest specimens come from the neighborhood of Cedar Keys, from which place they are shipped in large quantities all over the country to appear on the tables of the *bon vivants*.

The afternoon of the second day after we left Rock Island found us snugly anchored in a pretty little bay in the east end of Dog Island. Here we spent several days hunting over and exploring that barren sandbar. It is, indeed, a desolate spot, worse even than St. George's; and nothing breaks the monotony of the endless perspective of tall pines and dazzling white sand. The few ponds in the interior are literally alive with alligators, while the beach and the occasional marshes afford excellent snipe and plover shooting. We made some good bags while there, or rather we could have done so had there been any occasion for it; but it seemed a pity to slaughter when we had no use for our victims. Even as it was we killed an average of fifty birds per day during our stay, and this to only two guns. Shearwaters were very abundant; they are a curious bird. The unnatural scissor-shape of the beak gives them an awkward appearance when at rest, though as they skim the surface of the waves with the lower mandible cleaving the water like the prow of a ship, their motion is the perfection of grace. Desperate fighters are they when wounded, striking out with their bills in a most fierce and dangerous manner.

We lived rather well during our cruise. Oyster beds were very abundant, and as we had a pair of tongs on board, we did not want for a steady supply of that most sought after bivalve. Santo used to spear quite a number of soft-shell crabs every morning as they basked in the shallow water, and these, with the snipe and other waterfowl that fell to our guns, made meals that almost any gourmand might have envied. One dish most characteristic of the country, however, was the palmetto cabbage, which we obtained by cutting down a palmetto tree and shucking off the outside bark until only the inner pith remained. This heart of the tree, when boiled, makes a very nourishing and pleasant food, greatly resembling real cabbage.

We used to sleep on board our vessel to escape from mosquitoes and other insects, and at night the alligators on shore would keep up a most outrageous din with their bull-like bellowing. This would generally begin about ten o'clock. First one old patriarch would start it up from his pool and then would come an answering snort from another, then a chorus from everywhere, while a running accompaniment of the croaking of frogs and squeaking of night herons added to the pandemonium. This uproar would continue all night, but it reached us from over half a mile of water and did not greatly disturb our slumbers.

The last night of our stay in this charming spot was truly grand. The moon was full—a tropical moon—and as I spread my blankets on the deck, I would not have exchanged my bed for the couch of a king. Moonlight on the sea has been the theme of many a poem, beautiful and otherwise; the one a tribute to its grandeur, the other a desecration and sacrilege. But I know of nothing that comes so near being a natural poem as a full moon at sea. Each thread of moonlight bears unspoken cadences to the dark waters, which reflect from their depths beauties rhyming with the stanzas of the skies; and as one gazes at the great heavens and on the silvery swelling, which rises and falls like the bosom of a sleeping maiden, a feeling of peace comes, I think, to every one. All is so quiet, so restful, that it seems as though it must last forever. One forgets the toils of the day just past, the worries of the morrow; aye, of life, and lives, like the lotus eater, in the peace and calm of the moment. A small vessel is so sympathetic with the sea and enters so into its varying moods, not like those great hulks of 5,000 tons, whose souls have been beaten out of them by the throbs of their iron steam-driven hearts, and though immovable to the influences of the waters in their gentler moods, own only the terrific force of angry ocean. I do not wonder at the universal love of sailors for the crafts that bear them over the seas, their companions in danger, their shelter in times more quiet, and faithful aids in earning their daily bread—inanimate friends, truly, but still dear to the nautical heart. Who ever heard of an "old salt" calling a vessel *it*? Always *she*.

At last one morning, after the several square miles of Dog Island had been pretty thoroughly explored, we hoisted sail and headed for Apalachicola. The wind was favorable during the morning, and 3 o'clock found us just off Cat Point, about six miles from town. Here the wind failed and a tedious calm set in. The water was like oil, and save for an occasional school of flying fish or the agitation caused by the long, dark fin of a shark, nothing disturbed the perfect picture of still life on the sea. But overhead the fish hawks were out in full force, sailing in graceful circles a hundred feet above us, or with clasped wings dropping like arrows from the dizzy height into the waters beneath, to emerge an instant later from the spray-riven depths with their finny prey tightly clasped in their iron talons.

It was very aggravating to have to drift helplessly within sight of our destination and yet to be unable to make any progress; but that is one of the vicissitudes of yachting and we made the best of it, sitting under the protecting shade of the lifeless sails and whistling for Boreas. About an hour before sundown a squall sprang up, which fortunately was from the right direction, and drove us rapidly on our way, so that by dark we luffed to, a quarter of a mile from town, and just opposite the orange-colored flag that designated the quarantine station. A little boat pushed off from the dock and a few moments later we were boarded by the health officer, whose mode of inquiry was as brief and thorough as it was taciturn: "Where from?" We told him. "How many men?" He was also enlightened on this subject. "Any sickness?" No. "Fifty cents." He pocketed the fee, shifted the cigar he was smoking from one corner of his mouth to the other, and fastening his rowboat to our stern was towed ashore without further comment or inquiry.

Our arrival caused some commotion in the sleepy old town, and every one wanted to know where we had been, and to our surprise we were asked if we had found any treasure! Upon investigation it was found to be the general impression that we had set out for the purpose of recovering some of the gold that is reported to have been concealed by pirates at various points along the coast.

Treasure hunting is quite an industry in certain portions of the country; there are men who have spent their lives in this hopeless task and who still, with the same spirit of the "forty-niners" of California, continue to hunt and hope. It seems to possess a great fascination, this prodding for the wealth buried by those romantic scoundrels of a hundred years ago: of course no one ever finds anything, but then each one thinks that he has discovered the proper clue at last, and your treasure hunter lives in an atmosphere of excitement that is at least akin to pleasure. There can be but little doubt that there is buried treasure on the coast of Florida, but to search for it upon the absurd clues advanced by many men is the height of foolishness, as accident is the only medium by which these spirited treasures will ever be brought to light.

A. M. Reynolds.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In a copy of Forest and Stream, issued during the early part of the present year, reference was made to "The Cabinet of Natural History, and American Rural Sports," the first volume of which was published by J. & T. Doughty, Philadelphia, 1830, and the writer of the article informed us that the second volume of this interesting and now perhaps rare magazine, formerly in his possession, was destroyed in the "great Chicago fire." It is my good fortune to have copies of both the first and second volumes, each in a good state of preservation, but whether the life of the periodical ended with the second volume, which was published in 1832, is more than I can say.

It appears that the same questions which agitate the minds of the sportsmen of the present generation, presented themselves to those of that early date, as we find that the men of that day were not only interested in attempting the domestication of the ruffed grouse, to which our friend "Jay Beebe" has given so much attention of late, but a spirited controversy appears to have been carried on (and in a most courteous manner, to their credit be it said) in regard to the merits of "holding on or ahead."

In an article copied from "Lempriere's Natural History" the fact of snakes swallowing their young is alluded to in the following words, under the head of "Poisonous Serpents": "The rattlesnake is divided into five species, each differing in their external character, size and malignancy, of which the *Crotalus horridus* is by far the largest and most formidable. They are like the viper, viviparous, that is, they produce their young alive and completely

formed, generally about twelve in number; and like that animal also they receive them into their mouth when alarmed or threatened with danger."

Fifty years ago, judging from a series of articles entitled "Instructions to Young Sportsmen," the proportions of powder and shot used in loading shotguns varied materially from those of the present day, as appears from a paragraph on page 70, Vol. II., which reads: "Beware of an error, too often followed by most beginners, and that is of overloading your gun. This is a mistake which many split on, and one-half of the wounding, or missing the game altogether, may be justly attributed to it. If you have a gun of ¼cal., 1dr. of powder and ½oz. shot is sufficient."

The "Natural History of the Basse," by "Piscator," informs us that "Their astonishing bounds from the water when hooked is well known to all anglers, and their desperate struggles to escape requires the utmost skill of the disciple of 'honest Izaak' to secure his finny prey. It cannot be said of the Basse, however, that it is as active as some of its genus in Asia, where a species of perch are said to climb trees, and repose in the water collected in the hollow of the palm leaf, where it joins the trunk of the tree. But it is a fact to be attested by many an 'honest angler' that Basse will spring four or five feet out of water when hooked, and jump over seines like a flock of sheep over a fence, to the mortification of the disappointed fisherman."

In general appearance these volumes would do credit to the publications of to-day. The print is good, the colored plates excellent, and the title pages fine specimens of the engraver's art, while the subject matter is entertaining and instructive, and well worthy of perusal by those who count among their happiest days those devoted to forest, field or stream. CHETKO.

ANOTHER GLIMPSE AT DEMERARA.

THE interesting account I read in the last issue of your paper of your correspondent's adventures (or rather misadventures) in Demerara, S. A., reminded me of a trip I made to that part of the world during the winter of 1873. I left New York in the staunch and able brig Daylight of about 300 tons in the same month (December) that he left Baltimore, but this fact of our both leaving home about the same time seems to be about the only thing we have in common, as my trip was a very lucky and delightful one all through. Our brig made the run to the northern limit of the trades without having to shorten sail, except once for half a gale of wind that lasted but a few hours. This was the only time we took the royals off of her during the run out—something quite unusual for a winter passage to the West Indies.

Nineteen days from the time we left New York, after meeting the usual streaks of calms and light airs after leaving the trade winds, we found ourselves early one morning off the mouth of the Demerara River. Here we took a pilot, who brought us to an anchor off Georgetown, the capital of British Guiana. Anything in the shape of land is very refreshing after even a short sea voyage; and I thought I had never found anything half so sweet as the rank odor from the typical vegetation growing on this low, wet coast. The tall and graceful palm trees are almost the first thing to catch the eye as you approach the shore, and help to convince you that you are indeed nearing a strange land.

Georgetown being under English rule, and nearly all the people there speaking English, you feel more at home than when landing on one of the Spanish or French islands a little way to the north. The population is very mixed, negroes and coolies predominating; you will also meet Chinamen and East Indiamen, the latter black as night. They have a saying that one can find a representative of every race under the sun on the main street in Georgetown; but as my travels have not as yet been world-wide, I cannot vouch for this. Each nationality wears its native costume, and some are very light and airy. Native Indians come in from the interior once or twice a year to absorb a little civilization. They are short, well-formed, copper-colored and not bad looking. When they arrive they are not burdened with clothing. A strip of cotton stuff a few inches wide and not over a yard long makes up their entire wardrobe, and their tailor bills are not heavy. As their wives adopt the same style of dress the saving in dressmakers' bills must be considerable. They present a novel and interesting spectacle to the stranger as they stroll through the town, but they soon fetch up at a general supply store and trade off their hammocks and other articles of their own make for a shirt and perhaps a straw hat, when they consider themselves dressed as smart as anybody.

The coolies are imported by the shipload from Calcutta, under contract, to work the large sugar estates extending for a number of miles inland on the banks of the river. The ships that bring the coolies also bring rice as cargo, this being about the only food that class eats, each individual receiving a daily ration of so much rice, according to a contract made with them before they leave India. They generally work three years; when their time is up most of them go back to their native land, so that a fresh lot is arriving nearly every month in the year. The coolies are docile and frugal, and make good laborers. Some of the women are so heavily loaded with bracelets and anklets of solid silver that they can hardly walk. Nearly all their savings are invested in this way.

The sugar estates have to depend entirely on the coolies for their labor, since the negroes, although very numerous, cannot be relied upon for steady work, but the majority prefer to work about the town and on the vessels in the harbor. They are a happy-go-lucky lot of beings, a few cents a day being all they really require to eat, and by sleeping out of doors all the year round they save rent and home expenses. As all the policemen in Georgeton are negroes, the blacks can rest undisturbed and are not ordered to "move on" if found peacefully sleeping in a doorway. Many of them work on the ships that lie moored in the stream taking on or discharging their cargoes. These vessels very often work all night to save time, generally working two gangs, one forward and one aft. I was told it was impossible to get any work out of them unless they were allowed to sing, so one in each gang is told off to furnish the music, and is paid extra wages for this accomplishment. When they come to the chorus all join in and heave with a will, and the 2,000lbs. or more hogshead of sugar comes up out of the lighter and over the side in a hurry. In the night this racket can be heard for a long distance, and with the swarms of mosquitoes that abound it effectually murders sleep.

A large proportion of the vessels trading here are large iron ships. They take a cargo of sugar to England or the continent, from there manufactured goods to Calcutta, and from the latter port a cargo of rice and coolies to Demerara, making the round voyage inside of a year with full cargoes. Vessels arriving from the United States (or "the States" as they are called there) bring breadstuffs and take return cargoes of sugar; most of them large brigs or schooners, with few small barks. Several cargoes of ice are received each year from Maine. It is stored when landed in a large ice house, where it can be bought in large or small lots for about two cents per pound.

Raising sugar cane and making and refining the sugar is the main business of all this section of country, and little else is thought of or talked about. Some of the sugar estates are very extensive. One I rode over had over 1,000 acres under cultivation, nothing but cane being raised. All the large estates have immense sugar houses costing thousands of pounds, with their expensive machinery all imported, where the cane is ground and partially refined ready for shipment.

Georgetown is considered very unhealthy. All the country around is low and wet, and fevers are very prevalent. But although warned not to go out of doors after dark and so expose myself to the heavy dews, I went about as I would if at home and took a walk every evening without suffering any inconvenience. Altogether my trip was a very delightful one, free from accident, with enjoyment of good health, and the days full of novel experiences. From Georgetown we ran up to Porto Rico, to finish loading, and after a stay there of three weeks, reached home again in just nineteen days, the time of our outward passage. G. BENEDICT FRISBIE.

NEW YORK.

Natural History.

THE BIRD HOSTS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

For some time past it has not been convenient to pay much attention to the interests of the Audubon Society or to the habits of the birds; but I wish to say that it seems to us that our feathered friends are now increasing yearly in their numbers, while three or four years ago I was confident that they were diminishing. This means something, and I can only explain it by my belief that a healthier public sentiment has been inaugurated throughout this region since the incorporation of the above named society.

It was particularly observed this spring that the birds came earlier than usual, although the season was backward, and even while the snow lay deeply on the ground, they cheered us with their songs. I noticed a heron on April 11, while still the lakes were full of ice. Barn swallows appeared a month later, and our first hummingbird was seen on May 20. The Tompkinses (as we call a pair of house sparrows in which we are interested) built their nest as usual just under the edge of our piazza, and upon some vines, but two of their eggs, by some mischance, fell from the nest, which they then deserted, and built another castle about three feet distant. Our house wrens came early, and as we encouraged the cats to keep at a distance, they (the birds) seemed quite happy. So with the robins and yellowbirds. The English sparrows are increasing in numbers, and have become annoying. The brown thrashers are also more numerous each year, and we are glad of their society. The scarlet tanagers, which have been rarely noticed, came this spring in numbers greater than I have elsewhere seen. They were remarkably tame, and some were even taken by hand, while others were easily approached within two or three feet. They soon disappeared and I have seen none since.

I last spring sought information through your columns concerning parrots. The gentleman at whose instance I made the inquiry, sent for one to Philadelphia. It lived eight days after reaching its new home.

To me the parrot is a weird and uncanny bird, much more so than the owl. I like owls, and am sorry to see their numbers apparently diminishing. KELPIE.

CENTRAL LAKE, Mich., Dec. 3.

THE WAYS OF SNAKES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I believe the snake subject is not yet quite exhausted. I have never yet been able to find a snake charming a bird, although I have been on the lookout since I was a child. A few years ago, however, I was witness of a scene quite the opposite.

Every one who has visited this picturesque town of Willington, Conn. (the birthplace of the renowned scholar President Jared Sparks), will remember the cold brook watering trough on the road from the railway station to the hill where the little village is situated. This watering-place is known by all the horses far and near, and they will prick up their ears and quicken their pace as soon as they hear the ripple of the brook that comes singing down through the woodland, to rest for a little in a deep, dark, mossy pool, before filling the great dripping wooden trough that extends a deep and broad, if cool, welcome to all thirsty comers, summer and winter, making a grateful little halting place at the foot of the long hills. Tall alders lean over and nod at their reflections in the shining pool, and it is a question if the birds who love to build their nests there amid the quivering leaves are not made vain by over-much noting of their mirrored grace and beauty. All summer a pair of blackbirds had made themselves at home in this thicket. They had talked, chatted, scolded and protested every time a thirsty horse had paused at the trough to drink, and their trepidation and manifestation of it when a frolicsome dog dashed through the bushes were amusing in the extreme. One brood had been raised and sent out into the world and another was just hatched, when one August afternoon we neared the watering trough and heard a great to do among the birds; they were flying about and dashing themselves into the alders below the nest in the strangest and most excited manner. "What can it be?" I said to my friend, Mrs. Taylor, who was with me, "I never saw anything like that." The question was soon answered, for a huge blacksnake was unwinding himself from the alder in which the nest was built and making the best of his way to the ground. The birds gave him not a moment's peace, but hurried his ignominious retreat with renewed efforts. I stopped the horse, and his snakeship zigzagged his way across the sandy road in front of us. Fully 7ft. long, thick and sinuous; but what haste he made! He was really under fire. The blackbirds were as active as he. They flew from his head to his tail. They pecked at his eyes. They beat him with their wings. They lighted upon him, and they hopped along beside him, pecking him continually. One caught his slim tail in its bill and lifted it several inches from the ground. Their motions were almost incredibly rapid. All the great, loathsome, mischievous, cowardly reptile could do was to make haste to get away, and as the end of his slim tail disappeared in the tall grass by the brookside, the two blackbirds whirled up in a delighted spiral of joyous chattering and fluttering wings, and went back to plume themselves upon their victory in the graceful alder bush above the pool. ANNIE A. PRESTON.

MAPLE CORNER, Willington, Conn.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Col. T. B. Hooker, a gentleman who lives in Coahoma, told me he once saw a live snake coiled upon or near a dead one of the same size and species, which had been killed and left in the road. The live snake showed great reluctance to leaving the dead one. The obvious inference is that they were mates. COAHOMA.

TURKEY BUZZARDS AND COWBIRDS.

I WISH to relate two incidents which recently came under my observation, and which are suggestive of points in natural history. The first is this: A short time ago, while riding along a country road in Coahoma county, Miss., I saw a turkey vulture, commonly called "turkey buzzard," alight near a pond. I stopped my horse to see what had induced him to alight. After a moment's pause the buzzard walked to the water's edge and took four swallows exactly in the manner of the domestic fowl. He then arose and soared about in the usual manner. Did any of your readers ever see a buzzard drink water? With many years of close observation of nature, this is the only time I ever witnessed the incident.

Number two: Yesterday, while riding along the levee in Tunica county, my attention was attracted by the peculiar conduct of a flock of blackbirds, ten in number. These birds were what I suppose are called "cowbirds." They had the gloss and metallic lustre of the crow blackbird or bob-tailed grackle, but were only about half the size of that bird. All of them except two appeared to be males; the two females were smaller, of a dull brownish black, speckled with gray.

The peculiarity I observed was their close attendance upon a cow that was grazing near the levee, in company with several other bovines. But the birds confined their attention to this one. They clustered closely around the cow, following her in all her movements. They walked about her feet and around her nose as she ate the grass. When in danger of being trod upon or in coming in contact with her nose, they would suddenly flutter a foot or two out of the way. When part of the flock was left a yard or two behind by the cow's movements, they would hasten to collect again about her feet. At the same time the birds appeared to be intent upon pecking at the ground and at the grass, never picking at the cow's legs or feet, and there was no apparent reason for their close attendance except a desire for her society. The cow paid no attention whatever to the birds. When I had watched them for nearly a quarter of an hour the cow suddenly walked away some dozen yards, when the birds, perceiving my proximity, flew into a neighboring tree.

COAHOMA.

RANGE OF THE WILD TURKEY.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Knowing your kind readiness to help on every scientific investigation, I beg to be allowed space in your columns to ask the readers of FOREST AND STREAM for information in a matter of historical ornithology. It is well known that in early times the range of the wild turkey was much greater than it is now. Its bones have been found in the kitchen middens as far east as the coast of Maine, and more than one writer has described its abundance in Massachusetts at the time of the arrival of the first colonists. Nowadays the story is a very different one, and the region that it still inhabits is much more limited.

I desire to get as exact knowledge as possible of the northern boundaries of the bird's habitat at the present time, and should like to ask every hunter, sportsman and farmer who can speak from his own experience, to give me any evidence which will help to determine just where it is yet found. Is it to be met with anywhere in the State of New York? And where does it still remain in Ohio, in Michigan and elsewhere east of the Mississippi? It is said to be abundant in the mountainous parts of Pennsylvania; can any one tell me just where in that State it does and does not occur? I shall be very grateful to every one who, having information to contribute, will write to me on the subject, and I hope that in this way I may be enabled to record exactly the present distribution of the wild turkey.

I am also very desirous of obtaining some specimens of wild turkeys from Pennsylvania to preserve for scientific purposes. If any one can send me some in the flesh, perfect, and in good condition to stuff, I will gladly pay a fair price for them, and assume all express charges.

CHARLES F. BATCHELDER.

7 KIRKLAND STREET, CAMBRIDGE, Mass., Dec. 3.

NOTES ON NEW MEXICAN SHRIKES.—I see by the Check List of the American Ornithologists' Union that in mentioning the extreme southern limit of the migration of the northern shrike (*L. borealis*), New Mexico is not included. Now, this bird occurs here at Fort Wingate, N. M., every year regularly, making its appearance about the middle of November. Specimens I have shot of it appear to differ in no way from those I have collected in northern North America. The white-rumped shrike (*L. l. excubitorides*) is a resident species throughout all suitable localities in the region of New Mexico to which I have referred above.—DR. SHUFELDT.

CHESTNUT-RUFFED GROUSE.—Arlington, N. J., Dec. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* On a shooting trip in the neighborhood of Lake Hopatcong, N. J., Nov. 30, I secured, among my bag of six ruffed grouse, two birds that differed very materially from the others. The strangers were shot from the same cover and apparently in company with the others. They were both male birds, full grown and in fine condition. I send you feathers from the ruff, neck and tail of one of them, also feathers from the grouse already familiar to me. The specimens are from a male bird in each instance. The following is a description of the strangers, which I hope you will find sufficient to identify them. They were about 1in. longer than the others, darker in plumage, darker in flesh, intestines darker in color, and I imagined not so fine flavored. There was also a difference in the formation of the breastbone and the contents of their crops. Those of the unknown were filled with leaves, unknown, and the others with buds and berries. The ruffs on the necks of the strangers were brown, while the others were black. My attention was called to the difference in the markings of the bird by a gentleman who lives near where the birds were shot and to whom the birds were familiar. The question I would like to have answered is: Are they our regular grouse in a new dress or are they a cross between our birds and the English grouse? I am told there was, or is, a game preserve near there that has some of the imported birds in it.—F. W. [Grouse with the chestnut ruff, like the one sent in by our correspondent, are not very uncommon and we have often seen them killed in different parts of the country. While the ruff of the grouse is usually glossy black, it is not always so, but runs through dull black to chestnut brown and almost to the color of the cherry wood used in cabinet making. It is simply a question of individual variation. To this also must be attributed the other supposed unusual qualities of the birds under discussion. These were our ordinary ruffed grouse.]

GAME IN TOWN.—Denver, S. C.—Some time in October last I was in the city of Anderson, which is the seat of Anderson county, and heard the familiar whistle of "Bob White." After looking about to see where he was, I saw him sitting on the very top of the block of buildings known as "Brick Range," which forms the southwestern part of the public square. There he sat some twenty or thirty feet from the ground whistling as big as if in his native haunts. Shortly afterward I saw a little negro on the street with a timid, wounded, fluttering bird in his hands. The deadly sling shot had got in its work.—BLUE RIDGE.

ARRIVALS AT THE PHILADELPHIA ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN IN NOVEMBER, 1888.—Purchased—One rhesus macaque (Macacus erythræus), one peba armadillo (Tatusia peba), two Baltimore orioles (Icterus baltimore), three banded rattlesnakes (Crotalus horridus), and four slow worms (Anguis fragilis). Presented—One bonnet monkey (Macacus radiatus), two flying squirrels (Pteromys volucella), one brown mink (Putorius vison), one purple finch (Carpodacus purpureus), four screech owls (Scops asio), one red-tailed buzzard (Buteo borealis), one herring gull (Larus argentatus), four alligators (Alligator mississippiensis), one painted terrapin (Chrysemys picta), and fifteen salamanders (Diemyctylus miniatus).

Game Bag and Gun.

GOATS AND GLACIERS.

SO much has been said pro and con about the wariness of the mountain goat that I feel a desire to add my mite to the mass of matter already written on this subject.

Last week while passing through the Rockies westward on the line of the C. P. R. R. I met Mr. Perley, the genial proprietor of the Glacier House, which is situated in the heart of the Selkirk Mountains. Mr. Perley informed me that a party of miners had discovered a valley southward from the hotel, which in some respects fairly outrivaled the far-famed Yosemite, and that goats and other large game were to be found there in abundance; and finally, that a four or five hours' tramp over the miners' trail would take one to their camp in the upper part of the valley. This information caused me to stop at the glacier. The next morning I was provided with a guide and companion in the person of Mr. H. D. Hume, who was accustomed to mountain and ice climbing, though he had not been in this valley; in fact, at that date probably not over half a dozen persons had ever been in there, that is to say, in the upper part of the valley.

The trail for about two miles led through a heavy forest, following up a glacier stream. Then it came out on a large morain facing two glaciers, one to our right and the other directly in front of us. We followed up the trail between the glaciers for another mile, then took to the ice at the left hand. The glacier was in many places full of seemingly bottomless fissures, but by careful work we proceeded without any mishap. We saw on the ice a couple of lynx and a wolverine; but they kept out of range, though the wolverine followed us for half a mile. After a mile and a half of ice work, we arrived at the top of the pass, where to the southward we had a view of the grandest and the most terrific mountain scenery that man ever beheld.

We were at an altitude of fully eight thousand feet, flanked by mountains on each side. In front, from our feet down to the valley three thousand feet below, the steep mountainside was covered with green grass and a few low bushes and stunted trees, interspersed with deep ravines and foaming torrents. Coming down the valley to the left, and ending opposite to us, was an immense glacier nearly a mile wide and a greater width above—a frozen river of ice showing all shades of color. The glacier completely filled the valley, and the ice was of great thickness. For less than two miles from its lower end there were what we named the Giant Stairs, four steps that extended across the glacier, and each step at least five hundred feet in thickness. From the lower end of the glacier, through an archway a hundred feet wide, a foaming river of discolored water rushes out and winds down the green valley for ten miles before it is lost from our view. Across the valley and far above us tower mountains, peak after peak, and from near the top of the highest one, and directly in front of us, a glacier starts and runs straight into the valley. We count eight large glaciers, all in sight from the pass. A short distance down the valley, along the perpendicular sides of one of the mountains, are three waterfalls, each at least fifteen hundred feet high. A measurement has been taken of the speed of the large glacier in the valley, and it moved or traveled at the rate of eleven feet in ten days, and has piled up at its foot a high morain—but this is not goat, so we will return to our mutton.

We had lain for an hour in the warm sunshine on the green grass a short distance below the top of the pass, oblivious to all but the awe-inspiring view before us. I then began to scan the grassy pastures for goats, and soon saw one across a ravine to our left and about 600 or 700yds. away. It stood in a grassy nook between two spurs of ledge, watching us. With a strong field glass we had a plain view of him, and could see that it was a large "Billy." Here was a chance to see if this kind of game could be easily stalked. I gave my rifle to Hume, requesting him, if possible to do so, to cross the ravine and get a shot by creeping up behind the nearest point of rock, and I would watch the goat and note its action.

The animal stood intently watching my companion as he started down the cliff, which was an almost perpendicular descent from the top to the stream below. Mr. Hume soon came to a stopping place; he could not return, and it looked like sure death to attempt to proceed. As Hume clung to the naked wall of rock looking for a way out of his difficulty, the billy goat began feeding with an air that seemed to say, "That man is in a safe spot and will require no more watching." Mr. Hume, however, by working away to one side, found a place where he could descend, and was soon down to the rivulet and over it and up within 50yds. of the point of rocks. Here he sat down to recover his breath. At this moment the goat looked up, and, not seeing the man where he last saw him, he started to look for him, and walked up on to the highest point of the rocks, nearly over Hume. much to that gentleman's astonishment, who afterward declared that the goat looked as large as a horse as he stood there peering down at him. Up goes the rifle, but the aim is unsteady and the bullet goes wide of the mark. The goat still stands there. Another cartridge is pumped in and another shot fired. The goat stands for a moment, then deliberately turns and ambles away. As he comes again in view, some 300yds. up the mountainside, he is again under fire, and a lucky shot lays him low. In answer to our shots we heard a rock-blast from the miners, who were working in the valley below us. The goat was a very large male and would weigh at least 300lbs. He was quite as fat as a stall-fed sheep. The head, skin and one hindquarter were as much of a load as we could pack down to the miners' camp, where we arrived before dark. Mr. Tilton, of Victoria, B. C., owner of the camp, gave us a warm welcome. Mr. Tilton is a sportsman, as well as the proprietor of several silver mines. He said that caribou, silvertip and black bear were abundant in the valley, and that wolves and goats were also quite numerous, and that very day a large goat had been quite near their camp and was not disturbed by the blasting in the mine.

One of the miners, old Ben, had had an encounter with a large billy goat a few days before our visit there. Ben was coming down the mountain with his pack on, when he met the goat, who did not "run worth a cent." Ben was near a small tree. He picked up a stone and hit the goat. This excited the creature's ire; he elevated his mane—and at this point there is a break in the old man's story. He admits picking up his pack some distance down the mountainside five or six hours afterward, but refuses to admit that he sat perched up in the branches of that tree all that time with an enraged wild goat for guardian; we must draw our own conclusions, for Ben's lips are sealed on that subject.

The next morning as we were preparing to return we saw up on the mountainside near the trail a goat feeding. The wind was blowing up directly toward it, so I did not expect to get within range; but as we neared it a small ridge hid it from view. We walked up within fifty yards of the spot, and then mounted the ridge. The goat lay there chewing its cud, and was not frightened by us nor by the dog. Knowing that I had it safe I fired a shot over its head. It gave me a surprised look, arose, stretched itself, then moved slowly away. I then fired at its neck. The bullet struck a little low and cut the jugular veins. It then turned and jumped out on to the edge of the cliff, where I caught it with another shot which knocked it over. Within a minute's time we were on the edge of the cliff, and saw our game laying fully a third of a mile down in the bottom of the deep ravine. It must have rolled down there over and over like a large ball, and there was life still in it, for with our glass we could see it move its head and make a feeble attempt to rise. This goat was a female, and would weigh somewhat over 200lbs.

Several mountain goats have been killed this season with revolvers but a short distance from the line of railway near Donald, British Columbia.

So far as my limited experience goes, leaving the hard climbing out of the question, there is about as much sportsmanlike sport in killing or shooting mountain goats as there is going into a calf pasture and bagging young veals; you walk up openly until within range, then blaze away.

This valley that we were in is a perfect paradise for sportsmen. A few miles down the valley below the glacier in the eddies of the stream large trout were seen, and besides the large game already mentioned as being found there, we saw on the mountainside near the pass, blue grouse, magpies and large numbers of mountain marmots, whose shrill whistling was heard on every side. In the valley a few weeks since one of the miners had the extraordinary good luck to kill three silvertips—a she bear and two nearly full grown cubs—with three shots, the rifle used was a .44 Winchester carbine loaded with cartridges made by the Dominion Cartridge Co., of Montreal. These bears were eating a goat that they had captured. The old bear was shot through the heart and the others through their heads. A few days afterward the miners found their tent knocked down and a large male silvertip standing on it with his head in the flour sack. With the same rifle they killed him on the spot, and his dying struggles mixed tent blankets, flour and bacon into "a gory mess." We arrived at the hotel about 4 P.M., well pleased with our trip.

The next morning I saw and had a shot at a black bear within a quarter of a mile from the hotel.

I am fairly well acquainted with the mountains and know of no more favorable spot for large game than in the vicinity of the Glacier House. I believe that two miles south from the hotel there is another pass into that valley much lower than the one now used. The great objection to the present trail is that when the early snow comes it makes the glacier the more dangerous, though with Mr. Hume I would attempt to cross it on a clear day at any season of the year, with the aid of a light strong rope and alpenstock. STANSTEAD.

VICTORIA, B. C., Sept. 24.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 1.—There is weeping and lamentation among the shooters of this section, for it begins to be forced upon even the dullest comprehension that the duck season of 1888 is a thing of the past. Members of the different clubs look glum, and have only the same story to tell of marshes with little water, of frozen ponds, and ducks most conspicuous by their absence.

Last week a few members of the Mak-saw-ba Club met at their club house near Davis Station, Ind. Mr. Kinney, vice-president of the club, was down, also Messrs. Sloan, Randall, Brown and Miller, accompanied by Mrs. Sloan, Mrs. Brown and Mrs. F. P. Taylor. As guest of the club, I had the pleasure of meeting all and sharing the sports of the day. Mr. Ira Pease, the club superintendent, insisted that there were no ducks on the ma'sh, but when the boats got out in the morning we found quite a number of mallards working around. Mr. Kinney brought in four that day, Mr. Miller eight and myself eight. Mr. Sloan was credited with a rabbit, Messrs. Brown and Randall got a few quail. The latter three gentlemen went out after ruffed grouse, of which there are a few on their grounds.

This week the Mak-saw-bas hold a big trap-shoot at their grounds, and it will, I warrant, be a successful and enjoyable affair.

I was much interested last week by a personal confirmation of the statements made in last week's paper by Mr. F. A. Howe, president of the Tolleston Club. I do not think I exaggerate when I say that there were thousands of ducks on the Tolleston Marsh on the 26th and 27th of November. They were mixed ducks, mallards, bluebills, ringbills, a few redheads and widgeons, and a great many teal. The marsh was very low. It is only twenty-eight miles from Chicago. It is not, on the face of it, any better marsh than those of the Kankakee. Yet here were numbers of ducks, when elsewhere the complaint of scarcity was general. The efficacy of protection and feed for the wild ducks became very apparent to me, at least.

ENGLISH LAKE, Ind., Dec. 3.—Yesterday a German came down from the big prairie slough and reported thousands of mallards hanging about in the rushes. This morning Mr. John Taylor, the superintendent, and I investigated, but the ducks had departed. We saw only half a dozen. Mr. Taylor yesterday made a run up Bogus Creek, and saw only two. The season seems ended. The water is rising rapidly on the marsh, and the latter is higher now than it has been all season. I shot a squirrel which poked its head out of a knot hole in an oak this morning. It fell back, and lodged 4ft. down, inside the tree. Fishing for it blindly with a split stick, I caught it fairly by the tail, and pulled it out of a crack barely big enough for its passage. I should think one might try a thousand years before he could repeat the performance.

There are three bevies of quail here, but members of the club do not shoot at them. Five years ago a very severe winter nearly put an end to the quail of this section, and their gains have been very slow since then. There are a few rabbits and squirrels here, and a number of woodcock in season. On Thanksgiving day Mr. C. E. Hayden bagged three ruffed grouse. There would seem to be a good many in the woods not far from here. There were three otters near here last season. I saw one on the Mak-saw-ba grounds last week. Hathaway, my pusher there, killed one last winter with an axe, by the aid of an old hunting dog.

Mr. Taylor tells me the fish are being exterminated here by constant netting, seining and spearing. Pickerel nearly exterminated by gill nets. Dynamite has also been used by law-breakers below here. The club should see to such violations, equally with duck trespassers.

The F. P. Taylor party in the Indian Territory are having a grand time. The last letter from them showed that they were leaving the Cimarron, and working down to the Canadian. They have sent in about 100 wild turkeys. Billy Pierson sent in 40 last week.

In the interval between now and extremely cold weather the tendency will be toward trap-shooting. A few shooters will go out after ruffed grouse, and a few others have already gone or will go further south in pursuit of the fleeing wildfowl, which appear to have notice of some impending storm.

The weather at date is mild. The water is running everywhere here, and no signs are apparent of any immediate freeze. We saw two gangs of Canadian geese on the meadow skirting the marsh to-day.

DEC. 4.—Mr. W. N. Lowe, president of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association, tells me that they are doing everything that can be done to further the interests of game protection in this State, and can see marked acknowledgment of the effectiveness of the work. Game Warden Billy Minier is on South Water street, the great game market of the city, nearly all the time, with a sharp eye to violations of the law. It is to his patient efforts in ferreting out evidence that the association relies for success in a certain big test case, which it is hoped will now be reached on the docket very soon. This is the case of the State vs. Fred Smith, a South Water street game dealer, in whose possession some $2,000 worth of quail and prairie chicken were found during close season, February last. The defense set up that they purchased the game in season and held it over into the close season; they further claim that the game once lawfully purchased became their property, and as such was not subject to subsequent investigation. A case has recently been decided, in Michigan, I believe, which gives good color to this defense, and leaves it necessary only for it to be competently proven that lawful ownership has been acquired. The Michigan case is quite against the association. The prosecution, however, rely upon what is known as the Magner case of the Illinois reports. In the Magner case the Supreme Court held that the only title which can be acquired in game is a *quasi* or trust title, and one subject to any conditions the State may see fit to impose; it being the theory, as held in this case, that game is the property of the State, and not subject to private control except as permitted by the State. It will at once be seen that there

is a very pretty question involved in this case. Defense may seek to evade the Magner case by setting up that they purchased this game in St. Louis, or other point outside of Illinois jurisdiction. It is to be hoped that this contingency will not arise, for should it not, it will be almost a question only of the Michigan decision against the Illinois decision. in which event our court must of course follow the State decision, and should therefore decide for the prosecution. This is much to be hoped. An example is needed here.

Mr. Henry Sloan is a game dealer of this city, but one who buys no game out of season and violates no law. Mr. Sloan is a generous and enthusiastic sportsman and a member of the Mak-saw-ba Club. I met him at the club grounds a week or so ago, and I may have mentioned in an earlier letter something of what he said about the Michigan game laws. He told me that he knew of some game dealers here who have deer shipped to them from Michigan, which is quite against the law of that State. The consignors evade the law by having the game marked for "Detroit, Mich.," or some other point in the State—while the way bills read to Chicago. Wisconsin game comes into this city marked "Milwaukee, Wis.," and billed through in the same way. Violations of State laws in this way are constant. The great bulk of the venison sold in this market comes from Michigan and Wisconsin.

Mr. J. M. Law, of Cincinnati, one of the Ohio State Fish and Game Commissioners, was lately down at the English Lake club grounds, in Indiana. He says that they have more quail in Ohio this year than at any time for twenty-five years. This is due to the rigid enforcement of a very rigid game law. Mr. Law reports that they collected $700 in fines in one township during the past year. Under the provisions of the law, these funds so raised are applied to further prosecutions. The Ohio law is a holy terror, and I should be glad to see it published for other States to copy. It has, however, the defects found in all game laws, and I believe I know law enough myself to throw a house and lot through some of its strictest clauses. The Granger legislator is a willin' creature, if you get him headed right; but he can't write English close enough to hold water. He isn't built that way.

The general tone of the Granger element of legislative bodies, however, is against game laws and against the clubs who buy and preserve tracts of land for shooting purpose. Chicago capital, ever generous, ever enterprising, and never doing anything by halves, has purchased thousands of acres of Indiana lands, which are worthless for agricultural or mineral purposes, and annually expends thousands of dollars among the natives of Indiana. What does glorious and noble-minded Indiana do in return? Why, she sets about, and at the last term of the assembling of her mighty wise men enacts a law which states that no person can acquire title against trespass to any overflowed lands! In other words, the duck marshes bought up by our clubs are not private property, and any one can shoot on them who chooses. That is a generous and praiseworthy step toward game protection, is it not?

The Tolleston Club will perhaps be in the lead in abolishing spring shooting in this section. I hope the others will follow, so that on all the marshes, for a term of at least a year or two, the ducks may not be disturbed during the spring. Let this be done, and some feed be put out on the marshes, and I for one believe with Mr. Taylor, the English Lake superintendent, that it will be only a question of high water to bring the ducks back again in as great abundance as ever. The third year this English Lake country had as good shooting as ever in its history. Eight years ago, during a low-water time like this of late, there were no ducks, and everybody thought the end had come. I do not think the end has come. Under the usual natural conditions the marshes below Chicago, extending down into Indiana and the center of this State, are the finest natural home for the wild ducks in the world. Give them a dog's chance and they will come there.

A great many geese nest on the Kankakee marshes. Mallards and teal hatch each summer in sufficient numbers to make a regular flight of their own. Singularly enough, at the end of August these ducks, more especially the mallards, leave and go north. It is thought that they bring numbers of other ducks down with them on their return. Woodducks hatch in exceptionally great numbers near English Lake.

I have received several letters bearing upon a casual mention, made in a late issue of FOREST AND STREAM, of the canvas blind used by Fox Lake duck shooters. I should be glad to write to each gentleman separately, but believe that will not be necessary, as I intend in a week or two to make full mention, not only of the canvas blind, but also of a number of other blinds and similar contrivances used by the members of our different duck clubs. Some of these are very ingenious and effective, and I believe will be interesting in the description. They were so to me in the seeing, at least.

DEC. 7.—Shooters are beginning to turn their attention to smaller game than ducks. An occasional ruffed grouse is brought in, and a few quail are killed in Indiana. George and Ed. Klehm, florists, of State street, returned yesterday from a four days' hunt in central Indiana. They bagged sixty-seven rabbits, five quail and three ruffed grouse. I got a few squirrels and rabbits near the Cumberland Lodge Wednesday last. The Diana Club, of the Kankakee, claim they have a few mallards left on the river yet, but nobody is bringing in any ducks. Word from the once famous Sangamon says they have had no ducks this fall. Two experienced hunters worked a day last week on the Hennepin Club grounds and only got one duck. Yet no better duck country lies out of doors than those Illinois bottoms. A Kankakee River hunter claims to have word (yesterday) that there are still plenty of ducks in Michigan. How is this?

I wish some one would tell me why it is that everybody feels privileged to beg ducks of a shooter, if he happens to get any. Last week I started into the city with twenty-two ducks. They vanished gradually under requests of different sorts, till when I got within ten miles of home I had only fourteen left. At Englewood, as I was waiting at the station for a train, I was approached by a well-dressed man, who wore a plug hat and parted his whiskers in the middle. He looked at the birds a moment, and then said, "Ah, my man, give me one of those ducks, won't you?" Now, I don't suppose I looked very distinguished. My friends tell me that I should not, even in my wildest and most sanguine moments, consider myself justified in being proud of my beauty. But I don't like to be called "my man," because I am not anybody's man but my own. I didn't know what to do about this fellow. I wanted to kill him, but I was afraid he had a family. At length the ludicrousness of the affair struck me, and I laughed, and handed him the mallard he coveted. "I like you," I said; "you've got more nerve than anything I ever saw. If you think this duck is the kind of diet your nerve needs, why take her along, and God bless you!" He took the duck, too. In common with most shooters, I like to give game to my friends; but fellows like the above ought to remember that it costs about $8 a day to go duck hunting here, and that ducks are consequently worth about $8 apiece. I don't doubt many shooters have had their eyes opened by the freedom with which comparative strangers will "tackle" them for game.

The Mak-saw-bas have a big pigeon shoot down on their grounds to-morrow. E. HOUGH.

RIFLES FOR ALL-AROUND WORK.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I read with interest the communications on all-around rifles in your issue of Nov. 8, but beg leave to pursue the subject a little further and ask for more light.

Conceding as I do to "Iron Ramrod" a greater knowledge of the various points of the modern rifle than I am likely ever to attain, it is possible that his practical experience with large game is limited, and that he looks upon the shooting of deer and bears with the eye of a Massachusetts sportsman. I did, once. I hunted all over that State long ago, and still knew nothing to speak of about bears.

Since those days times are changed. I see that they hunt red squirrels now in the old Commonwealth. I do not blame them, but in the old days nobody that was anybody ever thought of shooting these creatures for sport. Gus Hilton and I shot some for breakfast one cold morning, over back of Bald Mountain, in Piscataquis county, Maine; but then we had nothing else to eat. That was thirty years ago this month. Then I recollect killing a few about seventeen years ago, for my Thanksgiving dinner. Pork and red squirrels, with hunger sauce, was the menu, and deuced glad I was to get them. There wasn't a turkey within many miles, and as for plum pudding!

I should not be surprised to find myself shooting red squirrels yet for sport. The game is going fast, and if this sort of thing keeps on, we shall one day come to regard the bat as a game bird. There is a fair supply of them left.

No one can teach me anything of the advantage to be gained by putting a bullet in the right place. The difficulty is to get it there. A man walks into a gun store and buys an outfit. He takes all the sportsmen's papers, belongs to a rifle club, makes a capital score at the target, and has the theory of bear killing to perfection. He packs his possibles and starts, full of anticipation, on his first trip to the haunts of the deer and bear. Give him a Ballard rifle, .32-cal., with 165 grains of solid bullet, and he is ready to guarantee instant death, by planting the missile in the brain of the biggest bear in the North Woods. It does not occur to him that he has, after all, only mastered the most rudimentary points in the varied acquirements which go to make up the qualifications of a skilled hunter; or that the feat of putting a bullet in a bear's brain will be much facilitated if the animal be previously chained to a post. Well, when he reaches the home of the bears, what does he find? Not the bears—not often, that is—though a good guide, well paid, may find them for him; but he finds just what he has often read of in FOREST AND STREAM, but of which, nevertheless, he had formed but slight conception, a dense, dank, mossy, swampy, impracticable wilderness—impracticable that is, for the tenderfoot, without good guidance. Well, when he has fallen over a few scores of fallen logs, smirched his hunting toggery in a "burned piece," been lost in a few swamps and wormed his way through some miles of cedar brake, and seen but the track of a bear on the river bank, and the white flags of a few deer in the dim distance, and when the new rifle is beginning to lose the brilliancy of its polish, he comes to a like conclusion with "Sparrowgrass," after a three months' sojourn in the country, following a lifetime spent in town, and says to himself that "some preconceived ideas have to be abandoned."

I have passed many years in regions where the bear is not uncommon, and I have never yet known a bear to be shot in the brain, unless it was up a tree or fast in a trap. People expect too much of the bear, when they imagine that he is going to sit up and look at them long enough to draw a fine bead on his left eye. The bear, as a rule, knows very well how to take care of himself. So does the deer; and although there is an occasional exception, these but prove the rule.

Now, only last week, my friend Konan was going into camp after dark. Close to the road was what he supposed to be a stump, though it looked like a bear, yet kept perfectly still. He did not move the rifle from his shoulder, but passed on, though the stump looked so much like a bear that he noted the spot, and the next day passed it again, when to his surprise and mortification there was no stump there. The bear knew that its safety lay in keeping still. Had it been daylight it would not have been in that place.

I once jumped a bear in some briers which bordered a wood road, and within six feet of me. I did not fire, having only a fishing rod. Had it been a .32cal. rifle with any ammunition in common use I still should not have fired. I would rather a dozen bears should go free than to get one "wipe" from the paw of a wounded one.

I have known two good deer hunters to shoot at separate bears (standing shots) in a berry patch and within sixty yards. The bears got away. On returning one of these men started a deer and shot it between the eyes.

I have known no hunters who preferably pursued the bear with the rifle alone. All use the trap if possible. I have known bears killed in all sorts of ways, and my conclusion is that they are very uncertain in their habits. Only if a man understands them, and wants a bear, he will generally get one in some way, most probably unsportsmanlike.

Your correspondent in Elizabeth, New Jersey, does not believe in the possibility of a good all-around rifle. I doubt it myself, yet not so very long ago the best sporting authorities scouted the idea that the breechloader could ever be made practically useful, and Colonel Hawke believed religiously in the flintlock.

The best all-round gun I know has shot and rifle barrels side by side. Its weight is its only objection. But if a bullet of .32-cal. can be made which will answer as well as a .44 or a .50 for snap-shooting in dense covert at large game, then one step will be gained. I still doubt the efficiency of the 165grs. ball of that caliber, and if some one who has used explosive bullets would give his experience we might learn something. "H. P. U." ought to have some ideas about it, and some of those fellows who are always experimenting might try a few on some worthless animals. KELPIE.

CENTRAL LAKE, Mich., Nov. 20.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I quite agree with "W. W. B." (in your issue of this date) that the .22-cal. rifle, with the 15-45 C. F. cartridge, is a most excellent weapon for hunting small game, as I well know from experience; but when it comes to shooting ducks at a range between 150 and 200yds., with the wind blowing, (and that was the proposition laid down by "N. Orleans") I think he will find the 45-grain bullet too light, and that the wind will carry it wide of its mark. In calm or comparatively still weather that cartridge works (in a good rifle) like a charm, and comes within the range indicated by "N. Orleans;" but it stands little chance in a gale of wind in shooting over that distance. It is as much as a 115-grain bullet, backed by twenty grains of powder, can do to hold its own under such circumstances.

Again, as for the presentable appearance of the game shot with the .32-cal. bullet advocated by me under the conditions given by "N. Orleans," the fact is, that less mutilation results from the use of a single bullet of that caliber than from an ounce of No. 4 shot fired at fairly close quarters. The bullet does its work effectually, it is true, but (except in rare cases) with less exterior mangling or disfigurement than shot fired from a chokebore at from 20 to 40yds. Of course, I would not be understood as advising the use of .32-caliber rifles for duck shooting under ordinary circumstances, but under the peculiar conditions referred to by your correspondent, "N. Orleans," I am still of opinion that he will find a .32-cal. rifle the most satisfactory weapon. LOUIS BAGGER.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

BULLETS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I noticed a communication from Mr. Roosevelt relative to the Keene bullet. I have never seen one of that name, but last year came across the description of Lord Keane's cross-cut bullet, and after endeavoring to obtain a few without success, I adopted the following plan. Taking a loaded .40-82 cartridge, which is the caliber I am most attached to, I fixed it in a vise and with a common scroll-saw quartered the bullet as far as the shell. These I used on deer and elk in Wyoming and Montana this fall and their performance was entirely satisfactory. In no case did they fail to open and in some cases split, tearing the flesh around. I consider them superior to express bullets and the small cut does not interfere with any parts of the gun, while the short time it takes to prepare a quantity is greatly in favor of this method. I have even done this way with .22 cartridges when using them against prairie chickens and sage hens. R. H. W.

PHILADELPHIA.

MICHIGAN'S NORTHERN PENINSULA.

LAKE LINDEN, Mich., Dec. 1.—The deer hunting season in the peninsula is closed and the merciless slaughter has ceased. This season the woods swarmed with hunters, many of whom came from the Middle States. Many came, too, not only for sport, but to supply a ready market for venison. They would come in parties numbering as many as thirty, with camping equipage, rations, etc., and would make deer killing a regular business. As a member of one party from Indiana was heard to remark: "We've got through harvesting, and venison is worth fifteen to eighteen cents a pound down our way, so we thought we would come up here and kill some deer. There are twenty-seven of us here, and we want to get one a day apiece." His sanguine expectations were probably not fulfilled, as a well informed sportsman judged that there were at least three hunters to every deer running in the woods. They were so numerous that most of the land-lookers and lumbermen wisely decided to vacate the woods during the siege, for fear of being taken for deer by some of the "green 'uns."

As the Mackinaw & Marquette passenger train was coming along one day last week, a two-year old doe bounded out from the woods at a point south of Indian River and ran along ahead of the train for some distance. It finally stopped short, as if to meditate which side to jump to, and was struck by the pilot of the locomotive and thrown from the track. On being picked up both its hindlegs were found to have been broken.

State Game Warden Wm. Alden Smith reports that during eighteen months about 900 convictions of violation of the game laws have been made, and that the fines more than defray the expenses of his 189 deputies.

An explorer for iron ore in the southern part of Ontonagon county has discovered what he terms an ink spring. The liquid, which bubbles from a crevice in the side of a rocky hill, is of a blackish hue, and when applied to cloth or to the human skin leaves an indelible stain. Though a very small stream he traced its course for over a mile, and noticed that it was death to all vegetation, its tracks being perfectly bare, while the earth is stained a deep blue-black to a depth of several inches. Given internally to a dog it produced instant death.

A hunter who had been out with a party in quest of deer and bear, relates a singular incident connected with his experience in the woods, which occurred a few weeks ago. He came upon a beaver dam in course of construction, and spied a large beaver gnawing down a tree near by. He shot it, and on examination, found the animal dead from its effects. Just as he was going to depart with his prey he saw another in the water, and, moving about five paces away in order to get a better shot, fired four times, but without success. On looking back to where the dead one was, to his astonishment it was gone, neither could the most diligent search disclose its place of concealment, and he arrived at the conclusion that some of its comrades must have carried it away under his very nose. LAUBE.

MAINE AND ITS BIG GAME.

IT IS LIKELY to prove that the number of deer killed in Maine this fall, in the open season indeed, will prove to be larger than ever before. The fact of the abundance of deer in that State has drawn the attention of hunters, especially in Boston, and they have gone into that State to hunt the noble game. The weather has been very bad, and in some respects thus favorable to the life of the deer, but in others it led to their destruction. There have been a great many storms of snow in the wooded sections of that State, and this has made the still-hunting of the deer easier than ever. There has followed this still-hunting a good deal of success—a feature in hunting that animal heretofore considered rather difficult and uncertain. Not only has the zest been felt by sportsmen from out of the State, but the hunters in the State have taken up the hunting of deer with a gusto almost unknown. They have also met with success most remarkable, not only because there are a great number of deer to hunt, but also because the hunting has been easier by reason of the frequent early snows. As has already been mentioned in the FOREST AND STREAM, Maine sportsmen have killed a great many deer in the Narragaugus region. One party of three hunters killed nine deer there in October; all the law would allow them. But it is in the vicinity of Moluncus, some eight miles from Mattawaumkeag, in Aroostook country, that the deer hunters have had the greatest success. From perfectly reliable sources, I learn that five deer were killed on the first day or two of the open season within a short distance of Coburn Camp at that point. Two of the deer were shot by Mr. Coburn himself, and since that time he has killed another, making up his quota allowed by the law. Indeed, thirteen deer have been killed this season thus far at Coburn Camp. The first deer shot were those that come out into the field to feed. The sport has been remarkably good, but those who have been there say that the deer are getting wild from excessive hunting.

Mr. Henry B. Moore, better known as Harry Moore in the flour and grain trade of Boston, has just returned from a very successful deer hunt in Maine. He was accompanied by his brother, Mr. Geo. C. Moore, of Chelmsford, Mass. They went to the celebrated Moluncus region also, which by the way has a lake by that name. They were in the woods seven days with Ernest Coburn as guide. They came home happy, with two deer, a buck and a doe. The buck was a yearling and did not support a very handsome set of antlers. They staid all the time they could afford, but the weather was simply terrible, though there was generally snow enough for tracking the deer. They obtained one or two shots that were unsuccessful. Their method of hunting was that of still-hunting, pure and simple. Hunting with dogs is not tolerated in that section. They followed up the deer by their tracks in the snow. Sometimes they would follow a track all day, and yet they made as a rule very little distance from the camp. Mr. Moore says it is wonderful how a deer will wind in and out of a swamp and "singular how they will wander around without any perceptible purpose, but just to wander around." The woods were full of water and terrible walking. They killed their deer with rifles. The day they left they had come upon a very large track, but did not find the deer. The guide, Ernest Coburn, urged them to stay another day, but they were unable to do so. A letter has since followed Harry to Boston from his guide, saying that on the day following their departure from Moluncus he had killed the finest buck ever killed in that region. Harry believes this buck to be the one he was after and wished that he might have stayed another day.

This same guide told the Moores the strongest moose story; and the fun of the thing was that he appeared to believe it, too. By the way, they heard but little about actual moose in that region. These animals are all further into the woods. But the story is told of Moluncus Lake in the days when there were more moose than at present. It seems that a celebrated logger and moose hunter was one morning going up this lake with his two horse team. The lake had frozen over only a night or two previous, and it was as glare as new ice knows how to be. But his horses were but recently sharpened as to their shoe caulks. They were making good progress up the lake, when behold! two moose attempting to cross the terribly smooth ice. The way those great fellows paddled, hobbled and slid around was a funny sight to see. They had taken alarm at the team and were jumping and trying to run, only to slip, slide and fall down again. The woodsman put his horses into the run and soon he came up with the moose. When close upon the ungainly creatures the old bull turned and showed fight. This caused the running horses to sheer, but the sled slewed and knocked all four of the legs from under the bull moose and he fell sideways upon the sled. But this was not all. In falling he struck upon a sharp, short stake of the sled, which penetrated his side and completely pinned him there. Here the driver was able to cut his throat. But this was only half the story. The cow moose, in her fright, had fallen on the ice and so injured her hip that she could not rise, and the teamster easily dispatched her also. He succeeded in loading the cow moose on to the sled—the bull was already handsomely pinned there—and he drove back to his home a happy hunter.

Another Boston merchant, together with his friend, has lately returned from a successful caribou hunt in the vicinity of Eagle Lake. They also report the woods full of water, making it almost impossible to move about, even with the best and tallest of rubber boots. They succeeded in getting three fine caribou. They also saw a great moose as they were paddling up the West Branch. They saw him swimming across the river, where it is some 200yds. wide. He was a long distance off, but the Boston merchant is an excellent marksman and has killed his moose. He commenced to "pepper away" with his rifle. There was nothing to shoot at but the smallest portion of the moose's head and his muzzle above the water, and somehow several shots seemed to skip over him without the least harm. The guide shouted for the hunters to take the moose as he went on shore, which point he was headed for as fast as possible. At the same time he begun paddling the canoe with all his might, in order to give them as near a shot as possible. This rather served to complicate matters, for the motion of the canoe was very decidedly against shooting straight. The great body of the moose came out of the water, but three shots by experienced sportsmen went under and over him as though he held a charmed life. The last shot fired struck in the trees just before and over the moose, and frightened him so that he turned and swam the river again; but this time so far off that their rifles would not reach him, even if they had been loaded and ready for shooting. Nothing has been done in the way of calling moose in that section this fall; the weather has been such that there has scarcely been a night when that sport could be followed. SPECIAL.

The Belfast *Journal* reports: "The hunters returned to Belfast in the afternoon of Nov. 28, having been absent nearly two weeks, and Friday Mr. John Twombly, of Monroe, the driver, brought to town nine deer, the result of the hunt. Mr. Twombly had two of his own which he left in Monroe, making a total of eleven, the largest lot of deer ever brought into the city by a single hunting party. In the lot were two large and handsome bucks, the larger being between six and seven years old, and all the others were full grown. The deer were landed on the walk in front of Emmons & Sanborn's store on High street, where they attracted much attention. Each member of the party took one deer home, leaving the two large bucks to be otherwise disposed of. One was cut up and retailed for fifteen cents per pound for roasts and twenty cents for steak, and the other was disposed of by ticket.

"The party this year consisted of Judge Geo. E. Johnson, Dr. S. W. Johnson, Geo. T. Reed, E. E. Bradbury, M. R. Knowlton, Elisha Sherman and W. H. Sanborn, of Belfast, and John Twombly, of Monroe. They left Bangor Friday morning, Nov. 16, in Mr. Twombly's four-horse team, and traveled over the road described last year, reaching Beddington the first day, and stopping at Mrs. A. Schoppies. The camp on the borders of Cranberry Lake, occupied by the hunters of last year, was reached on the second day. On leaving Beddington, Dr. Johnson and Mr. Bradbury walked ahead, and four miles from town the doctor killed a handsome buck, which was hung up in the woods and taken on their return.

"Monday morning the party started out and one deer was killed by Dr. Johnson. Plenty of deer were seen and many shots fired without result. Wednesday a majority of the party went to Sabio Lake and visited the boarding camp of Mr. Chas. F. Corliss, the guide of last year. Mr. Corliss has a new camp in one of the best hunting districts in Maine, with sleeping accommodations for ten people, and boards hunting parties at $1 each per day. Wednesday the party killed five deer. The weather was very cold, freezing over the lake, and before the party left, the ice was strong enough to allow crossing on foot. Friday the old camp was deserted and the company went over to Corliss camp. Saturday's hunt yielded three deer. The game was found in swamps. Parties drove the swamps and as the deer ran out they were shot. As all hands fired it was impossible to tell whose rifles were the most successful.

"Mr. George T. Read had a hard experience on that day. He fired at a handsome doe and brought her down. As the animal lay upon the ground the hunter thought of walking up and dispatching it by cutting its throat, but remembering the stories of the evening before concerning the kicking of an apparently dead deer, Read approached with great caution. The wounded animal got on his feet, and when standing not over ten feet Read brought his rifle to bear and snapped. There was no cartridge in his rifle, and the deer made its escape. Dr. S. W. Johnson shot another deer Monday. M. R. Knowlton was seized with buck fever, otherwise more game might have been killed."

Editor Forest and Stream:

On the 8th day of October last, C. Fenton and L. Wetmore, of Number Four, N. Y.; E. Seitz, of Troy, N. Y., and the narrator hereof, left Lowville on the Utica and Black River Road for an outing in the wilds of Maine. The two former and myself having tried the Moose River country one year ago last fall with poor success—owing to the choosing of a bad location—thought we could better our luck by trying it a second time. After reaching the C. P. Railroad it soon transferred us to within ten miles of camp, which we reached by trail, having to make two trips in with camp duffle and provisions suitable for a month's stay in the woods. The 20th of October but barely found us ready to commence hunting. Now and then the head of a ruffed grouse had been snuffed off, when one of the party opened up by bagging a fawn that showed itself near camp. Shortly after this two of us, while following up some caribou trail, came so near a moose that he rose from his bed and stood long enough to receive a shot from a Winchester rifle, when he started off on a good trot down a shallow ravine. But before he had traveled 50yds. he had four more balls through his body, when he tumbled over. Upon going up we found a three-year old, estimated to weigh about ten hundred pounds, with a small set of antlers. We rolled him upon his back, dressed and hung up the meat, taking the head with us to camp as trophy number one.

One week later a bull caribou with a nice set of antlers containing some twenty points fell to our lot, pierced through by a ball from a .38-cal. Later on another bull and cow were added to the list. The three latter animals would average when dressed about 1,200lbs. each. We saw several different tracks, however, made by caribou that would weigh—judging from the size of the imprint left in the snow—at least twice that amount.

All along the river bottoms and lowlands the deer signs were plenty. But as we were in pursuit of large game, deer were left to gambol off without molestation. Scarcely a day passed but that some one of us could have taken fair shots at them had we felt so disposed. The weather continuing warm, we thought it best to break camp and save the specimens already secured rather than try for more. Three days were occupied in packing out the meat, hides, heads and camp duffle, when we took the cars for home, arriving safely on the 15th ult. Hoping the Maine Legislature will keep the present game law intact and the Commissioners see its provisions strictly enforced, is the best wish of CAP LOCK.

FREWSBURG, Dec. 7.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have nothing pleasant to write, for my business did not admit of an outing on my part this season. I see others who have returned from their annual deer hunts, some in luck and others not. All report most uncomfortable weather for camp life, and that the game is not in its usual haunts, as we should expect in such a wet season. An unusual number of visiting sportsmen have been in our county, and I learn that the average luck has been fine. During the last two years the destruction of large game in this county has increased rapidly, for poachers have everything about as they please; hunt the whole year, kill all they can and smuggle out of the State. I do not say this to find fault with the Commissioners or wardens, for the last Legislature tied their hands. To legislate and not appropriate is nonsense. I see no indication of better things in the future. I judge from the past game must go shortly. I know it is on the decrease, deer in particular. Small game is now almost extinct in localities where but a few years ago it was abundant. I expect this humbugging nonsense to be kept up by guides and poachers "that all kinds of game are on the increase." I know better, but it will continue until the last deer is slaughtered. Will the Forestry Commission help us at the next Legislature? Why should not the protection of forests and game go together? Let us have wise legislation this winter, with an ample appropriation, and I will warrant success. SABAO.

MACHIAS, Maine.

SOUVENIRS OF POND QUOGUE.

AMONG the most cherished recollections of many cheerful outings in years gone by, my recent visit to Pond Quogue (or Ponquogue, as is probably the correct spelling) stands out like a silhouette on a white sheet of paper—as a pleasant summer dream, with a taste of the brine still on my lips and the fragrance of the pines still in my nostrils, as I am writing this by my cosy fireside many miles away. I fancy I still hear the roar of the surf as it pounds the beach at the "Old Inlet" near the life-saving station; I see, in my mind's eye, the broad beam of light thrown like a bridge of gold across the bay from the Fresnel lens high up in the tall lighthouse; and, as we sail gayly over the rippling waves while the moon is rising high in the starry heavens, comes as music to my city-worn ear the softly enunciated warning cry from the lips of Captain George of "Hard a-lee!" as the boom swings over our heads and we go about on another tack, steering for the light which twinkles so merrily in "Van's" cabin.

But where is Ponquogue? Well, it is not difficult of access for a New Yorker; cross the ferry at the foot of East Thirty-fourth street, take the Long Island Railroad (Montauk division) to Good Ground, and a walk or ride in a stage of two miles over a good though sandy road (but all roads, including the railway, are sandy on Long Island) will bring you to the time-honored Foster House, of which Mr. Isaac Edwards is now the genial host and proprietor. There you will find cosy rooms, good beds, and abundant fare; and if you come in the right season you can indulge in sailing, surf-bathing and "sniping" to your heart's content.

"Sniping" is the vernacular used in those parts for shooting snipe—mostly small snipe. But, what of that; if the game is small the sport is great, and oxeyes, ringnecks, yellowlegs and willet are by no means to be despised in the *menu*; especially when flanked on one side by a dish of delicious salt-water eels, freshly caught; or on the other by a ditto of soft-shell crabs, just in from the water; and in part, a small plate of clams, just dug off the point, as an appetizer. Such a *déjeuner*, when set off by an excellent cup of Java coffee and hot corn muffins, is apt to bring one into right good humor, even if one did make an awful lot of misses and waste a couple of boxes of cartridges the day before on the empty air.

And such air! It makes me draw a long breath to think of it. It was not the inflated air of Washington, turgid and tumid with the bombast and buncombe of political speeches in and out of Congress on the eve of a Presidential election, but the pure God-given ether, free from taint and corruption, and spiced with the salt of the broad Atlantic. It was a life of sound and healthy sleep, lulled by the muffled pounding of the breakers across the bay, an enjoyable digestion, unlimited salt-water sailing and plenty of shooting, both with the rifle (at loons or water witches) and shotgun (at snipe) to keep you busy between meals.

"Not very romantic!" I hear the esthetic reader soliloquize. Think you not? Then you have no romance in your soul. Look out of your window in the morning before the first cock-crow, and long before the lantern has been extinguished in the tall lighthouse over there; watch the narrow band of crimson stretching along the beach in the east; see how slowly and lightly the mists rise from the pastures as the crimson line grows brighter and brighter; listen, and you shall hear the tuneful trill of the skylark as he wings his way high up in the gray dawn to greet a new-born day; and then breathe that air through the open window, and you will know the joy of living for life's sake, and when the sun rises in all his glory in a canopy of roseate hues you will feel like new-born yourself, without care or care, and in first-rate condition to enjoy the eels which I see brother George is bringing up from his boat yonder as the result of the night's catch.

It added not a little to my comfort and pleasure to have Captain George E. Foster for my constant companion. He is not only the most trusted and best known boatman on Shinnecock Bay, from Quogue to Southampton and miles beyond, but is the best shot, and the best of fellows generally. He will go out with you in all kinds of weather, stay as long as you please, pole you home if the wind dies out (as it sometimes will at Shinnecock Bay), and never grumble for the loss of a dinner or supper. Genial and good natured at all times, his jolly face, merry laugh, soft "H-ard lee," and astonished "Well, I swan!" when an uncommonly tough fish story was bandied about in the boat on the way back from the bathing station, was a sight to behold, and would have been a pleasure, perhaps a cure, for the worst hypochondriac that ever lived.

My bags of game at Ponquogue were not large, but they were the cause of much excitement and happiness nevertheless. The snipe shooting is fairly good—probably as good as, if not better, than at any point on the Long Island coast. Though small, they are quick and wily birds, and afford excellent sport as well as good eating. I should advise sportsmen contemplating a visit to the south shore of Long Island always to carry a rifle along; I had a .32cal. Colt repeating rifle and found it very useful, in addition to my No. 12 Westley Richards shotgun. I also carried a .22cal. Colt lightning magazine rifle for target practice, when I desired a change, and for snapshots at stray snipe when they came across the bay

in the afternoon to feed or dig in the sand among the seaweed at low tide.

I bade the Foster House and its inmates farewell with sincere regret, and long shall I remember the happy days I passed there. Nor shall I soon forget that jolly little "cabin by the sea," presided over for the time being by Mr. Martin Van Buren Squires and his spouse, whose pretty little grandchildren were a delight to behold. The clambakes, with proper "belongings," were fit for an emperor (if emperors ever ate clams); and when to this was added one of "Van's" fish stories, or a song with a good rousing chorus, the charm was complete.

But I have written much more than I intended; it is after midnight, and the fire on the hearth is nearly out. A cricket is chirping merrily; it is time to go to bed. Therefore, I will close with a good-night, good friends, *au revoir*, and hurrah for Shinnecock Bay.

WASHINGTON, D. C. LOUIS BAGGER.

THE WOODCOCK SUPPLY.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In looking over the articles regarding the flight of woodcock in the late numbers of FOREST AND STREAM, I am convinced that the difference in opinion results from a difference in the ground shot over. From my observation I am led to believe that the flight of woodcock was as large this year as any one of the last five. Owing to the cold season the birds began to move very early; about Sept. 18 we had a large flight in this section, and the local gunners, not expecting it, got left. In the issue of Sept. 27 "X. Y. Z." asks where his woodcock were; they had previously started on their annual flight, and what he saw was the work of flight birds. In the number for Nov. 15 Mr. E. H. Lathrop mentions his finding woodcock on very wet ground and none on high ground, and asks if the habits of the bird are not changing. My theory for this is that we had very cold weather; in fact, a freeze on the flight, and the woodcock had to go to wet ground. I always get the best shooting from Oct. 10 to Nov. 10, and always find the birds in low, wet places—in the alder runs and swamps. Brother hunter, when you go looking for woodcock next season, if the weather is cold and the ground slightly frozen, look for the birds in the mud and water. SANDPIPER.

READING, Mass., Dec. 4.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I wonder that it has not struck more of your correspondents on the woodcock supply that the decrease in their number is likely owing to the increase in late years of guns and gunners. When I came to this town, some twenty years ago, I might say that I was the only sportsman in it; I certainly was the only man that owned a doublebarreled gun. At the present time we have upward of one hundred or more men in town who shoot and carry guns. Then again, as the country becomes more settled it follows that more land is cleared and the coverts become, one by one, chopped down and lost to the sportsman forever. Twenty years ago and up to 1879 my dogs have flushed for me of a short afternoon 40 or 50 woodcock. 1879 was the last season the birds were plentiful here. I see by my record on Aug. 15 I killed 24 birds from two o'clock in the afternoon until five, of that year. Aug. 15, 1880, records only 6 birds; 1881, 8 birds, and so on up to 1886, varying from 6 birds to 12. In 1887 there was an increase; the record shows Aug. 15, 19 woodcock, and for the season 105 woodcock. Up to 1879 the record shows from 150 woodcock to 200 per season; 1880 up to 1886 from 50 to 70 woodcock per season. Aug. 15, 1888, 6 woodcock, and only 23 for the season.

In 1879 the woodcock took their departure on Oct 23; 1880, Oct. 21; 1881, Oct. 10; 1882, Oct. 26; 1883, Oct. 23; 1884, Oct. 30; 1885, Oct. 12; 1886, Nov. 1; 1887, Oct. 25; 1888, Oct. 25. In 1887 there was a large flight of birds in the middle of October, in 1888, the present year, no flight at all.

We will suppose that the covert is a large one, and one hundred birds frequent this covert in the season, the sportsmen and those that are not sportsmen come and kill all but ten birds; these ten birds are lucky birds, nothing happening to them, and they get back safely the following year to the same covert. Five of these are males and the other five are females, each of these females lay four eggs, hatch them, and raise to maturity two young birds (I have never seen more than four birds in a clutch of woodcock, the two old birds and two young birds). The covert will have now twenty birds instead of the one hundred it had the year previous. I do not find it a very difficult matter to arrive at the reason for the decrease of our woodcock supply. Give them a two years' rest and Mr. and Mrs. Woodcock will answer the question themselves. H. B. N.

COOKSTOWN, Ontario.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Having read with interest the articles on the woodcock flight on your side of line, I give your readers what they have been doing here. Owing to the wet season the birds on the opening day, Aug. 15, were not on their usual grounds, wet bottoms, but in the open grounds and thickets near by. Birds were scarce until nearly October, when they were fairly plenty. From the 20th until Nov. 1 some good bags were made, but after that date have not heard of a bird being seen. C. B.

LONDON, Ont., Dec. 3.

DENVER, South Carolina.—Wing shooting in this section is confined to small game such as partridges, doves, larks, etc. In fact all game about here is small, partridges, quail and rabbits being the game most hunted, although squirrels and possums are tolerably plentiful in some localities. Some fine packs of foxhounds used to be kept for fox hunting, but they are gradually getting scarcer as the foxes disappear. Thanksgiving day was generally kept by sportsmen in the field. Early in the morning the bang bang of the shotgun, the deep baying of the foxhound (after rabbits though), the finer voice of the beagle, the yep yep of the mongrel cur and fice could be heard on every side. One party of bird hunters bagged fifty partridges that day.—BLUE RIDGE.

SWANSBORO, N. C.—Our woods abound with deer, quail, squirrels and other wild animals, while in our sounds and river are found ducks and other wildfowl in abundance.—C. B. F.

AFTER BLACKTAIL IN MONTANA.

OH, how cold it was, the morning Ed and I started after blacktail deer. Even the recollection is chilling; but we had been talking of and planning the trip for nearly a month, and now at last the day had come. We started from the ranch on the Upper Tongue on horseback, as we didn't propose to do any more walking than was necessary. So Cayuse Billy and Kid Dun had been driven up and stood at the rack saddled. Our costume should have scared all the deer out of Custer county, but it was warm and comfortable. Ed wore about three shirts, a buckskin vest, heavy ulster and Dutch socks, and carried a .45-70 Marlin. I wore heavy underclothing, a buckskin hunting shirt, Indian leggings, overcoat, and the inevitable felt boots with overshoes, while to secure game or scare it, as the case might be, I had a Winchester .40-82. We both used express bullets. After many sarcastic inquiries from Nat as to how many and what time he should send the wagons, and tearful entreaties from Johnny Z. to spare the fawns, pulled our freight up the Tongue, intending to go as far as Cañon Creek and make Dan Harris's winter shack our headquarters. *L'Homme propose, Dieu dispose.* We had hardly gotten to Frank Heman's when, meeting him, we were told that he had seen a small bunch of blacktail deer on the divide, between Bull and Cook creeks. Off we started, and had hardly reached the top of the divide when Ed spied the deer about half a mile directly in front of us, and on looking through his field glass he declared they were grazing our way. To turn around, withdraw to the nearest "coolie" and there picket our horses, was the work of a few minutes, and then carefully divesting ourselves of the heavy ulsters, rifle in hand, we crept cautiously forward to a point where, from behind some rocks, we could watch the deer. By this time they had approached to about 300yds. or so, and seemed uneasy; and as they did not seem to be coming any nearer, but rather about to move off at right angles to their former direction, Ed whispered to me to try a shot. So, adjusting the sight, I slowly raised the gun, resting it on the rock in front. Just as I was about to pull the trigger a most vicious kick from Ed nearly caused me to press it; lucky, indeed, I did not, for here coming up the other side was a buck and two does, not 50yds. away. The buck carried the handsomest horns I ever saw. To swing the rifle round, drop the sight and aim at his heart did not take me long; and as I heard the rifle crack, he gave one jump in the air, ran perhaps 20yds. and fell. The does meanwhile, apparently stupefied at what had happened, gazed around; but Ed let drive at the nearest and down she went, while the other bounded down the hill, apparently untouched by the bullets I sent after her. At any rate, there was no blood on her trail. I of course ran up to the buck I had killed, and plunging my knife as far down his neck as I could, bled him in true hunter style. Then I stood and looked at him as he lay there. I really felt as if I had done something wrong; even in death he was handsome. I could but feel glad that my bullet had gone directly through his heart, and probably he did not feel much pain. Then the task of skinning and cutting up was begun, and I carefully took off his entire head for a trophy. Ed meanwhile had finished his doe, which he had shot through the backbone. So, lighting a cigarette, I held a consultation as to our movements, and we determined to pull out for home. We had plenty of meat, and I didn't feel like shooting another deer, especially in mere wantonness. We led up the horses and packed the meat on them and started back. Arriving at the ranch about 4 P. M., the boys voted my antlers the handsomest and most symmetrical they had ever seen, and the expressions, "Well done, Tenderfoot," and "Bully for you, Doc," were very common.

Thus ended my first deer hunt in Montana, and when time comes to me I will try and tell of others I had and about a trip after elk in the Big Horns. R. H. W.

COVERS NEAR NEW YORK.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Gunning is not what it used to be along the New York and Northern R. R. In fact, it is not what it was last fall; last spring's blizzard having evidently killed off the birds. There being so many gunners nowadays, too, I don't think the birds will increase again so as to make good shooting, unless, indeed, the law rigidly protects them.

Wednesday, Nov. 28, I went on the evening train to Lake Mahopac, where I have always enjoyed good shooting previous to this fall. Thanksgiving morn I started out with two of the best hunters in that town, and in a long day's hunt we saw only four partridges, getting two. The next day we took a different direction. We killed a rabbit in the morning, and our dogs not finding any birds we supposed that would be our bag for the day. In the afternoon, while getting over a stone wall, we discovered fresh quail tracks; we counted seven in all. Our dogs followed them for half a mile before raising them. We got five, two getting away. My friends said they were the only covey of quail they know to be near the lake. They were both disgusted at the scarcity of game, as indeed were a number of sportsmen in that town with whom I talked. Several of them said they would be willing to put away their guns for three or four years if the law would rigidly protect all game during that time. If the native gunners are willing to aid the lawmakers, there is no reason why this should not be done.

Talking with the conductor of the train on my way back to the city he said it was surprising how few birds the sportsmen brought home with them this fall. In seasons past they nearly all had large bags, but this year they all complain of the scarcity of birds, the same being said of those who went far into Connecticut. B. L. L.

CENTRAL LAKE, Mich., Dec. 3.—Ruffed grouse have been very numerous here the past season. Ducks rather scarce. We have had but one tracking snow, which fell about 3in. deep on the morning of Nov. 16. Only a very few deer have been killed.—KELPIE.

A LARGE WOODCOCK.—Captain William Bingham, of Cold Spring Harbor, L. I., killed a woodcock on Friday, of last week, which weighed ten ounces.

PINE HILL, N. Y., Dec. 7.—Hunter Ennist shot a fine silver-gray fox near this village a day or two ago. Foxes of that species are rare in the Catskill Mountains.

BLACK RIVER FISH AND GAME PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION.—Utica, N. Y., Dec. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A meeting of sportsmen interested in the better protection of fish and game in Oneida and Herkimer counties, and more especially in that portion of the North Woods embracing the headwaters of Black River, was held in the village of Holland Patent, Dec. 8, for the purpose of organization. The attendance was good and the plans of work proposed met the hearty approval of all. Simeon R. Fuller, of Holland Patent, a gentleman who has hunted and fished in the Adirondacks for forty-five years, was made chairman, and W. E. Wolcott, city editor of the Utica *Herald*, secretary. An organization was formed, to be known as the Black River Fish and Game Protective Association and the following officers chosen: President, Simeon R. Fuller, Holland Patent; Directors, E. A. Klock, Forestport; Friend Bristol, Remsen; Wm. P. Dodge, Prospect; F. C. Wolcott, Trenton; W. L. Fowler, Holland Patent; W. E. Wolcott, I. C. McIntosh, Utica. These officers will hold over until their successors are chosen at the annual meeting, which occurs on the second Thursday in January. The Board of Directors has the power of appointing a vice-president, secretary and treasurer. W. E. Wolcott was empowered to act as secretary and treasurer until the annual meeting. The president and board of directors were authorized to have the association incorporated. The association adjourned to meet at the same place Thursday, Jan. 10, 1889, at 2 P. M.—FORTSA.

DEATH OF ROBERT TRIMPER.—Albany, N. Y., Dec. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Robert Trimper, proprietor of the hotel at Kinderhook Lake, Niverville, Columbia county, died at his residence on Sunday evening, Dec. 9. "Uncle Bob's" place was a famous resort for anglers and pigeon shooters, and by the latter he was held in such high esteem that he was made an honorary member of the Elm Grove Gun Club of this city. Mr. Trimper was a kindly dispositioned old gentleman who will be sadly missed, and his death sincerely mourned by the sportsmen who frequented his hotel at the lake side.—H. B. DERBY.

ARREST OF HUNTERS IN INDIAN TERRITORY.—Topeka, Kan., Dec. 8.—About two weeks ago twenty of the leading business men of Coldwater went down into the Indian Territory on a hunting expedition. Word has been received here that the whole party has been captured near Camp Supply, and are now awaiting transportation to Wichita, where they will be held to answer the charge of trespassing in the Indian Territory. S. H. Neisewhonger of Avilla was one of the party, but managed to get away from the guards in the night and walked home, a distance of twenty-five miles.

BOZEMAN, MONTANA, Dec. 2.—A great many inquiries are being made as to the increase or decrease of large game in Montana. In reply I beg to say through the columns of FOREST AND STREAM that since the sale of game was prohibited by an act of the Legislature, two years ago, large game has become so plentiful that I have succeeded in finding elk and deer for all my hunting parties the first day out, and that under the present law and with the National Park as a feeder, Montana can reasonably expect to have an abundance of game for years to come.—IRA DODGE.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

246.

WE have a worthy old scout named Jock McNally, a true sportsman with rod and gun, a strict member of the "auld Kirk" and always truthful and reliable as what follows will show:

He and his friend Geo. Morn were on the moor for a day's grouse shooting. They had bad luck and only secured three grouse between them. The following morning a friend met George with, "Well, what luck had Jock and you yesterday?"

"Oh, very fair; we killed six brace." And so they parted. Half an hour later the friend met Jock and congratulated him on his good luck.

"Who tell'd ye?"

"Oh, George told me."

"How many did he say we had?"

"He said ye had six brace, and I think it capital sport so late in the season."

"I'm sorry to say that George has tell'd ye a lee and I didna think he'd a done it. We only had sax bairds."

HARBOR GRACE, Newfoundland. B.

NEW CATALOGUES.

Von Lengerke & Detmold, 8 Murray street, New York, have just issued their catalogue for 1889. It is a handsome and profusely illustrated volume of 97 pages, and when compared with the one sent out by them six years ago, furnishes an excellent proof of the growth of their business. The cuts and descriptive matter convey much valuable information to intending purchasers of guns, fishing tackle, shooting suits, boots and shoes, athletic, base ball and bicycling goods, and a host of other things. A special feature is the addition of various rules for trap shooting, viz.: The Hurlingham, the National Gun Association, the Old and New Long Island and the Jersey City Heights rules. In view of the frequent demands for a compilation of these rules, this will make their catalogue doubly valuable and worth preserving.

Thos. H. Chubb, the fishing rod manufacturer of Post Mills, Vt., is also on deck with a new catalogue, the front cover of which depicts himself seated in his commodious office, answering his correspondence by means of dictation to a type-writer. Between the covers anglers will find illustrations and price lists of all kinds of angling paraphernalia, from rods, reels and flies, to rings, keepers and stoppers. Sent free on receipt of stamp.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,
Adjutant General's Office,
Sacramento, Nov. 27, 1888.

The United States Cartridge Co., Lowell, Mass.:

GENTLEMEN—It affords me pleasure to inform you that the fifty thousand rounds of ball cartridges recently purchased from you through Messrs. Chas. Sonntag & Co., of San Francisco, were used in the annual target practice of the National Guard of this State. They gave perfect satisfaction, the powder was good, the balls of uniform weight, and the shells strong and suitable for reloading. The percentage made was higher than that made in the preceding year. Our most experienced officers have informed me that they were the best cartridges ever used here. Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

—*Adv.* (Signed) R. H. ORTON, Adjutant General.

Sea and River Fishing.

TARPON FISHING AT CEDAR KEYS.

"FIVE O'CLOCK, get up, Boss!" and we tumble out and into corduroys and flannels. "Hark! there she blows," for Capt. Joe Crevasse, the best pilot and most genial captain of the Florida coast, is punctual to a minute, and the music of the chime whistle of the Medea fills the air of an ideal morning. Hurry, for the tide serves, and we are off for a trip into the heart of the great cedar swamp of Florida, from which the wood for the pencils of the world comes, and we have had an invitation to accompany the agent. So with Winchesters, rods and cameras and with visions of 'gators, deer and tarpon dancing through our heads we bid adieu to Cedar Keys. The bay, lit with the blush of rose from the rising sun, was a sight to be long remembered, and our "A. P. F." (amateur photographic fiend) sighed that he could not reproduce the effect with his "detective." As we pass the reef thousands of snipe, pelicans and cormorants fill the air, and we give them a salute at long range from the rifles, more to make a noise and relieve the exuberance of our spirits than with any hope of success.

Swiftly we speed along, for the Medea shows eleven knots per hour, and presently we are on the great St. Martin's Reef, noted for its sponge fisheries, and as the water is like glass, we get a view of the sponge in its native state on the rocks below. After a few hours' run we enter the mouth of the river, where the agent leaves the yacht and where we are to enjoy the finest of fishing. As we slowly steam up the narrow channel, bounded on either side by bars black with birds, suddenly there is a gleam of silver, and sheer 15ft. in the air springs the noblest of the game fish of the Gulf—the tarpon. Rods and reels are at once brought out, and the praises of the different makers are sung as we slowly steam to the anchorage. The sea air has sharpened our appetites, and as the dusky Delmonico says "Terrapin ready, boss," we tumble into the cabin and do ample justice to his skill in his art. After a row up the river and a try at the black bass (of which we caught a fine string which boasted a 10-pounder) and many a look at 'gators, we turned in early to be ready for the work on the morrow. Our "photographic fiend" nearly drove us wild with the flash of the yacht's port light in our eyes, changing plates, discoursing on the beauties of his developer, etc., until we smothered him, camera, plates and all, under our blankets, after which we slept the sleep of the just.

Now, listen, ye disciples of Izaak Walton, to the tale I am about to unfold, and answer me, ye fishermen of Punta Rassa, if you can equal the record of this little river of the north coast. Having had no experience with tarpon, it was thought that large hooks were imperative, and so, armed with a good supply and plenty of bait, we rowed down the river to a small island, to try first the channel-bass or redfish, for the tide was not right for the big game. Almost on the instant the bait reached the bottom the good split-bamboo nearly doubled, and we found our time and skill fully occupied with a twenty-pounder. Two hours of this sport yielded to two rods forty-seven channel-bass, weight from 9¾ to 35lbs. each, and although the tide was right we hated to give it up for a try at tarpon. The baits were changed, however, and we are all expectation, for the noble game are showing themselves every minute. "Look out," sings the man in the bow, and as we look, up springs a monster twenty feet in the air, and we see the line in his mouth. A quick movement of his jaw, a gleam of silver, a splash, and the "king" is gone, and our friend reels in to find a broken hook, the shank only remaining. Fifteen times during the next two and a half hours was this scene enacted, with what heart aches and tension of nerves you may better imagine than I can describe. Hooks all gone, and by the time we reach the yacht for a fresh supply the tide is too late for fishing that day. A little later and our friend the agent returns with the genial Hon. H. T. Lykes, a true sportsman and the most successful "cedar man" of the coast, and a true type of the Southern gentleman. He gives a pressing invitation to supper, which we accept, much to the delight of the "A. P. F.," who is armed with enough Obrig flash powder to set the river afire.

Of our stay of a week in camp among the cedar men and deer, more anon, if you wish it. After ample justice was done to possum and taters, and to the music of the quaint songs of a couple of negro raftsmen, who beat time with their push-poles, we at length reach the Medea and turn in. At daylight the next morning we are aroused by a tremendous splash which throws water not only, but a scared darky cook, headlong into the cabin, and after a hearty breakfast, we vow vengeance on that fish, and armed with 5-0 Kirby Limericks we bid defiance to the "King." Steady, he is hooked this time, and the hook is well set, as he makes leap after leap, rising full twenty feet into the air, amid the shouts of the gang of raftsmen who have stopped the raft to see the struggle, we are treated to the grandest sport that ever falls to the lot of any fisherman. After a stubborn fight of an hour and forty-five minutes, and a run of nearly five miles, the "king" at last lies gasping beside the boat, which has been superbly handled by Sexton, the colored deck hand. The gaff is handled with skill by Capt Joe, and with a timber hitch of the painter around his tail, we lift in our first tarpon. Mutual congratulations are exchanged and a pipe smoked, and we are off for another, and we not only get him but his mate as well. Three tarpon, all taken with rod and reel in less than six hours, with a fifteen thread line and 5-0 hooks, weight, 128, 135 and 147½lbs., photographs of which, Mr. Editor, I send you with the compliments of the "A. P. F.," and if any of your readers are sceptical, they can see the big fish in the dining room of the Staten Island Athletic Club at West Brighton, Staten Island, a pleasant memento of the trip.

The run home was safely made, and after a visit through the great cedar yard and mill of which our friend is agent, and a sail on the crack yacht Nannie, of the Cedar Keys Field and Marine Club, and many other courtesies extended by its members, we bid adieu to the quaint city. If any sympathetic soul yearns for a like experience they will always find the latch string on the outside of the club house door, and the members, a jolly set of boys and keen sportsmen, ready to do all in their power to give them a good time, and the commodore ready to bait their hooks for tarpon.

LANCEWOOD.



TARPON CAUGHT AT CEDAR KEYS.

Note by the Commodore.—There has been no yellow fever in Cedar Keys this year, or in fact for fifteen preceding years. The place can be reached by steamship and rail direct at a cost of $50 the round trip. Come and see us, brother sportsmen.—LEWIS MORRIS, Com. C. K. F. and M. Club.

[The illustration is from a photograph furnished us by the Obrig Camera Company. The relative sizes of fish and man are correct, but the picture of the man is not to be taken as a portrait.]

Editor Forest and Stream:

Perhaps some of your readers who propose taking an early trip to Punta Rassa, nor St. James City, would like to know that the Mallory line of steamers leave New York every Saturday for Key West, arriving there on Wednesday. The Morgan line of steamers leave Key West for Punta Gorda on Wednesday, if on time. The steamer Alice Howard leaves Punta Gorda every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday for Punta Rassa and St. James City.

W. H. WOOD.

DEC. 10, 1888.

"WHERE THE TROUT HIDE" is the enticing title of a *brochure* by Kit Clarke, soon to be published by the Brentanos. It will be illustrated by Matt Morgan and Frank Taylor, and something of the spirit of the text may be gathered from this neatly turned preface: "When Marc Antonio discovered his friend Raphael engaged upon the Sistine picture he exclaimed, '*Cospetto!* Another Madonna?' Raphael gravely replied, '*Amico Mio*, my friend, were all artists to paint her portrait forever, they could not exhaust her beauty.' The exclamation applies with full cogency to the valorous brook trout, than which God never created a more beautiful object."

CROPPIE FISHING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The Louisiana (Mo.) Fishing Club, composed of Edward Glenn, captain, J. Will Gunn, Nebraska Kingston, John Glenn, Frank Buffum, Tom Rule, Joe Reid and Henry Kuhlman, extended an invitation to their St. Louis friends, John W. Gunn and Fielding Mansfield, to join them at their annual fishing camp on the Suy. The route was via Louisiana, thence across the Mississippi River and then by buggy eight miles down the river to the camp, which had been pitched the day previous. The route lay along the celebrated Suy levee, and the drive was slow and tedious, as the rains had made the bottom roads very soft. Finally the point was reached at which the camp wagon had turned from the road into the woods. There was nothing to indicate the turnout and the subsequent trail, execept the wheel tracks of a single wagon. For a distance of two miles this trail was followed, winding about between the trees and logs. As the land there was high and dry and covered with leaves the wheels left no marks in the ground, except in the occasional gullies and low places. To follow such an indistinct trail requires a good eye and experienced woodcraft. By keeping the eye fixed upon the ground at a point fifty or sixty feet ahead it is easy to distinguish where the leaves have been ruffed up by the horses and mashed down by the wheels, when by looking directly below at the ground it is impossible to determine where the leaves have been disturbed. After reaching the camp the teamster started back for Louisiana, but he "got turned around" in the woods and again turned up in camp, evidently much disgusted.

The location of Camp Glenn was all that could be desired, being in the woods on a high bank overlooking the Suy, which at this point is fully 300yds. wide. The Suy is a sheet of deep, clear and still water, about fifty miles long, at one time the bed of the Mississippi River. The

camp consisted of one large tent with comfortable sleeping accommodations for fifteen men, and a second but smaller tent, filled with commissary stores. Outside was the dining table constructed by the side of a large log, which served as a seat. The camp-fire for cooking was made by laying two green logs, about 4ft. long and 8 to 10in. thick, parallel to each other and about 12in. apart. The two logs are placed in the direction of the wind, and the fire is made of dry wood between them. In this way a camp-fire can be regulated almost as well as by means of a modern stove. The camp was pitched under the direction of Nebraska Kingston, who is a first-class boatman, an experienced fisherman, as well as a capital camp cook.

When the fishermen returned to camp, tired and hungry, Kingston pulled up the boat, secured the minnow buckets in the water and transferred the fish, mainly croppies, from the boat to the live-box, while the fishermen washed, and lighted their pipes. It was remarkable how complacently the smokers silently followed with their eyes every nimble step and handy move of Kingston, as he swung the coffee-pot over the fire, warmed the frying-pan and dropped in the fish and bacon. When the cheery voice sings out "Supper is ready," Henry Kuhlman treated his companions to an Indian war-whoop, which went singing out over the water until it struck the further shore, and the echo came floating back into the silence of the grand old forest. "Fall in," and Great Cæsar! how they did fall in with a vigorous attack upon the eatables, amid a silence only broken by "Pass the fish." Supper over, the entire party gathered around the camp-fire, and in the enjoyment of their pipes exchanged fishy stories until the time came to turn in to sleep. Such sleep can only be enjoyed in camp, in the sweet purity of nature hushed for the rest of man and beast.

With the break of day they began to crawl out and with hearty "good mornings;" around the glow of the fires, the camp was soon astir. Tackles were overhauled, boats put in order, breakfast over and pushed off for another day's sport. By sunrise the beautiful mottled croppies were drawn from the water, amid a silence which is only broken by "Ah, that is a fine one," followed by, "I lost that fish and I know that it weighed five pounds at least."

The catch consisted principally of croppies of an unusually large size, and a number of fish caught reflected considerable credit upon the skill of the entire party. A few days of this company out in the bracing air, with all cares and worry of business miles away, gave them a new lease upon life. After a promise to enjoy the hospitality of the same genial gentlemen next fall, the St. Louisans regretfully turned their faces homeward.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Dec. 8. UNSER FRITZ.

EFFECT OF SAWDUST ON TROUT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As regards the information your correspondent from Canada wishes on the effect of sawdust on anadromous fishes, what I know of the subject I will gladly contribute. I do not agree with your correspondent, nor Mr. Fred Mather, that sawdust is harmless, although some sawdust will kill fish quicker than others. Pine sawdust, for instance, when it gets into the gills, is almost sure to kill them, and the reason I give for its being so deadly is that the formation of it is different from spruce, or any other sawdust, being of a rather long thready shape, owing to the soft nature of the wood. Spruce, although a soft wood, is much harder than pine, and the sawdust from it is of a different formation, being nearer to a square in shape.

When spruce sawdust gets into the gills of a fish, it being of a harder and smaller nature than that of pine, the fish have some chance of getting clear of it; but when the pine sawdust gets there, it being of that soft, stringy nature, it lodges there and drowns the fish. That is one evil effect that sawdust has on fish. Another is, it undoubtedly kills the young by covering the spawning beds. And still another, as truthful if not more so than any of them, is the accumulation of sawdust in rivers and streams. It collects year after year, and of course rots, covering the once clear sandy or stony bottom with a mass of stench-emitting matters that drives the fish forever away from the place.

Any person who has had occasion to pole a boat or canoe across a river or stream where a mill has been in operation for some years, can testify to the truth of what I write.

After sawing pine in a mill I have gone along the stream and picked up dead trout, and upon examination found their gills to be full of pine sawdust, which without a doubt killed them. I can name several persons who have witnessed the same thing. SPORTSMAN.

KINGSTON, N. B.

SOME FUN IN SEINING FOR CARP.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Last summer while visiting my brother, on his stock farm, near Bonner Springs, Wyandotte county, Kansas, I became interested in seining for German carp in the farm fish pond. We caught a number, weighing from 3 to 12lbs. each. One rainy day, in company with a neighbor, Kempton and his man John, I started for Wolf Creek and set the net in its mouth, and then by wading through the mud, often so deep and slimy that we had to call for help to keep from going down altogether, we beat the fish before us for about a quarter of a mile into the net. The drive made, we swept the net around so as to scrape in as many as possible, and in this way secured a good quantity of catfish, suckers, buffalo, and a hideous creature, round and snaky, called a pike, which Kempton always stuck, head first, deep into the mud. At last, after a hard half-day's work, we attempted to clean the net by bringing it out from the Kaw or Kansas river's bank, for we were fishing where the Wolf Creek empties into the river. The creek bank was so muddy that in bringing the net out we would also bring a large amount of mud, and this we would avoid by coming out from the river. I stood "pivot" while John made the sweep. The moment he struck the river's current it swept the net about his feet, dragged him down, and in going to his help I was pulled under and was unable to get away. Finally, when about exhausted, we got clear of the net and got safely to shore, glad enough to be there and to lose our twenty-five-dollar net. TRAMP.

LYSANDER G. HILL.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Died, in Grand Rapids, Mich., on the 2d inst., Lysander G. Hill, of pleuro-pneumonia, aged sixty-five. Mr. Hill was the senior member of the firm of L. G. Hill & Co., dealers in fishing tackle and sporting goods. The deceased leaves a wife and one child, who is the wife of Clark D. Spalding, junior member of the firm.

Mr. Hill was modest, industrious, upright, honest and honorable in all his dealings, a model husband, kind parent, an accommodating neighbor and an agreeable companion. He was a mechanic of more than ordinary ability, the inventor and patentee of the well-known trolling spoon bearing his name; he could make an excellent rod, put up the best of snells or tie a taking fly with the most skilful.

He was one of those who liked to go afishing and was always willing to contribute his share toward making such trips a complete success in every respect. Genial, jolly, good-natured and fairly bubbling over with cheerful chat, pleasant stories and laughable reminiscences. Did one break a rod, the kind old man would mend it or pass out another. Was a line, reel, leader, hooks, swivel or sinker wanted from out of the depths of a capacious book, the old gentleman would fish another and hand it over free as air. He will be missed and kindly remembered by a large number, young and old, in this section for a long time. May your sleep be peaceful, tranquil and serene, old friend. May He "who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb" sustain, cheer and care for your immediate relatives in their hour of trouble is the sincere wish of one who has enjoyed your companionship around the camp-fire, under the tent, in the boat and on the tramp, and who will cherish its remembrance until he, too, makes the final cast. A. W.

A CHEAP ROD.—At a recent fly-casting tournament a young man asked us to look at a split-bamboo rod, which he had recently bought, and to give him an opinion of its casting qualities before he used it in a contest. We confess to have never seen such a rod before, nor one so worthless. It was a lank, slimsy affair, one that "Nessmuk" would describe as a "limber-go-shiftless," and the ferrules were marvels of looseness and seemed to be made of tin. On inquiry we found that he had bought it at a fancy goods bazaar and had paid six dollars for it. For the benefit of other young men who might incline to make a similar purchase we will repeat what we told the owner of this remarkable tool. We advised him to borrow a rod to cast with that day and to bury or burn his own, and that if he could not afford to buy a good split-bamboo to get a wooden rod, which would do him some service, for he had thrown his money away. Also that the place to buy good rods was in some reliable fishing tackle house and never in a fancy goods bazaar, for such a worthless piece of work we had never seen, and did not know anything like it was on the market. He took our advice kindly and said that as long as it was a "split-bamboo" he thought it must be all right. We afterward saw him examining the ferrules on some good rods and no doubt a great light dawned upon him.

BLACK BASS IN LAKE GEORGE.—Long Island, Lake George, Dec. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* There have been so many catchers of bass that weighed six pounds, and ounces upward, that we were without a champion bass taker until Oct. 25, when that veteran sportsman George Pardo, "Mine host of the American House, Glens Falls," (and he is a host) caught a plump seven-pounder, weighed by Rosa Phelps, Minard Ward, War. Harris and others. The fish was caught not far from where the A. C. A. held forth the past summer; and, speaking of that event, what a jolly lot of fellows they were! A. C. A. stands for "Always Charming Always." Tell the boys, if they ever go to Lake George, to be sure to call on D. S. SANFORD.

CENTRAL LAKE, Mich., Dec. 1.—I intended making some investigations into the movements of the herrings, on their annual visit to our rivers, but they got the start of me, being first seen on the night of Oct. 31. Being Halloween it looks as if there might be something uncanny about the matter. No gulls accompany the shoal this year, which is unusual. Later: It is reported that an unusual number of gulls have lately appeared on the waters of the lakes below. This may mean that the herrings have been in motion thereabout, thus attracting the birds.—KELPIE.

CROPPIE, CRAPPIE OR CROPPY.—This fish, or these fishes, for there are two species called by these names, the *Pomoxys hexacanthus* and *P. annularis*, have several local names besides those given at the head of this paragraph. Norris spells it crappie, in the reports of the Illinois Fish Commission it becomes croppy, and a correspondent from St. Louis spells it croppie. It would be of interest to know the derivation of the name and thereby get at the correct spelling. We would like to hear from those who have a knowledge of this subject.

UNLAWFUL SMELT FISHING IN NEW BRUNSWICK.—St. John, N. B., Dec. 1.—The close season for smelts expired yesterday, but the fishing began some days ago. Several tons of smelts have been seized at the different railway stations, which were consigned to New York dealers. A few were seized at this place, and also at Fredericton and Bathurst, but the officers found the largest lots at the smaller stations.—S.

Fishculture.

TERRAPIN CULTURE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Having been for the past four years interested and engaged in the propagation of the Chesapeake Bay diamond-back terrapin, it affords me much pleasure to contribute to your columns the results of said enterprise, and also any information that I have acquired as to the habits of the terrapin.

Being a native of Maryland, I have been familiar from childhood with this greatest and costliest of American delicacies; but it never occurred to me that it could be propagated until once, while on a ducking expedition on Mobile Bay in the winter of 1883, I happened to go ashore at a place called Cedar Point, located about thirty miles below the city of Mobile, and there saw the propagation of the terrapin in full operation. This terrapin farm belongs to a man named Dorlon, a brother, or uncle, of the Dorlons of Fulton Market, New York. He has had this propagating farm in operation some twelve or fifteen years. The terrapin that he raises are diamond-backs, but grow to a size considerably larger than those of the waters of Chesapeake Bay, which makes their meat coarser, tougher and more stringy than their Chesapeake brothers, and less delicate.

These Southern terrapin command only about one-fourth or one-third of the price per dozen for those of the Chesapeake Bay. I would here remark that the diamond-back terrapin is found as far South as Texas, and as far North as the waters of Long Island Sound. The further South, the coarser and larger they grow, and the less they are worth. Mr. Dorlon's pond is a small one, and is separated into three divisions, in one division are placed the young terrapin, say 4in. long on bottom shell; in the next division those running from 7 to 9in. on bottom shell. These are the ones from which he breeds and which he sends to market. He has a convenient sand bank in which they lay from 6 to 15 eggs to each female and deposit them in the sand in the night time during the month of June. They hatch during August and the small terrapin which are about as big as a twenty-five cent piece, immediately disappear in the mud, and remain there an indefinite time. Mr. Dorlon was uncertain about this, "thought they staid concealed about a year, but they might remain in the mud a much longer time up to several years." This is a most singular fact about these reptiles; in fact I have seen native fishermen on Chesapeake Bay, who stated that they remained in the mud until they were 3 to 5in. long on the bottom shell. The length of time it takes them to grow to 6 or 8in. long seems to be unknown, Mr. Dorlon had one in a glass jar which he had carefully fed from the time it was hatched, and at the expiration of three years it was about 4½in. long.

After carefully examining this breeding place I became satisfied that they could be propagated on the Chesapeake Bay, and about a year later I selected a large pond or inlet, located in Talbot county, Maryland, on a farm belonging to my kinsman, M. T. Goldsborough, Esq., and situated on the Chesapeake Bay, about six miles from Easton, Md. This pond is about one and one-half acres in extent, and has an inlet through which the tide freely flows. Its bottom is muddy and it has a sandbar on one side, which is used by the diamond backs to lay their eggs in. There is also a small stream of fresh water which empties into the pond. We inclosed the whole with a stout board fence, and included in the inclosure about one-quarter of an acre of upland. We found by experience that fresh water is a necessity to the terrapin; they cannot live without it, and the lack of it was probably the cause of the failure of the enterprises which you have already described in your columns. When all was ready in May, 1885, we placed about a thousand terrapin in the pond, males and females; of these about 200 were laying terrapin. We fed them almost entirely on hard shell crabs, of which there is an abundance in the bay. Our man in charge catches about 2,000 crabs weekly and grinds them up in an ordinary feed cutter. This machine is located on a wooden platform alongside of the pond, and the moment it is heard in operation the terrapin appear in all directions, flocking to it, and seizing their food like chickens in a barnyard; in fact, they have become so tame that they readily come to the call of the keeper. We find that they come out of the mud the last of April and early in May, and immediately begin feeding and feed all summer. They bed themselves in the mud about the time of the first frost in October, and remain bedded all winter. They become very voracious just before bedding time, and of course get very fat and in fine condition for their winter's nap. It may be well to say, of course, that they eat nothing from the time they bed themselves in the mud until the following spring.

And now about their growth. I am sorry to say we have gained little information on this item. The second year, and in fact in September of the first year, we discovered numerous young terrapin of that year's hatching. We rarely or never found them swimming around the pond with the larger terrapin; they were always found hidden under a bunch of grass or under an old board, but hidden always. I took one, and placing it in an aquarium carefully fed it all summer and it gained ¾in. on the bottom shell, being about 1½in. the first year. I am sorry to say that it died, and my belief is that its death was caused by its being subjected to the light, for I experimented with a second one, and by keeping it in a dark place all winter it emerged from the mud all right in the spring. Further experiments have demonstrated the fact that terrapin will live in a dark place all winter, but if exposed to the light will certainly die. This is but as nature made it, for when they bed themselves they seek a deep and dark hole in the mud in the river's bottom. We have dragged the pond for three successive autumns, and after carefully weighing and measuring all the terrapin have found that their growth is extremely slow, not to exceed ¼in. in length per year for the larger ones, though those that go from 3 to 5in. on the bottom shell make perhaps ¾ to 1¼in. per annum. It is our belief that it takes from ten to twenty years for a terrapin to grow to be the commercial size known as "counters," which the market requires to be not less than 6½in. on the bottom shell. The Chesapeake Bay diamond-backs rarely exceed 8in. on bottom shell, and a terrapin of that size must be at least thirty to forty years old.

We found that the natives had attempted to keep them in pens a few feet square, but when penned up in this manner they are constantly scrambling and struggling to escape, which causes them to wear the ends of their claws off, and frequently to wear the skin off their feet. These struggles cause them to become very poor and worthless, and a penned terrapin can be detected instantly by examining its feet, and it is not wanted in the New York or Baltimore market. Our own ponds being large with an abundance of deep water, this trouble is avoided; for the terrapin are as perfectly at home as if at large in the waters of the Bay. They seem perfectly contented and make no effort to escape, and therefore their claws or feet are never worn away or injured. In addition to the crab food we occasionally give them a few fish, and there is plenty of grass in the pond, but they seem to thrive best on crabs, which we believe is their natural food, though we have been informed that when wild they feed upon snails, worms and other small aquatic inhabitants. There is a terrapin pond located in the suburbs of Atlantic City, or it was there some four or five years ago, owned by a gentleman whose name I think is Gardner. He has made a closer study of the habits of this animal than we have been able to make, and if any further information is desired he can doubtless supply it.

It is asserted that terrapin are rapidly becoming extinct, but statistics will show that about the same quantity is caught and marketed to-day, as has been for every year for many years past. The terrapin that reach the markets are generally caught by the fishermen early in October, just before they disappear in the mud, and are held until marketed early in November or December. But there are certain favored spots located in the bottoms of the creeks along the Chesapeake Bay, which are known as "terrapin beds," for every year a certain number of the diamond-backs seem to go there in preference to other spots, and bed themselves for the winter. It is thought that this is caused by warm springs of water issuing from the bottom, which attracts them. At any rate these beds have a regular value, for they are certain to produce several dozen terrapin every year. This is all I know about the terrapin. ROBT. C. LOWRY.

NEW YORK, Dec. 8.

SALMON CULTURE.

THE United States Fish Commission has been making experiments with salmon at Orland, Me., in keeping them a year before planting them, and this year released nearly 100,000 yearlings in the Penobscot River, in addition to the usual amount of fry. Col. McDonald thinks favorably of this plan, and proposes to enlarge the works at Orland in order to keep more of the fry to turn out at a year or more old. The Maine Commissioners have obtained many salmon eggs from the United States, and will place a portion of the fry in the Kennebec River, which has all the qualities of a salmon stream, but over-fishing has depleted it. No doubt the Kennebec can be again replenished with salmon, but it takes time and money to accomplish it. Other rivers of the northern Atlantic coast will also receive plants of salmon, the southernmost being the Hudson. In this river the results are very encouraging, and it is understood that a complete report of the work done and of the catches made will soon appear.

In Canada a fair crop of eggs has been gathered, fully up to the average of the past few years, and the hatcheries are giving promise of a good number of fry for the spring planting. At the Fraser River hatchery Mr. Mowat breeds both the quinnat and the suckeye salmons of the Pacific coast, but the Atlantic species is the only one hatched at the other stations. The United States has two hatcheries on the Pacific coast, one at Clackamas, Oregon, and one at Baird, California. Both are doing well and have a good supply of eggs.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Dec. 3 to 8.—Dog Show of the Northern Illinois Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Rockford, Ill. A. H. Currier, Secretary.

Jan. 1 to 4.—Fourth Dog Show of the Meriden Poultry Association. Joshua Shute, Secretary, No. 430 Pratt street, Meriden, Conn.

Jan. 15 to 19, 1889.—Seventh Annual Dog Show of the Southern Massachusetts Poultry Association, at New Bedford, Mass. F. W. Dean, Secretary.

January, last week.—Western Pennsylvania Poultry Society's Fourteenth Annual Show, Pittsburgh, Pa. C. B. Elben, Sec'y.

Feb. 5 to 8, 1889.—First Annual Dog Show of the Columbus Fanciers' Club at Columbus O. Thos. R. Sparrow, Secretary.

Feb. 7 to 12.—First Annual Show of the Hudson River Poultry, Dog and Pet Stock Association, at Newburgh, N.Y. J. H. Drevenstedt, Secretary, Washingtonville, N. Y.

Feb. 12 to 15, 1889.—Fifth Dog Show of the New Jersey Kennel Club, at Jersey City, N. J. Geo. L. Wilms, Secretary, 142 Monticello avenue, Jersey City, N. J.

Feb. 19 to 22, 1889.—Thirteenth Annual Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent.

Feb. 26 to March 1, 1889.—Second Annual Show of the Rensselaer Kennel Club, Troy, N. Y. Alba M. Ide, Secretary.

March 5 to 8, 1889.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Albany Kennel Club, at Albany, N. Y. Geo. B. Gallup, Secretary.

March 12 to 15, 1889.—Second Annual Show of the Fort Schuyler Kennel Club, Utica, N. Y. James W. Dunlop, President.

March 19 to 22, 1889.—First Annual Dog Show of the Maryland Kennel Club, at Baltimore, Md. W. S. Diffenderffer, Secretary.

March 26 to 29, 1889.—First Annual Dog Show of the Massachusetts Kennel Club, at Lynn, Mass. D. A. Williams, Secretary.

April 2 to 5, 1889.—First Annual Show of the Rochester Kennel Club, at Rochester, N. Y. Harry Yates, Secretary.

April 2 to 5, 1889.—Annual Show of the New England Kennel Club, Boston, Mass. J. W. Newman, Secretary, No. 6 Hamilton Place.

April 9 to 12.—First Dog Show of the Worcester Kennel Club, at Worcester, Mass. Edward W. Doyle, Secretary.

April 9 to 12, 1889.—First Annual Dog Show of the Masconutah Kennel Club, at Chicago, Ill. John L. Lincoln, Jr., Secretary.

April 16 to 19, 1889.—The Seventh Dog Show of the Philadelphia Kennel Club, at Philadelphia, Pa. Wm. C. Child, Secretary.

May 22 to 25.—Pacific Kennel Club Show, San Francisco, Cal.

FIELD TRIALS.

Dec. 10.—Second Annual Field Trials of the American Field Trials Club, at West Point, Miss. C. W. Paris, Secretary, Cincinnati, O.

Jan. 14, 1889.—Sixth Annual Field Trials of the Pacific Coast Field Trial Club, at Bakersfield, Cal. N. P. Sheldon, Secretary, 320 Sansome street San Francisco, Cal.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription $1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed **6776.**

THE SOUTHERN FIELD TRIALS.

THE DERBY.

THE trials began on Monday, Dec. 3, at Amory, Miss., a small town containing about one thousand inhabitants, situated 121 miles west of Birmingham, Ala., and 130 miles east of Memphis, on the Kansas City, Memphis & Birmingham R. R., and is the junction of the Aberdeen branch. The town is only a year old, hence has an unfinished appearance. The surrounding country is very favorable for field trial work, being level in its general aspect. The large plantations were divided into corn and cotton fields, with sedge fields, pine woods and thickets intervening here and there, affording ample cover for the birds. The weather was mild and pleasant. The birds were not evenly distributed, their haunts being near the thickets. With few exceptions, they went to cover at the first flight. Sometimes there would be an abundance of birds found, at other times there would be long searches before finding. The quality of work in the Derby was very good considered as a whole; considered in particular, it was of a mixed character, some of it excellent and some not above mediocrity. A great deal of enthusiasm was manifested by the management. The time limit was enforced in this stake, and the sentiment appeared to coincide with that developed at High Point, that is a fixed time under which a brace could not be ordered up, but no further restrictions. When heats were ended, a signal was sounded on a foxhorn, thus informing those who were to run next that they were wanted for the start. This innovation could be profitably adopted by other clubs, as it would avoid many wearisome delays in sending messengers when the wagons are left some distance to the rear. The rules were found to have some flaws, but these can be easily avoided.

The interest in the trials was well sustained, the spectators following each day with undiminished attention. Among those present were J. Shelly Hudson and Mr. Snedburg, Covington, Ky.; Capt. C. E. McMurdo, Charlotteville, Va.; T. M. Brumby, Marietta, Ga.; S. G. Porter, Chattanooga, Tenn.; W. McAffee and A. J. Warmpler, St. Paul, Minn.; W. R. Holliday and B. T. Holliday, Aberdeen, Miss.; W. H. Joyner, Memphis, Tenn.; H. A. Renfroe, Cole City, Ga.; F. F. Myles and P. H. Bryson, Memphis, Tenn.; F. J. Waddell, Chattanooga, Tenn.; Col. James Gordon, Pontotoc, Miss.; R. Pitts, Cherry Creek, Miss.; R. L. McCook, Red Bank, N. J.; F. I. Stone, Chattanooga, Tenn.; Whyte Bedford, Memphis, Tenn.; Col. W. C. Sherrod, Florence, Ala.; T. L. Sargent, Olive Branch, Miss.; T. H. Poindexter, Stanton, Tenn.; Major J. W. Renfroe, Atlanta, Ga.; J. L. Anthony, Netherwood, N. J.; and several more whose names your correspondent cannot recall to mind. The judging gave satisfaction and was well done on the whole. The judges were Dr. R. I. Hampton, Athens, Ga., and Messrs. H. B. Duryea, New York, and T. L. Martin, Lexington, Ky. Professor W. W. Legaré, Marietta, Ga., judged on Monday forenoon, Mr. Martin not arriving until afternoon. The dogs were drawn to run as follows:

CAPTAIN BETHEL (J. M. Foster), black, white and tan dog (Gordon—Blanch), January,
against
LINDO (S. L. Boggs), black, white and tan dog (Gladstone—Flounce), January.

YAZOO (Whyte Bedford), black and white dog (Bob Gates—Hustling Hannah), January,
against
COUNT PIEDMONT (Edward Dexter), black, white and tan dog (Count Noble—Belle of Piedmont), Aug. 9.

FASHION (J. F. Hart), black, white and tan bitch (Count Noble—Lit), June,
against
DUKE OF MAINE (H. F. Farnham), liver and white dog (Beppo III.—May F.), June.

DIMPLE (Fred Myles), black, white and tan bitch (Gordon—Blanch), January,
against
KESWICK'S DAN (J. R. Dougherty), liver and white dog (Osborn Ale—Keswick II.), May.

TUBEROSE (W. E. Venable), black, white and tan bitch (Count Noble—Lit), June,
against
BOB'S BOY (C. L. Stewart), black and white dog (Bob Gates—Hustling Hannah), January.

HOPE'S LASS (J. O'H. Denny), black, white and tan bitch (Gath's Hope—Lady May), July,
against
OLIVER TWIST (B. F. Wilson), black and white dog (Count Noble—Fannie W.), January.

MILDRED (Edward Dexter), lemon and white bitch (Dashing Rover—Muriel), Feb. 25,
against
FELIX M. (G. Knapp), lemon and white dog (Gath's Hope—Daisy F.), April.

FLORENCE GLADSTONE (J. I. Case, Jr.), black and white bitch (Gladstone—Florence), January,
against
SANCHO (John A. Greenleaf), liver and white dog (Beppo III.—May F.), June.

BASS (C. E. Michel), liver and white dog (Osborn Ale—Keswick II.), May,
against
GLAMORIGAN (L. A. Biddle), liver and white dog (Robert le Diable—Tuck), June.

THE CORSAIR (B. M. Stephenson), black, white and tan dog (Don Gladstone—Haidee),
against
MILLIE GATES (C. R. Jones), black and white bitch (Bob Gates—Hustling Hannah), January.

BLOOMO II. (Jas. L. Anthony), liver and white bitch (Lad of Bow—Bloom), March, *a bye.*

CAPTAIN BETHEL AND LINDO.

They were started at 8:26 about one mile north of town, in a large open field. The weather was mild and cloudy; the temperature was about right for work. There were indications of rain, and toward night a light drizzle set in. R. P. McCargo handled Captain Bethel; C. Tucker handled Lindo. The heat was rather inferior in merit, both dogs making errors in pointing false and flushing. Each backed well and was steady to shot. Captain Bethel had a great advantage in speed, range and style and work on birds, Lindo not getting a point. Down 45m. Captain Bethel won.

COUNT PIEDMONT AND YAZOO.

Captain McMurmo handled Count Piedmont; R. P. McCargo handled Yazoo. They were cast off at 9:20 in an open field. Count's execution on birds was decidedly superior in quickness, accuracy and staunchness. Yazoo was not steady on his points or backs, and broke in occasionally. At the end of 30m. Count Piedmont won easily. The range of either was not wide.

FASHION AND DUKE OF MAINE.

Fashion was handled by S. L. Porter; Duke of Maine by H. M. Short. The heat began at 9:52, and was a very tame one throughout, the pace being slow and the range limited, although both were in favor of the setter. While being led through a cornfield, the presiding judge not considering the ground sufficiently promising, a bevy was flushed by one of the horsemen. Why the dogs should be ordered up for such a reason in such short heats is difficult to account for, as it does not tend to establish the relative endurance, in such short heats, even in a limited degree. On birds, the pointer showed the better performance and this determined the heat in his favor. Down 1h., and they covered less ground in that time than could well be done again.

DIMPLE AND KESWICK'S DAN.

Dimple was handled by R. P. McCargo; Keswick's Dan by N. B. Nesbitt. The heat began at 10:55. Both dogs showed good pointing capabilities on birds, Dimple being quicker in execution but not always accurately pointing, and she flushed more times than were admissible in good work. Both backed well. They were steady to shot and wing. The presiding judge, toward the last of the heat, had ordered up the dogs to be led, the grounds not being sufficiently promising for birds; they were good enough however to determine a dog's judgment in hunting his ground and pace and range. While the dogs were up, a bevy was seen a few yards ahead on the road as the dogs were led along. The dogs were cast off on it, the bevy flushed, was shot at and the puppies were steady notwithstanding the great temptation to chase. Dimple had an advantage in speed, range and style, and won. Down 1h. 15m. Dan's work was the best pointer work in the stake.

TUBEROSE AND BOB'S BOY.

S. L. Porter handled Tuberose; C. L. Stewart handled Bob's Boy. The heat began at 12:26. This heat was inferior in the grade of work displayed in every particular. Several flushes were made which were not excusable; in fact, both showed inferior noses. They backed well and were steady to shot and wing. Their range was narrow. Tuberose won. Down 45m. The party then went to lunch.

OLIVER TWIST AND HOPE'S LASS.

Oliver Twist was handled by C. Tucker; D. E. Rose handled Hope's Lass. The heat began at 2:00, and was by far the best one of the day. Mr. T. L. Martin, the regular judge, having arrived, he began judging with this heat. Prof. Legaré judged during the forenoon. The heat of 30m. was nearly all on birds. Oliver showed great quickness and precision in pointing, and superior ability in finding. In the beginning of the heat Oliver pointed; Lass refused to back, drew past him, flushed and broke in. Both were steady to shot. Oliver won. He had better style on point and ranged with better judgment. There was not much difference in speed.

FELIX M. AND MILDRED.

D. E. Rose handled Felix M.; Capt. McMurdo handled Mildred. They were cast off at 2:44. The heat was a long one, lasting 1h. and 1m. A great deal of ground was worked over, and but few birds found. Felix false-pointed several times. They ranged well and showed good speed, Felix the better; style about equal. Mildred pointed well. They were steady to shot and wing. Felix won.

FLORENCE GLADSTONE AND SANCHO.

Charles Barker handled Florence; H. M. Short handled Sancho. The pointer was slow in speed and narrow in range. Both backed well. Sancho pointed a bevy and Florence pointed twice on single birds. They were steady to shot. Florence had great speed, style and range. The beat began at 4:04 and lasted 45m. It was resumed the next morning at 8:00. The morning was very favorable, mild, a little foggy, but it cleared up as the sun rose higher. A start was made about a half mile from town. Florence opened the work by pointing a bevy in heavy sedge; the birds flushed wild. On the scattered birds Florence roaded nicely across wind to a point; as she drew carefully along, the birds flushed wild ahead of her. While following the birds Florence, going down wind, wheeled instantly to a point on a single bird. At the end of 30m. Florence won. She had better speed, style, and slightly better range, although she did not work her ground with good judgment, not staying out at work as she should.

GLAMORIGAN AND BASS.

The heat began at 8:47 in an open weed field. D. E. Rose handled Glamorigan, N. B. Nesbitt handled Bass. The heat was a close one both in quality and quantity of the work. The handlers flushed a bevy in the open weed field. In sedge in pine woods each made several points on singles and each drew closer on the birds than was correct for good work. Glamorigan backed with greater promptness and trueness, although Bass backed well. Bass flushed once or twice, while Glamorigan showed a disposition to potter at times. They were steady to shot and wing. Glamorigan had the better range and slightly better pace. Both were well trained. Glamorigan won. Down 30m.

THE CORSAIR AND MILLIE GATES.

The Corsair was handled by B. M. Stephenson, Millie Gates by R. P. McCargo. The heat began at 9:04. So far as work on birds is concerned it was a very poor exhibition. Millie began by running willfully through a bevy in the open sedge and displayed some anxiety as to whether she had done it thoroughly. On the scattered birds she flushed repeatedly and was only steady to order. Neither worked the ground intelligently or stayed out at work in proper form. The Corsair won by the demerits of his competitor. Down 30m.

Bloomo II. had a bye. The first series resulted as follows:
Captain Bethel beat Lindo.
Count Piedmont beat Yazoo.
Duke of Maine beat Fashion.
Dimple beat Keswick's Dan.
Tuberose beat Bob's Bob.
Oliver Twist beat Hope's Lass.
Felix M. beat Mildred.
Florence Gladstone beat Sancho.
Glamorigan beat Bass.
The Corsair beat Millie Gates.
Bloomo II. a bye.

Second Series.

BLOOMO II. AND COUNT BETHEL.

Bloomo was handled by B. M. Stephenson. She whipped out and in to her handler in her ranging after running a few minutes. While she went very fast at first, she was not hunting; she was merely racing about without any idea of birds, yet she pointed well when she happened to run across any. She watched her competitor and was not independent. Count had a decided advantage in conducting his range more intelligently, maintaining a fast, uniform rate of speed, and staying out at his work. Bloomo flushed some birds which she should have pointed, and once refused to back, and drew by the pointing dog and flushed. She was not steady to wing or shot at all times. Count also was unsteady, and once wilfully flushed a bird and sprang at it in the air. His errors in flushing were wilful, for he showed good scenting powers. Bloomo false-pointed soon after the heat began, and had more flushes than Count. Both were disobedient; Count was prompter and steadier in backing, and had better style. It was an uneven heat in work done, with the lesser merit decidedly on the side of the pointer. Down 45m. Bloomo II. won.

COUNT PIEDMONT AND DUKE OF MAINE.

The heat began at 10:57. Duke began by flushing a bevy in sedge in some sassafras bushes. The birds went into bad cover. Duke pointed, made two points on single birds. The cover was so thick it was abandoned; the dogs were sent on to find another bevy. After going a short distance Duke flushed a bevy while going down wind, and the birds went to very thick cover. Count pointed a bevy well and was steady to shot. The pointer showed superior capabilities in roading slowly and pottering in thick cover. Both were steady to shot. Count had a decided advantage in range, more uniform speed, better style, and showed superior work on birds. He won. Down 46m.

DIMPLE AND TUBEROSE.

At 12:02 they were cast off. Dimple was feeling in excellent spirits and ranged merrily and with judgment. The temperature was quite warm. Tuberose was outclassed in every quality, and made some wilful errors, which made her score lower than was necessary. Dimple was better in range, speed, style and execution on birds. She won with something to spare in 45m.

OLIVER TWIST AND FELIX M.

They were cast off in the open field after lunch, at 1:20. This proved to be the sensational heat of the stake. The work on birds began early in the heat and was continued to the end. Oliver began in great form and sustained his high performance throughout. He went to his birds quickly, with precision and rare judgment, pointing in fine style and backing with equal grace and certainty; in short, all his work was done with accuracy and elegance. Felix did well in pointing, backing, ranging, and showed good style, but he was outclassed. In any of the other heats his work would not have been overshadowed. It was one of those heats which a dog can run only when birds, grounds and highest capabilities are in proper combination. His work in this heat far exceeded his performances at the Eastern Trials. At the end of 30m. Oliver Twist won.

FLORENCE GLADSTONE AND GLAMORIGAN.

The heat began at 2:00. It was a very close one in the quality and quantity of work done, the former being inferior and the latter meager considering the opportunities. Many flushes were made. The grade of work throughout was not of a high order, notwithstanding there were many opportunities. Florence was superior in speed and style; she carries too low a head for gracefulness. Her range was irregular, whipping out and in, and it was not conducted with the best judgment. On the whole it was a close heat, with a very narrow margin in favor of the setter. Down 1h. The Corsair had a bye in this series. The summary was:
Bloomo II. beat Captain Bethel.
Count Piedmont beat Duke of Maine.
Dimple beat Tuberose.
Oliver Twist beat Felix M.
Florence Gladstone beat Glamorigan.
The Corsair a bye.

Third Series.

DIMPLE AND BLOOMO II.

The heat began at 4:11 in a cornfield. Dimple started off with great dash, ranging wide, fast and with judgment. Bloomo was chiefly engaged in trying to keep up with Dimple and running back to her handler. It was a very one-sided heat from the start. Bloomo pointed very prettily and was well backed; nothing to the point. Dimple roaded a bevy just inside of the woods, located and pointed it, dropping to her point. She was steady to wing. Dimple pointed one of the scattered birds in a fallen pine treetop. Moved on and each secured a point on separate birds. Next Dimple pointed a bird, Bloomo backed for a moment, broke the back and stole the point. Sent on, Bloomo merely followed Dimple about and showed no independence or self-reliance. They were sent on to find another bevy. Dimple pointed just up wind of the bevy. The handler abandoned the search to the point after failing to find, thinking it false. After they had gone a few yards the birds were seen on the ground in cover by a horseman. The dogs were brought around again. Dimple pointed the bevy nicely. Both were steady to shot. On the scattered birds Dimple secured another point. The 30m. were up and Dimple won with much to spare.

OLIVER TWIST AND FLORENCE GLADSTONE.

They were started Wednesday at 8:22 in a cornfield. The weather was clear and mild. A gentle wind blew at times. Oliver showed better range, hunting his ground more intelligently. His work was not of as high character as on the previous day, not being as prompt and accurate. He made a false point in the beginning of the heat. Both were steady to shot. Florence made some bad flushes on bevies, and her work on single birds was not equal to that of Oliver. Both were steady to shot and wing. On point and back Oliver had the better style; in motion, Florence was superior. Down 45m. Oliver won. The running in this series was as follows:

Count Piedmont beat The Corsair.
Dimple beat Bloomo II.
Oliver Twist beat Florence Gladstone.

Fourth Series.

DIMPLE AND COUNT PIEDMONT.

At 9:34 the heat began. Count Piedmont's style and pace did not contrast favorably with that of Dimple. He had a long, slow stride, and did not gather quickly; yet he worked diligently. Dimple ranged merrily and intelligently. Her style in going was superior; on point she had a slight advantage. Count did very correct work, pointing accurately without errors, but he was far behind in quantity and dashing performance. Dimple won easily in 45m. Oliver Twist had the bye in this series.

Dimple beat Count Piedmont.
Oliver Twist a bye.

Final Heat for First Place.

DIMPLE AND OLIVER TWIST.

An interval of twenty minutes was allowed to give Dimple a rest. It coming to the knowledge of Mr. F. F. Miles, the owner of Dimple, that Oliver Twist had not run a side heat as the rules required, he entered a protest against running at that time. The judges did not require Oliver Twist to run at that time, their intention being to establish fairness. Oliver had already run one heat, and if he ran while Dimple was resting he would then have run two heats, and the final for first would make three. On the other hand he was resting, while Dimple was running in a warm part of the day. Under the circumstances it was impossible to establish equality of conditions. The letter of the rule stated specifically that the bye must run a side heat in his series, hence the protest was well taken under the rules. It was agreed that the running in the Derby be postponed until after lunch, thereby giving the dogs a chance to rest. Thereupon the protest was withdrawn. In the interval the All-Aged Setter Stake was begun. At 1:20 they were started in an open field. They began with dash and spirit, Dimple the more spirited and stylish in motion. Each made a false point and a point on a rabbit. The atmosphere was warm and there was only a faint breeze at times. Dimple found two bevies, making a bad error on one—pointing it, then jumping in and flushing. She, however, redeemed herself on the single birds, pointing them accurately and quickly. During the latter part of the heat Oliver showed signs of distress, he being hot and tired, while Dimple went on with her work as lightly and cheerfully as in the beginning of the heat. Oliver had a slight advantage in style on point; in all other qualities Dimple excelled, considering the heat as a whole. It was a good heat, Dimple ending with some skilful work on single birds. She won. Down 1h. 30m. The running for second was postponed till the next day, Thursday.

Ties for Second Place.

OLIVER TWIST AND COUNT PIEDMONT.

The heat began at 8:49. Count Piedmont was selected as the best dog previously beaten by Dimple. He made an interesting race for Oliver and the latter did not have a very wide margin when he won at the expiration of 45m. Count maintained a more uniform pace and his work was of a more uniform quality. He was running better than he had at any time during the trials. Oliver's work was of a superior character and his style better although the heat was light in the quantity of work done.

Third was awarded to Count Piedmont without further running. Summary:

First Series.

Captain Bethel beat Lindo.
Count Piedmont beat Yazoo.
Duke of Maine beat Fashion.
Dimple beat Keswick's Dan.
Tuberose beat Bob's Boy.
Oliver Twist beat Hope's Lass.
Felix M. beat Mildred.
Florence Gladstone beat Sancho.
Glamorigan beat Bass.
The Corsair beat Millie Gates.
Bloomo II. a bye.

Second Series.

Bloomo II. beat Captain Bethel.
Count Piedmont beat Duke of Maine.
Dimple beat Tuberose.
Oliver Twist beat Felix M.
Florence Gladstone beat Glamorigan.
The Corsair a bye.

Third Series.

Count Piedmont beat The Corsair.
Dimple beat Bloomo II.
Oliver Twist beat Florence Gladstone.

Fourth Series.

Dimple beat Count Piedmont.
Oliver Twist a bye.

Final for First Place.

Dimple beat Oliver Twist and won first prize.

Ties for Second Place.

Oliver Twist beat Count Piedmont and won second place.
Count Piedmont was placed third.

THE ALL-AGED SETTER STAKE.

The All-Aged Setter Stake had eighteen starters. The quality of the dogs and work was very good. The grounds, being open, gave an opportunity for full display of range and speed. The weather, being warm after early morning, was an element in testing a dog's endurance. The judges were Prof. W. Legaré, Marietta, Ga.; H. B. Duryea, New York, and T. L. Martin, Lexington, Ky. The judging on the whole was excellent. The interest continued unabated to the end. Following is the order in which they were drawn to run:

DASHING LADY (W. H. Colquitt), black, white and tan bitch (Dashing Rover—Trinket,

against

PET GLADSTONE (West Tennessee Kennels), black, white and tan bitch (Gladstone—Sue).

BOHEMIAN GIRL (W. G. Mellier), black and white bitch (Count Noble—Mollie Belton),

against

LADY C. (West Tennessee Kennels), black, white and tan bitch (Coleman's London—Belle of Hatchie).

MAY QUEEN (F. F. Myles), black and white bitch (Dan J. —Lady May),

against

LASS O'BUCK (Olive Branch Kennels), black, white and tan bitch (Buckellew—Ida).

BOB H. (A. J. Crovat), black and white dog (Count Noble —Belle Boyce),

against

DIMPLE (F. F. Myles), black, white and tan bitch (Gordon —Blanch).

KING'S MARK (J. I. Case, Jr.), black and white dog (King Noble—Belle Belton),

against

BANG BRADLAUGH (Olive Branch Kennels), lemon and white dog (Buckellew—Jolly Daisy).

BRANDON (J. O'H. Denny), lemon and white dog (Royal Rock—Lewis's Nellie),

against

BOB (F. F. Myles), black and white dog (Oberlum—Bess).

TOLEDO BLADE (J. E. Dager), black, white and tan dog (Roderigo—Lillian),

against

RUBICON (West Tennessee Kennels), black, white and tan dog (Ben Hill—Zoe W.).

DAN GLADSTONE (J. W. Renfroe), black, white and tan dog (Gladstone—Sue),

against

LITTLE GIFT (Bert Crane), black, white and tan bitch (Roderigo—Queen Bess).

CINCINNATUS (J. E. Dager), black, white and tan dog (Count Noble—Dido II.),

against

MAUDE (Bert Crane), black, white and tan bitch (Dogwhip—Harrison's Juno)

First Series.

DASHING LADY AND PET GLADSTONE.

C. Tucker handled Dashing Lady, B. M. Stephenson handled Pet Gladstone. Lady had a bad habit of occasionally pointing and flushing her birds, which impaired the quality of her work, although she showed good finding qualities. Both retrieved well. There was not much difference in their performance on birds, barring Lady's unreliability at times. Lady had the better style; there was not much difference in speed or range. Most of the work was done in thickets. Down 30m. Pet Gladstone was the winner.

BOHEMIAN GIRL AND LADY C.

The former was handled by W. W. Titus, the latter by B. M. Stephenson. The heat began at 12:22, the hottest part of the day and the most unfavorable for finding. Both ranged wide and fast, Bohemian Girl having a decided advantage. Lady C. pointed a bevy nicely, and retrieved well. Bohemian Girl made a nice point on one of the single birds, and made a neat retrieve. They were sent on to find another bevy. Lady C. false-pointed twice, and Bohemian Girl backed well. This was all the work done. Bohemian Girl had the advantage in pace, range and style and was awarded the heat.

MAY QUEEN AND LASS O'BUCK.

The heat began at 3:30, after the heat for first place in the Derby had been run. R. P. McCargo handled May Queen; C. L. Stewart handled Lass O'Buck. The latter ran a very poor heat, trotting about indifferently a few yards from her handler. It was said that ordinarily she was a fine ranger, but that the presence of the crowd intimidated her. The heat was one-sided, May getting a point on a bevy, and a point or two on single birds. Lass pointed one of the birds. She backed well. May Queen won. Down 30m.

DIMPLE AND BOB H.

They were started at 4:06. D. E. Rose handled the latter, R. P. McCargo the former. Bob showed a disposition to false-point. Dimple found a bevy and pointed it well; Bob backed. Dimple made a good back to Bob's point on a lark. They were ordered up at 4:46, and the heat was undecided. Thursday was clear, bright and calm, just cool enough for work. A gentle breeze blew from the northwest. The unfinished heat between Dimple and Bob H. was begun at 8 o'clock, about a half mile from town. Each made a false point in the early part of the heat. Bob's nose appeared to be off, as he worked on his birds bunglingly. Dimple started with less vim and range, but as the heat progressed she improved in her pace. Dimple pointed very well. Bob retrieved. He showed a disposition to false-point and was slow in locating his birds accurately. Dimple had the better style, and, taking the heat as a whole, some superiority in range. Dimple won. Down 45m. The heat for second place in the Derby was run after this heat.

KING'S MARK AND BANG BRADLAUGH.

They were cast off at 9:39 in a cornfield. King's Mark was handled by Charles Barker; Bang Bradlaugh by C. L. Stewart. King's Mark had better speed, range and style, hunting for his birds with good judgment comparatively. He showed a disposition to false-point at times. Soon after the heat began he was lost for a few minutes and found on a point on a bevy. Each showed reliable backing. Bang showed merit in locating and pointing single birds, but had no speed in ranging or quickness in locating, besides showing unsteadiness to wing. King's Mark won easily in 30m.

BRANDON AND BOB.

D. E. Rose handled Brandon; R. P. McCargo handled Bob. The heat began at 10:16. The pace or range was not very fast or wide in this heat. The style was in favor of Brandon. Bob was not staunch on some of his points. The work done was light in quantity. Brandon retrieved. He won easily in 30m.

TOLEDO BLADE AND RUBICON.

C. Tucker handled the former; B. M. Stephenson handled the latter. They were cast off at 10:56. A full half hour was gone before birds were found. Rubicon pointed a bevy by a ditch and was steady to shot. Toledo Blade pointed a single bird; Rubicon backed, but broke the back. Each had made a false point. They were down 1h. Just after they were ordered up Rubicon was found pointing a bevy; Toledo Blade backed. Rubicon had a slouchy style of going, was heavy in pace and was listless on his points. Toledo showed a much higher grade of work, and had better speed, style and a more uniform range, and won.

DAN GLADSTONE AND LITTLE GIFT.

Dan was handled by Porter; Gift by Nesbitt. The heat began at 12:03, and was run until 12:39 without finding. The running was discontinued and the party went to lunch. At 1:15 the heat was resumed. The heat was not a good working one, both dogs making errors and not pointing as quickly and accurately as they should considering the opportunities. Each made a good retrieve and both were steady to wing and shot. Dan had a slight advantage in pace, range and style. Dan made two points on single birds and made three flushes; Little Gift made two points and one flush. The heat was awarded to Dan Gladstone. Down 1h.

CINCINNATUS AND MAUD.

Tucker handled the former; Nesbitt the latter. Cincinnatus was very disobedient and self-willed. He paid little heed to the whistle or commands. His range and pace were superior. There was hardly a breath of air stirring, and the temperature was warm. Each retrieved well. Cincinnatus made the greater number of points and was quicker and more determined in his work on birds. Down 30m. Cincinnatus won. Summary:

Pet Gladstone beat Dashing Lady.
Bohemian Girl beat Lady C.
May Queen beat Lass O'Buck.
Dimple beat Bob H.
King's Mark beat Bang Bradlaugh.
Brandon beat Bob.
Toledo Blade beat Rubicon.
Dan Gladstone beat Little Gift.
Cincinnatus beat Maud.

Second Series.

BOHEMIAN GIRL AND PET GLADSTONE.

The heat began at 2:23. Bohemian Girl took a wide cast soon after starting and was found pointing a bevy. The judges were looking for her, and had requested some others to assist. She was found by a spectator pointing a bevy. He called to one of the judges, stating that she was on a point. The judge called to a reporter requesting him to inform the handler of the Girl that she was pointing. Titus killed and the Girl retrieved nicely. Mr. Stephenson then came up and stated publicly to the judges that the reporters were talking entirely too much, and that it must be stopped. Notwithstanding the dogs were several times ordered on by the judges, he did not cease till he delivered himself of his full measure of bombast. The explanation that the handler was informed at the request of the judges appeared to neither appease his anger nor call to his mind that he was not running the affairs of the club. Pet pointed a single bird and retrieved nicely. Bohemian Girl backed well. She had a decided superiority in pace and range, and better style. Although there was little work done, the difference in the quality of the competition was so palpable that it was unnecessary to continue longer, and the heat was awarded to Bohemian Girl. Down 30m.

KING'S MARK AND MAY QUEEN.

They were started at 3:04. May pointed first and was steady to shot. Mark pointed a single and Barker asked permission to waive the retrieve, the bird having fallen in an unfavorable place. His request was granted. May retrieved the bird shortly afterward, which did not meet Mr. Barker's approval. He insisted on throwing out the bird and having his dog retrieve it against the order of the judges. Mr. Duryea gave him a very salutary reprimand, which acted beneficially on his handling thereafter. Each pointed separately on single birds; Barker killed and Mark retrieved. On stubble both made game, and roaded and pointed alternately. May was first to the birds and pointed them; Mark backed. May retrieved tenderly, but did not seek properly for the bird. Each made a point afterward. King's Mark won. Down 30m. The work was not of a high grade. The heat was close in the quality of merit shown.

BRANDON AND DIMPLE.

They were started at 3:39. The work done was mostly on scattered birds of two bevies marked down by spectators. On the single birds Brandon got a slight lead, although his work was not very quick and not always accurate. Dimple's nose appeared to be somewhat off, as she did not do as well as in previous performances. She was superior in pace, range and style. The heat was a close one, taking all the qualities into consideration, and could have been decided either way on the work done. Brandon won. Down 1h. This ended the running for Thursday.

TOLEDO BLADE AND DAN GLADSTONE.

The weather was much the same as on the previous days, clear and pleasant, the morning being cool. They were cast off at 8:27 on new grounds, about three or four miles from town. Dan opened the work by pointing a bevy, Toledo Blade backing to order. Porter shot and Toledo Blade broke in badly and showed some unsteadiness afterward on a single bird which he pointed, flushed and was anxious to gain possession of. Each then made a point on single birds. Toledo retrieved tenderly, but searched with awkwardness and without judgment. Dan had Toledo Blade well beaten until the latter part of the heat when the Blade redeemed himself and snatched victory out of the fire. He made six points on single birds in succession and one flush, his work being both rapid and accurate. He had slightly better style on point; in motion they were about equal. Neither ranged as wide as was desirable, the better speed and range being a little in favor of Toledo Blade. Cincinnatus did not run a bye in this series. The running resulted:

Bohemian Girl beat Pet Gladstone.
King's Mark beat May Queen.
Brandon beat Dimple.
Toledo Blade beat Dan Gladstone.
Cincinnatus a bye.

Third Series.

BOHEMIAN GIRL AND CINCINNATUS.

The heat began at 9:10. Bohemian Girl soon found and pointed a bevy and was backed by Cincinnatus. They were steady to shot. The Girl showed better work and more of it on the scattered birds, finding and pointing quicker than her competitor. Cincinnatus was not always reliable on his points. He retrieved tenderly, but found the dead bird with difficulty. After the work on the first bevy was ended they were sent on, working toward some woods about 300 yds. away where some birds had been marked down. The Girl took a long cast ahead, caught scent in the open field and gave an exhibition of first-class work in locating and pointing a bevy. She took quick casts on the scent, each bringing her nearer to the birds which she quickly located and accurately pointed. Titus killed one of the birds and the Girl retrieved nicely. She won. She had a decided advantage in speed, range and style. Down 30m.

BRANDON AND KING'S MARK.

The heat began at 9:48. A wide detour was made and the dogs were worked back to where the birds of the last bevy were scattered in pine woods, and on these the heat was settled. Brandon retrieved well. He also performed better on the scattered birds, both in respect to quantity and quality. The pace of each was ordinary and the range not very wide. At the end of 30m. Brandon won. The dog having the bye was required to run a side heat. The running was as follows:

Bohemian Girl beat Cincinnatus.

Brandon beat King's Mark.
Toledo Blade a bye.

Fourth Series.

BOHEMIAN GIRL AND TOLEDO BLADE.

This heat was begun at 10:40. The heat was a good working one and was well contested. No birds were found in the first 30m. Bohemian Girl was lost for a few minutes, and found on point a short distance away in sedge grass in pines. She was steady to shot and wing. On the single birds, Toledo Blade had some advantage in quickness and quantity but none in accuracy. On ranging and pace the Girl was decidedly superior and was awarded the heat. Her style in ranging was the better; on point there was but little superiority. The running in this series was as follows:
Bohemian Girl beat Toledo Blade.
Brandon a bye.

Final Heat for First Place.

BOHEMIAN GIRL AND BRANDON.

They were cast off at 12:40. Quite a long hunt was made without finding. A bevy was marked down by some spectators. Brandon pointed it; Bohemian Girl backed. The bevy was flushed and lighted about one hundred yards away. On the scattered birds Bohemian Girl made two points and two flushes, Brandon two or three points and three or four flushes. Bohemian Girl had a decided advantage in range, speed and style. Brandon retrieved well. Titus did not kill. Brandon had a sore foot and was wearing a boot. The injury cut down his speed and range perceptibly. Down 30m. Bohemian Girl won. She has a fine disposition and was elegantly trained.

Ties for Second Place.

TOLEDO BLADE AND BRANDON.

They were cast off at 2:16. Toledo Blade had the advantage in speed, range and style. Brandon was limping slightly on his injured forefoot. Toledo pointed a bevy and Brandon backed. Blade retrieved. Brandon flushed going up wind of the bird. Next he pointed single and Toledo backed, and broke in when the bird flushed. Toledo Blade won second. Down 30m.

Brandon was awarded 50 per cent. of third; Cincinnatus and Dan Gladstone each 25 per cent. of third. Dimple had run a very superior race and was worthy of consideration in the division of third. Following is the summary:

First Series.

Pet Gladstone beat Dashing Lady.
Bohemian Girl beat Lady C.
May Queen beat Lass O' Buck.
Dimple beat Bob H.
King's Mark beat Bang Bradlaugh.
Brandon beat Bob.
Toledo Blade beat Rubicon.
Dan Gladstone beat Little Gift.
Cincinnatus beat Maud.

Second Series.

Bohemian Girl beat Pet Gladstone.
King's Mark beat Dimple.
Toledo Blade beat Dan Gladstone.
Cincinnatus a bye.

Third Series.

Bohemian Girl beat Cincinnatus.
Brandon beat King's Mark.
Toledo Blade a bye.

Fourth Series.

Bohemian Girl beat Toledo Blade.
Brandon a bye.

Final Heat for First Place.

Bohemian Girl beat Brandon and won first prize.

Ties for Second Place.

Toledo Blade beat Brandon and won second prize.
Third was divided, one-half to Brandon and one-quarter each to Cincinnatus and Dan Gladstone.

THE POINTER STAKE.

The Pointer Stake began on Friday, immediately after the All-Aged Setter Stake was ended. The judges were Dr. R. I. Hampton, Messrs. B. P. Holliday, Prairie Station, Miss., and T. L. Martin, Lexington, Ky. The weather was pleasant; in fact, pleasanter weather never favored a field trial than that of the week of the running. Birds were fairly plentiful, but not in sufficient numbers to run off several stakes in the best manner when the dogs are of mixed quality, the poor dogs always consuming the most time. The trials on the whole were ably conducted and were a success. Everything passed off pleasantly and satisfactorily, barring some discontent at decisions, more or less of which is always present at field trials. Some of the decisions in the Pointer Stake were not well received, but on the whole the judges handled it very ably; in fact, the judges in each stake conducted the running skillfully and placed the dogs with correctness. They were painstaking and industrious. Col. Sherrod and Mr. J. Shelly Hudson were marshals. The stake had twelve starters, as follows:

OSSIAN (P. T. Madison), liver and white dog (Croxteth—Aminé),

against

LEBANON (Lebanon Kennels), lemon and white dog (Tim—Peg).

CONSOLATION (C. H. Odell), lemon and white dog (Bang Bang—Grace III.),

against

GRAPH (W. M. Tower), black and white dog (Brown Stout—Clytie).

GRAPHIC (Chas. Heath), liver and white dog (Bonus Sancho—Fursdon's Juno),

against

LADY ZEAL (John E. Gill), liver and white bitch (Croxteth—Aminé).

DUKE OF HESSEN (F. R. Hitchcock), liver and white dog (Luck of Hessen—Blarney),

against

BLOOMO II. (Chas. Heath), liver and white bitch (Bang II.—Belle).

ROGER WILLIAMS (C. H. O'Dell), lemon and white dog (Bang Bang—Lalla Rookh),

against

LASS OF MAINE (H. F. Farnham), black and white bitch (Graphic—Zitta).

SALLY BRASS II. (E. P. Dortch), liver and white bitch (Graphic—Mealy),

against

BEAU OF PORTLAND (H. F. Farnham), black and white dog (Graphic—Zitta).

OSSIAN AND LEBANON.

The heat began at 3:13. Ossian was handled by D. E. Rose; Luke White handled Lebanon. Both roaded a bevy down wind about 200yds. Both pointed and roaded alternately. Each pointed the bevy. Rose shot and killed; Lebanon broke in. Ossian got two points on single birds, and one flush. Lebanon did not secure a point on birds, but had some flushes to his score. Down 30m. Ossian won.

CONSOLATION AND GRAPH.

Luke White handled Consolation; S. L. Porter handled Graph. The heat began at 3:50. Consolation showed superiority in pace, range and style, but was disobedient. He found two bevies and made some points on singles, making one point at a bird in a tree, several feet from the ground. Graph pointed a bird nicely in the woods, and was steady. Consolation retrieved a bird which was thrown out by one of the judges. Consolation won.

GRAPHIC AND LADY ZEAL.

Graphic had a very lame forefoot and was withdrawn. Lady Zeal ran a bye.

DUKE OF HESSEN AND BLOOMO II.

C. Tucker handled Duke of Hessen; B. M. Stephenson handled Bloomo II. They were cast off at 4:27 and ran till 4:52 without finding any birds. The running for the day then ended. Saturday was a little cloudy. A mild southwest wind blew. The heat was continued at 7:45. Duke pointed a bevy, Bloomo refused to back, drew in and shared the point for a moment, then flushed the bevy. At the end of 30m. Duke won. He had better range, and stayed out at his work better.

LASS OF MAINE AND ROGER WILLIAMS.

Roger was handled by Luke White; Lass of Maine by H. M. Short. Roger presumably flushed a bevy as he was at work close to it when it flushed. Lass pointed a single bird, and also found and pointed a bevy; she was steady to shot and retrieved well. Roger backed reliably, and made two points on single birds, and retrieved well. He had better range and speed. Lass won.

BEAU OF PORTLAND AND SALLY BRASS II.

Sally Brass was handled by W. T. Mitchell; Beau of Portland by H. M. Short. They were run one hour without any satisfactory work on birds. They were taken up and put down again at 11:00 and run 30m. Each made two flushes. Beau had the better pace and range, and won. The running of the first series resulted as follows:
Ossian beat Lebanon.
Consolation beat Graph.
Lady Zeal a bye. Graphic withdrawn.
Duke of Hessen beat Bloomoo II.
Lass of Maine beat Roger Williams.
Beau of Portland beat Sally Brass II.

Second Series.

OSSIAN AND CONSOLATION.

The heat began at 10:20 and lasted 30m. Ossian pointed a bevy which was worked down near a thicket. On the scattered birds in thick cover Ossian made several points; the handlers were separated and worked on different ground while work on the scattered birds was being done. Consolation made some points on singles and was under better control than when he ran his previous heat. He had an advantage in pace and range. Both were steady to shot and wing. Ossian did more work on the birds and won.

LADY ZEAL AND LASS OF MAINE.

They were cast off at 11:47. Lady Zeal pointed a bevy and Lass backed. Lady broke shot and retrieved the dead bird. Going down wind she flushed a bevy and made one point on the single birds and two flushes. Lass backed well. Down 1h. Lass won. The party then went to lunch.

BEAU OF PORTLAND AND DUKE OF HESSEN.

They were cast off at 1:25. This heat was the best of the stake, considering range, speed and clean work on birds. Beau was first to find a bevy, and he retrieved the dead bird nicely. On scattered birds Beau outworked Duke, showing better nose and judgment. He again found and pointed a bevy; Duke backed; Short sent Beau on and the bevy flushed around him. Duke made some good points and retrieved well. The style on point was about equal. Duke had a slight superiority in range. Beau's performance was a surprise considering his performance in his previous heat. He won. Down 30m. The second series was as follows:
Ossian beat Consolation.
Lady Zeal beat Lass of Maine.
Beau of Portland beat Duke of Hessen.

Third Series.

OSSIAN AND LADY ZEAL.

They were started at 2:02. On scattered birds Ossian pointed a single bird; Lady was kept steady by command. Rose shot and missed; Ossian, when ordered on, resumed his point, and Rose flushed another bird; Lady backed indifferently. At the expiration of 30m. Ossian won. Beau of Portland had a bye but did not run a side heat. Summary:
Ossian beat Lady Zeal.
Beau of Portland, a bye.

Final for First Place.

OSSIAN AND BEAU OF PORTLAND.

They were started at 2:45 and drew a large area without finding. At the end of a half hour they were ordered up and the party went to other grounds. Beau found and pointed a bevy in a run; Ossian backed. Ossian roaded and pointed a rabbit, Beau backed. Beau pointed twice single birds in sedge, and found and pointed a bevy. Ossian made two or three points on single birds. There was not much difference in style. Beau had some advantage in range and maintained a more uniform pace. The heat ended at 4:27 and Beau of Portland won the heat and first place.

By consent of all concerned, the judges were allowed to place the dogs second and third without further running as the heat for second place would have to be postponed till Monday, if run. The judges placed Ossian second, Duke of Hessen fifty per cent. of third. Consolation and Lady Zeal, each twenty-five per cent. of third. The latter was not a good selection as there was nothing in her work to commend her for a place. Roger Williams had shown better work, and a higher quality of field capabilities than Lady Zeal. This ended the inaugural trials of the Southern Field Trial Club, a successful meeting.

SUMMARY.

First Series.

Ossian beat Lebanon.
Consolation beat Graph.
Graphic (withdrawn) Lady Zeal (a bye).
Duke of Hessen beat Bloomo II.
Lass of Maine beat Roger Williams.
Beau of Portland beat Sally Brass II.

Second Series.

Ossian beat Consolation.
Lady Zeal beat Lass of Maine.
Beau of Portland beat Duke of Hessen.

Third Series.

Ossian beat Lady Zeal.
Beau of Portland a bye.

Final for First Place.

Beau of Portland beat Ossian and won first prize.
Ossian was awarded second prize.
Duke of Hessen, 50 per cent of third; Consolation and Lady Zeal, each 25 per cent of third.

MASCOUTAH KENNEL CLUB.—Dec. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At a meeting last evening of the Board of Directors of the Mascoutah Kennel Club, Norman Williams, Esq., was elected president of the club. The resignation of Mr. Cobb was due to business engagements which necessitate a long sojourn in Europe.—JOHN L. LINCOLN, JR.

THE ST. BERNARD PRIZES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of Dec. 5 is an article headed "St. Bernard Prizes," signed "Essex," which would lead a novice to believe that American-bred St. Bernards possessed little merit and had almost no chance at all of winning any of the specials offered by the St. Bernard Club of America. Will you kindly publish the following for the benefit of breeders, exhibitors and admirers of St. Bernards?

The St. Bernard Club of America offers twenty-six cups to be competed for at the shows of 1889, and while the entire twenty-six are open to American-bred dogs, fourteen of the cups are for American-bred exclusively, four for stud dogs, four for brood bitches, and only eight for dogs irrespective of breeding.

By referring to the prize winners of 1888 "Essex" will notice that, if these prizes had been competed for this year, not one of the cups would have reverted to the club for lack of American-bred dogs of merit.

At New York the cup for the best American-bred smooth-coated dog would have been competed for by Petrarch, second prize open class, and Lord Hector, first prize puppy class. The cup for the corresponding bitch would have had three competitors: Daphne from the champions, Thisbe, first prize open class, and Myrtle, first prize puppy class. The rough-coated dog cup would have been won by champion Otho or Lando Hector, first prize puppy class. The corresponding bitch class would have found one worthy of the cup in Dorothy, first puppy, and perhaps one in the open class. (I have forgotten the prize winners in that class and cannot say positively).

At Boston the cup for the best American-bred smooth-coated dog would have had Petrarch, first prize open class, and Duke of Brunswick, first puppy class, as competitors. The cup for corresponding bitch would have been competed for by champion Daphne, Apollona, first open class, and Myrtle, first puppy class. In the rough-coated dog class there would have been champion Otho and Melrose Prince. I am not positive about the latter's breeding, but if he is not an American dog, Prince Leo would have competed in his place. In the corresponding bitch class Princess Gilder would have taken the cup.

This disposes of eight cups. Of the remaining six, four are offered at the New Jersey Kennel Club show and two at Chicago. As neither club held a show this year I cannot prove what would have happened to these cups if the clubs had held shows, but I have no doubt that worthy competitors will be presented in 1889. The Board of Governors intend to offer handsome cups and believe that a dog, to win one, should possess some merit other than being bred in America.

Don't you think American dogs are protected sufficiently when fourteen out of twenty-six cups are set apart for them exclusively? They can also win the remaining twelve if they have sufficient merit. W. H. JOECKEL, Jr.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Though "Essex," as a member of the St. Bernard Club, has a perfect right to disagree with the decisions taken by the Board of Governors in regard to specials in the shape of club cups, it shows very bad taste on his part to drag the matter before the public. If "Essex" has reasons for being dissatisfied, why did he not write on the subject to one or the other of the officers of the club, with several of whom he is personally acquainted? "Essex" knows full well that had he pursued this course and privately called the attention of the Board to what he considers an injustice to the individual members of the club, his views would have received due consideration and the Board would have had reason to appreciate his action. Does "Essex" not think that family matters are best adjusted at home? Do they concern the public at large? Most emphatically, no! The same with club matters. The Board of Governors is supposed to manage the affairs of the club and to act for the benefit of the club as a whole, and not for private ends. I do not intend to touch "Essex's" insinuations, which would imply the contrary. They are entirely uncalled for and not worthy of being noticed.

According to him the home-bred dogs have no chance of winning any of the cups at all, and yet out of the twenty-six cups fourteen are for American-bred dogs exclusively and the other twelve are for dogs irrespective of breeding. The club members who own valuable imported stock have as many claims on the club as the "average American breeder" (member of the club of course) who sends his bitch to the imported dog. Both need to be encouraged if the breed is to be improved.

The action of the meeting of Nov. 12 is well understood by "Essex." It was taken purposely to prevent members of the club from winning a trophy with undeserving specimens. Such a course, naturally, is not gratifying to those who own stock whose only qualifications are, first, that it is owned by a member of the club and second, that it was born in America.

It is not very likely, however, that the case will occur where a cup for best American-bred will revert to the club, because the best dog (American-bred) failed to win a prize in its respective regular class. Still, it might occur. Here is an instance: At the last St. Paul show a dog which had won two firsts at previous shows in the West was turned out of the ring by Chas. H. Mason, who was judging, because it was a St. Bernard in name only. It is an American-bred dog and is owned by a member of the club.

"Essex" says: "The American breeders need protection." Yes, and so does the club in its endeavors to improve the breed. It (the club) needs to be protected from dogs like the above.

"Essex," I know, has a better opinion of our home-bred dogs, and, as a breeder and owner of prize winners, he can certainly not countenance the giving away of specials to specimens simply because they are bred at home, but are no credit either to the club or to the breed.

It is true that, possibly, a good dog shown in the open class might be handicapped from competing for the cup for best dog or bitch (irrespective of breeding) owned by a member of the club, but the restriction would affect the imported dogs as well as the home-bred ones. For instance: Three imported cracks, A, B and C, not belonging to members of the club, take 1st, 2d and 3d. The reserve goes to another very good dog called D, and owned by a club member. This dog could easily win a second and might, in the future, win some firsts, when not in such hot competition. Now, according to the restriction, this dog D cannot compete for the cup for best dog or bitch (irrespective of breeding) owned by a member of the club. I admit that, on the surface, this does not seem right nor just, but the line has to be drawn somewhere, and it is not judicious to make flesh of one and fish of the other.

Besides it is not very likely that the case above referred to would occur, for owners of cracks, not already members of the club, will not neglect to join before showing their dogs. There is another point which has escaped the criticism of "Essex." It is this one: In the same class (rough-coated, open) the dog E takes the first vhc., he is a good specimen, that, like the dog D, can win in a fair class. He is American-bred and belongs to another club member, and hence ought to be entitled to compete for the cup for best American-bred rough-coated dog. However, because he failed to win a prize in his regular class, he is debarred from competing, and the cup goes to the dog puppy F, which may be a poor wretch, but happens to have been born in America and to be owned by a member, and managed to get a third in the puppy class, because the competition was of the poorest.

(The winners of first and second, though being far ahead of F, cannot compete for the cup, because, though also bred in America, they are owned by non-members.)

A case like this would be a greater injustice yet than the one of the dog D, and this ought to, and certainly will, be remedied by "those who govern the club." I was present at the meeting, and I do confess that a case like the foregoing did not come up in the minds of any of those present. It is not always easy, especially at a meeting, the time for which is limited, to foresee how far-reaching a decision may possibly be. K. E. HOPF.

ARLINGTON, N. J., Dec. 11.

MASTIFF PRIZES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

At the thirteenth annual show of the Westminster Kennel Club, to be held Feb. 19 to 23, 1889, the American Mastiff Club offers the following prizes:

1. The Westminster challenge cup, value $300, for the best dog or bitch, under three years of age, owned by a member of the American Mastiff Club.

2. The Taunton gold challenge medal, value $50 (breeders' prize), for the best American-bred mastiff, the contestant to be under two years of age; entries to be made before Feb. 1, 1889, with the secretary of the American Mastiff Club; entry fee, $5; the aggregate of the entry fees to go to the exhibitor and the medal to be held until the next competition by the breeder.

3. The club's silver challenge cup, value $150, for the best American-bred dog or bitch.

4. The club's two challenge cups, value $100 each, one for the best mastiff dog, one for the best mastiff bitch, the property of a member of the American Mastiff Club.

5. Silver medal to the winner of each of these three cups.

6. Mastiff puppy sweepstakes, open to all comers, a sweepstake of $5 each for mastiff puppies born on or after Feb. 1, 1888, in the United States or Canada. Entries close Feb. 1, 1889.

For further particulars address SECRETARY AMERICAN MASTIFF CLUB, 9 West Thirty-fifth street, New York city.

BREEDER AND EXHIBITOR.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It is always a difficult thing to write about other peoples' dogs without giving dire offense to their owners, for it is acknowledged on all sides, and the kennel journals teem with evidence in support of the statement, that a slight or anything which is even imagined as a reflection upon any dog renders its owner more indignant than anything written about himself. In what I am about to say I therefore desire most emphatically to assure all concerned that such a wish is furthest from my thoughts, and my sole object is to draw the attention of breeders in general, and if possible, of the outside public, to what is doing a good deal of harm to the interests of the fancy.

I will mainly confine my remarks to collies as a breed with which I am more intimately concerned, and, therefore, one on which I can speak more by the book and with less liability to error than on any other. Of late years, and particularly within the past two or three, the desire of one or two exhibitors has been to obtain a monopoly of the prizes, the result of which is undoubtedly to deter a goodly number of others from taking up the breed and rendering others chary of entering into competition with the big exhibitors. I do not think any one will dispute the statement that Mr. T. H. Terry (now Hempstead Farm Co.) and Mr. Mitchell Harrison, of the Chestnut Hill Kennels, have both occupied in the order named the position of leading exhibitor of the day. It is neither necessary nor desirable to describe the merits of their dogs, that not being a factor in the point of view I propose taking of the subject. It is sufficient to say that the Hempstead Farm Co. advertises that their dogs have won 150 prizes in England and America, and that Mr. Mitchell Harrison can lay claim to his dogs having carried off, with but few exceptions, the prizes at all the leading shows during the past two years. That is all that concerns the prospective dabbler in the breed, and in many cases the breeder who desires to add to his kennels. Now what I want to draw attention to is that there is a very wide difference between the winnings of these exhibitors and say, for instance, those of Messrs. McEwen and Gibson, of Canada. I willingly admit that we are all much indebted to the first two named for the increased interest developed in collies, and to look at it from a commercial point of view, the enhanced value of good specimens. Beyond that I will not concede that such exhibitors are doing good to the fancy. Very decidedly I am of the opinion that the men who breed the dogs are the ones whose merits and claims are overlooked by this monopoly of prize winning.

Let us take up the catalogue of the last New York show. The largest exhibitor of collies was the Hempstead Farm Co., with six entries in the champion classes, two open dogs, five bitches, two dog puppies and four bitch puppies, a total of nineteen. Of these Robin Adair was not for competition, Tweed II. was absent, as were also Zulu Princess and Lady of the Lake, but that does not affect the facts I want to adduce, which are that with all the presumed advantages of possessing a kennel the members of which had won 150 prizes, the Hempstead Farm Co. could not produce one of their own breeding which took a prize, except Sable Lassie, second in bitch puppies. In fact, it is only possible to find the great credit mark "breeder, owner," attached to six puppy entries, of which Glenlyon was vhc. in dogs and Sable Lassie, just referred to, caught the eye of the judge. Nor can it be said that any dog was exhibited at New York bred at the Hempstead Farm or got by one of their dogs that won anything. The record for this exhibitor stands as follows: Second in champion bitches with Lady Ellis, bred by John Ellis; first in open dogs with Bendigo, bred by J. and W. H. Charles; hc. in open dogs with Gilford, bred by S. T. Mercier; vhc. with Glenlyon, breeder, owner; and second with Sable Lassie, breeder owner, in dog and bitch puppies respectively.

The Chestnut Hill Kennel has a far better record in all respects than this. Mr. Harrison made three champion entries, two open dogs, three bitches, one dog puppy and two bitch puppies. Out of this total of eleven, only one was entered "breeder, owner," and that was Roslyn Vera. Champion dog prize was won by Scotilla, breeder, Mr. S. T. Mercier; champion bitch prize by Flurry II., breeder, W. R. Dockrell; second, dog class, Roslyn Sensation, breeder, Robert Buckle; high com., David, breeder, A. R. Kyle; first, bitch class, Bertha, breeders, J. & W. H. Charles; second, Roslyn Vera, breeder, owner; reserve, Priscilla, breeder, Dr. John P. Gray; second, dog puppies, Roslyn Sensation, breeder, Robert Buckle; first, bitch puppies, Roslyn Vera, breeder, owner; second, Priscilla, breeder, Dr. John P. Gray. A great record for any kennel, but the list of breeders demonstrates the fact that a good bank account was the "open-sesame" to the prize list. On the other hand credit must be given the kennel as being the owner of the sire of Roslyn Sensation, David, Thistle (hc. dog puppies) and Jennie M. (reserve, bitch puppies) all by Strephon; of Lorna Thorpe (hc. bitch class), by Nullamore, and of Priscilla, Volunteer and Robin Gray, all by Dublin Scot out of Effie Dean II. Volunteer was third and Robin Gray reserve in dog puppy classes.

I think I have pretty conclusively shown that while ample means is one very safe way to make up a prize winning kennel, it is a widely different thing to breed the winners, and I venture the prediction now that the young entry of 1889 will show no change whatever from the record of 1888. Hence I can only repeat in public what I have so frequently done in letters to those complaining to me of the uselessness of exhibiting against monopoly kennels, "Do not be discouraged; you have only to look at the names of the breeders of the winners to see that you are on an equal footing as a breeder with any man in the country."

A man to be successful as a breeder must look a little deeper than the name of the prize winner. It is what follows that tells the story—the strain that produced the winner. If your own dog cannot produce winners after a fair trial don't waste time over him but go to the dog that is getting winners. Above all remember that the Arabs do not sell their choice mares, and if you possess a bitch that has thrown winners you are only slaying the goose that lays the golden egg if you sell her before your end is attained.

JAS. WATSON.

THE SPANIELS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

"An Onlooker" a short time ago said he would meet my dogs under any judge, but he backed down when I "called the turn" on him. He now says he has an "extreme" that can beat any of my dogs for "a hundred or a thousand yards." I accept his challenge. I will meet him half way. To go 1,000yds. is no test of endurance. Make it 2,000 and I will allow you 50yds. Make it ten miles and I'll give you one mile and a beating. After the race I'll run the same dog against any other extreme you own; then I'll give you a whirl after ruffed grouse. If I do not get two birds to your one I lose the marbles.

My dogs are not whippets, and a race is not a good test of the working qualities of a spaniel; but "An Onlooker" is afraid to meet my dogs on the bench, so I will give him a chance on the race track.

I do not think he ever saw the dogs he writes of, or else he would never compare the two extremes in cockerdom—Mike and Baby Obo; and I did not "slump over" when I gave Mike first at Philadelphia. Neither Mr. Watson nor "An Onlooker" can alter the records.

My brain never ferments nor do I ever change my style, as I know the style you must have to do the work that is required of a cocker; but it is my misfortune to be poor, and my dogs must pay for their keep, so I am forced to breed a few "crocodiles" for "fancy" judges and dude sportsmen who only hunt on paper or at their writing desk. These dogs I call show spaniels.

The work of the dog is too slow, but as sure as bricks, we know,
And we must not forget, when the ground is wet,
To leave him at home, don't you know?
When the winds of winter blow his little short legs cannot go,
And April showers they tax all his powers
To crawl through the mud, don't you know?
You will find that it ever is so, that he only is fit to show.
For fine weather you'll wait, or as sure as fate
You will carry him home, don't you know?

When we have the race "Onlooker" will be a long way after J. OTIS FELLOWS.

HORNELLSVILLE, N. Y., Dec. 3.

[Is it not about time to cease vexing the muse, and to confine this discussion within the limits of plain prose?]

SALISBURY'S PEDIGREE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Really, in spite of your P. D., I don't believe I am responsible for the blunder in my last to you. However, for the correct reading of pedigree of Peeress, please read "Lion by Mr. Hanbury's Prince out of his Peeress," not Duchess, as you have it. Further, I note that Mr. Mason makes a slight mistake in writing of Bosco II.; the dog he refers to was Bosco without the II. Bosco II. (E. 12,815) was another dog, by Emperor, and owned by Mr. G. H. Jones of London, and was first at Birmingham in 1882; Bosco III. was a litter brother to Hero II., owned by Calder of Aberdeen and imported to this country, owned here, I think, by Mr. Laban Pratt. It was the stud card of this Bosco III. on which that "Official Stud Book of the American Kennel Club, Sir!" pedigree of Corsair was built, for in this stud card we had "Masson's Salsbury," which was repeated in "The Official" pedigree. I suppose it was this younger half brother of the original Bosco being III. that led Mr. Mason to call the original II.

There is a bit of inside history about the original Bosco. His dam, Venus (dam of Hero II.), visited Mr. Exley's Victor in his extreme old age, and the dog's infirmities promised to defeat all prospects of progeny, but Mr. Exley would not give it up, saying to his kennelman, "We must get another litter from the old dog before he dies," and at last their efforts were rewarded with success and the sole result of the service was one pup, and that pup was Bosco, by very far the best that Victor ever got. Mr. Exley described Bosco as by far the best dog he had ever seen, and deplored his early death as a great loss to mastiff interests. Under other circumstances I would feel called on to resent the somewhat stinging remarks Mr. Mason makes on me, but as I freely admit that my hasty judgment led me to perpetrate a most cruel wrong toward Mr. Mason, he is fairly entitled to this, the first sting he has given me on the matter. While I do not feel warranted in going into the question of who the real forger of that pedigree was as fully as Mr. Mason has done, I may say that I ransacked Bradford, Leeds and England generally when I was digging at this pedigree, and from parties thoroughly posted I received accounts not conflicting with Mr. Mason's statements.

Mr. Mason omits the names of several mastiff men who would have tripped him up in a minute if he had perpetrated the bare-faced swindle he is charged with. Capt. Cautley still took interest in mastiffs at that time, so did John Turner, and what they didn't know of mastiffs and mastiff pedigrees in their neighborhood wasn't worth knowing. Mr. M. B. Wynn knew all about the line of dogs represented in Salisbury's pedigree, and knew every mastiff man that Mr. Mason or I have mentioned, and I do not think that he and Mr. Mason were very friendly at that time, yet he never said that there was any reason to suppose that Mr. Mason was cognizant of the bogus character of the pedigree. Many thanks to C. W. C., *re* Waterton. W. WADE.

HULTON, Pa., Dec. 8.

THE AMERICAN FIELD TRIALS.

[*Special to Forest and Stream.*]

WEST POINT, Miss., Dec. 10.—The American Field Trials began here to-day with the Derby. Of the 50 nominations there were 15 starters drawn to run as follows: Hope against Betty, Zack against Wee Daisy, Lottie C. against Daisy Fisher, Mary Mead against Orlando, Rod's Gal against Count Piedmont, Cecil against Sonnie, Flossie Noble against Roi D'Or, Tennie a bye. In the first series Betty beat Daisy's Hope, Wee Daisy beat Zack, Lottie C. beat Daisy Fisher, Orlando beat Mary Mead, Count Piedmont beat Rod's Gal, Cecil beat Sonnie, Roi D'Or beat Flossie Noble. In the second series the heat between Betty and Tennie was unfinished. The judges are J. H. Gilbert, H. B. Duryea and R. L. McCook. There was severe rain last night, making the ground very heavy. The weather to-day is clear. The grounds are good and birds are fairly plentiful. The cover is of rank growth, making it rather difficult to see the work of the dogs.

THE HEMPSTEAD RABBIT BUSINESS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

There is something so farcical in the proceedings connected with the prosecution of August Belmont, Jr., his man William and others, on the charge of rabbit coursing, that the real merits of the question supposed to be at issue—the legitimacy of coursing—is apt to be lost sight of in the ridicule with which both prosecutors and accused have covered themselves. Coursing is a sport of vast antiquity, dating from as remote a period as the early settlement of the Aryan peoples in Persia. The term is not generally applied to fox hunting, or to pursuing a hare on scent with harriers, the pursuit by scent, whether of the stag, the fox or the hare, being spoken of as hunting, while the term coursing is confined to running with greyhounds or gaze hounds on sight.

The pastime of coursing deer and antelope is very popular among the Persian nobles to this day, and very considerable care is taken in maintaining their breed of greyhounds, the best dogs of which are valued at a very high price. The sport is scarcely less popular in England, where it is confined to hares. Small dogs are sometimes taken out with the greyhounds to find and start the hare, and sometimes the animals are turned out by men who have located their forms; in either case the greyhounds are held in leash until the hare has secured such a start that the powers of the dogs are taxed to their utmost efforts, and the results undecided until the hare be thrown into the air or the dogs be called off. The pleasure of the pursuit is found in the keenness and uncertainty of the contest; its legitimacy rests on the fact that it is an unobjectionable and natural method of securing possession of *feræ naturæ*.

In the ardor of the chase neither pursuer nor pursued pauses to think of consequences. In the pursued there is perhaps an undercurrent of trepidation when the pursuer is close at hand, but until an animal begins to get exhausted the mind is concentrated on the exercise of the physical powers, or in contemplating a double to which it trusts its salvation, and when at length, doubling upon one pursuer, it runs straight into the jaws of another, is flung up, is caught and its back broke with a single shake, the catastrophe is so sudden, and the end achieved with so little suffering to the pursued, that it may be fairly doubted if any other method of killing the hare is as merciful.

But what relation does coursing properly so called bear to the rabbit baiting of August Belmont, Jr., and his confreres? Coursing has been introduced into this country and promises to become very popular in California, where there are plenty of jack rabbits that will tax a greyhound's powers to the utmost, and an open country fit for coursing; but catching cotton tails in traps, turning them loose in strange country so benumbed with fright that they sometimes refuse to run, and then setting fox-terriers on them to worry them, is certainly a very reprehensible pursuit and may possibly constitute an offense against the law; but in Heaven's name let FOREST AND STREAM and all true sportsmen repudiate all connection between legitimate coursing and the contemptible parody of it indulged in by the members of the so-called Hempstead Coursing Club, whose assumption of the style of sportsmen is only calculated to reflect discredit upon a pursuit worthy of kings and true men.

ST. HUBERT.

PATSY.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A few days ago I had the pleasure of giving Patsy, Mr. E. O. Damon's recently imported Irish setter, a careful examination. As this young dog is almost certain to make a mark, especially in the stud, I will give your readers a brief description of him. Skull well formed; muzzle somewhat too light; ears set a trifle high; eyes a shade too light in color, but well set and with fine expression; a head full of quality and character, but rather effeminate; neck better than average and would be improved by less bulk and by a little more length; shoulders beautifully laid on; chest very nearly perfect; back firm as a rock and truly formed; loin symmetrical and strong; hindquarters showing much strength; tail of correct length, beautifully fringed and always well carried; stands on a superb set of legs and feet; coat and color perfect; feather of best quality and sufficiently abundant. A graceful, stylish and easy-moving dog whose most prominent defect is a lack of size. His late owner considers him one of the most promising field dogs he has ever owned—fast, stylish, and steady to wing and shot. Mr. Damon says: "He is fast, covers his ground thoroughly, carries a high head, has an exquisite nose and is remarkably steady on his points, also to gun and wing." We want some new Irish blood in this country and as Patsy is well bred (Frisco—Nellie IX.) and possesses those great stud dog essentials, bone and substance combined with quality, it is almost certain that he will be heard of in the near future. His record is: First and cup Strabane, 1887; first and cup Strabane, 1888, and challenge cup for best red setter in the open classes both these years at the Strabane shows; also first prize and specials at Kells, 1888. CHAS. H. MASON.

THE ETHICS OF FOX HUNTING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In a recent issue of FOREST AND STREAM may be found an enthusiastic account of New England fox hunting under the auspices of the "Western Massachusetts Fox Club." Your correspondent commends the "enterprise and pluck" of the club managers, describes the shooting of seven poor foxes, which, he remarks, were "honestly killed," and winds up his report by declaring the meet a success and giving a list of club members.

To my mind the shooting of foxes before hounds is a murderous, unsportsmanlike amusement, if amusement it can be called.

If foxes must be destroyed as enemies of New England poultry yards, then the Massachusetts style of hunting is perhaps defensible; but to take such an unfair advantage can hardly be called sport. The only fox hunting worthy of honorable mention is where the hounds kill and where the fox has a clear chance of escape. Anything less than this is not legitimate, because fair play is barred out. The New England fox shooting is not quite so outrageous as coyote coursing on inclosed ground, but it is open to the same objection and justly despised as a wretched burlesque of the glorious sport of fox hunting when carried on in a decent sportsmanlike manner.

In conclusion, if people cant hunt foxes *secundum artem*, let them engage in some other field sport where the use of gun or rifle is admissible. TALLYHO.

COLORADO SPRINGS, Nov. 29.

NED B.—Bridgeport, Conn., Nov. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I note F. E. Clark of this city advertises for sale two pointers in this week's issue of your paper, and says of one of them: "Torry won first in puppy and all-age class at Danbury, Conn., over a dog that won first at Boston, Mass., beating such dogs as Ned N." As the owner of Ned B. I must state that this is most decidedly a misstatement. Mr. Clark's Torry was shown this fall at Danbury, Conn., only two pointers in the entire show, said Torry and Spot Dash. Spot Dash has never beaten Ned B., as the show records will substantiate. While all of this is perhaps of small importance, I feel a comparison of this kind to be most misleading to the public as well as unjust to my dog, as he has won in strong competition first and special Hartford, 1887, first New York 1887, third New York and first Richmond, 1888. It is to be hoped the other statements in this advertisement approach more nearly to the truth.—S. S. BANKS.

NIGHTS WITH THE COONS.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Nov. 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The second annual coon and possum hunt of the King's Lake Club took place last Saturday night, in the vicinity of the club's preserve in Lincoln county, this State. King's Lake is 53 miles from this city on the St. Louis, Keokuk and Northwestern Railway; a short ride from the depot is necessary to reach the club house, and there every convenience awaits the weary traveler. Saturday morning's train carried up a delegation of members and invited guests to indulge in the hunt. The night prowlers were reported very plentiful in the heavily timbered bottom land. The report proved true; the hunt netted the hunters for the little while they were out three coons and two possums.

It was noon when the party arrived at the club house and they were invited by superintendent A. C. Grimes to partake of a splendid dinner. After dinner some took rods and minnow buckets and tried to entice a bass or croppie on their lines, but poor success attended their diligent efforts, not a fish was taken. The water was high and muddy and the fish were not inclined to be caught. When the water is clear King's Lake is a famous place for angling, and during the past month some large strings of bass and croppie were brought to this city from there. The club has placed in the lake a large quantity of young bass and croppie for stock which no doubt will afford most excellent sport in a few years.

King's Lake is from 200yds. to 300yds. wide and about 9 miles long, and is known to every one in this part of the country. The country between the lake and the Mississippi River is a low timber bottom, quite numerously covered with sloughs which at times afford magnificent sport at mallard ducks. A few years ago mallard were so plentiful in King's Lake bottom that bags of 100 or 150 a day were quite common.

Other members chased themselves back into the timber in quest of ducks, but when they returned, weary from a long tramp through mud and water, a few brought in "game" (*i. e.*, a plentiful bag of woodpeckers.) Not discouraged in the least, they pinned their hopes upon the event of the trip, the coon and possum hunt.

Darkness was beginning to cast its shadows over the country and the hearts of the hunters were bouncing with joy at the prospects of a grand battle between the coon and hounds.

As soon as supper was over preparations were begun. Heavy clouds shut off all view of the sun all day, and now they were going to do the same thing for Luna. This had no discouraging effect upon the enthusiastic hunters. The plans for the attack were laid and the captain of the hunt, Major David W. Caruth, gave strict orders that it must go on without fail. The natives who were to go along as guides and choppers began to arrive, and they brought their coon dogs. At 8:30 some one wanted to know why the command was not now on the move. He was answered by Major Caruth that they were waiting for old Sol. Who was old Sol? asked a dozen of the party in chorus. Why, old Sol was the chief guide, and was to act as captain of the natives and was to direct the charge. Without him the hunt would prove a flat failure. About a year ago a similar hunt had been arranged and carried through to a successful termination, and the club officers were determined that the present one should be more successful than the former.

Old Sol made his bow to the party in the sitting room. As soon as he was inside all pressed forward to get a look at the old fellow and take him by the hand and inquire how the rheumatics were. Sol has lived in the neighborhood all his life. When asked how old he was he replied that he supposed that seventy years would not miss it very far; that he had three brothers living who were older, and that his mother was alive and enjoying good health. After hunting up axes, torches and all had supplied themselves with staffs and the seven dogs were collected, Sol took the lead, and with a long drawn out whoopee, the dogs were given the word to dash off and do their level best.

The party numbered fully thirty-five and they entered the bottom. In a short time some one said, "Listen, the dogs are trailing," and the prospects of some fun made all in the party feel happy.

"Dat am old Rambler and Snider," said old Sol," and dey's got a coon sho and right in 'mongst dem big trees in de bottom."

All haste was made toward them, and there up one of the biggest trees the outline of a coon could be seen plainly. Some one proposed giving 50 cents if any one could climb the tree and shake the coon out, but as the tree was barren of branches for a long way up, the offer was declined by the natives, consequently there was nothing to do but to put the choppers to work and lay that forest giant on the ground.

Four big strong willing hands came forward and the chips were soon flying in a lively manner. During the time that the choppers were cutting into the heart of that three foot oak old Sol was busying himself lighting fires at a respectable distance around the base of the tree, with a fire brand which he brought with him from the club house.

"Look out, she is cracking," some one was heard to exclaim, and the next moment down came that monster oak and the coon of course came with it. As soon as it began falling the dogs dashed toward it with a mad rush to pounce upon the coon.

The hunters did some tremendous shouting and the dogs joined in, making a noise that was almost deafening. The coon was a big one and made a magnificent fight. He sent some of the green dogs howling away with pain, and they gracefully retired to the rear, not caring to take any further interest in the affair except as onlookers.

A circle was formed, and everybody was saying something to the dogs by way of encouragement. Old Rambler was true blue and showed wonderful pluck. There was a young dog called Snider, only a year old, and he proved to be a remarkable one for his age. He was crippled when a puppy and had only the use of three legs, his left foreleg being of no account whatever, but this did not lesson his work as a coon dog, nor put him behind the other dogs in the hunt. He was always in the front, and when there was any fighting to be done he was right there all the time.

Twice the coon managed to drive the dogs back, and when he did he tried to break through the crowd and get away. It was amusing to see how suddenly the circle would part at the point the coon was making for. At one time a dozen or more of the party were piled in a heap while trying to escape from the coon. The fight was a grand one; some of those present said it was the hardest battle they had ever seen a coon make. Old Rambler and Snider saved the day; without them that coon would never have been brought home as a trophy of the hunt. At last, however, he succumbed.

Old Rambler and Snider were petted by nearly every one for the splendid work they had done. After commenting upon the fight for a few moments Old Sol gave his whoopee whoop-em-up and the party started in quest of more game. Presently Rambler's voice was heard giving the welcome intelligence that he was trailing again. Sol said it was another coon. He could tell from the way Rambler gave the alarm that it was a coon he was trailing. When the party came up with the dogs it was found that in place of one coon they had two, up different trees. Well, coons were plentiful to a certainty. This was more than the most sanguine of the party had hoped for. The first thing old Sol did was to light fires around the trees; they were only a short distance apart. Then the choppers were set to work, and as the tree was a small one, it was soon felled. But before the dogs could catch the coon he was up another tree. This was cut; while it was falling the coon jumped and landed into another tree. This was soon cut down and the dogs nailed him. He was a young one and was soon dispatched. The attention of the party was then centered upon the other fellow, who was by this time no doubt nearly frightened to death by the fearful noise.

The tree was a small one and was cut in short order. When the coon struck the ground Snider was there to receive him. This also proved a young one and the rest of the dogs were held, so as to give Snider the opportunity of winning the battle by himself. He made short work of the coon.

It now began to snow a little and Sol said that unless the track was very fresh it would be impossible for the dogs to trail them. As it was past midnight and all were satisfied, it was decided to start for the club house. Some remarked that it was ten miles to the club house. This caused several loud "Oh's" to be heard from some of the party. Old Sol was appealed to; he replied about three miles. This came as a great relief to many of the party, who were enjoying the pleasures of their first coon and possum hunt. As predicted by old Sol the snow did spoil the sport so far as the coons were concerned, because the dogs failed to find another one on the way home although they passed through some beautiful country for coons and had there been no snow would undoubtedly have found a few more. Shortly after the last coon was caught the dogs treed a couple of possums which were soon added to the party's bag.

The club house was reached about 2 o'clock; and although quite weary from the ten miles or more they had tramped around in the bottom none was willing to go to bed until the hunt was gone over again. The grand battle the first coon made was commented upon at great length. Many who took part in the hunt said that they had been on many a coon hunt but they had never seen such a fight as the first coon made. The following from this city were present and participated in the sport: C. A. Cunningham, E. H. Cunningham, E. T. Jester, C. E. Halliwell, F. W. Stockton, F. B. Agler, E. O. Hunter, L. Tomkins, Mark Taylor, J. K. Hayward, L. D. Dozier, F. P. Day, J. H. Crawford, J. F. Perkins, R. J. Medley, R. U. Leonori, Jr., Maj. D. Caruth, P. H. Degnan, Emmet Degnan and Mortimer F. Taylor.

UNSER FRITZ.

AUGUSTA DOG SHOW.

AUGUSTA, Ga., Dec. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Augusta Poultry and Pet Stock Show, in connection with the Exposition, closed to-day. The display of poultry was the finest ever seen. The dog department had not as many entries as the show of last January, but the dogs were of a very high order. The judging was done by Mr. T. F. Rackam, of New Jersey, and the benching by Spratts Patent. The award of prizes was as follows:

MASTIFFS.—*Dogs:* No entry. *Bitches:* 1st, Fountain City Kennels' Juno; 2d, B. F. Perry's Dot. *Puppies:* 1st, Fountain City Kennels' Queen; 2d, B. F. Perry's Ben Perry.

ST. BERNARDS.—ROUGH-COATED—*Dogs:* 1st, A. A. McDuffie's Major Prince. *Bitches:* 1st, A. A. McDuffie's Aggie. *Puppies:* 1st, withheld; 2d, A. H. Vonderleith's Rex.—SMOOTH-COATED—*Dogs:* 1st, A. A. McDuffie's Wando.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—1st, E. Collins's Doc; 2d, H. C. Hall's Dave.

GREYHOUNDS.—*Dogs:* No entry. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, W. F. Thomas's Purity and Jess.

POINTERS.—CHAMPION—Fountain City Kennels' Rosa.—OPEN—LARGE—*Dogs:* 1st, T. B. Legare's Meteor, Jr. *Bitches:* 1st, T. B. Legare's Pansy.—SMALL—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, Fountain City Kennels' Spot S. and Button; 3d, H. Gregg's Wright. *Bitches:* 1st, Fountain City Kennels' Rosa May; 2d, H. C. Britton's Jessie Underhill. *Puppies:* 1st, Fountain City Kennels' White Lilly; 2d, H. Gregg's Spot.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, J. A. Graham's Rex G.; 2d, E. M. Booker's Bob Toombs. *Bitches:* 1st, J. A. Graham's Whisper San Roi; 2d, H. May's Berne West. *Puppies:* 1st, W. E. Scofield's Blitz.

IRISH SETTERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Dr. McHatton's Jumbo. *Bitches:* 1st, Dr. McHatton's Nora O'Neill.

BLACK AND TAN SETTERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, J. McIver's Bellman; 2d, J. Butler's Trimmer. *Bitches:* 1st, J. McIver's Beauty.

COCKER SPANIELS.—F. E. Collins's Rose.

COLLIES.—CHAMPION—*Dog:* Chestnut Hill Kennels' Scotilla. *Bitch:* Chestnut Hill Kennels' Flurry II.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Strephon and Roslyn Bruen. Very high com., O. H. P. Scott's Cubeb. High com., J. L. Boardman's Shepherd. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Metchly Surprise and Gem. Very high com., O. H. P. Scott's Lady Neph. High com., J. L. Boardman's Queenie. *Puppies:* 1st, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Roslyn Bruen.—SMOOTH-COATED—1st, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Lady Bird.

IRISH TERRIERS.—1st, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Breda Jim.

FOX-TERRIERS.—1st, withheld; 2d, W. F. Thomas's Zip.

PUGS.—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, Miss M. Bannister's Jumbo, Jr., and Saxon. High com., J. E. Kerr's Beauty. *Bitches:* 1st and very high com., Miss M. Bannister's Fussy and Daisy; 2d, J. E. Kerr's Nellie. *Puppies:* 1st and 2d, Fountain City Kennels' Joe and Girlie.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

Kennel collies, Chestnut Hill Kennels; pointers, Fountain City Kennels; setters, J. A. Graham; pugs, Miss M. Bannister; terriers, H. Madden.

AUGUSTA.

SCENT.—Commenting on the recent articles in these columns about the dog's scent and their following wagons, the Indianapolis *People* says: "Will P. Wallace says on this subject that in his opinion the dogs follow the scent of the master, horses, buggy and wheels and gives the following as a case in point: A few years since, Mr. Joseph Becker was a confectioner, on West Washington street, and the possessor of a few Gordon setters. One evening his delivery clerk had cause to deliver with his horse and wagon a freezer of ice cream quite a distance in the country, on the Central avenue road to Broad Ripple. One of these setters followed the wagon, which was driven out on the Meridian street extension to the first cut off road to the right, beyond Fall Creek—leading to the Central avenue pike. During the delivery of the goods, Mr. Becker and his wife drove out the same road, past the cut off and straight ahead to the end of the Meridian street extension. About twenty minutes afterward the driver of the wagon returned by the road he had selected when driving out and no sooner had the setter reached Meridian street than he placed his nose to the ground and immediately left the driver and pursued the course taken by his master and eventually found him. The dog in this case obtained scent from the wheels and horses only. Speaking about dogs, Will P. Wallace also cites the following case where a dog displayed more sense than scent. An old German gardener, living about four miles south of this city, on the Three Notch Road, was the possessor of two large animals, a cross between all the dogs in the county. One of these animals on every Thursday morning did all the churning for the family by means of a treadmill, while the other one generally spent the day in barking at the one in the mill or making social calls in the neighborhood. One Thursday morning the master changed dogs, much to the delight of the steady worker and to the great discomfiture of the idler. Matters ran along in this way for about three weeks, when, lo! one Thursday morning the newly initiated dog was found missing and the old stand-by was again put to work. In the evening the truant returned, giving the family a hearty welcome. He pursued this course for four consecutive Thursday mornings, whereupon his master, becoming very much discouraged, chained him every Wednesday in order to have him on hand the following morning to do the churn act." The churn dog's absenting himself was not an unusual trick at all, as churn dogs go. It is a common thing for them to make off the night before churning day unless chained up.

DOG TALK.

MR. A. E. PITTS, of Columbus, O., has recently imported from the kennel of Mr. George Raper, Prestwich, Eng., the young for-terrier dog Ruby Signal, by Raby Mixture and out of Olivebud. He will be exhibited at the coming shows, and his owner expects to make it warm for some of the cracks.

Mr. C. Ormsby, Secretary A. P. D. C., advises us that the names of Mrs. M. A. Rives, and Messrs. Chas. P. Holmes and James Mortimer were incorrectly included in the list of petitioners given in the item relating to the Pet Dog Club in our last issue.

Mr. R. B. Sawyer, proprietor of the Riverview Kennel, at Birmingham, Conn., has disposed of his pugs, and in future will keep only bulldogs. His kennel at present contains champion Merry Monarch, Portswood Tiger, Soudan and Beatrice, all well-known.

Mr. R. W. Craig has removed to Omaha, Neb., and all communications for him or the Wacouta Kennels should be forwarded to that place, in care of the Omaha *Herald*, the management of which he has assumed.

Mr. A. R. Kyle, of South Norwalk, Conn., has sent his collie bitch Heather Belle to England, to be bred to Metchley Wonder.

CHESAPEAKE BAY DOGS.

TWENTY-THREE years ago, on the Gunpowder River I saw a Chesapeake Bay dog. I had never seen one before, but had been told by men who had shot on the Chesapeake, that they were wonderful dogs. There was something about the dog that had attracted my attention, and being a lover of a good dog and also very fond of duck shooting, I naturally asked a great many questions about the Chesapeake Bay dogs. I had shot a great many ducks on the New England coast and had always used setters and spaniels to retrieve my birds. Very cold, rough weather was hard on the setters, and a setter that was good for woodcock, snipe and partridge, I disliked to use for a duck dog, as two or three years would use them up.

Soon after I was on the Gunpowder River, I came west into northwestern Iowa. Here I found fine duck and goose shooting. But I had the same trouble with my retrieving dogs I had had in New England. The ice, snow, cold water and rough weather of northwestern Iowa were very severe on my duck dogs. In one severe, cold storm at Ruthvan, Iowa, I nearly ruined one of the best setter dogs I ever saw. He was in the cold water most of the time for six hours, retrieving redheads and canvasback ducks. A friend and myself shot two hundred and fifty that day on the pass, and the dog had to retrieve most of them.

Soon after this I received, through some friends who had shooting points on the Chesapeake and Currituck, a very nice pair of Chesapeake Bay dogs. Their hair was straight but very thick. The bitch was wavy coated. They were very fine looking dogs and about eight months old when I received them. Neither of them had had any training.

About two or three months after I received them, the ice broke up in our river and the ducks began to come north. I got up at daybreak one morning and took the dogs with me to the river to see how they would like cold water and the gun. I found that they were fond of both. I shot a number of ducks and the dogs brought them to me. They did not seem to care for ice, but would go anywhere after a duck. It was so cold that they would frost over as soon as they came out of the water. I gave them several mornings' work afterward, that spring, and found that I had as fine a pair of duck dogs as one could wish. They got many ducks, when I thought they were lost in the floating ice.

They are active and will come on the run with a duck in mouth. They handle game with great care and I have never seen any teeth marks on a bird that was retrieved by my dogs.

One morning, the first of this month, I was about twenty miles northwest of here with my brother and a friend after ducks and geese. I had my Chesapeake Bay bitch with me. We had had a fine morning's shoot, near a large slough, where there were quite a good many ducks and geese. About nine o'clock we thought the flight was over, so we gathered up our birds and started for the wagon. The country around us was all burnt over. We got out of the slough on to the high ground, and were walking slowly along when we saw a large Canada goose making for the slough. We sat down on the burnt ground and I called. The goose answered and turned directly toward us. I called again and the goose came on until he got within about 50yds. of us. I told my friend to shoot as he would come no nearer. He shot and the goose fell almost to the ground. When within about 4ft. of the ground he seemed to recover, and I told the bitch to go. Away she went after him. They went over a ridge about one-half mile from us. I ran quickly to the top of the ridge, and when I got there I found my bitch coming out of a large slough with the goose in her mouth. The goose weighed fifteen pounds.

If a duck or goose ever falls to the ground, the Chesapeake Bay dogs are sure to get it. They are very powerful in the water, and do not seem to fear anything when in the water. They swim very high and very fast, and no dog that I have ever seen seems as much at home in the water as the Chesapeake.

They have a fine nose and are very sure to get birds in the bad sloughs of the Northwest, where the grass grows very high and the mud is almost impassable.

My bitch has had three litters of pups, and the pups have the same love for the water and the gun as the old dogs. I also bought two Chesapeakes from another strain, and they are fine retrievers. One of them is out in the country with a man that shoots a great many ducks. He thinks her work is perfect. The color of all my dogs is sedge brown. They show but little in the grass in the hunting season.

I like the Chesapeake Bay dog very much for a house dog. They stay at home and mind their own business, and are not roaming over the country doing mischief for their owner to pay for. They are kind to children. I have never known my Chesapeake Bay dogs to bark at a child. My bitch stays in my house nights, and I do not think it would be good for any one to try to break into the house.

They stand the winters of the Northwest well, and will play out in the snow when the mercury is 30 or 40 degrees below zero.

J. G. SMITH.

ALGONA, Ia., Nov. 24.

WORCESTER KENNEL CLUB.—Worcester, Mass., Dec. 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At a meeting of the Worcester Kennel Club, held at the Bay State House, Monday evening, Dec. 3, 1888, the following officers were elected: President, Harry W. Smith; First Vice-President, Col. Rockwood Hoar; Second Vice-President, Frederic Kimball; Secretary, Edward W. Dodge; Treasurer, Fred W. White; Executive Committee—Levi Lincoln, Chas. A. Parker, Waldo Sessions, Charles Crompton, A. B. F. Kinney, F. M. Harris, Capt. E. A. Harris, H. F. Littlefield, G. W. Patterson. Bench show dates, April 9, 10, 11 and 12.—EDWARD W. DODGE, Sec., 426 Main street.

Dogs: Their Management and Treatment in Disease. By Ashmont. Price $2. Kennel Record and Account Book. Price $3. Training vs. Breaking. By S. T. Hammond. Price $1. First Lessons in Dog Training, with Points of all Breeds. Price 50 cents.

AMERICAN KENNEL CLUB MEETING.

THERE was a large and enthusiastic meeting of the American Kennel Club, Dec. 6, at 10:30 A. M. The clubs represented were: St. Paul, H. F. Schellhass; St. Bernard Club, S. F. McFarland; Washington, F. C. Webster; American Field Trial Club, A. P. Vredenburgh; Baltimore, H. Malcolm; Cincinnati Kennel Club, P. H. Obl; American Gordon Setter Club, H. Bennett; New Jersey, C. J. Peshall; Westminster Kennel Club, F. R. Hitchcock; Collie Club, T. H. Terry; Beagle Club, H. F. Schellhass; Mastiff Club, C. C. Marshall; Philadelphia, J. H. Winslow; Pacific Kennel Club, Elliot Smith; Cleveland, L. G. Hanna; Hartford, C. J. Peshall.

The Columbus, O., Rochester Kennel Club and the New England Kennel Club were admitted as members. The application of three other clubs for membership, the Connecticut State Kennel Club, the Toledo Kennel Club and the Rensselaer Kennel Club, were laid over under the rules. The protest of Mr. C. T. Thompson, made at the Richmond dog show, against the award of the special prize for the best setter that has run at a field trial was sustained. Mr. J. F. Campbell was suspended for one year and ordered to return the prize won. In relation to the request of the Gordon Setter Club for a class for Gordon setters in the stud book, Mr. Peshall gave suggestions as to an amicable arrangement, which were adopted, and a class was made for the registration of black and tan setters under head of American Gordon Setters.

It was voted to adopt the plan of associated membership. It was also voted to establish a Gazette to be published monthly. The committee appointed to confer with the *American Kennel Register* reported progress and the matter was laid over for action of the advisory committee. Regarding the conference with the National Dog Club the matter was placed in the hands of the president with power.

The changes in the rules, with some unimportant alterations, were adopted. Messrs. Peshall and Schellhass endeavored to have the rule granting power to bench show committees to refuse entries rescinded, but without success. In accordance with previous notice Mr. Peshall resigned as member of the Stud Book Committee and also as delegate.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE SOUTHERN FIELD TRIAL CLUB.

THE meeting was held on the evening of Dec. 6, 1888, in the Amory Hotel, at Amory, Miss. J. W. Renfroe in the chair. Eleven members were present. The minutes of the inaugural meeting were read and approved. The report of the treasurer was read and approved. The second annual meeting of the club will be held on the first Monday in December, 1889. The following gentlemen were elected to membership: Thos. L. Martin, Lexington, Ky.; H. B. Durfea, J. L. Anthony and R. L. McCook, New York; C. D. Smedburg, Covington, Ky. The following prizes were arranged for the Derby of 1889—$800, divided as follows: $350 to first, $250 to second, $200 to third. Mr. Anthony gave $100 to be given to the best pointer in the stake. Messrs. P. H. Bryson and W. Bedford gave $100 to be given to the best setter. A committee of three was appointed to revise the running rules: they were F. I. Stone, T. M. Brumby and D. H. Bryson. A vote of thanks was tendered to Dr. Bell, Mr. Dillworth and Messrs. Wright for courtesies extended to the club. The officers were re-elected. The meeting adjourned to the next evening, Dec. 7. Mr. P. H. Bryson and Col. Sherrod were appointed a committee to select grounds for holding the trials of 1889 and to arrange to have the birds protected. Entries to Derby close June 1; All-Age Stake Nov. 1. A vote of thanks was tendered FOREST AND STREAM.

"OUR PRIZE DOGS."

THIS book all true lovers of the dog have been anxiously awaiting. Mr. Mason is, unquestionably, the best judge of dogs in this country, and a work from his pen upon the subject will command the widest attention and carry with it the highest authority. He possesses by nature, it is only simple justice to say, the qualities that eminently fit him for the task he has undertaken, and his innate gifts in this direction have been trained and supplemented by life-long study. If any man in America is entitled to speak of dogs *ex cathedra*, he is the man. His standpoint is always that of the thoroughly impartial and scientific critic. The work before us proves that he wields a ready and dexterous pen.

Mr. Mason visited all the bench shows of any importance held in this country during the past year, and has described in patient detail every winning dog in his work. The points given are color, markings, sire, dam, date of birth, height at shoulder, weight in show condition, and names of breeder and owner; besides which the book contains a complete record of the show winnings for 1887, in America and abroad. The labor involved in such an undertaking must have been simply enormous. Nearly a thousand specimens are thus described. In addition to this, however, Mr. Mason gives in each case his original criticisms, pointing out the merits and defects. These criticisms alone, of course, would render the book one of inestimable value to all interested in improving the dogs of our country. The value of such a treatment as he has given to the subject lies in the accuracy and exhaustiveness of the details, and the competency of the judgment, and for these the name of the author will vouch with every *connoisseur* of dogs.

Of the mechanical presentment of the book any publisher might feel proud. The composition and press-work are of the best known description; the paper is of high quality; the binding in green and gold, with a portrait of the collie Scotilla stamped on the cover. And this brings us to one of the strongest points about the work—the illustrations—allusion to which we have purposely left to the last. They are artotypes, or permanent photographs, beautifully executed, and, of course, exact reproductions of their subjects. We have had in the past many books upon the dog which their authors or publishers have attempted to illustrate, but the cuts or plates have been of the roughest and coarsest description, hardly recognizable likenesses of the animals whose appearance they were designed to reproduce.

Of the illustrations in "Our Prize Dogs," in every respect, it is hardly possible to speak too highly. They leave practically nothing to be desired. When, in addition to their fidelity and finish of execution, the fact is considered that the subject chosen are the dogs that, among all those in America, are nearest to the true type, their wide and inestimable value becomes evident. There are comparatively few people who have more than a very vague conception of what are the truest types in the different breeds of dogs. One of the chief values of this work, particularly with regard to its illustrations, will be to supply this defect. With it before them, it will be easy for even the most inexperienced to form correct ideas upon this subject—as, for instance, that a long nose in a mastiff is a thing not to be desired—and thus to cultivate taste and judgment. "Our Prize Dogs" not only is an indispensable work to every breeder and dog-fancier, but will possess interest and value to every one who is in any way interested in dogs.—*Boston Journal of Health.*

NAVAL OFFICE, Port of San Francisco, Dec. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As an old staunch friend of yours let me congratulate you and all lovers of good dogs upon the appearance of that splendid book "Our Prize Dogs," from the pen of my valued friend Charles H. Mason. A few days ago he very kindly and generously sent me a copy, beautifully bound. It was indeed a welcome surprise, and I am grateful for Mr. Mason's thoughtfulness. The book was long in being born, but what a magnificent creation it is; full of frank, manly, courageous criticism; full of valuable information, and brimming over with instruction to all who care to improve the breeding of our four-footed friends and companions.

His criticisms are undoubtedly just. They are pungent, fearless, forcible. They cannot help doing good. Even the owners of the dogs which have not found favor in the eyes of this accomplished and honest judge, should feel glad there is one man in America who knows what he is writing about, and who can tell them convincingly of the demerits of their pets. So can they profit and improve in breeding; or in future purchases look for greater symmetry, grander quality, for points of utility hitherto escaping observation, and thus be happier in the knowledge of canine perfection.

I keenly regret that Mason did not go a little more into details when he criticised some breeds. For instance, I would have loved to see the complete measurements of all the large dogs—the mastiffs and St. Bernards. In his next book he will, I am sure, supply the deficiency.

And in the interest of all lovers of dogs he ought to take up at once that graphic pen of his and give us a book that will be a standard work on all breeds, and take the place of "Stonehenge," Vero Shaw, Dalziel, or "Idstone." There is plenty of room for it. The literature of dogdom is voluminous. He could make it luminous.

How fortunate he was in getting some splendid pictures! And how beautiful and stylish the printing and binding of the book. Some of the pictures are matchless in merit. Revel III. seems about to speak to us, and presents a picture of grace and style and character, that makes me long to own and caress the original. Minting, the unmatched mastiff, looks so massive and majestic and so full of all the good qualities I have sought in my favorite breed, that if Mr. Cleveland had been happily re-elected, I would have worried Mr. Moore to part with him. I wish Beaufort's unbeaten head and figure had been there to gladden the sight. But Graphic's portrait is lifelike, full of vigor, of quality, and all over he looks a pointer.

Tim, whose ancestral blood comes from the land whose eloquence, melodies and mirth have waked the world to wonder, looks the Irish gentleman all over—stylish, upstanding, muscles of steel, and just the fellow I would love to own. There are two or three pictures, had I been Mason, I would have left out. That wretched looking, long-eared Homer! Three cities, they say, claimed the original great Greek dead, which had spurned him living! Well, the picture of Homer, the mastiff, certainly would never make a village clown go wild over him. Let me advise his owner to have him sit again. I have never been much enamored of collies, but Scotilla's artotype gives me a shepherd craze. What a majestic mien! He looks the tireless guardian of uncounted flocks, and none but he to know their number.

Yes, it is a splendid book, splendidly gotten up, and it is a credit to its author and its progressive publishers, the Forest and Stream Company. To each all honor and rich reward. And with countless good wishes for a glad, bright Christmas and a New Year laughing with joy, I am, faithfully yours, STUART TAYLOR.

THAT RABBIT BAITING.

MR. C. J. PESHALL, a well-known sportsman, who is President of the New Jersey Kennel Club, and also a member of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, was seen by a reporter of FOREST AND STREAM and asked for his views as to the position Mr. Bergh has taken in trying to stop the Hempstead Coursing Club coursing with fox-terriers and rabbits. He said:

"Mr. Bergh merits the thanks of all sportsmen for his efforts in preventing all kinds and classes of cruelty, and surely this is cruelty."

"Then you regard this running rabbits with terriers as different from that coursing which is allowed and recognized in England?"

"Why, certainly, there are regularly organized coursing clubs, and the gentlemen and sportsmen of England course the hare with the greyhound. These meetings are usually well attended, and even the ladies grace them with their presence. The Long Island coursing claims to be governed by the English rules. It decidedly is not. This Long Island coursing with the terriers is called and designated by gentlemen and sportsmen in England as rabbit baiting, and is only practiced by what are called pit men and miners, or the lower classes. It is prohibited by law, and the Royal Society prevents it whenever they find it out, the same as they do rat baiting or dog fighting. Rabbit baiting, rat baiting and dog fighting are usually attended by the same class. I have here the rules of the Hempstead Club and it says 'from Stonehenge.' But if you look through the Stonehenge or English rules of the coursing club you will not find the fox-terrier mentioned once. You see that there has been one leaf added by this Long Island club; and it is only in their bye-laws that this fox-terrier rabbit coursing is mentioned. In California and Kansas and some other Western States you will find they are governed by the English rules, and that this fox-terrier baiting is not once mentioned in the rules. In the West the coursing is with the greyhound and what is known as the jack rabbit, which is similar to the English hare, and the hare often escapes from the hounds."

"Then you do not consider this Long Island rabbit coursing a legitimate sport?"

"Why, no, certainly not. No sportsman would shoot a quail on the ground or deprive it of its natural means of escape before he fires. Besides, this rabbit baiting is not only cruel but an unmanly sport, and if Mr. Bergh were to permit it on Long Island why should he prevent Mr. Gillhooly of the Bowery from renting Madison Square Garden, charging an admission fee and then baiting some fifty rabbits during an evening. I cannot see any difference or distinction.

"It is true that they do sometimes in England use the fox-terriers and rabbits, but it is always done secretly, because forbidden by law. I will read you this from the English *Stock-Keeper* of Nov. 23 last:

"By invitation of the genial and sporting spirit known in kennel circles as Lord Love'e, we attended a fox-terrier coursing meeting last Saturday afternoon. It was a cold windy day, and Tottenham Hale did not appear in a comforting aspect as we wended our way from the station to the Ferry Boat Inn. 'This course constitutes a lap,' said his lordship, and we entered the well-known resort of Lea fishermen for a warming lap. Then we picked our way in the soft ground along the riverside, shuddering at the gaunt, lonely look of the naked poplars. The river itself looked so cold and miserable that we think had we been a fish we should not have kept that lonely angler waiting so long while we made up our mind to get out of it.

"Arrived on the ground—a large treeless field—we found a small paying inclosure, and beyond it another for members. There were several book-makers present, who conducted their business in the usual noisy manner, in spite of the notice on the card that 'No betting is allowed.' In a small building to the rear of the members' enclosure the competitors were tied up in little compartments, built one above the other. The terriers were 'rugged,' and after each course were rubbed down and the rug put on again. We were told the rabbits were an exceptionally strong lot, and we certainly considered the slipping very efficient; but in spite of these favorable facts we were unable to get up any feeling of excitement over the business. The rabbits had no chance; only one got away, and that was because he was not wanted, but we think the prancing greyhound we noticed on the other side of the palings accounted for this runaway.

"Most of the coneys took their death noiselessly, but one poor little wretch squealed piteously. When a rabbit is put down that is weak or sick, and only just makes a few nervous hops, a man runs up to it, and with his heavy boot gives it a dull-sounding kick, and throws it back in the basket. This scene is so painful that we would rather see a single terrier slipped on it. The light was getting dim before the stakes were finished. We met a well-known wire-haired man on the ground, Mr. W. A. Nickalls, and heard that he takes a great interest in this pastime. Mr. Frank Redmond also rode up on horseback to watch the proceedings. Mr. Redmond told us he had bought a coursing fox-terrier for an American friend, and as he had been told that his purchase could beat Cardigan, he wanted to see this dog's performance—Cardigan won the first stakes on the card. We hear that Mr. Redmond afterward joined the club."

"Now you will often find that the lower classes indulge in this so-called sport, but there are very few gentlemen who would witness it, and ladies never attend. Dalziel speaks of this illegal sport as the poor man's coursing. I don't think that this rabbit baiting will ever be practiced or become a popular sport in this country. Cruelty publicly practiced and the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals cannot live in the same country. And you may rest assured that the Society is going to live. Unmanly sports can never flourish in America, except among the low and debased, and will never receive the sanction of the law's approval."

ST. BERNARD IMPORTATION.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. Harry L. Goodman, who has lately been in England with a commission for me, returned on Thursday last on the steamer Wyoming, bringing with him the St. Bernard dog, champion Burns, and the bitches Gloriana, Miscabel and Chieftainess, all winners at the late shows, and in addition to these the 4mos. smooth-coat St. Bernard St. Michael, by Austin Friar. All are now at my kennels, Oakhurst Kennels, Auburn Park, Ills., in charge of Mr. Goodman, and as soon as recovered from his long journey Burns will be placed in the stud.—R. P. H. DURREE.

SOUTH CAROLINA PET STOCK ASSOCIATION.—The first step toward the organization of a pet stock and poultry association for the State was taken at Charleston, Nov. 28. A call had been made by Mr. G. T. Graham, of Lexington, for all who were interested. A large number of gentlemen answered the call, and a temporary organization was effected by requesting Mr. Graham to take the chair and Mr. H. C. Caughman to act as secretary. Mr. Graham, upon taking the chair, stated the object of the call, which was to form an association which would be especially interested in the development and improvement of the poultry and pet stock of the State. He reviewed the advantages which would accrue from such development and improvement, and the increased pleasure to be derived from the possession of a high grade of domestic animals. The following names were then enrolled: F. W. Dawson, B. McInnes, W. P. Colson, Rudolph Siegling, M. F. Reynolds, E. Blodget, J. C. Hemphill, E. P. Welch, Charleston; John A. Graham, Chester; G. T. Graham, H. C. Caughman, H. A. Meetze, J. H. Coutts, J. K. Davis, A. L. Nunnamaker. At a meeting the next day the following gentlemen were appointed a committee on organization: F. F. Chapeau, L. W. Bicaise, W. P. Colson, B. McInnes, Eber Blodget, J. Alwyn Ball, G. T. Graham, T. W. Reynolds, F. W. Dawson, E. Willis, R. M. Solomons, J. O. Lea, F. C. Cunningham. On motion of Mr. Bicaise it was resolved that the meeting adjourn until Dec. 12.

KENNEL NOTES.

Notes must be sent on prepared blanks, which are furnished free on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope of large letter size. Sets of 200 of any one form, bound for retaining duplicates, are sent for 30 cents.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Pride of Wyoming. By Wyoming Kennels, Melrose, Mass., for orange tawny, correct markings, rough St. Bernard dog, whelped Sept. 19, 1888, by Phlinimmon (Pilgrim—Bessie II.) out of Lady Wellington (Duke of Wellington—Henly Juno).

Dashing Nellie. By Joe Lewis, Cannonsburg, Pa., for lemon belton English setter bitch, whelped July 4, 1884, by Dashing Monarch (Llewellin Dash II.—Countess Moll) out of List (champion Lincoln—Petrel II.).

Natlia. By Mount Waite Kennels, South Framingham, Mass., for black cocker spaniel bitch, age and pedigree unknown.

BRED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Juno L.—Nebo of Nesseldown. Geo. L. Rockwell's (Ridgefield, Conn.) collie bitch Juno L. (Gelert—Field's Juno) to A. R. Kyle's Nebo of Nesseldown (Sefton—Mavis), Dec. 1.

Dot—Red Rover. Curry & Parks's (Beason, Ill.) collie bitch Dot (A.K.R. 2709) to their Red Rover (Red Gauntlet—Brenda), Aug. 26.

Queen Victoria—Red Rover. Curry & Parks's (Beason, Ill.) collie bitch Queen Victoria (A.K.R. 2610) to their Red Rover (Red Gauntlet—Brenda), Oct. 12.

Lassie Jean—Red Rover. Curry & Parks's (Beason, Ill.) collie bitch Lassie Jean (Ben Lomond—Dot) to their Red Rover (Red Gauntlet—Brenda), Oct. 15.

Smoke—Red Rover. Wm. Morphis's (Atlanta, Ill.) collie bitch Smoke (imported Scot—Belle Clifton) to Curry & Parks's Red Rover (Red Gauntlet—Brenda), Oct. 9.

Belle Clifton—Red Rover. Curry & Parks's (Beason, Ill.) collie bitch Belle Clifton (A.K.R. 1561) to their Red Rover (Red Gauntlet—Brenda), Dec. 4.

Polly H.—Paul Gladstone. Mount Washington Kennels' (Pittsburgh, Pa.) English setter bitch Polly H. (Roderigo—Lit) to S. L. Boggs's Paul Gladstone (Gladstone—Lavellette), Nov. 20.

Dashing Novice—Paul Gladstone. Joe Lewis's (Cannonsburg, Pa.) English setter bitch Dashing Novice (Dash II.—Novel) to S. L. Boggs's champion Paul Gladstone (Gladstone—Lavellette), Nov. 13.

Dashing Nellie—Paul Gladstone. Joe Lewis's (Cannonsburg, Pa.) English setter bitch Dashing Nellie (Dashing Monarch—List) to S. L. Boggs's champion Paul Gladstone (Gladstone—Lavellette), Nov. 29.

Victoria Lavcrack—Gun. Chas. York's (Bangor, Me.) English setter bitch Victoria Laverack (Tempest—Lilly) to his Gun (Gladstone—May B.), Nov. 13.

Fanny—Albert. E. M. Byers's (Pittsburgh, Pa.) Blenheim spaniel bitch Fanny (Jim—Nellie) to B. F. Wilson's Albert (Sir Michael—Lily), Nov. 23.

Floss B.—Pete Obo. Quannapowitt Cocker Kennels' (Wakefield, Mass.) cocker spaniel bitch Floss B. (A.K.R. 3446) to A. S. Johnson's Pete Obo (champion Black Pete—Miss Ginger), Dec. 8.

Frantic—Sancho G. Mount Waite Kennels' (South Framingham, Mass.) cocker spaniel bitch Frantic (A.K.R. 6281) to their Sancho G. (A.K.R. 6100), Dec. 5.

Natlia—Pealer. Mount Waite Kennels' (South Framingham, Mass.) cocker spaniel bitch Natlia to H. C. Brondson's Pealer (champion Black Pete—Faunie Obo), Dec. 3.

Tiny—Bradford Harry. G. E. Richards's (Bangor, Me.) Yorkshire terrier bitch Tiny (Tug, A.K.R. 2704—Mistress Mary, A.K.R. 2705) to P. H. Coombs's Bradford Harry (Crawshaw's Bruce—Beale's Lady), Nov. 13.

WHELPS.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Dot. Curry & Parks's (Beason, Ill.) collie bitch Dot (A.K.R. 2709), Oct. 26, ten (six dogs), by their Red Rover (Red Gauntlet—Brenda).

Minnie. Howard Bros.' (Columbus, O.) pug bitch Minnie (Cricket—Pansy), Dec. 4, seven (four dogs), by A. E. Pitts's Kash (A.K.R. 6032).

Nun Nicer. A. E. Pitts's (Columbus, O.) pug bitch Nun Nicer (Douglas II.—Daisy II.), Dec. 7, three (one dog), by his Kash (A.K.R. 6032).

Bessie Glencho. Chas. Medler's (Brooklyn, N. Y.) Irish setter bitch Bessie Glencho (champion Glencho—Flame), Dec. 1, fifteen (twelve dogs), by Prof. L. P. Braive's Royal Ruby (champion Glencho—Lady Edith).

SALES.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

White Heather. White, with little sable, collie bitch, whelped Oct. 20, 1888, by Royal Monarch out of Cora Belle, by A. R. Kyle, South Norwalk, Conn., to W. Yardley, Norston, Conn.

Lady Catherine. Orange, white markings, St. Bernard bitch, whelped April 28, 1887, by Duke of Lancaster out of imported Doris, by Chas. D. Cugle, Hartford, Conn., to E. B. Sears, Melrose, Mass.

Gun (A.K.R. 1538)—Victoria Laverack (A.K.R. 4677) whelp. White, black and tan English setter dog, whelped June 11, 1888, by Chas. York, Bangor, Me., to W. F. Penniman, North Woodstock, Conn.

Topsy. Black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped April, 1888, by Shady out of Pet Obo, by Mount Waite Kennels, South Framingham, Mass., to Mr. McCulloch, Malden, Mass.

Natlia. Black cocker spaniel bitch, age and pedigree not given, by H. C. Brondson, Boston, Mass., to Mount Waite Kennels, South Framingham, Mass.

Donna Dolores—Donna Inez.—Editor Forest and Stream: Please correct error in your issue of Dec. 6, in Kennel Notes—Sales. Instead of Donna Inez we should have reported Donna Dolores sold to Mr. Whipple. They are litter sisters and the same color, so the entry is all right but the name. The error was an inadvertence on our part in writing the name.—WILSON FISKE.

Petross Bros. received the following letter from Richard Butler & Co., wholesale produce and commission merchants of Kansas City: "Kansas City, Mo., Nov. 23, 1888. Petross Bros., Springdale, Ark. Gents: There are several large banquets coming off here this winter and we are requested to procure some bear meat for them. We presume the price no object and if you can get us any, have no doubt we can make you some money. If you can get it ship or write at once and if not and know any hunter who gets such game please hand him this and much oblige, Yours truly, Richard Butler & Co. Shipping directions: Draw entrails and ship whole carcass." Owing to the heavy demand for this kind of meat the supply was exhausted some twenty-five years ago, and consequently Petross Bros. are unable to fill the order, but if Richard Butler & Co. should want some of the best patent roller flour for their coming banquets that is manufactured they are knocking at the right door.—*Springdale (Ark.) News.*

New Publications.

CHAPTERS FROM JANE AUSTIN. Edited by Oscar Fay Adams Boston: Lee & Shepard. Cloth, 75 cents. Contemporary with Sir Walter Scott, Jane Austin is the only woman writer of the first decades of the century whose works have stood the test of time. She never figured as a popular novelist, but there is a certain excellence in the quality of her work, which has won her the appreciation of the highest and most competent critics. Thackeray among others spoke of her writings in terms of unmeasured excellence. Her heroes and heroines are commonplace people, wise and otherwise, moving in good society, loving and acting as such people love and act in real life without any great display of chivalry or self-sacrifice. The characters are not idealized, her heroines are not girls like Scott's Rebekah, or Thackeray's Ethel, or Dickens's Florence, creations of the imagination, but the sort of girls that sensible cultured women would like to have for friends and neighbors, and sensible men select for their wives. Jane Austin is an artist and her admirers dwell emphatically on the artistic excellence of her work, but although the treatment of her subject is artistic her characters are in no sense creations. No criticism of her work can be juster than her own estimate of it when she compared it to that of miniature paintings on two square inches of ivory, displaying extreme attention to minuteness of detail. Every course of literary culture should involve an acquaintance with the writing of Jane Austin, and the present volume affords all that is necessary to a thorough appreciation of her life and labor.

Has the Bible anything to say about political economy? This question will be discussed in "The Bible and Land," shortly to be published at Morristown, Tenn., by its author, the Rev. James B. Converse.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Dec 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* On last Wednesday evening the St. Louis Pistol Club held its annual meeting for the election of officers and also made arrangements for another tournament to begin next Wednesday and continue twenty-one weeks, thirteen shoots being necessary to constitute an average. The old officers of the club were unanimously re-elected: L. V. D. Perret, President; W. Bauer, Vice-President; W. J. Lord, Secretary and Treasurer; E. C. Mohrstadt, G. W. Alexander and J. G. Schaaf with the officers constitute the Board of Managers. The coming shoot is to be a handicap. There will be a prize for the member having the highest handicap average, and a gold medal for the highest general straight average. The first shoot will take place next Wednesday evening on the new tourney. Messrs. Lord and W. Hettel were appointed a committee to secure the medal and also to select a prize. The two latter gentleman with Mr. Perret constitute the handicapping committee. The standard American target will still continue in use for the proposed shoot and a three pound pull of pistol will have to be used by all the club's members, which now makes the conditions of the shooting of the St. Louis Club just the same as practiced in the East. When the motion of the adoption of the three pound dull was made, only one of the thirteen who were present objected, consequently it went through with a rush.—UNSER FRITZ.

BOSTON, Dec. 8.—Perfect fall weather greeted the shooters today at the rifle range, and many were present to enjoy it. The wind was light from 9 o'clock, and shooting was very lively, each of the matches being well patronized. Following are the best scores made to-day:

Victory Medal Match.

H L Lee	10	9	8	10	9	6	8	8	8	10—86
J A Frye	8	9	10	9	8	7	8	10	9	8—86
A Maynard	9	8	9	7	10	5	8	10	10	6—82
F Martin	5	8	9	8	9	5	8	9	7	6—74

Rest Match.

J R Munroe	11	11	12	11	10	10	11	12	12	12	—112
A G Horne	12	10	10	10	11	8	11	11	10	12	—105
O T Moore	8	12	8	9	10	9	9	9	9	9	—104
J Jay	10	10	10	9	9	9	8	12	11	11	— 99
A Ballard	11	10	9	12	8	9	11	9	9	10	— 98
D C Howe	12	12	9	12	10	8	7	9	12	7	— 98
A Maynard	6	5	12	8	9	10	11	12	8	12	— 93
J Robinson	9	10	9	9	8	10	9	7	8	11	— 90

All-comers' Off-hand.

H Cushing	7	9	10	9	8	9	9	10	8	8—87
D L Chase	10	10	6	10	9	5	10	9	9	4—82
A Maynard	10	6	8	9	6	8	9	9	7	6—78
B W White	4	9	9	10	7	7	6	7	10	6—75
H Withington	8	8	3	8	9	4	8	7	8	6—69

Bronze Victory Medal.

J A Frye	6	9	10	8	9	8	9	9	9	9—86

Press Rifle Match.

A Keach	9	4	7	8	5	7	7	5	8	7—67
O Moore	0	7	2	10	7	10	2	6	3	4—51

State Militia Match.

C E Putnam..44455—22 45454—22 A S Field.....44454—21 33344—17

50yds. Revolver Match.

W W Bennett	10	7	9	10	9	10	10	10	9	10—94
S A Wesson	7	8	8	10	9	10	10	9	9	8—88
F O Martin	9	8	10	6	9	10	7	9	9	9—86
F Browne	9	8	8	7	9	7	8	10	8	8—82

WILMINGTON, Del., Dec. 4.—The winter shooting at Healdmoore Rifle Range to-day was made enjoyable by the addition of a good warm stove to the shooting house, so that the marksmen will enjoy their pastime through the cold winter days in as much comfort as though they were at their own homes. The shooting to-day, although favored by a perfect light, was rendered difficult by a tricky fish-tail wind, but some excellent scores were made. The monthly badge of the Wilmington Rifle Club was won by J. F. McCafferty. E. J. Darlington made an advance on his previous record at revolver practice, narrowly missing the goal of all marksmen's ambition—a score of 80 points.

Revolver Match, 30Yds., Standard Targets.

E J Darlington	10	8	10	10	7	6	8	9	6	4—78
J F McCafferty	10	6	10	8	9	5	3	4	5	—68
E Jackson	9	9	2	10	6	9	5	5	8	—67
C Heinel, Sr	6	5	8	8	3	7	4	5	8	9—63
E Williams	10	6	6	1	4	7	4	9	6	6—50
H Simpson	4	6	3	8	5	6	4	2	4	2—45

Wilmington Rifle Club's Monthly Badge Shoot, 200Yds., Standard Targets.

J F McCafferty	8	6	9	10	7	9	8	5	10	4—76
J E Seeds	8	9	6	7	6	6	5	5	10	8—70
C Heinel, Sr	6	6	6	4	10	7	6	6	6	9—65
H B Seeds	9	6	4	5	5	5	7	6	8	2—58
W A Bacon	5	6	6	5	3	4	10	5	8	4—56
H Simpson	6	5	4	5	5	5	6	5	7	7—55
C Fehrenbach	7	0	4	4	2	6	3	3	8	7—44

Continuous Match, 200Yds.

C. Heinel, Jr	10	9	6	6	10	9	10	10	5	6—81
J F McCafferty	9	8	9	10	5	7	6	9	8	10—81
H Simpson	9	7	9	8	8	7	4	10	8	7—77
J E Seeds	7	5	6	7	5	9	9	10	7	9—74
H B Seeds	4	5	8	5	8	7	6	8	5	7—63

Record Practice.

J F McCafferty	9	10	5	6	9	7	5	7	7	5—70
C Heinel, Sr	4	6	10	10	5	10	6	2	6	6—65
H B Seeds	10	4	4	5	6	6	5	8	6	6—60
W A Bacon	5	4	4	3	8	10	9	6	6	4—59
H Simpson (mil)	2	4	3	3	9	4	7	7	5	6—50

Military Badge Match, 200Yds., Creedmoor Target.

I R P Simpson	3	4	3	3	5	4	4	4	4	4—38
Sergt Johnson	3	5	4	3	4	4	3	4	3	3—36

LAWRENCE, Mass., Dec. 8.—The scores made at the regular shoot of the Lawrence Rifle Club to-day are as follows at 200yds.:

E F Richardson	10	10	6	10	10	9	10	8	9	10—91
C M Hill	10	9	6	10	7	9	10	7	10	8—86
A A Philbrick	8	9	5	7	9	9	10	7	10	10—83
O M Jewell	7	9	10	10	7	7	10	4	10	9—83
W Fischer	8	4	9	9	10	10	7	8	5	8—78
M Beal	9	8	6	7	7	6	8	8	10	7—76
J W Bean	7	5	7	8	8	10	9	6	10	6—76
C W Reynolds	9	5	6	7	7	8	6	8	4	6—66

NEW ORLEANS, La.—The New Orleans Rifle Club enjoys life as it goes and takes family wife, youngsters, and all to the club's own grounds, the Magnolia Gardens. The principal features are prize shooting and prize bowling for a very large number of handsome peizes; games for children and distribution of toys; the whole concluding with a dance. The members of the Rifle Club comprise the best German and Swiss citizens. The different committees of the club consist of 120 gentlemen.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 2.—The target ranges at Shell Mound Park were occupied to-day by the military companies and the Independent Rifles. Fair scores were made by all teams, as shown by the following list, 10 shots per man, Creedmoor target:

Company A, Fifth Infantry.

W H Perkman	42	S C Warner	41
G F Whitcomb	38	W F Osmond	39
R J Covasso	39	O Klengel	41
G E Shuey	40	C H Ellis	35
W J Downey	40	Geo Guston	41

Company F, Fifth Infantry.

J M Morrison	29	Pvt C G Webern	35
Pvt Tyrell	31	Pvt M C Boyer	34
Pvt Beaver	35	Pvt H Hayes	37
Pvt Cobbesdick	29	Sergt Hunt	27
Pvt A Bungle	32		

Company F, First Infantry.

	200	500		200	500
H L Pendleton	42	43	J T Eggert	37	40
R J Loughery	42	40	Chas Specht	34	36

Battery A, Second Artillery:

Fohlers	45	Spotts	43
Darcy	47	Speyer	39
Kennedy	36	Hickey	45
Beatty	41	Wickenbauson	42
Smythe	47	Carlile	45
Muller	42	Classen	40
Fabri	45	Geary	47
Russell	43	Hanly	44
McAvoy	30		

Independent Rifles:

J G Wintjen	36	P Eckhoff	32
J Wurtman	39	J Fallings	23
H Tonnemacher	40	L Hofman	22
J D Heisse	35		

Union Guards, Company B, Third Regiment, 200yds. range—Captain Kennedy 40, F. W. Ostrich 39, W. Busker 35, F. Hayes 36, J. Donohue 35, A. P. Bailey 31. J. Corbett 31, S. Pettills 29, F. R. Young 29, J. G. Gray 31, J. Seidenberg 30. After the marksmen's regular competition several pool shoots took place. That between Messrs. Schultz and Wurtsman attracted the most attention. It was a close match and was won by Schultz.

MIDLAND, Ont., Dec. 1.—The following match was shot by Newtonbrook and Midland rifle clubs each on their own range today. Both clubs are members of the Ontario Small-Bore Association. The match was shot under Association rules:

Newtonbrook.	100.	200.	Tot'l	Midland.	100.	200.	Tot'l
T S Humberstone	38	22	60	W Stewart	48	38	86
Jos Smith	41	17	58	Jas Gregg	37	15	52
Chas Holmes	37	28	65	C Clarkson	40	24	64
J Gilyeart	44	8	52	H F Swizer	36	38	74
A Muckle	41	40	81	T Elliott	29	29	58
G R Goulding	43	13	56	J Wallace	38	28	66
G W Irwin	40	17	57	A Crawford	40	18	58
R McCague	45	27	72	Jas Tyndal	38	24	62
J Morgan	27	32	59	A Miscambell	40	23	63
Jas. Nicol	39	16	55	Peter Clark	40	26	66
	395	220	615		386	263	649

Majority for Midland, 34 points.

STOLEN TROPHIES.—Providence, R. I., Dec. 7.—E. Harrison Sandford, ex-director of the National Rifle Association of America, has met with, to him, a serious loss. His elegant summer home at Narragansett Pier was entered by thieves on November 23 last, and a large collection of jewelry and medals—the latter trophies of his prowess as a marksman—was carried off. The most prized objects among the stolen goods were the *Spirit of the Times* badge of 1876, and the championship badge of the National Rifle Association of America, 1876. Inspector Coogan, of Boston, early this week arrested a man whom Detective Parker, of this city, recognized as an old thief and jail-bird named Thomas Knott, and on the latter's confession of the place of concealment about half of the plunder, including the *Spirit of the Times* badge, was recovered from a desolate spot near Point Judith.

DEPARTMENT REPORTS.—The reports of the Secretary of War and of his subordinates, so far as they refer to small arms, are more than usually interesting. Secretary Endicott says that all the States and Territories now have an active militia sufficient under the regulations to entitle them to receive ordnance and quartermasters' stores from the United States, excepting the State of Arkansas and the Territories of Arizona, Idaho and Utah. It is hoped that soon practical instruction in sea coast defences and the handling of heavy artillery may be given to the militia, and the officers of the army may be relied upon to give a zealous and cordial assistance. "By a generous supply of ammunition for target practice, to colleges where army officers are serving as instructors," the Secretary says, "it is possible that competitive contests in rifle shooting might in time become as popular with some of these inland colleges as boat racing is now at the universities of our seaboard." Discussing the operations of the Ordnance Department, the report states that during the fiscal year ended June 30, 1888, 41,150 rifles and carbines were manufactured at the national armory, and that investigations have been completed to determine the charge and projectile for an arm of smaller caliber than the present service piece. It is the intention to use compressed and perforated cartridges, but as yet the powder workers have not succeeded in producing a satisfactory powder, the desired velocity being accompanied by too great a pressure. This matter of a suitable powder is still under study and trial. The results obtained in France with the Lebel rifle seems to point to a radical change in the manufacture of powder for small arms.

Commodore Sicard, Chief of Ordnance in the navy, reports that a contract has been made with the Colts Arms Company, of Hartford, Conn., to manufacture for the navy 5,000 revolvers of a new design. This arm combines simultaneous extraction with a chamber cylinder which revolves sidewise by a hinge motion, permitting convenient and rapid loading. It is somewhat lighter than the old naval revolver and is considered in every respect much superior to it. The sample revolvers, on which the inspection of the rest of the contract is to be based, are very nearly finished, and a considerable amount of preliminary work on the contract has been done. The bureau has found it necessary to purchase 1,500 small arms for immediate use in the ships which are now approaching completion. The Lee magazine rifle of the latest construction has been selected, and a contract has been made with the Lee Arms Company. The bureau orders as few small arms of .45cal. as possible, believing that a reduction of caliber will soon take place.

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

NEW JERSEY CHAMPIONSHIP TROPHY.

SPRINGFIELD, N. J., Dec. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The return match for the New Jersey State championship trophy given by the Atlantic Ammunition Co. was shot on the Union Gun Club grounds here this afternoon, and resulted in a victory for E. D. Miller by a score of 90 to Johnson's 88. The match was shot at 50 bluerocks and 50 Ligowsky clays. A high west wind, nearly a gale, prevailed during the whole time and carried the birds in all manner of ways and at unknown angles, but the shooting of both contestants from first to last was excellent. Johnson shot an uphill race, and at the 18th bird tied Miller amid unbounded enthusiasm from the crowd. At this point it was any one's race, but the pace proved too fast for Johnson and he dropped two out of the next 20, while Miller broke them all. Johnson at once challenged Miller to shoot another match for the trophy, and it is to take place on Dec. 15, on the same grounds, at 100 Keystone targets each.

In the team race between Miller, Sickley and Sopher against Johnson, Roll and Conover much fun was made by the rivalry between Roll and Sopher, and whenever a bird was missed each would try to explain to the other how it happened. The shooting of Sickley was tip-top, and he evidently knows how to handle his 10-gauge Parker, and his wood powder shells seem to get there about every time; result, a badly used up clay-pigeon. Conover had been away in the Far West hunting deer, elk and the like and seemed to think a clay-pigeon pretty small game to catch on to. Following are the scores of both events.

Match at 50 bluerocks and 50 clay-pigeons, for the Atlantic Ammunition Co.'s championship trophy State of New Jersey, National Gun Association rules to govern. Benjamin Pudney, referee; J. Martin, roll scorer; time of match, 40 minutes:

E D Miller	11111111111111101111111—24
	11111111111111111111101—24
	11101111101111111101111—22
	00110011011111111111111—20—90
C H Johnson, Jr	11101011111111111111111—23
	11111111011111111111111—24
	10011111111100111111111—21
	11011011010101111111111—20—88

Miller used a 10-gauge L. C. Smith hammerless, rival shells loaded with 3¾drs. dead-shot powder and 1¼oz. No. 9 chilled shot for bluerocks and 1¼oz. No. 8 chilled for clays. Johnson handled a 12-gauge L. C. Smith hammerless, U. S. Cartridge Co.'s first quality shells loaded with 3drs. of Schultze powder, 1¼oz. No. 9 chilled for bluerocks and 1⅛ No. 7 chilled for clays.

After the above match had been shot the race for three bags of shot was called. Miller's team, composed of himself, A. Sickley and W. Sopher won, breaking 123 to the other team's 112. Following is the score, conditions, 50 Ligowsky clay-pigeons per man, thrown from 3 screened traps, National rules to govern. Benjamin Pudney, referee; Geo. Pudney, scorer:

E D Miller	00110011011111111111111111111111111111111110—43
A Sickley	11101111111111111111111111111111111111111110—42
W Sopher	11011101001010110111110101111101111111111111—38
	123
C H Johnson, Jr	11011011101101110111111111101111101011101111111110—59
J M Roll	01111111111000110011111111111111001111011111011—59
Dr Conover	10111110011011011010110101010111111101111010110—54
	112

SPRINGFIELD, N. J., Dec. 3.—The Union Gun Club, of Springfield, held its twelfth and last monthly prize shoot for 1888 on its grounds here this afternoon, and although not many of the boys showed up, still there were enough present to make it very hot, and extremely pleasant for the interested parties until the last shot was fired. The main event of the afternoon, after the prize shoot was finished, was the shoot for the turkey supper. Teams were chosen from the members present by Captains Roll and Haines. Roll won the first choice and chose the following team: Miller, Sopher, Conover and Sayre. Captain Haines looked after Johnson, Sickley, Williams and Parker. Haines's team led off, and from the first to the last shot all was excitement, as both teams were very evenly matched, notwithstanding Roll had the champion of the State. At the finish it was found that Haines's team had won by two birds, so Captain Roll called on his men to step up to the captain's office (his large pocket) and settle, which was promptly done. Following are the scores and conditions; prize shoot, 25 bluerocks per man, 3 screened traps, National rules; Ben Pudney, referee:

E D Miller	1111111111111111111111111—25
C H Johnson, Jr	11101011111101111111111—22
J M Roll	11111011011011111111110—21
W Sopher	11111110011111111100001—19
A Sickley	11111101011011011111111—21
Dr Conover	11111111011111111111011—23
D H Sayre	10111011101101011000101—16
W Parker	11011011110111010101011—18
W Haines	11001110101110011010111—17
R Williams	11110111111111111011100—21
D Newton	11011101011010100001103—14

Miller first, Conover second, Johnson third, Roll, Sickley, Williams fourth, Sopher fifth, Parker sixth, Haines seventh.

Turkey shoot, 15 bluerocks per man, thrown from three screened traps, National rules to govern. Losers to pay for the supper, B. Pudney referee:

Haines's Team.		Roll's Team.	
C H Johnston	111100110110110—10	E D Miller	111111111111110—14
A Sickley	00011110101110— 8	W Sopher	11111011110010l—11
R Williams	11101111111111—13	Dr Conover	11110100011111—11
Wm Parker	01010111101111—11	D H Sayre	10001101010101— 8
W Haines	11111100011111—12	J M Roll	00011101010101— 8
	54		52

At 6:15 P. M. all the members assembled at Blodgett's Hotel, about a mile from the club house, and sat down to one of his famous suppers. The tables were loaded down with all the delicacies of the season, and the boys did ample justice to the good things thus displayed. After the inner man had been satisfied a vote of thanks was tendered to our worthy host, and all united in saying that if any one is looking for a turkey supper Blodgett's is the place and Blodgett is the man that knows how to cook and serve it. After dinner the members adjourned to a parlor kindly put at our service by Mr. Blodgett, and a business meeting was held. The following officers were unanimously elected for 1889: J. M. Roll, President; C. H. Johnson, Jr., Secretary; E. D. Miller, Manager; Ben Pudney, Boss Trapper. The next thing in order was to give out the prizes for 1888, as follows: E. D. Miller, first, diamond badge; Johnson, Jr., second, gold badge; Roll third, silver badge; Conover fourth, corduroy hunting coat; Haines fifth, leather gun case; A. Sickley sixth, corduroy pants; and Sayre seventh, canvas hunting coat. Miller also wins the $10 gold piece for best average for any six shoots, having broken 149 out of a possible 150, or nearly 100 per cent. For the coming year the club offers 13 prizes in merchandise and gold, also four prizes for the best averages on any eight regular monthly shoots. 12-BORE.

CANADIAN TRAP NOTES.

MONTREAL, Dec. 1.—The third shoot in the "club" series came off to-day with a good attendance. The interest in these shoots seems to be on the increase, and considerable excitement was shown as the competition drew to a close, Alexander, Paton and Cowley leading. The gun was won by E. A. Cowley after a tie and shoot off with A. Alexander. Paton having unfortunately gone to pieces at the most critical moment, left Cowley and Alexander with 17 points each. Contrary to expectation, Alexander failed to come up to his average on the shoot-off, while the secretary-treasurer was shooting in good form. A gusty wind affected the shooting materially. Two sweeps were shot at 5 birds each, the winners in the first being: James 1, Williams 1, and Cowley 3. The second sweep resulted as follows: Cowley first, James second, Taylor third. Mr. F. G. Verity refereed, in his usually able manner. It was cold work, but it did not affect the refereeing. The score stood:

Conditions, 20 Peoria blackbirds, 18yds. rise. Mr. F. G. Verity, referee; Mr. G. Oliver, scorer:

H James	10111100111110001001—2—14
E Sharp	11100100001100100000—4—11
E A Cowley	01001011111100110111—4—17
W Mack	00301010110010,0000—4—10
J B Robertson	01110103000000010001—4—11
J Paton	01111001111110001—2—15
A Alexander	11011111001011011110—3—17
A Lockhart	01001000011000161011—2— 9
N Parker	01110001110111001o1—2—14
F Orr	00010111111101111111—3—16
W Henry	11000000110000010010—8—14

Cowley and Anderson tieing with 17. The shoot-off resulted as follows:

Cowley	01111011111000—10	Anderson	00010010000100— 3

A sweep at 5 birds then followed:

James	11111—5	Parker	11111—5
Sharp	00001—1	Mack	00100—1
Cowley	01011—3	Taylor	10010—2
Lumsden	00100—1	Williams	11011—4
Alexander	01101—3	Capt Douglas	00110—2

James, first; Williams, second; Cowley, third.

Second sweep at 5 birds:

James	11001—3	Williams	00101—2
Sharp	10001—2	Mack	11000—2
Cowley	10111—4	Parker	10001—2
Lumsden	01000—1	Taylor	01010—2
Alexander	03010—1		

Cowley, first; James, second; Taylor third.

MONTREAL, Dec. 1.—At the present rate of shooting it will take some time to decide the ownership of the Horsely gun, which is put up for open competition by the Dominion Gun Club. There have been five shoots so far, and each has been won by a different person; and as the gun must be won three times before becoming the property of any one it would take a good prophet to say who will be its ultimate possessor. Much interest is being taken in the shoots. Following is to-day's score. Open shoot for the Horsely gun, at 20 Peoria blackbirds, 18yds. rise:

J Jones	11111101011111101111—17
Parizeau	11111111010111111111—17
W Ferg's	n1011101111001111111—16
Shackwell	11001111011111101110—15
Redmond	11111110000010101111—13
Dr Tolley	11001010111110101101—13
G Brault	11111000111001101110—13
C Horsely	10001010111111010111—13
D Fox	01101011100001100111—11
Doig	10011011110010110100—11
M O'Rell	10 0101011100101100—11
J Smith	00100010101011101000— 9

Ties: J. Jones 3, Parizeau 1. Previous shoots.—1. D. Robinson 17. 2. W. L. Cameron 17. 3. H. Fergusson 19. 4. C. Horsely 17. 5. J. Jones 17.

TORONTO, Dec. 4.—A grand two-days' pigeon shoot commenced at Dave Beldam's grounds, Malvern, this morning. The gun clubs were all well represented, nearly 30 competitors entering the first event, Josh Wayper took the lead with 15 straight, killed in a masterly way; Dan Blea, Charles Ayre, W. Heatherington and W. McDowall following him close with 14 each. The birds were strong and flew well, although the snowstorm, which

prevailed during the afternoon, caused a few to be somewhat sluggish. Match 1 opened but did not finish on the first day.

Dec. 5.—Dave Beldam's big shoot was closed this evening, after two days' good sport. Dave is noted for getting quick-flying pigeons. Nobody knows where they come from, and it is very hard to keep track of them when they leave. The traps are scarcely open when they are out and off like bullets. The birds on this occasion were no exception. They flew well and were very strong, many being hit hard with both barrels would drop dead outside the boundary flags. The city gun clubs were well represented, and quite a number of sportsmen were present from a distance. Mr. Josh Wayper, of Haspeler, brought his Greener into play for the three first prizes, killing 39 out of 40 strong pigeons, and used his second barrel but two or three times. Mr. Dan Blea also shot in very fine form, and followed Josh very closely. Mr. Rennie refereed the shoot to the satisfaction of all, and Mr. Beldam may be heartily complimented. The score:

Shoot No. 1, 15 pigeons, 26yds. rise, 100yds. boundary, prizes $35, $25, $15, $12, $8, $5:

J Wayper	111111111111111—15	G Morley	111111110011100—11
D Blea	111111111101111—14	W H Jackson	111101010110111—11
Heatherington	101111111111111—14	F Peterman	101101111010110—10
C Ayre	111110111111111—14	T Sawdon	110111010101001—10
W McDowall	011111111111111—14	J Iredale	111100011010100—9
J Bell	111110111111111—13	W Jefferson	001011111011010—9
D Beldam	111110111110111—13	T Wilson	100000110011011—7
T Morcroft	111111111110110—13	R Meldrum	000001110101011—7
D Chapman	100111111101111—12	N. Burton	010011000011110—7
G Henry	010111110111101—11		

Ties at 14—Blea 5, Ayre 4, Heatherington 4, McDowall 3. Ties at 13—Bell 5, Beldam 4. Ayre and Heatherington div. third and fourth prize.

Shoot No. 2.

Same conditions and prizes as No. 1 shoot:

J Wayper	111111111111111—15	J Walton	101011111111010—11
G Henry	111111110110111—13	D Beldam	111000011011111—10
D Blea	110101101111011—12	T Wilson	011011011101101—10
F. Mallett	001111001111111—12	C Ayre	000101100111111—10
J Bell	001111111101101—11	R Adams	101111000111110—10
W McDowall	111111010111100—11	T Taylor	100101100111010— 8
Geo T Smith	101101111011110—11		

Blea and Mallett divided third and fourth prizes. Ties at 11: Bell 4, McDowell 3, Smith 2, Walton 1.

Sweep at 10 pigeons, four prizes, ties divided:

Wayper	0111111111—9	Adams	0110111110—7
Henry	0111110111—8	Miller	0001111011—6
Blea	0111111011—8	Wilson	1011101001—6
Ayre	1111001110—7	Bell	1001110001—5

Double shoot, 10 pigeons a side:

Beldam	11111—5	Morley	11111—5
Heatherington	11111—5	Paul	10110—3

Sweep at 5 Peoria blackbirds:

G Morley	11111—5	D Grant	10111—4
W Hobbs	11111—5	J Walton	11100—3

Morley won tie.

OTTAWA, Dec. 7.—The St. Hubert Gun Club were duly on hand to shoot for the silver cup with the Ottawa Gun Club. The latter defaulted and the St. Hubert's team shot, and now claim the handsome cup according to the conditions. The following were the team scores at 15 Ligowskys, 18yds. rise, 5 traps: E. White 12, R. Dalton 11, P. Thomson 11, G. White 11, A. Throop 10, J. Desiauriers 9.

CLEVELAND, O., Dec. 6.—The East End Gun Club grounds at the head of Cornell street presented a lively appearance to-day, when over thirty sportsmen assembled to take part in the bluerock prize contest, the East End shoot, and the sweepstake events which followed. The bluerock contest was the first of a series of twelve shoots for money prizes, and the local shooters showed their appreciation of the donor's generosity by entering in the first shoots. The conditions were 25 single bluerocks at 18yds, haziness of the atmosphere alone was to the disadvantage of the rise, 3 traps, the rules of the club on the grounds on which the contest occurred prevailing. The conditions were most favorable. The wind did not interfere with the flight of the targets and the contestants. Messrs. Maggo and Phare tied for the first badge, but on account of darkness they postponed shooting off the tie. Paul North won the second badge, with a score of twenty-three. The score follows:

Story	1111101111011011110000110—17
Paul North	1111111111111111101101—23
W Sweetman	1110111010111111111101110—20
J Held	1111110011101001100100000—14
A B Jones	1001101130010111110101111—17
H Phare	1111111111101111111111111—24
C F Knight	0000000010011001010110111—10
McHenry	1011011111111001101111011—19
Capt Bryant	0111111111111111101101111—23
Dr June	1101001111101111111101111—19
F J Maggo	1111101111111111111111111—24
H J Martin	0011001100101011110111011—15
C M Root	0101111111101111111111101—21
A Forrester	1111111110101110011101111—20
C H K	0111111110101013011100011—19
D A Upson	0111101101111111110111111—19
D Keys	1001100111001100111001111—19
J W Keith	1011111010110101110000311—16
Wm Bell	0111111100111110001101111—18
H Cross	1110111111101011111101111—21
Coggswell	1111111011110011111011011—20
C F Wall	1111111110111101111111011—22
Corwell	1111111101110111101101111—21
W Tamblyn	1110101110001001000101000—11
J J Prechtel	1111001111010111111101111—20
W Weaver	1111111101111010101011010—19
C Calhoon	1111110111101111111111111—23

A sweepstake event, the conditions of which were 9 single bluerocks sprung from 3 traps at 18yds., followed. The entrance fee was fifty cents, the purse being divided into three moneys. The totals follow: C. H. K. 7, Keith 7, North 7, Upson 8, Forrester 7, Held 8, Keyes 4, Story 7, Jones 6, Wherry 6, Sweetman 6, Kilby 8, Phare 7, Burns 8, Bell 7, Cross 7, June 7, Coggswell 9, Calhoon 9, Coggswell and Calhoon divided first money, Burns outshot Kilby, Held and Upson, who tied with him for second money on 8, and for third money North beat Keith, Story, C. H. K. and Phare, who grassed 7.

HUTCHINSON, Kan.—The H. G. C. held a Thanksgiving shoot, and Commodore Young did the boys up great with the little Greener. There were but a few members present on account of the weather, but we built a bonfire and had quite a good time. Inclosed find scores.

First match, 12 single bluerocks:

Taylor	10110101100—7	Conklin	100101001100—5
Young	10111111100—9	George	011111011001—8

Club match, 15 singles and 5 pairs:

Taylor	101101101111111	11 11 11 10 10—20
Young	111011111101011	11 11 01 11 10—20
Conkling	100101100111110	11 00 11 11 10—16
George	100111101011111	10 10 10 10 00—14
Forsha	100101111100000	11 01 11 00 11—15

Third match, 9 singles and 3 pairs:

Young	111111111 11 10 10—13	Will Allen	111110010 10 10 10— 9
George	111111100 10 11 11—12	Allen	100100001 11 10 01— 7
Forsha	110011011 01 11 10—10	Conkling	111000001 00 01 00— 5
Taylor	101111101 10 10 10—10		

Fourth match, 10 singles:

Young	1111101111—9	George	1111001001—6 -110
Allen	1011001110—6—101	Will Allen	1011001110—6—101
Taylor	0010101111—6—111	Forsha	0111010010—5

STICE VS. CARTER.—J. R. Stice, of Jacksonville, Ill., and L. S. Carter, of Hammond, shot a pigeon match at Decatur, Ill., Wednesday, Dec. 5, for the championship of the United States and $250 a side. The terms were 50 live pigeons, 30yds. rise, ground traps, and privilege of using both barrels. Stice won by a score of 43 to 42. Stice used a Parker gun, 7lbs. and 14oz., while Carter used a Smith gun, 7lbs. and 8oz. A few days ago Carter wrote to a Cleveland sportsman telling of his preparation for the match, and saying that he expected to defeat his ambitious rival. In writing he said that he always had his shells loaded with Schultze powder, shooting No. 9 soft shot in the first barrel, and No. 6 in the second. He claims that this combination is the best for live bird races and he has always used shells loaded as above in all live bird matches in which he has taken part. The general rule among live bird shots is No. 8 chilled in the first barrel and No. 7 in the second. Carter was never beaten prior to his trial of skill with Stice. W. A. Henninger, a Chicago sportsman, refereed the match. The shooting was scarcely over when Charles Budd, of Des Moines, Ia., challenged the victor. It is worthy of note that in this match Stice shot the new Parker hammerless, the very first one of these new guns turned out from the Parker works. His success with it demonstrates the merits of the new make and is doubtless a source of satisfaction to the manufacturers.

NEWARK, N. J., Dec. 12.—The special attention of all gun clubs in Essex county is called to the meeting of the Essex County Gun Association, to be held next Friday evening at Von Lengerke & Detmold's. A permanent organization will be effected, and every club is requested to send two representatives.

SLATINGTON, Pa., Dec. 4.—Inclosed find score of some shooting matches held at Copley, $50, between Dye, of Easton, and Lewis, of Copley:

Dye.....1110100101110010110—11 Lewis.....1111101011111110011—15

Second match between Hankee, of Slatington, and Kern, of Copley, $50 a side:

Hankee..001110110110011111101—14 Kern.....110000011110111111111—15

Match here, live birds, between Hankee, of this place, and Kern, of Copley. $100 a side, 31 birds, 21yds. rise:

Hankee.....0110111111001101111110111011—23

Kern.....1110111111101111110011110101100—22

Sweepstake:

Keichline	11110—4	Nettles	11011—4
Berkemeyer	10011—3	Buchwalter	11111—5
Hankee	10111—4	Sieger	11101—4

Ties on 4, miss and out, Hankee 7, Nettles 8.—JOHN WERT.

CHRISTMAS AT WALNUT HILL.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Owing to an existing spirit of generous rivalry between two prominent New England trap shots, of no inconsiderable repute, viz., Messrs. H. G. Wheeler, of Marlboro, Mass., and O. R. Dickey, of Boston, as to which is the better man at the trap, and in order to determine the matter, a match has been arranged between the parties, at 100 single clay-pigeons each, from 5 traps, to take place at Walnut Hill Tuesday, Dec. 18. Each contestant has evidenced confidence in his own ability by risking a given amount of his pecuniary substance on the result of the contest. The match is creating a large degree of local interest, as both contestants are well and favorably known, and thought to be very nearly equal in ability—champions of each being about evenly divided—and a close and exciting contest is expected. It is reported that considerable amounts are being staked on the results of the contest. Herewith please find programme of minor events—open to all—which have been arranged for the enjoyment of any who may wish to witness the match and participate in the pleasures of the day, entrance from 25 cents to $5: First, 5 clay birds, 5 traps; second, 6 standard targets, 3 traps; third, 6 standard targets, 21yds., straightaway; fourth, 10 clay birds, 5 traps; fifth, 10 standard targets, 3 traps; sixth, 25 clay birds, 5 traps; seventh, 3 pair standard targets; eighth, 50 clay birds, 5 traps; ninth, 10 standard targets, 3 traps; tenth, (at 1:30 P. M.), match between G. H. Wheeler and O. R. Dickey; eleventh, 10 standard targets, 3 traps; twelfth, 6 standard targets, 21yds., straightaway; thirteenth, 6 standard targets, 3 traps; fourteenth, 3 pair standard targets; fifteenth, miss and out. Dinner served, and loaded shells for sale, at the range.—H. S. HARRIS, Secretary, Equitable Building.

WELLINGTON, Mass., Dec. 8.—There was a good attendance at the grounds of the Wellington Club to-day, and some good scores were made in the badge and merchandise matches. In the badge match the following scores were made: Snow 14, Bond 15, Webster 11, Grimes 15, Schaefer 10, Baker 16, Conant 10, Scott 10, Melcher 10, Bradstreet 17, Savage 15, Blake 15, Chapin 10, Frank 13, Hincks 12, Perry 12, Earnest 8, Stanton 16, Swift 14, Edwards 17, Moore 14, Bert 18, Pete 13, Stone 8, Nichols 12, Chase 14. The scores in the merchandise matches were as follows: Snow 15, Bond 15, Webster 12, Grimes 13, Schaefer 16, Baker 15, Conant 14, Melcher 14, Bradstreet 16, Savage 17, Chapin 14, Herrick 14, Perry 19, Stanton 19, Swift 12, Edwards 12, Bert 15, Moore 18. In the other events first moneys were captured as follows: Six pigeons, Moore and Herrick; 10 pigeons, Schaefer, Bradstreet, Bert and Perry; 10 bluerocks, Baxter; 10 bluerocks, Perry; 6 pigeons, Snow, Chase, Bert and Schaefer; 6 bluerocks, Swift, Perry and Schaefer; 6 bluerocks, Bert and Schaefer; 6 bluerocks, Bert, Moore, Snow and Perry; 10 bluerocks, Perry; 10 pigeons, Bradstreet, Stanton, and Melcher. The club will hold an all-day tournament Dec. 20, at which the individual badge of the Massachusetts Shot Gun Association will be contested for by A. W. Gore. It is now held by M. C. Poor.

TRENTON, Dec. 7.—A live pigeon match was shot at Trenton, N. J., between Messrs. Houston, of Trenton, and Meeks, of Riverside, N. J., for $25 a side. Miles L. Johnson was trapper:

Houston .....1111111111111—15 Meeks.....1111111100110—12

Meeks will shoot a match with "Curley" Sampson as soon as the latter is able to shoulder a gun.

Canoeing.

Canvas Canoes and how to Build Them. By Parker B. Field. Price 50 cents. Canoe and Boat Building. By W. P. Stephens. Price $1.50. The Canoe Aurora. By C. A. Neidé. Price $1. Canoe Handling. By C. B. Vaux. Price $1. Canoe and Camera. By T. S. Steele. Price 1.50. Four Months in a Sneakbox. By N. H. Bishop. Price $1.50. Canoe and Camp Cookery. By "Seneca." Price $1.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signal, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and report of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

Commodore—J. R. Bartlett, Fremont, Ohio.
Vice-Commodore—D. H. Crane, Chicago, Ill.
Rear-Commodore—C. J. Stedman, Cincinnati, Ohio,
Secretary-Treasurer—O. H. Root, Cleveland, Ohio.
Executive Committee—C. J. Bousfield, Bay City, Mich.; T. P. Gaddis, Dayton, O.; T. J. Kirkpatrick, Springfield, O.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

OFFICERS, 1887-88.

Commodore: H. C. ROGERS, Peterborough, Can.
Secretary-Treasurer: GEO. W. HATTON, Peterborough, Can.

	Vice-Com.	*Rear-Com.*	*Purser.*
Central Div.	W. R. Huntington.	E. W. Masten	T. H. Stryker, Rome, N. Y.
Atlantic Div.	W. P. Stephens	L. B. Palmer	F. L. Dunnell, 186 Jerolemon St., Brooklyn.
Eastern Div.	H. E. Rice, M. D.	Maxton Holmes	H. D. Marsh, Springfield, Mass.
N'thern Div.	Robert Tyson	S. S. Robinson	Colin Fraser, Toronto.

Applications for membership must be made to division pursers, accompanied by the recommendation of an active member and the sum of $2.00 for entrance fee and dues for current year. Every member attending the general A. C. A. camp shall pay $1.00 for camp expenses. Application sent to the Secy-Treas. will be forwarded by him to the proper Division.

Persons residing in any Division and wishing to become members of the A. C. A., will be furnished with printed forms of application on by addressing the Purser.

A SLIDING SEAT FOR CANOES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The article by "C. A. G." interested me, because in the fall of 1887, after the meet at Lake Champlain, I fitted a boat with a sliding seat and tested it thoroughly to see if an increased speed could not be gained with the same expenditure of strength. Having done considerable shell rowing, and knowing the great power brought into the stroke by the use of the great muscles of the leg, I hoped that the same power could be utilized for fast paddling. The results that season were not especially satisfactory, so during the winter designed and had built by Ruggles the present Narka, a boat for the sliding seat, as near the dimensions of a shell as the existing rules would allow her to be; but after a thorough trial I abandoned the idea as not a practical one for canoe racing.

The greatest objection to its adoption being the vertical motion given the boat, an alternate raising and dipping of bow and stern, making the boat drag or bury constantly, and so very seriously interfere with the headway. The condition does not obtain in a shell because of its greater length.

Another objection to it is the slowness of the stroke required; for while a man in fast paddling will stroke 30 or 40 times a minute, he can work the slide not more than 20 times at most; and although he catches the water 15in. further forward and pulls a more powerful stroke, yet he loses speed, one reason for this being that he has to hold his paddle up and pull himself up the slide, against the wind, by a decided outlay of strength instead of the easy recover in rowing, when he slides with the wind and merely pushes his oar from a fixed fulcrum. This takes strength and, what is even more important, wind, and all this counts in a hot race for a thousand yards or a mile. The actual speed was tested thoroughly over a measured course, then compared with the speed of the same boat fitted with my own high seat and foot brace, and found to be several seconds slower when the slide was used.

It does however give a man an advantage at the start of a race, the leg thrust making the first stroke a very important one, and I think I should have used it for that purpose during the past season, had it not been for the existing prejudice against special appliances for racing. I had a seat made with smooth surface on which I could slide four or five inches and so use the leg muscles, an expedient which I found very useful. That the use of a sliding seat will give a man much more general exercise no one can deny, and for that purpose it is well worth the trial for pleasure paddling.

I should say it might be very useful also in reducing the weight when that is an object, but for racing it seems to me that the quieter a man sits in his boat and economizes strength and wind, with feet well strapped to a footboard, shoulders square, and leaning from the hips only, the greater speed he will attain. Paddling is a grand sport, and brings health and muscle if properly indulged in, and if the sliding seat will bring out more good paddlers, let us have it. I am but one of the mighty host of canoeists and may be wrong in my views of the mattter.

NARKA.

THROUGH BULL'S FALLS TO HARPER'S FERRY

LEAVES FROM THE LOG OF THE FRANKIE.

[*Concluded from page 399.*]

THE night passed quietly and comfortably. George's blankets were drenched of course, so I gave him part of mine and took part of his, and we made up a very good bed in our canoes by laying the wet blankets first and covering them with our rubber sheets before putting in the dry ones.

The morning broke bright and fair and we were early astir. Our canoeing costumes were stowed away and other clothing procured from our navy bags and donned, and while disposing of our breakfasts—our last meal on the cruise—our friends the mountaineers again appeared on the scene, and after dickering awhile with them, a bargain was struck in which they agreed to put the canoes in the express office, across the river, so the tents were speedily struck and the boats packed and carried a quarter of a mile further down the river.

We were still nearly a mile up the river from the ferry, just above the Potomac where the final landing was made, and our camp was just opposite the worst of the reefs, over which the river fell in foaming cataracts, whose deep heavy roar sounded in our ears all night.

I launched the Frankie below the reefs and paddled across and down the river, past the ferry landing and under the bridge, out of the Shenandoah into the Potomac, where I beached my boat under the railroad bridge, and then paddled back up to the ferry again, and waited for George, who soon appeared, crossing in the large ferry skiff with our assistants, towing the Rosa, and in a few minutes the canoes were beached, the ferryman duly and inevitably squabbled with over his fares—for we were strangers and he did the best he could to take us in—and the boats were soon lying securely packed, closed and duly labeled in the express office.

We climbed the heights back of the picturesque and dilapidated old village, and as we stood on Jefferson's Rock and looked down the grand vista through the world-famous gorge at the united waters of the Shenandoah and Potomac breaking among and over the rocks and ledges and debris of the scooped-out mountain, the great waves plainly visible, though over a mile away, their foam-crested summits flashing in the bright golden midsummer sunlight, floating everywhere around us; and turned and looked up the deep, narrow gorge through which we had come upon the whitened, tossing, flashing waters of the Shenandoah, we realized that we were through it all, and had reached our destination, and that our long, difficult, but withal pleasant and successful cruise of 192 miles and two and a half weeks was ended. I say pleasant advisedly; it was not all hardships and dangers, for while it had its hardships and trials and actual perils, it had its pleasure also; and the memories of still shady reaches of smooth water mirroring the superb mountain landscapes in its placid bosom, alternated with swift exhilarating rapids, not so rough as to be unpleasant or hazardous, inspiring mountain views and lively pastoral prospects, pleasant days and nights in camp—the uneventful, unrecorded, every-day enjoyable features which really constituted the greater part of the cruise—will occupy a cherished place in our recollections long after the trials and discomforts and the hardships, if not the actual dangers, have been forgotten.

F. R. W.

"SAIL AND PADDLE"—"AMERICAN CANOEIST."—The many friends of the *American Canoeist* will be glad to hear that its late serious illness has not terminated fatally, as some had begun to fear, but that it is once more up and about, though in new hands. The paper has been purchased by Mr. W. E. Pentz, who will publish it monthly under the title of *Sail and Paddle*, the old name appearing as a sub-title. The first number, for January, 1889, is out, and the other numbers are promised by the first of each month. The initial number presents a very neat appearance, the size being reduced to 6×8¼in., or uniform with the last A. C. A. Year Book. The number is quite interesting, though we notice several familiar old friends among the cuts. The next number will be edited by Mr. C. B. Vaux, the former editor of the *Canoeist*, who will henceforth look after the editorial department, Mr. Pentz managing the business of the paper. Under two such able managers it is likely to attain that success which it deserves at the hands of canoeists.

A. C. A. SECRETARY-TREASURER'S REPORT.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In the balance sheet published in your last issue is an item, "Com. Gibson, incidental expenses 1888, $45.80." Will you please supplement this item with the following explanation of how it was spent:

For camp carptenter work and man in attendance	$35.33
Lanterns and kerosene	7.10
Steamer Ticonderoga, freight for A. C. A. tent	.75
Stamps at camp post-office	.52
Rushton for cordage	2.10
	$45.80

R. W. GIBSON.

"HOW SIX WENT DOWN THE SEVERN."—The handsome Christmas number of the Toronto *Globe* contains a very good cruise under the above title by Vice-Com. Tyson of the Northern Division. It is illustrated by Mr. Kelly of the Toronto C. C., some of whose work was seen in the FOREST AND STREAM last week.

OFF FOR FLORIDA.—Com. and Mrs. Munroe will sail for Florida on Dec. 15 on the steamer Lampasas from New York. Com. Munroe will take with him the new yacht just compieted at Tottenville.

BRITISH CANOE ASSOCIATION.—The site for next year's camp will be on Lake Windermere, a beautiful sheet of water somewhat similar to Lake George.

Yachting.

CAT YAWLS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

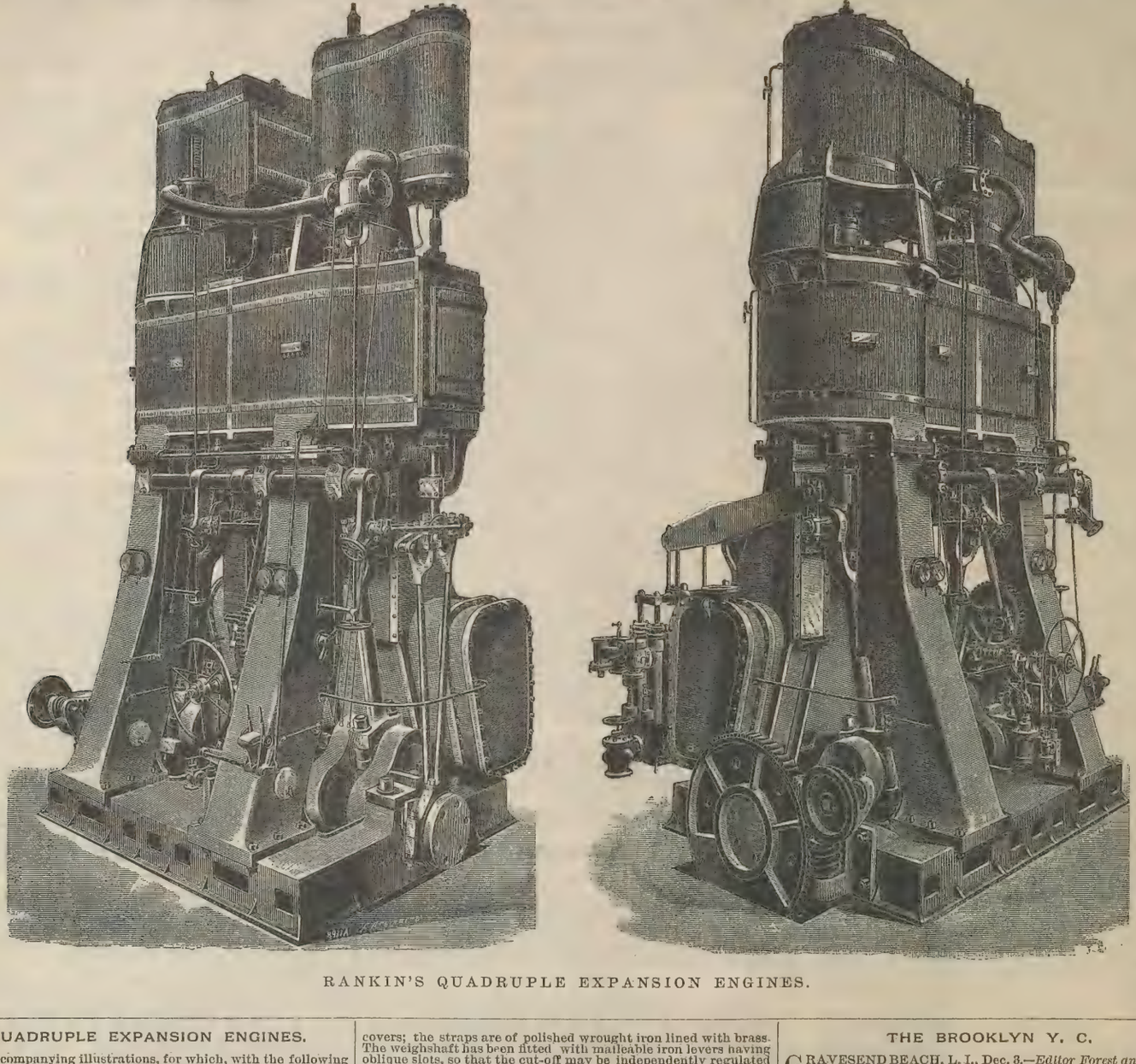
The lines of the Empress in your last issue are full of interest. They show how widely we have departed from the American sloop and how completely the "cutter ideas," advocated exclusively through your paper, have been accepted. As a writer recently expressed it in the San Francisco *Chronicle*: "The American sloop is as extinct as the dodo."

You are hardly exact in giving the Herreshoffs credit for the introduction of the cat yawl rig. Several years before their Consuelo came out, Mr. Buchanan Henry, of New York, had given the rig a trial, and the same practice has long pertained in Block Island boats. I have also seen the regular main and mizen frequently adopted in decked sharpies here and in Key West sponge fishers. The credit of drawing the attention of the yachting public to the handiness of this peculiar rig belongs to the FOREST AND STREAM, which in time gone by devoted considerable attention the subject. But being years ahead of the rest of the public your efforts in behalf of the rig have been forgotten and fresh claimants have arisen, as is the case with nearly all the improvements in American yachts and yachting methods. The public is only now catching up with your journalin the matter of cat yawls, just as it is beginning to accept without reservation the "cutter ideas" against which the same public fought tooth and nail ten years ago.

OLD HAND.

THE 70FT. CLASS.

NEGOTIATIONS are now pending for a series of matches to be sailed next season between Katrina and the rest of the 70ft. class. Messrs. Auchincloss, the owners of Katrina, have issued separate challenges to Bedouin, Shamrock and Titania for a series of three races with each, and one challenge has already been accepted.



RANKIN'S QUADRUPLE EXPANSION ENGINES.

QUADRUPLE EXPANSION ENGINES.

THE accompanying illustrations, for which, with the following description, we are indebted to *Engineering*, show the latest form of quadruple expansion engines, Rankin's patent disconnective. Though built for a cargo steamer, these engines are substantially the same as the smaller ones built for the steam yacht Myrtle by the same firm. The engines of the Myrtle had four cylinders, 12, 17, 24 and 34in. ×24in. stroke, the working pressure being 180lbs. These engines were put in last year in place of a two cylinder compound engine, 21½ and 39×21in., the pressure being 50lbs. The vessel to which the engines here shown are fitted is the Falls of Inversnaid, built of steel by Messrs. Russell & Co., of Greenock and Port Glasgow, and is 312ft.×40ft. 4in.× 19ft. 7in., carrying 4,000 tons on a mean draft of 21ft.

The four cylinders are 18in., 26in., 38in. and 52in. in diameter respectively, with a stroke of 39in., arranged tandem fashion over a double-throw crankshaft. The high-pressure cylinder is placed above the first intermediate, and the second intermediate cylinder above the low pressure, so as to make two virtually separate engines, either of which may be operated independently at sea in the event of the other breaking down. In furtherance of this important facility a reducing valve has been fitted to the low-pressure half of the engines to supply steam direct from the boilers, and a special exhaust pipe has been led from the high-pressure half to the waste steam pipe. This valuable principle of duplication has been carried into effect throughout the engine department, as there are two separate main boilers instead of one of the double-ended type, so commonly employed, and there are two donkey boilers in place of the usual single one. Then again the forced draught system is operated by two independent fans and engines, so that the chances of a possible complete breakdown have been reduced to a minimum.

When designing the engines of the Falls of Inversnaid, the makers, Messrs. Rankin and Blackmore, of Greenock, earnestly laid themselves out to make them their ideal of a most perfect type for a cargo steamer, combining the greatest possible simplicity with compactness and sweet working. That the design is simple goes without saying, as the most superficial glance at the engravings will show, for there are only two engines in place of the three which form the ordinary triple-expansion engine, and as will be seen a very special feature is presented by the extreme ease and rapidity with which all the various parts can be examined or overhauled. Then these engines are so compact that they take up 3ft. less room fore and aft than the makers' triple-expansion engines of equal power.

With regard to the working of these engines this was the subject of hearty congratulation from the engineers present at the trial, as the uniform smoothness and absence of vibration quite surprised those who were prepared to judge this matter from the usual standpoint of the old-fashioned two-crank compound type, forgetful of the fact that with quadruple expansion the steam can be economically used during a much longer portion of the piston stroke, and further, that the high-pressure steam in the two upper cylinders affords admirable cushioning to the under cylinders with their comparatively low pressures. The upper cylinders are connected to the lower by strong cast iron brackets arranged so as to permit the lower cylinder covers to be lifted for examination of pistons (and removal if need be) without disturbing the upper cylinders. To save friction and trouble and also to enable the under cylinder covers to be raised high enough to give ample room for overhauling, there is only one piston rod stuffing box (bolted and in halves) between each pair of cylinders. These stuffing boxes are fitted with a combination of elastic and rigid metallic packing and the glands can be easily adjusted while the engines are running, so the advantages of tail rods are secured without the trouble of leaky glands, which have given rise to so much complaint with the high pressure cylinders of triple-expansion engines.

The reversing gear is arranged with a small steam engine actuating a wormwheel on the "all round" principle, and has double-barreled link motion of ample strength made adjustable at the wearing parts. The eccentric rods are of best forged scrap iron with double jaws fitted with brass bushes and malleable iron covers; the straps are of polished wrought iron lined with brass. The weighshaft has been fitted with malleable iron levers having oblique slots, so that the cut-off may be independently regulated for each half of the engine. The air pump is single acting and the circulating pump double acting, and they along with the feed and bilge pumps are worked by strong malleable iron levers, coupled at one end to the connecting rod gudgeon of the after engine, and at the other end to the pump crosshead by double links fitted with adjustable solid brasses secured by double nuts. The crankshaft is of the built description of best forged iron made in two interchangeable pieces. The turning gear consists of a large wheel fixed on the after end of the crankshaft, actuated by a worm held by a strong cast iron bracket, bolted on the sole-plate, and it can be worked either by hand or by means of rope gearing driven by the ballast donkey engine.

There are two main boilers constructed of steel to Lloyd's requirements for a working pressure of 180lbs., and the dimensions, viz., 13ft. in diameter by 11ft. long, were purposely made so as to insure an ample command of steam with natural draught in the event of anything going wrong with the forced draught apparatus which has been fitted on an improved closed ashpit plan with automatic valves to admit air both above and below the furnace bars. As an aid to the very important matter of economy, the fan engines (Chandler's patent "silent") were ordered compound instead of the single high-pressure type generally employed, and further, these have been made to exhaust into the low-pressure casing of the main engine, thus virtually constituting them triple-expansion engines. To assist in keeping the boilers in good order Weir's well-known hydrokineters have been provided for circulating the water thoroughly when getting up steam; also one of their new evaporators, by means of which a plentiful supply of fresh water will be assured, thereby completely getting over the trouble attendant on the use of the usual auxiliary salt water feed.

On Wednesday, Oct. 17, the Falls of Inversnaid proceeded down the Clyde on her official trial trip fully loaded with a cargo of cast iron pipes of 4,040 tons dead weight. The working of the machinery left nothing to be desired, but, unfortunately, owing to the foggy nature of the weather it was impossible to test the speed of the vessel on the measured mile, as the posts could not be distinguished, so she just cruised about in mid-channel until dusk, when the guests went ashore, and the ship lay at anchor at the Tail of the Bank waiting for the fog to lift, preparatory to a lengthened run for testing the coal consumption. Shortly after midnight it cleared a little, and the Falls of Inversnaid steamed down the Firth at full speed, doing the distance between Cumbrae Lighthouse and Ailsa Craig at the rate of close on 9½ knots with a coal consumption equal to about 13 tons per day of Nixon's navigation coal, including steam used by the steering engine, when suddenly the fog became so dense that further progress was impossible, and the ship was obliged to heave to until daylight, when she set out on her voyage to Bombay. The owners were highly satisfied with the economical results attained, but as the firemen were not accustomed to forced draught or the use of Welsh coal, it may reasonably be expected that even better work may yet be recorded, so that the outcome of the voyage will be looked forward to with interest.

THE LAWTON 40-FOOTER.—The lead keel of this cutter is now in place, the wood keel bolted down, and the stem and sternpost set up. The frame thus far shows the outline of the later Itchen boats or wide English cutters. The bow has a long overhang, just below the loadline is a quick turn, then the keel runs down with a very moderate curve to the lowest point of keel, a few feet forward of the heel of sternpost. The latter has about 60 degrees of rake, and the overhang is quite long. The forefoot is, of course, very much cut away, and the whole contour is suggestive of a condensed Thistle. The lead keel is about 30in. deep, 12in. wide on bottom and 18in top. The sawn frames are 2½ sided, 5 to 2½ moulded, with a steamed frame between each. The boat will be built as light as possible.

A NEW SCHOONER.—It is reported that Rear-Com. Morgan has ordered from Mr. Burgess a steel schooner, 106ft. l.w.l. and 12ft. draft, with board beneath the floor.

THE BROOKLYN Y. C.

GRAVESEND BEACH, L. I., Dec. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Brooklyn Y. C., whose club house and headquarters are located here, has now enrolled 16 catboats, measuring 17 to 25ft.; 3 jib and mainsail boats, 20 to 25ft.; 23 cabin sloops, 25 to 55ft., and one schooner, 60ft. The membership is 130. Several applications for membership will come before the meetings of this month and next, which will add to the fleet 3 catboats, 6 jib and mainsail boats and 5 cabin sloops; so this club will open the season of '89 with an enrollment of upward of 60 boats, the majority being "singlehand" craft. The club's aim has been for some time past to cater to small yachts, and in consequence it has been steadily growing in size of fleet and membership. It has open water for sailing, which with handling by owners is making the members good boatmen. The gentlemen connected with this club love to be active sailors, hence the predominance of small boats; they also believe there are already more than enough clubs of large yachts in and about New York waters. For the next season it is proposed to publish a list of excursions for some time ahead with the view of having several yachts participate in each trip, selecting different ports, so that all may have a chance to visit their favorite resorts and each have the company of boats of his club in so doing. To give some idea of these excursions I make the following extracts from the report of the captain and owner of the catboat Homing, 23ft., just handed in:

"The outings of the Homing for 1888 commenced on May 19 and terminated Oct 29, a period of 163 days, in which she was underway 74 times; 33 of them were excursions within all points of the compass, northerly to Glen Island, easterly to Ruffle Bar, southerly to Navesink Highlands, and westerly to Great Kills, Princes' Bay and around Staten Island; covering distances of 7 to 68 miles and aggregating 628 miles; 41 were short sails, upward of 8 miles, in lower bay, around club race courses and out to sea, which amounted to 324 miles." The owner keeps a faithful and honest log of all excursions; the sum of these excursions for 1888 being 952 miles, in 1887, 1,100 miles; the average distance was about 13 miles, and the mean speed over 13 knots; on 19 occasions it was necessary to handle reef points. Here is a sample of his log of a run around Staten Island:

"Sept. 30.—Weather overcast, barometer low and rising, indications clearing, wind N. by W., fresh, puffy, velocity about 25 miles. With Mr. S. as crew, double-reefed, started at 9:15 A. M., tide waning ebb, course N. W. W. to northward of buoy 15, thence S. W. by W. under lee of Staten Island; off Great Kills shook out reef, fetched Ward's Point in strong flood and under bright sun, course thence northerly through Sound, wind growing light and from N. W., long and short leg beat from Rossville, passed Elizabethport 1:15 P. M., course thence to south'ard of Shooter's Island, carried strong flood into Kills, through which wind drew to westward very fresh and puffy, compelling an easing away of peakhalliards; entering upper bay found steady fresh N. W. wind, crossed to Bay Ridge in search of young ebb, course thence southerly through Narrows to club house, arriving at 4:24 P. M."

This excursion would be reported to other members at once, and the times and sets of tides, changes of wind, etc., would be booked by each man in memory for use whenever he made the trip. Many of the members are fully as enthusiastic and studious boatmen as the gentleman mentioned, and in this fact lies the enjoyment of small-boat sailing, the assured success of the club and a promise of a fine season's sport next year.

R. C. H., Fleet Captain B. Y. C.

SCUTTLING THE DAUNTLESS.—That never-failing resource in the dull season, the old Dauntless, comes to the front again, now that yachting news is scarce. The latest yarn is that two auger holes have been discovered in her bow, under the copper, and that they were made in order to scuttle her on the last ocean race with the Coronet.

SAY WHEN.—On Dec. 8 when off Bristol Ferry a steam pipe burst on board the Say When, scalding Chas. Newman and Chas. Horton. The latter was taken to the Rhode Island Hospital.

A CRUISE IN THE SYLVIA.

MY perusal, over the post-prandial pipe, of Knox's exquisite "Devil of a Trip," has fired me with a desire not to imitate his inimitable style, but to help him and your very excellent paper in exciting in the breasts of our overworked and overworried people a desire to engage in that most healthful and manly of sports, yachting, by a little sketch of the incidents of a cruise on that most magnificent and least known of our great water stretches—Lake Superior. The little three-ton yawl Sylvia, enrolled on the books of the Thunder Bay Y. C. and flying then the burgee of its vice-commodore, lay alongside the L of the Government pier at Port Arthur one bright, breezy day in the end of June, her white duck hanging loosely from the half-peaked gaff, the cockpit lumbered with loaves of bread, fishing rods, coal oil cans, and other articles too numerous to mention, but which every yachtsman will picture to himself, and the blue peter streaming from the masthead. And it was the skipper and aforesaid vice-commodore who ceased his labor of stowing away miscellanies in the cabin from time to time to thrust his head out of the cabin hatch, gaze townward and mutter "cuss words" to himself. He is expecting his crew and steward, and they are behind time.

Presently his countenance clears as a navy blue serge coat and pants appears at the shore end of the pier—They incase the noble and somewhat portly form of the Com., the jovial postmaster of Port Arthur; may his shadow never grow less. Under one arm is a fishing rod, and under the other a box of cigars; and in the starboard side of his jaw is inserted a brierwood pipe filled with myrtle navy. Close behind him comes the steward, of lighter form and less majestic gait, who soon ranges up alongside his confreres, his pockets distended with beefsteak and sugar, and his hands full of tar, marline and manilla.

A good-humored apology and a gruff absolution from the skipper follow, then the mickles are passed aboard, the steward nimbly, and the crew more ponderously follow; the former dives below, and the latter receives the warp from a willing "dock-worloper," and shoves off the Sylvia's nose with the spinaker boom. Then he mans peak and throat, the snowy sail bellies out with the northwest breeze, the skipper sheets home and puts the helm hard up, the Sylvia careens slightly, nods gently to the light swell as if bowing acknowledgment to the waving hands on shore, and then as a sharper gust comes over the warehouse tops she settles down to business and goes tearing out across the harbor, past the lighthouse and out on to the broad expanse of Thunder Bay with a howling breeze on the starboard beam, and her lee rail awash.

The crew then tackles the jib, and the Sylvia answers with a little more heel and a little louder roar from her starboard bow, the gaff topsail yard is lashed in the seething lee scuppers and the crew comes aft with the satisfied smile of a man who has done his duty and done it well, to take the stick from the skipper and allow the latter to fill his pipe. The steward pauses from his nearly finished labors and remarks, "We're just a hummin'," and as the smoke begins to stream out to "loo'ard" from the freshly lighted pipes, a great satisfaction and delight steals over us and we realize that our trip has fairly begun. The sun sinks in the west, the breeze lightens, and as we range up abreast the great bluffs of Pie Island we have the mizen and foresail on her, and are standing almost on an even keel, though making fair progress.

As the excitement lessens appetite increases, and wistful glances are cast at the steward and his coal oil stove—whence appetizing odors come from time to time—by the expectant denizens of the cockpit. For a long time he is Sphinx-like and moves only to jab a fork into this or put a pinch of salt on that, but just as patience is almost worn out he puts out the cups and plates on the lee bunk, takes his teaketrle from the stove, and yelling in clarion tones which echo from the lofty cliffs abreast of us, "Supper is now ready in the dining car," crawls out to take his spell at the helm and cool his fevered brow.

Supper over the pipes are again in requisition, and we lounge about in the gathering twilight, discussing the probabilities for to-morrow, the destination of the steamer towing the scow over there under the land, the kind of life the exile in the mining cabin under the Pie leads, and whether we shall have breeze enough to carry us out into the open lake, or whether we had better come to at Jarvis Island.

Nine o'clock, and still some daylight is left as we steal gently into the rough little homemade wharf at Jarvis Island and answer the cheery hail of the manager of the mine: "Does anchorage round here?" "Yes, on the other side of the island." "Sheltered?" "No, not from the lake side." We listen to the booming of the surf on the other side, and conclude that we do not want to lay rolling scuppers under in that swell all night. So borrow the manager's corkscrew, draw the cork from a bottle of beer, have a glass together and prepare to put to sea again. Yes, Mr. Editor, we were amateur sailors and fishermen off for a holiday trip, and the only thing we forgot to take with us which was really essential to our comfort was a corkscrew—speaks well for the innocence of our enjoyment and the severity of the ship's discipline, does it not?

Out into the gathering darkness, the booming surf, glancing white from the dark rocks on either hand, just sufficient wind to fill the sails and keep them from slatting as the yacht plunges into the swell. It seems foolish to lose a night's rest when we might have tied up alongside the wharf, but we are not sleepy and will not turn back, and as we draw clear of the land there is more weight in the light breeze, and the swells get larger in the back, and a little murmur comes from the lee bow again. The binnacle lamp is lit, and the chart is consulted, but there is little need for either; we have only one point of land ahead, the southwest point of Isle Royale, with its outlying reefs and shoals, and it will be three or four hours before we come abreast of them. Now we are crossing the international boundary, and an extra glass of grog is piped and a stanza of Yankee Doodle sung in honor of Uncle Sam.

It is now about 11 P.M. The moon rises in majesty over the dark mysterious wooded heights of Isle Royale to leeward and lights up the tops of the broad-backed swells and reveals the canvas soaked with dew and standing as if made of sheet iron. Silence reigns on board save for the occasional creaking of a block aloft and the surging of the waters under our forefoot. The white star of Victoria Island light has been brought well on our quarter. The steward takes it all in for the last time and with a stretch and a yawn turns in to his sung berth and is soon enshrouded in blankets and slumber, but the crew still keeps watch with the skipper for the dreaded Rock of Ages, the outlying spur of Isle Royale which was the last resting pace of the ill-fated Cumberland on just such a night as this thirteen years ago. We never see it and when the first gray streaks of dawn appear in the east at 2 A.M. we are a long way to windward of the reef and well out to sea.

At 4 A. M. the red ball of the sun shows dimly through the mist on the horizon, the breeze dies to nothing, and what a scene of calm and solitude is revealed. Not a sail or a puff of smoke visible anywhere; only the waste of gently undulating water, the great mass of Isle Royale looming up on the port quarter, and the jagged outline of the north shore astern, stretching off league after league until the sky, land and water all merge into one in the west. There is not a cloud in the sky, and the only ones on the spirits of skipper and crew are the sense of intense littleness, the want of wind, and a apology of the steward to our appeals to him for breakfast. In desperation the crew at length lights the coal oil stove himself, and the steward, no doubt impelled by fear that he will poison himself and the skipper and that the ship will be left in charge of himself at the mercy of wind and waves, and that, like Coleridge's ancient mariner, he will drift away for years in a floating coffin with the corpses of his late comrades around him, rather than by any sense of duty or qualms of conscience, at length arouses himself and sets to work.

Breakfast over, a light air springs up from the southwest, our course is laid for Houghton Lighthouse, and quietly but steadily the north shore disappears and the mighty bulk of Isle Royale becomes more and more like a cloud in our wake. Hour after hour steals quietly along, and after lunch some dark shapes ahead are pronounced to be the heights of Keewenaw Point, but turn out to be only fog banks. A dot appears on the waste of waters ahead, and soon we come alongside a large pine log, and then another and another, lazily rolling in the languid swell. The smoke of a steamtug is made out, and soon her hull and an attendant towboat, and we see she is engaged in picking up and reuniting the constituent members of a large raft which has been broken up off Ontonagon or Ashland and scattered over the lake. Other streaks of smoke and indistinct shapes appear on either hand, and we are soon in the track of commerce; and about 2 P. M. a great ugly three-masted propeller passes close ahead of us, so close that we can read her name, the Martha Smith, or something of that sort, of Buffalo, and hear the thud, thud, thud of the propeller and engine, while the grimy soot from her smokestack falls for a few seconds on our bright deck and white sails. We guess she is bound for Duluth with coal from Cleveland, to return with grain or iron ore.

Evening draws on again, the breeze dies out again and then comes up dead ahead, but steady and freshening; shapes appear ahead which are unmistakably land, and as another propeller, followed by three great schooners in tow, goes past our bows we hail the last in nautical tones and inquire, "How does Houghton Light bear?" "Right abreast of us now," comes back the answer, and we settle down to supper and a long beat to windward.

As darkness closes down the breeze comes up fresher and fresher, and we run along merrily, every board bringing the outlines of the land out sharper and clearer, but still we cannot make out to a certainty Houghton Lighthouse, and with good reason, it is still below the horizon. Nine o'clock and quite dark, and at last the keen young eyes of the steward decry a flickering point of light, and he sings out joyfully, "There it is." The breeze is piping up lively now, accompanied by a short, angry chop of a sea. All hands stow mizen and jib, and the bowsprit is reefed. Under the shortened sail Sylvia dashes eagerly along as if she too sees the light and is anxious to come to a halt and have a rest after her long run of over one hundred miles. Soon another and smaller light appears close to the first. We hold on until we get the two in line.

"Ready about?" "Ready," comes the response. "Helm alee," yells the skipper. And there is a flapping of dewy canvas and a rattle of blocks and cordage, but only for five seconds, for the Sylvia is quick in stays as a catboat and far surer, and is off again as eagerly as before on the starboard tack. We stand in for ten minutes, and the sea has sensibly diminished in size. "Ready about," and again we look up the range a second and third time. The anchor is got up from below and bent to the cable, the sea has decreased to a mere ripple, though the wind still whistles through the shrouds and backstays, and the great staring eye of the lighthouse seems to be almost over us. "Down foresail" Down she comes, and down goes the helm at the same time; and the crew sees stars as the mainboom comes amidships and introduces the mainsheet block to his frontal bone. The hurrying bubbles alongside slacken their speed, stop, begin to retrograde. "Let go anchor," a plunge and a rattle of iron chain, a slight "snub" and we have got hold of American soil and are holding on to it. A few minutes suffice to get the mainsail stowed and the riding light rigged, and at midnight the weary skipper and crew turn into the snug little brightly lighted cabin and settle down for a well earned sleep, while the steward, in company with a blanket and a pipe, curls up in the cockpit to keep an anchor watch for the few remaining hours of darkness.

The crew gives his first snore, when "crack!" every one is wide awake and alert. "Crack!" again followed by a shriek through the rigging which cannot be mistaken for wind, and that again by a "Hallo," which comes unmistakably from human lungs. "Hallo! What's the matter? Don't shoot again," yells the steward. "Take in that light," comes the voice again across the water. Never did steward obey an order with more alacrity or promptitude. A minute's sleepy reflection convinces the skipper that the voice and revolver belong to the lighthouse keeper, that he fears the bright solitary light in the little roadstead will be taken for a range light and lure some entering vessel to a bed on the beach, and that this is his forcible and distinctively western way of arguing with us and communicating his views; and another two or three seconds show him that in 10ft. of water, on a lonely shore, and a bright moonlight night, a riding light is more a matter of form and style than use. The light is consequently blown out. The tired denizens of the bunks roll over, and in five minutes silence and Morpheus reign.

SKIPPER

YACHTING IN AUSTRALIA.

THE recent visit of an Australian yacht designer, Mr. Walter Reeks, and his proposition to build a yacht to challenge for the America's Cup, has called the attention of American yachtsmen to the fact that in that far distant corner of the world the sport is generally popular, and that yachts and yacht racing abound. To those who wish to learn more of Australian yachts and yachting, and also to all who delight in a sailorman's story of rough-water cruises in small craft, we recommend the book, "Twenty-five Years of Australian Yachting," by W. H. Bundey, Esq., for fourteen years an officer of the South Australian Y. C., during ten of which he flew the commodore's pennant. Not only is Com. Bundey a most enthusiastic sailor and possessed of a keen appreciation of those details of sea life which go to make up an interesting log, but the surroundings of the Australian yachtsman are such that a great part of his work is in very rough water and strong and squally winds. Consequently in the first half of the book, which is made up of extracts from the logs of many cruises, there is little of the idle dawdling which too often takes up the greater part of yacht cruises, but the record deals most with long bouts against stormy seas, and such adventures as fall to the lot of those who cruise in small craft in open waters. The writer, besides a keen enjoyment in both branches of yachting, racing and cruising, is a staunch upholder of the importance of all hearty outdoor sports, and a chapter of the book is devoted to a discussion of the subject in an advanced and liberal spirit. A part of the book is devoted to a history of yachting in Australia, the origin of the sport dating back to the early "sixties," though it was not until about 1873 that it was firmly and permanently established. The yachts are mainly cutters, keel boats of the older English type, with a proportion of about four beams, and though the centerboard is by no means unknown, it has not come into favor. Besides the strictly yachting episodes in the book, it contains several miscellaneous papers relating to travel and outdoor sports, the most interesting being an account of a trip from England to Australia by the way of China and Japan, made by the writer in 1881. One of the most striking features of the book is the kindly mention of all his old sailing companions, both paid hands and guests, by the author, and many evidences of the existence of that hearty good-fellowship such as should always exist between yachtsmen.

BUILDING NOTES.—Lawley & Son have the cabin partly finished in the Richardson 45ft. boat, and will begin a similar craft for Mr. Ellis of Philadelphia next week. Mr. Forbes's schooner will be laid down next week....Williams is busy over a design for a 40-footer for the Lakes, to be built on fresh water. He is also building a handsome little craft for Com. Corbett of the Bay View Y. C., to be 14ft. 11in. over all, 14ft. 3in. l.w.l., 5ft. 8in. extreme beam, 4ft. 6in. l.w.l. beam, 2ft. 9in. draft, with 625lbs. of iron in keel. She will carry 205 sq. ft. in mainsail, 82ft. in jib, and 185ft. in spinaker. The model is quite handsome, showing a wineglass section with considerable hollow to floor....Queen Mab is hauled out at Hutchin's to be altered to jib and mainsail rig ...Bayadere, the Scotch cutter, is out at Frisbie's yard, Salem, to be caulked and coppered. Edith, cutter, is at the same yard, her lead keel being removed to be replaced by a new one of 3,600lbs. Bonita, schr., is also in Frisbie's hands for a longer stern....At Bay Ridge Ayers is building several launches for the Ofeldt naphtha engines.. . At Mumm's yard Lagonda is still on the ways, the new compromise model is nearly completed, but has not yet found a purchaser, and the keel of the Lawton cutter is laid, and stem and sternpost in place ...Wallin & Gorman are busy with the lead keel catboat for Mr. Sage previously mentioned....At Poillon's Dauntless is receiving a new piece of rail and some small repairs. The Eureka is at the dock preparing for a trial trip which is expected within a couple of weeks. Isoline, steam yacht, (formerly Gleam) is receiving some repairs. She is greatly changed in appearance by rebuilding, her sides being carried higher. Oneida, steam yacht, is also at the yard for repairs, and alterations to her machinery.

DORCHESTER Y. C.—The Dorchester Y. C. is now comfortably established in its new winter club house at 99 Boylston street, Boston. Here the regular monthly meeting was held last week with Com. Savage in the chair. Twenty-five new members have lately been admitted. A letter was read from Com. Canfield, Seawanhaka C. Y. C., in answer to an invitation to address the club and regretting that he was unable to do so. Arrangements have been made for a class in marlinspike work to be held on each Tuesday, beginning this week, and on Wednesdays the house will be open from 4 to 6 P. M. for ladies accompanied by members, a lunch being provided. The following committees were elected: On nomination of officers for the ensuing year, C. H. Whiting, T. W. King, Francis Gray, Charles L. Perrin, Louis M. Clark; on annual dinner, W. B. McClellan, Jesse S. Wiley, S. G. King, John Dearborn, Charles L. Perrin; on entertainment, E. Howard Gray, W. B. McClellan, John Dearborn, L. M. Clark, E. P. Tilton; on revising the sailing regulations, L. M. Clark, C. H. Whiting, Vice-Commodore Soley.

WINTER CRUISING.—Brunhilde, schr., Mr. J. J. Phelps, was cruising about the Leeward Islands at last advices.—Norna, schr. Mr. Townsend Smith, left Newport last week after several day delay through bad weather, and came through the Sound to New York, sailing on Dec. 5 for the West Indies.—Reva, steam yacht Mr. Pierre Lorillard, arrived at Newberne, N. C., from Norfolk on Dec. 3, and sailed next day. She will winter in Florida waters

CORINTHIAN Y. C. OF NEW YORK.—At the general meeting of the club lately held Admiral Pomeroy read a memorial address in honor of Messrs. Stewart and Lee, which was unanimously adopted by the club. Mr. d'Oremieulx, secretary of the Seawanhaka C. Y C., was present, and with a copy of the memorial lately adopted by the latter club, which was received with appropriate acknowledgments.

NEW YACHTS FOR NEW YORK.—Orders have been lately placed for two new keel cutters for New York owners, both members of the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. The larger cutter will be in th 40ft. class and the smaller in the 30ft. They will be built of wood probably about New York, and will be of the latest design, good draft, clipper stem and long counter, with cutter rig.

PETREL.—This little sloop, built some years since for Mr Howard Paul of Gloucester by Higgins & Gifford, has turned out quite a traveler, having been taken to Melbourne, Australia on a ship's deck, and after racing successfully there, being taken to San Diego, Cal, where she sailed a race on Oct. 21 with the Teaser, beating her easily.

SEAWANHAKA C. Y. C.—The first entertainment of the season a musicale, under the able direction of Mr. J. Dunbar Wright, was given on Dec. 8, a large number of members and guests being present. The evening passed very pleasantly. A model of Sea Fox has lately been added to the collection.

NEW YORK Y. C.—The second subscription dinner of the season will be given on Dec. 22 at the club house. A musical entertainment will be given during the evening.

SPORT.—This craft, which is believed to be the oldest American yacht, went ashore in Dorchester Bay in the late gale.

Answers to Correspondents.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

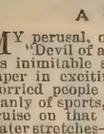
J. H. B., Laconia, N. H.—You will find a paper on Newfoundland in our issue of Nov. 29, by Mr. Edward Jack, of Fredericton, N. B., who will no doubt supply you with the information.

G. H. B., Brooklyn.—For wildfowl books select Leffingwell's "Wildfowl," advertised on another page, and Trumbull's "Bird Portraits," also advertised. Stephens's "Canoe and Boat Building," or Kunhardt's "Small Yachts" will show you how to set up the ribs of a boat.

C. W. G., New York.—Please tell me where I can practice with the rifle on Sundays near the city, where I will not annoy any one and not be liable to arrest. I am a mechanic and can't be spared on week days, and like "Kahkahlin," am considered a crank by my shopmates for loving to roam the woods, as I do on every Sunday and holiday. Ans. There appears to be nothing in the way of rifle shooting in New Jersey on Sunday; there are some public roads in that State, within twenty miles of New York, on which a man's life is in danger on Sundays from the rifle balls of target shooters and others.

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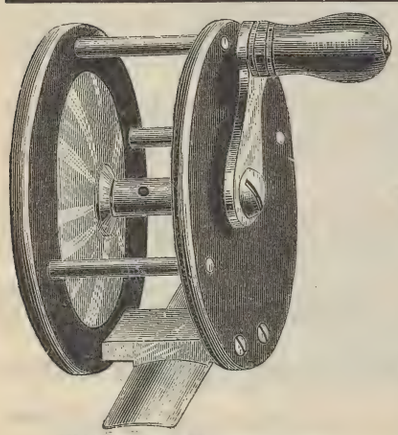
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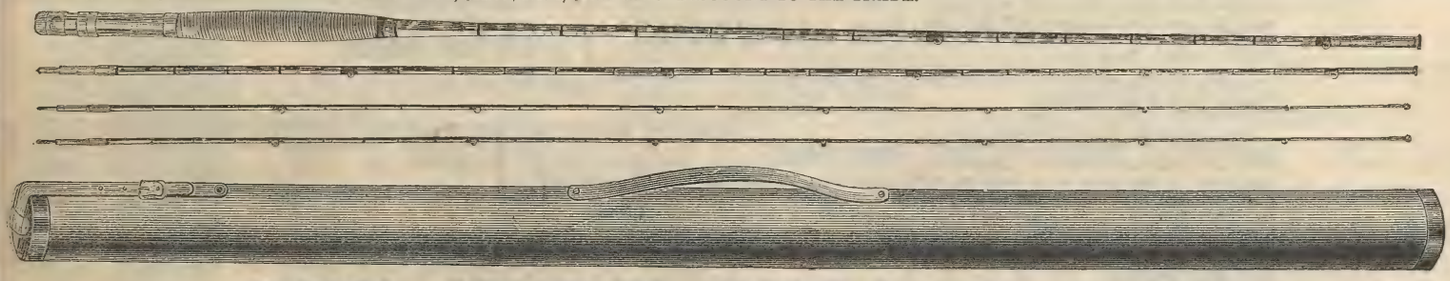
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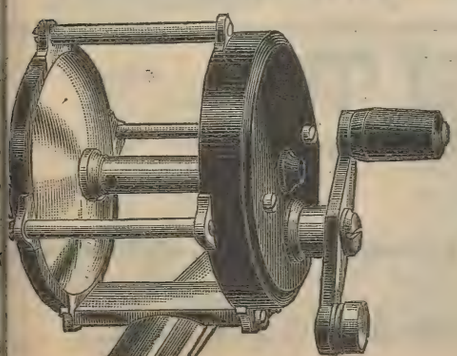
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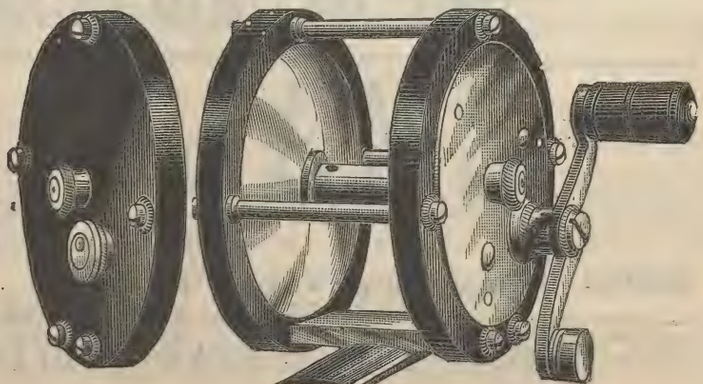
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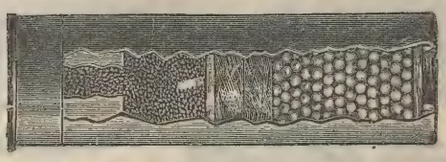
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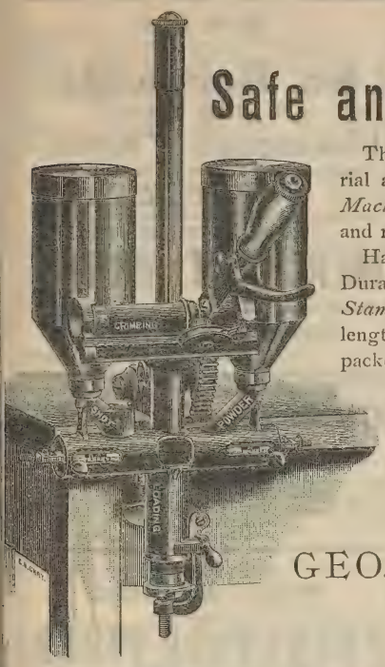
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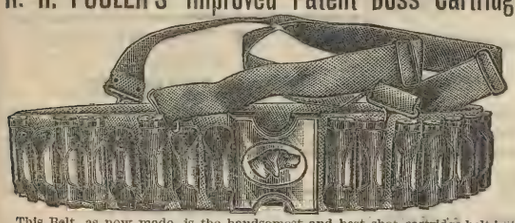
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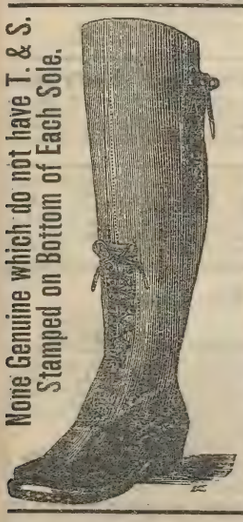
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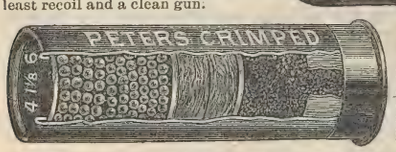
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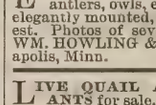
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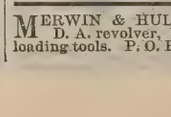
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VOL. XXXI.—No. 22. No. 318 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

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Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

No. 318 BROADWAY. NEW YORK CITY.

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This number contains thirty two pages.

THE FATE OF CREEDMOOR.

FOR the past few days there has been no end of talk over the proposition to rearrange the control of Creedmoor, and place the National Guard authorities of the State and the officials of the National Rifle Association on a more definite understanding one with the other. The proposition simply stated is that Creedmoor shall repass into possession of the State, but with the proviso that the civilian shooters represented by the National Rifle Association shall have certain rights reserved for them.

A bit of history will make matters clear. Creedmoor owes its origin to the energy of a number of National Guard officers, who saw the absurdity of a Home Guard that could not shoot, and determined to remedy it. There was with it a desire to afford a place for outdoor marksmanship generally, but the desire to make the Guardsmen into marksmen was the main motive. They turned to the State for the money to carry out these very laudable objects, and through the kind offices of D. W. Judd, then a member of the Assembly of New York, a liberal appropriation was made and Creedmoor was purchased and fitted up for its work. The committee having charge of the selection of a site had done its work well, and a careful survey of the entire neighborhood of the metropolis failed to find such another broad plateau for the flight of rifle balls.

The history of this mother range in this country is familiar to every reader of the FOREST AND STREAM. For a time the popular interest in rifle shooting was up to highwater mark. The international matches were shot extending over a series of years, and the popular support of the range and its work could not have been better. Then came the waning period, and to-day the citizen marksman has become almost a memory or tradition. The short-range men find the range inconvenient to reach, and do their outdoor shooting at other ranges nearer town and more accessible. The long-range men reached about the top notch of possibility so far as scores went, and no new recruits came to take the place of the pioneer guard of which Col. John Bodine may be taken as the type. The blame for this change during these past years cannot fairly, or at most only in a very small extent, be lodged against the officers of the Association. They have worked with enthusiastic unselfishness in many instances, and have adopted the suggestions, as far as lay in their power and accorded with their judgment, of the host of advice givers which came to the surface from time to time. Just now these know-alls are particularly rampant.

The range was well fitted up at the start, and for now a half generation the butts have endured the leaden hail which poured into them, but the time has come when the Association managers have to face the question of a complete renovation of the range plant, and the money for it they have not been able to lay aside for the purpose.

They might, were they so disposed, simply let everything go by default. The fences would fall, the butts slide down into a heap of soil, the trenches fill up, the club house decay and tumble, and the Association cease its corporate existence by sheer neglect, but this the Association do not propose shall come to pass. Creedmoor has a history which is worth continuing; the Association has done too good work in the past to die now by any such dry rot process, and it is to preserve, not to obliterate the Association, that the present scheme has been brought forward.

From the day the first shot was fired at Creedmoor by a member of the State Guard down to the last shot fired this season by a member of that same guard, the great bulk of the practice has been done by men in uniform. For years the bulk of the income which the Association enjoyed came from the coffers of the State as payment for the use of the range in the official National Guard matches. In the matches put on from week to week, and at the annual fall and spring meetings, it was the matches open to or specially designed for National Guardsmen which, by their liberal list of entries, brought the outlay for prizes and the income from entries somewhere near a balance. Had the State withdrawn its patronage, as it might have done, had the Adjutant-General, on the recommendation of the Inspector-General of Rifle Practice, been so minded, Creedmoor would ere now have been in the slough of despond, from which it now cries out for help.

What then is now proposed by the bill which is under preparation for presentation to the Legislature, with the sanction of the military authorities? Simply that the State shall take Creedmoor and at once spend a good round sum in securing additional land, putting the entire property in good order, and in general making it for all time the finest range in the world.

The Association would not be stamped out, for the bill provides that it shall come in upon the range and hold the regular fall meeting, and more than that, the Association members will have the use of the range for any sort of practice as often and as freely as the Adjutant-General can see his way to accord the privilege. The troops are not going to crowd upon the range any more when it shall become State property out and out, than they do now when the State holds it only by daily rental. It is a question whether the orders for this ball practice are not already too onerous. The disposition of the authorities is to encourage target practice by civilians, and this is more likely to increase than diminish.

The opponents of the present plan of relief, so far as they can be discovered to have any plan of their own, insist that the State shall absolutely assure them the use of the range on certain fixed days, and the State and its military authorities be placed in a position to be dictated to by private citizens. For these opponents to say that they fear they may be crowded off the range is to say what a moment's consideration of the situation will convince them is a falsity, if they do not already know it, and is it likely that there is to be any sudden rush into rifle practice in the near or even remote future?

After all, it is a sort of Hobson's choice as far as the Association is concerned. It may shut up shop at once and render itself false to the trust which was put in it when the State advanced a large sum on the understanding that it was to be expended in the establishment and maintenance of a range, or the Association may turn its work over in part to the State and yet retain its own life, ready to carry on the work as far as may be and with the assurance that the prestige which already is part of the Creedmoor record will yet cling to it. We hope to see the bill go through, and feel confident that under it the range will enter upon a new term of increased usefulness.

SNAP SHOTS.

THE land of wooden nutmegs appears to be happy in the possession of wooden-headed justices of the peace. The Connecticut Association gathered evidence and caused the arrest of one Albert Goddard, of Simsbury, for having snared ruffed grouse on ground owned by James Laughlin, a farmer. Goddard was caught in the act and made no attempt to disprove his infraction of the law, which provides that any person who "shall, except on his own land, with a trap, snare or net, take, or attempt to take, snare, net or take any woodcock, partridge or quail, shall be fined not more than twenty-five dollars." It was shown that Goddard had been given verbal permission by Laughlin to snare on his (Laughlin's) land; and on this showing the Dogberry dismissed the case, and has made of himself a laughing-stock for people gifted with brains. The officers of the Connecticut Association have clearly made a mistake; they have gone to work at the wrong end; before they can reasonably look for any good to come of the game laws, they must raise up a new crop of police justices who shall have intelligence enough to construe simple every-day English, and administer the statutes as they find them. The Simsbury justice would find ample scope for his intellect in a Browning club.

The current report of the Maine Commissioners of Fisheries and Game is a meaty document, for it touches on many topics, each one of which is suggestive and worthy of attention. The ill effects of the change of the law, by which the incentive of sharing in the fines is taken from the detectives and wardens, has been in a certain measure counterbalanced by an improved local public sentiment strongly in support of game conservation; but the necessity of restoring the old law is urgent and should have the favorable attention of the next Legislature. The increase of moose and deer is accounted for by the authors of the report on the theory of an immigration from over the border. The game has frequented districts where they have been unknown in former years; to be explained, perhaps, by the abolition of hunting with dogs. The report urges the opening of the deer season on September 1st, and the adoption of a clause forbidding the killing of a cow or a yearling moose at any time. Other topics comprised in the report will be reverted to in our next number.

How differently do camp talk and camp yarns sound in the warm glow of the fire from that same talk and those same yarns put into cold type. The inspiration of the moment, the sympathetic attention of comrades, the scene, the surroundings, the sparks of wit that scintillate and coruscate as when steel strikes flint—all these are wanting in the printed page. To hear camp stories aright one must go into camp. There is something in this principle, too, which explains the distinction which surely exists between camp stories and field experiences as related in the FOREST AND STREAM and other but similar reading in journals devoted to general topics. The hunting tale related in a sportsman's paper seems to belong there, to partake more fully of the true spirit of the woods, than when it is sandwiched in news columns with political and social items. Thus it comes to pass that a special journal like the FOREST AND STREAM has a hold on its readers like unto that tie by which camp comrades are bound together in common sympathy.

At Atlanta last week the American Forestry Congress elected officers as follows: President, Gov. J. A. Beaver, of Pennsylvania; Vice-Presidents, H. G. Joly, of Quebec; J. Y. W. French, of Boston; Charles Moore, of Mobile; Hubert Welsh, of Philadelphia, and George H. Parsons, of Denver; Secretaries, J. B. Hudson, of New Hampshire, and N. H. Eggleston, of Washington. The next meeting will probably be held in Philadelphia.

The Sportsman Tourist.

NOTES ON WESTERN FLORIDA.

VII.—IN THE SWAMPS.

[Continued from page 406.]

NORTH of Apalachicola extends for fifty miles a vast wilderness of morass and forest, inaccessible save for the many waterways, and uninhabited except by a race of hardy lumbermen who hew out the mighty timbers to supply the sawmills at the mouth of the Apalachee River.

The land adjacent to the many streams, and in some cases extending back for miles, is subject to overflow, and for six months of the year the water stands several feet deep over great areas, while during the dry season these stretches become pestilential swamps, with a climate almost as deadly as that of the Congo or the Niger. There are also many so-called lakes, really sloughs filled with the backwater from rivers. They are sluggish, semi-stagnant pools, sometimes of considerable size and generally of great depth. More gloomy, forbidding-looking places than these sombre sheets of inky water it would be hard to imagine. Their unruffled surfaces are seldom cut by the prow of a logman's bateau, and save for leaping fish or the occasional splashing of an alligator, nothing ever disturbs a silence that is almost horrible in its intensity.

In the swamps and on the borders of these lakes grow the most magnificent cypress tress in the world, and if one would see the logman at home, he must tread his way along the numerous waterways, through morass and pool, to where that truly amphibious man, often standing knee-deep in the marsh, works day after day at his health-destroying task.

Back from the swamps are stretches of higher, sandy land, on which is found the pine timber that has made Florida so famous as a lumber country. They are melancholy-looking, these sun-dried "barrens," with their endless vistas of tall pines shooting up as straight as columns, and so regularly placed that it seems as if they must have been planted by the hand of man instead of by nature; but they comprise about all of the habitable land of that portion of Florida, and though not so fertile as much of the country in the eastern part of the State, the soil yields well when properly cultivated. A growth of wire grass affords nourishment for cattle, and the numerous jungles of titi bush are the resort of deer.

Strange as it may seem, water is very scarce in many parts of the pine barrens, the streams that flow from swamp to swamp are so sluggish during the dry season that they are almost unfit to drink. Roads are few and far between, the natives preferring to rely upon the waterways as a means of travel; and the hunter or explorer, in going away from the beaten tracks, is too often confronted by a narrow strip of swamp, sometimes only a few yards across, but as impassable with its treacherous ooze as any cañon of the West, and necessitating long detours in order to reach comparatively near points. But the waterways are everywhere, navigable and deep enough to float a navy. They twist and turn to all points of the compass, in places doubling upon themselves until only a few yards of dry land intervenes between points miles distant if the course of the current were followed. In such spots the energetic logmen have in many cases cut canals to establish more direct communication with the main streams and lessen the distance that they have to float their rafts. The true Floridian, who never walks when he can ride, never rides when he can canal, but takes advantage of this wonderful system of water courses and does most of his traveling by boat.

There are a few regular settlers who live in the barrens; true types of the cracker species, with their tall gaunt forms and yellow faces; they dwell, for the most part, in miserable log cabins of only one room, and cultivate after a fashion a patch of corn or vegetable; but hunting and fishing are the principal occupations, and where the woods are so full of game and the streams swarm with fish there is not much need for extensive work in order to obtain a living. So they exist, and happily enough, I dare say, in lazy contentment and blissful ignorance of the rest of the world. Occasionally they will hew down a few pine logs to sell to the mills at Apalachicola, with the proceeds of which they buy such necessaries of life as are not supplied to them by nature. Some of the Jay Goulds among them own a few heads of stunted cattle, which find pasturage on the coarse grass; and the amounts of honey and wax sold in town during the last year shows that they are turning their attention to bee-farming.

Eighteen miles above the Gulf, three rivers, called the Three Brothers, flow into the Apalachee; and adjacent to these is one of the finest timber countries to be found in all Florida. Cypresses and pines are abundant and easily gotton at, owing to the winding nature of the streams, and the many little creeks that flow into the main rivers each opens a territory of its own, and affords excellent floating facilities for the rafts. The whole of the vast swamp through which the Three Brothers wind their ways is one perfect network of navigable water courses. It is from this region that a large portion of the log supply of the Apalachicola sawmills is derived, and though lumbering has been going on there for many years, no serious decrease is noticeable in the almost inexhaustible resources of that vast wilderness.

One March, Bondclipper, Rusticus and I found ourselves in Apalachicola, about to set out on our usual spring hunt. We had cruised down the coast, hunted the great western wilderness, and explored, as we loved to term it, many of the streams to the eastward; so now, longing for new worlds to conquer, our attention was turned to the country north, through which we had partly sped, via steamboat, on the trip down river. The inaccessibility of the region alone caused us some apprehension, and how to reach, in even moderate comfort, those great morasses was a question not easily solved.

After several days in town, during which time we successively rejected sailboats as too uncertain on account of the fitful breezes of forest-inclosed streams, canoes as being rather cramped and uncomfortable, horses and wagons as not available vehicles by which to reach certain sections, and ox carts on account of our horror of the profanity invariable and necessary among the drivers, we finally discovered just the thing in a forty-foot steam launch, a neat little craft with a light roof to keep off the sun and rain, besides being otherwise nicely arranged for comfort. So we at once chartered the Ellen, and one morning, having stowed all baggage the night before, we boarded our craft, blew the shrill little whistle defiantly to let the still sleeping town know of our start, and steamed out from the wharf into the main river on a voyage of hunting and general exploration. We carried a crew of two souls, the captain and Joe, the latter filling the place of engineer and fireman in one.

For an hour we steamed steadily up stream, between low marshy banks covered with long grass, until Old Woman's Bluff, six miles above town, was reached, where we stopped to take on wood. It is hard to understand why this spot was named a bluff; the ground does not rise more than a very few feet above the river, and has not the least of the appearance indicated by its name; but it seems to be the custom to call any place not actually a swamp, or that rises level with low water, either a bluff or a cliff, high ground probably being so scarce that the natives wish to honor it when it does appear by high-sounding names.

At the time of our visit an Englishman had just completed an undertaking that was expected to revolutionize the lumber business. It was a saw mill constructed upon the hull of a steamboat, for the purpose of running up rivers, wherever the supply of logs was best, the intention being to do away with the long floats. But I have since understood that it did not prove a success, and a few months after our visit, the entire plant was destroyed by fire, entailing a severe loss upon the enterprising owner.

A short distance above the bluff we left the main river and entered the equally broad but less swift waters of the tributary streams. At the junction of the two, a rude box nailed to the trunk of a tree attracted our attention. It seems that some years ago, a small schooner came into Apalachicola from certain infected ports, against which a rigid quarantine had been established by the town authorities. The crew were forbidden to enter, but very foolishly one morning they ran past the town, in spite of the protests of the health officers, and under a heavy fire from the Apalachicola people. They ascended the river to this junction, and entering the lesser stream, stayed out their quarantine period in safety. This box, with the words "U. S. mail," was put up by them to receive letters and supplies of food.

As we proceeded alligators became very numerous, lying close to the marshy banks or indolently sunning themselves on the mud flats. When one kills his first alligator he is all enthusiasm, nothing will do but that he must secure the body of his game and hack out with infinite labor some of the teeth as trophies; the nasty wet form of the saurian is dragged aboard, to the amazement of old timers, who watch the gloating ecstacy with which the slayer examines his prize, with much the same feelings an old hound must have when regarding the first efforts of a promising pup. When, after slaying a dozen or so, the novice finds out what useless things alligators are, he pots the beasts with unconcern and does not deem it necessary to interrupt the pleasure of shooting with the labor of securing the game.

A mile above the main river the banks become very heavily wooded, and we steamed between two high walls of green foliage that shut out the view of the surrounding country. Four miles of this brought us to Lake Wimlico, which, though generally very shallow, is a considerable body of water and quite like an inland sea. At the time of our visit a gale of wind raised the white caps in a very angry manner, tossing the frail launch about in a most disagreeable way, and causing Rusticus, who is the worst of sailors, to have serious apprehensions of a repetition of some seasick experiences of the year before. He managed to recover sufficiently, however, at the sight of a flock of summer ducks to grab his gun and make a most excellent right and left as they flew over, dropping two of their number into the lake. These it was no easy matter to pick up, with the sea threatening every moment to wash over us, and the feat was accomplished not without some danger. Steam launches are very safe craft in still water, but when waves begin to run they are not at all as certain of remaining right side up as they should be, the heavy boilers and awkward covers making them rather top-heavy.

All were pretty well drenched with flying spray by the time the five miles of stormy water had been crossed, and it was with relief that we we ran into the calm under lee of the woods. About noon we entered a beautiful little stream named Depot Creek; it was quite narrow, but of good depth, the black waters falling a sheer twenty feet from under the cypresses. How lovely these little Florida streams are; they flow on between great forests of magnolias and a thousand beautiful trees that arch till they almost meet overhead; each stretch of the silent waters is just like the last, the very monotony is enchanting, and though one always looks for something new, no disappointment is felt that the expectation is not realized.

A short distance up the creek a stop was made at an apiary to take a pair of hounds aboard, and we went ashore to see something of this industry that is rapidly attaining large proportions in that portion of Florida. The bee hives, some hundred in number, were situated upon a shell mound that rose out of the swamp and was the only elevated spot for miles around. A shaky walk, consisting of single planks resting on stakes, spanned the 100yds. of slimy ooze that separated the bank of the creek from the bit of *terra firma*, and over this somewhat risky promenade we were obliged to cross with antics strongly suggestive of tight-rope walkers. The mound itself was the most interesting part of the place, being composed entirely of marine shells and rising solitary and alone, 10ft. above the surrounding level. These remains of an ancient race are numerous all down the Gulf coast. I have examined quite a number of them, but never discovered that their outlines bore resemblance to anything in particular, as is the case with similar remains in Ohio and the West. They generally, however, contain relics in the shape of rude pieces of pottery, scrapers or arrow-heads, and not infrequently human bones. We spent an hour searching for curios, but did not find anything of special note. The apiary was attended to by an overseer who looked after the place, keeping wild animals from committing depredations, and taking honey from the boxes at the proper time.

The bees are either caught during swarming time by cutting down trees that contain them, or they may be purchased from other established apiaries. Twice a year is as often as hives should be robbed, in order to attain the best results and insure a steady output. The business is a growing one, requiring very little capital, and yielding, with proper management, considerable profit.

Bears are about the only enemy against which the bee man has to contend, for bruin, though naturally of a most retiring dispositon, has a great weakness for honey. When he discovers a fine lot of hives, his usual caution seems to desert him and he attacks the toothsome morsels with the most utter disregard of consequences. Not content with one feast, he will return night after night, until the honey is all gone or a well-directed bullet from an ambushed hunter settles forever his sweet career. A few nights before our visit, the overseer had shot a great black monster that had been making sad havoc for some time past, and the signs of whose ravages were shown to us in the broken hives. It was here that we first tasted metheglin. The brand found here is made simply of honey and water, shaken up together and left to ferment. As a drink, it is far from bad, having an acidity that is very refreshing when one is hot and tired. So great an impression did its charms make upon our palates that a keg was taken on board for future reference during the hunt.

We steamed six or eight miles up creek from the apiary and at about sundown camped in a pretty little glade of the forest, where dry ground came down to the water's edge and afforded a good landing. In a very short time the A tent was stretched between two saplings, and enough wood piled up near by to last until morning. Each one was his own cook that night, for when a party first starts out it requires some time to get the hang of things, and to know where all the delicacies and conveniences are stowed; but we all managed to get along well enough that night with simply bread, meat and coffee.

What a difference there is between camp bacon and bacon cooked in the legitimate way and served upon a white plate! Never fry when you are in camp. Stick the meat, whatever it is, upon a green branch and broil it by holding directly in the blaze of the fire. No matter if it frequently does fall off the improved fork into the ashes—ashes are clean, and you can wipe them away just before eating. To be sure the meat may be burnt in some places and perhaps a trifle underdone in others, but you will never know the difference, and will vote it the most delicious of morsels, that is if you are a true sportsman—and hungry.

The night was chilly and the circle around the campfire was very contracted, each one pressing as close to the cheerful flames as possible. It is a strange fact, and one that I have often remarked, that hounds will not lie within the light of a camp-fire; no matter how cold the night may be, they prefer to curl up a score of yards away and face the chill wind with no other covering than their own hides. The two that we brought from the apiary were no exception to this rule, but lay behind the tent growling and fighting over their suppers in the way that hounds always have done and always will do in spite of training to the contrary. They were great lean, black and tan fellows, whose long drooping ears were ragged and seamed with the marks of many a contest with wild cat or coon. If there is one thing that stirs the sluggish blood of the cracker it is a chase, and great pride is taken in the hounds, many of which are bred with a care and selection worthy of the best kennels in the land.

The country in which we camped that night was once quite thickly populated, and many years before the war was crossed by a railroad that extended between the town of Iola, on the Apalachee River, and St. Joseph, a sea port that faced the Gulf twenty miles west of Apalachicola. But the track, for some reason, was torn up ages ago, and the country has been on the decline for the last twenty years. Iola now consists of only four or five houses, while St. Joseph, once a place of several thousand inhabitants, was cleaned out by a yellow fever epidemic, and has completely disappeared, leaving not one trace behind, the very houses having been pulled down and transported to Apalachicola. It is hard to realize that this desolate land was once crossed by a railroad, and it is somewhat startling in this energetic Union of ours to come upon a railway embankment in the midst of the forest, upon which pine trees with trunks the size of a man's body have grown since its disuse. Depot Creek was named from the fact of its being crossed by this railroad, and a depot once stood upon its now lonely shores.

The next morning all hands were up by daybreak, and before sunrise we had started out on a deer hunt. Bondclipper and the Captain decided to try still-hunting, so they took one direction, while Rusticus, Joe and I with the two hounds took another; we were all armed with rifles except Rusticus, who disdained to lay down his Scott shotgun, "long range or no long range." The deer in that part of Florida, except when feeding early in the morning or late in the afternoon, seek the coverts of the numerous small titi jungles, and when therein concealed are very difficult to dislodge, as often they will not move though one passes within a few yards, while owing to the density of the undergrowth they are well nigh invisible. We pursued the usual plan, *i. e.*, when we came to one of these thickets we would separate, two going on one side and one on the other; the dogs were then put into the swamp, while we kept up with them on the outside, having our guns ready for any game that might break out. The coverts are generally about half a mile long, but seldom over 200yds. wide, so that we were always within hail of each other, and usually met with the utmost regularity when the circuit was completed; then the dogs would be called out and the performance repeated at the next titi. In this way we hunted all the morning without seeing a single deer. Tracks were wonderfully abundant, but the game either managed to get out of the jungles ahead of us, or lay so closely concealed as to baffle the noses of our dogs. Walking was very bad on account of the growth of Spanish bayonet that everywhere covered the ground, making sad havoc with our unprotected legs, and by noon we found ourselves some ten miles from camp, thoroughly tired out and just a little disgusted.

"Dog gone deer hunting, anyway," said Rusticus, "give me partridge shooting, every time; this thing of tramping about all day and never having a chance to hear the sound of your own gun don't pay. I had rather kill birds over a good dog than hunt deer all day, especially when you never see so much as a rabbit. Blamed if I don't believe that some one has gone ahead making all these tracks with an old deer's foot, just to encourage us," he added, as we came to a place where the number of hoof marks indicated that quite a herd of deer had

been grazing that morning. "Lord, ain't it hot! Wish I had a drink of that 'thugelum' or whatever you call it."

Just at that moment Rusticus's lamentations were interrupted by the sudden and violent baying of dogs in a titi near by; in an instant all weariness was forgotten, and with eagerly strained eyes and fingers nervously twitching gun hammers, we pressed on. The baying grew more and more excited; "Look out over there," yelled Joe from the other side of the bushes, "she'll break out certain somewhere near you." Hardly had the words been uttered when noislessly and without warning, a doe bounded out from the swamp, and clearing a few logs of decayed wood, reached the open about forty yards ahead of us and began to settle down to some pretty hard running. Up went my companion's gun, two reports followed, and the deer, turning a complete somersault, fell over dead. Hastily running up, Rusticus cut the throat of his game, and the first meat of our hunt was brought to bag. It proved to be a young doe of not over three years, that would have weighed about a hundred pounds. We took the hams, saddle and skin, and portioning them out as burdens among the three, began our long march home. Just before getting in Joe and I had a shot at a buck that was galloping through the pines some three hundred yards away, but our bullets did not touch him. We found Bondclipper and the Captain in camp ahead of us; they had killed nothing and were green with envy at our success. Poor Bondclipper was suffering from that most trying affliction of the tenderfoot, a galled heel, but he would insist on wearing high-top boots when starting out in the morning, and although they are quite the thing for a backwoodsman, and make one feel most picturesque and dangerous, it must be confessed that they are not so comfortable as every day shoes, especially when one is just a bit tender from lack of exercise.

That night we had a royal supper; the ribs of our doe were broiled on the coals, and several cans of vegetables stewed up into a sort of *olla podrida*. Then I made some real frontier flapjacks, gaining much renown by my dexterity in turning them in the air with that peculiar twist of the pan that is only acquired after long experience in the West. I quite pride myself upon my camp cooking, and can broil a piece of bacon equal to the *chef* of a grand hotel, while my bread will weigh as much as any man's bread, I care not who he is. ALEX. M. REYNOLDS.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OLD-TIME CHRISTMAS UNDER CANVAS

IT was many and many a year ago—so many years ago indeed that all the young men of the period have turned gray or passed in their checks—that I spent a Christmas under the Southern Cross. It was not the first Christmas that I spent in that land of gold and gum trees. The Christmas of 1851 found me in Melbourne on my way to Forest Creek, and the Christmas I propose to tell you about fell five years later, when the glamor of gold digging had ceased to enthral me.

It would tax my memory severely to recall the incidents of the intervening Christmases, but the memory of this one stands out distinctly. I suppose the reason is that I then awoke suddenly from the romance of gold digging to more practical views of life, and that the short period of transition stands out in sharp contrast to that which went before and that which came after.

My five years' career as a gold digger had transformed me from a thoughtful student of eighteen years of age to a hard-handed son of toil with sinews of whipcord. I had been through all the usual vicissitudes of a gold digger's life, had had royal luck, followed by trips to Melbourne, where I spent the proceeds as royally; had had long runs of ill luck, until I had been sometimes driven to clear and work out deserted claims, getting a little gold, which was immediately spent in testing some new ground; had had several brushes with bushrangers, and always come out straight, and although I certainly never paused to think of the matter, I had as keen an enjoyment of life perhaps as any one under the sun. I saw just as much romance in the shadows as in the lights of the picture, and would not have had the bushrangers or any other feature of the scene eliminated on any consideration. The simple explanation of this is that I was young, in vigorous physical health, breathing a pure atmosphere, living beyond the restraints of law, and conventionalities of society, buoyed up by possibilities of immense wealth to be wrung from nature at any moment, and with a consciousness of having developed a capacity to adapt myself to the conditions of my environment.

The last eighteen months of my life as a gold digger were an unbroken period of ill luck. My mate had been a lieutenant of cavalry in the Austrian army, who, taking sides with Kossuth in 1848, had had some difficulty in getting out of the Fatherland with his head on; but he had kept that straight and brought his young wife away with him, and she, too, having adapted herself to the new surroundings and become a notable housekeeper (or, shall I say tentkeeper?) and bread and fancy baker, our camp life was somewhat less rugged than that of most of our neighbors. But, as I said before, luck had been dead against us for eighteen months. Once in that period we had secured a pound of gold for a fortnight's work, but that all vanished before we struck another paying claim. Then we went at old holes; generally got the ounce of gold necessary for food, and if we got two ounces we at once went and sunk a new shaft.

There came a rush to a hill where the bottom was a hundred feet deep, with twenty feet of basalt and several layers of conglomerate to dig through, and below that a clay which had to be timbered. The pioneers of the rush were supposed to have struck it good, and so for the first time we took credit from the store and went in to sink a shaft in the great rush. This occupied about six weeks, and proved a failure, leaving us about a hundred dollars in debt. Under these circumstances it was, of course, no good to go fossicking in old holes for a mere living. We must incur further debt in the effort to extricate ourselves. Sometimes we managed to pay off a little, but there was no settlement, and six weeks before Christmas of 1856 the debt stood at a hundred and fifty dollars, and I began to think seriously.

And so one day in the first week of November, as we returned from our day's work four miles from camp, I threw down my pick and shovel and turned to my mate with the somewhat startling remark, "There, Frank, I have done my last day's work at gold digging."

The young wife could not believe it, and would not be reconciled to my resolve. We had been nearly three years together and owed a great deal to each other, and I was like a member of the family, while all outside were aliens and strangers. Frank and I ate our supper, lighted our pipes and puffed away in silence for a long time without further reference to the subject. "Well, Charley," said he at length, "I know you too well to suppose that anything will turn you from your purpose, but you've hit me hard. Then there's the store debt, too; how shall we do about that?"

"I have thought of that of course," I said, "and my proposal is that we see Sinclair in the morning, and have the whole debt transfered to your account, leaving me to account to you. With neither money nor clothes I cannot of course go to Melbourne. My first step will be to earn thirty or forty pounds; fifteen for my debt, and another fifteen or twenty to take me to Melbourne. The debt I hope to clear off by Christmas. The nearest work is on the Simson road about twenty-four miles off."

And so it was settled. The next day was Sunday and we made it a day of rest, with the exception that I got up betimes and felled a hardwood tree, Frank and I carrying home the fuel between breakfast and dinner. Frank was very gloomy, I felt so too, but I spoke so confidently of returning with fifteen pounds for Christmas that at last the wife brightened with the happy idea that Frank might join me to clear off the debt, and get a few pounds to start afresh with.

"No," said Frank excitedly, "I did not come to this country to work for wages. I have had five years of hard luck at gold digging, and have seen men take out fortunes from holes alongside of mine. My luck will come some day, and I will never wilfully get out of the way and miss it."

And so the next morning I was astir betimes, struck my little tent, and made my pack ready for the start; and a goodly pack it was for a march of twenty-four miles—tent and blankets, frying pan and kettle, axe, adze and spokeshave; tea, sugar and a loaf of bread.

Frank and I talked but little at breakfast, but the little wife talked without intermission, and among other matters made a promise that one of her beautiful young roosters should be slaughtered for the Christmas dinner.

The sun was but just rising as I shouldered my pack. I had made it up into two rolls, lashed together with ropes, which served as shoulder straps, and this I think the best way of carrying a heavy pack—half before and half behind. You can walk upright with it, but it is necessary to use the hand to relieve the pressure on the chest. Jogging along at a steady three-mile-an-hour pace with but few stoppages, I covered the distance in between eight and nine hours, and finding that workmen were in demand I soon had the kettle boiling and tea made, and after a meal and a smoke set out in quest of poles and pegs for my tent and a little firewood. I had everything snug an hour before sunset, and having given so much evidence of my intention to go to work I got crowbar, sledge hammer and blasting tools from the contractor and opened an account with a hindquarter of mutton.

I turned in early and was the first astir in the morning, cooking and eating my breakfast under the twinkling stars and starting for my work just as the dawn broke and before there was any movement in the camp.

About half past eleven I came in to dinner, and then back again to work until I was the last toiler left on the field, but I toiled on as long as I could see, measured my day's work and found I had earned four dollars, and then as the stars came out I threw my tools over my shoulder and went home to cook my supper.

This was the regular routine. Up to the 23d of December one day was the exact counterpart of the other, with the exception of Sundays. On these days I devoted a few hours of the morning to collecting fuel, and in the afternoon strolled round and made the acquaintance of the Poles, Hungarians, Cornishmen, sailors, and others of the heterogeneous population of the camp, who had been brought together by hard luck, and who were doing little to redeem their condition here, for the prices of provisions were very high. At least I ate mutton and damper for two dollars a day, and the average earnings of the camp was, I learnt, not more than two and a half dollars.

On the 22d of December at noon I went to the contractor's foreman and asked for £15 on account, and as he was not to be convinced that I had earned so much in excess of my store bill of some £13 odd, we devoted the afternoon to measuring up my pile of rock, which gave a balance of £16 10s. in my favor, as I knew, for I had measured up every day and called for my store bill weekly. The foreman went over his figures again before he would pay me, for he said no other man had ever earned such wages on the road, but I got the money, and at break of day threw my blanket over my shoulder and set out to rejoin my expectant friends with a light heart.

Never did truant receive warmer welcome, and it is no reflection on human nature to say that I was the more welcome for the money I brought with me. The transfer of the £15 to the little wife's pocket relieved her of much unpleasantness, and the little balance provided the means for keeping up a merry Christmas.

In the morning I observed that the little wife was permeated by a melancholy which she could not shake off, and which I was at a loss to account for, until she beckoned me out, and calling her chickens asked in a trembling voice which should be sacrificed. I suggested one after another, but there were grave objections to each in turn, and when at last I asked "but why not have roast beef for dinner and leave the chickens alone?" her heart was relieved of its burden.

We enjoyed the day to the utmost, and were kindly and considerate, with the feeling that it was our last day together, that to-morrow we should part probably never to meet again, but we did not let the reflection damp our enjoyment of the passing hour. There was good cheer, good liquor, and on Frank's part glad forecasts of the day when his luck should turn and enable them to go back to Europe and spend their remaining years in ease and comfort.

The next morning I threw my blanket over my shoulder, embraced Frank, gave a last pressure of the hand to his little wife, who could not keep back the rising tear, and set out on my road back to my camp. For more than a quarter of a mile I was in sight of my friends' hut, and I knew by a subtle instinct that they would stand and watch as long as I was in sight. I neared the saddle of the hill. I reached its top; a few steps down the descent and I should be lost to their gaze. I felt a powerful yearning to turn round for a last salute, I knew that they too were yearning for it, but I resisted the impulse and went straight on, whispering to myself, "You have chosen your path. There must be no looking back."

* * * * * * *

Nearly three and twenty years later—that is on the 10th of August, 1878—my camp was pitched in the Himmalayas, at an elevation of ten thousand feet. I had come down four thousand feet to it in the morning, having spent a few days hunting between the forest limit and the snow line, and when I turned into my cot at night it was with the assurance that when I once fell asleep it would take a great deal to wake me before morning; but contrary to all my experience I not only awoke in the middle of the night, but out of a deep sleep I sprang up in bed as wide awake as ever I was in my life, speaking Frank's name as I arose. "Are you here Frank?" I asked again. All was still, all was dark. When I started up in bed it was with the clear conviction that my old Australian friend Frank was in my tent. I had seen nothing, heard nothing, felt nothing; but I had clearly and distinctly apprehended his presence as by the exercise of a new sense.

Years had passed and my old friends, although not obliterated from my memory, were buried deep in it, and perhaps for years had rarely come to the surface, but now the memory of the past was revived with clearness, and I recalled our struggles together, our final parting, and speculated on how Fortune had dealt with them in these later years. At length I resolved to know, if possible, and caused an advertisement to be inserted in the Melbourne *Argus*, calling for information of Frank or his wife; for something impressed me with the conviction that Frank was dead.

Months passed without a reply, but as Christmas time drew round again I received a letter from the little wifie telling me that "Poor Frank died the tenth of August last, sanguine and unfortunate to the last."

WANDERER.

THE CHARMS OF BEAUFORT.

(*Continued from page 385.*)

IT is lonesome here when one first comes. Very soon, though, this wears off. Every one seems to consider it his or her duty to make it as pleasant as possible, and summing it all up we have so enjoyed our stay that in spite of drawbacks it has been prolonged three weeks beyond our original calculations. Before leaving Aiken with friends who like myself longed for a breath of moist salt air, we were told that in Beaufort we would contract rheumatism from the dampness, fevers from the malaria, and be devoured by mosquitoes, fleas and other vermin. But we took the chance and came, and the hour in which we are to regret our temerity has yet to come. We have not seen nor heard nor felt a mosquito or flea; it is not damp here, and as for malaria, this is the one place South that I know of where people flock to avoid it. Within forty-eight hours after arrival every vestige of every cold had vanished, and up to date with no sign of return.

The city is a collection of handsome two and three-storied mansions, each with broad piazzas to every floor, all surrounded by large trees and gorgeous gardens. "Befo' the wah," when "Cotton was king" and labor was cheap, Beaufort was the summer home of the many wealthy planters, whose plantations on Port Royal, Paris, Cane, Ladies', St. Helena and other adjacent "Sea Islands" produced the famous long staple cotton. To the residents in those days, Beaufort—with its various resources of boating, sailing, crabbing, fishing, bathing, hunting and shooting; the freedom from contact with perplexing business cares and the worries of the outer world, its one mail a day and no telegraph nor telephone, its balmy, temperate climate—was a home, where luxury reigned. Malaria was unknown, typhoid, pernicious and other fevers, diphtheria and other diseases due to climate and dirt were never thought of; and consumption was the rarest of all. Many people afflicted with lung troubles came here from other places, and recovering health and strength, remained.

Situated as it is it must be healthy. Except for cisterns the old times had no fresh water in the vicinity; now several artesian wells add to the resources, their water being very wholesome. The rivers, so-called, Beaufort, Broad, Coosaw, etc., and the creeks are but arms of the sea, and the strong tides scour away all sewerage. There were a few fresh water swamps on the island, but since the earthquake these and others on adjacent islands have drained away and dried up, leaving ugly-looking dead cypress and myrtle stumps. The deadly rice field is unknown. Every day by noon there comes in a fresh seabreeze, which tempers the heat and refreshes greatly, while it drives away all miasmatic gases. Twenty miles from here, on the mainland, fever is certain, death probable, as the result of very short sojourn.

Before the war there were no strangers in Beaufort. Every one was cousin, aunt or uncle to every one else; if one came to them from the outside world, he or she was a guest; and all vying in hospitality, the properly-introduced stranger ceased at once to be a stranger. There were few stores, no hotels, no railroads. Now as the new-comer with his gripsack approaches a familiar-looking "bus" on whose sides are the legends "Madison Avenue and Wall Street," or "Fulton Ferry," the first salutation he hears is, "I say, boss, doncher wanter boy to tote yer sample case?" and his fellow passengers to the hotel are most unmistakably "commercial travelers." The cousinship still exists, but the survivors are few. In the business portion of the town the names on the signs are those of foreigners. The rush of trade at the drygoods and other stores is of colored people; the streets are filled with them, forty or fifty dark faces to one white.

Unfitted by birth and education for the struggle, the old race is dying out; their property, fine old mansions and plantations, have been lost through confiscation and sold for taxes, at most insignificant figures; the plantations cut up into little negro farms, and now owned by those who from poverty became rich through the purchase. Broad cotton fields lie abandoned weed-covered. Old mansions are tumbling through decay. Yet stricken down as they are, showing to the last their former character, the grandeur of which we can judge as we do of ancient Rome by the ruins. The people remain the same hospitable, highly cultured people. The war hit this place very hard. The appreciation of calamity is governed greatly by the laws of perspective; the stranger's

child hurt in our presence excites more sympathy than does the death, by flood or earthquake, of thousands in China. The old Southern hospitality, differing only in degree, still exists, and its recipients must feel kindly and grateful.

The history of Beaufort and this vicinity possesses many points of interest. There is the "Old French Fort," and the "Old Spanish Fort and Grove" for instance, and forts used in 1812 and during the civil war. Back of the French fort is one of the most magnificent conceivable groves of live oak; every branch is draped and festooned with pendants of moss, some twelve feet and more in length. This is the place where Beaufort picnics resort, and a most suitable one, "excusin'" the sand flies, which during my brief visits to it sadly interfered with pleasure; their season, however, lasts but a fortnight longer, then, "excusin'" the rattlesnakes, no place could be more charming. I am assured that the snakes are not so very plentiful as rumor states. As one small rattler can make a ten acre lot unhealthy, even two or three might crowd that grove, although it is a large one.

In one respect I think the grove more worth seeing than the renowned live oak avenue in Buenaventura, in the Savannah cemetery. That has been kept trimmed and in good order; the grove has been left to nature alone, and contrasts with the avenue as does the wilderness with the park. In the sun's rays toward evening the effect of the contrast between the waving banners of etherial-like moss and the sturdy masses of crooked timber of the oaks is beautiful.

We have attended service in the quaint old church and listened to most excellent service and delightful singing, while outside the voices of the sweet singers of the choir were blended with the music of the mocking birds, flying about among the trees, and visible through the many wide open doors and windows.

The floral attractions of Beaufort are wonderful, exceeding even those of California, especially in roses. My water ewer now holds two sprays of Jacqueminots, seven roses to each, and every rose larger than any I have ever before seen, some over 4in. in diameter. At least a hundred other roses, sent to us by friends, are scattered in huge boquets around our room, occupying every available vase, mug and tumbler. From two great vines in his garden, Mr. G. C. Judd cut the day before Easter, to adorn the chancel, 1,400 Reve d'ors. The day before Easter, at Aiken, the united proceeds of two hothouses were about two dozen, which were eagerly bought by the hotel guests at from ten cents to a quarter each. Until the severe cold spell of 1886, which carried the frost line, as I well remember, down to South Florida, oranges and bananas flourished here. A few oranges have ripened this season, and the new banana plants look well, but have not yet borne.

Among the luxuries of Beaufort the true diamond-back terrapin ranks high, and along the beaches are numbers of "cooter boxes," rectangular pens, through which tide ebbs and flows.

The negroes collect these animals as soon as they begin to move about and feed in the spring, and the pen owner buys them in detail as cheaply as possible, taking all offered, great and small. The little ones are secured at very reasonable prices, for they grow slowly, and are addicted to cannibalism to that extent that a bucket full of little bulls and cows may not produce a pair of "counts" (six inches long).

A lady at whose house I was guest, and had enjoyed, as none but those so favored can hope to enjoy, the perfection of terrapin soup, made perfect by the addition of one little secret ingredient, was buying some little ones. The vender was a little negro girl, attired in a comfortable but single garment, and bearing on her shoulders a bag. "Please, mum, don yer wan some cooter this mawning?" "How many have you, and how much for them?" "Please,mum, I'se dun got three, one gemman cooter and two lady cooter; the gemman he dun wuff 10 cents, mum, but the ladies dey's wuff a quarter apiece, mum." She bought them—little chaps about 4in. long—and if she is lucky in about three years she will have as many "counts." PISECO.

A CHRISTMAS ANNIVERSARY.

AS Christmas draws near each successive year I celebrate, as you might say, an anniversary, such a one as but few have experienced, and those who pass through extreme dangers look back upon them as nightmares, something they scarcely believe and hardly credit, each year widening the chasm spanned by recollection, and rendering the reality less vivid and real.

Sept. 23, 1877, I landed in Denver, a tenderfoot from Boston, not entirely green in ways of Western life, for from 1866 until 1872 I had the teaching of ward schools in Illinois, with the "gentlemanly art" administered by a succession of drubbings at the hands and feet of schoolmates and "scrubs" from the other wards. I also had the pleasure of the finest of duck and goose shooting which then abounded along the Illinois River. Opportunity was given me soon after arrival in Colorado of enjoying a winter's hunting and trapping in the Rocky Mountains. Visions of deer, elk, bear and all the dangers which ardent young sportsmen are so anxious to experience flitted before me, and to let this chance slip would have been as impossible as to kiss the prettiest girl at a church sociable with the old but jealous deacons watching.

Oct. 16, Jack, the model trapper in buckskin and big hat, driving a "spike" team, and I, me, myself, with a big hat, Winchester rifle and all the fixin's, astraddle of a genuine Ute pony, slowly pulled out of the city headed for the already white and freshly covered Snowy Range. To give all the details of that trip up to my anniversary would take too much space, besides recounting what has become almost every day life to most readers. My first vivid experience was the killing of a wild goat on the mountainside near Georgetown, packing the carcass down to old Jo Vinini's restaurant and selling it for $3 50, making a fast friend of him, and telling him my first good square lie. To acknowledge being a tenderfoot was out of the question, so to excuse my thin, emaciated condition and pallid face, "I had been laid up all summer in the Park with mountain fever."

Over the Berthoud Pass, down, down those snow-covered roads, silent and more weird in winter than ever, we went until we reached Cozzen's Ranch; then across the head of Middle Park to Hot Sulphur Springs, and then to a ranch on the Troublesome. At Tracey's I waited for Jack to bring in the provisions. I had gone ahead with a band of horses that were to be wintered in the Park. It was Thanksgiving Day when we were ready to start for Rock Creek in Egeria Park. After a three-days' trip across Gore Range, we arrived on Blacktail in a most terrific storm; the wind blew a perfect hurricane and the snow drifted in impassable mountains, but Jack knew where to go, and with two more days, during which the storm raged, and we were continually getting stuck, loading and unloading, digging out one horse after another and then the bob-sled (for we had put on runners) we finally reached the spot where we would build our cabin, two miles from the old camp ground of Colorow's band of renegade Utes, who afterward were the means of inciting the Utes into the killing of poor old man Meeker and ambushing Thornburg's command on Milk Creek. I had already killed antelope and deer, and during the trip was fortunate enough to shoot an elk. My experience as I gazed upon the dead monarch of the Rockies I shall never forget.

Our cabin was soon built, forty miles from a white man's cabin save one directly by side of Colorow's camp, eighty miles to the nearest ranch and over one hundred miles to a settlement. The Utes visited us daily, we swapped some sugar and a little coffee, they begged for powder and lead, but that was dangerous to our future welfare. One Ute offered me two fine ponies for my Winchester, but I was not in a mood for trade. Traps were set out and foxes, wolves, otter and other furs were daily added to our string on the cabin. Jack concluded about Christmas to go to Hot Sulphur Springs for mail and see if civilization still remained as we had left it. I was left alone to attend traps and kill what game I wanted. There was no time in the morning or evening that I did not see from one to fifty deer running from one side of the mountain to the other or across the sage brush flats. My trips were of an all day tramp, first in one circle then another, I had been very successful in bringing in some fine furs, one mountain lion and three immense wolf skins among the rest. Friday I remember well taking the circle to the right across the snowy divide and down the other slope to Toponis Creek, up this to Rock Creek and then to the cabin. Having previously killed three deer in one of the gulches, I concluded to go there and bring in a well "seasoned" saddle as my venison was getting low, but I went down the wrong gulch and it being late struck out for camp.

Saturday A. M. I was up earlier than usual. Leaving my rifle and buckling on a .44 Smith & Wesson I started down Rock Creek for the gulch, reversing the route of Friday. I had unusual good luck in picking up some fine cat skins and a carcajou; also on Toponis succeeded in breaking through the ice, wetting both feet. Arriving at the foot of the long gulch I found that haste must be made or I would not reach the summit of the snowy ridge in time to find our beaten trail down the dangerous north slope; half way up I came to the deer and two more fine cats. To kill them, skin them out and also to cut out a quarter of frozen venison, was a job of some time.

It was, then, the alternative either to take the chances of a broken neck in the driftwood on the creek and of breaking through the ice, or to gain the summit before dark, locate my course and trust to striking the trail toward camp; or an all night under the stars. These first thoughts of my dangerous position had just dawned upon me. To think was at once to act, and I chose the snowy ridge. Heavily loaded with skins and meat, I toiled up, up, up—it seemed as if I never could reach the summit. I did not dare to stop for breath, but panted and struggled along. For the first and only time on the trip I had put a flask of gin in my pocket. It was all we had brought. I took a long drink and again started with my load. The sun was fast nearing the tops of the western peaks, it had already dropped below the ridge I was on. Could I reach the summit before it was sunken so low that nothing but a great white field without landmarks or familiar spots could be discovered?

On and up I went, stumbling against rocks and sticks. The last patch of sunlight had disappeared, and as it faded the darkness seemed to come on at once. A mile yet before I could possibly locate my course down the north side. The deer were everywhere, but I cared nothing for them. At last I approached the open. In vain did I scan the mountainside for the trail; it all looked alike. Once more I tried to revive the sickness at heart and brace myself for the last three miles. Concluding that the safest was the quickest, I made a plunge, and as going down hill in the mountains is comparatively easy, I took on a kind of dog trot. But alas, I had scarcely commenced the descent before in I went, heels over head into a gulch filled to the top with snow. It was human nature to struggle and struggle until nature was overcome. A fainting sensation seized me and I was helpless in the snow up to the armpits. The complete exhaustion was of short duration, as a chill seemed to pass through me, and I tried to stand but could not. I listened—*hoo-o-o hoo-o-o—yip, yap, yappity yip, kii, kii, hoo-o-o*—wolves and coyotes! nice friends at that time of night, and so unceremonious.

Gaining strength, I tried to work myself out of the mass, but I was only successful in getting in still deeper. It seemed hopeless, there was no moon, the stars were clear and fairly glittered in countless millions. Again and again, this way and that way I tried it; but I could not get back, and it was impossible to go ahead; what could I do? the snow was almost above my head, I cried out in despair. A howl of derision was my only answer. I did not fear an attack of these brutes, as game was plenty, and the Rocky Mountain wolf rarely if ever attacks a human being. I was exhausted, clear played out, and a dreaminess commenced to take hold of me: I had the only consolation that probably my bones would be found in the spring. The chill that again aroused me also seemed to give me a little judgment; I would use the skins as a kind of foundation; and half rolling on them, covering as much surface of the snow as I could, I finally succeed in reaching the solid earth.

I then picked my way more carefully until the foot of the range was reached. I knew of a trail part of the way up the other slope, which led directly to the cabin, but that side was slippery from the snows that melted during the day; so stepping, sliding and falling, frantically trying to climb the icy steep slope, I had almost gained the trail, when back I slid nearly 100yds. It was all alike, and useless to try another place, so slowly crawling on my hands and knees I managed to reach the trail. Twenty minutes more and I was at the cabin. It was nearly eleven o'clock. Fred had come up from the cabin at Colorow's, and supposing I had gone to his cabin, got his own supper and went to bed. Of course he wondered where I had been. Tired and worn out, too tired to eat, I pulled or tried to pull off my boots; they stuck fast, but at last one was off. My foot struck the stone hearth. I picked it up in my hands: it was almost solid. Quickly ripping a part of my other boot with my knife, that foot was the same. It was too much for my feelings, and in giving way for a moment, in that moment all my ardent desire for adventure went out too. Of course I suffered terribly with my feet, but was so fortunate as not to break the blisters. I let nature with plenty of oil tried from cat fat do the healing.

In about six days the Utes all went to Hot Sulphur Springs. I sold out my stuff to Fred, taking ponies, etc., and followed their trail, two days after, thence to Georgetown, crossing the Berthoud Pass about Jan. 16. I gained about 30lbs. on the trip, and taken as a whole enjoyed it. TILE.

A DAY'S RIDE.

FOUR years ago I was one of a party that spent the summer in Wyoming on a ranch, and many times since then have I enjoyed myself while tiring my friends, in burnishing up the memories of Deer Creek Ranche. Here is one of them:

A still, clear August morning found seven of us in the saddle, three ladies, the Major, two gentlemen ("tenderfeet" by profession), and Smith, the guide. We were off on an exploring expedition among the rocks and down the gulches near old Fort Casper, and our commissary being trustworthy, we did not much care in what direction we went, nor how fast nor in what order. The Major carried his large Winchester as a matter of habit, as there was to be no hunting; I took along a little Remington, wanting to keep the nerves of the ladies up to the proper pitch. I may as well state here that I was one of the tenderfeet. Let me also add that while I was a good rider—thanks to horses ever since I wore breeches and could lisp "g'lang"—I was not looked upon as a remarkable shot with the rifle. In fact, it was to me that the reins of the horses were generally given to hold while the others did the shooting.

What a lark we had that morning! Climbing up over a mass of rock and coasting our bare-footed horses down the other side, galloping down beside some quarreling brook, only to plunge through it as it turns suddenly across our way. A shady bunch of cottonwoods suggesting it, the question of our luncheon is raised, it is laid on the table and carried unanimously. About 3 o'clock we started homeward. The trail we were following stumbled along, half way up a ragged range of rocks, rising a hundred feet or so on our left, and sinking as far below on the other side, their places taken by the scarred stumps and trunks of what was once a forest. Rounding a sudden corner the Major spied a brown object, motionless and almost hidden in a tangle of brushwood. Unslinging his rifle he motioned me to do the same, and told me in a breath that the brown thing down there in the shade was the back of an elk. The hopes, the fears, the ecstasy of that moment are indescribable. The emptiness of the past vivified the thought that I should again miss. An idea flashed across my mind: "Major, let's us both aim together, and when I count three we'll fire." Not waiting for his answer I up with my rifle and whisper "One, two," *whang!* went my rifle, followed by the Major's, but with a little interjection interpolating the two reports. "Why didn't you wait till you had said three?" yelled the Major, as that brown thing faded to gray in the distance. "Why, man, you not only didn't aim at the elk yourself, but you spoiled my shot."

He looked disgusted as he mounted his horse and led us on again. I deemed it better not to converse much with the ladies about that elk; in fact, I rather led the conversation in other directions, pointing out this or that view as worthy of canvas and the academy, or that mass of granite as a "find" for some street-paving company.

We followed the shadows of the sun as they rose slowly up the rocks, and had almost reached the summit when I was dumbfounded at seeing four silvertip bears, an old she, a yearling and two cubs, getting over the ground in front in great style. The Major yelled. "Chase them until we can get a good shot." He, Smith and I left the others behind, and then such a scrambling and tumbling up over the rocks! For once I felt equal to the Major, for I was in the saddle. The old bear would shamble over the rocks at a great pace, but had to stop now and then to let the youngsters catch up with her. The cubs were as fat as butter, and it was laughable to see them stretch out their fat little legs in their endeavor to keep up. The ground was so broken that we could not keep them in sight long enough to get a shot, so on we went.

Rounding a sudden turn, Smith, who was in advance, almost ran into the arms of the old bear who was standing on her hindlegs at the base of a huge rock while the cubs were clawing up behind her. Smith beat a quick retreat on his only tow willing horse, for his only weapon was a huge knife dangling from his waist. He afterward declared he felt the breath of the bear, she was so close to him. The Major and I jumped off our horses and then we were not more than 60ft. away from the bear. Raising our rifles I waited for the Major to shoot first. Snap! his gun missed fire. Wrenching down the lever to get another cartridge in, something stuck and nothing would give. His gun was useless. All this time in my excitement the end of my little Remington was describing enough airs and circles to puzzle a professor. Getting an approximate aim on the bear, I was about to fire when the Major's gun stuck. Knowing that my little bullet, even if it did hit would hardly prove fatal to such a beast, he ordered me not to fire. The cubs by this time were out of sight over the top of the rocks and the old bear seeing there was no fight in us scrambled up after them. Disappointment took the place of exhilaration and excitement. In fact I was disgusted, and I improved the opportunity of getting in a word or two at the Major for his lack of coolness in managing his gun. We were all of us sulky as we rode on toward the ranch, and the Major lost what little remaining grace he had when, being momentarily undecided which was the right trail in the dark, I decided correctly. The buffalo skin I slept on that night in the tent transformed itself in my dreams into a bear skin and reversed matters by sleeping on me, growling and tearing generally. I then realized the truth of the Major's guess, that the bear weighed a thousand pounds.

F'LIN.

BILL DAVIS'S BEAR FIGHT.

YES, I said, as the Colonel finished his story, a revolver combined with presence of mind no doubt saved your friend from death, and that reminds me of a story told to me this fall, when Mr. Wythe, Dan Harris and I went to the Big Horns elk hunting. Bill Davis still bears the marks of the terrific struggle, and the old man related the story just as I will try to give it. "One afternoon," said he, "a little while after I had come to the country, as I was busy building a log storehouse for the grub I expected would come soon by wagon, my partner yelled out to me, 'I say, Bill, there's a big silvertip down in the chokecherry bushes 'cross the creek.' Now you know bear meat is prime eating in winter, and such a chance wasn't to be lost, so I ran into the shack and catching up my Winchester started to get that bear. I had to go about half a mile, and when I got there I couldn't see anything but the bushes moving. At last I made out a brown patch just where the bushes ran out to the foot of a hill. So I climbed up, and then started down, thinking I would not let him smell me before he saw me and perhaps he'd show enough to give me a good shot, but it was no go he just stayed still and wouldn't come out.

"At last I lost patience, and said to myself I'll just plump a bullet into what I can see, though whether it's a head or tail I don't know. So I raised up my gun and let drive at that brown patch, thinking now he'll make for me, and when he gets near I'll split him open. The smoke hadn't cleared away before you'd have thought an earthquake had broken loose in them bushes. Of all the tumbling and rolling, grunting and squalling I ever heard that was the worst. Down he dropped, but was up right away; and up the hill he came, mouth wide open. I've seen and killed lots of bears, but this fellow looked about four times bigger than any I've seen before or since. When he got within about 30ft. I threw down the lever of my Winchester, and nary cartridge came up. Sick? I nearly fainted. I did have sense enough to turn and run, yelling to one of the boys who had come near to bring my belt of cartridges. But I was too late. The bear overtook me and struck me on the shoulder, taking all the shirt and some of the flesh from that side, and knocking me spinning to the ground. He was right on top in a second, and I'll never forget how big and white those teeth looked as he tried to get my head in his jaws, his hot breath came full in my face and almost sickened me. Luckily I had kept hold of my gun, and now I jammed it crosswise in his mouth, which kept him somewhat off and his jaws from shutting. One rake of his right paw took big ribbons of flesh from my side and arm, and to keep him from ripping my stomach open I doubled my legs up.

"The bear was worried by that iron gun barrel and gave back a little, so I shot out with both feet and caught him just below the paws, head over heels he went down the hill, and you can bet I didn't stay there to see if he landed all right. I ran to meet Tom with the cartridge belt, and cramming the magazine full, I started back after that bear, for I wasn't going to let him get away when he had torn me so. There he was still in the chokecherries, tearing up the bushes and raising Cain. No sooner did he see me than back he came, just spoiling for another fight, but this time I was ready for him, and as he reared I let drive. The ball struck him fair in the neck and broke the spinal cord. He gave one jump, fell, and rolled down, lying there kicking, but I wasn't taking any chances, for a dead bear ain't always as dead as he looks; so getting a little nearer I gave him one through the head that settled him, and I left Tom to skin and cut him up, while I pulled out for the house.

"You ought to have seen Mrs. Davis when she saw me. I was one big spot of blood, no shirt, and mighty little pants, but she tied me up and I went to bed, and it was a long time before I cared much about tramping around. You boys can see the scars yet, and this left hand never has got straight.

"How did I come to tackle him with only one cartridge in the gun? Well, you see my boy had been using the gun, and hadn't filled it up as I keep it, and I was in too big a hurry to look, but when I got well I just talked to him, and he ain't touched that gun since.

"No, sir! A knife ain't no good with a mad grizzly, and I've never carried a revolver, but if I'd had one that day I wouldn't have been hurt so; and if you gents intend tackling bear just strap a .45 on you, for you may find it mighty handy though it's mean to pack around."

R. H. W.

A RETROSPECT OF FORTY YEARS.

TWO or three months since, while rowing across Lake Pocatapogue, I spied a tent upon an island, which brought back like a flash to mind the first tent I ever saw, nearly forty years ago. I lived then in the little village of Windsor, upon the Susquehanna River, remote from lines of travel, and as pretty and secluded a location as one would care to see. While playing one day upon the village green with other lads, we saw a strange boat come down the river and draw up at the point of an island near the further shore. Presently something white appeared, whereat one boy, more knowing than the rest of us, shouted "Tent!" and away we ran down across the flats and over the long covered bridge at full speed; and crossing a short dam, in ten minutes were there. This was my first knowledge of such a thing as camping out. Two young men formed the party and everything was brand new—boat, tent and all. One of the party was getting the tent to rights, and the other was dressing some fish they had taken on the way down and which he put into a skillet and over the fire. The savory smell of that mess of fish lingers with me yet. It seemed as though I had never smelt anything so good before.

They were not extremely sociable, and did not seem impressed to any great degree by our visit. In answer to our boyish questions they said they had come from "up the river" and were going "down the river," and "for fun of course." I could not quite understand that, but I have thought of it a great many times since. I have also thought of and longed for the splendid fishing which was then to be had right at our very doors. Within forty rods of my father's house were the river and four ponds, or coves, as we called them then, all literally alive with fish. In those days people fished more for "meat" than because of fashion, and the waters were not fished to death. There were not over half as many people any way, and they did not fish for "count" as much as now; but, as I remember, when they had taken enough they would wind the line around the old-fashioned pole and go home. And such fish. I have never seen such perch since as we could catch there any day, and the pickerel were far larger than now, to say nothing of the pike. I went back to that country a while ago, and it gave me pain. The woods were gone where I used to play, and where I had once picked berries by the bushel the woods had grown again. The coves had been drained and changed to fine meadows; the river did not seem half so large, and the fishing—well, it was the same old story. Almost the only thing I could find to interest me was the time-table of the new railroad where it showed the departure of trains.

The village had in some way imported a live man, and had arrived at the dignity of a weekly paper, and not spelled with an "a," either. In a recent number sent to me I had read how the black bass had been planted and had increased and multiplied, and I had said to myself: "I'll try them." So I had put a rod in my trunk and come around. I called into service a nice old man who had worked around my mother's place, to get me some bait, and take his boat and set me across the mill race upon the dam. It was a likely looking place for bass, and as I put my rod together and impaled a worm upon the hook, a feeling of great peace came upon me, and rejoicing that I was once more at home and in my old haunts. If the old time fish had grown scarce and small, surely I could find much to comfort me in the thought that a new comer, the gamy bass, was here in all his glory. For a little time I enjoyed thinking over my boyhood days so much that I scarcely noticed, and cared nothing for, the want of luck. I remembered how right here Jake Marshall, who was the Izaak Walton of that town, and I had caught as many fish as I could carry one morning before breakfast.

Just below the bridge, not the old covered one where Captain Jones took toll, but the new iron one, I could see Hall's Eddy, where no one in the old days ever fished in vain. Twenty rods behind me was the "swimming hole," where all we boys learned to swim, and where we spent hours every day during the summer. Then I began to note the absence of bass, and I moved around a little, getting a nibble now and then, but nothing encouraging. After an hour or two of this I had a bite which was unmistakably bass, and in a spirit of desperation I fairly yanked him out upon the dam.

Down went my aged friend upon his marrow bones and gathered him in.

"Ah! he's a beauty," he said, and held him up for me to admire. He was about five inches long. I left. Mc.

Middletown, Conn.

MOON LAKE.

THERE is a fascination about our Eastern lakes that years of sojourn amid mountains and deserts cannot destroy. Years ago I used to troll for pickerel in Lake Hopatcong, and cast the fly on the calm waters of Greenwood Lake, and the memory of those days is like an Indian summor idyl. That was before the days of fashionable hotels and club houses. A person had to love piscatorial pleasures to endure the inconveniences of the third-class inns that were then to be found about "Brooklyn Pond," As for the thickets about "Long Pond" (Greenwood Lake), chapparel of the Sierra alone could equal them in density. And there was sport at Delaware Water Gap before the completion of the railroad along the east bank of the river. Red fox and Virginia deer tempted the hunter, nor was the bear a stranger in the wild lands of Warren and Sussex counties. I suppose that now, in the summer season, canoes and camps line the shore, and that tennis courts cover the natural lawns where erstwhile was the bark camp of the hunter who loved to dwell from other men apart. Heaven forbid that any canoeist or camper misjudge me for a misanthrope. I am merely comparing the old with the new.

Then there were long vacations in Vermont or amid the Berkshires, where I learned to beguile the wary trout, or would lazily angle for chubs. Many of these New England lakes, nestled among sombre pines, hidden among the Green Mountains, strangely resemble Donner and Weber lakes in the Sierra; but I never enjoyed fishing for lake trout in California, even with the most approved of tackle, half as much as I delighted in my experience as a novice, with the small fry of Yankeedom.

Influenced by the sacred memories of lakes that I love, I resolved in August to visit the lake region of Nebraska. In imagination I saw once more the blue laughing waters, white pebbled beach, the greensward beyond and a background of pines, noble pines, that I might know a prairie State could never produce. Moon Lake was our destination. It is still in the wilderness, but settlers are within hailing distance, and next year some hardy adventurer will build his cabin where, less than two years ago, Sioux and Crows fought for their hunting grounds. The lake is the largest of five ponds that lie in the western part of Brown county. It is only fifteen miles south of the new Fremont, Elkhorn and Missouri Valley R. R. Had I been wise I should have taken the rail to the nearest point, but instead we drove 150 miles northwest from Kearney, over sand hills and through "bad lands," thinking with the close of each day that we had almost reached a hunter's paradise. Still the trip gave us an opportunity of seeing and judging of the migrations and changes of fauna and flora that are so marked in this section. We had expected to find the "whitetail," but our first victim was a genuine *Cariacus macrotis*, although it is here called "mule deer" as well as "blacktail." It was killed near Brewster on the North Loup. From this point north and west deer were comparatively abundant. A line drawn from Brewster to Julesburg will give the eastern limit of antelope for the coming season. There were, last January, several small herds north of Julesburg and Ogalalla, but their westward drift can be traced by the mere novice, and, with the present influx of settlers, it is safe to predict that in three years there will not be an antelope left outside the most western counties of the State. Elk signs have almost disappeared about Moon Lake, but a few bunches are left in the Cherry country. The elk became extinct in central Nebraska about 1877; the antelope some five years later.

The seventh day from Kearney brought us to our destination, and, for Nebraska, the pond was all that could be expected. It is a sheet of water three miles in length by from one-half to three-fourths of a mile in width. Unlike most Nebraska ponds this is free from rushes and sedges, that choke what would otherwise be considered beautiful waters. About the banks carices flourish and grow to an unusual height, and back of these the hills were covered with verdure. Chubs, perch and catfish were the only fish, but our sport was not to be with hook and line. Prof. Aughey, in his work on the "The Physical Geography and Geology of Nebraska," says: "The mallard was formerly exceedingly common in the State during its migration, but it is now much less so, owing, no doubt, to the manner in which it was hunted down. Many formerly brought forth their young in north Nebraska." This seems to be the great breeding ground of mallards, and, to a certain degree, of the woodduck. Here are also found the least tern and the black tern with their young. In this primeval solitude we needed no blinds, no decoys. It seemed as though there were enough mallard about Moon Lake to make, in the proper season, good shooting for the whole State.

In observing signs of bird life I was surprised to find the belted kingfisher, which I thought belonged only to the river region in the southeastern portion of the State. But of songsters we saw none. We had passed their western limit, though they keep pace with fruit trees and timber claims. And here is a nut for ornithologists to crack. For several summers while camping beside some trout stream, high up in the mountains of Idaho, in Alpine valleys where wild flowers run riot, I have been wakened at dawn by the matin song of the thrushes. Nowhere in the West have I listened to such a chorus. It was as though the songsters had left the hillsides of New England, and were watching the sunrise from the ridge-pole of the continent. Brown thrushes, wood thrushes, finches, warblers all were singing. These are the birds of the East, not of the West. How do they get there? For an interval of seven hundred miles they are not observed even as a migratory species. So far as I can judge, they follow the Arkansas or Missouri to their headwaters, and then summer northward and southward among the pines and quaking aspens, staying scarce two months, then disappearing as mysteriously as they came. This is a digression, but it is the privilege of the indulger in reminiscences to ramble. So, in this glorious November weather, whether tramping over prairie, gun on shoulder, after quail or chicken, or, sitting in the twilight, beside the cheerful fire, I see the past and hold for truth that

"To him in the love of nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language.

Kearney, Neb. Shoshone.

Natural History.

THE SUPER-SENSE OF ANIMALS.

BECAUSE inferior animals have organisms less exquisite than man's, because their limbs are imperfectly developed, their articulation defective and their vocabulary limited, some metaphysicians contend that they have no rational intellect. Can this be proved? The human race, fortunately for itself, is able to declare verbally what it knows and what it can do; but as for the brutes, so designated, before the prejudiced court of human adjudication they are compelled by their physical disability to be silent. Alack! if they could only speak their thoughts what an intellectual capacity some of them might reveal!

If animals have a language of their own by which they can communicate with others of their own species, as it is obvious they have, but are unable to make it intelligible to man, does it reflect most upon their inability to impart or man's incapacity to receive? What shall determine the standard of comparative intelligence between the two? Assuredly it must try the patience of highly cultivated animals to make such stupid creatures as men comprehend what they want. A man will drown or his house burn up before his dog can make him understand that something is wrong or that assistance is needed.

Intelligence is by no means limited by the capacity to manifest and impart it. How can we manifest our intelligence if we have not the perfect organs and members? A man who has lost his palate cannot make himself understood; are we to assume, therefore, that his intellect is deficient? We estimate intelligence chiefly by vocal and written emanations of the mind; but if a man be a cripple, without limbs, as well as a mute (such have lived) how can he prove himself superior to a dumb brute which is handicapped in the same way? He may be, but how can he prove it? We cannot in justice affirm that he is a dunce and an imbecile just because he makes no sign. Balaam's ass did well enough as soon as his tongue was loosed, and yet his simple master had always sized him up for nothing more than the ass he appeared to be. How often men as egregiously misjudge their own kind! It has been the habit of even enlightened nations to call each other barbarians until their reciprocal intercourse and interchange of tongues discovered that they were in many respects equally gifted and accomplished. To every ignoramus a foreigner is always "stupid" until his language is acquired.

Any person who will quietly and unobserved watch the everyday intercourse of brutes, whether domestic or wild, will soon get to understand the sounds and the signs by which they communicate with each other, and, in the case of farm animals, signify to their owners their wants and distresses, and oftentimes their purposes; and if he can ever gain their confidences he will find them quite companionable and by no means beneath his acquaintance. Sign language as a makeshift for lingual disability has been employed for time indefinite by savages and nomadic people, as well as by mutes and brutes; but do intellectual and cultivated men, with all their superior genius and aptitude, assisted by a superior mobility of features, succeed in this method of communication any better than the brutes? are they any quicker to apprehend? Man's intellectual face helps the brute to read and interpret its purpose and meaning. The brutes, it would seem, in the absence of equally expressive features, are furnished with mobile ears and indicative tails, and even with cuticles which shrink and shiver with varying emotion—manifestly a providential interposition in behalf of the man.

The physical expressions which the animals employ to manifest their passions, requirements, distresses and

emotions, are precisely similar to man's. They caress with their lips and limbs, show resentment by facial distortion, bites and kicks, and fear by a tremor; they leap with joy, loll with thirst, lag with fatigue, and attack for revenge or reprisal. Even fishes, with their poor deficient bodies, are able to manifest many mental operations in a manner intelligible to man, as well as to each other. There is no end to authenticated instances of animal sagacity, indicating premeditation, plan, purpose, sense of duty, prudence, gratitude, method, judgment. Animals memorize. They cherish malice, they dream in their sleep, they can count, they have a sense of injustice, a consciousness of error, and notions of forgiveness and reparation. I have seen a brute of a man requite the clumsy caress of his horse by a thumping blow on the nose. His supreme intelligence did not comprehend the animal's action, forsooth. Now some men get vexed if they are not readily understood. Did the horse show temper—this noble animal whom Job represents as endued with the spirit of the tempest? Did he even resent the outrage? Not by retaliation, although he plainly indicated his keen sense of the indignity. What may we suppose his emotions to have been at treatment so regardless and unprovoked? Yet he presently forgave all. Do not say that he forgot, for at all times afterward he shrank with apprehension when his master approached. Oh! the gentleness, forbearance and long-suffering of the brutes, who oft-times grieve in silence—speechless and unable to utter protest or complaint.

Animals meditate. Dogs have been seen to sit in a fit of abstraction, so that no one could engage their attention, and presently start off with an impetus which showed there was a mental impulse behind it. That was a keen sense of finesse displayed by the Newfoundland dog at a seaside resort, when he pushed little girls off the pier so that he could jump in magnanimously to the rescue, and thereby obtain the reward of a handful of candy which he anticipated the grateful parents would bestow. He repeated the trick so often that he fell into suspicion and disgrace, but his method showed not only a conception of the efficacy of a virtuous act and its logical recompense, but the advantage of deception when successfully practiced. A crow which I knew of shammed hunger habitually, so as to obtain more food, which he invariably carried off and hid in a wall, and then came back for more. In this way he accumulated large hoards of provender. A certain Java sparrow was able to distinguish the click of its master's latch-key in the hall door from any other person's, and flew to meet him with demonstrations of joy as soon as he entered the house. He never made a mistake. A sagacious mastiff always pulled the door bell when he desired to enter. A parrot in New Orleans seemed to answer questions categorically, and recognized different persons, calling them by name. The intelligence of insects is perhaps even more wonderful. Fishes exhibit remarkable sagacity, which has been made the theme of writers for two thousand years.

Men are constantly imposed upon by their designing fellow men, but animals seldom err in their judgment of human character, or of their own. They can tell off hand whether a man be tricky, vicious, kind or cruel, brave or craven, vacillating or self-reliant. They will shun or menace some men at sight. Other men will as promptly engage their confidence. It is said that a man's first impression is usually correct, but that he afterward, allows his reason to run away with his judgment, and is thus deceived. Wherein, then, does the wisdom of experience surpass the sublime quality of intuitive perception?

Animals in herds are of the same mind. They move and act always in concert; and inasmuch as their judgment of natural phenomena is well nigh infallible, may they not be mentally qualified to judge of situations where they are not required to act? The moment a man begins to argue with himself, that is *prima facie* evidence that he is astray. It is this feeling of doubt which makes us seek counsel of others; it is the consciousness of our innate fallibility which vexes us when the opinion we seek is opposed to our own. Whenever a man gets lost he either goes aimlessly ahead, or else he attempts to reason himself into the right path, and so almost invariably chooses the wrong one. Nothing but good luck will ever extricate him. Animals never get lost, because they seldom find themselves in a false position, unless restrained of their own volition. A man will attempt to drive a horse over an open bridge in the dark, or an unseen precipice, but the horse resists. What gives the horse intuitive perception and not the man? A horse has been known to walk a stringpiece at night whose presence its rider did not even suspect, and which he could not traverse in broad daylight. A man will perish of thirst in a desert or lose his way, but his horse will take him to water or to his home. A man cannot even tell the points of the compass by the natural signs which are above and all around him, nor does he perceive the signs themselves. He will even look to the ears of his mule for intimations of proximate danger. Man is constantly apprehensive of calamities which perchance never come, but the animals have a prescience which enables them to avoid actual danger when it impends. It would seem as if all the factitious helps of human science were unequal to brute discernment.

Domestic animals are more helpless than wild ones. Whenever they place their confidence in man, or become dependent upon him, they become less able to take care of themselves; but if they revert to the wild state they presently recover their natural capabilities. They can find better shelter, if not better food, than man usually provides. We seldom hear of wild animals freezing to death or being overtaken by floods, like domestic cattle or sheep; yet we are apt to regard domestic animals as the most intelligent of the two, simply because our acquaintance with them is more intimate. We understand them better through their visible traits, and by the smattering of their language which we have acquired.

The habit of observation in animals amounts to a second sight. Is it mere instinct which directs the honey bee in his repeated flights to the same far distant spot, and even to the same individual and identical flower which blooms among the myriads around it? Having discovered it accidentally in the first place, or been guided to it by the subtle sense which he possesses, he never errs afterward. No doubt he exercises the faculties of observation and memory, and his perception is so acute, and his memory so retentive, that they never fail him. Surely the landmarks and guides for the observation of men are as numerous, conspicuous and infallible as they are for the bee. If men would only exercise their faculties of observation more they would be smarter. Such are masters of legerdemain. The significance of all these testimonies will be admitted by all who do not regard them from a plane so lofty that they cannot discern their intellectual depth. But animals do not reveal their best intelligence to men except under most favoring circumstances. Animals are imbued with a constitutional timidity and mistrust of man, implanted for their own protection, and their fear is well founded, for man's habitual attitude toward them is aggressive, his constant purpose being to kill, capture, enslave, or even to torture for his own profit or amusement. With some this fear amounts to absolute fright, their entire thoughts being engrossed with the sole idea of flight or keeping out of reach, so that there is no room for other mental operations. No wonder that their attributes don't shine out. Scare a man out of his wits and he tosses out the mirror and tenderly totes the mattress; but deer, foxes and hares, with the hounds at their heels, preserve their presence of mind sufficiently to contrive matchless expedients to baffle their pursuers. They formulate new devices on the jump and apply them on the emergency. Is not this a high order of genius? Something more than instinct? The man who contrives something after months of study is called an inventor, and he gets a patent on his process, but there are no patents on the expedients of a fox which are "fresh every hour."

The intelligence of animals is modified by their contact with man. The moment their overpowering sense of fear is banished they begin to manifest it in a hundred charming ways. It is in this mood of confidence that they become susceptible to what is called "training," but which is, in truth, a mutual interchange of intelligences through juxtaposition; for is not man a self-confessed student of nature, obtaining a moiety of his knowledge by observations of animals' habits. If sometimes a student, have they always a preceptor?

Development comes by genius through necessity. Brute wants are measured by the means to provide, but human wants increase with the means of providing; and this cumulative urgency of mankind is constantly stimulating the invention of labor-saving machines and developing the intellect. Time is no object to brutes. They have no incentive to devise what they do not need and could not use or handle if they did. Their personal endowment is all sufficient for their simple requirements in their normal state of contentment. Until a man has learned the application of mechanical contrivances they are of no more service to him than they are to the brute. Both would alike die of thirst beside a cistern fastened with a combination lock. But animals often get to know the uses of implements, and that right soon. A horse will unlock a gate, let down the bars and work a pump handle to get a drink. The ox in the shambles comprehends the deadly use of the axe and knife and bellows in terror of the blow which he cannot avert, because he is so deplorably handicapped by nature.

The chief difference between the intellectual promptings of men and brutes is that brutes as an order contemplate only the present, while man is concerned for the future, chiefly on account of the taint of sin, which inheres in him, and the penalty which he must forefend or incur; and the incomprehensible enigma is that the brutes should be helplessly involved in the pains and tribulations of a transgression in which they took no part.

The term "instinct" is a very convenient designation for men to use when they fail to explain the inscrutable operations of the animal intelligence. Like the protoplasm in the cell, which is essentially the same in all organic matter, so is the inherent energy of the spiritual intelligence wherever it exists. The intellectual germs or elements are essentially the same in angels, men and animals, but in different stages of development; and who can guess how nearly they approximate? It is impossible to analyze them or define them separately, for they all blend just where they seem most to divide. When this mundane envelope is sloughed off, the intellectual faculties will appear without handicap or hamper, and all will start fair on the new epoch of existence. Happy will those creatures be whose advanced career in the future life has not been prejudiced by the taint acquired in the primary school of earth.

The end for which mankind is created and toward which he is being carried by the drift of time, is contained, according to the Scripture, in "love, joy, peace, long-suffering, contentment, gentleness, goodness, temperance and self-control." All these the animals have inherent; and who dare say that, living in community with men, and dying as men die, they have not with men a common lot and destiny, whatever it be?

Animals were created before men; and when men came into the world, as naked and hirsute as the brutes themselves, with no higher aims than theirs, and no ambition beyond immediate subsistence and enjoyment, they regarded their predecessors with the deference natural to all latest comers. They looked to them for example and from them learned how to provide for their own daily wants. It was not until man came into possession of the knowledge and faculties which he was forbidden to acquire, that he began to have inordinate desires; that he became conscious of unsatisfied requirements; and when he commenced to assert his delegated right of dominion over the beasts, and to measure the power which had been given him to cope with and subdue them, he had to meet them with their own crude weapons, tooth, finger and claw—for the sons of Adam had no guns—and the respect which he then conceived for their might and prowess is shown in every way in primitive fable, song, statue, story and hieroglyph. And long subsequently, in the course of human advancement, men regarded the animals as gifted with a superior intelligence. They adopted their generic names for their own families and clans; they wore their effigies and skins in amulets, charms and totems; they worshipped them in symbol and in fact, even to the calling forth of the divine protest at Mt. Sinai. They venerated and held sacred the living, and they apotheosized the dead. They illustrated their homage in allegory and tradition, in the Zodiac, and in the brightest constellations of the firmament.

Ever since the commencement of the Christian era, the Holy Spirit, intellect ineffable, has been typified by a dove, and even so appeared in supernatural manifestation at the Transfiguration. The second person of the Trinity is symbolized by the figure of a lamb, and, as if to forecast the final preferment of animals under the divine economy, we have in the Apocalypse beasts appearing in various forms in the final accounting in closest intimacy with the Author of the Universe. The animals were with man in the beginning; they have kept progressive pace and place with human development, and so will continue unto the end. Then, not only typically, but in fact, "the lion will lie down with the lamb, and a little child shall lead them."

CHARLES HALLOCK.

BUFFALO DOMESTICATION.

THE domestication and successful rearing of the buffalo has at length become an accomplished fact. A dozen years ago we had something to say on this subject, which was published in FOREST AND STREAM of March 15, 1877. After speaking of the rapid destruction of the buffalo which was then taking place, and calling attention to the fact that the Yellowstone National Park was the only region of our country where the buffalo could be preserved in a state of nature, we said:

"But this is not the only means by which the buffalo may be preserved. An animal which in all essential respects agrees so closely with the domestic cattle must surely prove of vast importance to the farmer and stock raiser, if its domestication were but systematically attempted. We have at various times seen in Montana, Nebraska and Kansas young buffaloes running at large with the herds of domestic cattle, and in their actions resembling in all respects their tame companions. With the cattle they would wander off for days or weeks to distant parts of the range, returning from time to time, and being quite as gentle and docile as the other individuals of the herd. When these calves approach maturity, what more natural than that the bulls should be broken to the yoke? The owner is not slow to avail himself of their enormous strength, and teams of young bulls are by no means uncommon in the vicinity of the buffalo range. A Montana settler told us a year or two since that a yoke of these animals which he had until recently possessed could pull more than 'any two of cattle on the place.' Their power and endurance are undoubted, though their temper is not, perhaps, of the best. In fact, it is said if they desire to go in any particular direction, or not to go at all, nothing that the driver can say or do will have the slightest effect in changing their determination. Such little eccentricities as these, however, would no doubt be overcome after a generation or two of domestication, or might be more immediately modified by a cross of domestic blood.

"The experiment of cross breeding the buffalo with our domestic stock is said to have been successful in the highest degree wherever it has been attempted. The progeny seem to be very hardy; the milk of the cows is exceedingly rich, and the supply bountiful, and the flesh is in no respect inferior to the best beef. Gallatin states that ninety years ago both pure and half bred buffalo were common in Virginia, the calves being frequently captured with dogs and brought into the towns to be reared. Mr. Robt. Wickliffe, writing to Mr. Audubon in 1843, mentioned that for thirty years he had bred the pure and mixed stock with success. Ultimately, however, through lack of care, the race of the bison has in all cases been merged into that of the domestic stock. In the West the experiment is now being tried once more, and we earnestly hope it may succeed.

"It is an accepted fact that the buffalo on the plains is to become a thing of the past, but there remain these boundless prairies, their former feeding grounds, still covered with the richest of pasture. Already these are becoming immense stock farms, over which range hundreds of thousands of the broad-horned steers of Texas. The old buffalo ranges are filling up with cattle, and by the importation of blooded bulls the quality of the stock is being continually improved. From these plains a large portion of the beef for Eastern and European consumption will ultimately be derived. Before the buffalo wholly disappear some intelligent effort should be made for inter-breeding on a large scale, so that ere the last of the shaggy wild brutes has yielded up his life there shall have been infused into our Western cattle the hardy blood of their obliterated relatives.

"Thus the plains and bluffs will not be tenantless. Long after the dark, serried and resistless masses have disappeared, and the thunder of a million hoofs has died away, there will remain a new race blending the best qualities of our present stock with those of the buffalo. So may these sturdy half-breeds wander over and draw fat subsistence from the same hills which were once blackened by the dusky hordes of their untamed ancestors."

The prophecy then made seems in a fair way to be fulfilled. There are now in this country nearly 250 buffalo in a state of domestication, and while a part of them are kept in cages or so restrained of their liberty that it is impossible for them to do well, yet not far from a hundred and seventy head are in a perfectly natural state and are increasing at a very satisfactory rate, as well as interbreeding successfully with the domestic cattle.

Besides these domesticated and captive animals, there are the wild herds, of which one, that in the Yellowstone National Park, is protected by the United States Government, and the other, that on the Arctic slope, by its extreme northern habitat. The Yellowstone herd may number 300 head, and consists entirely of the so-called "mountain bison;" while the Peace River herd is the form known as the "wood buffalo," and is now very rare, though a few still exist there. The most recent advices speak of this herd as divided into two bands, one of which, numbering about 200, ranges on the east side of Peace River, between that stream and the Athabaska; while the other and larger band is on Salt River, further north, and is supposed to number about 600 head. Two small bands, one of twelve and one of eight head, were seen this summer in northern Montana in the neighborhood of the head of the Musselshell River, but besides these there are probably not fifty wild buffalo on the continent.

Mr. C. J. Jones is now the largest breeder of buffalo in the world, for by his purchase of the Bedson herd he has acquired possession of most of the buffalo under domestication. His herd numbers 127 full-blooded animals, and twenty-three cross-breeds. His pure bloods are about equally divided as to sex. This will enable him to go into the business of raising half-breed stock to an extent that is almost without limit, and at the same time will enable him to keep his herd pure. Of the other bunches of domesticated buffalo much less is known.



DOMESTICATED BUFFALO AND HALF-BREEDS.

Crossbred Heifer, ⅜ buffalo, ⅛ Galloway. Half-breed Buffalo Cow. Buffalo Bull, 6 years old. Cow. ⅜ Buffalo, ⅛ Galloway. Buffalo Bull, 3 years old. Young Buffalo Bull.

The largest one in the United States of which we have any knowledge numbers about thirty head. This belongs to Charley Alure. Mr. Goodnight has a dozen or fifteen head, and Mr. Dupree, as we are informed by Mr. Hornaday, nine pure bloods. William F. Cody has about eighteen of these animals, and last spring had no less than five calves. His cows are apparently more fertile than buffalo cows usually are in captivity, and if this is the case we believe it to be due mainly to the fact that they get more or less exercise, being daily driven several times about a large inclosure by mounted men and at a good rate of speed. All wild animals in a state of nature take a great deal of exercise; often alarmed, they run, and even when undisturbed are constantly moving about in search of food. Such exercise they cannot get in confinement, and therefore the functions of life are disturbed and the health of the animal suffers, which of course interferes with its productiveness.

The remaining buffalo are scattered about in small groups with shows or in the zoological gardens. The buffalo breeds, however, even in close captivity, and there are some calves which have never been outside their cages. Mr. Jones's herd of buffalo, living on the range, as did their ancestors, and thus leading a natural life, should do well, and, although the buffalo is not a rapid breeder, should increase.

Attempts at buffalo domestication are not altogether new, and as implied in the extract above quoted tame buffalo were known in Virginia a century ago, and in Kentucky only a little later. In 1842 the Hudson's Bay Company had a herd of tame buffalo at Ft. Edmonton, on the Saskatchewan. Like all the others it began with the capture of a few calves, gradually increasing until it numbered about thirty individuals. Although these buffalo ranged and fed with the cattle, they never interbred with them. This herd was finally lost, going off with the wild buffalo one year when the latter came close to Edmonton. Although the experiments have extended over so long a time, but little has ever been put on record concerning the breeding of the domesticated buffalo. Audubon recorded some facts furnished him by Mr. Robert Wickliffe, of Kentucky, and an occasional note on the subject has appeared in FOREST AND STREAM. Besides these, little or nothing is known of the habits of this species in domestication. We therefore turn naturally for information about buffalo breeding to Mr. Jones, who has for three years had these animals on his farm, and who has given careful attention to their habits.

Although in his first attempts at capturing calves Mr. Jones was probably only gratifying a fancy, he was shrewd enough to see very soon that if his herd could be made large enough it would produce money, and a good deal of it. As the idea took shape and grew he devoted more and more attention to the matter, purchased buffalo singly or in herds wherever they could be had, until from a bunch of four in 1885 his herd has grown to 127 in 1888, and besides the twenty-three cross-breeds which he has, he believes that he has about one hundred domestic cows in calf to buffalo bulls.

Viewed from the commercial standpoint, there seems little doubt as to the success of this experiment. No fur has yet been found which offers such protection against the cold as the buffalo robe. The buffalo coat is a necessity throughout the Northwest—east of the Mountains. Nothing else will keep out the cutting wind and the bitter cold of the terrible winter storms of that region. As we have already stated, the robe of the cross-bred stock is better, more even and handsomer than that of the pure-bred buffalo, and for such robes as these animals seem to produce there will always be a market at good prices. The hide of a three-year-old steer, three-fourths buffalo, slaughtered by Mr. Jones, brought $75. This specimen dressed 1,280lbs., and the flesh sold at 18 cents per pound, making the total product of the animal something over $300. The cross-bred cattle are said to be much heavier than the pure bloods, and when it is understood that a full-grown buffalo bull weighs more than 2,000lbs., it will be seen that the importance of these animals as beef cattle is very great. However, it will be readily conceived that it is not from this point of view that the breeder considers them at the present time. He is raising these cattle for breeding purposes, and it is in this, as will be seen by reference to our recent remarks about them, that their chief value will be found. It seems altogether probable that by judicious inter-breeding with our native range cattle, a new race, larger, stronger and far heavier than anything now known, will be produced. In the half-breed stock the hump almost disappears, as will be seen in the illustration, and we have an animal of great size and tremendous sturdiness. The hardiness of these cross-breeds is undoubted, their beef seemingly equal to the best from domestic stock, and the milk, in the cases when half-breeds have been tested, fair in quantity and very rich. The fact that the cross-bred stock are fertile among themselves and with the parent stock on either side is by far the most important point connected with these experiments, and opens up limitless possibilities looking toward the improvement of the domestic cattle.

Mr. Jones recommends the crossing of the buffalo with the Galloway and Polled Angus, two strains of domestic cattle renowned for the excellence and quantity of the beef which they produce and for their heaviness of coat. The three-quarter and seven-eighth buffalo crosses with these breeds are said to yield a robe as choice as sealskin, and of the same color. Besides its outer hair, the Galloway is known to have an under fur which is soft and mossy, and gaining in length, thickness and gloss by the buffalo cross, its robe is unequaled for warmth and beauty.

Mr. Jones' experience goes to show that the buffalo cow is seldom or never impregnated by the domestic bull, while the domestic cow breeds readily to the male buffalo. The hybrids of whatever degree are fertile to either parent. For many years a popular impression has existed in the West that the domestic cow cannot give birth to a calf by a buffalo bull, on account of the hump, or as it is sometimes put, the great size of the shoulders. This impression, to which allusion was made in our editorial of Nov. 29, on "Buffalo Breeding," we believe to be entirely erroneous. As a matter of fact the buffalo calf has at birth no hump at all. It is a large calf; nothing more. All the great development of the dorsal spines which form the hump, takes place during the growth of the animal from birth to maturity. The half-bred calf is a large animal, and small domestic cows may have difficulty in parturition, but with large loose-hipped cows, especially if they can be watched when the time for calving approaches, there is no difficulty. The domesticated buffalo are no more difficult to handle than our ordinary cattle. The bulls are sometimes cross and unruly during the breeding season, but not more so than at times are range bulls. As the strength of the buffalo is greater than that of the domestic stock, and as generations of inheritance have not yet accustomed them to confinement, they need stronger fences than cattle, if they are to be kept up close.

From information which we are able to gather on this subject it would seem that there are at present enough captive buffaloes in this country to perpetuate the race in a condition of domestication for a long time. The rearing of these animals seems to present no difficulties that cannot be overcome, and fresh blood can be had by the interchange of bulls between breeders living at a distance from one another. The use of bulls for the improvement in size and hardiness of our domestic range cattle is destined to prove an important factor in the Western cattle business, and the prophecies made in our article of twelve years ago seem likely to be fulfilled.

The illustrations which we present this week are from photographs of individuals of Mr. Jones's herd.

GAME IN TOWN.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Speaking of "game in town," about three weeks ago a resident of this city found a buck one morning caught in the fence surrounding his yard, and killed it with an axe. Last year a bear was killed within the city limits about three miles from where I am writing.

I also saw a large owl on Boston Common some years ago, and two other instances occurred near my home on Beacon Hill, near the Gilded Dome. A skunk was killed on the next street to mine; and in the house across the way a canary bird, which hung in a cage at an open window, was attacked by a large hawk. The hawk was driven away with difficulty and made a fierce fight for the possession of the bird. It is easier to account for the presence of the birds than that of the skunk. How the animal ever found his way into the heart of Boston till he met his fate in the back yard of a dwelling house I never could understand, but the fact remains.

One Sunday a short time ago a black bear went through the village of Athens, Maine, passing through the main street. He was followed and shot, and a friend of mine bought the skin. The bear had only two feet, one fore and one hind foot being *minus*, so that his visit to town was probably not his first introduction to the methods of man. He had evidently had some previous experience with civilization in the shape of steel traps. W. A. B.

BANGOR, Me., Dec. 10.

Editor Forest and Stream:

On relating to one of your subscribers an incident that happened to me on Monday of this week, he said that you would like to know of it, as it was of interest to all sportsmen. As I was about coming out of Geo. W. Russel's jeweler's store, No. 22 N. Sixth, exactly opposite Commercial street, I had just put my hand out to open the door, when there was a loud thud on the thick plate glass. I turned to him and said, "George, those boys playing there in the street are trying to give you a Christmas present by breaking your glass," but on looking down I saw a fine woodcock lying dead. It had evidently flown straight up the street from Jersey, from beyond Camden, across the river, and right up the street in a straight line, striking the glass with terrific force, killing the bird and almost breaking the glass. This happened about 12 o'clock noon. E. T. JOHNSON.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Dec. 12.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Regarding two items in your paper a few weeks since about a ruffed grouse and a bevy of quail having been seen in the city of Cambridge, I would suggest that that city must be a favored locality indeed, as a friend informed me that he, on Nov. 28 (day before Thanksgiving), saw a ruffed grouse within a few yards of his house in Cambridgeport, and leaving his breakfast table for two or three moments, returned with the bird, which he had in the meantime shot. I heard also of three quail being seen within a quarter of a mile of the Cambridge City Hall, and also of two owls, one of which was shot.

BOSTON, Mass., Dec. 6. HUB.

OWL AND MAN.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have just returned from my annual outing in the Maine woods, of which I want to send you some account if I can ever get time to write it, but I will give a few bits this time which I think ought to be preserved.

The first is of a singular encounter between a man and an owl, the scene of which has often been pointed out to me by my guides. The occurrence is well known, and if I mistake not the hero of it is still living in Brownville or vicinity. A teamster, taking in a load of baled hay to a lumber camp by the way of the old "tote road" from Brownville to the Jo Merry Lakes, stopped late in the afternoon to bait his horses. His halt was under a big yellow birch, and while his horses munched their oats the teamster coiled himself up on the top of his load and pulled his blanket over him for a little nap. Whether he slept longer than he intended I do not know, but when he awoke it was nearly dusk. He with a quick movement drew his blanket from his face, when instantly his face was pierced deeply by sharp and cruel talons. This fierce onslaught had been made by a huge owl, which on seeing his white face suddenly revealed, and doubtless taking it for a rabbit or some such animal, had instantly pounced with all his energy from the tree above. The assaulted man, frenzied with pain and terror, and not in the least knowing what had seized him, grasped desperately at his enemy, and clutching the legs of the owl with one hand and its neck with the other, actually by one wrench tore its head from its body. How he extricated the talons from his face and how he made his way to the clearings and help the man hardly knew. I believe that by great good fortune his eyes were not destroyed, but for a long time the swollen condition of his face prevented him from seeing, and I have often heard a description of his appearance during that period.

Several times my guides have told me of apparently hostile swoops at their heads made by owls in the dusk, but I have never heard, save in this one instance, of actual injury so inflicted. C. H. AMES.

NESTING OF LEACH'S PETREL.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I noticed in your issue of Nov. 29 the account of the meeting of the A. O. U., which included the statements of Dr. Louis B. Bishop, giving his experience with the nidification of a species of petrel which he found at the Magdalen Islands. Dr. Bishop expressed an opinion that the petrels did make some nest at the end of their burrows and exhibited a nest, which he secured, as evidence. It seemed, however, that in the opinion of other prominent ornithologists these nests which Dr. Bishop found were the work of mice, in which the finding of the petrel eggs was a mere coincidence.

From the meagre details given I am unable to ascertain what species of petrel Dr. Bishop found at the Magdalen Islands, but the following may prove of interest with reference to the discussion.

I spent the first two weeks in June, 1887, at Grand Manan, N. B., with Mr. Simeon F. Cheney, whom doubtless many of your naturalist readers well know; and in company with him and two other gentlemen visited White House Island, a great resort for the Leach's petrel (*Oceanodroma leucorhoa*). We explored over fifty of their burrows, and in nearly all which contained eggs, I found a handful of chaff, upon which the eggs were placed. In some instances the burrows were so fresh as to admit of little probability of mice ever having inhabited them; and these also contained the usual litter at the end of the burrow.

While the arrangement of the finely cut grass, etc., did greatly resemble the usual work of mice, yet the reasoning from cause to effect was so apparent and conclusive that I readily ascribed it to the petrel. In some of the new burrows the straws were mixed with the new earth, and in such new incompleted homes I would always find a pair of petrels, while the burrows containing eggs would be occupied by single birds. Several old burrows would be occupied by lone birds, presumably a retreat for the males, and such holes contained no nests.

Should these nests be proven to be the work of mice, then we must look for an intimacy which will rival the prairie dog-owl-rattlesnake story of the Western plains.

F. H. CARPENTER.

Game Bag and Gun.

THAT CHRISTMAS HUNT.

As fresh as the crisp breezes that swept across the cheerless hilltops was I last Christmas morning when, after a brisk three-mile jaunt, I drew rein before an old-fashioned farmhouse. From the tumble-down chimney at its further end a faint wreath of smoke curled lazily upward, while across the frost-encrusted window panes little streaks of dampness crept comfortingly. The signs of warmth and a Merry Christmas within were altogether pleasing, and in mighty sharp contrast to the slashing wind and oppressive mercury without.

My former companion on many a tramp afield, A., met me at the door. He signified his intention to join me in a scramble after the grouse. From the dusty depths of an upper story the historic muzzleloader, long of barrel and straight of stock, was rescued. The process of cleaning was simple and devoid of ordinary ornamentation, consisting merely of an enormous injection of common black powder, the rust-eaten exterior of the family heirloom being rubbed briefly with a coarse cloth profusely saturated with kerosene oil. We struck for a deep, far-reaching ravine, densely timbered, something like a half mile west. I don't suppose there is anywhere a locality to hunt in more uncomfortable than in this same gulch. A good many of the terribly steep declivities are covered with a remarkably thick undergrowth that makes any sort of progress exceedingly difficult. The tedious, toilsome hours passed, and not a bird was sighted. Then, as the mellow notes of the dinner horn floated down the lane from the house, echoing from tangled copse to towering bluff, A.'s big gauge came abruptly to his shoulder and a fine bird was knocked from its perch on the topmost branch of a stately hemlock. A. doesn't profess to care a rap for the shooting ethics of the modern sportsman and never takes any chances on a wing-shot. So it came about that on this particular occasion the blunderbuss beat the breechloader.

After paying our respects to a Christmas collection of toothsome things we again adjourned to the neighboring woodland. Game signs were pretty nearly obliterated. Finally, however, I succeeded in getting up a surprisingly large partridge. The bird arose full 40yds. in advance of me, and crossing the noisy Buttermilk Creek, settled in a thicket of stunted hemlocks near its eastern bank. A. declared that to bag that bird should be our task, though it should take the entire afternoon. Thereupon a crossing was effected and a cautious beating out process began. A. had reached the center of the swaying center, when, with a roar like the rattle of musketry, the gay fellow broke cover and was marked down at or near a point of rocks projecting into the creek, the rocks being the termination of a long ridge, deeply wooded, that ran in a quartering direction from us. A. made for this point while I ascended the ridge, the top of which was surmounted by a broad plateau partly wooded. To the west of this plateau rushed the stream, the peculiar milky whiteness of whose waters, at this point and below, give to it the name "Buttermilk." Going to the very edge of the ridge, which sheered off downward a good hundred feet to the water below, I shouted to A. to flush. The next moment the dun and mottled plumage burst through a rift of green-topped pines, and following the bed of the stream disappeared around a convenient bend of rocks. Half dazed and quite entirely disgusted I waited until my companion climbed up the steep ascent.

A council of war was held and it was decided that the bird had switched off from the water and alighted on the northern side of the ridge, the summit of which we had just reached. A. then sought a spot some twenty rods ahead of where we decided our game to be resting, and I whipped around to a point where the wooded slope and waters met and carefully advanced. I had proceeded scarcely twenty steps, when with a boisterous whir, the "sly, devilishly sly" bird leaped from a brush heap almost at my feet. My chances of grassing him were not flattering, and I reluctantly awaited the report of A.'s heavy-weight. It was growing dark rapidly when I reached his position, anxious to know why he had failed to shoot. He curtly informed me that his grouse-ship had deigned to alight in a treetop, well out of gunshot, for a moment only, and then winged his swift flight to a cluster of pines on the plateau near where our last council of war had terminated.

Deciding to make one final supreme charge on the enemy, ere the mantle of dark dropped over the last faint outlines of sprightly Dame Nature's robe, we approached the cover. The darkling shadows flitted through the woods, making a still-hunt a provokingly slow task. Working with the dull gray of the western sky as a background, I was enabled to see tolerably well. Meeting with no success I was about to rejoin my companion, who, possessing a dim eyesight, had remained in the rear, when, from a gentle swaying bush a clean 30yds. in front of me, the keen-eyed bird dashed into space, and at the report of my Ithaca dropped earthward. A beautiful specimen of a most magnificent game family he proved to be. After leading a clever chase of over a mile through the roughest country a shooting man could wish for, and recording at least five flushes to his credit, the big fellow tendered to us an unconditional surrender. With that surrender came Christmas cheer and calm contentment to the conquerors.

M. CHILL.

ITHACA, N. Y.

THE SEASON IN MINNESOTA.

NEW LONDON, Minn., Dec. 8.—The shooting season has nearly closed here, though the birds have not all gone south. Severe weather has not yet set in. For several weeks we have had quiet sunny days, with just enough frosty nights to make good skating on the ponds. The large lakes are still entirely open, and daily one may see geese and various late ducks enjoying themselves. Seeing is not possessing, however, for these last few birds seem to have more cunning than all the earlier hordes combined. Day after day the geese rise high in the air, and go off to some secluded field to feed, carefully avoiding everything that looks in the least suspicious. Their motto seems to be, "Vigilance is the price of life," and they live it to the letter. Occasionally some enthusiastic and perservering hunter looks up a feeding ground, and digs a pit in the frozen earth, or makes a blind of cornstalks; but, after shivering through the early hours of the day, he is apt to discover that the geese understand the anatomy of his sheet iron decoys nearly as well as he does himself.

But little more successful is the duck hunter. All day long the ducks hang around the middle of the lake, getting their food from the bottom and seldom coming within even rifle range of the shore. If they are disturbed by a boat, they rise in circles over the open water, and go straight across the country to some other lake, paying no attention to the flyways chosen by their brethren earlier in the season, and moving so high that the shooter in the blind on the point or on the marsh cannot reach them. Still, an afternoon about the lakes is not unenjoyable, unless enjoyment be entirely measured by the amount of game killed. To the sportsman who appreciates game that is difficult to obtain, the bagging of one goose or duck now, that is fairly outwitted and shot, is more satisfactory than the killing of a dozen earlier in the season when they were numerous and comparatively tame.

It frequently happens that when going through the brush, there will be a sudden whirr and roar as a ruffed grouse goes from your feet so rapidly that there is barely time to throw the gun to your shoulder and pull the trigger. Ruffed grouse (always called partridge or pheasant here) are so strong and quick on the wing now, that the snap shots they afford are difficult enough to please the most exacting. The crop has not been up to the average this year. The broods hatched out well, but cold rainy weather came on, and many of the chicks died before they were half grown.

Prairie chickens suffered less from the wet weather, still they were not as numerous as in former years. At the commencement of the open season they were largely feeding in the grain, which was then standing. The result was light bags, and a large number of birds left for seed next year. I know of nothing much more tempting than to have a covey of these birds fly over one, now that it is the close season. Their flight is so strong and rapid that they are much better able to take care of themselves than they were in the open season, and they present a mark nearly as difficult as teal. Nevertheless the law protecting them is a good one, for it keeps them out of the market, and offers no inducement to that abomination, the trapper, to ply his trade. If any change is made in the law the time when they can be sold should be shortened, or better still, abolished altogether.

The flight of ducks has been nearly as great as in any recent year, but the birds did not stay with us long. Wild rice is their principal food here, and that was very scarce, many beds being almost entirely destroyed by the unusual high stage of water through the summer. The statement of Mr. T. A. Howe that, "I believe that if one acre of the densest of wild rice swamp were gathered and stripped there would not be a half bushel of seed" (reported by your Chicago correspondent Nov. 29), is very surprising. Indiana wild rice must yield much less than our Minnesota variety. A bed of rice, with us, that does not yield three bushels of seed per acre is light. On the first day of last September I paddled a common open canoe through a bed of rice for about four hours. I went slowly and as quiet as possible, for unless I was close to the ducks when they flushed there was not time to lay down the paddle and take up the gun before they were out of reach. When I finished shooting, and pulled the canoe up on shore, there were over six quarts of rice in it, that had fallen in or been knocked in by changing the paddle from side to side. The crops of the ten woodducks and teal that I got were full of the rice.

Geese have been more abundant here all the fall than for years. There are several causes for this. The high stage of water made numerous safe roosting places. The wheat crop, which was better here than further west, was taken off the fields very late, thus giving the birds a chance to pick up the scattered grain before the plowing was done. Another reason, and a constantly growing one, is that through Dakota, where the main flight has recently been, the country is rapidly settling up and the birds are being shot at there nearly as much as in this State. Therefore, it is with considerable hope for the shooting next fall that we will put away our guns in a few days, when the lakes freeze up for winter and the last goose goes south.

REN.

"DEER HUNTING IN NEWFOUNDLAND."

HALIFAX, N. S., Dec. 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I notice with surprise in your last issue (Dec. 6) a letter from a correspondent in Harbour Grace, which brings a charge of wholesale "butchery" against me and my Halifax friends while deer stalking in Newfoundland this autumn.

This unfounded charge originated doubtless in a bogus telegram sent from the Bay of Islands to a St. John's paper. Had Mr. B. taken the trouble to verify his facts before rushing into print, he would have found the following: In the first place, Dr. Tobin was at no time shooting near Grand Pond, as he states, but in the Bonne Bay Hills, at some distance from the Humber. He had with him no "Halifax friends." His sole companion was Mr. R. Langrishe Marc, a well-known sportsman from St. John's, who has done much to preserve and improve the stock of game in the colony. Dr. Tobin and Mr. Marc killed but seven stags between them during the five weeks their party was in the country.

Secondly, as to the charge of leaving the carcasses on the ground, it was impossible to do otherwise. It was the rutting season, and at such time (as your sporting correspondent should be aware) stag's meat is uneatable. I would like him to try it. In all cases, however, the carcasses were removed from the deer paths. A few does were shot for food, but no more than the wants of the party, at one time numbering eight persons, necessitated.

Dr. Deeble, army medical staff, and his brother, accompanied me from Halifax to Deer Lake. There they branched off to shoot at Grand Pond. After six weeks' shooting and trapping they brought down nine heads and some fur to the Bay of Islands. Thus the two parties, camping some fifty miles apart, got but seventeen heads between them, which I am sure your readers, considering the time occupied and the number of guns (four), will not consider unreasonable.

This is the second excursion I have made to this same ground in Newfoundland (each time with Mr. Marc), and I must say your unreliable correspondent greatly exaggerates its attractions for sportsmen. On both occasions we failed to find the thousands of deer he describes. When last there, four years ago, we shot eight stags, and saw but forty or fifty altogether. This year, for the first three weeks we did not see the tail of a deer, but one doe which we shot for the larder. In the last two weeks we saw perhaps thirty, but there were but few old stags among them.

To accuse the few sportsmen who visit Newfoundland of "butchery" is untrue and misleading. The real slaughter of deer is done by the fishermen from the coast and other settlers. Parties of them go up from the coast and shoot deer for their winter's food. They fire into the herds with buckshot and wound (often fatally) more than they kill outright. These are the real butchers against whom the terrors of the law should be invoked. Barring the deer, whose numbers are sadly diminishing, we saw but few ducks, geese, hares or ptarmigan. In fact, this part of the island is far from being "a paradise for sportsmen."

These facts, which will be vouched for by Mr. Petrie, Bay of Islands, and Mr. Lillie, the resident magistrate for that district, will, I hope, effectually dispose of the charge of "butchery" brought against me and my "Halifax friends" by this busy "B.," your anonymous correspondent—perhaps B. F. might more appropriately describe him.

I might add that Lord Caledon, who went from the Bay of Islands to Hall's Bay, via Grand Pond, while the Deebles were there last October, shot only four heads, and in a subsequent letter which I have seen, says nothing of the evidences of slaughter described by your correspondent's informant from Little Bay.

W. TOBIN.

MAINE GAME.

THE Maine deer season is proving to be a wonderful one, and the number being taken is simply enormous, when compared with the great scarcity of that game twenty, or even ten years ago in that State. Deer are reported in most unheard of localities. The papers say that one actually ran into the city of Bangor the other day, and becoming entangled on a picket fence, was killed. The engineer and fireman on the train which runs on the branch of the Maine Central Railroad from Oakland to Anson, have recently seen three deer several trips in succession a short distance above the village of Noridgewock. A few days after a deer ran up very near to where some men were wood chopping in that section. Again a few days later a man out gunning for partridges killed a deer which weighed 150lbs. His gun was loaded with small shot only, but the deer ran up very near to him; stopped, and gave him an excellent chance for a shot. Now the advocates of dog hunting have something to think of in such cases. The deer mentioned above were all seen within a few rods of farms and farmers' dwellings, and very near to quite respectable settlements; and more singular than all, in localities where a few years ago such an animal as a deer was almost unheard of. Then packs of hounds were kept for the purpose of hunting, and if a deer had been heard of it would have been hounded to its death in a few hours. But to-day it is against the law to hunt deer with dogs, and the law is fairly enforced, except in one or two localities—one where open defiance is bid.

But the most refreshing feature to note is the point that so few deer, in spite of the fact that they are so plentiful, are reaching the Boston market. It is plain that the market hunter's business is not an easy one, if he desires to ship deer from Maine to Boston. But very few from that State have been smuggled through. Now and then a carcass is seen, with the joints of the legs cut, and if a buck, with the antlers knocked off. Why this mutilation? The question quickly solved itself the other day to a friend of fish and game protection who happened into a commission house, noted for receiving game. Two of the salesmen were rousing something from a pork barrel. It proved to be the body of a deer. The joints of the legs were cut, so that they could be doubled up in the barrel. The barrel was carefully headed. Evidently the deer came from Maine, though the men denied all knowledge of the shippers or their place of business. In another case two deer have been received through the medium of flour barrels, marked apples or potatoes. In another case a deer was seen to be taken from a poultry case.

Not a very satisfactory season on partridge closed in Maine on Dec. 1. The shooting has generally been poor on these birds in that State this fall, though it is noted that there has been an increase of birds in the remote woods, but that they have generally been scarce near the settlements. The feeling is strongly in favor of asking the coming legislature to change the beginning of the open season to Sept. 15, instead of Sept. 1. The true item is widespread that the birds are not fully grown on Sept. 1, and that they are still in flocks, making the work of destruction by far too easy. It is probable that the legislature will be petitioned to take this action by the more reasonable of the hunting elements, but that it is likely to be opposed by the farmers, in the interest of their boys. But very few Maine partridges have reached the Boston market this year.

It seems that moose horns are not greatly appreciated by the members of the Boston Chamber of Commerce. Dr. Dixwell, a West Cedar street physician and naturalist, sent word the other day to the committee on raising funds for a testimonial to the bravery of the Hull life savers in the recent storm, that he would give the finest pair of antlers in his collection for the benefit of these brave men, and they might be sold to the highest bidder at some suitable time and place. His idea was that the horns were worth $100 at the very least. It was decided that the rooms of the Chamber of Commerce would be the best place for the gift to be displayed, and for the sale to take place. Accordingly a very fine pair of moose antlers were shown to the flour, grain and produce merchants of the Hub for a week or more. The sale at auction took place at the change hour last Friday. There was a crowd of merchants present and the bidding was well enough, up to about $25, but there it lagged. At last the horns were knocked off to Mr. C. I. Goodale, the Sudbury street taxidermist, for $52.50. Mr. Goodale says that he bid off the antlers, not for himself, but for F. Gordon Dexter, a wealthy Bostonian and society man. Mr. Goodale also says that he was prepared to have bid considerably more than $100, had there been anybody to bid against. SPECIAL.

"THE ETHICS OF ELK HUNTING."

DENVER, Col., Dec. 8.—In FOREST AND STREAM of Nov. 15 (which I have not seen until recently, owing to absence), there is an account of a rather remarkable hunt by J. E. Brown, Dall De Weese and L. E. Franck. The story purports to have been written by the latter. The actors were Cañon City (this State) nimrods, and the scene of their exploits is located among and near the Flat-top Mountains north of Grand River, just above the mouth of Eagle River, in Garfield county, also in this State. Following the narrative it appears that they set out early in the morning of Sept. 3, reached Dotsero, at the junction of Grand and Eagle rivers, at noon of the same day, found saddle and pack animals waiting, and proceeded some miles into the wilderness for camp that night.

The next day they reached and camped at Sweetwater Lake, where they camped, and caught seventeen "speckled beauties" for supper.

The next day they progressed further, went into camp and in the evening made a hunt, De Weese killing a buck "that dressed 260lbs., with fat an inch and a half thick on the rump. His horns were large and very uniform and in full velvet, making a fine trophy."

The next two days they did not accomplish much, but observed a great many tracks of elk and deer.

The next day they hunted elk and wounded one in the forenoon but failed to get it. The historian notes a curious discovery, that is that elk frequent water holes to wallow in the mud and water. When they returned to camp it was discovered that their "San Juan canaries" had taken the back track for Grand River. Mr. Brown offered to go in pursuit of them. In the afternoon Mr. De Weese and Mr. Franck again went hunting, found a band of elk, fired into them and wounded the leader, "the very monarch of the hills," but failed to get him.

The next morning they were out early after the wounded elk, followed up the trail, and eventually found and killed him after firing seven shots. "He measured 15ft. 4in. from hoof to point of antlers, and girthed 9ft. just back of the shoulders.

The next day Mr. Brown returned with the "mocking birds," and felt very badly over the partiality of fate in distributing her gifts. He got only music while the other fellows killed meat.

The next day they packed up and moved camp, but soon ran into a flock of "silver-tip" bears and bowled over two with scarcely an effort. A third one was wounded, but got away.

The next day they started for the railroad, and in the evening as it was growing dusk they came upon a band of eleven elk about a salt lick and 300yds. distant. It was too dark to see which ones had horns, yet they opened fire and kept it up "until each one of us had brought down an elk." Mr. Brown got a large bull, "having a particularly fine set of antlers," probably as a slight compensation for his long pursuit of the "nightingales."

The next day our mighty hunters reached the railroad, and eventually arrived at home about midnight of Sept. 16.

According to the story they had killed and recovered one deer of 260lbs., one elk of 800lbs., three elk in the dark, one of which was very large, say 600lbs., and the other two we will guess at 450lbs. each, a total of 2,560lbs. This makes no account of the two bears, nor of the elk that were wounded and left to die.

Now what possible use could these three butchers have for a ton and a quarter of dressed meat in the ten days from the time they killed the first deer until they left the field? 256lbs. of meat per day for three men, and one of these absent half the time traveling with an opera troupe.

There is a law of this State which says: "No person shall kill or wound, ensnare or trap, any elk, deer, buffalo or bison, fawn or antelope, within this State, between the first day of January and the fifteenth day of October in each and every year." The same law provides as a penalty for its violation a fine of not less than $50 or more than $200 for the first offense, and for each subsequent offense a like fine of from $50 to $200 and imprisonment in the county jail of not less than 30 or more than 90 days. Mr. Franck confesses that he and Messrs. Brown and De Weese killed five animals and wounded one. It is probable that the eight unfortunates that escaped from the night attack at the salt lick were all wounded, also. If so the hunt scored them fourteen separate and distinct violations of the law.

But there is a grain of comfort in the thought that it may be all a fairy story. It contains certain visionary features and suspicious car marks. The attention of our Fish and Game Protective Commission has been called to the narrative, and if it proves to be anything more than spirit shadows of a waking dream, FOREST AND STREAM may hear of Messrs. Franck, Brown and De Weese again later on. W. N. B.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 13.—Frank Wood is now on the New Madrid marsh, of Missouri, with two gentlemen of Joliet, Messrs. Claflin and Sawyer. A letter received by Tim from him stated that they had killed thirty ducks on the day before; that deer were reported plentiful, and that they were going into the swamp till they got one.

In a week or so Mr. W. B. Chatfield, of this city, will start for a prolonged duck hunt in the South, accompanied by Tim Wood as pusher and assistant. They go to Galveston, Texas, and will there hire a schooner. Should they not find the ducks near Galveston, they will keep on to the Mexican coast. Mr. Chatfield is really the advance man of the party, and will be joined soon by Mr. Cox and Mr. Jesse Cummings, who will take Frank Wood along with them, as soon as he gets back from Missouri.

I. R. Long and George Halbleib, market hunters of the Lake Senachwine country, returned a week ago from the New Madrid swamp, above referred to. They took down their boats, decoys, and a load of ammunition, but found no shooting at all. The natives said the ducks had all gone on south. That seems to be the story everywhere. The New Madrid marsh is near the Arkansas line, and is about seventy-five by one hundred and twenty-five miles in extent. It is the home of countless market shooters. Non-resident shooters are charged a license under the State law, I believe.

The three-year law in Illinois on pinnated and ruffed grouse has been a success, and has been respected to a great extent even by the natives in the Illinois River country, where the destruction of game and fish has been about as ruthless as could possibly be. One Hunter, of Bureau county, was fined $125 for violation of the prairie chicken law this year. This had a salutary effect. Once in a while the way of the transgressor is hard; note the fate of the Michigan man who this fall set out a spring gun for deer and shot himself in the legs with it. He died, I believe. I am sorry for that, and also sorry he set out the gun.

In the Illinois River country prairie chickens have again become quite plentiful. There are also some few quail, and in the bluffs along Bureau Creek ruffed grouse are quite numerous. Another man and I killed eight squirrels, gray and fox, in a short hunt near Bureau. Settlers say there are more squirrels than for years past in that locality.

The disastrous scarcity of ducks this fall has left an emptiness in many an ex-market shooter's pockets, since when there are no ducks there is no need for pushers. This fact has impressed itself upon the market-hunting mind, and one can now hear a good deal of talk about a better observance of the game laws, and a less indiscriminate destruction of game. Some shooters, seeing the benefit of the three years' law on prairie chickens, are in favor of as long a close season upon wild ducks. Beyond question, this would be a good step in game preservation, though hard upon the shooters. A close term for a series of years leaves less loophole for violators, and they become better used to abstinence when abstinence is prolonged. A close term for a few months yearly does not receive much respect, but make it three or four years, and hardly a gun will be taken down. It seems to work so in this State at least.

There were a few Canada geese using on the Hennepin "goose pond" the first of this week, and a small bunch also frequented a pond across the river from that place. From the club house observatory at Swan Lake, on the morning of Dec. 11, we could by the glass see a bunch of about 300 mallards and mixed ducks in an open spot in the middle of Mud Lake. Swan Lake and the big sloughs froze tight the night before. A flock of fifty-six bluebills were using on the Illinois River, in the timber. The river was still open. "Old Man Wood," the father of the Wood boys, and a trapper on these lakes for forty years, said he had never seen ducks so scarce as they have been this fall.

Snow fell to the depth of about 3in. in this State Dec. 11 and 12. E. HOUGH.

THE KEENE BULLET.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of Dec. 6 Mr. Roosevelt asks that some of your correspondents give him, through your columns, their experience with the Keene bullet. While I regret I have not had the opportunity to test them on big game that has been afforded him, my hunting having been done in the Adirondacks, Maine and Canada, yet they have given me entire satisfaction, and are in my judgment much more deadly than the solid bullet. I began using them ten years ago, in a "Rocky Mountain" Ballard carrying the regulation Government cartridge. These I used to load myself, and at any reasonable distance they were sure death when used in this rifle. Later I bought a Winchester .45-60, model of '76, and had my cartridges made by the company, and I found them on moose and deer to be exactly what is claimed for them by the maker. My experience is that they do not act as a solid bullet; on the contrary, more like a charge of heavy buckshot, and I think it not improbable that it is because there was less powder behind them than he uses; his heavy charge giving them too much penetration. I remember but one deer that I have shot, since I commenced using them, that was not dead when I got to it, and that one was killed, when, it being so dark that I could not see where to place the bullet, and simply firing at the deer, did not strike a vital spot.

The only objection I have found to them is that if a deer is struck in the ham, the wound that they make is so large that much of the meat is spoiled. The only other large animal I have tried them on was a gray wolf, last summer; however, he did not stop long enough for me to see the result of the shot. W. F. LADD.

GALVESTON, Texas.

MEGANTIC FISH AND GAME CLUB.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A large and well-attended meeting of the directors of the Megantic Club was held in the Quincy House, Boston, on Saturday evening, Dec. 8, when it was unanimously voted to advance the price of admission (the shares in the corporation) $25 after Jan. 1, 1890.

Among the gentlemen whose application for membership was considered were Messrs. Chas. W. Sheppard of Newton, Mass.: Waldo B. Hastings of Boston; E. A. Dow of Woburn, Mass.; Walter C. Prescott, of Kidder, Peabody & Co., Boston, and Theron G. Strong of New York.

It was decided to hold the annual meeting and dinner on Tuesday, Jan. 22, the meeting at 5 P. M. and the dinner at 7 P. M. Among the guests to be invited, prominent in fish and game matters, are the fish and game commissioners of Massachusetts, Maine and Canada, the presidents of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association, Massachusette Rifle Association, Inglewood Fish and Game Club, and the Blooming Grove Park Association of New York. Mayor-elect Hart, Mayor Russell of Cambridge, Rev. Phillips Brooks and Rev. Charles F. Lee are also among the invited guests. "Adirondack" Murray, who lately joined the club, will be present.

Very encouraging reports are coming in from the game wardens upon the preserve at Lake Megantic and Dead River, they report deer never so plentiful as at the present time. Two deer passed through the door yard of the Dominion Overseer of Fisheries at Megantic last week.

Mr. Harry L. Wilbur, of Philadelphia, a member of the club, shot a fine deer at Massachusetts Bog last week, and reports the ground in the vicinity of the frozen lakes as literally covered with deer tracks. The opportunities for still-hunting are not very good now, owing to the want of fresh snow, but he succeeded in bagging one on the runways. MEGANTIC.

A BARNEGAT CLUB.—Barnegat City, N. J., Dec. 11.—The Bonnat Gunning and Fishing Association has been organized by a number of well-known New Jersey gunners. One of the objects of the association is the protection of game at Barnegat Bay. The association has plenty of capital at its back, and will stock its preserves with both game and fish. The members favor only legitimate sport, and its executive committee will vigorously prosecute all who violate the New Jersey game laws. The club house is nearly completed. It is situated on Lazy Point, opposite Bonnat Island, about fourteen miles below Barnegat City. Next spring the association will stock Manahawkin Bay with several kinds of game fish. Among the stockholders are ex-Congressman Charles Haight, Surrogate David Crater, County Clerk James H. Patterson and Sheriff Theodore Fields, of Freehold; ex-Judge Benjamin P. Morris, of Long Branch; A. Wood, Harold E. Willard and ex-Assemblyman George W. Patterson, of Asbury Park.

MASSACHUSETTS KILLDEER PLOVER. — Boston, Mass., Dec. 6.—As a result probably of the great gale of last week, in the Boston markets there has appeared quite a number of killdeer plover within the past few days. To see these birds on our coast at any time of the year is an unusual event, even to persons who make shore bird shooting a regular practice; but for them to be killed on the Shirley, Winthrop, Essex and other beaches to the north of Boston after the first of December, at once raises the question, where did they come from?—HUB.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Dec. 10.—Our unsettled weather this fall has caused poor bags of game in this vicinity; one day cold, next day warm, game killed on the cold days will spoil on the warm ones, so there is little satisfaction shooting fur or feather, but if the weather prophets are correct these things will soon change.—E. N. W.

BETHEL, Maine.—Partridges were never more abundant than this winter. You can hardly go ten rods in any of our woods without seeing plenty of tracks in the light snows, and a great many birds have have been shot.—J. G. R.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

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A COMBINATION fish and snake story is being told on August Bush, F. Stippe and W. Hess. They went to Bush Station, in Pike county, this State, to enjoy a few days' angling. The party took with them a fish box for the purpose of keeping what fish they caught alive until ready to return home. The story goes that Stippe went to the box to put in some fish which he had landed, Hess, by the way, accompanying him. Both have a mortal fear of snakes. When they came to the box, to their horror, there was a large moccasin on the box, with his head between the slats of the fish box. Stippe and Hess aver that it was fully 6ft. in length, with a fine croppie in its jaws, preventing the serpent from withdrawing, as it seemed anxious to do when Stippe attacked it with an oar. In its struggle a slat was torn off, and the snake made a sudden flop and landed right in the boat. The latter was not a very small one, but it was too small to hold those two fishers and a mad water moccasin; so Hess jumped out and swam ashore. Stippe, who could not swim, jumped on the box, which sank gradually until he was up to his neck in the water. Meantime the motion imparted to the boat by the jump sent it out of his reach. Hess went to the camp to change clothing and forgot all about his companion, who was left on the box, holding to the stake. Half an hour later others of the party returned in another boat, and after relieving Stippe found the deserted boat with his moccasinship coiled up and hugely enjoying the mellow rays of a November sun. Quite a fight was necessary, however, and it surrendered only when it had been rendered inanimate by one of the party. UNSER FRITZ.

ST. LOUIS, Nov. 8.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 24, 1888.—*The U. S. Cartridge Co., Lowell, Mass.:* Gentlemen—I have used about 10,000 of your Climax paper shells this year, and not a single bursted head. As long as you keep them up to their present high standard I will continue to use them in preference to all other makes. Very respectfully (Signed) JAMES M. GREEN, of Green & Cunningham.***

Sea and River Fishing.

AN OUTING ON THE BIG HURON.

I HAD just gone up to Marquette from my Crooked Lake camp, where I had spent five weeks catching trout in the creek and eating lotos under the shadow of the hemlocks. Mabel and Mark had gone home, while Mrs. B. and I were purposing further ramblings up and down the railroad. All our camp equipage, including my fishing and hunting outfit, was packed away ready for shipment whenever we concluded to turn our faces homeward. It was about ten A. M. of the last Tuesday in August, and I had gone to the street to make a little purchase preparatory for our journey to the Sault Rapids on the morrow, when Mr. George O. Somers, then the traveling passenger agent of the Duluth, South Shore & Atlantic Railway, ran against me and at once asked, "Don't you want to go a-fishing?" Of course I did, but a wiser man than I would doubtless have answered "No." If, however, I have one virtue more fully developed than another it is the one which allows of no lying when asked such a question. I always want to go, and promptly answered the passenger man "Yes," but added that I did not see how I could compass it. "O, yes, you can," answered he breezily, adding that "Mr. Allen is looking for you," and away he went to make ready for his journey. Less than half a square's walk brought me face to face with Mr. Allen, whom I had not seen for a year. "Don't you want to go a-fi-hing?" was his greeting. "Why, confound it all, yes," I answered, somewhat impatiently, I fear, but before I could explain he replied, "Well, then go and get ready; we are going to the mouth of the Big Huron, and the train leaves at 1:45. I have all the arrangements made. Good bye," and away he went.

I forgot my errand and started at once for my hotel to consult my wife. I thought I would go and ask her what she thought about it, but before I got there I changed my mind. It seemed to me that the better way was to tell her I was going and then hear what she had to say. I was the more inclined to this course, inasmuch as she had gotten it into her head that I had not got as much out of my Crooked Lake camping the present year as usual, on account of her own and Mabel's presence. The truth is I had done my utmost to make their outing a success, and had not failed in my efforts either. I had, nevertheless, enjoyed myself fishing as much as ever before. Still, she had been insisting that I should leave her at some good place and go a week "with a man" to even up, and now, thought I, here is the chance; and so I went in and boldly told her I was going. And "Barkis was willin'." "I'm glad of it," said she, "for I have just broken a tooth, and it will take a dentist ever so long to mend it, and besides you can have a good time with a man."

I was not long in unpacking and repacking, and at the appointed hour, armed with rod and creel, I met, on the depot platform, Mr. Allen, the assistant secretary and assistant treasurer of the D. S. S. & A. R'y, and Mr. Somers, both of whom were accoutred for an outing on the Big Huron. By rail we were to go up the country about sixty miles to Baraga, at the head of the Keweenaw Bay, on Lake Superior. Here we were to be picked up by a lumber company's steam tug, which was to carry us down to the mouth of the Big Huron, and, on the following Saturday, return for us and carry us back to Baraga. Henry, through whose veins ran three drops of Gallic blood to one of Chippewa, accompanied us as guide, cook and camp maker. He was a splendid specimen of physical manhood and well versed in woodcraft, having taken a thorough course of training as hunter, trapper and land-looker. The road from Marquette up to Baraga is full of interest to the occasional traveler. The Negaunee and Ishpeming iron mines and furnaces, the steep grades and diorite hills, the beautiful lakes and rushing trout streams that were passed, presented a panoramic series of views that were highly entertaining.

At Baraga Mr. M. J. Bourke, the agent of the lumber company, met us. He had purposed becoming a member of our party, but business engagments forbidding, he contented himself with showing such hospitality as his friendship for my two companions warranted, and which the fisherman rarely meets with, while his amiable wife, not to be outdone, turned over for our use her pleasure boat, and an elegant Racine affair it was. A little before sundown the tug A. W. Colton, commanded by Captain Chamberlin, having taken us and our impedimenta aboard, steamed out of the harbor and laid her course down the bay for a point where the North Star would appear at a later hour. The journey was one long to be remembered. We were in a region of traditions as well as of great scenic beauty. The early French explorers were drawn to the place, and here it is believed that Father Mesuard, a missionary of the seventeenth century, was murdered by those he came to succor. Certain it is, to this region, well peopled as it was and abounding in savage plenty, the early *couriers des bois* came to exchange trinkets for furs, and in the beginning of the present century they were followed by the agents of the American Fur Company, who established a post here. As we steam down the bay we see to our left the little wooden church of the Catholic Mission and the humble cabins of the converts that surround it. On the opposite shore is the chapel of the Methodist mission and their little wooden village. The sun has gone down in red splendor behind the Houghton hills, and one by one the stars come out. As we round Point Abbeye we look back and see the Portage entry light, and far above and beyond that, on the Hancock Hills, lights gleam faintly from out the delicate amethystine tints of the western sky. To the north of these, from a lofty and equal height, two electric lights mark the place of the two world famous copper mines, Calumet and Hecla, and as the night wears on and the twilight finally disappears, these lights will fairly rival in beauty and intensity those stellar twins of the sky, Castor and Pollux.

The A. W. Colton has already begun to forge round Point Abbeye, and the Huron Island light shines from over her port bow. Down the lake shore to the southeastward rises a dark wall that in the mists and gloom of the night we would take to be a rising cloud, did we not know it marked the outline of the Huron Mountains. It is through a cleft in these mountains that the Big Huron River dashes its mad way into the wooded plain that spans the few miles between their foot and the lake shore.

Bright and early Wednesday morning we set out on a voyage up stream. We found the river, for the distance of a mile or more, from 40 to 60yds. in width, and uniformly quite deep. The wind was from the north and a decided current set in from the lake up stream. At a distance of a half mile or so we passed a party of campers who told us a discouraging story anent the trout fishing in the Big Huron. We rowed up about two miles in all, in the last one of which we passed several promising looking pools. Gaining the second flood wood we saw it was true as we had been told, that we could not pass in our boat beyond, and we therefore made fast. In the deep water at the upper edge of the floodwood numerous large trout were seen and here my companions sat down and began siege. As for me I went on up the stream, finding it easy wading and a good many hiding places for trout. The stream, as far as we examined it, was clear of brush and gave free fishing. I used both flies and worms, changing frequently, and took fish with one or the other, according to the whim of the particular fish.

On our return in the afternoon we found the water making quite a current toward the lake, the north wind of the morning having given way to an afternoon breeze from the south. The day had been pleasant, and as the sun descended toward the horizon not a cloud was to be seen. On this and the two succeeding afternoons, while descending the stream, we were charmed with the great reflective beauty of the Big Huron waters. Sky and cloud, tree and branch, and weed and flower, were perfectly imaged in their mirror like surface. Time and time again did we cease rowing that we might look down into a world below, as perfect in form and color as the world above, and never did we cease to wonder at the transcendent beauty of the dual images presented to our view.

On Thursday we went up stream again, in spite of the advice of Henry, who at some former time had fished with success in the Little Huron, which debouched into the lake about two miles further down. He affected to think we ought to do much better than we had done the first day, though we felt satisfied with our work. Seeing that we were determined to stick to the Big Huron. Henry, as soon as were gone, set out for the Little Huron, and I doubt not he felt sure of surprising us on our return in the evening. A few hundred yards below the floodwood was a large and deep pool, in which we had seen, on our first journey up, several fine fish. Here we stopped on this second morning, and in a short time I hooked a good pound-and-a-half fish, which made an exceedingly lively fight. Hardly was my quarry landed when the passenger man yanked one that went a good quarter better. This put the secretary on his mettle, but in vain did he, or we, angle further that day in that pool. The first day he had been careful to keep his feet dry, but having made up his mind to catch a good trout or "bust," he plunged into the water and waded thence on till the end of our fishing.

Mr. Allen was a bass, rather than a trout, fisherman and, in spite of him, the speckled fellows got away. He wielded a 4oz. split-bamboo rod, which he prized too highly to make the scape goat of his misfortunes, but praised the rod and took the blame to himself. He and I went up the stream this second day further than I had gone the day before, but it was not until afternoon that he began to get the "hang of it," as he said. Twelve handsome trout he brought to his creel, most of them in less than an hour, and if the passenger man did have the biggest fish, and I the next, the Secretary had the most.

On our return we confounded Henry not only with the size, but the numbers of our catch. We had about thirty in all, among which were several half and three-quarter pounders, in addition to the two big ones mentioned above. Henry had been to his Little Huron, footed it all the way there and back, and caught not a single fish. But he had returned in time to re-layer our bed with browse and carry up a wagon load of wood for the night fire, and have a steaming hot supper ready for the table. Dear me how tired we all were that night! Before our blazing fire Somers and I sat down for a smoke after eating Henry's substantial supper, but before our cigars were half done, Allen tumbled over on a pile of blankets and went to sleep. Less than three months before he had been in the mountains of North Carolina in search of health, and now here he was wading and thrashing around in the cold waters of the Big Huron as if he had never known a day's sickness in his life.

Friday morning brought with it the last day of the open season for trout and the last day of our outing, and earlier than either of the days before, we ascended the river preparatory to our day's work. But the day was not fortuitous. The wind was in the east, the sun shone with a hard white light and the air was without mellowness and geniality. In vain we tried the pool where the big ones were caught on Thursday; in vain we tried all the holes in which I had been successful in both days before. We had gone beyond our utmost limit of the former days and I do not remember that any of us had taken a trout. Certainly I had not. At length we came to a spot where it looked as though a trout could hide and I made a cast over by a log but without reward. The place appeared better the more I looked at it and I made several casts next the log, but all in vain. Next I cast over the pool to one side and after suffering my bait to settle, I undertook to recover my line and found that I was fast. Presently I recovered and threw in again. This time I thought I had made fast for good, but on a steady pull I found I was hooked to a monster trout. I brought it out of deep into shallow water, where I could see it, but with a flounce it was loosed and disappeared.

At this instant the Secretary crossed the stream above on a sunken log, and, the light being favorable, he saw the trout as it dropped to its place after leaving my hook, and at once offered it his bait. I said to him as he did so, "That is useless, for he has felt the prick of my hook and will not bite again this morning;" but hardly were the words out when the fisherman struck and immediately rushed across to my side of the stream. For a brief space I never saw a livelier combat. There was no room for playing his fish, and so the Secretary held on for dear life while I rushed in with a short-handled landing net to attempt a quick capture. Once it dashed around the only snag that I could see in the pool, and I thought it would smash the leader sure; but the next moment it was free. Somehow it got the line between my legs, and somehow I got out of the way and the line was once more free. After a good many misses the fish was scooped and safely landed on the gravel.

What was Allen doing? I don't remember to have seen him between the beginning and the ending of the fight, and very likely he didn't see me. I heard his version of the story afterward, and according to that he had never been quite so busy for a stretch of fifteen minutes before in all his life, and I doubt if he was conscious of my presence at all during the whole time, save perhaps when his game ran between my legs. It didn't take fifteen minutes, however, to land that fish. My opinion is that it was hooked and landed in less than two and a half; but right here is room for great difference of opinion. I never knew a fisherman to hold his watch in his hand while bringing a fish to creel, and till something of the sort is done we must expect more or less conflict of opinion as to the time spent in each particular case. My! but wasn't it a beauty? Its markings were as perfect and bright as if it had come from some shaded mountain stream. We had no scales with us, but after it had been out of the water something over twenty-six hours it kicked the beam at 3lbs. 10oz. It measured 22in. from tip to tip, and, according to the rule in such cases, it ought to have weighed when first taken 4lbs. 5½oz. But the Secretary is modest. In a letter now before me he writes, "I think he was undoubtedly a 4-pound fish when taken from the water." I think so, too.

The passenger man was not present during the rencontre, having gone on up stream. No sooner was the fish landed and killed than we shouted so lustily that he was led to believe we had encountered a lynx or bear at the least, and with cocked revolver he came running his best to our relief. The Secretary, in his hour of triumph, felt that he had enough fishing for one day, and so set out for the boat, and we might as well have followed him, for although we went on up the stream to the foot of the hill, passing over as pretty a range of clear, swift water, interspersed with limpid pools as I ever saw, we got never a rise. Earlier in the season we would doubtless have met with excellent sport here, or perhaps had we gone still higher, as it was, we might have had better success. Henry, who knew the country well, assured us that "ten miles up the fishing was good—very good," but we shrunk from so long a tramp.

The next morning at six o'clock the long whistle of the A. W. Colton was heard and the bustle of breaking camp began in earnest. In due time we were aboard and on our return voyage. If our night journey had been pleasant, our morning one was doubly so. Whoever has seen, felt and drank in the limpid Lake Superior atmosphere of a frosty August morning, may, in fancy, catch a glimpse of the scenes around us. Looking back toward the little wreath of blue smoke marking the site of our morning camp-fire, we saw far above and beyond it the Huron Mountains' fissured and sylvan sides softened into wavy outlines in the rising mists of the morning. Close to their northern terminus and well up toward the summit Mr. Allen pointed out a level area marking the seat of Mountain Lake, a sparkling sheet of spring water abounding in choice varieties of fish. Lower down, and between Mountain Lake and Lake Superior, lies Pine Lake, and back of that to the eastward is Ives Lake. All these lakes and their inflowing and outflowing streams are filled with fish peculiar to these cold northern waters, such as pike, pike perch, bass, mascalonge, trout, and even a species of landlocked lake trout, while in the forests that cover the mountains and grow in the valleys deer and ruffed grouse are reasonably plentiful, and bear and lynx and wolves are occasionally seen. Turning from this glorious southeastern mountain prospect, we see out in the lake to the northeastward, not less than three miles away, the Huron Islands, vast and rugged blocks of granite, some of which lift their treeless and ice-carved heads more than two thousand feet above the lake's level. In the opposite quarter is Point Abbeye, a long sliver of rock, tree-covered to the water's edge, and for many miles dividing the waters of Keweenaw Bay from the waters of the great lake. It is more than three miles to the end of the point, but Henry calls our attention to its wall of perpendicular rock and tells us a story of trout fishing off the rocks at that point that sets us planning for a next year's campaign.

Our view is not exhausted. Casting our eyes westward they alight upon the red sandstone cliffs on the east shore line of the Copper Horn, or Keweenaw Point, ten miles off, and we follow up hat tshore line indented with a succession of bays and points, but steadily curving to the eastward till earth, sky and water indistinctly and tremblingly intermingle. Over all we see the heights of the Keweenaw Mountains, Mounts Houghton, Bohemia, Everest and others. Dim and shadowy they rise spectre-like far out over the dancing waters, and as we count their blue-gray summits we wonder not that the aboriginal inhabitants of Keweenaw Bay in imagination peopled that region with Manitous, malevolent and dire.

There are not many places in this world of ours where there is such an aggregation of scenic beauty as there is here to be seen, and I know of no place along the entire south shore of Lake Superior where the lover of nature could spend a more delightful summer than in this region. It was my good fortune not many years agone to sail up this lake shore from Marquette to Houghton, and at these Huron Islands to spend several days awaiting the veering of the wind to the right quarter. From the beginning Keweenaw Bay and all the adjacent waters have been celebrated not only for the quantity, but the quality of their fish. At the time of my stay on the islands I met three or four of the local fishermen who were acquainted with the lake shore from Point Abbeye to Marquette, and who at one time or another had fished the intervening streams and small lakes adjacent to the shore all the way down, and they spoke in the most glowing terms of Pine River and of Pine and Ives and Mountain lakes as fishing points, the very ones Mr. Allen had since seen, and of which he also spoke in terms of highest praise. If to the sport we add the scenery, the air, the climate, the water and the camping sites, none of which can be excelled, we have one of the most charming regions in all this northern country for a summer outing.

The Marquette fishermen do most of their fishing up the lake shore in this direction, but they seldom attain so high a point up shore as the Pine Lake region. All along this lake shore, wherever there are ledges of rock in the lake, there is excellent trout fishing, or "rock fishing," as it is called up here. Some use the fly, some the spoon and some a live minnow, and not infrequently 5lb. trout are said to be taken.

In time for the morning train down, Captain Chamber-

lain landed us at the Baraga dock, where the hospitable Mr. and Mrs. Bourke met us with a hearty welcome and greatly admired Mr. Allen's big trout. Early in the afternoon we reached Marquette, where each went his way, Mr. Allen to his ledgers and cash accounts, Mr. Somers to a new post of railroad labor in the Northwest, Henry to his land-looking, and I to my Indiana home. Wherever my fishing companions of that outing may be this cheerless night, I know they have a pleasant recollection of our outing on the Big Huron. I send them greeting.

FRANKLIN, Ind., Nov. 14. D. D. BANTA.

SALMON FISHING IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Having had occasion to visit the Bay of Notre Dâme, in the island of Newfoundland, I embraced the opportunity when at Little Bay, to make inquiries as to salmon fishing in Indian Brook, a well-known salmon stream not far distant from that place. I was astonished to learn from a sportsman there that salmon could not be taken with the fly in that stream; my informant said that he had occasionally taken a grilse, but never a salmon. On consulting the excellent work of Capt. Kennedy, of H.M. S. Druid, the following words arrested my attention:

"To say that rod fishing in Newfoundland is a delusion and a snare would perhaps be wide of the mark, and yet I have no hesitation in saying that any one going out to that country for the purpose of fishing only, would be disappointed; as regards salmon he most certainly would. Sea trout fishing is merely a question of being in the right spot at the right time, in which case the sport is second to none; but if the fish are not running the sport is *nil*. Salmon fishing with the fly may be pronounced a failure owing to two causes; one of which may be remedied, the other not. The first is because the whole of the fine salmon rivers are ruined by barring, sweeping with nets, traps and weirs. The other reason is that the fish do not as a rule rise to the fly. I have occasionally taken grilse with the fly, but only five the first season, eight the second, and about the same number the third. However, this represented many days' hard work, wading for ten and twelve hours a day, and fishing every likely pool."

Capt. Kennedy was for three years engaged in the protection of the Newfoundland fisheries, and so speaks with much more authority than an ordinary sportsman would. It is not at all improbable that the persecution of the salmon by barring, which is the placing of nets across the mouths of the rivers of Newfoundland and from high water mark on one side to the same point on the other, as well as sweeping with nets, etc., may have had a good deal to do with the fact of the Newfoundland salmon being so shy of taking the fly.

The writer can well remember when the general opinion among sportsmen was that salmon could not be taken with the fly in the Tobique, indeed many ineffectual efforts were made by good sportsmen to capture salmon there in that way at that time, which ended unsuccessfully, spearing, sweeping with nets, etc., were being practiced very largely. Now, however, since the Tobique has been partially protected, and a stop largely put to these practices, salmon, as every one knows, are being taken in this fine river with the fly. EDWARD JACK.

FREDERICTON, Canada, Dec. 13.

TROUT FISHING IN GRAND ISLAND BAY.

WOULD any of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM like to know where speckled trout can be taken in considerable numbers, requiring no greater labor than fishing from a pier; a veritable Mecca for the veteran angler who no longer possesses the agility to traverse the ordinary trout stream as in days of yore? Such a place can be found in Grand Island Bay, Lake Superior, a magnificent bay, which is one of the many attractions for the tourist and sportsman who visits the Upper Peninsula of Michigan. The writer first discovered its allurements for the angler while passing through it in a small boat in August, 1886. As our boat was rounding Powell's Point, one of the most charming spots around the entire shore of the bay, we passed an old pier, reaching out some fifty or sixty feet from the beach, and on it were several young ladies fishing for trout, and we witnessed them take some fine ones in a few minutes' time. Stopping at the Powell residence, near by, the writer made the acquaintance of these good people, and determined that at some future time he would return to visit this place, which is so inviting on account of its natural picturesque beauty and many points of interest, and give the trout fishing in this bay a good trial.

Accordingly our party was organized to make this visit on the first part of last August, which was rather late in the season for the best trout fishing, but the writer's daughter, who is a hay fever subject, had to be one of the party, and this was her regular time for migrating to northern Michigan to escape the malady. She had invited two of her former lady school mates to accompany us, and these, with a gentleman friend and your humble servant, composed the party. On the 10th of August, after a leisurely trip up the lakes, we took a train at the Sault Ste. Marie for Munising station on the Duluth, South Shore & Atlantic Railway. The management of this road, by the way, is very painstaking in providing for the welfare and comfort of its tourist passengers. After arriving at Munising station a ride of four miles in a wagon brought us to Munising village, a quiet hamlet on the shore of Grand Island Bay, and the next morning a sail across to Powell's Point, two miles distant, brought us to our place of destination. The Powells had been waiting for us, and received us so cordially that we at once felt ourselves at home. The young ladies were delighted with the place. It was such a charming retreat for rest and recuperation, and so entirely free from the requirements of a fashionable resort. After all I had said in its praise it far excelled their expectations. A romantic description of this locality is given in an article in the *American Magazine* for September, entitled "In Hiawatha's Country." But no pen picture can do justice to the picturesque beauty and objects of interest that nature presents in this locality.

But some of your readers are already asking, "Did you catch any trout?" Well, I should say we did. During the entire three weeks of our stay with the Powells we angled for them at the old pier and at points around the shore in the vicinity every day, except Sunday, with the most satisfactory results. The weather was delightful during the entire time, which greatly contributed to our perfect happiness. A score was kept of the number and size of the trout taken every day by each member of the party, but to give this would require more space than is necessary. A good outfit of tackle had been provided for the ladies, and though neither of them had ever angled for trout before they were very apt scholars and soon became quite skillful and self-possessed in landing the fish. It did me as much good to see one of them hook a big trout and manipulate the rod, while another secured it in the landing net and brought it up in triumph on the pier, as to catch the fish myself. In size the trout taken by us ranged from ¼lb. to 3¼lbs. Anything smaller was invariably returned to the water. But several 5lbs. trout had been taken at the pier earlier in the season.

A 5lb. trout and several weighing from 3 to 4lbs. were taken by an old gentleman from New Orleans during our stay at another point on the bay. A camping party from Marquette, who were located on the south end of the bay, at the mouth of the Anna River, took a number of trout from 3 to 4lbs. A gentleman camping on another side of the bay took six trout in three casts, the total weight of which was 15lbs. Around the entire twenty-five miles of shore of this bay trout are found in great numbers, but at Powell's Point they seem to be the most abundant. The old pier there seems to be a great resort for trout, and we found it a most delightful one for the angler.

Grand Island Bay also abounds in lake trout, some of which have been taken weighing 30lbs. Had we not departed a little sooner than we intended, we would have varied our sport by devoting a few days to the capture of these larger members of the trout family. As I hope to return there next year, perhaps I can give a more definite account of them from personal experience. J. H. N.

NEWARK, O., Dec. 1.

PUBLIC TROUT IN PRIVATE WATERS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Several article in your paper—the last an editorial in the issue of Nov. 22, (p. 342) with a reference to a paragraph on p. 348—calculated to prejudice public opinion against the Hammonasset Club, appear to have been written under a misapprehension of facts. The Hammonasset Club acquired from the riparian owners of about ten miles upon the river, and about as much more upon its tributaries, the right of fishing for a term of years, without any notice or knowledge of a claimed right of fishing on the part of the public; and stocked the stream with 50,000 fry bought from a dealer. They never asked nor used any fry from the State.

Certain Middletown gentlemen belonging to a club which has its own preserves of fish and game, then claimed to have previously put State fry into the river, how many is not stated, nor is it material. This deposit of fry is claimed to have been made with the consent of one or more land owners, name or names unknown. Upon these facts it is claimed that all owners along the stream, from it source to the sea, are estopped from asserting the ordinary right of preventing trespass upon their lands near the river.

By Connecticut law, it should be remembered, in streams of this character the title to the soil under the water, to the right of fishing and to the use of the water itself, is absolute in the riparian owners, subject only to the common law rule that each must so exercise his right as not to interfere with the rights of others. That the act of placing State fry in a stream with consent of certain owners, operates instantly and by due process of law to divest of the above-mentioned rights not only those consenting, but also all the other owners, is a proposition so absurd that it seems impossible for the Middletown gentlemen themselves seriously to believe it. As to the "consenting" owners, if they intelligently consented, with the understanding that in return for the privilege of having State fry in the stream, all their lands bordering upon it were to be made practically a public park for three months in each year, they must greatly differ from the average New England farmer.

The writer has no interest in lands on or near the Hammonasset, is not a member of the club, and has no authority to predict its policy; but it seems likely that the right to eject trespassers will be exercised in future as heretofore, even if it be necessary to use gentle physical persuasion, *molliter imponere manus*, as the lawyers say. Should such expulsion be deemed a grievance, the courts are open. J. F. H.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 11.

EFFECT OF SAWDUST ON FISH.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am very much inclined to believe that the only injurious effect of sawdust in trout and salmon streams results from the fungus which grows from the sawdust as soon as it is put in the water. This fungus is the most destructive growth that is known—to fish eggs. No fish eggs can possibly hatch out on spawning grounds that are covered with it. It is absolutely fatal to them. It spreads with great rapidity also. Each minute piece broken from it, even every microscopic cell detached from the main stem, is a reproductive seed started on its own errand of destruction.

After the spawning grounds of a trout stream are covered with sawdust, that stream can produce no more trout. After the trout that are already living in the stream are caught out, that is the end of that stream as a trout stream. No more trout will be hatched there.

This fungus is not only destructive to the eggs of the fish, but, where there is much of it in the water, it will often get into the gills of the fish themselves, and will sometimes get rooted in the skin of the fish also, after which there is very little chance for the fish to survive. I do not think the sawdust itself injures the fish directly, by getting into their gills or otherwise, but by producing the fatal fungus. I believe that it is injurious beyond the possibility of exaggeration, and my motive in writing this paragraph is the hope that it may catch the attention of some one whose influence may help to arrest a rapidly growing and, as far as fish life is concerned, a frightful evil in this country. LIVINGSTON STONE.

BAIRD, Cal., Dec. 8.

LAFAYETTE, Ind., Aug. 21, 1888.—*U. S. Cartridge Co., Lowell, Mass.:* Dear Sir—I am pleased to be able to give you a most satisfactory account of the paper shells you sent me. I have used Schultze powder altogether for the last seven years, with Eley's shells, and yours are the first perfect substitute I have found, and I shall take care to recommend their use. (Signed) W. GRAHAM, Champion Shot of England.—*Adv.*

Fishculture.

TERRAPIN CATCHING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of Dec. 6, under the heading "Terrapin Culture," I find an interesting article, brought out in answer to two inquiries for information concerning the culture of the diamond-backed terrapin, one writer wishing to know about their habits and the modes of capturing them. As you ask communications on the subject, I beg space to contribute my mite, which is gathered from the pages of my scrap book, in which it is my custom to paste every article I find relative to brook, river or lake and the inhabitants thereof. From one of Harper's periodicals, headed "Terrapin Fishing," I have clipped the following:

"Terrapin are caught from Savannah and Charleston up to the Patapsco River, at Baltimore; while the genuine 'diamond-back' is only to be found in the Upper Chesapeake and its tributaries. A diamond-back never measures less than 7in. in length on the under shell, a 7-inch being known as a 'count terrapin,' while anything under the length of a 'count' does not count. Ten inches long and 8lbs. in weight is reckoned a very large terrapin, the 7-inchers weighing on an average 4lbs. During the season terrapin sell for $30 to $38 per dozen; while 'sliders,' common river turtles, principally caught in the James River, sell at from $6 to $8 per dozen, are palmed off by skillful restaurateurs as genuine 'diamond-backs' on unwary but ambitious guests at a dollar and a half the dish.

"Having consigned our lives and limbs to the custody of the darkest darky my eyes ever alighted upon, and to the most rickety of crazy skiffs, were paddled up a small tributary of the Chesapeake Bay, situated about six miles from Annapolis, on a terrapin-searching expedition. Having quitted the sanctuary of the boat for the more genial atmosphere of mud, our darky, who was armed with a long, thin pole, commenced to probe the bottom—he was wading waist-deep—or, to use the technical term, 'to sound' for terrapin. His practical sense of touch tells him when he taps terrapin, and if they are numerous he marks his prey and returns to grab them with a net. Sliders are plentiful in the tributaries of the Chesapeake, as also are 'snappers.'"

Turtle are fished for in this way: The fisherman plants poles, sometimes a hundred, in the middle of the stream; to each pole he fastens a line, to which is attached a hook baited with salted eel. The snapper grabs bait and hook and is hauled up, always vicious and desperate. MAC.

GLASGOW, Ky.

FISHCULTURE IN SCOTLAND.

WE have the annual price list of eggs and fry at the Howietoun Fishery, at Stirling, Scotland, one of the largest fishcultural establishments in Europe, from which we quote the following items of general interest:

"The Howietoun Fishery, in issuing the price list for season of 1888-89, has to record one of the coldest summers experienced since the commencement of the Fishery. Yearlings are fully three weeks later than usual. The rearing season, however, has been exceptionally successful, and fully 150,000 yearlings and 25,000 two-year-olds are ready for delivery.

"A salmon hatched from ova obtained from the Forth District Board in December, 1880, and reared in the ponds, having spawned three seasons, was found in the first week of November, this year, to be clean. It weighed just under 3lbs., was very silvery, with about thirty jet black starlike spots. The flesh cut pink, and the flavor was that of a fish a week in fresh water. This salmon had been fed exclusively on clams (*pecten*), and was a fair specimen of those still alive at Howietoun of the same spawning. The smolts and grilse which have been bred from these fish are growing more rapidly than their parents, and we hope to show that although the first generation of artificially landlocked salmon are usually dwarfed, yet their progeny may attain to the size of Loch Leven trout—viz., 6 to 10lbs. weight.

"The American landlocked salmon (*S. sebago*) have not yet spawned, but a few of the rainbow trout (*S. iredeus*) spawned in April, and the fry are thriving; the largest *iredeus* weighed, when three years old, between 3 and 4lbs. The crosses between salmon and trout, and between trout and salmon, are growing at the average rate of Loch Leven trout at Howietoun. The experiments in inter-breeding these crosses will be continued this season. The success of redds in economically stocking large tracks of water has been again marked during last season. The ova is simply laid on gravel within a few hours of hatching, and if the situation be skillfully selected no further attention is required."

THE ILLINOIS FISH COMMISSION.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Dec. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The fifth biennial report of the Illinois State Fish Commission will soon be ready for distribution. The Commission has submitted its report to the Governor and it is now in the hands of the printer. It will be a large one, finely illustrated. A great increase of native fish in all the rivers of the State is reported, and also of fish that have heretofore been thought to be extinct. In the distribution of carp during the two years, 1,800 applicants have been supplied. In speaking of whitefish the Commission gives its hearty indorsement to the proposition that the National Government establish a hatching house in Chicago. Eight fishways have been constructed in the State, and the number of plants in the streams of Illinois in 1887 was 106, aggregating 1,060,000 fish. These were placed at points where railroads cross streams. In 1888 the distribution was made by the United States Fish Commission and nothing but native fish were distributed. Twenty-six carloads were distributed in this manner where fourteen of the principal roads crossed streams, and each carload had from 5,000 to 6,000 fish. Of the appropriation of $7,500 the Commission reports an unexpended balance of a little over $5,000. Changes in the law are suggested so as to make the possession of fish, or appliances for fishing, evidence of violation; to designate authority for enforcing the law to some person or persons, and also to make liable to seizure and confiscation illegal apparatus for catching fish. UNSER FRITZ.

SHAD IN UTAH LAKE.

SOME time between the first and the middle of last June the United States Fish Commission sent one of its cars to Salt Lake City with two million shad eggs, which were hatched in jars on the way. They were sent to test the possibility of stocking the saline waters of Utah with this fish, and on consultation with Mr. A. Milton Musser, Fish Commissioner of Utah, they were placed in a stream between Battle Creek station and Pleasant Grove, on the Denver and Rio Grande Western Railroad. On the 10th of December, Mr. P. Madsen sent a six-inch shad to Mr. Musser, which was caught in Utah Lake about fifteen miles from where the fish were planted, or near the south end of the lake.

Utah Lake empties into Great Salt Lake, and the fish were planted near the outlet of the former, but this specimen had evidently worked up stream, as had some others, for Mr. Madsen had heard of three others being captured. One year before, in June 1887, a plant of a million shad was made in the Jordan River, which connects Lake Utah with Great Salt Lake, but we have not heard of any captures of this plant. From the size of the specimen sent to Mr. Musser it is evident that it was of the plant of this year, and while it

has been demonstrated that the fry can live in these fresh waters it remains to be seen if the proper conditions for reaching maturity prevail in Great Salt Lake, whose waters are so dense that but little animal life is found in them, and if the shad can breathe the waters, and find food in the brine-shrimp, it will be a grand thing for Utah.

Perhaps there may be favorable conditions for shad growth near the fresher waters, where the Jordan and other streams come in, without the necessity of going into the heavy brine of the great lake, and if so, we may look for the first run of spawning shad in 1890, although young males may be captured the year before. This experiment is a very interesting one, and if the fish thrive will prove to be a most valuable one.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Jan. 1 to 4.—Fourth Dog Show of the Meriden Poultry Association. Joshua Shute, Secretary, No. 430 Pratt street, Meriden, Conn.

Jan. 15 to 19, 1889.—Seventh Annual Dog Show of the Southern Massachusetts Poultry Association, at New Bedford, Mass. F. W. Dean, Secretary.

January, last week.—Western Pennsylvania Poultry Society's Fourteenth Annual Show, Pittsburgh, Pa. C. B. Elben, Sec'y.

Feb. 5 to 8, 1889.—First Annual Dog Show of the Columbus Fanciers' Club at Columbus O. Thos. R. Sparrow, Secretary.

Feb. 7 to 12.—First Annual Show of the Hudson River Poultry, Dog and Pet Stock Association, at Newburgh, N.Y. J. H. Drevenstedt, Secretary, Washingtonville, N. Y.

Feb. 12 to 15, 1889.—Fifth Dog Show of the New Jersey Kennel Club, at Jersey City, N. J. Geo. L. Wilms, Secretary, 142 Monticello avenue, Jersey City, N. J.

Feb. 19 to 22, 1889.—Thirteenth Annual Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent.

Feb. 26 to March 1, 1889.—Second Annual Show of the Renssalaer Kennel Club, Troy, N. Y. Alba M. Ide, Secretary.

March 5 to 8, 1889.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Albany Kennel Club, at Albany, N. Y. Geo. B. Gallup, Secretary.

March 12 to 15, 1889.—Second Annual Show of the Fort Schuyler Kennel Club, Utica, N. Y. James W. Dunlop, President.

March 19 to 22, 1889.—First Annual Dog Show of the Maryland Kennel Club, at Baltimore, Md. W. S. Diffenderffer, Secretary.

March 26 to 29, 1889.—First Annual Dog Show of the Massachusetts Kennel Club, at Lynn, Mass. D. A. Williams, Secretary.

April 2 to 5, 1889.—First Annual Show of the Rochester Kennel Club, at Rochester, N. Y. Harry Yates, Secretary.

April 2 to 5, 1889.—Annual Show of the New England Kennel Club, Boston, Mass. J. W. Newman, Secretary, No. 6 Hamilton Place.

April 9 to 12.—First Dog Show of the Worcester Kennel Club, at Worcester, Mass. Edward W. Doyle, Secretary.

April 9 to 12, 1889.—First Annual Dog Show of the Mascoutah Kennel Club, at Chicago, Ill. John L. Lincoln, Jr., Secretary.

April 16 to 19, 1889.—The Seventh Dog Show of the Philadelphia Kennel Club, at Philadelphia, Pa. Wm. C. Child, Secretary.

May 22 to 25.—Pacific Kennel Club Show, San Francisco, Cal.

FIELD TRIALS.

Jan. 14, 1889.—Sixth Annual Field Trials of the Pacific Coast Field Trial Club, at Bakersfield, Cal. N. P. Sheldon, Secretary, 320 Sansome street San Francisco, Cal.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription $1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed **6776.**

AMERICAN FIELD TRIALS CLUB.

[Special Report to Forest and Stream.]

THE DERBY.

WEST POINT, Miss., Dec. 13.—This stake had fifteen starters. The running began on Monday, Dec 10. A heavy rain fell on Sunday night. Monday forenoon was cloudy, but the weather cleared up in the afternoon. A raw wind blew from the northwest. The grounds were excellent for field trial purposes; large open plantations, with gently sloping hills and hollows, and abundant cover for the birds; in fact, the cover was too rank and abundant. The heavy fall rains had stimulated vegetation, resulting in an unusual heavy growth of sedge grass, weeds and other cover. Birds were fairly plentiful. The judges were Messrs. J. H. Gilbert, Lexington, Ky.; H. B. Duryea and R. L. McCook, New York. The winners were accorded their places in the opinions of the competitors, but there was some dissatisfaction at the decisions being rendered on light work and short heats. A great deal of local interest was manifested in the running. The grounds were magnificent and ample for all the purposes of running a large trial. The dogs were drawn to run as follows:

DAISY HOPE (R. M. Dudley), lemon and white bitch (Gath's Hope—Daisy F,),

against

BETTY (Memphis and Avent Kennels), black, white and tan bitch (Roderigo—Bo-Peep).

ZACH (I. Yearsley, Jr.), black, white and tan dog (Roy Bell III.—Fraud),

against

WEE DAISY (W. A. Wheatley), white, blue and ticked bitch (Gath's Mark—Daisy).

LOTTIE C. (J. I. Case, Jr.), orange and white bitch (King Noble—Queen Vashti),

against

DAISY FISHER (H. S. Bevan), orange and white bitch, (Gath's Hope—Daisy F.).

MARY MEADE (W. A. Wheatley), white and orange bitch (Bun Roy—Durant's Florence),

against

ORLANDO (Memphis and Avent Kennels), black, white and tan dog (Roderigo—Bo-Peep).

ROD'S GAL (W. B. Stafford), liver and white bitch (Rod—Juno),

against

COUNT PIEDMONT (Edward Dexter), black, white and tan dog (Count Noble—Belle of Piedmont).

CECIL (Memphis and Avent Kennels), black, white and tan dog (Roderigo—Bo-Peep),

against

SONNY (W. B. Stafford), liver and white dog (Rod—Belle).

FLOSSIE NOBLE (J. H. Peeble), lemon belton bitch (King Noble—Elsie Belton),

against

ROI D'OR (Memphis and Avent Kennels), black, white and tan dog (Roderigo—Bo-Peep).

TENNIE (W. B. Stafford), liver and white bitch (Rod—Nell), *a bye.*

BETTY AND DAISY HOPE.

A start was made on the Crump place, about one mile east of town. The ground was heavy under foot. The cold rain had made the birds wild and uncertain for a dog to point. The dogs were cast off in open sedge at 9.35. H. S. Bevan handled Daisy; J. M. Avent handled Betty. Daisy ranged well, having a decided advantage over Betty in this respect, taking her casts with judgment. She was very disobedient and a bit unsteady in her work on birds. Betty had the better style; she also showed more skill and precision in her work on birds, and was steadier on back and point. Each showed want of proper training. They were ordered up at 11:02 and Betty won.

ZACH AND WEE DAISY.

The former was handled by W. C. Avery; the latter by T. H. Poindexter. A bevy was marked down in sedge grass by the spectators and the dogs were worked to find it. Wee Daisy was first to point it in a plum thicket; Zach backed well. Both were steady to wing and shot. On the scattered birds Wee Daisy made a good point on a single in sedge grass. Both dogs were nicely broken and were handled quietly without scrambling. The handlers were comparatively amateurs so far as field trial handling is concerned, but many of the oldsters could take lessons in courtesy and fairness from them. Range and pace were about equal. The heat began at 11:06 and ended at 11:38. Wee Daisy won.

LOTTIE C. AND DAISY FISHER.

Lottie C. was handled by Charles Barker; Daisy Fisher by H. S. Bevan. The heat began at 11:40. There was not much difference in range, speed and style. Lottie was quicker and more accurate in her work on birds. Daisy was not so obedient as she should be to handle easily and without unnecessary noise. The heat ended at 11:58, Lottie C. the winner.

ORLANDO AND MARY MEADE.

J. M. Avent handled Orlando; T. H. Poindexter handled Mary Meade. The heat began at 12:06 and ended at 12:32. There was not much work done on birds. Mary pointed a bevy and was nicely backed by Orlando; both were steady to shot. No find could be made of the scattered birds. A bevy was flushed by the handlers and dogs, all coming on it about the same time. Orlando made a good point on a single bird in oak woods, and was steady to shot. He had the advantage in range and style; pace about equal. Orlando won. Down 26m. The party then went to lunch.

COUNT PIEDMONT AND ROD'S GAL.

The heat began at 1:38. Capt. C. E. McMurdo handled Count; W. B. Stafford handled Rod's Gal. Count was first to find and point a bevy; Gal pointed a few yards behind on the foot scent or possibly the body scent, as she had the wind from the birds. Both were steady to shot. On the scattered birds Count roaded and pointed, and Gal backed well; both were steady to shot and wing. Sent on, Gal made a false point; Count backed. At 21:03 they were ordered up and Count won. Both ranged well, Count slightly better.

CECIL AND ROD'S SON.

The former was handled by J. M. Avent; the latter by W. B. Stafford. Owing to some misunderstanding of directions or forgetfulness the wagons got separated from the judges, and quite a delay occurred in getting the next brace started. Neither did their work with accuracy. Son flushed a single bird in sedge grass. Cecil roaded and pointed a single bird; he was steady to shot. Next he flushed three or four outlying birds of a bevy, and stood to wing; the remainder of the bevy then flushed wild. Cecil secured a good point on three or four of them. Son, brought up to back, caught scent and pointed. Both made some errors on the remaining birds. Down 54m. Cecil won. He had better style, and slightly better range and speed; his work on birds was better than that of Rod's Son.

ROI D'OR AND FLOSSIE NOBLE.

The former was handled by J. M. Avent; the latter by W. B. Stafford. Flossie was slightly unsteady to wing at times. Roi found and pointed a bevy; Flossie brought up to back did not see him, although she passed close to him, and going down wind flushed the bevy. Moved on, Roi made a flush. He made a point on several birds and was steady to shot; the heat then ended. Down 49m. The heat began at 3:31 and ended at 4:24. Roi had the superior pace and style.

Tennie had the bye.

The running of the first series resulted as follows:

Betty beat Daisy Hope.
Wee Daisy beat Zach.
Lottie C. beat Daisy Fisher.
Orlando beat Mary Meade.
Count Piedmont beat Rod's Gal.
Cecil beat Rod's Son.
Roi D'Or boat Flossie Noble.
Tennie a bye.

Second Series.

BETTY AND TENNIE.

The heat began at 4:37, and the dogs were ordered up at 5:06 without any birds being found. Tennie was handled by W. B. Stafford. Tuesday morning was cloudy and damp until about 10 o'clock, when the weather cleared and the remainder of the day was pleasant. The running began at 8:58 with the unfinished heat of the previous day. Tennie, not having the wind right, flushed a bevy in sedge grass. Working on the scattered birds, Tennie drew nicely to a point on a single bird; Betty backed. Both were steady to shot. Tennie soon secured another point on a single bird and was steady to wing. Moved on. Both pointed, about 80yds. apart, in sedge grass. Several birds were flushed to Tennie's point and a bevy to Betty's. The heat ended at 9:21. Betty won. She had but slight advantage in range or speed. Her style in motion was better; both had good style on point.

ORLANDO AND WEE DAISY.

They were started at 9:26. Orlando showed a decided superority in pace, range and style. Both were steady to shot and wing, and pointed well. The heat ended at 9:37. Orlando won.

CECIL AND LOTTIE C.

The heat began at 9:42. Lottie showed a disposition to false-point at frequent intervals; she backed with an air of indifference. Both were steady to shot and wing. Lottie did not show the accuracy in pointing or quickness in locating that her competitor did. The speed and range of Cecil, although not very superior, were the better. He won. Time 10:50.

ROI D'OR AND COUNT PIEDMONT.

The heat began at 10:55. Roi showed superior capabilities in finding and locating, pointing two bevies and two single birds, and made two flushes. Count backed well and ranged in a superior manner. Roi had better speed and style. He won. Time 11:49. The party then took lunch. The second series resulted as follows:

Betty beat Tennie.
Orlando beat Wee Daisy.
Cecil beat Lottie C.
Roi D'Or beat Count Piedmont.

Third Series.

ORLANDO AND BETTY.

In this series there were but four dogs left, all owned by the Memphis and Avent Kennels. The heat began at 12:49 and ended at 1:23. Betty had better range and a trifle advantage in uniform speed. The style was about equal. Orlando showed fewer errors in his work on birds, and did more finding, and won.

ROI D'OR AND CECIL.

They were cast off at 1:36. Roi had the superiority in pace, range and style. At 1:42 Roi D'Or won. The judges could see the palpable superiority of Roi D'Or, and were satisfied as to their relative merits. The third series had the following results:

Orlando beat Betty.
Roi D'Or beat Cecil.

Final for First Place.

ORLANDO AND ROI D'OR.

They were started at 1:51. Roi pointed a bevy in a clump of plum bushes; Orlando backed well; both were steady to shot. Each made a good point on single birds. Orlando was a little unsteady to shot. Roi next made two flushes. Orlando was better in speed, range and style, and showed more accuracy in his work. He won at 2:14.

Ties for Second Place.

BETTY AND ROI D'OR.

They were started at 2:26. Both showed good work intermixed with some errors. Roi pointed a bevy in sedge, Betty pointed at the same time, a short distance away, and was a little unsteady to wing. Roi made a point on some of the remaining birds and Betty backed. On the scattered birds Betty flushed one and again was unsteady slightly. Roi flushed a single. Betty had the better style on point, some better range and greater quickness in her work on birds. The heat ended at 3 P. M. and Betty won. Roi D'Or was placed third without further running. Count Piedmont was placed fourth, Daisy Hope fifth. Summary:

First Series.

Betty beat Daisy Hope.
Wee Daisy beat Zach.
Lottie C. beat Daisy Fisher.
Orlando beat Mary Meade.
Count Piedmont beat Rod's Gal.
Cecil beat Rod's Son.
Roi D'Or beat Flossie Noble.
Tennie, a bye.

Second Series.

Betty beat Tennie.
Orlando beat Wee Daisy.
Cecil beat Lottie C.
Roi D'Or beat Count Piedmont.

Third Series.

Orlando beat Betty.
Roi D'Or beat Cecil.

Final for First Place.

Orlando beat Roi D'Or and won first.

Ties for Second Place.

Betty beat Roi D'Or and won second.

Without further running the dogs were placed: Roi D'Or third, Count Piedmont fourth, Daisy Hope fifth.

THE ALL-AGED STAKE.

The running in this stake began on Wednesday morning. The judges were J. H. Gilbert, C. W. Paris and T. L. Martin. There were ten starters. The order of running was as follows:

LEBANON (Lebanon Kennels), liver and white dog (Tim—Peg),

against

SACHEM (Mitchell Harrison), liver and white dog (Beaufort—Zuba).

ROGER WILLIAMS (C. H. Odell), lemon and white dog (Bang Bang—Lalla Rookh),

against

KING'S MARK (C. W. Barker), blue belton dog (King Noble—Belle Belton).

CONSOLATION (C. H. Odell), lemon and white dog (Bang Bang—Grace III.),

against

OLLIE S. (Memphis and Avent Kennels), black, white and tan bitch (Paul Gladstone—Lottie).

TIPTON (Poindexter and Tipton), black and white dog (Gath's Mark—Vic),

against

CASSIO (Memphis and Avent Kennels), black, white and tan dog (Count Noble—Lizzie Hopkins).

LORD GRAPHIC (J. R. Daniels), liver and white dog (Graphic—Daphne),

against

CINCH (Memphis and Avent Kennels), black, white and tan dog (Count Noble—Lizzie Hopkins).

Wednesday morning was clear. Before noon the weather clouded up and rain threatened toward night. A light wind blew from the southwest.

LEBANON AND SACHEM.

Luke White handled Lebanon; W. W. Titus handled Sachem. They were cast off at 8:41. The heat was a tiresome one. But little work done considering the opportunities. Three bevies were found; the first two by the handlers; Sachem pointed the last one. Neither showed superior finding capabilities or special merit. Lebanon had a decided advantage in speed and range; style about equal. The heat ended at 9:49. Lebanon won.

KING'S MARK AND ROGER WILLIAMS.

Charles Barker handled the former; Luke White the latter. They were started at 9:48. They roaded and pointed on the trail of a bevy; Mark roaded through the birds out in the open field on the trail of three or four; he pointed one, which Barker killed; Mark retrieved. The rest of the bevy flushed near where the dogs first pointed, the dogs failing to point them. The scattered birds were followed. Roger flushed a bird which Mark was roading. King's Mark won. Down 20m. There was not much difference in speed or range; Roger had better style on point; King's Mark dropped to his points, therefore his style was inferior.

OLLIE S. AND CONSOLATION

were cast off at 10:32. Luke White handled Consolation; J. M. Avent handled Ollie S. The brace went off at a lively pace; both ranged wide and hunted their ground well. Consolation showed much dash in his range and manner of going. Both worked with judgment. Ollie struck the trail of a bevy which had scattered about feeding. She roaded about rapidly, pointing at times, and finally located and pointed the bevy in Japanese clover. She was steady to shot. The birds were marked down in the open and followed. Ollie retrieved a bird nicely, which Avent killed to her point. When sent to retrieve she pointed another bird. Several then flushed wild. She pointed twice more on single birds. They were ordered up at 10:56, and Ollie won. Both were fast, wide rangers, and had good style.

CASSIO AND TIPTON.

Cassio was handled by J. M. Avent; Tipton by T. H. Poindexter. Tipton showed a good nose and did some very good work on scattered birds. While going across wind he flushed several birds and did not show proper steadiness to wing. Cassio made two points on single birds and retrived well. Both had good style in ranging and good speed. Their range was nearly alike. Up at 11:32. Cassio won.

CINCH AND LORD GRAPHIC.

Cinch was handled by J. M. Avent, W. W. Titus handled Lord Graphic. The heat began at 11:35. At the end of 41m. they were ordered up and the party went to lunch. Nothing was found in the meantime. The heat was resumed at 12:42. Each made a false point. A bevy was marked down in oak

woods. Lord Graphic pointed a single bird nicely; Cinch backed; Lord Graphic retrived well. Moved on, hunting for another bevy. One was found by the spectators. Cinch pointed it indifferently. Moved on; he pointed some remaining birds, which did not flush. The heat was a poor one. At 2:06 it ended. Cinch won. The first series resulted as follows:

Lebanon beat Sachem.
King's Mark beat Roger Williams.
Ollie S. beat Consolation.
Cassio beat Tipton.
Cinch beat Lord Graphic.

Second Series.

OLLIE S. AND LEBANON.

They were started at 2:10. Lebanon pointed a bevy in sedge grass. White killed and Lebanon refused to retrieve. On the single birds Ollie showed the greater accuracy. She retrieved well. She made two false points. She was the wider ranger and had the better style. Their speed was nearly equal. Ollie won. Down 35m.

KING'S MARK AND CASSIO.

They were started at 2:49. Mark pointed a bevy in the open in sedge grass; he retrieved well. On the scattered birds Cassio made a good point on a bird in oak woods. Mark made two false points. Range and speed about alike. Cassio had better style. Up at 3:38. King's Mark won. Cassio apparently was disobedient, as he was not prompt to whistle or command.

Ollie S. beat Lebanon.
King's Mark beat Cassio.
Cinch a bye.

Third Series.

There were three dogs in this series, two of which were owned by the M. & A. Kennels. There was some difference of opinion between the judges as to the correct manner of arranging this series. The rules required that if the heat for first place was run on the same day as the preceding series, the dog having the bye would run a side heat. Both Cinch and Ollie S. were owned by the same owners and handled by the same handler. Some held that King's Mark having the bye the other two should run together. Others held that no two dogs owned or handled by the same person should be forced to run together while there were dogs not so owned in the stake. The rule is very clear and explicit and reads as follows:

"Rule 10. If two dogs owned or handled by the same person should be drawn together in the first, or come together in any succeeding series, the second dog so owned or handled shall change places with the first dog not so owned or handled. * * If such separation is found to be impracticable, the running together of two such dogs may be permitted." Again: "Rule 27. If in the order of running there shall be but three dogs in a series, so that one would run a bye, then, while the competing dogs are running their heat, the third dog shall run a side heat without competition. * * * If the dog running the bye would not compete for first place the same day he would run the bye, the side heat need not be run." When two dogs are handled by the same person, and are in a series which contains but three dogs, it is plain that the bye cannot run a side heat since the handler cannot handle in two heats at the same time. In this case the running for first was postponed until the next day, which obviated the running of the side heat. The rule only makes an exception when "such separation is found to be impracticable," and even when it is not mandatory, for it reads "may be permitted," in strong contrast to the explicit "shall," used in other parts of the rules. Mr. Martin dissented from the ruling of the other two judges, and announced publicly that he wished to go on record as disagreeing from the ruling, basing his opinion on the word "impracticable." Inasmuch as it was late in the afternoon, and the running for first place arranged for the next morning, it was not "impracticable" to separate the two dogs; in short, they were separated.

KING'S MARK AND CINCH.

They were started at 3:38. Mark had the range and speed. Cinch had the better style. Both made errors in working birds, and both pointed and backed staunchly, and were steady to wing and shot. Mark had the advantage in the work done and won. Time 4:20.

Final for First Place.

OLLIE S. AND KING'S MARK.

They were started about five and one-half miles from town in the open field at 9:47. Both dogs soon after starting were found pointing a bevy in sedge grass by the edge of oak woods. Mark broke his point and Ollie then drew to the bevy and flushed a bird, then stood staunchly. Avent killed and Ollie retrieved. The birds went into the woods and were followed. On the way Ollie pointed a single bird and was steady to shot and wing. Mark flushed a single. Both pointed and roaded on the footscent of a bevy; at the edge of the woods in sedge, both standing several yards apart, pointed the birds, the bevy being divided. Both were steady to shot. In the oak woods Ollie stopped instantly to a neat point on a bird, and Mark backed steadily. Both were steady to wing. Mark was next to point and was handsomely backed by Ollie. A single bird was flushed several yards down wind and behind him, which he could not possibly have pointed. Next Ollie pointed and Mark backed; nothing was found to the point. Ollie made a good point on a single bird; Mark backed. Avent wounded the bird, which fell dead about 50yds. away. Ollie retrieved it nicely. Mark flushed a single bird in sedge grass. Ollie had a wider and more uniform range, and much better style. The speed was about equal, although Mark started a bit slow. Mark had a disagreeable habit of frequently pointing and moving on when in the vicinity of birds, consequently was not as accurate and diligent as he otherwise would have been. Ollie won. Down 22m.

Final for Second Place.

KING'S MARK AND CONSOLATION.

The heat began at 10:20. Consolation started off at a lively gait and ranged in fine form. Mark also was going better than in his last heat, the presence of birds probably stimulating him to vigorous effort. Taking a cast up on a sidehill in open sedge, he pointed a bevy; Consolation backed well. Mark abandoned his point; Consolation immediately started in and pointed the bevy staunchly. White killed, and Consolation retrieved tenderly but not sufficiently prompt. Moved on and Mark false-pointed twice. The dogs, in oak woods, took opposite casts. Consolation found and pointed several birds; White flushed them to his point and killed. Consolation retrieved the bird well. In the meantime, Mark made two excellent points on single birds and retrieved nicely. Sent on to find the scattered birds Consolation caught scent, drew straight up wind about 15yds. into the birds and made a bad flush; he stood to the flush and White flushed several more ahead of him. Consolation had the better style in ranging and on point. His range was slightly better, and in maintaining a uniform fast pace, he also excelled. Down 40m. King's Mark won.

Consolation and Cassio were placed equal third.

SUMMARY.

Annual All-Aged Stake. For setters and pointers that have never won first prize in all-aged stake in any recognized trials in America. Purse $650. First, $300; second, $200; third, $150. Forfeit $10; $20 additional for starters.

First Series.

Lebanon beat Sachem.
King's Mark beat Roger Williams.
Ollie S. beat Consolation.
Cassio beat Tipton.
Cinch beat Lord Graphic.

Second Series.

Ollie S. beat Lebanon.
King's Mark beat Cassio.
Cinch a bye.

Third Series.

King's Mark beat Cinch.
Ollie S. a bye.

Final for First Place.

Ollie S. beat King's Mark and won first prize.

Ties for Second Place.

King's Mark beat Consolation and won second.
Consolation and Cassio placed third.

PREVENTION OF GUN-SHYNESS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

My attention was forcibly attracted by an article on gun-shyness in the September number of the *A. K. R.* (Vol. VI., p. 212), and as it contains an important statement, I write of an experience of mine which is certainly suggestive and may prove of value. The statement I refer to is: "There is no characteristic, mental or physical, which is surer to be transmitted to the progeny of a gun-shy sire or dam." If this is true, I may be able to suggest a treatment to be used in the case of offspring of a sire or dam known to possess this serious fault.

Many years ago—"the down upon my lip—less man than boy"—I found located on the country place of my grandfather a mongrel pup, part hound but no "bird dog" blood, then about five months old. The family had not yet moved out from the city, and the pup had probably been left to himself by the family of the farmer, who occupied a part of the house during the winter. I had gone out to test a new shotgun, and the dog was tied at a kennel perhaps 100yds. from where I chose my position for firing. At the first discharge the dog disappeared, to my infinite amusement. I proceeded with my tests, pausing to note the weight of charge used, both as to powder and shot, and the effect. I had not been engaged more than twenty minutes before, to my great surprise, I saw the dog standing as near me as his rope would permit, and watching every movement with evident interest. I do not know how long he had been doing so before I took notice of the fact. Firing again and seeing that he was more delighted than dismayed at the flash and report, I went over and untied him. From that day he would leave a dinner to go out with a gun, and it made no difference whether I shot for birds or with a rifle at a mark. In fact I never trained him for birds, but only taught him to be silent and to walk behind me until after I fired. In rifle shooting I often made him stand on the broad sill of a window in a shed from which I practiced at targets, and when I rested the rifle on his back he never would stir a hair until after the flash, and a perceptible interval after it, too. These, however, were only a few of a hundred good traits that companionship developed in him with kindness. Poor Sancho has gone over to the majority of good though mongrel dogs; but I feel even now that I should only do justice to his memory in trying to turn it to some usefulness, that it may "live after him."

The question that suggests itself is, might not the same process be tried to advantage on the offspring of parents known to be gun-shy, by taking the puppy at a fairly advanced stage, isolating him so as to make him somewhat lonely and eager for companionship, and then teaching him that there is no harm to be expected from a noisy report by familiarizing him with it, first at a reasonable distance and not bringing him to close quarters until he desires to come closer of his own volition?

All of which is respectfully submitted for what it is worth.

TRACY GOULD.

VINELAND, N. J., December, 1888.

RICHMOND (IND.) DOG SHOW.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The third annual show of the Central Indiana Poultry and Pet Stock Association was held at the Park Rink in Richmond, Dec. 14, and was a success financially and otherwise. There were 100 entries in the dog department, and some of them were fine specimens. Mr. P. T. Madison of Indianapolis judged all classes, and his awards gave entire satisfaction. The prizes were awarded as follows:

AWARDS.

MASTIFFS.—CHAMPION—E. M. Bronson's Delph Viva.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, E. E. Roney's Jim. *Puppies:* 1st, E. M. Bronson's Cæsar; 2d, J. E. Doughterty's Jess; 3d, E. E. Roney's Jim.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—1st, Mr. Freeman's Dolly.

GREYHOUNDS.—CHAMPION—Rockwood Kennels' Snowflight.—OPEN—1st, Rockwood Kennels' Rich and Rare.

POINTERS.—1st, C. W. Law's Spang.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Devonshire Kennels' Jim Gladstone: 2d, Mr. Nelson's Discount; 3d, E. M. Star's Ramo. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, J. B. Nickum's White Lill and Countess Rose. *Puppies:* 1st, Chas. Law's Ben Harrison.

IRISH SETTERS.—*Bitches:* 1st, James Clay's Annie Elcho. *Puppies:* 1st, James Clay's Snipe.

FOXHOUNDS.—1st, M. Schell's Lead; 2d, Wm. Laudwehr's Leader.

BEAGLES.—*Dogs:* 1st, Henry Mills's Driver. *Bitches:* 1st Fred Testing's Fanny.

FOX-TERRIERS.—1st, G. G. Ferling's Flossie. *Puppies:* 1st and 2d, Sterling's Nell and Prince.

COLLIES.—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, J. E. Dougherty's Boss and Charley; 3d, J. H. Hodgen's unnamed. *Bitches:* 1st, J. E. Dougherty's Zella; 2d, Maggie Adams's Etta. *Puppies:* 1st, 2d and 3d, Maggie Adams's Lotta, Scotta and Zell.

BULLDOGS.—*Dogs:* 1st, J. H. Taylor's Fritz. *Bitches:* 1st, J. H. Taylor's Fanny.

TOY TERRIERS.—1st, Wm. Quigley's Topsy.

SCOTCH TERRIERS.—1st, A. Beeler's Zip; 2d, Harry Fox's Dick; 3d, E. Roney's Jack.

PUGS.—*Dogs:* 1st, E. B. Gold's Ralph; 2d, Clem Gar's Budge; 3d, A. Lange's Nip. *Puppies:* 1st, Geo. Becker's Jude.

SKYE TERRIERS.—1st, F. W. Spinning's Mary.

RICHMOND.

THE AMERICAN COURSING CLUB.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Following is the financial statement of the American Coursing Club for the year ending Oct. 31, 1888. We believe the showing to be a good one. The prospects of the club were never so bright.

RECEIPTS.		DISBURSEMENTS.	
Membership dues	$ 70.00	Approved and ordered by Executive Committee.	
Membership fees	150.00	Printing, etc	$201.40
Membership assessment	180.00	Wood cuts, electros, etc	33.65
Registration fees	3.75	Postage and expressage	38.00
Entrance fees	385.00	G. I. Royce, railroad exp.	20.00
Gate receipts, annual C. C. M.	160.15	Advertising	12.40
Donations	126.70	Sundry bills by warrants	318.82
Money advanced	300.00	Premiums	700.00
		Cash on hand	154.03
Total	$1,375.60	Total	$1,375.60

FRANK K. DOAN, Sec'y.

1210 OLIVE STREET, St. Louis, Mo.

THE CHASE OF THE HARE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

An ancient writer tells us that hunting was the exercise o the greatest heroes in antiquity, and that by this they formed themselves for war as well as for their exploits against wild beasts, which were a prelude to their future victories. From Xenophon we learn that almost all the ancient heroes, Nestor, Theseus, Castor, Pollux, Ulysses, Diomedes and Achilles were disciples of hunting and were carefully taught that art, and Pliny observes that those who were designed for great generals were made to contend with the swiftest wild beasts in speed, with the boldest in strength, and with the most cunning in craft and subtlety; and the Roman Emperors, in the monuments they erected to transmit their actions to future ages, joined the glories of the chase to their most celebrated triumphs. Both Greek and Latin poets emblazoned the beauties of the chase upon the pages of their works which will last forever, and will be read and admired by scholars and sportsmen, while the names of Oppian, Gratius, Ovid, Nemesianus and Virgil, together with that of poor old blind Homer, will ever remain fresh and green in the memory of all sportsmen. These all esteemed hunting, not only because it was a manly and warlike exercise, but because it was highly conducive to health; and the famous Galen recommended it above all others as not only exercising the body, but giving delight and entertainment to the mind, and he calls the inventors of this art "wise men, and well skilled in human nature."

Hark away,
Cast far behind the ling'ring cares of life,
Cithæron calls aloud, and in full cry
Thy hounds, Taygetus, Epidarus trains
For us the gen'rous steed; the hunter's shouts,
And cheering cries, assenting woods return.
Virgil.—Georg. III.

Of all the sports in hunting mentioned by the ancients none was more admired than that of chasing the hare, none was considered more manly, and none more fruitful of invigorating and healthful exercise. While the hare has always been noted for its timidity, it has been highly prized for its fleetness. Arrian says "the true sportsmen does not take out his dogs to destroy the hares, but for the sake of the course and the contest between the dogs and the hare, and is glad if the hare escapes, and if she flies to some brake that is too thin to hide her and tries to conceal herself and seems to decline the contest, he will call off the dogs, especially if she has run well. I, myself, often when I have followed the course on horseback and have come up time enough to save the hare alive, have taken her from the dogs and tied them up and let her go; and sometimes when I have come up too late to save her I have not been able to avoid striking the dogs on the head for killing so good an antagonist. * * * I will allow, indeed, that whoever sees this animal, either found running or pursued, may forget anything else he is most attached to; but to see it taken is neither a pleasing nor a striking sight, but rather disgusting." This is the writing and the words of the great Flavius Arrian, who was born in Bithynia, A. D. 100, who was not only a pupil but a friend of the great stoic, Epictetus. And his great deeds as well as his learned writings are fully mentioned and deferred to as authority upon all subjects which he thought fit to write about by all writers from that time to the present day.

Sir Thomas Elyot, who was Ambassador to Rome during the reign of Henry VIII., in his book named the "Governour," published in 1531, says: "Hunting of the Hare with Grehounds is a ryght good solace for men that be studiouse or thym to whome nature hath not gyven personage or courage apte for the warres, and also for gentilwomen which feare nether sonne nor wynde for appayring theyr beautie. And peradventure they shall bee therr at lasse idill than they shuld be at home in their chambers."

Hares were protected by law at this time. The Statute of 14 Henry VIII. enacted that if any person traced, destroyed or killed any hare in the snow with dog, bitch or otherwise, he forfeited 5s. 8d. for every hare.

And we find in the "Epigrams" of Martial's, written in Rome during the first century after Christ, the following epigram to Priscus: "Use more sparingly, I advise you, the galloping hunter Priscus, and ride not so furiously after the hare. The sportsman has often made atonement to the prey and fallen, never to rise again, from the spirited horse. The very plain, too, has its danger, even though there be no ditch, no mound, no rocky places, yet the level ground is apt to deceive. There will not be wanting some rider to exhibit to you a spectacle such as this, but his fall would excite less repining at fate than yours. If the excitement of danger attracts you let us spread toils for the wild boars of Tuscany. Courage in that pursuit is safer. Why do such break-neck steeds delight you? They much oftener succeed in killing the rider than the hare."

From the sculptures of Thebes and Beni-Hassan we can learn the great delight the Egyptians experienced in the chase. Wilkinson, in his "Ancient Egypt," says: "In the East indeed it was always looked upon as a manly exercise, requiring courage and dexterity, and tending to invigorate the body and instill into the mind a taste for active pursuits. It was held in such repute that the founders of empires were represented in the character of renowned hunters. The Babylonians were so fond of the chase that the walls of their rooms presented a repetition of subjects connected with it, and they even ornamented their dresses and the furniture of their houses with the animals they hunted."

The Medes and Persians were equally fond of the chase, and the Egyptians frequently coursed with dogs in the open plains.

Coursing the hare was one of the recognized sports of the ancient Greeks. They were also fond of hare's flesh, so that they had an expression, "to live on hare's flesh," which was synonomous with "living on all kinds of dainties."

The Roman epicures considered the shoulder of the hare a tidbit, while the rabbit was not known to the ancient Egyptians, the Assyrians, or the Jews, while the coney was known to all of them. These people all, with the exception of the Jews, gave chase to the hare and enjoyed the flesh. The hare falling under the Mosaic law was for that reason considered and held as unclean by the Jews.

The action of Moses in this case was certainly one of the "mistakes of Moses." Leviticus, Chapter XI., Verse 6:

"And the hare because he cheweth the cud and divideth not the hoof he is unclean unto you." Now, in truth and in fact, the hare does not chew the cud. Neither does the rabbit or the coney. Its teeth and stomach are "not built that way." Yet Moses evidently believed they were, and such is the popular opinion to the present time. Cowper in his works, speaking of his favorite pet hare, says that he "chewed the cud." They have a peculiar way of moving their jaws, even when asleep, a kind of mumbling, but this is done for the purpose of grinding their teeth and not to masticate a cud ball.

The ancient Britons coursed the hare, and during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, Thanos, Duke of Norfolk, formulated this set of rules, which were subscribed unto by the chief gentry and so held authentic: "That he that is chosen fereterer or that lets loose the greyhounds shall receive the greyhounds matched to run together into his leash as soon as he comes into the field, and follow next to the hare finder, or he that is to start the hare, until he comes unto the form, and no horsemen or footmen are to go before, or on any side, but directly behind, for the space of about forty yards. You ought not to course a hare with above a brace of greyhounds. The hare finder ought to give the hare

three soboes before he put her from her form or seat. To the end the dogs may gaze about, and attend her starting.

"They ought to have twelve score yards law before the dogs are loosed, unless there be danger of losing her. That dog that gives the first turn, and if after that there be neither cote, slip or wrench, then he wins the wager. If one dog give the first turn, and the other bears the hare, he that bears the hare shall win.

"A go-by, or bearing the hare, is reputed equivalent to two turns. If neither dog turn the hare, he that leadeth last to the covert wins. If one dog turns the hare, serves himself, and turns her again, it is as much as a cote; for a cote is esteem'd two turns.

"If all the course be equal, he that bears the hare shall win, and if he be not born, the course shall be adjudged dead.

"If a dog take a fall in a course, and yet perform his part, he may challenge the advantage of a turn more than he gave.

"If a dog turn the hare, serve himself, and give divers cotes, and yet in the end stand still in the field, the other dog, if he turns home to the covert, although he gives no turn, shall be adjudged to win the wager. If by misfortune a dog be rid over in his course, the course is void; and to say truth, he that did the mischief ought to make reparation for the damage.

"If a dog give the first and last turn, and there be no other advantage betwixt them, he that gave the odd turn shall win.

"A cote is, when the greyhound goeth endways by his fellow, and gives the hare a turn.

"A cote serves for two turns, and two trippings or jerkins for a cote; and if she turneth not quite about she only wrencheth.

"If there be no cotes given between a brace of greyhounds, but that one of them serves the other at turning, then he that gives the hare the most turns wins the wager; and if one gives as many turns as the other, then he that beareth the hare wins the wager.

"Sometimes the hare doth not turn, but wrench; for she is not properly said to turn, except she turns as it were round, and two wrenches stand for a turn.

"He that comes in first to the death of the hare takes her up, and saves her from breaking, cherisheth the dogs, and cleanseth their mouths from the wool, is adjudged to have the hare for his pains.

"Those that are judges of the leash must give their judgment presently, before they depart out of the field."

These rules were afterward substantially adopted by the Coursing Club of Swaffham, founded by Lord Orford, in 1776. From that time on, private coursing has been on the decline in England, and now it is seldom that a hare is coursed except by one of the duly organized clubs. These clubs have taken great care in breeding greyhounds for this sport. The hare is never coursed in an inclosure. That is, there is always a city of refuge for the hare to escape, as sportsmen consider it not only cruelty but unmanly to deprive an animal of what is termed its law or natural means of escape or defense. At the great coursing meet in 1885, of the Haydock Park course, only nine hares were killed out of sixty-eight courses run. And in the course of the Occidental Coursing Club of California, held last month, out of twenty-five hares coursed, seven escaped. Now we can readily see from the above that it is the excitement of the chase as well as the invigorating and healthful exercise experienced by those engaged in the sport as well as the artistic skill displayed by the sportsman that has rendered coursing popular, as well as being regarded as one of the legitimate sports in England as well as in this country.

The greyhound with his fleetness and endurance when pitted against the hare with his fleetness and cunningness surely make an interesting and exciting run. The speed of the two is about equal, the dog having the greater endurance, but which is usually overcome by the cunningness of the hare, which by dodges and turns forces the dog to give the go-by.

Rabbits and coneys are never used for coursing in England. Some of the lower classes have for years, when not prevented by the officers of the Royal Society, baited rabbits with a dog called whippet, and in the last few years the same class have used the fox-terrier for this purpose. It is a low, unmanly and disgusting sport—like rat baiting, the pleasure is in the kill. The run only lasts a few seconds at the most.

This rabbit baiting, like the rat baiting and dog fighting, always takes place in an inclosure and in some out-of-the-way place. One "sport" will give another the tip (as it is called) where tickets can be purchased, and if the Society officers are eluded, then the bait is given.

In England the rabbit baiters claim that the rabbit does not fall within the protection of the statute, as the rabbit is not a domestic animal. The magistrates have always held that when a rabbit is taken and under the control of man, he is a domestic animal, until last month, when in a case they dismissed the defendants subject to a case to be stated. So this will soon now be settled in England. I give the case as reported in the English *Stock-Keeper* of Dec. 7, 1888.

A case affecting the supporters of rabbit coursing was tried at the Birkenhead County Magistrate's Court on the 29th ult. Three persons were summoned by an inspector of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals for having, on the 29th ult., "ill-treated twenty-four rabbits by causing them to be worried by dogs." The proceedings were taken under section 2 of 12 and 13 Vic. chap. 22. This section refers to domestic animals, and though rabbits are included in the definition of wild animals, so long as they are kept wild and not under the control of man; when they are taken from the field, tended and fed by man, it is contended they become domestic animals within the meaning of the Act. This contention had previously been upheld by the magistrates.

The evidence showed that the defendants kept rabbits several days in a garret of a house where they were fed. These rabbits, it is alleged, were taken on to the field and sold for coursing. An inspector deposed that one of the officials took the animal by the skin of the back, held it before two dogs, and then, after running about sixty yards, threw the rabbit down and jumped behind it to make it run. Some of the rabbits were so tame that they refused to run, and others went toward the dogs, both of which sometimes seized the rabbit and danced about the common with it in its mouth.

The magistrates were of opinion that it had not been proved that rabbits were domestic animals within the meaning of the Act; but at the same time they regretted they had not the power to punish the defendants for their cruelty, and cautioned them. The cruelty was denied by the defense. The prosecution said they attached great importance to this matter, and asked their worships to state a case. The summonses were then dismissed, subject to a case to be afterward stated.

In New York the statute protects both the wild and the tame animals, as provided by the Penal Code, viz:

Sec. 6. Penal Code § 655.—A person who overdrives, overloads, tortures, or cruelly beats, or unjustifiably injures, maims, mutilates, or kills any animal, whether wild or tame, and whether belonging to himself or to another, or deprives any animal of necessary sustenance, food or drink, or neglects or refuses to furnish it such sustenance or drink, or causes, procures, or permits any animal to be overdriven, overloaded, tortured, cruelly beaten, or unjustifiably injured, maimed, mutilated, or killed, or to be deprived of necessary food or drink, or who willfully sets on foot, instigates, engages in, or in any way furthers any act of cruelty to any animal, or any act tending to produce such cruelty, is guilty of a misdemeanor.

Aside from the cruelty, rabbit baiting, rat baiting, dog fighting, etc., are prohibited by the following section of the Penal Code:

Section 18. Penal Code § 664.—A person who sets on foot, instigates, promotes, or carries on, or does any act as assistant, umpire or principal, or is a witness of, or in any way aids in or engages in the furtherance of any fight between cocks or other birds, or dogs, bulls, bears or other animals, premeditated by any person owning or having custody of such birds or animals, is guilty of a misdemeanor, punishable by fine not less than ten dollars, nor more than one thousand dollars, or by imprisonment not less than ten days, nor more than one year, or both.

As similar statutes exist in almost every State in the Union it is not probable that rabbit baiting will be carried on to any great extent. PESHALL.

JERSEY CITY.

NEW ENGLAND FOX HUNTING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The gorge of the New England fox hunter rises when he reads the contemptuous comments on his favorite pastime which are so often made by those who apparently know nothing of it, or who think nothing can be sportsmanlike unless it is English. When such as your correspondent "Tallyho" will inform us wherein the shooting of a fox before hounds is more unfair than the shooting of a hare or deer under the same conditions, we may be convinced of our unsportsmanlike conduct, but we shall not be likely to give up the pastime of which we are so fond only because we are told by such as he that it is unsportsmanlike and indecent.

In our fox hunting the fox has a better chance of escape than when a fleet pack of hounds are in pursuit and the killing of the fox relegated entirely to them. As for the sportsmanship, to be a successful fox hunter in our fashion one must be a good shot and have a knowledge of woodcraft that is quite as essential to sportsmanship as is horseback riding.

AWAHSOOSE.

DOG TALK.

THE so-called coursing of rabbits at Hempstead, L. I., has created quite a flutter in certain circles of dog men, and especially in the New Jersey Kennel Club. As we understand it, the matter came up at a meeting held last Thursday night (Dec. 13), at Taylor's Hotel, Jersey City, on a resolution offered by Mr. Peshall, censuring the Hempstead Club and Mr. A. Belmont, Jr., for killing hares with terriers. The resolution was offered and passed. A well-known member then promptly wrote out his resignation. After some discussion Mr. Peshall stated that rather than have any ill-feeling in the club he would for the present withdraw his resolution, which he did, but, as has been said, after it had been passed.

At the meeting last week of the New Jersey Kennel Club Mr. Peshall, in accordance with his intention announced some months ago, resigned his position as delegate to the A. K. C., and Mr. A. C. Wilmerding was elected delegate in his stead.

At the same meeting it was determined by the club to hold a show next spring, and report has it that Mr. Peshall offered prizes to the amount of $300. These, it is said, have since been withdrawn, as the great authority on ancient history declines to back up a show held under the auspices of the A. K. C. unless it shall take a stand in opposition to rabbit baiting. This the A. K. C. is not likely to do so long as Mr. Belmont is its president.

For the year 1889 the St. Bernard Club of America provides an annual rough-coated puppy sweepstakes, for puppies born in 1888, entrance $3, to be decided at the New England show; smooth-coated puppy sweeps, to be decided at the Philadelphia show; stud-dog stakes (rough and smooth-coat); futurity stakes for puppies whelped in 1889; produce stakes for brood bitches. Forms for nominations, together with full details of each stake, will be sent, on application, by Mr. Lorenzo Daniels, Cor. Sec'y, P. O. Box 1991, New York.

Two New York dog catchers were tried last week before a jury in the court of General Sessions charged with robbery and assault, and were convicted of assault in the third degree, and on Dec. 14 they were sentenced by Judge Cowing to one year's imprisonment and to pay a fine of $500. The complainant, Miss Mary D. Brooks of No. 38 East Sixty-fifth street, testified that she was walking out with her pet dog on the 23d of November, and when near Fourth avenue she saw the prisoners, Patrick McCarthy and John Lynch, assistant dog catchers, leave their wagon and run toward her. She picked up the dog and carried him in her arms, and as McCarthy came up he seized the dog and pulled him away from her, at the same time hitting her on the shoulder, pushing her down on her knees; but she got up and ran after him, seizing him with one hand and the dog with the other, McCarthy struck her in the face with the back of his hand, and as she fell down he struck her again, whereupon she screamed and some one coming to her assistance, the dog catchers relinquished the dog and left. The prisoners denied assaulting Miss Brooks and Lynch said that the dog was given up "so as not to have any trouble." The judge in charging the jury, said that if the dog had been taken from the arms of the complainant, then the defendants had exceeded their duty, even on the assumption that they did not intend to steal the dog. Dog catchers had no right to invade the home or to enter a house to secure a dog, or take it from a private yard. Neither had the defendants any right to take it from the arms of his owner or any person who had charge of it.

VICKEY.—Linden, Mass., Dec. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It is with a feeling of deep regret and sorrow that I write you of the beagle bitch Vickey. She was run over by the cars the day before Thanksgiving and instantly killed. Beagle fanciers will remember her as the winner of first and special at Hartford in the open class at the last show held in that city. I met her owner, Mr. W. F. Rutter Jr., of Lawrence, Mass. (and a truer sportsman never lived), at the last show held by the New England Club at Boston, and he invited me to come and have a hunt with him when the season opened. It is needless to say I accepted his invitation and I had a good chance to see this little bitch work, and to say I was astonished does not half express it, as her work was simply wonderful. We arrived at the hunting grounds at 4 o'clock in the morning and she went to work at once and worked steadily all day long, till 4 o'clock in the afternoon; and when we were riding home she would be ahead of the team all the way, and frisking about seemingly as fresh as when she first started. She came the nearest to my idea of what a beagle should be of anything I have ever seen, as she was worthy of mention on the bench in the best of company, while in the field I don't think her superior lived. Her voice was beautiful, and when on a hot scent it fairly rolled from her throat, and no music I ever heard could equal it. Mr. Rutter has had unusually hard luck with his beagles, as it was only a year ago he lost Kino in the same way. He now has a 7 months old pup by Cameron's Racket out of Vickey that bids fair to make a crack in time, as now she will run a rabbit in good shape. Vickey's last run was one of her greatest she ever made. Mr. Rutter started out with a foxhound bitch to go foxing and left Vickey at home, and the hound had a fox started at 5 o'clock in the morning and Vick got away and got there a very few minutes after the hound had started and drove with her till 2 o'clock in the afternoon. Old fox hunters that saw it claim that it was the greatest piece of work for a little dog of only 13 inches high they ever saw, as this hound she run with has never been beaten on a fox hunt and she has run with hundreds of different dogs the past year. Poor little Vick. She deserved a better fate. We shall never see her like again.—W. S. CLARK.

KENNEL NOTES.

Notes must be sent on prepared blanks, which are furnished free on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope of large letter size. Sets of 200 of any one form, bound for retaining duplicates, are sent for 30 cents.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Rowena Neville. By W. H. Ellis, Springdale, Pa., for fawn mastiff bitch, whelped Aug. 25, 1888, by Beauquesne Neville (A.K.R. 5894) out of Juanita (A.K.R. 4978).

Monitor Neville. By M. B. Chaplin, Pittsburgh, Pa., for fawn mastiff dog, whelped Aug. 25, 1888, by Beauquesne Neville (A.K.R. 5894) out of Juanita (A.K.R. 4978).

Juana Neville. By Chas. S. Lindsay, Pittsburgh, Pa., for fawn mastiff bitch, whelped Aug. 25, 1888, by Beauquesne Neville (A.K.R. 5894) out of Juanita (A.K.R. 4978).

Psyche Neville. By P. N. Chaplin, Pittsburgh, Pa., for fawn mastiff bitch, whelped Aug. 25, 1888, by Beauquesne Neville (A.K.R. 5894) out of Juanita (A.K.R. 4978).

Goldie, Patchogue and Blue Rival. By L. Gardner, Mt. Vernon, N. Y., for one white and lemon and two white and liver pointer dogs, whelped Sept. 19, 1888, by his Duke of Vernon (Glendale—Spotless) out of Cute (Duke Royal—Gala Day).

BRED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Daisy—Charleroi II. Chestnut Hill Kennels' (Philadelphia, Pa.) collie bitch Daisy (Clipper—Bonnie Scotland) to their Charleroi II. (Charlemagne—Sooty), Nov. 19.

Helen—Dublin Scot. J. R. Bennett's (New York) collie bitch Helen (Rex or Strephon—Mavis) to Chestnut Hill Kennels' Dublin Scot (The Colonel—Jessie), Nov. 21.

Amherst Lassie—Charleroi II. J. D. Shotwell's (New Jersey) collie bitch Amherst Lassie (Davy Lindsay—Phillis) to Chestnut Hill Kennels' Charleroi II. (Charlemagne—Sooty), Nov. 28.

Bertha—Scotilla. Pierepont Morgan's (New York) collie bitch Bertha (Staffa—Ethel) to Chestnut Hill Kennels' Scotilla (Dublin Scot—Flurry II.), Nov. 19.

Luella—Charleroi II. Chestnut Hill Kennels' (Philadelphia, Pa.) collie bitch Luella (Strephon or Rex—Mavis) to their Charleroi II. (Charlemagne—Sooty), Dec. 2.

Queen of Ashmont—Wacouta Nap. St. Joe Kennels' (Niles, Mich.) mastiff bitch Queen of Ashmont (King of Ashmont—Reine) to their champion Wacouta Nap (J. Morgan's Lion—R. Morgan's Bess), Nov. 23.

St. Joe Patty—Wacouta Nap. St. Joe Kennels' (Niles, Mich.) mastiff bitch St. Joe Patty (champion Ilford Caution—Juno) to their champion Wacouta Nap (J. Morgan's Lion—R. Morgan's Bess), Dec. 1.

Timferna—Brock. E. M. Crouch's (Thomaston, Conn.) pointer bitch Timferna (A.K.R. 5754) to his Brock (A.K.R. 5754), Dec. 10.

Snap—Judge. Frank Eaton's (Springfield, Mass.) pointer bitch Snap (Croxteth—Lady Beau) to Dr. W. M. Williams's Judge (A.K.R. 6390), Dec. 9.

Ruby—Judge. J. P. Swain's (Bronxville, N. Y.) pointer bitch Ruby (A.K.R. 4893) to Dr. W. M. Williams's Judge (A.K.R. 6390), Dec. 10.

Myra—Barry II. N. Myers's St. Bernard bitch Myra (Nero—Favorite) to W. J. Ehrich's Barry II. (A.K.R. 3760), Nov. 9.

Fly—Barry II. M. Phebus's St. Bernard bitch Fly (Nero—Ruth) to W. J. Ehrich's Barry II. (A.K.R. 3760), Oct. 24.

Duchess of Heathfield—St. Gothard III. C. H. Spring's (Newton Lower Falls, Mass.) rough St. Bernard bitch Duchess of Heathfield (Rip Van Winkle—Recluse) to Geo. Booth's (Hull, Eng.) St. Gothard III. (champion Valentine—Lady Nell), Dec. 3.

Black Princess—Newton Abbot Lord. H. H. Truman's (Orange, N. J.) cocker spaniel bitch Black Princess (Monk—Ethel) to E. M. Oldham's Newton Abbot Lord, Dec. 15.

Dot—Bradford Harry. R. Kelliher's (Brookline, Mass.) Yorkshire terrier bitch Dot (Spink—Dolly) to P. H. Coombs's Bradford Harry (Crawshaw's Bruce—Beale's Lady), Dec. 5.

WHELPS.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Rye. Geo. Laick's (Tarrytown, N. Y.) beagle bitch Rye (Ringwood—Roxy), Oct. 25, three (two dogs), by his Mayo (Rustler—champion Bonnie).

Trixy. Robt. Jennings's (Tarrytown, N. Y.) beagle bitch Trixy (Laick's Rattler—Laick's Rye), Oct. 20, three, by Geo. Laick's Mayo (Rustler—champion Bonnie).

Dot. P. P. Lewis's (Tarrytown, N. Y.) beagle bitch Dot (Ringwood—Maida), Oct. 8, four (two dogs), by Geo. Laick's Mayo (Rustler—champion Bonnie).

Cora II. Chestnut Hill Kennels' (Philadelphia, Pa.) collie bitch Cora II. (Kintore—Duchess), Nov. 19, ten (five dogs) by their Scotilla (Dublin Scot—Flurry II.).

Madam. E. C. Johnson's (Framingham, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Madam (A.K.R. 4767), Sept. 9, twelve (two dogs), by Geo. Walton's Scotch Bonivard (Bonivard—Mirza).

Forest Corinne. F. C. Smith's (Groton, N. Y.) Irish setter bitch Forest Corinne (champion Bruce—Little Nell), Dec. 13, eight (three dogs), by D. Rhodes's Aldershot (Chief, A.K.R. 231—Bizreena, A.K.R. 2876).

White Puss. E. A. Woodward's (Chicago, Ill.) bull-terrier bitch White Puss (A.K.R. 6428), Nov. 8, four (one dog), by Associated Fanciers' The Baron (Dutch—White Rose, A.K.R. 2906); one bitch and one dog since dead.

SALES.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Jeanette. White, black and tan beagle bitch, whelped March 20, 1888, by Bannerman II. out of Constance, by F. M. Bennett, Westfield, N. J., to E. L. Bryant, Johnston's Creek, N. Y.

Bannerman II. Black, white and tan beagle dog, whelped July 5, 1885, by Bannerman out of Queen, by F. M. Bennett, Westfield, N. J., to L. E. Simmons, Lexington, Ky.

Ruby. Black, white and tan beagle bitch, whelped March 10, 1886, by Brits out of Pride, by F. M. Bennett, Westfield, N. J., to John Thompson, New York.

Bannerman II.—Constance whelp. White, black and tan beagle dog, whelped March 20, 1888, by F. M. Bennett, Westfield, N. J., to G. N. Steward, Elizabeth, N. J.

Bonnie Dunkeld—Bonnie Knowe whelp. Black, white and tan collie dog, whelped July 12, 1888, by Chestnut Hill Kennels, Philadelphia, Pa., to A. C. Harrison, same place.

Caractacus—Pitchdark whelps. Black, white and tan collie bitches, whelped July 12, 1888, by Chestnut Hill Kennels, Philadelphia, Pa., one each to John L. Lincoln, Jr., Chicago, Ill., and Robt. McEwen, Byron, Canada.

Mac Tempest. Sable and white collie dog, age not given, by All Fours out of Winnie, by Chestnut Hill Kennels, Philadelphia, Pa., to S. T. Mercier, Gilford, Ireland.

Roslyn Brock. Black and tan collie bitch, whelped Aug. 4, 1887, by Dublin Scot out of Madge, by Chestnut Hill Kennels, Philadelphia, Pa., to A. H. Jones, Germantown, Pa.

Jennie M. Sable collie bitch, whelped April 9, 1887, by Strephon out of Jersey Beauty, by Chestnut Hill Kennels, Philadelphia, Pa., to A. P. Hazard, Richmond, Va.

Smith's Lassie. Black, tan and white collie bitch, whelped Aug. 30, 1888, by Roscoe out of Minnie (A.K.R. 6524), by F. C. Smith, Groton, N. Y., to Chas. C. Haight, East Homer, N. Y.

Minnie. Black, tan and white collie bitch, whelped July 30, 1887 (A.K.R. 6524), by F. C. Smith, Groton, N. Y., to Chas. C. Haight, East Homer, N. Y.

Queen Bess of Beech Grove. Light fawn mastiff bitch, whelped Jan. 2, 1888, by Beech Grove Toby (A.K.R. 4867) out of Beech Grove Gabrielle (A.K.R. 3371), by Beech Grove Farm Kennels, Beech Grove, Ind., to Wm. Basson, Indianapolis, Ind.

Beech Grove Protection. Light fawn mastiff dog, whelped Jan. 2, 1888, by Beech Grove Toby (A.K.R. 4867) out of Beech Grove Gabrielle (A.K.R. 3371), by Beech Grove Farm Kennels, Beech Grove, Ind., to Chas. H. Childs, Utica, N. Y.

Rowena Neville. Fawn mastiff bitch, whelped Aug. 25, 1888, by Beauquesne Neville (A.K.R. 5894) out of Juanita (A.K.R. 4978), by John M. Chaplin, Neville Island, Pa., to Wm. H. Ellis, Springdale, Pa.

Juana Neville. Fawn mastiff bitch, whelped Aug. 25, 1888, by Beauquesne Neville (A.K.R. 5894) out of Juanita (A.K.R. 4978), by John M. Chaplin, Neville Island, Pa., to Chas. S. Lindsay, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Monitor Neville. Fawn mastiff dog, whelped Aug. 25, 1888, by Beauquesne Neville (A.K.R. 5894) out of Juanita (A.K.R. 4978), by John M. Chaplin, Neville Island, Pa., to M. B. Chaplin, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Psyche Neville. Fawn mastiff bitch, whelped Aug. 25, 1888, by Beauquesne Neville (A.K.R. 5894) out of Juanita (A.K.R. 4978), by John M. Chaplin, Neville Island, Pa., to P. N. Chaplin, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Lady Catherine. Orange, white markings, St. Bernard bitch, whelped April 28, 1887, by Duke of Lancaster out of imported Doris, by Chas. D. Cugle, Hartford, Conn., to E. B. Sears, Melrose, Mass.

Belwer. White and orange rough St. Bernard bitch, whelped June 14, 1888, by Hector (A.K.R. 3249) out of Linda (A.K.R. 2552), by C. H. Spring, Newton Lower Falls, Mass., to J. A. Morse, South Framingham, Mass.

Madam. Orange and white St. Bernard bitch, whelped Sept. 18, 1886 (A.K.R. 4767), by John H. Sutcliffe, Louisville, Ky., to C. E. Johnson, Framingham, Mass.

Van Pelt. Chestnut, white and tan English setter dog, whelped April 23, 1888, by MacD. out of Chief's Queen, by F. G. Taylor & G. G. Davis, Philadelphia, Pa., to J. J. Kerr, same place.

Dick Roy. Black, white and tan English setter dog, whelped March 13, 1888, by San Roy out of Cora, by F. G. Taylor & G. G. Davis, Philadelphia, Pa., to A. H. Moore, same place.

Don Carlos. Black, white and tan English setter dog, whelped May 3, 1888, by Rockingham out of Donna, by Rosecroft Kennels, Birmingham, Conn., to Edwin Parker, Philadelphia, Pa.

Hindoo—Rothemay whelps. Black and tan Gordon setters, whelped Aug. 26, 1888, by F. M. Bennett, Westfield, N. J., a dog to S. B. Davis, Philadelphia, Pa., and a bitch each to H. C. West, Crauford, N. J., and Jas. B. Blossom, Morrisania, N. Y.

Luray III. Red Irish setter bitch, whelped March 14, 1885, by Chief out of Leigh Doane I., by Oakview Kennels, Philadelphia, Pa., to Associated Fanciers, same place.

Creole. Red Irish setter bitch, whelped 1883, by Grafton out of Meg, by Oakview Kennels, Philadelphia, Pa., to Associated Fanciers, same place.

Rex. Black, white frill, cocker spaniel dog, whelped July 12, 1888, by Oberon (A.K.R. 3315) out of Trinket, by Chas. C. Haight, East Homer, N. Y., to F. C. Smith, Groton, N. Y.

Pete Obo. Black cocker spaniel dog, age not given, by Black Pete out of Miss Ginger, by G. F. Willard, Charlestown, Mass., to Rural Kennels, Wakefield, Mass.

Roslyn Dennis—Roslyn Eileen whelp. Red Irish terrier dog, whelped July 28, 1888, by Chestnut Hill Kennels, Philadelphia, Pa., to J. T. Pollard, Atlanta, Ga.

DEATHS.

Dom Pedro. Orange tawny and white St. Bernard dog, whelped May 28, 1886 (A.K.R. 6328), owned by Chas. D. Cugle, Hartford, Conn., Oct. 26, from pneumonia.

Fanchon. Orange tawny St. Bernard bitch, whelped Oct. 19, 1885 (A.K.R. 6394), owned by Chas. D. Cugle, Hartford, Conn., Nov. 27, from inflammation of the bowels.

A NEW GATEWAY.

By the completion of a new bridge across the Missouri River at Rulo, Nebraska, the Burlington Route has established, for the entire distance over its own track, a new, direct, through line from St. Louis to Kansas City, St. Joseph, Atchison and Denver. Over this line is run "The Burlington's Denver Express"—a solid train with through sleeping cars and coaches from St. Louis to St. Joseph and Denver, and a through sleeping car from St. Louis to Kansas City. The connections made by this train at the Missouri River, at Denver and at junction points en route are such that one can directly reach by it all points in Nebraska, Colorado, and all sections of the West and Southwest, as well as all Pacific coast points. This is in addition to "The Burlington's Number One" well-known solid vestibule train between Chicago and Denver and Cheyenne, with which direct connection is made by C. B. & Q. R. R. train from Peoria, by which one can make the run between Chicago and Denver without being more than one night on the road. For tickets via the Burlington route and for special excursion folder, call on any ticket agent of connecting lines, or address P. S. EUSTIS, Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Agent, C. B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill.—*Adv.*

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

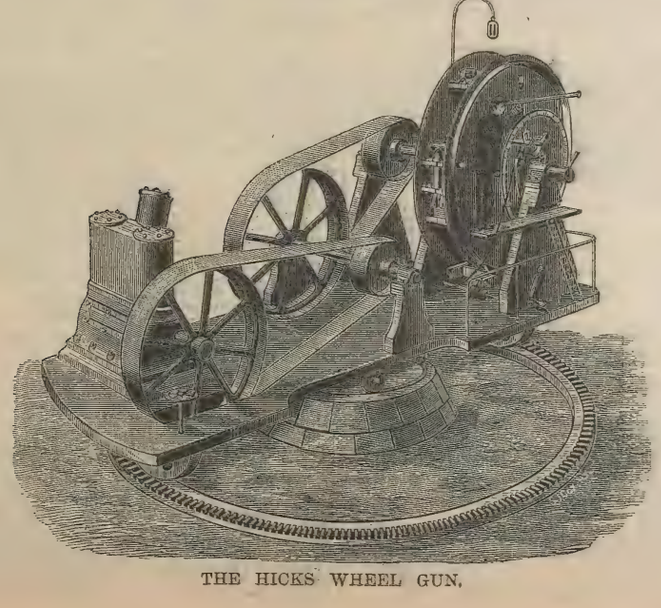
A SLINGSHOT GUN.

IN a room at No. 19 Broadway is a model of a machine, which it is intended to use on a large scale in dropping batches of dynamite upon the vessels or among the forces of an enemy. The inventor is Walter E. Hicks, of Brooklyn, and the cut will give a good idea of the device.

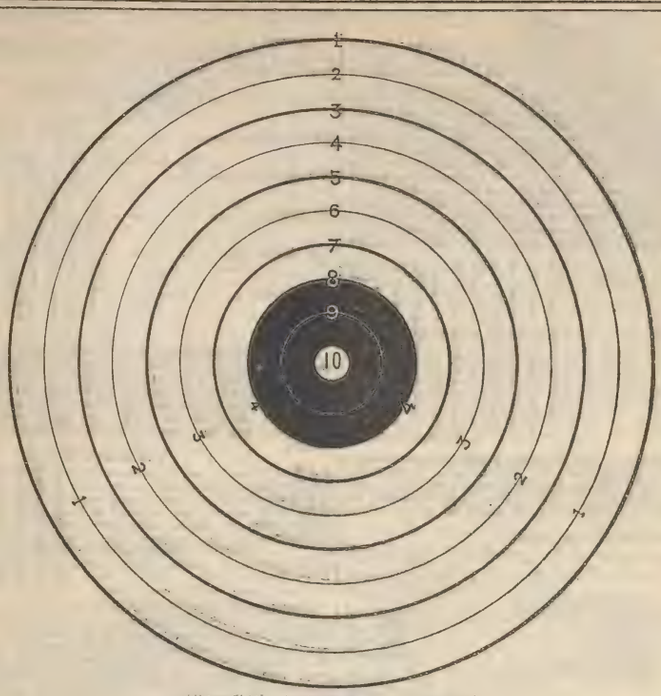
Mr. Hicks's wheel consists of two steel disks, thin at the circumference, but quite thick at the center, standing several inches apart and firmly joined by bolts. In the spaces between the plates four clutches for holding the projectiles are placed equidistant along the circumference. Outside each disk is a double quadrant for the use of the gunner in training the "gun" at the desired elevation. Combined with each quadrant is a mechanical contrivance that, by the pulling of a lanyard, opens a clutch and releases a projectile at just the point at which the "gun" may be trained. Two shots at opposite sides of the wheel are thus fired an infinitesimal fraction of a second apart. There is a separate lanyard for each disk, each firing two of the four shots. A wheel 10ft. in diameter is required for a 6in. shot, and for every additional inch of diameter in the shot there must be 20in. more of diameter in the wheel. Underneath there is a jackscrew brake for stopping the wheel. The entire machine, including the steam engine, stands upon a single plate that may be placed upon a turntable and adjusted and trained like any marine gun carriage. It might also be placed on wheels and used for field service.

The latest Krupp guns impart to the projectile an initial velocity of 2,300ft. a second, and Mr. Hicks's calculations, as revised by army experts at West Point and Fortress Monroe, lead him to expect an initial velocity of 2,000ft. a second from his 10ft. wheel, when flying at the rate of 4,000 revolutions a minute. The proportional range would be five miles, but the revolutions of the wheel can be increased to 6,000 a minute, with corresponding gains in the velocity and range of the projectile. The motive power of the wheel is a steam engine. Calculation shows that to secure initial velocity of 2,000ft. a second would require a wheel having a diameter at the point where the shells were placed of 10ft., and revolving 4,000 times in a minute. Mr. Hicks makes the following estimate of centrifugal force and tensile strength under these conditions:

Centrifugal force exerted on each wheel at 4,000 revolutions per minute, assuming the weight at 6,441lbs.



THE HICKS WHEEL GUN.



CONLIN'S "EXPERT" TARGET.

Formula—The square of velocity (in. rev. pr. min.), multiplied by dia. of circle of center of gyration in feet, and quotient divided by constant 5,217, this × by weight of body will give total force.

Example—Velocity, 4,000 rev. pr. min.; center of gyra., 7.07ft.; dia. of wheel, 10ft.; weight, 6,441lbs.

Proof—$4{,}000^2$=16,000,000×7.07=1,1311,200,000 divided by con. 5,217=21,682 × weight of wheels, 6,441lbs.=139,653,762.

Area of 10ft. wheel 78.54ft. or 1,130,976in.; 2in. thick; 50,000lbs. tensile strength.

1,130,976×2=2,261,952×50,000 t. s.=113,097,600,000lbs. resistance.

Then centrifugal force 13,097,600,000lbs.=139,653,762lbs.=112,957,946,238lbs. to spare.

The projectile, specially designed to be used in the Hicks machine, is a long cigar-shaped shell, with heavy solid ends, the intervening space being occupied by camphorated nitro-gelatine (blasting gelatine), surrounded by guncotton, as in the Zalinski projectile. The fulminate is as usual reached and exploded by a needle running through to the pointed end of the shot.

CANADIAN RIFLE NOTES.

SARINA RIFLE CLUB, Dec. 6.—The regular monthly competition for the gold badge of the club took place to-day, and the following are the leading scores:

	200yds.	400yds.
R Glynn	55455—24	24555—21—45
W Miniely	33424—16	55444—22—38
D Turner	42545—18	45354—21—39

This being the third time Mr. Glynn has headed the score, it places him in possession of the badge. It had previously been won twice by Miniely and once by Dr. Poussette.

ALLISTON, Dec. 7.—The third shoot for the handsome silver medal was held on the Alliston Rifle Club range to-day. The medal has to be won three times by one person before becoming his property, and has been won twice in succession by Alf Graham, who lost to R. Henderson to-day. The contest was governed by the rules of the Ontario Small Bore Rifle Association, possible 50 at each range off-hand. Following is the score:

	100yds.	200yds.	Total,
John Latimer	29	27	56
H Graham	39	36	75
R Henderson	42	45	87
A R McClaren	36	32	68
J G Sutherland	36	36	72
Alf Graham	50	27	77
J P Palmer	31	22	53
E J Reid	43	37	80
J Wilson	45	31	76
J A Kinsey	40	30	70

HAMILTON, Dec. 10.—A number of gentlemen were discussing to-day the respective merits of Wayper and Granger at pistol shooting, and the result was that Mr. E. Spencer matched Wayper against Granger. The terms of the match are that each shall fire five shots at a target with a ¼in. bullseye at 50yds., for $50 a side, the match to take place in this city before the 1st of February, 1889.

LONDON, Eng.—Ira Paine is filling a long engagement at the Paragon Music Hall. His revolver shooting is creating much talk.

THE NEW EXPERT TARGET.

RIFLE shooting at Conlin's gallery is now being cultivated as a fine art. In the days when only the long squirrel rifle was known, when a few grains of powder was used and a small round ball was hammered into the deep-cut rifles with violent twists, a marksman who could with a dead rest hit a squirrel in the head 90 to 100ft. distant was considered a crack shot, and to wound a turkey at 100yds. three times out of five shots, was something that very few shooters could accomplish. But things have changed since those early days, and skill in rifle shooting has kept up with the advance in science and mechanism. Instead of measuring by the yard, foot and inch, as in the olden times, it is now necessary to decide contests by the hundredth part of an inch, and even hair breadths, nothing but the calipers and dividers of the mathematician can determine results. This "expert target" was invented by the veteran rifleman James S. Conlin, the man who has done so much to bring rifle and pistol shooting to its present almost perfection. The "expert's target" consists of ten rings or circles, the outside diameter of which is 4in., and it is intended to measure the shots of $^{22}_{100}$ and $^{44}_{100}$ caliber arms. The circles are numbered from 1 to 10 for $^{22}_{100}$-cal., and from 1 to 5 for the $^{44}_{100}$-cal. There is in the center of the bullseye a carton which is $^{22}_{100}$in. diameter, all the shots to count corresponding with the number of the circle or ring, must be clear inside of the ring or number, or will be counted one less, and take its place in the next outside ring or number. For example, if a shot simply touches the bullseye (which counts 9), it cannot be counted as 10 unless it touches the carton inside of the bull. It is contended that this simplifies the reckoning of the shots, so that any person of ordinary intellect or the least knowledge of shooting can understand the method. It also keeps up the method of string measure, or averaging all the shots made by the shooter, which is the only true way of determining the skill and performance of the shooter. The improvements made in firearms of all kinds of late years has been marveleus, greater than was ever dreamed of by the older riflemen. The new target bids fair to become quite popular among the crack shots of the city. It is this target which is being used in the experts' contest now going on. The match opened on Dec. 6 to run through the month. The leading score made thus far is by Major D. Crocker on Dec. 7, and is shown in full below; the score running 9, 7, 8, 7, 9, 7, 10, 10, 10, 10—87.



TARGET MADE BY MAJOR D. CROCKER.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., Dec. 8.—This score was made on the Broad Brook rifle range to-day on a standard American target at 200yds. off-hand:

Cooley, of Springfield	10	6	9	8	9	7	6	8	6	9—	78
Allen, of Broad Brook	7	6	8	4	10	10	6	9	10	5—	75
Derby, of Broad Brook	6	9	7	6	10	6	8	8	5	9—	71
Gibbins, of Broad Brook	7	6	7	7	6	6	9	8	7	5—	68
Semple, of Broad Brook	5	8	10	7	6	5	7	6	4	8—	66
Hirsh, of Broad Brook	9	6	6	8	3	6	8	4	7	4—	61

DOLAN—WALTHER.—New York, Dec. 15.—Match at Wissel's Cypress Hill rifle range, Saturday, 15th inst., between Mr. T. J. Dolan, of the New York Rifle Club, and Mr. B. Walther, of the Zettler Rifle Club, Dolan shooting with a Hepburn .40, 370grs. patched bullets, and Walther a Ballard .38, 255grs. grooved bullets, the barrel recut by the Zettler Brothers; 200yds. off-hand, standard American target:

T J Dolan	74 78 80 82 86 87 75 76 67 85— 790.	Av. 79
B Walther	84 82 83 92 86 89 84 87 83 89—850.	Av. 85

—F. MCKERNON, Scorer.

WINTER PRACTICE.—On the Hartranft rifle range in Pennsylvania a club has been formed to indulge in rifle practice during the winter. The 200yds. range will be used and the shooting done from a house. Standard targets will be used and shooting done each Thursday. The practice on Thursday last was:

J S Montjoy (mil)	9	8	9	9	7	7	5	7	7	6—74	4—78
Ed Travis	9	9	8	5	5	8	10	7	6	10—	76
Jas Lardiner (mil)	6	7	9	7	7	5	5	2	6	6—60	4—64
E Stees, Jr	7	9	10	5	4	8	9	6	3	9—	59
Wm Wurfflein	8	6	10	6	3	5	3	4	6	6—	57
J H Buehler	6	3	0	3	8	6	6	3	4	2—	35
J M Oliver	3	4	0	3	6	6	2	0	7	0—	31

CHRISTMAS DAY SHOOT.—The North End Gun Club, of Philadelphia, will have a Christmas Day shoot for 8 or 10 merchandise prizes, such as a shell case, gunning coat, gun case, leather leggings, gunning hat, and other articles of like description. All members to shoot free of charge; visitors to be charged *pro rata* of cost of goods; birds to be 2 cents each. All the members of the different gun clubs of the city and vicinity are invited to shoot. All shooting to be class shooting. Sweepstake shooting all day.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Dec. 15.—The St. Louis Pistol Club has begun its new tournament. Last Wednesday evening's shoot was the starter, and a good crowd of the members were present to indulge in the sport. Good average scores were the rule, even though no remarkable ones were made. One thing is very noticeable in the club's work, and that is, that the general average taken as a club is continually showing a very marked improvement, and all those who have been given a handicap have expressed themselves satisfied, and are going to make a great effort to down the scratch men for the prize if they don't for the medal, which is to be won on the general straight average. Only five of the members shoot from the scratch, or more plainly speaking, do not get any points given to them. The balance all received from 1 to 18 added to each score. Mr. Billmeyer scored 84 on the initial shoot, and will hold the honors until next Wednesday evening. All the shooting is done at a 20yds. standard American target. The following are the scores:

M C Billmeyer	9	6	7	8	10	10	7	7	10	10—84
M J Lord	10	7	7	8	9	7	8	10	9	7—82
E C Mohrstadt	10	8	9	10	9	8	8	6	7	7—82
L V D Perret	7	7	7	8	8	9	8	10	9	8—81
L H Race	7	8	5	10	9	7	8	8	9	9—80
W Bauer	9	6	10	5	8	6	10	10	8	7—79
F A Fodde	8	6	8	8	6	8	7	7	9	10—77
M Summerfield	7	8	6	10	10	10	7	7	6	6—77
W H Hettel	9	5	8	9	7	8	10	7	7	3—76
W C Mackwitz	8	7	9	8	7	7	9	7	7	7—76
W Larned	7	6	5	7	7	7	8	8	10	10—76
H C Griesedieck	10	9	9	6	5	4	4	4	7	10—68
A E Bengel	4	0	8	6	9	5	6	7	8	4—57

UNSER FRITZ.

BOSTON, Dec. 15.—Only a few shooters were present to-day, and they were unable to put up any very high scores. Next week there will be a grand trap-shooting tournament, when a challenge match will be shot by Messrs. O. K. Dickey and G. H. Wheeler, at 100 birds each, at 1:30 P. M. Following are the best scores of to-day:

Victory Medal Match.

J A Frye	10	9	5	9	9	7	7	7	8	7—78
A Law	10	6	4	7	7	10	7	6	9	5—71
F Martin	7	10	6	5	7	7	9	6	6	6—69
C Towne	5	10	6	8	6	6	8	8	6	4—67

State Militia Match.

C Putnam (wins medal)	45454—22	A S Field	44435—20
	44455—22		44344—19
	44454—21		33444—18
	44544—21		34433—17

Off-hand Practice.

W W Bennett	6	6	9	10	5	9	8	9	6	10—78
H Severance	7	8	6	7	8	8	7	6	10	8—75
O T Moore	10	4	6	7	6	8	8	8	7	6—70
A Ballard	4	6	9	4	5	9	8	8	8	9—69
W Sharp, mil	7	5	7	7	7	8	5	10	7	4—66
F Martin	6	7	8	10	7	6	5	6	6	2—63

Rest Match.

S Wilder	12	10	11	10	12	10	12	12	8	9	106
A Ballard	10	10	9	12	9	10	10	11	9	8	96
A G Horne	10	9	8	11	8	10	12	9	9	9	95

Military Match.

A McCarthy	4343434444—39	C E Putnam	4344434345—38

Fifty-yard Pistol Match.

F E Bennett	10	9	9	10	10	10	8	10	10	10	96
	10	10	10	10	9	8	9	9	10	10	95
	10	8	10	9	10	8	10	10	10	10	95
	10	10	8	9	10	10	8	10	10	9	94
	8	8	10	9	9	10	10	10	9	9	92
	7	10	10	10	10	10	8	9	8	8	90
	9	8	9	10	8	8	9	10	10	9	90
	10	10	7	10	9	9	8	8	9	9	90
A Stevens	10	10	7	10	10	8	7	8	9	9	88
F Carter	6	7	9	10	6	8	10	8	9	8	81

Fifty-yard Revolver Match.

W W Bennett	8	10	7	10	9	8	9	9	10	9—90
S A Wesson	8	7	9	8	8	9	9	8	10	10—87
O T Moore	5	10	10	10	7	10	6	9	7	10—84

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 10.—The target grounds at Shell Mound Park were well patronized to-day. The rain which prevailed during the afternoon prevented many of the ambitious marksmen from making big scores. The San Francisco Schuetzen Verein were on hand, and their friendly rivalry for the valuable medals which they compete for shows no sign of abating. The principal event in their club to-day was the final contest for the third class medal. To become permanent owner of the medal it is necessary to win it three times against the whole class, and as the classes are usually numerous and consist of good marksmen it is often years before any one is able to obtain permanent possession. The third class medal was won to-day for the third and last time by C. Nobman, by the good score of 370 rings. In all classes there were twenty-six competitors, and the medals won by the different classes were: Championship class, K. Weyheimer, 424 rings; second class, J. C. Waller, 375 rings; third class, C. Nobman, 370 rings; fourth class, Andrew Merker, 340 rings.

The Swiss Rifle Club, of Oakland, held their monthly medal shoot with the following result: Public target for all members. First prize, P. O. Moresi, 24; second prize, M. Martignoni, 22. First section, first and second class medals, G. Gilardi 22, N. Martignoni 21; second section, first and second class medals, P. Poliunder 20, C. Baguth 20. R. J. Loughrey and H. L. Pendleton, the crack shots of Company F, First Regiment, shot 100 shots each with the following result:

R J Loughrey	36	41	36	34	40	38	38	40	39	37—379
H L Pendleton	41	42	43	43	42	43	45	45	40	43—427

Several private pool matches took place during the day among the marksmen, but they finally dwindled down to A. H. Brod and A. Johnson, with scores of 44 and 43 respectively.

CHICAGO, Dec. 4.—A revolver club has recently been started with headquarters at No. 128 South Clark street. The following are the scores made to-night in a match between H. Fuerman and Will J. Meyers with Smith & Wesson's .44cal. revolver at 12yds.:

H Fuerman		W J Meyers.	
12	10	10	11
12	12	12	9
12	10	12	12
12	12	11	11
255			

10	11	10	12	12	—66
9	9	9	12	9	—62
11	10	11	11	10	—67
11	9	9	11	10	—64
260					

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 2.—Capt. L. Siebe, the proprietor of Shell Mound Shooting Range, was somewhat surprised this afternoon when told by Anthony Johnson and A. Brown that they were going to try and beat the record of 471 out of a possible 500 points on a 25-ring target that was made by J. A. Robinson, with a rest, two years ago, on the same range. The Captain has had an offer standing ever since of $15 to the marksman who could equal it. A large crowd had heard of what they called "an absurd thing," and it was found necessary to employ a policeman to keep the crowd back. Johnson shot first, and as the wheel slowly pointed to the 24-slot the crowd sent up a whoop and a yell. Brown did not start off as well, but nevertheless made 21 rings. Both gentlemen took a long time to shoot each shot, but this did not seem to disturb the crowd, who awaited patiently the result. The shooting progressed slowly, but when it became evident that Mr. Brown could win the money and honor by making 24 rings the enthusiasm knew no bounds. Mr. Johnson, by making a 19-shot early on his second string, was thought to be out of the race. Brown came up to the box, and, after a long and careful aim, fired. The crowd forced itself into the adjacent boxes and around the shooting stands to get a glimpse of the white disk when it would come up. It came, and was placed by the marker boy on the 22-ring line. All was silence—he had lost. But no; the dial was already past the 22 and near the end of the 23-ring when it stopped, and showed that Mr. Brown had tied the greatest record ever made. Following is the score:

Brown	22	25	24	23	22	25	24	24	25	22	—236
	21	25	22	23	23	25	25	24	24	23	—235—471
Johnson	24	24	25	25	25	22	22	25	23	25	—240
	19	23	23	23	24	24	23	24	23	24	—230—470

Mr. Johnson shot with a .35cal. and Mr. Brown with a .32-40 Winchester.

CAMBRIDGE, Mass., Dec. 15.—A very interesting rifle contest took place at the Cedar Mill Pond range at Cambridge this afternoon, between Company B, Fifth Regiment, and Company B, First Regiment. The shooting was for the Cambridge *Tribune* trophy, and was witnessed by a large number of invited guests, among others members of the City Council. The trophy was won by Company B, the following being the score, 7 shots per man, at 200yds.:

Company B, Fifth.		Company B, First.	
Pvt J F Fitzgerald	29	Pvt A B Osburn	30
Pvt F S Lounsbury	29	Pvt Cooley	29
Capt S T Sinclair	25	Corp F T Meyers	28
Pvt W L Getchell	25	Lieut C H Dodge	24
Pvt W S Sawin	24	Capt F W Dallenger	21
Pvt J M Ellis	22	Sergt C L D Parkhill	21
Pvt R H Chittick	20—174	Pvt S F Marshall	20—173

TOPEKA, Kas., Dec. 7.—Following are results of three shoots of Topeka Rifle Club, the first a special shoot at 500yds., the latter two the regular weekly shoots.

Nov. 15—500yds. Creedmoor target.

G E Morrison	5554555555—49	J L Paine	5554555544—47
	5555554555—49		5555455555—48

Nov. 23—200yds.

I R McCarter	10	8	9	10	10	10	9	10	9	7—92
	8	8	5	10	9	8	9	9	10	7—81

Dec. 6—Weekly Shoot, 200yds.

G E Morrison	10	8	6	10	8	8	5	7	10	10—82
	7	10	8	6	9	5	7	10	9	8—81
	8	9	7	8	9	7	9	10	10	10—88—251
J L Paine	10	8	8	9	9	9	10	5	9	9—86
	10	10	7	10	8	7	7	4	6	9—78
	9	9	9	10	10	8	6	4	10	7—82—246
I R McCarter	9	7	7	7	8	9	10	8	10	6—81
	8	9	5	7	8	9	9	10	10	5—80
	10	6	10	8	5	6	4	10	9	7—75—236
C R Paine	8	7	6	6	6	7	8	9	9	10—76
	7	8	7	7	10	9	10	10	6	6—80
	7	8	6	7	10	6	9	6	9	7—75—231

G. E. M.

WILMINGTON, Del., Dec. 10.—Owing to the threatening weather there was a smaller attendance than usual at the Healdmoor Rifle Range, Wilmington, Del., this afternoon. The shooting lasted during the entire afternoon, and although a strong wind was blowing, some good scores were made. The beginners' class was on hand as usual and made some creditable scores. Following are the scores at 200yds. off-hand, standard American target:

Continuous Match.

S J Newman	9	9	8	5	8	10	7	10	5	9—80
J E Seeds	7	8	6	5	7	4	8	8	8	10—71
C Heinel, Sr	5	7	10	5	6	7	6	8	8	7—70
S Jackson	6	5	9	5	6	6	10	6	6	5—64
J Edwards	6	6	4	7	7	9	5	4	6	5—59
H Simpson	5	5	4	7	6	6	5	5	4	6—54

Revolver Match, 30yds, 100-30 S. A. Target.

E Jackson	6	6	7	8	5	5	6	6	8	8—65
E Williams	5	7	4	9	7	2	5	8	5	10—62
E J Lee	6	6	6	6	4	6	7	6	4	6—55

THE SCHULHOF ARMS CO.—The visit of Herr Schulhof to this country in September last, of which notice was made in the FOREST AND STREAM report of the Creedmoor fall meeting, has resulted in the formation of a company in this country to push the Schulhof patents. By a declaration filed at Albany during the past week Joseph K. McCammon of Washington, Benjamin F. Dos Passos, Charles C. Shelton, William G. Davis and Joseph J. Schmidt of New York, are named as trustees of the Schulhof Arms Manufacturing Co., incorporated under the laws of this State, with a capital of $750,000. Operations it is said are to be carried on in Washington, Bridgeport and Hartford, Conn., and elsewhere in the United States, and in London and elsewhere in Europe, with the principal office in New York city. The company is to manufacture arms, guns, cannon, magazines, ammunition, etc., and especially the Schulhof gun. The incorporators of the company were extremely reticent when asked yesterday about their plans and intentions. John R. Dos Passos, the president of the company, has sailed for Europe on business of the company. The Lebel rifle, recently adopted by the French Government, is claimed to be an infringement upon the Schulhof patents still extant in all the nations of Europe.

A NEW RIFLE.—Invention has seemingly run riot in the matter of new rifles in Europe. The desire of each nation to go one better in the way of small arms over its neighboring powers, has stimulated ordnance makers, and the secrecy observed all around has allowed the writers free swing for their imagination in painting pen pictures of what the new rifles may and can do. The following comes from a good authority, the *Shooting Times*, but illustrations would help muchly. Our contemporary says: "A new French rifle. Great things are expected of it. The present rifle has, it appears, been invented by an armorer at St. Etienne. It is, according to a Paris correspondent, of simple construction. The barrel is similar to that of the Lebel rifle. The cartridges can be carried in the stock, and they fall into the breech as required. The rifle is loaded, fired and immediately reloaded by the pressure of a button with the right hand while the weapon is at the shoulder. The cartridges in the stock are for close action, and are only to be used when the soldier has emptied his pouch, from which he is able to load in the ordinary manner. For naval warfare special arrangements are made by which each sailor firing from the 'tops' of a vessel will have over his head a zinc ammunition box, from which the cartridges will fall into the receptacle in the stock of his weapon, thus enabling him to continue firing without being obliged to remove the gun from the shoulder. In this manner from 300 to 500 shots may be discharged in succession."

BUFFALO, Dec. 10.—A shooting club was recently organized with the following officers: President, Fred Beilman; Vice-President, Phillip Traum; Treasurer, Fred Schwartz; Secretery, Fank Engel.

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

SHOOTING CLAY BIRDS IN A GALE.

WALNUT HILL, Dec. 12.—As the close of the gold coin match competitions draw near an increased interest is manifested by those who stand any chance of figuring in the prize list at the finish, and each one is putting forth his best efforts to better his standing in the match, or at least maintain the one he already has. To-day the Climax diamond badge and the gold coin matches were shot and the contestants who entered them did remarkably good work, considering that the weather conditions were the worst that have prevailed this year, the raw cold wind blowing a gale, nearly the entire day, causing the birds to sail away at a terrific rate of speed, making it extremely difficult for the most expert shots to know where to hold for them, and the scores appended are really good ones under the circumstances. Mr. Stanton's score 20 straight clay birds in the Climax badge match is worthy of special mention. The summary follows:

Climax Diamond Badge match.—10 clay-pigeons from 5 traps, and 20 standard targets from 3 traps:

	Clays.	Standards.
Stanton	1111111111111111111—20	00011011010111001110—11—31
Wheeler	1000011110101111111—14	11111110000110110111—15—29
Swift	0110101101111111110—15	11100011011011111010—13—28
Nichols	1110010111101011001—13	01110101110111111010—14—27
Chase	1111111111011111110—18	10010001011010101000—9—27
Bowker	1001010111010110100—11	11111101111011100101—15—26
Clute	0111001001011710111—17	11100011101001101101—12—25
Rule	1010111111011111111—18	00110011100100101000—8—25
Perham	1111110001111011110—15	01000001111011110010—10—25
Knowles	1011111011110101101—15	00111010010101011001—10—25

Gold Coin Match.—10 clay-pigeons from 5 traps, and 10 standard targets from 3 traps:

	Clays.	Standard.
Bowker	1111110111—9	1111100101—8—17
Perham	1110110111—8	1011111001—7—15
Knowles	1110111111—9	0010101111—6—15
Scott	0111110001—6	1111111103—8—14
Wheeler	1110110111—8	1101111010—6—14
Chase	0111110171—7	1111000011—6—13
Nichols	1111110111—9	1000101001—4—13
Swift	1011111010—6	0001111110—6—12
Snow	1110010101—6	1101101100—6—12
Stanton	1000010110—4	1010110111—7—11
Rule	0101110011—6	1110010001—5—11
Merdie	1010111100—6	1101001000—4—10
Burt	1001010001—4	0000010001—2— 6

The prize winners in the sweepstake events were as follows:

First—5 clays, from 5 traps: Scott first with 3, Nichols second with 2.

Second—5 clays, from 5 traps: Rule first with 5, Perham second with 4, Bowker third with 3.

Third—6 standard targets, 3 traps: Rule and Knowles first with 6, Perham second with 5, Chase third with 3.

Fourth—6 standards, 3 traps: Bowker first with 5, Nichols second with 4, Chase third with 3.

Fifth—5 clays, from 5 traps: Knowles and Nichols first with 5, Swift second with 4, Rule third with 3.

Sixth—6 standards, from 3 traps: Nichols and Scott first with 6, Rule and Chase second with 5, Bowker third with 4.

Seventh—5 clays, from 5 traps: Scott first with 4, Bowker second with 4, Perham third with 3.

Eighth—6 standards, from 3 traps: Knowles and Swift first with 6, Perham second with 5, Stanton third with 4.

Ninth—5 clays, 5 traps: Perham, Scott and Swift first with 5, Knowles second with 4, Bowker and Rule third with 3.

Tenth—6 standards, from 3 traps: Knowles first with 3, Rule and Stanton second with 5, Bowker third with 4.

Eleventh—5 clays, from 5 traps: Chase and Knowles first with 5, Scott and Wheeler second with 4, Mudie and Swift third with 3, Rule and Nichols fourth with 2.

Twelfth—5 clays, 5 traps: Mudie first with 5, Scott second with 4, Bowker third with 3, Nichols fourth with 2.

Thirteenth—10 clays from 5 traps: Bowker, Knowles and Nichols first with 9, Perham and Wheeler second with 8, Chase third with 7, Scott fourth with 6.

Fourteenth—10 standards from 3 traps: Bowker and Scott first with 8, Perham and Stanton second with 7, Swift and Wheeler third with 6, Rule fourth with 5.

Fifteenth—20 clay-birds from 5 traps: Stanton first with 20, Scott second with 18, Rule third with 17.

Sixteenth—20 standard targets from 3 traps: Wheeler and Bowker first with 15, Nichols second with 14, Swift third with 13.

Seventeenth—5 clays from 5 traps: Swift first with 5, Perham, Wheeler and Rule second with 4, Scott and Savage third with 3, Chase fourth with 2.

Eighteenth—6 standards, 3 traps: Wheeler first with 6, Stanton and Scott second with 5, Rule and Mudie third with 4.

The final shoot in the Gold Coin match will be held on Wednesday, Dec. 26, when the standing of competitors to date will be posted.

CANADIAN TRAP NOTES.

MONTREAL, Dec. 8.—The third open shoot for the Greener gun, under the auspices of the Montreal Gun Club, took place to-day, and the shooting in some cases was much above the average, especially for the Montreal grounds, where the background is a considerable hindrance to straight strings. The first two open competitions had been won by C. Aubin, but he was not up to his usual form, and, at all events, would hardly have been able to beat Cameron's score of 19. The shooting up to the last was decidedly exciting, but the winner was the only one who did not go to pieces more or less. The conditions were 20 birds, 5 traps, 18yds. rise:

W L Cameron	19	R Redman	13
W Bergusson	17	M Pariseau	12
G Brault	16	C Jones	12
C Aubin	14	J Smith	11
E Octave	14	E A Cowley	10
N Parker	13	A Alexander	9
R James	13	F Williams	6
L Shackwell	13	L Sharp	4

OTTAWA, Dec. 8.—The St. Hubert Gun Club have now started their regular season's work, and to-day had a good shoot for the monthly club prizes. The first shoot was at 15 Ligowskis, 18yds., 5 traps:

W J Johnson	13	G White	11
J Deslauriers	11	P Trudeau	11
R G Dalton	11	A Lett	11
A Throop	9	E White	9
E King	9		

Second sweep, 10 birds, same conditions:

A Lett	10	R Dalton	9
E White	9	P Thomson	9
W Johnson	8	G White	7
J Deslauriers	6	A Throop	5
P Trudeau	4	E King	2

Third sweep, 10 birds, same conditions:

P Trudeau	9	J Deslauriers	8
A Throop	8	J Thompson	8
W Johnston	8	G White	7
E White	6	R Dalton	5
E King	4		

W. J. Johnston having made the best aggregate in the three matches—29 out of 35—won the prize presented by Mr. George White.

HESPELER, Ont., Dec. 13.—Yesterday and to-day the Hespeler Gun Club held their annual shoot. It was, as expected, a great success, every event taking place. Crack shots were present from Toronto, Hamilton, Guelph, Port Colborne, Niagara, Buffalo, La Salle, N. Y., Indianapolis, Ind., and other places. The Messrs. Waypers' efforts to entertain the visitors were fully appreciated, all present expressing themselves as having thoroughly enjoyed their visit to this prosperous and enterprising place. The scores:

Match No. 1, 12 live birds:

Josh Wayper	12	B Thomas	9
G Briggs, Toronto	10	H Miller	9
J Townsend	9		

Match No. 2, 7 live birds:

G Margetts	6	G Briggs	5
J Townsend	6	H Miller	5
E Rice	5	J White	5

The fives and sixes divided.

Match No. 3, 20 Hamilton blackbirds:

J Wayper	18	C Campbell	15
H Miller	16	Eugene Smith	15

The fifteens divided.

Match No. 4, 10 Hamilton blackbirds:

J Wayper, Sr	5	H Miller	5
G Margetts	5		

Match No. 5, 5 live birds:

Josh Wayper	5	B. Thomas	4
J Townsend	4		

Match No. 6, 7 live birds:

J Townsend	6	Eugene Smith	5
G Briggs	5	J H Smith	5

Match No. 7, 10 Hamilton blackbirds:

G Margetts	9	Brown	8
White	8	C Campbell	8

The eights divided.

Match No. 8, 10 Hamilton blackbirds:

Wayper	8	White	8
Griffith	8	C Campbell	6

The eights divided.

Match No. 9, 7 live birds:

J Johnston	6	J Wayper, Sr	4
Griffith	4		

The fours divided.

MONTREAL, Dec. 15.—The fourth shoot of the Montreal Gun Club for the "Club" Greener gun came off to-day with a fair attendance, Mr. N. Parker getting a lien on the gun this time; it has been won by a different competitor at each competition. The first 15 birds shot at were counted as third and final score for the Presidents handsome prize, a valuable bronze ornament. The winner of this prize was Mr. Lumsden with 36 points, E. A. Cowley second with 24 and R. James third with 21 points. The next shoot for the club gun is fixed for Dec. 29. The open shoot fixed for Dec. 22 will be postponed until Saturday, Jan. 5, on account of the shoot between the Lachine and Dominion gun clubs for the challenge cup, Dec. 22. Following is the score: Fourth shoot of the series for the club Greener gun; 20 Peoria blackbirds, 18yds. rise. Winner of first shoot, W. Mack; winner of second shoot, A. Lockhart; winner of third shoot, E. A. Cowley. Referee, Mr. A. G. Costen.

W Lumsden	11110111110101111000	—14	
N Parker	11011111111001000111	+2	—17
E A Cowley	00111110101111000011	+4	—16
W Henry	00010030010010000100	+8	—12
F Orr	01101110101000010111	+3	—15
J Patton	10101111111010001100	+2	—14
W Mack	11101000000110100101	+4	—13
L Sharp	00010001001010000111	+4	—11
R James	01010011101110100010	+2	—13

First sweep, at 5 birds:

Alexander	01111—4	W Mack	01011—3
Parker	11101—4	B Jim	01101—3
Orr	01011—3		

Alexander and Parker divided first, Mack took second and Cowley third in shooting off ties.

Second sweep at 5 birds:

Alexander	01010—2	Mack	11110—4
Parker	10101—3	Juives	10100—2
Cowley	01111—4	Cleghorn	01001—2
Orr	01011—3		

Mack first, second divided, Juives third.

MONTREAL, Dec. 15.—The sixth competion for the Horsley gun, shot on the Dominion Gun Club's grounds to-day, proved very interesting, and the winning score was, as usual, a good one. The entries were not quite as large as usual. On taking entries the secretary announced that Mr. Cameron, M. G. C., would be allowed to shoot his score in the gun match whenever he should arrive on the grounds, as Mr. Cameron was competing as "Lumsden" on the M. G. C. grounds for the Greener gun, and having won the Horsley gun once, the committee thought, under the circumstances, an extension of time should be allowed him. The match commenced with Dr. Tolly to the score; the doctor looked business and retired with 3 out of his first string of 5. Mr. Boa

of St. Laurent, followed with 1. A first-class wing shot, Mr. Boa cannot get on to the Peoria; perhaps his gun does not pattern close enough for this style of shooting. "Next man," and Mr. Horsley steps to the score, his first bird escaped untouched, the next 4 are pulverized. Ferguson only succeeds in breaking 3, followed by Thackwell 3, Pariseau 4 and Brault 3. Just as the match concluded Mr. Cameron arrived on the ground, and a sweep at 10 birds having been got up, Mr. Cameron shot his gun score in the sweep and succeeded in breaking 16, leaving Horsley the winner of the gun for the second time. The following are the scores. 20

Peorias, 18yds. rise, Mr. Doig referee and scorer:	
Dr Tolly...10110111110101110010—13	Thackw'l1101100110101011111111—14
A Boa....0001011001100110100—8	Pariseau..1011100110110010000001—10
Horsley...0111111111110111111—18	Brault....0011110111110110100—12
Ferguson.0101111111111111010—16	Cameron..0011101010111111111—16
Sweep at 10 birds:	
L Thackwell.....1011111111—9	W Lumsden.....0011110101—6
C Horsley.....1101101111—8	Pariseau.....1001010110—5
Brault.....1151111011—8	Dr Tolly.....1100300111—5
W Ferguson.....1011111100—7	
Horseley second.	
Sweep at 5 birds:	
W Lumsden.....11111—5	Brault.....10110—3
C Horsley.....11011—4	W Ferguson.....00001—1
L Thackwell.....11101—4	Dr Tolly.....11001—3
Horsley second.	

OTTAWA, Dec. 15.—The St. Hubert's Gun Club have now got fairly to work for their season's shooting, and on the 26th propose holding a big field day at the clays, when extra prizes will be offered. To-day they shot two sweepstakes with the following results. Sweep at 10 Ligowsky clay pigeons, 18yds. rise, 5 traps:

J Deslauriers.....9	G Trudeau.....6
A Throop.....8	E King.....5
W J Johnstone.....7	Scott.....5
E White.....6	Mulrooney.....4

Sweep at 10 Ligowsky clays, same conditions:

J Deslauriers.....9	A Lett.....5
W Johnstone.....8	E White.....5
A Throop.....7	King.....5
G Mulrooney.....7	G Trudeau.....5
B Thomson.....6	

ATLANTA, Ga., Dec. 8.—Dr. Crenshaw won the gun shot for at Athletic Park to-day. The contest was one of the closest and most exciting ever witnessed in Atlanta. The shooting began at 10:30 o'clock with a day favorable for shooting. The gun shot for was won by the Atlanta team at Columbus several days ago, and the members of the winning team were the contestants in to-day's match. Dr. Crenshaw won by one bird. The contestants were Dr. Crenshaw, W. A. Hemphill, Dr. Holland, Mr. Lyons, Mr. Harper, Mr. Alston and W. A. Hemphill, Jr. Mr. Alston was taken sick after he had shot at 25 birds and was compelled to give up. Number ten guns were used by all of the contestants except Mr. Harper, who used a No. 12. Dr. Crensbaw used his 10½lb. Lefevre gun, which he has called "Anarchist." A memorable feature of the shooting was the uniformity. The lowest score, as will be seen, was within 6 of the highest. The score was as follows:

Lyons.....	...0010100001111001111111101111011111010111110101 1101010111101111101101111111010100010011110—70
Crenshaw	...0111011101011111101111011101101010011110111101 1110111101101111111111111111111111111111—75
Hemphill, Jr.....	...1100010011010110011101111011101000010100111101 1111010111111111101101011111111111111111—69
Holland.....	...1111110110111101101100011101011111111010111011—70
Hemphill, Sr.....	...0111111111011001110111010001111001111110011111 1011110001111111111110111111001100111011010111011—74
Harper.....	...0111011011111111111010011011111010111101011101 1011001101111101011111101110001111110101010111111—74

WELLINGTON, Dec. 15.—Good scores were made to-day in the merchandise and badge matches. The scores were:

Merchandise match: Snow 16, Melcher 14, Baxter 11, Perry 19, Chase 16, Moore 16, Bent 18, Schaefer 13, Herrick 12, Savage 10, Scott 18, Bradstreet 14, Edwards 16, Stanton 15, Bond 18, Swift 19, Grimes 11, Sanborn 18, Chapin 17, Conant 11.

Badge match: Snow 18, Melcher 13, Baxter 11, Perry 18, Chase 13, Moore 14, Bert 18, Schaefer 16, Herrick 9, Bradstreet 12, Edwards 16, Stanton 11, Bond 13, Swift 13, Grimes 10, Sanborn 16, Savage 16, Scot 16, Chapin 16, Conant 12, Nichols 12.

The winners in the several sweepstake matches were: 10 clay-pigeons, Bert and Scott; 10 bluerocks, Swift and Chase; 6 bluerocks, Perry; 6 clay-pigeons, Schaefer and Baxter; 6 clay-pigeons, Bert and Perry; 6 bluerocks, Snow and Schaefer; 6 bluerocks, Swift, Snow, Perry and Schaefer; 3 pairs clay-pigeons, Schaefer; 10 clay-pigeons, Perry, Bert and Schaefer; 3 pairs clay-pigeons, Scott and Perry; 6 bluerocks, Stanton; 6 bluerocks, Stanton; 10 bluerocks, Edwards, Chapin and Stanton; 3 pairs bluerocks, Edwards and Perry.

An all-day shoot will be held next Thursday, when the challenge individual amateur clay-pigeon badge will be contested for, and also the challenge amateur team badge will be shot for by the Jamaica Plain Club, the Wellington and other clubs.

Dickey leads by one point for the individual badge, with Wheeler second.

During the afternoon a match was shot between Bert and Chase, the former at 25 doubles and the latter at 50 singles. Bert won, 38 to 34.

H. G. Wheeler, of Marlboro, and John Congdon, of New Bedford, will shoot a match at Fall River, Dec. 25, at 150 clay-pigeons, for a purse of $200.

BROOKLYN, Dec. 12.—Although a very high wind was blowing to-day at Woodlawn Park, Gravesend, L. I., the members of the Coney Island Rod and Gun Club did some good shooting. The birds furnished by Blattmacher were good strong ones and, aided by the wind, went from the traps very fast. During the shoot some additional excitement was caused by a large chicken hawk hovering over the grounds. The hawk did not seem to be at all scared by the number of shots fired at it. At last Mr. J. J. O'Brien with a long shot broke its wing, causing the hawk to tumble. The bird fought hard when down and had to be hit on the head before he could be captured. He measured 4ft. 6in. from tip to tip of the wings and will be stuffed and added to the collection of club trophies. Sixteen members went to the traps to shoot for the Blattmacher medal and extra prizes. Conditions, 7 birds each, club handicap; Dr. Shields, 30yds.; W. F. Quimby, 28yds., and P. Daly, Jr., 28yds., killed 7 each, tying for the medal and first prize. Shields and Quimby shot off for it, Daly not being eligible. Quimby won, killing 3 out of 3 more birds. W. A. Stewart, 26yds., R. Monsees, 26yds., Dr. Schwartz, 29yds., and H. Blattmacher, 25yds., killed 6 each for second prize. Monsees and Schwartz killed 3 each and divided. C. Duncan, 26yds., outshot four others for the third prize, killing 11 out of 13 shot at. Messrs. Ayers and Plate divided fourth, killing 4 each, and J. J. O'Brien took fifth, with 3 killed out of 7.

CLEVELAND, O., Dec. 12.—The Kirtland Shooting Club held its regular shoot on the club grounds, near the Brooklyn bridge, this afternoon. The conditions were 20 single targets at 18yds. rise. Three visitors, Messrs. Paul North, of the East Ends, Weaver and George, of the West Ends, took part in the regular badge shoot and the four sweepstake events which followed. Prechtel again won the badge, his score being 19. The scores:

Prechtel..11111111111101111110—19	Upson.....10111101111111111101—17
Bennett..11101111111101110111—16	Forrester.00101010111111111111—15
Wood.....11010010110011111111—14	Phillips..10111100001101111011—13
Weaver...11111011100100111110—14	Bell.....11101111111010111111—17
George....10160000110101001001— 8	Closse.....01001111111001111110—14
Roof.....01010111110101101001—12	North.....01111111111101111111—18

Dec. 13.—The attendance at the Cleveland Gun Club was smaller than usual to-day, owing to the weather, but the competition was as strong as usual. The conditions were 15 single bluerocks and 5 pairs, 5 traps, usual rises for the distances. The following scores were made:

Upson.....	...011111111111111	10 01 10 11 01—20	
Wheal.....	...111000001110101	10 11 11 11 11—17	
Calhoun.....	...111111110111111	11 10 11 11 11—23	
Wall.....	...111011110100001	11 11 00 10 01—15	
Allyn.....	...111001001101010	10 10 10 10 00—14	
Bassett.....	...011111111111111	11 11 11 11 10—23	
Caryell.....	...111111100010111	01 11 10 11 11—19	

Bassett and Calhoun tied for the first badge, and in the shoot-off the latter won, breaking 5 straight to Bassetts' 4. Upson retains the second badge. After the club shoot one sweepstake event was arranged. The conditions were 5 single bluerocks and 2 pairs at the usual distances. The score:

Bassett.....	...11111	11 11—9	Wheal..... ....11111 11 10—8
Caryell.....	11111	10 10—7	Calhoun.....11111 11 11—9
Upson.....	...11111	10 10—7	

The shoot-off also resulted in Calhoun's favor. The members of the Cleveland Club are determined that the East Enders shall not boast that they cannot get a match, and have practically given notice that there will be a contest for the birds, or for more.

NEWARK, N. J.—The Woodside Gun Club will hold a tournament on Christmas Day, beginning at 9 A. M.

JERSEY CITY HEIGHTS.—The regular annual meeting of the Jersey City Heights Gun Club was held at their club rooms, Newark avenue, Jersey City Heights, on Wednesday, the 12th inst., and the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Fred W. Quimby, Pres.; M. Lindsley, Vice-Pres.; A. Heritage (Old South Paw), Sec. and Treas.; Dr. S. Burdett, F. W. Mitchell and Geo. B. Eaton, Executive Committee; Wm. D. Reynolds, Official Scorer. Reports were made by the executive committee and treasurer, showing the club to be in a flourishing condition financially, but a lack of enthusiasm of late at the traps. Measures were proposed to promote enthusing the members, regular weekly meetings, prizes, etc., and a different manner of handicapping. As heretofore the amateurs and medium shooters have had little shows at the traps against such old veterans as Siegler, Quinlan, Lindsley and a host of others; they have therefore staid away. They are now promised an opportunity. The grounds of the club are now occupied monthly by the Essex Club of Newark, a fine lot of fellows and crack shots. Application has been made by three other clubs, two German clubs from New York city. There is room for more. The club grounds are easy of access to the city and from Newark, and are amply equipped with all the traps and appliances of artificial targets. The Jersey City Heights Gun Club members congratulate themselves, that after the ups and downs and various vicisitudes of a club existence of nearly twelve years, they find themselves with an enviable reputatation, being champion of all clubs with whom they have contested, a membership of nearly one hundred, free of debt, money in the treasury, a well and comfortably furnished club room, where they are glad to welcome sociably all visiting sportsmen, a commodious club house in inclosed grounds, and almost every conceivably-known trap for sending off the inanimate birds—and all paid for. We prophecy under the management of its present able officers, with their well-known vim and courtesy, a renewed and permanent success.—JACOBSTAFF.

THE NEW YORK SUBURBAN.—New York, Dec. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The bright sunny afternoon brought about 15 sportsmen over to the weekly shoot of the New York Suburban Shooting Grounds Association, at Claremont, Jersey City, whose grounds are rapidly reaching a completed condition. The following are the principal scores. Quite a little interest was manifested in the 50 bluerock contest between Messrs. Albee and Sanford as one team against Messrs. Quimby and Mort, the losing side to pay for the bluerocks:

Quimby.....	...11101111111100011111011—20 11111101001100000111011—16—36
Mort.....	...11111111101110010110111—17 10111111111011111101101—21—38—74
Albee.....	...10100101111111001011111—18 11100101111111111011101—20—38
Sanford.....	...11110000101111111010110—16 10101011100101101010000—12—28—66

Practice.

Smith.....	...11101111010111001110101111—18 00111101100110101111010111—16—34
Lindsey.....	...10111111101111111101001—20 10111011111101111111101—21—41

Sweep No. 1, entrance 50 cents:

Quimby.....	...11111010—8	Smith.....	...10111000—5
Albee.....	...11101111—8	Daly.....	...01010101—4
Lindsey.....	...11100110—6	Schmidt ...	...100w
Mort.....	...01101011—5	Bassione.....	...000w

First, second and third divided.

Sweep No. 2, same conditions as before:

Smith.....	...11111011—8	Quimby.....	...10010111—5
Daly.....	...11011111—7	Schmidt...	...01100011—4
Albee.....	...11101101—7	Hathaway.....	...11100100—4
Lindsey.....	...11111010—7	Bassione.....	...000w

Ties for second divided.

Sweep No. 3, same as above:

Daly.....	...11011101—8	Hathaway.....	...00110100—4
Lindsey.....	...00111111—7	Mort	...10010000—2
Quimby.....	...11000110—5		

All matches at three traps. Three additional traps were devoted to private practice. The grounds will be open all day Christmas and New Years. Sportsmen are invited with their friends. Special provision for amateurs. Sweeps and practice. A warm club house and fine restaurant. All makes of shotgun ammunition for sale.—ARDON.

SPRINGFIELD, N. J., Dec. 15.—Miller and Johnson of the Union Gun Club shot their third match for the Atlantic Ammunition Co.'s trophy here this afternoon and it resulted in a victory for Miller by a score of 98 to Johnson's 93. The shooting of Miller was superb from the start, he only missing his 60th and 89th bird. His run of 59 straight is the largest ever made on these grounds and was received with great applause. Johnson, although defeated, is still game. Another match will probably be arranged for the first Saturday in January or very near that time. Following is the score:

E D Miller.....1111111111111111111111111111

W. C. A. EXECUTITE COMMITTEE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The executive committee meeting of the W. C. A. will be held on Jan. 5, 1889, at the Stillman, Cleveland, O. Meeting will be called at 2 P. M. Any members wishing to attend the same will please notify the secretary-treasurer of their intention to do so.

O. H. ROOT, Sec.-Treas. W. C. A.

CLEVELAND, O., Dec. 14.

TUCKUPS, DUCKERS AND HIKERS.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Could you spare space in your paper for a description of the small craft known as tuckups, duckers and hikers. I have looked high and low for information respecting these classes of small sailboats, but can find nothing to enlighten me. I think a description of these classes of boats would interest all of your readers who have given attention to the subject of small cruisers, a class of boats that seems to be on the increase in these waters. —F. B. J. [These boats have been described and their merits and demerits discussed at length in the FOREST AND STREAM during the last two years. Our correspondent will find full information concerning them in volumes XXVIII., XXIX. and XXX. The lines of a ducker were published on April 12, 1887, and a tuckup May 3, 1888.

KEYSTONE C. C.—A meeting of the Keystone C. C. was held on Dec. 7, at which the following officers were elected: Com., George Haag; Vice-Com., W. Norgrave; Sec'y-Treas., Fred W. Noyes.

A. C. A. MEMBERSHIP.—Atlantic Division: Jerome W. Simpson, Theodore S. Oxholm, Edgar Henriques, Yonkers, N. Y.

Yachting.

A CHALLENGE FROM KATRINA.

THE best news that American yachtsmen have heard for some time is that the question of supremacy in the most interesting and important racing class is likely to be finally settled next season. In spite of all the talking of last winter, there was not a single race of the many sailed last summer in which the class was well represented in point of numbers, not more than two of the leading four, Bedouin, Shamrock, Titania and Katrina, being in any one race. Worse still, there have not yet been any final and decisive victories, each of the three in commision the past year comes out with flying colors, having won about as many races as any of her rivals, while as Titania was not in commission there is a wide scope for conjecture as to what she would have done if she had been. This very unsatisfactory state of affairs, so very like that which exists just now among the various would-be champions of the P. R., who are engaged in deadly newspaper encounters, is likely to be terminated by the action of Katrina's owners in throwing down a challenge to the entire class, as stated in our columns last week.

After the fall regatta of the New York Y. C., the owners of the Katrina challenged both Bedouin and Shamrock to race at once, but both challenges were declined. In order to be in time for next season, copies of the following letter were sent nearly a month ago by Mr. A. Cary Smith, representing Messrs. E. D. and H. S. Auchincloss, to the owners of Bedouin, Shamrock and Titania:

DEAR SIR—As there is a diversity of opinion as to the speed of the sloop yachts Shamrock and Katrina, and to insure a satisfactory and decisive trial of their respective merits, I am instructed by Messrs. Auchincloss Brothers to arrange with you a series of three races, over the course and under the rules of the New York Yacht Club, for a cup of nominal value, say $150 for each race. The races to take place before the June regatta of the coming year, and to be in charge of the regatta committee of the above-named club, and one day to intervene between each race. In case of an accident to either yacht during a race reasonable time to be allowed for repairs before sailing the next race. The expense of a tug to be shared equally between the owners or paid by the loser, as may be agreed upon. Hoping to hear from you at your earliest convenience, I am truly yours, A. CARY SMITH (New York, Nov. 23, 1888).

The challenge is for a series of three races in each case, the full number to be sailed, not the best two out of three. One race is to be over the New York course, one over a triangular course outside Sandy Hook, and one of 12 miles to windward and return, also outside. The challenge thus covers twelve races, if all the challenged yachts accept, and will make a most novel and interesting series of matches between crack boats. To be sure somebody must be beaten and some one else must be acknowledged as the victor, and the present roseate state of affairs, in which each can claim to head the class, will be terminated for a time; but though this may not be pleasant to the losers it will be a decided gain to the yachting world to know which is really the best yacht. Already Mr. J. R. Maxwell has accepted on behalf of Shamrock, and Mr. C. Oliver Iselin has been in negotiation with Mr. Smith in regard to Titania. Bedouin has not yet accepted Katrina's challenge. The dates for the Katrina-Shamrock matches have been set for June 3, 5 and 7, 1889.

This action of Katrina's owners is apt to force the fighting, and will insure lively work in all the races next season, unless these early matches should prove one boat to be considerably faster than any of her rivals. This is hardly likely to be the case, and the probable result will be that with the racing well started in this manner, it will be kept up in the various club regattas that follow. In the face of such a challenge there are only two courses, to race or resign all claims to supremacy, and in either event a conclusive result will be reached as far as the 70ft. class is concerned. In the 40ft. class there is the promise of plenty of good racing, and also in the 90ft. schooner class. It would be a matter of gratification to yachtsmen to know that there was a certainty of an international race for the Cup, that the 53ft. class would be revived and that there were prospects of full entries in all the leading classes; but in default of all these they will have to be content with the racing afforded by the three classes mentioned, the schooners, the 70-footers and the 40-footers, and if the present indications are realized there is a lively and entertaining season of racing in store.

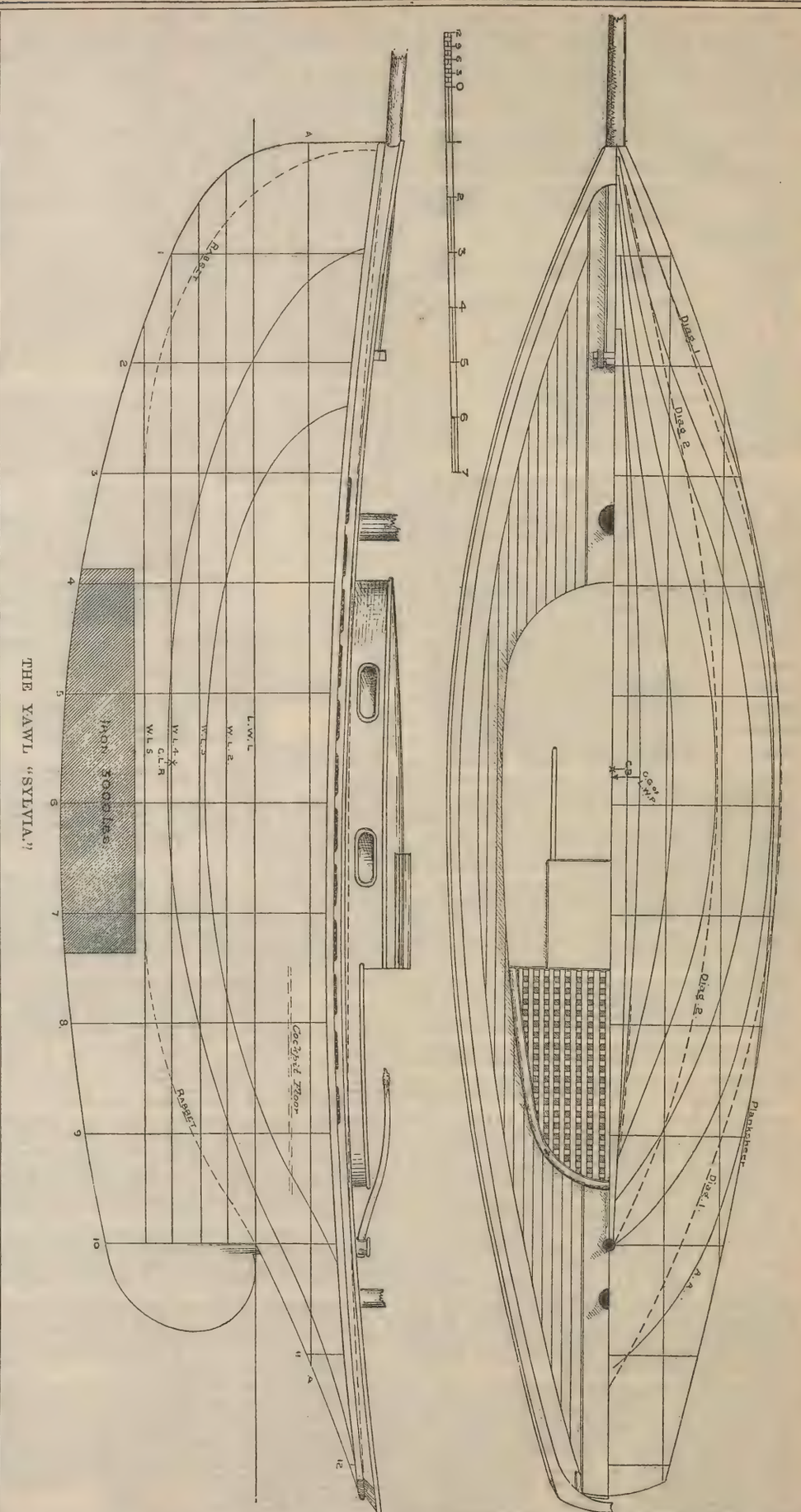
YACHT BUILDING IN GREAT BRITAIN.

UNDER the third deed of gift the time for challenging for next year has closed, and without the slightest indication of a disposition to challenge on the part of British yachtsmen. Under the resolution of the club passed this summer to accept a challenge under the second deed of gift, the time by which a challenge must be received is extended to the middle of April, as a six months' notice then would still permit a series of races before Nov. 1. The English and Scotch papers are silent in respect to international racing, and all the rumors that have appeared of late have originated in America. Some of the daily papers are trying to make out a prospect of a race this year or next from the vague rumors that have been floating around for some time, but without much success, and it now seems very unlikely that the America's Cup will be raced for next year. The reported alterations in Thistle have never been confirmed, and there is no reason to suppo e that anything is being done to her, while so far as we can learn she is still in the possession of the syndicate which built her. As for Mr. Jameson's plans it has been reported that he will build a 90ft. cutter, but this seems very improbable. He is little likely to come after the Cup in any case. He has not taken any steps toward challenging for next year; there would be no sport for so large a cutter at home, and if he proposes to challenge for the cup he is too shrewd a yachtsman to give Boston an entire season in which to build a boat to beat him. The racing days of Irex are over, and she is pretty certain to have a successor next year, but the new boat is far more likely to be of 60 rating than 90ft. There is more sport for this class at present than for any other, and Mr. Jameson is not one to build a cruiser yet.

There is a certainty of one new yacht of large size, a yawl of 150 rating, or about 90ft. l.w.l. The new yacht is designed for cruising and occasional racing, the purpose for which Wendur, now fitting out for the Mediterranean, is used. As she would be about Wendur's size, there would be sport for both. At the same time she could be within the limit of 90ft., and so eligible to challenge for the Cup at any time, if changed to cutter rig. There is a probability of several new sixties this winter; in fact one curious craft in that class is already announced, a yacht under 70ft. l.w.l., with lead keel and centerboard, and rigged as a lugger. She will be owned by Mr. F. W. L. Popham, and designed by Mr. W. C. Storey, for both cruising and racing. The hull will be diagonal built, with double skin.

There promises to be some racing this year in the 20 rating class, as well as the 10 and 5. The new 20, Vreda, with some of the old boats, will be in the racing, and in the hands of her new skipper, Gomes, she will give the others plenty of work. There will also be a new Watson boat, and two by Fife in the same class and probably a 10 by each of these designers. Mr. Fife is also busy with a 6 rater for Mr. W. G. Jameson, and several smaller boats and open luggers similar to the very successful boats he turned out last year in the 17ft. class.

THE YAWL "SYLVIA."



SYLVIA.

THE little cruiser whose lines are given herewith was designed by her owner, Mr. Henry K. Wicksteed, of Port Arthur, Canada, an amateur sailor and designer, and built by Mr. R. W. Anderson of the same place, another amateur. It was in her that the cruise which appears in the present and preceding number of the FOREST AND STREAM was made. At the time of this cruise she was yawl rigged, as shown in the accompanying sail plan, but since then she has been changed to cutter rig. Her new rig has a bowsprit just long enough to take the forestay, the jib being set on a jibboom, fitted to house. The accommodations are very good and the yacht has proved a very satisfactory cruiser. Her principal dimensions are:

Length, on deck	25ft. 8in.
L.W.L.	19ft. 8in.
Beam	6ft.
Draft	3ft. 6in.
Keel, iron	3000lbs.

A CRUISE IN THE SYLVIA.

[*Concluded from page 423.*]

FIVE o'clock, the sun is shining brightly and we lazily roll out of our blankets to breakfast and morning ablutions, and to drink in the fresh morning air and the new scene—new to all of us but the crew, who has been through the canal in a steamboat, and who now assumes the air of a continental guide and cicerone. Just ahead of us are the great wooden piers forming the beginning of the lighthouse. On either hand are low, desolate-looking sandhills, one of which is surmounted by the straight white shaft of the lighthouse. The canal was made on the site of an old Indian portage, connecting a chain of lakes and sluggish streams discharging into the great bay to the south of Keewenaw Point, with the open lake to the north of it; and as completed converts the point into an island. On this chain of lakes are situated immediately opposite to one another the twin towns of Houghton and Hancock, which in days gone by, and to a certain extent yet, were the shipping points for the vast output of the Calumet and Hecla and other famous copper mines. And on the great bay to the south is situated Marquette (please pronounce this Markwette), which is similarly placed with regard to the iron deposits of Ispeming and that neighborhood. The canal renders it possible for a regular liner to coast from Sault St. Marie to Marquette, then go on to Houghton and Hancock by devious but sheltered ways, and thence rejoicing out into the main lake

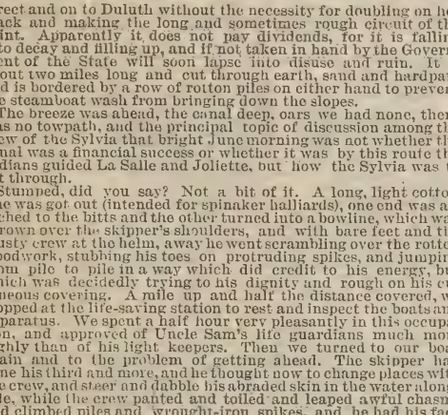


YAWL "SYLVIA"—SAIL PLAN.

direct and on to Duluth without the necessity for doubling on her track and making the long and sometimes rough circuit of the point. Apparently it does not pay dividends, for it is falling into decay and filling up, and if not taken in hand by the Government of the State will soon lapse into disuse and ruin. It is about two miles long and cut through earth, sand and hardpan, and is bordered by a row of rotten piles on either hand to prevent the steamboat wash from bringing down the slopes.

The breeze was ahead, the canal deep, oars we had none, there was no towpath, and the principal topic of discussion among the crew of the Sylvia that bright June morning was not whether the canal was a financial success or whether it was by this route the Indians guided La Salle and Joliette, but how the Sylvia was to get through.

Stumped, did you say? Not a bit of it. A long, light cotton line was got out (intended for spinaker halliards), one end was attached to the bitts and the other turned into a bowline, which was thrown over the skipper's shoulders, and with bare feet and the trusty crew at the helm, away he went scrambling over the rotten woodwork, stubbing his toes on protruding spikes, and jumping from pile to pile in a way which did credit to his energy, but which was decidedly trying to his dignity and rough on his cutaneous covering. A mile up and half the distance covered, we stopped at the life-saving station to rest and inspect the boats and apparatus. We spent a half hour very pleasantly in this occupation, and approved of Uncle Sam's life guardians much more highly than of his light keepers. Then we turned to our boat again and to the problem of getting ahead. The skipper had done his third and more, and he thought now to change places with the crew, and steer and dabble his abraded skin in the water alongside, while the crew panted and toiled and leaped awful chasms and climbed piles and wrought-iron spikes, and he had his face already set and a smile at full-cock ready to go off the first time the crew stubbed his toe and swore. But the latter had lived too long for him; he is good-natured, but as I said before, stout and more addicted to Bass's ale and repose than violent exercise.



YAWL "SYLVIA"—MIDSHIP SECTION.

His face is round and jovial and innocent looking, but way down somewhere in his hold there is stowed away guile enough to run Bret Harte's "Heathen Chinee" and "Truthful James" a match for him besides. Absorbed in the study of a rocket apparatus, the skipper had not noticed him draw one of the coast guardians aside, nor heard the clink of a trade dollar, and when he took his seat at the tiller and laid his finger on the trigger of the above-mentioned smile, it was the coastguardsman who took the bowline of the cotton line, and the crew who, with his 185lbs. avoirdupois, careened the ship to port as he leaped lightly but firmly upon the fore deck and proceeded to pay out the line. Perfidious wretch! But soft, we will get even with him yet.

The end of the canal reached, a fine breeze was found blowing on Portage Lake. A short beat, with some pretty severe knockdowns (for the hills on either side were high), and we came to an abrupt turn, and with the wind well aft and the main boom away out to port we tore down upon the twin towns of Houghton and Hancock in a way which evidently astonished the small boys bathing along the shore, whose naked bodies stood white and statuesque on the beach and wharves as they watched us pass, and the solitary locomotive at the railway station gave a dismal yell as we rounded to; but whether it was through fright lest we should carry away the drawbridge we were both bearing down upon, or as a mere matter of business, we could not ascertain.

I am writing for your yachting columns, and for yachtsmen finished and in embryo, so I will not stop to give you a description of the sleepy little town of Houghton, the most anomalous little American town I ever saw; nor an account of our trip to the great copper mines under the guidance of the most hospitable and open-handed host I ever met; nor, as we were on shore and the ship's discipline in abeyance, will I keep tally of the amount of lager beer absorbed by the crew and steward; suffice it to say that we enjoyed ourselves, and saw many things, including the crew's best girl (at the time, he is married to another now), and returned well satisfied to the hotel at Hancock. The skipper preferred his bunk on the boat to any shore beds, but gave the rest of his company shore leave, and retired to sleep the sleep of the just, until awakened late next day by a hail from the parcel-laden steward.

Preparations were at once made for departure; we laid alongside the drawbridge to reeve the gafftopsail and spinaker halliards, and then dipping our ensign to our genial host of the day before, started to beat out the narrow channel to the lighthouse. A big Ward line steamer ranged up alongside, going in the same direction, the passengers leaned over the rail to admire the pretty boat, and we ran up the stars and strips in their honor, but instead of being gratified the captain gruffly shouted from his lofty perch by the wheelhouse, "Take the other down," alluding to the blood-red ensign at the peak. We did not "take the other down."

Arrived at the bend we got a start and bowled over to the canal mouth in very good shape. Then we sailed, drifted and poled to the mouth, eating a leisurely lunch the while; and about 3 P. M. the open lake was before us, ruffled by a fine breeze, which would be on our quarter when we got out. The "white horses" were chasing one another down the lake and the Sylvia danced gaily along with her planksheer to, and in a few minutes we were constrained to take in jib and mizen and reef bowsprit, but set them again shortly afterward. A mile or two out we ran into a dense fog, and the wind immediately slackened. About dark we judged we must be in the track of steamboats and set our foghorn going, and sure enough we soon heard, and for an hour or more afterward, the booming of steam whistles around us. The steward and crew applied their mouths to the horn even more frequently than they had the day before, and it was singular to observe that the effect of the foghorn in making their faces red and their heads giddy, was precisely the same as that of the lager beer horn. "See anything?" we could scarcely see the end of the jibboom, and as hour after hour went by and the alternate watches reported to one another exactly the same thing, "a light, steady air abeam and a drenching, dripping fog," we began to think we should bump on the "Rock of Ages" or on the north shore beyond it before we saw either, but as day broke the crew suddenly cried out from the cockpit, "Why! I can see the whole bloomin' island," and sure enough, we had run out of the fog as suddenly as we ran into it, and Isle Royale lay stretched in front of us, and apparently close aboard.

The skipper pulled off his dripping overcoat (the light breeze almost simultaneously dropped) and turned in for a nap, not awaking until a sharp list nearly threw him on the cabin floor a couple of hours afterward. A puff from the shore had struck the yacht, followed by another and another; but with a ton and a half of lead and iron under the cabin floor we feared them not, and the crew and steward humored her back and forth and gradually drew her ahead, until we lay becalmed over the extreme point of the island. Oh! the panorama of limpid water, wooded height and gravelly beach which stretched itself out beside us. The water was so clear that we could see the boulders, 20 and 30ft. under our keel, and the air so pure that it was a pleasure to inhale it. See that white speck away in the bay yonder? That is a fishing boat, and under the impulse of oar and an occasional catspaw she soon gets out to where we lie becalmed. "Going out to lift your nets?" "Yes." "Good luck this season?" "Not bad." And she gets beyond earshot.

"Hello, boys! see that blue line out there? Get your spinaker boom out. Look alive now." And scarcely is the spinaker set when the breeze is upon us, light at first, but gradually freshening to half a gale; and away we go, with the the gafftopsail pulling at its sheet like a cart horse, the spinaker boom bent into an arc of a circle, and the rising sea roaring on either bow and astern as if angry that it cannot leap over the narrow taffrail.

The sixteen miles to Jarvis Island is covered in a little over two hours and as we tear through the gap between it and Victoria Island the surf is dashing high on the jagged rocks, the ensign is dipped and the genial manager and the "boys" wave their hands and their caps, and the steam whistle at the main toots cheerfully and encouraging. We can't stop; the breeze is too fair and fresh for that and on we bowl in more sheltered water now past Jarvis and Spar Islands, Mink and the Majestic Pie, into the broad expanse of Thunder Bay. Another hour and we pass the Welcomes and the white blur on the hillside ahead resolves itself into component white houses and churches. We fly past the lighthouse and breakwater into the harbor, spinaker and gafftopsail are taken in, and with a last lazy tired roll and heave the Sylvia rounds up to her moorings in the inner basin and our cruise is ended. If any one of your readers has made a trip half as enjoyable, with companions or a boat half as genial and trusty, I want him to get down his experiences as I have now done but in better style and to all such I say—"Shake, old man."

THE SKIPPER.

THE NEW MORGAN SCHOONER.—The new schooner for Rear-Com. E. D. Morgan, N. Y. Y. C., on which Mr. Burgess is now at work, will be built of steel, with a centerboard beneath the floor, as in Marguerite. Her dimensions are 137ft. over all, 106ft. l.w.l., 21ft. 9in. beam, 12ft. 1in. draft. The stem has an overhang of 11ft. and the stern 20ft. The outline of her keel and forefoot is similar to Volunteer. The design is described as follows by the Boston *Globe*: "The midship section is the best which Mr. Burgess has yet drawn. The topside shows a slight tumble home, perhaps 2in. on a side. The line curves gently at the waterline, and thence outs rather boldly down, giving plenty of power close to the surface of the water. The bilge, while powerful, shows no hard spot, but turns neatly into the almost straight line which makes up the greater portion of the new schooner's deadrise. The garboards are quite widely separated to admit the great mass of lead which will constitute the ballast, and below the line of the section curves quickly into the keel proper. The waterlines indicate plenty of power, though the great length of the yacht gives ease to the curves. Mr. Morgan's yacht will have a slightly hollow bow, and a powerful harpin. The run is clean, but not too fine. Altogether the vessel gives one an impression of great power gained at little sacrifice of ease."

"THE YACHTSMAN'S SOUVENIR."—Mr. N. L. Stebbins, the photographer, whose excellent work is familiar to all yachtsmen, has just published a most beautiful volume under the title of "The Yachtsman's Souvenir." The book, which is an oblong octavo, contains the portraits of nearly 250 American yachts of all kinds and classes, from the largest steamers down to open catboats. Each photo is about 4×2½in., arranged four on a page. In the front of the book is a list of the yachts, with their dimensions and the names of owners, designers and builders. The plates are printed from gelatine by the Lilliotype Co., of Gardner, Mass. While not equal in size or finish to the large and elegant volume of reproductions of Mr. Stebbins's work published last year, the new book will prove a most valuable supplement to the yacht list, being in fact an illustrated yacht list, including all the leading yachts, down to the new vessels of last year. Apart from its artistic value it will be found indispensable as a work of reference, and as a means of identifying the yachts met with in racing or cruising.

THE WHITE SQUALL'S 1887 CRUISE.

THE summer of '86 was one of work and worry, and the canoe hung idle in her slings. The spring of '87 opened in much the same manner till one day, about June 1, I received a letter from Horace, asking if either Jim (a younger scion of my father's family) or myself could join him about a month later on a canoe cruise on the St. John or some of its tributaries. I replied that one of us would go, and I hoped it would be the writer. Forthwith I got down the canoe, scoured her well within and without, and treated her to a fresh coat of paint. H. arrived July 7, and it took us all of the 8th with the best work we could put in to get ready. In order to get the right trim we considered it necessary to carry about 60lbs. of sand ballast in two tight canvas bags, and in lieu of watertight compartments we stowed a lot of large, square tightly corked empty varnish cans under fore and aft and battened them in. On Saturday, the 9th, we should have started, but changing an old French proverb slightly without detracting from its truth, "One proposes and other people dispose." We had discarded our old board, which gave us a surface of 216sq.in. and replaced it with one with 384sq.in. Horace thought the board the chief factor in our former defeat by the Narrows boat, arguing that as we beat them off the wind we possessed the requisite form to beat them close-hauled, provided our boat had the right grip to hold her to windward. He very much desired a trial with some other boat to put the theory to the test.

On the evening of the 8th we received word that two Boston gentlemen, who owned places six miles down the lake, would open the season at 1 P. M. the next day with a friendly brush between their boats over a six-mile quadrilateral course and would be pleased to have us join them. H. jumped at the offer, and I was nothing loth. The next morning we manufactured a spinaker and practiced setting it quickly. We experimented to get the right trim, and a little before noon set out under paddle determined to make the race no picnic, so far as we were concerned. But we were disappointed. The paint on one of the boats was not dry enough to allow her to be launched, and the other boat had gone away. So we went ashore and lounged until about 6 o'clock, when we rendered able assistance in the destruction of sundry viands, and at sundown we hoisted sail and set out for home with a light fair wind. We set the spinaker, which we had christened "Boston's Surprise," but which turned out no surprise at all, and had what we will always remember as a lazy easy run home. We had selected the lake right at our door—the Washademoak, as our cruising ground, and though the wind was fair we lay still all day Sunday.

Monday opened with half a gale of N.E. wind (dead in our teeth). Father had attached my services to assist to get a load of produce ready to go to market by the morning boat, for though all of us are "scratching for ourselves," and some are on the wrong side of thirty, when we are around the home ranch and father says to one of the boys, "Stay," he stayeth. At 12 o'clock the wind was unabated and there was a cold, driving mist; but when I announced myself as at the disposal of my friend, he voted for an immediate start. I will not attempt to describe the work of that afternoon, as with the paddle we urged the canoe in the face of the gale. Any person who would have patience to read a narrative like this has either been there himself or will be sometime. If the first he knows all about it; if the second he will know soon enough.

Before starting we took the precaution to set our reefed mainsail ready for hoisting, and when we had paddled five miles we set in for a two mile beat for Picket's Cove, where we expected to camp. We made nearly as much weather as under paddle. Picket's Cove is about a fourth of a mile wide at its mouth, and one mile long, terminating in two branches, each fed by a stream which flows in one from the north and the other from the west. We explored the northern branch to rapid waters, and dropped down about four hundred yards to the spot we selected for camp. If there is anything I dislike it is camping in a man's door yard, and the canoeist will readily understand why we strained a point to reach this place, when I state that, say a farm on each side of the cove's mouth there is an unbroken wood all around it. At a point where the creek bank was 10ft. high, under a spreading beech tree with a little glade in front, we pitched our oiled cotton tent, which H. had constructed hastily out of a lot of his father's hay caps. We had chosen a position parallel with the creek, and inside and on the down-hill side of the A-shaped tent, we drove two crotches. Into the forks we placed a good stiff pole, and then lay slats across, pressing one end into the soft earth for the uphill side, and letting the other rest on the pole. On this we made our bed of fir boughs, and over all spread a buffalo robe and we had "a good enough bed for the Joneses." The high freshet of the previous spring had thrown up plenty of dry spruce wood in 4ft. lengths, and we kept up a good fire until late in the evening. Before retiring for the night we dried plenty of kindlings and took them in the tent. When cooking supper we undertook to make tea in a lard pail and quickly melted off the ears. We then put some water in the frying-pan, and setting the pail of tea in it placed it on the fire, and the result was so satisfactory that when in camp we have made tea on that principle ever since.

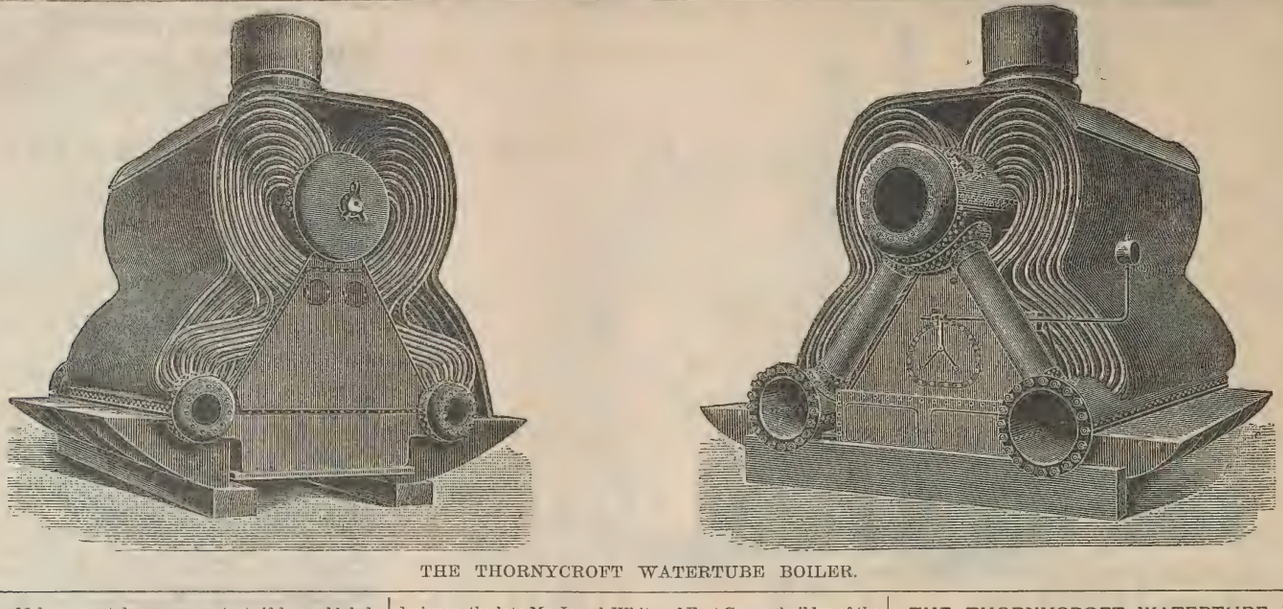
We awoke at daybreak to find that the mist had during the night changed to a heavy rain, and that our arrangement for a tent floor had served a better purpose than the mere leveling of the ground; for a stream of water had made a free course under us. My youngest brother had been one of a picnic party that had visited the head of Picket's Cove two weeks previous, and before we left home he had confided to us the location of a place where we could get trout enough for breakfast. In his description he used as a base line the place where the stream crossed an old road. We struck through the woods to the point indicated, but no pool could we find. Going back, we missed our way in a labyrinth of old lumber roads, and did some tall swimming around among the wet bushes before we found camp. At once we set about drying our clothes and cooking breakfast, in the meantime passing several resolutions that we would never again look for a secret trout pool on the word of any person, except he made his statement in the form of a duly attested and witnessed affidavit. You can faintly imagine our feelings when we afterward found that the pool was on the western branch.

At last everything was dried before the big log fire and packed in the canoe, and as before a fitful N.E. wind we dashed around the bend of the creek through the gray mist of the yet cloudy morning, and looked back at the thick column of smoke from the camp-fire, now coursing across the glade in an undulating stream that seemed to lose its free end in the woods in as compact a mass as when it started, then quickly flinging it skyward and appearing to entangle it for a moment in the branches of the spreading beech, we thought not of the quiet beauty of the spot, of the elm hand that was reaching out from among the roots of the old beech to "wave us a farewell with a blue gauze scarf," but upon the one element that thrust itself upon us during every moment of our stay; and we gave it the very unpoetic name of Camp Moisture. When we sighted the lake and saw a sailboat a mile away going in the same direction as our intended course, H. once more bewailed our fate that we were not ten minutes earlier. Two miles from camp she rounded a bend of the river (for as it narrows here to one-quarter of a mile it can no longer be called a lake), known as the Narrow Piece, and again getting the wind dead ahead, we started on our long beat. I steered and H. handled the main sheet, as, in fact, we did during the entire cruise.

H. and I differed then and do yet (though not quite so much as then) on some points connected with boats and sailing. On the Kennebeccasis, where he spent his early life, Mr. Logan, a boat-builder, is a recognized authority. The favorite theory of this gentleman is, that in windward work you should not sail as near the wind as possible, but starting your sheet a little and keeping off a point or two you will make up in increased speed what you lose in pointing. If I have a good boat I am what they call a "wind jammer." On July 1, 1886, I sailed with Mr. Logan in a race where, with a brand new jib and mainsail boat, he beat a catboat, owned by Mr. Fowler, of New York, in a five-mile beat to windward and a run home; and with the narrowest watching I could not discover the slightest symptoms of his use of his own theory. But it was no use to tell his disciples this; they merely placed it to the credit of prejudice. H. is a believer in the board, a tolerator of the keel and was a firm believer in the Loganian theory. I am as near the converse as possible.

On the morning of which I write we had not made two tacks to windward before we saw a sail go up about two miles above, and a little later the boat came down the wind with successive semi-circular jets of water flying over the lee gunwale, which showed that the occupants were serving a writ of ejectment on some of the water that had rained in during the night, while on the weather side sat four boys. I recognized her by her green topsides as the property of a genial steamboat man who lived near. H., noting the number of passengers remarked carlessly: "I guess there is a load on their way to celebrate the glorious twelfth." "Now," said I, "I scarcely agree with you; that is the best sailing boat in this region, and they are coming down here for no other purpose than to inspect the strange craft and see what she is made of." "All right," he replied, "they will find at least one person glad to meet them; there is a double pleasure in defeating the best—a defeat by any less carries a double sting."

The boat veered, crossed the river, jibed and went on the same tack with us, about 60yds. to windward. Query: Did any one



THE THORNYCROFT WATERTUBE BOILER.

ever see a would-be racer take an even start, if he could help it? When I was a boy learning to skate I somehow got it worked into my small head that I could go like a locomotive: but one day a bigger boy came along, and I did not think so any more. And we appeared to be sailing well till that boat commenced to sail away from us—then we appeared to stand still. You would have thought from Horace's countenance that he had just heard of the commitment of one of his godsons for burglary and arson; and I don't know how I looked, but I felt cheap. But every one of the five faces turned toward us resembled the cut with which almanac makers were wont to depict a full moon. "H.," said I "if you'd trim that sheet closer she'd go better." He turned on me a sickly look and replied: "She is doing about all there is in her." Our competitors seeing that if they held their course they would get no nearer view of us, and thinking they could well afford to make the experiment of sailing around us, paid off and took up a position on the same tack with us, and 20yds. to leeward. The third stretch thereafter, they were some distance astern and directly in our wake. We were just gathering way after going on our starboard tack when by a gross breach of the rules of the road, they stayed and lay their bow right across our course. I was going too near the wind to luff by, and I was determined not to lose my "pull," so we shot by her lee side before she got way on. "Now," said I, "H., flatten that sheet, I'm going to take my place," and I crossed her bow and took my position a little on her weather. H. kept the sheet in, and at the end of the tack we were still ahead. On the next we increased our lead. To say they were astonished is to put it mildly. The five full moons contracted as you have seen the pupil of a cat's eye upon her transition from a dark corner to bright sunlight. They glanced right and left, and then aloft to see what was wrong with their boat. Everything was as before; and yet unmistakably we were leaving them. Perhaps they mistook the altered expression of our countenance for guile, anyhow they addressed us. "The wind was falling," they said, "their boat would not work well in a falling wind." We informed them that we were just piping for a little more of that same article, for, what with two heavy men, their camp dunnage, and 60lbs. of ballast, there was a good deal of weight to be driven by our small sail area. They asked a few questions about our boat and then bore away through the marsh for the opposite shore. Our elation was not lessened by the fact that we were sure they would think we had played it "foxy" on them, by purposely allowing them to beat us at first. Partly on account of the reputation hitherto borne by their boat, and partly because of a fancied likeness to a certain green pea of that name, which crowds a good deal of pea in one pod, we ever after spoke of them as "the champions of England."

Just opposite Armstrong's Point, and about four miles from our former camp, we came to a hard stony shore, and, with an eye to fuel supply, we made our noon halt at a place where some one had hewn a stick of timber. In the early days of the country, this had been the site of a considerable Melicete village. A son of the man who first settled on the farm we were camping on had told me many stories of the early experiences of the settlers. Once the Indians formed a plot to drive the whites from their farm and plant corn on it; but it was divulged to my informant in a boasting way by one of the Indian children with whom he played. They fortified their cabin and stood off all Indians till the government sent an agent to treat with them. At another time, when the white men were all away at St. John after supplies, a rascally whisky trader came in and traded rum for all the beaver skins the Indians had. Their revels were frightful. The white women and their children took refuge in the fortified cabin, and prepared to shoot down any Indians who attempted to enter. My friend, who was then a boy eight years of age, insisted on having a gun, and being allowed to watch at a loop-hole. They gave him a long fusee, which the men had left unloaded; and the boy loaded it, and sat at his post all night. When the men came back the next day and examined the gun, with which he played sentry, they found he had loaded it with ten buckshot, and put the shot down first. Luckily the Indians did not take it into their drunken heads to make an attack. As I lay there on the ground I could easily imagine the actors of those scenes as again present. What fleets of canoes then must have occupied the place of our one little lapstreak! And what had become of them all? And for that matter where were the owners of the flotillas of twenty and thirty canoes, which I had myself seen passing up and down, in the spring and fall twenty-five years ago? It scarcely seems possible that so many people could disappear in so short a time. It seemed eminently proper that the crew of the first modern sailing canoe that visited this place should spend some time in thinking of the fate of some of the pioneers in the canoeing business, and, as my partner is not one of the men whose thoughts are such poor company that he wants to talk all the time, I had plenty of opportunity. L. I. F.

ANCIENT CUTTERS AND SLOOPS.

THE sale of the famous old schooner Alarm for the purpose of breaking up, has lately brought out some facts in connection with her early history, and directed attention to other yachts of her time. The *Field* gives the following account of some of the earliest cutters, from which the modern cutter yacht was derived. The old distinction between cutter and sloop is quite interesting, as showing that originally the model had nothing to do with the name, but that it depended entirely on the difference of rig:

"The very interesting letter written by Mr. Charles Ratsey concerning a forgotten match between the Alarm and the Louisa, brings to mind the one time existence of a whole fleet of 200-ton cutters belonging to the Royal Navy, for the service of the customs in suppressing smuggling. The smugglers in turn were mostly cutters, and some of them were as large as those which were dubbed 'revenue cutters.' In 'Falconer's Marine Dictionary,' published a century ago, we find the following definition of a cutter: 'A small vessel commonly navigated in the channel of England, furnished with one mast and a straight running bowsprit, which can be run in on the deck occasionally; except which and the largeness of the sails they are rigged much like sloops. Many of these vessels are used in an illicit trade, and others employed by the Government to seize them; the latter of which are either under the direction of the Admiralty or Custom House.'

The Government cutters were not only associated with smugglers in the manner described in the foregoing extract, but were sometimes actually built alongside of them; indeed, we believe it is a fact that Mr. C. White, of Broadstairs, often sold to the Government, for a premium, a large cutter he had built for 'an illicit trade,' much to the disgust of many an honest 'Will Watch.' Thomas White, a son of Mr. C. White, settled at Cowes about the commencement of the present century, and died in 1859 in his eighty-sixth year. He was the father of the noted yacht and ship designer, the late Mr. Joseph White, of East Cowes (builder of the Louisa cutter and Waterwitch and Daring brigs), and of Mr. John White of the Medina Dock, West Cowes.

"But to return to these big cutters, we find from Charnock's 'History of Marine Architecture,' that in 1802 there were fifty-eight cutters in H.M.S., and these ranged from 52 tons to 218 tons O. M. Some of the largest were of the following dimensions:

Name.	L'gth.	Br'th	D'pt.	Tons.	Men.	How acquired.
	Ft.	Ft.	Ft.			
Kite.....	77·5	27·1	10·5	218	75	Bought in 1778.
Flying Fish.	75·0	25·9	10·5	190	60	Ditto.
Busy.....	75·0	25·9	10·5	190	60	Ditto at Folkstone.
Pigmy	80·3	26·1	13·2	201	70	Ditto.
Alert.....	78.9	25·2	11·5	205	80	Built in 1779.
Mutine.....	79·9	26·1	10·1	215	70	Taken from French.
Pilate.....	78 5	26·1	10·2	218	70	Ditto.
Ranger.....	80·3	26·1	—	201	70	Bought.
Seaflower...	72·5	26·0	10·7	203	70	Bought.
Lapwing....	47·8	21·1	8·1	82	30	Bought of C. White, Broadstairs, 1764.

"The length given is on the gun deck, which, according to Peake, was measured between the perpendiculars from the aft side of the rabbet of the stem to the foreside of the rabbet of the sternpost. The length used in computing the 'tons' as given in the table, was measured along the keel from the rabbet in sternpost to a perpendicular dropped from the foreside of the stem head.

The spars for a 200 ton cutter of the Royal Navy were as follows:

	Length.	Diameter.
Mainmast.....	88ft.	22in.
Topgallant mast.....	44ft.	6¾in.
Bowsprit extreme.....	64ft.	20in.
Main boom.....	66ft.	14¾in.

"In Falconer's Dictionary we are told that 'mast and topmast are in one,' and in length are once and a quarter the length of gun deck; to the rigging hounds three-fourths the whole length of spar, gaff three-fifths the length of boom. Diameter of mast, quarter of an inch to every foot of length. Diameter of boom, three-sixteenths of an inch to every foot of length.

"There is no doubt that the 'competitions' between the big revenue cutters and the smugglers on the south coast did much to make naval architects study the lines of vessels, and Charnock is a witness to this. We can also understand that the reputed speed of these craft induced those men of means, who made yachting a pastime in the Waterloo era, to make their vessels excel in speed, and so began the sport of yacht racing. The commanders of the revenue cutters had, however, another kind of sport, and a bas-relief on an old tombstone in Binstead churchyard, near Ryde, graphically depicts how a smuggler was occasionally brought up. The inscription on the stone is as follows: 'To the memory of Thomas Sivell, who was cruelly shot on board his sloop by some officers of the Customs of the Port of Portsmouth on the 15th of June, 1785, at the age of 61 years, leaving a disconsolate widow and family.' The remainder of the inscription could not be deciphered, as the stone had sank into the ground, but probably it would be 'to mourn their loss.' We believe that the last of these 200-ton cutters was the Stag, of Portsmouth; but there are some large yawls in the service of about 200 tons at the present time."

THE GREAT EASTERN.—In the sale of the Great Eastern the outer iron plates fetched £12,503. According to a statement made at the time when the huge vessel was building by Mr. Scott Russell, these iron plates were 300 in number and weighed 10,000 tons, and were fastened by 3,000,000 rivets. According to this, the iron plates fetched over £1 per ton, but, as it will cost at least 10s. per ton to get possession of them, the price per ton can be put at 35s. As the iron is of the highest quality, this will, no doubt, leave a very fair margin for profit. The inner plating, frames, etc., fetched £12,20), and the copper, gun metal, brass and lead £15,000—the total from all sourses being £43,000. The dimensions of the Great Eastern are: On deck, 692ft.; stem to sternpost, 680ft.; breadth, 83ft.; depth, 58ft.; draft, light, 20ft.; loaded, 30ft. Probably the launching of this monster created more interest than even her building, as it was an operation which extended over three months. She was to have been launched sideways into the water on Nov. 3, 1857, but she stuck fast, and, after various attempts to coax her off by hydraulic jacks, some very large hydraulic rams had to be made for the purpose; and then she was only moved inch by inch, and the daily papers described each small movement as a matter of the profoundest public interest; if it happened that one end moved further than the other, the interest in the launching was largely increased. The vessel was finally got into the water on Jan. 31, 1858. It was said at the time that the launch from first to last cost £120,000, or more than enough to have constructed a basin to build her in, and subsequently to dock her. As it was, no basin existed which would take her, and when her bottom was cleaned she had to be beached. The total realized by the sale of the Great Eastern was £58,000, and, so far as we can judge, nothing more than fair or very moderate prices were paid, and we are left to wonder how the vendors came to part with such a valuable property for £16,000. No doubt in another year or two we shall have Atlantic liners quite as long as the Great Eastern, if not longer, but very different in form, and of much less depth. Probably, if the Great Eastern had been less round in the bilge, and not so deep by about 15ft., she would not now have been sold for breaking up, as fitting her with modern machinery would have been a very ordinary undertaking."—*Field.*

CLUB ELECTIONS.—Within the next four weeks a number of yacht clubs will hold their annual elections of officers for 1889. Secretaries will confer a favor by sending us as soon as possible a correct list of the new officers. We will be glad also to receive copies of club books.

ANOTHER 40-FOOTER.—Mr. Burgess will design a 40-footer for Mr. A. J. Beebe, of Boston, a centerboard boat 54ft. over all, 39ft. 6in. l.w.l., and 14ft. 6in. beam, about the dimensions of Nymph. The Smith 40-footer mentioned last week will be a centerboard craft.

CHANGES OF OWNERSHIP.—Anita, steam yacht, has been sold by Jacob Lorillard to S. Austin, Jr., of Philadelphia, for $22,500.

THE THORNYCROFT WATERTUBE BOILER.

THE boiler shown in the accompanying illustrations, for which we are indebted to the *Shipping World*, was devised by Mr. Thornycroft, the famous builder of torpedo boats and fast launches, as a substitute for the locomotive boiler generally used in this type of vessel. In addition to its size and weight, the locomotive boiler possessed the serious disadvantages of priming and of liability to leakage of the tubes. It is claimed for the new boiler that it is smaller and lighter than the new type, it gives no trouble from priming, and the great trouble of leaky tubes is entirely removed. The boiler consists of three large cylindrical flues, one being placed on each side of the fire-box and the third directly over the fire. The lower tubes are each connected to the upper one by a large welded flue, shown in the front view, while in addition there are altogether over a thousand very small tubes, each having considerable curvature, joining the lower to the upper cylinder. The upper cylinder is provided with a separator for the steam and water which comes from the small tubes, and also with feedwater valves, stop valve, safety valve and pressure gauge, the ordinary water level being about the height of the axis of this cylinder. The cylinders and tubes are inclosed in a light casing of sheet iron. The fire space is between the two lower cylinders, the flames and gases passing between the small tubes and around the upper cylinder. As the joints of the small tubes are not exposed to the direct action of the fire, there is little danger of breakage, while ample provision for expansion is given by the great curvature of the tubes. The water in the lower cylinders rises through the small tubes, the temperature being very high, then in the upper cylinder the two pass through the separator, the water descending through the two large flues. The separator is so complete that no trouble is experienced from priming. Steam can be raised in fifteen minutes, while the pressure is under perfect control. One of these boilers has lately been placed in a new steam lifeboat lately constructed in England to be propelled by water jets. A new Thornycraft torpedo boat fitted with one of these boilers was also tried on the Thames last month with excellent results, making a speed of 23¼ knots, the contract speed being 22 knots. This boat was also fitted with another Thornycroft invention, a rudder on each side of the screw, the two, in connection with a crossbar below the screw, making a very efficient protection for the latter, while the maneuvering powers of the vessel, under both hand and steam gear, were particularly good, the vessel turning within her own length when going ahead, and within a still smaller circle when going astern.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.

L. W.—You should have no trouble with the large shot.

P. G.—We will have an article on the subject in an early issue.

C. W., City.—Go to Eldred, Sullivan county, or to Lackawaxen, Pa.

A. J. F., Wilmington, N. C.—You can obtain the cartridges from any of the large dealers.

J. J. B., Elizabeth, N. J.—The squirrel shooting season in Morris and Essex counties, New Jersey, closed Dec. 15.

J. P. P.—Mr. Kirk Munroe's address is Coccanut Grove, Fla., the other person you inquire about is now cruising about the West Indies.

JERRY, Buffalo, N. Y.—We cannot answer your question specifically, for you give no particulars, perhaps you will find in "Training or Breaking," the right treatment for your stubborn dog.

SUBSCRIBER, Seymour, Conn.—Are beagle hounds for hunting rabbits or foxes? Ans. They are used mostly for hunting rabbits, although they are often used for foxes, but are considered by many to be too slow for the latter.

H. E., South River.—We had a sweepstake shoot here to-day for first and second money. Six of us killed 2 out of 3; we shot off at 3 more birds, and in the second event four killed 1 apiece, and two did not kill any; are these two entitled to second money? Ans. According to the rules of class shooting, no.

W. H. E., Pottstown, Pa.—What shall I do to break my dog, 16mo. old, of mouthing birds? I have worked with him in many ways to remedy this trouble, but he seems to get worse. Ans. Do not let him retrieve a bird until it is dead and you have first handled it. Follow instructions in "Training vs. Breaking," and with care he will come out all right.

STANSTEAD AND A. R., Montreal.—If those who tied in the match, when the allowance given contestants was of birds instead of distance cannot agree to shoot off at 3's or miss and out, let them shoot new scores of 20 birds each, with same allowance as before. This will be perfectly fair, and as it preserves the original conditions no objection can be urged to it. Recourse could be had to any other mode of settlement only by common consent.

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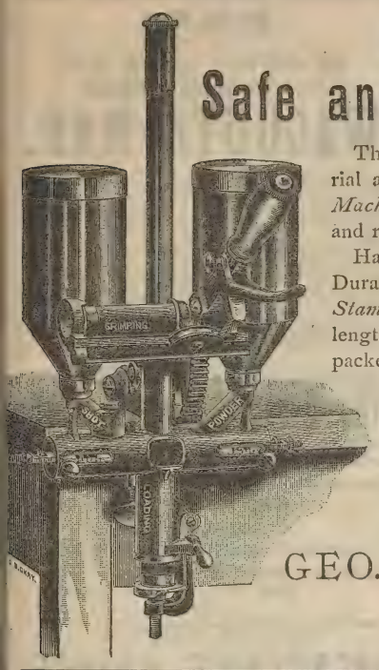
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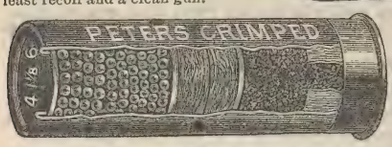
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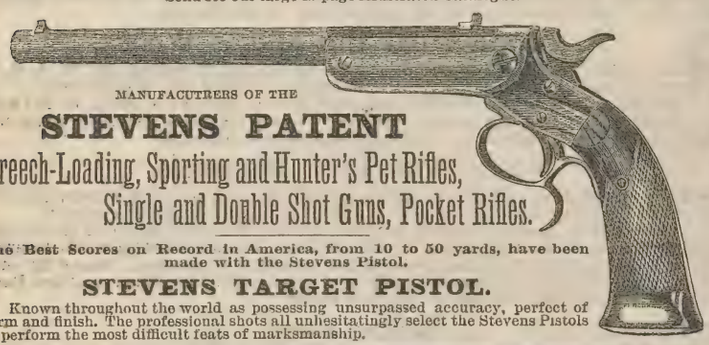
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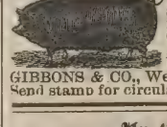
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NEW YORK, DECEMBER 27, 1888.

VOL. XXXI.—No. 23. No. 318 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications on the subject to which its pages are devoted are respectfully invited. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No name will be published except with writer's consent. The Editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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No. 318 BROADWAY. NEW YORK CITY.

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RESTOCKING WITH FOREIGN GAME.

YEARS ago "Nessmuk" said "the game must go." He was right. It is going, and much more rapidly than most people appreciate.

It has long been apparent that the day is not so very far distant when there will be nothing left alive for the gunner to shoot at. Our feathered game has lasted longer than might have been expected, when we consider the number of those who pursue it, and the utter contempt felt by a considerable proportion of these gunners for the laws looking to the perpetuation of our game supply. Each year the destruction exceeds the annual increase.

The failure to enforce the game laws increases the destruction and lessens the game supply. The gunner who does not respect the law nor use his influence to have it enforced suffers from the lessened supply of game, but with him suffers also that large and ever increasing class who are themselves law-abiding and who do their best to make the law respected and to have it observed. The lawbreakers deserve to suffer, but it seems hard that those who respect the law should be punished for the wrongdoings of other.

Until a public sentiment compelling a more general observance of our game laws can be awakened there seems little prospect that there can be any great increase in the number of our native game birds. It is possible, however, to greatly improve the shooting in many localities, though to do so will take time and money and require a certain amount of self-restraint on the part of the shooting public. The introduction of exotic game birds is a slow and expensive method of restocking our depleted covers, but it has met with such remarkable success in certain localities on this continent as to make it worth while for all sportsmen to seriously consider whether it shall not be generally tried. Arguments to show that foreign birds will do well in certain parts of North America have been often advanced, and it is scarcely necessary to repeat them. Instead of arguments a few facts may be given.

Some years ago the English partridge was introduced into New Jersey. The birds turned out did well, bred, and the young grew to maturity, but as no effort was made to protect those outside of the preserves during the shooting season, they disappeared, probably all finding their way into the gunners' bag, and have not recently been heard of.

The so-called English pheasant has been introduced in many sections of the country, and in some localities it has done extremely well and has furnished grand sport. In the year 1881 nineteen of these birds were turned out on the outskirts of the City of Victoria, on Vancouver Island, B. C. For five years they were protected by law, and this law was quite generally respected. The first season the law was off it was estimated that 1,000 birds—almost all cocks, for it is still forbidden to destroy the hens—were killed, and the second season the score was about as great. Toward the end of the shooting season the birds become so cunning that it is almost impossible to get a shot at them.

The importation of a number of Chinese pheasants by Mr. Denny, and their liberation on an island in Puget Sound is still fresh in the minds of the public. These birds were protected for a term of years and they are said to have thriven and increased wonderfully. In fact the farmers on the mainland, whose lands they have invaded, have come to look upon them as a curse on account of the damage which they cause to the crops.

Attempts to introduce the English pheasant on the coast have been less successful, mainly because the birds, though well cared for in their preserves, have not received general protection. Those birds which have escaped from the private lands where they were originally turned out have most of them been destroyed by gunners, and the species has never been able to acquire a foothold as a wild bird. In New Jersey and in Maryland there is little that is encouraging to report about these birds outside of preserves. In Georgia, however, on Jekyll Island, where they can be protected from outside shooting by the club which owns the island, the pheasants at last accounts were doing well, and there were more than 600 wild birds at liberty, besides a number that are kept up for breeding purposes.

We understand that in Maine a lot of pinnated grouse were turned out a few years ago and protected by a three or four years close season. Contrary to the predictions expressed by many people these birds flourished and increased, and this autumn, we are told, one gentleman killed thirty or forty of them. There seems to be no doubt that the pinnated grouse might do almost as well anywhere on the Atlantic coast. But they must be protected for a while.

On the island of Newfoundland two years ago a lot of black-game were turned out by Mr. Robert Langrishe-Mare. About forty birds were liberated in two places. The Legislature protected them by a five years' law, which is respected on all hands. These superb birds appear to have done extremely well, and are thought to have greatly increased, for they have been seen on the other side of the island as if they had made their way across it.

The migratory quail was imported to this country, turned loose without protection, and has disappeared. The same is true of the English pheasant, and of the English partridge where not preserved. On the other hand the English pheasant, certain species of Chinese pheasants, the pinnated grouse and the European black-game have been introduced in various parts of the country, and wherever protected have thriven and greatly increased.

With these facts before them, those interested can draw their own conclusions as to the possibilities of increasing our present game supply.

SNAP SHOTS.

ONE thing to be said of private game preserves, in behalf of the public benefit accruing from them, is that they foster a game supply which often overspreads the preserve boundaries, and thus furnishes sport for outsiders. A case in point is that of the Country Club of Westchester county, New York, who some time ago posted an extensive tract of land, and turned out quail in it. The birds have stocked all the country round about, and gunners report better shooting in the vicinity than for many years previous. No sensible person will ever object to posted land, provided there is a free range near by. Fences cannot be built so high that the birds will not fly over them; nor has any genius yet devised a scheme to clip the wings and restrain the flight of grouse and quail. Thus outsiders come in for a share even of the expensive European pheasants and partridges put out in American preserves.

The bond of sympathy which unites the followers of shooting and fishing is so strong that it would seem as if anglers and gunners as a class would be admirably fitted to unite in social clubs. The good fellowship is one potent element of strength in associations organized ostensibly and primarily for game protection effort; and as has more than once been suggested clubs purely social might be formed, the requisite of admission to which should be the quality of sportsmanship. This was a favorite plan of Col. Thomas Picton, who, it will be remembered, is one of the survivors of that circle of which Frank Forester was the light. Colonel Picton's notion was that if a club room were provided where members could exchange their hunting and fishing stories, the membership roll would soon be filled and the list of applicants constantly overflowing. It is easily seen that, rightly conducted, such a club might be prosperous; but there are many qualities, other than those pertaining to a taste for field sports, to be considered in determining an individual's fitness for club companionship. There are men who are royal good fellows and most entertaining story tellers, the first time you hear their stories; but who after a while, as with certain companions in camp, become nothing more nor less than bores with their same old stories told over and over again. No more acute torture could be devised than that of being hemmed in in a club room corner and compelled for the forty-ninth time to hear the tale of how A caught his monster bass or B "downed" his deer.

A question of construction of law has been raised. In certain waters, where it is permitted to shoot ducks from a battery, it is forbidden to "sail for" them. Certain gunners have hit upon the plan of secreting themselves in batteries and then engaging boats to sail down on the fowl and drive them to the batteries. It is a mooted point whether this is legitimate battery shooting or illegitimate "sailing for" ducks. On the one side it is contended that the law against sailing for ducks strictly construed means to forbid their being killed from sailing craft; and on the other hand it is urged that the combination of battery and sailing craft is not the usual battery shooting, and violates in spirit if not in letter the prohibition of sailing. The point is one of those which are to be settled only by the courts.

Since our notes on game introduction were in type comes a report from Mr. Otto Plock's pig preserve in the Neversink Valley. Some time ago Mr. Plock brought over from the Black Forest a litter of five wild hogs, and put them out in the fastnesses near Guymard, where it is said they have grown in cunning and ferocity until now they show a formidable front to man and dog. It is said that Mr. Plock's chief purpose in stocking up with boars was to reduce the surplus of rattlesnakes on his domain.

It has been left for Buffalo Bill to project a combination of music, marksmanship and patriotism such as never was witnessed or heard before. He has devised a set of targets, each one connected with a piano key, whereby, standing at 100yds., the marksman may put his shots into the bullseyes and play Yankee Doodle.

A number of extremely interesting expressions of opinion on the Long Island fox-terrier rabbit business have been received and will be published in our next issue, together with some further communications respecting the ethics of fox hunting as practiced in New England.

The series of papers descriptive of the shooting clubs of Chicago, which is begun in this issue, will prove very interesting reading. We have in store a number of wild-fowl shooting sketches, for early publication.

There is much complaint among Ohio sportsmen at the want of a law to forbid the use of ferrets in rabbit killing. The ferreters are booming things all their own way, and the deadly practice is rapidly clearing out the rabbits.

Our next issue will contain a full page portrait of the FOREST AND STREAM'S grizzly now in the bear pit in Central Park. The drawing is by Ernest E. Thompson.

The Sportsman Tourist.

NOTES ON WESTERN FLORIDA.

VIII.—IN THE SWAMPS.

WE spent five days in the camp described in my last paper, and extended our excursions in all directions and exploring the country very thoroughly. One night we were joined by an old negro, known as Uncle Adam, a famous hunter of that country who has passed his entire life amid its swamps and forests, gaining a subsistence by selling the game that falls to his rifle. He must be seventy years of age, but though his form is bent, no sign of feebleness exists; and his long swinging walk, has in it the spring of a youth of twenty. He spent several days in our camp, hunting with us and giving us the advantage of his perfect knowledge of the surrounding country; every swamp brought to his mind some tale of adventure, how he killed a deer here, and how a bear had been shot in that palmetto thicket. Then he gave to us an account of how a few days before he had lost his hound, the faithful companion of years. He had been trailing a deer some miles below our camp, and his dog had been bitten by a rattlesnake and died in a few moments. The old fellow's voice had a touching waver and his eyes were very moist when he talked over the numerous virtues of his lost companion of the chase. One morning he bade us good-by, shouldered the long Ballard rifle, and disappeared in the pines, as silently and as unexpectedly as he had come to us.

On the last day of our stay I started out in the morning somewhat sore over my bad luck in never having had a fair chance; and for a couple of hours I slipped stealthily, using all the caution and woodcraft that was in me, and keeping eyes and ears open for chances. At last I spied, away off in the forest, three head of deer quietly grazing in a glade; they were about 400yds. off; but I began to stalk with the set determination of getting one of them or dying in the attempt, for it somewhat nettled me to be the only one of our party that had not brought in any game up to date. A deer, when feeding, is unable to see for any distance on account of the position of the eyes in its head, but every moment or so it will wag its white stumpy tail and look around for danger. The wagging of the tail may always be relied upon as a sure preface to this raising of the head. Taking advantage of this fact, whenever the tails of any one of those three deer wagged I would stop short and stand motionless, no matter whether concealed from the game or not. It was tedious work. I never saw animals so suspicious, and it seemed that they must certainly wag their confounded tails off. However, I finally got to within 150yds. and knelt cautiously down behind a pine tree to recover breath and steady my nerves, for a deer is a very small object at that distance and requires good shooting. After a moment's rest I aimed for the shoulder of the buck of the bunch and fired, striking, as afterward proved, rather high and too far back. He tumbled over, and before he could recover I had run up to within 75yds., and as he was about to make off gave him another shot, which striking in the neck killed my game as dead as a stone.

The fishing in the creek was excellent, white perch, "brim" (sun perch) and trout being very abundant, while catfish of the most enormous size could have been caught by the boatload. Bondclipper, whose galled heel prevented much walking, turned his attention to the rod and supplied our camp with fish. Catching "brim" is excellent sport; they are a gamy little fish and bite well at almost any bait. The most sporty way to land them is by casting from a bateau with a 6ft. bamboo rod and a 20ft. line. They love to lie in shady nooks close to the bank or behind logs, and it requires considerable skill to drop one's hook into just the right spot without fouling, while the dash made immediately after striking is apt to tangle one's line hopelessly unless great care is used.

Our return down creek was very much like the up trip, except for a circumstance that goes to show what a large amount of badly aimed lead an alligator can stand with impunity. We were steaming along quietly, some miles below our abandoned camp, when the captain called attention to an enormous alligator lying asleep on a sandbar and with its huge mouth wide open. Before we could fire, the headway had carried us around the bend and out of sight of the monster, but reversing engine we carefully backed to within 20ft. without disturbing it, and the entire crowd opened a promiscuous fusilade that made the woods ring. To our surprise and mortification the object aimed at calmly awoke, stretched its great mouth a little wider, as though yawning, and then plunged leisurely into the water and dived out of sight. Any one of us, had we taken time, could have put a ball in the beast's eye that would have instantly settled it, but so short was the distance that we relied on chance, and lost what was about the largest specimen of its kind that I have ever seen in Florida. How long it was, I cannot say, but at least 9ft.

Not far from the apiary a good mark was offered by a water turkey (*Anhinga*), that kept diving along in front of us for a mile or so, and only exposing the long snake-like neck above water; we kept the water splashing from our rifle balls in a very lively manner, until by luck I happened to cut the neck, and our movable target rose no more.

We crossed Lake Wimlico, this time quite calm, and about dark regained the main Apalachee River, up which we steamed at full speed for an hour in search of a suitable landing; but everywhere was the swamp, and it began to look as if we should have to keep on all night, when about 8 o'clock a light was spied on the right bank, and going ashore we found ourselves in the lumber camp of a party of negroes. There was probably no other dry spot for miles, and we were all very tired; so, in spite of the dirtiness of the place, our blankets and provisions were thrown ashore, and we prepared to make the best of the situation. The camp was on a small island of not over an acre in extent, that rose above the surrounding swamps like an oasis in the desert. A rude, rough-hewn plank shed, raised upon four 10-foot piles, served as a house for the five wild-looking negroes who lived there. After supper we sat around the fire, while the owners of the camp squatted like a lot of hounds, to themselves. A more repulsive, brutish-looking lot of men I never saw; and as they crouched in stupid silence, seeming more like animals than men. I could not help recalling to mind many of the tales of Du Chaillu. The scene was so wild and weird, that it needed but the roar of a lion or the light of the Southern Cross to make it thoroughly African.

Here in these great swamps, left entirely to themselves, and away from the civilizing influces of the Caucasian race, the negro may be even in a state not very far removed from true savagery, and tales are not wanting of wild black men that have been seen in certain unfrequented swamps of the lower river. We declined an offer of the use of their shed for the night, preferring to risk exposure to dew rather than sleep, open to the attacks of a certain insect, most probably to have been met with under the shelter. The next morning our blankets were ringing wet, though none of our party suffered any ill effects.

After breakfast we got under way once more, and after a short run reached the Three Brothers. Here we left the main stream and steered up the most westerly of the three rivers. A fine water course of 200yds. in width and very deep; high walls of forest rose on both sides and confined our view to the swamps. About noon we entered a little creek not over 25yds. wide, the mouth of which was almost choked up with the lumber raft of some logmen, who were waiting for higher water to begin their float down the river. We poled this obstruction to one side, and entered what is, I think, one of the most beautiful little creeks in Florida. On either side—there were no banks—tall column-like cypresses grew directly out of the water, their curiously gnarled roots rising above the surface in a thousand strange shapes, while their feathery bright green branches arching overhead kept out the sunlight and made everything lie in a shadow. Long moss hung down in festoons from the boughs, and waved and swayed in the breeze as though animated by life. On either hand stretched away the great swamp with its hundred varieties of flowers and strange trees. Meander could not have been more irregular in its course than was this nameless stream. We followed its bewildering course for half an hour, and at the end of that period found ourselves at a point separated from the West Brother by only a narrow neck of land, not over 10yds. wide, while the mouth, by which we had entered, lay scarcely 300yds. away. We saw absolutely no game, for creeks of this nature in Florida are singularly destitute of animal life. No birds of any kind flit through the gloomy aisles of the forest, and of animals none are visible, though perhaps eyes sharper than ours blinked at us from the heads of the concealed panthers or wildcats among the trees. Even alligators are scarce, seeming to prefer the larger rivers; and, save for the dragonfly that hovers over the black waters or the butterfly that delights perhaps in its own reflection in the mirror-like depths, animation there is none in this stillest picture of still life.

About four in the afternoon we came to a place where the dry land extended down to the water's edge, no common occurrence in that land of swamps; so we took advantage of the natural landing and pitched camp within a rod or two of the creek. Back a couple of hundred yards was the home of a settler, H—. A good-sized field in cultivation, the substantial house and a general air of thrift, made it one of the most attractive-looking farms that I have seen in that part of the State. During the evening our camp-fire circle was added to by two sons of the settler, who joined us. They were clean fellows, and much more hospitable in manner than the generality of the people of that country, entertaining us with tales of their hunting adventures, and very kindly offering to accompany us in our expedition after deer. They had quite a pack of hounds, in which they seemed to take a great pride, and these would be a great help in beating the country, so we lost no time, but arranged for a hunt the following morning, and bidding our new friends good night went to bed to dream of branching antlers and shaking white tails.

Day had scarcely made its advent known by a reddish tinge in the eastern sky, when we were awakened by our guide, who bade us "git up and hustle if ye want to kill deer." With a chorus of yawns and groans all hands scrambled out of warm blankets into the cold morning air. A fire was started by some one, and soon each man was drinking a huge panikin of hot coffee and devouring his bread and meat in silence; then shouldering our rifles we filed out into the gray pine woods with a pack of eight hounds sulkily following in our footsteps.

For an hour H. kept us going at a tremendous pace; how these long, gaunt Floridians can walk when they once take a notion to do so! The way they annihilate distance when on a hunt is perfectly terrific, and not at all in accord with the popular idea of the lethargic southerner. The country through which we passed that morning was very much the same as on Depot Creek—endless pine woods with small jungle swamps—only here the trees were larger and the swamps more extensive; in fact, this stretch of pine barren is one of the most promising localities that I have seen in that part of Florida, some of the land being quite fertile, and the general lay of the country much higher and better watered than is usually the case. About four miles from camp we took stands overlooking the most promising runways of deer from a certain large swamp, while H. and Joe started off with the hounds on a drive.

I was placed to guard a narrow neck of land not over a hundred yards, on either side of which were impassable marshes; it was a likely place, and I examined the charges of my Winchester and sat down with my back to a pine stump, feeling confident of giving a good account of any game that might try to run over me. Deer hunting from stands is a lazy man's method, the only exertion necessary being to keep awake until the beaters get down to their work; then, if game be plenty and the huntsman a huntsman indeed, all drowsiness will vanish in the excitement of expectancy. It is about as glorious a moment as a hunter can enjoy this side of the happy hunting grounds, to hear a pack of hounds in full cry coming toward him, crashing through the bushes, baying more and more rapidly and deeply, until the chorus of quick eager yelps announces the increasing heat of the scent. I sat quietly for half an hour, during which time my attention was pretty evenly divided between a woodpecker in a tree near by and in keeping the members of a colony of gigantic ants from making too close an acquaintance with my person; then at last, away off in the distance, came the noise of the hunt, at times growing nearer, then receding until nearly out of hearing. Finally the hounds struck a trail leading in my direction, and came toward me very rapidly, at first with long, deep bays and then with quicker, jerky barks, until I began to look every minute for a deer to come bounding from around a corner of the swamp. Then I wondered if my chances would be as good if I shot from a sitting position, and I decided to stand up. Unlucky moment! I had hardly gained my feet when a splendid buck that had been making straight for me, wheeled, retraced his steps for a short distance, then turned at right angles to his former course, and dashed away. He was a long distance off, two hundred and fifty yards at least, but in despair I fired four shots with no effect, and he disappeared among the pines, leaving me on very bad terms with myself for having moved at so inopportune a moment. No more deer passed by me that morning, though I heard several shots in the direction of the dogs, and it was with a sad heart that I heard the blasts of the horn announcing that the drive was over and calling us together.

I found our rendezvous about half a mile away, where the party had all gathered and were awaiting me with the great expectations born of hearing my four shots at the retreating buck. In shame and humility I owned up, and received qualified absolution for my misses. H. had killed a doe as she got up before the hounds, and that was the only blood spilt during the morning. We tramped four miles further, crossing a swamp several hundred yards wide by stepping from one bush to another. It was pretty hard work holding on to the branches, hampered as we were by our guns, but all accomplished the feat in safety with the exception of Rusticus, who slipped and fell up to his waist in the slimy ooze and water of the bog. He emerged a most revolting looking object, and a halt was necessary to curry him off with a stick. Then we took stands again, and H. and Joe began another drive. It was an unsuccessful one, however, and we retraced our steps late in the afternoon with nothing added to the solitary doe killed in the morning.

We spent four days in this camp, hunting and fishing to our hearts' content. Joe and Bondclipper each killed a deer, but that was all the large game brought to bag, as, on account of the low stage of water, deer were very scarce in the barrens, having taken to the swamps in search of spring cane. Quite a lot of squirrels and quail were shot, and enough fish caught from the creek to supply our hearty appetites. The farmers were very kind, showing the country and doing everything in their power to make us have a good time. One of them, a boy of eighteen, was a very fine rifle shot and a famous nimrod. One morning, some time before our visit, he had killed fourteen deer during a freshet. In time of high water, when the overcharged channels of the streams refuse to carry the increased volume of water, it overflows the swamps and even encroaches upon the sandy land, very greatly reducing, in places, the area of dry ground. During such times the deer congregate on the higher places, and the number to be found in such localities is often surprising; for, although deer are excellent swimmers when driven to it, they very much prefer *terra firma*, and will always remain thereon as long as possible. It was under such circumstances that H. made his famous score of fourteen head. Mind! ye gun clubs, I do not justify the slaughter, but only state facts. H. probably never heard of game laws in his life, and the man who would attempt to restrict the killing of deer in that country would indeed have his hands full.

From this hospitable camp we returned to the Brother and spent a week with a lumberman by the name of F. He lived in a log camp typical of the country. It was situated on a bit of dry ground of not over an acre in extent, and surrounded on all sides by swamps and the river. The shelter consisted of a rough-hewn plank shed, perched upon the invariable piles and reached by means of a log having pieces of wood nailed crosswise, like the perch leading to a chicken house, while the kitchen was represented by the skillet and frying-pan that lay at the foot of a tree, whose blackened roots showed that many a fire had there been kindled. To this humble abode we were made welcome by the rough but hospitable owner.

The lumbermen of the Apalachee swamps have a bad reputation. Many of them are refugees from the justice of other States, who have sought safety in these morasses. Here they are indeed secure, for once let a man that knows anything of woodcraft get into such a labyrinth of swamps and forest, and nothing can dislodge him; a regiment of soldiers and a battery of artillery would be powerless in the silent, unknown ways of those vast wilds. And so it is that these woods are full of outlaws, or rather men that have been outlaws; for in their new homes most of them lead honest, hard-working lives, seldom leaving the woods, one or two visits a year to town being about all that they see of civilization. They are, as a rule, hospitable and peaceable men, unless under the influence of drink, then some of them are dangerous in the extreme, for it is "fighting whisky" that they generally get when on a "tear," and the invariable result of a visit to town is a series of fracases among themselves. Of course, one sees some very desperate characters, men who would not hesitate at any crime, but misdoings may be traced to liquor. F. was a short, thick-set man of about thirty-five, with a red face and very red hair; he was a nervous, excitable fellow, whose quick, restless eye seemed always on the lookout for an imaginary pursuer. It was said that he had been obliged to fly from Georgia on account of a killing scrape in which he had been implicated, and he bore a very bad name among his companions, as being a reckless, desperate fellow. Such, however, we did not find him, for during our stay of a week this hitherto total stranger entertained us to the very best of his power, dropping work to guide us to the best shooting grounds, paddling our canoes, and refusing upon our departure to accept of any remuneration for his services.

Illustrative of the character of these men, their immunity from the consequences of hardships and exposure, and their semi-alligator nature, I will relate a circumstance that occurred during our stay. One morning as F. and I were paddling up the river in a bateau, my hunting knife slipped out of its sheath and fell overboard. I made some remark of regret at the loss, when to my surprise down went my companion after it, without even waiting to take off his shoes and scarcely his hat. The water was 10ft. deep and very cold, but after diving several times my lost blade was finally brought up. Notwithstanding the fact that he was soaking wet and exposed to a chilling wind, F. would not hear of going back to camp, but kept on with the hunt for several hours, during which time he was obliged to sit cramped in the canoe; yet he suffered no bad effects from his wetting and laughed when we spoke of his catching cold.

A few months after our visit this same man who gave up his house to us and did everything in his power for our pleasure, killed in pure wickedness four defenseless negroes. It seems that he had been to town and was returning home in his bateau with a new Winchester rifle that he had just purchased. On nearing camp he saw six negroes sitting on the bank, and to use his own words, "wishing to see if the gun was any account," he popped away at the poor devils, who tried to make their escape as best they could, but left four of their number dead on the ground. He afterward told a steamboat man of my acquaintance that "the gun was good enough, for he killed four out of six, and it was not a good day for killing niggers either." Efforts were made to bring him to justice for this outrage, but he shouldered the gun that had done such murderous work and took to the swamps, where no one could or would follow, and since then it is reported that he has left the country.

Not very far from camp there was a small island, in the midst of the swamp, that was an impenetrable thicket of cane and palmetto, through which one could with difficulty force his way or even see for more than a few yards; long vines hung from the trees, adding to the tangle, and the dead leaf accumulations of years made a carpet of soft mould in which the feet sank for several inches. This place was literally overrun with game of all kinds; deer, bear, wildcat, turkey, coons and, in fact, every variety of animal to be found in Florida, had left its track in the soft ooze close to the water. We used to beat this thicket every day with our two hounds, but it was only a matter of chance with the odds strongly against us, on account of the bushes, which were so thick that though deer were frequently heard galloping a short distance away, they were completely hidden from our view. I killed an old doe by firing rapidly with my Winchester at her retreating form, of which I barely had a glimpse ere she was out of sight, and though my game fell dead within 25yds., it was some moments before I knew whether I had made a hit or miss. F., who was as dead a shot as I saw among the backwoodsmen, killed two bucks, and they, with my doe, completed the bag for the week. It was near this jungle that I saw for the first time a flock of the beautiful Carolina paroquets, but I understood from the natives that they are quite abundant in the woods at all seasons of the year.

We had opportunities during our stay with F. of seeing something of the lumber industry as well as of the logmen. It is a hard life that they lead—a damp, cheerless struggle for a mere subsistence—nine months the men are wracked with ague, and during the balance of the year, cold winds from the gulf make the climate anything but an agreeable one. Most die violent deaths, either by drowning or being caught in log jams, and the constant exposure makes consumption very prevalent. The work is badly paid, the sawmills at Apalachicola having reduced the price of logs to a mere song, but there is no other market at hand and the men are obliged to submit with the best grace possible. Yet with all these drawbacks, many like the life, and I know well educated, intelligent men who prefer the wild existence of a lumber camp to any easier business; there seems to be a peculiar fascination about the swamps in their lonely grandeur, and a feeling of strength and manliness in felling the great forest giants that rear their heads aloft in all their glory.

Most of the land upon which the timber grows belongs to railroad corporations, it is utterly worthless save for the lumber, and is generally under water for the greater part of the year. Efforts are made to compel the logmen to pay a certain amount for each tree felled, but it is rather up-hill work in spite of the level nature of the country, and the collector of such tolls is not very apt to fare well in the pursuit of his duty, as it is impossible to keep up with the quantity cut, and many of the men refuse to pay the price asked, so that not much stumpage enriches the coffers of the railroads. Cypress is by far the most valuable of the trees, it grows best in water several feet deep, and the labor of cutting down and hauling out the ponderous logs is very severe, the men having frequently to stand all day knee-deep in the mud and water of the bogs. Owing to its weight cypress will not float when green, but has to be killed by "knicking" when the sap is down; then the trees are felled and sawn into logs, after which they remain where they are until the first freshet makes the water in the swamps sufficiently deep to float them into the main stream. Here they are made into long rafts and, together with some pine timber to add to the buoyancy of the whole, are floated in the current to Apalachicola. Pine lumbering is not so severe; the trees generally grow upon comparatively high and dry ground, and the logs are much easier handled owing to their being lighter than cypress. When cut some distance from a stream they are transported by ox wagons to the water, and there made into rafts essentially the same as in the case of the heavier cypress. Of course cypress is very much more valuable than pine, and commands a higher price at the mills.

From the camp of our desperado host we made a quick run down the Brother to the main river and thence to Apalachicola, the trip of twenty-four miles being made in three hours, including a stop for wood. Once more in town we made a beeline for Uncle Bill Fuller's hotel, where we reveled in clean sheets and comfortably made beds. Camping is all very well, and none enjoy it more than I do, but it must be confessed that after one has been sleeping on the ground for a couple of weeks a civilized bed is relished and appreciated.

Our trip was voted a success. We had not made a very brilliant score on game, nor had our fishing achievements been phenomenal, but we had seen something of a curious country, and gotten to know a strange race of men, and it was with feelings of genuine regret that we bade the captain and Joe good-by, and watched the little Ellen steam up the river and out of sight.

A. M. REYNOLDS.

John Patterson, West Goshen, says he witnessed an incident in fox hunting on Saturday that he never before heard of. The hunters were giving reynard a good chase, but the animal was a good distance ahead. Mr. Patterson saw the fox approach his house through the cornfield and he could hear the sound of the dogs as they sped in that direction. But the fox did not seem one bit alarmed and, strange to say, he was even composed enough to stop and secure one of Mr. Patterson's chickens before going further. The chicken he took and went on over the brow of an adjacent hill, and at the same moment the hounds hove in sight.—*West Chester Local News.*

Natural History.

THE LITTLE CHIEF HARE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Not a number of the FOREST AND STREAM but starts a half dozen topics I wish to hear discussed by the brethren or to which I wish I could add a word myself. In your issue of Dec. 6 I rejoice to see again the handiwork of "Yo.," and I hope it is but the beginning of another series of his delightful papers. A trip over the Northern Pacific Railroad last summer—flying one though it was—carried me near enough to the Walled-in Lakes to excite me with the wish to explore them, and the sight of Indian tepees and colloquies at stations and on reservations with Crows, Blackfeet, Piegans and Stonies, increased the interest.

I must beg space for one more word. In a recent number Dr. Shufeldt briefly describes the little chief hare, but says that he has never seen it, though he has heard its cry among the mountains of Wyoming. If he wishes to secure specimens for study I am sure I can make it easy for him, as I can put him in communication with a gentleman whose home is in their haunts and by whose kindness I secured a specimen last summer.

Two years before, on making the ascent of George's Peak in Colorado, I noted the Rocky Mountain marmot so well described by Dr. Shufeldt, and also a little animal called cony by the mountaineers, but with which I was entirely unfamiliar. It was, as I afterward learned, the little chief hare. It was very abundant on the rocky upper slopes of the peak, running swiftly in and out of the rock heaps, and uttering its shrill, clear, but thin cry, which had something almost plaintive in it, a mountain cry, just suited to the high altitude and thin air. I had no firearms with me then, but studied the little creature as well as I could with my glass and marvelled much what means of sustenance it found where almost every trace of vegetation had disappeared. The marmots do not as a rule, I judge, go so high, though their large size and greater needs would seem to the uninitiated to indicate a rather slim pasturage where we found them.

There is something queer about the marmots, too, for in Switzerland I have certainly heard the vigorous whistle of the Alpine marmot hundreds of feet higher than I could trace any vegetation whatever, mere desolation of rock and snow, and separated by a broad and deeply crevassed glacier from any bare ground or rock which did produce plant life. Who knows but the animals have Alpine clubs and that the marmot I heard was a brave explorer, and carried for provision a little wad of grass in his pouch, nibbled from the slopes far below. But to return to the little chief hare. On ascending Gray's Peak again last July I again heard the animal all about me, and the son of my host and guide shot for me a specimen, which interested me not a little. I had always supposed that the little chief was a genuine hare and found further to the south, but here he was in great numbers, and having to my eyes more points and resemblance to a rat, though thicker set and a much more respectable looking animal every way. It had no tail at all, and its fur was a soft gray without the long hairs of the rat. I had no means of preserving my specimen, though much I wished it, and so I gave it to the seller of natural history specimens at Rawlings on the U. P. R. R., who promised to preserve it.

C. H. AMES.

AN INTERESTING HYBRID.

IN another column will be found some remarks on the introduction in America of foreign game birds, and below we give an account of what is believed to be a hybrid between two grouse, the ptarmigan of Newfoundland and the black-game of Europe, whose introduction into Newfoundland was recorded in these columns. Such a hybrid would hardly be expected, for though different species of pheasants often breed together, different species of grouse do so but seldom. The *Evening Mercury* (St. Johns, N. F.) says: "It will be remembered by most of our readers that, in the fall of 1886, the introduction of black-game into Newfoundland was carried out by Mr. Robert Langrishe-Mare, one of our keenest sportsmen and most successful deer slayers. The experiment was watched with great interest, not only by the lovers of field sports, but by the public generally. If this noble bird should thrive here, and extend over the island, a valuable addition would be made to our stock of game, and the country would become much more attractive to sportsmen from other lands.

"The first shipment of these birds arrived here on the 21st of October, 1886, from Scotland; and a second on the 3d of December. In all something like twenty brace was brought, three birds only dying on the passage. They were at once conveyed by Mr. Mare to a suitable locality, about six miles in from 'the half-way house,' between Holyrood and Salmonier. The second lot were taken to a place a few miles nearer Salmonier. On being liberated they at once took wing, flying vigorously. Our Legislature wisely passed a law to protect the new importation for five years.

"Since the foregoing arrangement was carried into effect accounts have been repeatedly received, showing that the birds were thriving well and rapidly increasing in numbers. Already they are reported to have been seen in Bay St. George, so that they have actually made they way across the island in that short time. They were also seen at Trepassey, on the southern shore of the island.

"All this is very gratifying, showing that the black-game have taken kindly to our soil and climate, and are likely to find a congenial home here. Mr. Mare has the satisfaction of seeing his praiseworthy efforts crowned with success.

"But 'it is the unexpected that happens.' A day or two ago a bird was brought from Trepassey which was supposed to be one of our common ptarmigan. It attracted the attention of Mr. Mare and others, and on examination it was found to be a cross between the recently imported black-game and our ptarmigan, having the characteristics of both intermingled. It has the forked and crested tail of the black cock, with two black feathers tipped with white in the fork. Its beak is the curved short beak of the black-game, quite different from that of the ptarmigan, and its claws are also those of the black cock. The plumage on the back is an intermixture of the feathers of both species, and the color is brown with black spots or bars. At this time of the year our ptarmigan have turned completely white, but in this specimen the belly only is white, and some of the feathers on the wings; and these are the same as the ptarmigan in appearance. The back is brown. It is evidently a bird hatched this season, but it is nearly twice the weight of a ptarmigan of one season.

"It is a very handsome bird, and all our sportsmen who have examined it pronounce it to be a cross between the black-game and the ptarmigan. We believe that this is the first known instance in which such a crossing has taken place; and certainly no one ever anticipitated such an intermixture. Much interest in it has been awakened here, and Mr. Mare's office was quite thronged yesterday with persons anxious to see the strange bird.

"It is too soon to speculate from this single specimen as to the possible effect of the crossing of these two species, should it prove to be common. This much is certain—that the black-game have been repeatedly seen in company with the ptarmigan, the coveys being mixed. Whether the hybrid will prove to be fertile, and whether the crossing will result in an improvement on the ptarmigan, only time will tell. The male bird of the black-game is twice the size of the male ptarmigan, and the female is also much larger. Should the hybrid prove to be capable of breeding, variations would go on indefinitely, resulting possibly in the distant future in a new game bird. Meantime much interest attaches to the singular specimen we have described."

GRASSHOPPERS AND HAWKS.

BY DR. C. HART MERRIAM.

DURING the evening of Aug. 20, 1888, Mr. H. W. Henshaw and I drove from Pendleton to the Umatilla Indian Agency in northeastern Oregon, about fifty miles east of the Great Bend of the Columbia. It had been so hot during the day, the thermometer standing at 104° in the shade, that we were unable to go out. Driving along the crest of the plateau just south of the Umatilla River, at about sundown, we were astonished to see a very large number of large hawks hopping about on the ground, catching grasshoppers. We counted about 150 of these hawks, and there must have been at least 200 in the immediate neighborhood. At first we took them to be rough-legs, but later ascertained that nearly if not all were Swainson's hawks (*Buteo swainsoni*). The period between sundown and dark in that region is so short that the birds were still catching grasshoppers when overtaken by darkness.

About 6 o'clock the next morning I visited the same place and was gratified to find the hawks engaged in making their breakfast of grasshoppers. They were scattered over a larger area than when we saw them the previous evening. Before 8 o'clock most of them had left the hills and settled down for the day in the poplar trees along the river bottom. Here I found the trees literally full of hawks, and counted as many as thirteen in one tree. Two of the three whose stomachs were examined contained grasshoppers and no other food. The third contained, in addition to grasshoppers, the head of a meadow mouse of the genus *Arvicola* (sub-genus *Chilotus*). One contained 88 grasshoppers, another 96, and the third 106. Most of the grasshoppers were a large species of *Œdipoda*, though a few belonged to the genus *Caloptenus*.

Assuming that each hawk captured 200 grasshoppers a day, and that there were 200 hawks, the daily catch would be 40,000 grasshoppers. At this rate these hawks would destroy 280,000 grasshoppers in a week, and 1,200,000 in a month. I have no means of knowing how long the hawks remained in the neighborhood of Pendleton, but was told that they had been there before our visit. When in southern California about a month later I was told by Mr. Edward Merriam that on three occasions he had noticed similar gatherings of hawks in San Diego county. Once he saw a flock of several hundred large hawks catching crickets in cracked adobe soil in the San Marcos Valley. At night the hawks came into the live oaks at the head of the valley to rest. He shot one and found its stomach packed full of large black crickets. On two other occasions he saw large flocks of these hawks similarly engaged in catching the same species of crickets. The time was during the latter part of September.

Mr. Angel, of San Luis Obispo, Cal., told me that he once saw a large number of large dark-colored hawks flying about over the edge of a prairie fire near Chico, in the Sacramento Valley. The air was full of grasshoppers, driven out of the grass by the fire, and the hawks were catching and feeding upon them.

Mr. T. S. Palmer, of Berkeley, Cal., has kindly furnished me with the following interesting communication on a flock of hawks observed by him at Pomona, Cal.:

"While spending the summer of 1887 at Pomona, Los Angeles county, Cal., I was much interested in a 'flock' of hawks which remained in the vicinity during the month of August. The fact of their congregating in such numbers may be attributed to two causes: (1) exceptional abundance of food in a particular spot; and (2) the fact that most of the birds were buteos (*B. swainsoni* predominating) which were migrating slowly southward.

"Their favorite resort was a sandy spot a mile east of the town, well out in the middle of the valley, and quite a distance from the neighboring mountains. A single irrigating ditch supplied the only water to be had, and to it all the birds in the vicinity were accustomed to resort to drink. Rocky and dry as the spot was, it was sparsely wooded with sycamores and live oaks, and overgrown with white sage, cacti, elderberry bushes, etc. About the first of the month the hawks become common, and although at times scarcely any could be seen, a day or two after they would be present in greater numbers than every before. On the 22d of August I succeeded in getting quite close to the flock, and counted fourteen hawks circling about together, much in the manner of turkey buzzards, and not more than 50 or 75yds. from the ground. Nearly all seemed to be young birds, chiefly *Buteo b. calurus* and *Buteo swainsoni*, although there were several which I was unable to identify. All were intently engaged in hunting, and I have little doubt that they were feeding on grasshoppers.

"During the month I secured but two specimens. The first taken on the 4th of August, and proved to be a ♀ *Buteo swainsoni* in very dark plumage. Upon dissection the gizzard was found to be tightly packed with grasshoppers, and the bird had no doubt gorged herself, for when

I approached the tree in which she was sitting she made no attempt to fly, even when I was almost under her. My second specimen, a typical ♂ *Buteo swainsoni*, was taken on the morning of August 31. Both the gizzard and œsophagus were filled with grasshoppers, and out of curiosity I undertook to ascertain their number. I found 110 pairs of the large hindlegs, while an assistant counted 133 heads. It is safe to say that this hawk had captured 125 grasshoppers before 9 A. M. If this can be considered as the average number killed per day by each bird, the total number killed by the flock during their stay in the vicinity must have been something incredible.

"About the 1st of September the hawks disappeared, and although I visited the place several times during December and January, as well as during the summer of 1888, I never saw more than two or three at one time circling about in search of food."

Perhaps some of your Western readers may record similar occurrences.

Game Bag and Gun.

SHOOTING CLUBS OF CHICAGO.—NO. 1.

THE FOX LAKE DISTRICT.

WHEN Abraham Lincoln was a young man there were muskrat houses where the Chicago City Hall now stands. All about Chicago and to the west and southwest especially, stretched unbroken miles of what was then thought to be worthless prairie land. The cooncapped settlers of Illinois clung to the timbered districts of the Kankakee, the Illinois and other streams, and ventured not forth upon a wind-swept plain whose soil, since it appeared too poor to grow trees, seemed to their eyes unfit for a crop of any life-supporting grain. Chicago, situated fairly in the middle of one of those vast marshes which at intervals threaded this worthless tract, was in her first struggle at growth sneered at as a wildcat town, and the Boston men who—as Boston men have ever since devotedly done in the development of the improved West—sunk their money in such risky securities as those of such a wildcut town, were pitied or derided by even the rough deer hunters of the Kankakee. The Boston man is easy victimized, even to-day. He could never, nor has he learned to resist the fascinations of a well-colored town map. For that Boston man, however, who braved the long and dangerous voyage by lake boat and stage coach, and found finally the spot where his money had vanished among the rat paths of what is now Chicago, there remained but the one course of despair. Chicago was built on a foundation of sunken wealth. We dig it up to-day, and often it has been returned to some foolish investor, or to his children, and returned increased a hundred thousand fold.

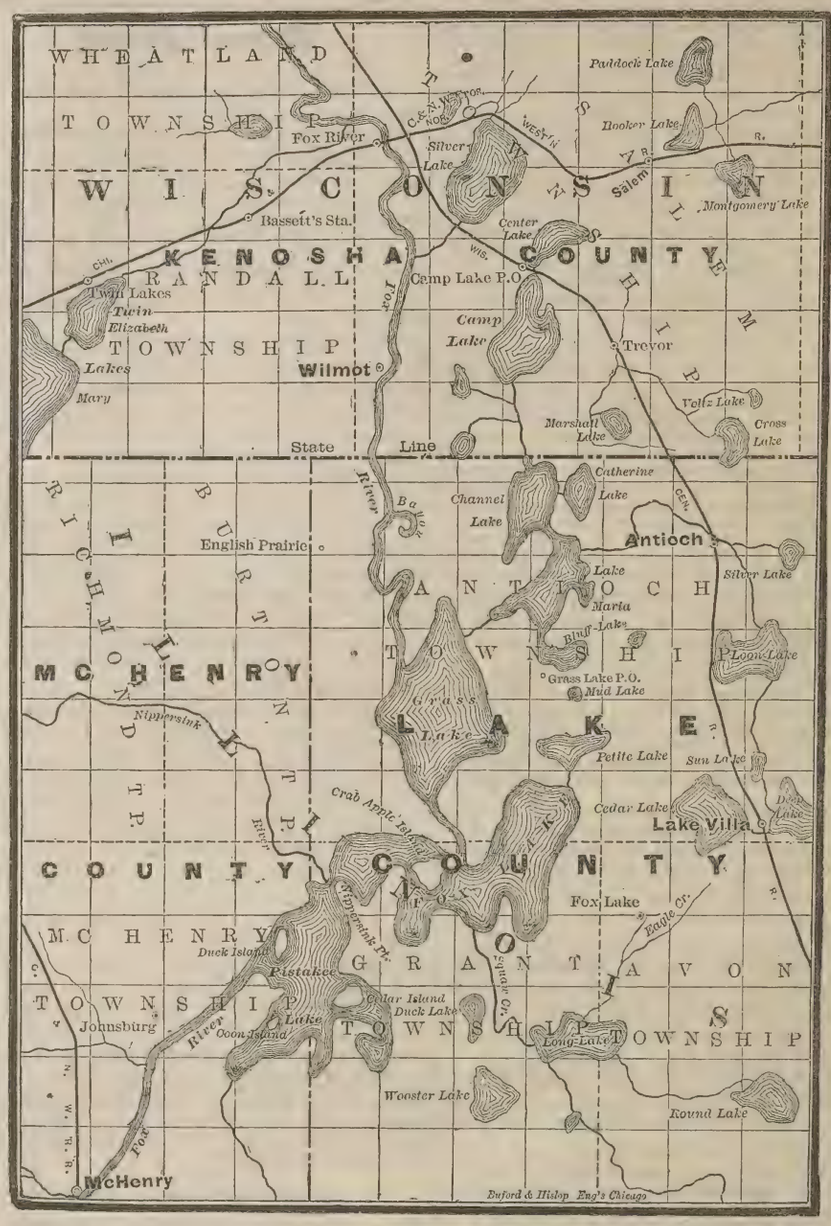
Counting what is part of Chicago, she is the second city of America. Counting what Chicago is and can do, she is the first city of the earth. Of her wonderful growth, almost superhuman in its phenomena, it was not possible for human mind to reckon. Of the wonderful changes which have occurred in that growth it is not possible for the human mind to more than faintly reason. They tell you that there was until lately very good canvasback shooting where a certain rolling mill now stands; you hear it, but do not understand it. My friend tells me that a few years ago he shot ducks on the exact spot where Potter Palmer's Northside winter mansion stands; my friend could not lie, but how could he shoot through those massive walls?

Clearly the Chicago man is a being of his own kind. Chicago cares nothing for the methods of another city; she has methods of her own. The only way you can appeal to a Chicago man is through the medium of ideas and of enterprise. If you have not been there, stay away from Chicago. Go to Boston or New York, or some other quiet and sleepy neighborhood.

It might have been supposed, though it has not been supposed, that Chicago men would know how to play as well as they know how to work. The conventional picture of the Chicago business man as being a careworn, overworked individual, with no soul above a dollar and no nose above a grindstone, is an altogether inaccurate and erroneous one. Quite to the contrary, the Chicago man knows how to take generous recreation as well and better than any other kind of a man. Chicago theaters are as good as any. Chicago city club houses are models of taste and luxury. More than all that, the Chicago man has due appreciation of the fact that only the outer air is good; and into the sports of the outer air he has gone with a thoroughness, a comprehensiveness and an intelligence which cannot be claimed by any other city. It shall appear later on in these articles that this is true not only of what is called the natural sporting class, but of none so much as our very best business men and most prominent citizens.

It is a common saying that Chicago has anything you want. Singularly enough, this is true even for the sportsman. Many a Western man has been surprised to learn that within fifty miles of Chicago there was better duck shooting than he ever saw, and bass fishing such as he hadn't had a legitimate chance to dream of; and he has been surprised at the ease with which regions could be reached near at hand to the city, abounding in deer, in trout, in ruffed grouse, and almost every kind of small game. The fact is the city lies in the middle of what is naturally a magnificent game country, and not even these continuous years of settlement and not the hiving here of countless swarms of motley humanity has served to frighten the wild game from its territory or clear the wild fish from their accustomed waters. Upon the north lie the unexhausted woods of the two peninsulas; nearer yet are the woods and streams of Wisconsin; below are the marshy bottom lands of the Kankakee and Illinois, the finest duck grounds out of doors; while any way you look there are pretty little lakes offering comfort and pleasure for a summer day. It is not fiction to say that in matters of sport also Chicago has all things in her hands. That Chicago would wisely foster her best interests in the matter of sport, as in all else, and that the characteristic ideas and enterprise would be shown in her method of doing this is, I say, a matter which might better have been expected, since it is really so plain a fact.

It was known in a general way that Chicago men had bought shooting grounds not far from the city; that they had preserved tracts of duck marsh; that they had in some instances erected club houses; but just the extent of what that means, and just the completeness and thoroughness implied in carrying that out, was left, I believe, for FOREST AND STREAM to learn. Certainly no other newspaper, so far as I know, has ever investigated this, certainly an interesting field.



MAP OF THE FOX LAKE DISTRICT.—BY COURTESY OF THE JOHN WILKINSON CO.

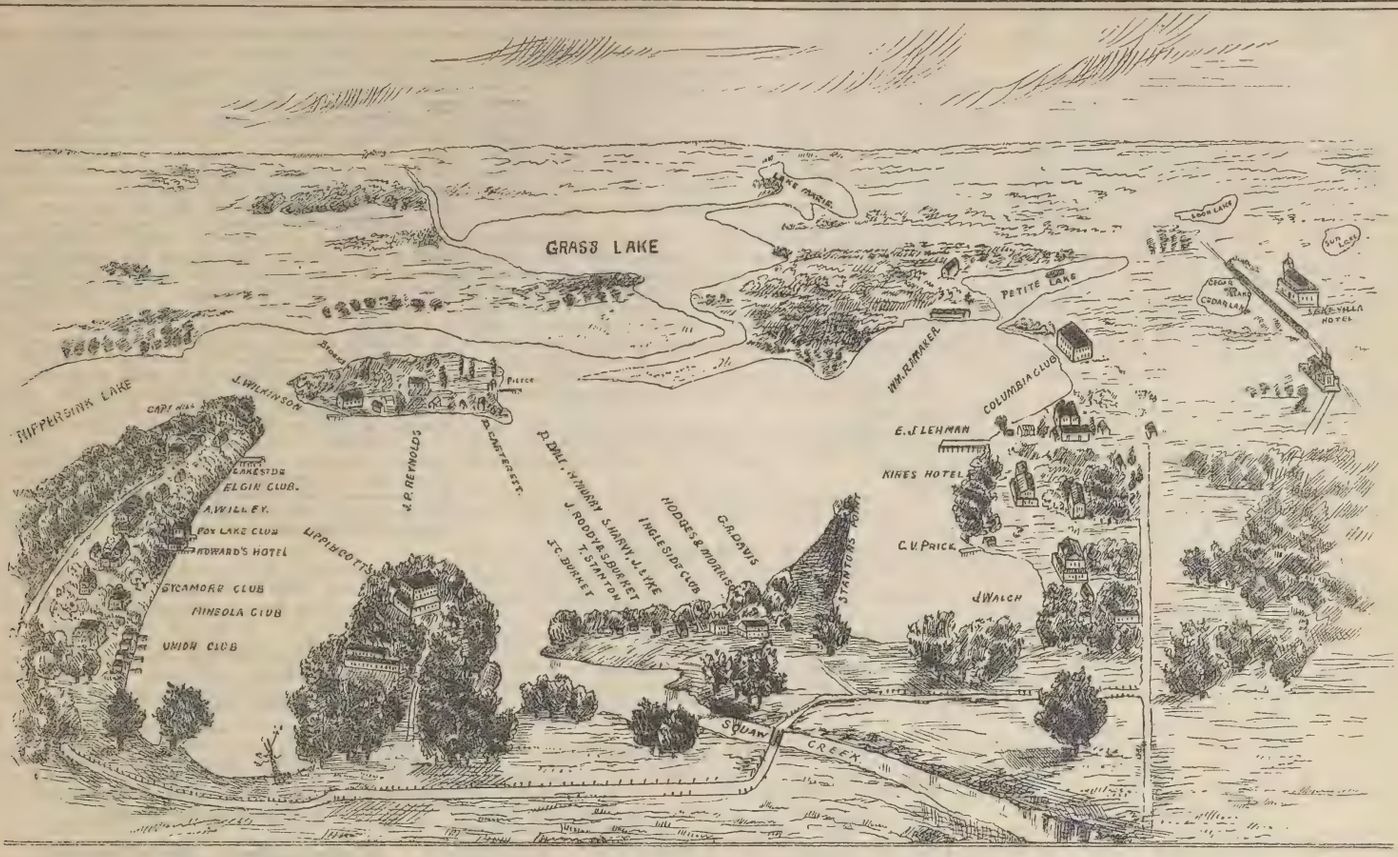
A glance at the accompanying map—prepared, by the way, as a matter of enterprise, by a firm which sells great quantities of fishing tackle to frequenters of that region—will show the general features of the best known sporting ground near Chicago, the Fox Lake district, famed for redheads, canvasbacks, big bass and pickerel.

The Indian whose canoe first parted the wild rice along these shores never lacked game or fish for his fire; the trapper of the past generation found his traps always full of fur along these waters, and the market shooter reveled in unstinted slaughter. Even to-day there is part of the old abundance left, and quite enough to warrant the general occupancy of the larger lakes with the club houses and cottages of Chicago's men of means. How general this occupancy has been is best seen by an examination of the appended birdseye map of Fox Lake and the immediately adjacent waters.

Fox Lake, the largest and deepest lake of the system, is an irregular sheet of water, about three by one and a half miles in dimensions, and is possessed of features of some picturesque interest, its banks being in great part heavily wooded and of not unpleasant outline. In depth the lake runs from shoals to eighty feet it is said. It has always been a great fishing ground for bass, pickerel, croppies, sunfish and other sorts, and the angler who understands his art can still be sure of a good creel there. The reedy shallows of the lake afford fine breeding grounds for the fish, and its deeper waters protect the big fellows from a too greedy persecution. A still better breeding bed exists in Grass Lake, which lies directly north of Fox Lake, connected by a long and winding channel. Grass Lake is a vast and shallow sea of rice, reeds and rushes, filled with numerous spots of deeper water. For the greater part of the year it is altogether impenetrable to the hunter or fisher, and cannot be troubled with line, spear or net. Camp Lake, Silver Lake, the Twin Lakes and Lake Maria are other lakes of the system which show good strings in the fishing season, and so does Pistaqua or Pistakee Lake, which is also one of the duck-shooting lakes. It is with Fox Lake, Grass Lake and Pistaqua Lake that the greater portion of our present interest centers.

In Lake county alone there are said to be over forty lakes. In two townships over one-half the superficial area is water, and good duck and fish water at that. The system offers for duck feed, wild celery, wild rice, the "marsh potato," spiral grass, smart weed, and many aquatic plants to which wildfowl resort less willingly. The deep-water ducks, canvasbacks, redheads, bluebills and ringbills have always made a heavy flight to the Fox Lake celery beds, the first this side of Koshkenong Lake, some distance to the north. Grass Lake, shallow, full of wild rice and other feed, is patronized by the mallards and teal more especially. Both classes of ducks trade along the river or cross the bluffs to Pistaqua Lake. Besides the varieties named there are found in less numbers the widgeon, ruddy duck, ringneck, goldeneye and bufflehead, with the sheldrakes, mergansers and that ilk, and some geese and brant. Swans are once in a while noticed, but none has been killed of late. Among the marsh ducks also are the "black mallard" (dusky duck), pintail, spoonbill, gadwall and woodduck. There is some good snipe ground about the lakes, and very decent bags are made in season. The spring flight of deep-water ducks is usually very heavy, as might be expected along so extended a chain of big waters holding feed, and until this lamentable fall there has generally been abundance of shooting for the many shooters. Only a portion of the territory is owned by the Chicago clubs, and the hotels can accommodate the visiting sportsman and supply him with boat and pusher. When one considers this, and when he further considers the crowded appearance of the lake shores, which look more like a village than a shooting locality, he will be surprised to hear that almost any one of the numerous bays affords good shooting. The ducks do not appear to mind the houses, but feed out in the open water in full view. It is rather an anomalous state of affairs, and shows nothing more clearly than the persuasive powers of wild celery. About as good fishing as any the lake affords is directly in front of the Howard House stairs. A Mr. Anderson, of this city, once took a 35½lb. muscallonge there. Two other gentlemen once caught an 18lb. muscallonge near Crab Apple Island. A 14-year-old boy with a common cane pole caught one of 32lbs. Dr. Bell, of Chicago, landed one of 31lbs. Yet another weighed 42½lbs. Large pike are also taken in the deep channel leading out of Grass Lake. The channel is clear, running over a sandy bed, and the banks of rushes and lilies on each side afford good lurking places for the big ones.

Among the good flyway points on Fox Lake are the little channel between Petite Lake and Fox Lake, the river bays between Nippersink and Fox Lakes, and the top of the wooded hill between Fox Lake and Pistaqua Lake. The latter stand lies just above the building marked "Union Club." (There is no Union Club now, that body having been absorbed by the Mineola Club).



There is a high narrow ridge between the two big lakes here, and an open spot in the timber on this high, dry, ridge, a most unlikely-looking spot, sometimes yields a good bag to a shooter who can hit a small body of lubricated electricity. There is a little round pond visible from this ridge, not shown on the maps, in which two guns last fall bagged 180 bluebills. This, however, was with decoys.

The art of shooting over decoys is highly perfected on Fox Lake. The cover on the main water is very poor, and artificial blinds must be used. These are sometimes constructed of oak boughs or rushes, tied to a frame whose supports are thrust into the bottom of the lake. The shooting is done from the boat, which is anchored in the blind. The canvas blind, described in detail in a late article as a gunny-sack cover spread on a stretching frame to a height of about 3ft. above the boat, is rapidly coming into favor and general use. I should think some of the blinds mentioned as used by some of the river clubs could be introduced with good results on Fox Lake, and perhaps some shooters there may use them, although I do not know of any such.

The method of shooting is to go out in the morning and find some bay where a bank of birds are feeding, whereupon they are quietly driven out, the blind arranged and the decoys put out. The ducks come back to feed, and come in usually in twos and threes, or in small bunches, in the best way for shooting. This, at least, is the theoretical way they come in, and the actual way when the birds are "new." They soon become wary and decoy very little except in the dim light or unusual changes of the weather. Last spring, on one day between the hours of 9 A. M. and 12 M., Dr. Baxter bagged 14 bluebills and ran out of shells. Two thousand ducks once went down the lake as one steamer load, the product of two days on the lake. This is a sample of what the decoy shooting sometimes is. Of course, the shooting is best in the spring, as ducks then decoy more readily. Among the favorite localities on Fox Lake are Willow Point blind, across the lake from the bluff, Indian Point, Ingleside Bay, Willard's Cove and the bays at the head of the lake. Along Pistaqua Lake are Slough Bay, Redhead Bay, Eagle Bay, Meyer's Bay, Drury's Bay and the point which runs out below the old Cedar Island Club.

The favorite boat on Fox Lake is not over 12ft. long, double-ended, flat-bottomed, decked and combed. These boats ride a very heavy sea, provided you don't attempt to run them end on. Wallowing in the trough, they seem never to take any water. This was a new style of boating to me, but it seemed to work. There are, of course, many sailing craft, and two or three beastly little nuisances of pleasure steamers, whose skippers take a wild delight in cruising through the center of the lake and keeping the ducks stirred up from their only resting ground.

There are some matters which should receive the strong attention of those interested in the continuance of Fox Lake as a pleasure ground. One of these is fishing through the ice during the winter; it is destroying the fish at a terrible rate. Another is the continual harrying of the ducks in the open water, and the incessant "coasting" them up along the shores in the morning. Not a boat ought to go out on the lake before full daybreak, and each boat ought to go directly to its own stand, and leave the edges of the lake alone. Shooting on the middle of the lake should be stopped entirely. Thus the ducks would have given them a chance to feed and a chance to rest, and would not be so apt to entirely desert the region, as they may soon do unless a change is made. To try to row up on a bunch of ducks in the open lake, and by repeated firing of heavy charges to perhaps scratch down one out of fifty shots, is not sportsmanlike, and sportsmen should endeavor to have it stopped. Let each shooter keep to his blind or flyway, and the total result will be very much greater. The ducks must have some chance, or they cannot be expected to stay.

The birds-eye map gives a fair idea of the general lay of the lake, and is accurate in its essential features. To the left, along Nippersink, there lie a few landmarks which are not shown, among others Harry Dunnell's house and the residences of Rob. Stanley and Capt. Hill, the commander of the steamers Mamie and Mary Griswold. The visitor to the lakes can take a steamer across from the east shore, or if he wishes to go to one of the larger club houses or hotels or the bluff, can follow a winding and not very good road, six miles around the lake.

This district can be reached via Northwestern Railway to McHenry, where a journey by stage or steamer of six or eight miles is necessary, or by the more generally convenient route of the Wisconsin Central, which runs on up to the Wisconsin Lakes of the system. The usual point where the club men disembark is Lake Villa. The schedule rate for a round trip ticket from Chicago on Lake Villa is $2.45, on Camp Lake $2.90, on Silver Lake $3. A twenty-five-ride commutation ticket on Lake Villa can be purchased for $12.45. The distance is only about fifty miles, and a shooter leaves the city at 3 P. M., arriving at the club house for supper in the evening, and in time to make all preparations for the morning shoot.

From the above preliminary and necessarily rather guide-bookish description some little idea can be gained of this, the most general playground of Chicago. In the summer time it comes as near as anything to being Chicago's Coney Island; but in the shooting season it has a sterner aspect, and you may meet here nearly every well-known shooter of the city, including many members of the clubs below town. If there are ducks anywhere, there are ducks at Fox Lake, and many duck hunters who have strayed away after other idols are glad to come back to the Fox Lake country when they hear the flight is on.

There are a number of clubs and private citizens owning property on the shores of Fox Lake. Several neat cottages adorn the little island known as Crabapple Island, as shown in the birdseye map. The more important club houses lie along the picturesque west shore, whose wooded bluffs reach back to a considerable height. The sites of these club houses are picturesque in the extreme, and a sojourn in one of those abodes is enough to rest a tired man, whether he gets any ducks or not.

The club intended for specific mention on the following week is the Mineola Club, a very strong and thoroughly representative body of Chicago sportsmen, a complete list of whose names will be given. E. HOUGH.

175 MONROE STREET.

DUCKS BY THE BARRELFUL.

Editor Forest and Stream:

You are often asked, "Where have the ducks gone?" Let me tell you where some have gone. Two weeks ago I was on my way to Arkansas, when our train stropped at Paw Paw Junction. This is just at the edge of the "Sunk Lands" of the St. Francis River, Arkansas. On the platform were twelve barrels and two sacks of mallards for a produce house in St. Louis. On the night before nineteen barrels were shipped from the same place to the same house. Here were thirty-one barrels and two sacks sent out in two days. The smallest barrel was marked "sixty-four mallards."

Now, let the gentleman sportsman figure up, and let him add a fair number of cripples and ducks lost in the weeds, and he will get some idea of what these market-shooters are doing. These fellows own nothing but their guns and dinghy boats, and follow the ducks to their bedding waters werever they go; yet, with infinite gall, they have posted up notices warning outsiders against coming there to hunt. It is probable that not one of the gang ever saw a tax receipt (of his own) in his life; yet men who do something to keep this country going must stay away that they may kill and sell. Every little time I see some crank who defends the "poor market-hunter." I wish men of this stamp could have seen this pile of slaughtered ducks. I know you are doing all you can, but why in the name of heaven can't we get up some laws to stop the sale of game. That is the only thing to do. Must the tens of thousand of true sportsmen all over this land give up their sport in order that a few market-hunters and a few produce houses may make money? Year by year we go further and get less; and it will be only a question of time till all American game will go just as the buffaloes have gone. EARNEST.

ADIRONDACK DEER.

NUMBER FOUR, N. Y., Dec. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am in favor of anything that will tend to save the deer. A law to prohibit the killing of does would be an excellent measure of protection. Something needs to be done to protect both the does and bucks if we would have deer long in the Adirondacks.

The extension of the open season for hounding was the best possible thing for the destruction of Adirondack deer that could be devised. More than twice as many deer were killed during the last fifteen days as during all the rest of the open season. Deer take to water much quicker as the season gets later. During September, especially the first half, deer do not like to swim, and will throw the hound off the track by running into small streams or skirting along the shores of lakes. Besides, in October farmers and most people living around the borders of the woods have their work done and are ready for a hunt, and every dog that will follow a deer is brought into requisition. The three deer and one deer transportation law does does not apply to the hounders; they jerk all the surplus, and it is brought out of the woods in that way. I know of parties that went into the woods last October and numbered more than twenty hunters with nearly as many hounds. If they killed three deer each it amounts to nearly one hundred deer. I agree with E. S. W. that if there must be any hounding at all let it be in September. But why have any hounding at all, if destructive, which every one knows it is? For, like crusting, it brings the easy killing of deer within the reach of all. Will some one explain the difference in the principle of driving them into the water where there is no chance of escape and catching them in the deep snow. I think that of the two modes crusting is more to be commended as it does require long tramps on snowshoes, and a good deal of labor. I believe the time is not far distant, when whoever taking advantage of its instinct by driving a deer into the water with a dog, and it is while there deprived of all means of escape, sets upon him with his boat, repeating rifle or club, whichever weapon best suits his fancy, and murders him, will be rated with the cruster. It requires no more skill nor experience, and I believe is no more honorable nor sportsmanlike.

I do not see any objection to having the open season extended to Dec. 1, so long as one is restricted to three deer. Not one in a hundred can exceed that number were he to hunt the whole of November. There seems to be a growing tendency among sportsmen to try still-hunting deer in the woods. They begin to appreciate that there is more pleasure in following the wary deer in its native haunts and learning its habits, and where one is constantly coming in contact with fresh objects of interest to the student of nature, than there is in sleepily waiting in his boat for the frightened deer to carry out the warnings of its instinct for safety by plunging into the water, only to be more horrified by the sight of the hunter there awaiting its destruction.

I know of some sportsmen who abhor hounding and jacking and are foremost in protecting the deer in the Adirondacks, and who only enjoy still-hunting in November, and think it unfair that they are denied the privilege of killing their three deer when they are in their prime and when the weather is cold enough so that their families and friends can share with them the spoils of the hunt. MUSSET.

A DEER'S TENACITY OF LIFE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

One of the incidents related to me on my Maine woods trip this year was told by Mr. Wm. H. McCrellis, of Bangor, as I journeyed homeward on the train. Mr. McCrellis is now an elderly man and one of the wealthiest and best known in the State of Maine. He told me the story with permission to print it, and gave me the name of a gentleman now resident in Boston, who was with him a witness to the event, which was the disemboweling of a deer by its own act and an astonishing display of vitality thereafter. The gentleman named, with a guide, and, I think, one or two others, were years ago on a prospecting trip up the West Branch, and were near Nickatous—or Nickatow as it is often called—when they discovered several deer feeding in a grassy meadow near the stream. By advice of the guide they governed their movements so that the deer when alarmed would run in a certain direction. If I mistake not one of the party was sent with the canoe to make a detour and drive the deer past the others.

Be this as it may, one of the deer was seen to run swiftly past, leaping over a large log as it went. On following on in the direction of its flight what was the surprise of Mr. McCrellis and his companions to find the deer lying in the grass stone dead and disemboweled as completely as if done by a butcher. Following backward on the trail they found the entrails in a mass where they fell—"a fan would have covered them," said Mr. McCrellis—and just in the rear the instrument which had performed this surgery, viz., a sharp-pointed stub projecting up from the log and almost unnoticeable in the tall grass, but so placed that the deer in its flight had caught upon it and ripped itself completely open. The astonished men then carefully paced the distance from the entrails to where the deer fell dead, and found it 102yds. This they determined with all possible exactness under the circumstances, and Mr. McCrellis told the story with apparently complete memory of every detail, adding that so far as he knew he and his companion were the only persons who ever saw a deer so effect its own destruction.

I have heard of the Southern negroes setting scythes in the runways of deer in such a manner that in leaping a log or gap in a fence a deer would now and then kill itself and furnish venison for the cabin, a method most repulsive as it has always seemed to me.

The long run of the deer after the accident described by Mr. McCrellis will not, I think, be doubted by hunters, most of whom have at some time seen instances of great tenacity of life in the case of mortally wounded animals.

I remember seeing once on the Fox River in Illinois a woodcock, through whose eye and brain a shot had passed, fly an eighth of a mile before the automatic action of the wings ceased. It seemed to have alighted naturally in the long grass of a meadow where I marked it down, and I supposed it unwounded till, in quartering the ground to put it up again, I discovered it lying gently on the grass with wings full spread, without a feather ruffled, but stone dead. C. H. AMES.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 19.—I notice last week's FOREST AND STREAM contains an editorial on the question of the failure of the duck supply in this section. The grounds taken are quite similar to those of a note or so sent in by myself just before I had seen last week's paper, and which may perhaps appear this week. The duck question this fall has been rather a puzzler, even for our old duck shooters here. At this writing, I am not so sure but what some of the apprehension expressed is ill-founded. A couple of weeks or so ago I had a short note about a Kankakee hunter, who declared that the ducks were still north of us. To-day I was talking with Mr. Henry A. Sloan, a very well known game dealer of this city, and he tells me that even at this late date ducks are still going south, and that the shooting below here is at some points better than its has been this season. Mr. Sloan says he has all fall had reports of exceptionally good feed to the north of us, and although the feed in some localities near here was very fair indeed, the ducks have lingered where they were, the low waters of this region being no inducement to them to come on down. I know on the Skunk River, in Iowa, where my boyhood shooting was done, we always had plenty of ducks when we had high water, spring or fall.

Abe Kleinman, as noted a market hunter as this city has, is now at Pawpaw, Mo., on the line of the New Madrid swamp. He has been gone eight days, and yesterday sent in his first bag of ducks. He says the flight is just getting down. The Swan Lake boys, who went down to the New Madrid country got back too soon, it seems.

Last Monday night as Mr. Sloan was going home after business, he heard a big gang of honkers going over. There were over one hundred in the flock. They went down into Lake Michigan, just beyond Mr. Sloan's house, which is on Prairie avenue, a street that runs parallel to the lake front and near to it. These geese probably just dropped into the lake to rest, on their flight south.

Mr. Sloan told me that ducks appear to get thin and poor very soon after they get south of here. Those coming in consignments from the south now are in full plumage, but are light in weight.

"I wish that I never had to sell a duck in the spring," said this same liberal-minded sportsman; "ducks are then lean and poor, and there is no satisfaction in handling them, quite aside from the moral wrong of killing them at that season. I would emphatically do all I could to assist a movement for prohibiting spring shooting. We need such prohibition and ought to have it."

The other day Mr. Peter Mack, of Hammond, Ind., killed on the Little Calumet a milk-white teal duck. It was shipped to Mr. Sloan, who presented it to a brother game dealer, Mr. Mauprine, to add to his very choice collection of mounted specimens. Last year, standing at nearly precisely the same spot where he killed this duck, Mr. Mack killed a perfect specimen of an albino blackbird. The occurrence is singular.

The Chicago game markets are a sight for a sportsman now, and there is hardly any sort of game in the United States which is not now on display at South Water street. Two elk were shipped in last week. They came from the Indian Territory, and were accompanied with a blacktail deer and several antelope. The game must have come from the very extreme west of the Indian Territory, I should think. I thought all the elk were killed off, even in the black-jack country of the western end of the Nations. A number of black bears are shown. I am told that these bears are shipped in earlier, in the fall, and are kept in refrigerator rooms for the holiday trade, as bears by that time have holed up, over the greater part of the country. A few are sent in during the winter from the Indian Territory. I know from experience that they are all in the ground in that country in January and February, if the winter is a severe one.

A lot of sharptail grouse had just got in from Kansas when I was down on the street. They looked almost white and were beautiful birds. I never saw them looking so much like ptarmigans.

Abundance of jack rabbits and great Northern hares are seen among the cottontails, marsh rabbits, etc., which festoon the markets now, and gray and fox squirrels fairly litter the sidewalks. Pinnated grouse, ruffed grouse, quails, and all sorts of feathered game are coming in rapidly to the markets. Dealers say, however, that their observation teaches them that the three-years prairie chicken law has been very well respected in Illinois.

The opossum is growing in favor as a game bird. Numbers of them are in our markets, with a great many raccoons also.

The supply of wild turkeys does not seem scant. Most of these come from the Indian Territory. There are few wild geese in the markets, and almost no canvasback ducks.

While we were looking at the antelope Mr. Sloan told me of a little incident which occurred during his hunt last fall:

"We were down in the Chickasaw nation," said he, "not far from Henrietta, Texas, and while we were at a ranch a little round-up was made near the home camp. We didn't know there were any antelope near there, and not one of us had a gun along; but when it came to cutting out the beef cattle, we found twenty-one antelope in among the herd of cattle. The guns were all at the house, and we didn't get an antelope. They had been driven in by the boys from the flats, but had kept so close among the cattle that nobody knew they were there."

E. HOUGH.

THE WOODCOCK SUPPLY.

MANCHESTER, N. H.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The experience of sportsmen in this vicinity in woodcock hunting last fall differs but little from that of others in other sections. It is the general feeling here that there was an unusual scarcity of birds; whether the flight went by unobserved during the heavy rains of early October is a matter of opinion; some of our most experienced bird hunters think it did. At any rate, fewer birds were killed about Manchester last fall than for many seasons before. Here, as elsewhere in New England, fall birds were found upon their summer feeding places; it was a rare exception when a cock was started on high ground. I have talked with some of the best woodcock hunters in this vicinity, and they all agree in rating the season of 1888 as one of the most unsatisfactory they ever knew of. Not over fifty birds were killed by any party here, and many failed to get one-half this number. It is within easy remembrance when a two or three days' hunt would bring to bag better results.

Partridge shooting was better through November and December than in any other part of the season, and more birds were killed; but at no time was the sport up to the mark. Bird hunters hereabout are talking strongly of using their efforts in favor of the passage of a law by the next Legislature placing a bounty on foxes, which have not been so numerous for years as they are at the present time. It is a well-known fact that foxes are most destructive to young partridges, and by some the scarcity of the crop in this locality the past season is largely attributed to their numbers. Bird hunters have also been multiplying here within a few years, but the wily grouse manages to hold his own pretty well with most of them. The following, taken from the Manchester *Mirror and Farmer* of a recent date, is an interrsting incident of the woodcock season:

"Simon E. Young, the well-known Massachusetts bird hunter, and one of the finest brush shots in New England, had an experience with woodcock this season that he says will never happen again in his lifetime. It was the last week in October that he met with it, and the story can best be told in 'Sim's' own words: 'I started out that afternoon,' said he, 'to look for woodcock. I looked into several covers and found a few scattering birds. Just toward night I dropped into another cover and there I started one cock which got up wild and flew across a stone wall into another patch. I followed after. My dog Prince jumped over the wall and when he landed he was 'froze stiff.' I then got over as carefully as I could, but when I landed up jumped a woodcock right under my feet. I killed the bird, but the old dog didn't budge an inch. I told him to go on and repeated the command, but he clung to his point. Then I moved forward a little and a bird got up. I killed her and began to wonder what kind of a place I had got into. I hadn't much time to decide, for it was then too dark to see a bird unless one got well up into the air, and it was not long before it became too dark for even that. I got one more bird and then left. How many birds were in there? I don't know, but more than I ever saw before in a single cover. The piece was not over an acre in size and it was white with plasterings. Prince couldn't move a rod without getting on to a bird, and finally I had to take him by the collar and drag him out of the cover. In going out I started from a dozen to fifteen birds. They got up all around me and flew, but it was too dark to shoot and I had to leave them. I honestly believe there were close to fifty woodcock in that piceg of round and it was as nice shooting there as a man ever need to wish for. I went home and the next morning entered the cover bright and early. The chalkings were all there, but every bird had left. They got out during the night. It was a chance that I shall never have again, and what wouldn't I have given for a few hours more of daylight.' 'Sim' doesn't tell where that acre patch is located, but rest assured he will watch it closely in the future."

A MAINE GAME SEIZURE.—One of the Bangor papers last week reported: "The largest haul of game, being transported in violation of law, made in this State was accomplished yesterday by Game Warden Allen, on a through car from Ellsworth to Boston at the Maine Central depot in this city. Warden Allen has a sharp eye upon all attempts to evade or violate the game laws and regularly visits trains arriving in this city from the north and east. While engaged in this duty on the Ellsworth train which arrived yesterday afternoon, his attention was attracted to a way-bill which contained the following entry: '13 barrels and 13 cases M. T. bottles,' addressed to Hamilton Campbell, wholesale liquor dealer, 216 Commercial street, Boston. It struck him as peculiar that so many 'M. T.' liquor bottles should be shipped from the law-abiding precinct of Hancock county, and he at once made an investigation which resulted in the discovery that instead of empty bottles the packages were filled with saddles of venison, packed in hay, and surrounded by a few bottles to add to the deceit by their clinking while being handled. The weight of the seized venison was over two tons. Game Warden Allen and Fish and Game Commissioner Stilwell are highly elated over the successful capture of so much 'contraband' deer meat, and the more so that they have information which will fix the guilt upon the parties who shipped it and who will be made an example of to the extent of the law. It is an illustration on a large scale of the great amount of poaching which is being carried on in the eastern counties and which is made possible by the repeal of the law giving a moiety of the fines to the wardens, the whole now going into the treasury of the counties where the seizures are made. The meat is frozen and in fine condition, and we understand will be sold by order of the Commissioners to private parties, who will thus be enabled to lay by a nice saddle for use as wanted. We congratulate Warden Allen on his magnificent capture."

HALLOCK, Minn., Dec. 17.—Benson brothers returned to town to-day with four moose, eleven elk and nine deer, results of a ten days' hunt to the eastward. They will spend the next thirty days in capturing wolves, which are said to be very plenty where they have been. Their hunt has certainly been a success this season. Game is nearer Hallock than before. The Roseau shooting has not been a success this season for some reason. October and part of November were very stormy and disagreeable months, with much rain and some snow. The last part of November clear and bright, no snow and best of skating on glare ice. The past four weeks convince us that we beat the Eastern climate. We have a grand country, grand climate and grand atmosphere.—E. H. L.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

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"SPECIAL'S" account in your last issue of the singular moose hunt on Moluncus Lake in Maine "reminds me" of a story which I have often in boyhood heard my father tell, and the truth of which I never heard questioned. "Special" seems to think it very funny that the guide who told the moose story to the Messrs. Moore believed it. I for one think it not at all incredible, and perhaps the following may make it appear less so to "Special."

I have forgotten details, but the gist of it was that during one of those periods of deep winter snow in New Hampshire, when, as many of us can attest, there sometimes come some hours of rain and sleet and then a freeze, leaving a crust of glare ice over everything strong enough to hold up an ox team, some young fellows conceived the idea of having some coasting extraordinary. They dragged from a dooryard and with much effort and pains a large lumber sled and took it far up a slope beyond the house. They mounted the sled in high spirits and "let her go," intending to bring up in the dooryard from which they had started. So great was the weight of the sled and its load and so slippery the surface that they attained a terrific speed in a few moments, and not only dashed through the dooryard but clean through an open barn and down a long slope beyond, finally bringing up in a meadow many rods away, not, however, without remarkable adventure *en route*.

There happened at this time to be an old white horse standing in the barn and quietly munching hay. Quick as a flash the darting sled knocked his legs from under him and landed him on to the sled, half killing the astonished and helpless boys, and carrying them all to the foot of the hill. Nor was this the end of it. Up that hill on the icy crust no horse could come, and for nearly a week he had to be supported on hay carried to the meadow by the boys.

The account of the sled knocking the legs of the moose from under him and landing him on to the sled, the sharp stakes of which pierced his side, does not really seem to me so impossible an occurrence.

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While I am about it let me also tell a moose story, of the truth of which I think there can be no doubt. I have several times heard it from the lips of the hero of it, who was no other than Mr. Sylvester Abby, of Brownville, Me., well known throughout all that region as Uncle Vet Abby, a man of somewhat remarkable character, a great reader and talker, and one who had in his day killed a great amount of game. My favorite guide, Billings, and Uncle Vet were comrades on many a hunting and trapping expedition, and it was from Billings that I first heard the following story. On my recent trip to the Maine woods I learned that Uncle Vet died only a few months ago, and I remembered how lying in camp one snowy First near to Merry Lake he told me how narrowly he once escaped death years before.

He had started with one companion on a moose hunt. They dragged a light moose sled by which to bring home the meat, for meat they were very sure of in those days. They killed a bull moose and the other man started back with the sled and a load of meat, while Uncle Vet pushed forward on the trail of the mate of the first one. She was an enormous beast and he was particularly anxious to secure her, and as he had succeeded in wounding her, his prospects seemed good. He followed fast and far on his snowshoes, and found that going down hill the moose gained on him, but going up hill he gained on her. Becoming greatly heated and thinking to rush in and finish the moose, he discarded his coat, but the chase led him on and on, and it was almost sunset, when, in going up the northern slope of a mountain, he brought his game to bay, and firing quickly, put out one of the eyes of the

creature, but did not kill it. Trying to reload he found to his consternation that all his bullets, which he carried loose in a pocket, were gone. The moose was facing him and showing fight, when he hastily slipped into his smooth-bore a small pocket knife and fired the fatal shot. Cutting the throat of the moose he then began to realize his predicament. He was bathed in perspiration, without a coat, an icy wind was blowing fiercely up the slope and he was instantly chilled through, and in a few moments it would be quite dark.

There was but one thing to do, and with all possible speed he did it. He stripped off the hide of the moose, and turning the hair side next his body, wrapped himself in its great folds and lay down in the snow to await the morning.

Amply protected in this way he slept till daylight, when he awoke—and to the awful consciousness that he could stir neither hand nor foot, but was held as if encased in boiler plate. The hide was frozen hard as iron.

Any one can see that this must naturally have occurred, but I have never heard of another case of it in actual fact. Uncle Vet struggled with all the fierce energy of despair, realizing what a horrible and lingering death was assuredly before him if he could not free himself. It was all in vain. The folds of the thick hide were like iron. Again he tried to move. The veins stood out on his forehead, as he could plainly feel, and a fever was in all his frame. Finally he found that under his hip, where the greatest weight of his body had come, the hide seemed a little flexible. After a while he managed to bend it a little here and to be able to slightly move one arm. In the end he was enabled to secure a little leverage and then a little more, till finally he emerged from the deadly embrace of the frozen hide, an exhausted and thankful man. EBEMEE.

Sea and River Fishing.

CHARLOTTE HARBOR.

THIRD PAPER—1888.

IT was with glad anticipations that, at Philadelphia, I took my place in the West India Mail on the morning of the 10th of March, on my way to Charlotte Harbor. I should leave behind me the "fatal month of March," with its cutting winds and awful changes of temperature, and in three days, clad in summer clothing, filch from astonished Nature a fortnight of fishing—the best in the world. But I little thought my dread of what I should leave behind would be more than justified by the reality; for the next day, and while I was enjoying the sunshine and flowers of Jacksonville, my own home was isolated from intercourse with the world by the phenomenal blizzard which then overwhelmed the Middle States. I knew nothing of this fearful storm until its effects—except as to the health of individuals—were past; but the storm affected the fishing to some extent by the "northers" which followed it, chilling the waters in the South, and causing the saltatory mullet to abandon his gambols and the great tarpon to scatter and decline the bait.

A collision, at which I "assisted," within a hundred miles of Punta Gorda, disarranged the Florida Southern Railway system for twenty-four hours, so that I missed the boat for Pine Island. The collision, which pulverized two locomotives and killed our engineer, had the effect to introduce me to an agreeable fellow traveler, by the novel method of projecting my forehead against his, giving him a black eye, but doing neither of us further damage. This gentleman was my companion in many fishing trips after our arrival at St. James.

At Punto Gorda, where there is a really first-class hotel, we found that the boat for Pine Island did not start until the second day after our arrival, but we were able, fortunately, to secure a small steamer, commanded by an old acquaintance of mine, to take us onward the next morning. We inquired the probable chance of securing accommodations at St. James, but were told by every one about the Punta Gorda Hotel that there were no rooms to be had; that the place was crowded, and that the visitor would be put to all manner of hardships. There seemed almost a conspiracy to keep people from going further. I found the leader of a party of ladies and gentlemen who had come down on the same train with myself, with the intention of going to St. James, buttonholed by two new arrivals, retrograding from the lower end of the harbor—whether from St. James or Punta Rassa I do not recall—who were inveighing with bitterness against the place they had left. "Dem beastly hole, you know! Awful table; breakfast at 7 o'clock; hear nothin' but talk about blawsted tarpon, y' know!" and so on. "We didn't unpack our tackle, y' know; just came away by first boat."

I have heard complaints of the table at St. James from people who ought to make allowance for the great obstacles there are to the keeping of a hotel at a spot so remote. But I never heard a complaint from a true fisherman. The name is not to be applied to him who strolls out after a *déjeuner à la fourchette* to take a fingerling with sewing silk and a wand, but to him who matches his strength, endurance and skill against a powerful, frenzied and beautiful fish; be it the salmon or striped bass of the North, or the tarpon of the South, and to gain his object he will seek almost inaccessible wilds, and submit to all kinds of discomforts. First-class hotels and the best of fishing are rarely found together. The San Carlos, at St. James, however, is a really good hotel, and the fishing is unequalled anywhere—in the United States, at least. The house was clean, the manager and his aid eager to please and untiring in their efforts, and no fault could be found with the sleeping accommodations. There was not much variety in the bill of fare (which seemed to be a ground of complaint with some), but everything was well cooked and well served by neat New England girls. The orders of the guests as to their meals are promptly and cheerfully attended to.

Complaints of bad living at a resort where sport is good, do not always impress one with the superior refinement of the complainant. There is one class of travelers who live delicately at home, yet, if the sport is good, never complain of inferior accommodation abroad, and munch the hard-boiled egg provided for luncheon and sleep the sleep of the just on the *ter quaterque duratus* of the tavern mattress. The other class, through inefficient housekeepers or from other causes, live a sordid and scrambling life at their own homes, so that the first-class restaurant becomes their idea of table comfort. To live at a hotel is to them the apotheosis of good living. When they do not get the best (restaurant) cookery and variety on their travels, the hotel is condemned, and no matter how excellent the sport with rod or gun may be, the disappointment at table eclipses all pleasure in anything else. To the latter class, from their appearance and manners, the grumblers at Punta Gorda, and others of their kind met with here and there in Florida, doubtless belonged.

For myself, the table at Pine Island was quite as good as any I have ever seen where superior game fish could be taken in abundance—much better than elsewhere in Florida under similar conditions—and for cleanliness and comfort of rooms and prompt attention to the wishes of guests, there could be no cavil or criticism.

An improvement over last year's arrangements was that breakfast could be had as early as 5:30 in the morning, so that the fisherman could be in his boat and on his way to the tarpon grounds by 7:30. I say the "tarpon grounds," for there was little pursuit of any other kind of fish. Last year's history had gone abroad, and there were collected at both St. James and Punta Rassa fishermen from all over the United States, from Canada, and even from England and France. One gentleman had journeyed all the way from his San Francisco home to take a tarpon, and after three weeks without a fish was still in good spirits and confident that he would secure at least one. The tarpon talk at the hotel was incessant. The house was deserted by all but the ladies during the day, but at night all the fishermen had to compare notes as to the day's experience, and relate the thrilling strikes they had had, or congratulate the one or two of their number who had secured a fish. Mr. Hecksher had just taken his 184lbs. fish—the only tarpon to the credit of the Reva's company, I was told—and that achievement had to be talked over and wondered at. Over at Punta Rassa, where there was a company of the genuine old mossback "lone fishermen," Hecksher's achievement created a sensation and, to excel the Pine Islanders, they were compelled to count Col. Quay's big fish of 187½lbs., thereby violating their solemn rule to count no fish taken with a handline. The Pennsylvania statesman is an experienced and skillful fisherman, and he has the courage to avow and practice his preference for the unpopular handline.

Some of the guides tell queer stories of their patrons. They relate that certain of those whose names appear as captors of tarpon "with rod and reel," first played, or had the guide play, the fish with the despised handline until nearly ready for the gaff, and then when the fish, exhausted, was near the boat, a hasty tie of the handline was made to a line on a rod, the handline cut, and the performance finished in short order with the rod. The tender conscience of the fisherman was thus appeased, and he was able to enter into the fishing record at the hotel his fish was taken in the approved method.

The month of March was not kind to the fisherman the present year. The climatic disturbances of the North had their echoes and effects even on the far Gulf coast; not making the temperature of the air disagreeable to man, but lowering that of the water so that fish did not take the bait with avidity. While the aggregate number of tarpon taken at St. James and Punta Rassa was greater than ever before, yet, owing to the largely increased number of their pursuers, the individual scores were not so high as last year's. The majority secured at least one fish, but for many it required great perseverance. A Massachusetts gentleman fished continuously through five weeks, every day, before he was rewarded with his first tarpon, and as soon as his prize was secured and lodged with John Smith to be preserved and shipped North, his errand being fully accomplished, he returned home by the most direct way. The other extreme was represented by a railroad president from Maine, who arrived at St. James at 2 o'clock, found all the boatmen gone, obtained Capt. John Smith's services by special favor, and a single ill-savored mullet for bait, anchored his boat among the fleet of fishermen, and in less than three hours was back at the wharf with the only tarpon of the day.

My own experience was not remarkable. I killed my fish on the tenth day, averaging about two hours each day of the ten tarpon fishing. The fish was below the average in size—weighing 88lbs.—and was brought to gaff in 35 minutes, making only nine leaps clear of the water. He was a sullen and powerful fish, but did not give the excitement and pleasing terror which my captive of last year afforded. After his capture, I gladly devoted the remainder of my stay to the swarms of minor fishes with which the harbor and its passes teem. While fishing for tarpon, we would sometimes be visited by a school of "ocean turbot," a very odd-looking fish; a savage biter and fierce puller, and by many highly esteemed as food. Then the omnipresent spotted trout, or Southern weakfish, make good sport either trolling or still-fishing. A very beautiful and interesting fish is the lady-fish, or seven-pounder, a miniature tarpon, with large silvery scales and big yellow eye, like his mighty counterpart. Like the tarpon, too, this fish, when hooked, spends a good part of the time out of water, indulging in a succession of leaps, summersaults and cartwheels, very often freeing itself. It is absolutely worthless for the table. The heavy black groupers, of from 8 to 15lbs. weight, play havoc with a weak line, and the same may be said of the red snapper, a very good ground for which species is found near Sanibel wharf.

Fishing for sheepshead—that splendid and rare fish of our Northern waters—becomes very monotonous here, where they can be taken at the rate of one a minute. By trolling, besides trout, bluefish and Spanish mackerel are taken. The pompano, which, with the last named fish, divides the honors at table, is rarely taken with the hook; and not many are taken with the nets. The cavalli, a fierce fighter, but worthless for food, and the mangrove snapper, a beautiful and gamy fish, are abundant. For those who wish to try their strength and skill against monsters, there are the great leopard sharks, and the enormous devilfish, a gigantic ray, with no malice in its disposition, but with strength enough to pull the bow of a sailboat under in deep water. Sawfish of every size, from a foot in length to the monster of 1,000lbs., are found everywhere, and occasionally a shark line, set near a wharf or overhanging bank, secures a jewfish, a gigantic perch of from 100 to 500lbs. weight.

The fish which interests me most of all the denizens of this well-stocked aquarium is the channel bass. He is beautiful; he is gamy and powerful, and he can be seen and selected before casting the bait.

A recital of a single day's experience will give to the Northerner some notion of life at Charlotte Harbor. March 25 I was on the sloop Ada (belonging to Capt. John Smith), anchored in the Matalacha (pronounced Matla Shay) Pass, with my friend Z., who had for guide Robert Fulton, a stalwart mulatto, upon whose breast a Grand Army badge was proudly exposed; and I had Frank Smith—no better guides than these two men can be found. Z. had taken his tarpon the day before—a very fine fish—and the skin had been carefully removed by Frank, for preservation, during the night.

It was a lovely morning when the two skiffs left the yacht for the day's pursuit of tarpon. The first duty was to procure bait, so Fulton and Frank took the lead in one boat, and Z. and I followed leisurely up the shore in the other, skirting the mangroves and watching the shoals of mullet which flashed across the yellow sandy bottom. The carcass of Z.'s tarpon had been previously towed ashore and landed on the beach, for these fishermen have a superstition that the submerged fish frighten away for miles his surviving brethren. In the clear sky—just now tenantless—a half dozen lazy vultures were already circling, attracted by some wondrous instinct. When we returned in the evening the great fish was entirely consumed by these scavengers.

Slowly moving up the shore our boatmen made an occasional cast with the net, with sufficient results, for when we arrived at the fishing ground we had enough mullets to supply bait for the day.

Here, at "Tarpon Point," we anchored in about 9ft. of water, and prepared for work. The bottom was plainly visible, so that the fish offal with which we chummed could be seen, but not a sign of life, not even a catfish—that pest of these waters—was to be seen. After an hour of fruitless waiting, I suggested that we explore, and that happy impulse gave me a most interesting day.

Moving across the channel we approached a little mangrove island. From out of the twisted mangrove roots, as we drew near, rushed a mass of thousands of mullet which had taken shelter there. On our right, a half mile off, was a great pelican rookery, with its mangroves covered to their tops with pelicans, cormorants and silver cranes. An incessent clamor—louder than a negro quarterly meeting—went up from a myriad of throats.

Rounding this little island we came upon a flat of yellow sand, upon which numerous fish could be easily distinguished through the clear water. Suddenly Frank, who stood in the bow, was ablaze with excitement, and hissed, "Here come a couple of tarpon!" dropping his anchor over the side. I gave him my rod; he made a long cast and handed it back to me. I could not see the fish, but seeing the line run out, struck with the effect of a swift run of at least 100yds. against my heaviest pressure on the reel guard. "It is a channel bass, Frank." "I'm afraid it is; he doesn't show. But here comes his mate!" and Frank cast his handline just as I reeled my prize up to the boat. Frank turns, strikes the gaff through my fish's head, jerks him into the boat, then gives a tremendous yank on his handline which breaks the hook. My captive is a channel bass 46in. long, weight unknown.

We coast along up the shore, disturbing large rays, and sawfish of all sizes, at which Frank makes thrusts with his oar, and now and then taking a channel bass, until we reach a point which juts into the open waters of Matalacha. Just before reaching it six rifle shots in quick succession, on the other side of the island, announce Z.'s proximity, and Frank declares that they signify deer. We afterward find that it is a salute to a very large sawfish. As we approach the little point—the water here is barely three feet in depth—Frank is again excited. "There's a tarpon! He's a big one! Don't you see him?" But I don't see him, and hand the rod to Frank, who skillfully casts the bait and gives me the rod. "He has it! Now, strike!" The line is slowly and steadily running off the spool, until a full hundred yards, or half the line, are gone. Then, knowing that the fish had not gorged the bait, but fearing that he would run to deep water before doing so, and thus take all my line, I threw my full weight backward. Instantly out of the water rose an enormous tarpon, reminding me of a burnished silver door, and fell with a splash which made an echo from the shores. Out he came again and again, twisting and writhing with frenzy. "You've got him!" shouted Frank, and he let off an unearthly war whoop. After a contest in which the water was tinged with blood, and the fish was sensibly growing weaker, he succeeded in freeing himself. Z., who witnessed the performance, said that the time occupied was thirteen minutes, and the leaps clear of the surface twelve.

Along the shore we coasted, without incident, except the capture of an occasional channel bass, the mistaking of the dorsal fin of a large black drum for the lance of a tarpon, and a shot now and then at willets and tattlers, until we reached a broad flat of dazzling sand, surrounded by islands. There must have been ten acres of this expanse glittering in the sunlight under its limpid covering of pure water. As soon as we glided over its edge, Frank, for the third time, became an amiable maniac. "There he is! Be quiet! Get down!" I subsided in the bottom of the boat as Frank softly dropped the grapnel over the side. I could see the fish. Not 15ft. away was a great tarpon lazily oaring himself about, with his dorsal lance just above the surface. He seemed to be the only occupant of the flat. He turned toward the boat and came close to it, investigating. Frank and I were motionless. His burnished silver sides and brilliant dark green back shone brightly through the clear water, and his great yellow eye—within 6ft. of my hand—was turned up toward us, fearless, but inquisitive. He evidently concluded that we were some kind of log—with branches—and unalarmed, moved slowly away. Frank made a cast of the bait, which he ignored; then some "chum" was thrown, which he took; then the bait again; this time he saw it, and his manner of appropriating it was interesting. The mouth of the tarpon is on the top of the snout, so that he must be under the bait to swallow it. The water being not more than 2ft. deep he could not up-end himself and bore down for it, so in the most leisurely way, after touching the bait with his nose, he made a slow circle, gave a great sweep with his tail, causing the bait, by the disturbance of the water, momentarily to float, and then reversing himself took it

in before it could sink to the bottom. Then he slowly moved toward deep water, but in our hurry to take up slack line he became alarmed and ejected the hook before a strike could be made and went off the flat with his head high in the air, apparently walking on his tail, and with a most ludicrous expression of terror on his very open countenance.

The great flat of white sand was deserted, and I infer that our friend had driven off all the other fish; there was a flock of a hundred or more willets on a sandbar, of which I took toll.

Then followed an interesting afternoon. We cruised along the islands, seeing no more tarpon, but selecting and taking the biggest channel bass out of the numerous schools, and winding up our fishing at the pelican rookery, where we secured a large pelican for Z. to take home with him. We all arrived at the yacht early, and before sunset had discussed fried grouper, biscuits and cigars, and had gone over the various incidents of a day which had been delightful to all. F. S. J. C.

THE SUNSET CLUB.

An association devoted to the interests of fish and fishing; game and hunting; yachting, and for the encouragement and advancement of outdoor recreation.

THE autumn meetings are always well attended; anglers, hunters and yachtsmen are anxious to relate their experiences and exchange views of the closing season. At early candle light a dozen members were seated around the old stove, against which their feet were firmly braced, patiently waiting the appearance of the president. Men who seek outdoor recreation are generally a good-natured class, who always have some interesting story to tell. It was not long before they drifted into exchanging fish stories, Capt. J. B. Battelle, the famous Muskoka, light-rod angler, leading. He said: "Many of you recall the days when fishing at the Maumee Rapids was considered very fine, in fact it was the North to many people. Gentlemen, I had a reminder of those log cabin days. This fall I was fishing at the foot of the rapids, wading in the water to my waist and using a light elastic rod, single gut leader and a No. 2 Carlisle hook. I made a cast near some reeds, in which the shore abounds, and the line had hardly straightened when I felt a very heavy strike, followed by a rapid movement toward the center of the river. I at once recognized an old resident, and knew I had a hard fight before me. I hooked him, and gentlemen, I blush to say it, but I was never so scared in all my life. Now up stream, across, then with the current at lightning speed, and in the language of our esteemed angler, Dr. Henshall, 'he had the arrowy rush of the trout, the untiring strength and bold leap of the salmon, while his system of fighting tactics was peculiarly his own;' finally I was tired out, and

> He turned up his breastplate, snowy white,
> A vanquished, conquered knight.

At my feet lay a three-pound bass."

"I have the most profound respect for the man who will speak in words of praise of the black bass," said Hon. Wm. H. McLyman, whose island reputation for angling is second to none, we might except Hon. Charles Foster or Hon. W. D. Bickham, of the Dayton (Ohio) *Journal*, but would hesitate to compare the catch of the past season with Hon. James Dority, ex-Fish Commissioner. However, it is a conceded fact that Senator McLyman has, to date, never been caught deviating from his motto, "A bite, a fish." With that characteristic look of assurance, carrying truthfulness with every word, he continued: "You may talk about the newly discovered fishing grounds in Canadian waters, or your Maumee 'flyers,' but give me the reefs and shoals at the islands of Lake Erie. An instance. While fishing one afternoon in sight of Middle Bass, I had an experience I probably shall never again have. I used three leaders; bait, ordinary sized shiners. I had made several casts when I felt a heavy strike. I soon hooked a fish by giving a retaliation strike. I found I had three bass. They at once began their antics, each inclined to go in opposite directions. To land them with an 8oz. bethabara rod required more agility and sprightliness than is usually credited to men of my size, but I landed them. They were beauties."

Maj. Wm. R. Leflet, editor of the *Railway Service Gazette*, and the champion pike angler of the Northwest, was an attentive listener to the distinguished gentlemen; finally he said, with an air of perfect truth which he had acquired from his early pike angling companion: "I presume you relate those experiences as remarkable catches. I have hooked and landed four large fish with three hooks."

"Four fish?" cried a half dozen voices.

"Four. Listen. In Ottawa River, a tributary to Maumee Bay. You who have seen me fish know how I use bamboo poles in their natural state. At this time I was fishing with a pole I call 'Jumbo,' about 20ft. in length, and weighing as many pounds. I was experimenting with baits, using horsehair leaders. Upon my lower hook I had a 4in. minnow; a frog upon the second; the first, angle worms. Presently Jumbo had a call, the rapid spinning of the reel was sufficient warning that I had a big fish. He turned up stream, and I saw another fish take the frog. I was patient and gave them all the line they called for until at the proper time I gave an experienced pike jerk, and I found it required all the strength I could bring to bear. You know what a thrilling sensation runs through the system when you hook a large fish and he shows fight. My anchor chain trembled as they started for the lake with that limited number four speed. When I had them pretty well tired out, and was gradually bringing them toward the boat, I saw I had three fish, a pike, a bass and a perch. When they were almost within reach of the landing net, and I stood trembling in the balance, there was a sudden flash and I saw the perch seized by a monster voracious pike and this started for deep water, at once putting new life into the school. I weighed anchor and gave chase, until they gave up the fight. I was fully an hour in landing them. Their combined weight was 29¾lbs."

The members glanced at each other, no reply, no look of surprise, a self-evident expression being visible upon each countenance. They are all truthful anglers, of one brotherhood and bound by the same obligation to tell the truth. Hon. E. S. Dodd, with his peculiar wave of the hand, signaled his intention of relating his late fishing experience at St. Clair Flats, when the president entered the hall.

A heavy rap with the mallet called the club to order, and the officers and members were seated in their respective places.

"The Keeper of the Keys will see that the blinds are closed, all doors and by-ways securely fastened, close the upper damper in the stove, and notify the sentinel to tyle, and not to permit any person to enter without the proper signs and passwords. The club is now open for such business as may be brought before it. Are all true sportsmen entered from the North, South, East and West?"

A nod of the head from a high official so assured the chair. Several tardy members entered the hall as the Keeper of the Books read the minutes.

"Brethren, give the secret signs of brotherhood that we may open our hearts, so each may know the other. 'Tis well."

"Mr. President," said the chairman of the enlargement committee, "we are ready to make a favorable report. We find our financial condition good, and our reputation throughout the land for truth and veracity unquestionably fair. We have concluded to yield to the many requests from our sporting friends and make the club a National one, and any person of good sociable standing in the outside world, and who will furnish evidence that he has never told a willful fish lie, by paying the initiation fee shall become a member of the Sunset Club. There shall be fishing, hunting and yachting degrees."

The report was unanimously accepted, the committee discharged. The club was then opened under the head of applications for membership. The name of Hon. Charles Foster, ex-Gov. of Ohio, was proposed as candidate for honorary member.

The club at once went into secret session, where the elegibility of the candidate will be thoroughly discussed, and the history of his Put-in-Bay angling will be presented to the club at its next meeting.

Club adjourned. JOHN E. GUNCKEL.

DEEP-SEA FISHING AND HUNTING.

NOT a week has passed for many months in which I have not opened with joy my FOREST AND STREAM to wander in sylvan scenes with that equal of our own sesquipedalian Evarts, "A. N. C.," with rod and reel after that lively denizen of fresh water, the *Salvelinus namaycush*. Phœbus what a name; and I would fain have lingered with the inimitable "Kingfisher," who alas! somewhere has stowed away his gray goose quill, and stands apart from the busy haunts of men who read FOREST AND STREAM, curtained from the gaze of the gross world.

Let "Kingfisher" come again, for we miss him, and "Nessmuk," who warbles woodnotes wild! There is a never-failing charm in that graceful old nimrod even if he is only describing a load of "duffle" in an antique canoe. My eye runs down the clear inviting type of your columns, and the first name I seek is "Nessmuk," and today as I was sitting by an open wood fire at the Hotel Sturmer after a day among the ducks, I found to my delight among the letters loose in my overcoat pocket a warm-hearted letter from the graceful poet, who so often makes his home where

> "The melancholy pine trees moan,
> And where the cedars make reply."

His quaint rhymes speak for themselves, worthy of our genial, gracious old Norse king of sportsmen, who is at home alike among the trout streams of Pennsylvania, in the dense woods of the Adirondacks, or among the hills of the historic Saguenay, "rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun," or lazily lying in a Florida hammock eating oranges at Palatka.

But a hypercritical reader may say, what has Palatka to do with Anglesea? This, you know, is my old summer paradise for rod and reel, nor does it change save for the better. This year the mackerel fishing was unsurpassed. We no longer catch the ten or fifteen-pound mackerel, but we did catch in September bushels of them weighing from two to three pounds. Strange to say the toothsome flounder has almost disappeared from these waters, as well as from the inlet and adjacent fishing grounds near Atlantic City. But this fall has been a famous one for red drum, or channel bass, almost as game a fish as the bounding salmon, as many a fisherman can testify who has spent an hour with rod and reel trying to bring a fifty-pound red drum in out of the wet, near the bell buoy. Capt. Christopher Ludlam, who has just been presented by Congress with a gold medal for bravery in saving the lives of the crew of the bark Ingram, went out with me to the second buoy the middle of last September, and we caught sixteen red drum in one morning. Mr. Christensen, of Philadelphia, who was with us, looked on in wonder to see these great red fish come in over the sides of the skiff.

"Well, well," exclaimed the amazed landsman, "this is what I call heroic fishing." So it was. We lost half a dozen lines and innumerable hooks, but we had a red-letter day after red drum, and beat the record, eleven being the highest number caught hitherto in one day. We had drum steak galore all the way to Holly Beach and at the now famous hostelry of Mr. Peek-Weeks, mine host of the Hereford House, Anglesea, whose patronymic is Alfred Shakespeare Weeks (for short Mr. Pickwick), who is a lineal descendant of the Bard of Avon, who sat "pensive and alone above the hundred-handed play of his own imagination," and who really resembles the divine William in facial expression. On one occasion Mr. Weeks accompanied Capt. Joe Ludlam, and the obese Boniface hooked a 60-pound drum.

Weeks was sitting in the stern of the schooner, and the beer was abundant, so were the waves. Weeks held on to his drum like death to Scipio Africanus. But, as his adipose tissue is enormous—he weighs 302lbs.—and the vessel rolled, he could not get up. The big fish was playing wild pranks with Peek-Weeks's 100ft. of line, and the rest of the piscatorial crowd laughed consumedly as Mr. "Pickwick" roared out, "Skipper, come 'ere quick; don't you see I've 'ooked 'im, but I can't 'aul 'im in?" When the skipper got the ponderous drum aboard it was "Pickwick's" turn to laugh, for nobody else caught a scale that day only saving and reserving the immortal Peek-Weeks himself.

It was my good luck to be down here the worst day of the great storm. By reason of the elevated location of Anglesea, and the magnificent inlet in front of Anglesea, the sea, like an angry god, could only vent its fury by throwing up waves higher than the Anglesea hotel and then pouring its "surplus" over the meadows for two miles back from the Hereford Inlet. The water was so deep that a three-masted schooner sailed over the meadows. The debris, gathered from the marsh and floating landward from the sea, was covered with mudhens, which, to my surprise, still remain in the marshes. The ponds among the holly trees between here and Holly Beach, two miles, were full of ducks, and one adventurous hunter (it took some courage to brave that northeast storm) bagged seven wild geese, thirty ducks, and mudhens innumerable one day. The taste may be acquired, but to one surfeited with the uneatable quail on toast, or served up in New York *à la* Irish stew, I infinitely prefer a broiled mudhen, which now loses its semi-fishy taste and is as fat as a butterball duck. The island of Anglesea is four miles long. The wild cattle are all killed off, but the island is overrun with wild rabbits. Hunting ducks by moonlight is just now the latest fad or fancy of city sportsmen. Will tell you about it in my next. I wish some of your correspondents would tell more about wild turkey hunting. I would rather kill a turkey than a buck.

ANGLESEA, N. J., Dec. 10. J. M. S.

TROUT POACHING IN MAINE.

WE learn that there has been a great deal of illegal trout fishing with net and gaff in Swan Lake, Waldo county, Maine. The lake is protected by warden Joseph A. Marden, of Swanville, who was recently appointed, who found constable O. B. Patterson and others about the lake one night under what was thought to be suspicious circumstances, a net being found on shore. A quarrel ensued and the warden says that the constable struck him and pushed him into the water, whereon the warden broke the constable's jaw with a stick. The constable claims that he was there to prevent poaching. Mr. Marden found also a large hook lashed to a pole for gaffing fish where they were crowded on the spawning beds, and laid the matter before Commissioner Stilwell. Marden has been arrested for an assault on the constable and last week all the parties went to Belfast for trial but settled the matter among themselves. All connected are related by family ties, and the Belfast *Journal* says: "If the people of Swanville want their fish protected they must stand by their warden, without regard to family relations. If the fish are protected for a few years they will become so plentiful that people can catch all they want in a legitimate manner, and at the proper season. We are informed that when the lake is frozen over holes are cut through the ice and the fish gaffed out. We hope now that the matter has attracted such attention poaching will be stopped."

THE ROD AND REEL ASSOCIATION.

THE annual meeting of the Association was held at Mr. Blackford's laboratory, at Fulton Market, on Saturday, Dec. 22. The minutes of the last meeting were read and approved. Secretary Poey read a list of receipts and expenditures for the year. Treasurer Vallotton read his report to 1888, showing a balance of $158.48 in the treasury.

The election of officers for the coming year was next in order, and President Wells intimated that he had served the Association to the best of his ability for several years and would prefer that a new president be chosen. Capt. Dunning offered a motion that the secretary cast one vote for the election of the old officers, which was carried. They are: Henry P. Wells, President. Vice-Presidents: H. P. McGown, J. A. Roosevelt, Wm. Dunning, D. W. Cross, D. B. Fearing, C. Van Brunt and L. B. Wright. Treasurer, James L. Vallotton. Secretary, Gonzalo Poey.

Mr. Wells suggested that in future only medals be offered as prizes in the amateur classes, and money prizes in the expert classes, and that the Association should bear the whole expense, and not solicit prizes from tackle dealers. Messrs. Poey and Levison were appointed a committee to report at the next meeting on the cost of such medals and prizes. The meeting then adjourned to call of chair.

LAFAYETTE, Ind., Aug. 21, 1888.—*U. S. Cartridge Co., Lowell, Mass.:* Dear Sir—I am pleased to be able to give you a most satisfactory account of the paper shells you sent me. I have used Schultze powder altogether for the last seven years, with Eley's shells, and yours are the first perfect substitute I have found, and I shall take care to recommend their use. (Signed) W. GRAHAM, Champion Shot of England.—*Adv.*

Fisheulture.

EFFECT OF SAWDUST ON FISH.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your correspondent "Sportsman," who writes on the evils of sawdust, seems to me like most others who hold the same views, to take for granted the thing to be proven. The *onus probandi* being with him who affirms, I dispute the statement that "sawdust kills fish" by fastening itself in their gills. "Sportsman" says: "After sawing pine in a mill I have gone along the stream and picked up dead trout, and upon examination found their gills to be full of pine sawdust, which, without a doubt, kills them. I can name several persons who have witnessed the same thing." But finding a dead trout or two with sawdust in their gills is no proof that the sawdust did the killing. Those who are familiar with rivers and river fish know that when a fish dies, from whatever cause, its gills will open, and if sawdust is running plentiful in the water some of it is likely to lodge in the gill openings of a dead fish. I have seen one or two such cases, but evidence was there also plain and clear to an experienced eye, that the fish had died from other causes. Morever, fish don't allow anything to get into its gills which is likely to kill it, except by accident. It is provided with the necessary instincts and means for protecting them from all or any such foreign substances as sawdust, if not, we should long since have lost about all the anadromous fishes in our streams, and at certain seasons, and in certain places, large numbers of dead, struggling and dying fish would be seen in, upon and about the surface and shores of rivers. But such is not the case, no such sights are seen.

In order to sustain his views "Sportsman" should produce some stream where the fish have either been wholly destroyed, or largely decreased, where plenty of sawdust exists, while dams have been opened so that the fish have had ready access to their spawning beds above. Such a case, I think, cannot be found on this continent, unless indiscriminate fishing has been allowed at all seasons of the year. I herewith produce tables showing the catch of fish on two, out of a dozen or more, similar cases in Canada. Sawdust has been running into these two small streams for six to nine months of the years for over half a century. Impassable mill dams at the head of salt water had completely

depopulated the Clyde, and nearly did so on the Medway, which fared better because the dams were further up the river. The dams on the former were opened in 1879, and on the latter a few years earlier, but in both cases the sawdust continued to run freely, as it does still.

CLYDE RIVER, NOVA SCOTIA.

	Salmon, lbs.	Alewives, bbls.
1879. Dams opened	—	—
1880	—	—
1881	—	—
1882	—	5
1883	—	10
1884	—	20
1885	300	35
1886	2,480	120
1887	3,570	90
1888	3,975	130

MEDWAY RIVER, NOVA SCOTIA.

	Salmon. lbs.	Trout. lbs.	Alewives. bbls.	Smelts. lbs.
1878	22,871	—	70	—
1879	11,896	—	262	2,000
1880	5,313	—	725	4,000
1881	7,615	—	4,864	3,750
1882	8,388	—	3,747	7,400
1883	21,169	915	3,262	8,550
1884	20,315	1,650	3,082	15,200
1885	30,250	2,050	3,005	16,000
1886	22,005	2,375	3,505	18,250
1887	22,984	2,615	3,837	21,500
1888	18,450	2,775	2,966	22,700

Sawdust in large quantities has not killed the fish here.

I have never yet been able to obtain any such facts to sustain the opposite view. This is an age of investigation, and few things are taken for granted in the absence of facts or evidence to sustain them; and we have a right to ask of those who claim that sawdust is ruinous to fish to produce their proof.

"Sportsman" is also in error when he says that sawdust covers up the spawning beds. I have never been able to discover such, and I have examined many rivers for that purpose. The fact is the current is too strong where a salmon or trout would spawn to allow it to remain, hence such spawning beds are as clean to-day as ever they were, no matter how much sawdust has been coming down the river. But even if it should lodge in such places, he must prove by actual facts how and why it would injure them.

Sawdust does not rot under water, nor does wood of any sort, where it mingles with sand or mud in coves along the shores or about the heads of estuaries where the water settles away from it by the ebbing of the tide, or in fresh water. When it is left dry in summer, it will of course rot and soon disappear, and by far the greater portion of what falls into the streams from mills driven by water power disappears in that way. So far as I have been able to ascertain, the fish-killing effects of sawdust in any way or place has yet to be proven, and until such indubitable proof is produced, I, for one, shall continue to disbelieve it. I have had considerable experience in this matter, but am always willing to bow to well-authenticated facts. The matter is an important one and calls for intelligent settlement, and, in my humble opinion, it is not difficult to settle right

PISCATOR.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Jan. 1 to 4.—Fourth Dog Show of the Meriden Poultry Association. Joshua Shute, Secretary, No. 430 Pratt street, Meriden, Conn.

Jan. 15 to 19, 1889.—Seventh Annual Dog Show of the Southern Massachusetts Poultry Association, at New Bedford, Mass. F. W. Dean, Secretary.

January, last week.—Western Pennsylvania Poultry Society's Fourteenth Annual Show, Pittsburgh, Pa. C. B. Elben, Sec'y.

Feb. 5 to 8, 1889.—First Annual Dog Show of the Columbus Fanciers' Club at Columbus O. Thos. R. Sparrow, Secretary.

Feb. 7 to 12.—First Annual Show of the Hudson River Poultry, Dog and Pet Stock Association, at Newburgh, N.Y. J. H. Dreventstedt, Secretary, Washingtonville, N. Y.

Feb. 12 to 15, 1889.—Fifth Dog Show of the New Jersey Kennel Club, at Jersey City, N. J. Geo. L. Wilms, Secretary, 142 Monticello avenue, Jersey City, N. J.

Feb. 19 to 22, 1889.—Thirteenth Annual Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent.

Feb. 26 to March 1, 1889.—Second Annual Show of the Rensselaer Kennel Club, Troy, N. Y. Alba M. Ide, Secretary.

March 5 to 8, 1889.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Albany Kennel Club, at Albany, N. Y. Geo. B. Gallup, Secretary.

March 12 to 15, 1889.—Second Annual Show of the Fort Schuyler Kennel Club, Utica, N. Y. James W. Dunlop, President.

March 19 to 22, 1889.—First Annual Dog Show of the Maryland Kennel Club, at Baltimore, Md. W. S. Diffenderffer, Secretary.

March 26 to 29, 1889.—First Annual Dog Show of the Massachusetts Kennel Club, at Lynn, Mass. D. A. Williams, Secretary.

April 2 to 5, 1889.—First Annual Show of the Rochester Kennel Club, at Rochester, N. Y. Harry Yates, Secretary.

April 2 to 5, 1889.—Annual Show of the New England Kennel Club, Boston, Mass. J. W. Newman, Secretary, No. 6 Hamilton Place.

April 9 to 12.—First Dog Show of the Worcester Kennel Club, at Worcester, Mass. Edward W. Doyle, Secretary.

April 9 to 12, 1889.—First Annual Dog Show of the Mascoutah Kennel Club, at Chicago, Ill. John L. Lincoln, Jr., Secretary.

April 16 to 19, 1889.—The Seventh Dog Show of the Philadelphia Kennel Club, at Philadelphia, Pa. Wm. C. Child, Secretary.

May 22 to 25.—Pacific Kennel Club Show, San Francisco, Cal.

FIELD TRIALS.

Jan. 14, 1889.—Sixth Annual Field Trials of the Pacific Coast Field Trial Club, at Bakersfield, Cal. N. P. Sheldon, Secretary, 320 Sansome street San Francisco, Cal.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription $1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed **6850.**

ROBINS ISLAND CLUB.

SEVENTH ANNUAL FIELD TRIALS.

PECONIC, L. I.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Another year having passed, it is again my pleasant duty to report for the FOREST AND STREAM the running of the dogs at the seventh annual meeting of the Robins Island Club. The trials of this year of 1888 in reality should be the eighth, but the unfortunate burning of the club house last season on the day before that named for the trials made a postponement necessary, so that this becomes the seventh.

The Long Island Railroad manages to get up more dust in winter than any other running to your city. As a sequence those members and guests who traveled to New Suffolk on Saturday and Sunday last presented the appearance of having lately visited a flouring mill, the dust on them was so white and so thick. The weather was of the most charming character, and all concerned were in the highest spirits over the prospects of a successful meeting. The island being in due time reached, the noble proportions of the new club house struck the eye at once. Indeed it was the cynosure of all eyes as the yacht drew close to the shore of the island. The last time your correspondent was on the island was the morning after the fire, and so clean was the destruction and so depressed were the members and officers on that eventful day that the visit has been one of no pleasing kind to dwell upon. This year all is changed. Out of ruin has grown beauty. As a matter of fact the loss has proved a benefit. The old club house was a thing of patches. An addition had been built here, an L added there, so that the effect upon one looking from the outside was anything but pleasing. There was a lack of harmony, an appearance of incongruity in the parts that made the whole. I grant that once within the doors everything was homelike and comfortable. It answered, no doubt, the purposes of the members who loved the shooting of the preserved grounds, but to the others who preferred a visit with their familes during the heat of summer it was at the best a makeshift. While comfortable, it lacked all these little elegancies that adding so much to looks at the same time are so necessary to meet in full manner the needs of the present day.

In this connection, before proceeding to a description of the trials, it may be as well to mention the appearance of their new building. To premise, it has been placed some two hundred feet northeast of the old house, and has been put on the crown of a little knoll, from the top of which the ground slopes in most gradual manner in every direction. Unless told, no one would believe that the altitude is just twenty feet above that of the old site. Having been placed so much higher and somewhat nearer the shore, it has given views of land and water, on three sides, which are simply incomparable in beauty to anything I know of. The general style of the edifice is what is known generally as modified Queen. A style which admits of all sorts of departure from a more rigid manner of architecture; a stricter adherence to any close copy of a single style. On the west is the reception room, irregular in shape, but most pleasing in effect. It is 33ft. long by 21ft. at one end and 17ft. at the other. The lessening of width is owing to the north end being carried around the segment of a circle, this circle being a gradual one from the grand old fireplace to the hall on the far side. The "round" of this room is but a succession of windows, giving a view of many miles in extent over the bay and its northern shores. Two doors open from this apartment to a piazza which encircles the house on this side. The fireplace deserves mention. The chimney is some 12ft. in width, and this width is carried full, but with a backward slope to the ceiling. The fireplace is nearly 7ft. across and 3ft. in depth. Its crown is an oval arch of brick, surmounted with a front of large rough boulders, gathered from the island, on top of which follows stained brick to the full height of the room. It is as massive as it is handsome. Wrought iron andirons, ornate in style, fill almost the chimney's front; over them a wrought iron grating, upon which rests the cordwood, which is here burned without a second cutting. Across the front of this great chimney hang suspended, over and around, the antlers of a moose, firearms of varied dates of manufacture, as well as ancient weapons of warfare—pikes, swords, etc. From this large reception room one passes through a wide doorway to the main hall. This hall boasts of an open fireplace, but not furnished in as ornamental style as the first-mentioned. The shape of the hall is that of the letter T, the top crossing the house from north to south, the long part of the letter representing the hall leading to the dining room. On either side of this hall is a room; on the right the smoking room of the gentlemen, on the left the ladies' reception room. The dining room is another one of large dimensions, 34ft. in length by 15 in width. At the south end it opens to a large butler's pantry, which in turn opens to the kitchen, 20x20ft. in size. Outside of the kitchen is an addition inclosed with glass. The views from the dining room windows are as beautiful as those seen from the windows of the general sitting room on the other side. Each room of those on this floor have open fireplaces of greater or less size and of different appearance. On the second floor are no less than nine sleeping apartments, the majority of them having the open fireplace.

The third story has not as yet been finished, but the space admits of as many more bedrooms as are now on the floor below. A cellar is under the whole building, in which is the brick-inclosed furnace. A peculiar feature of this cellar is a small room known as the drying room. It is a room say 7x7ft., built up with brick partitions. Through this room runs the foot-in-diameter hot-air flue leading to the floor above. When the door of this room is closed the air is extremely hot and dry in character. Around the walls and in the ceiling are hooks. When a shooter comes in wet from head to foot, his foot gear and clothing are placed in this drying room, and the dry air sucks the moisture from clothing and leather like a sponge. It is a feature of the house. The furnishing of the house has been of such a character that speaks volumes as to the taste of the secretary of the club, S. B. Duryea. Everything is in harmony with the room of which it is a part. Indeed, so delicate are some of the effects that I feel assured no one but a lady could so have chosen and then grouped in such a manner the various purchases. The club should be proud of its club house, and more than proud in having such a secretary to care for its interests. Taste and money have combined to make a most charming edifice, both without and within. When the two are united an excellent effect is gained, while the possession of one without the other renders failure more than possible.

MONDAY MORNING.

This, the day appointed for the opening of the trials, began with a stiff wind blowing from the southeast, bringing with it a mist so heavy and dense as to threaten the stoppage of the running and make a postponement necessary. After breakfast those interested met in the reception room to make their entries and discuss the chances as to a day of rain or a partial clearing up, enough so, at any rate, to enable a commencement of the work. Those entering in this discussion were Messrs. S. Fleet Speir, S. B. Duryea, W. M. Van Anden, William Stanley, W. Hester, and the judges invited to attend the trials, Judge C. E. Pratt and Jacob Pentz. Many regrets were expressed at the enforced absence of many of the shooting members of the club, especially so as to those whose interest in the year's field trials has always been of the warmest kind. The absence of Messrs. Chauncey Marshall, Harry Polhemus, Alden S. Swan, E. Wellington, and others equally interested, was indeed a matter of regret.

The entries to the Derby were few in number but rich in quality. Distemper has played havoc among the youngsters belonging to the different members. The best and most promising had, as usual, been carried off, so that instead of a dozen or more but three came to the front. These were S. B. Duryea's Guy, a handsome blue belton of large size, and in breeding by owner's Ned out of Midwout Linda; W. M. Van Anden's Rheuma, a medium-sized red and white (Dietrich's Tip—Spower's Grace). This pup showed a strong infusion of Irish blood, and possessed all the deviltry and high courage of that blood. Dr. S. Fleet Speir's Belle; this bitch was a blue belton in color, of medium size. She was sired by Count Rapier ex Dell.

It will be recalled by the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM that the judging of the work done by the competing animals at the trials of the Robins Island Club is made by comparing their work with a tabulated statement of points, as will be found further on, and which table explains itself. For convenience sake two dogs are run together, not in light of making one work against the other, but to save time and insure the arriving at a correct judgment in regard to each animal's "backing," disposition when in company, etc.

BELLE AND RHEUMA

were started at 8:35 in a rolling field to west of club house, the former handled by Dr. Speir, the latter by W. M. Van Anden. The weather was so dismal in kind that birds lay like stones, and withholding scent by lying in compact shape in endeavor to evade the beastly storm, great difficulty was experienced in finding and then in locating them correctly. A long tramp was had backward and forward. Walking south Belle got a point near what is now known as Cedar Mead. Stopping for a few seconds, she roaded on, and after a few yards stopped again. Rheuma was called up for a back, but with the impetuosity of his breed he went in an opposite direction. The quail got up wild. Dr. Speir fired and missed; Belle was steady to wing and dropped to shot. This was a pretty piece of work. Rheuma having been found by her handler was brought back so that both could run together. A long walk here followed. Steps were retraced northward, and the rolling hills hunted and quartered in a most thorough manner. Not a bird was found, save a single quail, which got up in front of Captain King, of the club's yacht, who almost stepped on it before it flushed. A turn was made to Cedar Mead again (due south) and after passing the clump of cedars, from which this part of the island is named, Rheuma drew to a stiff point, which was well backed by Belle. After a half minute, as if not sure of the scent, the dog roaded on and stopped again with his head pointing due west to a little bit of cover. As he moved forward, so did Belle; when he stopped she also stopped. After this had been done two or three times Belle turned her head to the left while following the red dog and instantly came to a solid point, which Dr. Speir claimed. Birds were ordered up and were flushed not a dozen yards in front of Belle's nose. The dog was evidently off in scenting power, for he was following the back track and was moving in directly opposite directions from where the birds were located by the bitch.

The woods in the center of the island were entered and gone through, the party entering the open fields east of the kennels. A hare was jumped by the red dog, who made a run to follow but was checked to command after a rod or so had been covered. The rain, which had been falling steadily since 10 o'clock, now came down fast and furiously. It beat through rubber coats as if they had been made of gossamer, while feet and legs were—well, wet? A postponement of the work for the day was absolutely necessary. My note book was about ruined, while what was saved was so much blotted and blurred that the memoranda made looked like unto the sides of an Egyptian obelisk—covered with hieroglyphics. The first brace of pups had been run close to four hours, under the most discouraging conditions, and the outlook was anything but a promising one. The club house reached, clothing changed, a general cleaning followed. The comforts of the house soon dispersed the gloomy feeling all had, the brightly burning fires in the huge hearths doing much to dispel the disappointment felt at the want of success that had been meted out to the contestants.

TUESDAY'S WORK.

During the night the weather clerk had again changed his programme. A wind sprang up from the southwest, veering gradually to the southeast. Blowing at first hardly strong enough to carry off the masses of fog, it steadily increased in strength until at 9 o'clock in the morning it was a howling gale, accompanied by occasional "spitting" of snow from passing clouds. It grew steadily colder, the secluded spots, shaded from what sun there was, freezing fast and solidly. If Monday was bad, this day was worse. A start was made at 8:40, the direction through the big home pasture easterly along the woods. The dogs went off better than on the day before. Bowling along over the field and quartering nicely, a bevy of thirty birds flushed themselves 20yds. ahead. Marked down and hunted for without result. Then still east to Quail Run, where Belle found and pointed what proved to be a single bird. The red, called up for a back, did so in very indifferent fashion. A long tramp followed with but little result, Belle stopping once to a stiff point. Judge Pratt moved up to shoot and bitch ordered on. No bird was found. Dogs ordered up at quarter past 10, after having been run nearly six hours in the two days.

According to the rules of the club the animal having a bye must run—for the purpose of trying action in company and backing—with a dog previously selected for making comparison. Thus Jock was selected to run the bye with the puppy Guy. Moving south from Spinmount (the hill at upper or north end of the long East bluff) Guy jumped into a point in elegant style. The bird ran; Guy roaded along rapidly and soon stopped again. This time the bird flushed itself some distance ahead of him. Moving forward Jock pointed nicely: Guy, called in for a back, did it most gracefully. Bird put up and shot by Mr. Stanley over Jock's point. Guy, sent to retrieve, did so, but not in good form, mouthing his bird considerably. Belle and Guy both tried for a retrieve on this quail, which was thrown for them. Both did so, Belle much the better of the two, but neither in high degree. Puppies taken up at 10:45. Summary of the event is herewith given. The birds were in goodly number, but a good point was seldom arrived at. They had been shot at so much since the commencement of the season, that they seemed to know instinctively that to lie to the dogs meant destruction, so flush of both bird and bevy was continually happening, and these flushes were not the fault of the dogs in any way.

DERBY, ROBINS ISLAND CLUB, 1888.

NAME OF DOG.	POINTS OF MERIT.								DEMERITS.				
	Pointing	Pace	Backing	Style	Stanchness	Ranging	Quartering	Obedience and Disposition	Retrieving	Total	Flushing	False Pointing	Breaking in	Breaking Shot	Breaking Shot and Chasing	Total
	35	20	7	6	6	6	6	4	10	..	1-7	1-7	3	5	10	..
Guy	35	20	7	6	6	6	6	3	5	94	3	....	....	....	....	91
Belle	30	15	7	4	6	4	6	4	8	84	....	....	....	....	....	84
Rheuma	25	20	4	5	4	6	6	2	6	78	....	....	....	....	....	78

ALL-AGED STAKES.

GOUT (W. M. Van Anden), red and white dog (Duke—Dora).

JOCK (W. Stanley), black and tan dog (Jock, Jr.—Betsy).

BANG (W. Stanley), black dog (Smith's Jack—Belle).

STEVE (W. Stanley), blue belton dog (—— ——).

GENERAL ARTHUR (S. Fleet Speir), blue belton dog (Emperor Fred—Wanda).

NED (S. B. Duryea), blue belton dog (Blunder—Fannie).

ARGUS (S. B. Duryea), Gordon dog (Blossom—Moll).

BOB (W. Hester), blue belton dog (Roybell—Native bitch).

DORIS (H. Polhemus), liver and white bitch (Diplomat—Ruby).

FORCE (L. Waterbury), lemon and white dog (Vandevort's Don—Bessie).

The last two were the only pointers entered in the stake. In drawing for places the dogs were paired as follows:

Bang against Gout.

Jock against Ned,
Argus against General Arthur.
Steve against Bob.
Force against Doris.

BANG AND GOUT

were put down at 10:55 at east side of island and hunted southerly to South Point. Bang stopped in the high sedge grass at the point in undecided fashion. Gout ranging wide came up and seeing Bang backed nicely. The former roaded along slowly and finally wheeled away from the scent and galloped off. Fortunately handler did not claim a point during the time the dog stopped. A move to west along south side of island. Both dogs worked nicely quartering the ground systematically and well. Now and then a bird or two would flush, but at such a distance off that no fault could be found with either dog. Halfway across Gout pointed. Bang, called for a back, refused it, roading along until past Gout. No bird found. Then followed quite a tramp, across High Top, to Short Cut, then a turn to Ceder Mead and past Rock Oak. Gout here refused a point of Bang, roading in and passing the black dog, the bird flushing wild some distance ahead of him. Through Cedar Mead to the old clay pit, now fast growing up to a mass of canes and weeds. Here Gout made a stiff point and was backed by Bang. After a few seconds Gout moved along, Bang followed fast and got close up, when both dogs stopped together on staunch point. The birds rose wild. There were two bevies, the first a lot of 20, whose noise in rising started the other bevy, the latter numbering as many if not more birds than the first. Both dogs did excellent work on these birds. Quail were followed to what in old Eastern Field Trial days was known as the Devil's Kitchen, a spot of some two acres in extent grown to the thickest of cover by the matting together of vines, grasses and shrubs. It is even yet in some degree impassable to man or dog. Many paths have, however, been cut through it, these leading in every direction. Here Gout got two capital points, Bang backing elegantly. On the last bird being put up, shot and killed, Gout was ordered to retrieve, he did so in indifferent fashion. Bang retrieved the bird afterward in magnificent style. Brace ordered up at 1:10 P.M. and a move made for lunch at club house. Promptly at half-past-two the second brace

NED AND JOCK

were cast off to west of club house and hunted over the hills in that direction, and toward North Point, now known as Unlicensed Bar. Nothing found. A turn made south toward Cedar Mead. Here Ned found a bird and got a point. Jock called up for a back, refused it, but ranged up to and alongside of Ned. Ned then roaded along a few yards, but going slowly and cautiously. As soon as he moved Jock took a short swirl, and coming back again, took position with Ned, but facing him. Bird rose wild before the dogs. To expedite matters, Bob was ordered to run with the other dogs, he being one of the next brace. A long weary tramp followed through the woods, over hills and down hollows. Birds in any number could be heard as they rose, but at such distance as to preclude all idea of getting their direction. At last Jock secured a point. Bob called in and backed nicely. Birds ran from under Jock's nose, Mr. Stanley seeing them running ahead of the dogs. Both dogs now roaded along, stopping and roading alternately. Ned, who had been ranging wide, now came up and took position alongside the others, not backing. Ned finally roaded along faster than the others and passed them, moving so rapidly as to flush three birds. He was somewhat unsteady to wing, but stopped to order. A move was made across woods eastward. In the middle of these woods occurred one of those episodes which are continually happening to shooting men when dogs and men forget all about the matter in hand, and go in for a jolly time regardless of all rules, the judges being as much rattled as the competing men and quadrupeds. Jock, moving along in his steady way, pointed with nose down over a heap of brush. "Rabbit," sang out every one. Bob and Ned both backed for a single moment, when Mr. Stanley shoved his foot in the brush to start the supposed hare. Instead of a hare out dashed two gray squirrels—immense, lusty fellows they were, too. Bob and Ned dashed after one, the other finding it extremely hot with Jock's jaws so close to his hindquarters, turned quickly and sought the protection of the brush. Jock was close on him and shoved under the brush after him, grabbing him and shaking the squirrel as a dog does a rat. At the squals of the squirrel and the threshing of the leaves, out burst six more. Bang! went one gun, then another; back came Ned and Bob, and for a little while pandemonium reigned. It was a bark and a bite, a shot and a shout, until three squirrels were had and the rest scattered no one knew where. Judges and members roared with laughter, the dogs came back looking foolish. Bob, worst of all, had struck some colored material in his mad race, his head looking as if he had just pulled it from out a pot of yellow paint. His comical appearance as he shook his head and snuffed started everybody on the roar again. Result, one kill for Jock and another for Stanley; Hester lost one hard hit, while all the others had nothing to their credit but powder smoke and noise. The dogs were now taken up and three others put down. Time 4:10.

GENERAL ARTHUR—STEVE—ARGUS.

Hunting through the woods to Black Snake Trail, through that open lot to East Bluff, along the bluff north, through the woods; Arthur here did some excellent work. He secured a point, stopped, roaded, stopped again, roaded on to his final stop; it was all of 200yds. Two birds flushed themselves wild a long way ahead. Arthur somewhat unsteady, but stopped at once to order. The dog soon got another point, followed it up well, for the birds were running fast. Arthur would road along, then take a turn to right or left, or both, to see whether they were trying to flank him, then resume his roading again. This was repeated several times in a run of say 200yds. At last the birds, tired of such a chase, rose wild. Arthur dropped to wing. Doctor Speir and Judge Pentz walked on, but Arthur refused to follow, remaining crouched close to the ground. The Doctor called but he refused to move. Turning to go to him the Doctor flushed four birds which had been lying close, the dog steady to wing. All this took close to half an hour, and was as lovely, as clean a bit of work as is often seen. Moving on through woods and fields Arthur scored point after point, until it was too dark to work longer. This was the best work of any done at this season's trials. Unfortunately, Judge Pratt had followed another lot of birds with the handlers of Argus and Steve. So there was no opportunity to try Arthur's manner of backing or retrieving, as no bird had been killed over his dozen or more points; it was decided to try his qualifications in these regards the next morning. Time, 5:10. All day the weather had been of the most disagreeable character, intensely so. The wind had blown a half gale the whole time. It was cold, extremely so, and added to these unpleasant features, there was a constant succession of heavy snow squalls. Arriving at the club house we found the other division already there. Judge Pratt reported but few birds found. Steve found all these, was extremely stylish in way of going and on point, and was obedient and pleasant in disposition. Argus did not appear to advantage; he was short of work, and therefore did not show up as well as he should have done.

WEDNESDAY—THIRD DAY.

FORCE AND DORIS.

These were the last of the All-Aged entries. Force worked nicely, quartering his ground in a workmanlike manner. Doris, while possessed of more speed and full as much style, was very like a puppy in action, running hither and thither without apparent aim or purpose. Across the big pasture, along edge of wood to Quail Run. In the briers that grew so luxuriantly there Force pointed. Arthur, called for a back, came up, but instead of backing roaded up alongside of Force. Ordered to flush, no bird was found. A turn to north along East bluff and Force stood again, this time in good fashion. Judge Pratt, who was handling him, put up the birds, a big bevy. Judge shot and missed. Force was steady to both shot and wing. As time was rapidly passing and some of those present had to leave on the early afternoon train for your city, it was decided to run the first two of the Brace Stakes.

BRACE STAKES, 1888.

Dr. S. Fleet Spier's black and white setter dog St. Elmo and blue belton dog General Arthur.

W. Stanley's black setter dog Bang and Gordon setter Jock.

S. B. Duryea's blue belton dogs Ned and Guy.

W. M. Van Anden's Irish setter dogs Gout and Rheuma.

Thus St. Elmo and General Arthur were turned off at 9:15. The hunting was done in the direction which the flushed bevy had taken. In woods at end of East Bluff the Saint scored the first credit, pointing nicely and well. Arthur got one almost simultaneously. Force coming up failed to back, taking the scent himself. Bird flushed wild, both dogs steady to wing, Saint dropping to charge position at sound. Another turn up in woods, when Force got a good point. Both setters called up for a back, both refused, roading up alongside of the pointer took a point themselves. Out of woods in open lot to west. Saint found the game and got an elegant point. Arthur called for a back refused again, and ranged quickly but quietly alongside of Saint. Both stood well and in grand style. Steve now called up to back failed utterly, ran in, passed both dogs and flushed the birds. Shot at and one killed. Force without order went in and brought back the dead quail in capital fashion. He had previously backed Arthur and the Saint in first-rate form. Steve then tried for a retrieve, he made a muss of it, although he located the bird cleverly. Arthur then tried and fetched in capital manner—both these opportunities made upon a bird already killed and hidden in high grass some distance away. This finishing the running of the All-Aged Stake, I give scores as made:

ALL-AGED STAKES, 1888.

NAME OF DOG.	POINTS OF MERIT.									DEMERITS.					
	Pointing	Pace	Backing	Style	Staunchness	Ranging	Quartering	Obedience and Disposition	Retrieving	Total	Flushing	False Pointing	Breaking In	Breaking Shot	Breaking Shot and Chasing	Total
	35	20	7	6	6	6	6	4	10	..	1-7	1-7	3	5	10	..
General Arthur	35	20	9	6	6	6	6	4	8	91						
Gout	32	18	7	5	4	6	6	2	6	86						
Force	33	10	7	5	6	6	6	4	8	85						
Jock	35	10	7	4	4	4	5	4	10	83						
Ned	35	20	4	6	2	6	6	2	0	81						
Steve	30	17	0	6	6	6	6	4	6	81						
Bob	30	15	5	4	4	5	5	3	*	..						
Argus	†	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..						
Doris	†	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..						

* Not being able to win, was not tried for a retrieve.
† Withdrawn before making full scores.

GOUT AND RHEUMA.

This brace was cast off at 9:45, immediately after the work just described. Both dogs ran magnificently, so far as speed, style and range were concerned. In these respects they outscored most of the others, and would have won hands down, but for the hard-headedness and self-will so inherent in dogs of Irish blood.

The Doctor's brace had in the meantime been taken in the direction of the flushed bevy. Saint drew to a point, which was gotten by Arthur almost at the same moment. Gout and Rheuma came dashing up; Gout ranged in alongside of the English setters and stopped. Rheuma dashed off in another direction. Walking in to flush, no bird was found. St. Elmo and Arthur ordered up, and Mr. Stanley's brace,

BANG AND JOCK,

cast off at 10:55. The ground hunted to the north shore at Black Oak Point. Nothing found, and then a start south along the bluff and through the blackberry briers of Quail Run. On the way Rheuma pointed stiffly. Nothing was found on trying to flush, save a hare which ran like a scared dog for safer quarters. Moving along still southerly and up the steep hills which form the high bluff at this part of the Island. At the crest of the hill Jock pointed stiffly, being backed in awkward fashion by Bang. Bird was flushed to order, shot at and killed by Stanley, both dogs steady as clocks to both wing and shot. Jock sent to retrieve, which he did in good form. As he was coming in with the quail Bang drew himself to a stiff point. Stanley spoke to Jock to fetch quicker. As the dog stepped forward, out flushed from almost under Stanley's feet, Bang's bird. Stanley fired and missed. Course of quail followed. On the way Gout got a good point. Rheuma called in to back, failed to do so, but ranging up, ran in ahead of Gout and away the birds flew. Both dogs very unsteady to wing. Red dogs ordered up, and

NED AND GUY

cast off at once; time, 11:10 A. M. Steps retraced. The hill was left and the woods which bound it entered in southerly direction. Scarce in when Bang got a good point. The quail flushed wild some distance ahead of the dog. Stanley shot and killed. Bang ordered to fetch the dead bird. Guy, however, rushed in ahead, grabbing the quail and bringing it in in very bad fashion. A few yards further on, on the side of a knoll, Bang secured another point. Stanley ran around a clump of trees to get sight for a shot. He started on the way a hare, which ran across Bang's nose between the dog and his point. Bunny flushed the bird, which got clean away; Bang steady to both wing and fur. Moving south into woods, Jock picked up a point, Bang backing him capitally. Ned and Guy called in for a back, both did so in good style. Ned, however, broke his stand, rushed in ahead of and across the black dogs, routing out the birds which were shot at and missed. At the reports Guy and Ned both broke shot and dashed in mad races after the flying quail. Ned came back to order. Bang and Jock steady to both shot and bird and chase. Dogs ordered up at 12:10 and the trials declared finished. Despite the horrid character of the weather, despite the enforced absence of so many of the members, the trials were as good as any that have ever been run on the island. The quality of the dogs was high, although in obedience and disposition many were inferior, yet in natural ability I fancy the work of the year has never been beaten.

The most killing brace was without doubt Jock and Bang of W. Stanley. While lacking in the more showy qualities of style, speed and range, they proved themselves marvels of obedience, behaving well under the most trying circumstances. They possessed nose in uncommon degree, united to hunting intelligence, a combination hard to beat.

The brace of S. B. Duryea, Ned and Guy, are simply dog wonders. For speed, range, style and nose your correspondent has never met their superior. In those qualities due to training they were sadly amiss, being under but little control, and in retrieving, well, they did not retrieve at all. As a whole I look upon them as having such quality that when properly broken I know of nothing that can approach them, let alone surpassing them.

Scores as made in the Brace Stakes are given below:

BRACE STAKES, 1888.

NAME OF DOG.	POINTS OF MERIT.									DEMERITS.					
	Pointing	Pace	Backing	Style	Staunchness	Ranging	Quartering	Obedience and Disposition	Retrieving	Total	Flushing	False Pointing	Breaking In	Breaking Shot	Breaking Shot and Chasing	Total
	35	20	7	6	6							1-7	1-7	3	5	10
Jack	33	16	7	4	6											82
Bang																
St. Elmo	30	18	4	5	6	6										89
General Arthur																
Gout	25	20	3	6	5	6	6									82
Rheuma																
Ned	25	20	3	6	5	6	6	3								78
Guy																

NEW ENGLAND FOX HUNTIN

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of Dec. 13, "Tallyho" attacks the W[illegible] Massachusetts Fox Club for the manner in which it kill foxes. Now, I do not know the lay of the country where they hunt foxes, and will therefore let them defend their own case, but further on he says, "to my mind the shooting of foxes before hounds is a murderous, unsportsmanlike amusement," and again he says, "the only fox hunting worthy of honorable mention is where the hounds kill, and where the fox has a clear chance of escape. Anything less than this is not legitimate, because fair play is barred out." Now, "Tallyho" hits us a hard rap. It is the first time that we in Vermont have heard that we did not hunt foxes in a sportsmanlike and legitimate way. How are we to kill our foxes if we may not shoot them before hounds? Has "Tallyho" a few hounds that can kill foxes over our Vermont mountains? If so he would confer a favor on the fox hunters of this section if he will let us have just one. To any one who has not made a practice of fox hunting "Tallyho's" article would seem to be all right, and perhaps it is for some parts of the country. But to one who has seen fox hunting in northern Vermont, for instance, it is the silliest nonsense, and calls forth nothing but ridicule for the writer of it. I have been one of a party, on three different days within a week, who were fox hunting, and we got none. But the hounds run them all the same, but we had no chance to shoot. Did the hounds kill them? some one might ask, but no one up here would ask such a question. Of course they did not kill them, and I never saw a hound that could catch an unwounded fox over our hills, through the swamps and among the rocks in which this section abounds. We holed one after running all day, besides putting a fresh dog on the track in the afternoon and in sight of the fox. I have known a fox to lead a hound off sixteen miles and come back to where he started and not get shot, and the hounds could not catch him either. Will "Tallyho" say that those foxes had no chance? Why is it not just as sportsmanlike to try to kill foxes before the hounds as it is to get a fox in some level country and run him down and kill him with hounds? Not more than one fox in five that is run here is shot; the rest escape. Is that murderous? Don't it give the foxes any chance?

I think that such as "Tallyho" ought to stop to think before they write such bosh as he wrote. It may be that what is right and sportsmanlike in one place cannot be practical in another. And it is just so with fox hunting. We cannot kill foxes here with hounds; it is an impossibility. Your hounds that can do it in a level country can't do it here. There are good foxhounds here and fast runners too, but the "lay of the land" is against them.

I would like to hear what the Worcester (Massachusetts) Club think about the idea that they do not hunt foxes as sportsmen should. If I could write here all that has been said by the readers of his article, "Tallyho" would be surprised at the things said about him and his way of fox hunting. If "Tallyho" will come up here and stop awhile he will be welcome, and we will show him whether our way is sportsmanlike or not. H. B. LOVERIN.

EAST BERKSHIRE, Vt.

THE HEMPSTEAD RABBIT BAITING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The Hempstead mode of killing rabbits I should judge very unsportsmanlike and cruel, brutally so. A true sportsman allows his quarry a fair chance. Even a school boy, proverbially the most cruel (unthinkingly so) of all animals, would blush to be caught indulging in this particular "sport."

I would suggest the mount for the judge would be a Spanish jack, for then three of the interested parties would have long ears, for, of course, the dogs are clipped. As I understand, this particular "sport" (?) is one imported from the north of England, practiced there by miners, the most brutal of the human race. No gentleman would countenance it for a moment, much less be present at a "run." I think it should be discouraged. REIGNOLDS.

BOSTON, Mass.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Fair play should be part of one's religion. We claim it as American sentiment. In coursing rabbits according to the Hempstead mode there is not a semblance of fair play. It is cruel and brutal. JEROME BURNETT.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DOG TALK.

DR. CYRUS EDSON, in his report to the President of the Health Department on the subject of killing dogs at the dog pound, states that he made an experiment a few days ago with common illuminating gas which was a complete success. Fifty-three dogs were placed in the apparatus, and in three minutes they were insensible and in five minutes they were dead. The Doctor states that there was no evidence that the animals suffered pain.

We understand that Mr. C. J. Peshall has recently had offered to him upon reasonable terms, a team of fox-terriers, the owner stipulating that they shall be used for rabbit baiting. Of course the offer was declined.

The English Pointer Club will hold their annual field trials next year at Wrexham on May 8 and 9.

MASTIFF PUPPY WEIGHTS.—Glens Falls, N. Y., Dec. 20.—Our Plinlimmon—Lady Wellington puppy Princelimmon was three months old yesterday and weighed exactly 50lbs. This we consider an extra good weight, and have yet to hear of one to beat it.—HALFWAY BROOK KENNELS.

WESTMINSTER KENNEL CLUB.

THE premium list of the Westminster Kennel Club's show next February provides a generous list of prizes for the several classes. For mastiffs, St. Bernards, pointers, English setters, Irish setters, black and tan or Gordon setters, rough collies and fox-terriers the prizes are $20 and $10 in the challenge classes, $20, $10, $5 and medal in open classes, $10, $5 and medal for dog puppies and same for bitch puppies. Deerhounds, greyhounds, cockers, bulldogs, bull-terriers, beagles and pugs $10 and $5 in challenge, $10, $5 and medal in open, $10, $5, and medal for puppies, dogs and bitches. Newfoundlands, bloodhounds, Great Danes, foxhounds (English), foxhounds (American), Chesapeake Bays, Clumbers, black poodles, dachshunde, Bedlingtons and Skyes, open dogs, $10, $5 and medal; bitches same. Yorkshires, King Charles, Blenheims, challenge, dogs and bitches, $10 and $5; open dogs, $10, $5 and medal; bitches same. English retrievers, Irish water spaniels, smooth collies, bobtailed sheepdogs, poodles other than black, Airedales, basset hounds, Welsh terriers, Scotch terriers, Dandie Dinmonts, Clydesdale terriers, black and tans over 7lbs., white English and toy terriers, Prince Charles and ruby spaniels, Japanese spaniels, toy spaniels any variety, Italian greyhounds, Mexican hairless, miscellaneous, dogs and bitches, $10, $5 and medal.

Specials include: Mastiffs, cups valued at $300, $150, two at $100 each, a medal valued at $50, and others, sweepstakes, and $25 for best kennel of four. Two St. Bernard cups of $25 value, six [illegible] for best kennel. Bloodhound, deerhound [illegible] a foxhound, field or cocker spaniel [illegible] four, $25 each. Pointers, $25 ke[illegible] for best dog placed in field trials [illegible]ach same, and $25 for best pointer [illegible]ers, $25 best kennel, medal for best dog [illegible]ame for bitch, and $25 for best setter shown. [illegible], $25 for kennel, medal for best dog placed in [illegible]ne for bitch. Black and tan or Gordon setters, $25 [illegible]st kennel, medal for best placed in field trial. Best [illegible]esapeake Bay dog or bitch, $100. Collies, the Collie Club's futurity and produce stakes, open to members only, also $25 for best kennel, and $25 for best collie. Best bulldog, $25; bull-terrier, $25. Fox-terriers, best dog, bitch, dog puppy, bitch puppy, brace of puppies, brace over 12mos., $10, club's $300 cup, stud dog stakes, produce stakes, $25 best kennel, cup presented by judge.

DISEASE OF LIVER IN DOGS—JAUNDICE.

IN all animals disturbance of the biliary functions is associated with a symptom which is easily recognized and well understood—a yellow tinge of the skin and and mucous membrane. This sign of disease is most noticeable in animals with light-colored skins; but the tinge is still to be seen even when the surface is black, and the color can always be observed in a most distinct form in the eyes and inside the mouth.

Pathologists touch lightly as a rule on the question of the precise cause of the yellow tint of the tissues in cases of disease of the liver. Two modes of explaining the occurrence present themselves for consideration, and it is not easy to determine which is the correct one. The non-separation of the elements of bile from the blood by the liver in its torpid state, or the absorption of the fluid from the intestines, would account for the color; and considering that in many instances there is evidence of excessive secretion of bile of an altered character, it is probable that the fluid is taken up by the capillaries of the intestines, and becomes mixed with the blood. On the other hand, there is nothing unphysiological in the presumption that when the diseased liver fails in its office, the skin, kidneys and mucous membranes do duty for it. In such case, the elements of bile, being eliminated by these organs, would produce the yellow tint of the skin, mucous membrane, and the urine. Possibly both causes may act in producing the same result under different conditions of the bile-secreting organ.

It may be concluded that the presence of the elements of the bile in the blood will seriously interfere with the nutritive functions; in fact, it is not too much to say that the blood under such circumstances is really poisoned by the presence of effete matter, which in a healthy state of organism should be constantly excreted.

In addition to the poisonous action of bile in the blood, which is a positive evil, there are to be taken into account the negative effects of the absence of the secretion, in proper quantity and of normal character, in the intestinal canal. However objectionable the constituents of bile may be when retained in the blood, they are very essential for the proper performance of the function of digestion. Bile in the intestinal canal promotes the absorption of fat by its action on the mucous membrane. It also assists in the solution of the large mass of epithelial scales which are thrown off the surface of the membrane; and it is further useful from its slightly purgative and antiseptic properties. All these valuable qualities are lost when the bile becomes deteriorated.

Acute inflammation of the liver is not common in the dog, but chronic derangement frequently occurs in animals which are kept in an artificial condition. Youatt refers to the common existence of the disease in sporting dogs, greyhounds in particular, and considers that over-exertion, chills, and immersion in water are causes of disordered liver, which induce jaundice. Constipation is also described as a cause; but, as Steel remarks, it would be more correct to consider both the constipation and the yellowness of the skin and mucous membranes as consequences of torpidity of the liver. Excessive use of emetics and purgatives tends to cause disease of the liver, and it is hardly necessary to observe that the system of feeding pet dogs on stimulating and rich food is almost certain to cause disorders of the organ.

Jaundice as a sequel of distemper is a well-known and dangerous complication in that disease, from which the recoveries are few.

SYMPTOMS OF JAUNDICE.

Writers are in the habit of describing, among the indications of all forms of disease, many which are common, and a few which are actually diagnostic, viz., specially significant of a particular affection. Steel, in "The Diseases of the Dog," describes first a dull, sleepy state, thirst, disinclination for food and vomiting, diarrhœa or constipation, and then yellowness of the skin and mucous membranes, some colic pains, with tenderness on pressure to the right side. In the latter stages of the disease the skin is harsh and dry. The evacuations are light-colored. Wasting occurs, and in long-continued or chronic cases the belly is pendulous as in dropsy, but the examination of the swollen part indicates that it is not the result of effusion. Youatt and Blaine describe the same symptons, noting that the yellow tinge of the skin and mucous membranes is the principal one.

Fatty degeneration of the liver often occurs in pet dogs, as the natural result of the system of feeding to which we have referred.

TREATMENT OF JAUNDICE.

The means of combating disorders of the liver have not been materially developed since the time of Blaine and Youatt. Calomel was then, and is now, the popular liver medicine; aloes was given in conjunction, and is now given by some practitioners; while others prefer to regulate the bowels by means of sulphate of soda or Epsom salts.

Purgatives are not proper, especially at the commencement of the attack, and it is sufficient if a moderate laxative effect is obtained by the use of salines. Friction to the sides with mercurial ointment is advocated by Blaine, and some modern practitioners attach great value to this treatment. Bleeding used to be adopted in the beginning of the attack, and when fever was indicated by dryness of the mouth, thirst and quick pulse, but it is seldom resorted to in the present day.

Diarrhœa is to be checked by starch enemas with a few drops of laudanum. Diet is an all-important matter in the management of disorders of the liver. Abstinence from fatty food must be insisted on, and mucilaginous fluids are advised as a means of sheathing the intestinal membrane, and thus preventing the irritative effects of the diseased bile; mutton broth or chicken broth slightly thickened with arrowroot will be very useful, and no kind of solid food should be given until the dog has got well on the road to recovery. A return of the ordinary appetite will be a fair indication that a more liberal diet may be permitted.

Chronic disease of the liver is often associated with eruption on the skin, with loss of the coat. If neglected, the skin becomes covered with scabs.

No special treatment of the skin disease which arises from biliary disorder is necessary, as the irritation is only a sympathetic consequence of the generally deranged digestive function. Careful dieting, strict cleanliness, and regular exercise are important aids to recovery. Small doses of calomel with aloes, just enough to keep the bowels in order, may be given, and, as a tonic, iodide of potassium is worth trying. One to four grains of the agent may be given in the form of a pill; and when calomel is not given, five to ten grains of the solid extract of taraxacum may be used with the iodide of potassium.

In the treatment of the diseases of dogs, the practitioner always has to expect slow progress, and therefore a change of medicine is sometimes beneficial. The iodide of potassium may be changed for mineral acids. Two to ten drops of dilute hydrochloric acid (according to the age and size of the dog) may be conveniently given in sufficient water to make the mixture pleasantly acid.—*London Field.*

AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER.

FOLLOWING are the numbers of the dogs entered in the December number of the *American Kennel Register:*

BEAGLES.

6777. Thom, J. W. Stribling.

COLLIES.

6778. Ben Harrison, I. S. Johnson
6779. Clan Belle, C. H. Crandall.
6780. Donald IX., M. C. Howe.
6781. Fordhook Ben, W. Atlee Burpee & Co.
6782. Fordhook Bruce, W. Atlee Burpee & Co.
6783. Fordhook Flossie, W. Atlee Burpee & Co.
6784. Fordhook Wonder, W. Atlee Burpee & Co.
6785. Hera, J. Watson.
6786. Juga, J Watson.
6787. Matrona, J. Watson.
6788. Regina, J. Watson.
6789. The Bard of Fordhook, W. Atlee Burpee & Co.

GREAT DANES.

6790. Protector, Chas. E. Raible.

MASTIFFS.

6791. Beech Grove Jackson, Mrs. Kate Rankin.
6792. Bruno II., W. T. McMullin.
6793. Diana, Cameron Bros.
6794. Eureka Chief, W. H. McMullin.
6795. Greenwood Beauty, W. A. Power.
6796. Greenwood Duke, G. F. Whitney.
6797. Greenwood Dora, W. A. Power.
6798. Greenwood Princess, W. A. Power.
6799. Grover Cleveland, Edwin R. Smith.
6800. Max, Jr., C. S. Hichborn.
6801. Monarch Boy, Forest Kennels.
6802. Moses II., Jas. H. Day.
6803. Wacouta Sultan, James A. Parsons.

POINTERS.

6804. Beaufort II., H. S. Eustis.
6805. Don Graphic, E. T. Wilson.
6806. Duke of Vernon, L. Gardner.
6807. Mikado II., John M. Barton.
6808. Taipo, Miss A. W. Thayer.

PUGS.

6809. Ben Harrison, Warner & Hamilton.

ST. BERNARS—ROUGH-COATED.

6810. Abdallah, G. J. Rupprecht.
6811. Alpine, Dr. G. B. Sawtelle.
6812. Bayard III., G. B. Sawtelle.
6813. Black Lock, W. S. Gray.
6814. Buff, Patrick J. Shane.
6815. Cæsar III., Dr. Geo. B. Sawtelle.
6816. Clytie, Dr. G. B. Sawtelle.
6817. Confidence, W. S. Gray.
6818. Leo III., N. E. Beasley.
6819. Le Roi, Mrs. E. A. Housman.
6820. Marcus, Dr. G. B. Sawtelle.
6821. Meta, Phelps Smith.
6822. Nep, F. Henshaw.
6823. Plato, Frank L. Usher.
6824. Princess Alma, Dr. Geo. B. Sawtelle.
6825. Princess Gilda, Dr. Geo. B. Sawtelle.
6826. Rex Bernard, C. C. Chambers.
6827. Rollo III., H. M. Carpenter.
6828. Tasso, Dr. Geo. B. Sawtelle.
6829. Una, Dr. Geo. B. Sawtelle.
6830. Ursula II., W. Halsey Peck.
6831. Zulina, Geo. J. Rupprecht.

SETTERS—ENGLISH SETTERS.

6832. Blue Bessie, H. S. Peach.

GORDON SETTERS.

6833. Count, D. S. Moore.
6834. Joe, C. L. Farrington.
6835. Nellie Gordon II., John T. Paintin.
6836. Sears's Fan, H. G. Sears.

IRISH SETTERS.

6837. Dan, H. O. Leachey.
6838. Forest Corinne, F. C. Smith.
6839. Laura, Miss A. W. Thayer.

SPANIELS—CLUMBER SPANIELS.

6840. Johnny III., S. W. Langmaid.

COCKER SPANIELS.

6841. Dandy Obo, I. Richards, Jr.
6842. Irma, Mrs. Arnold.
6843. Newton Abbot Laddie Chief, W. F. Morse.
6844. Sappho, I. M. Shepherd.
6845. Snowball, James O'Hara.

IRISH WATER SPANIELS.

6846. Fanny Lee, F. A. Ruff.

TERRIERS—BULL-TERRIERS.

6847. Garry, Bart J. Doran.

DANDIE DINMONT TERRIERS.

6848. Sheila, M. H. M. Wood.

FOX-TERRIERS.

6849. Tessa, M. H. M. Wood.

SKYE TERRIERS.

6850. Scotty, Miss Colket.

COLLIE STAKES.—Rahway, N. J., Dec. 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* All the Collie Club Stakes as published are fixtures, and renew themselves from year to year. Owners of bitches that will whelp in January, 1889, should at once enter them for the Produce Stake of 1890. The third annual Collie Sweepstakes, for collies born in the United States or Canada between Jan. 1 and June 30, 1888, will be decided at the show of the Philadelphia Kennel Club, April 16 to 19, 1889. A subscription of $5 for each collie entered, to be paid to the secretary of the Collie Club at the time of entry. Fifty per cent. to the best dog or bitch, 25 per cent to the second, 15 per cent. to the third and 10 per cent. to the fourth. Dogs to compete for this sweepstake must be registered in the K.C.S.B. and also be entered in the regular classes of the bench show. Entries will close March 1, 1889. Blank forms can be obtained by addressing J. D. SHOTWELL, Sec'y, Box 18, Rahway, N. J.

COLUMBUS SHOW.—Columbus, O., Dec. 19.—The Columbus Fanciers' Club, Columbus, O., having been admitted as a member of the American Kennel Club, the bench show to be held Feb. 5, 6, 8 and 7, 1889, will be given under their rules. The dogs will be benched and fed by Spratts Patent. —GEORGE H. HILL, Supt.

"WHY IS THIS THUS?"—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It is presumed that a specialist club exists for the encouragement of a breed and that its prizes are offered to determine which is the best animal of the breed, but there must be a qualification as to this in New York. Note the recent announcement of the American Mastiff Club, and you will see that one prize is for dogs under three years old, and the next for dogs under two years old. This is peculiar. Why are these particular ages selected? There certainly is no reason known to mastiff men why a dog of four years should not compete on terms of equality with one of 22 months. However, the American Mastiff Club is not composed of mastiff men, so this knowledge could not be expected of them. Does anybody want to know the reason? I suggest —like Mr. Chucks, I would beg to observe, just to hint in the most delicate manner in the world, that Minting is over three years old, and that Moses, Sears' Monarch, Ilford Coroner, etc., are over two years. Truly the clique club should take a more covered path than this when they wish to win perfunctory prizes for the dogs the bosses own.—W. WADE.

AMERICAN PET DOG CLUB.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A meeting of the American Pet Dog Club was held Friday, Dec. 14, at 129 East Sixteenth street, New York, with the president, Mrs. Wheatleigh, in the chair. After the roll call, the minutes of the preceding meeting were read and approved. The treasurer's report was accepted and ordered placed on file. A discussion of the new constitution and by-laws, presented by the committee appointed at last meeting to draft the same, resulted in their adoption, as presented by said committee, by an unanimous vote. A copy is annexed to these minutes. The meeting then adjourned on regular motion.—MARION E. BANNISTER, Secretary.

KENNEL NOTES.

Notes must be sent on prepared blanks, which are furnished free on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope of large letter size. Sets of 200 of any one form, bound for retaining duplicates, are sent for 30 cents.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Daylight. By McEwen & Gibson, Byron, Ont., for black, white and tan collie bitch, whelped Sept. 12, by Caractacus (Cremorne——) out of Pitchdark (Eclipse—Midnight).

Corric. By McEwen & Gibson, Byron, Ont., for black and tan collie bitch, whelped April 18, 1888, by Dublin Scot (The Colonel—Jessie) out of Madge (Highlander—Hasty).

Silver Nettle. By David Lewis, Cannonsburg, Pa., for lemon and white fox-terrier bitch, whelped June 22, 1888, by Dusky Trap (Dusky Splinter—Spider) out of Lady Belmont (Earl Leicester—Coquette).

Dusky Diamond. By David Lewis, Cannonsburg, Pa., for black, white and tan fox-terrier dog, whelped July 16, 1888, by Dusky Trap (Dusky Splinter—Spider) out of Coquette (Bacchanal—Trifle).

BRED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Cassandra—Balkis. H. W. Huntington's (Brooklyn, N. Y.) greyhound bitch Cassandra (A.K.R. 5883) to his Balkis (A.K.R. 5881), Dec. 18.

WHELPS.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Colleen Bawn II. O. S. Kelsey's (Hartford, Conn.) Irish setter bitch Colleen Bawn II. (A.K.R. 4796), Dec. 14, ten (five dogs), by Timmey (Brush—Young Lill).

Bradford Lill. P. H. Coombs's (Bangor, Me.) Yorkshire terrier bitch Bradford Lill (A.K.R. 4121), Dec. 4, three (two dogs), by his Bradford Harry (Crawshaw's Bruce—Beale's Lady).

SALES.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Guelph. Black and tan collie dog, whelped Oct. 16, 1887, by Gilderoy out of Jess, by McEwen & Gibson, Byron, Ont., to J. L. Lincoln, Jr., Chicago, Ill.

Corric. Black and tan collie bitch, whelped April 18, 1888, by Dublin Scot out of Madge, by McEwen & Gibson, Byron, Ont., to Frank G. Walker, Great Falls, Mont.

Nellie McGregor. Black, white and tan collie bitch, whelped November, 1885, by champion Rex out of Juno, by Warner & Hamilton, Canaan Four Corners, N. Y., by Edward Powell, Ghent, N. Y.

Dr. Clyde. Brindle deerhound dog, whelped Dec. 24, 1885, by champion Oscar out of Lady Dare, by Associated Fanciers, Philadelphia, Pa., to J. T. Stobbs, Lincoln, Neb.

Ilford Comedy. Fawn, jet black points, mastiff bitch, whelped May 15, 1888, by champion Oriando out of Idalia, by Wacouta Kennels, Omaha, Neb., to Dr. Geo. B. Ayres, same place.

Nydia. Fawn, black points, mastiff bitch, whelped July 5, 1887, by Clement out of Ashmont Queen, by Dr. Geo. B. Ayres, Omaha, Neb., to Hamilton & Shugart, Council Bluffs, Ia.

Boss Bismark. Mastiff dog, whelped Jan. 7, 1888, by Count Bismark (A.K.R. 4871) out of Isabella (A.K.R. 2015), by C. C. Richardson, Sufheid, to N. Hucker, Jr., Buffalo, N. Y.

Kinglimmon, Princelimmon and Ladylimmon. Two orange, white markings, black shadings, rough St. Bernard dogs and one bitch, whelped Sept. 19, 1888, by champion Plinlimmon out of Lady Wellington, by E. B. Sears, Melrose, Mass., to Halfway Brook Kennels, Glens Falls, N. Y.

Zara. Orange and white rough St. Bernard bitch, whelped Sept. 19, 1888, by champion Plinlimmon out of Lady Wellington, by E. B. Sears, Melrose, Mass., to C. W. Bickford, Rochester, N. Y.

Wyoming Colin. Orange, white markings, black shadings, rough St. Bernard dog, whelped Sept. 19, 1888, by champion Plinlimmon out of Lady Wellington, by E. B. Sears, Melrose, Mass., to H. R. C. Watson, West Farms, N. Y.

Major. Orange, white markings, black facings, smooth St. Bernard dog, whelped Sept. 30, 1888, by Winchester (A.K.R. 5179) out of Topsy (A.K.R. 6752), by G. P. Wiggin, Lawrence, Mass., to Mrs. John Reardon, Brookline, Mass.

Jack. Orange and white rough St. Bernard dog, whelped Sept. 30, 1888, by Winchester (A.K.R. 5179) out of Topsy (A.K.R. 6752), by G. P. Wiggin, Lawrence, Mass., to Mrs. M. T. Stevens, North Andover, Mass.

Pemberton. Orange and white smooth St. Bernard dog, whelped Sept. 30, 1888, by Winchester (A.K.R. 5179) out of Topsy (A.K.R. 6752), by G. P. Wiggin, Lawrence, Mass., to J. J. Crippen, Salina, Kan.

Monarch. Orange and white St. Bernard dog, whelped Oct. 4, 1886, by Filibuster (A.K.R. 1071) out of Teresa (A.K.R. 5572), by Associated Fanciers, Philadelphia, Pa., to H. B. Olin, Rochester, N. Y.

Count Blue and Leah III. English setter dog and bitch, whelped Nov. 12, 1887, by Blue Prince out of Ada Gladstone, by Associated Fanciers, Philadelphia, Pa., to H. M. Cutting, New York.

Creole. Red Irish setter bitch, whelped 1883, by Grafton out of Silsby's Meg, by Associated Fanciers, Philadelphia, Pa., to H. M. Cutting, New York.

Ben. Red Irish setter dog, whelped July 28, 1886, by Elcho, Jr., out of Pequot Jess, by Associated Fanciers, Philadelphia, Pa., to H. M. Cutting, New York.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

O. R. R., Sonoma City, Cal.—My bloodhound dog has a running sore on his hindleg; can anything be done for it? Ans. Wash night and morning with warm water and castile soap and apply ointment made of 1dr. of balsam of Peru to 1oz. of vaseline. Try to keep a piece of lint with a little ointment tied on the leg all the time.

G. C. C., Rochester, N. Y.—A small black and tan terrier, nine months old, has for two weeks been losing the hair from his back and over the eyes; the parts seem to itch a great deal and in one place he has scratched himself raw; the skin seems to be very dry and scaly. The dog has the run of the house and is a great pet. I do not think he is fed anything but scraps from the table, so it does not seem likely that his blood is out of order; he is very lively and playful. Ans. Give the pup 4 drops of Fowler's solution of arsenic morning and evening in the food for three weeks. Rub into skin gently a little zinc oxide ointment morning and evening. The trouble is scaly mange or eczema. Keep bowels open.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

BOSTON, Dec. 22.—But few scores were finished to-day at the range, on account of the unfavorable weather conditions, though a good number of shooters were present. Below are the scores made to-day:

Victory Medal Match.

B G Warren	7	8	10	10	9	10	7	7	6	6—80
O T Moore	7	10	10	5	8	5	6	5	9	7—72

All-Comers' Match—200yds.

D L Chase	10	7	7	10	8	7	9	5	10	7—80
W W Bennett	9	6	7	7	8	6	9	9	9	9—79
O T Moore	10	3	7	5	8	10	6	8	7	10—75
F Martin	9	8	6	8	5	9	8	6	7	6—72
C Clarke	6	8	7	10	5	5	6	6	7	9—69
W Chester (mil)	5	6	6	7	10	7	7	7	8	3—66

State Militia Match.

W P Dickson	55454—39	34444—19	35444—20	

Rest Match—200yds.

J Robinson	11	9	11	9	10	9	9	11	10	7—96
A Ballard	9	8	10	9	9	9	8	12	8	5—87
C Towne	7	8	9	6	7	8	7	9	10	12—83
W Chester	11	6	12	5	8	10	6	9	8	7—82

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Dec. 23.—The Hartranft Rifle Club indulged in the weekly practice at the Hartranft House to-day, at 200yds., American standard target, 10 shots each. The day was bright and clear, and a steady breeze from the southwest was gently blowing; air was chilly and raw. The following scores were made during the afternoon:

Ed Travis	8	9	10	6	9	10	7	8	8	4—79
J J Mountjoy	8	7	8	7	5	6	6	9	7	8—72
J Lardner (mil.)	6	7	6	6	8	5	9	9	7	4—71
E Stees	6	5	8	8	8	3	6	4	5	8—59
C H Beehler, Jr	5	7	3	5	6	9	6	6	2	5—54
J H Beehler	2	4	7	5	5	8	3	5	4	5—48
Wm Wurfflein	2	7	4	7	6	9	7	0	3	3—48
H Steinbeisser	2	2	3	4	8	3	4	3	2	2—33
J M Oliver, Jr	3	2	7	4	2	0	3	2	3	2—28

LAWRENCE, Mass., Dec. 22.—The following scores were made by the Lawrence Rifle Club to-day at 200yds.:

E F Richardson	9	9	10	8	10	8	10	7	8	7—85
O M Jewell	10	8	10	3	6	8	8	8	10	10—86
W Fisher	10	9	10	8	5	7	10	6	10	9—84
C M Hill	10	10	8	8	6	8	8	10	6	7—81
A A Philbrick	7	9	9	10	5	10	8	8	8	5—77
A D Elliot	6	9	5	6	9	8	5	9	9	5—71

ZETTLER RIFLE CLUB.—New York, Dec. 18.—Score for the champion medal, 12-ring target, reduced to gallery distance. 10 shots per man: G. Zimmerman 117, H. Holges 115, J. Coppersmith 115, M. Dorrler 114, C. G. Zettler 114, L. Flack 114, J. H. Brown 114, M. B. Engle 111, B. Zettler 106, H. Witte 108, F. Lindkloster 107, C. Rein 106, M. Tropp 105, T. C. Noone 105, A. Stahl 105, F. Arnold 104, A. P. Hunt 103, G. W. Downs 102, B. Busse 101, J. Kanzler 97.—N. D. WARD, Sec.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 15.—There was a very big attendance of the lovers of target shooting at Harbor View to-day, and considerable enthusiasm was manifested during the afternoon. A majority of those present were members of the California Schuetzen Club and the San Francisco Turners' Schuetzen Club. It was the closing day's trial of the year in the former club, and only those members who had entered in seven of the twelve monthly contests of 1888 were allowed to compete in the contest for the prizes in the five classes. For each of these classes a trophy of the value of $25 was offered. The result was as follows, the names given being the winner in each class: Champion class—A. Johnson, 429 rings; first class—J. E. Klein, 410; second class, C. Thierbach, 382; third class—H. Guembel, 356; fourth class—A. Utschig, 374. The San Francisco Turners' Schuetzen Club was represented by some 40 members who competed for medals and money prizes. The club medal for December was won by R. Finking, Sr. The shooting for the money prizes resulted as follows: H. Brown 59 rings, J. Utschig 57, R. Finking, Sr., 51, A. Utschig 48, C. Sagehorn 47, O. Burmeister 46, L. Thierback 46, F. Utinger 44, H. Enge 44, F. Acker 43, R. Finking, Jr., 42, F. Miller 38, L. Brune 33, H. Turk 22.

There was a good day's sport at the Shell Mound rifle range to-day, and some fairly good scores were made. The shooting began at 9 A. M. and lasted the entire day. The most interesting thing of the day was a match between Capt. R. J. Loughery and Corp. H. L. Pendleton, the latter allowing the Captain 25 points in 50 shots. The score was as follows:

Loughery	4443344345—38	Pendleton	4534354444—40
	4444544444—41		5444444444—41
	5454454433—41		4544444445—42
	4544444445—42		4543554444—43
	5544454451—44—206		5544444544—43—209

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

THE DECORATION DAY TROPHY.

IN order to afford a general test of shooting and assist on the growing sport of trap shooting, the FOREST AND STREAM offered a $100 cup to be shot for on Decoration Day, 1887. Ample and timely notice was given of the conditions, and a number of clubs made scores, a tie for first place resulted, and after several attempts at shooting it off, the FOREST AND STREAM secured consent from the leading clubs for a division of the value of the cup, and checks were sent accordingly. This left the cup in the hands of FOREST AND STREAM, and with the opening of the year a new offer of the cup was determined upon. It was put up as before to be shot for by small teams from any regular rifle club, and the terms were made as easy as possible. Instead of concentrating the shooting on one day or week, the whole season was thrown open to the shooters, and in place of one test and to prevent a fluke from giving prominence to a team of perhaps secondary merit, the best three in five scores was to determine the winner. The detailed conditions were printed and scattered. There were many inquiries and at first it looked as though the list of entries was to be a large one. Some clubs sent the entry fee of $10 per team only to withdraw it before the date for the first shoot. The opening shooting day arrived with four entries on the match list. Two of the entries came from one club, but the club men failed to get together to shoot within the time specified, and the entry fee was of course forfeited. This left $40 in the pot for money prizes, with the cup to go to the leading team.

The teams remaining in the contest under these conditions were the Parkersburg (West Va.) Gun Club and the Delhi Gun Club, of Cleves, Ohio. The report from the several shoots of the Parkersburg Club were as follows:

PARKERSBURG, Va., July 28.—The following is score of the Parkersburg Gun Club team in FOREST AND STREAM match July 27, 1888:

	Straight-away.	Right.	Left.	Total.
A W West	11112	11111	11111	—15
L Stephens	11111	11111	21211	—15
C E Verges	11112	11110	11111	—14—44

All shot 10-gauge guns. The undersigned certify the above score, made in their presence, to be correct.

J. T. ADAIR,
A. CHARNOCK, } Judges.
G. M. FOUGHT, Referee.

PARKERSBURG, W. Va., Aug. 24.—We, the undersigned, testify that the following scores were made to-day in Trophy shoot by members of Parkersburg Gun Club, according to FOREST AND STREAM rules:

A W West	11111	11111	11111	—15
L Stephens	11101	11111	22111	—14
C E Verges	11111	11111	12121	—15—44

Second match, same day, same conditions:

A W West	11111	12111	11111	—15
L Stephens	11111	10211	11111	—14
C E Verges	21111	11111	01111	—14—43

GEO. I. HAMMOND, Judge and Scorer.
E. JACOBS, Judge.
G. M. FOUGHT, Referee.

PARKERSBURG, W. Va., Sept. 1.—The undersigned do hereby certify that the following score was made by members of the Parkersburg Gun Club entered in FOREST AND STREAM Trophy shoot under the conditions and rules governing, the days hereinafter named:

Aug. 31.

A W West	11211	21112	21121—15
L Stephens	11211	11121	11211—15
C E Verges	12111	12111	12111—15—45

Sept. 1.

A W West	11211	11111	12111—15
L Stephens	12112	11111	12112—15
C E Verges	11111	12111	11112—15—45

D. RUCKMAN,
E. E. SCIERMER, } Judges.
C. W. BUTCHER, Referee and Scorer.

The Delhi Club shot its scores at various days during this season and had a capital team at work. The scores were returned as follows, using the Cleveland Target Co.'s birds and traps:

CLEVELAND, O., Aug. 24.—Shoot for the Decoration Day Trophy:

A B Whitlock	11121	11111	11212—15
C McFee	11111	11121	11111—15
W C Harrell	11111	11111	11111—15—45

We hereby certify the above is a correct score as made by the Delhi Gun Club Aug. 24, 1888, and the terms of match were strictly complied with.

GUS HILDEBRAND,
CHAS. W. CAINE, } Judges.
BENJ. CHIDLAW, Scorer.

CLEVELAND, O., Aug. 31.—The following scores were shot to-day:

A B Whitlock	11111	11121	11111—15
C McFee	11111	20102	11111—13
W C Harrell	10121	11111	11101—13—41

We hereby certify that the above is a correct score as made by the Delhi Club at Cleveland, O., on Aug. 31, 1888, and that the FOREST AND STREAM rules as to angle, distance, etc., were strictly complied with.

H. W. BALSLEY,
JAS. CHIDLAW, } Judges.
JOHN INGRAM, Scorer.

CLEVELAND, O., Sept. 17.—Two scores adjourned from Saturday, Sept. 15, account of rain:

Score No. 1.

A B Whitlock	12112	12221	22111—15
W C Harrell	11111	11111	11111—15
C W McFee	11111	11111	00101—12—42

Score No. 2.

A B Whitlock	11111	21211	02121—14
W C Harrell	11121	11111	21111—15
C W McFee	11111	11111	11111—15—44

We hereby certify that the foregoing are the correct scores as made at Cleveland, O., by the Delhi Club, and that the rules as to distance and angles were strictly complied with.

RALPH M. BALSLEY,
CHARLES W. CAINE, } Judges.
GUS HILDEBRAND, Scorer.

CLEVELAND, O., Nov. 9.—Score for FOREST AND STREAM trophy:

McFee	11111	11111	11111—15
Whitlock	11111	21111	11122—15
Harrell	11111	11121	11111—15—45

We hereby certify the foregoing is a correct score as made by the Delhi Rifle Club at Cleveland, and that the rules of the FOREST AND STREAM as to distance and angles were strictly complied with.

R. FARMER,
H. W. BALSLY, } Judges.
C. W. CAINE, Scorer.

This result put the teams in a tie, each having made two perfect scores of 45 to one score of 44. A shoot-off was necessary and a note was duplicated to each of the teams as follows:

GENTLEMEN—Your team has tied for first place in the Trophy Cup shoot with a total of 134 in a possible 135. To decide the matter will you kindly get your team together again any day, within ten days after the receipt of this, and let each man shoot on until he mises, and send on the score at once. This "miss and out" tie shoot to be under the same conditions as the original match as to birds, distances, etc. Yours,

FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING COMPANY.

The sickness of McFee and the absence of Whitlock on the Ohio team necessitated a further extension of time in their case, and at last both returns came in as follows:

PARKERSBURGH, W. Va., Dec. 4.—The following scores were made to-day by members of the Parkersburg Gun Club team, Parkersburg, W. Va., by order of FOREST AND STREAM to decide a tie for the FOREST AND STREAM Trophy Cup:

C E Verges	11111	11111	11111—15
	12111	11111	11112—15
	11111	21111	11112—15
	11111	11111	11110—14—59
A W West	11111	21111	11121—15
	11111	11111	11121—15
	11111	11111	11111—15
	11111	11111	21111—15
	11111	110	— 7—67
Levi Stevens	11111	11211	11121—15
	11122	11111	21221—15
	11121	11111	12222—15
	21111	12121	11111—15
	11111	11111	21111—15
	12221	11111	11111—15
	11111	22211	11220—14—104
Total			—230

JAS. W. WAUDLING,
PHILIP D. NEAL, } Judges.
J. M. MITCHELL, Scorer.

CLEVELAND, O., Dec. 15:

W C Harrell	11111	11121	11111—15
	11112	11121	11111—15
	11111	11111	11121—15
	11110		— 4—49
A B Whitlock	11111	12211	11111—15
	11111	11121	11111—15
	11111	11111	11111—15
	12112	11111	11121—15
	11111	11111	11111—15
	12121	11111	11111—15
	11111	11112	1110 —13—103
C W McFee	11111	12111	11111—15
	11111	11111	12111—15
	11111	11111	11111—15
	11111	11112	11111—15
	11112	11111	11111—15
	12111	12111	11111—15
	11111	11111	11211—15
	11111	11	— 7—112

We hereby certify that the above is the score made by the Delhi Gun Club, at Cleveland, O., Dec. 15, and on account of darkness McFee could not finish and we continued the shoot until Monday, Dec. 17.

JOSEPH HOGGINS,
W. C. HUGHES, } Judges.
JOHN VAN GORDER, Scorer.

Delhi Gun Club, (continued from Saturday), Dec. 17:

C W McFee	11111	11111	11111—15
	11111	11111	11111—15
	11112	11122	11111—15
	11111	21111	12111—15
	11111	11111	11111—15
	11111	11111	11111—15
	11		— 2—92

We hereby certify the above is the correct score made by C. W. McFee of the Delhi Gun Club, at Cleveland on Dec 17, and we certify he did not miss, but it being too dark to shoot he quit when he had broken 92 birds.

JOHN INGRAM,
W. C. HUGHES, } Judges.
JOHN VAN GORDER, Scorer.

Accompanying the record of the Delhi Club's shoot was the following note from its managing director: CLEVES, O., Dec. 17, 1888.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* SIR—In accordance with your order I got my team together Saturday afternoon to shoot off the tie for Decoration Day Trophy, and herewith send you the score made. You will see Harrell missed his 50th bird, Whitlock his 104th, breaking 103; McFee broke 112, when it got too dark to shoot, and the judge called the shoot to be continued Monday the 17th. We got together at 3 P. M., and McFee continued his shoot. It was a drizzly, dark afternoon, and when he had broken 92 without a miss it became so dark the judges decided it was too dark to continue, but I objected to again continuing the shoot and he quit, and I send you the certified score of each day separate: First day—Harrell 49, Whitlock 103, McFee 112, total 264. Second day—McFee 92, grand total 356.

The shooting off of the tie closes the contest, with first prize of the cup to the Delhi Gun Club, and the $40 to the Parkersburg Gun Club.

CANADIAN TRAP NOTES.

GUELPH, Dec. 18.—The Toronto Gun Club, with ten men, arrived in the city to-day and had a friendly shoot with the Guelph Gun Club. The birds were extra good, the day fine, and consequently the match was exciting. The Toronto men came out 7 birds ahead, so that the match was pretty closely contested. Afterward the visitors were entertained at supper. They left for home by the 9:30 train. Following is the score:

Guelph.		Toronto.	
J Wayper	1111111111—10	H George	0111111111— 9
W Quinn	1110011111— 8	J Werden	1101111111— 9
W D Shattuck	0111011111— 8	W McDowall	1110111111— 9
G Sleeman	0111101110— 7	D Beldon	1111101111— 9
Tindal Holiday	1110100111— 7	D Blea	1011111111— 9
J Edwards	1010111010— 6	G Pearsall	1111000111— 7
H L Walker	1011001011— 6	P Wakefield	1100111011— 7
H Brown	1001110101— 6	A Purse	1011010011— 6
E D Thompson	1000001111— 5	J Townsend	1111000011— 6
J Johnson	0110011100— 5	W Bugg	0011000110— 4
	— 68		— 75

Toronto won the two matches shot last year. Another match will be shot in Toronto shortly between these two clubs.

GUELPH, Dec. 20.—The annual meeeting of the Guelph Gun Club was held to-day, when the following officers were elected: President, Geo. Sleeman; Vice-President, Dr. Howitt; Secretary-Treasurer, G. A. Richardson; Directors—Judge Chadwick, Johnston, G.T.R., T. Holliday and A. Culi.

CAPT. BREWER IN ENGLAND.—The American marksman reached England on Wednesday, Nov. 28, and on the day following was at the open meeting of the Union Gun Club at Hendon near London. A correspondent writes of the shoot on Nov. 31 and Dec. 1: The principal event, the Eighth Great Handicap Sweepstakes of £5 each, with £100 added, brought together fifty-four competitor, but owing to darkness rapidly setting in on Thursday only five birds each were shot at. Consequently it was decided to make an early start on Dec. 1, as nine more rounds had to be completed, and shortly after 11 o'clock the first name was called up to resume the contest for the prize. The birds, owing to the wretched state of the weather, were somewhat slow on the wing, therefore many kills were recorded, misses being few and far between. As the contest approached its termination great interest was evinced in the shooting, and the fine form shown by Mr. Jackson (26yds. rise) and Capt. Brewer (32) evoked rounds of applause. It was the general opinion that not one of the competitors would succeed in grassing all their rocks, but contrary to expectations, Mr. Jackson and Capt. Brewer scored the allotted number, the former gentleman being successful in both his chances. It was agreed to share the proceeds, amounting to £297, Mr. Jackson taking two-thirds of this amount and Capt. Brewer the remaining third. Both sportsmen were warmly congratulated on their success, and it is a long time since such a capital exhibition of shooting has been witnessed. Capt. Brewer has undoubtedly proved himself to be a marksman of great ability, and his victory is all the more meritorious considering that he was standing on the 32yds. mark, giving in several instances 3yds. away. Mr. Jackson also has every reason to be proud of the victory he has achieved. Mr. Jackson hails from Salop, Newport. The afternoon was devoted to shooting £2 sweepstakes, and in these the recipients of the pools were Messrs. Edwards, Worth, J. Woolley, Beasant, Wrient and Willis. Mr. Studd, who divided a £2 sweepstakes at 35yds. rise with Mr. J. Smalley on Thursday, handled a gun by E. M. Reilly & Co., of Oxford street. Mr. H. C. Dillion officiated as referee and scorer throughout the meeting, which passed off most satisfactorily. It is decided to hold a similar gathering in Febuary next. Score of the principal event: Eighth great open handicap sweepstakes of £5 each, with £100 added, at 15 birds each, 54 subscribers.

Jackson (26yds)	111111111111111	Studd (27)	110111111111110
Brewer (32)	111111111111111	Worth (26)	111111101111111
Jackson (26)	111111111111111	W Wrient (25)	111111110111
Wilton (25½)	111110111111111	Studd (27)	110111111111
J Smith	111011111111111		

BROOKLYN, Dec. 20.—Shooting matches are getting to be very fashionable in this section. They are all the rage. To-day there was a pigeon-shooting match at the Woodsbury Driving Park. The weather was chilly and affected the result. The match was between Capt. W. Cromwell and Drs. Griswold and Van Schaick, both of New York city. The following is the score:

Capt Cromwell	0 0 1 0 1 1 1 ½ 1 0 0 1 0 1 ½ 1 0— 9
Dr Griswold	½ 1 1 0 1 1 ½ ½ 0 1 1 1 0 1 1 0 1—11½
Dr Van Schaick	0 1 0 1 1 1 0 1 1 ½ 0 0 0 ½ 1 0 ½— 8½

The figures ½ in the score above represent a bird killed with the second barrel, or, in other words, a bird killed with the second shot. Immediately after the conclusion of the above match the large crowd which had gathered to witness the sport adjourned to an open lot near Washington Hotel, where a clay-pigeon shooting match for sweeps was gotten up. There were three contests. Very poor work was done in the first two, but in the last the chase was very hot and exciting. The score:

First Contest.

Valentine Smith	1	F K Walsh	3
Dr Griswold	2	Capt Cromwell	3
Dr Van Schaick	1	H W Murray	1

Second Contest.

F K Walsh	3	Capt Cromwell	2
Dr Griswold	2	H W Murray	1
Dr Van Schaick	2	H Elsworth Craft	3
Valentine Smith	2		

Third Contest.

Dr Griswold	5	F K Walsh	4
Dr Van Schaick	3	H W Murray	3
H E Craft	2	Valentine Smith	2
Capt Cromwell	1		

Mr. Walsh carried off the honors by making the best percentage, which was 66⅔. Dr. Griswold came next with 60 per cent.

CAMDEN, N. J., Dec. 15.—A return shooting match between the South End Gun Club of Camden and the Gloucester City Gun Club took place in Camden to-day. The match was between sides of eight at 5 glass balls and 5 clay pigeons, the Gloucester team winning by the following score:

Camden Gun Club.	G. B.	C. P.	Gloucester Gun Club.	G. B.	C. P.
Burt	3	5	McQuaid	4	3
Burgin	5	4	Hoskins	2	5
Tobin	5	3	Foster	3	3
Litzenberg	3	3	Hawlings	2	5
Lightcorp	3	3	Smith	4	2
Young	2	5	J McQuaid	3	5
Woods	2	1	Flatley	2	4
Fish	1—26	6—22	Cheeseman	4—24	3—30

ALGONQUIN GUN CLUB.—New York, Dec. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Algonquin Gun Club, of this city, probably one of the oldest, and without doubt one of the most prosperous gun clubs in this immediate vicinity—its charter dating back to 1876 (centennial year)—celebrated its twelvth anniversary in a most appropriate and becoming manner last evening at 341 West Forty-seventh street, the occasion being also the annual election of officers for the ensuing year. The election resulted in the unanimous choice of the following gentlemen: President, Mr. Louis Brenner; Vice-President, Mr. Joseph Hanna; Secretary, Dr. Geo. G. Van Schaick; Corresponding Secretary, Mr. E. H. Fox; Treasurer, Dr. H. Griswold; Captain, Mr. Henry Radjinsky; Board of Trustees, Messrs. Robert Gordon, W. H. Purdy and Frank Rinn. After listening to the encouraging reports from the secretary and treasurer for 1888, testifying that our club had more than held its own both financially and in point of membership, and in arranging an impromptu live bird match to be shot next month, two teams being selected from the members present—of which more anon—the members adjourned to the dining room to partake of the inviting repast there spread in honor of the occasion. That the eatables and drinkables were good and toothsome the empty dishes bore ample testimony when the feast was over. Among the changes to be made next year by the A. G. C. is the substitution of either the Keystone trap and targets or the blue-rock, probably the former, in place of the American clay-bird and targets. We can report the outlook, so far as we are concerned as a gun club, very bright and encouraging for the year 1889. Wishing the FOREST AND STREAM a very merry Christmas and a happy New Year, and many of them, the members departed in the "wee small hours.—E. H. F."

BROOKLYN, Dec. 20.—Several prominent wing shots of Brooklyn and vicinity assembled to-day at a well known resort on the Fort Hamilton road just beyond Greenwood Cemetery to witness a match at 10 birds each between W. Green, 21yds., and E. L. Ranft, 25yds. The latter won by hitting 8 birds to his opponent's 5. A sweepstakes of ten entries at 5 birds each followed. J. Lambert, 5 straight, winning first money, G. L. Ayres second and Capt. Meyer third.

BIG FEATS OF ENDURANCE.—Dr. Carver, the great marksman, who proposes to smash 60,000 balls at the Washington rink next week, was rather discouraged last evening when C. J. Jones, commonly known as "Buffalo" Jones, owner of the herd of buffalo on exhibition in Minneapolis, walked into his room at the Nicollet house and made this sort of a break: "Doctor, I don't want to discourage you, but I simply want to say this: I don't believe you can perform that feat next week, and will put up $10,000 on my opinion." Mr. Jones is a man of as much money as nerve and he was prepared for business. The doctor was not ready to wager. He was feeling sore, for he had just been practicing with his favorite rifle. He put in one hour in raising his favorite Winchester, putting it up 3,500 times. He worked a little too hard and he felt it. A number of newspaper men and others experimented with raising the rifle yesterday, and now appreciate what the doctor is going to undertake. A Mr. Wilson, a St. Paul blacksmith, thinks he can raise a 10lb. hammer 60,000 times in a week, and it looks as if there would be a hammer-raising contest between Moeller and Wilson while the doctor was doing his great ball-breaking act.—*Pioneer Press, Dec. 21.*

THE MONACO SHOOTS.—The international pigeon shooting at Monaco for the season of 1888-89, opened for the first series on Tuesday, Dec. 11, and continue every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday up to Jan. 12, 1889. Special prizes are added to each of the events Grand International Meeting, Monday, Jan. 14, Grande Poule D'Essai, £50; Wednesday, Jan. 16, Prix D'Ouverture, an *objet d'art* and £120; Friday and Saturday, Jan. 18 and 19, Grand Prix du Casino, an *objet d'art* of £200 and £800; Monday, Jan. 21, Prix de Monte Carlo (grand handicap), an *objet d'art* and £120; Wednesday, Jan. 23, Prix de Consolation (handicap), an *objet d'art* and £40. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 25 and 26, Third Universal Championnat (triennial), an *objet d'art* and £200.

A second series of meetings will take place immediately after the Grand Concours and continue until March 10, every Tuesday, Friday and Saturday. Thursday and Friday, March 7 and 8, Grand Prix de Cloture, an *objet d'art* and £80, will be followed by a third series of meetings until April. A third series of meetings will take place in March and April. Prizes are added to each of the events of all series. For full particulars address A. M. Blondin, secretary, Monte Carlo.

GLOUCESTER, N. J., Dec. 17.—Miss Annie Oakley, the famous trap-shot, broke all records at double clay-pigeons here to-day. The conditions of the contest were that Miss Oakley could not break 45 birds out of 25 pairs of clay pigeons, 16yds. rise, Mr. Wm. Howell of Gloucester, N. J., wagering $50 against accomplishing the feat, which was promptly accepted by Miss Oakley's manager, Mr. Butler. When Miss Oakley faced the traps the wind was blowing quite a small gale, which aided the flight of the clays. Miss Oakley was given five trials; on the first trial she made a straight score of fifty breaks, thus beating all records at double birds. Frank McQuade officiated as referee. Miss Oakley used her 6½lb. 12-gauge hammerless Lancaster, loaded with 3drs. Schultze powder and 1oz. No. 7 shot. A large number of the pigeons were smashed at long range, eliciting hearty applause from the audience. Several clippers, that skimmed away like rockets, received particular enthusiasm.

WELLINGTON, Mass., Dec. 22.—At the grounds of the Wellington Club to-day some good scores were made in the badge and merchandise matches. In the merchandise match at 10 clay-pigeons and 10 bluerocks, the following scores were made: Lang 15, Scott 18, Snow 14, Melcher 12, Swift 14, Stanton 18, Bond 15, Bert 15, Congdon 13, Chase 14, Moore 15, Frank 14, Schaefer 13, Perry 17, Bradstreet 12, Webster 11, Nichols 15, Baxter 18, Savage 14, Sampson 11. The scores in the badge match were: Lang 15, Scott 14, Snow 17, Melcher 12, Swift 13, Stanton 14, Bond 17, Bert 17, Congdon 9, Moore 15, Schaefer 13, Perry 18, Bradstreet 13, Webster 9, Nichols 14, Baxter 12, Savage 17. Following are the winners in the sweepstake matches: Six clay-pigeons—Frank. Six clay-pigeons—Scott and Bond. Six bluerocks—Bond. Six clay-pigeons—Frank and Chase. Ten bluerocks—Stanton, Frank, Perry and Baxter. Six bluerocks—Bert. Ten clay-pigeons—Scott and Bond. Ten bluerocks—Baxter. Six bluerocks—Snow, Scott and Bert. Ten clay-pigeons—Snow, Perry and Bert. Six bluerocks—Schaefer, Baxter and Bradstreet. Bert and Chase shot a match of 50 birds, Bert's being 25 doubles, while Chase shot at 50 singles. Bert won, breaking 35 to 31 for Chase.

MINNEAPOLIS, Dec. 20.—Capt. A. H. Bogardus, the champion wing shot, has been at Minneapolis, Minn., for a few days, and gave a public exhibition of fancy shooting, in which he did some exceedingly quick and fine shooting with his rifle at glass balls. After this he and W. T. Best, manager of the Macomber Metal Target Co., shot a friendly 20-bird match at the Macomber improved tin pigeons, using Best's new patent trap puller, each shooter pulling his own trap. Best missed his fourth and the Captain his eighth bird, the match ending in a tie, which was not shot off, Best being amply satisfied in tying the champion. The Captain was pressed for time, he having to take the evening train for Chicago, but before leaving he stated that he intended returning in the spring to give a tournament.

CLAREMONT, Jersey City, Dec. 22.—The clear, cold afternoon did not prevent quite a number of enthusiastic sportsmen from attendance this P. M. These Saturday shoots are derservedly increasing in popularity, several who attended to-day for the first expressed their intention of coming regularly. A fine range, for testing shotguns for both pattern and penetration, is in process of erection, and when completed will afford all parties that desire to have guns tested in the most approved manner at regular or extreme distances a fine chance, and doubtless some interesting facts will be shown about various loads. Three traps were used for practice in addition to those occupied for the following sweeps. All at 9 bluerocks, single; entrance 50 cents.

Sweep No. 1:

Siegler	011111111—8	Schmidt	111011101—7
Quimby	111011111—8	Apgar	001011111—6
Sanford, Jr.	111011110—7	Wheeler	111110100—6
Mort	011111110—7		

Sweep No. 2:

Siegler	111111111—9	Quimby	001101001—4
Apgar	111111000—7	Mort	110101000—4
Wheeler	110110011—6	Sanford, Jr.	100001100—3
Schmidt	011110100—5		

Sweep No. 3:

Siegler	111111111—9	Sanford, Jr.	111110110—8
Apgar	111011111—8	Quimby	101100111—6
Wheeler	111011101—7	Hathaway	000011011—4

Sweep No. 4:

Siegler	101111111—8	Wheeler	100011100—4
Quimby	101111101—7	Mort	001100001—3
Apgar	011111011—7	Sanford, Jr.	100010010—3
Schmidt	101010010—4		

Sweep No. 5:

Apgar	111111111—9	Sanford, Jr.	101100100—4
Siegler	111111111—9	Wheeler	101110000—4
Quimby	111001111—8	Hathaway	000001110—3
Schmidt	000110111—5		

Sweep No. 6:

Quimby	111101111—8	Hathaway	000001111—4
Siegler	111110111—8	Wheeler	110010010—4
Apgar	111100111—7	Schmidt	100010000—2

All ties divided. The wind caused the bluerocks to fly a little erratic occasionally, which caused the low scores. Traps and trappers will be ready every day during holiday week.—ARDON.

CARVER VS. ERB.—Dr. W. F. Carver, the noted trap-shot, has challenged Fred Erb, of Lafayette, Ind., to a live bird shooting match, and Erb has accepted. The match will take place at the Lafayette Gun Club Park, on Feb. 22, for $100 a side, 100 pigeons each.

HEIKES VS. BANDLE.—Articles of agreement have been signed between Rolla O. Heikes, of Dayton, Ohio, and Al Bandle, of Cincinnati, to shoot at 100 live birds each, for $1,000. Hurlingham rules to govern except as to gauge and weight of gun. The match will take place on the Independent Gun Club grounds, at Cincinnati, Jan. 1, 1889.

NEW JERSEY CLUBS.—A call for a meeting of delegates from the various gun clubs in the State of New Jersey, to take concerted action on a very important matter, has been sent out by Mr. W. Fred. Quimby, president of the Jersey City Heights Gun Club. The meeting is to be held at the Astor House, New York city, on Wednesday, Jan. 2, 3 P. M. sharp. All gun clubs in New Jersey are urged to send one or more delegates, and to advise Mr. Quimby whether they will be represented.

HARRISBURG, Pa., Dec. 23.—Thursday, Dec. 20 the West End Social Gun Club, of Harrisburg, Pa., was duly organized by the election of the following officers: President, Albert Millar; Vice-President, M. H. Brensinger; Secretary, Ephraim Jones; Treasurer, H. A. Bach. Executive Committee, Jacob Weidman, G. C. S. Swartz, H. B. Shoop, Jeff Hargest, Wm. F. Wade. The club is composed of forty representative men, all shooters, and will have regular monthly shoots for medals.—M. H. BRENSINGER.

WALNUT HILL, Dec. 22.—A special trap shooting tournament was held at Walnut Hill range to-day. The attendance was good though many contestants who were intending to be present were undoubtedly kept away by the very unfavorable weather conditions, a strong, cold northwest wind prevailing throughout the day, accompanied by frequent blinding snow squalls, which often rendered seeing the flying targets almost an impossibility. The principal event of the day was the challenge match between Messrs. Dickey and Wheeler, which was easily won by the former who put up a score of 93, a performance which, under favorable circumstances, would be good, but under existing circumstances was remarkable. Mr. Wheeler failed to shoot up to his usual high standard but pluckily fought the match through. Mr. Dickey used a 10-gauge Scott gun, weighing 9lbs. 14oz., and the Climax shell loaded with 4drs. Hazard F F powder and 1¼oz. Tatham's "trap" 7 shot. Mr. Wheeler used a 10-gauge Smith gun weighing 10lbs., and Peters cartridges. Among the visiting sportsmen present were Dr. C. H. Gerrish of Exeter, N. H., who, when in practice, ranked well up among the strong trap shots of New England, and only recently attended a contest for the Climax diamond badge, which in competition with our most expert shots he won, and held until the following competition, when it fell into other hands; and Mr. M. F. Lindsley, of N. Y., superintendent of the American Wood Powder Company, who did some good work at the traps with a 7lb. 12-gauge gun, loaded with 2¾drs. American Wood Powder and 1¼oz. shot. Mr. Perry of the Wellington Gun Club did exceptionally good shooting. The result of the shooting in the various events is as follows:

Five clays from 5 traps—Nichols and Wilbur first with 5, Dickey and Swift second with 4, Perry third with 3.

Six standard targets from 3 traps—Wheeler first with 6, Nichols and Perry second with 5, Hartford, Swift and Wilbur third with 4.

Six standard targets, 21yds. straightaway—Perry first with 6, Stanton and Wheeler second with 5, Lindsley third with 4, Nichols fourth with 4.

Ten clays from 5 traps—Dickey and Swift first with 10, Bowker and Stanton second with 9, Perry, Wheeler and Wilbur third with 8.

Ten standard targets from 3 traps—Dickey and Swift first with 10, Wheeler, Stanton and Snow second with 9, Bowker and Perry third with 8, Chase and Nichols fourth with 7.

Ten clays from 5 traps—Stanton first with 10, Swift and Wheeler second with 9, Chase and Nichols third with 6, Bowker fourth with 5.

Twenty-five clays from 5 traps—Perry and Wheeler first with 24, Dickey and Nichols second with 21, Chase, Lindsley and Stanton third with 20.

Three pairs clays—Perry and Stanton first with 6, Dickey second with 5, Chase and Webster third with 4.

Challenge match at 100 clay-birds from 5 traps, between O. R. Dickey of Boston and G. H. Wheeler of Marboro:

Dickey..... 1101111111111011101111111111111111101111111111111
1111111110111111111111111011111111111111111101111—93

Wheeler..... 0111110100111111101110001011011011101110111111
1111111011110011101111110111011010111111101—78

Ten standard targets from 3 traps—Dickey and Perry first with 10, Swift second with 9, Nichols and Webster third with 8, Bowker and Lindsley fourth with 7.

Ten clays from 5 traps—Perry first with 10, Dickey and Wheeler second with 9, Swift and Webster third with 7, Nichols and Stanton fourth with 6.

Ten standard targets from 5 traps—Stanton and Wheeler first with 10, Lindsley second with 9, Chase, Dickey and Perry third with 8.

Ten clays from 5 traps—Perry aad Stanton first with 10, Swift and Wheeler second with 8, Bowker, Dickey and Webster third with 7.

Seven clays, 24yds. straightaway—Dickey first with 5, Lindsley second with 4, Chase and Webster third with 3.

The eighth competition for the Climax Diamond Badge, open to all, without entrance fee, will occur at Walnut Hill, Wednesday, Jan. 9, 1889.

CINCINNATI, Dec. 19.—Some two hundred shooting enthusiasts presented themselves at the old Avenue Ball Park this afternoon and witnessed Bandle do Shott, the leading amateur shot here, for the second successive time in a match that in all likelihood will not be equaled for many years. Better tame pigeons for trap shooting purposes were never furnished, the winner (Bandle), counting those that fell dead out of bounds, scoring 96 and his opponent (Shott) 95. The birds throughout proved a very lively lot, few needing urging to "git up and dust," and, as to their gameness, the dead birds out of bounds, six for Bandle and nine for Shott, tell the tale in toto. Shott, the loser, is a very graceful, cool and deliberate shooter, and if he would pay more attention to his second barrel work would be a very dangerous man for any expert to run against, and, aside of Bandle and Heikes, it is doubtful if he has his equal in the State—this including "Old Reliable," Ed Taylor. Bandle shot a remarkably remarkable race, mowing his birds down with a certainty that was simply wonderful. Very few of the birds shot could be classed "duffers," all taking wing the instant they were released, and in the majority taking the hardest possible flights. Shott getting 68 away flights to Bandle's 63. The winner made a very poor start, scoring but sixteen out of his first 20 to his opponent's 19, and but 18 to his opponent's 19 again on his second 20, after which he found his place, and with very hard birds allotted him he ran out three averages of 19 out of 20 on his last 60, to his opponent's 17, 15 and 16 respectively, thereby winning the match by 5 birds. H. F. Robinson officiated as referee. Both shot L. C. Smith 10-gauge hammerless guns, loaded alike—first barrel, 4drs. wood powder, 1¼oz. No. 8 chilled shot; second, 4drs. "FFF Extra" Laflin & Rand black powder, 1¼oz. No. 7 chilled shot. Scores: 100 live birds; Hurlingham rules; 30yds. rise:

Al Bandle.	Ed Shott.
12112o2110112o21022—16	122o1112111221222l—19
21112122222212222o011—18	12o121121211111212111—19
11111212211111o111—19	11111120111112211ool—17
21121111121132221122o—19	2oo021211112122211o0—15
2o1112112111111111—19	11111112oo122201220—16
—	—
91	86

o denotes fell dead out of bounds. Referee, H. F. Robinson.

CINCINNATI, Dec. 20.—The two-team match on the Old Avenue Ball Park between Messrs. Honing, Wells, Robinson, Magle, Wick and Paul proved a very tame affair, the shooting being of the poorest, the only reason therefor being a very dark background and hanging smoke. Some eighteen shooters were in attendance, and participated in the side sweepstakes. Frank Becker referee. Conditions: 50 single American clay birds per man, 18yds. rise, from 5 traps, National rules. Stakes, $10 a corner; two moneys; 60 and 40 per cent:

Team No. 1.—Total 61.

T Honing	0101010111111101111011010010010011110110101110—31
G W Wells	1111001110101001110011110000011111111000110100—30

Team No. 2.—Total 57.

F Robinson	0111111111100010100100111111010001101101111110—33
F Magle	0311111110100011000001101010011000011001100011100—24

Team No. 3.—Total 59.

Paul	1101111100010100001100110111000110111001100011101—28
Wick	0000011100001011001001011111010101119011111111—31

Tony Honing and Wick are matched to shoot Thursday next for a purse of $25 a side at 15 single and 5 pair clay birds each. N. J. Magle, of Troy, Ohio, is matched to meet Wick in his city (Troy, Ohio,) between Jan. 1 and 15, in a match at 25 live birds for $50 a side. Hurlingham rules barring gauge and weight of guns and traps.

CINCINNATI, Dec. 25.—The friendly shooting match at the Avenue Base Ball grounds to-day, between Albert Bandle of Cincinnati and Capt. A. H. Bogardus, was one of the most remarkable on record. The contest was at 100 live birds each, from 5 ground traps, 30yds. rise, 80yds. boundary, under Hurlingham rules, except weight and bore of Bandle's gun, which was a 9½lb. 10-bore, while Bogardus's gun was a 12-bore, under 8lbs., as required by Hurlingham rules. Bogardus scored 95, using both barrels 18 times. Bandle made the wonderful score of a clean hundred, using both barrels 18 times. In addition to his 95, 3 of Bogardus's birds fell dead out of bounds, and were not scored for him.

TUSCALOOSA, Ala., Sept. 15, 1888.—*United States Cartridge Co., Lowell, Mass.:* Gentlemen—The two hundred Climax shells sent me have been tried with Schultze and Black powder. I am very much pleased with same. Could not get good results with Schultze in any other shell. Will use no other shell so long as you keep this at its present standard. You are at liberty to use this or any other recommendation I can give you. Most respectfully, (Signed) W. C. CROSS.—*Adv.*

Canoeing.

Canvas Canoes and how to Build Them. By Parker B. Field. Price 50 cents. Canoe and Boat Building. By W. P. Stephens. Price $1.50. The Canoe Aurora. By C. A. Neide. Price $1. Canoe Handling. By C. B. Vaux. Price $1. Canoe and Camera. By T. S. Steele. Price 1.50. Four Months in a Sneakbox. By N. H. Bishop. Price $1.50. Canoe and Camp Cookery. By "Seneca." Price $1.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signal, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and report of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

Commodore—J. R. Bartlett, Fremont, Ohio.
Vice-Commodore—D. H. Crane, Chicago, Ill.
Rear-Commodore—C. J. Stedman, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Secretary-Treasurer—O. H. Root, Cleveland, Ohio.
Executive Committee—C. J. Bousfield, Bay City, Mich.; T. P. Gaddis, Dayton, O.; T. J. Kirkpatrick, Springfield, O.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

OFFICERS, 1887-88.

Commodore: H. C. ROGERS, Secretary-Treasurer: GEO. W. HATTON } Peterborough, Can.
Vice-Com. Rear-Com. Purser.
Central Div..W. R. Huntington..E. W. Masten.....T. H. Stryker, Rome, N. Y.
Atlantic Div..W. P. Stephens.....L. B. Palmer.....F. L. Dunnell, 186 Jeroleman St., Brooklyn.
Eastern Div..H. E. Rice, M. D....Maxton Holmes.....H. D. Marsh, Springfield, Mass.
N'thern Div..Robert Tyson.....S. S. Robinson.....Colin Fraser, Toronto.

Applications for membership must be made to division pursers, accompanied by the recommendation of an active member and the sum of $2.00 for entrance fee and dues for current year. Every member attending the general A. C. A. camp shall pay $1.00 for camp expenses. Application sent to the Sec'y-Treas. will be forwarded by him to the proper Division.

Persons residing in any Division and wishing to become members of the A. C. A., will be furnished with printed forms of application by addressing the Purser.

FIXTURES.

JUNE.

22. N. Y. C. C. Annual, Staten Island.

JULY.

—. W. C. A. Meet, Ballast Island.
—. Atlantic Division Meet.

AUGUST.

16-30. A. C. A. Meet, Sugar Island, St. Lawrence River.

BROOKLYN C. C.

THIS club has had a most successful season of racing and cruising. The annual meeting for the presentation of reports and election of officers was held on Dec. 13, and resulted in the re-election of Commodore Wilkin and Purser Brokaw; Mr. Weekes was elected Vice-Commodore and Mr. Johnson Measurer, but as Mr. Weekes is unable to serve he has presented his resignation, and the vacancy will be filled at the next monthly meeting. The purser's report showed a healthy state of finances, notwithstanding that money had been used liberally for improvements to the club house and for regatta purposes, a steamer having been chartered on two occasions to permit the friends of the club to witness canoe races.

Commodore Wilkin read a report, stating the condition of the club and also giving a summary of the season's work. Among the cruises for the year was a run down the Delaware from Callicoon, N. Y., to the Water Gap, made by five of the club in the spring, and a summer camp on Great South Bay by a party of a dozen, besides a cruise on Lake George after the meet. The following is a list of races in which the club has taken part besides the B. C. C. events open to members only:

June 9.—Knickerbocker C. C., Regular Sailing—1st, Eclipse (Blake, B. C. C.); 2d, Guenn (Whitlock, B. C. C.).
Brooklyn C. C., Club Regatta—1st, Eclipse (Blake, B. C. C.); 2d, Cygnus (Brokaw, B. C. C.).
Sailing—1st, Vim (Ward, B. C. C.).

June 30.—N. Y. C. C. Regatta, Sailing—1st, Eclipse (Blake, B. C. C.); 2d, Jess (Sinclair, B. C. C.).
Paddling—1st, Minx (Brokaw, B.C.C.); 2d, Eclipse (Blake, B. C. C.).
Tandem—1st, Minx (B. C. C.); 2d, —— (N. Y. C. C.).

July 4.—Passaic River Meet, Sailing—1st, Jess (Sinclair, B. C. C.); 2d, Brunonia (Cooke, Pat. C. C.).

July 10.—Alantic Div. Meet, A. C. A., Sandy Hook, N. J.—1st, Jess (Sinclair, B. C. C.); 2d, Essex (Cox, Essex C. C.).

Aug. 20.—A. C. A. General Meet, at Lake George, Unlimited Sail—1st, Eclipse (Brokaw, B. C. C.); 2d, Notus (Bailey, Pittsburgh C. C.).
Class IV., Paddling—1st, Eclipse (Brokaw, B. C. C.); 2d, Dawn (Leys, Tor. C. C.).

Aug. 21.—Tandem Paddling—1st, Rice & Knappe, Springfield C. C.; 2d, Brokaw & Schuyler, B. C. C.
Maneuvering—1st, Ramona (Jones, Brock. C. C.); 2d, Eclipse (Brokaw, B. C. C.).
Limited Sail—1st, Ramona (Jones, Brock. C. C.); 2d, Eclipse (Brokaw, B. C. C.).

Aug. 22.—A. C. A. Trophy—1st, Eclipse (Brokaw, B. C. C.); 2d, Fly (Butler, Lowell C. C.).

Aug. 23.—Barney Trial Race—1st, Eclipse (Brokaw, B. C. C.); 2d, If (Warder, Jabberwock).
Combined—1st, Eclipse (Brokaw, B. C. C.); 2d, Agawam (Knappe, Springfield C. C.).
All-Around Record—1st. M. V. Brokaw, 30 points; 2d, Emil Knappe, 16.95 points.

Aug. 24.—Consolation—1st, Guenn (Whitlock, B. C. C.); 2d, If (Warder, Jabberwock).

Sept. 3.—N. Y. C. C., International Trial—1st, Eclipse (Blake, B. C. C.); 2d, Bo-Peep (Vaux, N. Y. C. C.).
Second Trial—1st, Eclipse (Blake, B. C. C.); 2d, Vagabond (Vaux, N. Y. C. C.).

Sept. 22.—Brooklyn C. C., Sailing—1st, Eclipse (Blake, B. C. C.); 2d, Vagabond (Ward, B. C. C.).
Special Senior Sailing—1st, Eclipse (Blake, B. C. C.); 2d, Vagabond (Vaux, N. Y. C. C.).

Sept. 29.—Newburgh C. C., Sailing—1st, Whim (Whitlock, B. C. C.); 2d, Pixie (Smith, New. C. C.).

Oct. 6.—Barney Final—1st, Fly (Butler, Lowell C. C.); 2d, Eclipse (Brokaw, B. C. C.).

Oct. 13.—International Race—1st, Eclipse (Blake, B. C. C.); 2d, Charm (Stewart, Royal C. C.).
Second Race—1st, Eclipse (Blake, B. C. C.); 2d, Charm (Stewart, Royal C. C.).
N. Y. C. C. Sailing—1st, Fly (Butler, Lowell C. C.); 2d, Guenn (Whitlock, B. C. C.).

Summary: Entered 21 sailing races, won 18 first and 7 second prizes; entered 5 paddling races, won 3 first and 2 second prizes. Also A. C. A. All-Around Record with maximum points. In all, 26 events and 30 prizes.

Of these prizes, Mr. Blake has won 12 firsts and 1 second; Mr. Brokaw has won 8 firsts and 4 seconds; Mr. Whitlock has won 2 firsts and 2 seconds; Mr. Sinclaire has won 2 firsts and 1 second; Mr. Ward has won 1 first.

TORONTO C. C.—On Dec. 15 the annual meeting of the Toronto C. C. took place at the club house, the following officers being elected: Commodore, Dr. Powell; Vice-Commodore, D. B. Jacques; Rear-Commodore, A. Shaw; Secretary and Treasurer, W. H. P. Weston; Executive Committee, J. D. Kelly; Regatta Committee, Messrs. Tyson, Fraser and Jacques. The club has had a very prosperous year and starts the new season with the most encouraging outlook. It now has a very fine house and is in a good condition financially, with a large roll of members.

NECKEN.

NONE who were present during the last week of the A. C. A. meet this year will soon forget the charming little folk song which was sung so often by Mr. Lundberg, of the Mohican C. C. The song, already a favorite with many who had heard it in Albany, was called for before Mr. Lundberg had spent half of his first evening in camp, and by next morning every one in camp was whistling or humming the refrain. No doubt that part of its popularity was due to the magnificent voice of the singer, but it has also all the sweetness and melody that is so characteristic of the folksongs of Germany and the northern nations. Necken is a mythical spirit of the Swedish folklore, an elf who assumes various characters, often that of a merman, and in the song he is described in this character, singing to the music of his harp. The following English words are in no way a translation, but were written to the air by a friend of Mr. Lundberg, Mr. John H. Jewett, of Worcester, Mass. In sending the music Mr. Lundberg says: "Publish it as a memory of the pleasant A. C. A. meet of 1888." The air has evidently found a permanent place in that rather mixed repertoire of shanty songs, college glees, French Canadian chansons and scraps of opera that enliven the campfires of the A. C. A. meet, and perhaps some among our readers may be able to set words to it more suited to such use than either the original or the English words here given.

SWEDISH LOVE SONG.

(Necken).

English words written for and dedicated to my friend Olof Ragnar Gottfried Lundberg.]

Sweetheart, the day hath no gladness,
While we thus linger apart;
Moonlight and starlight bring sadness,
Thou art the light of my heart!
Here in the darkness entreating,
Longing my Love for thee—

Softly thy name I'm repeating,
Come thou, my Love, back to me.

* * * * * * *

Fondly as ever I'm dreaming—
Dreaming my Sweetheart of thee;
Visions of hope now are beaming
Bright as the dawn o'er the sea.
List! how my fond heart is beating,
Beating with love for thee—

Softly thy name I'm repeating,
Come thou, my Love, back to me.

What though the world be deceiving;
Round us though shadows may lie;
Safe in each other believing,
Bravely love on thou and I!
Necken shall bear thee my greeting
Sweetheart far o'er the sea—

Softly thy name I'm repeating,
Come thou, my Love, back to me!

* * * * * * *

Sweetheart, the spring time and flowers
Tell us of harvests to come;
Ripening through long summer hours,
Waiting the glad harvest-home!
Hasten! Our summer is fleeting,
Th' harvest, Love, waits for thee—

Softly thy name I'm repeating,
Come thou, my Love, back to me.

WORCESTER, Mass., Sept. 30, 1884. JOHN H. JEWETT.

Several popular canoe songs will be found in the FOREST AND STREAM of May 28, 1885.

AN IMPERFECT CRUISING OUTFIT.

MY cruising outfit is neither that long sought for perfect affair, nor is it complete, and, although I will never confess it, I am afraid that it is in truth a failure, not because I have not spent more money upon it than I should have done, but because, between what I can get, and desire, and what I want, there is a great gulf fixed. I began last season with what I proudly thought was a very nice kit, indeed, with the exception of the canoe's hull, the frying pan and the billy, it was entirely new, and every detail had been worked out on paper. Of course it never was completed as planned, because I found there was so much that was wrong in the more important members that I had all I could do to remedy the evils that already existed without bringing fresh miseries upon me; and now there is hardly an article in that brand new kit that would recognize itself in a glass, so to speak. One reason for this was that I made two or three solitary cruises this year; and there's nothing like a solitary cruise, even of a day and a half, to set a fellow's canoe inventing organs to work; and another was that the wet, cold weather of the past autumn prevented my usual fall outing, and I was reduced to monkeying. At present a goodly portion of my outfit is in store, another cantil is upon the ways, and a third portion is on paper, and the three sections are so badly mixed up in mine own mind that in describing my kit I must 'een consider it as a perfected whole, what it will be next spring, not what it is.

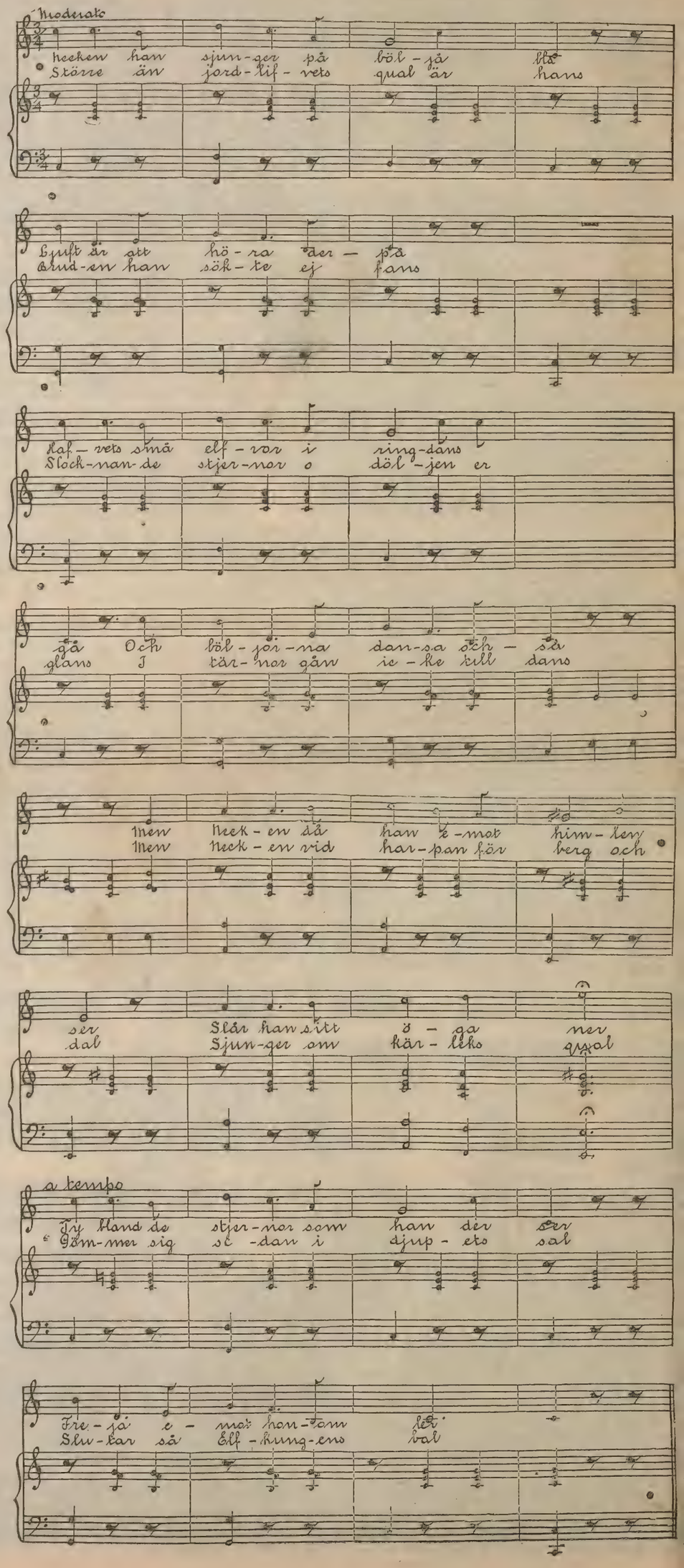
My canoe is a smooth skin—both inside and out—flat-floored 15x29, with a turtle deck that gives her a depth of 13in. at the fore end of her 5ft. cockpit, and when the season began, she was equipped with a folding board, two small end compartments, a deck tiller and drop rudder, two light hatches that reduce the cockpit to 18 by 24in. and a deck seat back rest. The principal changes that I have made in the little craftie have been to replace the folding board, which was slow, in the way, and a continual nuisance, by a ¼in. steel board, 30in. long and 15in. deep. This board has been put in entirely forward of the cockpit, and this has thrown the center of lateral resistance so far forward that in future my jigger must not be more than one-fourth the area of the mainsail. I do not look upon this as a defect, however as a small jigger is a boon and a blessing to the cruiser, whatever it may be to the racer. As an experiment I have put in a small movable bulkhead on each side of the new centerboard box, with the hope that in this simple way I can get dry storage. I depend upon a piece of rubber tubing fastened to the jambing edge of the movable part of the bulkhead for tightness, and upon a simple wedge slide catch, to keep the whole in place. Whether this will work or not, who can say, it is still untried, if it does I will abandon water tight bags.

There is still a very decided something to be added to my canoe, and that is a foot steering gear. What it is to be like I do not as yet know, but I do know what I want it to do. It must enable me to keep control of the canoe with one foot, not only when I am inside, but when I am outside of her, and be simple, direct-acting and light. As the substitution of the plate for the folding board has given me a few pounds to come and go on, I hope that even after I have put in the bulkhead and the foot steering gear, the canoe will be no heavier than she was.

My rig includes three "Tramp" sails, one of 60ft. area, one of 40 and one of 15, and they were rigged exactly in the manner and form devised by their inventor. Although I had very bad luck with my cotton last year, and never got a decently set sail on the canoe, I am quite satisfied that this is the best hoisting rig yet discovered. Its great defect as a cruising sail is, that it can only be unshipped from the mast by unreving everything, no end of a job, and a frightful nuisance. To overcome this defect I have replaced the jaw and ring at the boom by a collar with two lugs, which connect by means of a split peg with an eye bolt in the spar end, and have slotted pieces of brass brazed on the batten rings, which slip over tongues on the batten ferrules. By pulling out three split keys the sail is, but for the halliard, entirely free from the mast, and how to get that halliard free is the difficulty. The only practical plan of doing this I have been able to devise is to cut the halliard at the knot, which prevents jambing, and splice two eyes into the ends thus formed. These eyes can be pulled through the yard blocks, an' they be small enough, and by slipping one through the other and a toggle into the end of the first, the connection can be made in a second. It is a somewhat clumsy device, I know, but it works. I use no halliard on the jigger, setting it with a ring and pin on a short mast that serves to hold up one end of the canoe tent when ashore, and I can lift the mast off and stow it away from inside the canoe.

Next in importance to the canoe and its rig is the sleeping equipment, and I have taken more trouble with this part of my outfit than with any other, because upon sound sleep depends—owing to an unfortunate tendency to insomnia—my physical and mental well being, to a greater extent than is altogether pleasant. Last spring, the traditions of canoeing to the contrary, I came to the conclusion that a square-topped canoe tent was not all that could be desired, and had a hipped A tent 6ft. in length, 3ft. high, 3ft. wide and 3ft. on the ridge, with a side flap, built for me. Although made of good heavy drill it only weighs abort half as

NECKEN.



much as the ordinary flat-topped, duck and ticking affair, it is quite roomy when set up over the canoe and it has turned the biggest thunderstorm of a rainy season. I intended when I designed this tent to hook it along the gunwale of the canoe, but as a result of my last year's work I have come to the conclusion that it is a much more satisfactory plan to pin it to the ground about the canoe. It takes less time to do this than to button it down, because if you cannot drive the pins, a stone laid on top of them secures them equally well, it carries the tent away from the canoe, and moreover it secures ventilation without drafts. Besides all these good things the tent is always ready to be set up ashore, and a very comfortable and complete little shore tent it makes for a 125lbs. canoeist. I have improved it vastly as a shore tent by adding to it a floor of oiled cotton, with sides a foot high, which can be hooked on to the tent proper. Although the tent of romance is always white, there are a good many solid advantages about a colored tent, and I intend, if possible, to have mine not dyed but tanned for next season.

My mattress is composed of two cushions, filled with shaved cork, with painted canvas bottoms and rep tops, and a very comfortable bed it is. The painted canvas is too heavy, the rep has not worn well, and the cushions are all too big as cushions, so that next year I intend to replace the two three-foot cushions by three two-foot ones, with oiled cotton bottoms and strong felt tops.

My blanket has nothing particular about it, excepting that it's as blue as I was when the time killers—but I'm not going to tell on myself—but its complement, a sheet-awning, is I think, unique. This sheet-awning is simply a piece of drilling about seven feet square, with a cringle in each corner. It is worth another blanket on a cold night, serves admirably as a wrap for the blanket, and can be set up as an awning in front of the tent in a few minutes. For a pillow I use a canvas bag, which holds my spare clothing, and it is a comfortable enough head rest, as well as a handy wardrobe.

Instead of a mess chest I use a canvas bag, water-proofed by a thin coat of paint, and in which all the eatables, likewise packed in cotton bags, are stowed. This is supplemented by a canoe closet, a round tin box with a telescopic cover, which is divided into seven compartments. In the central one go knives, electro plated steel knives, ground sharp, with their useless round points broken off, electro-plated four-pronged forks—the traditional three-pronged fork is a nuisance—and spoons. The other compartments hold tea, coffee, sugar, matches—in a tin box—salt and pepper—in another—chocolate, and the last holds sliced bacon, packed in its rind. This box will hold enough of these articles to last a lone campaigner for a week, and there is room besides for half a dozen eggs and a couple of small cans of preserved meat. As the cover is lined with rubber and fits down tightly on the compartments, it is not only water-tight, but the different articles run no risk of becoming mixed, that is if some care is taken in putting that cover on. The strap that keeps on the cover also secures three plates to the lid, and I live in hopes of attaching a frying-pan to the bottom of it at some future day.

I began the season with three cooking utensils, a frying pan, a billy, and—all orthodox canoeists are requested to read no further—a brown stone teapot of the smallest size. The frying pan still exists, in a more or less demoralized state, but it is probably equal to cooking anything from porridge to a plum cake again to billy, with a strong taint of coal oil about it, is at the bottom of Lake George, and the teapot is the only bit of bric-a-brac I possess. I can make coffee in a can and punch in a bailing tin, but tea I can't make except in that blessed brown clay affair, and as long as I can carry it safely in the bosom of my spare shirt I intend to do it, in spite of orthodoxy. Next season, however, I intend to have a nest of two or three strong tin or granite ware affairs, which are to be equal to all the boiling and steaming I am ever likely to do, but I am not going to forsake my teapot.

Some years ago I tried a species of camp range consisting of two bars of half-inch iron connected by stout wires, and with folding legs. I kicked the whole affair into the lake one day, what for I hardly remember, and have done my cooking since then on a Nessmuk range or two flat stones. I am now thinking of something of the description of the thing I kicked overboard, to be made to fold back on itself like a zig zag rule, and to be without legs at all, but whether I can work out the idea I hardly know. If I cannot, then I will have a frame of light wire made, 1ft. wide by 18in. long, crossed by lighter wire bars at intervals of 1in. or 1½in., and carry it flat on the canoe's bottom.

Alcohol stove, anchor, double-edged hatchet and sich like affairs I have not, nor do I want them. A candle lantern with clear glass sides, a big knife with a hook on it that will open a can, and a corkscrew concealed in its interior, and a ditty bag filled with three parts rubbish and one part tools, are all the sundries I own, and I want no more that is at present. I have discovered, however, that in canoeing your wants increase in inverse ratio to your means of supplying them, and I may find before very long that I want a host of things I now know nothing about. RETAW.

THE WHITE SQUALL'S 1887 CRUISE.

[Concluded from page 447.]

WE stayed at this camp a couple of hours. I do not know that I intended to mention about our first lard pail of tea being hoisted skyward by a stone that burst in the fire; but how else can I make the name, "Camp Dynamite," seem in any way relevant? Our next stop was at Cole's Island, three miles above. Here we expected to replenish the subsantials in our grub sack, for the havoc we had wrought was alarming. In the first store we tried the proprietor was busily engaged in a conversation in the office, and, perhaps, mistaking us for tramps, only noticed our presence by keeping a sharp eye on us. Mr. Parker, the proprietor of the other, was away, and we heard with regret that the supply of crackers, ship buiscuit, etc., was exhausted and would not be replenished till next day. Then we asked Mrs. Parker to sell us some bread. She told us she only had one loaf baked, but had just put another loaf in the oven. A minute or two before she had given some orders in an undertone to a girl who was in the store, and now the girl reappeared with the larger part of a loaf of bread. Mrs. P. had told her to cut off what she thought would do for supper, and to give us the rest to us. As there is a wide-spread belief, and not without some reason, that it is only the simple-minded country folk that will divide their last loaf with the stranger, I want this act placed to the credit of a city-bred lady—one whose maiden name was very frequently heard in educational circles of this province six years ago, and of whose innate goodness of heart I can show no better appreciation than by mentioning it here. I should also say that she did not know me from any of the other thousands of canoeists, and little imagined that I lived within fifteen miles of her. Notwithstanding my liberal use of the pronoun "we" in the last few sentences, I now recall that Horace staid to watch the canoe instead of going with me to the Parker store, and when I returned I found him and another young fellow, a native, gunning an old man who was lingering half lovingly and half regretfully around the canoe in the hope (which was now trembling on the verge of despair) that a bottle would somehow materialize, detach itself from the outfit and make him wish for the neck of a flamingo that he might get the full benefit of the rare and much coveted dose of spts frumenti. My appearance raised his hopes a little—he hinted his wishes in no uncertain words. I was compelled to shatter his last hope by inviting him to go through the only bottle we had, and which contained molasses. He left, evidently doubtful concerning the moral status, perhaps even the sanity of two men who would venture so far from home without a supply of artificial life: "It was not so when he was young." The young native knew me at sight, but I could not recall his name. Did I "beg pardon, you have the advantage of me," etc? Hardly: I talked right along, asked questions, inquired after the welfare of some of the families I thought he resembled, and in return picked some points about the river above the island, for this being at the head of steamboat navigation I never had been any further up.

We started again under sail, and made our way through the booms, frequently exchanging friendly greetings with the lumbermen who were considerably interested in our craft. We arrived at the rapids, 27 miles from the river St. John, a little before sundown and made camp on a lovely wooded bank. And now in as few words as possible, I will try to describe that part of the St. John, the second in size of St. John's affluents, over which we cruised. From the rapids to Cole's Island 5 miles it runs through a wooded country, with here and there a farm—the banks being in some instances low and at other points high and quite abrupt. A mile or so above the island is a curious perpendicular bluff of conglomerate 30ft. high. The average breadth of the river here is 150yds. From Coles Island to Narrow Piece, 7 miles, there is the same width of channel among winding marshes and lagoons with here and there a bar of good solid interval to give better effect to the scene and more hay to the settlers. Here commences the lake, and from this to the junction with the St. John (15 miles) there are no interval, the shores are fringed with trees and are hard, gravelly and stony, with here and there a sand beach; and abound in coves and nooks. The average width is over a half mile. At the Narrows ten miles from the outlet it contracts to 300yds. and at a point a mile from the St. John it expands to nearly two miles. It enters the St. John through narrow channels on either side of Little Musquash Island.

But to return to our camp; among the things destroyed at the meal we prepared, was a quart of fresh strawberries, and "sour Wilson seedlings" at that. As the wind whistled rather sharply around the rear of the tent we drove a row of stakes and interwove a number of trees in them, thus getting up an effective wind-break. We then gathered a pile of driftwood, built a huge fire, and lay back on our buffalo robe in the bright light, and talked until the time to turn in came. We then rolled together some huge logs that kept up our fire all night.

Morning broke still and warm with signs of rain. We fain would have breasted the rapids, but I expected a party of Bostonians, who had contributed liberally to my enjoyment during my stay in their city the previous spring, to arrive at the home farm that evening, and though they were not unknown to some of the rest of the family I did not feel like allowing them to precede me many hours. So we reluctantly decided to turn our faces homeward; but in the face of the threatening rain we hesitated to strike camp. H. fished some in the early morning with indifferent success, and after breakfast wandered off to the woods, from which he was driven by a light shower. I lay in the tent and loafed. About 9 o'clock the weather cleared, and we hastily left Camp Comfort under paddle. Before we got half way to the island a light air of fair wind sprang up, and scarcely had we set the sails before it petered out. It was so hot that we hated to start the ash breeze again, and we lay in the bottom of the canoe and allowed her to drift. At the booms we had a friendly chat with some lumbermen, who jocularly offered to trade boats with us, and passing down the channel on the western side of the island, made camp about 12 o'clock on the lower end. We cooked and ate dinner very leisurely, and as eggs were a prominent item in our bill of fare, and we decorated a dead bush with the shells we afterward spoke of the place as Camp Hentree. The feminine and juvenile portions of one of the neighboring families were on the mainland shore just opposite us washing clothes. We could hear every word they said, and some of their conjectures concerning us and the vigorous exhortations of the seniors to the juniors afforded us plenty of amusement. A little before 2 o'clock they packed up and left, and we bethought ourselves that it was high time we were following their example.

And here I performed an act of vandalism over which I would fain draw a veil; only this will be very liable to reach H., way down in the City of Brotherly Love, and I am quite certain that if I omitted it he would send up for publication his own version. So, upon the whole, I think I will suffer least by confession. I did not know that there were any firearms in the party, but as we were stepping for our paddle H. passed a revolver back over his shoulder with the remark, "That is a good pistol for 50 cents." I knew no one ever hit anything with a fifty-cent pistol, but I replied, "I'll tell you when I try it." I gave it the regular cowboy drop on an old sturgeon boat that lay 150yds. away, side on on the opposite shore, holding about the same as I would a good pistol and fired. I fully expected to see the bullet strike the water between us and the boat, but instead came the dull sound of a .30-cal. slug on boards. Now, a sturgeon boat is an article the value of which is merely problematical, consisting as it does of about five boards and a few nails, alternately coaxed and bullied into the shape of a flat-iron. Its advent was coeval with the beginning of the sturgeon fishery on the St. John, and the man who attempts to row one instantly recognizes his natural enemy; indeed, he will find that, like a hog, it moves easiest stern first. But any man who desires to own a rival one has a perfect right to have his property respected. Now, I respected this man's rights, but not the property. I would no sooner fire in the direction of a decent boat than toward a man, but I knew if a sturgeon boat was a good object by which to align a bullet, it was the first excuse that I ever found for its existence, and in this thought lost sight of all else. But maybe Horace did not make himself facetious at my expense. He accused me of suddenly developing a fear of my fellow men; of looking frightened every time a man was heading in our direction, and a dozen other things too numerous to give in detail. It turned out that the pistol had been won as a prize at a quoit-pitching tournament, and 50 cents was the entrance fee.

We met a heavy wind about a half mile below our noon camp, and in came the paddles and up went the sail. For the first mile the wind was rather light, then it came about as hard as we wanted. I think neither of us will ever forget that afternoon. The Squall never did and never will do any better windward work that she turned off then. Horace profited by his discovery of two days before and kept his sheets well in. Indeed, our principal objection to the Mohican sail is that as the luff projects forward of the mast the sail has to be trimmed nearly dead aft in order to run close to the wind, and our experience has proved conclusively that we get better work out of the canoe in this way. As we passed the residence of the "Champions of England" Horace said: "Don't I wish that they would venture out here to-day; wouldn't we make a show of them?" But they showed no sign of a desire to renew our acquaintance. The boat swung idly at her moorings and the boys formed themselves in line and gazed. Around the bend of the Narrow Piece we caught the wind full for a mile, and we had to help her with the paddles for about a quarter of a mile to get her from behind the lee of Perry's Bluff. In the broad part of the lake a heavy sea was running, but we kept all sail on and jammed her into it. Fifteen minutes were lost in talking to a man who recognized the craft and hailed us from the shore. We reached the Narrows by sundown, and a stiff head tide gave us a hard tussle to get through.

Fog clouds now began to appear in the south, and a very opaque darkness soon settled over the waters. The wind came in spiteful squalls, to some of which we had to luff, and as we could not see how they were going to strike us we reefed. The clouds grew blacker and the wind shifted to the southwest, then:

"The wind he blow like a hurricane,
Bimeby he blow some more."

H. said, "I hate to give in when we are within a mile of home, but I don't believe she will stand much more of this; let's get ashore while we can." We tried to run in behind a sandy point that would afford us shelter, but fell to leeward. Then it was down sail and out with paddles. The mizen sheet fouled the tiller wires, and while I was extricating it a squall lifted the boat out of water and threw her in the trough of the sea, head off shore. We could no more move her from the position with the paddles alone than we could stir Mount Washington with tooth-picks. But as a Hibernian friend of mine used to render the proverb: "There is more ways o' killin' a cat nor wan way." We both applied the paddles to the windward side till we got steerage way on, and then throwing her stern to the wind with rudder, we gave her a half dozen more strokes that sent her flying off the wind, and again using the rudder stuck her nose into it, and once there we held her till the keel grated on the sand. We hauled out and walked home, arriving just seven hours after leaving Cole's Island.

The next morning dawned bright and clear with a young hurricane from the N.W., a fair beam wind on the lake, and we went up to get the canoe. With mainsail reefed, sheets well off, and both of us "hiked" to windward, we often had to luff, and once to avoid beating her on a point (from making too much weather by enforced luffing), we lowered the mainsail and drifted off shore. When we made the mouth of the river opposite to Perry's saw the visitors ranged along the shore watching us, and with them a man who had often sailed with me in the Squall during the old "jill-poke" period, a spirit of recklessness seized our crew and he asked abruptly, "Can you swim?" "Yes," "So can I, so in case of trouble I guess we can float till they get a boat off to us." And as he got his sheets in for the quarter mile beat to windward, he added: "We must not let that crowd see that the wind is too much for us; keep her into it if she goes under. Don't luff." The sails filled, the batten in the mainsail bending like a whip, the lee gunwale went under in spite of several hundred pounds on the weather side, and then we fairly flew along the long port tack. Another short leg of a hundred yards and we threw her nose into the wind within ten feet of the shore, and as we lay there for a moment, the sails slatting as if they would jump their bolt ropes, H. said in an undertone: "We need not have luffed at all. We only wanted a little more courage—or enough spectators to stimulate what we have." L. I. F.

NEW RULES ABROAD.—A meeting of the Royal C. C. was held on Nov. 21, at which the old board of officers was re-elected. The most important work of the meeting was the adoption of new rules for classification, there being a very animated discussion; but those of our English exchanges which nominally are devoted to the publication of canoe news, very carefully refrain from any intimation of the nature of the new rules, save for the following in the *Model Yachtsman and Canoeist*: "The spirit of the whole thing, apart altogether from the letter, was this: To bar any of the Yankee flying machines that might come over; to discourage the building in England of apparatus of a light character, and to retain the practical and useful." As to the first proviso the R. C. C. is taking time by the forelock in legislating against an invasion of American canoes while all the cups are held on this side. In view of the flimsy specimens of canoe building that have come here from England within the past three seasons, and the many breakdowns that have befallen every English canoe that has raced on this side, no one will say that any undue haste has been shown in the adoption of the second proviso. All the rules, whatever they may be, were passed with the understanding that they should remain unchanged for a period of three years.

THE IMPROVEMENT OF CANOE SAILS.

THERE are very few who would not welcome any substantial improvement in lowering and reefing sails for canoes, and yet the larger number of racing canoeists are content to shirk all efforts toward this end, and to avoid a little trouble by adopting the standing, non-stowable abominations which were seen in such numbers at the meet this year. The probabilities are that within certain limits of wind, and under such conditions as maintain in many races, the standing sail is faster than any lowering and reefing sail can be; but this is absolutely all that can be said in its favor. On the other hand, there can be no doubt of the harm which these sails have done and are still doing to legitimate canoeing, especially to racing. As originally fitted to Pecowsic (several small sails, the largest 40ft., and rigged with a neatness and simplicity that attracted every one who saw them), the evil was not so apparent, but in only two years the size has doubled, while the latest form is so extended by battens that it cannot even be folded up when not in use.

It is easy to see now that it was a great mistake even to permit the use of large sails of this kind, and it is all very well to call for a change of the racing rules which shall summarily debar them, but this does not help the matter. It is no use now to discuss how or why they came into existence; they are here, and the question is how to get rid of them. This, however, cannot be done by any sudden change of the rules, even though such a change would be for the good of the great majority of canoeists. While we contend that it would have been within the power, and was in fact the duty of the Association to limit or prohibit such sails in the first place as soon as they promised to be other than beneficial, now that their use has been permitted for several seasons, and many have adopted them, it would be very unfair, without the consent of a large majority of the standing-rig men, to rule them out summarily for the coming season. This applies also to several other abuses that have grown up of late, things that are undoubtedly bad, but which nevertheless cannot be ruled out at once.

There are, however, two ways of dealing with the sail evil, one of which is also applicable to the huge boards and sliding deck seats. It is fully within the power of the A. C. A. and division regatta committees to offer prizes for canoes which shall be in all respects cruisable craft, however they may be temporarily fitted with larger sails for racing. In laying down new rules for cruising craft to be built up to, the limits may be drawn as closely as may seem desirable, and no objection can fairly be made; those who do not like them have still plenty of races under the present loose limits. It will, however, be a somewhat difficult matter to settle on the definition of a raceable cruiser (title copyrighted), and we will gladly give space to a thorough discussion of the matter. When once this definition is decided on, the A. C. A. as well as the clubs can devote a part of the racing programme to races under the new limits, leaving certain races, as at present, to the racing machines. The owners of the latter certainly cannot complain of such a course, and many would be glad to come within the new limits, the others going on as now, from bad to worse until some machine is evolved so extreme as to drive out all others, as was the case in yacht racing abroad under the old Thames tonnage rule.

A second way of dealing with the sail question is to offer some stimulus to the inventive canoeists, of whom there are plenty, to improve the best of the present rigs; and the New York C. C. has already taken the first step in this direction. Com. Burchard has offered a prize for the best hoisting and reefing sail that may be produced by the opening of the racing season, and his example is worthy of the emulation of the other clubs. It is curious how some clubs have become known largely through certain sails; the Cincinnati C. C. owes a large part of its wide-spread reputation to the lateen sail first put into general use in the States by its members; the New York C. C. was famous a few years since for its huge balance lugs; the Mohicans are known everywhere by the settee that bears their name; while the Pecowsic sails are familiar to canoeists who do not know whether Springfield is in Florida or Canada, as the production of the Springfield C. C. All are aware of the benefit which accrues to a canoe club from a well-established reputation in the world of canoeing, what effect it has on the membership and general prosperity of the club, and from this point of view the benefits to the club which shall give to canoeing a new and really good reefing sail are well worth working for. We hope that by May the generous offer of Com. Burchard will have borne good fruit, and that others will be tempted to emulate him.

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

JUNE.

3-5-7. Katrina-Shamrock, N. Y.

THE CORINTHIAN MOSQUITO FLEET.

A NEW club under the above name was organized in New York on Dec. 14, the object being to unite the owners of small craft of all models and rigs and not over 20ft. l.w.l., for the purpose of encouraging racing and cruising among amateur sailors. The headquarters will be at New Rochelle, N. Y., the sailing ground being on the west end of Long Island Sound. It is strange that with the large number of boating men, canoeists and yachtsmen of limited means about New York and her suburbs, and with water on every hand, there has never been any strong or permanent organization devoted to the interests of small craft save the small yacht clubs which still adhere to the old sandbag catboat or jib and mainsail. In Philadelphia there are hundreds of amateur sailors with a very large fleet of craft under 16ft.; in Boston there are many more, while in Toronto there is a very large and powerful boat sailing contingent, at the head of which is the Argonaut Club, with its fleet of 19ft. skiffs. It is almost 20 years since canoeing was introduced into New York by the founders of the New York C. C., and during this time it has not only brought in a large number of recruits who never would have been won by either shell rowing or catboat sailing, the only existing forms of boating at the time; but it has since graduated a very large number of good sailormen who have outgrown the canoe, but who are still good all-around Corinthian sailors, as every canoeist must be. While some of these old canoeists now own their large yachts, the larger number are unable to afford the time or money which yachting in large craft requires, and at the same time their love of racing and cruising is as keen as when they first grasped a paddle. For them and for many new recruits who wish a larger boat than a canoe there are plenty of good craft, but up to this time no serious effort has been made to encourage a boat too large to come under the care of the canoe clubs and yet so small as to be considered beneath the notice of the leading and most influential Corinthian yacht clubs. The new club will fill a place between the yacht and canoe clubs, and if well managed it should have a very large membership. Within the limits of 15 to 20ft. l.w.l, and within a maximum cost of $500 it is possible to build a very fine little ship for cruising or racing, a single-hander that will accommodate two or three men. A vast amount of good racing may be had out of a class of 15ft. open boats, such as the Thames gigs, the Clyde luggers, and the Toronto skiffs, and if desirable the cost may be made as low as $100 for boat rigged complete. From this limit both size and cost can be increased to meet the different condition of water and the local surrounding, as well as the means of the club members. With suitable classes and racing rules the sport may be just as keen as in any of the large classes, and far more attractive to a great many men of moderate means, who would rather sail small craft of their own than watch other men race in large vessels. It will doubtless take some time at first for the new club to classify the many different boats which are likely to be found in its fleet, and to lay down suitable rules for racing and building, but a season of trial racing should give sufficient experience to enable the club to take some active steps toward the development of several sizes of small boats and yachts, say 15, 18 and 20ft. l.w.l. which shall be especially suited for racing, cruising and general sailing about the Sound

NEW STEAM YACHT.—Mr. Kunhardt has sent design No. 27 to members of the Rochester Y. C. The plans call for a cruising, seagoing steam yacht, 53ft. long on deck, 40ft. waterline, 7ft. 8in. beam, 4ft. 4in. draft. The midship section has great deadrise, with slight hollow in the garboards, an easy bilge and a slight round to the topsides. The overhang aft is of the cutter fashion, 8ft. long, and the bow is of graceful clipper form, with a figure-head and no trail boards. Least freeboard to top of planksheer is 28in. Schooner rig, with strong rake to spars, and a 20in. hatch house, with a pilot house forward, the floor of which is sunk 2ft. below deck. She will probably receive a Wells balance engine and 40in. wheel. This is the eighth design sent by Mr. K. to the Lakes this year,

THE ROYAL CANADIAN AND TORONTO Y. C.

THE long talked-of scheme for an amalgamation of the Royal Canadian and Toronto Yacht Clubs has at last been finally arranged, and at a meeting on Dec. 15 the Toronto Y. C. adopted the report of the joint committees. The conditions under which the union is made are as folows:

1. The assets and liabilities of the two clubs to be pooled, and to be the assets and liabilities of the joint club.

2. The members of the two clubs to become members of the joint club, without election or entrance fee, having the same status in the joint club as they previously had in their respective clubs, that is, honorary members to be honorary members, life members to be life members, and ordinary members to be ordinary members. Life members to be entitled to all the privileges of the club, and to pay no fees whatever; no one, however, to be allowed to become a life member after amalgamation.

3. The executive of the joint club to consist of four officers—commodore, vice-commodore, captain and honorary secretary—and a committeee of ten.

For the first year the commodore and the honorary secretary to be elected by the R. C. Y. C, and the vice-commodore and captain by the T. Y. C.; and five of the committee to be elected by each club.

For subsequent years the election to be held in the usual way at the annual meeting of the joint club.

4. The by-laws and rules of the joint club to be those of R. C. Y. C, amended so as to comply with the terms of this report, and subject to any further amendments that may be considered desirable by a sub-committee, on which both clubs shall be equally represented, to be appointed at an early date after amalgamation.

5. The name of the joint club to be the Royal Canadian Yacht Club.

6. The amalgamation not to take effect until the 15th of May, so as to allow of both clubs sending a full number of delegates to the meeting of the Lake Yacht Racing Association to be held on the 12th of May.

The following figures also show the financial condition and the membership of the new club:

	Assets.	*Liabilities.*
R. C. Y. C.	$21,500	$14,500
T. Y. C.	6,500	3,000
Total	$28,000	$17,500
		Membership.
R. C. Y. C.		367
T. Y. C.		275
Total		642
Estimated joint annual revenue		$9,000
Estimated joint expenditure		7,500
Estimated joint surplus		$1,500

Including honorary members, the roll will number nearly 675, with a fleet of 60 yachts. The new club will own a very handsome club house on the island, opposite the city, with a second large and convenient club house on the water front, within a few minutes' walk of the business center of Toronto. The course for small craft is within the bay, overlooked by both houses, while the large yachts race over a triangular course on Lake Ontario, just outside the western entrance to the bay. The Royal Canadian Y. C. is the older club, one of the oldest in the Dominion, but of late the Toronto Y. C. has been the more active, the present season having been a very prosperous one, so far as racing is concerned. The union of these two powerful clubs is a decided gain to yachting about Toronto, as there was no good reason for the existence of two rival clubs in a city of its size, and where the location naturally brings all the yachting to one point. With the advantages of two fine houses, a large membership, and the life and vitality of the younger club added to the high standing of the older club, the new organization will be not only one of the largest in America in point of membership, but one of the most successful in all ways. One great element of its strength lies in number of Corinthian sailors, all active yachtsmen, among its members, the fleet, large and small, being manned exclusively by amateurs, paid crews, beyond a boat keeper or cook, steward and a few hands on the largest yachts, being the exception.

FIXTURES FOR 1889.

WE will begin next week our list of fixtures in yachting and canoeing, and though it will be a long time before the first spring race is sailed, we would again call the attention of all clubs to the importance of selecting and publicly announcing their dates as soon as possible, in order to permit the full programme of races to be arranged in good season. There is usually more or less clashing of dates between neighboring clubs, most of which might easily be avoided, and each year it becomes more necessary that the clubs should work in harmony as the inter-club racing increases. Beginning with the Larchmont pennant regatta early in June, the races of the larger clubs run on through the month, ending with the Larchmont annual regatta on July 4. Within this time are sailed the regattas of the Atlantic, New York, Seawanhaka, Eastern and Larchmont, and as many of the yachts desire to enter all of these, it is necessary that some mutual concessions be made in the matter of dates, so that after once docking for the first race about New York the fleet can sail the remaining New York races without hauling out a second time, and that afterwhrd they will have time to reach Boston, prepare for the Eastern regatta, and then reach Larchmont again before July 4.

It is the aim of every club to secure a large entry list, and the most certain way to do this is to make it as easy as possible, by a suitable arrangement of dates, for yachts to enter without missing some other event. What we have said concerning the larger yachts of the coast fleet applies just as truly to the smaller craft and to the lakes. Arrange your programmes at once, let the dates be known, and avoid the trouble and annoyance which always follows any delay in these matters. We will be obliged to secretaries and other club officers if they will send us their dates as soon as decided on, and also if they will send prompt notice of any errors in our list of fixtures.

WATERTUBE BOILERS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I clip the following from a recent number of the London *Engineer* concerning watertube boilers. It fully indorses the strong stand in their favor taken by Mr. Kunhardt in his book on steam yachts and launches. The day cannot be far distant, as he says, when the shell boiler will have become a thing of the past:

"In watertube boilers the pressure which can be carried is practically unlimited. There is no shell. The circulation is natural and perfect. There is no dead water in any part. They are practically inexplosive. They are cheaper to construct. They are easily cleaned. There are no flat surfaces to be stayed against pressure—a feature of the greatest importance. They furnish dry steam. The grate surfaces are large. The combustion is more perfect. They can be taken apart for shipment and stowed in a very small space. There are no riveted members or details, and they are very easily managed in operation. When repairs are needed it is chiefly in the tubes, which are quickly removed and replaced, and lastly, they are much lighter per horse-power than any other boiler. These are really the chief points in any boiler, and that they exist in the watertube boiler is, we think, manifest to all."

X.

NEW YACHTS.

WE are now preparing a list of yachts now building or built since the close of last season, and will be glad to receive from owners, designers and builders any information in regard to new work that they may be engaged on. We should like to have at least the names of owner, designer, builder and vessel, the rig, motive power (whether steam or sail), material and the length on deck, length on waterline, extreme beam and draft. Any news of alterations to old craft will also be welcome.

SHARPIE VOYAGE.—Two small schooner yachts of a peculiar pattern came into St. Augustine harbor Wednesday night, and dropped anchor in front of the city. They were the advance guard of the fleet of the Biscayne Bay Yacht Club, and are just from New York, after a hard and stormy passage. The whole fleet will soon be along, and will cruise in Florida waters all winter, with Biscayne Bay as headquarters. One of the yachts, the flagship of the fleet, is the Presto, commanded by Commodore Ralph Munroe, while the Nettie is in command of Vice-Commodore Edward Hines. Kirk Munroe, the famous canoeist, is the secretary of the organization, and is now on his way to join the fleet with his yacht Alapata.—*Savannah News.*

TORONTO Y. C. WINNING YACHTS.—The winning yachts in the Toronto Y. C. for 1888 are as follows:

	June 9. Place.	June 30. Place.	Sept. 22. Place.	Sept. 1. Place.	Final. 1st.	2d.	3d.
CLASS 1 AND 2.							
Rivet	1	..	2	..	1	1	..
White Wings	2	..	1	..	1	1	..
Cygnet	3	2	..	1	1	1	..
Aggie	..	1	..	..	1	..	..
Cyprus	..	3	..	..	..	..	1
Verve	..	..	3	..	..	..	1
Escape	..	..	..	2	..	1	..
Yolande	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
CLASS 4.							
Caprice	1	2	1	..	2	1	..
Mischief	2	3	..	1	1	1	1
Alvaetta	3	1	..	..	1	..	1
Finette	..	..	3	3	..	..	2
Alert	..	..	2	2	1	1	..
CLASS 5.							
Puritan	1	2	1	..	2	1	..
Irene	2	3	2	..	..	2	1
Ruby	3	1	3	..	1	..	2

The club has given over $800 in prizes during the season, in addition to the Murray, Cosgrave and McGaw challenge cups. In the second and third classes the cups were given for the highest number of points in a series of cruising handicaps in different directions on the lake. The Murray cup was won by Cygnet, the Cosgrave cup by Yolande and the McGaw cup by Caprice. Besides the racing a large amount of cruising has been done during the season.

"WHO WON?"—The second volume of this useful little book has met with such well-deserved success that the author, Mr. J. C. Summers, is now at work on a new volume for 1889. The two volumes already issued, 1887 and 1888, have become the standard of reference for all questions relating to the past history of American yacht racing, while they contain in addition a great deal of general information of value to yachtsmen and would-be yachtsmen. It is Mr. Summers' intention to make the new volume still more complete and accurate, and to issue it earlier in the season than heretofore.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

E. A. A., Watertown, N. Y.—The pedigree of Lena II. is given as by Royal Ranger and out of Lena. We have no record of Forest Royal.

H. E., South River, N. J.—On Thanksgiving Day we shot a sweepstake match, first and second money. The first event was all killed two birds. We shot at three more apiece, and four killed one apiece and two did not kill any. Do these two get second money. Ans. We presume that six was the total number of entries in the match. All having killed the same number of birds, no one has qualified for second money, and the whole purse is made into one money, to be divided among all, or the tie may, by mutual consent, be shot off under any conditions agreed upon.

New Publications.

A NEW edition of Maynard's "Naturalist's Guide" will be issued immediately by Cupples & Hurd, Boston; also an entirly new work, by the same author, upon the Eggs of the Birds of the United States, with illustrations, in color, done by the author. The latter work will appear in eight fifty-cent parts, at monthly intervals. Subscriptions are asked for, by the author, from those interested.

BIDING HIS TIME, or Andrew Hapnell's Fortune, by J. T. Trowbridge. Boston: Lee & Shepard. J. T. Trowbridge's books for young people have acquired a well deserved popularity. As stories they are well told, and the lessons they convey tend to build up the moral character. Andrew Hapnell, the hero of "Biding His Time," was an orphan, but he had had the double advantage of inheriting high principles from his mother, and of being brought up by her; and so, of course, he goes through the fierce fire of temptation, and comes out of it like gold, purified by the process.

THE STORIES MOTHER NATURE TOLD. By Jane Andrews, author of "Seven Little Sisters." Illustrated. Boston: Lee & Shephard. Price $1. "Sermons in stones, books in the running brooks," are what Jane Andrews finds everywhere, and with childlike confidence she questions Mother Nature of her secrets, and preserves the conversation for the benefit of young people, who will be astonished to find what interesting histories some commonplace things have. This little work is written with an object, and has a high educational value, tending both to enlighten the understanding and elevate the moral nature.

TRAVELERS AND OUTLAWS. Episodes in American history, by Thomas Wentworth Higginson. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Price Under this title the author has published a number of narratives, some of which he has already given to the world through the medium of the *Atlantic Monthly, Harper's Magazine* and the *Century*. They are mostly narratives of what may be called minor episodes in American history, as the Maroons of Jamaica, the Maroons of Surinam, Gabriel's Defeat, Denmark Vesey, and Nat Turner's Insurrection. Of a somewhat different cast is a New England Vagabond, who furnished the materials for his own biography, and a stirring chapter for boys is the Old Salem Sea Captains. These latter were the travelers and voyagers; all the others appear to have been outlaws.

MISS PARLOA'S NEW COOK BOOK. By Maria Parloa, principal of the School of Cooking in Boston, author of "The Appledon Cook Book," "First Principles of Household Management and Cookery," "Miss Parloa's Kitchen Companion." Boston: Estes & Lauriat. Price, 25cts. The essential feature that distinguishes man from all other animals is that he is a cooking animal. The rudest display of this characteristic is evidence of his vast superiority over the beasts, and as between man and man the place of a nation in the scale of civilization may be easily gauged by its measure of progress in gastronomic art and science. Miss Parloa is a leading professor of the art, a votary in its temple, an initiate into its sacred mysteries. As a professor, too, Miss Parloa's popular lectures and practical course of instruction have rendered her deservedly famous, and the work under notice affords ample evidence of a wide grasp and exhaustive treatment of a subject of vital importance. With Miss Parloa as guide and provider of one's table, there can be no question as to whether life is worth living or not.

READINGS FROM THE WAVERLY NOVELS. Edited for School and Home Use by Albert F. Blaisdell, A.M. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Cloth. The Waverly novels consist of a long and splendid series of prose fictions, twenty-nine in number, written by Sir Walter Scott, and for the most part dedicated to the idealization of manly courage and truth, and of womanly beauty, gentleness and heroism. The novels are for the most part historical, covering the whole period of English history from the eleventh to the eighteenth century, and present the men, manners and costumes of each age with such an air of *vraisemblance* that we never hesitate for a moment to accept them as faithful portraits. The charm of Sir Walter Scott's style is indescribable, his stories kindle the latent spark of chivalry in every generous breast, and while he is unparalleled among novelists for the fascination he exercises over the reader, the thought is always healthful and stimulating, the style pure and the events described of solid historic value, lighted by the halo of romance which Sir Walter has shed over them with such charming effect without perverting their historic truth. The selection under notice has been carefully made, and is well calculated to whet the reader's appetite for the perusal of the whole series.

When the case of the Commonwealth against John and Ben Ellman was called in the Criminal Court in Covington yesterday a demurrer to the indictment was made. They were indicted for stealing fourteen ferrets, and the demurrer to the indictment was that it was not a felony to steal wild animals, and the defense claimed that ferrets came under that head. The demurrer was sustained, and the Commonwealth appeals. There is nothing in the statutes that makes it a crime to steal ferrets, and they are classed as wild animals. Those who are inclined to steal can now go ahead and steal tigers, wildcats, lions or even snakes and they will not be punished. A civil action is to be brought against the Ellmans.—*Louisville Journal.*

THE DACHSHUND.

IT seems to me that the people from whom we had the dog, and who have bred and used it for centuries, are the most likely to know what the desirable and correct points of a pure-blooded dachshund should be, and I question the wisdom of altering the characteristics, as these are recognized in his native home, of any imported dog. Modifications are sure to take place in time, but the type should be upheld; and this has not been done in the present instance, as the most cursory comparison will show.

The consequence of this divergence from German views has been that our Teutonic cousins will have none of our dachshund standard, and their kennel clubs, on being invited to exhibit at the great Jubilee Show, held under our Kennel Club auspices, refused, unless classes for German dachshunde were provided, and these classes judged by the German standard.

The dachshund standard, as settled by the Dachshund Club, November, 1881, is as follows:

Head and skull.—Long, level and narrow; peak well developed; no stop; eyes intelligent and somewhat small; follow body in color. (Value, 12.)

Ears.—Long, broad, and soft; set on low, and well back; carried close to the head. (Value, 6½.)

Jaw.—Strong, level, and square to the muzzle; canines recurvent. (Value, 5.)

Chest.—Deep and narrow; breast bone prominent. (Value, 7.)

Legs and feet.—Forelegs very short and strong In bone, well crooked, not standing over; elbows well clothed with muscle, neither in nor out; feet large, round and strong, with thick pads and strong nails. Hindlegs smaller in bone and higher, hindfeet smaller. The dog must stand true, *i.e.*, equally on all parts of the foot. (Value, 20.)

Skin and Coat.—Skin thick, loose, supple and in great quantity; coat dense, short and strong. (Value, 13.)

Loin.—Well arched, long and muscular. (Value, 8.)

Stern.—Long and strong, flat at root, tapering to the tip: hair on under side coarse; carried low, except when excited. Quarters very muscular. (Value, 5.)

Body.—Length from back of head to root of stern, 2½ times the height at shoulder. Fore ribs well sprung, back ribs very short. (Value, 8½.)

Color.—Any color; nose to follow body color; much white objectionable. (Value, 4.)

Symmetry and quality.—The dachshund should be long, low and graceful, not cloddy. (Value, 11.)

Weight.—Dogs about 21lbs.; bitches about 18lbs.

The Dachshund Club states that it does not advocate point judging, the figures given being only used to show the comparative value of the features.

The Germans begin, rightly I think, where the English standard ends, with the description of the dog's general appearance; and it surely cannot be disputed that the German standard is immeasurably the best and the most intelligible.

A long, low dog would not be "cloddy," and a dachshund never yet was and never will be "graceful," in the ordinary sense of these English words, although it may be otherwise in some Pickwickian sense recognized by the Dachshund Club. To say that a dachshund is a graceful creature is a most unfortunate misuse of a word, and its antonym, deformed, more truly describes the animal. If a dachshund is graceful, so is the short-legged, over-bodied, shambling dwarf, and Richard, Duke of Gloucester, was an Adonis, formed "to caper nimbly in a lady's chamber—shaped for sportive tricks, and to court the amorous looking glass," not "rudely stamped and wanting in love's majesty," nor "cheated of feature by dissembling Nature, deformed, unfinished, sent before his time into this breathing world, scarce half made up, and that so lamely and unfashionable that dogs barked at him." The Lady Anne doubtless took a Dachshund Club's view of the graceful outlines of the hunchbacked murderer of her husband and his father; and when dog fanciers put on their tinted spectacles they see beauties in deformities that are hidden from the eyes of mere common mortals.

In head and skull the English and German dachshund widely differ, the latter being broad where the former is narrow and peaked. The ears in the one are "set on low," in the other "placed high." The teeth are described by both as level, but there is a very remarkable difference, the Germans remarking on the great length of the teeth in general, and especially of the "corner teeth," while the English say the "canines recurvent." The corner teeth are the incisors next to the canines. The caduceous corner teeth are erupted when the pup is four to six weeks old, and replaced by the permanent ones at about the fifth month, a month or six weeks later than the other incisors, of which they are always the largest; but I should be gladly surprised to find any marked distinction in that respect between dachshunde and other dogs.

What, then, does our English club mean by the canines being recurvent? They surely do not mean recurvent. And if, as may be reasonably supposed, they mean recurved, I ask if they mean that the canine teeth of the dachshund are different in shape from those of other dogs, and on what ground they rest that statement? The canine teeth of all dogs curve outward and backward, and there is nothing exceptional in the dachshund.

Oscar Schmidt, Professor of the University of Strasburg, writing of the *Canidæ*, says: "Any of our readers who can examine the head of a dachshund, may convince themselves of the fact that the first pre-molar, above and below, can scarcely be of any use to the animal; it is a little stump, which does not come in contact with the opposite row of teeth, and is frequently wanting altogether. If the dachshund is not forcibly suppressed, as a species, its dentition will one day inevitably be reduced by one pre-molar."

At the dachshund show held at the Aquarium in 1886, I examined a considerable number of dachshunde, and found the case to be as described by Professor Schmidt; and, since then, I have noticed the same thing in dogs of other breeds, though I have not examined any very great number. I suppose the gradual loss in size to be accounted for by the comparative little use of the teeth under our common methods of feeding dogs.

In describing the chest, the English say deep and narrow, with breast bone prominent; the Germans, breast broad—the two being absolutely contradictory.

I cannot but look on the standard of the English club as a not very intelligible description of the animal, and the value of their points as decidedly puzzling; not, perhaps, so absurd, however, as the fact that the club does not advocate point judging, but merely gives the figures to show the comparative value of the features. Surely, if the figures show that, it is what judging is supposed to do; and if figures are an aid to any one desiring to value the special qualities of the dog, they must also be of value to the judge, who should use them as a means of instructing students of the breed, but if they are of no practical use they ought not to be put forward.

It is really too ridiculous to say a dog's ears are within half a point of the value of his chest; and to value the stern at 5 per cent. of the whole dog, and to throw the quarters in as make-weight, appears to display a singular misconception of animal structure.—*Bazaar.*

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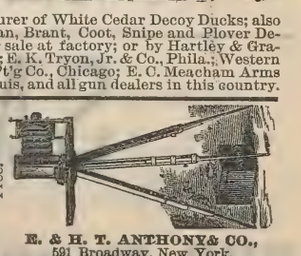


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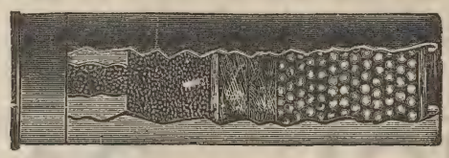
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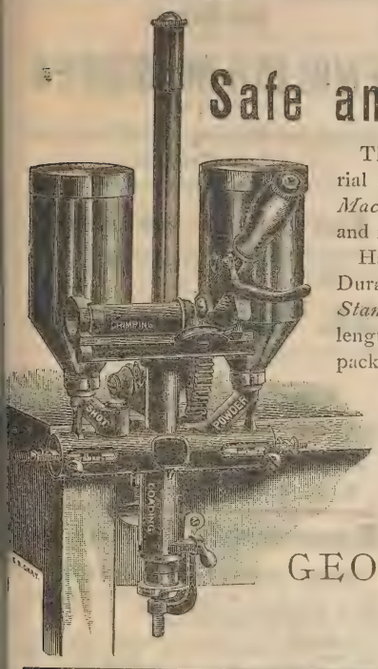
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Mr. Henry MacDonald, whose descriptions of "Early Days on the Missouri" were so well received last summer, will supplement them with further

Sketches of Frontier Life.

Pertaining to the same field will be a paper by Mr. J. W. Schultz describing the ancient importance of the Fort Benton Fur Market. The same writer will furnish a continuation of his valuable Blackfoot studies, among the titles of which may be named "A War Party" and "The Origin of the Medicine Pipe."

Rich treasure from this inexhaustible field of

Indian Folk Lore and Life

will be laid before our readers by the veteran "Yo," whose Pawnee legend of The Dun Horse will be followed by others in a like happy vein; and from the same pen will come a rarely interesting—because vivid and racy—account of

The Summer Hunt of the Pawnees,

in the old buffalo days. There will be sketches by the author of "Sam Lovel's Camps," distinguished for the same inimitable character studies of the Danvis folk, the close insight into nature, and delicious vignettes of word-painting. Under the title,

A Breath from the Maine Woods,

will be described the angling experiences of a Boston party at Moosehead, by "W. A. B.," whose sketches of a fisherman's life in Maine have been received with so much favor.

The pages devoted to the delightful subject of Natural History will not be less full and interesting for the coming year than in the past. Among the special papers for which we have arranged are a continuation of the series of illustrated articles on

North American Mammals,

by Dr. R. W. Shufeldt. These will include articles, more or less extended and very fully illustrated by drawings by the author, on the Bats, the Insectivora and the Carnivora.

There will be published during the year extended illustrated articles on the life and habits of some of the large game animals of North America, in which will be brought together all that is known of these creatures, now so rapidly disappearing from off the face of the land. The first of these will be the production of Mr. John Fannin and Geo. Bird Grinnell, and will deal with the rare and little known

White Goat.

A subject which interests sportsmen and naturalists alike is the

Domestication of Game.

We have arranged for a series of articles on this subject, which will, it is believed, be of remarkable interest to every thoughtful reader. The series is expected to contain accounts of the habits in captivity of deer, elk, antelope, mountain sheep, white goats, buffalo, wolves, bears, panthers and other North American *ferœ natura*.

There will be papers on birds by well-known ornithologists, on reptiles by Miss Catherine C. Hopley, two of whose articles, to be published shortly, will be on the

Hibernation of Reptiles and on Snakes' Weapons

Articles on many of the lower forms of life, together with notes and news on natural history subjects from all quarters of the continent will make up an amount of matter for the year that is to come which will be sufficiently varied and attractive to delight all who take an interest in natural history. The investigations and explorations of a naturalist in the Northwest will be described by Edward Howe Forbush in a series entitled

Five Days a Savage.

In the misadventures of Father Christian le Clerc, a seventeenth century missionary, Mr. Edward Jack has found material for an interesting paper,

Lost in the Forests of Acadia.

The descriptive papers of travel will not be confined to North America. Our East Indian contributor, "Shikaree," will give the readers of FOREST AND STREAM some more of his delightful accounts of

Hunting in the Himalayas,

and from another pen we shall have equally entertaining narratives of

Shooting on Mount Olympus,

and other localities in the Far East. A leading feature of our Shooting and Fishing columns will be our

Special Correspondence from the West,

keeping the readers of this journal fully abreast of the events of the times in Western game fields and fishing waters, all of which will make the FOREST AND STREAM

A Journal for Western Sportsmen.

The accounts of big-game shooting will be frequent, and in these respects the FOREST AND STREAM will maintain its long-established popularity. There will be a series of papers from the pen of Mr. J. E. Gunckel, of Toledo, O., entitled,

The Sunset Club,

A continuation of the witty reports of that famous club already known to fame.

The Trap Forest and Stream Reports of 1889

will be given in the best form by the journal's own representative and other competent reporters. They will make good the promises contained in the actual performances of the autumn of 1888, when our full reports of important tournaments were acknowledged to have been the best pieces of special work of the kind ever done. The Trap columns will be kept in the front rank; and because of them the paper will be indispensable to shooters. In our

Kennel Department

will be found, in 1889, reports of all the bench shows, prepared by conscientious and perfectly competent hands. In this strong feature the FOREST AND STREAM is universally recognized as *facile princeps*, and it will be the highest ambition and most zealous care of the editors to continue on the old lines, giving the public show records and reports to be studied with profit. Our field trial reports will be graphic and reliable.

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I WILL GIVE A 10-GAUGE, 10-LB., 30IN. Damascus Colt's hammerless shotgun, used twice, also 500 shells with powder and shot to load same, to any one who secures me the position of fireman on some railroad. Address Box 890, Belvidere, Ill. 1t

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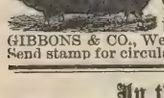
SEA TROUT.—PERMITS FOR THE SEA-son's fishing on Tracadie, the best sea trout river in New Brunswick, Canada, will be given on application to the subscriber, who will give all needful information as to the obtaining of men, supplies and board at the mouth of this river, which is 40 miles long. Reference as to its character, J. H. Phair, Esq., Fishery Commissioner, New Brunswick, Fredericton, Can. EDWARD JACK, Fredericton, New Brunswick, Canada.

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sep27.tf A. W. PEARSALL, Huntington, L. I.

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VOL. XXXI.—No. 24. No. 318 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications on the subject to which its pages are devoted are respectfully invited. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No name will be published except with writer's consent. The Editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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Address all communications

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A PORTRAIT *of the* FOREST AND STREAM'S *grizzly bear is issued on an extra sheet with this number.*

SOLDIER MARKSMEN.

THE collections of figures which appear in our rifle columns show with some detail the work done by the Metropolitan Brigade of the State of New York in carrying out the orders for rifle practice imposed by the military authorities of the State. These troops represent the flower of the National Guard of the country. There is no city where the home guard strength is better attended to, no city where eight regiments are supported with ranks more or less full. It is seen that there is no great variation in the figures. About so many men practice out of a possible total, and of this number about so many manage to get up to the grade of marksmen. Those who recall the time when not a single guardsman fired a shot may look upon this showing of skill as phenomenal. A member of a crack rifle club may look upon a man who calls himself a marksman simply because he has managed to get past an average of outers as a very poor shooter. Both critics are right and both in a measure wrong.

The Guard for what it has done and is doing deserves much praise. It must be borne in mind that this exercise is purely voluntary, that those men who don a uniform for the pleasure of the thing really give a great deal of time and trouble to their hobby and assume important obligations. The importance of these figures to readers of the FOREST AND STREAM is in their bearing on the question of arms and shooting. It shows that up to the 500yds. range the Remington State model rifle with its .50-caliber barrel throwing a heavy ball can and does do good work.

The system which Gen. Robbins has elaborated and carried out is a good one. It is one which other States may well copy. Criticism may be aimed at a system which allows officers to shoot and put their totals into a common total with that of the men. In fact, line officers and brigade officials should shoot simply that they may appreciate the efforts of the men, and be able to lend aid and guidance. Again, the counting system is an artificial one for simplicity's sake perhaps, but it would seem possible for something nearer an actual exhibit to be made of the soldier's doings. Each man makes an actual score over fixed distances. These could be aggregated into an average score for each company or regiment.

Again, the present system permits a man to keep on shooting and shooting until a passing score is made. There is no record of these attempts, and the result is that a man of comparative leisure, like one of the 7th Regiment, who may go again and again until he has got a satisfactory score, is at a great advantage against the poor militiaman who can only do his official stint of shooting.

What would seem to be needed in the whole shooting system of this State is a scheme which follows the soldier to his armory. At present a man may go to the range and there for the first time shoot off a weapon. No wonder he shoots wild. The actual shooting of a ball cartridge is the last lesson in a long series, or rather it is the finished work after the instruction has been given. Aiming drill and armory practice at indoor ranges with reduced charges are the preliminary necessities to the making of a good shot. What New York city wants is a central range, safe and secure, where every guardsman in the city should resort for the making of his trial shots. Until a man has been taught to hold his weapon, it is of no use to load it and tell him to hit a mark. The indoor range instructor should be an experienced man and one giving his entire time to it would soon find out the possibilities in the case of each man. If a man cannot become a shooter, then he has no place in the Guard. If he is in the Guard then it is only neglect of his own assisted by those above which prevents him from being a possible shot and to a mob or an enemy a dangerous opponent. The same instructor who acted at the indoor range all winter ought to do duty at the open range all summer. Men ought to come and go as they may find it most convenient, the main aim being to make them individually able to shoot. This accomplished the volley and other firing would soon come. It will be urged that the men who are learning to shoot to-day, who are becoming enthusiastic marksmen now, will be the officers of the near future and will see to it that their men keep up the proficiency. This is in part true, but instead of having 80 line captains each teaching his men or leaving them untaught, the work ought to be done by system and at one central point. Thus the leaven would be inserted which in time would make the Guard a body of sharpshooters.

SNAP SHOTS.

STUDENTS of natural history and all others who take an interest in the subject will learn with satisfaction of the action recently taken by the Board of Apportionment of this city and the authorities of the American Museum of Natural History at the Central Park. At a meeting of the Board of Apportionment last week it was determined to increase the annual appropriation for the Museum from $15,000 to $25,000, on condition that the collections should be exposed to public view either on Sundays or on two evenings each week as well as during the day. This condition has been accepted by the Trustees of the Museum, who have elected to keep the building open until 10 o'clock during the evenings of Wednesday and Saturday of each week. There are many positive and diverse views held by different people as to the wisdom of opening this and other museums on Sunday; but there is probably no doubt in the mind of any one as to the desirability of having them open more that they usually are, and especially at hours when those whose time is fully occupied during business hours can take advantage of the collections on view. The present step is a long one in the right direction, and will make the American Museum of Natural History more valuable than ever as an instructor of the public.

The times are out of joint; the first day of January in the latitude of New York should not have the balmy mildness of autumn; and yet the opening of the new year was as warm and sunny as that afternoon in last October when "Coahama" entered the office and announced that he had come from Mississippi to see the FOREST AND STREAM'S grizzly bear in Central Park. This was a bit of euphuism, spoken, no doubt, in compliment to the bear. "Coahama" is a man of affairs, who does not journey a thousand miles to see a grizzly in a pit, though there is no telling how far he might not travel for a chance at a grizzly in the mountains, for he is a sportsman through and through. His predilections for the gun and the field crop out in all sorts of unexpected ways. When he buys a new hat he selects one of white felt and broad-brimmed and wears it for what it is worth while new, but with a thought ever to what it will be when old, for there is nothing in the world better for duck shooting, says "Coahoma," than a weather-worn old white hat. So we went to the park to see the bear; but first a call was made in the reptile house, where, the case being opened by courtesy of Dr. Conklin, the Mississippi student of reptilian life must needs handle the Gila monsters and fumble among the moccassins with a *sang froid* acquired during a surveyor's life in Southern swamps and canebrakes.

The interest in the bear manifested by "Coahoma" and numerous others has prompted the suggestion that a life-like portrait of the not unprepossessing creature might be acceptable to the public. Mr. Thompson has made careful study of the subject, and his drawing, presented to our readers to-day, is from life. A very faithful likeness it is, as will be testified to by any one of the hundreds of thousands and millions of people who have seen the original. The bear lying in the foreground is the common black bear of this country; and in the background are shown the rocks of the bear pit.

Sewell Newhouse, the author of the "Trappers' Guide," died at Community, New York, on the last day of 1888 at the age of 82. He was a native of Brattleboro, Vt. In 1820, when he was fourteen years old, his family moved to Oneida county, N. Y., then an almost unsettled region, and here at the age of seventeen young Newhouse began to make the traps which have caused his name to be famous at least over the whole of North America. For the next twenty years he was engaged in the business of trap making, his annual manufacture running up from very small beginnings to 2,000 traps a year. In 1849 Mr. Newhouse and his family became members of the Oneida Community, and after that the business of trap making was carried on by the Community under the superintendence of Mr. Newhouse and Mr. J. H. Noyes. His book, the "Trapper's Guide," has run through many editions, and still remains the best authority on this difficult subject.

In many districts of the Adirondacks the deer doggers who aver that the deer are increasing are simply whistling to keep their courage up. As a matter of fact, the game, when the entire North Woods region is considered, is rapidly dwindling year by year, at a rate which leaves little hope for the future, and as if the jacking and hounding in season were not bad enough, the hounders at Paul Smith's and elsewhere, drive deer out of season, and "mountain mutton" is supplied on hotel tables in the summer. Smith, it will be remembered, is the man who as a type of his class says that if his guests and guides want to break the game laws, it is none of his business, and he does not feel called upon to say booh to them. And there was talk of making him a Commissioner of Fisheries, some time ago.

The letters printed to-day bearing on the right and wrong of the killing hares by fox-terriers in the Hempstead Coursing Club fashion are instructive, because they afford a very fair index to the feelings on the subject held by the great body of American sportsmen. As we have said before, the question is not one of cruelty, but of sportsmanship. The one fact that the victim has no chance for its life is what stamps the Hempstead practice as unbecoming and unsportsmanlike. This fox-terrier killing of hares dropped to the ground is not coursing, nor can the advocates of legitimate coursing well permit their sport to be injured by having it confounded with the Hempstead way.

Correspondence relating to the business and editorial departments of this office should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to individuals, in whose absence the letters may remain unopened.

The Sportsman Tourist.

THE MARE-BROWED MAN AND THE PHANTOM LOON.

ON the southwest coast of the island of Newfoundland is an area of the sea about sixty miles in length, and called by the early settlers Fortune Bay, because of the abundance and variety of fishes in its teeming waters. In nooks and corners, by its fiords, coves and harbors, are settled a hardy and simple-minded race of fisher folks, chiefly descended from West Country stock from Old England. They were the pioneers in the cod fisheries, and getting tired of the buffetings of the Grand Banks, they gladly sheltered themselves where woods and water, fishes, fur and feathered fowl were to be had by helping themselves. They, too, sang this song of the lotus eaters:

"Oh, rest ye brother mariners, we will not wander more,"

and returned not again to the old home in England. Needless to say, they brought the folk lore and superstitions of the old land with them, and their descendants to-day in out-of-the-way coves, having little or no connection with the outside world will, if you gain their confidence, give you the goblin stories common two or three centuries ago in the west of England. Their dialect is decidedly West Country, sadly mixed in transportation, scarcely understandable until you have been some months in constant intercourse with them.

They are firm believers in spells, and things lucky and unlucky, in witchcraft and witches, in turning a key on the Bible to discover a thief, and all the mysteries of the Black Art.

On one occasion I was going hunting with an old skipper early in the morning when a woman crossed our path. "We might as well turn back," said he; "no luck to-day, sir." It is also unlucky to meet a red-haired man, or for a hare to cross your path when going deer hunting, and above all, a mare-browed man is unlucky and has the power of putting a spell on you. Their belief is that he is possessed with an evil spirit of mischief, which he is always ready to exercise to your harm. A mare-browed man is always dreaded in the community in which he lives, and he believes as firmly as his neighbors that he has the power of putting a spell on and giving bad luck. Perhaps the word is not commonly known among your readers, and I had better give an explanation.

A mare-browed man is one whose eyebrows meet and extend continuously across the forehead. Fortunately these people are not numerous if their powers are equal to their belief. The word is an illustration of how tenaciously the common people in out-of-the-way places retain a strong hold of a word which would else be almost lost from our language. In this case, however, there is one other instance of its common use in the word nightmare. "Mare" is an old Saxon word for goblin, an evil and mischievous spirit.

And now to my story of the mare-browed man and phantom loon. I was on a pleasure excursion in Fortune Bay in a yacht of about twenty tons. The fishing had been superb in Salmon River, Long Harbor and Trammer. *Salvelinus fontinalis* of the anadromous variety, weighing from 1 to 4lbs., had been caught by our party until we were satisfied, and would catch no more. After a long experience in many waters, I am satisfied that no finer sport can be had than in these rivers from the 15th of July until the 1st of October.

We were homeward bound, but a strong breeze forced us to seek shelter in a cove called Doctor's Harbor, on the north side of the bay. This snug little place is nestled under a range of hills which rise rather precipitously from the water to a height of about 800ft. The scenery is grand. The tops of the hills are bare of trees of verdure of any kind, except club mosses, ground juniper and tuckamores. Here the Arctic hare, weighing from 10 to 14lbs., the rock ptarmigan and willow grouse are numerous. The latter afford magnificent sport. They lie well to the dog, are strong of wing, and require straight powder and a quick eye if you will bring many to bag in the months of October and November. As a game bird they are not surpassed by the ruffed grouse.

In this quiet cove lived five families of fishermen—fishermen in summer, hunters in winter. Their little one-storied huts contained a kitchen with a large open fire-place, on which were old-fashioned iron dogs. The furniture consisted of a deal table, two or three home-made stools and settles, one or two arm chairs made of flour barrels, and the housewife's pride, a dresser of crockery ware of gaudy pattern stood opposite the door, which was near the center of the house. The other end of the house usually contains two small bed-rooms, while the loft is devoted to a miscellaneous stowage of nets, rolls, lines, sails and children. In one of these houses lived skipper John Baker, a mare-browed man, and near by lived skipper Kish Cains.

On going ashore I met the latter at his door step with his right arm in a sling. After a cordial greeting—for he had been an old hunting guide of mine—I inquired what ailed his arm. He replied: "Well, sir, last week I bought this 'ere gun [which stood by the door] from Sam Leak, the Nartin trader, an' gid un varty shillin's fur un. Fish wus scace, so day afore yisday I thought I'd go over the hills and try un on a hare or patridge. I tooked her an the powder harn and shotgut, and starts up yander through the droke. You know the little pond on the top of the hill. When I cumed in sight o' un, the fust thing I sees is a loo' sittin' about the middle uv un. 'A queer place fur a loo' to be,' says I, fur the pond isn't more'n 60yds. across, and no trouble to git in gun shot a he. I drawd down to the tuckamores aside the pond, an' got twixt thirty and varty yards from un. I lets drive and the loo' dove. The gun kicked pow'ful an' I loads her agen, a light load, not mor' 'n six fingers. The loo' comes up in the same place an' I lets drive again, and he dove agen. In a minit he cumed up in the same place, and I loaded an' fired twenty-eight shots at un, an' he dove every time. I hadn't a grain of shot left. At the last shot the loo' disappeared, then I seed I'd been vuled [fooled]."

"What became of the loon?" said I.

"'Twa'n't no loo' at all, sir."

"What was it then?"

"'Twas a spell on me an' the gun; and I knowed then that that blankety blank blank Jan Baker put it on."

"Nonsense," said I, "you should not believe such things."

"Well, lookee here, sir," opening his shirt and showing his shoulders as black as my hat. "I've vised too many guns not to know I wouldn't be served like that if there war'nt a spell on her."

I replied, "Oh, Kish, you are mistaken; she is an old army musket, warranted to kick like a mule."

"Mistaken, sir! I got proof I'm right. Shortly after I cumed out to the harbor Jan Baker he cumed in from vishin, and I says to un, 'Skipper Jan. I thinks there's a spell on my gun.' 'Let me look at her,' says he. I gid her to un an' he looks along the bar'l. 'Yes, ses he, Skipper Kish, there is a spell on her, I can see it. It looks just like a vishes vloat [fish's air float or air bladder].' I ses, 'Canst take it off, Skipper Jan?' He says, 'No, I can't.' 'Well, I can,' says I, 'fur I knows the blankety blank that put it there.'

"So yistday marnin, sir, w'en Jan Baker an' the rest went out vishen, I gets a piece of paper and cuts it out the shape uv a man's heart, an' I writ Jan Baker's name on it and stuck it up on that picket six foot in front uv the door. I puts a small charge in the gun, and cuts off a picce uv silver the size uv a shot and puts it in with the shot. I stood here in the doorway and vired; and I hope that I might never live another day, sir, if I'm tellen ye a lie—every shot cumed flyin' back in the house among the crockery on the dresser and rattlin' on the floor. I looked at the paper heart; not a shot had passed through it, but I seed a small piece chipped out of the edge and I knowed the silver had done it and the spell was off my gun.

"In the evenin' when Jan Baker cumed in, he says, 'Skipper Kish, didst take the spell off your gun?' And I says, 'Yes, I did, Skipper Jan.' And he says, 'I knowed it, Skipper Kish, fur when I was out on the fishin' ground I felt a drop of blood leave my heart, an' I says to myself, Skipper Kish is takin' the spell off his gun.'

"Now, sir, didn't I tell you that I had proof that 'twa'n't no loo' at all, only a spell on my gun."

So ends my yarn of the mare-browed man and the phantom loon. The names of men and places are all real, nothing fictitious: all is set down as repeated to me by Skipper Kish; but I cannot do justice to this dialect on paper.

B.

HARBOR GRACE, Newfoundland.

Natural History.

QUEER FOOD FOR RODENTS.

IT is well known that many of the rodents are omnivorous, and enjoy eating flesh as well as vegetable food. Naturalists long ago called attention to the fact that the red squirrel habitually feeds on young birds and on eggs, that the thirteen-lined spermophile and other western specimens eat grasshoppers, that muskrats eat fresh-water mussels (*Unio*) and that some will eat their own kind. The popular impression is, however, that rodents, except the Norway rat and the house mouse, are vegetable feeders exclusively.

In the interesting report made by Mr. Vernon Bailey to Dr. C. Hart Merriam, of the Bureau of Economic Ornithology, there is given a great deal of information as to the food of many of our mammals found in western Minnesota and Dakota, and among other points brought out is the one to which we have alluded.

Speaking of the muskrat Mr. Bailey says that it is abundant at Elk River, Sherburne county, Minn. "They eat fresh water mussels, small turtles and lily roots. The mussels eaten are both the thin-shelled kind of the mud bottomed lakes, and the heavy-shelled of rivers (*Unio*). Some trappers use mussels for bait. The turtle eaten by the Muskrats is a small bright-colored terrapin, probably *Chrysemys picta*. Three or four years ago I took from a Muskrat house a small turtle with three of its legs and its tail eaten off and the shell gnawed. It was still alive. The lily roots eaten are *Nymphœa tuberosa*, and *Nuphar adoma*. They form a large part of the food of Muskrats in winter when the ponds are frozen."

Onychomys leucogasta is a curious mouse, which is very largely insectivorous and which from this cause is known as the grasshopper mouse. Near Fort Buford, Dakota, Mr. Baily found this species common on the prairies and hills, but not among the underbrush. He kept one in confinement for some little time, and his observations on it are so interesting that we give what he says in full:

"One which I kept in confinement was not full grown when caught. From the first it did not show the least fear. It took food from my fingers when first offered, and never attempted to bite. If not disturbed or very hungry it sleeps all day, and when waked up gapes, stretches and blinks some time before he gets fully awake, but is then lively for a time, though he does not seem to like the light, and if it is bright keeps winking. In the evening he becomes lively and tries to get out, jumping and scratching at the sides of his cage, and biting the wires of the front, but he never gnaws, and though he has been a week in a thin cigar box there is not a tooth mark in it. Sometimes he becomes crazy in his efforts to get out nights, and jumps about with all his might; but usually, unless hungry, he is quiet and intelligent. He will come to the front of his cage at once if the wires are rattled or scratched and look for food. If a fly gets inside he is pretty sure to see it, and seldom fails to catch it. He will not eat raw meat, but the way he takes hold of grasshoppers and flies shows that they are not new to him. He ate 16 crickets, 11 grasshoppers, 1 spider, a black bug, and a big fly one forenoon. When very hungry he will eat weed seed or the leaves and stems of knot-grass and pigweed, but he has not been hungry enough for this many times since I have had him. He will also eat a little cheese and fried cake when hungry, but not much, and evidently does not relish it. His favorite food is crickets; he will not eat anything else while there is a cricket in his box. Next to crickets he will take grasshoppers or flies, but does not seem to care somuch for beetles, though he will eat any kind that I have yet offered him, principally a small black beetle that lives under sticks and stones; he also eats lady-bugs. I have found only one potato bug since I have had him, and he seemed to relish that, as he ate it all but the wings, shell and legs. He always begins at the head of an insect, holding it in his hands while he eats. A grasshopper will just nicely sit on its tail while he eats its head, with a hand on each shoulder; but the hopper is bound to kick, and if a large one, makes him much trouble, sometimes tipping him over; but he never lets go or stops eating until the head is off; then he eats his way to the tail. The wings and legs fall off as he eats the body out of them, and if he has plenty to eat they are left; but if hungry, and the supply is short, he will eat the legs afterward. He eats spiders, soft bugs, and dragon flies. He killed and ate a small frog when hungry, but would not touch one after eating all the hoppers he wanted. Next to insects he will take raw meat, fat or lean. He is very fond of brains. The only insects offered him which he would not eat were ants, and a few in his box make him almost crazy. If a dozen grasshoppers or crickets are put in his box alive he will kill them all by biting off their heads before he eats any. The same day that I caught him I dropped a dead white-footed mouse (*Hesperomys leucopus*) into his box. He pounced upon it like a cat, caught it by the side of the head near the ear, and began biting with all the ferocity of a coon dog. I could hear the bones crack, and when he let go and seemed satisfied that it was dead I took it out and found quite a hole broken through the skull just below the petrous bone. His teeth must have penetrated far into the brain. I put it back and *Onychomys* began at once to gnaw through and pull off strips of flesh from the neck, shoulders and skull, but did not get at the brain. He ate both of its eyes. The savage disposition shown in his manner of attack, and his promptness to seize it, would indicate a habit of killing mice. Sept. 22.—At 7:43 A. M. I gave him 12 crickets and 1 spider. He had eaten them all in seven minutes. At 8 A. M. he ate 4 grasshoppers; at 10, 1 big fly; at 10:15, 4 grasshoppers and 4 crickets, and at 11:45, 4 grasshoppers and a black bug; total 30 large insects in four hours. Did not have time to catch any more for him. Sept. 25.—At 6:45 A. M. he ate 1 fly and 2 black beetles; at 7:30, 1 grasshopper and 18 crickets; at 10, 2 grasshoppers and 2 flies; at 12 M., 3 flies, 2 hoppers and 7 crickets; at 1:30 P. M., 6 blue flies; at 2, 3 big flies; at 2:30, 3 grasshoppers, and at 6, 3 crickets; total, 2 beetles, 8 grasshoppers, 15 flies and 28 crickets, or in all 53 large insects in less than twelve hours. He would have eaten more if he had had them. Sept. 28.—Put a small *Hesperomys* in his box and he served it in the same way that he did the other one; also gave him a song sparrow that I had killed; he bit it through the head and ate part of it. I gave him a black hornet, which he took and ate greedily, but the tail seemed to bother him, and he evidently got stung on the nose, but did not seem to mind it much. He is very fond of cream. Sept. 30.—Gave *Onychomys* a common gray moth, which he ate and seemed to relish. Oct. 3.—He ate a piece of another mouse of his own kind, and tried to eat it before it was skinned. He has settled one thing for me; that a squeaking cry which I heard evenings at Brown's Valley and once or twice at Devil's Lake was made by this species. He has made the same sound several times. It is something like the cry of a flying squirrel. Of four skinned I was able to save but one without the loss of a patch of hair from the belly. Though the weather was cool they would not keep more than six hours without the hair loosening over the belly. Most of those captured at Brown's Valley show one or more bare spots. I have noticed the same thing in striped gophers (*S. tridecemlineatus*), which had been feeding on grasshoppers. Probably the insect food causes this tendency to early decomposition The excrement of this species is easily known by the remains of insects it contains."

THE OPOSSUM ON LONG ISLAND.

Editor Forest and Stream:

During a six years' residence on Long Island I have noticed a marked increase in the opossum crop year by year. Some months ago I saw a paragraph in the *South Side Signal* concerning their introduction here, but neglected to save it. Being interested in this matter I wrote to the editor, asking for information about the animal, and have gathered some facts which may be of interest in awakening inquiry as to the length of time that the opossum has been on the island. It is my habit each night to let my terriers out for a run before going to bed, and a year ago in my little garden they treed seven opossums, which were caught. This winter they have found but two, so far, although they are on the increase. In November Mr. Sylvester Smith, of this place, caught eighteen, nine of them being a female and her young. Another man, name forgotton, caught thirty-two, and the opossum is getting to be a nuisance to owners of fowl, and there is every prospect of their increase. Finding, to my surprise, that the persimmon tree grows on the Island, it occurred to me that the opossum might be indigenous, hence my question concerning them, and these are the facts brought out:

From the Suffolk *Bulletin*, Huntington, L. I., Dec. 22.—"Mr. Fred Mather, Supt. of Fish Hatchery at Cold Spring writes to the *Signal* inquiring about opossums as to whether they are indigenous to Long Island or an introduction here. Before 1880 they were unknown here. Some time during that year Mrs. R. T. Hunn, who was then in Virginia, sent three of them to Charles H. Smith of this village. They escaped from the boy, but only two succeeded in getting away, as one went prowling into F. G. Sammis' cellar, and was killed by that gentleman. Mrs. Hunn, who soon returned from the South and took up her residence at Cold Spring, allowed another to escape, and from these the present numerous array of the varmints is supposed to have sprung. These facts have been published by the different members of the Island press before, and as they were not contradicted, it is supposed are correct. If any one knew of oppossums before 1880 will they so inform us that the question can be settled?"

From the *South Side Signal*, Dec. 23—*Editor Signal:* In the last issue of your paper a correspondent seeks information about the opossum on Long Island, now so abundant, why he is here and where did he come from? Some twenty-five years ago a citizen of Bellport had, I think, five in number sent him from the South. They undermined the pen he put them in and escaped. I also heard a number were turned loose on the north side of the island several years ago. They increase rapidly; in fact, it would take a smart mathematician to "multiply" with them. During my several years' residence in Florida, where I spent many happy hours in hunting and shooting, I became well acquainted with the "varmints." They are very destructive to poultry and game birds, but are very palatable when stuffed and roasted. A "'possum hunt" is a great institution "down in Dixie." And if young America on Long Island would train dogs and

change some of their moonlight excursions into the exhilarating and healthful 'possum hunt, they would render the inhabitants of our fair island a benefit; for one adult opossum will destroy more game in one season than a score of dudes with canine attachments and improved breechloaders. Yours truly, NATHANIEL MILLER (Brookhaven, L. I., Dec. 17.)

Editor Signal: As Mr. Mather, of Cold Spring Harbor, is making inquiries about the oppossum, I would say, in answer to his question, that in the fall of 1850 I brought four to Riverhead from New Jersey, and in the spring placed them in a swamp near the village, and heard no more from them until about ten years ago, when the animals began to be found. They now seem to be plenty all over this part of the Island. Whether the ones I liberated were the first of present ever-abundant supply I must leave you to say. The opposum has a pouch, or false belly, in which the female deposits her young immediately after they are brought forth, and she nourishes them in it until they are able to provide for themselves. The animal is slow-motioned and helpless when on the ground, but climbs with great ease and rapidity and sometimes conceals itself among the branches and surprises birds that come within reach. It feeds on birds, reptiles, insects, roots, leaves and the bark of trees. Yours truly, MULFORD MOORE, (Riverhead, L. I., Dec. 17.)

From a personal letter from Mr. C. P. Rogers, editor of the Suffolk *Bulletin:* "Huntington, N. Y., Dec. 26.—My Dear Sir: I see by the *Signal* that the introduction of the possum is not an honor (?) to be taken by Huntingtonians. Am glad our skirts are clear of it; but it seems strange that when the subject was going the rounds of the Island press some eight years ago these men did not speak out in meeting."

This is all the information obtained, and in view of the fact that the introduction of the opossum is claimed to have taken place at different times and in different localities, it may still be a fair question if this animal is not indigenous. Prof. Jordan, in his "Manual of Vertebrates," gives its northern range as the State of New York, and as Long Island has as short, and as mild, winters as any portion of the State, it is fair to presume that the opossum could have migrated here on the ice, or otherwise, long before the prow of the Half Moon clove the waters of the Hudson or Captain Kidd buried his treasures in Fort Pond Bay.

I do not know in what other portions of the State of New York this double-wombed plantigrade may be found, and, in fact, until I saw it on Long Island, did not know that it was found in the State at all; but, in looking up the question, have gathered what is given above, which, fairly summed up, is of little value in adding to the life history of this animal, because it does not prove that it did not exist here before all of the claimed introductions. Should it stimulate inquiry in others as to the extreme northern range of the opossum in years more or less remote, it will then be of service to that extent. On Monday last there were fifteen opossums hanging at one stall in Fulton Market, and they were said to have come from Yaphank, L. I. FRED MATHER.

COLD SPRING HARBOR, N. Y.

MISSISSIPPI VALLEY BIRD MIGRATION.

THE second Bulletin of its Division of Economic Ornithology has just been issued by the Department of Agriculture at Washington. It consists of two parts, the first of which deals with bird migration in general, but with special reference to the Mississippi Valley, while the second, and far larger portion, is devoted to an annotated list of the birds known to occur in the Mississippi Valley, the movements of each species for the seasons of 1884 and 1885 being traced with as much exactness as possible from the records furnished by the observers of the Department.

The report is the work of Prof. W. W. Cooke, aided by Mr. Otto Widmann and Prof. D. E. Lantz, and it has been edited and prepared for the press by Dr. C. Hart Merriam, who is in charge of the Division of Economic Ornithology, and who, as the chairman of the American Ornithologists' Union's Committee on Bird Migration, is especially well fitted for this task. The whole work is well done.

The first part of the report, Bird Migration in the Mississippi Valley, is divided into the following heads: A brief historical review, theoretical considerations, speed at which birds migrate, relation of migration to barometric pressure and temperature, a study of bird waves which passed up the Mississippi Valley in the spring of 1884, synopsis of migration at St. Louis from Jan. 1 to May 27, 1884, progress of vegetation and awakening of animal life in the Mississippi Valley during the spring of 1884, list of stations and observers for 1884, list of new stations and observers for 1885, form of schedule used in 1885, and notes on the migration and distribution of each species reported as inhabiting the Mississippi Valley. The report contains a capital map of the region with the different stations indicated, and a good index.

The history of the systematized attempts to learn something definite about the phenomena of bird migration is an interesting one, although only a brief outline is given of this history. It is gratifying to note the increased interest constantly felt on the subject, and to see that while in 1882 reports were received from only thirteen persons, the number of observers had grown in 1884 to 109 and in 1885 to 159 who promised to report their observations.

Speaking of the causes which led to migration, Prof. Cooke deals with a subject about which but little is as yet known, and advanced some opinions which are quite at variance with the views of the editor of the Report, and which will hardly be generally accepted by ornithologists. The fact is that we know too little about migration to admit at present of any intelligent and satisfactory discussion of its causes.

The paragraph devoted to a consideration of the speed at which birds migrate, the relation of migration to barometric pressure and temperature, and the study of the "bird waves" which passed up the Mississippi Valley during the spring of 1884, are full of most interesting facts, and ought to be read by every one who is at all curious about the mysterious movements of our feathered friends. While these subjects do not profess to be treated at all completely, they contain a mass of information of very high importance as bearing on migration, and the manner in which they are handled reflects very great credit on all connected with the work. The second part of this Report is devoted to an annotated list of the 560 species of birds known to occur in the Mississippi Valley, and the notes under each species consist mainly of the times of arrival and departure of that species in different years. Incidentally, however, there is revealed in these notes a great deal that is interesting which does not directly pertain to and yet has a bearing on migration. These notes deal only with facts, yet they are full of suggestions.

The Report is a most valuable one, and is certainly by far the most important contribution that has ever been made to the literature of bird migration. To the authors, the editor and the observers is due great credit for their work. They have made a most important beginning in the study of a very difficult and intricate subject.

HARES IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have read with pleasure and instruction the series of interesting papers published in your valued journal from the pen of Dr. Shufeldt, but I think some of his statements in the paper of Nov. 29, referring to the Arctic hare, require to be modified.

The Arctic or Polar hare is the only species indigenous to Newfoundland. They are not, and never have been, numerous. They are brown in summer, and pure white in winter, except two black tips to the ears. They weigh from ten to fourteen pounds, and are a very hardy animal. I have seen many, but never knew nor heard of them burrowing in the snow in winter. In this island they always form under a bush or rock.

Dr. Shufeldt says hares have four or five young at a birth. If he includes the Arctic hare, as found here and at Labrador, he is mistaken. These hares never have more than two, oftener one, at a birth; nor do they bring forth young more than twice in a season.

"Those hares of the Eastern States, so universally called rabbits, known to science as *L. sylvaticus*," are not indigenous to Newfoundland, but about twenty-five years ago a public-spirited gentleman, Mr. Stephen Rendell, procured from Nova Scotia twenty-three of these animals, which he turned loose a few miles from St. Johns, Their rapid increase was marvelous. In five years the whole peninsula of Avalon was stocked with them. In ten years they had spread all over the island, and with them vermin—foxes, weasels, owls and hawks have also increased. These hares breed three times during the summer, and bring forth from five to seven at a birth. I think there are 500 of them caught by the settlers for one Arctic hare caught, and yet they increase, while the Arctic hare is decreasing.

Within the past five years we have another and most unwelcome visitor. He has come to stay, too. That is the Canadian lynx or *loup cervier* of the Acadians. The Indians report that they are increasing, and are destroying young caribou, both prickets and fawns. Of course they have crossed from the mainland via the Straits of Belle Isle. The distance from land to land is fifteen miles. Is it not a marvel that throughout all these ages these brutes never found their way across, and were never seen here until within the past few years? B.

HARBOR GRACE, Newfoundland.

Game Bag and Gun.

RIFLES FOR SMALL GAME.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In my communication in last week's issue of your valuable journal, I inadvertently made a statement to the effect that no other interchangeable barrreled rifle that I had seen was operated by lever action; I should have added the words "independent of the breech—the lever being attached to the barrel which is built on the tip-up principle." Of course there are several other interchangeable rifles worked by lever movement, such as the Bullard and Merwin & Hulbert; but on each of these the lever is attached to the breech bolt, the barrel being attached to the frame by means of a screw passing through the lug. The M. & H., by the way, appears to be a very elegant and, I believe, reliable little arm. I had an opportunity of testing one of them a few days ago while after ducks on Back River. The cartridge used was the .32-13-90 C. F. While we did not have an opportunity of trying it on the ducks, for the very good reason that they were not there that day, yet it behaved very creditably at the target, and I was particularly impressed with the manner in which it cut a hole through both sides of a shed, passing through about 5in. of plank, at about 30yds. W. W. B.

BALTIMORE, Md., Dec. 15.

Editor Forest and Stream:

"R. S. F." is right in advising "N. Orleans" to try the .22-cal. rifle for small game. Any good rifle of that caliber will kill game up to the size of ducks, grouse and hares nicely and without tearing them all up, as far as any one can see to shoot such small things. When one learns to be a marksman with the rifle and knows its trajectory, he can kill such game further with a .22 short cartridge than any one would believe until he had seen it done. I have killed a great many ducks with a Ballard .22 rifle with 32in. barrel, at all distances up to 200 and 300yds. This rifle with .22 short would make a report not nearly so loud as a common gun cap, and when firing at ducks up the wind, say 200 to 400yds., one could often have several shots before they would take wing. In such cases, when shooting for ducks on the water, one has the great advantage of seeing where the ball strikes, and can "git there" if the duck will wait long enough. I do not pretend that I was ever marksman enough to hit a duck every time on the water at 200 or even 100yds., but if the duck kept staying and I kept shooting, he was my duck if cartridges held out. I know that I have killed many ducks when sitting in rafts over 300yds. distant. For squirrels, quail, grouse and all other small game it is exactly the thing. I have with it sat down and killed six quail out of a bunch of fourteen that were feeding on a smooth sward 50 or 60yds. away before they became frightened and flew. As "R. S. F." says, the ammunition bought by the thousand costs one so little, that he can afford to shoot all he may wish to.

There seems to be but one other rifle suitable for small game. I found that I could do nothing with wild geese, brant and crane with the .22-cal., so I thought a .32-cal. might do for everything, so procured a .32 Winchester. It was a beautiful shooting arm; deadly to Canada geese as far as the ball would travel if you hit them, but it made a powerful hole in them, and would cut a rabbit, grouse or duck often into two pieces. A squirrel hit in the body was butchered ready for the stew pan, but it was too much trouble to hunt up the pieces. It used the regular bottle-neck shell, with, I think, 40grs. of powder. After experimenting awhile I hit on a plan that made it suitable for nearly every kind of game, except, perhaps, grizzly bear. The shells were center fire, everlasting, and I found, if I recollect aright, that No. 5 St. Louis buckshot could be forced into the mouth of the shell. (I should explain that the buckshot should simply be forced in and left in the mouth of the shell and not shoved down on the powder. The old backwoods idea that the ball must be firmly driven down on to the powder or the gun would burst has long been exploded. The buckshot should be at least one caliber larger than the inside of the shell, so as to need to be forced in.) By putting primer on shell and then putting in 6, 10, 20 or 30grs. of powder one could have any charge or velocity he wished, and it shot beautifully; 10grs. of powder was enough for grouse and squirrels, 20grs. for ducks, the shell full of powder for geese, and then one had the regular cartridge for deer, wolves and wild gobblers. With the buckshot charge one was obliged to load it as a single-shot breech-loader; then with the magazine full of regular cartridges one was ready for almost anything. And here we have again very small cost for ammunition. One could load a hundred shells of a rainy day or evening, only costing a few cents. I shot thousands of these buckshot charges from that Winchester without any leading or any other trouble, and as before said it shot perfectly.

When traveling over the hills and mountains here in California this autumn how often I have wished for that Winchester with the buckshot when a jack rabbit, grouse, quail or squirrel calmly sized me up while too far away for shot, and the tens of thousands of geese and brant that raft up in our bays and lagoons safely out of reach of the shotgun could be taught a new lesson with those buckshot charges. Why don't "you uns" come out here where you can hunt during winter without freezing your noses and toes off and find plenty of game also? Tourists' tickets are only $35 from Omaha. BYRNE.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.

BIG RIFLES FOR SMALL BOYS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Last week a salesman in a prominent New York city gun store was accidentally shot through the leg by another salesman who was exhibiting to a customer a .44-caliber Colt magazine rifle, which was not supposed to be loaded.

On April 21 of this year I purchased in that same store a .32-cal. single-shot Winchester rifle, which, though very accurate, I have since sold on account of its great range, fearing that I might kill or injure somebody unwittingly. While waiting for it, a gentleman entered the store, and with him were his three boys, bright-looking little chaps of about eleven, thirteen and fifteen years respectively. "My boys want a rifle," said he, "and I wish to get one for them." He evidently knew nothing whatever about firearms. "Well, boys," said the salesman, "what kind of a gun do you want?" "A Winchester .44 full magazine," replied the eldest, glibly. Did that salesman deprecate the purchase of such a weapon for the use of boys? Did he recommend a smaller and lighter gun, using safer and less costly ammunition? No; he uttered not one word of remonstrance or advice, but got out the rifle asked for, explained the process of loading and firing, and sold it, together with several boxes of cartridges, knowing that it was to be placed in the hands of lads, whose deadliest weapon, if any, should be a Flobert with bullet breech-caps. "Why, boys," said I, "that's quite a gun for you, isn't it? Are you going to kill moose or grizzly bears?" "We're going to shoot crows and squirrels," was the reply. My mental observation was that if I lived in their town or village, I would move out without delay.

The man who shot the other one last week is not the salesman to whom I allude; nor can I assert that he who was shot is the man who sold that .44 Winchester on April 21. The books of the firm may show that. But I do say that the first victim of such a rifle in the hands of a boy ought to be the man who sells it to him without remonstrance. J. L. KEARNY.

PERTH AMBOY, N. J., Dec. 26, 1888.

"THE MAZEPPA HITCH."

Editor Forest and Stream:

The inquiry of "Packer" in the FOREST AND STREAM of Dec. 6 is a timely one. The whole story of the tying of Mazeppa on the back of the "desert-born" horse is a very strange one indeed, for not only did the ingenious packer, who threw this very peculiar hitch, tie him fast with "many a thong," but in the case of the horse itself, the veracious chronicler assures us that he "loosed him with a sudden lash." This was probably done by the artifice by which the mischievous crowd trifled with the feelings of the indignant German who loudly demanded "who tied my dog loose?" Let me say for the information of "Packer" that the tying of Mazeppa was done by a young English pilgrim named Byron, and the peculiar hitch used is known as the poetic license.

ORIN BELKNAP.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Without caring to enter into a controversy with the critics who cavil at Byron's line in which Mazeppa is described as "bound fast with many a thong," I do nevertheless assert most confidently that to a packer of ordinary capacity the performance is attended with no difficulty. The difficulty and art of packing consist in making the pack secure with one thong. But the poets have given us harder knots than that to untie. Take for instance the lines in Walter Scott's Young Lochinvar:

> "So swift to the cantle the lady he swung,
> So light to the saddle before her he sprung,"

and we should like to be favored with illustrations of the methods in which our readers would seek to solve that little difficulty. CRITIC.

THE TARIFF ON FIREARMS.

ALTHOUGH the tariff has been the subject of so much heated political discussion, we have studiously avoided making any allusion to it in these columns, which the reader most assuredly has a right to demand shall be kept free from politics; and this has been done, even though the implements of sport used by gunners are directly affected by the duty. Without going into any discussion of the subject, we have thought that it would be interesting to learn the views of manufacturers and dealers respecting the firearm tariff; and we have accordingly invited all those interested to express their opinion. In the first week in December a letter was sent out embodying this inquiry:

"We are sounding the gun trade for their view of the bearing of the existing tariff on the trade in firearms, and invite you to give us for publication your opinion of the desirability either of maintaining the present rate of duty on firearms or of modifying that duty in any way. If in your opinion any change should be made, will you tell us what you would recommend, and whether there should be different rates on different grades of firearms? Give us the reasons for your recommendation, whether it be to leave the firearms tariff as it is now or to revise it, and specify in what way you think the several branches of the gun trade would be benefited or injured by tariff revision. You will of course understand that the FOREST AND STREAM wants your opinion on this point without any discussion of political parties or platforms."

In response to this inquiry we received the letters printed below. Four replies were sent us declining to express opinions for publication. One declined on the ground of having a great many friends among both importers and American makers; another wrote, "We can hardly see our way clear to comply with your request," and a third thought it "not for the best interest of the gun manufacturers of the United States to agitate the tariff question, inasmuch as it is included in the Senate bill and will possibly be taken care of there."

Editor Forest and Stream:

In reply to your letter asking for our views on the present attempt by the new Senate Tariff Bill to increase the duty on imported guns we certainly are not in favor of it, as if passed it would prohibit the importation of a class of guns which are suited to the wants and means of a large majority of the public. As it now is, a very good breechloading double gun, in the top lever action, with rebounding bar locks and pistol stock, in good, honest, safe and reliable twist barrels, can be imported and sold here for $25, cheaper qualities, ditto, $20, and down to $15; still lower cost double guns in other systems of action and in plain twist barrels down to $10. Such guns pay a duty of 35 per cent. *ad valorem*, and thousands of them are imported and sold yearly. Now it is proposed to put a specific duty of $10 with an additional *ad valorem* duty of 25 per cent. on each and every gun imported, no matter what its cost: equivalent to making an *ad valorem* duty on the low cost guns of about 200 per cent., and on the medium cost about 100 per cent., instead of the present rate of 35 per cent. As the few American gun manufacturers that we have in this country have never offered to the public any similar quality guns at any prices approaching, even with the 35 per cent. duty in their favor, it seems to us that passing such bills would be doing an injustice to a large class of our people. We think the present duty of 35 per cent. high enough and should not be increased on any firearm. WM. READ & SONS.

BOSTON, Mass.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In compliance with your request we herewith give our views as to the import duties that should be affixed to firearms coming into this country from foreign ports. Ten years ago the gun trade of this country was almost entirely in the hands of foreign manufacturers, very few goods in the way of double-barrel guns being made here at that time. Since then the manufacture of double-barrel guns has become a matter of considerable importance in this country, and the prices which consumers now pay for these goods are at least 33⅓ per cent. lower than those ruling ten years ago. The importation of double-barrel guns into this country during the year 1887 was equal in value to the whole amount manufactured in the United States. If this volume of foreign goods should have been shut out, you can see at once that it would put that branch of industry in this country into a very active and healthy condition.

We are more largely interested in the manufacture of revolvers than guns, and the import duty which shall be established upon that class of firearms is particularly to our interest. We have a protected duty of 35 per cent. *ad valorem*, but notwithstanding this, on our cheaper class of revolvers we have been forced down in the last five years over 40 per cent. on account of competition arising from foreign goods, more particularly of Belgian make. We have met this decrease in price partly by reduction in wages and partly by improvements and facilities in the manufacture, but at the present writing these foreign goods are sold in our market at least 10 per cent. lower than our prices. Although made of inferior material and of poor workmanship, they do take the place with a certain class of dealers, of the better grade of goods made in this country. We find upon investigation that the class of laborers we pay 90 cents per day to, only receive in Liège what is equal in our money to 28 cents, and the class of laborers that we pay from $1.25 to $2.50 per day receive in Belgium from 60 to 90 cents. We believe that it is an utter impossibility in this country to force labor down to any such point as is reached by the older countries, even if it were desirable to do so.

We believe that one great source of the prosperity of this country is the fact of a great mass of working people earning sufficient wages not only to buy the necessities of life, but to buy more or less of the luxuries, and that is what, in our estimation, keeps the wheels of industry moving. We also believe that this country is prosperous from the fact that not only its agricultural interests are large, but its manufacturing industries also. The policy of free trade theoretically is correct, if the conditions of all nations were alike, but they are not. England, Ireland and Scotland are comparatively free trade, but England's colonies, every one of them, are protected by import duties; and India, which would be one of the largest markets for our goods, is protected by a wall of defense more secure than impost. Should we send a consignment of goods to any reputable merchant in India, for the purpose of introducing them, they would be confiscated and sold for the benefit of the Indian government. This shows the stringency of their protection. The large manufacturers of metallic ammunition in England, France and Germany have ample facilities by steamship lines to distribute the goods to any part of the world, but on the other hand, if we wish to send ammunition to either Great Britain or the Continent, it can only be taken by one line of steamers, and the expense of sending same by that line often exceeds 20 per cent. of the value of the goods.

Finally we believe that the import duties on firearms should be increased by a specific duty on each arm, besides the *ad valorem* duties which now exist. If that does not take place, we are confident that the time is not far distant when the cheaper class of firearms made in this country will be entirely driven out by foreign goods of inferior quality. MERWIN, HULBERT & CO.

NEW YORK, December, 1888.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your favor of the 6th inst. to hand. Inclosed you will find tabulated statement as to how matters will stand should the Senate tariff bill pass. Naturally it is not in our interest to have a bill of this kind pass Congress, as, you will notice, it will make it prohibitory to import any cheap guns, and only the better kinds can be brought over. Now, as none of the American makers furnish a good gun cheaper than $20, wholesale purchasing price, you will, therefore, see that they are thereby obliging every one to invest much more money in a breechloading shotgun than they can buy at to-day; and, in accordance with our estimate, it would do a great deal of harm, as only a comparatively small quantity, in comparison with what is used now, would be purchased.

BREECHLOADING GUNS.

The present tariff is 35 per cent. *ad valorem*. The Senate bill proposes $10 per gun and 25 per cent. *ad valorem*, and this figures out as follows:

Foreign cost.	Ad valorem rate. Per cent.	Foreign cost.	Ad valorem rate. Per cent.
$3.65	300	$21.90	71
3.89	285	24.33	66
4.14	267	26.76	62
4.38	255	29.20	59
4.62	241	31.63	57
4.87	230	34.06	54
5.48	207	38.93	50
6.10	189	43.80	48
6.70	174	48.66	45
7.30	162	53.53	44
7.90	152	58.40	43
8.50	142	63.26	41
9.10	134	68.13	40
9.73	128	73.00	39
10.95	116	77.86	38
12.17	107	82.73	37
13.30	100	87.60	36½
14.60	94	92.46	36
17.03	84	97.33	35
19.47	76		

The rate on "Zulus" would be 680 per cent.

You will notice from the inclosed list that the party that buys the highest priced gun and who can well afford to pay a good price, will not be affected by this new bill at all, while the party who has only a few dollars to invest for a breechloader, will be forced to spend considerably should he desire to own a fowling piece, or go without.

We give you our ideas as above, with the request that our name is not to be mentioned in any of your publications, because we do not like to see our name in print.

NEW YORK.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your letter of the 7th inst. requesting our views on the present tariff on firearms has been duly received. As you do not desire a discussion of the different political platforms or parties or the principles involved therein, we will say that our personal interests would hardly be affected by either a reduction or increase of the present rates of tariff duties. We understand that one of the bills now before Congress proposes to add a duty of $10 to each and every breechloading gun imported besides the present duty of 35 per cent. *ad valorem*. As this would be an increase of many hundred per cent. of the present rate of duty on thousands of cheap breechloading guns annually imported, we can readily see that such a change would greatly affect the cheap and inferior firearms business in this country, inasmuch as such a measure would raise the price of the poor man's gun to double or more of its present cost, whereas it would hardly affect the price of the better grades of guns of which we make specialties. Such a measure might result in a general improvement of the cheapest grades of imported guns, the "trash" now considerably used in this country, by substituting better American-made guns. Of course this would cut down the number of guns in use, and might result in an increase of our present game supply, which, however, would all be done at the expense of the poor man's fun and recreation. As we have said before, our personal interests can hardly be affected by any change. Our desire is always to give the very best quality and value for the money, but inasmuch as the bulk of our trade is among the best and practical class of sportsmen, using the best and practical articles, we will leave the above knotty question for those to settle who are more directly interested than ourselves. A change in the rates of the present tariff duties on rifles and pistols would hardly affect American business interests, because in their manufacture America can beat the world, irrespective of protective tariffs.

NEW YORK, Dec. 11, 1888. VON LENGERKE & DETMOLD.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In response to your request asking for my views on the tariff as it affects the gun trade, I suppose you expect each correspondent to represent the aspect of the question as it appears from the standpoint of his own trade. For instance, a dealer who handles largely the cheapest grade of guns would want the tariff adjusted to suit his particular business and so would call for a low rate of duty on cheap guns, and would very likely desire a higher rate on the better class; while a man handling the more expensive ones would care little whether there was a prohibitive duty on cheap guns, so long as he could import the higher grades so as to successfully compete with high grade American guns. As I represent the latter interest, what I shall say will be from that standpoint. At the present rate of duty breechloading guns that sell at $100 and over can be imported and sold at a fair profit in this market. At the same time there is a constant inducement to American manufacturers to endeavor to produce a better arm than the foreign at a lower price. A very material reduction of duty would result in a largely increased importation, and American manufacturers would be compelled to turn their attention to other branches of business. On the other hand a very slight increase would result in closing this market entirely to foreign manufacturers.

Both of the bills now before our Congress recognize this position and wisely (as I think) refrain from any material change of the tariff on the better grades of breechloading guns. The best interests of all concerned demand that the duty shall be maintained at a point that neither closes the American manufactory nor entirely shuts out of the market foreign skill and intelligent thought; for from this quarter have come many of the most valuable inventions that have made the modern breechloader such a source of delight to the lover of the gun. The present duty enables the American manufacturer to successfully reach out toward the production of the best class of work and stimulates him to avail himself of the highest inventive genius, for which the American artisan is celebrated the world over. It at the same time keeps the price low enough to enable the sportsman of moderate means to avail himself of the skill and experience of the foreign mechanic as well as the inventive genius of our workmen.

An entirely different question enters into the discussion of the tariff as it affects the lowest grades of breechloaders, which at present are produced by a class of foreign laborers who exist on wages that the most unskilled workman in the United States would spurn as the reward of the most menial service. But I refrain from further consideration of that side of the question, leaving it for others more interested in that class of goods.

NEW YORK, Dec. 7. HENRY C. SQUIRES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In answer to your inquiry, it is our opinion that the existing tariff on firearms should be changed to a specific duty, because it would be easier to adjust and also prevent any chance for undervaluation. A specific duty, however, should be varied according to the different systems, making this duty a protective one on these systems only that American manufacturers are producing. By such arrangement the cheaper systems of breechloading and muzzleloading guns would not be placed in price beyond the reach of many sportsmen, and the better systems, where the competition exists to-day as between the American and imported makes, placed at such a rate that it would protect the former, but not so excessively as to limit the sale to the class of purchasers who now buy these grades. We suggest the following divisions:

Hammerless action breechloading guns.
Top-lever action breechloading guns.
Side-lever action breechloading guns.
Lefeaucheux action breechloading guns.
Singlebarrel breechloading guns.
Singlebarrel muzzleloading guns.
Doublebarrel muzzleloading guns.
Sporting rifles.
Revolvers.

We are not prepared to state without more consideration what the specific duty should be on each of these divisions so as to accomplish the purpose, but that it can be so adjusted there is no doubt. Any duty which would very materially advance the prices of all grades of guns would seriously curtail the sale of them and the sale also of other goods used by sportsmen.

You do not ask our opinion as to the duty named on sporting breechloading guns in the bill now before the Senate, but we are tempted to say that we do not believe the framers of the bill could have fully understood how seriously this duty will discriminate against the poorer class of citizens. To place a duty of 300 per cent. on a cheap system of breechloading double gun and only 35 per cent. on say a gun costing $100, is not exactly in accordance with the spirit of our age or country.

We would prefer the existing duty of 35 per cent. *ad valorem*, rather than have such a change as this.

EDW. K. TRYON, JR. & CO.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 11.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In reply to yours of Dec. 7, will say we are not in favor of any decrease in the duty on guns, but rather of a slight advance, if anything. In our opinion the effect of a large increase in the duties would be to induce many more American manufacturers to engage in the business and also bring foreign makers to this country, and the competition of the increased number of makers would have the effect of soon bringing the price of American made guns down just as low as the foreign guns now are, the only advantage being that the money now sent abroad would remain in this country.

SYRACUSE FORGING AND GUN CO.
(per E. L. Baker, Prest.)

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Dec. 10.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In reply to yours of the 6th. We are not in favor of any change on duties on guns. The present rates work very well, and we believe that always, unless there is an exceedingly good reason for a change, rates of duty should be left alone. There is one item only on which we consider it advisable to suggest a change, and that is, that parts of guns should pay the same duty as guns. At present parts pay 45 per cent. and guns 35 per cent.

SCHOVERLING, DALY & GALES.

NEW YORK, Dec. 7.

Editor Forest and Stream:

We are in receipt of yours of the 6th, asking our view of the present rate of duty on firearms, and the advisability of any change in the present law. In reply we have to say that we have very decided views of the matter; what we have to say, however, has reference to the firearm manufacturers rather than to the dealers. At the present time the business is in a deplorable condition, owing in a great measure if not wholly to the importation of the cheap and worthless trash of both guns and revolvers. This seems to be the opinion and expression of most every one engaged in the business. This state of affairs cannot long continue, or those engaged in the manufacture of firearms will have to employ their capital (what little they have saved) in some other business.

Now what is the remedy for this? To our minds there is but one answer, if the firearm industry is to be sustained; and that is, to place a specific duty on all arms

of all kinds, high enough to shut out completely the cheap, miserable trash from coming to this market. There should be a law to absolutely prohibit a certain class of arms from being landed at our ports, and a duty high enough on the meritorious arms to enable every manufacturer here in this country with the high-cost labor to compete successfully with such. Not one-tenth of the breechloading doublebarreled shotguns that find a market here in this country, are made by our own manufacturers; they are imported; also revolvers to a large extent, whereas, in our opinion, every one should be made here. I would have a higher duty on a high-cost gun than on the medium grade; but it should always be a specific duty instead of an *ad valorem*, for we suffer so much by the practice of undervaluations.

With regard to the effect on the dealer, I think that he would be much better off to handle the domestic arms instead of the foreign, for I believe there is not a manufacturer in the country but would aim to put his product on to the market in such a way as to insure the dealer a good and fair profit for handling the goods. You will see that I am a strong protectionist, I believe in protecting and sustaining our own industries; it is a question of political economy, and does not enter the domain of politics. S. FOREHAND (FOREHAND & WADSWORTH.)

WORCESTER, MASS., Dec. 10.

WEIGHT OF CARIBOU.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Either the types are at fault or your correspondent "Cap Lock," in issue of Dec. 13, page 410, must have fallen upon a herd of elephants in the vicinity of Moose River and taken them for caribou. He thinks his three caribou must have averaged 1200lbs. in weight dressed and that he saw tracks of others that must have weighed double that!

If any one has seen a caribou weighing over 700lbs. he has seen a monster but when it comes to 1200lbs.; not to speak of 2400 dressed, must be excused for assuming that it means elephants. We have heard of the jumbo moose, in fact several of him, but his reign is over if "Cap Lock" does not retract.

The trouble is that "Cap Lock" bases his estimates on those which he killed and is supposed to know about. A novice might be excused for wild estimates of the weight of caribou judging from their tracks alone.

The caribou—as every hunter knows—is able by the spread of his hoofs, by resting part of his weight far back on the leg, to produce something of the effect of a snowshoe, and to shamble along over crusts and snows into which the deer and moose sink helplessly. Even in the lightest snow the track of the caribou looks astonishingly large. On my last hunt I measured the track of an old bull in less than an inch of snow and it measured just 12in. in length, but I suppose he was just the ordinary "big fellow."

While we are about it let us hear from some of the brethren about the weight of caribou. EBEMEE.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 24.—"The earth do move." I can remember very well when people hadn't any sympathy with the present great movement in favor of mental relaxation and physical culture. To-day it is not only a proper thing, but a fashionable thing to affect the outdoor world, and in the matter of physical cultivation not only gentlemen but also ladies show progress and claim recognition. I was never more forcibly impressed by this fact than on the other evening, when I was talking with Prof. Hartl and the eight lady fencers whom he this year brought over from the Vienna Academy. Prof. Hartl, himself a model argument for physical culture, has in his eight young friends a charming further comment. These girls are ladies and from the best families of Vienna, and although they give public exhibitions of their skill, they are not by any means to be roughly classed under the category of actresses. Quiet and demure as they are, however, they are fairly radiant with a perfect health, and so far transcend the average lady shopper as to cause simple wonder. The glow of the skin is different, and the absolute sparkle of the eye, so much written about and so rarely seen, is as marked as in an oarsman in perfect condition. It is Greece come back again to see these sensible young German girls, so happy, well-poised and unaffected do they seem. Neither the Professor nor his pupils can speak any English, but when shown FOREST AND STREAM, with a word of explanation, they said it was next door to their own work, and they should take it with them to Vienna, whither some of them soon return, and where interpreters should inform them of American outdoor sports. Prof. Hartl trained H. K. Bloodgood, broadsword champion, and L. W. Lawson, champion with foils, of the New York Athletic Club. He is doing good in his day and generation, and his academy at Vienna is the center of the modern movement mentioned, for that city, and quite as many ladies as gentlemen avail themselves of its advantages. This is decidedly all right. The world seems waking up to the truth of the general doctrines of FOREST AND STREAM.

I was a good deal startled by the way "W. N. B." puts it in his review of Dec. 20, on Mr. Franck's Colorado hunting article. I confess I am not familiar with Colorado game laws, but I used to live in New Mexico, and I know that in that Territory the prohibitions of the game laws are plainly stated to except the killing of such game out of season as camp necessity may demand. This is a not uncommon and not unsensible provision in a mountain country where settlements and supplies are infrequent. I do not know how it is in Colorado. As to actual waste of meat on the hunt in question, while I would rather not go too closely into the ethics myself, I would like to say that Mr. Franck told me himself that no meat was wasted, as ranchmen lower down on the trail went back and brought it down for their own use. It isn't my business to vindicate anybody of undue game slaughter, but if I were going to hop on to anybody, I would a lot rather it should be somebody else than these men, whom I know to be on general principles about as near white men and square sportsmen as the most of us.

In referring to Mr. F. A. Howe's statement as to the insufficiency of wild rice as duck feed, I am inclined to think that the remarks of "Ren" have some justice. I believe that Mr. Howe's opinion holds better to the marshes in his locality. Mr. John Taylor, of the English Lake Club, has made to me almost the same statement which "Ren" here makes about the amount of rice which will be collected in a boat. Perhaps the blackbirds are not so plentiful in these other localities as on the marshes under Mr. Howe's notice. The blackbirds eat a great deal of the rice. Perhaps, too, the great support of the assertions of Mr. Howe, who is a very accurate and observant sportsman, lies in the fact that after the rice is ripened the greater portion is shaken off into the water. What remains is only a small portion of the entire crop.

Two market shooters lately returned from the New Madrid swamps of Missouri, report that the Egyptian lotus is found in that locality. They were too late for the flowers, but saw plenty of the large round leaves, which could hardly be mistaken.

DEC. 26.—Heavy rain is falling to-day, as it did yesterday and the day before. We had a green Christmas here. The weather is unprecedentedly mild, and altogether contrary to the general predictions of a severe winter. Water is rising over the long-dried-up marshes of this State and Indiana, and it is thought that it will be deep enough to prevent a freezing quite to the bottom.

DEC. 27.—Nothing to write about but the weather; but it has an erratic, strange and truly zebraic character at present that warrants comment for once in a way. Out in Dakota they are having basket picnics and baseball games. In Iowa snow is drifted so badly in Des Moines as to impede business. A straight western wind struck this city last night. This morning it is cold, with some snow. It looks like winter now. E. HOUGH.

THE MAINE UNDERGROUND RAILROAD.

THE open season on moose, deer and caribou in Maine will have closed before these lines reach the eye of the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM, but it would hardly be the treatment the readers of that most pleasing and instructive paper deserve to let the subject pass without the statement of certain facts concerning the most prosperous season the deer hunters have realized in that State. The number of deer killed in the open season has been great; greater than ever before. But the number of moose and caribou has been small; smaller in the direction of moose than last year. Deer have been seen in most unthought-of places—even running into towns, and out into fields and farmyards; all going to show how numerous these beautiful game animals have become, and to what lengths their habits will permit them to go when their most deadly enemy—next to the wolf—the hound, is not permitted to be let loose upon them. There is a good deal of frozen venison up in Maine, and the question with the owners is how it can be got to the Boston market.

That Tom Allen seizure, recorded in the FOREST AND STREAM last week, was simply glorious. It was an excellent stroke toward damming up the underground railroad between that State and the Boston market. I could not resist the temptation of sending a man down to interview Hamilton Campbell, the man whose shipping cards were on the packages containing the venison, marked empty bottles. Mr. Campbell is in the liquor business, and he resents the imputation that he had anything to do with the venison found by Warden Allen with Campbell's cards on the barrels. Campbell says that he never heard of the venison till he saw the account in the Boston *Herald*. He has nothing to do with receiving unlawful goods. He explains the use of his cards on the packages in this way: "I go through certain parts of Maine every month or two, and I leave my cards. The card reads, 'Hamilton Campbell, dealer in wines and liquors, 216 Commercial street, Boston.' Somebody got hold of a lot of these cards, and knowing that I sometimes receive empty bottles, they thought it would be a good way to get the venison through, directed with these cards. It is plain that the owner of the venison intended to be in Boston and receive the meat at the depot, or at the wharf, without saying a word to me. He simply made a tool of my cards, and got caught. But it has caused me some annoyance, for my friends come in and squint around and ask for a slice of that venison. It don't do much good for me to deny it, for it has got into the papers, and everybody believes that I have had a hand in receiving Maine venison, which I have not."

But there is another form of underground railroad for Maine venison to this market. Warden Allen will do well to watch every consignment of poultry, especially in barrels. A gentleman called my attention to something in front of the place of a noted receiver of poultry on North Market street only Saturday. He told me to go quickly and I should see the men taking a Maine deer out of a barrel. He had just come from that point and seen them take out one, and there were other barrels to be opened. I went at once to the store, but there were no deer in sight. I got another friend to ask where those deer came from, but the receivers were as mum as they would have been to me. Now it looks suspicious to see a deer drawn from a barrel marked poultry, especially since all the western deer which come here are simply wrapped in the hides. I don't blame Commissioner Stilwell for asking for a square non-export law on game in his State. Boston market men are too deeply interested in it. They are sufficiently interested to ruin the entire State as a hunting resort, if allowed to ply their nefarious game business for two seasons without molestation.

But Hamilton Campbell further says that every one of those deer carcasses seized by Warden Allen will reach Boston sooner or later. How much does he know about it? He says that the wardens and the Commissioners are permitted to sell the meat. Once out of their hands, it will quickly drift toward the borders of the State. Kittery is the point he names as the place where the smuggling across the line will be done. Then once out of the State the venison comes to Boston without interruption. But he forgets that the railroads and express companies are not permitted to receive deer even on the soil of Maine. Three deer, two caribou and one moose in a season the law reads, and the courts have decided that this decision refers to a railroad or an express company as much as to an individual. Still it would be a good thing for the Commissioners to be on the lookout for poultry barrels and mutton boxes at Kittery or any other considerable border railway station on the line of Maine. Doubtless the coming Legislature of that State will give the Commissioners better laws and more money with which to execute them. By the way, that report of those Maine Fish and Game Commissioners was a masterly document. It is full of truth and vim. A gentleman, a regular visitor to Maine with gun and rod, each in the proper season, remarked to me only yesterday that if the full gist of that Commissioners' report could be carried out, it would not be three years before Maine would be the play ground for the lovers of gun and rod from almost every State in the Union. SPECIAL.

IN MEMORIAM—WILLIAM SENTER.

DIED.—In Portland, Me., Dec. 22, 1888, Hon. William Senter, aged 75 years.

WHEREVER William Senter was known—and his acquaintance was broad as the continent—there will be sorrow, sincere and profound, at the tidings that his kind heart has ceased to beat. His friends were legion. To know him was to love him. His nature was singularly frank, gentle and kindly. His love was not bounded by humanity, but went out toward every created thing. The beasts of the field, the birds of the air and the fishes of the streams, were all his comrades and friends. He loved the open air, the broad upland, the deep forest and the sounding sea of our rocky coast. He was an ardent follower of manly outdoor sports. When in the spring of 1861 Mr. Senter and his associates sailed their new yacht Sparkle in our waters, they created a revolution in yachting in Maine. Hitherto we had sailed in open boats. With the Sparkle came the era of decked yachts, and in them we cruised with unwonted comfort along the entire coast of "hundred-harbored Maine."

Many who read these lines will recall with pleasure some sail in the Sparkle among the islands of Casco Bay, the rare good fellowship of the kind host now departed, his keen interest in the tides and currents, and every change of sea and air, and the quaint legends of the isles he repeated to his friends grouped about him on deck, as he steered homeward when the day was spent and the domes and spires of our city by the sea stood sharply outlined against the glowing west.

Mr. Senter was a keen sportsman, a good shot and a skillful wielder of the rod. And yet his chief object never seemed to be to shoot birds or capture fish. True, he took his rod with him as he wandered along the brooks in June, and he whistled to his dog and shouldered his gun as he went afield in brown October; but these were simply the outward excuses he made to the world, and perchance to himself, for getting away from the din and dust of the city and spending the day with nature and in the companionship of some friend, trusted and true, with whom his soul was in sympathy. And how unselfish he was, too, in these sports, always willing his friend should whip the best trout pools before him, and always ready to plunge into the thickest alder swamp with his setter and hunt the covert through, while his comrade stood on the outside to shoot the woodcock. Often as the day drew on you would miss him, and when found again he would be picking wild flowers to carry home to some sick neighbor, or perhaps you would detect him quietly entering a poor country cottage to leave some dainty or gift he had brought from the town. Everything in nature keenly interested him, and what a world of lore he had upon the flight of birds, the habits of wild animals and the growth and characteristics of every wild flower that grew in your path; and how freely and willingly and entertainingly he imparted his knowledge, the result of a long life of observation and research. How eloquently, too, he discoursed of the wonders of the heavens as you drove briskly homeward in the autumn evenings, with the stars shining brightly through the frosty air. Ah! what a rare comrade he was. His loss leaves a void in the heart of many a friend that will never be completely filled in the world again.

More than three score years and ten had rolled over Mr. Senter's head, yet he never seemed to grow old. His heart was as young, his feelings as fresh and his voice as cheery as ever. He loved the society of younger men, and they in turn found no one of their own age whose soul was so bright and youthful as his. He was the life and soul of every circle in which he moved. None so cheerful, hopeful and helpful as he.

To the very last he kept up his excursions into the woods and fields. It was only last October that I spent a day with him hunting in the woodlands, near our city—our last outing. It is true we did not shoot a bird. We fired never a shot. But that bright autumn day when we trod together well-known forest paths, and conversed together with the freedom of long years of unbroken friendship will ever remain a mellow, hallowed memory.

Ever since I can recollect, his shop on Exchange street has been a headquarters for troops of friends. There all knew they were welcome, and there at almost any hour of the day you were sure to find a little cluster of kindred spirits grouped about the proprietor, who while continuing steadily the work or writing he had in hand, at the same time was easily able to entertain his friends with anecdote and repartee. Many a man has entered that hospitable store on Exchange street dejected, careworn and despondent, to come forth a little later bright and buoyant, feeling that the skies were again clear above his head and life worth the living.

And William Senter's good deeds were not confined to cheering up his friends with apt stories and lively banter. He was constantly doing good deeds and kindly offices for others, and yet he was so quiet and modest in his charities that none except his most intimate friends even suspected how large his field of benevolence really was.

Especially did Mr. Senter seek out those who had known better days, and who were suffering in silence, too proud to make known their wants. To many such has he conveyed much needed succor and relief, and in so gentle and sympathetic and unobtrusive a way that no one's pride was ever hurt or feelings injured.

If to go about doing good is the mark of a true follower of the great Master, then William Senter is one of the best Christians I ever knew.

Mr. Senter was an upright and successful man of business, learned in astronomy, skillful in mathematics, honest and incorruptible; and he filled every station from private citizen to the chief magistrate of our city with ability, success and honor.

Of his sterling business life of more than half a century among us a volume might well be written. But all this I leave to others who knew him as a man of affairs.

I write these few hasty lines as one of those who had the rare good fortune to be the companion and disciple of this genial interpreter of nature, in his excursions in the forest, by the stream and on the shore.

His comrades-in-arms—if I may so speak—loved William Senter with the deep strong love of brothers, and as one of them I place this hurriedly plucked chaplet on his bier. W. W. THOMAS, JR.

REMINISCENCES.

EVERY sportsman who is really in love with his gun and the woods will gather many pleasant recollections of camp life which will continue to live in memory long after the actual scenes of his adventures have passed away. From early boyhood I have handled the rod and gun, and it was then I first ventured into the wilds of the Alleghenies, eager to learn the business, but too much afraid of wild animals and of getting lost to trust myself out of sight of older persons.

The first few trips were made in company with stalwart men, who generally dragged me over the hills from day to day, until my tender frame seemed ready to part at every joint; and when night drove us to camp and hunger made fat bacon a relish, I could take my share with evident satisfaction.

On one occasion I accompanied some hunters to the mountains for a few days' stay at an abandoned sawmill. One morning the tracks of a catamount were seen along the tramway leading in the direction of our proposed hunt; they were quiet fresh. Henry, being the senior member of our party, conducted its movements and gave general directions; he now proposed beating the brush before going any further. I was ordered to a point several hundred yards distant from where the tracks were discovered, but I kept my companion well in sight. The dog started and worked along the stream for a short time. Within half an hour the catamount was in motion, but kept under cover until pressed too closely by the dog, when he attempted to cross the tramway and was brought to the ground by a well-directed shot from Henry's rifle. I had no desire to see the animal alive much less to shoot him, and was, therefore, greatly relieved to find his dead carcass lying directly at the point where his tracks had first been seen. In moving about after the watch just ended my companion spied the tracks of two deer, and suggested that we take the trail, while the rest of the party concluded their war dance over the dead catamount.

The hillside was scantily timbered, the more valuable trees having been taken out, logs and brush made progress slow, and boy-like I followed, looking only for the next best place to set foot. My companion was but a few paces in advance and scarcely half way to the top. Hearing the click of his triggers, I stepped aside in time to see two deer bound away from an uprooted tree, separating at the start and running in almost opposite directions. A few bounds put the doe out of sight, but the buck ran to the top of the ridge and stopped. Here was my chance at 100yds. range. One barrel of my gun was rifled, the other charged with buckshot. As might have been expected, I made a mistake and fired the buckshot. The deer moved on. We were soon where he had stood when I shot, but could see nothing to indicate that he was wounded. There was abundance of snow, and we followed on, hoping to overtake and kill the deer. He must have taken us for new hands, because we were able to catch glimpses of him frequently without an opportunity for a shot. Finding a half day's trailing of this kind rather monotonous we bid him a final adieu.

Rising refreshed next morning, I was prepared for breakfast and a full day. Plans had already been laid, so no time was wasted, and in a little while I stood alone to guard one of the runouts. Time passed slowly, the thoughts of yesterday's catamount and other visions caused cold chills to play up and down my spinal column. Remaining possibly an hour without hearing the dog or seeing any of the party, I concluded to take the trail of the man who was watching higher up the stream. Shortly after reaching him we heard our dog, and when we again met the drivers we were informed that he had chased a deer over the very crossing at which I had been standing. My record thus far looked rather bad, but the old fellows were a good-natured set and freely forgave me. In crossing a stream we came upon a cabin, at which we halted to rest.

Leaving the cabin we ascended a ridge, and upon reaching its summit saw the freshly made beds of two deer. They had evidently taken fright at our approach and were traveling toward a thicket. From some cause the party divided after my blunder in the morning and now numbered but three. Hugh meditated a few moments then said that Gid and I should take the trail and he would keep a lookout for the deer. We did so, but Hugh soon disappeared, and when we saw him fifteen minutes later was wearing a broad smile. Near him lay a fine doe which proved to be one of the deer we were following. Hugh had grown old hunting deer and knew what was to happen when he left the trail to us and slipped out of sight. Probably two miles intervened between us and our camp and this deer could not be permitted to remain so far from home, for there are some thieves even among hunters.

Hugh excused himself from lending assistance by suggesting that we fasten a rope to the deer's legs and drag it, there being plenty of snow upon the ground, and he would hurry to camp and have supper prepared for us, including heart and liver. Both Gid and myself entertained the belief that we were the victims of a forced contract, but were soon on the way. The only relief I could give was on down hill stretches, when the guns were carried by my partner. I had been trudging along for some time, trying to find the clear spots in a thicket through which we were passing, when a buck jumped up and ran broadside within a few feet of me. I had a gun on each shoulder, which placed me in a somewhat helpless condition. Every time I think of that buck I can see the twinkle in his eye as he dashed by and disappeared in the thick brush. Wearily we tugged along until the stream near the camp was reached, and there strung up our game and departed to find on arrival a well cooked meal, of which we partook with great relish. F. G.

TYRONE, Pa.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

KANSAS.—Cimarron, Kan., Dec. 15.—You asked about pigeon roosts some time since. There was a big one 25 miles southeast of —— last summer. It was in a cañon and was about four miles long and from 100 to 200yds. wide. They were not molested and left in peace for winter quarters. State the fact but do not give location. I will take any scientific man down there if he wants to go next summer. But I don't want them netted or killed off if they come back next summer, which they probably will. There are more antelope in western Kansas than there have been for the last three years. Cause, settlers leaving the country and antelope coming back from the Southwest. There are a hundred within fifteen miles of Cimarron.—W. J. D.

THE YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK.

Editor Forest and Stream:

With the opening of winter the large game animals began to collect on their usual range in the northern section of the Park. Thousands of elk can be seen in bands from ten to hundreds. Early in the day they are feeding in the valleys, on the hillsides and ridges; before noon most of them seek shaded and sheltered places to bed, until a little before sunset, when they again appear on their feeding ground. Now they are dainty about their food, pawing the deep loose snow away from the choice bunch grass, where it is still green and tender under the drifts. By spring they are not so particular. Then the snow is very deep and crusted, the little grass to be found is bleached; this, with willows, quaking asp and even fir twigs, constitute their only food until the snow begins to melt. One can find elk within a short distance of the Mammoth Hot Springs. They have been within 300yds. of the quarters. Entering the Swan Lake basin, either by the old road or the Golden Gate, you see elk at once, and by going on to the ridge between Glen Rock, Gardiner River, hundreds can be seen. The scout at the springs never fails to see elk in great numbers in this basin.

On Mt. Evarts, besides elk, there are about 300 antelope, fifty mountain sheep and a few blacktail deer. The latter were very plenty, but most of them have gone to their range in the lower country. The mountain sheep frequent the Gardiner and Third Cañons. Those in the Gardiner Cañon are very tame, paying very little attention to passing men or teams. Often a band will be within less than 50yds. of the road, some feeding, others lying down or looking at the passer-by with no apparent interest. The young lambs show the most curiosity for a while; then they, too, become familiar, and show no fear when they are undisturbed by man, as they are in the Park. The antelope do not appear to grow much tamer than they have been for the past three years.

Parties traveling the Cook City road, either from Gardiner via the "Turkey Pen" or Mammoth Hot Springs, are in sight of game all the way to Soda Butte. The elk are most numerous about Specimen Ridge, although they are to be seen by hundreds in the Black Tail Creek country and about Yancey's Station, on Elk Creek. It is wonderful to see the immense bands everywhere, like domestic cattle on the range or buffalo in the "days gone by." It is incredible to any one who has not seen the game here to believe that there is so great a number.

Last winter it was estimated that there were about 4,000 elk in the northern part of the Park. Add to that this summer's increase, somewhere near 3,000 calves. Some of the best judges place the whole number now at near 8,000, but I think that figure too high.

No one knows how many elk there are in the southern part of the Park, probably very few, as there is but a limited area suitable for a winter range. That a great many rear their young and spend the summer there is well known, and it is known also that there are several thousand that pass the winter south of the Park, only to return in the spring. These do not have the protection the northern bands do, only the laws of Wyoming keep the skin and market hunters from "finishing them up in a short time." The worst enemy these elk have are the Shoshone and Bannock Indians. Hundreds of these Indians left their reservation last summer and spent months in the country just south of the Park, killing a great many elk. The greatest damage done by the Indians though, is letting fires get out. One fire north of the Tetons burned several hundred acres of heavy fir timber. This fire is supposed to have been caused by Bannock Indians. So far as known these Indians did not hunt inside the Park boundary. Captain Harris did everything in his power to have them kept on their reservation, but very little attention was paid to his request by the Department. In their travels to and from the Sembi agency they cross the southwestern corner of the Park at Falls River, where they usually spend some time hunting moose and elk.

The FOREST AND STREAM band of buffalo have returned to Hayden Valley and the Alum Creek country where they spent last winter. They have been seen several times this fall, but no accurate count has been made as to their number, and the proportion of bulls, cows and calves. On one occasion, when partially in the timber, seventy-five were counted. This band can be seen any time by any one willing to make a snowshoe trip. Up to the first of this month the trip could have been made on horseback. Buffalo are also to be seen in the Lower Geyser Basin, but in smaller bands. Mr. Wilson, the Government scout, counted fourteen calves in one band this past summer, while most of them were in the edge of the timber. These buffalo frequent only a timbered country, and thus are very difficult to count.

In August Messrs. Walter Weede and Madding, of the U. S. Geological Survey, saw a band of eighteen buffalo, thirteen bulls, three cows and two calves, on Pelican Cone east of the Grand Cañon. One of the soldiers stationed at Soda Butte, while scouting in this same section, reported seeing a band, supposed to be the same. In the summer I saw sign where a few buffalo had passed the winter before on Pelican Creek. I therefore think these buffalo winter on the east side of the Yellowstone, and do not join those that winter on Alum Creek, and so can be counted separately. In October I followed a band of eight from Lewis to Shoshone Lake. These were apparently on their way to Hayden Valley. With this year's increase I think there are at least two hundred and fifty buffalo in the Park. It was feared that they would drift out and be killed, as parties were on the watch for them. Fortunately they have not been far from their winter range, which is well toward the center of the reservation. I see it reported in some papers that wolves, mountain lynx, bear, etc. have increased here to an alarming extent; that they are killing cattle and horses outside the reservation, etc. That will do to tell marines and pilgrims. These animals have undoubtedly increased in proportion with the game, and will stay inside the Park with the game or whatever they prey on, except the bears. These "hole up" in winter and are apt to be out of the Park one day and in it next. That it will be necessary to kill some of these animals at some future time is apparent. This can easily be done in winter by the use of poisoned baits.

There is about the usual amount of snow for this time of the year—at the Upper Basin about fifteen inches, ten at the Lower Basin, growing deeper toward Norris. From there to Willow Park thirty inches, and the same at the Grand Cañon. H.

MAMMOTH HOT SPRINGS, Yellowstone National Park.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

Written for The Veterans' Christmas Carol, by Gen. N. M. Curtis, Commander Department, N. Y., G. A. R.

AT the close of a quiet day in camp, in the month of October, 1864—one of those peaceful yet busy days in which we had made substantial preparations for active hostilities, in distributing arms and equipments to a large number of recruits who had joined us—I received orders to march my brigade in the early morning, "with two days' cooked rations and forty rounds." Our army corps was to make a reconnoissance in the direction of the enemy's left, and it was intimated that if any weak points were found in his line, I would receive orders to test one of them with "cold steel."

While preparing orders for the march, my ears were saluted with merry peals of laughter, following the relating of some remarkable adventures, in which the bow had been drawn very long for the benefit of the recruits who gave listening ears, and, not infrequently, answered with incidents of civil life quite as marvelous as any in the field; snatches of song, some jolly, others sober, from one quarter, a line or two falling in between the merrier sounds,

"A day's march nearer home,"

and,

"He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,"

coming up from those unconscious of the fact that before the setting of the morrow's sun they would be sharply engaged with the enemy, and many would contend in their last battle.

These sounds, so dissonant to my line of thought, oppressed me with indescribable feelings, which ever came over me when arranging plans of battle, surrounded by men who were to execute them, and from whom, by the custom of the service, knowledge of intended movements was withheld until revealed on the march or by the order of attack. These experiences I recall, after twenty odd years, as among the most disagreeable sensations connected with the service. I went out to shake off in a sharp walk my unpleasant feelings, before turning in.

Having passed through the camps, and returning from the extreme left, I was attracted by the voice of one of the recruits who said, "Now, we have had a big one from one of the 'battle-scarred,' let me tell you one of the 'honest Injun sort,' which happened in the Adirondack wilderness."

I was interested by his reference to that section of the State, rising between the valleys of the St. Lawrence and Monawk in succession of mountain ranges and lofty peaks, covered with primeval forest, silver-streaked by streams and lakes, in which the gamiest of fish, eager to be caught, would jump out of their element to take the sportsman's hook; a retiring place for game which shared with the Indian the land between the Atlantic and the prairies. Civilization has sent the Indian to the plains and Rockies, but nature preserved this wilderness an asylum for the moose, caribou and deer; for its rigorous climate forbade its ever becoming fit for the habitation of man.

In the valleys surrounding this wilderness had been born the greater number of men under my command, and from the south door of my own home could I see the mountain ranges rising above the beautiful valley of the St. Lawrence.

Standing by a large tree, unobserved, yet within easy earshot, I heard

THE SPORTSMAN'S STORY.

"In the summer of 1863 I left New York with two others to spend our vacation in the Adirondacks. We had three hounds, the property of the senior of our party, who had large experience in hunting in Virginia before the war, and had twice been in the North Woods. He knew the habits of game, and was a good shot. The third member and myself had no acquaintance with the forest and handled a rifle with as little dexterity as I do the musket issued to me to-day.

"We engaged two guides, and made our principal camp on Indian Lake, from which we made hunting excursions, returning to camp after each one for a day or two of rest. These trips were often long, much longer than you would suppose gentlemen seeking recreation and rest would willingly take; for, after each hunt we were compelled to travel longer distances to get favorable stands on untried runways.

'The deep-mouth'd bloodhound's heavy bay'

fills one with sensations no other sport awakens—an indescribable glow and frenzy, carrying one into a fever, unnerving him at the critical moment; he sees the deer coming straight toward him; he spasmodically clutches his gun; as the deer nears him his demoralization is complete, and if he fires at all the shot goes wide of the mark. Buck-fever, which seizes the unskilled hunter, allows many deer to escape on the runways, and transfers the finish to the lake, where, with club and shotgun, the capture is easily made."

Such was the substance of his story, omitting many descriptions and finishing touches not necessary to repeat. He closed without response, as he had related it without interruption.

After a pause he said: "You must regard my story as tame, quite too tame to interest those familiar with sterner events."

"No," said one of the oldest of the men, who had seen three years of active service, "it is not tame. It don't strike me that you gave the deer a fair chance. It is too much like shooting pickets without notice, after a week's trading tobacco and coffee between the lines."

"You are right, comrade," said another, "I don't think it's fair to draw a line on a poor devil who has run the gauntlet of a dozen shots, if he does leave a portion of his body exposed after reaching shelter. We break for big timber ourselves, sometimes, you know."

"Yes, that is so," said another of the old men, "it's well to think of the other fellow, for we are about as often under his fire as we have the drop on him."

The bold hunter felt the rebuke, and said he was the only new man in that group who had spoken, and wished some other recruit would take the stand and relieve him from further criticism.

"Yes," said one, "if I were in your place I would look for relief guard."

"You tell one," said the hunter, pointing to a new man who sat apart from the rest.

THE SURVEYOR'S STORY.

"My story is suggested by the one just related and will be a continuation of the sportsman's. It gives something of the deer's side.

"In July, 1863, I was employed by a lumber firm to examine timber lands in that region of the great wilderness in which the hunting party to which out friends belonged was camped."

"Yes," said the hunter, "it was in July, 1863, that we had the successful hunting trip, during which the events I have related took place, and if some scallawag had not shot two of our hounds we would have remained a fortnight longer in the wilderness. We suspected the lumber agents then hunting the best timber lands for the next winter's cutting. When they get a chance at the State lands, they are pretty sure to help themselves to the best, regardless of ownership."

"I am content to have you finish your story before I begin mine, and I trust you will do so. When you are done, I will proceed."

"All right, I am done," said the hunter. "Go ahead with what you have to say. You may be the man who shot our dogs."

"I had a single guide," said the surveyor, "who was caterer and cook. Our food consisted of supplies brought from the settlement and trout caught by the guide. I directed him to get a buck, if possible, but not to shoot a doe, as they were suckling their fawns, and, should he get one, she would be unfit for food, and her fawn would starve. His plan was stalking, but he failed to get one, as the baying of the dogs had driven the deer beyond his reach.

"I had gone over a greater portion of the property my employers desired me to make a map of. I arose early the last day of my sojourn with the expectation of completing my work and leaving for the settlement. I had gone about two miles from my camp, when in crossing a rocky ridge destitute of timber, only here and there small shrubs growing among the rocks, I saw twenty rods beyond a movement in the brush, indicating the presence of some animal. I examined my rifle to see if it was ready for use, and ascending a knoll near by saw a deer moving slowly across the open space. Her movements seemed uncertain, and when she stopped for a moment she stood on sea legs and supported herself with difficulty.

"I watched her with interest for several minutes until she passed out of sight into the thick forest. I knew by her pace that I could soon overtake her and walked cautiously in the direction she took.

"In ten minutes I came in sight of her again. She had been joined by her famishing fawn, which lustily drew its rations 'in kind,' while every drop taken from the provident breast reduced

the strength of the wounded mother. She struggled to keep her feet and fell. the hungry fawn still holding to the dying doe, taking the stored supply and each drop secreted until the unyielding breast had no more.

"She had the previous day run the gauntlet of the hunters' rifles and escaped the dogs by plunging into the lake, an asylum her instinct taught her to seek for safety against her natural enemy, the wolf, or his tamed cousin, the dog, not less ferocious when excited in the chase than the unpitying wolf.

"The passing scene recalled a picture by Aristides, and I came to better understand and appreciate its sentiment, while before I had simply regarded its figures and coloring—the one representing a mother dying from a wound in her breast and holding back her child lest it should suck blood instead of milk. I addressed the language of the epigram, of which that picture is the subject, to the helpless fawn:

> "Suck, little wretch, while yet thy mother lives,
> Suck the last drop her fainting bosom gives;
> She dies; her tenderness survives her breath,
> And her fond love is provident in death."

"The fawn was carried to my own broken home, and in a park near by it lived and grew a pet, not only of my motherless baby girl, but of all who came there and learned its history."

"Well," said the hunter, "if I had known what a chicken heart you had, I should have been ashamed to come to the army in your company. This is no place for you. Such milk sops should be kept on a farm, feeding chickens and ducks. You are a coward, and, I believe, the rascal who shot the hounds. I have a notion to punch your head for it anyway. You would not dare resent it if I did."

"But you won't," said several of the men.

"I will, if you will stand back and give me a chance."

"Let's give them a chance, boys," said one, "I'll bet the chicken hearted will double him up the first round."

"Yes," said another, "it will be worth as much to them as a half hour in squad drill."

The hunter stepped up to the surveyor and asked if he was willing to show his mettle.

The surveyor calmly replied that he had no desire to get into a broil; that he had never struck a person in anger, and had never met a man who really wanted to strike him. "Your language shows that you have not the sentiments of a gentleman."

The soldier who wanted to see a substitute for squad drill, said: "It is working, boys. Stand back! Give 'm a chance. I'll go two to one on the chicken; he's game, I'll bet."

I had heard enough, and, passing out from under the tree, walked up to the angry men and said: "You will not settle the question at issue by blows. You have an unfavorable opinion of each other, and each forms his estimate of the other by a different standard. You will have an opportunity, perhaps earlier than you think, of exhibiting the qualities which will bring you the commendation, or contempt, of your fellows. When you have been tried in the ordeal of battle, you may, with more confidence than now, speak of the courage of each other."

The tattoo sounded, and, as the men fell in for roll-call, I went to my quarters with a fixed estimate of the qualities of these new men.

The following day was a memorable one for my command. They were never before so hotly engaged, nor had the brigade ever lost so large a number in killed and wounded.

The engagement lasted into the night, and not until morning did I learn that the braggart hunter skulked from the line before the engagement commenced. When found hiding by one of the corps staff and told that he would be shot for leaving the ranks, he went into a fit, and after being carefully examined by the surgeons, was discharged as a moral and physical coward.

The "chicken hearted" surveyor was one of the first to volunteer for a most hazardous undertaking, and, without flinching, manfully performed his whole duty. In the last charge he received a serious wound, from which he suffered uncomplainingly many weeks in General Hospital, and was finally discharged, maimed for life, a true illustration of the saying "the gentlest are the bravest."

The Federal administration, "in grateful recognition of his services," gave him an appointment his early education well qualified him to fill, in the Granite Building on Wall and William, where he is still employed, unless a recent victim of "offensive partisanship."

In his dining-room and library combined, in a humble house in South Brooklyn, are suspended on the south wall a Springfield musket and the accoutrements of an infantry soldier; on a table in the north end a surveyor's compass, the needle pointing, "by the mark," due north, and hanging on the wall over it, a pencil sketch, entitled "The Dead Doe and her Hapless Fawn." Underneath it are the lines translated by Webb, above quoted.

At his Christmas dinner, to which many luxuries have been added by The Memorial Committee, will be seated two persons, one a young woman, the baby girl of 1863, the other a man in the fifties, an empty sleeve pinned to his breast beneath a Grand Army badge, and, if you listen, you will hear words of thanksgiving and praise, "That the nation lives, that Fraternity, Charity and Loyalty bind its defenders as comrades," and that "God will bless them, every one."

THE CONNECTICUT GROUSE SNARER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Justice Alonzo G. Case, of Simsbury, Conn., gives to the public his reasons for the release of the grouse-strangling Goddard, and intimates with some warmth that he held the scales of justice with an all-wool bandage about his eyes and true deliverance made between the State of Connecticut and the prisoner at the bar.

In Justice Case's published opinion he says: "We took the ground (after taking legal advice) that, if it was lawful for a person to snare on his own land, he could give another permission to do the same, and that verbal permission (if proved) was as good as though it were written."

To take the ground that Goddard, the grouse snarer, was not the "owner or occupant under lease" of the land where he strangled the ruffed grouse for which he was prosecuted.

Section 2,545 of the General Statutes says: "Every person, not the owner or occupant under lease of the land upon which said birds shall have been taken, nor a member of the family of such owner or occupant, who shall sell or exchange, or offer to expose for sale or exchange, any partridge, quail or woodcock, which have been taken or killed by traps, snares, nets or similar device, shall be fined not more than $10 for each bird so sold, or exchanged, or offered, or exposed for sale or exchange."

The defendant Goddard claimed he had a verbal parol license or permission to snare grouse on the land of McLaughlin (McLaughlin denied this until brought into court, and then apparently to shield Goddard claimed to have given him permission); was he then an occupant of the land under a lease within the meaning of the statute? Justice Case answers the question in the affirmative by saying that a lease is a lease, a sound statement in law or logic, but one that manifestly has no bearing upon the disputed point.

The question is not: Is a lease a lease? but is a verbal license —permission to do a particular act upon the land of another—in any sense a lease of such land? In a case in the 11th volume, Massachusetts reports, page 537, Chief Justice Parker says:

"A license is technically an authority given to do some act or series of acts on the land of another without passing any estate in that land, such as a license to hunt on another's land or cut trees. A license amounts to nothing more than an excuse for the act which would otherwise be a trespass."

Chief Justice Williams, in the 11th volume of the Connecticut reports, pp. 379-381, quotes and approves the Massachusetts case, and says:

"Permission to go upon the land of another to build or do particular acts is a mere excuse, and conveys no interest in the land."

Is then a man who has a verbal permission to go upon the land of another to do a particular act, such as a license to hunt, cut trees, erect buildings, or strangle grouse, an occupant of such land under a lease?

Has he any interest in the land or leasehold interest whatever? The Supreme Courts (not justice's courts) of Connecticut and Massachusetts say no! Justice Case (and his legal adviser), of Simsbury, say *contra*. Again, was the verbal permission given to Goddard one that would extend the right to snare to any member of his family?

The statutes say: "That the occupancy of the land must be such as will give the family of the occupant the right to take and sell," etc. Justice Case does not touch this point in his published opinion (State vs. Goddard), but the facts as stated by him show conclusively that Goddard's permission or license to snare was a mere personal one, and this of itself ought to have satisfied Justice Case that Goddard was not a legal lessee within the meaning of the statute.

The words "occupant of land under lease" are well chosen words of grave legal import, and were evidently used by the General Assembly for the sole purpose of preventing the promiscuous licensing of the professional snarer from strangling and exterminating our king of game birds, the ruffed grouse. You will note that our war is not only with the game law violators, but with grand jurors (grand jurors in this State outside of the cities have to sign all warrants for the arrest of any one before you can get the justice of the peace to issue a warrant for the arrest) and justices of the peace *et al.*

Our association was not formed to play enforce the law, but for business, and we propose to enforce the game and fish laws regardless of these obstacles. A. C. COLLINS,

President Connecticut Association of Farmers and Sportsmen for the Protection of Game and Fish.

HARTFORD, Conn., Dec. 30.

FOREST AND STREAM, Box 2,832, N. Y. city, has descriptive illustrated pamphlets of W. B. Leffingwell's book, "Wild Fowl Shooting," which will be mailed free on request. This book is pronounced by "Nanit," "Gloan," "Dick Swiveller," "Sybilleno" and other competent authorities to be the best treatise on the subject extant.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

251.

COAHOMA and W. L. P. were shooting birds in company. A bird passing near Coahoma received his kindly attention, but flew on, badly wounded, to the vicinity of P., who shot it again, and secured it. Coahoma protested that P. ought not to have shot the bird as it was evidently falling when he fired. P. contended that the bird was still in the air when he pulled trigger, and that he acted properly in shooting it. While the dispute was going on between them the bird became disgusted, and, escaping from P.'s pocket, flew away, his flight being accelerated by two ineffectual shots from Coahoma's gun as he departed. Query: Who killed the bird?

COAHOMA.

252.

"It was my fortune," said Bill Davis, as we sat in his parlor, "on our way to the Big Horns hunting, to see in Lower California an exhibition of throwing the lasso that is rarely indulged in. We were coming up in a long wagon train, going to Los Angeles, and in our company were two Mexicans named Pedro and Juan, though what their last names were I could never find out. One evening the whole encampment was thrown into a state of excitement by the wagon boss, who had been out on a hunt, riding up and announcing that a big grizzly bear had run into a large thicket about a mile from the camp; and he asked the men to come and help him get the bear out. All of us caught up our guns and followed him to where the bear was hidden. I didn't see Juan and Pedro until nearly there, but along they came riding, with not a sign of a gun, and responded pleasantly to the chaffing of the rest of us. When we reached the thicket of course none of us were anxious to go in, as the chances of the bear getting us were greater than of our getting him. The boys fooled away a little while in making dashes into the bushes until I got tired and thought that if the bear should come out he'd be most likely to make a break for some small timber about 200yds. away. So over to the edge of this grove I went and sat down at the foot of a tree on the edge. Well, the bear must have gotten tired of the yelling and noise, for presently I saw him poke his head out of the bushes on the side toward me and opposite to the rest of the men. Then his body followed, and he set out in a slow lope directly in my direction. I got all ready for him, but he had hardly gotten half way, when I saw those two Greasers coming after him, swinging those blamed ropes of theirs. Pedro came up first, and when he was within 20ft. he let drive, and the noose settled right over the bear's head, around his neck. The little horse planted his legs firmly, and when the tug came, over went Mr. Bear. Up he got, red hot; and as he lifted his paws to get the loop off, Juan threw his lariat; around both of his paws it went, and being tightened, there was the bear between two ropes, one choking him and the other holding his forelegs. As soon as the Mexicans found they had him as they wanted they both jumped from their saddles, and running up began kicking the bear and hitting him with sticks, and up I got and walked over to see the fun. When I got there I wanted to shoot the bear, but no, they must torture him a little, until at last I told them to kill him; and do you believe, instead of doing it in a Christian manner those imps of Satan got out their pocket knives and cut his throat. It wasn't my business or I'd have interfered, but presently down the bear sank and soon was dead. I have often heard tell of men roping a bear, but this was the first time I ever saw it done, and the utter helplessness of that bear was funny to see. He just couldn't do a blamed thing, stretched at the end of those ropes. R. H. W.

DUCK SHOOTING AT CURRITUCK.—Messrs. W. G. and Bayard Dominick, of the New York banking firm of Dominick & Dickerman; Thomas S. Torrey, the Wall street banker, and Mr. Henry Sampson, have just returned with a party from a two-weeks' shooting trip with the Narrows Island Club at Currituck, eighty miles from Norfolk, Va. The gentlemen are members of the club, which consists of New York and Cleveland business men. The hunters have brought North with them as evidence of their prowess a fine lot of canvasbacks, redheads, widgeons, wild geese, black swans, and other sorts of game. Mr. H. R. Barker, who was a guest of the party, said yesterday: "I never saw such a place for sport in my life. There is a fine club house, which cost over $25,000, set down near a tract of marsh of 1,000 acres. Currituck is a long peninsula about sixty miles northwest of Hatteras. It is narrow and flat and covered with tall reeds. The club puts in its blinds at favorable points, and over forty varieties of game fly over them. On favorable days the air is literally blackened with wildfowl. Six of us bagged 120 birds the first day. A single sportsman rarely bags less than fifty birds a day, and the club ships them home for distribution among their friends." There are three of four other clubs in the immediate vicinity of Narrows Island, composed of sportsmen from New York, Philadelphia and Boston. The season's record of these clubs reaches 3,000 birds, with seldom more than five or six in the party. The season runs from Nov. 10 to March 1.—*Sun.*

BURLINGTON ROUTE DAILY EXCURSIONS TO THE PACIFIC COAST, COLORADO, WYOMING AND UTAH.

Railroad ticket agents of the Eastern, Middle and Western States will sell, on any date, via the Burlington Route from Chicago, Peoria or St. Louis, round trip tickets at low rates to San Francisco, Los Angeles, San Diego, Portland, Tacoma, Seattle, Vancouver or Victoria; also to Denver, Cheyenne, Colorado Springs or Pueblo. For a special folder giving full particulars of these excursions, call on your local ticket agent, or address P. S. EUSTIS, Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Ag't, C. B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill. —*Adv.*

Sea and River Fishing.

A CHRISTMAS REMINISCENCE.

IT was about forty years ago, the exact time will make no difference to you, it might have been a year or two more, certainly not less, when, by a compact made some days before, John Atwood and I started to fish for pickerel through the ice in Kinderhook Lake, something less than a dozen miles below the capital of New York, on the eastern side of the Hudson. John was older than I by two or three years, and had probably reached the advanced age of fifteen, and had been my guide, philosopher and friend from the time that I first went bird-nesting, or deceived a fish with the promise of a worm, which, if it did not turn into ashes, like the apples of Sodom, at least surprised the dace by having a vertebræ of steel, keeping the promise to his eye and palate, but breaking it to his hope. John was a long-legged boy who knew the best apple tree in every orchard for miles around, knew where most of the birds nested, and where the chipmunk hid its store of nuts, and if I looked up to him as a marvel of wood-lore, a juvenile "Nessmuk," his wonderful knowledge justified it, from a boy's point of view. In after life John became a railroad engineer, and one day I was almost prostrated to read that an engine had burst its boiler, at Poughkeepsie, and the body of John Atwood had been thrown out on the ice of the Hudson River. I had not seen him for twenty years; dinner did not seem as good as usual that day, and I wondered how a very early song sparrow on the garden fence could have the heart to sing when John Atwood, who always noted the arrival of this bird and was the first to say, "I heard a song sparrow yesterday," lay cold and deaf to either bird song or squirrel chatter.

It was the day before Christmas when we started to walk down the track of the Albany & Boston Railroad, which then came into Greenbush at the lower ferry, or where the south bridge now ends, and lists of needed articles had been made out, amended and added to, as a brilliant idea of some unthought-of luxury came up or a fancied necessity was reluctantly subtracted if John said that we could not carry it all. I suggested that we take along some alum and salt to tan our deer skins, for I had read that these articles were used. John thought well of this at first until it became necessary to reduce the weight to our carrying capacity, when he said that our deer skins could be brought in without tanning, and these articles were stricken out. A suggestion for some antidote for rattlesnake bite was spurned by John, who said that snakes did not run in winter. Knapsacks of enameled cloth had been made by our own hands, and belts with hatchets and hunting knives adorned our waists. The main object of our trip was pickerel fishing through the ice, with variations of hunting the moose, elk, deer, bear and other game which might be found in this wild and unexplored region. Besides hooks and lines we took a hundred dead minnows, for John said they would be good if we could not get live ones at the lake: crackers, cheese, sausage, flint and steel to use if matches were damp, salt and pepper, coffee and sugar, two blankets each, besides ammunition for an old flintlock horse-pistol to be used on the big game, or any Indians who might come near us. John said that we would not need a tent, for he knew of a cave where we could live and keep warm and dry. With about twenty pounds on our backs and with the lightest of light hearts, we started for Kinderhook Lake.

There had been some hard freezing weather, but the morning air was invigorating, and life seemed to be a joyous affair. A light snow a few days old did not whiten the landscape to a great degree, but served to emphasize the brown stubble, which stood in the fields, and to deepen the brown of the woods. In my enthusiasm I had talked until I was tired, had asked John how many pickerel he thought we would get, what size they would be, and if we would have to hire more than one team to bring our deer home. I told him that Natty Bumpo always shot a deer just behind the foreshoulder with his long rifle, and John most irreverently asked, "Who the devil was he?" Silence fell upon me at this. John Atwood not know the Leather Stocking! How could John have so much knowledge of the woods if he had not read of Deerslayer, Pathfinder, Uncas, Chingachcook, Hawk-eye and Leather Stocking?

We trudged in silence past the Indian Orchard and down through Teller's woods, when a red squirrel crossed the track ahead of us and sat jerking his tail on the fence as if in anger at our intrusion on his domain. John believed that he could knock him off the fence with the revolver, but I suggested that the shot would alarm the deer, and that when we were after big game we should not shoot squirrels. As we turned the curve beyond I looked back and saw the little chickaree washing his face on the fence in nearly the same spot where he defied the two mightiest hunters that walked the earth, in ignorance of the fact that our horse pistol had in it four buckshot for deer and an unknown lot of No. 8s for small game. The day was still and the notes of the chickadees and sapsuckers were distinctly heard. Not a leaf stirred, those which remained on the trees were frozen fast, the snow held the ones below. It seemed that we must be getting far into the interior of the country, but John said we were not half way to the lake. My shoulders ached from the unusual strain of a knapsack, and I proposed a halt for dinner. John agreed, although he said it was not 9 o'clock, so we made a fire and cooked some sausage by running twigs through them and holding them over the coals. Then came the discovery that we had no coffeepot nor cups to drink from. After all our calculations we had omitted these things, without which the sugar and coffee might also have been left. John thought we might find a coffeepot which had been abandoned by a camper or that one could be borrowed, and we finally concluded that water was just as good as coffee, and the sausage and crackers tasted the best of any that we had ever known. Taking up the march we reached the lake about noon. I was surprised to see several farmhouses and evidences of civilization in the wilderness, which I had pictured to be far from the haunts of man.

A little bough-house attracted us, and it showed signs of recent occupancy, the most valuable of which was a little tin pail, just the thing for coffee, and we could drink from it in turn. Cups were voted to be a luxury of civilization, entirely unnecessary in camp. Trying the

ce with the hatchets showed it to be over a foot thick, and we were in despair. It would take half a day to cut a dozen holes, even though we had an axe. I started for the nearest house to get one, and found there a gentleman who had been fishing the lake for several days, but not feeling well had not gone out this morning. As he would leave in the evening he told me that opposite the camp was the best fishing place. He had cut twenty holes there which were only lightly frozen over, and we would find a box with some live minnows in it about forty rods from the holes, to the west in a spring by the shore, to which we were welcome. Here was luck! Just like a fairy tale, where the prince turns up at the proper time to rescue the beautiful maiden. The gentleman, whose name we never knew, had a dozen or more pickerel of perhaps two to four pounds, and the prospect of a similar catch, and the strange surroundings, kept one of our party awake most of the night. We merely opened the holes and left them for the morrow, gathered wood, cooked supper—coffee this time—talked about camp life, fishing and hunting, and turned in on the boughs. I remember reminding John that no herd of deer had been to the lake for a drink, and hoped the bears would not disturb us, while he answered with a snore that might have been genuine, or a hint that the time for talk was ended. I sat up several times to see if it was morning, and once felt sure that it must be day, and that the sun had forgotten to rise. The moon was full and well up, and this betokened midnight, but it seemed as if it must be a mistake. It was colder, and, piling more wood on the fire, I walked out, first seeing that the priming in the pan of the pistol was in order, so that if a bear should come he would surely be mine, and then I wondered if it would be best to have his skin made into an overcoat for myself, or if I should have a rug made of it for mother. The rug was decided on after a struggle to give up the coat, and I crept up to an old oak as silently as the crisp snow would allow.

After the echoes made by walking had subsided, the stillness was oppressive. The bright moon cast strange shadows which fancy wove into such forms of life that the situation was uncomfortable, and to retreat to the shanty might bring a host of wolves, bears or other beasts directly upon me. A sensation of fear was mingled with one of cold, and camping in the wilderness where bears are plenty did not have the roseate hue at midnight that it had borne in the morning. If only an owl had hooted there would have been a relief to that dreadful silence, for I was familiar with that bird and its cries and hootings. Should I fire the pistol to scare the monsters which surrounded me, or should I call for John? A knowledge that I would have to explain matters, and a dim consciousness that when John told the story of the adventure to our schoolmates I might be the butt of ridicule, prevented either course being taken. After long consideration, and with a heart trying to burst its ribbed inclosure, and with pistol at full cock, I carelessly stepped a few steps in the direction of the shanty, which lay full in the moonlight forty rods away. The assumed carelessness must have deceived the monsters, for when I faced about and presented the pistol in their direction with the intention of killing the foremost, and then rushing for the shanty, not one had stirred. Several repetitions of these tactics brought me to the fire, when John asked: "Where have you been?" "Me? Oh, just out to see what a beautiful night it is and to see if any game is about." He yawned and said: "Put on some more wood and turn in, there is no game here that stirs at night except rabbits and skunks, and the snow makes so much noise that they'd hear you a mile off. I heard you go out and then you stopped a long time; what were you doing?" "Watching for game," said I, and, after firing up, turned in to count the stars across the Hudson, for the bright moon had extinguished them at the meridian. What if a bear should come in the shanty? The flint of the pistol was let down, but the weapon was at hand. John was unimaginative, unpoetical, a plain matter-of-fact fellow, and rabbits and skunks were all that he had seen when he was here before. How did he know there were no deer, wolves and bears about us?

The holes were reopened in the morning while John was in the bush cutting tip-ups, and the lines were baited and set before breakfast. Sausage, crackers and cheese were beginning to weary the appetite, but John said that pickerel would surely be on hand for dinner, and so it was. One fish, small at that, was taken at noon when we came back from our woods tramp. The place where the monsters gathered at midnight, near the old oak, showed only tracks of mice, birds and rabbits, but as John knew nothing of the demons that had peopled that wood ten hours before, it did not seem necessary to refer to it. A south wind had sprung up toward morning and the snow was already softening. There was less crunching under foot, and a few dead leaves that had hung on the trees through the freezing weather began to flutter down on this mild Christmas morning. We came upon the track of a man, made after the snow had hardened. The edges of the crust were broken, perhaps the track was only a day or two old, and as it led in our direction we followed it. Soon John said: "This fellow is snaring partridges," meaning the bird we now call ruffed grouse. "How do you know?" He pointed to a low hedge made of twigs and brush and said: "There is his 'fence,' and we'll see what he has got." This was a thing that I had heard of, but had never seen, and so was very curious about it. The fence had been made before the snow fell, because there were no man tracks along it. The trapper kept a few feet from it, and we passed the first opening where we saw that he had been and perhaps taken a bird out since the snow fell, but not before it crusted. The second opening contained a bird, and we held a discussion on the ethics of snaring game. John said that we had as much right to it as the unknown had. "But isn't it stealing to take the bird that he has caught?" I asked of my mentor. "No," answered John, "it is not stealing to take from a thief, and I heard Jim," meaning a well known Albany sportsman, now living, "say that it was agin the law to snare a pa'tridge, and that the man that did it was a thief, and I'm goin' to have that bird, anyway." "But, John, he will track us to camp, and make us give it up, and likely get us in trouble." As he took the bird from the snare he designated the place where the snarer might go to warm himself, if he chose, and added some other remarks as he kicked down the fence, set in the frozen ground. Two more grouse and a rabbit came to us in the same way before we returned to camp.

As I sit in a cosy room writing this story, on a Christmas eve more than forty years after the events, I want to thank John Atwood, a boy of whose company I was fond, but of whose companionship I was repeatedly warned as one who was good for nothing except to loaf about the woods and who had rather play than work, for the first lesson I ever received in game protection, and of the right of game to its life under the law. I had doubts as to our right to take this game, but John removed them, and to-day I would do the same thing, if occasion offered. I was but a small boy, made timid by what I thought to be a wilderness, because it was ten miles from home, and even if we were justified in taking this game we might be made to regret it. We never heard of the trapper, who may not have made his rounds for some days after.

The horse pistol was not discharged, although a pileated woodpecker seemed to be too familiar with the bold hunters, and only dodged around a tree as we came near. John said he wasn't good to eat and didn't harm anybody, and after aiming at him and being assured that he could be dropped, as the bird ventured on our side of the tree, we left him pecking away, unconscious of his peril, a second lesson in sportsmanship.

The stillness and the absence of life was surprising to me. No herds of deer, with a great stag at their head, crossed our paths and invited a shot. Bears, wolves and catamounts did not come to us to be slaughtered, and we returned to the lake to find the solitary pickerel mentioned above. The holes had not frozen over and there was a little water about them. The white ice at the edge of the lake, that from which the water had fallen, and in cold weather shows those curious markings, had fallen in and lay in confused heaps. The chickadees were enlivening the scene by flitting from tree to tree and, best of all, breaking the intolerable silence.

Although the baits were changed and fresh live fish put on, we did not get another fish. If you are told that we cooked that pickerel for dinner, and had the rabbit for supper and breakfast, and took the birds home, that ends the story, for I am tired of writing it on this anniversary when I have several stockings to fill before I go to bed, and it is midnight now and the moon is shining brightly—the same moon that wrought the monsters in the woods about Kinderhook Lake more than forty years ago.

FRED MATHER.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 29.—The despatches for this district yesterday morning contained the following in regard to a very important arrest made for violation of the State fish laws:

"AURORA, Ill., Dec. 27.—This afternoon an officer arrived from Elgin and served papers upon Messrs. Jameson, Stolp, Hoyt, George and other owners of the water power in this city, commanding them to appear for trial at Elgin within ten days and answer to the charge of violating the State law in the matter of refusing to construct a fishway in the dam in Fox River. Leading manufacturers in Geneva and Carpenterville were also arrested. Mr. Stolp, who is one of the principal owners of the power here and who has operated the woolen mills for fifty years, said to-night that they would refuse to construct the fishways for the reason that it would entail a great and needless expense and would be an irreparable damage to the water power. He said that they had bought this power of the Government in 1842 and had deeds signed by President Tyler, and they did not propose that they should be denied the privilege of regulating their own private property. Besides, there were no fish in Fox River, and the law was not only unjust but nonsensical. He declared they would fight it to the end."

Commenting on this, the Chicago *Mail*, a very bright evening paper which occasionally bears marks suggesting the presence of a sportsman upon its staff, had yesterday the following editorial remarks:

"A number of mill men in this State have been arrested for refusing to provide fishways in their dams. Without considering whatever may be the merits of these particular cases, it may be said that the enforcement of the law regarding fishways is most desirable, and that the fishing associations and authorities which institute such suits are doing a good work. The fish commission in Illinois is fortunately something more than a mere bureau of ideas, and is doing a great work in stocking the streams, and lakes, and ponds, and increasing the food supply of the State. Its efforts should be supplemented by the force of a vigorous public opinion favoring the enforcement of every law for the propagation and preservation of fish, and to create this opinion the impression must be done away with that the statutes are of a character to imply a laxness as to the observance of their provisions. Let the law be enforced thoroughly for a year or two and the good results following will be so apparent that there will be no sympathy extended those who suffer for disregarding it. Illinois affords a magnificent field for pisciculture. There are large rivers and small ones, and there are thousands of lakes and ponds, the waters of which are as well adapted for the raising of fish as are the prairies for the raising of cattle. Great progress has already been made in the right direction, and the work which the present fish commission is engaged in cannot be carried forward too vigorously."

These words are comment enough, they go to show the growing respect for sport and sporting possibilities which is apparent in this country. As to the absurd statement of Mr. Stolp that he didn't propose to respect the law because it was "unjust and nonsensical," I trust he will be sharply taught the fact that he isn't arbiter for the people of Illinois, and they don't look to him or his indorsement. If there "are no fish in Fox River," the need for the law is apparent. Put in the fishways and give the fish a chance. His "fight to the end" is asinine. The fishway would be cheaper.

E. HOUGH.

A DINING CAR LINE TO THE PACIFIC COAST.—The completion of the all rail line between Portland, Ore., and San Francisco gives the Pacific coast traveler an opportunity to patronize the famous Dining Car and Yellowstone Park Line, the Northern Pacific Railroad. The sportsman traveling in the West, whether a lover of the rod or gun, naturally seeks this road, penetrating as it does the lake park region of Minnesota, and running through the valleys of such trout streams as the Yellowstone, Gallatin, Hell Gate, Clark's Fork, Spokane, Yakima and Green Rivers, for a distance of fully 1,500 miles, as well as lying immediately contiguous to the finest hunting grounds in the United States, viz., The Big Horn, Snowy Belt, Bitter Root, Coeur D'Alene and Cascade Mountains. Information in regard to this region can be obtained by addressing CHARLES S. FEE, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, N.R. R., P. St. Paul, Minn.—*Adv.*

Fisheulture.

THE RHODE ISLAND COMMISSION.

WE have the annual report of the Commissioners of Inland Fisheries of Rhode Island to the General Assembly at its January session, 1888, including the work done the previous year. Ten thousand eggs of landlocked salmon were received from the U. S. Fish Commission and hatched by Mr. C. A. Hoxie, at Carolina, R. I., where the fry will be kept until it is a year old, when it will be distributed in various waters of the State adapted to their nature.

One hundred and five thousand brook trout fry were purchased and 40,000 of them distributed by the Commissioners and the remainder by persons interested in stocking certain waters. Much public interest is now taken in the attempt to restock the streams with this fish, and the efforts will be continued. Black bass are now well established in the various ponds and rivers of the State and only require protection during the spawning season.

Shad have increased and are reported to be more abundant than for some years previous to the restocking of the waters. Carp have been distributed in 1886, but the Commissioners are without any report from the persons to whom they were sent.

The bay and coast fisheries is a subject which, sooner or later, must have the careful consideration and legislation needed to afford better protection during the spawning season, or they will cease to be a source of income or an attraction to the summer resorts of the State. Prices of most kinds of fish have been quite as high as last year.

A report of the expenditures of thirteen States for stocking their waters in 1886, as well as that of Rhode Island for 1887, is given, as well as the list of the different Fish Commissioners.

THE FISHES OF GREAT EGG HARBOR BAY.

WE have the report of Dr. Tarleton H. Bean, ichthyologist of the U. S. Fish Commission, on the fishes observed in Great Egg Harbor Bay, New Jersey, during the summer of 1887, printed as an extract from the Bulletin of the U. S. Fish Commission for the year. It comprises 152 pages and three plates, which contain fifty-eight figures.

The seines proved effective in taking eighty-six species. The largest seine was 20 fathoms long and 10ft. deep, but it was too small for the capture of skates, rays and sharks. For the latter fishes Dr. Bean thinks the net should be from 60 to 70 fathoms long and about 15ft. deep in the bag. Some of the species which were found in abundance by Prof. S. F. Baird, when he explored these waters and made a report thereon in 1854, were not seen, and upward of thirty species which were not recorded by Baird were found last year. The sheepshead was not taken in 1854, and is not abundant now, but adults are occasionally caught with the hook, and the young were found in moderately large numbers at Beesley's Point. On the other hand, young drum were found to be abundant by Professor Baird, but Dr. Bean failed to find any; neither did he see the young *Lutjanus*.

A day or two before his arrival at Somers Point a cargo of 40,000 mackerel was landed there by one of the menhaden steamers, and a few days later a fishing schooner took 10,000 off Squan, N. J. These mackerel were of the kind known as "thimble-eye," an earlier species than *S. scombrus*. There are no pounds nor traps in Great Egg Harbor Bay, and seines were used, which is contrary to law. Fishing with hand lines is very satisfactory, and large catches of weakfish and kingfish are made in this way during the summer. Gill nets are used in winter, the principal yield being white perch. At the time of his departure, Sept. 1, the only good catches of weakfish were made in the ocean adjacent to the bay.

A CENTURY OF SAWDUST.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I was delighted with the intelligent way in which your correspondent "Piscator" handled the sawdust question in your issue of Dec. 27. It is a comfort to listen when a well-informed person speaks, but in these days of callow pretension experience is usually elbowed back from the front.

In my opinion the famous Mill Brook, of Plainfield, Mass., which has a record of a century as the finest trout water in the Hampshire Hills, supplies those very conditions and corroborative data which "Piscator" declares are essential to determine what pernicious effect the presence of sawdust has upon the denizens of mill streams. Here is a water-power which carried no less than thirteen manufactories fifty years ago. These included a tannery, a sawmill and factories for making brush and broom handles, whipstocks and cheese and butter boxes, all of which discharged more or less sawdust and shavings into the streams, to say nothing of three satinet factories and a felt hat factory, whose waste must have been delcterious to fish life. Most of the buildings have since been destroyed by fire or tumbled into pieces by decay, but the old foundation walls and dams remain, and untold tons of tanbark and sawdust still cover the beds of the abandoned mill ponds knee deep, all of it in a perfect state of preservation, as I happen to know from wading the stream last summer. Nevertheless, the brook continues fairly stocked with small trout, despite the supplementary fact that it has been unmercifully fished ever since the memorial days of the "Mountain Miller," fifty fingerlings per rod being not unusual now for a day's catch. Besides, at no time within my recollection have there been less than three sawdust producing mills on this stream at once, so that it may be asserted that its waters have not been normally clear for a century. Where the current is rapid and the water broken by ledges or boulders, the presence of the sawdust is scarcely perceptible, but at mill-tails, and in the basins above the dams, it accumulates in quantity and remains, becoming water-soaked and sinking to the bottom. Obviously, in localities where the entire bottom is imbedded by sawdust, fish can neither spawn nor feed; but it happens that such deposits do not form on their breeding places, nor is the area of their foraging ground appreciably diminished by their presence. Even in the half-emptied and now useless ponds, the current constantly scours out a central channel through the sawdust, leaving the bottom clear and pebbly; so that, in fact, these local beds are of no more detriment to the fish than so many submerged logs. The trout can range far and wide without encountering them at all. Yet, strange to say—that is, it must seem strange to those persons who take it for granted that sawdust kills fish—the most likely places for the larger trout are these self-same pebbly channels in the old ponds, along whose edges, despite a hundred freshets and ice-shoves, the persistent sawdust and tanbark lie in windrows so deep that the wader feels as if he were going to sink out of sight whenever he puts his foot into the yielding mass, every movement of which stirs up a broadening efflorescence which spreads for rods away, distributing itself throughout the stream. From these sawdust beds I can always fish out three or four good trout with a cautious fly, and at certain times the surface is fairly dimpled with breaking fish, which presumably are after larvæ and insects which the sawdust has harbored, though careful investigation might discover other inducements for their congregating there.

In passing I would remark that this Mill Brook is fed by seven lateral brooklets, which tumble into it from the adjacent hillsides at intervals between dams, and are so effectually protected by overgrowth that they must always serve

as prolific breeding places, secure from predatory birds and small boys, as well as places of refuge to trout which wish to escape the sawdust of the main stream. I have seen trout streams, especially in the pine barrens of northern Wisconsin and Michigan, which were by no means as favored as this Mill Brook, the current being comparatively sluggish, and not so capable of purging itself of sawdust; yet I know of few trout streams in any lumber region where its denizens cannot avoid the sawdust if they will, by withdrawing to the headwaters or lateral tributaries, provided fishways are supplied to enable them to surmount the dams where the accumulations chiefly occur. What I remark as most singular in the Mill Brook is, that the trout gather most where the sawdust is thickest, both on old mill sites and on sites where mills are running now. I take my best trout right from under the flume of a whipstock factory and sawmill, where the refuse is dumped as fast as it forms.

But I recall to mind a still more striking example of the innocuousness of sawdust. There is in Hampshire county, Massachusetts, a series of three large natural reservoirs, varying from half a mile to two miles in length, which for fifty years have abounded in pickerel, perch, eels and bullheads. It is said that they originally contained trout, but the water is dark and discolored by the drainage of spruce and cedar swamps. At the outlet of the lowest pond once stood a village called Hallockville, which operated a grist mill, sundry sawmills, and what was then the largest tannery in Massachusetts. It was burned in 1846 and never rebuilt, and the dams and foundation walls are now almost destroyed and buried by a new growth of forest. But the sluice and flood stream below are still clogged with the sawdust and tan bark deposited a half century ago, and the water is black and forbidding, though much broken into swirls and rapids by boulders and ledges. But for the color of the water, it is a most likely-looking place for trout, though it has been tested time and time again without successful results. It has always been maintained, from the date of the building of the tannery, that there were no trout in it. I used to fish it myself when I was a boy. Last summer I took therefrom five small trout with a worm. They had doubtless worked their way up from the Buckland streams below, for they never came through the dam from the pickerel ponds above. Nevertheless the lower streams are occupied by many sawmills and carry their proportion of sawdust, that substance which some of your correspondents maintain is fatal to fish life. I leave your readers to draw their inferences, and trust that Mr. Fred Mather will feel himself sustained by this testimony of the streams. That gentlemen is not apt to make mistakes. He is gray with the experience of years, and that is better than guesswork. CHARLES HALLOCK.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 29.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Jan. 1 to 4.—Fourth Dog Show of the Meriden Poultry Association. Joshua Shute, Secretary, No. 430 Pratt street, Meriden, Conn.

Jan. 15 to 19, 1889.—Seventh Annual Dog Show of the Southern Massachusetts Poultry Association, at New Bedford, Mass. F. W. Dean, Secretary.

January, last week.—Western Pennsylvania Poultry Society's Fourteenth Annual Show, Pittsburgh, Pa. C. B. Elben, Sec'y.

Feb. 5 to 8, 1889.—First Annual Dog Show of the Columbus Fanciers' Club at Columbus O. Thos. R. Sparrow, Secretary.

Feb. 7 to 12.—First Annual Show of the Hudson River Poultry, Dog and Pet Stock Association, at Newburgh, N.Y. J. H. Drevenstedt, Secretary, Washingtonville, N. Y.

Feb. 12 to 15, 1889.—Fifth Dog Show of the New Jersey Kennel Club, at Jersey City, N. J. Geo. L. Wilms, Secretary, 142 Monticello avenue, Jersey City, N. J.

Feb. 19 to 22, 1889.—Thirteenth Annual Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent.

Feb. 26 to March 1, 1889.—Second Annual Show of the Rensselaer Kennel Club, Troy, N. Y. Alba M. Ide, Secretary.

March 5 to 8, 1889.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Albany Kennel Club, at Albany, N. Y. Geo. B. Gallup, Secretary.

March 12 to 15, 1889.—Second Annual Show of the Fort Schuyler Kennel Club, Utica, N. Y. James W. Dunlop, President.

March 19 to 22, 1889.—First Annual Dog Show of the Maryland Kennel Club, at Baltimore, Md. W. S. Diffenderffer, Secretary.

March 26 to 29, 1889.—First Annual Dog Show of the Massachusetts Kennel Club, at Lynn, Mass. D. A. Williams, Secretary.

April 2 to 5, 1889.—First Annual Show of the Rochester Kennel Club, at Rochester, N. Y. Harry Yates, Secretary.

April 2 to 5, 1889.—Annual Show of the New England Kennel Club, Boston, Mass. J. W. Newman, Secretary, No. 6 Hamilton Place.

April 9 to 12.—First Dog Show of the Worcester Kennel Club, at Worcester, Mass. Edward W. Doyle, Secretary.

April 9 to 12, 1889.—First Annual Dog Show of the Mascoutah Kennel Club, at Chicago, Ill. John L. Lincoln, Jr., Secretary.

April 16 to 19, 1889.—The Seventh Dog Show of the Philadelphia Kennel Club, at Philadelphia, Pa. Wm. C. Child, Secretary.

May 22 to 25.—Pacific Kennel Club Show, San Francisco, Cal.

FIELD TRIALS.

Jan. 14, 1889.—Sixth Annual Field Trials of the Pacific Coast Field Trial Club, at Bakersfield, Cal. N. P. Sheldon, Secretary, 320 Sansome street San Francisco, Cal.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription $1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed **6850.**

DOG SHOW REPORTS.

PEORIA, Ill.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In looking over the show reports of New York, Boston and Buffalo, I find a few comments by your reporter—Mr. Mason, I believe—which I would kindly ask for an explanation of. It is not in the spirit of criticism I write, but simply for information. I am unable to attend the Eastern shows, and, with many fanciers, depend entirely on the study of show reports to fix in our minds the relative value of dogs and control our purchases in the East. I happen to own a puppy, sire Minting, dam Lady Beatrice, and am anxious to know about what the quality of the dam is as judged by an expert such as your reporter must be, and have followed his comments closely and am still at sea. He describes the bitch at New York (vhc.), showing her to be faulty in five points; but I have read his description of Caution attributing to him four bad points, so I concluded Beatrice must be a good one. The next report was Boston. Here, after an opening statement that mastiffs were the best and largest class ever seen in America, and that bitches numbered sixteen, with Duchess and Lady Beatrice well ahead. I made up my mind Beatrice was an exceptionally good one, and procured a puppy from her. Now, after this study of his reports before buying, and thinking I had a rare-bred one, he dashes my hopes to the ground in his Buffalo report. Describing Derbyshire Lad, he says, "Out of a very ordinary bitch." Well, his dam is Lady Beatrice, and what are we to think? Was she good enough to win in Boston and yet, as dam of Lad be "very ordinary"? or is it not the same Lady Beatrice, or how is it? If not trespassing on your space too much, I should like to be straightened out in the matter.

CHAS. E. BUNN.

THAT LONG ISLAND RABBIT BAITING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Before speaking about what I regard as genuine sport, I beg to express some opinions on that which to my mind is very far from it. Some sportsmen (?) on Long Island seem to have taken up the idea that a caged and benumbed rabbit, turned loose within 25yds. of fox-terriers, affords amusement worthy of human aspiration. There can be no disputation upon subjects of taste. But the sport (?) above indicated can hardly be so classed; and I am unable to see how persons of common refinement can find entertainment, much less pleasurt, in what closely approaches barbarity. If, as I see, it requires only from 30 to 50yds. for the dog to catch the rabbit, and none ever escape, I fail to see how any one of becoming taste and ordinary human sensibility can tolerate it. I beg to suggest with all respect that the Hempstead sportsmen could have much more sport, exhilarating and healthful, and but little more expensive, if they would come to North Carolina and try the old fields in the central part of the State, with hounds or beagles and a shotgun. They would not then get all which they would start. If they used fox-terriers only they would get very few. The judges and other sportsmen could not ride during the chase, but would have to "foot it," to the great improvement of their health.

As I said, I cannot discuss a matter of taste. I may contend that certain indulgences are not according to my notions of good taste. Now, as none of the rabbits escape and every "course" is successful, why cannot these gentlemen amuse themselves equally well by shooting a 10-bore shotgun loaded with 4drs. of gunpowder and 1¼oz. of No. 10 shot, at the side of a barn 30x60ft. at a distance of 20yds., with a rest at that? They would hit every time. Or they might tie the rabbits to a stake and shoot with a rest at 30yds. Then, if they killed at every shot, the fun might come in by counting the pellets in each carcass.

But there is plenty of healthful sport rendered keener by the possibilities of an occasional miss both in the open field and the brush. Bob White can afford it and the central counties of this Commonwealth, especially off of the lines of the railroad, present many attractions. Luxuriant sportsmen, who come among us in a palace car, with all the necessaries and comforts of life and a quantity of what is neither necessary nor healthful, may enjoy themselves—"after a fashion"—but will have little of the sport enjoyed by those who get away from the sound of a railroad whistle and content themselves with such accommodations as the country can afford.

I have made three trips into Chatham county during the present season. Birds were not so abundant in the field as I had expected. In consequence of this the bags were not large ones. But I had some sport nevertheless and quite as much exercise as I wanted. My own little gun caused the death of only 103 in all of them, and it required almost 175 shots to do it. That was far better than any of my companions did. On two of the occasions my competitors killed two or three birds more than I, but they burnt more powder. The fact is I cannot walk as fast nor as long as some persons. I am obliged to get over ground slowly and keep a sharp lookout to avoid stumbling. In plain English, I economize my breath and muscle, and hence fail to shoot as often as he does who rushes along over gullies, stones and marshes, and through thickets of brush and brier. My little dog is getting old, too; and he, like his master, is deep in the shade of life. Still he does his best and holds out as long as he can. Poor old Argo! Well, he and I have had "lots of fun."

WELLS.

ROCKINGHAM, N. C., December.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Considered in the abstract, there can be no defense to the charge that all "sporting," *i. e.*, the hunting, chasing or killing of any wild animal without some useful purpose in view, is simple cruelty, and a strict application of abstract principles might properly class such "sporting" as brutal cruelty. Now we all know that this cannot be true in actual practice, for we know many men of the kindest of hearts and the noblest of impulses, who are devoted to such sports. Take for instance the English country gentlemen. No race or class of men ever rivaled them in mental, moral and physical characteristics. They have done more for the advancement of the race in intelligence, culture and all its highest attributes than any other existing. It is simply absurd to say that such a body of men can be habitually cruel or brutal, yet they are, and always have been, preeminent in the sports of the field. Then what are the qualifying circumstances that explain the enigma? Simply that the free, outdoor exercise, the stimulus, bodily and mental, resulting from sports, elevate them to not only a pleasure, but a potent factor in human development. In this stimulus the excitement of overmatching the game in wits, skill, endurance, and the contest between human skill and wild animal vigor, instinct and wariness, affords the stimulus of the enjoyment. As perfection in hunting weapons and skill in using them advances, with it grows a higher standard of privilege allowed the game, that the contest between hunter and hunted may remain as nearly equal as possible. As I understand it, this is why it is not "sportsmanlike" to shoot a bird in a tree or on the ground. I know it is now bad form in fox hunting to relay a fox with fresh hounds (although it is sometimes done if a particular fox becomes too much of a terror to chickens and must be extirpated as a nuisance), and a bag fox is looked on with contempt by all but "dude" fox hunters.

Now if my premise that all hunting of game, not for some useful purpose is *per se* cruel, in the absence of some qualifying circumstance, I would ask what possible defense can be set up for the performance of capturing a lot of timid hares, confining them for a season, and then turning the frightened, confused brutes loose in strange grounds to be dogged to death by a lot of fox-terriers? That it is destitute of the first trace of "sport" is shown by the published accounts of the recent devilling to death of rabbits. A rabbit is taken out of the cavern of a pocket, shown to some dogs, let loose and is run into in 31 seconds. Now many and many the good foxhound have I seen running a rabbit on his native ground, and the chases lasted ten minutes oftener than they did five, and when bunny was picked up in any such time as even three minutes we always felt that he didn't have a fair chance.

I never saw a rat-killing match, but from accounts of them I should say that the performances at Hempstead were duplicates of the sports of "Mose," "Bill," *et id hoc.* Cannot you interview a "bhoy" and get an expert opinion whether the dignitaries at Hempstead have faithfully followed out rat-pit etiquette? Ratting has at least two claims on favor; it tends to the suppression of destructive wild animals, and the gameness of the rat surely impels him to fight for his life, and the terriers are put on record whether they have earned a right to exist, but the pitting of the most timorous animal living, whose natural cowardice is improved by confinement in a box, against a pair of terriers, is—well, "high toned" will probably do as well as anything. W. WADE.

HULTON, Pa., Dec. 20.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have read with a good deal of interest certain comments in FOREST AND STREAM regarding Long Island "rabbit coursing" and I must acknowledge that my sympathies rest entirely with the rabbits. On the Western prairies it must be grand sport coursing hares in the open, and it certainly is excellent amusement in the East, shooting rabbits in the swamps and thickets; but a person who takes pleasure in seeing a number of harmless animals, caged and half dead with fright, killed as if they were vermin, is not my ideal of a sportsman. In Australia we are told that the (domestic) rabbit is a plague; and in some portions of our West that the jack rabbit is a nuisance. Where such a state exists it is allowable of course to make use of unusual means of extermination; but with game in the East as it is, steadily diminishing in numbers, there is no such excuse for want on destruction. As for the cruelty of such a way of killing, I suppose that is an open question; but for one I protest against degrading rabbit chasing to the same category as rat killing. If a rat killer is a sportsman, all I can say is that I don't wan't to be known as a sportsman. *

BOSTON, Mass.

Editor Forest and Stream:

My attention having been called to the Hempstead mode of killing rabbits, I wish simply to state, without any undue warmth in the matter, that while I have always advocated the necessity of outdoor, manly sports, I must confess that I never could see the sport in anything bordering on brutality. I should as soon advocate cockpits, bull fights, dog fights, prize fights, and all other demoralizing and devilish systems that make men worse and not better. That is the rule I wish to apply. "If this be treason make the most of it." OCCIDENT.

SEDALIA, Missouri.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Measured by the low standard of the Yankee fox hunter's ethics, the Hempstead method of coursing hares is murderous and beneath the contempt of any one who calls himself a sportsman or even a decent man. But as it insures the certain death of the hare and pleases the dogs and, excepting the hare, the other participants, who no doubt are true sportsmen, it must probably be conceded that it is a very noble sport. Bull baiting and badger drawing were once so considered, but we have fallen on better times, when such brutality is not tolerated. AWAHSOOSE.

VERMONT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The life of an animal is as dear to that animal as the life of man is to man, and consequently man should not deprive an animal of its life except in case of necessity, and when we do take from an animal its life, surely we should not out of the pain, torture and death of the animal extort or even attempt to extort pleasure. The act of taking the life of an animal for food is justified. The act of taking the life of an animal for pleasure is simply concentrated cruelty. The butcher, when he takes life, performs what he considers an act of duty. The rabbit-baiter, when he takes the life of rabbits for the purpose of extracting pleasure for his morbid appetite, performs simply an act of cruelty. You pay your money and take your choice. I prefer the butcher.

OLD JIMMIE.

ST. BERNARD PUPPY WEIGHTS.

MELROSE, Mass., Dec. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* On receiving this week's FOREST AND STREAM the first thing my eye rested on was "Mastiff Puppy Weights," and credited to Plinlimmon and Lady Wellington. Perhaps it is unnecessary to say anything about it, as Plinlimmon is too well known, but it don't sound very well, and as I own Lady Wellington I prefer to call her a St. Bernard. Will you kindly mention in your next issue some of the heaviest rough St. Bernards you know of at 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10 months old, and oblige not only yours truly but several others. E. B. SEARS.

[The mastiff heading was a clear case of heterophemy. We have no record of weights for consecutive months, and would be glad to receive such, together with measurements and method of care and feeding.]

ALBANY, N. Y., Dec. 20—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Having noticed in your last issue an account from the Halfway Brook Kennels of the St. Bernard puppy Princelimmon, aged 3 months and weighing just 50lbs., I would be very happy to hear through your columns the measurements of said puppy, if Halfway Brook Kennels would oblige. I have a St. Bernard puppy from my Mt. Sion III., aged 5 months. His measurements are:

Height (at shoulder)	24	inches.
Length of nose to stop	4	"
Stop to occiput	6	"
Occiput to setting on of tail	34	"
Length of tail	23	"
Girth of chest	32	"
" " loins	29	"
" " arm	9½	"
" " muzzle	13	"
" " skull	19	"

Weight 84lbs.

Do you think he weighs too much for his measurements? Should I reduce his feed or continue to feed the same? He is very healthy and straigh-tlimbed. By advising me through your columns you will greatly oblige A SUBSCRIBER.

[The puppy is a large one for his age. Give him plenty of exercise, and do not allow him to get too fat.]

PITTSBURGH DOG SHOW.

WE have received the premium list of the fourteenth annual dog show of the Western Pennsylvania Poultry Society, to be held at Pittsburgh, Pa., Jan. 29 to Feb. 1. In the mastiff, rough St. Bernard and smooth St. Bernard classes, the premiums are, champion dogs $15, bitches the same; open, dogs, $10, $5, and silver medal; bitches the same; puppies, $10, $5, and society medal. In pointers (two classes) and English setters the champion prizes are $10, with $15, $5 and picture in each of the open classes, and $10 and society medal for puppies. In some of the other classes the prizes are $10 in the champion, with $10 and $5 in open classes. In other classes special prizes are offered, and some have $10 and society medal, and a few, including spaniels and some of the terriers have $5 and society medal. Entries close Jan. 19. The address of the secretary is C. B. Elben, Box 303, Pittsburgh, Pa.

NEW BEDFORD DOG SHOW.—The premium list of the twelfth annual exhibition of the Southern Massachusetts Poultry Association, to be held at New Bedford, Mass., Jan. 15 to 19, is ready for distribution; 140 classes are provided for dogs, with prizes of 60 per cent. of entrance fees to first, 30 per cent. to second and highly commend to third. There are also a large number of valuable special prizes offered. Mr. Charles H. Mason will judge all classes. Entries close Jan. 8. The address of the secretary is Frank W. Dean, New Bedford, Mass.

MR. W. R. DOCKRELL'S ADDRESS.—68 Fitzjohn's avenue, Hampstead, N. W.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In a book recently published entitled "Our Prize Dogs," somebody has inadvertently given my address as 7 Newman street, Oxford street, which is incorrect, my proper address is 68 Fitzjohn's avenue, Hampstead, London, N. W. By kindly inserting this in your widely circulating journal you will oblige, W. R. DOCKRELL.

EASTERN FIED TRIALS CLUB.—There will be a meeting of the Eastern Field Trials Club at the St. James Hotel, New York, Jan. 8, at 8 o'clock P. M. A full attendance is requested.

THE INTER-STATE FOX HUNT.

[Special Report to Forest and Stream.]

THE Inter-State Fox Hunt held its first meeting at Waverly, Miss., the home of Capt. Wm. Young. Waverly, situated on the high ground overlooking the Tombigbee River, is a delightful old mansion, and has long been famous as the home of the Youngs. Capt. "Billy" and his brother Maj. "Val," were untiring in their efforts to make the assembled huntsmen comfortable, and the hearty hand shake previous to our early morning departure for West Point on Friday testified more thoroughly than words can tell to the thorough success of their efforts. The ground was rough and heavily timbered, making close following impossible. The foxes had been brought from a distance and baited at a pen for some months back; consequently the races were not as long as could have been desired, but taking everything into consideration the hunt, or rather the field trial for foxhounds, was an unquestioned success.

All things must have a beginning, and it is doubtful if any test of merit, so entirely novel, has ever resulted in a choice of winners so satisfactory to the mass of competitors. Nearly one hundred dogs were on the grounds, and a very high percentage of them competed in the various stakes. The attendance during the entire meeting was most encouraging, and the marked good feeling which prevailed from beginning to end proves unquestionably that the foxhound interest is on the boom. A strong club was formed under the name of the Inter-State Fox Hunting Club, with the following officers: President, Col. Robert Gates, Jackson, Tenn.; Vice-President, Maj. G. B. Young, Waverly, Miss.; Secretary and Treasurer, Col. Lewis, Paris, Tenn. In addition to these there was a vice-president from each State represented, Col. Anderson, Clinton, Ala.; Mr. Miers, St. Louis, Mo.; Mr. Crump, Louisiana; Mr. Whitlock, Kentucky; H. B. Duryea, New York; J. M. Avent, Tennessee.

Let all Northern, Eastern and Western lovers of the foxhound join us and there is no telling how far we can go toward the goal of perfection with our favorite dog.

We regret extremely that the short time given us to prepare this report for the next issue of the FOREST AND STREAM prevents our giving a more detailed account of the many pleasant happenings which crowded fast upon each other during our too brief sojourn with those glorious hosts Capt. "Billy" and Maj. "Val."

On Tuesday, Dec. 18, a start was made at 7:30 A. M. It was a blustery disagreeable day with a strong north wind blowing, making good work impossible. The judges were Messrs. John Davidson, Michigan; Wm. Anderson, Jackson, Tenn.; Wm. Meyers, St. Louis. This race was a test of speed, but as the dogs entered in the bottom class had to run in every class except those for the aged dogs and puppies, they also started. There were seven entries in the speed class, viz.: Wild Goose Pack's Calley Gates, Dimple, Don, Ramble, Roam, L. Willis's Buckskin and Leader. In the endurance class ten started, viz., U. B. Johnson's Jack and Dutch, Wild Goose Pack's Don and Roam, Columbus Hunting Club's Rye Straw and Robert E. Lee, J. M. Avent's Lead and Music, Maj. G. B. Young's Walker and Rowdy. As Don and Roam were entered both for speed and bottom we started with a pack of fifteen.

About two miles west of the house the pack struck a good trail, and going up the road at a rapid pace for about a half mile, turned northwest, and going by the fox pen to the main road, made a complete loss. At this time Dutch and Lead, who had struck another trail, started a gray fox and ran him off north toward the river, out of hearing. The pack, after a few minutes' loss, turned back toward the pen, and doing some good trailing, jumped a large red fox that ran out in plain view of the spectators. They packed well for a short time, but soon made another loss. Lead, Don and Dimple, making a wide cast, caught the trail again and ran the fox to earth before the rest of the pack caught up. Time from jump to finish, 30m. About this time Dutch and Lead were heard coming back from the north with their gray fox, and the pack was harked away to them. They packed and ran well for about 15m., when they again made a bad loss. After hunting around for some time they did some good trailing and jumped him for the second time, only to be finally and effectually evaded by the wily reynard.

A wide circle was then made in search of another track, and the pack finally brought back to a place where some of the spectators had seen a red fox cross about three hours before. The dogs soon struck the trail. Lead and Don carried the trail with accuracy and precision for a full half mile, clearly out-working the rest of the pack to a point on the ridge, where Lead jumped the fox. The pack was soon harked to him, doing some beautiful running and packing well for about 35m., when reynard decided that discretion was the better part of valor and went to ground in the same hole that the first fox took. Calley Gates was leading the pack for the last round.

This ended the day's sport, and in a few moments the large array of attendant sportsmen, including many ladies, wended their way back to hospitable Waverly. The judges very justly awarded to Calley Gates the first prize for speed, the second prize going to Dimple. The winner is a beautiful black, white and tan bitch, and shows at times a great turn of speed. She is, however, too wild a runner, making at times some very bad losses. Dimple is a bitch of much the same character, but somewhat slower. Quite a number of other high-class dogs showed well during the day, including Don, Lad, Buckskin and Dutch.

Wednesday was set apart for the aged dog (over nine years) and puppy (under twenty months) classes. In the aged dogs seven started, viz., Wild Goose Pack's Fleet and Chester, Columbus Hunting Club's Drummer, Jesse James and Rover, Maj. G. B. Young's Monk and Frolic. The puppy class had five entries, viz., W. B. Johnson's Sam and Joe, Columbus Hunting Club's Rose II., L. Willis's Lou and Dora. The weather was cold and clear and much more favorable than the preceding day. The attendance was large, and a start was made at 8 A. M. Two miles from the start a strike was made, and some nice trailing was done for a short time, when the hounds got scattered. Two hounds were heard about a mile away near the river, one of which Col. Lewis claimed as old Fleet, and the whole crowd harked the dogs away and went like wild men to join them. When we neared them it was found that two outside dogs had trailed a deer from across the river. The dogs were then carried back toward the pen to see if they would start again on the trail they had lost. On the way they struck another trail, supposed at first to be of a fox, and did some very good trailing down to the hurricane. From the way the hounds worked it soon became evident that they were on a wildcat, and the master of hounds ordered the dogs to be blown off to try for another fox. After circling around for some time through the pine hills they struck the trail of a gray fox, which they soon jumped and lost. While at loss an unentered dog named Brooks jumped a deer and was joined by the rest of the pack. After a good race of about an hour and a half the dogs went out of hearing toward the river. This was a very exciting race, as the deer was frequently seen by the attendant sportsmen as he dodged through the woods and across the different roads which intersect the woods at this point. When the dogs went out of hearing the master of hounds ordered the hunt off for the morning and we proceeded to Waverly for dinner. As most of the work done consisted of trailing the cat and running the deer the judges could not come to a satisfactory decision, and ordered the old dogs and puppies out to run next day with the packs. Subsequently the judges awarded first and second in the aged dog class respectively to Fleet, owned by Wild Goose Pack, and Drummer, belonging to Columbus Hunting Club. Mr. W. R. Johnson's black, white and tan dog Sam won first in the puppy class, and second was awarded to Columbus Hunting Club's Rose. Sam is a beautifully marked dog and quite a promising youngster. Rose also showed some very good traits, and with more experience will make quite a good trailer.

After a well-served luncheon the hunters and trailers were ordered out. In the hunting class there were four entries, viz., Wild Goose Pack's Don and Fleet, J. M. Avent's Lead and Cleveland. Nine entered in the trailing class, viz., Wild Goose Pack's Don and Rambler, Columbus Hunting Club's Rye Straw and Robt. E. Lee, J. M. Avent's Cleveland, Lead and Spot, Maj. G. B. Young's Trouble and Truman. As the bottom dogs had to run also, the three classes made quite a pack, and afforded more sport than any other contest. At three P. M. the dogs struck the trail of the deer started before lunch and did some good trailing, but were soon ordered off for new grounds by the master of hounds. On the new grounds Lead and Don struck a very cold trail and were joined by the pack. Some good trailing was done, when Lead turned to the right and trailing about half a mile jumped the fox. The pack was then harked to join him, and they had a good race for a few minutes, when they lost. The pack then turned back and trailed on the back track for about a mile. Lead, Cleveland, Truman and Trouble left the pack and trailing back in the right direction soon jumped the gray for a second time. They made several rounds after him before the pack could be gotten back to join in the chase. Some beautiful tacking running ensued for about forty minutes, when the fox made a short turn back through the crowd, and an unentered puppy running behind met the fox, and after a short sight race in plain view of the spectators, ran him in a log. As it was nearly dark the dogs were called off to be taken home. On the road back, however, they soon struck trail of a red, and the pack turning on the back track Music and Dutch went to the right and started the fox.

They ran some time about a quarter of a mile ahead of the pack, when the fox made a short turn and the pack caught up with the front dogs. The fox made a wide cast toward the river, and the pack ran out of hearing for some time. We then came back by the pen followed by the pack, running beautifully. After a good race of about two hours they made a loss, and some of the hunters thinking that they had caught the fox commenced blowing horns. This broke up the best day's sport we had during the meet. As it was dark and disagreeable weather the hounds were taken home without any effort to again jump the fox. The judges awarded first prize in the hunting class to Don. He is a large black and tan dog and shows good hunting qualities and was justly entitled to the award. Lead won first prize for the best trailer and second in the hunting class. He is a good-sized black, white and tan English dog, well formed, and proved himself the best trailer of the meet, constantly taking up difficult losses and jumping nearly every fox in the classes in which he competed. He also showed wonderful endurance and speed, and we regret that the time was so short that the endurance class could not be tested between the English and native bred dogs. Second prize in trailing class was won by Truman, a medium-sized, well-formed, red ticked dog. He has a good nose and is a close trailer, showing lots of hunting sense. There were other high class dogs in this stake, but our time does not permit description.

On the third and last day the packs were started. There were five packs and thirty-three starters, viz., Wild Goose Pack six, J. M. Avent five (one of his dogs not answering in time he was allowed to start five), Maj. G. B. Young six, Columbus Hunting Club nine, Mr. L. Willis seven. As breakfast was late we started at 10:30 A. M. After hunting a long time a trail was finally struck at 12 M. The dogs trailed beautifully for about a mile through the pine hills and hurricane. Trailing up a steep hill by the hurricane some of the dogs went off on a track that was not a fox, which caused a very bad loss of time. After waiting some time, Lead came up and worked the trail to a place where the fox had jumped some time before. The pack soon joined in and some beautiful work was done for some time on the fox that was evidently walking in front of them. Finally working him across the road into the hurricane again they got a close run on him. At the time, the crowd, evidently excited by the sight of so many dogs, made such a disturbance that they caused the pack to make a complete loss. The packs were then separated and circled in various directions for the fox without any good results. This ended the meet, as the owners of the Wild Goose Pack and one of the judges were obliged to go home. It was evident to all that the race was between the Tennessee dogs, and very justly the judges gave first prize to the Wild Goose Pack, second prize being awarded to Mr. J. M. Avent. The bottom class was declared off, as there were no opportunities to test endurance sufficiently. The Wild Goose pack are a very nice lot of even-sized dogs, and hunt well at a good rate of speed. They are not, however, first-class trailers, being a trifle wild. Mr. J. M. Avent's are all close trailers, and show good speed and endurance. Maj. G. B. Young has also a very good pack of reliable trail dogs.

NEW ENGLAND FOX HUNTING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In reading a communication in your last edition signed "Tallyho," I came to the conclusion that his ideas, like most of our erroneous ones, are imported. He tells us that shooting foxes is unsportsmanlike and even murderous, and would hold up to execration all who hunt in this manner. Now I have hunted and killed all kinds of animals east of the Rocky Mountains, and fail to see that a fox suffers more by being shot than any other species of the animal kingdom. From a point of ethics it is obvious that "Tallyho" occupies a poor position, as any person who has ever seen a fox killed by dogs knows that the pain then endured is infinitely greater than when the gun is the instrument of execution. This is so well understood that there are instances on record where the participants in this sort of amusement were prosecuted for cruelty to animals, for even Americans can get a surfeit of "English, you know."

If "Tallyho" thinks the poor, persecuted fox has no chance to escape, let him try the sport himself. After he has run about for a few hours from hill to hill looking for a chance shot, he will, I think, modify his views on this subject. I have frequently returned empty-handed, as have the rest of a party of half a dozen good shots, after having hunted a whole day where foxes were plenty enough to destroy a great quantity of poultry. In conclusion let me suggest that if any man wishes a good day's sport, let him bring together a few companions, with about the same number of slow-running hounds, arm themselves with heavy shotguns charged with BB shot, and start for the woods in a double-seated democrat-wagon (the ride in which will be appreciated on their return), and I will warrant that they will not be averse to repeating the experiment. W. R. W.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am not a fox hunter, therefore the note on the ethics of fox hunting, which you printed in a recent issue, is not much of my affair. I merely rise to say that I have met a few New England fox hunters, and, in my opinion, they are sportsmen. Should ever our Southern friend be fortunate enough to fall into their hands, I think he will agree with me. And before dropping down on them quite so hard he should have remembered that the ground in that country is unsuited for cross country riding after hounds, and even if it were not, the sport requires a longer purse than many of us are afflicted with; while nearly any one can stand the expense of the style he condemns. I have learned that when any form of sport has a firm foothold in a large area of country it is well to have a thorough knowledge of the ins and outs of the whole subject, and then to think several times before making a sweeping denunciation of it.

In the matter of differences of opinion on any subject, I think the philosophy attributed to a certain semi-civilized Melicete Indian, who lives not far from here, will bear close study and application. A certain religious denomination was divided on, and of course quarreling about, a certain point of doctrine. The sachem wondered greatly thereat, as "it was agin sense." He then proceeded to formulate his views in the following language: "You use worms for bait and ketch um chub, me use chub for bait and ketch um eel—that's all right. You tell me what good fish chub is; me tell you what bully fish eel is. You make me believe you—all right; me make you believe me—all right. But 'spose we throw down our lines and go to fightin'; neither one git anything. Then you try to show me chub is good by crammin' one down Injun's throat, then"—and the sagamore frowned—"then you must 'spect me to poke eel into you." So, likely enough, "Tallyho" will catch it; and every one will hold about the same opinions and as many foxes will be killed as if never a line had been written on the subject.

L. I. FLOWER.

NEW BRUNSWICK, Christmas Day.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of Dec. 20 "Awahsoose" takes me to task for my "contemptuous comments" on New England fox hunting, and attempts to defend the so-called sport. I beg to say that my knowledge of New England fox hunting has been gained by personal observation during a long residence in Massachusetts, where I had frequent opportunities to take a hand in the sport (?). Fox and hare hunting, as conducted throughout the Southern and Western States, is a time-honored sport, and allowed to be the perfection of hunting. Tallyho and such as he who follows fast and killing hounds on horseback, and undergo the fatigues of the chase, cannot appreciate the "woodcraft" nor the "sportsmanship" display of the-man-with-the-gun skulking behind the convenient fence or brushheap, where he lies in ambush for the luckless fox. "Awahsoose" is not likely to abandon his "favorite pastime," which involves neither expense nor dangers, and above all secures the coveted fox skin in a salable condition. The slaughter of foxes will go on just the same, the fox shooter will dignify his butchery by the name of sport, and continue to glory in his exploits despite the indignant protest of TALLYHO.

COLORADO SPRINGS, Dec. 26.

THE IRISH WATER SPANIEL STANDARD.

SCALE of points for judging adopted by the English Spaniel Club, Dec. 3:

POSITIVE POINTS.		NEGATIVE POINTS.	
Head and jaw	10	Cording, or tags of dead or matted hair	20
Eyes	5		
Topknot	5	Moustache or poodle hair on cheek	10
Ears	10		
Neck	7½	Lank, open or woolly coat	10
Body	7½	A natural sandy, light coat	15
Forelegs	5	Furnishing of tail more than half-way down to sting	5
Hindlegs	5		
Feet	5		
Stern	10	Setter feathering on legs	15
Coat	15	White patch on chest	15
General appearance	15		
Total	100	Total	90

DISQUALIFICATIONS.

Total absence of topknot.
A fully feathered tail.
Any white patch on any part of dog, except a small one on chest or toe.

DESCRIPTIVE PARTICULARS.

Head.—Capacious skull, rather raised in dome and fairly wide, showing large brain capacity. The dome appears higher than it really is, from its being surmounted by the crest or topknot, which should grow down to a point between the eyes, leaving the temple smooth.

Eyes.—Highly intelligent, amber-colored. Dark is generally preferred.

Nose.—Dark liver-colored, rather large and well developed.

Ears.—Set on rather low. In a full-sized specimen the leather should be not less than 18in. and with feather about 24in. The feather on the ear should be long, abundant and wavy.

Neck.—Should be "pointer-like," *i. e.*, muscular, slightly arched and not too long. It should be strongly set on the shoulders.

Body (including size and symmetry).—Height at shoulder from 20 to 24in., according to sex and strain; body, fair-sized, round, barrel-shaped, well ribbed up. When wet would resemble in contour that of a sporting-looking pointer.

Shoulders and chest.—Chest deep, and not too narrow. Shoulders strong, rather sloping and well covered with hard muscle.

Back and loin.—Back strong, loins trifle arched and powerful, so as to fit them for the heavy work of beating through sedgy muddy sides of rivers.

Hindquarters.—Round and muscular, and slightly drooping toward the set-on of the stern.

Stern.—A "whip tail," thick at base and tapering to a "sting." The hair on it should be short, straight and close-lying, except for a few inches from its root, where it gradually merges into the body coat in some short curls.

Feet and legs.—Forelegs straight, well boned. They should be well furnished with wavy hair all round and down to the feet, which should be large and round. Hindlegs stifle long. Hock set low; they should be well furnished except from the hock down the front.

Coat.—Neither woolly nor lank, but should consist of short crisp curls right up to the stern. Topknot should fall well over the eyes. It and furnishing of ears should be abundant and wavy.

Color.—Dark rich liver or puce (to be judged by its original color). A sandy light coat is a defect. Total absence of white desirable, any except a little on chest or a toe, should disqualify.

General appearance.—That of a strong, compact, dashing-looking dog, with a quaint and very intelligent aspect (the light rim round the eye, objected to by some, frequently adds much to their intelligent, knowing expression). They should not be leggy, as power and endurance are required of them in their work. Noisy and joyous when out for a spree, but mute on game.

[We are indebted to Dr. J. F. W. Ross, of Toronto, Ont., who was present at the meeting of the Spaniel Club at Birmingham, Eng., Dec, 3, for a copy of the standard.]

DOG TALK.

THE premium list of the coming Pittsburgh dog show has never a word to say about the A. K. C. Evidently the managers are "disgruntled" from some cause and intend running affairs to suit themselves. Whether exhibitors will support them or not remains to be seen. Time was when the Pittsburgh show was in the front rank, but lately, through bad management there has been a serious falling off in its popularity, and it behooves the society to bestir itself and make strenuous efforts to regain its lost prestige. It appears to us that a step not in this direction has been taken in the substitution of a miscellaneous lot of merchandise in lieu of cash in the prize list. It is bad enough when giving special prizes to saddle innocent exhibitors with cook stoves, cigars, muffs, casters, umbrellas, pictures,

knives, overcoats, revolvers, pipes, etc., but when these articles are made to do duty in the regular classes we fear that the cash saved will not recompense the society for the loss of patronage that may consequently ensue. Since writing the above we have this note: "PITTSBURGH, Pa., Dec. 31.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At a meeting of our society, held Dec. 30, it was resolved we resign from the American Kennel Club.—C. B. ELBEN, Sec'y.

SPANIEL PRIZES AT PITTSBURGH.—New York, Dec. 31.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In looking over the premium list of the Pittsburgh show I find that the spaniels are very badly treated, and I consider the classification to be a direct insult to spaniel exhibitors. There are no champion classes, and the prizes in the open classes are $5 and a pewter medal! The "Dandy" Dinmont and Irish terriers get the same, while in all of the other classes the first prize is at least $10. Even the black and tan terriers—usually one of the smallest classes—get twice as much as the spaniels. Why this is I do not know, but I do know that I shall not show my pets at Pittsburgh.—EXHIBITOR.

KENNEL NOTES.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Dinah. By Oakview Kennels, Philadelphia, Pa., for white, black and tan beagle bitch, whelped Nov. 5, 1888, by Tony Weller (Kino—Fly) out of Merrybell (Victor—Vota).

Tristram. By Onota Kennels, Pittsfield, Mass., for red Irish setter dog, whelped March 12, 1888, by champion Tim (champion Biz—champion Hazel) out of champion Yoube (champion Elcho—champion Rose).

Snow Dick. By F. F. Dole, New Haven, Conn., for white bull-terrier dog, whelped June 16, 1888, by Tony (champion Count—White Violet) out of Lady Tarquin (champion Tarquin—Luce).

Dorothy. By F. F. Dole, New Haven, Conn., for white bull-terrier bitch, whelped June 29, 1888, by champion Jubilee (Bendigo—Queen) out of Modjeska (Dutch, Jr.—Young Venom).

NAMES CHANGED.

New Haven General to Buffalo General. By A. W. Smith, Buffalo, N. Y., for black and tan terrier dog, whelped Nov. 27, 1887, by Halifax General out of Lady Lottie.

BRED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Chippy—Racket, Jr. C. H. Starks's (Chatham, N. Y.) beagle bitch Chippy (Elmore's Bob—Jenny) to his Racket, Jr. (Cameron's Racket—Krueger's Nellie II.), Nov, 19.

Helen—Pat. C. H. Starks's (Chatham, N. Y.) beagle bitch Helen (Cameron's Racket—Krueger's Nellie II.) to J. Whitbeck's Pat, Nov. 17.

Lady Beatrice—Alonzo. E. H. Moore's (Melrose, Mas.) mastiff bitch Lady Beatrice (Ilford Caution—Brenda II.) to his Alonzo (Orlando—Lady Canute), Dec. 11.

Brenda Secunda—Alonzo. E. H. Moore's (Melrose, Mass.) mastiff bitch Brenda Secunda to his Alonzo, Nov. 20.

Countess—Minting. E. H. Moore's (Melrose, Mass.) mastiff bitch Countess (Turk—Nell) to his Minting, Dec. 25.

‖*Princess—Ilford Caution.* E. H. Moore's (Melrose, Mass.) mastiff bitch Princess (Ilford Cromwell—Brenda II.) to his Ilford Caution (Crown Prince—Ilford Claudia), Dec. 25.

Bernie V.—Ben Lomond. E. H. Moore's (Melrose, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Bernie V. to his Ben Lomond, Dec. 25.

Madam—Ben Lomond. Buckminster Kennels' (Framingham, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Madam (Merchant Prince—Nun) to E. H. Moore's Ben Lomond, Dec. 13.

Flora—Ben Lomond. L. Daniels's (New York) St. Bernard bitch champion Flora to E. H. Moore's Ben Lomond, Dec. 10.

Meg Elcho—Patsy. E. N. Foote's (Northampton, Mass.) Irish setter bitch Meg Elcho (A.K.R. 6493) to E. O. Damon's imported Patsy, Dec. 25.

Duchess—Sensation. J. H. Davidson's (Millbrook, N. Y.) bull-terrier bitch Duchess (champion Count—White Violet) to F. F. Dole's Sensation (Bulrush—Fancy II.), Nov. 29.

Royal Rose—Sensation. F. F. Dole's (New Haven, Conn.) bull-terrier bitch Royal Rose (Randolph—Nell) to his Sensation (Bulrush—Fancy II.), Nov. 12.

My Queen—Sensation. F. F. Dole's (New Haven, Conn.) bull-terrier bitch My Queen (champion Grand Duke—champion Maggie May) to his Sensation (Bulrush—Fancy II.), Nov. 28.

Lill—Roy. Chas. N. Symonds's (Salem, Mass.) Yorkshire terrier bitch Lill (Tom's Royal—Hamilton's Fillis) to his Roy (Banks's Royal— ———), Dec. 20.

WHELPS.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Muckamuck. J. L. Lincoln, Jr.'s (Chicago, Ill.) collie bitch Muckamuck (Laddie—Jennie Deans), Dec. 11, nine (seven dogs), by W. A. Daniel's Ben Hur (Clifton Hero—Madge Wildfire).

Queen of Scots. J. L. Lincoln, Jr.'s (Chicago, Ill.) collie bitch Queen of Scots (Clifton Hero—Picture), Dec. 3, nine (seven dogs), by Gibson & McEwen's Guelph (Gilderoy—Jess).

Golden Spark. J. L. Lincoln, Jr.'s (Chicago, Ill.) collie bitch Golden Spark (Clifton Hero—Sparkle), Dec. 11, seven (six dogs), by M. Harrison's Scotilla (champion Dublin Scot—champion Flurry II.).

Blackberry Girl. J. L. Lincoln, Jr.'s (Chicago, Ill.) collie bitch Blackberry Girl (champion Rutland—Strawberry Girl), Aug. 20, four (two dogs), by J. A. Long's Clifton Hero (Trevor—Gazelle).

Nydia. Hamilton & Shugush's (Council Bluffs, Ia.) mastiff bitch Nydia (Clement—Ashmont Queen), Dec. 19, nine (four dogs), by Dr. Geo. B. Ayres's Edwy (champion Orlando—Countess of Woodlands).

Bernie VI. E. H. Moor's (Melrose, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Bernie VI. (Lion—Bernie V.), Dec. 7, fifteen (eight dogs), by his Ben Lomond (champion Barry—Thetis).

Leigh Doane III. Oakview Kennels' (Philadelphia, Pa.) Irish setter bitch Leigh Doane III. (champion Bruce—Leigh Doane II.), Dec. 19, seven (two dogs) by C. T. Thompson's Desmond II. (Frisco—Grouse II.).

Lady Belmont. Reynard Kennels' (Lancaster, Pa.) fox-terrier bitch Lady Belmont (Earl Leycester—Coquette), Dec. 21, three (two dogs), by J. R. Trissler's Star (Resolute—Coquette).

Floss. C. N. Symonds's (Salem, Mass.) Yorkshire terrier bitch Floss (Dreadnaught II.—Maggie), Dec. 7, two (one dog), by P. H. Coombs' Bradford Harry (Crawshaw's Bruce—Beale's Lady).

Polly. Chas. N. Symonds's (Salem, Mass.) Yorkshire terrier bitch Polly (Sir Star—Minnie), Oct. 1, three (two dogs), by his Roy (Banks's Royal— ———).

SALES.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Ouray. Brindle mastiff dog, whelped Aug. 27, 1888, by Ilford Caution out of Princess, by E. H. Moore, Melrose, Mass., to J. H. Rhue, Peru, Ind.

Baron. Fawn mastiff dog, whelped Aug. 15, 1888, by Minting out of Duchess, by E. H. Moore, Melrose, Mass., to Richard T. Francke, Havana, Cuba.

Count. Fawn mastiff dog, whelped Sept. 1, 1888, by Hamlet out of Belva, by E. H. Moore, Melrose, Mass., to Richard T. Francke, Havana, Cuba.

Count. Orange and white St. Bernard dog, whelped Sept. 8, 1887, by Apollo out of Miranda, by E. H. Moore, Melrose, Mass., to Geo. W. Patterson, Lake View, Mass.

Chequasset Maud. Orange brindle, white markings, St. Bernard bitch, whelped Oct. 12, 1888, by imported Beauchamp out of Lady Henley, by Chequasset Kennels, Lancaster, Mass., to George Q. Dow, North Epping, N. H.

Scotch Bonivard—Madam Whelps. Tawny and white St. Bernards, whelped Sept. 9, 1888, by E. C. Johnson, Framingham, Mass., a dog to B. W. Taylor, New Orleans, La., and a bitch each to L. W. Franklin, Natick, Mass., C. W. Shaw, Brookline, Mass., A. E. Lincoln and E. C. Barrett, Boston, Mass.

New Haven General. Black and tan terrier dog, whelped Nov. 27, 1888, by H alifax General out of Lady Lottie, by Frank F. Dole, New Haven, Conn., to A. W. Smith, Buffalo, N. Y.

Sensation. White bull-terrier dog, age not given, by Bulrush out of Fancy II., by F. F. Dole, New Haven, Conn., to F. Norton Goddard, New York.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

W. F. M., Kent's Hill, Me.—A cocker spaniel. He has small blotches or pimples in many places upon his body and upon his legs; there is a peculiar odor to the matter which discharges; scabs have formed in many places. What is it? Is it contagious to dog, or to man? Can it be cured? Ans.—It is one form of mange or eczema, a skin disease. You had better keep the dog by himself. Keep the bowels open by teaspoonful dozes of syrup of buckthorn or two compound cathartic pills hidden in a morsel of meat. Give 5 grains of quinine each morning in pill form and apply to affected parts night and morning an ointment made of equal parts of zinc oxide and diachylon ointments.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

CIVILIAN SOLDIERS' MARKSMANSHIP.

WHEN a dozen or more years ago attention was called to the deficiency which existed in the National Guard in the matter of shooting ability and the National Rifle Association was started to remedy the evil, there was for a time a great deal of misdirected effort in getting started a smooth-working, practicable scheme of rifle drill. The regiments went down and turned a day on the range into a grand junket. This was the first effort. Then came rules and methods, and about all they succeeded in showing was the utter want of skill on the part of the majority of the men. Those who got into condition to shoot accurately and well soon discovered that their skill was far in advance of the weapon in their hands, but for all that the bulk of the men then and now are not by a long distance up to the merit of the State arm. It was not until Gen. Robbins took control of this important department of the State military work that a system was put forth which could be readily grasped, and by which a scale of merit could be established as between one organization and another.

It is a very simple plan. Each season stands by itself. The men and officers are divided into classes. Those who don't go near the range for practice are placed in the third class. Of course at the opening of the shooting season, running during the six months ending by the 10th of November, a man who goes to the range and shoots, even if he fails to score anything or makes such a poor score that it is really nothing more than a fluke, is enrolled in the second class in the annual returns. A man who manages in 5 shots at 200yds. to make a score of 25 in the possible 50 upon the Creedmoor target, is regarded as a first class man on the returns. A marksman goes further and gets a decoration for making a total of 25 or more in the possible 50 at 200yds. standing and at 500yds. in a prone position, 5 shots being fired at each distance. There is another class of sharpshooters for such as get up to 42 in the possible 50 at these two last-named distances. The sharpshooters are few in number, and in the First Brigade, including all the infantry in New York city, number 83 during the past year, and of these 49 are in the Seventh Regiment. In 1887 there were 92 men reaching this high point of merit.

In the following tables are given the record made by the soldiers of the New York city brigade during the six years of the present régime. There are eight regiments in the brigade, and they possess varying degrees of excellence. In the first column is given the strength of the organization at the annual muster, showing that the metropolis now has a total of over fifty-two hundred men in her home guard. The next column gives the number of men who found it possible or convenient to go to the range; about 60 per cent. go down, and in this column the season just passed does not appear good in comparison with previous years. The absent column are those who did not practice. They are the "dead wood" which gets into all organizations. Possibly there are good marksmen among them, probably there are not. The Seventh this year has reached the proud distinction of having every one of her members report at the range for practice at some date during the season, and so avoid the demerit of absenteeism. The interesting part of the table comes in the fourth column. This shows how many men there were who, firing at 200yds. and again at 500yds., managed to make at least 50 per cent. of a perfect score. Take the series of years right through and it will be seen that the percentage of marksmen to the number practicing has greatly increased. In 1883 it was only 1,167 out of 2,229, or less than 40 per cent., while in 1887 it had risen to 1,887 in 3,152, or nearly 60 per cent.

Regt.	Mustered.	Practicing.	Absent.	Marksmen.
	1883.			
7th	883	878	5	694
8th	466	321	185	43
9th	616	361	255	63
11th	498	289	209	49
12th	378	212	164	72
22d	568	370	198	106
69th	626	260	366	51
71st	496	267	229	35
Brigade	4575	2929	1646	1167
	1884.			
7th	960	787	173	523
8th	397	199	198	57
9th	571	325	246	72
11th	486	240	246	23
12th	468	213	255	81
22d	549	297	252	75
69th	694	392	302	57
71st	437	221	216	59
Brigade	4597	2698	1899	1028
	1885.			
7th	981	863	118	628
8th	425	179	246	29
9th	600	406	194	96
11th	410	233	177	19
12th	585	358	227	137
22d	589	405	184	87
69th	739	316	473	92
71st	516	335	181	56
Brigade	4933	3125	1808	1174
	1886.			
7th	1009	886	123	640
8th	440	149	291	41
9th	532	213	219	107
11th	452	218	234	31
12th	626	448	178	159
22d	591	311	280	96
69th	856	205	651	69
71st	536	277	259	57
Brigade	5052	2814	2238	1205
	1887.			
7th	1014	977	37	864
8th	413	185	228	92
9th	539	272	267	124
11th	521	286	235	106
12th	654	404	250	197
22d	572	331	241	150
69th	888	422	466	245
71st	546	255	291	99
Brigade	5159	3152	2007	1887
	1888.			
7th	1029	1029	0	919
8th	413	206	207	61
9th	613	323	290	143
11th	558	191	367	31
12th	616	392	224	140
22d	578	318	260	141
69th	930	258	672	110
71st	538	204	244	96
Brigade	5285	3019	2266	1646

In looking at those figures it should be borne in mind under what condition they are made. The men go down on days fixed on long in advance; they take the weather as they find it, and cannot pick a day when everything assists in enabling them to roll up a good score.

This practice is but one part of the powder burning which the soldier is invited to do. He is put through a brief exercise in volley firing and in skirmish work. In these tests the officers do not participate as they do in the individual shooting already given. In volley and skirmish work the officers take their proper places as directing powers in the work of the company. In volley firing the non-commissioned officers are drawn up facing a broad target at 100yds. This target is 6ft. high and has a broad black band 2ft. wide horizontally across the middle counting 5. One foot on either side is another division mark, leaving two areas 1ft., each counting 4. The remainder of the target being a band 1ft. wide along the upper and lower edges, counting 2. At the word of command the company fires a round and repeats this five times, making a possible 25 for each man in the ranks. Out of the 3,019 who went down to the range during the past year, 2,040 took part as shooters in the volley firing. This would make a total possible score of 51,000 and out of this the score actually made was 31,932.

The skirmish firing is a test of distance judging and is a close simulation of actual practice in the field. In this the regular second class Creedmoor target with its 2ft. bullseye is used. The men are drawn up at about 325yds. from the target, go forward at the word of command, halt and fire at irregular distance down the range as far as the 100yds. point and back again to the starting point. The sound of the bugle is used as a signal when to halt and fire, and each man is supposed to use 5 rounds in his march back and forth. There were 2,035 out of the 3,019 who shot in this drill this year, and out of the possible 50,875 grand total score, the record was 18,424. This shows that at the more difficult test of estimating distances and covering them the men did very well and as snap shots were able to score about 36 per cent of a possible 50,875.

All the figures are for the men of the New York City Brigade. They are under special disadvantage in that a trip to Creedmoor is a matter of some considerable expense and much more difficulty. It is a day's work to get in an hour or two of practice. The out-of-town commands have a much better chance for gaining efficiency. The New York city guardsman is generally a workingman or a clerk who finds it difficult to get off. The country guardsman is more the master of his own time, and the range may be so near his place of residence that a trip to the butts may be only a matter of a few moments' time and no expense. The figures show what one body of willing workers have done and what the laggards in the organization have left undone. On the whole they are encouraging, and if a general in the field had a force anywhere near as effective when in actual conflict, he might, number for number, safely defy any body now under arms.

WILMINGTON, Del., Dec. 5.—To-day was a Christmas long to be remembered at Healdmoor Rifle Range. The day was a perfect one for the enjoyment of out-door sports and favorable for good shooting. There was not only a general turn-out of active riflemen, but the large crowds of visitors testified the growth of this delightful pastime in popular favor. The good order which characterizes the management of these matches not only attracts good citizens as active competitors, but invites a quiet, orderly class of visitors. The Quarterly Continuous match ended, and it represents not only an improvement, but far the best shooting ever done by the Wilmington Rifle Club. The scores are as follows, standard American target, at 200yds. off-hand:

Bullseye and Continuous Match.

J F McCafferty	9	6	7	9	8	10	6	10	10	8—88
C Heinel, Sr	9	9	6	6	10	7	5	10	7	7—75
J E Newman	6	8	7	4	10	5	7	4	7	5—63
S J Newman	7	4	5	5	7	6	5	7	7	10—63

Bull's-eye and Record Practice Match.

J E Newman	9	7	5	9	7	8	7	5	7	9—73
S J Newman	7	6	5	7	9	9	9	5	8	8—73
J J Mountjoy	4	7	7	4	9	8	6	9	8	7—69
H B Seeds	4	4	5	7	5	8	7	7	8	8—63
H Simpson	2	5	6	9	8	7	7	4	5	4—57
J W Geyer (mil.)	4	3	4	7	4	6	5	6	5	6—54
E W Stees, Jr	7	*0	6	7	3	7	3	6	6	8—51
C J O'Brien	3	5	6	4	6	4	5	9	5	3—50

*Made a 4 on wrong target.

All-Comers' Reëntry Match, First Class.							Two Best Scores to Win.							
J F McCafferty	8	10	8	9	8	—43	10	7	7	10	9	—43—86		
S J Newman	9	9	6	8	10	—42	3	10	8	10	10	—41—83		
H B Seeds	7	8	9	9	7	—40	8	9	8	7	7	—39—79		
J J Mountjoy	10	10	10	8	4	—42	7	8	6	5	10	—36—78		
J E Seeds	4	8	7	9	10	—38	9	7	9	7	7	—38—76		
C Heinel, Sr	7	5	10	10	7	—39	9	9	6	5	5	—34—73		

Reëntry Match, Second Class, for all Records Below 80.										
J E Newman	10	9	6	8	10	—43	7	8	8	8	6	—37—80
J Scott	7	8	5	9	10	—39	6	10	7	7	8	—38—77
J J Mountjoy	8	10	6	8	9	—41	5	8	7	8	6	—34—75
J W Geyer, mil	9	7	8	4	7	+2—37	10	7	6	4	5	+2—37—74
M A Jones	7	5	3	7	9	—31	6	8	5	4	6	—29—60
H Simpson	5	5	9	7	4	—30	7	6	4	3	5	—25—55

Quarterly Continous Match, Best Five Scores to win.

J F McCafferty	10	8	9	7	10	7	9	8	9	6—83
	9	6	7	9	8	10	7	10	10	8—83
	10	7	10	8	8	10	6	9	6	7—81
	9	8	9	10	5	7	6	9	8	10—81
	7	8	6	7	8	9	8	9	8	8—78—406
S J Newman	9	9	9	8	3	10	8	10	9	10—85
	10	8	9	8	10	7	9	4	7	8—80
	9	9	8	5	8	10	7	10	5	9—80
	5	7	8	10	10	10	5	9	8	7—79
	3	10	8	10	10	8	7	7	8	8—79—403
H B Seeds	6	9	10	7	6	10	9	9	7	8—82
	7	8	9	9	7	6	9	7	7	10—79
	6	8	9	8	6	9	10	6	7	9—77
	8	4	10	9	6	7	5	9	8	10—76
	8	3	6	5	10	8	8	5	5	9—73—387
C Heinel, Sr	10	9	6	6	10	9	10	10	5	6—81
	5	6	9	6	8	9	10	10	6	9—78
	9	9	5	10	6	10	7	5	7	7—75
	9	7	7	8	6	8	6	10	3	8—72
	5	7	10	5	6	7	6	8	9	7—70—376
J E E Seeds	9	8	9	7	9	4	6	10	7	7—75
	7	5	6	7	9	9	10	7	9	7—74
	7	6	6	10	6	9	7	6	10	6—74
	6	4	9	6	7	8	6	8	10	9—73
	10	6	7	7	6	7	7	6	7	9—72—368
H Simpson	9	7	9	8	8	7	4	10	8	7—77
	6	6	9	7	8	8	7	8	6	6—71
	7	8	6	7	7	6	7	7	7	9—71
	9	8	7	7	9	6	6	6	6	5—69
	5	8	8	6	7	10	4	5	5	8—66—354
J F Newman	10	8	8	7	5	5	5	6	10	10—74
	6	5	9	6	7	6	9	10	6	8—72
	5	5	8	10	7	10	8	3	6	7—69
	9	8	7	9	7	6	7	8	4	6—63
	6	8	7	7	4	10	5	7	4	7—5—63—354

At 160yds.—Beginners' Re-entry Match, two Best Scores to Win.

E F Nutter	8	6	5	8	9—36		7	6	10	7	5—35—71
H Thompson	5	5	9	7	10—36		8	8	7	6	5—35—71
W C Thompson	6	9	6	10	5—36		10	6	1	9	7—33—69
G W Cavender							6	5	9	9	5—34	
L T Ward							5	6	7	3	8—29	
G Alfrey							3	2	7	5	3—20	

BOSTON, Dec. 25.—A large number of shooters visited the range at Walnut Hill on Christmas day, and kept up a continuous crack of the rifle. All of the matches were well patronized, and many good scores made. The weather conditions were all that could be asked, a light wind blowing most of the day. Following are the best scores at 200yds.:

Rest Match.

L R Avay	10	9	12	12	12	12	10	12	12	12—113	
S Wilder	12	12	9	9	12	12	11	12	10	11—110	
J R Munroe	12	11	11	10	12	11	9	10	11	11—108	
J Francis	9	12	12	11	11	10	10	10	9	12—106	
A G Horne	9	10	11	10	10	12	10	11	9	11—106	
A Ballard	9	11	10	12	11	8	9	10	10	11—101	
J R French	9	9	11	12	9	10	11	10	9	10—100	
F O Martin	11	11	9	10	9	10	10	9	9	9—97	
C Towne	11	9	9	9	9	9	10	11	11	9—97	
A N Gunn	9	8	8	10	9	8	9	9	9	8—87	

All-Comers' Match.

A Law	6	7	7	5	7	9	10	10	6	8—75
L Bundy	9	7	10	10	6	5	6	6	7	7—73
B G Barker	5	5	9	10	9	5	7	10	5	5—70
O T Moore	4	6	6	4	7	8	6	7	9	7—62
H A Baker	6	6	8	5	7	4	5	6	5	5—58
B Rudge	4	6	10	5	7	5	6	5	7	3—58

Victory Medal Match.

C B Warren	8	10	5	7	10	8	10	6	10	7—81
O T Moore	7	7	8	7	7	7	9	8	8	8—76
L T Low	8	8	7	10	5	8	9	7	8	5—75
W Browne	9	8	7	8	5	5	5	6	10	8—71

Military Match.

J E Darmody	4454444454—42	W S Pepperell	2544425443—37
J Smith	4445444444—41	A S Field	0444343544—35
A E Tenny	5243445544—40		

Pistol Match, 50Yds.

J B Fellows	10	10	10	8	7	10	10	10	8	8—91
A Stevens	8	8	7	10	7	10	10	8	9	8—85
C Clark	10	6	7	8	10	8	8	7	9	10—83

50-Shot Revolver Match.

W C Johnston, Jr	10	7	7	8	8	9	7	10	9	5—80
	8	9	6	9	8	8	9	8	10	10—85
	8	10	7	6	10	10	9	6	7	7—80
	10	7	7	9	9	10	9	7	8	10—86
	9	9	8	9	7	9	7	10	7	7—82—413
S A Herson	10	9	8	8	9	7	10	7	10	10—88

SNOW FORTS.—A Norwegian officer reports that he has found tightly packed snow to be proof against musketry at an ordinary range even when less than a yard thick, and he asserts that snow can also resist field artillery. Norway, in that case, can rely on having a good supply of defensive material for parapets in case of operations being undertaken against her in the dead of winter. The use of snow for stopping rifle balls has been common on the ranges here for some time. It is employed instead of sawdust to catch bullets at short range when studying the effect of rifling, etc.

THE NEW WIMBLEDON.—Brookwood, near Woking, has been fixed upon as the new location for the British National Rifle Association shoots.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., Dec. 25.—The Rod and Gun Club shoot at Lake Lookout Range to-day was a great success. There was a large attendance and the shooting house was filled with riflemen and spectators. The day was perfect for the sport, and as a result the scores were good. The record match was first shot, and then came the prize matches. Wilson won the first class and Hitchcock the second class. Those using military rifles were given a handicap of 7 points, which proved to be a little strong. The third class did not fill. The scores are as follows:

Rest Match.

Stephens	6	8	6	7	8	10	8	9	8	8—78
Bull	8	5	5	8	10	7	6	7	5	10—71
Farnsworth	7	4	6	9	6	8	7	5	8	7—67
McDonald	6	4	4	8	5	10	9	5	5	8—64
Dean	8	6	8	2	4	6	10	7	6	4—31
Leonard	5	2	6	9	5	6	9	8	7	4—61
Walters	3	5	3	3	7	5	8	4	9	—58

First Class, 15 shots.

Wilson	137+7—134	Talbott	117+7—124
Stephens	132	Gassner	123
Allen	126	Farnsworth	115+7—122

Second Class.

Hitchcock	122	Bowers	100+7—107
Kimball	114+7—121	Sterling	92+7— 99
F R Bull	108+7—115	Leonard	89+7— 96
Hindley	113	Leroy	91
Johnson	104+7—111	McCann	74+7— 81

GARDNER, Mass., Dec. 29.—At the meet at Hackmatack Range this week of members of the Gardner Rifle Club they were favored with fine weather. Shooting was off-hand, 200yds., standard target:

G F Ellsworth	9	8	7	8	9	10	8	9	10	8—86
	8	9	8	8	10	8	10	10	10	10—91—177
Abe Knowlton	10	6	9	9	8	7	9	10	7	10—85
	9	9	9	10	10	7	5	9	8	8—85—170
A Mathews	7	7	6	8	8	9	9	9	9	10—82
	10	9	10	9	9	8	7	6	7	6—81—163
Frank Nichols	7	8	7	9	10	5	9	9	9	10—83
	6	8	8	9	9	6	9	8	10	8—79—162
Frank Edgell	6	8	9	8	7	7	9	8	10	8—80
	8	6	8	9	7	6	8	9	8	10—79—159
C N Edgell	3	8	9	8	7	8	9	10	8	7—81
	8	9	7	6	7	8	6	9	10	9—79—160
W C Loveland	8	7	8	7	9	8	10	8	9	9—83

WORCESTER, Mass., Dec. 20.—At the recent meet of a few sportsmen at the Broad Meadow rifle range of the Worcester Rifle Association, a very pleasant time was enjoyed. The men used sporting rifles, and the Massachusetts target, the shooting was off-hand distance 200yds. with the following results:

A C White	8	10	7	9	9	10	7	9	6	8—83
	8	8	9	8	5	6	8	9	6	6—71—154
Steadman Clark	7	8	9	9	10	5	5	8	5	7—73
	8	6	6	8	8	8	9	6	4	9—72—145

With Military Rifle, Creedmoor Target.

A C White	5	4	5	5	4	5	4	5	4	4—45
	5	4	5	5	4	4	4	5	4	4—44— 89
C S Macomber	5	4	5	5	5	4	5	3	4	3—42
	4	4	3	4	4	4	4	4	4	4—39
	4	3	4	5	3	4	4	4	4	4—39—120
James Earley	4	4	4	4	5	4	4	4	4	4—41
	4	4	3	4	3	5	5	4	5	4—41
	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4—40—122
D Jones	4	3	4	4	4	4	4	3	5	4—39
	4	4	5	3	3	4	4	3	4	4—38— 77

TOPEKA RIFLE CLUB.—Topeka, Kan., Dec. 13.—The following scores were made on Dec. 13 by the members of the club on 200yds. range:

J L Paine	6	10	7	10	7	5	7	10	10	8—80
	9	10	8	6	10	7	8	10	9	7—84
	6	8	10	9	10	5	10	10	5	10—83
	8	9	10	8	9	6	5	7	10	6—78
C R Paine	6	7	5	9	8	9	7	10	10	9—80
	6	7	8	7	7	9	10	7	8	8—77
	7	7	7	4	9	10	10	10	6	10—80
	9	6	8	8	8	7	8	5	9	10—78
J R McCarter	7	5	7	7	6	10	10	5	8	10—75
	6	6	9	7	6	8	7	8	10	9—76
	9	5	7	9	8	9	10	5	9	6—77
	8	6	10	6	6	9	4	6	8	6—69

G. E. M.

SALEM, Mass., Dec. 25.—Salem marksmen did a lot of shooting at the Independent Rifle Range to-day. Among the best shots made at 200yds., out of a possible 200, were these:

Lieut W G Hussey	41	38	37	37—155
*G A Ropes	32	20	28	28—108
*J M Wilson	36	29	28	28—115
W F Rodigras	33	33	36	30—132
†Corp Bruce	50	37	29	34—150

*Handicap 16. †Handicap 10.

These were for special prizes. Among other shots made were these:

*Sergt Reuben Ropes	29	30	26	25—186
Sergt C F Ropes	25	26	27	31—109

*Handicap 20.

H. S. Cummings, with a handicap of 20, made 123. Corp. Osgood, on a decimal count, of a possible 100, made one score of 70 and a second of 67.

OTTAWA, Ont., Dec. 26.—The Department of Militia and Defence has just about closed its operations for the year. The active militia consists of 35,783 officers and men, divided as follows:

Cavalry	1,044	Infantry	31,297
Field Artillery	1,449		
Garrison Artillery	1,823	Total	36,783
Engineers	179	Permanent Corps	950

During the year 20,689 men reported for drill. The amount of ammunition issued for practice from 1867 to June 30, 1888, is as follows:

	Rounds.		Rounds.
Ball	13,053,789	Blank	6,834,42

In addition there were sold 9,825,675 rounds of ammunition.

GERMAN-AMERICAN SHOOTERS.—The German-American Shooting Society, an organization of about 1,400 members of New York city, dedicated its new hall and headquarters in St. Mark's Place on the evening of Dec. 16. For years the society has been striving for this consummation. Its twenty-four companies had previously met in the Germania Assembly Rooms on the Bowery. They gathered together there for the last time and marched in a body, escorted by several sister societies, to their new headquarters. The new building is a stone structure, five stories high. In the basement are a shooting gallery and a bowling alley. Back of the saloon on the first floor is a large restaurant and assembly room, and on the second, third and fourth floors, front, are company rooms, the rear being finished for lodge and assembly rooms. On the fifth floor are the kitchen, and private appartments of the janitor. The building is in French renaissance style, and occupies a modest space at 12 St. Mark's place. It is fitted more in a practicable than in a luxuriant manner, containing a number of large rooms instead of the usual grand hall of the club building. "In unity there is strength," the motto of the German-American Schuetzen Society, is conspicuous on the St. Mark's place facade, and it actually tells the whole story of the building. The entire building was handsomely draped and festooned with the national colors of Germany and America and with fancy banners. In the assembly room on the second floor, where the speechmaking was done, there were large portraits in oil of Washington, Lincoln and Grant. Mr. Henry Fishler, president of the society, delivered an address of welcome and introduced Judge Nehrbas, who congratulated the society upon the realization of its desires for an independent headquarters. Among the other speakers of the occasion were Coroner Levy, and Mr. F. A. Ringler. The New York Maennerchor, conducted by Claussen, rendered several beautiful choruses. There were many visiting shooting societies present from New York and Brooklyn. A collation followed the speechmaking.

BOSTON, Dec. 29.—This was the last sporting day for 1888 at the Massachusetts range, and many were on hand to take their last chance in the matches. Below will be found the prize winners in the Victory medal match, with their winning scores:

H. L. Lee (Gold victory, 10 scores of 86 or better): 86, 87, 89, 87, 91, 86, 89, 87, 86, 87.

Gold membership medal, won on 10 scores of 81 or better: 81, 84, 81, 84, 88, 83, 87, 83, 82, 83.

Silver victory, won on 10 scores of 80 or better: 82, 92, 81, 90, 82, 83, 86, 83, 84, 90.

Bronze victory, won on 10 scores of 75 or better: 76, 86, 80, 82, 78, 79, 87, 81, 80, 83.

J. A. Frye (gold membership badge, 10 scores of 81 or better): 82, 83, 85, 82, 86, 81, 83, 82, 81, 82.

G. B. Warren (bronze victory badge, 10 scores of 75 or better): 76, 81, 79, 77, 80, 75, 80, 81, 78, 77.

Silver membership badge, 10 scores of 70 or better: 74, 84, 70, 71, 71, 70, 75, 70, 73, 71.

MASSACHUSETTS RIFLE ASSOCIATION.—The management of the Massachusetts Rifle Association announce a new series of matches for 1889 as follows: All-comers' practice match—200yds.; rounds, 10; no prizes. Members' practice match—Entry fee, to members only. Revolver and pistol—Practice match, open to all comers; entries good for 10 and 50yds. practice matches. Sighting shots—Tickets good for 10 shots, to all comers. Victory medal match for 1889—To close Dec. 31, to be shot on standard American target; 200yds., standing; rounds, 10; no handicap; scores made in other matches do not count in this. Prizes as follows: First prize, a victory gold medal, to the competitor who scores 10 80s during the year; second, a gold membership badge, to the competitor who scores 10 81s during the year; third, a victory silver medal, to the competitor who scores 10 80s during the year; fourth, a victory bronze medal, to the competitor who scores 10 75s during the year; fifth, a silver membership badge, to the competitor who scores 10 70s during the year; sixth, a bronze membership badge, to the competitor who scores 10 65s during the year. Medal and badge match—all comers; standard American target, 200yds., standing; rounds, 10; any rifle; members will compete on revised handicap list; non-members on such handicap as may be fixed by the executive officer (subject to approval of executive committee); prizes to be won on the aggregate of each competitor's best five scores, counted as one continuous score; membership badges can be won by members only; military rifles to be shot without cleaning during each score. Each competitor in this match who fails to secure a prize, but who has shot 10 or more scores, will be entitled to have 20 per cent. of his entry fee refunded; this match to close July 4, 1889; 10 prizes, value $88.

Rest match—200yds.; rounds, 10 on standard American target; with rest bullseye; prizes to be won on the aggregate of each competitor's best five scores, counted as one continuous score; rifle, any, without restriction as to sights, weight or trigger pull, except that hair triggers must be provided with safety lock, rifles of over 12lbs. weight, with telescope sights, will be handicapped 2 points to each score; any position or rest, provided the rifle is shot from the shoulder; this match will close Fast day, 1889; prizes, percentages of the entry fees.

Champion medal match—Members only; 200yds.; rifle, any; standing; rounds, 10, on standard American target; medal to be held by the winner until the next regular shoot day, when it must be delivered to the executive officer at the range, it finally to become the property of the competitor having won the greatest number of times during the year; if a tie exists at the end of the year it shall be decided as follows: Each competitor tied shall shoot a string of 10 shots, handicapped on the basis of the average of 10 shot strings of his winning scores. Twenty shot rest match (for gold medal)—All comers; 200yds.; rounds, 20 on standard American targets with rest bullseye; one score only allowed each day; rifle, any, no restriction as to sights, weight or trigger pull, except that hair trigger must be provided with safety locks and rifles of over 12lbs. weight with telescope sights will be handicapped 4 points; any position or rest, provided the rifle is shot from the shoulder; conditions with reference to name, finishing score and deciding ties, same as "champion medal match."

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Dec. 23.—The target ranges at Shell Mound Park were occupied to-day by "the Nationals," companies C and G, First Regiment, National Guard of California. The scores made were unusually good, as shown by the following list; 10 shots at 200 and 500yds.: Champion Class—A. H. Baird 43, 47, A. Johnson 43, 46; John E. Klein 45, 40; Charles Meyer 46, 40; T. E. Carson 46, 36. First Class—H. Kock 37, 29. Second Class—J. G. Hult 42, 41; O. Noble 42, 39; O. F. Peterson 42, 39.

ANNUAL MEETINGS.—The annual meeting of the National Rifle Association will be held at the 22d Regiment armory in this city on Jan. 8. The annual meeting and dinner of the Massachusetts Rifle Association will be held at Young's Hotel Jan. 8.

THE CARVER SHOOT.

MINNEAPOLIS, Dec. 24.—Dr. William F. Carver, the famous rifleman, began his six days' shoot at the Washington Rink this morning. He will try to break his own and the world's record of 60,000 glass balls in six days. If he succeeds in accomplishing this herculean task he will receive $2,500 for his work, but should he fail he will be out his expenses. As some people have charged that the cartridges are loaded with shot, a single grain of which would break a glass ball, wooden balls have been secured and the mark of every bullet can be plainly traced. Another condition is that a .22-caliber rifle shall be used. As this is a smaller bullet than the marksman is accustomed to, he says the feat will be more difficult than when he made the world's record in 1884. He expects to break 8,000 or 10,000 balls to-day, and to increase this number daily. The only difficulty he says he will encounter will be shooting too fast on the first day. This caused a partial paralysis at New Haven in 1884, and almost resulted in the doctor's death. While he admits that he has not trained as thoroughly as he should, he is confident of success. Theo. C. Moeller, the well-known dumb-bell manipulator, who intended to break as many balls with a 10-pound sledge as the marksman did with his rifle, broke 8,003 balls in nine hours' practicing, and sprained his arm so badly that he will not be able to enter. He has been engaged to look after Dr. Carver's guns.

On one side of the great front hall of the rink a huge screen made of two thicknesses of heavy plank and reaching from floor to ceiling has been erected, and it is against the whitewashed surface of this screen as a background that the Doctor intends to fire about 63,000 shots and break 60,000 balls in six days.

It was shortly after 10 A. M. yesterday when the first ball was thrown and the first crack of Dr. Carver's heavy Winchester rifle rang through the rink and the ball fell splintered and broken. On a table by the marksman's side lay ten rifles, all alike, and one man—and he understands his business, too—stood ready to keep the magazines full, and another undertook to repair any damages to the guns and keep them all in working order. The cartridges used are .22 short, and each loading of each rifle gives 20 shots.

Dr. Carver shot almost continuously from 10 o'clock in the forenoon until about 1, when he took a rest of a little more than an hour for dinner, and then shot again until after 6 o'clock in the evening, when he left his position by the table and went to supper. All through the forenoon and the earlier part of the afternoon the light in the rink was very bad, and this, with the inexperience and the fear of the boys who were throwing the balls, made the work very difficult and trying, and caused more ciphers to appear in the score than would otherwise have been found there. But when the electric lights flared up at a little after 4, the artificial proved better than the light of the sun, and from that time until about 6 o'clock he made a great run, missing about 18 balls out of 2,000 shots. It was a wonderful sight to see him stand firm and square, apparently calm and unconcerned, just dropping his right hand far enough to open the breech and throw out the shell, and throwing it back in place, pull the trigger and send the bullet into the wooden balls just as they reached their greatest altitude and seemed to stand still in the air. A ball struck square on the side would break in pieces and fly to various parts of the room, while some would barely move, and the only way a hit could be detected was by the rapid spinning of the ball as it fell.

The throw shots with both eyes open and seldom fails to take even bad chances where the throwers fail to give a ball a clean toss, or some catch in the lock of the gun makes him late in sighting the object of his aim.

The crowd became enthusiastic as the number of targets mounted up into the thousands, with scarce a perceptible increase in the number of stray shots. Nearly every one in the hall took pains to possess himself with a piece of a ball with a bullet embedded in it or some other memento of the wondrous display of marksmanship he had beheld. The time by thousand shots was as follows:

	Begun.	Finished.		Begun.	Finished.
1st	10:05 A. M.	11:05 A. M.	6th		5:05 P. M.
2d		12:05 P. M.	7th		6:50 P. M.
3d		1:12 P. M.	8th	7:35 P. M.	8:40 P. M.
4th	2:05 P. M.	3:10 P. M.	9th		10:15 P. M.
5th		4:05 P. M.	10th		11:30 P. M.

In the case of all except the 4th and 8th thousands he began on one ten hundred shots immediately on finishing the one before it, but between the 3d and 4th he took dinner and went to supper between the 7th and 8th thousands.

At 12 o'clock Dr. Carver had fired 10,000 shots and had missed something over 230 balls. He then commenced to shoot to make up the full 10,000 targets and in a half hour did that much and added an extra 50 for luck. He made a new record in the matter of breaking successive balls, and at one time struck about 325 balls without missing one. The balls used are nearly round and are about 2½in. in diameter.

Dec. 25.—Dr. Carver has put in the second day of his great ball-breaking effort at the Washington rink, Minneapolis. It was the hardest Christmas the famous shooter ever passed. He kept at work just as if people around him were not enjoying themselves to the fullest. It was the Doctor's way of enjoying himself. He seemed to derive great satisfaction from seeing the wooden balls fly to pieces. When he took up his Winchester rifle at 10 o'clock he made an astonishing and discouraging discovery. He seemed to have no control of his arms. He could hardly elevate the rifle to an angle of 45 degrees, not to say keep elevating and firing. He at once sent for a physician. Electrical batteries were used, liniments employed, and by noon he was ready to resume his second day's work. He rested several times during the day, but was encouraged by the presence of a much larger number of spectators than were present the first day. Many of them were ladies, who took seats in the galleries and watched the shooting with much apparent interest. The great rink is not the best lighted building in the city by any means, and the Doctor was handicapped in this respect. The electric light is not the best light to shoot by, and then something of a cloud of smoke made it still worse. However, the Doctor did remarkable shooting during the day.

By 10:30 in the evening the Doctor had shot at 17,610 objects and had missed but 328, of these 235 were missed the first day, showing that but 93 were missed to-day up to within about an hour of the close last evening. The young men who throw the balls into the air are getting the art down fine, and are pretty regular in the distances they throw the ball. This is quite an aid to the marksman. Among the spectators were a number of gentlemen who have won local fame as marksmen. When the Doctor began to-day he had a little over 10,000 to his credit. His unexpected delay in starting the second day put him behind a great deal, and he was little a discouraged. He says he will stick to it, however, and do the very best he can. He expects to gain some to-day and to-morrow, perhaps enough to make up the daily average of 10,000. He received several telegrams from his friends in the East, who urge him to do his best. The score to-day was:

11,000	12:35 P. M.	15,000	6:10 P. M.
12,000	1:45 P. M.	16,000	8:20 P. M.
13,000	3:15 P. M.	17,000	9:45 P. M.
14,000	4:45 P. M.	18,000	10:50 P. M.

The wooden balls have been used so much that hundreds of them are shattered to pieces. Others are chipped so much that they are too small to half look original size.

Dec. 26.—Dr. Carver went to the Washington Rink this morning feeling better than on the night before, although his wrists were swollen considerably. He began shooting at the usual hour, 10 o'clock, and expressed himself as being confident that he would be able to have his total score up to 30,000 when 12 o'clock midnight came. He had miscalculated, however, as after shooting about 300 balls his right arm became helpless, and he was forced to discontinue. Dr. Tower, who was present, applied the current of a small electric battery that he had with him and bound the arm with bandages saturated with liniment, and in a short time he began work again. His aim remains true and he rarely missed what he aimed at. The boys engaged in throwing up the balls seemed in just as bad shape as the rifleman, and they did not toss as well as they might have done. The crowd at the rink was not as large as on Christmas Day. All expressed themselves as being sure that the doctor will fail in his task, and a number of experienced riflemen stated that they considered his feat an impossible one.

It was 12 o'clock before the marksman had shot his first 1,000 targets, and unless he made up during the afternoon it would be an impossible thing for him to make his 10,000 at midnight. At 3 o'clock he had hit 2,475 targets, and only missed 25.

Dr. Carver was in bad shape all the evening, and he looked very pale. His arms pained him severely. Despite that, however, he worked away steadily, and at 11 o'clock he had shot at 7,250 targets and missed only 60, making a total for the three days 20,735 targets and 26,555 hits.

	Begun.	Closed.		Begun.	Closed.
20th	10:10 A. M.	11:55 A. M.	24th	6:30 P. M.	7:50 P. M.
21st	12:00 M.	1:25 P. M.	25th	8:05 P. M.	9:00 P. M.
22d	2:20 P. M.	3:45 P. M.	26th	9:00 P. M.	10:20 P. M.
23d	4:40 P. M.	5:40 P. M.			

The doctor began on his 27th thousand at 10:50, but did not finish it at 11:35, he felt so badly that he thought he had better retire, and stopped with the score of 420. Altogether in the three days he has shot at 26,714 targets, and missed but 407. When he went to his room at the Nicollet House at midnight his wrist was in bad shape. Electric batteries were applied after which it was poulticed with flaxseed. The doctor is not discouraged.

Dec. 27.—The Doctor has already shown himself to have lost none of the grit and endurance he displayed a year ago when he made his New Haven record. At noon to-day he had fired altogether 30,000 shots, which means, without exaggeration, that he had lifted, up to that time 300,000lbs. His rifle weighs 10lbs., and he had carried that to his shoulder 30,000 times. The terrible work is telling on him, however, and he looks like an altogether different man than he did when on the first day he stepped inside the railing and lifted a rifle to his shoulder. He did not feel so fatigued as on the day before, but his wrists and fingers were swollen worse and pained him more.

At 11 o'clock in the forenoon, while the doctor was busy firing, the massive bulwark which is used as a back-stop for the bullets, suddenly gave way from the top and came crashing down. The scorer and the two ball-tossers had a narrow escape for their lives, and the doctor came near losing an arm, as the heavy boards struck the table by which he was standing, within a few inches of his arm. It took a good deal of time to get the bulwark back to its former position, which caused the doctor to lose a good deal of valuable time. His rifle did not work any better than it did the day before, and the boys tossing the balls tossed worse if anything than before. The balls that were missed were few and far between however.

When the evening shooting opened his score for the four days was 34,600 shots with 493 misses. He is considerably behind his average, and intends shooting all night to make up for what he has lost. After 12 he laid down for an hour's sleep, and then began shooting again. He will shoot and sleep at intervals of an hour all night. The score up to 1 o'clock stood as follows:

	Begun.	Closed.		Begun.	Closed.
28th	10:25 A. M.	11:25 A. M.	33d	5:25 P. M.	6:25 P. M.
29th	11:40 A. M.	12:35 P. M.	34th	7:10 P. M.	8:00 P. M.
30th	12:55 P. M.	1:40 P. M.	35th	8:00 P. M.	9:15 P. M.
31st	2:25 P. M.	3:50 P. M.	36th	9:20 P. M.	10:55 P. M.
32d	3:35 P. M.	4:45 P. M.	37th	11:05 P. M.	1:00 A. M.

Dec. 28.—Dr. Carver's shooting to-day was wonderful. He kept up his work until 4 o'clock in the morning when he went to bed and slept a few hours. He had shot altogether over 38,500 targets before that hour. He began again at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, and from that time on a continuous stream of fire came from that part of the building where the rifleman was standing. He was determined to have the 3,000 which he was behind in his score wiped off the boards before he stopped, and make at the close of the fifth day a total score of 50,000. There were a great many visitors at the rink during the day, among them several prominent St. Paul marksmen. At 9:30 in the evening the doctor had shot 3,500 times since 10 o'clock A. M. and missed but 60 shots. His arm, wrist and hand were still in terrible condition, and it was necesary for a doctor to inject morphine into his shoulder with a hypodermic spring to keep him from fainting with the pain. He is looking very pale and haggard, and has probably lost twenty-five pounds in weight during the five days' work. The following table will show Dr. Carver's total score up to the close of the fifth day:

	Begun.	Closed.		Begun.	Closed.
37½	1:05 A. M.	2:25 A. M.	44½	5:00 P. M.	6:15 P. M.
38½	2:55 A. M.	3:30 A. M.	45½	6:15 P. M.	7:30 P. M.
39½	10:00 A. M.	11:00 A. M.	46½	7:30 P. M.	8:50 P. M.
40½	11:30 A. M.	1:25 P. M.	47th	8:50 P. M.	9:30 P. M.
41½	1:25 P. M.	2:30 P. M.	48th	10:00 P. M.	11:15 P. M.
42½	2:30 P. M.	3:30 P. M.	49th	11:15 P. M.	12:40 P. M.
43½	3:30 P. M.	4:55 P. M.			

The total score of the day since 10 o'clock yesterday morning is 10,500 with 61 misses. Total for the five days, 49,000 with 590 misses.

Dec. 29.—Dr. Carver's right hand was powerless when he took up his rifle at 9 o'clock this morning and he hadn't the strength to throw the lever of his Winchester down. All day yesterday he kept steadily at work, and had 49,000 balls to his credit when he was forced to stop. During the day Dr. Lowers was called in and injected morphine into his swollen arm. He told the marksman's trainer to bandage the wrist with a flaxseed poultice when he stopped shooting, but this was not done, and this morning it was in very bad condition.

When Dr. Carver found his arm was powerless he applied the electric battery, but the full strength of the current had no effect on him. Dr. Lowers was called in and advised the Doctor to quit, but he refused to stop and said: "If you can get this hand to work I'll go ahead if it kills me."

"If you keep on," said the physican, "the first thing you know your right arm will have to be amputated."

"Well, I'm going at it again, and I'll break 11,000 balls to-day, but if anybody ever gets me into a scrape like this again it won't be while my name is Carver."

After receiving an injection of morphine, Dr. Carver commenced shooting at 10 o'clock. His left arm has caused him no trouble at all, but from the condition of his right hand early morning visitors were of the opinion that he would break down before completing the task.

At 3 o'clock this afternoon he had shot at 52,800 balls, and missed 605. He expects to finish his task of breaking 60,000 balls by midnight. The prospects are that he will break his record, as he started out to do, but at a terrible physical expense.

An attempt was made to-night by some of the local gamblers to

prevent Dr. Carver from completing his task by attaching his guns on an alleged claim of $87. Mayor Ames became responsible for the guns and the shooting was continued. Fully one thousand people were present.

At half-past 9 to-night the score was 57,100 shots and 605 misses. The marksman was in better condition than at any time during the day, and bets of 5 to 1 that he would win could find no takers.

Dec. 30.—Dr. Carver finished his task of breaking 60,000 balls in six days with single bullets at twenty-five minutes of 3 o'clock this morning. He missed only 650 balls, and made these up before stopping. He was given several hypodermic injections of morphine yesterday to still the terrible pain which his wrist gave him.

The Doctor was completely exhausted when he finished, and was put to bed at once. To-day the services of a physician were necessary for his swollen wrist, and it will be several days before he is restored to his normal condition.

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

NIAGARA FALLS, Ont., Dec. 27.—The first of the two days' International Trap-shoot Tournament of live pigeons and blackbirds took place to-day on the grounds of the Whirlpool Gun Club. A large number of marksmen were present from the United States and Canada, who took part in the day's sport. The weather was unfavorable for good shooting. The sun did not make an appearance and a strong left rear wind blew all day. The following is the score; Match No. 1—Sweepstakes; entries $2, 6 blackbirds, prizes 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. of purse:

J Simpson, Niagara Falls	2
S Skuse, Buffalo	1
H Brown, Toronto	2
W McCarthy, Buffalo	4
J Bampfield, Niagara Falls	3
A Downs, Buffalo	3
J Wayper, Hespeler	3
A Menton, Buffalo	3
H McMurchy, Syracuse	4
J Cline, Hamilton	2
E Hudson, Syracuse	4
W C Hadley, Rochester	4
J Koch, Buffalo	4

W. McCarthy took first money, and H. McMurchy, Hudson, Koch, and W. Hadley divided second, third and fourth money. Match No. 2 ($75 guaranteed)—Prizes, $25, $20, $15, $10, $5; 10 live pigeons, entries $3.50:

G Rogers, St Catharines	9
J Stauber, Buffalo	8
H McMurchy, Syracuse	9
G Bishop, Niagara	8
J Wayper, Hespeler	9
Wm McCarthy, Buffalo	8
A Downs, Buffalo	8
J Boulton, Niagara	8

Fourteen retired. Rogers, McMurchy and Wayper divided first, second and third money; Downs, Stauber, Bishop, McCarthy and Boulton divided fourth and fifth money.

Match No. 3—Sweepstakes; entries $2.50, 6 blackbirds, prizes 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. of purse:

E Hudson, Syracuse	6
W McCarthy, Buffalo	2
E H Smith, La Salle, N Y	5
J Koch, Buffalo	2
H Ochmig, Buffalo	5
B Minton, Buffalo	2
W C Hadley, Rochester	4
J Simpson, Niagara Falls	1
J Wayper, Hespeler	4
W Wilhem, Buffalo	1
J Stauber, Buffalo	4

The Syracuse man, E. Hudson, collected first money; E. H. Smith and H. Ochmig divided second and third money; J. Wayper took fourth money, he winning the shoot-off for the ties.

Match No. 4 (extra sweepstakes)—Six blackbirds, prizes 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. of purse, entrance $2:

H McMurchy, Syracuse	6
E H Smith LaSalle	4
W McCarthy, Buffalo	6
J Koch, Buffalo	3
W C Hadley, Rochester	5
S Skuse, Buffalo	3
J Stauber, Buffalo	5
H Brown, Toronto	3

McMurchy and McCarthy divided first and second money, Hadley and Stauber third and fourth.

Match No. 5 (extra sweepstakes)—Entries $2, 6 blackbirds, prizes 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. of purse:

H McMurchy, Syracuse	6
G Miller, Buffalo	4
W C Hadley, Rochester	5
W McCarthy, Buffalo	3
J Wayper, Hespeler	5
E Hudson, Syracuse	2
E H Smith, LaSalle	5

H. McMurchy, Syracuse, breaking his 6 birds, straightaway, took first money. The three ties of 5 in shoot-off for second, third and fourth places were won in the following order: E. H. Smith, J. Wayper, and W. C. Hadley.

Dec. 28.—The second and last day of the International trap shoot brought weather more favorable for the sport. The Canadians held their own better. Rogers, of St. Catherines, particularly distinguished himself. The two Syracuse men did equally as well as yesterday, as also did Smith of La Salle. The following is the score:

Shoot No. 1, 6 birds sweepstakes, entry $2, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. of purse:

McCarthy, Buffalo	4	Hudson, Syracuse	6
Hadley, Rochester	6	Graham, Buffalo	4
Wayper, Hespeler	4	Kellogg, Tonawanda	5
McMurchy, Syracuse	5	Cline, Hamilton	2

Hadley and Hudson divided first and second money, McMurchy and Kellogg third and fourth.

Shoot No. 2, $75 guarantee, entry $3.50, 7 live birds, prizes $25, $20, $15, $10 and $5:

Kellogg, Tonawanda	1111110—6	Desher, St. Catherines	1110111—6
McMurchy, Syracuse	1011111—6	Wayper, Hespeler	1011111—6
Hudson, Syracuse	1111011—6	Bampfield, Niag. Falls	1000000—1
V Jones, Hamilton	1011101—5	Rogers, St. Catherines	1111111—7

Six retired. Rogers, the St. Catherines crack shot, knocked over 7 straight birds and took the first money. Kellogg, McMurchy, Hudson, Disher and Wayper divided second, third, fourth and fifth money. In this contest a "baby" prize was given to the marksman making the smallest score. It was won by Jas. Bampfield, the popular proprietor of the Grand Trunk restaurant.

Shoot No. 3, 6 birds sweepstakes, entry $2, prizes 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. of purse:

E H Smith, La Salle	6	H McMurchy, Syracuse	6
W McCarthy, Buffalo	4	E Hudson, Syracuse	6
J Wayper, Hespeler	6	J Graham, Hamilton	2
W C Hadley, Rochester	4		

Smith, Wayper, McMurchy and Hudson divided the purse.

Shoot No. 4, extra sweepstake, 6 blackbirds, entries $2; prizes, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. of purse:

Hadley, Rochester	5	Wayper, Hespeler	5
Graham, Hamilton	4	Jones, Hamilton	3
McCarthy, Buffalo	6	E Smith, La Salle	5
Hudson, Syracuse	6	Cline, Hamilton	5
McMurchy, Syracuse	5		

McCarthy of Buffalo and Hudson of Syracuse divided first and second money; Hadley, McMurchy, Wayper, Smith and Cline divided third and fourth money.

Shoot No. 5, extra sweepstake, entries $2; 3 live blackbirds; prizes, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. of purse:

Smith, La Salle	3	Wayper, Hespeler	3
Kellogg, Tonawanda	1	Graham, Hamilton	0
Rogers, St. Catherines	2	McCarthy, Buffalo	3
Hadley, Rochester	2	Margetts, Niagara Falls	3
Hudson, Syracuse	2	Disher, St. Catherines	0
McMurchy, Syracuse	3	Cline, Hamilton	1

Smith, McMurchy, Wayper, McCarthy and Margetts divided the purse.

Shoot A, extra sweepstake, $2 entry, 6 blackbirds; prizes 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. of purse:

Hadley, Rochester	4	Dr Sherley, Sus Bridge	3
Bampfield, Niagara Falls	4	Wayper, Hespeler	5
McCarthy, Buffalo	3	Smith, La Salle, N. Y.	6
Hudson, Syracuse	2	Kellogg, Tonawanda	2
McMurchy, Syracuse	4	Miller, Markham	5

Smith took first, Wayper and Miller divided second and third. After the shoot off of ties for fourth place Hadley and McMurchy still remained tied and divided fourth money.

WASHINGTON HEIGHTS CLUB.—Christmas was thoroughly enjoyed by the Washington Heights Gun Club at Saul's Fort Washington Hotel, New York city. Double shooting matches were made up. The most interesting feature of the day was the work of a prize winner setter, the property of the Washington Heights Kennel Club. She and three of her 5-months old pups were allowed to retrieve the birds, and the youngsters acted like old dogs. They were photographed in action. In the 10 birds, 30yds. rise gold medal contest, Mr. W. B. Peet killed 8 birds, winning the prize. Messrs. Greloch, Davidson and Helmbold were tied on 7 birds.

BROOKLYN, Dec. 25.—There was a large gathering at the Woodsburg Driving Park Christmas forenoon, to see a pigeon shooting match. There were two matches. The first was between Capt. William Cromwell and Commodore Joseph Rotino, both old-time crack marksmen. The conditions of this match were: 25yds, 10 birds, 80yds. boundary:

Capt Cromwell	1110111100—7	Com Rotino	1110100110—6

The second match was for sweeps, best out of 5, 25yds. There were seven contestants, W. W. Murray, C. Brower and F. K. Walsh won the prizes.

THE CARTERET CUP.—The pigeon shoot for teams of four held by the Carteret Gun Club at its grounds near Bergen Point, N. J., yesterday, was a success in everything except weather. It was showery all day, especially in the afternoon, when the fourth men—the cracks—of each of the teams were shooting. The light was also very bad in the afternoon, but as there was no wind the rain and bad light was neutralized. Of the seven clubs invited to meet the Carteret's team, five responded, viz.: Philadelphia and Riverton, of Philadelphia; Country, Tuxedo and the Kennel club's, of New York. The conditions were that the Carteret Club should give a silver cup of the value of $500, for which teams of four men from each club should shoot at 20 birds, 30yds. rise, 50yds. boundary, each team to pay $50 entrance. The shooting, which was fairly good, began at 11:05 A. M., with C. H. Arnold, of the New York Stock Exchange, as referee, and the veteran "Krik" as official scorer. In the little betting done the Carteret had the call, with the Country Club team next. The Carteret team proved much the stronger, having Mr. Gladwin to lead, who killed 18. Mr. O. Thorne was second man, but did badly, only killing 14, after which Mr. C. Floyd Jones and Dr. G. Knapp came, and as they killed 19 each the total for the team was 70 killed, of which 69 fell dead inside of 21yds. and one inside of 50yds.

Gladwin	11111011111011111111—18
Thorne	11111100111001010111—14
C Floyd-Jones	11111110111111111111—19
Knapp	11111111111111011111—19—70

	K.	M.	Q.R.	Q.L.	D.	Inc.	T.	Times 2d bar.
Gladwin	18	2	9	2	4	5	0	15
Thorne	14	6	5	3	11	1	0	16
C Floyd-Jones	19	1	4	1	9	2	4	12
G Knapp	19	1	3	4	10	2	1	15

The Country Club of Westchester county won second honors, with 66 killed. The team was strong with one exception, and at half the race they led the score with 36 killed out of a possible 40. Unfortunately Mr. Iselin went to pieces, and at the end of the third round the team's total was one killed behind Carteret. Of the 66 killed, 65 fell dead inside of 21yds. and 1 at 35yds. Score:

Thebaud	01111101111111111111—18
Williams	10111111010111111111—18
Iselin	01011010111111001111—14
Pearson	11110101111111100111—16—66

	K.	M.	Q.R.	Q.L.	D.	Inc.	T.	Times 2d bar.
Thebaud	18	2	2	8	9	0	1	15
Williams	18	2	5	4	7	4	0	16
Iselin	14	6	5	2	7	5	1	17
Pearson	16	4	4	1	12	3	0	18

Owing to some delay in receiving the invitation the Rivertons could not get their regular team together, but some of the young members decided to come, and it was practically a team of rookies. All but Mr. Chew did well, especially Yale Dolan, who, with age and experience, will make a great shot. In fact, the Rivertons look upon him as the coming "crack." The team killed 65, all of which fell inside of 21yds. Score:

Randolph	11110101111111111110—17
Chew	10010101101011110111—13
Farquhar	11101111111111110110—17
Dolan	11111111101110111111—18—65

	K.	M.	Q.R.	Q.L.	D.	Inc.	T.	Times 2d bar.
Randolph	17	3	3	4	8	5	0	15
Chew	13	7	2	4	10	4	0	15
Farquhar	17	3	4	1	11	4	0	13
Dolan	18	2	2	2	12	3	1	11

The Philadelphias presented a fairly strong team, with Mr. Handy as best man and Mr. Coxe the poorest. The team killed 64, of which 62 fell dead inside of 21yds. and 2 inside of 35yds.:

Sartori	11101111111111011110—17
Coxe	01011111010101011111—13
Howard	11001101111111111111—16
Handy	11101111111101111111—18—64

	K.	M.	Q.R.	Q.L.	D.	Inc.	T.	Times 2d bar.
Sartori	17	3	4	2	9	4	1	13
Coxe	13	7	3	3	8	4	2	13
Howard	16	4	4	5	9	2	0	14
Handy	18	2	7	3	9	1	0	12

The Westminster presented a comparatively new team, although it had the veteran "Trav" Van Buren for fourth man. The four killed 61, all inside of 21yds.:

Colt	10111101111101111111—17
Burnham	10111100101111101010—13
Wilmerding	11011111001111111101—16
Van Buren	11110111111100711001—15—61

	K.	M.	Q.R.	Q.L.	D.	Inc.	T.	Times 2d bar.
Colt	17	3	2	2	12	3	1	17
Burnham	13	7	4	5	9	1	1	15
Wilmerding	15	4	5	4	8	1	2	10
Van Buren	15	6	2	2	8	3	2	11

The Tuxedo team had good material, but Mr. Halsey's bad form in the first round killed its chances for the cup. Total killed, 56, of which 52 fell dead inside of 21yds., 3 at 35yds., and 1 at 50yds.

Halsey	01110001010000010110—9
Paton	01111010110011111110—14
Stanwix	11110111011111111111—18
Watson	10111011111110011101—16—56

	K.	M.	Q.R.	Q.L.	D.	Inc.	T.	Times 2d bar.
Halsey	9	11	6	1	6	4	3	17
Paton	14	6	2	0	8	8	2	15
Stanwix	18	2	1	3	13	0	3	15
Watson	15	1	6	2	8	3	1	12

Among those who thronged the balcony of the handsome club house and watched the contestants in the drizzling rain were Treasurer J. B. Metcalf of the Carteret Club, W. H. Sands, S. S. Sands, George De Forest Grant, R. C. D. La Montagne, Marvin Storey, Chauncey Devin, Adolph Dubarry, N. Thorne and H. G. Crickmore. A. C. Arnold was referee.

The cup, which was made specially for the occasion by Tiffany, is a very handsome one, but, although exhibited, was unfinished. It is a silver loving-cup two feet high, with pigeons in flight for handles on either side. It bears the inscription "Carteret Gun Club Trophy." The retrieving, which was very badly done, was with the dogs Ralph, Phil and Joe. They acted as if they had been worked too hard. A diverting incident occurred. Oakley Thorne's white pointer Joe picked up one bird that he was sent after and carried it in far enough to be out of range. There he waited until the next man had fired, watching the effect of the shot as soberly as a judge until the bird dropped and became quiet. Then he trotted out and picked it up, carrying both prizes at once to the bag. The birds were an excellent lot, nearly all dark blue or slate color. Time of shoot, 5h. 10m.

WILMINGTON, Del., Dec. 25.—To-day was a big day at Wawaset Club grounds. There was shooting all the time, and the sport was witnessed by about 500 people. The scores are as follows:

20 Clay-pigeons Sweepstakes.

W McKendrick	13	D Buckmaster	9
R Miller	14	W Buckmaster	12
W H Hartlove	13	G Miller	12

The next was at 5 clay-pigeons, for amateurs. The prize was a pair of ducks, which was won by J. Cloud.

J Cloud	4	H Nichols	3
D Forrest	3	J Johnson	2
W Coverdale	2	J Jeffries	3

The next contest was at 6 bluerock pigeons. The first prize was 3 ducks, second 2 ducks, third 1 duck. The scores:

W Buckmaster	5	M A Hulp	5
D. Buckmaster	5	G Miller	4
W H Hartlove	4	R Miller	5
H McKendrick	5	W Smith	2
A H Stout	4		

In the shoot-off D. Buckmaster won first prize, A. H. Stout second and W. Smith third.

The scores in the bluerock pigeon shooting for three money prizes were as follows:

G Huber	111011—5	P McCloskey	101111—5
E Molchor	010101—3	W Smith	011111—5
P Ambold	111011—5	T Weldin	011001—3
J Cloud	000001—1	A H Stout	100101—3
L Yeamans	011110—4	W Silitoe	100110—3
W McKendrick	111101—5	J Elliot	001111—4
D Buckmaster	110010—3	W Buckmaster	111011—4
Goodwin	000000—0		

The first money was divided between Ambold, McKendrick and McCloskey; second, Elliot and Yetman; third, D. Buckmaster, Silitoe and Weldin.

The next contest was for an immense turkey weighing 36lbs. R. Miller won the bird by the score of 10 straight. A number of the other men withdrew from the contest after shooting several times. The score:

W McKendrick	1010101111—7	R Miller	1111111111—10
P Ambold	1011111000—6		

The annual supper of the Owl Gun Club will take place on Jan. 4.

CLAREMONT, JERSEY CITY, Dec. 26.—Christmas Day brought a large turnout of shooters and spectators to the New York Suburban grounds. Six traps were provided for sweeps and 6 for practice, which were kept busy by those who did not wish to tackle the experts. Sixteen sweeps were shot in all, the principal of which are given as follows:

Sweep No. 1:

Douglas	1101100001—5	Morton	0010001010—3
Reuter	0001101100—4	Miner	0003010010—2
Moffat	0010000011—3	Evans	0000003010—1

Sweep No. 2; $2 Team Match, losers to pay for birds:

Apgar	1111111111—10	Morton	1010110111—7
Reuter	1011011000— 5	Tee Kay	1100100111—6
Douglas	1011000100— 4	Peck	0100000111—4
Evans	0100000110— 3—22	Moffat	0000000110—2—19

Sweep No. 3; $3 entry:

Apgar	1111111110—9	Sanford	1101101100—6
Morton	0011110101—6	Douglas	0000101101—4
Tee Kay	0111010111—7	Schmidt	0010000101—3

Morton shot out Tee Kay and Sanford for second.

Sweep No. 4; entry $1:

Morton	1111111110—9	Schmidt	1010010111—6
Tee Kay	1011111111—9	Ellis	0111011010—6
Peck	1001111101—7	G Squire	1111000010—5
Apgar	1101111100—7	D Terry	1101011000—5
Smith	1101100101—6	W Squire	0000110101—4

All ties div.

Sweep No. 5; entry $1:

Tee Kay	1011111111—9	Peck	0110001011— 5
Apgar	1111101110—8	Smith	0110101001—5
J T Richards	0101011111—7	Ellis	1101100100—3
Morton	0110111110—7	G Squires	0000100100—3
Schmidt	1111011100—6	W Terry	0000 —0
D Terry	0100111011—6		

Richards won third on shoot off.

Sweep No. 6; entry $1:

Craft	1111111111—10	J T Richards	1111010101— 7
Smith	1111111011— 9	Morton	1101011101— 7
Apgar	1110111101— 8	Ellis	1101001111— 7
August	1110011111— 8	W Squire	1101011101— 7
D Terry	1101111101— 8	Tee Kay	1011101001— 6

Apgar won third on shoot-off.

Sweep No. 7; entry $1:

Craft	1111111111—10	Tee Kay	0101111110— 7
Apgar	1011111111— 9	Morton	1001111010— 6
J T Richards	0111111101— 8	Peck	1011110001— 6
Smith	1111111101— 8	Fussell	1110110000— 5
T Terry	0111011111— 8	Ellis	1010011000— 5

Richards won third shooting off after an excitings contest. Terry shooting at 2, S. G. Smith at 7 to decide a tie.

Sweep No. 8; entry $1:

Tee Kay	1111111001—9	J T Richards	1111010111—8
Smith	0111111111—9	D Terry	1001111110—7
Craft	1111101110—8	Schmidt	1001110110—6
Apgar	1111111010—8	Fussell	0010100101—4

First divided; Craft won second on shoot-off.

Sweep No. 9; entry $1:

J T Richards	1111111011—9	Apgar	0111111101—8
Craft	1101111111—9	Smith	1101011110—7
Tee Kay	1111111101—8	Fussell	1010110110—6

Richardson won first and Tee Kay second on shoot-off.

Dec. 27.—The fine afternoon induced quite a number of shooters to attend, most of whom preferred to practice, in order to show good scores on New Year's Day.

Sweeps, entry 50 cents:

Siegler	1011111111—9	Albee	0110011111—7
Lindsey	1100101111—8	Hathaway	0011100111—6
Siegler	1111111111—10	Lindsey	1111101111—9
Albee	1111111101— 9	Hathaway	0110110100—5

Second divided.

Albee	1101111111—9	Siegler	1000111111—7
Lindsey	1111101101—8		
Siegler	1111011111—9	Hathaway	1100111101—7
Lindsey	1101111101—8	Albee	1111010001—6

Two moneys in each. Grounds open every afternoon and all day Saturdays.

BLAUVELTVILLE, N. Y., Dec. 29.—The regular holiday matches of the Spring Hill Gun Club were held on Christmas, Dec. 25. The day was exceedingly fine and the shooting very good, as will be seen by the scores. First match, at 50 bluerocks, straightaway, 3 traps, 16yds. rise, Keystone rules. Sweepstakes, $3 entrance and cost of birds:

T S Hammond	1110010111011101111111110101011101111011111111—40
James Bogart	1110001100111111111011110011011000111111111101110—35
J Jones	0100111111101011111001110111101101111111011110—37
C J Bogart	1000110110011000100111111101000010011111001101101111—50
A D Kittle	1111110011000111111111010110111010101111111111111—39
C A Kittle	0011010101011011111011001110111111000111101111000—31
Dr C C Allen	1110111101111111101101011111111111111111001001101101—38
C M Hathaway	1010000111001101001111111111111000101101111111—31

Second match at 25 blue rocks, straightaway, 3 traps, 16yds. rise, Keystone rules, sweepstakes, $3 entrance and cost of birds:

A D Kittle	1111111111111111101011011011101101111011—21
T S Hammond	0100101011011011111011001101—16
Dr C C Allen	0101110100011101011111011101—16
J Jones	1011111011111011111111011—21
C A Kittle	0111110110011011111011000001—15
C M Hathaway	1010000101110111011111111110—17

Ties for first: A. D. Kittle 3, J. Jones 2. Ties for third: T. S. Hammond 3, Dr. C. C. Allen 0.

Third match, at 10 bluerocks, straightaway, 3 traps, 16yds. rise, Keystone rules, sweepstakes, $1 entrance and cost of birds:

A D Kittle	1111001011—7	T S Hammond	1101100111—7
C M Hathaway	1011000110—6	C A Kittle	1101111001—7
Dr C C Allen	1001011111—8		

Ties for second at 3 birds, then miss and out, won by C. A. Kittle.

Fourth match, at 10 bluerocks, straightaway, 18yds. rise, national rules, for club medals. Hathaway and Hammond 20yds. James Bogart gold medal, C. J. Bogart silver medal:

Dr C C Allen	1001101011—6	James Bogart	1011101111—8
A D Kittle	1110001101—6	T S Hammond	0001100w
C J Bogart	0111001101—6	C A Kittle	0001000110—3
C M Hathaway	1101110010—6		

Ties for second on 3 birds won by C. J. Bogart.

Fifth match, at 3 pair bluerocks, straightaway, 15yds. rise, sweepstakes, national rules:

Dr C C Allen	10 10 11—4	James Bogart	10 11 10—4
A D Kittle	11 00 11—4	T S Hammond	11 11 00—4
C J Bogart	10 00 00—1	C A Kittle	11 10 00—4
C M Hathaway	00 10 11—3	C A Kittle	11 10 00—3

Ties for first on one pair won by Hammond, second divided.

Sixth match, at 7 balls, 18yds. rise, national rules, sweepstakes:

Dr C C Allen	0011001—3	James Bogart	0101011—4
A D Kittle	1011101—5	T S Hammond	1100100—3
C J Bogart	1100011—4	C A Kittle	1011111—6
C M Hathaway	1001100—3		

PITTSBURGH, Dec. 25.—To-day's excellent weather was thoroughly enjoyed by the Herron Hill Gun Club members. It is a long time since there was such exciting shooting contests as those participated in during the day by the cracks of the club. There were several matches and sweepstakes, but the principal was the big shoot at 100 bluerocks for a sweepstake of $10 each. This was indeed the great shooting event of the season, and between 300 and 400 spectators were present to see it. Nine contestants entered, and when the contest started excitement ran high. Mr. McClure's friends were exceedingly confident of his success, but he commenced very unsteadily and never appeared to be in his best form. The winner turned up in Elmer E. Shaner, who ran up the excellent score of 95 out of a possible 100. His victory was, indeed, a popular one, as he is one of the most energetic, obliging members of the club. His longest run without a miss 45. Shooting of this kind places Mr. Shaner among the best ones. W. J. McCrickart and T. Cummings tied for second prize, each breaking 83 birds. Charles Richardson by patient work captured third money by breaking 82, and McClure was fourth with 79. The National rules governed the contest. The judges were M. E. Harrison and Samuel Shaner. Following were the scores:

Elmer E Shaner	11111111111111011111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—95
Q A McClure	11011101100100111101111011010101010111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—79
C Richardson	11111011111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111110
W C McCrickart	11111111101011111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—82
T F Cummings	10111011111111111010001110011111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—83

GERMANTOWN, Pa., Dec. 26.—Score of the Cliveden Gun Club, held on Christmas Day, at their grounds in Germantown; clay-pigeons, 21yds.:

H Bates	1101111101—8	J Sherred	0111110110—7
B Lowe	0000101111—5	G Price	0111101110—7
R Smith	1010010100—4	H B Master	1101111111—9
S Raymond	1001111111—8		

The prize was a handsome silver medal.—PRESTON BUTLER, JR., Sec'y.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., Dec. 25.—The four clay-bird matches of the Squirrel Hill Gun Club to-day were hotly contested, and afforded fine sport for those taking part in them. The following is the score of the first match at 9 bluerocks:

Robt McKnight	6	Jas Caughey	6
Jas McKnight	4	K Cooke	6
John Regan	4	Gwynne	6
Wm McKnight, Sr.	5	Davison	7
J P Andrews	6	Hafermalz	6
A Turner	3		

Davison won first prize, Robert McKnight second, William McKnight, Sr., third, John Regan fourth and A. Turner fifth.

The score in the second match at 10 bluerocks stood:

Robt McKnight	5	A Turner	2
Samuel Hanna	7	Wm McKnight, Jr.	4
Jas McKnight	6	Jas Caughey	4
John Regan	4	Chas Cloche	6
Wm. McKnight, Sr.	4	S Guigan	5
J P Andrews	5		

The prizes in this match were won by Samuel Hanna, Jas. McKnight, Robt. McKnight, Wm. McKnight and A. Turner in the order named.

The score of the third match, which was a sweepstake, $2 entrance fee and at 15 birds, is as follows:

E Lauer	4	W Lauer	2
Samuel Hanna	5	Wm McKnight, Jr.	5
Robt McKnight	14	Jas Caughey	7
John Regan	6	C Cloche	3
John McKnight	11	Davison	13
J P Andrews	11	Hafermalz	10
Wm McKnight, Sr	3	Hatch	6
A Turner	6	Martin	6

Robt. McKnight got first, F. F. Davison second, John McKnight third, Theo. Hafermalz fourth and Wm. McKnight, Sr., fifth money in this contest.

The fourth and last match was at 6 bluerocks, the score standing:

R McKnight	6	Davison	5
Samuel Hanna	4	Jas Caughey	2
Jas McKnight	1	C Cloche	1
E Lauer	3	John McKnight	5
Wm McKnight, Sr.	5	T Hafermalz	3
P Andrews	4	A Martin	4
A Turner	3	Sloan	3
Wm McKnight, Jr	1	Gwynne	3

The prizes in this match were won by Robt. McKnight, F. F. Davison, J. P. Andrews, E. Lauer and Jas. Caughey.

The prizes contested for were 20 in all, and were made up of everything of use to a wing-shot.

HUTCHINSON GUN CLUB.—Hutchinson, Kas., Dec. 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Hutchinson Gun Club held their Christmas shoot. The weather was terrible, a regular Kansas blizzard, with rain, wind and sleet. The live birds were a good lot and got away like lightning, and the heavy wind carried many out of bounds that were hit hard. The bluerocks darted around like swallows and were very difficult shooting. Following are the scores:

Match No. 1, 15 single bluerocks:

Taylor	111111111111011—14	Burslem	011100111010111—10
Woodnutt	110111101111101—12	Young	101101110011000— 8
Jones	111011011100001—10	Holly	0000.0110101111— 8
George	111000101111000—10		

Taylor first, Woodnutt second, George third.

Match No. 2, 10 live birds:

George	0111110—8	Burslem	1110011100—6
Chamberlain	1011111010—7	Jones	1101500110—5
Young	1111001011—7	Taylor	0111000001—4
Holly	1001111001—6		

George first, Chamberlain and Young second, Burslem and Holly third.

Match No. 3, 12 singles:

Young	111111001111—10	Burslem	111000011011—7
Chamberlain	110101110111— 9	Holly	100100101011—6
Taylor	101100111111— 9	Jones	111000110001—6
George	101110101111— 9	*Grant	010001010010—4

Young first, Taylor and George second, Burslem third.

*Non-member.

DEC. 10.—Medal shoot, 15 singles and 5 pairs bluerocks:

Young	111111011111111	11 11 11 00	10—21
Taylor	101001010111111	11 11 10 11	10—18
George	101111100011001	10 10 11 11	11—18
Allen	100101111111111	00 00 11 11	10—17
Burslem	011011111101111	10 10 10 01	11—17
Chamberlain	101010.01111011	11 10 01 10	01—16
Jones	010001100111111	11 10 10 10	10—15

Young won the medal, Taylor won the cup on the ties.

Match No. 2, 6 singles and 2 pairs:

Young	111111 11 11—10	George	101101 10 10—6
Chamberlain	011110 11 11— 8	Taylor	111101 11 10—8
Allen	111100 11 10— 7	Jones	010111 11 10—7
Burslem	101101 11 10— 7		

Eh Young again got there.—SHADY.

BOSTON, Dec. 26.—The attendance at to-day's meeting was a trifle smaller than usual, owing to the fact that so many matches were held yesterday. However, the prospective winners in the matches just closing were on hand, and the final competition was exciting enough to suit any one. Better weather conditions than prevailed could not have been asked, and the scores ran up to good figures accordingly. The winners and their prizes are as follows: Wheeler first, $20 in gold; Stanton second, ice pitcher; Swift third, $15 in gold; Nichols fourth, ice pitcher, salver and goblet; Snow fifth, $10 in gold; Perham sixth, carving set; Crown seventh, silver shaving mug and brush; Burt eighth, $5 in gold. The summary follows:

Gold Coin Match, 10 clays, 10 standards:

	Clays.	Standards.
Field	1111110011— 8	1101111111— 9—17
Perham	1111111101— 9	1101110111— 8—17
Snow	1111011111— 9	1100111111— 8—17
Stanton	1111111110	1011010111— 7—17
Knowles	1111011010— 7	1101101111— 8—15
Chase	1011110110— 7	1011111011— 8—15
Webster	1110110101— 7	0111110111— 8—15
Swift	0011111111— 8	1001101101— 6—14
Crown	1010111010— 6	1101111000— 6—12
Nichols	1011001101— 7	0100011111— 5—12
Wigglesworth	1111010100— 5	0110110100— 5—12
Rule	0111110110— 7	0110000011— 4—11

Consolation Match, same conditions:

Chase	1111101111— 9	1111111110—10—19
Knowles	0100111111— 7	1111001111— 8—15
Rule	1110111101— 8	1110100111— 7—15

Winners in minor events—Five clays, Knowles and Rule 5; six standards, Field 6; five clays, Knowles 5; six standards, Field and Swift 6; five clays, Crown 5; six standards, Crown, Nichols and Knowles 5; five clays, Nichols and Stanton 5; six standards, Perham and Swift 5; five clays, Swift 5; six standards, Knowles 6; five clays, Nichols 4; six standards, Stanton 6; ten clays, Stanton 10; ten standards, Field 9; three pairs clays, Curtis and Stanton 5; six standards, straightaway, Snow and Stanton 5; ten clays, Stanton 10; ten standards, Chase 10; five clays, Perham, Snow and Stanton 5; six standards, Knowles, Nichols, Perham and Stanton 5; six clays, Nichols 5. The next shotgun meeting at Walnut Hill will be held on Wednesday, Jan. 9, 1889. The occasion will doubtless attract a large number of shotgun men, as, in addition to the eighth competition for the Climax diamond badge, there will be two contests—one for the five-man team badge of the State Association, and one for the individual glass-ball medal of the State Association, now held by Mr. Stanton.

WELLINGTON, Mass., Dec. 25.—There was a goodly number of sportsmen at the Wellington range to-day. The sport was perfect and the weather immense. The winners were as follows: Six pigeons, Field and Webster; 6 bluerocks, Perry and Melcher; 6 bluerocks, Snow, Field, De Rochmont and Schaefer; 6 pigeons, Snow, Perry and Chase; 6 bluerocks, Field, Sanborn, Webster and Schaefer; 6 bluerocks, Edwards, Field and De Rochmont; 6 pigeons, Bond, Perry and Swift; 6 bluerocks, Field and Bond; 3 pairs pigeons, Perry, Chase and Swift; 6 pigeons, Webster, Snow, Perry and Chase; 3 pair bluerocks, Grimes, Perry, Tribble and Melcher; 6 bluerocks, Perry and Chase; 6 bluerocks, Perry; 6 pigeons, Nichols and Snow; 6 pigeons, 24yds. rise, both barrels, Perry and Snow; 3 pair bluerocks, Perry.

LOWELL, Mass., Dec. 25.—About a dozen members of the Lowell Rod and Gun Club went to their range at Tewksbury and enjoyed the day in sweepstake matches at clay-pigeons and blackbirds. Fourteen matches were shot besides team matches and a private match. The first team match was won by Knowles, Colt and Piper, at 5 clays, defeating Bates, Dutchy and Gregg. The latter won one match and were defeated in a second one. Most of the participants shoot under fictitious names, relieving the sport of public interest. A private match for $5, between Bates and Hartford, at 25 clays, resulted: Bates 23, Hartford 21. Among those present willing to be known by their proper names were Knowles, Hartford, Bates, Gregg, Bowen and Shedd.

BANDLE'S 'BIG SCORE.—The magnificent showing made by Al Bandle, of Cincinnati, at the Christmas Day shoot against A. H. Bogardus is the talk of every marksman in the country. Between 1,300 and 1,500 lovers of the sport witnessed the shooting, and to their credit, be it said, they acted very impartially in applause, crediting the world's famous champion, Bogardus, when a good shot was made, equally as well as the undoubtedly Cincinnati wonder. The birds were but fair as to the great strength of wing, but there were some good hustlers. Poorer birds have been sprung, and the Cincinnatian's record is the best under any established club rule ever made. Even if the birds had been good the prospects are that the form Bandle was shooting in would have landed him where he did. He resorted to his second barrel in the majority of cases where it was not at all necessary, his only object apparently being to make sure and make good his promise made some years ago, that if he shot at the trap long enough he would some day score a straight hundred live birds from English traps. He has done it, and the record he made is very likely to stand for many years yet to come. There is certainly nothing of the nervous man about him, and if one defeats him he must do so by merit of better judgment and knowledge of shooting. Bogardus, the father of the trap, was surprised from the 20th bird on, and finished with a score that, made against any other man, would be looked upon as phenomenal. Though fifty-six years of age it is doubtful even to-day if he has an equal in the country. When he hits his bird with the first barrel he never hesitates at the score, but steps away, knowing well his bird is sufficiently hit to be gathered in bounds safely without resorting to his second barrel. Pigeon shooters that have not witnessed a shooting match for many years were present to see the world's record beaten:

Bandle	1 1 2 1 1 1 2 1 1 1 2 1 2 1 1 1 2 1 1 2—20	
	1 1 2 2 1 1 1 1 1 1 2 2 1 1 2 2 1 1 1 1—10	
	1 2 2 1 2 1 1 1 2 1 1 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 1 1 2—20	
	1 1 1 2 1 1 1 1 1 2 1 1 1 2 1 1 2 1 1 1—20	
	2 1 1 1 1 2 2 2 1 1 1 2 1 1 1 1 2 1 2—20—100	
Bogardus	1 1 2 2 1 1 1 2 2 2 0 1 2 2 1 2 1 1 2 1—19	
	0 1 1 1 2 1 0 1 2 1 2 2 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1—17	
	1 2 1 1 1 1 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 2—20	
	2 2 1 1 0 1 2 1 1 1 2 1 2 1 1 1 1 1 1—19	
	1 2 2 2 1 1 2 1 1 1 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 1—50— 95	

Three of Bogardus's birds fell dead out of bounds. Time of match, two and one-half hours. Referee, S. A. Tucker, of Meriden, Conn.; puller, A. C. Dick; official scorer, Edwin Taylor. Bogardus shot a 12-gauge L. C. Smith gun, hammerless, 7lb. 12oz. in weight, and shot 4drs. American wood powder in his right barrel. 1¼oz. No. 8 shot in first and 1¼oz. No. 7 in left, backed up with 3¾drs. Laflin & Rand Orange Lightning powder. Bandle shot the same make of gun, 10-gauge, and used right barrel, 4drs. wood powder, left barrel, 4drs. Laflin & Rand "FFF extra" powder, 1¼oz. No. 7 shot. In commenting on the event, "Capt. Bogardus said that never in the world before was a clean score made under the rules at 100 live birds, the feat that Mr. Bandle has accomplished. Mr. S. A. Tucker, the referee in this match, pronounces the feat unparalleled. A score of 87 out of 100 and upward at live birds entitles any marksman to a rank among the great shots of the world. This Christmas shoot was under strict Hurlingham rules, except as to Bandle's gun gauge. The five ground traps, instead of being scoops which push the bird out and encourage it to fly, were the tin lay open traps, such as are used in bird shooting in England. They are not the best to make the birds fly. There were 5 of these traps arranged 5yds. apart on the arc of a circle, the distance of which from the shooter was 30yds. The stake was the gate money. The birds were domestic pigeons. While they were a fairly good lot, some of them were too good and some were not good enough. This makes the task of the shooter more difficult, as it increases the demand upon his nerve and judgment. Any shooter will admit that an uneven lot of birds is the hardest to make a good score upon. Fully half of these birds had to be whipped up with the ropes after the trap had been pulled open." Dr. William F. Carver has just challenged Albert Bandle to shoot 100 live birds for $250 a side. Bandle has accepted the challenge under Hurlingham rules, except as to weight and bore of gun for himself, the match to come off at Cincinnati early next March. It is for Dr. Carver to say whether he will accept the exceptance allowing Bandle a 10 or 9½lb. gun.

CINCINNATI, O., Jan. 1.—*Special to Forest and Stream.*—The match between Al Bandle, of Cincinnati, and Rolla O. Heikes, of Dayton, as rearranged yesterday for $250 instead of for $500 a side as first agreed upon, was witnessed to-day by nearly 1,000 people. There would have been a much larger crowd of spectators had the match begun at half past one instead of at eleven o'clock. The weather conditions were perfect except that it was a trifle muddy under foot. An army of bushwhackers surrounded the Old avenue grounds on three sides and rendered it impossible to score birds that fell dead out of bounds. The conditions were 100 live domestic pigeons to each man from 5 ground traps 5yds. apart, 30yds. rise, Hurlingham rules, except in respect to weight and bore of gun. Both used 10-bore hammerless guns, 9¼lbs., loaded with Schultze powder and No. 8 shot in the right barrel and with black powder and No. 7 shot in the left, 4drs. of black powder and its equivalent in white powder were used by both. The traps were the square lie-open traps set on top of the ground, not the hidden scoop trap. Not much attention was paid to trappers, several different ones officiating for both men. The number of the traps to be pulled was indicated to the trapper by lot. Mr. L. K. Burtain, of Dayton, O., State game warden, Heikes's right hand man, was the official scorer, and Mr. Edward Taylor, of Cincinnati, was referee. Here is a complete summary of the score by twenties:

Heikes	1202101020111110010—19	
	1101220111121121121—19	
	1112011121121211111—19	
	2101210112 0012?111—16	
	2201121202020031201— 13—81	
Bandle	1011102121221201122—19	
	1120111111112011121—18	
	2111210121201111211—18	
	1011221222022101111—17	
	2111112121112121111—20—90	

The first twenty and the last thirty birds were grand fivers, the others were fairly good. Bandle had 5 incomers from No. 2 trap, and Heikes had 5 tailers from No. 4. At the sixty-second shot they tied on 54, but from that time on Bandle led, making his last 24 straight. JOHN R. CHAMBERLIN.

DAYTON, O., Dec. 25.—At the meeting of the Ohio Trap Shooters' League here last fall, C. W. Hart, of Huron, O., and Rolla O. Heikes, of this city, tied on 95 birds in the 100 bluerocks match for the State championship and the L. C. Smith $500 silver cup. In the shoot off they tied on 49 birds and postponed the contest. They met here to-day to settle it, and a fair audience of shooters was attracted. Gray, cloudy, but mild weather prevailed, and the surroundings were all favorable to the shooters. Conditions of the match were 100 bluerocks each, 3 traps, 18yds. Mr. Cad Langdon, of Piqua, was chosen referee; H. Hart, of Huron, brother of the shooter, and Wm. Pratchett, of this city, were judges, and J. H. Keifer was official scorer, and following is his record:

Heikes	1111110111	Hart	1011111111
	1111111111		1111011111
	1111111101		1110111111
	1111111111		1111001111
	1011111110		1111110101
	1110111111		0111111111
	1111101111		1111111111
	1111011111		1111011111
	1111111111		1011111111
	1111111111—93		1111111111—90

When each of the men had shot at 20 birds Heikes was one ahead and he held that advantage until Hart lost his 35th and 36th, which gave Heikes a lead of 3, which he maintained until the match was finished. When Hart lost his 51st he was 4 behind. Heikes dropped his 64th, but was an easy winner. Heikes will retain the cup and the honors until the next League tournament, when he will be called upon again to defend it.

TOLEDO, O., Dec. 25. The following is the score of a team match which was shot to-day between J. S. Acklin and E. A. Longdon and G. C. and C. F. Osborn, at 100 bluerocks a side:

J S Acklin	1111111111001111101111—22	
	1111011111111001010111111—21—43	
E A Longdon	1111011111010111011101110—19	
	1110101110111111111110111—21—40—83	
G C Osborn	1111111111111011111111111—24	
	1111111111111111111111111—25—49	
C F Osborn	0110111111010101111111011—19	
	1111111111101101010111111—22—41—90	

ELKTON, Md., Dec. 25.—A series of pigeon shooting matches on the outskirts of Elkton this afternoon was largely attended by local sportsmen and others. Over 200 birds were shot at. The principal match, 20 birds a side, between Henry Cameron and Robert Rudolph and Edward Garrett and John Morgan, was won by the last named two. Harry Garrett defeated Thos. Settle, and Henry Cameron beat Robert Rudolph in other matches.

CONEY ISLAND, N. Y., Dec. 25.—A shooting match at the Old Mill on Coney Island Creek was held to-day. The stakes were $100 a side, each man to shoot at 25 birds. The following is the score:

Charles Rein	1111101111101111011111111—22
William Golding	1111111111011111110010110—20

Referee, David Van Wicklen.

BALTIMORE, Dec. 25.—The South Baltimore Gun Club had a clay-pigdon shooting match at Acton Park to-day, and the silver medal was won by W. T. Clements. The shoot was at 25 pigeons for each man. Clements hit 25, Wroten 22, Cotterton 20, Jory 20, Schultze 19, Clellan 19, Stone 16, Parks 13, Essex 11, Stevens 8, Fisher 4.

TORONTO, Dec. 25.—The annual Christmas shoot of the Guelph Gun Club was held this morning, at 7 live birds each, and resulted as follows:

Brown	1111111—7	J Hogan	0110101—4
G Thompson	1101111—6	A Cull	1110101—5
C Queen	0101111—5	Edwards	1001101—4
H L Walker	1001111—5	J Turnbull	1101111—6
G Thompson	0010110—3	J Johnson	1001001—3
T Holliday	0011101—4	F Hall	0011110—4
J Johnson	1101110—5	J Hall	0101001—3
Theman	1101111—6	J Wayper	1111011—6
H Cull	1111101—6		

The match was a handicap one. A match at Hamilton blackbirds came off after the live bird match. Walker broke 16 out of 20, Miller 16, Cull 7, Johnson 12, Wayper 20. In the shoot off in the tie Walker won.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 25.—There was shooting for club prizes, open to members only, at the grounds of the North End Gun Club, of Frankford, to-day. The terms were 25 bluerocks per man, class shooting. Those winning prizes and the scores they made were as follows: First, W. H. Wolstencroft, 22; second, W. M. Pack, 21; third, James Wolstencroft, 20; fourth, H. Ridge, 19; fifth, George E. Pack, 18; sixth, A. Lawrence, 17; seventh, S. Richards, 16; eighth, J. Crowther, 15; ninth, Elmer Ridge, 14. There were a number of ties, which were shot off with great spirit.

NEWARK, N. J., Dec. 29.—The South Side Gun Club had a pleasant day's sport at artificials Christmas on open sweepstakes. Breintnall led the list on the aggregate broken, breaking 96 out of the 105 shot at. Yeamans broke 92, missed 13; Thomas broke 58, missed 17; Terrill broke 118, missed 26; White broke 76, missed 19; G. Still broke 49, misse 5; Leroy Still, a new hand at trap work, broke 34, missed 11. This afternoon a competition was held for the Essex County Gun Association Cup, held by O. Von Lengerke since the last shoot. The conditions were that each man should shoot at 15 bluerocks, 20 clay-pigeons and 15 bats, 50 in all. Breintnall won yesterday's contest with the fine total of 48 breaks; White and Phillips each broke 44, Hunt and Oswald Von Lengerke each 42. In an open sweep which followed White took first with 10 straight; G. Still, Breintnall and Phillips 9 each; I. H. Terrill, Hunt and Von Longerke 8 each.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Dec. 25.—A large and interested company was present at the Christmas shoot of the Narragansett Gun Club. The day's sport consisted of twelve events, which called for about 2,000 birds, winners as follows: 7 bluerocks, E. S. Luther; 7 clay-pigeons, Houghton; 7 bluerocks, Luther and Houghton; 7 clay-pigeons, Potter; 7 bluerocks, Luther; 4 pair bluerocks, Payne and Luther; 7 bluerocks, Houghton; 7 bluerocks, Tinker and Potter; 7 clay-pigeons, Luther; 25 bluerocks, Luther; 25 clay-birds, Gray, Houghton and Luther; 50 bird contest, Luther first, Houghton, Potter and Gray second, Tinker third, Adams fourth. Luther 39, Houghton 37, Potter 37, Gray 37, Tinker 31, Adams 30, Payne 28, Crandall 27, Randall 26, Carey 27, Bender 13.

LITTLE HAWKEYE.—At a sweepstake shooting match at glass balls, for a purse of $25, between Isaiah Budd and Rachel Hunsinger (Little Hawkeye), at Gloucester City, N. J., on Christmas day, the former won by breaking 13 out of a possible 15. Miss Hunsinger only broke 2.

ST. LOUIS, Dec. 25.—This afternoon the Oak Hill Gun Club had a meeting and shot three sweepstakes. The first event was at 9 live birds each man, ground traps, 28yds., use of both barrels: S. Wade 5, Swiveller 5, Junge 4, E. Gutgesell 2, G. Thorpe 4, J. Twist 4, F. Loesacam 2, Kendall 4, Wm. Twist 4, Wm. Gutgesell 3. Wade and Swiveller divided first money; ties on 4 and 2 divided. Second event, 3 birds each: Swiveller 3, Wade 3, E. Gutgesell 3, G. Thorpe 2, C. Thorpe 3, Loesacam 2, Kendall 2, Wm. Twist 3, J. Twist 2, Wm. Gutgesell 2. The pigeons were first-class in all respects, leaving the traps like a flash. The balance of the day was spent in bluerock shooting, Mr. Gutgesell making the highest average—86 per cent.

CINCINNATI, O., Dec. 29.—On Dec. 15 Rolla Heikes of Dayton, O., and Albert Bandle of this city agreed in writing to shoot a match here at 100 live birds, using Hurlingham rules except in respect to the weight and bore of their guns, for $500 a side. When the money should have been put up, Heikes wanted to change the amount of the stakes to $250 instead of $500. Bandle telegraphed that he would shoot for $500 or not at all, to which Heikes replied that he would not put up more than $250, so that the match which was expected on New Year's was declared off.

NEW YORK, Dec. 28.—The Mount Morris Gun Club, an organization recently formed by some well-known Harlemites, held its first sweepstakes shoot to-day at Oak Point. Three matches were decided, the first being at 9 clay-pigeons, the second at 10 live birds, and the third at 5 clay-pigeons. Mr. Frank Bonbam, of the Cribb Club, was referee. Joseph Heraty was scorer and J. Smith had charge of the traps. In the match at 9 clay-pigeons were four contestants at $5 each. Their scores were as follows: P. McKeon 8, T. Mullen 7, P. Mullen 6. The live bird match was at 10 birds, 21yds. rise, for $20 a man. T. Mullen won, killing 9, P. Mullen was second with 8, J. Mullen third with 7, and P. McKeon last with 4. The last match was won by P. McKeon, who killed 5 straight; T. Mullen second at 4, and P. Mullen third with 3.

MONTREAL, Dec. 22.—The gun men only had one shoot to-day to keep them busy, but it was an unimportant one, the Montreal challenge cup being shot for. It is just a year ago since the Montreal Club offered a silver cup for open competition. At that time there had been no split in the club, the Dominion club had not been formed yet, and with the combined good shooting of what is now two clubs, it is not to be wondered at that the first shoot was won by the Montreal Club. The conditions of the cup are that it is a perpetual challenge cup, the club holding it to be obliged to defend their title every thirty days. The Lachine Club were the first to challenge the Montrealers, and the Lachine men won. The Cote St. Paul Club then put in a claim and twice shot for the trophy on the Lachine grounds, being defeated each time. The Dominion Club, shortly after its organization, challenged for the cup, but when the day came one of their cracks went all to pieces at a critical point, and for the fourth time the Lachine won the trophy with a little to spare. This was a good many months ago, and at last the Dominions remembered the fact that the cup was still waiting for customers at the old stand, and the outcome of this recollection was Saturday's shoot, and for the first time Lachine sustained defeat. It was unfortunate, too, that the time set for the shoot was somewhat inconvenient, 1:30 was too early for some of the Lachine men, although they set the time themselves. The Dominions, however were on hand with a full team, and so four Lachine men shot against five Dominions. The shooting, from the high winds and the setting of the traps, was about as poor as it could be. The score was: Dominions 31, Lachine 23.

MONTREAL, Dec. 25.—It was awfully bad weather, but it did not deter the shooters from turning out to the Dominion Gun Club competition. At 10 o'clock the shoot for the Captain's cup was started. This trophy will be won by the man making the best aggregate score. To-day Mr. L. T. Trotter broke 11 singles and 7 doubles, a total of 18 and won the first match; W. Lumsden with 10 singles and 6 doubles coming next and Mr. Ferguson with a total of 15 coming third. In the competition for the Horsley gun, Mr. Ferguson won the mortgage with 17 out of 20, but only after ties on the same number had been shot off with Jones. On the first tie they broke four birds each; on the second tie Jones stepped to the score and broke two out of five, while Ferguson broke his three easily and won the competition, being the second time he has put a match to his credit. Still the ownership of the Horsley looks a long way off.

STICE VS. BUDD.—J. R. Stice, who recently won the title of champion wing shot of America from L. S Carter in the shoot at Decatur, has accepted the challenge of C. W. Budd of Des Moines to shoot for $50 a side and the championship cup. He names March 5 as the date and Jacksonville, Ill., as the place for the match.

TALLMADGE, O., Sept. 24, 1888.—*United States Cartridge Co., Lowell, Mass.:* Dear Sirs—I have used a good many U. S. cartridges, and they have never failed to give satisfaction. Yours truly, (Signed) E. S. METLIN.—*Adv.*

Canoeing.

Canvas Canoes and how to Build Them. By Parker B. Field. Price 50 cents. Canoe and Boat Building. By W. P. Stephens. Price $1.50. The Canoe Aurora. By C. A. Neidé. Price $1. Canoe Handling. By C. B. Vaux. Price $1. Canoe and Camera. By T. S. Steele. Price 1.50. Four Months in a Sneakbox. By N. H. Bishop. Price $1.50. Canoe and Camp Cookery. By "Seneca." Price $1.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signal, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and report of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

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Rear-Commodore—C. J. Stedman, Cincinnati, Ohio,
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Executive Committee—C. J. Bousfield, Bay City, Mich.; T. P. Gaddis, Dayton, O.; T. J. Kirkpatrick, Springfield, O.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

OFFICERS, 1887-88.

Commodore: H. C. ROGERS.....
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Applications for membership must be made to division pursers, accompanied by the recommendation of an active member and the sum of $2.00 for entrance fee and dues for current year. Every member attending the general A. C. A. camp shall pay $1.00 for camp expenses. Application seat to the Sec'y-Treas. will be forwarded by him to the proper Division.

Persons residing in any Division and wishing to become members of the A. C. A., will be furnished with printed forms of application by addressing the Purser.

FIXTURES.

JUNE.

22. N. Y. C. C. Annual, Staten Island.

JULY.

—. W. C. A. Meet, Ballast Island.
—. Atlantic Division Meet.

AUGUST.

16-30. A. C. A. Meet, Sugar Island, St. Lawrence River.

A RIGHTHANDER FROM A "COWARD."

Editor Forest and Stream:

1. "I think the regatta committee owe it to the Association to suggest changes that appear to them to be for the general good, and I hope this year that we will have a committee with sufficient backbone to do so." The 1888 committee then were cowards!

2. "One would naturally think, after seeing about 8in. of a circular saw projecting above a coaming, that it would just take the regatta committee about fifteen minutes to see that if by the sailing regulations they ruled that 'a centerboard must not project below the keel,' that they had an equal right to legislate that they [the writer does not make it quite clear who he means here] should not go to the other extreme and run the board 6 or 8in. up through the deck or cockpit.

3. "Something that was never anticipated when the present rules were framed, and so was not guarded against.

4. "By the action, or rather want of action (in this line) of past regatta committees, one would think that the rules which were given us many many years ago were so sacred that to offer or suggest a change to the executive committee would be a most heinous crime, never to be forgiven." (Letter from Mac in FOREST AND STREAM of Dec. 20.)

I have had considerable abuse showered on my head this year from one source or another in connection with the A. C. A. Regatta Committee, of which I had the misfortune to be appointed chairman, much against my will, and at great personal inconvenience to myself; but it has remained for W. G. MacKendrick to call me and my fellow members of the committee cowards. I will attempt to answer his statements in their order.

1. A letter was sent by me to the executive committee meeting in Toronto embodying the suggestions that the regatta committee of 1888 thought of sufficient importance, in the matter of changes in rules, conduct of regattas and arrangement of programme, to receive attention at their (the ex. com.'s) hands. The majority of these proposed changes in rules, etc., have been published in FOREST AND STREAM, I believe this answers the charge of cowardice, although the special things aimed at by Mac were not there mentioned for reasons which will be stated.

2. The regatta committee have no power to change the rules, and therefore whatever conclusion they happen to reach "in fifteen minutes" after seeing something, cannot be incorporated in the rules until they have made their suggestions to the executive committee in meeting, and that august body has acted on the same. Where would we be if the regatta committee were allowed to change the rules at their discretion every fifteen minutes? A man whose boat was built according to rule could then be ruled out after he had arrived at the meet because the regatta committee did not fancy his boat or rig. As only one boat appeared at the meet with a board coming much above deck, and as that characteristic did not seem to be conducive to race winning, although the arrangement must have been very inconvenient to the owner of the canoe, it did not seem of importance enough to the committee to take any action upon it.

3. Really, and what then was the first board ever used in a canoe in America? A daggerboard, which when raised clear of the keel either came out of the trunk entirely or projected so high above deck that it actually endangered the free swing of the boom.

4. As the rules have been changed, added to and amended almost yearly proves this statement to be incorrect, like many others in this letter.

I believe that about this time last year the same writer expressed himself very forcibly in a long series of long letters as to how the Association and its races should be conducted in his opinion, and when the commodore gave him the authority to inaugurate and conduct the business in the line of his ideas, he instantly dropped out of sight and of mind for many months, declining to even take a hand in the reform he so emphatically urged. Still he is a member of the A. C. A., and as such perhaps deserves some attention—to the extent of correcting a number of his misstatements at any rate.

The standing rig, hikeout deck seat and centerboard in middle of canoe coming above deck are the three objects of his wrath at present. As I have never used any of them, and never intend to I will not be charged with a personal interest in speaking of them.

A conservative policy should be observed as to changes in the A. C. A. sailing regulations. In any event Rules I. and II. are the only ones affected, the definition of a canoe (to compete in the races) and the crew and rig.

The performances of canoe Fly have proved that the hoisting rig is quite the equal of the standing rig in point of speed (contrary to Mac's statements). I detest the standing rig for many reasons, but I would not prevent any one else from using it if he so desired, believing as I do that it will work its own ruin. One boat, one man, one rig is too general. What shall one rig consist of? Two sails? I prefer to have three sails and a spinaker, but I am quite willing to carry all of them in the canoe at all times. The races can easily be arranged to make a standing rig next to impossible, without touching the rules, as "Retaw" has suggested.

I see no objection to the deck seat, knowing as I do that just as soon as it is carried too far, the crew is sure to get soused. Yet I would not oppose its being ruled out if it extended beyond the side of the canoe, although I can see how this would be a very unfair rule to certain members. Likewise I would not oppose a rule forbidding the board coming above the deck; but I protest against the hard things said in the letter about the framers of the rules and the various regatta committees that have enforced them. I don't see how the rules can fairly prevent a man putting his board wherever he pleases in the canoe, although under no circumstances would I fill up my cockpit with one in the very middle of the canoe. Let necessary changes be made in the rules; but don't do it on the fifteen-minute (MacKendrick) plan, or a wreck will ensue.

C. BOWYER VAUX.

A CLERICAL CANOE CRUISE.

THE following extracts from a letter were sent us by Vice-Com. Tyson, the writer being the Rev. Richard Young, D. D., Bishop of Athabasca, an honorary member of the Toronto C. C. The Ripple is a modified Pearl canoe, built about six years ago by Glendinning. Her owner has used her a great deal in his visits to remote parts of his bishopric, which is situated in the northern part of Canada:

ST. PAUL'S MISSION, Chipewyan, Athabasca, N. W. T., Canada, July 30, 1888.—*Dear Mr. Tyson:* When I last wrote you I think I intimated my intention of relegating the Ripple to a shelf in the T. C. C. museum of antiquities, a sort of canoe "Victory," to be moored in your museum for the curiosity of visitors. However, there is some life in the "Grand Old Girl" yet, and she continues to do good services; but not without worthy scars. Last spring we were troubled at Vermilion with a flood from ice jams, which threatened at one time to be rather serious.

In the beginning of July I had the pleasure of meeting my clergy in Synod; two of the number having traveled down the Peace River on a raft, over two hundred miles.

The following week I set out with my Archdeacon for this mission on Lake Athabasca. The Ripple afforded us excellent though rather strained accommodation, my Archdeacon being on the wrong side of 200lbs. We started with a stiff wind, the Archdeacon ensconced in the waist of the ship, and I perched on the after hatch. There was a considerable cross sea running, and I found it required some care in keeping my seat. A bend lower down afforded us a sailing wind for a while, but before long we had to once more grasp the paddle and force our canoe through the choppy sea in the teeth of quite a respectable gale. We camped at about 7 P. M. in what is here termed a "schnei," or narrow channel between an island and the main shore. The mosquitoes made the best of their opportunity before a pretty heavy shower of rain, from which we were glad to escape by seeking repose under the shelter of our tent.

We were off about 5:30 A. M. A calm, bright morning, but with a promise of head wind, and so paddled till about eleven. We had a fine view of the Caribou Mountains at our left, and the river scenery, with its noble reaches studded with islands, has an attraction of its own. Eleven A. M. rain, but fair wind, and so pulling ashore we set the kettle boiling, and making tea and necessary preparations, shoved off and hoisted sail and luncned as we traveled. For two or three brisk puffs, interspersed with showers, the wind died away and we took to the paddle once more. We could now hear the souud of the rapid and "shoot" or "fall" which forms the only interruption to navigation in the whole course of the Peace River. We paddled steadily on in a regular Scotch mist until we were almost at the head of the rapid, when prudence dictated debarkation and our first portage.

Once more we started on the rapid current till almost at the head of the "shoot" or fall, which extends across the whole width of the river. I continued in the canoe, while my companion crept along the edge, rope in hand, and so we gained a point or two more. We then hauled the canoe on the rocks and went forward to reconnoitre, and found the portage, not an easy one at the best of times, rendered considerably more difficult by the unusual height of the river. However, with great care we managed to lower our canoe to a ledge of rock on the very verge of the fall. Here, unless we wished to depart as our Toronto friends of the pleasure of gazing some day on what might be taken fairly to represent the original hull of the Ripple, we had once more to portage. It was not easy work, in the drizzling rain, on the slippery rocks, with the wretched mosquitoes taking mean advantage of both hands being occupied. Having hauled the canoe below the "fall," the question then arose, where were we to put her in. A few yards below the fall, where the water was not so boisterous, the rock went sheer down, and rising some 5ft. above the water. The only place was right at the foot of the fall, where the water was boiling and seething. Here on sounding we found there was a ledge of rock about a foot in width, some 2ft. under the water. My Archdeacon, having the most ballast, was deputed to take his stand on this and hold the canoe, and as each surge did its best to stave in her sides on the rocks, and each resurge to suck her out under the fall, it required all his weight and muscle combined to keep her in anything like position. It fell to my lot to load her, necessitating my gingerly stepping on board with each piece and putting it in its proper place.

Our centerboard had also come to grief on the rocks, and instead of being dropped into the well had to be laid on the bottom of the canoe. It was rather an anxious time, as should our ship be wrecked we should have found ourselves in a wilderness, sixty miles at least from any help, and no road. The next question was, when I had loosed the rope and taken my place, whether my companion would be nimble enough to secure his seat. The next, whether we could at once sheer out sufficiently to clear a projecting tree, which, stripped of its bark and branches, jutted out from the rocks like a huge spar some 2or 3ft. above the water. By great Archdeaconal agility the first difficulty was successfully overcome. A prompt use of our paddles shot us well out into the boiling current, and next moment the falls for that trip were a thing of the past. A steady paddle of about three miles through the drizzling rain brought us to the H. B. Co.'s post at Little Red River.

Gladly would we have known that a warm welcome was in store for us, as is ever the case in these northern latitudes. But we knew the post was shut up; nailed up doors and barred windows frowned upon us. Wet through and weary, standing up to our knees in rank wet grass, we could not afford to stand on ceremony, and we managed to find backland branches, jutted out from the houses. A blazing fire in the mud chimney, and a hot supper soon dried and refreshed us, and though the mosquitoes swarmed like bees, we put in a very comfortable night.

Next morning we devoted to repairing our centerboard with "shaganappi." The fracture seemed hopoless, except in a blacksmith's shop, but we found a piece of shaganappi an excellent provisional remedy.

We started once more about 11. Fine weather, but head wind. However, sometimes by tacking and sometimes by running very close to the wind, we secured some substantial rests. The next day a strong, fine wind blew, of which we made the most. We were rather lazy by the stern. Once or twice we ran with our stern under water. The wind then got gusty, and prudence dictated taking in a reef. About 5 P. M. we came to the only other rapid on the Peace River, which, though of considerable length, offers no real obstruction to navigation. Here, however, we nearly came to grief. As the water was unusually high we anticipated no difficulty, and carried on, the wind being still very stiff. While bowling merrily along I noticed a peculiar rippling of the water and dropped a half paddle down to sound, to find we were hardly three feet of water, and shallowing. To drop our sail and haul up the centerboard was the work of a few seconds, and as we were from this point fairly in the rapid, we proceeded with the paddle.

The course of the river affords some fine scenery here. It passes through a low range of limestone hills. The cliffs in the river face abound in gypsum, which at points crops out in considerable quantities. At the foot of the rapid is what is called Stone Island, the upper face rather resembling an old castellated ruin. I have generally passed this part of the river in fine weather. The evening we passed in the Ripple was not behindhand in solemn beauty, with a young moon overhead. We chose for our camping spot, being Saturday night, rather an abrupt ascent crowned by a grassy slope and fragrant with wild herbs. The mosquitoes, who take an active interest in all camping proceedings about sundown, were out in force, but a strong evening breeze and a good "smudge" held them in abeyance.

The following day being Sunday, we remained in camp during the morning, with morning service, in which, like Dean Swift, one might have commenced the exhortation—"Dearly beloved Roger, the Scripture moveth you and me," on an occasion when he found the congregation consisted of himself and the clerk; though in scantiness of numbers we found no drawback to our enjoyment of the grand old service. After dinner we started with a light breeze, and part sailed and part drifted with the stream. A Sunday calm rested on creation, and floating slowly past the pine-covered islands, we enjoyed the lights and shades that flickered in the summer breeze, and the shafts of sunlight penetrating among the dusky pines and throwing into strong relief the leafy snades—shades that seemed to woo us to rest amid their cool retreats, did not the string of mosquitoes in anticipation bid us with policeman-like sternness to move on.

Floating out on a lakelike reach a shot from a distant bay awoke the solitudes, and soon a couple of hunting canoes ran alongside, as though eager to make the acquaintance of their Canadian cousin. The occupants, these Chipewyan Indians, shook hands all round and then proceeded with broad grins and many ejaculatory grunts to inspect so strange and novel a departure from birch bark traditions. Being an aquatic race they have an eye for anything in the boat line, and it may please Mr. Glindinning to know that his craft appeared to meet with their full approval, but whether he will receive any orders is a little doubtful. In any case he had better not "give debt." Our friends accompanied us to camp, and we spent the rest of the evening in religious instruction. It turned out that they were survivors of a band of twenty-eight, of whom nineteen perished from starvation during last winter, Poor fellows! On inquiry I found out that this was the hand with which I had fallen in four years previously under, for them, happier circumstances.

One hot July morning, together with a missionary student and an Indian pilot, I was coming down the last-named rapid in a dug-out, when we espied a moose. Being short of provisions we started in vigorous pursuit. As our heavy canoe surged ponderously through the water, and we watched the moose with its long swinging trot, as though it was leisurely picking its way among the large boulders that strewed the narrow strip of shore under the cliff, it seemed about as absurd as for a tortoise to hunt a hare; and yet, as in the case of the fable, the battle was not to the swift. Our moose did not go to sleep, but, what was fatal to her, she took at last to the water, and very soon we had our quarry in tow. No sooner was the heat and the excitement of the chase over than I began to regret the waste of food which the large carcass, the hot weather, and our paucity of number must inevitably bring about. Hardly had we commenced cutting up when a shot was fired from the opposite bank. A couple of shots from us went out in reply, and in ten to fifteen minutes twelve light hunting canoes appeared round a headland. Very soon their occupants were shaking hands, hearing the accounts of our successful chase, and with skilled rapidity cutting up the game. Retaining what we needed, we handed the rest of the carcass to them, and a few handsful of tea made us the very best of friends. Any fears about waste of food, if not already dissipated, vanished when an hour afterward we came across a laughing and chattering crowd of women, boys, girls and babies, with the dogs and household canoes. Some crows, which had scented the prey from afar, and had been hovering around, appeared to be of the same mind, and wisely concluding there would be nothing left for them had disappeared.

On the Tuesday afternoon about 3 P. M. we paddled out on to the fine Athabasca Lake, the arm on which the Fort and Mission stands being picturesquely strewn with islands. It was quite refreshing to restore the Ripple once more to her native element—a good broad lake—and though the wind was dead ahead we were eager to test her good sailing qualities. So, paddling well outside the mouth of the Quarte Forche, the narrow twisting cut that connects the Peace River with the lake, we hoisted sail, close hauled. On the next tack we covered about half the distance, and then feeling sleepy the captain retired below, *i. e.*, I managed to stow myself well down in the waist and sought the refreshment of a nap. Awoke to find the Archdeacon grumpy, a nasty choppy sea, and too close-hauled to make much progress. So instead of finishing our 270-mile trip with flying colors we had to paddle in. My old burgee being sadly dilapidated we manufactured a new one.

Nearly every evening during my stay here, either alone or in company, I have enjoyed a cruise in the Ripple, over which the T. C. C. burgee has proudly flaunted in the breeze.

Ever yours most sincerely,

RICHARD YOUNG.

CHRISTMAS CANOEING.—Boston, Dec. 26.—This year our California and Florida canoeing brothers cannot claim the honors of being the only members of our large family who went canoeing on Christmas day. The fine, spring-like balminess of the day in Boston and the jolly, steady breeze allured some of the Puritans for a sail on Dorchester Bay. There was a good stiff breeze, and a very merry Christmas was passed in tacking about the bay.—A. C. ALLEN CHAMBERLAIN, Puritan C. C.

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

JUNE.

3-5-7. Katrina-Shamrock, N. Y.

THE CRUISE OF THE LEONA.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The following clippings are from a letter received from Capt. Lutes, dated Norfolk, Dec. 8;

"I have not exact data as I have not kept as correct account of our trip as Commodore Work did last winter in the Monarch, as published in the FOREST AND STREAM; but I have tracked him thus far. We left Betterton for Chester River (before the oyster war), where we encountered a northeaster and had to lay off for three days. It was here the heavy anchor we got from you saved the ship. Many thanks for urging us to take it. Ran across to Annapolis, where we stayed another week. Left here and ran to Herring Bay, from there to the Patuxent; wind N. and blowing a gale. Carried the three lower sails, falling in with the dredgers going in, and kept them company all the way up, the lighthouse keeper saluting us. No one would believe we came from Herring Bay that day until verified by a buckeye that came in from that place and saw us when we left. It stormed and blew a gale for a week. Got under way, but came near washing Whiting (mate) overboard; so we put back, and took a fresh start next morning and ran to Jerome Creek and were caught in a snowstorm and stayed two days. From there we crossed the Potomac and ran to Great Wicomico; wind N.W., blowing heavy. You know how it is across the Potomac in that kind of wind, but we were in for it, and had to go. Had to board the yawl, after vainly endeavoring to tow her with double quarter lines. Some oystermen laying under the upper point hailed us. 'Where are you bound? For the lower point? Well, you will never get there with that cockleshell.' But we did all the same; the big fellows did not know that we were drawing as much if not more water than they. From Wicomico we harbored in a small creek below the Rappahannock. Next day ran to Yorktown, where we put in three of the most interesting days of the trip. * * * The fact is, everything being new to us, events so crowd each other that we scarcely have time to jot anything down. But our stay here will never be forgotten. Left Monday at 8 A. M. and reached Norfolk at 3 P. M.; would have made it in less time, but had to fight a strong adverse tide in Hampton Roads.

"The buckeye is the prevailing boat here; they range all the way from 18 to 60ft. long, and sail very fast and will live in almost any kind of sea. The small boats are flat-bottomed and are called jo-boats, the round-bottoms are dug-outs. The small sloops and schooners are of the worst class and shape, slow, unseaworthy and badly kept. The men in that have charge of them are very timid, and are surprised to see the Leona go out in a stiff breeze with everything set, while they are reefed. They think us reckless sailors and a shade too fast, yet we have been treated well by the people all the way down.

"Yesterday being Sunday we were crowded all day with visitors. One young man stayed all day, leaving us late in the evening, neglecting to take his lady-love to church, for which he got his hair pulled. Besides, his indulgent parent will probably not purchase a schooner for him as promised. The incident points a moral. Almost every white lady seen on the street has a body guard and a shotgun. The mate, however, contrives to dodge both. Probably this precaution will not be necessary after we leave. We will probably stay here another week, and hereafter will keep a better account of our trip."

The crew of the Leona, while fully competent to take care of the ship, are a little 'reckless and a shade fast' as the Southern people suggest. A squall struck her off Port Richmond (Delaware River) with the light sails set. Every boat in the range of my vision took in sail, but she came through all right with all the cotton still on her. I remonstrated but without avail. She is non-capsizable, and it is probably from this fact she is frequently driven for all that's in her when there is no necessity or hurry. Thus it is we 'ride a free horse to death.' Capt. Lutes is not cramped for time, and will not return to Philadelphia until late in the spring if then."

R. G. W.

DEATH OF MR. DAVID CARLL.—On Dec. 27 at his home near Crescent City, Fla., Mr. David Carll, the well-known ship and yacht builder, died suddenly of apoplexy, at the age of 61. Mr. Carll was located at City Island for over 25 years, building a number of coasting vessels, pilot boats, oyster schooners and yachts. Of late he has resided in Florida, where he owned a large orange grove, the ship yard being leased to Mr. Henry Piepgrass.

SEAWANHAKA C. Y. C.—Besides the advanced class in navigation, a new class has been formed at the club house. On Dec. 29 the first of the weekly classes in marlinspike work met in the kitchen of the club house, under the instructions of Mr. Philip Low. The club has just received a handsome model of Volunteer as a present from Gen. Paine.

CRUISING.—Norna—While the schr. Norna was lying at Norfolk last week on her way south her owner, Mr. Townsend Smith, died quite suddenly on board. The yacht is now offered for sale. Dashaway, steam yacht, Mr. C. L. Hutchinson, arrived at Norfolk on Dec. 26 on her way to Florida.—Com. W. F. Weld, Eastern Y. C., proposes to make a cruise to the Mediteranean, chartering a steam yacht in England,

A CRUISE ON SUPERIOR.

AWAY up on the north shore of the great lake, separated by 200 miles from the nearest pier, lies the now thriving town of Port Arthur; at the time of which I write called the Village of Prince Arthur's Landing. Founded originally by the Government as a landing place and base of supplies for the development of the amphibious Dawson route through the interior to the valley of the Red River, Prince Arthur's Landing became the home of a few enterprising and determined men, and when the Dawson route was abandoned and its *raison d'être* had ceased to exist these men engaged in fishing and mining. They furnished supplies to the Canadian Pacific, building hard by from a different terminus, and their enterprise and perseverance was such that they built a little railway of their own, extending the C. P. R. to their own wharves and competed successfully with the terminus chosen by the builders of the main line itself. So the village gained a little year by year until the C. P. R. passed from the hands of the Government into those of the present company, and it was decided to extend it east along the north shore to connect with the existing system of Ontario near Ottawa. The little railway was bought up and became part of the main line. The merchants engaged in hotel keeping, in selling stores to the contractors, in steamboating to convey the stores to the points of action along the coast, the old population became rich; and thousands of new people came flocking in; town lots began to boom, and Prince Arthur's Landing leaped suddenly into prominence as a rival for Duluth, and became a flourishing town of 5,000 inhabitants, with a mayor and corporation and all the usual machinery of office.

It was in the early days of Port Arthur when this growth was giving promise, but had not actually been consummated, that the writer began to take FOREST AND STREAM, and to become imbued with cutter ideas. He had been a boating man all his life, and had made and rigged numerous models, and owned two or three sailing skiffs, and had even made an essay, which ended in disgust and nausea, in the direction of catamarans. His soul hankered to own a perfect boat, one which could be trusted not to capsize, even should the lumberman take his eyes off the lee gunwale for a minute or two to light his pipe; one which would go through a heavy sea without pounding and thumping; one which could be slept in with some decent approach to comfort and warmth; and last but not least one which was not practically cut in halves by a beast of a centerboard always getting jammed and frozen up in frosty weather, and combining with aforesaid pounding and thumping to pull the boat to pieces, and make a shaky, leaky old basket of her by the time her owner had got used to her little eccentricities and peculiarities of character, and had worked her into her best sailing form.

In conjunction with a friend he had built a good wholesome full-bodied compromise yawl of 5 tons and had got a lot of amusement and satisfaction out of her, but the friend and he had different ideas. The former wanted to take out the dandy mast and rig as a cutter and the latter knew that this would be a death knell to his single-handed bliss; a 25ft. main boom was too much for him to handle alone. Then again the friend, inclined to luxury and ease, inserted elegant cushions and curtains which the writer wetted and spoiled in the first blow he was caught in. Lastly the friend and he did not agree on the subject of ballast, the former wanted headroom in cabin and to lower the floor and the latter wanted to raise the floor so as to concentrate and increase the ballast and "bring her down to the turn of her bilge." The disagreement went so far that the two began to look coldly on one another when they met and to talk at one another at the yacht club meetings, and the writer joyfully assented to take a little less than what he had put into the Lurline for his interest, and go his deep draft heavily ballasted way alone. Then he was then, high and dry in the spring of the year, with the ice on the bay showing signs of weakness and no boat. What was to be done? Build again, of course, and he was soon in the agonies of designing. His purse was short, so his boat must be small and cheap, 20ft. waterline, by 5ft. beam was decided on, she must be eminently handy, so he stuck to his favorite yawl rig. She must be a good sea boat and carry her sail well and claw off any lee shore no matter how hard it blew. So he gave her a flush deck, a good draft of water and both fore gripe and drag to excess. Here was her great fault, the longitudinal plane was so great and the frictional resistance engendered so excessive that in light winds and especially down wind she was simply nowhere: but otherwise, considering that Winnie was designed and built by amateurs, that she was ballasted with wrought iron scrap mostly inside and piled as we best could, that her bottom and keel was studded with projecting rivet and bolt heads and merely paid over with tar, she was a mighty good boat, could stand out in anything, and when it fairly howled could hold her own with the big centerboards and the Lurline to windward, in spite of her small size.

Winnie came down the main street on rollers and was dumped into the drink from the wharf in very unceremonious fashion, and immediately began to leak like an old basket. She was raised, a nail hole discovered and plugged, and she went back into the water to leak no more. She was quickly masted and rigged, and contentment began to overspread the hitherto worried countenance of her owner. A few trials on the bay merely wetted his appetite for cruising, and he longed for an extended trip, to plow the waters of the unsalted sea outside the capes of the bay, and to explore the long stretch of broken, almost unknown, coast to the east of him.

The opportunity came at last, and with a boon companion, a lawyer, and the office boy as crew, the Winnie stole gently out one evening in midsummer from her moorings. A gale from the south had been blowing all day, and a great ground swell was rolling in, but the wind had dropped almost to a calm and progress was slow for the first hour, but as soon as the land was shaken off the breeze freshened to a stiff blow, and darkness coming down with every propect of a dirty night, the skipper got hold of the range lights in the Raministiquia River and ran in to a snug berth for the night.

On deck at daylight next morning he finds the glass nowhere, and a few rays of clouds traveling eastward at a rate which said much for the velocity of the wind behind them, but all was quiet on the water and there was plenty of shelter ahead for some distance, so we boldly put to sea. No sooner across the bar than down came the gale with a shriek, and down comes our mainsail just about as quickly, and away we go under the tiny foresail for the harbor at Welcome Islands. The sea gets up in a tumbling confused conflict between last night's southerly swell and this morning's westerly blow, and between the two our dingy (a long Racine canoe) sheers wildly about, fills, upsets and breaks the painter. To pick her up in this turmoil is almost out of the question, so we scud on to leeward with the little foresail threatening to blow to ribbons every moment; double in between the two islands and let go in the snug little harbor among the fishing boats. Breakfast over the crew and cabin boy clamber across the island to look for the canoe, and there, sure enough, she is coming bottom up right for the island. "Will she come ashore?" Our enthusiastic lawyer gets ready for a struggle with wind and wave; but no, she drifts by just out of reach into the smooth water under the lee of the island. The envoys come back and report to the skipper. It is blowing a hurricane now, and if we lose our hold of the island and get blown off there is no other harbor for a long distance to leeward, but our dingy must not be sacrificed without an effort. So the mainsail is double-reefed and the staysail single and out we go—through the foam and spindrift. The canoe is sighted without much search, and we bear down to leeward of it. "Steady now, boys." down goes the helm and we come up to the wind with canvas slatting and snapping about our ears. Slowly she loses her way and approaches the canoe. We have gauged the distance to a nicety, and she is scarcely moving as she comes alongside. "Now, then, look alive." Munroe leans over the side and grasps the bow and lifts it inside the riggings, the skipper gets hold of the stern and the cabin boy is ready with a rope, and in a trice the canoe is on board and securely lashed—but we are too anxious yet to chuckle or exult.

The island is a mile to windward, and the little break it makes to the sea is getting less and less effective every moment. "Fill away!" the ship heels to the cockpit coaming, and the cabin boy tries to get under the canoe in his efforts to keep as far on top of the boat as possible. "'Bout ship!" and she is up in the wind and off on the other tack under her rag of canvas with a steadiness and precision which astonish the skipper, and he begins to smile at once and enjoy the sail. No question about climbing to windward when she stays as readily as that, and he begins to speculate upon the feasibility of continuing the voyage. What to do with the canoe is the great trouble. In comparatively smooth water it is all very well to have her turned up on deck; but how will it be outside? We abandoned the idea of putting to sea again, and settled down to dry blankets, read, and put in time generally, but not for long.

After noon the wind shifted a little and brought the rollers sweeping into the mouth of the little harbor, and started Winnie jumping and straining at her cable in an alarming manner. So up comes the anchor and the double-reefed mainsail again, and we beat up for the lee or the weather island. The wind commences to fall almost as soon as we get the hook in the mud again, and after a hearty supper and a chat and pipe over a camp-fire on shore we turn in, thoroughly tired and with a full confidence that we are perfectly safe for the night and shall have fine weather on the morrow.

Nor are we disappointed. Morning shows us only a fresh pleasant breeze blowing and scarcely any sea running, and no time is lost in getting the anchor apeak and proceeding on our voyage. A light, fair wind wafts us gently out to Thunder Cape, and we slide slowly from the back of one long swell to another and realize what must have been out here yesterday, with a 200-mile sweep for the sea to get up in, and the giant cliffs of Thunder Cape towering 1,300ft. into the air for it to break against, and we all feel a little bit relieved that prudence triumphed over daring and kept us in port. At Silver Inlet we stop an hour to buy some stores and get further posted as to the severity of yesterday's gale, and find the natives as deeply impressed with its force as ourselves. Every one of your readers, I fancy, has heard of this curious mine discovered on a little rocky island so small that the waves broke over it at every gale, and that it had to be artificially enlarged by cribwork before it would furnish room enough to stand the pumping and hoisting machinery upon. The workmen's houses, etc., and the company's stores and offices had to be located on the mainland a mile away, and at the time I write of the mine had been sunk to a depth of 1,000ft. below lake level, and the crust between the drifts and the water was often so thin that the water oozed through and the surf could be heard roaring over head. A year or two after the mine became so leaky and the pumping so expensive that it was abandoned as unprofitable, and the village and works are now rotting away.

Off again we drifted slowly down to the mouth of Black Bay, a huge fiord in the coast line thirty miles deep and six or seven wide. The breeze is almost dead and Munro amuses himself trolling from the canoe and is soon rewarded by catching a magnificent salmon trout of about 16lbs. A little later the Kate Marks, a small propeller, is hailed, bound for Prince Arthur's Landing, reports us in due course.

"All aboard, Munro, here's a breeze coming." And in another minute we are lying well down to a stiff norther and bowling along for the narrows behind Point Porphyry. It is evening and getting dusk when we round to at last in the snuggest of snug little anchorages and turn in with the satisfaction of knowing that howl as it likes from any quarter it will scarcely ruffle the water in here. Another good night's rest and we are off again with a fresh northerly off-shore breeze, the best sailing weather we have yet had, and we romp merrily along through the Amygdaloid and Roche de Baut islands, but lose time and wind by not keeping out to sea. And evening is drawing on and the breeze dying by the time we have threaded the last of the intricate channels and come out in the open opposite Lamb Island light. The half-breed lightkeeper pulled off to us here and froze the very marrow in our bones by tales of the starvation and lonely watches he had endured by reason of the supply boat from Nipigon being behind time. And as our marrow froze our hearts melted, and we bestowed on him all we could spare of hard tack, bacon and tea, and sent him on his way rejoicing. The half-breed who has his stomach full of these three staples is indeed a happy man, and a king should be glad to exchange sensations with him. A stretch over to the point of the imposing Fluor Island and back to the mainland brought us into the Nipigon Straits, and a few shorter boards to a good anchorage inside. Then comes the sunset, the supper, the pipe, the gathering shadows, the starlight and intense stillness of the Northern wilds, a combination of the pleasures of the yachtsman and the canoeist and camper that it would be hard to find otherwise than on Superior or the Georgian Bay.

Morning brought with it a fresh southerly breeze, before which we went bowling through the straits and across Nipigon Bay at a great rate and entered the mouth of the river. And here for the first and last time on the cruise the man at the wheel was at fault. The charts were on too small a scale to show the channel, and we stood boldly up the center of the estuary, when bump! thud! bump! the Winnie careens over and comes to a standstill on a mud bank. Thanks to her rockered keel, we can turn her head for the channel with a pole, even when fast aground amidships, and getting her broadside to the wind and all hanging out to leeward, we reduce her draft sufficiently to enable her to flounder into the channel. Then we sweep up the river past the house of our good friend John Watt, and come to beside the once noble wharf of the Hudson's Bay Company, built in anticipation of this point becoming the Lake Superior terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and now falling into decay. Munro is an enthusiastic sportsman and canoeist, and one of his dreams has been a trip up this famous river to the fishing grounds, and we accordingly spent the balance of the day in planning and preparing, with the aid of the company's courteous officer, Mr. Flanagan, for the expedition; and evening found us with a bark canoe engaged and everything ready for a start on the morrow.

Sketches of fishing trips up the river have been too often printed in your columns to make an account of this one particularly interesting to your readers. Suffice it to say that we ascended with a southerly gale at our backs to Camp Alexander, portaged over the rock and fished the rapids ahead with very poor success, and returning we ran successfully in a two birch bark the famous chute, a feat which, as far as I know, had not been successfully performed before, though large canoes run it almost daily.

The surge at the bottom certainly was terrific, and with the strong southerly gale blowing we had no little trouble in keeping her head on. Darkness overtook us on the way back, and the gale blew great guns, so we crossed Lake Helen when we got to it to the camp of a friend, whom we had met the day before on the river, and which we readily made out by the brilliant camp-fire he had burning, and who entertained us so royally and hospitably that we were constrained to pass the night with him and do the remaining five or six miles in the morning. A wild night that was, between wind and rain, and we thanked our stars that both ourselves and the cabin boy on the Winnie were in snug quarters and safe from harm.

At 11 A. M. our friend Walker started us off with a good breakfast inside us, for it was Sunday, and the gale still blew from the southward, and there was no need for hurry. The paddle down the lake was a tough one with the gale right ahead, but we stuck to it, and in a couple of hours entered the river again, ran the rapid and came down alongside the Winnie to the intense delight of the cabin boy, who had been quite lonely and frightened the night before.

Too late to put to sea to-night even could we work out of the river against this gale. But morning brings a change, and with a piping nor'west behind her Winnie gets out of the river, and down past the frowning bluffs of LaGrange and Isle Perte in very short order. Here, however, the breeze dies out, and we work backward and forward with shifting and baffling airs all the afternoon, letting go at last in Pays Plat Bay, forty miles from our starting point, in a beautiful harbor between two islands, and here the real novelty and excitement of the trip commenced. From this point east not one of us has ever been, and the rough chart will be our only guide. The skipper's nerves fairly tingle with excitement and impatience for the morrow, and a good breeze. The morrow breaks and, pshaw, what a disrppointment! A fine misty rain and not a breath of wind. The skipper retires to the cabin to read and meditate, but the indefatigable Munro gets the Racine out and trolls piously up and down the harbor. His diligence is rewarded by catching a couple of magnificent brook trout. About noon we get a little air, and run down among the islands in the entrance to Nipigon Bay, some ten miles further up; but it fails us again, too soon for us even to reach a good anchorage, and we have to let go behind a rocky island in rather an exposed position. Munro lights a great bonfire, and dries sundry damp garments, and cooks the evening meal on shore, and at 9 we turn in hoping for better things on the morrow.

H. K. WICKSTEED.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NEW YORK Y. C.—The nominating committee of the New York Y. C. have announced the nomination of the following officers and standing committees to serve for the ensuing year: Com., Elbridge T. Gerry; Vice-Com., Latham A. Fish; Rear-Com., Archibald Rogers; Sec., John H. Bird; Treas., F. W. J. Hurst; Meas., John Hyslop; Fleet Surgeon, Morris J. Asch; Regatta Committee, S. N. Kane, Chester Griswold and Wm. E. Iselin. The election will not be held until the first general meeting of the club in February.

CHELSEA Y. C.—At the annual meeting of the Chelsea Y. C. the following officers were elected: Com., W. H. Wedger; Vice-Com., Wm. Marshall; Secy., T. J. Parsons; Treas., Chas. P. Long; Meas., Chas. R. Fisher; Fleet Capt., C. L. Smith. The club is in a prosperous condition and has a membership of over 125 members. The annual ball under the auspices of the C. Y. C. will take place Jan. 7.

COOPER'S POINT CORINTHIAN Y. C.—The Cooper's Point Corinthians sailed their last and 31st race of the season on Dec. 9. The Idem won, beating the Allmond by 4ft., with Cook a short distance behind. The Idem made the fastest time over the club course in 52m., breaking the Wilkins's record by 1m. 13s.—R. G. WILKINS.

A NEW 40-FOOTER.—Mr. Burgess is at work on a keel 40-footer for Mr. Seymour of Washington.

YACHTING ON THE PACIFIC.

WHEN my last communication to the FOREST AND STREAM, entitled "A Split Jib on a Lee Shore," was published (Jan. 17, 1884), I had no idea of the changes that time had in store, or that four years more would find me on the Pacific coast enjoying a trip on a yacht which is, in all respects, the opposite of the deep-keeled Gem which I owned then.

Last June, while living at Sierra Madre, a pretty village high up among the foothills some thirty miles from the coast, I felt such an intense longing for a glimpse of old ocean as only one can feel who has been reared in sight of it. While having one of my worst attacks of seasickness, or sea-homesickness, I received the following dispatch from my good friend Chas. J. Ellis, of Los Angeles: "Be on board the Aggie next Friday night; everything provided."

On the day named, June 8, I was one of a party of eight gentlemen, including Mr. McFarland, the owner of the yacht, who took the train from this city for San Pedro, a safe harbor where the schooner Aggie lay at anchor. She is in all respects a beauty, inside and out. Her dimensions are as follows: 83ft. l.w.l.; 23ft. 8in. beam; 6ft. 10in. draft with centerboard up, and 16ft. when down, and she is without doubt the fastest yacht on the Pacific coast.

Arriving at San Pedro at 6 o'clock P. M. we immediately set sail so as to make the most of the trade wind, which, in summer, usually dies away about 7 o'clock. On getting outside our course was laid for San Diego, distant 100 miles. The wind dropped away early in the evening, and our progress was, consequently slow until the following morning. On Saturday morning, upon going on deck, we found ourselves about thirty-five miles from San Diego harbor. After a delicious breakfast, served in excellent style by the steward of the Aggie, we awaited eagerly the coming of the breeze.

The trade wind makes yachting on this coast a particular pleasure, for this reason, one always knows when it will blow and when it will cease. It comes with a gradually increasing pressure with no flaws or unexpected squalls.

We soon began to bowl through the water, and then came our first experience with the fish, which was very exciting. Lines were thrown over, and we soon had fast fish almost as game as our bluefish of the Atlantic; bonita, albicore, barracouta, all large fish, Spanish mackerel, and, last but not least, yellowtail. The yellowtail is one of the finest fish on this coast. We caught one weighing 27lbs. This one we had baked for dinner, and the firmness and sweetness of its flesh suggested Eastern trout.

Our best fishing was along the outside edge of the immense fields of kelp, which lie just outside the harbor of San Diego. I was amazed at the extraordinary size of this kelp. While ours in the East would average about ¾in. in diameter, some of these were six or eight times as large and 60ft. in length.

Here in California it seems as if the fish vied with the vegetables in point of size. I noticed crabs measuring 9 or 10in. across the back, and crayfish the size of large lobsters, etc. All hands had a good turn at the lines, and each caught as many as he wished. Most of these were thrown back alive, as we needed but few for food.

We arrived at San Diego at 1 o'clock P. M., and went ashore to pay a visit to the Hotel del Colorado. So much has been said and written concerning this magnificent establishment that I will not attempt a further description than to state that it covers a greater area than any other hotel in the world, and that, in point of excellence, it is all that its enthusiastic guests have claimed for it. The members of our party all being musically inclined, we enjoyed a sing in the elegant theater connected with the hotel.

Having delayed our departure from San Diego until the early evening, we found that the wind had begun to slacken, and a steam schooner going out took us in tow and dropped us some miles outside, where we lay all night, ready for the morning breeze.

During this day (Sunday), the wind being rather light, we made slow progress toward our new destination, Catalina Island; and night finding us still short of it, we lay to. On Monday morning some of the party wished to take the train, and we laid a course for San Pedro. The wind, starting in light, gradually freshened, until the beautiful yacht lay well over, carrying all the sail she could stand, and we had an exciting race to catch the train which left San Pedro at 3 o'clock. We went into port in grand style, and rounded up opposite the wharf with five minutes to spare.

On Aug. 18 the same party made another trip by Mr. McFarland's invitation. It is true, as stated in FOREST AND STREAM some time ago, that yachting is not lively on this coast at present; but, so far as the Aggie and her owner are concerned, we must make an exception, for she is hardly out of commission three months in the year, frequent trips along the coast being made in her.

An easy breeze enabled us to reach anchor off Redondo beach, some thirty miles north, early on the following morning. This place is situated to the north of a prominent headland, and seems to be on one side of an immense eddy, several miles in extent. It is a natural feeding ground for fish of all kinds.

A long pier extends from the beach out into the ocean, and this was lined with fishermen of all ages, who were pulling up fish at a lively rate.

The wives of the yachtsmen were taken on board the Aggie from this pier and we sailed for Santa Monica, some ten miles north. The breeze throughout the day was strong, and the freedom of this shore from all rocks and shoals allowed us to run quite near land.

Arriving at Santa Monica we turned about for San Pedro. A magnificent sailing breeze enabled us to make this point in time for the 5 o'clock train to bear us back to the "city of the angels."

J. A. OSGOOD.

LOS ANGELES, Cal., Dec, 6.

BEVERLY Y. C.

AS usual, the Beverly Y. C. is the first in the field with its list of fixtures, the following dates being already set for 1889. The officers of the club for the year are as follows: Com., John B. Paine, Swordfish, cutter; Vice-Com., George H. Richards, Petrel, cat; Sec'y and Treas., W. Lloyd Jeffries, Kiowa, cat; Meas., R. C. Robbins, Dolphin, cat. Regatta Committee—Robert Saltonstall, Nerina, cat; B. B. Crowninshield, Witch, cutter; Patrick Grant, jr., W. Lloyd Jeffries. One vacancy to be filled. Following are the fixtures for the coming season:

June 22.—141st race, Marblehead, first championship.
June 29.—142d race, Monument Beach, first open sweepstake.
July 4.—143d race, Monument Beach, first Buzzard's Bay championship.
July 4.—144th race, Marblehead, first cup race.
July 6.—145th race, Marblehead, second championship.
July 13.—146th race, Monument Beach, second open sweepstake.
July 20.—147th race, Marblehead, second cup race.
July 27.—148th race, Monument Beach, second Buzzard's Bay championship.
Aug. 3.—149th race, Marblehead, first club sweepstake.
Aug. 17.—150th race, Marblehead, third championship.
Aug. 24.—151st race, Monument Beach, third open sweepstake.
Aug. 31.—152d race, Marblehead, first open.
Sept. 2.—153d race, Monument Beach, second open.
Sept. 7.—154th race, Marblehead, third cup race.
Sept. 14.—155th race, Monument Beach, third Buzzard's Bay championship.
Sept. 21.—156th race, Marblehead, sail off.

The open race, Aug. 31, is probable, not certain; possibly a club sweep will be substituted.

A RACING ASSOCIATION FOR NEW YORK.

THOUGH it is evident that there is no immediate prospect of a National Yacht Racing Association, and though the large clubs show no desire to further such an organization, it is somewhat encouraging to see that the small clubs are preparing the way by the formation of local organizations. Boston has its New England Y. R. A., which has done a good deal and is in a way to do much more for the advancement of yachting in the smaller classes. On Lake Ontario the L. Y. R. A. has become a strong and powerful body, embracing all the yacht clubs on the lake; and further west is the Interlake Y. R. A.

A movement has lately been started by some of the clubs about New York, the Columbia, Yonkers and Sing Sing clubs being the leaders, to form an association of a similar nature which shall include all the clubs in the vicinity of New York. The objects will be to secure uniformity in racing rules, to avoid the clashing of dates, and to promote the interests of racing in general. The movement is mainly confined to the clubs racing yachts of 40ft. and under. A meeting will be held at the Gilsey House, New York, on Jan. 31, at 8 P. M. Clubs interested are requested to send three delegates each to the meeting.

Considering the extent of the waterfront on the bay, the Hudson, East River and its junction with the Sound, and also the large number of clubs and yachts, it seems strange that similar efforts in the past have not been successful, but yachtsmen have of late given more thought to the subject of rules and organization, and there is good reason to hope that the present attempt

will prove successful, and that the good work of the N. E. Y. R. A. will be duplicated in New York.

It must be expected that some difficulties will be encountered, there will be some conflict of interests, but at the same time there is so much for each club to gain from the establishment of a recognized and responsible body that each can afford to make some concessions, if necessary. Of course the most important and at the same time the most difficult detail is that of measurement. It is necessary, in order to secure the aid of all, that existing boats and conditions be considered in adopting a rule; but it is still more important that the rule, whatever it may be, shall encourage the building of better boats than most of those now in the racing. Even though it may be necessary, out of regard for existing boats, to adopt a rule that may not be altogether desirable, it should be framed in such a way as to permit of the substitution of a better rule as the older boats drop out of the racing and new ones take their place.

OSWEGO Y. C.—The Oswego Y. C. announce three receptions during the winter, the first on Dec. 26, the second on Jan. 17 and the third and last on Feb. 7. These parties have been very popular and much more to the committee's taste than the grand "annual balls," attended with all their pomp and worry and expense. These more moderate affairs bring out all the society folk, and are thoroughly enjoyed. The racing season of 1888 found the Merle the only American keel that could hope to cope with the fast Canadian craft. It was confidently expected that the Alice Enright would cross the starting line off Burlington piers on July 28, and that the Lake Erie boys would have a chance to try the Merle. A party, of which the writer was a member, were on board Commodore Mac Farlane's steam yacht Aida, and had left Oswego on the evening of the 27th and made a night run to Hamilton, to witness the contest. We were thoroughly crestfallen when the information was imparted to us from the judges' steamer that no Enright had appeared, but that she was expected in tow, and that two of her crew were ashore anticipating her arrival. After the sun had crept snugly below the horizon the helpless craft towed or drifted in to moorings, and the regatta committee announced a postponement for lack of wind (enough breeze could not be discovered all day, no matter how dainty her midship section, to shove a yacht three miles an hour), we were startled by the information from Vice-Commodore Ames, owner of the Merle, that he was in receipt of a telegram from the Enright stating that she was windbound at Ashtabula. Next summer the Burgess sloop will go to Lake Erie, where we are sure she will find a warm reception, and our Commodore and his friends have unlimited faith in the Merle's ability to "get there" in the event of a little breeze. That our boys were in earnest at Hamilton is evident from the fact that in the vest pocket of one of the guests on the Oswego sloop lay folded a New York draft for $250, which was put up when the news came that the Toledo yacht would meet the Merle.—K. G.

SACHEM.—Messrs. Metcalf and Owen have sold Sachem to Mr. Chas. H. Smith of New York, a member of the New York, Y. C. It is not known yet whether she will be raced by her new owner. Her old owners are likely to build a new yacht for the same class.

SYBILLA, steam yacht, Mr. J. F. Betz, has been lengthened 30ft. at Baltimore. She will soon start on a cruise south.

SIPPICAN Y. C.—This club has selected the following dates for 1889: July 6, open regatta; Aug. 31, club regatta.

BUILDING NOTES.—The contract for the new Morgan schooner has been given to Piepgrass of City Island.

ANNAPOLIS, Md., Sept. 19, 1888.—*U. S, Cartridge Co., Lowell Mass.*: Gentlemen—I am glad to be able to inform you that I have found your Climax paper shot shells perfect, and the only shell I have yet found in every respect equal to the Eley shell for use with Schultze powder. Yours very truly, (Signed) W. GRAHAM, Champion Shot of England.—*Adv.*

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

A. G., Chicago.—I should like to know the price of the "Yachtsman's Souvenir," by Stebbins. Ans. The price is $4.

QUAIL, Boston.—The pointer bitch Bang's Van (A.K.R. 6133) is by Day's Prince (Burnett's Dash—imported bitch) out of Van (Bang Bang—Zanetta). The New Jersey quail season in lower section closed Dec. 15, in upper section Dec. 25.

B. R. H., Philadelphia.—Do black bass hibernate? I have been a careful observer of the habits of black bass for some years, and also read Dr. Henshall's and other writers' opinion on the hibernating of the bass, and there seems to be a wide difference of opinion; please let me know something about it through your paper. Ans. It is a question of temperature entirely. In the far north they hibernate thoughout the winter. In the south they do not. In intermediate regions they are dormant only in severe weather.

B. M., Orillia, Ont.—1: Has the brook trout any scales? 2. Has the salmon trout of Canada any scales? 3. Does the salmon trout belong to the trout or salmon family? Ans. 1. Yes. They are small and plainly visible when the skin is dry. 2. Yes. 3. The salmon is taken as the type of a family, *Salmonidæ*, to which all the trout, graylings and whitefishes belong, therefore ichthyologically speaking, there is no trout family. The salmon family is divided into several genera, as *Salmo*, the salmons and the large-scaled trout of Europe and our Pacific coast; *Salvelinus*, our eastern brook and lake trout, etc. These genera are then sub-divided into species.

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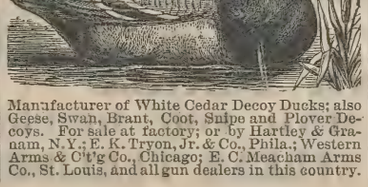
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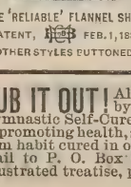
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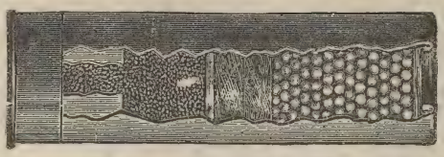
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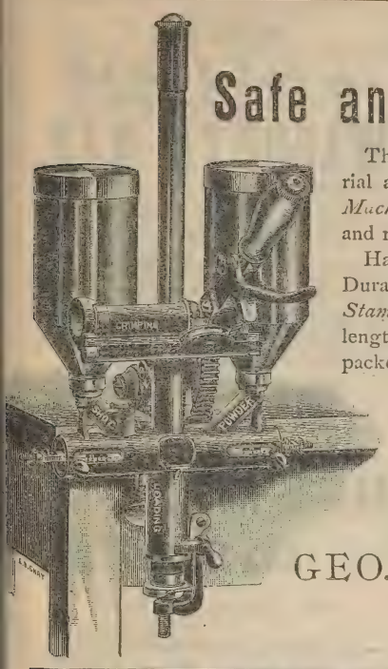
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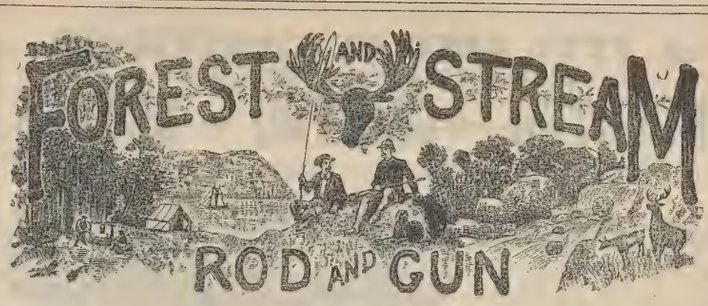
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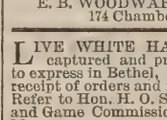
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FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2. | NEW YORK, JANUARY 10, 1889. | VOL. XXXI.—No. 25. No. 318 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

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May begin at any time. Subscription price, $4 per year; $2 for six months; to a club of three annual subscribers, three copies for $10; five copies for $16. Remit by express money-order, regi ered letter, money-order, or draft, payable to the Forest and Stream Publishing Company. The paper may be obtained of newsdealers throughout the United States, Canadas and Great Britain. For sale by Davies & Co., No. 1 Finch Lane, Cornhill, London. General subscription agents for Great Britain, Messrs. Davies & Co., and Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston, Searles and Rivington, 188 Fleet street, London, Eng. Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris, France, sole Paris agent for sales and subscriptions. Foreign subscription price. $5 per year; $2.50 for six months.

Address all communications

Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

No. 318 BROADWAY. NEW YORK CITY.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

REVOLVERS FOR OFFICERS.

THE question of placing revolvers in the hands of officers as a regular arm is just now receiving an extra share of attention. It is assumed from the start by those who are in favor of this small arm that it cannot be too speedily adopted, and that an officer who fails to make himself an expert off-hand pistol shot is neglecting his military education very much. On the other hand there are officers who stand very high in shooting matters and whose opinions are well worth taking, who think that when a line officer has managed his company well and has gotten the best possible work from the hundred men under his command he has done about all that could be expected of him. To do this and do it well will tax the attention and ability of any army man, and with a hundred rifles well drilled and ready to speak—and speak effectually—at his command, the officer need not bewail the lack of the few pistol balls he might be able to send along with the rain of rifle bullets. An officer is supposed not to need protection, but to have his men about him not only able to form a body guard, but to do a great deal more besides in the way of harassing the enemy.

There are cases when on detached duty the officer might find the possession of a revolver and the ability to use it a matter of life and death on his part. This would only apply to staff officers, however, to aides, etc., who might be acting as messengers and away from their own men. The ordinary line officer is hardly likely to find himself in any such position.

It is for these reasons that those who speak with care and thought express the opinion that the present rush for revolver practice on the part of officers is somewhat of a craze and not founded on a complete knowledge of the conditions likely to be met in actual hostilities. But it may be urged that the same objections would apply to rifle practice by officers of the line and by staff officers as well. True, an officer would not be required to take up and use a rifle either as an offensive or defensive weapon. He has a body of men about him, each with a tried rifle at hand, and he uses his skill and position as an officer to see that those rifles do their full work. It must be borne in mind, however, that an officer learns to shoot a rifle when he is in the ranks, that he improves during his non-commissioned stage, and then as a commissioned officer he shoots to encourage and instruct his men. This draws the difference between rifles and revolver shooting so far as the militia is concerned, while for the regular army the officer is supposed to know the whole art of war, including the use of all manner of arms.

In expressing these views entertained pro and con on the matter of revolver work, we would not for a moment seek to discourage revolver practice. It is an admirable sport, one entirely military, and the danger is that our officers will know too little rather than too much. Every armory should have its revolver gallery for the officers as well as the rifle range for the men, and each should be liberally patronized. There seems to be a contradiction in heaping up the scores of officers and men in one grand total as the shooting ability of the whole guard, when in war practice the officers will not use the rifle at all. For this reason the skirmish and volley firings are in every way better than the fixed distance scores in determining the shooting ability of the entire force.

AMERICAN SHOOTING ASSOCIATION.

IN our issue of August 30, last year, was given the outline of a scheme, proposed by Mr. C. W. Dimick, for the organization of manufacturers of guns, ammunition and artificial targets, under the title American Shooting Association, to promote the interests of trap-shooters. As then stated the project was to draft a set of rules to be universally adopted as the standard, to classify shooters according to skill, to form State leagues and to organize inter-State or national tournaments, which should be participated in by these several leagues. There was to be a central office in New York, with a general manager. The capital of the Association was to be used to provide prizes, and in short, everything was to be done to foster and encourage the sport.

From that time to this nothing further has been heard of the Association; and the public is beginning to fear that the scheme may have been abandoned. We are glad to say this is not the case; the project of an American Shooting Association has not been given up; those interested in seeing it put through are carefully considering all the pros and cons, and there is a strong probability that at no distant day the organization will be in working order.

It is very likely, too, that there will be a number of material departures from the exact lines of the Association as originally planned. Among those who have given thought to the scheme is Mr. S. A. Tucker, whose experience as a trap-shooter and an almost universal acquaintance with shooters in every part of the country, entitle his opinions to great weight. As modified by Mr. Tucker, the Association would provide a set of rules for common adoption, and would classify shooters, unless some scheme of shooting were adopted making such classification unnecessary. But in place of the State and inter-State league system, which practice has shown to be cumbersome and difficult of satisfactory management, Mr. Tucker proposes that the Association shall support tournaments in general by guaranteeing certain sums of cash as prizes. The tournaments thus supported may be managed by individuals otherwise wholly independent of the Association, or by persons selected by the Association as managers, and by it supplied to clubs wishing such services. Thus, there are many towns where tournaments might now be held with every reasonable prospect of success, but where they are not given because no one is willing to risk the contingency of failure; in such a town, if the individual or club organizing a tournament shall guarantee a certain number of shooters, the Association in turn will guarantee a certain sum of cash for prizes, under conditions to be determined. So, too, if a club is in need of a tournament manager, the Association will designate some one believed to be competent to conduct the affair, the responsibility, however, being not with the Association, but with the individual. The scheme is, in short, to encourage and support tournaments given by others, rather than to give tournaments of its own, or to manage a complicated league system. It will readily be understood that Mr. Tucker's plan would involve less expense for the machinery of the Association, and would thus secure a larger proportion of its funds to be given directly as prizes, and that is where the money will do the most good.

The modifications proposed by Mr. Tucker are such as may well commend themselves to the projectors of the American Shooting Association, and we hope to chronicle the early organization of the movement. As pointed out in our trap columns, the need of some central body having jurisdiction and accepted authority in trap-shooting affairs is imperative. Only by such a recognized court or board of appeal may the numerous vexed questions which come up from time to time be settled. Such a body, too, might very well take cognizance of and strive to reform various abuses which have a retarding influence on the sport.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

MR. FRED MATHER, having been compelled by the demands of other business arrangements, to resign his position as editor of the Sea and River Fishing and Fishculture columns, after eight years' connection with the FOREST AND STREAM, those departments will hereafter be under the direction of Dr. Tarleton H. Bean, who is in every way admirably qualified for his new work. Dr. Bean is the Ichthyologist of the United States Commission of Fish and Fisheries, and the editor of the Commission's publications. He is known as a careful student, an accomplished scholar, and the leading living authority on many families of fishes, among them those which are of most interest to anglers. Dr. Bean's opinions on ichthyological subjects as expressed in the FOREST AND STREAM may be accepted as worthy of confidence, and entirely in accord with the latest knowledge concerning the topics discussed. To this end his personal qualifications will be supplemented by the facilities of the Smithsonian Institution, the National Museum and the United States Fish Commission. The heads of departments in each of these institutions have assured Dr. Bean of their co-operation in every fitting way. Add to this that Dr. Bean is a young man, earnestly devoted to the subject, and is one among the men who are making the literature of the day in this special field, and no assurance is needed from us that the fishing departments of the FOREST AND STREAM will be of the highest attainable excellence and invaluable to anglers and fishculturists. It only remains to bespeak for Dr. Bean and for the FOREST AND STREAM from our multitudinous friends and contributors a continuation of the encouragement, support and co-operation which always have been and always must be essential adjuncts, without which the highest editorial success cannot be attained.

SNAP SHOTS.

A SARCASTIC critic might find a point for a sharp thrust in the new shooting society's house just opened on Eighth street in this city, and of which some facts were given in the last issue. There is a tall and stately club house, specially built to house a shooting society, and yet the only provision made for firing off a rifle is a narrow slit 5ft. wide partitioned along one side of the basement. The Zettler Brothers have taken charge of this gallery and the veteran Noone put up a fine off-hand target of 110 in 10 shots on the opening day. Two sets of targets may be worked and they are ingeniously contrived so that they travel to and fro from the firing point to the other end of the range along a sort of elevated railroad mounted on steel wire. It is a very clever arrangement and will utilize the meager shooting facilities to the utmost. Yet it remains queer and characteristic that in this metropolitan shooting palace nominally there is ample room for about 500 simultaneous beer drinkers and just two simultaneous riflemen.

The town of Union, Maine, is at war over a dead dog. The man who shot the dog is willing to settle for $5, but the man whose dog was shot holds out for $100. This is an anomalous condition of affairs for Maine, whose Supreme Court has ruled that dogs are *ferœ naturœ*, wild animals, and thus to be preyed upon and destroyed with impunity by mankind.

PERSONAL.—Will Mr. Henry Macdonald, author of "Early Days on the Missouri," kindly send his present address to this office. We wish to communicate with him.

AFTER STOLEN HORSES.

IT was beginning to get light. In at the small square window, through the open chinks between the logs, and especially through the doorless entrance to the cabin, was struggling a faint, dull light, which told of the coming day. A heavy gray mist hung over all the prairies, and as yet objects fifty yards from the house could not be distinguished. As the light grew stronger one of the blanketed forms on the floor began to stir uneasily, and then pushed down the covering from his face, sat up, and after yawning cavernously once or twice, shook off the sleep that oppressed him and sprang to his feet. He ran his hands through his hair sleepily, rubbed his eyes and slowly pulled on his trousers and boots. Then he opened the door of the oven in the stove, took thence half a dozen sticks of dry cedar which had been put there the night before, and began to whittle shavings for starting his fire. As soon as this was lighted and going well he filled the coffee pot with water and put it on the stove, and then called: "Come, boys, get up; breakfast's nearly ready."

No response more intelligent than few grunts of discontent greeted his call, but he seemed perfectly satisfied with the impression that he had produced, and whistling softly he drew a pipe and plug from his pocket and began whittling some tobacco. After he had lighted his pipe he stepped over to the stove, and, picking up the nearly empty water bucket, walked toward the door to go down to the spring. The light had grown stronger, and though the sun had not yet risen it was nearly full day, and he could see a long distance. The cook did not get beyond the door. Before he had passed it he stopped suddenly, and called out in a suppressed tone:

"Here, boys, some of ye, get up quick and kill this coyote. He's just in front of the house."

Two piles of blankets suddenly sprang into life at these words, and two scantily clad men seized their rifles and ran to the door. The Chief got there first. There was the coyote, with head and tail down, nosing about not 75yds. from the door, after the sneaking, depressed fashion of coyotes the world over. He would trot a few steps, then stop, sniff, turn around, trot off another way, come back, smell about again, and then move off in a new direction. This did not continue long, however. The Chief's old needlegun came down, rested for a moment, and then the shot rang out. The coyote dropped to the ground, sprang up again, yelling like a whipped cur, ran for a dozen jumps at top speed, and then turned a summersault, his bushy tail showing against the gray sky, and lay still.

"Good shot," said Yo, approvingly.

"Lord, didn't he yell!" remarked the cook with enthusiasm.

"I always like to kill one of those fellows. They and the grays make us lots of trouble," said the Small Chief, as he set his gun down by the door and began to pull on his trousers and boots. "I'll go down and get the fellow, and you can skin him after breakfast," he said to the cook.

Yo finished dressing and stepped outside the door to wash, and as he did so he saw the Small Chief walking, rifle in hand, down toward where the wolf lay. Suddenly, just before he reached the spot, he was seen to stop, stoop down and scrutinize the ground before him, and then rising take a long look over the whole country. Then he turned at right angles to his former direction and walked on, occasionally stopping to look at the ground, and once stooping to pick something up. Retracing his steps, he went to where the wolf lay, picked it up and strode toward the cabin. Arrived there, he threw down his burden and, entering, said quickly: "Buck, did you put the horses in the pasture last night?"

Buck stared for a moment, and then replied: "'Course I did. Didn't you tell me to yourself?"

"Then we're left afoot, I guess. Look at that!" and he held up for our inspection a rag of calico. It was perhaps fifteen inches long by two wide, and crumpled across, as if it had been used as a string to tie about something; a common enough strip of red calico with a faded black figure running through it. The younger boys, perhaps, did not know what it meant, but to most of us it told its own story. It was a rag such as is often used by an Indian to tie up his tobacco sack.

"Which way were they going?" said Frank, quickly.

"Up the creek," replied the Chief. "There are tracks of about twenty-five horses, some of them dragging rawhide ropes."

"Buck, you take some breakfast in your hand and go down as fast as you can to the lower ranch, and you and Wes get together what horses and saddles you can, if there are any left, and come up here with them on the keen jump. Chief, you and Yo go down to the pasture and see if they got all the horses. If they left any bring them up here, and I'll stay here with Billy and wait. They must have come from Red Cloud or Spotted Tail Agencies, and if we can get the horses to follow them, we may be able to catch them, though they have got all the best ones."

Eating as they went, the Chief and Yo, with full cartridge belts and loaded rifles, trudged off through the sand toward the pasture, while Buck's long figure grew smaller and smaller as he went along the trail toward the other ranch, four miles down the stream. It seemed a long and toilsome walk to the heavy Texas cowboy, who was little used to any exercise save that of the saddle, and he was heartily glad when he came in sight of the low ranch building and saw near it a wagon with one horse standing by the tongue and the other, led by Wes, just coming out of the stable. Before the team was hitched up Wes had caught sight of the solitary pedestrian, and had stopped his work to watch him and wonder what he could possibly be doing afoot.

"Where's yer horse?" was his salutation, as Buck came up, and stopping, wiped the perspiration from his face.

"Stolen, I guess," said Buck. "The durned Indians took all the horses out of the pasture last night."

"Injuns! Thunder. How d'ye know."

"Chief picked up a rag that they dropped; and I see in the trail near the house where their ropes drug in the sand. What horses ye got here?" was Buck's reply.

"Well, there's old Baldy and the bucking dun in the stable, and I see eight or ten head last night on the hills across the creek. Likely if yer ride up there you'll see 'em in sight somewheres."

"Well," said Buck, "I'll go look for 'em, and if I can find 'em I'll drive 'em right up to the upper ranch. You'd better put your saddle on the wagon and take your gun and go up there too. If I git there first, I'll tell 'em you're comin', and if I ain't there by the time you are, I will be soon after. You take old Baldy with you; I'll ride the dun."

The two disappeared in the low, dark hay-covered stable, whence Wes at once emerged leading a bald-faced bay horse, while the snorting, plunging and profane shouts which came out of the darkness told that Buck was at work at the always difficult task of saddling the bucking dun. The noise continued for a few moments, and then just as Wes, having tied Baldy behind the wagon and placed his rifle on the seat, was about to clamber into the vehicle, Buck came out of the stable leading the dun, who came quietly enough, but you could see from the way in which his full clear eyes rolled about that he had a temper of his own, and would make trouble for a timid rider, or one who was not used to the vagaries of the cowpony. He was a medium-sized, short-coupled clay-bank horse, with black mane, tail and legs; one of those animals that seem a bunch of muscles and wire; the very horse one would select if he had to make a hard, quick ride of a hundred miles without change. The only difficulty would be to start him. After he had once got into his stride you could depend on him to last.

Buck led him away from the stable a little distance, to a place where the sand was soft, and not beaten down by the feet of horses and the wheels of wagons, and then facing him round, so that he looked up the flat, prepared to mount. Buck was a cowboy of the cowboys—"born in a cow camp, and raised on raw-hide," he would have said himself; and, though occasionally thrown, he claimed that he could ride anything that would stand up. He gathered up the reins in his left hand, grasped the cheek-piece of the bridle, and placing his right hand on the horn of the saddle, put his foot in the stirrup and rested a part of his weight in it; as he did so the horse reared, and quick as a flash threw himself over backward. As he scrambled to his feet again, Buck, who had stepped back, caught the bridle and again tried him. The horse threw himself again. The third time he stood to be mounted, but the moment he felt the man's weight firmly upon him he began a series of pitching and bucking which would have soon deposited an ordinary horseman on the ground. Plain, ordinary bucking was varied with whirling side-winders, during which his head faced every point of the compass in quick succession, while his muscular back arched itself and straightened again with a vigor that was appalling. Buck clung to him firmly, muttering through his set teeth, "Pitch, blast ye, and get it over with," and meantime plied quirt and spurs as hard as he could. At length, after what seemed fully ten minutes of this, the horse struck into a swift, swinging lope, and dashed down across the creek and up the bluffs on the other side. Not till then did Wes gather up his lines, and remarking to himself, "Well, he is a tearer to buck, sure enough," start his team toward the upper ranch.

Meantime, the Chief and Yo had reached the pasture, and had read the plain story that was written there. There were moccasin tracks in plenty where the Indians had stood near the bars, a red shred of blanket caught on a rough post, the trail of a dragging rope over the horse tracks where the animals had crowded through the bars, and, most significant of all, an arrow stuck up by the feather end in the trail, its iron head pointing backward toward any one who might be following on the track of the marauders.

"There's going to be war if we follow 'em, eh, Chief?"

"Ye bet there'll be war if we can catch them," he replied, grimly. "We didn't need them to tell us that."

An examination of the pasture showed that all the horses were gone except one, "Old Whitey," an animal which was too old and lazy to be worth taking along. Returning to the cabin, some bread and meat was put up, enough for four men for four days. Before these had passed they would either have overtaken the robbers or have given them up. Soon after, the team came in sight and a little later Buck appeared, driving in eight head of horses that had been out on the range, and so escaped capture by the Indians.

It was not long before four horses were saddled, and Frank, Buck, the Small Chief and Yo ready for a start. Wes and the cook were directed to load up the wagon with what was in the house and move down to the lower ranche, taking the horses with them, and there await the return of the pursuing party. The horses they were to herd during the day close to the house, and at night to put in the stable, which was protected by a chain and lock and could not be entered without making some noise.

They started on the trail at a good hard gallop, Small Chief, as trailer, keeping about fifty yards ahead of the others. It was nearly noon and the chances were that the Indians had at least twelve hours start, for the trail showed that it had been made not later than the middle of the night. The way led up the creek for a mile and a half, and then turned north through a broad draw between two sand hills. It crossed the main Loup two miles above Mead's ranch, kept on pretty near due north for a while and then turned east. Just before dusk the men stopped at a water hole to eat, and calculated that they had come fifty miles. There would be a moon that night, but only till ten o'clock, when it would set, and the chances of following the trail in the dark were not encouraging. The horses, after their drink and bite of grass, were fresh enough, and could go all night. The little party rode on through the gathering gloom, watching the shadowy form of the Small Chief, who still rode ahead of them and seemed to have no difficulty in following the trail in the bright moonlight. At length the moon sank behind the western hills, the pace became a walk, the trail was lost two or three times, and it was determined that it would be better to wait for light before going further. So the horses were unsaddled and picketed, and the men, wrapping their saddle blankets about them, lay down to get what sleep they could.

Next morning by gray dawn they were in the saddle, and before they had gone a mile they came upon something which filled their hearts with wrath. It was the camp made by the Indians the night before. They had traveled along slowly, not hurrying themselves, for they supposed that the ranchmen had no horses left on which to follow them, and had camped at evening. No doubt, as a matter of precaution, they had left a watcher behind them on some high hill, who had descried the party of pursuers and had gone on to tell the camp that they were coming. There was evidence of a hasty start, and it could be seen where they crossed the little stream that the trail was twelve hours old. Now too they were hurrying, as the deep tracks, the thrown up sand, and horses all bunched together clearly showed.

To have been so near to them and yet to have missed them was enraging. All that day the pursuers followed hard after them, riding patiently and swift under the broiling sun and over the shimmering yellow sand hills until toward night the trail crossed Running Water, and the pursuit was given over. The Indians would reach their agency at Whetstone before they could be overtaken, the horses would be hidden and it would be impossible to recover them. The white men turned about and rode gloomily back to the ranch.

So much took place under Yo's eye. The sequel was told him later one night in camp by the Chief, who said:

"After we got back I wrote to the agent at Whetstone, giving him a full account of the occurrence, and a description of all the horses, and asked him to look out for them. For some time I heard nothing from him, but in the early part of the winter I got a letter saying that he had two of the horses, one of mine and one that belonged to Buck, and that he had sent them down to Fort Randall and turned them over to the quartermaster there, so that they would be safe.

"I started for Randall, and when I got there saw the quartermaster and Colonel M., whom I knew, and who was in command. They were both disposed to be kind and helpful. The Colonel wanted the worst way to buy my horse, but I told him there wasn't money enough in the post to buy him, and that I would not part with him under any circumstances. The quartermaster told me that I would have to get an order from the agent at Whetstone for the horses, as he had receipted for them to him. Colonel M. suggested that instead of going up to Whetstone with the horse that I had ridden in on, I should take my own horse to ride. I was glad to accept this suggestion, and next morning started for the agency. It was a long cold ride, and when I got there it was dark. I left my horse at a house across the river from the agency and went over afoot and into the trader's store, which stood on the edge of the bluff. The first person I saw as I got inside the door was old Nick Jennisse. He was cordial to effusiveness and wanted to know all about the folks down in the lower country, and we walked to the back of the store, and I sat down behind the stove to warm myself, for the night was very cold. The counter ran along the back of the store, but at one end it was cut off and did not meet the side wall, leaving a space in which stood the stove in the corner of the room. All

around the stove there was a space perhaps two feet wide, and behind it a window looked out over the river, which was but a short distance away.

"Nick and I talked for a little while, and then he was called away to attend to one of the Indians with which the store was crowded. I saw one of them speak to him as he walked away, motioning toward me, and Nick made some reply which of course I did not understand, for I don't know Sioux. In a minute though I saw that something was up.

"I learned afterward what the old fool had said, and I have never forgiven him for it. It seems that the Indian said to him, 'Who is that man and what did he come for?' And Nick like an old idiot replied, 'Why, don't you know him? He is the Small Chief of the Pawnees and was in command at Summit Springs when they licked you fellows and Spotted Tail's brother was killed. He's come up here to get some horses that you stole from him in the summer.'

"The Indians at once began to look hard at me and to talk to each other at first in low tones and then louder, and what I liked less to crowd toward my end of the store. The more they talked the angrier and more excited they seemed to get. They began to get their knives out, and holding them in their hands as they talked, flourished them up and down in a way that made my blood run cold. I felt sure that they had learned who I was, and if they had, I knew I was in for trouble, but of course I pretended not to notice anything, and sat there warming my hands as if that was the only thing in life that interested me. I had taken in the surroundings pretty well, and knew just what I should do if they made a break for me. The stove was big and red hot, and they couldn't get over that, and, since I could see no signs among them of any firearms or bows, they would have to come at me through the narrow passage at the side of the stove. I had a six-shooter on, and I made up my mind if they came for me, I would pile up what I could around the stove, and then go through the window. In the willow brush 20ft. below I could easily, I thought, make my way to the river, get across it somehow, and get to my horse. Then no one could catch me.

"There was one Indian, who carried a big war club set with knife blades, who was especially demonstrative. He was a big, villainous-looking fellow with red and yellow streaks painted across his face, and in swinging his club and shaking it above his head his robe fell back, and I noticed that he had a black star painted on his left breast. I thought to myself, 'If it comes to shooting I'll take the first shot at that star.'

"Well, the crowd kept getting thicker and thicker, and madder and madder, and I kept on warming my hands and looking at the stove as if there wasn't an Indian in the store, but I made up my mind that something had got to be done pretty quick. The Indians crowded up as close as they could to the stove, but none of them tried to come round it to where I was, and I guess it was very lucky for me that they didn't. I don't know how long it all lasted, for as I sat there holding my hands out toward the stove, and seeming to pay attention to nothing but getting warm, I was too busy watching and listening to take much account of how the time went.

"I remember that I had just noticed a fellow at the back of the crowd shouting out something and flourishing a hatchet in the air, when the crowd of Indians parted before one of their number who shouldered his way through them. He was a big, fine-looking man, with a grave, kind face, a face that had lots of power in it. I didn't look at him then, but I could see out of the corner of my eye that he had nothing in his hand but a pipe which he was smoking. He came up to the end of the counter, nearer than any of the other Indians were to me, and I thought to myself, 'Old fellow, are you going to lead off?' He stopped there, however, and stood about four feet from me, leaning his elbow on the counter and drawing in long breaths of smoke and looking at me. The row had quieted a little bit when he appeared, as if the others were waiting for him to say or do something; but now it began again, and I saw those confounded knives flourishing about, and I just kept warming my hands. You bet I was warm enough by this time.

"The Indian with the pipe watched me for awhile, and presently, without saying anything, he reached out the pipe to me. I stretched out my hand without looking at him, took it and inhaled a few deep whiffs of the smoke, and then passed it back to him, and he smoked for a moment, and then spoke a few words to the other Indians, and gradually the talk became less loud, the knives were put in their sheaths, one by one the Indians fell away, the crowd dispersed, and the smoking Indian and I were left alone by the stove. Then and not till then did I see old Nick, who with his face gray with fear and excitement came up to me, and in his broken French-English began to tell me incoherently how scared he had been for me. Then the smoking Indian knocked out his pipe, put it in his tobacco sack, shook hands with me and spoke a few words and then walked out of the store."

"What was it he said to you?" I asked.

"I didn't understand; you know I can't talk Sioux," the Chief replied.

"No, but Nick could; didn't he interpret?"

"Well, yes," answered the Chief rather reluctantly, "Nick told me that the Indian had said I was a brave man and would be safe here now and that he hoped we would meet some time on the warpath.

"Well, sir, I was about as badly scared that time as I ever have been, and I tell you I gave it to old Nick for telling the Indian who I was. He was sorry as could be of course, but the old fool knew no better. He and I presently walked up to the agent's, who gave me an order for my horses, and I rode back that night to Randall. The next day I found that Col. M. and the quartermaster were both away and a young lieutenant was acting quartermaster. I went to him, but when I began to tell my story he waved me aside and told me that he was busy and that I would have to come in the afternoon. Well, I went in the afternoon and he heard what I had to say and told me to come again in the evening and that he would look into the matter. In the evening I went again, and by this time I was getting a little hot under the collar. I got still more so when he began to throw doubt on my story and to say that the horses did not answer my description. Finally he said that he could not give me the horses without more investigation, and I got up and said:

" 'Well you can do as you please in the matter, but I want you to understand that I don't propose to wait around here to suit your convenience. I would have you to know that I have got my horse in my own possession, and I propose to keep him and take him away. The other horse, as you will see by the papers, is not mine. It belongs to a poor man who can ill afford to lose it. You can give it to me or keep it, whichever suits you best. But I am going away to-night.' He stared at me a moment as if paralyzed, and then, without saying a word, wrote out an order for the two horses and handed it to me, and that night I rode away from Randall with both of them.'

Yo.

The Sportsman Tourist.

REMINISCENCES.—II.

[*Continued from page 478.*]

A YEAR or two later, in company with three others of my own age, I visited the same camp. We expected to find our quarters about as they were when I left them before, but to our disappointment the stove was gone and everything presented an uninviting appearance. The weather made fire a necessity, and we were obliged to construct a fire-place in one corner of the shanty. Completing the work as best we could, a fire was lighted and we congratulated ourselves upon our success.

During the first two days we got along reasonably well, then the smoke began to annoy us, growing worse toward evening, finally becoming almost unbearable. Outside the wintry blasts whistled through the pines, and when darkness settled around us we felt uncomfortable enough. In our haste to provide a fire-place we had neglected to properly protect the floor and walls of the shanty, and to our horror found that the fire was slowly but surely communicating with the building. In such a plight how could it be possible to sleep? and without a lantern it was out of the question to procure necessary material for repairs. The storm raged without, piercing every crevice of our habitation—and they were not few. There was but one way to avoid the dense cloud of smoke which filled our quarters—by lying on the floor. The cold increased, but fire must be kept burning or four young nimrods shiver through the long night. To provide for our safety, it was agreed that two of the party should lie down until midnight and two sit up with the fire.

I was again one of the unfortunates, taking first turn. Slowly and painfully the hours passed while the angry winds blew their cold breath down the rude chimney. Finally the time arrived when our sleeping companions must rise, and without any allowance for yawns or catnaps, we were soon occupying their beds and away to dreamland. Horror of horrors! scarcely had we fallen asleep when the cry of fire awakes us just in time to see fire and fireplace disappear through the floor. The camp was in a blaze and no water at hand. Stupefied by sleep and smoke, we gathered up hats, gum boots, etc., and in stocking feet made our way through thick darkness, briers and logs to the stream, a hundred yards away, quickly returning with these vessels filled. The fire had not made much progress, owing to the fact that the floor of our camp was some 2 or 3ft. above ground, to which both fire and fireplace had fallen. We succeeded very soon in putting the fire out, but passed the remainder of that long dreary night without closing an eye. The next morning two of the party visited the nearest mining village, where a cook stove was procured and hauled to camp. Thereafter we bade defiance to the storm and smoked our pipes in peace.

With succeeding years our party increased, but all were considered novices until after killing at least one deer. The muzzleloader finally gave way to the breechloader, and our camp was provided with all necessary modern conveniences. We became familiar with the territory over which we hunted, and began to count with older heads the number of the slain.

One morning I took my stand at a runout. The wind was piercing cold, at times blowing a regular gale. I had remained almost two hours, hearing no sound save that of the storm. Looking out over the broad expanse of low brush and fern I saw a deer running directly toward me. My hitherto benumbed senses were now aroused, and the storm, which a few moments before had almost driven me to camp, became a gentle breeze. On and on the deer glided, bounding gracefully over the brush, heedless of impending danger. A few more bounds and it is within range. I fire, and with increased speed the deer passes out of sight. The trail is followed and blood in profusion found, but snow flakes fly thick and fast and my anxiety increases, for the trail may soon be covered entirely and all trace lost. Rapidly I move along, trusting to the instinct of my dog, which is yet a comparative stranger to me. Within the space of half a mile from where the shot was fired the deer had lain down several times; after that the trail was difficult to follow. I knew little about the reliability of my dog, but before another half mile was covered I was in possession of my game and realized his worth. Before leaving camp the cook had been directed to provide two hooks and nail to a tree which stood near the tent, as I would need them before the close of the week. Upon my return the hooks were in place and one of them put in use.

The following morning our course led in an opposite direction from that of the previous day, everything seemed favorable to success, the ground was covered with snow and Old Sol kept himself hidden behind the clouds, giving Jack Frost ample opportunity to take a nip whenever he desired. The ground to be driven was covered with a dense growth of brush 8 to 10ft. in height, affording excellent hiding places for deer. We were picketed along the face of a ridge and across the ravine at a place where the drive was to end. Clark started with dogs at the end of the ridge, and their tonguing soon after was a signal to be on the lookout.

Time passed and the dogs drew nearer to the watchers. We were spaced several hundred yards apart, and could not see any distance on account of the brush. Suddenly the heavy report of a breechloader burst upon the air, followed closely by another, then came rolling along with the reports as they reverberated among the hills a succession of yells which would have done credit to a Sioux chief. My first impression was that one of our party had either shot himself or was engaged in deadly combat with some ferocious beast. I moved toward him with all possible speed, expecting to see the mangled and bleeding form of my companion.

As I drew near enough to catch sight of him I beheld a spectacle which has haunted my vision ever since. Standing astride of a fawn he had killed was Sam, with a bloody hatchet in one hand and gun in the other; fire flashed from his eyes; the snow and bushes were tramped down and bespattered with blood, presenting the appearance of a slaughter pen. Seeing the real situation I began to interrogate the excited chieftan, who said, "Here is one and over there lies another." The rest of our party were still at their posts, and I started out as directed to find "the other one," but I was unsuccessful, and returned to assist in dressing the fawn which Sam had about decapitated with his hatchet. Before this was complete the party assembled, and although thorough search was made we failed to find the second deer, but its trail proved very clearly that Sam had shot wide of his mark. In due time the fawn was taken to camp, and both hooks were now occupied. The hooks still remain, but the good old man who cut and placed them on the tree has since passed away. The doctor sleeps on the hillside. Yet with each returning season the remainder of our company bid adieu to home and business cares for a brief stay among the grand old mountains.

F. G.

TYRONE, Pa.

Natural History.

THE BATS.—I.

BY R. W. SHUFELDT, M.D., C.M.Z.S.

IF the reader will refer back to my first paper in FOREST AND STREAM on the Rodentia, he will find that we have now passed through and quite fully illustrated that extensive order of mammals, and to here pursue our plan, I present *in extenso* the next order we have to deal with, as set forth by the Provisional "List" of the U. S. National Museum; this is the Order Chiroptera, a group which contains all the Bats.

This most interesting assemblage of forms is thus arranged:

ORDER CHIROPTERA. BATS.

SUBORDER MICROCHIROPTERA. THE TYPICAL BATS.

Family VESPERTILIONIDÆ. *The True Bats.*

Anthrozous pallidus (Le Conte) H. Allen. Pale Bat. United States west of the Rocky Mountains; Oregon to Mexico.
Vesperugo serotinus (Schreber), Dobson. Serotine Bat. All zoographical regions except Australia. In America, from Winnipeg to West Indies.
Vesperugo propinquus, Peters. Guatemala and Honduras.
Vesperugo albigularis, Peters. Mexico.
Vesperugo georgianus (F. Cuv.), Dobson. Georgian Bat. United States.
Vesperugo noctivagans (Le Conte), Dobson. United States, from Atlantic Ocean to Rocky Mountains.
Vesperugo parvulus (H. Allen), Dobson. Mexico to Costa Rica.
Vesperugo hesperus (H. Allen), Dobson. California.
Nycticejus crepuscularis, Le Conte. United States, from the Great Lakes southward to Mexico.
Atalapha noveboracensis (Erxeleben), Peters. Red Bat. Canada to Chili.
Atalapha cinerea (Beauvois), Peters. Hoary Bat. Nova Scotia to Chili.
Atalapha intermedia (Allen), Peters. Texas to Mexico.
Vespertilio nitidus, H. Allen. California Bat. United States west of the Rocky Mountains; California, Texas and Mexico.
Vespertilio nigricans, Max zu Wied. Mexico to South Brazil.
Vespertilio evotis, H. Allen. Pacific Coast west of the Rocky Mountains.
Vespertilio subulatus, Say. Little Brown Bat. North America east of the Rocky Mountains; Mexico.
Vespertilio carolii. Temminck. North America.
Vespertilio albescens, Geoffroy. Mexico and Brazil.
Vespertilio lucifugus, Le Conte. Blunt-nosed Bat. Hudson Bay to Brazil.
Natalus stramineus, Gray. Mexico to Brazil.
Natalus lepidus (Gervais), Dobson. Cuba.

Family EMBALLONURIDÆ.

Rhynchonycteris naso (Max zu Wied), Peters. Guatemala to Brazil.
Saccopteryx bilineata (Temminck), Peters. Guatemala to Brazil.
Saccopteryx canina (Max zu Wied), Dobson. Guatemala to Brazil.
Saccopteryx plicata (Peters), Dobson. Mexico and Costa Rica.
Diclidurus albus. Max zu Wied. Guatemala to Brazil.
Noctilis leporinus mastirus (Dahl), Dobson. Antillean and Brazilian subregions.
Molossus rufus. Geoffrey. Red Mastiff Bat. Mexico to Brazil.
Molossus nasutus. Spix. Guatemala to Brazil.
Molossus abrasus (Temminck), Peters. Guatemala to Brazil.
Nyctinomus macrotis. Gray. Cuba, Brazil, Paraguay.
Nyctinomus gracilis (Wagner), Peters. Guatemala, Panama and Brazil.
Nyctinomus brasiliensis. Is. Geoffrey. Kansas and California to Chili.

Family PHYLLOSTOMIDÆ. *The Leaf-nosed Bats.*

Chilonycteris macleayi, Gray. Cuba, Jamaica, Hayti.
Chilonycteris personata, Wagner. Guatemala, Venezuela, Brazil.
Chilonycteris parnelli (Gray), Peters. Cuba, Jamaica.
Chilonycteris rubiginosa, Wagner. Mexico to Brazil.
Chilonycteris davyi (Gray), Dobson. Mexico to Brazil.
Mormops megalophylla, Peters. Mexico to Venezuela.

Mormops blainvillei, Leach. Cuba, Jamaica.
Lonchorhina aurita, Tomes. Trinidad, West Indies.
Macrotus waterhousei, Gray. Waterhouse's Bat. California, Mexico and the West Indies.
Macrotus bocourtianus, Dobson. Bocourt's Bat. Guatemala.
Vampyrus spectrum (Linné), Peters. Mexico to Brazil.
Vampyrus auritus, Peters. Mexico and Brazil.
Schizostoma hirsuta, Peters. Locality unknown.
Schizostoma megalotis (Gray), Peters. Mexico to Brazil.
Schizostoma belmii, Peters. Cayaba, Cosmpata.
Trachyops cirrhosus (Spix), Peters. Mexico to Brazil, Bermuda.
Phyllostoma hastatum (Pallas), E. Geoffrey. Panama to Brazil.
Mimon bennettii, Gray. Mexico, South America.
Carollia brevicauda (Max zu Wied), Peters. Mexico to Brazil.
Glossophaga soricina (Pallas), Peters. Central and South America as far as Chili.
Phyllonycteris poeyi, Gundlach et Peters. Cuba.
Phyllonycteris sezekorni, Gundlach et Peters. Cuba and Jamaica.
Monophyllus redmani, Leach. Cuba and Jamaica.
Ischnoglossa nivalis, De Saussure. Mexico and Guatemala.
Glossonycteris lasiopyga, Peters. Mexico to Brazil.
Choronycteris mexicana, Tschudi. Mexico and Guatemala.
Choronycteris minor, Peters. Guatemala to Brazil.
Artibeus perspicillatus (Linné), Gray. Mexico to Brazil.
Artibeus cinereus (Gervais), Dobson. Mexico to Brazil.
Vampyorps lineatus (E. Geoffrey), Peters. Mexico and Paragnay.
Vampyrops vittatus (Peters), Dobson. Costa Rica and Venezuela.
Stenoderma achradophilum (Gosse), Dobson. Cuba, Jamaica.
Stenoderma falcatum (Gray), Dobson. Cuba.
Ctinoderma salvini, Dobson. Costa Rica and Colombia.
Pygoderma bilabiatum (Wagner), Dobson. Mexico and Brazil.
Sturnira lilium (E. Geoffrey), Dobson. Mexico and Chili.
Brachyphyllum cavernarum, Gray. West Indies.
Centurio senex, Gray. Mexico.
Centurio memurtrii, H. Allen. Mexico and Guatemala.
Desmondus rufus, Max zu Wied. Mexico and Chili.
Diphylla ecaudata, Spix. Guatemala, Ecuador and Brazil.

A glance at the above list will be sufficient to satisfy any one at all familiar with the order we now have under consideration, that although some sixteen or perhaps more of the species of bats therein enumerated actually occur in our United States fauna, they are but a small proportion of the representatives for the order at large in North America, and were even all these latter before us, they would by no means present any adequate idea of this extraordinary group of creatures as they exist in the world's fauna as a whole.

So that to more fully understand something about existing bats we must draw more or less generously upon foreign forms, and in doing so we will acquire a broader view of the subject and attain to some acquaintance of the entire order. This is what I propose to do in the present contribution, confident as I am that my readers will approve of such a course, the more especially as our modest little species give but a very faint idea of the truly wonderful forms, remarkable structure and widely varying types of their Old World and East Indian relatives.

To me the bats are among the most highly interesting animals we have now existing on earth, and their structure, as a whole, is still a perfect mine of curious departures from the more common mammalian plan, while their diversified physiognomies, often of a facies most exceedingly unique, taken in connection with the former, never fail to enlist at once the full attention and study of the naturalist and anatomist.

My friend, Dr. Geo. Dobson, F. R. S., one of the highest living authorities on the Chiroptera, has admirably classified this order for us, and by the subjoined scheme I can show the arrangement as follows:

Order.	*Suborder.*	*Families.*
CHIROPTERA.....	Megachiroptera.....	Pteropodidæ.
	Microchiroptera.....	Vespertilionidæ.
		Rhinolophidæ.
		Emballonuridæ.
		Phyllostomidæ.

This eminent authority also distinguishes the Vespertilionidæ and Rhinolophidæ as the Vespertilionine Alliance, and the Emballonuridæ and Phyllostomidæ as the Emballonurine Alliance.

Dr. Dobson characterizes the Megachiroptera as: "Frugivorous bats, generally of large size, having the crowns of the molar teeth smooth, marked with a longitudinal groove; with the bony palate continued behind the last molar narrowing slowly backward, with three phalanges in the index finger, the third phalanx terminated generally by a claw; with the sides of the ear-conch forming a complete ring at the base; with the tail, when present, inferior to (not contained in) the interfemoral membrane; with the pyloric extremity of the stomach generally much elongated, and with the spigelian lobe of the liver ill-defined or absent, while the cordate is well developed."

As will be observed by the above scheme, these fruit-eating bats all fall into one family, and they are restricted in their habitat to tropical and sub-tropical parts of the eastern hemisphere. There are some eight or nine genera of them, very different in appearance sometimes, as we may see by comparing figures 2 and 6 of the present article, while all have wonderfully interesting habits and structure. But we will refer to all this further along.

Dr. Dobson then characterizes the Microchiroptera as "Insectivorous (rarely frugivorous or sanguivorous) bats, of comparatively small size, having the crowns of the molar teeth acutely tuberculated, marked by transverse grooves, with the bony palate narrowing abruptly, not continued backward laterally behind the last molar; with one rudimentary phalanx (rarely two phalanges or none) in the index finger, which is never terminated by a claw; with the outer and inner sides of the ear-conch commencing inferiorly from separate points of origin; with the tail, when present, contained in the interfemoral membrane, or appearing upon its upper surface; with a simple stomach (except in Desmodontes), and with the spigelian lobe of the liver very large, the cordate lobe generally small. Inhabiting the tropical and temperate regions of both hemispheres."

The four families of this suborder are also presented above, but space will, of course, by no means admit of my showing the extraordinary characters that separate them, much less even to enumerate the host of genera which they contain.

We can now, however, with the above classificatory scheme before us, and with these admirable differentiating characterizations of the two suborders, easily locate any species to which I may please to refer in my account which follows, and this will fully meet my aims here.

A COPY OF AUDUBON'S BIRDS.—Among the volumes to be offered for sale by Messrs. Leavitt & Co., auctioneers, this week in this city, is a copy of the original edition of that monumental work the "Birds of America," by John James Audubon. Year by year copies of this work become more and more rare, and as they become scarcer they advance in price.

Game Bag and Gun.

Antelope and Deer of America. By J. D. Caton. Price $2.50. Wing and Glass Ball Shooting with the Rifle. By W. C. Bliss. Price 50 cents. Rifle, Rod and Gun in California. By T. S. Van Dyke. Price $1.50. Shore Birds. Price 15 cents. Woodcraft. By "Nessmuk." Price $1. Trajectories of Hunting Rifles. Price 50 cents. Wild Fowl Shooting; see advertisement.

MAINE'S GAME.

THERE is little doubt of good legislation for the better protection of fish and game in Maine. The Governor has recommended it in his message to the Legislature, and the members of that body will go about in earnest. Indeed it is a feature of earnestness that has characterized the deeds of the Maine Legislature in that direction all along. Witness the results. An interest greater than almost any other in the State. This interest has grown up under protection. The counting of noses at the State house has already been begun, on the question of favorable fish and game legislation, and to those in earnest on the question the outlook is very favorable. It is likely that better protection will be made for the trout nurseries; that is, the streams and the brooks where they are bred and where they grow to sufficient size to take care of themselves in the deeper waters. Some measures are likely to be adopted for the punishment of such marauders and robbers as have attempted to break up the efforts of the Commissioners in protecting certain breeding water of the landlocked salmon. The Commissioners are still against special legislation, but the usual number of bills for special protection of fishing water and hunting grounds will be introduced. The Commissioners will doubtless ask the Legislature for a better non-export law for Maine fish and game. The present 50lb. trout law is abused, and no doubt it is defective in that it permits of the taking out of far too great a quantity of such fish, provided the sportsman can catch them, or employ other men to do it. Again, the statement of the sportsman himself has mainly to be relied upon, for the reason that his fish are always packed in ice, and boxes weighing more than 100lbs. have to be passed as containing only 50lbs. of trout. Better laws as to the jigging of trout from the spawning beds will be asked for. And the admirable work done by the FOREST AND STREAM in the fall of 1887 in unearthing the truth of the jigging business that had been going on at the Upper Dam for several seasons, will not be forgotten.

The non-export law asked for will be doubtless especially designed to dam up the underground railroad from the Maine forests into the Boston market. This underground railroad is still open. Deer continue to be taken out of barrels and poultry boxes. The receivers chuckle over the idea, that in a barrel thoroughly headed up it is easy to get deer through from Maine, without danger of seizure. But after all they are really alarmed for that part of their trade. They will answer me no questions whatever concerning a deer which I happen to see at their place, with legs all cut at the joints; so that they will go into the barrels or boxes. Formerly deer came to this market with whole legs and antlers. Not a pair of antlers have I seen this winter on a deer that has come through this underground railroad. But one of these receivers of Maine game freed his mind the other day in a way that it came to me. He remarked that he was not getting half of the Maine deer that he should. He had not handled more than a couple of deer this season yet. He could occasionally get one or two by the Bangor boats. The shippers did not consider it quite as risky shipping by water as by rail. But on the whole the venison business was not good this winter, for the good reason that there was so little venison to handle.

By the way, at the present writing there is very little snow in Maine, even in the woods. I saw a gentleman the other day, right from the wilderness. He is lumbering in the Metalic Brook region, off Richardson Lake. He reports very little snow in the woods. The tracks of deer are surprisingly thick. Still, but few were killed in that section, even in the open season, for the good reason that they were not hunted so persistently as is the case in some parts of the State. The gentleman in question had been out himself one day. He soon struck a fresh track in the light snow, and this track quickly led to five other sets of tracks. Then the fun begun. The deer evidently kept well together. The hunters saw them several times, indeed were very near them the most of the time, but did not get a shot before night came on. One who has hunted deer in that region of cedar and spruce swamps, with the great abundance of ground hemlocks, will appreciate the difficulty of getting a shot at even five deer in a drove. But the gentleman laughed at his want of luck, with a chuckle and remarked that "The whole five are up there now, and they will stay there to breed next year; for the lumber camp folks will not disturb them, now that the law is on." In this he is probably right, for Messrs. Bearde & Wilson, who are the contractors for lumbering in that region, will not countenance the killing of deer in close time. Indeed, should the winter continue as open as it is now, there could be no crusting of either moose or deer in that State this season.

The lovers of deer hounding will probably again ask the Maine Legislature to grant an open season for this sort of hunting. Indeed, they say that "a single month will do." Modest, are they not? A single week would be sufficient to drive every deer in Maine over into Canada. No! It will never do! There is not a ghost of a chance that a law of that stamp can be got through the Maine Legislature, though it is understood that some of the New York deer hounding element is to try for it. SPECIAL.

CHARLESTON, Ill., Jan. 3.—Hunting has been tolerably fair in this vicinity this fall. The sportsmen report rabbits scarce, and ruffed grouse are about extinct. Pinnated grouse, quail and squirrel are in fair numbers. Foxes are more numerous than they have been for fifteen or twenty years. The largest bags of game that I have heard of this fall were made by Capt. Wm. A. Jeffries, Frank Vail, Charles Bishop and Douglas McCarty; thirty quail, five rabbits and one squirrel on 21st ult. They were six or eight miles northeast of the city. Scott Dowling was out for a day's shooting on 22d ult., and bagged twenty quail. Simeon and Arnold Ramsey were out on 28th ult., three miles west of the city, and bagged eleven squirrels, so they say.—J. B. D.

SHOOTING CLUBS OF CHICAGO.—II.

THE MINEOLA CLUB.

IT is well to be careful in making any statement of a sweeping nature, yet I believe I am correct in saying that there is not in the entire Western country, and probably not in the East, a private sporting club house, which in size and elaborateness equals that of the Mineola Club of Chicago. It is probable also that there is not anywhere in this portion of the country a body of gentlemen associated purely for the purposes of field sports whose wealth and whose importance in the commercial world is greater than that of the members of this club. For the most part they are the busiest of busy men, and their business is of magnitude. This fact alone does not constitute them objects of interest in a sportsman's eyes, nor yet does the fact of their magnificent and truly commendable building, although that is a worthy monument of sportsman zeal. The point of interest about the Mineola Club men is that they are sportsmen, regular and thoroughgoing, and giants at play as much as at work. When they go out for a good time, they have a very good time. They cover a lot of ground and have a lot of fun to the square inch. It is not on record that all of the Mineola Club ever went out at the same time to take a day out, but if such an event should ever happen it is probable that the well-made walls of their big play house, wide as they are, would not be big enough to hold them and the good time they would have. As a matter of safety, usually only ten or a dozen of them go off together to their home by the raging Fox Lake and celebrate their outing with a largeness, squareness and general perpendicularity of resolve not to let any fun get away, which is only equaled, as has been intimated, by their resolve when at home, not to let a moment of time escape.

The Mineola Club consists at present of sixty-nine actual members. Its membership is limited to seventy-five, all residents of Chicago. The club grounds are situated upon the west shore of Fox Lake, just at the foot of a beautiful wooded bluff. They are forty acres in extent, and afford a frontage of 1,800ft. upon one of the most picturesque portions of the lake. Taken in conjunction with the new building, whose erection was only undertaken this fall, and which will not be completed entirely until the following spring, the locality is one of the most charming to be found anywhere near this city, and the best possible comment on the growth in consideration which sports of the flood and field, and love of the outdoor air have attained in this section of the world.

The Mineola Club is the result of the union of two former Fox Lake clubs, the Union and Cedar Island clubs, and is really a very strong organization. It controls a very desirable portion of the lake as to situation, and is equally convenient with almost any of the lake clubs to the shooting grounds. The latter is a variable quantity, changing much as the notion of the birds changes. No one party or corporation can be said to control any great amount of the actual shooting territory of Fox Lake, the favorite positions being held solely by hunter's law, and open as much to the one club as to the others. The shooting is generally pretty well across the lake from the bluff, although sometimes the bay just in front of the Mineola club house is quite as good a point as any. There is plenty of feed in that corner of the lake, and on a recent trip to that country we saw as many ducks there as on any part of the lake. The "Hill," spoken of in last week's article as being at times an excellent point for pass shooting on the flight between Fox and Pistaqua lakes, morning and evenings, is also very near to the Mineola club house; and if one wished to shoot on Pistaqua Lake, or have a look at the little round pond which lies between the two big lakes, it is only a step across through the woods which slope back so gracefully in little sweeps and curves and abrupt attempts at declivities. Close at hand in the lake, just in front of the landing, the water is deep, and one is as apt to strike a big bass or pike there as anywhere, while the members and their ladies can in the fishing season sit within talking distance of the club house and catch perch, "sunnies" and other cheerful panfish, and rest their eyes with as pretty a little bit of nature as it often befalls one to see. There are grounds for trap shooting, often, doubtless, to be well patronized, and within the house, upon the basement floor, good billiard tables will be put up, immediately upon the completion of the interior. A bowling alley is in discussion, it being a question whether its noise would not prove unpleasant to those upon the floors above. No provision for pleasure has been left forgotten, and the shortest examination of the surroundings is enough to satisfy one that the owners of the grounds are after a pleasure spot, and know how to make it. The club is not specifically a duck club, or a fishing club, or a trap club, or a dancing club, but a pleasant combination of all of these. Its purposes are those of general sport. Its object is to keep a bit of nature in the family, and the result of this is this big caravansery for the boys and their wives and families. It is, of course, strictly to be remembered that the club is in nowise a hotel, and its privileges are not to be bought. It is as much a private house as any city residence, and unless one is fortunate enough to be a member or an invited guest he cannot go within the gates.

The dimensions of the Mineola club house are, for the main structure above, 155x115ft. The dining-room, situated at the side of the main building, is 25x50ft., and beyond this is a kitchen whose size is 20x25ft. It may be seen that there is plenty of room. Over 300,000ft. of lumber have been put into the building, and it has 7,500sq. yds. of plastering. Its cost when it has received its last touches will be between $25,000 and $30,000. The furniture is not yet in place. It will be rich and costly, in full keeping with the rest of the house, and will doubtless cost $5,000.

The dining-room is at the side of the main building, and lies in the sidehill, half a story higher than the main floor, and reached by a flight of broad and comely stairs. It is accessible also from the second floor by a half-flight, so that the ladies may descend from the sleeping apartments to the breakfast room as handily as in any first-class hotel. It may be taken as a matter of fact that the kitchen is well equipped and well supplied.

The total height of the building is 68ft., and it carries a jaunty vane and flag at a distance of 26ft. still higher: so that the total height from tip to toe is just short of 100ft. But it isn't the flagstaff that is the great feature of the club house, nor the dining hall, nor yet the kitchen;



CLUB HOUSE AND GROUNDS OF THE MINEOLA CLUB, FOX LAKE, ILL.

it is the wide and spacious, altogether glorious gallery or veranda that runs around it, clear back to the hill on each side. This veranda runs from 18 to 24ft. in width, and covers more than 10,000sq. ft. of surface. It has large round bays provided at the corners. From its second story a lovely vision of lake and wood is to be seen, and on its lower floor there is room enough for a ball, with any amount of corners for secret converse. I don't know, but I shouldn't wonder if in the "somer seeson, whenne softe is ye sonne," the stern business of the hunter and fisher will sometimes be forgotten, and if stalwart blazer and delicate tennis suit replace the costumes of the field and street, and if these two talk of something but stories of the imminent deadly breach, and if, in the twilight of a pleasant day, the outlines of blazer and tennis suit grow faint and indistinguishable from each other. For, mind you, this big Mineola house is a summer resort to all intents and purposes; the only difference is, not quite everybody can resort. It is a hotel without hotel bills, without unpleasant guests, without work or worry, and without reproach.

The main floor of the club house is arranged as follows: Opening from the veranda is a large entrance lobby, and upon either side of this is a large and finely furnished reception room; upon the extreme left are the rich and extensive parlors set apart for the ladies who may be visitors at the club, and upon the extreme right are the equally large but soberer parlors for the gentlemen. All this series of rooms can be thrown open into each other by means of sliding doors. In each of the parlors there is built a fireplace of heroic model, capable of consuming a vast log of wood, and by the crackling blaze of these cheerful reminders of the ruder camp, there will, I doubt not, be many and many a "flickering" of reminiscences of experiences in this and other countries, Back of this first series of rooms a wide hall runs entirely across from end to end of the building. At the extreme right, just across the hall from the men's parlors, is probably what will be the gun room, 14×28ft. in size, and commodiously arranged with lockers for the shooters' outfits. Upon either side of the dining hall stairs, which rise from the wide central hall, are sleeping apartments 12×14ft. in size.

Upon the second floor the same general plan is followed out. The corridor, on this floor slightly narrower, runs entirely across the building. There is a large front lobby, arranged with sliding doors, which opens directly out upon the great gallery, which is finished here, as below, with rafters and ceiling of dressed and oiled Georgia pine, giving a rich and pleasant effect. There are fifty sleeping rooms upon the second and third floors, each 12×14ft. in size. The rooms are furnished with large French windows, or sash doors, which open clear down to the floor, and out upon the veranda. From any of the front rooms a magnificent view can be had of the lake, and the early riser can see six miles of as pretty a morning scene as he will care to look upon.

The third floor has seventeen rooms, some of which are 12×16ft. Now comes in a cunning device of the builder. By a peculiar arrangement of the large dormer windows upon the hip roof these rooms, so close up under the roof as not to be thought desirable, are as well provided with light as any in the house, and each one has its big front of glass which can be thrown open to the breeze from the lake. These are really about the pleasantest rooms in the house. The corridor runs quite across this floor also.

The building is exceptionally well lighted, and, in short, is throughout architecturally adapted to its own purposes to a degree which hardly could be surpassed. There are eighty-four of the large sash doors, which open out upon the wide galleries. The open arrangement is calculated to insure perfect ventilation and coolness in the heated term.

There are six private boat houses belonging to members of the club. Most of the gentlemen own their own boats. As among the names of the members there may be recognized those of some of the best known shots of the city, it may well be supposed that in the matter of outfits nothing would be left wanting. The most popular boat in t his club appears to be the clinker, decked and combed.

The membership fee of the Mineola Club is $300, and the annual dues are $25. Assessments can not be levied for running expenses.

Chicago readers of FOREST AND STREAM will know many among the names of Mineola members as ones prominent in large financial transactions. Some twenty odd of them are members of the Board of Trade here, and among these there is at least one name whose association with the big wheat deal of last September has made it famous around the world—B. P. Hutchinson, better known as "old Hutch," who did so everlastingly squeeze the boys who didn't have any wheat. However rampageous the old gentleman gets on the Board, as a member of the Mineola Club he is altogether tractable and amiable, and shows no disposition to go long on the fish product of Fox Lake or to eat up the club house and scenery. C. L. Hutchinson, son of the latter named gentleman, is the president of the Board of Trade, and well known himself, it may be sure; so also are such men as C. J. Singer, N. B. Keam, Robt. Lindbloom, "Jack" Cudahy, Cyrus Dupee, J. J. Silberhorn, "Billy" Linn, Nat Jones, Ed Driver, A. H. Bliss, Charley Fenton, John Cantner, George Champlin, Charley Wright and many others of the list. Mr. A. M. Gilbert is an indefatigable and very successful member of the shooting craft and is often called "the lucky man." He won the "opening day" medal this year for the biggest bag of ducks on Aug. 15. Walter Hough is another persistent wooer of the fickle canvasback, whose name is often heard about the lakes and marshes of this section, as are Messrs. Felton, Saxton and others whom space fails to mention.

The present officers of the club are John G. Beazley, president; John Cudahy, vice-president; Chas. L. Hutchinson, treasurer, and J. C. McCord, secretary. The last-named gentleman has had the onerous task of supervising the construction of the club house, and that he has done his duty well is, I think, plainly apparent by a look at the results. The following is a complete list of the present membership of the Mineola Club: A. W. Wright, C. J. Singer, Geo. W. Champlin, N. B. Ream, W. B. Andrews, T. M. Baxter, Robt. Lindbloom, A. H. Bliss, J. C. Cantner, H. S. Heth, Jas. E. Boyd, N. S. Jones, W. S. Booth, H. I. Saxton, J. T. McCord, A. Browne, J. G. Beazley, J. G. Dwen, J. C. McCord, C. E. Felton, G. W. Haskell, R. M. Fair, Geo. O. Garnsey, F. B. Lawrence, J. B. Reeme, John Cudahy, Frank Clifton, F. L. Stevens, Geo. Smith, T. C. Edwards, J. O. Pierson, C. S. Wilcox, Henry Hosmer, W. C. Hough, T. E. Sullivan, Robt. G. Dwen, A. M. Gilbert, W. L. Pierce, B. P. Hutchinson, F. J. Magin, F. J. Kennett, F. D. Brown, F. A. Forbes, C. L. Hutchinson, Henry Botsford, W. T. Johnson, H. H. Carr, Thos. Bennett, E. Ryder, W. R. Linn, Geo L. Dunlap, Geo. Mason, H. P. Barton, Harvey T. Weeks, T. Wells, G. D. Brown, E. L. Hunter, S. J. Nash, S. Wolff, G. R. T. Ward, W. C. Scott, Z. T. Cole, R. M. Huffman, Cyrus Dupee, John J. Silberhorn, Geo. P. Braun, A. S. White, A. V. Booth, E. A. Driver.

Mr. John Gillespie, for fourteen years identified with the gun trade in Chicago, and indeed the oldest and best known gun man of the city, severed his long business connection with the Spaldings on Jan 1. Spaldings are going to gradually reduce their gun department, otherwise they certainly would never have let Mr. Gillespie go. He controls the largest local trade of any man in Chicago, and if the gun dealers here let him go long without a good place they are simply standing in their own light, that's all there is about that. Mr. Gillespie built up his trade, as all trade now must be built up, by actual experience among shooters. They all know him.

Mr. John B. Ostell, who has conducted the fishing tackle department at Spalding's also left them Jan 1. Mr. Ostell is here from New York, and although not an old resident here, has built up a good trade. There isn't so much doing in tackle at this time of the year. I hope both these gentlemen will soon be doing business, if not at the old stand, at some other stand.

Mr. Fred Taylor, long a sporting goods dealer here, and late with the Western Arms & Cartridge Co., is still absent on the Indian Territory hunt. He has cattle interests in that country, and I am told will not return to his place with the latter named firm.

In sketch of Fox Lake Club, for statement that Dr. Baxter killed 14 ducks before he ran out of shells read that he killed 140. Where I wrote that "the only way to appeal to a Chicago man is through the medium of ideas and enterprise; if you have not these, stay away from Chicago." I was made by the types to give the kindly advice, "If you have not been there, stay away from Chicago." E. HOUGH.

DIMINUTION OF THE WILDFOWL.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Upon the Indians we must lay the most serious charges for slaughter of wildfowl. From Manitoba came lately confirmed reports that during the last fall wild duck and goose eggs were brought in from the lakes and other breeding grounds actually by whole canoe loads at a time. This is the last thing remaining to be done in the horridly complete extermination of our wildfowl. These eggs are shipped into United States markets from Winnipeg. Many go to New York. E. HOUGH.

CHICAGO.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have long been wanting to speak my mind on the game law question, and when I read in your last issue a letter from "Ernest" headed "Ducks by the Barrelful," I could not hold back any longer. He says why in the name of heaven can't we have some laws to stop the sale of game, and I say why not. Why cannot the game clubs of this State circulate petitions to prevent the sale of grouse in particular? They are fast playing out in this part of the State. A few years ago every little brush had a brood of grouse, and now a party have to tramp hard all day to flush a dozen birds. And now I think if the sale of them could be stopped it would do away with all snaring and illegal modes of capture. Sportsmen think of it, and somebody take hold and start the ball a rolling. COUNTRY BOY.

ELLISBURG, N. Y.

FUN AND SPECULATION.—Pittsburgh, Pa., Dec. 26.—Messrs. Johnson, Sheppard, Bean, Connor and Dr. MacCord, a committee of the Keystone Gun Club, of Pittsburgh, Pa., visited Del Rio, Val Verde county, Texas, recently, and purchased a tract of land for $9,000, and are negotiating for more, which they intend to use as a hunting park. Del Rio is situated west of San Antonio on the Rio Grande River, and is noted for its grand scenery, delightful climate and excellent hunting. The Grand Cañon of the Rio Grande and the famous San Felipe Springs are within a few miles of the town. The gun club, besides buying the land for pleasure, believe it to be a good investment, as the country in the vicinity has been growing rapidly, and it is believed that the Fort Worth and Rio Grande Railroad will pass close by.

THE BEAR APPRECIATED.—New York, Jan. 3.—Permit me to congratulate you upon the excellence of your supplement, FOREST AND STREAM's grizzly. It so far ahead of the usual blur that most newspapers impose on their readers when they attempt illustration, that I cannot refrain from offering a word to show my appreciation of the way you have so well succeeded in giving your subscribers a really good thing. It seems rather a pity, though, that the little black "cuss" should have been allowed to appear in the foreground.—BIG REEL.

NOW AND THEN A BUFFALO.—As in this report contained in the Livingstone (Mont.) *Enterprise* of Dec. 22: "A buffalo bull and cow were killed a few days since by a couple of halfbreeds about twelve miles north of the Moccasin Mountains, in Fergus county. Their hides and quarters were brought into Lewistown and excited much attention, together with a general expression of regret that the ruthless hunters had not spared these remnants of the almost extinct monarch of the prairies. The same hunters also bagged a great number of blacktail deer, wildcats and wolves, also two or three mountain lions."

MASSACHUSETTS FISH AND GAME ASSOCIATION.—At a recent meeting, President Samuels in the chair, the Treasurer, Mr. Frederick R. Shattuck, presented a partial report showing an excellent financial condition and an improvement over any other year. The Nominating Committee reported the following nominations for officers, to be balloted for at the annual meeting held last night Jan. 9: President, Edward A. Samuels; Vice-Presidents, Charles Levi Woodbury, Walter M. Brackett, H. H. Hunnewell, John T. Stetson, Henry H. Kimball, W. Hapgood, B. C. Clark; Treasurer, Fredrick R. Shattuck; Secretary, Arthur W. Robinson; Librarian, John Fottler, Jr.; Executive Committee, J. N. Keith, D. F. Eddy, J. N. Roberts, John P. Woodbury, Ivers W. Adams, John Fottler, Jr., A. B. Bradstreet, Henry C. Litchfield, Geo. W. Wiggin, J. R. Reed, Samuel Hanson, E. E. Hardy. Membership Committee, Henry J. Thayer, Geo. Mixter, Waldron Bates; Fund Committee, B. C. Clark, Daniel T. Curtis, Samuel Hanson.

CARIBOU WEIGHTS.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The article in Dec. 13 number stated that those caribou I killed on Moose River last fall averaged 1,200lbs. each. "Ebemee" is correct, as a caribou weighing 700lbs. would be a monster. In fact I never heard of any weighing that amount. I wrote that they weighed 200lbs. each. But the types made me say 1,200lbs.—CAP LOCK.

PHEASANTS IN MARKET.—Newark, N. J., Dec. 30.—Dec. 21, as I was passing through Centre Market, Newark, I saw six English pheasants hung up for sale. I think any man who will kill them at the present time for market would not be too good to go in the farmyard and shoot turkeys. We should have a law to protect them, if there is none.—E. W. H.

NEW YORK GAME LAWS.—The Supervisors of Suffolk county, N. Y., at their last meeting adopted the following: Resolved, That the Board of Supervisors of the county of Suffolk hereby respectfully request the Legislature of this State to allow the game and fishing laws to remain as they are now.

FOREST AND STREAM, Box 2,832, N. Y. city, has descriptive illustrated circulars of W. B. Leffingwell's book, "Wild Fowl Shooting," which will be mailed free on request. This book is pronounced by "Nanit," "Gloan," "Dick Swiveller," "Sybillene" and other competent authorities to be the best treatise on the subject extant.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

253.

LAST fall W. L. Hallett, W. H. Ferguson (proprietors of a large stock ranch near Lone Tree Lake in this vicinity), F. L. McFarland and Finley, of Denver, met at the hospitable ranch house of the first-named gentlemen for a duck hunt. In the middle of the afternoon the party might have been seen slowly filing across field to the shooting ground, loaded down with 4s and mud. When near the Welch Lake the leader suddenly ducked his head, motioning to his followers to stand. There, close to the shore, just over a little hillock, sat thirty as nice mallards as the eye could wish to see. A detour was made, a line formed, and then the strategy began. With guns all ready they made for the little mound, stooping lower and lower as they neared the top, until the stoop became a crawl, each showing his feverish anxiety not to be left in the rear. Then as they reached the crest they all rose, and with one grand rush the destructive fire went forth. So successful was the maneuver and so sure the aim not a duck escaped. There they still sat quietly bobbing up and down with the rise and fall of the troubled water, utterly oblivious of the terrible fusilade. You should have seen the suppressed look those four men gave each other. Then commenced the examination of guns to see who had put up the job. But the guns were all empty; each man had tried to get in the first shot. Well, they fell down, rolled over a few times, and swore they must never give it away. That kind of a cat is hard to keep bagged, but I would not give it this publicity had they not tried to work those same thirty wooden decoys on your correspondent; and they would have succeeded had not old man Gove (the owner) taken them in out of the wet. All of these gentlemen are model sportsmen, not pot-hunters, as their action would indicate.

LONGMONT, Colorado. H.

254.

A few weeks ago, on return from a walk on the Woolwich side of the Kennebec, the ladies of my establishment informed me that they had started up a pair of partridges (ruffed grouse) near the summer cottages on Sasanoa Bluffs. The next day it was the work of but a few moments to take my gun and skiff and sail across the river to interview them if possible. Walking up a soft and velvety path through a clump of trees, out jumped one from a tree just ahead of me, and before I had time to bring my gun to bear, out went another, as though he had an important errand abroad. I rushed forward to clear the trees for a shot, when I heard a low thud as of some partially soft substance striking the shingles of a house. I went up to the nearest cottage to examine, and there beside a small woodshed lay my partridge, dead, but still slightly kicking. He weighed twenty ounces, and I saved my cartridge. G. E. N.

BATH, Me.

THE U. S. CARTRIDGE CO., Lowell, Mass., have received the following letter from Mr. L. S. Carter, winner by 25 out of 25 live birds at Cincinnati, Sept. 8, and who won 18 out of 20 at the shoot Sept. 9, winning the American Field Championship Cup:

"HAMMOND, Ill., Oct. 8, 1888.

"*U. S. Cartridge Co., Lowell, Mass.:* Gentlemen—I have found no shells that can come up to yours, and think your strong primer Climax paper shells superior to Eley's. I used your shells at all the shoots this season, and had no trouble with any of them. They are more durable, crimp better, and for wood and Schultze powder they are superior to any I have yet found. (Signed) L. S. CARTER, Now Champion Live Bird Shot of the World."—*Adv.*

CHARIOT RACE FROM BEN-HUR.

A realistic representation, beautifully engraved upon a handsome 1889 calendar, by John A. Lowell & Co., Boston, can be procured by sending six cents in stamps to P. S. Eustis, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, C., B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill.—*Adv.*

Sea and River Fishing.

Angling Talks. By George Dawson. Price 50 cents. Fly-Rods and Fly-Tackle. By H. P. Wells. Price $2.50. Fly-Fishing and Fly-Making for Trout. By J. H. Keene. Price $1.50. American Angler's Book. By Thad. Norris. Price $5.50.

OUR ANGLING PRESIDENTS.

THE United States has had several anglers among those who have filled the Presidential chair, and their angling abilities were as varied as their individualities or their political views. It has lately been proved that George Washington was an entered apprentice at angling, if not entitled to be called a fellow craftsman. Mr. Geo. H. Moore found that our first President actually recorded two or three fishing trips in his diary, and has reproduced the notes in his little book which he had printed for private distribution, in which he proved conclusively that Washington was an angler. It is worthy of note, in these degenerate days, when the funny man of the daily press delights in picturing an angler as an eligible member of the Ananias Club, that the father of his country usually recorded the fact that he fished on a certain date, but never mentioned the catch, except on one occasion, the only time we have any record of his fishing in salt water. The place was outside the harbor of Portsmouth, N. H., where the party—he modestly withholds the names—caught two codfish, whose weights are not given, a fact which that class of humorists to whom George and his hatchet are a well-spring of information will regret.

Thomas Jefferson is said to have fished in his youth, but we have no record of him as an angler in mature years, nor while he occupied the Presidential chair. The same might be said of many others who have received the first honors of the nation, especially those who were country boys, for the latter all fish; but it is only those who have a real love for the sport who keep it up through life and are entitled to be called anglers. Perhaps stern Andrew Jackson fished, but we can hardly imagine the dapper Martin Van Buren soiling his hands with either worm or shedder crab. If he fished at all it would have been with a fly, and fly-fishing was almost unknown in America in his day.

It is a fact that fishing for sport was not looked upon with a favorable eye by our grandfathers, and the man who did it was apt to be considered a waster of time at least, for in our new country the need of hustling about for dollars was painfully evident from the maxims handed down to us by Franklin, and therefore if some of our earlier presidents did fish they carefully abstained from referring to it.

Not until we come down to Chester A. Arthur do we find any record of presidential angling during a term of office, and here we find a perfect angler, as finished a fly-caster and as elegant a fisherman as might be expected of such a gentleman. We have personal friends who have fished with Arthur who say that as an angler he would compare favorably with any. The fact that he killed a 50lb. salmon merely proves that he was fortunate in getting such a strike, for there are plenty of men who could land such a fish if they had the chance, but the fact that he was generally successful in landing the salmon which he hooked, and that his favorite game was salmon and trout, which he always fished for with the fly, place him in the front rank of angling Presidents.

The present occupant of the White House is an angler, but looks more to results than to means, and being an indifferent fly-caster he does not disdain the humble worm, nor to troll the glittering spoon. The fact that he loves to fish gives him a chance to leave the mud flats of the Potomac and breathe the better air of the St. Lawrence or that of the balsam-laden Adirondacks. Mr. Cleveland is not as finished an angler as his predecessor, and but few men are.

Of the President elect as an angler we know but little. That he went bass fishing last summer is on record, but whether he went for the love of it, or to escape from politicians and reporters, we do not know. Neither do we know what lines he used, nor what his catch was, but if he reads FOREST AND STREAM regularly, as we are informed that he does, no doubt Mr. Harrison will develop any angling instinct that may be lying dormant.

As a means of escaping the importunities of office seekers and politicians in general there is no refuge for the head of the nation like angling. It enables him to take a vacation in the wilderness away from the cares of state and find temporary solace in the company of more primitive people than surround him in Washington, and to change the struggle for office in which he is the victim to a different contest in which he has a chance to be the victor, and to return refreshed in mind and body. By all means let our Presidents go a-fishing.

STRIPED BASS AT MONTAUK POINT.—A goodly number of fair-sized striped bass have been taken with rod and reel at Montauk Point during the past season. Within easy reach of New York city these bassing grounds should be better known than they are. For years past a few anglers cast their lines there with more or less success, and we personally know two who have fished there every season for years and have fair sport. As a rule the fish are larger than those taken further west, about the New Jersey coast and off Staten Island, and the angler can take the Long Island railroad to Sag Harbor, and then he is within about eighteen of Montauk, and can have a conveyance meet him to take him to his destination, where accommodations may be found. About this eastern end of Long Island the bass seem to linger and feed in the varying currents which center there, and the fishing, for bass at least, is better than at Orient, the other eastern point of the island. Bait is not easily procured there, and the angler should provide himself with the necessary menhaden, or lobster, before starting, although the former might be obtained at the oil factories at Promised Land, yet they might not always be fresh. Those of our readers who wish to try new bassing grounds next season may do well on the boulders at Montauk Point.

"OUTING ON THE BIG HORN."—The author of the sketch with this title, page 438, wrote that the Huron Islands were 200ft. above the level of the lake, not 2,000ft.

Fishculture.

THE VERMONT COMMISSION.

THE biennial report of the Fish Commissioners of Vermont for 1887-88 is at hand. They report with pleasure that experience has demonstrated the wisdom of the existing laws for the protection of fish in the waters of Vermont, and that these laws have been generally respected. In numerous instances farmers have so protected and replenished trout brooks and ponds, which had become so depleted as to be of no account, that they have actually realized more revenue from these than from many acres of cultivated land.

The Commissioners have received from all parts of the State encouraging reports from the fish planted in the different waters. Of the landlocked salmon planted in some of the smaller lakes, a year ago, there are reports of many having been caught, some weighing from seven to nine pounds. The trout planted in the small rivers and brooks show a large increase, the general report being that the trout streams are far better stocked than for many years past. Reports from Lake Champlain show that since the protective law has been enforced there has been a large increase of both the species of black bass, pike, shad, and in fact all the fishes native to these waters.

A grating has been placed across the outlet of Lake Bomoseen, extending across between the abutments of the railroad bridge, and good results to the stock of that lake are looked for. The unfortunate loss of 50,000 fry of different species, in the fire which destroyed the hatchery at Plymouth, N. H., interfered with the plans of stocking several waters. The necessity for attention to violations of the law having become so much less than formerly, the Commissioners propose turning their attention to stocking the smaller waters with suitable fish.

After making general inquiries in regard to the most economical way of procuring fry, the Commissioners do not recommend the establishing of a State hatchery. They think that they can buy what they want from private parties cheaper than they can raise them, and quote Col. McDonald in support of the view. The laws of the State require private persons who receive fry from the Commissioners to post notices on the banks of the waters stocked that all fishing therein is prohibited for three years, and as some persons are not willing to do this the Commissioners will decline to furnish them with fish. The yellow perch is recommended for stocking some waters.

The appendix contains a list of the ponds in the State, their locality, kinds of fish in them, their area and other information. The streams are also given in the same way, and the laws for the preservation and propagation of fish, game and birds concludes the report.

THE SAWDUST QUESTION.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have read with interest the various communications upon the above-named subject, and with special interest that of Charles Hallock in this week's issue, because he refers to streams and conditions with which I am perfectly familiar; and I write from an invalid's room to briefly corroborate the facts stated by him. The adjoining township west of Plainfield is Windsor, a much larger township and containing many more streams, and trout streams, too. Adjoining Windsor on the south is the township of Peru, where I first saw daylight. This township also abounds in trout streams. These townships embrace the summits of what are now known as the Hoosac Tunnel Range, or spur of the Green Mountains, which cross the western end of the State of Massachusetts. A large portion of their streams have driven sawmills for a century past, and several of them had tanneries on their banks; and the same state of things, practically, as enumerated by Mr. Hallock, has existed there for one-third to one-half a century past to my personal knowledge.

MILTON P. PEIRCE.

COLUMBUS, Ohio.

THE MENHADEN SEASON.—The fishing season which has just closed has been a very satisfactory one to the menhaden men, judging from the newspaper accounts of the work. There are now about ninety steamers engaged in the work, and about as many oil factories are in operation from Maine to North Carolina. Very few sailing vessels are now engaged in this trade, the steamers being quicker and therefore more profitable. Maine factories have not done as well as those further south, and the greatest amount of capital invested in the business is now in the State of New York, Connecticut and Rhode Island coming next. The menhaden fisheries and oil works probably represent $5,000,000 invested, and they employ four or five thousand men. The steamers cost from $30,000 to $40,000 each. The past season has been the best for several years and the profits have been large, though the price of the oil has fallen.

THE GRAMPUS.—The U. S. Fish Commission schooner Grampus will soon start for the Gulf of Mexico on a cruise of investigation and research among the marine life of that region. She will be in command of Capt. A. C. Adams, a seaman of much experience. Her former captain, D. E. Collins, is now in Florida investigating the coast fisheries and gathering statistics for the Fish Commission.

The Kennel.

Dogs: Their Management and Treatment in Disease. By Ashmont. Price $2. Kennel Record and Account Book. Price $3. Training vs. Breaking. By S. T. Hammond. Price $1. First Lessons in Dog Training, with Points of all Breeds. Price 50 cents.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Jan. 15 to 19, 1889.—Seventh Annual Dog Show of the Southern Massachusetts Poultry Association, at New Bedford, Mass. F. W. Dean, Secretary.

January, last week.—Western Pennsylvania Poultry Society's Fourteenth Annual Show, Pittsburgh, Pa. C. B. Elben, Sec'y.

Feb. 5 to 8, 1889.—First Annual Dog Show of the Columbus Fanciers' Club at Columbus O. Thos. R. Sparrow, Secretary.

Feb. 7 to 12.—First Annual Show of the Hudson River Poultry, Dog and Pet Stock Association, at Newburgh, N.Y. J. H. Drevenstedt, Secretary, Washingtonville, N. Y.

Feb. 19 to 22, 1889.—Thirteenth Annual Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent.

Feb. 26 to March 1, 1889.—Second Annual Show of the Rensselaer Kennel Club, Troy, N. Y. Alba M. Ide, Secretary.

March 5 to 8, 1889.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Albany Kennel Club, at Albany, N. Y. Geo. B. Gallup, Secretary.

March 12 to 15, 1889.—Second Annual Show of the Fort Schuyler Kennel Club, Utica, N. Y. James W. Dunlop, President.

March 19 to 22, 1889.—First Annual Dog Show of the Maryland Kennel Club, at Baltimore, Md. W. S. Diffenderffer, Secretary.

March 26 to 29, 1889.—First Annual Dog Show of the Massachusetts Kennel Club, at Lynn, Mass. D. A. Williams, Secretary.

April 2 to 5, 1889.—First Annual Show of the Rochester Kennel Club, at Rochester, N. Y. Harry Yates, Secretary.

April 2 to 5, 1889.—Annual Show of the New England Kennel Club, Boston, Mass. J. W. Newman, Secretary, No. 6 Hamilton Place.

April 9 to 12.—First Dog Show of the Worcester Kennel Club, at Worcester, Mass. Edward W. Doyle, Secretary.
April 9 to 12, 1889.—First Annual Dog Show of the Mascoutah Kennel Club, at Chicago, Ill. John L. Lincoln, Jr., Secretary.
April 16 to 19, 1889.—The Seventh Dog Show of the Philadelphia Kennel Club, at Philadelphia, Pa. Wm. C. Child, Secretary.
May 22 to 25.—Pacific Kennel Club Show, San Francisco, Cal.

FIELD TRIALS.

Jan. 14, 1889.—Sixth Annual Field Trials of the Pacific Coast Field Trial Club, at Bakersfield, Cal. N. P. Sheldon, Secretary, 320 Sansome street San Francisco, Cal.
Nov. 4.—Third Annual Field Trials of the Indiana Kennel Club. P. T. Madison, Secretary, Indianapolis, Ind.
Nov. 18.—Eleventh Annual Field Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at High Point, N. C. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription $1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed **6850.**

THE CHESAPEAKE BAY RETRIEVER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A few days ago I noticed a paragraph in your journal asking for further light on the history and working ability of the Chesapeake Bay dog. Since that time I have examined your columns in vain for some extended article on the subject. My interest centered mainly in the origin of the breed, for with the working abilities of the dog I years ago familiarized myself. For quite a number of years I read everything I could find and questioned every breeder I met relative to the origin of this dog, with somewhat unsatisfactory results.

There is a legend of a famous dog that came from the northern seas and mated with an otter, resulting in progeny having the form of a dog and the coat and water action of the *Lutra vulgaris;* and possibly the peculiar under body coat of the Chesapeake and his movement in swimming and diving gave some color to the myth. But the query is, will the dog and otter mate? From the best data obtainable, and quite plausible, it would seem that the origin of the present specimen may be traceable to the following sources: About seventy years ago there was bred about the head of Chesapeake Bay a large reddish brown dog noted for his powers as a duck retriever in water and among floating ice: and at the beginning of the present century the breed was believed to have been at quite an earlier date brought from Iceland by a man named Harmon. Such is the tradition among many families on the upper bay.

Down the east coast of the estuary there exists a tradition, passing into authentic history, to the effect that about the year 1805 a gentleman named Law was aboard of a vessel called the Canton, which encountered an English brig bound from Newfoundland to England, and in a sinking condition. There were on the foundered brig two puppies, male and female, of either the Newfoundland or Labrador varieties. The dog was a dingy brown color and the bitch black. The dog puppy they named Sailor, and he subsequently came into the possession of Gov. Lloyd, while the bitch was named Canton, and became the property of Dr. Stewart, of Sparrow's Point. Their progeny became known and noted on both shores as the Sailor breed. It would seem then that at the time of the advent of the latter variety there had existed on the upper bay for years the breed above adverted to as of Irish descent, so that the true origin seems to remain in some obscurity; but may not the inter-breeding of the progeny of Sailor and Canton with the older dog, which I believe was known to some as the red Winchester dog, account for the diversity of type found in the present bay retriever?

In the May number of the *Century Magazine* of 1885 there is a short article on the breed under discussion, with an engraving of a specimen of the retriever. This writer contends that there were in reality two varieties, the long-coated and smooth-coated. Many fanciers claim that there should be only two types. However, the writer in the *Century* says he should have a broad head, sharp nose, small bright eyes, and small high-set ears, with a tightly-curled sedge-colored coat, mild in disposition and very intelligent. I think he is fairly correct, except as to coat, that is a mooted question. A great many owners and some few breeders concede three distinct types, which, while so diverse in appearance, possess in common indomitable duck retrieving powers as well as instinct and ability to withstand ice cold water.

While the origin of the dog will pass undoubtedly further into obscurity as the years roll on, it becomes less a matter of interest than the preservation of the few specimens of grand working dogs we now possess. It would seem that the Chesapeake stood at the apogee of fame and purity over twenty-five years ago, that the stock has been permitted to deteriorate in several localities, but that there are now sufficient "good enough" dogs, and I may say superb ones, to enable breeders to breed to a fair standard.

So usually careful and accurate a writer as the author of the "Sportsman's Gazetteer," describing the dog therein, says, "His color is either black with white breast and gray nose, or tawny yellow." "Generally he is fierce and the best of watchdogs," etc. It is probably true that both black, and black and white will occasionally show in some litters, but I presume no wildfowler would care to have a black dog around his blind, and white is not tolerated usually except perhaps in snowfalls. Then as to temperament, I have generally found them kind and tractable, although there are instances where in advanced age they become surly. They are, indeed, good watchdogs, and will faithfully guard their master's property under perilous conditions, defending against man and beast. They usually mind their own business and stay at home, and will not eagerly seek a row with another dog, but when once in a scrimmage they manage to take care of themselves. No doubt their temper is largely influenced by the mode of life meted out to them; still, I would trust their generosity sooner than I would a pointer under like conditions. At page 424 of the above-mentioned "Gazetteer" are quoted the standards formulated by the Maryland Fanciers' Association, dividing the dog into three classes, as follows: "First, the setter dog; second, the curly-haired dog; third, the straight-haired dog. The color of the first class is a tawny sedge, with very short hair. The color of the second class is a red brown. The color of the third class is a red brown. The bitches must show the color and approximate to the general points of the class to which they belong. In the three classes a white spot on the breast is not unusual. Measurements as follows: From fore toe to top of back, 25in; from tip of nose to base of head, 10in.; breast, 9in.; around forefeet, 6in.; around forearm below shoulder, 7in.; between eyes, 3¼in.; length of ears, 5in.; from base of head to root of tail, 35in.; tail, 16in. in length; around muzzle below eyes, 10in."

Several years ago, and I think it was during the winter of 1877, and while a bench show was in progress at Baltimore, several gentlemen, admirers of the Chesapeake dog, held a convention at one of the hotels in the above mentioned city for the purpose of discussing the origin and classifying as well as forming a standard for this dog I am inclined to believe the quotation in the "Gazetteer" is from the minutes of this meeting, as they are so similar. There were three Chesapeakes on exhibition there at the time, and they were large and powerful animals, weighing respectively: Rob, 6 years old, 90lbs.; Monday, 5 years old, 89lbs., and Turk, 18 months old, just over 79lbs. The committee, I am informed, approximated the weight and measurement of the three dogs and adopted a standard accordingly, requiring two-year-old dogs of each class to weigh not less than 80lbs., and bitches 65lbs. of same age. This was a pretty fair start, yet some people are curious enough to wonder how you can fit the standard to the three types if you desire to breed to perfection in each. We have to-day several fine dogs that may be considered proper to breed from, falling short of the foregoing scale, therefore as several years have elapsed since that maiden effort, and as the Mississippi Valley is devoting considerable attention to the rearing of this grand duck dog, cannot the wise ones get together and tinker up the old scale and formulate a new standard adapted to the different strains? A few years ago I believe the American Kennel Club appointed a committee to examine into the merits and demerits of the Bay dog and report a proper standard. Such a standard was formed in part, but I do not recollect that it was adopted.

It has been my pleasure to work with the short and the rough-coated dogs, and I confess that in point of ability each partisan stands on good defensible grounds. There may be some choice when the shooting is done in a section abounding in burrs, as the short-haired animal will not get so badly stuck up as his long or curly-coated compeers. I have also heard a stickler for fine reasoning assert that the shorter coated animal moves through the water with less resistance. However, we know the lesson taught by the pointer and setter. The former gets along better among burrs, but the setter goes through thorns and briers with less injury.

In point of color, sedge or dead grass is preferred for several reasons obvious to the reader who shoots ducks, but solid sedge is rare and accordingly prized. That the Chesapeake has a nose is patent to one who has seen him work. Let a duck hide on the opposite side of a clump or ridge of grass shutting out a view, and then you will note how that unerring nose pilots your dog to the game.

The Chesapeake, while still in the period of early puppyhood, takes naturally, or shall we say instinctively, to retrieving ducks, but some special training must be given him to cause perfect retrieving to your hand. Then, again, this breed seems to require instruction in retrieving other feathered game, such as plover, snipe and rail. It is not a bad plan to give him good yard instruction, teaching your pup to "down" or "charge," to "ho," to hide, hold up, and to "sneak" or crawl through cover, and of course to bring and carry for you. He will learn even quicker than your silky-haired setter, and when you have taught him everything you can think of and he becomes an accomplished dog, and I believe the more a dog is taught the wider become his reasoning and perceptive faculties, then you will pat that faded looking coat and swear he is a darling. And when you watch him, lying hidden in the wild rice, or beside you in the blind, the tip of his brown nose just visible as he keeps a sharp lookout for ducks, sometimes directing your attention to a stray incomer you have not seen, you will say he is the best companion you ever had; but when you see him at the command dash through icy cold water, clambering over and diving under driftwood and cakes of ice, after a winged duck, and when after a chase of a mile he gets her, and breasting the billows and current back places her in your hand so tenderly that not a feather is torn, gives himself a shake, but not close enough to wet you, ready for another plunge, then may you know him for the hero he is. Again, let off both barrels into a flock of flyers and tell him to "fetch 'em in." Mark his sagacity. He passes the dead ones, those sorely wounded, and goes straight for some cripple that is trying desperately to get away, and she has got to leave the water to escape him. If she dives, down he goes after her. So on, one by one, he brings them in, the dead ones nearest at hand last. Oftentimes in the haste and excitement of retrieving a half dozen or more ducks, he may neglect to place the dead ones in your hand, but bringing them to shore leave them and plunge in again. This may be reasoning, or an inherited quality, but if he is a thoroughbred, properly handled, he will bring the wounded to you, and after the batch has been secured he will fetch up the pile deposited on the shore.

There are some people cold blooded enough to say he is not handsome. Well, measured by the lithe shape of the greyhound, on the lovely low form of the field spaniel who may be fashionably black or brown and white, perhaps not. The standard of beauty and merit do not always coincide. Among equines look back at Flora Temple and American Girl, were they beauties except from a horsemen's standpoint? Well then, the Chesapeake with his sturdy compact body, bones and muscular legs and a coat which may sometimes look like a well worn old buffalo robe, might not be pleasing to Hogarth and may not be exactly Titianesque in coloring, but all the same to my eyes he is pleasing; his intelligence, fidelity, courage, adaptibility to his work make him "handsome is as handsome does." His outline at all points is good and he is a dog to command attention any where. Many claim the cocker to be an all-around dog. Well, he will put up grouse and woodcock, run a rabbit track and retrieve small birds and is a grand, sparkling little fellow, yet what he will do on a small scale the Chesapeake will do on a larger one with training. But this is not generally to his credit, and he had better remain what he is naturally, the grandest duck dog extant.

A fair specimen of a Chesapeake may be of either type, solid sedge or faded brown with thick inbody coat of fur impervious to water, standing about 23½in. at shoulder, possibly the rough coated would stand a little taller, and weighing not to exceed 75 or 80lbs. A large dog, while perhaps stronger though clumsier, tires sooner and is somewhat in the way in a blind or sneakbox.

I never knew of a cross with this dog and the spaniel, or a cross with the setter, but what the peculiarities of the coat were diminished. However, my experience in breeding goes but for little beyond specific cases of observation. Some fowlers cross the water spaniel with the setter, or the latter with the Newfoundland, and think they will get a good retriever as well as a dog for use in upland shooting. While there may be a few instances of a resulting good dog, the practice is reprehensible, as it destroys a distinct breed, two in fact, with very doubtful results. Fellow duck hunters, stick to the Chesapeake, don't dilute his blood, but use him well, and he will make you swear by him and not at him.

While he is a dog full of what we term "sand," yet his training when a puppy should be mild and devoid of harshness. There will be pups of inferior quality in some litters, as you will find in the most cherished strains of pointers and setters, and it does not always follow that the sire and dam will transmit their rare qualities to every puppy, particularly in a large litter. Magnificent specimens have been bred at Maxwell's Point and the ducking shores near Perryman's on the Chesapeake and can still be found there, as well as at other ducking shores on the bay. Also some fine dogs are being raised in Iowa and Wisconsin. Pages could be written filled with anecdotes of this retriever. He is incomparable as a duck dog, and the sight of an old shooting coat, gun or boat will drive him into ecstacy and excitement enough to please the most exacting, and when once you know him you will discard the handsome though strongly perfumed water spaniel, and the brave though unreliable Newfoundland when the wind and sleet stiffen your beard and the icy water chills the blood in ordinary man and doghood. He will prove a source of pleasure to your children, a domestic and cleanly dog around the house, a terror to chicken thieves, a protector for your wife, an autocrat among dogs and a friend who will never desert you.

CAYUGA.

SALISBURY'S PEDIGREE.

Editor Forest and Stream.

The bubble has burst and the Chicago editor and his Fleet street employee stand convicted of having circulated as vicious and malicious a falsehood as was ever conceived. I told your readers in your issue of Dec. 6 that there would be some dirty linen to be washed before I got through with this case. The evidence that I required to convict these fellows was the catalogues of shows held in 1878 and 1879. I knew that Carr had entered Salisbury at a number of shows with the pedigree he gave with the dog when he sold him to me; but it was not an easy matter to procure catalogues of shows held ten and eleven years ago, and for these I was compelled to send to England.

The enterprising *Stock-Keeper*, which is always ahead with every iota of news pertaining to dogs and kennel matters, stole a march on me and exposed the whole business, thereby to a certain extent depriving me of the pleasure I anticipated in exposing the crooked doing of the Chicago manipulator, Mr. H., alias "Our Special Commissioner," must be linked with his employer in this fraud until he shall have openly confessed having been made a fool of. In justice to this Mr. H. I will say that I have recently received a letter from an influential dog man assuring me that from what he knows of him "he is altogether too decent a fellow to train with the R. gang."

The *Stock-Keeper* tacitly indorses my statement that Mr. H. is not a dog man and evidently knows nothing about pedigrees. One need only read his articles to discover the truth of this. His dog show reports display on the face of them the same superficial knowledge that is so conspicuously prominent in the writings of other inexperienced reporters for the same sheet. He evidently was put up to do the dirty work for the cloven-hoofed Chicago editor; and having allowed himself to be used as a catspaw, he must bear a portion of the censure that will be piled on the head of the "gang." It is not improbable that "grandmother" W. K. T. and the Chicago clown together concocted the story and engaged Mr. H. to incorporate it in his English notes. A man like Mr. H., who was unknown in the days when Salisbury beat W. K. T.'s undersized, bad-loined, brindle ringtail, and was not on hand to gather up the many tears that were shed at bonnie Dundee, 1879, might be easily duped by a cunning and unscrupulous fellow like the Chicago Doctor. Future events will show whether Mr. H. is or is not "too decent a fellow to train with the R. gang." If he is a self-respecting person he will clear himself of suspicion, even if he do so at the expense (?) of forfeiting his unenviable position of "Special Commissioner" for a person whose character, reputation and knowledge of dogs are all on the same footing. In its issue of Dec. 21 the *Stock-Keeper* thus exposes the vicious libel, which may be heard of again:

"We publish this week a serious letter from Mr. Wade, in reference to the pedigree of the mastiff Salisbury. The charge to which our American contemporary has given currency is malicious and false. Mr. Mason has already, in suitable and indignant language, replied to the damaging accusation that has been launched against his character. That Mr. Mason would deliberately concoct a pedigree is an idea too improbable for a second thought. To do such a thing he must be a rogue and a fool; but his public actions emphatically prove him to be neither. The charge amounts to this: that a man named Carr sold Mr. Mason a mastiff (Salisbury), which he said had no pedigree. When the following number of the Kennel Club Stud Book was compiled an entry was found, signed by Mr. Mason, giving Salisbury the pedigree he still stands credited with. The insinuation is that Mr. Mason concocted this pedigree. Now let us turn the light of reason and facts on this dark charge. At the Birmingham show, in 1879, Mr. Thomas Carr, of 34 Hanover street, Keighley, entered a mastiff named Leo with these particulars and *with this pedigree:* 'Age two years and one month; by Monarch—Duchess; Monarch by Lion—Empress; Duchess by Exley's Victor—Beldam; winner of thirteen first prizes, five extra with cups, and two second prizes; £500.' To this is added in the catalogue: 'Not sent. Sold.' Now, this Leo is the same dog that was afterward named Salisbury and purchased by Mr. Mason. He is here entered by Carr himself with the very pedigree that Mr. Mason is supposed to have vamped. How, then, could Carr decline to give a pedigree when Mr. Mason bought Salisbury, seeing that it already stood in print in the Birmingham catalogue? Thus the evidence of one fact rattles down the whole erection of slander which was based on—what? That is the question we now put and wait a reply. It is more than a pity—it is a scandal—that the reputation of public men should be exposed to these groundless attacks; it is disgraceful to all concerned that a man's character has been assailed in this vindictive manner before all available evidence had been carefully examined. We are certain that the correspondent who is credited with the authorship of this charge is but the puppet in the hands of somebody. The correspondent's acquaintance with mastiff history is too recent to enable him to state such a case out of his own knowledge. He has, no doubt, written upon information received, and in the name of fair play we call upon his authority to disclose himself or know that all men call him coward. More than that, if the correspondent is now convinced of the falseness of the charge he has formulated, it is his duty as an honest man to give up his informant's name for public contempt."

CHAS. H. MASON.

NEW ENGLAND FOX HUNTING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am inclined to side with your correspondent "Tallyho" in his strictures on fox hunting as conducted by the Western Massachusetts Fox Club, though I will not offend them by characterizing their pastime as indecent and unmanly. Their practice of shooting foxes ahead of hounds seems hardly compatible with that manly and generous spirit of fair play which it is the duty and delight of all good sportsmen to encourage.

One plea urged in favor of this rather doubtful sport, namely, that a fox running the gauntlet of expectant guns has a better chance for his life than when pursued by a pack of hounds, is untenable. The hunt above referred to killed seven foxes in one day. Except in cub hunting one never hears of a pack of hounds accounting for anything like so many in that space of time.

I am informed that large portions of Massachusetts are totally unfitted for fox hunting proper, as riding to hounds would be out of the question, but that there is lots of country in the Connecticut Valley where the fox could be hunted in the usual way. In view of this, it seems to me that the Western Massachusetts Fox Club have no excuse for the shotgun method, which is, at the best, a slow and beggarly kind of hunting.

WEYMOUTH.

DENVER, Jan. 1.

THE COLUMBUS DOG SHOW.—We have received the premium list of the first annual exhibition of the Columbus Fanciers' Club to be held at Columbus, O., Feb. 5 to 8. In the dog department the challenge prizes are $10, with $10 and $5 in the important open classes and $8 and $4 in a few of the minor classes. There are ten cash specials of $5 each, eight of $10 and one of $20. In addition to these a large number of valuable specials are offered. Mr. John Davidson will judge the sporting and Mr. H. Goodman the non-sporting classes. The dogs will be benched and fed by Spratts Patent. Entries close Jan. 25. The address of the Secretary is Dr. Thos. R. Sparrow, Columbus, O.

DOG SHOW REPORTS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. Chas. E. Bunn owns a puppy out of Lady Beatrice. The reports of the New York and Boston shows led Mr. Bunn to suppose that Lady Beatrice was a good one.

The only description of this bitch in FOREST AND STREAM is that given in the report of the New York show, 1888, which is as follows: "Lady Beatrice, vhc., is too long in muzzle; it is, however, a blunt muzzle. Her head markings are not good, she has too much dewlap, and is crooked in forelegs and rather light in bone." A mastiff that is long in muzzle and crooked in forelegs surely is not a "good one." Mr. Bunn cannot find on record a single instance where I have described a long-faced and crooked-legged mastiff a "good one"; and he drew largely on the resources of his imagination in supposing that my opening comments on the Boston exhibit had special reference to Lady Beatrice, that won second in the open class for bitches. I said then, as I do now, that the mastiffs at that show were the best lot seen together in this country. It was the presence of such dogs as Minting, Lady Clare, Lady Dorothy, Ilford Caution, Ilford Coroner, Monarch and Crown Prince, and the improved quality of classes as a whole, that drew forth this encomium.

Because Mr. Bunn owns a puppy out of Lady Beatrice is no logical reason that his admiration for the dear little thing should be permitted to run away with his eyesight and his better judgment.

It is a strange argument that Mr. Bunn advances when he says that I described Ilford Caution as having four defects and Lady Beatrice five; and that on the strength of this statement, coming from an expert, he concluded that Lady Beatrice must be a very good one.

A dog may have one defect and yet be a bad one; he may possess a dozen defects and be a good one; and he may have six defects and be the best ever seen in America and one of the best ever bred. If Mr. Bunn will turn to pages 153, 154 and 155 of "Our Prize Dogs" he will find that Minting has six or seven defects, and that notwithstanding these he is "a big, grand, long, low, heavy-boned and very massive dog, showing true character and exquisite quality," and, further, that "he is one of the best representatives we (I) have ever seen of a noble and justly popular breed." Mr. Bunn will also find that this dog, with his several defects, was the subject chosen for the frontispiece.

According to Mr. Bunn's method of reasoning, Lady Beatrice with five defects should beat Minting, who has at least six; the value, the intenseness of the defects must not be considered in arriving at a just and correct estimate of a dog's quality and the position he shall occupy. Mr. Bunn will be likely to experience trouble in convincing anybody of the soundness or logic of his argument.

CHAS. H. MASON.

NEW YORK, Jan. 5.

ST. BERNARD CLUB CUPS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Referring to the correspondence in your issue of Dec. 6 and 13, headed "St. Bernard Prizes," I take pleasure to inform you that the board of governors have reconsidered their action at the meeting of Nov. 12 (which limited the competition for the club cups to dogs having won a prize in their respective regular classes) and have decided to word the restriction as follows:

"A dog or bitch in the open or puppy classes, in order to be eligible for competition for the club cups, must have been awarded at least a very highly commended in its respective regular class at the show where the cup or cups are to be competed for. This rule does not apply to a dog or bitch in the challenge or champion class."

It is, of course, understood that dogs or bitches competing for stud dog or brood bitch cups, do not come under this rule either.

K. E. HOPF, President St. Bernard Club of America.

DOG TALK.

THE revised dog show rules of the English Kennel Club are as follows:

"Challenge Classes.—For all dogs and bitches that had qualified previous to Jan. 1, 1889, for competition in a champion class or challenge class and for winners of ten points in open classes at shows registered in or for the Kennel Club Stud Books.

"Open Classes.—No dog or bitch will be qualified to compete in these classes that has ever won ten points in open classes at shows registered in or for the Kennel Club Stud Books, or that had qualified previous to Jan. 1, 1889, for competition in a champion class or challenge class where challenge classes are provided for that breed.

"N. B.—In estimating the number of points a dog has won, a first prize gained at any show under Kennel Club rules previous to Jan. 1, 1889, by any dog not fully qualified to compete in a challenge class under the old rules will score two points."

The shows held under Kennel Club rules are divided into two classes, winners in those rated as first class will score two points, in the second class one point. The Club has designated as shows of the first class the Kennel Club winter and summer shows, Liverpool, Birmingham, Warwick, Manchester, Edinburgh, Bulldog Club, Collie Club, Pug Club, Fox-terrier Club and Toy Spaniel Club.

In the annual report of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, advance sheets of which have been supplied to us by the president, Henry Bergh, is given this statement of the Society's action with reference to the Hempstead rabbit killing:

"An attempt was recently made by a number of wealthy people to introduce into this country the so-called 'sport' of rabbit baiting, under the impression that through their influence such cruel and demoralizing exhibitions could be made popular and respectable. Though acquitted by a local jury, they have not been so successful before the bar of public opinion, and perhaps they begin to realize that, here in America, such acts are regarded with contempt and abhorrence by respectable and law-abiding people. The officers of your Society had a well-established precedent for their action on this question in the case of the People *vs.* Edward Burt, convicted for a similar offense, known as 'rat baiting,' and sentenced, at the Court of Special Sessions of this city, to serve a term of three months' imprisonment in the penitentiary. The three learned judges who pronounced that decision and sentence did not regard his act as the legitimate destruction of noxious animals, but saw in it only a low and cruel exhibition, created merely for the entertainment of the spectators. It seems hardly necessary for me to deny the silly statements which have lately been made, that we desire to interfere with any proper or manly sport, or to prevent the capture of game, or the extermination of noxious or destructive animals by means of guns, traps or other paraphernalia of the hunter's outfit. We should, however, regard it as a monstrous wrong to utilize some of those methods for the killing of animals when in captivity; for, under such conditions, justice and humanity demand that the creature shall be destroyed in the most merciful manner available. The hunter places a trap, armed with powerful springs and sharp steel fangs, near the haunts of the bear he wishes to secure. Surely this would be no justification for placing a captive animal in an arena, where such an instrument of torture had previously been concealed, in order that he might tread upon it and amuse an audience by his contortions.

"It has been stated that rabbit baiting tends to improve the breed of dogs. The same argument can be advanced in favor of dog fighting and rat baiting. Those who engage in such practices cannot be called sportsmen in any sense of that word; for the true sportsman is animated by a spirit of justice which prevents him from taking an unfair advantage of even a helpless animal. He fires at birds only while upon the wing; he seeks game in its native haunts, where it is afforded a reasonable chance of escape; and he often boldly encounters animals under circumstances where personal danger is incurred."

The Hempstead mode of killing rabbits (or hares, the common American species, "cotton-tails") is as follows: The rabbits are brought to the ground in crates. From the crate an attendant takes a rabbit and drops it to the ground in sight of two fox-terriers, which are held in slips 25yds. or 30yds. distant. Rabbit, terriers and the mounted judge start away together. The purpose is to determine the relative speed of the terriers, measured by the time it takes them to catch the rabbit; the first dog to reach the rabbit wins. The time actually required in practice is from 20 to 55 seconds. None of the rabbits get away. Within less than a minute after being liberated from the crate they are killed by the terriers, or by the club of an attendant deputed to dispatch them.

The second annual dog show of the Rensselaer Kennel Club, to be held at Troy, N. Y., the last week of February, promises to be far ahead of the one held last year. The managers are making every effort to accomplish this, and have already secured the promise of a large number of the most prominent dogs in the country. The premium list will be ready early next week. Three of the most popular judges have been secured, Miss Anna H. Whitney and Messrs. John Davidson and Chas. H. Mason.

The Boston boys are keeping rather quiet about their dog show, but we understand that nothing is being left undone to insure its success. A well known English judge of non-sporting dogs has been invited to judge some of these classes, and Mr. Peshall will judge pointers. We also hear that a bran-new setter judge will officiate there. Boston has always given a first-class show, and we have no doubt that the one this year will be no exception to the rule.

Mr. E. O. Damon, of Northampton, Mass., has recently imported from Ireland two well-bred Irish setter bitches. One of them is a prize winner at the other side, the other is a puppy and has never been shown. Mr. Damon has now a fine kennel of this breed and he will probably give the public an opportunity to inspect them at some of the coming shows.

The Pacific Coast Field Trials Club will hold their annual trials at Bakersfield, Cal., next week. The grounds have been strictly preserved, and quail are reported to be in abundance. The judges appointed are Messrs. R. T. Vandevort, Payne J. Shafton and I. N. Aldrich.

The Northern Ohio Poultry and Pet Stock Association will hold a bench show in connection with their exhibition at Akron, O., Jan. 14 to 19. Mr. John Bolus, of Wooster, O., will judge all classes. The address of the secretary is Nathan Morse, Akron, O.

Mr. W. Wade has purchased from Mr. W. C. Kennerly, of White Post, Virginia, a pair of black and tan foxhounds, and has sent them to a friend in England as representatives of the American foxhound.

The Salisbury pedigree business appears to be a sort of boomerang, and the lesson inculcated is that it is as dangerous to disseminate false charges as to cook up a pedigree.

Secretaries of all dog shows should send to this office a package of premium lists, as we frequently have calls for them, especially on the day that the entries close.

The annual field trials of the Pacific Coast Field Trial Club next month promise to be interesting.

The Indiana Kennel Club announce that their annual field trials for 1889 will begin November 4.

Mr. C. H. Mason informs us that he is hard at work on the second volume of "Our Prize Dogs."

We hear that Melrose, Mass., is the home of a young mastiff that will make some of the cracks take a back seat.

The Columbus dog show will be held under A. K. C. rules, the club paying registry fees for dogs not already registered.

MERIDEN DOG SHOW.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Inclosed is complete list of winners at the fourth bench show, held in connection with the Meriden Poultry Association's exhibition at the Polo Rink, Meriden, Jan. 1, 2, 3 and 4, 1889. The judging by Mr. E. Sheffield Porter, James E. Hair and Geo. W. Neal was satisfactory with the exception of awarding the special for the best dog or bitch to F. F. Dole's Royal Rose instead of St. Cloud, winner of first and special in the red Irish setter class, a noble dog on the bench and in the field, and pronounced by many good judges as the coming dog.

AWARDS.

MASTIFFS.—1st, H. Watrous's Pharaoh.

ST. BERNARDS.—1st, C. W. Glazier's Swiss Victor.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—1st, J. E. Brainerd's Major; 2d, W. L. Davis's Rover.

GREYHOUNDS.—1st, Elm City Kennels' Sparrow Hawk.

DALMATIANS.—1st, W. L. Davis's Tony.

GORDON SETTERS.—1st, Gordon and Parker's unnamed.

IRISH SETTERS.—*Dogs:* 1st and special and 2d, St. Cloud Kennels' St. Cloud and Young Elcho; 3d, J. F. Ives' Dan. *Puppies:* 1st and 2d, St. Cloud Kennels' Young Elcho and Eachin.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—*Dogs:* 1st and special, Dr. J. E. Hair's Warwick Albert; 2d and special, Mrs. A. J. Callahan's Fairy King. Very high com., W. B. Hall's Gem's Roderigo. High com., A. J. Lee's Don Belton. *Bitches:* 1st, C. A. Ives' Mona II.; 2d, J. B. Robertson, Jr.'s, Grace; 3d, G. W. Hinman's Dixie B. Very high com, W. C. Russell's Princess Belton. High com., W. E. Miller's Speckle B. Com., W. B. Hall's Rhoda. *Puppies:* 1st, C. A. Ives' Mena III.; 2d, J. H. Seely's Nellie; 3d, W. B. Hall's unnamed.

POINTERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, L. E. Clark's Vanstone; 2d, Fleetview Pointer Kennels' Spot Dash; 3d, S. C. Paddock's Pants. *Bitches:* 1st, Fleetview Kennels' Belle of Naso; 2d, Mrs. O. C. Burgess's Minnie B.

FIELD SPANIELS.—*Dogs:* 1st, W. H. Moseley's Jerry; 2d, W. Scott's Pearl Lake Obo; 3d, G. Lamping's Nig. High com., E. A. Locke's Echo. *Bitches:* 1st, W. Scott's Black Flash; 2d, A. R. Crowell's Ideal Black Pearl; 3d, W. F. Murphy's Oleopatra.

COCKER SPANIELS.—*Dogs:* 1st, W. Scott's Carlos. *Bitches:* 1st, W. H. Moseley's Riette; 2d, W. Dougherty's Dora; 3d, Elm City Kennels' Belle Obo. Very high com., W. Scott's Olga. High com., C. S. Howland's Diana.

FOXHOUNDS.—1st and 2d, E. A. Birdsey's Racket and Music.

BEAGLES.—*Bitches:* 1st, Woodside Kennels' Fancy. *Puppies:* 1st and special, H. Dant's Music; 3d and very high com., Woodside Kennels' Ben and Twig.

FOX-TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st and special, J. H. Shepherd's Shepherd Lad; 2d, T. F. Curry's Prince. *Bitches:* 1st and special, N. J. Winfield's Guess.

COLLIES.—*Dogs:* 1st, A. R. Kyle's Nebo of Nessel; 2d, A. D' Fowler's Shep; 3d, J. W. Anderson's Bruce. *Bitches:* 1st, A. R. Kyle's Flora Bell. *Puppies:* 1st, W. G. Hooker's Victor; 2d, W. T. Wells's Roderick.

BULLDOGS.—CHAMPION—R. B. Sawyer's Merry Monarch, also special.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and special, R. B. Sawyer's Portswood Tiger. *Bitches:* 1st, R. B. Sawyer's Soudan.

BULL-TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, F. F. Dole's Snow Dick. *Bitches:* 1st and special, F. F. Dole's Royal Rose; 2d, T. C. Barry's Rose; 3d, T. Vernon's Vick. *Puppies:* 1st, F. F. Dole's Snow Dick; 2d, C. Fletcher's Turk.

PUGS.—*Dogs:* 1st, J. H. Seely's Peek-a-Boo. *Bitches:* 1st, J. H. Seely's Midget. *Puppies:* 1st, J. H. Seely's Tiny.

SKYE TERRIERS.—1st, W. H. Kieft's Sykie.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, C. Fletcher's Prince *Bitches:* 1st and 2d withheld; 3d, C. Fletcher's Pet.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—2d and 3d, W. Rutter's two unnamed.

J. F. I.

MR. W. R. DOCKRELL'S ADDRESS.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I regret that Mr. Dockrell's present address was not given in Vol. I. of "Our Prize Dogs." When Mr. Mitchell Harrison filled in his blanks for the book he gave the address "London, England." This was insufficient, and I asked him to send me the address in full. Mr. Harrison owns a number of dogs bred by Mr. Dockrell, and, I believe, has had a lengthy correspondence with him. He should have known what the address was at that time, and there was no apparent reason why I should not accept as correct any and all particulars given by this careful recorder of all matters pertaining to the Chestnut Hill Kennels. Mr. Dockrell's present address will be duly entered in Vol. II. I am glad that it is the address that is wrong and not the descriptions and criticisms of Mr. Dockrell's old favorites. As the first volume of "Our Prize Dogs" is a magnificent success, indorsed by the press of two countries, and as very many of the most prominent and influential dog men in both countries have written me that they hope to see it continued and will subscribe to the next volume, I have decided to go ahead with Vol. II. Blanks for this will be sent out next week, and I hope that owners will be as careful in giving the minor details as in supplying the more important ones.—CHAS. H. MASON (New York, Jan. 5, 1889).

FOX-TERRIER PRODUCE STAKES.—Entries for the Fox-Terrier Club's fourth Grand Produce Stakes of $5 each, $1 forfeit to the fund, with $100 added by the American Fox-Terrier Club, fox-terrier brood bitches (smooth and wire-haired) to be entered, and their produce to be shown, will close Jan. 31. To prevent unequal competition between early and late puppies, the stake will be divided. The first division will extend to all produce of the entered bitches that shall be born between Jan. 1 and May 31, 1889, inclusive. The show of this division will take place at the Westminster Kennel Club Show of 1890. Half the added money and half the stakes will be given on this occasion. The second division will extend to all produce of the entered bitches that shall be born after May, 1889. The show of this division will take place at the American Fox-Terrier Club Show of 1890. Half the added money and half the stakes will be given on this occasion. Entries to me made to H. P. Frothingham, Sec., 2 Wall street, New York, from whom rules, forms of entry, and certificates may be obtained. Entrance fee, $1 for each brood bitch.

A HINT TO DOG SHOW JUDGES.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As the show season is coming on allow me to make a suggestion to the show committees, viz.: that where they select judges who are large breeders and exhibitors, that they request them to exhibit their own dogs, not for competition, but for the benefit of the people. This, I believe, is largely done in Europe. For instance, at the forthcoming Westminster Kennel Club's show many would be very much disappointed to miss Mr. August Belmont, Jr.'s grand team of fox-terriers, also Mr. D. Baillie's collection, Miss A. H. Whitney's, etc. At the last Westminster show I heard many expressions of regret that Miss Whitney's fine lot of St. Bernards and pugs were not on view. I think that if this was brought before the notice of the various judges they would send their animals and give the public a chance to compare them with competing dogs.—C. J. C.

NEW YORK DOG SHOW.—The judges for the coming show of the Westminster Kennel Club, so far as they have been appointed, are: Miss A. H. Whitney, St. Bernards and pugs. Chas. C. Marshall, mastiffs. John Davidson, bloodhounds, deerhounds, greyhounds, English foxhounds, pointers, English and black and tan setters, and English retrievers. Max Wenzel, Irish setters. James Lackwell, spaniels. Martin Dennis and J. D. Shotwell, collies. E. S. Porter, bulldogs, bull-terriers, basset hounds and dachshunde. A. Belmont, Jr., fox terriers. D. Baillie, Newfoundlands, and all terriers except bull and fox-terriers. F. B. Fay, toy spaniels. N. Elmore, American foxhounds and beagles. J. Pierson, poodles, Italian greyhounds, Mexican hairless and miscellaneous.

NEW JERSEY KENNEL CLUB SHOW.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am sorry to announce that the New Jersey Kennel Club will not give a dog show this spring. The club had decided to give a show in Jersey City, and no doubt could have done so successfully, but unfortunately there is not a suitable building in the city. We anticipated giving the show in one of the defunct skating rink buildings, but on investigation found them small, not in a good neighborhood and with a tarnished reputation of prize fights, dance halls, etc. I hope a number of correspondents, to whom I failed to give information in regard to the above, will accept this as an answer.—GEO. L. WILMS, Sec'y (Jersey City, Jan. 7).

EASTERN FIELD TRIALS CLUB.—There was a meeting of the Board of Governors of the Eastern Field Trials Club at the St. James Hotel, New York, on the evening of Jan. 8. The "time limit" rule was changed so that after the brace has been down 45m. they may be ordered up as soon thereafter as a decision can be made. In the rule relating to the bye dog running a side heat the words "if practicable" were inserted. The resignations of Messrs. F. E. Lewis, R. C. Cornell and S. L. Boggs were accepted. The stakes for 1889 will be the same as last year, and the date for the beginning of the open stakes was fixed for Nov. 18, the members' stake to begin Nov. 13.

FOX HUNTING AT ITHACA.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A fox chase held at Ithaca, N. Y. on New Year's day was quite an interesting affair. Foxhounds gathered from a radius of twenty miles and at least a thousand men were present. Fourteen dogs came to the mark when the time came to start. The trail was three miles over rolling land, giving the spectators a good view of most of the course. The race was won by Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Pride of Hornell, he leading from the start, following the trail closely and finishing well ahead of the second dog, Happy Jack, from Ovid, N. Y.—CLEM.

MASTIFF PUPPY WEIGHTS.—Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 2.—I have a mastiff puppy, Eureka Chief (A.K.R. 6794). He will be 5 months old Jan. 6, and on Dec. 24 he weighed 87lbs. He is one of the most perfect puppies I ever saw. Can any one beat him for weight?—W. H. MCMULLEN.

NEW JERSEY KENNEL CLUB DOG SHOW.—The bench show of the New Jersey Kennel Club, announced to be held Feb. 12 to 15, has been indefinitely postponed.

AMERICAN KENNEL CLUB.

CONSTITUTION.

As Adopted Dec. 6, 1888.

ARTICLE I.

The name of this Association shall be "The American Kennel Club."

ARTICLE II.

The object of this Association shall be the protection of the mutual interests of its members and the adoption and enforcement of such rules as shall tend to uniformity, and the proper conduct of Bench Shows and Field Trials, and the publication of an official Stud Book and Kennel Gazette.

ARTICLE III.

All regularly organized clubs or associations in the United States or British American Provinces which have held Bench Shows or Field Trials, or are formed for the purpose of holding Bench Shows or Field Trials, or for the improvement of any breed of dogs, and associate members as hereinafter provided, shall be eligible to membership.

ARTICLE IV.

Any person vouched for in writing to the Secretary of the American Kennel Club by not less than two persons in good standing of any club, a member of this Association, shall upon the signing of a printed form of application to be furnished by the Secretary, and the payment of $5.00 annual dues, become an associate member of the American Kennel Club subject to the approval of the Advisory Committee.

ARTICLE V.

An associate member shall be entitled, upon the payment of his dues, to two free registrations in the Stud Book in conformity with the rules governing registration, and a subscription to the Kennel Gazette and Stud Book for one year.

ARTICLE VI.

The dues of the associate members shall be $5.00 payable on the 1st of January of each year to the Secretary of the American Kennel Club.

ARTICLE VII.

Any associate member failing to pay his dues within thirty days of their becoming due, shall be published in the list of delinquents in the Gazette, and failing to pay his dues within sixty days thereafter, shall cease to be an associate member; but the Advisory Committee may extend such time to the limit it may deem proper upon satisfactory excuse of such delinquency being given to the Secretary in writing.

ARTICLE VIII.

The associate members shall be entitled to delegates in proportion to their membership—one delegate for every hundred members.

ARTICLE IX.

The delegates of the associate members shall be elected by ballot at their annual meeting to be held in the City of New York during the first week in January of every year, and their names and addresses shall be regularly published every month in the Gazette.

SEC. 1. Such meeting shall be called by official notice in the Gazette one month prior to the date of said meeting, ten members to constitute a quorum.

SEC. 2. Voting for delegates by proxy or by mail to the Secretary of the American Kennel Club shall be allowed, but all other business shall be transacted by the associate members present only.

ARTICLE X.

The delegates representing the associate members shall have power to fill any vacancies occurring in their ranks, to serve until the next ensuing annual meeting of the associate members.

ARTICLE XI.

Each and every delegate of the associate members shall be qualified, without the concurrence of his colleagues, to individually present any grievance of an associate member to the American Kennel Club for consideration, and in all such cases the American Kennel Club shall assume original jurisdiction.

ARTICLE XII.

SECTION 1. The regular annual meeting of this Association shall be held during the spring of the year at such time and place as shall be designated by the President; thirty days' notice whereof shall be given and published in the Gazette.

SEC. 2. Each member of the Association shall have the right to be represented by one delegate duly authorized and his appointment certified to by his Club Secretary, excepting the delegates of the associate members provided for in Article VIII. Before such delegates shall be entitled to qualify in this Association, they must be accepted by the Executive Committee.

ARTICLE XIII.

SECTION 1. The management of this Association shall be intrusted to an Executive Committee consisting of one delegate from each club and the delegates of the associate members, and no delegate shall represent more than one club.

SEC. 2. The Association shall elect a President and Vice-President.

SEC. 3. The Executive Committee shall appoint a Secretary-Treasurer, who shall under the direction and supervision of the Executive Committee perform the duties pertaining to the office.

SEC. 4. Regular meetings of the Executive Committee shall be held at the time of the annual meeting, and quarterly thereafter, on such dates as may be designated by the President, twenty days' notice of which shall be given to members.

SEC. 5. The President may call a special meeting of the Executive Committee at such time as he may deem expedient, and he shall upon the written request of three members call a special meeting. At such special meeting no business shall be transacted other than that for which such meeting shall be called, and specified on the call, ten days' notice of which shall be given.

SEC. 6. At any regular or special meeting of the Executive Committee seven members shall constitute a quorum.

ARTICLE XIV.

The President shall preside at all meetings of this Association and of the Executive Committee. He shall have power to call a special meeting of the Association at any time, and must do so on the written request of five members; ten days' notice must be given of such special meeting.

The Vice-President shall in the absence of the President perform the duties pertaining to that office.

ARTICLE XV.

The Secretary-Treasurer shall keep records of all meetings of this Association and the Executive Committee, make all calls for such meetings, take charge and keep the roll of membership, and of all papers belonging to the Association, and shall collect all moneys belonging to the Association and dispense same under the direction of the Executive Committee, and do any other business proper to his office, or as directed by the Executive Committee.

ARTICLE XVI.

Applications of Clubs for membership shall be made in writing to the Secretary of this Association, accompanied by a copy of the applicant's Constitution and By-Laws, List of Officers and first year's dues, and an election shall be held at the next meeting of the Executive Committee, provided said application shall have been filed with the Secretary at least ten (10) days previous to said election. It shall require two-thirds of members voting to elect.

ARTICLE XVII.

The Executive Committee shall have power by a two-thirds vote to suspend for a stated period, or to expel any club or delegate whose members it may be deemed prejudicial to the welfare of the Association.

ARTICLE XVIII.

SECTION 1. The annual dues of Clubs shall be $10, payable at or before January 1st of each year. Failure to pay said dues shall forfeit all right to representation in such club, and may be suspended or dropped from the roll.

SEC. 2. The Executive Committee shall have the right to make one assessment during the year, not to exceed $10.

ARTICLE XIX.

This Constitution and By-Laws and Rules may be revised or amended after thirty days' notice has been given to all members of such proposed amendment, by a two-thirds vote at any meeting of this Association where at least two-thirds of the members are represented, or by obtaining a ratification within thirty days, through the Secretary of the Club of at least two-thirds of the members of this Association of any enactment of any revision or amendment of the Constitution, By-Laws or Rules, duly proposed and carried by a two-thirds vote of any meeting of the Association.

ARTICLE XX.

An Advisory Committee of five, of which the Executive Officers shall be ex-officio members, shall be appointed at each annual meeting, which shall have power to act upon cases of protest and appeal pending the final action of the Executive Committee.

ARTICLE XXI.

The Advisory Committee shall have power to reject any application for associate membership.

ARTICLE XXII.

The business management of the A. K. C. Stud Book shall be subject to the direction of a committee of three, elected by a majority of the members present at the annual meeting of the Club, and shall render account to the Association annually at such meeting.

RULES.

I.—The word dog where used in these rules includes both sexes.

II.—Every dog entered at any Show held under these rules must be the bona fide property of the person making such entry, on the day of closing the entries, and *must be registered* with the Secretary of the American Kennel Club, on official blanks to be furnished on application; such registry shall be published in the American Kennel Gazette. A fee of twenty-five (25) cents must in all cases accompany the application. In case a dog has not been registered as above required, previous to the date of entry to a Show, the owner must remit the fee (twenty-five cents) together with the Show entry, to the Secretary of the said Show, who shall mark the dog as registered in the Catalogue, and shall forward said entry on an official blank, properly filled out, together with the registry fee, to the Secretary of the American Kennel Club, within ten (10) days of the closing of the Show. The entry must clearly identify the dog to be exhibited by name, and, if known, its date of birth, name of its sire and dam, and the name of its breeder; should any of these particulars be unknown to the exhibitor it must be so stated on the entry blank and inserted in the Catalogue.

III.—Dogs already registered in the American Kennel Club Stud Book, shall be exempt from the registration required in rule No. 2, but in all such cases the Stud Book number of the dog must be given with the entry, to the Secretary of the Show, and must by him be published in the Catalogue. Registry in the Stud Book can be made only under the following conditions:

1. Where sire and dam are already registered, or are directly descended from dogs already registered in said book.

2. Where dogs possess an authenticated pedigree extending back three generations.

3. Where dogs (not eligible under the provisions as above required), having won not less than two first prizes in the regular classes at any Show recognized by the American Kennel Club.

NOTE.—(A dog entered in the *American Kennel Register* previous to January 1, 1888, may be registered free of charge in the Stud Book.)

IV.—If the name of a dog which has won a prize has been changed, the old name must be given on the entry blank and inserted in the Catalogue, together with a list of all prizes won by the dog, until such time as it wins a prize under its new name.

V.—If a dog has been entered without being clearly identified, as directed in Rules 2 and 4, it shall be disqualified and forfeit any prize which may have been awarded to it.

VI.—The breeder of a dog is the person owning or leasing the bitch at the time of her being bred.

VII.—A puppy is eligible for competition in the Open Class as well as the Puppy Class, but a separate entry must be made for each class.

VIII.—The authorities of any show may reserve to themselves the right of declining any entries they may see fit, or of removing any dog on account of disease, vice or other cause.

IX.—A recognized veterinary surgeon must be appointed at each Show held under these rules. Each dog received at a Show must be passed upon by him before being benched.

X.—A castrated dog or spayed bitch shall be disqualified, and forfeit any prize which may have been awarded it.

XI.—Total blindness, deafness or lameness shall absolutely disqualify. If the judge or veterinary surgeon is satisfied that the deafness or lameness is temporary, the dog shall be allowed to compete.

XII.—A dog suffering from mange or any contagious disease shall be disqualified and forfeit any prize which may have been awarded to it, and shall be removed at once from the Show building. The regularly appointed veterinary surgeon shall alone decide as to the mange or contagious disease, and his decision must be given in writing.

XIII.—A judge may disqualify a dog which in his opinion has been improperly tampered with, subject to the decision of the veterinary surgeon. Should the judge's disqualification not be sustained, the class must be immediately rejudged.

XIV.—Full discretionary power is given to the judge of each class to withhold any or all prizes for want of merit. The judge's decision will be final in all cases affecting the merits of the dogs, and appeals can only be entertained where misrepresentation or breach of the rules is discovered.

XV.—Should an appointed judge be unable to fulfill his engagement, the committee shall have the right to fill the vacancy in such manner as they see fit. All the separate classes of any one breed of dogs must, however, be adjudicated upon by the same judge or judges acting in conjunction.

XVI.—In any class where there is a limit of weight, the person in charge of a dog entered in such a class may claim of the Show Committee the right, at any time before the judging, to have his dog weighed, and the weight of the dog shall be registered and hold good at the time of the judging.

XVII.—Bench Show Committees may provide for the following classes:

Miscellaneous Classes	1
Selling Classes	2
Novice Classes	3
Puppy Classes	4
Open Classes	5
Challenge Classes	6

1. The Miscellaneous Class shall be understood to comprise all pure breeds of dogs, for which no regular class has been provided for in the Premium List.

2. The Selling Class must be for dogs to be sold for a maximum price, to be stated in the Premium List. An exhibitor may catalogue his dog in this class for any sum less than the maximum.

3. The Novice Class shall be understood to be for a recognized breed, for which a regular class has been provided, and for competition in which a dog shall not have won a prize at any American Kennel Club Show, or which has not won a prize in a recognized Show held in England or Canada.

4. The Puppy Class shall only embrace dogs of twelve months and under in age, excepting for the following breeds, which may be extended to eighteen months of age, at the option of Bench Show Committee: St. Bernards, Mastiffs, Deerhounds, Irish Setters, Great Danes.

5. The Open Class shall be for dogs of any age, which have not already qualified for the Challenge Class and for which no challenge class has been provided.

6. The Challenge Class shall be for all dogs having won four first prizes in the open classes. A dog having won three first prizes in this class shall have the privilege of the title of Champion, without further competition.

All dogs qualified to compete in a Champion Class previous to January 1, 1889, shall compete in the Challenge Class. The winnings referred to in these simple rules apply only to Shows recognized by the American Kennel Club, a list of which, together with these rules, must be published in the Premium List and Catalogue of each show.

XVIII.—In estimating the number of prizes a dog has won with reference to whether it should compete in a Challenge Class, or not, the number of prizes won shall be calculated up to 12 P. M. of the day preceding the closing of the entries of the Show. If a dog wins a first prize that will make it eligible to the Challenge Class, between the date of closing of entries and the day previous to the opening of a Show, the dog shall not be transferred to the said Challenge Class.

XIX.—In entering a dog in a Challenge Class, it is necessary to specify on the entry blank a sufficient number of first prize winnings to entitle him to compete in such classes, as required by these rules, and this record must be given in the Catalogue.

XX.—If a first prize winner is disqualified, the next dog in order of merit as placed by the judge shall be considered first, and the win shall count in every respect the same as if it had been the original award. An equal first prize shall be counted as a win for both dogs.

XXI.—No dog eligible for special prizes can be withdrawn from competition, unless it has been stated on entry blanks, "Will not compete for special prizes."

XXII.—No special prizes can be accepted or offered by a Show Committee after the regular judging has commenced.

XXIII.—The age of a dog shall be calculated up to and inclusive of the day preceding the Show. A dog whelped April 30th, shall not be eligible on May 1st of the following year to compete in a Class for dogs under 12 months of age.

XXIV.—An objection to a dog may be made by any exhibitor, or any member of a club, a member of this Association, but must be in writing, and be lodged with the Secretary within seven days of the last day of the Show. No objection shall be entertained unless accompanied by a deposit of $5.00, except in the case of objection lodged in the name of the American Kennel Club.

The Show Committee shall at once meet and decide upon any objection lodged during the Show, and from their decision an appeal may at once be taken to the local delegate or to any member of the Executive Committee of the American Kennel Club, who may be called upon by the Show Committee, provided any such member is not on the Show Committee. If the second decision is adverse to the appellant, the deposite of $5.00 is thereby forfeited to the Show Committee.

If the objection is lodged subsequent to the Show, it must be decided by the Committee within twenty days of its receipt. Five days' notice of the date and place of meeting for that purpose must be given to all parties in interest. From any decision rendered as provided for in the two clauses appeal may be taken to the full Executive Committee of the American Kennel Club. Such appeal must be sent to the Secretary within seven days of the decision being rendered.

XXV.—Any person who has been guilty of misconduct of any kind in connection with Dogs, Dog Shows or Field Trials, may be suspended by the committee of the show where such offense was committed. Notice of such suspension must be forwarded within twenty-four hours to the Secretary of the American Kennel Club. The Secretary of the American Kennel Club shall at once notify the President, or in his absence the Vice-President, who shall investigate the case, and if he sees fit suspend the penalty until the next meeting of the Executive Committee, when the committee must either remove the suspension or impose a penalty of disqualification for such a period as they may decide upon.

The disqualification of an owner shall apply to all dogs connected with the perpetration of a fraudulent act. The Committee of the American Kennel Club are, however, empowered to use such discretion in the enforcement of this penalty as shall protect innocent parties.

XXVI.—No person under suspension or sentence of disqualification can exhibit or take a prize or act as agent for any person at any Show held by a member of the American Kennel Club.

XXVII.—Entries made in the name of a kennel must be accompanied by the name of the actual proprietor or proprietors, but not necessarily for publication. The partners in a kennel will be deemed equally culpable in the case of fraud perpetrated in the kennel name.

XXVIII.—The Secretary of every Show must forward to the Secretary of the American Kennel Club a copy of the Premium List of the proposed Show as soon as sent to exhibitors, which must contain a list of officials under whose management the show is to be held. Each of these officials, except paid employees, shall be held personally responsible for the payment of all prizes within sixty days from the last day of the Show. The Secretary of the American Kennel Club shall upon evidence being produced that any such prize or prizes remain unpaid, issue notice of suspension of each and every official, and otherwise proceed as provided for in Rule 24.

The Secretary of every Show must also forward to the Secretary of the American Kennel Club a marked copy of the Catalogue certified to by himself within ten days of the closing of each Show.

XXIX.—The person presenting the identification ticket shall be recognized as the agent of the owner in the latter's absence, and his receipt for prize money shall be binding on the owner, unless notice to the contrary is indorsed on the identification ticket.

XXX.—All prizes offered by the Club or Committee in charge of a Show must be paid in accordance with the description given of them in the Premium List. Medals of silver or gold must be of the purity of the United States coin.

XXXI.—Show Committees may adopt such regulations to govern their Show as they deem fit, provided they do not conflict with any of the foregoing rules.

XXXII.—Only winnings under A. K. C. rules shall be permitted in catalogues, but it is optional with bench show committees to publish any wins, other than challenge classes, etc., as provided for in Rule 19.

Awards at the following shows will be recognized by the American Kennel Club:

Baltimore Kennel Club, 1878.
Boston, Massachusetts Kennel Club, 1878 to 1882, inclusive.
Boston, New England Kennel Club, 1885 to 1887, inclusive.
Chicago, 1876, 1883, 1884.
Chicago, Illinois Kennel Club, 1885.
Cincinnati, 1884.
Cincinnati Sportsman's Club, 1885, 1888.
Cleveland, 1882, 1884.
Cleveland Kennel Club, 1886.
Detroit, 1879.
Detroit, Michigan Kennel Club, 1887.
Fox-Terrier Club, 1886, 1887 and 1888.
Hartford Kennel Club, 1886 and 1887.
Hornell Kennel Club (Hornellsville), 1886 and 1887.
London, Ont., prior to 1885.
Manitoba Pet Stock Association, 1885.
Meriden, prior to 1885.
Milwaukee Kennel Club, 1886 and 1887.
Montreal, 1883 and 1884.
New Haven Kennel Club, 1884 to 1886 inclusive.
New Jersey Kennel Club (Newark and Waverly), 1886 and 1887.
New Orleans, 1883 and 1884.
New York, Westminster Kennel Club, 1877 to 1888 inclusive.
New York, Fanciers' Club, 1886.
National Poultry and Bench Association, Atlanta, Ga., 1883.
Ottawa, Province of Ontario, 1883.
Philadelphia, Kennel Club, 1879 to 1888 inclusive.
Philadelphia, National Breeders' Show, 1884.
Pittsburgh, Western Penna. Poultry Society, 1881 to 1887.
Pacific Kennel Club, 1888.
Rhode Island Kennel Club, 1887.
Richmond Co. Poultry and Pet Stock Association, Augusta, Ga., 1888.
St. John, N. B., 1886.
St. Paul and Minnesota Kennel Club, 1887, 1888.
St. Louis Kennel Club, 1879 and 1880.
St. Louis Gun Club, 1884 and 1885.
Syracuse Kennel Club, 1888.
Toronto, Ont., 1880 (Fair Grounds, 1884, 1885, Horticultural Gardens).
Virginia Field Sports Association, 1888.
Washington, 1883 and 1884.

In publishing the above list in the Premium Lists, it must be revised to include all Shows held by the members of the American Kennel Club, or shows to be given by them, previous to the closing of the entries of the show to be held.

KENNEL NOTES.

Notes must be sent on prepared blanks, which are furnished free on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope of large letter size. Sets of 200 of any one form, bound for retaining duplicates, are sent for 30 cents.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Luck of Donald. By I. N. Cochran, Philadelphia, Pa., for liver and white pointer dog, whelped Jan. 4, 1888, by Donald (Bob - Sappho) out of Grace (Heath's Spot—Underhill's Jane).

Phyllis. By Chas. W. Shaw, Brookline, Mass., for tawny and white St. Bernard bitch, whelped Sept. 9, 1888, by Scotch Bonivard (champion Bonivard—Mirza) out of Madam (A.K.R. 4787).

Max, Bob and Gladys. By C. T. Brownell, New Bedford, Mass., for black and tan Gordon setters, two dogs and one bitch, whelped Sept. 1, 1888, by Rowland Ranger (champion Shot—champion Nell) out of Beulah (Tom—Cremorne).

White Duke and White Duchess. By F. F. Dole, New Haven, Conn., for white bull-terrier dog and bitch, whelped Dec. 20, 1888, by Sensation (Bulrush—Fancy) out of Starlight (champion Grand Duke—champion Maggie May).

Chesapeake Kennels.—Malvern, Ia., Jan. 3.—As Geo. E. Poyneer, of Williamsburg, Ia., has given up breeding Chesapeake Bay dogs, he has turned the name of Chesapeake Kennels over to me, and I now claim it.—Dr. H. H. SMITH.

BRED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Rural Dot—Little Duke, Jr. Rural Kennels' (Wakefield, Mass.) beagle bitch Rural Dot (Flute M., A.K.R. 1990– Bell, A.K.R. 1939) to W. E. Deane's Little Duke, Jr. (A.K.R. 2389), Dec. 31.

Dixie—Little Duke, Jr. W. E. Deane's (Somerset, Mass.) beagle bitch Dixie (Elmore's Flute–Thorne) to his Little Duke, Jr. (A.K.R. 2389), Dec. 19.

Wave—Sandy. Chesapeake Kennels' (Malvern, Ia.) Chesapeake Bay bitch Wave (Bob–Nellie) to their Sandy (Gowrie–Ruby III.), Dec. 31.

Belle of Maine—Beaufort H. G. W. Lovell's (Middleboro, Mass.) pointer bitch Belle of Maine (champion Graphic–Zitta) to his Beaufort H. (champion Beaufort–Zuba), Jan. 3.

Fly—Mainspring. J. P. Swain, Jr.'s (Bronxville, N. Y.) pointer bitch Fly (A.K.R. 4745) to J. T. Perkins's Mainspring (Mike—Romp), Dec. 20.

Gipsey—Young Toby. John Hooley's (Troy, N. Y.) pug bitch Gipsey to Chequasset Kennels' Young Toby (champion Toby—Topsy), Nov. 10.

Chartreuse II.—Duke of Lancaster. C. Van W. Fish's (Cleveland, O.) St. Bernard bitch Chartreuse II. (Bonhomme—Chartreuse) to Chequasset Kennels' Duke of Lancaster (champion Plinlimmon—Lady Burghley), Nov. 5.

Lola—Monte Rosa. A. Stucky's (Pittsburgh, Pa.) St. Bernard bitch Lola (champion First Choice—Bella) to Chequasset Kennels' Monte Rosa (Alp II.—Sombre), Nov. 2.

Marigold—Beauchamp. Chequasset Kennels' (Lancaster, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Marigold (Alp II.—Sombre) to their imported Beauchamp (champion Beauchief—Berengaria), Dec. 25.

Heidel—Duke of Lancaster. Chequasset Kennels' (Lancaster, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Heidel (imported Cæsar—Nun) to their Duke of Lancaster (champion Plinlimmon—Lady Burghley), Oct. 20.

Rural May—Leigh Belton. Rural Kennels' (Wakefield, Mass.) English setter bitch Rural May (Belthus—Daisy) to F. A. Patch's Leigh Belton (Yale Belton—Princess Lily), Dec. 18.

Princess Belton—Warwick Albert. W. C. Russell's (Bridgeport, Conn.) English setter bitch Princess Belton (Yale Belton—Polly Blue) to Warwick Kennels' Warwick Albert (Royal Albert—Maida), Dec. 9.

Daisy Druid—Warwick Albert. Warwick Kennels' (Bridgeport, Conn.) English setter bitch Daisy Druid (Ted Llewellin—Trusty Gladstone) to their Warwick Albert (Royal Albert—Maida), Dec. 26.

Bessie—Dash L. Chas. G. Rutter's (Lawrence, Mass.) Gordon setter bitch Bessie to Chas. H. Leonard's Dash L. (Glen II.—Nellie Horton), Dec. 29.

Warwick Vic—Warwick Obo. Warwick Kennels' (Bridgeport, Conn.) cocker spaniel bitch Warwick Vic to their Warwick Obo (Obo, Jr.—Black Garrie).

Jet Obo—Black Harry. Brown Cocker Kennels' (Waterbury, Vt.) cocker spaniel bitch Jet Obo (A.K.R. 4810) to their Black Harry (Black Pete—Althea), Dec. 24.

Miss Norah—Young Royal Diamond. H. A. Harris's (North Wilmington, Mass.) bull-terrier bitch Miss Norah (Dutch—Norah) to his Young Royal Diamond (Royal Diamond—Mercedes Royal), Jan. 5.

Floss R.—Star. G. H. Reed's (Lancaster, Pa.) fox-terrier bitch Floss R. (Bacchanal—Sorry Clove) to J. R. Trissler's Star (Resolute—Coquette), Dec. 29.

WHELPS.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Heidel. Chequasset Kennels' (Lancaster, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Heidel (imported Cæsar—Nun), Dec. 27, three dogs, by their Duke of Lancaster (champion Plinlimmon—Lady Burghley).

Belle. E. Malley's (Bridgeport, Conn.) cocker spaniel bitch Belle, Nov. 30, six dogs, by Warwick Kennels' Warwick Obo (Obo, Jr.—Black Garrie); all black.

Starlight. F. F. Dole's (New Haven, Conn.) bull-terrier bitch Starlight (champion Grand Duke—champion Maggie May), Dec. 20, nine (four dogs), by Mr. Goddard's Sensation (Bulrush—Fancy); two dogs and two bitches since dead.

SALES.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Music. Black, white and tan beagle bitch, whelped March, 1888, by Major out of Dido, by Warwick Kennels, Bridgeport, Conn., to Henry Dant, same place.

Sir Anthony—Jennie whelps. Pointers, whelped Oct. 24, 1888, by Geo. W. Lovell, Middleboro, Mass., a liver and white dog to Geo. W. Hartshorn, Milford, Me., and a lemon and white dog to W. A. Dilks, Hammonton, N. J.

Portland Lily. Lemon and white pointer bitch, whelped March 31, 1885 (A.K.R. 4058), by F. F. Harris, Portland, Me., to Geo. W. Lovell, Middleboro, Mass.

Mikado. Liver and white pointer dog, whelped Nov. 18, 1885 (A. K.R. 3132), by F. F. Harris, Portland, Me., to G. W. Lovell, Middleboro, Mass.

Beaufort H. Pointer dog, age not given, by Beaufort out of Zuba, by F. F. Harris, Portland, Me., to G. W. Lovell, Middleboro, Mass.

Dandy. Pug dog, age and pedigree unknown, by Warwick Kennels, Bridgeport, Conn., to E. F. Hoar, same place.

Sam. Pug dog, whelped Aug. 20, 1884, by Young Toby out of Judy, by Chequasset Kennels, Lancaster, Mass., to A. P. Cassin, Atlanta, Ga.

Tina. Pug bitch, whelped July 13, 1888, by Santa Claus out of Almah, by Chequasset Kennels, Lancaster, Mass., to A. P. Cassin, Atlanta, Ga.

Daisy. Pug bitch, whelped June, 1887, by Othello out of Victory, by Chequasset Kennels, Lancaster, Mass., to C. E. Scott, Schenectady, N. Y.

Triste and Tea. Pug bitches, whelped June 24, 1888, by Phillibuster out of Tantrums, by Chequasset Kennels, Lancaster, Mass., to C. E. Scott, Schenectady, N. Y.

Chequasset Maud. St. Bernard bitch, whelped Oct. 12, 1888, by Beauchamp out of Lady Hanley, by Chequasset Kennels, Lancaster, Mass., to Geo. Q. Dow, Epping, N. H.

Chequasset Abbess. Smooth St. Bernard bitch, whelped August, 1887, by Duke of Lancaster out of Myra, by Chequasset Kennels, Lancaster, Mass., to W. Millard, Sycamore, Ill.

Od'ascep. St. Bernard dog, whelped Oct. 12, 1888, by Beauchamp out of Lady Hanley, by Chequasset Kennels, Lancaster, Mass., to C. Van W. Fish, Cleveland, O.

Chequasset Orson. St. Bernard dog, whelped Oct. 12, 1888, by Beauchamp out of Lady Hanley, by Chequasset Kennels, Lancaster, Mass., to W. C. Freeman, Cornwall, Pa.

Chequasset Argus (formerly Chequasset Oskar). St. Bernard dog, whelped June 17, 1888, by Chequasset Max out of Heidel, by Chequasset Kennels, Lancaster, Mass., to L. H. Buhrman, Cincinnati, O.

Chequasset Ottilie. St. Bernard bitch, whelped Aug. 24, 1888, by imported Beauchamp out of Marigold, by Chequasset Kennels, Lancaster, Mass., to M. L. Stover, Amsterdam, N. Y.

Chequasset Arni. St. Bernard dog, whelped June 17, 1888, by Chequasset Max out of Heidel, by Chequasset Kennels, Lancaster, Mass., to Miss E. E. Dana, Morristown, N. Y.

Nora. Black, white and tan English setter bitch, whelped Jan. 8, 1886, by Count Noble out of Lit, by J. S. Hudson, Covington, Ky., to I. N. Cochran, Philadelphia, Pa.

Yale Belton—Queen Blue whelp. Black, white and tan English setter bitch, age not given, by Warwick Kennels, Bridgeport, Conn., to J. M. Hunter, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Gus—Dora Gladstone whelp. Black, white and tan English setter bitch, whelped June 4, 1888, by Chas. York, Bangor, Me., to E. A. Hight, Lynn, Mass.

Gladys. Black and tan Gordon setter bitch, whelped Sept. 1, 1888, by Rowland Ranger out of Beulah, by C. T. Brownell, New Bedford, Mass., to C. E. Bardwell, Holyoke, Mass.

Don. Red Irish setter dog, whelped 1884, pedigree unknown, by G. W. Lovell, Middleboro, Mass., to H. D. Morris, Boston, Mass.

Black Pete (A.K.R. 3071)—Phyllis (A.K.R. 5093) whelp. Black cocker spaniel dog, whelped Nov. 20, 1888, by Brown Cocker Kennels, Waterbury, Vt., to Henry Whiting, Ellsworth, Me.

Black Pete (A.K.R. 3071)—Jet Obo (A.K.R. 4810) whelp. Black cocker spaniel dog, whelped July 20, 1888, by Brown Cocker Kennels, Waterbury, Vt., to Chas. H. Benedict, Montreal, Can.

Black Harry. Black cocker spaniel dog, whelped Oct. 24, 1886, by Black Pete out of Althea, by Fleetfoot Kennels, Delhi, N. Y., to Don C. Turner, Waterbury, Vt., and resold by him to Brown Cocker Kennels, same place.

Royal Madchen. White bull-terrier bitch, whelped October, 1887, by Royal Diamond out of Mercedes Royal, by H. A. Harris, North Wilmington, Mass., to J. W. Newman, Melrose, Mass.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

G. W. A., Boston.—My pointer bitch, eight years old, has an irruption, or scaling off of the hair, on her hip joints and a little of the same trouble on her sides. Mange cures do not seem to relieve her and her companion dogs do not seem to catch the ailment though she has had it some months. What do you suggest as a remedy for his troubles? Ans.—Keep bowels clear. Give 5 drops of Fowler's solution of arsenic night and morning. Keep this up for 3 weeks and then omit one week and begin again.

R. J. H., Lynn, Mass.—I have a valuable St. Bernard dog, 15 months old, which I would like to enter in the N. E. K. C. bench show next April, but owing to his want of appetite I cannot get any flesh on him. The only food he will eat with any relish is clear meat, which I cannot afford to give him. If meat is mixed with other food he does not like it, and will only eat enough to keep alive; yet he seems to be in perfect health, except that his nose is often hot and dry. He is very large, standing over 29in., but weighs only 90lbs. Please advise me what to do for him and oblige a constant reader. Ans. Feed no raw meat. Give cooked meat sparingly mixed in with corn meal mush served cold. Exercise regularly. Keep bowels open and give 5grs. of quinine in pill form night and morning.

CONNECTICUT.—An English setter bitch 2½yrs. old had her second litter of puppies Nov. 17. Puppies have been perfectly healthy and have grown nicely. About Dec. 22 bitch appeared to become nearly paralyzed, and although about the coldest day this season, she stood panting with fever, but wagged her tail and appeared not to be in pain. Later she lay down exhausted, and next day appeared nearly well except weak. Gave her white of egg at first for poison, but concluded it was not that, and have not given any medicine. Have taken her on short hunting trip since, and after an hour's run same symptoms came on again; legs refused to go and appeared weak and tired out, but no panting. Since whelping milk has flowed nearly all the time, but lately has but little color to it and nearly stopped. Have gradually weaned the puppies. She was a little too fat before whelping, and is in good order now, but hair appears dull and she acts far from well and is not improving, although puppies are about weaned. What ails her and how shall we treat her? Ans. She may have some spinal trouble, but probably it is due to the weakness and anæmia incident to whelping. Nutritious diet, tonics and stimulants will bring her around. Give 5 grains of quinine each morning and a 2-grain pill of the citrate of iron and strychnine every evening. You can conceal the pills in a morsel of meat. Do not feed raw meat and not a great deal of cooked. Keep the bowels open by oil or syrup of buckthorn.

SUBSCRIBER, Denver, S. C.—In my kennel of running dogs I frequently notice some of them that seem to have some kind of skin disease, the symptoms of which are about as follows: The first thing noticed is a reddish, chafed appearance of the skin on inside of arms and thighs and lower parts of body, which gradually extends to other parts of body, causing the hair to fall out These symptoms are attended by an itching sensation which causes the dog to scratch to such an extent that in places the skin becomes raw. A kind of yellow gummy substance exudes from the skin which has an offensive, doggy smell when dogs are heated. Both old dogs and puppies are affected by it, and it seems to be contagious. I first noticed its appearance last summer in a couple of bitches that were weaning pups. Have had some success with various external remedies, such as a mixture of common tar and lard well rubbed in after thoroughly washing the dog with warm water and soap. Also train oil and sulphur used as above, and sulphur and lard, etc. Have also given internally from three to four drops of Fowler's solution of arsenic two or three times a day in food. The dogs are regularly fed and housed every night in dry kennels. Their bedding consists of hay or straw frequently changed. Barring the above symptoms the health and general appearance of dogs are good. Can you tell me from above description what will cure it most successfully without injury to the dog? Ans. Eczema or mange. The tar, sulphur and other remedies you mention are all good. Zinc oxide ointment is good, diachylon ointment is good, and a mixture of the two latter is often beneficial. The parts should be carefully sponged with warm water and castile soap first. Fowler's solution should not be used for more than three weeks, as arsenic collects in the system. After omitting a week it can be commenced again.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

SECRETARY SHEPHERD'S REPORT.

NEW YORK, Jan. 8, 1889.

Mr. President and Life Members of the National Rifle Association:

Your Secretary submits the following report of the transactions of this Association for the year 1888:

The annual meeting of the life members was held at the armory of the 22d Regiment on Jan. 10, when the following-named members were reëlected Directors for the term of three years, viz.: Major Shorkley, Captains Witthaus and Brown, Mr. Jas. Duane and the undersigned; and for a term of two years, Capt. Nesbitt. Gen. Bartlett was elected for one year, but declined to serve, and the vacancy has never been filled. The reorganization of the Board of Directors took place at a special meeting held the same evening, when Gen. Woodward was elected President and the Secretary and Treasurer were reëlected. No change has taken place during the past year in our list of Active Directors, but we have lost from our Honorary roll a very prominent member, Mr. David W. Judd, who died on the 6th of February last.

The Board has held eleven meetings since my last report, and at the meeting of Dec. 12, when thirteen Directors were present, it was unanimously voted to introduce a bill at Albany with the view of turning over to the State our property at Creedmoor, conditional on an appropriation of $25,000, which sum is to be used to purchase the West range and such other land as may be needed to secure in the future the use of the present property as a rifle range, and to make the repairs and improvements that are now absolutely required and for which the Association has not the necessary funds.

The leases of the present office in Temple Court and of the ground at Creedmoor known as the West range were both renewed for one year.

The fall meeting was commenced on Sept. 10 and continued through the week; the attendance was not as large as we should have liked to see, and the meeting resulted in a loss of nearly $400. The matches for the qualification as Marksmen of the members of the National Guard show an increased interest every year, and notwithstanding a very large reduction in the price of entries, the net result has been to put into our treasury the sum of $1,760. The match shot on Election Day showed over 420 competitors, representing every infantry organization in the First and Second Brigades.

I have also to acknowledge the receipt of valuable prizes from Messrs. Tiffany & Co., Benedict Bros., and the staffs of the First and Second Brigades.

The Treasurer's report shows the largest balance on hand at the close of the year that we have had since 1873, with the exception of the year 1882. Respectfully submitted,

JOHN S. SHEPHERD, Secretary.

CHAMPIONSHIP OF NEW YORK.

JAMES S. CONLIN announces that he will start a rifle match for the purpose of definitely fixing upon a champion of the city in off-hand shooting for the present year. The match will be shot at long gallery range, and will commence Jan. 14, and continue every day until midnight Feb. 16, 1889, open to all comers, entrance fee 50 cents, entries unlimited, any 10lb. rifle using short .22-cal. cartridge, no restriction as to trigger pull, sights according to the rules of the N. R. A. of America, ten consecutive shots off-hand on one Conlin's ready-measurement target.

The competitor's signature must be written upon the target before shooting. Immediately after the score has been completed the target shall be placed in a sealed box. At the close of the match the box shall be opened before a committee, who shall measure the targets and decide on the winning scores. The committee to consist of three gentlemen not interested in the match, and to be appointed by Jas. S. Conlin. All matters not herein provided for to be decided by the rules of the N. R. A. of America. All disputes to be settled by a referee, to be mutually agreed on.

First prize, for the best aggregate score of three targets	$25.00
Second prize, for the best aggregate score of two targets	15.00
Third prize, for the best target	10.00
Five prizes of $5 each for the second, third, fourth, fifth and sixth best targets	25.00
	$75.00

BOSTON, Jan. 5.—All the regular matches were open for rifle shooting to-day at Walnut Hill and well patronized by the large number of shooters present. The weather conditions were good, with wind from 2 to 3 o'clock. Following are the scores:

20 Shot Rest Match—200yds.

N Washburn	12	11	12	11	9	12	12	9	11	11	
	12	10	9	12	9	9	12	12	9	11	—215
D L Chase	9	12	10	11	11	10	9	9	12	11	
	11	11	10	10	12	9	9	12	11	10	—200
J R Munroe	12	9	10	10	11	9	10	9	12	12	
	11	12	10	11	9	11	9	11	10	9	—203
S Wilder	10	12	9	11	10	11	10	10	10	11	
	10	9	9	12	10	12	10	9	9	9	—207
J N Eames	11	11	8	10	11	12	12	10	12	9	
	12	9	10	11	8	9	8	11	9	9	—201
L R Avay	8	9	8	10	11	11	9	11	8	9	
	10	12	9	10	9	11	8	8	10	9	—190
B G Barker	11	8	9	10	9	11	9	8	6	12	
	12	8	9	9	8	9	9	10	10	11	—190

Champion Medal Match—200yds.

J N Frye	7	10	10	6	9	10	8	9	6	8	—83
T Mason	7	7	7	7	8	7	9	6	8	8	—74
A Loring	9	6	8	7	7	6	8	10	6	8	—70
C C Clarke	10	4	6	8	6	8	6	7	7	6	—79

Victory Medal Match.

J N Frye	8	6	6	7	10	8	6	8	7	10	—76
O T Moore	7	10	7	8	6	6	9	7	6	5	—74
G Carter (mil)	7	4	10	6	6	5	5	5	9	8	—65
T Martin	6	7	6	8	5	4	9	8	5	6	—64

Pistol Match—50yds.

W Charles	8	10	10	7	10	10	9	9	9	10	—92
J B Fellows	9	0	9	9	10	8	10	7	8	9	—88
A Stevens	8	6	8	8	5	6	8	9	9	4	—71

All-Comers' Match.

J B Fellows	7	8	10	7	9	8	8	10	7	8	—82
W Charles	10	6	7	6	8	10	7	9	10	8	—81
T Mason	6	7	6	9	6	7	9	7	9	10	—76
A Loring	9	10	5	9	9	5	7	8	8	6	—76
J B Osborn	6	4	5	6	6	10	9	10	10	9	—75
B G Barker	8	10	6	8	7	10	6	4	9	5	—73
O T Moore	5	9	7	6	10	9	7	9	0	5	—73
W Chester	4	9	10	8	5	7	5	9	9	7	—72
F Martin	8	8	3	7	5	6	7	6	7	8	—65
S Ham	8	4	7	4	5	6	7	5	9	8	—63

Military Match.

Major Woodworth	4	4	5	5	5	4	4	4	4	3	—41
A S Field	5	5	4	4	3	3	4	3	4	4	—38
T Spring	3	3	3	3	4	3	3	3	2	4	—31

Rest Match.

D L Chase	10	9	12	10	12	11	10	11	11	12	—109
J N Eames	11	12	10	11	12	10	10	11	10	11	—108
N Washburn	10	9	12	12	12	9	12	9	12	9	—106
S Wilder	12	8	10	9	12	10	12	12	11	9	—105
J R Munroe	12	9	10	9	12	12	10	9	10	10	—103
A Ballard	12	9	11	9	11	12	10	10	8	9	—101
W Chester	9	7	9	10	10	12	11	10	9	11	—97
C Towne	7	9	11	10	10	8	9	11	12	9	—96
R Adams	9	8	8	9	9	11	11	8	8	8	—89

WILMINGTON, Del., Jan. 1.—New Year's Day was celebrated by the sporting and military riflemen at Healdmoor Rifle Range. Being general monthly badge day it attracted a good attendance of active riflemen and visitors. The monthly badge of the Wilmington Rifle Club was won by J. F. McCafferty. Lieut. Floyd was the winner of the military badge and J. Bacon won the beginners' monthly badge on a good score. The following are the scores at 200yds., standard American target:

Continuous Match.

H B Seeds	8	6	8	5	5	7	7	7	8	7—68
J E Newman	6	7	5	5	10	9	4	9	8	5—68
H Simpson	4	6	5	6	7	5	8	5	7	7—59
W A Bacon	6	6	6	4	4	4	6	6	6	6—53

Wilmington Rifle Club's Monthly Badge Match.

J F McCafferty	5	5	7	9	10	7	8	9	9	10	—74
J E Seeds	9	8	6	8	6	4	10	9	7	7	—71
H B Seeds	7	7	5	4	10	7	5	7	8	10	—70
C Heinel, Sr	8	5	8	10	4	4	7	8	4	8	—66
J E Newman	5	4	7	5	7	5	7	6	6	9	—61
H Simpson	8	4	0	4	8	4	4	10	8	10	—56
W A Bacon	3	5	5	6	5	8	2	7	5	4	—50
C Febrenback	3	4	8	0	2	9	0	6	8	5	—45

Record Practice.

J F McCafferty	6	7	9	6	10	6	8	7	6	9	—74
H Simpson	2	5	9	6	5	8	9	9	5	10	—68
W A Bacon	5	7	8	3	3	3	6	8	5	6	—56
W Floyd (mil.)	2	6	5	8	3	6	3	4	6	6	—52
H Thompson	5	5	4	3	6	4	4	4	5	4	—44

Military Badge Match.

Lieut Floyd	3	4	4	5	3	4	3	4	5	4	—39
Sergt Fuller	3	5	4	4	3	3	4	3	4	4	—37

At 100Yds.—Beginners' Badge Match.

J Bacon	9	9	9	5	10	6	7	5	7	5	—73
C Febrenback	10	5	4	6	7	10	10	5	6	7	—70
W C Thompson	3	5	7	3	7	6	10	5	6	7	—59
H Thompson	1	7	4	6	8	3	7	6	6	8	—58
C Stengle	3	1	4	3	5	5	6	4	5	7	—43

ST. JOSEPH, Mo., Dec. 29.—At the holiday shoot of the St. Joseph Rifle Club, at their range above the city to-day, the following scores were made:

200yds.—Off-hand.

Dr R S Dinsmore, average 79 3-5	84	77	71	84	82
J E Eberly, average 74 2-5	77	84	70	72	68
E T Smith, average 69¾			63	70	75
George Essig, average 67			67	69	65
J W Batcheller, average 62	60	62	62	64	
Perry Moores, average 57 4 5	63	67	65	39	55
J H Eberly, average 57¾	56	64	54	55	
W H Brown, average 54¾	47	54	62	56	
Fred Arnhold, average 42¾	56	31	40	44	
W A Michaels, average 38			45	31	
Geo Arnhold, average 30	22	37	17	44	

EXPERT PISTOL SHOOTING.—On Dec. 6 Mr. Jas. Conlin, the veteran gallery man, inaugurated two of the best contested off-hand matches that have been shot in many a day, the one in the famous White Elephant rifle range, on the Massachusetts Rifle Association target, and the other in his world famous gallery on the northwest corner of Thirty-first street and Broadway, which was shot on the new expert's target at the French range of 82½ft. At the White Elephant range the match on the Massachusetts target was shot at the long range, and was one of the closest contested of the large number of matches that have been fought on this popular range. The match was for three handsome medals, two gold and one silver, which were won in the following order, with the list of some of the best scores made in the match:

Chas C Hiscoe (first prize)	243	F G Loeb	222
H A Buck (second prize)	241	J Bertrand	221
W K Benedict (third prize)	240	O Cleveland	221
W C Althouse	235	T Takino	220
D S Jacobus	230	C S Lake	216
A M Reynolds	226	H C Radford	213
D Bacon	223		

The possible in this match was 252.

The match on the expert's target was won after a very hard struggle by G. Snellen, of Our Own Rifle Club, of Newark, N. J. He is one of the strongest indoor shots of the day, but Mr. Hiscoe is to be highly commended for the strong fight he made for the first place, this being the second match in which he ever participated, having won the first in the Massachusetts target match at the White Elephant. Below will be found the scores, the possible being 300:

G Snellen	279	Major D Crocker	254
Chas C Hiscoe	279	Peter De Nyse	252
B Walther	274	F A Young	248
Alfred Brenon	265	E Castel Bert	241
Alexander Stein	263	J B Miller	236
H A Buck	261	J H Cornell	220
H C Starkweather	259	S T Crosby	216
W K Benedict	259	Raymond Rudd	70
Gus Zimmermann	257	Robert McNeil, Jr	70

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Jan. 5.—Mr. F. A. Fodde made the top score at the last shoot of the St. Louis Pistol Club. The attendance was very light, and the scores also were the same. The club uses a .22-caliber Stevens gallery pistol for all its shooting, and a 20yds. standard American target:

F A Fodde	8	8	9	8	8	8	9	9	9	10—86
M Summerfield	10	8	9	8	10	7	8	8	9	6—83
L V D Perrel	9	5	8	9	9	5	8	10	10	9—82
E Mohrstadt	6	7	8	9	7	9	9	7	6	10—80
O Neuhaus	8	8	7	8	9	10	8	4	10	6—78
W J Lord	6	5	9	9	9	8	5	10	6	9—76
W C Mackwitz	8	6	9	6	7	7	10	7	9	6—75
A E Bongel	7	8	8	7	8	7	8	5	6	10—74
L H Race	7	6	7	7	9	5	6	4	7	7—67

UNSER FRITZ.

NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION.—The annual meeting of the National Rifle Association was held last Tuesday evening at the Twenty-second regiment armory, General John B. Woodward, president, in the chair. Among those present were Secretary Captain J. S. Shepherd, Gen. G. W. Wingate, General C. F. Robbins, Major George L. Fox, Major H. C. Brown, Messrs. John H. Peet, James Duane, J. H. Brown and T. J. Dolan, Colonel Bodine and Captains G. Henry Witthaus, Leslie C. Bruce and L. T. Baker and Major George Shorkley. The president reported that "The same cloud hangs over the range at Creedmoor as was the case in the beginning of 1887. By the efforts and exertion of the officers of the Association the threatened proceedings on behalf of the property holders in the rear of the butts to enjoin the firing have been temporarily avoided, and the Poppenhusen estate has granted us another year's lease of the western short range targets which stand upon the ground hired by it. This has been accomplished with the understanding that the plan adopted last year of turning the range over to the State would be carried out during the present session of the Legislature. I trust and believe this will be the case, for it is clear that if it is not done Creedmoor will be very badly crippled. In fact, it is very doubtful if it can be longer maintained, as we cannot expect to retain the Poppenhusen property, and even if we did, the Association is without means to make the repairs to the butts and buildings which are indispensable." The following members were elected directors for the ensuing three years: General George W. Wingate, General B. C. Ward, Colonel John Ward, Colonel James G. Story and Bernard Walther. Mr. Walther is the president of a German rifle club, has won two medals from the Association, and was elected a life member.

ORILLIA, Ont., Jan. 1.—The third and last championship rifle match between Orillia and Aurora was shot over the Orilla range to-day, and resulted in the former winning by six points. Orillia has won two out of the three matches shot with Aurora. According to the matches shot, Bradford is first, Orillia second and Aurora third, but the order may be changed before the 1st of May, when the year closes. The score was:

Orillia.		Aurora.	
T Reid	92	E Braund	89
J D Fortier	88	J C B Johns	86
J Delaney	83	E C Lyons	80
W W Wood	80	R Mosley	79
G E Whiten	76	H Ross	78
C Fortier	70	M Fleury	76
C Wood	71	W Machell	76
R Strathern	70	A Neily	74
H Bingham	59	Dave Eade	61
C Crocket	55—760	Dr Lloyd	55—754

WILMINGTON, Del.—The following is the score of a 100-shot revolver match, shot by E. J. Darlington, at Healdmoor Rifle Range, Jan. 1. The match was shot without any preliminary practice, which accounts for the reduced size of the first score. The shooting was 50yds., standard American target:

E J Darlington	6	7	5	7	7	5	5	7	5	9—63
	10	8	6	5	9	9	9	6	6	8—76
	5	7	6	6	7	10	7	8	9	7—72
	6	6	6	9	10	10	6	8	7	9—77
	9	10	7	8	9	5	6	7	6	8—75
	9	5	6	7	9	5	7	5	7	7—67
	9	9	7	8	7	9	10	6	9	6—80
	8	10	6	7	8	5	9	5	7	8—73
	7	10	7	5	6	7	6	5	10	10—73
	8	8	8	7	8	9	8	7	8	6—77—723

COVINGTON, Ky., Jan. 2.—Benjamin J. Robertson, a pistol shot here, succeeded in making 456 out of a possible 500 on a standard American target. The shooting was done under the following conditions: Fifty consecutive shots at 50yds., fair off-hand shooting, using a Stevens pistol, Gould model, 22-cal. The score, by strings of 10 shots, was as follows: 95, 91, 91, 90, 95, total 462. The shooting was done without any preliminary practice.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Jan. 1.—The first match of the Queens Amateur Rifle Club was shot on the Athletic ground at that place to-day. The conditions were 10 shots off-hand, distance 120yds., at a 100yd. Creedmoor target, using .22-cal. rifles. The score:

Thos Lloyd	5544544324—40	Jesse Kelsey	5454404433—35
W L Wood	3443443445—38	Charles Doty	4443433432—34
Charles Rose	4343534453—38		

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

MIDDLESEX GUN CLUB.

THE members of this club gathered at their grounds, Dunellen, N. J., on Jan. 1, to inaugurate the year with some friendly bouts at the trap. As every one knows, the weather was delightful and unusually mild for this season of the year. The qualifications of New Year's eve had their effect on the morning attendance, which was rather slim, many of the shooters no doubt finding bed a very comfortable place. The few who were there were repaid for their exemplary habits by their early ride out to the grounds in the bracing air, and by some well-contested sweeps. In the afternoon the tired ones had brushed the cobwebs from their eyes and summoned energy enough for the trip, and several live-bird sweeps were shot. The birds were above the average, and it was by no means easy to make a clean score. The inanimate targets were shot from Keystone traps and under Keystone rules, superintended by Mr. Neif Apgar, who ran one team race of 25 birds each, 100 birds in all in 14 minutes. Both traps and rules were very satisfactory to the contestants, and very few were broken in the traps. The club has adopted the Keystone traps and rules for future use. Below are the scores:

Sweep No. 1, at 10 birds, $1 entrance, 2 moneys:

E D Miller	1111111111—10	Apgar	1001101110— 6
Tee Kay	0111010011— 7	Douglass	0110001010— 4
S G Smith	1111111110— 9		

Miller first, Smith second.

Sweep No. 2, same conditions:

Miller	1101111111— 9	S G Smith	1011111011— 8
Tee Kay	1110111001— 7	Apgar	1111111011— 9

Miller first on shoot-off, Smith second.

Sweep No. 3, same conditions:

Craft	1111101111— 9	Apgar	1101111110— 8
Tee Kay	1111011111— 9	S G Smith	0111101011— 7
Miller	1111101111— 9		

First divided, Apgar second.

Sweep No. 4, same conditions:

Craft	1111110111— 9	Apgar	1101111011— 8
Tee Kay	1011010111— 7	S G Smith	1110011111— 8
Miller	1111111111—10	D Terry	1111111111—10

First divided, Craft second.

Sweep No. 5, same conditions.

Lindsley	0011101111— 7	Miller	1111111111—10
Zeizler	0111111110— 8	D Terry	0000 w
Apgar	1011111101— 8	Craft	0111111011— 8
Tee Kay	1101111011— 8		

Miller first, Zeizler and Apgar second on shoot-off.

Sweep No. 6, same conditions:

Miller	1101111111— 9	Lindsley	1111111111—10
Tee Kay	1011111111— 9	Apgar	1111111111—10
Sigler	1111111111—10	S G Smith	0111111110— 8

First and second div.

Sweep No. 7, same conditions:

Miller	0111111101— 8	Apgar	1001111111— 8
Sigler	1111111111—10	Tee Kay	1101110111— 8
Lindsley	1100111101— 7	Sigler first, second div.	

Sweep No. 8, 10 bluerocks, Keystone rules:

Miller	1111111111—10	Apgar	1110110111— 8
Sigler	1111111111—10	Tee Kay	1101111101— 8
Lindsley	1111101111— 9		

Miller and Sigler first, Lindsley second.

Sweep No. 9, same conditions:

Apgar	0111111111— 9	Lindsley	1111100110— 7
Miller	1111111111—10	S G Smith	1101111111— 9
Sigler	1111111111—10	D Randolph	1001000101— 4

First and second div.

Sweep No. 10, entrance $5, at 5 live birds, Middlesex rules:

E D Miller (30)	01212—4	Lindsley (29)	10221—4
Sigler (30)	10212—4	S G Smith (29)	000 w.
Forrest (30)	01102—3	Dan Terry (30)	01110—4

Two moneys; ties div.

Sweep No. 11, at 5 live birds, entrance $5, two moneys:

Miller	11102—4	Lindsley	20111—4
Sigler	11120—4	S G Smith	000w.
Forrest	12001—3	D Terry	02110—3

Ties div.

Sweep No. 12, at 5 live birds, entrance $5, two moneys:

Miller	10100—2	Lindsley	10111—4
Sigler	11102—4	Terry	10210—3
Forrest	21200—3	J D Voorhees (29)	21000—2

Ties div.

Sweep No. 13, at 4 live birds, $3 entrance, two moneys:

Forrest	1010—2	Sigler	0102—2
Terry	1011—3	Lindsley	0010—1
Miller	1210—3	Dickens (30)	0011—2

First div., second shot off and divided by Sigler and Dickens.

Team match, at 25 bluerocks from Keystone traps, between Tee Kay and Apgar and Craft and Terry, the former team winning by one bird. The trapping and handling of targets here was very rapid and the match was shot in 14 minutes:

Tee Kay	1111010011101110011111101—18
Apgar	1111111111111111111111011—24—42
Craft	1111111111110111111011111—23
Terry	0100111111111101000111111—18—41

Sweepstake match, at 10 bluerocks, Keystone rules, entrance $1, four moneys:

Miller	1011111111— 9	H Craft	1111111111—10
Brantingham	1111111110— 9	Squires	0011001011— 5
Tee Kay	1011110011— 7	Trust	1000000111— 3
Manning	0001011011— 5	Ayers	1010111101— 7
Lindsley	0110111111— 8	J Robinson	1100111111— 8
Teipel	0101101111— 7	Franz	1111101010— 7
Sigler	1111111111—10	W Terry	1111111001— 8
Forrest	1101100100— 5	Emory Robinson	0101011010— 5
Apgar	1111111111—10	D Randolph	1011001111— 7
D Terry	1100110001— 5	Dickens	0111111101— 8
S G Smith	1011110111— 8		

First and second divided.

Ties on 8 shot off at 5 single rises:

Lindsley	11111—5	Terry	1101w.
S G Smith	01110—3	Dickens	010w.
Robinson	11110—4		

Lindsley wins third.

Ties on 7 shot off at 5 birds:

Tee Kay	11111—5	Franz	0111w.
Teipel	1011w.	Randolph	0111w.
Ayers	1010w.		

Tee Kay wins fourth.

Sweepstakes match at 10 bluerocks, Keystone rules, entrance $1, four moneys:

Sigler	1111111111—10	Forrest	0101000100— 3
Miller	1101110100— 6	Brantingham	1111101111— 9
Trust	0 0100110100— 4	Franz	1011101111— 8
Tee Kay	0111110010— 7	W Terry	1011011011— 6
Craft	1101111111— 9	J Robinson	1001111110— 7
S G Smith	1111010011— 7	Clark	0110011110— 6
Ayers	1101111111— 9	Teipel	1111001111— 8
Manning	0011111011— 8	D Terry	1011001111— 7
Apgar	1111111111—10		

First, second and third divided. Ties on 7 shot off at 5 birds:

Tee Kay	11111—5	Robinson	10 w
S G Smith	11110—4	Terry	0 w

Tee Kay wins fourth. F. M.

A NEW TUCKER SYSTEM.

SOME time ago we gave illustrations of the practical working of the S A. Tucker pool system of shooting at the trap. While plain enough to most shooters, there were some who seemed unable to get the exact idea and to whom the system seemed complicated. To refresh the memory of our readers, and also for the benefit of those who may not have seen this system spoken of, we now give the plan again. The system was devised by Mr. Tucker as a means of regulating one of the worst abuses of trap shooting, viz., the pooling and dropping of birds by the expert shots to secure all the money at the expense of the amateurs. It provided for a certain number of tie birds to be added at the end of a shoot, the total score determining the relative positions of contestants, but the tie birds—the last 3, say, in a 9-bird race, or last 4 in a 10-bird race, or last 5 in a 12-bird race—to be the vital or deciding birds; thus, if a man killed straight, of course he was in for first money; if no one killed straight, the men were then placed, total scores of course being equal, by their score in the tie birds. Thus see illustration in a 9-bird race:

A	11111	111—9	First.
B	11110	111—8	Second.
C	11111	101—8	
D	11100	111—7	Third.
E	11110	101—7	
F	11111	001—7	
G	11000	111—6	Fourth.
H	11110	100—6	

In this case, first is won by the clean score, second by B, third by D and fourth by G, because their tie birds, the last three, were killed straight, the principle being that the man who holds up best to the end is the best man and entitled to the victory. Several matches have been shot under this system and success was the result in each case; but as some shooters do not seem to get the exact idea, and as others claim that a chance still exists for experts to place themselves by dropping birds before the tie is reached, Mr. Tucker has now devised a new scheme, which entirely does away with this objection. We give it to our readers herewith. The new idea is to shoot all pool matches in specified divisions, all the birds in all the divisions having the value of tie birds. Thus, a match at 9 birds would be shot in three divisions of three birds each, which divisions would be numbered 1, 2 and 3, commencing at the first birds shot at, or there may be three or four divisions of 3 or 4 birds each, making the total any number desired, to please the contestants. The total score in every match of course classifies the shooters, but the division of the money is to depend on a certain one of the tie divisions, which is to be determined by the throw of a die or the drawing of numbered wads from a hat, by the referee. The total scores being equal, the man who has killed the greatest number of birds in the tie division so designated is the winner, and there shall be no further shooting off, in the event of one or more contestants tieing, but the management shall pay the winners in the several classes. The simplest way of conveying the idea is by an illustration as below. In a nine-bird race, in three divisions of three birds each, say the following scores were made:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	Classification.
A	111	111	111—9	First.
B	101	111	111—8	
C	111	101	111—8	Second.
D	010	111	111—7	
E	111	110	101—7	Third.
F	111	101	011—7	Third.
G	101	011	101—6	
H	111	100	110—6	Fourth.

In this instance the wad drawn or die thrown by the referee indicated division No. 1 as the tie for the final settlement of moneys. A, having killed straight and being the only one in his class, wins first. C wins second money, having killed a clean tie in the 8 class. E and F also killed a clean score in the 7 class, and the management divides third money between them. H, with a clean tie score, is winner of the 6 class. While the expert shots have a small percentage by reason of their superior skill, they are utterly unable to pool and drop birds for places, to crowd out the amateur, as no one knows until the entire match has been shot which division will constitute the tie for the settlement of the winnings. Under this arrangement the amateur has no combination to fear and his chances of winning are far greater than under the present system, where pooling and dropping of birds for places is carried on to such an extent as to drive the weaker shots out of all contests.

This plan is at least worthy of a trial, and its effect will undoubtedly be to increase the number of contestants at any tournament where it is in operation. We would like to see it thoroughly tested and commented upon in our columns.

WELLINGTON, Mass., Jan. 2.—The sixth contest in the series of the Boston Gun Club occurred to-day at the club range. In the shoot at 25 birds, 10 peorias, 10 clay and 5 macombers the score was: C. E. Savage and E M. Whittle 22 each, G. H. Savage 17, Gay 16, Lee and Flanders 15, Wild, Newton and W. Kirkwood 14, D. Kirkwood 13, R. E. Whittle 12. Winners of other events were: Five peorias, G. H. Savage and G. E. Savage; five pigeons, D. Kirkwood and G. H. Savage; five peorias, D. Kirkwood; five pigeons, D. Kirkwood; three pair peorias, Flanders; five pigeons, D. Kirkwood, five peorias, D. Kirkwood; five peorias, novelty match, E. M. Whittle; five macombers, D. Kirkwood and C. E. Savage; ten peorias, C. E. Savage; ten pigeons, C. E. Savage; three pair bluerocks, Lee and C. E. Savage; five macombers, G. H. Savage and Gay; seven peorias, O. E. Savage and D. Kirkwood, seven pigeons, Gay.

WHAT IS A PROFESSIONAL TRAP-SHOOTER?

THE following question has been submitted to us for decision: "A bets that a professional pigeon-shooter is a man who shoots a pigeon match where admission or gate money is charged to see the pigeon match. B says any man who shoots for any money is a professional, without regard to whether gate money is charged or not; shooting for money in his opinion constitutes or makes any man a professional. Who is right?" Ans. Under a literal interpretation of this bet, neither one wins. A is clearly wrong, as at many tournaments an admission fee is charged, in which the participants do not share, and hence should not be termed professionals. B is also wrong; his opinion would make every trap-shooter in the country a professional through contesting in sweepstake matches for any amount from 25 cents up. If it is meant that a man is made a professional through shooting for or sharing in the gate money, we believe such shooters should be so classed.

The question of what constitutes a professional is a vexed one in trap-shooting matters, and one on which a variety of opinion is expressed. We have submitted the problem to two prominent trap-shooters in this city, men of long experience, and whose decisions would be taken as final if called for at a match. One decides that a professional shooter is not made so merely by competing for or sharing in gate money; that a professional is one who depends for his living solely on his skill with the gun, such men as Carver, Bogardus, Brewer and others. This would limit the number of professionals in this country to a very few. But the other one claims that any man who shoots for or shares in the gate money is a professional, also that any man who is connected with a gun firm or any other line of sportsmen's goods, and derives all or part of his living from his ability to shoot at the trap and thus advance the interests of his goods should be so classed. This is a very broad view and would bring many under the head of "professionals," who are now not even classed as "experts."

Our distinction of a professional is that he is a man who shoots for or shares in gate money, or one who throws out an open challenge, which as a rule carries the feature of shooting for gate money with it.

This is only one of the many disputed questions in trap-shooting, which remain open simply because no recognized organization exists for their settlement. These questions would properly come within the scope of the new American Shooting Association, from which so much was hoped at its birth, and of which so little has lately been heard. If in no other way, this organization could render trap shooters a great service by ruling on such questions as above mentioned, and in formulating a complete set of laws which should cover many points at present in doubt.

Of late we have been called on to decide several questions arising in competitions at the trap, which are not covered by any rule, and which should be so provided for. There are, of course, many complications which may occur, impossible to foresee and rule upon, and in such cases the judgment of the referee is tested, and as it might be called, a "law of emergency" is made. To a certain extent these laws of emergency act as precedents and future rulings are based on them, but while the decision of a referee is final, still it does not always mean unanimity of opinion among the shooters, who in many cases hold different views, and in fact may be more capable of deciding a knotty point than the referee. Thus there might exist several different laws of precedent covering the same point. How much more satisfactory then, if some recognized rule governing such cases existed.

For instance, a few days ago a correspondent asked a decision on the following question: Six men in shooting a sweepstake at three birds, the purse to be divided into two moneys, each kill or break two birds. On the shoot-off four kill one apiece and the other two none. Do those two get second money? So far as we know this is not covered by any rule except one of precedent, by which it was decided that as all the competitors in the match had tied, the purse was made into one money, to be divided equally or to be shot for, as mutually agreed, either until one man had won or enough had been shot out to give the winners a satisfactory divide. A variety of opinions might be held on this point, which is likely enough to arise with other complications, but how easy to have a written law fully covering it.

This is only a sample of the bothersome points on which trap-shooters are so frequently obliged to decide without the aid of any positive rule, which responsibility we know they would be very glad to throw on to some recognized organization for the adjudication of such questions.

Since writing this, we have been advised that the bet quoted above was not as to what constituted a professional, but was simply a question whether a man is a professional by virtue of shooting in a match for any sum of money, this affirmation having been made by A's opponent and objected to by A. Clearly the simple act of shooting for money does not make a man a professional, so A wins the bet.

N. J. A. C. GUN CLUB.

THE Christmas shoot of the above club was well attended, the day was all that could be desired, and the shooting fair, taken on the whole. This new departure of the Athletic Club has "taken" wonderfully well, and the interest shown by the attendance and the increased entries in the shoots is extremely gratifying to the committee in charge. The most minute affairs are conducted with regularity and precision and the shooting done with the utmost despatch, so that none of those tiring delays occur which are of so great annoyance to the shooter. A team will soon be selected to do battle with outsiders. It is proposed to select five men with substitutes to uphold the honor of the club. Any other organized club wishing to "do up" the Jersey Athletic boys may communicate with them at Bergen Point, as mentioned in last week's paper. Following are the scores:

Sunderman	1111111011101011—12	Vredenburgh	1111111101101101—12
F. S. Paret	1100110111110001—10	Virden	0110010011011111— 9
Cook	1160111101010000— 8	Parker	1111100100011011— 9
Berdan	1001110111110111—11	Anderson	0011111111011110—11

Tie for first, hunting shoes: Sunderman, 010—1; Vredenburgh, 110—2. Tie for second, silver match safe: Berdan, 1100—2; Anderson, 0111—3.

Parker	1C11010110010— 7	Vredenburgh	1110110010101— 8
Sunderman	1011111110010— 9	Kissam	1101111101111—10
Cook	1111110111010—10	R Paret	1111001010110— 8
Davis	0011110000101— 6	Anderson	0010011011000— 5
Virden	0100001101110— 6	W Paret	0011101010111— 7

Tie: Cook 0 Kissam 2; Kissam wins first. Victoria gun case.

Virden	11110110101—7	S L Davis	0110 0111—5
Sunderman	10110111 1—7	Voorhees	0110011 1—6
Hatch	0 10000001—3	Schuyler	1001000000—2
Bigoney	1010010010—4	Wilmerding	0101000110—4
Anderson	1 1 1101100—6	Cook	101111111—8
R S Paret	1010110001—5	Kissam	0110011111—6
R Paret	0110011015		

Cook wins first. One cartridge vest.

Parker	100—1	Cook	110—2
Davis	011—2	W Paret	111—3
Kissam	100—1	A Vredenburgh	111—3
Anderson	100—1	Sunderman	111—3
Harris	100—1	J Paret	008—0
Bedan	111—3	Rockwood	000—0
R S Paret	100—1	N Day	110—2
Virden	011—2		

Tie.—Bedan 0, W. Paret 0, A. Vredenburgh 1, Sunderman 0. Prize, a framed picture.

Vredenburgh	1101110111101110—11	Bigoney	0100010010010000— 4
Parker	1010010101110111— 9	Wilmerding	1001111110010000— 8
Sunderman	1100111111101111—12	Davis	1010110011111101—10
Kissam	0111111100111112	Cook	1010010011001100— 7
Virden	0111111100101001—10		

Tie.—Kissam 111—3, Sunderman 010—1. Kissam wins first match match for the Committee's challenge cup.

DR. CARVER'S MISFORTUNE.—A telegraphic dispatch from Minneapolis announces that Dr. Carver's manager, Geo. D. Jackson, has decamped with all the Doctor's funds, including the receipts of his recent great endurance shoot in that city, leaving Carver stranded without money. It will be remembered that during the shoot Carver's guns were attached for a small sum, which was paid by one of his admirers. Now, a second attachment has been made by another creditor, and altogether the Doctor's plight is a sorry one. The embarrassment will probably be only a temporary one and the Doctor will no doubt soon "bob up serenely" in other fields.

MIDDLESEX GUN CLUB.—At a meeting of the Middlesex Gun Club of Dunellen, N. J. the following officers were elected for 1889: Seymour G. Smith, President; W. L. Force, Secretary; Andrew Lutkins, Treasurer; Board of officers, S. G. Smith, W. L. Force, Andrew Lutkins, W. Fred Quimby, Nief Apgar, H. F. Stevens, Thos. H. Kellar, Jas. H. Force, A. Worden and E. M Robinson.

SHOOTING IN CLEVELAND.

THE first week of the year has been a very busy one indeed among the trap shooters along the Lake side. The following will give the narrative of each day's work:

CLEVELAND, O., Jan. 1.—A big gathering to-day at the range on the West Madison avenue meadow marked the first public tournament of the West End Gun Club, and everything passed off according to programme. There was no hitch in the arrangements, or delay in getting off any of the events except the big club contest, which went off rather slowly, owing to the fact that the men became interested in the sweepstake and prize contests which were taking place at other sets of traps. Three sets of traps were kept busy all day, and there were no delays because of poor trapping at any of them. Standards were used in all the events. The shooting began early in the day and nightfall drove the sportsmen from the traps. The weather was most agreeable for trap shooting, and excepting the humidity of the grounds and the narrowness of the island there were no disturbing elements at the club's first public shoot. The object of the tournament was to get money with which to erect a commodious club house and improve the range, and in this respect the shoot was also successful.

The glut shoot was held during the forenoon. Ten members each shot at 20 single standards. C. Coulter and W. Bell tied on 15, and in the shoot-off Bell won the trophy.

The event of the day, however, was the tri-club shoot, and the Rockports, who were once besore a close rival of the West End boys for the medal, surprised them by easily taking the honor. They had no close competitors. The shooting was commenced about noon, and it was nearly dusk when the trophy was awarded to the best shooter in the winnig team. W. Bentley carried away the coveted honor. The conditions were, 25 single standards per man, 10 men in a team, and the following scores were made:

Rockport Club.

Smith	1011101111111100111110101—19
Eaton	1010001111111101110001O—16
Curran	1111060101111111111110011—19
McMahon	1110111111111111101O101—21
Sweet	1111111111101011101111111—22
Keyse	1111101111101101101111111—21
Ducker	1101111010101111010111111—18
Becker	1111011110101110111101111—20
S Pease	1011100110111010110110111—18
W Bentley	1111111111101111111111101—23—197

Locksley Club.

Beckley	1111010111111110111011111—21
Mullally	1111010110110101111110011—18
Andrews	0111000010010001110101111—13
Tegardine	0110100011000101010111111—14
Hall	0010100011011111010111111—15
A Jenks	1111111111110101111111101—22
J F Beyer	1010101101110010001111011—15
A Pease	1011111111011000111010111—18
C Malle	1111011001101010111111111—18
F F Andrews	1111111101101111101100O1—19—173

West End Gun Club.

Weaver	1101111100111010111111111—20
D A Coulter	1000100110001101000111001—10
C Coulter	1011101110100111010110111—17
J L Kohn	1111010110101101111111101—20
C E Hebbard	0101101010100110101010011110—14
F Roach	1111111111010100100010000—14
Offutt	1101001101111111101100010—16
W Bell	1111111010101010001110111—17
R H George	0101001110111011011011011—17
J Prechtel	1010000101111111111110011—17—162

Sweepstake events, 6 singles, entrance 50 cents, 3 moneys.

1. North 4, L. O. Jones 4, Valentine 3, Upson 5, Green 5, A. B. Jones 4, Story 4. Bell 3, Eaton 6. McCracken 6, Eaton and McCracken divided first, Upson and Green second, North, Story and L. O. Jones third.

2. Upson 4, Bell 3, Arnold 4, Valentine 5, L. O. Jones 3, A. B. Jones 3, North 5, Eaton 3, C. Jones 4, Coulter 4, Hendershot 4, Green 4, Held 4. North and Valentine divided first, Valentine and Hendershot second and L. O. Jones third.

3. Upson 5, A. B. Jones 4, North 4, Green 4, L. O. Jones 4, Valentine 4, Bell 4, Williams 3. Upson first, A. B. and L. O. Jones second and Bell third.

4. L. O. Jones 3, Hendershot 3, Valentine 6, Green 6, North 4, Haycox 5, Upson 6, Bell 5, A. B. Jones 3, Story 3, Arnold, Jr. 4. Valentine, Green and Upson divided first, Bell and Haycox second, Arnold, Jr., and North third.

5. North 6, F. Andrews 4, L. O. Jones 6, Haycox 5, Arnold 6, Story 3, Arnold Jr., 3, A. B. Jones 5, Green 4, Upson 4, Valentine 3, W. Bell 3, Held 4, Auld 6. North, L. O. Jones, Arnold and Auld divided first, Haycox and A. B. Jones second, W. Bell and Green third.

6. Nine singles, entrance $1, 4 moneys: North 7, L. O. Jones 5, Auld 8, Holt 4, Snyder 4, J. C. 5, Hendershot 7, Arnold 5, Haycox 6, Valentine 3, Willard 4, A. B. Jones 4, Story 4, Bell 5, Upson 8, Gault 6, Green 7, Andrews 4, Roach 7, Malle 7, Held 9. Held first, Auld second, Green and Hendershot third and Valentine fourth.

7. D. A. Coulter 6, C. Coulter 6, Bassett 7, George 5, Valentine 4, Bell 6. Upson won first, Bell and Bassett second and George third.

8. Six singles and 2 pairs, entrance $1, 4 moneys: North 9, Roach 6, Held 5, Upson 8, Andrews 6, Green 9, Valentine 10, Haycox 8, Hebbard 8, Bell 9, Auld 8. Valentine first, Bell, Green and North second, Upson third and Haycox fourth.

Prize contests, singles, entrance 50 cents: 1. Nine singles—Green 6, Auld 7, Haycox 7, Valentine 7, Upson 9, Held 8, J. O. Jones 5, Coulter 7, Bell 7, Kohn 7, Bassett 4, Held 5, North 9, George 5. Upson and North first, Held second, Kohn, Bell, Coulter, Auld, Haycox and Valentine third.

2. Six singles—Holt 4, Upson 6, Hendershot 4, Green 3, L. O. Jones 4, Auld 5, Hebbard 3, Roach 3, Weaver 4, George 4, Snyder 3, J. C. M. 3, Offutt 5, Held 5, Worffle 3, D. A. Coulter 3, J. L. Kohn 5, Haycox 4, North, McCracken 3, C. Jones 3, A. Williams 5, Shadduck 3.

3. Six singles—Auld 5, Colwell 3, George 3, B. Andrews 3, Kohn 4, Weaver 4, Offutt 3, Bassett 5, Held 3, Gault 6, L. O. Jones 6, Valentine 4, Hurd 3, Sandford 4, Upson 5. Gault first, Upson second and Weaver third.

Jan. 1.—The Forest City Shooting Club, which is a new-comer in the list of trap-shooting clubs, celebrated the new year by holding a club shoot this morning. Only six members took part, yet the score made by the participants would compare favorably with the scores made by older clubs in regular badge shoots. The conditions were 25 single bluerocks, Chamberlin rules. The score follows:

F Deda	1111101111011011111101111—25
J Sicha	0111010011110011111111111—19
J Deda	1110101111101111100001111—18
J Beranek	1111110110000111000101011—15
F Wolf	0011011100101111101010100—16
A Barsa	1110102110111110111110111—20

Jan. 3.—The county badge shoot occurring at the same time scarcely a half mile away did not deter the East Enders from holding their regular badge shoot this afternoon. Some of its members entering the county contest and others attending as onlookers decreased the attendance to six, but those on hand, reinforced by Messrs. Arnold and Moser, conducted the shoot according to pragramme. The conditions were 25 single standards per man, 3 traps, 18yds. rise. The badges were won by Messrs. Sweetman and Nicklous. The scores follow:

Sweetman	1111111101011110011111119—20
Nicklous	1101101111101010111110111—19
McCracken	1100110011101101011111100—16
C McHenry	0100110100111001111101111—16
C F Knight	0101010010010011101000000— 9
Johnson	0111100111010000001001101—11
Arnold	0000000001110101011000001— 8
J Moser	0001001000101111001000000l— 8

Another gun club, the Blue Rock, has been added to the list, increasing the number of clubs in and adjacent to Cleveland to 11. The infant club has completed its organization, provided itself with traps, and secured convenient shooting grounds on Detroit street. The club held its first badge shoot on Jan. 1.

There are no end of challenges flying about from one end of Ohio to the other. One of the latest and broadest is: The Union Gun Club, of Sandusky, challenges any other club in Ohio to shoot a team match with from 15 to 20 men, standard or bluerocks, Chamberlin rules, meeting the team half way for the expenses of the shoot, or for from $100 to $500 a side.—R. VALENTINE, Captain Union Gun Club.

Jan. 3.—The twenty-fifth contest for the quarterly badge was held on the Cleveland grounds to-day, R. E. Sheldon, the previous winner, having charge of affairs. The list of competitors included eighteen shots. The long list of entries and shortness of time from when the first shooter stepped to the score to nightfall prevented the completion of the shoot. The competition never was stronger. Only 35 birds per man, excepting for one or more shooters, were thrown from the traps, leaving 15 each for the contest to-day. The conditions were 50 bluerocks per man, 5 traps, 18yds. rise. The traps worked admirably and few targets broke in them. The weather also was favorable. No wind of consequence was blowing, and the sun shone on the shooters' backs.

The first shooter was called to the score at 1 o'clock, and the eighteen contestants in turn shot at 5 singles until they had been to the score seven times around. Darkness interfered with the continuation of the shoot, and after an exchange of opinions, not wholly fraternal, the shooters agreed to finish the shoot to-day. Some favored continuing it at least another round, others urged that they be allowed to complete their scores irrespective of what the leaders might do in the matter, and the remainder wanted the shoot discontinued altogether until to-day.

The present holder of the badge, R. E. Sheldon, first stepped to the score, and out of a total of 35 birds he shattered all but one, his eighth. Cogswell, a young shooter, whose face is frequently seen on the Cleveland grounds, was the last man to take his turn before the traps, and the white flag went up only once. The Kirtlands are represented among the leaders by Prechtel and the East by June, both having 33 to their credit. Messrs. Wheal, North, Upson and Calhoun have each broken 31, while Forester is lonesome with 32. The scores follow:

Cleveland Gun Club grounds, Cuyahoga county badge shoot, 50 single bluerocks, 5 traps, 18yds. rise, entrance $3, 18 entries, badge to winner, 50 per cent. of net receipts to previous winner, 30 and 20 per cent. to second and third, unfinished:

Sheldon	34	J Held	28
C F Wheal	31	J Bishop	24
J Coryell	27	W Roberts	30
M Silsby	27	D A June	33
Brown	27	L O Jones	29
Paul North	31	J Prechtel	33
D A Upson	31	C Andrews	27
C E Calhoun	31	Forester	32
W A Bassett	28	Cogswell	31

Jan. 4.—When the hour appointed for resuming the county badge shoot arrived this morning, fourteen of the eighteen contesting sportsmen were on the Cleveland grounds ready to renew the struggle for the coveted trophy. Each had fifteen more birds to shoot at, and the remainder of the targets were rapidly thrown from the traps and shot at, leaving Mr. Sheldon in quiet possession of the trophy, which he has won on seven different occasions. The twenty-fifth quarterly shoot was notable in that fourteen out of the eighteen scored 40 and over, while the other four did not return to complete their scores.

R E Sheldon	1111111011111111111111111111111111111111101111111—48
D A June	1111111010111111111111111111111111111111101111111—46
J Prechtel	1111111111111111111101111111111111111111111001—46
F Alexander	1111011111111111111101111111111111111111101111—46
Cogswell	1111111111111111111111111111111111111111101O010—46
C F Wheal	1111111101001111111101111111111111111111101111111—45
Paul North	1111010110111011111111111111101111111111101111—45
D A Upson	1111111111111111000111111111111111111100111—44
C E Calhoon	1010110111101111111111111111111111101111111—44
J Held	1111011110011011111111111111111111111111111—42
W Roberts	1011111111101111111111100111111111111100011111—42
L O Jones	1111001011111011100111111111111111111100110—41
F A Andrews	0011001101111111111111111111101101111111111110—40
M F Silsby	1110111111010011111110101110111111000101101111111—40

Referee, A. Jenks; scorer, Kelsey. Badge winner, R. E. Sheldon, of the Clevelands. First money, 50 per cent. of net receipts, R. E. Sheldon, the previous winner; second money, 30 per cent., June, of the East End; Cogswell, of the Cleveland; Prechtel and Alexander of the Kirtland; third money, 20 per cent., C. F. Wheal, of the Cleveland, and Paul North, of the East End. Sheldon shot a 10-bore Lefever weighing 9¼lbs., and using Peters's cartridges, containing 4drs. of powder and 1¼oz. of No. 8 shot.

The record of the badge now stands:

No.	Winners.	Clubs.
1	Dan C Howers	Cleveland Gun Club.
2	J A Prechtel	Kirtland Shooting Club.
3	C M Roof	Kirtland Shooting Club.
4	J Wightman	Cleveland Gun Club.
5	C E Calhoon	Cleveland Gun Club.
6	R E Sheldon	Cleveland Gun Club.
7	R E Sheldon	Cleveland Gun Club.
8	C E Calhoon	Cleveland Gun Club.
9	C E Calhoon	Cleveland Gun Club.
10	C M Roof	Kirtland Shooting Club.
11	J A Prechtel	Kirtland Shooting Club.
12	Dan C Powers	Cleveland Gun Club.
13	R E Sheldon	Cleveland Gun Club.
14	W R Huntington	Cleveland Gun Club.
15	R E Sheldon	Cleveland Gun Club.
16	E H Gault	East End Gun Club.
17	R E Sheldon	Cleveland Gun Club.
18	D M Auld, Jr.	East End Gun Club.
19	C F Wheal	Cleveland Gun Club.
20	C M Roof	Kirtland Shooting Club.
21	C E Calhoon	Cleveland Gun Club.
22	J A Prechtel	Kirtland Shooting Club.
23	C M Roof	Kirtland Shooting Club.
24	R E Sheldon	Cleveland Gun Club.
25	R E Sheldon	Cleveland Gun Club.

Cleveland Gun Club	16
Kirtland Shooting Club	7
East End Gun Club	3

The sweepstake events which followed resulted in these scores: First event, sweepstake, 10 single bluerocks, 5 traps, entrance $1, 11 entries—Calhoon 9, Upson 10, Sheldon 10, Roberts 7, North 7, Wheal 8, Andrews 10, Jones 10, Prechtel 9, Alexander 9, Behlen 7. Upson and Calhoon first, Prechtel and Alexander second, Wheal third.

Second event, sweepstake, 10 singles, 4 traps, 18yds., 10 entries—Upson 9, North 9, Sheldon 10, Prechtel 10, Calhoon 9, Alexander 10, Wheal 10, Maggo 5, Andrews 9, Phare 8. Prechtel first, Calhoon and Upson second, and Phare third.

Third event, sweepstake, 5 pairs, 5 traps, entrance $1, 7 entries—Calhoon 8, Wheal 10, Prechtel 9, Alexander 6, Andrews 8, Upson 5. Wheal won first, Sheldon second and Calhoon third.

First monthly prize shoot, 20 Keystone targets, 3 screened traps, National Gun Association rules; Benjamin Pudney referee:

Miller	1111111111111111111111111110—29
Conover	1101111111101111111111111100—26
Haines	1111111001111111111001111111—26
Brantingham	1110111111101111111111101011—26
A Sickley	1111111101101110111111111010—25
R Williams	1011011111101101311101111—25
Lindsley	1101011111101100011010111111—22
Manning	1111101001011011111101111101—22
G Pudney	1011110110111011011011100—21
Roll	1130111110011110010101001—20
Snow	0011001011111011011111101100—20
H Sayre	1011101111010010101011101110—20
Briant	1111001000111011111101111001—20

Miller wins first, Keystone trophy. Ties on 26, at 5: Conover 3, Haines 4, Brantingham 4; second tie, Haines 2, Brantingham 4, and wins second, $10 in gold. Ties on 25: A. Sickley 4, R. Williams 3; A. Sickley wins third, leather gun case. Ties on 22, Lindsley 4, Manning 4; second tie, Lindsley 5, Manning 4; Lindsley wins fourth, $7.50 in gold. George Pudney wins fifth all alone, leather shell case. Ties on 20: Roll 5, Snow 4, Sayre 4, Briant 4. Roll wins sixth, $5 in gold. 12-BORE.

SPRINGFIELD, N. J., Jan. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Union Gun Club of this place held its first monthly prize shoot on its grounds here yesterday, and although the day was showery and with a high wind, the boys who turned out had a most jolly time. Shooting was commenced about half-past ten and kept up until dark. Thirteen sweeps were shot besides the regular shoot, consisting of clays, bluerocks and Keystones. Considerable double shooting was indulged in, and some of the boys are getting to be quite expert at double birds. Judge Miller, the winner of the Keystone trophy, shot his old 12-gauge Parker gun, and by the way he chaws up everything he points at all hands seem to think that the old gun is still pretty good. Notwithstanding the bad weather quite a number of people came to look on. At noon a hot lunch was served. The next shoot comes off on the first Monday in February. We have 26 active members on the list, and nearly all of them are able to get there when they call "Pull." Following are the scores:

WALNUT HILL, Boston, Dec. 30.—In giving results of the Gold Coin match just closed at Walnut Hill and the names of prize winners, I failed to state that the Victory medal, which was offered to the competitor making the highest average in the several competitions in the match, was won by Manlius Knowles, of Lowell, Mass. Please, therefore, add to the list of prize winners previously furnished as follows: Manlius Knowles, for highest average made in the match, bronze Victory medal of the M.A.R., first of the kind ever offered for competition to shotgun men, value $10.—J. N. FRYE.

CANADIAN TRAP NOTES.

TORONTO, Dec. 29.—A very interesting shoot took place on Stark's athletic grounds this afternoon. The object was to test Mr. Stark's new target bird, which he is manufacturing here. To arouse keen competition and insure a thorough and fair test Mr. Stark supplied guns, ammunition and gave handsome first, second and third prizes for the best scores, which resulted as follows:

Van Vlack	1010111111101111111—17
Townsend	1001010101111011111101—15
Wakefield	1100100111111111111—16
Morley	1111100111101111110—16
F Mallett	1010011100111001011—12
Stewart	1100111100000100109— 9
Walton	1100110111111101011—15
McDowall	1100101101000011111—13
Rice	1111011010111111111—17
C Riggs	1101010110111111110—15
Carruthers	1011110111011011111 16
Pearson	1111111010101110110—15

Rice first, Van Vlack second, Morley third. For comparison the Peoria and Canadian birds were thrown in turn from the traps, and the decision arrived at was that Mr. Stark's effort to place a perfect bird on the market is rewarded, and his new bird is indeed matchless, in fact as well as in name.

TORONTO, Jan. 1.—One of the most successful shoots ever held at McDowall & Co.'s grounds took place on New Year's Day. There were a great number of competitors, representing all the clubs of the city. A large number of spectators were also present, who seemed to enjoy the sport fully as much as those who contested for the prizes. The weather was all that could be desired, except that a strong wind blew across the traps. The shoot began at 10 A. M. and lasted until darkness set in. Twenty-one matches in all were shot, and the prizes were pretty evenly distributed, the Owls taking the lion's share. The following are the scores. In each shoot there was one prize, at 5 Peoria blackbirds at 18yds. rise.

Shoot No. 1.—Humphreys 3, White 3, W. Heatherington 2.

Shoot No. 2.—Rice (first) 3, Moffatt 3, G. Smith 3, Morley 5, Humphreys 3.

Shoot No. 3.—W. Heatherington (first) 4, J. Humphrey 4, Mitchell 4, Morley 3, Rice 3, White 3.

Shoot No. 4.—Rice 4, Charles 4, Kily 4, Kemp 3.

Shoot No. 5.—Mitchell (first) 4, White 4, McClary 4, Kemp 3, Rice 3, J. Humphrey 3, Jones 3.

Shoot No. 6.—W. McDowall 5, Kily 4, Jones 3, Charles 3, McClary 3.

Shoot No. 7.—W. McDowall 5, Besty 4, Jones 4, Charles 4, Morley 3, Kily 3.

Shoot at Macomber Birds.—Jones 5, Kemp 4, Charles 4, Kily 3.

Shoot No. 9.—Charles (first) 4, Bennett 4, Moffatt 4, Besty 4, McDowall 3, McClary 3.

Shoot No. 10.—Bennett 5, Charles 4.

Shoot No. 11.—W. McDowall (first) 5, Charles 5, Rice 4, Morley 3, Bennett 3.

Shoot No. 12.—Kemp 4, Charles (first) 4, McDowall 4, Jones 4, G. Hetherington 3, Sawden 3, Rice 3.

Shoot No. 13.—Morley (first) 5, McDowall 5, Sawden 4, Kemp 3, Sawden, Jr. 3.

Shoot No. 14.—Kemp 5, Sawden 5, W. Hetherington 4, O'Ben 3.

Shoot No. 15.—Morley 4, Beatty (first) 4, Jones 4, Rice 3.

Shoot No. 16.—Charles 5, G. Hetherington 4, Moffatt 4, Jones 4, Charles 3, Kemp 3.

Shoot No. 17.—Dick 5, J. Barrett 4, Besty 3, Beatty 3, Jones 3.

Shoot No. 18.—Rice (first) 4, Jones 4, J. Barrett 4, McClary 4, Mallett 3.

Shoot No. 19.—Sweep for money prizes:

W Hethering'n	1111111101111111—14	Dick	1101110111101001—10
T Bennett	1111110111111101—13	Kemp	0101011111110001— 9
Jones	0111111011111101—12	Rice	0010111001111011— 9
McClary	1011110011011111—11	McDowall	0010101101101101— 9

Shoot No. 20.—Romain 5, Beatty 3.

Shoot No. 21.—Dick 7, Montgomery 6, Bennett 4.

TORONTO, Jan. 1.—The Toronto Gun Club held a very successful shoot at the Woodbine to-day. The fine weather and the birds were favorable for the sport, and the New Year may be said to have been auspiciously opened by the marksmen of the Toronto Club. Following are the scores:

Sparrow sweep, 5 birds: E. Reid 5, J. Forman 4, A. Elliott 4, R. Kipp 3, F. Martin 3, P. Wakefield 3, F. W. Martin 3.

Turkey sweep, 5 birds: E. Reid 5, F. Martin 4, R. Kipp 4, D. Black 3, H. Elliott 3, P. Wakefield 3, J. Townson 3, E. Leroy 3, J. Forman 3, G. H. Briggs 2, G. Pearsall 2.

Third Sweep, 5 birds: E. ReRoy 4, P. Wakefield 4, A. Elliott 3, G. H. Briggs 3, T. Baylis 3, F. Martin 3, E. Reid 3, J. Forman 3, F. W. Martin 3, G. Pearsall 2.

Fourth sweep, 5 birds: J. Townson 5, G. Pearsall 5, A. Elliott 4, P. Wakefield 3, E. LeRoy 3, E. Reid 3, F. Martin 3, J. Forman 2.

Fifth sweep, 3 birds: J. Townson 3, D. Black 5, E. LeRoy 3, F. Martin 2, G. Pearsall 2, P. Wakefield 2, A. Elliott 2, T. Baylis 2, E. Reid 2, J. Forman 2.

TORONTO, Jan. 5.—The members of the Owl Gun Club held their annual supper this evening at Mr. J. F. Scholes', a splendid affair it was. There were nearly a hundred guests present, President J. R. Humphreys sat at the head of the table, and opposite him in the vice-chairs, were Messrs. J. C. Unwin and J. Lennox. The chairman had on his right Mr. G. Pearsall, president of the Toronto Gun Club, and on his left Mr. Jeff Worden, representing West Toronto. Besides, there were present: George Warin, S. Staneland, G. H. Briggs, C. A. Riggs, Capt. A. J. Tymon, John Murray, A. Elliott, George Oakley, J. Townson, R. J. Charlton, R. Nolan, J. Melrick, A. R. Lockhart, A. Austin, T. Best, D. J. O'Halloran, Pete Clark, J. Wilson, J. Worden, G. Pearsall, J. G. Unwin, J. Lennox, and many others. Messrs. Parson and Worden responded for the sister clubs. "Field and Athletic Sports" brought Mr. J. Wilson to his feet. He gave some capital hints how gun club rules should be modified in favor of the birds. Mr. J. Worden also made a pleasant speech, as did Messrs. J. F. Scholes and Geo. Warin. In proposing the health of the press President Humphrey referred in most complimentary terms to the absence of a well-known sporting press man, Mr. H. J. P. Good, and hoped his voyage to England would restore him to perfect health. The proceedings were very enjoyably interspersed with songs and on the whole the evening was most enjoyably spent.

OTTAWA, Dec. 29.—The St. Hubert's Gun Club held their usual shoot this afternoon, and the members are getting into form which will put some of them in the first flight before long. President P. Thompson has presented the members with a very handsome and chaste silver cup for competition during the season. The club have arranged to shoot eight handicap sweepstakes at twenty birds each, one sweep each Saturday. The best five scores will then be taken in each sweep for the cup aggregate. The handicap is framed with the intention of giving the junior and green shots encouragement, and they all receive a most liberal start, some getting eight birds out of twenty. Such old shots as Messrs. Throop, Rothwell, Trudeau, Martin, E. and G. White, J. Deslauriers and Dalton are placed at scratch, and the top-weights can just go fast enough to make the handicap a most interesting one. The club have added several handsome prizes, and these will be keenly competed for. The shooting resulted as follows:

Sweep. 20 birds each; 18yds. rise; 5 traps: R. G. Dalton 17, J. Deslauriers 16, A. Throop 15, P. Trudeau 14, G. White 12, E. King 11, E. White 8, E. Lemieux 7.

Second sweep, at 10 birds. Same conditions: A. Throop 9, G. White 8, R. Dalton 8, P. Trudeau 8, S. White 5, J. Deslauriers 5, G. Trudeau 8, S. White 5, J. Deslauriers 5, E. King 5, D. McPhee 5. In shooting off ties White took second prize and Trudeau third.

Jan. 1.—The St. Hubert Gun Club took advantage of the fine New Year's day to hold a sweepstake shoot, when some of the members cracked the Ligowskys at a lively rate. The following sweeps were shot:

First sweep; 10 Ligowski clay pigeons; 18yds. rise; 5 traps: A. Throop 9, E. King 6, G. Trudeau 9, W. McIntyre 4, G. White 8, J. Deslauriers 7.

Second sweep. Same conditions: A. Throop 10, E. King 5, S. White 6, J. Deslauriers 6, G. Trudeau 10, G. White 4.

Third sweep. Same conditions: G. Trudeau 9, G. White 8, J. Deslauriers 6, E. King 6, S. White 6, W. McIntyre 4.

MONTREAL, Dec. 29.—The fifth handicap club competition of the Montreal Gun Club, for the Greener gun, took place to-day, but the busy holiday season left only a small field of entries. Each of the five competitions have been won by different gentlemen, viz., W. McCraw, A. Lockhart, E. A. Crowley, N. Parker, and to-day's was won by J. Paton in shooting off for first. The handicaps and score follow:

	Handicap.	Total.		Handicap.	Total.
J Paton	2	16	A Alexander	3	13
Cowley	4	16	W Lumsden	scratch	13
R James	2	15	O Leger	2	9
W Mack	4	15			

There were afterward four sweeps at 5 birds, in all of which the leaders tied; first money being eventually won by Messrs. R. James, Taylor, Cowley and Lumsden.

NEW JERSEY GUN CLUBS.

ON Wednesday, Jan. 2, a meeting of representatives from the gun clubs of New Jersey was held in parlor F of the Astor House, New York, pursuant to a call issued by Mr. W. Fred Quimby, president of the Jersey City Heights Gun Club. The meeting was called to order at 3:30 P. M. by Mr. Quimby, who in a few well chosen remarks introduced the object of the gathering, to wit, that some concerted action be taken to legalize the sport of shooting live pigeons from the trap when conducted in a proper and humane manner, and to prevent the annoyance and interference of certain parties with the rights of trap shooters. Mr. Quimby claimed that the sentiments of the meeting and of all trap shooting clubs was totally opposed to any needless cruelty in the conduct of their sport, and that action should be taken to remove the stigma of brutality or cruelty which at present in some quarters rests on those who shoot live birds from the trap.

Mr. Quimby was then chosen chairman of the meeting, and Frank Mason secretary. A call of the roll was made and the following clubs were found to be represented:

Jersey City Heights Gun Club—Messrs. M. L. Lindsley, Geo. B. Eaton and Al Heritage.

Middlesex Gun Club—Messrs. T. H. Kellar, W. L. Force and S. G. Smith.

Essex Gun Club—Messrs. R. H. Breintnall and W. R. Burnett.

Midway Gun Club—Mr. A. D. Bailey.

Montclair Gun Club—Mr. Wm. Sigler.

Union Gun Club—Mr. E. D. Miller.

Mercer Gun Club—Mr. A. R. Kuser.

New York Suburban Shooting Grounds Association—Messrs. Chas. Richards, P. G. Sanford and T. P. Richards.

N. J. Fish and Game Protective Society—Mr. Percy C. Ohl.

West End Gun Club—Mr. Phil Daly, Jr.

Letters of acceptance and sympathy with the object of the meeting were read from the Riverside, the Eureka and Kingston Gun Clubs, whose representatives, however, did not appear. The chair then declared the meeting open and after an informal discussion the following motion was made and carried: "Resolved, That a committee of three be appointed by the chair with full power to take such measures as they may deem suitable to promote the sport of trap shooting and to remove all features of needless cruelty from the sport of pigeon shooting from the trap, and to take such other measures as they may deem necessary to prevent the suppression of or needless interference with the shooting of pigeons from traps when properly conducted without needless cruelty. Such committee to have power to call upon the various shooting clubs throughout the State for subscriptions to defray their necessary expenses and to make expenses."

On motion, Mr. Quimby was made a member of the committee ex-officio. The chair appointed Messrs. A. D. Bailey of the Midway Gun Club, W. L. Force of Middlesex Gun Club and William Gomery of Essex Gun Club, as such committee. It was suggested that some arrangement should be made for supplying the committee with funds to carry on the work and a motion was made that the roll be called and the amount each club would guarantee be placed opposite their names. This was done and between $600 and $700 was pledged. Clubs not represented at the meeting will be given an opportunity to add their share.

It is understood that each club will do what it can through its members by personal appeals to their representatives in the Senate and House.

When this business was finished the chair remarked that the meeting was open for discussion on other points of interest to shooters, and Mr. A. D. Bailey suggested that a N. J. State Association of sportsmen would be a good scheme, and proposed that such an organization be started. It was learned, however, that such an association was now in existence, and is in a flourishing condition so far as finances go. It had held no meeting for three years, from one cause or another, but could be easily resurrected. This was deemed advisable, and a motion was made and carried: "That the secretary of this meeting be requested to correspond with the president of the N. J. State Sportsmen's Association, Dr. W. N. Pindell, and ask him to call a meeting of that association to be held at Newark, N. J., at as early a date as possible."

Mr. Percy C. Ohl called the attention of the meeting to some proposed changes in the N. J. game laws, and the following motion was made and carried: "Resolved, that it be taken as the sense of this meeting that the game laws of New Jersey should be amended so as to allow the shooting of quail, grouse, and rabbits throughout the State, only from Nov. 1 to Dec. 5 inclusive."

On motion the meeting then adjourned, subject to call of the chair. F. M.

The committee mentioned above met on Saturday, the 5th inst., and drafted a bill to be presented at the New Jersey Legislature, allowing the shooting of live birds from the trap. The chairman of this committee will be pleased to hear from any clubs in the State who were not represented at the meeting on the 2d inst., who are in sympathy with its object and would like to lend their assistance.—M.

NEWARK, N. J., Jan. 1.—The New Year's day shoot of the East Side Gun Club, at Fisher's Woods, resulted as follows: First event, 5 live pigeons, Hurlingham rules, 25yds. rise: Lauhenstein, H. Langgaff, Perment, Schneider, Reinhart, 4 each, divided first money; Gundell, Schilling, Becker, 3 each, divided second; G. Beach 2, third; Jordan 1. Second event, same as above, all ties divided: Richard, Heinrich, 5 each; Hilsers, Fahrer, Hassinger, 4 each; Schork, Koegel, Humphrey, 3 each; Lona, Walter, 2 each; Barufke 1. A match was shot between F. Perment and T. Richard, each man shooting at 25 bluerocks. Richard was the victor, breaking 20 to his opponent's 18. Perment also shot a race at 5 live birds against M. Barufke, and killed his 5 straight, Barufke getting but 2.

The Mutual Gun Club had an interesting contest at live pigeons and also one at clay-pigeons in Wiedenmayer's Woods to-day. The first resulted as follows, each man shooting at 15 birds, Hurlingham rules: Hassinger killed 12, first; Ostrander, Pfau, 11 each, divided second; Gould 8, third; Ernstberger 7, Koehler 6, 15 clays: Koehler 11, first, Ostrander 10, second; Hassinger, Pfau, 9 each, divided third; Gould 7, Ernstberger 6.

The New Year's shoot of the Roseville Gun Club was a very successful affair, and all the events, eleven in number, were well filled. Five bluerocks were shot in each event, and the records were as follows: First event—Greene 4, Wheaton 3, Simms, Davenport, Parsons, 2 each, Kitchell 1. Second event—Simms, Parsons, Whaton, 4 each; Huff, Wheaton, Newhouse, Al. Whaton, 3 each; Kitchell, Greene, Shipley, 2 each. Third event—Whaton, Huff, Wheaton, 4 each; Newhouse, Kitchell, Al. Whaton, Simms, Greene, 2 each; Parsons, Gantz, Shipley, Smith, Backus, 2 each. Fourth event—Newhouse 5, Kraus, Whaton, Simms, 4 each; Davenport, Al. Whaton, Huff, Parsons, 3 each. Fifth event—Whaton, Kraus, 4 each; Al. Whaton, Huff, Parsons, Simms, Smith, 3 each; Backus 2. Sixth event—Hopkins, Kraus, Simms, Backus, 3 each; Condit, Parsons, Huff, 2 each; Badgeley 0. Seventh event—Badgeley, Simms, Huff, 4 each; Condit, Backus, Hopkins, 3 each; Kraus 2. Eighth event—Badgeley 5, Whaton, Backus, Huff, 4 each; A. Whaton, Condit, Simms, 3 each. Ninth event, 10 bluerocks—Badgeley, Simms, Whaton, 7 each; Condit, Van Ness, Hopkins, Huff, Minion, 6 each; Parsons 5. Tenth event, 5 bluerocks—Condit 5, Simms, Kraus, 4 each; Hopkins, Whaton, Thorn, 3 each. Eleventh event—Havenstrike 5, Badgeley, G. Huff, Simms, 4 each; Condit, Newhouse, Van Ness, Thorn, Whaton, Kern, Dey, 3 each. Each event had from six to seventeen entries, with three moneys.

CINCINNATI, Jan. 4.—A match under strict English Hurlingham rules took place to-day on the grounds of the Independent Shooting Club between Al Bandle, of this city, and an unknown hailing from Virginia. Bandle's recent wonderful scores with a 10-gauge gun was the cause of bringing forth the remark from some of the doubting ones to "wait and see what he can do with a 12-gauge, 7½lb. field gun." The Unknown, who is an advocate of that gauge, issued a challenge to shoot at 50 birds each, for as many dollars a side, with guns according. Bandle readily accepted, and his work in the match shows what a magnificent shot Bandle has become. The birds were of the best—many equal to any English bluerock England's experts boast of. A heavy fog and damp, muddy ground to stand upon, made it disagreeable for some 400 spectators in attendance. Scores—40 single live pigeons each, for purse of $50, strict Hurlingham rules, birds from five ground traps, boundary 80yds.:

Unknown.....2222121210210121000001221000112212022121—28
Bandle.....1010221222101111112111112102111212112120—35

The Unknown's 15th bird fell dead out of bounds. Referee, Ed Taylor; trap puller, A. C. Dick; official scorer, W. E. Limberg; time of match, 1h. 10m.

FALL RIVER, Mass., Jan. 5.—John Congdon, of Newport, and E. H. Wheeler, of Marlboro, shot a clay-pigeon match this afternoon, 250 birds each, for $250 a side. Jacob Marz, of Portsmouth, was judge for Congdon, J. T. Whalen, of New Bedford, judge for Wheeler, and B. C. Sherman, of Portsmouth, R. I., referee. Wheeler won the match, breaking 218 birds to Congdon's 202.

NORWICH, Conn., Jan. 7.—On Jan. 1, which was an ideal day for shooting or any other outdoor sports, the Norwich Shooting Club held a tournament, rather an impromptu affair, and had a most enjoyable time socially, and crowded more fun and real jovial sport into the short space of time, from 9:30 A. M. to 3:10 P. M., than the same small number of shooters ever did on a like occasion. We had with us Messrs. Baldwin, Webb and Ross, of the Willimantic Gun Club, E. L. Hooper, of Hartford, and F. L. Harvey, of Windsor Locks, all of them true sportsmen and able to contribute their share to the general fund of enjoyment. Our Mr. Pattison set up a good lunch and hot coffee, which was free to all, shooters and visitors alike, of which we had a goodly number. One and all expressed their great satisfaction with the day, the shooting, the lunch, and all the surrounding circumstances, and parted with a fixed determination to be on hand when the next occurs. I send you the scores of the different events, also the scores of our regular practice shoot Jan. 5. Our next shoot will be Jan. 12, for gold badges.

Ten Keystones, 5 traps, 18yds., National rules, 25 cents entry, ties divided:

Mitchell	0101110000—4	Baldwin	0010100110—4
Harvey	0001100100—3	Yerrington	1111011011—8
Ross	0111010001—5	Bard	0110110101—6
Webb	1011100101—6	Page	0101011010—5

Ten Keystones, 50 cents entry, ties div.:

Mitchell	1111101000—6	Yerrington	0111111111—9
Harvey	0000010000—1	Bard	1001110001—5
Ross	0000011001—3	Page	0001111100—5
Webb	0100101111—5	Hooper	0110101011—6
Baldwin	0001111111—7		

Five singles, 3 pairs Keystones, 18yds.:

Harvey	11110	00 11 10—7	Mitchell	11110	01 10 10—7
Ross	11101	10 10 10—7	Robbins	11110	00 10 01 0
Page	10011	01 00 11—6	Yerrington	10111	10 03 10—6
Baldwin	11111	00 10 10—7	Bard	10111	11 01 00—7
Webb	00001	10 10 00—3	Osgood	00101	11 01 10—6
Hooper	00010	10 11 10—5			

On shoot off Harvey won with 4, Osgood and Robbins tied on 3 out of 4 and div.

Five singles, 5 traps, 18yds., and 5 straightaway, 21yds. Fourth won by Olcott on shoot off:

Harvey	11111 10001—7	Robbins	00011 11010— 5
Ross	10101 01111—7	I Harvey	00001 10101— 4
Osgood	01111 11009—6	Yerrington	11111 11111—10
Webb	11111 01000—6	Baldwin	01011 11100— 6
Mitchell	11111 01111—9	Sargent	11111 10101— 8
Olcott	11110 10011—7	Hooper	11101 10111— 8

Seven straightaway, 24yds. In shoot off Yerrington and Webb tied on 3 and div.:

Yerrington	1111111—7	Baldwin	1111113—7
Webb	1111111—7	Ross	1111110—6
Mitchell	1111111—7	Harvey	1111101—7
Olcott	1110101—5	Sargent	1011101—5

Three pairs, 5 straightaways, ties divided:

Harvey	01 01 01 11111— 8	Webb	10 10 10 11 11111— 9
Ross	00 10 00 withdrew	Baldwin	11 11 10 11111—10
Yerrington	00 10 10 11111— 7	Mitchell	01 11 10 11101— 8
Robbins	11 11 10 01111— 9	Sargent	11 11 10 11111—10

Seven straightaway, 24yds; tie on 5 shot off and div. by Harvey and Webb, other ties divided:

Baldwin	1111101—6	Webb	0011111—5
Ross	1111101—6	Page	0110111—5
Mitchell	0011110—4	Hooper	1110111—5
Harvey	1011011—5	Bard	0101100—3
Yerrington	1101111—6	Robbins	1100101—4

Ten at 18yds., 5 traps; on shoot-off Sargent first, Mitchell third:

Ross	0101110101—6	Baldwin	1110110111—8
Webb	1010010101—5	Sargent	1110111011—8
Yerrington	1111110001—7	Olcott	1111100111—8
Mitchell	1001100111—6	Robbins	0111110111—8
Harvey	1101001110—5		

Seven straightaway, 21yds.; first on shoot-off divided by Webb and Mitchell:

Webb	1011111—6	Olcott	1111101—6
Ross	1100011—4	Mitchell	1110111—6
Baldwin	1001111—5	Robbins	1001001—3
Yerrington	0011111—5	Sargent	1111101—6
Harvey	1101000—3		

Club practice shots, 25 birds, 5 traps, 18yds.:

Mitchell	1100111010010001111111100—15
Yerrington	1111111111111111110000111—22
Barnes	1111110011110011010111110—18
White	0100001001110010101000011—11
Robbins	1110011001111001111100111—17
Mitchell	1110111111111101111101111—22
Yerrington	1011101111111011011111—21
Barnes	1010101001111111100001000—15
White	0000100010111011011001000—11
Olcott	1111110111011111011111001—20
Sargent	1001111111111011011011—20
Robbins	0101011103110withdrawn.

Jan. 5.—Regular practice shoots; dark and cloudy, strong wind in gusts across traps; Keystones, 5 traps:

Olcott	1111100110110600101100w.
Yerrington	1111111111111111111010111—22
Sargent	1111110111110110111110011—20
Page	0111111001110110101110111—18
Yerrington	1111111111111111111111111—25

The weather was so unpropitious only a few members came out, and considering that the forerunner of the cyclonic storm predicted by Old Prob. had struck on, we think the scores made are very good.—E. W. YERRINGTON.

BLAUVELTVILLE, N. Y.—New Year's day matches of the Spring Hill Gun Club, 3 doubles bluerocks, 15yds. rise, sweepstakes:

Dr C C Allen	10 00 01—2	T S Hammond	01 00 11—3
A D Kittle	00 11 01—3	C Bogart	00 00 11—2
J Bogart	11 11 10—5		

First won by J. Bogart, second by A. D. Kittle on shoot-off.

Ten bluerocks, straightaway, 18yds., for club medal:

Dr Allen	1101111111—9	J Bogart	0011111010—7
A D Kittle	1110011011—7	T S Hammond	1111101010—7
C J Bogart	0011010101—5	C J Bogart	0000100100—2
C M Hathaway	1001100111—6		

Dr. C. C. Allen won the gold medal and A. D. Kittle the silver one, one 3 straight shoot-off.

Miss and out, bluerocks, 18yds., 3 traps, sweepstakes: Dr. Allen 4, A. D. Kittle 1, C. M. Hathaway 0, J. Bogart 4, T. S. Hammond 0. First div.

Five bluerocks, 3 traps, 18yds., sweepstakes:

Dr Allen	11011—4	J Bogart	11111—5
A D Kittle	11001—3	T S Hammond	11011—4
C M Hathaway	11110—4	C Bogart	00w.

J. Bogart first and C. M. Hathaway second, with 3 straight on shoot-off.

Five double bluerocks, 15yds., sweepstakes:

Dr Allen	10 00 10 00 00—2	J Bogart	10 10 10 10 11—6
A D Kittle	10 10 10 10 10—5	T S Hammond	10 01 11 10 10—6
C M Hathaway	10 11 11 11 10—8	C Bogart	00 11 00 01 10—4

Second div.

Twenty-five bluerocks, 3 traps, 18yds., sweepstakes:

A D Kittle	0100011010111111111101110—17
Dr Allen	0110111110000111001111110—16
T S Hammond	1111000101001000C0011001—11
Jas Bogart	0001001111101111111101110—16
C M Hathaway	1111111111111010001110111—20

Ten bluerocks, 3 traps, 18yds., sweepstakes. Ties for first, 3 birds and miss and out:

A D Kittle	1111100000—5	C M Hathaway	1011111100—7
T S Hammond	1100111111—8	Dr Allen	1111010111—7

On shoot off Allen won first money.

Ten bluerocks, straightaway, 18yds., sweepstakes:

T S Hammond	1010010100—4	C M Hathaway	1011111011—9
Dr Allen	1111011111—9	A D Kittle	1001111101—7

CHAS. A. KITTLE, Sec.

WALLINGFORD, Pa., Jan. 1.—A handicap shooting match for a silver cup took place at Wallingford, Delaware county, to-day, in which ten well-known shots participated. Live pigeons and clay-pigeons were used as targets, and the traps were both sprung by electricity instead of by a cord, as is usual. In the appended score the first column of figures gives the number of yards rise at live birds, while the second column indicates the handicaps for clays. Each man had 25 shots, 10 live and 15 clays.

	Yds.	Yds. Total		Yds.	Yds. Total
H Henry	28	18 17	T Ober	25	18 18
W H Childs	28	18 16	C G Downing	21	18 18
L A Flanagan	25	18 13	J Carmon	22	18 12
George Elkins	21	18 11	W G Downing	30	18 8
F T Downing	21	16 14	H Gemrig	25	18 15

FRANKFORD, Pa., Jan. 5.—The beautiful weather we enjoyed on Christmas Day enticed a good many members and spectators to the North End Gun Club grounds. Sweepstake shooting and friendly matches were largely indulged in, with a corresponding increase to the club cash box, and the bang, bang of the guns continued from noon till dusk. The great attraction, however, was in the monthly prize shoot, 16 of the members participating; and nine useful prizes were awarded. Targets, 25 bluerocks. The following scores show how the favors went:

W M Pack	1010110111111111111110111—21
H Ridge	1011111110101010011111111—19
Sam Richards	0111010110010111C0011111—16
Dr Monaco	1111111110411111C0900111—19
J Wolstencroft	0111101111011111111101101—20
John Crowther	0111011010001111010101010—15
Elmer Ridge	0010011010011111100000111—14
W H Pack	1111101101111010111101101—19
A L Lumb	1101110101011111101010101—17
W Wolstencroft	1011111111111111101111111—22
Geo Elmer	0111011111010100111110101—18
J H Jacobs	1101111101100111011101110061—17
F L Lee	0111011110010111111111111—20
J W Lumb	1111101100111001110000000—14
O Bockins	1101111000111001101000111—15
I Buzby	0011111100010110110010011—15

W. Wolstencroft walked off with first, a fine leather gun case; Pack took second, 500 shells. The ties being shot, Wolstencroft got third, a leather shell case; Ridge fourth, can of Schultze powder; Geo. Elmer fifth, a gunning coat; A. L. Lumb sixth, can black powder; S. Richards seventh, a corduroy hat; J. Crowther eighth, a hunting flask (empty); Elmer Ridge ninth, bag of shot.

New Year's day opened clear and bright, but a pretty stiff breeze in the morning was quite a factor in preventing high scores. In the P. M., however, the wind went down somewhat, and some very good shooting was done. In the morning W. M. Pack and W. Wolstencroft shot a match at 100 bluerocks for the price of the birds, resulting as follows:

W M Pack	1111101111111111111111111—24
	1110111010111111111111110—21
	0111101111111111111111101—22
	1111111100111100110111—20—87
W Wolstencroft	1111100011111111111111111—24
	1111111111111111111111111—24
	1101011101111111111111101—20
	0111111111110101111111101—21—89

In the afternoon sweepstakes and friendly matches were indulged in. The following score at 15 bluerocks for $2 each is a sample:

J Crowther	1101111111101011—12	A H Peiffer	1100011001100111— 9
H Ridge	1111110111111111—14	L H Peiffer	0111010000010— 5
W H Pack	1101111101111101—12	S Richards	0111111111101100—11

At another set of screened traps W. H. and Jas. Wolstencroft and W. M. Pack shot 100 Keystones each for a club record, and it may be safely said that such an exhibition was never made before by amateurs. W. Wolstencroft used a Scott hammerless of about 7¼lbs., J. Wolstencroft a special Winchester, and Will Pack a special high grade Winchester for the first half of the match, but was compelled to change to a lighter gun, as he had been shooting steadily all day, and it began to affect his shooting. If he had changed earlier in the match his score would have equalled the best, for with his new 7lbs. Buckley he made a run of 45 straight. W. Wolstencroft shot in grand form, unfortunately missing his first. He broke every blessed one of the rest; he was as cool as a cucumber, but when at the score he kept the trappers busy. All things considered, probably Jas. Wolstencroft's score ranks with the best. In the fall of 1887 he unfortunately lost the use of his right eye, compelling him to learn to shoot left handed, and by hard work he gained his object, as former scores published in your valuable paper will testify. Lately he has been compelled to wear glasses, and Tuesday was the first day that he shot with them on, handicapping him more than one has an idea of. In spite of this his score will win nine times out of ten. The genial secretary of the club, A. L. Lumb, made a very acceptable referee, but was only called on once, for the birds were either missed clean or ground up. Mr. E. Ridge and H. Jacobs judged. Following is the score:

W H Wolstencroft	0111111111111111111111111—24
	1111111111111111111111—25
	1111111111111111111111111—25
	1111111111111111111111111—25—99
Wm M Pack	1111111011111101111111111—23
	1111111011111111111111111—24
	1011111111111111111111111—24
	1111111111111111111111111—25—96
Jas Wolstencroft	1111111111111011011011111—22
	0101111001111111111111111—21
	0111111011111111111111111—23
	1111111111111111111111111—25—91

CINCINNATI, Jan. 3.—The regular shoot for the Independent Gun Club's great trophy—the Muldoon medal—to-day was largely attended. H. F. Robinson, who has won the same medal not less than a baker's dozen times before, again landed in ahead of all the other entries. At the start it looked like a walk-over for Schaller, but at the fifteenth bird Robinson, by extra good work, scoring his five bird straight, again put him in the race, and on the finish of his last five birds by repeating, landed winner by one bird. The scores were:

Twenty single American clay birds. National rules:

F Nagle	1101010100011110110—11
Mack	0000110001111111111—12
Maynard	1011110011111110110—14
P Schaller	1111111011111010010—14
T Honing	0111111100111101011—14
Snider	1111111001110000011—12
H F Robinson	1100101111111111111—15
Eckenroth	0000011C0110010100—8
Jackson	0001100110100C0001111— 7
C Reif	1110011100101101111—14
F Becker	0011111111100111100—14
Cline	0000100001100100100— 5

Sweepstake shoot, ten single clays; entrance 50c.:

Nagle	0111011000—5	Reif	1101110001—7
Mack	0000100111—4	Snider	0111001011—6
Maynard	1100111010—7	Eckenroth	0000010C00—1
Honing	0011100111—6	Jackson	1100010003—3
Schaller	1101010001—5		

Ties on 7 div. first. Ties on 6 div. second.

Sweepstake shoot No 2, same conditions as No. 1:

Wick	1110111110—8	Honing	1010101111—7
Reif	0110100110—5	Maynard	0101110111—7
Robinson	0111011110—7	Nagle	0111011160—6
Snider	0010111001—4		

Wick got first money; ties on 7 div. second.

WELLINGTON, O., Jan. 1.—The Berea Gun Club came down to-day and held a match here with the home team. The teams shot at 25 standard targets thrown from 3 traps. A high wind prevailed, but notwithstanding a large crowd witnessed some good shooting. Wellington team will go to Berea soon. The scores follow:

Berea Team.

M Chick (Smith)	1111111111011111111111111—24
W Dick (Wellington)	1111011111111111111111111—24
F Anaybe	1111111111111010111111101—22
A J Fairchilds	1011111010001111111111111—20
Geo Hawks	0111111101101111111111111—22
N J Fuller	1011111101111010111111100—19
T J Quayle	1100111011011111011111111—20
A J Brown	1011110111111011011111111—20
W Quayle	1110011010100111011111111—16—187

Wellington Team.

McKinney	1111111110011101001111111—20
Aldrich	0111111011111111111111011—23
Smith	1111111101111111010111001—20
Crosier (Chump)	1101100111111111111111011—20
W Robinson	1111111111111111101110001—21
Brahney	0111100110101001011000011—13
Ely	0001110011111111101111011—17
Felt	1011110111101010101101011—17
E Robinson	1111000001101111111101011—16—164

WELLINGTON, Mass., Jan. 5.—A large number of gunners faced the traps at the grounds of the Wellington Club to-day, and, although the weather conditions were not favorable for good scores, some good shooting was done. Following are the winners in the several sweepstake matches: 6 bluerocks, Snow, Bond, Stanton and Schaefer; 6 clay-pigeons, Stanton; 6 bluerocks, Stanton; 6 macombers, Bond; 6 bluerocks, Schaefer and Snow; 6 clay-pigeons, Bowker and Baxter; 6 bluerocks, Stanton; 6 clay-pigeons, Stanton and Lade; 6 bluerocks, Stanton and Savage; 6 bluerocks, Melcher; 6 macombers, Sanborn; 3 pairs clay-pigeons, Herrick; 6 bluerocks, Stanton, Lang and Sanborn.

CLAREMONT, Jersey City, Jan. 1.—The fine day brought out a large number to the Suburban Shooting Grounds, many of whom preferred to use the set of targets reserved for practice and private matches. The large number of new shooters present show that these grounds will be well patronized as they become better known. The following are the principal sweeps:

Sweep No. 1, losing side pays for bluerocks, 9 singles:

Peck	1010111111—7	Douglas	1111011110—7
Mort	0110110011—5—12	Tell	0101110000—4—11

Sweep No. 2, 10 bluerocks; entry $1:

Purrington	1111111111—10	Sherriff	0010111101—6
Richards	1111000111—7	Peck	1110001001—5
Mort	1110011110—7	Douglas	0011010110—5

Richards second.

Sweep No. 3, same conditions; ties div.:

Collins	1111111111—10	Peck	1111111010—8
Purrington	1111101111—9	Richards	1111111010—8
Sherriff	1110011010101—9		

Sheriff was allowed 5 extra birds.

Sweep No. 4, same; ties div.:

Sherriff	1111010110011—10	Palmer	1111000101110010—8
Tell	0101110110111101—10	Daly	0110010111—6
Collins	1111010111—9	Purrington	0011100111—6
Mort	0111100111—9	Richards	1110010111—7

Sweep No. 5, same:

Peck	1111111111—10	Purrington	0110110110—6
Mort	1111110011—8	Richards	1100111000—5
Collins	0111111100—7	Tell	1110100001—5
Palmer	1111100000010010—7	Daly	0011010000—3

Peck first, Mort second, Collins third.

Sweep No. 6, same:

Purrington	1111111111—10	Peck	0111011111 - 8
Collins	1111111111—10	Richards	1110110011—7
Daly	1111111111—10	Gill	1011101100—6
Mort	1111011111—9	Tell	0111010110—6

On shoot-off Daly 5, Collins 5, Purrington 6.

Sweep No. 7, same, ties divided:

Mort	1111111111—10	Tell	1110110011—7
Daly	1011111111—9	Richards	0111010110—6
Purrington	1111111011—9	Peck	0111100000—4
Collins	1001011111—7		

Sweep No. 8, same:

Purrington	1111111111—10	Gill	0011111110—7
Peck	1111001111—8	Tell	1001010010—5
Richards	0010111111—7	Collins	1011100100—5
Daly	1101011110—7	Mort	1100011000w.

Tie won by Richards, 5 to Daly's 4.

Sweep No. 9, same:

Daly	1111111111—10	Mort	1011011011—7
Purrington	1011011111—8	Collins	1111071101—7
Richards	1110101111—8	Gill	0011001011—5
Leder	0111011101—7	Peck	1001101 0w.
Tell	0101011111—7		

Purrington second, Leder third.

Sweep No. 10, 4 singles and 2 pairs ties; div.:

Richards	1111 11 11—8	Peck	1101 00 00—3
Collins	1110 11 11—7	Leder	0101 00 10—3
Mort	1111 10 11—7	Tell	0100 00 10—2
Purrington	0111 00 00—3		

OMAHA, Dec. 29.—The shooters are taking advantage of this pleasant midwinter weather to keep their hand in. There were several fine shoots on the club grounds this afternoon, the scores of which will be found subjoined.

The first event was a 100 bluerock race between Frank Parmelee and George W. Ketchem, which resulted as follows: Ketchem 96, Parmelee 89.

Following this came live bird shoot, 5 birds each, modified English rules, entrance $5. The score:

Hardin	11111—5	Brown	11110—4
Blake	11111—5	Hunt	01111—4
Gwin	11111—5	Converse	01011—3
Ketchem	11101—4	Dumont	00101—2
Parmelee	11510—4	Field	10101—3
Ellis	11101—4	Hockenberg	10011—3

Hardin, Blake and Gwin divided first money; Parmelee shot out the tie for second, and field for third. Another similar match was won by Hardin, Hunt, Ellis and Gwin clinching second, and Dumond and Blake third. Hardin, who had his shooting clothes on, also won a 25 bluerock race by a score of 21, among ten entries, and divided first in three additional live bird shoots.

Third event, sweepstakes, 5 pair, half Keystone and half Macomber targets:

Rumsey	10 10 00 00 01—3	Addington	11 10 11 11 00—7
Field	10 01 11 10 11—7	Moore	11 10 10 10 10—6
Gady	10 00 10 00 10—3	Smith	00 10 00 00 00—1
J Coles	10 00 01 00 00—2	Shepley	11 11 00 10 10—6
Homer	10 11 00 10 11—6	Colville	10 01 01 11 10—6

Addington first, Moore second.

Fourth event, 10 single Macomber targets:

Rumsey	1011111001—7	T Coles	1001010010—4
Field	1100111001—6	Addington	1100111111—8
J Coles	1101110101—7	Anderson	0001010000—2
Homer	0101101111—7		

Addington first, Homer second after a shoot-off.

Fifth event, 10 single Macomber targets:

Rumsey	0100000110—3	J Coles	1110001100—5
Field	1110111001—7	Colville	0001110011—5
Gady	0000001010—2	Addington	1011101011—7
Homer	1111000010—5	Moore	0111010111—7

Moore took first, Colville second.—UNSER FRITZ.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Jan. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* New Year's Day was a most delightful one for a trap shoot, and several members of the St. Louis Gun Club took advantage of it at Compton Avenue Park. The Macomber tin target was used and proved quite satisfactory. It is the cheapest target, because it can be gathered and made to do service many times. The only disagreeable feature of the shoot was the small supply of the Macombers which the club had, and the members were obliged to do duty as retrievers very often. When the twenty-five or thirty were thrown and shot at, all hands hied to the field and picked them up, when the shooting would be proceeded with. They were thrown from a Keystone trap with perfect results. It was the first meeting of the clans since the opening of the game season, and very naturally all had experiences to relate of hunting trips which they had been on. One had had this occur to him, and another something else. Some of them related how a young puppy had acted when his first covey of birds, while others told of some peculiar thing done by an old dog. To one not interested in field sports, of course, the conversation would have been very boorish, but to confirmed "cranks," such as they are, it was "mighty interesten" and was thoroughly relished by all. Field shooting, generally speaking, had been so very unsatisfactory of late in this part of the country that many of the gentlemen hoped for the opening of spring that they could once more meet regularly at Compton Avenue Park and indulge in their shoots.

First event, sweepstakes at 10 Keystone targets:

L M Ramsey	1000110100—4	J Addington	1111111101—9
W E Field	1011111110—8	G Anderson	1000000000—1
H Gady	1010111111—8	Col Moore	0111111101—8
J Coles	1111101011—8	T Coles	1001010111—6
W Horner	0001101011—8		

Addington first, Col. Moore second.

Second event, 5 pair, half Keystone and half Macomber:

Rumsey	10 00 10 00 01—3	Addington	11 10 01 11 11—8
Field	00 10 11 10 11—6	Moore	00 11 01 10 00—4
Gady	10 00 00 01 11—4	F Smith	00 00 00 00 00—0
J Coles	10 11 00 10 10—5	J Shepley	10 10 11 11 11—8
Horner	11 11 10 10 01—7		

Addington took first after a shoot-off, Horner second.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 1.—The newly-formed Galena Gun Club had its first shoot to-day at South Broad street and Pennsylvania Railroad. Dark coming on the ties were not shot off:

	First Round.		Second Round.
J McAfee	1111010110—6	J McAfee	01110100 1—6
F Apker	1001101110—6	F Apker	0100111101—6
R Little	0011010110—5	D Beriman	1001000111—5
W Walter	1110110001—6	E J Ford	0000110001—3
D Beriman	1110000110—5	W Avil	1011000001—4
E J Ford	0110001110—6	W Walter	1011011010—6
W Avil	0011110111—7	R Little	0111101101—7

THE UNKNOWN GUN CLUB held its annual dinner and smoking carnival on the last evening of December, at Gillen's Hotel, in Myrtle avenue. One of the events of the evening was the presentation of a gold-headed cane, valued at $60, by the members to the president, Henry Knebel, the vice-president, Mr. Toufford, making the presentation speech, and the secretary, H. N. Stillwell, followed by giving his interested friends several humorous selections. Henry Knebel, Jr., received the club medal, valued at $80, emblematic of the highest season's score. The party toasted the health of the lucky father and son as a fitting climax to the evening's festivities. At a meeting held Jan. 3 officers were elected as follows: President, Henry Knebel, Sr.; vice-president, J. Arkhurst; secretary, R. W. Stillwell; treasurer, H. Van Staden, Sr. Henry Knebel, Jr., having headed the list of shooters during the past year was presented with a gold badge. Vice-President J. Arkhurst, the oldest member of the club, made the presentation, which was accepted by Mr. Knebel in a few well-chosen remarks. Messrs. H. Knebel, Jr., Van Staden, Cahill, Munsees, Dittlesan, Plate, Rampper, Bohling, Chichester, Haas, Skidmore, Brower, Gillmann, Henry Kuebel, Sr., Hilmer, Behrmann and Hopkins were also winners of prizes, which consisted of all kinds of smoking articles. At the close of the meeting a fine repast was served.

BROOKLYN, Dec. 31.—The regular monthly shoot of the Glenmore Rod and Gun Club for the Midas Diamond Badge, was held at Dueller's Park, on the Jamaica Plankroad, on Wednesday afternoon, Dec. 26. To make the shoot more interesting Michael J. Burke, the president of the club, put up a special prize, to go to the winner of the badge for the last three months by members of the club. On this occasion there were fourteen shooters on hand, and a lively contest was the result. F. Howard Reid was the winner of the badge and the special prize, while William J. Bennett captured the leather medal. The score was as follows:

James Bennett, 30yds	1001100—3	F A Reid, 25yds	0111111—6
William Levens, 26yds	0110110—4	M J Bourke, 26yds	0110100—3
Lee Helgans, 30yds	1001110—4	P H Reid, 25yds	1111111—7
Emil Schiellein, 26yds	1011111—6	W J Bennett, 23yds	0000011—2
Peter Sutter, 28yds	0111000—3	J Van Wicklen, 29yds	1001111—5
Charles Magee	1100011—4	W R Selover, 30yds	1001110—4
Joseph Ochs, 25yds	1011010—4	J D Bennett, 26yds	1010111—5

Referee, John J. Garrity. Scorer, William J. Bennett. Then came the match of the day. It was between two sides, one of which was captained by Peter Sutter and the other by Charles Magee. Each side was to shoot at 40 birds, the loser to pay for six bottles of wine. At the conclusion of the match it was found that there was a tie, each side killing 30 birds. The matter was amicably settled, however, both captains doing the honors.

SOUTH OYSTER BAY, L. I., Dec. 29.—South Oyster Bay has a splendid array of crack shots among its young men, and a club was formed last Thursday evening to be known as the Bluerock Gun Club. The first pigeon shoot of this club occurred this afternoon, with the following result:

Frank Kilrain	0100110001—4	H Shepard	1001101110—6
E Barteau	1111101111—9	P Kilrain	1111111100—8
D Quilfeldt	1011011101—7	W Wilson	1101111100—7
J Whit Hendrickson	1111110011—9	G Schard	1101110100—6

Barteau and Hendrickson shot off twice each. The first round both hit one and missed one. The second shoot-off Berteau hit one and missed one, and Hendrickson was declared the winner, having killed one bird, and the other flew to within three feet of the boundary before it dropped, and it is thought both birds were hit from the second barrel of his gun, as both flew near together.

EATON, N. Y., Jan. 6.—Eaton sportsmen met in a friendly contest on New Year's Day for the club badge. They have been in competition for this badge for some months, and it has been won by nearly every member, Doctor and Professor excepted, who can't quite get there with their new hammerless guns. There have been some remarkably good scores, but at the last shoot all seemed a little off. The quick shooting of Morse is often applauded as he knocks down his nine straight. Kingbirds, one trap, three angles, 18yds.; following is New Year's score:

Richardson	0111111100—7	Short	0010001100—3
Briggs	1100101111—7	Hamlin	0000101100—3
Bell	0101110111—7	Curtis	1001111011—7
Morse	1100101111—7		

In shooting off ties Briggs won.

ZIONSVILLE, Pa., Jan. 5.—To-day the money was placed in the hands of the stakeholders for the long talked about match between two of Lehigh county's best shots, Mr. Leon W. Mazurie of Dillingersville and Albert Neil of Zionsville; 100 clay birds, 3 screened traps, 13yds. National rules, for $100 a side. There has been a great deal of money put up by friends of the shooters as to the results of the match, so all are waiting patiently for the match to come off, Jan. 12. Although Mr. Mazurie is known to be the best field shot in these parts, and this being his first attempt at the saucer shooting, his friends say although he very seldom fails to kill his grouse or quail he puts up, the clays may get nine rattled at first. I shall mail you full accounts of the match in due time.—UNSER JACOB.

Canoeing.

Canvas Canoes and how to Build Them. By Parker B. Field. Price 50 cents. Canoe and Boat Building. By W. P. Stephens. Price $1.50. The Canoe Aurora. By C. A. Neide. Price $1. Canoe Handling. By C. B. Vaux. Price $1. Canoe and Camera. By T. S. Steele. Price 1.50. Four Months in a Sneakbox. By N. H. Bishop. Price $1.50. Canoe and Camp Cookery. By "Seneca." Price $1.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signal, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and report of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

FIXTURES.

JUNE.

22. N. Y. C. C. Annual, Staten Island.

JULY.

—. W. C. A. Meet, Ballast Island.
—. Atlantic Division Meet.

AUGUST.

16-30. A. C. A. Meet, Sugar Island, St. Lawrence River.

SPECIAL RACING APPLIANCES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I beg leave to say a few words in reference to what has appeared in your paper, editorially and otherwise, about rigs for racing canoes. I think it would be interesting to your readers to know what the general opinion is among the fraternity, and I see no better way of ascertaining it than for a number to express their views pro or con, with your permission, through the medium of your paper.

The standing sail seems to be the principal object of attack in the articles to which I have referred, and after that the outrigging deck seat. I have never used either of them, but at the same time I think them both perfectly proper and legitimate appliances. It is admitted that under certain conditions the standing sail is faster than any other rig. That in itself to my mind justifies its use. You do not condemn racing; it is a vital, inspiriting and enjoyable part of canoeing. Well, what is the chief object in a race? It is to win, to reach the goal first; and the sail or whatever description that best helps to achieve this result is the one to use. It seems to me that for one to object to the sail with which another wins a race, is about as reasonable as it would be for him to object to the prize going to the winner because he had the fastest boat. As for the element of safety, if the standing sail really is more dangerous to use than any other, I do not think it should be considered in a canoe race. That should be left entirely to the discretion of the one who uses it. Every canoeist in a race takes his chances of a capsize, and all are supposed and should positively be able to take care of themselves in such an event; otherwise they have no business in a race, irrespective of what rig they carry.

Eliminate the risk from canoeing and you emasculate it. You metaphorically turn your bicycle into a tricycle; to reduce it to a positively safe basis, all your sails standing or otherwise would have to be cut down more than half, and even then there would be complaints from some of the sizes of other sails, or they might claim that an unfair advantage was obtained by their competitors sitting on deck or leaning out too far, and that brings me to the deck seat. Admitted that the sailor keeps the canoe up, and not *vice versa* (and no experienced canoeist will dispute this), any device which increases the sailor's control over his craft seems to me perfectly legitimate and to be commended; and for that reason I would as soon think of attempting to regulate the distance to which a man may "lay out to windward" as to condemn the use of the sliding seat.

In expressing the above views I speak only for myself, and I am not largely interested in advocating the cause of the racers, who, I presume, are much better able to plead their case than I am. At the same time I hope the Association officers will not be misled into condemning the devices that have contributed so largely to the fast records of the races, without being pretty positive that they are in sympathy with a large proportion of the lay members.
RELTAR.

[While we can agree with our correspondent in the two general propositions—that racing is good and that the object of racing is to attain the greatest speed—there are in practice very serious qualifications attached to each proposition, which have evidently been overlooked by him. Racing is a benefit to canoeing in that it is a very interesting and exciting branch of the sport that can be indulged in by those who cannot take time for cruising; it is in its nature more striking and prominent than cruising, and does much to attract popular attention to canoeing and to make new recruits, being necessarily public, while cruising is essentially a quiet and secluded sport. The spirit of rivalry engendered by racing has been a most valuable factor in the improvement of models and rigs, as well as in leading each club to new efforts to outnumber and outsail its fellows. So far, then, as racing is subservient to the recognized aim of canoeing—the production of safe, strong, fast and serviceable canoes, and the promotion of general work afloat (sailing, paddling, camping and cruising)—it must be recognized as a desirable feature. As soon, however, as it leads to the building of canoes that are unfit for any purpose but racing; to the use of sails which cannot be used for cruising, and further act directly to discourage all improvements which would be of use to the cruiser; and when these boats are sailed by men who never touch a paddle, who care nothing for cruising or camping, and whose only aim is to win as many prizes as possible in one of the two divisions, sailing or paddling; then it becomes evident that racing has gone too far. Those who have attended the last two meets will be able to form their own opinions as to just how far in this direction canoe racing has gone; but it is certain that even if all three of the above extremes have not yet been reached, they soon will be. Racing, then, is good so long as it aids and does not hinder general all-around work in canoes, not only by a few experts, but by all who are in need of just such a form of relaxation. Admitting then that racing is desirable, there remains the second proposition, that the end of racing is the attainment of the greatest speed. However true this proposition may be in theory, there are the cold facts to face in the records of nearly all sports; that unrestricted competition soon leads directly to the death of racing. Yachting has shown this in scores of instances; a great deal of the racing about New York for many years was done in open boats, with unlimited crews and sail, and as many sandbags as the crew was reckless enough to carry. The double result is seen too plainly to-day; not only has the racing itself entirely died out, but it has left its marks on the entire fleet of small yachts in the creation and perpetuation of hundreds of bad and dangerous models, derived directly from the old racing craft, though not intended themselves for racing. The same experiment has been tried among the hundreds of small craft on the Delaware, until the absolute necessity of some limits on sail and crews was beyond question. The history of yachting about Boston would tell a similar story, while on the other side of the water there is seen the unfortunate result of the let alone policy in the dwindling down of the grand fleet of yachts that raced but half a dozen years ago to two or three racers sailing alone. The history of canoe racing is too brief as yet to find an instance there, but if the progress of the last three years continues in speed and direction there will be a very conspicuous landmark for coming canoeists to take warning by. Under the present rules there have appeared craft that a man cannot sit inside of, little else but floating decks with sails that could not be folded or rolled up, even on shore, and that would capsize the boat as soon as they were stepped unless held up by some one on the float. Granting that with a sliding deck seat these machines can be held up by sheer strength and skill, and unless capsized by an unseen puff they will outsail such canoes as our correspondent, an old boating man, cruiser and racer, has used; we think that he will agree with us that such machines are a harm and a disgrace to canoeing. It is always a difficult task for a man to retain certain cruising essentials in his canoe, and at the same time to design a faster boat than a man who aims solely at speed, and the former has a right to look to the Association which he alone formed, and which nominally regards his interests as of the first importance, for protection from the racing machine. As long as his boat must race in competition with the latter, so long must she partake to a greater or less extent of the nature of the other, to the detriment of her cruising qualities. One correspondent brings up the question of safety; there is always sufficient spice of danger about sport on the water to make it enjoyable, and no prudent sailor will neglect the least detail which adds to his chances in case of an accident. To serve its main purpose a canoe should as far as possible be a lifeboat, strongly and staunchly built, and fitted with at least two compartments as large and as tight as possible. In racing, however, this honest craft must sail against an open shell of the lightest possible construction, without mast tubes, bulkheads, hatches, and with a few bladders beneath the deck to comply nominally with the rules. It would be impossible to rule that a canoe must carry so little sail that she could not capsize; but it is only fair that a boat which is used by her owner for all the many purposes of legitimate canoeing should be protected from a shell that is only launched from a float for short runs over the club course. We have already expressed our views as to the standing rig and deck seat, and have not space to go into the details of the question now, but we will be glad to hear the views of canoeists on either side.]

OTTAWA C. C.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The following were the events in our sixth annual regatta: Seven-mile tandem—The course for this race was down the Ottawa River; the current, though not very strong at this time of the year, makes the time somewhat better than it otherwise would be. This race excited a good deal of interest among the local boating men; the Ottawa Rowing Club sending a strong team in Messrs. Ross and Badgeley, the latter having been one of the winning crew in the same race in 1887. The canoes were all within the A. C. A. limits except the ones used by Messrs. Dey and Rogers, which was 17×27 and very light. Rogers, however, is only a boy of 15. Dey, too, is I believe only 18. He is one of the Dey brothers, boat and canoe builders of this city, and he himself built the canoe used in the race. All the crew except the Messrs. Stewart used the doubleblade paddles. The following were the entries and the time:

Omime, F. H. Gisborne and C. G. Rogers	53.00
Volunteer, W. Dey and V. Rogers	53.30
Yvonne, P. D. Ross and W. Badgeley	54.15
Clarabel, A. O. Wheeler and W. H. Cronk	54.30
Dalinda, W. C. E. Stewart and R. Stewart	Time not taken.
Stella, S. Short and E. W. Gilbert	Did not finish.

Single-blade Single Paddling, 1 mile with turn:

Omime, H. Howard	1
Volunteer	2
Clarabel, A. O. Wheeler	3
Irene, R. W. Baldwin	4

The Irene was the only fully decked canoe in the contest.

Tandem Paddling Race, 1 mile with turn:

Omime, Gisborne and C. G. Rogers	1
Volunteer, Dey and V. Rogers	2
Clarabel, Howard and Wiggins	3

Tug of war, four men in a canoe, two-minute heats.—This was one of the events of the season, the Ottawa Rowing Club sending a splendid crew, which, as events proved, swept the field. The first tug was between this crew, composed of P. D. Ross, E. F. Taylor, Dr. Hurdman and F. H. F. Mercer, and a crew composed of W. C. E. Stewart, A Hemming, A. F. Jarvis and H. N. P. Chesley, all members of the canoe club and of the Government Post Office Department. The Rowing Club men were, however, too strong, and soon had the other in tow. The two other canoe club crews were broken up by the absence of two of their men, and a crew was hastily made up consisting of R. W. Baldwin, F. H. Gisborne, H. Howard and C. Wiggins. The new crew were given a bad start, and it was some little time before they were able to rectify it; however, they stuck to it, both crews plowing up the water, and finally the rowing club crew began to move astern. Hours seemed to have passed, when at last the fastenings of the two canoes gave out and the rope slipped off. The judge, that genial and veteran sportsman W. Pittman Lett, was then appealed to—surely time was up and who had the best of it. With a twinkle in his eye he said, "Twas too good a tug to stop, you've paddled a few seconds over fifteen minutes, at the end of the two the Rowing Club had the advantage."

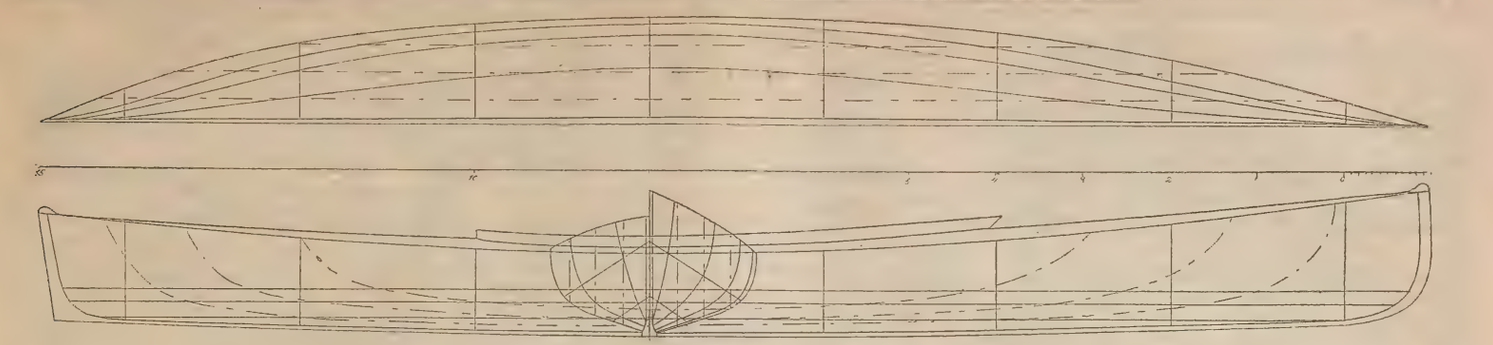
Gunwale race, 100yds.:

Musette, Henri Roy	1
Irene, R. W. Baldwin	2
Joe, G. Rogers	3

Team race, 1 mile with turn, three or more to a crew:

Joe, Rogers (G.), Dey and Rogers (V.)	1
Howard, Gisborne Baldwin and Wiggins	2

The Landsdowne Cup Race—Sailing twice round a triangular



DESIGN FOR SAILING AND PADDLING CANOE, 16x29½.

course with half mile sides. Great difficulty was experienced in getting these races off. Twice the race was started, and on each occasion it was not nearly finished when the time limit was up. Even when the race was actually sailed the wind was so light (with occasional dead calms) that it seemed as though another attempt would have to be made. Toward the close of the race the wind freshened and the sailing became ticklish work, for it was almost dark, and the canoes had to be steered by the lights on the shore. Any one who has tried sailing in a canoe race will well understand that no inconsiderable amount of nerve is required for such a performance as this. The race lay between Irene, Iolanthe and Musette for some time, sometimes one and sometimes the other being ahead, but at last Irene managed to keep her lead, with Musette second, and finished a quarter of a mile ahead. The entries were as fallows;

Irene, R. W. Baldwin.....1
Musette, Henri Roy.....2
White Wings, Capt. King.....Did not finish.
Nixie, P. B. Squires.....Did not finish.
Dolphin, P. A. Maingy.....Did not finish.
Iolanthe, W. M. L. Maingy.....Did not finish.

We made the mistake this year of having our regatta too late in the season. We propose having it in the coming season before the A. C. A. meet instead of waiting until after the men are back from their holidays, when the weather is too uncertain and the days are too short. FRANCIS H. GISBORNE, Sec'y Ottawa C. C.

RACING FOR CRUISERS.

A WELL-KNOWN cruiser writes us as follows regarding our reports of the A. C. A. meet: "Your articles on the meet have altered my conception of canoeing very materially. One sentence of yours, to the effect that the racer who was not a cruiser, and the cruiser who was not a racer, were alike not canoeists; hit me hard, and I have made up my mind to go in and race for all I am worth, as in the past I have cruised as hard as I could. I have neither the skill nor the nerve to make a winner, but although I shall race to try to win, that is to take the most out of my boat and out of myself, I am not going to race only to win. On that basis I want to see the Association make it impossible for any one but a canoeist in a canoe to win at the meet, or anywhere else, and I do think that the rules should be altered in accordance with the alterations in the conditions governing canoe racing." If all who are dissatisfied with the present rules were to look at the matter in this light, the trouble would soon disappear.

THE IMPROVEMENT OF CANOE SAILS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your article under the above heading, after expatiating on the number of "standing, non-stowable abominations" at the late meets, you say that there can be no doubt of the harm which these sails have and still are doing to legitimate canoeing, and especially to racing, and that the question is how to get rid of them. The method suggested is to let good-natured gentlemen like Com. Burchard, of the New York Club and the Division Regatta Committee, offer good prizes for the best lowering rigs, and then let all this good missionary work be knocked on the head by offering the Association $300 cup and championship of America to men who carry what you call standing, non-stowable abominations; for canoeists as a rule are an enterprising lot of fellows, and it is that spirit that has led to the adoption of the standing rigs by so many of our best men. A can beat B by about 50yds. B says, By gosh, I'm going to get a standing rig which 'll make that much difference, and he gets a standing rig and does up A, who in turn says I'll have to get B's style of rig or I'm busted, and hanged if I'll be busted as long as I've got cash in my trowser pocket to buy a new suit, and C, D, E, F and all the rest of them have to do the same thing to keep up with the crowd. The point I wish to make is that if B is headed off by a rule prohibiting standing rigs, he will immediately set to work to get a better lowering one, and C, D, E, F will follow suit, and there will be no need for private individuals to go down into their dips to offer prizes for lowering rigs; you will immediately get all the best brains (in that line) of the Association at work on the question of the best lowering rig, not for Com. Burchard's prize, but for the highest prize they have a chance of securing, as that is what the enterprising canoeists look for.

The point I wish to make is you will never get the brains of the Association at work on the best lowering rig until they are compelled to do so to win our highest races. It would be no hardship to any one to abolish standing rigs for the Association races this winter, as there is not a canoeist in the racing line but gets a new suit of sails every winter, and it is as easy to get a lowering suit as a standing one and probably no more expensive, but, if he is not compelled to, is it likely that he is going to get what he knows to be a slower sail, when his object is to get as well to the front as possible? The second point I wish to make is this, that if the "standing non-stowable abominations" (please observe that I'm not the daddy of that name) are to be done away with any time, now is the time to do it, the first year it should have been done, the second year some of us argued that it be done, but it was pooh-poohed. Now every one in the Association barring probably half a dozen are ready and anxious to see the evil abolished when it can be done without injury to any one, and if done the canoe that would win with the standing sail would win with a lowering one. If as you say, "It was the duty of the Association to limit or prohibit such sails in the first place," how much more is it their duty to do so now when there are probably only about half a dozen opposed to it in the whole Association. I do not think any one would advise running an association of 800 in the interest of 6, 16 or even 26 members of the same, and yet, comparatively speaking, that is what is being done at the present time.

The idea to offer special prizes for cruising craft, etc., without hiker seats and standing rigs will never accomplish the desired result of doing away with what is objectionable in our races. As has been said before, canoeists are an enterprising lot, and no canoeist with any sand in his anatomy will go into what will likely be called the "pot-bellied disgruntled cruiser's race" when there are higher races to enter for. Another feature is that every one admits that the present A. C. A. programme is too large, and this would be lengthening it still more without accomplishing the good that is sought for. The only practicable way of getting at a thing of this kind that requires remedying is not to tinker with the branches or divisions, but go right to headquarters and pull it up by the roots, and when it is done we will all be wondering why the dickens it took us so long to do it.

TORONTO, Dec. 30. WILL MACKENDRICK.

[We will be glad to hear from all of our readers who agree with Mr. MacKendrick that the changes under discussion should be made at once, especially from those who now use the standing rig but would like to see it ruled out.]

NEW YORK C. C.—A party of canoeists spent New Year's Eve at the house of the New York C. C., cooking supper there and afterward going out for a paddle on the Bay at midnight. Next day Messrs. Vaux, Nadal and Howard sailed over to the Brooklyn C. C. house for a New Year's call. Com. Wilkin was found afloat in his canoe, and others of the club were at the club house.

A. C. A. MEMBERSHIP.—Central Division: C. S. Smith, Rochester, N. Y. Atlantic Division: Gabriel Reevs, Robert O. Kirkwood, Paul B. Rossire, Talbot Simpson, John G. Reevs, Yonkers; J. Henry Sipp, Paterson, N. J.; Alex. Arnois, Clarence Castello, Philadelphia, Pa.

A SAILING AND PADDLING CANOE.

THE design given herewith is by Mr. C. E. W. Armstrong, of Boston, for whom the canoe is now building. The leading dimensions are 16×29½×11in., and it is proposed to carry 105ft. of sail. The weight of the hull will be inside of 75lbs., the planking being lapped with a nearly flush seam. The centerboard will be of $^{3}/_{32}$in. steel, 35in. long, the after end placed 9in. from midship section. The canoe is intended for cruising as well as racing and should be very easy under paddle as well as fast under canvas for cruisers.

A NEW STYLE LAPSTRAKE.—Mr. H. M. Sprague, of Parishville, N. Y., has received a patent on a new method of making a tight seam in boats. A thin strip of rubber, specially prepared, is laid between the planks, in varnish, seeming to make a very tight joint, especially around all nails and fastenings. The weight is but ½lb. greater on an ordinary canoe, and the cost about $5.

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

JUNE.

3-5-7. Katrina-Shamrock, N. Y.
15. Corinthian, Marblehead.
22. Beverly.
29. Corinthian, Marblehead.

JULY.

4. Larchmont, Annual.
4. Beverly.
6. Beverly.
6. Sippican, Annual, Marion.
13. Corinthian, Marblehead.
20. Beverly.
27. Corinthian, Marblehead.

AUGUST.

3. Sippican, Club, Marion.
3. Beverly.
10. Corinthian, Marblehead.
17. Beverly.
24. Corinthian, Marblehead.
31. Beverly.
31. Sippican, Club, Marion.

SEPTEMBER.

2. Corinthian, Marblehead.
7. Beverly.
14. Corinthian, Marblehead.
21. Beverly.

LONG CRUISES IN STEAM LAUNCHES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In requesting Mr. Lovejoy to give the dimensions of his steam launch Dot, in which he made his interesting trip "Through Okeechobee to the Gulf," it was not because I desired to have one built, but merely to satisfy the curiosity of an old steam launch man; and just here I desire to thank Mr. Lovejoy for his kindness in offering to assist me in the construction of a boat.

I claim to be a pioneer in adopting the steam launch for pleasure cruising, having abandoned a 40ft. sailboat six years ago, and replaced it by a 21ft. launch. In this boat four of us made a very pleasant trip from Pittsburgh to Louisville and return, thence up and down the Monongahela and Allegheny rivers, spending three months in fishing, hunting, camping, and having a good time generally. The boat, however, was too small for cruising, and in November of the same year I sold her for $50 more than she cost in the spring. Being so thoroughly delighted with our first experiment, we decided to form a co-partnership, "pool our issues," and purchase a launch especially adapted for cruising. Consequently we ordered one 30ft. long, 7ft. beam, with hard wood awning deck, 4 H. P. engine and boiler, cockpit inclosed with canvas curtains, etc. She was delivered in the following spring, 1883, and on May 3 we started on a four months' cruise. Leaving Chicago via the Illinois Canal, we steamed down this waterway to the Illinois River, thence to the Mississippi, and after two months of unalloyed pleasure and jolly times generally we landed at New Orleans, where we intended spending two or three days. We had received no mail since leaving Chicago, when the clerk at the St. Charles glanced at our names on the register, looked at our blue flannel shirts and slouch hats, and sized us up generally, he slowly murmured, "I guess this mail is for you," and forthwith dumped about a bushel of letters and papers upon the counter.

Three days, a week, two weeks, three weeks passed, and we were still unwilling to leave that hospitable city and the many charming friends we had made. In the mean time the launch was not idle. Day after day and night after night, decorated with flags, Chinese lanterns, etc., placed there by fair hands, and laden with New Orleans' handsomest daughters and gallant sons, the little craft made many pleasant excursions to various points of interest. But we started "up river" finally, and after innumerable stops of a day or two, now visiting interesting towns or cities, again camping in beautiful woods on the river bank, fishing and hunting, we arrived at St. Louis on Thanksgiving Day and tied up for the winter, brown as berries and fat as 'possums. Three days were spent at the Lindell discussing our trip, the route for next year, etc., when with a cordial handshaking we separated for our respective homes—Charley to Chicago, Jack to Pittsburgh, Frank to his bachelor apartments at the Lindell, and I to Philadelphia.

Arriving home I found that my only living sister was slowly but surely succumbing to that fearful disease which had already robbed me of two brothers and a sister, and that for her to remain in the city during the winter would certainly mean death. Consequently, after repacking my trunk, we started for that bourne from whence but few consumptives return alive, viz., Florida. The trip was not an enjoyable one to me, my mind constantly reverting to three previous journeys made under similar circumstances; how my poor brother's eyes sparkled at the thought of being restored to health, and how soon, alas, those hopes were dispelled, for in three short months I brought back in a casket all that was mortal of him who was most dear; how, in eighteen months after this, I made the same trip with another brother and sister, the former surviving but six weeks, the latter three months.

Two weeks at the St. James in Jacksonville, sister growing gradually weaker, although she was not confined to bed, the outlook for a pleasant winter was not very promising. Suddenly the thought occurred to me, "if out-door exercise has done so much for me, why will it not benefit sister?" I immediately telegraphed Frank to send the steam launch, and two weeks afterward she arrived all OK, and next day who should drop in but Frank! I had written him concerning my sister's health, my sojourn in Florida, etc., and he "came down just to help kill time, you know." We had the launch overhauled, a snug cabin built abaft the engine, and after loading her to the muzzle with provisions, fishing tackle, guns, ammunition and what not, we started for a cruise on the St. Johns—my sister, aunt, Frank and myself. It would require more space to describe our seven weeks' wandering than is allotted to the average newspaper correspondent, hence I will only state that we navigated both the St. Johns and the father of all crooked rivers, the Ocklawaha, to our heart's content. The only drawback was sister's occasional complaint of inhaling the smoke and dust from the coal, and we set our wits to work to overcome it. After a week's discussion we decided to replace the entire machinery with an oil-burning outfit, but upon our return to Jacksonville and while relating our experience, and dilating upon the pleasure in general of owning a steam launch, a jolly old colonel from New Orleans was so well pleased with the boat that he determined to purchase her. He took her to New Orleans, where I saw her last summer, and has run her thousands of miles since he bought her.

During our outdoor life my sister improved wonderfully, especially after Frank one day accidentally (?) dropped overboard a dozen bottles of cod liver oil, both plain and emulsified, leaving her no medicine whatever. The following summer I accompanied her to Colorado, stopping off a day at St. Louis to visit Frank. Two days after our arrival at Manitou I observed a familiar form emerge from a 'bus, and to my delight there was Frank, "just run out to help spend a few weeks, you know." We returned East in October; my sister was almost the picture of health, and concluded to settle down for a year or two and become acquainted with our friends. The winter passed with occasional letters from the boys, a flying visit or two from Frank and spring came. How I longed to be once more meandering along quiet streams, yanking the festive pickerel from his lair 'neath yonder lilypad, or bringing down a squirrel, a pheasant, or a quail, or lying lazily in a bunk in a launch, listening to the plash, plash of the water against her sides until—by thunder! I'll buy another boat. And I did. The dimensions were the same as the last, the only difference being an oil burner instead of coal. She was supplied with large oil tank, fresh water tank, keel condenser, life compartments, was coppered to waterline—a complete boat. We started from New York and spent the summer among the Thousand Islands, Lake Ontario, etc., and returned late in October, after spending an unusually pleasant time. Frank could not go on account of business, he said; but as he made five trips from St. Louis to Philadelphia during our absence, always calling upon my sister, I began to suspect the nature of his business. I was not left long in doubt, for upon our arrival at Kingston, Canada, I received a long letter from sister and one from Frank, and—well, Frank being "one of the boys," handsome, accomplished, well fixed financially, of course I could not object. And I didn't. The wedding took place on the following January, and I gave them the steam launch as a present. They live in St. Louis, and when I was there last summer we all enjoyed a ride in the boat.

In a steam launch a coal burner is objectionable for a great many reasons, and I would not have one. An oil-burner is better, but they have their faults, and I do not like them, hence I intend trying something different next spring—a gas engine. I have placed an order for a 33ft. launch, one which I think will be complete in every particular. This is my favorite mode of traveling, and I intend continuing until I have traversed every river and canal in this country. There is more pleasure, more comfort and less expense connected with it than any other, and now that I can utilize gas instead of steam, I think I have "struck it right."

PACIFIC.

THE CORINTHIAN MOSQUITO FLEET.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Will you please correct a statement made in your issue of Dec. 27, in which you say in reference to the Corinthian Mosquito Fleet that, "The headquarters will be at New Rochelle, N. Y., the sailing ground being on the west end of Long Island Sound." Let me say that the organization is not a club, but an association, to which gentlemen living between New London and Staten Island may join for the purpose of entering their small craft in regattas that may be held at either end of the Sound or even in the Bay.—THEODORE LEDYARD, Sec'y (New Rochelle, Dec. 31).

YACHT BUILDING ON THE PACIFIC.—Capt. Turner is now building at his yard at Benicia a keel sloop for a San Francisco yachtsman. She will be 40ft. over all, 14ft. extreme beam, about 12ft. 9in. at l.w.l., 5ft. hold and 5ft. draft, with an iron keel of 2,500lbs. She will have a large spread of canvas. The sloop Pilgrim has been sold by Mr. Eckman to Messrs. Gray & Emerson, and he will build a 27ft. c. b. sloop. La Paloma, a sloop recently built at San Pedro, and said to be a miniature Mayflower, will be in San Francisco waters next season. She is owned by Mr. Banning.

LYNN Y. C.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At the annual meeting of the Lynn Y. C., on Jan. 1, the following officers were elected: Com., E. C. Neal; Vice-Com., H. L. Parker; Fleet Captain, Louis Coté, re-elected; Treas., Jos. W. Atwill; Sec., Walter Hawkes; Meas., A. W. Hay. Board of Directors, F. E. Baker, H. K. Wheeler, E. B. Newhall, W. E. Neal, B. W. Rowell. Regatta Committee, R. M. Benner, W. E. Gordon, Allan Mansfield, J. Q. Farwell, G. F. Putman. Membership Committee, J. H. Tufts, F. E. Newhall, W. A. Estes.—WALTER HAWKES, Sec.

DEATH OF SIR WILLIAM PEARCE.—The death is announced of Sir William Pearce, the shipbuilder and yachtsman, and one of the firm of Elder & Co. the great Clyde shipbuilders, whose shops he entered as a boy. Sir William Pearce began his yachting about ten years since in the 60 tonner Daphne, afterward going in for steam. He built the Torfrida, 168 tons; Bondicea, 435 tons; Lady Torfrida, 623 tons; and lately a second yacht of the same name, of 735 tons. Mr. Hans Sloane Stanley, a well-known English yachtsman, owner of the schooner Star of the West, also died last month.

A NEW REGISTERING LOG.—A French inventor, Mr. Jules Michel, has lately perfected a new form of registering log, which records on paper the speed of the vessel. The log proper is suspended permanently along the side of the vessel about the mid length, and is connected by a flexible tube with a registering apparatus placed in any part of the vessel that may be convenient.

HUDSON RIVER Y. C.—Officers: Com., Joseph Stilger, Vice-Com., William Lutters; Sec., Edward R. Wilson; Treas., Richard V. Freeman; Meas., Harry Norton; Steward, John F. Hufnagle; Trustees, John E. Drew, H. F. Allen, J. K. Tucker, E. A. Barnes and John Kelly; Finance Committee, Harry Norton, Albert Hastorf and Christ Walden.

CHANGES OF OWNERSHIP.—Vandal, the compromise sloop designed in 1886 by Burgess, has been sold by J. S. Fay to Henry Stanton, owner of the Portia. Vandal was the first Burgess boat with a board below the cabin floor. Gypsy, sloop, has been sold to Florida owners.

NEW ROCHELLE Y. C.—Echo Island, on which the house of the New Rochelle Y. C. is located, has been purchased by Mr. Oliver Iselin, owner of Titania, who proposes to build a residence there. The club will be obliged to seek new quarters.

ANOTHER NEW SCHOONER.—Mr. A. Cary Smith has an order for a centerboard schooner of 65ft. l.w.l., similar to the Harbinger designed by him in 1883 for Mr. Forbes. The new yacht will be built of wood.

THISTLE.—The latest news from the Clyde confirms our statement that no alterations have as yet been made to Thistle; nor are any likely to be made. She has been prepared for the winter, and will lie afloat.

SEAWANHAKA C. Y. C.—The annual meeting will be held at the club house on Jan. 12, at 8:30 P.M. The annual dinner will take place on Jan 26, also at the club house.

A PILOT'S LICENSE FOR STEWARD OLSEN.—Niels Olsen, the popular steward of the New York Y. C., has lately received a license as master and pilot of steam vessels.

KATRINA AND TITANIA.—The agreement for three matches between Katrina and Titania has been concluded.

THE COLLINGWOOD FISHING BOAT.

THE Collingwood fishing boat, the peculiar craft of the fishermen of the Georgian Bay in particular, and the Canadian fishermen in general, is perhaps the largest and most powerful boat ever designed and developed for use solely upon fresh water, and she is certainly strong, speedy and seaworthy to a degree that entitles her to respect and fame. Although as a general rule the boat of the local fisherman is marvelously well adapted for the work it has to do, it is only under exceptional circumstances that the local fishing boat censes to be but a variation of the common type and rises to the dignity of becoming entitled to be classed as a distinct species. The Collingwood fishing boat is certainly, by virtue of her peculiar lines, sharp stern, deck and rig, a distinct type, and although she approaches closely in all these particulars to the canoe yawl, she is nevertheless indigenous in the strictest sense of that term, having been developed in the locality, the name of which, for the lack of a better, she bears without being affected to any appreciable extent by exterior influences.

The conditions under which she was developed, the general characteristics of the Georgian Bay and of the Great Lakes are, however, exceptional enough to justify all the individuality she possesses, and to tax them seriously upon occasions. Nowhere else in the world do the winds find as large areas of fresh water to exert themselves upon as they do in Lakes Superior, Huron and Michigan, and nowhere else are such tremendous seas piled up upon fresh water.

The Georgian Bay in particular has certain characteristics in this respect which are not of the variety it is pleasant to trifle with. It is not only the largest of fresh water gulfs, and by virtue of the purity of its limpid water and the infinite variety of its rocky and wooded shores, one of the most beautiful bodies of water in this continent of beautiful waters; it is perhaps the most dangerous of the water stretches of the Great Lakes, and that is saying a good deal. Not even Lake Superior itself, that fierce destroyer which gives not up its dead, can surpass the furiously angry and broken sea which the Georgian is quite willing to organize, in a most disorderly fashion, to please a nor'wester, and the greatest of the Great Lakes is too majestic to go off in a tantrum of the most vicious description merely because a thunder cloud has dared to cast a dark shadow on its bright waters. This bay has also acquired the most undesirable habit of beginning a summer day as placidly as a fish pond and finishing it one seething, heaving mass of foam-clad waterhillocks.

Lake Huron has a good deal to answer for in this connection; it is too anxious to pour in a great rolling sea through the "Gap" between Cabot's Head and the Manatoulins, without consulting the wishes of the Georgian, and the bay, feeling aggrieved, promptly loses its temper and rages at the Lake seas in a manner somewhat trying to the nerves of the sailormen, who, for their sins, are trying to make way against this watery commotion. In spite of all its tantrums, however, a right glorious cruising ground is this Georgian Bay, and even the Thousand Isles are tame compared to the beauties of the Christians and the Manatoulins and the deep fiords of its southern and eastern coast. It must be confessed, however, that if these same coasts are not iron bound, they are rock bound to a degree that makes it unpleasant to attempt to cultivate anything approaching a shore acquaintance between them and the planking of a boat. Unless, therefore, the man who goes down to the Georgian Bay in a boat wishes to dispense with a coffin, he needs a craft under him that will not only ride a broken sea like a cork, but will go to windward in a smother of foam and stand up under sail enough to make her do it in a gale.

The fury of the autumnal and even the short lived summer gales on the Lakes is phenomenal, but as a species of compensation therefor, they frequently relapse into a placid and breathless calm, which is as trying to the sailor's temper as the gale is to his seamanship and endurance. As the fishermen must get to their nets in a calm, as well as when there is a chance of storm, the craft which he uses upon these waters must not only be able to carry her canvass, and if needs be weather a gale; but must not be either too big or too heavy to do fairly well under an ash breeze, and that not stronger than can be supplied by two men and a boy at most. The Collingwood fishing boat was designed to meet these varying conditions, she has been developed in accordance with them, and if she does not do so to a degree that renders improvement impossible, she is so superior to any other type or class of boat in use on the Lakes, that by comparison she does so perfectly. She is very fast and powerful, a regular wind jammer, and whether under sail, or when picking up nets, is very dry. Although big enough to face either Superior or Huron, without being dismayed, and to carry her gear and berth her crew, she is easily pulled, and more easily handled by her normal crew of two men.

The dimensions of a typical Collingwood fishing boat are as follows:

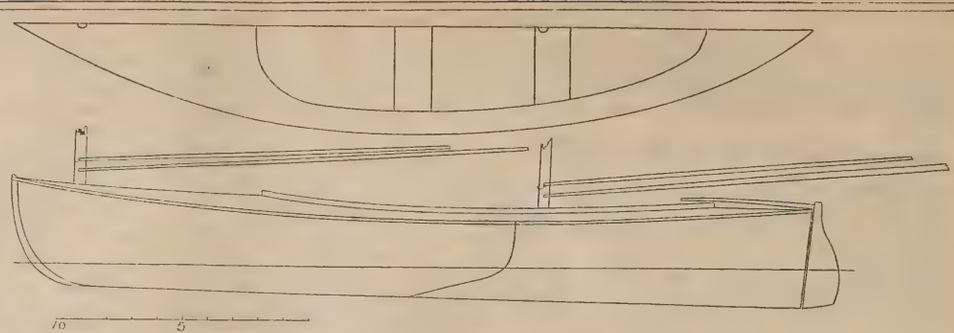
Length, extreme	32ft.
L. W. L.	31ft.
Beam, extreme	8ft. 3in.
Depth, amidships	35in.
bow	59in.
Draft of water	18in.
Distance from stem to foremast	2ft. 6in.
mainmast	21ft.
Length, foredeck	10ft.
cockpit	18ft.
Size of centerboard	7ft. x 3¼ft.
Ballast	3,000lbs.
Lenght of foremast	34ft.
boom	18ft. 6in.
yard	15ft.
Area of sail	412 sq. ft.
Length of mainmast	32ft.
boom	21ft.
yard	14ft. 6in.
Area of sail	357 sq. ft.

These boats are invariably clinker built, the planking being of clear white pine, three-quarters of an inch in thickness, and they are strongly framed, the timbers being put in about five inches apart. Their lines are long and easy, and they have a good deal of dead rise, but carry their beam well down for all that. The bow and stern lines are nearly alike, and they take their greatest beam about the center. In some of the older boats the rule, "a cod's head and a mackerel's tail," has been followed to a modified extent, the fore body being fuller than the after, but this is the exception, not the rule. Hollow lines are carefully avoided, and, in fact, with the exception of the dead rise which these boats have, the problem of combining stability and speed under arm power, has been worked out in their lines in much the same manner that it has in the Canadian canoe. Their decks are not mere after thoughts or painful excrescences, but a very important part of their being, and treated as such. The cockpit is large, but the cockpit rail is high, and the covering board is wide enough to justify its being called a deck. As it goes far enough aft to allow of a simple tiller on the rudder head being used from within the cockpit, rail, the cockpit tapers almost to a point at the stern, and is something of the shape of an extremely long and small ended egg. Taking them all around, they are not only fast and powerful, but they look it, and their long, clean lines, fine sheer, and good proportions make them graceful and beautiful as well.

Their rig is peculiar to themselves, at least upon the Great Lakes. They carry no sail forward of the foremast, which is invariably a very substantial stick, and as it is unstayed it needs to be. The sails are cut on the lines of the ordinary fore and aft mainsail, the universal sail upon the Lakes, the only modification being that in some cases the gaff is well peaked, and the sail is therefore unusually narrow at the head. The material used is a heavy canvas, 22in. in width, and the use of tanned canvas is not uncommon.

The first boat of this type ever produced was not a Collingwood fishing boat in the present sense of the term at all; she was merely a 22ft. sharp-sterned centerboard skiff. Her builder, Mr. Wm. Watts, of Collingwood, designed her upon the lines of the ordinary sharp-sterned skiff, of Canada, to satisfy the demands of the local fishermen, who wanted an able and weatherly craft to use in the off-shore fisheries. This was about 1860, and as at that time there were plenty of fish to be had about the south shore of the bay this open craft filled the bill very well. As time went on and the number of the fishermen increased the fish—salmon trout and whitefish—decreased in quality, and the Collingwood men found themselves compelled to go further afield; across the bay at first, then out into the Great Lakes. This created a demand for a more powerful, more seaworthy craft, and about ten years ago Mr. Watts turned out a decked double-ended craft of about 30ft. keel. This boat was so much superior to anything else the fishermen could get hold of that a great number of them were built in a few years, and the details of their rig and fittings were gradually worked out until the present type became decided. During her short lifetime a good many modifications of form have taken place, always in the direction of increasing power and speed under both sail and oar and her seaworthiness. They are now used not only by the Collingwood fishermen, a rather large colony, but by all the bay men and by the Canadian fishermen on the Great Lakes generally.

The Goderich men have a breed of hulking square-sterned



COLLINGWOOD FISHING BOAT.

craft, half decked, and generally schooner rigged, which they cling to with great pertinacity. There is a great deal of rivalry between the men using the sharp and those who use the square-sterned craft, and several very exciting match races have been sailed between champions of the two varieties, resulting in the complete victory of the double-enders on nearly every occasion. Nor is the fame of these boats confined to the Great Lakes. A goodly number of them are being used by the whitefish netters of Lake Winnipeg. Although built as a fisherman's boat, and used mainly as such, the chances seem to be that before very long the yachtsmen of the Lakes will take up this type and use it extensively as a means of catching what is of more value than fish—health and pleasure. The select few who have discovered the beauties of the Manatoulins and the Christian Islands, and of the Georgian Bay generally, now use them as pleasure craft, almost to the exclusion of any other type. A few of them are to be found also among the miscellaneous collection of cathoats, skimming dish sloops and open sailboats that make up the small fry of the yachting fleet, and their good qualities are having their due effect. As she is far better adapted to the conditions which the yachtsmen as well as the fishermen have to deal with on the Great Lakes than any other form of boat in use thereon, the more popular the type becomes the better it will be.

RETAW.

A CRUISE ON LAKE SUPERIOR.

(Concluded from page 488.)

AT earliest dawn the skipper is on deck in very scant attire, and hurrah! it is blowing half a gale from the north and off shore, just the thing we want for our run in the big lake. He is so eager to get off and make the most of it that he gets the boat under way without waiting to get more than half dressed, and is nearly frozen to death in the icy wind, and has run ten miles and got clear of the Nipigon Archipelago, and is plowing the open lake before he can get the other two up to relieve him at the helm and get him a cup of coffee. Oh that sail, with that bleak iron-bound coast on the weather beam, to "looard" 200 miles of open water. The sails straining at their sheets and the little craft lying well down and tearing through the wind-tossed water with a wisp of spray ever and anon blowing across her fore deck. I have had many a sail, ay! and paddle too, along that same coast since then, in winter and summer, fine weather and foul, until I know every dent and crease in the rocky coast, and every rock and shallow as well as I do the furniture in this room, but probably never again shall I feel the same zest and awed, subdued excitement that held me spellbound all that morning. There was a majesty and hugeness about the great mountains and the vast expanse of water, which I have become used to since, and which never affects me now in the same way.

Toward noon the wind dropped a little, and as the sun came out between the hurrying lead-colored clouds we began to feel less cowed and awestricken. Abreast of us to leeward were the Slate Islands, of which more anon, and away ahead a blue cloud hung on the water, which a reference to the chart showed us must be the Pic Island. We still had a fine fresh breeze, and with all her rags hung out Winnie was jogging along with unabated speed, and at 2 P. M. we ran into the smooth channel between the Pic Island and the mainland and had our lunch. An hour later we hove to to allow Munro to land on a barren reef to get some gull's eggs, but it was too late in the season and the eggs were bad. He brought them away, though, greatly to the disgust of the mother bird, who sailed over us shrieking "cuss words" in gull language for a long time. "Fill away again!" and off we go for the extreme northeast corner of Lake Superior, where the chart shows a land-locked harbor, and an hour later we enter it, and beating slowly up it, with great mountains ahead and alongside and a broad strip of sandy beach showing underneath them, we pronounce it as beautiful as it is safe and commodious, and christen it Port Munro, which name it bears to this day. The whole of this northern coast is wild and picturesque, and well worth seeing, but this particular corner is something more.

The Pic Island is nearly 800ft. high, and some of the mountains on the mainland are much higher than that. Some (as the island) are almost bare; others are wooded to their very tops, long fiords and bays run far in among them and beautiful trout streams come tumbling down into them. At the time I write of the solitude and loneliness was impressive and awe-inspiring, and it is scarcely less so now, but three or four times a day the camper will hear the scream of the locomotive whistle and see the train rattling along to the Pacific Ocean, sometimes hanging half way up the face of a bold bluff, whose foot is washed by the waves of the lake, anon disappearing into a short tunnel and again reappearing for a moment only to curve around the foot of the mountain and follow the valley of some little stream inland and emerge again on the lake shore a couple of miles further on. The Rocky Mountains and the Selkirks are no doubt more imposing and magnificent, but for variety, richness of coloring, unexpected turns and changes from high to low, interspersed with glorious views of the great oceanlike expanse of Lake Superior, the fifty or sixty miles ride along the lakeshore and in and out among the hills, between Pays Plat and Peninsular Harbor is unique in its way, and more than one tourist has pronounced "that morning's ride along the north shore" as the "best of the whole trip from ocean to ocean." I spent nearly three years on the coast, locating and building the railway, and I never tired of it, and look back now upon it as the most beautiful spot on earth that I am yet cognizant of.

The next morning was given up to a ramble through the woods and up the valley of the stream which emptied into the bay, and it was getting late in the afternoon ere we beat out of Port Munroe and met the southerly swell rolling in from the lake, the wind was almost dead and we had a tedious drift round the cape and the Red Island into the sheltered basin of Peninsula Harbor, but we got round at last and brought to under the Peninsula, in a harbor large enough to accommodate all the vessels on the lakes, and to give them room to swing to a long range of cable. The woods were mostly burnt on the mainland, however, and the scenery was not to be compared with that of the harbor we had left, but we had a comfortable, quiet night and went on our way next morning rejoicing.

The wind blew very softly from the south, and the thirteen miles beat to the mouth of Pic River took us nearly all day and was tedious and uninteresting, but we have to off the bar at last and went off with the canoe to investigate the depth of water and the chances of getting in for the night. After taking a few soundings and getting some advice from an entering fishing boat, we concluded to risk it and got in with the slightest possible bump as a large swell dropped us into the succeeding trough and rushed forward after its predecessors to try and climb the land dunes back of the beach. A quarter of a mile up the river we came to opposite the Hudson's Bay Company's post, and a number of Indians and half-breeds gathered on the shore to have a look at the first keel boat many of them had ever seen. An Indian's curiosity is, however, always kept within bounds, and there was no excited talk or crowding around of canoes, and our canoe was left perfectly unmolested while we were on shore strolling about.

A desolate God-forsaken looking spot is this Pic post, dry sand everywhere, drifting with every gale that blows and stretching away to the bare rocky hills a half mile back from the river. In the course of a walk we came across some bones half buried in the sand which looked astonishingly human and a few rotten planks around testified to the burial place of some old voyager before the days of steamboats whose last rest had been disturbed by a freshet in the river and a sand storm. Higher up among the sand dunes was a more recent grave of a young man whom I had known and who had perished by drowning. Sadly we turned back to the past and after a chat with the good-natured little Orkneyman who kept the post, and the purchase of a little flour and pork, paddled out to the yacht and went to sleep lulled by the monotonous roar of the surf on the bar. Next morning we awoke to find a fresh southerly breeze blowing, and hurriedly getting our stores on board, Winnie's nose was turned homeward and close hauled she leaped triumphantly over the great rollers, and went surging majestically out on the large sea outside. Our time was getting short and we must get back as soon as possible, so we stood boldly out to sea toward a faint blue cloud which proclaimed the whereabouts of the Slate Islands, nearly thirty-five miles away, and which lay on the air line between ourselves and Nipigon Bay.

It was a glorious sail right out into the expanse of blue water, and our spirits rose as we left the land behind, and rose that ahead under the pressure of the spanking breeze on our beam. At noon we had the Pic Island under our lee, and were counting on an early arrival in port, when, oh, misery! the wind began to fall off, and finally left us rolling heavily in the trough of the great swell, five miles from our haven, with the boom swinging about and taking charge of the deck and the canvas slatting about in an exasperating way. The throat halliard finally chafed through and let the sail down by the run, and it required considerable tenacity on the part of the crew to cling to the swinging mast and reeve it again, but he managed it at last, and received the plaudits of the rest of the ship's company.

Darkness began to cover the face of the deep, and still no wind, and the swell rolling on unabated. We could distinctly hear them thundering against the cliffs of Bottle Point, seven miles away. With the canoe's paddle we managed to keep the boat drawing gradually ahead, but it was midnight before we slid quietly into the harbor, and rounding a little sandy spit, which we could just make out in the starlight, let go, and turned in thoroughly tired out.

Sunday had come round again and it was late before there were any signs of life on the Winnie, but when we did come on deck the sight was worth the whole trip to come and see. The morning sun was shining brightly, and a light breeze just ruffled the water of the harbor and kept the Winnie bows to the land. In front was the sandy beach we had rounded the night before, curving to right and left and forming a perfect semicircular cove. North and south were rocks and precipices, as usual, but clothed in soft green and brown with only enough of the red rock showing to make a contrast. And behind us stretched the main channel which divides the two islands, dotted over with smaller islets and rocks between which we could catch glimpses of great expanse of water beyond. Sail is got on the boat and by noon we have worked clear of the islands and are reaching for the entrance to Nipigon Bay. We should have saved time by keeping straight up the lake outside of Battle Island Light and St. Ignace, but we did not care to repeat the experience of the previous night, and preferred a longer round in sheltered waters. The breeze freshened and came more aft as we entered the bay, and before dark we had threaded the islands and were abreast of Pays Plat. Still the breeze held fair, and we ran on and on through the night, in spite of ominous looking thunder clouds and occasional flashes of lightning in the west.

Two P. M. found us off the entrance to the Nipigon Straits, and there the breeze left us and we were obliged to let go in about eight fathoms in the open bay, leaving the cabin boy to keep an anchor watch. About 4 the storm burst upon us, but the tired skipper and crew knew it not, and the faithful watch, although half scared to death, would not wake us so long as the anchor held.

The storm was succeeded by a dead calm, and it was 11 A. M. before the south wind came in and enabled us to beat into the Straits. All day we beat backward and forward, and 4 o'clock found us at the outer entrance abreast Fluor Island. A second thunder storm killed the wind for the day, and we took shelter behind a little island and made snug for the night.

Morning brought us a gentle breeze and the Winnie worked out through the inside channel, past our friend of Lamb Island, past the great haystack-looking rock which the old voyageurs christened the Roche de Bout, through the devious channels of the Archipelago of the same name, and at last lay becalmed close to the Amygdaloids, but not for long. A new breeze came up right astern, and with the boom away out to port we bowled along faster and faster as it freshened, past the Amygdaloids and Point Magnet, through the channel inside Porphyry Point, across Black Bay, and as dusk was coming on we bore down on Silver Islet and rounded to opposite the wharf.

Here, also waiting for daylight, is our old friend the Kate Marks, and Munro paddles off to her for news of home and friends. He finds everything right and returns to the yacht, and we prepare to turn in. "Hallo! has the Kate shifted her position?" "No, but we have." The anchor is got in and the stock is found to have unshipped. We soon beat back to our berth, but we had a narrow escape from being blown out of the harbor and against the bluffs of Thunder Cape while fast asleep.

Morning finds the breeze almost dead again, but we work out and around the cape and into the Welcomes. A mile out from Prince Arthur's Landing we lie almost becalmed again, and are boarded by a reporter of the *Daily Sentinel*, eager to get a local item. "Puff," with scarcely a minute's warning, down comes a half gale from the northwest, and with rail under the Winnie covers the last mile of her 500 in something like nine minutes, and sweeps up to her buoy as if she had been making the same time all through, instead of idling nearly a whole day away on the 23 miles from Silver Islet. Crew and boat are sound and whole, and ready for another cruise as soon as they get the chance.

The Winnie has waxed old since then, but it is an honorable old age, unsullied by a single piece of cowardice or bad behavior. She plowed the waters of Thunder Bay often after that, and though she found the bottom more than once, it was not because she could not claw off a lee shore or because she was cutting across lots to avoid a gale. She has been succeeded by the Sylvia, a boat with some claims to speed and beauty, besides possessing the honest, trustworthy character of her predecessor, and which has already earned a reputation for herself as a cruiser. If any of your readers who has the sailor spirit about him (no matter about the experience) wants to take a cruise next summer in new waters, let him correspond with me and I will try to help him. If he has a good honest boat of his own let him fetch her along; he will enjoy himself better in his own than in a strange craft, but let him launch no centerboard skimmer on Lake Superior, or he will surely rue it. True, our fishing boats are almost without exception centerboards, but they are not skimmers, but good wholesome 4-beam boats carrying ballast, and even they have come to grief over and over again and drowned many a gallant, hardy fisherman. To poke about the coast and enjoy the fishing and camping a good staunch Mersey canoe would probably be the best thing, as harbors are numerous, and he can enter the mouths of many streams and rivers which are closed to the deep-draft yacht, but if one wants to enjoy sailing first, and is not particular where he fetches up so that he is safe and comfortable, a good honest deep-draft cutter, yawl or schooner is the thing for him, and he will find variety, excitement and ozone-laden air such as even the Maine coast cannot afford him, and better sport with rod and gun.

HENRY K. WICKSTEED.

DORCHESTER Y. C. OFFICERS, 1889.—Com., Lieut. John C Soley, U. S. N.; Vice-Com., W. T. Lambert; Sec., W. B. McClellan; Treas., H. B. Callender; Meas., Hartford Davenport; Asst. Sec., W. A. Underwood; Directors, C. H. Nute, Erastus Willard, W. A. Savage; Regatta Committee, A. J. Clark, Francis Gray, W. H. Wilkinson, L. M. Clark; Membership Committee, A. L. Jacobs, W. O. Gay, T. W. King, Chester Guild, Jr., H. R. Callender, F. W. Payne; House Committee, Jesse Wiley, A. J. Clark, C. L. Perrin, W. B. Everett, C. H. Whiting; Asst. Meas., C. H. Dodd.

DAYLIGHT LAND.

THE Experiences, Incidents and Adventures, Humorous and otherwise, which befel Judge John Doe, Tourist of San Francisco, Mr. Cephas Pepperell, Capitalist of Boston, Colonel Goffe, the Man from New Hampshire, and divers others in the Parlor Car Excursion over Prairie and Mountain. All of which I saw, and one of whom I was. As recorded and set forth by W. H. H. Murray. Illustrated with one hundred and forty designs in colors under the supervision of J. B. Millet. 8vo., 350 pages. Boston: Cupples & Hurd. Price, paper $2.50, cloth $3.50, cloth gilt $4.00.

W. H. H. Murray is characterized by a literary style all his own. There are a poetry of conception, a richness of diction, a studied elegance of phraseology, a flow of rhetoric and an occasional outburst of rhapsody, which taken alone would hardly be distinctive, but when to these we add the gift of the story teller, the quaintness of the American humorist, the artist's eye, the poet's appreciation of nature, the fire of patriotism, the shrewdness of the American citizen, with one eye for the beautiful and sublime, and another for the almighty dollar, we have the picture of an author so unique that this country has never succeeded in duplicating him, and no other country ever could.

In "Daylight Land," Mr. Murray has found a subject fitted to the display of all his varied talents, and it is not too much to say not only that he has put his best work into it, but that he wrote it under the conditions most favorable to the production of good work, namely, under the exhilaration produced by the free imbibation of the pure oxygen of the everlasting pine-clad hills. Judge Doe and his friends are as frolicsome as a lot of school boys on an outing, and animated with all the generous enthusiasm of youth in the morning of life, and the author has the happy faculty of taking the reader in the parlor car with him and making him feel like one of the company, entering into their fun and laughing heartily at their stories, and, in fact, breathing the same exhilarating atmosphere with them.

And the scenery through which they pass, the line of the Canadian Pacific from Thunder Bay to Vancouver island, is unmatched for grandeur and sublimity and for the exhibition of human skill as displayed in hewing a pathway through it, and in spanning its foaming torrents with those structures which the author rightly characterizes as standards of civilization. As a narrative of the trip of a small party of congenial spirits across the continent, of the incidents they experienced and the stories they told and listened to, the work is one of fascinating interest heightened by the charm of literary style, and the descriptive writing is rhythmic, and full of beautiful imagery, but one must look deeper still to grasp the kernel of the author's thought, the spirit of the scene which he has striven to animate. The sublimity and poetry of the scene are for our holiday enjoyment, but after one has laid down the book comes the realization suggested by the author, that all the vast region traveled over will be the scene of empire in the approaching century, the home of unborn millions of our own and kindred peoples, and recalling the picture of two of the party tossing for corner lots in Vancouver, and the author's remark that "what San Francisco was Vancouver is—an oak within an acorn, a vital root well placed but only just sprouted," we pass from the poetry of the scene to the realization of its value as an investment. The book is a model of fine workmanship, and paper and type the finest at command, while the delicately-tinted illustrations, one hundred and forty in number, are of the highest artistic excellence. The narrative and its setting are worthy of each other, and we anticipate for the work a high measure of popularity.

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Answers to Correspondents.

KAHKAHLIN.—1. What is the sturgeon of the big fresh-water lakes? "Forester" does not mention it. 2. What is the Florida tarpon? Perhaps "Forester" refers to the sturgeon when he says Great Cat Fish, or are these two different fish? Ans. 1. It is a true sturgeon which does not go to salt water. 2. It is a large fish, *Megalops thrissoides*, which is related to the herring family. The catfish is so different from the sturgeon that it is not possible that they should be confounded. As the sturgeon never takes the hook, "Forester" probably did not think it worth mentioning, as he only wrote of fishes which afford more or less sport with hook and line.

ST. BERNARD, Vineland, N. J.—Will you kindly inform an amateur how the pedigree of Pontiff (A.K.R. 792) and Rector (A.K.R. 793) would read if extended and not abbreviated—in the following respect: Are Bernard and Bernardine the father and mother of Bernie, or of Leo? If, in such entries, the parenthesis was used, as in the case of Murdock's Wonder in Rector's registry, it would assist the novice; but in even that case Bailey's Tiger and Muckley's Duchess should be in parenthesis, and the word "by" after "Juno" should be left out. Ans. Bernard and Bernardine are sire and dam of Bernie. Juno was by Bailey's Tiger and out of Muckley's Duchess.

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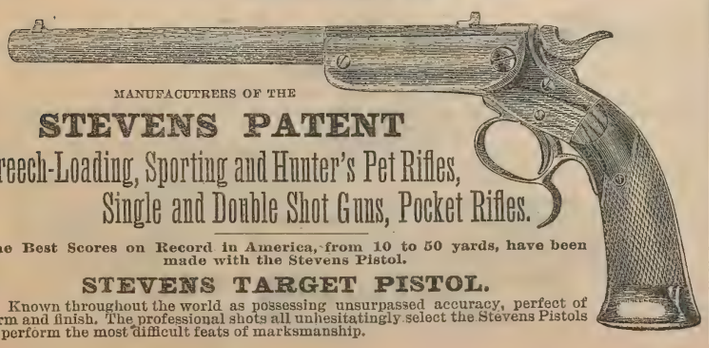
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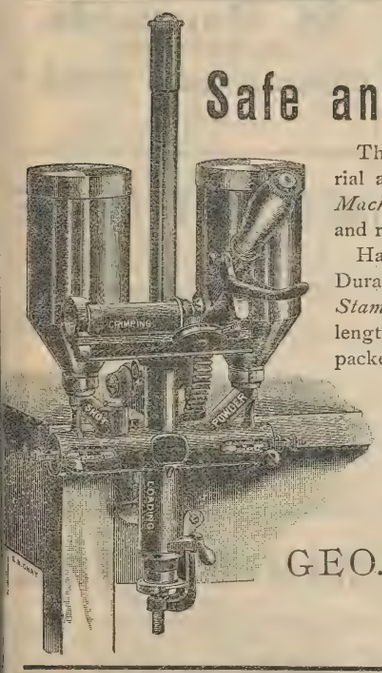
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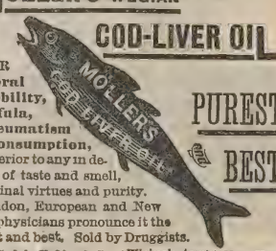
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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE BOONE AND CROCKETT CLUB.

THE Boone and Crockett Club is doing a good work. As will be remembered, this association, which was founded only about a year ago, is made up of American riflemen who use the arm in hunting big game.

The objects of the club as announced in its constitution are these:

(1) To promote manly sport with the rifle.

(2) To promote travel and exploration in the wild and unknown or but partially known portions of the country.

(3) To work for the preservation of the large game of this country, and, so far as possible, to further legislation for that purpose and to assist in enforcing the existing laws.

(4) To promote inquiry into, and to record observations on the habits and natural history of the various wild animals.

(5) To bring about among the members the interchange of opinions and ideas on hunting, travel and exploration, on the various kinds of hunting rifles, on the haunts of game animals, etc.

The club has as yet made no formal statement of what has been accomplished toward forwarding these objects, but from what is known of its members we may feel sure that some work has been done, and that before very long some results of the club's labors will be announced. It is not of this phase of the club's influence that we purpose now to speak. There is another, and an unconscious work that it is doing which is perhaps not less important.

Among the members of the Boone and Crockett Club are a number of men whose large wealth enables them to indulge to the fullest extent their fondness for hunting. In the past the worst enemies that the great game of the West has had, excepting, of course, the "skinners" and the meat hunters, have belonged to just this class. Whether English or American, these wealthy young fellows who are fond of the delights of hunting have gone West, hired their retinues of guides and packers, and have started off on butchering expeditions. Such men had not the excuse of the meat hunter nor of the "skinner," each of whom carried on his revolting work for actual material gain, while the wealthy hunter did his slaughtering in pure wantonness. The English sportsman, so-called, has, perhaps, rather more to answer for in this line than the American, but we believe that there is not much to choose between the two. A great many of those who offend in this way against the laws of sportsmanship and decency, do so through thoughtlessness and ignorance. This does not excuse their offenses, but it renders it less difficult to make them understand that their murderous practices are unworthy of gentlemen or of sportsmen.

The Boone and Crockett Club is composed of men of social standing, whose opinion is worth regarding and whose influence is widely felt in the best classes of society. This club discountenances the bloody methods of all game butchers without regard to occupation, wealth or social status, and no man who is guilty of slaughtering game can expect consideration from, or fellowship with, its members. These members are not slow to express their views about the folly and the wrong of wanton butchery, and their opinions on sport are therefore spread among that very class which in the past has given most offense in this respect. That within the last year or two a considerable change of sentiment has been brought about among men who have heretofore been very destructive to game seems quite certain. Those who used to boast of their slaughter are now ashamed of it, and it is becoming a recognized fact that a man who wastefully destroys big game, whether for the market, or only for heads, has nothing of the true sportsman about him.

As the Boone and Crockett Club increases in age and influence this feeling will become more general, and those who in the past have desired only to kill will come to see that there is something higher and better in big game hunting than the mere shedding of blood.

CREEDMOOR'S ENLARGED SCOPE.

IF Mr. Bernard Walther, who has just been elected a member of the Board of Directors of the National Rifle Association, shall take full advantage of the opportunity afforded him, there is no reason why the range at Creedmoor should not in the near future see a ready comparison of all manner of rifle shooting. To date, the National range managers have frowned down the sort of arms preferred by the German-American shooters. The ten-pound limit of weight and the three-pound trigger pull for rifles demanded by the rules of the Association shut out the weapons used by the members of the various Schützen bodies. The election of Mr. Walther would go to show that the rule is to be relaxed, and it would require very little effort on his part, we think, to so modify the rules that those who prefer the heavy rifles and the quick pull would find opportunities and facilities for practice at Creedmoor.

Mr. Walther may speak as a fairly representative man; he has leisure and ability. He knows precisely what riflemen want in the way of facilities, for he stands in the front rank as a marksman, and he has had such a wide experience as a member and officer of shooting societies and clubs that he can speak with authority for a very large *clientèle*.

Despite the fears of those who imagine that should Creedmoor pass under State supervision it will become a forbidden ground to certain shots, we incline to the belief that it will rather be the other way. One of the first things the Inspector General of Rifle Practice should order is a shooting house at the 200yds. range. Properly arranged it would make a safe place for any sort of shooting, and it would be a novel and a welcome sight if a company of the old style muzzleloading rest shooters should pay a visit to Creedmoor and find there proper facilities for a trial of their peculiar fashion of burning powder behind bullets.

What Creedmoor has needed and what it has not heretofore had is such an arrangment of butts and firing points as would permit shooting of any sort. There is no reason why it should not have been a popular place for trap-shooting contests, but if it should be objected that this was not within the line of the Association's work, it must be acknowledged that no objection could be lodged against giving facilities for a style of shooting which has so many enthusiastic adherents as that followed in the German shooting park. The expense, even of an extended accommodation for this style of shooting, would not be very great, and on such a public range as it is proposed that Creedmoor shall be, it would seem proper and just that all fashion of rifle shooting should find encouragement.

FREE-FOR-ALL MATCHES.

EARLY last fall the New York *Tribune* thought it would do a semi-generous act in offering prizes for a test at rifle shooting. To make the trial as fruitful as possible it threw the contest open to everybody, and more than a hundred went in for glory and cash. When the returns came in the shooting expert of the *Tribune* was staggered. He had expected to find some good shooters among them, but he had not expected to find such a batch of perfection as came trooping in for first place. When a perfect score off-hand is made at Creedmoor or any other regular record range, it is a matter for comment and wide talk, but here were a half-dozen farmer lads who went behind the barn, paced off 200yds., and then, with seemingly no effort at all, placed 10 shots in an eight-inch circle.

The generous donor of the prizes was in a quandary and tried to make the public share in the expressed belief that the shooting had not been a test of the elasticity of the shooters' consciences, but a *bona fide* test of the steady arms and clear eyes of the marksmen. When asked to step forward and make a public exhibition of their skill, the phenomenal shooters largely declined and crept behind trifling excuses.

The odd part of this experience is that the *Tribune* is going to repeat it. This time there are to be rules and regulations to insure honesty as well as other equal conditions. Perhaps this time there may not be a long trail of doubt following the announcement of alleged results, but it will be exceptional if the *Tribune* can reverse the general experience and throw down a free-for-all purse and not evoke a great deal of very queer scoring in the returns. The intent may be good, but the *Tribune* is throwing strong temptations around very recklessly, while so far as scores go its results are utterly valueless.

SNAP SHOTS.

SHOOTING, fishing and land speculation are not impossible combinations; in fact there are many practical examples of the union of sport and profits realized or anticipated. Our columns last week noted a club of Philadelphia sportsmen who have just completed negotiations for some Texas property which is now adapted for shooting preserve purposes, and in the future, the investors hope, will advance in value and yield returns on the investment. There is a certain Adirondack club which has taken up some of the choicest bits of all that charming region; and while now content to raise a revenue by levying toll on those who travel the public road, and by taxing parties so much per night for the privilege of camping out in the wilderness, it is generally understood that the club enterprise is nothing more nor less than a land speculation. The promoters of this scheme have designs on the Legislature at Albany; they ask special privileges on the ground that they are a game-protective and forest-guarding association; but they ought not, simply because of these pretensions, to be given favor above other land speculators, who make no claims to philanthropy.

The feeling that game should have a fair show is at the basis of very many tenets of the sportsman's creed, which would otherwise be fanciful and meaningless. What is the root of the regard for angling skill with fine tackle but the pitting of skill against clumsiness? For the greater the skill the greater the presumption that with the finer tackle the fish has more chance to escape.

This is the season when legislatures convene and mongerers of all manner of cranky notions come to the front. In Connecticut a granger has bobbed up with a proposal for a law to provide that all owners of dogs when having the canines registered shall file a bond for $500 as surety for damages which may be caused by the dogs.

We have more correspondence on the New England fox hunting, which is interesting and will be published next week.

The Sportsman Tourist.

A BREATH FROM THE MAINE WOODS.

ONE June evening a white gull flew across Moosehead Lake from the direction of the outlet, crossed the Spencer Narrows and held its course up the bay till it disappeared in the fast gathering twilight toward the twin peaks of the Spencer Mountains. If, as it winged its silent way, it looked down through the trees, on a wooded point near the Narrows, it saw three young men sitting in the door of a camp, who were enjoying a siesta after a day devoted to the angler's art.

The stalwart, broad-shouldered one was our guide Bill; the tall and slender one was Harry; the third was the Scribe. We were at the lake again after a year's absence, and as we sat there in the twilight, with no other human being within a dozen miles of us, we could hardly realize that a twelvemonth of busy mercantile life had been added to the "flood of years" since we last looked on the landmarks, which seemed like so many old friends. The sun had gone down directly behind the great rock façade of distant Kineo, which towered majestically above an intervening headland, and over the brow of a great cliff hung a mass of billowy clouds, which reproduced the brilliant colors of the solar spectrum. A gale had been blowing all the afternoon, and out on the broad bosom of the lake the white caps were tossing their snowy plumes, while the surf beat heavily on the shore, its hoarse sibilant voice mingling with the softer tones of the swaying foliage. Across the water familiar mountain outlines showed darkly against the amber sky—Old Squaw, the Miseree Mountains, and Bald Mountain. From the other side of the point, the further shores were already shrouded in darkness, and the two mountains literally united the earth and sky, for their summits were lost in the clouds which hung over them.

The twilight deepened, the shadows in the forest became blacker, and the dark mantle of the night settled down over mountain, lake and forest.

One by one the stars appeared, and over Kineo, where the sunlight had died so grandly, hung the slender silver crescent of the new moon.

We had come to Moosehead intending to spend a few days at the outlet, and go nowhere else. Our plans for a journey down the West Branch to Chesuncook and Ktaadn had been frustrated, and as a compromise, a few days at the outlet were decided on.

The thought of letting the summer pass without at least a short outing in the woods was not to be entertained; so one June afternoon found us once more standing on the dam, intent on alluring the speckled trout from their native element. It seemed like old times, and the rushing water as it foamed over the dam brought with it a flood of memories of other days, and for the moment the trout were almost forgotten, as I gave my thoughts free rein and my eyes drank in the charming scene about me. It was good to be once more breathing God's pure air, untainted by the city's smoke and dust, and to be looking again down the noble stream, starting here on its long journey to the sea. But the struggles of a trout which Harry had just taken from his hook gave tangible proof that we were there again, and soon my leader, with its seductive flies, was falling softly toward the swiftly moving water.

We had been told that not many fish had been taken at the outlet this season, but still we hoped that they might begin to rise now, and with the proverbial patience of an angler, we fished till supper time, and then continued it till dark. We caught a few fish, but not enough to make the sport exciting, and they were not large enough to inspire much enthusiasm. Our luck was not nearly as good as it had been at the same time the previous year, but the season was later in every way; the ice did not go out till later in the spring, and the fish came later.

Ten days after we were at the dam some friends fished there, and with good success, the trout being plenty and rising well. As we reeled in our lines that night, preparatory to returning to the house, we felt rather glum at the prospect of remaining several days, and there would be no boat till the third day, so we felt that we were anchored there for that time at least, but we philosophically decided to make the best of it and trust for better success on the morrow. As we walked back I said to Harry, "Instead of coming here we ought to have had Bill meet us with the canoe and gone into camp somewhere, and then we wouldn't have been tied down to one place." "I know it," he replied, "but it's too late now, and perhaps we couldn't have had Bill anyway."

We went back across the dam, discussing the rather dubious prospect, and decided to go to bed early and turn out at daybreak to try our luck again. We had nearly reached the house when we saw a man sitting on the grass, who quickly arose to his feet at our approach and came toward us. As his six feet of stalwart manhood assumed the perpendicular, I recognized the very man of whom I had spoken, my old guide, Bill. I was doubly glad to see him—for his own sake, and because now we could probably get away. He said he had come down through the woods from Kineo, to clear the telegraph wire from the obstructions which had fallen on it during the winter, and he had had a hard day fighting his way through the brush and wading through mud and water, which he had found waist deep in some places. His canoe he had left at the mouth of Moose River, opposite Kineo, and he was going up in the morning on a small towboat. This was welcome news to us, and to say I was glad to see him but feebly expresses it. We were all tired and went to bed at an early hour, to dream of the big trout we were to catch in the new location we were going to, but which we had not as yet decided on.

The next day opened propitiously, and after an early breakfast, though not so early but that we again tried the dam and caught one fish apiece, we went aboard the tug. She was a staunch little craft, very powerfully built, but with no deck. Her owner was aboard with a couple of ladies, whom he invited for the sail. Harry sat with them in the stern sheets, and Bill and I went forward, where we could talk and plan undisturbed.

It was a beautiful morning; the sky was blue and cloudless, and the lake unruffled be the slightest ripple, except where now and again a fish would leap. We sped swiftly by the pleasant, silent shores and islands, and, though the journey was without incident, I enjoyed the smoooth, restful motion, and found pleasure in gazing away over the water at the blue mountains, and the green slopes of the nearer hills.

Once the majestic bulk of Ktaadn burst upon our view, dim, vague and shadowy; but the intervening hills soon closed in upon it, as if the ancient abode of the Indian deities was not to be seen by mortal eyes, except as a fleeting vision. It seemed symbolical of all that is mysterious and romantic in the history of the wilderness, and then came to mind many of the legends which cluster around it in the folk-lore of the Algonquin races.

We passed the steamer Moosehead towing a raft of logs to the outlet, and as Bill said that Cy, our other guide of the previous year, was on her, I hoped to get a glimpse of him, and was disappointed that he wasn't visible.

We decided to go to Spencer Bay, as Bill said a permanent camp had been built there last fall. Our outing must necessarily be a short one, and I wanted to go where we could enjoy the pure, unadulterated essence of open-air life. I felt as every one does at times whose life is spent among the busy, hurrying scenes of a great city, that I wanted to get away from it all; to get away from myself even, as far as that self is a component part of metropolitan affairs, and find rest and quiet such as only nature can give. So Spencer Bay, the most solitary part of Moosehead Lake, was decided on. When we arrived at Kineo we all went ashore, except Bill, who went over to Moose River after his canoe. While he was gone we bought our supplies, and tried to engage a steamer to take us to the camp, but there was only one at the wharf, and she was having some repairs done to the engine, so that she could not go before night. This was bad, as we did not want to loose half a day, but when the tug came back, the captain, a jolly Scotchman, said kindly, that if the owner was willing he would take us down, and to our satisfaction that gentleman said he should not need the boat for the afternoon.

After Bill brought his blankets and camp utensils we loaded them and our own dunnage, and then started for our destination, with a rowboat which we had hired towing astern.

Since morning a stiff breeze had sprung up and out in the lake a heavy sea was running, though the day was clear and bright. The captain of the boat we had tried to hire said he should not care to go to the bay in such a gale, but our own captain laughed and said he would take us down all right. Our crew consisted of one man, a Frenchman, who could speak no English; but having some little knowledge of French myself, I found that he had formerly been an engineer in the French navy, and, though he spoke no English, he knew five languages. Once out of the cove at Kineo, our brave little vessel pointed her bow to the southeast and away we went. What a sail that was! The wind was blowing half a gale and dead against us; the waves were running high and the air was full of spray, blown from the crests of the whitecaps.

The sky was blue and the atmosphere very clear. The boat breasted the sea nobly, and under the guidance of the skillful hand on the wheel slid over the waves as if she knew what we expected of her, though we were wet through with spray. The engineer put her through for all she was worth, and stood all the way with his eyes on the waves and his hand on the throttle, so that when we went over a wave he would shut off steam till the propeller was in the water again. Then she would bound on with renewed energy, as if she had been gathering strength for a spring. It was glorious and exhilarating in the extreme, and as I stood there with my hand on the weather rail, the wind and spray dashing in my face, while I looked across the heaving bosom of the lake spangled with whitecaps, at the mountains and forest surrounding all, I felt as if new life was being infused into my veins. I drew in great breaths of the pure air, and watched the tossing water and passing shores, till it seemed as if the wild spirit of the mountain wind had imbued us with its own erratic freedom. I realized only the sense of motion, and felt like calling "Faster! faster!" to the stolid man who stood there by the engine.

The buildings at the base of Kineo became smaller and smaller, and the mountain itself appeared to be gradually sinking into the lake, as we left them behind us, and so we steamed on for a dozen miles, till we shot through the Narrows into the smooth water under the lee of the point, on which our camp was situated. We put our things into the boat, bade our Scotch friend and his French companion, "Good-bye" and "Au revoir," and went ashore.

We watched the craft which had rendered us such good service, till we could no longer see her, and then carried our belongings to the camp, the link which joined us to civilization was broken, and we turned joyfully toward the primitive life of the woods. The camp was a frame structure, with a kitchen and living room, and a loft above in which to sleep.

A path led to the lake on one side, and to Spencer Bay on the other. Several wild cherry trees were in blossom, and the flowers of the trillium gleamed everywhere under foot. Silvery birches, mysterious pines, and gloomy hemlocks cast their protecting shade over our sylvan dwelling, and extended their branches as if in welcome. We were in the wild woods. Looking in one direction, our gaze was lost in the dim vistas of the forest; in the other we saw the long blue reaches of the lake gleaming through the trees, as the blue sky gleamed through the foliage overhead.

Leaving Bill to put things to right, and build a fire, we took our tackle and went out to catch some trout for supper. Harry had hardly put his line overboard before he exclaimed, "I've got one," but alas for his hopes, instead of the speckled trout he expected to see, a plebian sucker was the prize. I slid the net under. The expression on his face as he took the captive from the hook, and tossed it overboard, was one of disgust, but when he pulled in the second sucker, and then a chub, he joined in the laughter I indulged in at his expense, and we moved to another locality. I was using flies, but could not get a rise, and while we were out we did not see a fish break water. However, by using bait we caught enough for supper and breakfast, and returned to camp.

After our meal I strolled down to the shore alone, to watch the sunset, as I like to do sometimes when in the woods, for there are times when one likes to have nothing, not even a companion, to distract his attention from the enjoyment of the scene before him; when conversation seems to disturb the calm repose and sweet serenity of nature.

How still the woods were at the close of day! The wind had gone down with the sun, as if it and the water would go to rest, as all animate things seemed to have done. The water in the lake was high, and penetrated beyond the eyes of the timber. I walked along a fallen log till I got beyond the outer fringe, and then stood there till nightfall. The water lapped restlessly among the submerged trunks, and a large log which had drifted in, creaked as it rubbed and ground against the standing trees. Otherwise the silence was undisturbed. A white speck which I could see at the head of the bay, some five miles away, I knew was the steamer Governor Coburn, the largest boat on the lake, which had gone up to tow a raft of logs to the outlet in the morning. The Spencer Mountains were of a deep purple color, and in the gray twilight appeared larger than ever. As I watched them, masses of clouds began to drift across them, moving slowly toward the east. At times the two peaks would tower above the vapor which hid their bases, and again would be obscured in turn, as it moved and shifted in the air currents.

Then for a moment the whole bulk of the mountains would stand out, or a smaller cloud would drift across like a shadow. I likened them to two great giants, standing mute and immovable, as the legions of the clouds passed them in review. As I looked across the dark water of the bay at those two mountains looming up beyond, an idea formed in my mind, that in this same way we look across and into the future, at the heights of ambition which we aspire to climb. When I first thought of this comparison there were no clouds on the mountains, and I thought how clear the way seems sometimes, and nothing seems to block the road to the goal we are striving to win, and everything is bright and propitious.

But the clouds were closing in again, and the mountains were growing dimmer in the fading light, as the clouds of adversity came between us and our desires. But through rifts the summits could still be seen, and I knew, though I could not see them, that the slopes which led to them were still there. Some of the clouds were beautiful, as they caught and reflected the last rays of the sunlight, but I knew that those same clouds were only vapor, and I thought how often the roseate clouds of hope changed to the cold gray mist of disappointment before we reach the consummation of our plans. The further shore was now entirely lost to view, obscured by the dense masses of clouds which covered everything, and I walked back to camp, the last thought of my revery being, that the sunlight would surely come again on the morrow and dissipate the vapory curtain, revealing again the green slopes and sparkling water, and I was thankful that in life as in nature, after darkness and storm are always light and calm, and every cloud, look black as it may, has the sun shining on the further side.

W. A. B.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Natural History.

WASHINGTON NOTES.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 16.—The winter climate of Washington, always agreeable, is exceptionally charming this year. Cyclones avoid us, and the temperature is beneficent with warmth and sunshine. Yesterday I took a walk out to the new Rock Creek Park (to include 2,000 acres of broken woodland) and counted no less than fifty equestrians, male and female. It is the fashionable suburban drive now, for vehicles as well, out to the Casino, past Dr. Hammond's new Sanitarium, to the bridle paths which wind through the dells of what can be made the finest park in America, and about the purlieus of Mt. Pleasant, which is fast filling up with fine residences.

It will be remembered that Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts, in congratulating the American Historical Society the other day upon its selection of Washington as its place of meeting, referred to the fact, now becoming generally recognized, that Washington is fast acquiring the advantages, facilities and conditions which will make it inevitably, and almost immediately, the center of the Republic's activities in science, literature, art and education. We have here already the Smithsonian Institution and the National Museum as a nucleus, with all their various ramifications in the interest of scientific investigation; the Agricultural Department with its subsidiary branches in botany and economic ornithology; the embryo Zoölogical Garden, which is to contain 123 acres; the collection of historical paintings and statuary at the Capitol, with scores of monuments scattered about the city; and soon we shall have the permanent exposition, the great Catholic University, to excel those of the Old World, the contemplated park of 2,000 acres, the Potomac Flats improvement park of another thousand acres, the Military and Naval Museum, and the new Congressional Library of 2,500,000 volumes as an inexhaustible reservoir of thought. Then there is a multiplicity of historical, geographical, literary and scientific societies and clubs already gathered like moths around the ever increasing light, and these in turn attract the students of the country and the wealthy æsthetics who make their residence here; so that it is easy to see that Senator Hoar's predictions are likely to be verified within the time of the present generation.

At the regular annual meeting of the Regents of the Smithsonian Institution on Jan. 9, Chief Justice Fuller, of the U. S. Supreme Court, was unanimously elected chancellor to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Chief Justice Waite. Memorial resolutions on the death of regent Dr. Wm. Gray were passed. Dr. Welling reported that the Smithsonian receipts for the year were $44,386, and the disbursements $39,546. The total amount of funds administered during the year, in addition to the Smithsonian's income, was a trifle over $250,000, consisting chiefly of appropriations by Congress for building, repairing, exchanges, ethnology, national museum, etc. The regents favored the proposed Zoological Park (123 acres) and passed a resolution requesting that separate and ample provision be made in the new Library of Congress for the deposit of the more than a quarter of a million of titles now in the Smithsonian, which are constantly and rapidly increasing in number. Arrangements were also made to accommodate in the Smithsonian building the books, collections, etc., belonging to the American Historical Association recently incorporated by Congress.

The first regular meeting of the second session of the

Geographical Club was held on the evening of the 8th at the home of its president, Mr. Wm. Hornaday, when the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Wm. Hornaday, President; Mrs. F. E. Upton, Vice-President; Dr. Geo. A. Stout, Secretary; and Messrs. O. B. Brown, Charles Fairman and Mrs. F. Young, Entertainment Committee. This club comprises gentlemen as well as ladies.

Prof. Lester F. Ward lectured on the same evening before the Anthropological Society on "The Sociological Position of Protection and Free Trade." His views in favor of protection were ably combatted by President J. C. Welling, and the subsequent discussion between members was carried on with manifest interest.

Dr. Wm. H. Gardner, post surgeon at the Washington Barracks, is delivering a series of lectures on "Accidents and Emergencies," with a view to instruct the men at arms. The first lecture, given last week, was on hemorrhages, and this will be followed by several others. This is part of a plan to provide each officer and enlisted man with a manual and outfit, after the vogue of the German army, containing in a compact form the quickest and simplest means of rendering surgical assistance in time of need. Such a *vade mecum* would be of almost equal value to gunners and other sportsmen who are alike exposed to sudden accidents. I remember that a manual of this kind was published in 1874 and distributed, to the number of 50,000 or more, by the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York. Perhaps they can be had now.

The new and beautifully illustrated catalogue of Field Books and Natural History, works just issued by the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, attracts attention here. It indicates how rapidly this field of literature is broadening, and also serves as a practical guide to students who are interested in the various specialties treated. As the bibliography includes no less than 322 titles, it is apparently comprehensive enough to serve the needs of all sportsmen who require a library of reference, especially as the authors selected are among the best informed and most reliable among us. It looks as if the Forest and Stream Publishing Company were destined to take the lead as promoters of standard sporting literature. Verily the work which Mr. Hallock, its founder, began fifteen years ago, is assuming enviable proportions.

Some of your readers will be interested to know through the *Century Magazine*, if they were not already informed, that U. S. Fisheries Commissioner Col. Marshall McDonald, who is Prof. Baird's valued successor, was military instructor at the Virginia Military Institute, at Lexington, during the war. Obviously he is equal to scaling fish as well as breastworks.

I notice through a French paper that a troop of Cossacks and Circassians are exhibiting at the Jardin d'Acclimatation in Paris, *à la* Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show. They have their tents, horses and accoutrements with them, and show off their well-known riding feats to the intense satisfaction of spectators.

The weather in Montreal seems to be cold enough to insure the building of the customary ice palace. The ice blocks are over a foot in thickness, and the construction of the edifice is already far advanced.

Mr. James Green, of Green & Cunningham, real estate brokers in this city, who recommends the Climax U. S. cartridge in FOREST AND STREAM, is, with his partner, Mr. Seymour Cunningham, a member of the Capital City Gun Club, and one of its best wing and saucer shots. He ran the Marlboro field trials for setters last month in Maryland. The club has a club house and ample shooting area on the flats at the foot of Twenty-second street.

EL MAHDI.

BIOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF WASHINGTON.—The annual meeting was held Jan. 12 in the assembly hall of the Cosmos Club, 70 members being present. The minutes of the secretary show that 54 papers were read during 1888 by 25 members, the highest number by any one person having been 6. Although the number of papers was smaller than in 1887, the discussion was much more general and thorough. The largest attendance during the year was 49, and the smallest 21. The society has 40 honorary members, 51 absent members and 118 active. The results of the balloting for officers for the current year were as follows: President, Lester F. Ward; Vice-Presidents, C. Hart Merriam, Richard Rathbun, Charles V. Riley, Frank Baker; Corresponding Secretary, F. A. Lucas; Recording Secretary, J. B. Smith; Treasurer, F. H. Knowlton; Additional Councilmen, Geo. Vasey, Tarleton H. Bean, R. E. C. Stearns, F. W. True, C. D. Walcott.

SOME RECENT PAPERS BY CHARLES GIRARD.—It may not be generally known to American zoölogists that Dr. Charles Girard, the assistant of the elder Agassiz and the associate of Baird, in his reports upon reptiles and fishes obtained by Government expeditions several decades ago, is still living and writing at Neuilly sur Seine, France. In *Le Naturaliste*, Paris, May, 1888, he has a brief sketch of the blind fishes of the American caves, accompanied by a figure of the species found in Mammoth Cave, Kentucky. In the October number of the same journal he notices briefly the subterranean fishes of North America. He has also published, in English, a "Systematic Catalogue of the Scientific Labors of Dr. Charles Girard," containing ninety titles. Loyal to the memory of pleasant associations he signs himself "Dr. Ch. Girard (de Washington.)"

CALIFORNIA ACADEMY OF SCIENCES. — The officers elected for 1889 are: President, H. W. Harkness; First Vice-President, H. H. Behr; Second Vice-President, George Hewston; Corresponding Secretary, Frederick Gutzkow; Recording Secretary, J. R. Scupham; Treasurer, I. E. Thayer; Librarian, Carlos Troyer; Director of Museum, J. G. Cooper. Trustees, Chas. F. Crocker, D. E. Hayes, S. W. Holladay, Geo. C. Perkins, E. J. Molera, Irving M. Scott, John Taylor.

JACK SNIPE IN JANUARY.—Granville, O., Jan. 7.—I was out with my gun the 3d of this month, and crossed a wet piece of ground near a spring, and to my surprise, a jack snipe flew up. I then looked for more and found four. I write to know if it's not unusual and remarkable for them to be here at this season of the year?—G. C. P. [Yes, quite unusual, but it fits well with the summer weather of the present winter.]

AN ALBINO SWALLOW.—Toledo, O.—Mention in issue of Dec. 27 of a white teal duck reminds me that I have a snow white swallow which I killed.—G. H. W.

"THE SUPER-SENSE OF ANIMALS."

Editor Forest and Stream:

My reading of the article entitled "The Super-Sense of Animals," in your issue of Dec. 20, came pat on top of an anecdote that had just been told me by Mr. Jas. Cadman, a civil engineer, well known in the eastern provinces of the Dominion.

When engaged in locating a railway in New Brunswick, he was compelled one night by a very severe snow storm to take refuge in a small farmhouse. The farmer owned two dogs—one an old Newfoundland and the other a collie. In due time the farmer and his family went to bed, the Newfoundland stretched himself out by the chimney corner, and Mr. Cadman and the man with him rolled themselves in their blankets on the floor in front of the fire.

The door of the house was closed by a wooden latch and fastened by a bar placed across it. Mr. Cadman and his man were just falling asleep when they heard the latch of the door raised. They did not get up immediately, and in a short time the latch was tried again. They waited a few minutes and then Mr. Cadman rose, unfastened the door and looked out. Seeing nothing, he returned to his blankets, but did not replace the bar across the door. Two or three minutes later the latch was tried a third time. This time the door opened and the collie walked in. He pushed the door quite back, walked straight to the old Newfoundland and appeared to make some kind of a whispered communication to him. Mr. Cadman lay still and watched. The old dog rose and followed the other out of the house. Both presently returned, driving before them a valuable ram belonging to the farmer, that had become separated from the rest of the flock and was in danger of perishing in the storm. Now, how did the collie impart to the other dog a knowledge of the situation unless through some super-sense unknown to us?

I told Mr. Cadman of another instance of canine sagacity that had come to my own knowledge. Where I boarded many years ago was an old dog, quite too old to be of any service. This dog would never leave the house or yard with any person except my wife, but whenever she went out he was certain to follow her. One day she started to visit a friend living about ¼ mile away. It was early spring and there had been a freshet, but the water had partially subsided and the stream had slightly frozen over again. My wife attempted to cross a little brook, the bridge across which was overflowed, on the thin ice. The old dog placed himself in front of her, and by vigorous barking, a thing very unusual with him, and even by taking hold of her dress, tried to prevent her from risking herself on the ice. He did indeed prevent her from crossing at that point, but she thought she might crawl along safely by holding on to a fence that crossed the brook a little further up. In consequence she broke through and got a good wetting, simply through disregard of the repeated warnings of her guardian, who really seemed to have a better appreciation of the strength of the ice than she had. He would go on himself without hesitation, but objected to letting her try it.

Some time afterward this dog's master remarked in his hearing that he was growing so feeble and helpless that it would really be necessary to kill him. The poor creature, altogether contrary to his usual habits, left the house and went away some distance into the woods, quite alone. A few days afterward he was found lying dead under the largest tree in the vicinity.

These are only dog stories, and the world is full of them, but they come in so *apropos* in connection with the article I have referred to, that I could not resist the temptation to mention them. G. DE MONTAUBAN.

QUEBEC, Dec. 26.

DECEMBER ARRIVALS AT THE PHILADELPHIA ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN.—Purchased—One wildcat (Lynx rufus), one prong-horned antelope ♀ (Antilocapra americana), one badger ♀ (Taxidea americana), one prairie wolf ♂ (Canis latrans), one song thrush (Turdus musicus), one starling ♂ (Sturnus vulgaris). Presented—One Indian elephant ♂, Bolivar (Elephas indicus), one white-cheeked cebus (Cebus lunatus), one common quail (Ortyx virginianus), one great horned owl (Bubo virginianus), three menobranchus (Menobranchus maculatus), one horse snake (Chilomeniscus ephippicus), and eight Dekay's snakes (Storeria dekayi). Born—Twelve spotted salamanders (Salamandra maculosa.)

Game Bag and Gun.

A WATER HAUL.

TOM thought, and I thought, a hunting trip to Arkansas (how do you pronounce that name?) would be about the proper thing. That most delightful part of every such expedition, the planning of it, was enjoyed to the full. There are no freezing mornings nor drizzling days in the outing as you look forward to it. The game is always plenty when you make out the programme for a trip through forest and along stream.

When we reached Cairo and had purchased our supplies, including a little sheet-iron stove, which looked exactly like an inverted wash boiler, with a sliding door at the end, with hole cut for skillet and with the pipe deftly packed inside, proving afterward a great treasure in the tent on a rainy day, we sallied out along the streets. Several deer hanging here and there before the markets were the most attractive things we saw, and we carefully inquired where they came from, studying where the fatal shots pierced them, for we wanted to know where to place our bullets when we found deer in the woods.

Meredith, a lumber station on the Cotton Belt route, and nearly due east of Little Rock, was our objective point. All night long the train crawled toward it, and when we looked at the track the next day we were glad it had not attempted to make more than twelve or fifteen miles an hour, for it would have gone into the ditch surely at a higher speed. The conductors we found accommodating, but the other trainmen were far from it. They all seem to be working the traveling public, especially hunters, for tips. We had to do our own baggage hustling and fight to keep from being charged extra on our baggage because it was in the shape of camp outfit. This road advertises for the patronage of hunters and ought to treat them better.

We reached Meredith Dec. 28, and that afternoon took our first plunge into the woods. We did good stalking. The novice, hunting game where stealthy approach is required, sometimes does as well as the older hunter in approaching the game because less confident of success. We did splendidly until a doe rose up before me about 40yds. distant and hurried away to the left. If I had not heard all my life so much about buck ague I would have killed that deer. I felt that I ought to be excited, but I was not. The deer improved the time to hustle some trees between us. Perhaps I had buck paralysis. Certainly I was a little too deliberate, but have a faint idea that when the loggers get one of those trees to the mill the big saw will snag itself on a chunk of lead intended for the doe that got away. It was by all odds the best shot, in fact the only decent shot I had during the week. Going on a little further, cautiously peering through the brush, we sat down on an old log. Before long we heard a tremendous racket behind us, just beyond an old fallen treetop and caught a glimpse of a vanishing deer, his white flag waving. Too late for that deer, but not for a skunk crawling about among the leaves in another direction. Through him I sent a ball, hoping to be able to secure his beautiful skin. I never saw as finely marked a specimen, but soon abandoned the idea of taking his coat. The neighborhood was too odorous. Cannot some reader of FOREST AND STREAM tell me some way to destroy the horrible smell and render it possible to skin these truly beautiful animals? Some one suggests that by being careful the scent bag can be cut out. But this is usually emptied by the animal while dying and fumigation is necessary. To have brought home enough skunk skins for a floor rug would have been to have secured a handsome souvenir of the trip, for no skins are finer for the purpose.

Few dogs are used in that neighborhood for hounding deer, but one day a Mr. Edwards took his three and went with us for a drive. But he did not know where the runways of the deer were and the dogs hindered rather than helped us. They ran several deer into the dim distance and on one trail gave us some fine music. Tige, the old dog, struck it and went tearing away making the woods ring with his magnificent bass notes, closely followed by Fly with her alto and Spring with a fine tenor. It was a magnificent trio, such music as I had often wished to hear.

Hardly a day passed, as we roamed through the woods that we did not catch a fleeting glimpse of a deer or two. The only chance of shooting them was to let drive at moving bushes, or the place we guessed the game might have reached through the dense thicket. There is no sport in such shooting. It is all mere chance work. Tom carried a Winchester .38, and I had my new 3-barrel Daly, the shot barrels 12-bore and the rifle .38. This mongrel seems to me the ideal gun to carry through ordinary cover. It might not be just the thing for elk or grizzlies, but in a country where you may jump a deer, or start a mallard, or put up a turkey it just about fills the bill. No gun could perform better than mine has so far as I have been able to test it at a target and in the woods, and I am in love with it. However, Tom and I rather thought the best gun for Arkansas brush would be a gun that would shoot rope and enough of it to wrap around a ten acre brush patch and corral the game that is hustling through it somewhere, but you can't tell exactly where.

Big gray squirrels were in abundance. We stood one morning where at least a dozen were in sight. We killed only a few where we might have killed many. One big swamp rabbit, a monster, and a mallard duck, completed our bag of game. We saw some bear signs but not a single turkey. If we killed a deer we did not know it. We called the hunt a water haul.

Hoping to retrieve our fortunes a little on ducks and geese, we came north to Paw Paw Junction, and Dave Wilkerson took us four miles up Little River to an island about 40ft. square, just a dot of land, where we camped, surrounded by the boundless overflow, forming the finest duck range I ever saw. Here was abundant smart weed, wild rice and celery. The lotus was also very abundant. It was too late, of course, for the flower, but the huge leaves and big flat seed pods—the latter so attractive to the mallard's eye—were to be seen everywhere. It is the same as that I have seen growing in the little lakes all along both the Illinois and Mississippi rivers, and locally called "yawkernut." One day a Japanese student in my library picked up one of these seed pods, and, as he rattled the iron-hard nuts in their dry little beds, cried, "The lotus! the lotus! that is my people's emblem of immortality." The one who wrote about some locality in northern Illinois as the only American habitat of the lotus was writing about a widely distributed plant, very much the same here as in other countries.

The two days we spent on Little River were bright and very warm, and out of consideration for us, perhaps, the wildfowl were probably up about our old shooting grounds on the Illinois River, where we wished we were, too. Not a bird did we even get a chance to kill, and so we turned our faces homeward. I was rather sorry we had not camped and watched on the levee at Cairo, for a few days later a deer swam the Ohio River at that point, rushed up the levee, and in the confusion plunged through a plate glass window. We might have got that deer.

It was a water haul. However, if we secured little game we got plenty of ozone, tired muscles, improved digestion, and lived for a while, as men should now and then, the care-free life of the tent and the wilderness.

RICHARD GEAR HOBBS.

KEARNEY, Neb., January.—Having occasion last month to take a trip among the sandhills of the Loup River, I found pinnated grouse in small bunches, and large coveys of quail. The chickens frequent the draws that open upon the river, while quail are to be found in the thickets or upon upland timber claims. Back from the railroads the quail have not been hunted to any extent with dogs, and they run at a lively rate at sight of a pointer. Geese have almost entirely disappeared; but on the evening of Dec. 13, a large flock of snow geese (brant) and a few Canada geese passed over town. In the Wood River Valley quail shooting is better this season than for several years past. In the vicinity of Kearney, jack rabbit hunting is becoming a favorite pastime with young ladies and gentlemen who enjoy a cross country chase. If the fad continues the "Wild West" will soon produce riders who will rival those of the Long Island and Essex county hunts.—SHOSHONE.

HONESDALE, Pa.—There have been quite a good many grouse shot and sometimes a stray duck has been shot. I saw a woodduck (male) bought of a farmer, that and two grouse for a dollar. The duck was a perfect beauty in full plumage and not a bit cut by the shot, he has been mounted and the owner is very proud of his investment. —A. P. T.

BEAVER, Pa., Jan. 7.—Weather very mild. Coldest day to date 6° above. Plenty of quail and ruffed grouse left for breeding. On Wednesday, Dec. 26, temperature 57°, in the garden saw five pairs of bluebirds, and on the evening of the 5th inst. saw a bat flitting around a natural gas lamp, temp. 47° F.—G. A. S.

DIMINUTION OF THE DUCKS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

"Earnest's" remarks in your issue of Dec. 27 concerning the slaughter of ducks in Arkansas by market hunters suggests an equally potent cause for the diminished number of ducks in this locality. The marshes about Sandusky Bay and those bordering on the shore of Lake Erie for miles to the westward abound in wild rice and celery and all conditions favor abundance of game.

These marshes are largely owned or leased by clubs, who protect the game from the market hunter, but not from the punter. In fact the market hunter is a thing of the past in the vicinity of these clubs; he has found it more profitable to punt (shoot) for the club men. His marksmanship has become his best stock in trade, and his ability to punt a hunting boat a second consideration. The laws of most, if not all, of these clubs prohibit shooting on club grounds except by members, and only permit the punter to shoot when necessary to recover game after it has been brought down in a crippled condition. In some clubs this law is rigidly enforced, while in others it is openly violated, and game is slaughtered in the same ruthless manner that "Earnest" complains of.

The fact that these gentlemen do not market their game is no justification. The pleasure of the sportsmen should not be wholly dependent upon slaughter, and most certainly not upon the slaughter caused by another hired for the purpose.

The market hunters, doubtless, have much to answer for, but many of the club men of the Sandusky marshes are their worthy coadjutors in the work of game extermination. GARGANEY.

CLEVELAND, O., Dec. 31.

Editor Forest and Stream:

We see many different localities complaining of a small flight, which induces me to report from this section, seldom heard from. We have had the best of shooting all this fall, and near by too. Almost every lake, slough and marsh w ascovered with the feathered tribe. This is due either to the fact that the flight is moving westward or it is because there was more water here this fall. Many large bags were made, mostly by local sportsmen, and as the birds were shot at but little they were easily bagged. Spring shooting is usually light and poor. But we will all look forward to fall with stubble and geese.

W. E. C.

EUREKA, Dakota.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of Dec. 27 I read with interest a piece signed by "Earnest," who says he saw ducks at a station in Arkansas by the barrelfull. I want to tell something that I saw. While living in Arkansas in the fall of 1884, on the line of the K. C., S. & M. R. R., I know of parties who shot ducks for the Memphis market. These men when the season opened were too poor to buy shot and powder, but their ammunition was furnished them by the market men, who share the spoils. These duck murderers used No. 6 guns, and did most of their work at night in a boat, and they slaughtered ducks by the carloads. This sounds like exaggeration, but there are many express messengers who will vouch for it, and say that when their train got to Memphis their car would be loaded with ducks. This was not only on one or two trips, but every day for weeks, and it has been going on for years. Just make a calculation of what this would amount to, and who can wonder that our duck shooting is a thing of the past? This is not only in Arkansas, but in the Indian Territory and some of the Southern States. A party of six went from this town last fall to Tennessee to shoot ducks for the St. Louis market. I had the satisfaction of telling one of them (who boasted that he could make $6 a day) that I hoped from the bottom of my soul they would not kill a duck. They came back after a three weeks' stay without having killed a duck, and offering their stock of ammunition at half price.

Now, brother sportsmen, there must be something done to stop this marketing game. The time is coming when the law will stop it; but are we going to sit by and keep our arms folded and wait untill the fast diminishing game is exterminated? There is no man with half a mind who cannot see that is only a question of a very short time when all our grand days of sport will be a thing of the past; deer, turkey, chickens, ducks and quail will all be a thing to talk about as we now talk about the buffalo that are gone forever. After a while we can tell our boys of what we have done, but cannot show them how we did it. Through your columns I want to beg every sportsman in this country to put his shoulder to the wheel, and let us save our country from this calamity. We must stop this market man, and thereby we will stop the market hunter. There are thousands of men who agree with me; let us hear from some of them. MISSOURI.

SEDALIA, Mo.

Mr. F. M. Gilbert, the "funny man" of the Evansville (Ind.) *Tribune*, a sportsman and game warden of the First District of his State, writes as follows in his own paper:

"Our State sportsmen are just at present all worked up over the various 'game bills' which will be sprung at Indianapolis when the Legislature convenes. Mr. Godfrey, of Seymour, is taking quite an interest in matters and has written to sportsmen all over the State. To him the following letter was sent this morning, which it is to be hoped will reach the eyes of many sportsmen, and that is the only reason for the publication of a private letter:

EVANSVILLE, Ind., Jan. 3, 1889.—*H. W. Godfrey, Esq.:* DEAR SIR—Both Major Mattison and Mr. Ed Grill spoke to me this morning regarding you. As you probably know, I have been game warden here (First District) for several years, and have studied the situation carefully. I do not object to spring shooting, but I do object to market shooting, and am now turning heaven and earth to get a bill to prohibit the sale of game of any kind for five years in this State. Stop the fellows who kill for the money that is in it, and then the true sportsman will have game for many years to come. I have shot for thirty years and never sold a feather in my life, and never expect to. If you will aid me in this bill I will be very grateful. Yours, F. M. GILBERT.

"What started the sportsmen of the State into action is the fear of a bill to prohibit the shooting of ducks in the spring (which means the stoppage of all duck shooting in this district) and the fear of the bill of Mr. Foster, of Madison county, who is trying to stop the killing of quail for five years in this State. This is the veriest nonsense. If the present law is observed we will still have some quail for many years, but if the bill passes, we who love a little sport might as well give away our guns, for quail are the only game left. We want to still be able to get a day in the fields once in a while, and we want to take our boy out just as soon as he is old enough. We would far rather have him able to go out one day in the week and take his ten-mile walk over the fields in the fresh, life-giving country air, and be able to cut down right and left, and come home at night tired to death, but still fresh enough to go around and give each of his friends a nice mess of quail than to see him a champion billiard or pool player, a fine progressive euchre player, a brilliant pianist, or the star waltzer of a fashionable hop. There are forty worse places a boy can be than trudging over the fields with a gun on his shoulder.

"But we wander. To get back to business we make the plain and positive assertion that the market shooter, the man who hunts for the miserable blood money that he can get out of it, is to blame for the scarcity of game. Who runs us out of his fields, where we could get, say three or four quail out of a covey? The farmer, who drives the whole covey into a net, pinches their heads and then brings them into town and sells them to a grocery. Who has killed off the tens of thousands of ducks that used to visit us? The market shooter who kills for the St. Louis and Chicago markets. He isn't satisfied with a pair of ducks to take home to eat. He wants a thousand to sell. And while we are on the duck question let the reader note the following, which appeared last week in the FOREST AND STREAM, under the head "Ducks by the Barrelful."

Look at the buffalo question! A few years ago there were millions. Think of it, millions! Now there is one little band of less than two hundred in the whole of North America. Did the 'sportsmen' kill them to eat? No; they were slaughtered by dastardly hounds who wanted their skins to sell. Millions and tens of millions of pounds of splendid meat left to rot on the plains that these fellows might get a dollar a piece for the hides. Look at Arkansas, formerly a very paradise for hunters. The big game is being wiped out at an incalculable rate, to supply St. Louis and Chicago markets. The resident no longer kills a deer for his family to eat. He kills a dozen if he can and stands over each carcass and wonders what it will bring him in the market. And now to get nearer home. Where have all the quail gone? Ask of the hundreds of dozens that have at times absolutely festooned the fronts of our retail grocery houses, who get them by the box and even barrel. Were they killed by our sportsmen to eat? No; by fellows who wanted what money they would bring on the market. We can make laws and laws and our quail will diminish year by year till they will be a thing of the past. The only thing to do to preserve them is to prohibit the sale of game."

MASSACHUSETTS ASSOCIATION.

THE first meeting of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association for 1889 was held at Hotel Thorndike on Wednesday evening, Jan. 9, and notwithstaading the severe storm 69 members were present.

An excellent dinner was served at 6:30 by Landlord Damon, at the close of which, after a recess of five minutes for the members to swap fish and bear stories, President Samuels rapped them to order and called for the secretary's report, which was read and accepted. Treasurer Shattuck presented his annual report showing the total receipts to have been $1,036.78, the total expenses $513.04, leaving a balance of $523.74 on hand.

The following names were presented for membership and referred to the membership committee: Messrs. Leonard W. Ross, Wilder M. Bush, W. O. Witherell, Jas. D. Keith, Geo. H. Lang, H. C. Anderson, Jas. T. Wildman.

The annual dinner committee reported that they had engaged dinner at S. Young's Hotel for the 24th inst., and that the Governor and many other prominent gentlemen identified with the interests of the Association would be present.

The nominating committee, through Chairman Brackett, presented the following ticket for the officers of the Association, which was elected: Prest., Edward A. Samuels; Vice-prests., Charles Levi Woodbury, Walter M. Brackett, Hollis Hunnewell, John T. Stetson, Henry H. Kimball, Warren Hapgood, Benjamin C. Clark; Tres., Frederick R. Shattuck; Sec., Arthur W. Robinson; Librarian, John Fottler, Jr.; Ex. Com., John P. Woodbury, Ivers W. Adams, John Fottler, Jr., James Russell Reed, Samuel Hanson, Edward E. Hardy, Augustus B. Bradstreet, John N. Roberts, Henry J. Thayer, Isaac N. Keith, Henry C. Litchfied, George W. Wiggin; Membership Com., Henry J. Thayer, George Mixter, Waldron Bates; Fund Com., Benjamin C. Clark, Samuel Hanson, Daniel T. Curtis.

The secretary read a communication addressed to President Samuels by Mr. Walton C. Taft as follows, in brief:

"It has occurred to me, after quite a number of years connection with this Association, that to a very great extent the work which we agree to perform has been in the main unsatisfactory to the public. We hold out the assurance that we will investigate any reports of violations of the game and fish laws, if notice is sent to our Association, and that action will be taken and the violators punished. That as the society was made up of busy men who devoted only their spare time to this work, it appeared reasonable to suppose that better results could be obtained by men who could devote their entire time to the cause. That as the State provided commissioners and paid their expenses for enforcing the game and fish laws, in a measure the Association was usurping their prerogatives. That the law could be better enforced if the Association would collect information of the violation of the laws and report the same to the commissioners for their action, and that the Association would gain many new members who are not with us now because of their doubts of our ability to carry out what we promise. The success of the Maine commissioners was cited as a proof of favorable working of the policy as proposed. That the Association was hampered when it tried to obtain changes in the existing laws by a prejudice that existed in the minds of the farmer representatives, that we were asking for selfish laws for our personal benefit. That the Association would be more successful if they would consult with and suggest to the commissioners, and allow them to make the recommendation to the Legislature."

The letter evoked considerable discussion. Mr. H. J. Thayer thought the suggestions good, and wished that instead of spending money for the work the commissioners were paid to do, the Association should introduce new species of fish and game, and disseminate literature relating thereto. Mr. Warren Hapgood objected to the letter, stating that the Association was and had been doing a good work, that it had been very successful and that he should dislike to see the present policy abandoned. Com. Brackett spoke in brief of the work of the commissioners and thought that more satisfactory results could be obtained if the suggestions made by Mr. Taft were carried out. Mr. W. M. Brackett spoke in the same vein, and the discussion was brought to a close by a motion that the whole matter be referred to the Board of Management for their action.

DEER SHOOTING IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Permit me a few lines in reply to Dr. Tobin's letter published by you on Dec. 20. I took the statement of your Little Bay Mines correspondent as truthful. Assuming it was true, let any sportsman say if it was legitimate sport to kill so many deer and permit them to lie in their tracks and rot.

Turning now to Dr. Tobin and his friends. Their party reported they had killed the number stated in their "bogus telegram." It proves to have been a "hunter's yarn" to be taken *cum grano salis.*

Accept his own version that they killed sixteen stags besides hinds, the number of which he does not mention, they were for food, however, and their slaughter justifiable. The stags, he says, were unfit for human food, but he ruthlessly butchered them and left them lie to rot. He and his party entered the country early in September. The rutting season does not commence until the first week in October and lasts three weeks or less. Stags are splendid venison the first three weeks in September, and after the season is over they are good food though not fat.

The open season for shooting deer is from the 15th of July until the 1st of March. They carry their antlers until the end of December. Is it too much to ask a gentleman and sportsman to refrain from shooting them during the three weeks they are unfit for human food? I know by experience it is expensive getting deer out of the country. Of course a sportsman does not want the venison to take home. It would not keep good, but he can find numbers of poor settlers who rarely taste fresh meat, to whom it would be a treat, nor would they complain if it were "a little strong." It would be more becoming were the Doctor to frankly admit that it would cost us lots of money to get these deer out to the settlements, and for this reason they left them where they fell.

The Doctor's ungenerous *tu quoque* to the Newfoundland fisherman, calling them the "butchers" will not save him in the estimation of true sportsmen. These poor fisher folk do kill deer with sealing guns, they do use large shot, they do wound many which they never recover. I am sorry it is so, but they use the only weapons they have. They kill to provide their families with food. It is almost the only fresh meat they touch throughout the year. They never kill for the fun of the thing, nor to get a pair of antlers. Butchers that they are, they never bury the meat nor let it lie and rot.

The Doctor's ideas and mine are somewhat different about a "sportsman's paradise." Thousands of deer come from that part of the island every January in their southern migrations. At the "Lobster House," near Grand Pond, I venture to assert that from a well chosen camp-lookout, no day would pass without seeing more or less caribou. However, let that pass. I am not anxious to advertise the country, nor do I feel churlish toward any sportsman who visits the island and takes good sport without wantonly destroying a noble game. B.

HARBOR GRACE, Newfoundland.

RIFLES FOR SMALL GAME.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have read with great interest the communications on this subject. I am somewhat surprised that so little is said in favor of the ordinary rim-fire .22 long cartridge. I do not controvert what "Iron Ramrod" says as to its trajectory, but I draw a different conclusion. As I understand "N. Orleans," one of the chief points of his inquiry was for a gun that would kill a duck from one to two hundred yards, but would not send the bullet far enough to be dangerous to persons or domestic animals on the other side of an ordinary lake or stream. I should unhesitatingly recommend to him a well-made rifle using the above cartridge. I carried a little gun made by the Bay State Arms Company in my camping trips in the mountains of California, and found it quite adequate for grouse, jack rabbits, squirrels, etc. It does not drive the bullet with the force of a .22 central-fire single-shot Winchester, but with a little practice one can make due allowance for trajectory. I have often killed ground squirrels and hares at 100yds. and over, and once shot a mud hen by a lucky calculation of wind and elevation at what could not have been less than 250yds. For close work, 50yds. and under, the short cartridge can be used in the same gun, which is cheap and effective. My work was all done with open sights. Not having used the Lyman sights, which "Iron Ramrod" recommends, I do not know whether allowance for distance can be readily made in aiming with them or not. An advantage of the cartridge I mention is, that the report is so slight that if you miss, your game will usually give you the second shot.

I most heartily add my testimony to the enjoyment that can be had from the use of those smallbore guns. I have made many a close and successful shot with them, which, though the quarry was often small, gave me as much satisfaction as the work with the larger bores, the opportunity for which, in the nature of things, comes less frequently. AZTEC.

MEXICO, Dec. 18.

LITTLE FALLS, N. Y., Jan. 2.—Very open winter. Ground bare, except on the hills. Reports of good snow on foothills of Adirondacks, about twenty miles north. Two deer—or else one twice—have made their appearance in the outskirts of the town. One, two weeks ago, chased by boys with a sheep dog, made for the river and swam across, and was no more heard from, unless the deer found a few days ago in a barn yard about two miles from town was the same. This one seems to have discovered that hay is good, for it has visited several barnyards; and as, although boys chase it, no one fires at it, it is said to be getting quite tame.—PISECO.

PROTECTION IN CENTRAL NEW YORK.

UTICA, N. Y., Jan. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Black River Fish and Game Protective Association, organized last month by gentlemen particularly interested in hunting and angling in the counties of Oneida and Herkimer, held its annual meeting in Holland Patent, Jan. 10. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Dr. D. A. Crane, of Holland Patent; Vice-President, Fred B. Spriggs, Utica; Secretary, Wm. E. Wolcott, Utica; Treasurer, Herbert A. Pride, Holland Patent; Directors, Mortimer M. Mayhew, Marcy; Friend Bristol, Bion H. Kent, Remsen; Frank C. Wolcott, Trenton; Wm. L. Fowler, Simeon R. Fuller, Herbert A Pride, Holland Patent.

On motion of W. E. Wolcott, who is secretary of the Utica Audubon Society, the following clause was ordered inserted in the Constitution: "This association is opposed to the destruction of song birds for millinery or other purposes, and the influence of its members individually and collectively will be exerted for their protection."

S. R. Fuller submitted the following, which was unanimously adopted:

Whereas, It is the sense of the association that the opening season for deer ought to begin on the 15th day of September and end on the 1st day of December, and we believe that from the 15th day of August to the 15th day of September is entirely too early for the opening of the season during which they may be killed, for the reason that all deer, especially does, are in poor condition during that time; and whereas, many fawns die from the lack of care and sustenance when deprived of the mother, and many deer are wounded and die that are never recovered—in proof of which we cite the report of ex-Game Agent Brinckerhoff of 1882, in which he states that a record kept for some seven years showed that on the Fulton chain of lakes the proportion of deer killed between the 1st day of August and the 15th day of September, is one buck to ten does; also the fact that at North Lake, the first week of the present season, of nine deer killed only one was a buck; and the report of ex-Agent N. C. Phelps for 1885, which says that two Bisby Lake guides saw some twenty or thirty carcasses of deer rotting on the Canachagala Stillwater during the floating season; and whereas, the proposition to prohibit the killing of does, but allow the killing of bucks, as advocated by some, while good in theory, would be impractical and ineffectual, for the reason that the carcasses could be easily mutilated so that the sex could not be identified; therefore, we believe that the only effectual remedy is to prohibit the killing of all deer previous to the 15th of September. We believe in extending the open season through the month of November, for the reason that the deer are then in the best condition, and venison will keep and not be wasted during that month, as it is during August and a part of September. And to show that we are not alone in this opinion is the fact that no other State (with the exception of New Hampshire) or Territory in our latitude allows the killing of deer in August, or prohibits it in the month of November. We believe that the open season for partridges and woodcock had best begin on the 15th of September, and close on the first day of November, for the reason that until September 15 partridges have not attained their full growth, and are yet together in broods, making their killing easy and unsportsmanlike. Under the present law, woodcock are being rapidly exterminated, and the shorter the season for them the better. We also heartily indorse the resolutions offered in the Board of Supervisors of Oneida county by Mr. Salzman, of Forestport, prohibiting any one person from having in possession, or corporation carrying more than 10lbs. of speckled trout belonging to one person, and never that amount unless accompanied by the owner. The foregoing being the sense of this association.

Resolved, That our members of Assembly and Senator be respectfully requested to use their influence and their votes to amend the game laws of this State so that the open season for deer shall begin the fifteenth day of September and close the first day of December; and the open season for partridge and woodcock open on the fifteenth day of September and close on the first day of November throughout the State.

The association will be incorporated. The resolutions offered in the Board of Supervisors of Oneida county by Chairman F. X. Salzman, alluded to and indorsed in the above, were unanimously adopted by the board. They were worded as follows:

Whereas, The waters of this State inhabited by the speckled or brook trout are many of them becoming rapidly depleted, because of the large quantities of these fish caught to be sold in the market; and

Whereas, In justice to those who angle discreetly and with a view to preserving the species, as well as to those who have aided in stocking the waters, we deem it wise and prudent to limit the taking of said trout to such numbers or quantity as may be readily consumed by the angler and his family; therefore,

Resolved, That we, the Supervisors of Oneida county, believing in the proper and efficient protection of this game fish, do hereby petition your honorable body to pass a law prohibiting any person from having in possession more than 10lbs. of dead speckled or brook trout at one time, and prohibiting any person, corporation, association or company from carrying or transporting, or having in possession for the purpose of transporting, more than 10lbs. of said fish belonging to one person, and never that amount unless accompanied by the owner. Also, that any person, corporation, association or company violating any of the provisions of said act shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and in addition thereto liable to a penalty of $25 for each pound of fish in excess of the amount stated.

Resolved, That the clerk of this board submit a copy of these resolutions to our representatives in the Legislature of this State.

The sportsmen of Oneida and Herkimer counties are thoroughly aroused to the vital importance of more efficient and thorough protection for fish and game.

An organization has been formed in Forestport, Oneida county, N. Y., known as the Forestport Gun Club, and articles of incorporation have been filed. The directors are Philip C. Hovey, C. F. Weeks, H. W. Boyce, F. J. Stanburgh, Frank Sprague, J. K. Abbott and R. E. Boyle. This association has for its prime object the protection of fish and game. PORTSA.

HOW BEARS ARE SHOT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

"Kelpie," in your last issue, is both interesting and amusing. While my experience with bears is not very extensive, I can tell of one at least that received a head shot. In May of 1887 Col. E. Hutton, of Huttonsville, and my old guide, Isaac Cool, of Webster county, West Virginia, were in the Ganley region looking out land and showing a Philadelphia party a tract that the Colonel had for sale. They stopped at my cabin on the north fork of the Ganley, altitude 3,400ft., and on the night of the 14th there fell a nice tracking snow. Now, they had but one gun with them, and it was the Colonel's day to carry it. Poor Cool's heart was heavy, for he thought they might jump something. After breakfast they started for Elk River, and on the right-hand prong of Leatherwood, about a half mile from the cabin, Cool struck fresh bear sign leading right up the creek. He asked for the gun, but I suppose the Colonel did not hear him, for he did not get it. They had not gone 200yds. when Cool saw the bear above them in a thicket of "rip-shin," standing looking over a log, and he called the Colonel's attention to it; but the Colonel could not see from where he stood, and, knowing that the bear would not stay there always, he reluctantly handed the gun (an old Marlin) to Cool, who took rapid aim and fired. Down went bruin. They ran up the mountainside about 70yds., looked over the log and found the bear making frantic efforts to regain his feet; so Cool, brave fellow, fearing he might get away, jumped upon the log and placing the muzzle behind his foreleg fired again. The autopsy, which was held on the spot, showed that the first shot had taken effect just under the eye, ranging back, knocking out and breaking off several teeth in the upper jaw, crashing through the "little bones" of the neck (second and third cervical), passing on through the muscles and out at the back of the neck. When the result of that shot was discovered there was some talk of "wasting lead." They had but seven cartridges in the outfit when they left the cabin.

The Colonel sent the hide and head on to Philadelphia, and it now serves as a rug in his pleasant home, a mile above Huttonsville. The rug is the finest I have ever seen of its kind, glossy black, and the fur 4in. long.

G. A. S.

BEAVER, Pa.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

BLINDS AND WRINKLES.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 7.—Chicago sportsmen have in different ways done a great deal toward contributing to the comfort, convenience and success of other sportsmen. Prowling around the resorts of the shooters of this city, I have fallen upon a number of devices contrived by Chicago people, which have already taken or will soon take places among the little indispensables of the sportsman's kit.

The other day I was down to the English Lake Club, and I happened to notice that the shell boxes of all the boys had the same kind of a fastening, a sort of snap-hook, similar to a harness-snap, such as can be caught into a ring or staple of any kind, and easily detached again by pressing in one side, which works on a spring. Examining these neat little hooks more closely, I found that each was also a shell-extractor, the base of the hook being arranged for the purpose which it subserves perfectly. This invention was evidently one "made on the ground." These duck clubs hunt by means of boats. Their shell boxes are made of stout tin, and serve as boat seats. By means of this little catch, the shooter is provided with a perfectly secure fastening for the lid of his box, less troublesome than a padlock, and one which in case of a tight shell is always right at hand, and never lost in the other pocket. Mr. C. E. Willard, now of the Blatchford Cartridge Co., is the inventor of this simple and handy little contrivance, and by inspection of the article in hand it seems that Mr. Willard has applied for a patent upon it.

Down at the Cumberland Club I saw pasted up a little cut and descriptive card of "Gammon's Decoy Reel and Weight," and at once recognized an idea I had seen in practical working in all the sporting goods houses and on the ducking marshes. It consists of a bar-weight, run along the bottom of the decoy in the usual way, except that it revolves upon a swivel in the middle and has at each end a knobbed post, around which the line is passed. In taking up the decoys one does not have to wrap laboriously from tail to head, and may be have the whole icy business slip off just as the job is completed. He simply straightens out the line, gives the reel a whirl on its pivot, and the deed is done well and quickly, so that nothing remains but to fasten the line in the little catch provided for it. Nor is this all, for this is one of the things which work both ways. In putting out the decoys the shooter does not unwind the line at all, but simply unfastens the end and throws the decoy overboard just as it is. The ground-weight dropping down through the water runs the line off the reel, which whirls on the swivel. When the line is long enough to reach the bottom it stops unwinding; This handy affair was evidently the work of a man who had suffered from cold fingers on a duck hunt. I had to think a moment before it occurred to me that the inventor was nobody else but Mr. C. D. Gammon, an ardent and successful duck shooter of this city and a member of different clubs.

Mr. J. M. Clark, of the John Wilkinson Co., has got out a style of lancewood bait-casting rod, which is thought by many to be superior to about anything of that kind seen in these parts. It is a short, well-wound and well-balanced rod, with features the casting angler would appreciate.

Speaking of rods: perhaps we have many of us seen the "serrated ferrule?" It is made with projecting teeth, or legs, which run down along the end of the joint, and are wrapped like a guide. This adds greatly to the strength of the rod, and they say that a serrated rod never breaks at the joint—which, as any angler knows, is the weak place in most rods. It is also claimed that this ferrule gives a stiffness and imparts a regularity in the arc which cannot otherwise be gained. Well, it was a woman invented that. She was a workwoman, up in Spalding's fly-tying room. I may be mistaken, but I believe Spaldings took out a patent or a caveat on this idea, and they have made thousands of dollars out of its practical application. Nobody ever heard of their giving the woman anything for the invention, however. If they have not, now is a good time. It is not too late.

Another Chicago invention, whose final completion and perfection I have been watching with a great deal of interest, is one which I think is destined to make something of a stir among the shooters. I refer to the Hunter cartridge loading machine, which is this month put before the public for the first time. The inventor, Mr. Geo. D. Hunter, was for thirteen years in the draughtman's and mechanical departments of the Vandalia Railway, and was also general foreman of the Belt Railway of Chicago. He has patented a number of railway appliances, among others a spark arrester, which remunerated him handsomely. He just sits around and invents things. Mr. Hunter is not so much of a shooter himself, but his brother, J. H. Hunter, of Washington, D. C., is a great trap shot. One day the two brothers were talking together while loading some shells by hand, and J. H. commented on the fact that no machine seemed to exactly fill the bill for the individual shooter who wanted to load his own shells. George D. said if that was all, he would sit down and invent one that did. And I believe he has done it. The machine loads a wonderfully neat shell. The shell bush is so tight that wads of almost any size can be crowded into a paper shell without bulging it, and the latter can be forced out of the bush easily. One shell is crimped while another is loaded. The rammer works against a solid rubber cushion, so that the powder is not crushed, though great power can be applied at will; and yet so close to the rammer is the fulcrum pivot that the loader can be used on the lightest kind of a table without any rocking motion. The loader is a neat little affair, and so small and light that it can be carried in one side of any grip, and taken along on a shooting trip. The mechanical principles are new, and the whole concern, the invention of a skilled machinist, is so perfectly workmanlike that it is fun to play with it. Mr. Hunter tells me he has put over $11,000 into this little machine and the machines necessary for its manufacture. He will soon get that back, for he has a good thing. Moreover, he has a lot more sense than these other fellows have who have been spoken of, and is, I see, advertising his article in FOREST AND STREAM. Nothing like helping yourself while you are helping your fellow sportsmen.

In regard to those duck blinds I promised to write about; a description of them will be right in this same line. Only an observer of the methods of our duck shooters would need a book instead of a column to tell it all—and that would be a better and more practical book than anybody has ever worried out yet about duck shooting.

The Fox Lake "canvas blind" is said to be the invention of Ed Howard, though I presume George Beckwith or some other old pusher of that district may have helped him. It is made of burlaps, or coffee sacking, in full width about 3ft., I believe. This material is of just about as good a color as you could find for a shooting coat. Shooting on that lake is done from a boat, anchored in water from 4 to 10ft. deep. The blind is made to entirely inclose the boat, and is constructed of two sides, each of which folds in the middle. To construct one side, take two light slats, each half the length of the boat, and nail these end to end along the top of the burlaps for that side. Take two more slats—an inch and a half by three-eighths is heavy enough—and nail them on the bottom edge. You can then double the whole side over upon itself, and roll it up into small compass. Make the other side of the blind in the same way. When your pusher goes out with you, he has six long and slender poles in his boat, long enough to stick down in the mud and project from the water about 3ft. or so. As this blind is most valuable in open-water shooting, and as the water is often quite deep, the poles should be nearly as long as the boat, or 10 to 14ft. Two of these poles are thrust down into the soft mud of the bottom, and tied together at the top with a string. The bow of the boat is run in under these poles, and two more are then put out at the stern in the same way, and then one on each side of the middle of the boat. The ends of the top slats of the blind are now tied to the poles at bow, stern and middle, the blind being allowed to unroll and fall down into the water. About this time you begin to notice that the blind breaks the wind off from you a very great deal. The chief remaining trouble is that it flaps in the wind. You obviate this by inserting on each side, and at intervals just close enough to make all stiff and taut, short sticks called "spreaders." These sticks are just long enough to go from the top to the bottom slat, and are provided with brads or nails in each end, which you jab through the burlaps. The blind now is tightly stretched, and shows but very little motion. You now push your boat out at the rear, put out your decoys, and then, coming back in again, tie the tops of the stern poles together just as you have the bow poles. The effect is to draw the blind together tightly at both ends, leaving but a small slit at bow and stern, which will be found useful in watching an incoming flock. From the outside the blind now presents the appearance of a long, cigar-shaped mass of indistinct coloring. The waves wash up at its bottom, so that it seems to blend with the water. No motion within is perceptible. Within the blind all is warm and cosy; the boat is anchored stiffly, and the side-poles prevent much rock. The tops of the walls are drawn in a little, and are just so high that one needs to stand on his knees to see over the top. Slits are cut for peep-holes on the decoy side of the blind. The cover is perfect.

A great many redheads and bluebills are shot from these blinds on Fox Lake. Sometimes a few flags or bunches of grass are fastened along the sides, but this does not seem to make much difference with the ducks named. Redheads and bluebills, especially the latter, are notoriously good decoyers. I do not know how such a blind would work with mallards, which are shyer, and more suspicious of anything bulky or unnatural. With these birds it is a good rule to have a blind as light as possible, and to keep perfectly motionless. The canvas blind is, however, a practical and very comfortable one for deep-water duck shooting.

I was talking with Mr. John Taylor about this canvas blind. Mr. Taylor is the superintendent of the English Lake club grounds. He said the canvas blind did not work on their marsh. He showed me a "willow blind," which he said was better. This was of Mr. Taylor's own make, and consisted of a long roll of peeled, dried willow rods, about four feet long. These were fastened together, top and bottom, by twine strings which ran the whole length of the roll. The blind could be rolled up or unrolled, just like a Venetian blind. It was built in sections, and could be used about a boat, or upon an open meadow. Composed of a single row of willows, about a quarter of an inch apart, any movement made would be more or less plainly visible; the blind, however, was described to be fairly effective. The peeled willow rods soon assume a gray and weather-beaten appearance. A blind of this sort is very portable and very durable, and is handy in the spring, when cover is light.

Mr. Taylor showed me another blind which, though not so durable, was in his estimation much superior to the willow blind. This was made in just the same way as the latter, except that in place of the willow rods tall marsh grass or "cane" is used. I should think this would make an excellent blind. It is stretched on short stakes. The blind I saw was 34ft. long, enough to go quite around a boat, yet it was rolled into so small a roll as to take up very little room in a boat.

Mr. Reed, of the Hennepin Club, went down on the marsh not long ago with a contrivance he called the "Koshkenong blind." He thought a good deal of it, but the boys said it was no good. It was made of the light galvanized wire fence netting, and intended to be stretched about the boat, while the netting is covered with grass and reeds stuck through the meshes. Theoretically, this should be a good blind, but practically it was said to be too mathematical on the corners to suit the mallard duck.

Mr. W. W. McFarland, of the Cumberland Club, by some held to be as successful a duck shot as we have here, has a blind of his own which he pins his faith to. It is simply a piece of fish net, of light twine and a mesh of 2¼in. By means of light adjustable posts, Mr. McFarland stretches this net loosely about the comb of his hunting boat, covering the projecting ends of the boat with loose rushes or grass. Into the netting he weaves a light cover of grass or reeds. The body of the blind has, therefore, nothing solid or stiff about it, but undulates and changes in the wind just as the natural marsh grass does. I don't see how anything could be better than this.

The fact of it is the art of blind shooting consists of keeping still. At English Lake I saw a sort of semi-blind called the "hay coat," which is capable of as good results as anything. It consists simply of a cape made of hay, tied and squared at one end and worn over the shoulders, being fastened by a sort of gathering string, tied in front. It was Mr. Chas. Willard, I believe, who, covered by one of these coats, stood out in the middle of a bare marsh, and assisted by no decoys, using only a duck call, shot seventy-six in one afternoon, many of them mallards. He kept still.

Mr. Kinney, vice-president of the Mak-saw-bas, has a coat which the boys all laugh at as "Kinney's overcoat." It is simply a coffee sack, provided with arms, and is as good a shooting coat as any.

The English Lake members have a great many Green Bay boats. Some of them got to thinking, however, and it seemed to them that the Green Bay model was not perfect. Its bottom was made of two boards, and after a short use invariably began to leak. Its bow-rake also was so short that it did not ride down floating rubbish, and stuck into the water too far for a good poling boat. The result was that Mr. Taylor had Wm. Hine, I believe of Logansport, Ind., a skillful carpenter, build a boat which lacked these objections. Hine never builds two boats alike, but has got out better and better ones right along, and now practically supplies that club.

Mr. Geo. T. Farmer, of the Cumberland Club, has two dugouts, one of which he always uses when he goes out on the marsh. He ignores the graceful modern boats. I wondered at this a little until yesterday I heard that Mr. Farmer was long ago a scout and trapper in the employ of the Northwestern Fur Company. That explains it.

The best duck decoys I ever saw belong to Mr. W. B. Chatfield, of the English Lake Club. They are imported. They are made of rubber, covered with velvet, and painted into so life-like a representation that they would deceive the keenest eye. They are inflated by means of a tube and key similar to that used on a football. They cost $37 a dozen. The only trouble about them is that when the pop-eyed rustic lets go his Zulu into the fleet he is apt to spoil $37 worth of decoys.

CHICAGO, Jan. 7.—Late dispatches bear the following melancholy news of a well-known gentleman and sportsman of Chicago: "EL PASO, Tex., Jan. 4.—Dr. F. Sidney Papin, the wealthy son of Dr. Papin of Chicago, who arrived here for the benefit of his health in the fall, and three weeks ago, accompanied by his wife and a number of friends, started on an overland pleasure trip through Mexico, Arizona and into California, died in Mexico of consumption Tuesday last." Dr. Papin is the gentleman of whose proposed extended pleasure trip mention was made early last fall. Mr. Chas. Carhart, of this city, was named as one of the party, which is now disbanded by the deplored occurrence.

Mr. F. A. Howe, president of the Yellowstone Club, is in nowise daunted by the recent statements of "Ren" in regard to the yield of wild rice, and reiterates that he has yet to hear of the first wild rice bed that will yield anything like a bushel to the acre, although he also has seen what appeared to be a considerable quantity of rice brushed into the boat in the course of a day's shooting.

I saw a grand lot of Canada geese on South Water street yesterday, and on asking where they came from was told they got in from Montana. The common idea would be that Canada geese would be far south of Montana at this season. The weather is all knocked out of gear, out in this country, and the oldest inhabitant has taken his goose-bore and emigrated. E. HOUGH.

BOONE AND CROCKETT CLUB.

THE second annual meeting of the Boone and Crockett Club was held in this city at the University Club, Jan. 9. This association, which was organized only about a year ago, has now a membership which includes some of the very best sportsmen in America. Its good influence has already made itself felt in more than one direction, and there is every prospect that as it grows older it will exercise a great power for good all over the country, and especially in sections of the West, in which for a long time the influence of the game laws will scarcely be felt. A business meeting was held at 7 o'clock P. M., and after the reports of committees had been received and some new members elected an adjournment was had to the dining room, where about a great round table the members enjoyed themselves until a late hour. Among those present were: Gen. B. H. Bristow, Hon. Theodore Roosevelt, Mr. A. Bierstadt, Mr. Archibald Rogers, Mr. Rutherford Stuyvesant, Mr. Elliott Roosevelt, Mr. Arnold Hague, Mr. J. J. Pierpont, Mr. Wm. Milne Grinnell, Mr. W. A. Wadsworth, Mr. H. C. DeRham, Mr. John G. Roosevelt, Mr. Thos. Paton, Dr. J. West Roosevelt and Mr. Geo. Bird Grinnell.

ORLEANS COUNTY, N. Y., GAME LAW.—An act has been passed prohibiting the catching of fish of any kind, except minnows, in any streams in Orleans county save with a hook and line, or rod held in hand, or trolling from boat. The penalty attached is $100. In response to a petition from sportsmen of the central and eastern towns, the Board has enacted the following game law: No person shall within the county of Orleans, kill or expose for sale, or have in his or her possession, after the same has been killed, any woodcock, between the 1st day of January and the 1st day of September in each year. Any person violating the provisions of this ordinance shall be declared guilty of a misdemeanor, and in addition thereof shall be liable to a penalty of twenty-five dollars, for each bird so killed or had in his possession; such penalties to be recovered and such misdemeanor to be punished according to the provisions of Chapter 534 of the Laws of 1879, and the several acts amendatory thereof and supplementary thereto.

DEER'S VITALITY.—Grand View, Tenn.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I notice in your issue of Dec. 27 an article by Mr. C. H. Ames, where he relates an occurrence told him by a man from Bangor, Me. The substance of this was that a deer had run 192yds. after its entrails had dropped out. That a deer should get ripped open by its own act would be an unlooked-for occurrence, but that it had run the distance above mentioned leaves considerable room for wonder. Many years ago I was informed of a circumstance somewhat similar in some respects to the one in question, and heretofore I have had some hesitancy about relating the fact, because it appeared so improbable. The man King, whose name has been mentioned before in an article published in the FOREST AND STREAM, lived near a deer lick, where he killed several deer every summer, bringing home the saddles and skin and leaving the forequarters for his neighbors. The lick had got the name of Old King's meat market. His lick watching one night continued until night had closed in. Although a starlit night, it had become like Egyptian darkness in the thick woods, when the roar of the old smoothbore was heard by the boys at home. They immediately started with a lantern, meeting the old man just as he was groping his way out of the woods into the clearing, and in answer to their eager questions, he told them that he had shot at a venture at the slight sounds made by a deer as it walked over some loose stones, and that he heard the deer run after he had fired the shot; and it would be useless for the boys to go up to the lick, for he was pretty sure that he had not touched a hair. However, the boys did go up to the lick early the next morning and found a deer's paunch, and the small intestines were strung along for several yards, and the deer was found some 50yds. distant, as paced by the boys. The examining committee reported that an ounce ball (King never used anything lighter) had ripped open (crosswise) the lower part of the belly, and, as a matter of course, the whole mass fell out when it made the first jump. Sometimes a deer will run some distance after being shot through the heart, while others that have been shot precisely in the same manner may fall in their track, or very near it.—ANTLER.

PEN NAMES.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The little correspondence on "Elk Hunting Ethics" you published lately, gives me an opportunity to say what I have often felt like saying before, viz.: That I believe it would be more satisfactory all around if every person who writes for the press would do it over one and only one signature. This first occurred to me several years ago, when I found in a Western paper, devoted to field sports, etc. (especially *et cetera*), an interesting account of a fishing trip, written by "The Sergeant." I had not read far before I soliloquized: "That's a well written article, but whom does it sound like?" A little further on I struck an expression that gave the thing away as written by one of FOREST AND STREAM'S most valued contributors, and then I wanted to kick myself for not recognizing him before, in spite of the strange *nom de plume*. I was not altogether pleased, either, that my old friend had compelled me "to penethrate his *incognatio*," as Jimmy O'Brien said; for, like the Turks, I hate trouble. Coming back to the starting point, if Mr. Shields had written his article for *Harper's* and his "Rustling in the Rockies" and "Saunterings in the Snowies" over the same signature any of us who had read the last named article would have been slow to harbor for an instant the thought that their author could possibly be a pot-hunter, and had it not been for Mr. Hough (may his fingers be able to drive the pen for the next seventy-five years) my feelings in the matter still have been about—well, in equilibrium.—L. I. FLOWER.

SHOOTING AND FISHING IN FLORIDA.—Peekskill, N. Y.—We occasionally see the question asked through the columns of your valuable paper, where can I go for the winter and find good shooting and fishing? If any desire to spend a few weeks in a good quail section, and where ducks, jack snipe and fish are abundant, and where the climate is simply perfect, let them try Merritt's Island, on the east coast of Florida, a large, narrow island lying between the Indian and Banana rivers. Sportsmen or others who simply desire to avoid the severe cold weather of the North, can be accommodated with good rooms and plain, home-like comforts at a very moderate price, in the immediate vicinity of the shooting and fishing grounds, by Mrs. W. G. Martin. Mr. Martin is an experienced hunter and fisherman, has spent ten years of his life on the east coast, and is familiar with all of the best shooting and fishing grounds. From personal experience I believe this to be the healthiest and most comfortable climate on the globe. The weather is warm but you are constantly fanned by a most delightful ocean breeze, and it very seldom rains during the winter months. You go direct to Titusville at the head of the Indian River, then by steamer. Fare from New York to Titusville and return, first class, $52. I will be glad to furnish any further information necessary as to the country, route, etc. Mr. W. G. Martin's address is Merritt, Florida.—W. H. PIERCE.

CHICAGO, Ill., Jan. 9.—As I look out on Lake Michigan frequently I notice small flocks of ducks, but a visit to the river or small inland lakes discloses not a solitary duck, mudhen or any other living thing that swims. I observe, however, a greater number of geese flying over than I have ever seen so late before. Three weeks ago a gang of twenty-two were rising on Calumet Lake, fifteen miles southward. Late in the afternoon they rose and flew eastward. Dec. 30 a flock of fully a hundred flew over the city also going in an easterly direction; and day before yesterday, Jan. 7, another flock of fully one hundred come over the town from the east, this gang flying westward.—H. R. B.

THE ORITANI SNOW SHOE CLUB officers for 1889 are as follows: Honorary President, Erastus Wiman; President, G. M. Fairchild, Jr.; Vice-President, J. E. Learned; Captain, Wm. P. Ellery; Vice-Captain, W. A. Shortt; Secretary and Treasurer, Wakeman Holberton, 18 Vesey street, New York; Whippers-In, W. J. Weldon and Prof. Wells. The organization is in a flourishing condition; fourteen members were elected at the annual meeting. The only thing the Oritani Snow Shoers lack is snow shoeing; their chief weather clerk is on the lookout for a blizzard.

PENNSYLVANIA.—Auburn, Susquehanna County, Jan 7.—The shooting season just closed has been an average one. Woodcock were conspicuous by their absence and squirrels very scarce. Rabbits were plentiful and ahead of the merry little beagles gave excellent sport. The last quail disappeared from this section several years ago. Ruffed grouse were found in good numbers, but were never more difficult to bring to bag. I have always noticed that when beechnuts were plentiful they were always wild and strong of wing, and when flushed go long distances, and the sportsman who made a good bag this fall might well feel exultant. My best work resulted in a bag of six grouse made inside of six hours; and my score for the season was thirty-four—all but three of which were killed within one and a half miles of my door. Within that area at least fifty birds remain, and with the open winter and abundance of food they should winter well and rear large broods another season. I inclose quills from the tails of three different birds that fell to my gun, showing quite a variation in color.—BON AMI. [The great variation in the coloration of the ruffed grouse is well known, and has often been commented on.]

BUCKSHOT LOADING.—Can't we have something more on this important subject? I have tried the plan recommended by "Dentist" with good results, but found that to get in even two shot of good killing size made a very heavy charge for a 12-gauge gun. Is it considered safe to load buckshot in a chokebore gun? Is there a wire cartridge manufactured with shot large enough to be really destructive to deer and other large animals? My gun has a cylinder barrel, which is excellent for field shooting with small shot, but it scatters buckshot intolerably. What is the matter?—AZTEC.

DEER IN WELD, ROXBURY AND CARTHAGE, MAINE.—The subscriber will promptly pay $25 to the first person or persons, who shall furnish evidence that will lead to the conviction and punishment of any person killing deer in either of the towns of Weld, Roxbury and Carthage, within the close time of 1889, which close time dates from Jan. 1, 1889. The subscriber is authorized to make the above offer by a friend of the law and deer.—S. M. LOCKE, Roxbury, Maine.

ITHACA, N. Y.—Messrs. O. Z. and O. H. Devenport, accompanied by Monroe Harvey, an old Pennsylvania deer hunter, all of this county are now on a prospecting and hunting trip to Seattle, W. T. The three men are longing for the biggest kind of a bear scrimmage, and in anticipation of such an event, carry with them a Marlin .32-cal., a Winchester .38-cal., and a double gun of Bonehill make. FOREST AND STREAM will hear from them.—M. CHILL.

MINTO, Dakota.—Two gentlemen, residents of Inkster, passed through here last month with three moose, the result of a weeks' hunt in the Roseau Lake country, Minn. One of the animals in particular was a "whopper." We had no snow until the middle of December, consequently deer hunting did not begin until then on the Red River, twelve miles east of this place. Three were killed there on the first hunting Friday last.—J. F. T.

AN OLD-TIMER.—Quebec, Dec. 21.—Our well-known sporting grocer, Adam Walters of Quebec, completed his one hundred and second year on Jan. 5. He is still hale and hearty, looking as if he were only sixty instead of a centennarian, and is still capable of bringing down a caribou, and catching the big fish of Lake St. Joseph, and also telling a real "Camp-Fire Flickering" story as of yore.—*

NEW YORK LEGISLATURE.

[Special Correspondence of Forest and Stream.]

ALBANY, Jan 14.—Thus far in the Legislature only three bills have been introduced of interest to the field covered by the FOREST AND STREAM. The first, by Senator Ives, provides that if the members of any club so elect they may decide that memberships in the club may be taken by heirs at law. The bill is said to come down from some of the clubs in the Adirondacks where large amounts of money are expended in real estate and improvements, so that a membership need not be a loss in case of the death of a member.

The second bill, by Mr. McAdams, of Oneida, amends the general game laws so as to prohibit the spring shooting of ducks. The close season is made from Feb. 1 to Sept. 1, instead of from May 1 to Sept. 1. In the waters of Long Island the close season still continues to Oct. 1.

Mr. Baker, of Oneida, has introduced the following bill: Sec. 1. Every person who shall trespass on any land within this State owned by any private individual, firm or corporation, by cutting or carrying away any trees or timber growing thereon, shall forfeit and pay to such owner or owners the same penalty or penalties as are now recoverable by law for like trespasses upon lands known as the Forest Preserve, or lands owned by the State of New York; and all remedies or proceedings in actions to prevent, or to recover damages for like injuries or trespasses, and to enforce execution upon judgments therein, which may be had or taken by law by or on behalf of the people of the State, against persons trespassing in such manner on lands owned by the State, may be had or taken by or on behalf of the owner or owners of any lands upon which such trespasses shall have been committed, against the person or persons committing the same.

LEFFINGWELL'S "WILD FOWL SHOOTING."

Editor Forest and Stream:

For several consecutive years it has been our great enjoyment to engage in wildfowl shooting in river and bay, and we have never found other sport equal to it. We have tried our guns in various States and along all the line of sea coast from Maine to Corolina, and enjoyed our share of pastime, after deer, prairie chicken, partridge, quail, squirrel, rabbit and woodcock, but have never found any sport equal in interest and result to that of wild fowl shooting. We have never yet met with any work descriptive of such sports that entirely satisfied us, until now we have before us Leffingwell's superb work on fowling. In it he gives in vivid and graphic style his experiences in shooting all sorts of wildfowl; and so in musing over his descriptions we can live over again and enjoy the pleasures and successes of many past years.

This is a work not only interesting to brother sportsmen, but also to the general reader, and his amusing and picturesque chapters on "Sculling for Fowl," "Shooting Mallards in a Storm," "Out for a Lark," "In the Marshes," "A Morning With Nature" and "Canada Goose Shooting" should be decided favorites with most readers. The book gives scientific and practical descriptions of wildfowl, their resorts, habits and the mode of hunting them. The work is indorsed by the FOREST AND STREAM and many other leading publications and is certain to be the greatest authority in all matters of fowl shooting. ISAAC MCLELLAND.

GREENPORT, Long Island.

FOREST AND STREAM, Box 2,832, N. Y. city, has descriptive illustrated circulars of W. B. Leffingwell's book, "Wild Fowl Shooting," which will be mailed free on request. This book is pronounced by "Nanit," "Gloan," "Dick Swiveller," "Sybillene" and other competent authorities to be the best treatise on the subject extant.

Sea and River Fishing.

FOX RIVER ASSOCIATION.

CHICAGO, Ill., Jan. 12.—There was held at the Sherman House parlors in this city on last Wednesday, Jan. 9, a meeting of sportsmen, which in interest and significance was probably the most notable one of its kind ever convened in this State. This meeting of the Fox River Fish and Game Association is really the second formal assemblage of the organization, which is but barely a year old. Its origin is due to Mr. Geo. E. Cole and Mr. Chas. F. Hills, who, when commenting upon the growing scarcity of fish in the Fox Lake district on a fishing trip only two seasons ago, asked each other the question, if the scarcity was not due to the absence of lawful fishways in Fox River, and added the further question whether a joint effort on the part of the sportsmen's clubs would not be amendatory of this and other evils apparent in violation of the fish and game laws. To the efforts of this organization and of the men composing it is due an improvement in the fish and game supply already evident, and this fact is mentioned in a Fox Lake article sent in for publication before this date.

With these men not much talking was done. In a few days the following certificate of organization was duly filed:

STATE OF ILLINOIS, } ss.
COUNTY OF COOK. }

We, the undersigned, Charles F. Hills, John Wilkinson and Henry L. Hertz, citizens of the United States, propose to form a Society under an act of the General Assembly of the State of Illinois, entitled "An Act concerning Corporations," approved April 18, 1872, and all acts amendatory thereof, and for the purposes of such organizations, we hereby state as follows, to wit:

1. The name of such Society to be the Fox River Fish and Game Association.

2. The object for which it is formed is to assist in the enforcement of the fish and game laws of the State of Illinois, in the Fox River region.

3. The number of its Directors to be ten (10).

4. The names of the Directors selected for the first year are: Charles F. Hills, J. C. McCord, Andrew Lovell, D. F. Barclay, J. W. Lyke, E. C. Howard, Henry L. Hertz, F. I. Pearce, Geo. E. Cole and John Wilkinson.

5. The location of said Society is in the City of Chicago, in the County of Cook and State of Illinois.

CHARLES F. HILLS, [SEAL.]
JOHN WILKINSON, [SEAL.]
HENRY L. HERTZ, [SEAL.]

In a few more days there issued over the great seal of the State of Illinois a due charter, stating that, compliance with certain mentioned conditions having been made,

Now, Therefore, I, Henry D. Dement, Secretary of the State of Illinois, by virtue of the powers and duties vested in me by Law, do hereby certify that said The Fox River Fish and Game Association is a legally organized corporation under the Laws of this State.

In testimony whereof, I hereto set my hand and cause to be affixed the great Seal of State. Done at the City of Springfield, this seventh day of February, in the year of our Lord One Thousand Eight Hundred and Eighty Eight, and of the Independence of the United States the One Hundred and Twelfth.

HENRY D. DEMENT, Secretary of State.

SEAL.

Here, then, was a corporation able to sue and be sued, and empowered to raise moneys by such means as it chose; empowered, therefore, to hold up the empty hands of our State Fish Commission, which, though certainly intelligent and willing, had no money wherewith to act, though fully cognizant that action should be had, and that quickly.

Members poured in from all the big clubs of Chicago, and from every vicinity of Fox Lake, from Elgin, from Sycamore, and all through the northern part of the State. Funds were raised. Not a moment was lost in theorizing, but at once the association figuratively ascended the neck of two or three stubborn and purse-proud dam owners along Fox River. It has already shown these dam owners that it also has all the money it wants for a fight, and all the determination it needs to win. Reference to recent suits was made in FOREST AND STREAM of Jan. 3. The work has begun, and begun well. It will soon be merry all along the line.

What this work has been and what it will be in the future year, may be seen by a careful examination of the following report of the proceedings of the meeting above mentioned. At this writing there remains time for only the briefest comment.

The assemblage gathered at the Sherman House last Wednesday was a surprise to me, and one to make a sportsman or sportsman's paper glad. A meeting of the directors of any heavy mercantile or political movement would not present a body of men the equal to it in personal appearance, in dignity of parliamentary action, nor in the lesser qualities of wealth, success, and social and business prominence. It was a collection from the leading business men of this section, men who have never allowed any man or corporation to impose upon their private interests, and who are now in body resolved that no man or corporation shall impose upon the rights of the people of Illinois in the matter of fish and game.

The meeting was called to order by the president, Mr. Chas. F. Hills. Mr. Wilkinson, the secretary, was absent on account of illness, but sent in the following letter to Mr. Cole, which was read before the meeting and spread upon the minutes. It may be seen that FOREST AND STREAM, the only paper to take any intelligent action in this section upon the lines of work in hand by this big association, has received due appreciation for its efforts:

CHICAGO, Jan. 9, 1889.—*Geo. E. Cole, Esq.:* DEAR SIR—I find that I shall be unable to attend the meeting of the Association this afternoon, as I am confined to my house. I send you for Mr. Hills my report as treasurer for the year, and also the records of the Association.

I also inclose an extract from a late number of the FOREST AND STREAM, which I cut from an article on Fox Lake:

> There are some matters which should receive the strong attention of those interested in the continuance of Fox Lake as a pleasure ground. One of these is fishing through the ice during the winter; it is destroying the fish at a terrible rate. Another is the continual harrying of the ducks in the open water, and the incessant "coasting" them up along the shores in the morning. Not a boat ought to go out on the lake before full daybreak, and each boat ought to go directly to its own stand, and leave the edges of the lake alone. Shooting on the middle of the lake should be stopped entirely. Thus the ducks would have given them a chance to feed and a chance to rest, and would not be so apt to entirely desert the region, as they may soon do unless a change is made. To try to row up on a bunch of ducks in the open lake, and by repeated firing of heavy charges to perhaps scratch down one out of fifty shots, is not sportsmanlike, and sportsmen should endeavor to have it stopped. Let each shooter keep to his blind or flyway, and the total result will be very much greater. The ducks must have some chance, or they cannot be expected to stay.—*Forest and Stream, Dec. 27.*

I think it would be well to read this extract at the meeting, as it calls attention very strongly to matters for which there should be some remedy. I think that we have a law forbidding duck shooting after sunset and before sunrise; if this is a law, it certainly ought to be respected; although we know that little attention is paid to it at Fox Lake. There are various matters referred to in this article concerning which it would be impolitic to attempt to have any new laws made, but our Association ought to be strong enough to influence public opinion in this respect, certainly among all members of the Association. Every hunter must appreciate the force of these remarks, and know that they are justified by the many unwise practices on Fox Lake. It seems to me that it would be a good plan for our Association to have placards printed to be posted in the various hotels and club houses, which should urge upon all people who come to the Lake the necessity of abstaining from doing many things which are gradually tending to ruin our fishing and shooting. In these placards, I would call attention very strongly to the dangerous habit of rifle shooting on the water. This is a practice which is indulged in very generally, and which will lead to some fatal accident if it is persisted in. I presume that there are very few among us who have not heard the whistling of rifle bullets fired from some boat, club house or hotel. No one can tell where his bullet is going to glance to after it strikes the water, and it always does glance; if the water is rough, it may glance to the right or left, or go straight ahead. My house on the Island was struck by bullets several times during the last two seasons.

As long as people delight in fishing, I think that fishermen will always vie with each other to see who can catch the most fish, without regard to quality or size. In this way thousands and thousands of fish are killed every summer on our lake which are entirely useless for food because too small, and which should be thrown back into the water as soon as caught. The true angler never does such things, and I think that our worthy president sets a good example in this respect. Every member of the Association ought to do what he can to prevent this indiscriminate slaughtering of fish.

I hope that you will have a good meeting this afternoon, and I regret very much that I cannot be there. Yours truly, JOHN WILKINSON.

The report of the directors was then read and adopted, and this, although it is long, I trust may be printed in full, as it covers very clearly the past and future of a work than which none is of greater importance to the sportsmen of this region. If once read by a sportsman it will convince him that the day of talk is past and the time of action now at length at hand.

REPORT OF THE DIRECTORS OF FOX RIVER FISH AND GAME ASSOCIATION TO THE MEMBERS OF THE ASSOCIATION, JAN. 9, 1889.

Gentlemen—Your Directors submit the following as a report of the work of this Association since our first annual meeting, with results accomplished, and suggestions as to the desired amendments to our fish and game laws.

On the opening of the spring of 1888, acting in harmony with the Board of Fish Commissioners, steps were taken to induce the owners of dams on Fox River to provide the same with fishways as provided by law. During the months of April and May our efforts were confined to interviews with dam owners, and the selection of a suitable device that would accomplish our purpose, and afford a free and unobstructed passage to fish, and at the same time be economical, safe to, and easily constructed by dam owners. Very little progress, however, was made with dam owners, and it was found necessary to select some point and make a determined fight. The city of Elgin was selected as being an important point, easy of access to the officers of the Association, and their attorneys. In order that no complaint might be justly made of partiality, a person was sent the entire length of the river, and every dam owner was personally served with notice as provided by law.

Although the Fish Commissioners were empowered by statute to construct fishways in dams where owners failed to provide same, no provision was made for funds to pay for such construction in the first instance. In view of this difficulty the Fish Commissioners were powerless to act, and to provide for this deficiency this Association directed their attorneys to draw up a guarantee in writing which was executed by the officers of this Association, by which the Association undertook to advance the necessary costs of fishways, constructed by Fish Commissioners, to be reimbursed out of recovery to be had against dam owners. Armed with this guarantee, the Fish Commissioners accompanied by a committee of your directors proceeded to Elgin with their attorneys and induced the Elgin Hydraulic Company to construct a fishway in their dam without a contest, and the same is now in successful operation. A fishway was also put in at the Algonquin Dam by the owners.

About this time a determined effort was made by the Association to have the canal commissioners provide a fishway in the State dam at Dayton. Your attorneys drew up a petition to the canal commissioners, which was signed by leading citizens and forwarded, accompanied by strong personal letters. After persistent and continuous effort the canal commissioners have been induced to provide said dam with a fishway, and the same is now in successful operation.

There is now in successful operation a fishway in Dayton, Yorkville, Elgin and Algonquin. There are no fishways in the dams at Aurora, North Aurora, Batavia and Conova; the condition of the dam at Montgomery is unknown. At St. Charles and Carpenterville dams are provided with what is known as the "Shaw fishway," a device of no practical use and not filling the requirements of the law. In November, the dam owners unprovided, having renounced all intention of complying with the law, suit was commenced against the owners of Carpenterville dam, and after a contested trial they were fined. Notice of appeal has been given in this suit. Complaints have been made against the owners of dams at Geneva, Aurora and North Aurora, four suits, which are set for trial Jan. 9, at Elgin. These complaints should be followed up by complaints every fifteen days until the owers comply with the law.

We have been advised of several isolated instances of violations of law, but owing to defects in the provisions of the statute their prosecution would have been attended with so much uncertainty and expense in time and money, we have thought best to content ourselves with threats of prosecution until some more effective law is passed. In comparing the fish and game laws of this State with those of sister States we find that the prohibitory phraseology of our statute as to acts prohibited is sufficiently strong, but there are many acts prohibited elsewhere which are not covered by our statute. In providing what shall be evidence of violation and enforcement of penalty our statute is lamentably defective and the duties and powers of Board of Fish Commissioners are confined to the mere hatching of fish. Owing to this deficiency, the question of whether a dam is provided with a lawful fishway becomes a question of fact, to be decided by a preponderance of testimony. Having in view the facility with which wealthy and powerful individuals and corporations can establish facts by testimony, the difficulty met in the trial of these cases can be appreciated. At the trial of the Carpenterville case nearly twenty witnesses were sworn, and an architect was employed to make a diagram and actual measurements of the dam and so-called fishway. Under this statute of law, owners put in all kinds of devices, of course, in most cases of no practical benefit, and produced witnesses to swear that they have complied with the law. This difficulty would be all disposed of by a suitable amendment hereafter suggested. Another evil, and quite as important and difficult to remedy under the present statute, is the possession by parties along our rivers and lakes of unlawful seines, spears and other instruments. It is practically impossible to prevent their use where people are allowed to have them in their possession.

In many States the Board of Fish Commissioners is created by statute, a body corporate with ample powers. We therefore divide our suggestions into three heads to be reached by amendments to present law.

First—The acts to be prohibited.
Second—The evidence of violation of statute.
Third—The penalty and manner of enforcing same.

First—The killing of game is sufficiently prohibited by statute, except the killing of game during the spring season, and that question having many advocates, pro and con, we leave it to the best judgment of the Association, without recommendation. The killing of fish from Nov. 15 to April 15 should be prohibited, and at all times within four hundred (400) yards of any fishway. The killing of fish by gaff should be prohibited. The having in possession any seine, spear, or other unlawful device for the taking or killing of fish, except as hereinafter provided, should be made a misdemeanor. Dam owners should be required to place and "maintain" therein, instead of "place therein."

Second—The evidence. The Board of Fish Commissioners should be made the sole judge of the sufficiency of fishways, and dam owner be required to have their fishways inspected by the Board, and procure from the Board a certificate of inspection, under the corporate seal of the Board. Such certificate to be revocable whenever said dam owner shall fail to maintain such fishways to the satisfaction of the Board of Commissioners. A failure to obtain said certificate to be *prima facie* evidence of the violation of this Statute. The having in possession upon the shore of any river or lake in this State, of any seine, net, spear, gaff, or other unlawful instrument for the taking or killing of fish by any person, to be *prima facie* evidence of violation, etc.

Third—Enforcement and penalty. Give Board authority to appoint fish wardens with power to arrest without warrant. Board to have general supervision over the propagation, cultivation and preservation of game and fish. Board to inspect fishways and issue certificates of inspection; to revoke certificates upon failure of owner to maintain, and to enforce provisions of the law. Board to have control of the expenditure of all moneys appropriated for the propagation and preservation of game and fish. Board to report annually to governor, that report to be printed and distributed.

Remarks.—The suggestions above made may seem to you to take too wide a range, and require too voluminous amendments, or in common words, "be asking too much."

A careful examination of the game and fish laws of New York, Connecticut, Maine, Minnesota, Nebraska, Iowa and Wisconsin, impress upon us that our enlightened people are waking up to the necessity of calling a halt on the further depletion of our immense and admirable game and fish preserves, and that this great State can ill afford to be behind in this good work.

If properly presented, we have no doubt that our Legislature will give us the laws we require.

Without some sufficient law your efforts can only meet with partial and indifferent success, and afford unsatisfactory returns.

We advise the vigorous prosecution of the delinquent dam owners, and believe that they will soon come to terms, as there can be but one result.

In our work thus far, we have been assisted and aided in every way in his power by S. P. Bartlett, present Fish Commissioner, and, although hampered by want of authority, he has clearly proved that his heart is with us in the work. Respectfully submitted, GEO. E. COLE,

For the Directors of Fox River Fish and Game Association.

With the view of raising funds to meet the immediate demands, it was agreed to fix a life membership in the Association at $10. Before the meeting adjourned a sum of $130 was raised in this way. The annual dues were left unchanged. The meeting resolved to instruct the board of directors for the ensuing year to prepare a bill as much in conformity with the Wisconsin game laws as possible, and make all honorable efforts to have it passed by the present Legislature. It is known by sportsmen of this country that the Wisconsin game law is exceptionally strong, allowing no blind shooting beyond the cover, no sneakboxes, and no shipments of game out of State. We need such a law here. The question of spring shooting was left for further consideration and report. The Association is as active on game matters as in fish protection.

Mr. W. K. Reed, of the Hennepin Club, spoke at some length on the game laws, after which the following gentlemen were elected directors for the ensuing year: C. F. Hills, George E. Cole, John C. McCord, James G. Dwen, Henry L. Hertz, Clarence A. Knight, J. C. Burkett, J. W. Lyke, John Wilkinson and G. E. Hawthorne. Mr. Cole was tendered a hearty vote of thanks for his services during the past year.

The Hennepin Club is an Illinois River organization. It is swinging into line on this work. Mr. R. B. Organ, president of the Mak-saw-bas, a Kankakee River club, was also present. The Kankakee country is going to swing into line. The whole State is apt to follow. It is now only three days after the meeting of the Association, but already the brief daily despatches have attracted attention. This morning Mr. Hills, president of the Association, showed me a letter from an Illinois River club, which by permission is printed below, so that yet other clubs may see and follow the Sandwich Club in what will doubtless be a large membership contributed to the Association:

SANDWICH, Ill., Jan. 10.—*Mr. Chas. F. Hills, President Fox River Fish and Game Association, Chicago, Ill.:* DEAR SIR—I see that you are backing up the Fish Commission in right royal shape in the construction of fishways along the Fox River. I have been working at this single-handed for the last five years, but I could not get Mr. Bartlett to push matters.

The dam at Dayton has been the biggest curse on the line. They had a box trap placed there by the State—as it is a State dam—and called it a fishway simply to comply with the law; but I have offered $500 to any one who would truthfully swear that a fish ever passed through it over the dam.

There was a wooden-legged fellow who always sat below the dam during the fishing season, and caught the black bass for the markets in all the small towns. A good many game fish that can be caught below that dam are never heard of above it, simply because they cannot get over, and none breed.

I have just heard that a fishway had been constructed at Dayton. If so, I would like to inquire what sort of a fishway it is, whether constructed under the supervision of the fishway commissioners, or simply placed there by the canal commissioners to comply with the law. All these private or State fishways will bear a thorough inspection, as many will try to get along with a little expense, and put in a trap that has no utility for the free passage of fish.

It is very essential that a good and sufficient fishway be placed at Henry, Ill. I understand that a private fishway had been placed at Yorkville, Ill., but not in conformity with the law. Still it may be just as good. I think commissioners want to be backed up, and anything that the Sandwich Fishing Club can do to aid you, do not be afraid to call upon them.

There are a great many violations of the fishing laws along Fox River, such as seining at night, which has been in progress for two years, and the river nearly depopulated of that nice game fish the black bass. The red horse has nearly full possession of the river from Dayton to Aurora, simply because the others have been seined out, and there has been no free passage for the fish. Yours very truly, J. M. HUMMEL.

In reply to the above letter Mr. Hills wrote the following, which is worthy of careful perusal:

CHICAGO, Jan. 12.—*Mr. W. Hummel, Sandwich, Ill.:* MY DEAR SIR—In reply to your encouraging letter of the 10th inst. accept on behalf of the Fox River Fish and Game Association hearty thanks for your offers of assistance, as well as for the information furnished.

The Association is in the fight to stay, and in the contests with the owners of dams we have first selected the parties most belligerent. The Elgin Hydraulic Company at Elgin put in a fishway (the Rogers) without a contest. The owners of the dam at Algonquin put in one of the same kind afterward. Suit was brought against the owners of the dam at Carpenterville; twenty witnesses being sworn; defendants were fined $10.00 and appealed the case, making the assertion to the effect that they would carry the case to the Supreme Court. Assuming they will do so, they will find that, as the law provides, we can have them fined every fifteen days, and by the time the first case is reached on the appeal their legal expenses will be double the cost of the best fishway. We prefer to fight the hard-fighting dam owner. The stronger he is financially the greater the effect of our victory when won, as we are in this contest to win. Col. Bartlett is with us, and has given every assistance in his power.

The forthcoming issue of FOREST AND STREAM will have copy of the report of our directors as made to the Association at last meeting. When received I will send you a copy. Our annual

dues are $1, which also covers the membership fee. We of course want help financially. If you can organize a club of members, and send amounts of subscriptions with names and address to Mr. John Wilkinson, of Parkhurst & Wilkinson, No. 150 Kinzie street, Chicago, the membership tickets will be sent to subscribers. Have received material assistance in this way from Elgin.

Regarding the fishway in the dam belonging to the State at Dayton; it was put in this fall, and is claimed to be of such construction as to permit free passage. Will, however, write to Col. Bartlett for his report of it, and will write to you later.

Will be pleased to hear further from you at any time, and will take pleasure in reporting to you the work accomplished from time to time. Yours very truly, C. F. HILLS,
President Fox River Fish and Game Association.

It should be added that the remark in the Sandwich letter in regard to the inactivity of our Fish Commissioner, Mr. Bartlett, is innocently wrong. Mr. Bartlett has been unable to act from want of funds. This the Association have clearly recognized, as may be seen by references above.

The *Daily News* of this morning, under the heading of "Many New Laws Needed," has strong reference to the need of new game laws. The article shows seven counties to be a unit on the matter agitated by the Fox River Association The shooting and fishing clubs are falling into line. Let the politicians take note, and also fall into line. If they do not, they may see the day when they will wish they had.

CHICAGO, Ill., Jan. 10.—Mr. D. L. Barclay, president of the Waltonian Club at Fox Lake, started yesterday from his home at Elgin, Ill., for a trip to the Pacific coast country.

Fishing through the ice will soon begin on the inland lakes now, and there will be slaughter unmeasured of fish life till the ice breaks again. To-day cold weather has struck this place for the first time this winter, although it is not yet severe and may warm up again. Yesterday there was a melting snow; two days before that were rainy, and up to that time our weather here had been like that of a pleasant fall. It is almost unprecedented here. Should these fair days begin again the season will be most favorable for our game and will give the ice fishers at best only a limited chance for their butchery. E. HOUGH.

No. 175 MONROE STREET.

LANDLOCKED AND ATLANTIC SALMON

IN November last Commissioner E. M. Stilwell, of Maine, requested Mr. Robert Edes to send to the U. S. National Museum a pair of the large landlocked salmon which were at that time spawning in Sebago Lake, Maine, and he asked for information about the relationship existing between the landlocked and marine forms of the *Salmo salar*. This relationship has been a fertile source of interest and inquiry among anglers and fishculturists, and the fine specimens sent from Maine furnish an excellent opportunity to make a comparison between fresh individuals of the two races.

It may be as well to state by way of preface that students of fishes are united in their belief in the specific identity of the sea salmon and the landlocked salmon, or winninish. The differences between the two are limited to form and coloration, and in some waters, size of individuals. These are characters of little value, and may be observed in other species of the salmon family, both in a state of nature and under domestication. The landlocked salmon is equally well known in Europe, and especially in lakes of Scandinavia. It must be remembered that the colors have changed somewhat since the fish came out of Sebago Lake. Mr. Edes says: "The natural color of these fish when in good condition is about the same as the Penobscot sea salmon; in fact, it would be hard to distinguish one from the other by their color when taken in the months of May, June or July."

Early in November, 1887, Mr. E. G. Blackford sent to the National Museum a spent male salmon that was caught in a net along with striped bass at Port Monmouth, N. J. This was a remarkable fish, both on account of its condition and the unusual place of its capture—no salmon having been taken there before. The lower jaw had a slight cartilaginous tip, which could be received into a half-round cavity in the snout. The teeth in the middle of the roof of the mouth, in a long double series, were entirely imbedded in thickened skin. The sides were marked with moderately numerous black spots of irregular shape and with a larger number of vermilion spots. The bone covering the gills had two moderate sized black blotches, nearly round, and encircled by a narrow border of orange, besides two smaller spots similarly surrounded, and many blotches of orange brown. The cheeks had numerous spots of orange brown. The tail fin with many vermilion spots and streaks. There were several streaks of vermilion on the base of the large back fin, and five black blotches, all encircled by a narrow orange brown border.

The landlocked salmon received from Mr. Edes were taken in the height of the breeding season and were considered large fish in the museum, but Commissioner Stilwell states that larger ones were not uncommon, some even weighing 25 or 30lbs. The weight of the male was 17lbs., of the female 13. In the male the skin is everywhere thickened by an accumulation of adipose tissue; the scales are scarcely perceptible on this account. The fins are much swollen, particularly along their basal portions. The connecting membranes between the rays are so infiltrated with fatty tissue that it is almost impossible to count the rays without dissection. The tail when expanded is nearly truncate. The last ray of the large back fin is split into two parts, the posterior of which is a thickened adipose strip, much slenderer at the point than at the base. Strong teeth are present in the middle of the roof of the mouth in a single short series, but almost entirely concealed in the thickened tissues. The teeth in the front part of the upper jaw are in a band 1¼in. long; the first and third teeth of this band are enlarged and canine-like. Four teeth are on each side of the tongue. The teeth of the lower jaw are scarcely enlarged beyond their normal size when not breeding. The sides of the head bear many dark brown spots, which appear to have been to some extent surrounded by pinkish in life. The largest of these spots is nearly two-thirds as long as the eye. A few of the spots are nearly round, but most of them are irregular in outline. The sides of the body contain numerous brown spots, some of which have become confluent; none of them are as long as the eye, and most of them are very much smaller. These spots are most abundant in front of the large back fin, and do not extend far above or below the middle line of the body. The length of this male was 32⅝in.

The female was 30¾in. She was full of ripe eggs, which averaged about ⅛in. in diameter. The weight of the ovaries was 3lbs. 5oz. The left ovary was 15in., the right 12in. long. The number of eggs by actual count is 9,642. As in the male, the skin has been rubbed off both jaws, leaving the bone exposed. At the base of the breast fin there is a space denuded of skin nearly as long but not so wide as the eye. The upper edge of the pectoral is also bare. The ends of the rays of the tail fin are much worn and the skin is wanting. Small bare patches are present also at the front of the belly fin on each side. The jaws are not elongated as in the male, nor are the teeth increased in size. The teeth on the tongue are almost concealed in fatty tissue, but the other teeth are less deeply imbedded than in the male. Teeth in the middle of the roof of the mouth in an irregular patch nearly 1in. long, while the series at the sides of the roof of the mouth are 1¼in. long. The colors are less brilliant than in the male. The head contains fewer spots and these are almost concealed in the general dusky coloration. The body also is less profusely spotted, and there is an entire absence of the pinkish tinge of the male. The body spots, as a rule, have no intermixture of large ones. There are a few very small dark spots on the large back fin.

The male salmon in the breeding season of course has the jaws greatly prolonged, the upper jaw being nearly twice as long as in a female of equal size; but at other times the male is readily distinguished by the greater length of the upper jaw and of the breast fins, as well as by the much shorter distance between the vent and the tip of the extended belly fin; in the male above described this distance is 1¾in., in the female, notwithstanding its smaller size, it is 2⅜in.

We regret that the comparison here given is not complete, but if some one who has the opportunity will put on record similar data for the breeding sea salmon we shall have means of distinguishing the two forms if this is possible.

RUBBISH IN THE THAMES.

IN his report to the Board of Trade, by Mr. C. E. Fryer, Inspector of Fisheries, on the injury alleged to be caused to the fisheries by the deposit of rubbish in the estuary of the Thames, Mr. Fryer states that the house and street refuse barged away from London and deposited in the Thames, and especially the former, are causing great complaints among the fishermen, whose business is thereby affected. The fishermen hold that the fish are driven away or killed and their food destroyed by the rubbish; also that their nets are damaged by it. The trawlers are the principal sufferers. "In some places the accumulations are so solid that the nets get fast in them. In other cases the mouth of the net is choked so that the fish cannot enter, or it becomes so laden with heavy jagged articles that it chafes and tears itself to pieces along the bottom." Trawlsful of shrimp are often smashed by contact with foreign bodies, and nets full of fish are frequently rent and their contents lost. The dredgermen on the oyster beds of Whitstable and vicinity lose much time and labor by bringing up tin pots and crockery with or instead of their oysters. A more serious injury, however, is that threatened to the oyster beds themselves by the deposit of sediment thereon. The fisheries injuriously affected by this rubbish are valued at $750,000 a year.

Besides the injury to the fisheries the sanitary authorities of Sheerness and vicinity complain of the nuisance and possible danger to health, caused by the accumulation of decaying animal and vegetable refuse dumped from the barges.

Mr. Fryer does not find adequate means of remedying this evil by existing laws, but recommends certain legislation to promptly stop "a great and growing nuisance."

LAKE AND BROOK TROUT HYBRID.

SEVERAL hybrids between the lake trout and the brook trout were received at the Central Station of the U. S. Fish Commission in Washington, Jan. 3, 1889, from the Pennsylvania State Hatchery at Corry. At the same time and from the same source were obtained six large lake trout, six rainbow trout and six brook trout. These fish were secured through the request of Col. John Gay, of the U. S. Fish Commission. They furnish a beautiful illustration of the skill in rearing trout manifested by the superintendent of the Corry Station, Mr. William Buller.

The brook trout are gorgeously arrayed in their nuptial colors, and are as plump as good feeding and pure water can make them. The milky white margins of the lower fins are well contrasted with narrow pencilings of black, and the sides are aflame with warm vermilion. The olive green of the back is closely vermiculated with lighter markings, and the back fin is richly variegated with olive green and velvety black. The vermilion spots of the sides are absorbed in the general wealth of vivid color.

The rainbow trout are not yet at the summit of their beauty, but the crimson bands along the sides and head are beginning to give promise of brilliancy.

The lake trout are big, handsome fishes, although somewhat plain in their simple livery of gray and white.

The hybrids, however, are more attractive than any of the others, because of their known ancestry and their singular beauty. These trout are now five years old. They are the result of fertilizing lake trout eggs with the milt of the brook trout. The history of the experiments in hybridization is to be found in the report of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission for 1886.

The larger of the two hybrids is about 20in. long. It is apparently a male, as the lower jaw has an incipient cartilaginous tip. The end of the upper jaw extends behind the eye a distance nearly equal to the length of the snout. The scales are larger than in the brook trout and about as large as those of the lake trout. The tail fin is forked about as deeply as that of the lake trout. In shape the hybrid is similar to the lake trout, as also in the general pattern of coloration; but the very numerous spots on the sides are somewhat smaller, and pale lemon in color instead of whitish. The spots below the middle line of the sides have a center of orange. The fins on the breast, belly, behind the vent, and the lower lobe of the tail fin, have a broad white edge. The fins on the belly and behind the vent are pale vermilion orange. The outer half of the upper surface of the breast fins is dusky. There is a narrow black line limiting the white of the belly fins, and a similar trace bounds the white of the fin behind the vent. The ground color of the sides is greenish olive. The sides of the head have numerous spots of lemon yellow, some of them larger than the largest of those on the sides. The lips are yellowish flesh color. The eye is golden with a dusky border. The top of the head and back have some scattered vermiculations like those of the brook trout, but much less developed and not so plentiful. The tail fin and both fins of the back are spotted with lemon yellow like the sides.

The smaller of the two supposed males has the back slightly elevated as in old male brook trout, but its tail fin is forked and it has the large scales and peculiar coloration of its brother hybrid. As long as these beautiful fish live we cannot inquire very closely into their dentition and visceral anatomy, but we may be sure that something of interest will be discovered therein when these parts are available for study.

EXPERIENCE WITH THE STEEL ROD.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Last season I tried a Horton steel rod and formed some very decided opinions, pro and con, in regard to it, which may be of interest not only to many of your readers, but to the manufactures, who, I believe, invite criticism with a view to eventually making the rod perfect; a consummation to be earnestly hoped for, as the advantages of a satisfactory rod made of some kind of metal would far exceed those of one made of wood.

The advantages of the Horton rod are its greater strength and durability; its telescoping arrangement which obviates the use of ferrules and makes the rod as convenient to carry as if but one piece; the running of the line through the interior, thereby dispensing with the inconvenience of guides.

The defects of the rod, as appeared to me, are, first, its top-heaviness or want of proper balance; second, its stiffness or lack of necessary pliancy; third the greater friction of the line; fourth, rust; fifth, the inevitable wearing off of the protective coating by the rubbing of the surfaces in drawing the parts out into position for use; sixth, too short a space between the reel and where the line enters the rod, making it more difficult to draw the line from the reel.

As to the want of balance and flexibility, it may, no doubt, be remedied by gradually reducing the thickness of the metal from one end to the other of each piece. I found by a test that the stiffness of the rod was about twice that of a Henshall minnow rod, and for bait-fishing that is an unpleasant difference, while for fly-fishing it would not do at all.

The amount of line friction is, by a careful test which I made, just double that of the Henshall rod. This may not be objectionable in a fly-rod, but for bait-casting from the reel and some other methods, it is out of the question; and when the line becomes wet, as it must, the friction is increased to such an extent that the line can hardly be forced to render.

It is needless to talk of coating the rod with anything to prevent rust. Any coating—even nickle-plating—would soon be worn off; especially on the inside by the attrition of the line. The angler could be provided with something to replace the coating on the outside, but the inside would probably be beyond his reach. It is impossible to prevent rust by keeping the interior of the rod dry, because the line must make it wet.

In regard to the shortness of space between the reel and point at which the line enters the rod it may be merely an individual opinion arising from the use of other rods; but in any case it is an objection which is not without remedy.

My decided opinion is that for a bait-rod the telescoping system will have to be abandoned and ferrules and guides employed. Both ferrules and guides may be soldered on, or the ferrules may be put on with cement in the usual way and the guides may be ringed. Ringed guides to slide on and off might be used with the telescopic plans, but I do not think that it would be desirable. Even for the fly-rod I am inclined to think that it would be best to adopt the ferrule, notwithstanding the convenience of the present method. If best to adhere to the telescopic method, or indeed in any case, why would it not be better to make the rod of brass?

I present these views to the consideration of practical anglers, hoping that they are sufficiently interested in the success of a metallic rod to give their opinion of what I have said and also any ideas of their own.

SPLASHER.

"THE COMPLEAT ANGLER."

THE ONE HUNDREDTH EDITION OF WALTON AND COTTON.

THE scholarly angler, as well as the scholar who is not an angler, takes great delight in fine editions of Izaak Walton and his younger companion, Charles Cotton, who is sometimes called "the father of fly-fishing." A modest angling book published in London in 1653, which has been edited by many other anglers and been republished in Edinburgh, Philadelphia, Manchester, New York, Liverpool, Halifax, Hamburg and Boston, until in the past year it has reached its one hundredth edition, may truly be called a classic.

In the volumes now before us*, we have the most elegant reproduction of this famous work, edited by one of the most scholarly anglers of the day, in demi quarto on large paper, which has yet been issued. The edition is strictly limited to 500 copies, each of which bears the autograph signature of Mr. R. B. Marston, the editor. The volumes are in boards, with uncut edges, suitable for rebinding in such style as the owner may prefer, and the American copies are in the hands of Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Company, New York.

The plan of making the illustrations of scenes on the rivers Lea and Dove, where Walton chiefly fished, has been carried out, and they are gems, whether we consider the full-page photogravures or the smaller wood

*The Lea and Dove edition, being the 100th edition of The Compleat Angler or the Contemplative Man's Recreation, being a discourse of rivers, fish ponds, fish and fishing written by Izaak Walton, and instructions how to angle for a trout or grayling in a clear stream, by Chas. Cotton—edited and arranged by R. B. Marston, editor of the *Fishing Gazette*, honorary treasurer of the Fly-Fishers' Club etc., with fifty-four photogravures and about one hundred wood cuts—and containing a reprint of The Chronicle of the Compleat Angler, a Biographical Record of its various editions and imitations, by T. Westwood and T. Satchell. In two volumes. London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle and Rivington, Limited. St. Dunstan's House, Fetter Lane, E. C. 1888.

cuts. The portrait of Walton, in the first volume, was taken direct from the painting by Huysman in the National Gallery, and that of Cotton, which prefaces the second volume, is from a painting by Sir Peter Lely, in the possession of Mrs. Evely Holden of Nuttal Temple. Many new facts concerning Walton's life are given, and the chronicle of the "Compleat Angler," by Westwood & Satchell, will greatly interest the student. Taking the work as a whole, it reflects great credit not only on the editor and the publishers, but on all who have had the smallest part in it. It is truly a superb edition of the great angling classic.

PROTECTION FOR THE DELAWARE.

LAST week President Ford, of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission, and President Blackford, of the N. Y. Commission, met to consider the question of protecting the fishes in the Delaware River and of having concurrent legislation in the different States which border on it. It was decided to prepare a new law for this purpose, and have it acted upon by the Legislatures of New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Delaware.

Under the provisions of the proposed law no rock bass nor wall-eyed pike may be taken for two years. The season for black bass will be from June 1 to Jan. 1, and for the fish named no netting will be allowed. Shad may be taken in nets from Dec. 31 to June 15 of each year, and the size of the meshes of the nets will be uniform in each State. There is no doubt about the wisdom of having the same dates for open and close seasons on one lake or river, no matter how many States it may touch.

CAMPING ON THE STURGEON RIVER.—I have just returned from my annual hunting and fishing excursion, with the usual resolve to go back to the same grounds next year. For the last five years I have made one of a party whose camp has been pitched at the head of Sturgeon River, about twelve miles from Munising, Michigan; and although there may be happier hunting grounds, we prefer to stick to what we know to be good, rather than go wandering further at the risk of faring worse. There is good deer, bear, pheasant and wild duck shooting; and for fish, there are pike, pickerel, mascalonge and the gamy trout. We were a month in camp, and I scored ten deer to my bag, which I call a fair average: for in past years my score has fallen as low as one, and risen as high as twenty-five. The camp was always well supplied with pheasants—with as many, in fact, as we could eat, and there was no less abundance of fish; as a camping country, too, I do not know what could be more attractive than this country of small streams and lakes, and I should be glad to welcome brother sportsmen to pitch their camps within hail of us. There is a hotel at Munising kept by Hermann Fritz, who charges twenty-five cents a meal, and Julius Gogan, livery man, whirls us into camp in consideration of the sum of five dollars U. S. currency. The country people are courteous, and ready to sell potatoes, which appears to be the only crop grown, and for other supplies it is necessary to send to Point St. Ignace or Marquette. The railway company is very considerate, and its officers do their best to make travel on their line a pleasant feature of one's outing. We took our own boat, acted as guides for each other and avoided all unnecessary expenditure, and at the close of our month's trip there was no question about it that we had had our money's worth for our money.—B. A. HEDMAN, Dayton, Ohio.

CROPPIE—CRAPPIE—CROPPY—WHITE PERCH—SACRILÉE.—The "croppie" of Northern waters seems to be identical with the "white perch" of Mississippi, and the "sacrilée" of the Creoles in lower Louisana. It abounds in the still-water lakes of the Mississippi bottom as far south as the Gulf of Mexico. It attains a weight of about three pounds. It is dark green on the back, with silvery sides mottled with green. It is considered our best fresh water fish for the table, but exhibits no game qualities to the sportsman; for, though it takes the bait in a decided manner, and usually goes straight downward, it shows little resistance, but comes out very much like a dead chunk. This, with the black bass, constitutes our only game fish in the Mississippi delta, excepting the smaller varieties of bank perch.—COAHOMA. [The crappie of the lower Mississippi (*Pomoxys annularis*) is distinct from the Northern species (*P. sparoides*), differing from it in its banded sides and absence of reticulations on the fin behind the vent, as well as in the smaller number of spines in the back fin. The name sacrileé is probably equivalent to sac-a-lai, which is usually applied to this form. The white perch of the Mississippi delta we have supposed to be identical with the gaspergou (*Aplodinotus grunniens*) a fish related to the drum of Atlantic waters.]

LARGE STRIPED BASS FROM THE POTOMAC.—During the past week a number of extra large striped bass have been sent from the Potomac River to New York markets. One of these fish weighed 73lbs., and at least a dozen of them reached to 50lbs. and over, while 30 and 40 pounders which composed the majority, were of small account among the big fellows. Such fish come from the Potomac every year, in early January, and the biggest ones are always female which are full of eggs which would be laid next spring. What thoughts of struggle, from strike to gaff, the above weights will call up to our friends of the bassing clubs about Martha's Vineyard, and elsewhere.

A FLEXIBLE FERRULE FOR RODS.—We have recently seen a newly invented ferrule for fishing rods which is flexible and allows the bending of the ferrule with the rod. It is made in a spiral form and bends in all directions. How it will stand hard work only actual work will determine, but it appeared to act well on the rod which we saw. It is the invention of Thomas Kirker, of Belfast, Ireland, and if it proves to be a good thing no doubt some of our rod makers will introduce it. The ferrules now in use are dead points and if these new ones overcome this in a satisfactory manner they will prove to be useful.

COLUMBUS, O., Jan. 12.—At the annual election of the Olentangy Fishing Club, of Columbus, Ohio, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Sylvester Condon; Vice-President, Valentine Kiefer; Secretary-Treasurer, Albert C. Corrodi; Trustees, Bruce W. Beall, Ervin D. Case, Joseph Wiest. Sergeant at Arms, Peter Zigler.—W. H. ENGLISH, Cor. Sec'y.

MACKEREL IN NOVA SCOTIA IN DECEMBER.—A stop of mackerel was made at Devil's Island on December 29.

Fisheulture.

MENHADEN OIL AND GUANO ASSOCIATION.

AT the recent meeting of this association in New York city, thefollowing officers were elected: President, D. T. Church, Tiverton, R. I.; Vice-Presidents, Thomas F. Price, of New York, and L. E. B. Dennis, of Maryland; Secretary and Treasurer, Jasper Pryer, No. 156 Maiden Lane, New York; Executive Committee, A. J. Morse, of Maryland, Thomas F. Price, and George F. Tuthill, of New York.

The secretary gave the following statistics for the past two years:

	1887.	1888.
Number of fish caught	333,564,800	404,788,950
Gallons of oil	2,273,506	2,051,128
Tons of crude scrap	5,368	11,436
Tons of dried scrap	17,262	15,030
Gallons of oil on hand	694,500	288,640
Crude scrap on hand, (tons)	2,085	3,385
Dried scrap on hand, (tons)—		
In 30 factories	8,424	
In 24 factories		4,855
Sailing vessels	60	42
Steamers	50	43
Men employed	2,499	4,568

Mr. Pryer called attention to the difference shown above in the proportion of oil to fish in the different years, as proving that the fish of 1888 were not as fat as they should be. The question of restricting the season when the fish should be caught came up, and it was voted that: "It is the sense of this meeting that there should be no fishing before July 1." The object is to limit production, and a more stringent resolution for that purpose was adopted last year. Since 1882 there has been a marked decline in the menhaden oil business, owing partially, it is said, to oversupply. Within that time the number of factories in operation on Chesapeake Bay alone has fallen from 65 to 22, and from Maine to Maryland there are less than 50 in operation to-day, so far as they are represented in the Menhaden Oil and Guano Association. Last year the restriction voluntarily put upon the manufacture by the proprietors themselves raised the price of oil to 30 cents, and caused an increase in the price of ammonia scrap. The Maryland men, however, say that their harvest time is in May and June, and they refused to enter into any binding agreement.

There is an oil made from the grease in wool, which is imported into this country and is a rival of menhaden oil, and the association wants the present *ad valorem* duty on this changed to a specific duty, and have sent a delegation to Washington to lay the matter before the Senate Finance Committee.

A resolution was adopted strongly protesting against the law which excludes the purse nets from Raritan Bay, on the ground that it is a discrimination in favor of sportsmen.

STOCKING THE PASSAIC RIVER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your readers may be interested to know the success of planting fish in the Upper Passaic. In 1869 I placed thirty-five black bass in the river. Their progeny began to be seen three or four years later. Since then large numbers have been taken annually. They now extend for some thirty miles from the point—Stanley, Morris county—where they were placed. During the past year a very large number were taken with live bait and fly. The largest one reported weighed 5¼lbs. Two years ago I placed 500 mirror and leather carp in the river. At that time they were about two inches in length. Several were takan last year weighing over a pound, and large numbers of them have been seen. They will not only afford food for the black bass, but, without doubt, will furnish exceedingly good table fish for families dwelling along the river. In May, 1888, I received 5,000 rainbow and brown trout. They are placed in the river at the same point (Stanley). It is too soon as yet to learn the result, but as these fish will live in similar waters to those of the Passaic, I have no doubt but that a good per centage will give an account of themselves by and by.

Late in the fall of 1888 I received from Charles Gilchrist, of Port Hope (Ont.), a package of wild rice. This was planted in the Passaic with the confident expectation that future crops will be the means of bringing to a stream formerly noted for its abundance of wild ducks, these valuable game birds. That this is an unusual winter was illustrated by the fact of my plucking two dandelion blossoms on my lawn on New Year's Day, and the catching of a live grasshopper by my seven-year-old son Ray, who thought surely that spring time must have come with the dandelions and grasshopper, before he could have an opportunity of trying his toboggan on the new toboggan slide.

GEO. SHEPARD PAGE.

STANLEY, N. J., Jan. 11.

THE INDIANA COMMISSION.—Indiana has one Fish Commissioner, Mr. Enos B. Reed, who is also the editor of a weekly paper called *The People*, published at Indianapolis. In a late issue of that journal the following notice appeared, which speaks for itself: "The Fly Fishermen's Club the other night came to the conclusion that the present Fish Commissioner had not fulfilled his duties satisfactorily and resolved to recommend some one else for the position. The Fly Fishermen's Club is "a ass" and dont know what it is talking about, or what it wants, save its own delectation. It knows that the hands of the present Fish Commissioner have been tied for lack of means, there being no appropriation made by the last Legislature. It was also cowardly in the extreme to discuss that official's merits, he not present, and having been confined to his bed for the past eight weeks. These fellows are no fishermen—fishermen are true-hearted and generous men who do not malign their betters. The truth is, we suppose, one of the Flies wants to be Fish Commissioner and takes this method to secure the office, which was given to the present Fish Commissioner a second term without his solicitation. He has done all he could do to protect the fish, but not the Fly Fishermen, for whom he doesn't care the snap of his finger. '

ALASKAN COLLECTIONS OF THE U. S. FISH COMMISSION.—The natural history collections, made for the United States Fish Commission by the party on the steamer Albatross, off the coast of Washington Territory and northward to Alaska, are now in Washington, to be assorted and forwarded to the specialists, who will prepare reports upon them for the Commission. These objects are contained in about forty cases, and are made up in large part of marine fishes and invertebrates, among which will be many new and rare forms, as they include the results of the first exploration of the deep waters of the region.

COMMISSIONER EUGENE G. BLACKFORD, of the New York Fish Commission, has been "written up" in Japanese and pictured by a Japanese artist in the proceedings of the Hokusui Kyohwai, a fishcultural society of Japan.

WINTER WORK OF THE ALBATROSS.—The United States Fish Commission steamer Albatross is now at San Diego, California, from which place her winter explorations will be carried on, southward to the extremity of lower California and northward to San Francisco. Her duties will include the location and investigation of the fishing grounds, with particular reference to the depth of the water and the nature of its inhabitants. In the Gulf of California efforts will be made to determine the results of the frequent attempts to introduce the shad into the great rivers forming its northern tributaries. Lieut. Com. Z. L. Tanner is in command. The naturalists are Mr. C. H. Townsend and Prof. Charles H. Gilbert. Mr. Alexander is the fishery expert.

SHAD CULTURE IN THE WEST.—A lot of 1,000,000 young shad were deposited in the Jordan River, near the Utah and Nevada bridge, on June 1, 1887. Again on June 11, 1888, a car of the U. S Fish Commission carried 2,000,000 fry to Battle Creek station, on the Denver and Rio Grande Western, and they were placed in Utah Lake near this point. Several young shad, probably resulting from the plant of 1887, have been caught in the lake recently. One of them measuring 6in. in length and 1½in. deep, is now in the Commissioner's office. This example is remarkably deep-bodied and plump for a young shad, and promises well for the success of this interesting experiment.

SHAD IN JANUARY.—Roe shad are reported as being received in Richmond from Pamunky River. Nothing of the kind at this time of the year was ever heard of there before. At this date, Jan. 8, shad from Georgia and Florida are abundant in Washington markets and selling at 35c. to 50c. each. The supply is so great that street peddlers are helping to sell them; in short, there has been practically a glut of these fish, a state of things not before known at this season of the year.

BRANCH ALEWIVES FROM GEORGIA AND FLORIDA.—A small lot of branch alewives were received in Washington market Jan. 7, 1889, a much earlier arrival than usual. The fish season seems uncommonly advanced there, and some of the dealers think it is advancing year by year.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Jan. 15 to 19, 1889.—Seventh Annual Dog Show of the Southern Massachusetts Poultry Association, at New Bedford, Mass. F. W. Dean, Secretary.

January, last week.—Western Pennsylvania Poultry Society's Fourteenth Annual Show, Pittsburgh, Pa. C. B. Elben, Sec'y.

Feb. 5 to 8, 1889.—First Annual Dog Show of the Columbus Fanciers' Club at Columbus O. Thos. R. Sparrow, Secretary.

Feb. 7 to 12.—First Annual Show of the Hudson River Poultry, Dog and Pet Stock Association, at Newburgh, N.Y. J. H. Drevenstedt, Secretary, Washingtonville, N. Y.

Feb. 19 to 22, 1889.—Thirteenth Annual Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent.

Feb. 26 to March 1, 1889.—Second Annual Show of the Rensselaer Kennel Club, Troy, N. Y. Alba M. Ide, Secretary.

March 5 to 8, 1889.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Albany Kennel Club, at Albany, N. Y. Geo. B. Gallup, Secretary.

March 12 to 15, 1889.—Second Annual Show of the Fort Schuyler Kennel Club Utica, N. Y. James W. Dunlop, President.

March 26 to 29, 1889.—First Annual Dog Show of the Massachusetts Kennel Club, at Lynn, Mass. D. A. Williams, Secretary.

April 2 to 5, 1889.—First Annual Show of the Rochester Kennel Club, at Rochester, N. Y. Harry Yates, Secretary.

April 3 to 5, 1889.—Annual Show of the New England Kennel Club, Boston, Mass. J. W. Newman, Secretary, No. 6 Hamilton Place.

April 9 to 12.—First Dog Show of the Worcester Kennel Club, at Worcester, Mass. Edward W. Doyle, Secretary.

April 9 to 12, 1889.—First Annual Dog Show of the Mascoutah Kennel Club, at Chicago, Ill. John L. Lincoln, Jr., Secretary.

April 16 to 19, 1889.—The Seventh Dog Show of the Philadelphia Kennel Club, at Philadelphia, Pa. Wm. C. Child, Secretary.

May 23 to 25.—Pacific Kennel Club Show, San Francisco, Cal.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 4.—Third Annual Field Trials of the Indiana Kennel Club. P. T. Madison, Secretary, Indianapolis, Ind.

Nov. 18.—Eleventh Annual Field Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at High Point, N. C. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription $1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed **6850.**

THE TROY DOG SHOW.

WE have received the premium list of the second annual dog show of the Rensselaer Kennel Club, to be held at the Bicycle Rink, Troy, N. Y., Feb. 26 to March 1. In the challenge classes there will be two prizes, $10 and medal. In the open classes for prominent breeds the prizes are $10, $5, and diploma with $5, medal and diploma for puppies. In a few of the less important breeds the prizes are $3, $4 and diploma. When only one class is provided for dogs and bitches the class will be divided by sex when five of each sex are entered. There will also be a class made for any breed not provided for when there are four entries. The club offer kennel prizes of $15 each for mastiffs, St. Bernards, bloodhounds, deerhounds, greyhounds, pointers, English setters, Irish setters, black and tan setters, collies, fox-terriers and pugs; also $10 each for best pair of field spaniels, cocker spaniels and bulldogs. In addition to these, friends of the club will give a large number of valuable specials. The judges so far as appointed are Miss A. H. Whitney, St. Bernards, Newfoundlands and pugs. John Davidson, English, Irish and black and tan setters, pointers and foxhounds. C. H. Mason the remaining classes except beagles, which will be judged by a member of the Beagle Club. Entries close Feb. 16. The address of the secretary is Alba M. Ide, Troy, N. Y.

BALTIMORE DOG SHOW.—Baltimore, Jan. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It is with regret that I relinquish the dates claimed by the Maryland Kennel Club. It was our intention to have our premium list a direct copy of that of the Westminster Kennel Club, both in amount and number of premiums, money being already deposited sufficient to cover the amount. Such a premium list would no doubt attract quite a number of entries, and there not being a building here at present adequate to the demands we thought it best to wait until next year, when our much-a-ked-of Exposition Building will be finished; then, with a mammoth hall, a premium list in the front row, and Baltimore hospitality, look out for a "corker."—W. STEWART DIFFENDERFFER, Secretary Maryland Kennel Club.

COURSING.

AS westward the star of empire takes it course, so eastward, though slowly, the glorious sport of coursing wends its way into public favor, and ere many years are gone it will become, as it is destined to be, one of the chief pastimes of our sport-loving brotherhood. A decade since, and coursing was quite an unknown quantity in this country, but now all over the new West, as well as beyond the Rockies, coursing clubs are springing up, and thousands now enjoy the glorious sight of the fleetest of all four-footed animals, in their wild and mad chase after the ever-turning, ever-dodging hare, wherein the staying powers and speed of pursuer and pursued are taxed to the very utmost.

To render a dog "fit" to run a hard and punishing course, three months of constant care and attention are absolutely necessary, and when at last he is ready for the slips, the perfection of form, exuberance of spirits, and elasticity of action more than repay for the weeks of rapid walking and arduous hand and leather rubbing. To those who have never been so fortunate as to witness a coursing meet, no power of pen can express its beauties. Mounted upon their horses the judges and stewards begin their duties, while at their sides, in the slips, strain and tug the eager greyhounds, held well in hand by their slipper, whose eye as quick and watchful as the greyhound's, is waiting the jump of the hare, when "loo! loo!" is heard to the right, and away over the field goes the hare, speeding for its very life, while a moment's run and sighting sees the greyhounds slipped after their quarry.

Now begins the race which makes the young courser quite beside himself with excitement, and the old courser feel his blood leap quickly through his veins, as he recalls like scenes of by-gone days. Trained down to simple perfection, rid of every ounce of superfluous flesh, with muscles hard and sinewy as plaited whip cords, these marvelous creatures, scarcely seeming to touch the ground, pursue the hare, till pressed too closely it turns sharply from its course, and on, and beyond her, they go, while the hare, with its new lease of life, flies over the field to find a safe retreat. The advantage gained by its turning has now to be overcome by the dogs, and they, as eager as ever and maddened by being baffled, begin anew the race. Again pressed, the hare turns, now is wrenched, turns again sharply, and as her twin pursuers dash past her, she makes one more grand effort of her life; but, alas! too late. The foremost hound, anticipating her turn, has quickly turned also, and ere her ears are well laid to her head, his jaws quickly open and close, and twixt his firmly-set, white strong teeth he holds his quarry—dead. When the hare is strong and sturdy, her chances of escape from the greyhounds are great, especially if the hounds be a bit slow. This was demonstrated in one of our late meets, where less than one-fifth of the hares were killed. The glorious uncertainty, too, of the sport adds to its interest, as many a dog and favorite leading up to the hare, having her well in hand, the laurels almost won, meets with a "cropper," and then—he is out of it altogether. Such an event was most graphically described by Mr. John Kidson, in his monograph on the greyhound, which appears in that masterly book, "Our Prize Dogs."

There is perhaps no sport afield, which is more invigorating, more manly, and where the game has so much chance for its life, as coursing the hare with the greyhound, for in it there is no mangling, no escape to die a lingering death, or be left helpless, to become the prey of hawk or owl. Death here is instantaneous, save in rare cases.

With us coursing is but in its very infancy, A few years hence, by judicious breeding, as well as by importing England's choicest stock, I see no earthly reason why in cleverness and speed of the dogs, we should not have as fine coursing as is on the plains of Altcar, or at Haydock, or Gosforth Parks. As in mating all the various breeds of dogs in this country, gross errors have been made, there is none in which it is more noticeable that in the greyhounds. It seems as if some believed any dog would do as a sire, or any bitch as a dam. There is perhaps no breed where so much depends upon the mating to insure good results as in greyhounds. Flat-ribbed bitches are bred to dogs with like defects; splay-footed, weak-pasterned, light-boned dogs are crossed with bitches of the same stamp, while straight stifles, bad loins, badly set on legs, are scarcely considered worth notice. The trouble with too many of our breeders is, that they do not know what the proper conformation of a greyhound should be, in order to enable him to run fast and well. Let them breed out of defects, not into them; and in all cases let the sire be both fast and clever. With the bitch, speed is not of so great importance, provided she comes of racing stock. Never breed to a dog without an authenticated pedigree, long and extended, (the longer the better) and let it be of the truest, stoutest blood obtainable. That "blood will tell" cannot be better illustrated than in following and examining the progeny of blooded stock.

Another stone against which so many of our coursers stumble, is their utter unwillingness to pay a decent price for either an imported dog or one of royal pedigree. They will never wink at $750 for a pointer or setter, $1,000 for a collie, $1,200 for a fox-terrier, or $1,500 for a St. Bernard; but say $250 for a six months' old greyhound pup, or $450 for a good public field performer, and you have scared them out of a year's growth. It is not to be expected that our coursers are yet educated to the high estimation of a noble greyhound, but as time goes on our enthusiasm will increase, and our dollars go abroad for the best that is to be had, regardless of price. There is scarcely any sport afield in which we do not beat the world, and coursing will soon be added to our list, already long.

Not long since I was given by one of our most successful coursers a graphic account of a recent importation, which was spoken of as a perfect wonder, very fast, very clever, marvelous at the turn, of great endurance, young (under two years), and as good looking as it was fast. Being somewhat surprised as well as pleased, I questioned my narrator and found it cost in England less than £60, or about $300 of our money. The owner, as well as the narrator, believe firmly, no doubt, that it is all that is claimed for it (and recent developments prove them to be about right compared with what dogs we have here), yet in company of really clever dogs, or veritable flyers, such an one would be literally and absolutely "nowhere." Coursers on the other side put no fancy price upon dogs with good records, or shows of remarkable turns of speed. They are sold for what they are worth, as are race horses, so a greyhound which can perform what the one above mentioned is said to be capable of, and in the best company, is worth not less than $500; for in one single stake it can win ten times as much as was paid for it by our countryman. Pick up a copy of the London *Field* or *Stock-Keeper*, containing an account of the auction sales, and you will find puppies of rare good stock, scarcely weaned, bringing more pounds sterling than we pay dollars. Take for instance Princess Dagmar, the Waterloo winner. At Aldrich's she brought at public auction £1,700, or about $8,500: and yet our recent importation is looked upon as a wonderful and veritable flyer, though it cost scarcely £60, Mr. T. T. C. Liste of Cock Robin and Charming May fame, offered at auction 16 saplings, 5 dogs and 3 brood bitches. He realized from the sale of the entire lot of 24 greyhounds $8,125, or an average of $338.50 for each one. When we are willing to pay a good price and get the highest bred stock obtainable, then, and not till then, will our dogs be able to pick up a really fast jack rabbit or hare within a reasonable distance.

In the early spring of last year I desired to import a youngster for the Great Bend meet. I accordingly wrote to England to an old friend and a very successful courser, asking price of a very promising sapling. He strongly advised me to buy a certain white bitch, scarcely above a year old, and one he believed would be all I desired. The price, however, I found to be £125, or about $610, which I considered too much of an investment, inasmuch as I would be only able to run her in one meet, Great Bend being so far away, and our not having coursing here in the near East. When we consider for a moment that the Waterloo purse is worth £500 to the winner, that £1,000 goes to the winner of some of the other meets, with betting, if you wish to indulge, running all the way from £1,000 to £50 against you, nominations up to £1,000 to £6 (as in Master McGrath's case), the price asked and paid for fast dogs and puppies out of winners is not out of reason at all.

Much has been said and written about the utter uselessness of a show greyhound for coursing purposes. While some of the reasons given are no doubt correct, in the main they are all wrong. A greyhound fit to win on the bench, in good company and under a competent judge, must have a good head, moderately wide between the ears, which should be small and of fine leather, well filled out before and below the eyes, jaws broad and evenly set, and filled with good, sound, strong teeth, eyes rather small, bright, clear and quick, the neck long and clean, arching in, as seen in the drake, shoulders well set on and sloping, showing perfect freedom of action, forelegs of good strong bone, set well on to the body as well as set into good feet, which should be thick through the pads, pasterns free from the slightest semblance of weakness, back and loin strong and broad, chest deep, with well-sprung ribs, to give the heart and lungs perfect freedom of action. The first thigh broad, and thick through, with cimeter-like stifles, and well let down hocks, tail long and rat-like, and there you have a greyhound fit to win on the bench, and in the field as well. The only differences that can possibly exist between a show greyhound and a field winner, or that can possibly militate against the latter's winning, are the two extremities. It is absolutely impossible for a dog to win a rasping course if defective in any of the cardinal points above named, and except in scoring of the head and tail, there is absolutely no difference 'twixt the show and field dogs. In order to obtain the required strength, tenacity of purpose, courage to run, and desire to kill, the bulldog is bred to the greyhound, and so it is that in future generations we find some dogs with strong coarse heads of the bull-terrier order. Two dogs coming before a competent judge, in all parts equal, save in head and tail, the prize will go to the dog that is truest to the type, and very properly. Some of the greatest dogs that ever went out of slips could not win on the show bench for this very reason, yet it does not follow that the winner, equal in all parts as to structural conformation to the defeated dogs, would not be able to run a great race, though never having been put to it. Dogs combining both field and show-bench qualities, in a high degree, are simply phenomenal. Memnon, runner-up for the Waterloo purse, winner also of Lindsay (Burton-on-Trent) Ellesmere stakes, and Anglesea cup, won also 56 first and champion prizes on the show bench. Camaradzo, "the King of the Whites," one of the greatest stud greyhounds that ever lived, won not only the Waterloo cup, but won first at Birmingham show. The great Honeymoon also beat a grand class of previous show winners in romping style. Charming May, another great flyer, was as beautiful of form as she was clever out of the slips; in fact, she has often been described as "a perfect dream." Captain Spencer's Sunbeam was another such, fit to win in any company on the bench, almost perfect in body, with a head exquisitely moulded and set on, while his tail was faultless, both in carriage and length. The great Cock Robin, too, was not only a wonderfully muscular dog, but remarkably handsome in all points. Though by some good judges he was considered a bit heavy-shouldered, neither his field performances nor his progeny have warranted the statement. King Death won the silver snuff-box for being the handsomest greyhound at the Coquetdale coursing meet, in a class of 120 dogs, and such another collection of grand ones has probably never been seen. At Islington, in 1862, there was a show open only for the winners of a thirty-two-dog stake. This brought together some of the very finest dogs in all England. The cup (£50) fell to the beautiful Scafoam, Mr. Kidson's clever Confederate making a rattling good fight for it; after these followed such notables as Sea Pink, Great Eastern, Gypsey Queen, Mazurka, Railroad, Rex, Rowden, Iceberg, Brightsteel, Buff Rose, all both as good to look at as they were fast. No further argument is necessary I believe to disprove the assertion that beauty of form coupled with speed is not found in greyhounds.

Many of our greyhound breeders have lost heart at their utter inability to breed either good-looking or fast dogs. The responsibility of all this is traceable, and should be placed where it belongs, viz., at the door of some of the "judges" and some of the sporting press. 'Twas not many years ago when a greyhound with a badly mended broken leg took premier honors at one of our leading shows, and that, too, when there were a couple in the same class that could beat her off her legs, even if her own were sound. Yet the decision was indorsed by some of the papers. Let me ask, of what earthly use is a greyhound, whose only forte is in running, when it has a broken leg? Again I call to mind an equally ridiculous decision. A certain dog was led before the judge. He carefully examined and handled it over, from head to tail, from foot to back, and then—gave it first prize. With all his examination he was unable to discover that three ribs were missing, having been broken by an accident and removed afterward by a surgical operation. This decision was also indorsed by the same papers. Which of these two named greyhounds was the less valuable? 'Twould be hard to tell.

I still remember the great flourish of trumpets that heralded the advent of a certain greyhound into the judges' ring. We all heard of him before he arrived, the wonder of his neighborhood, and by some persons pronounced to be the grandest specimen of his breed in America. He came, and went home, having gone down before a third-rater, and that, too, in one of the poorest classes ever shown. The dog died, and the kennel editor of one of the papers that presaged his victory (which was unachieved) wrote a beautiful obituary upon him, and condoled with greyhound breeders at their great loss at "his sudden taking off." For field or bench show purposes he was utterly useless, and for the stud—let us be charitable and draw the curtain.

When we know of such awards as I have already cited, when we see kennel editors indorsing such decisions, and extolling to the skies valueless dogs, the only marvel to me is that our greyhounds are as fine as they are. The judges and the kennel editors are veritable "blind leading the blind." These gentlemen must bear the entire responsibility of the want of improvement in an eminent degree in our greyhounds, as well as having discouraged many an enthusiastic breeder, through the influence of their remarkable decisions, as well as their indorsements and obituaries.

To these sensitive gentlemen sportsmen, whose tenderheartedness has prompted them to denounce coursing as brutal, as well as cruel, I would say a few words. Before condemning a sport of whose merits you are in all probability entirely unfamiliar, it would be well to look into your own favorite pastime. If your fancy goes for the plump quail you do not hesitate to load your cartridge with three drams of powder and drive after it with killing force an ounce of 400 or 500 leaden pellets. If one of this vast number hit and maim it, and it is unretrieved, it must die a lingering death or have its flesh torn from its bones by some bird or beast of prey. If, however, your fancy takes you to the salmon stream you fail to see any cruelty in "playing" your gamy fish for a half hour, with a light delicate rod and line, but slowly exhaust its vital forces, and finally drown it in its own element. In the case of the quail a snare would be a surer, easier death, while in that of the salmon a seine would answer better and save much time and enforced labor. Compare the three above named sports, and coursing with greyhounds will be found to be fully as sportsmanlike, fully as manly, and from a logical standpoint, far and away ahead.

H. W. HUNTINGTON.

NEW ENGLAND FOX HUNTING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have been very much interested in the letters on fox hunting; and I hope the skirmish will continue, as it shows up the ignorance of a certain class of individuals who would like to pose before the whole world as the only true and legitimate sportsmen. Some people do not seem to understand or appreciate the fact that this country of ours is not one vast smooth and unbroken plain, where a party of horseman can roam at will in any direction and not meet with any obstruction. Perhaps if "Tallyho" would just come up into New Hampshire and see where and under what conditions we usually hunt foxes, he would meet with a change of opinion. He would find that a man who would start out here on horseback to follow his hounds would show about as much wisdom as he who would start for the north pole clothed in a seersucker suit, with a pint pail of ice cream as provisions for the journey.

I do not wish to pose as an authority for the whole country on fox hunting, nor on any other sports, but I do claim some experience with reynard in this State, and that experience was begun quite a long time ago, when fox driving and flintlocks were in vogue. At that time there were hardly any hounds in the town where I was reared, but soon they became plenty enough; and again a few years later an enterprising business man and ardent sportsman became imbued to some extent with the English idea of letting the hounds attend to the killing while he would play the part of audience. Acting on that principle he bought a thoroughbred imported foxhound, warranted to kill or den any fox inside of one hour's time. Well, the new revelation came on time; he was a splendid specimen of his race, and his owner was very proud of him and invited several of our unbelievers to receive new light in fox hunting. The day was set, and a more perfect October morning for the chase I never saw, when five eager and unarmed hunters started for the hills. It was fully daylight when Prince jumped an old fox, and he took a straight course for the hills and set about his efforts to entertain his would-be company. After circling the hill a few times, he tried the same tactics with perfect success on numerous other hills until nearly night, when, miles from home, the hound was taken from the track. And a sad looking spectacle he was, not able to go faster than a man could walk; and it was many days before his voice was heard again among our hills.

Since then I have seen many good and fast hounds, but I never knew of a hound or hounds catching a sound fox. It has invariably been my experience that the fox triumphantly heads the procession; and I am confident that I speak only the truth when I say that "Tallyho" never saw hounds that could catch foxes in our New Hampshire hills, nor the horse that could follow them; and when he says that the fox has no chance he either does not know what he is writing about, or does not want to support his argument by admitting the truth. I feel safe in making the statement that not more than one in ten of the foxes started after Nov. 1 are captured by the hunter, or perhaps, just to please "Tallyho," I should say murdered, slaughtered or assassinated, whichever term seems most musical to his refined taste.

R. S. F.

LACONIA, New Hampshire.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It seems to me that it would have been more to the purpose and in better taste if "Tallyho" had told us why our Yankee fox hunting is unsportsmanlike, instead of reiterating the charge and venting his spleen in a fling, not at me alone, but at a large and very respectable class of men, who if not rich, are not lacking in the good qualities which go to the making of a real sportsman. Among these may be mentioned, a love of fair play, a kindness of heart that forbids the infliction of unnecessary cruelty, such woodcraft as is comprised in a knowledge of the habits of the object of pursuit, a love of nature, without which the fullest enjoyment of field sports is impossible and—if not the greatest of these, what is a most desirable virtue—a charity for the cherished pastimes of other good men. He who possesses these is likely to wag a civil tongue and wield a civil pen, and whether he be rich or poor, he is none the more nor less a sportsman or a gentleman.

I have no knowledge from personal observation of the manner in which fox hunting is conducted in Massachusetts, but I presume that it is essentially like fox hunting in Vermont, and that the hunter rarely lies in ambush, but guided by the music of the hounds and his knowledge of the country, must exercise his wits and legs to get to the best runway and get a shot.

The value of the fox's skin is a very inconsiderable matter with most Yankee fox hunters. Those who crave only that set traps and are hated and despised by the hunters whose sport they spoil, but we confess the crime of saving the skin when we have killed the fox. And so do sportsmen save the skins of deer and bear and the little carcasses of woodcock and snipe, but it is not for these alone that they go a hunting. As a precedent that must establish for some the respectability of turning to pecuniary account what one kills, it may be well to mention that English lords are not above marketing the game killed by themselves and their noble guests.

Again, I ask, why is New England fox hunting more unsportsmanlike than the hunting of the deer and hare with hound and gun, both of which are "time-honored sports throughout the Southern and Western States," and why is it more slaughter and butchery when more than half the foxes so hunted escape, than is the running into and tearing to pieces of the fox by the hounds?

Till we are better informed on these points we are indeed likely to hold to a sport that is healthful and exhilarating, though it entails but little expense but that of time and muscle, nor more danger than the average of field sports.

AWAHSOOSE.

FERRISBURGH, Vt.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I notice in your last issue another communication from "Tallyho." I am not a fox hunter, but, being at least half Yankee by breeding and sympathies, it stirs my blood to see the time-honored New England sport attacked so unfairly. If hunting foxes in the New England manner is to be condemned, all hunting of deer to the gun and also bird shooting with dogs are in the same boat, and must go under. I do not assail those who like to hunt in the manner preferred by "Tallyho," but am willing that they should exercise their right of choice as free American citizens. At the same time, hunting in that manner is not fox hunting at all, but simply riding after the hounds and watching them hunt the fox, and killing it, by the way, in an exceedingly cruel and revolting manner. Of course it gives fine riding exercise; the same end can be attained without the use of a fox at all, and frequently is, by certain persons, with the aid of the aniseed bag. Fox hunting to the gun and riding to hounds are two entirely different pursuits, between which there can be neither comparison nor rivalry.

But I fear that "Tallyho" is one of the company—alas,

all too numerous in this fair land of ours—that turns up its trousers here when it rains in London. I would dare risk one of Dunlap's "extra quality" that if fox hunting to the gun were practiced by the English "aristocracy" as bird hunting to the gun is, he would not look down upon it with such majestic scorn.

But stay, there is another possible explaination. "Tallyho" says he has participated in the "sport (?)," as he witheringly puts it. Perchance he is not much of a pedestrian, and the long tramps necessary in genuine fox hunting have wearied his limbs and irritated his spirit. If so, let us draw the mantle of charity over his uncalled-for and unjustifiable attack on one of the oldest and sportsmanlike of American pastimes. CONNECTICUT.

NEW YORK.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Six of us have joined ourselves together for the pleasure of fox hunting, and to help to protect game out of season, as well as song birds at all times. We have quite a number of dogs that we think are good workers. We think the fox is as gamy as anything the sportsman can find in the State. We should like to hear from any who love the sport and live in other States whether a fast or slow dog is the best, and large or small dogs to be preferred.

A little experience with dog and gun of some of our brothers in other States would be very pleasant to read some of the cold nights of the coming winter. FRANK.

BOSTON, Mass.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Will "Tallyho" tell us honestly whether he ever rode to the hounds? Some of us Yankee fox hunters have a suspicion that he really knows as little of that kind of hunting as his last communication shows that he does of the kind which he pretends to abhor. YANKEE.

RESPONSIBILITY FOR ENTRIES AT SHOWS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

"One of our journals published last week a letter from Mr. W. Wade, of Hulton, Pa., on some recent decisions of our Kennel Club, and especially on the disqualification of dogs, after winning, because they were not registered. He seems to think that show committees should verify registrations before they accept entries, but this is utterly impossible. Registrations already fill (more or less) some fifty bulky volumes, which belong, of course, to the Kennel Club, and are accessible only to its servants, through whom information as to such registration is to be obtained. A complete set of *Kennel Gazette* volumes would of course give similar information to any one who thought proper to search through them all. It is obvious that a show secretary receiving from five hundred to a thousand entries during a week or ten days, has no means of verifying the particulars contained in the forms. He is probably taxed to the utmost to get his entries classified in time for the printer. Many exhibitors are exceedingly careless about their entries, putting them off till the last moment, and then sending entry form to the show secretary, and registration form to the Kennel Club, by the same post. The show secretary squeezes in his late entries, and the catalogues are ready for sale when the show opens. Meantime half the 'late' registration forms are returned to the writers, with an indorsement to the effect that the name chosen is already registered and is not available for the dog in question. So a new one is selected and registered, but as that is not the one in the catalogue the dog is, of course, disqualified. Mr. Wade suggests that committees should be made to refund entry fees in such cases and that this would make them careful. As I have pointed out they are simply powerless in the matter. The odd thing is that exhibitors should be so careless, knowing, as they do, that they forfeit entry fees if the registration is not right."

The above is from the English correspondence of a Western paper of Jan. 5, and I could ask for no better illustration of the totally wrong view that show committees take of their duty to exhibitors than this gives; first I may say that I never proposed that committees should make an elaborate investigation of entries sent them, but as a majority of disqualifications are because of non-registration, I do insist that a committee has no moral right to accept an entry that does not state whether essentials to exhibiting are complied with; whether the dog is registered or not is none of their business as far as I can see, but it is their business to see whether the party making the entry says the animal is registered or not, and if they take an exhibitor's money when it is as plain as the nose on the secretary's face that the entry is totally void from fatal omission, what are they doing but simply swindling the exhibitor? If the exhibitor says the dog is registered when it is not, he is presumptively lying and should be disqualified for that. I know it is the case here that very, very many exhibitors are novices and shows would be in a nice fix if these very novices did not make their entries, yet they are loaded down with the maximum of exact responsibility and the committee is held to none! This is justice, sure enough! But just look at the closing part of the above extract; the Kennel Club makes very exact and positive requirements as to registration; to comply with these requirements takes a search so laborious that no show committee could be expected to make it, yet when an intending exhibitor sends in a registration, having no possible means of determining whether the name he gives will be accepted (on account of previous registration of the name stopping him), then he is to be diddled out of a prize won because he didn't know what nobody but the trained expert of the Kennel Club could know!

"Here is richness," and truly Squeers himself is the proper party to ladle it out. Of course no such construction could continue here, the fighting propensities of the average American "get him on his ear" instanter, and even the Plutocrat-worshipping A. K. C. could not face the music that would be raised. I really believe that the English Kennel Club is not swayed by favoritism (although the case of the greyhound Libanius has a very ancient smell), and do not believe for a minute that it will eat its own words to please a gentleman of wealth as the A. K. C. has done. But I am astonished at the fatuity of expecting novices to make entries at shows when the path is made so slippery for inexperienced feet to travel.

An exhibitor sends an entry late (as he has an undoubted right to do), complies with all the requirements, and yet because he didn't know what nobody knows until the club official makes a lengthy search through the records, he is "beat" out of any prize he may win. The commonest, simplest sense of justice shows that although the exhibitor may be required to choose another name, he should not be swindled out of his plain rights.

The thing the most to the credit of the A. K. C. that I know of is that it has never adhered to the doctrine sometimes pushed on them, that the exhibitor must be held to the strictest accountability for every error, but has, in this at least, generally taken the side of simple right, and although its arrogant and exclusiveness strongly tends to lead it to this point it is certain that the American dog public will never tolerate any such shines. W. WADE.

HULTON, Pa., San. 9.

CONNECTICUT STATE KENNEL CLUB.—Bridgeport, Conn., Jan. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The annual meeting of the Connecticut State Kennel Club will be held at the Atlantic Hotel, this city, on Tuesday evening, Feb. 22.—DR. JAS. E. HAIR, Sec.

THE ST. BERNARD CUPS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The action of the governors of the St. Bernard Club in making dogs awarded vhc. in their respective classes eligible to compete for the club cups will no doubt commend itself alike to members having the best interests of the club at heart, exhibitors in general and all who admire this noble breed. That it will be an incentive to breeders goes without saying. Nor need there be any fear that the placing of such dogs on the eligible list will pave the way to inferior animals receiving the trophies. When it is taken into consideration that the prizes are offered for competition at our leading shows only, where the classes will be numerically large, comprising the best home bred dogs in conjunction with those which have already won their spurs on the other side of the water, it will be patent to the most casual observer that a specimen awarded a vhc. must necessarily be above the average.

I for one am willing to accord all due encouragement and praise to such of our breeders as have at no little outlay of labor and expense imported choice specimens of the breed, but the fact must not be lost sight of that it is the home-bred animal that needs most careful nursing. American lovers of the breed have accomplished something, but that we cannot as yet compete favorably with our English cousins need be no cause for chagrin, for comparatively speaking we form but a corporal's guard. An incentive is needed, and the St. Bernard Club bids fair to supply a long felt want.

The club is still in its infancy, and if the pole star of experience but guide our craft that we may avoid the shoals and quicksands that so often beset infant organizations, we may look forward to a sturdy and useful manhood. There are good men and true at the helm, and with the magic talisman fair play inscribed on its pennant, there is every reason to believe that the club will become in reality what its name implies, the St. Bernard Club of America.

JOHN KEEVAN.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It is with pleasure that I note in this week's issue of your paper the recent action of the Board of Governors of the St. Bernard Club. This is a move in the right direction, and will be appreciated by the American breeders generally. I have had communications from several in regard to the matter, and I know this last action will recommend itself to them. If the club will be true to its principles (to further the interests of "American-bred St. Bernards"), it will be a great success, and receive the support of large and small breeders. ESSEX.

ANDOVER, Mass.

SALISBURY'S PEDIGREE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. Mason's reference to the Dundee show of 1879 reminds me of a piece of evidence on the above subject that has much weight. The charge of the London correspondent was that while Mr. Carr owned Leo (afterward Salisbury) he uniformly said that the dog had no pedigree. Now, at Dundee in 1879, Salisbury was given his stud book pedigree, and competed against Mr. Taunton's Cardinal; Mr. Taunton certainly knew Mr. Carr, and must have known of any such declarations of Mr. Carr's as are alleged. The judges of mastiffs were Hugh Dalziel and, I think, Rawdon B. Lee; Dalziel held for Salisbury and the other judge for Cardinal, and a third judge was called in who gave it to Salisbury. Now, is it to be supposed that so close an award as this, requiring the calling in of a third judge, would pass unchallenged when the victor was entered and shown with a notoriously bogus pedigree? I believe that Mr. Taunton is not much of a "kicker," but would he, or any man, stand being beaten under such circumstances? Remember that it is alleged that it was common talk, known to everybody, that Carr, the breeder of the dog, always said he had no pedigree. Reconcile that with the inaction in the above case if you can.

I have done considerable investigation of suspicious pedigrees, and may claim that I started the investigation that demolished the stud book pedigree of Crown Prince (in spite of its indorsement by "The Official Stud Book of the American Kennel Club, Sir!"), and the more I learn on the matter, the more I am impressed with the necessity of abstaining from all personal charges until every crack and cranny has been explored. The disagreeableness of assuming that Tom Collins is the party guilty of something and finding out that Pete Jones is the real criminal is evident enough, but how is it if it be shown that not only are Collins and Jones innocent, but the mountain discovered is really a hole in the plain?

Parenthetically, how curious it is that the perversion of "Bonnie Dundee" should stick to the city of that name? The phrase is the burden of an old Scotch song, applied to the gallant John Graeme, of Claverhouse, Marquis of Dundee. I think it runs "We'll cock up our bonnets wi' bonnie Dundee." I am told that the city is one of the least attractive of Scotland's cities; how is this, "Porcupine?" W. WADE.

HULTON, Pa., Jan. 12.

INDIANA FIELD TRIALS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I desire to announce that the Indiana Kennel Club will hold field trials this year, beginning Nov. 1 with the Members' Stake, to be followed Nov. 4 with the Derby for setters. Then the Derby for pointers. Entries close June 1; $5 forfeit, $15 to fill. Three moneys—50 per cent. to first, 30 per cent. to second and 20 per cent. to third. These stakes will be followed with the All-Age Setter Stake, then the All-Age Pointer Stake. Entries close Oct. 1; $10 forfeit and $15 to fill. Four moneys—40 per cent. to first, 30 per cent. to second, 20 per cent. to third and 10 per cent. to fourth.

The trials will wind up with the Champion Stake; $25 entrance; one money. Three to start. The sweepstakes plan will again be adhered to this year. An entirely new set of rules are now being framed, which, we are satisfied, will work a revolution in field trials.

P. T. MADISON, Secretary.

INDIANAPOLIS, Jan. 5.

THE CANADIAN KENNEL CLUB OF CANADA.

THIS association, which was inaugurated at the bench show in London in September last by the election of officers and in passing of certain resolutions, has at length issued from its seeming dormant state. But it has not been asleep, as its energetic secretary has been corresponding all over the Dominion to the prominent dog owners, and when it is considered the extent of ground to be covered from Halifax to Vancouver, it is no small undertaking.

A meeting of the executive committee was held Dec. 7, and the constitution and by-laws governing the club were submitted by the sub-committees appointed at the first meeting and passed with a few alterations. A circular was ordered to be mailed to each owner of dogs as far as possible, and a copy of the constitution and by-laws to be forwarded to the papers which take an interest in kennel matters.

A number of names of prominent dog owners, who had signified the desire to become members, were submitted to the Executive Committee and accepted.

The Secretary has opened a kennel register for the registration of pedigrees, which will be free to all members and we hope the new undertaking in the "doggy" interests of Canada will receive the hearty indorsement of all owners, breeders and exhibitors in the Great Dominion.

The names which stand at the head of it are a sufficient guarantee that it will be run on a proper basis. We understand that the club is in communication with the American Kennel Club, with the object of promoting a friendly and close intimacy between the two clubs. The necessary blanks for registering can be had by applying to the secretary, C. A. Stone, 421 Richmond street, London, Ont.

CONSTITUTION.

1. This club shall be known as the Canadian Kennel Club.

2. The object of the club shall be to promote the breeding of thoroughbred dogs in Canada, to protect the interests of owners as well as breeders, to formulate rules for the government of dog shows and competitions, and to recommend suitable judges for the same.

3. The officers of the club shall consist of honorary president, first vice-president, four vice-presidents, secretary, treasurer and an executive committee of eight members, to be elected at the annual meeting.

4. The annual meeting shall be held at such a time and place as shall be decided at the previous meeting. A special meeting shall be called at the request of ten members of the club, or may at any time be called by order of the Executive Committee.

5. Application for membership shall be proposed and seconded in writing to the secretary and passed by the executive committee; one black ball to suspend the election until the next meeting of the Executive Committee.

6. The executive committee shall have power to fill vacancies on the committee until the next annual meeting.

7. The annual dues to be $2, payable in advance.

8. No alteration can be made in the constitution or in the governing rules, as adopted by the club, except by a two-thirds majority of the vote cast at the annual meeting or special meeting of the club, and notice of any such proposed change must be given at the previous meeting.

9. The Executive Committee shall have full power, by a two-thirds vote, to suspend or expel any members, and the members so suspended or expelled shall have no claim against the club, or be allowed to enter into any competition held under the rules of this club. Such members shall have the rights of appeal to the club from the action of the Executive Committee at the annual meeting or at any special meeting, provided notice of appeal has been given.

BY-LAWS.

ARTICLE I.—*Duties of Officers.* Sec. 1. The President shall preside at all meetings of the Executive Committee, audit and approve all bills and shall order all meetings of the Executive Committee whenever in his judgment he may deem it necessary. He shall submit a report of the work done during the past year at the annual meeting.

Sec. 2 The first Vice-President shall perform all the duties of the President in his absence.

Sec. 3. The Secretary-Treasurer shall keep the minutes of each meeting of the Executive Committee and of the Club; conduct the correspondence, and have charge of, and be responsible for, all the books and papers of the Executive Committee. He shall collect and have charge of all moneys belonging to the Club, shall pay all bills when properly approved, and submit a report thereof to the Executive Committee at every meeting. He shall keep a book containing a list of the members in good standing.

ARTICLE II.—Sec. 1. The meetings of the Executive Committee shall be called by the Secretary at the request of three members of the Committee or by order of the President, and two weeks' notice of such meeting shall be given to every member of the Committee.

Sec. 2. At all meetings of the Executive Committee four members shall constitute a quorum.

ARTICLE III.—All bills shall be presented to the President, or First Vice-President when acting as President, and shall be audited by him; in case of approval, he shall affix his signature and date of approval. After such approval the Secretary-Treasurer shall pay said bills.

ARTICLE IV—*Order of Business.* 1. Roll call. 2. Reading of minutes. 3. Reports and communications. 4. Unfinished business. 5. New business. 6. Election of officers. 7. Adjournment.

ARTICLE V—*Amendments, etc.* These by-laws may be altered, amended or suspended at any meeting of the executive committee by a single majority vote, provided two weeks' notice shall have been given to every member of the executive committee of the proposed alteration, amendment or suspension. In the absence of such notice, a two-thirds vote of the members present shall be required.

Following is a list of the officers of the club: President, Richard Gibson, Delaware, Ont. Vice-Presidents: J. U. Gregory, Esq., Quebec; Thos. Johnson, Winnipeg; Samuel Coulson, Montreal; W. J. Jackson, Toronto. Executive Committee: C. M. Nelles, Brantford; Dr. J. S. Niven, London; Wm Hendrie, Hamilton; J. L. Campbell, Simcoe; W. W. Welles, Chatham; F. H. F. Mercer, Ottawa; W. H. Scully, Toronto; T. G. Davey, London; C. A. Stone, Sec., London; F. C. Wheeler, Treas., London. C. A. STONE.

OMAHA DOG SHOW.

BLAIR, Neb., Jan. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We have had a bench show in Omaha. It was held Jan. 1, 2 and 3. There were over 100 entries. The managers did everything they could to make it a success. The judging in the mastiff class was an outrage. Major, who took first, is a huge, ungainly, misshapen brute of the "yaller dog" color, hollow-backed and weak in loins, while Gerald, who took third, was a splendid animal, both as regards size, shape and color. He took second at the Indianapolis show, and was clearly entitled to first at Omaha. Sutton, who took second, was a fine dog, but a little under-sized. The Chesapeake Bay dogs were a curiosity to most of the visitors, as but few had ever seen any of that breed, and the reporter persisted in calling them Chesapeake spaniels. Inclosed is a list of the awards clipped from the Omaha *Daily Bee* of Jan. 3:

AWARDS.

MASTIFFS.—1st, Rev. Father Colaneri's Major; 2d, W. V. Morse's Sultan; 3d, W. H. Alexander's Gerald.

GREYHOUNDS.—1st, C. Koster's Clothesline; 2d, N. Brown's unnamed.

SETTERS.—1st, A. White's Rolla; 2d, G. Richardson's Laverack; 3d, J. Smith's Gordon.

POINTERS.—1st, J. Bingle's unnamed; 2d, J. Kerr's Rapp.

SPANIELS.—Equal 1st, W. Magner's Sport and W. Rutherford's Leo; 2d, J. Hoye's Shot; 3d, J. Rutherford's Daisy.

CHESAPEAKE BAY DOGS.—*Dogs:* 1st, E. Cook's Blucher: 2d, J. E. Merriman's Dan; 3d, G. Richardson's unnamed. *Bitches:* 1st, Dr. E. A. Palmer's Chesapeake; 2d, E. Cook's Kate.

BULL-TERRIERS.—1st, G. W. Bond's Fly; 2d, E. C. Miller's Nell; 3d, W. J. Turner's Betsy Baker.

FOX-TERRIERS.—1st, W. Wright's Rags; 2d and 3d, W. Mair's Omaha and Peggie.

PUGS.—1st and 2d, W. S. Helprey's Colonel and Topsey; 3d, J. S. Barnes's unnamed.

SKYE TERRIERS.—1st and 2d, T. Chalmer's Vic and Mac.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—1st, W. Turner's —; 2d, C. Carlson's —; 3d, A. Rose's —. HEMATITE.

BAY CITY DOG SHOW.—The Michigan State Poultry and Pet Stock Association will hold their first bench show of dogs in connection with their tenth annual exhibition at Bay City, Mich., Jan. 26 to 30. Thirty-three classes are provided, the prizes being 40 per cent., 24 per cent. and 16 per cent. of entrance money. In addition the association offers $25 for the largest number of entries, and gold lined silver cups, value $10, to best mastiff, rough-coated St. Bernard, smooth-coated St. Bernard, Newfoundland, Great Dane, Llewellyn setter dog and bitch, and black cocker spaniel. There will also be offered numerous special prizes for the different breeds. Mr. John Davidson will judge all classes. Entries close Jan. 20. The address of the superintendent is H. Cate, Bay City, Mich.

NEWBURGH DOG SHOW.—There will be a dog show in connection with the first annual exhibition of the Hudson River Poultry, Dog and Pet Stock Association, to be held at Newburgh, N. Y., Feb. 7 to 12. The prizes will be $4 and $2 in each class. Mr. H. C. Glover will be the judge. Entries close Jan. 20 and should be made to H. M. Waring, Newburgh, N. Y.

DOG TALK.

MR. J. E. GILL, of Franklin, Pa., has received from England the Prince Charles spaniels Bonnie Boy and Lady Maggie. Both are winners at the Aquarium shows.

One of the New York dailies puts it this way: "August Belmont, Jr., is the right man in the right place. Being the highest exponent of the art of rabbit coursing, as moderately conducted on the plains of Hempstead, he is thoroughly qualified to judge fox-terriers." !!

Mr. Andrew Laidlaw, of Woodstock, Ont., has disposed of his St. Bernards, and will hereafter in kennel matters confine his attention to cocker spaniels.

The Pacific Kennel Club has invited Mr. Wm. Graham, of Belfast, Ireland, to judge at their dog show, to be held at San Francisco, May 22 to 25.

Mr. W. Wade advises us that all dogs at the coming Pittsburgh show, owned by members of the National Dog Club, will receive his especial care.

Mme. Patti has a Chihuahua dog which weighs just 15¾oz.

If the current reports upon the subject are correct the office of dog show judge does not always go a begging; in fact, these reports more than intimate that the boot is on the other leg, and that show committees in more than one instance have been offered the services of experts at much lower prices than the usual rates. We do not learn, however, that any of the overtures have been accepted, the managers undoubtedly reasoning that cheap goods are not always the most serviceable, or perhaps they think that the reason these would-be judges lower the price is, that they have discovered that they did not know as much as they imagined they did and consequently have made the price to correspond.

RABBIT BAITING.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In an interview with me, which was published in your paper some time since, in regard to rabbit baiting as practiced by the Hempstead, Long Island, Club, and which was claimed to be an English sport, I said, "Now you will often find that the lower classes indulged in this so-called sport, but there are very few gentlemen who would witness it; and ladies never attend." I find in an English paper of Dec. 28 the following: "English sportsmen will always be fond of *bona fide* coursing, in the open, on the animals' own ground, where they know where to turn and what to do; in short, where they can make a fight for life. In bagged hare and rabbit coursing there is no such fair play, therefore bagged hare and rabbit coursing is condemned here by all sportsmen, and only countenanced by betting men and a few fanciers who, knowing nothing of sport proper, ape a resemblance of it. There is no fair play in coursing bagged game, therefore there is no sport. There is no getting out of that." —*Shooting Times, Dec. 28.* "At the risk of incurring the displeasure of its upholders, we must earnestly demur to to this amusement being dignified by the term sport. To hunt the cunning fox at the risk of your own neck is sport; to hunt the wily hare with patience and endurance and knowledge of venery is sport; cocking is sport, for both parties fight and enjoy it; the rat-pit is sport even, by the side of rabbit coursing, for the rats can battle—aye, and fiercely, too—for their lives; but for two gasping terriers to chase a bewildered, trembling, unresisting rabbit, while the patrons stand idly by, may be a pastime, but it is not sport." —*Stock Keeper, Dec. 28.* Now from these English authorities surely this cruelty should not be stamped in this country as an English sport.—PESHALL.

NEW YORK DOG SHOW.—New York, Jan. 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The managers of the Westminster Kennel Club show have decided to make a challenge class for Irish terriers with two prizes of $10 and $5, also to provide two classes, namely, a dog and bitch class for all breeds, where five of each sex are entered. A special prize of $25 cash has been offered by Mr. E. F. Gibson for the best black and tan terrier, provided that both classes fill. Mr. James Luckwell, of Toronto, will judge all sporting spaniels.—JAS. MORTIMER, Supt.

THE COLLIE CLUB STAKES.—Rahway, N. J., Jan. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The entries for the collie sweepstakes to be decided at the Philadelphia K. C. Show will positively close Feb. 9, instead of date as previously announced. Some misunderstanding seems to exist as to the term "confined to members" in the produce stake. The intention of the clause is competition confined to the *produce* of bitches owned by members of the club, and that any person owning one of said pups can compete.—J. D. SHOTWELL, Sec.

CHICAGO DOG SHOW.—Jan. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At a meeting of the board of directors of the Mascoutah Kennel Club, on Thursday evening, the premium list for our coming bench show was completed and adopted. The cash and medal prizes exceed $3,200. Numerous specials of medals and cash have also been offered.—JOHN L. LINCOLN, JR., Sec.

KENNEL NOTES.

Notes must be sent on prepared blanks, which are furnished free on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope of large letter size. Sets of 200 of any one form, bound for retaining duplicates, are sent for 30 cents.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Jerseyman. By F. Truex, Red Bank, N. J., for black, white and tan beagle dog, whelped Sept. 2, 1888, by Bannerman (A.K.R. 1709) out of Blossom (A.K.R. 5711).

Blanche McGregor and Fannie Brown. By Oak Shade Kennels, Lee, Mass., for black, tan and white collie bitches, whelped Jan. 6, 1888, by Clipper (A.K.R. 2529) out of Nellie McGregor (Rex—Juno II.).

Almont. By Oak Shade Kennels, Lee, Mass., for sable and white collie dog, whelped Sept. 2, 1888, by Clipper (A.K.R. 2529) out of Della Glenlivat (A.K.R. 5407).

White Lily. By J. P. Cartwright, Augusta, Ga., for white pointer bitch, whelped Aug. 13, 1888, by Button H. (A.K.R. 4648) out of Rosa (A.K.R. 1446).

Wrinkle. By Warner & Hamilton, Canaan Four Corners, N. Y., for dark fawn pug bitch, whelped Aug. 7, 1888, by champion Cricket (A.K.R. 3230) out of Trinket (Dandy—Pansy Blossom, A.K.R. 5458).

Duke of Gordon. By Brookwood Kennels, Washington Heights, New York, for black and tan Gordon setter dog, whelped Nov. 10, 1888, by Phil (Hall's Chris—Black Daisy) out of champion Madge (Lock—champion Nell).

Nellie. By H. C. Bronsdon, Boston, Mass., for black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped May 12, 1888, by Newton Abbot Laddie (Newton Abbot Bunny—Newton Abbot Gipsy) out of Roxie (champion Obo II.—Jet).

Soso and Guy. By Woodstock Spaniel Kennels, Woodstock, Ont., for one dark and one light red cocker spaniel dogs, whelped Oct. 15, 15, 1888, by Robin out of Devon Beauty.

Laidlaw's Queen. By Woodstock Spaniel Kennels, Woodstock, Ont., for black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped July 4, 1888, by Master Shina (Young Obo—champion Shina) out of Laidlaw's Belle (Hornell Silk—Woodstock Flirt).

King Bee, Woodstock, Young Tippo, Woodstock Chloe and Woodstock Floss. By Woodstock Cocker Kennels, Woodstock, Ont., for black cocker spaniels, three dogs and two bitches, whelped Sept. 7, 1888, by Robin (Obo II.—Woodstock Dinah) out of Woodstock Nellie (Obo, Jr.—Laidlaw's Belle).

Woodstock Spaniel Kennels. By A. Laidlaw, Woodstock, Ont., for his kennels of cocker spaniels.

Pine Grove Kennels. By D. A. & J. F. Williams, Lynn, Mass., for their kennels of Gordon setters, pointers and beagles.

BRED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Blossom—Bannerman. H. S. Gilbert's (Millersburg, Pa.) beagle bitch Blossom (A.K.R. 5711) to A. C. Krueger's Bannerman (A.K.R. 1709), Jan. 10.

Miss T.—Tenor. J. S. Williams's (Lynn, Mass.) beagle bitch Miss T. (Kino—Lady J.) to his Tenor (A.K.R. 5536), Jan. 5.

Blanche McGregor—Prince Charlie. Oak Shade Kennels' (Lee, Mass.) collie bitch Blanche McGregor (Clipper—Nellie McGregor) to Jas. Watson's Prince Charlie (Sefton—Mavis).

Clio—Nebo of Nesseldown. E. Beard's (South Norwalk, Conn.) collie bitch Clio (Ben Nevis—Juno II.) to A. R. Kyle's Nebo of Nesseldown (Sefton—Mavis), Jan. 1.

Greenwood Juno—Scars' Monarch. Dr. W. A. Power's (Greenwood, Mass.) mastiff bitch Greenwood Juno (A.K.R. 6306) to E. B. Sears's Sears' Monarch (A.K.R. 6037), Jan. 2.

Greenwood Princess—Scars' Monarch. Dr. W. A. Power's (Greenwood, Mass.) mastiff bitch Greenwood Princess (A.K.R. 6798) to E. B. Sears's Sears' Monarch (A.K.R. 6037), Nov. 19.

Ashmont Suwanee—Edwy. C. A. Altmansperger's (Minden, Ia.) mastiff bitch Ashmont Suwanee (King of Ashmont—Reine) to Dr. Geo. B. Ayres's Edwy (champion Orlando—Countess of Woodlands), Jan. 7.

Lillie—Boss. F. B. Zimmer's (Gloversville, N. Y.) mastiff bitch Lillie (A.K.R. 2981) to J. L. Winchell's Boss (A.K.R. 2218), Jan. 3.

Fleet—Duke of Vernon. A. W. Milligan's (Mt Vernon, N. Y.) pointer bitch Fleet to L. Gardner's Duke of Vernon (Glendale—Spotless), Jan. 9.

Velasco—Lysander. Senator McPherson's (Jersey City, N. J.) imported St. Bernard bitch Velasco to Erminie Kennels' Lysander (champion Valentine—Duchess of Leeds), Nov. 23.

Luce—Lysander. Welz & Zerweck's (Brooklyn, N. Y.) St. Bernard bitch Luce (Monk—Eugenie) to Erminie Kennels' Lysander (champion Valentine—Duchess of Leeds), Dec. 16.

Juno—Lysander. Mr. Cotting's (New York) St. Bernard bitch Juno (Og—Magog) to Erminie Kennels' Lysander (champion Valentine—Duchess of Leeds), Dec. 21.

Greta—Lysander. Erminie Kennels' (Mt. Vernon, N. Y.) St. Bernard bitch Greta (The Splugen—Mercy) to their Lysander (champion Valentine—Duchess of Leeds), Dec. 27.

Marchioness—Lysander. Erminie Kennels' (Mt. Vernon, N. Y.) St. Bernard bitch Marchioness (Hero—Alice) to their Lysander (champion Valentine—Duchess of Leeds), Jan. 12.

Nora—Ben Hill. I. N. Cochran's (Philadelphia, Pa.) English setter bitch Nora (Count Noble—Lit) to J. S. Hudson's Ben Hill (Druid—Ruby), Jan. 7.

Mona—Norwich. Chas. Sanders's (Dayton, O.) King Charles spaniel bitch Mona to his Norwich (Jumbo— ——), Jan. 7.

Young Baroness—Young Royal Diamond. J. W. Newman's (Melrose, Mass.) bull-terrier bitch Young Baroness to H. A. Harris's Young Royal Diamond (A.K.R. 6096), Jan. 11.

Lady—Bradford Harry. Fred Noble's (Pawtucket, R. I.) Yorkshire terrier bitch Lady (Banks's Royal—Lady) to P. H. Coombs's Bradford Harry (Crawshaw's Bruce—Beale's Lady), Jan. 6.

WHELPS.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Virginia. Somerset Kennels' (Bernardsville, N. J.) beagle bitch Virginia (champion Lee—Dorsey's Venus), Dec. 11, five (three dogs), by their champion Bourne (Rambler—Honeymoon).

Spunkey. Ft. Stanwix Cocker Kennels' (Rome, N. Y.) cocker spaniel bitch Spunkey (A.K.R. 6572), Jan. 14, six (four dogs), by their champion Little Red Rover (Obo II.—Woodstock Dinah); two red.

Lady Dido. W. D. Reid's (Elmira, N. Y.) Yorkshire terrier bitch Lady Dido (Prince—Flora), Jan. 5, five (two dogs), by P. H. Coombs's Bradford Harry (Crawshaw's Bruce—Beale's Lady).

SALES.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Jerseyman. Black, white and tan beagle dog, whelped Sept. 2, 1888, by champion Bannerman (A.K.R. 1709) out of Blossom (A.K.R. 5711), by Harry S. Gilbert, Millersburg, Pa., to F. Truex, Red Bank, N. J.

Bannerman (A.K.R. 1709)—Blossom (A.K.R. 5711) whelp. White and tan beagle bitch, whelped Sept. 2, 1888, by Harry S. Gilbert, Millersburg, Pa., to A. C. Krueger, Wrightsville, Pa.

Monarch II. Black and tan collie dog, whelped Nov. 20, 1888, by Royal Monarch out of Edith Bell, by A. R. Kyle, South Norwalk, Conn., to H. M. Jennings, same place.

Roderick of Nesseldown. Black, tan and white collie dog, whelped May 17, 1888, by Royal Monarch out of Heather Bell, by A. R. Kyle, South Norwalk, Conn., to R. L. Way, Hartford, Conn.

Ben Nevis—Daughter whelp. Sable and white collie dog, whelped Aug. 26, 1888, by Dr. H. M. Perry, Philadelphia, Pa., to Victor M. Haldeman, Milford, Del.

Peacock. Brindle greyhound dog, whelped March, 1886, pedigree unknown, by Mrs. Ida M. Simpson, St. Louis, Mo., to H. W. Windram, Boston, Mass.

Harner's Maude. Fawn mastiff bitch, whelped June 1, 1888, by Mission (A.K.R. 5912) out of Portia II. (A.K.R. 5512), by Jacob M. Harner, West Liberty, O., to Jas. Decker, North Robinson, O.

Guard. Fawn, black points, mastiff dog, whelped May, 1888, by Colonel Dix (A.K.R. 5982) out of Onyx, by F. B. Zimmer, Gloversville, N. Y., to John Reid, Sumter, S. C.

Wrinkle. Dark fawn pug bitch, whelped Aug. 7, 1888, by champion Cricket out of Trinket, by Warner & Hamilton, Canaan Four Corners, N. Y., to W. A. Washburn, Tivoli, N. Y.

Iowa Prince. Red Irish setter dog, whelped June 27, 1888, by Sarsfield out of Nino (A.K.R. 5226), by F. H. Perry, Des Moines, Ia., to F. A. Hubbard, Sandusky, O.

Don Pedro. Red Irish setter dog, whelped June 27, 1888, by Sarsfield out of Nino, by F. H. Perry, Des Moines, Ia., to Nelson Royal, same place.

Hillis Nora. Red Irish setter bitch, whelped June 27, 1888, by Sarsfield out of Nino, by F. H. Perry, Des Moines, Ia., to J. W. Hillis, same place.

Coomara. Red Irish setter dog, whelped June 27, 1888, by Sarsfield out of Nino, by F. H. Perry, Des Moines, Ia., to J. R. Gleason, Kansas City, Mo.

Chicken King. Red Irish setter dog, whelped June 27, 1887, by Sarsfield out of Nino, by F. H. Perry, Des Moines, Ia., to H. B. Leavens, Kansas City, Mo.

Buckeye. Red Irish setter dog, whelped June 27, 1888, by Sarsfield out of Nino, by F. H. Perry, Des Moines, Ia., to John Sherman, same place.

Hawkeye. Red Irish setter dog, whelped June 27, 1888, by Sarsfield out of Nino, by F. H. Perry, Des Moines, Ia., to J. L. Devine, same place.

O'Donovan Rossa. Red Irish setter dog, whelped June 27, 1888, by Sarsfield out of Nino, by F. H. Perry, Des Moines, Ia., to Michael Flynn, Jr., Bristol, R. I.

Nellie. Black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped May 12, 1888, by Newton Abbot Laddie out of Roxie, by F. J. Smith, Farmington, N. H., to H. C. Bronsdon, Boston, Mass.

Jubilee. White bull-terrier bitch, whelped June 26, 1886, by Bendigo out of Queen, by Howland Robbins, New York, to H. A. Harris, North Wilmington, Mass.

Sandycroft Viper. Wheaton Irish terrier bitch, whelped Aug. 23, 1888, by McFadden's Dennis out of Sandycroft Vim, by Victor M. Haldeman, Milford, Del., to Dr. H. M. Perry, Philadelphia, Pa.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

G. E. W., Taunton, Mass.—Ans. We would advise you to keep the dog separate from the others a little longer, say Feb. 1.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,
Adjutant General's Office,
Sacramento, Nov. 27, 1888.

The United States Cartridge Co., Lowell, Mass.:

GENTLEMEN—It affords me pleasure to inform you that the fifty thousand rounds of ball cartridges recently purchased from you through Messrs. Chas. Sountag & Co., of San Francisco, were used in the annual target practice of the National Guard of this State. They gave perfect satisfaction, the powder was good, the balls of uniform weight, and the shells strong and suitable for reloading. The percentage made was higher than that made in the preceding year. Our most experienced officers have informed me that they were the best cartridges ever used here. Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

—*Adv.* (Signed) R. H. ORTON, Adjutant General.

Rifle and Tray Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

THE NEW YORK "TRIBUNE" MATCH.

IN October of last year the New York *Tribune* offered prizes for a general off-hand rifle shoot. It had a novel experience. There were 130 entries. Five men scored 47 out of a possible 50, five scored 49 and two scored 50, while one man who scored 49 fired one extra shot, striking the bullseye, and thus also making a record of ten consecutive bullseyes. At once there went up a shout of doubt, and since the date of shooting on Nov. 14 there has been a deluge of letters from other contestants, asserting their emphatic disbelief in the verity of the top scores.

There was particular doubt when three of the men tying on 49 shot off and each scored a perfect target of 50 points in 10 shots at a Creedmoor target off-hand. As each man shot in the presence of a witness, who vouched for the scores which were made, the scores were accepted, and the leading prizes were awarded to the three competitors in order by string measurement.

Scores of 10 consecutive bullseyes at 200yds., off hand, are not miraculous. They are, however, rare, and the circumstances of three men each asserting that he made such a score in a tie shoot, each man shooting at his own home, in the presence of local witnesses only, tended, the *Tribune* says, "to excite suspicion." To quiet all doubts, the *Tribune* challenged the three shooters to meet at Creedmoor, and shoot a friendly match for a special prize of $25 cash, the expenses of each competitor to and from the city being paid by the *Tribune*. Only one of the three men, John I. Bookhout, of Roxbury, N. Y., complied. The other two, S. E. Pool, of Irwin, Pa., and Clarence W. Ford, of East Franklin, Vt., after having accepted, made all sorts of difficulties and finally failed to appear.

Mr. Bookhout shot at Creedmoor on Saturday last with a Remington rifle, at 200yds., off-hand, in the presence of several witnesses, and gave ample proof of the possession of unusual skill in marksmanship. A trying 15-mile wind blew across the range from the right, veering suddenly and rapidly, repeatedly going nearly around to the opposite quarter. In spite of difficulties, Mr. Bookhout scored 47, made up of five bullseyes (three of them in the exact center) two "nippers," which scored as bullseyes, and three "centers." The air had been perfectly calm when he made his score of 50 in the original match; and his score of 47 in trying weather was virtually as good as a clean score when everything was in his favor. Later in the day he gave an exhibition of skill at 500yds., off-hand, missing the target only once.

As for the other two score makers the *Tribune* says: "S. E. Pool and C. W. Ford must now, reluctantly, be debarred from any further participation in *Tribune* matches, unless they shall first have shot at Creedmoor in the presence of representatives of the *Tribune* and given reasonable proof that their former scores were honest."

The *Tribune* offers prizes for another rifle competition, the particulars of which we will print next week.

BOSTON, Jan. 12.—The shooting was very lively at the range to-day, and a large crowd of shooters were on hand. The weather conditions were good, but high scores seemed to be hard to get. Following are the best scores made to-day:

Champion Medal Match.

J A Frye	7	8	9	9	5	5	5	9	7	8—72
H L Lee	9	7	4	4	10	6	9	9	8	6—72
A Loring	5	10	10	5	8	10	6	6	5	3—68
T Mason	6	7	5	7	4	6	6	8	7	8—64

Twenty-Shot Rest Match.

S Wilder	12	9	12	11	9	8	9	11	6	9
	10	12	12	11	10	9	10	11	7	11—202
J R Munroe	9	11	10	10	9	11	10	10	9	11
	11	9	12	12	10	12	4	11	8	11—200
L R Avay	12	12	10	12	9	11	11	9	11	10
	10	10	10	12	11	8	7	7	7	8—197
C H Davis	9	9	8	9	10	12	9	12	12	10
	8	10	8	10	10	9	10	10	11	9—195
H Joseph	9	10	8	11	11	8	9	10	8	9
	9	12	9	9	11	8	9	10	9	9—188

Military Match.

F Carter	5	5	4	5	4	4	4	4	5	5—45
Major Woodworth	4	4	5	5	5	4	5	4	4	4—44
A S Field	4	4	4	4	4	5	4	4	4	4—41
T Spring	4	4	4	4	4	2	5	4	4	3—38

Victory Medal Match.

T Mason	6	8	9	6	8	8	8	6	8	7—74
J A Frye	9	6	5	9	6	6	9	8	5	9—72
A Loring	6	6	8	10	6	8	7	7	8	4—70
O T Moore	6	5	8	8	7	8	9	6	6	5—68
F Martin	8	8	7	6	8	5	8	7	5	4—66

Rest Match.

J R Munroe	12	12	9	12	11	11	11	12	9	12—110
J Francis	12	11	12	10	10	11	11	10	12	10—106
L R Avay	12	10	8	11	10	12	11	9	11	11—104
A Ballard	9	11	10	10	11	10	12	10	10	9—102
J Robinson	11	10	12	9	12	9	12	8	9	10—102
C H Davis	9	11	10	8	9	9	10	12	12	10—100
A G Horne	12	10	8	9	8	10	10	9	12	9— 97
H Farmer	9	9	9	10	9	9	9	10	7	8— 89

All-Comers' Match—Off-Hand.

H L Lee	9	9	7	8	8	10	7	10	6	9—83
J B Fellows	6	8	8	7	6	10	9	8	10	8—80
T Mason	8	10	9	5	6	7	8	8	10	7—78
A Loring	10	7	10	7	6	6	10	9	8	5—78
H Coomes	6	7	6	9	7	10	10	9	7	6—77
B G Baker	3	8	6	10	8	10	4	9	8	8—74
O Davis	7	8	8	7	9	10	8	5	7	6—70
H Josephs	6	7	7	5	5	8	5	10	8	8—69
O T Moore	7	9	6	4	8	9	4	8	10	8—66
G Ames	5	10	4	7	7	7	4	6	8	8—66

Fifty Yards' Pistol Match.

J B Fellows	8	10	8	10	8	10	10	7	10	9—90
H L Lee	10	10	6	9	10	10	7	4	8	9—83
H Hawley	8	7	8	8	10	10	8	7	7	8—81
T Mason	6	9	6	8	8	8	6	10	10	7—78
A Sharp	8	9	7	7	5	10	8	7	9	6—76
O T Moore	5	7	6	9	10	7	9	8	10	6—77
F Martin	8	7	8	8	9	8	6	8	6	8—76

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Jan. 12.—Twelve members of the St. Louis Pistol Club turned out at the last weekly shoot to make an effort to become the possessor of the club's gold medal and eleven of course were disappointed. Fodde made the same score as he did last week and for a time it looked as though he would walk off with the honors again, but Bauer who shot nearly last man came to the front with a good 88 and took the medal. Several of the members that started out poorly are slowly but surely crawling up on the leaders. The shooting is all done at a 20yds. Standard American target, with a .22-cal. Stevens gallery pistol. The following are the scores:

W Bauer	9	10	8	8	10	9	6	10	9	9—88
F A Fodde	10	10	10	9	8	8	8	10	6	7—86
L V D Perret	6	10	9	7	9	7	10	8	10	7—83
W J Lard	7	8	7	8	8	10	10	10	7	7—83
E Mohrstadt	10	7	7	10	8	8	10	9	8	5—82
O Nehbaus	7	8	6	10	8	7	10	8	8	7—81
M Billmeyer	5	8	8	6	10	9	10	5	10	7—78
M Summerfield	7	9	10	7	7	6	7	10	7	7—77
W H. Hettel	5	6	7	5	9	9	7	6	7	8—66
A E Bengel	6	5	5	10	7	8	5	8	9	0—63
W Mackwitz	8	5	6	10	0	5	7	6	5	6—61
L Denning	8	6	10	4	5	0	7	6	6	6—58

UNSER FRITZ.

ORILLIA, Ont., Jan. 5.—The second championship rifle match between Orillia and Newton Brook was shot by telephone to-day, Orillia winning by 102 points. At Newton Brook the wind was very tricky and the light bad. Score:

Orillia.		Newton Brook.	
W W Wood	92	R McCague	78
R Strathern	84	G R Golding	78
C Fortier	78	W n Clarke	75
W Payne	77	J Smith	73
J D Fortier	77	George Irwin	70
G E Whiten	74	J Gelyeart	64
F J Delaney	74	J Steele	62
T Millichamp	72	T S Humberstone	60
C Woods	68	A Muckle	59
A Payne	62—758	John Morgan	37—656

LAWRENCE, Mass., Jan. 12.—Following are the scores made to-day in the regular shoot of the Lawrence Rifle Club, at 200yds.:

E F Richardson	9	10	9	10	7	8	9	8	9	9—88
C M Hill	7	8	10	10	6	9	9	6	9	10—84
W Fisher	8	8	7	9	8	8	8	9	9	6—80
M Beal	6	7	6	9	10	7	9	4	9	10—77
J M Bean	9	9	6	9	9	8	8	7	7	6—76
A J Hanscom	8	8	9	6	6	7	10	8	9	10—76
A A Philbrick	7	6	10	4	6	10	5	10	5	7—74
C W Reynolds	7	6	10	4	6	10	5	10	5	7—70

TOPEKA, Kansas.—On Jan. 1 four members of the Topeka Rifle Club went to the range and shot two scores each. Mr. Paine made his sixth full score, the score counting 91. On Jan. 3 the club held its regular weekly shoot, the scores were fair as the conditions were poor:

J L Paine	7	10	9	9	8	10	7	7	10	6—83
	8	9	10	10	10	9	10	8	8	9—91
C R Paine	6	9	7	6	8	9	7	8	6	10—76
	9	5	7	7	8	9	10	6	5	8—74
I R McCarter	7	9	9	6	7	9	7	10	5	5—74
	5	10	5	9	7	5	8	10	6	9—74
E W Sherman	6	8	7	7	8	9	6	6	6	9—73
	6	6	10	6	5	6	6	9	5	7—66

Weekly shoot, Jan. 8:

G E Morrison	10	10	8	6	6	9	10	8	10	10—87
	10	10	8	6	8	10	7	6	9	8—80
	8	5	7	9	8	10	9	9	7	8—80—247
J L Paine	7	10	10	10	7	6	7	9	9	7—82
	9	10	6	6	8	9	7	10	9	7—81
C R Paine	5	8	7	8	10	10	7	6	10	10—81—244
	8	5	5	6	6	8	8	6	8	10	9—74
	8	8	8	7	7	9	7	7	10	10	8—81—239
I R McCarter	6	7	6	9	7	7	4	6	10	7—67
	9	9	6	6	7	8	8	10	10	10—83
	6	5	6	6	9	9	9	5	4	8	7—68—218

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 6.—It was an off day at Shell Mound today, and outside of the marksmen who attend the first Sundays in every month, no others were present. The first shoot of the year was held by Company B, First Regiment. The following were the successful contestants: First class, Capt. Geo. R. Burdick. Second class, E. C. Lundquist. Third class, I. Bluxome, Jr. There has been a 60-shot match between Messrs. Ramm, Burdick and Lew Townsend, of Company B, but owing to the non-appearance of the former gentleman, the match was postponed indefinitely. As usual the old standbys, Captain Loughery and Corporal Pendleton, were present, competing with 50 shots. Capt. Loughery has advanced wonderfully in the last month, and he has made some very creditable records, but his top score of to-day surpasses anything that he has already made. Following are their scores, at 200yds.:

R J Loughery	5454444444—42	H L Pendleton	5545544445—44
	4455445445—44		5445555444—45
	5444535444—42		5444451454—43
	4443444445—39		4444454545—43
	4444445443—40—207		4455445445—44—219

Both of the above gentlemen shot with Springfield rifles, open sights, 6lb. pull of trigger, off-hand.

The Independent Rifles, Captain Schmalholz, opened the season with the following scores, 200yds.:

H Tonnemacher	4445444545—42	C S Woest	0404334443—29
E Peters	4447045544—38	H Fiege	5040240340—20
George Miller	3444334444—37		

Harbor View was crowded throughout the day by the members of the different German shooting clubs. Following are the top records made in each class in the three different clubs:

California Schutzen Club: Champion class, C. Hovey, 407 rings; first class, F. O. Young, 414 rings; second class, R. Finking, 391; third class, O. Burmeister, 380 rings; fourth class, John Straub, 355 rings.

Germania Schuetzen Club: Champion class, J. Utschig, 415 rings; first class, Geo. Helm, 411 rings; second class, Dr. Reihl, 380 rings. The first best center shot was made by B. Overmahle, 23 rings, and the last one was made by C. P. Hagerup, 23 rings.

Eintracht Schützen Club: Champion class, F. A. Kuhls, 380 rings; first class, C. P. Hagerup, 356 rings; second class, A. Wertnes, 323 rings; third class, Mr. Thule, 312 rings. Mr. Thule made the last best center shot, 23 rings.

All of the above clubs shot on a 25-ring target at 200yds, off-hand. By a vote of 31 to 25, at the monthly meeting, Friday, the California Schützen Club decided to maintain its present quarters at Harbor View Park. The contending votes were for Shell Mound.

FRANKFORD, Pa., Jan. 10.—Members of the Hartranft Rifle Club were at their range at Frankford to-day, with a 20-mile breeze as well. The shooting was very remarkable, especially that of Mr. Steinbeisen, who used a Wurfflein .22-cal. gallery rifle, with U. M. C. short cartridges, and no wind gauge, open sights, making scores of 48, 49 and 54, American standard target, 200yds., off-hand. The following scores were made by several members during the afternoon:

J J Mountjoy	7	8	7	10	9	8	7	10	9	6—81
E Travis	8	7	8	8	5	7	6	9	9	6—73
Jas Lardner (mil)	3	10	9	8	4	7	6	7	4	10+4—71
E Stees, Jr	9	6	7	9	4	9	6	4	4	8—66
L E Tobolt (mil)	6	5	2	7	8	6	10	8	7	8+4—66
J H Buehler	5	5	9	4	3	6	5	10	7	9—63
W Wurfflein	3	8	5	4	2	6	8	8	7	5—58
H Steinbeisen	5	5	3	5	3	3	6	8	10	6—54

Mr. C. Dailey, of Altoona, Pa., was on the range and used J. J. Mountjoy's Wurfflein rifle, making a very creditable score:

Dailey	5	8	7	9	5	9	8	7	7	9—74

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

KANSAS STATE BADGE SHOOT.

HUTCHINSON, Kas., Jan 4.—In the shoot for the State badge, between Smythe, of Wichita, and "Scott," of this place, the badge was won by Smythe in the following score at 100 birds, 50 single and 10 pairs bluerocks and 30 live birds:

	Singles.	Doubles.	Birds.	Total.
Smythe	43	11	25	79
"Scott"	43	15	19	77

At the end of the bluerocks "Scott" led, but fell down in his live birds, something he has never done before since he began shooting in the Hutchinson club. Up to the live birds all the Wichita men were betting against their own champion 2 to 1, but "Scott" could not go the pace on the live flyers. "Scott" refuses to have his name published for family reasons.

The Hutchinson Gun Club held their regular monthly shoot Thursday, Jan. 3, and your humble servant carried away the medal. George Young and "Scott" tied for the cup, George winning in the shoot-off. The boys were all shooting pretty well. The score: 15 singles, 5 pairs bluerocks:

Allen	111111111011111	11 11 11 11 10—23
Young	111111111101111	11 11 10 00 10—20
George	101111111011011	11 11 01 11 10—20
"Scott"	101111111110111	10 11 11 11 10—20
Burslem	111111000111111	11 10 11 10 10—19
Taylor	001 00101111111	10 00 11 11 11—17
Woodnutt	111110110101001	11 10 00 10 11—17
French	111110111011101	10 11 10 01 10—17
Chamberlain	010101111101110	11 00 01 10 10—14

Allen medal, George cup.

SHARP.

[The Hutchinson club is one of the few whose members shoot very evenly. It is nobody's odds who will win the medal or cup at their monthly shoots, and therefore the zest of the club never flags. Mr. Allen, who won the cup this month, is among the youngest, but most enthusiastic, members of the club. He shoots a Smith gun, just under 8lbs. The Mr. "Scott," who shot for the State medal, is of one of the best known families of Hutchinson. He is hardly more than 21 years of age, weighs over 200lbs., is quite as good-natured as he is fat, and has improved in his shooting about as rapidly as any one could.]

WELLINGTON, Mass., Jan. 12.—The opening contests for valuable prizes in merchandise, off-red by the Wellington Club, in the expert and amateur classes, brought out a large number of gunners to-day. The club also put up a solid silver pitcher for competition by the members of the club, which is to become the personal property of the man winning it three consecutive times, the match to be at 8 clay-pigeons and 7 bluerocks. In the merchandise match for experts, at 9 bluerocks and 3 pairs clay-pigeons, Perry was first with 12, and in the amateur contest, same conditions, Lang was first with 13. In the club match for the silver pitcher, Schaefer, Stanton, Sanborn and Snow tied with 13 each, and in the shoot-off Stanton won. The winners in the sweepstake matches were: 6 bluerocks, Schaefer and Melcher; 6 clay-pigeons, Stanton and Swift; 6 bluerocks, Lang; 6 clay-pigeons, Stanton; 6 bluerocks, Schaefer, Frank and Sanborn; 6 macombers, Sanborn, Allerton and Conant; 6 bluerocks, Sanborn; 6 bluerocks, Sanborn; 6 macombers, Field, Herrick, Bradstreet and Webster; 3 pairs clay-pigeons, merchandise match, Bond Frank and West; 9 bluerocks, merchandise match, Perry; 3 pairs clay-pigeons, Stanton and Lang; 5 clay-pigeons, Sanborn; 6 bluerocks, Nichols, Savage and Webster.

AVERAGE CLUB SCORES FOR SEASON.

NEWARK, Jan. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It has occurred to me, as it has no doubt to many of your readers, that gun clubs like individuals have their "days off," hence a published score of any event is not indicative of the relative standing of such club. What is needed in this line is a "genuine average" taken from a season's record, and any prize or event depended upon a single score of an individual or club must, it seems to me, be accepted by the winner with a deep sense of gratitude, as it may have been clearly attributable to matters beyond the control of his opponent. My attentions has been more forcibly called to this matter during the past year, as I have participated in monthly contests, and have not only witnessed, but experienced the "unaccountableness"—the contagious nature of which all shooters are more or less familiar with. My attention was also attracted by attending the annual meeting of the Essex Gun Club, of this city, recently, at which the shooting committee presented a statistical report of the doings of the club for the year past, and as a synopsis may be of some interest to your readers, I give it to you in a condensed form. This report says: Total number of members participating in shoots during the year, 33. Total number of scores shot, 127. Total number of birds shot at, 1,270. Total number of birds killed, 1,002. Average for the year, 78.89, divided among the classes as follows: Class A, 31yds., number of birds 480, killed 402, average 83.75. Class B, 28yds., number of birds 600, killed 467, average 77.83. Class C, 20yds., number of birds 190, killed 133, average 70.00. The above is a very fair showing, and speaks well for the members, as this club does not offer cash or other valuable considerations as an incentive to get the members out, and winners in the events must be satisfied with the honors and the sport. The winners last season were as follows: Class A, Breintuall and Burnett. Class B, Hedden, Nicholas, Unger and Freche. Class C, Tillou. The best score was made by Hedden with 67 out of 70 consecutive birds. FORD.

CANADIAN TRAP NOTES.

MONTREAL, Jan. 5.—The fourth shoot for the Greener came off to-day on the Montreal Club's grounds, Cote St. Antoine, Mr. H. W. Ferguson, of the Dominion Gun Club, illustrating his prowess by winning a lien on the gun. Lumsden, the Montreal's crack, losing the shoot off after tieing Ferguson. There was a puffy southwest wind, which at times blew a gale and made the score of 18 out of a possible 20 a remarkable one, Ferguson's total score being 23 out of 25 and Lumsden 22 out of 25. A sweep at 5 birds was then shot, Mr. Lucas, of the Lachine Gun Club refereed. Fourth shoot, "open" Greener gun, Jan. 5, at 20 birds. Mr. O. F. Botsford, M. G. C., scorer; R. Lucas, L. G. C., referee:

V Henrichson	11100100111111011100—14
R James	01111101011101010011—13
W Lumsden	11110111111111111011—18
A Alexander	10010110111010101000—10
M Parker	11111101111101111001—15
E Octave	11001110100001101110—12
Wolsey	01101110101011011001—12
C Aubin	01000111101111101101—13
W Ferguson	11110101011111111111—18
E A Cowley	00111010011100011101—12

Ties: Lumsden 4, Ferguson 5.

Winner of first match, C. Aubin; second, C. Aubin; third, W. Lumsden; fourth, W. Ferguson.

Sweep at 5 birds:

Alexander	11010—3	Wolsey	01001—2
Parker	11101—4	Cowley	11010—3
Lumsden	11111—5	James	11111—5

Lumsden and James divided first, Parker second.

OTTAWA, Jan 5.—On resuming work, after the autumn vacation, Mr. P. N. Thompson, president of the St. Hubert Gun Club, for the second time accepting the office, presented for club competition a magnificent silver cup, and laid down the scheme for carrying out the contest. He was particular on the point of handicap, requesting that it should be run on the same principle as that of the Montreal Gun Club, of Montreal. The executive committee of the club went carefully over the membership list of shots, and arranged that point in a most satisfactory way. The weather was not what a trap shot, especially with an eye on an elegantly designed silver cup, a perfect gun, and from the skilled hand in design of Mr. Chas. Addison, could have desired; a gusty east by south wind swept up over the range, and in the south dark threatening cloud banks rolled up, at times casting a peculiar hazy light over the earth, while at intervals old Sol would shoot a beam of his strongest rays through the dark bank, and thus making it almost impossible to get on to birds that crossed to the right. There are to be eight competitions at 20 birds each, the member making the highest aggregate in any five of the matches to be declared winner. Ties to be shot off at 20 birds and handicaps to hold same as in matches. The club has added three handsome prizes, so as to encourage the weaker shots. To make matters still more interesting, a sweep was added for the opening. Official score:

Geo. White	10011111110111111111—17
E King (4)	11101110001101101001—17
Dr A Martin	11011110101101011111—15
P Trudeau	11111111111101100000—15
S White (1)	11101001110100011111—15
D H Equis	00110111111101111011—15
Ed White	11001011110101111111—15
J Deslauriers	10111010101011111011—14
R G Dalton	10101011011111100—14
H H Troup	10111110111010010—14
W J Johnston	00111101101111110110—13
A Lett (3)	10000001001101000110—10

The figure inclosed parenthetically is the allowed handicap. Mr. O. Trudeau's score, and the old shot at the stool was in good form, gives a strong illustration of the uncertainty of the game, while that of Mr. E. King, who made a fair average, shows the effect of the handicaps. This match was at the Ligowskys, and that of the 12th will close out this stock. Then for the Peorias, and the Saints will then be on an equal footing with the other Canadian clubs.

NEWCASTLE, Jan. 10.—The two days' shooting tournament closed here to-day. The affair passed off very satisfactorily, everything being agreeable except the weather, which was, especially to-day, rather unfavorable for accurate shooting. However, the affair can be said to have been a success. All the visitors express themselves more than pleased with their treatment at the hands of their Newcastle brother marksmen. Mr. Varco was referee yesterday and Mr. Walton to-day. Both gentlemen did their duties to every one's satisfaction. There were twelve entries to the first sweep, $25 each, making a purse of $300. The two barrels were allowed and a three-minute boundary.

First sweep:

S Glover, Carleton Place, 29yds	11110011111111111111—19
D Beldam, Malvern, 28yds	11111101111111101111—19
J Bamfield, Niagara Falls, 28yds	11111110111111111111—19
J Wayper, Hespeler, 30yds	10111111111111111110—18
H Jackson, Toronto, 27yds	11111101011111001111—18
C Boomer, Newcastle, 27yds	01111111111111111110—17
D Blea, 28yds	10111111111110101111—17
J Brown, 28yds	11011111011111111110—17
G Black, 27yds	10111101010101111111—16
R Glover, 28yds	10111110110101101110—15

Shooting off ties, Glover first, Wayper second, Boomer third.

$10 handicap sweep:

D Blea, West Toronto, 29yds	11111111110	—	10
S Glover, Carleton Place, 29yds	10111111111	—	9
H Jackson, Toronto, 27yds	01111111111	—	9
R Glover, Carleton Place, 29yds	11011111111	—	9
Wm McDowell, Toronto, 27yds	11111110111	—	9
J Wayper, Hespeler, 30yds	11111111001	—	8
D Beldam, 28yds	10111111000	—	7
J Bell, 28yds	00011111111	—	7
G Black, 27yds	10101111110	—	7
C Boomer, 27yds	11101011000	—	6
F Bouverie, 29yds	10111100101	—	6

D. Blea first, on shoot-off S. Glover second, R. Glover third.

Blackbird sweep, two prizes, ties divided:

W McDowell	11101—4	C Wilmot	10110—3
J Wayper	10111—4	G. Margetts	01010—2
S Glover	11011—4	G Henry	01010—2

TORONTO, Jan. 12.—The 50-bird sweepstake at McDowall & Co.'s grounds on Saturday was witnessed by about 200 spectators, it being one of the largest sweeps ever held in this country. Although the scores were not very high, the competition was sharp and a good afternoon's sport was enjoyed. The conditions were: $5 entrance, 50 blackbirds from three traps at 18yds. rise. Purse divided into 5 prizes. Most of the contestants have entered for another sweep with same conditions for next Saturday. The score:

G Morley	38	W Heatherington	30
W Paul	33	P Wakefield	29
T Bennett	33	J Baker	28
W McDowall	32	J Winchmen	28
C Charles	31	J Mitchell	26
J Rice	31		

H. Best, referee; J. Felstead, scorer.

OTTAWA, Jan. 12.—The St. Hubert's Gun Club competition for the Thompson Cup is causing a great deal of attention, and the second competition, which was shot to-day, attracted a large number of onlookers. The day was all that could be desired, and the shooting first-rate. Thirteen put in an appearance for the cup, and four scores of 17 were the results. It looks as if the handicap will prove a success, and there is no saying who may win until the last bird is shot at. The club will in future shoot at Peorias. An opening was made to-day at 2 P. M. sharp, when Messrs. A. Jacques (the Old Man) and Maingy, the official scorers were on hand.

Sweepstakes at 9 Peorias each, 18yds. rise, 5 traps:

Dr Equis	111111111—9	G White	000111111—6
R G Dalton	111111111—9	G Trudeau	010111101—6
A Throop	111111111—9	E White	011101001—5
W Johnston	111111111—9	J Deslauriers	011110000—4
Dr A Martin	111011111—8	E King	101000011—4
W Lett	111101101—7		

Dr. Equis and R. G. Dalton divided the first money.

Thompson cup, 20 Ligowskys each, 18yds. rise, 5 traps:

Trudeau	11111011111011011111—17	Deslauriers	01111101001011111—14
Throop	11111 01101111111111—17	Johnson	01010110101111101011—12
G White	11011001111111111111—17	Martin	11110100010100111101—12
Lett	01100111010101110111—17	S White	10001010001111011111—10
Dalton	00111011011111111111—16	E White	00 0000111110101010— 9
King	01100110111011010010—13	W Lett	10101110001000001001— 8
Equis	11101100111111111010—15		

MONTREAL, Jan. 12.—The sixth shoot of the Montreal Gun Club for the Greener gun came off this afternoon. Only six shooters turned up. E. A. Cowley won the gun for the second time with a score of 19. Alexander second with 16. Two sweeps at 5 birds followed and were won by W. Mack and W. Lumsden.

BOSTON, Jan. 9.—The ample accommodations of the Walnut Hill range were taxed to the uttermost to-day by the crowd of trap-shooters in attendance at the first shotgun meeting of the year. It is seldom that a gathering of such strong shots is seen, and the scores below show how hotly each match was contested. The event of the day was the team match between the home club and two visiting teams from the Wellington Gun Club, which, after a close race, resulted in leaving the trophy in the hands of the Walnut Hill men. In the two individual matches the work was brilliant, and Mr. Swift's score of 15 straight birds in the competition for the State Association badge is worthy of special mention, while Mr. Wardwell's 38 out of 40 in the Climax badge match was wonderfully high, considering the conditions which prevailed. Among the contestants were representatives of all the leading gun clubs in New England, including Dr. Gerrish, of Exeter, N. H., and Messrs. Griffiths, Tinker and Houghton, of Providence. The summary of the twelve events on the programme follow:

First event, 6 standard targets—Dickey, Snow 6, Chase, Griffith 5, Stanton 4, Nichols 3.

Second event, 5 clay birds—Bates 5, Crown, Griffith, Perham, Perry 4, Dan, Snow, Wheeler 3, Savage, Swift 2.

Third event, 7 standard targets—Griffith, Piper, Snow, Wheeler 7, Charles, Stanton 6, Choate Field, Tinker, Schaefer 5, Hosmer, Willis 4.

Fourth event, 7 clay birds—Choate, Dann, Dickey, Griffith, Knowles 7, Charles, Houghton, Wheeler 6, Hosmer 5, Chase, Nichols 4.

Fourth event, competition for the individual badge of the State Association, 15 standard targets:

Swift	111111111111111—15	Knowles	101111111111111—14
Choate	111111101111111—14	Wheeler	111011111111111—14

In the optional sweepstake attached to this event the winners were: Choate, Knowles, Wheeler 14, Griffith 13, Dann, Dickey 12, Chase, Piper 11.

Sixth event, 10 clay birds—Choate 10, Dann, Dickey, Perham, Stanton 9, Nichols, Wheeler, Schaefer 8, Houghton, Tinker 7.

Seventh event, competition for Climax diamond bange, 20 clay birds and 20 standard targets:

	Clays.	Standards.
Wardwell	11111011111011111111—18	11111111111111111111—20—38
Knowles	11111111111011111111—19	11111111011101111111—18—37
Wheeler	11111111110111011111—18	11111111110110111111—18—36
Dann	11111111011111101111—18	11011111111111111111—18—36
Perry	11101111111111111110—19	11110011101111111110—16—35
Houghton	11101111101111111111—18	11011111111111101011—17—35
Stanton	11111111111101111111—19	11110111010111111100—15—34
Schaefer	11110110111111111111—18	11111101010001111111—16—34
Hosmer	01111111111111111111—19	00110101111111111011—15—34
Bates	11001101110111111101—15	11011111101111111111—18—33
Piper	11001111111111011111—17	11001011111011111110—15—32
Chase	10100111111111111111—19	00111111110111111111—17—32
Dickey	11110111110010111111—16	00111110111111111010—15—31
Griffith	11111111101111111111—19	11011110011001111001—12—31
Tinker	00111111011011110111—15	11101011111101111100—15—30
Perham	11111100111001111101—15	01111110011011011111—15—30
Charles	11101010110101011119—13	01110111010111111011—15—28
Nichols	11010101110110111161—14	11011110101100110—14—28

Eighth event, 20 clay birds—Knowles and Stanton 19, Dann, Schaefer and Wheeler 18, Piper 17, Dickey 16.

Ninth event, 20 standard targets—Wardwell 20, Dann, Bates, Knowles and Wheeler 18, Chase, Crown and Houghton 17, Perry and Schaefer 16.

Tenth event, 10 clay birds—Knowles and Wardwell 10, Piper, Stanton and Wheeler 9, Dickey and Swift 8, Schaefer 7.

Eleventh event—Competition for team badge of the State Association; teams of five; 10 clay birds per man.

Massachusetts Rifle Association Team.

Wheeler	1011111111—9	Stanton	1111110111—9
Swift	1110011111—8	Dickey	1110111611—8—44
Knowles	1111111111—10		

Wellington First Team.

Perry	1110111011—8	Sanborn	1111101010—7
Schaefer	1010111110—7	Wardwell	1111111111—10—41
Piper	1101111111—9		

Wellington Second Team.

Chase	0100011110—5	Dansereau	1110011111—8
Savage	1000011001—4	Snow	1110111101—8—21
Field	1011100101—6		

Twelfth event, 5 clay birds, Hurlingham rules, 30yds. rise—Knowles and Schaefer 4, Wardwell and Snow 3, Stanton 2, Piper 1.

The shotgun men will not take possession of the range again until Feb. 4, when the "Climax" badge will be shot for, and there will be a 100-bird match between O. R. Dickey, of Boston, and H. G. Wheeler of Marlboro.

CLAREMONT, Jersey City, Jan. 12.—The fine afternoon brought out a large number of shooters. Three Keystone traps were used for sweeps under Keystone rules, also three bluerock traps for practice. The following are principal scores; ties divided without shoot-off, except in second match, when ties on 5 shot off, Hammond 1, Collins and Mort 2 each and divided. The matches were at 10 birds, $1 entrance fee. First sweep:

Collins	0111110011—8	Lindsey	1111110010—7
Tee Kay	1111111111—10	Hammond	1 1101010011—7
Apgar	1111111001—8	Mort	1111001001—6

Second sweep:

Apgar	1110111111—9	Collins	1101010001—5
Tee Kay	1011111 110—8	Mort	0101000011—5
Lindsey	1101110111—8	Hammond	0111110100—5

Third sweep:

Lindsey	1111111111—10	Hammond	1110110111—8
Collins	1011111111— 9	Mort	1111100011—7
Apgar	1111111110— 9		

Fourth sweep:

Tee Kay	0111111111—9	Apgar	1111110110—8
Lindsey	1110111111—9	Mort	0101001011—5
Collins	0101111111—8	Hammond	0010100011—4

Fifth sweep:

Tee Kay	0111111111—9	Hammond	1100111110—6
Lindsey	1211111111—9	Mort	0110001101—4
Apgar	0111101111—8	Hathaway	1001100000—3
Collins	0111101110—7		

Sixth sweep:

Apgar	1111111110	Tee Kay	1101011110— 7
Hammond	1101111111— 9	Mort	1010101001— 5
Lindsey	0111011111— 8	Hathaway	1060
Collins	1101111101— 8		

Seventh sweep:

Lindsey	1111111111—10	Apgar	1110110101— 7
Collins	1111111011— 9	Mort	0110011010— 5
Tee Kay	1110111110— 8		

The entrance to grounds is being enlarged and greatly improved. All shooters are cordially invited to attend on Saturday afternoons. There is no charge, excepting for targets used for practice or sweeps. These grounds are open every afternoon, but notice sent to the office at 291 Broadway, New York, in advance will secure as many trappers as may be needed.—A. V. CAMFIELD, Supt.

ELIZABETH GUN CLUB.—The Elizabeth, N. J., Gun Club have elected the following officers for 1889: President, Robt. E. Chetwood, Vice-President, Robert W. Williams, Secretary and Treasurer, Wm. M. Parker, Scorer, John W. Fulton,

CLEVELAND, Jan. 10.—The second of the series of Chamberlin prize contests was held in conjunction with the Cleveland badge shoot on the grounds of the latter this afternoon. Eleven new competitors appeared on the list notwithstanding the unfavorable weather conditions, and the sport was fully enjoyable. The shooters left doubtful exhibitions of skill to the referee, abandoned their usual places along the railing, and hovered around the club house radiator. Consequently some delay was occasioned through the tardy appearance of some of the sportsmen at the score. No remarkable scores were made, F. H. Wall and H. Phare being the only shooters who shattered more than twenty birds. According to the conditions under which the prizes were offered, the shoot was conducted under the rules of the club upon whose grounds the contest was held, 25 single bluerocks per man. Three traps were used. Messrs. H. Phare and T. J. Maggo, members of the East End Gun Club, led the contestants, their total scores being 45 and 43. The Clevelands came in for third place, F. H. Wall scoring 43 in the two contests, while C. E. Calhoon is fourth with 42 birds to his credit. The results of the ten monthly contests which follow, may, of course, alter the relative standings of the leaders, and it is possible for some others to shoot up into the leading places, since the conditions require no one to take part in more than six shoots during the year. A number of good shooters have not entered into the competition yet, and many of those now credited with poor scores may yet get to the front, the rules permitting them to take part in more than six contests. The next shoot will be held on the Kirtland grounds in February.

Cleveland Gun Club Grounds, Jan. 10.—Chamberlin prize shoot, 25 bluerock pigeons, 3 traps, 18yds. rise, prize $100, divided into seven moneys:

T O Jones	0110111011110010111000110—16
M Silsby	0101101001110011011101101—15
D A Upson	1110110100011010100111100l—15
T H Wall	1000111011111111111111111—21
C E Calhoon	1111101010111011101011011—18
F A Tamblyn	1001010111010101100111101—15
W H Tamblyn	1110000010101111010100001—13
W A Bassett	1001101111111110011111101—19
W Roberts	0110111111111111011011101—20
K D Bishop	0110111101111111011001010—17
P Sherman	0110001101111001101111011—16
Paul North	1011101010110101110101001—15
T J Maggo	1111001111011111100111101—20
J Held	1011110011110111110101111—16
Sweetman	1100101090111111111110110—17
H Phare	1111111011111101111011110—21
H C Holt	0101001010010111110101100—12
J L Kohn	0111111100101111101111011—20
W Bell	0001011111111111111101111—20

The Clevelands held their semi-monthly shoot at the same time, the members taking their scores in the prize competition as their club records also. The members are L. O. Jones, D. F. Silsby, D. A. Upson, F. H. Wall, C. E. Calhoon, F. A. Tamblyn, W. H. Tamblyn, W. A. Bassett, W. Roberts, D. K. Bishop and P. Sherman. The scores award the class A badge to F. H. Wall and class B to W. A. Bassett.

WORCESTER, Mass, Jan. 10.—The Worcester Sportsmen's Club have began a series of prize shoots; first there are four events of six birds each, all who break 17 out of a possible 24 are Class A, the remainder Class B, in the prize score there is a possible ten, the ties are shot from open traps. The result of this week's meet follows:

Class A.	Classif'n.	Prize.		Classif'n.	Prize.
M D Gilman	5556—21	8	M A Linfield	6544—19	6
A R Bowdish	5660—23	7	G W Russell	3365—17	6
C B Holden	4545—18	7	G J Rugg	6458—31	6
E S Knowles	4355—17	7	C R B Claflin	4544—18	5
E T Smith	5456—20	6			

Second and third div.

Class B.	Classif'n.	Prize.		Classif'n.	Prize.
E F Swan	4354—16	10	L E Divol	1105—10	7
W R Dean	2454—15	8	F Stene	4133—11	6
C Crompton	2314—10	7	A B Franklin	9233—14	5

Third div.

HARRISBURG, Pa., Jan. 10.—The regular monthly shoot at live birds for the gold club medal came off to-day at the Harrisburg Driving Park, and was won by Mr. Jacob Whiteman by a clean score. The conditions were 12 live birds each, 21yds., old Long Island rules. The shooting was done in a perfect gale of wind, which blew from the score straight over the traps and made the majority of the birds go driving before it when once on the wing, and therefore makes the score good for amateurs:

Brensinger	101110111110— 9	A U Zarger	111100900111— 7
H A Bach	111111001110— 9	F Ginther	110010110011— 7
W F Wade	101101111110— 9	C Sellers	010100100000— 4
J Whiteman	111111111111—12	A Miller	000000111110— 5
J Troup	110111001111— 9	J Horner	110011001100— 6
H B Shoop	011111110111—10		

DOYLESTOWN, Pa.—The annual meeting of the Doyleston Gun Club was held on Monday, Jan. 7, on the Doyleston Exhibition Grounds. A match to shoot at 25 clay-pigeons each was arranged between members of the club, Capt. Sames Kane managing one team, and Capt. John M. Purdey looking after the interests of the other, Kane's team winning by a score of 55 to 40:

Capt. James Kane's Team.

James Kane	0011011111111100—10
Edward S Stackhouse	0110001000011111— 7
Wm H Hargrave	0000101010110011— 7
Seth W Good	1011111111110011—12
A F Weisel	0011101011310110— 9
James Gerner	0111110001111101—10—55

Capt. John M. Purdy's Team.

John M Purdy	1101000010100011— 7
Samuel Penrose	1001111011110001— 9
C H Heist	0010011110010111— 8
Thos Haddon	1000000000011001— 3
Thos Fries	0000101101011110— 7
L Clemens	1090001000011111— 6—40

Judges, Henry C. Bende, Edward M. Yerkes. Scorer, Frank Roma. In the evening the business meeting and banquet was held. The following officers were elected to serve one year: President, ex-Sheriff John M. Purdy; Vice-President, A. F. Weise; Secretary, Lewis Clemens, Esq.; Assistant Secretary, C. H. Heist; Treasurer, James Kane; Field Captain, Edward S. Stackhouse; Assistant Field Captain, Wm. H. Hargrave; Official Scorer, H. C. Bendere.

ZIONSVILLE, Pa., Jan. 12.—The match between L. W. Mazurie of Dillingersville, and Al. Heil, of Zionsville, was shot off this afternoon before a large crowd; conditions 100 clay birds, 3 screened traps, National rules, for $100 a side:

L W Mazurie	1111111111011111011111111—23
	1111111011111111111011111—22
	1111111111111111011111010—21
	1111110111111101111001111—22—88
Al Heil	1101111011111111101011011—20
	1111111101111101111101111—22
	1011111111111111101101010—20
	0111101111101111011111111—21—83

L. Mazurie used a 10-gauge, 8¾lbs. Lefever hammerless, U. S. shell, 4drs. American wood powder, and 1⅛oz. No. 8 chilled shot. Heil used a 10-gauge 10lbs. Remington, rival shells, 5drs. FFG deadshot powder and 1¼oz. No. 7 chilled shot. After the match Heil challenged Mazurie to shoot another match under same conditions, and let Mazurie choose the grounds, which he did, he choosing the Lehigh Gun Club grounds, in Allentown, Pa., where he shoots a match with an unknown shortly. The date for the next match has not been agreed upon as yet.—UNSER JACOB.

MILLER VS. JOHNSON.—Springfield, N. J., Jan. 12.—E. D. Miller and C. H. Johnson, Jr., shot a match on the Union Gun Club grounds here, this afternoon at 100 Keystone targets, 18yds., for the Atlantic Ammunition Co.'s diamond trophy held by Miller; and the result showed that Miller still holds the first mortgage on it, and is likely to; but he will not have a chance to foreclose on it until next September, and between now and then he is liable to have to defend it many times. As regards the race shot to-day, it was very exciting from start to finish, Miller only leading by one bird at the end. The day was all that could be desired and some of the contestants' friends showed up early and stayed to the finish, and were well satisfied with the sport witnessed. The Keystone traps worked splendidly, but the birds were thrown very low so that it was almost impossible to see them until they had got nearly out of range, particularly the left-quarterer which was the most missed; 86 of such birds are fully up to 98 bluerocks, I think all judges would say. Miller shot his old Parker, but that seemed to get there all the same. Johnson stuck by his Smith hammerless, and after he got on to them did good work. Both contestants used chewing gum. Ben Pudney referee; J. M. Roll scorer. Following is the score:

E D Miller	1111101110111111111110011101011111111011011111110
	1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111100—86
C H Johnson	0000111110111101011111011111111111011110011111011
	1111111111111111111111011111111111111111111111111—85

12-BORE.

FRENCHTOWN, N. J., Jan. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It is seldom that the writer of these notes has had an opportunity to attend a more enjoyable shoot than that which was given him by mine host, W. C. Apgar, of the National Hotel, at Frenchtown, N. J., on Jan. 10. The programme was an all-day sweepstake and brought out a large delegation of shooters from all parts of the State. In company with Charlie Van Camp, Tony Kuser, Fox and Williams, I left Trenton and arrived at Frenchtown about 10:30 A. M. We found the boys getting ready to shoot a sweepstake under Long Island rules, after shooting which we adjourned to the hotel and partook of a bountiful dinner, provided by the genial landlord Apgar. At dinner a vote was taken, and it was decided to shoot the balance of the day under modified Hurlingham rules, which proved satisfactory to all. The traps were removed to a large open field on top of a hill, and as there was a good stiff breeze blowing and the birds were a strong lot, it made rather difficult shooting. I was surprised at the large number of L. C. Smith guns in use here. Appended are the scores, the miss and out was finished in the dark:

Sweep at 2 live birds, $2 entrance, 25yds. rise, 50yds. bound, Long Island rules, 2 prizes: W. F. Quimby 2, Holcomb 2, Allschouse 1, J. O'Neil 0, Hand 1, Cooper 0, Givens 2, Bloom 1, Kilner 1, W. C. Apgar 1, Fox 0, Miles Johnson 2, Tee Kay 2, D. Holcomb 1, Williams 1, Holt 2, Eilenberger 1, Chas. VanCamp 1, Fink 1, Bonnell 1, Smith 1, Robinson 2, Case 0, Rupel 0. First divided on shoot-off at 2 birds each, 30yds. rise, by Johnson and Holt, second won by Van Camp.

Sweep No. 2, 3 live birds, $3 entrance, Hurlingham modified rules, 3 moneys: Quimby 3, Tee Kay 3, Holcomb 3, Warford 3, Case 3, Williams 2, Van Camp 3, Fox 3, W. C. Apgar 1, Miles Johnson 1, O'Neil 3, Eilenberg 1, Redding 2, Givens 1, Opdycke 3, Robinson 2, Wyker 2, Rupel 1, Allschauser 0, Fink 2, Bloom 3, Gillman 2, Tony Kuser 2. On shoot-off, miss and out, first was divided by Quimby, Tee Kay and Holcomb, killing 5 straight. Second won by Tony Kuser, killing 3 straight, and third by Apgar, killing 1, all the rest in his tie missing.

Sweep No. 3, at 3 live birds, $3 entrance, 30yds. rise, Hurlingham modified rules, 3 prizes: Quimby 2, Tee Kay 3, Tony Kuser 2, Gilmore 2, Fox 3, Rupel 0, O'Neil 3, Apgar 1, Van Camp 3, Warford 3, Williams 1, Allschooser 2, Eilenberg 2, Givens 3, Case 2, Robinson 3. Ties shot off miss and out, Tee Kay, Warford and Givens div. first, killing 4 straight; Eilenberg won second in tie shoot, being obliged to kill six more straight; Williams won third.

Farewell match, at live birds, miss and out, $1 entrance: Quimby 2, Tee Kay 2, Kuser 2, Van Camp 2, Fox 3, Givens 1, Eilenberg 0, Apgar 1, Williams 3. Fox and Williams div.—FATTY.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan, 5.—The novelty of shooting clay-pigeons by calcium light was successfully performed at the Gentlemen's Driving Park last night by R. T. Clayton, of Tamaqua, and S. B. Vandegrift, of this city. The match between the marksmen began by daylight in the afternoon, and consisted of 15 single birds and 5 pairs of doubles for $50 a side. Fully three hundred lovers of the sport went to the park to witness the contest. The match was a tie, each man breaking 24 out of 25.

COUNTRY CLUB.—One of the most valuable trophies yet offered for competition among the pigeon shooters will be competed for at the Country Club of Westchester county in February. It will be of $500 value and will be shot for by teams of two. The conditions are 20 birds each man, 30yds. rise, Country Club boundary (about 50yds.), ties 5 birds to each man. Country Club rules. Entrance $50 for each team and entries to close on Feb. 16. This cup is open to teams from the following clubs: Tuxedo, Westminster Kennel, Carteret, Philadelphia, Riverton, Country Club of Boston, Rockaway Hunt, Meadowbrook and Country Club of Westchester. Each club may enter several teams.

ALGONQUIN GUN CLUB.—New York, Jan. 11.—The regular monthly meeting and semi-annual shoot of the Algonquin Gun Club brought a goodly number of members and guests to the club grounds at Guttenberg, N. J., yesterday. Prominent among the latter were Mr. C. H. Wetmore of the Keystone Manufacturing Co., of Corry, Pa., and President Fountain of the Washington Heights Gun Club, of this city. A strong west wind blowing directly across the shooting grounds rendered 90 per cent. scores an utter impossibility. Some of the boys "got thar" in great shape, however, in the sweeps. Among the gentlemen winning renown as crockery smashers were Messrs. Wetmore, Tomlin, Garside and Dr. Geo. Van Schaick. The Doctor further celebrated his prowess by dancing a war dance to an admiring audience on the plazza of the club house. The Keystone trap and targets were on trial and proved satisfactory in every respect, the trap working easily and well and responding every time at pull with a whole bird, no flocks or chips, the flight being even and the bird breaking readily to light loads and No 8 shot. Our president has ordered a complete outfit of Keystone traps and targets for future use, and we hope to publish some creditable scores ere long, of which more anon.—E. H. F.

PILKINGTON VS. ZOHN.—The grounds of the West Farms (N. Y.) Gun Club were crowded on the 12th when the match shoot between Charles Zohn and James Pilkington for a cup valued at $200, and the championship of Worcester county was decided. According to the agreement, the men shot at 50 live birds under Hurlingham Club rules, 30yds. rise and 50yds. boundary. It was an exciting match and betting ran high. George Jarvis was the referee and C. Ditmar and L. Miller the judges. The men were very evenly matched, but Pilkington had the hardest lot of birds, and was forced to use his second barrel more frequently than Zohn. He used it in all 15 times, while Zohn used it on only seven occasions. Pilkington finally won by killing 40 and missing 10; Zohn killing 37 and missing 13. About $2,000 changed hands.

THE PATERSON CITY ROD AND GUN CLUB, of Paterson, N. J., has reorganized with a membership of 37, and is going to boom things.

SOUTH SIDE GUN CLUB, of Newark, N. J.—At a meeting of the club, held on Jan. 8, a revision of the constitution and by-laws was made which put the entire management of the organization into the hands of a governing committee. The gentlemen who will have charge as members of that committee are: Messrs. R. H. Breintnall, Oswald Von Lengerke, J. R. Burnett, Asa Whitehead and W. R. Hobart. The govrrning committee elected as officers: R. H. Breintnall president, and W. R. Hobart secretary and treasurer. Mr. Isaac H. Terrill was appointed manager.

SANDUSKY, O., Jan. 11.—Chas. Hart, the champion shot of the Union Gun Club, of Erie, Huron and Sandusky counties, and who recently shot a match with Heikes, at Dayton, had both his eyes so badly injured by an explosion of powder at his home, near Huron, yesterday, that it is feared his sight is entirely destroyed. He was loading shells, when a primer exploded, igniting a pound of powder, which horribly burned his face and head.

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

JUNE.

1. Larchmont, Spring.
3-5-7. Katrina-Shamrock, N. Y.
15. Corinthian, Marblehead.
18-20-22. Katrina-Titania, N. Y.
22. Beverly, Marbleh'd, 1st Cham
29. Corinthian, Marblehead.
29. Beverly, Mon. Beach, 1st Open

JULY.

4. Larchmont, Annual.
4. Beverly, Mon Beach, 1st Buz. Bay.
4. Beverly, Marbleh'd, 1st Cup.
6. Beverly, Marbleh'd, 2d Cham
6. Sippican, Annual, Marion.
13. Beverly, Mon. Beach, 2d Open
13. Corinthian, Marblehead.
20. Beverly, Marblehead, 2d Cup.
27. Corinthian, Marblehead.
27. Beverly, Mon. Beach, 2d Buz. Bay.

AUGUST.

3. Sippican, Club, Marion.
3. Beverly, Marbleh'd, 1st Cup.
10. Corinthian, Marblehead.
17. Beverly, Marbleh'd, 3d Cham
24. Beverly, Mon. Beach, 3d Open
24. Larchmont, Oyster Boats.
24. Corinthian, Marblehead.
31. Beverly, Marbleh'd, 1st Open
31. Sippican, Club, Marion.

SEPTEMBER.

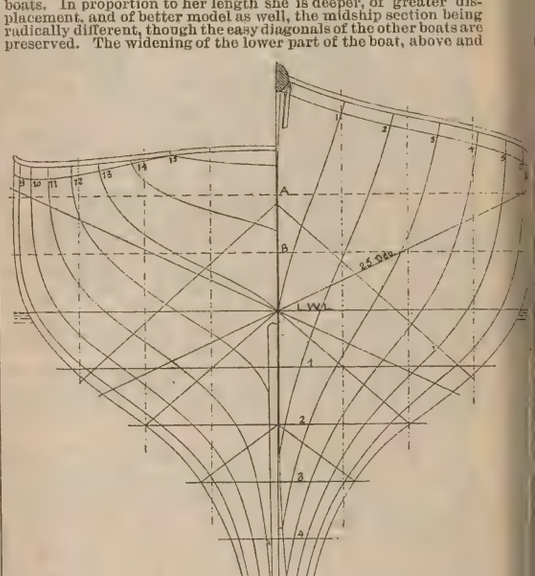
2. Beverly, Mon. Beach, 2d Open
2. Corinthian, Marblehead.
7. Beverly, Marblehead, 3d Cup
7. Larchmont, Fall Annual.
12. Beverly, Mon. Beach, 3d Buz. Bay.
14. Corinthian, Marblehead.
21. Beverly, Marbleh'd, Sail Off.

CRUISING.—Com. Weld will take the Gitana to the Mediterranean in a short time, and she is now fitting out. Alva, steamyacht, W. K. Vanderbilt, is fitting out at Harlan & Hollingsworth's for a long cruise abroad. Her owner will join her next week at Port Royal, S. C., whence she will sail for Bermuda, Madeira, Gibraltar, Nice and Villa Franca, where Mr. Vanderbilt and his party will leave her, rejoining later at Cherbourg and continuing the cruise to Norway and Iceland, returning to Newport by July.

ORINDA.

THE great changes and improvements that have taken place of late years in the smaller keel craft are nowhere better shown than in a comparison of the accompanying design with two of the same family that have previously been published in our columns, the Mamie, Feb. 12, 1885, and Pilgrim, Dec. 29, 1887. All of these yachts were designed and built by Mr. E. L. Williams, of South Boston; the former, in 1884, being his first work at anything of the kind, his previous work being mainly in the line of sheils and light rowing boats. Mr. Williams was one of the early converts to the views of the FOREST AND STREAM in regard to reforms in design and construction, and foreseeing the probable demand for deeper and safer boats he endeavored to change his business so as to take in larger craft. The first experiment, the Mamie, was made in a small way, the leading idea of the boat being taken from a plan suggested in our columns of a cheap but serviceable yacht. The little craft was lacking both in power and in accommodation, but at the same time she proved quite a success, being used steadily as a cruiser for the past five seasons. The peculiar type has in itself several serious objections, besides which the boat was built at as low a cost as possible, but she has done very well, in spite of all drawbacks. In the Pilgrim, built in 1885, a considerable advance was made both in appearance and in general good qualities, but at the same time, with limited draft and iron ballast, the boat was not powerful enough, while she had very little room for such long cruises as she was used for and whose logs have appeared in our pages. After two seasons' use along the New England coast she was sold, and for a season her owner, Dr. W. H. Winslow, was without a yacht, spending his vacation in a trip by steamer through the Great Lakes, but last year he decided on a new and larger boat, the order being again placed with Mr. Williams. The requirements called for a cruising craft, iron ballasted, to accommodate five persons, and above all, safe and weatherly, and fit for such seas as are met with between Boston and Grand Menan. After a trial through September and October, in which two very severe gales were encountered, her owner pronounces her a complete success in every way.

As far as model and appearance are concerned a single glance is sufficient to show the great advance over both of the older boats. In proportion to her length she is deeper, of greater displacement, and of better model as well, the midship section being radically different, though the easy diagonals of the other boats are preserved. The widening of the lower part of the boat, above and

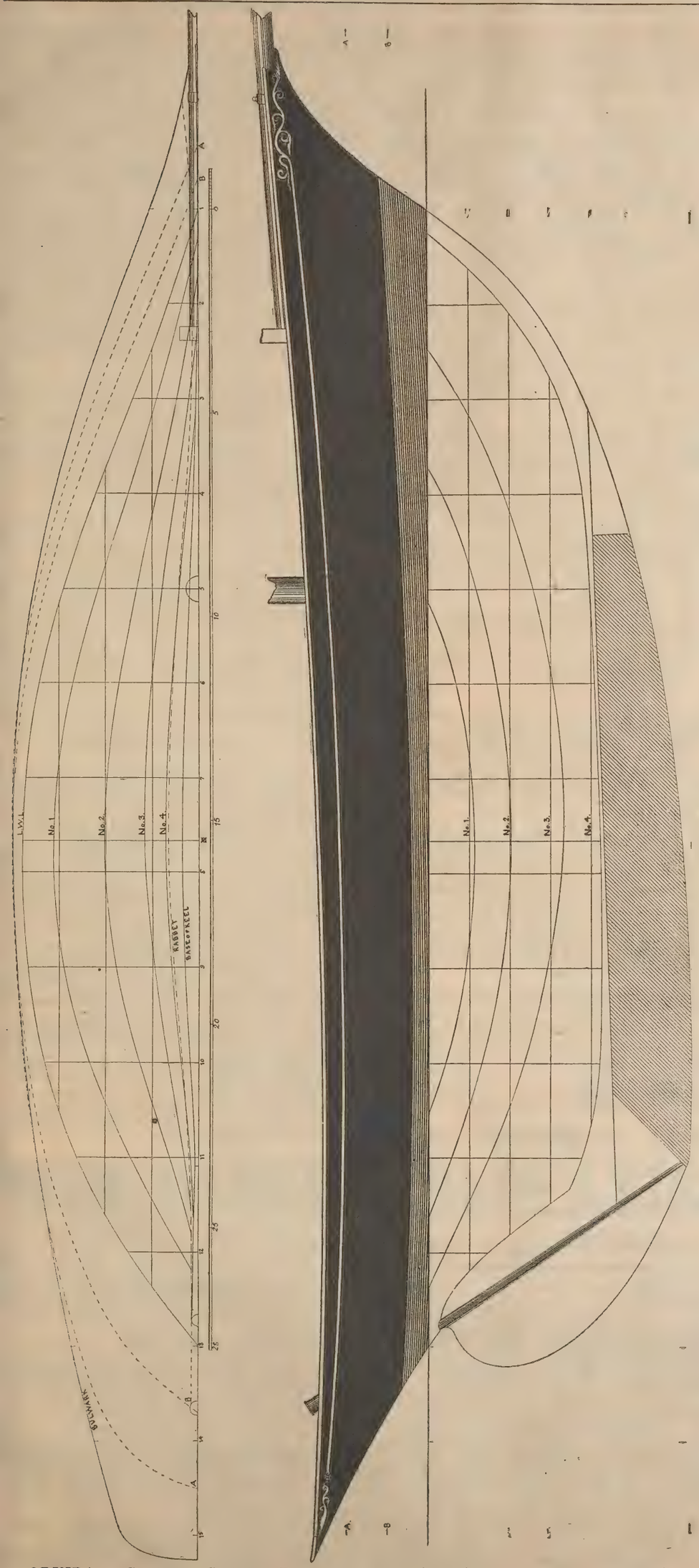


including the keel, gives much more available space inside in proportion to the draft, and at the same time allows plenty of iron ballast to be used. The cabin trunk of the Pilgrim has given place to a flush deck with no less than 5ft. 3in. under the deck beams, while strength is secured by carrying all but three of the latter across the boat. The length chosen, 28ft. l.w.l., was the least within which could be had two cabins and a forecastle with a berth, but by a very economical arrangement of the space this has been done, there being five regular berths on board. Owing to her easy form and moderate beam the sail plan is small, a necessity for such fall cruising as she is intended for. Standing midway between the extreme narrow boat and the modern American cutter of great beam and sail area, she is a good representative of a medium type which affords the maximum of accommodation for her length. In appearance, as the designs show, she is fully up to the latest ideas, having a graceful sheer, the fashionable clipper stem, and a long, but clean counter. The high freeboard, 28in., or lin, per foot of l.w.l., is reduced as far as possible to the eye by not making the plank sheer visible on the outside, the bulwark being really quite low, and the gilt stripe being placed several inches below the plank sheer, instead of on it. This, with a high copper line and the long ends, reduces the apparent freeboard very materially. The plank sheer is not shown in either sheer or half-breadth plans, the greatest breadth in the latter being taken at the upper and outer edge of the bulwark, just under the rail. The leading dimensions are as follows:

Length over all	37ft.
L. W. L.	28ft.
Beam, extreme	9ft. 3in.
L. W. L.	8ft. 9in.
Draft	6ft. 6in.
Least freeboard	2ft. 4in.
Ballast, iron keel, tons	4.37
lead inside	.89
total	5.26
Mast, from stem	9ft. 3in.
deck to hounds	25ft.
head	5ft.
Topmast, fid to hounds	20ft.
Boom	30ft.
Gaff	19ft.
Bowsprit, beyond L. W. L.	15ft. 3in.
Spinaker boom	30ft.
Topsail yard	15ft.

The frame is of white oak, the planking of selected Georgia pine, finished lin. thick, from 3 to 4in. wide. The frames are 2×2 oak, boxed into keel, each frame being slit in the middle in a fore and aft direction before bending, thus allowing it to bend easily and also stiffening it when riveted together by the plank fastenings. The spacing is 9in. The deck is 1×2in. laid on 2×2 beams. The plank sheer is of Georgia pine, 1×4in. There are two bilge clamps 1×3in. on each side. The ceiling is of ⅛in. selected spruce. On each alternate frame is an iron floor, 1¼×1in., with grown floors between. The skylight and companion are of cherry. The hull is painted black with gold stripe, and the bottom is painted as shown with Estes English copper paint. The sail and interior plans will appear next week.

A NOVEL TENDER TO A STEAM YACHT.—It has remained for the veteran yachtsmen, Pierre Lorillard, to invent an additional luxury in the shape of a stable to a steam yacht; and the first craft of this description has just been completed under his direction at Pregnall's ship yard in Charlestou. The Tuxedo, as the new craft is named, is a scow or flat boat 40ft. long, 14ft. beam and 2ft. draft. The deck is covered with a house, in one end of which are four stalls, and in the other a cabin for three stablemen. There are also quarters for dogs. At the stern is a gangplank, fitted to raise and lower, by which the horses can be landed almost anywhere. The top of the house is inclosed by a handrail. The scow will be towed astern of Mr. Lorillard's steam yacht Reva, a rudder being fitted for steering. The boat will be used along the South Carolina coast for hunting rice birds and woodcock, and may also be taken to Florida during the winter.



ORINDA.—CRUISING CUTTER, DESIGNED AND BUILT BY E. L. WILLIAMS, 1888.

TIP, TOUGH, BROTHER AND THE HARRY LESLIE

THE Gang have read with interest the many cruises that have appeared in the FOREST AND STREAM, and hoping others might find some pleasure in reading of a run across Cape Cod Bay under adverse circumstances, the following is sent:

The Harry Leslie is a most wonderful craft, and great credit is due to her builder and designer, a Cape Cod fisherman. She is a pinkey-stern schooner of about 30ft. loadline, with large cockpit for fishing and a small cabin forward containing two bunks and enough floor room for two more. She has very hollow lines forward, a long bow and very short run. Had her rigging been as solid as her hull, there would have been no cruise worthy of mention.

The schooner had been chartered by the Gang for a short run around the bay. There had been easterly weather for several days, and every morning about daylight two heads appeared at a second story window in a small town on the Cape, gazed critically at the horizon and returned to bed. At last the sun rose clearly; then everything was bustle and commotion. The Infant was awakened and sent out to skirmish for the remainder of the crew. They were finally assembled at the shore, but when counted over to be sure that none were missing, the Tough was nowhere to be found. He finally hove in sight and shipped as able seaman, leaving his catboat at an anchor to shift for herself. They still lacked a tender and a compass, but Mr. Parker's sharpie was pressed into service and Uncle Jim kindly provided the other article, prophesying that the fog would all return by sunset. As he was always making such unpleasant remarks, it was taken little heed of, but it proved only too true. At last all the stores were aboard, the anchor on deck, and the Harry Leslie was running down the harbor with a light S.W. wind over the starboard quarter.

The Gang consisted of Tip, who was the heavy man and had pulled the winning oar in many a race, Brother and the Tough. The rest of the crew was composed of the Infant, Brother's small cousin, an irrepressible child of some twelve summers, Faro, a Philadelphia schoolmaster, and the Lamb, an aspiring civil engineer from St. Louis.

After Mr. Parker's sharpie had been hauled on board, as she was a large and heavy craft to tow, a council of war was held upon the quarter deck and Brother chosen captain. It certainly was a great honor, and as the occasion called for a speech Brother responded manfully and closed his remarks with, "And now when I speak to you you don't want to walk, and you don't want to run, but you want to flap your wings and fly, goll darn yer."

A fine run was made to Brewster, and it being low tide the whole crew were taken ashore in a horse cart over a mile of mud flats, no other mode of conveyance being practical to visit that historic town. The anchor was taken aboard about sunset and sail made for Provincetown, but there being a moon and a rattling S.W. breeze right abeam, they expected to be in that harbor in three or four hours' time. The moon arose about one hour after sunset, and with it Uncle Jim's fog, and plenty of it, too, so the compass and a lantern were produced and placed on the cockpit floor before the wheel. That compass proved to be a valuable article in the inventory and needed constant attention or it would point obstinately at the bow, no matter how much the course was altered. The Lamb tried his hand at steering, but the compass troubled him as it did the others. If he fixed his mind upon the compass he forgot the wheel, and *vice versa*. He then took Brother's advice and tried to keep her on a true course by the wind with an occasional glance at the compass, but this was a failure also, so he invented a method of his own, he stood up back to the bow, and did his best to keep the moon directly over the stern. It was a great deal of work and involved constant reversings of the wheel, but he stuck to it manfully for an hour, when he reluctantly resigned his position to Brother.

This course had been held about four hours, and Brother, feeling the importance of his position and fearful of running by Wood End into the open water beyond, sent the Tough aloft to try and catch sight of the lights over the fog. After spinning round and round the foremast head with the roll of the boat for some fifteen minutes, the fog thinned for an instant and he reported a bright white light right abeam and to leeward, but could tell nothing more, as the fog shut in again. Up went the wheel, the booms were gybed over and the schooner began running in for the harbor. About twenty minutes passed and then the fog lifted for another short period, and the light was discovered to be Highland Light, showing over the land. Booms were once more gybed to starboard and the old course resumed, Brother at the wheel, the Tough half asleep and propped up against his shoulder, and Faro on the lookout forward. This state of things had been in progress about fifteen minutes when Faro gave a yell of delight announcing a buoy dead ahead, and Brother jumped up in time to see the bowsprit entering between the poles of a deep-water fish weir, but it was too late; the schooner was rushing along with the wind abeam and all lower sails set and crashed through. Mr. Parker's sharpie being in tow, passed on the other side of a pole and fetched up all standing on the bight of her anchor shode which was used for a towline; it parted, and the anchor, describing a beautiful curve through the air, alighted on Brother's shoulder, making a large and deep dent on the exact spot where the Tough's head had rested the moment before. Down went the wheel, and as she came in stays the foresail was lowered and back she went through the weir after Mr. Parker's sharpie. In the midst of the excitement the Infant rushed on deck and kicked over both lanterns and compass in his frantic endeavors to ascertain the cause of the commotion. Mr. Parker's sharpie was discovered at last and sheets trimmed flat on the port tack.

The Tough was sent forward as lookout on account of his good eyes and nautical knowledge. For a few moments peace and quiet reigned, and then came his cry of "Hard down! another weir dead ahead." Down went the wheel, the sails filled on the starboard tack for about three minutes, when again from the lookout came "Hard down! another weir dead ahead." In every direction the bow was turned a weir was sighted, so at last the anchor was dropped and daylight waited for impatiently.

At last it came; the fog cleared off and there was Provincetown about two miles distant, but the schooner was in the midst of a perfect labyrinth of weirs. Weir after weir stretched out into deep water, seemingly miles in length and about two hundred yards apart. The Gang gazed around them, overcome by bewilderment, but finally recovered sufficiently to hoist the jib and mainsail, get up the anchor and slowly pick their way into open water, when the foresail was hoisted and the schooner stood in for Provincetown, close hauled on the port tack. The crew started on shore as soon as the sails were furled to see the town, first breakfasting at the Central House. The Lamb, who had not passed a pleasant night, gave one look at the mutton chops as they appeared in the doorway, rose and passed out into the office, where he laid down on the floor to await the return of the healthier ones.

At about noon a return to the boat, for the trip home was proposed, but Faro, the Lamb and the Infant decided that they had had about enough of a seafaring life, and concluded to ship for home on the freight train, so the crew dwindled to the Gang itself and the real cruise began.

Tip, Tough and Brother returned to Long Wharf, and found to their surprise the coroner calmly awaiting their arrival, as he had discovered their flag at half mast and had come down as soon as he could procure a jury, supposing of course there was a corpse on board. The Gang gazed in astonishment at their noble craft, and discovered the American flag floating proudly from the maintopmast, where Infant had hoisted it on the staysail halliards in his own innocent little way. The coroner was taken one side and his fears set at rest upon the subject, but he appeared greatly disappointed at his loss of business, and departed muttering curses, not loud but deep, at the "cussedness" of small boys.

A bottle of wine had been wagered with Faro that the Gang would breakfast with him the next morning, so all sail was made for the twenty-mile run across the bay before a light easterly wind. All went well for about two hours, when the wind freshened so the staysail had to be taken in, and the fog returned. Then it began to rain in torrents, running down the masts and dripping from the booms and sails by the bucketful. The breeze gradually petered out until at dark it was a dead calm, and still raining hard. About nine o'clock it cleared off, the wind came round to the S.W., dead ahead, and there was Sandy Neck Light right over the bowsprit end and about eight miles distant. Tough was on the lookout, Brother at the wheel, and as Tip had turned in, it was decided not to wake him until the moorings were reached and to glory in his surprise. So sheets were trimmed flat and everything settled down for the long beat to windward.

The breeze kept freshening and the old craft soon had her scuppers awash, and Mr. Parker's sharpie was tearing along behind, the tow line as tight as a bow string, and ten feet of her bow rising majestically into the air. The Tough gazed out to leeward and discovered what appeared to be an Irish pennant streaming out into the darkness, but upon closer inspection it proved to be the lee main shroud, which had become unhooked. It was finally secured just as the jib sheet parted and the Harry Leslie came up into the wind. The thrashing of the canvas awakened the heavy man, who turned out in time to catch the flying blocks.

Now that jib sheet was the pet invention of the owner, leading

through numerous blocks with only one part running aft, and tending itself in windward work, so it was re-rove with difficulty. Way was hardly got upon the boat before it parted again, so this time it was discarded and the staysail halliard rove in its place. The wind was coming all the time, the sea rising, and still the light house was a mere speck in the distance. Something had to be done, so the foresail was lowered, but she had too much after sail and would come up in spite of the rudder. Brother looked at that long main boom, without a footrope, which ran out fully twelve feet over the stern, with the idea of reefing the mainsail, but thinking of the old adage, "Never send your crew where you wouldn't go yourself," he reluctantly gave the order to reef the foresail. They had hardly got under way again when the fog once more shut in and it began to rain, and to make things interesting the jib sheets parted once more.

This time the end of the anchor shode was utilized, and a fresh start made, but the wind and sea had risen so she would no longer carry her canvas, and Brother once more looked at that formidable main boom and the expanse of black water beneath it, then at Tip, then at the Tough and finally decided to make the attempt himself. He was in good working trim, his costume having dwindled to an oilskin jacket and a pair of knee breeches. The helm was put down, jib and mainsail lowered and the fun began, as the end of the boom would go under at nearly every jump. The work was finally accomplished and sail made once more with jib and reefed mainsail. By this time the wind was fairly howling and the sea resembled small, snow-capped mountains to the Gang's eyes, but everything seemed to be going finely, the craft was bowling along, rolling off great streaks of foam to leeward, and visions of that breakfast and the bottle of wine danced through their heads.

Suddenly there was a loud report forward, followed by thrashings and crashings, and the Tough calmly remarked that the jib had gone out of the bolt ropes; and it had, along the foot and leech. The Gang were fast losing their patience but concluded to lay to under the reefed foresail until the jib be patched up, but as soon as it was hoisted, the peak halliards parted and down it came by the run. Curses both loud and deep were then heaped upon the head of the sinful jib, its tackle. The anchor was gotten out, but would not hold her. Her bow fell off into the trough and huge green combers piled over the weather rail one after the other. It was then that the Tough sat down upon the cabin house with a sigh, rested his chin in his tawny hand and after a moment of deep thought said forcibly: "Let's go below and turn in, she'll fetch up somewhere in the morning."

Mr. Parker's sharpie had stuck to the larger craft like a burr, although deep and full of water; so, after the jib had been patched up, the Tough was set at work bailing her out, to brace him up. Once more the schooner was gotten under way. The water she had taken aboard was running across the cockpit floor knee deep, nearly taking the crew off their feet at every roll, so the pumps were started. It was then decided to make for the lee of the Dennis Cliffs, and try to ride out until morning, so a hull was looked for, and when it came was quickly taken advantage of. After an hour's run, expecting every sea to come over the rail, the cliffs began to loom up in the darkness, but it was not the exact haven of rest they expected, as the wind blew nearly straight along the beach, but was much better than the open, the sea being a little calmer. Weirs abounded in this section also, and it was not deemed safe to venture too far in; so the jib was lowered and Tip was swinging the anchor over the side, when Brother discovered the outline of a weir head to leeward, and about forty yards distant. He shrieked to Tip to hold on, which he did, nearly going over the side, but neatly saving himself by placing one foot carefully between the bitts, and clasping the bowsprit with his left arm. The remnant of the jib was quickly hoisted, she filled away, lifted on a huge sea, rolled the rail under, and was just gathering headway, when the main sheet parted, and her head swung round rapidly for the weir. The anchor was dropped and jib dropped in a jiffy, but it was too late to check her, the anchor shode being nearly straight up and down; and she came down on the weir stem first. There was nothing to do but out knives and go through it; and then she laid on one side, and the anchor on the other. A line was made fast to a pole, and then Mr. Parker's sharpie was brought into use, but both oars had disappeared. The anchor was finally dropped on the lee side of the weir, and after the mainsail, or what was left of it, there being a slit from top to bottom, was taken in, and most of the water pumped out, the crew prepared to turn in. Though it was then 3 o'clock in the morning, the Tough insisted upon frying some eggs, but Brother and Tip were too exhausted to wait for them, and dropped off to sleep at once.

At daylight Brother discovered he had slept the last part of the night on the floor in two or three inches of water, with some of the Tough's fried eggs floating around his head. The morning proved clear and fair, and the remaining nine miles were quickly reeled off with a brisk N. W. breeze; but it was a sorry-looking craft that sailed by the Sandy Neck Light that August morning, and the rage and language of the owner can be better imagined than described. They lost their wagered breakfast and the bottle of wine, but had had lots of fun.

If there be any moral to this tale it is this: Never make an offing in a strange craft without first thoroughly overhauling the entire outfit. ONE OF THE GANG.

SEAWANHAKA CORINTHIAN Y. C.—The annual meeting of the Seawanhaka Cor. Y. C. was held at the club house on Jan. 12, with Vice Com. Center in the chair, Com. Caufield being in California. The reports of the officers and committees, showing the club to be in a prosperous condition, were read, after which the following officers were elected: Trustees, William E. Iselin and Walter L. Suydam; Com., A. Cass Caufield, schooner Sea Fox; Vice-Com., Robert Center, cutter Medusa; Rear-Com., Ralph N. Ellis, sloop Regina; Sec'y, L. F. d'Hémieux; Treas., William B. Simonds; Meas., John Hyslop; Fleet Surgeon, J. West Roosevelt, M.D.; Fleet Chaplain, George R. Vandewater, D. D.; Race Committee, M. Morris Howland, Francis O. de Luze, Jules Montant, J. Beavor Webb and George P. Upham, Jr.; House Committee, Robert F. Bixby, Ashton Lemoine, P. F. Macdonald, Berkeley Mostyn and Herbert L. Satterlee; Committee on Lectures and Entertainment, A. Cass Caufield, J. Frederick Tams, Lieut-Comr. Leonard Chenery, U. S. N.; Committee on Lines and Models, John Hyslop, A. Cary Smith and William P. Stephens; Library Committee, Henry W. Tyler, Theodore C. Zerega and J. Langdon Ward; Committee on Exhibits, John F. Lovejoy, William C. Brown and Lieut. Jacob J. Hunker, U. S. N.; Law Committee, Charles W. Wetmore, Henry P. Rogers and Sidney Chubb. In view of the growing importance of the racing in the smaller classes, the club will offer several extra prizes this year. The new Leland Cup will be offered for all classes on which Corinthian crews only are allowed, to be sailed for at the annual regatta and held subject to challenge for one year. Mr. William Whitlock has also offered this year a special prize of $100 for the new ninth class 30ft. and under. A special race for 40-footers will be sailed on the Monday following the annual regatta, with no limits to sails or crew. A $300 cup will be offered for five starters and a $500 cup for seven. A special prize for the same class will also be offered in the annual regatta. The annual dinner of the club will take place Jan. 26.

HULL Y. C.—The annual meeting of the Hull Y. C. was held on Jan. 12, with Com. Converse in the chair, the following officers being elected: Com., Henry W. Lamb; Vice-Com., John J. Henry; Rear-Com., J. J. Souther; Sec., Wm. A. Cary; Treas., Charles C. Hutchinson; Ass't. Sec., Frank C. Brewer; Meas., W. E. Sherriffs. Executive Committee—Commodore, Vice-Commodore, Rear-Commodore, Secretary and Treasurer; members *ex-officiis*, Wm. B. Lambert, Jas. B. Forsyth, Wallace D. Lovell, D. Hall Rice. Membership Committee Commodore, Vice-Commodore, Rear-Commodore, Secretary and Treasurer; members *ex-officiis*, Robert C. Poor, Henry Taggard, Chas. S. Waldo, F. L. Dunne. Delegates to New England Yacht Racing Association, P. M. Bond, Jacob F. Brown. The secretary reported that there were 233 members now enrolled and 114 yachts, divided as follows: Catrigs, 28; sloops, 38; schooners, 18; cutters, 18; yawls, 1; steamers, 11. A number of names were received for membership, every one of which was the name of a yacht owner. The names of Peleg Aborn and Edward Burgess were placed on the honorary members' list. Treasurer Hutchinson reported a balance of $1,178, against a deficiency of over $200 for the year previous. He was instructed to send $100 to the Hull life saving crew as a slight recognition of their services in the recent catastrophe on the Hull coast.

HYDE PARK Y. C., Chicago, Jan. 14.—The annual meeting of the Hyde Park Boat Club was held Dec. 6, at which time a resolution was adopted changing the name of the club to Hyde Park Yacht Club, and reducing the number of directors to seven. The following officers for 1889 were elected: Com., W. H. V. Rosing; Vice-Com., J. H. Ware; Capt., A. D. Reid; Sec., Geo. M. Benedict; Treas., A. Bouton; Chairman Membership Committee, L. B. Sherman; Regatta Committee, A. Bouton, chairman, Walter Burnham, D. M. Lord. An effort is being made to place the club on a good yachting basis, and toward this end the directors propose to issue bonds, the proceeds of which will enable them to make a good harbor which has now become an absolute necessity. The regatta committee will inaugurate a series of races this season, many of which they hope will become fixtures, our only fixture at present being our annual on July 4. Our fleet consists of twenty-five yachts from 15 to 35ft. waterline.—A. BOUTON, Treas.

CYTHERA.—The sad loss of the Cythera and all on board last spring has been made the occasion for still another heartless hoax, this time taking the form of an alleged bottle message. About a week since a slip of paper, said to have been found in a bottle by a gunner on Rockaway Beach, was offered for sale at the office of a daily paper. The slip was torn and dissolved, and the writing on it was nearly illegible, but was interpreted to read as follows:

YACHT CYTHERA, OFF HATTERAS, March 15.

Everything carried away, Expect to swamp. Heavy gale—snow.

The signature is supposed to be that of Mr. C. S. Lee, but his wife and friends have failed to recognize any resemblance to Mr. Lee's writing, and yachtsmen generally pronounce the alleged letter a forgery. It is said to have been found in a Belfast ginger-ale bottle, so imperfectly corked that it was partly filled with water. In order that a bottle should float for nearly a year at sea it is essential that it should be very tightly corked, any slight leakage would in time fill the bottle and sink it. It is not impossible that a bottle thrown from the Cythera last March might in time drift to Long Island, but at the same time all the circumstances of the case point to the conclusion that some unfeeling wretch has attempted a despicable trick at the expense of the friends and relatives of the lost yachtsmen.

CORINTHIAN Y. C., MARBLEHEAD.—The annual meeting of the Corinthian Y. C. of Marblehead was held on Jan. 9, with Vice-Com. I. S. Palmer in the chair. The following officers were elected: Com., B. W. Crowninshield; Vice-Com., I. S. Palmer; Sec., Everett Paine; Treas., J. B. Rhodes; Meas., J. H. Keating; Executive Com., B. W. Crowninshield, I. S. Palmer, J. B. Rhodes, J. A. Stewart, F. A. Seamans, W. S. Eaton, Jr., and F. E. Peabody; Regatta Com., G. A. Stewart, W. P. Fowle, J. B. Paine, F. W. Chandler and H. P. Benson; Membership Com., C. S. Dennison, W. H. Mills, J. W. Hodgkins, W. L. Smith and F. M. Wood; House Com., B. W. Crowinshield, I. S. Palmer, F. A. Seamans, B. W. Russell and W. W. Keith; Board of Judges, J. B. Mills, Jr., A. S. Brown and W. L. Smith. The treasurer's report showed that the sum of $3,000 had been paid on the debt, $1,300 of which had been contributed by members. The new house had paid its own running expenses during the year. A new rule of measurement, based on length and sail area, was adopted, and several amendments were made to the constitution. A special meeting will be held on Jan. 23.

WORK IN THE YARDS.—Rebublic, schr., T. H. Hall, has been out on the screw dock at New York for an overhaul prior to her trip to Bermuda, where her owner and family will join her by steamer for a cruise to the West Indies. Capt. Harry Brown will be in command.... At Hawkins's yard, City Island, are the schooners Glimpse and Tioga, and the steam yacht Adelaide for alterations. Tioga will have her forefoot cut away, and Adelaide has had her bow rebuilt and lengthened 5ft. since she was sunk in collision last fall.... Poillon's still have the schr. Triton in hand for larger spars and a new headrig, including a pole bowsprit, and Sawyer will make a new suit of sails for her. Athlon also will have a new mainsail, with 4ft. more boom and 3ft. more gaff. ... Lawley & Son are now at work on the inside of Mr. Richardson's 45ft. boat, Nepenthe, and will soon have her out of the shop. Mr. Ellis's yacht is ready for planking, and the keel is cast, the wood keel, stem and stern set up, and the frames ready for Col. Forbes's schooner. Mayflower is now in Lawley's basin.... At the Atlantic works the frames of the new Burgess steam yacht are set up and the plating is ready.

BUILDING IN SYRACUSE.—Mr. B. J. Henley, of the firm of Henley & Son, Syracuse, has designed a cutter for his own use on Onondaga Lake, and she is now building by the firm. Her dimensions are:

Length over all	25ft.
L.W.L.	20ft. 4in.
Beam extreme	7ft. 2in.
Beam l.w.l.	6ft. 10in.
Draft..	5ft. 11in.
Least freeboard	1ft. 3in.
Ballast on keel	2,000lbs.

The frame is of chestnut, sided 2in., moulded 3 to 2½in., spaced 18in.; bent oak frames 2x1½in., between each pair of sawn frames. Planking ⅞in. white pine, with oak garboards and wales.

BUFFALO Y. C.—The officers for 1889 are as follows: Com., H. D. Williams; Vice-Com., Edwin F. Bishop; Secy., H. L. Chisholm; Asst. Secy, Frank D. Wood; Treas., F. W. Cowles; Meas., J. A. Tempest; Asst. Meas., Henry L. Campbell; Fleet Chaplain, Rev. C. F. J. Wrigley; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. H. Mickle. Regatta com., T. H. Davis, Edward C. Strong, Allen S. Chisholm. Com. Williams, who now enters on his fifth year of office, was presented with a gold headed cane at the annual meeting.

NEW YACHTS FOR CLEVELAND.—Three new yachts are now building in Cleveland, Ohio, two keel cutters and one centerboard sloop. The latter will be 29ft. l.w.l., 12ft. 6in. beam, and 5ft. draft. The designer and builder is Mr. McCormick, and the owner Mr. Frank Overbecke and others. Mr. Wm. Sly will have a keel cutter from a design by Mr. C. W. Kelly. Her dimensions will be 24ft. 6in. l.w.l., 8ft. beam, 5ft. draft. Another of Mr. Kelly's designs is for himself and Mr. Thos. Macbeth, a keel cutter 19ft. l.w.l., 6ft. 4in. beam, and 3ft. 9in. draft.

OIL AT SEA.—The latest device for distributing oil over the sea is an oil cartridge made of heavy paper. It is fired from a breechloader and when it strikes the water the oil is set free. The inventor is Mr. A. H. Walker, of Hartford, Conn.

LARCHMONT Y. C. FIXTURES.—The Larchmont Y. C. has announced the following fixtures for 1889: June 1, spring regatta; July 4, annual regatta; Aug. 24, annual oyster boat race; Sept. 7, fall regatta.

CORINTHIAN MOSQUITO FLEET.—A meeting of the Corinthian Mosquito Fleet will be held at the Gilsey House, New York on Jan. 21, at 8 P. M.

A NEW YACHT FOR FLORIDA.—Mr. A. Cary Smith has in hand a 20ft. l.w.l. shoal centerboard sloop, for use in Florida waters.

SIPPICAN Y. C.—Officers, 1889: Com., Jasper Whiting; Vice-Com., Jas. E. DeKay; Sec.-Treas., Jas. H. Clarke, Jr., Marion Mass.

PLEON Y. C.—The annual meeting of the Pleon Y. C. will be held at the Parker House, Boston, on Wednesday, Jan. 23, at 3 P. M.

Canoeing.

FIXTURES.

JUNE.

15. Brooklyn Annual.
22. N. Y. C. C. Annual, Staten Island.

JULY.

—. W. C. A. Meet, Ballast Island.
—. Atlantic Division Meet.

AUGUST.

16-30. A. C. A. Meet, Sugar Island, St. Lawrence River.

THE NEW ROYAL C. C. RULES.

THE following letter to the *Field*, from Mr. Baden-Powell, includes the new rules to which we alluded last week:

On all sides it has been recognized that the greatest amount of improvement, both in the building, rigging and fitting of canoes, is obtained directly from racing; it is the everlasting striving for perfection of detail, engendered by healthy racing competition, which urges the individual to greater efforts of design and more patient work on fitting than are ever likely to be produced for pure cruising.

We have known the days in England when it was actually the pride of more than one well-known "cruiser" to boast that his canoe was scratched and travel-stained, his gear worn out, his sails blotched and dirty, and his straw hat and clothes—well, more fit to rig on a "scarecrow" than to make a Sunday fit-out for a tramp. We have seen the sails, even of racers, tied, not laced or bent on, and knotted on to common bamboo sticks and somehow hung up, rather than set, on the canoe. We have seen men, holding a vote, by the way, in canoe legislation, who sailed in innocent bliss with a mizen hoisted boom uppermost, or a mainsail lashed to the masthead, owing to there not being "string" enough found in the outfit left in the craft by her late owner. But this is happily all changed now, for racing has generally percolated through canoeing, and where it has not brought pride of place it has at least brought pride of boat to the owner. During the past two years, however, it has been repeatedly pointed out in the *Field* that racing may, if left uncurbed, run wild, and may diverge into such eccentricities of form and fitment as may be no longer of benefit to canoeing in general, but positively be detrimental to the whole sport of canoeing, both racing and cruising. At last, and none too soon, has the R. C. C. put its foot down to conserve canoeing as canoeing. Both at home and abroad there were unmistakable warnings of what might be expected in the near future, and it was clear that action must at once be taken. The leading institutions for canoe racing in America and England have just considered the question at their autumn meetings: but, I venture to think, unfortunately for America and Canada, the association of those countries declined to act in the matter for another year, though they passed the following resolution: "That the executive committee of the American Canoe Association deprecates most strongly the introduction of special racing appliances that are incompatible with the requirements of cruising, and recommends to the regatta committee that the programme of races shall be so arranged as to encourage, as far as possible, the legitimate cruising canoe."

The Royal C. C. on the other hand took the more prompt action of prevention instead of waiting to cure, and entirely overhauled its racing rules, both in principle and letter; and having arrived at a settlement it stamped the new order of things with practically a three years' lease of life.

It has of course already been kindly hinted by some well wishers (?) of British international sport that this action of the R. C. C. was the result of a scare on learning that the English canoe Charm had again suffered defeat in American waters and was brought in order to shut out the American crack boats, should they come over to this country in 1889 to compete for the two English challenge cups. As a matter of fact, however, as regards existing American canoes, the new R. C. C. rules are complied with in all points except one, that is the position of the centerplate. The sliding out deck seat was not used on Eclipse (the winning canoe) nor on a number of other fast canoes.

The placing of the centerplate case right in the middle of the well was prohibitive of cruising and was properly stamped out, but it is not by any means the fact that all the American cracks have their centerplates in the middle of their length; indeed two of the best performers in the races of 1888 have the aft end of their plates at 1ft. forward of midships and one at 1ft. 6in. forward.

Sliding rig, on the other hand, is a pure racing device, highly detrimental to cruising interests and also to the popularity of canoe racing; the novice suffers many duckings at its hands and the sailor is bothered and bored by having to carry about a box full of different sized rigs. The R. C. C. has not actually prohibited the use of standing rigs, but has empowered the committee to require in some races that the sails be lowered at some period of time before the start, so a standing rig man would have to get ashore to lower his sails, keep them down the required time and so step them; moderately inconvenient if that time should be made to include, say, the first three minutes out of the five minutes before the start, or if the start were ordered to be "no sail to be set during the three minutes preceding the start."

At the worst, the American or Canadian visitor would only be required to sail within the same limitations as the English canoes he sails against. But on the other hand, should English canoes, constructed and raced under the new R. C. C. rules, go over to compete in America during 1889, they would have to sail at some disadvantage against such canoes as are given the "machine" nature under the laxity of the American rules.

The American executive, however, have now the power given them to "so arrange the programme of races as to encourage, as far as possible, the legitimate cruising canoe," and should they count popular competition, and possibly international competition, they will, it is to be hoped, give the machine element its fling in proportion to its popularity only, and perhaps insist, in regard to the important events, on such limitation of the machine element as may give the *bona fide* canoe at least a reasonable chance of success.

The Royal Canoe Club had, heretofore, seven racing classes—each distinct—and the best canoe in any one class, even if eligible, had no ghost of a chance of winning in any other class; hence the man owning one canoe confined his interest and abilities to the one class his canoe belonged to. Further than this, there were also little wars between "class men;" a man owning a paddling "singlestreaker" often talked slightingly of another member who did no thing beyond sailing his first-class sailing canoe; one was called a "paddler" and the other a "sailing man," whereas often the sailing man could have paddled the paddler "hull down," if they were set in two canoes of twin breed, and not requiring special acrobatic training to insure their being paddled 100yds. without a capsize.

The new order of things is three classes only for all racing. Decked canoes: first class, smooth skin; second class, clench build, and third class, open canoes. And the limitations in each class so arranged that an owner of a canoe in any class can, with reasonable chance of success, compete with the canoes in the other classes. For instance, the light open Canadian canoe is allowed to paddle against the heavier deck and clench-built second class, but must do so with "single blade," or Canadian paddle. The second class, in turn, being clench-built, is presumably less fast than the smoothskin first class, but the second class is allowed to be but 26in. in beam, whereas the first class may not be less than 28in. and is more probably 30in., so far as paddling races.

So also in sailing, the second class with clench-build and 75ft. of sail can have all second class races to himself; but if her owner pines for higher things, there is nothing in the rule to prevent him donning 12ft. of sail and running with the first class; for all the limit dimensions are the same in each class for sailing. The open Canadian third class can, if he likes, ship a centerplate, put on a temporary deck, rig up, and go in with the best.

Of course, it is not suggested or contended that a canoe, constructed to do the best in one class or one style of racing, is likely to be equally A1 in another class or style of racing; all that is intended is that she shall be possibly capable of competing. And, on the other hand, that the racing energies of the club shall be concentrated about three classes instead of seven classes.

The new rules, as passed by the R. C. C., and which are now, practically, in force for three years, are:

20. Subject to Rule 21.—No rule of the club shall be changed unless at a general meeting, after due notice given of the proposed change, such alteration shall be approved by two-thirds of the members present at the time of voting.

21. No rule, or alteration of rule, relating to the build, sails, ballast or classification of canoes made (except at the autumn general meeting) shall take effect until after the next autumn general meeting.

The rules relating to classification and limitation of racing canoes as they stand at the close of the autumn meeting, 1888, shall so stand until the autumn meeting of 1891 unless a majority of three-fourths of the members voting is in favor of alteration, due notice having been given.

X.—CLASSIFICATION.

27. DECKED CANOES—FIRST CLASS.—Greatest length from fore side of stem to aft side of sternpost shall not exceed 16ft., with a maximum beam of 30in. for that length (a beading not exceeding 1½in. in depth and ¾in. in thickness shall be allowed without being measured in the beam). The beam may be increased ½in. for each inch of length decreased. Minimum length 12ft., and minimum beam 28in.

Depth inside from center of deck to garboards (alongside keel) at fore end of well, maximum 16in., minimum 12 in. Depth outside from top of crown of deck to lower edge of garboard not less than 12in., taken anywhere along up to 2ft. from ends of canoe. Depth from upper side of deck at 1ft. out from middle line abreast of fore end of well to level of lower edge of garboard at keel not less than 12in. A fixed keel of wood not more than 2in. deep, including metal band (if any) allowed.

All ballast (except keel band of not over ½in. deep, and centerplates, bilge plates and metal deck fittings) shall, if carried, be within the canoe and above the garboards. Ballast may be shifted during a race, but all ballast on board at starting must be carried throughout the race.

Centerplates, drop keels or bilge plates must house within the canoe when they are hauled up, and must not exceed ⅝in. in thickness and 18in. drop below the keel band. The after end of case, except in the case of bilge plates, and centerboard cases that do not rise more than 4in. above the inside of the garboards alongside the keel, shall not be aft of center of length. Fore end of after centerboard case, if any, not more than 3ft. from sternpost. Length (combined if more than one) of centerplates, drop keels or bilge plates must not exceed half the canoe's length.

No deck seat shall be extended beyond the perpendicular of the sides of the canoe. The well space below shall not be less in length than 2ft. between fixed bulkheads, but movable bulkheads allowed forming a well of not less than 4ft. The well opening or hatchway shall not be less in length than 33in., nor less in width than 14in. for 2ft. of its length (removable hatches or covers may be used). There shall be a space of not less than 22in. between the cases of the bilge plates at their lower edges.

The total sail area shall not exceed 112 sq. ft., exclusive of spinaker, which shall not exceed 50 sq. ft.

28. DECKED CANOES—SECOND CLASS.—Limitations as in first class, and to be clinch built (plank edges overlapping and forming lands). The minimum beam shall not be less than 26in.

SAIL AREA.—The area of largest sail shall not exceed 60 sq. ft., and the total area shall not exceed 75 sq. ft., exclusive of spinaker, which shall not exceed 25 sq. ft.

29. OPEN CANOES—THIRD CLASS.—Any material and build; other limitations as in second class, and end decks allowed, each not exceeding 2ft. 6in. in length; remainder of canoe not decked and not covered in, and paddled by a single-blade paddle.

NOTE.—The above limitations shall not affect adversely any canoe built prior to November, 1888, which might have been eligible to sail in R. C. C. matches under the rules of 1888.

30. The Sailing Challenge Cup shall be subject to competition in two or more races, and be held for the year by the competitor who first wins two races in the same canoe. In the event of a third race being necessary, it shall be sailed between the winners only of the two previous competitions.

40. Instead of "every canoe" read "any canoe," and for "that she" read "if she."

52. Add the words "and the committee has power to order in some sailing races, that sail or sails shall be kept lowered for a time previous to the starting signal."

The sail area limit in the first class being now 112 sq. ft.—not apportioned between sails as heretofore—will, in all probability, have a tendency to invite competitors to put nearly the w hole area into the mainsail, or at least to carry 100ft. in main and 12ft. in mizen; and seeing that centerplates must be kept forward of mid-length, the probable tendency will be to keep the plate well forward in order to balance the powerful mainsail. To my mind this, too, probably successful as a racing plan, is not so desirable as the moderate mainsail and larger mizen of the old rule, from a cruising point of view.

The liberty permitted of covering the well with hatches or apron is legitimate, and far distinct from the "bucket bag" well, which would have certainly come under the old rules. The hatches, of course, carry a certain penalty of weight, but in really rough water such weight on top is far preferable to water in the bottom, and consequent constant bailing or pumping.

In regard to sail-carrying power, some interesting data may be obtained during 1889, in relation to carrying all the allowance, 112sq. ft., in one sail. I much doubt if a canoe, 16ft. by 30in., sailed without ballast, could efficiently carry such a sail; the spars to keep it set properly must be comparatively heavy and long, whereas a canoe of 14ft. by 33in. can carry such a sail, and has in the past commonly done so. Possibly this may tend to bring to the front again canoes of 14ft. by 33in., or even 13ft. by 34½in., bearing in mind the changed condition of sailing with crew on deck. The test is not when "on a wind"—almost any sail can then be balanced by the crew—but when broad reaching or running square off, and with some sea on.

The most desirable thing now is that the other clubs of this country should adopt similar rules for a similar period, and thus clear the way for interclub racing. Healthy rivalry thus established among clubs must enhance their vitality and promote generally the cause of canoeing.

W. BADEN-POWELL, Nautilus R. C. C.
3 PAPER BUILDINGS, Temple, E. C., December, 1888.

NORWALK C. C., South Norwalk, Conn.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The annual meeting of the N. C. C. was held at the boat house on Dec. 29. L. W. Searles was elected Commodore for 1889, and Jas. C. Greene Secretary-Treasurer. The new house built last spring has proved very convenient, and among other improvements this year will be a new float. The sailing signal of the club is a swallow-tailed burgee with the letter N in a circle of rays. The field is of orange, and the design in black. Of the six members, five will probably fly the A. C. A. flag this season.—JAS. C. GREEN, Sec., 2 Liberty street, N. Y. city.

RED DRAGON C. C.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At a joint meeting of the Keystone C. C., of Philadelphia, and the Red Dragon C. C., of Camden, the two clubs were amalgamated under the name of Red Dragon C. C. of Philadelphia. The sailing signal of the club is a swallow-tailed burgee with the letter N in a circle of rays. The field is of orange, and the design in black. Of the six members, five will probably fly the A. C. A. flag this season.—JAS. C. GREEN, Sec., 2 Liberty street, N. Y. city.

RED DRAGON C. C.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At a joint meeting of the Keystone C. C., of Philadelphia, and the Red Dragon C. C., of Camden, the two clubs were amalgamated under the name of Red Dragon C. C. of Philadelphia. This will make a strong club of twenty-five active members. The installed officers were: Commodore, Chas. B. Haag; Vice-Commodore, Harry Kreamer; Secretary-Purser, Fred W. Noyes; Captain, W. Norgrave; Sanford Northrope as a member of the Executive Committee.—FRED W. NOYES, Sec. R. D. C. C., 2345 N. Twelfth street, Philadelphia.

ESSEX C. C.—The annual meeting of the Essex C. C. was held at 97 Mulberry street, with President Gaerthner in the chair. The club is in first rate standing, and the yearly reports were very encouraging. The most active members have paddled and sailed steadily for nine months the last year and made the pendant well known around Jersey waters. All arrangements are now completed and contracts awarded for the removal of the club house from its present location to Greenville on Newark Bay, so as to be ready for use by May 1. The house will then be very handy for Greenville and Jersey City, being 12 minutes' walk from West Bergen station. There is not the slightest doubt but that the club will build up much larger than it is now, our present membership being only 18 and there is ample room for 50. The canoe Essex has gone to New Orleans, and have just heard that she has added another victory to her record. Will o' the Wisp is in Philadelphia. Essex will be replaced by her past owner with a 15½×29×10 canoe, and also a single-hand cruiser. W. H. Hillier and W. Anderson also will sail single-hand cruisers. Old "SX" has accepted Ada S.'s challenge for a 10-mile race, the latter is a pretty fast boat and is now undergoing considerable alterations, but the former still believes he can show him all around the course. It would be a very good thing if the club arrange friendly match races between local clubs. The officers for 1889 are as follows: Adam Gaerthner, President; W. H. Hillier, Vice-President; Winfield Scott, Commodore; Smith Lysatt, Vice-Commodore; George W. Cox, Secretary and Treasurer, 131 Fourth avenue, Newark, N. J.

WINTER CANOEING.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I see Mr. Chamberlain, of Boston, boasts of having been out canoeing on Dorchester Bay on Christmas Day. I can go one better than that. I was out in my canoe on the St. Lawrence on New Year's Day, and I saw several sailing and rowing boats out at the same time. There was not a particle of ice to be seen on the river. The same day there was a steamboat excursion from Kingston, and another from Gananoque, among the Thousand Islands, and there was to be one to-day from Kingston to Cape Vincent. Ever since New Year's Day it has been warm and pleasant and nothing to prevent boating or canoeing here. If Mr. Chamberlain will come north to the St. Lawrence we will show him what a Canadian winter is like (sometimes).—J. J. BEEL, Commodore Brockville C. C. (Brockville, Can., Jan. 5). [A Montreal canoeist ran the Lachine Rapids in a batteau on Jan. 1.]

SHUH SHUH GAH.—The annual meeting of the Shuh Shuh Gah C. C. of Winchester, Mass., was held on Jan. 8. The reports of the secretary and purser showed the club to be in a very flourishing condition. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Captain, Wm. W. Holt; Lieutenant, Herbert W. Richards; Purser, H. C. Holt; Secretary, Chas. S. Baxter; Executive Committe, Raymond Apollonio.

A. C. A. MEMBERSHIP.—Eastern Division: H. A. Whitney, Worcester, Mass. Atlantic Division: D. Morton Bond, Philadelphia, Pa.; Fletcher Place, Jr., East Orange, N. J. Central Division: R. C. Washburn, Seattle, Washington Territory, canoe Ratika.

RUTHERFORD C. C.—Officers, 1889: Com., D. W. Bain; Vice-Com., H. Y. Blakiston; Purser, John T. Holden (A. C. A. 1282.)

BROOKLYN C. C.—The annual spring regatta of the Brooklyn C. C. will be held on June 15.

BURLINGTON ROUTE DAILY EXCURSIONS TO THE PACIFIC COAST, COLORADO, WYOMING AND UTAH.

Railroad ticket agents of the Eastern, Middle and Western States will sell, on any date, via the Burlington Route from Chicago, Peoria or St. Louis, round trip tickets at low rates to San Francisco, Los Angeles, San Diego, Portland, Tacoma, Seattle, Vancouver or Victoria; also to Denver, Cheyenne, Colorado Springs or Pueblo. For a special folder giving full particulars of these excursions, call on your local ticket agent, or address P. S. EUSTIS, Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Ag't, C. B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill. —*Adv.*

Answers to Correspondents.

S. R. K.—See note in our last issue in Shot columns.

DISCIPULUS.—You will find the eastern portions the best.

STILL-HUNTER.—There is no noiseless cartridge for rifles.

ELLICOTT CITY.—The make you name is highly thought of by those who use it; select a 10 or 12-bore.

O. H.—Please give a description of typical cocker spaniel. Ans. Read "Standards and Points for Judging," for sale at this office, price 50 cents.

KAHKAHLIN.—It is impossible from your description to identify the bird; it is presumably one of the family Rallidæ, and from the habits given it might be a grebe.

TAR HEEL, Wilmington, N. C.—We have had no analysis of the powder, and cannot give you the details you ask for; the manufacturers will supply you with loading directions.

G. W. G.—Put out the birds at any time, and provide a place of shelter for them, where they may retreat in severe weather; also see that they have some wheat sheaves for food, or buckwheat where it will not be covered with the snow. There should be one cock to each hen.

S. T. H., Alabama.—We want a tent, canvas boats, good guns of the best pattern and hunting paraphernalia generally. Can you refer us, through your columns, to any responsible agent in these goods? Ans. See our advertising columns, where you will find leading firms represented.

W. H. H., Jr., New Haven.—A light boat like a ducker should have a good deal of buoyancy if properly built. You can increase it by using cork, making it up into seats or cushions covered with canvas and painted. If you can take the room a couple of air tanks of 1 cubic foot each would be valuable.

F. L. B., Bernhard's Bay, N. Y.—The term yards is loosely employed in connection with sails, the common understanding being that a yard length of canvas 27in. wide is used. Allowing for the seam and bights this would make about 6sq. ft. to the yard. It is best to estimate a yacht's sails in square feet instead of yards.

ALLEGHENY, Philadelphia, Pa.—How will the future breeding qualities of my full bred bull-terrier bitch be affected by her having pups by a full bred collie dog? It is her first litter; she is about a year old. Is it regarded as being in bad taste to bring a well-bred bitch before women or to let one accompany you when walking in the country with your wife, it being understood that the animal is in normal condition? Ans. 1. It may or may not affect the future progeny. 2. No; any notion of the kind is absurd.

C., Bridgeton, N. J.—The strange fish which you describe has many of the characters of the *Lophius americanus*, called in different parts goose fish, angler, bellows fish, etc. As it was 4ft. long it was a large specimen, if we are right in our diagnosis. It is a difficult matter to name a fish from a written description, unless the main points in its structure are given. You did not say if the skin was naked or scaled, nor give the position of the fins, nor the number of rays in them, but we know of no other fish that comes near your description than the one named.

H. H. K., Louisville, Ky.—I send you herewith some tail feathers of the ruffed grouse (or pheasant, as we call it). The light-colored ones were obtained from a specimen shipped here from the North, while the other two came from one killed in this State. Is this difference of color between the Northern and Southern bird the usual thing? As far as my experience goes, I have never seen any but the brown-colored variety here. Our variety matches the tint of the autumn woods perfectly. What book can you recommend me that treats exhaustively of the subject of American gallinaceous birds? Ans. See note in our Shot columns this week. These variations of plumage are found among grouse of the same locality; it is not any distinction between birds of the North and those of the South. There is no exhaustive work on these birds; you will perhaps find Mr. Gurdon Trumbull's "Names and Portraits of Birds" more satisfactory than anything else.

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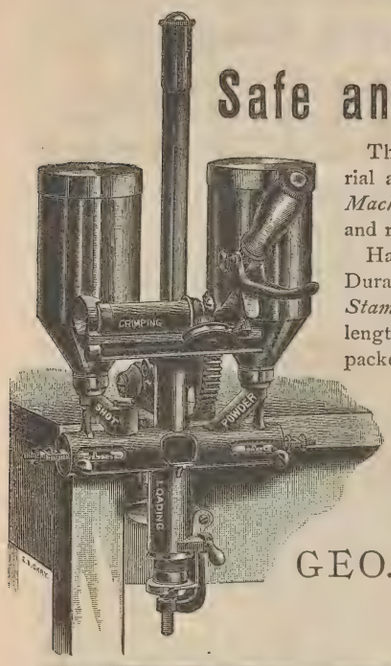
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JANUARY, 1889.

SUMMARY OF ASSETS:

Cash in Banks and Trust Companies,	$ 359,833 26
Bonds and Mortgages, being first lien on Real Estate,	701,300 00
United States Stocks (market value),	2,818,850 00
Bank and Railroad Stocks and Bonds (market value),	2,379,130 00
State and City Bonds (market value),	411,869 89
Loans on Stocks, payable on demand,	239,400 00
Interest due and accrued on 1st January, 1889,	79,098 83
Premiums uncollected and in hands of Agents,	626,500 15
Real Estate,	1,345,675 14
Total, -	$8,961,657 27

LIABILITIES:

CASH CAPITAL,	$3,000,000 00
Reserve Premium Fund,	3,767,507 00
Reserve for Unpaid Losses, Claims and Taxes,	669,483 88
Reserve for Sinking Fund,	22,203 78
Net Surplus,	1,502,462 61
CASH ASSETS,	$8,961,657 27

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II.	Mallard Ducks.	XX.	American Coot—Mud Hen.
III.	Wood Duck—Summer Duck.	XXI.	Buffle-Headed Duck—Butter Ball.
IV.	Blue-Winged Teal.	XXII.	Redhead Duck.
V.	Shooting Mallards from a Scull Boat on the Mississippi.	XXIII.	Science of Sculling Wild Fowl.
		XXIV.	Pin Tail—Sprig Tail.
VI.	Cornfield Mallard Shooting.	XXV.	Two Sports; or Out for a Lark.
VII.	Shooting Mallards in a Snow Storm.	XXVI.	A Morning with Nature and an Afternoon with Ducks.
VIII.	Wilson Snipe—Jack Snipe.	XXVII.	White-Fronted Goose.
IX.	Mallard Timber Shooting.	XXVIII.	The Snow Goose.
X.	Mallard Shooting at Ice Holes.	XXIX.	Brant, or Brant Goose.
XI.	In the Marsh—Morning, Mid-day and Evening Duck Shooting.	XXX.	Trumpeter Swan.
		XXXI.	Canada Goose Shooting.
XII.	Shoveler—Spoonbill.	XXXII.	Boats.
XIII.	Blue Bill—Scaup Duck.	XXXIII.	Outfits—Blinds—Decoys—Duck Calls.
XIV.	Canvasback Duck.		
XV.	Green-Winged Teal.	XXXIV.	The Shotgun and How to Use It.
XVI.	American Widgeon—Bald Pate.	XXXV.	Shot, Powder, Shells, Wads and Loading.
XVII.	Gadwall Duck—Gray Duck.		
XVIII.	Quail Shooting.	XXXVI.	Dogs and their Characteristics.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Portrait of Author.
Mallard Duck.
Retriever Bringing Mallard (in Marsh).
Blue-Winged Teal.
Sculling Mallards on Mississippi.
Wilson Snipe.
Snipe Shooting Over Dog.
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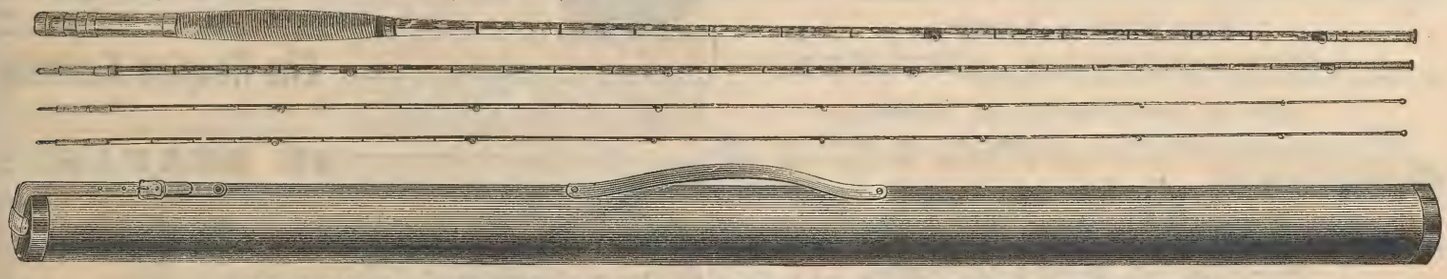
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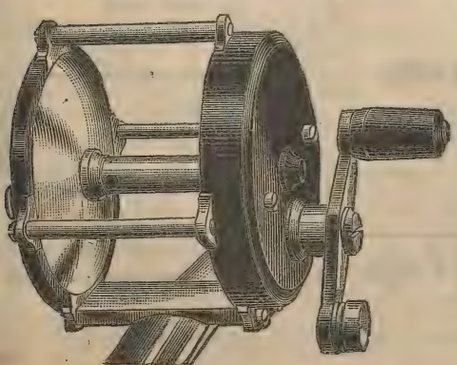
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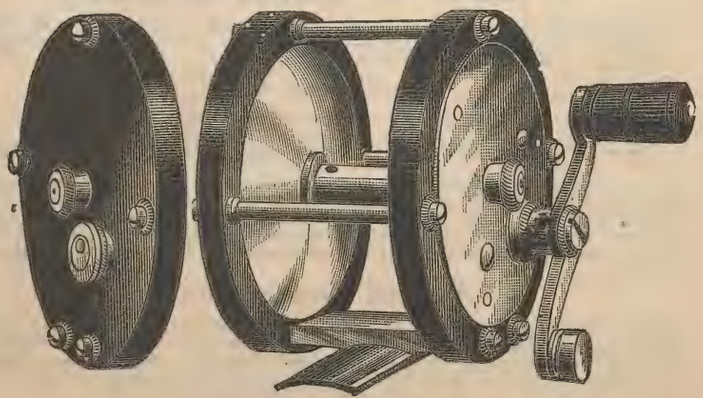


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Mr. Henry MacDonald, whose descriptions of "Early Days on the Missouri" were so well received last summer, will supplement them with further

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Pertaining to the same field will be a paper by Mr. J. W. Schultz describing the ancient importance of the Fort Benton Fur Market. The same writer will furnish a continuation of his valuable Blackfoot studies, among the titles of which may be named "A War Party" and "The Origin of the Medicine Pipe."

Rich treasure from this inexhaustible field of

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will be laid before our readers by the veteran "Yo," whose Pawnee legend of The Dun Horse will be followed by others in a like happy vein; and from the same pen will come a rarely interesting—because vivid and racy—account of

The Summer Hunt of the Pawnees,

in the old buffalo days. There will be sketches by the author of "Sam Lovel's Camps," distinguished for the same inimitable character studies of the Danvis folk, the close insight into nature, and delicious vignettes of word-painting.

The pages devoted to the delightful subject of Natural History will not be less full and interesting for the coming year than in the past. Among the special papers for which we have arranged are a continuation of the series of illustrated articles on

North American Mammals,

by Dr. R. W. Shufeldt. These will include articles, more or less extended and very fully illustrated by drawings by the author, on the Bats, the Insectivora and the Carnivora.

There will be published during the year extended illustrated articles on the life and habits of some of the large game animals of North America, in which will be brought together all that is known of these creatures, now so rapidly disappearing from off the face of the land. The first of these will be the production of Mr. John Fannin and Geo. Bird Grinnell, and will deal with the rare and little known

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There will be papers on birds by well-known ornithologists, on reptiles by Miss Catherine C. Hopley, two of whose articles, to be published shortly, will be on the

Hibernation of Reptiles and on Snakes' Weapons

Articles on many of the lower forms of life, together with notes and news on natural history subjects from all quarters of the continent will make up an amount of matter for the year that is to come which will be sufficiently varied and attractive to delight all who take an interest in natural history. The investigations and explorations of a naturalist in the Northwest will be described by Edward Howe Forbush in a series entitled

Five Days a Savage.

In the misadventures of Father Christian le Clerc, a seventeenth century missionary, Mr. Edward Jack has found material for an interesting paper,

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The descriptive papers of travel will not be confined to North America. Our East Indian contributor, "Shikaree," will give the readers of FOREST AND STREAM some more of his delightful accounts of

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